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SIR ROBERT MAULE

The Dollar Magazine.

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Sir Robert Maule, J.P.

SIR ROBERT MAULE, whose portrait we have pleasure in presenting to our readers, is a son of the late Mr Robert Maule, the founder of the well-known firm of Robert Maule & Son, drapers and general warehousemen, Princes Street, Edinburgh. He was born in Edinburgh in the year 1852; but the early days of his boyhood were spent at Kincardine-on-Forth. To this day this little town has a warm corner in his heart; and the inhabitants, on their part, hold him in the highest regard and esteem. From the Parish School there he passed on to Dollar Academy, which he attended for several sessions in the sixties; and we happen to know that, among his schoolfellows in general, he was much liked, whilst to those who knew him more intimately he was endeared by a disposition which was kindly, open, generous, and sincere.

On finishing the usual academical curriculum, he evinced a decided taste for a business career, and at once joined the firm of which he is now the head. Here he was early initiated into habits of commercial activity, and, shortly after attaining to the age of manhood, he was able to undertake the principal superintendence of an extensive mercantile concern, which, under his guidance, has grown to great dimensions. We may truly say that Sir Robert has made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and has thus, by his energy, skill, and foresight, benefited his native city by adding to its industries.

Not only in his own trade, but also in many departments of social, philanthropic, and political life, he occupies a prominent place in the Capital and beyond it. He is a trustee of the Edinburgh Savings Bank; a Justice of Peace for the City; chairman of the Edinburgh Board of the Drapers' Mutual Fire and General Assurance Corporation, London; representative of Edinburgh on the Council of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade, London; and president of the Edinburgh Drapers' Association. To these we may add: a member of the Council of the Corporation of the Guildry of Edinburgh, a director of the Edinburgh and District Tramways Company Limited, and a director of the Edinburgh Agricultural Association. He takes much interest, also, in the work and management of several religious and social societies, among others the Edinburgh Young Men's Christian Association and the Commercial Travellers' Christian Association, of both of which he is a vice-president.

On various occasions Sir Robert has been asked to stand as a Liberal candidate for Parliament, but he has not seen his way to accept this honour.

He is vice-president of the Scottish Liberal Club, of which the Prime Minister is president. In May 1913 His Most Gracious Majesty conferred the honour of Knighthood on Mr Maule, and this signal mark of Royal favour was hailed with rejoicing among his friends and the pupils of the old School. It was an honour for which, we know, Sir Robert was very grateful, and of which any man might justly feel proud.

Sir Robert has not forgotten his pleasant school days in Dollar, nor have his connection with and interest in the Academy ceased. So recently as 1910-11 he was unanimously chosen as president of the Edinburgh Dollar Academy Club, and, during his term of office, he carried with him the whole-hearted confidence of the members, while, by his never-failing tact and courtesy, his cheery and bright manner, he gained in a marked degree their respect and esteem. In other ways he has shown, most liberally, his readiness to support any scheme likely to promote the welfare and prosperity of the pupils and the School.

He is a keen angler and takes great interest in farming. About a year ago Sir Robert was called upon to endure one of the most painful trials that a husband and father may meet with, and, for a time, his health was affected by the heavy stroke. Lady Maule, a true and loving helpmeet, a devoted mother, a genial friend, a Dorcas among the poor, passed to her rest deeply and deservedly missed and mourned by her stricken family and many dear attached friends. And recently, on 29th October last, his son-in-law, Captain Walker, of the 1st East Yorkshire Regiment, fell in battle in his country's cause. On the back of this loss came the news that his nephew, Lieut. Alexander Dewar, Royal Engineers, a second cousin of Sir James Dewar (F.P.), had been killed at the front on the 23rd December. Alike in his joys and his sorrows Sir Robert has our unaffected sympathy.

The Call of Spring.

O HARK to the voice that is calling,
Through a world that lives to-day!
'Tis the Spring o' the year,
And the gods are near,
And ever the month is May!

O hark to the voice that is singing
To a world that loves to-day!
The bee to the flower
Hath told the hour
And the bird hath carolled his lay!

And the cry of the voice we're hearing,
Says, "Wake from your sleep and live!
With your hands to hold,
While your hearts unfold,
All the riches of Life to give!"

See the flowers have given their beauty,
Their perfume so rich and rare,
With never a sigh,
Or the reason why,
To offer a life so fair!

Then the leaves with their branches spreading
In mystical shimmer and sheen,
O blossoming trees,
And a scented breeze,
And a wondrous world of green!

And the sunlight over the lawn that breaks!
And the singing bird as we pass!
O the thousand notes
From myriad throats
And glint of gold on the grass!

But wonder of all these wondrous things.
O crown of the fragrant hour!
The petals that blew,
And danced and flew,
And fell in a fairy shower!

Sweet Spring o' the world you're here to-day,
And these are the gifts you hold,
But you ask that we
Shall bring gifts as free
From the treasures we keep untold.

O man you must give of your greatness!
Your strength for a purpose high,
In the ranks where you go
Is many a foe
And the world has many a cry.

And you who are strong be tender,
For might without right shall fall,
And the sword you hold
Must be purest gold
When you answer the trumpet call.

O woman give of your sweetness!
Your beauty of heart and face,
That the mother of men
May be perfect then,
And blest with an angel grace.

And you who were born for beauty,
O pity and understand!
For the crown you wear
Shall have gems more fair
When Sorrow has held your hand.

So we all must give with the Maytime,
O Man, and Woman, and Flower!
Of the best we know
In our gardens, grow
The sweet o' the perfect hour!

And so shall we all be happy,
For the world will all be young,
When the Spring o' the year
In our hearts is here
And the Lover of Life has sung!

Nature Notes.

OUR OWLS.

BY J. STRACHAN, M.D.

The Barn Owl—A Coincidence.

IT will be in the memory of our readers that the Rev. John Taylor, when botanising in the woods along Sheardale Braes last spring, came upon a young heron lying helpless on the ground with a broken leg, and had it conveyed to Dollar, where the leg was set and put up in plaster of Paris, the bird making a complete recovery both of its leg and, ultimately, of its liberty as detailed, with a photograph, in our September number of last year. By a strange coincidence the same gentleman, when strolling on the Sheardale Braes in January last, came upon a barn owl lying helpless on the ground with a broken leg. Again his naturalist's heart was touched by the poor creature's miserable condition, and at some trouble, and risk of nasty bites and scratches, he took it up and carried it to Dollar, placing it under the care of Mrs Holmes, who is well known as a lover of birds, and specially interested in owls. Medical aid was obtained, and the leg was set and put up in plaster of Paris. I am glad to be able to report that the case has done well, the bird being now able to perch and to use the leg in scratching itself freely, &c. It has become

perfectly tame, and, in company with two brown owls, one of which has been in Mrs Holmes's possession for twenty-one years, is having a very good time.

The barn, or white or screech owl is one of the rarer birds of the district; or, at all events, is rarely in evidence, its bodily presence among us being indicated chiefly by such accidents as given above, or by the mortal remains being picked up. Occasionally, however, we may be startled on a dark night by a loud unearthly screech, the effect of which upon our nerves may be intensified by a faint glimmer of ghostly white passing silently across our line of vision. By one acquainted with the bird this will at once be recognised as the screech owl, and a careful watch and a talk may be rewarded by a sight of the white face and two large lustrous eyes staring back at him. In flying this owl appears almost entirely white, the under parts, then exposed to our view, being quite destitute of any distinct colouring. The facial disk, distinctive of all the owl tribe, is also white with a brown rim. The crown of the head, however, and all the upper parts are of an orange-buff colour beautifully mottled, spotted, and barred with brown, grey, and white. As with all owls, the plumage is delightfully soft and fluffy, the middle shaft of the feathers being wanting and the down plentiful. It is this that makes their flight so perfectly silent, thus giving no warning to the unsuspecting prey which is crushed to death by the strong sharp claws without even suffering the agony of fear. In foraging the owl is guided greatly by sound, the auricle being large and highly developed. Its own flight being perfectly silent, the slightest rustle among the herbage tells of a mouse or rat where nothing is to be seen, and a sudden wheel and pounce secures the prey before it has any hint of danger. A very few moments are then sufficient to prepare the morsel to be swallowed whole, and the internal digestive arrangements are quite equal to the task of separating the nutritious parts and rejecting the refuse. Bones, skin, hair, feathers, and all other indigestible parts are then neatly rolled up into a pellet and ejected by the way they went in. When found such "castings" are a clear index to the presence of owls, and, on examination, to the food which has been taken. Another name for the "Brown Owl" is the "Church Owl," from its partiality to church towers and belfries for nesting and other purposes. We can understand the attractiveness of the barn where mice are usually plentiful and fat, but a church mouse is proverbially a poor affair and scarce at that. For nesting purposes, however, the sanctity of the church may be a protection from evil disposed persons, and the well-known wisdom of the owl may be trusted to find this out. We are not aware that it concerns itself with the distinction between church and chapel,

and probably the one serves its purpose quite as well as the other. This owl, as with others, does not trouble itself much about a nest but lays its two to four or six eggs on any convenient spot in a barn, church tower, or old building, with little or no bedding, as may seem to be required. Another favourite place is a dove-cot, where it carries on its family affairs in perfect harmony with the more legitimate inmates, fully respecting their property in eggs and young. Indeed, except toward its own proper prey—voles, rats, mice, beetles, and perhaps small birds when it can get them, which can seldom be the case at night—this owl is among the most harmless and peace loving of birds; and, as Mrs Holmes has amply proved, forms, in captivity, the most gentle and lovable of pets, when its beautiful soft plumage, fine eyes and dreamy, wise, and solemn expression of countenance can be fully appreciated. The eggs are laid toward the end of March, or in April or May. Indeed, the family life of one season may be carried on continuously during all of these months; thus two eggs are laid, say, in two days; then after an interval of a week or ten days, other two, and perhaps after a like interval a third pair, incubation being in corresponding sequence, and the older members of the family helping with the younger. Such an arrangement greatly prolongs and doubtless enhances the period of domestic felicity, and forms a very happy and interesting family when they come to be all flying about together.

The brown, tawny, or wood owl is much the most numerous in this district, probably on account of the number of thick pine woods which afford the shade and shelter suited to its habits of life. To these they retire for sleep during the day, waking up when the dusk of evening draws on. When the glare of sunlight fades, and they can open their fine eyes and look about them with comfort, they begin to think of breakfast, and to take short flights toward their foraging ground. Then the alert and still wakeful blackbird may catch sight of one, and sound his loud and shrill alarm cry of chink-chink-chink-chink, summoning all birds in the neighbourhood to join, with their several calls, in a babel of sound, which must be very disconcerting to the still sleepy bird of night. Then is our opportunity, while what remains of daylight is sufficient, to get a view of this interesting and beautiful bird, the whereabouts of which is thus clearly and clamorously indicated. As its name implies, the prevailing colour of this owl is a rich rufous brown—the upper parts of varying shades of ash grey mottled with brown, with large white spots on the outer webs of the wing coverts; the tail is barred with brown, and tipped with white. The under parts are buffish white, mottled with pale, and streaked with dark brown; legs

feathered to the claws. The facial disk is broader and more flat than in the barn owl, and is greyish with a dark brown border, and a dark brown line down the centre. The female is much the larger, and of a richer rufous shade than the male. No description can give an adequate conception of the beauty of this bird; but, fortunately, we have, in Dollar, two very fine specimens, one—the larger and probably the female—more than twenty-one years of age, and we believe Mrs Holmes would be willing to show them, along with the barn owl, to any one interested.

Like the rest of the tribe, the brown owl takes little or no trouble in the matter of nest building, and is not above making use of the old nests of other birds, as the crow, the rook, the wood pigeon, &c. The younger of those in the possession of Mrs Holmes was found last year on the ground under the rookery here. In the rookery they live quite peaceably with the rooks, nesting in their immediate neighbourhood. Whether or not they have the sanction of original builders for their use of the nests appropriated it is impossible to say, but there is no sign of dispute or quarrelling in the matter. A hole in a partly decayed and ivy-covered tree in a wood is a favourite nesting place; but they are not at all particular as to where they lay their three or four white and nearly round eggs, so long as it is safely screened from human sight. It may even be on the ground in a wood under cover of fallen fir branches. Some years ago, in this section of the *Magazine*, the experience was given of a game-keeper who, when showing such a nest or brood to a friend, and rather incautiously handling the young, was astonished to receive a sharp blow on the head, and to see his cap fly off to a distance of twenty or thirty yards. The next minute he was aware of blood trickling down his cheek, and realising that he had been attacked by the mother owl, he made a hasty and undignified retreat. No doubt the bird was equally surprised when what he took to be a man's head came away in his claws. These owls sometimes lay their eggs a foot or so into a rabbit's hole.

The long-eared or horned owl has occasionally been found in the neighbourhood, and may be more plentiful than is supposed, owing to its leading a very retired life in the woods. It may be recognised by its sharp barking call, varied by a weird whispering "shee-a," which may be heard on a very still night. In colouring it is very similar to the brown owl, from which it is distinguished chiefly by its prolonged ear tufts resembling horns. Like the former, it also makes use of the nests of wood pigeons, crows, &c., for breeding purposes, and occasionally the eggs are laid on the ground.

Relics of the Past.

BY H. H. STEWART.

THERE is a certain strip of ground in the busy city of London which, to a lover of the past, is still fragrant with the atmosphere of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan age. It extends from the river, through the Temple Inns of Court, northward by Chancery Lane, to the farthest limit of Gray's Inn.

In the famous Temple Gardens, to which the genius of Shakespeare has given all the dignity of a historic site, red and white roses have ceased to blossom in semi-wild luxuriance, and the waters of old Father Thames, strictly confined to their allotted channel, no longer ripple against the garden wall; yet, as we rest beneath the silent trees, imagination can still picture forth the scene when the six eager men, issuing from the hall of the Inner Temple, sought the privacy of the garden wherein to conclude their fierce discussion as to the true heir of the English throne.

Young Plantagenet once more details his claim to the crown, and urges his companions, if they dare not support him audibly, to pluck with him a white rose, the symbol of his father's house of York. Warwick, Vernon, and the thoughtful lawyer obey his behest, but Somerset and Suffolk defiantly gather roses of the deepest hue, and vow undying fidelity to the House of Lancaster.

Thus, in obedience to the magician's wand, the red river of the Wars of the Roses took its rise within the garden of the Temple Inn of Court.

But this stormy vision passes away, and a very different scene rises before our eyes as the learned lawyers of the Temple Inns move phantom-like through the quaint old courts and cloisters, each accompanied by a client, either courtier or sober citizen. Even within the church we may hear a confused sound of disputation, for each pillar of this beautiful building serves as a rendezvous for a client and his legal adviser. This gave to the members the title of "Knights of the Post," and we may read in Butler's lines that they

> "Retain all sorts of witnesses
> That ply in the Temple under trees
> Or walk the Round with *Knights of the Posts*
> About the cross-legged knights their hosts,"

the "Round" referring to the circular portion of the Temple Church.

This beautiful old pile was built nearly 800 years ago by the Knights Templars, who imitated in its form the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Six marble clustered columns, arranged in a circle, support the central dome, while varied and graceful arches springing from them to each other and to the circumference at once bewilder and charm the eye. The oblong portion extending eastward, and forming the main body of the church, is nearly as old, and hardly less beautiful, but no words can give an adequate description of the general effect of this, perhaps the purest gem of architecture in London. How often the heart of our great poet must have rejoiced in its exquisite proportions.

Under the dome of the Round lie nine armoured effigies of departed

knights, five of whom, as we know by the crossed legs of the recumbent figures, had fought in the Crusades. Three of the effigies represent three successive Earls of Pembroke, and our immortal dramatist, in his history of King John, may be said to have blended two of these earls into one character. He has used the father's title, but it was the son, afterwards the second Earl of Pembroke, who, as in the play, became one of the "revolted lords," and joined Louis, the Dauphin of France, in opposition to the degenerate King John. The *first* Earl of Pembroke remained perfectly loyal, holding the country together for the next heir, and on the early succession of Henry III. he became one of the best regents known to history. Shakespeare, with dramatic effect, has transferred many of the virtues of this great earl to the romantic Faulconbridge, adding, as ever, force to the facts of history by his apparent inaccuracies. It may have been while meditating among these tombs that the scheme of the play took form in his mind.

The solemn-looking Temple buildings, however, often witnessed scenes of the greatest gaiety and brilliance. Each Inn of Court, in these light-hearted days, possessed an academy or gymnasium, where "singing, music, dancing, and a variety of other accomplishments" were taught. Once a year the members gave themselves up entirely to revelling and enjoyment. A "Lord of *Mis*-rule" was appointed, and this title was often an excuse for excesses, which, if amusing to the perpetrators, were not always acceptable to the victims. In the beautiful Elizabethan Hall, still to be seen in its original state, masques and dramas were performed by the members, and were sometimes witnessed by Queen Elizabeth herself. On one occasion, in 1601, the play performed was Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," when, as may be gathered from the diary of John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple, the parts of Viola and Sebastian, and of the self-satisfied Malvolio, were interpreted with spirit, and much appreciated. "A good practise in it," Manningham writes, "to make the steward believe his lady was in love with him, by counterfeyting a lettre as from his lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him believe that they took him to be mad."

