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R. S. Webster

Photo

DR J. MALCOLM FARQUHARSON

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John Malcolm Farquharson, M.B., C.M., F.R.C.P.S.

AMONG the many alumni of Dollar Academy, who have done honour to their old School, must be included John Malcolm Farquharson, whose portrait we have pleasure in presenting to our readers. The eldest son of the late Dr Farquharson, who was for many years the highly respected leading medical practitioner in Tillicoultry, he was born there in the year 1864, and was educated and qualified for his University training at Dollar Academy, which he attended during Sessions 1878 - 1881. As a pupil he entered fully into the life of the School, took a good place in his classes, as well as a lively interest in all outdoor athletic sports.

After completing his curriculum at Dollar he entered the medical classes of Edinburgh University, proved himself a hard-working student, and in most of his subjects obtained first-class honours. He graduated M.B., C.M. in 1887, and in 1903 was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. Intent on fitting himself in every essential for the important professional work which he meant to take up as a specialist, he continued his studies at the London Hospital, Moorfields, and more recently in Vienna and Berlin, acting in both cities as special assistant to the specialists attached to the staff of the Infirmary.

Up till 1902 Dr Farquharson was engaged in a general practice in Edinburgh, which must have proved an excellent preparation for, and an incalculable advantage to a specialist, making him practically familiar with the bearing of general systematic derangements on the diseases in which he specialises. Relinquishing his general practice at this time, he entered upon his course as a specialist, devoting his attention to Diseases of the Ear, Nose, and Throat. Since then his professional career has been one of unbroken success—the well-earned result of native talent, applied with indefatigable industry and guided by undeviating integrity. He is now well-known for his zeal, devotion, and repute as an expert in his specialty; his manner towards his patients is kind and conciliatory, the consequence is that he is regarded with confidence and respect.

Dr Farquharson's connection with the Edinburgh Royal

Infirmary began in 1904, when he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the Ear and Throat Department. Two years thereafter, in 1906, he was promoted to the rank of full surgeon with charge of wards. In addition, he holds the following important appointments in his branch of the medical profession:—Extramural Lecturer, with University recognition, at the Royal Infirmary on Diseases of the Ear, Nose, and Throat; Lecturer in these subjects to the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women; Post-Graduate Lecturer to the University and Royal Colleges; Examiner for the Membership of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons; Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine, London; Member of the Scottish Otolological and Laryngological Society; Throat Specialist for the Actors' Association in Scotland, and for the Actors' Union; and, since the War began, Consulting Surgeon in Ear and Throat Diseases to the Scottish Military Hospital, Bangour, West Lothian. A mere enumeration of these facts is sufficient to show the high opinion in which he is held by his fellow-specialists.

In 1909 he brought out a text-book for the use of practitioners and students, which has been well received.

Busy though he is with his professional duties, he is not a man who, after his day's work is done, shuts himself up in his study; he is fond of motoring, plays a good game of golf, and enjoys other outdoor pastimes in their season.

Dr Farquharson married, in 1903, Zoë Alfrida, eldest daughter of Mr Theodore Napier, Balmanno, Edinburgh, and Magdala Victoria, Australia.

He still cherishes his love for his old School, and his oft expressed gratitude to his old teachers has always been a marked and pleasing feature in his character.

Sea-Coll.

DARKNESS, and a blast of hail,
A sullen roaring,
Sudden, o'er the starboard rail,
A green sea pouring.

Back to even keel again
With scuppers hissing;
Seven gasping, dripping men,
Another missing.

Somewhere many fathoms down
A sailor lying,
Somewhere in a dismal town
A woman crying.

A. S., JUN.

An Old-Fashioned Parish Minister.

IN these days of stereotyped clerical life, it is refreshing to look back on some of the men who in the "lang syne" did their work and lived their lives perhaps as well as we do with all our improvements and organisations. In the halcyon days, when Dis-establishment was never dreamt of, when dissent was a negligible quantity, and when the minister was a power in the land, there was some room for the development of individuality. A man might have a mind of his own and work his parish in the way he judged best. His righteous soul was not vexed by a multiplicity of schedules, nor did constantly recurring "schemes" deprive him of his nocturnal repose. Money-raising was not then the greatest of Christian graces; the Church cut according to her "claith."

In those times of primeval simplicity flourished the Rev. James Goldie, minister of the parish of Temple, in the Presbytery of Dalkeith. His father was translated to Temple from Penicuik in 1771, and died in 1788. He was succeeded by the subject of this sketch, who was ordained in 1789 at the early age of 22, being presented to the living by Mr Robert Dundas of Arniston, who became Lord Advocate the same year, and was afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Mr Goldie thus spent almost the whole of his life in this sequestered corner of Midlothian. The memory of this worthy man is still fragrant in the parish. Many a tale is told of "auld Goudie," as he is fondly spoken of by the oldest inhabitants. He must have been a many-sided man, with a supreme contempt for the narrow-minded ideas so prevalent in his time as to what a minister ought or ought not (especially not) to do.

An enthusiastic farmer, he was the first in the district to see the advantages of draining. His glebe was cultivated in a way that gave the lead to the neighbouring farmers. Mr Goldie was also a keen sportsman, very fond of both rod and gun. He was the owner of salmon fishings on the Tweed, where he occasionally plied the gentle art, and there is a devoutly believed tradition of his once having caught a salmon in the South Esk at the foot of his garden; nay, an eye-witness has deponed to seeing the identical "fush" hung out to dry at the gable window of the manse.

It was, however, with the gun that our minister was chiefly famous. He had permission to shoot over most of the parish, and was wont to combine business with pleasure in a somewhat remarkable fashion. On one occasion he was descried by a shepherd's wife wending his way up the glen by which the South Esk debouches from the Moorfoot Hills. "How are ye the day, mistress?"

was the salutation with which he arrested his steps. "Fine, sir; hoo are ye yersel? Ye'll be for a shot the day?" "Oh, aye; just takin' a turn." "We'll hae to be gettin' ye up some of thae days to bapteeze the bairn. When could ye come?" "Nae time like the present, mistress. Is the gudeman in?" "Oh, aye, minister; but we're in an awfu' confusion." "Never mind that, wumman; I'll dae't the noo." So in went the minister, much to the shepherd's surprise, deposited his gun and bag in the corner, and performed his solemn function. This done, he resumed his tramp up the hill. The above incident (told by one who took part in the ceremony) gives a very good idea of the man—kindly, shrewd, and straightforward.

Another story, connected with his sporting proclivities, has also been received at first hand. The proprietor of Dewar was out shooting on the 12th of August, which fell on a Saturday in that particular year, when he descried some one making free with his grouse on a neighbouring hill. He at once went across to find out who this daring individual could be. It turned out to be none other than the redoubtable minister of Temple, who was enjoying himself thoroughly. "Hillo! Mr Goudie, what are ye daein' here the day?" was the laird's salutation. "D'ye no' ken it's the Twalt?" retorted the surpris'd minister. "Oh, aye, I ken that fine; but I thocht you ministers were aye in your studies on the Setterday." "Na, na," replied the unabashed Nimrod; "I aye keep a shot i' the gun and a shot i' the locker an' a'."

There were others, moreover, whom the sporting cleric encountered in his moorland wanderings, as the following incident proves. The inhabitants of a hill farmhouse, with whom the minister was on very friendly terms, were aroused in the stilly hours of night by a loud knocking. With fear and trembling the door was opened, to see who this might be that chose such an untimorous hour for his visit. A man was descried seated on horseback. "I was to leave this here," he said, "for the minister o' Temple," and, suiting his action to the word, he handed to the astonished farmer a keg which contained something stronger than the waters which well out of the sides of Blackhope Scaur.

It must not be concluded, however, that Mr Goldie spent all his time in shooting, fishing, or coursing, to which latter sport he and his brother of Eddlestone were addicted. We have never heard it so much as hinted that he neglected his parochial duties, a fact which speaks volumes where a minister is concerned. On the other hand, his memory is cherished as that of one who was kindness itself, and if his manner was a little gruff and abrupt occasionally, every one knew that it was "Maister Goudie's wey." One custom he had

which we have heard recalled with affectionate appreciation by those who, as wee toddlers, had taken part in it. On Handsel Monday all the children were expected to attend at the manse, where, after repeating "the Carritch," they were regaled with oatcake, cheese, and "goodies." Children were easily pleased in those days, and no doubt they looked forward to this annual occasion with keener expectation than modern bairns would to the most gorgeous Christmas tree, or the most filling feed.

The records of the parish prove that Mr Goldie was most indefatigable in exhorting his people to persevere in the paths of sobriety, continence, and regular attendance on ordinances, and in rebuking those who erred in their behaviour. It is related that on one occasion he met a notorious worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus, and accosting her, sternly asked, "Jenny, do you ken where drunkards go?" "Ou aye, sir," replied Jenny, with a tipsy leer, "they aye gang whaur they get the best drink."

No one was better acquainted with the circumstances of his parishioners, and with the conditions prevailing in the parish, than Mr Goldie, and anyone who doubts this has only to turn up the Old Statistical Account of Scotland to find a most interesting and succinct description from his pen of a Temple parish in these days. We have also proof that he possessed not only a loyal but a martial spirit, for when the sound of battle was in the air, and many an indignant Scot was asking, "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" the minister of Temple showed an example to his people by enrolling himself as a trooper in the Midlothian Yeomanry. Haply he may have looked on himself as the apostolic successor of "John de Sautre, maistre de la chivalerie de Templi en Ecosse," who held sway in the same quiet glen in the year 1296.

But in course of time our friend waxed old, and instead of tramping the heather, he was reduced to driving round the parish or perambulating his garden, whence he would storm at the mischievous urchins who stole down the burnside and dared to knock down "the minister's aipples" from the tall tree which overhung the bank. Then, getting still more frail, he was indebted to a kind relative and a faithful domestic as he took a short turn "ower the brig." While thus supported, he one day encountered his nearest neighbour, and valued elder, "Eh, Tam, Tam!" he exclaimed, "ye never thocht to see the minister gaun wi' twa weemen." (Mr Goldie was a bachelor all his days.) "Aye, aye," he went on, "weemen were the doonfa o' Solomon, but they're the uphaud o' the minister o' Temple."

Last scene of all: as the worthy man lay dying, his elder looked in on his way to the market. Hearing his voice in the lobby, Mr Goldie called to him, "Is that you, Tam?" "Yes, minister; I

called in to ask for you." "If you're gaun to Dalkeith," continued the dying man, his heart still clinging to his favourite pursuits, "speer the price o' guano for my neeps." In a few days the strong, active spirit had gone where neither "neeps" nor "guano" are supposed to be of surpassing interest. Mr Goldie died in the eightieth year of his age, having ministered to the people of Temple for fifty-eight years. It is recorded on his tombstone that he was the last of his race, having survived all his relatives and the friends of his early years. The parishioners of Temple have still cause to thank this worthy minister. He built a school in the upper part of the parish, and left a sum of money as endowment for part of the teacher's salary. In bequeathing a handsome sum to the Edinburgh Infirmary, he burdened it to the extent of five pounds, to be paid annually on Christmas Day for the benefit of the poor of Temple, "to promote and increase their comfort at Christmas." Many a humble fireside has been brightened and cheered by this mindful bequest.

No sketch of Mr Goldie would be complete without some reference to "Dauvid," the "minister's man." "Dauvid" worked the glebe, and drove the minister when he could no longer trudge the long miles. He lived in the old "watch-house" in the churchyard, and once astonished an inquisitive policeman (newly imported) by gravely asserting, "I cam oot o' the kirkyaird." Being offered a glass of the special port which was always produced in a certain house for the minister, "Dauvid" gave vent to the celebrated aphorism, "Wine's for weemen. I'll tak a drap o' speerits." But, alas! "Dauvid" came to an untimely end. Tottering down from the village, where he had taken his diurnal "dauner," he missed his footing at the edge of a steep "scaur," and, falling heavily, was found dead on the spot.

J. W. BLAKE.

The preceding article gives some impression of an excellent type of the old Scotch minister, known in the closing days of the eighteenth century as belonging to the section in the Church of Scotland called the "Moderates," as an old lady used always to explain, "my dear, they were the gentlemen in the Church," the opposite faction being styled the "Highflyers." I would like to supplement this account of the Rev. J. Goldie with a few reminiscences handed down from one who knew him and valued his friendship. He was probably one of the last of the ministers of the Church of Scotland who, when dining out, always wore black satin knee breeches, silk stockings, and shoe buckles, and for many years was always accompanied by a large black retriever dog called "Roughie." On one occasion consternation was caused at the feast

by a domestic rushing in with the awful intelligence, "Mem, Roughie's stolen the haggis," and in bounded Roughie gurgling and gloating over the savoury bag which he had successfully punctured, while the ladies of the party hurriedly gathered their skirts around them as "Roughie" dragged his spoil around the room.

It was his practice when reading the morning chapter with his domestic to offer explanations when he thought necessary, so mindful of this his housekeeper desired fuller information on the subject of Balaam and his ass, "And meenister did the ass raly spake?" "Ay and mony an ass has spokken since" was his racy commentary.

ELLA R. CHRISTIE.

Nature Notes.

THE ROOKERY.

BY DR STRACHAN.

OUR rooks, in their social and gregarious aspect, are, I think, the most interesting class of birds we have; and the considerable-sized rookery with which they have favoured us is, if observed, an almost continual source of interest and pleasure. The large size, striking plumage, and comparative fearlessness of the birds make them very noticeable, and they are well worthy of notice. With them, as with all other birds, the most interesting time is that of nesting and of rearing the young, which is said to begin on the first Sunday of March, thus nearly coinciding with this the first number of the *Dollar Magazine* yearly volume. It is, therefore, all before us, and we look forward to an enjoyable time in watching those which are most readily within view. As the nests are widely distributed over the town, special opportunities for observation are correspondingly numerous. I am myself much favoured by having a tree with four or five nests within a few yards of my dressing-room window, for which I am duly grateful. The special interest begins in February, when there are frequent meetings and much confabulation over the nests of the previous season. During the winter there have been very frequent gatherings on the trees about the Upper Mains Old Manor House, accompanied by much cawing and flying to and fro, giving a very pleasing impression of life and jollity in the otherwise dead season; their appearance, crowding the bare branches and carrying on, in little groups, many a flapping and cawing argument, being very animated. At times, apparently on a given signal, they would all suddenly fly off and, rising high in the air, give a most graceful and beautiful exhibition of the delights of flying, wheeling and circling round and about, with silent, gently dipping, or stationary wings, in marked contrast to the so-called "aviation"

of the aeroplane. This for, perhaps, a quarter of an hour when they would all, with one accord, volplane gracefully down and reassemble on the trees.

