

New York, April, 1922

The Caledonian

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THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

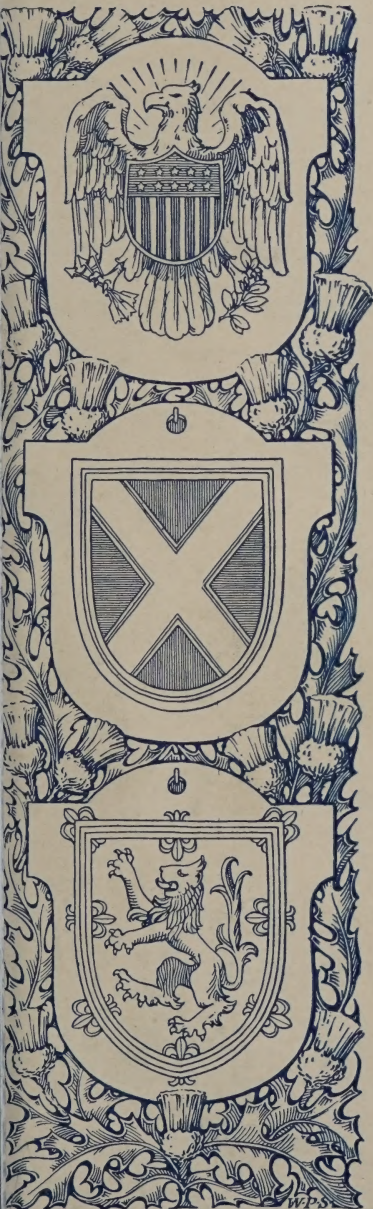
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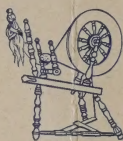
JUL 18 1922

JOHN BARLEYCORN IN SCOTTISH LITERATURE	3
<i>By John Foord</i>	
IN OOR HAME TOON.....	10
<i>By Stephen Chalmers</i>	
THE CALL O' SCOTLAND (Poem).....	15
<i>By Robert Stark</i>	
LEADERSHIP IN THE LAST CENTURY....	16
<i>By James Kennedy</i>	
AN AULD BORDER DYKER'S PRAYER (Poem)	18
<i>By Gilbert Rae</i>	
JOHN MUIR (Part IV).....	19
<i>By Charles Pettigrew</i>	
DAVID IN THE DUMPS (Poem).....	26
<i>By James D. Law</i>	
SOME FIFESHIRE NOTES	27
OUR GLASGOW LETTER.....	31
<i>By Grace Darling Wilson</i>	
SCOTTISH AND BRITISH SOCIETIES.....	35

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THE CALEDONIAN

THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, APRIL, 1901

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With the Editor

With this issue, THE CALEDONIAN begins its 22nd year. To our many friends, we extend greetings, and our grateful thanks for their unswerving interest in the welfare of the Magazine; and again we ask the loyal support of every Scot, especially in helping to increase its circulation and to extend its usefulness.

In the new cover, we feel that the artist has caught the true spirit of the Scot in America. We are first of all loyal Americans. John Foord so beautifully expresses it in his "Foreword" to *Scotland's Mark on America*: "As we cherish the memories of the Motherland, keep in touch with the simple annals of our childhood home, or the home of our kin, bask in the fireside glow of its homely humor, or dwell in imagination amid the haunts of old romance, we are the better Americans for the Scottish heritage from which heart and mind alike derive inspiration and delight." By giving prominent place to the Cross of St. Andrew, we recognize the growing sentiment both in Scotland and abroad for restoring to its proper significance the ancient and noble insignia of the *people* of Scotland. Through usage, the "Royal Lion Rampant" has come to be displayed on all occasions, and it will doubtless continue to flaunt its defiance, regardless of the fact that it is the personal banner of the King of Scotland; but the name and blue banner of St. Andrew will always bring a thrill to the Scottish heart, and no small pride that this same blue banner, with its silver cross, form the foundation of the Union Jack, as Scottish worth and Scottish industry have so prominently contributed to the building of the British nation.

The cover is by Mr. W. P. SCHOONMAKER, a gifted artist of Philadelphia, who through the originality and excellence of his work ranks among the first in the history of typographic design in America. This and the new type-dress of the Magazine are another step in carrying out our policy of giving to our readers *the very best* the income of THE CALEDONIAN will afford; to make it a worthy testimonial in America to the proud record of Scotland, and to keep alive in the minds of the

growing generation the standards of love, liberty and justice that have been the inspiration of the Scottish race through all the pages of its history.

We cannot do this alone. We need the support, personally and financially, by subscriptions and advertising, of every man and woman of Scottish blood. This is not "our" magazine, but "your" magazine. It is your co-operation that measures its success. Paying your subscription promptly and regularly is only a small part. If you have criticisms or suggestions for improvement to make, send them to the editors; when you talk to others, try to find some good point, something you like, and "boost" for THE CALEDONIAN.

"John Barleycorn in Scottish Literature," by the late JOHN FOORD, is not only a remarkable example of his wide and varied knowledge, but a classic study of a phase in life and letters that bids fair, in America at least, to soon pass out of our ken.

MR. CHALMERS continues, "In Oor Hame Toon," his delightful pen pictures of Scottish village life, with another escapade of "The Unholy Triumvirate"; and MR. PETTIGREW dwells with keen appreciation upon two of the most brilliant episodes in the life of John Muir, that sturdy American Scottish naturalist, of whom everyone will wish to know more after reading these brief articles.

JAMES KENNEDY, dean of Scottish poets, returns, with his tongue in his cheek, in one of his admittedly truthful prose reminiscences of metropolitan political life. GILBERT RAE, the contemporary Border poet, is represented here by request; and JAMES D. LAW contributes a sheaf of new, pawky verses inspired by the preaching of Rev. Dr. John McNeill. In MISS WILSON'S "Glasgow Letter," we get a glimpse of passing gossip in Scotland, and in the notes of Societies, etc., of the doings of Scots in America.

All the old departments are retained, and new ones we hope to add from time to time.

CHARLES C. STODDARD.

THE CALEDONIAN

THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

*Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!*

—CHARLES MACKAY.

John Barleycorn in Scottish Literature

BY JOHN FOORD

"Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst mak' us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!"

Between the two lies the whole gamut of Scotch drink. But divest your mind of the idea, if you have it there, that whiskey can be properly called the national beverage. Ages before whiskey was known, the common people of Scotland drank "yill," which was generally brewed at home with the help of the "browster wife." In old Scotland there was an ale called "Loin," meaning provisions, signifying that it was both meat and drink. I doubt the authority of the statement that it was the Romans who taught the ancient Britons the making of beer or ale. I prefer to accept the legend that the Picts were so skilful in brewing that they were able to extract ale from heather—a secret which they kept so close that it passed away with the last of the race. However this may be, there is historical testimony to the fact that the Germanic tribes made ale from barley or

wheat; that both Romans and Germans learned the art from Egypt where the great goddess Isis, the daughter of the earth and sky, is credited with having brewed a wine from barley. Two thousand years before the beginning of our era, the Chinese were brewing it from rice.

When the good King Alexander III fell to his death over the cliffs of Kinghorn in 1285, there began in Scotland two hundred years of sturt and strife, and the age of peace and plenty came to an end. "Awa' were sons of ale and brede, of wine and wax, of gamyn and glee." I am driven to the conclusion that the Scots of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, who did such a prodigious amount of fighting to preserve their nationality, were on the whole an abstemious people. I know you can search in vain through the great poets who adorned our early literature for any studied praise of the cup that inebriates. You will not find it in Thomas the Rhymmer, or Barbour, or Wyntoun, or Blind Harry, or King James I, Henderson, Dunbar, Gavin Douglas or Drummond of Hawthornden, and that

*This notable address was delivered by Mr. Foord at the annual dinner of the Burns Society of the City of New York, January 25, 1920.

brings you down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. King James V, or whoever wrote "Chrystis Kirk on the Grene," and "Peblis to the Play," might have been expected, from the nature of the subject to introduce some reference to good or bad liquor. But amid all the riotous uproar of the one piece, and the only less boisterous rustic humor of the other, drinking is taken for granted without direct mention, and it does not visibly enter into the action of the characters in either poem. The fact is that in what may be called the classic period of Scottish poetry, when the same literary medium was in use on both sides of the border, and our lowland speech had not yet become merely the vernacular of the common people, the "makirs," as they called themselves, seemed to have thought the praise of strong drink rather beneath the dignity of their gentle craft. On the English side there was no such feeling, and from Beowulf to Chaucer, and from Chaucer to Shakespeare, there is none of the Scottish avoidance of the convivial side of life in the highest forms of literary expression.

"Beowulf" is the oldest literary product of any of the modern languages, and here the characters indulge in potations so copious that they get carried away by their enemies while still asleep from the effects of huge draughts of ale. We find a thane bearing in his hand a chased silver ale flagon, and pouring for the knightly guests "the pure, bright liquor." That was in the eighth century of our era, and the cult of good ale never failed in England for want of devotees in all the centuries that followed. It had its celebrants among the highest names in literature and among the people its fame was most diligently kept green. But in the Scottish poetic cycle, you have to come down to Francis Semple of Beltrees, the author of "Maggie Lauder" before there is any familiar treatment of the drinking habits of the people. This Laird of Beltrees was a rollicking blade, and much given to mix in such scenes of rural jollity as he has depicted in the "Hallow Fair," and the "Blythsome Bridal." Here the curtain lifts on the manners of the plain people of Scotland, who very evidently had kept up their liking for ale:

"And Wattie he sat i' the ale-house
And hard at the bicker did ca',
Sae nicely as Maggie sat by him,
He took the pint-stoup in his arms,
Quo' he, 'I think they're richt saucy,
That lo'es na' good father's bairns.'"

So also, at the "Blythsome Bridal":

"There will be good lappered-milk kebbocks,
And sowens, and farles and baps,
And swats, and scrapit paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps."

That was somewhere around 1650, and it needs only a leap forward of fifty years to be right in with Allan Ramsay and the group of ingenious young gentlemen who were assisting him at the new birth of Scottish vernacular verse. Here we find the flowing bowl taking the place that properly belongs to it as one of the serious concerns of life. The potations of honest Allan and his friends range from ale to brandy, but the day of whisky was not yet. The ale-house had by that time become an established institution, filling to some extent the place that the coffee-house occupied in the southern kingdom, and among Allan's happiest efforts are two elegies on Edinburgh ale-wives of exceptional character and attainments. One was Maggy Johnstown, who died in the year 1711, and he apostrophises her in these terms:

"Auld Reeky mourn in sable hue!
Let fouth of tears dreep like May-dew!
To braw tippeny bid adieu
Which we with greed
Bended as fast as she could brew;
But ah! she's dead.

* * *

"Maun we be forc'd thy skill to tine
For which we will richt sair repine?
Or hast thou left to bairns of thine
The pawky knack
Of brewing ale amaist like wine,
Thar gar'd us crack?"

"Sae brawly did a pease-scon toast
Biz i' the queff, and flie the frost
That we got fou' wi' little cost
And muckle speed;
Now, wae worth death! our sport's a' lost
Since Maggy's dead."

You will note the tribute to the moderation of Maggy's prices and her generous addition of the toasted pease-scon to the stimulating liquor of which, as a matter of fact, she sold a Scot's pint—which is near two quarts English—for twopence. The other elegy speaks even more feelingly on this point of economy. It was

addressed to Lucky Wood who kept an ale-house in the Canongate. Here are two verses of it, which celebrate Lucky's honesty and open-handedness:

"She ne'er gae in a lawin fause,
Nor stoups a' froath aboon the hause,
Nor kept dow'd tip within her waws,
But reaming swats;
She ne'er ran sour jute, because
It gees the bats.

"She had the gate sae well to please,
With gratis beef, dry fish, or cheese,
Which kept our purses ay at ease
And health in tift,
And lent her fresh nine gallon trees
A hearty lift."

Clearly, this estimable woman well deserved the epitaph written for her on behalf of her grateful customers:

"Beneath this sod
Lies Lucky Wood
Whom a' men might put faith in
Wha was na' sweer
While she winn'd here
To cram our wames for naithing."

While ale was still the national tippie, claret was the favorite beverage of the gentry. Hamilton of Gilbertfield, one of Allan's ingenious young men and perhaps the most gifted of the group, had no use for ale and expresses his sentiments on the subject as follows, under date of 1719:

"The dull draff-drink makes me sae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and youff;
Yet set me in a claret howff,
Wi' fouk that's chancy,
My muse may lend me then a gouff
To clear my fancy.

"Then Bacchus-like I'd bawl and bluster,
And a' the muses 'bout me muster;
Sae merrily I'd squeeze the cluster
And drink the grape,
'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre
And better shape."

Allan himself, rather proud of his kinship with the Ramsays of Panmure, affected a liking for the juice of the grape, the last reminder in Scotland of the "Auld Alliance", and in his racy imitation of Horace's "Vides Ut Alta Stet Nive Candidum Soracte", he tunes his lay to its praise, after this fashion:

"Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben;
That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit-hen.

"Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;

It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his soul beyond the moon."

While on the subject of claret it may be well to recall the epigram written by John Home, the author of "Douglas," on a beverage which he regarded as peculiarly fit for the consumption of Scottish gentlemen. Home held port wine in abhorrence and apropos of the enforcement of the high duty on French wine in Scotland, he penned these lines:

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' an English statesman
cried—

He drank the poison and his spirit died." Apropos of Home the fact may be noted that though an ordained clergyman he was a warm personal friend of the free-thinking philosopher, David Hume. The latter insisted that they belonged to the same family but that his spelling of the name was the correct one—a statement which Home indignantly repudiated. David's way of getting even with his friend was to indite this codicil to his will:

"I leave to my friend Mr. John Home of Kilduff ten dozen of my old claret at his choice; and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed John *Hume*, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between use concerning temporal matters."

It will be observed that Hume's estimate of the bibulous capacity of his friend was, measured by the standard of the time, extremely moderate. Dr. Johnson, who could hardly be ranked as a stalwart in drink, placed on record this declaration: "I did not leave off wine because I could not bear it; I have drunk three bottles of port without being the worse for it." In claret drinking, these were the days of the ten-bottle men, and the contest immortalized by Burns in "The Whistle" was won by the champion who could carry the heaviest load of Bordeaux. John Home's friend, the Reverend Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk, the leader of the Moderate party of that time in the Church of Scotland, notes in his autobiography that he laid in twelve dozen of claret to satisfy the bibulous requirements of a select party of his friends who met for supper during the sessions of the Gen-

eral Assembly at a humble inn in the Canongate.

But, meanwhile, whisky which had been distilled for centuries in the Highlands and Ireland was being introduced under distinguished patronage in the Lowlands. On January 8, 1723, the Society of the Improvers in Agriculture was formed in Edinburgh, and at its first meeting the Duke of Hamilton carried a resolution against the drinking of foreign stuff to this effect: "that thereby the distilling of our grain might be encouraged and the great sums annually sent to France for brandy (generally smuggled) might be kept at home." From that time it became a point of honor to drink only home-made whisky which, becoming popular by degrees, acquired the character of being preeminently the Scottish beverage. That was fifty years before Robert Fergusson wrote "Leith Racès," and sixty years before Robert Burns sang the praises of "Scotch Drink." It must have taken some time, however, for the common people to become accustomed to the free consumption of whisky, for, in Fergusson's poem, where, if anywhere, we should expect to hear of its use, it is ale, and poor ale at that, that goes to the refreshment of the sporting public at the races:

"The browster wives thegither hail
A' trash that they can fa' on;
They tak' the grounds o' ilka barrel
To profit by the lawin."

And this gives the poet occasion to point a moral:

"They say ill ale has been the dead
O' money a buirdly loun;
Then dinna gape like gleds wi' greed
To sweel hale bickers down.
Gin Lord send money ane the morn,
They'll ban fu sair the time
That e'er they toutit off the horn
Which wambles through their wame
Wi' pain that day."

In a more genial vein Fergusson tunes his pipe in "The Daft Days" to this effect:

"Ye browster wives! now busk ye braw,
And fling your sorrows far awa';
Then, come and gie's the tither blow
O' reaming ale
Mair precious than the Well o' Spa
Our hearts to heal.

Then, though at odds wi' a' the warl',
Among oursel's we'll never quarrel;
Though discord gie a cankered snarl,

To spoil our glee,
As long's there's pith into the barrel,
We'll drink and 'greee."

In the "Siller Gun," written by John Mayne in 1777 to commemorate a relic of ancient Wapinschawing still surviving at Dumfries, we get a glimpse of the coming of whisky into popular favor:

"Het pints, weel-spiced to keep the saul in,
Around were flowing
Broiled kipper, cheese and bread, and ham,
Laid the foundations for a dram
O' whisky, gin frae Rotterdam,
Or cherry-brandy,
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock or Sandy."

But the subject in all its length and breadth, height and depth, awaited like other themes that lay near the Scottish heart the coming of Burns:

"O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch Drink;
Whether through wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food;
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood
Wi' kail and beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Though life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragged wi' pine an' grievin';
But oiled by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin',
Wi' rattlin' glee."

Burns, you observe, covers the entire ground, from the foaming product of the fermentation of the grain to its distilled spirit. He also echoes the protest against the importation of foreign drink first made by the Improvers in Agriculture sixty years before.

"Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash,
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes."

He laments the revocation of the concession given to Duncan Forbes of Cul-

Ioden to distill at Ferintosh whisky free
of excise duty:

"Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' chartered boast
Is ta'en awa'!"

He supplies an objurgatory formula
which, with slight alteration, might be
used in our own once free land today:

"Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak' the Whisky Stells their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies,
For poor d—med drinkers."

And he rounds off the immortal apos-
trophe with this aspiration:

"Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' Whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best."

Of similar purport, though perhaps
more unconventional in treatment is "The
Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the
Scotch Representatives in the House of
Commons," apropos of the oppressive
taxation which it was then proposed to
lay on the distillation of Scotch whisky.
In this occurs the oft-quoted sentiment:

"Freedom and Whisky gang thegither!—
Tak' aff your dram!"

Burns never lost sight of the sentiment
without which drinking could not be raised
above the level of an ordinary physical
act. "The Twa Dogs" he makes Luath
say that, as a relief to the hardships of
cottar fowk:

"An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappy
Can mak' the bodies unco happy."

We are introduced to Tam O'Shanter at
the hour

"When Chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy."

It was on such a market night that

"Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely."

Further

"The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale w' growing better."

Curiously enough, the ale always grows
better the more of it you consume, and
even its then five or six per cent alco-
holic content was sufficient to produce a
state of mind in which

"The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle."

The sentiment of "Willie brew'd a peck o'
maut," in spite of its suggestion of a
fermented liquor, undoubtedly centers
around a big bowl of hot whisky punch,
though the reference to a pint stoup in
"Auld Langsyne" would seem to indicate
that it is a pot of ale, probably warmed
and spiced, that the poet had in mind in
that immortal ditty. From another con-
temporary source we have the couplet:

"The Nappy reeks wi' mantling ream
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam."

It is, of course, just possible that the ale
prepared for convivial occasions held
stronger ingredients, for Sir Walter
Scott notes in "St. Ronan's Well" that,
"The Chirruping Club continued to drink
twopenny qualified with brandy or
whisky." So also, Andrew Shirrefs, one
of the bards of Bon Accord—Aberdeen:

"A cogie o' yill and a pickle ait-meal,
And a dainty wee' drappie o' whisky,
Was our forefathers' dose for to sweel
down their brose
And keep them aye cheery and frisky.
Then hey for the whisky, and hey for
the meal,
And hey for the cogie, and hey for the
yill,
Gin ye steer a' thegither they'll do unco
weel
To keep a chiel cheery and brisk aye."

But perhaps the most notable thing
about the praise of good liquor by Scots-
men of the eighteenth century was the
moral tone with which they imbued the
subject. Allan Ramsay sang at the be-
ginning of this century:

"Since human life is but a blink,
Why should we then its short joys sink?
He disna live that canna link
The glass about;
When warmed with wine, like men who think
And grow mair stout.

The cauldrie carlies clog'd wi' care,
Wha gathering gear gang hyt and gare,
If rem'd wi' red, they rant and rair,
Like mirthfu' men,
It soothly shaws them they can spare
A rowth to spend."

And Burns toward the century's close says
in the "Holy Fair":

“Leeze me on drink! it gi'es us mair
 Than either school or college:
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fu' o' knowledge;
 Be't whis'ty gill, or penny wheep,
 Or any stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.”

It is not Scottish literature, but it is interesting and instructive to note that about the same time Benjamin Franklin wrote to his friend, the Abbe Morellet, acknowledging the gift of some bottles of wine, in these terms:

“Before Noah, when men had nothing but water to drink, they could not find the truth so they went astray and became abominably wicked, and were justly exterminated by the water they were so fond of drinking. Good man Noah, seeing that this bad drink had been the death of all his contemporaries, contracted an aversion to it, and God, to quench his thirst, created the vine and revealed to him the art of making wine.

“With its aid, Noah discovered many and many a truth, and since his time the word divine has been in use, meaning originally to discover by means of wine.”

Perhaps the most distinguished of all the apostles of the drinking of strong liquor was Lord Hermand, one of the judges of the Court of Sessions in the early years of last century. His contemporary and warm friend and admirer, Lord Cockburn, describes him in this way: There never was a more pleasing example of the superiority of right affections over intellectual endowments in the creation of happiness. Honesty, humanity, social habits and diverting public explosions always kept him popular, and he lived about eighty-four years with keen and undisguised feelings and opinions, without ever being alienated from a friend or imagining a shabby action. With very simple tastes, and rather a contempt of epicurism, but very gregarious, he was fond of the pleasures, and not the least of the liquid ones, of the table; and he had acted in more of the severest scenes of old Scotch drinking than any man then living. Common-place toppers think drinking a pleasure; but with Hermand it was a virtue. It inspired the excitement by which he was elevated, and the discursive jollity which he loved to promote. But beyond these ordinary attractions, he had a sincere re-

spect for drinking, indeed a high moral approbation, and a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it; with due contempt of those who could, but did not. He groaned over the gradual disappearance of the *Fereat* days of periodical festivity, and prolonged the observance, like a hero fighting among his fallen friends as long as he could. The worship of Bacchus, which softened his own heart and seemed to him to soften the hearts of his companions, he regarded as a social duty. But in its performance there was no violence, no coarseness, no impropriety, and no more noise than what belongs to well-bred jollity unrestrained. It was merely a sublimation of his peculiarities and excellencies; the realization of what poetry ascribes to the grape. No carouse ever injured his health, for he was never ill, or impaired his taste for home and quiet, or muddled his head; he slept the sounder for it and rose the earlier and the cooler. The cordiality inspired by claret and punch was felt by him as so congenial to all right thinking, that he was confident he could convert the Pope if he could only get him in to sup with him. And certainly, adds Cockburn, his Holiness would have been hard to persuade if he could have withstood Hermand about the middle of his second tumbler.

Lord Hermand was one of the judges who sat at the trial of a young gentleman from Glasgow who was convicted of culpable homicide, for having stabbed his friend in a boyish wrangle, after a night of deep potations. The survivor escaped with a light penalty, but Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren and was vehement for transportation. “We are told,” he said, “that there was no malice and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him. They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him; after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him; good God, my Laards, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he is sober?”

Hermand was a profoundly religious man and there were not lacking ministers

of the church who had a pronounced sympathy with his views on drinking. One of them, at least, an old established church minister of Glenesk, used to describe whisky as the auld Kirk, and spoke of Claret as pur washy stuff, fit for English Episcopawlians and the like; of brandy, as het and fiery like thae Methodists; sma' beer, thin and miserable, like the Baptists, and so on through the whole gamut of drinks and sects, but invariably he would finish by producing the whisky bottle and, patting it, would exclaim: "A' the rael Auld Kirk of Scotland, sir! There's naething beats it."

It needs only one step more to reach the bibulous altitude of the Perthshire blacksmith who being reprimanded by his minister for excessive indulgence, put this question: "Was you ever drunk, sir?" receiving for answer: "No, Donald, I am glad to say I never was." "I thocht as muckle," said the smith, "for man if ye was ance richt drunk, you would never like to be sober a' your days again." The smith was evidently of the same mind as the parishioner to whom his pastor addressed the remonstrance: "Man, John, you should never drink except when you are dry." "Weel, sir," quoth John, "that's what I'm aye doin' for 'am never slock-ened."

Of the same mind also was the drunken Laird of Lamington to whose memory James Hogg addressed these lines:

"Can I bear to part with thee,
Never mair your face to see?
Can I bear to part with thee,
Drunken laird o' Lamington?
Canty were ye o'er your kale,
Toddy jugs an' caups o' ale,
Heart aye kind an' leal an' hale,
Honest laird o' Lamingtonn."

I like a man to tak' his glass,
Toast a friend or bonnie lass,
He that winna is an ass—
Deil send him ane to gallop on!
I like a man that's frank and kind,
Meets me when I have a mind,
Sings his song, and drinks me blind,
Like the laird o' Lamingtonn."

