



Whitchard

Photo

PROVOST MRS MALCOLM

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Provost Mrs Malcolm.

FOLLOWING our usual custom of giving to our readers a portrait and short memoir of each new Provost of Dollar, we have the unique privilege in this number to present not only the new Provost of the Burgh of Dollar, but the first and only lady provost in Scotland. Six years ago the electors of Dollar conferred upon the burgh the distinction of having the first and only lady town councillor, which honourable position was held by Mrs Malcolm for two years, when Callander electors saw fit to come second in this respect, by placing Mrs Barlow in a similar position. Dollar has now gone one better, and still takes a lead in municipal affairs. It was on the earnest solicitation of many that Mrs Malcolm allowed herself to be nominated in 1907, and the nomination met with such favour in the community that no one was found to oppose it. Her advancement now to the high position of provost by the unanimous decision of the Council was done on no mere routine or chivalrous grounds; but in recognition of the ability and devotion to duty so conspicuously shown in the work of the burgh, as well as of the School Board and Parish Council, of which, also, she has been a most useful member. Provost Green said "he could testify to the ability with which she had always discharged her duties." Mr Munro, chairman of the Parish Council, said "they had found Mrs Malcolm a most valuable assistant. She interested herself in those questions particularly appertaining to women, which they, as mere men, did not know much about. They had found her a most valuable coadjutor in everything they had to deal with." The chairman of the School Board, Mr M'Diarmid, said, "In the School Board Mrs Malcolm had done good work; and he would refer to the extraordinary service she rendered in connection with the medical inspection of the school. In fact they could not get on very well without her." In a wider sphere the Convention of Royal Burghs on which Mrs Malcolm is our representative, showed their appreciation by appointing her on several important deputations, such as that on infantile mortality, when she attended meetings in London and elsewhere. Her favourite work has been in connection with municipal and parochial duties, especially in regard to the aged poor and boarded-out children, where her services have been especially useful.

Last year Mrs Malcolm presented to the Dollar Town Council a beautiful gold and enamel chain of office to be worn by the provost on

official occasions. The various links are inscribed with the names of previous provosts, and that of Mr R. Malcolm appears third, I think, upon the list. A portrait of Provost Green wearing the chain was given in our March number of last year. Little did Mrs Malcolm then think that she should ever be called upon to do so; but it must be admitted that it suits her remarkably well. Besides her various public duties already mentioned, Mrs Malcolm holds a prominent position on the local committee under the National Insurance Act, so that her "spare time" is very fully occupied.

Whatever may be thought of "Votes for Women" on the political franchise, there can be little difference of opinion as to the value of their services in municipal, parochial, and educational matters, which come next after the home in woman's concern, and in all of which Mrs Malcolm has proved her special fitness. Her long experience with and motherly care of pupils attending the Academy, in wifely association with one of the most popular and successful of its masters, as well as her early work in teaching and training the young, have given her a special insight into the requirements of such duties.

The *Young Woman*, in an appreciative article on "Scotland's First Woman Provost," says:—

"Mrs Malcolm keenly enjoys her work, partly because of her enthusiasm and vivacious personality, and partly owing to her strong sense of humour, which has lightened many a dull and dreary debate, and enlivened the prosaic details of town lighting and sanitation."

We heartily wish Provost Mrs Malcolm a very pleasant and successful reign as Dollar's Chief Citizen. We trust that under her wise and enlightened influence and guidance, the Town Council will be led to do something to commemorate her unique provostship by some improvement on the amenity of the town; and first by toning down as far as possible the hideous array of poles and wires by which the postal authorities have so abominably disfigured its bonny face.

Home Life in Khiva.

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

THE following morning I was taken by Colonel Korniloff to see Islam Hodja, the minister to the Khan. The house was a large one, built in true native style, in a series of courts. First, one passed through one which had a lean-to glass house, then one that had a raised stone platform in the centre, on which was a flat fireplace, and the roof resting on carved pillars; the next one was planted with trees, and finally, when we reached what appeared to be the back of the buildings, formed into a verandah about 30 feet in height, supported on carved pillars and set out with chairs, a large oval bench, and a table. On the floor were Oriental rugs and green cushions, and among them prowled two mangy-looking grey and white cats. Islam Hodja was there to receive us, a good-looking man with intelligent face, tobacco-smoked teeth, and well-trimmed brown beard. He shook hands, and placed

me beside himself on the green painted oval garden seat, while he ordered tea, which was served along with sweetmeats and fancy biscuits in glass dishes, and between twelve and fifteen retainers looked on. He showed his European rooms with pride. In the first saloon was a piano, solely there as a piece of furniture, as not a soul in Khiva would have the slightest knowledge of how to use it; black and gold chairs covered in royal blue plush were set round the room on the polished wood floor, and mirrors and china vases were added as further ornaments. The winter room was decorated in native plaster work, and had a large gilt European chandelier hanging from the ceiling, but the general effect was certainly more pleasing. As a remembrance of my visit the Khan sent a large signed portrait of himself, and to this Islam added an ancient gold Khiva coin and his own signed portrait. Some weeks ago I received a strangely addressed letter, and bearing only two postmarks—Samarkand and Stirling—and this was from Natalia Anatolia, telling me of the cruel murder of Islam Hodja. The letter was written in French as follows: "A terrible event has taken place in our city. The grand vizier, Islam Hodja, has died at the hands of assassins. It happened thus: On the 9th of August, at 9 in the evening, Islam Hodja, accompanied by the other ministers, left the Khan's palace and set off driving to his own house. His coachman was with him. Near a cemetery, quite concealed by tall willows, the conspirators threw themselves on the carriage and stopped the horse. They gave the coachman some slashes with their swords on his left arm, and he fled. Islam Hodja tried also to escape, but before getting ten steps from the carriage he was seized and killed by the murderers. The cries of the wounded coachman brought the guard, but not before the conspirators had time to escape. Informed of what had happened, my husband rushed to the place. Islam Hodja was lying in a pool of blood. His head had four sword wounds, and his neck was cut. His son, Abdul Salam, was the intended victim. The assassins are not yet found. Every one regrets Islam Hodja as a good and wise man, who did much for the good of his country." A sad ending for that home.

Another day I expressed a wish to see a Mennonite colony some nine miles out into the country. Natalia Anatolia, said that would just suit, as she too wished to go, as she had a dear friend there whom she had not seen for nine years, and she also wished to buy some butter. This, I may mention, is an article of food hardly ever met with in Central Asia. It took one and a half hours to drive out over a frightful track, as there is no made road of any kind. Solai drove, and argued all the time with his mistress which was the best track to take, and I do think, out of sheer cussedness, when she said one track he said another, and usually a worse one. At length we arrived, and threaded our way to the house of Mme. von Riesen, Natalia Anatolia's friend, who neither resented nor seemed surprised at not seeing her for nine years. These colonies are scattered all over Russia, more especially in the south, and there are a few in Central Asia, another that I know of being at Ulea Atch, some five days' journey from Tachkent. Perhaps I should explain the origin of the sect, which was derived from the German Anabaptists, and called after Senor Menno, its founder, who was born in Friesland in 1496. From studying the New Testament, doubts arose in his

mind as to the teaching of the Church, so he left it and joined the Anabaptists in 1533. His followers endeavour to live up to the precepts he inculcated. They set no value on learning or elaborate doctrines, reject the taking of oaths and the undertaking of the office of a magistrate, which they hold to be contrary to the teaching of Christ; military service and vaccination are both forbidden, revenge of every kind is abhorred, and infant baptism is not recognised, the rite being postponed to the age of fifteen or sixteen, and then only by sprinkling. Their form of worship is Lutheran, and psalms and hymns are used in their services.

This colony of Ach Metsched was founded about twenty-eight years ago among the salt marshes. Drainage has done much to alter the face of the country, and as the traveller approaches his destination a veritable oasis comes into view, low roofed houses clustering among the trees, an island of verdure rising out of the stretches of water. But to return to Mme. von Riesen, whose house was the perfection of cleanliness, and one of the very few who owned some books. Herr Loeus, the Director of the colony, then appeared (I had previously met him on board the boat to Khiva), and offered to show me round. One hundred and forty families form the settlement, and of these many are the original members, as though younger members may move on to other colonies, they almost invariably return, and, of course, they intermarry. Plat Deutsch or Low German is the language in common use, but the gold of silence seems more exchanged than the silver of speech.

The women, with their scrupulously well-brushed hair, tightly drawn back in plain braids, and dressed in black or small patterned black and white checked bodices, sewing at their doors, either singly or in silent groups, looked as if they were overburdened with the responsibility of life.

There is a small school for the twenty scholars, and an equally small church adjoining—a plain little white-washed building inside, with a reading-desk on which rested a Bible, with a few wooden, backless benches or camp stools for the worshippers. Psalms and hymns are sung to the accompaniment of a harmonium, and as the combined post of teacher and organist was then vacant, I had the offer of it for life. “You like our colony; why will you not always remain with us?” The teaching qualification was being taken on trust, the musical one being tested by trying Herr Loeus’ American organ which he had just purchased, and was learning to play, the only music available being Sankey’s hymns in German!

Then we passed on to the cornfields and vineyards, for the irrigation of which water pipes were being hollowed out of tree trunks by a hand axe.

Delicious home-made bread and home-brewed wine refreshed us before repairing to the “merchants,” where everything that contented minds could wish for was to be had at co-operative prices. I cherish some delightfully soft and warm stockings, suitable for a rigorous winter climate, with only one drawback, that I wish the feet of the colony ladies were smaller. No newspapers come to ruffle the even tenor of their lives, and books of any kind, save the Bible, are thought unnecessary, and even the offer to send some was not received. Their peace is largely gained at a cost of sealed minds, and one wonders if some among them may not have hard secret struggles to



J. M. Whitehead

STIRLING CASTLE

maintain it. But that little village square, with its spotlessly clean kept homes, tells only a tale of plodding industry and patient toil, and echoes the earnest spoken farewells, "May God give thee a peaceful journey."

A Spring Morning—Dollar.

NIGHT's sable curtains are withdrawn,
And paler shines the Morning Star ;
A softer breeze floats o'er the lawn,
And murmurings waft from near and far.
Lo ! in the orient pearly grey,
Rose-barred, the light is strengthening ;
A blackbird, with his morning lay,
Proclaims to all one more day-spring—
The birth of a new day.

Quick, lest those evanescent gleams
That sparkle from the clear night-dews
Evade my sight, I wake from dreams
To feast on amethystine hues :
Gaze on the glen's grand sentinels—
Whose leaf-buds dared the winter's chills—
And, in sequestered fairy dells,
Primroses, blue-bells, daffodils,
That show the Spring has come.

I trace the glen where tender greens
Spring from its fern-embowered walls ;
The burn, now hid in sombre screens,
Now leaping over waterfalls.
I see the ruined castle, high,
Recalling tales of bygone days,
Romance, and strife, and chivalry,
Commingling with the minstrel's lays
That erstwhile charmed the fair.

And now the vapour-shrouded hills
Have cast their veil, in colour glow,
Revealing specks of glistening rills
That down their serried sides do flow.
Oh for an artist's brush to catch
Yon balanced breadth of light and shade.
Where is the picture that could match
Those chequered beauties of the glade,
That breathe of Mother Earth ?

J. T. R.

Much Ado About Nothing.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

BY MRS HINTON STEWART.

(Continued from page 180, No. 48.)

In the year 1596 the London of Elizabeth rang with acclamations over the success of the attack on Cadiz, "An exploit," to quote Nichol, "so rapid and brilliant that it threatened to eclipse the fame of the Armada's wreck and raised the Earl of Essex suddenly to the place of national hero"—an exploit also of which Camden asserts that "of the English, no man of any great note perished."

This was England's first reprisal after Spain's insulting attempt to wipe her out, as an independent and Protestant country, from the map of the world by means of the "invincible" Armada, and any reference on the stage to victory, especially when associated with great results at small cost of life, as in the introductory dialogue to "Much Ado," would naturally suggest this recent brilliant campaign to an audience always on the alert for topical allusions.

Leonato : "I learn in this letter that Don Pedro comes this night to Messina."

Messenger : "He is very near by this : he was not three leagues off when I left him."

Leon : "How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?"

Mess : "But few of any sort, and none of name."

Leon : "A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers."

The play then refers to a young hero on whom Don Pedro had heaped great honours, which would in turn suggest the young Earl of Southampton, who had accompanied Essex as volunteer to Spain in 1596, and again, in 1597, to the Azores. Southampton, whom we know best as Shakespeare's patron, had inherited his title on the death of his father when a mere child, and had thus become a royal ward. At the age of fourteen, while at Cambridge, he had written an admirably executed but very precocious essay to prove that no act of virtue is ever performed save in prospect of adequate reward, an achievement which suggests the description of Claudio as "a very forward March chick." Don John's other reference to "the most exquisite Claudio," seems to be equally applicable to Southampton. When nineteen he accompanied Elizabeth on one of her progresses to Oxford, where, among all her gay and gallant train, he was pointed out as the handsomest, most accomplished, and best dressed of them all. After describing a portrait of him, painted when he was twenty-one, Sir Sidney Lee remarks, "Such gorgeous apparel suggests that its wearer bestowed much attention on his personal equipment."

Southampton had a proud and even violent temper. On one occasion, when playing primero with Sir Walter Raleigh at court, he struck Sir Ambrose Willoughby for interfering, although the interference was a matter of duty. Even in later days, when time and troubles might have taught him self-control, he was often involved in quarrels, even within the precincts of the court, that were with difficulty settled without bloodshed.

Southampton was just twenty-one when Shakespeare dedicated to him his second poem, "Lucrece," in terms of devoted friendship; but, however

devoted the dramatist may have been, he could not be blind to his faults, and, in the character of Claudio, the impulsiveness, hot temper, volatility, combined with the readiness to repent and act honourably in the end, there is just enough correspondence with what we know of Southampton to suggest that Shakespeare, when writing the play and adapting the plot and character to his purpose, had in his mind the person and circumstances of the young nobleman to whom, three years before, he had dedicated his service.

In the meantime various attempts had been made to provide the youthful Earl with a wife. Before attaining his majority he had refused the hand of Elizabeth Vere, Burghley's granddaughter, when it was pressed upon him by their respective guardians. Lady Bridget Manners, on the other hand, had declined to consider him as her husband, on the plea that he was "too young, fantastical, and volatile," to be trusted with the responsibility of a fatherless bride.

In time, however, Southampton chose a love for himself, and in 1595 we find him paying court to one of the queen's maids of honour, Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of the Earl of Essex, and daughter of Sir John Vernon of Hodnet, in Shropshire, with so much fervour that court gossips record it in their diaries. Next year, true to Lady Bridget's opinion of him, he threw love to the winds, plunged with ardour into the excitement of war, accompanied Essex first to Cadiz as volunteer, and in 1597 to the Azores, where, although he was barely twenty-four, he seems to have performed prodigies of valour. "As soon as he [Southampton] could write full and perfect man," writes Gervase Markham, in his "Honour in his Perfection," "he betook himself to the wars and was made Commander of the 'Garland,' one of Queen Elizabeth's best ships, and was Vice-Admiral of the first Squadron." The writer goes on to describe the young Earl's prowess at Fayal, his taking a high fort that was held to be impregnable, and making the other islands "obedient to the General's service," his chasing "four or five-and-thirty sail of great warlike galleons," taking one and causing the others to fly. Finally, with Essex and Francis de Vere at Villafranca, he fought against and conquered a large body of Spaniards, "and," continues the panegyrist, "here the Earl of Southampton, ere he could dry the sweat from his browes, or put his sword up in the scaberd, received from the noble General, the Earl of Essex, the Order of Knighthood."

Although the result of this expedition was not so brilliant as the taking of Cadiz had been, the enthusiasm of the people of London for Essex was as great as ever, and his brave and handsome young Vice-Admiral would certainly share in his popularity.

The first scene of the play continues as follows:—

Leon. : "I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio."

Mess. : "Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how."

There can be no doubt that young Southampton had done "in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion," and that Essex had "bestowed much honour on him," and it was probably soon after this event that the play was written, in time, perhaps, for the Christmas festivities of 1597-98. It

was published for the first time in 1600, as having been "sundrie times publicly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain, his Servants."

It is likely that it had been privately acted as well, since it was a common practice of the young aristocrats and the members of the Inns of Court to entertain or compliment their friends on special occasions by the presentation of a play, and those of Shakespeare were peculiarly adapted for such a purpose.

After his return from the Azores, Southampton had renewed his attention to Elizabeth Vernon, apparently, since their friendship remained unbroken, with the approval of Essex; and we can almost imagine the following dialogue having taken place between the friends:—

Don Pedro : "Dost thou affect her, Claudio?"

Claudio : "O my lord

When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task on hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars."

Don Pedro : "If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her."—I., i. 306.

So far all was well, but presently suspicions began to fly abroad "like bats by night," gossips were busy with the name of Elizabeth Vernon. Southampton still dallied, and the dramatist, like Benedick, threw down his gauntlet on behalf of the lady and as a warning to his young patron, for Southampton was playing a dangerous game, and Shakespeare must have known it. Queen Elizabeth stood *in loco parentis* to both parties, to Southampton as having been a royal ward, and to Elizabeth Vernon as her maid of honour, and although she did not always willingly consent to the marriage of her courtiers and her maidens, she was still more indignant when they acted dishonourably.