We can imagine how the oaken timbers of the roof would ring with the laughter of the boisterous youths over the baiting of the unfortunate Malvolio.

Here, during one of their revels, the admiration of Queen Elizabeth was excited by the excellent dancing and leaping and graceful agility of Sir Christopher Hatton. For him it was the first step on the ladder of success, leading ultimately to the Chancellorship.

On leaving these sacred precincts by the Inner Temple gate we pass under a portion of an old Elizabethan mansion which, for a few short years, was the property of Henry, Prince of Wales. Next to the first James of Scotland, Prince Henry seems to have been the worthiest member of the Stewart line. He must have been well known to Shakespeare, this knightly young prince, "not yet mature, yet matchless," and may have suggested to

the dramatist the distinctive character of Troilus in his one Greek history play.

The exterior of this little palace, although it has been altered and remodelled, has still a quaint, old-world appearance, and within it one room at least has kept its original character. The oak panelling on the walls and the handsome ceiling, bearing in its centre the Prince of Wales's feathers, and the letters P. and H. for Prince Henry, are still the same as when King James rebuilt it for the use of his eldest son. By mounting a second flight of stairs, which we are assured are the original ones, we may drink a fragrant cup of tea to the memory of Shakespeare's hero, in quiet old-fashioned rooms which might be many miles from the busy traffic of Fleet Street, and many years from the noisy rush of the present day.

Before leaving this neighbourhood, we must remember that there was, in addition to the Inner and Middle, also an Outer Temple on the side farthest from the city. This part of the estate of the old Knights Templars never became the property of any legal body, but was converted into a private residence. Early in the reign of Elizabeth it was occupied by the Earl of Leicester; on his death it passed into the possession of the Earl of Essex, and was known as Essex House.

Many scenes might be recalled in connection with Essex House, of which the greatest is that *imagined* (alas! never fulfilled) by Shakespeare when he interrupts his description of Henry Fifth's triumphal entry into London, to compare with it the hypothetical return of Essex from his Irish campaign:—

"But now behold . . .
How London doth pour out her citizens;
The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort . . .
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As by a lower, but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him?"

The saddest scene of all was when the infatuated Earl with his followers rushed from Essex House into the Strand, and hurried with flashing swords by Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill into "the peaceful city," trying, but trying in vain, to rouse London into a state of rebellion against his "gracious empress" and her councillors.

But we shall leave such tragic thoughts behind as, crossing Fleet Street, we enter Chancery Lane. Soon, on the right, we see the handsome but modern entrance to the Record Office. Incorporated within this huge building, however, the old Rolls Chapel exists still, and we are fortunate in having at least the ceiling and walls intact, including a mural effigy in terra-cotta by Torregiano. The occupant of this tomb is "John Young," "made famous in his death" (to adapt Shakespeare's words) by the artistic skill of the sculptor of his monument.

The old chapel was for many years desecrated by accumulated records, but these are now relegated to suitable rooms in the new building, and only

important and interesting documents are left in the chapel, carefully arranged in glass cases or on convenient stands for the edification of the public. Among the rest may be seen various business documents bearing the signature of William Shakespeare, and the proclamation by James I. authorising "Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage," and several other actors to exercise their art and faculty without let or hindrance in every part of His Majesty's dominions, and furthermore bestowing upon them the rank of "King's Servants."

Directly opposite is Clement's Inn, famous for the dissipations of Justice Shallow, when he and Falstaff "heard the chimes (of St Clement Danes, in the Strand) at midnight."

Proceeding northward along Chancery Lane, we soon see on the left a beautiful old gateway of late Gothic work, and, passing through it, find ourselves in Lincoln's Inn, the third great Inn of Court. Through this gateway "rare Ben Jonson" must many times have passed, trowel in hand, and a book in his pocket, as he worked on an adjoining building. The old Tudor Hall still exists, where were held many revels rivalling those of the Temple. Not only were the exercises of dancing and singing permitted in Lincoln's Inn, but even insisted on, and on one occasion during the reign of James, "the under-barristers were by decimation put out of Commons for example's sake, because the whole Bar were offended by their not dancing on the Candlemas Day preceding, according to the ancient order of the Society, when the Judges were present." Their entertainments were often held in conjunction with the Middle Temple, while the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn united in producing masques and other brilliant shows.

Again crossing Chancery Lane we enter on the right the quiet, restful precincts of Staple Inn, the northern boundary of which is formed by the famous "old houses of Holborn." These sixteenth-century timber-framed houses with their mullioned and transomed windows still look down upon the busy traffic of Holborn, and dream of the old stage-coaches and pack-horses and prancing steeds of the days when they were young. Within the silent court we may sit under the shadow of an ancient looking but still flourishing tree, and with imagination stimulated by the quaint and peaceful surroundings, reconstruct Holborn as it was in the days of Elizabeth. High Holborn was far from London in those days, and the bourne, or burn, which gave it its name still flowed uninterruptedly to join the Fleet. The road, with its abrupt descent to the bridge over the little river, and the climb upward on the other side to the new gate in the city wall, was bordered by gardens, orchards, and mansions. Nearest of these to our sacred strip of land stood Ely Place, the residence of the Bishops of Ely, too large and costly for any but the wealthiest of spiritual lords to maintain to the height of its possibilities. Such an one, however, was Morton, the bishop, who was present at that fateful meeting in the Tower, called to arrange the coronation of the unhappy little Edward V. (at that moment practically a prisoner within the same walls), but resulting in the sudden execution of his most loyal supporter, Hastings, and the plot to place the Crookback Richard on his throne.

To create a diversion and the opportunity for private speech to Buckingham, Shakespeare makes Richard thus address the bishop :—

Richard. "My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you, send for some of them."
Ely. "Marry, I will, my lord, with all my heart."

The strawberries were sent for promptly, but before they were served up for Richard's dessert, the Earl of Hastings had been accused, condemned, and executed on a false and dramatically worked-up charge of treason.

Ely House at that time was famous for more than strawberries, for, during the life-time of Bishop Morton, both house and gardens were maintained in a state of great magnificence. Other clerical residents, however, were often glad to retire to a quiet corner of their own palatial residence, leaving the greater part of it to be occupied by some wealthy temporal magnate. Hence it occurred that John of Gaunt breathed his last warning to his reckless nephew, Richard II., and his last sigh for his beloved country at Ely House in Holborn.

Hence it was also that Sir Christopher Hatton, "the dancing lord chancellor," as he has been called, spent the last years of his life there, and was succeeded by his nephew, Sir William Hatton, and later by the widow of the latter. This was the Lady Hatton whose widowed hand was doubly sought by Francis Bacon, of Gray's Inn, and Sir Edward Coke, of the Middle Temple. Lady Hatton was the daughter of the Earl of Exeter, and grand-daughter of the great Lord Burghley, therefore a connection, though no blood relation, of Francis Bacon. He must have known her as a lively child and as a brilliant girl, and when she became a widow it was not unnatural that his affection should deepen into love. But she was a great and wealthy lady, and though he might, perhaps, have truly said,

"Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages,"

he must have sighed as he thought of her wealthy suitors,

"Had I but the means,
To hold a rival place with one of them
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate."

But he dared not approach her parents, her natural guardians, without some such "means," so the Earl of Essex came to the rescue and wrote to her father urging Bacon's suit. It was in vain. Elizabeth, Lady Hatton, most unhappily for herself and much to the surprise of at least one letter-writer of the period, chose to marry Sir Edward Coke. Coke was a handsome man, well-groomed we are told, a clever lawyer, in excellent practice, dowered, like the lady, with the wealth of a former partner, yet, knowing his character and brutal temper, one feels with the contemporary gossip that there must have been a hidden reason, possibly pique or misunderstanding, to govern her choice. It is certain that years afterwards, when in trouble, she appealed to Bacon as her best friend, and he, addressing King James, speaks of himself as probably having more influence over the impulsive lady than any other.

A little episode related by Bacon among his apophthegms may very well relate to himself and Lady Hatton, and it may have occurred while she was passing from Ely House by High Holborn and Chancery Lane to her grandfather's house in the Strand. The lady was in a closed chair when Francis Bacon (as we suppose) arrested the bearers and addressed her by name. Surprised, she asked him how he knew that it was she, and received the poetic answer, "Because my wounds bleed afresh," alluding, as the apophthegm explains, to the common tradition that the wounds of a body slain will bleed afresh upon the approach of the murderer. Shakespeare, we remember, makes use of the same figure when Richard of York approaches the bier of Henry VI., and the Lady Anne, his daughter-in-law, exclaims:

> "O! gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
> Open their congealed wounds and bleed afresh."—"Rich. III.," I. ii. 55.

Nothing is left now of Ely House with its gatehouse, mansion, hall, chapel, cloisters, and quadrangle, its vineyard, meadow, kitchen-garden, and orchard (each of which is mentioned distinctively in documents), except the names of "Ely Place," "Hatton Gardens," "Mitre Court," and the old chapel now belonging to the Catholic body and dedicated to St Ermingarde.

(To be continued.)

Lower Mains House.

IN referring to the past history of Dollar, it must be remembered that until little more than a century ago there was no village beyond what is now known as the Old Town, there being between that and the river few houses but those of the various small lairds amongst whom the land was divided. The principal of these properties were the Upper and Lower Mains of Dollar.

In the eighteenth century the latter came into the possession of one William Fult—or, as careless signatures caused it eventually to be spelt, Futt—to whom the present house, commonly known as Tally Ho Cottage, owes its erection. A man of ingenious turn of mind, with a fancy for astronomy and cabinet-making, he displayed considerable taste in the planning of his little mansion house, which probably was to supersede an earlier building, now in ruins, standing on the other side of the road, which he utilised as a workshop. It is said that as originally intended the house was to represent in plan two eyes—two bow windows—with the nose—a porch—between them. But apparently funds ran short, and the house was built one-eyed! The "nose," however, is a splendid piece of work, and quite a remarkable feature of the house. It is made of a fine-grained sandstone, which must have been brought from a distance, being quite unlike that from any local quarry, and which has well preserved the details of its elaborately-carved ornament, as will be seen from the illustration. Inside the house the simple panelling in the principal rooms and the cupboards, which follow the curve of the bow window, are possibly some of Fult's actual handiwork. A mahogany desk, with Chippendale inlay, which may be seen

R. K. Holmes

LOWER MAINS HOUSE

at Dollarfield, was certainly made by him, and presented to the ancestor of Colonel Haig, then in possession of that estate. In the garden still stands an old sundial with no fewer than twenty gnomons, and capable of showing the time at any hour of the day.

After Fult's death the Lower Mains had several lairds, but perhaps the most picturesque occupier of the house was a tenant, the Honourable Harry Ogilvy, who lived there within the recollection of many people still amongst us. A connection of the Earl of Airlie, he had at one time owned Cowden estate, but was apparently one of those scatterbrained individuals unable to hold any property for long. Various stories are told of his capers, such as attempting to ride his horse upstairs, a feat whose impossibility is obvious to anyone who knows the house; but the best known is that which relates how, his sporting tastes having insufficient scope, and his pack of hounds being in sore need of exercise, he would release his pigs, and setting his hounds on the scent, enjoy the nearest approach to a wild boar hunt that his ingenuity could devise; hence the popular name of Tally Ho Cottage.

Since those days the house has fallen on evil times, and is now in a very bad state of repair, but it is to be hoped that whatever happens to the main fabric, some effort will be made to preserve the porch, which is well worth the trouble of removal.

R. K. H.

The Village Sweep.

WE knew him as the village sweep,
A useful, decent man,
With several pairs of twins to keep
As honest labour can.

Cheerful he wove his life's plain woof,
And walked with cautious feet
(As if he climbed a frosty roof)
About the village street.

The Sabbath was the only day
We saw his features plain,
"Why clean yourself," I've heard him say,
"Just to get black again?"

He was a humble sort of man,
Save when the Spring drew nigh,
For then would housewives plot and plan
To win his favouring eye.

But now no more with grimy face
He treads his sooty round—
You'll find him in the perilous place
Where patriots are found.

Instead of sooty clothes, he wears
Worn khaki, stained with toil;
A rifle, for his ladder, bears,
And wakes to uglier toil.

We knew him as the village sweep—
Him—who unflinching stands,
Our honour still unstained to keep,
Well trusted in his hands.

W. K. H., in *Glasgow News*.

A Flight from the War Area.

(*Continued.*)

DURING our sojourn in Copenhagen, English newspapers were scarce, and those we were fortunate enough to get were usually from eight to ten days old. Germany could not be relied on, so our only means of learning "what was taking place" was acquired by diligently studying the Danish papers with the aid of a dictionary. Owing to the frequent and ever-increasing disasters in the North Sea from floating mines, we began to hesitate about crossing to England. The Danes, however, were not at all sure of their own position, and our Danish friends became really anxious on our account; therefore we were truly puzzled as to which was the right course to pursue—to venture across, or to remain where we were? On learning later on that we could get to either England or Scotland from Norway, we eventually decided to make our way up to Bergen, travelling by rail and thus avoiding the dangers of mines in the Sounds at any rate. We left Copenhagen, therefore, on 10th September, at 6.30 A.M., and reached Helsing, Danish frontiers, in about an hour, whence we crossed by ferry to Helsingborg, Swedish frontiers. After passing through the Swedish Customs, we caught the train for Christiania (which was uncomfortably packed with travellers until we reached Gothenborg). On arrival at Christiania, the Norwegian capital, we had to pass through the Norwegian Customs. We spent four days in Christiania, and found much to see and admire there, it being a large city, and situated in most picturesque surroundings of mountain and sea. We visited many places of interest in it—historical and otherwise. After this, we started on our journey across Norway from Christiania to Bergen, by the truly wonderful railway, "the Bergen," which is the most marvellous feat of engineering in Scandinavia. We left Christiania at 7.30 A.M., and gradually, from lowland pastures and wooded valleys, we were taken on and up until we entered the ice and snow regions, at an elevation of over 4,261 feet above sea level. The utter loneliness, desolation, and intense cold is felt most when the district known as Tangevand is reached—the highest point *en route*—at a height of 1,300 metres, where nothing is to be seen but snow, glaciers, and frozen lakes. Later, a gradual descent is made to Myrdal, where we saw one of the grandest scenes on the way—that of Flaamsdla

R. K. Holmes

THE PORCH, LOWER MAINS HOUSE

Valley, which lies at the foot of the precipice, 2,000 feet below. The snow and ice regions were practically left behind when we reached Voss—a lovely wooded valley with many picturesque houses and homesteads, which made us feel that we were back to civilisation again. We soon found ourselves travelling along the side of a beautiful Fjord, with ever-varying mountains towering up out of the water, and shortly before 10 P.M. we arrived at Bergen, the second largest city and the most beautifully situated one in Norway, the scenery around being grand in the extreme. On account of frequent storms and the uncertainty of sailings, we remained there over three weeks, eventually seizing a favourable opportunity to cross the North Sea. On 5th October we steamed out of Bergen's beautiful harbour at noon, on board the Norwegian steamer, "Haakon VII.," and two hours later we were out on the open sea. Twice during the early hours of the following morning we were stopped by British warships, "The Monarch" and "The Conqueror," whose officers and men boarded us, and made a thorough examination in order to find out if anyone or anything forbidden to be brought over by neutral boats could be found. On each occasion we peered through the porthole, and were able to distinguish the battleships and destroyers—a number of them—and all looking like faithful watchdogs on the deep. Early the following evening we sighted the cliffs of Peterhead, and when near enough to distinguish objects on shore, turned due south, and crept slowly down the Scotch coast on our way to Newcastle, where we were to land—that then being the only route open to shipping, on account of mines, both floating and otherwise. The next morning brought with it a dense fog, which compelled our boat to stand still for over two hours, when it cleared sufficiently to allow our captain to discover his whereabouts. He then found we were not far from the Tyne. On reaching the entrance to the river, all passengers were ordered to go below, and to remain there until arrival at the dock, which was reached about 3 P.M. And very thankful we were when at last we found ourselves safely back again in the Old Country, and with British soil under our feet.

A. VAN T. HUNTER AND M. E. GRAY.

The Ballad of a "Dug-out."

SINCE at "Somewhere in France" we were landed,
In many a billet we've been;
Exceedingly strange, to be candid,
Are some of the things we have seen;
Quite frankly we make the confession
That "Jack Johnsons" explode with a din;
But, for noise, we've a clearer impression
Of the night that our "dug-out" fell in.

We have flopped into water-logged trenches
When the Germans have lighted a flare;
We're acquainted with various stenches;
Of fatigues we've done more than our share.