I might follow down the course of the nineteenth century the rather slender rill of literature that was distinctively and characterically Scottish. But I have said enough to indicate to you the spirit in which an older generation dealt with the great subject of conviviality. The use

of the vernacular in prose was kept alive by the writers of the kailyard school—Barrie, Crockett and Ian Maclaren—but their treatment of the subject is rather critical than sympathetic. Of the poets who have sung in the old way in our time I may cite Hugh Haliburton, the shepherd of the Ochils. Hughie misses no chance to keep alive the traditions of Scotch drinking. He calls for adhesion, in his own case to the ancient institution of the "dirgy" in these terms:

"Sae I may say't without a lee,
I dinna a'thegither dee;
Therefore forbear to greet for me
When I'm awa',
An' keep a dry, a drouthie ee,
I chairge ye a'."

When at my door the hearse draws up
An' Kate haunds roun' the dirgy-cup,
Nae friend o' mine will tak' a sup
For that the less,
But calmly wi' a steady grup
Cowp owre his gless."

Quite in line with Honest Allan in his imitation of Horace he says:

"Come, reenge the ribs, an' let the heat
Doun to oor tinglin' taes;
Clap on a gude Kinaskit peat
An' let us see a blaze.
An' since o' watter we are scant
Fess ben the barley-bree—
A nebful baith we sanna want
To wet oor whistles wi'!
Noo let the winds o' Winter blaw
Owre Scotland's hills an' plains,
It maitters nocht to us ava—
We've simmer in oor veins!"

And there is an echo of Burns in the adjuration:

"Bring oot the jorum! there's a drap
That should be gurglin' i' the wime o't;
An', while the storm flees owre oor tap,
We'll toom the cog, an' hae a time o't!
A cheerfu' quaich—an' whaur's the crime
o't
Or mebbe twa—we'll no' get fou!
Droon Daddy Care, an' mak' a rhyme o't,
An' face the warl' the morn anew!"

Alas! the cheerfu' quaich has indeed taken its place among the instruments of crime, and we must perforce make the most of it, contenting ourselves with a holding fast to the simple faith in a return of our people to the kind of sanity which Dr. J. Risdon Bennett outlined in these words: "If every man is to forego his freedom of action because many make a licentious use of it, I know not what is the value of any freedom."



Memoirs of a Scottish Village

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."—Longfellow.

VII

THE HEROISM OF BALDY STEEK

The afternoon of the Holy Sawbath was for the mothers of oor toon a period of anxiety; for the fathers a duration of unconfessed boredom; but for the Unholy Triumvirate a space of joy unconfined.

The anxiety of the mothers was for that unconfinement; the boredom of the fathers that, being adult and presumably sedately-minded, it was not fitting that they should climb forbidden walls and invade grozet gardens, or even read a novel on the Lord's Day—although the Yowt's mother, fearing Alexander Senior might find his way to some dim, irreligiously-lit corner (Sandy Blue's Tavern, for choice), liberally permitted *Chamber's Journal*; on condition, however, that he take it into the parlor and read only such articles as had been written by foreign missionaries.

While Alexander Senior sat by the parlor window learning of secret cannibalism among ostensible Christian converts of the Bonga-Bong mission, his interest would be distracted by strange sounds from the lane leading to his cottage. Strange pipings and signals, savoring of some secret order, would arrest his ear and eye. He would look out and see nothing but the wall separating the lane from the garden wherein gooseberries arrived at fruition only because they were the Yowt's father's grozets. (Oh, lucky was the father to have a son so honored

among thieves!) Perhaps, if Alexander Senior looked long and carefully enough he would see a head appear (as much as from the eyes up) followed by another half-head. The strange whistle or call would be sounded and the half-heads disappear again. But Alexander Senior would merely chuckle and proceed with the secret cannibal orgy.

In the kitchen, in the meantime, The Yowt, in his Sunday suit (with breeks), his toes burning in his Sunday boots—looking and feeling painfully washed—would be trying to read "Pilgrim's Progress." But his eyes would steal to the old wag-at-the-wa' clock which always choked and seemed to clear its throat at precisely eleven minutes to any hour. It would be after two o'clock—the hour set for the Sunday directorate meeting at the Unholy Triumvirate. The call-signals of the order would be audible to him alone, perhaps, but as the minutes dragged on they would come louder, shriller, bolder, and The Yowt's nervousness would increase. His mother might hear and understand these signals, and then he might not be allowed forth for his Sunday's period of joy unconfined. For there was no safety in numbers.

The Yowt had done his Sunday duties. That morning he had been to Swazey's Episcopal, blown the organ to the glory of the Lord, although he had thoughtlessly let the wind out in the middle of the last hymn. But then he was a tired worker behind the scenes, for it had been a third Sunday in the month (with the

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Litany thrown in); and even if he got nine-pence for blowing a Litany service against sixpence for a "plain," it was hard work, especially when the visiting great organist from London opened up every stop and walked all over the pedals in that recessional piece of his own composing—what he called 'is 'Urricane on Galilee.

On account of the Litany neither Alexander Senior nor his wife had been to Swazey's Episcopal; but the mother felt fairly sure The Yowt had been there, because he had glibly reported the text, "That ye love one another." Which it wasn't by the way, The Yowt having been whittling a stick in the kirkyard when, his organ calling for no wind, he should have been drinking in grace from behind the choir-stalls. Once he was caught with "And the greatest of these is Charity," not knowing that his mother had changed her mind at the last moment and had heard an excellent sermon on I Cor. VIII, 2, which speaks of the things one doesn't know where one ought to.

The Yowt carefully eyed the clock. The propitious moment was approaching when he might dare ask for the great Sunday dispensation. But, first, he would read to the end of the paragraph. He did. John Bunyan, forever taking a mud-bath by way of proving himself predestined to destruction, assured The Yowt that in his own youth he had been addicted to all manner of wickednesses, such as putting cats and owls in the belfry of Bedford church, playing hockey on Sundays, and even swearing. But a conversation he had had with an old lady led him to see the error of his ways. . . .

"Mither," said The Yowt, laying down the book and passing a weary, student hand across his strained brow, "can I go out for a wee bit walk?"

The mother's lips tightened, and not without reason. There is a tragic story one may tell some other time. But the sun was shining and surely the Lord would not frown that His bairns played a wee, even on His day. There was that story in the Bible about the children in the temple

"I suppose," said she, "they boys will be waitin' at the end o' the lane, a' primed for some didoes?"

"Na, na, mither."

"Ye promise to keep oot o' mischief?"

"Oh, ay, mither."

"Not climb wa's nor barb-wire fences nor get your feet wet?"

"Ay, mither—na mither!"

"Then off wi' ye—an' be back by five or ye'll get nae tea!"

With admirable restraint The Yowt would then get his bonnet, perhaps meticulously brush his hair (something he would never think of doing where tact was unnecessary) and finally saunter out of the cottage, maintaining a leisurely pace until the end of the lane was reached. Then—a "Hist!" and "Come on, fellahs! Where'll we gang?" Whereupon the directorate would go into session and debate whether to take in Luckie McCluckett's grozet patch or merely carry out that long-discussed plan of sewing up the sleeves of the Rev. Benjamin Swazey's cassock.

On this particular Sunday—the Sunday that made Baldy Steek a hero for all time—the Unholy Triumvirate decided to go fishin'. About two miles from oor toon there was a great, smooth, stone hump, called the "Bull Rock, which was a small peninsula at low tide, an island at high and at certain seasons a good place for small rock cod.

Thither went the triumvirate after having mustered some strings and pins. The tide was coming in, but still low. With their improvised tackle they had tremendous sport getting nibbles that never developed further. Engrossed in this exciting game (in which silence culminates in a yell, dying into a disappointed "A-a-aw!") they failed to note the rapid inflowing of the tide.

It was Bagsie who discovered about twelve inches of water separating the rock from the shore by a space of several yards. They made as much of their predicament as they could out of memories of great castaways in fiction. Perhaps Stevenson did the same when he put Davie Balfour on that rock at Earraid where he lived on whelks until he made the humiliating discovery that he could have waded dryshod ashore at low tide. Anyway, when discretion overcame desire for a whelk diet the triumvirate simply took off shoes and stockings, tossed them across to the shore, rolled up their Sun-

day breeks and proceeded to wade to *terra firma*.

Unfortunately The Yowt slipped on a weedy stone and fell flat on his back in a foot of water. Neither Baldy nor Bagsie offered the least assistance—which is important in the light of Baldy's present halo—but roared with all the joyous mirth of youth at ludicrous misfortune.

The Yowt, crawling ashore a dripping, woebegone spectacle, suddenly burst into tears, whereat the mirth became charged with many a scornful, "Haw! Haw! He's greetin'!" Through his sobs The Yowt entered denial of the implied reason for his grief.

"It's no because I fell in. It's—it's—I'll get the parritch stick for getting ma Sunday clo'es wet!"

And, having laid the full tragedy before them in this concrete shape, he sat down on a rock, shivering in the cold sea-wind that penetrated his wet clothing, and gave himself up to misery. Nothing so tragic had happened since the day he left the seat of his new breeks on a barb-wire fence as a hostage to the gamekeeper.

The mirth of Bagsie and Baldy came to a short stop. The directorate sat down in formal session. This was serious. A member of the corporation was in corporeal peril; was in the hands of the common enemy—parents.

Bagsie, the most proficient in Crockett, Crusoe and Clark Russell theories of procedure, suggested that the triumvirate retire to the woods, build a fire and dry out the unhappy Yowt. The latter, knowing the eagle eye that would glance over his Sunday clothes the moment he passed the kitchen door, knew the scheme would never work, especially when Baldy Steek, the tailor's son, deplored the absence of clothes-pressing utensils.

To make up for this damper, Baldy offered a suggestion which was as brilliant as, at the moment, it was modestly offered.

"Tell ye what ye dae," said Baldy, never dreaming that he was inviting the lightning of fame; "we'll agree on a story."

"Story? What kinda story?"—scoffed Bagsie.

Baldy considered deeply, eyeing the Bull Rock the while. At only one side of the islet was the water ever shallow.

"Supposin' ye'd fell in on the ootside instead o' the inside?"

"I'd 'a' been drooned," said The Yowt with the muted note of one who thinks it might have been for the best.

"Well," said Baldy, "that's juist what happen't, excep' that ye wasna drooned. I happen't tae ketch yer leg an' haul ye oot."

For a few moments Bagsie and The Yowt stared at Baldy. Slowly relief and a grin appeared on the face of the plumber's son, while hope glimmered in the gray face of The Yowt.

"I'll go ye better'n that," said Bagsie, "Nae leg about it! He was in the water and droonin' when I *jumped* in an' saved him. I wance swum as much as fifteen strokes without touchin' bottom."

Then there was a violent altercation between Bagsie and Baldy as to which had saved The Yowt's life. Baldy, supported by The Yowt (who was perhaps entitled to some opinion on the matter) won, on the ground mainly that he had spoken first and was the real author of the great idea. Bagsie yielded with poor grace—but yielded; after which the triumvirate discussed details.

As a result, one hour late for tea (the penalty for which dilatoriness produced a convincing woe and gravity in The Yowt's manner) the Unholy Triumvirate made a sensational entry into oor toon. They suggested for all the world Mr. Kipling's *Ortheris* and *Learoyd* with *Mulvaney* between them, walking off one of "th' Corp'ril's" black fits. Only *Mulvaney* in this case was a white-faced lad with still-wet hair artistically plastered about his ears and eyes, his bonnet looking like pulp and his sodden Sunday clothes clinging in damp wrinkles to his small body.

On either hand, supporting the victim of nigh-drowning, walked *Ortheris* and *Learoyd*—Bagsie and Baldy. From the moment they touched the outskirts of the village they began to announce the near-fatality and the rescue; that is, Bagsie on the right announced the supposed happening, shouting it to folk on the road or in gardens or seated by open windows, while Baldy from the left added the important sequel:

"And it was me saved his life!"

"He was goin' doon for the third time!" cried Bagsie.

"When I div in an' caught him on my back an' swum ashore wi' him!" Baldy supplemented.

"Losh preserve 's!" gasped Holy Tammas, who happened along. "Mistress Urquhart! D'ye hear this? Mistress Cam'ell's laddie. An' Erchie Steek's boy—Eh, the brave lad! Went in aifter him. He ought t' get the Shumane Society's medal!"

Through the main street of oor toon paraded a growing procession, headed by the Unholy Triumvirate, two members still announcing and supplying details. The crowd which followed increased in number. A thing like this did not happen every day, and the memory of another tragedy—a real tragedy—was painfully fresh in many a mother heart. How would Mistress Campbell take it? Puir woman! She ought to go doon on her bedit knees this nicht and gi'e thanks, etc., etc.

"When I brung him ashore he was blue in the face!" cried Baldy.

"D'ye hear that?" whispered Mrs. Meiklejohn in a tragic aside.

"—an' foamin' at the mooth!" Bagsie supplemented constructively. "An' we had to roll him on a barrel for hours;" imagination beginning to play recklessly with time and conveniences—which everybody overlooked.

By this time, such is the power of auto-suggestion upon the boy mind, The Yowt was sobbing loudly at the head of the procession. He actually believed now that he had been nearly drowned. Baldy now actually believed that he had saved The Yowt from a watery grave. Even Bagsie half-believed the whole thing had happened as he and his fellow-conspirator described it.

In the cottage of Alexander Senior the family was gathered around the kitchen fire, the tea over and the things cleared away, except for a half-slice of bread, *without jam*, for the malefactor when he should turn up. Mrs. Campbell, her underlip drawn in with great firmness, was nursing her wrath and eyeing the wag-at-the-wa', which pointed to 6:10. Conveniently at arm's length to her right was the kitchen table, in the drawer of

which lay that utensil of manifold uses—the porridge stick!

Outside in the dusk sounded many voices, the fall of many feet. The old dog's head iron knocker sounded a summons like Fate. Alexander Senior rose from his seat by the left of the hob, his face oddly and suddenly gray. His wife looked at him, clapped a hand to her ample bosom and whispered:

"God forgive us, Sandy! Somethin's happen't to your boy."

Next minute the kitchen was filled with a fair percentage of the adult male and female population of oor toon. The entire juvenile population was clamoring outside, except that portion of it which occupied the center of the kitchen stage. The hour, the porridge, stick and dry bread were all forgotten as the mother received the begritten Yowt in her arms, and Alexander Senior listened—with that curious, helpless pathos of the terror-stricken father—to the strange narrative of events as delivered simultaneously by Baldy Steek and Bagsie McSwilling.

"Steek's boy ought to get the Shumane Society's medal!" declared Holy Tammas.

"Steek'll be the prood man when he hears this," Gangy, the billposter, opined.

"Weel, I'm gled it's nae affair o' mine," ventured Mr. McClung, the undertaker. "Ye ought t' be gey an' thankfu', Sandy Cam'el."

"I am," said the interior decorator in a dazed way. "I am, I— I— This has kinda takken ma breath awa'. Maggie," to his wife, "we'd best pit the lad tae bed."

The neighbors took the hint and departed, with Bagsie and Baldy still in their midst; still hungry for details, still eager to supply them. But at the kitchen door Bagsie cast a cautioning glance back at The Yowt. The Yowt needed no warning, however.

"Janet," said the mother to her eldest. "Put on the kettle an' make some hot tea for the laddie. An' warm up the sausage and spread him a slice on jam. D'ye feel ye could eat, boy?"

Through a cloud of woe, The Yowt managed to nod affirmation. He ate a hearty supper after his father had stripped him of his damp clothes and attired him in the parental nightshirt. Only one thing puzzled Alexander Senior. It was that

while the boy's every other garment was sodden, *his shoes and stockings were dry*. But the father, averse to debate, said nothing to his guidwife about that small circumstance.

Long after The Yowt and the rest of the family were asleep, Alexander Senior and his wife lay awake, thinking much but saying little. Once Maggie sobbed—well, sniffed, perhaps—whereat Alexander forgot the undemonstrative reserve of thirty-years-married. He was holding his wife's hand in his when he grumbled, "Weel . . . guid-nicht, Meg."

As a result of her overnight thought on the affair, The Yowt's mother sat at the lad's bedside next morning, ascertained that he was none the worse for his misadventure and proceeded to communicate a decision.

"Boy," she said solemnly, "ye've had a narra escape frae a wat'ry grave. (Did ye mind t' say yer prayers last night? I forgot to ask. An' I hope ye didna forget Baldy Steek.) As I was sayin'—ye ought to be thankfu' an' show Baldy yer gratitude.

"How many pennies are in yer penny-bank on the shelf? One and eight pence, is it no?"

The Yowt looked up at his mother. His face took on the gray hue of his nose-rubbed pillow and his jaw literally dropped.

"Oh, laddie!" his mother reproached him. "Is one shillin' an' eightpence anything to pay for yer precious life? Ye're to give it *all* to Baldy Steek—and thank him besides."

The Yowt, a queer look in his face, gulped and nodded. His mother kissed him—something unusual, as it commonly is in a family of Scots after babyhood—and went back to the kitchen satisfied that the boy was worth the sacrifice of that one-and-eightpence.

But the moment she was out of the room, The Yowt was out of that bed and had procured the penny-bank from the shelf in his bedroom cupboard. He shook it to assure himself of something. Satisfied by the jingle from within, he placed the slot-bank under his pillow and thereafter enjoyed the luxury of breakfast in bed.

Along about ten o'clock, before The

Yowt was allowed to rise, Baldy and Bagsie called (ordered thereto by their parents) to inquire after The Yowt's condition. Into the bedroom they were ushered by Mrs. Campbell; the hero, Baldy, looking more uncomfortable than either of the other two directors of the Unholy Triumvirate. From the bed The Yowt grinned cheerily. Bagsie looked a little dissatisfied with the world in general. The hero studied the floor matting.

Mrs. Campbell ceremoniously cleared her throat, made a little speech about bravery and gratitude, with a strain of Providential mercy running throughout. She concluded her piece by commanding The Yowt to render his little tribute.

"Thank 'ee for savin' my life, Baldy," said The Yowt, squirming with embarrassment. "And," producing the penny-bank from under his pillow, "I'm givin' ye my bank for a reward."

Mrs. Campbell beamed proud satisfaction. Bagsie looked a little distressed, but even a little more puzzled. The hero appeared dumfounded for some reason and gave the bank a tentative little shake as if to make sure his senses did not deceive him. Then he looked rather wildly at Bagsie, who blinked as if doubtful that he was awake.

"Thank 'ee," said the hero and kind of worked toward the door, Bagsie following. Mrs. Campbell saw them out and sent them off with many a compliment for Baldy; which increasingly irritated Bagsie.

The instant they had left the bedroom The Yowt turned his face down into the pillow and his slight body shook as with some great emotion. When he revealed his face again it was wet with tears, although why he should be weeping now might have puzzled Alexander Senior as much as the dry shoes had done.

Down at the end of the lane, to which Baldy and Bagsie walked in utter silence, these two faced one another in mute inquiry. On the countenance of each was blank wonder, touched with just a little suspicion. Baldy again gave the bank a little shake.

"There's something in it," he whispered, as if he had struck a trail of blood.

"Haulves—if there is!" said Bagsie. "But I thought he took a' the pennies out

that day we bought the air-pistol?"

"So did I," said Baldy.

Again they stared at each other, a kind of boyish horror of disloyalty, treachery, deception growing against The Yowt. Had he lied to them that day? Had he kept back some of the pennies that should have paid for his third share in the corporation air-pistol? Or—and hope dawned—had he saved up some pennies since?

"Let's open it," Bagsie suggested, "Haulves, mind!"

They climbed to the safe umbrage of a tree, forced open the patent slot-bank and found within some carefully cut pieces of zinc.

For a few minutes they were completely

mystified. It was Bagsie, the close student of "Old Sleuth," who arrived at the solution of the mystery.

"He was fear't his mither might shake the bank an' find there was nae pennies in it," he announced.

Then they saw the humorous side of the whole matter and laughed, Bagsie especially. The false hero had been rewarded with false coin.

False hero. . . . That was a long time ago, Baldy. Oor toon never knew that you were no hero then. But twenty years later they all saw that list in the paper. . . . "Private Archibald Steek . . . went back to save Private David McSwilling" . . . And they found them both!

THE CALL O' SCOTLAND

BY ROBERT STARK

I had a dream that carried me wi' lichtnin' speed across
A waste o' ragin' waters, whaur the billows tirl and toss;
I found myself in Scotia, and my heart got sweetly sair,
As I tramped across the heathy moor, and breathed my native air.

What mak's my he'rt gae thumpin' and bring baith wae and mirth
As Phoebus sheds his kindly rays upon my land o' birth?
Auld Earth turns roon' tae get his smile, and Scotland gets its share;
Can southern climes, more flowery fields, show me a land more fair?

A loch was smilin' faur below, and upwards cam' the cry
O' restless seagulls on the wing, and tide's eternal sigh.
The shingly sang o' ocean's flow, the bonnie siller sands,
That draw my heart-strings ower the sea, frae kind but alien lands.

Auld Cluthie's clang and clatter gies me pride o' race and birth,
There ships are built that plough the seas to every port on earth.
Where Wallace warred and Mungo mused by Molindinar's stream,
Whaur Colin Campbell saw the licht, and Watt controlled the steam.

Dear Coila, whaur the king o' sang was born ae Janwar nicht,
Spreads a' its lovely hills and dales on my enraptured sight;
The spate, an acre braid or mair, and Afton's gentle flow,
Oh, Burns, thou bard o' a' mankind, of tyranny the foe!

Then eastward ower the Pentland Hills, and doon tae Abbotsford,
Where Scott, the wizard, wove the spell that mak's him world-adored;
And northwards whaur the Grampian Hills gave mighty Rome a check.
And left Auld Scotland unsubdued, while Rome became a wreck.

And sae my vagrant fancy roams o'er hill or bosky glen,
Whaur brawlin' burns or smiling strath, mak' glad the heart o' men.
I'd like tae stay, for nicht and day, tho' duty keeps me here,
I feel the call o' Scotland, and it's aye and ever near.

Once mair I'm back in Jersey, where "Columbia" is sang,
As Rabbie says, "the heart's the bit that mak's us right or wrang,"
And while the thochts time canna crush, on spins this worldly ba',
O Scotland! tho' there's leagues between, ye're never faur away'.

Leadership in the Last Century

BY JAMES KENNEDY

(For THE CALEDONIAN)

District leaders are public benefactors. They are constantly rising to the glorified heights of self-sacrifice. Looking back to the time when we were so far left to ourselves as to assume the multiplex and vicarious duties of the office in a so-called reform movement in an East Side district in New York City, we might well have been charged with associating with publicans and sinners. Pathos and Poverty haunted us like shadows. Tales of woe from maddened men and frantic women flowed on forever. Sometimes it was a group of anguish stricken parents mourning for their brood of boys caught red-handed, or white-handed rather, playing at "pool" on Sunday at two-and-a-half cents a "cue."

"We don't know where they get the money unless it is the pennies that you give them. It isn't from us. You should not do it. They just make beasts of themselves. Get them out of the 'Jug' and keep their names out of the papers, and not be having us disgraced among the neighbors, and we'll be with you next election."

Or it would be an old man who had seen better days and had saved nothing except the ragged mantle of false pride. He did not like to go to the Charity Institution on the Island, but there was a Home for Aged reprobates in the suburbs, and it was only a few hundred dollars for admission; and he claimed that he had voted for us some election days until his hand was tired, and we were the only man that he had ever done that much for.

Occasionally it was a burst of indignation from a recently appointed city employee who would relieve his pent-up wrath in a fine burst of irony.

"You're a fine leader! You're a cuckoo! You're a jim dandy! If that's the best you can do, give it to somebody else. Not me. None of that in mine."

"Why, what is it?"

"Did you ever see them digging a sewer? Four men standing on the street doing nothing, then two more on a platform about six feet down, then another one about four feet deeper down doing shorthand writing with a pick and shovel. Well, that was me, so I quit."

"Did they not change places?"

"No, sirree,—except to go and get a drink and put something on the ponies."

"Was there no chance to work your way up?"

"Not for me; I hadn't the proper pull—no more reform party for me."

Colored curiosities there were. A bunch of negroes hailed us at a street corner on election day. It was near the closing of the polls, and they had not yet voted. They owed rent for their meeting place, and like the fishermen of old, had toiled all the previous night and caught nothing. Could we do something?

"No, not now, with people looking out at the windows and passing on the sidewalk; but go and vote, and then send a committee of three to headquarters next night and we were good for a month's rent."

Their eyes bulged and they hastened to the polls and delivered the goods. The committee never came near us. We marvelled, but before many days we were enlightened by meeting one of the black brigade.

"Oh, you're smart; I wish I had your head! You knew when you made that proposition that we couldn't agree on trusting any three of us on that committee! Oh, you'll get along!"

We stood in dumb amazement, but the black pirate sailed away like ships that pass in the night.

The unexpected constantly happens. A car driver became a candidate for some elective office. He ran his car better than

he ran his campaign. With the car he had saved something: the campaign ran him into debt. On the morning after his crushing defeat he stood at a street corner leaning against a lamp post. Not that the lamp post needed his support; it was the other way. He looked as if he had come to a standstill. Was he going back to his work like a man?

"No!—do you see that pawnbroker's shop over there? Well, I'm waiting till it opens and I'm going to buy a cheap second-hand revolver and blow my brains out!"

