



MR ALEXANDER STEWART

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## Mr Alexander Stewart.

THE veteran, Mr Alexander Stewart, whose portrait we are able to give with this number, is the third son of the late Mr Alexander Stewart, farmer, Gloomhill, and was born at Brewlands on 15th June 1834. He boasts himself a true Dollarite, and, in merry mood, facetiously declares that to be a Dollar boy is, in his opinion, not only a patent of nobility, but is one of the most exclusive privileges known to the world of white folk.

He entered the Academy in the year 1840, and left in 1845 to begin the fight for existence; and his experience has been that nothing is denied to well-directed labour, and nothing good is obtained without it. Of his school-days there is little to record. He remembers with respect the teachers of his time, and his remarks regarding them are interesting and apposite, confirming the opinion of others who speak with like authority. "My English teacher," he writes, "was Mr James Walker, who, a ripe English scholar, had the gift of imparting to others his own knowledge. Alfred Arnott was his assistant. Mr Harrower taught religious instruction—he was not so fit or advanced. Our writing headmaster was the famous Mr Peter Steven, assisted by Mr Cameron in arithmetic. Mr Steven was a king in autography."

Mr Stewart is now a farmer and most successful stock-breeder at Millera, Tenterfield, near Sydney, New South Wales. "I have been," he says, "in the grazing business since 1862. My holding is 20 miles in length by 8 in width, which means lots of horseback travelling. My homestead is situated about the centre of the run. I calculate my daily ride at 20 miles, or 120 miles per week of six days, or, allowing for off days, 300 days to a year, multiplied by 20, equal to 6,000 miles yearly, and by 50, an easy sum in simple multiplication, gives 300,000 miles. This surely constitutes a record, being equal to twelve times round our earth."

We learn from the *Stock Journal* that Mr Stewart regularly tops the market with his oxen, but of this he vaunts not, for "cattle-growing comes as natural to him as our Doric dialect." He did his apprenticeship in a hard school, as in these days there were some expert cattle men in the same district.

In speaking of the drawbacks which settlers in a new country encounter, Mr Stewart says:—"We, who have gone far away from the centres of civilisation

to blaze a trail in new lands, and to open up new country for others to come after, have left behind us many of the joys and pleasures of life—English literature for one ; our birthright for another. In the early days here one of Sir Walter Scott's novels was a luxury. Our faculties are blunted from disuse, we stagnate, we rust, we get behind ; and it must be patent to the most obtuse that a man needs to be pretty rapid to keep up with the procession. Things move quickly—and if you do not keep your eyes open and your wits at their keenest edge, you are liable to lose a trick here and there that will put you clean out of the game. Australia is a land of big opportunities, big possibilities, and a flourishing quarter of our Empire. It is good to be a unit in it."

No record of Mr Stewart's career would be complete without a reference to his charitable deeds. In our March number there appeared :—"The Gymnasium Hall was a scene of juvenile hilarity and joyous abandon on Thursday night. The school children attending the Superior Public School had a Christmas tree party, due largely to the liberality and kindly thought of Mr A. Stewart, of Millera, who provided a great collection of pretty toys, so that no fewer than four hundred presents were given to the young folks."

Nor is his large-hearted charity confined to the land of his adoption. In his strenuous and successful career amid new world surroundings he has ever retained a warm affection for his native country, and especially for the Ochil braes and "clear-winding Devon" of his young days, along with a deeply sympathetic memory of the trials and struggles of the poor folk of Dollar. For the last five years he has sent regularly, through the editors of this *Magazine*, a donation of £25 to afford Christmas cheer to a number of the poor of Dollar, as "a hand-grip across the seas," a gift which is much appreciated by the whole community, and greatly enjoyed by many grateful recipients who warmly reciprocate the kindly and brotherly feeling which seas cannot sunder.

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### Co-Education.

THERE have been few more advanced and enlightened educationists than the Rev. Dr Andrew Milne, to whom and, primarily, to Crawford Tait, then of Harvieston, we owe it that Dollar Academy took the form and the position in the education world which it did nearly a hundred years ago. But for the wisdom and energy of Crawford Tait, MacNab's Trust would, within the terms of the will, have been a curse instead of a boon to Dollar, a "charity" or kind of almshouse pauperising the then inhabitants, and attracting all the vagrants of the country to settle in the parish, and lead a life of idleness and ignorance. It was only at the last moment that, on the providential removal of its author, this scheme was overturned by the prompt action of the Laird of Harvieston, then patron of the parish, and the foundation laid of the noble institution which has ever since taken a foremost place in the educational life of Scotland, and has made Dollar what it is, instead of a great collection of hovels with a population of the ignorant and base. Not less wise and far-seeing was the settlement, by Mr Tait, of the Rev. Andrew Milne as minister



of the parish, and, consequently, along with his kirk session, including Mr Tait, manager and head of the coming school.

Rev. Andrew Milne was one of the most advanced educationists of his day, and the school, as then conceived and carried into being, might stand as a model for the present. Science, as a branch of school education, was then practically unknown, yet the physical sciences and botany were taught in the Academy almost from the beginning, and a large and well laid out botanical garden formed an important part of the original plan. No less important was the arrangement then made for the co education of boys and girls throughout the course, which has continued to be, and now is, an almost unique feature of the Dollar School; one which sets its special mark upon the social life of the community, and carries a far-reaching influence into the widespread Greater Dollar through many generations of F.P.'s.

The special purpose of the school may be said to be to provide the scholastic equipment required in the coming life, which is, to a large extent, the same for both boy and girl. So far as it may be necessary to specialise with a view to the prospective work of each, separate classes will, of course, be required; but when the subjects taught are the same for both, much benefit may be derived from their being associated together in learning.

In all our dealings with the young we must keep well in view the great purpose of nature, *preparation for the coming life*, and the consequent instinctive tendency to imbibe into their being the ways, habits, thoughts, and language of their social environment. They are thus assimilated to, and prepared to take their place in the community to which they belong. It is all-important, therefore, that during the preparative stage environment should, as far as possible, correspond to the social life which is to follow. Whatever scholastic equipment may be required or obtained, this foundation of social training is of the utmost importance, much of the happiness and success of the coming life depending upon it. There can be no proper training except under conditions similar to those for which preparation has to be made, that is the social life of the adult community. In ordinary family life such is the environment brought to bear upon the young. Here there is no question of separation of the sexes. All social and communal functions, habits, and customs of adult life are carried on conjointly by men and women. Except in regard to the school the young are intimately associated with such conditions, boys and girls mingling freely with one another in the family, with friends and neighbours, in all public gatherings, and in almost every other relation of life. Thus are they brought up in sympathy with, and to know and understand one another. Under parental or other proper supervision the boys can be trained in chivalrous conduct, to moderate their rough and boisterous nature in dealing with their gentler and less hardy companions, and the girls to appreciate and respect the strength and courage of the male animal. In short, the courtesies, proprieties, and amenities of good society can be cultivated and established in the growing constitution, thus forming the inward guiding impulse of true culture, instead of, as so often results from separation, a mere outward veneer of conventional custom. Such culture can be only with free intercourse between boys and girls under supervision by cultured persons, and the more of this the greater are the opportunities for forming true

character. Unfortunately, taking the mass of the population, cultured supervision is rather at a discount, and the prevailing moral of the country suffers accordingly. This is a matter which might well be taken up by social reformers and educational authorities, but it is outside my present purpose.

As has been said, freedom of intercourse as above is general in this country except in regard to the school, where, especially in secondary and high-class schools, separation of the sexes is the rule. In day schools, where such can be enforced only during school hours, the evil may be limited to a corresponding loss of opportunity for social training, except in one important aspect of the question to be referred to later. After school hours and on off-school days, the humanising and refining influences of family life are still operative and do their work with limitations. In Dollar Academy, where there are both boy and girl pupils, the opportunity for promoting a right and proper feeling between them is there, and very much good may be done in that way. In any case, the two are more or less associated in the interests, pleasures, and troubles of school life, while intimacies and friendships are formed which frequently last far into the future, as very many F.P.'s can vouch for; to say nothing of friendships not a few which have ripened, with advancing maturity, into a warmer affection and resulting matrimony. This, I consider, is a great and distinctive advantage over almost every other school of the kind, and one which has a very important bearing upon its management. It was deliberately adopted by the Rev. Andrew Milne as a ruling principle in the grand scheme of education which he inaugurated, and, for many years, conducted in Dollar; and his is an example which no present-day educationist need be ashamed to follow.

In almost all boarding schools the monastic system is rigidly adhered to, and I cannot but think that it is an unmixed evil. For some nine or ten months in the year the sexes, contrary to nature, and contrary to the ways of social life, are kept entirely apart, and to that extent in entire ignorance of one another. In ignorance but not in oblivion. School regulations and discipline may keep them apart, and may even, more or less, keep them from looking at one another when they chance to meet in their formal walks; but they cannot prevent them from thinking, imagining, speculating, and talking amongst themselves (in the bedroom); nor even, as I know, altogether prevent clandestine correspondence and assignations, in all of which ignorance is the greatest danger; while the secret joy of telling and being told improper things is infinitely more harmful than anything that can come of their mingling freely together in the open.

Even in day schools, some of the arrangements for separation of the sexes, where both are admitted, are very objectionable as suggesting reasons why, and causing very undesirable thoughts and talks on delicate subjects. It must be borne in mind that we are here dealing not with sheep which may be moved about and manipulated without question, but with keenly active and inquiring minds. It is, of course, very desirable that girls should be protected from anything like rough treatment by boys or others; but the true way to obtain this is to cultivate a gentlemanly and chivalrous spirit among the boys, which will be effective under all circumstances and for all time. This can be done only in association of boys with girls, and is one of the great advantages of co-education.

J. STRACHAN.



*J. M. Whitehead*

IN THE OCHILS



## Christmas-Tide.

(A VILLANELLE.)

Now, hail once more our Christmas-tide,  
And pluck from some a heart-felt sting,  
When tidings glad spread far and wide.

Its bells proclaim—"Let peace abide  
In all men's hearts," so that they sing—  
"Now, hail once more our Christmas-tide."

The gods, propitious, now provide,  
The rich to poor fresh bounty bring  
When tidings glad spread far and wide.

Where waves the Crescent meant to guide  
Footsteps of men, let echoes ring :  
"Now, hail once more our Christmas-tide."

Let pilgrims of the Cross, with pride,  
To their example firmly cling,  
When tidings glad spread far and wide.

Henceforth, these words let none deride—  
Meet words for subjects and for king,  
"Now, hail once more our Christmas-tide,  
When tidings glad spread far and wide!"

J. T. R.

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## Home Life in Khiva.

BY ELLA R. CHRISTIE, F.R.G.S.

SOME thirty-five years or more have passed since Captain Burnaby told of his famous ride to Khiva, and for the first time the everyday reading public became aware of the existence of such a spot, though attention had previously been drawn to it in Arnold's poems under the somewhat unattractive description of "Lone Khiva in the wastes." Lone it certainly still is as regards outward communication, but its inner life has its homes, and is even not devoid of horrors, though it is of the former chiefly that I should like to tell. After a somewhat arduous journey of several weeks across civilised and uncivilised Russia, Asiatic Steppes, and the water-ways of the Amou Daria or ancient Oxus, I and a letter of introduction arrived at the house of Col. Korniloff, for twenty-six years the Russian representative at the court of the Khan of Khiva. The arrival of a woman traveller caused no little commotion as to how she was to be disposed of, as there was no precedent of where she was to be accommodated. The few male travellers that had come at long intervals

had been the Khan's guests in a pavilion of his palace, but where was a woman to go? Col. Korniloff looked puzzled, and said "he must consult the Khan, but at that hour, 2 P.M., he was asleep and could not be disturbed," so the kind hospitality of Mme. Korniloff was employed in helping to pass the time. First the usual samovar and tea, with some dried bread rusks; then as these disappeared, she bethought herself of strange sugary biscuits of a superfluous nature, and then finally of some very salt ham.

Col. Korniloff in his blue-grey uniform sat by, trying to talk by means of my Russian servant, who understood a little German, as neither he nor Mme. Korniloff knew any language but Russian and Sart. At five o'clock, buckling on his sword, he observed, "The Khan will now be awake." Getting into his droshky, a species of clothes basket on wheels, the seat resting across, and driven by Solai, his faithful factotum, he dashed off, to return in two hours with this comforting message—"The Khan says you are to stay where you are." Where I was, meant at least a European house run on European lines, though built of mud. A flight of steps at the entrance led one into a hall, where stood some chests containing the clothes of the family; the floors were all painted light grey and rubbed bright with polish, and rugs of native work were scattered here and there. From the hall one entered a long drawing-room with the usual Russian arrangement of a row of chairs at one end, and round table upon which were set out albums of long vanished dates. All the rooms, including the bedrooms, were *en suite*, and those last opened on to a mud-built verandah with carved pillars at the back of the house, which again was surrounded by the garden and orchard, the home of countless numbers of birds of gay plumage and tuneful voice, and few were the evenings that the nightingales did not "trill their lay." The bedrooms were provided with comfortable iron beds and clean linen sheets adorned with embroidery and crochet lace, all the work of Mme. Korniloff, the latter so fine that, pointing out its beauty as she held it up to the light, she said, "Just like machine!" There were no blankets, but instead, camel wool quilts covered with bright coloured native silk supplied sufficient warmth, besides being delightfully light. Each room had hung in one corner an "Icon," or sacred picture, before which was lighted, as evening drew on, a little red lamp. Laid out on the verandah were trays and trays of what looked like dried seaweed. This was chopped cabbage being prepared for winter use, of a sour taste when boiled in broth. One of Mme. Korniloff's parting gifts to me was a box of this pickled cabbage, the others being a sack of bread and a bag of camel wool!

The cooking was done by Mme. Korniloff herself, or—as I must give her the name by which I had to address her—Natalia Anatolia, and she in turn called me Ella Ivanovna, the daughter of John. Somewhat to my surprise, soon after arriving, she asked me my father's Christian name, and this I afterwards found was in order that I might be addressed in proper fashion. She did all the cooking upon two paraffin lamps, baking, boiling, and roasting, and the results were excellent. We began the day about nine with coffee and bread rusks (whenever the bread gets stale, it is cut in slices and dried); then somewhere about twelve or one we dined, always commencing the repast by Col. Korniloff pouring out to each a glass of his home-made white wine. He touched our glasses, and we wished each other



good healths in our respective languages, accompanied by a slight bow. Then out of a tureen of "borsch" was ladled a plateful to each, and with it about a pound of meat which had previously helped to make the soup. The soup is first supped, and then the meat, plentifully flavoured with mustard, is eaten. Another soup we used to have was "pelmenny," which is a thin stock in which float little pastry turn-overs filled with pounded meat and ham, and boiled in the soup. The Russians have, as a rule, enormous appetites, and my effort to show a Scotch dish hardly met with its reward. My one cooking art by long practice on such journeys, is scrambled eggs, and knowing the appetites to cope with, for three people, I put a dozen eggs in the pan and a large quantity of milk, and as I saw it afterwards disappear I felt it was a mockery to offer anything so trifling, Col. Korniloff's only comment being "that it was very good for people who had no teeth." The samovar and tea follow each meal, and tumblers of tea were slowly drunk until 4 o'clock when we went out until 7.30, the supper hour, unless it was "bath day," and the chief supper conversation on such an occasion took the form of every one congratulating themselves on "how comfortable they felt and so clean after such a good washing," and certainly the transformation in my host and hostess used to be wonderful, a rejuvenating of at least ten years! This function takes place once a week in the "bad stube," a covered shed in the yard. A brick furnace is heated, and boiling water ladled out of it with a brass scoop on to the stone floor until a thick steam is raised. Two sides of the room are provided with three tiers of benches for the accommodation of all the family at one time. I was not sufficiently long in Khiva to get accustomed to this sociable side of a bath, and in order not to appear rude or unsociable at not accepting this invitation to a bath party, I had to assure my kind hostess that I never could, under any circumstances, take one unless immediately after supper, and then go to bed. This was against all ideas of what was proper, and kind Natalia Anatolia kept popping in and out (there was no fastening of any kind to the door) to see how I was getting on. Upon a bench was placed a brass basin filled with hot water, and by it lay large bunches of fibre, three cakes of soap, and three eggs, at which my heart rather sank. Could it be considered necessary to remain long enough to require refreshment after the very recent ample meal? I laved, and bathed, and dried; and then remembered the can of cold water with which all was to be ended, so had to begin over again; Natalia Anatolia appeared once more and sighed and groaned and wrung her hands. I don't know what I had done or left undone, but she was only appeased when she saw me safely tucked up in bed, and stood by until I had swallowed a tumbler of tea into which she had stirred a generous supply of cherry jam!

There were no books in the house to speak of, and I only occasionally saw Korniloff perusing a newspaper leaflet which is published at Tashkent, but I never remember hearing a single item of news out of it.

The establishment was run by Solai, son of a Mullah, and his demeanour was dignified in the extreme as became such ancestry. Sent to the market one day to buy some cabbages, he was seen by his mistress to return riding on a donkey, and when reproved, upheld his action by saying—"Should I, son of a Mullah, be seen carrying a cabbage on foot?" The Mullah, too, was

a court Mullah, which emphasised his claim even more. Solai had a good type of face, light complexion and brown beard, shaven head which was always covered by a small gold brocade skull-cap, and in his dark red *khalat*, or long coat, he moved noiselessly through the house with bare feet, his slippers being left at the door and his sheepskin "busbie" only donned in full state. This dignity had a sad fall. Desirous of seeing life, the "son of a Mullah" saw too much in an adventure of three days, and to clear his gambling debts then incurred, his wages were being docked weekly.