Our Commander, in words that were biting,
  Has corrected each Company's sin,
But nothing was half so exciting
  As the night that our "dug-out" fell in.

Already (above) it's been stated
  That our regiment's "Somewhere in France."
For several weeks we have waited
  For the fateful command to advance.
We expect that in May—or December,
  We shall march through the streets of Berlin—
But far more than that date we'll remember
  The night that our "dug-out" fell in.

A. S., JUN.

Arms and the Man.

WAR and even the training for war are wonderful agents for the revelation of human nature and its outstanding characteristics. The effect of war upon character is a subject for somebody else; let me, with all deference to more highly qualified observers, try to describe what has most struck me as the effect of military training—the principal effect. It is, peculiar as this may seem, the development of domesticity and acquisitiveness in men who in peace time and as civilians profess to be proud of bohemian tendencies and communistic ideals. Domesticity and acquisitiveness are really the same—domesticity being the fondness for an abiding place, and acquisitiveness the capacity for gathering furniture and other possessions wherewith to stock it. . . .

Trooper —— and I, in our respective offices in —— (I'm not going to risk trouble with the censor), received our orders to mobilise with incredible glee, leaped from our stools, bade farewell to our landladies, bought each a pair of boots tacketed across the toes, and caught the earliest possible train to our regimental headquarters at ——.

There kit-bags were served out to us, into which we transferred the contents of the week-end bags which alone remained of our civilian reproach. Together with these kit-bags we received a collection of odds and ends such as saddles and rifles—altogether enough stuff to load a camel. The necessity for being in several places at once arose immediately; if we left our stuff some other trooper would covet it (mark the acquisitiveness), while if we remained on guard, other wretched corps would commandeer every animal with four legs in the city, and we should be contemptibly circumstanced indeed—spurred but horseless. Trooper ——'s wonderful forethought and strategy, however, saved the situation. He had already, thanks to his marvellous mobility, interviewed the straightest horsey man in Scotland, and wheedled from him the promise of two "horses." The horses, as promised, were without qualification; we understood the risks, but our minds were at ease—we should have something equine whereon to clap our saddles. As

things turned out, the creatures were quite presentable—but their story does not fit in here, however tempting a side-line it offers. That night we found ourselves penned in a big riding-school. The ring was crammed with horses, for our officers had been gathering mounts with the most exemplary acquisitiveness, and a strong guard was necessary to look after them. They squealed and kicked, and bit and broke their head ropes, and the perspiring guard risked their lives during that night as they now pine in vain to risk them at the front. When we were off duty we hunted for corners in harness-rooms and haylofts, in empty cabs and idle taxis, and wooed sleep with desperation. Even at that early date, what I have called the instinct of domesticity asserted itself violently ; if a man had selected a certain carriage rug in a certain corner behind a char-à-banc, he was as important and decided about it as if it had been a freehold estate. There was even a hand-to-hand scrap over the occupation of the floor-space in a growler. Yet it was only the question of one night's rest ; for on the morrow our dormitory was a certain Infant School, whence we tramped to the stables thrice a day to labour in the overpowering odoriferous heat amongst our restless chargers.

At night, footsore and dead beat, we chose each man his six feet upon the boards in our allotted schoolroom. No doubt it sounds uncomfortable enough, yet, with our heads on one terrace and our bodies on the next, we slept like Shakespeare's shipboy. Here again our communists and bohemians belied their profession ; if you had flung your overcoat and kit-bag on one particular spot, it was your spot, and you evicted any comrade who tried to jump your claim. We dined in a different room, where very small children studied—judging from the size of the desks on which we sat. The scholars proper to that furniture were evidently about eighteen inches long. We drew faces on the tiny slates ; what did they think had happened, I wonder, when the new session began ?

We were thoroughly settled in that Infant School, our six feet of pine flooring had acquired gentle associations of its own ; we had grown accustomed to our particular desk for dinner—when we were chased forth by the news that a German cruiser was in the ——, and after a saddling up like that in "Young Lochinvar," multiplied several hundred fold, trotted eastward in the cold bright dawn, with none but milkmen, postmen, street sweepers, and policemen to see us go—nomads again. The brightness of the day lasted but an hour, to be succeeded by driving rain, through which we rode hard and fast for hours, reaching —— at last, wet to the skin and doubly chilled, to realise that the cruiser was a myth or a make-believe.

In the beautiful —— Park at —— we linked our bedraggled horses, and leaving a few miserable guards to watch them, took shelter in a vast brewery building specially whitewashed for our reception. It was large enough to contain a brigade, but draughty as the Waverley Steps and comfortless as the Bass Rock. Fires were being lighted whereat we were to dry ourselves, but for hours their only product was smoke, and in various degrees of undress we shivered the afternoon away. On various flats of this enormous building we were to sleep, each man with his allotted space, which he marked with his grounded rifle, his haversack, water bottle, and a little heap of other detachable

belongings. And there again each man showed himself domesticated as a tea-cosy. One might think one stretch of rough planking as good as another, but it appeared by no means so. We were as jealous of our boundaries as the most highly civilised European Power, and by nightfall looked upon our floor-space as home. The acquisitiveness proper to domestic man began at once to affect a readjustment of property. Old soldiers who had in their hurry come away without nosebags, mysteriously acquired them, and young soldiers demonstrated their rawness by putting their name on every article of their kit, which makes the disappearance of property permanent. To reach our billets we had to ascend a stairway some eighteen inches wide, which cost us innumerable foot-pounds of energy and pounds avoirdupois of city fat. Every dixie for meals had to be hauled up those stairs—the stewy tea, and the tea-savouring stew—together with bread, cheese, and jam, jam, jam. They became a nightmare; hurried mess orderlies spilt stew on them, and every step was a death trap. If you yourself were in a hurry to ascend, a man with two dixies was certain to meet you halfway, and the near dixie—covered with soft, greasy soot, caressed your neat puttee like a pleased cat. . . .

From the waxing horrors of that brewery we departed one broiling afternoon to take up our abode in marquees erected within the grounds of —— House. The change was prison to paradise—and yet we felt that we had been uprooted, our tendrils torn, and so forth. The greasy floor of that draughty, ill-savouring flat had entangled our affections—and to leave it, with our little all crammed into kit-bags, was to go again into exile. . . . Sugar boxes, which we had begged from charitable shopkeepers in the town, had served us in the brewery as sideboards, wardrobes, bookcases; these, ere we fled, we marked with a distinctness past the power of veteran to obliterate or alter, and sure enough the faithful transport brought them after us. We were incorrigibly domestic, denial is useless: not only did we quarrel now for our strip of turf within the marquee, but we had dragged furniture with us. From the marquee to bell tents was our next translation, not without its regrets for the special strip of rubbed turf which every night we had indented with our weary bones. . . . The seizure of a particular tent for yourself and your chums is a piece of strategy which it is vain to attempt to justify to anyone unable to appreciate the circumstances. You must be grim, remorseless, unscrupulous, utterly deaf to argument, hard as steel to any plea for pity. Threats you must meet with defiance, the voice of authority with the ear of stone. Let the rest of the regiment sleep where they like, or wander roofless in the night—pay no heed to them: your business is to secure a home for your own handful. But once secure within the charmed circle, your troubles are not over. Questions of territory arise amongst the privileged eight inhabitants. Our most precise inmate, on this occasion, wanted us to mark the turf into divisions, so that each man should have justice, yea, mathematical justice. In the end we divided the space into sectors by guesswork, as one divides a hallowe'en cake, and settled down. It was not easy to avoid the violation of boundaries, when one's kit was increased by a palliasse, and later, as the mud deepened, a pair of knee-high gumboots; and your dearest friend, the man who had crushed your kneecap

in a hundred regimental drills, would exhibit with a reproachful gesture the number of articles by which you encroached upon his sector. Acquisitiveness by this time had become a fine art. The best scouts never seemed to need to buy any cleaning kit at all; even the mere blundering trooper learned how to accumulate dandy brushes without expense or discovery.

We loved our tents, and when wooden floors were laid, envied nobody. When the mud without grew ankle deep, the canvas shelter seemed yet dearer. Without, the scene was dreary enough—a sea of mud—and though the tents were tearing loose from the ropes that held them, so that the November breeze played with our ears as we lay in bed, yet how pleasant it was at night to unroll your palliasse upon the muddy boards and relax your weary sinews upon its prickly length! With a paraffin lamp rattling against the shaking tent-pole, and a sleeping helmet over your ears, and a letter to read, those tents were the height of luxury. By the end of November we were confirmed sybarites with fixed habits and the silly crotchets of the utterly content. We were domesticated to a fault, as irritable about any infringement of our allotted sectors as could be. (Visitors who saw our palliasses rolled up by day, ready to lay in the mud, said we might as well be sleeping in the street—but they didn't quite understand.) We were very sorry, when December came, to leave the tents—though to be sure every stormy night they threatened to leave us—and flit again into "huts" this time, not the romantic constructions of our boyhood, made of leafy branches, but long bare buildings of tin and wood which stand above the mud like stranded Noah's Arks. In these erections each man has his allotted space, his particular pegs, his special shelf; and these he defends by argument, threat, and, if necessary, violence, as if he had inherited them from a long line of ancestors. As for the general standard of acquisitiveness, it is superb; nearly every man, when occasion arises, can get round the quartermaster himself.

W. K. H.

Sonnet.

(THE POET'S CORNER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.)

How great a silence reigns in this blest spot!
How peaceful and how still the ashes lie
Of those sweet bards whose name will never die,
Whose lofty themes will never be forgot!
Dull would he be of soul and void of thought,
Who could pass by their tombs without a care,
Or parting, leave them honoured sleeping there
Without a tear to grace their hallowed lot.
Immortal works are theirs. What might have been!
O Muse! say not thy voice is hushed and still.
The "Prologue," "Idylls," and the "Faerie Queene"
Are mirrors of their genius and their skill—
A noble race thy children blessed have seen
Whose sires their sacred mission did fulfil.

R. S. ARMSTRONG.
Written in 1905.

Visit to the Dollar Rock and the Dollar Ogoe, Cornwall.

TOGETHER WITH FRESH PARTICULARS ILLUSTRATING THE WIDESPREAD EXISTENCE OF THE PLACE AND PERSONAL NAME—DOLLAR.

W. B. R. WILSON.

DURING a recent visit to England my interest in the names borne by the Cornish localities mentioned in the above title took me to Cornwall. There I spent a week, making a number of local inquiries, as well as inspecting the scenes so designated, with the view of determining whether the facts thus disclosed tended to confirm the etymological explanation of the origin of our parish name, which I have repeatedly set forth in this *Magazine*, or necessitated a reconsideration of the whole question. In the present article I propose to give a summary of the results I have reached.

It is not a common practice to visit Cornwall in winter; but as the weather during my visit was very favourable, and even mild, except during the two days I spent at Land's End and the Lizard, when the weather, though perfectly dry, was very stormy, I think I suffered no disadvantage from the date of my visit. Moreover, as visitors were then scarce, I got the greater attention from the natives and residents whom I interviewed.

As compared with Scotland, Cornwall is rather an uninteresting country. It has no hills of any size. It is almost wholly a grazing district. And but for the cliffs and the coast scenery, there is nothing that I saw to attract the lover of the picturesque or the sublime in Nature. In fact, the extent to which the rubbish and scoriæ from former or present mines disfigure the country-side and offend the eye of the tourist, is one of the features of Cornish scenery which most deeply impresses the visitor who surveys the country from the train, as he passes from place to place throughout its borders. On the sea coast, moreover, especially at the Land's End and the Lizard, for miles the wind-swept country is an absolutely treeless, desolate moorland, very similar to some scenes I have visited in Wigtownshire. Nothing but whin or gorse seems capable of growth, and very poor are the specimens of these shrubs which, as far as my observations went, were alone to be met with everywhere.

The inhabitants, though not physically so stalwart as the average Scotsman, were certainly quite courteous and accessible, and seemed all deeply interested in the fact that a stranger had come so far to inquire into a matter which seemingly had not previously awakened any interest whatever in their own minds, and without exception they did everything in their power to facilitate my inquiries.

I must not, however, attempt here a narrative of what I saw and heard during my week's sojourn in the region, which I found advertised all over England as "The Cornish Riviera," but must limit myself to my experiences at the Land's End and the Lizard.

To reach the Land's End it is necessary to drive about twelve miles from Penzance railway station in a motor 'bus. In doing this I met with a rather interesting adventure. For, as the 'bus broke down about three miles from

Penzance, and there was no possibility of resuming our journey until the guard returned to town for some portion of the machinery that had to be renewed, I and a soldier set out to walk together to the Land's End, expecting to be overtaken before we had completed our nine mile tramp. This was a fortunate circumstance in one way for me. For having told my fellow-traveller that I had come all the way from Dollar in Scotland to see the Dollar Rock at the Land's End, and that I would be glad if he could give me any information about its locality, or any local tradition connected with its history, he suddenly stood still on the road, looked curiously at me, and said, "Do you mean to say that you have come from Dollar in Scotland?" "Certainly," I said. "Though I am now retired, I was for many years one of the ministers there." "Well," he said, "this is a coincidence. To think that I should meet here a visitor from Dollar"; and then he asked me—"Did you by any chance know a young man from your parish called James Laurie, who enlisted a good many years ago in the Seaforth Highlanders?" "Yes," I said, "I did. All the parish heard about his extraordinary escape at the battle of Atbara in Egypt, and how he was known as the bullet-proof soldier." "Well," he said, "he and I were chums; we enlisted about the same time, and very good friends we were while we were in the regiment"; and then he told me he was a Scotsman, a Sergeant Farquharson, and son of the Scottish artist of that name, who had been an Associate of the Royal Academy. After he left the army he had been Drill Instructor for a time in the London Scottish, and finally had settled in Cornwall, where he was married, and now resided quite close to the Land's End. Since the war broke out he had rejoined the Reserve, and was now on a short furlough, returning to his family. He told me much more of an interesting sort about the battle of Atbara, and his experiences in the army. And in reference to the Dollar Rock, he told me that he himself had an interesting adventure in connection with that rock. For, having joined some fishermen, who declared that a shoal of mullet had been seen in the neighbourhood of the rock, in an expedition in which they proposed, by dragging towards the shore a large seine net, to enclose the whole shoal, his disappointment, he said, was extreme, when, on examination of the net, it was found that only one mullet had been enclosed, with which he said the fishermen presented him at the end of their mutual toil. The rock itself, he informed me, was a very large one, lying at the base of the cliff that adjoins to, and finally ends on, the Land's End promontory itself. It was surrounded with water, except at very low tide, when it was possible to reach the base of it, but it was not often attempted. It was a great resort of gulls and other sea fowl, who were constantly flying around or lighting upon it. All this I found to be true when I reached the Land's End, and under the conduct of a guide was taken over the sites in the neighbourhood. In regard to the origin of the name, neither Sergeant Farquharson, nor the guide, nor any person whom I interviewed, could give any explanation of how the name came to be given to it. The guide, it is true, had heard, as I had heard before, that a Spanish dollar had been picked up at the base of the rock; but when I pointed out to him that all the neighbouring rocks, Enysdodnan, the armed knight, and even the

Land's End itself, were known to have Cornish names originally, names still current in the district; he admitted that it seemed probable that Dollar, too, must originally have been Cornish, although he pointed out that half a mile or so round the coast there was a rock called "The Irish Lady," which had derived its name from the circumstance, that some years ago a vessel had been wrecked there, and that the only person saved had been an Irish lady. He also showed me two rocks which, from their presumed resemblance to the persons named, were known as Dr Johnson and Dr Sexton.

After examining the Dollar rock with some care, I confess that I am at a loss, on my theory, to account for the name *Dollar* having ever been given to it, for though I think it possible that in Druidic times the promontory might have been selected by the archpriests of that religion as the scene for the celebration of those human sacrifices which were a frequent feature in their religious rites, I hardly think the rock itself would ever have been chosen as the altar on which to offer such sacrifices. And the only other explanation that occurred to me was that it might have been the scene of a wreck, or of more wrecks than one, in which many lives were lost, and that in recognition of the deadly character that it acquired, it came to be known as the place or rock of slaughter.

The following description of the coast line is taken from a volume entitled "A Week at the Land's End," and gives a good account of the aspect of the coast:—"Leaving the Land's End, Carn Creis is seen rising above the cliff. The Dollar, or Dollah Rock, stands isolated from the shore, and seems to be a favourite with gulls, as large numbers are generally seen there congregated. Carn Creis presents a singular arrangement of rocks: large masses project and hang over, as if the gentlest touch would send them bounding over into the boiling surge beneath. Near this spot a windlass is fixed on the edge of the precipice, perhaps a hundred feet deep, and is used for drawing up seaweed. In this indentation of the coast is Greeb Zawn, signifying a hole through which the sea passes.

