



Norman Craig

Photo

THE LATE MR THOMAS BRADSHAW

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Mr Thomas Bradshaw, Bookseller, Dollar.

DURING the last few months death has been busy among us, removing one and another of our best known and most respected fellow-townsmen. Mr Thomas Bradshaw, whose portrait accompanies this article, is one of the last thus to be called away. Though not a native of Dollar—for, as his name suggests, Mr Bradshaw was of English extraction, born in Dover in September 1834—yet, as his father settled in Dollar in the early forties of last century, the subject of this brief notice has lived practically the whole of his long life here, and, known and respected as he and his family have been for the last seventy years by the entire resident community, young and old, it will doubtless be a source of gratification to not a few old Dollarites to possess, in the portrait confronting this article, so speaking a likeness of one whose character and life they still remember with interest and respect. I suppose there are very few still alive who were schoolfellows of Mr Bradshaw, though I believe the Editor of this *Magazine*, Dr John Strachan, remembers him as a senior pupil, when he was himself entering the Dollar Institution as a young student. But associated as Mr Bradshaw was with his father from the close of his school career in the conduct of what was for long the only bookselling establishment in the town, few persons, during the last sixty years at least, can have been better known than he to the successive generations of pupils resident among us. Probably, therefore, among the numerous readers of this *Magazine*, scattered all over the world, there will be not a few who will learn with regret of the demise, even though at the close of a long life, of the cautious and courteous old gentleman whom they remember so faithfully and punctiliously receiving and executing all their little orders in the shop in Bridge Street, which used to be so densely thronged during the opening days of the school year. Mr Bradshaw, unlike his father, who was one of the most prominent public men of his generation in Dollar, took no active share either in the municipal or political affairs of the community. But he was an earnest and attached member and office-bearer for many years in the former East United Free Church, and in a quiet way was a

generous friend and supporter of every good cause. He leaves behind him a fragrant memory and an unspotted reputation. The writer of this notice, who has been an intimate friend of the family for the last forty years, and who during recent months has seen one and another among his contemporaries and associates called away from his side into the spirit world, feels acutely how empty his life is becoming, and how few ties remain to hold him bound to earth and time. As he thinks of the blank world that these thick-coming bereavements are leaving to him, a wistful sadness steals over his spirit, and, paraphrasing Charles Lamb's pathetic lines, he is fain to exclaim—

Where are my playmates, where my old companions,
Whom I loved in boyhood, and trusted in manhood?
Alas ! all are gone, THE old familiar faces.
Now sadly I pace round the haunts of my manhood,
While Earth seems a desert I am bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the OLD familiar faces.
For some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

The Historic Setting of "Much Ado about Nothing."

BY MRS HINTON STEWART.

(*Continued.*)

THERE the resemblance between the poem and the drama ends, unless indeed Shakespeare has taken a hint from Ariosto in choosing for the name of his villain one already distasteful to his audience. Throughout the "Orlando Furioso" the Italian poet shows great familiarity with the names and titles of the Scottish nobility, and in his choice of the "Duke of Albany" for his villain, it is possible that he may have had in his mind, as a Scottish type of evil, the cruel brother of Robert III., who starved to death one nephew (see Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth") and drove the other into long exile and imprisonment. It is pleasant to believe that Ariosto knew and loved this story of the young prince-poet, afterwards James I. of Scotland, who was sent for safety to France, was taken prisoner on the way by the English, confined for eighteen years in the Towers of London and Windsor, but who while there developed every grace of mind and body becoming to a prince, fell romantically in love, wrote a beautiful poem, and ultimately became one of the noblest of our Scottish kings. He met his tragic end less than forty years before Ariosto was born, and it may have been as a tribute to his memory that the Italian makes the Scottish prince, Zerbino, Geneva's brother, the gem of all his knights, and says of him—

"Natura il fece e poi ruppa la stampa."
(Nature made him and then broke the die.)

Shakespeare's villain, Don John, bastard brother of Pedro, Prince of Arragon, could hardly be named in an English theatre of the period without

suggesting to the audience Don John of Austria, bastard brother of Philip II., King of Spain. This prince was far from being a villain; on the contrary, he was the hero of Lepanto, and apparently a noble and lovable character. But his latest act had been to enter into a league with the pope to restore England to the Roman fold. Don John was to land in Ireland, conquer it by the help of mercenaries and traitors, marry Mary, Queen of Scots, and claim the crown of England in her name. The scheme was frustrated, and the whole plan revealed to Elizabeth; hence in England the name of Don John was anathema, and calculated to brand any villain with a deeper dye. Even Shakespeare had no place of pity for a schemer against the peace of his native land.

It would seem that Ariosto's story had already been woven into a masque or play to please Queen Elizabeth as early as 1583, for we read in the accounts of the revels of that year that "a Historie of Adriadante and Geneva was showed before her majestie on Shrove Tuesdaie at night." This composition, of which nothing is known but the name, is one of those old plays which Shakespeare is said to have borrowed, or "conveyed bodily to his own use." It is interesting to know that when untrammelled by any "frame" or individual author, there is no need to assume that Shakespeare borrowed or conveyed any plays but his own, and that all the "old" plays, of which there are ten, can, without any violation of history, be placed within the first Shakespearean period named by Professor Dowden, "In the Workshop."

The earliest of these plays, that is to say, the first English drama with which Shakespeare's name has been in any way associated, was "A Historie of Error," performed before Elizabeth in 1576, and the second, "The Jew," containing the double plot of the pound of flesh and the choice of the caskets, was "shown at the Bull" in or before 1579. We have therefore only to place the birth of our anonymous author in or about 1560, and consider him as having been brought up within the precincts of civilisation, *i.e.*, London and the universities, to be able to include all the "old" plays as part of his 'prentice work, and to drop the oppressive burden of "appropriating" and "adapting" and "tinkering up the work of *others*," who, strange to say, made no protest.

There is considerable diversity in the style and the value of these early pieces, but the anonymous method allows Shakespeare fully twenty years to develop the boyish "Famous Victories of Henry V." (most crude of all the old plays) into the magnificent historic trilogy of Henry IV. and V., and as long to transform the simple story of the Scottish princess into the complex drama of "Much Ado about Nothing," with its double plot, its intermixture of comedy and almost farce, with the deep romance and all but tragedy of life.

In 1554 the story of Ariodante and Geneva had appeared in a completely new garb, as one of a series of short stories or novelettes by the Italian writer, Bandello. Here the Caledonian forests and the sacred city of St Andrews are discarded, and the scene placed in the more civilised town of Messina, in Sicily. The date of the story is also advanced some hundreds of years, to a period just after the "Sicilian Vespers" in 1282. When the

novel commences the massacre of the French inhabitants is over, Pedro, King of Arragon, has taken advantage of the rebellion to claim the island by right of his wife, Charles of Anjou has made his vain attempt to drive Pedro out of Sicily, and the story opens with the re-entry of King Pedro to Messina, and the rejoicings consequent on his victory. Shakespeare has taken the whole plan and setting of his drama from this novel. Without giving details, the play opens with the return of Don Pedro, who is made Prince, instead of King, of Arragon, from a successful war, which the novel shows us to have been against Charles of Anjou. But the Lionato of the novel is a gentleman of decayed fortune, dwelling in a half-ruinous palace in Messina, instead of, as promoted by Shakespeare, Governor of Messina and the honoured host of Don Pedro and his friends. His daughter Fenicia gives the rôle to Hero by being wooed through a gentleman of Messina for Signior Timbreo, one of Don Pedro's officers who had won great honour in the war, but in the drama the prince himself is the intermediary, and the scene a gay masked ball instead of a ceremonious visit.

So far there is little suggestion in either play or novel of Ariosto's poem, but the plot to destroy the happiness of the lovers brings all three, although distinct, into touch with each other. Bandello's villain, Gerondo, is less guilty than his two counterparts, Albany and Don John. He himself loves Fenicia, and deceives Timbreo into thinking her guilty in the hope of winning her for himself. The plot in the novel is clumsy, involving three men and a ladder, and even less convincing than that of either poem or play. It is carried out, with the assistance of two servants, by a wicked friend of Gerondo, who absconds when he learns the result of their villainy: for Fenicia, on receiving a message from Signior Timbreo that he "wished the engagement to cease since she already had another lover," after many lamentations, "crossed her hands over her breast and lay as dead." She recovers from her swoon, but her parents, allowing the report of her death to spread, and even making pretence of burying her, sent her secretly to the home of an aunt outside Messina. Gerondo, when he hears of Fenicia's death, repents of his deed, confesses his guilt to Timbreo, and they go together to the house of Lionato to declare his daughter's innocence and make any restitution in their power. Shakespeare's villain, as we know, utterly unrepentant, disappears when the mischief is done, and Hero's innocence is only re-established through one of those apparent accidents which the great dramatist knew so well how to interweave with his plot so as to give all the effect of an eternal and inevitable purpose.

The rest of the novel is adapted in the same masterly way to Shakespeare's requirements. Lionato exacts of the repentant lover the promise that when he again contemplates marriage he will consult him and accept a bride of his choosing. A year passes with all its changes before Timbreo seeks a new bride, and when he and Gerondo are re-introduced to Fenicia, surrounded by many other fair ladies, there was no need of the veils introduced by Shakespeare to keep up the deception. In the end the real personality of Fenicia is revealed to Timbreo by her parents, and at the same time the hand of her younger sister, Belfiore, is given to Gerondo. King Pedro



R. K. Holmes

RACHEL SHEPHERD

celebrates the marriage with a brilliant festival at court, enriches Lionato, and gives a noble dowry to Fenicia.

This double alliance and brilliant consummation of the novel somewhat resembles the two weddings and the merry conclusion of the drama, but is not likely to have given to Shakespeare any hint for the supreme parts of Beatrice and Benedick, secondary in plot, but first in interest. If for these any hint was needed it came from a completely different source, as we shall try hereafter to show.

A Dollar Nonagenarian.

THE inhabitants of Dollar claim that their climate, if at times a trifle moist, is on the whole the most equable and the healthiest in Scotland ; and a proof that their contention is just, may be found in the number of aged persons there. Conceding *place aux dames*, the distinction of being at this moment the oldest inhabitant of the parish belongs to Rachel Shepherd, Sheardale Easter, who on 26th May celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday. Her life history bears out the often-made assertion that "hard work never kills" because from her eighth to her eighty-fourth year, except for two or three brief periods of illness, she laboured without a break. Her father was a miner, and at the time of Rachel's birth her parents lived at Rumbling Well, near Dunfermline ; she was the fourth out of a family of nine children. After three or four years they moved to Kennet village where Shepherd was employed in a pit leased by Mr Bonar ; Rachel's first recollection of her father is of a man in bad health, unable to work ; and consequently the large young family suffered great privations. As soon as the children could do any work, they had to begin wage-earning, and in Rachel's case, she left school when she was seven and was employed to carry coal up the pit. She describes graphically how the large lumps had ropes tied round them at either end, and then were suspended across the shoulders from another rope which passed round the neck ; small pieces of coal or "chirls" were carried in a crate, which hung also across the shoulders, but was suspended from a leathern strap passing round the forehead. The size of the lumps of coal and of the crates was suited to the age of the carriers, but the underground passages were so badly drained that the water was often up to the children's knees ! After the father's early death Mrs Shepherd worked also, but at the pithead, and the eldest boy—quite a child—worked at the pumps ; to cheer him she often sang an old song, "Ma Faither was a Miner." Rachel Shepherd continued to carry coal on her back until after she was grown up and used sometimes to bear two tons per day up the nine or ten "traps" or ladders. A gang of eight or nine women followed one another, and the danger to those behind from falling pieces of coal or perchance an insecurely fastened crate was immense. The arduous toil killed a number prematurely.

The family moved to near Falkirk, and for about ten years Rachel Shepherd filled coals into the trucks at the pithead ; finally they came to Sheardale when the coal-fields there were opened up. Three pits were sunk,

and Rachel worked at them all in turn, filling the carts which came from far and near, and apparently enjoying the acquaintances she met under those circumstances.

In 1861 Mr Lyell, the lessee of the coal, closed all the Sheardale and Loanhead coal-mines, and Rachel became an outdoor worker. Sheardale House and the Haugh Farm first gave her employment, and she tells with pride how she used to thin turnips, &c., at the Haugh in addition to a full day's work at Sheardale, where Mr Buchan, the overseer, used to say she was "better nor twa men." Finally she came to Dollarfield, and, after forty years of labour there, retired to enjoy her well-earned leisure: but not even at eighty-four years of age did leisure for her spell idleness, because she since has kept her own garden as well as she had strength for, and still is able to do her own housework. She can amuse herself by reading printed matter, although her meagre education never enabled her either to write or to read handwriting; but her own natural shrewdness and powers of observation have more than compensated for her lack of book-learning, while a high standard of honour, combined with an unusually cheerful disposition, have won her many friends. She often wonders why "a'boddy is sae kind tae Auld Rachey," but the kindness she receives is but the reflection of the kind deeds she herself has done. Children found her a delightful companion, full of fun and stories, but who never hesitated to reprove needless mischief; the untiring diligence with which she worked, and the pride she took in the satisfactory performance of her duties were object lessons not readily forgotten. Her name is well worthy of a place amongst the honoured and honourable parishioners of Dollar.

MARY LILIAN HAIG.

Reminiscences of Harviestoun a Hundred Years Ago.

BY LADY CHARLOTTE WAKE.

VISITORS TO HARVIESTOUN IN 1812-13.

In the summer of 1812 we were as usual gathered together at Harviestoun. Never was there a place better fitted for the enjoyment of a large family. The house, in itself a treasure to children from the many hiding-places in its turrets, stood on the slopes at the foot of the Ochils; behind it were glens and waterfalls, through the park before it flowed the river, "Winding Devon, Crystal Devon," celebrated by Burns, and furnishing the trout fishing which gives so much delight to men and boys.

Alas! the valley in which Harviestoun stands is much changed. The railroad, ruthless and unsparing, has passed through it, changing the course of the Devon, and all along the valley the beauty of the scene is now marred by the manufactories of Alloa and Tillicoultry, whose tall chimneys, vomiting clouds of black smoke, tell of the increasing prosperity of the country, but do not add to its beauty.

There was one visitor this summer who stands out in bold relief from the groups who came and went. From the habit I have mentioned of the children of the family being always admitted to the breakfast table, we had heard much of Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lyndoch, of his having joined the army as a volunteer, like one of the knights of old, to soothe away his grief by filling up with the excitements of war the void left in his heart by the death of his wife, and of his deeds when there—bravest, it is said, of the brave. We had often heard him called a hero, and when we knew that he was to return one evening with our father from some public meeting, it was resolved in council that we would have a sight of him, though he had to leave early next morning. We decided to hide behind the drawing-room sofa when supposed to have gone to bed, and there we lay snugly ensconced, recalling all the vividly coloured pictures we had seen in our story books of heroes with hyacinthine locks, crowned with green laurels, with bright complexions and Roman noses. Great was our astonishment when, after a little bustle of arrival, a thin, mild-looking old man entered the room with our father. Not that he was really old, for more than twenty years after that time he rode among the foremost with the Pytchley hounds, quite as much appreciated in Northamptonshire as he had been in Scotland for his heroism in the field. As one lives one learns that there are all sorts of heroes.

The summer party at Harviestoun in 1813 was full of gladness. The riding and driving parties were rendered more joyous by the English cousin having his tilbury and horses with him, and more interesting by having a great deal of sketching introduced. Some of the Garscube party joined ours, and many were the expeditions made to the Cauldron Lynn, Castle Campbell, and the summits of the various hills. Our father was in his element. Our mother was happier as the subject of the two little ones (her youngest children, the younger of whom, in after years, became Archbishop of Canterbury. He had had the misfortune to be born with club-feet, though under the treatment of an English untrained bone-doctor he subsequently was restored to the full use of his limbs). Both were stronger, and in spite of their lameness, as merry as possible. She was the beloved centre of a happy family circle, and though once or twice a shadow was thrown over its brightness by her fainting in the midst of us, no presentiment of evil found its way to the mind of anyone. But it was her last year in Harviestoun. She died suddenly in January 1814.

SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF YOUNG ARCHIBALD TAIT FOR THE CURE OF CLUB-FEET WITH WHICH HE HAD BEEN BORN.

Both the future Archbishop and his brother, Campbell Tait, suffered in different ways from congenital lameness, and while on a visit to their sister in England were sent to Whitworth in Lancashire for special treatment by two unprofessional bone-doctors who had a great reputation for skill in such cases as theirs. The Archbishop thus describes his experiences under these remarkable men.