In those winter assemblies, although there was much sonorous and multitudinous cawing, there was little or no variety of intonation, and no apparent purpose in the gathering, which seemed quite promiscuous. During the month of February, however, probably under the influence of St Valentine, the assemblies took a different form and an evidently definite purpose. The birds, while still equally numerous and coming and going as a body, appeared very much in pairs. So far as could be observed, each pair concerned themselves with one of the old nests, presumably their own of the previous season, from which it would seem that, with rooks at all events, the nuptial tie holds good from year to year, and probably for life. Besides the general flutter and cawing, one of a pair would seem particularly concerned about the nest, getting in and out and fidgeting round, at the same time keeping up a peculiar guttural chuckling kind of talk, while her spouse sat looking on with an occasional responsive caw. This was going on at nearly all the nests within view. From experience of past years I take it to be the seasonal examination to determine whether a thorough cleaning and repair are sufficient, or entire rebuilding and, perhaps, change of site are required. They are in no hurry in coming to a decision. Many visits may be made, and much palaver gone through before actual building and repairing operations are begun on the first Sunday in March. Then many changes of site may be noticed, in some cases only to other branches of the same trees; but in others, possibly under patriarchal direction, as with the Israelites of old, whole family groups may remove to an entirely different location. This was seen last year, when the trees opposite Brooklands were almost wholly deserted, and many along by the burnside were built upon for the first time. These partial migrations are very interesting, seeming to indicate an amount of collective reasoning and judgment more akin to human than to bird intelligence. On my particular tree of observation a peculiar episode occurred last season which, I think, is worthy of mention. One nest which had, with much patient industry, just been completed, was, after a noisy altercation of an hour or so, completely plundered by a rook from another tree some distance off. The marauder was seen to deliberately fill her beak from the nest with as many twigs as she could carry and fly off with them, presumably to build her own nest. In a very short time she was back for more, and this went on time after time for the greater part of the day, by the end of which nothing remained of the original nest. In the meantime, the rightful owner sat sheepishly

looking on from a neighbouring branch, making no attempt to defend her property, and neither her mate nor the neighbours interfered. She, however, soon set about rebuilding her nest, which now remains as one of the five. There are stories of nests being pulled to pieces by the other rooks as a matter of penal discipline; but this seemed a case entirely between the two parties immediately concerned, a piece of deliberate appropriation by the one, of the sticks laboriously collected and put together by the other. It must have been the result of some dispute or, perhaps, a fight between these two particular rooks, as there were many nests much nearer to the robber than the one despoiled. If such conduct were common among rooks a rookery would be an impossibility.

The following is a note of the distribution of last year's nests : At Old Manor House, north, 14, south, 24 ; middle walk, 12 ; Back Road opposite Brooklands, 3 ; Burnside, 16 ; Ochilton, 8 ; Academy Grounds north, 21 ; Gateside, 9 ; the Club, 2—Total, 109.

A little grebe has been seen by Mr A.W. Strachan on the Devon at Backmill. It is a pretty little bird, and is rarely seen so far from the sea.

A swan was seen by the same observer flying eastward, and also a little flock of redwing on several successive days feeding in the park in front of the Old Manor House.

Sunday, 6th March.—The rooks were observed to-day for the first time this year breaking off twigs and carrying them to their nests.

Autumn Thoughts.

THERE'S sweetness in the Autumn
With its glowing noonday sun,
There's sweetness in its gloamings
When the day's darg is done—
But the sweetness of the Springtime
With its incense-perfumed air,
Stirs and thrills my heart like first love,
When Heaven seemed everywhere.

There's grandeur in the Autumn
With its blaze of red and brown,
And glory on the hilltops
When the harvest sun sinks down—
But oh the glamour of the Springtime
When the buds begin to peep,
And from hedges, trees, and meadows
Life awakens from its sleep.

'There's music in the Autumn
With its sultry sighing breeze,
Its graceful swaying branches,
And its rushing russet leaves—
But oh the chorus in the Springtime
When the feathered choir is full !
Oh the laughter in the meadows !
Oh the dances in the pool !

'There's glory in the Autumn
With its sheaves of golden wheat,
Its glowing purple mountains
And its red sun's fiery heat—
But the glory of the Springtime
Surges madly through my blood
Remembering all the young sweet life
From wayside, hedge, and wood.

There's sadness in the Autumn,
Like the sadness of the sea,
Though the glory of its grandeur
Is most wonderful to see :—
But the gladness of the Springtime
Lifts my soul to higher things,
As a maid to meet Love's kisses
All that's lovely in her springs.

Oh the promise of the Springtime
With her myriads of new life !
Oh her exquisite completeness
Like the love of new-made wife !
How she blesses us with beauty !
How she gladdens us with song !
How she lavishes her sweetness
Upon us all day long !

'The Autumn with her ripened fruits,
Her colours bright and gay,
Her rich, voluptuous beauty,
Might steal my heart away—
But I lost it in the Springtime,—
Oh the rapture and the bliss,
When bathed in April's sunshine
I awoke to Spring's soft kiss !

KATE M. MACKAY.

The Night Scheme.

A TYPICAL April day was drawing to a close. The proverbial showers had fulfilled their functions at intervals throughout the day, and now, evening come, the fields and woods lay fresh and sweet under a clear starry sky. Only the intermittent drip, drip of the raindrops from the trees, and now and again the mournful cry of the plovers broke the monotonous stillness of the place.

Later in the evening the quiet of the countryside was disturbed by other and very different sounds, for about eight o'clock the fields and roads round the farm were invaded by a military cavalcade, which, we were informed later, was a company of Royal Engineers out on a big practice scheme.

Several officers arrived in advance of the main body, and, after a short inspection, chose as headquarters the turning of a branch road which formed the key to an important cross-roads, and in a few moments' time the "Jolly Roger" was run up to mark the spot. I ought to explain that this "Jolly Roger" was in reality a navy blue signalling flag, but from a distance it resembled so strongly the banner beloved of the olden time pirates, that we gave it this frightsome appellation on the spot, and the person responsible for its hoisting we dubbed "Captain Death."

The waggons with the cable were now dispatched, accompanied by their necessary escort of "Prong Boys," which, being interpreted, means soldiers provided with pronged sticks, used by them to coax the cable into position, disentangling it from tree branches, and so on. The men responsible for the laying of the cable performed their task quickly and well, and very soon now little bell-shaped tents were rigged up in the fields. These tents sheltered the field telephone apparatus, and, inadvertently, the operators of the buzzers, who squatted on the ground with the receiving apparatus strapped to their heads.

Already the operators were busy receiving and transmitting messages, and the whole place seemed to be filled with the squeaks of the buzzers, which squeaks resembled nothing so much as penny balloons getting rid spasmodically of their carbonic acid gas.

We soon became conscious of another method of sending messages to and from headquarters. From several points on the hills, from spaces right and left of headquarters, and from the country facing the hills, signallers had been posted, and now lights were flashing from all these parts with what appeared to us rhythmic precision. If each signaller had simultaneously shone his light, the result would have been a rather irregular oval of lights, which gives one an idea of the position of the signalling parties.

I don't think we can ever quite forget that scene. The lights seemed to be playing a game of question and answer. Overhead the sky was clear and starry, full of little restless twinkling stars, and one could not help thinking that there existed some subtle understanding between these little lamps in the sky and the busy lights of the signallers' lamps, flashing from the four directions, and if only we had had the key to the code, we might have found that the little stars had set up in opposition to the signallers, and were busy twinkling to headquarters messages that were never taken off.

A scheme such as this one we had the good fortune to witness has something resembling the plot of a novel or a play about it. At the beginning things take their ordinary everyday course, but about the middle of the piece the villain steps in and does something startling. We have just reached the startling point in this scheme of ours.

About six Dispatch Riders had arrived at headquarters, but up to this point in the scheme there had been nothing big for them to do, so they whiled away the time in getting their machines ready to start off at a moment's notice, and in the remainder of their leisure moments they explained the operations to us.

From the moment of donning their dongarees for this scheme these men had dropped their identities, and were now Nos. One, Two, Three, Four, Five, and Six respectively, and this was the order in which they were called up to headquarters.

Suddenly a voice from headquarters shouted: "Number One! Double up!"

"Yessir," and off went Dispatch Rider No. One at the double.

In a moment or so he was back again, switched on the light of his machine, and then awaited another summons.

He told us that he was to act the enemy, and cut the cable at a certain point.

"Which point?" he was asked.

"Oh, er, I don't know yet," he informed his questioner.

So Dispatch Rider No. One was the villain of the scheme, and when the second summons came from headquarters he departed on his mission of destruction.

We now watched the operators of the "buzzers" with mischievous curiosity, and, sure enough, in a short time they informed their officer one after the other—

"Something wrong with the cable, sir; can't get message through!"

Now came the busy time of the Dispatch Riders. One or two were sent off to find where the cable was damaged, and the others



R. K. Hoimes

HOLBURN

carried the messages which could not now be sent through the "buzzer" until the cable was repaired.

All through the night that scheme went on, and in our dreams we seemed to hear the hooting of the motor horns, and the throb, throb, throb of the Dispatch Riders' machines, and—but it must have been before the "dream man" waved his wand over me—I am certain I heard, albeit faintly, a voice from headquarters calling: "Number Four! double up!"

And then the answer, "Yessir."

We heard later that, from a military standpoint, the scheme was a great success, and when shortly after their big night scheme the R.E. left for Gallipoli, our warmest wishes for their good luck went with them, and we hoped they might be as successful in the big war game as on this practice for it.

H. W. CHRISTIE.

Dollar Church and its Ministers prior to the Reformation.

By REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

IN earlier numbers of this *Magazine* (see vols. viii. 112-115, 169-171, and ix. 13-17, 70-73) I have shown that a church dedicated to St Columba, and possibly founded by him, existed in Dollar parish, as I think, before the close of the sixth century, and certainly cannot be put down to a later date than the seventh. Moreover, I have also shown good cause for my belief that the lands which have always been attached to that particular family residence in the parish which was first known by the Celtic title of Shanbothy—*alias* "the Old Dwelling," or perhaps better in our Scottish vernacular, "the Auld Hoose"—though that designation was subsequently altered to "The Gloum," and last of all to "Castle Campbell"—were, to begin with, an ecclesiastical property held on behalf of the Columban Church by the abbots of Iona, and, in later years, by their successors, first the abbots, and latterly the bishops of Dunkeld. Certain, at least, it is, that in the earliest extant charter in which a conveyance of the Dollar estate is formally and legally made, the bishop of Dunkeld is unequivocally represented as the true, original feudal superior from whom that property is lawfully held. Now knowing, as we do from history, that at least from the eleventh century this Dollar estate was in the possession of the Scottish royal family, represented by Malcolm Canmore and his descendants; and, being aware further that, at all events from the fourteenth century, we have charter evidence to show that the same estate was succes-

sively in the hands of the three noble families of Moray, Stewart, and Campbell, it seems to me that the remarkable fact I have above stated points unmistakably to the conclusion that the original owner of this Dollar property must have been the primitive Scottish Church, as represented by its head, the abbot of Iona and his successors, and that they probably possessed it long before, under Canmore, it was formed into the Royal Forest of Dollar. For how else can we account for the fact that in the early Argyll charters the feudal superior of the Dollar property is always declared to be the bishop of Dunkeld, and never either the king or any of the noble families by whom from time to time it had been enjoyed? It is sufficiently attested, at least, that during the entire period that dates from the battle of Bannockburn, no known bishop of Dunkeld had any proprietary connection with the Dollar estate, and probably as much may be said also of the centuries that intervene between Canmore and Bruce. If, therefore, in the fifteenth century, the bishops of Dunkeld were entitled to be described as the true feudal superiors of the Dollar property, it seems to me that this right must have rested on the fact, never for a moment lost sight of by the Church lawyers who did the conveyancing of the time, that these Dunkeld dignitaries were the undoubted representatives of the old abbots of Iona who were the acknowledged heads of the original Celtic Church of Scotland.

Another point that, I believe, I have established in former articles, is the probable importance of the baptismal church of Dollar in the reign of Alexander I., the son of Canmore. This I infer from the fact that when that monarch in 1123 was founding the monastery of Inchcolm as a place of residence for a body of Augustinian Canons, he granted to the religious society then created the right, in all time coming, to present one of their number to the Dollar cure.

Moreover, that two centuries later the Dollar church was by no means the insignificant and negligible thing which, in our ignorance of Scottish medieval history, very possibly most of us may have hitherto been disposed to regard it, may, I think, be justly inferred from the strange story of the raid made upon that church in 1336 by a band of English pirates.

There are two versions of this remarkable story. A replica of the first of these has been published in this *Magazine* by the late Mr Paul (vol. ii. 111). That account, I may add, agrees in every particular with the narrative of the same episode in our parish history, which has been given by Dr William Ross in his interesting monograph, entitled "ABERDOUR AND INCHCOLME." The following, though not an exact transcript, is a brief summary of its contents.

A fleet of English rovers having cast anchor in the Forth during the memorable, and for the moment successful, attempt of Edward III. of England to re-establish the house of Baliol on the Scottish throne as vassal monarchs owning the English king as their lawful suzerain, a strong detachment of these marauding mariners penetrated to Dollar, and among other depredations then committed, they ruthlessly ransacked the parish church, and carried off what both writers describe as "a beautifully carved wainscot screen with which the Prior of Inchcolm had then recently adorned its choir." This valuable bit of artistic furniture, we are further informed, was carefully taken to pieces by the covetous freebooters, who seem to have been animated by a like calculating and rapacious spirit to that displayed by the devastating hordes of modern Germany in their present desolating occupation of Belgium, Northern France, Poland, and Serbia. For, after having thus scientifically disposed of their precious capture, so as to make it susceptible of easy removal, they bore it off, we are told, to one of the ships of the expedition, no doubt with the laudable design of making it do service in some country parish church in the South—a design, however, which it is comfortable to know was never realised. For St Columba, whose property these sacrilegious robbers had so feloniously purloined, was on the watch for them. And so, just as they were gaily sailing past his monastery on the south side of the island of Inchcolm, having been caught in a sudden gust of violent wind, down like a shot went the ship, pirates, plunder and all to the bottom of the sea.

The other version of the story, which I have myself told in this *Magazine* (viii. 171), is extracted from the *Monkish Chronicle* known as "THE BOOK OF PLUSCARDEN," and reads thus: "During the calamitous reign of David II. the English army in support of Baliol ravaged and occupied a large part of Scotland. Meanwhile those who remained in the fleet in the Firth of Forth overran the whole territory of Fife and Fothreve, and having searched it thoroughly, laid it utterly waste as far as the Ochil mountains. In the course of this predatory incursion, on coming TO THE CHURCH OF DOLLAR, WHICH IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BELONG DIRECTLY TO ST COLUMBA, they found there the church just beginning to be rebuilt, with carpenters at work upon it, with choice and marvellous woodwork. And thereupon these limbs of the devil carried away with them in their carts to the fleet the whole of the logs so fashioned, and stowed them in one of the aforesaid ships in order to take them over to England for the sake of the wonderful and curious workmanship thereof. So everything prospered with these sailors, until they came near the place of the said St Columba, which is called the island of Emonia (Inchcolm), when suddenly, in

the twinkling of an eye, they sank in the raging waters at a very deep spot in the front of the said monastery, so that nothing was ever afterwards heard of any of those who were in that boat in which these beams and logs from the church had been put. This was noised abroad throughout England by the preachers as being a miraculous retribution."