"That grand pile of rock, entirely surrounded by the sea, called in Cornish 'Masgeth Arvowed,' 'The Armed Knight,' has for some time been in view; from here is seen its peculiar form, from which the name is derived. On the summit the rock assumes the shape of a man's head in profile; the portion which forms the breast looks not unlike armour, so regularly is the granite jointed. Its height may be 200 feet. It was also called Gula, or Guelaz, the rock easily seen.

"The next headland is Cairn Greeb, the cairn like a cock's comb. Enysdodnan, the 'island with soil upon it,' now appears. A cavern about 40 feet high goes through it: another does not penetrate so far. The perpendicular quartz veins above them may be seen distinctly from the shore. The island has been reached without the aid of a boat during very low tides, but it is a venturesome undertaking."

My object in transcribing this long passage is to show how all the local features in this landscape have a clearly Celtic etymology and to suggest that, however the name *Dollar* or *Dollah* may have originally been given to the rock that now wears that title, it is almost absolutely certain that it was not

given in recent times, and has no connection with the finding of a dollar at its base. I do not allege that my etymology explains how the name came into being with perfect satisfactoriness; but it seems a better account of the origin of the name than any I have yet met with.

But I must now turn my attention to the Dollar Ogoe, or as it is locally pronounced and spelled, "the Dolor Hugo." This is a very remarkable cave, situated some miles from the Lizard Point, in immediate proximity to a little fishing village, nestling at the foot of high cliffs, and called Cadgwith, a Cornish name which may mean the bloody battle. It was blowing a violent gale on the day I visited this place, and the sight of the big breakers dashing in spray on the cliffs was most impressive. I had hoped to be able to get a boat to take me to the cave known as the Dollar Ogoe, but I was told it was impossible in such a sea to enter the cave. Cadgwith is an exceedingly quaint and primitive place: the houses rise tier above tier on the face of the cliff, and the descent from the summit to the little harbour presents an ever-changing view of the houses above and below. I found the people deeply interested in my quest, and quite vexed that, owing to the storm, I could not get a passage to the cave. They had no theory to account for the origin of the name, though one old fisherman told me he had heard that Dolor was Latin for *Big*, and that it meant the big cave. He was greatly interested, as all the rest were, with my suggestion that the name may have originated in Druidic times, owing to the cave having been the scene of human sacrifices on the part of the priests. He told me that he had once entered the cave with a man-of-war's long-boat, in which was an admiral, whose name I unfortunately forget, and that he was able to turn the boat round a rock that lies in the middle of the cave and row out to sea again. He was specially impressed by a suggestion I made that the rock he spoke of might be the slaughter stone on which the sacrifices were offered. He also said that the vicar of the parish, before the present incumbent, told him that he and two friends had once swum up into the narrow dark recess in which the cave terminates, and had found it end in a beach on which it was possible to stand.

The following notice of this cave from Rev. Mr John's volume, "A Week at the Lizard," is very interesting:—"At no great distance beyond the Raven's Hugo, or Ogoe, under a point named Penballo, is Chough's Hugo. Still further on is another cave, the lower part of which is entered by the sea at all times of tide; it is, therefore, only accessible by boat, and not even that, except when the water is quite still. The usual method is to back the boat, the men sitting at their oars, and prepared to pull out again with all speed, in case a wave should suddenly roll in. It is marked in the maps Dolor Hugo, but the name is pronounced Dollah Hugo" (I did not find this to be so). "Of all the caves that I have ever inspected, this wears the most perfect air of *mysteriousness* and solemnity. At the entrance it is large enough to admit the entrance of a six-oared boat, but soon contracts to so small a size that a swimmer alone could explore it, although no one, so far as I have heard, ever ventured to perform the feat. Its termination is lost in gloom; but as far as the eye can discriminate, the water is unceasingly

rising and falling, with a deep murmuring sound, which is reverberated from a great distance, and falls on the ear with a most imposing effect. The colouring of the rocks at the entrance is magnificent. The base is of a deep rose pink; the side rich dark brown, with blotches of bright green and rose colour; the roof purple and brown. The water is very deep and clear, and of a fine olive green, and being remarkably clear, the light stones lying at the bottom are distinctly visible, among which, on one of my visits, we could descry great fishes, probably bass, pursuing shoals of launces."

"When tourists venture in hither, which is not very often the case, a favourite practical joke of the boatmen is to secrete a loaded pistol, and without giving previous intimation to fire it off. The effect is terrific; the noise seeming to come from the inmost recesses of the cave, from its sides, and roof all at once, and exaggerated a thousandfold by the reverberations. Anyone thus taken by surprise could scarcely account for the sudden and protracted roar on any other supposition than that the whole line of cliff had been visited by some momentary convulsion of nature, and was tumbling into ruins. To a person forewarned, the uproar resembles a terrific thunder-storm bursting about his head."

My investigations of this cave by boat having been impossible, owing to the storm raging at the time of my visit, I cannot from ocular observation verify the above account. But the photograph that accompanies this article will serve, I think, to satisfy my readers that in the Dollar Ogoe we have a scene very suitable for those bloody rites which we know formed a constant element in Druidic worship, and which led to those stern Roman laws forbidding the exercise of the Druidic religion alike in Gaul and Britain. It tended greatly to strengthen my opinion that I had hit on a *vera causa* for the name Dollar which I have thus shown to be so widespread in Britain; that the spelling, Dolor Hugo, with its corresponding pronunciation, tallies so closely with the spelling and pronunciation that I have shown has been typical of the name of our own parish, both in primitive times and in our own. Though, therefore, I cannot honestly aver that my investigation of the Cornish Dolor Ogoe has rendered my position etymologically any stronger than it was before, I do not think it has been materially weakened, and I still reckon my etymology as holding the field against all its rivals.

During my stay at the Lizard, I learned from the landlady of the Lizard Hotel that at Porthleven, not far from Helston, there was a place called to-day *Dollar Cove*, which she believed did owe its present name to the discovery there of a number of Spanish doubloons, one of which she had herself possessed, but which she had parted with to a friend now in South Africa. This explains the story from *Chambers's Journal* to which I referred in a previous paper. My informant, the landlady, told me that an adventurer, hearing of the discovery of the gold coins, got up a company to search for the lost ship from which they had been washed ashore; but that, after spending a good deal of capital fruitlessly, the undertaking was at last given up as a bad job.

As readers of previous articles of mine will remember, in addition to those localities in Scotland and England which bear the name of Dollar, I have

R. K. Holmes

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discovered places in the United States and in Australia, and even in Sweden, to which that name has been given. I thought until a few days ago that I had exhausted the list of all such places on earth. But I have been greatly interested recently to find that in Alsace there is a stream named the Doller, which has been the scene in the present terrible war of one of the most heroic and at the same time most tragic incidents in the struggle which is being waged there for the recovery of that ancient French province. The following description of the locality referred to has been given by an eye-witness:—"An Alsatian village west of Thann—houses with facings of woodwork and gabled roofs of thatch in which the storks love to nest in spring—in two parts, upper Aspach and lower Aspach, eighty hearths all told, with a mile and a quarter of gardens and vineyards, a railway and a stream, the Doller, separating them." Such the setting, no difference as to level. It is the stream which decides whether you are in "high" or in "low" Aspach. Then follows an interesting narrative of the events that have brought that previously unknown stream and village into the limelight of history. It is a thrilling story, and I think will convince my readers that if the Alsatian stream did not get its present designation originally from the same cause as that which my hypothesis assigns to the origination of our own local Dollar, at all events it may now justly claim to deserve that title in the sense I understand it to bear. Here is the eye-witness's story:—

"In the beginning of December we (that is the French) held Aspach-le-Haut, and the Germans Aspach-le-Bas. On either side the trenches, leaving the line of the houses, converged towards the narrow reedy bed of the Doller. Five hundred yards or more of shooting range. We were strongly located behind the railway, the enemy as strongly entrenched on the edge of the thickets along the Schweighausen road. Twenty-five days passed drearily by in spade-work, and a brush with the enemy from time to time.

"On Christmas Eve the men were relieved. In the first trench of outposts was now a section of the 43rd Territorial of Epinal. Among them was Sergeant J. Oberreiner, an Alsatian, who had been born in Aspach-le-Bas, and knew every stone and every tree of the countryside. As he looked through his loophole he could see with his naked eye the familiar roof and croft. He entreated the captain to order an attack that very night.

"At 5 A.M., while the mists hung heavy over the valley, the section—27 all told—left the trench and advanced *en tirailleurs*, creeping noiselessly on with fixed bayonets, each man holding a grenade in his hand and clippers between his teeth. The gallant 27 reached the barbed wire fence. With infinite precaution the first palisade was forced. All at once bells, artfully distributed here and there, tinkled the dreaded warning. In a moment, betrayed and blinded by searchlights, before they had even had time to shoulder their rifles, the 27 were swept away. When the morning broke those of the doomed party who, though severely wounded, were yet alive, were observed making a supreme effort to get through the barbed wire and reach shelter. A salvo from the German trench put several of them out of their misery, but seven were still left, desperately wounded and almost unable to move. They were in two groups. Three had sufficient strength to get out

their bandages and dress one another's wounds. These poor fellows were lying side by side. It was now broad daylight.

"*Stretchermen Fired On.*—From the French side some stretchermen now went forward flying a white handkerchief and showing their badges. They were unarmed. The Germans fired and the two leaders were wounded.

"But the wounded out there could not be left to die untended. Something had to be done to save them. A big Red Cross flag was hastily manufactured and run up at the end of a pole. A hospital attendant determined to make another attempt. On the very edge of the trench a bullet pierced his brain. He dropped dead and the flag with him pierced and torn.

"That evening the 350th of the line and the 6th Chasseurs made two furious but vain attempts to rescue their dying comrades. All night long the Germans relentlessly kept their searchlights playing on the doomed, and sweeping the expanse up to the French lines. The sight of a shadow brought salvos from their trenches.

"The French officers could hear the feeble groans of the dying. Sergeant Oberreiner—the Alsatian—was heard imploring the enemy in their own tongue to succour his comrades or finish them off. 'Water,' cried one. A French officer pledged me his word of honour that the reply made from the German trench was 'Ta bouche, bébé!'—a slang expression equivalent to 'shut your jaw,' which showed that the speaker was a German who had been employed in Paris as a waiter, perhaps in some Montmartre haunt.

"*His Death Song.*—So Christmas Day passed. On the morrow at dawn the French officers, by the aid of their glasses, could see that Oberreiner alone was still alive. His face was turned towards his native village. He was attempting, for the last time, to bandage his wounds. It was freezing, and he drew himself close to his dead comrades.

"At four in the afternoon, after thirty-five hours of agony, the order rang out sharply in the German trenches to strike up the 'Wacht am Rhein'—to drown the accents of the Marseillaise which Oberreiner was singing with his last breath. . . .

"The French still hold Aspach-le-Haut and the Germans Aspach-le-Bas. The German searchlights continue to play all night. As though bent on depriving the 27 dead of burial, the Germans have refused five requests for an armistice."

I am glad to add to the above narrative that a more recent account states that, as the result of a gallant exploit by a band of their French comrades, the dead bodies of the fallen French soldiers have been recovered, and reverently buried. But who can challenge the assertion that whatever may have been the case before, the Alsatian Doller now well deserves to be called the Place of Slaughter?

I had purposed to tell here of a visit I paid last year to the Renfrewshire village, called Eaglesham, in quest of a place there of which I had read, called Dollar's Hall; but I have already trespassed so much on the limited space of the *Magazine* that I must postpone that story till another time, with the assurance that it, too, contains some interesting facts that well merit publication.

The Mazur Lakes.

THE Mazur lakes, where fate has willed it for the Russian and the German forces to meet once more, and to decide their ancient quarrel, have been from immemorial times the scene of war, and consequent on that, their history has been written on many pages, and poesy has found in this an unlimited material for her work. Here, on this ancient Slavonic land, among miry swamps, quicksands, and deep lakes, the bold Mazurs and Velikopoljane repelled many a Teuton raid ; countless mounds, the nameless graves of those who fell in battle long, long ago, are the mute monuments to the fierceness of the fights that raged then, just as they rage now between the same peoples.

Recently the German archæologist, Gustav von Hutten, made excavations among these tumuli, and found skulls cleft by swords and axes, and human vertebræ in which the rusty points of arrows still remained. He also dug out a perfectly preserved horseman, while examining the depth of a layer of peat ; this was a German knight, and, judging by his coat of arms, he came from Saxony. Both the rider and the horse, clad in thick leather studded with copper plates, became impregnated with the acids of the peat, and lay there thus for over three hundred years, buried in the Mazur swamps.

Here every place has seen a fight ; every stone and rock, all overgrown with lichen grey and green, some soft like velvet, the other rough as sand—they keep a legend. Every gnarled old oak will tell a tale as cawed to him by a raven, settled down among the branches, after feasting on the fallen warriors on the battlefield ; and a hollow willow, grown to a fantastic shape, remembers fights—and others which an owl had whined to her, while sitting in the hollow of its trunk, blinking slit-eyed at the day, and dreaming of the past dark night as, flying over dale and wood where wolf and fox hunt down their prey, he saw the fires of a camp, and men sat there in mail and arms, some bleeding wounds, some whetting sharp their swords. Grey bats sailed silent, cutting zigzags in the sky ; showing dark red for a moment in the light of a camp-fire's flare, they circled round again and listened to the tales of battle and of knightly valour in the field. Yes ! this was a land of battle where brave men have fought, a land of strife for ages where much blood was shed. The feats of strength accomplished and the deeds of valour performed have come down to our time as legends, and here is one of them : it is connected with the name of Lake Veluin.

Old Krolevetz (the Königsberg of the present day) was then the chief town of the Poles and of those Slavonic tribes who lived in that land, one end of which is raised above the clouds and called Carpathia, the other being low and dipping down beneath Pomorie, the large salt water, bending in its shape. And in the capital of Krolevetz stood the keep of Lieshek the Red, the prince of Mazovetz and Velikopol. Powerful was the prince, and valiant, and the battle was his love ; but years went by and silver threads now shone among the redness of his hair : the prince became a monk in his own castle, where his days were spent in fasting and in prayer.

But once there came to him his subjects from a district far away complaining that a knight, of fearsome aspect, had appeared upon their lands

and ruled the highways with a bloody rule of might; he likewise pillaged villages and gave no mercy to woman, man, or child. The Duke of Rasislav, a vassal of the prince, had fought the stranger, but was beaten down and killed; the valiant Duke of Zbormir next went forth and met the bold intruder, and again the stranger's arms proved strong: the duke was killed. And for some time this knight continued riding round the country as if he were a savage, hungry wolf let loose among a herd of calves or foals, who kills the beasts out of mere lust for hot blood. Complaints came every day, and terror now overcame the people. They fled to Krolevetz and sought protection of their prince.

Then at last Prince Lieshek arose, a champion knight once more. He donned his armour, and it shone on him. He gripped his sword—the trusty comrade of young days—it played and sang in the air. He took his heavy mace and hung it by his side—it seemed as light as air. Once more he bestrode his old war-friend—the horse flew like the wind. He thundered onwards, grand and awful, this champion to defend the right. The right was his strength, and confident was his faith. He would triumph and slay the cruel foe.

They met at the village of Przcheborzche just as the sun rose from the east. They clashed together, fighting fiercely 'mid the clash of swords and flashing sparks, but each one found his match. They fought from sunrise through the morning and the day while the sun rose to its zenith. They battled while the sun sank low again to sunset, veiled in a haze, but still they were on even terms. And when grey mists swayed, drawing from the low ground, the prince began to overpower his foe and dealt hard blows, the other wearing down and only guarding now. The twilight darkened into night, and over the forest rose the moon, a large, bright disk of burnished copper dyed with red. A crimson, ghostly light flowed from its shine, hot blood flowed from the knights, and all things round about, the grass, the trees, the very sky, seemed sickly red, as if these things all lived, and, conscious of the deadly struggle on the field, watched it with awe, reflecting all that was in the hearts of these men; and the stranger's heart was black as, seeing that his end was near, he swore revenge. The bats danced madly overhead, the horned owl screeched and flew away; the leaves hung trembling, and the flowers shook, for now the battle reached its height. The stranger made a last despairing dash with all his power upon the Prince of Mazovetz, but, like the sea waves on a rock, it broke and ebbed away. And now the prince raised high his sword, it streaked, a silver flash, in meeting with the moon, and cut right off the head and shoulder of his foe—the battle had been won.

But now there happened an eerie thing. The squires of Lieshek approached the knight to take his armour off, but from the ground beneath his corpse a fount burst forth; the water hissed and boiled, a rusty mass, and spread to left and right, engulfing Lieshek, the squires, the knight, and all. And on the morn the sun struck with its crimson on a sheet of water, deep and broad, and, playing in the still cold depths, it mirrored back a swamp of rusty colour, fearsome to behold. A magician was this knight,

Graf Conrad Veluin-Osterrode, a Marburg nobleman and lord; and so this lake was called Veluin, and is so named up to the present day.