In the play the heroine is depicted as perfectly faithful. Her character is assailed, but completely vindicated, and her lover, after his suspicion, his haughty repudiation, and cruel desertion, is shown as deeply repentant, and willing and anxious to make amends. Southampton would have been wise if he had taken the hint offered by the dramatist, for we may be sure that any objection to their marriage on the queen's part might easily have been overcome by the intervention of Essex. No such effort was made. Suddenly Southampton decided to leave London, and volunteered to accompany Robert Cecil on an embassy to Paris, and still, apparently, Essex supported him in his treatment of Miss Vernon.

On the eve of their departure, Southampton and some others of the retinue are said to have "entertained their chief with plays." One of these plays may have been "Much Ado About Nothing," and it is not impossible that it might have been written or adapted for the occasion.

In the tragic scene at the altar, the stricken father is made to say—

"Dear my lord, if you in your own proof," &c.—IV., i. 45.



R. K. Holmes

THE OCHILS FROM BLAIRINGONE MOOR

And Claudio answers with decision—

"I know what you would say . . .
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity and comely love."

So it was with Ferdinand in "The Tempest" (III., iv. 55); so with Malcolm in "Macbeth" (IV., iii. 125); so with Florizel in "Winter's Tale" (IV., iii. 33); so with all Shakespeare's young men who had any claim to virtue: the combination of man of honour and licensed profligate has no existence in the great dramas, although it is familiar in other plays of the period. Unfortunately, with Southampton it was otherwise.

The young Earl had not been long in Paris before he was summarily recalled to London, perhaps by Miss Vernon's parents, perhaps by her powerful and now enlightened cousin. He crossed the Channel secretly, and married, in haste and privacy, the young lady whom he might just as easily and much more happily have married at leisure and in honour; then he returned to his duty in Paris. But when the embassy was over, the foolish young Earl arrived in London to find his wife and child occupying "the best appointed lodging in the Fleet" prison, whither he himself was carried by the pursuivants, in obedience to Queen Elizabeth's orders.

The young couple were soon released from the Fleet, but Southampton never regained Elizabeth's favour. Disappointed in all his ambitions, he accompanied Essex to Ireland, where his imperious royal mistress would not even allow him to occupy the position of Master of the Horse assigned to him by his general. Ultimately, he threw himself into Essex' treasons and only escaped death on the scaffold for the alternative of life-long imprisonment, had not the death of Elizabeth, and the succession of James I., opened for him a new career.

Sonnet to the Boy Scouts.

HAIL! units of a noble British band,
Destined to spread where love and duty hold,
Till one vast army shall its scheme unfold—
That man to man should stretch a helping hand:
When men shall feel that duty hath command
Of mind, good deeds, instead of greed for gold,
Shall savour lives and strengthen young and old,
Then Peace, triumphant, shall reign o'er our land.

Onward, brave boys, alert, obedient,
Faithful to watchword, eager to reveal
That latent good which supersedes all art—
The sacrifice of self for others' weal.
The guerdon yours, in joy, felt in the heart,
To contemplate the end with minds content.

J. T. R.

Fairy Revels.

THE sun was setting behind the blue mountains. It bathed the meadows in ruddy splendour, and tinted the lofty summits gold. The red roof of a little farmhouse at the edge of the forest glowed and shone. A scent of pinewoods mingled with that of new mown hay was wafted on the soft evening breeze to a little wild-rose fairy, as she sat perched on a bush beside a stream of silver water which flowed through the meadows. There was a slight stir in the air, and, on turning, Rosebud saw her little carriage, a delicate rose leaf, harnessed to four gay butterflies.

"Madam," said the largest of them, "the Queen of the Fairies desires your presence at her revels this evening."

"Thank you, Flitterwing," answered Rosebud, "I will come." And stepping daintily on to the petal, she gathered together the reins and away they went, over the meadow, over the tall haystacks, over the farmhouse, away to the woods.

Just as the sun disappeared behind the mountains they entered the forest. Below them lay a carpet of green moss; above them the tall trees towered, and grew so closely that one could scarcely see the soft grey sky of the twilight. It was quite dark, and the moon was shining with a silvery light by the time they reached the centre of the forest, where there was a beautiful mossy glade.

As Rosebud descended from her petal, there sprang into view a hundred lovely little beings of many sorts. There were slim elfin maids with long, flowing locks, clad in all the colours of the forest—green, and yellow, and pink, and crimson, and shimmering blue. There were mischievous elves and queer wizened gnomes, and all the other little people of forest, earth, and air that one can think of.

"Welcome to the banquet!" they cried. "You are the last to come; we have waited for you."

Rosebud took her place beside the others, and the feasting began. Oh! such a banquet it was. Mortal eyes never beheld one like it. Wonderful golden goblets, richly wrought, were handed down the table—which was nothing less than the fallen trunk of a tree all covered with moss, and the sparkling nectar as red as a ruby was eagerly quaffed. Fruits were served, juicy pears, luscious melons, ripe cherries, such as grow only in the gardens of fairyland. Dainty joints of venison were partaken of; crystal cool jelly, compounded of dew and moonbeams; rich brown cake, a kind which mortals dare not eat. Every kind of delicacy that fairyland could produce was here.

No sooner was the feasting over than a band of grasshoppers struck up a tune. A quaint, merry tune it was, now laughing as the rippling brook, now sad and plaintive as the twilight, but always a tune that made one long to dance and caper and frolic on the green dell, that would not let one sit still any longer. The fairies felt its charm, and trooped across the glade to where a ring of toadstools grew on the grass, laughing and chattering the while.

Suddenly from among the pine trees a grand procession emerged. First came four little gnomes in red caps and brown tunics, carrying lanterns. Next a crowd of elves blowing upon flutes of tiny grass-blades; then fairies ringing bluebells which gave forth a sweet musical tinkle; and

among them came the Fairy Queen seated upon her chariot, a large brilliant red toadstool, drawn by moths and beetles. She was dressed in a filmy white robe of spiders' webs, with a pattern of dewdrops traced upon it. A beautiful coronet made by glow-worms rested on her head, and glittered in the moonlight. After her came a following of elves, and more lantern bearers. When the company saw her approach, they shouted out in all their different voices, some a silvery treble, others deep and gruff: "Her Majesty the Queen! She comes, she comes!" Then they joined hands, and formed an enormous circle with the Queen in the centre, and as one of the grasshoppers raised his fiddle-bow, they sprang into the air as one man, and when again their feet touched the ground they started to dance and frolic round and round, gliding gracefully, or capering madly, all the time singing—

"Join us, join us, comrades all,
 Elves and fairies great and small!
 Come and dance with us to-night
 'Neath the silver moon so bright;
 Bring your lanterns, little gnomes,
 Light with them our fairy homes,
 Leave the lake, the glassy mead,
 The mountain wild, and come with speed.
 Far away from haunts of men,
 Little folk of wood and glen,
 Lightly, brightly, gaily dancing,
 Rollicking, frolicking, madly prancing,
 Merry, happy, free from care,
 Sprites of forest, earth, and air.
 Hush! Hush!
 The moon doth wane, so back again
 We'll creep, to sleep.
 Hush! hush! hush!"

Towards the close of the song the fairies' voices gradually softened, and the dance grew slower, till at last it stopped altogether. Silently, with hushed footsteps the procession reformed itself, and was soon lost to view among the trees. The elves and fairies vanished into the earth or flitted away into the darkness. A cloud came over the face of the moon, the night-wind blew cold. Little Rosebud wrapped her wings close round her, and drifted home on her petal. In the distance a dog barked, and the church tower struck one. The Fairy Revels were over.

CHRISTINE G. M. ORR.

[It may interest our readers to know that Christine was only eleven years of age when she wrote this pretty story.]

ERRATUM.

In verse 3, line 8, of "The School Flag," in our last issue, the word "flame" should have read "fame."

Testimonial to Dr Strachan.

IN our last number we drew the attention of our readers to the testimonial which was being got up for Dr Strachan, and it gives us pleasure now to intimate that the response to the Secretary's circular-letter was so prompt and hearty, that the Committee were able to appoint Friday, 27th February, as a suitable day for making the presentation. Accordingly, the ceremony took place at four o'clock of that day, in the Masonic Hall, when a large number of the subscribers turned out to show how heartily they approved of the honour being done to the Doctor and Mrs Strachan. The hall was crowded in every part.

On the motion of Mr C. S. Dougall, Provost Mrs Malcolm was called to the chair. In opening the proceedings she said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I feel sure you all know that I am asked to take the chair this afternoon owing to my holding the honourable position of chief citizen of the burgh, and I accept the compliment with some misgiving, fearing that I may not be able to honour sufficiently the claims of the chair on this most important occasion. Dr Strachan, the distinguished citizen whom we have met to honour to-day, is worthy of all the respect and esteem we can show him. He has given this world-wide-known burgh the benefit of his medical skill and his intellectual gifts during fifty years, and has lured old and young, with a magnetism that has been astonishing, to rejoice in the beauties of nature with which our little town and its surroundings are so richly endowed. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I venture to say that the man who has achieved this has left an undying influence in this burgh; and the boys and girls who have come within this beauty-inspiring influence will ever hold in deep gratitude the wise friend who gave and encouraged them in this cultivated taste."

The Secretary being called on, intimated apologies for absence from the Marchioness of Ailsa; Mr John Dempster, Glasgow; Major Dobie of Dollarbeg; Mr J. B. Haig of Kellysyde; Mr Robert K. Holmes, Dollar; Mr J. Ernest Kerr of Harvieston Castle; Mr J. M'Arthur Moir of Hillfoot; Mr J. Moubray of Naemoor; and Mr Henry Tattersall, Carlisle.

The Provost now called upon Mr Alex. Izat of Balliliesk to make the presentation, and, in doing so, she congratulated the Committee on their good fortune in having Mr Izat, one of Dollar's most distinguished sons, a school companion and life-long friend of the Doctor's, to present the beautiful gifts to him and to Mrs Strachan, who has proved herself a worthy and gracious helpmate and a devoted mother.

In doing so, Mr Izat said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are met here this afternoon to do honour to an old friend, who has been reared and brought up in this town, whose life's work has lain in and around it, and who is one of the best known figures in the district. Dr Strachan's profession has made him acquainted with many people, and that mostly when sickness and trouble afflicted them, and his able and judicious assistance, as well as his kindly sympathetic ways and disposition, have brought relief to many. His presence in the sick room has alone been a power and a great help in restoring the ailing to their usual health, and his strong, active, and vigorous constitution has enabled him in all weathers, stormy or mild, to meet the calls of the sick with ready promptness for long distances around.

"Notwithstanding the many calls on his time locally, Dr Strachan has been able to keep himself abreast of the constantly expanding knowledge

and practice of his profession, and his advanced views have met a willing acknowledgement by many of the scientific societies of the day. His energies, however, have not been absorbed by his profession. He has been a keen supporter of all local, municipal, and educational improvements, and of anything tending to the growth, amelioration, and gratification of social life and enjoyment.

"His interest in the upbringing and well-being of the young has been a great feature in his character, and has been shown in many ways. His afternoon walks with our young folks on the hill-sides, on the banks of the burns and streams, in the woods and the country lanes, introducing them to and pointing out to them the beauties of nature, the ways and habits of the plants, birds, and animals existing so abundantly around them in their district, will be remembered with kindly affection by most of them, and will prove a happy memory to them in whatever part of the world their lot may be cast.

"The *Dollar Magazine* is another instance of the Doctor's versatility, enthusiasm, and ability, and its success has spread his name far and wide. It now forms a veritable bond of union amongst those who have been educated at Dollar, and its advent quarterly is looked forward to by many with eagerness and pleasure. Not the least interesting and pleasing of the articles which appear in it are those from the Doctor's own pen—his 'Nature Notes' and stories show great observation and literary power, and are highly appreciated.

"The publication of a *Dollar Magazine* had been tried on several occasions before Dr Strachan took it in hand, but it always had soon collapsed, and it was not till he took it up that it became a success. For this, he and those who have so ably assisted him deserve the greatest credit.

"In referring to these matters I must not forget to mention another phase of our friend's character, and that is his hospitality. Nothing pleased him better, when an old pupil of the school revisited Dollar, than to get that old pupil to dine with him. And many happy occasions of that nature are remembered by those who have enjoyed them. In this and innumerable other ways he has been ably supported by Mrs Strachan. She also has spent a long life amongst us, and as a wife and a mother has been all that a woman should be. What higher praise can be earned than that? In honouring the Doctor we also include Mrs Strachan, and in making over these presents to them which you and other friends have provided, I would ask them to accept them as a small token of our esteem and good-will. I would also convey to them our best wishes for their welfare and happiness, with the strong hope that they may be long spared to walk in and out amongst us blessed with a happy old age."

The gifts consisted of a beautiful roll-top desk, a chair, and a cheque for a substantial sum, along with a lovely gold bracelet watch for Mrs Strachan.

The inscription on the desk is as follows:—

"Presented, together with a cheque, to John Strachan, M.D., by patients and friends, near and far, on his attaining to his jubilee as a doctor, in grateful acknowledgement of the respect and affection in which he is held, and of the important, far-reaching public services he has rendered to the dwellers in Dollar and district during half a century."

Dr Strachan, who was received with applause, said it was with a very deep sense of gratitude as well as pleasure he returned thanks to them, on behalf of himself and Mrs Strachan, for the great honour and the great kindness shown them in getting up this testimonial. He was very pleased indeed to receive this expression of the good-will of the people of Dollar, and of people who had been in Dollar but were now scattered over the world. This had given him the very highest satisfaction, and was the best reward he could possibly have in his life-time. The whole thing had come upon him as a surprise; he might say that he had had no idea that such a thing had been in contemplation. Dr Strachan then, in the course of an interesting speech, spoke of his professional jubilee and of the changes he had witnessed in Dollar during these years, and to his various interests in the place. In any of his labours for the public weal he had never thought of any personal benefit that might come to him for anything he had done in the place. He acknowledged the kindly references made to his work in connection with the *Dollar Magazine* and the Dollar Club, and concluded by again thanking all the generous donors for their gifts, and remarking that the occasion would always remain a bright spot in the lives of Mrs Strachan and himself. (Applause.)

On the call of Mr J. T. Munro, seconded by Dr Strachan, a cordial vote of thanks was given to Mr Izat for making the presentation. Colonel Robert Haig evoked the thanks of the meeting to the Testimonial Committee; and the compliment was suitably acknowledged by ex-Provost Malcolm and Mr J. A. Gibson. Mr James Simpson, Aberdona, proposed a vote of thanks to Provost Malcolm for presiding.

Tea was afterwards served.

Child's Play.

A PRIMORDIAL CONDITION OF ITS LIFE.

BY MADAME H. C. SIEMERTSZ VON REESE-MA DE GRAAF, La Haye.

It was in 1877 that an Englishman wrote a study on child's play; it is of this book, which is not very well known, that I wish to give a short account.

The name of this Englishman is John Strachan, M.D.

In his book, "What is Play? and its bearing upon Education and Training—A Physiological Enquiry," he demonstrates all the power, both physiological and psychological, of play.

In 1902 Alexandre Herzen of Lausanne, Professor of Physiology, declared that in physiological and psychological literature there was nothing yet found which explained child's play as a biological symptom. He wished to have this unique book translated in French, but death prevented this project being fulfilled.

This book, translated in 1902 in Dutch, is preceded by a preface written by Dr W. H. Cox, Director of the Lunatic Asylum at Utrecht.

In this preface (1909) Monsieur Cox shows in a clear and witty manner the immense value of Dr Strachan's study—a value that will be all the

more appreciated now that Professor Grooz, Professor E. Claparede, and several other scientific men have proved the great importance of play.

It is to be hoped that this little book will be again reprinted in English—then translated in French, German, Italian, Russian—in one word in every living language—so that it may find its way into every family and into every school.

The more science treats of pedagogy the more it proves how very difficult it is to form a truly just idea of what characterises a child; and it is a great matter that at the present day pedagogy obliges us to confess our ignorance in what concerns children, and at the same time advises us to act with prudence and simplicity.

It is also the task of those who have seriously and scientifically studied children to endeavour above all to know the child's disposition, so that they may help and encourage it as much as possible in its studies.

Dr Strachan's book will be best appreciated by pedagogues who know that, in spite of all research, nobody has been able to say how to direct a method of instruction to young children, and so render great service to humanity.

How to arrange the order of lessons. Which lessons are to be regarded as the most difficult. What ought to be the different lengths of time given to the different subjects, and also to vary the time according to the age of the child. Ought the lessons and their duration to be the same for the boys and the girls?

The teacher has to confront all these difficulties, but has not as yet been able to solve them. Will they ever be solved?

In class teaching the difficulty of the child's individuality will always remain, and the difficulty of the lesson will depend on the disposition of that child.

Strachan has gone into all these questions and their difficulties, and shown us that the only way possible to solve them is to look for direction in the child itself, and in its play and games.

In a few words I hope to show you how Strachan understands play, and why it appears to him to be the medium *par excellence* for the education of a child. He divides child's study into eight parts.