One evening we were invited to sup with the only other European couple in Khiva, a German watchmaker and his Russian wife, and in order that my expectations might not be too rudely dashed, Natalia Anatolia explained that the rooms were not large, in fact not like her house. We arrived rather before eight o'clock at a house in the "bazaar," the front part of which was a small shop, and off it was a room, one half with the orthodox Russian arrangement of a carpet spread on a brick laid floor and chairs round, and the other half contained the tea table. The hostess, speaking only Russian, greeted us warmly and begged us to be seated at the tea table, upon which were set out a dish of sweets and one of blown-out wafer balls and rusks. Tea was served from two successive samovars, and each individual's allowance was three tumblers, slowly sipped, for they took one and a half hours to consume. I then thought we would take our leave, but not a bit of it. Natalia Anatolia sat on with not a sign of farewell on her countenance. The hostess washed all the glasses and spoons, keeping up a ceaseless flow of conversation all the time, emphasising points with the drying spoon, and placed them and the dishes of sweets in the adjoining bedroom, where we had already deposited our cloaks. Plates, knives, and forks were then brought in, and slowly and carefully dusted before being set out.

The husband, a glum-looking German suffering from asthma, was heavy to tackle in conversation, and we had not many topics in common.

Instead of a linen table-cloth the table was spread with an imitation one of white wax-cloth. These are in universal use all over Central Asia, and after each meal are wiped over with a damp sponge and then dried. Dishes of food were then brought in, one of sliced sausage, another of smoked herring decorated with slices of hard-boiled egg and onion rings, and a dish of sliced cheese. After those followed roast chicken and pickled fungus, and salad of sour kraut and grapes.

The appearance of the hostess would have made her fortune on any stage. A scraggy comic face, in resemblance something between Grossmith and Dan Leno, her wisp of hair was screwed into a knot on the top of her head, and between relays of refreshments she smoked cigarettes and picked her teeth with a match. When the plates were cleared away, the sweets, &c., were again produced from the bedroom, and another samovar and another "service" of tea prolonged the entertainment until 11 P.M., and after many bows and polite speeches we took our departure in a droshky, dashing through the bazaars without lamps of any kind, and rousing the watchmen who are supposed to patrol the covered street-ways rattling a species of drum.

*(To be continued.)*

### To My Alarm Clock.

Of all my clocks (and I have quite a number),  
Frankly, old chap, I like you much the best ;  
I look upon the rest as useless lumber :  
To keep them going is a constant pest.  
No two agree, and each is full of tricks ;  
You have no airs, and cost but three and six.

I treat one heirloom with consideration,  
Because the chimes can play a simple tune ;  
It shows no end of useful information,  
Such as the date, and phases of the moon :  
At least, these things are what it ought to show,  
But no one now can make the beggar go.

My carriage clock (I do not keep a carriage)  
Looks very neat, but seldom is correct.  
That freak in marble, dating from my marriage,  
Proclaims itself "A Token of Respect."  
These, and my poor asthmatical cuckoo,  
Would all be sold before I'd part with you.

For, though I often curse your blatant warning,  
Full, though you are, of sleep-destroying noise,  
I love you still, because each Sunday morning,  
You bring me one of life's most certain joys ;  
Then, with delight, I listen to your roar,  
Pull up the quilt, and go to sleep once more.

A. S., Jun.

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### Much Ado About Nothing.

#### GERMAN SOURCES.

BY MRS HINTON STEWART.

(Continued from p. 117.)

THE principal charm of "Much Ado about Nothing" exists, not in the story of Hero and Claudio, however thrilling this may be when well acted, but in the merry antagonism and diverting courtship of Beatrice and Benedick. These two persons, secondary in plot, but first in interest, are purely the invention of Shakespeare, so far as their individuality is concerned, but the idea which inspired them seems to have come from Germany.

Benedick may be said to have two characters. We see him, through the wilfully jaundiced eyes of Beatrice, as a boaster, a coward, a "very valiant trencherman," a mere jester, a fickle friend, and we find something in him, his touch of vanity, his affectation of mockery, and his scorn of the tender



passion, to justify Beatrice's criticism. In the course of the play, however, he shows himself as he really is at heart, a true man, noble, courageous, and honourable.

In the first and imaginary character Benedick has a prototype in a play written by the brilliant young German potentate, Henry Julius, Duke of Brunswick, and brother-in-law to King James I. by his marriage with Elizabeth of Denmark. This princely dramatist, born in 1564, had been a prodigy from his earliest years. At the age of ten he argued on Theology with sufficient knowledge and ingenuity, evidently, to make an impression on the listeners. At thirteen he was appointed Rector of the New College of Helmstedt by the Emperor, and on that occasion made a speech "abounding in learning."

In 1590 he showed a different side to his character by his dramatic courtship of Princess Elizabeth. He made his way into the Castle of Kronenburg disguised as a foreign pedlar, where his free and easy temerity and undisguised preference for the princess (already his betrothed) so roused the indignation of the king, her brother, that the daring pedlar was relegated to the dungeon. He chose to remain there without protest until the arrival of his retinue, whom he had left at some distance, when their astonished inquiries and the consequent explanations changed the semi-tragedy into a merry farce. Our King Jamie was present on the occasion with his newly-made wife, and we may be sure that he heartily enjoyed the dramatic incident.

Henry Julius showed a love for the drama also in more practical directions, and was the first to have a regular theatre attached to his court at Wolfenbüttel. With Maurice of Hessen, Otto of Saxony, and others, he encouraged English actors to visit the Fatherland, and often engaged their services.

From 1586 onward for many years, as we learn from the interesting work, "Shakespeare in Germany," by Dr Theodore Cohn, Germany was never without English professional players to supplement the amateur performances of mechanics and school-boys, who alone represented native histrionic talent in that country. One English actor, Thomas Sackville, seems to have become a permanent "servant" at the court of Wolfenbüttel, acting, no doubt, as stage-manager and dramatic trainer to the youths connected with the castle.

Duke Henry Julius is the author of ten dramas, not written, like those of his friend, Maurice of Hessen, in Latin, but in his own language. They were printed in the years 1593 and 1594, and it is most interesting to be able to trace some kind of connection between them and Shakespeare's plays. All of them bear the mark, more or less, of English influence: for the first time in Germany the clown has a written part assigned to him instead of being left to the discretion, or indiscretion, of his own wit; the plots are carefully worked out and increase gradually in interest, each scene being relevant to the general scheme, while in some cases an underplot is woven into the main subject with real dramatic skill.

One of the Duke's plays, "The Adulteress," might have given, and possibly did give, Shakespeare hints for his "Merry Wives of Windsor." Two Italian sources to which both dramatists might have had access account for some of the Falstaffian incidents, such, for instance, as the hiding in the linen basket, which seems to be common to all four; but Henry Julius and

Shakespeare alone make the duped husband himself send the lover to his wife as a test of her fidelity, they alone make the acquisition of money the lover's chief object in his gallantry, and they alone represent the husband as complaining and lamenting over his position. It is needless to say that Shakespeare is *quite* alone in turning the whole disagreeable subject into wholesome mirth, and the faithless wife of the other three stories into *two* merry but honourable women, bent only on punishing the bulky lover for his insulting advances, and on curing Ford of his jealousy.

Another play of Henry Julius, "The Comedy of Vincentius Ladislaus," brings us back to our subject. It has for its titular character just such a vainglorious and cowardly braggart as the mischievous Beatrice professes to believe Benedick to be. This "hero," great in talk but small in courage, always seeking for adventure and ending by being a dupe, sends his servant before him into the town to engage a lodging, and to nail upon the door a long and elaborate "bill," announcing his name, pedigree, titles, honours, &c. This slight episode not only suggests but throws some light upon Beatrice's remark that Benedick had "set up his *bills* here in Messina." The self-satisfied Vincentius, ever ready to believe in the power of his own charms, is talked into the conviction that the beautiful Angelica is dying for love of him, and hastens to keep a pretended appointment, only to find himself plunged into a bath of cold water.

A few years later, but still before the date of "Much Ado," that is, in 1595, according to Cohn's estimate, another German dramatist, Jacob Ayrrer of Nuremberg, wrote a play called "The Beautiful Phœnicia," which is founded, like Shakespeare's, on Bandello's novel, and keeps very close to the original. Ayrrer seems to have felt the necessity for adding a comic element to his play. The demand for the "clown," introduced from England, and commonly named "John" in German plays, had become too persistent to be ignored. For this purpose he introduces (but without attempting any interaction) a foolish servant to Signior Gerando, called John, makes him fall in love with a maid of honour, and confide his passion to his master. The latter reveals the state of John's heart to the lady, who at first is highly indignant, but ultimately enters into a conspiracy to punish the over-bold clown. Poor John is told that the lady returns his love, and, while joyfully vaunting his cleverness in having won her, is inveigled into a pretended meeting, and to his great disgust is welcomed by a douche of cold water!

Here we have side by side in the same play the plot of Tymborus and Phœnicia (otherwise Claudio and Hero), and the secondary theme of a humorous swain gulled into thinking that he is loved by the lady whom he has distinguished with his preference, and readily swallowing the bait. It seems likely that Ayrrer had taken this episode from the play of Henry Julius; it is natural also to suppose that Shakespeare knew Ayrrer's play, that he followed up the idea of an underplot suggested by "John," and with a previous knowledge of "Vincentius Ladislaus" also, built upon them his own exquisite underplot. Beatrice and Benedick, as we know, begin by being antagonists, then each is talked into belief in the devotion of the other, but happily they find that in the process the busy little god Cupid has changed the make-believe into blissful reality.

How Shakespeare knew these plays is an open question. Other sources may be traced to works known to be current in London, either in the original language or in translations, but the coincidences we have pointed out seem to indicate more personal relations between the respective authors. Dr Cohn suggests some undiscovered common origin containing both plots, and known to all three dramatists, the Duke, Ayler, and Shakespeare, but no such common source has been discovered, and the supposition seems hardly necessary.

The English actors took with them from London pieces to act, among which are known to have been some of Shakespeare's, and it is not at all unlikely that, on returning, they brought with them from Germany native plays, whether in print or shorthand, for translation or literary interest. Dr Cohn gives many interesting details of visits of Englishmen to the courts of Germany, and of German princes and ambassadors and private gentlemen to the court of Elizabeth, with their notes of the theatres they saw. There is no record of Henry Julius himself having crossed the channel, but Frederick, afterwards Duke of Würtemberg, with whom he was intimately associated in dramatic matters ("on which point the accounts of the expenses of the court of Brunswick contain many notices,"—*Cohn*), and later his ambassador, von Buchenbach, visited Elizabeth, and were "received with honour" and "sumptuously entertained" by the Earl of Essex.

During such visits it is not impossible that the higher spirits, German and English, met occasionally to worship at the shrine of Apollo, not at the "Mermaid," but in more private haunts of learning, where thoughts and experiences, and manuscripts and plans for future propagation of the fine arts (or, in the symbolism of contemporary letters, the *Waters of Parnassus*) might be freely exchanged. From such gatherings it would be hard indeed to exclude Shakespeare, the greatest artist of all, the friend, as we know from his works and their dedications, of Southampton and Essex, of Pembroke and Montgomery, the poet who was able to portray the life of courts without a single solecism, and who, according to the legitimate conclusion of Professor Walter Raleigh, "mixed on intimate terms with those of the highest courtly circles." That he must also have "mixed on intimate terms" with courtiers from most of the countries of Europe is evident from his plays, and there was no need for him to leave London in order to do so.

Having traced, very imperfectly, to their sources the various streams that united, under the magic pen of Shakespeare, to form the famous comedy of "Much Ado About Nothing," it only remains to say a few words about the environment of the completed play when it first appeared on the stage, and that we hope to do, with the kind permission of the Editors, in the next number.

(*To be concluded.*)

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## Sonnet to an Editor's Waste-Paper Basket.

PROFOUND receptacle of untold reams  
Of lucubrations, fruits of heated brain,  
Meant to delight the world—yet all in vain ;  
Confusion on thee, shatterer of dreams !  
Live-born the theme, and fashioned till it seems  
The acme of perfection, without stain :  
Sent forth in print, gross errors would arraign :  
'Tis clutched by thee, though thy vast cavern teems.

Can he who o'er this dark abyss presides  
Be so obsessed to perpetrate a wrong ?  
I ask, and listening hear a voice that cries :  
"That editor is right when he decides  
To hurl thy fantasies among the throng."  
Behold ! thou art a blessing in disguise !

J. T. R.

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## The Spirit of Venice.

"A GOLDEN clasp set in the girdle of the earth," said one of her lovers of Venice. He who worshipped with the soul of a poet, and left for us in shining words this legacy of love.

The Queen of the Adriatic ! The Mistress of the Seas ! To you all men have brought their merchandise, their frankincense, and myrrh ; bought at the sword's point with the utmost price a man may pay ; but ever the gain ahead of crowned Desire, the heritage thrice blessed of Life and Love, that comes to those who are strong to seek.

So Venice, were your sons of Long Ago, your first brave lovers of the sea.

And of your daughters, what of them ? Those fair Venetian women of the Past. With burnished hair the sun had kissed to flame, and eyes whose blue the deep far ocean shared. In all the glory of their velvet, and their silken garb, bejewelled and brodered, worn with queenly grace.

If we would meet them still, those gallant lords, and lovely ladies of the Long Ago, then shall we seek them on the walls where Venice holds enshrined the records of her Art. There looking down upon us, they will live, wistful or wise, strong or beautiful, the men and women of Venice, her great Masters gave the world for all Time.

So was the heart of you, Venice, the body and soul of your Men and Women who lived and were great. Lived with the reckless daring and love that come answering back in the notes of a song :—

"Every kiss we take or give,  
Leaves us less of Life to live."

So you played for the highest stakes, so you gave and received, oh Venice, and Life was sweet ! For the gods gave to those who sought, and the spirit

of the Past must have breathed upon the Poet, alien though he was, who dwelt with you awhile, and said to us of to-day :—

“ Let a man contend to the uttermost,  
For his life's set prize, be it what it may.”

So of their greatness fashioned they for us a city of gems. A jewelled casket of pearl, and ruby of price, of sapphire, and topaz, of turquoise, and emerald deep. All blended and mingled together in one great order of Light !

Mosaics, columns, colonnades, palace-front, and hidden court ! Portraits, pictures, church and gleaming roofs. Gold-brown sails on a sapphire sea ; gondolas, black like Night, with rainbow hues from scarf or dress ! So the picture grew, and lived, and remained—a poem of colour, and a song without words !

For everywhere is this burden of Silence mingled with musical Sound.

The Song of the Gondolier, and the lapping of the water on the barge, the Serenade at night over the Grand Canal. The cry of the Vendor from beyond our sight. The hidden voices from the Bridge of Sighs, sobbing echo of a blood-stained Past. All this, but never a note of discord to break on the singing harmony.

So have you lived and sung, oh Venice, and now you give to us who come, of your heritage !

But if we would feel the heart of you stir, feel the breath of your flame on our brow, your kiss on our lips,—then must we come with the worshipper's soul, lay the wreath of our love on your shrine.

So I came to you once when the world was young, came with a friend of my heart, two women from over the sea, gathering flowers o' the May.

With beating heart and shining eyes I came, in all the flush of eager, warm Desire.

There are things in one's life that stir one thus. First moments on the threshold of new worlds, opening doors into treasure chambers sealed till then.

Sometimes one has been waiting for them since the Beginning or before. Some take definite form, others are dreams floating in golden mists. Yours, oh Venice, was a dream defined, romantic, perfect, but warm and joyous, living like the friend one waits to greet, knowing the sweetness that shall be.

In the darkness and the mystery of night we came, and in the arms of Venice we fell to sleep and dream.

#### MORNING IN VENICE.

Morning, and Life, and Sunshine around ! Venice, and oh it is May !

I could dance a rondelay, but warily must one tread ; for it is high up we are, beside a world of roofs. How lovely they are, warm-red with shades of green, and brown, and gold, catching the rays of the sun, an airy realm apart !

Till all of a sudden, breaking upon the stillness, a crash of silver, the Bells of Venice ! Pealing forth their myriad tones, calling to prayer and praise.

Then I stepped on to my tiny balcony, ever so high and remote, and sent

an answering song, sent my hymn of rapture straight from a stranger's heart, away to mingle with the Bells of Venice. This "*forêt de cloches*" that Victor Hugo tells us sounded likewise through the Paris of days gone by.

What a dream of a place to breakfast in, at the open window of my charming Venetian bedroom, beside the sun-lit balcony!

A poem of colour far as the eye could stretch. Where was the breakfast temper fiend "on such a morn as this"?

#### NOON IN VENICE.

There is no Noon that matters in this Venice I have told you of!

With the last peal of silver from the far-sounding Bells, she sleeps the Spirit of the Past. The Bells have called her back and wakened all the medley of To-day.

It is as if an enchantment reigned over Venice. As if some magician had said, "You are too beautiful to die"—as was said on the steps of the guillotine to a lovely lady of France. History tells us the lady shuddered at the price her life was offered and preferred to die.

But the magician who came to the Queen of the Adriatic, asked no bitter price.

Only a fabled Knight was he, Keeper of High Deeds, guarding the shrine of Noble and Beautiful Things.

In the guise of a princely doge he knelt by the shore. Doffed his azure plume, blue as the sea, and bowed so low.

Softly and sadly he said, "Lady, the Hour has come: behold you go and we cannot bid you stay: But I, the Keeper of your Noble Deeds on earth, am still the Guardian of your Soul, and have the power to chain your spirit here."

"You shall pass now from our midst, but each day shall you return with the sunset, sail in triumphantly in a flaming Galleon, Mistress of the Seas.

"All night you shall reign over the moonlight and the music, shedding the magic of your soul. Through the pale dawning will you linger, till the morning sun has fired the jewels of Venice into flame. Then 'mid the pealing of those far silver Bells, the swan-song of your going, you shall fall in sleep."