The people say that this same place has always been a fatal spot for German arms, and never has a German force won battles here, not only during the times of the princes of Mazovets, but also later. So, when Vitold and Jagail were leaders of the Slavs, the battle of Grünwald was fought, and on the shores of Lake Veluin fell Ulrich von Jungingen, the greatest leader and a master of the Teuton Order, and Otto, the Bishop of Marienburg, fell with him too, cleft asunder by Zavisha the Black.

Old people say that a belief was carried down from age to age, and still exists, that for the German folk the end will come at Lake Veluin, whither they are called by their dead knight, Graf Conrad Veluin-Osterrode, in order to revenge his death, and whence Prince Lieshek the Red, the pious lord of Velikopol and Mazovetz, blesses the Slavs on their victorious strife to free his capital of Krolevetz.

Yes, this is a land of battle where brave men now fight, a land of strife for ages where much blood is shed. F. A. A. (*F.P.*).

In Honour of Burns.

AT the annual celebration of the Scotsmen of the City of Troy, New York, the entertainment took the form of a concert for the benefit of the War Relief Fund. Mr George Sinclair (F.P.) is again to the front with appropriate verses.

A PATRIOTIC PROGRAMME.

The audience was large and genuinely enthusiastic, because the concert programme had been so carefully arranged that it was bound to appeal to every descendant of the land of the thistle. Songs, dances, and recitations were beautifully executed, and the applause was loud and continuous. As usual, one of the features of the celebration was the playing on the bagpipes by Pipe-Major Munro; in fact, it would not have been a complete celebration without those familiar Scottish strains. George Sinclair, Secretary-Treasurer of the Burns Club, and known as Troy's poet-laureate, as usual had an interesting original poem, especially adapted to the European situation. Its title is "When Britain Bares Her Brand." The poem follows:—

Arise! ye freemen of the Isles,
  Unsheath the sword once more!
And smite the foes of liberty
  As did your sires of yore!
Let Celt and Saxon side by side
  In freedom's vanguard stand;
Show Right is Might and will prevail
  When Britain bares her brand!

Brave Belgium scorned th' invader's power;
  Her people dared be free;
Shall we unheeding hear her call
  For succour o'er the sea?

No ! not while with us yet remains
  This glory of our land—
We'll go where honour points the way,
  When Britain bares her brand !

No greed of gain, no lust of power,
  Impels us to the fray ;
A nation's rights, a people's weal,
  We battle for to-day !
Go ! win th' imperishable fame,
  Heroic deeds command !
Maintain the valour of your race,
  When Britain bears her brand !

To victory through gory fields
  The way before you lies ;
Go forth, and let the world behold
  A noble sacrifice !
The ruthless foe that steeps in blood
  A peaceful, prosperous land,
Shall learn how Justice deals the blow
  When Britain bares her brand !

The thistle, rose, and shamrock twined
  In wreath of immortelle,
Shall yet inspire the bard unborn
  In language meet to tell
How Britain's sons in Flanders bled
  To save a sister land ;
How freedom lives and bondage dies
  When Britain bares her brand !

How War came about between Great Britain and Germany.

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG BY H. E. LEGGE.

WHY are we at war? How did it come about just at this particular time?

On 28th June 1914 there happened a fatal tragedy.

On 4th August 1914 war was declared between Great Britain and Germany.

Let me put before you, very simply, a sketch of the events of the five weeks and two days between 28th June and 4th August; for the immediate cause of this war was the contention between Austria and Servia.

"Servia is a small but very ancient kingdom in the Balkan Peninsula." The Servian people belong to the family of Slav nations, and the vast country of Russia is the predominant Power of the Slav race. So Russia is the great big brother of little Servia.

Turn now to Austria and the country of Bosnia.

Long ago, Bosnia was part of the Servian kingdom; then Turkey wrested it from Servia, and a few years ago (in 1908) Austria annexed it; therefore it is now part of Austria.

On 28th June the heir to the throne of Austria, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and his wife paid a state visit to Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, and drove in state, amid crowds, along the streets. He went thither in order to review three army corps, ready for action, which Austria had assembled in Bosnia.

At Sarajevo, as the Archduke and Duchess were driving along, shots were fired at them; both were fatally wounded; both died almost directly The assassin, a young man, was arrested.

Still, what had that terrible murder to do with Servia? Sarajevo is not in Servia, but in Bosnia.

The Austrian official press declared (before there had been time for investigation and proof) that Servia was to blame; that the murder at Sarajevo was the outcome of a plot organised by Servia.

The Austrian Government conducted a secret inquiry, and on 23rd July Austria sent an ultimatum to Servia which made certain extremely severe demands. Our Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward Grey, declared that "the murder of the Archduke called for sympathy with Austria," and Russia also admitted that some of these ten demands were reasonable enough. But there were two features in the Austrian ultimatum which disquieted those who wished to keep Europe at peace. The first was the insistence on a time-limit which was much too short, only forty-eight hours; the second was the fact that Austria demanded complete submission to her dictates. "I had never seen," said Sir Edward Grey, "one state address to another independent state, a document of so formidable a character." However, Great Britain, Russia, and France all advised Servia to submit as far as she could, to go to the furthest possible point in meeting the demands of Austria.

Before the time-limit was up, the Servian Government replied to Austria, and conceded the greater part of her demands; but there were certain points which touched her very existence as an independent state; she could not yield on them, for if she did, the Servians would no longer be a free people. She offered to accept, on them, the arbitration of the Hague Tribunal or of the Great Powers.

Austria refused to accept this reply, and declared war against Servia on 28th July, exactly one month after the murder of the Archduke.

Austria and Servia, then, are at war, and why in the world should any other nation go to war too?

There was one huge nation which could not see Servia attacked without resentment, its big brother, Russia, chief of the Slav races. Latterly, during the war in the Balkans, the Russian Foreign Minister "had made it clear to the Austrian Government that war with Russia must inevitably follow an Austrian attack on Servia." So Russia became involved.

What of Germany? Germany had supported the cause of Austria against Servia. She had done so notably on 24th July, the day after Austria had sent her ultimatum to Servia. Therefore war between Austria and Russia involved Germany as Austria's ally. But matters could not stop here, for Russia too had an ally, France, therefore France was drawn in.

Thus we see what Germany and Austria knew from the beginning, knew

when Austria threatened Servia, and Germany backed her up; they knew that Russia would come in, they knew that France would come in as Russia's ally, therefore they knew that they were stirring up a European war.

Here we see Austria, Germany, Servia, Russia, France—all involved—but not Great Britain.

WHAT WAS GREAT BRITAIN DOING?

The British Government, through Sir Edward Grey, whose efforts during the recent Balkan wars had won for him the title of the "Peacemaker of Europe," was working incessantly for peace.

Remember that it was on 23rd July that Austria sent her ultimatum to Servia. Already, on 20th July, Sir Edward Grey had pressed upon the German Ambassador the importance, "if the peace of Europe was to be preserved, of Austria keeping her demand within reasonable limits." On 22nd July the German Foreign Secretary answered that he "considered it inadvisable that the Austro-Hungarian Government should be approached by the German Government on the matter." That was tantamount to saying that Germany would make no effort to restrain Austria. And so, without protest from Germany, the Austrian ultimatum was sent to Servia the very next day.

On 23rd July Sir Edward Grey, on learning from the Austrian Ambassador the nature of the demands of the ultimatum, seriously urged objections against the insertion of a time-limit. Two days later, the German Ambassador at Vienna was asked to inform the Austrian Foreign Minister of Sir Edward's suggestion for an extension of the time-limit. But the German Foreign Secretary replied that the Austrian Minister was away, and "there would be delay and difficulty in getting time-limit extended," and he "admitted quite freely that the Austro-Hungarian Government wished to give the Servians a lesson, and that they meant to take military action."

On 24th July Sir Edward Grey, having seen the text of the ultimatum, proposed that four Powers, none of them involved with Servia, should work together to effect "mediating or moderating influence"; in his own words, that "Germany, France, Italy, and Great Britain, who had not direct interests in Servia, should act together for the sake of peace simultaneously in Vienna and St Petersburg."

Russia expressed willingness to stand aside while the Powers conferred; France agreed, Italy agreed, and Sir Edward Grey, on 26th July, invited the Ambassadors of France, Italy, and Germany to a conference with himself, "for the purpose of discovering an issue which would prevent complications."

France accepted, Italy accepted, Germany refused.

On 27th July Sir Edward Grey saw the German Ambassador. It is sad now to read his words in his account of this interview telegraphed on that same day to Berlin. He warned the German Ambassador that "other issues might be raised that would supersede the dispute between Austria and Servia, and would bring other Powers in, and the war would be the biggest ever

known, but as long as Germany would work to keep the peace I would keep closely in touch."

On the following day, 28th July, Austria declared war on Servia.

Britain now tried to prevent the war from spreading to other nations.

On 29th July Sir Edward Grey appealed to the German Chancellor. His words were—"His Excellency may rely upon it that this country will continue, as heretofore, to strain every effort to secure peace, and to avert the calamity we all fear. If he can induce Austria to satisfy Russia, and to abstain from going so far as to come into collision with her, we shall all join in deep gratitude to his Excellency for having saved the peace of Europe."

Italy also appealed to Germany to the same effect.

On that same day, 29th July, the German Government made certain proposals to Great Britain. We shall speak of them presently.

On 30th July Sir Edward Grey declined those proposals. But though constrained in honour to decline them, he made yet another "most earnest" appeal to the German Chancellor, and he added—"If the peace of Europe can be preserved and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her Allies by France, Russia and ourselves, jointly or separately." Thus Sir Edward Grey did all in his power, as a member of the British Government, to assure Germany of peaceful and friendly intentions towards her. What more could he have said?

Yet on the next day, 31st July, he did still more. He made a further strong appeal to Germany for European peace, and he suggested that the four disinterested Powers (Germany, France, Italy, and Great Britain) should offer to Austria to "undertake to see that she obtained full satisfaction of her demands on Servia, provided that they did not impair Servian sovereignty and the integrity of Servian territory." He asked Germany to find out whether Austria would agree to this. Russia had already stated that she would be willing to accept some such arrangement. Everything depended on the action of Germany.

On that day she sent an ultimatum to Russia.

Before sunrise next morning—at half-past three o'clock in the early morning of 1st August—the King of Britain and his Ministers made a last attempt to prevent war. "The King telegraphed a personal message to the Tsar," a heartfelt appeal, proffering his good offices. The Tsar returned an answer on the same day, "I would gladly have accepted your proposals, had not the German Ambassador this afternoon presented a note to my Government, declaring war." The Tsar added, "In this solemn hour I wish to assure you once more that I have done all in my power to avert war." The truth of this assertion, and of that made by the Russian Foreign Minister, that "no suggestion held out to him had been refused," is verified by the "Diplomatic Correspondence" (the White Paper) published for all the world to see, wherein also can be read the consent of Russia to the British formula for basis of mediation. Far different is the case with Germany and Austria; they had given either doubtful answers or refusals.

These official documents reveal how strenuously and untiringly Britain, through her representatives, worked for peace, and showed, too, who it was who thwarted those efforts.

Now we come back to the proposals made by Germany to Britain on that momentous day, 29th July. On that day the British Ambassador at Berlin, Sir Edward Goschen, was sent for by the German Chancellor who had just returned from a visit to the Kaiser at Potsdam. The Chancellor revealed to Sir Edward Goschen that the German Government was contemplating war with France, and further, wished to send an army upon France through Belgium. He then tried to secure the neutrality of Britain, and her consent to these designs, by proposing a bargain with her.

First, Britain was to keep quiet and not to interfere, on the understanding that Germany "aimed at no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France." Sir Edward Goschen "questioned His Excellency about the French colonies." The Chancellor would not give the same assurance in regard to them.

Second, Britain was to consent to Germany sending an army through Belgium into France. Through Belgium! To consent to bargain away her obligation to Belgium, solemnly entered into by the Treaty of 1839! Moreover, Germany herself had signed that Treaty, she, too, had vowed to respect the neutrality of Belgium. Now she meant to be false to that pledge, and asked us to be the same.

Thus Britain was asked to be disloyal to friendship in the case of France, and false to her plighted word in the case of Belgium. And mark this—what trust could she place in Germany's promise that "when the war was over, Belgian integrity would be respected, if she had not sided against Germany"? She made that promise to Britain at the very moment of proposing to break her signed promise to Belgium.

As regards France—we had made an Entente Cordiale, a friendly agreement, with her in 1904. Therefore, the northern coasts of France were left unprotected; France knew that we, a friendly Power, did not mean to attack them. If a German Fleet "came down the English Channel, and bombarded and battered the unprotected coasts of France, we could not honourably stand aside, and see this going on practically within sight of our eyes, with our arms folded." (Sir Edward Grey.)

This, then, was Sir Edward Grey's answer as to France, authorised by the Cabinet, given to Germany on 3rd August—"If the German Fleet comes into the Channel, or through the North Sea, to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British Fleet will give all the protection in its power."

Now, as regards Belgium—innocent, inoffensive Belgium—a happy little country, with cities containing most beautiful old architecture and treasures of art, independent, trusting to the honour of Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, who had all signed that Treaty guaranteeing her integrity. All had pledged themselves never to violate her neutrality, never to attack her, nor to send an armed force across her borders.

On 31st July Sir Edward Grey, in view of this solemn Treaty, asked

both France and Germany whether they meant to respect the neutrality of Belgium.

France responded—"French Government are resolved to respect the neutrality of Belgium."

Germany gave no answer.

On 3rd August Germany addressed a note to Belgium, threatening to treat her as an enemy if she resisted the violation of her territory.

Belgium, heroic little Belgium, "refused this as a flagrant violation of the law of nations," and the King of the Belgians sent an appeal to King George —"Remembering the numerous proofs of your Majesty's friendship . . . and the friendly attitude of Britain in 1870 . . . I make a supreme appeal to the diplomatic intervention of your Majesty's Government to safeguard the integrity of Belgium."

That was the appeal of Belgium to Britain, stretching out wronged hands for help.

And Britain, how did Britain respond?

Britain kept her bond.

On 4th August the British Government addressed a note to Germany repeating the request of 31st July, as to whether she meant to respect Belgian neutrality, and asking for a satisfactory answer by midnight. Should Germany refuse, "His Majesty's Government feel bound to take all steps in their power to uphold the neutrality of Belgium, and the observance of a Treaty to which Germany is as much a party as ourselves."

How did Germany respond?

Germany broke her bond. A German army invaded Belgium.

Britain accordingly went to war.

We are fighting to uphold faithfulness to the pledged word; to abolish that hateful spirit of aggressive militarism; to "enthrone the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics."

Germany has broken her word to Belgium, broken it in blood and fire, slaughter, broken bodies, broken hearts, burning towns, shattered homes, overwhelming innocent women and children with a tide of cruelty and terror.

We in Britain have seen some of those stricken Belgians, some of that host of refugees.

In our anguish for our own dead, may we still thank God that we took the side of honour.

We pray—"Guide us, through all this terror, we entreat Thee, into truth and love."

"Hasten on, ye Ages blest," said the Fates to their spindles.—VIRGIL.

From the Trenches.

IF I should cross the Stygian tide
Before you, dear,
And reach the unknown other side,
My heart I'll cheer

With thoughts of you while I await
The moment when
You come towards the heavenly gate
To me again.

And if the dark and sullen stream
You first should cross,
Send me a message in a dream,
To soothe my loss.

And tell me that you wait above,
As I would wait,
For the fulfilment of our love,
Beyond the gate.

S. F. BUTCHART.

Letters to the Editors.

SAINT JAMES'S CLUB,
MONTREAL, 10*th December* 1914.

The Editors, "Dollar Magazine."

DEAR SIRS,—I enclose money order for nine shillings in payment of this year's (1914) and next year's (1915) subscription to the *Magazine*. I wish to again congratulate the Committee on the excellent tone maintained in the *Magazine* through the years, and to wish you all good fortune for the future. Each copy vividly recalls to me those happy days under the hills and the grey Scottish skies in dear old Dollar. Although it is now nearly twenty-two years since I left school, I am a Dollar boy still, and will be for ever. I am also the son of an old Dollar boy, for my late father was one of Dr Lindsay's boys, so the memory of Dollar is to me inexpressibly dear. May the old School long continue to maintain its high place in the affections.—I am, yours sincerely,

A. F. MACKECHNIE.

SAINT JAMES'S CLUB,
MONTREAL, 3*rd January* 1914.

The Editors, "Dollar Magazine."

DEAR SIRS,—I enclose money order for a year's subscription to the *Dollar Magazine*, which I should like to be sent to my house address, viz., 4350 Westmount Avenue, Montreal, Canada.

My friend, Mr A. F. MacKechnie, who is a subscriber, has loaned me some of the past volumes of the *Magazine*, and I was much impressed by its

general excellence, but more especially by the beautiful photographic views that have been reproduced in the *Magazine*. If there are any spare sets of the back numbers of the *Magazine* I should like to acquire one. Please say.