“Camie and myself with dear old Betty (his nurse) lived in the ‘Red

Lion,' a common public-house, but the best in the place. Our sitting-room was the back-parlour of the house, with a sanded floor, adjoining the bar; our bedroom, a garret upstairs. In one large bed I slept with Betty, Camie in a smaller one close to it. We soon made acquaintance with the men who habitually frequented the house, Jim o' Dick's, and Tom o' Simon's (their names being simply their Christian names attached to their fathers'), the manners and customs of the district being too simple to admit of a universal use of family names among the working classes. The skittleground and the taproom were our places of conversation, yet I do not remember much evil; probably we were too young to understand or observe it, and certainly Betty kept a watchful lookout over us. One great subject of interest was, I remember, the courtship carried on by young Lomax, the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood, who was paying his addresses to Betty Lord, the daughter of the fat old landlady of the 'Red Lion.' This was full of interest to us. We went to the doctor's every day early (for the very good reason that after nine every morning he began to get drunk) to have the tin boots in which he kept our legs encased properly arranged, and the progress of the cure attended to. These tin boots hurt us very much, and I have often marvelled how we managed to hobble about in them, as we did all day long, except the short time Camie had lessons from the village schoolmaster, and read Latin with the clergyman of the parish, Mr Porter. I cannot recollect doing anything in the way of lessons during the nine months I was there. I have been told since that I had writing lessons from the schoolmaster, but either I have forgotten it, or he has confused me with my brother. I do not remember even reading story books, but I used to wander about with all sorts of mysterious thoughts, making plays to myself out of them, and all sorts of imaginary enemies with my stick or whatever I could lay my hands upon. During the night we were distressed by the tin boots, in which we were obliged to sleep, but by degrees we got accustomed to them. The Whitworth doctors were famous. Their name was Taylor. One of them kept what he called a pack of hounds, which were, of course, a continual source of amusement. He went out with them after he had seen his patients in the morning, and in the evening when the sport was over he spent the hours in drinking till bed-time, from the effects of which he had barely recovered in the morning. They had a nephew, a much more respectable character, who, as I have since heard, successfully carried on their practice after their death. This was the mode of life of both the Taylors, and yet to these men, under Providence, we owed our restoration to the perfect use of our limbs. Probably my brother, dear Camie's case was more difficult than mine, for though much deformed in shape, my feet were possessed of each bone and muscle in full vigour; therefore they had only to be formed into their natural shape by continual gentle force, the force that comes from constant pressure, whereas Campbell's limb had from paralysis, while yet a baby, been weakened to that degree that its growth had never kept pace with the rest of the body, yet, by the strange exceptional treatment of these men it was perfectly restored, and by the end of a year his lameness gradually wore off."

FAMILY TRADITIONS AND MEMORIES AS RELATED TO THE FUTURE ARCHBISHOP BY HIS FATHER DURING THEIR AUTUMN VISITS TO HARVIESTOUN.

Young Archibald Tait was a most earnest student. "Put away your book, dear, and go and play," was often said to him, when as the result of his brother Camie's death his early companion was gone; but the reply was ever a sad shake of the head, with "I have no one to play with now." The autumn at Harviestoun was his best restorative, and now began that close friendship between the child and his father which certainly had the most beneficial effect on his opening mind. Then as he grew into boyhood and passed on into youth he gradually heard from his father's lips the simple story of his forefathers in the paternal line, who, though belonging to Aberdeenshire, had emigrated from the south. His grandfather's had been a peaceful career, the only warlike event in it was that in his youth he had been present at the battle of Falkirk, having with a companion been drawn there by curiosity. There were enough and to spare of wild romances, as his father's maternal line of Murdochs and Mackenzies stretched back to the story of the "widow of the Peak" in Galloway.

He was not likely to omit the daring deed of Grizzil Cochrane (no further off than great-aunt to his own mother). Her father having been concerned in Argyle's rising in support of the Duke of Monmouth, lay in the Tolbooth Prison in Edinburgh awaiting the warrant which was to consign him to a traitor's grave. His daughter, a fair girl of eighteen, enthusiastically devoted to him, resolved to save him, and having ascertained the time when the messenger who carried all letters from England must pass a secluded place well known to her, she disguised herself in man's attire, hiding her luxuriant hair and shrouding her girlish form in a horseman's cloak. Pistol in hand, she burst from a thicket, forcing her horse with so sudden a shock against the courier that he was nearly upset by the unexpected assault, and before he had recovered from his surprise he found himself divested of his letter-bags and helplessly gazing after the robber, who had galloped off through bush and briar, over hill and dale. To his surprise, however, next day he found that the letter-bags had been safely deposited in the proper official quarter, and as none at the time knew that one paper had been abstracted, it was long before any inquiries were made. Grizelda made good use of the delay she had thus obtained. Preparations for flight had been already all but completed. Another day and another night, and father and daughter were safe over the sea. Grizelda afterwards became Mrs Kerr of Morrison, in Berwickshire. There is in the possession of my father's family an original picture of her at the age of four- or six-and-twenty, fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a sort of innocent fearlessness of expression that well suits her story, to which reference is made by the addition of a large pistol hung up on a nail on the wall behind her. Probably she would not herself have permitted this, but long after her death it was introduced into her picture, that it might be known as her portrait, and the danger she encountered for her father's rescue remembered.

Not less interesting, though far less romantic, was the story of the prudent Lady of Redcastle, who, when her husband, won over by the winning charm of Prince Charlie, was preparing to give in his adhesion to the Jacobite cause,

and to accompany the prince to the battlefield of Culloden, contrived, during the breakfast which preceded her husband's departure, to upset a kettle of boiling water over her consort's legs, and so incapacitated him for the journey. She had insisted on being permitted to have the honour of waiting that morning upon the prince in her own person, and observing the intention with which the prince and her husband were engaged in confidential talk, she took advantage of their mutual engrossment to allow her foot to stumble as she lifted the heavy kettle from the parlour fire, on which it was merrily boiling. But as she fell, she skilfully poured the entire boiling contents into the jackboot of her unfortunate husband. That he swore and stamped the other leg with pain and rage goes without saying, for the poor man's agony was beyond expression. The boot had to be cut off; it might be a question whether he would ever hunt again; at all events there was none as to the possibility of his getting into the saddle now, and the prince was forced to depart without him. Culloden was lost, but the life and lands of Redcastle were saved. Not a Mackenzie belonging to him had been in the field; for they would not stir without their chief, and when the day of reckoning came there was no warrant of vengeance for them. It was long before the laird could again set his foot to the ground, but his children played about the house, none making them afraid, and the lady kept her own secret as to the vow she had registered, that her husband should not rush upon destruction; for her mind had long been made up that the best hope for Prince Charlie was that he should be helped to leave the country as soon as possible with safety.

These and many more such tales as handed down in the Murdoch lines were related in their rambles at Harviestoun; but it was equal pleasure to tell and to hear the simple annals of their rural ancestors, the bonnet lairds of Ladquharn in Aberdeenshire, who had supported and educated their families by their own industry. The story of one of the family having been killed by the fall of a stack of timber in his own woodyard never failed to interest the little boy. Little did either father or son think, while they were talking over these long past times, that the kindness shown to the orphan lad would, after many days, produce an abundant harvest, and that the little boy listening so eagerly to the story of the man whose sudden death had left his only son penniless should one day be enriched by that very orphan. Well brought up and cared for by his cousin, John Tait, at Harviestoun, he lived to be the father of two sons, who were also helped in life by the same liberal-handed kinsman. They were men of retired habits, little known beyond a very small circle of intimate friends; the eldest son, George, was at the head of the Edinburgh police, whom we children irreverently denominated "George Tait, the policeman"; the younger an officer in the Navy, who early retired in a fit of disgust, but reached the rank of yellow admiral. They lived and died bachelors, and sixty years after the death of their benefactor, left the Archbishop and his brothers a very large sum, with this touching explanation in their will, "In remembrance of kindness received from their grandfather in our youth, when we greatly needed it." To the Archbishop and his brother James they left £20,000 each, and true to their character as Scotsmen, to the eldest brother a still larger sum.

(To be continued.)

Nature Notes.

A BIRD-NESTING EXPEDITION.

BY J. STRACHAN, M.D.

The Pied Woodpecker.

ON Tuesday, the 1st of July, a party of five from the D.N.F.C., on the invitation, and under the able guidance, of the Rev. J. Taylor, made an excursion to a large wood about three miles from Dollar, favoured by most delightful July weather. Three days before, Mr Taylor, when on a botanical ramble there, had observed what he took to be the nesting hole with young of either a woodpecker or a wryneck, and the expedition was for the purpose of putting the matter beyond a doubt by, as well as for the pleasure of, seeing either of these, in Scotland, very rare birds.

Arrived at the wood, Mr Taylor took the lead, conducting us through some very beautiful woodland scenery, with fine old trees, and an abundant undergrowth of various mosses, ferns, and flowers, trailing bramble and clustering blaeberry, and enlivened by many rabbits scampering across our path, and birds twittering and singing overhead. On the way we had a good view of a capercailzie, about the size of a small turkey, which rose quite near and flew off with heavy flutter through the wood.

On nearing the locality of the nest we were asked to keep very quiet in the hope of seeing the birds before being ourselves discovered, but soon the loud alarm cry, "chunk-chunk-chunk," resembling that of the blackbird, told us that our caution was in vain. Then the shrill "chink-chink-chink-chink" of the young came as a welcome sound, clearly indicating their whereabouts. Our guide now pointed out the stump of a moderate-sized beech tree which had been broken off by the wind some twenty feet from the ground, in which were seen three clean cut holes of the size and appearance of rat holes, toward the upper end. These were placed vertically on the north side of the tree, our approach being from the north, and about two feet apart. On closer inspection, the labour which it must have cost the birds to chisel out with their beaks these holes and the nest cavity within was made apparent by the large quantity of wood chips, like coarse sawdust, which strewed the ground at the tree-foot, no attempt having been made to remove the tell-tale evidence of carpentry. The party now separated, each selecting for himself a suitable post for observation under cover of the tall bracken. When all had been quiet for a little time the "chink-chink-chink-chink" began again, and attention being specially directed to the middle hole, little red heads were

seen at intervals peeping out, evidently in impatient surprise at the continued absence of the devoted parents. We now caught occasional glimpses of these as they hastily reconnoitred the situation from branches of neighbouring trees, fearful of harm to their loved ones, yet in personal dread of the arch-enemy of all wild nature whom their sharp eyes detected among the bracken. The view, therefore, was very transitory, as they were off in a moment and lost to sight among the trees; it was also unfavourable, being toward the bright sunshine. After about half an hour's watching, being entertained between times by the frisking of a squirrel in a tree close at hand, as well as by the bobbing heads of the young birds, the rest of the party, having noticed red on the head and white markings on the body sufficient, in their opinions, to identify the woodpecker, and influenced, perhaps, by the approach of the luncheon hour, decided on going home. Being anxious to have a thoroughly good look at the birds, under natural and more favourable conditions, thus, besides the anticipated pleasure to myself, leaving no room for any doubt in the matter, I determined to remain some time longer. Comfortably seated at the foot of a big tree, surrounded by tall bracken, and with a binocular adjusted to the distance, about a dozen yards, I settled myself down to "wait and see." I had not long to wait, and the seeing was well worth waiting for. The parent birds, encouraged, doubtless, by the departure of the rest of the party, came with more and more confidence, and presented several very beautiful pictures as they settled for a minute or two among the foliage of a neighbouring tree. Then I became aware of one having very quietly alighted upon a branch within a few feet of the tree stump with a beakful of caterpillars, and, keeping very still, I watched it carefully. After sitting for a minute or so it flew on to the stump about a foot from the nest, where it clung in an upright position, its stiff pointed tail pressed against the bark. It then sidled, in nervous hesitating manner, till within reach of the gaping beaks, when, popping a worm into one or two of these, it darted off again, not, however, before affording me a very good view against the dull grey stem. It was a little larger than a blackbird, with a general black-and-white or "pied" marking; the bill rather long and very strong, and of a dark olive colour; black along the top of the head, extending down the neck, back, and tail; white cheeks, including the eyes, and separated by a black band from a smaller white patch on the neck, and from a white throat; a large white patch on the shoulder; dark brown wings, with several white bars across the flight feathers; a black tail edged with white, and white all underneath the body. I was, at the time, disappointed at not seeing the red marking observed by the others, but the explanation was soon forthcoming. In about five minutes the same bird returned with another supply of worms, with which it seemed



J. M. Whitehead

THE DEVON AT MENSTRIE

to satisfy the urgent demands of the young, who now ceased their querulous cries. It showed more confidence, and, staying longer by the nest, enabled me to confirm and amplify my previous observations. In a few minutes there was another visitation, but this time from a different bird. With greater boldness than the former it flew straight to the nest, where, while feeding the young, it clung to and moved upon the tree stem with an ease and grace which showed it to be to the manner born. The general black-and-white markings were similar to the former, but brighter and more sharply defined; the black on the head, instead of being continued down the neck, gave place on the nape to a brilliant scarlet cap, while the lower part of the back and underneath were of a beautiful rose red, and the tail feathers were tinged with red instead of white.

The above description is, I think, sufficient to identify these birds as, beyond doubt, the female and the male Pied or Greater Spotted Woodpecker (*Dendrocopus major*), which is thus established as a nesting species in Clackmannanshire. There are indications that it may have been so for some years past. A young lady, formerly resident in Muckart, tells me that, when attending school in Phossaway, she had occasion to pass a big wood on Naemoor estate, and that, one summer on several successive days, she and her brother, when passing the wood, distinctly heard the characteristic tapping of the woodpecker, which cannot be mistaken by those who are acquainted with it. They frequently tried, but always failed, to get a sight of the bird. Then there were the three holes referred to in the present case. The woodpecker is said to provide itself with a second, or bolt hole like that of the rabbit, by which to escape if an enemy appears at the other; but such, to be effective, would require to be on the opposite side of the tree from, and on the same level as, the other; whereas those we saw were directly one above the other and from one to two feet apart. I see it stated by Howard Saunders, in his "Manual of British Birds," that "several holes are often cut out before the birds are satisfied." This would be such a waste of energy and apparent bungling on the part of Nature that another explanation seems called for. I prefer to think that the three holes represent three successive nesting seasons; that the birds, having found a tree suitable for their purpose, stick to it year after year, but, for hygienic reasons, make a fresh hole each time. Another expedition next year might settle the matter, and, I am sure, the same party would (D.V.) gladly again join Mr Taylor should he organise such.

No description of mine can convey to the reader any adequate conception of the beauty of these birds as I saw them. Shape, size, and colouring can be described, and may be seen in any museum; but the birds as Nature made them, full of life and motion, every

feather seeming to glow and thrill with an exquisite vitality, and the soul of beauty to vibrate in every limb, with a halo of love and happiness enveloping and sanctifying the whole scene! Such a picture photographed and fixed upon the tables of the memory in all its nature colouring is "a joy for ever," and ample return for our bird-nesting expedition. I was alone, but could say, with Byron—

*"This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold
Commune with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."*

Mr Herbert, gamekeeper, to whom we have been indebted for interesting bird notes, tells me that a pure white willow warbler is at present frequenting the garden and grounds of Devonshaw. I mention the spot, as some of our local readers may wish to see such a rare and beautiful albino, and trusting that none will be brutal and selfish enough to make a specimen of it.

The kingfisher has recently been seen on the Devon. I make an earnest appeal also on behalf of this lovely bird, which few have an opportunity of seeing in its natural state and surroundings.

A young pied woodpecker was picked up in a dying condition near Ramshorn Inn, and is being preserved by Mr M'Arthur, Wellhall, who has a large collection of birds and other animals.

Former Philological Explanations of Dollar, Reviewed and Dismissed as Untenable.

BY REV. W. B. ROBERTSON WILSON.

I HAVE given in several previous essays, published in this *Magazine*, a somewhat exhaustive and comprehensive review of the various instances in Great Britain in which the name Dollar has been, and still is, employed as a descriptive local designation. I have further endeavoured to show that the true signification of the term which has commended itself to my philological conscience, is one which tallies with singular accuracy and exactitude with all the diverse localities, in Scotland at least, that have long borne and still bear that name—a condition of things which, I may add, seems to me to be unrealised by every other explanation which has hitherto been offered by such philological speculators as have dealt with this subject. It has been suggested to me, however, that in order to demonstrate that my account of the true origin of the term Dollar alone holds the field, it is only fair to my readers that I should present them with a succinct and complete account of all the philological explanations which have hitherto been made,

Dollour	-	1605, 1641, 1693, 1728 (in charters).
Dollor	-	1620, 1652, 1681, 1695, 1704, 1720 (in charters).
Doller	-	1654.
Dollar	-	1656, 1675, 1696, and often in eighteenth century (used for the first time in the case of Dollar-burne in Peeblesshire).
Dollre	-	1663.

Now the plain inference, it seems to me, from the facts I have just set forth is this, that even if the name Dollar had not been found in Ayrshire to denote a place in which hills were conspicuous by their absence, the evidence I have supplied here of the form in which the word was current in the earlier centuries makes it quite impossible to believe that the Gaelic word *ard* ever had anything to do with the origination of the local name. While if further evidence be needed as to the untenableness of Mr Watson's contention, it is to be found in the fact that the law of Gaelic pronunciation in such compound words as Dollar requires that the stress should be laid on the second syllable and not on the first.