We are apt to imagine that mockery is a good method of bringing a man to his senses when his wits seem to be glimmering, and we jokingly hinted that it would be cheaper and create less disturbance to go to the river and slip quietly in where the water was deep. We were mistaken. We were not alone in jesting, as the clever reporters had mocked him during the campaign; but next day they deepened into tragedy. He was on the front page, but the second-hand revolver was of a light calibre—too light for the bullet to penetrate his thick skull—and after a few weeks he came out of the hospital clothed and in his right mind; and with the exception of a red scar that ran around the right side of his head, like a section of a nimbus on the head of an early martyr, it otherwise seemed that his self-imposed visit to the brink of quiescence had improved him, like a traveler who had visited a far country and had come back with broader and kindlier estimates of humanity in general and his neighbors in particular.

A man there was who sold wet goods to dry customers, and was said to be a decent man because he had no political affiliations, vainly imagining that he had no need of them. He ignored the police, and in those days this was to defy them. He had two sons, and on Saturday afternoons they relieved the old man in the labor incident to the quenching of the accumulated thirst of his customers. One Sunday morning, one of the brothers called to see us. Would we go bail for his brother who had been in the city prison for a week. The visiting brother was in tears. The imprisoned one was also in a similar condition. So was the mother. Like Tennyson's "Mariana."

"Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide."

We started to find the magistrate and we had our day's work before us. Hotels, club rooms, gin mills were searched in vain. The tear-eyed brother would not let us go. We objected to going to the prison to feed the brother with an empty spoon; but our wanderings had taken us near the place, and as a last call there was a roomy tavern near the Tombs doing business in open violation of the Sunday law under the shadow of the prison walls. The Judge was there. The garrulous bar-keeper begged the brother not to disturb his honor; but the brother rushed in where angels might fear to tread. Through a sparry door we caught glimpses of the flaming spectacles of the outraged justice.

"The idea—the impertinence—the effrontery!" he exclaimed. "Think I've got nothing else to do but run here and there for you and your brother. What do I know about you and your bondsman? Some straw-man, I suppose. Good mind to send the two of you to the soft side of a plank all night. Get out of this!"

Bursts of merriment from the carousing card-players, bitter condemnation from the bartender, and we walked in the valley of humiliation to prison, where it took bribery to be permitted to see the two brothers mingle their tears and play at checkers with their noses through the grated loopholes. Three days afterward three hundred dollars' security was accepted for opening the prison doors, and after three weeks three learned judges sent the lad to the Island for three months for selling a glass of something three minutes after midnight. The way of the transgressor is hard—especially those who are more sinned against than sinning.

One may well ask what has all this helping of the helpless to do with political leadership? This is the superstructure upon which popular favor is generally built. The higher or more complex work consists of saying a few words of false encouragement at meetings with a mixture of equally false abuse of rival parties. The rival district leaders, like advertising salesmen, abuse each other behind their backs and laugh when they

meet, like ancient augurs. The depth of moral depravity is reached at what are known as conferences. While the rank and file are quarreling in debates over the burning questions of the hour, the four or five leaders in a district are in a secluded back room good-naturedly parceling out the nominations and prospective appointments. The figures recording the results of the last ten years are at their finger ends, and the outlook is visioned with a mathematical precision that is seldom in error. Perhaps once in twenty years a wave comes that upsets things. As an illustration, Jim Keegan had been in the State Assembly a dozen years, and it was agreed that he should have another year. Who was the weakest man to put up against him? MacTavish, the retired plumber, was suggested. He was old. He could not speak two sentences. He would not spend a penny. He would be the easiest licked man in the district. All he knew was to hang on to his money. He was a fossilized barnacle. If it cost him nothing he would run, that is, he would stand still and dumbly enjoy seeing his name in print. He was just the man. The unexpected happened and he was elected.

Keegan had a favor to ask. He had a bill in progress; his future depended upon it. Would MacTavish father it? Certainly, what was it? The Chinese laundrymen should be compelled by law to give receipts in English. Their hieroglyphics were an imposition. It was barefaced robbery. The people should be protected from the Heathen Chinese. Keegan blossomed into a lobbyist. Keegan was in the "swim." The bill was advanced. The Chinamen were up in arms. On a certain day they made a pilgrimage to Albany. MacTavish became temporarily a mandarin. He listened to the jabbering of the Orientals with a splendid silence. At last he uttered two cryptic words—"See Keegan." Keegan was "seen." The bill was withdrawn. Keegan moved from a cheap flat and became the owner of a substantial brownstone house in Lenox Avenue, with nine or ten tenants paying big rents in the upper floors. MacTavish made a long deferred trip to the old country where the press and public united in hailing him as a fine example of the sons of Scotland who wander to a far country and by sheer force of character and ability surpass other less gifted nationalities.

AN AULD BORDER DYKER'S PRAYER

BY GILBERT RAE

I've dyket lang on a cauld hill-end,
 An' my back is bood wi' care,
 But weel I ken what here I bend
 Will a' be strauchent there.
 Will al' be strauchent there,
 By the hairt that lo'es us a';
 Whaur the storms o' life will come nae mair,
 Or the tears o' grief doonfa'.

There's a dyke o' love in anither land,
 A bield an' a circlin' fauld,
 A staff o' hope for a shakin' hand,
 An' a dyker growin' auld.
 An' a dyker growin' auld,
 His life's-wark nearly by;
 Wha's hame an' thocht is the hairtsome hald
 Far ayont the starry sky.

I've a cauld, hard hairt, like the muckle stanes
 That lie on the Border Hills,
 An' the stoun o' age creeps through my banes,
 An' the soul wi' langin' fills.
 An' the soul wi' langin' fills
 For the easin' o' the load,
 That the hand o' time for ever shuils
 'Neath Thy hammer-stroke, O God.

It's a lang, lang road that leads to hame,
 An' the dykes are crumlin' doon,
 But, Lord, yer love is aye the same
 To a thochtless Border loon.
 To a thochtless Border loon,
 An' a dyker far frae grace,
 Wha canna see for daith's dark froon
 The bonnie restin'-place.

Lord, lay yer dear hand intil mine,
 Sair chackit though mine be,
 An' let the warm soft touch o' Thine
 Fa' licht on sic as me.
 Fa' licht on sic as me,
 Wha kensna hoo to pray,
 But tremblin' waits by the jummlin' sea
 For the breakin' o' the day.

John Muir—A Review

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

PART IV

Muir in the introduction to his book, *The Yosemite*, writes, "Arriving by the Panama steamer I stopped one day in San Francisco, and then I inquired the nearest way out of town. 'But where do you want to go?' asked the man to whom I applied for this information. 'To any place where it is wild,' I said. This reply seemed to startle him. He seemed to fear I might be crazy and therefore the sooner I was out of town the better, so he directed me to the Oakland Ferry.

"So on the first of April, 1868, I started out afoot for the Yosemite. It was the bloom-time of the year over the lowlands and coast-ranges: the landscapes of the Santa Clara Valley were fairly drenched with sunshine; all the air was quivering with the songs of the meadow-larks, and the hills were so covered with flowers that they seemed to be painted. Slow indeed was my progress through glorious gardens, the first of the California flora I had seen. Cattle and cultivation were making few scars as yet, and I wandered enchanted in long waving curves, knowing by my pocket map that Yosemite Valley lay to the east and that I should surely find it."

He sauntered along alone, doing much botanizing as he went, revelling in the beauty of the landscape of which, two years before he died, he wrote thus: "Looking eastward from the summit of the Pacheco Pass one shining morning, a landscape was displayed that after all my wanderings, still appears as the most beautiful I ever beheld." He was to spend ten years of his life enjoying this beauty of which he seems never to have tired.

It is less than two hundred and forty miles from San Francisco to the Yosemite Valley, but it took him all summer to saunter there, and when he did reach it,

it was through deep snow. This is how he describes his first entrance:

"Galen Clark was the best mountaineer I ever met, and one of the kindest and most amiable of all my mountain friends. I first met him at his Wawona ranch forty-three years ago (this was written in 1912) on my first visit to Yosemite. I had entered the Valley with one companion by way of Coulterville, and returned by what was then known as the Mariposa trail. Both trails were buried deep in snow where the elevation was from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above sea-level, in the sugar pine and silver fir regions. We had no great difficulty, however, in finding our way by the trends of the main features of the topography. Botanizing by the way, we made slow, plodding progress, and were again about out of provisions when we reached Clark's hospitable cabin at Wawona. He kindly furnished us with flour and a little sugar and tea, and my companion, who complained of the benumbing poverty of a strictly vegetarian diet, gladly, accepted Mrs. Clark's offer of a piece of bear that had just been killed."

Mr. Clark was for many years the Park keeper, being appointed again and again by successive boards of the Park Commissioners on account of his efficiency and his real love of the Valley.

Mr. Muir spent five winters in the Valley, and seemed to enjoy them just as much as the many summers he spent there, for he loved to study Nature in all her moods, and took great delight in seeing her elements of destruction doing their worst. He thus describes a winter day in the Valley that he greatly enjoyed.

"I had long been anxious to study some points in the structure of the ice-hill at the foot of the Upper Yosemite Fall, but blinding spray had hitherto prevented me from getting sufficiently near it. This morning the entire body of the Fall was

oftentimes torn into gauzy strips and blown horizontally along the face of the cliff, leaving the ice-hill dry; and while making my way to the top of Fern Ledge to seize so favorable an opportunity to look down its throat, the peaks of the Merced group came in sight over the shoulder of the South Dome, each waving a white glowing banner against the dark blue sky, as regular in form and firm in texture as if it were made of silk. So rare and splendid a picture of course smothered every thing else, and I at once began to scramble and wallow up the snow-choked Indian Cañon to a ridge about 8,000 feet high, commanding a general view of the main summits along the axis of the Range, feeling sure I should find them bannered more gloriously; nor was I disappointed. I reached the top of the ridge in less than five hours, and through an opening in the woods, the most imposing wind-storm effects I ever beheld came full in sight; unnumbered mountains rising sharply into the cloudless sky, their bases solid white, their sides splashed with snow, like ocean rocks with foam, and on every summit a magnificent silvery banner, from two thousand to six thousand feet in length, slender at the point of attachment, and widening gradually until about a thousand or fifteen hundred feet in breadth, and as shapely and substantial-looking in texture as banners of the finest silk, all streaming and heaving free and clear in the after sun-glow, with nothing to blur the sublime picture they made.

"Fancy yourself standing beside me on this Yosemite Ridge. There is a strange garish glitter in the air, and the gale drives wildly overhead, but you feel nothing of its violence, for you are looking out through a sheltered opening in the woods, as through a window. In the immediate foreground there is a forest of silver firs, their foliage warm yellow-green, and the snow beneath them is strewn with their plumes, plucked off by the storm; and beyond a broad, ridgy cañon-furrowed, dome-dotted middle ground, darkened here and there with belts of pines, you behold the lofty snow-laden mountains in glorious array, waving their banners with jubilant enthusiasm as

if shouting aloud with joy. They are twenty miles away, but you would not wish them nearer, for every feature is distinct, and the whole wonderful show is seen in its right proportions, like a painting in the sky."

I think this is wonderful descriptive writing, and I only hope that my readers enjoy Muir's work as I do, and I cannot refrain from making this other quotation at the risk of wearying you. But this incident shows Muir's dogged, persistent strength of character so nicely that I feel that it should be read. He writes:

"Few Yosemite visitors ever see avalanches, and fewer still know the exhilaration of riding on them. In all my mountaineering I have only enjoyed one avalanche ride, and the start was so sudden and the end came so soon, I had but little time to think of the danger that attends this sort of travel, though at such times one thinks fast. One fine morning after a heavy snowfall, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible, and wide views of the forest and summit peaks in their new and white robes before the sun shine had time to change them, I set out early to climb by a side cañon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over three thousand feet above the Valley. On account of the looseness of the snow that blocked the cañon, I knew the climb would require a long time, some three or four hours as I estimated; but it proved far more difficult than I had anticipated. Most of the way I sank waist deep, almost out of sight in some places. After spending the whole day to within an hour or so of sundown, I was still several hundred feet from the summit. Then my hopes were reduced to getting up in time to see the sunset. But I was not to get summit views of any sort that day, for deep trampling near the cañon head, where the snow was strained, started an avalanche, and I was swished down to the foot of the cañon as if by enchantment. The wallowing ascent had taken nearly all day, the descent about a minute. When the avalanche started I threw myself back and spread out my arms to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the cañon is very steep, it is not interrupted by precipices large enough to cause out-

bounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried; I was only moderately imbedded on the surface, or at times a little below it, and covered with a veil of back-streaming dust particles; and as the whole mass beneath and about me joined in the flight, there was no friction, though I was tossed here and there, and lurched from side to side. When the avalanche wedged and came to rest, I found myself on top of the crumpled pile without bruise or scar. This was a fine experience." I am sure my readers will agree with me that few men could have gone through it as he did and enjoyed it.

But snow, ice and wind were not the only natural agencies that amazed Mr. Muir, for shortly after this hairbreadth escape with his life, he went through what seems to me to be a more fearsome experience. I will again let him tell of it himself.

"At half-past two o'clock of a moonlight morning in March, I was awakened by a tremendous earthquake, and though I had never before enjoyed a storm of this sort, the strange thrilling motion could not be mistaken, and I ran out of my cabin, both glad and frightened, shouting, 'A noble earthquake! a noble earthquake,' feeling sure I was going to learn something. The shocks were so violent and varied, and succeeded one another so closely that I had to balance myself carefully in walking as if on the deck of a ship among waves, and it seemed impossible that the high cliffs of the valley could escape being shattered. In particular I feared that the sheer-fronted Sentinel Rock, towering above my cabin, would be shaken down, and I took shelter back of a large yellow pine, hoping that it might protect me from at least the small out-bounding boulders. For a minute or two the shocks became more and more violent—flashing horizontal thrusts mixed with a few twists and battering, explosive, upheaving jolts—as if Nature were wrecking her Yosemite temple, and getting ready to build a still better one.

"I was now convinced before a single boulder had fallen that earthquakes were the talus makers and positive proof soon came. It was a calm moonlight night, and no sound was heard for the first minute

or so, save low, muffled, underground bubblings and the whispering and rustling of the agitated trees, as if Nature were holding her breath. Then suddenly out of the strange stillness, and strange motion there came a tremendous roar. The Eagle Rock on the south wall, about half a mile up the Valley gave way, and I saw it falling in thousands of the great boulders I had so long been studying, pouring to the Valley floor in a free curve, luminous from friction, making a terribly sublime spectacle—an arc of glowing, passionate fire, fifteen hundred feet span, as true in form and as serene in beauty as a rainbow, in the midst of the stupendous, roaring rock storm.

"The sound was so tremendously deep and broad and earnest, the whole earth like a living creature seemed at last to have found a voice, and to be calling to her sister planets. In trying to tell something of the size of this awful sound it seems to me that if all the thunder of all the storms I had ever heard were condensed into one roar, it would not equal this rock-roar at the birth of a mountain talus. Think then, of the roar that arose to heaven at the simultaneous birth of all the thousands of ancient cañon-taluses throughout the length and breadth of the Range!

"The first severe shocks were soon over, and eager to examine the new-born talus, I ran up the Valley in the moonlight and climbed upon it before the huge blocks, after their fiery flight, had come to complete rest. They were slowly settling into their places, chafing, grating against one another, groaning and whispering; but no motion was visible except in a stream of small fragments pattering down the face of the cliff. A cloud of dust particles, lighted by the moon, floated out across the whole breadth of the Valley, forming a ceiling that lasted till after sunrise, and the air was filled with the odor of crushed Douglas Spruce from a grove that had been mowed down and mashed like weeds.

"After the ground began to calm, I ran across the meadow to the river to see in what direction it was flowing, and was glad to find that down the Valley was still down. Its waters were muddy from portions of its banks having given way, but it was flowing around its curves and

over its ripples and shallows with the ordinary tones and gestures. The mud would soon be cleared away, and the raw slips on the banks would be the only visible record of the shaking it had suffered.

"The upper Yosemite Fall, glowing white in the moonlight, seemed to know nothing of the earthquake, manifesting no change in form or voice as far as I could see, or hear.

"After a second startling shock about half past three o'clock, the ground continued to tremble gently, and smooth, hollow, rumbling sounds not always distinguishable from the rounded, bumping, explosive tones of the falls, came from deep in the mountains in a northern direction. The few Indians fled from their huts to the middle of the Valley, fearing that angry spirits were trying to kill them, as I afterwards learned."

There was still a third shock, about which he writes much more than I need to quote.

The advancing spring made him long again for the mountains, but he had little or no money and he could not see how he could keep up the bread supply. He brooded much over this and wondered if he could, like the wild animals, glean enough nourishment from the seeds, berries, etc., that he might find. He was on the point of trying this when a Mr. Delaney, a sheepowner for whom he had worked for a few weeks, and who sympathized with his ambitions, sent for him and offered him the job of overseeing a flock of two thousand sheep and their shepherds, that he was about to start on their summer tour of the mountains. Delaney proposed that Mr. Muir should simply act as an overseer to see that the shepherds and drivers did their duty, and decide what should be done in emergencies: that he would have plenty of time to botanize and explore as the days went on. At first Muir shrank from the responsibility, seeing that he had no experience along that line, he had conscientious scruples in the undertaking. But Delaney was so persistent that finally Muir consented to undertake the job. Weeks after, under date August 21st, he writes in his *Journal*:

"Delaney is a tall, lean, big-boned, big-hearted Irishman, educated for a priest in Maynooth College; lots of good in him shining out now and then in the mountain light." From the time he entered this employ he kept a daily journal of all that he did and all that happened, some days writing but a few lines, on other days many pages. Very often a literary gem appears, some of these I am sure readers will enjoy, and I here insert a few as we follow him through the summer. The journal was begun on June 3rd when the complete camp outfit was gotten together, and the last entry was made on September 22nd, when the sheep were corralled at Dutch Boy Ranch—Mr. Delaney's home ranch.

This is what he writes on Sept. 22nd: "The sheep were let out of the corral one by one this morning, and strange to say, after all their long adventurous wanderings in bewildering rocks and brush and streams, scattered by bears, poisoned by azalia, kalmia and alkali, all were accounted for. Of the two thousand and fifty that left the corral in the spring, lean and weak, two thousand and twenty-five have returned fat and strong. The losses are ten killed by bears, one by a rattlesnake, one that had to be killed after it had broken its leg on a boulder slope, and one that ran away in blind terror when separated from the flock, thirteen all told: of the other twelve, three were sold to ranchers, and nine were made camp mutton. Here ends my forever-memorable first high sierra excursion. I have crossed the range of light surely the brightest and best of all the Lord has built; and rejoicing in its glory I gladly, gratefully, hopefully pray that I may see it again." He also writes this about Delaney, "He has been good to me all summer, lending a helping and sympathizing hand at every opportunity as if my wild notions, and rambles, and studies were his own."

When the start was made in early June, they moved along at about a mile or less an hour, and very gradually they ascended the high mountains near the Yosemite Valley, where there were many streams fed from the snow peaks

that were still higher up; in fact, they finally followed the snow line closely, finding good grass in abundance and good shade in which the sheep could feed comfortably when the sun was high and strong. As we have already seen, Muir was a close observer of everything in nature. One day he writes:

"Another glorious sierra day in which one seems to be dissolved and absorbed and sent pulsing onward, we know not where. Life seems neither long nor short, and we take no more heed to save time or make haste than do the trees and stars. This is true freedom, a sort of practical immortality. Yonder rises another White Sky Land! How sharply the yellow pine spires and the palm-like crowns of the sugar pines are outlined on its smooth white domes! And hark! the grand thunder billows booming, rolling from ridge to ridge, followed by the faithful shower."

And again he writes, "Most of the ferns are in their prime; I measured some, scarce full-grown, that were more than seven feet high; though these are the commonest and most widely distributed of all the ferns, I never before saw them in such magnificence. The broad-shouldered fronds held high on smooth stout stalks, growing close together, overleaning and overlapping, make a complete ceiling, beneath which one can walk erect over several acres without being seen, as if beneath a roof. And how soft and lovely the light straining through this living ceiling, revealing the arching, branching ribs of the fronds, as the frame work of countless panes of pale green and yellow plant-glass nicely fitted together. A fairy-land created out of the commonest fern stuff!—I sat a long time beneath the tallest of the fronds, and never enjoyed anything in the way of a bower of wild leaves more strangely impressive. Only spread a fern frond over a man's head, and all worldly cares are cast out, and freedom and beauty and peace come in. The waving of a pine tree on the top of a mountain—a magic wand in Nature's hand—every devout mountaineer knows its power, but the marvellous beauty

power of what the Scotch call a bracken in a dell—what poet has sung this?"

I wish that there was space to write a few more quotations that I think most beautiful, but this chapter is already too long. There is one, however, that I must write; it is under date September 2nd, and is as follows: "How interesting everything is! every rock, mountain, stream, plant, lawn, garden, bird, beast, insect seems to call and invite me to come and learn something of its history and relationship. But shall the poor ignorant scholar be allowed to take the lessons they offer? It seems too great and good to be true.

"Soon I'll be going to the low lands, the bread camp must soon be removed. If I had a few sacks of flour, an axe and some matches, I would build a cabin of pine logs, pile up plenty of fire wood about it, and stay all winter to see the grand fertile snow storms, watch the birds and animals that winter this high; how they live, how the forests look snow-laden or buried, and how the avalanches look and sound on their way down the mountain. But now I'll have to go, for there is nothing to spare in the way of provisions. I'll surely be back however, I'll surely be back; no other place has so overwhelmingly attracted me as this hospitable God-full wilderness."

Was ever swain more enamored of his beloved than Muir was of these mountains?

(To be continued)

The scourge of influenza has once more been taking its toll in Scotland generally, and during the months of January and February the death rate was exceptionally high. Edinburgh and Leith were seriously affected, and it is said that not since the cholera outbreak of 1849 have the Musselburgh grave-diggers been so busy. Schools have been closed all over the country, and every other precaution taken to prevent it spreading, and at time of writing conditions are almost normal again.

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The Origin of Christmas and Easter

BY JAMES MALCOLM ORR

Mr. Thomas Freeburn asked a question about the observance of Christmas. He wished to know why it is observed so enthusiastically here in the United States, while in his native country, Scotland, it is not kept at all. If you will kindly permit me, I will endeavor to enlighten him on the reason why.

It is a fact well known by all careful students of history that Christianity reached the British Isles at a very early date and about the middle of the first century. There is historic proof that Joseph of Arimathea, uncle of the Virgin Mary, left Jerusalem on a journey which led to Avalon, England, A. D. 38. Mallgwyn of Landaff, a Briton of the fifth century, indicates the exact spot where Joseph was buried in the church of Avalon, or Domus Dei. A Vatican manuscript quoted by Cardinal Baronius says that "In A. D. 35, Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, Martha, Joseph and others drifted to Marseilles and thence to Britain." Dorotheus, Bishop of Tyre, A. D. 300, says that Aristobulus, the friend of Paul, was a missionary to Britain, and Archbishop Usher says that "The Mother Church of the British Isles is in *Insula Avallonia*, called by the Saxons Glastonbury." There is also proof that Paul himself, accompanied by Pudeus Linus and Claudia, whom he met in Rome, reached Britain at an early date.

A lost chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles*, discovered by C. S. Sonnino in the archives of Constantinople some time ago, gives the story of Paul's voyage and his preaching the gospel on Lud-Hill (Ludgate) where the famous cathedral now stands in London. Consequently we see that before Saint Patrick—or later Saint Augustine—ever came to British shores the Gospel and Christianity had been established.

Keating, the Irish Historian, mentions that a famous Irish athlete visited Jerusalem at the time of Christ's crucifixion to take part in the Olympic Games, and, on coming home related to the Irish King the story of Christ's death, which caused him such indignation and fury that his own death occurred in consequence.

We also know that Saint Patrick, who brought the Gospel to Ireland, was educated at Tours in Brittany, where the Apostle Paul himself previously preached and founded Christianity among the Gauls or Britons there.

Irish history states that Patrick brought several young men as assistants in his work of

converting the Irish from Paganism. Among his many converts we find Columba, born in the County of Donegal, Province of Ulster, of royal parentage, who became a celebrated preacher of Christianity and founded the School and Abbey of Iona in Scotland. He went there with a number of fellow workers to convert the Picts, and at that time was in his forty-second year. His followers were known as Culdees, which signifies "Servants of God."

Bede, the historian, says that "When Saint Augustine (or St. Austen) came to England with his followers, sent from Rome to convert the Saxons to Christianity," that Oswald, King of Northumbria, sent for some of the followers of Saint Columba to instruct his people in Christian truths in respect to Easter and other Christian festivals, which were then disputed.

Saint Augustine and his followers had taught that Christ was born on twenty-fifth of December, and that He also was crucified on Good Friday, and other errors in regard to the observance of Easter, which were disputed by the Culdee Clergy, who contended that Christ must have been born at the Paschal Season, which was in the month Nisan, which begins about the middle of March.