In the first part, he says that play is all spontaneous exercise caused by a natural inclination for enjoyment (or pleasure).

In the second part, he calls play an instinct, and adds that the good attained by play is almost as interesting as that attained by food or sleep.

In the third chapter he describes the benefit derived from play, and tells us that it is the innate desire in all young animals that urges them to take those exercises necessary to their development—just as hunger urges them to take what is necessary for their maintenance.

In the fourth part, play would seem to him to be muscular exercise. Then he shows how impossible it is for anyone to exercise properly all the two hundred muscles. He adds that the greatest knowledge on this subject could only show in what way the different muscles ought to be brought into play, but without indicating the amount of exercise necessary for each muscle.

How then is the miracle worked? It is performed; for each muscle shows an inclination to be exercised when exercise is necessary for it, and experiences a feeling of fatigue when exercised enough—a feeling that precedes exhaustion. It is only in following the natural way that the

muscular system ought to be exercised in order to obtain the best development.

In Chapter V. the author recommends us not to look for the kind of play in the longings of a child, but in the nature of his organism. It is then necessary above all that the game should be in accordance with his special temperament, otherwise one is deprived of the one and only necessary guide to the development of the child. In this chapter (V.) Strachan speaks of the uncalled-for objections people have to play.

In the following chapter, which treats on play as an exercise of the mind, Strachan draws our attention to the fact that the faculty of judging, of combining, and of discovering cannot show itself before the ages of thirteen or fourteen. This comes, no doubt, from the fact that the memory has not yet ideas that could be used usefully and intelligently, and that the faculty of understanding not being yet developed enough, the child cannot make any use of the ideas that he does already possess.

The will or the power to regulate his thoughts being still very feeble, one can only influence, and that very gently, the working of his faculties; for children concentrate their attention on what most attracts them. We shall see through the cause of this when we know the influences which regulate both work and play.

The conclusion of that is that all the faculties have the same desire and tendency to be exercised, and that each exercise necessary to their development is a true pleasure to the child.

Well, then, these exercises are nothing more than child's play.

If we change the circumstances which can influence its play, an analogous change will operate in the child's thoughts. Let us never forget the great attraction pleasure always exercises; it will give us the means of having the finest results.

Let us give to children the opportunity of more play when at school than anywhere else, and let us endeavour to exercise over him and for his benefit as much influence as possible. If we thwart nature in its efforts to develop, and if we wish to hold strictly to the programme in schools, varied perhaps by a few lessons in gymnastics, and if we force the children in all that, we may ruin them for ever. But if, on the contrary, we encourage the child and help him in his favourite game, we work advantageously and assist his development, and we shall find almost always a great similarity and connection between the capacities of the adult and the games and pastimes he preferred in his infancy. A universal law seems to wish that a superior intelligence may be the outcome of the faculties that were most exercised during infancy. For how can one awake, so to speak, the mind still slumbering of a newly-born child, then help it each day, each hour, each moment, in the exercise necessary to the development of its different organs—how can one indicate the quality of these exercises and their quantity? How can one measure the strength of each organ, and how can one know the effect on these exercises from circumstances which are constantly changing? This task is, of course, too great for either man or his systems to undertake; this masterpiece, this task, nature undertakes and realises. She has provided for every need by a feeling of instinct which allows every living creature to regulate for itself the quantity of food required for his maintenance, and also the amount of exercise required for his physical development. The human

mind has sensations which guide its actions and urge it on to necessary development.

In the seventh chapter Strachan, who sees in play the preparation for work, considers it as providential. Nature accomplished her task of her own accord. She would not entrust it to the clumsy wisdom of man. She acts according to her own designs, and if she did not act so patiently and so discreetly with persistence, all our efforts to educate children would be useless.

In the last chapter, play is, according to Strachan, a guide, and a sure one, to those who wish to educate and teach. He strives to formulate the principles which ought to be the foundation of every rational system of education.

He demonstrates all that is complicated in the mind and thinking power, and warns the educator not to fix in an arbitrary fashion his own ideas on the development of a child, because we have not other than very small means of knowing when the organs begin to act; whereas, when one arouses the interest of a child, the mind acts immediately without any effort. The arousing of thought was the only stimulant necessary.

It is then the duty of the educator to find and know the most suitable incentives to influence the different organs that require to be brought into play.

This science can only be acquired by minute and careful observation, by a profound study of the child's mind as it shows itself during play.

Every one remembers what Professor Claparède wrote about "Interests" in his book, "Psychologie of Children," and what has not been all done since 1877 to encourage study concerning children.

The only way to create in a child's mind a sympathy for or interest in any study is to wait till he has shown an inclination for that study—and as soon as he has shown it, to help and encourage him.

The present school system has committed the deplorable error of trying to develop the faculties of the child by exercises in spite of its complete ignorance of the means fitted to produce this development.

Finally, Strachan says also that the duty of the physiologist is to discover the laws of nature, and that of the educator to put them into practice.

I have tried to give a brief outline of Dr Strachan's book. His ideas can direct plans towards reform in what concerns children's education. Pedagogy has shown off this study to advantage. The better this science is understood, the more we shall realise what play is and its unique importance. All reform in teaching will not lead to anything until we have thoroughly understood these ideas. There is no limit to what one may teach a child. The only end we must try to attain in instructing it is to develop its mind in such a manner that it may choose ways for itself.

Saint Augustine said, "Love, and then do what you wish." Strachan says, "Study play and its causes; the ideas that you acquire in your study will direct your actions."

I quite understand that there are not many people now who think Dr Strachan's idea foreign, or strange that he should see in play the only guide (up to the ages of thirteen or fourteen) for the education of the human race. Later on we shall have difficulty in believing that we were so long in adopting play as our only guide.

Strachan's book is translated in French, and will appear in a few months.

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.

AMONG other results which have followed my researches into Dollar as a place name (as these have been carried on during the last fifteen months), one of the most interesting is the light which these researches have cast on the extent to which the name Dollar has also been employed as a personal name. Thus, for example, I was gratified to find the record of the use of that name, as applied I think to a priest, almost as early as the date of the battle of Bannockburn. This is the very first instance I have met with of the use of Dollar as a personal name, and I extracted it from the published Records of Dunfermline Abbey. The extract refers to a case in dispute between the Earl of Fife and the Abbey authorities, relating to the right of homage for the lands of Clony, that the Abbot alleged was due to him by the Earl of Fife. In support of the claims of the Abbey a certain Matheus de Doler was called as a witness at the inquiry that was held at Kirkcaldy in the year 1316, and having been sworn he testified to the truth of the Abbot's claim in the company of a group of similar witnesses who corroborated his evidence. The next reference I have found dates from the year 1412, almost a hundred years later, and brings before us the case of a certain Willielmus de Dolar, who is described in the record from which I am quoting as "nobilis vir," and who is there found acting as witness to a document in which a grant of lands is made to Dunfermline Abbey by David Menzies. A century later I again came on a person of the name, an Andrew Dolour (or Dollare), who was a bailie in the Dumbartonshire town of Kirkintilloch. This person was also schoolmaster of the parish, and the first of a dynasty of teachers and magistrates who, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, served that community in one or other or both of the aforesaid capacities. Andrew Dollar has his name signed in a notarial instrument, narrating that Sir Wm. Paterson, canon of Cambus Kenneth, compeared in the presence of Sir Wm. Erskine, curate of the Parish Church of Lenzie, and requested the curate to induct him, in name and behalf of Mr James Lyn, into the actual possession of the perpetual vicarage of Lenzie, which the curate did by giving him the key of the door of the church, and delivering to him the chalice and paten, and the missal of the high altar of the same. Mr Andrew's signature is attached to the document as having been signed 10th June 1526. He is there styled one of several "honourable men" who were present as witnesses, viz., Patrick Fleming, Thomas Gillies, Andrew Dollar, William Crauford, William Horn, John Drew, and Alexander Brown. The year following when, on the 7th April 1527, Duncan Burnet was instituted to the same church of St Ninian, Lenzie, in place of Mr James Lyn, transferred to Auchterhouse in the diocese of Dunkeld, a *Robert Dolar*, who is perhaps the same man as the Andrew who signed the year before, affixes his signature as

a witness to the institution that had taken place. In any case he was one of the Kirkintilloch notables of the period.

We have called Andrew Dollar the first of a long line of schoolmasters of the same name who served the parish of Kirkintilloch in that capacity. The following is a full list of the Kirkintilloch schoolmasters who bore the name of Dollar with the dates of their service :—

1. Andrew Dolour	-	-	-	1526—
2. John Dollor	-	-	-	1620-42.
3. Robert Dollar	-	-	-	1652-63.
4. Robert Dollar (<i>Elder</i>)	-	-	-	1667—
5. John Dollar	-	-	-	1675—
6. Robert Dollar	-	-	-	1681-1695.
7. Robert Dollar (<i>Junior</i>)	-	-	-	1696-1720.
8. Andrew Dollar	-	-	-	1735—
9. John Dollar	-	-	-	1786—

Surely a very remarkable record of public usefulness to be put to the credit of a single family, and when I add that during the same period the list of burgh bailies contains the names of no fewer than twenty-five persons called Dollar, some of whom at least also officiated as schoolmasters, it will be evident that the Dollar dynasty of Dumbartonshire magistrates was by no means either short-lived or undistinguished. The following quotation affords a good summary of the kind of work done by the bailies of a Scottish country town in the seventeenth century. "Robert Dollar, Bailie of Kirkintilloch, in connection with a dispute between the Burgh and the Earl of Wigton, was called as a witness, and deponed that he was a feuar and late Bailie in Kirkintilloch, aged 69, and affirmed that while he was a magistrate of the town, which was about thirty-six years, and in that office, he, the deponent, judged in complaints about marches in the town, and any debates with mealmen, and also determined in civil matters between stranger and burgess. That the deponent has judged in bloodwits, but not often, and that he has also judged and punished thieves, and also in batteries." One of these Kirkintilloch Dollars, I may add here, was a subscriber to a curious book published in the eighteenth century by a Dollar farmer, named George Fraser, who was tenant of the Rackmill for a time, towards the middle of the eighteenth century. I have seen one of a number of strange productions published by this eccentric farmer, which is at present in the hands of Mr Malcolm, one of the Editors of this *Magazine*. The booklet to which I refer, which consists of prose and verse of the most doggerel description, has as its title, "The Dove's Flight to a Thicket for her life; an emblem of sinners sheltering themselves under the wings of Christ," &c. At the end of the book there is a list of subscribers, and John Dollar, Kirkintilloch, figures among them.

The Dollar farmer to whose booklet the Kirkintilloch magistrate is thus found to have been a subscriber, must have been a very singular character. He was evidently a failure as a farmer, a misfortune which he attributes not to his own fecklessness, but to the envy and greed of jealous and selfish rivals. He was a rather voluminous author of booklets, whose titles almost read

like pamphlets. Among his works (if we may use that term of such ephemeral and doggerel publications) are the following: "Adam's Fig Leaf Righteousness," 1785 (in verse); "Mary Magdalene Viewing Christ's Sepulchre after His Resurrection"; "The Dove's Flight to a Thicket for her Life," a lucubration which its author describes as follows: "the subject of a number of composures collected from that Holy Volume, the Sacred Scriptures—and none else, in solitary hours and humbling circumstances. *Very proper for every Christian's perusal.* By George Fraser, late farmer in Rackmill, in the parish of Dollar, 1786." Others of his writings are: "The Farmer's Catechism, or the Farmerfield Spiritualised, by way of question and answer. Very proper for the instruction of every reader, but particularly the farmer. New edition (1785)"; and, as illustrated by his own experience, a brochure styled "The Impropriety of one farmer coveting or taking his neighbour's possessions over his head at a higher rent, or any other way" (8 pages). This consists of prose and verse of the most doggerel kind. In addition he is also credited with verses composed on seeing John Reid, late servant at Ratho, brought from the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, to be tried for the horrid murder of his own son, a child only eight months old. To which is added verses on hearing of seven persons rebuked by the Rev. Mr M——, minister of the Gospel at N—— M——, with a description of a lewd woman who lived in Ar——ia.

The murder thus celebrated by our Dollar poet was committed on 2nd December 1786.

I hope I will be forgiven for interrupting by the above paragraphs my purposed survey of the entire art of persons bearing the surname of Dollar, with whose existence I have recently become acquainted. But the illuminating glimpse into the type of religious life and culture that prevailed in our parish in the close of the eighteenth century, as supplied by the very titles and themes which were the choice of our only living author of the period, seemed to me so well worthy of being noted and remembered that I could not resist the temptation to refer to the subject, which was supplied me by the reference I required to make to the Kirkintilloch Dollar, whose name appears among the subscribers to one of the works of our eighteenth-century fellow parishioner.

But now to return to that illustration of the use of Dollar as a personal name on which I am at present engaged, I remark that in 1859 I find that Bishop Stubbs, one of the most learned British historical writers of the nineteenth century, married Catherine Dollar, the daughter of John Dollar of Navestock. I have not yet been able to ascertain whether the bishop's wife came of a Scottish family; but I incline to believe she must have done so, as practically all persons of the name of whom I am cognisant seem to have been of Scottish extraction. No doubt the well-known President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, Mr J. A. M. Dollar, who is biographed as an old Dollar boy in the fourth volume of this *Magazine*, seems to have been born at Lewisham, near London; but may we not infer his Scottish origin from the fact that he was sent so far from home to be educated at a Scottish school? Certain at least it is that the last person of the name whose public services have brought him under my notice, Mr Robert Dollar,

of Falkirk, is an undoubted Scotsman. For, a year or two ago, when the freedom of that ancient burgh was conferred on Mr Dollar, in an account of that ceremony which fell under my eye, he was described as not only a benefactor, but a native of that town. It was in connection with the unveiling of a monument to Sir John de Graeme, the Scottish patriot, in the Victoria Public Park, that Mr Dollar received this honour. Provost Bogle, who presided, presented the burgess ticket to Mr Dollar, who inscribed his name on the Burgess Roll and then addressed the assembled people who filled the Town Hall. Mr Dollar said he wished to speak to them of a subject which was close to his heart, viz., closer relationship of the English-speaking nations so as to prevent war and encourage peace. He wanted to emphasise that peace could be brought about by a union of the English-speaking races of the world. An alliance between Great Britain, the United States, and the Colonies would make a European war almost impossible.

It is an interesting fact that almost at the same time when Falkirk was honouring its generous son, another philanthropist of the same name, the head of the Dollar line of steamers trading between the United States and China, was bestirring himself to help the Chinese Reform Party, who were engaged in the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty. The famous Dollar Syndicate which set itself to assist the infant republic financially was largely the outcome of his efforts. A Chinese missionary whom I consulted on the subject, and who claimed to know the Yankee shipowner, assured me that he was an earnest Christian man, and had shown himself in many other ways a true friend of the Chinese.

Personally, during the past eighteen months, I have come into contact with two persons of the name. The first I met in a very interesting way. In a visit which I paid to Dollars House, in Ayrshire, to make inquiries about its history, finding the proprietrix, Mrs Tuffnell, from home, I asked for the housekeeper, whom I was told to address as a Mrs Menzies. On explaining the purpose of my visit, I noticed a strange expression come into the face of my interlocutor, the significance of which I understood at once when she remarked to me: "You will perhaps be astonished to hear that my name is Dollar." "Yes," I said, "I am. I was told you were called Menzies." "Yes," she replied, "but that is my maiden name. I am a widow, and my husband's name was Dollar; but when I came here as housekeeper, Mrs Tuffnell said it would never do for letters to come here addressed Mrs Dollar, Dollars House, and so she urged me to take my maiden name of Menzies, by which alone I am known here." I was greatly interested, especially when she informed me that she thought her husband was the only person who bore the name except herself and her daughter. I told her that I had evidence that there were others whom I knew of who bore the name, and she seemed gratified to hear of it, as she evidently did not want to be too kenspeckle even in her name.

I have thus, I think, exhausted all the facts relating to the name of Dollar, which I have yet amassed, except two, viz., that there is in Queensland, Australia, a migratory bird which goes by the name of the Dollar Bird, and that there was in 1864 a famous racehorse named Dollar, which was bred on

the Continent, and won among other prizes the Goodwood Cup. Should I ascertain anything more on the subject likely to interest the Dollar public, with the approval of the Editors I will gladly communicate the new information to the *Magazine*.

May I add here that, since the last issue of the *Magazine*, I have ascertained by correspondence with one of the theological professors of Upsala University, Sweden, that the place spoken of as "the Dollars" in that number must have been an island lying close to Stockholm, then and still known as Dalar oe, or Dalar island; but whether Dalar in Swedish has the same meaning as in the old Celtic speech I have not yet learned.

Cines.

[Suggested by the article on "The Last Griffin in Clackmannan," by W. K. H., in the *Dollar Magazine* for December 1913.]

I HAD a little griffin
Who was very fond of me,
He used to share my tiffin,
And sit next to me at tea.

When days were warm and sunny
He would play about my lawn,
Just as active as a bunny,
And as gentle as a fawn.

He would sit within the ingle
When the days were cold and wet,
For a man who still is single
He was just the perfect pet.