In these circumstances I do not wonder that the second attempt to furnish a philological explanation of our parish name has almost wholly superseded the Dollard suggestion of Mr Watson, and has fallen back on the idea that the true origin of the word is to be found in the Gaelic adjective *Doillir*, dark or gloomy. This is the view expressed in an early *Gazetteer of Scotland*, published in 1803, where the writer, after referring to the ruins of Castle Campbell, writes as follows: "It is not known when, or by whom, this venerable pile was erected; it was formerly called 'the Castle of Gloom,' a name expressive of its situation, and is surrounded by the glens of Care and the burn of Sorrow, and looking down upon the town of Darkness, for so the Gaelic names of the surrounding places are said to signify." This view is also practically that adopted by Dr Beveridge in his interesting brochure entitled "Between the Ochils and the Forth." But in opposition to this view I have to observe that in the only instance, so far as I am aware, which is definitely known to be a case of the employment of the Gaelic root *Doillir* in a place name, the pronunciation of the name thus produced is totally different from what it is in the case of our own parish name. The case to which I am alluding is that of the estate of *Dollerie*, in *Crieff* parish. Now this estate is invariably spoken of locally as "*Dullerie*," not *Dolarie*, as it would have been if the same root had been responsible for both words. Besides, I cannot possibly agree that the name *Gloom* is descriptive either of the site of the ancient pile that was originally so designated, or of the pile itself, and still less can I admit that *Darkness* or *Gloom* can be justly said to be a fair representation of the appearance either of the town or the parish of Dollar. I admit, indeed, that the burn in *Manor* parish, *Peeblesshire*, which is called *Dollar Burn*, rising as it does on the flanks of *Black Law*, also called "*The Scrape*," and flowing through a narrow glen disfigured by ugly scree, might have deserved some such epithet, though I have given reasons which seem to me adequate for my belief that there, too, the local name had the same historic origin which, as I contend, brought it into being both there and also

in Ayrshire, and here. But I am satisfied that no one, after a visit to the Ayrshire Dollar, would ever dream of explaining the application of that term to the scene so designated by alleging the specially dark or gloomy character of the country side to which the name Dollar is there applied. I therefore have no hesitation in setting aside this interpretation of the origin of our place-name as equally untenable with the first.

The foregoing arguments, of course, dispose of the position taken up by those writers, like Dr John Mylne and the late Robert Paul of the United Free Church, Dollar, who, if we may so express ourselves, "hedge" upon this question, and without expressing a definite opinion, simply mention that the two views are prevalent, noticing them but not discussing them at all. Thus Dr Mylne, in 1841, writes in the "New Statistical Account of Scotland" as follows: "There can be little doubt that the name Dollar is of Gaelic origin. Some say it is derived from *Dol*, a valley, and *Ard*, a hilly or lofty ground. Some derive the name from the Gaelic word *Doillir*, which signifies dark, sombre, gloomy." To the same effect Mr Paul in *Dollar Magazine*, III., p. 155, remarks on this theme: "Dollar again is now generally believed to be derived from *Dol*, a vale, and *Ard*, high—the high valley—a name which its position to some extent justifies, though some derive it from the Gaelic *Doilleir*, signifying dark, sombre, or gloomy."

It will be seen that neither of these authors adds anything to what their predecessors have supplied, though I take it, as a sign of grace in Mr Paul, that he confesses that the position of Dollar only justifies to some extent the derivation which he affirms to be generally received.

Dr Mylne has very properly, I think, asserted that "there can be little doubt that the name Dollar is of Gaelic origin." This view, however, has not commended itself to all investigators. Thus I find Dr Alexander Galloway, of the Glasgow Archæological Society, expressing himself thus in a lecture on Castle Campbell which he delivered to that Society some years ago in one of the rooms of the old castle here: "Neither as regards the derivation of Clackmannan, nor of Dollar, is Gaelic the true source of either term, except in so far as the Gaelic words are in unison with the old Teutonic or Scandinavian, believed to have been the language of the people in the Lowlands prior to the Christian era, and afterwards." "Under this theory," he says, "Clackmannan may be resolved into *Kel-ach-mannan*; *Kel*, the Scandinavian equivalent for German *heil*, *heilig*, and the English *holy*, importing in the former language a church or other place of worship, a burial ground, and anything regarded as sacred, holy, consecrated or devoted to religion or the Church; *ach*, and *achan*, corresponding with the German verb *eigen*, with the English verb to own, and the Scottish verb or participle *aught*, meaning property, or possession, estate, or belonging to; *mannan*, a contraction of the Scandinavian word *morian*, with the article *en* added, meaning the moor. Thus Clackmannan becomes 'the kirk's moor' or 'the sacred moor,' viz., the place where people assembled for worship in the old times. Dollar, again, by the same interpretation will be *Dalr*, viz., valleys, probably abridged from Dollar Devon, viz., *Dalr-du-Vand*, making Black-water Valleys." Now this method of philologising seems to me to be an example, and a very striking one, too, of how things ought not to be done. For, first of all,

the writer goes in the face of practically all recent scholars who, without exception, affirm that the language spoken in Alba, or the land of the Picts, to which both Dollar and Clackmannan belong, was undoubtedly in these early times a Celtic dialect. And then, secondly, the fanciful way in which, without supplying any evidence from ancient documents calculated to support his theory, the author, with the view of forcing a sense on the local name as at present used, which it would not otherwise bear, proceeds to add to the term, as at present pronounced and current, a totally new and unknown word or syllable which, by hypothesis, has been gradually dropped in the course of ages, seems to me a glaring example of the fatally perverting influence exercised even upon a scholarly mind by the adoption of a radically false basis of investigation. Dr Galloway starts by assuming that our local names must spring from a Teutonic language stem, an assumption which every other scholar rejects, and, as a consequence, he is under the necessity of performing the strangest philological somersaults, or rather the severest procrustean tortures, in his treatment of the unfortunate vocables whose significance he has set himself to expiscate. For these reasons, with even more confidence than that with which I have ventured to reject the derivations from the Gaelic, which I have already discarded, I set aside also the Teutonic hypothesis advanced by Dr Galloway.

In dealing with the next suggestion, that of the Rev. Mr Johnstone of Falkirk, published in his volume on Scottish place-names, I shall be comparatively brief, partly because I have handled that gentleman's views in an earlier portion of these essays, and partly because the same arguments as those by which I have overturned the positions taken up by Mr Watson and Dr Mylne are equally applicable in the case of Mr Johnstone. Thus it is his contention that Dollar signifies "the meadow below the height," derived from Gaelic *dail*, valley or meadow, and *ard*, high. But the total absence of a *d* in any of the early spellings of the word, while in the case of the adjoining parish of Muckart, meaning *the Hill of the Boar*, the *d* sound still survives in the *t* with which that word is closed, is a strong argument against the root *ard* having ever had anything to do with the formation of the compound term Dollar.

The next attempt at solving the riddle of the origin of our parish name which I have met with is found in Blackie's "Dictionary of Place Names." In that book I read as follows: "Dail (Gadhelic), Dol (Cym. Cel.), Dahl (Scand.), Thal (Ger.), Dol (Sclav.), a valley, sometimes a field, English dale or dell, and often joined to the name of the river which flows through the district, e.g., Clydesdale, Dovedale," &c., &c. Here follow many place-names, and then the writer adds, "Dollar in Clackmannan may be from this root, although there is a tradition that it took its name from a castle in the parish called Castle Gloom, Gaelic doillair (dark)." The writer then compares with Dollar the terms Deal and Dol signifying "the valley" in Kent, Dol and Dole, in Brittany, with the same meaning, Doldrewin (the valley of the Druidical circles in Wales), Dolquan (the owl's meadow), Dolgelly (the valley of the grave), &c., &c.

Now the point I note here is that the author of this scholarly volume, while not pronouncing any opinion regarding the original meaning of Dollar,

yet gives preference to the view which finds an explanation of the true significance of Dollar, in the presence in that word, as its first syllable, of the Celtic term *dol*, signifying field, valley, &c. And as it is from that point my own investigation starts, and as I have given, I hope, very good reasons for thinking, that the cause which, in other Celtic districts, has led, in the formation of place-names descriptive of scenes known to have been the site of more or less bloody conflict, to the employment in the words thus formed, of the term *ar*, meaning slaughter, as one of the constituents of the place-name so created, has unmistakably also been at work in the creation of every one of the three Dollars that are found in Scotland, I trust I am not striking too confident a note when I state my belief that, until a better solution is provided, my own hypothesis which makes Dollar stand for the place or field of slaughter unquestionably holds the field.

It is quite true that, in a recent letter to me from Mr Johnstone of Falkirk, that gentleman intimates that he no longer holds that the *ar* in Dollar is the Gaelic adjective *ard*. "You will see in the second edition of my book on Scottish place-names, I give the derivation as *dol*, meadow, and *ar*, ploughed land, which also seems to make excellent sense. I strongly believe the law of the accent, and am now much more loath to break it than twenty years ago. But in Welsh, while there is still the same law about the accent in the attributive, it does not seem to be nearly so binding as in Gaelic. To take the first three cases that occur to me—Bangor, Barmouth (Aber-Mawdath), and Colwyn Bay—you see that the shifting of the accent is common, specially on English lips." But while Mr Johnstone's new suggestion is certainly less open to objection than his first, nevertheless it is no more capable of meeting all the demands that must be satisfied in order to the furnishing of an adequate solution of the philological problem. For while possibly Mr Johnstone's second derivation might account for the first application of the term Dollar to the Clackmannanshire parish so named, and to the Ayrshire estate similarly designated, it could not by any possibility have ever been given to the Peeblesshire Dollar, where no plough has ever been seen from the creation of the world, nor ever will be.

Another Gaelic scholar to whom I applied for help in the subject I have been examining, the Rev. Dr Thos. Sinton of Dores, brother of the late tenant of Dollar Bank Farm, while declining to give a definite answer, sent me the following interesting suggestions, none of which, however, I have been able to adopt. "There are so many likely derivations of Dollar that it will be difficult to arrive at any degree of certainty. *Dall* means blind, gloomy, dark, &c. *Lar* means ground or earth, a low-lying meadow bottom. *Dail* (pronounced *dal*) means a dale, field, meadow. *Doilleir* means dark, shady, gloomy. *Dubh* (pronounced *doo*) means black, &c. These words I think throw light on one question, or at least indicate lines for investigation. Dollarie means a shadowy place."

As Dr Sinton provides no solution of his own, and has merely supplied me with material out of which to furnish a theory of my own, I have to say that after considering the information given, I am satisfied that my own explanation meets the necessities of the case better than any which I could produce from his materials. Everything, therefore, as far as I have

gone, tends to confirm me in the opinion that I have hit on the only true account of how the term Dollar came into being. And this view I continue to hold notwithstanding that Sir Herbert Maxwell, after reading my first essay, published a year ago in *The Dollar Magazine*, wrote to me as follows :—

“The objection to your hypothesis is twofold.

“First, in no single instance among the oldest spellings of Dollar does the prefix (supposing it to be a compound name) appear otherwise than ‘dol.’ Among the myriad Celtic compound place-names with the prefix ‘dal’ I know of none in which the *a* has become *o* through use.

“Second, in compound words and names of all languages the stress lies on the qualitative syllable, as Dune’din (Celtic), Ed’inburgh (Teutonic), Auchenleck’ (Celtic), Stone’field (Teutonic). The stress very seldom, indeed, becomes dislodged. I can only recall a single instance (though no doubt there are more), viz., Newcastle, which is pronounced Newcassell. This principle is so constant as to make me reject *Dal air* as the interpretation of Dollar, in the absence of any other evidence. In all the names cited by you from Dr Joyce and myself the stress is on the suffix. If once one begins guessing about names and their origin there is no end to it. We do not even know whether Dollar is in the Celtic language. For my own part I should be inclined to write it off for the present as of unknown origin, but I know that it is most difficult to persuade people to be content with such an unsatisfactory conclusion.”

In reply, however, to Sir Herbert’s objections, I observe that I do not suppose that the first syllable in Dollar was ever *dal* at all. I am persuaded that it was *dol* to begin with, inasmuch as the primitive inhabitants of the Ochil region spoke Pictish and not Gaelic, and the evidence we have seems to show that, whatever may have been the original racial stock of the tribes speaking that language, the language itself must have been influenced by Brythonic Celts. Professor Wendisch and Dr Stokes, two of our chief authorities on this subject, regard them as Celts allied to the Britons rather than the Goidils, the phonetics of their speech resembling Welsh rather than Irish. I myself am inclined to suspect that they were the descendants of a Brythonic group, arriving early in Britain and driven northwards by newcomers. This being so, the *dol* sound is exactly what we might expect, both in Peebles and Ayrshire, which were admittedly inhabited by the Cymry, a pure Brythonic stock, and in Clackmannan, which was an unquestionable home of the Southern Picts.

Then, secondly, in regard to his difficulty about the shifting of the stress from the final syllable, I have to oppose to him not only what Mr Johnstone has remarked regarding a similar shift in other Celtic words, but the dictum of a far greater authority, that of Sir James Murray, the Editor of the “Oxford English Dictionary.” For in a recent letter to me on this matter, that great scholar remarks: “I do not attach much importance to the transposition of the accent. English has done that with so many words when their meaning became obscured”; while in regard to my *own* theory as to the true significance of the term, with characteristic caution, he remarks: “I suppose your guess for Dollar or Dolair is as good as any other, better than Mr Johnstone’s, for

example, but Celtic names have often lost so many aspirated or eclipsed consonants, fh, th, sh, &c., that they are 'kittle cattle' to deal with. Is not Dunottar all that remains of Dunfhodair or some such name? How do you know that some fh has not gone before the air?"

This cautious utterance of the great lexicographer, taken along with the approval of my view previously quoted by the chief authority on Cornish place-names, and reinforced by the judgment of an excellent Gaelic scholar, who is a personal friend of my own, Mr Hector MacKenzie of North Uist, leads me to retain my position and to be prepared to defend it against all comers. Mr MacKenzie has addressed to me the following message: "I am quite satisfied that you are correct in saying that Dollar means the 'field or strath of slaughter.' As I mentioned to you *ar* is an old Celtic word meaning slaughter.

"You will find on page 1 of Stewart's 'Shaothair nam Bard Gaeleach' an alphabetically arranged battle harangue entitled 'Prosnach Catha Chloinn Domhnuill,' composed during the battle of Harlaw by the clan bard of the Macdonalds, Lachunn Mor Mac Mhuirich. In the fourth line of the first stanza you will find 'Gu arach,' &c., meaning 'to slaughtering.' Then the word is used in many places in the Bible, *e.g.*, Isaiah x. 26, 'according to the *slaughter* of Midian' (Comhuil ri àr Mhidian), and again Hosea v. 2, 'and the revolvers are profound to make slaughter' (Agus rinn na ceannaircich àr domhain). I can give you other passages, but these may be sufficient for your requirements."

In a later letter Mr MacKenzie adds: "*Air* in the final syllable in the 971 form of Dollar will be, I believe, the genitive of *ar*, slaughter. We have a genitive in Gaelic, and it is much used. The rule is masculine nouns form their genitive and vocative singular and nominative plural by inserting *i* before the final consonant or consonants, and their vocative plural by adding *a*. Thus 'ar,' gen. sing. and nom. pl. 'air.' Knocknair (*i.e.*, Knock-an-air = Knoll of the slaughter or havoc). So in Dollar the early form Dolair would be the field, meadow-place, strath of the slaughter."

At the close of the review which I have provided in the papers that have hitherto appeared, I feel satisfied that if I have not established my position as firmly as I would desire to make it, I have at least made out a very good case for my view, and I leave it at that, hoping that I have at least supplied the readers of my articles with facts and information that must have been novel to most of them, and that, I trust, have not been altogether uninteresting.

The Story of Argalus and Parthenia.

From the "Arcadia" by Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) (in great part literally extracted).

THERE lived in the court of Arcadia the young lord Argalus, cousin of the Queen Gynecia. Valiant, accomplished, learned, in behaviour somewhat given to musing, but never uncourteous, Argalus was famed throughout Arcadia, and was the chosen companion of Clitophon, the king's nephew. It so fell out that Clitophon brought him one day to the house of a lady who had an only daughter, the fair Parthenia, fair indeed, and that which made her fairness much the fairer was, that it was but a fair ambassador of a most fair mind. These two, meeting, could not choose but find one another, and delight in what they found. They loved, although for a while the fire thereof was blown by the bellows of despair. Parthenia, alas, was already all but betrothed to a certain Demagoras of Laconia, a rich man, stubbornly stout, loving nobody but himself and—for his own delight's sake—Parthenia. His suit was greatly favoured by her mother, for in her mind his riches gilded over all his other imperfections.

By good hap, Parthenia, meeting Argalus a few days before the "day of assurance," learned both loving and loathing; for love, that saw he had a great journey to make in short time, hasted so himself that before her word could tie her to Demagoras, her heart vowed her to Argalus. Now when on the day of assurance Demagoras full of proud joy, thought to receive the gift of herself, she, though with tears showing she was sorry, resolutely refused to wed him.

This unlooked-for resistance so enraged her mother, as well as Demagoras, that she tried all ways which a witty and hard-hearted mother could use upon so humble a daughter, not only practising all extremities upon her, but also employing Argalus in many dangerous enterprises, though the more his virtue was tried, the more pure it grew. Lastly, by treasons, Demagoras and she sought the life of Argalus, but failing in the attempt, she took such a spiteful grief at it that her heart brake withal and she died.

Demagoras, stung with envy and rage, and assured now that Parthenia would never be his, planned and carried out an abominable revenge. While Argalus was away, having gone to his own country to fetch certain of his friends to his wedding with Parthenia, the wicked Demagoras, desiring to speak with her, with unmerciful force (her weak arms in vain resisting) rubbed all over her face a most horrible poison, the effect whereof was such that never leper looked more ugly than she did. Having thus rendered her loathsome to sight, Demagoras fled, with men and horses. When, however, his abominable deed was made known to the King and Senate of Lacedæmon, he was, upon pain of death, banished the country, whereupon he joined the Helots who made him their general and under him committed divers the most outrageous villanies.