The Gospel of Saint Luke states that "Shepherds watched their flocks in the fields by night," which purpose was to care for the young lambs being born at that season of the year, and, as the Paschal Lamb was but a type of Christ, it was necessary that He (Christ) should come and suffer in accordance with the Law, He being the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

The Culdees also claimed that Christ was crucified on Thursday, because He stated on several occasions that He should be three days and three nights in the bowels of the earth and no one could shew that from Friday 3 P. M. until He rose about 6 A. M. Sunday, or thirty-nine hours, could ever be three days or three nights.

History tells us that in Rome a pagan festival was held beginning December twenty-fifth and lasting until the New Year. This festival was known as the Feast of Bacchus and Saturnalia (or drunkenness and devilry), our New Year's Mummings being a remnant.

Thus, when Christianity was accepted in Rome, Christ's birthday was established on that date, December twenty-fifth, in order that the Christian festival should supersede the

pagan one. This conference between the Culdee Clergy and the Augustinian Monks was known as the Conference of Northumberland and is mentioned in the *Eccelesiastical History of Scotland* and also by Buchanan, the Scottish historian. No agreements being reached by the disputants on these subjects, the Culdees returned to Scotland and since then neither Christmas or Good Friday was ever observed by them or the people of Scotland generally, they having decided that Saint Augustine's teaching was a gross error.

Christmas and Good Friday have since been kept and observed in England and also among the Germans and other European nations as established by Rome, and, as the early settlers in America came largely from these countries, the custom follows; but we must say "All hail to Scotland," who, through the ages has stood for the truth as established by Saint Columba, the Apostle of the Picts and founder of the Culdees.

I find in my encyclopedia a note on the Culdees which says:

"It is believed that they were our first teachers of Christianity, that they took the Holy Scriptures for their rule and guide, that they lived under a form of church government approaching to Presbyterianism; that they rejected prelacy, 'transubstantiation' and celibacy of the Clergy, and were at last suppressed in Scotland by force and fraud when the teachings of Saint Augustine triumphed over their older and better creed."

Philadelphia, Pa.

Scottish Surnames

BY GEORGE F. BLACK

THE SCOTTISH FAMILY OF HEPBURN

The Hepburns of Scotland have been described as "an old and powerful race but of uncertain origin and of an evil destiny." The founder of the Scottish family was Adam Hepburn, who came into Scotland from England during the reign of King David II. (1329-1371). He received a charter of the lands of Trepren (now Traprain), Mersington, and part of Colbrandspath (now Cockburnspath), to be held of the Earl of March on the forfeiture of Hew Gourlay of Beinstoun. The legendary account of the founder says he was an Englishman taken prisoner in battle in the reign of David II. and long detained for non-payment of ransom. Having on one occasion rescued the Earl of Dunbar from a savage horse he was rewarded by the grant of lands in East Lothian.

The name is territorial in origin from Heburn in the parish of Chillingham, Northumberland, where a family of the name flourished from the thirteenth century or earlier (1271 is their earliest appearance on record) till late in the eighteenth century when it ended, like so many other old families, in an heiress. The place-name has been popularly derived from Middle English *heap* or *hepe* (Early English *heop*), the fruit of the wild-

rose or English dog-rose, as in Chaucer's "Sir Thopas," line 36:

"And sweet as is the bremble-flour
That bereth the rede here,"

and Middle English *bourne*, a stream. As the earliest form of the Northumbrian place-name (c. 1050) is Montem Hyberndune this etymology cannot be right. Other origins proposed for the name are Old English Hyllburna, "hill stream," and Hidaburna, a river name found in Hants as Headbourne. The truth is the origin of the name is unknown and it is just possible that it may be Celtic.

THE SURNAME MACFEE OR MACPHEE

Macfee, Macfie, Macphee, are English forms of Gaelic *M'Dhubhshith*, one of the oldest and most interesting Gaelic personal names we possess. "Its plan and concept," says Gillies, "go far away beyond those of even our old names" (*Place-names of Argyllshire*, p. 82). The island of Colonsay appears to have been the home of the clan, although a number of the name were located in Lochaber and were followers of Cameron of Lochiel. Macphee of Colonsay is mentioned in 1605 as Makfeithe. Dean Monro in 1545 mentions the Macphee of his day as "M'Duffithie of Colvansay," and in the Dean of Lismore's Book (1512) the name is phonetically rendered "M'affeith cholfissay" (p. 100). Donald M'duffee witnessed a charter by John de Yle, Earl of Ross, to Thome junior de Dingvale "terras de Usuy in comitatu Rossie" in 1463 (*Registrum Magni Sigillum*, 801). In the nearly contemporary Gaelic genealogical manuscript of 1467 the name is spelled Duibsithi. David McFeye, a harper, is mentioned in 1585 (*Thanes of Cawdor*, p. 187). Thomas Macdoffey rendered homage to the King of England in 1296 (Bain, *Calendar*, 730).

The lands of Conon in St. Vigeans parish, Forfarshire, belonged at an early period to a family named Dusyth or Dufsyth. Some time after 1180 Matthew, son of Dufsyth de Conon, witnessed Ingelram de Baliol's charter of the church of Inverkeillor to the Abbey of Arbroath (*Registrum Vetus de Aberbrothoc*, p. 39), and in 1219 Mathew, son of Mathew, son of Dusyth de Conon, was one of the perambulators of the marches of Kinblethmont (*ibid.*, p. 162). The Macduschath who witnessed the grant of the church of Alva to Cambuskenneth Abbey about the year 1260 (*Registrum de Cambuskenneth*, 12) was probably a member of this family.

The Annals of the Four Masters record a *Dubside* (modern Gaelic *Dubhsidhe*) as *ferleiginn* or reader of Iona in 1164 (Reeves, *Adamnan*, p. 407n.). The name means "Black of peace" from *dubh* and *sith*). Macafee (Gaelic, *M'a-Phi*) is another modern form of the name, and Mac Haffie, Mac Cathay, Mac Cathie are forms found in Galloway. Other old forms of the name, besides those already mentioned, are M'duffe (1532) and McDuphie (1703).

Parallel names are *Cusithe* (gen. *Consithe*), "hound of peace," and *Fearsithe*, "man of peace," now the modern surname Forsyth.

DAVID IN THE DUMPS

(After hearing Dr. JOHN McNEILL preach on
I. Sam. xxvii, 1)

BY JAMES D. LAW
(For THE CALEDONIAN)

Whatever may hae been the day
It surely wasna Sunday;
So likely it was either ae
Black Friday or blue Monday.
For Davie's faith had peter'd oot
So fairly that it shamed him;
Doon in the dumps beyond a doot
His ain lament proclaimed him.

Tho' he was slowly workin' up
To be a king anointed,
In his aince overflowin' cup
He noo was disappointed.
A fugitive frae hame an' haul'
In that black hoor he dreddit
That he would come to death by Saul
And to his heart he said it.

To free himsel' frae sic a scrape
He saw nae siller linin',
But towards Achish to escape
Wi' Philistines combinin'.
Ay, he was wae and unco wae
For a' his promised title,
As we can unnerstan' the day
By readin' his recital.

Noo what a state o' mind was this
For Davie to be feelin'?
How could he a' his blessin's miss
When on his hunkers kneelin'?
Where were the special gifts he had?
Why did he not employ them—
Imaginations sad and bad
With promptness to destroy them?

Great David surely could have pray'd:
A fervent short petition
Forebodings would have soon allay'd
And altered his condition.

He could have tauld a trusted frien'
And in the frank confession
Got grit enough to scrape the screen
Frae his oblique obsession.

He also could have sung a Psalm
Like mony he had lilted
The storms o' ither times to calm
When Faith and hope had wilted.
But Na—the Deevil had him doon
And fairly paralyzed him
Clear frae his sandals till his croon
So had he terrorized him.

My Frien's we've a' been laired oorsels,
Oor promises forgettin',
And there are ither parallels
In sins still mair besettin'.
We fa' into despondent bogs
As we gang Godless gypin',
And through the philosophic fogs
Aul' Hornie does his snipin'.

Why should not we like Eagles be
That in the lift go sailin',
Instead o' wrens and midden hens
That perch upon a palin'?
It's easy hittin' fowls or fowk
That guddle in the gutter,
And Satan's nae the senseless gowk
Aboon the clouds to splutter.

Whatever, either auld or young,
May be oor earthly status,
We'll conquer heights and depths unsung
Wi' God's divine afflatus.
Depression then wi' Doubts and Fears
Nae langer will deject us,
But Faith that soars and Love that cheers
Forever will protect us.

Some Fifeshire Notes

By "K" IN *Inverness Courier*

To the literary stroller, Fife is a region to loiter through. Its old-fashioned thoroughfares beckon you to linger in their midst, for memories and

traditionary fragments hang over them like some picturesque tapestry of ancient days. Old landmarks, those artistic delights for which the Kingdom

is famous, still slumber on, quaint relics of a bypast age—here a red-tiled house with crow-stepped gable, there a steep-ridged weather beaten building or sheltered mansion, all gray with age and redolent of story. The brooding mantle of remembrance that envelops them brings back the years and their reminiscences to be leisurely conjured up in dreamy contemplation, and the more you wander down them, the more lasting do they become in the affection. Old times may be changed, and old manners more or less passed away, throughout the greater part of Scotland, but Fife gathers into its venerable lap something more than a shred of stately antiquity. Everywhere on its spacious landscape are those paintable "bits" which are the glory of the neighborhood. Silent sentinels of time gone by, they shed an old-world fragrance around, incidentally completing the charm of that quiet fascination that comes to all who love to wander by its literary pathways.

BALLAD LORE

These pathways lead you far and wide on the circuit of the years. From the days of the wandering minstrel they have resounded to the plaintive strains of immemorial song, for, perhaps, the Border district only has echoed more to the harper's praiseful verse. Rude old story mingles with early romance and tales of woe, and the country is the richer for the legendary lore that has come through the changes of the centuries. Simple and generous, the old rhymers sang with a free heart. Their songs are kept in numerous collections, gathered together that their music may be preserved and their charm enhanced. Who has not smiled indulgently over the entertaining lines of "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty" and the "Wooing of Jock and Jenny," or caught the spirit of medieval Scotland in the merry ranting of "Christ's Kirk on the Green"? Does not the tragic ballad of "Lammikin," too, add to the gloom of Balwearie's ruined keep? Thought the present crumbling edifice can hardly be that which Lammikin built, nor the surrounding foliage that on which the "birdie sang sweetly," and

" . . . little cared false Nourice for that,
For it was her gallows-tree,"

in the silence and shadows which twilight throws around it, you can see the dim outline of its mistress, before her murder, as she

Lifted up her baby.
She kist it cheek and chin.
And kist the lips once rosy,
But nae breath was therein.

And was it not in Dunfermline Tower that a Scottish King once asked for a "skeely skipper" to sail his ship to "Noroway ower the fame"? The bleak depressing expanse of the haar-ridden Forth recalls that fateful expedition of "the good Sir Patrick Spens" to the wayfarer as he ambles along to the gentle rhythm of the old makar's tender fancy.

A CLASSIC HAUNT

Today you can still gaze upon this famous tower in which King Alexander sat a-drinking the blood-red wine. Dunfermline's royal palace, the home of Scotia's ancient kings, though fallen on evil times is a remnant of magnificence. Seen from the southern verges of Pittencrieff Glen, its appearance is majestic. The voices of the past have left no suggestion as to the particular room of these classic chambers occupied by the King, but their ruinous shades are fitting abodes to co-evalise with the glowing canvas which the minstrel hand touched so well, and listen to the echoes of the wail that went up in Dunfermline Tower on that awful night centuries ago, when news was brought of the foundering of the King's ship "half ower to Aberdour."—

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake o' their true luves,
For them they'll ne'er see mair.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair.
A' waiting for their ain dear luves,
For them they'll see nae mair."

Sir Patrick Spens of the "gude Scots lords" have long since vanished in the mists of eld, but the grand old ballad that tells of their adventures and tragic end has a poignant heart-music that can never die. It will keep their memory green when the last memorial has faded from view.

THE SCOTTISH CHAUCER

The spirit of the ballad singer lingers lovingly hereabouts. From the ruins of the palace it is but a stroll to foregather with the wraith of one whose name is emblazoned on the scroll of illustrious Scottish bards. Henryson, the "gude Maister Robert Henrysoun," as Dunbar termed him, made a wise choice when he chose the grounds of Dunfermline Abbey for his meditations. Peaceful as they are now, they must have made an admirable seclusion in which to woo the muse in the days when he "went up and doun" the historic walk.

Thinkand quhat consolatioun
Was best into adversitie.

His footprints lie all along this quiet avenue he has enshrined in his own refined and charming verses. Here he mused in the shadow of the cloisters, conning those sweet and earnest thoughts which we treasure still. A pious soul, his name is to be haunted with kindly thoughts and reflections, and one can fancy him shedding a gleam of holy quietude around the troublous scenes of his unenlightened age, with his lofty message to "Obey, and thank thy God of all."

A DISPUTED AUTHORSHIP

But Dunfermline Abbey has another claim on the literary pilgrim. It has been associated with the romantic ballad of "Hardyknute," and the story of that association is full of delightful zest. It was found, so the story goes, by Lady Wardlaw of Pitreavie, written on shreds of paper used as covering for some old silks, and given to the ballad-loving world in 1715. Lady Wardlaw herself heralded its discovery as a "choice morsel of antiquity." How many years it had lain thus no one knew, and it was hailed as the great literary "find" of the eighteenth century. Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto pronounced it of true antiquity, but there were others unbelieving, and its romance dwindled to a mystery. The name of Sir John Bruce of Kinross then became linked with it. Writing to a friend, he mentions it thus:

To perform my promise I send you a true copy of the MS. I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dunfermline. It is written

on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but it is so much defaced by time, as you'll find that the tenth part is not legible.

Most critics are agreed that its authorship lies between Sir John Bruce and Lady Wardlaw, to whom, it is said, it was given by Sir John to "steal a march" on the country. The astute Lord Hailes was probably nearer the mark when he declared the poem partly ancient but touched up by Lady Wardlaw, and there is something to be said for the declaration of Thomson, of "Orpheus Caledonius" fame, a work published in 1733, that portions of it were known prior to Lady Wardlaw's copy. Whatever its true status, its story casts a glamour over the grey old abbey, and if its spirited and beautiful lines be not the chant of the aged bard, they can at least claim to possess that touch of early minstrelsy that took possession of Sir Walter Scott and caused him to write on the flyleaf of his copy of Ramsey's *Evergreen*:—"It was the first poem I ever learnt—the last I shall ever forget." And surely this is praise enough.

You cannot but love these ballads of old romance with their tender and passionate strains. Enveloped in an artistic halo, they have left behind a deathless glory which hovers over the spots they portray. Their old-time associations afford pleasant recollection, dreams by moonlight or under the kindly influence of the noonday sun, for, of how much do they now remind you? With the mention of their names you pass from the workaday world around you into the realm of historical fact and fancy. And what a fascinating realm it is! The present fades before the spiritual existence of all the yesterdays with their visions of beautiful maidenhood, faded banners, and pillared pomp, and their fierce shouts of lusty warriors on the fields of ancient chase and foray. Scene leaps from scene, pathos blends with repose, tragedy follows tragedy, and become clothed with the pageantry of old. And the minstrel tells his story with a vivid charm that finds a warm corner in the heart. Pieced together with a rude touch, yet told in a simple way,

the tales of love, death, faithfulness, and strife in the early ballad lore of Fifeshire is a glowing note in the literature of Scotland.

THREE FAMOUS MINSTRELS

But the wandering minstrel is gone, vanished on the long string of the years. His chant no longer awakens the echoes of the hills and dales, while his songs are known only to a favored few. To these few, however, they are lasting memorials, treasured for all time with the soft green places where once they were sung. Many a dim century has passed away since Blind Harry and Dunbar trod a stately measure before the Royal presence at Falkland, but the famous green, with its echoes of revelry, is still a "polite park under the Lomond low," and still doth their memory flit across the spirit of the wayfarer as he journeys across it. It is almost as far a cry to the days when Sir David Lyndsay was at "Compar Toun," and the little hill in the centre of the capital of the Kingdom, where the children today play their happy games, takes on a richer hue as the stage of the poet-dramatist's Satyre of the Thrie Estates. The fine gold of the minstrels has consecrated these places, and made of them enchanted ground. Well may you gaze on them with interest, for even yet you look out on much the same vista as met their eyes. There are many rare haunts of literature in Scotland, but few more classic than Falkland and Cupar. And thinking thus, you may watch the ghosts of these grand old poets glide through the solitudes, or catch a faint, distant whisper of their impassioned stories, which seem ever and anon to float over the country like the waning beams of a lingering sunset.

HERE AND THERE

Venerable indeed, and fringed with the recollection of ancestral travel, are the byways down which the minstrel leads you. Since the earliest singer wandered haphazardly among them, a right noble band of literary travelers has followed in his footprints. Throughout the county there are endless suggestions of the litterateur, and

the pilgrim, as he strolls along, can while away the leisure hour by crowding with his fancy upon the landscape the personages it recalls. The spell of the ballad mingles lovingly with the spell of the later singers and old-world ramblers, those restless vagabonds by the wayside, whose souls were wrapt in the spirit of wanderjahre. There is hardly a road but speaks to you of some association, for all Fife is dotted with landmarks of them. What a world of memories they recall! The wraiths of Daniel Defoe and Bishop Pocock haunt almost every neighborhood. Here and there you get fleeting glimpses of Boswell and Johnson posting to St. Andrews. Drummond of Hawthornden is at Scotstarvit, Sir William Alexander at Menstrie, while Robert Ferguson, James Hogg, and Lady Nairne come into momentary view. Easy it is, too, to foregather with the shade of the gentle wayward Michael Bruce in the sweet picturesque village of Kinnesswood by Lochleven's side. You can picture the young poet at his window watching the first streaks of the dawn along the water's edge, as was his wont, and, surely, never was there a more poetic prospect! As you saunter through the little home town where he lived, and sang, and died, and which owes all its fame to his facile pen, the dulcet soothing notes of the birds come to you from the whins of the neighboring hillside, as they did to him, and bring back to mind the delicate lines of his plaintive "Ode to the Cuckoo," and the tender sentiment of his "Praise of Spring." Few trouble to visit his grave in the green and quiet God's acre of Portmoak, but in the shadow of the obelisk that marks his resting place is a fitting nook to meditate on his brief span of years. Resting here, you can look out on the sloping braes of the far-flung Ochils, the countryside of that other forgotten genius, Hugh Halliburton, who, with Bruce, has touched "this valley with renown eternal."

A STORIED COAST-LINE

These are tinkling reminiscences in the catalogue of literary Fifeshire, a luminous array of resounding names,

rich in fanciful thoughts, and full of pleasant reflections. Yet it is by the highway that winds round the coast that you meet with the most outstanding associations. From the ruins of the "Moat," close to the site of "Macduff's Castle," Culross, where Taylor, the Water Poet, experienced the sensation of going

doune, doune, steepe, steepe.

In deepnesse far more deepe than Neptune's deepe.

While o'er my head (in four-fold stories hie),
Was earth, and sea, and ayre, and sun, and
skie.

past the historic green at Torry, from which the author of the "Penniless Pilgrimage" viewed Culross Bay, as Daniel Defoe and Bishop Pocock did, at a later period, to Aberdour, Kirkcaldy, and the East Neuk, the way is strewn with landmarks. Aberdour itself offers a sheaf of recollections. Was it not in the "nocht obskure monastar" of Inchcolm as Bishop Lesley so quaintly called it, which rises in the water but a few miles out, that the indefatigable and painstaking Bowerman compiled his famous *Scotichronicon*; and was it not on the equally famous strand by the wave-kissed shore that the "good Sir Patrick Spens," of ballad lore, paced up and down after reading the "braid letter" from "Dunfermline Toun"? But you cannot recline in the shade of those spreading beeches without recounting that memorable walk of Carlyle and Irving's by the silver sands.—

... the summer afternoon was beautiful; beautiful exceedingly our solitary walk by Burntisland, and the sands and rocks to Inverkeithing.

CARLYLE AND IRVING

Carlyle dominates this part of the Kingdom. Close by is Humble Farm, associated with "the Valley of the Shadow of Frederick," and stretching some three miles towards Kirkcaldy is the beach of golden sand where he and Irving, "Trisemegistus" Irving, used to stroll in summer twilights watching the "long wave coming on gently, steadily, and breaking in gradual explosion into harmless white." How the two roamed about Kirkcaldy and roved in the woods! What pedestrian feats were theirs, for their

haunts lie wide and far apart! Along the coast line, to the "ancient little burghs and sea villages, with their poor little havens, salt-pans; and weather beaten bits of cyclopeon breakwaters and rude, innocent machineries"; by the summit of the Easter Lomond; on the sea-girt rock of Inchkeith; in the vicinity of the ruins of Falkland's historic palace; in the Auld Kirk of Leslie, you get their footsteps. Above all, you can climb the old-fashioned outside stair of the house in Kirk Wynd, where Carlyle lodged, and look into the little room he made his own. Each aspect of his sojourn hereabouts is painted with a vivid pencil in his *Reminiscences*, yet ever with a kindly remembrance. Few passages throughout his work are more complimentary, certainly none more haunting.

KIRKCALDY

Kirkcaldy is a quaint old place. Stroll through it and the surrounding neighbourhood slowly, for there is much to ponder over. The kindly shadow of association spreads a generous mantle over this stretch of whispers and sighs, giving it an all-compelling attraction, and, turn as you please, there is hardly a road but has some story or other redolent of days gone by. From Aberdour the way is paved with memories. Burntisland's "most unhallowed shores," along which Robert Ferguson made a poetical pilgrimage, have yielded but little to the influence of the passing years. But the seeds of gentle decay have taken possession of Craigholm Terrace, where the brilliant Dr. Chalmers had his home. Chalmers knew the seaport well. He was a familiar figure in its straggling old streets, by the Links, on the Long Sands, and a favorite walk was to Oliver's Knoll, in the Lammerlaws, where he would sit for hours in silent meditation. Linked to these is the ancient mansion of Abden House, Kinghorn—alas! fallen on evil days—where the early years of William Nelson, the publisher, were passed in quiet and assiduous study, and the fragrant reminiscences which linger in the "Lang Toun" itself.

(To be continued)

Our Glasgow Letter

A new society has been formed in Glasgow called the National Theatre. According to the Constitution the objects of the society are:

(a) To take over the assets and liabilities of the Scottish National Players' Committee of the Saint Andrew Society (Glasgow).

(b) To develop Scottish national drama through the production, through the Scottish National players of plays of Scottish life and character.

(c) To encourage in Scotland a public taste for good drama of any type.

(d) To found a Scottish National Theatre. These objects, of course, cannot be attained without financial resources. Fortunately, however, the formation of the Scottish National Theatre Society practically coincided with the liquidation of the funds of the Scottish Playgoers, Ltd.—the old Repertory Company. It occurred to several prominent shareholders in that company that the proceeds of the liquidation might well be handed over to the new society. Lord Howard de Walden, Sir James M. Barrie, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Dr. Neil Munro, among others, freely handed over the dividends on their holdings in the older concern; so that from the financial point of view, at any rate, the future of the Scottish National Theatre Society is satisfactorily guaranteed.

This is undoubtedly a venture worthy of success, but we are afraid it will be an uphill fight, as somehow or other the Scottish people in Scotland do not take kindly to national productions. However, the present project is well backed, and we think should stand a chance of success if only the best is produced, and by the best procurable talent. As far as music and the drama is concerned, there is no more critical centre than Glasgow, and yet none more appreciative of really good productions. The day is past for foisting on Glasgow second rate productions of any kind, but so long as we keep up the standard, just so long will it be appreciated.

The National Theatre promoters are on the lookout for a suitable theatre, and there is a likelihood of one or other of the smaller picture houses being secured for the purpose meantime.

Members of the Japanese Industrial Mission, who recently visited Glasgow and the Clyde, expressed great admiration of our Clyde shipbuilding. At a dinner given to the visitors in the Central Station Hotel, Dr. Takuma Dan remarked that the mission welcomed the opportunity of visiting the commercial and industrial capitol of Scotland—the place where ships were built. . . . He said: "The faculty of building ships was a specialty and that specialty the city of Glasgow and the basin of the Clyde had demonstrated so absolutely, that, when they spoke of a Clyde built ship, they meant the most useful, the best, and therefore the most eco-

nomical ship that the world could produce. He did not mean that other British ship-builders did not turn out as good ships, but the Clyde was entitled to claim the parentage of shipbuilding.

No country which desired to have healthy and strong "sea-children" to create a shipping industry, could do better than come to the Clyde for assistance. Whatever the Clyde had done for the rest of the world, he believed he was right in saying that the bulk of the Japanese import and export trade, and by far the largest number of passengers to and from Japan, were carried in Clyde built ships.

Messrs. Scott's Shipbuilding Yard, Greenock, have secured the contract to build a new liner for the Alfred Hold Company, Liverpool. This line will contain a new engine feature of considerable interest. It will be propelled by the Scott-Still engines, which represent the very latest design in marine propulsion, and embody a new principle—namely, an ingenious combination of oil engine and steam engine. Many experiments have been tried out since May, 1921, with most satisfactory results.