Now I beg you will remember
He was as tame as tame could be,
And he never ate a member
Of the Dollar N.F.C.*

Till he read the painful story
In the last December *Mag*.
Of that murder, fell and gory,
And he fairly lost his rag.

Out he rushed into the garden,
Swallowed whole the butcher's boy,
Then rushed back and begged my pardon
With a kind of awful joy.

* Naturalist Field Club.

So I said, "How could you do it?"
And he answered with a sigh,
"That wretched boy was full of suet,
And I feel that I must die."

Thus—O woe and lamentation!—
My poor griffin took and died,
Of adipose generation,
And a butcher's boy inside.

D. Y. A.

In a Burmese Town.

PERHAPS town is hardly the proper word to apply to Myaungmya. When one sees it, lying almost hidden in the bend of an Irrawaddy creek, the line of scattered buildings along the water's edge gives the impression of sleepy villagedom; on the other hand, Myaungmya's population is greater than some of our home cities. Possibly an enterprising property agent would call it a desirable locality, or even a health resort. Certainly, during the winter months the climate is delightful, and in the rainy season—well, Myaungmya is no worse than the rest of Lower Burma.

The population is mixed—very much so. Here, as elsewhere in Burma, the easy-going native is showing his dislike for the strenuous life, and every year allows more business to pass into alien hands, generally Chinese. Of course the Chinaman is a born store-keeper. Still it is a remarkable feature of Burmese life that not only in towns, but even in remote hamlets which may not be visited by more than three white men in a year, will be found an emporium well stocked with Reading biscuits, Dundee marmalade, and Chicago tongues. John has educated the native palate to appreciate every modern delicacy, tinned or bottled. Doubtless there must have been a time when it was necessary for the Chinaman to announce that he hoped his close attention to business would merit a share of public patronage. To-day he is recognised as a quiet and industrious citizen, whose chief luxuries are highly-plated bicycles and (since the pigtailed disappeared) loud, shepherd-checked caps of the "Haw, Wull!" type. Indeed, John Chinaman is a very eligible *parti* for the Burmese belle, now fully alive to the advantage of having a husband with no prejudice against work. One thing he will not (or cannot) do, that is mental arithmetic. Instead he tots up one's bill for a tin of ginger-snaps, a bottle of cooking sherry, fifty cigarettes, half a dozen soda water, and two tins of sardines by flicking along rows of beads on wires in a frame reminiscent of one's infant school days.

To the visitor from Europe, and even more to anyone who has seen the servile position of women in India, it is strange to notice how the fair sex dominates here. The Burmese lady not only rules in household affairs, but is the leading spirit in all the family business ventures as well. The mere male often works the sewing machine, which is now found in nearly every Burmese house, but otherwise he seems to spend most of his time looking on.

In the course of his wanderings the writer one day came to a hamlet famous for its pottery. A long row of clay pots set out to dry in the sun pointed the way to one of the "factories," where we were received by a wizened dame who appeared to be the manageress. Removing a 9-inch cheroot from her mouth, the old lady said something in Burmese, which being interpreted meant, "Are you going to buy anything? If so, what?" When it was explained that we had only come to look, her interest in us dropped perceptibly. She seemed to hint that it was early closing day; but for the sum of two annas she set three of her girls to work, and made a few flower pots on a wheel that might have done duty for her ancestors a thousand years before. The male members of the household (if any) were not in evidence.

The British residents in Myaungmya are few and hard-worked; but to their simple pleasures of tennis and bridge, golf has recently been added. The Royal and Ancient member, sick of the congestion at St Andrews, should come out here. He would look in vain for a blade of grass on the tees or putting-greens, and most of the bunkers are mounds which, at other times, are used for range practice by the local Volunteer Rifles. In the dry season the "fairway" is burnt brick-hard; during the rains it goes to the other extreme. But there are compensations, as, for instance, in the handicaps; it is possible to get an allowance of twenty-four strokes—for nine holes.

In a Burmese town there is seldom any difficulty in recognising the Court-house. In front of nearly every seat of law and order will be found a canoe or other boat "held up" pending the settlement of a dispute about its ownership. Then one sees the point of a common Burmese proverb, "Never tie up a drifting boat." One would probably be accused of stealing it.

The idea that the Burman is as honest as he is indolent gets a rude shock when one sees the size of Myaungmya's jail. When the governor courteously showed the writer over the buildings there were *only* 1,190 prisoners, convicted of all manner of crime, from stealing a duck to double murder.

Most Burmans are tattooed in some way; often their thighs are covered with designs to such an extent that not a square inch of skin is left unmarked, and in addition they prick out queer hieroglyphics as charms to ensure success in fishing, or to ward off fever. But to the Western mind it is curious to find professional thieves branding themselves with a special and easily recognisable mark of their own—a cat. Tattooed running up a man's arm or leg, a cat is supposed to assist him in climbing walls and buildings; a similar mark "head down" makes descending an easier matter for the thief! One prisoner, known as the 100-cat man, was believed by his less tattooed brethren to have the power of making himself invisible. Once, indeed, he did nearly make his escape in a cart of rubbish.

More often than not, however, the Burman makes a good prisoner, from the jailor's point of view. Many criminals seem reluctant to leave; at any rate they come back with unfailing regularity to the place where they are probably better housed, and certainly better fed, than when at liberty. Quite recently one prisoner applied to be transferred to another jail, which he said he "liked better" than Myaungmya! He had to be told he was locked



A. Drysdale

THE BOWLING GREEN

up for a punishment, not for a holiday. In jail the prisoners nearly all gain in weight, for most of the work is not really hard. They spin and weave their own blankets and clothes; plant, reap, and grind rice for their own food, besides doing an "export" trade in cane-work and mats. The old practice was for one man to split canes, another to prepare frames, while a third wove seats and so on; but of late years an effort has been made to teach young prisoners all the processes necessary to produce one article, in the hope that they would be able to earn an honest living afterwards. This step in the right direction has not been an unqualified success. As one naïve fellow put it, he had tried honesty for three months, but found he had made less than the result of one night's loot, so he preferred thieving—and the risk of being caught.

And life in jail is not without its relaxations. We were introduced to one weather-beaten old ruffian, who was evidently a born naturalist. He was sitting with the rest of his gang spinning yarn in a primitive way, and though in the middle of a crowd he had managed to attract some small birds that flew in and out of the shed. They perched on his shoulder, ate out of his hand, and chirped to him as a known friend. Yet on the bodies and close-cropped heads of this man and his neighbours were scars of old wounds that spoke eloquently of their stormy careers.

Here, even more than elsewhere, a man is known by his clothes. First offenders wear white, habituals have a blue striped garment, "lifers" are distinguished by yellow stripes, or, if they have a bad record, by blue and yellow alternated. The colour of the cap has a significance too. Round his neck each man has a ring bearing a metal tab with his sentence, crime, and date of conviction; one notorious character was serving *two* life sentences, equal to fifty years.

The warders are themselves convicts who, by good conduct, have earned promotion with certain privileges. "Set a thief to watch a thief" is the Burmese rendering of the old saw, justified by results. Even the cooking is done by convicts, and well done too. Curry and rice is, of course, the staple diet, 1 lb. 14 oz. of rice being allowed for the principal meal. The expert who was dishing up the rice divided the "portions" quite accurately without scales. As a test the governor asked him to weigh out 1 lb. 12 oz., and again his measure was exact. To prevent favouritism, however, the prisoners file past to the end of the cook-house, and the food is handed out to them through a slit in the wall, so narrow that the man inside cannot see who is taking the dish.

Before being passed through the watch tower, which, besides its supply of torches, flags, and other alarm signals, holds a miniature arsenal, the stranger has his weight entered on the visitors' roll in continuation of a long standing custom; then he is bowed out, carrying away the impression that there are worse places than a Burmese jail.

ALEX. SCOTT, Jun.

Letter to the Editors.

To the Editors, "Dollar Magazine."

GONDA, U.P., October 1913.

SIRS,—In my previous letter I promised to give some farther extracts from Dr Marshall's book, dealing this time with witchcraft in the Dollar neighbourhood.

We begin again with Glendevon, which, as Dr Marshall says, "notwithstanding its hilly character and its pure and healthy atmosphere," was not entirely free from the suspicion of witchcraft which was so common in the seventeenth century. The General Assembly of the Kirk had been for a considerable time bent on putting an end once and for all to the practice, and with this end in view granted a Commission to twenty-one ministers, nine lawyers, and three physicians, who were instructed to inquire into suspected cases and arrange for their trial. This was in 1694, and in the same year the Synod of Perth and Stirling was equally active in the same cause. At the October meeting of the Synod there was laid upon the table "A Roll of Fugitives from Kirk Discipline," containing the names of forty slanderers, murderers, and other criminals, including one "suspect of witchcraft," namely, Mart. Kinnard of Glendevon. There are, unfortunately, no details of the case—no particulars of his black arts, and nothing to show whether he was condemned or acquitted. There is no civil nor ecclesiastical record of his having been burnt at the stake; nor is there any memorial stone for him, such as was erected by the people of Glendevon in the case of Maggie Walls of Dunning, burnt in 1657. Of Maggie Walls also we have no other information, and one authority has even gone the length of suggesting that she never existed.

In his chapter on Fossoway, Dr Marshall gives much fuller and more interesting particulars. At an Assize held at the Crook of Devon, three suspected witches were examined, and all three suffered the extreme penalty, being burnt at the stake to the west of the village. These three witches were Agnes Murie, indweller at Kilduff; Isabel Rutherford, in the Crook of Devon; and Bessie Henderson, indweller at Pitfar. The first, Agnes Murie, confessed in her examination that she had met with the devil on several occasions, the first being at the back of Hillhead Yards about Martinmas 1661, when Satan asked her to join his service. To this she consented, renounced her baptism, and was by her new master renamed Pepira. Thereafter she met him again, twice at Gibson's Craig, and once elsewhere: at which times there were also present other servants of the devil—viz., Robert Wilson and his wife, and Agnes Allan, all of Crook of Devon; Gilles Hutton of Gartquhencane; Agnes Brugh in Gooselands; and Margaret Duncan in Broom, Parish of Dollar.

One of the witnesses called was Janet Millar, wife of Henry Anderson of Craigton, who accused Agnes of having given a pinch of snuff to her (Janet's) husband, whereupon the unfortunate man was immediately bereft of speech and lost the power of one side of his body. Another witness asserted that Agnes had "made inquiry concerning the cattle of Adam Keltie of Gelvin," whereafter Adam's grey mare (not referring to his wife!) at once fell very sick; during this animal's recovery a ewe became ill;

when the mare was better a plough ox took the disease, and when the ox revived another ewe died !

The second witch, Isabel Rutherford, likewise admitted to a number of interviews with Satan, who at first called himself Samuel, and adopted the outward semblance of a respectable grey-bearded old man dressed in grey clothes and wearing a blue bonnet. On entering his service Isabel was renamed Viceroy (*absit omen!*), but on a later meeting the Evil One addressed her with "Welcome, Isabel !" and gave her his hand, which she unexpectedly found to be very cold. In this case Janet Hutton, in the Crook of Devon, testified that when her late husband (James Wilson) was ill, Isabel spoke some unintelligible words to him, and that he was "aye the worse thereafter, and was all drawn together as it were with sea-cords" — a striking description. Isabel visited the patient a second time, and acquired such an influence over him that he declared his intention of riding off and placing himself in her charge, "although they should rope him to horses' tails." To pacify her husband, Janet herself went to Isabel, who paid the man two more visits, after which "the said James never stirred in bed unlifted, but became clean distracted, so that he would never thereafter look to the said Janet his spouse, nor suffer her to make his bed, nor come near him thereafter : whereas before there was never an evil word between them for the space of sixteen years." Two other cases of a very similar nature were adduced against Isabel, whose charms appear to have been as much physical as supernatural.

Bessie Henderson, the third suspect, confessed to having met with the devil first at Turfhill, near Kinross, when he introduced himself as Charles, and gave her the name of Bessie Irwall. Agnes Murie and Isabel Rutherford were present on that occasion. Bessie, moreover, accused several of her neighbours of being witches, and five of them were imprisoned. During her examination she admitted that at Lammas 1661, she, together with Janet Paton, in the Crook of Devon, and several other witches, had maliciously trampled down the crops of one Thomas Whyte, and that "Janet had broad soles and trampit down more than any of the rest."

In conclusion I quote the Minutes of the proceedings of the Court which, sitting under Alexander Colville of Blair, on 3rd April 1662, passed sentence of death on these three women.

"An Court of Justiciary holden at the Crook of Devon the 3rd day of April, the year of God Iave and sixty-two years, by Alexander Colville of Blair, His Majesty's Justice-Depute General over Scotland.

"NOMINA ASSIZE.

"Robert Angus in Bogside : Patrick Livingstone at the Kirk of Cleish : John Hutton in Borland : James Livingstone : Robert Livingstone : George Barclay : William Pearson of Morla : Robert Brown in Meadowhead : David Carmichael in Linbank : Robert Hutton in Wester Ballilisk : Andrew Paton in — : James Alexander in Balriddrie : Edmond Mercer there : Henry Mercer in Aldie : James Thomson, portioner of Man.

"It is found and declared by the haill assize in ane voice, that the forenamed Agnes Murie is guilty and convict in six several points of Witchcraft and Sorcery, according to her own free confession in manner above. In like manner the above Isabel Rutherford is guilty and convict in six

several points of Witchcraft and Sorcery, according to her own confession and probation; and all the three convict as common Sorcerers and notorious Witches, by the mouth of George Barclay, as Chancellor of the said Assize. Sic Subscribitur.

GEORGE BARCLAY.

"For the whilk causes the above named Justice General Depute gives sentence, and ordains that the said Agnes Murie, Bessie Henderson, and Isabel Rutherford shall be all three taken away to the place called the Lamlaives, bewest the Crook Mill, the place of their execution, to-morrow, being the fourth day of this instant month of April, betwixt 1 and 2 in the afternoon, and there to be strangled to the death by the hands of the hangman, and thereafter their bodies to be burnt to ashes, for their trespass, and ordains all their movable goods and gear to be escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use for the causes foresaid. Whereupon William Donaldson, Dempster, gave doom. Sic Subscribitur.—J. ALEXANDER, Chan."

Yours, &c.,

D. Y. ANDERSON.

Candladies.

By W. K. H

I.

MUCH has been written about the landlady, but as long as there are young men to be "taken in and done for," she will remain an interesting and profitable topic. Her variety is infinite; as an inexhaustible subject for study she takes rank with the Baconian theory and political economy. The seaside holiday landlady is doubtless worth the curiosity of the amateur who loves a hobby rich in human interest, but she is, after all, a mere incidental phenomenon, of less importance by far than the weather of the period during which she is under observation. The landlady proper, on the other hand, offers scope for the serious student of anthropology and sociology. When it is borne in mind that for tens of thousands of the human race she plays the rôle of a kind of deputy providence, can it be denied that she forms one of the most important and influential classes of the community? She undertakes the business of attending to the fundamental necessities of life for fellow-creatures whom circumstance places helpless in her power, without any guarantee of qualification whatever. Nothing is truer than the statement (even if no one has made it before) that man devotes his most earnest attention to trifles, leaving matters of supreme importance to what he ungratefully and illogically calls chance. Lawyers and accountants, people who busy themselves with the products of human energy—often misdirected—are suffered to exercise their chosen function only after examination. Similarly medical men must submit to a test before they are let loose upon society to exercise themselves in curing or protracting the sufferings of its members. Yet in every village, town, and city, women are left absolutely free to experiment upon the mainspring of human life and happiness—the digestion. The marvel is that they perform their task as a rule so passably, and occasionally so well.

The man who has never lived in lodgings has missed a course of philosophy such as no university can offer him. He may acknowledge with complacent formality that man is a pilgrim and a wayfarer through life, but



• *A. Drysdale*

HILLFOOT HOUSE

that formal admission is very different from the realisation that comes to the lodger as, in a cab that contains his all as well as himself, he bumps from the bivouac in which he flattered himself he was beginning to settle down, to another utterly untried. It must be understood, of course, that to be a lodger means to be a wanderer, one who lives, as it were, booted and spurred, ever ready to strike camp and go on the trail again. If he finds himself in quarters where everything is satisfactory, let him not regard himself as a settler. The landlady will die or get married, or go to live with her daughter in the country. In most cases there is a crumpled leaf in his bed of roses which some day of east wind irritates him beyond endurance, and recklessly he gives notice. In any case, from whatever causes, his career is punctuated by uprootings and transplantations, and he realises soon that he is a nomad, a vagrant. Quickly he discovers the wisdom of living so that he may travel light, the folly of gathering material possessions that only add to the trouble and expense of his wanderings, and learns that the only valuables to accumulate are such as he can accommodate compactly under his hat. How the heart of the novitiate vagabond fails him as he rings the bell of some unknown flat to which he has been allured by the notice "Apartments" ("Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came"). He has in mind the various tests he ought to apply, the searching questions he should put, the ruthless investigation he should make, but many adventures must befall him before he is callous enough to play the domestic inspector as the old hand plays it—to look for dust under the bed, to try the arm chair, to repudiate all extras and covenant for the removal of frightful pictures. From the footsteps approaching the door within he tries to read the character of the stepper. Will he have to descend those stairs still homeless; or will this door become his door, this letter-box bearing the name of Mrs M'Guffie familiar as a welcoming face? Does the spirit of content, or the demon of indigestion, await him within? And what of the landlady who opens the door to him and challenges his stare with a look as searching? Is she not, too, troubled with surmisings? To her he is an adventurer billeted under her roof by inscrutable fate. He may, for all she knows, be one of those who waste the gas, break the furniture, come home with the morning milk, singing tipsy; or insult her aunt's portrait over the fireplace. He may have noisy friends, or measles, or walk in his sleep, or want his boots cleaned three times a day. If he fears her bills, she trembles about his payments.