En passant I may say that Mr MacKechnie directed my attention to the note (printed in the *Magazine*) of my career after obtaining the gold medal at Dollar, 1889, as being rather inadequate. In order to rectify this in any future lists I would state that after obtaining my degree in Arts from the University of Edinburgh, I studied Law at that University, and in 1896 (or thereabouts) I obtained their degree of LL.B., *summa cum laude* (see Edinburgh University Calendar). That, however, is the extent of my scholastic achievements; for, a few years after, abandoning entirely the whole world of "capshins and hornins," I came out here, and here I have been more or less ever since.

Like most of us I have been, as Shakespeare puts it, "a fellow that hath had losses"; but taking the net results I cannot reasonably grumble at Fate, and although I have not attained those dizzy eminences which I observe that some of my fellow-pupils have reached, I can still look back and feel that I have at least not disgraced the old School.

I fear I have been an ungrateful nursling, however. I have been home many times, but have only seen the Ochils from a distance. Next time I am over I shall make a point of reviving my memories, and I hope to see many of the old places, and, I hope, some, at least, of the old faces. I think that Mr Malcolm alone remains of the staff as it was when I was there. I should so much like to see him again. He was, of course, my favourite master, as he was to most of us. Give him, if you should see him, my kindest regards. "Hogg of Auchtermuchty"—he may remember me.

Apologising for this lengthy epistle—but I got going.—Yours very truly,

D. N. C. HOGG.

7TH BATTALION A. & S. H.,
10TH BRIGADE, 4TH DIVISION,
BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
c/o G.P.O., LONDON, *17th January* 1915.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been intending to write you ever so often, but since my departure from Dollar I have had a busy and strenuous time. We left Southampton on 15th December, and arrived at Havre on the morning of the 16th. After spending three days in a rest camp, the muddiest and dirtiest camp I have ever been in, we went by rail round by Boulogne and Calais to St Omer. The journey took twenty-two hours, and immediately after arriving we marched to a village 6 miles away where we spent a fortnight in hard field training. I was of considerable service to the battalion as an unofficial interpreter, and made things easy for them on the journey in the way of billeting arrangements, &c. Leaving this place we trekked for three days, marching 15 miles the first day, 10 the second, and 7 the third, passing through Hazebrouck and Bailleul to the place where we are now stationed. I cycled ahead of the battalion the last two stages to make billeting arrange-

ments, and, as I had not cycled for about seven years and had never ridden a free wheel, my adventures were numerous, and, in some instances, comical. I had about ten spills and some narrow escapes from being run down by heavy motor transports. The roads, of course, are cobbled in the middle, and at present the sides are simply quagmires. Our battalion has been taking its share of the trench work, and I have had two spells in the trenches. It is muddy work, and sniping goes on constantly. Last time we were in, sniping went on day and night, and it was a risky business raising your head. Two Dublin Fusiliers were killed in my trench. Further down we had three men wounded severely with shrapnel. We have to go into the trenches and leave them in the dark, as the roads are all exposed to machine gun fire, and the Germans take full advantage of any opportunities they get. They send up brilliant flares in the night time. The best thing to do when they appear is to stand quite still. I am for duty in the trenches to-morrow again.

I had a copy of the *Dollar Magazine* sent out the other day, and it was a great pleasure and consolation to me to get it. I congratulate Mr Annand on his decision to enter the Council. This letter is necessarily rather scrappy, and I long for the time when I shall be able to give a better record of my experiences. Our letters are all censored, and we are not allowed to say too much about what takes place. Now I must close. Au revoir, with my sincerest good wishes.—Yours faithfully, S. F. BUTCHART.

After a visit to his old School, with camera in hand, and a tour on the Continent of Europe, which was cut short by the outbreak of the war, Mr Tom Cosh (F.P.) with Mrs Cosh and family are again safe at home in Sydney, Australia. In a letter intimating his arrival he narrates some of their experiences on the way:—

"You will," he says, "no doubt be interested to know that we reached our home safe, notwithstanding the mischances of the sea, and the possibility of being met by a German cruiser. Fortunately for us, we were not called upon to face any of these misfortunes; and, all things considered, we had a fairly comfortable trip out in the 'Medina.' The ship was uncomfortably full, and we had three weeks of dreadful heat after leaving Port Said, which was at its worst whilst we were running down the Red Sea, and whilst we were crossing the Arabian Sea between Aden and Bombay.

"We had pleasant times ashore at the various ports by the way. Gibraltar and Malta were both new to me, but we were not permitted to see much of either owing to both being naval bases, and, in time of war, the custodians are not tumbling over each other to show you much. The streets and the buildings in the business quarters have much in them which would remind you of Naples or Marseilles, or Toulon, or other similar places. Port Said, dirty and defiled as it is, was just as interesting as I remembered it when there last. It contains about 150,000 of the greatest human mixture in the world all raked together. You get a good idea of the mixture by observing the little groups that block the footways. There, Copts, Turks, Soudanese, Negroes, Jews, Bedouins, and Fellahs gamble, smoke, drink, and

joke; the Egyptians, very proud and haughty in the red tarboosh caps; the Soudanese, slouching along careless and dirty. It is all the world like a set scene in a theatre where the stage is crowded with picturesque supers elbowing and bumping each other in the crush. Consider this moving scene stretched out over an area of something less than a square mile, and the performers to nearly 150,000 in number. Consider the crowd continually yelling at their full lung power—the baker shouting his bread as he carries it on a pole over his shoulder, Arab bead vendors yelling their wares, barbers bawling their trade, donkeys braying, sherbet sellers shouting, and banging brass clappers—every mother's son doing his best to drown the other fellow's row, and you have a fair idea of Port Said. The Arab barbers took my fancy—lathering and shaving away in the open air under the trees. He would be a brave European who would trust his neck to the razor of such villainous looking rascals. I couldn't help picturing to myself some of them, for a trifle, letting their instrument slip over the throat of a marked man and passing him out.

"They sell water in Port Said! Think of that, you lucky ones, who, like Moses of old, can command water to come, not by tapping a stick on a rock but by the simpler method of turning on a tap. Yes, they sell water at Port Said, and the most hardened whisky drinker would still further swear off water if he saw the stuff they sell there. The sellers carry it about in unsightly goat skins under their arm, looking, for all the world, swollen out like a poisoned pig. When I first saw one I thought it a shameful parody of the bagpipes! but bagpipes and water! Never! The Egyptian women are quiet: quiet in voice and quiet in dress. All in black, with their faces almost covered with veils or yashmaks, they glide and slide amid the yelling crowd. The fact is, I guess, that they have had their spirit broken ages back and have not yet recovered. Port Said would be the last place in the world to welcome a suffragette!

"We had been ashore only five minutes when we were greeted with the cry 'Wahed Shelin.' I hardly remembered for the moment what it meant; but I very soon dropped to it that he wanted a 'bob.' That expression, 'Wahed Shelin,' was in reality my first experience of the shocking system of tipping which is manifest throughout the world. I heard it thirty years before when we were on our first visit to the old country. Those were the words that at that time initiated me into the society of unconscious victims for exploitation by the greatest union in the world, the union of tip beggars, with branches everywhere and conscience nowhere. On the day we were at Port Said we were besieged by no end of donkey boys and camel drivers. How very polite they all were, how suave, ready to oblige, eager to do my bidding. What a pity it was, I thought, to associate the sordid matter of money with it all. Yet the donkey boys and camel drivers tumbled over one another like so many hens after a handful of strewn corn in their efforts to get at me. They seemed to be praising their animals and reciting their pedigrees, some of which must have gone back to the year one, judging by the chatter. You pay for the pedigree, I think—indeed, you pay for everything there, even for placing your defiled Christian feet on their sacred ground. The 'backshish'

or tipping system is one of the terrors of Egypt. Everywhere you go you are met with the black, unwashed, outstretched hand. The Arab women delight in obesity. The belle of those parts is not the delicately framed creature of the white world, but something substantial. She eats certain food that adds to her weight, and may be seen in the neighbourhood of the bazaars leisurely grinding the beauty mixture.

"I have memories of once seeing a play called 'Morocco Bound,' in which one of the actors gets off a good gag about having 'seen a harem.' Well, I have seen a harem; but it was said to be 500 years old. I didn't come down in the last shower, so I didn't believe that. Anyway I was told it was 500 years old. There were no beautiful women about, no splashing fountains or the like—only what remains of what was once the rendezvous of a gay old court, and I saw it through a trellis. Still, I could not help thinking how many pairs of bright eyes might have gazed out wistfully into the courtyard and viewed the arrival of another favourite, mayhap stolen from a distant Arab tribe—perhaps to depose them and be the means of their slaughter.

"After all this ramble you will be getting tired, but in thought my memory made me live over again some of the things we saw. You have to get away from your home to realise the big place it has in your affections. I was very, very glad to see the Australian shores looming up on the horizon early in the morning in the last week in October. We were so glad to get home again, and we met with a most exhilarating and generous welcome home from great numbers of our friends. We have much to be thankful for. We have had a delightful holiday, and have travelled over some 37,000 miles by land and sea, through all sorts of climates, in storm and in shine, in peace and in war, and yet no evil befel any one of us. I hope I am not unmindful of, or ungrateful to a kind Providence for all the goodness that has been measured out to me and mine.

"When I was driving about England and Scotland, and saw the beautiful homes and the easy life of many men in high positions, I sometimes wondered whether one could tire of a life of ease. Did indolence eat into the heart of a man sufficiently to unman him, so to speak? Did motor cars and castles, such as I had seen, and all the glory and pomp of nobility, contribute solely to happiness, or, on the other hand, did one become blasé and wretched? Provided one's life had been 'worth while,' did it matter, in a thousand years, upon what rung of the social ladder he had stood? And after these reflections, I come to the conclusion that it is the busy man who really lives, who knows the real pleasures of life. So with a glad and cheerful heart I take up my work again, and I am looking forward to many years of usefulness, now that I have had such a fine holiday. Whether I shall ever make another trip across the world and see you again is difficult to say. If so, it certainly will not be earlier than 1920, which seems a long way ahead, doesn't it?

"I duly received and was much interested in the *Dollar Magazine* of March 1914.—Ever yours sincerely, "TOM COSH."

R. K. Holmes

ABOVE THE RACKMILL

The Treasurer, "Dollar Magazine."

DOLLAR INSTITUTION,
DOLLAR, N.B., *16th February* 1915.

SCHOOL LIBRARY.

DEAR MR HOLMES,

I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, with accompanying Volume XIII., for year 1914, of *The Dollar Magazine*, which has been presented by your Committee to the School Library. I have pleasure in placing this volume with the previous ones in the Library.

Thanking you and your Committee, on behalf of the Governors, for your continued kindness to the Library.—I am, yours sincerely,

THOS. J. YOUNG.

ROBERT K. HOLMES, ESQ.,
Hon. Treasurer, "The Dollar Magazine."

COMET (EAST RAND),
TRANSVAAL, *27th January* 1915.

DEAR SIR,—I must apologise for missing my subscription for last year, and enclose P.O.O. 10s. 6d., to cover the two years.

I am glad to notice the number of old boys' names who are on active service, and know they will all uphold the School's name wherever they may be.

My brother—J. C. H.—is with the Natal Carabiniers in G.S.W.A. With kind regards.—Yours faithfully, W. R. HOSACK.

Notes from Near and Far.

FOR some weeks, to the annoyance of a few of the lieges, the gates at the south-west entrance to the Academy grounds have been locked, and passengers have had to enter either by the gate at the head of Cairnpark Street or by the one close to Argyle House. This restriction is carried out under an order of the governors, who wish to put an end to a footpath which runs over the green sward from the gate to the north-west corner of the Academy. Seen from the steps in front of the pillars, the path is an eyesore, a blot in the foreground of an otherwise beautiful landscape, stretching westward along the Devon Valley, where all the sweets of Nature are gathered together in generous profusion, and the outward symptoms of wealth, industry, and comfort meet the eye. We learn that, in the early years of the Academy, the grounds were laid down and improved at a cost of £618. 15s. 6d.; and surely it behoves the present generation of governors, teachers, and pupils to see that they are not disfigured by "short cuts," as in some parts they are at present. We say *in some parts*, for to the north of the middle walk much has been done, under the direction of the headmaster, by the planting of trees and the forming of the much-admired walk by the pavilion, to render this portion very pleasing and attractive. All that is now required to add to its charm, and to satisfy the most exacting in the matter of landscape gardening, is the adoption and carrying into

execution of the suggestion of Dr Strachan anent the formation of a "Bird Sanctuary," which appeared in our last number, and which has been most favourably received by those most deeply interested.

When spring comes on "with bud and bell," the disfiguring paths will have a fresh sowing of grass seed, and it is to be earnestly hoped that the order, "keep to the walks," will in future be more strictly obeyed.

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COUNTY COUNCIL LECTURES.—A very interesting series of lectures on "Bee-Keeping" was given in one of the class-rooms of the Institution during the month of January. The lecturer was Mr G. W. Avery, of the Edinburgh and East of Scotland Agricultural College. Mr Malcolm presided, and in introducing the lecturer, said that the County Council of Clackmannan, in common with the other counties, contributed towards the equipment and upkeep of the College, and this entitled it to a representative on the board of directors. Mr Fernie, Vice-Convener of the County, represented the Council at present, and he had arranged for these meetings. Mr Avery's object was not so much to give instructions to bee-keepers as to induce others to take up this branch of agriculture, which, owing to the small cost and little labour involved, paid better than any other branch. We know that in former years the Hillfoots was famous for bee-keeping, and that the owners of the hives were wont, after securing their first harvest of honey, to cart their skeps to Frandy in the Ochils, where, from the heather, a second harvest was gathered. The course consisted of four lectures, and the subjects treated were Natural History and Anatomy of the Bee, Hives and Bee-Keeping Appliances, Management of a Modern Apiary, and Bee Diseases and their Treatment. The lecturer showed that he had complete mastery of his subject, and his quiet conversational manner riveted the attention of his audience. The chairman, at the close of the meetings, expressed regret that so few had taken advantage of the lectures, and hoped that Mr Avery would pay them another visit in the summer. He was glad to learn from one who spoke with authority that Scotch honey was the best in the world. He could not help referring to one name that had been mentioned by the lecturer—that of Francis Hubert, who, though blind, wrote a standard book on the habits of the bees, which made him famous throughout Europe. Here we have an example of what enthusiasm will do in surmounting difficulties. Votes of thanks closed the meetings.

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THE TOWN COUNCIL.—"The utmost urbanity and good feeling," says the *Alloa Journal*, "prevailed at the first meeting of the Council in 1915." "At the very outset the Lady Provost thanked her colleagues for the courtesy and encouragement they had given her during the past year, and bespoke their loyalty for 1915. She also wished them a Happy New Year, and a murmur of thanks and reciprocation arose from all sides of the table." We notice with satisfaction that ex-Bailie Anderson has rejoined the Council. He was heartily welcomed by the Provost and the other members of the Board at the last meeting.

We hope that, as in other municipalities, economy will be studied during these troublous times.

PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD.—We learn from the *Winnepeg Free Press* that at the first session of the Presbyterian Synod of Manitoba, held in November 1914, the Rev. William Beattie of Miniota was elected Moderator. Mr Beattie is a native of Dollar, and a former pupil of the Academy. We heartily congratulate him on the well-merited honour bestowed on him.

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JUSTICE OF PEACE.—We most heartily congratulate Mr William Gladstone Falconer (F.P.) on his appointment as one of His Majesty's Justices of Peace for the county of Kincardine.

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ASTRONOMY.—The July number of the *Quarterly Review* had an article on "Sir David Gill (F.P.) and Recent Astronomy," by George Forbes, F.R.S., which furnished a very comprehensive account of the really great work Sir David Gill accomplished in the field of astronomical investigation. "The records left by Sir David Gill," said the article, "are probably unsurpassed in value by those of any living astronomer who has worked on similar lines. He never ceased to keep before him some of the great ideals and problems of his youth, such as stellar distances, the sun's distance, and the figure of the earth. But he attended with equal industry to the duties imposed upon him as director of the premier Southern Observatory, and as the scientific representative of a great Empire in one of its important Colonies. Thus he was led, among other things, to the laborious construction of star catalogues from meridian observations; to compiling the 'Cape Photographic Durchmusterung,' and revising it; to taking his share in photographing and cataloguing stars for the International Astrographic Chart and Catalogue; to locating with the highest possible precision the stars adjacent to the South Pole; besides work on the moon's distance, on the Jovian system, on aberration of light, on time-signals for navigators; and lastly, perhaps his most important work for the Empire, the geodetic survey of South Africa."

Mr Forbes eulogises Sir David as "the greatest astronomer and the greatest moving force in the astronomical world, and also one of the noblest men"; and quotes from the letter of an eminent astronomer—"What a man! He has done more for our science than any of the contemporary astronomers."