The Scottish Home Rule Movement has brought up the question of promoting Home Industries, if Home Control became an accomplished fact. Among the industries mentioned as being lost were: Paisley shawl weaving, Ayrshire embroidery, and Portobello Nestred Pottery—all beautiful crafts. However, meantime, while the question of Home Rule is pending, an effort might be made to revive these artistic industries, and at the same time see to it that Harris tweed making—most beautiful and durable of materials—does not go the way of the others.

It is said of Captain Wild, the "Quest's" new Commander, that he is one of the most modest of men, and we can well believe it, as it is so difficult to glean information about him. It has been said of him, however, that no explorer has packed more adventure into his life than he has, and said less about it. Well, modesty isn't too common a virtue these days, and we wish Captain Wild all the honor and success that can come to him. He is a direct descendent of the great Captain Cook.

Yet another romantic tale of the Scottish self-made man is recalled by the recent death of Professor James Murdoch, in Australia. He started his career as a message boy, with a Stonehaven grocer; thereafter gained a bursary at Aberdeen University, studied later at Oxford, became Minister of Education in the Socialistic Colony of New Australia, in South America, studied Sanskrit, Chinese and Etheology in Japan; taught in Japanese Colleges, and subsequently became Professor of Oriental languages at Sydney University. He

was 65 years old when he died, and it may be said of him that he used every minute of his life to good advantage.

Rather peculiarly sad circumstances surrounded the death of Sheriff Substitute William Dunbar, Kilmarnock, who passed away in an Edinburgh Nursing Home. A month ago he travelled to Edinburgh to attend the funeral of his father, the Rev. J. W. Dunbar, but took ill himself, and died as a result. He was only 44 years of age, and was a man of great promise. Following a distinguished career at Edinburgh and Oxford, he was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1904. He was appointed Sheriff Substitute in Stornoway in 1917 and was only transferred to Ayrshire last year.

We are more than pleased to notice the election of two new R. S. A.'s, in the persons of Mr. James Whitelaw Hamilton and Mr. David Allison.

Mr. Hamilton is one of us, being a Glasgow man, residing in Helensburgh, and is Hon. Secretary of the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts. He is represented in Galleries as far from home as Munich, St. Louis, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Vienna, and in the collections of Queen Margherita of Italy.

Mr. Allison is a Kirkcaldy man, and goes in largely for portrait work, although we have seen some beautiful specimens of his landscape work. Indeed, we feel this honor is very well deserved, as his work is both distinctive and beautiful. He started his career by gaining the Haldane Travelling Scholarship, when he went to Italy. He afterwards gained the Carnegie Scholarship of the Royal Scottish Academy, which enabled him to visit France and Spain. After these sojourns he never turned back, and now his genius has been suitably recognized, and we feel sure is only a stepping stone to still greater honor and distinction.

A well known and respected figure in Church life has just passed away in the person of the Rev. John Anderson, M.A., who was the "father" of the Church of Scotland. He died at his home in Corstorphine, and was in his 101st year. He had been in retirement for 30 years, but he never lost his interest in matters concerning the Church, and was, until recently, both mentally and physically alert and fit. He held the unique distinction of being the oldest minister in the Church of Scotland, and the oldest missionary in Scotland, if not in Britain. He was a Perthshire man, and first attended school in his native parish of Muckhart, then on to Dollar Academy and Edinburgh University, where he had a brilliant career as a student. After completing

his preparation for the ministry he went to Calcutta, where he spent ten years in zealous missionary work, which was dear to his heart. He there married a lady associated with him in the missionary field, and it was owing to her delicate state of health that he had to return to Scotland, and give up his work in Calcutta. He was called to Dalkeith, and six years later to Coulter, in Lanarkshire, where he gave his services for 28 years. He retired when he was 70 from active work, but never lost interest in Church affairs, and particularly all pertaining to the foreign mission field. During last year's General Assembly Meetings of the Church of Scotland, the Moderator visited Mr. Anderson, and conveyed to him the best wishes and congratulations of the Church on his attainment of his centenary.

The recent death of Mrs. Mackay, at Nairn, a native of Virginia, U. S. A., severs a link between Scotland and the American Civil War, which is very interesting. General Grant made his headquarters during the Civil War at Mrs. Mackay's house, and when, in 1877, he visited Scotland—where, in the meanwhile Mrs. Mackay had settled—he made a special visit to Nairn to see her. It would no doubt have been an interesting interview, as recollections of the American Civil War read like the pages of a romance.

We hear that Professor Benjamin Philip Watson, of Toronto University, is to be offered the Chair of Midwifery at Edinburgh University. The Professor would, in accepting this appointment, just be coming home, as he is a native of Anstruther, and is in his 42nd year. He is a man of more than ordinary attainments, and distinguished himself at both the Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he gained the Ettles and Buchanan Scholarships, and the Gold Medal for the thesis that gave him his M.D. in 1905. He went out to Toronto in 1912, and during the war served with the Canadian Army Medical Corps.

The good fortune of Miss Marjory Mackay, private secretary to Sir Thomas Sutherland, in being left some £10,000 besides residences, cars, etc., bringing the amount up to somewhere near £50,000, is like a tale of fiction rather than fact. And yet Miss Mackay, from all we hear, is just the person to make a good use of it, and with true Scotch caution, let her head rule her heart. She had only been Sir Thomas' secretary for about two years, but during that period she had been of great help to him. She, like her employer, is a native of Aberdeen, and she lives with her widowed mother. She is glad of the fortune because of the benefit it will bring to her mother.

Sir Thomas Sutherland leaves one daughter, Helen Sutherland, as she prefers to be called, who is, of course, handsomely provided for. She married, in 1904, the Hon. Richard Denman, only brother of Lord Denman, but was divorced in 1912, Mr. Denman marrying again.

TOWN TYPES



GREENOCK

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DRAWING BY TOM GENTLEMAN IN
Scot's Pictorial

It is indeed sad news to hear that Cameron of Lochiel has given instructions to have large portions of the Lochiel Estates put into the market for early sale. This historical property has been in possession of the Camerons of Lochiel for centuries, and it does seem almost sacrilege to think of it passing into the hands of strangers and probably foreigners, but it is more than likely a case of "needs must" and even the landowners are feeling the pinch of crushing taxation these days. The Lochiel Estates provide some of the most beautiful loch and mountain scenery in the whole of Scotland. The total area of the main portion of the Estate, from which the sales will be made, extends to about 120,000 acres, and includes Achnacarry, Achdaluie, Glenpean and Glendesary, and Glenkingie Forests, the whole area yielding from 180 to 200 stags in a good

season, besides providing grouse, low ground shooting and salmon and trout fishing.

Then again we hear that the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane have vacated Taymouth Castle, Perthshire (which has been sold to a Syndicate) and have gone to reside at Craig, their residence near Dalmally, Argyllshire. Just before leaving Taymouth Castle, the Marquis and Marchioness quietly celebrated their Golden Wedding, they having been married on March 20th, 1872. They had resided in this home for exactly half a century. Of the four great Castles of the Campbells—Inveraray, Taymouth, Cawdor and Loudon, one-half are now in other hands. Loudon Castle has not been actually sold, like Taymouth, but the attached estate has been sold, and the castle dismantled, so it is unlikely it will ever again be the home of an Earl of Loudon. To those who think, in these progressive and democratic days—and perhaps rightly—that the land belongs to the people, the departure of the old Lairds may give some satisfaction; but to others, imbued with Scottish sentiment, no matter how misplaced, there is a pathetic and sad significance in the passing of the old order of things, and it is open to very grave doubt if the condition of things will be in any way improved by the influx of moneyed aliens. However, we "live and learn."

The Scottish Home Rule Association, Glasgow, has recently been the cause of a very fever of controversy by a series of events, for which she is in a great measure responsible. Briefly, a large public demonstration was arranged to take place in our largest hall, and the Marquis of Graham was asked to speak at the meeting. He agreed to do so, but later wrote the following letter to the Secretary of the Association:

"When I was first invited to speak, I received assurance that the meeting was to be truly national in character, and fully representative of all political parties in the country.

"On my return from the Mediterranean, I find that the platform party and speakers are almost all recognized leaders of the Socialist, Communist and Bolshevist party, with the principles of which I am in entire disagreement. Under the circumstances, I am sure my presence can serve no useful purpose.

"I further disagree with the proposed resolution, even as it has now been amended. I object to approval being exclusively expressed in favor of the Free State of Ireland; for there are many who, like myself, prefer the dominion status of Ulster, and therefore I consider partiality should be avoided.

"Allow me to add that I am more convinced to-day than ever that devolution of government is necessary for the economical and better administration of Scottish affairs; but I can only believe that such will be brought

about along constitutional lines, and by the co-operation of men free from extreme party views.

"I regret any inconvenience that my sudden abstention may cause you; but owing to six weeks' absence from home I have been unaware of the arrangements made."

It was certainly to be regretted that the noble Marquis could not see his way to attend the meeting, and express there, to a large and representative audience, the views he expressed on paper. That was perhaps his weak point, that he did not "face the music," thus giving the so-called Communists, etc., an advantage over him in argument. However, before the night of the meeting, on an assurance that the platform would be thoroughly representative of all shades of political opinion, the Marquis wrote an apology, which was read at the meeting. However, here we touch the weak spot of the Scottish Home Rule Association. The "platform" was not representative—or at least most of the speakers were not. Mr. Duncan Graham, M.P. (a Labor Member) did little credit to the class he is supposed to represent. He indulged in personal gibes at the Marquis, and tiresome reiteration of "class" comparisons, thereby defeating the very goal he aimed at. Mr. Neil McLean, M.P. (another Labor Member), whose power as an orator cannot be denied, but whose drastic suggestions about "confiscating the land" suggested nothing so much as bloodshed and revolution, somewhat disappointed us. Others spoke in the same heated and prejudiced way, until Mr. Barns Graham, a laird, on seconding a motion, protested vigorously—and with some moral courage we must admit at such a meeting—against this "Class" nonsense, and impressed upon the audience the futility of trying to gain their ends by lawless conduct. "Altogether, the meeting was rather disappointing, from the point of view of those who have the cause of Home Rule at heart, and we are inclined to agree that if the promoters and members of this Association are going to be combed from the ranks of those with Bolshevist or socialistic, or even labor tendencies, then the movement is scarcely like to carry much weight. It is poor policy, indeed, not to carry with us, in such a cause, people of all classes, but more particularly the lairds, whose co-operation could be so valuable and helpful. It is not a case of party politics—one lunatic howling down the class of the other, but a great united, sane endeavor to get by sheer strength of unity the object for which the Association was formed.

The personal allusions to the Marquis at the meeting have alienated his sympathy with the Association, and that is hardly to be wondered at. The following interesting letter from the Marquis of Graham, to the *Bulletin*, explains itself, and shows just how impolitic has been the general attitude of the Association. Having asked the Marquis to speak at the meeting, common courtesy demanded—whether he appeared or not—that his name

should be treated with respect by the other speakers. Let us hope it will prove a much needed lesson to the Scottish Home Rule Association:

Sir—I have read with interest in your columns the account of the Scottish Home Rule meeting. In view of my sudden withdrawal from the platform, I quite expected some Socialist "hot air," but I did not anticipate anything quite so sulphurous as reported. There seems to have been great paucity of sound argument in favor of Home Rule, but a plentiful supply of "class" abuse.

What astonishes me is how any politician can imagine he will to-day obtain political power in a God-fearing country like Scotland while he advocates unprincipled policy and denounces honest dealing.

Mr. McLean says he doesn't see why he should "bogle" at "confiscation." Well, the answer is—Confiscation is wrong, and is contrary to law and scripture. He ought to "bogle" at it, that is, if he intends to keep the company of honest men.

Probably these arguments fall flat on the ears of one accustomed to the incantation of "the Proletariat Hymn."

Although Mr. Gallacher probably intended that his platform should be truly representative of all political parties, the speeches go to show I was not far wrong in saying that "the ship had a bad list to one side," and I could not sail in her.

I am afraid the Scottish Home Rule Society has done for itself as a useful independent organization. It is a great pity that a good cause should be damaged by people introducing irrelevant Socialistic matter; and I hope that another opportunity may occur under better auspices, when those interested may be able to consider the subject apart from passion or party.—I am, etc.

GRAHAM.

Glasgow has suffered a severe blow in the closing down of the Subway Railway, which ran round a portion of the city not easily got at by tramcar or train, and relieved congestion at many points. The company that started the venture, many years ago, have made a valiant stand, and the shareholders have been more than generous and public spirited. However, it evidently could not be run to pay, and there was no alternative but to close it up. There were negotiations between the Subway Company and the Glasgow Corporation, with a view to the corporation buying it, but apparently the price asked was too high, or the corporation wanted a thief's bargain. Anyhow, negotiations fell through, and what will happen now is on the lap of the gods. The railway may be sold to a private firm, and if not successful in this direction, they may consider plans for developing the undertaking on more modern lines, and re-opening it as an electric railway. Time alone will tell.

(Continued on page 37)



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.



ROYAL TANIST WALTER SCOTT PAYS TRIBUTE IN THE NAME OF THE ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS

DURING EASTER WEEK, MR. SCOTT WAS IN WASHINGTON TO ATTEND ONE OF THE SESSIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, AND APRIL 18 DEPOSITED A MAGNIFICENT WREATH AT THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AT ARLINGTON, IN BEHALF OF THE ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS. THE SASH RIBBONS ATTACHED TO THE WREATH BORE THE INSCRIPTION IN GOLD LETTERS, "FROM THE ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS."

Daughters of the American Revolution Receive Valuable Book Containing Autographs of the Presidents of the United States

Mr. Walter Scott was in Washington April 18th and 19th as one of the guests of the Daughters of the American Revolution at its 31st Continental Congress. He attended several sessions, at one of which his daughter, Mrs. Edith Scott Magna, Regent of the Mercy Warren Chapter of Springfield, Mass., presented to the D. A. R. a complete set of autographed letters of the Presidents. She spoke as follows,

"Madam President General, National Officers and Members of the 31st Continental Congress:

"It is an honor and a privilege on behalf of my father, Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, to present to our President General, and through her to the National Society, this very valuable bound copy of the autographs of the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Harding inclusive, 1789—1922, consisting of autographs, letters, and documents, all neatly laid down on Whatman hand made paper and handsomely bound; together with a portrait of each president. It is of unusual interest as well as value.

"I present it for my father with loyalty and affection."

The gift was received by the President General, Mrs. George Maynard Minor. Mr. Scott was accorded a rising vote of thanks and a resolution regarding the gift was spread on the minutes.

ROYAL TANIST WALTER SCOTT ADOPTED BY MERCY WARREN CHAPTER, D. A. R.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have been accustomed from time to time to name their chapters for their Patron Saints. An unusual event took place at the April meeting of Mercy Warren Chapter of Springfield, Massachusetts, when the members unanimously elected Col. Walter Scott, of New York City, their Honorary Patron.

Col. Scott has been interested in the organization for many years, but particularly in

Mercy Warren Chapter of which his daughter, Mrs. Russell W. Magna, of Holyoke, Mass., is a member, and at present the Chapter's Regent.

Presenting the name of Col. Scott for this honor the chapter feels it is not only for what he has done for the D. A. R. but for his standards and his patriotism that they wished his name on her rolls as a Patron.

The sense of the meeting was also unanimous in expressing the feeling that in honoring the Colonel with the title of Patron the chapter was indeed honoring itself.

Troy, N. Y.

Visitors to Scotland during the summer should not fail to make the trip to Longniddry, on the East Coast of Scotland, and but a few miles from Edinburgh. Among the many settlements developed under the auspices of the Scottish Veterans' Garden City Association this is the one in which the Scottish folk and Scottish Societies of the Hudson and Mohawk valleys take particular interest because of the fact that four of the cottages erected in this area were made possible by Scotsmen in Troy, Albany, Schenectady and Cohoes. The Scottish Veterans' Garden Association, which aims at providing Cottage-Homes and workshops for housing and training men disabled in the recent war, has won the admiration of the world. To the everlasting credit of the Scottish Societies of this section of the Empire State they were among the first to respond to the urgent appeal from across the seas. Troy, Albany and Cohoes contributed the Lincoln Cottage, Schenectady the two Mohawk cottages, and William Ross, of the Troy Burns Club, the Robert Ross Cottage. A visit to these cottages will impress all with the indefinable bond of sympathy between Brother Scots the world over.

"A Trip to the Holy Land" was the feature of the recent meeting of the Troy Burns Club, and Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded to capacity by the members and their ladies. Before making the journey the usual warming up with Scottish song was enjoyed, Prof. John B. Shirley being in charge. Dr. Marvin J. Thompson of the Oakwood Avenue Presbyterian Church welcomed the ladies and Miss Abbie Findlay Potts, daughter of President James H. Potts, responded. Miss Potts is a teacher at Vassar College and recently received the degree of Ph.D. Miss Martha L. Kidd, one of Troy's most popular and efficient educators, was the speaker of the evening and James Britcher had charge of the pictures. Miss Kidd is especially adapted for illustrated lectures, and has done excellent service for schools, churches and clubs. She is the daughter of Andrew Kidd, who is a native of Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, Scotland, one of the six members of the old Troy Caledonian Club of 1873, who will be honored by the Troy Burns Club at the next gathering of the clans. Miss Mary Lees and William S. Patterson were the soloists. Prof. Shirley, who is the

club's chorister, is a native of Glasgow, and a medalist in musical competitions held under the city corporation. Last summer he was heard in the Glasgow Cathedral. He is the teacher of music in the Lansingburgh Schools, the northern section of Troy.

HOOSICK FALLS AND COHOES

Probably the youngest Burns Club in the United States is that of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., which was organized recently and has a membership of about 80. The president is George Ross, a Trojan, and member of the Troy Burns Club, whose father was the late Adam Ross, well known to Scotsmen throughout the United States.

The Sons of Scotia of Cohoes, N. Y., has moved into new biggins. This organization is a funeral benefit society, but it has also been a "friend in need" to many a Scottish family during the 54 years of its existence. David White, the head of the clan, is a native of Arbroath, Scotland, and an enthusiastic son of the "biggest Wee Country in the world."

Rhode Island Letter

Early this year Royal Deputy Hutcheon issued a challenge to the Frasers of Pawtucket, from the Camerons of Providence, to take part in a debate. The Frasers were to choose a subject, also their side of the argument; and the debate was to be held in May and to open to both Clans. The idea being, of course, to create enthusiasm all round. Chief Palmer of the Frasers appointed a committee to suggest a subject for the debate; but so far they have not reported. One member hinted at "Prohibition"; but, while the subject was received with cheers and laughter, it did not meet with the approval of the committee. Another matter has also stirred Clan Fraser and its auxiliary, the Daughters of the Heather. Recently a proposal was made for all the British Societies in the city to co-operate in building a suitable hall for meetings. The plan originated with and is the outcome of the British Field Day Association, organized to keep in mind the efforts made during the war to raise money to help the boys at the front and also to send articles and medical supplies to the various British hospitals at that time. The Association embraces all of Rhode Island, but the question of a hall relates only to the Pawtucket section, which consists of some dozen societies.

After several meetings a scheme has been proposed to form a new society called the American-British Home Association, to comprise all societies with American, British or Canadian members. The aim is to raise a fund to build a home where the members can hold committee meetings, as each society will have its own room. Attached to the home there will be two halls, one large enough to accommodate an audience of at least a thousand, also a smaller hall big enough for ordinary lodge or clan meetings. In addition, it is suggested that a kitchen be pro-

vided, so that teas and dinners may be given on special occasions. Of course the whole scheme is tentative, but it is receiving serious attention from all societies with the exception of Clan Fraser, where it has been shuttle-cocked. At one meeting a committee was appointed to work with a general committee of delegates from all the societies in holding a bazaar to start the fund. At the next meeting of the Clan it was decided to have nothing to do with the scheme. The Daughters of the Heather, however, have retained their delegates on the general committee, so that Scotland will be represented after all.

The shares in the new association have been fixed at five dollars each, and individuals can subscribe as well as societies, therefore, while the Clan as a clan, may not share in the advantages of the home, quite a number of the members are taking individual shares. When it is understood that in subscribing for shares no society was expected to use their ordinary funds for that purpose, but to raise by means of concerts and dances which would be attended by many from all organizations, and therefore none need have a fear of loss, one wonders what evil genius ran away with the Frasers' wits to "gar them haud back" in this instance, more especially when the Amusement Committee of 1921 handed a sum of over a thousand dollars to the Clan which it had earned while in office.

At any rate there is some satisfaction in knowing that the other organizations are going on with their preparations. The State Legislature has granted the use of the Armory for the bazaar for May 12th and 13th, and William Meiklejohn, an honorary member of Clan Fraser, has already presented a Victrola valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, so that in spite of the vote of those present at the above mentioned Clan moot, the Frasers will be represented indirectly.

On May 2nd the Frasers will visit Clan McAlpine of Fall River, Mass., in return for the latter's visit to Pawtucket last December. It is to be hoped that the weather will be different from what it was on the last visit, for it could not very well be worse. But those who did go on that occasion were well repaid for all their trouble, for it was a most enjoyable evening after we got there.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

The works of R. L. Stevenson—editions old or new—seem to become more popular and more sought after as time goes on. At Sotheby's, London, recently, a first edition copy of Stevenson's "The Graver and the Pen," dated 1882, was sold for £62. In connection with this it is interesting to learn that it belonged to G. A. Crerar of Kingussie, who assisted in the printing of it, the present copy being given to his mother as a memento of the occasion. At the same sale a fine copy of Stevenson's pamphlet "To the Thompson Class Club," "From their stammering Laureate," was sold for £95. The Thompson Class Club was composed of old pupils of the Edinburgh Academy, who belonged to the class of D. W. Thompson, and Stevenson was in this class from 1861 to 1863.

At the same sale a copy of Robert Burns' treatise on "Agriculture," dated 1762, was sold for £38. This book bears the poet's signature.

An unusual and disastrous accident occurred in Glasgow on March 10th, when Tennant's Stalk, originally the highest chimney in Glasgow, and a familiar landmark, collapsed, four men being killed and four injured, as a result. The chimney was in process of being demolished when, without warning, it collapsed. It was erected in 1848, and was 440 ft. high, but within recent years it had been reduced to a height of 280 ft. Owing to the restricted space surrounding the stalk, the chimney could not be felled from below, and in consequence workmen had erected ladders up the side, and were demolishing the structure from the top. Two days after the collapse, finding it impossible to get the three buried men out, the remainder of the stalk had to be blown up.

Mrs. Oglivie Gordon, J. P., the wife of a well known Aberdeen Doctor, has been adopted as prospective Coalition Liberal for the Canterbury Division (England). She is a woman of exceptional ability and attainments, and would doubtless be a valuable asset as a member of Parliament. She is a distinguished Scientist, was educated at Edinburgh, where she graduated D. Sc. (London University) and Ph. D. with highest honors, at Munich, when that University first decided to confer the Degree on women. She, also, is a native of Aberdeen.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

OUR GLASGOW LETTER

(Continued from page 34)

We are naturally rather proud of the fact that R. Stewart (the Scotsman) beat N. W. Banks (the American) in the World's Draughts Championship. There is no doubt Banks was a fine player, as was demonstrated by being down only one game at the finish, but Stewart was undoubtedly the better man, and we are delighted that the honor remains in Scotland.

Newark, N. J.

St. Andrew's Society, Newark, N. J., which was founded in 1894, has just issued an attractive history of the Society, the work of Mr. Thomas Palmer, a former president. The following letter speaks for itself:

Dear Sir and Brother:

The history of our St. Andrew's Society which has been in the course of preparation for a considerable time is now ready for publication. It contains much valuable information and should be of interest to natives of Scot-

land and their descendants throughout the State and be in the hands of every member of our Society.

It includes biographical sketches and excellent portraits of our Presidents and other officers and prominent members, past and present, and in finish and binding makes an attractive volume.

It is intended to fix the price of the book at as nearly cost as possible. It is estimated that this book will not exceed \$2.75 each; but it is hoped that those who can will not limit their subscriptions to this amount as many of the edition will have to be carried in stock for some time before being sold.

It is confidently expected that the publication of this work will materially help to benefit our Society and increase its membership.

Yours fraternally,
 GEORGE GILLEN,
 THOMAS EARL,
 THOMAS PALMER,
 Committee on Publication.

Barrie and Haig at St. Andrews

The University of St. Andrews (Scotland) was sensible of the great honor it has conferred upon itself by the installation of Lord Haig as Chancellor and Sir James M. Barrie as Lord Rector. Sir James was at his best in his installation address. His tribute to the British commander-in-chief in the World War was a charming bit of praise for a fellow countryman. He began by saying:

"I once thought of trying to address you on the theme, 'If There Had Been No War,' but a grimmer text would be 'If There Had Been No Haig.' Among the changes you might have had a rector at St. Andrews with a German accent."

"You must excuse me if I talk a good deal about courage to you to-day. It is a lovely virtue, the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children. My special difficulty is that, though you have had literary rectors here before, they were big guns—historians and philosophers. You have had none, I think, who followed my more humble march, which may be described as playing hide-and-seek with the angels. My puppets seem more real to me than myself. I could get on much more swimmingly if I made one of them deliver this address."