The ways of relatives and old housemates may be trying, but they are not novel; here, as Mrs M'Guffie's door opens, are two absolute strangers facing one another—each a box of surprises for the other. The best counsel for a young nomad looking for lodgings is a modification of a certain cynical old apothegm—to treat each successive new landlady neither as an enemy nor as a friend, but as one who may become either.

II.

Several derivations are given for the slang word "digs." or "diggings," universally current as a synonym for lodgings. The visionary suggests that they are so called because they are the quarters inhabited by young gentlemen employed in extracting treasure from the golden pay-streaks of the city. The pessimist, or the average lodger out of sorts, states that the

word digs. is indeed used appropriately for the sake of its affinity to the verb to dig, but with a different association from that of nugget-collecting. "Digs," he says, "signify a place dug, *i.e.*, a hole, more properly a beastly hole." The experienced nomad, the man who with observant eye and resilient spirit has tried many varieties of apartments, will tell you that it is neither the locality nor the furnishing, neither the wall paper nor the pictures, no, not even the puddings, that decides which of these suggested derivations commends itself to the lodger, but the presiding genius, the landlady. A highly strung acquaintance of mine will never, while he lives, outgrow the memory of a certain half-year he passed under the roof of a lady to whom he refers, shudderingly, as Miss MacMeagre. Her rooms, he says, were all that could be desired, spacious, almost inhumanly clean, but the angel in the house was, by constitution and on principle, universally disapproving, and under the blight of her jaundiced eye he declares he withered daily. If, stooping to flattery, he praised some dish, she answered, "I see you're aye noticing your food." Relying upon woman's fondness for the exercise of pity, he mentioned to her on one occasion that he had hurt his thumb at cricket, but the incident served only to remind her of an uncle who had met a similar mishap, and the bone of whose arm swelled gradually to the elbow, so that it had to be amputated by inches—like a sausage. Again he tried to rouse her interest—or perhaps, poor soul, to keep at bay the frigid silence that chilled the very stewed steak she placed before him—by describing a midnight tramp he had enjoyed. Her contribution to the dialogue was an anecdote of a granduncle (this time) who, leaving his suburban home on foot for town one evening, was never seen again, save by a medical student who recognised him amongst the subjects in the dissecting-room. Let me hasten to add that such landladies are rare. It is only fair, also, to mention the fact that, when my friend came to give notice, Miss MacMeagre said it was only timely, as she was on the point of asking him to go.

In perfect contrast to this example, I have in mind a little old lady like a fairy godmother, who surrounded one young gentleman at a time with comfortable enchantments in a tiny set of rooms five stories above the street. She was full of humour, could interest herself in any topic, could be as lively as a cricket, or perfectly self-effacing, as circumstances required. She too was an exception. Between these contrasting types there are all sorts, with distinguishing and interesting failings and virtues. Landladies are to be met with who take offence unless they are introduced to all the lodger's visitors, others who evict his friends when the hour grows what they consider late. Some never bring a meal in time, some clap your dinner on the table the moment you enter, with a "Don't-you-say-I-kept-you-waiting air" that defies you to delay to get into your slippers. Then if the gods wish to prove you, you may discover a devoted soul who delights to sneak hot-water bottles into your bed on winter nights, to give you hot muffins for tea, trotting in every three minutes with a smoking relay. Only recently there has come to light the case of a landlady who acquired a Thermos flask, that her young gentleman might find hot coffee awaiting him in the small hours on his return from dances; and what do you think of another who, while her swaggering foster-child entertained his bachelor friends to tea in one room, sat down at the piano in another, and refreshed their ears with Beethoven? I know of one strange dame who thought it

would be unfair of her to remove the piano from the lodger's room, because it was there when he took it; at the same time she kept the piano locked, and declined to let him have the key. Apparently the piano went with the room *qua* furniture—as a lawyer would say—but not *qua* instrument of music.

Landladies are an old subject of the would-be humorist and the reminiscent nomad, but what of the lodger as he appears in her eyes? The story of the lodger who, departing displeased, nailed a kipper to the under surface of the table, where, hard to locate, it would horribly and with increasing vigour express his displeasure, has never been told from the landlady's point of view, and it is a typical example.

Some day, perhaps, a literary landlady of wide experience and retentive memory will emerge, to win for her long-silent and long-suffering sisterhood that artistic and ample revenge which will be within her power.

A Twitter from an Academic Grove.

OF all the towns I know, there's none
So dear to me as Dollar,
It's there I've lived a year and more,
It's there I am a scholar.

There merrily the year goes round,
Though now so bare of beauty;
For every season has its sport,
As every day its duty.

In winter, when the frost is keen,
With Jack I go a-skating,
Or, in a football scrimmage, keep
My young blood circulating.

In spring, when afternoons grow long,
Oh, then I love to ramble,
And take the pathway up the glen
That leads to Castle Campbell.

On summer Saturdays I bathe
And angle in the Devon;
At other times, look out for me
Among our own Eleven.

Thus merrily the year goes round,
And flashes into beauty;
And every season has its sport,
As every day its duty.

And so in ruddy health I grow,
No puny, pale-faced scholar—
Oh, little wonder that I love
To sing the praise of Dollar!

Dollar Institution Magazine, 1883.

Gueliash-Khanim.

A CRIMEAN LEGEND.

THE Khan "Tudi-Manghu-Khan" ruled over a beautiful country, but he himself resembled an abnormally fat bull, and was certainly very ugly. Moreover, he limped, and was crooked in one eye. And all his children took after him, except Gueliash-Khanim, who grew up a beautiful maid. Tudi-Manghu always believed that she alone had his features, but—the cleverest people are mistaken sometimes.

In the Solgat Palace of the Khan lived his three hundred wives, but the mother of Gueliash-Khanim occupied a whole half of it, because Tudi-Manghu loved her, also he was afraid of her sometimes. When she got into a bad temper and locked herself up, then the Khan waited until she called him; he knew what a disposition a woman had when disturbed at such a time, but folks talked and said she locked herself up for reasons of her own; that she turned herself into a bird, and often flew out of the palace into the forest of Arab, where the gipsies camped, under the leadership of Ibraghim. The chief eunuch tried to explain this to the Khan, but Tudi-Manghu's eyes became white with rage, and he smashed the stem of his pipe on the old man's bald crown. He remembered well that after the birth of Gueliash-Khanim his luck turned, and fortune had been on his side since then—her mother's magic had conjured it thus. And he loved his gipsy wife, for sometimes she called him the handsomest man in the world, when she wished to humour him; then Tudi-Manghu smiled, and his face looked like a tomato, getting succulent in the fat of a sheep's tail.

Whenever the Khan made a raid on Orr, he took Gueliash-Khanim with him to bring him luck, in order to plunder more, and that the booty might be as costly as possible.

Once he plundered so much that a hundred arbass' could hardly cart all the spoil away. And he attributed this great success to his daughter; for she never left her father's side, even when he galloped on his charger. But the arbass' went very slowly, and the Khan wanted to get home. So he called his right-hand, Cherkez-bey, to him, and bidding him take charge of the plunder, the treasury, and Gueliash-Khanim, he himself galloped away home with a bodyguard.

The Khan was joyous and his wives happy; for soon the presents would arrive. But things do not always turn out as one expects.

Cherkez-bey was handsome, straight as a poplar, brave as a panther, and contentment bathed in his eyes. And Gueliash-Khanim had reached that age when her heart beat faster in the presence of a handsome young man.

Gueliash-Khanim looked at Cherkez-bey, and decided to stay with him. So, after her father had left she turned herself into a gold piece, and the gold piece rolled to the feet of the bey. He picked it up and put it into the treasury, instead of keeping it himself, for the bey was an honest man. Still, an honest deed does not always bring good fruit.

That night the Duke of Laclav fell upon Cherkez-bey, captured the treasury, and took the arbass' away with him; and only Cherkez-bey with a few horsemen managed to escape. But Gueliash-Khanim was brought, together with the gold pieces, to Balaclava, where a Greek prince reigned.

And when the latter opened the treasury, brought by his vassal the Duke of Laclav, he began to laugh, so that the crystal vases on their marble pedestals nearly cracked; for there, instead of gold coins, the treasury was full of golden bees, and the casket rang with their buzzing.

"Tudi-Manghu-Khan must be foolish to carry bees about in his treasury!" he cried. The bees swarmed out and flew to the upper windows, except one, which buzzed about the prince and suddenly stung his lips.

Sometimes the kiss of a beauty leads to further events, as the warm kiss of a spring zephyr wakens the sleeping trees.

And when the bee stung him, the prince fanned her angrily away, and caught her wing. The bee fell, and all around her the other bees showered down in a golden rain, and when they touched the ground golden pieces were lying scattered all round. The prince arched his high brow with amazement, and drew in his breath when he saw Gueliash-Khanim, the Khan's daughter, seated in the midst of the gold, smilingly contemplating him.

If Cherkez-bey was handsome, this Balaclava prince was still more so. Nobility lit up his features, and his eyes flamed with passion. He was bewitched by the maiden's beauty, so that even the pile of gold attracted him not, the young prince thrusting it aside with his foot.

When one is young the eye rules the head. And the prince carried the maiden into his room. Next day his chiefs knocked at his door and told him that the army of the Khan Tudi-Manghu-Khan had set out from Solgat and was marching against them, but their warnings fell on deaf ears, for the Drink of Love is the strongest of all wines, and men get intoxicated from it.

But on the fourth day, when Gueliash-Khanim heard that Cherkez-bey was approaching Balaclava, she turned herself into a bird and flew away from the tower.

Cherkez-bey was galloping on a white charger, at the head of his army, when he heard a woman's groan somewhere at the side of the road. Reining in his horses he found Gueliash-Khanim lying in some bushes, crying and complaining that the Prince of Balaclava had offended her, betrayed her, and left her lying there alone. "Nobody will marry me now," she wailed.

"I will!" exclaimed Cherkez-bey. "But for your plight the Prince of Balaclava shall pay with his head!"

On the road home to Solgat, Gueliash-Khanim thought: "Which of the two is better, the prince, or the bey?" It would be well to take both as husbands, and perhaps also the gipsy Ibraghim, of whom her mother spoke well, for, possessing much, one wants still more.

In the meantime, the Prince of Balaclava was seeking Gueliash-Khanim everywhere, and not finding her, went to Solgat, disguised as a gipsy woman. Over hills and valleys he travelled, until the town of Solgat came in sight. The town stretched for several miles, but there was no living soul in the streets. Every one was on the square in front of the Khan's palace; for Tudi-Manghu was celebrating the marriage of his youngest daughter, and regaling every one who came there.

The populace rejoiced. A hundred chataldjafs, a hundred and one dum-balls delighted the ear, and fires blazed on the surrounding hills. The Khan's servants hauled up barrels of busa or oat-ale, and betmess, and rolled them

out among the people ; and a whole herd of sheep were being roasted on spits in the square. The people praised their lord, the Khan Tudi-Manghu, and his son-in-law, Cherkez-bey.

To-morrow morning Gueliash-Khanim would be brought past the mosque of Sultan Bibarss, and it would be a great holiday. As she herself thought of this she grew a little sad. Leaning against the grated window, looking out into a back street, she fell to meditating, and thought about the Prince of Balaclava.

"If he would only come."

Suddenly an old woman's voice came up from the street below.

"Do you want your fortune told? Let me in and I will tell you your future. Let me look into your eyes and I will tell you what you are."

Gueliash-Khanim called the old gipsy in, and locked herself up in her room with the old hag. "Now tell me my fortune!"

She looked at the gipsy—and recoiled ; for the gipsy's eyes blazed a mad fire, and her lips whispered wild words. Down fell the woman's clothes and the Prince of Balaclava held Gueliash-Khanim in his passionate embrace. . . .

Sometimes the moon is white, sometimes yellow. But that night people saw three moons at once. One was white, the other two were bathed in blood. They said : "Two have been killed, the third has remained alive." . . . Gueliash-Khanim shrieked. . . . Like a tempest burst in Cherkez-bey. . . . Loving lips locked together in a long—their last—kiss. . . . Brightly flashed the silvery moon on the steel of a swinging yataghan,—and two heads rolled to the ground, whilst the two red moons played and shone in the blended blood of two lovers. . . . Cherkez-bey thrust aside the body of Gueliash-Khanim with his foot.

What mockery of Fate ! A few days ago the Prince of Balaclava thrust the gold away with his foot to get at the living Gueliash-Khanim ; and now the Solgat bey thrusts away the body. . . .

That same night Cherkez-bey married the eldest daughter of the Khan, for man must have no pity upon woman.

Now nothing remains of the Solgat Palace. Even the old natives know little about it, and the name of Gueliash-Khanim has been quite forgotten. But in autumn, when the local Tartars have their weddings, some see, on moonlight nights, how two shadows meet on the spot where the Palace of Solgat stood. And one asks :—

"Why did you kill me?"

And the other answers :—

"Because I loved you."

F. A.

The Wanderer of the West and Other Poems.

WE refer to this little book mainly because it is from the pen of one who was a well-known figure in Dollar some years ago, and because it contains verses of local interest. It was published anonymously in the year 1890, as the work of "A Scottish Borderer"; but, as we were favoured by the author with a presentation copy, we are able to give his name, which was well known to his friends at the time of publication. Mr John Rutherford, a retired farmer, came to Dollar in the eighties, in order to have his children educated at the Academy, and it was during his stay here that he amused himself by producing the work under notice.

Mr Rutherford was a man of commanding stature, not less than six feet four inches in height, and was correspondingly broad built.

"A manly man to ben an abbot able."

He was universally respected, owing to the habitual cheerfulness of his demeanour, his affable and gentlemanly manners. Indeed, there was about Mr Rutherford something we had almost said of an old-world courtesy, well befitting one who had grown up immediately under the influence of those men of an age now past—the gallant retainers of the bold Buccleuch. He was an ardent lover of nature, and, had he lived, would have been a strong supporter of those who would like to see the streets of Dollar lined with ornamenting trees.

His poetry is not of great merit; it resembles fiery matter unconsolidated, not yet gathered into form or shape. There is a rush of thought and language; but there is a lack of the harmony and melody which poetry requires—harmony in its parts and melody in the music of its flow. We subjoin a few specimens.

CASTLE GLOOM.

The original name of Castle Campbell, near Dollar, was "Castle Gloom"; and one of the legends connected with it is that a Princess was there confined in one of its dungeons. She designated the two burns which meet below the Castle as the "Burn of Care" and the "Burn of Sorrow."

Say, why do spirits hover near the spot
Where earthly pleasure never was their lot?
Why do I leave my too mysterious tomb,
And thus by moonlight walk round Castle Gloom?

I, who was born and nurs'd in princely halls,
Where liveried lackeys answer'd to my calls;
Where lords and ladies to the measure light
Danc'd and carous'd thro' many a jovial night.

Why was I carried here in beauty's bloom,
And in a dungeon lodg'd in Castle Gloom?
Thro' that long night I waited for to-morrow,
Near the rippling burns of "Care" and "Sorrow."

'Twas love, the enchanter of the human heart,
Mysterious influence from Cupid's dart ;
My charming Douglas, tho' my father's foe,
Return'd my love, but both were doomed to woe.

These secret meetings in the jesamine grove,
Those press'd endearments of the truest love,
That youthful form in manhood's early bloom,
Could he but visit me from glory's tomb !

Dear Helen Stuart, to your side I come,
No more to part, our prison life is done ;
This, dear love, is the long wish'd to-morrow,
Dawn lights up the burns of "Care" and "Sorrow."

This is the voice of Douglas, this his hand,
And that his velvet doublet and his brand ;
I have not seen you since the chill of Death
Freed our glad spirits from their load of earth.

SONG.

When lovers' spirits quit their earthly clay,
To meet by moonlight in the birchen way,
In front of Castle Campbell old and grey,
They joyous sing a roundelay.

Here Kemp the robber held his court of old,
Here Highland gillies serv'd their chief so bold ;
Their deeds outrageous cannot here be told,
We will not say, no, we will not say.

The princely Stuart then kept watch and ward,
Built outworks strong, the keep to guard ;
Beneath our feet, and under the green sward,
Lie dungeons deep, but we will not say.

The silver moonlight shines o'er Sauchie fall,
A graceful fernery surrounds it all,
Waters rush headlong o'er the rocky wall,
And choruses our roundelay.

Mr Rutherford was a true patriot, deeply imbued with the martial spirit. We verily believe that, like Sir Roger de Coverley, he would have backed one Scotsman against three Frenchmen.

JOHN BULL.

Quite a generous foe is the dauntless John Bull,
Expert at a wrestle, and strong at a pull ;
Secure in his Island surrounded by seas,
He delights in small fields with hedges of trees.