But though stories like those I have here retold show that the medieval Dollar church was by no means unimportant, I am sorry to say that no records, as far as I know, have been preserved which might tell us of the long succession of parish priests who must have officiated in our local sanctuary during the eight centuries preceding the Reformation in 1560. I have sometimes wondered at this, when I have reflected on the fact that throughout most of that long period not only had Dollar a close connection with the royal house, through the existence there of the forest in which the various members of that sporting family must frequently have hunted, but also that, when at last this royal connection was broken, aristocratic families so prominent in Scottish history as those of Moray, Stewart, and Campbell came in their stead, to occupy at least occasionally the castellated residence which was situated in such close proximity to that ancient sanctuary. Under such circumstances one would naturally have expected that out of the long line of spiritual teachers that must have served the Dollar cure, some few at least would have possessed such weight and force of character as to attain a more than local and temporary reputation. Unfortunately, however, oblivion has shrouded the lives and acts of almost every one of these men. The truth is, that even their names have perished. Not, indeed, until the incumbency of the devoted Thomas Foret, who is still piously remembered among us as the martyred Vicar of Dollar, have we any name that with absolute confidence we can claim as having any certain connection with the parish. It is true that on the 21st April 1478 a clergyman named Patrick Makclery is known (see *Dollar Magazine*, ii. 122) to have performed the marriage ceremony on the occasion of the union of Ellen Campbell, one of the daughters of the then Earl of Argyll, with a young Ayrshire peer, Hugh, the third Lord Montgomery, afterwards first Earl of Eglinton, and that the marriage took place in the church of Dollar. But as in the record of the transaction which Mr Paul has transcribed the officiating minister is designated as "chaplain," and not, as we would naturally have anticipated, "vicar," and as his name Makclery points to an undoubted Celtic origin, I am of opinion that he was not the local parish priest at all, but, on the contrary, that in all probability he was the officiating clergyman who acted as chaplain to the Argyll family when they were resident in the Highlands, and

who had doubtless been summoned from Argyllshire to perform the marriage ceremony in the case of his chief's daughter. However, as the "Extract," printed by Mr Paul, which records this incident in our parish history, is both interesting for its own sake, and, moreover, is especially interesting to myself on account of the fact that the bridegroom on the occasion, viz., "Hugh, Lord Montgomery," is the direct lineal ancestor of the noble family that is still dominant in my native parish of Irvine, and as in my boyhood I was very familiar with Eglinton Castle and its woods, and have many a time seen the then representative of that historic house, I venture to refresh the memories of the readers of this *Magazine* by reprinting the original document :—

"21st April 1478, in presence of Colin, Earl of Argyll, Lord Campbell and Lorne, Gilbert, Lord Kennedy, and the notary, and witnesses, Hugh, Lord of Montgomerie, on the one part, and Elen Campbel, one of the daughters of the said Earl, on the other part, passing to the door of the parish Church of Dolar, Sir Patrick Makclery chaplain, asked them if they wished to be joined in marriage, who answered they did. Then the said Patrick asked them if they knew any impediment, or if either had made a contract before with any other person, or if they were constrained by force or fear thereto, who answered that there was no impediment, but it was done of their own free will and gave their corporal oath thereupon. Whereupon the said Sir Patrick placed the said Hugh's hand in the said 'Elen's,' and *per verba matrimonio de presenti* united them in marriage. And Hugh and Elen kissed each other in name of matrimony. Done in the Church of Dolar the tenth hour before noon or thereby."

It is surely a pleasant glimpse we have here of an episode in the life of our parish in these primitive days, that must have been intensely interesting to the whole countryside at the time, and we can easily picture to ourselves the scene which the old parish church would present on that auspicious spring morning, when the West Country bridegroom came to claim his Highland bride, and to bear her off to his ancestral home on the banks of the Lugton, in Ayrshire. For there doubtless, on so great an occasion, within the body of the church must have been gathered the servants from the Castle, as well as the retainers and kindly tenants on the Dollar estate. Assuredly, at least, conspicuous among the aristocratic group supporting the young couple, might then have been seen the manly form of the Maccallum More himself, ready to give his daughter away at the fitting moment, while not far off, though her name is not given in the document quoted, there must have stood the bride's mother, Isobel Stewart, "the well-tochered lass," who, as heiress to

the Dollar estate, had brought into her husband's hands the ancient family residence whose proximity to the venerable church of St Columba had led to the choice of that ecclesiastical edifice for the performance of the present wedding ceremony there. No doubt that good lady, as she stood behind her daughter in the church porch, must have recalled with very tender and wistful emotions how fully twenty years before, and most likely in this very building, she herself had pledged her troth to the Highland chief now standing by her side. And when she looked not only on the blooming bride, her eldest born, just stepping out from the shelter of home to begin a new, personal, and independent life, but also upon her six remaining unmarried daughters and the two younger sons, of whom her family was then made up, and who were all doubtless present with her to manifest their sympathetic interest in their sister's future welfare, I can well believe that her heart grew great, and tears of mingled gratitude and joy sprang to her eyes. But what, perhaps, as an Ayrshire man, touches me most of all in this historic scene, is the presence there of the young Carrick noble, Gilbert, Lord Kennedy, whom I descry occupying his right place by the side of the bridegroom, ready to discharge those kindly offices which from time immemorial have devolved on the man whom, in our homely Scottish speech, we have been wont to call the bridegroom's best man.

(*To be continued.*)

"The Poets of Clackmannanshire."

WHILE spending a spare hour in the Glasgow Mitchell Library one day recently, I had the good fortune to pick up a small volume on Clackmannanshire poetry, whose existence I had not hitherto suspected. This little work, "The Poets of Clackmannanshire," afforded me a good half-hour's entertainment; and I was much interested to learn from its pages that Scotland's smallest county is by no means the most insignificant where poetry is concerned. Indeed, a perusal of "The Poets of Clackmannanshire" made it plainly manifest to me that, considering the smallness of its population, the number of poets which the Wee County has produced is quite remarkable. Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Dollar Magazine* to learn a little with regard to some of the principal contents of this book. I shall therefore attempt, in the following pages, a brief review or summary of the work, giving a few examples of the verses of some of the more notable of the poets therein referred to.

"The Poets of Clackmannanshire" is by the late James Beveridge, F.E.I.S., of Alloa, and was printed and published by John S. Wilson, Glasgow, in 1885. It is a small book, extending to a little over one hundred pages, and is divided into five parts or chapters. Part the first deals with "Poems Relating to Ancient Places and Incidents," and makes a brief résumé of facts with which we are all of us more or less familiar. It is in this part that the connection with Clackmannanshire of such well-

known poets as Burns, William Alexander, Michael Bruce, Tennant, and Baroness Nairne is briefly referred to and commented on; while mention is made of the first poetic reference to the county which can now be traced, to wit, that allusion of Wyntoun's in the "Cronykil of Scotland" to the miracle of St Serf's at Tillicoultry:—

" Frae Tillicultry till a wyfe,
Twa sonys he raised frae deid to lyfe."¹

Most of this, however, is, as I have said, more or less known to the majority of *Dollar Magazine* readers; hence it is not in part one of "The Poets" that the student of Clackmannanshire poetry must look to discover aught that is new or novel to him.

The four succeeding parts deal respectively with "Songs of Love and the Affections," "Epistles, Poems in Memoriam, and Odes," "Descriptive Pieces," and "Translations." On perusing them, one finds that the poetical productivity of Clackmannanshire has at all times been exceeding great. He learns that the beauties of the Devon Valley, as well as those of the entire county and contiguous districts, have long proved a fruitful source of inspiration to large numbers of local "bridlers of Pegasus"; and he is convinced that no county town or village has failed to contribute its squad, company, or battalion to the Clackmannanshire regiment of poets and bards.

As it is not possible for me here to mention the many county bards who have, from time to time, strung the lyre and broken forth in song, I shall content myself with a few brief remarks upon several of Dollar's very own "poetic children." The Dollar poets would appear from time immemorial to have specialised in lyrical composition, and it is in this branch of the art that they seem to me to discover most proficiency. The late Mr James Christie, a former master in the Institution, was assuredly "one of the sweetest lyrical poets Clackmannanshire ever produced." The samples of Mr Christie's verses which are given in "The Poets" are all of considerable merit, and exhibit that tenderness of feeling which is the hall mark of the best lyrical poetry. His "Flower o' Devon Ha'" and "Jeannie o' Blairhill," especially take my fancy, and are my favourites among the specimens given by Mr Beveridge. Here is a stanza from "Jeannie o' Blairhill," which may serve to show the songster's style. He is going a-visiting to "his Jeannie," and thus expresses himself with regard to her domicile:—

" Her hame is scoogit frae the show'r
Within a cosy dell,
Where blossoms mony a bonny flow'r,
Nae fairer than hersel.
Afore the door wi' canty glee
Jooks by a purlin' rill.
Pure as the lovelight in the e'e
O' Jeannie o' Blairhill."

¹ Burns's connection with Clackmannanshire is too well known to require any explanation, as is also the Baroness Nairne's. William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who was born at Menstrie House about 1650, was one of the most famous of our *Scottish Solomons* (James VI.), menstralis, or bards. Several of his poems have reference to Clackmannanshire scenes, notably one on the river Devon. As regards Michael Bruce and William Tennant, both were connected with Clackmannanshire through residence; the former having been parish schoolmaster at Forest Mill for several years, where he wrote his "Ode to Lochleven," and the latter having been a master in Dollar Institution. Tennant did not compose his famous "Anster Fair" while at Dollar; it was written during his sojourn at St Andrews.—B.

The works of another Dollar bard, the late Mr Shiells, also interest me considerably ; and the sample of his lyrics given in "The Poets" which I like best, is the spirited song entitled, "Highland Lads are Brisk and Bauld." The following is a stanza from the "Highland Lads":—

"Highland lads are brisk and bauld ;
Highland mettle ne'er gets cauld ;
Highland spunk's no' easy fley'd ;
Highland dunts are ill to bide ;
Highland swords are keen and sharp ;
Highland lads mak' awfu' wark—
Hence the cry, when danger's near,
'Gie's nane but Highland bonnets here !'"

That there is more than a germ of the truth in all this, General von Kluck would no doubt agree ; our kilted soldiers, to judge by accounts lately received from Flanders, are nothing if not "brisk and bauld."

The late Mr G. P. Boyd, one time shoemaker in Dollar, who published a volume of verse in 1852, is another Dollar bard who likes me well. He has a happy knack of coaxing Melpomene into a much less cold and gloomy mood than she usually discovers ; and some of his lyrics, though displaying considerable humour, are veritable human documents. In proof of this statement, I here give his song entitled, "My Wife has ta'en the Huff."

"My wife at me has ta'en the huff,
An' skirted to her daddie, O ;
But I don't care a single snuff—
Fal the du a dadi, O.

She swore she'd never live wi' me
As lang's she had her daddie, O ;
Oh ! that she'd keep the same mind aye—
Fal the du a dadi, O.

His dochter ne'er shall sic a loon
Get back, declares her daddie, O ;
I thank him for sae rich a boon—
Fal the du a dadi, O.

So Neddy here noo lives his lane,
An' Peg beside her daddie, O ;
I wish to 'Kate' she'd there remain—
Fal the du a dadi, O."

Two other Dollar poets, who did not convert their pens to the uses of an alpenstock in vain, claim notice by Mr Beveridge. These are the late Mr Thomas Bradshaw, a poet of more than local fame, and the late Mr David Taylor, who was born in the year before the opening of the Institution. I much regret being unable to give a sample of Mr Bradshaw's poetry, which is of exceptional merit ; but I here reproduce a verse from Mr Taylor's humorous song entitled, "The Proof o' the Puddin's the Preein' o't." Thus Mr Taylor on the lassies:—

"We think lassies at first gentle, honest, and kind ;
Like goddesses lovely, exalted in mind ;
But will we think sae when in wedlock we're j'ined?—
The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't."

Very true, say I ; very, very true. Mr Taylor evidently knew a thing or two about human nature ; and I suspect that he was a typical example of the real "auld-farrant," cannie rural Scot.

So much, however, for Dollar's own group of poets and minstrels.

Here is a sample of the verses of a Sauchie poet, the late Mr Alexander Snadden. The stanza is taken from "The Wee Toom Chair," a simple little piece which exhibits great tenderness of feeling:—

"Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! lay up that chair,
Wherein my lambie sat,
Wha played about the clean hearthstane,
And cuddled his wee cat.
The chair is toom ; my bairn's awa,
Gane to the world above,
Where he has joined wi' happy saints,
Beside the God of Love."

Mr Snadden's "Wee Toom Chair" is one of the sweetest, as it is the most touching, of all the specimens given in "The Poets"; and none but an exacting "poetical purist," with an eye merely to purity of style and verbiage, could fail to be highly pleased with it.

As I have already said, it is not possible for me to mention here the many other local poets who have painted

" . . . auld Nature to the nines
In their sweet Caledonian rhymes."

Neither, perhaps, is it necessary for me to do so; for, the superficiality of my remarks notwithstanding, I feel that I have at least said enough to show that the poetic cult has not been neglected in the Wee County. Mr Beveridge's work is not perhaps quite exhaustive, and possibly discovers several important omissions which would require to be rectified in any future work of the kind; yet, notwithstanding this, it certainly serves to show that local people have at all times been fully alive to the beauties of their surroundings.

J. S. B.

A Sodger's Fareweel to his Wife.

Words and Melody by W. C. BENET.

mf.

I'm wae to bid fare - weel, my lass, But

loud the bu - gles blaw, An' Scots maun ral - ly

round the flag When King an' coun - try

slower

ca', My lass, When King an' coun - try ca'.

To leave our wives an' bairnies
dear :—

Atweel we're no' to blame :
Free men maun fecht in freedom's
cause,

Or hing their heads in shame,
My lass,

Their coward heads in shame.

That crazy Kaiser !—he has sworn

To ding our Empire down ;

But lang ere a' the play is played,

He'll sing a diff'rent tune,

My lass,

An unco diff'rent tune.

It ne'er was said that Britain's
sons

Were feared o' Germanie ;

An' weel it's kent they'll do or die

For hame an' libertie,

My lass,

Their hame an' libertie.

An' gallant lads frae yont the seas

Are wi' us heart an' hand

They've left their a' an' crossed the
main

To help the Mitherland,

My lass,

Their dear auld Mitherland.

Then fare-ye-weel, my bonnie lass,

I hear the fife an' drum.

Keep up your heart like a sodger's wife,

For better days will come,

My lass,

Ay, better days will come.

W. C. BENET.

CASHIERS,
NORTH CAROLINA, U.S.A.

A Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS DAY found me out in charge of a single gun, with a handy army of eight all told. The gun herself was in position on the fringe of a wood, disguised as a tree, modesty being an excellent virtue in guns ; they should be heard but not seen. We, my army and I, lived a troglodyte existence in some rather superior dug-outs near by, and the gun's attendant waggon, pretending to be undergrowth, snuggled in the wood close at hand. You might have walked within twenty feet of our position and never guessed our presence, or the presence of Kate, the gun. Kate's muzzle pointed over a grassy crest a few hundred yards away, and if you walked up that crest you beheld a charming panorama of woods and waters, marred by untidy lines of upturned chalk, representing the distant Hun trenches. The weather was anything but seasonable, and we were thankful Christmas Eve was sunny and a little windy, and closed with a splendid sunset. I sat on the grass in the wild red evening light scraping the mud off my clothes, enjoying the fresh air, and thinking how strange it was to be listening simultaneously to the sound of guns and the confident strains of a brass band, blown by the gusts from a village not very far to windward. . . . Another lonely gunner lived in a cave

down the hill, and we arranged to eat our Christmas dinner together, since good company could make a festival even underground. My army, I knew, was happy; they had a fire in their burrow, two sausages each for breakfast, and pork for dinner; so they would sit round the fire and get kippered with heat and smoke, talk, sing, and consume ration cigarettes. . . . I was just having tea with some of the "Dandy Ninth," Edinburgh's kilted stalwarts, who were living not far away in an elegant earth just off the road, when the trampling of horse-hoofs was heard, and through the open door we beheld in the gloaming the horses of a gun and waggon team jingling up the hill. I recognised them, and jumped to the correct conclusion—"Kate," the gun, was to join her five sisters in a position a few miles away. We had to bustle around for a few minutes before everything was packed up and ready to move; but as guns usually migrate by night, every one was accustomed to the business, and very quickly gun, waggon, and detachment were on the road. I arranged to keep my dinner appointment and walk over to the Battery afterwards. That Christmas dinner was really not bad. The cook was a free-spoken ex-collier from Hamilton, and led off with stew (every one in khaki knows what sort of stew—just stew), ennobled for the occasion with a suspicion of curry powder. No potatoes were available that evening, but we had French bread. The *pièce de resistance* was a plum-pudding, which we had saved from the rats by hanging it from a beam in the roof. Then we turned to tinned peaches, and there was also cake, cheese, and jam. We drank our toasts in cocoa, which the transformed collier brought in simultaneously with the stew. At this banquet I had used my own silver and cutlery, as one grows bored by sharing a teaspoon and so forth, and ere I departed the ex-collier washed it—the whole lot, knife, fork, and spoon—and returned it to me. It was like the simplicity of his nature to deliver them up as they were, and I felt absurdly conventional as I asked him to wrap them in a bit of paper. You see it was Christmas Day, and I had to pass through a village teeming with my fellow-men, and there would have been unfounded pathos in the spectacle of a muddy subaltern plunging along the miry street about dinner time with a naked knife, fork, and spoon in his strong right hand! We drained our tin mugs of cocoa with a final toast, and then I left the brilliance of the stable lamp which had illuminated our festival, and stepped forth into the darkness and the mire. The first half mile of my way led me along a road very picturesque by day—a road lined with magnificent poplars, with a river gleaming near. Wheeled traffic is forbidden there till dusk, as the Huns can see it, and might train a gun on it if by chance any vehicle—say a perambulator—made a practice

of going there regularly. The surface of the road at its best is composed of several inches of liquid mud ; at its worst it is dimpled by a shell hole or two full of water, so that one is rather grateful for the weird, pulsing light supplied every few moments by the flares and starshells sent up from the distant trenches. As I passed through the village, sounds of revelry were audible on all sides ; the fact of being within easy shell-range seems to have no effect on the spirit of Atkins. From how many towns and villages at home had contributions come towards that irrepressible festival in that mud-smothered, crowded, threatened little community ! Beyond the village the road was lonely and very dark, but eventually I came upon a discreet glow of warm light from a hole in the hillside, and recognised the cavemen crouched within as braves of the right Battery. The mess and my own burrow were not far away. A square patch of lamplight shining from what looked like a rubbish heap led me aright ; three or four steps down into the ground and I found myself exchanging Christmas greetings with two cheerful troglodytes, my comrades, and contemplating the substantial remains of a turkey ! The picture was framed in an oblong cavern about 7 feet by 12 feet, the walls being rough earth and sandbags, the ceiling corrugated iron draped with oat sacks. Rats occasionally squealed in their billets overlooking the table, doubtless scenting the feast, and hoping we should be called away for a moment. I confessed to one Christmas dinner already, but the excuse was laughed at, and we all went into action together. W. K. H.

Piet.

HIS full name is Marcelle Pietoiset, but in the regiment he has never been called anything except Piet. When war broke out he was, I believe, doing useful work in the Bon Marché, Paris. But within twenty-four hours he had turned his back on ribbons, and become a *soldat de 65^{me} regiment d'infanterie*. Fortune of war, and the discovery that he had spent six years in a drapery establishment near Piccadilly, led to his being attached to us for duty as interpreter some months later. At first we rather scoffed : had we not two officers who were each certified to speak French like a native ? Piet would be useful when our mess sergeant went to forage for eggs, and could fill up his spare time explaining (if possible) the jests of "*La Vie Parisienne*" to young subalterns ; but for the stern business of war we fancied we could manage nicely ourselves, thanks.

Alas ! we soon found that it was one thing to talk French to



A. Drysdale

AT THE COPPER MINES

a polite shopkeeper anxious to do business, and quite another matter to make the slightest progress with, say, a farmer whose barns we wished to commandeer as billets. That was where Piet scored every time. For though the peasant, by assuming an expression of extreme woodenness, could always make our quite passable French sound like Chinese, he was "up against it" as soon as Piet opened fire. France lost a good diplomat when our interpreter went into the drapery trade. He would dangle before Madame a glowing picture of the quantities of butter and eggs we would buy, and tell Monsieur tales of our capacity for beer. Unfortunately, Monsieur had already had troops billeted on him. These, he alleged, used a barn door for fuel, and his daily collection of eggs had dropped mysteriously from twenty to five. Piet was not the least non-plussed. The previous regiment must have been *les anglais, notre régiment* (I liked that "notre"), he explained blandly, were quite different. In spite of their semi-barbarous dress, butter would not melt in the mouths of *les Écossais*.

When, in course of time, we settled down in a village near the firing line, Piet's chief occupation seemed to be gone. Once a day he brought a bunch of "Laissez-passer" slips for signature; otherwise he appeared to be a gentleman of leisure. Only when he went off on leave did we discover how much Piet was doing in his quiet way to make life run smoothly. All the householders in the place developed grievances simultaneously. White stones which we dug out of a rubbish heap, and used to ornament the path to headquarters, were alleged to be family heirlooms of great value; a cowshed, which must have been built about the time of Waterloo, collapsed one night, and the proprietor promptly presented a bill for 140 francs. A "dixie" on one of our travelling kitchens boiled over and set fire to some straw. Our cook gave evidence that only twenty-four bundles were damaged; the owner of the straw was equally positive the number should be eighty. Immediately he returned, Piet settled the dispute on the lines of Solomon, by splitting the difference. Indeed, it is in dealing with claims that Piet shows his ability. He is always conciliatory—that is probably the result of his years behind a counter—and somehow he manages to give every claimant the impression that the very best is being done for him. If the claim is reasonable, that is really the case. But painful though the admission may be, it is nevertheless true that many ignorant peasants look upon the war as a blessing in disguise, and they are out "to make a bit." (Such conduct is, of course, quite unknown at home.) But Piet's method of dealing with extravagant claims is simple and effective. For example, take the following letter which was handed in recently:—"Degat d'un

pommier coupé, et élevé par les anglais d'une valeur de 25 francs." He accepted at once the proprietor's statement that this apple tree was the finest in his orchard, and did not dispute that so many baskets of fruit came from it each season; but he explained that, if the claim for 25 francs was insisted on, it would have to go to the Colonel, who would pass it to the General; from him it would go to the British Government, then to the French Government; some time in the distant future—après la guerre—an official would come round and pay 5 francs—perhaps! Would it not be better to take 10 francs now? And, knowing that 10 francs is full value, the owner of the tree settles on the spot like a sensible man. All claims cannot be dealt with like that, however. One day we were billeted at a house into which, shortly before, a shell had dropped. What had once been the drawing-room was filled with splinters of furniture, and in an appalling mess. When we arrived we lit a fire in the next room, and thought we were doing the old lady of the house a good turn by burning up some of the debris. To our dismay she seemed fearfully upset, and immediately brought us a pile of orthodox firewood. Piet was called in, and soon explained to us that the room was being kept (or is the correct word "salted"?) for the inspection of some Claims Commissioner.

I should like to have been present when that official arrived, but unfortunately we have moved on, and the result of his visit remains a mystery to us.

Only in one respect does Piet show up badly. He is no horseman. A steed is provided for him in our establishment, and once, in a reckless moment, Piet allowed himself to be hoisted into the saddle. What happened during the experiment has never been divulged, but the horse returned to the transport lines ten minutes before Piet, who is now more than ever convinced that a bicycle suits him best. If, après la guerre, when you are buying ribbons in Paris, you happen to be served by a little man with a scar over his left eyebrow, I hope you will be very considerate to him.

A. S., JUN.

Homeward Bound.

(Continued.)

THEY started of course with the luggage. This, the most anxiously cared for possession of a traveller, also possesses subtle charms for the Customs House official, and he is drawn towards it as a cat to a drop of lavender water. Whether my luggage had any particular attraction, or whether it was zeal in discharge of duty that prompted

them, I know not, but these officials at the different stations analysed it, and this inspection was the most "desperate ragging" of the whole series. Not an article remained untouched, and the state of disorderliness may be imagined after this third investigation had satisfied their curiosity. It taught me a lesson though: my next travelling trunk will be a shallow one, so that things cannot be upset greatly. However, they missed a small handbag; it escaped detection at the first station, and this prompted me to try and get it through to England unnoticed—not that there were bombs or brochures inside—and I managed it past seven houses. Perhaps it was the look of it that allayed any suspicion, for it was a rather battered birch-bark structure, native Russian work. The next move was to an adjoining room, and our appearance there set a monocled individual into activity, resulting in the waste of a bottle of ink in recording in a very thick book every little particular anent the traveller, going so far even as the exact place of one's birth! Also he advised us not to delay our stay in the country, and at the bottom of the page we solemnly signed the pledge. From here one by one we were ushered into a third room; this was the medical room, and again notes were jotted down by a Red Cross nurse. A few casual questions by the doctor as regards my health were suddenly followed by: "Are you going to enlist?" Just a moment I stared at him, flabbergasted, then there flashed across my mind the warning given me at Petrograd, that no recruit is to travel as such through a neutral country, so I replied evasively to the effect that I intended to go to college, which, as a matter of fact, I do—after the war. I do not know whether the doctor believed me or not, but he looked dubiously at me before I was allowed to pass out. All the other passengers were similarly cross-examined by him in a subtle way, though he looked innocent enough, giving one the impression of a very studious savant; but an armed sentry outside the door somehow belied the hygienic purpose of this procedure. One of the travellers did fall into a trap, and to his intense disgust was not allowed to proceed further.

The station of Karungi lay about half a mile further on. Driving up to the place we were first struck by a huge white board, on which was traced in black: "*Deutsche Kaiserliche Consulat.*" A smaller signboard at the door invited travellers to change their money here, but we certainly avoided this "*gescheft.*" As our train did not leave until evening, we instinctively turned in the direction of a restaurant, and it was not long before our eyes were gladdened with the sight of the "Central Hotel." The repast spread inside gladdened us still more; there was everything from sandwiches to dessert, and as there were no waiters, every one helped himself,

to his heart's content. Each individual was charged the same price, and this led to a little amusing incident: one of our company, in whose veins flowed certain blood, sat at a table opposite ours, and after finishing a course up to the last scrap, was preparing to depart. So we told him of the manner of charging here; for a second there was a look of incredulity on his face, then, in a tone that denoted business: "Well, I will have my money's worth!" Therewith he proceeded to business, and did full justice to the meal, and I believe it lasted him till breakfast time next morning. We still had several hours to spare, so the next thing to do was to look round the place. Karungi is a mushroom town, risen to importance since the outbreak of the war. It consists, rather consisted then, of about two score wooden shanties, several two-storied houses, with more in the course of construction, all of wood and corrugated iron. The stalls were gaudily decorated, inside and outside, with advertisement placards; cafés dotted the place, with one or two saloons in between, and of course there was a cinema. This most necessary institution in any agglomeration of houses was sheltered inside a marquee, planks supplying the floor, but underneath that there was water, and it spurted up through the cracks as one trod on the boards. Damp? I never felt so damp and shivery before; nevertheless, the proprietor did not forget to charge for the doubtful pleasure of an hour's performance. The streets, if they could be called such, were in a state resembling a quagmire, the melting snow running in all directions, forming huge pools; and soaking feet, added to the discomfort of a damp cinema, made us glad to get into the warm carriages.

Shortly before we left, a party of six German Red Cross nurses and a doctor appeared from somewhere; soon it leaked out that they had been taken prisoners in Eastern Prussia, during one of the Russian advances there, but were released, and were now returning to Germany. The particular person referred to in the hotel incident above soon got into an animated conversation with the doctor, not because of any German tendencies on his part, but because he knew German well, having come from Riga. The doctor had nothing to complain of in their treatment at the hands of the Russians; then we tried to get the nurses' opinions on the subject, but the little bald-headed doctor jealously guarded them, and made them keep to their coupé. He kept continually glancing up and down the corridor, and during halts at the station he shepherded them in and out of the buffet, for this line has no restaurant cars somehow. Once he even shouted angrily at one of the younger sisters when she heeded not his command to go away from the window. "So this is Prussianism!" I thought to myself; its iron discipline, in its

blindness, percolated so far even as to affect the conduct of a gentleman towards a lady, even if she is his subordinate! The girl gave him a reproachful glance, but obeyed, and I do not think the German women are so keen on "strafing," for several of these nurses smiled quite pleasantly at us, although they knew we were British. Next morning found us running southwards among the eastern foothills of the Scandinavian mountains. It was all hills clad with firs and over all lay the snow, and there was very little sign of habitation. But towards evening the snow had almost entirely disappeared, and the further south we went the warmer it became, while farms appeared more and more frequent as we gradually descended into the plain. During the first day the only breaks in the panorama of hill and fir were the bridges; they were strongly guarded and surrounded by wire entanglements, pits, and in several cases by abattis. At one of the stations we spoke to a couple of Swedish officers, who were doing duty over a bridge in the neighbourhood. They were reserve officers and complained bitterly of the war, for their army was mobilised, or partly so, and it cost the Government a pretty penny, they said. The only benefit derived from it was the increased railway traffic, and we met any amount of goods trains running northwards to Karungi and Russia. As almost every one in Scandinavia speaks German or English, mostly the latter, I had talks with several people. The opinions are divided, but the Allies seem to have the predominance in favour. All spoke about the German propaganda among the neutrals and its total lack on the part of the Allies—a great mistake, one gentleman admitted. All were unanimous about one thing, and that was that they were not going to participate in the war, although Germany tried hard to drag them in. As regards the propaganda there was no mistaking, even by one example, where the trend lay: the book-stalls had about a dozen German newspapers to one French and one Russian; an English paper there was none at all. I bought several German ones; quite small and as regards the war news containing only the official *communiqués* of the belligerents; not another war news telegram or letter, even from their own correspondents.