So slumbers the Soul of Venice at the Noon, and in his stead reigns a work-a-day world: but this concerns us not. With the markets of To-day we have no part. Neither Love, nor Gold, nor Fame, do we barter. Neither Work nor Play do we seek. At the shrine where I have led you, there is no To-day. Where she sleeps who was the Queen of the Adriatic before the centuries were born. She has worked, and loved, and sung, and left her burning heritage; but she belongs to the Past that has made and crowned her Queen.

They of To-day may add another jewel to her crown, may trail a silver fringe upon her shining robes; but the crown and the mantle were there,—gold and jewelled diadem, royal robe of purple, garb of a queen. And to her shrine come we the worshippers, rose garlands in our hands!

It is the worldly hour! Gay and mondaine are we all, drinking tea by the Grand Canal: but under the jester's cap, beneath his tinkling bells, the heart of Venice stirs and thrills.



## EVENING IN VENICE.

Sunset over Venice, and the dying Afternoon, and the night to come !

Within our veins there runs a stream of fire, for the Hour draws nigh.  
Behold the pageant of the Past unveil !

And the flash I see of colour,  
Is it of earth and sky ?  
All the green, and blue, and crimson,  
In pageant passing by !

Till my eyes are almost dazzled,  
And my heart with quickened beat  
Waits to hear the ages calling,  
Catch the echo of their feet !

Your vision must pass from the shining square of St Mark's ; over the Campanile ; over the fairy bridges of Venice, up to the rose-tipped towers and roofs. Down to the Lido waters on one side, on the other, far out over the ships and sails to the sea.

So our eyes wander with the sunset rose, till Venice seems aflame ! and high over all, dominating, glowing, stands out in bold relief, the winged gold figure crowning the Church of La Salute. Then a swift changing, a fading light, and gondolas speeding homewards on darkening waters. A pause and a hush as of expectation. It is the waiting hour, "between the dark and the daytime."

## NIGHT IN VENICE.

Night in Venice, how shall I tell of it ! Moonlight and Magic, and Stars and a Dream !

A dream of a City of myriad lights, of gleaming waters, and gondolas afloat, of fairy buildings rising from no foundation, surely never built by hands ! Palace upon palace, stately and fair, homes of the Great, fragrant with Memory. Church, and steeple, and tower, and the splendid Square of St Mark's with its wonderful jewelled Cathedral. Bridge, and Canal, and Street, all, all, rising from nothing as the structure of a dream !

There are three kinds of music at night in Venice. In the hotels one hears it at dinner, or afterwards in the lounge. Beautiful music often—too fine to be drowned in the careless chatter ; but somehow or other it comes echoing through. A song, more haunting than the rest perhaps, and a hush falls over the babel of sound. Tosti's "Vorrei Morire" sung by a woman, who could forget it ? Leaning over the music gallery at Danile's, down to the souls of the idle crowd she sang her exquisite notes. Again, a violinist, more gifted than the rest, stepped forward—only a step—looked once below ; then his bow swept over the violin, and looking away, only the light of music in his eyes, he played with his artist's soul, played his beautiful dreams for those who had hearts to hear ; till the music fell like a benediction on a tinsel world, the soul of Harlequin calling to his Columbine !

The second music is the Opera—and that has a charm apart from all other operas heard elsewhere ; for one goes and comes in a gondola, surely a fitting manner to go to so fair a feast !

At first we wondered if two lonely stranger ladies might risk so adventure-some a mode of going ! But we were told it was quite *en règle*, and promised

a trustworthy escort : and very gallantly our gondoliers fulfilled their knightly trust. But always it was like this in Italy. Everywhere the same charming courtesy from all classes. Perhaps we carried a fetish in our hearts, this Friend and I—a something born of the Sun, and the Flowers, and the Song, whose name is Sympathy. So the Italians knew, and were our friends—"And straight was a path of gold for us."

From our "loge" in the opera house we looked down on a sea of unknown faces, feeling like two stranger princesses apart. For here at the opera, women without an escort are always given a box by themselves ; the spirit of the Orient that once was Venice still clinging to the customs of To-day.

Rossini's "*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*" was the piece we heard, and its bright whimsical humour and charm suited very well the spirit of the place. Though I would like to have heard something that had pathos too—something sad and passionately sweet—Leoncavallo's "*Pagliacci*," and the "*Chanson de la Bohème*," pleading to be understood. But no crash of many instruments, nothing loud or martial. Not the thunder of Wagner's war gods, nor the tramp of pilgrims in triumphal march must resound to the waterways of Venice. Once perhaps, but not now. Though even in those other days the heroes of Venice never marched. They sailed only, and they came and went in silence ; and in their coming and their going, were as the wind and as a flame, so swift and strong !

Now we leave the opera and there comes the most haunting music of all—the music heard outside, the heart of Venice calling to the Night !

Over the shining waters will you follow us in our gondola, swiftly, silently, to the Grand Canal, where we meet a host of gondolas waiting like ourselves to hear the Serenade.

Closely we press together, nations, and creeds, and kinds, strangers utterly, all bound in the golden notes of a song.

Poised in the centre like a fairy light-ship with lanterns burning, the boat of the Singers ; men and women, gay and happy, glad with their song, mad with the mad sweet thing of the South. So they sang to us, and we listened and heard, bewitched !

Then the gondoliers joined in with a soft refrain and a rhythmic sound, till a cry arose among them for a song that they love—old and much-sung, but ever as sweet. At last it came over the waters softly, then louder till it died like a dream. "*O Sole Mio*," heard now like this shall I ever forget it ! Heard once before in Naples, the first time of all, outside my window—banishing sleep—(but who cares for sleep when things are like these !).

Heard then, it has remained ever since, a haunting memory. Never I thought was anything so sweet—"So piercing sweet !" For the voices were the warm rich voices of the South, and the soul of the South and all Italy was in their Song. Truly of Italian Singing one might say—not the song but the singer. A simple melody, that elsewhere grows hackneyed, in this wonderful land is given a soul and becomes immortal.

Ah, Night in Venice, how shall we leave it ever ! Not now, not yet, with the Magic upon us. Let there first be Sleep and a Forgetting. Not forgetting of the Magic, but forgetfulness that we are dwelling in a world that knows Farewell.

ELISABETH SUTHERLAND.

## The School Flag.

SOME sing the flag of France or Spain,  
 Or Kaiser's flag or Czar's ;  
 Some sing the flag of Turk or Dane ;  
 Some hymn the Stripes and Stars :  
 And oft sing we the flag that braves  
 The breeze where Britons rule,  
 But now "All hail !" to that which waves  
 Its folds o'er Dollar School !  
 Flag to whose promise we are heir,  
 "The Fortunes of the Young I bear !" \*

We hail thee, Flag of stainless white,  
 Upon whose tressured field  
 In red and gold and azure bright  
 Stands our heraldic shield :  
 The Scottish Lion thereon we hail,  
 The hand-grasped Torch a-flame,  
 And the † Ship beflagged, with close-furled sail,  
 That marks our Founder's name :  
 On circling scroll this motto fair,  
 "The Fortunes of the Young I bear !"

Bravely thou battlest with the breeze  
 O'er our school beneath the hill  
 (Four-square, be-columned, bowered in trees),  
 And wav'st triumphant still ;  
 Whilst generations work and play  
 Beneath thy sheltering folds,  
 And each in turn, though brief its day,  
 Thy flame, O Flag, upholds,  
 Thou wav'st this signal through the air,  
 "The Fortunes of the Young I bear !"

No Torch of Learning sheds its light  
 With purer ray than thine :  
 Thy Rampant Lion proclaims our might  
 In Scotland's first school-line :  
 Thy Ship, by Seaman ‡ wise designed,  
 Firm-built, hath steersman skilled  
 To seize each favourable wind,  
 And crew expert, one-willed :  
 Her freight, O Flag, thy words declare,  
 "The Fortunes of the Young I bear !"

\* *Juventutis veho fortunas.*

† From the arms of the chief of Clan MacNab.

‡ Captain John MacNab.





*A. Drysdale*

THE SCHOOL FLAG

Great Cæsar's barque his fortunes proud  
 Upbore when tempest-tossed ;  
 His vaunt \* prevailed o'er storm-winds loud,  
 Thine, too, no empty boast !  
 One hundred years our stately ship  
 Hath furrowed through the main,  
 And, while Youth is, her topmast-tip  
 Shall thee, brave Flag, sustain :  
 Whose promise, Flag, thou'lt ne'er forswear,  
 "The Fortunes of the Young I bear !"

Then topmast-high thy praise we hymn,  
 We, Argonauts anew,  
 Who bear thy badge on Blazer trim  
 And gallant Cap of Blue :  
 On saucy "Straws" thy maidens wear  
 Thee (Beauty's crowning Art !),  
 And when afar our ways we fare  
 We'll wear thee in each heart,  
 Whose promise, Flag, we'll treasure there,  
 "The Fortunes of the Young I bear !"

A. DRYSDALE.

### **"Scottish Literature in the Schoolroom."**

MR C. S. DOUGALL, M.A., Dollar, who spoke on the above subject at the conference of the Scottish National Song Society in Edinburgh recently, said :—

I do not think that the members of a Society which exists for the preservation of Scottish song will expect me to offer them any apology for venturing to direct their thoughts to the subject of what is being done, or rather, what might be done in Scottish schools for the cultivation of a knowledge of the distinctive national literature of Scotland. I am sure we shall all readily assent to the proposition that a nation which suffers its distinctive literature to be lost is in danger of losing also its distinctive national characteristics ; and I am equally sure that, in spite of our proverbial modesty, we should agree also that the distinctive characteristics of the Scottish people are characteristics which, in the interests of the human race, should not be allowed to become extinct. Twice already, in her history, has Scotland been engaged in a struggle for very life ; and twice has she emerged victorious. Her first victory over the forces that threatened her nationality was achieved on the field of Bannockburn ; and for nearly three hundred years thereafter Scottish literature was a reflection of that victory. It was no coincidence that the age succeeding Bannockburn was the golden age of Scottish letters. Then came

\* "Fear not, ye bear Cæsar and his fortunes !"

a change. In 1603 the Scottish king went to London; a century later the Scottish Parliament was transplanted to Westminster; the pulse of the national life of Scotland beat very faint and slow, and the voice of the vernacular was not heard in song. It seemed scarcely possible that it would ever be heard again, but Robert Burns and Walter Scott were born in time to save it. The freedom won on Bannockburn inspired the muse of Barbour and Dunbar; and in return the muse of Burns and Scott set bounding with a fuller pulse than for two hundred years before the life blood of Scottish nationality. Now, for the third time, that nationality is endangered. On the one side is a patriotic sentiment still cherished by a handful of lovers of their native land, and on the other a multitude of Scots indifferent to the story of their country's past, a mass of literature claiming every moment one can spare for reading, and a host of attractions competing with one another, but united in at least a passive antagonism to a knowledge of the national literature. If we had to combat only the doggerel of the music halls, or the inanities of cheap serials, there would be no need for despondency, but we must confess that in the literature of to-day there is much that is both enticing and commendable, much that is both wholesome and attractive. Moreover, the spirit of reverence for the "good old days" is fast going or has gone. What have we in this age of aeroplanes and locomotives, of telephone and telegraphy, to learn from a time when the swiftest messenger was a fleet-footed horse, and the speediest means of communication a beacon fire?

Where is Scotland to look for a champion now? No Bruce will save her, for this fight is not to be fought with sword and battle-axe; no Burns will come to breathe new life into her decaying national spirit, for the supreme voice of the vernacular has spoken once and will not speak again; no successor to Walter Scott will arise to rescue her, for such as he are not born twice in any nation. If, then, the sword of the warrior, the voice of the prophet, and the pen of the wizard are alike denied her, to whom can Scotland look for succour? When powerful friends fail, the weak may look to the weak for help, and Scottish literature, in its extremity, may find friends in need among the schoolmasters of Scotland. At present, one must own that they are able to do but little. The demands of examinations must be met, and Scottish literature is not a subject that pays in examinations. For example, during the last ten years, of the thirty works prescribed for the University preliminary examination, only six had the faintest claim to be called Scots. These were Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," Scott's "Quentin Durward," "Old Mortality," "Woodstock," "Fortunes of Nigel," and "Rob Roy." Even of these six one could rule out the majority as not belonging especially to Scotland. One looks forward to the time when the Professor of Scottish History and Scottish Literature in Glasgow will have a seat on the Joint Board and will remedy this defect in the examination for entrance to Scottish Universities. But the case of Scottish history proves there is some room for hope. Not so long ago, if any history was studied, it was the history of England. Now, thanks to the action of Scottish patriotic societies, such as that under whose auspices we meet this afternoon, thanks to such societies, to the sympathy of the Scotch Education Department, and the loyalty of Scottish teachers, Scottish history



has come by its own. That suggests a means of service for this and kindred societies. Let all who have this matter at heart unite to persuade educational authorities—from the professor of English literature in the Scots Universities to the humblest master of a village school—although truth to speak it is in the village school we should find least cause for alarm—that it is their duty to foster in the school a knowledge of Scottish literature, and to instil into the minds of the rising generation a sense of the value of the traditions of the past, as recorded in the works of Scottish writers. But those who know how much is demanded from the teacher nowadays will ask, “How is it to be done?” This is not the place for a detailed scheme, but I may venture on a few tentative suggestions. First, I would have in every school copies of the Scots classics. It may be that, in every case, the publications of the Scottish Text Society are not available, but no school need be without such excellent anthologies as that of Mr Eyre Todd’s “*Abbotsford Series of Scottish Poets*,” Sir George Douglas’s “*Book of Scottish Poetry*”; and Professor Macneile Dixon’s “*Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse*,” and on the ground of expense there can be no objection to putting into the hands of senior pupils the excellent collection of “*Scottish Vernacular Poetry*,” published by Blackie at the price of 6d., and containing extracts from the Scottish poets from Barbour to Burns. There is no need to weary the young people with criticism or even with much explanation. Let the study of Scottish song be a pleasure, not a task. Once a week at least, let the teacher, or better still, a pupil, read a piece aloud for the benefit of the others. I have great faith in the spoken word. Who that ever heard John Veitch recite the ballad of “*Sir Patrick Spens*” to his students in Glasgow can forget it? I can see him yet as he paced the rostrum clutching his gown in both hands, the while he said:—

“They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurlie grew the sea.”

We cannot allow that the training afforded by the study of our national poetry is inferior to any other training for the intellect, for it was the training that made Burns and Scott. Had Scott enjoyed robust health in boyhood, he might have risen to be Lord President of the Court of Session, but he would not have been driven to study the Scottish ballads, and he would never have written “*Marmion*” or “*Waverley*.” Had Burns been given opportunities for regular study he might have been a great mathematician, but he would not have been the national poet of Scotland. Since Scott had for his most valued text-book, “*Percy’s Reliques*,” and Burns for his *vade mecum* a book of songs, we need have no fear that the time spent by our children in the study of their country’s literature will hinder their mental development. Much might be done, too, through school literary societies. I know many teachers who have an annual Burns afternoon with their scholars, but Burns is not the only Scottish poet with a birthday. Of Scottish prose, there is little outside the novels of Scott, of Galt, Stevenson, &c., that is suitable for schools, but what a wealth of literature there is in these. Yet I doubt if Galt is ever read in schools, and I should not be surprised if “*The Talisman*” is more popular for school purposes than any other of Scott’s novels. Scott, the

best critic of his own work, has said, "I am sensible that if there is anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." The same might be said of much of the characteristic literature of Scotland, and as it is young people of bold and active dispositions that Scotland needs—would that we could keep them here when we rear them instead of sending them overseas—it seems to me that the study of our own literature is the best means we could employ for the training of our successors. In Scottish literature we have a great heritage which, to the majority of our fellow-countrymen, is being lost; to revive or sustain a knowledge of that literature it is necessary to enlist the sympathy of the schoolmaster; with his aid our children may yet be trained to hear, and comprehend the voices speaking down from the past of our beloved land, and to turn deaf ears to the many voices of to-day, which, sweet and tuneful as they may be, utter no words of any permanent value. (Applause.)

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## **Further Contributions to the Elucidation of the Etymology of Dollar as a Place Name, together with Illustrations of its use as a Personal Name.**

BY REV. W. B. ROBERTSON WILSON.

AFTER the comprehensive and elaborate survey, contributed by me to the last number of this *Magazine*, of the various suggestions that have been propounded by successive philological investigators during the last one hundred and thirty years, with the view of accounting for the origin, and explaining the significance of our local parish name, I can hardly doubt that my readers must have felt, as I confess I did myself, that I had covered the whole ground of the subject into which I was inquiring, and that on that theme at least nothing more remained to be said. To be confronted, therefore, with the title that heads this article, and to learn therefrom that the last word regarding the true etymology of Dollar was not spoken in the article referred to, will possibly come as a surprise to those persons among the readers of this *Magazine* who have done me the honour of perusing the series of articles, under my signature, that have been appearing there on this subject during the last fifteen months. Truth to tell, I was not a little taken aback myself, when, a few days after the issue of the last number of the *Magazine*, there was forwarded to me from the *Alloa Advertiser* Office, through the courtesy of the Editor, a clipping from an old number of that journal, containing a letter dealing with the question of the origin of Dollar as a place name containing a suggestion which was entirely novel to me, and which seemed to demand consideration at my hands if the view on the subject which I myself had been elaborating and defending in these articles was to be regarded as really holding the field. I have accordingly resolved to publish here the letter above alluded to, and to give the reasons which compel me to reject it, as

being quite as untenable as I have demonstrated all the other etymologies to be, except that which I myself have adopted and advocate.