But to come back to the lovers. Argalus returned, having the fair image of Parthenia in his heart, and promising his eyes the sight of her beauty.

Alas! his own eyes it was, nobody else daring to tell him, which gave him the dreadful revelation of her marred face. I mean not to move passion with telling you the grief of both, when he knew her, for at first he did not. But within a while, truth of love, a virtuous constancy, faith given, and inward worthiness shining through the foulest mists, took so hold of the noble Argalus, that with the most abundant kindness that an eye-ravished lover can express, he laboured both to drive the extremity of sorrow from her, and to hasten the celebration of their marriage. He deferred his intended revenge upon Demagoras, because he might continually be in her presence, showing more humble serviceableness and joy to content her than ever before.

But as he gave this rare example, she, on the other side, took as strange a course in affection. In no sort would she yield to marry him, for truth it is, that so in heart she loved him, as she could not find in her heart he should be tied to what was unworthy of his presence.

But Argalus assured her that her face, when it was fairest, had been but a marshal to lodge the love of her in his mind, which now needed no further help of any outward harbinger, beseeching her, even with tears, to know that his love was not so superficial as to go no further than the skin, which yet now to him was most fair, since it was hers; that he never beheld it but therein he saw the loveliness of her love towards him. But Parthenia, wringing him by the hand, replied, "My lord, God knows I love you; if I were princess of the whole world I should not delay to lay myself under your feet, or if I had continued but as I was, though far unworthy of you. But let me be much more miserable than I am, e'er to match Argalus to such a Parthenia. Live happy, my dear Argalus, I give you full liberty, and I shall rejoice (whatsoever becomes of me) to see you so coupled as may be fit for your honour and satisfaction." With that she burst out crying and weeping. But Argalus with a most heavy heart still pursuing his desire, she resolved to avoid further entreaty, and one night she stole away, leaving of her whereabouts neither trace nor token.

Argalus sought her long; at length, despairing of finding her, he determined to be revenged on Demagoras, and went, disguised, into the chief town held by the Helots. Here he sought out Demagoras, and, setting upon him with fury, gave him divers mortal wounds of which he presently died.

Argalus himself was taken prisoner, but by good hap was kept alive in prison until circumstances, unnecessary to relate, brought about his release. He returned to Arcadia, and was received as a guest into the house of Kalander, father of his friend Clitophon, his countenance still showing that while Parthenia was lost, he counted not himself delivered.

And now Fortune, that belike meant to play the good fellow, brought a strange adventure to poor Argalus. A party being assembled, after the banquet a message was brought to old Kalander that a young noble lady was come hither and desired to be lodged in his house. Kalander, with all his guests, saving only Argalus, went out to greet and welcome her. Argalus remained in his chamber, only desiring that the party should break up, that he might go in his solitary quest after Parthenia. Kalander, when he saw this lady, straight thought he saw his niece Parthenia, such was her exceeding likeness to that lady in her beauty, but she, in grave and honourable manner,

gave him to understand that he was mistaken, though, indeed, she added, they had been many times taken one for the other. Thereupon, entering the house, she desired to speak with Argalus publicly. Argalus came hastily, and as hastily thought as Kalander had done, with sudden change to sorrow. But she in this sort spake unto him :—

“My Lord Argalus, there came lately to me at the court of Queen Helen of Corinth, the Lady Parthenia, so disfigured as I think Greece hath nothing so ugly to behold. It was many days before she could make me think that she was Parthenia. At last I understood the whole tragical history of her undeserved adventure, and therewithal of that most noble constancy in you, my Lord Argalus. I took the best care I could of her, but no outward cherishing could salve the inward sore of her mind : a few days since she died, before her death earnestly desiring me to think of no husband but of you, as of the only man in the world worthy to be loved. Withal she gave me this ring to deliver you, by the authority of love commanding you that the affection you bare her, you should turn to me. Now, my lord, though this office be not perchance suitable to my sex, who should rather look to be desired, yet an extraordinary desert requires an extraordinary proceeding, and therefore I am come, with faithful love built upon your worthiness, to offer myself.”

And then she stayed, earnestly attending Argalus' reply, who, first making most hearty sighs, thus answered her :—

“Madame,” said he, “infinitely am I bound to you for this no more rare than noble courtesy ; but much bound for the goodness I perceive you showed to the Lady Parthenia” (with that the tears ran down his eyes). “But this great matter you propose unto me, know that if my heart were mine to give, you before all others should have it, but Parthenia's it is, though dead : there I began, there I end all matter of affection. If with her beauty only I had been in love, I should be so with you, who have the same beauty ; but it was Parthenia's self I loved and still love—no likeness can turn it, no commandment dissolve, no foulness defile, nor no death finish.”

“Shall I receive,” said she, “such disgrace as to be refused ?”

“Noble lady,” said he, “let not that hard word be used : I know your exceeding worthiness far beyond my desert. It is only happiness I refuse, since of the only happiness I could and can desire, I am refused.”

He had scarce spoken these words when she ran to him, and embracing him, “Why then, Argalus,” said she, “take thy Parthenia,” and Parthenia it was indeed. But because sorrow forbade him too soon to believe, she told him the truth with all circumstances—how, when walking alone in a solitary place, bemoaning her lot and meaning to die, she was encountered by Queen Helen of Corinth, who never left her till she had heard all her trouble. The noble queen, greatly pitying her, sent her own physician, the most excellent doctor in the world, and he, as they now saw, had succeeded by his arts in restoring her former pure and dainty complexion. Her speech was confirmed by the queen's attendant who had accompanied her. Argalus was easily persuaded to what he desired more than ten thousand years of life, and Kalander would needs have their marriage celebrated in his house. Accord-

ingly, Argalus and Parthenia were wedded, with great rejoicings, for throughout Arcadia the rare trial of that coupled affection was known.

Further on in the "Arcadia" a glimpse is given of their life together, the passage relating thereto being set forth in these words:—

"The messenger made speed and found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia, he reading in a book the stories of Hercules, she by him, as to hear him read: but while his eyes looked on the book she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him with some pretty question, not so much to be resolved of the doubt as to give him occasion to look upon her: a happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself because she enjoyed him: both increased their riches by giving to each other; each making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety; he ruling because she would obey, or rather because she would obey he therein ruling."

To tell the errand of the messenger, and the subsequent passionate fortunes of Argalus and Parthenia, as related further in the "Arcadia," would demand a new chapter wherein assuredly would still shine forth the brightness of honour and the truth of love.

H. E. L. (F.P.)

Gossip.

"AULD Rab has ta'en a turn, they say;
His son frae Glesca's here, for ae thing.
The doctor's been three times the day,
And that, ye ken, is no for naething."

"Aye, Rabbie hasna lookit weel;
Thae twa-three months I've thocht him shrinkin'.
Last nicht they sent for linseed meal:
A poultice for his kist, I'm thinkin'."

"I saw his lassie's auldest bairn
Come oot o' Lowrie's wi' a bottle.
Brandy, maist like—he's gey forfairn,
For Rab was aye the strict teetotal."

"Wha's yon gaun skelpin' to the toun?"
"His ain guid-brither, Tam, the miller."
"Losh, look! The blinds are comin' down."

"I'se warrant Rab has left some siller."

A. S., JUN.

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

PART II.—(Continued.)

Day chased the Memphian night awa',
The sun rose o'er the Hill o' Law,
The Dollar cocks begoud tae craw ;
And in the realm o' Devon Vale,
There was nae sign the evenin's gale,
The win's had ceast their wud affray—
In troth ! it was a glorious day.
And syne the loons wha, at the inn,
Had heard the voice abune the din,
Were spread as faur as Caldron Lynn ;
And gaed aboot their canny ploy,
And dreuk their fill o' past'ral joy.

The Sun sclimbed up across the arc.
A noon-day silence reigned—whan, hark !
There floated doon the yeaster breeze
Frae Castleton,* ayont the trees,
Whilk in profusion used to graw,
And cap yon spur they ca' the Law :
The soond o' martial life and drum,
The squak—the droan—the laigher hum
O' Hielan' pipes. Ilk peasant loon,
On hearing sic an awesome soun',
The sickle or the hoe laid doon,
And, startled, paused in mead or fur ;
While monie e'es toward the spur
Were cuist in grim expectancy.

Louder and maur loud grew the din,
Stronger and maur strong doon the win' ;
Then, rank on rank, in stern array,
And rank on rank in tartans gay,
Cam' pooring doon the Hillfoot brae ;
And whan the Gloume-folk caught a gliff
Of ane wha sate erect and stiff :
Though steeve withal : upon his mear,
As, 'mang the michties, drew him near,
They stood as dang, and gript wi' fear.
"The Marquise comes ! The Great Montrose !"
Sic was the cry whilk fearfu' rose ;
And monie sought the ben the hoose,
And flemit gat the unco douce ;
Eh, deed ! wi'in the valley o'er,
There ne'er was sicna steer afore.

Now, sune the tap-maist hoose gaed past,
Nor stopt, but held their journey wast,
The foremaist ranks o' kilted chieils :
Great, muckle, brawny, bairded deils ;

Syne, followed up a hunner horse,
Syne, Lord Aboyne wi' his braw force ;
Nor paused they i' their wastlins course.
Neist, saxty Lawlan' troopers came,
Bestrode on horses thin and lame ;*
And then, in hunners, doon the brae,
A hantle Macs in stern array,
Though deil the slightest pause did they,
But passt the clachan fairly through—
And reckt the Gloume-folks unco few.
But syne there cam' anither clan,
A fierce, revengfu', riev'in' ban',
Whilk, doon the brae, their pipes a-screigh,
They didna pass the village by.
They didna leave the folks their lane,
These bairded sons o' Clan MacLean ;
But, wi' a skellock, gan tae pause,
As sune's they'd reached the biggin' wa's,
As he wha reads his hist'ry knaws.

Then oot spak ane, a chief, I ween,
As buirdly-braw as e'er was seen,
"Yon pe ta Castell Gloume," said he,
"Whilk raging-het ableeze maun pe,
Afore mirk hides yon pratty dell."
Then brak a dirdum, and a yell :
"Ta Castell Gloume ! ta hill ! ta hill !"
Then aff, and up the hill o' Gloume,
Wi' ruskie louns they gan tae scloom ;
And, when they'd gane, the village folk
Oot frae the place dementit broke ;
Wi' gowket fear they skelpt awa,
Some doon the vale, some o'er the Law,
Till deil a soul seem'd left ava.

Ne'er faltered in the course they'd ta'en,
Straught up the hill the Sons o' Lean
Gaed loupin', roarin', daft wi' hate.
The burn cam lashin' doon in spate,
Its roar fremescent spread abune—
Though scarce as awesome as the soun',
The rowt that droon'd the pipers' tune,
And uprase frae the Hielan' thrang.
Or e'enin' cam', 't would no' be lang,
The sun wad sune hae sunk away,
As 't sought the nether arc o' day ;
While, on the Castell, now the grey,
The fore-ran mists o' night cam' doon,

* *Horses thin and lame.*—Thesixtytroopers joined Montrose at Perth, and, being unable to commandeer properly trained steeds, had e'en to provide themselves with coach-horses.

* *Castleton.*—See *Dollar Magazine*, Vol. IV., p. 29.—ED.

As they warked wastlins, a' aroun',
Like firemen : they wad conquer sune,
The conflagration o' the skies,
And cloak the earth in black disguise.
And now the pratty Dollar Glen,
Whar ne'er had trod the shoon o' men,
Seem'd like the Queen o' rock-ravines,
Whase head was crooned like ilka queen's ;
But no' a band o' goud for her—
Instead, the Castell on the spur.

Noo, whan the sons o' Clan MacLean
Had sclimbed the hill wi' haste insane,
And come ablow the Castell wa',
An ancient grey-haired wife they saw.
"Now, wha be you?" quoth ae braw man,
A dunniewassal o' the clan.
"Now, wha be you, be freend or foe?"
"I am," said she, "a freend." Then, lo !
"I have," said she, "what you wad know :
The vassal Diarmids are awa,
They gaed their gate the first cock-craw,
So, undefended is the wa' ;
And, save a wheen o' wives and weans,
There's no' a soul abune his teens
Tae gar ye fight yer entry in."
With that arose a fearsome din,
As ae deil's-score brak doon the gate ;
Then, wi' an unco roar o' hate,
The Sons o' Lean, wha kenn'd nae laws,
Dashed in, and crossed the inner fosse.

[And now, my decent brither Scots,
I've reached the saddest o' my notes.]

The bonny, bonny Castell Gloume :
The grey, the pratty Castell Gloume :
It that was aince o' Lord o' Lorne,
And years o' bluidy strife had borne :
It that had sheltered Mary, Queen,
Aince when she graced a bridal scene,
And aince, in sterner days, I ween :
It that had heard the famous Knox,
As preached he to his gathered flocks—
The bonny, bonny Castell Gloume,
The grey, the pratty Castell Gloume :
Was tirmed a ruined shell o' stane
By fierce, revengefu' Clan MacLean,
Wha, having gar the weemen flee,
Spread flaming fire, in randy glee,
And syne gaed back o'er Sorrow rill,
Tae view the bleeze frae Pirrack Hill.

Louped furth the flames, louped heav'nward
high,
And reddened up the dark'ning sky ;
And as the bleeze gat roaring wud,
The Sorrow seem'd a stream o' blood.
Then, doon the slope the Gael's begoud,

Wi' gleefu' lauch and yellock loud,
Enveloped in a reekie cloud ;
And, linkin' ower the lowest rig,
They cam' until the burnie brig,
Whar some said "Wast !" and ithers, "Nay !
Sic slaistering wad never dae ;
Let's burn the clachan on the brae,
As we hae brunt yon ither toun,*
Back eastlins ower the scroggie groun'."
And, as they spak, they skelpet loose ;
Some entered in the ewest house ;
A wheen gaed till the neist abode ;
The best feck up the clachan road,
And, ere a hantle meenits gaed,
A gude deil's dizen fires were made.

The tapmaist biggin on the brae—
A rinned auld mass o' stane and strae—
Seem'd neist to jine the gudely bleeze,
Their ugsome hunger to appease.
But, lo ! there stude aside the door
A wife they'd shairly seen afore—
The trait'ress grey-haired wife hersell,
The wicked, weazen'd, wanworth Nell.
"Aw, sirs !" quo' she, "gae leave me lane ;
I hate the vassals ilka ane,
And lo'e the decent Clan MacLean."
'Twas thus the witch begoud to pray,
Till syne the rievvers tirmed away,
Were laith to burn a witch's hoose,
For fear she'd let her bogles loose.
And thus, in a' the lan's o' Gloume,
Was but ae hoose escaped its doom.†

But as the hour o' day wis late,
They gat in rank, and gaed their gate ;
They gaed the wastlins frae the bleeze,
And sune there floated back the breeze
The pibroch and the vogie rair,
The brattle and the trumpet blare,
Till syne sic soun's were heard nae mair,
As through the valley's wastlin' glade,
The Clan o' "MacGill' Sheathain" gaed.‡

* *Yon ither toun.*—On their way to Dollar, the MacLeans had burnt the village of Muckhart.

† It is said that only one house in Dollar escaped being burned.

‡ *MacGill' Sheathain.*—Hitherto we have alluded to "The Sons of Lean." We should, however, have said "The Sons of Illeathain," MacIlleathain being a contraction for MacGill' Sheathain, son of John or Seathan's servant. The name "MacLean" owes its origin to ecclesiastical influence.

'Twas night : the Castell up the hill
 Was daurk become, but smeeeking still.
 'Twas late or, in the kinty roun',
 The Gloume-folks pit their flichters down,
 And sought their aize o' a toun.
 They grat : the rins lamented o'er ;
 They raved, and laughed, and curst, and swore ;
 Some seem'd as wud, and ithers dumb—
 As soundless as a bursted drum ;
 But ane auld wife cared feint a haet,
 As in her winnock neuk she sate !

Or morn the folks had gaed awa,
 Some to their frien's at Alloa ;
 And them wha had nae frien's ava,
 Had juist to wander for a wee,
 And coort folks hospitality.

'Twas noonday or, Glendevon through,
 The Clan o' Campbell cam' in view,
 Alang wi' Bailie's Lawlan force,
 A hantle infantry and horse.
 The sun wis sinkin' doon the arc,
 Whan, foot-sair wi' their mornin's wark,
 They hitched within the Cairn Park.*
 The Earl, Argyle, wis sair dismayed,
 Whan up the Castell Hill he gaed,
 And fan' his hoose a gutted shell ;
 But, on a knowe, the spaewife, Nell,
 Stood a' her lane, and lauched wi' glee ;
 'Twas braw the Earl's dool to see !
 "Revenge is mine this day," said she,
 "But it is na' compleat, for lo !
 Or monie moons sall come and go,
 A shairpened exe his head sall knaw."