When John goes to war he's a million of spears,
But for such great preponderance don't entertain fears ;
He seldom sends out above one man to two,
And he says, with roast beef such numbers should do.

So John's march is triumphant as well it may be,
He has conquered by land, and has conquered by sea ;
Though he once got a drubbing himself in his turn,
When he met Bobbie Bruce up at old Bannockburn.

But John said Scotch haggis for him was too heavy,
That our beef was so lean it made him quite silly ;
So he was not in trim when he fought the Highlander,
And her charge was so fierce no man could withstand her !

So he thought to make friends with such folk would be best,
He hung up his bow and his quiver to rest ;
And he says that the Scotch have proved loyal and true,
And did good execution at old Waterloo.

He commendeth the land of the Highland Brigades,
And has now grown quite fond of their bonnets and plaids ;
So at such stalwart fellows all nations may stare,
From the bonnie green Highlands to Tel-el-Kebir !

Our poet could sing of love as well as of war, even better.

HARP OF OLD IRELAND.

Llewellyn O'Shene.

Who has not heard of Llewellyn O'Shene ?
Of her beauty immortal for ever I dream ;
An expression so sweet upon features so rare,
'Mong the daughters of beauty she looked the most fair.

Some say that a seraph came down from the sky,
And threw that bright tint o'er her charming blue eye ;
That an angel of light flashed that beam o'er her face,
And endowed her for life with these movements of grace.

The Harp of Old Ireland has not got the power
To melt into music the bliss of the hour,
When wandering at large in a gay fairy scene
I first met the glance of Llewellyn O'Shene.

I gave my broad acres to this charming flower,
And, though fair sons and daughters have since been my dower,
Not one of the fair ones can boast such a mein
As the mother of beauty, Llewellyn O'Shene.

Notes from Near and Far.

AMIDST the various discussions which at present occupy the public mind, there is one concerning which there is no diversity of opinion. All are agreed in condemning the action of the Postmaster-General in planting the large telegraph poles along the bonnie Burnside, thus destroying the amenity of scenery which has long been admired by all, and resorted to by artists. The towering poles are bad enough, but the hideous stays by which they are supported are infinitely worse. Surely engineering skill could devise some mode of giving support by means less unsightly. Had the course first favoured by the engineers been adhered to, and the poles placed on the back road, from the Quarrel Burn on the west to the upper bridge of the Dollar Burn on the east, the charm of the Burnside would have escaped destruction. Even after the Middle Walk was selected as the course to be followed, the disfiguring of the Burnside might have been avoided by placing the poles at the back of the houses instead of at the front.

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NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.—The monthly meeting was held in the Athenæum Hall on Tuesday evening, 13th January. Dr Strachan presided over a fair attendance. Mr E. Mc'Nellan gave an exhaustive paper on "South African Snakes." Attention was first called to the different kinds of snakes and their distinguishing characteristics; after which the best known in South Africa, the puff-adder, the cobra, the wamba, the green snake, and the python, were described in turn. Impressions made during a residence in the country were recalled with a vividness and minuteness of detail only possible to a keenly interested observer. Two adventures with these dangerous reptiles were recounted most graphically, in which the speaker, in the one case alone, and with a friend in the other, was intimately concerned. Further information as to their resourceful fighting powers was given by the account from a naturalist of his experience with an anaconda, the great water snake of South Africa; while an extract from a magazine showed how a monkey cleverly proved himself more than a match for one of these dreaded animals. Votes of thanks, on the motion of Dr Strachan, were accorded the lecturer.

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NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.—There was a good attendance of members and friends on Tuesday, 10th February, when a lecture was given by the Rev. A. Easton Spence—the subject being "The Romance of an Old Border Town." As the lecturer told the story of the varied fortunes of the old frontier town of Berwick, one realised what an amount of pleasurable interest had been derived and information gained, during a short autumn holiday, by the intelligent setting of the eye to observe and the mind to work. Passing from the natural surroundings of hill, river, and sea, which were described as hardly to be surpassed in picturesqueness, and which afforded views which sent a thrill of delight through the onlooker, scenes and events in the history of the town were taken up. Whether it was a lawless act in the days when "might was right," or the military operations associated with the place, or its connection with friars and nuns, or its renown at one time as a merchant city, or its close identification with royalty—with, in one case,

disastrous results to the town, and in another, advantageous—or comments on particular buildings—all were described with a singular appropriateness of word and phrase, combined with accuracy of statement and shot through with the gleam of legitimate exercise of imagination. It was interesting to know that in the religious life of the town John Knox had a share; also in recent times, another great preacher and good man—Principal Cairns—whose name, Mr Spence said, was carved on the memory and affections of many. To the lecture, which was instructive all through, a fitting close was given by the quoting of Keble's beautiful hymn: "There is a book who runs may read," &c. On the motion of Dr Strachan, the President, a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr Spence, and supplemented by appreciative remarks by the Rev. J. Taylor, both as to the character of the lecture and the choice of subject.

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BURNS CLUB.—The Dollar Burns Club celebrated its 27th Annual Dinner in the Athenæum Hall on Thursday, the 22nd January, when fully fifty of the members sat down to an excellent spread. The President of the Club, Mr J. M. Calvert Wilson, presided, while Mr A. M. J. Graham discharged the duties of croupier. The loyal toasts having been given from the chair, Mr R. M. Fraser, in reminiscent strain, proposed the "Imperial Forces," while Lieutenant Walton ably replied. "The Immortal Memory" was given by the Chairman in a most excellent and eloquent speech. Mr Wilson dealt with the varied career of the poet, and the effect his life had upon his brother men. The Chairman's pithy remarks were received with enthusiasm. The croupier, in a capital speech, gave the toast of "Bonnie Jean." Mr Dougall, in his usual racy manner, then gave the sentiment of "Other Scottish Poets," giving a most interesting address on the poets of the Scottish vernacular, as also the local exponents of poetry. Other toasts were: "Oor Ain Toon," by Mr K. Allsopp, reply by Dr Strachan; "The Lassies, O," by Dr Cameron, reply by Mr J. M'Culloch; the toast of the Chairman being proposed by Mr John M'Gruther.

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WE had hoped to give our readers a full report of Mr Wilson's address, but our space permits only a few extracts which will serve to show the manner and spirit in which the subject was treated. Speaking first of The Man, Mr Wilson said, "Born at a time when Scotland was still an agricultural country, and there were two great divisions of the people, the peasant and the peer, he had the opportunity of regarding both, the former intimately, the latter more in their actions and relations with the former. . . . The sparkling gem of many a jovial company, he could hold in thrall the gilded lord or stately dame, and also draw towards him the toilworn peasant and the blithesome maid by the magic of his voice and the music of his words. As he moved among those men and women, hoping and feeling intensely, life, and all its depth of mystery, its elusiveness and its sublimity, were gathered into his large and sympathetic heart, to be drawn on later to touch the tender chords of humanity, and to quicken the great pulse of the world. Sociable, friendly, honest, with hopes and fears, he was dashed through life like a tempest-driven bark upon the ocean. Loving the true and the beautiful, weeping over the sorrows of his fellow-men, and laughing with the wits, scorning the hollow, the selfish, and the hypocrite, he sinned and

sorrowed, but never once proved a Holy Willie. . . . One who was oftentimes in his company wrote thus: 'He was always the living spirit of the company, and by the communications of his genius seemed to animate every one present with a portion of his fire. I have seen him dazzle and delight a party for hours together, by the brilliancy and rapidity of his flashes, without even an allusion that could give offence to vestal purity.'

"*His Inspiration.*—Poetry is an inspired soliloquy; the thoughts rise unforced and unchecked, taking musical form in obedience only to the law of their being; it is the cry of the heart, as simple as the breath we draw, and as little ordered with a view to applause. Whence came the inspirations to Burns? A man amongst men, moving about in company, jostling shoulders with all around him, he saw and noted their sentiments and manners, their beliefs and superstitions, and hoarded them in that great mind of his. He heard their tales of sorrow and of joy. Their inmost souls seemed to be bared to his eye, and their lives made books for him to read. Hating all that was foreign to justice, uprightness, and truthfulness, he found much to occupy his thoughts, for around him stalked corruption, falsehood, and injustice. Living lies met him as he journeyed from place to place, and his soul revolted and poured forth invective such as had never before been uttered. Yet although such things loomed large around him, he never lost sight of the beauty and the grace of the homely poor, and sang sweetly the songs of hearth and heart.

" 'To mak' a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.'

"Burns taught us to respect ourselves, 'A Man's a Man for a' that,' our goodly heritage, Auld Scotia and our fellow-men. He drew round us a band of brotherly love, making us a more closely knit nation than ever we had been, and he made the Scot to be honoured all the world over. He wreathed our life in songs immortal in their fire and beauty.

"Plato considered that the aim of poetry should be to make men better citizens, and I am sure that you are all with me, heart and soul, when I say that Burns upholds the truth of that statement, for he taught us the dignity of man, faith in ourselves and others, hope in times of darkness and distress, and poured into our hearts that greatest of all three, charity."

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BOY SCOUTS' ASSOCIATION.—A largely-attended meeting of those interested in the Boy Scout movement was held in the Athenæum Hall on Wednesday evening, 21st January, for the purpose of forming a local Association to supervise the training of local scouts. Colonel Haig, Dollarfield, occupied the chair, and in a few words introduced Major Crum, Stirling, who had consented to give a lantern lecture on "Scouts and Scouting." The Major, with the aid of a fine series of lantern slides, gave a practical and instructive address to the boys bearing upon scout-craft, camp life, drill, &c. On the proposal of ex-Provost Green, a vote of thanks was heartily awarded to Major Crum. Thereafter, on the proposal of Mr Dougall, it was agreed to form a local Association, and the following were elected office-bearers: Hon. President, Colonel Haig; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Rev. R. S. Armstrong, Mr C. S. Dougall, Mr J. Gray Gibson, ex-Provost Green, Provost Mrs

Malcolm, Rev. A. E. Spence, and Dr Strachan ; Hon. Secretary, Mr A. M. J. Graham ; Hon. Treasurer, Mr A. Muckersie ; and a Committee consisting of Misses Dobie and Beveridge, and Messrs J. Brydie, W. Henderson, Captain P. D. Lauder (Scoutmaster), and ex-Bailie Waddell.

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PARISH CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.—The Annual Sunday School Soiree was held in the Institution Hall on Friday, 27th December. The Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., presided, and was accompanied to the platform by Mr and Mrs Dobie, Dollarbeg ; Mrs Kerr and Miss Smith, Harviestoun Castle ; Mr J. B. Haig, W.S. ; Mr and Provost Mrs Malcolm, &c. The principal part of the programme consisted of a cinematograph exhibition by Messrs Gardiner & Co., Glasgow. This proved to be one of the best that has ever been seen in Dollar, and the young folks were kept in raptures, and gave vent to their feelings of delight as the various films were exhibited. An interesting event of the evening was the distribution of prizes for regular attendance. Provost Mrs Malcolm graciously distributed the prizes, and spoke a few words of encouragement to the scholars. She complimented two sisters—Maggie and Mary Wright—who received special prizes for five years' perfect attendance, and expressed the hope that others would follow their example. On the call of the minister, the Provost was accorded three hearty cheers for her kindness in coming to distribute the prizes. A very pleasant feature of the programme was the singing of a choir of thirty girls and the recitations by the scholars. Mr Begg and Miss Lyon deserve great credit for the successful training of the singers and reciters, and thanks are also due to Miss M'Gruther for her very efficient services as accompanist. At the close of the soiree, which has been pronounced the best that has ever been held in connection with this Sunday School, the Rev. Mr Armstrong proposed a vote of thanks to the Sunday School teachers, and to the generous friends of the congregation who provided the funds for the treat. The whole arrangements were carried out under the guidance of Mr Masterton, assisted by a very efficient committee of the lady teachers, to whom the scholars are greatly indebted for all their kindness.

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SOCIAL MEETING.—The Annual Social Meeting of the Parish Church congregation was held in the Academy Hall on Thursday evening, 19th February—the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., the minister, in the chair. More than ordinary interest attached to this meeting owing to the fact that a marriage presentation was to be made to Mr and Mrs Armstrong. There was a very large attendance of members, adherents, and friends of the congregation. After a service of tea the various reports were read, namely, Mrs Dougall's report on the work of the Women's Guild, read in her absence by Mr Masterton ; Mr Alex Cowan's report on the Young Men's Guild. Mr Masterton submitted the annual report of the Sunday School, which, he said, had a roll of 187 scholars ; he also, on behalf of the Kirk Session, gave the financial statement of the congregation, which showed a very satisfactory credit balance. The adoption of the reports was moved by Mr J. B. Haig, and seconded by Mr Alexander.

To Mr M'Arthur Moir of Hillfoot was entrusted the handing over of the gifts of the congregation, consisting of a handsome solid silver salver and a cheque for a goodly sum to Mr and Mrs Armstrong, and he did so in his usual happy and characteristic style, to the delight of the audience.

In accepting the gifts, Mr Armstrong said that he appreciated very highly the kind thought, and that he and Mrs Armstrong placed a high value on the beautiful presents.

Not the least attractive part of the evening's entertainment was an excellent musical programme presented by Mr M'Gruther and his choir, with Miss M'Gruther as accompanist.

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ORDINATION OF THE REV. JOHN DUNN, B.A.—On Friday, 30th January, the U.F. Presbytery of Stirling and Dunblane met in the Public Hall, Sauchie, and ordained the Rev. John Dunn, B.A. (F.P.), to the charge of the U.F. Congregation, Sauchie. We most heartily congratulate the congregation on their good fortune in obtaining the services of a minister so able and earnest.

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SOCIETY FOR NURSING THE SICK POOR.—The Annual General Meeting of this Association was held in the Masonic Hall on the afternoon of Thursday, 5th March, when, notwithstanding the inclement weather, there was a fairly good attendance, ladies predominating. Mr Malcolm presided. The Rev. Mr Armstrong opened the meeting with prayer. The minute of the last General Meeting, which had been printed and distributed to subscribers, was held as read, and the minutes of the Committee Meetings for the year were read by the Chairman and warmly approved. Nurse Bell's report, in which she made special reference to the kindness of certain ladies in supplying her daily with soup for the invalids, showed that she had been most attentive to her aged patients, she having made 2,882 visits in the twelve months. A very ably written report was presented by the Committee and read to the meeting by Mr Malcolm. Equally satisfactory was the report of the treasurer, Mr Gibson.

The Rev. Mr Spence moved the adoption of the reports, highly commending the ladies of the Committee for their self-denying, benignant labours, and Nurse Bell for her assiduity, as shown in the remarkable number of visits she had made.

Miss Haig and Mrs Macbeth were reappointed, respectively, President and Secretary, Mr Gibson, Treasurer, and to the Committee, on the suggestion of Mrs Cameron, were added Mrs Armstrong and Miss Millen. Mr John T. Munro agreed to act as Auditor.

On the motion of the Rev. Mr Armstrong, Mr Malcolm was thanked for presiding.

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CURLING.—Curlers were not favoured with much suitable ice during the past season, though several good games were enjoyed on our artificial pond. On New Year's Day an attractive and keenly-contested game was played between the Brothers Haig of Dollarfield (Colonel Robert Haig, Major Patrick R. Haig, Mr J. B. Haig, and Mr W. Haig), and Mr Matthew Jack, jun., Mr R. Jack, Mr J. P. Young, and ex-Bailie Anderson. The "Jacks" had the best of the game for a time, and, with two ends to go, they stood eight up, but in the closing stages the Haig team came away strongly and netted six shots, the result being—"Jacks," 20; Haigs, 18.

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AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the Half-yearly General Meeting of the Clackmannanshire Union Society, held in Alloa on 13th December 1913,



R. K. Holmes

IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD
THE GRAVES OF DR LINDSAY, MR DOUGLAS, AND M. BONNE)

Mr J. Ernest Kerr of Harvieston Castle was unanimously re-elected President. Mr Kerr, we are glad to see, achieved a remarkable series of successes at the annual fat stock exhibition of the Scottish National Fat Stock Club, opened in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, on Wednesday, 17th December. In addition to His Majesty the King's Challenge Cup, and Ardross Challenge Shield, Mr Kerr secured four championship prizes, namely, for best animal in show, for best steer, for best animal in cattle classes, and for best animal bred by exhibitor. Mr Kerr is doing much to improve the breed both of cattle and Clydesdales, and we congratulate him on the work, and wish him continued success.

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We note with much pleasure that Mr Robert K. Holmes, whose excellent views of local scenery have been so much admired and praised by our readers, has been successful in getting four of his landscapes hung at the Eleventh Scottish National Photographic Salon (Aberdeen Art Gallery).

The following opinions of the Press are interesting and highly creditable to the artist:—

Aberdeen Free Press.—"Mr Robert K. Holmes, Dollar, shows some fine atmospheric effects secured among the Ochils."

Amateur Photographer.—"Robert K. Holmes, Dollar, might be characterised as one of those 'safe' workers who neither startle nor offend; in 'The Coming Shower' we have good, honest, sane work, no humbug about it. It is undistinguished photography, but there is the glorious roominess of the open air."