The following is the text of the letter above alluded to :—

#### THE MEANING OF THE WORD DOLLAR.

*To the Editor of the "Alloa Advertiser."*

SIR,—It occurs to me that you and your readers take an interest in the meaning of names of places. Referring to Dollar, Dr Mylne was right in saying that it was Gaelic, and, so far as I can judge, it signifies such a piece and measure of ground as was described under an old Gaelic ground measure called TOLLAR. Hence also DOLLARBEG, the small piece or portion.

I regret I am unable at present to say how much ground was required to constitute the ancient Celtic measure of the *Tollar*.

This term, as well as its co-related terms, as Doich frarainn, *i.e.*, a portion of land; Lethacamh, usually Leacamh, signifying a piece that will bear so many cows (the number I do not know), are frequently used as descriptive of particular pieces of ground, especially to the north of the Grampians. Their *real* value, from a Celtic point of view, may be placed on the same level as the Gaelic names for the seasons. Both the latter and the former are yielding every day to the modern land measure and to the modern calendar.

That *Tollar* implied something descriptive in addition to the size of the ground is highly probable, if not certain, but what that is I cannot define. *Tollar* is the universal Gaelic name for the place, and I need not say it has no affinities with Dail Ard—a high haugh or plain. The original elements and signification of the word are possibly so obscure as to be undiscoverable, and this is the case with very many of these original forms in all old languages. For instance, Athol—Gaelic, Adholl, pronounced Aa-òll—is yet a mystery. The meaning of Killiecrankie was long disputed. I am glad to say I have succeeded in getting what to me undoubtedly is the meaning, *viz.*, Coille Chreaganach—*i.e.*, rocky wood, contracted to Choille Chreannaich—Coille Chreagaidh, our modern Killiecrankie, and this meaning is accepted. Your Devon is Celtic Dubh-amhainn, *i.e.*, the black river, while Leven is Liath-amhainn, the grey river.—I am, &c.,

CELTICUS.

30th October 1875.

The above letter is anonymous, as the signature "Celticus" which is appended to it, tells us nothing save that its author claims to be a Celt, probably a Highlander, and wishes to pose as a Gaelic scholar, interested in etymology and archæology. From internal evidence, however, though I am far from pronouncing dogmatically on the subject, I incline to the opinion that the writer of the letter was the Rev. Athole Stewart, minister of the Free Church, Blairathole, a gentleman whom I used to meet occasionally in Dollar almost forty years ago, at the time this letter was written. His family was then attending the Institution, and he not infrequently visited them and spent a good deal of his time in the Burnside House, where they then resided. Mr Stewart was the son of a Gaelic minister, and himself preached in Gaelic, and so might naturally be inclined to air his views on such questions as are discussed in his letter. Like most Gaelic ministers he was inclined to be a law unto himself, and was somewhat dictatorial in his manner. I was not surprised, therefore, to find that the tone in which Celticus delivered his judgment on the philological problem of the true significance of the term Dollar was singularly confident, and indeed, almost pontifical in its assumption of authority. A considerable familiarity, however, with the dogmatic language employed by amateur philologists in propounding



their solutions of difficult etymological problems has taught me to exercise a wholesome scepticism towards all such solutions in exact proportion to the unhesitating assurance with which they are thrown out. And so, instead of being overawed into a tacit acceptance of the new view by the calm certitude with which its author seems to anticipate that it will at once be welcomed, I subjected the theory of "Celticus" to precisely similar tests to those by means of which I had disposed of the half a dozen previous etymologies which other would-be philologists have offered as a solution of the problem of our local place name, and I was not surprised to find that the theory of Celticus was not only equally untenable with, but was even in some respects more preposterous and untenable than any of the others.

Thus I asked myself why, if *Tollar*, signifying a definite land measure, is the original source of our parish name, does it come about that in all the spelling forms that have come down to us, reaching from the ninth-century "*Dolair*" to the twentieth-century "*Dollar*," is there not a single instance of the form *Tollar*? That surely is an inexplicable mystery. I reproduced in my last essay all the various spellings of Dollar which I had met with in charters and other manuscripts. They were pretty numerous. But not one of them was spelt with an initial *T*. Now this I submit would have been impossible if Celticus had been correct in his views. Then though Celticus assures us that *Tollar*, along with its co-related terms *Doich farainn* and *Lethacamh*, is frequently used as descriptive of particular pieces of ground, especially to the north of the Grampians, and though he ventures to assert that *Tollar* is "the universal Gaelic name" for such pieces of ground, yet he does not condescend on a single place name anywhere, either in Highlands or Lowlands, in which *Tollar* figures as an element. That he does not do this, is, I suspect, due to the fact that no instance of the kind exists anywhere. Further, if *Tollar* stood originally for an old Gaelic ground measure, the term *Dollar beg* could not possibly have meant the small *Tollar*. A definite ground measure can neither be large nor small: it can only be itself. There could never, therefore, have been a small *Tollar*, unless *Tollar* did not mean a particular ground measure. Thus, though we may speak in English of a long acre or a broad acre, we could not correctly speak of a small acre. It is forgetfulness of this that I think has misled Celticus, and has hurried him into a series of affirmations for which he has no foundation whatever, except in his own fertile imagination. Thus he states categorically that there was an old Gaelic ground measure called *TOLLAR*. And yet, strange to say, no such word is found in MacBain's "Etymological Gaelic Dictionary." The only approximation to the word found there is *toll-dubh* (black hole) a gaol, and that is from the English or Teutonic toll, tax. Further, there is no such word as *tollar* in Macleod and Dewar's "Gaelic Dictionary." Moreover, Celticus's term is not referred to by Cosmo Innes, Cochran Patrick, &c., when treating of ancient land measures. Then, too, his *Doich* is just the Teutonic *davach*, and his *lethacamh* has nothing to do with the subject, if there be such a word at all. The surname, *Toller* and *Towler*, is the toll-collector. For these reasons, therefore, I submit that we have in the letter of Celticus only another illustration of the amazing rashness with which persons, who, by training and education are wholly unfurnished for etymological in-



*R. K. Holmes*

THE ACADEMY GATES

vestigation, essay to solve problems, on which expert philologists will frequently shrink from offering an opinion at all. In any case, I feel sure that my own attempted solution, whether or not it be finally accepted or valid, is decidedly the most satisfactory that has yet been propounded, and until a better has been provided, it deserves to hold, and, I believe, will hold, the field.

Several years ago I drew the attention of the readers of the *Dollar Magazine* to the fact that in the Australian province of Victoria, there existed a town of the same name, which owed its present appellation to the influence of a native of our Scottish parish resident there, a son of the late Mr Leishman of Broomrigg. I am always open to any new light that comes my way in regard to every subject in which I am interested. And as I have made the subject of Dollar, in all its relations, home and foreign, topical and personal, a matter of study for years, it was naturally with not a little pleasure that I received lately from an Australian correspondent, Mr Thos. L. Work, of Melbourne, a few additional facts regarding the Dollar of the great Southern Continent. These facts I venture to reproduce here, as they will prove interesting, I trust, to many of my readers. Mr Work writes as follows: "You inquired about a Dollar in Gippsland. I fossicked for it, and found it. I am sending you a small map of the Gippsland lakes, marking in blue pencil where I have been. There is no Dollar thereabouts: for that is West Gippsland. But in South Gippsland there is the village of which you speak, named Dollar. It is ninety-six miles distant from Melbourne. To reach it you go first by rail to Stony Creek, and coach thence to Dollar, in the parish of Dumbalk, and shire of South Gippsland. It must be a small place; but it contains a post office, and also a state school. There are about twenty farmers at least resident in the neighbourhood. Several of them, I presume, Scottish from their names, such as Cowan, Carmichael, Fisher, Gow, Irvine, and Wallace. That exhausts the information given in the Directory. Dollar should not be far from Corner Inlet and Wilson's Promontory, a fine headland fronting Tasmania. A lighthouse has been erected there, and ships arriving are telegraphed to Melbourne. The Pulpit Rock, which is also in the neighbourhood, is a very prominent object, both in going to Sydney and also to Tasmania."

Thus far my friend Mr Work, to whom I return thanks for his kind attention to my request, and, if he should succeed sooner or later in getting for me a few photographs of scenes from the Dollar of Australia, similar to those which charm us quarter by quarter as illustrating the beauty of its Scottish counterpart, I have no doubt that the Editors of the *Magazine* would heartily welcome them, and give them a conspicuous place in an early issue of the *Magazine*.

My researches into Dollar as a place name are still continuing to bring forth fruit, and proving that numerous, and varied, and far-spreading as I have found our parent name to be, I have not yet exhausted all the instances of its use as a place name. Thus a friend of mine, who has been reading all the articles on Dollar published in this *Magazine*, recently wrote me the following letter:—



My brother purchased last week an old MS. Letter Book, written in Stockholm during the years 1699, 1700-1702, by an Ayrshire man, Andrew Montgomerie. It is full of letters to merchants at Glasgow and the Clyde, also at Whitehaven, Bristol, and London. It is a bulky book and I am not quite through it. I came across the following reference there, which may interest you. The letter, dated 31st July 1701, is sent from Stockholm by Andrew Montgomerie to his brother, James Montgomerie, jun., and is as follows :—

“DEAR BROTHER,—My last was of the 17th, covering a Bill of Lading for some goods shipt on a Briganteen of this place for Bellfast. The Vessel is not yet gone from ‘YE DOLLARS,’ but may sail with ye first wind.”

This name *Dollars* occurs repeatedly in the letters. I thought it might interest you to know of this reference.

And so undoubtedly it does. I cannot as yet give any opinion as to how, in the Swedish metropolis, a place name such as *Dollars* came to be given to any position in the harbour such as that spoken of as occupied by ships waiting for a favourable wind to put to sea. But I will keep my eyes and ears open and possibly some solution of this problem may yet arise, and if so, I will communicate my discovery to my readers. Meanwhile, I cannot help saying how pleased I am to be able to convey to the readers of the *Dollar Magazine* a fact of the kind above noted, which will doubtless be new to all, and I trust not without a measure of interest to most.

In the same letter to which reference has been made above, my friend, Mr Hogg, goes on to add : “I am reading ‘Landmarks of Scottish Life and Language,’ by William Lyttil, M.A. (1877). His real name was Little—a native of the Cumbraes. He is a nonagenarian, a clergyman in Ohio. I had a letter from him six months ago. His book is full of place names and derivations. He refers (p. 201) to an old Saga story of Kali and his companions in the cave of Dolls-hellir, or the Goblin’s Cave. He is quoting from the Orkney Saga (p. 77). The name DOLLS-HELLIR struck me. In Norse, *hellir* means a cave.” I do not think that there is any connection between the Norse cave name and our own Dollar ; but coming as this fact does in the line of my philological inquiries, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to my readers to record it here.

(To be continued.)

## The Last Griffin in Clackmannanshire.

By W. K. H.

OF all the wild creatures once indigenous to our locality that have become extinct, perhaps the griffin is the most interesting and the most to be regretted. Admittedly its presence, in any considerable number, in the neighbourhood of an educational centre had to be discouraged, but surely adequate precautions short of actual extermination might have been conceived. Our local fauna, though interesting enough of its kind, does not to-day command attention as it must have done at a bygone period. The visitor to the Devon valley, should he chance to be interested in wild life, may, it is true,

listen to the cuckoo, or by careful watching see the lithe squirrel studying him from the further side of a tree trunk; the visitors may pursue the fauna of our woods and meadows—but how much more entertaining must the valley have been when the fauna pursued the visitor!

I have enjoyed pleasant picnics with the Naturalist Field Club even in these degenerate days, but long ago I can imagine its members finding a thrill in their "outings" which we can never know. It is easy to picture the interest with which the proceedings would be perused, when Saturday by Saturday they contained such intimations as "Unfortunately Mr —— was discovered by a very fine specimen of the green Ochil Dragon. His hat and umbrella are to be added to the Society's museum."

No one in particular is to blame for the extermination of this class of wild animal. The number of dragons killed by knights must have been insignificant compared with those which lived to a good old age. The very fact that the slaying of a dragon was deemed worthy of narration by minstrels and chroniclers shows it did not frequently occur. No, one must not blame those headstrong champions. They at least were sportsmen; took risks lightly, and were not content to be spectators. It must have been fine to hear them talk—you can imagine a pair of them meeting in town on a Friday.

"Going home for the week-end, Ingomar?" says Lancelot.

"If I can get away in time," replies Ingomar. "Hope to go out after dragon on Saturday afternoon, so I must finish my work up to date first."

"Wish you luck, old man," says Lancelot, and they part.

Careful students give two possible explanations of the disappearance of the dragon from our fauna. Some declare, on the evidence of very, very old manuscripts, runic and ogham inscriptions, which only they can interpret, that dragon-slaying became popularised, fell out of fashion, and so gave way to some other pastime—tribal warfare or what not. On the south-east side of Ben Shee there is a large flat rock, lying half buried in the rough growth of hill grass. To the ignorant observer its appearance is in no way remarkable, in no manner dissimilar to countless other weather-worn boulders strewn about the Ochils, but a certain unrivalled authority on such matters informs me that the markings which cover the superficies of this fragment are not the random engravings of time and weather, but the chisellings of some primitive human recorder. The interpretation he puts upon these markings is indeed noteworthy. He himself inclines to treat the record literally, informing me that sarcasm is an intellectual growth of comparatively recent origin, but at the same time he admits that in this he may be wrong. The inscription deals with this very question of dragons, and is the work evidently of a man to whom they were familiar objects. It is astonishing to find him complaining of the quantities of those creatures reared by hand in the district, by minor chiefs who had large families of daughters, and knew that the most eligible bachelors were attracted by the advertisements for dragon-slayers to be rewarded with a bride. This forgotten censor of his age asserts that dragon-hunting had degenerated in every respect. He says that the dragons, brought up till they could feed themselves, within the wall of stakes which marked the village boundary, were tame and domesticated, and that to slay

them was a piece of wanton cruelty. Evidently dragons were reared for sport, much as we breed pheasants at the present day.

If my learned friend's interpretation of the hieroglyphics is correct, I think we need look no further for an explanation of the disappearance of the dragon. Dragon-slaying ceased to be "the thing"—it "was not done"—and imperceptibly the dragon died out, or developed into some quiet fireside animal. The explanation I myself prefer, however—with all deference to the authority quoted—can be supported by parallels, but not by documents. I offer the theory that dragons and other animals which have taken refuge in coats-of-arms died out because people ceased to believe in them. Is it not easy to picture the discouragement of a big seventy-foot hill dragon on learning that he was regarded as fictitious? Far from believing that dragon-killing became a popular pastime, I suggest that the men died out who were equal to it; nobody went near a dragon if he could help it, and at length men who never saw them declared they were non-existent. The man who did see one never escaped to give evidence; he went out for a walk and never returned, and instead of thinking of the charitable and true explanation, his friends tumbled over one another to find a shortage in his books.

As a parallel in support I bring forward the case of the *Venaticustos ferox*, or ferocious gamekeeper. At one time this district was haunted by this interesting if terrifying biped; my contemporaries and I have outgrown our belief in its existence—and it is extinct. The local preserves are now tended by genial fellows in baggy breeks, who stride about with a gun and a decent, companionable dog.

The last griffin killed in this district met its death, I believe, on a little hill now contained in the grounds of Alloa House, and was shot with a blunderbuss. The tale of its killing is told in a series of letters from a young fellow who was staying as a sort of protégé of the Duke of Argyll, at Castle Campbell, to a friend in Edinburgh. He gives his news in an abominable lingo, half law Latin, half old Scots, and in the most uninteresting manner possible. The facts alone make his letters worth studying. To begin with, he tells his friend of a stupid local yarn of a queer creature at large in the hills, a yarn he had heard from a packman who had climbed up to the castle to sell shirts. He gives, letter by letter, the subsequent editions of the rumour, with reported descriptions of the animal or bird which was causing great consternation.

*"It hath the body, believe me, Dick, of a lionlike beast, tawny say some, others black, a long tale (true there, grammery!), wings, and the beak of an eagle. Flies fowlwise, depone competent witnesses, leaps in its going as a cat, and anon couches itself lionlike."*

Of course he disbelieved in it, the wise young spark, laughing like a coxcomb at the superstition of the rural mind. Once he appears actually to have seen it—but knowing the griffin to be fabulous, distrusted his own eyes.

*"Something sprang past me into the bushes by the wayside,"* he writes. *"I saw a leaping body and wings, no doubt of it. And the good folks plague me to add testimony therefore that I saw the griffin. Belike some big hound fleeing with a flapping goose in his jaws."*

The beast-bird seems to have been very harmless, in spite of rumours.



A Muckart woman came flying one day into the village, to say that her six-year-old child had been carried away and devoured. A search party was collected, and the child found asleep in a bramble thicket, where it had wandered after unripe berries. From Blairingone came the story of a pig snatched from its sty by a great flying lion; but in the backyard of the man who spread the story (*not* the bereaved owner) a questing dog chanced to scratch up a pig's bones a week later, and the justices in Clackmannan town would listen to no story of griffins.

However, even the young sceptic staying at the castle became convinced at last that some rare animal was wandering in the district. He had plenty of leisure, a blunderbuss, and ample curiosity; and so finally organised a beat on a big scale. They chased the griffin right along the valley from Glendevon, and surrounded it at last on the little hill I have mentioned, where our friend shot it. Curiously enough he says very little about his exploit in these letters, and writes like a man trying not to reveal a pang of self-reproach. The day after it was killed, an old woman from Sauchie appeared at Castle Campbell demanding to see him. She was in a tremulous state between tears and fury, and reproached him in no measured language for killing an old body's only companion, "a harmless canny beastie like yon." For a long while she would listen to no word of his, but poured forth her mingled grief and anger in a spate of reproaches, half unintelligible to him. But at length he got his chance, and did his best to make peace. Make amends he could not: he offered her silver (even to his coach fare back to Edinburgh, he tells his correspondent), but she threw it on the ground: he offered her a hound, a cat, hens—anything she could name with legs and wings, but could she care for a cat after a griffin?