"It is McConnachie who has brought me to this pass. McConnachie, I should explain, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself, the writing half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny; he is the fanciful half."

Ever the versatile Barrie he next preached a sermon on hard work. His words: "Doubtless God could have provided us with better fun than hard work, but I don't know what it is. To be born poor is probably the next best thing. The greatest glory that has ever come to me was to be swallowed up in London not knowing a soul, with no means of subsistence and the fun of working till the stars went out. To have known any one would have spoilt it. I didn't even quite know the language. I rang

for my boots, and they thought I said a glass of water; so I drank the water and worked on. There was no food in the cupboard; so I didn't need to waste time in eating." And in the same eulogy was reference to Capt. Scott's splendid courage from the last letter that the dead explorer sent to the speaker. "We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot. Hoping this letter may be found and sent to you, I write you a word of farewell. I want you to think well of me and my end. Good-bye. I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many simple pleasures which I had planned for the future in our long marches. We are in a desperate state—feet frozen, etc., no fuel and a long way from food; but it would do your heart good to be in our tent to hear our songs and our cheery conversation. We are very near the end. We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally without."

"I think it may uplift you all," continued Barrie, "to stand for a moment by that tent and listen, as he says, to their songs and cheery conversation. How comely a thing is affliction borne cheerfully, which is not beyond the reach of the humblest of us! What is beauty? It is these hard-bitten men singing courage to you from their tent; it is the waves of their island home crooning of their deeds to you who are to follow them."

We Will Be Glad to Have This for "The Caledonian"

I shall be very grateful to any reader who can furnish me with the words and melody of a popular song in the Highlands of Scotland at the time of the great emigration to North Carolina. The refrain of this Gaelic song was: "*Dol a dh'iarraidh an fhortain do North Carolina*"—"Going to seek a fortune in North Carolina."

ELIZABETH JANET BLACK,
 Secretary of the Arran Society,
 Glen Cloy, Ivanhoe, North Carolina, U.S.A.

Sir Arthur James Balfour, who upon his return from the Washington conference was granted the Order of the Garter on April 12, became Earl of Balfour and Viscount Traprain of Whittinghame, finally accepting a title so repeatedly offered him during his long and distinguished political career. Balfour is a small place in Fife, the original home of the Balfours. Whitinghame is the new Earl's birthplace in East Lothian.

The elevation of Sir Arthur creates a vacancy in the important Parliamentary seat for the city of London held by him for sixteen years.

Reginald McKenna, former Chancellor of the Exchequer and now head of the big City and Midland Bank, one of the greatest financial authorities in London, was suggested, but he is a Liberal and the Conservative Association chose Edward C. Grenfell, the banker, as their candidate. Mr. Grenfell is a partner in the firm of Morgan, Grenfell & Co.

John Foord

A loyal American, a sympathetic Scot, and a gifted editor and publicist, passed out when John Foord died, in Washington, April 17, after being struck down by an automobile in Dupont Circle the previous day.

In one of his latest utterances, his splendid preface to "Scotland's Mark on America," he lays down so succinctly not only the secret of his own life but also that of the Scot in his adopted country that it is worthy of quotation here:

"The Scotsman carries with him from his parent home into the world without no half-hearted acceptance of the duties required of him in the land of his adoption. He is usually a public-spirited citizen, a useful member of society, wherever you find him. But that does not lessen the warmth of his attachment to the place of his birth, or the land of his forbears. Be his connection with Scotland near or remote, there is enshrined in the inner sanctuary of his heart, memories, sentiments, yearnings, that are the heritage of generations with whom love of their country was a dominant passion, and pride in the deeds that her children have done an incentive to effort and an antidote against all that was base or ignoble.

"It is a fact that goes to the core of the secular struggle for human freedom that whole-hearted Americanism finds no jarring note in the sentiment of the Scot, be that sentiment ever so intense. In the sedulous cultivation of the Scottish spirit there is nothing alien, and, still more emphatically, nothing harmful, to the institutions under which we live. The things that nourish the one, engender attachment and loyalty to the other. So, as we cherish the memories of the Motherland, keep in touch with the simple annals of our childhood's home, or the home of our kin, bask in the fireside glow of its homely humor, or dwell in imagination amid the haunts of old romance, we are the better Americans for the Scottish heritage from which heart and mind alike derive inspiration and delight."

To many Scots, who knew John Foord chiefly through his engaging personal qualities and his many delightful diversions into Scottish history and Scottish literature, the story of his tremendously active and useful career came as a revelation.

Commenting, editorially, upon his death, the *New York Times* says:

"The names of most journalists are writ in water. Each inexorable day eats its predecessor, and even the most brilliant achievements of the craft are soon hardly more than a nebulous memory. John Foord, one of the soundest and most accomplished journalists of the last generation and of this, was, besides, averse to fame and clothed with an invincible modesty. His name doesn't appear in 'Who's Who.' A Scotsman, with the shrewdness, judgment and quiet energy of his race, he joined the staff of the *New York Times* in

1869. He acquired a thorough knowledge of our devious municipal affairs in the Consularship of Tweed. His articles analyzing the evidence of fraud revealed by Controller Connelly's books were masterpieces of lucid exposition and induction. Much of the success of *The Times's* memorable exposure of the Ring was due to John Foord.

"As an editorial writer he brought force and knowledge to the discussion of many topics, especially financial and commercial. From 1876 to 1883 he was the competent editor-in-chief, sympathetic to his associates, faithful to the honorable traditions of this journal, steady to the public interest. To *The Brooklyn Standard-Union*, to *Harper's Weekly*, to *The Journal of Commerce*, of which he was long a contributing editor, he gave the same unselfish and fruitful service. In his later years Eastern affairs became his main study. As Secretary of the American Asiatic Association and editor of *Asia* he was best known to the moderns. His letters to *The Times* from China and Korea in 1920 were full of information and free from the illusions which so many travelers in the East acquire either from their own prepossessions or the influence of foreign officials.

"Mr. Foord wrote the short but admirable account of fifty years of this newspaper called *The New York Times Jubilee Supplement*. It contains as much as two or three lines about himself. This self-effacement was characteristic of the man."

Andrew Mac Lean, the venerable editor of the *Brooklyn Citizen*, a life-long friend, writes:

"He was a man of most extensive information. It is questionable whether we have ever had a superior to him in point of familiarity with the literature of the world and its history, both ancient and modern. Mr. Foord was a student by nature, and he made the best possible use of the ample opportunities afforded in his youth for enrichment of his mind by study and travel.

"There was, it may further be observed, a resemblance between him and Ulysses, for, like the Greek hero, the journalist could not rest from travel, could not resist the desire to press forward into new regions of knowledge, and thus quite recently, defying the infirmities of age, he had visited China and Japan and contributed letters to the *New York Times* of an exceptionally interesting character. With the purely personal qualities of the deceased the public are perhaps not much concerned, but it is certainly proper to say that a man of finer social qualities, of a greater gift for friendly intercourse and of a more sympathetic nature could hardly be found. Nature had endowed him as liberally on the side of his heart as on that of his intellect. He was every inch a man both in the bravest and gentlest senses.

"To this it may be added that his love for Scotland never diminished, although it may be unnecessary to observe, it never in the least

interfered with his complete devotion to the highest interests of his adopted country. No man could have been more alive to all the duties of citizenship, and yet it is proper to add that within the past fifty or sixty years Scotland has sent no son of hers to America who did more honor to the old land or better service to the new one than John Foord."

B. C. Forbes, of *Forbes Magazine*, throws a further light upon his thoroughness and the steadfast principles that marked his notable career: "Have you not known some men who never seemed to get anything like as far as their great abilities would have warranted?" He asks.

"This question is prompted by the death of a man of quite unusual ability and erudition and experience, yet whose fame and place in the world fell short of what his talents should have warranted. This man was John Foord, who died this week at the age of seventy-eight as the result of an automobile accident.

"I have known few men as well educated, in the fullest sense of the word, as Mr. Foord. As a youth he earned scholastic distinction in his native Scotland, became a newspaper man, was early attracted by the democracy of America, rose to be editor of a New York morning newspaper, and in the forty years following his retirement from that position has filled various roles, becoming recognized particularly as a genuine authority on Far Eastern affairs.

"Yet, somewhat, Mr. Foord was never accorded the recognition his extraordinary qualities should have earned him. His reading, his knowledge, were almost uncanny. He was steeped in history, in poetry, in folklore, in economics, in finance. Chinese and Japanese affairs and geography were as familiar to him as Broadway. Among the most eloquent and true ringing addresses I have ever heard were those made by Mr. Foord.

"I once had the temerity to express my astonishment and my regret that he hadn't become a much bigger, national figure, and sounded him as to the reason. His reply was to the effect that he had always cherished his independence more than preferment, and that he had all through life refused to sacrifice one iota of his independence for the sake of 'getting on.'

"When I first started out to try to find a job in New York he showed me the greatest kindness, and then having succeeded in putting me in the way of getting a 'trial job' from a daily newspaper, he gave me this terse advice: 'Learn more about some one subject than anybody else knows.' I well recall reflecting that in a city of several million people and embracing thousands of writers, this was a colossal, not to say hopeless, undertaking. Mr. Foord himself, however, had accomplished this, for he was admittedly our best all-round authority on Asia.

"I know, and you doubtless know, numbers of brilliant men who never quite reach the limit of their possibilities. Why is it, I won-

der? You see many other men, not half as able, rising much farther."

For the following biography we are indebted to the *New York Times*: Born in Perthshire, Scotland, October 12, 1844, John Foord was educated in Dundee and spent his young manhood in the service of newspapers in London. The opportunities of a new world appealed to him, however, and in 1869 he became a reporter on *The New York Times*. He hardly was launched on his new career when *The Times* began its historic and in the end successful fight to break the Tweed ring. To his pen fell the task of analyzing the evidences of fraud in the books of Controller Connolly. The fight against Tweed, inevitably, was not won at once, but to Foord's masterly handling of that opening assault always has been attributed a large share in the eventual success of the battle.

The Tweed exposures were Foord's greatest news job. Soon afterward he turned to writing editorials, displaying a wide grasp of affairs and proving particularly able in what he had to say on financial and commercial topics.

In 1876 Mr. Foord became editor-in-chief of *The Times*, then still a Republican newspaper. He held that position until 1883 with unwavering adherence to the interests of the public and an unselfish and kindly modesty that leave him affectionately remembered by those of his associates who remain.

From *The Times* he went to The Brooklyn Union, of which he became editor and part owner. Next he edited *Harper's Weekly*. For the past twenty years he was a member of the editorial staff of *The Journal of Commerce*, devoting himself to economics and international topics. His editorials on Far Eastern subjects were stamped particularly as authoritative because of his sympathetic interest in those lands, his travel and his broad reading.

As a pioneer among broad-spirited Americans in the last generation Foord worked for fair and liberal dealing with the peoples of China and Japan. The growth of his interest in the Orient led him naturally to the formation in 1898 of the American Asiatic Association.

It was at this time that German and Russian aggression upon Asia was threatening Chinese and American rights therein. The association was formed as a protest against this encroachment. Under Mr. Foord's secretaryship the association since then has steadily made its influence felt for the liberalization of all our treaties and economic relations with the Far East.

Mr. Foord was the founder and editor of the *Journal of the American Asiatic Association*, published from 1898 until 1917. In that year the late Willard Straight, who was president of the American Asiatic Association, agreed to finance the development of the journal into a broad general popular magazine,

and he and John Foord united in organizing Asia, with Foord as editor.

In 1914 Mr Foord joined with James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, the late Willard Straight and Robert H. Patchin in organizing the National Foreign Trade Council, and a little while later Mr. Foord was one of those associated with Willard Straight in the founding of India House. His speech responding to the toast "Why India House?" at the first dinner of the club lives as a classic in the minds of its members, and has been carried all over the world by American traders, bankers and diplomats.

Mr. Foord was a thorough American also, of broad public spirit. He was very proud of his Scottish ancestry, of Scottish achievement throughout the world. He was for many years President of the Burns Society, and was always called upon to speak at the annual dinner. He wrote the foreword in the recent book "Scotland's Mark," published as a record of Scotch influence in America in connection with the celebration a while ago of "America's Making." Mr. Foord wrote the life of Andrew H. Green, one of the factors in city government in cleaning up the Tweed ring, and the life of Simon Stern eminent lawyer and at one time President of the Bar Association.

Mr. Foord is survived by his widow, who was Catherine Brown, and by five children, Mrs. G. S. Bonner, now living in Italy; John Foord, living in the West, and Mrs. L. T. Chapman, Mrs. H. S. Small and Dr. Andrew G. Foord, at Kerhonkson, N. Y. Funeral services were held at Kerhonkson, N. Y., on April 20.

The executive committee of the American Asiatic Association adopted a resolution on the death of John Foord, secretary of the association: "John Foord combined in his character and career the best traditions of two nations. He was thoroughly American in patriotic devotion to the ideals and achievements of this country and to the ardent love for this land he brought the rugged honesty of the Scot with affectionate sympathy and a keen sense of humor. In addition to his rich intellectual endowment he had a full appreciation of the human side of the problems of life."

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Boston policemen and firemen who distinguish themselves in deeds of bravery henceforth will be eligible to receive "Walter Scott Medals for Valor," donated annually by Walter Scott, New York. The Mayor and Police and Fire Commissioners will constitute the board supervising award of this perpetual donation.

Mr. Scott himself presented to Mayor Curley in the City Hall executive chamber, the first two gold medals—also two \$1,000 French Republic bonds bearing interest at the rate of

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7½ per cent. This gift creates the fund out of which the medals are to be purchased annually.

Mr. Scott is a past royal chief of the Order of Scottish Clans. Born in Montreal, he passed his early youth in Boston, and the city has always held a high place in his affection. He has donated silver medals for award in New York City.

"As one who spent his boyhood days in Boston," Mr. Scott told the Mayor, "and who has ever held this city very close to his heart, it affords me more than ordinary pleasure to donate these medals in perpetuity to two such worthy departments in your city.

"I have watched their record with keen interest. While I feel it is not necessary that medals be offered as an incentive for the performance of one's duty, yet it has always been a practise of mine to present flowers during one's life time, while one can inhale their fragrance and enjoy their beauty. Hence the gift of the medals."

On Sunday evening, May 7th, a patriotic service for the Orangemen of the United States was held at St. George's Church, 16th Street, east of Third Avenue, New York. The main body of the church was filled with members of the different lodges of New York and the ladies of the Auxiliaries. The Rev. J. Howard Melish, D.D., rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, preached an excellent sermon to a large and attentive audience.



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Highlanders' Institute and Social Center for Glasgow

IN MEMORY OF THE HIGHLANDERS, MEN AND WOMEN, WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR

Within recent years the need has been urgently felt for a Highlanders' Headquarters and Social Centre in Glasgow. For centuries the city has been the chief market for Highland produce, and the chief meeting place of Highland interests. During these centuries the fame and fortunes of Glasgow have been largely built up by men and women of Highland blood, and a very large part of the Glasgow Directory at the present hour is composed of Highland names. Highlanders, mostly young men and women, are constantly streaming into the city in pursuit of education or employment, and a large number of these have no social connection to ensure them a proper introduction to life in this great centre. The danger of this state of things may be gauged from the fact that the only recognized meeting-place of many hundreds is under the Central Station railway bridge in Argyle Street.

During the late war special headquarters were provided in the city for soldiers of the British Dominions and our Allies, the United States of America, and the "Overseas" and other clubs organized for this purpose proved of the greatest service. Officers and men of the Dominions and United States, on coming to the city, could count on a friendly reception from an organization whose business it was to see to their welfare, and furnish them with guidance and information.

An organization of this sort for Highlanders coming to the city from the glens and the Islands is felt to be one of the most urgent needs of Glasgow at the present hour. What is wanted for these young people is a Highland Welcome Club, with ample facilities for social intercourse and entertainment, along with an up-to-date Employment Bureau. There should also if possible be a Hostel for the temporary accommodation, under reliable supervision, of incomers who, without knowledge, might be induced to put up in very questionable lodgings.

The time has also come for the establishment of a Headquarters and central gathering-place for the numerous District and Clan Societies, and other Highland organizations which have come into existence in the city. Hitherto these organizations have carried on as isolated units, each endeavoring to perpetuate the memory and protect the interests of a particular clan or district. It is evident that, if these were provided with a general headquarters, their united influence and energies might be used with immense effect for the furtherance of Highland interests as a whole. At present many Highlanders coming to Glasgow have a difficulty in getting into touch with their particular clan or county society or association. This fact must seriously limit the usefulness of these most valuable organizations, and if there were a general recognized Headquarters there can be no doubt the membership of the Societies would be very largely increased. What is required is a set of convenient committee and

club rooms, at which each Clan or other Society could have its official address, from which its letters could be re-directed, and at which it could hold its meetings. The possibilities of such a common meeting ground are obvious.

In view of these needs two largely attended meetings of representatives of Highland Societies and others interested have been held, and a strong committee has been appointed, with the Lord Provost as chairman, and an influential body of patrons, for the purpose of establishing a Highlanders' Institute in Glasgow. It is proposed to raise a sum of £30,000, and to this end a number of enterprises are being arranged. These include a great Highland Bazaar, a Highland Ball, a Garden Party, a Country Fair, Highland Games, etc.

Meanwhile a substantial Guarantee Fund has been underwritten, and subscriptions towards the establishment of the Institute itself are now invited from all who have the best interests of the Highlands and the Highlanders at heart. A movement which so deeply concerns the lives of the hundreds of young Highlanders, lads and girls, constantly making their way into Glasgow, needs no words to commend it to the cordial sympathy and support of all lovers of the brave and beautiful North. It has been resolved to associate the proposed Institute with the memory of the gallant Highlanders who gave their lives for the defence of the country in the great war. Subscriptions should be sent, with the accompanying form, to the honorary treasurer, Norman Macleod, Esq., C.A., 149 West George Street, Glasgow, by whom they will be duly acknowledged. A large and active committee has been formed embracing many of the best names in Scotland. The officers are: Chairman of Committee, The Right Hon. The Lord Provost, Thomas Paxton, Esq., J.P.; Hon. Vice-Chairman, Colonel D. W. Cameron of Lochiel; Chairman of Executive, James Dalrymple, Esq., C.B.E., J.P.; Convener of Bazaar Committee, Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew, J.P.; Vice-Conveners of Bazaar Committee, Lady Macalister, Mrs. Paxton, and Mrs. Burnley Campbell; Hon. Treasurer, Norman Macleod, Esq., C.A.; Hon. Secretary, Malcolm Macleod, Esq.; Acting Secretary, George Eyre-Todd, Esq., J. P.

"Scotch Night" at Brooklyn Church

"Scotch Night" was enjoyed by the Men's Club of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Lafayette Avenue and South Oxford Street, April 20, a tinge of real Scottish atmosphere being created by the appearance in native costume of David Porter, president; Ralph D. Sumner, secretary, and George Halbert, all members of the Men's Club. Murdoch MacKenzie was the piper while Miss Bella Davidson sang native songs and Miss Constance MacKenzie appeared in a "Highland Fling."

Herbert H. Muirhead, C.E., lectured on "Bonnie Scotland: Her Art, Folklore and Traditions," and in addition to a most interesting talk showed many beautiful pictures on the screen.

"No people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as the Scots have done. No people have a greater right to be proud of their blood."—*James Anthony Froude.*

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By **GEORGE FRASER BLACK, Ph. D.**

With a Foreword by **JOHN FOORD**

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Philadelphia Letter

Although Atlantic City is in Jersey, Philadelphia is so linked to it through monetary interests, and the open door offered for recreation and health repair, that we look upon it as a twin brother, nowhere more convenient, attractive, or so desirable for a pleasant week end. The Lenten term finished at the famous sea-side resort, with pilgrims from all over the States, as if it was "the only." Easter Sunday tens of thousands gaily-attired visitors perambulated the board walk in wheel chairs, whilst 100,000 others stepped it out on their own "pedals," the better mode to gain a surcharge of brawn and muscle. Quite a little colony of Scotch mechanics of the various trades have become residents of the permanent order, and to maintain that clannishness the Scot is credited to possess, have their Caledonian Club. Recently they gave a concert of Scottish song, terminating with a dance. Chief Morton, of the Philadelphia Club, accompanied by his chieftains and twenty-five clansmen, in Highland costume, graced the concert with their presence, which compliment was much appreciated by the "Saut-water" brither Scots.

The last meeting of the Scots Thistle Society was somewhat out of the usual. One can easily imagine a society, especially a Scotch one 126 years old, to be conservative, and somewhat hard to wean from its "auld farrant" conduct of "biz," but the auld "lichts" railroaded their business and at an early hour declared for a social time for the remainder of the evening. Each one called upon rendered his song or recitation, and the wee, wee man, Allan Barr, dispensed refreshment, revealing the fact that New Jersey knows a thing or two.

Caledonia Lodge, No. 700, I. O. O. F., had a visit from the Gloucester City, N. J., lodge

'in a body, in return for a visit made a short time ago by No. 700, to demonstrate the degree of work of a team of which Caledonia has placed itself in the front rank. This popular lodge, instituted some thirty years ago by thirty-three Scots from Enterprise No. 201, with all the energy and enterprise possessed by the name, and history of their mother lodge, succeeded in placing themselves on a conspicuous pinnacle of the I. O. O. F. jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, and although the membership is now composed of those of native birth, and of various nations from overseas, the blate but irrepressible Scot is yet navigating officer.

We are delighted to learn that THE CALEDONIAN is soon to appear at regular intervals, and clothed in a braw new costume. Wishing it every success, support and permanence,

PHILADELPHIA HIGHLAND GUARD

A Highland Guard has been organized under the auspices of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia and bids fair to be a success, twenty-two Caledonians having enrolled at the initial meeting.

At the next meeting of the Guard, drills will be indulged in and rules formulated for the conduct and guidance of the organization.

The following officers were elected, and as they are well known to possess "pep" and ability, permanence may be looked for: Captain, Alexander Tulloch; Lieutenant, John Still; Sergeant, Donald Robertson; Color Bearers, David Patterson and Alexander Duff. ST. MUNGO.

THE LATE ANDY KEAN

The passing away of Andy Kean brings some fine recollections of a good Scot, a good American, and a great sport. What he knew about swimming would fill a book; and his family took after him, and have achieved

fame and distinction in the swimming world.

I can well remember that evening, twenty-five years ago, in the Caledonian Club pool, in Philadelphia, when one of the spectators fell in during the recess. The poor boob evidently came from the backwoods, somewhere in Pennsylvania, but the way he was dressed made no difference in the excitement of the audience. Several swimmers jumped in at once, and after strenuous efforts rescued him. Gee! That certainly was some night; and well worth the twenty-five cents admission fee.

The writer of this was one of the committee that got up the swimming entertainment, and was also one of the excited audience viewing the rescue. It was a whole day before even he, let alone the outsiders in the audience, discovered that the poor boob who fell in was Andy Kean! Andy had arranged a well-staged tragi-comedy—and got away with it, too, to the Queens' taste.

He was a great business man; but, in addition, as a sporting enthusiast there were few like him. He belonged in the old Jim Sterritt class, and even the younger generation remember what a dyed-in-the-wool hero he was, to his dying day.

G. C. W.

The Gaelic Society of Inverness

The Gaelic Society of Inverness was founded fifty years ago and has just celebrated its jubilee. During that period it has published twenty-eight volumes of transactions, which form a valuable library in themselves. These volumes contain a rich store of learned papers which would never have been written if the Society had not existed, and of Highland history and Gaelic legend, poetry, incantations, charms, and superstitions, the most of which would ere now have perished if they had not been taken down for the Society from men and women who are now no more. While the contents of these volumes are not all of equal merit, yet taken as a whole they form a collection of matter of the greatest interest and value for Gaelic history, folklore, and language. Notwithstanding the valuable work done by the Society during the last fifty years, much has yet to be done, and fortunately, there are still willing and well-equipped workers.

The Great War took a heavy toll of the Society's members and the Council are now endeavoring to raise the membership to its old level. This, it seems to me, is not enough. Surely there must be some hundreds of Highlanders scattered throughout the United States and Canada sufficiently interested in the history, language, and literature of their ancestral homeland to cause them to join the Society. Life Members make a single payment of seven pounds seven shillings (about thirty-five dollars). Honorary members make an annual payment of ten shillings and sixpence (roughly two dollars and a half), a sum which surely a large number can easily spare. In return for this each member receives the an-

nual volume of Transactions. Cannot at least one hundred persons be induced to join the Society and help it on with its patriotic work? It may be also stated that there is nothing to prevent the innumerable Gaelic Societies, Clan Associations, and Celtic Unions throughout the country from joining as honorary members, thus securing the annual volume of transactions for their libraries. Let us show the folks at home that we are willing to aid them in this work.

GEORGE F. BLACK.

Springfield, Mass.

Forest Park may have a bowling green, according to a statement made by Alderman John J. Lester to members of the Scotch-Irish Society of the Connecticut Valley and Clan Murray at their meeting and banquet in Memorial Hall. Many of the older members are in favor of a bowling green, while the younger men of the societies favor a municipal golf course and prospects are excellent for both. The golf course has been favored by many of the leading citizens and was warmly advocated some time ago by Rev. Dr. Neil McPherson, pastor of the First Congregational Church.