* *The Cairn Park.*—The present "Puddle-dub" Street is situated on what was formerly the Cairn Park. This park contained an immense cairn, some thirty feet high, whose perimeter would be, perhaps, about one hundred and twenty feet. This cairn possibly marked the field on which was fought the battle of Dollar in the year 877, when the Norsemen attacked the Scots under King Kenneth Macalpin, and gained a great victory. It was removed, however, about the year 1806, and broken into road metal for the turnpike-road that was then in course of construction along the foot of the Ochils. When its base was reached, there were found a number of clay urns, which, unfortunately, have been completely lost sight of, and thus the victory of the vandal has been complete. Had the cairn been allowed to remain, it would have been an object of interest second only to the Castell Gloume itself, and certainly would have lent an additional attraction to the ancient village of Dollar. Alas, the vandal !

What need to say the Campbells grat ?
 It is enough to tell ye that
 The anger o' the proud Argyle
 Was vented in the fiery style.
 "I'se ha'e a quick revenge," said he,
 "The wretched scoundrels that they be !
 My michtie ! they ha'e sealed their doom,
 By burning bonny Castell Gloume."

And noo, my decent brither Scots,
 I ha'e used up my puikle notes ;
 And, aiblens, it micht seem to you,
 I ha'e used up yer patience too !
 Atweel ! I'm sorry if it's true ;
 I did my best, I do declare—
 A rhymy canna do nae mair.
 And so, to ilka brither chiel,
 I'se mak' my bow, and say "Fareweel !"

* *Note by Dougald Gullfoks.*—It is well known that almost every Scottish village possesses its spaewives, who, there is reason to suppose, really imagine themselves possessed of supernatural powers, and firmly believe they can see farther into futurity than the two-headed Janus himself. The spaewife in this tale—a child of the imagination, we need not add—may strike the reader as being the repudiator of any assertion relative to there being no such people as *genuine* witches ; but her "prophecies" really do not seem to confirm this, as it is possible they might only have sprung from her knowledge of what was certain to happen, and of what, as a consequence, was *likely* to happen. In the first instance, it could have been possible for her to have been aware of the approach of the MacLeans, and to have realised that there was a great likelihood of mischief-making on the arrival of these inveterate enemies of the race of Diarmid ; that, in effect, the sight of Castell Gloume might easily prove too tempting, and the opportunity too great for them to miss. In quihlk circumstances, it would only have been natural, in a woman of her composition, to hazard a prophecy, and confidently expect it to come true. Farther, her "hatred" of Argyle and his vassals would not, in those days, have seemed strange, for, as a cat may look at a king, so also may a cat *dislike* a king, and become so bold as to spit in his face.

We may add that our tale is a compound of historical facts and fictions. The historical facts will be easily recognised ; the fictions, like the alchemists' lotion, must not be swallowed, but may be applied externally.

D. G.

LEARNBRUGH,
 22nd March 17—.



R. K. Holmes

AT THE RACK MILL

Mr Ochilaird, nodding his head sagely, put the broadside carefully away in his coat pocket, extracted a pinch of snuff from his sneeshing-mill, and then turned to Mr Fourantwa, saying :—

“Did ever ye hear the like! Does it no’ transcend a’thing ever yet written by Dougald Gullfoks?”

“Deed, ay!” assented the lawyer; “it certainly is rather startling, and wad nae doot gar the archæologists prick their lugs in amaze; but I’m inclined tae think, nevertheless, that there’s mair fiction in that story than truth.”

“But supposin’ it *is* true,” said the cock-laird, looking earnestly into the lawyer’s face, “supposin’ there *is* a deal o’ truth in’t, whar cude Gullfoks ha’e gotten his notes?”

“Ay; that’s it!” exclaimed Mr Fourantwa, with a smile. “Whar *cude* he ha’e gotten his notes! It seems a bit o’ a puzzle, does it no’?”

“A dooms puzzle!” replied old John, fervently.

At this the lawyer looked very knowing, and might have been observed to wink at Wattie the Loon.

“Ay,” he replied after a slight pause, “so ye may think; but still an’ on, a parallel is no’ that deeficult tae find. Tak’ the case o’ a lawyer, for instance, whar does a lawyer obtain his notes whan he maun mak’ oot his case for the defence? Aha! Ye find that question as big a puzzle, I’s e warrant; and so it is. Eh, man! Imagination’s an unco queer quality richt enough; and ye micht search a hale realm o’ selected seemiles, an’ still no’ just hit upon a fit comparison, or an apt defineetion.”

The cock-laird murmured “that it was verry true”; and looked so ineffably sad that the lawyer deemed it expedient to close the subject.

“And we’ll let it gaun at that,” quoth he, after a moment’s silence. “We’ll mak’ an endeavour tae employ *oor* imagination tae suit the present occasion; in ither words, brithers, let’s imagine we ha’e been here but a meenit or twa, an’ ha’e dreuck nobut a wheen caups o’ milk frae the coo, instead o’ twa-three bumpers o’ fiery stuff frae the ‘Hummel Coo’; and that it’s high time we were makin’ up for lost opportunities, and tastin’ oor mooths wi’ a drap or twa o’ gude Scots yill. Come, brithers, let’s mak’ a nicht o’t!”

This proposal seemed sensible enough, and not one to be rejected under any consideration; consequently, according to the fashion of the period, “make a night of it” they did; but to such bad tune withal, that it was wearing on towards morning ere the carousal finally terminated. It goes without saying, of course, that the cock-laird was come exceedingly nigh unto the comatose by that hour; but, in his case at least, the way of the transgressor was easy, after the potboy of the tavern had conspired to make it so, by placing the unfortunate gentleman upon the back of the gallant Sherry.

As an instance of inversion, it may be mentioned that the beast thereafter led the man!

J. S. BLAIR.

The Mystery of Rocky Mountain Fort.

(Continued.)

MUSKWA advised Jack to stay awhile in camp, and discuss the situation; Jack would discuss nothing; off to the Fort they must go and at once. Kit suggested making a new trail round by Sheep Creek, but Jack would hear none of it. Now, Jack's very haste proved in this case his salvation, for L'Hirondelle had not reckoned on his arrival at Owl Creek till next day.

Breakfast over, Dolphus shouldered his rifle and set off afoot ostensibly after fresh meat. He intended to walk all the way to the Creek and await Jack and Kit at the ford. Meanwhile, the three friends had travelled all night as rapidly as possible over muskeg and through forest, and at sunrise crossed Owl Creek, when they stopped awhile for breakfast. Pushing ahead, they reached the Fort at noon. Dolphus evidently had taken a bypath to the ford and so did not meet them.

Jack reported at the store, then went over to the house, where he was warmly greeted by Flora and her mother, and invited to stay dinner which was nearly ready. Mrs Macdonald left the room to attend to the dinner, and Jack caught Flora's hands and asked her the meaning of all the trouble. Poor Flora was at a loss what to say; she only murmured her thankfulness at his safe arrival. But Jack was impatient and demanded the reason for L'Hirondelle's antagonism. Bit by bit he drew from Flora her story of how Dolphus had tried to force his attentions on her, and that a week previously he had asked her to be his wife. Upon her refusal he had given way to his ungovernable temper, reminded her of her father's regard for him, of his prowess in the field, of his pre-eminence above all the hunters, and his fitness to be her husband. Her continued refusal angered him beyond measure, and suspecting her affection for Jack, he asked her if that were the case. She did not answer him, but her looks conveyed the truth to Dolphus, who, seeing that his case was hopeless and being desperate, threatened Jack's life. The instant he left her, Flora ran to the Indian quarters and beckoned old Muskwa, acquainted him with the threat, and pleaded with him to help her on Jack's behalf.

Muskwa's answer to the girl's appeal has already been related; he dogged L'Hirondelle's steps till he discovered the vile plot to end Jack's life. All this Flora related to Jack; the tears in her eyes fairly melted Jack's heart; he gently put his arms round the girl and clasped her to his breast. No word passed between them, the silence was more eloquent than speech. The call for dinner awakened the lovers, and the repast over, Jack turned his thoughts anxiously to his future movements and his dealing with Dolphus. He looked around till he found Muskwa, talked over the situation, then turned in for a few hours' sleep. It was quite dark when he awoke, refreshed and thoughtful. He pondered over the previous day's happenings, of his escape from death, of his new-found love, and his plans to circumvent L'Hirondelle's revenge. He went outside; all was quiet: he seemed to be the only living being in the country. He visited the stable, patted Sirvash awhile, and

went back to bed. Sleep he could not, Flora filled his thoughts; she loved him, she had saved his life, and he felt that L'Hirondelle was no cause for fear—nothing mattered, she was his. He dozed off until sunrise, dressed, and again visited his faithful cayouse. Leaving the stable he noticed over towards the river a new building in course of construction. He went over to look at it more closely, and decided it was being built for the accommodation of traders, as a fireplace was being built. It was an Indian fireplace and chimney made of clay. The latter is made about five feet in thickness, with a hole about a foot in diameter. Presently the folks in the Fort began to stir, and he sought out old Muskwa.

"Any word of Dolphus?" he asked.

Muskwa grunted and stooped down to fix a pack saddle.

"Has Dolphus returned?" continued Jack.

"Dolphus come back to-morrow," at length replied the Indian.

Now in the Cree language the word for "to-morrow" also signifies "never," though at the time Jack did not comprehend the Indian meaning.

To-morrow came, but no Dolphus; weeks passed and still no Dolphus turned up, and it was surmised that he had left the district after Flora's dismissal of him. Fall came round, and the Indians started north and west on their trapping expedition. Jack continued to make his regular trips with Kit to Henry House, without molestation, and Dolphus was no more remembered at the Fort.

As the first snow fell, the factor took sick, and after two days of intense suffering, passed away.

Jack did his best to comfort his sweetheart and her mother, and after all was over he was sad to hear the widow's decision to return with her children to her native glen in Scotland. Jack, however, asked Flora if she would prepare for a wedding in haste, and promised to provide a home for her widowed mother and the two children, to which she consented.

It was Christmas before the Company heard of the factor's death; they decided to appoint Jack to the vacancy. For years Jack continued to trade and barter at the Fort, and to hold the respect and affection of the Indians and trappers.

In the year 182— a terrible fire overran the whole territory from the Saskatchewan to the Pembina and west to the Rockies, and fur-bearing animals were all either destroyed or driven farther north. The Company, therefore, decided to abandon Rocky Mountain Fort, but appointed Jack to a vacancy at Fort Assiniboine on the Athabasca.

Jack, therefore, with his wife and family and dependents packed up and started off for his new quarters. On the trail northwards they met old Muskwa, and Jack acquainted him with the decision of the Company and his removal to Fort Assiniboine.

The meeting recalled former days, and Jack asked Muskwa if he really knew what became of L'Hirondelle. The Indian remained silent for awhile; filled his pipe and motioned Jack to be seated. Muskwa then related in Cree the following explanation:—

"When you returned that time to the Fort in safety, Kit and I watched for Dolphus' return. You were asleep when he arrived, and in reply to his

inquiry about you, I said you must have been delayed somewhere. You will perhaps recollect that at that time we were building a new shanty, and had, in fact, the day before been erecting the chimney, but had not completed it. Kit and I crept to L'Hirondelle's tepée, cut his throat, and dragged his body to the new house. We stood the corpse up against the unfinished chimney, and working like slaves, completed the whole, encasing the body in the clay. We had just completed our gruesome task when we saw you walk over to the stable. We did not stir till you returned to bed. We then took down his tepée, rolled all his belongings into it, and sank it in the river."

"So that was the end of Dolphus," said Jack.

"Ugh," was all Muskwa replied.

Jack looked at Kit who sat near by and listened to the old Indian's recital.

"Kit," said Jack, with emotion, "I always knew you to be my friend, my faithful friend, now we shall be closer friends than ever before."

With a wave of his hand Kit replied, "Anan? I go back to the Saskatchewan with Muskwa."

Jack never saw his two friends again.

Nearly a century has passed since the events here recorded took place; Rocky Mountain Fort is only a memory; the ruins of it are scarcely discernible; only a chimney is left, made of clay after the Indian fashion. It still stands just as it was originally built when Jack won his bride; the storms and rains of years seem to have no effect upon it.

To-day, the Indians around that country will tell you that the chimney containing the remains of Dolphus L'Hirondelle will never fall, but will be standing at the Last Day.

H. G. BERESFORD, M.L.S.

On the Irrawaddy.

THE journey from Prome to Rangoon takes the globe-trotter six hours—by train; for, having "done" Mandalay, that energetic gentleman almost invariably avoids the actual delta. Even the ubiquitous "Murray" dismisses the lower reaches of the Irrawaddy in less than four lines. But the spell of the lazy, muddy, motherly river had fallen upon us, and we set off without fixed plans or time-table.

Our first day's voyage took us as far as Thankkyadu, with its dreadful monument to misdirected energy. Carved on the face of the cliffs there (almost the last rocks to be seen as one goes down the river) are hundreds of Buddhas, row upon row in monotonous regularity. A few show the holy Gautama, standing or lying, but most of the figures are the familiar sitting images. The mad Brittany monk who spent his last years in similar work on the rocks near St Malo did at least introduce some variety into his sculpture. Here the artist has made no such attempt, and the result is childish in the extreme. Nor is the grotesque effect lessened by the presence of monkeys. These, a notice on the bank informed us, belong to a tame tribe, and "Gentlemen are requested not to shoot them." Like the immortal Casey, we put up our guns and drifted peaceably into Kyangin for the night.

The village had been swept by fire nine months earlier, a calamity which often overtakes Burmese hamlets. The careless stirring of a pot in the dry season may start a blaze, against which the best salvage corps in the world would be helpless. But if native huts are soon destroyed, they are almost as easily rebuilt. A framework of bamboos and a few mats for walls and roof are all one requires, though the *nouveaux riches* are introducing teak verandas and corrugated iron canopies. Kyangin is rising like a Phoenix from its ashes, and soon the charred, headless palms will be the only reminders of the disaster. Running through the village is an apparently insignificant earthwork, a few feet high, and just broad enough to carry a footpath. Yet this is the beginning of a "bund" that runs south in one continuous line for 150 miles, protecting the country to the west from utter ruin when the river is in flood. The Irrawaddy, wayward enough in the dry season, is merciless when the rains begin; then, not even the Mississippi carries a greater volume of water. Thirty feet she may rise, and no one worries; thirty-five and the embankment engineer marks the graph on his office wall without a qualm; but after that height every inch is recorded with minute care, and an extra shower falling beyond Mandalay, or even at far-off Bhamo, is reported and remembered.

Next morning a thick fog settled down soon after sunrise and made navigation impossible. One sampan, it is true, did venture out, the two prongs at its stern showing up like the "tusks" of some gigantic bulldog. But sampans have eyes painted on their bows, and so, of course, are easy to steer! For a long time the peculiar creak of the oars sounded over the water like a cry of a weird fowl. No longer did we wonder why the "bad hat," intent on robbery by night, prefers the humble dug-out innocent of keel, and narrow as a racing outrigger. With barely two inches of freeboard, and looking as though the slightest movement of the crew would capsize them, these graceful, home-made canoes can be paddled along without the least noise.

By ten o'clock the bamboo poles which mark a six-foot channel could be seen, and we were able to cast off. These bamboos, kept in their places by sand-bags, are practically the only aids to navigation on the Irrawaddy, and even they have been known to disappear if some native builder is short of material for the framework of his house. For the most part the pilots must trust to Buddha and their lifelong experience of the river.

The Picturesque.—The Irrawaddy delta is often spoken of contemptuously as flat and uninteresting: certainly there are long stretches of the main channel with little claim to be called picturesque. But every few miles the low, level banks of sand are brightened by clumps of slender bamboos or shock-headed cocoanut palms. The person whose acquaintance with cocoanuts is limited to the indigestible things we get at home for breaking clay pipes and doing similar feats at country fairs would not recognise the genuine green article, as large as a football and containing more liquid than a dozen "All milky 'uns, gents."

At Henzada there is a profusion of plantains and sugar cane, tobacco and Indian corn, betel-nut palms with their one bunch of leaves at the top of a very slender stalk (reminding one of a window cleaner's mop), and toddy

trees which are only tapped by special licence-holders ! Poor old Henzada ! The sweep of the current round an unkind bend is rapidly tumbling the town into the river. Already one-half of the bazaar has gone, and the rest seems doomed. But the Irrawaddy plays curious tricks. Next year, instead of undermining the banks, the floods may start building them up again. Meanwhile the native smokes placidly, and does a little wood-carving when the spirit moves him. Native industries are very much centralised on the Irrawaddy. Silk weaving and pottery we had already seen ; further down the river we found Donabyu, famous for cheroots and sedition, while Maubin is noted (and notorious) for its mosquitoes.

Oh, those Maubin mosquitoes ! For an hour after sunset they descended on us like a plague, making the hospitality of the local engineer doubly blessed ; on his veranda, which was closed in like a huge meat-safe, we found refuge and refreshment. So troublesome are the mosquitoes that even the stables have fine gauze over the windows, and the cows may be seen surrounded by a protecting curtain. Maubin is very proud of its one row of gas-lamps along the river bank. When a long string of paddy boats halts for the night, and their lights are hoisted, the scene might be Venice, or at least an Exhibition imitation of it.