"Na, na," he quotes her (probably incorrectly), "keep your siller, ma mannie. Ye've dune an ill day's wark, gaun about wi' yer ugly guns killing puir folk's pets. Hens? Wha wants hens—daft-like things. Can a hen loup a dike without squacking? Can a hen sit on its hinner end and purr at ye? A dug? Can a dug flee? Gie's ma puir canny Watty back again, ye gomeril." And so she fell to tears again. The letter writer says little more about the griffin, and was evidently ashamed to keep any trophy as a memento; but it is clear from the last letter that has been preserved that after the burial of the carcass he soon began to question that it had ever existed! He had seen it, chased it, shot it, measured it—but how *could* it have been a griffin? You see, he allowed his head to govern his beliefs entirely. The old woman never knew that the creature was fabulous; she had found it one morning in her kailyard, with a broken leg, and taken pity on it, and named it Watty; and that was why she had no difficulty in believing in it.

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## Botanical Notes for the Past Season.

As I did last year, I shall give some account of my botanical "finds" during the season now nearly closed. To the ordinary reader, perhaps the most interesting plant I came across was a sub-species of the field thistle, *Carduus arvensis* (Hoffm.), sub-species *setosus* (Bieb.). The leaves were scarcely prickly, especially the upper ones. The under part of the leaves was very white. Some of the plants were 7 feet high. This thistle was found near Devonshaw. Sir Joseph Hooker, in "The Student's Flora," says that it is very rare, and in Hooker and Arnott's "British Flora" it is stated that this plant was found at Culross more than fifty years ago. Perhaps it is as well to add that this plant was identified at Kew.

Another thistle found by me was the melancholy thistle, *Carduus heterophyllus* (L.). Though it is not rare, it is by no means a common plant. It is not at all prickly. The place where it was found was Greenhill, in the glen below the farm. In Vol. I. of the *Dollar Magazine* it is recorded that this plant had been found at Glendevon.

I found also at Greenhill masterwort or broad-leaved hog's-fennel [*Peucedanum ostruthium* (Koch)]. Like hemlock, it is an umbelliferous plant. It is an alien, being a native of North Europe and the northern part of America. In this country it has been found growing in moist pastures at Burntisland, Borthwick Castle, and in Northumberland, as well as in this out-of-the-way place in the midst of the Ochils. Formerly it was much cultivated as a pot herb, and was held in great repute in medicine as a stomachic, sudorific, &c. It is all but certain that it escaped from cultivation and became naturalised in the places where it is now found in Britain.

Close to the road, about half-way between Yetts of Muckhart and Greenhill, growing on the banks of the South Queich, were found two varieties of mimulus. One had large dark brown blotches on yellow petals, the other had small brown markings on orange petals. Both at Kew and at the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, these plants were identified as forms of *Mimulus luteus* (not *Langsdorfii*). That garden escapes should be thus found growing in the heart of the Ochils is very noteworthy.

Another interesting plant found by me was pillwort (*Pilularia globulifera*). It is small, being only two or three inches high. Its fruit was not unlike brown pills—hence its name. It was found growing at the edge of the Keir Dam in Tulliallan forest. Though not very rare, it is often overlooked because of its small size.

Marsh helleborine (*Epipactis palustris*) was found at Wester Dollarbeg. In Scotland it is rare. It was identified at the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh.

Great yellow loosestrife (*Lysimachia vulgaris*) was found a quarter of a mile east of Sheardale village. This plant is rare in Scotland. In Vol. I. of the *Dollar Magazine* it is recorded that this loosestrife had been found at the side of Blairingone road beyond Vicar's Bridge.

Smooth field pepperwort (*Lepidium Smithii*) was found a little to the east of Dollar railway station. This cress is rare in Scotland.

Because there was so little rain during the past season the fungi were late in making their appearance, and there has not been such a large crop of them as there was last year. The most remarkable fungus found was *Boletus satanas*. It is comparatively large, the cap (*pileus*) being usually 6 inches across. When first broken its flesh is whitish. On being exposed to the air the flesh becomes rosy in colour. After a time this colour changes to bright blue. Massee says this fungus is very poisonous. On the other hand, Worthington Smith, another great authority on fungi, says it is probably harmless. It is a rare fungus. In past years, on several occasions, I made diligent search for it, but I am not certain that I ever came across it until I stumbled upon it this season near the Japanese Garden, not far from Cowden Castle.

Another and a much commoner fungus, strongly resembling *Boletus satanas*, found by me on several occasions in this neighbourhood and in Kent, is *Boletus luridus*. In this plant the flesh when first broken is pale ochre, and when exposed to the air it changes at once to dull dark blue, and remains thus coloured. Massee, the fungologist at Kew, says that this change in the colour of the flesh of certain fungi to blue is due to the combination of certain chemical substances, partly in the flesh of the fungus and partly in the air. His words are as follows:—"The peculiar property possessed by the flesh of some species in becoming more or less intense blue when cut or broken depends on the presence of two distinct substances in the flesh—one a resinous substance that becomes blue when brought in contact with ozone; the other a substance soluble in water which ozonises the oxygen of the air, and then effects a combination with the resin, to which it gives up its oxygen in the form of ozone, the result being a more or less intense blue coloration."

With regard to change of colour, it may be well here to state that there is a fairly common agaric—*Lactarius deliciosus*—which I have found near Wester Dollarbeg, Muckhart Mill, and near Rumbling Bridge. This lactarius when first broken exudes orange juice, which in a short time after being exposed to the air becomes green in colour. Many of the lactariuses exude white juice when broken.

Besides the common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*), the following edible fungi are pretty common in the neighbourhood of Dollar:—

Shaggy caps (*Coprinus comatus*), about 8 inches high; abundant near Tait's Tomb.

Warty caps (*Amanita rubescens*), the cap being about 5½ inches in diameter; found in many places.

Edible boletus (*Boletus edulis*), the cap being about 8½ inches in diameter; also found in many places.

Another edible fungus is *Lactarius deliciosus* already mentioned. In this case the cap is almost 5 inches in diameter. But no one should ever eat a fungus before certainly ascertaining that it is edible; because some fungi are very poisonous, and the distinction between the poisonous and the non-poisonous is sometimes not very great. Moreover, rule of thumb signs



for discriminating whether or not a species is poisonous, such as easily peeling, discolouring silver, are worse than useless.

Close to the quarry beside Castle Campbell I found a not very common fungus, the "liver" or "beef-steak" fungus (*Fistulina hepatica*), growing on a living oak. When it is cut across its flesh strongly resembles liver. This is the feature that gives it its name. Hartog says that this fungus causes a deep brown decomposition in oak.

The following uncommon or rare species were found :—

*Otidea onotica* (hare's ear elf-cup), near Overton grave-yard, half a mile east from Kilbagie (uncommon). This plant was recorded in my notes last year as having been found at the end of the bridge below Cadron Linn.

*Boletus alutarius*, near Vicar's Bridge (rare).

*Mitrulea phalloides*, in ditch at the side of the public road opposite the entrance to Wester Dollarbeg (uncommon).

J. TAYLOR.

## Letters to the Editors.

EDINBURGH, September 1913.

To the Editors, "Dollar Magazine."

SIRS,—In 1880 there was published by W. Oliphant & Co., of Edinburgh, a book entitled "Historic Scenes in Perthshire," written by the late Dr William Marshall of Coupar Angus. The book deals with Perthshire only, and Dollar is only mentioned incidentally; but there are sections on Glendevon, Muckart, and Fossoway parishes, extracts from which may be of interest to your readers.

Of Glendevon nothing is recorded save a few cases of witchcraft, and some facts regarding one William Spence, who was inducted to the parish in 1664. These I pass over, and come to Muckart, in connection with which Dr Marshall states that the "oldest historic seat in the parish is Castleton," which was built by William Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews from 1298 to 1328. The place was then of considerable antiquity, and I cannot remember that any of it is in existence to-day: in 1880 there was apparently but the merest fragment remaining. Bishop Lamberton lived at the time of, and took no small part in the most important events of Scottish history. He was a friend of Sir William Wallace, and "Robert Bruce was perhaps more indebted to him than to any other man for the guidance and assistance under which he achieved the independence of Scotland and won its crown." It was, as a matter of fact, this same Bishop Lamberton who with his own hand placed the crown on Bruce's head at Scone in 1306. He did much to repair the ancient castle of St Andrews, completed and consecrated the cathedral, and built the Bishop's Palace in that town. He also erected country houses for himself in various places, one such house being Castleton, in Muckart.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, James III. of Scotland made a

grant of most of the parish (then known as Muckartshire) to the Archbishops of St Andrews; and in 1499 the then Archbishop (Scheviz) made over the lordship of the place to the Earl of Argyle for a feu-duty of £101 Scots, this being a politic move on the part of Scheviz to obtain Argyle's assistance in the Archbishop's quarrels with his brother.

A considerable portion of the parish was still in the possession of the Argyle family in the seventeenth century, during the Civil Wars, which accounts for the fact that Montrose, on his way from Kinross to Stirling, ravaged the parish, slaying the people and burning their houses. Hence the name "Mandrose Yetts," an obvious corruption of *Montrose* Yetts, referring to the spot now called simply the Yetts of Muckart. It was immediately after this that Montrose proceeded to Dollar and partially destroyed Castle Campbell, another Argyle stronghold.

The Fossoway district is richer in historical and legendary interest. In that parish the principal landholders seem to have been the Mercers, who lived in Aldie Castle. William Mercer, laird of Meiklour, married Aldia Murray, daughter of the Baron of Tullibardine, Aldie Castle being the bride's dowry. The mansion was built in the sixteenth century, and Dr Marshall records that in 1880 it "still stands with the walls and roof entire." I am unable to say if this is still true.

It is said of one Baron of Aldie that he was an unusually severe and stern judge, and that on one occasion he passed sentence of death on some unfortunate man who was found guilty of having stolen "a caup fu' o' corn." The condemned thief, however, revenged himself by laying a curse on the Aldie family, to the effect that for nineteen generations there should be no male heir. For a long time the curse seems to have held good, but its effectiveness has now gone, as the Aldies are said to be ancestors of the present Lansdowne family.

Before the days of the Mercers the parish belonged to the Murrays of Tulliebardine, who also held possessions in Blairingone, a burgh of barony once holding of the Dukes of Athole. Their mansion stood apparently on what is now known as "the Palace Brae," a fact which will recall Mr Holmes' stories in the early numbers of the *Magazine*. Again, in the first number of the *Magazine* there appeared an article, "Was Shakespeare educated in Dollar?" wherein it was suggested that the poet was born in the parish of Blairingone, "which by interpretation is the Field of Spears." Dr Marshall says "it is thought that the name may be derived from the wapinshaws held there. The rock, now called Gibson's Craig, is said to be the real Gartwhinzean, where at wapinshaws and on other such occasions the whole clan of the Murrays assembled to attend their chief."

Another item of interest about Blairingone is the fact that there was a strong spa in the neighbourhood. The following is an analysis of the water, as given by Dr Thomson (Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow) in 1830:—"Its specific gravity is 1.0109, and an imperial gallon of it contains the following ingredients:—

Common salt	-	-	-	-	-	5.87 grains.
Sulphate of soda	-	-	-	-	-	170.99 "
Sulphate of alumina	-	-	-	-	-	953.18 "
Dipersulphate of iron	-	-	-	-	-	1753.10 "
Persulphate of iron	-	-	-	-	-	141.55 "
Silica	-	-	-	-	-	58.70 "

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3083.39 grains.

"It is by far the strongest mineral water I ever heard of, an imperial gallon containing rather more than half a troy pound of salts. It is too strong for internal use, but when diluted sufficiently with water it might be of service in the numerous diseases for which iron and the sulphate of alumina are useful. As an external application it would act powerfully as an astringent."

Near Blairingone is the small estate of Pitfar, which in early days was the property of the Murrays of Tulliebardine, and it was in connection with this land that they came under the ban of the Church. Pitfar had been raided and partially burned by a hostile clan. The wrathful Murrays, eager for revenge, pursued the reavers, found them making merry in a church over their booty, put them all to the sword, and set fire to the church. For this the Murrays were excommunicated by the Pope, and as a penance the lands of Pitfar were gifted to the Abbots of Culross. This again leads on to another story connected with a spot in the locality known as "the Monk's Grave," which lies at the southern extremity of Gibson's Craig. A dispute arose at some time as to the exact position of the boundary between the two estates of Pitfar and Gartwhinzean, the question being as to the ownership of a certain piece of land, which actually belonged to the Murrays, but was claimed by the Abbey of Culross. To decide this, it was ordered that an inquiry and trial be held *in situ*, and the court duly assembled. During the investigation a monk, called as a witness, swore an oath that "the ground on which he stood was the property of his Abbey." This so enraged one of the Murray faction, that he drew his whinger and ran the monk through the heart. The monk being dead, his boots were removed, when it was found that he had covered the soles inside with a layer of earth from within the Abbey walls, thus avoiding the apparent perjury! He was buried on the spot, and hence the name.

There is another legendary grave in the district, close to what is known as "the Trooper's Dub," the story being this. "In ancient times, when the kings of Scotland passed between their palaces of Stirling and Falkland, and when one of the Jameses on his way dined and caroused at Tulliebole, a drinking match was got up between one of the king's troopers and one of the laird of Tulliebole's vassals, of the name of Keltie. The trooper having swilled and drank till he became prostrate, Keltie quaffed another draught to proclaim his revolting victory, and fell headlong beside the vanquished; but when he awoke, he found that both he and the trooper had been struggling with Death, and that the latter had been overcome by the grim foe. His additional draught, after the other's fall, is commemorated in the current





*R. K. Holmes*

IN THE OLD TOWN

phrase of 'Keltie's mends,' applied by drunkards to a rejected or hurtful intoxicating draught; and the death of his Bacchanalian antagonist is commemorated in the name of a little pool, called 'the Trooper's Dub,' near which he was buried. Some persons, half a century ago, were so scared with the superstitious fear of seeing the trooper's apparition, that they would rather have gone a mile out of their way than pass near his grave. But probably the present generation of the parishioners have taken the legitimate and wiser course of moralising on the warnings given them by the commemoration of his folly."

Of Crook of Devon the only fact of general interest recorded by Dr Marshall is that near the village is a hillock called the Gallow-Knowe, on which the feudal barons of Tulliebole hanged those who were unfortunate enough to offend them.

I have, in most of these histories, given but the merest outlines—the "Historic Scenes" does not furnish fuller particulars. Possibly some of the local authorities may be able to provide further information about the places mentioned.—Yours, &c.,

D. Y. ANDERSON.

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT AND KEMP'S SCORE.

*To the Editors.*

DEAR SIRS,—It was with very great pleasure indeed that I read in your March number the able and most interesting letter of Judge Benet regarding Sir Walter Scott's daring descent of Kemp's Score on the occasion of one of the visits of the Blair Adam Club to Castle Campbell. Your readers may not be aware that an excellent history of the doings of this Club, with details of their excursions to places noted in history, was kept by Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, whose guests the members were. The book was not published, being printed for private circulation; but I am able from memory and from notes taken some twenty years ago, from a review which is now defunct, to give your readers some little known facts regarding the rambles and explorations of this body of eminent men.

First, let me point out that successive generations of the Adam family had made their Kinross-shire home most attractive, and the friend of Scott, Lord Adam, had laid out the garden and pleasure grounds, the woods and groves, on the system of Shenstone's Leasowes—the model on which Sir Walter was beautifying the policies of Abbotsford. The little holiday party, consisting of nine all told—the number of the Muses—spent pleasant times with their accomplished host and his son, Admiral Sir Charles, who was for many years Member of Parliament for the united counties. The landscape of Kinross-shire presented to them scenes admired by all who are sensible to the attractions of nature, and of indescribable fascination to those who, like Sir Walter, delight in associating the vicissitudes of humanity with the works of creation. If the votary of nature must go elsewhere for sublimer scenes,

here he will revel in her softer touches and more beautiful combinations. He will roam over verdant hills and flowery dales ; he will thread the mazes of silvery streams, whose waters descend in gentle murmurs to the lake below ; his eye will linger with delight on the pleasant abodes of the Agricolas of the plains ; and his ear be regaled with the warblings of ten thousand voices.

It was in the heart of this enchanting scenery, in a quiet social hour, that Lord Adam entertained his distinguished visitor with a graphic description of the antiquarian and historic surroundings of Blair Adam. Here are his words :—"I at this time told Sir Walter how singularly the place was environed with castles of great antiquity—many of them connected with historic matter of the highest concernment. That there were besides other objects of great beauty, curiosity, and interest, all of them (even the most distant) within the reach of being thoroughly seen between breakfast and the evening—so that with a basket well supplied with cold meat and some bottles of good wine we could explore the recesses of Castle Campbell (I believe the most distant), enjoy our refreshment, and return before the night set in. The places which I enumerated, beginning at the nearest, was my own little castle of Dowhill. To the west were the castles of Cleish, Aldie, Tullibole, Castle Campbell, the scenery of the Cauldron Linn and the Rumbling Bridge. To the north I mentioned the Castle of Balfour-Burleigh, and the Castle of Balvaird, the original seat of the Stormont family. I represented that on the east side is the royal palace of Falkland, and also of Leslie with its superb trees, and its ancient beautiful terraces, on the banks of the river Leven, and Christ Kirk on the Green, rendered illustrious by a royal poet. That, travelling westward, there were the Castles of Strathendry and of Arnot, and the ruined Castle of drained Lochore ; between the Lake and Blair Adam was the *Castra Stativa Agricola* still to be traced. To the south was Dunfermline, where Bruce is buried, and James IV. drank 'the bluid red wine.' Last, but not least, was Loch Leven Castle, seen at every turn from the northern side of Blair Adam."