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THE LATE SIR DAVID GILL.—One of the most distinguished of our former pupils, Sir David Gill, has just passed away, after an illness extending over a considerable period. "Sir David was a credit to Dollar Academy, a strong, clever man, modest and simple, who neither sought nor worked for honours, yet so generous and frank that every one who came in contact with him felt that he was a friend." As an astronomer he was an energetic enthusiast, and had a nimble elasticity of spirit which won the admiration most of those who knew him best. He was greatly esteemed by a wide circle of scientific friends. He was, however, no dry-as-dust scientist, and was in great request as an after-dinner speaker. His humour was of the variety known as dry, and he told in a broad Scottish accent good stories, some of which reflected on the reputed characteristics of his countrymen. There was, for instance, his true and particular account of the meteorite that fell on a Highland farm some years ago. "It was a valuable meteorite," said Sir David, "and the landlord put in a prompt claim for it. 'All minerals and metals on the land belong to me. That's in the lease,' said the landlord to the tenant.

"The latter demurred, and pointed out that the meteorite was not on the farm when the lease was drawn up.

"Here was a pretty point, but the landlord was equal to the occasion, and retorted, 'Well, then, I claim it as flying game.' The tenant, of course, had a ready answer, 'But it has neither wings nor feathers,' he observed, 'therefore, as ground game, it's mine.'

"At this point," said Sir David, "the discussion was cut short by the appearance of a revenue officer, who proceeded to take possession of the meteorite, 'because,' said he, 'it is an article introduced into this country without payment of duty.'"

SCOT'S KEEN SIGHT FOR COIN.—Another story which Sir David was fond of telling concerned his election as president of the Institute of Marine Engineers, for a reason which he professed to find inscrutable. "I was much puzzled," he said, "to know what subject to select for my address. Finally I decided to speak on the accuracy of mechanical operations fifty years ago, compared with that of similar operations at the present day. I pointed out that half a century ago an error of a second of arc was considered a very small quantity in measuring the distance of a star, that being equivalent to the measurement of the diameter of a threepenny piece situated a mile off, whereas we could now measure within one hundredth of a second of arc, which was like measuring a threepenny piece at a distance of one hundred miles.

"The proposer of my health at the dinner which followed said there could be no doubt as to my nationality, because no one but a Scotsman would bother his head about a threepenny piece one hundred miles away."

At the close of the school session, 1902, Sir David paid a visit to his old school, presented the prizes to the winners, and addressed parents and pupils. His speech on that occasion showed how fully he comprehended the value of the education he had received at Dollar Academy, how his powers of mind had been trained, preparing him for the service of his country and his generation, forming and disciplining his character. He expressed the wish that the Academy should move, not merely with, but in advance of, the times, bringing within its province each new department of science and art.

An excellent portrait of Sir David appeared in No. 7, Vol. II., of the *Dollar Magazine*.

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DOUGLAS MEMORIAL.—As will be seen by the illustration, the memorial to the late Mr John Douglas, for which subscriptions were asked a few months ago, has now been completed. The stone is of rough hewn silver-grey granite, with a chiselled panel in the front, embellished with Celtic ornament, and bearing the following inscription: "In loving memory of John Richard Douglas, for forty years writing master at Dollar Academy. Born, 31st Oct. 1801. Died, 23rd Mar. 1895. Erected by his family and former pupils, 1914."

In addition to the sum acknowledged in our last number, a subscription of £1 was received by Mr Holmes from Mr W. A. Davie, Buenos Aires, making the total amount available £22. 8s. The whole of this sum—less a few shillings for postages—was spent on the memorial.

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THE following letter of grateful thanks has just been received by Mr Holmes :—

"DEAR SIR,—We wish to thank you for the kind interest and great respect shown to our father, in bringing to the notice of old pupils the wish for a memorial to be placed on his last resting-place, and also to sincerely thank all subscribers.

"W. W. DOUGLAS.

A. E. W. DOUGLAS.

J. W. DOUGLAS.

F. FRASER."

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A DOLLAR BOY LEADS.—A wireless chess match was recently played between two enthusiasts who were travelling on ships one hundred and fifty

miles apart. A Dr Carment was aboard the "Morea" and a Mr Miesters on the steamship "Rembrandt," and whilst these vessels steamed to their destinations the moves in the game were flashed across miles of ocean from ship to ship. Dr Carment won this strange contest at the sixty-ninth move. The winner is one of our distinguished F.P.'s.

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B.A. DEGREE.—We heartily congratulate Mr David Malcolm Carment on his obtaining the B.A. degree of the London University. He passed the examinations within the shortest possible time allowed by the conditions.

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DOLLAR ASSOCIATION.—The meetings of this Association are still well attended, and the lectures and discussions are much appreciated.

The Rev. Mr Taylor gave a most interesting and instructive lecture on Cashmere, a native state in the extreme north of India, with splendid lime-light illustrations. The attendance was good, and the lecture was much appreciated.

At the next meeting Mr John C. Buchan, of Alloa, favoured the members with a very able lecture on Continental rambles. After a brief description of sight-seeing in Belgium, the lecturer passed on through Alsace-Lorraine by Metz and Strasburg to Switzerland, and dealt with places of interest in several cantons. The lecture was finely illustrated, and was much enjoyed by an attentive audience.

One meeting was given up to a debate on "Compulsory Military Training." Ex-Provost Green, seconded by Mr Allsopp, spoke in favour of the suggestion of the National Service League, whilst Mr A. M. J. Graham, seconded by Captain Wilson, spoke against compulsion. The Rev. R. S. Armstrong, Dr Beveridge, Mr Lauder, and others having taken part in the debate, the leaders replied, and a vote was thereafter taken, when it was found that 17 voted in negative and 15 affirmative, giving a majority of 2 against compulsion.

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DOLLAR INSTITUTION, DOLLAR, N.B.,
9th February 1914.

DEAR MR HOLMES,

SCHOOL LIBRARY.

I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, with accompanying copy of Volume XII. of the *Dollar Magazine* for year 1913, which I have pleasure in placing along with the previous Volumes in the School Library.

Allow me to thank the Committee of the *Magazine*, on behalf of the Governors, for this Volume, and for their continued remembrance of the Library.—I am, with kind regards, yours sincerely,

THOS. J. YOUNG.

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

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A MUSICAL MONTRESSORI.—In the January number of *The World's Work* there is a very well-written, finely-illustrated article on the Chassevant method of instruction in music, of which Miss Gibb (F.P.) is the able exponent in Edinburgh. The article is by Josephine Tozier, and is in

substance an account of her visit to Miss Gibb's classes and what she saw there. We give a few extracts which will give our readers some notion of the claims which supporters of the system put forth in its behalf:—

"To listen attentively and intelligently to the voices of nature, to the voice of man, and to those measured, ordered, and interwoven sounds which we call music—that is an art to be acquired like any other. To hear is one thing, to listen is another. We cannot help hearing—sometimes we wish we could. But to attend intelligently to sounds—to discriminate between them, recognise and interpret them—that is not a faculty with which unaided nature endows us. Nor is it imparted in the ordinary course of education. The fondness of the normal child for music is, indeed, recognised, together with the educative value of rhythmic movement; so that singing and marching to music nearly always form part of the daily school drill. If the hours now spent in a parrot-like repetition of rote-learned tunes were devoted to acquiring a finely developed sense of hearing and an analytical knowledge of the elements of music, the gain in intelligence and mental efficiency would be felt throughout life, even by those who made no further study of music, practical or theoretic.

"The method I am about to describe was evolved and perfected many years ago by Mlle. Chassevant, a French lady. She was gifted with an extraordinary insight into the child-mind; but her fundamental principle was one of plain common sense, namely, that in order to interest a child in a subject, and impress its elements upon the memory, only familiar words and readily comprehensible similes should be employed. To proceed by insensible degrees from the known to the unknown, while at the same time making the process attractive—that was her one endeavour.

"My attention was first directed to the Chassevant method by a lady, and by her advice I went to Edinburgh, and there carefully observed the classes held by Miss Gibb, who had for thirteen years been most successfully teaching by the Chassevant method adapted to the needs of English-speaking children.

"The habit of listening intently and intelligently, which the pupils of this method acquire almost unconsciously, is one of the weightiest arguments in favour of its adoption in primary schools. Even for quite other than musical purposes the importance of educating the ear cannot be over-estimated. . . . The habit thus acquired will be of inestimable value, not only in their school life, but through all their future years. Mothers tell extraordinary tales of the benefits in this particular received by children whom Miss Gibb has trained. Not only do they listen attentively to the sounds (never before noticed) of the wind in the chimney, the music of rippling water, the songs of birds, and the tones of bells, but their ears are also sharpened to the fine gradations in the speech of their mother-tongue. . . . In writing words for many of the melodies in the 'Solfege' books, Miss Gibb has actually taken advantage of suggestions made by the children. For instance, she on one occasion played a little two-part melody, asking the children to listen and tell her what sort of words they would like to sing to it. 'It must be something about a swing,' was the instant response, and accordingly the words:

"Gently swinging, sweetly singing,
Branches hiding us safe as can be,"

were written for the next lesson.

"Again she played a two-part tune in A Minor, asking for suggestions in the same way, 'That says something sad,' said one, 'but not too sad.' 'It asks rather sad questions,' said another.

" 'Are the words ready?' was the eager demand at the following lesson.

" 'Why do roses fade,
Birds sing their songs no more?
Why do the swallows fly
Far from our shore?
Why fall the leaves around,
Swift cov'ring all the ground?
Summer is passing by,
Winter is nigh.'

" 'Do you think these words too sad?' asked their teacher. 'No!' exclaimed one of the children, 'because we have good times in winter too.'

[We observe that Miss Gibb has adapted for English readers the "Guide to the Chassevant Method," published by Heinemann, London.]

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WOOL AND TARIFF IN U.S.—Through the kindness of Mr Masterton we have been enabled to peruse an article in the May number of *The National Magazine*, published in Boston, U.S. It is by a former pupil, Mr Andrew Adie, who treats of "The Sheep Herder, Wool Manufacturer, and Tariff," subjects that he is well qualified to speak of. The "silly sheep" of the poet and the novelist, he reminds us, "is the first animal—except the snake—mentioned in sacred history; and throughout all ages it has enriched nations, fed millions, and been one of the great factors of commercial and industrial prosperity." In an interesting part of the paper the writer passes in review the wools produced in different countries of the globe, tells their qualities, and gives the palm to the merinos of Spain, France, Saxony, and Austria.

The main part of the article is devoted to the Tariff question, which is summed up as follows: "In other words, the relation between raw material and manufactured goods should be left as it is at present, if it is desirable to have the bulk of the goods manufactured in this country, thus maintaining the present standard of wages. A drastic cut in the tariff on manufactured goods will spell disaster to the manufacturer and working people of this great and important industry alike, and ever remembering that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, let wisdom and common sense prevail."

Mr Adie was a pupil of the Institution in the early eighties; and he is now one of the most generous friends of the "old school." A brief sketch of his career is given in the same *Magazine*, but to this we hope to return at another time.

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FIFE, KINROSS, AND CLACKMANNAN CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION.—At the Annual Meeting of this Association, recently held in Glasgow, Dr John Cram was appointed Director for Clackmannanshire.

DOLLAR MERCHANTS' SOCIAL.—The Annual Social Meeting was held in the Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, 17th January, when there was a large attendance. Bailie Brown, President of the Association, occupied the chair. At the outset tea was served, and thereafter the chairman appropriately addressed the company. The main part of the programme, however, consisted of songs, duets, and quartettes, rendered by a party from Alloa. A short dance followed the concert.

Marriages.

ANDERSON—WEDGWOOD.—On 19th September 1913, at St John's, Ranmoor, Sheffield, by the Rev. T. Torrens, Ernest H. B. Anderson (F.P.), of New York, U.S.A., second son of the late T. C. Anderson of Gartmore, Ceylon, and of Mrs Anderson, of London, to Sylvia, daughter of Arthur D. Wedgwood, Riverdale, Sheffield, and Alexandra House, Dumbartonshire.

HUNT—M'NIVEN (F.P.).—At the Bath Hotel, Glasgow, on the 15th December 1913, by the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, M.A., Pollokshields Congregational Church, Charles L. Hunt, Willendon, St Bride's Road, Newlands, Glasgow, to Agnes, fifth daughter of the late Alexander M'Niven, Springbank, Helensburgh.

EASTON—BAGLEY.—At Medstead Congregational Church, Hants, on 17th December 1913, by the Rev. M. Smith, James Aitken (F.P.), eldest son of Thomas J. Easton, Esq., Ormidale, Pollokshields, Glasgow, to Dorothy Alice, only daughter of G. C. Bagley, Esq., Lymington Four Marks, Alton, Hants.

IZAT—CRERAR.—At the Cathedral, Lahore, India, on the 31st December 1913, by the Rev. H. T. Wheeler, Alan (Royal Engineers), fifth son of Alexander Izat, Esq., C.I.E., of Balliliesk, Dollar, to Jessie, third daughter of the late Dr John Crerar and of Mrs Crerar, of Castle Hill, Maryport, Cumberland, England.

MACKICHAN—LAY.—At the British Consulate, Swatow, South China, on the 14th January, before H.M.'s Consul, and afterwards at Kakchieh Church, by the Rev. J. Campbell Gibson, D.D., assisted by the Rev. P. J. MacLagan, D.Phil., Alexander S. MacKichan, A.M.I.C.E., Hong Kong, eldest son of Peter MacKichan, Glasgow, to Katherine Margaret (Daisy), only daughter of William C. Lay, Esq., Commissioner, Chinese Maritime Customs, Swatow.

ARMSTRONG—SPENCE.—At Woodcot, Dollar, on the 22nd January, by the Rev. A. Easton Spence, assisted by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, St Matthew's Parish, Glasgow (father of the bridegroom), the Rev. Robert Stirling Armstrong, B.D., Minister of Dollar, to Annie Andrina, eldest daughter of the late Dr William Spence and of Mrs Spence, Woodcot, Dollar.

CORRIGALL—THOMSON.—At 37 Robertson Street, Greenock, on 14th January, by the Rev. Robert Mackenzie, West U.F. Church, Alloa, assisted by the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, Dollar, the Rev. John Corrigan, Dyce, to Isabella Graham (F.P.), younger daughter of the late Rev. William Thomson, West U.F. Church, Alloa.

Obituary.

GILL.—At De Vere Gardens, Kensington, on 24th January, Sir David Gill, H.M. Astronomer at Cape of Good Hope (retired), aged 70 years.

TAIT.—Suddenly, at Freshfield, Dollar, on the 18th February, Jemima Tait. (Many deeply mourn the loss of a dear friend.)

COUSIN.—At Hillfoot Cottage, Dollar, on 20th January, Joseph Cousin (late of Greycraigs, Saline), aged 61 years.

SIMPSON.—At Cairnpark Street, Dollar, on 28th February, William Simpson, aged 88 years.

ARMITAGE.—At Modderfontein, South Africa, on 28th December 1913, G. L. Oswald Armitage, aged 45 years, eldest son of George and Montague Armitage, of Colombo, Ceylon.

School Notes.

WHILE all Dollar has been agitated by the disfigurement of the Burnside by telephone poles, we in the School have also been exercised by the appearance of poles and wires in the Academy grounds. Inquiry has elicited the fact that this is in connection with the clock so kindly gifted by a friend of the School. There is to be a control clock in the Rector's room and two dials, one facing the tennis courts and another facing the cricket field, in the pavilion.

The last report of the Carnegie Trust contains several references interesting to Dollar folk. We quote from the report :—

BINA MARY PATERSON, B.Sc., St Andrews (Scholar, 1911-12 and 1912-13) (with Professor Irvine).—"The Constitution of Mannitol Triacetone," *Brit. Assoc. Reports*, pp. 442-444, 3 pp., 1912.

Miss Paterson was engaged throughout the two years for which she held a scholarship in the investigations upon the constitution of the sugars which are being carried out at the University of St Andrews. Her special subject of study, "An Experimental Method of Determining Configuration in the Sugar Group," has proved difficult and tedious, but the programme has been adhered to, and successfully completed. A preliminary account of the earlier part of the work was read at the meeting of the British Association in Dundee last year, and gave rise, Professor Irvine states, to considerable discussion and favourable criticism. Some of the results were also included in the Memorial Volume of Scientific Papers issued in commemoration of the 500th Anniversary of St Andrews University. It is understood that a full account of the research is to be published in two papers, which are now being compiled. From the clear descriptions given in the periodical reports, there is no doubt that the results are a substantial contribution to the chemistry of the sugar group.

Professor Irvine commends Miss Paterson's industry and accuracy, and notes with satisfaction her progress as an independent research worker.

Miss Paterson has been promoted to a Carnegie Fellowship for the current year, 1913-14.

JAMES P. SCOTT, M.A., D.Sc., St Andrews (Scholar, 1909-10 and 1910-11; Fellow, 1911-12 and 1912-13) (with Professor J. C. Irvine).—"The Rotatory Powers of Partially Methylated Glucoses," *Brit. Assoc. Reports*, pp. 442-444, 3 pp., 1912.