Speakers pointed out that a public golf course gives recreation to a man who feels that he cannot afford the money it costs to maintain a membership in a country club. It was said that it is not the first cost that counts so heavily in a country club but the dinners, fees and other items. A public golf course would eliminate all this and it is possible for the average working man who likes to play golf to do so.

Alderman Lester spoke on what the Scotch-Irish have done in the British Isles and in other places. David Greenaway talked on the same lines, stating that the Scotch and Scotch-Irish are responsible for the settling of different parts of this country, furnishing many brilliant and resourceful men. Clan Murray was presented with a trophy cup by President Adam Urquhart. The clan has won the Scotch-Irish league championship for two consecutive years.

Holyoke, Mass.

The membership teams of the American and British Federation had a progressive dinner party at Croysdale Inn, South Hadley, April 14. President Thomas Mason of the federation presided and Atty. Merrill L. Welcker was a most excellent toastmaster. The community singing was led by John Parfitt. Humorous Readings, Mrs. Charles Barrett; Scottish character dances by Mrs. David Williams, Mrs. Roy, William Black and William Stewart; readings by Mrs. Christiana Buchanan; after dinner addresses and stories by Thomas Mason, William H. Escott, William Stewart, William Black, Geo. Gay, Charles Barrett, John Parfitt, William Parfitt, Mrs. Frank Waring, Mrs. Senior and Mrs. Christiana Buchanan. A rising vote of thanks was tendered the Misses Parfitt for their hospitality at the close of a most enjoyable evening.

Royal Clan at Quincy, Mass.

Col. Walter Scott, of New York, of the Royal Clan of the Order of Scottish Clans, who with his brother officers was the guest of the MacGregors, the clansmen of Quincy, Mass., April 26, "came through" with a splendid offer which should spur the splendid pride of Quincy residents to a high pitch.

Pledging dollar for dollar raised in Quincy up to \$2,000 to make necessary repairs to the birthplace of President John Quincy Adams, Col. Scott brought a crowd of Quincy residents to their feet when he declared that the shrines of American liberty should not be allowed to go to decay for the need of money to repair them.

Col. Scott had been in the city during the afternoon, in company with other royal grand officers of the Order of Scottish Clans, and had been taken around the city to see the different points of interest. At the birthplace of President John Quincy Adams, Col. Scott noted the ravages of time had caused some of the timbers to sag, and said it was a pity that such a house could not be restored and made strong.

In speaking of his trip at the dinner which was tendered the visitors at the American-Chinese resaurant by the officers of Clan MacGregor, O. S. C., Col. Scott made his offer to give his check for every dollar up to \$500 that the citizens of Quincy could raise. Encouraged by the ringing cheers that greeted his remark, Col. Scott advanced the sum first to \$1,000 and then \$2,000.

Col. Scott's liberal and patriotic offer is all that is needed to assure the completion of the work.

The Royal officers of the Clan were met by the reception committee at City Hall at three o'clock and after a short visit with Mayor Bradford, went to West Quincy where they inspected the site of the first railroad in the United States.

The Adams Houses were then visited, after which a trip was made to the historic First Church, where a stop was made at the tombs of the Presidents Adams. Then the "Dorothy Q" house was visited. After the historic trip was completed, the party proceeded to a local restaurant, where dinner was served at six p. m.

At seven p. m. a short street parade through the principal city square streets was held, behind a pipe band, and the clansmen then went to their mootroom where a large attendance of members conducted an important business meeting.

Ludlow, Mass.

Miss Mary MacFadyen has been installed president of the ladies' auxiliary to Clan MacLennan, O. S. C. Mrs. A. Ross, of Chicopee Falls, was installing officer, assisted by Mrs. Elizabeth Meffen, of West Springfield, as marshal and Miss Jean Maxwell as secretary. There was a large turnout of members, including a number from Springfield and Chicopee Falls. Other officers installed were: Vice-

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president, Mrs. Margaret Butters; chaplain, Mrs. Betsy Duncan; past president, Mrs. Agnes Pearson; treasurer, Miss Annie Yule; financial secretary, Miss Martha MacFadyen; recording secretary, Miss Elizabeth Wilson; conductor, Miss Catherine Duffus; associate conductor, Miss Elizabeth MacIvor; guard, Miss Marjory Low; sentinel, Mrs. Minnie Condon; pianist, Miss Margaret Weir. Following the exercises, a short entertainment was given, including solos by Thomas MacKenzie and solo dance numbers by the Misses Webster. Mrs. Jessie Downie played for dancing.

The Burns Club of London, England

At the dinner of the Vernacular Circle of the Burns Club of London on April 10, at which Sir Harry and Lady Lauder were the principal guests, the following resolution was moved from the chair and was passed with great enthusiasm:

"This gathering of the Vernacular Circle of the Burns Club sends fraternal greetings to Colonel Walter Scott of New York, and thanks him for his generous gift for the establishment of a prize or prizes for the preservation of the Vernacular of Lowland Scotland. The Club welcomes this as a further proof of Colonel Scott's love of Scotland and as still further cementing the ties that bind our native land to the great Republic of the United States of America."

The dinner was a most successful one, and Colonel Scott's efforts to promote good feeling and fellowship were handsomely acknowledged by Sir Harry Lauder and Lord Dewar in their speeches. Three hundred and fifty sat down to the dinner, and the proceedings were extremely enthusiastic.

The resolution was sent to Colonel Scott, signed by W. Noble, President Burns Club of London; P. N. McFarlane, Vice-President; L. G. Sloan, Past President; J. A. Brown, Hon. Secretary; John Douglas, Chairman, Vernacular Circle; Wm. Will, Hon. Secretary, Vernacular Circle.

Pittston, Pa.

The Pittston Caledonian Club recently held a notable meeting in commemoration of the seventieth birthday of Mine Foreman Samuel Anderson, who for thirty-five years has been active in the affairs of the Club. Chief Harper paid a glowing tribute to his comrade for the zeal displayed on numerous occasions in the interest of the Caledonians, and attributed the success of many of their social affairs to the untiring labors of Mr. Anderson.

A pleasing program was carried out, the numbers of which included: Remarks and presentation, Mr. Harper; remarks, William Lyall, of Scranton Club; remarks, John Girvan, on behalf of Wilkesbarre club; recitation, "Sam's Birthday," Allen Alexander; solo, "A Wee Sprig o' Heather," Chief Harper; Andrew Duncan, solo, "Bonnie Mary O' Argyle"; solo, "The March of the Cameron Men," Mr. Carswell; address, Mr. Nisbitt, chief of Scranton Caledonian Club; solo, "Loch Lomond," John Girvan; remarks, Charles Shephard; remarks, Chief Balston; solo, James Struthers, "I Think I'll Call Again" recitation, ex-Chief Montgomery, Scranton, "Do It Now"; vocal selections, ex-Chief Montgomery, (a) "Somebody's Waiting for Me," (b) "Over the Hills to Ardentiny"; solo, William Agnew, "Bonnie Doon"; remarks, Clansman Smythe; solo, "There's a Piper Playing in the Morn," Mr. Gavan; recitation, "The Doctor's Story," Alex Wilson; solo, "The Boys of the Old Brigade," Clansman Cook; solo, Chief Harper, "A Wee Doch an' Doris."

Arran Society Prizes

The Arran-Black-River Society, Ivanhoe, N. C., through its Folk-Lore and Dialect Committee, offers the following prizes for the year 1922:

Ten dollars for the best unpublished collection of Folk-Lore, Folk-Tales, and Dialect submitted by an adult member.

Five dollars for the best unpublished collection of Folk-Lore, Folk-Tales, and Dialect submitted by a junior member.

Five dollars offered by Dr. Frank C. Brown, Secretary-Treasurer of the North Carolina Folk-Lore Society, for the best unpublished collection of traditional songs—Gaelic songs, Songs of the Hebrides, Scotch-Canadian songs, Southern folk songs, slave songs, negro songs, work songs, logging songs, oar songs, raft songs, sailor songs, lullabies, etc. The collector must submit the words and melody, or have the song recorded on a Dictaphone or Ediphone record. There must be at least five songs submitted. This contest is open to adult and junior members.

The Folk-Lore and Folk-Tales may consist of: (1) Superstitions; (2) Recipes for cooking, recipes for making dyes, origin of dishes, cakes, etc.; (3) Weather signs; (4) Planting signs (5) Good or bad luck signs; (6) Charms against bad luck, witches, etc.; (7) Unusual uses or pronunciation of words; (8) Riddles, proverbs, maxims; (9) Child-rimes, counting-out rimes; (10) Games of all kinds, especially singing games, get the music if possible; (11) Legends and tales concerning Indians, family servants, witches, haunted houses, settlements, plantations, churches, early settlers, and especially the folk-tales told by the old negro men and women; (12) Cures for all things; (13) Ballads and songs of all kinds especially the old Gaelic song, the refrain of which was: "*Dol a dh'iarraidh an fhortain do North Carolina*" (Going to seek a fortune in North Carolina); (14) Customs, Scotch customs, Southern customs, community customs, customs concerning marriage, games, amusements, corn-shuckings, logging, lumbering, fishing, building, etc.; (15) Origin of place-names, rivers, towns, townships, churches, schools, homes, etc.

The Dialect words and phrases may be copied on slips of paper, three by five inches; each separate item put on a separate slip of paper. For colloquial material give the following information: Word, Pronunciation, Meaning. Exact locality, Author; any particulars as to persons using the word are desirable—quotation illustrating the use of the word, and a sentence made by the collector to show how he understands the words.

Contestants should give the following information concerning the Folk-Lore and Folk-Tales submitted: (a) When, where, and from whom it was obtained; (b) where your informant learned it; (c) what you know concerning your informant.

The material should be submitted in type-written form on or before September 1, 1922,

to the Chairman of Folk-Lore and Dialect Committee, Miss Frances Robinson, Ivanhoe, North Carolina.

FOLK-LORE AND DIALECT COMMITTEE: Miss Frances Robinson, Chairman, Ivanhoe, N. C.; Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald, Secretary, Ivanhoe, N. C.; Dr. Frank C. Brown, Durham, N. C.; Miss Annie Kelso Evans, Fayetteville, N. C.; Miss Anabel Sloan, Garland, N. C.; Mrs. Dudley G. Shaw, Kerr, N. C.; Mrs. F. C. Cain, St. Matthews, S. C.; Miss Ida MacLean Black, Luebo, Africa.

The Arran Society, through its Poetry Committee, offers the following prizes:

Ten dollars for the best poem written by a member in 1921-1922. Preference will be given to poems of less than fifty lines, though longer poems may be submitted. There is no restriction as to theme or form.

Five dollars for the best hymn or song written by a member in 1921-1922. Preference will be given to hymns or songs of not less than twelve nor more than thirty-two lines.

Five dollars for the best poem written by a member under eighteen years of age, in 1921-1922. Preference will be given to poems of less than fifty lines, and to the older, metrical forms of expression.

Poems in this competition must be received not later than September 1, 1922. They should be mailed, with the name and address of the contestant, to the Chairman of Poetry Committee, Mrs. Norman J. Herring, Tomahawk, N. C.

ARRAN SOCIETY POETRY COMMITTEE: Mrs. Norman J. Herring, Chairman, Tomahawk, N. C.; Mrs. C. C. Murphy, Secretary, Ivanhoe, N. C.; Francis J. MacBeath, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. James W. Farrier, Warsaw, N. C.; Mrs. P. P. Murphy, Lowell, N. C.; Henry A. Grady, Clinton, N. C.; John T. Bland, Burgaw, N. C.

The Arran Society, through its Young Folks' Committee, offers to its young people under eighteen years of age the following prizes:

First Prize: Ten dollars for the best original essay of not less than one thousand or more than five thousand words on "The Celtic-Scotch Highlander in America."

Second Prize: Five dollars for the second best original essay of not less than one thousand or more than five thousand words on "The Celtic-Scotch Highlander in America."

Five dollars for the best map of Scotland. The map must be at least forty inches long and thirty inches wide; it must give the Highland Boundary, and if possible include the location of the different clans. (See "The Scottish Clans and Their Tartans," published by W. & A. K. Johnston, Ltd., Edinburgh and London, sold by Caledonian Publishing Company, Bible House, Fourth Avenue and 9th Street, New York City, for map of Scotland, giving the Highland Boundary and location of clans.)

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The essays must be typewritten and submitted to the Chairman of Young Folks' Committee—Mrs. Angus Cromartie, Garland, N. C.—on or before September 1, 1922; the map must be submitted, on paper or cloth, rolled, on or before September 1, 1922, to the Chairman of Young Folks' Committee.

YOUNG FOLKS' COMMITTEE: Mrs. Angus Cromartie, Chairman, Garland, N. C.; Miss Ruth Williams, Secretary, Wallace, N. C.; Mrs. James W. Farrier, Warsaw, N. C.; Mrs. A. MacA. Council, White Oak, N. C.; Dr. William Byron Forbush, New York City; Charles W. Hobbs, State House, Boston, Mass.; Frances M. Ford, *The Daily News*, Chicago, Ill.

St. Andrews, Scotland, has become the greatest clinic in the world, says a recent dispatch. Every resident of the town is being kept under strict medical supervision, in hope that observation will add to medical knowledge.

Sir James Mackenzie, one of the world's greatest heart specialists, is conducting the clinic. Already 600 of the adult population have been ticketed and are under observation, in addition to 100 children.

Upon the first visit to the clinic, the volunteers—who include the whole population—are examined minutely, and all symptoms noted. Afterward they pay monthly visits. In the case of babies, a record is to be kept from the cradle to the grave in order that physicians may note the inception as well as the progress and cure of diseases to which they may be heir.

A Radiophone Surprise for Guides in Maine Woods

Something new in the Radio world was experienced Saturday evening, April 29th, when a Westinghouse machine brought to a small log cabin in the Maine woods concerts broadcasted from Newark, N. J., and Pittsburgh, Pa.

The night was very cold and three sports and four guides sat around a glowing fire waiting to hear whatever might come over the wires. All had been skeptical because of the isolation of the cabin and the high ridges of flint formation surrounding it.

The concerts broadcasted by Newark, N. J., and Pittsburgh, Pa., came through with such clearness that the little audience instinctively applauded. In fact they were clearer than in the city, probably due to the lack of interference so far North.

Such a performance away up in the wilds, where winter still holds forth, was remarkable. It was indeed, strange, and suggestive of old-time witchcraft, to be able, sitting in a log cabin, the river rushing in torrents past the door and the stars shining over the dense dark woods, to enjoy music from the air.

One guide who is cook for the party has lived in and of the woods for seventy-two years, and as he himself expressed it, "I had heard something about such a contrivance, but never expected to live to actually hear one."

The cabin is called Camp Scott for its owner, Walter Scott, of New York City, and with him enjoying the Spring fishing, were his son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Magna, of Holyoke, Mass. The four guides who were thrilled and amazed at their first wireless concert were Joe Mauray, Arthur Eastman, John Johnson, Jr., and Ichabod Smith. Every evening for two weeks, after the joy of the day's fishing, an interesting audience listened in to the first radio concerts ever received in that section of the country.

Scottish Colonization in America

Important new historical material is contained in a volume entitled "*Scottish Colonial Schemes, 1620-1686*," which MacLehose & Jackson, of Glasgow, have in the press. The author, George Pratt Insh, M.A., D. Litt. (Glasgow), found a wealth of manuscript material, much of it hitherto unused, during research work in the Register House, Edinburgh, the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, the Public Record Office, the City of London Archives in the Guildhall, the Library of the Royal Society, and the Library of the Society of Friends. This survey of colonizing experience embraces the period from the days of the Nova Scotia scheme of Sir William Alexander down to the destruction of the outpost of the Scottish Covenanters in South Carolina, and deals with the Scottish efforts during the seventeenth century to found colonies in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island, East New Jersey, and South

Carolina. Another volume will deal with the ill-fated Darien Scheme. It is interesting to note that the genesis of the above mentioned work was the award to Dr. Insh of the Carnegie Essay Prize of £100 for the year 1920-1921. This prize is offered annually for competition among graduates of the Scottish Universities and has only once previously, 1915-1916, been awarded.

—G. F. B.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF CALEDONIAN, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1922.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles C. Stoddard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Caledonian and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publishers—Caledonian Publishing Company, 80 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Editor—Charles C. Stoddard, 80 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—Charles C. Stoddard, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Business Manager—Ruth S. MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Caledonian Publishing Company, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

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CHARLES C. STODDARD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1922.

H. J. FAULHABER,

Notary Public, Westchester Co.,

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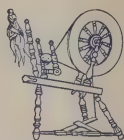
THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

JOHN STUART BLACKIE AND THE HIGH- LANDS	53
IN OOR HAME TOON.....	56
By <i>Stephen Chalmers</i>	
THE SCOT IN LONDON.....	62
THE SOLDIERS' CAIRN (Poem).....	64
By <i>Mary Symon</i>	
JOHN MUIR (Part V).....	65
By <i>Charles Pettigrew</i>	
SCOTLAND (Poem)	69
By <i>Gilbert Rae</i>	
OUR GLASGOW LETTER.....	71
By <i>Grace Darling Wilson</i>	
ARTHUR BRIGGS FARQUHAR.....	74
THE WANDERER (Poem).....	78
By <i>James Kennedy</i>	
SCOTTISH AND BRITISH SOCIETIES.....	79

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But, do you realize that in the United States alone there are literally hundreds of thousands of Scots and descendants of Scots, just as deeply interested as you are, who never have heard of THE CALEDONIAN? And many—most of these, in fact—live in centers where they are not reached by the Societies.

We have no means of appealing to them *except through you*; and through you *we can reach them*. Only this month, a subscriber sent a sample magazine to a Scots friend in the Middle West. This friend is now a subscriber, *and in addition has sent us the names of several friends*, who will eventually subscribe.

If THE CALEDONIAN is to go on at its present high standard, and without increasing its price, we must have more subscribers—*many more*—and everyone helps; and we must have the united support and encouragement of every loyal Scot in the country.

I know you are indifferent about asking your friends to subscribe. We do not ask you to do this. Just sit down and send us the names and addresses of the Scots you know; if you have a Society, send us the name and address of the secretary. Your letter will be treated in confidence. And, most of all, whenever you get an opportunity *speak a good word for THE CALEDONIAN*. What you may say will go many times further than anything we may write. **WRITE US TO-DAY.**

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J. H. B.

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—A. C.

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—E. MACK.

BELLINGHAM, Wash.

I enjoy every word of THE CALEDONIAN; it is just like a letter from home. May the coming year be the best of its life.

—J. C. C.

PORTLAND, Maine.

Find money order for \$1.50 for continuation of my subscription to your magazine. Can't do without it.

—J. C. R.

SOUTH MANCHESTER, Conn.

This is payment for my CALEDONIAN for another year. The best paper that comes into my home.

—J. P. C.

SALINA, Kansas.

I am a native Scot and enjoy reading THE CALEDONIAN. I have been a citizen of Kansas for over sixty years, but still have a great love for old democratic Scotland.

—T. A.

GLASGOW, Scotland.

When in America and Canada recently I was constantly coming across your delightful magazine in the house of my friends, and I should not like now that I am home again to be without it.

—H. L.

BUTTE, Montana.

I find more pleasure and information, to my way of thinking, in THE CALEDONIAN than any magazine I read.

—D. C.

THE CALEDONIAN

THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

*Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!*

—CHARLES MACKAY.

John Stuart Blackie and the Highlands

The features of many of our most beautiful Highland districts, with all the best emotions which a familiarity with them can create, and all the patriotic associations with which they are intertwined, have become part of my life and of the atmosphere which I breathe.—
Blackie.

John Stuart Blackie, the versatile professor of Greek at Edinburgh University, showed hearty love and sympathy, and understanding of the people and country embraced under the terms the Highlands and Islands. He showed this in many ways—by residence, in walking tours, the writing of books, giving of lectures, and incessant labors in Highlands and Lowlands for the establishment of a Gaelic Chair, for which he was the means of collecting £12,000. During his campaign, many denounced what they thought a hare-brained scheme, the study and preservation of a decaying language. But he went on his way undismayed and conquered in the end. Of Border stock on his father's side, there was a strain of Highland blood, through the marriage of his maternal grandfather with the daughter of Dr. Stuart of

Kelso. Alexander Blackie, his father, born at Kelso, became a banker in Glasgow and Aberdeen, married Miss Helen Stodart, daughter of a Hamilton architect who had designed two of the bridges over the Clyde, one at Glasgow and another near Hamilton. John Stuart Blackie was born in Charlotte Street, Glasgow, in 1809, and three years later his father moved to Aberdeen as first agent of the Commercial Bank there. He was educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and in 1829-1830 studied in Germany and Italy. He wrote for the magazines on his return, studied law, but relinquished it, was professor of Latin in Aberdeen University from 1841 until 1852, when appointed to the Greek Chair at Edinburgh, which he held till 1882. The other important event in his life was marriage to Eliza Wyld, daughter of a Leith merchant. He lived a full and happy life until his death in 1895. The presentation portrait of Blackie by Sir George Reid is now in the Scottish National Gallery, and shows the thin, wiry, agile figure, with wide-awake hat and brown plaid, than whom, in

his day, no better known or more characteristic figure was seen on the streets of Edinburgh. There is a biography of Blackie in two volumes by Miss Anna M. Stoddart, daughter of Thomas Tod Stoddart, the poet and angler, and another by his nephew, H. A. Kennedy. Another nephew, Dr. Stodart Walker, who deemed his uncle the most lovable man he had ever met, edited his "Letters," "Day-Book," and "Notes of a Life," a fragment of autobiography, all posthumous works. They exhibit a strong, clever, vivacious and always joyful personality. There is wit and humor in what he spoke and wrote. There was no dullness when Blackie was around!

Blackie's first Highland tour was for health reasons, when he visited Cromarty and Dingwall, and came on to Fort William, where he climbed Ben Nevis and had mist, which he thought affected the imagination and was more impressive. At Port Appin he had unwillingly to follow his luggage, which was wrongly sent ashore, as it contained the MS. of his translation of "Æschylus."

In May, 1863, the Blackies, with Miss Fanny Stoddart, were in residence at Kinlochewe inn, head of Loch Maree. The professor went over alone to Skye. At Kinlochewe he got his first enthusiasm for Gaelic from the post boy, who awakened Blackie's curiosity by Highland names which aroused within him a desire to learn the language. A couple of months at Oban confirmed the desire for a Highland residence, which took shape later in the pretty home built at Altnacraig. Says Miss Stoddart: "There were mighty bens to be topped; there were breezy moors and heather-scented downs over which to stride in daily converse with the muse; there were seas and islands for exploration; there were people in every glen who spoke a language of ancient origin. Here was matter for contemplation, for study, for emotion, for new ventures in human intercourse, for a fresh world into which to withdraw when spring hung her scented tassels on the larch. Of all these lures the most powerful was the Gaelic language." The cottage was begun, and while in progress

they went to Mull. Miss Henrietta Bird, sister of Isabella Bird, the lady traveller, welcomed the Blackies home to Altnacraig in these lines:

Thus at last has the ideal
On this rock become the real,
Born of bright imagination,
Outlined forth by contemplation,
Reared in fancies vague.

Now at last in fair expansion
Standeth it—a goodly mansion,
Blessings on its walls and towers,
On its gardens and its bowers,
Beauteous Altnacraig.

Some of the best of Blackie's poetical work was done here, especially for "Lays of the Highlands and Islands." For this he wrote a Highland itinerary as preface. While living at Braemar, where R. L. Stevenson completed his story of *Treasure Island*, like Wordsworth, he composed in the open air during many solitary wanderings in glens, and came face to face with the subject of Highland depopulation, about which he wrote to *The Times*.