This recital had the desired effect, Scott was at once fascinated, and the conversation that followed led to the formation of the Blair Adam Antiquarian Club, which consisted of the following members :—The Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, Sir Charles Adam, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Adam Ferguson, Mr William Clerk, Chief Baron Shepherd, Mr Thomas Thomson (advocate), Rev. John Thomson (Duddingston), Mr Anstruther Thomson of Charleton (Lord Adam's son-in-law). The ladies of the respective families were also admitted on festive occasions, some even joining in the exploratory rambles.

The members of the Club thus happily inaugurated agreed to visit Blair Adam annually at the summer solstice, arriving on the Friday in time for dinner, and leaving for Edinburgh on the Tuesday morning. This gave them two free days for their antiquarian excursions and explorations. It is carefully recorded that on the Sabbath they worshipped in the Parish Church of Cleish. It might be very interesting to discuss in detail the membership of this group of Scottish antiquarians, with its variety of talent and social qualities, but I confine myself to following them in their annual excursions. In a barouche and four, followed by a landau and pair, nine gentlemen—old and elderly—



explored the country, scaled ruined battlements, descended into dungeons, encouraged the natives to invent sites, argued points, lunched, laughed, and drove home in the summer twilight.

The first of the Club excursions was in 1818, and its destination was Castle Campbell, which, with its associations, was a spot altogether to Sir Walter's mind. He was able to recall the feud between the Campbells and the Gordons, and to his friends he recited the old ballad which commemorates the devotion of the daughter of the house of Argyll at the burning of the castle:—

“They rowed her in twa bonnie white sheets  
And tow'd her o'er the wa',  
An' ane o' the Yerl o' Gordon's men  
Keppit her on a spear sae sma'.  
They severed her head frae her bodye,  
Wi' tails o' yellow hair,  
An' they threw it up to her mither again;  
But O, her heart was sair.”

Scott, Lord Adam tells us, went down the dungeon with all the activity of youth. Nine years later he was content to sit still while the rest ascended the Tower of St Rule at St Andrews. This he tells in one of the most touching and pathetic paragraphs of his “Journal”:—“When before did I remain sitting below when there was a steeple to ascend? But the rheumatism has begun to change that vein for some time past, though I think this is the first decided sign of acquiescence in my lot. I sat down on a gravestone, and recollected the first visit I made to St Andrews, now thirty-four years ago. What changes in my feeling and my fortune have since then taken place! some for the better, many for the worse. I remembered the name\* I then carved in Runic characters on the turf beside the castle gate, and I asked why it should still agitate my heart. But my friends came down from the tower, and the foolish idea was chased away.” This first outing of the Club, we are told, closed with an amusing collation at Rumbling Bridge Hotel where the ladies awaited their return from Dollar.

I cannot take up your valuable space with a full account of all these yearly excursions, but I may be allowed to relate some interesting incidents which have been noted by Lord Adam. Take their trip to the banks of the Tay to inspect the Tower at Abernethy, once the capital of Scotland, Macduff's Cross or Stone, and the Abbey of Lindores. This involved a journey of eighteen miles; and about midway, near the picturesque village of Damhead, one of the carriages broke down under its weight of antiquarian lore. The services of the blacksmith were solicited for the necessary repairs; but—and here we have a truly delightful sidelight on, shall I say, the *bygone* habits of the Scottish peasantry—the smith and his family were at morning prayers, and, like devout Christians, would not be disturbed till these were over.

One more incident of this day's outing is worthy of mention. I give it in the words of Sir Adam Ferguson, one of the party:—

“The members now, in the course of their antiquarian progress, reached

\* His first lady love.

the village of Newburgh, on the banks of the Tay, being then in search of the large stone called Macduff's Cross, in which, according to tradition, the standard of that great warrior and chieftain used to be placed as an alarm post or place of rallyment for his followers in arms. A member (Sir Adam Ferguson) who, Sancho Panza like, was thinking more of the excellent repast which awaited him and his brother members, began making some inquiries of a youth touching the *locale* of the Cross, heartily wishing it, all the time, 'half o'er to Aberdour in fifty fathoms deep,' when the renowned author of 'Waverley' stepped up and scouted the idea of Sir Adam expecting to get any information from a foolish boy. At the same time a very old and infirm man, leaning on his staff, was seen approaching the party: when Sir Walter, assuming a particularly knowing air, with his right hand in his waistcoat pocket, which had commenced the pursuit of a sixpenny piece, addressing himself to Sir Adam, said: 'Permit me to know how to get at the springs of antiquarian knowledge. I will suck the brains of this ancient inhabitant of the place.' So, with the sixpence secured between the forefinger and the thumb of his right hand, he demanded of the aged person if he knew anything of the Macduff Cross. The old man, keeping his eye steadily on Sir Walter's hand, said he could tell him a' about it. On this Sir Walter put the sixpence into his hand, which it no sooner reached than the old man sprang up into the air, like a youth of sixteen, and, twirling his staff over his head, commenced, in a most violent manner, a wild jargon of song, and nothing else could be got out of him. In fact he turned out to be a vagrant idiot passing through the village, where his small degree of intellect had been rendered less by a copious inhibition of alcohol, to use a technical medical phrase, and bidding no longer question, danced back to the dram shop, as might be expected. Sir Walter's mortification at this incident, adds Sir Adam, might be conceived, though it could not be well described."

Scott was at this time busy with the composition of "The Abbot," the chief scenes of which lay before him every time he turned his eye towards Loch Leven, the vale of Kinross, and Benarty. Soon after the publication of this novel, while Scott was still the Great Unknown, the Club visited the castle island, the prison of Mary Queen of Scots. They talked about Mary, her apartments in the castle, her escape and landing-place, and Scott joined with a demure face in all their discussions and conjectures. Years after, when Scott was about to set out to other lands in search of health, he presented Lord Adam with a magnificent key of great size, which had been given him as the key of Mary's apartments in the castle. As to his own personal belief in the *bona fide* character of the relic, Sir Walter said that if it was not the key it certainly deserved to be so, from its elegance, strength, and structure.

But I must draw this rambling record to a close. Pleasant days were spent by the Club at other historic scenes, as Burleigh Castle, with its singularly interesting tower; Magus Moor, the scene of the murder of Archbishop Sharp; the Church of St Monans, erected by David II. to fulfil a vow which he had made on his life being saved at the battle of Durham; the hiding-place of the Covenanters at Elie House; Macduff's cave, where he concealed himself until his escape from Macbeth across the Firth of Forth;

Falkland Palace ; and lastly, Culross Abbey. There was a second visit to Castle Campell in 1828, in which Scott was, as usual, the life of the jovial party. However, I must not omit to point out that Scott was free from the contagion of the drinking habits of his time ; and to his young friends he gave the frequent counsel, "Depend upon it, of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness." In "The Abbot," it will be remembered, he makes Adam Woodstock thus counsel Roland Graeme—"Thirdly, and to conclude, as our worthy preacher says—Beware of the pottle pot ; it has drenched the judgment of wiser men than you."

Towards the close of their gatherings in the "lang, lang days o' simmer" the circle would form under some shady tree, like the classic swains of Virgil of the olden time, and, drawing inspiration from earth and air and sky, talk over the exploits and ongoings of past years.

Lord Chief Commissioner Adam closes his deeply interesting record with a reference to the characteristic harmony which pervaded all their intercourse. There was no grim dictator with his "Why, sir," and "What then, sir," his "No, sir," and "You don't see your way through the question, sir." "The topics," says his Lordship, "were multifarious, and the opinions, of course, various ; but during the whole time of our intercourse for thirteen years (1817-1831) there never was the least tendency to unruly debate, nor to anything that deviated from the pure delight of social intercourse."—I am, yours, &c.,

A NATIVE OF BLAIR ADAM.

## Notes from Near and Far.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we feel ourselves able to present our readers with the twelfth volume of the *Dollar Magazine* which this number completes. Of the amount of labour which has thus devolved upon us, and the pleasure which that work has given us, it is not for us here to speak ; but we may be permitted to refer, with feelings of intense satisfaction, to the results of our efforts as seen in the twelve volumes of our Quarterly which we have now given to the world.

It was the custom of the old French nobility to hang up their escutcheons in the halls of the palaces where they had been liberally entertained with good cheer ; and our readers seem to be acting on the same plan, from the numerous testimonials to usefulness which they are placing in the archives of our *Magazine*. We have during the last year received a large number of communications from all classes and "conditions of men," and the whole of these abound with the most encouraging expressions of gratitude for benefits derived from the literary labours of our able and willing contributors.

"Thus far our fortune keeps an onward course,  
And we are graced with wreaths of victory."

But leaving the "dead past," save so far as it may supply motives or lessons for the future, we ask all our friends, both old and new, to remember at all times that it is their own *Magazine* ; and that if they would maintain



its old character for progress, they must labour earnestly and heartily in extending its sale, its influence, and thereby its usefulness.

To the numerous and able contributors to whom the preciousness of this volume is mainly due, we owe hearty thanks for their sedulous care in thinking and writing, and in their choice of attractive subjects.

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TESTIMONIAL.—Many of our readers, if they have not already heard, will be glad to learn that a matter long talked of has at last taken practical shape, has passed from the region of speech to that of action. We refer to the movement now afoot to do honour to Dr Strachan, by presenting him with a public testimonial. In connection therewith, we are permitted to give the committee's circular-letter, with the addition of names omitted through a misunderstanding, and we do so with pleasure; for we think that it should receive permanent form in the pages of the *Magazine* which he founded, which will ever remain a monument of his literary ability, of his devotion to the best interests of Dollar, and which, but for his guiding mind, would never have reached its present high standard.

#### *Circular-Letter.*

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—Often has a wish been expressed by many friends that some public acknowledgment should be made of the important, far-reaching public services which Dr Strachan has rendered to the community of Dollar; and, as he has now attained to his Jubilee year as doctor, the time is considered opportune for presenting him with some tangible token of the respect and esteem in which he is held, and of the gratitude which his public-spirited actions have evoked. To promote this object, the following ladies and gentlemen have agreed to act as a Committee:—

The Marchioness of Ailsa, Culzean Castle, Ayr; the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., Dr Beveridge, Dr Cameron, Miss Christie of Cowden, Mr John M. Cowan, Mr Peter Cram, Dr John Cram, Mr W. H. Dobie of Dollarbeg, Mr Charles S. Dougall, M.A., Mr Alex. Drysdale, M.A., Mr John A. Gibson, Provost Green, Colonel Haig of Dollarfield, Mr J. B. Haig of Kellysyde, Mr Francis Hall, Miss M. Hall, Captain Halley, Mr Robert K. Holmes, Mr Alex. Izat of Balliliesk, Rev. W. Lewis, Mrs MacMaster, Brooklynn, Mrs Malcolm, Mr J. M'Arthur Moir of Hillfoot, Mr John T. Munro, Rev. A. Easton Spence, Mr Robert Stanhouse, Mr Alex. Stewart of Millera, Australia, Mr R. M. Sutherland of Solsgirth, Rev. John Taylor, B.D., Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, Strathdevon.

Mr John A. Gibson, Clydesdale Bank, Dollar, will act as Treasurer, and to him all cheques and money orders should be made payable.

RICHARD MALCOLM, *Hon. Sec.*

DOLLAR, 23<sup>rd</sup> October 1913.

We have been asked by the Committee to announce that they wish to close the subscription list by the end of the year if possible.

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In the last number of the *Magazine* we published a closely-reasoned article on the question whether the Town Council should acquire, for the purposes of a Town Hall and offices, the East U.F. Church, left vacant by the union of the two U.F. congregations. The writer earnestly commended the purchase. After the question had been before the public for the time required by statute, a poll of the householders was taken on the 1st of October, which resulted in a large majority against the purchase. And "thereby hangs a tale."

Unfortunately, a number of the householders who were opposing the Town Council scheme absented themselves from a meeting called by the rate-payers to consider it, but circulated on the eve of the poll a leaflet reflecting—we think very unjustly—on the manner in which the Town Council had received and treated petitions signed by some of the ratepayers. The immediate result was the resignation of Provost Green, Bailie Anderson, and Bailie Waddell, who, to use the Provost's words, looked upon the paragraph as "a blow below the belt," and consequently resolved to demit office, leaving the public service to their accusers. On the merits of the question we give the words of Councillor Macbeth, who was conversant with all details, and whose legal training enabled him to form an opinion entitled to the highest respect. He said: "In the recent crisis brought about by an assertion in the leaflet issued on the eve of the late poll I took no active part. . . . I am quite ready to admit that some whose names appear on that leaflet may have adhibited their signatures without reflection or realisation of the gravity of the charge which was therein made, and under the quite mistaken idea that this Council could carry through the Town Hall proposal without reference to their constituents, but after consideration I think the Provost was justified in regarding the matter seriously. His offer to withdraw his resignation if regret was expressed for the reflection cast on his impartiality was an eminently fair one. In view both of the inaccuracy of the statement and its regrettable results, such expression of regret would have been creditable to all concerned and would have provided the best solution of the crisis into which the affairs of the burgh had been so unexpectedly and unnecessarily (for that is the aspect of it which strikes one most forcibly) precipitated. On the merits of the question of acquiring the Burnside Church as a Town Hall I differ from Provost Green. . . . All the more because I am not with him on the merits do I feel it incumbent on me to say that in my opinion 'the action of Provost Green was absolutely right and proper throughout, and I wish to dissociate myself in the very strongest manner from the treatment he has received.'"

We shall do nothing so superfluous and so unnecessary as to descant upon Provost Green's faithful public services, upon the honour and integrity with which he pursued his straightforward public course through every difficulty during his term of office. We must also express much regret that the burgh has lost the services of Bailie Anderson and Bailie Waddell, who, as conveners of Committees, did valuable work in their departments.

The first meeting of the newly elected Town Council was held on the evening of Monday, 10th November, when all the members were present, the new councillors being Mr C. Beresford, Mr G. Donaldson, and Mr A. Drysdale. The first business was the election of Provost in room of Mr Green resigned. As two seats were still unfilled—only three candidates having come forward for five vacancies—Councillor Macbeth now moved for delay till the Board was complete. This was supported by Mrs Malcolm, who said that she would be very glad to support the proposal, if there was any possibility of Provost Green returning. Their late Provost asked for very little. He had promised to return to the Board and complete his term of office, if the authors of the Town Hall circular stated that a mistake had been made. He did not ask

them to say that they were sorry, but only to admit the error they had fallen into. Many of those who received a copy of the circular never read it, and were not aware of the imputation cast upon Provost Green. In any case, he was quite willing to return if the statement was withdrawn, and, on that account, she thought it would be wise to wait a little. It was perfectly well known that there was no justification for the manner in which he had been treated.

The majority, however, were opposed to delay, and Councillor, now Bailie M'Diarmid moved that Mrs Malcolm be elected Provost. This was seconded by Councillor Beresford, and unanimously agreed to. In returning thanks, Provost Malcolm said that she felt highly honoured by the action of her colleagues in placing her in this important and responsible position. She could only say that she had a deep sense of what she owed to the town that had befriended her for so many years, and that had asked her six years ago to take part in the work of the Council. It would be her constant aim to promote the best interests of the community and to watch over the destinies of their beloved town, whose equal for natural beauty and charm was not to be found in the United Kingdom. She asked them all for a continuance of their sympathy and loyal support, and, in conclusion, thanked them again most sincerely for the great honour they had conferred upon her.

We understand that immediately on the election of Mrs Malcolm becoming known, great interest was manifested in it, and congratulations by telegram and letter poured in upon her. These messages, together with the favourable notices in the Press, show that the chivalrous choice of the Council was appreciated and approved. We are sure that we speak in the name of a community wider than Dollar when we add our felicitations and good wishes to those already mentioned. The general good is naturally as interesting to women as to men. Mr J. M'Diarmid was elected senior, and Mr C. Brown junior Bailie.

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**POSTMAN'S KNOCK.**—A most successful entertainment in aid of the Rowland Hill Memorial and Benevolent Fund was given in the Institution Hall on Thursday evening, 18th September. Mr J. B. Haig of Kellysyde presided. There was a large attendance, and the drawings, including some donations from friends unable to be present, amounted to the very handsome sum of twenty pounds odds. The entertainment was in two parts—first, there was shown a series of intensely interesting lime-light views, relating to the work of the Post Office, of which a running explanatory commentary was given by Mr Wilson, B.Sc., in a voice so clear and distinct that it was heard in all parts of the hall, and listened to in perfect silence. Beginning with the postman of three thousand years ago, and ending with the London and Windsor Aeroplane Mail, the slides exhibited the gradual growth and improvement of the machinery and methods of this important Government department. The concert programme, which formed the second part of the entertainment, was good throughout, especially the musical selections by the Sharp Trio from Tillicoultry, the songs of the Misses Kennedy, Glendevon, and of Mr J. Scott, Tillicoultry.



RETIREMENT OF DISTINGUISHED F.P.—The *London Gazette* contains notice that Colonel Henry Halcro Johnston, C.B., D.Sc., M.D., C.M., F.R.S.E., F.L.S., Army Medical Service, is placed on retired pay. Lieut.-Col. Maher is promoted to be Colonel *vice* Johnston. Colonel Johnston, who retires under the age regulations, is the fifth son of the late Mr James Johnston of Coubister, and was born in 1856. After obtaining his medical degree from Edinburgh University, he joined the Army Medical Service in 1881. Besides various home stations he has been stationed in West Africa, Mauritius, India, Straits Settlements, Egypt, his last appointment being the Deputy-Director of Medical Services at Gibraltar. He served in the Soukim Expedition of 1885 (medal with clasp and Khedive's star), in the Malaked and Buner Expeditions of 1897-98 (medal with clasp, mentioned in despatches); in the South African War, 1899-1902 (two medals with three clasps, twice mentioned in despatches, and created a Companion of the Order of the Bath). Colonel Johnston is a member of a number of scientific societies. He has written on filters, on malarial fever, and on the floras of Orkney and Mauritius.—From *Orkney Herald*.