Nearly half the paper was allotted to various advertisements, and particular attention was attracted by those in which foodstuffs were offered "at a cheaper price than anywhere else." However, the prices were higher than those on the contemporary British market, and the firms' turnover must have been large, although who had the profit is another question! The remaining pages contained divergent articles dealing with war, and war only, but

containing no important news. France and Russia were given but scant attention ; the prevailing note was : " Gott strafe England ! " and this expression seemed to be the moving factor of all their thoughts and actions. There were also two or three extracts from British papers of the "grousing" type, dealing with the economical and financial state of this country ; to finish up with, some professor expounded at length how the strike on the Clyde—an invented one—and the martial law proclaimed there—also a bluff—showed our demoralised state and our degeneracy. Of the other enemy belligerents there was not a word. Late in the afternoon of the following day we arrived at Charlottenberg, the frontier station of Sweden. Beyond lay Norway and the sea, and both had to be crossed before we arrived at our destination. We prepared for further ragging, but were pleasantly surprised ; only one official, the Swedish, came into the carriage, and he merely had a look at one parcel per passenger, without dragging anything out. The only other formality was that a small printed form had to be filled in with nine or ten stereotyped answers. After the train started the Norwegian official came along, but his visit was more a matter of formality than anything else, for he only issued, and then collected again, after they had been filled in, almost identical forms. The same evening we changed at Christiania into sleeping cars and moved off amid a rising snow storm. F. A. A. (F.P.)

(To be continued.)

"Back to Dollar."

O DOLLAR, dear auld Dollar,
We've daundered back again,
To see aince mair the burnside,
An' saunter thro' the glen.

Tae wander roon by Vicars Brig,
An' doon by Muckart Mill,
Then roond aboot by Cowden,
And ower by auld Gloomhill.

And on the tap o' that auld hill
Tae lie and hae a crack,
About the frien's we kent langsyne
Wha never wull come back.

We see the smoke frae Hillfit house
Jist curlin' thro' the trees,
The bleat o' lambs frae Dollar Hill
Comes gently on the breeze.

The dogs bark frae the Brewlands,
But all besides is still,
As we lie dreamin' o' the past,
On the tap o' auld Gloomhill.

We see the auld kirk steeple
In the sun's departing rays,
An' the craws are fleeing hameward
Across the Sheardale braes.

The reaper's sound is hushed,
The swinked horses noo are hame,
An' doon the banks the golfer comes,
Braced by his care-killing game.

Awa in the West the sun gangs doon
Ower the busy haunts o' men,
An' alang the back road we linger awae,
Tae think and tae dream again.

Up rises soon the braw hairst moon,
An' glints amang the trees,
An' the beech leaves gently shiver
In the calm night's soothing breeze.

An' hameward noo our steps we turn
Frae the charms o' hill an' glen,
With a vow to holiday in auld Dollar
When simmer comes roon' again.

J. S. W. (F.P.)

Inside "Our Chateau."

IF you were to visit this mess on a fine sunny day you would probably, for the time, forget all about the war. Having attained the front door by a wide, leisurely flight of steps, you would be admitted into an entrance hall that would charm you; the sun, shining through the glass panels on to the stone floor, reproduces them there in a sort of golden parquetry, and illuminates with the glow of youth the little stone Cupid who, all the year round, holds aloft a *cornucopia* of artificial roses. A few steps more would bring you into the mess room, and you would call us lucky dogs, for the room—the Vicomte's dining-room in times of peace—is large and lofty, with a big window looking south at the sun, and another looking north at the forest, and, under these ideal conditions, it fills with daylight in a particularly charming way. You might find a plate of ration biscuits, a wedge of cheese, probably a bottle of beer,

and just possibly the remains of a cake from home, awaiting our hungry return from a three hours parade. These simple comestibles, carelessly deposited in the neighbourhood of a big blue-and-white vase filled with holly and mistletoe, constitute a little still-life picture singularly attractive at the right time of day. Your eyes would naturally wander next towards the fireplace, and you would be delighted with its generous dimensions, and picture the magnificence and comfort of its crackling wood fires when the chilly nights came. . . . But visit us again on a night of aching frost and whooping wind, share our dinner, and then take a book like the rest of us and do your share to form the close circle round the fire. On nights like this the chateau is alive with windy voices; low, melancholy moans, hungry whoops, agonising shrieks, and bitter whistles. The noble owner (his name being difficult of pronunciation, we refer to him as "old Account Rendered," for some reason) must have stored away all his curtains and hangings when he went off to the war, and now the jealous winter wind attacks us in thin, pitiless draughts from each of the four doors and the two big windows that give the place its daytime airiness—*airiness*! If you are lucky enough to seize a seat right in front of the fire you are fairly well off, but if you are a right or left flanker you sit freezing in an insidious gale. It is vain to put on all your clothes, superimposing your British warm upon a triple armour of "under-fugs" and leather waistcoats; the pitiless breeze, with all the ferocity of a mountain gale and all the shrewd familiarity of an ordinary domestic draught, chills your extremities, and the ears that project above the parapet of your upturned coat-collar tremble and redden and paralyse. If you wish to write a letter, and retire to the table beyond the barrier of chair-backs and broad shoulders, it is practically undertaking an arctic expedition. The draughts have you at their mercy, the crackle and glow of the fire means no more to you the other side the room than the leaping colours of the aurora borealis mean to the wretch freezing on the polar snow. No wonder we go to bed early! . . . Going to bed is itself an undertaking for brave men. The wind wails through a broken pane, and all manner of malevolent airs sweep whining along the passages, shaking doors and buffeting candles. . . . Yet we are thrice fortunate, and realise it when we think of what our next billet may be like. . . . W. K. H.

Reminiscences of Dollar a Hundred Years Ago.

THE following reminiscences were written by a Dollar lady of threescore years and ten, over forty years ago, and as she was more or less conversant with and an eye-witness to most of the scenes and incidents so quaintly and humorously depicted, her story will doubtless prove of considerable interest to many people still living in Dollar. The references to the working of the copper mines near the source of Dollar Burn, the state of Dollar society in these far-back times, and the squabbings between Dr Andrew Mylne and the parishioners anent John M'Nab's trust funds are written in a piquant, spicy style. Then it may come as a surprise to most Dollar people that the bickerings between Dr Mylne and the parishioners were the primary cause which led to the founding of the Original Secession Church, which was latterly converted into Mayfield Place:—

“At the beginning of the nineteenth century Dollar was a nice little clean village, and its inhabitants were industrious, contented, and happy. The town is now much larger, but, all round, it looked as well then as it does just now. At that time a company of miners came from England to open up and work the copper mines in the Dollar hills. All of them brought large families with them, and they were all under the leadership of John Robinson, a big built, burly looking Englishman. John died shortly after coming to this country, and one of his daughters—Moll—commenced to run the post, and walked from Dollar to Alloa twice a week, and brought heavy loads of parcels, besides letters and newspapers, but not many of them came then, for they charged so much for carriage. Auld Robbie Leslie then lived in Dollar, and was a carrier between Dollar and Edinburgh, but Moll often brought as much on her back as Robbie had in his cart. On his homeward journey he commenced cadging, for, he said, without it neither man nor beast would be paid, so he brought lots of eggs and poultry.

“In the Upper and Lower Mains there were five rich braw lairds, and they had only one paper every week among all the five. The person who commenced it got it from Saturday till Monday, and the others one day each, and the Friday reader kept it till the New Year Meeting, when they had always a big jollification, for they lived a social, merry life, these lairds. Although rich, they were poor scholars; some of them were not able to read the newspapers; they used to ask one of their number about an advertisement, and he would say—‘I never begin at that side, I just begin at the news.’ This laird wore fine large silver buckles on his shoes, and small ones of the same kind at the knee, also a pretty cane with a green tassel through a bone eye. They associated with a class who were clever and very well informed, and able to play tricks, and did play many on the lairds. They were the upper class of respectable tradesmen, and their meetings and carousals were funny and very droll. Among them were a Provost, a Bailie, a Knight, and a Bonaparte.

“At this time bright prospects appeared for Dollar; the French War had got settled, and John M'Nab's legacy had come home. The Academy began with a number of first-rate teachers, and a free library, and many wealthy

families came to reside in the neighbourhood. The old parishioners had many warm bickerings among themselves about the management of M'Nab's legacy, and sometimes tried to molest the minister, but he did not care for them; he took things his own way and carried everything with a high hand. In all his time he just once gave them one chance to say what they thought, just once. One Sabbath, at the close of the sermon, he said—'There will be a meeting here, in the Parish Church, to-morrow at twelve o'clock, for the purpose of hearing the opinion for or against the management of M'Nab's trust fund.' At five minutes to twelve o'clock the bell began to ring, but hardly had it rung three tingles, when the whole portion of the low kirk was filled. Exactly at twelve o'clock the minister came in, and on stepping into the pulpit he looked quite amazed. He said he was very much surprised to see such a large meeting after such a short notice, but when people had ends of their own to serve it was wonderful what they would do. On looking around he could see many faces that he had not seen in a church door for the last five or six years; so many of them held down their heads, and sat with very red faces. Then he went on to say, 'This is a very bad thing indeed; it is the worst feature of mankind, the very worst, to lay aside the Sabbath. When we forget our Sabbaths we become barbarous savages. Nothing shows more plainly the want of principle and honour. Now people should remember that we who have had many days and rejoice in them all, should remember that the days of darkness will come, and that they may be many. This meeting was called for the purpose of hearing opinions regarding the trust funds, but as no complaints have been made I pronounce the meeting closed;' then taking his hat walked away, and every one sat motionless, for they saw they were smartly outdone. They were all prepared for a lengthened sitting, and had a person to speak in their behalf, and a lawyer to write down notes, but they saw they had no chance either to ask or answer questions, so all the red-faced gentry rose and fled. They all met next day to see what was the best thing they could do to bother the minister. The first speaker said—'Skale the kirk!' A French gentleman who was there asked what was their motive for skaling the kirk, but nobody knew French, so no answer was given. Then he said to a person—'Are you Bonaparte?' 'Yes, I am, sir.' 'You don't mean to say that you are the real Napoleon?' 'I am the real Dollar Napoleon. I am Bonaparte.' The Frenchman, De Joux, then slipped a gold coin into Bonaparte's hand, and then left the meeting. In the evening they all went to the Cross Keys Inn to break the coin and drink De Joux's health. And in a few days they got a tent made, and set it up in the kirk style haugh, just a little bit south from where the Clydesdale Bank now stands. Then they got two great hands down from Edinburgh to preach on the Sunday, and they had large meetings, very large meetings, and besides the tent they had a big hay-loft from the Campbell Inn people, and although it was indeed a queer like place to preach in, yet it was crowded every evening, so as one could hardly find room to stand. At that time there were few dissenters in Dollar, only four families in the whole parish, and two went to Muckhart every day, and two to Tillicoultry, and the wettest day, or the cauldest wind that blew, those decent folks walked six

miles so as they might worship in their own place. But although the tent meetings increased the Bonaparte sect grew and spoke of getting a house of their own, and to have it placed as near to the manse as possible; so they got it placed a little bit west from the kirk, and got a minister of their own, but he had a small congregation, very, very small. And his precentor, a decent auld body, used to sing the run line and drone out the notes to an awful length. Janet Morrison said, 'Our precentor helps the minister weel, for it takes him as long to sing the psalms as it does the minister to get through his sermon.'

"At that time it was no easy matter to live in Dollar although you wished to live in peace, but we now live in better times. Dollar has improved, and we are all improved too, and, although we are not up to the mark of loving our neighbour as ourselves, we know that at last our failings and frailties will be very kindly dealt with."

L. (F.P.).

A Devoted Village.

THIS is not one of those villages represented now by a mere desolation of scattered bricks and shell craters. There is a great deal of it left standing, enough to afford shelter more or less precarious to quite a lot of troops. But it is a village where life is never really dull; existence within its threatened walls is quickened by the uncertainty of what will happen next, for it is within easy range of the Hun artillery. The state of the streets would be disgraceful in the smallest borough; after a wet day they are a-swim with liquid mud, and at the best of times you are certain to step ankle deep into the mire if you walk about in the dark. Many of the houses are practically intact, though few are free from surface blemishes where bullets have struck; but others are represented only by the first layer of bricks and odd heaps of building material. It does not do to blame the Boche for all the demolition that has taken place; the British soldier, in his hunt for fuel, will denude his only shelter of every scrap of wood in its construction, until perhaps the roof balances on one solitary wooden prop. Then he leaves—somebody leans against the building—and another home is ruined. On a bright morning just at sunrise perhaps this village looks most desolate; its ghastly untidiness, and the profusion of its mud, are a scandal to the dawn. And the people you meet in the still, peaceful street are not the appropriate passengers for a village street before breakfast. They are muddy figures that no one a generation ago would have taken for soldiers; figures clad in leather jerkins and gum-boots to the thigh, with shapeless cloth caps on their heads, and they carry rifles muffled entirely in rags, or at least protected about their vitals—a sock over the muzzle and another round the breech;

and they are, for the most part, bespattered to the hair. Or you may encounter a string of fellows in pairs carrying a big dixie of tea between them—breakfast on its way to the trenches. For the trenches begin in the street. Imagine a high barricade across Academy Street, preventing your going to school if you wanted to, and to divert your journey a deep-sunk gash at the roadside, such as yawns when gas-mains are being repaired, with a few steps to enable you to descend into it. There you have a suggestion of the way in which this village communicates with the queer, underground, wide-spread suburb of the neighbouring trenches. Daylight reveals too much, showing too clearly the battered houses and brick-strewn, wasted gardens, windows muffled or bricked up, doors barricaded with sandbags. At dusk this village comes to its own. Its streets are unlighted, save for the momentary flash of an electric torch. You can hear talk and merriment behind the flimsy walls in houses and barns that look too emaciated to survive a gale of wind, but every light is cut off that might shine towards the Huns. The malevolent existence of the Huns is manifested in various ways as far as the village is concerned. By day, now and then, its frail buildings tremble to the explosion of big shells, and anyone who happens to be near their landing place flings himself face downwards in the mire, regardless of dignity or clothes. But when evening falls there are visitors more eerie, though less formidable. Your steps down the pitch-black street are hastened a little (not much, of course) by the singing whine of frequent stray rifle or machine gun bullets that find their billet with a smack against a brick wall or a “plop” into sandbags. A subaltern was shaving one evening in one of those gimcrack habitations. A bullet came through the wall, knocked his candle and mirror off the mantelpiece, but did nothing worse. It is wonderful that most of them go to rest so harmlessly; but there are exceptions to the rule. Occasionally a convoy or two of whizz-bangs send the population of a particular street scurrying for cover. You hear a distant sound like four thumps on a drum, forgotten at once in a whistling whizz that is cut short by four furious bangs, and so it goes on till the Boche is tired, or has used up his week's allowance of ammunition. A whizz-bang shell is paltry compared with some of his big brothers, but he has a waspish quality in his pace and sound, and if he happens to burst in your back garden, amongst the apple trees, and fill your mess room with smoke and stink, you have to admit that he is worth consideration. . . . The village is certainly in the movement, the men you meet are straight from the trenches, or immediately going thither; they leave you at your coffee to go and fix barbed wire within fifty yards of the Hun trenches, to take up their abode in wet, rat-ridden,

gloomy earths ; to labour along great furrows filled with slough, where men sometimes stick and resist the efforts of all salvage parties for hours, to risk sudden death in a number of ingenious forms—and to do their conscientious best to inflict it. Sometimes, however, after dinner they have time for a rat hunt. Rat hunting is the sport of the army in France, when the pursuit of the Boche must be relaxed for a spell. This village swarms with the beasts ; they run from the light of your electric torch anywhere you flash it, and they are not little, skinny, furtive ones, but big, fat, and furry. Running across a backyard one evening I cannoned into a thumping rat bolting in the opposite direction. Luckily I was the heavier animal—though perhaps not by much—and the unfortunate and doubtless astonished rodent was hurled by the shock of the collision several yards through the air. I heard him splash into a puddle in the darkness, and dashed into the mess before he could get out and seek for reprisals.