We learn that the late Sir David left £250 to the Royal Astronomical Society to be employed by the Council of the Society in aid of astronomical research, in grateful remembrance of the like sum paid out of the funds of the Society in aid of his expedition to Ascension in 1877; and expressed the wish that the sum be devoted in part, or in whole, to some expenditure of a similar character, or to complete some great work such as the computations of new tables of the satellites of Jupiter or other like undertakings of fundamental importance to astronomy.

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MEDICAL INVESTIGATION.—Some fifteen months ago the Metropolitan Asylums Board appointed Dr Wm. Mair (F.P.), Scottish Specialist, to investigate the causation of scarlet fever and measles. He has found a micrococcus which he believes is the causal infective agent in scarlet fever. "In a matter of this kind," adds Dr Mair, "final certainty can only be obtained after prolonged observation, but the results so far obtained are

sufficiently important to merit immediate publication, and I hope that other workers may repeat the experiments and confirm the interpretation which I have placed on them." Professor G. Sims Woodhead says: "I consider that Dr Mair's work contains a germ of great promise. It is an exceedingly satisfactory piece of work, and I congratulate both Dr Mair and the Board on its appearance."

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AN ANNUAL GIFT.—We have much pleasure in again acknowledging Mr Alexander Stewart's generous gift to the poor of his native parish. The local committee—Dr Strachan, Mr John A. Gibson, and Mr John T. Munro—have just had the satisfaction of distributing to thirty three deserving families gifts of coal, tea, sugar, &c., accompanied by a Christmas card with the words, "The donor sends you a hearty hand-grip across the seas for Auld Lang Syne, and wishes you a very happy Christmas."

Mr Stewart, of Millera, Australia, is a son of the late Mr Alex. Stewart, farmer, Gloomhill. (See *Magazine*, Vol. XII., No. 48.)

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FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB.—On Friday, 12th February, the Rev. J. Beveridge, B.D., Fossoway, delivered a lecture to the members of the Field Naturalists' Club. His subject was, "A Naturalist's Rambles in Norway." In the course of his lecture Mr Beveridge said that eighteen animals that were once found in Britain have now become extinct here; but many of these, such as the wolf and the reindeer, are still found in Norway. In recent years one addition has been made to the fauna of Norway, namely, the birch mouse. It is a very small animal—the body being only an inch in length and the tail one and a half inches. In his description of the forestry Mr Beveridge said that the greater part of the timber is floated down the Glommen. It is then shipped and passes through the Christiania Fiord. The fact that it thus goes so far south explains why this trade has been so seriously injured by the Germans making timber contraband. He also gave some account of the fisheries, the fiords, and the glaciers. He further described the costumes of the different districts, and the national games—especially ski-ing. In his opinion Norway is the playground of Europe. In all that Mr Beveridge said, he showed thorough acquaintance with his subject. His racy descriptions were made vivid by numerous lantern views. On the motion of the Rev. Mr Spence, supported by the chairman, Dr Strachan, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr Beveridge for his excellent lecture.

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U.F. CHURCH MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—This Association gave its annual recital in the Institution Hall on Friday, 15th January. The attendance was only fair, except in the reserved seats which were all filled. The proceeds, amounting to about £10, were given to the Belgian Relief Fund. As in 1912, the Oratorio which had been studied was Handel's "Judas Maccabæus." The choruses were splendidly rendered, as were also the solos by Miss Webster, soprano, Miss Dryburgh, contralto, Bailie Dunn, Alloa, tenor, and Mr Thom, Dollar, bass. The duets, "Hail, Hail," and "O Lovely Peace," by Miss Dryburgh and Miss Webster, were deserving of all praise, the voices blending pleasantly.

In 1912 the orchestra consisted of:—1st violins, Miss C. Paul, Miss Sharp, and Mr Craig; 2nd violins, Miss Jackson and Mr Frank Abbey; 'cello, Miss Hemming; flute, Mr Gibson; double bass, Mr Dickson; piano, Miss Daisy Robertson; and organ, Miss F. Fraser; Conductor, Mr Baillie.

Orchestra for the present year:—1st violins, Mrs Dalziel, Miss Jackson, Miss Steele; 2nd violins, Miss Gibson, Miss Howden, and Mr Hamilton; 'cello, Miss Cuthbert Brown; flute, Mr Gibson; double bass, Mr Dickson; organ, Miss F. Fraser; piano, Miss Daisy Robertson; Conductor, Mr Baillie.

By request, the performance was repeated on a Sunday evening, when a large audience assembled. A silver collection amounted to £10.

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COLONEL HENRY H. JOHNSTON (F.P.) writes:—"I have, under War Office instructions, resumed my former appointment of Deputy Director of Medical Services, Gibraltar Command, for the duration of the present war. . . . Things at Gibraltar are going on much the same as in peace time, and I do not think it is likely now that the enemy will ever be able to make any raid on this fortress. . . . My niece, Miss Steele, and I visited Belgium and Germany last April and May, and we little thought then that these two countries would be so soon plunged into such a vicious war, as the present one has turned out to be, so far as Germany is concerned."

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FOOTBALL.—The following notice, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening News* of 27th January 1915, may interest some of our readers:—"Ian Pender (F.P.), the brilliant young Rugby forward of the London Scottish, who is to captain a team of Scotland against an English XV. at Northampton, on Saturday, 30th instant, has received his commission. Previously he was Corporal Pender."

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HONOUR TO MR KERR.—It gives us pleasure to learn that Mr J. Ernest Kerr of Harvieston Castle has been appointed one of the judges of Clydesdales at the Royal English Show, which is to be held at Nottingham this year. Mr Kerr's knowledge of these handsome horses well qualifies him for the honourable, responsible post.

At the Show of Aberdeen-Angus Cattle, held in Perth in February, Mr Kerr had the distinction of winning the three principal prizes in the senior yearling class. His leader, Prince of Adra, a typical representative of the "Pride of Aberdeen" family, was brought out in exceptionally good bloom. The second winner, Escort of Harvieston, is a "Trojan Erica," and his third winner is also an "Erica." In the junior class Mr Kerr was second with Baron Beauford. At the sale which followed the Show, Mr Kerr got exceptionally high prices for his animals, the highest being £310, and the average for five, £216. We congratulate Mr Kerr on his success.

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HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At a large and influential meeting of West and East Fife representatives of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, held in the Royal Hotel, Dunfermline, on 26th January, it was unanimously agreed to nominate Mr William Mungall of Transy (F.P.) as a Director of the Society to represent the Perth district.

The nomination meeting of the Society was held at Cupar on 23rd February, when Mr Mungall was unanimously elected. The Perth district includes part of Perthshire and part of Forfarshire, Fifeshire, and Kincardineshire. Mr Mungall has for many years devoted himself to the breeding of Shetland ponies, and his wide knowledge of agriculture should qualify him admirably for the post of Director of the Highland and Agricultural Society. We congratulate Mr Mungall on the well-merited honour.

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EDINBURGH DOLLAR ACADEMY CLUB.—"At a meeting of the committee, held on the 12th January, the President, Mr N. B. Constable, in the chair, it was unanimously resolved, on account of the war, that the annual dinner be not held this year. It was at the same time also resolved not to call the members together for an annual meeting."

We should have been glad had the committee recommended to members one step farther in the matter of self-denial, namely, that each one should pay to the Treasurer the price of the dinner ticket, in order that something might be sent by the Club to cheer and encourage fellow-members at the front, of whom there is a goodly number.

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WOMEN'S WORK PARTY.—We were able to announce in our last number that the Women's Work Party intended to continue their bi-weekly meetings throughout the winter, and we are now glad to state that these meetings, up to the present time, have been well attended, and that much good work has been accomplished. Contributions of money and material were liberal, and up to 15th February over 4,000 articles were finished and sent off, many of them being garments representing a large amount of material and time—dressing-gowns, pyjamas. In addition to their own work they have received valuable parcels for distribution from the Y.W.C.A., the Parish Church W.G., the Girls' Club, and the girls of the Academy.

The following table gives an idea of the work of the Distributing Committee:—

	Articles.
Lady Mar	1,226
Belgians	863
Dollar Men	400
Navy	347
7th A. & S. H., per Captain Philp, Stirling	288
7th Reserve A. & S. H., per Captain Black, Alloa	20
3rd Reserve A. & S. H., Woolwich	66
2nd H.L.I., per Captain Leckie Ewing, Plymouth	49
Belgian Soldiers, per Mrs M'Pherson Davidson, Kinross	31
Devonshire House	106
Lady French	35
Canadians	27
Flying Corps, per Mrs Burke, Montrose	37
Mine Sweepers	155
Coast Defence Men	13
Sir George M'Crae	28
Field Ambulance, per Rev. D. A. Morrison	67
Royal Engineers at Queensferry, per Rev. E. H. Fraser	25
Widows and Families of Soldiers and Sailors, per Lady Mar	111
Indian Troops, per Lady Redford, Edinburgh	—
5th Batt. Cameron Highlanders, per Lady Cameron of Lochiel	—
Gordon Highlanders, per Mrs Wallace, Cloncaird Castle, Maybole	—

The Committee desire again to tender their most grateful thanks to all who have contributed to the success of their efforts.

By the kindness of Mrs Dougall we have been favoured with letters which she, as Secretary to the Work Party, has received from the recipients of gifts. We give a few extracts which may interest our readers :—

Sergeant W. F. Condie writes: "I received the parcel all right last night. Please convey my sincere thanks to the Work Party for the gifts, which are very acceptable and much appreciated.

"We are having rather a rough time in the trenches now, but so far this regiment has had very few casualties, and I am thankful to say none among the Dollar lads.

"The country around here is one vast scene of ruin and desolation. Turning in any direction nothing meets the eye but ruined cottages, homesteads, and mansions. Even the so-called German culture glories in the destruction of churches. Soon may Providence hasten the day of stern retribution for the War Lord and his hordes of savages!"

Private John Tait says: "Kindly convey to your committee my sincere thanks for the gifts sent. Your and their remembrance at this time I appreciate very much, and will ever endeavour to be worthy of it."

Private James Petrie writes: "Just a note of thanks to you and the Dollar Work Party for the parcel that you so kindly sent to me. I hope that you will convey my thanks to those who did the work, for I appreciate every article sent; for warm clothing is a thing that we require and are sometimes very short of in this country, and it is very cold here at present—much colder than it is at Dollar, so you can judge what we all think of the kindness shown us by the people at home."

From Major Haig, in charge of the Indian Hospital Ship, we have: "The parcel containing warm clothing which you so kindly sent was received on the 23rd inst., on our arrival at Southampton.

"Please convey my warm thanks to those who made the things; they will be most useful, and I am sure will be very highly appreciated by the wounded Indian soldiers who will use them."

Laura M. Underwood says: "The Clothing Committee will be obliged if you will thank, in their name, all the members of the Dollar Work Party for their kind and generous donation of clothing for the Belgian refugees. It is most welcome and greatly appreciated."

We might quote from two dozen more, but pressure on our space forbids us. The burden of all of them might be summed up—"Gifts received; most welcome, most suitable; grateful thanks."

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PARISH CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL SOIREE.—The Annual Social Gathering of the children of this Sabbath School was held in the Institution Hall on Thursday evening, 24th December last, under the presidency of the Rev. Mr Armstrong. After tea, which was served by the teachers and lady friends who had volunteered to help, a most interesting programme of songs and recitations was gone through, and the admirable way in which the girls and boys acquitted themselves reflected much credit on Miss Lyon and Mr Begg,

who had carefully trained them. A fine display of cinematograph pictures followed, and the outbursts of merry laughter which greeted many of the slides showed how fully the children were enjoying the treat. Master Henderson, a little blind boy, who played pianoforte selections, well deserved the applause which he received. At the close Mrs Armstrong presented the prizes to the winners, and spoke a few words of encouragement to the scholars. The superintendent, Mr Masterton, deserves the highest praise for the able manner in which he had made arrangements for the meeting, and he must have felt gratified by its success.

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REMEMBERING OUR INDIAN SOLDIERS.—On Wednesday, 16th December, at a Drawing-Room Sale, held by invitation of Johnnie and Norman Dalziel, at Sobraon, Dollar, in aid of the Indian Soldiers' Fund, the sum of £25 was realised.

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A VERY laudable effort to interest children in the work of the Red Cross Society, and to enlist their services in raising funds for it, and for other benevolent purposes connected with the war, was made by Miss Clare Armitage in the second week of January. The entertainment in which the children, whose ages, with a few exceptions, ranged from six to ten, were the performers, was a very attractive one, and drew together a good audience. The programme was a varied one, consisting of a scene in costume, entitled "Lochinvar," in which the characters were—Lochinvar, Dorothy Thomson; the Bride, Gracie Radford; her Mother, Janet Kaye; her Father, Alan Thomson; Bridegroom, Robert Cameron; Bridesmaids, Ena Radford, Betty Mitchell, Marjory Haytor, Gillian Bishop, Sheena Currie, Margot Anderson; Groomsmen, Peter Kaye, Rita Yule, Maisie Bradley, Norval Mitchell, Jimmie Haytor, and James Anderson; the Pages, Johnnie Dalziel and Andrew Davidson; the Vocalist, Agnes Dowdeswell.

Other items were—Highland Fling, danced by Patrick M'Neil; a Dialogue, "Midnight in the Gallery," by Agnes Dowdeswell and Dolly Taylor; a charming Tableaux, "Christmas with our Ally, Belgium," in which appeared the Mother, Edith Bradley; Father, Ian Davidson; Little Boy, Johnnie Dalziel; Little Girls, Maisie Bradley, Sheena Currie, and Marjory Haytor. Many other interesting pieces followed, chief among them being, "An Idyl in the Conservatory," by Norval and Betty Mitchell; and a song, "Your King and Country Need You," by Johnnie Dalziel.

The drawings, we understand, amounted to £20.

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THE Dollar Association has been very active, and many excellent lectures have been delivered, as under—

1914.
Dec. 4.—Lecture - - - - Mr J. J. Trotter, M.A.
"The Prussian Spirit."

1915.
Jan. 14.—Lecture (illustrated) - - Mr W. S. Clark, M.A.
"Memories of Eastern France."

,, 28.—Lecture - - - - Rev. A. Easton Spence.
"The Ethics of the Present War."

Feb. 11.—Lecture (illustrated) - - Mr Dougall.
"Some Belgian Towns I have Visited."
,, 26.—Lecture - - - - Mr J. B. Hutton, M.A.
"An Ancient Parallel to German Imperialism."

Musical evening to be held on Wednesday, 17th March, and a concert by Mr Allsopp's Glee Choir on 30th March.

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ENTERTAINING SOLDIERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN.—Through the kindness of Miss Christie of Cowden and her friends a very enjoyable social meeting was arranged for the wives and children of the soldiers and sailors resident in the parish. The meeting was held on Monday evening, 4th January, in the hall of the U.F. Church, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Amongst those present were Miss Christie of Cowden, Mr and Mrs Stewart of Murdiston Castle, Col. and Mrs Wardlaw Ramsay, Mrs Easton Spence, Miss Haig, Dollarfield, &c. A letter of apology for absence was read from the Countess of Mar and Kellie, who expressed her great regret at being unable to be present. There was a goodly gathering of soldiers' wives and children. Miss Christie expressed her pleasure that so many had responded to her invitation, and trusted that all would spend a happy evening. She expressed her best wishes at the opening of the New Year for the comfort and happiness of all during the absence of husbands and fathers at the war. A substantial tea was then served out and partaken of by the guests, who appreciated the great kindness extended to them. Each child, on leaving the hall, was presented with a suitable gift, which evidently gave great delight to the young people.

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WE would remind our readers that this issue begins a new volume, and that subscriptions for 1915 are now due. They should be sent to Mr Muckersie as early as possible.

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FROM Mr H. Tattersall (F.P.) we learn that his son, Harold V. Tattersall, is an officer in the North Staffords, and is with his regiment at Guernsey, Channel Islands.

Marriages.

IZAT—IEVERS.—At Anuradhapura, Ceylon, on 28th November 1914, Norman Izat, Ceylon Civil Service, seventh son of Alexander Izat, C.I.E., Balliliesk, Dollar, to Nora Beatrice Ievers, daughter of the late R. W. Ievers, C.M.G., Ceylon Civil Service, and Mrs Ievers, Anuradhapura.

OGILVIE—SCOTT.—At St James' Episcopal Church, Dollar, on Monday, 11th January, Captain Gilbert Mark Haworth Ogilvy, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, youngest son of Mr Walter T. Ogilvy, Springfield, Dollar, to Mildred Alice Scott, daughter of Mrs Scott, Carlisle.

Obituary.

ARCHIBALD.—At Lower Mains, Dollar, on the 15th January, Ann Anderson, widow of Francis Archibald, farmer (late of Blackfaulds).

BRYDIE.—At Devon Cottage, Dollar, on the 11th February, David Brydie, in his 83rd year.

CRAM.—At Downhill, Glendevon, Dollar, on 28th February, Margaret Flint Cram (F.P.), daughter of Mr John Cram, farmer.