Partially methylated glucoses.—Part I. ζ -monomethyl glucose and $\gamma\epsilon\zeta$ -trimethyl glucose. Part II. $\beta\gamma$ -dimethyl α -glucose and $\beta\gamma$ -dimethyl β -glucose. *Trans. Chem. Soc.*, Vol. 103, pp. 564-586, 23 pp., 1913.

After spending several years in teaching science, Dr Scott, actuated, as Professor Irvine says, by a genuine love of research, relinquished his post in order to devote himself to original work in chemistry. As a scholar, Dr Scott was engaged with a research on the stereochemistry of partially methylated glucoses. Full accounts of the work were given in his quarterly reports, but most of the results were not published because, on Professor Irvine's advice, it was decided to submit them in the form of a thesis for the D.Sc. degree of the University. In reference to this thesis, Professor Purdie remarked that it "showed a remarkable power of marshalling a multitude of facts in logical order, and of clear reasoning." A description of the new methylated glucoses prepared by Dr Scott was subsequently incorporated in the Science Volume published in connection with the quincentenary celebrations at St Andrews.

On his appointment to a Fellowship, Dr Scott continued his researches on the chemistry of the sugars. Much of the work was brought to a successful conclusion, the results being published in two papers on "Partially Methylated Glucoses," contributed (conjointly with Professor Irvine) to the *Transactions of the Chemical Society*. The object in view in these studies was to elucidate the structure and properties of the sugars by examining, as far as possible, the characteristics of each individual hydroxyl group present in the sugar molecule, and of the asymmetric system to which it belongs. In pursuance of this object new derivatives of glucose were successfully prepared, and their chemical and physical characters ascertained. These researches involved a very large amount of experimental work, often of a difficult character. The results so far published constitute an important contribution towards the solution of some of the abstruse problems presented by the chemistry of the sugars. The remainder of the results and the theory of the whole research, Dr Scott states, will be ready for publication shortly.

DAVID HALYBURTON LOW, M.A., Edinburgh (Scholar, 1911-12).

Mr Low resigned his scholarship, before the Academic year began, on appointment as Master in Modern Languages, Kelvinside Academy.

WILLIAM D. ROBIESON, M.A., Glasgow (Scholarship, 1913-14).—"The Materials for Scottish History contained in the Registers of the Avignon Popes, 1306-1417."

Resigned on appointment as Assistant in History, University of Glasgow.

We have to congratulate Mr Matthew W. Robieson, M.A., on his preferment to the Lectureship in Moral Philosophy in Queen's College, Belfast.

The annual concert in connection with the Athletic Club took place on 18th December. The change of date was to avoid the strain of examination time later on. Whilst the change was made after much discussion, the result was most satisfactory. After last year's success it was natural to expect even a greater degree of success this year, and there was no disappointment.

The musical part of the programme upheld the traditions of the concert. All the part songs were rendered in a sweet and effective manner, whilst the solos by Miss Agnes Dowdeswell and Master Archie Morgan were much appreciated. Both gave excellent renderings of their solos. The instrumental part of the concert was well sustained by Misses Christian Wilson and Olive Mackie.

A short comedy formed the second part of the programme. "Browne with an E" gave scope for much originality, and Master Douglas Gordon as the impecunious German provoked much mirth. The other parts were well portrayed by Misses K. Rutherford, D. Rutherford, M. Taylor, and Masters C. R. Dougall and J. R. G. Muir.

Altogether the concert was a huge success, and reflects great credit on Mr Allsopp, and his painstaking efforts in bringing together so much talent.

FOOTBALL.

The games against Glasgow High School were abandoned, as the hard frost had made the ground unplayable.

Against Daniel Stewart's College the School were hard pressed at the start, but play opened out later, and some good three-quarter play was witnessed. Towards the end the visitors had the brunt to bear, and only a fine defence kept the School from making the margin much greater.

The Glasgow Academy match had to be abandoned for frost, and thus the return match with Daniel Stewart's was the first of the year. The game was played at Edinburgh, and was practically spoiled by a very high wind. Although the result was a pointless draw, we are assured that the School had the major part of the play, and deserved to win.

At Glenalmond, after a hard tussle, the School managed to emerge victors by 3 points, whilst the game against Royal High School was the expected. The School kept on the top all through, and secured an easy victory.

The championship game with George Watson's was the most keenly fought of all. Both sides were at their best, and for a time it looked as if Watson's were going to pull through. A cleverly taken drop by Walker put the School two points to the good, and a ding-dong finish left Watson's down by two points.

The return match with Glasgow High School was somewhat disappointing, after the fine exhibition against Watson's. The School ought to have run out easy victors, but just managed to win through. There was a lack of unity amongst the forwards, and the threes held on too long at times. The 2nd XV. came down to Morrison's simply through the want of go in the three-quarter line. The forwards played all out in fine form, but the ball seemed to fizzle away once it got amongst the threes. Muir alone showed anything like the form displayed the next Saturday against Glenalmond. In

the latter game the line was rearranged, and came out top form. The second simply romped home, and their opponents had no chance at all. Against Royal High School the 2nd continued their success, but had to climb down before the superior 2nd XV. of Watson's. With the third, success has been of the extremely intermittent type. Against Dunblane the School failed by 5 points, and by 17 points against Watson's. In the Perth match they proved the previous result wrong, and came out winners of a hard-fought game against a team of much greater weight.

On the whole the 1st XV. have a good record since our last issue. They have played six matches, won five, and drawn one. They have scored 58 points against 24 points. The principal scorers have been Watson, Walker, and Bonthron.

The following table gives the results since our last issue :—

1ST XV.

2ND XV.

Date.	Opponents.	Points.		Result.	Date.	Opponents.	Points.		Result.
		For	Agt.				For	Agt.	
Dec. 6	Glasgow H. School	off	---	---	Dec. 6	Glasgow H. School	off	---	---
" 13	Dan. Stewart's Coll.	14	8	Win	" 13	Dunblane	23	5	Win
1914.					1914.				
Jan. 17	Glasgow Academy	off	---	---	Jan. 17	Glasgow Academy	off	---	---
" 24	Dan. Stewart's Coll.	0	0	Draw	" 31	Morrison's Academy	0	16	Loss
Feb. 7	Glenalmond	3	0	Win	Feb. 7	Glenalmond	26	3	Win
" 21	Royal H. School	18	0	Win	" 21	Royal H. School	11	0	Win
" 28	Geo. Watson's Coll.	10	8	Win	" 28	Geo. Watson's Coll.	3	28	Loss
Mar. 7	Glasgow H. School	13	8	Win	Mar. 7	Glasgow H. School	9	0	Win

3RD XV.

Date.	Opponents.	Points.		Result.
		For	Agt.	
Nov. 22.	Stirling High School	16	0	Win
Dec. 13.	Perth	0	17	Loss
1914				
Jan. 17.	Glasgow Academy	off	---	---
Feb. 7.	Dunblane	6	11	Loss
" 14.	Perth	10	8	Win
" 28.	George Watson's College	0	17	Loss
Mar. 7.	Stirling High School	0	22	Loss

The Annual Sports are to be held on 2nd May, when the usual events will be competed. There should be some fine competition this year for the Edina Cup. One cannot say who is the likely winner as there are several well worthy of the prize. The arrangements are in the capable hands of Mr Masterton, and Mr Lauder is Convener of the Committee for arranging the field.

HOCKEY CLUB, 1913-1914
(WITH NAMES AND BIRTH-PLACES OF MEMBERS)



A. Drysdale

Back Row Standing—P. Stewart (Edinburgh); J. Waddell (Clackmannanshire); O. Mackie, 2nd XI. (Johannesburg); L. Paterson (Madras); D. Kirk (Hull); J. Bennett (Dollar); N. Murrison (Leith); K. Muckersie (Dollar).

Front Row Standing—Miss Kent; C. Spiers, 2nd XI. (Arran); A. Jack, 2nd XI. (Dollar); M. Gibson, 2nd XI. (Kinross-shire); J. Lennox, 2nd XI. (Clackmannanshire); J. Dowdeswell, 2nd XI. (*Capt.*) (Perthshire); C. Calder, 2nd XI. (Clackmannanshire); T. M'Lachlan, 2nd XI. (Glasgow); P. Wallace, 2nd XI. (Clackmannanshire); M. Hunter, 2nd XI. (Dollar).

Sitting—I. Watson, 2nd XI. (Lanarkshire); M. Ferguson, 1st XI. (S. Uist); R. Wilson, 1st XI. (Glasgow); C. Dudgeon, 1st XI. (Dollar); O. Eddie, 1st XI. (Morayshire); J. Robertson, 1st XI. (*Capt.*) (Dollar); M. Speirs, 1st XI. (Arran); A. Dowdeswell, 1st XI. (Perthshire); E. M'Laren, 1st XI. (Dollar); M. Kirk, 1st XI. (Perthshire); D. Stewart, 1st XI. (New York).

On Ground—E. Stein (Dollar); E. Robertson (Dollar); C. Beattie (Dollar); J. Hunter (Dollar); M. Wilson (Manchester); J. M'Lachlan (Glasgow); D. Thomson (Lanarkshire); M. Walker (Dollar); E. Bradley (Japan).

HOCKEY MATCHES.

The Dollar Score is given First.

1ST XI.

- Nov. 22. Larbert Ladies, at Dollar, 3-1.
 „ 29. Dunfermline P.T.C. 2nd XI., at Dunfermline, 0-1.
 Dec. 6. Dunfermline High School, at Dollar, 1-0.
 „ 13. Stirling High School F.P.'s, at Stirling, 2-0.
 Feb. 7. Dunfermline High School, at Dunfermline, 3-0.
 „ 21. George Watson's College, at Edinburgh, 5-1.

2ND XI.

- Nov. 22. Perth Academy 1st XI., at Dollar, 0-3.
 „ 29. Stirling High School, at Dollar, 2-0.
 Dec. 13. Dunfermline High School, at Dollar, 5-2.
 Jan. 24. „ „ „ Dunfermline, 3-1.
 Feb. 14. Perth Academy 1st XI., at Perth, 0-3.

These figures speak for themselves as regards the efficiency in all departments of the team. Such an array of successes, indeed, quite takes one's memory back to the palmy days of old: amongst them the close result of the match with such a strong, quasi-professional team as the Dunfermline Physical Training College 2nd XI. may almost count as another victory!

In the match against Watson's College the result, after the first few minutes, was never in doubt. Despite the disagreeable weather and surface conditions, the team played a particularly good game, combination and vigour in attack and determination in defence being equally prominent.

The 2nd XI. also has done well against bigger teams, and contains much good material for future years.

The Boys' Literary and Debating Society continues its prosperous career. On 21st November the proceedings took the form of a Hat Night, when a large variety of subjects was discussed, ranging from international politics to the Back Road.

At the next meeting, on 5th December, the respective merits of Army and Navy as a career were upheld by Mr J. Cameron and Mr H. Walker. The strong lead given by two good papers was keenly followed, and after some spirited debating, the meeting gave its vote for the Navy.

It was decided to bring in the New Year with musical honours. The accommodation in Mr Allsopp's room was taxed to its utmost on the occasion of the Musical Evening. Songs were rendered by Messrs A. Morgan, C. Dougall, and Mr M'Culloch. Mr A. Cameron performed delightfully on the piano, while Mr G. M'Laren was no less successful on the violin. Selections on a gramophone, lent by Mr M'Culloch, completed a very enjoyable programme.

January 30th found the Society again in serious doubt. This time the perplexing question was the respective merits of the Mother Country and the Colonies. Mr Forsyth upheld the Mother Country, pointing out the

advantages she possessed from the point of view of education, sport, and climate. Mr Phinehas Macintosh, in reply, dealt mainly with the commercial advantages of the Colonies. The Old Country has nothing to fear, the Society having by a large majority decided to stand by her through thick and thin.

The loss of Mr Dougall's lecture was a great disappointment. That our respected "Head" has regained his wonted health and vigour is the wish of every member of the Literary and Debating.

One of the best debates of the session was on the question, "Should Conscription come into force in this Country?" Mr A. Morgan led off, recommending compulsory military service as a panacea for many of our social evils. Mr G. M'Laren, whose style was obviously modelled from that of Cicero or Demosthenes, pricked this bubble, showing that what the working part of the nation wanted was not more work but more pay. The subsequent discussion was very animated, Mr M'Laren having to defend his position against repeated assaults. The meeting decided for conscription.

Two meetings remain on the syllabus. On 13th March, Mr Donald will lecture to a joint meeting of the Societies on the subject of "Light," and on 20th March will be held the Annual Conversazione.

At all the meetings Mr A. Younger has proved an earnest and competent chairman.

During the session some good debating ability has been unearthed, and we would urge all not to neglect the opportunity which the Society affords of finding one's voice, a very useful asset in any walk of life. J. M'C.

THE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The usual weekly drills have been carried out during the quarter. A small field day for the purpose of demonstrating the use of an advanced guard was arranged and carried out most successfully. The recruits formed a most formidable enemy and gave the trained cadets plenty of opportunities to show their grit. The superior force of the trained cadets soon told, and the recruits had to seek safety in flight. There has been a class for the cadets preparing for the "A" certificate. This class has been under the charge of the O.C. for the first part of the term, and Captain J. C. Monteith, the Adjutant of the Glasgow University O.T.C., during the latter part of the term.

The boys have been instructed in the principles of tactics, handling a company in the attack, in the defence, and as a protection to a larger force.

The band is rapidly progressing and we hope to have the pipers and drummers out before the Easter vacation.

The reports upon the past year's musketry have been received, and are of an extremely satisfactory nature. We hope the cadets will make the results of the musketry exercises this year as creditable.

It is expected that camp will be at Barry this year, and the corps will leave for camp on the 26th June.

THE TAKING OF THE HOCKEY GROUP.

(A Seven Years' Experience.)

Seven and thirty maids athletic,
 And bonnie as maids can be,
 Assembled all in garb æsthetic,
 Each lovely eye on me !
 Features winsome ! manners gracious !
 Forms entrancing ! mood vivacious !
 'Twould make a monk, howe'er ascetic,
 Renounce ce-lib-a-cy !

What chatter and what titivation
 In the Pav. at half-past three,
 Responsive to my invitation
 To come and pose to me !
 Fixed now each hook and eye tenacious,
 Smoothed every ringlet contumacious,
 Well-preened they await immortalisation
 By my photo-graph-y !

"Well, Captain, are your teams all ready ?"
 "Ay, ready all are we !"
 "Then pray look pleasant : just keep steady
 And think of BUNS for tea !
 Stay—damsel, make that smile less spacious ;
 You, too, still that tongue loquacious :
 One moment. . . . Ah, YOU little 'Neddy,'
 You've spoilt the plate, you'll see !"

"Well, well—Let's try a second exposure !
 All ready ? One—two—three !
 That's all ! Be off ! This time I'm so sure
 I've got you to a T !
 And, if my thought prove not fallacious,
 The *Dollar Magazine* veracious
 Will of your charms make such disclosure
 'Twill please your van-i-ty."

The first proof shown, what exclamations—
 "How good !" or "That thing me !"
 To gain a print each tries persuasions :—
 One hints at L.S.D. !
This seeks to win by smiles audacious,
That deems a sigh more efficacious ;
 But sighs, nor smiles, nor fond oblations
 Prevail o'er theirs,

A. D.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

NEW ADDRESSES.

FAIRLIE, JANE GAIRDNER, Rosebank, Murrayfield, Edinburgh.
GULLEN, JOHN S., Waccabue Country Club, Lake Waccabue, New York, U.S.A.
HAMILTON, LOUIE, The Baingle, Tullibody.
HAMILTON, JIM, The Baingle, Tullibody.
MACGILLIVRAY, GRETA, The Baingle, Tullibody.
MUIL, ROBERT J., Bank of British North America, Yorkton, Saskatchewan, Canada.
NORWELL, J. M., 3rd Engineer, Cunard S.S. "Lycia," Liverpool.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

CATTON, J. H., c/o James M'Knight, Clevedon, Auckland, New Zealand.
CORBAC, GEORGE VAN, of Corbac, Surff und Swallow, Manufacturers' Representatives, Hataman and Legation Streets, Peking.
DARBY, BAILLEY, c/o Messrs Moran & Co., Post Box 72, Calcutta, India.
HENDERSON, A. D., Apartado 1228, Mexico, D.F.
IZAT, Captain W. R., R.E., Manager Bengal-Dovars Railway, Dohmouhi, Northern Bengal, India.
IZAT, JOHN, Superintendent of Works, Sara-Seraiganj Railway, Paksey, near Sara, Eastern Bengal State Railway, India.
IZAT, ALAN, R.E., ex-Engineer, Kathiawar State Railway, Bhavnagar, Para, Kathiawar, India.
IZAT, RENNIE, Assistant-Engineer, R. and K. Railway, Izatnagar P.O., Bareilly, U.P., India.
IZAT, NORMAN, Ceylon Civil Service, Anuradhapura, Ceylon.
KINGHORN, A., 8 Windsor Quadrant, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
GREENLEES, A. M., 198 Park Lane, Tottenham, London, N.
MANIFOLD, CHARLES, Calle Rodriguez Pena 1084, Buenos Aires, Argentina.
PAULIN, GEORGE H., 20 via Nazionale, Florence, Italy.
YAP, F. F., c/o Canton-Hankow Railway, Hankow, China.