Comedy and tragedy stroll—metaphorically speaking—up and down its boulevards arm-in-arm. There was a very fair and very cheerful dinner in one mess on the night of Christmas Day—and the same night the sentry at the very door was struck dead by one of those whining invisible little murderers that fly so plentifully. Men narrowly save their lives by flattening themselves in the mud, hidden by the smoke and flying debris of a bursting shell, and are heartily chaffed immediately afterwards by comrades who, watching, held their breath, knowing what they might behold when the air cleared. It's not a bad village in which to spend a few days, with all its disadvantages ; it is at least a village with a soul. W. K. H.

A Layman's Opinion.

THE scene is the smoking-room and study of an old country solicitor. There are a number of calf-bound volumes distributed about the room on shelves and tables. The furniture of the room is of very old black oak, and the steel engravings and etchings covering the walls—reproductions of pictures by the Rev. Hugh Thomson, portraits of famous old hanging judges, &c.—are in faultless taste. On the carpet, near an escritoire, there lies an open brief bag, a number of process papers and drafts being scattered broadcast about this portentous receptacle.

The characters are the solicitor, an old gentleman, clean shaven and very dry and concise in his speech, and his son, a young divinity student, with a somewhat weak cast of countenance. The solicitor stands before the fireplace, stooping slightly, with his hands

behind his back. The son is sitting in a large chair, his feet tucked away underneath, and his chin upon his breast.

The time is Sunday afternoon of a warm, drowsy day.

Solicitor. "And so you broke the ice and preached your first sermon this morning, did you? I was interested in that sermon. It wasn't worth the guinea which I suppose you'll be paid for it. A lawyer's clerk must do a great deal more than you have done, and know a great deal more than you seem to know, before he earns as much. It's a pity I didn't give you a taste of my office before sending you into the Church. It would have drilled a little common sense into you, and that's worth a considerable amount of Greek, though the two should make a pretty strong combination under a man who knows how to bring them together. If you don't mind I'll just glance over your next sermon before you undertake to deliver it, for I have no mind to be made a fool of in this way again. You intended to set the Thames on fire, and made a laughing-stock of yourself instead. Why, man, what on earth ever induced you to essay a criticism of Marie Correlli from the pulpit? Even had it been an able attempt, which it was not, it was lamentably out of place. For who, among such a cultivated lot of people as you addressed this morning, do you think, takes Marie Correlli's books seriously? Only the chambermaid is deluded by this class of book into the belief that she's studying deep theology—because she reads very little else. Others can very easily detect the shallowness of it all, and must of necessity be surprised to see a minister of the Church who treats it otherwise than as trifling."

Son. "But it has an influence."

Solicitor. "Of course it has an influence. Everything has. But your influence, if not so wide, should be stronger so far as it reaches. And where *your* influence ceases, another man's begins. I suppose you never thought of that. Well, the next time you want to criticise a book, take my advice and try your hand upon Herbert Spencer, or someone of such heavy metal, and don't bother your mind over trifles. People hear more than is pleasant about such vanities without the pale, and don't care to have them dragged across the threshold of the Church.

"Another thing of which I would remind you is of still greater importance. There, on the floor, is a light magazine which you yourself brought home. I glanced at it, and marked a particular passage in pencil, which you might read out to me. You will find it in an article of Lucy's, which is the only article worth reading, and the only one which, I presume, you have not looked at. What does it say?"

Son (reading). "'In Parliament all members stand on a footing of equality, but there is an instinctive disinclination to see a young man poking fun at his elders.'"

Solicitor. "It will be well for you to consider that very carefully. For your elders, and, in many cases, your betters, have an 'instinctive disinclination' to see a young man sneering in the pulpit, and employing a tawdry sarcasm which cannot be justified, even in a law court. Any fool can be sarcastic. It is a bad habit which is easily acquired, but which, once acquired, will stick to you like the old man of the sea, and make you enemies wherever you go. Besides, do you not think it cowardly to jibe at a concourse of people whom the law prevents from answering you? People do not go to the church in order that they may be laughed at, and whipped with the wit of any youngster who is blinded by his own smartness, and has left his manners in the vestry along with his hat."

Son. "Still, you know, ridicule is a power for good."

Solicitor. "Ridicule should only be resorted to when every other method has failed. Between a minister and his congregation, as between people who must live together, there should exist the germs, at least, of a perfect understanding—a thing which you cannot expect where there is not a certain amount of mutual consideration. And mark this—only folly, affectation, and so on are to be eradicated by ridicule. Hence your comedies of manners. But did you ever see a drunkard reclaimed by ridicule? He knows that his weakness, like every other vice, is not to be lightly dealt with. You must respect the resources of the enemy, or he'll get in upon you, and the starry firmament on high will look tame compared with the view you'll have. Port Arthur, you know, is not to be taken by popguns."

Son. "The Japs ——"

Solicitor. "Pardon me, we are at present discussing your sermon; and before leaving the subject I should like to say a few words about your delivery. To write a sermon, or an after-dinner speech, and to deliver either, are two very distinct things. If you indulge your fancy in flights of oratory when writing your sermon, you pay the cost of your excesses when a sea of critical faces is turned in your direction. In your study you assume the mantle of Edmund Burke. In the pulpit you wake up to the cruel truth that your black surplice differs in many respects from that mantle, and that you are not Edmund Burke after all, but a very ordinary fellow who has made a mistake, and bitten off more than he can chew. I noticed this morning that you had some passages in your discourse which would have made excellent reading. But as you lacked courage to deliver them with the ring of inspired oratory, and simply uttered them in commonplace tones, to the damning accompaniment of a very sickly and self-conscious smile—why, they fell very flat; very flat indeed. As I looked at you I could not help remarking upon your resemblance to the domestic animal in the lion's skin."

Son. "You are now employing ridicule."

Solicitor. "I am dealing with the ridiculous."

Son. "Then, father, you might do worse than gild the philosophic pill."

Solicitor. "If you are looking for that, there is no more to be said. Silence is the only alleged golden thing which anyone may indulge in. I wonder if there are any trout rising in the river. Shall we take a stroll that way?"

J. D. WESTWOOD.

Notes from Near and Far.

FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB.—In our last number we were able to give at length the entertaining and instructive paper on "Flies," with which the President, Dr Strachan, opened the session of the Field Naturalists' Club. Of other papers with which members have been favoured, the most important were "Through the Scot Land in Norway," by the Rev. J. Beveridge, B.D., of Fossoway, and "The Indian Jungle," by Mr Arthur Strachan. Mr Beveridge's subject gave him an opportunity of citing some historical facts which showed that Scotland and the Scandinavian countries were frequently in close touch with one another from the earliest times down to the seventeenth century. He showed that the attacks of the Vikings on Scotland in early times were advantageous to our country, as it led our forefathers to build ships in self-defence, and thus helped to lay the foundations of our navy, which is so untiringly and so vigilantly safe-guarding our homes to-day. The marriage, in the fifteenth century, of James III. with the Norwegian king's daughter, Margaret, "whose prudence and virtuous living endeared her to every class of her subjects," and of James VI. with Ann of Denmark, at that time united to Norway, drew closer the bonds between the two countries. And to-day so numerous are the Scotch settlers in Bergen, that part of the town is known as the "Scots Quarter."

Mr Beveridge was cordially thanked for his very able lecture.

Mr Strachan's lecture on "The Indian Jungle" was also a marked success, was highly appreciated, and drew forth much hearty commendation from the audience. The amount of information given showed that the lecturer had used his eyes to some purpose during his residence in the land of the "Wily Hindoo," and that the observant eye had been guided by keen, intelligent interest. The characteristic features of the three distinct types of jungle where he had been stationed, and his experience with some of their larger inhabitants, were pleasingly described. The personal element being kept in the background, the speaker, by appropriate word and



R. K. Holmes

THE MUCKART ROAD AT COWDEN

suggestive remark, with occasional quiet flashes of humour, carried his hearers in imagination through the varied occurrences with undiminished interest from first to last. There was a striking remarkable minuteness of detail, simply and clearly stated, running through all, whether it was an experience where the speaker was only an interested onlooker, as in the case of the capture of the "proscribed elephant," or where the situation called for patience, courage, and nerve, as in the case of the night vigil with a friend (one instance among others), which he called "his first introduction to the tiger at home in all the glory of his natural surroundings." There was also abundant evidence of familiarity with the habits of these and other animals of the jungle—all proving that the experiences were memories which neither absence nor distance had blotted out, while the recalling of them spoke plainly of the enthusiasm of the fearless student of nature and nature's ways.

* * * * *

DOLLAR ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of the season of the Dollar Association was held in the Athenæum Hall, on the evening of Monday, 24th January. It had been thought fit that, in the absence of Burns celebrations this year in the burgh, some endeavour might here be made to pay a passing tribute to the memory of our leading Scottish poet. The preparation of the programme was entrusted to Mr Allsopp, who succeeded in presenting one, at once varied and attractive. Mr Dougall occupied the chair, and in his introductory address gave a *résumé* of the "military side of the life and works of the poet, with contrasts and comparisons between his times and those in which we live." A fine selection of music was contributed by the Academy orchestra under Mr Allsopp, and some of Burns's most popular songs were finely rendered by Miss Dougall, Miss Webster, and Mr M'Gruther.

The second lecture of the season was given on Monday evening, 14th February, by Mr Dundas Craig, English Master, whose subject was "Memories of Spain." The lecture was illustrated by excellent lantern slides from photographs taken by the lecturer in his tour through the country.

The third lecture of the season was delivered on Monday evening, 28th February, by Mrs Armstrong (F.P.), the Manse, her subject being "Lord Nelson." The audience, which included a goodly number of the Academy pupils, was a large one—an unfailing encouragement to a speaker. With the aid of limelight views the lecturer, in a graceful manner, with ease and fluency of expression, sketched the career of the illustrious Admiral, dwelling on the victories which gained him the admiration of his contemporaries,

and made his name live in history as the saviour of his country in troublous times. The lecture, entertaining and instructive, was heartily enjoyed by all present.

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ASTRONOMY.—“Cape Astrographic Zones,” vol. ii.; “Cape Meridian Observations, 1905-8;” “Annals of the Cape Observatory,” vol. xii.

These several works were commenced under the direction of the late Sir David Gill, K.C.B. (F.P.), formerly H.M. Astronomer at the Cape. The catalogue of rectangular co-ordinates and diameters of star-images in the *first* volume and the results of meridian observations of stars in the *second* were completed under the supervision of Sir David's successor. The annals are an account of the heliometer observations of Jupiter's satellites made by Sir David Gill in 1891, his sudden illness and lamented death preventing him from completing his personal share in the work.

* * * * *

GOLF CLUB.—The Annual General Meeting of the Golf Club was held on the evening of Thursday, 20th January, when Mr J. M. Halley, Captain of the Club, presided over a fair attendance of members. The financial statement was not so favourable as that of former years, but it was considered satisfactory and was adopted. For the ensuing year the following office-bearers were appointed: Mr J. M. Halley, Captain; Dr Sime, Vice-Captain; Mr D. Macbeth, Secretary; and Mr J. M. Halley, Treasurer. The retiring members of Council, Messrs C. S. Dougall, J. B. Haig, and J. A. Gibson, were re-elected. The Match Secretary, Mr H. I. Muil, submitted his report, showing the following prize-winners: Merchants' Cup, Alexander Cowan; runner-up, W. J. Ogilvie Taylor; Captain's Prize, Moir Medal, and Dobie Medal all fell to Mr Ogilvie Taylor. Three matches were played during the year, and all were won by the Club.

* * * * *

WEDDING GIFT.—At the conclusion of the Town Council meeting on 10th January an interesting ceremony took place in the Council Room, when the members of the Town Council were joined by the members of the Parish Council, the object of the gathering being to present the Town Clerk, Mr A. M. J. Graham, with a beautiful, much-admired silver tray on the occasion of his wedding. The Provost, in making the presentation, said: “Gentlemen, I have the unique and happy privilege of asking you, in your name and my own, to offer our hearty congratulations to our good friend Mr Graham on the occasion of his approaching marriage. In the name of the Town Council and the Parish Council I have to ask him to accept this gift as a mark of our appreciation of his unfailing courtesy, kindness, and

helpfulness. I am sure we all hope that he and the lady he has asked to be his partner may enjoy a long life and also health, happiness, and prosperity. Mr Graham, I have now much pleasure in handing you, in this informal way, the gift we have chosen, which bears the following inscription: 'A wedding gift to A. M. J. Graham, Esq., from members of the Town and Parish Councils of Dollar, January 1916.'

Mr J. T. Munro, Chairman of the Parish Council, said: "Mrs Provost and gentlemen, I can't help saying in the name of the Parish Council, and certainly in my own name, how very heartily we appreciate all Mr Graham has done for us in the Parish Council. We knew his respected uncle for many years. He did very much for Dollar and for us, and Mr Graham gives promise of being a very consistent follower in his footsteps. I extend to Mr Graham our hearty congratulations on this auspicious event which is about to happen, and hope that he and his partner will be long spared to enjoy their wedded life."

Mr Graham, in reply, said: "Mrs Provost and gentlemen, in the first place, I would like to thank you, Provost, for the very kind words which you have just addressed to me and for your good wishes, which, needless to say, I hope will be amply fulfilled. I can assure you all that it has always given me the greatest pleasure to do what I could to help on the good work of the Town Council, and to a minor extent the Parish Council, with which I have not been so intimately connected, and I am sure that nothing will be lacking on my part to endeavour to discharge the duties to your entire satisfaction. It is a great pleasure to me to know that heretofore I have earned your confidence, and I trust that I shall in the future continue to earn it in even greater measure. I thank you, Mrs Provost and gentlemen, for your great goodness to me to-night."

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SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD (see vol. vii., p. 105).—Sir George Birdwood (F.P.), who spent thirty years of his long life at the India Office, and knows more of India than almost any other man living, has just celebrated the eighty-fourth anniversary of his birthday, and we have much pleasure in sending him hearty congratulations from his old School. His opinions on the war and the future recently given to a representative of the *London Observer* will, we feel sure, interest our readers. The interviewer suggested that to one of his great age the war must seem the end of the world he knew.

"No," he replied firmly, "the beginning of a new world and a better world, and I am humbly grateful that I am here to see it and its divine purpose."

"That is optimism, indeed!"