The old paddy boat is a strange craft. The bow is low, but the stern, often elaborately carved, rises like the poop of a Spanish galleon. Over all is a tiny canopy, and under this lolls a helmsman, the picture of ease, while the rest of the crew punt their boat up stream with long bamboos, or, what looks even more exhausting, take a line ashore and tow with bent backs for hours at a time. Of late years a newer boat, with none of its predecessor's grace but double its carrying capacity, has appeared, built on the prosaic lines of an Arran coaling smack.

Shorn and Parcelled.—Beyond Maubin the character of the waterways changes completely. The broad river is broken up into a maze of channels and creeks, sometimes less than 100 yards wide, and the banks, instead of being barren sand, are hidden under a dense tangle of mangroves. The Flotilla Company's boats manage to make their way through these narrow passages, even by night, by using powerful searchlights. Under the glare of these lamps the foliage seems to be covered with hoar-frost, and when the beams are thrown on some native craft it appears ghostly white for a second, then slips back into the darkness, conveying a greater air of mystery than ever did the "Flying Dutchman."

The most impressive time on the Irrawaddy is the hour after sunset. A hush falls on the river. The muddy water seems turned into ice ; the smoke from some wood fire climbs straight into the air ; not a leaf moves. Then the flying foxes and bats come floating overhead ; the bull-frogs begin barking ; lizards croak, and crickets provide a steady chorus. Mysterious gurglings come up from the river, and over all the ear is ever alert for the hum of the hated mosquito. Away in the west the horizon is a splash of orange edged with lead. Gradually the sharp silhouette of the palm fades, and darkness descends upon the mighty river.

ALEX. SCOTT, JUN. (F.P.).

Coleridge's "Kubla Khan."

ON the question when or how the obscurity that surrounds the nature and origin of dreams shall be swept away, we would not now venture an opinion. One thing is made manifest by them, one most interesting fact, that the soul is sufficient to itself; that it can exercise its faculties and create what has been often called a new world for itself, after its own pleasure; it sees sights and hears sounds, and experiences feelings, while the bodily faculties are in a dormant state. Whence do these impulses arise? from without or from within? Whence comes it that we who cannot write a love lyric or a battle song when we are awake, can fancy we are singing one, and greatly delighting our audience, when we are asleep—that many who cannot write a Christmas carol or a humorous tale can read one, and feel delight in doing so, to their infinite amusement when asleep? To these questions and many more like them we must needs be contented with the answer of the puzzled mother to her child, "Not at present, dear; perhaps you may know by the time you have got a little bigger." But our object is not to give a dissertation on dreaming, it is something much more interesting. A poet, an English poet of the first rank, has left us a fragment of a poetical effusion, not only imagined, but composed in a dream. We know that his veracity on the point has been doubted; but we will not join in offering such insult to the word of Coleridge—let him speak for himself.

"In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm house on the Exmoor confines of Somersetshire and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance in 'Purchas's Pilgrimage': 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed within a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort."

—Coleridge's "Poetical Works."

For the rest of the story we must refer the reader to the passage itself. We shall now discuss the fragment *Kubla Khan*, and try to draw for our readers that amusement which we have already drawn for ourselves—not, indeed, a psychological examination of it which would be much beyond our reach. That it was done in a dream we take for granted. The story, as we have already seen, is laid in the East. And now, as we are treating an effort of the mind made independently of the body, we must call to our assistance the days of childhood, when the mind is less dependent on the body than it is in after years. How often, after reading one of those pleasant Eastern tales which, as children, we enjoyed to the full, have we believed that the gorgeous land to which these tales belonged lay before our eyes on the sunny hills about our home!

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree ;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

Such is the beginning of the poem. We have the idea of the stately pleasure-dome from which the poet set forth even before his sleep and his dream had well come over him, and taken away from him the remembrance of the book he had been reading ; and we have three ideas besides—the holy river, the cavern, the sunless sea—disconnected as in a dream, but capable of connection to those who have observed the swiftness of mental operations. In these three ideas the three chief points of the scenery of the place are expressed as in some old picture. But as yet the place is, to us who are in our waking senses, a dim unearthly land, while to Coleridge all as yet described was as clear as a dream can be. Let us follow him on, while he further decks his picture :—

"So twice five miles of fertile ground,
With walls and towers were girdled round ;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

A space is here shut out from all the universe, which the mind may fill, and is adorned by the art of the servants of the mighty Kubla Khan. There are the sunny gardens in the midst, with streams of light trickling among the glorious flowers and shady trees, precious with incense, and afar off the silent forests with "sunny spots of greenery between."

And here in this world which our poet has created for us we have a great and unexpected wonder—the source whence the river of Life springs :—

"But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy, as enchanted
As e'er beneath the waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced ;
Amidst whose swift half-intermittent burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And midst those dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily a sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean ;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !"

What a picture is that which we have just quoted ! There might be more beautiful, or splendid, or perfect ones, but none more curious. There is the green hill, smooth, and sunny, and silent, all alone in the midst of the

land, not joined on, as far as we can see, to those distant wooded hills that surround the widespread gardens of the palace ; it is all alone, rising steep, and round and smooth. It is cleft with one sharp black line down its even face, that enters the black mass of cedars circling round the base. We may stand within this lofty chasm, beneath the overhanging cedar shade, and look around this savage place on the weeds that hang down from the narrowing rocks on either side, and for one moment we will have their festoons whitened in the light of the waning moon behind us, and the flitting form of one spell-bound coming forth from the shade of the rock and crossing the moonlight. All is in violent exertion ; the fountain ever active, and rocks and stones springing up convulsively among the waters, as though they had suffered the shock of a rebound, and never coming down again. These are the true imaginations of a dream.

The dream now changes, and becomes light and fantastical :—

“ The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice.”

Here again, in the broad simplicity of a dream, we have two objects—the wide brimming stream, undulating with the violence of the fountain, and close by its side the turrets, and domes, and spires of the stately palace.

The dream changes again : we have recollections of *other* dreams :—

“ A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw ;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.”

This he interweaves with his present dream thus beautifully :—

“ Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice.”

The remembrance gives rise to a change in the course of the dreamer's imaginations. Does not this show that it was truly made in a dream ? The power of song, it will be seen, doubles the potency of the spell, till the turrets and foundations of the palace begin to appear in the air, and grow strong and clear in the eyes of the gazing listener.

“ And all should cry beware ! beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of paradise.”

This, too, is the characteristic of a dreamer : he is excited more than

mortal should be, and while his will is impotent, none of the men of this world who are in their right senses will save him from himself—from his own wild imagination.

Undoubtedly such lines, composed as Coleridge tells us they were, are, as they have been called, a "psychological curiosity," and the brain must have been "magical" indeed from which sprung spontaneously, in its passive state, a strain so beautifully wild—so strangely sweet as this.

Kubla Khan, it may be well to state, was the Grand Khan of the Mongols and founder of the Mongol Empire of China. He lived in the thirteenth century.

Sidelights on the "Glorious East."

To most people the idea is fixed that India is a blaze of colour and opulence, richly clad natives, huge elephants, and impressive temples. So it is in certain places and on special occasions, but if you want to see the real India, to study the people who supply the money for the glitter, you have to leave the towns, go into the country on foot, and study the ryot in the fields and in his village. There you see the peasant tilling his small fields in the way his forefathers did; the small, skinny, hump-backed oxen, the wooden plough with their patient owner plodding behind, his face wreathed in smiles and a wisp of cotton round his loins. There, a man is passing rich and supports a wife and family on fourpence a day. His sole amusement is a marriage feast, when sums out of all proportion to his income are freely spent.

Women and children have to bear their share of earning the daily bread, and no sweated industry at home is half so poorly paid as these people are.

All over the roads and public places, where a few yellow, dried blades of grass manage to grow, you will see these women busy pulling them, almost blade by blade. After they have secured a fair-sized bundle, they adjourn to the nearest pool or tank, where it is carefully washed to remove the earth, dried and made up into large bundles which weigh about half a cwt. These bundles they carry on their heads to the nearest market place, perhaps four or five miles away, and there sell them for twopence or threepence a piece. It has perhaps taken them three days to gather, wash, and dry these miserable bundles of grass, and so their reward works out about one penny per day.

Cleanliness is by them considered neither a virtue nor a necessity, and if they give their hands and face a wipe with water perhaps twice a week they are quite satisfied.

On one occasion while we were walking through a village there seemed an unusual crowd at one place, and on going up to investigate the matter, we found a large fat native, clad in Adam's garb, being scrubbed by his two wives, with sand and *hot* water, before an interested audience. The bath-tub was an old kerosine oil tin and the bathroom the public street. The whole affair was so unusual we inquired what it meant. "He very clean man, sahib, he been Sepoy, he get washed each month same like sahib." It was a flattering testimonial to British influence, but though the other natives enjoyed the ceremony, they did not copy the example.

Their houses, though white-washed outside, are filthy inside, and simply swarm with vermin, to which the native is so accustomed that he never notices them.

The one house in a village which is large and more pretentious than its neighbours belongs, you may be sure, to the "marwahi" or money lender. Most of the villagers are in debt to him, and as a son is responsible for his father's debts, many a miserable boy is saddled all his life with debts which may have been incurred by his great-grandfather.

The houses are built of dried mud with a roof of branches and mud. Windows are superfluous, and family, goats, hens, and dogs all have equal rights of entrance. During the monsoons holes are often made by the rains, but no attempt is made to repair them till the rainy season is over. It is easier to walk round a pool of water on the floor than sweep it out, so there it remains till it dries up itself. Poor food, intermarriage, all work and no play have taken away their constitution, and small wonder is it that when disease does appear, it sweeps through the village like a whirlwind and exacts a heavy toll of victims. It is only by force that the most elementary sanitary precautions are maintained, and, thanks to the railroad, famines have been to a great extent stamped out. Bad as their conditions are, they are a thousand times better than they used to be, and the ryot, though he realises it not, owes a deep debt to Britain, which mere money cannot repay.

P. M. M.

Notes from Near and Far.

A QUESTION of very considerable importance is now before the Town Council and ratepayers of Dollar burgh, namely, whether or no they should acquire, for the purposes of a town hall and offices, the fine building on the Burnside, left vacant by the union of the two U.F. congregations in the West U.F. Church, under the ministrations of the Rev. A. Easton Spence. The building is now in possession of the U.F. congregation and office-bearers, who have fixed the price at £350. The cost of adaption is estimated at about £450. Thus, for £800 the burgh of Dollar can become possessed of a very handsome and in every way suitable Town Hall in an admirable situation. The Town Council have, with practical unanimity, decided in favour of purchase, and the question now rests with the ratepayers. There is, with many, a very natural and estimable sentiment against applying to secular purposes what was built for, and, for many years, occupied as a church by the U.F. congregation under our highly esteemed friend, the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson. Were there any practical proposal for retaining and upholding the building for religious purposes it would deserve, and assuredly would obtain, very serious consideration. No such proposal is, however, before the community, and the question is simply between acquiring a very desirable, or even, in the near future, necessary Town Hall as a coping stone to the burgh, and allowing the building to remain as a cumberer of the ground going surely and rapidly to decay, or, alternatively, being acquired by some speculative individual or company to be used as a picture house or other moneymaking

business. If acquired by the town it would be under municipal control, and would be available for religious as well as secular purposes. It is argued that, there being already four halls in the town, there is no need for another. The reply to this is that the Academy hall is, for many functions, too large and too expensive; and as to the others, unless it can be pointed out how the three could be used as one, they do not at all enter into competition with that which is proposed. The Academy hall again, being under school management, is not always available for popular purposes, or only so under scholastic restrictions. There is, then, the very vexed question of "the rates." It is strange how some who will freely spend shillings or even pounds on some personal indulgence, as a holiday trip, an adornment in dress, or something good to eat or drink or smoke, are up in arms at once if asked to pay as many pence for a general benefit in which they will share. There seems to be an idea that the rates are an exaction for which they receive nothing in return. If properly applied we obtain, individually and collectively, far more profit from the rates than from any other local expenditure. For every penny in the pound, or say tenpence a year for every ten pounds of rental, we each and all receive value to the extent of £60. We have it on the authority of the Provost that Dollar is the lowest rated burgh in Scotland. With an abundant supply of excellent water, we have, through the generosity of the late Sir Andrew Orr, no water rate; while the education and poor rates are comparatively low. This, no doubt, is a very desirable state of matters, and is an object with some in choosing a residence. Mere cheapness, however, is not an object to be aimed at in municipal any more than in business matters, where quality is of the first importance. Whatever adds to the attractiveness of the town as a place of residence tells to the advantage of those who have their living to make in the place by attracting residents who can afford to choose on other grounds than cheapness. Public enterprise has done much in this way by providing an excellent golf course, very good tennis courts, bowling green, and curling pond, besides the various clubs which tend greatly to social enjoyment; but it is difficult to point to anything in this way done by the Town Council beyond the few seats along the roadways, which are much appreciated, and might be extended. It is true that much has been and is being done in the way of kerb and runchannel, which has the advantage of the expense falling on a few individuals rather than the general ratepayers. An important element in this respect, which seems to have been overlooked, is the danger of kerbing in the dark, especially on such narrow ways as the Middle Walk and Sorley's Brae. If the ratepayers are to be saved from the risk of heavy expense in connection with broken bones, sprained ankles, &c., all such kerbing should be accompanied by a corresponding extension of all-night lighting. But it is rather as a bonny little country town amid most beautiful surroundings that we may hope to attract a desirable class of residents, and a row of suitable trees on the north, if not on each side, of Bridge Street, toning down the ugly line of posts and wires, would do far more good in this way than all the kerbing that has been recently put down at so much expense to houseowners. The present move by the Town Council is in the right direction, and we earnestly hope that they will receive strong backing from the ratepayers at the forthcoming meeting.—J. S.



R. K. Holmes

THE OLD TOLL HOUSE

It is with much satisfaction that we are now able to reckon among our pictorial contributors Mr Witehead, artist photographer, Alva, whose beautiful work is well known in London and all over the country, and has secured for him many prizes and the highest commendation at the various photographic exhibitions. We are in a position to promise our readers at least one reproduction, more or less local, of that work with each issue, and are convinced that it will add to the high reputation in which the *Magazine* is now held.

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DOLLAR NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.—The Annual Driving Excursion took place on the 30th June, to Greenhill Farm, on the Dunning road. The party, numbering thirty-six, set out with pleasurable anticipations of a delightful outing. The outward journey, being uphill, was necessarily leisurely; but this had the double advantage of affording the occupiers of the brakes time to give more than a passing glance to interesting objects, near or farther off, and the drivers of showing that consideration for their horses which is one of the marks of the "merciful" man. The sun "shone out in glory" on hedges bright with dog-roses, on wild flowers beautifying the wayside, on the undulating country, half hidden at intervals by the full foliage of magnificent trees, as Muckhart was reached and passed. After this the route lay through the hills; and for a distance, on the left hand, a prodigality of growth and colouring ushered in their comparatively unadorned beauty. Here, where silence is supposed to reign supreme, little was heard, save the murmur of the Queich, the warbling of the lark overhead, and the plaintive note of the curlew, as it rose, from apparently nowhere, into the air. The ordinary wayside wild flowers were in evidence, and attention was specially attracted by patches of beautifully variegated varieties of the mimulus, growing luxuriantly among the stones by the side of the burn—where, also, the water-crow and the sandpiper were seen hovering about. The Farm reached, the brakes were soon empty, and choice made of a camping-ground. Without delay, experienced and capable hands had the fires set a-going, and the kettles on, deft fingers unpacked baskets and boxes—the contents of which were tastefully laid out. In a wonderfully short time a delightfully refreshing cup of tea was handed round, and sandwiches, cookies, and cake were thoroughly enjoyed. After this the company broke up—some climbing the hill, with its plentiful covering of the pretty white flowers of the "valdmony"—others remaining at the lower level. Among the former an enthusiastic botanist was rewarded by the discovery of "masterwort"—a plant not common to the district. On the homeward journey—the sun was then "hastening slowly to his setting"—the air was pleasant and cool; and Dollar was reached amid general expressions that the pleasure had quite come up to the expectations. While holiday arrangements and other causes were responsible for the absence of familiar faces, it was a pleasure to the Club to welcome others, and some, recently come from sunnier climates than ours, to settle for a time "'neath Castell Gloom." Readers of the *Magazine* must be well aware how the Club's President, Dr Strachan, would like to enthuse all with his own intelligent knowledge of, and thorough enjoyment in, Nature; and ungrudgingly have his services been given for this end.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—The members of the Lawn Tennis Club are to be congratulated on the completion of the improvements which, for some time, they have been carrying out on their tennis courts. So great, indeed, is the change effected on them, that they are entitled to be called new courts. They were formally opened, in presence of a large company of ladies and gentlemen who had been invited by the committee, on Saturday, 5th July. Mr James Simpson of Mawcarse, Hon. President of the Club, presided, and in a brief, appropriate speech expressed the pleasure it gave to all tennis players to be in possession of such splendid courts, which, said he, added one more to Dollar's many attractions. Miss E. Dobie of Dollarbeg very skilfully served the first ball, and received from the spectators a hearty round of applause.

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HONOURS AND PROMOTIONS.—In the admirable address which Mr Izat delivered to the pupils at the close of the session, he told those who had finished their school curriculum that their careers would be watched with friendly feelings, and that the *Dollar Magazine* would help to keep them in touch with the old School. We have pleasure in recording some of the honours and distinctions that have recently been gained by former pupils in various walks of life.