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GOLF.—The Dollar Club has a most promising player among its members in the person of Miss Annie Laurie. She returns consistently good scores over the exceedingly tricky course there, and this month won the Club Medal with  $89 + 2 = 91$ . Her L. G. U. handicap is rapidly diminishing, and it may be remembered that she was one of the competitors who qualified to compete for the trophy presented by *Ladies' Golf* this year, although she was unfortunately unable to play in the finals.—From *Ladies' Golf* of 23rd October, by Miss Katherine Stuart.

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FINE ART.—In Dundee Art Society's Exhibition, Miss Minnie Kynoch (F.P.), among much other excellent work of good colour and drawing, is probably best represented by "The Cathedral, Montrieul," and "An Old Street in Picardy."

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APPOINTMENT FOR F.P.—In the *Gazette* of India, dated 17th October, we read, and with much pleasure, that John Izat has been appointed Superintendent of Works on the Sara-Serajganj Railway.

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"THE MAGAZINE."—Mr James Dudgeon, Birkenhead, writes: "If the Classic Burgh's thanks to Dr Strachan are overdue, so surely are mine to the *Dollar Magazine*. How many delightful hours, instructive and entertaining, has it given me during the years of its existence, and yet I have not once written to say, 'Thank you,' although I have often thought of doing so. And I fear from occasional gentle hints in its columns there must be many more similarly negligent readers. Yet we are not really ungrateful. Taught at Dollar Academy, how could we be? If only wireless telegraphy were in general use, transmitting our thoughts to their proper destination, I feel sure the appearance of each number of our deservedly popular Quarterly would find you bombarded with messages of gratitude from everywhere within the

reach of that wonderful system's wonderfully long arm. And we know it would need all its reach to compass the whereabouts of Dollar F.P.'s.

"With grateful thanks to all who give time and talents for the benefit of the *Magazine* and its readers, and a big, big share for yourself, believe me, Yours sincerely."

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ANOTHER F.P. in the Far East writes: "All my friends out here who have seen the *Dollar Magazine* say they have never seen a school magazine to compare with it, and are quite enthusiastic about the photographs. They say they have never seen anything to come up to the scenery around Dollar. I hope the 'footer' team will do well this winter."

(The *Dollar Magazine* is not a school magazine, though some pages of it are set aside for School Notes. Our correspondent is in error.—Ed.)

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An F.P. now resident on the Pacific slope writes: "My heart warms all the time for the old place, and it would give me much pleasure to read sometimes of some of the 'Old Boys' doings. Mr Malcolm was the only master interested in cricket the year that I was captain. He was our treasurer and faithful umpire, and gave the boys generous encouragement. Dr John Strachan was our family doctor in those days gone past."

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YOUNG MEN'S GUILD.—We learn with much pleasure that Herbert C. Sloan, C.A., was elected at the top of the poll to the Central Committee of Management of the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild in Edinburgh. He also headed the poll for the Guild Missionary Council there. In addition Mr Sloan is President of the Dumbartonshire Guild Council, and Hon. Secretary for the annual conference of the Guild which is to be held in Clydebank in the autumn of 1914.

We are favoured with a copy of the Syllabus of the Dollar Young Men's Guild, and we are glad to note that the President, Mr Alexander, has again been able to secure the help of several speakers. The younger members are also encouraged to come forward with short papers. A new feature is introduced, namely, a "Combined Meeting with Women's Guild," the first of which is addressed by Miss Haig of Dollarfield.

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WOMEN'S GUILD.—The opening meeting of the Women's Guild in connection with the Parish Church was held on Wednesday evening, 8th October, in the Drill Hall. Mrs Dobie of Dollarbeg, President of the Guild, presided over a large gathering of willing workers. After tea, a programme of music was submitted by Mrs Johnston, Miss Haig, Miss Laurie, Miss Bertram, Miss C. Howden, and Miss Izat of Balliliesk. An interesting address on "Mission Work in India" was given by Mrs Stevenson of Gargunnoch.

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BURNSIDE CHURCH.—We are glad to be able to state that Burnside Church is still to be used for religious purposes. At a meeting of the U.F. congregation, held on Wednesday evening, 29th October, it was agreed to accept the offer of Mr M'Arthur Moir of Hillfoot for the purchase of this

Church at the sum of £350. Mr Moir has generously gifted the edifice to the Established Church to be used as a Church Hall.

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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—A successful sale of cake, sweets, flowers and baskets, in aid of the Musical Association, which for so many years has been conducted by Mr Jas. Baillie, was held in the U.F. Church Hall on Thursday afternoon, 20th November. Rev. A. Easton Spence introduced Miss Haig of Dollarfield, who in formally declaring the sale open and wishing it every success, expressed the pleasure it gave her in doing what she could to help a society so deserving of support and encouragement. In the evening a "Café Chantant" was held, when an attractive programme of songs, quartettes, glees, piano solo and orchestral selections was submitted and thoroughly appreciated. During the evening there was a service of tea and cake. Rev. A. Easton Spence, who presided, remarked that Mr Baillie had almost attained his majority as conductor of the Association, and trusted he would be long spared to carry on such a worthy and useful work. At the close, Mr Spence, on behalf of the Association, thanked all those who had in any way assisted. He had much pleasure in stating that the result had far exceeded their expectations, and the Association would now be enabled to clear off the debt caused by the purchase of a piano and double bass and have a balance over. The total drawings amounted to £27. 5s. 6d.

\* \* \* \* \*

NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.—At the monthly meeting of the Club on Tuesday, 14th October, in the Athenæum Hall, Dr Strachan presided over a fair attendance of members and friends. Some interesting plants and fungi were exhibited by Rev. J. Taylor, and brief comments made on each. Among these were: The Melancholy Thistle, an uncommon variety of cress, the beef-steak fungus, a sweet-smelling fungus, and one familiarly called the beautiful horn. Following this came an exceedingly interesting and educative lecture by Mr J. M. Calvert Wilson, B.Sc., on "The Migration of Plants from Water to Land." The information was clearly and connectedly given; and the rapidly executed illustrations on the black board conveyed it more intelligently to the mind than if words alone had been the vehicle of communication. As the lecturer skilfully and expeditiously interpreted the story of certain pages in the glorious book of Nature, one was impressed with the fact that each succeeding development in plant organisation was the provision of infinite wisdom for its adaptation to the differing environment. Dr Strachan and the Rev. Mr Taylor, in appreciative words, acknowledged the excellence of the lecture and the kindness of Mr Wilson in delivering it. Hearty thanks were accorded him. Before separating, the President intimated that the November lecture would be given by Mr Buncle, Dunfermline.

Many friends met with the members on Tuesday evening, 4th November, in the Athenæum Hall, when an interesting lecture was given by Mr Buncle, Vice-President of the Naturalist Association, Dunfermline. Mr Buncle's subject was "The Voice of the Birds." Many of our familiar feathered songsters passed under review in turn; and distinguishing characteristics of song, plumage, and habits were pointed out with the facility and accuracy



of the keenly observant nature-lover. Poetry was freely drawn on, and the quotations, which were expressively rendered, were exceedingly apt, the study of Nature and Nature's ways being conducive to the lines of thought voiced in the quotations: God, "Closer than breathing, nearer than hands or feet"; "There is healing and help in the joy of the Bird," proved the assertion made at the beginning, that true science, properly applied, ought to have the effect of uplifting the whole being of man. A few words were afterwards devoted to emphasise the constant pleasure to be derived from an intelligent interest in this study, opportunities being easily within reach. At the close, on the motion of the Rev. Mr Taylor, a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer.

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PROMOTION.—We note that Mr Roslyn Whittaker has been transferred from the unattached list of Territorial Officers and gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in the 4th Royal Berkshire Regiment.

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AS ITHERS SEE US.—Miss C. H. Colville, a prominent member of the School of Mission Study, which held its summer gathering in Dollar, writes in the *Missionary Record of the United Free Church*: "It was a glorious July evening when we steamed into the little country station of Dollar. A pretty picture greeted us—the town with its bright, rose-decked gardens nestling happily at the foot of the glorious hills in the background.

"In the very heart of the town, surrounded by a fine park, stood the stately building of Dollar Academy, and farther up the glen to the right rose the dark battlements of Castle Campbell. The soft evening sunlight cast a spell over everything, and worked wonders in lights and shades on the hills beyond—those 'hills of home' whose calm restfulness strengthened and quietened us many times in the busy days to come."

Mr Stafford P. Cox, of Oulton Broad Council School, writes: "One thing impressed us exceedingly in Scotland, and that was the keenness evinced by Scotch people over the education of their children, and the splendid provision made for this from the higher to the lower rungs of the educational ladder. The universities are unrivalled for their learning, the grammar schools and academies are munificently endowed, and the primary schools are well equipped, staffed, and organised. Take the little town of Dollar, for instance, near which we were delayed so long. It has an excellent Board School where nearly all the children of all classes get a good grounding. But very few children were to be found above Standard V., for at this stage they may pass straight on to the Secondary School known as Dollar Academy. The Academy is one of the most famous of its kind in Scotland. Its pupils have become distinguished all over the world as scientists, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, judges, civil servants, engineers, artists, and professional men of every description. From the *Dollar Magazine* one gets an excellent idea of its traditions, its old scholars' clubs, and its beneficial and far-reaching influences."

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THE Third Annual Smoking Concert of the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club was held in Ferguson & Forrester's, Glasgow, on Monday, 20th October 1913. There were present, amongst others, Dr John Cram, Messrs John

C. Christie, Alexander Wardlaw, Donald Stewart, William Neilson, T. B. Anderson, John K. Lamberton, William Johnstone, and Herbert C. Sloan, Honorary Secretary. An excellent programme was submitted, in which Messrs Flower, Saunders, M'Kinnon, Penman, and the Rev. John Hamilton took part.

During the evening Dr Cram, the president, presented the Dempster Challenge Trophy to the winner, Mr W. O. Spence, who suitably acknowledged. Mr William Neilson proposed a vote of thanks to the entertainers, which was heartily responded to.

Apologies for absence were intimated from Messrs John Dempster, William H. Raeburn, and J. B. Forbes Watson.

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**DOLLAR ASSOCIATION.**—The Annual General Meeting of this Association was held in the Athenæum Hall on Wednesday evening, 1st October, there being rather a small turn-out of members. The following were elected as office-bearers and committee:—*Hon. President*, Dr Strachan; *President*, Provost Green; *Vice-Presidents*, the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., and Mr C. S. Dougall, M.A.; *Secretary*, Mr P. D. Lauder; *Treasurer*, Mr A. M. J. Graham; *Committee*, the Rev. A. E. Spence, Messrs J. Alexander, W. Henderson, A. Muckersie, and Mr Allsopp. It was agreed to have family tickets, admitting two members at 5s.; single members 3s.

An excellent syllabus was drawn up, consisting of six lectures, one public lecture, one musical evening, and two debates. The subjects of debates are: "Did Bacon write the Shakespeare Plays?" and "Compulsory Military Service."

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**ERRATUM.**—We wish to point out an error that occurs in the June number of the *Magazine*, No. 46, page 81, line 21, where "*Mr Barclay*" appears instead of "*Mrs Barclay*." The question should be, "Is it true that *Mrs Barclay* is appointed Moderator of the General Assembly?" Without this change, there is no point in Miss Christie's closing comment.

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**MUNICIPAL.**—We very cordially congratulate Mr Walter H. Mungall (F.P.) on his being elected Provost of Crieff.

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**ST ANDREW SOCIETY.**—At the 88th Annual Meeting of the St Andrew Society, Quebec, Mr William Morton Massey (F.P.) was elected President in room of Colonel Turnbull resigned. Hearty congratulations!

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DOLLAR INSTITUTION,  
DOLLAR, N.B., 10th December 1913.

### LIBRARY.

DEAR DOCTOR,—On behalf of the Governors, I have to thank you for the twenty-fourth volume of *Transactions of the Institute of Marine Engineers* sent to the School Library, through you, by Mr Adamson, London. I have placed this volume in the Library along with the previous volumes formerly sent by Mr Adamson. No doubt you have thanked Mr Adamson for this continued favour to his old School.—I am, yours faithfully,

THOS. J. YOUNG.

DR STRACHAN, Netherley.

## THE JOHN DOUGLAS MEMORIAL.

*To the Editors.*

DEAR SIRS,—In response to the suggestion made by Mr C. J. F. Davie, I have received the following subscriptions towards erecting a grave-stone in memory of the late Mr John Douglas. The list is now closed, and I would beg you to convey my sincere thanks to all who have contributed.

Mr C. J. F. Davie, Buenos Aires -	-	-	£1	0	0
Mr G. A. H. Douglas, Glasgow -	-	-	0	10	6
Mr J. B. Gow, Glasgow -	-	-	1	0	0
Mr A. Drysdale, Dollar -	-	-	0	2	6
Mrs Fraser, <i>née</i> Douglas, Torquay	-	-	5	0	0
Mr S. Pitt, Glasgow -	-	-	0	10	0
The Rev. A. S. Middleton, Glasgow	-	-	0	2	6
Mrs Ritchie, Busby -	-	-	0	5	0
Mr Jas. Dudgeon, Birkenhead -	-	-	0	10	0
Mr Robert Dudgeon, Birkenhead	-	-	0	10	0
Mr R. Stanhouse, Dollar -	-	-	0	5	0
Mr J. Alexander, Colinton -	-	-	0	10	0
Mr James Simpson, Aberdona -	-	-	1	0	0
Mr E. M'A. Moir, Colchester -	-	-	0	10	0
Mr J. M. Cowan, Dollar -	-	-	0	5	0
Mr W. Douglas, Dartmouth -	-	-	2	0	0
Mr A. Wardlaw, Glasgow -	-	-	0	10	0
Mr H. L. Blacklaw, Ceylon -	-	-	1	0	0
Mr J. Geddes, Argentina -	-	-	1	0	0
Mr H. Geddes, Argentina -	-	-	1	0	0
Mr N. M. Geddes, Argentina -	-	-	1	0	0
Mrs C. J. F. Davie, Buenos Aires	-	-	0	5	0
Dr Cram, Glasgow -	-	-	0	5	0
Mr C. Manifold, Buenos Aires	-	-	1	0	0
Mr John Dempster, Row -	-	-	0	5	0
Mr W. M. Massey, Canada -	-	-	1	0	0
Mr John Simpson, Dollar -	-	-	0	2	6

£21 8 0

### Obituary.

DONALDSON—At Holmfoot, Alva, on the 13th September, Thomas Donaldson (F.P.), in his 74th year.

BARTHOLOMEW—Suddenly, at Brooklyn, Dollar, on the 14th October, Grace Storrar, beloved daughter of the late Alexander Bartholomew, Blairingone, and of Mrs Bartholomew, Dollar.

YOUNG—Suddenly, at Bridge Street, Dollar, on Saturday, 25th October, Jemima Henderson, wife of Robert Young, draper.

YOUNG—At Bridge Street, Dollar, on the 19th November, Robert Young, draper, son of the late Robert Young, manufacturer, Tillicoultry, in his 77th year.

STODDART—At Ivy Croft, Dollar, on the 20th November, Alexander, eldest son of John Stoddart, lapper, Dollarfield.



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MR AND MRS ROBERT YOUNG.

Again we have to record the deaths of two of our oldest and best-known Dollar residents. Mr Robert Young, for more than forty years a diligent and honoured merchant, came shortly after his marriage and commenced business as a draper in Dollar, and during the whole of that long period was greatly helped by the genial kindliness and business aptitude of his wife, who did much to make his business venture a success. Mr Young was for many years the Treasurer and Session Clerk of the congregation that used to worship in the Burnside Church, under the pastorate of Rev. W. B. R. Wilson. And no one could have more faithfully and efficiently discharged the duties of these offices than he. His wife, who was like-minded with her excellent husband, was a deeply religious woman, and took a great interest and a prominent part in temperance work as well as in Sabbath School and evangelistic effort. Mr Young was a man of conspicuous public spirit, having been a member of the municipality from its first creation, and for many years also the Senior Bailie. He was also a member of the Parish Council, and took a large share in its work. It was an impressive circumstance that the deaths of Mr and Mrs Robert Young followed one another with singular closeness, Mrs Young having died suddenly on the 25th of October, and her husband having followed her little more than three weeks later on the 19th of November. Dollar public life is much poorer for the losses noted above: and the church with which the respected couple, whom we here commemorate, were so long connected will miss them sorely, and will not forget them soon.

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### Marriages.

M'INTYRE—SMITH—At 1084 Bordeaux Street, Montreal, on the 7th October, by the Rev. J. A. Lees, Alexander M'Intyre (F.P.), head electrician, Oreighton Mines, Ontario, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late Captain John Smith, late of 286 Perth Road, Dundee.

BERESFORD—WATSON—At St Matthew's Episcopal Church, Winnipeg, on the 12th of November, by the Rev. R. B. MacElheran, Herbert Graham Beresford, M.L.S., eldest son of H. J. Beresford, Dollar, to Donalda Margaret, daughter of Mr and Mrs Watson, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

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### School Notes.

THE monthly School services were resumed in October. The Rev. Mr Armstrong conducted the first service, and delivered an able address on "The Love of Money." The Rev. Mr Strang, Shettleston, took charge of the November meeting, and delighted a large audience of pupils and teachers with a sketch of the life and character of Jonathan. It is hoped that the December service will be conducted by a distinguished former pupil of the Academy.