"Oh, I am pessimist enough on our own part in the war. The divine part in it—of 'God with us'—is what makes me the optimist I am over it—in its origins, its all-prevailing, all-saving opportunity, its current courses, and its obvious consummation.

"Let me explain, and at large. My own generation of Englishmen—that is, 'the Staying-at-home Englishmen'—sinned unpardonably in not being prepared for a war that became inevitable from the day—18th January 1871—the King of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor, through our allowing ourselves to be lulled into an insidious sense of security by the deceptive dreams of universal peace—an impossibility among unequally civilised races—incited, naturally enough, among ourselves by the prosperity, of the statistical type, our temporarily expedient policy of 'Free Trade' created for us, until it made neighbours, and possible rivals, as prosperous as ourselves."

Over-Worked Working Men.

"Again, we are to be condemned for permitting our 'teetotal' idealists to betray us into laying the blame of our shortage in the manufacture of munitions on our over-worked working men. I have known them, of all denominations and intimately, since I was a schoolboy at Plymouth, 1839-49, and a medical student at Edinburgh, 1849-54, where I became well acquainted with the celebrated iron foundries at Carron, Stirling.

"Later in life I visited the blast furnaces of Sheffield, and I say, as an experienced military surgeon, that no man ought to be employed on such works more than four working hours a day; those four working hours being made up of 'spells' of twenty minutes at the most, with intervals of ten minutes at the least—in addition to the midday dinner whole hour. To 'swink' these men harder is deliberately to doom them to drunkenness and death.

"Nothing was more grateful to me on my return from India in 1869-70 than the surprising improvement I found in the condition and habits of our working classes since 1854, and I have always attributed it to the ameliorating effects of 'Free Trade,' and the beneficent influences of Trade Unionism, of which as a Hinduised Englishman, who is by blood a Frenchman, and an Irishman, and a Dutchman—and 'double Dutch' at that!—I heartily, and indeed devoutly, approve, except in the item of 'picketing' non-strikers."

Never Speak Ill of the Enemy.

"The besetting sin in connection with the war most derogatory to our national dignity, and one that has also tended greatly to enfeeble the efficiency and influence of our diplomatic relations, particularly in the Balkan States, has been our childish abuse of the Prussian Royal Family, chiefly because of the Prussian methods of warfare practised by them. The provocations we have suffered justify us; but for us Wellington's golden rule was binding, under every insult and injury, 'never to speak ill of the enemy.' The sneer of the Kaiser at our 'contemptible little army' had already been



MAJOR HARRY GARDINER
D.S.O.



LIEUT. S.F. BUTCHART
MILITARY CROSS



SERG.T. J. LAWSON CAIRNS
D.C.M.



CAPT. JAMES M. SCOTT
D.S.O.

DISTINGUISHED FOR GALLANTRY AND DEVOTION

answered nearly fifty years ago by General Trochu in a work of his I read in Paris in 1869-70 on the armies of Europe. He gave up half the volume to the French army, and half to the armies of the rest of Europe, a few lines only being given to us: 'The English soldier is the most redoubtable in the world. Thank God there are so few of him!'

"The crime, the blunder, of the Germans has been the spirit of hatred in which they have carried out the methods of this war, and to their own assured destruction in the immediate present, and enduring disgrace throughout the future history of the civilised world.

"This is one of the secondary assurances of the final success of the Allies. Our primary assurance is the legality, justice, and righteousness of our cause, the ultimate and complete triumph of which has therefore been as clear as a 'divining crystal' from the very first moment of this most wicked war.

"It is not for a sequestered student, whose lifelong studies have been centred on India, to offer, for the consideration of others, any opinion on the present phase of the war and the likely date of its close.

"But I consider the Germans to be played out in Flanders and on the Rhine, and have said so over and over again from November 1914; and I say it again now, fearless of the fact that they are reported to be massing enormous reserves for another desperate 'offensive' early next spring. I believe that about next May it will become clear to all the world that the Germans in Flanders are 'smashed.'"

Peace Terms.

"We had better not talk about its terms until we have them on their knees," Sir George added. "Only we must be devoutly determined that once down we bind Satan for a thousand years. We may forgive the Germans. They have gone mad, after the manner of the sufferers of medieval Germany from those mysterious epidemics, panphobia, demonomania, and so on, described by Feuchtersleben and Hecker. But the dynasty of Hohenzollern can never be forgiven, and least of all by the Germans themselves. Let my last words be: 'Exsurgat Deus, et . . . sicut deficit fumus . . . sic pereant peccatores a facie Dei.'"

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HONOUR TO AN F.P.—We most heartily congratulate Mr William H. Raeburn on his election as President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom.

In his presidential address Mr Raeburn made some important statements regarding shipping problems, the high freights, the shortage of tonnage, questions of labour, and the future of British shipping. It seemed to him, he said, that even after the war was over freights would still be high. It would take some time before the Government could release all the vessels they had on charter, and, therefore, there would be no sudden accession to our supply of tonnage. They all knew that our merchant fleets would be greatly

depleted by the time peace came about ; but Germany had a large and efficient fleet of vessels in neutral ports, all of which would be free to leave these ports, as soon as the war is over. If victory rested with us, surely it would be suicidal to allow these vessels to pass to their present ownership. We must see to it, as far as lay in our power, that for every British and Allied ship sunk by the enemy, one enemy ship at least was taken. (Hear, hear! from us.) (See *Magazine*, vol. xi. p. 171.)

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WOMEN'S WORK PARTY.—The Women's War Work Party is still active. On Saturday, 26th February, the members arranged a "Café Chantant" in order to raise funds to purchase material for hospital garments for wounded soldiers. The entertainment, which was presided over by Colonel Archibald, Tillicoultry, proved most successful in every sense. Miss Isobel Ross gave illustrations of some favourite dances, which called forth hearty applause. Songs were rendered by Mrs Græme Thomson and Miss Gifford Moir, Alloa, Miss Ross, and by Drivers Milligan and Barrie of the R.F.A., who took the places of officers who had been "called away." The drawings amounted to £38. 16s.

Marriages.

COOPER—URE.—At St Andrew's Kirk, Madras, on 13th December, by the Rev. Neil Meldrum, M.A., assisted by the Rev. O. Brown, John Everitt Cooper, Wesleyan Minister, second son of Charles Cooper, Esq., J.P., and Mrs Cooper, Acacia House, Gainsborough, England, to Jean Murray Ure (F.P.), third daughter of the late Rev. J. N. Ure, of Kadiri, South India, and Mrs Ure, Glen Morag, Lina Street, Kirkcaldy.

ROBERTSON—RUNCIMAN.—At Holy Trinity Church, Karachi, on 29th December, John Alexander Robertson, Manager, Mercantile Bank of India, to Annabella, youngest daughter of James Runciman, Esq., J.P., Castleton, Aberdeenshire.

GRAHAM—STEEL.—At Dollar, on 15th January, by the Rev. A. Easton Spence, Anthony Murray John Graham, Solicitor, Town Clerk of Dollar, son of the late David Graham, farmer, Balruddrie and Little Raith, and of Mrs Graham, Clairmont, Markinch, to Susan Riach (F.P.), daughter of the late Robert Steel (F.P.), M.B., C.M., Glasgow, and of Mrs Steel, Devon Lodge, Dollar.



PRO PATRIA

Pro Patria.

1. DOUGLAS JAMIESON.—Private, 8th Light Horse, Australian Imperial Forces, son of Mrs Jamieson, formerly of Brooklyn, Dollar; left school 1908; killed in action at Lone Pine Trenches, 7th August 1915.

2. ADAM L. WARDLAW.—Despatch Rider, Lovat's Scouts, boarded with Mrs Lindsay, Birnie Cottage; left school 1908; died of pneumonia, 14th October 1915.

3. ROBERT G. SOMMERVILLE.—Lance-Corporal, 9th Highland Light Infantry, boarded with Mr Malcolm; left school 1904; killed in France, 19th July 1915.

4. ALBAN SHARP.—Private, 15th London Civil Service Rifles (Territorial Force), son of Mr Thomas M'Kie Sharp, Solicitor, London; left school 1908; boarded in Argyll House; killed in action near Festubert, 25th May 1915.

5. JOHN CARMICHAEL.—Son of Mr Carmichael, Smithfield, Alloa, came over with 1st Australian Contingent; wounded 24th April, died in Hospital in Alexandria, 2nd July 1915.

6. W. VAUGHAN SHAW.—Private, 8th Royal Scots, son of the late Mr John Shaw and Mrs Shaw, 7 Summerside Place, Leith; left school 1906; boarded with Mr Malcolm; killed in action, 18th December 1914.

7. JAMES BRAND.—Private, 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of the late Mr Robert Brand and Mrs Brand, Alloa; left school 1910; killed in action, 25th April 1915.

8. ROBERT C. C. CAMPBELL.—Captain, 3rd King's Own Scottish Borderers, son of Colonel Campbell, Hove, Sussex; left school 1903; killed in action in May 1915.

9. W. D. H. SCOTT.—Lance-Corporal, 4th Gordon Highlanders, son of Mrs Duncan Scott, formerly of Dollar; left school 1909; killed in action on 17th March 1915.

10. ROBERT D. CAIRNS.—Trooper, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, son of Mr Colin Cairns, Sunnyside, Alloa; left school 1911; died in Military Hospital, Alexandria, 8th November 1915.

11. FOSTER M. SIBOLD.—2nd Lieutenant, 10th Highland Light Infantry, son of Mr E. A. Sibold, Sandbank, Dollar; left school 1909; killed in action, 26th September 1915.

12. GEORGE P. WESTWATER.—Private, 1/4th Royal Scots, son of Mr Westwater, Kinross; left school 1912; killed in action, 28th June 1915.

Obituary.

INGLIS.—At Charing Cross, Dollar, on 4th January, David Inglis, poulterer, fifth son of the late David Inglis, Dollar.

FRASER.—At Westburn, Bridge Street, Dollar, on 12th January, Robert Macfarlane Fraser, Inspector of Poor, Registrar, &c., for the Parish.

FAICHNEY.—At the Old School House, Dollar, on the 14th January, John Faichney, coachman, in his 61st year, son of the late Louis Faichney, shoemaker.

DRYSDALE.—At Rathmore, Dollar, on the 23rd January, in her 90th year, Joan Lindsay, widow of Thomas Drysdale, of Dollar and Tillicoultry, and last surviving daughter of the late Captain William Lindsay, Clackmannan.

BEATTIE.—At Miniota, Manitoba, on 29th January, the Rev. Walter Beattie (F.P.), Moderator, Presbyterian Synod of Manitoba, only son of the late R. R. Beattie, Dollar.

STEWART.—In London, on 6th February, Ernest Crichton Stewart, younger son of Mrs Hinton Stewart.

M'DIARMID.—At No. 3 Charlotte Place, Dollar, on 7th February, Christina M'Ivor (F.P.), the beloved wife of John M'Diarmid, Chairman of the School Board.

MILLER.—At Ashburn, Dollar, on 7th February, John Miller, son of the late James Miller, of Wellwood, Bridge of Allan, aged 84.

HALL.—At Burnside House, Dollar, on 22nd February, Jane, eldest surviving daughter of the late William Hall, Dollar, aged 77.

Letters to the Editors.

BRITISH EAST AFRICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
THE CAMP,
POTCHEFSTROOM, TRANSVAAL, 2nd January 1916.

DEAR DR STRACHAN,—I expect you will wonder who is writing you from this part of the world. I noticed in the *Dollar Magazine* that you wanted the names of all F.P.'s who were on active service, so send mine in as I am now *en route* for British East Africa, being attached to the surgical side of the Base Hospital there.

I would like to have got home, but understand they won't take medicos over forty-five years at the Front, and in any case, after twenty-three years of South Africa, I am more hardened to heat than to cold. We have no idea where we will be placed, but hope it will be Nairobi, which is quite a nice town, with a good climate.

I am afraid there won't be many people in Dollar that remember me, but if you find any, give them my kindest regards, and all good wishes for 1916, and with same to yourself.—Very sincerely yours,

THOS. BLACKBURN, Captain, R.A.M.C.

DOLLAR INSTITUTION,
DOLLAR, 15th September 1915.

SCHOOL LIBRARY.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your note, which you handed to me to-day, accompanying Volume XXVI. of *Transactions of the Institute of Marine Engineers*, Session 1914-15, which Mr James Adamson, London, has been good enough to present to the Library.

I have, on behalf of the Governors, pleasure in conveying to you, the Governors' appreciation and thanks to Mr Adamson for continuing this series of books for the Library of his old School, and to you for your courtesy in being the medium in delivering the gift.—I am, yours faithfully,

THOS. J. YOUNG.

Dr STRACHAN, *Editor of "The Dollar Magazine,"*
NETHERBEY.

17 DEWEY PLACE,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK,
U.S.A., 9th February 1916.

DEAR MR MUCKERSIE,—I herewith enclose P.O.O. for 4s. 6d. being my subscription to the *Dollar Magazine* for 1916, and wish it greater success than ever.

Referring to Programme sent you in reference to building a Scotch Hospital—"The Caledonian Hospital" of the city of New York—I am proud to say that we managed to open it on 1st January 1916, and hope soon to extend it for the relief of suffering to all peoples.

It is really the first Scotch Hospital opened in America, while other nations have built them.

It has been done after hard work by the Scotch people themselves, and no doubt some endowments may now come in to help us along. Thanking you for noticing our Bazaar in last issue.—Yours respectfully,

GEORGE MILBURN.

4TH ROYAL BERKS. REGIMENT,
EPPING, 23rd July 1915.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose my subscription for the *Dollar Magazine*, and hope you will send it soon, as I always enjoy it immensely, though I am only a poor Saxon. My regiment has been abroad five months now, but unfortunately I was left behind with the reinforcements, and am still here, as the regiment has only lost one officer, R. W. Poulton, who, as you know, was the famous English three-quarter. He was one of the finest men I ever knew, and could be ill spared.

Mr N. Clayton, who was on the staff with me at Dollar, came

down to join my regiment, and is now serving as a private at the front. With best wishes for the continued success of the *Dollar Magazine*, I remain yours,

R. WHITTAKER, Capt.

DOLLAR INSTITUTION,
9th February 1916.

DEAR MR HOLMES,

"THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE."

I have received your letter, dated 5th inst., with accompanying Vol. IV. (year 1915) of this *Magazine* for the School Library. Please convey to your Committee the best thanks of the Governors for this continued favour to the Library. I have pleasure in placing this volume with the previous volumes in the Library.—I am, yours sincerely,

THOS. J. YOUNG.

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

School Notes.

To the Editors of the "Dollar Magazine."

DEAR SIRs,—As you are aware, a Christmas greeting from the Dollar Academy Club was sent to all those of our former pupils serving with H.M Forces whose addresses could be found. Upwards of 300 cards were thus sent. The present pupils also sent over 20,000 cigarettes to those former pupils who were serving abroad. So many letters have been received acknowledging the gifts that I am unable to reply to them all. Will you therefore allow me to use your columns for the purpose of thanking the writers of those letters? Nothing could be more gratifying than the spirit of affection for the old School which pervades every one of them, and it has been a great pleasure to me not only to read them, but also to file them for future reference, and perhaps publication, when happier days shall come.—I am, yours faithfully,

CHARLES S. DOUGALL.