A signal honour has been conferred on Professor Matthew Hay, Aberdeen University. He has been placed by the Government on the newly-appointed Medical Research Committee, which consists of nine of the most eminent doctors in the country. Its importance may be judged from the reference to it in the *Graphic* of 15th July: "This week will prove a landmark in the annals of British medicine, for the new Medical Research Committee will hold its first meeting. The duty of the Committee is to correlate the investigation of the etiology and pathology of diseases, of which tuberculosis is only one—a point, by the way, that has not been noted before." Professor Hay finished his school course at the Institution towards the end of the sixties.

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ANOTHER former pupil who has gained distinction in the field of medicine is Major Harvey (Wilfred). He has just been appointed Director of the Central Research Institute, Kasauli, India, in succession to Sir David Sempil.

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DR DONALD ROSS is to be congratulated on his appointment as Senior Assistant Physician in the Glasgow Royal Asylum. Dr Ross finished his curriculum at the Institution in session 1902-3.

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HONOUR TO A F.P.—The Bhavnagari Durbar wanted a European officer as executive engineer to finish off about thirty miles of line under construction, and repair very heavy flood damages on fourteen miles of a branch line. The officer chosen for this important work was Alan Izat; and we heartily congratulate him on the well-merited compliment.

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PRESENTATION TO A TEACHER.—We take the following from the *Orkney Herald*: "On the occasion of Miss Isabella M'Laren's leaving the island of Westray, where she has acted as assistant infant mistress in the Pierowall Public School for the past year, she was waited on by the Rev. Henry A. Neville and some members of the choir and Sabbath School teachers in the house of Captain James Harcus, Pierowall, when she was presented with a beautiful writing-case as a token of appreciation from the members of the choir and Sabbath School teachers. In making the presentation, Mr Neville referred to Miss M'Laren's loyalty to the church in attendance both at the church services in the choir, and as a Sabbath School teacher, and expressed the hope that she might be happy in her new sphere. Miss M'Laren, in replying, thanked all the friends present for their kindness in meeting with her that evening, and for the presents she had received, also for the kindness shown her since she came here as a stranger. Miss M'Laren was also the recipient of many little gifts from her pupils."

We understand that Miss M'Laren (F.P.) has received an appointment under Kinross School Board, and we wish her much success in her new work.

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STIRLING SCHOOL BOARD NEW CHAIRMAN.—We learn with much pleasure that Mr William Brown has been unanimously appointed Chairman of Stirling School Board. He was educated at Dollar Academy, and after serving his apprenticeship as a draper here, he went to Stirling and started business on his own account at the foot of the Arcade. He became a member of the School Board in 1905, and since that time has taken a deep interest in educational work. His promotion to the Chairmanship is a fitting reward for valuable services rendered, and we of his old School heartily congratulate him.

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MR JOHN PATRICK has been raised to the responsible position of Steward of Sunnyside Asylum, Montrose. Mr Patrick left School in the eighties.

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ANOTHER former pupil of the eighties, Mr Joseph Sellar, was recently appointed sub-postmaster at Cowdenbeath.

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AT the Church of Scotland Guild Conference, held in London in the month of July, the Dollar Guild was represented by Mr Ronald M'Andrew, who is studying for the Church at the University of Glasgow.

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MR JOHN C. CHRISTIE, who, as we have before pointed out, occupies the important position of District Superintendent of the North British Railway, had the honour of conducting the trial run on the Invergarry and Fort-Augustus Railway, which has been reopened to the public after being closed for over a year. The line passes through a beautiful country.

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SUCCESSES IN MUSIC.—At the Theory Examination, held in July, under the auspices of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., the follow-

ing candidates were successful in gaining certificates for Primary Theory :—Helen J. Kirk, Rebecca W. Wilson, Alan H. Cameron, and David H. D. Young. All are pupils of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M.

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MEMORIAL TO THE LATE REV. ROBERT PAUL.—A tablet commemorative of the ministry of the late Rev. Robert Paul has been gifted by relatives to the congregation of the Dollar U.F. Church. The tablet, which is placed in the south-west wall, is a handsome and ornate piece of workmanship, designed by Sir Robert Lorimer, F.R.I.B.A., Edinburgh. It is of solid oak, beautifully carved in chaste design, and surmounted with a cherub in relief. The inscription, picked out in gold lettering, is as follows :—“To the glory of God, and in loving memory of the Rev. Robert Paul, who was ordained minister of the Free Church, Coldstream, 1870—inducted minister of this Church 1879, where he laboured in the Lord until he entered into rest on 27th July 1909, in the 66th year of his age. ‘In Thy presence is fulness of joy.’”

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SUMMER SCHOOL MISSION STUDY.—The members of this school, who have for some years held their annual gathering in Dollar, were again with us in the last week of July and the first week of August. The “study circles” were well attended; much enthusiasm was displayed, and the fine summer weather, together with the ample accommodation in the Institution and grounds, made the meetings most enjoyable and successful.

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THE SCOTTISH SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS’ ASSOCIATION.—On Saturday, 28th June, this Association held its Annual Summer Conference in the Public School, Dollar, when there was an attendance of between sixty and seventy officers. The most important and interesting item in the programme of the day’s proceedings was a singularly able address given by our respected headmaster of the Board School, Mr James Begg, M.A., on “Authorities for Attendance.” After a few introductory remarks Mr Begg said :—

“The duty of maintaining regular attendance undoubtedly lies in the first instance with the parents, and if they were to act as one would think they should, the necessity for all other action to gain this most desirable end would not be required, and I propose considering for a moment the reason of their failure, and I have come to the conclusion that it is due not altogether to carelessness or indifference, as we are too often apt to think, but to a much deeper cause—to adverse home conditions. Now, while the Act is careful to say ‘his children,’ the duty of sending the children to school is in many cases left on the hands of the mother; the fact that the father goes off to work at an earlier hour in the morning makes any other arrangement impossible, and I would have liked here, if time had permitted, to give a short sketch of the routine work typical of innumerable families among the working classes of the towns to show that it is little to be wondered at that since the demands on the mere physical resources of the mother are so incredibly large, a time comes when the continuous strain has rendered her utterly unfit to perform what is expected of her, and so we have so many slovenly homes and neglected

children. So while we are too often apt to blame the parents, and especially the mother, I maintain that the failure is due in many cases at least to the conditions of life in our large towns, and it would be well for the others on whom the authority of maintaining regular attendance falls to bear this in mind, and remember that everything done to foster the vitality of the home will help in this matter. If the parents fail to secure regularity of attendance the teacher may do much to bring about the desired effect. The little ones are put under his charge by a wise legislature, not merely to teach them reading, writing, and arithmetic, &c., but to train them up to be citizens, not merely in a political sense, but in all relations of life. The ground principle of such a training is sympathy with right, as manifested by those on whom we depend, and to whom we are bound by the ties of love. In this way the parent, who has not lost the sense of his moral duty, educates; in this way, too, must the teacher, especially with regard to those most in need of such care. Nature provides these conditions of education for the parent, however, whilst the teacher has the benefit of them only in so far as he cultivates them for himself. It is in his power to do this to an extent amply sufficient for his purpose. But by his interest in his pupils he can make them feel that he has their welfare at heart, and this will give him their love. The feeling of dependence is natural to them, and, by prudent management, he can indefinitely increase the influence of his position, and more especially where that influence has been lost in the home. Power is not enough without love. It may be necessary for the teacher to use correction, and this can quite well be done without alienating sympathy, for, from its nature, sympathy can be attracted only, not compelled. If for any reason, then, a child may be led to absent himself from school, the teacher ought to get into sympathy with the child and may surmount the difficulty. Ruskin says—"A charge may often be successful, though men dislike their officers; a battle has rarely been won unless they loved their general." Teachers ought, therefore, to cultivate the habit of sympathy with the child mind, lest they may themselves become offenders and cause children to absent themselves, but chiefly that they may draw those who can get little sympathy from any other source. The teacher should always remember that he stands in place of a parent to the pupils for five or six hours a day."

After referring to other causes for the absence of children, to the social responsibility in the matter of those who are to be the future men and women of our country, and suggesting that in every School Board there ought to be an Attendance Committee, with each member prepared to take a personal interest in the children, Mr Begg, addressing the officers, concluded: "You, gentlemen, must be possessed of a boundless fund of sympathy, tact, and humour, if your duties are not to be a great burden to yourselves, and produce that humanising effect upon these neglected little ones with whom you have to deal. 'Tis not alone the stern demand to attend school that will produce the desired effect, but that feeling of sympathy which is of educative value in itself, and tends to lift them from their depths of misery.' (Applause.) The visitors were entertained to lunch, at which Mr M'Diarmid, Chairman of the Dollar School Board, ably and happily presided.

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VISITORS.—A list of former pupils who have been visitors in Dollar during the summer months may interest some of our readers:—

Mr ROBERT NICOL (F.P.) and Mrs NICOL, Bank of Ireland, Dublin.

Mr J. DUNCAN JACKSON, P.W.D., India.

Mr HENRY FRASER (F.P.), Mrs FRASER, and family, London.

Mr P. SINGLEHURST and Mrs SINGLEHURST (F.P.) (*née* Jessie Murray), Liverpool.

Mrs ROBERT DALZIELL (*née* Effie Wilson) and family, India.

Rev. J. H. SOGA (F.P.), Mrs SOGA, and family, South Africa.

LA SIGNORA FANNIE HORWELL BERLINGIERI (*née* Fannie Harris), Villa Marlini, Alassio, Italy.

Mr MAURICE S. THOM, Uganda.

Mr NORMAN MURRAY, India.

Dr DAVID L. ANDERSON, Doncaster.

Mr GEORGE STRACHAN, India.

Mr ALICK ANTHONY, Straits Settlements.

Dr GORDON WOODMAN, Durham University.

Rev. JAMES FINDLAY (F.P.) and Mrs FINDLAY, Aldershot.

Dr and Mrs TIMMS (F.P.) (*née* Maud Findlay), Cambridge University.

Mr PETER DUDGEON (F.P.) and Mrs DUDGEON, Birkenhead.

Mr and Mrs WILLS (F.P.) (*née* Florence Duthie), Travancore, India.

Mr ALEX. FERGUSON, Mining Engineer, Rhodesia (a Castle Campbell boy).

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A HOLIDAY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From a F.P.'s Letter.

ABOUT ten days ago I and a couple of young fellows who work in the power-house of the Western Canada Power Company started on a trip up to Stave Lake, about seven miles up the river from the Power Company's camp. We took a canoe and a row-boat. I had the row-boat and they the canoe. We got up to the foot of the lake on a Monday afternoon, and stayed there that night. We caught a good few small trout and had them for supper. During the night we rolled ourselves up in our blankets under a little "lean-to" on the sandy beach of the lake. A "lean-to," as I daresay you know, consists of a roof sloping from the ground to a point some six feet or so in the air, supported by two walls on the sloping sides. They are constructed (almost always) of "shakes" on a framework. "Shakes" are cedar boards about a quarter of an inch thick which have been split, not sawn, from a solid block. They are usually about three feet long, and from four inches to a foot wide. Rain runs off them very well.

The next morning we were up soon after six, and after a somewhat primitive breakfast, which nevertheless tasted fine, started off for the head of the lake, nine miles away. We took it easy going up, and caught a couple of trout and shot a couple of duck on our way. We lunched on them at the head of the lake. In the afternoon we explored, and bagged another duck or two. It was seven o'clock and quite dark when we began to cook our supper. Soon after supper we turned in, this time on the open beach,



R. K. Holmes

MUCKART SCHOOLHOUSE

as there was no lean-to and nothing to make one with. However, we had a huge camp-fire and plenty of blankets, and as no rain fell we were quite comfortable during the night. We replenished the fire about two o'clock, and it was still burning well when we got up about half-past five. After breakfast we started off down the lake again. Unfortunately, though it had been perfectly calm the day before, there was now a very strong wind blowing, in the wrong direction of course. There were plenty of waves, not dangerously large, but unpleasantly so. I know that at times it was all I could do to make appreciable headway. The others in the canoe were a little better off. They did not expose so much surface to the wind, and also, instead of bobbing up and down in the waves, rather cut through them. It took them three hours and a half to reach the bottom—the foot, I should say—of the lake, and me four. It felt like paradise rowing down the smooth sheltered river afterwards. We got down to the camp about one o'clock, and had lunch there. Afterwards I went on home. I can tell you my back *was* stiff the next day. It is no joke rowing steadily for six hours unless you have trained for it. However, I enjoyed the trip immensely, and hope to go up again for a week or so next summer.—Yours, &c.,

MORRIS WILSON.

RUSKIN, B.C.

Obituary.

COLLYER.—At Norwood, Dollar, suddenly, on 18th June, Arthur Hamilton Collyer, third son of the late Rev. James Collyer, Manchester, aged 61 years.

GUNN.—At the Manse, Dollar, on the 26th June, the Rev. Angus Gunn, D.D., for fifty-three years minister of the parish, in the 80th year of his age.

DUDGEON.—At Melvich Cottage, Dollar, on 5th July, Jane Watson (F.P.), daughter of Mr James Dudgeon.

DUTHIE.—At Nagercoil, India, on 29th June, Mrs Duthie, widow of Rev. Dr Duthie, Missionary.

CAMERON.—At Pitton, Masterton, New Zealand, suddenly, on 5th May, Allan Cameron (F.P.), eldest son of the late A. W. Cameron, Esq., Laggan, Mull, in the 56th year of his age.

HALL.—At Paris, Ontario, on the 14th July, Thomas Hall, eldest son of the late William Hall, Burnside, Dollar, in his 79th year.

BRADSHAW.—At Albion Villas, Dollar, on 8th July, Thomas Spencer Bradshaw, in his 79th year.

M'INTYRE.—At Glencairn Place, Dollar, on the 15th July, after a short illness, Lewis M'Intyre, foreman bleacher at Dollarfield.

EWING.—At Forthvale, Cambus, on 16th July, Francis George Ewing (F.P.), Town Clerk of Alloa.

PAGE.—At 1 Marchmont Road, Edinburgh, on 5th August, William Page (F.P.), Dollar, son of the late John Page, Alloa.

In Memoriam.

OF those who have gone from the crowd and turmoil of time, from the known to the remembered, from the few to the many, some dwell upon our hearts and rise into our thoughts owing to a singular elevation and uprightness of character which drew us to them while they were yet with us. We have in our mind, as we write, the late Lewis M'Intyre, a true Christian gentleman, who belonged to the rarest class among men, the men of saintly thought and habit. Comparatively little as the deceased was known beyond his own immediate walk of duty or circle of acquaintanceship, yet his long association with the old East U.F. Church at Burnside as an elder and superintendent of the Sabbath School endeared him to many young persons who came under his influence, and who speak of him with unfailing affection and respect. Otherwise, the general tenor of his life was uneventful. For forty-five years he acted as foreman bleacher at the Dollarfield Bleach Works, where everybody brought in contact with him had a high regard for him. He was a man of a firmness of character and straightness of speech, and an independence of mind that one rarely meets. A noticeable trait was his determination and decision in carrying through whatever he thought it right to undertake, and when he believed himself to be in the right way, he kept in it resolutely in face of all opposition. We deplore the loss to earth of a faithful Christian worker. A little slow of speech, a little cautious, he yet had his strong religious ardour, and his addresses were noted for thoroughness and earnestness of purpose. His zeal in favour of mission work was boundless. His heart's desire was to see the whole human family brought submissively to the Cross, and taught to love the Saviour who died thereon. Our deep sympathy goes out to his widow and family.

Mr F. G. Ewing, whose death we record with feelings of deep regret, was connected with Dollar Institution, first as a pupil, and latterly as a governor. He had not enjoyed good health for some months before his death, having, we believe, overtasked a body never, perhaps, originally strong by the efforts of a mind of much activity. He nobly struggled to fulfil his duties, and acted with careful promptitude and anxious alacrity for the benefit of Alloa, in which he held the important office of Town Clerk. In this position he acquitted himself with much acceptance, and was highly useful and influential. As a governor the deceased took a lively interest in the prosperity of Dollar Institution, and in dealing with knotty points of law the governors found his legal knowledge to be invaluable on several occasions.

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WE have received the following from a correspondent in Rhodesia :—

"It is with the profoundest regret that we record the death of Mr C. T. Leonard. The deceased was in charge of the work underground at the Tea Reef Mine and met his death some time yesterday (Friday) morning. He started work probably soon after daybreak, and as he was not seen, the manager caused a search to be made, and his body was found in water at the bottom of the shaft. He had evidently fallen from a platform on which

he was working, and sustained a fractured skull, death probably being instantaneous. As is well known Mr Leonard had lost the sight of one eye, through a mining accident, which was no doubt a tremendous disadvantage to him in his work. Dr Coke was at the mine at 8.30 A.M., when the body was brought up, and pronounced life extinct.

"The heartfelt sympathy of the whole district will go out to Mrs Leonard, who is at present in a delicate state of health at Gwelo, and to Colonel Leonard. The popularity which the deceased enjoyed and the respect in which he and his family are held in the district combine to render this painful incident one of the greatest shocks we have had of recent years."

Marriages.