Seldom has any school had the distinction of having awarded to two of its former pupils, at an interval of only two years, the Ferguson Scholarship, the highest award offered to students in Scottish Universities. In 1911, Hector J. W. Hetherington, M.A., gained the Fellowship in Mental Philosophy. This year Matthew W. Robieson, M.A., has been successful in the same subject. We are all proud of their achievement.

We congratulate Ronald M'Andrew on his graduation with Honours in Classics, and also Miss Jessie M. Younger on gaining the Lorimer Bursary in Mathematics in Glasgow University.

We are pleased to observe, from the I.C.S. Seniority List, that W. R. C. Callander has greatly improved his position by the marks gained in the final examination.

C. A. Paterson is gaining credit as Captain of Glasgow 'Varsity 1st XV.; and Edward Myers is making a name for himself in Yorkshire football. The *Glasgow Herald*, the other day, said: "E. Myers, who captained Dollar Institution last season, is now one of the luminaries of the English Rugby firmament. His success has been remarkable, as is evidenced by the fact that one reliable writer says he is the best outside half-back in England, which is certainly very high praise when one takes into account the many fine players there are in this position across the Border. Myers's success in club football with Headingley was instantaneous, and his achievements in county games for Yorkshire have been so marked that he is almost certain of his place in the North of England team. Two of the English selectors witnessed his play in the 'battle of the Roses' the other day, and are said to have been much impressed with his general worth. Myers was considered very good at Dollar, and played some brilliant games for the Institution, but even his warmest admirers scarcely expected he would rush to the front in the remarkable way he has done." We notice that V. Cowley and E. N. MacNaught are playing regularly for 1st Clydesdale. It is gratifying to see the younger F.P.'s taking their part in the game, especially when men like J. K. Lamberton, R. M'Lachlan, and G. U. Reid, who have brought credit to Dollar in the past, are retiring from the field.

We give the customary photograph of the three match-playing football teams, with the names and birthplaces of the members. In each team the forwards are standing and the backs sitting, except where otherwise noted on the margin.

Out of the forty-five members named, the so-called "Foreigners" this year number only sixteen (four less than in each of the two previous years); whilst Scotland was the birthplace of twenty-one, only one of whom was born in Dollar.

Eighteen members of last season's three-team group are now with us—an unusually small number of survivors—only three of whom wore the 1st XV. jersey in last year's photograph.

The usual age, height, and weight figures for the teams as photographed,

and also for the 1st XV. as subsequently altered, are given below. The notes refer to the latter team, which contains Walker, Hogben for MacIntosh, Macfarlane for Shaw, and Muil for Dewar. The figures are for September:—

## 1ST XV.

	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
	Yr. Mon.	ft. in.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.
Average * - - - -	16 7½	5 7½	9 10	9 5	10 0
Last season - - - -	17 0	5 7½	9 13½	9 9	10 3
This season (as in photograph) -	16 3½	5 8	9 13	9 2	10 9
„ (later) - - - -	16 6	5 7¾	9 12	9 2	10 7

\* Age = average of 15 years. Height and weight = average of 10 years. All inclusive of this year.

## 2ND XV.

Average † - - - -	15 9	5 6	8 13	8 2½	9 4
Last season - - - -	15 7	5 6½	9 3	8 8	9 11
This season - - - -	15 9	5 6½	9 0	8 8	9 5

† Average of 7 years, inclusive of this year.

## 3RD XV.

Average ‡ - - - -	15 4	5 3½	7 10¾	7 3½	8 2½
Last season - - - -	15 4½	5 4	7 13	7 1	8 7
This season - - - -	15 8½	5 3½	7 13	7 6½	8 5

‡ Average of 4 years, inclusive of this year.

The members of the team varied in September from exactly nineteen years to nearly fifteen years. Smith, Welsh, Bonthron, and the two Murrays, in the order named, are the giants of this year's teams, standing 6 feet or within about an inch thereof.

Smith, Bonthron, Harris, and Welsh, in descending order, are the heavyweights, scaling from practically 12 stones to almost 11 stones. Two members of the 1st XV. weigh from 10 to 10½ stones, eight from just under 9 stones to nearly 10 stones. Chuan, under 8 stones, has had one or two even lighter, though few more worthy, predecessors at half-back. The average weight is nearly the same as in Cross's and Myers's teams, but is 3 lbs. less than in Heyworth's before-Christmas team.

It will be noticed that the backs are a very light lot. In three previous teams, however, the backs were of practically the same average weight, whilst in Leonard's team (1902-03) they were lighter by 4 lbs. per man. The forwards, on the other hand, average 3 lbs. more than the previous heaviest (Cross's).  
A. D.

The football season was ushered in by a keenly contested game between a mixed team of present and former pupils and the officers of H.M.S. "Superb." The officers were a very hefty lot and kept up the pressure all the time, but Reid, M'Culloch, and Walker each managed to get across and score for the School.

The F.P.'s match saw the season commenced in earnest. The old boys



settled down at once, and gave the School a very anxious time. Good defence kept them out for much longer than was expected, but M'Lachlan, taking full advantage of a mistake in the defence, crossed over for a fine try.

Not long afterwards the same player picked up from a cross kick by Myers, eluded the defence, and scored again. Before half-time Ross, from a loose scrimmage near the goal line, touched down for the F.P.'s third score, and Myers shortly afterwards followed suit with a characteristic run and score. The second half was a keen tussle against the School defence, but it weathered the storm, and from a line-out Walker scored for the School.

Unfortunately for the School, Walker has been off since the F.P.'s game, and several others have been colded, so that much arranging and re-arranging of the 1st XV. has been the result, and the team is really playing below strength. This has also affected the 2nd XV. and 3rd XV. Thus adverse results are not due to bad play, but to weakening of the teams to fill up the 1st XV.

The games against Glasgow Academy and Glenalmond were put off owing to fear of carrying infection. The latter unfortunately could not arrange another date, but the game against the former was played later on, and ended in the defeat of our first by a narrow margin. We understand that the first could have come out easy winners had they played up and put a little more vim into their work.

Against Royal High School the first had a fairly easy job, running out winners with a large margin, and building up hopes for further success.

The game at Myreside against Watson's was very closely contested, and in some respects gave the School quite a hard task to do. Taken all over however, we are inclined to say that Watson's was lucky in the kick which brought the penalty goal. The School showed fine form at tackling and spoiling the Watson's attack, but the finishing of the threes could be bettered yet.

The 2nd XV. had a walk-over victory against Morrison's Academy, but, in so far as the team has been made up of several 3rd XV. boys, with they result that they only managed to keep their head above the water in the Glasgow Academy game, and came a bad cropper against 2nd Watson's. The latter team, however, is exceptionally strong, in fact not far removed from 1st XV. strength.

The 3rd have played two matches, and gone down in both, though the fought pluckily each time against heavier and speedier opponents.

The following table gives the results to date :—

1ST XV.				2ND XV.			
Opponents.		Points.		Opponents.		Points.	
		For	Agt.			For	Agt.
Sept. 29	F.P.'s - - -	3	12	Oct. 11	Glenalmond - -	off	...
Oct. 11	Glenalmond - -	off	...	„ 18	Morrison's Academy -	61	0
Nov. 1	Royal High School -	21	3	Nov. 8	Glasgow Academy -	3	3
„ 8	Glasgow Academy -	7	10	„ 15	George Watson's Coll.	0	21
„ 15	George Watson's College	3	3	„ 22	Stanley House - -	39	0
„ 29	George Heriot's -	9	3				

*A. Drysdale*

*Back Row (standing)*—F. Campbell (Dublin); G. Murray (China); D. Ferguson (S. Uist); *T. Welsh (Lancashire)*; D. Smith (Lancashire); G. Bonthron (Fife); D. Gordon (Dorset); R. Bwy (India); J. Cameron (London).

*Front Row (standing)*—C. Muil (Alloa); I. Clark (Perthshire); H. Dodds (Argentina); T. Gillespie (Ayrshire); J. Bennie (Spain); *J. Tuckwell (Argyle)*; *S. Murray (China)*; *J. Harris (Stirlingshire)*; *G. Dewar (China)*; J. Pollock (Portugal); D. Forsyth (Glasgow); H. Borthwick (Peeblesshire); J. Neil (Glasgow); N. Wright (London).

*Sitting*—W. Matthewson (Dundee); J. Hogben (Edinburgh); A. Finlinson (Glasgow); *L. Hope (India)*; *J. Watson (Lanarkshire)*; *H. MacColl, Captain (Java)*; *P. MacIntosh (S. Africa)*; *C. Shaw (Dollar)*; C. Mackenzie (B. Columbia); C. Dougall (Glasgow); D. Ralston (Glasgow).

*On Ground*—R. Macfarlane (New York); J. Leach (Yorkshire); E. Davidson (India); R. Muir (Glasgow); *J. M'Laren, Forward (Stirlingshire)*; *L. Chuan (Penang)*; R. Gordon (Dorset); A. McDonnell (India); H. Walker (India); J. Oliver (Cheshire). *T. Walker, Half-back (Berwickshire)*, is absent from the First XV

## 3RD XV.

	Opponents.	Points.	
		For	Agt.
Oct. 8	Glasgow Academy - - -	3	25
„ 15	George Watson's College - - -	0	45

## HOCKEY.

In spite of the fact that the Hockey Club has more members this season than for many years, the results of matches are anything but favourable. After three losses, however, the girls have realised that hockey is not a game which every one plays for herself, and that, to win matches, practice games must be played with as much energy and determination as the matches. In the match against the staff the girls promised well, but unfortunately they did not maintain the same style against Madras College. This match was characterised by slackness and "funk," such as one hopes never to see exhibited again by Dollar girls. In the Falkirk High School game, Dollar, with a rearranged forward line, did much better, but found it difficult to adapt their play to a cinder pitch, with a very marked slope to one end. In the match against George Watson's, the Dollar girls showed what their capabilities really are, and the forwards, for the first time this season, played together, and with plenty of "dash." The half-time score was 2-0 against Dollar, but in the second half, when the home team had the advantage of the slope, a fine attacking game was played, and 6 goals put on in good style. In *all* the matches the three halves have played a splendid game, particularly the left and centre half, and have shown a determination and energy when playing a losing game such as might be copied by all other members of the club with advantage. It is hoped that the girls will maintain their form of November 15, but they can only do this by putting their whole heart into the game, and playing together in practices as well as matches, and by obeying their captain, and assisting her in every possible way for the good of the club.

## RESULTS OF MATCHES.

Date.	Club.	Ground.	Goals.	
			For.	Against.
October 18 -	Staff - - -	Dollar -	5	7
November 1	Madras College - - -	Dollar -	2	5
„ 8	Falkirk High School -	Falkirk -	1	3
„ 15	George Watson's College -	Dollar -	6	4
„ 22	Larbert Ladies - - -	Dollar -	3	1
„ 29	Dunfermline P.T.C. 2nd XI.	Dunfermline -	0	1

**GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.**—This Society began the new session on 10th October, when Mr Wilson delivered the opening lecture, taking as his subject, "When all the World was Young." In the course of



his lecture he traced the gradual evolution of life on this planet, from its earliest manifestations to the cave and lake dwellers on the misty verge of history. Each stage in the process was illustrated by a number of fine slides, the figures in which, though apparently based on scientific fact, would have adorned the most fantastic nightmare. Mr Wilson well deserved the hearty vote of thanks conveyed to him at the close of the meeting.

The "Hat Night" this year was an unqualified success. Never before have subjects of such general interest been proposed, and on no former occasion has the discussion been so lively and well sustained. On 31st October Miss Bonnar read her paper on "The Brontë's," an effort marked by its sympathetic treatment and its fulness of knowledge. The first debate of the season was on the proposition, "That Autumn is more beautiful than Spring," the leaders on the affirmative side being Misses Calder and Eddie, on the negative, Misses Brereton and Sands. When the subject had been considered from all sides a vote was taken, and autumn carried the day by the narrow majority of one.

The rest of the syllabus is very interesting, one novel feature being the reading of Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." Any girl who has not yet joined the Society should do so at once.

The Boys' Literary and Debating Society opened its session on 17th October, when the Rev. Mr Taylor delivered the first lecture, taking for his subject, "On Active Service in N.W. India." Mr Taylor made the most of a very interesting subject, and imparted so much of the personal element into his remarks that all seemed to live over with him those days in the rocky fastnesses of the wild north-west. The lecture was illustrated by a very fine series of pictures, which lent an added charm to what was a most entertaining lecture. At the close Mr Taylor was awarded a very hearty vote of thanks.

The second meeting of the session was given over to debate. The subject under discussion was, "Is Aviation worth the Toll?" C. R. Dougall took the affirmative and A. Younger the negative. An animated and at times heated discussion took place, in which almost all those present joined, and in the end the affirmative triumphed by a majority of six votes. The principals in the debate showed much ability as debaters and speakers, especially the mover of the affirmative. He clinched his argument on every occasion, and gave few openings for the other side to hit him heavily.

The remainder of the syllabus is quite entertaining, and we hope that every available boy will turn out to the meetings and try to gain that experience in speaking which shall stand him in good stead for ever afterwards.

#### THE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Lists of those cadets who have qualified in musketry and efficiency have been posted, and we are pleased to see that the majority of the cadets have gained both qualifications. Drill has been carried on as usual in the open, unless the weather was too boisterous. At such times the O.C. has delivered short lectures on important points in connection with the study of modern

warfare. The drummers are now fit for duty, and await the pipers making up on them. We expect the band to be a reality in the very near future. At present there are five cadets learning to play the drum, and five busy at the pipes.

Indoor shooting will commence as soon as the days shorten, and the officers hope to arrange competitions for all the members of the corps during the winter.

The O.C. still looks for more recruits, and we wish to urge the boys to remember that they are citizens of a great Empire, and that it is their duty to fit themselves for the protection of that Empire, and by joining the corps they are not only showing their loyalty to their King and their Empire, but to their School.

We cannot understand why so many of the bigger boys prefer to loll about aimlessly on the Wednesday afternoons, when such an opportunity is given them to make themselves more manly and more useful to their motherland.

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#### YOU AND ME.

Are we the Girls, are we the Boys  
To maintain the old School's glories,  
Or is the fame its name enjoys  
To live but in old-time stories?

#### *Chorus.*

We are good as ever,  
As handsome, strong, and clever,  
Or better—if that can be;  
So let every jolly scholar  
Greet the grand old School of Dollar  
With a rousing Three-times-three  
With a Hey! for Dollar,  
And a Ho! for Dollar,  
And a cheer for you and me.

Once, F.P.'s tell us, in our halls  
Philosophers would ponder,  
And in the woods and by the falls  
Painters and poets wander.

They quote K.C.'s, G.C.M.G.'s,  
M.P.'s, A.R.S.A.'s, sirs;  
What though as yet we are none of these—  
Ne'er mourn degenerate days, sirs

For did these heroes here achieve  
Their all—since then to languish?  
Did Gill, or Dewar, or Izat, leave  
With no more worlds to vanquish?

Proconsul, General, F.R.S.,  
 Lord Provost, Knight, D.D., sirs—  
 Who did for these the future guess  
 More than for you and me, sirs?

We have skill and will, like those we have sung,  
 Our feet are on their ladder;  
 When we, too, reach the topmost rung,  
 They'll greet us there, none gladder.

We are the Girls, we are the Boys,  
 To maintain eternally, sirs,  
 More than the fame our past enjoys;  
 So here's to you and me, sirs!

A. D.

## The Greater Dollar Directory.

### NEW ADDRESSES.

BERESFORD, CHARLES, c/o Mrs Evans, 104 Lewis Street, Newport, Mon.  
 BEVERIDGE, J. Y., Patterson Block, Fresno, California.  
 BUCHANAN, H. P., 19 St Vincent Place, Glasgow.  
 FOSTON, Dr E. C., Superintendent, Straits Settlement Emigration, Negapatam.  
 GEDDES, JAMES, HENRY, and NORMAN, c/o Messrs Geddes Hermanos,  
 Casilla de Correo 110, Bahia Blanca, Argentina.  
 GREENLEES, A. M., Stewarton, near Campbeltown.  
 RUDD, C. D., 8 Old Jewry, London, E.C.  
 WHITTAKER, R., School House, Leighton Park, Reading.  
 YOUNG, W. MORE, 216 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

### CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

BERESFORD, H. G., 859 Ingersoll Street, Winnipeg, Canada.  
 DARBY, Mrs G. M., Panmurebank, Carnoustie.  
 DAWSON, Mrs, Seaton Villa, Liverpool Road, Ashton-in-Makerfield, Lancs.  
 DRYSDALE, EWART G., Kajuri P.O., South Sylhet, India.  
 FISH, W. LOUIS, 288 Roseville Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.  
 GIBSON, R. H., Trenton, Bank of Nova Scotia, Nova Scotia, Canada.  
 LYON, T. A., Station House, Lenzie Junction.  
 MACFIE, KATE F., 24 Salisbury Road, Hove, Brighton.  
 MACKECHNIE, ARCH. F., P.O. Box 1956, Montreal.  
 MOIR, ARCHIBALD, Iquique, Chile.  
 OJEDA, JOSÉ, Iquique, Chile.  
 PEDEN, J. B., C.A., 18 Queen Street, Edinburgh.  
 ROBERTS, E. A., 26 Dick Street, Edinburgh.  
 SHERIFF, JAS. G., Iquique, Chile.  
 SHERIFF, W. G., Chañaral, Chile.  
 SIMPSON, DUNDAS, Tuesley Court, Godalming, Surrey.  
 STEINITZ, Miss, Comiston Road, Edinburgh.  
 TURTON, Mrs (*née* Nellie Harvey), Fernbank, Dollar.  
 WESTWOOD, D. F., Hill Top Farm, Woodchester, Strathalbyn, South Australia.