There probably never was a heartier cheer raised in the old Institution Hall than the one which made its rafters ring on the 14th January, when the Headmaster announced that the School would have a half-holiday to celebrate the award of the Military Cross to Dr Butchart, Lieutenant in the 7th Argylls. Colleagues and pupils unite in congratulating their gallant comrade on the well-deserved distinction which has come to him.

In the same dispatch which announced the honour conferred upon Dr Butchart, the names of the following old Dollar boys also appeared :—2nd Lieutenant J. A. M'Kinlay, 10th H.L.I.; the Rev.

J. L. O. B. Findlay; Sergeant D. D. Currie, R.E.; and Sergeant J. Lawson Cairns, 1/9th Royal Scots. The last-named was further honoured by having the D.C.M. awarded to him for Distinguished Service in France.

A wave of sorrow swept over the School when it became known that Second Lieutenant Thomas J. M'Laren, R.F.A., had been killed on 26th January. He was twenty-one years of age, and was the second surviving son of Mr and Mrs Duncan M'Laren, Bridge Street, Dollar. After finishing his education at Dollar, he proceeded to Edinburgh University to study for the ministry. He was a member of the University O.T.C., and received his commission in the R.F.A. (Special Reserve) last April, proceeding to France some months later. He was home on leave a few weeks ago. In a letter to the Headmaster, written on 24th January, Lieutenant M'Laren said that he had been on look-out duty in advance of the British trenches, accompanied by a telegraphist. The orderly who brought their food was spotted by the enemy, who then shelled their dug-out. After lying two days and nights behind a hedge, they got safely back to their lines unhurt. Letters from the Chaplain and the Captain of his Company testify to the high opinion in which Lieutenant M'Laren was held by his comrades in arms.

On the 30th December the "Clan Macfarlane" was torpedoed without warning in the Mediterranean. Captain Swanston, an old Dollar boy, and his men got safely into their boats, which, for security, were fastened together. In the rough sea two of the smaller boats parted from the others, and Captain Swanston gallantly disengaged his boat also in order to try to pick up those that had gone adrift. No one knows what happened thereafter, but it is almost certain that this heroic action of our former pupil and his brave men cost them their lives. One who knew Captain Swanston well writes: "In the Dollar days he was a happy, bright boy, known to all; in later life he developed into a kind, gentle man, beloved by all, and his owners now say that 'they regarded him as one of their most promising men.' He had a large circle of friends, and many mourn him in India, Africa, and Australia, as the many letters received testify. Always when home he had some reminiscences of the Dollar days, and his heart always warmed to the place of his youth."

The February School Service was conducted by the Rev. J. A. S. Wilson, Bridge of Allan, who made sympathetic reference to the illness of Donald Ferguson, and offered up prayer, a prayer in which we all sincerely joined, that Donald would soon be restored to health again.

ROLL OF HONOUR—ADDITIONS.

OFFICERS.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
BARTHOLOMEW, WALTER -	Lieutenant	100th Batt. Canadian Exp. Force.
BLACKBURN, THOMAS L. -	Captain	R.A.M.C. (British East Africa Expeditionary Force).
BROWN, J. M. -	2nd Lieutenant	11th Black Watch.
CRAM, ROBERT -	Major	68th Canadian Overseas Battalion.
GORDON, DOUGLAS -	2nd Lieutenant	3/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
MACFARLANE, R. S. -	"	5th Gordon Highlanders.
MACNEILL, R. A. -	Lieutenant	R.A.M.C.
MIDDLETON, GEORGE H. -	Medical Officer	R.A.M.C. (Lovat's Scouts).
MIDDLETON, JAMES -	Lieutenant	Royal Engineers.
MORGAN, J. M. -	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Engineers.
M'KECHNIE, ARCHIBALD F. -	Capt. and Q.-Master	148th Battalion M'Gill Contingent (Canadian Expeditionary Force).
NEIL, JOHN -	2nd Lieutenant	3/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
NORWELL, IAN -	"	H.M. Hospital Ship "Mauretania."
POTTS, J. F. -	Flight Sub-Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.
SHAW, L. -	Medical Officer	R.A.M.C. (Dublin Fusiliers).
WALKER, GERALD -	2nd Lieutenant	3rd King's Own York. Light Infantry.
WILLISON, GEORGE R. -	"	3/3rd Lowland F.A. Brigade.
WILSON, N. METHVEN -	Captain	Indian Medical Service (B.E.F.).

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
ANDERSON, THOMAS B. -	Gunner	3/3rd Lowland F.A. Brigade.
ANTHONY, ALEX. G. -	Private	Singapore Volunteers.
ANTHONY, J. G. -	"	Penang Volunteers.
BLELOCH, WILLIAM A. -	"	Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.
CAIRNS, J. LAWSON, D.C.M. -	Sergeant	1/9th Royal Scots.
CLAYTON, NORMAN -	Lance-Corporal	4th Royal Berkshires.
CONNELL, DAVID -	Bugler	3rd Highland Light Infantry.
CULBARD, FRANK -	Private	Canadian Pioneers.
CULBARD, DONALD -	"	12th Batt. Australian Imperial Forces.
FORSYTH, R. DORNIN -	"	9th Highland Light Infantry.
FRASER, JAMES L. -	"	13th A. and S. Highlanders.
GILLESPIE, THOMAS L. -	Cadet	Artists' Rifles O.T.C.
LAWRIE, ALEXANDER -	Corporal	Glasgow Yeomanry.
M'DOWALL, J. W. R. -	Bombardier	1st Gordon Highlanders.
PINKERTON, WM. -	Lance-Corporal	Malay States Volunteer Rifles.
SINCLAIR, J. -	Driver	Army Service Corps.
THOMPSON, A. G. -	Private	R.A.M.C.
WRIGHT, NORMAN -	Cadet	Inns of Court O.T.C.
YOUNGER, SAMUEL -	Trumpeter	2/4th Lowland Brigade, R.F.A.

PROMOTIONS.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
ABBEY, FRANK -	2nd Lieutenant	3rd Northumberland Fusiliers.
BAIN, A. R. -	Lieutenant	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
BONTHRONE, A. L. -	2nd Lieutenant	1st Seaforth Highlanders.
BURR, ERIC T. -	Capt. and Adjutant	13th Gloucesters.
DARBY, B. G. -	2nd Lieutenant	R.F.A. (Highland Brigade).
FIDDLER, CARREL -	"	3/7th A. and S. Highlanders.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
KINLOCH, CHARLES - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Scottish Horse.
LAMMIE, J. DEWAR - - -	„	10th Gordon Highlanders.
LECKIE EWING, W. - - -	Major	4th Highland Light Infantry.
M'CULLOCH, JOHN - - -	Captain	5th Gordon Highlanders.
M'LEISH, A. D. - - -	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Engineers.
M'KECHNIE, DUGALD - - -	Lieutenant	7th Gordon Highlanders.
MYERS, EDWARD - - -	„	6th West Yorkshire Regiment.
REID, ROBERT E. - - -	2nd Lieutenant	3/1st Lowland Division Ammunition Column.
ROBERTSON, JOHN - - -	Lance-Sergeant	2/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
SOMMERVILLE, WM. - - -	2nd Lieutenant	2/9th Highland Light Infantry.
WALTON, PERCY - - -	Adjutant	5th Gordon Highlanders.

There is little to report concerning the School football, owing to the prevalence of frost towards the end of last year and at the beginning of this one, and also to the outbreak of a few cases of mumps, which has caused the later matches to be put off without exception.

It is regretted that the fixtures cannot be carried out as intended, for the XV., although reduced in strength, were making rapid progress, and would have given a good account of themselves in the games.

Every one was looking forward to the Seven-a-side Tournament at Edinburgh, and hopes were high that the School seven would go far into the contest. Unfortunately, a fresh case of mumps forced the cancelling of our entry into the competition.

Against Daniel Stewart's College the 1st XV. had a very easy game, as the score shows. In the first half the School put on 14 points through Stokes, Tuckwell, and Shaw—the latter going over a second time for Tuckwell to bring out full points. In the second half the game was even more one-sided; tries were scored by Bennie (twice), Tuckwell, Ferguson, and Davidson, who converted his own try. Towards the end of the game, Bennie, Davidson, and Shaw added a try each. The Loretto match ended in defeat, as was fully expected. Had the XV. consisted of its original members we feel certain that the Musselburgh XV. would have had great difficulty in securing a win. As it happened, the XV. were not only weak through the loss of its stalwarts, who had gone to play the greater game, but was also suffering from the absence of four of the regular players, among whom was Leach.

From the above facts it is easy to realise that Loretto had a fairly easy task before them, and that the score, large though it looks, was comparatively small considering the XV. which represented the School.

The only other game played was the return match against Daniel Stewart's College. In a storm of wind and rain, and on a sodden

pitch, the College put up a better fight than in the first game, and midfield play continued for some time at the outset. Stewart's played well, and by good foot work forced the School to touch down. Bennie scored towards the end of the first half. The second half saw the School XV. waken up, and Stewart's were practically defending all the time. Tries were scored for the School by Shaw (twice) and G. M'Laren.

The 2nd XV. have played two games, one against 2nd Glenalmond, and the other against Morrison's Academy. Owing to the drain on the 2nd XV. to supply the 1st XV. with substitutes, the team has never been strong at any time. Morrison's Academy won after a hard game, and Glenalmond also carried off the honours.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The usual weekly drills have been carried on as far as the inclement weather permitted. On the days when outdoor work was impossible, lectures were given by the platoon commanders on musketry, landscape targets, and simple tactical problems. Shooting has been carried on each day in the Gymnasium, and several excellent results have been obtained. The drill days have been changed owing to a temporary alteration in the time-table, and now the corps parades on Monday and Wednesday at 8.50 A.M. and on Friday at 2.50 A.M. Signalling and band practice are carried on each week under the N.C.O.'s. in charge of these branches.

Cadet Officer Muir, Sergeant D. Gordon, and Corporal Dinwiddie have resigned since our last report was written. Muir hopes to qualify for a commission. He was the last of the "A" Certificate Cadets, and his work was always of an excellent character. Gordon is commissioned in the 3/7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and is now stationed at Ripon, where there is quite a young colony of old Dollar cadets. Sergeant Gordon was a most energetic and capable N.C.O., and the O.C. informs us that he was sorry indeed to part with him, so great was his influence over all under his charge. Dinwiddie is working up for the entrance examination for the Indian army, and we wish him success.

Sergeant Neil, now second lieutenant, 3/7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, tells us that he is hard at musketry and has been promised the first opportunity of a course at Aldershot in order to qualify as battalion physical instructor, a post that we know will be well filled by him since he was among the good gymnasts of late years.

Second Lieutenant C. R. Dougall, our late cadet officer, has been doing good work at Ripon, and his position at the end of his classes, &c., is one that reflects the greatest credit on himself as well as on the

old Corps and School. He is now undergoing a course of instruction in Leeds University.

Mr Walton, our late second in command, now adjutant of the 1/5th Gordon Highlanders, paid us a visit during his last period at home. The Corps assembled in the Hall and listened enraptured for almost an hour to a charming description, by Mr Walton, of life at the front, in the firing line and behind it. We are very proud indeed of Mr Walton's promotion, and feel sure that he will continue his upward progress and show that the School Corps is well worth the work expended upon it.

We congratulate Lieutenant Butchart, our late O.C., on the distinction he has gained for bravery in the field. Dr Butchart was ever a keen soldier, and trained many excellent cadets who are now upholding the nation's honour, and all of us, past and present members of the O.T.C. or old Cadet Corps, feel that we have been honoured, too, in the award of the Military Cross to our old O.C.

We have had visits from Lieutenants R. Whyte and E. Leach, both home on leave from the front.

The following promotions have been made. Sergeants—A. Cameron and R. Flett; Corporals—D. Hendry, J. Ferguson, G. M'Clelland; Lance-Corporals—R. Gordon, H. Macluskie.

The officers of the Corps have taken over the preliminary training of the Derby recruits in Dollar, and excellent progress is being made.

The O.C. is entitled to grant to each man trained a certificate stating the amount done and the stage reached. As this will be of much value to the men it is desirable that every attested man should attend.

The Hockey XI. have been able to carry out most of their fixtures so far. The results are good, and when we consider that in some of the matches the team was far from full strength, we feel that the girls have to be congratulated on their success. Among the prominent members of the team are A. Dowdeswell, M. Gibson, K. Fergusson, and C. Spiers.

Date.	Opponent.	Result.	
		For.	Against.
1915 Dec. 1.	Falkirk High School	3	2
„ 18.	Former Pupils	3	3
1916 Jan. 5.	Morrison's Academy	4	4
„ 12.	Falkirk High School	4	8

At the last game C. Spiers and K. Fergusson were off, and the match was played on a very muddy field during a rain storm.

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—The first half of the session ended with the Musical Evening, a very successful function, of which the novel features were the Book-tea and the reading of a very amusing play. Resuming after the New Year, the Society met on 21st January to hear the President, Miss Brereton, read her paper on Dr Elizabeth Blackwell, the pioneer of woman's work in Medicine. On 28th January the Society's Magazine was read to a large audience. The outstanding feature of the Magazine this year is the large number of original articles it contains. On 11th February an animated debate took place on the question whether Becky Sharp or Amelia Sedley is the finer character. Miss Ross supported Becky Sharp, while Miss D'Arcy Sands upheld the claims of Amelia. The meeting decided in favour of the latter by 16 votes to 7. There are still two meetings remaining of this memorable session, a session that has worthily upheld the traditions of the Society.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

- STRACHAN, GEORGE, Nyamakad Estate, Munnar P.O. via Periakolam, S. India.
- STRACHAN H. CRICHTON, Traffic Manager, R.R. Railway, Izatnagar, Bareilly.
- GRAY, Mrs ALEX. (F.P.) (*nee* M'Queen), 90, 5th Avenue, Ottawa, Canada.
- STRACHAN, JAMES W., 31 Charlotte Street, Brisbane, Australia.
- CHRISTIE, HELEN W., 68 St John Street, Craighall, Glasgow.
- SIMPSON, MARGARET H., 5 Annfield Road, Partick Hill, Glasgow.
- HARTLEY, Mrs FRED. (*nee* Winnie Lawrie), Romai Tea Estate, Dikon P.O., Upper Assam, India.
- JOHNSTON, Col. H. H., A.M.S., c/o Messrs Holt & Co., 3 Whitehall Place, London, S.W.
- HUNTER, S. H., Baitakhal T. E., Chandkira P.O. and S.O., South Sylhet, India.
- BWYE, F., Works Manager, B.B. & C. I. Railway, Ajmer, Rajputana, India.

NEW ADDRESSES.

- DUTHIE, J. ARTHUR, M.A., 134 Market Street, St Andrews.
- DUTHIE, Rev. WM. K., M.A., Calcutta.
- SCLATER, JOHN M., 59 Bath Street, Glasgow.
- JAMES GREIG, 5 Coates Place, Edinburgh.