HENDERSON.—At Madras, India, on 8th January, Alice Roberta Sinclair, wife of Mr J. R. Henderson (F.P.), Curator of the Government Museum.

MACPHERSON.—At Ardchattan, Cambuslang, on the 13th February (of pneumonia), Hector Ian, in his 26th year, fourth son of the late R. B. Macpherson, M.D.

MASKEW.—At Ealing, in January, aged 90, the Rev. Henry Edward Maskew, rector of St James' Church, Dollar, from 1878 to 1906.

PITT.—At 8 Minto Street, Edinburgh, on the 14th January, James Watson Pitt (F.P.).

RAEBURN.—At Woodend, Helensburgh, on 1st February, Ellinor Martha Weir, beloved wife of Mr Wm. H. Raeburn (F.P.).

ROBERTSON.—At Dunfermline Cottage Hospital, on 29th January, Bombardier Peter G. Robertson, aged 22 years, eldest son of James and Helen Robertson, and grandson of Peter Robertson, Lower Mains, Dollar.

SHAW.—Killed in action, on 18th December 1914, William Vaughan Shaw (F.P.), aged 25 years, son of the late John Shaw, consulting engineer, and of Mrs Shaw, 7 Summerside Place, Leith.

SHERMAN.—At Bridge of Allan in January, William Henry Sherman (F.P.), formerly of the Public Works, India. (Mr Sherman was Mathematical Medallist in session 1862-63. In 1866 he stood second in the examination for the Indian Public Works Department.)

SINCLAIR.—At Mossbank Villa, Poolewe (the house of her brother-in-law, Dr Macnaughton), on the 29th January, Mary Sinclair (F.P.), retired teacher, daughter of the late Henry Sinclair, teacher, Muckhart.

SMITH.—At Station Road, Dollar, on the 15th January, John Smith (F.P.), banker, only son of Thomas Smith.

TERRIS.—At Hillhouse, Cowdenbeath, on 10th December 1914, George Terris (F.P.), Town Clerk and Inspector of Poor.

TOLMIE.—At Duniquarel, Newmills, Fife, on the 11th January, Marjorie Bella Borthwick (F.P.), wife of Dr Peter Morrison Tolmie, in her 28th year, and only daughter of the late Richard Borthwick, chemist, Alloa, and of Mrs Borthwick, Rosebank, Kincardine-on-Forth.

In Memoriam.

WE cannot refrain from expressing, along with many friends, our deep and heartfelt sympathy with Mr Raeburn in the loss he has sustained by the death of his dear wife. Mrs Raeburn, the only daughter of the Rev. Arch. Weir, D.C.L., Vicar of Jesus Church, Forty Hill, Enfield, was married to Mr Raeburn, then a widower, in 1888. She became the mother of three children, two daughters and one son. The elder girl died aged ten, the younger is with her father, and the son is a Second Lieutenant in the 9th Battalion Highland Light Infantry. It will be remembered that Mrs

Raeburn accompanied her husband when, in 1912, he presented the prizes at the Institution, and expressed herself as much pleased with the beauty of the surrounding scenery and the warmth of the welcome given to her husband. At home she was the beloved centre of a happy family circle, a mother whose gentle presence was felt everywhere, and in society she was much esteemed for her kindly, cheerful disposition and her spirit of charity, which was ever active in mitigating the sufferings of the helpless and poor. She is no longer with us, but she continues to be in our midst an influence for good. Surely we may learn from her example how life may be sweetened by kindly interest in the welfare of others. Our sympathies go out to-day to those who shall miss her most.

The Madras papers contain sympathetic notices of the late Mrs Alice Roberta Henderson, the wife of Dr J. R. Henderson (F.P.), Curator of the Government Museum, who died suddenly from heart failure on the 8th January. The deceased lady, who was a daughter of the late Professor David Sinclair, Principal of the former Church of Scotland College in Madras, took a deep and special interest in the poor of the community belonging to the Church in which she was nurtured. "The goodness of her heart and her abundant sympathy with the poor and distressed were, however," says the *Madras Mail*, "not restricted by so limited a field for the exercise of her philanthropy. Her philanthropic services, indeed, were valuable enough to be acknowledged by the Government when they conferred on her the Kaiser-i-Hind medal, which has hardly ever been awarded to a more worthy recipient."

Sincere regret was occasioned in Dollar and district when it became known that James Watson Pitt (F.P.) had died at his residence in Edinburgh after a somewhat prolonged illness. His loss to the Edinburgh Dollar Academy Club, of which he was a prominent and leading member, will be keenly felt. His presence and support at the annual social gatherings could always be counted on by the officials. His loyalty to the old School, and his readiness to assist in the promotion of any scheme likely to benefit it, could not be surpassed. Men who had been his schoolfellows, and playfellows, and workfellows all bear testimony to his lovableness, his genial, kindly disposition, and his sterling worth. The more intimate one became with him, one saw with ever greater clearness how true, how natural, how sincere he was—a foe to all canting and humbug, no matter where it showed itself. Our deep sympathy goes out to his widow and family.

By the death of Mr David Brydie, at the ripe age of 83 years, a familiar figure has gone from our midst. For some time we had observed that in his daily walks his step was gradually becoming shorter, and his bearing less erect. His conversation and his interest in public affairs continued to be keen and fresh as ever. Latterly, we missed him from his accustomed stroll, a sure sign that his vigour was giving way. He had no organic disease, and his death was simply a gentle falling to sleep of one whose life-thread had reached its extreme limit. Mr Brydie, during his long and honourable life, was much respected by all who knew him. He and his wife, who survives him, celebrated their golden wedding some six or seven years ago.

The death of Mr John M. Smith (F.P.), banker, Stirling, which occurred suddenly at his residence, Station Road, Dollar, called forth many expressions of regret, and of much sympathy with his aged father. He was an active member of most of the local clubs, and took a very prominent position as a bowler and a golfer. Mr Smith was exceedingly obliging and amiable; and we are safe in saying, that while he had many friends, he had not a single enemy.

School Notes.

SINCE the beginning of December last, the 1st XV. have had only one defeat, and that at the hands of George Watson's College. The margin was only one point and, considering the fact that the School were without the help of their Captain, J. L. C. Watson, who had left to take his place in the great national struggle, the defeat is no break in the otherwise uniformly successful work of the season.

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Against Stewart's College the XV. proved masters both in the attack and the defence. Although the College tried hard to break through, the sturdy resistance they met foiled them completely.

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The newspaper forecasts led us to believe that the XV. would find Glasgow Academy a hard nut to crack, and that a complete overthrow, as in the first game, was out of the question. Like most forecasts, however, they "went agley," and the XV. romped home with a margin of 22 points. Throughout the whole of the game the School dominated the play, and only plucky and stubborn fighting on the Academy's side kept the score from assuming the total of the first game.

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The return game against Stewart's College and the first game against Glasgow High School were unfortunately put off owing to the frost.

It was a very one-sided game against Royal High School, as can be seen from the score. Playing against the wind in the first half, the XV. put on 3 goals and 2 tries against a blank for High School. In the second half the play was along the High School "25" all the time, and our XV. had it practically all their own way.

The Glasgow High School game was looked forward to with great keenness. The success of the High School against Heriot's had put the XV. on its edge for a win. Unfortunately Tuckwell and Dewar—two of the pack—were unable to make the journey owing to disablement, so that it was with a weak pack that the team travelled to meet the High School fresh from their victory.

The game was keenly contested—both sides determined to carry off the palm, but the XV. emerged victors by 5 points. Considering the absence of the two forwards, and the fact that the High School had out the strongest team yet played this season, the XV. are to be congratulated on their success.

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The 2nd XV. have played 4 matches since the beginning of December, and have won 2 and lost 2.

Watson's and Glasgow High School proved far too strong for the smaller XV., whilst Academy and Royal High School afforded fairly closely-contested games.

The 3rd XV. has won 1 and lost 1. Against Watson's the game had to be scratched owing to the number of players off with minor complaints.

It would not be out of place to acknowledge the work done for the team by its late Captain, J. L. Watson, a player of more than the usual ability. We all wish him luck and success in his army life.

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The place kicking competition is progressing slowly.

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1ST XV.

Date.	Team.	Points.		
1914.		For.	Against.	Result.
Nov. 14.	George Watson's College	8	6	Win
,, 28	George Heriot's School	10	5	Win
Dec. 5.	Glasgow High School	...*	...	...
,, 12.	Daniel Stewart's College	11	3	Win
1915.				
Jan. 16.	Glasgow Academy	22	0	Win
,, 23.	Daniel Stewart's College	...	...	...
Feb. 13.	George Watson's College	5	6	Loss
,, 20.	Royal High School	39	0	Win
Mar. 6.	Glasgow High School	8	3	Win

2ND XV.

Date.	Team.	Poin		
1914.		For.	Against.	Result
Nov. 14.	George Watson's College	3	28	Los
,, 21.	Stanley House	6	0	Win
Dec. 5.	Glasgow High School	...*	...	...
1915.				
Jan. 16.	Glasgow Academy	9	0	Win
,, 30	Morrison's Academy	...*	...	...
Feb. 13.	George Watson's College	0	26	Loss
,, 20.	Royal High School	6	0	Win
Mar. 6.	Glasgow High School	0	17	Loss

3RD XV.

Date.	Team.	Points.		
1914.		For.	Against.	Result.
Nov. 14.	George Watson's College	0	23	Loss
1915.				
Jan. 16.	Glasgow Academy	0	15	Loss
Feb. 27.	Stirling High School	6	3	Win

* Match off.

The record for the 1st XV. at present is: points for, 240; points against, 48. This record is one that few schools can hope to emulate and we feel proud of the achievement of the XV.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, outdoor drills have been fewer lately. Their place has been taken up with lectures by the O.C. and Platoon Commanders on various military subjects, whilst sections have been taken in turn for shooting on the miniature range.

The N.C.O's. have had a course on the landscape target and have proved themselves quite efficient in target description and fire control.

Since writing the last notes, Cadet Officer Watson has resigned his post whilst awaiting a commission in the Gordons. The O.C. in his company orders made the following reference to Cadet Officer Watson.

"The O.C. desires to thank Cadet Officer Watson for his staunch and loyal support in every way. No officer could have done better work and the corps will long remember its first active cadet officer."

Mr Allsopp has been gazetted 2nd Lieutenant and is now in charge of Platoon 1. Cadet Officer Dougall is acting as second in command of Platoon 1 and his work is of a high order of excellence.

Corporal Macfarlane has been promoted Sergeant, and Lance-Corporals Dewar and Wright have been promoted Corporals.

During the Christmas vacation the O.C., along with Lieuts. Frew and Allsopp, were attached to regular battalions for the purpose of giving lectures and instruction in musketry and map reading. The O.C. was with the 3rd Batt. The Black Watch and delivered a series of lectures on map reading to the officers and another to the N.C.O's. and signallers of the battalion, whilst he was engaged daily instructing the recruits in the intricacies of musketry.

2nd Lieuts. Frew and Allsopp were attached to the 11th Batt. The Black Watch. The former officer was engaged in drilling and gave one lecture on the compass and sextant, whilst the latter officer delivered a series of lectures on map reading to officers and also to N.C.O's. of the battalion. All the spare time was taken up with route marching.

The O.C. and 2nd Lieut. Allsopp have offered their services during the Easter vacation, but their destination is not yet known.

Lieuts. Walton and M'Culloch paid a visit during February, and both officers looked in the pink of condition. They are wearying to be off but are still in the dark as to when they will be sent abroad.

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DOLLAR ACADEMY ATHLETIC CLUB ANNUAL CONCERT.

The Annual Concert took place on Friday, 11th December, before a large audience. The headmaster was in the chair.

The most outstanding feature of the Concert was the delightful playing of the School orchestra, formed of past and present pupils of the Academy. Coleridge Taylor's "Valse Bohemienne," "Valse Rustique," Edward German's "Nell Gwyn Dances," the charming "Barcarolle" by Offenbach, and "Ghant Sans Paroles" by Tschaikowsky, were most successfully rendered. In these pieces, as well as in the accompaniments to the soloists and chorus, the orchestra showed good *ensemble*, the tone being excellent.

Mrs Dalziel, an old pupil of the Academy, was in the leader's chair, and did splendid work. The chorus of fifty girls sang "Land to the Leeward

A. Drysdale

THE BOYS' TENNIS COURTS

Ho," by Parry, and "Drake's Drum," by Coleridge Taylor, words by Newbolt, with brilliancy and good accent. The Russian Anthem (Lvov), and "Angels that Around us Hover," were very nicely given. The soloists were most heartily received, and well deserved their recalls. Mr Archie J. Morgan gave "The Flag that Never Comes Down," Mr Charlie R. Dougall "Tipperary," and Miss Dorothy Stewart, "Your King and Country Need You." All did rare work, and had to sing again. Mr A. Ruthven Black played a violin solo very well, and had also to take an encore.

The second part of the programme was taken up by a performance of Gertrude Jenning's "Between the Soup and the Savoury," in which Misses Stewart, Maeve Brereton, and Margaret Taylor shared the honours. All the points in this delightful little play were well sustained, and made the most of. Miss Marie Fraser was stage manager, and the performance reflected great credit on her. Miss Daisy Robertson was at the piano, and both in her accompaniments and her work with the orchestra her playing was most artistic. The music master, Mr Allsopp, conducted, and was responsible for the preparation of the concert, which he had the satisfaction of knowing was one of the most successful, both artistically and financially, of the whole series of School concerts.

At the close of the performance, Mr Malcolm proposed a hearty vote of thanks to all who had taken part.

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HOCKEY.

Unfortunately, a season which at the beginning promised well has not been as satisfactory as could have been wished. Illness and bad weather have led to very poor practices, and a consequent downfall in matches that ought to have been won, instead of lost or drawn. All the 2nd XI. matches have been scratched owing to the opposing teams being unable to raise an XI. on the appointed day. This, of course, is very disappointing for the 2nd XI. players, who have worked well, and a bad look-out for next year's 1st XI.

On 9th January Falkirk High School were the visitors to Dollar, and defeated the home team 5-2. The School put up a very poor fight, and played wretched hockey, hence their defeat by a team considerably weaker than those they have beaten.

On 23rd January the School XI. visited Dunfermline to play the High School. A fairly well-contested game ended in a draw, 2 all.

Morrison's Academy were the visitors on 30th January, and on this occasion the home team won 4-1. This was the first time that the two schools have met on the hockey field, and a very good game resulted—good, keen hockey being shown on both sides.

On 20th February the School played Dunfermline High School at Dollar, and another draw resulted, 4 all. The ground was in a very muddy and heavy condition, so as to make a fast game—in which the Dollar girls always show up best—impossible, and no particularly good play was evident on either side.

On 6th March the School team travelled to Edinburgh to play George Watson's Ladies' College, and though a win for Dollar was hardly expected

this season, such crushing defeat was even less expected. In this match, as in all the others mentioned, the School team was not at full strength, which was unfortunate, but this was no reason for the defence going absolutely to pieces shortly after half time, when the score was only 4-3 against Dollar, and other 7 goals to be scored. Dollar was beaten by a fine team who played good hockey, but we are disappointed that the School did not put up a better fight against such a team, by playing as they did against the Dunfermline P.T.C. at the beginning of the season.

In most of the matches the same mistakes have been apparent.

The forwards are inclined to be lazy, and not to help the defence sufficiently, and sometimes their passing is weak.

The half-backs seem to forget that they have two objects in life when occupying their position on the field—namely, to feed and back up their own forwards, and to mark and tackle the opposing forwards.

The backs are too slow, and have not enough energy in their defence, and the goal-keeper, though good with her stick work, fails in not using her feet.

It is to be hoped that Dollar will conclude the season in a satisfactory way by winning the remaining two matches.

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GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Since last report the Society has carried through a most varied and interesting programme. On 15th January the *Magazine* appeared, specially distinguished this year by the large number of original contributions. The next meeting was taken up with a debate on the subject, "That the British Empire owes more to Commerce than to War," Miss Bonnar leading for the affirmative, Miss Eddie for the negative. After a very animated discussion the *negative* won by 10 votes to 8.

The evening of 12th February was devoted to a rendering of Sir James M. Barrie's delightful one-act play, "The Twelve Pound Look," in which Miss M. Ross and Miss Bonnar distinguished themselves as Kate and Lady Sims respectively.

The last ordinary meeting was held on 5th March, when Miss Dougall gave a charming account of a "Summer Holiday in Belgium." Miss Dougall's remarks were illustrated by a number of fine lantern slides.

The Annual Conversazione is fixed for Thursday, 18th March. With this the Society will conclude what most will agree has been a very successful session's work.

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NOTE.—The Roll of Honour will appear in our next number. It is being carefully revised.—ED.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Captain J. W. ROBERTSON, SS. "Santhia," B.I.S.H. Co., Calcutta.

VICTOR SAVI, Police Office, Penang.