ANGUS—CROMARTY.—At Faerwood, Dollar, on the 24th August, by the Rev. Robert S. Armstrong, B.D., John William Angus, shipmaster, second son of J. R. Angus, Kincorth, Aberdeen, to Mary, only child of the late James Cromarty, of South Cara, South Ronaldshay, Orkney.

SHERIFF—PETTIE.—At St Michael and All Angels, Iquique, Chili, on 14th June, J. Sheriff (F.P.), of Messrs G. C. Kendrick & Co., to Florence Pettie.

MACILWRAITH—MACBETH.—At the Parish Church, Dollar, on Saturday, 30th August, by the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., James M'Meeken, elder son of Hugh McIlwraith, auctioneer, Glasgow, to Mary Isobel Scott, only daughter of Daniel Macbeth, advocate, Thornbank, Dollar.

Letter to the Editors.

MAR PLACE,
DOLLAR, 2nd Sept.

DEAR SIRs,—At the suggestion of Mr C. J. F. Daivie, Buenos Aires, I am raising a small fund to improve the condition of the late Mr John Douglas's grave, at present unmarked in any way. Will former pupils of Mr Douglas, who desire to show respect for their old writing master, send a subscription without delay—that I may know what can be done? Mr Daivie heads the list with £1.—Yours truly,

ROBERT K. HOLMES.

School Notes.

SESSION 1912-13 was brought to a close with the customary exhibition on Friday, 27th June. The day was beautiful and the attendance of parents and friends was above the average. All forenoon the gymnasium, art rooms, geography room, needlework room, and workshop, were crowded with appreciative spectators, the general impression being that there had not been a finer display of work for many years.

The Chairman of the Governors presided over the meeting for the distribution of prizes. As usual, the first item on the programme was the Headmaster's report, and Mr Dougall made suitable reference to the deaths of Dr Gunn and Mr Collyer, and also to the loss sustained by the School through the promotion of Mr Cumming and Dr Miller. He also referred to several of the distinctions gained by former pupils during the past year, and congratulated Sir Robert Maule and Lieutenant-Colonel Haig on their recognition by His Majesty.

The musical part of the programme consisted of Beethoven's Rondo in C major, delightfully played by Miss Betty E. Dougall; Mlynarski's "Mazur," given by Miss Jean Roy, whose mastery of the violin was much appreciated; a chorus by the girls; and a Greek marching song in costume by the members of the Greek classes. The Grecians also gave an amusing scene from "Lysistrata," describing a police raid on the Suffragette Headquarters at Athens in 411 B.C.

Mr Izat of Balliliesk was then called upon by the Chairman to address the pupils and present the prizes. He said:—

"Mr Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I am sure you have all enjoyed the music, vocal and instrumental, with which we have been favoured, and which does credit to the performers and their instructors.

"The report of the Headmaster must also have been very gratifying to the Governors, the teaching staff, the parents and guardians, and to the pupils themselves. It shows that the work being done in the School continues to be of a high class, and it is very satisfactory that the pupils have responded so readily to the teaching and training imparted to them.

"Those of you sitting on those benches have proved yourselves the first of your classes, and you are to be heartily congratulated on that position, and the prizes you are about to receive in token of your successes will be largely valued.

"No doubt there are a good many who have worked hard and deservedly, but did not win a place in the honours list. They, however, should not be discouraged by that, but should go on working, striving, and hoping, and sooner or later they are sure to gain their reward.

"The report also enumerates a good many successes gained by former pupils, which testifies that those trained at Dollar are not only able to hold their own at the higher educational establishments of the country and to win many of the honours at them, but also to take a high place in other spheres of life. These are not unexpected results, for the long history of the School of nearly a hundred years is rich with the records of many similar successes that have been won by its former pupils year after year during that long period. It is, however, very gratifying to know that under the prudent control of the Governors and the able management of the Headmaster, Mr Dougall, and his colleagues, the fame and reputation of the School is not only being maintained but extended. They have increased the teaching facilities and capabilities of the School, added other attractions for the encouragement of games and sports, enlisted that popular and stalwart body, the Officers' Training Corps, and in other ways kept it abreast of the requirements of the day—and all these will no doubt add to its further usefulness and success.

"A good number of you—the senior pupils—will probably not be returning after the holidays, but will be going forth into the world to enter upon the different walks of life you have chosen. In these spheres—though some of you may not now think so—you will doubtless have much to learn, maybe much hard study to undertake, many difficult problems to solve, and many hard duties to perform, but the training, moral, intellectual, and physical, which you have received here should stand you in good stead, and enable you, with God's help, to meet them all, we shall hope successfully, but, if not successfully, at least with credit to yourselves and all interested in you.

"Amongst the latter not the least interested will be the masters of your old School. They will be watching your careers with eager and friendly feelings, and they will look upon your success as their success, and that excellent local institution, the *Dollar Magazine*, will help to keep you and them in close touch, and the knowledge that such keen, kindly interest is being taken in you by such old friends will surely prove a great help and encouragement to you in your difficulties and trials, and in your successes and joys. They will be trusting to you to maintain the reputation of the School and do credit to the training you received, and doubtless they will not do so in vain.

"The Governors will probably be asking some of you on similar occasions to that of to-day to take the position I now fill, as they have asked me, a former pupil who left the School just fifty years ago, to do so to-day. For I have no doubt it is just because I am a former pupil and a son, by long descent, of the parish of Dollar, that the Governors have honoured me by asking me to take the position to-day.

"In these fifty years there have been a good many changes in the School. In my time this hall and the rooms connected with it—the gymnasium, the well-equipped chemical and physical laboratories, the large building on the north for the science and other classes, and the workshops—did not exist. Neither were there such ample and good arrangements for games and sports, and, as I have already mentioned, the teaching capacity and facilities have largely increased. The School has thus been steadily advancing, and the changes have all been in the way of progress, and I trust that those of you returning here fifty years hence will find the School still advancing, and taking a prominent place in the educational establishments of the country.

"The majority of you will likely be coming back here, and it is to be hoped you will have good weather for your holidays, and that all will enjoy and be thoroughly refreshed and invigorated by them, and when they are over will return able and determined to do better and harder work than ever they did before."

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The new session opened on Wednesday, 3rd September, when there was a very fair turnout of pupils. A warm welcome was accorded to Mr M'Gruther on his return to work, and also to the new masters, Mr Allsopp, music master; Mr Donald, science master; and Mr M'Culloch, classical master. We hope that all of them will have a happy and successful time in Dollar.

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We are pleased to note that in connection with the Glasgow Provincial Training College for the Training of Teachers, Miss Lizzie Bett gained the third prize in a competition open to some 500 students of the first year.

A beautiful portrait of Mr W. Ewart Munro has been presented to the School by a few of his school companions. The gallery in the headmaster's room is now one of the most interesting features of the School.

The cricket season ended moderately well for the 1st XI. with the exception of the game against George Watson's College, where they sustained a heavy defeat.

Although lacking the high scores of last year's XI. the team worked well together, and under West's guidance should do well in the season to come. The very fact that Fox, MacNaught & Co. batted so well last year, prevented many of the other members of last year's team from having a good training in match playing, and thus reacted on the play this year.

The averages are lower than last year's, but still creditable. Purves had 14.5 as a batting average, and was so closely followed by Wade with 14.1 that the Games Committee made them equal for the average prize.

Purves had a 31 and a 30 in his scores, and Wade had a 27, a 38, and a 20, so that there was little to choose between them. Roussac won the bowling average belt with 6.4 as his average, and he was followed closely by Morgan with 6.9. As in former years, the bat and belt were presented by Mr William M. Massey, to whom our thanks are tendered.

During the summer session the new ash courts were in constant use. At first they were slightly soft, but after some play and rolling they hardened well.

The games for the tennis racquets were played on the ash courts, and the competition was very keen.

Most of the games were very closely contested, and in the open event one could well say that the finalists were practically evenly matched.

The most interesting game of all was the final under fourteen. Molly Wilson beat Lucy Paterson in this game, and the former played with a skill and judgment extraordinary for one so young. Molly will certainly have more tennis honours at school if she keeps up her game.

The winners of the racquets were:—

Open	-	-	-	-	-	-	Elsie Scott.
Under sixteen	-	-	-	-	-	-	Eileen Waller.
Under fourteen	-	-	-	-	-	-	Molly Wilson.

During the term there were two matches on the ash courts. The staff played mixed doubles with the senior pupils, and were badly beaten both times. Some very good tennis was played by the doubles representing the pupils, and we hope some further opportunity will be given for those games in future. The courts are now open for play until the end of September or later according to the weather and light conditions. The officer-bearers are as follows:—



A. Drysdale

HOCKEY

Boys' Club—

Captain, T. Walker ; *Vice-Captain*, H. MacColl ; *Secretary*, J. Watson ;
Committee, H. Dodds, T. Welsh, R. Macfarlane.

Girls' Club—

Captain, M. Taylor ; *Vice-Captain*, M. Spiers ; *Secretary*, J. Robertson ;
Committee, D. Stewart, E. Waller, O. Eddie.

In the Inter Quint competition MacNabb and Devon finished with 3 points each, and thus had to play off for the cup. This time, however, Devon did not fall so readily to MacNabb's onslaught, and had the game easily in hand all the time. Thus Myers as captain of Devon added another laurel to his sport's wreath.

So far for last session's sports, and now we turn to the prospects for the coming season. The XV. has been sadly depleted, but, as of yore, there are others ready to fill up the gaps. The forward line should be much as usual, fairly hefty only not too much experience. We have been rather unfortunate of late in bringing up forwards only to lose them, when they had become of use. Let us hope the boys realise that much hard training and thought must be expended before a good, solid, easy and even working team can be built up. The game is not all muscle but brains as well. At three-quarter, the line should be fairly strong. MacColl, Watson, and Hogben are not without experience.

Walker and Chuan should give a good account of themselves at half ; the latter has filled out well and will take a good lot to shake off.

Full-back is a doubtful quantity, as yet no one being quite certain on whom the honour will fall. MacIntosh has been suggested, but we must wait for practice games to give the clue.

From a general consideration of the players at hand we should say that the footer season will not fall short of last year's success. The following office-bearers have been elected :—

Captain, H. MacColl ; *Vice-Captain*, T. Walker ; *Secretary*, D. Smith ;
Committee, J. Watson, J. Harris, S. Murray.

We would impress all members of the team to stand round MacColl and loyally support him at all times. It is only by such conduct that things will go smoothly and success follow.

The hockey season begins now, and we expect the girls to turn out this year as well as they did last year. As we have said before it behoves every girl to turn out for the School whenever she can. The team were extremely successful last year, and as a good number of last year's team have returned there should be no trouble in following up last season's successes with a greater number this season.

The office-bearers of the Hockey Club are :—

Captain, J. Robertson ; *Vice-Captain*, M. Spiers ; *Secretary*, C. Dudgeon ;
Committee, O. Eddie, L. M'Laren, M. Kirk.

We hear very little of the Girls' Golf Club in these days, but the Boys' Club continues to prosper, and some excellent players are being trained year by year on the splendid course on Dollar banks.

The office-bearers for next session are :—

Captain, J. W. Hogben ; *Secretary*, C. R. Dougall ; *Committee*, W. H. G. Dodds, R. Macfarlane, and L. Hope.

The Literary Societies have not yet met to consider their programmes for this session, but we understand that they have been promised some lectures already. The Rev. Mr Taylor has promised to lecture on "Active Service on the Indian Frontier," and we are certain the pupils will enjoy this extremely. Mr Taylor's photographs are very effective and well worth seeing, whilst his narrative is racy and full of those little side incidents of active life which make a lecture enjoyable.

Mr Wilson has promised to give his lecture on "When the World was Young," at which the pupils will have an opportunity of meeting several of the denizens of the earth in the days of long ago.

As to the other lectures, &c., to be arranged we are certain they will not fall below the usual high standard of past years as both committees are exceptionally keen and well led by Messrs Craig and M'Culloch.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

"A" CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.—Col-Sergt. E. Myers and Sergt. J. Cameron both passed the above examination last session, and Col-Sergt. Myers was promoted Cadet Officer.

The O.C. desires to express his appreciation of the work done by Cadet Officer Myers, whose popularity and keenness in all the work of the corps aided the other officers very much in attaining the fine report submitted by the inspecting officer.

To the other N.C.O.'s the O.C. also wishes to express his thanks for their loyalty and perseverance, and looks forward to another successful season's work.

Camp was a great success this summer and was attended by forty-two cadets—the largest number that have yet gone to any O.T.C. camp from School.

The cadets worked well and greatly impressed the Commandant by their keenness and ability both on ceremonial and field parades.

Mr Walton was attached to the 1st Batt. Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders for his initial course, and received a highly satisfactory report at the end of his period.

Mr Frew has finished the first half of his initial course at Stirling Castle, and his report has also been very satisfactory.

During the summer session the usual musketry course was fired, and the results as given in the last issue of the *Magazine* are very encouraging. So far as we can learn the cadets of our corps are extremely well off with their own open range, and have a much more pleasant and easier time during the course than any of the other western schools.

The competition for the Leckie Ewing Cup and Headmaster's Gold Medal was carried out in June. Cadet D. Smith carried off the trophy and Captain D. Fergusson and Sergt. H. MacColl were second and third respectively, gaining

the O.C.'s badges. The number of competitors was smaller than usual, but they were closely matched. The final stage at 500 yards proved disastrous to most as a strong gusty wind was blowing, causing the correction for deflection to be very difficult to judge. Smith's total was 84—much below Hanbury's score last year, but gained under much more severe conditions. Given better wind conditions this season Smith should give a good account of himself, and we should not be surprised if he gives us a new record for the competition.

As many have left the corps this term the O.C. looks for a large number of recruits to fill up the vacancies caused by the resignation of those boys who have left School.

We can think of no better manner in which boys can equip themselves for citizenship of a great empire than by engaging in the work of the corps.

THE OLD "FOOTER" CAPTAIN.

Oh, take me back to Dollar Glen
And Castle Campbell gray,
And take me to the footer field
Where I was wont to play.

And let me see on that same field
Another rugger game,
The sport in which I once excelled
And made myself a name.

Oh, bury me close to the old Back Road,
That in the sweet by and by,
I may from time to time come forth
And score a ghostly try.

And may my spirit wander round
The playing field at night,
All clad in ghostly footer togs,
In phosphorescent light.

And may the field be peopled all
With spectral football teams,
Who play a ghostly rugger ball
In the light of the moon's pale beams.

And let my ghost in broad daylight,
By striving teams unseen,
Watch many a strenuous footer fight
On the once familiar green.

Oh, take me back to Dollar Glen
And Castle Campbell gray,
And let me see once more the field
Where I was wont to play.

S. F. B.

IN A LIGHTER VEIN.

SOME HOWLERS—MUCH INDEBTED TO THE MAKERS-UP.

1. The seven great powers of Europe are gravity, electricity, steam, gas, fly-wheels, motors, and Mr Lloyd George.
2. Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout Protestant.
3. During the interdict in John's reign, births, marriages, and deaths were not allowed to take place.
4. Henry VIII. gained the title, Fidei Defensor, because he was so faithful to his Queen.
5. A kelt is a part of a Scotchman's dress.
6. Cave canem—Beware lest I sing.
7. Il ne faut point disputer les goûts—One must not quarrel with gouty people.
8. Connubiis arvisque novis operata juvenus—The youth was engaged to nine cultured wives.
9. A vacuum is an empty space with nothing in it ; the Pope lives in one.
A vacuum is an empty space full of nothing but Germans (germs?).
10. A Conservative is a sort of greenhouse where you look at the moon.
11. Parliament assembled in September and dissembled in January.
12. A l'aide de son filet—With the help of his young lady.
13. A circle is a plain figure, contained by one or more lines, and is such that any lines drawn from a certain point *in* the centre, *called* the circumference, shall be equal to one another.
14. A postulate is a self-evident problem. (*Ex.*) A straight line may be produced ever so far both ways and never meet.
15. The crust of the earth is as far as we can dig down, that is, about 2,000 miles.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

FORTY-SEVENTH LIST.

- DOUGALL, BETTY E., c/o Fräulein Gass, Philosophen-weg 3, Heidelberg, Germany.
- GRANT, MARJORY, c/o Mlle. Mundler, Rue de Lausanne, Morges, Canton de Vaux, Switzerland.
- RIDDELL, ANDREW, c/o Mrs Gray, 48 London Street, Edinburgh.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

- BARNETT, C. G., Executive Engineer, P.W.D., Delhi, India.
- GIBSON, R. HALLIDAY, Trentoh, Bank of Nova Scotia, Nova Scotia, Canada.
- ARCHIBALD, R. G., Capt. R.A.M.C., Khartoum, Sudan.
- LAIRD, Mrs S., *née* Mabel Hunter, M'Donald College, Quebec, Canada.
- DAIVIE, C. J. F., 1068 Rivadavia, Buenos Aires, Argentine.
- LAURIE, WINNIE, Rungla Ting, T.E. Lahoal, P.O., Upper Assam, India.
- BRIGGS, Surgeon HUGH F., c/o Admiralty, Whitehall, London.
- ROSS, Dr DONALD, Glasgow Royal Asylum, Gartnavel, Great Western Road, Glasgow.
- IZAT, ALAN, Bhavnagar State Railway, Bhavnagar Para Kathiawar, India.