This landed him in warm controversy. Some critics characterized his depopulation ballads as sentimental drivel. Mull, King's House, Glencoe, Oban had found a poet laureate, as well as Iona and Skye. White foxglove seed was sowed by his own hand around Altnacraig. Here he was found studying or correcting proofs of his classical lectures on "Four Phases of Morals," his most popular and characteristic work being lectures on Socrates, Aristotle, Christianity and Utilitarianism. Of Altnacraig life he wrote to an aunt: "The sun is dominant, with occasional whiffs of rain, sufficient to encourage vegetation but not to prevent perambulation: inside all is taste, elegance, and grace, the natural fair effect of the fair cause who has organized the establishment. It is worth while coming here if only to feel the comfort of the circular, velvet-bottomed chairs, which furnish forth the drawing-room. . . . We have a henhouse made by Mr. Ross in the most fashionable style of rusticity, in which there are at the present moment eight fighting cocks and two hens. Every morning at breakfast we eat huge turkey eggs, and in the evening we make ourselves comfortable with whiskey toddy and a fine blazing fire from logs cut out of the thinnings

of the large and rich forest which surrounds us." Highlanders at home and abroad congratulated the professor on his abode. "He loved what they loved," says Miss Stoddart, "the mighty bens, the peat-brown torrents, the open moors, the fragrant forests of birch and pine and fir. And, above all, he loved the clachan and the croft, and cared to smell the pungent reek of the cottar's fire, and to learn from the cottar's lips the names for all needs of home and husbandry. He loved their language, its literature, its legends, old as the myths of Rome, its tender homeliness shot with the gold of imagination. He denounced their wrongs, and his heart bled for their exile! What wonder that they loved him!" What he calls a splendid week-end was spent in July, 1872, at Inverness, where he harangued several audiences on Gaelic, nationality, and depopulation. There were Highland songs, dances, and a Gaelic oration from a clergyman. Later he visited Professor Campbell Shairp near Aberfeldy, and together with Mr. Milne Home, a stout old geologist on the hunt for boulders, they climbed Schiehallion. In four months during 1873 he put together his most popular and useful work on "Self-Culture," which has gone through more than thirty-six editions. In 1874, backed by numerous friends of the Free Church, he began the campaign in earnest for the Gaelic Chair, visiting Glasgow, London, and homes of the nobility and gentry in England and Scotland in its interest. At Inveraray he met the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Louise, with whom he had long talks and read Gaelic translations to her. "She is an artistic creature, and not given to deal in discursive talk, but extremely frank and intelligent." It would have been just like him if the story were true that he clapped her on the back and called her a bonnie lassie. Later he visited Dunrobin Castle. "The Duke of Sutherland," he wrote, "is a remarkable character, tall and big, with a careless, broad swing about him, not the least like a lordly English aristocrat. He is quite natural, easy, and affable. . . . He is at present engrossed with gigantic agricultural improve-

ments, with working a coal mine, and with manufacturing bricks. He is breeding salmon also."

A meeting in Glasgow was most successful, and he became the recognized mouthpiece for the Celtic Chair movement for the next four years. In Scotland the lecture was on Gaelic and its literature, in England it was on the English language with its Celtic elements. Through the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Queen Victoria contributed £200 to the fund. Later he was commanded to see her at Inveraray. By May, 1875, four thousand pounds had been contributed. With Mr. Jolly he made an interesting tour of the Hebrides, carrying out a design to see a new part of Scotland every summer. "You are a happy and victorious man, clad with zeal as with a cloak," wrote Dr. John Brown. A very successful lecture on Scottish song, for which he sang the illustrations himself, helped the fund. In his volume of the "Language and Literature of the Highlands," he gave specimens of verses by John Campbell of Ledaig and Mary MacKellar. His correspondence multiplied from all parts of the world, and he classified it under the head of Bothers, Blethers, Beggars and Business. On a visit to Taymouth his luggage got lost on the way, and he descended to dinner the first night dressed in the Earl's toggery. Prince Leopold was a guest, and he wrote that "it is worth travelling a thousand miles to see the Countess alone, so full of vitality, and nature, and dignity, and grace."

A few years later the coming of the railway and the tourist to Oban eventually chased the professor from his Highland home. The Highlanders in the United States and others read and admired the work of this Apostle of the Celts, and gave him a pressing invitation to come over and lecture, an invitation he could not accept. Frequently in London, he also visited Italy and Egypt, and, on his return, made a round of visits to Taymouth, to Cluny, Conan House, and Skeabost in Skye. At Snizort he offered a guinea prize for the best Gaelic song at next

(Continued on page 96)



Memories of a Scottish Village

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."—Longfellow.

VIII THE WITCH-WIFE

HE wrote of her—the man of whom the world now speaks with a kindle of personal affection for his cheery spirit and vagabond love o' life.* He came by the steamboat one Spring morning when "the new-fired Larches were green in the glens, and pale primroses hid themselves in mossy hollows." An odd-appearing fellow, he was; "consumptive," whispered Davie Manson, the piermaster, nudging "Rock-o'-Ages", the mail-carrier; narrow-chested, bright-eyed, long-haired, wearing on his back a knapsack, which, no doubt, contained a volume of Hazlitt and some bread and cheese.

Wullie, the post, reported later that he was staying at the Rosemore cottage. He had been to oor toon before, said Wullie, and was come again to revive memories of his childhood (which Wullie did not say); but Wullie jaloused that he was a poet, which deepened the sad impression of consumption. As it turned out in after-years, he wrote prose, too. Buried away in the many volumes he left for the world's delight, there is an unfinished piece, called "A Retrospect"; and it is about oor toon and Daft Leezie, the witch-wife.

Why should another attempt her description when he with the knapsack

did it so well after his encounter with the auld besom in the coffee-house in oor toon?

"No later than yesterday," he records, "seated in the coffee-room here, there came into the tap of the hotel a poor mad Highland woman. The noise of her strained, thin voice brought me out to see her. I could conceive that she had been pretty once, but that was many years ago. She was now withered and fallen-looking. Her hair was thin and straggling, her dress poor and scanty. Her moods changed as rapidly as a weather-cock before a thunder-storm. One moment she said her 'mutch' was the only thing that gave her comfort, and the next she slackened the strings and let it back upon her neck, in a passion at it for making her too hot. Her talk was a wild, somewhat weird farrago of utterly meaningless balderdash, mere inarticulate gabble, snatches of old Jacobite ballads and exaggerated phrases from the drama, to which she suited equally exaggerated action. She 'babbled o' green fields' and Highland glens; she prophesied 'the drawing of the claymore,' with a lofty disregard of cause or common-sense; and she broke out suddenly, with uplifted hands and eyes, into ecstatic 'Heaven bless him!' and 'Heaven forgive him!' She had been a camp-follower in her younger days, and she was never tired of expatiating

* Robert Louis Stevenson.

on the gallantry, the fame, and the beauty of the 42nd Highlanders. Her patriotism knew no bounds, and her prolixity was much on the same scale.

"This Witch of Endor offered to tell my fortune, with much dignity and proper oracular enunciation. But on my holding forth my hand a somewhat ludicrous incident occurred. 'Na, na,' she said; 'wait till I have a draw of my pipe.' Down she sat in the corner, puffing vigorously and regaling the lady behind the counter with conversation more remarkable for stinging satire than prophetic dignity. 'The person in question had 'mair weeg than hair on her head' (did not the chignon plead guilty at these words?)—'wad be better if she had less tongue'—and would come at last to the grave, a goal which, in a few words, she invested with 'warning circumstance' enough to make a Stoic shudder.

"Suddenly, in the midst of this, she rose up and beckoned me to approach. The oracles of my Highland sorceress had no claim to consideration except in the matter of obscurity. In 'question hard and sentence intricate' she beat the priests of Delphi; in bold, unvarnished falsity (as regards the past) even spirit-rapping was a child to her.

"All that I could gather may be thus summed up shortly; that I was to visit America, that I was to be very happy, and that I was to be much upon the sea, predictions which, in consideration of an uneasy stomach, I can scarcely think agreeable with one another.

"Two incidents alone relieved the dead level of idiocy and incomprehensible gabble. The first was the comical announcement that 'when I drew fish to the Marquis of Bute, I should take care of my sweetheart,' from which I deduce the fact that at some period of my life I shall drive a fishmonger's cart. The second, in the middle of such nonsense, had a touch of the tragic. She suddenly looked at me with an eager glance, and dropped my hand, saying, in what were tones of misery or a very good affectation of them, 'Black eyes!' A moment after she was at work again. It is well to mention that I have not black eyes."

That was the story of the encounter of the witch-wife of oor hame toon and the Master of Ringing Words. By that magic which men call "second sight," for lack of a better name or understanding, poor mad Leezie had read, as from an open, bold-lettered book, the future travels and adventurings and heart affairs of the great Quixotè of letters. . . . Seventeen years later he added a note to the unfinished manuscript: "The old pythoiness was right! I have been happy; I did go to America (am even going again—unless—); and I have been twice and once upon the deep."

But more is to be said of the strange fulfillment of this prophecy. There was much happiness; there was also much misery. He had not dree'd his weird to the end. He was indeed thereafter much upon the sea, sailing the blue Pacific, exploring strange islands, ever singing his joy of life. And "black eyes" was with him, the mate of his wanderings of whom he wrote:

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew."

But Davie Manson, "Rock-o'-Ages" and the witch-wife were in their graves when the world came to know the name and the fame of that odd-appearing fellow with the knapsack, who crossed Daft Leezie's palm in oor toon that day.

IX

DAFTIE

Shiverin' in the cauld blast,
Greetin' wi' the pain.
Wha's the pair bit laddie
He's the drunkard's raggit wean.

There could have been no better description of Daftie. It applied as accurately when he was no longer a laddie, but the toon's ne'er-do-weel, carrying "pockmanties" from the pier for tuppence, hanging around public houses where there was warmth, also an occasional hot toddy, while outside the winter sleet drove off the Cowal hills. A ragged, long-haired, unshaven, ill-nourished thing he was, with an eye in his head that suggested genius or madness, or the kinship of both.

And always he sang, ever ready to make a local rhyme to a world-known air. Like that friendly mongrel, nobody's dog, seldom was he the recipient of an unkind word, although, worse than unkindness, most of the time he was utterly ignored, like the everyday presence of the Jubilee Lamp or the existence of the horse-trough—village institutions alike. Only Mr. McClung nursed the least resentment, and that merely because Daftie had once made a joke of his unpatented, collapsible, combination clothes-press coffin. Daftie, praising the policy of being prepared in life for the inevitable, had offered to go into partnership with the undertaker.

"If ye'll supply the patent coffin in advance, Sandy," he had said, "Ah'll get up the inscriptions for the heidstane. Every man his ain epitaph, extollin' his ain merits as ithers ought to see them efter he's deid. Done while ye wait by Wullie McPhee, Poet. Chairges mod'rit!"

McClung never forgave it. That more than anything else killed the collapsible, combination clothes-press-traveling-kist coffin.

It is a curious thing—but fact, nevertheless—that nearly every Scottish family has its "daft ane." My friend, Sir Harry—the minstrel wi' the waggly kilt—created a masterpiece that is not all comedy, when he wrote and gave the world "The Saft Ane o' the Family." There are exceptions to this rule of families, of course, but without hesitation it may be asserted that no wee Scottish toon is without its local poet; and whether he happens to be or not a "saft ane" he is almost sure to be called "Daftie." The implication is perhaps dangerous, touching as it does a race of poets more or less; and it was the poet of oor toon, Wullie McPhee, who rebuked Holy Tammas for miscalling him by his nickname.

"We're a' daft mair or less, Tammas," said Wullie, kind of wistfully. "Some o' us is juist a wee bit dafter than ithers"

Was there a scandal in oor toon? Wullie was at Sandy Blue's tavern

within the hour with a witty and deplorable bit of a song about the matter and the principals, and sang it for a dram—sang it as often as newcomers entered and he was able to assimilate liquid tribute to his genius. Did a "character" die? Daftie put him in lines that lived as long as the memory of the deceased eccentric—aye, and longer! When death spread wings over some little child, Daftie was at his best; for he loved children as a true poet loves all things young and fresh and unsullied.

But he was daft for all that. Else why did he wander in the rain at times, his lips moving, his eyes aflame with a light of madness, and sometimes his hand beating the air rhythmically, as if he were "taking off" Auld Galloway, the percenter of the U. P.? And like that old music-lover when the Voices were in his ears, Daftie would be seen alone in the graveyard o' a mirk nicht, or on the moors in the rain, or prowling among the searocks under a wet moon, or standing up against the sky on a high cliff, trying to sing back at the sea in its own wild tone recitative. Tannahill was like that—Tannahill, who wrote "The Floo'er o' Dunblane", of which a song with a similar-sounding title is but a poor imitation; and Tannahill wandered one night into a linn and was seen no more alive. . . . Another of the Daft People—*fey* of the gods!

Daftie's father was—Well, least said, best said. His mother was a tinker. She came and she went and the toon brought up the bairn. When he was old enough he was put to school with the rest of the lads; but his absences were many. He was sensitively ashamed of his rags, of the fact that he was shunned by the other lads. There is no snob like a young snob. The others felt (educated by fireside whispers, no doubt) that there was something uncanny in this pale-faced, hungry-eyed outcast. The Yowt might propose to place a hedgehog in Daddy Wallace's desk, and Bagsie, Baldy and the whole following unanimously second and execute; but let Daftie suggest anything and—it got no further.

In the playground he was alone, usually crouched in the corner where the blacksmith's wall was mossy around the trunk of an old chestnut tree. From that vantage Daftie would look (with God knows what thoughts running through his loosely-hinged brain) upon a boy world in which he had no place.

Then his absences from school were discovered to be in the nature of truancy. His first literary effort in life was a note, supposed to have been written by the old hag who was his parish-appointed guardian, excusing his absence from school on the previous day. Inasmuch as it was well-known in oortoon that the old hag could not write her own name, the forgery was obvious, despite the illiteracy of the production, which read:

"Please excuse Wullie as his boats was at the mendin."

A glance at the "boats", without laces and from which the naked toes of the lad burst through rifts, confirmed the suspicions of Daddy Wallace. After that day Daftie, his wrists and his back black-and-blue from the taws, disappeared for a space of some weeks. He was captured at Androssan aboard a tramp steamer (on which he had shipped as cabin-boy), brought back to oortoon and afterwards sent to a reformatory. His ups and downs in the ensuing years were many, and he had no reason to love his native village; yet when he was free to do as he pleased and skate on the edge of the law pertaining to vagrancy, it was to oortoon that he returned to make rhymes, sing in public-houses, haunt the moors and carry parcels for tuppence.

pence.

But you never can tell! What might Wullie have done had he ever had half a chance? What might he not have written? He could use a pen very little and spell much less; yet in Sandy Blue's tavern o' wintry nights there were times when his genius shone as did another Scottish poet's in "The Jolly Beggars." Except for the tragic and (in some respects) terrible prayer which is copied here, there is probably not a written line of Daftie McPhee's in existence, and only a few in the memory of oortoon; yet those who know might tell you that the "Spoon River Anthology" might compare not unfavorably with the Unpublished Works of Wullie McPhee. He has been dead over twenty years—and he lies probably under the South

DAFTIE'S PRAYER

God, if there be a God,
If Ye can see;
If Ye can hear, Lord,
Bend doon tae me,
Look in my heart, Lord,
There read my name.
"Daft," though they ca' me,
That beats the same.

No what I wad be,
Nor what I should.
Naebody's bairn, Lord—
Windlike o' mood.
Yet as they kirk bells
Ca' men to shrine,
If Ye are theirs, Lord,
Am I no Thine?

Thou ca' est bairnies
Come unto Thee.
God, if there be God,
Lord, suffer me!
Mak' me again, or
Wipe frae Thy sicht.
God, if there be God,
Send me some licht!

African veldt—but when our lads marched down the pier road not so long ago, their bare knees flashing under the whisking sporrans and their fixed bayonets glittering between lines of white-faced women, the kilted lads were singing to the bagpipes' marching-tune, "The Laird o' Cockpen," words, curiously appropriate, that puir, deid Daftie (whom most of these later lads never knew) had written to that tune thirty years before:

"For the parritch an' milk that is supp'd wi' the spoon
Mak's the lads hale an' hearty frae Oor Hame Toon!"

The drums rolled on the last three words as Oor Hame Toon went forth to battle; but probably nobody saw the ghost of Daftie there—a vague thing in gray rags—

"Shiverin' in the cauld blast,
Greetin' wi' the pain.
Wha's the puir bit laddie? . . ."

Just another of the unhappy host who sing and seem to sing in vain, until one day the song, trivial doggerel though it may be, serves the great end of song—sending men forth to face odds with cheer in their hearts. . . .

There befell a tragedy in our town, a tragedy which confirmed an axiom among the parents; that—among lads, at least—there is no safety in numbers.

About a mile from the village there was a small lake—a very large natural pond—the sort of thing that is called, in Scotland, a *lochan*, or wee loch. For a few days each winter it might be frozen over and "bearing" for the curlers and the skaters. Then oor toon practically shut up shop and the curlers got out the "stanes" for the "roarin' game". Usually the provost was "skip" of one team and the senior baillie "skip" of the other. The rest of the year the provost was (to the young, at least) a great man who lived in a mansion fronted by two lamps bearing Oor Toon's coat-of-arms. When he passed through the village street even the Unholy Trimvirate fell silent in awe and respect. And the baillie would be a stern person, heavy under the judicial mind, whose lips seemed ever about to part and his voice thunder forth: "Ten days, ye rapscallion!" But on the ice, with red mufflers about their necks, red noses not all tinted by the cold, Tam o' Shanters and sometimes plaids, and always armed with housewives' brooms—those worthies forgot their heavy dignity as they howled:

"Swoop 'er up, Jock! *Swoop!* Na, na! UP BROOM!! . . . A-a-ah! *Noo* we lay twa!"

In passing. Once the Provost, skipping his team, stood on the tee and ruefully eyed an opposition stone that all but blocked the inner "house"—but not quite. If Tam McMorrان could make his shot true to a hair. . . .

"Tam!" cried the Provost down the rink. "Ye see that stane? Ay, *Noo*, Tam, I want ye just tae clip that brick

—just like ye was chackin- a saft-biled egg—nudge him oot an' lay best stane yersel'.

"I ken it's an awfu' ticklish shot, Tam," he added anxiously, "but if ye were tae tak' a bit o' hough ice wi' an inturn—

"But wait a meenit!" the Provost suddenly cried, inspired by a thought. He jammed his broom down on the ice in the brake signal. From an inner pocket the great Provost produced a mutchkin flask about three-quarters full of mountain dew. Laying the flask upright exactly on the tee-spot he raised his broom and cried:

"There, Tam! Ye need nae instructions. An' I'll save it in time!"

The *lochan* was never officially safe until the curlers said so and announced a game. Then the skates came forth. Yet eager boyhood dispensed with official information and skates on one occasion and—

The whisper passed among the lads. It was bearing around the edges. Why not go? They needna take the skates. Then their mothers wouldna jalouse where they were going. They could walk to the *lochan* by the back road, so none of the toonsfolk would see them. The whisper spread; the plan grew and the suppressed excitement.

There may be such a thing as second sight. Read and judge. Bagsie and Baldy left the following at the end of the lane and made the usual signals for The Yowt from behind the grozet garden wall. Coincidentally the Yowt's mother was saying:

"The *lochan* must be bearin'. It's been hard and shairp frost for three days. Ye'll be gettin' to skate soon, Alec," she added to the boy, who had been listening to the signals of the secret order. Quickly he seized the moment by the scalp and came out more or less frankly:

"Ay, mither. It's bearin'. They're a' goin' over this afternoon. Bagsie and Baldy's waitin' for me noo. Please, mither, can I gang?"

She was caught by the tail of her own words. She demurred, raised a doubt about the ice, was fervently as-

sured by The Yowt—and yielded.

Gleefully The Yowt got his old wooden skates out. He would be the only one *with* skates. And *he* was going with his mother's consent. There was nothing tactful about his departure. He bolted!

But when he had joined Bagsie and Baldy and was proudly exhibiting his skates to envious eyes, his mother appeared in the lane and laid a trembling hand on his arm. Her face was very white and her voice quavered in her throat as she said:

"Alec—I—I canna let ye gang. Something tells me. . . . Come back in, laddie. An' you—Bagsie an' Baldy—dinna gang, or at least ask yer mithers. I—I—"

She turned and led the crestfallen Yowt back to the house. For some reason he did not protest. There was that in his mother's face. . . .

That same uncanny look, the curious tremor of her voice, the mysterious change of mind, had some effect upon Bagsie, and Baldy, too. Perhaps it was merely the suggestion about parental consent and fear of consequences should their escapade be found out. Anyway, these two went back to the following and said they didna think they would go after all. It was no fun without skates and maybe the ice was rough, etc.

The following "Haw-haw'd," sure that it was fear of the porridge stick. There was no thought about actually fearing the ice. The following finally departed independently of the Unholy Triumvirate, which they declared too close and unsociable a corporation anyway. The Yowt stayed at home, was allowed to look at Dore's pictures in Alexander Senior's "Don Quixote" and given a whole penny without conditions as to the manner of spending. Bagsie and Baldy went treasure-hunting in the toon midden.*

On the back road to the *lochan* the other lads encountered Daftie, who had been mooning around the fir copses. Ever ready for play, as most naturals

are, Wullie wished to join the party. But they would have none of him.

Poor Daftie wistfully followed at a respectful distance. From the bank of the little loch he watched the sport. Having no skates the boys made a slide, running down the hard, dry earthy bank and launching them, one after another, along a smooth-worn ice-path out on to the *lochan*.

The ice seemed bearing enough, but it could not stand the strain presently put upon it. Jamie Gordon's boy, in the lead of the sliding line, lost his balance and fell. Davie Nicoll's lad fell over him. Next moment six or seven were piled in a wriggling, kicking, laughing heap.

Then the ice cracked with a sound of a gunshot, and a great jagged triangle of black water closed over the lads. . . .

The details are not pleasant to remember; they would be more unpleasant to recount. The Lochan Disaster is still painfully fresh in the memory of Oor Toon. Seven lads avoided the tumbled heap and fled to shore. Five of the eight who went in were brought back to their hame toon some days later—white and frozen and still.

The other three? At the first cry that went up from the black hole, out from the bank of the *lochan* shot a ragged figure—Daftie!

He did not hesitate, but threw himself flat on the ice at the edge of the hole and extended an arm and hand to the Gordon boy, who was clinging with numbing fingers to the jagged ice.

"Tak' haud!" commanded "Daft" Wullie McPhee.

As the boy obeyed and Daftie pulled, the ice broke again under the strain and the vagabond poet-hero was in the chilly water with the rest.

He scrambled out. Had he had enough? Not a bit! He got the Gordon lad out, bade him crawl back from the perilous edge, himself went flat again, and again went in with the second boy he attempted to save.

Six or seven times he was in, but each time he was breaking a channel

* Midden—garbage dump.

to thicker ice. He saved three! When the men of oor toon came running with ladders and ropes they found Daftie, wet, exhausted, "shiverin' in the cauld blast" and "greetin'" bitterly, because—

"A' let five o' them gang doon!"

That was a terrible night in oor toon. Five lads gone and five times five homes plunged in grief or awe. Nobody asked who was to blame. Of what avail? Only Bagsie looked at Baldy and whispered:

"*Hoo did she ken?*"

They had taken Daftie to oor toon's cottage hospital on the order of Dr. McNeish. When they had made the lad comfortable and brought back some warmth to his starved, abused body, he looked up at McNeish with a kind of abashed grin:

"Doctor, did I—did I do weel?"

"Did ye—did ye—*what?*" gulped McNeish, who for some reason began to swear violently at Jennie Lindsay, oor toon's emergency nurse. But Jennie aye kenned the queer man that Jamie McNeish was.

The whole village suspended existence the day it buried its five laddies. Daftie was there in a fine new suit of clothes and afterward made a doleful ballad which he called "The Lochan Tragedy." The Humane Society, much to the satisfaction of Holy Tam-

mas, gave him a medal, and the toon presented him with a gold watch. He sold the watch within a week to buy himself food, but with the medal he would never part. He could be induced to show it to strangers for a dram in prospective. He soon lapsed into the thing described as hanging around public-houses and the pier, and haunting the moors, the kirkyard, the copses and the searocks. When he was twenty he was an habitual drunkard and his genius seemed more like madness—plain insanity. Yet when the call to arms came with the outbreak of the Boer war, Daftie was among the first to enlist.

A few days before he sailed for South Africa he got leave of absence to see his family (!) and oor toon saw him for the last time—a splendid-appearing soldier in the kilt of a Highland regiment; clean-skinned, clean-shaven, straight as a ramrod, yet sinewy and lithe from a brief military training. As he swung past the Jubilee Lamp, his sporran swinging, the little swagger stick jauntily balanced in his hand and a Glengarry bonnet stuck on the side of his shapely head, out of which burned the eyes of a half-Burns, half-Poe, the lassies looked after him and . . . and wondered.

They say he did well by his country and his regiment. He sleeps near the Tugela River.

THE SCOT IN LONDON

Men Who Have Made Their Mark

Mr. Ogilvie observed that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects.

Dr. Johnson—"I believe, sir, you have a great many. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotsman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England."—*Boswell's Johnson.*

While Dr. Johnson delivered himself of this and other tirades against the Scot and Scotland, a shrewd Scot and hero-worshipper, with infinite talents as a biographer, was making notes which set his life as a classic among biographies for all times. James Watt joined up with Matthew Boulton at Birmingham in the happy partner-

ship which gave the world the perfected steam engine. Before that the leakage of steam in the Scottish-made engine had only given Watt half a chance.

This is a parable of how Scotland and England, in union of heart and effort, accomplished great things for themselves and the world. So that to paraphrase Johnson it often proved the best thing an Englishman ever saw, the emigration of talented, persevering, energetic Scots for the South. In commerce, engineering, art, law, literature, the Church, politics, the Scot has been a power in the land. England has been more than repaid for his presence by his ability and shrewdness.

There is a wicked proverb that "Born in Scotland and bred in Yorkshire would cheat the Devil." It is a question for historians to settle whether the coming of the Stuart dynasty was the blessing it was meant to be to the Kingdom. It wore itself thin, stultified itself, and the Hanoverian branch came in. Richard Moniplies, in "Fortunes of Nigel," moralizes on the coming of James I. to London:

"The King's leaving Scotland has taken all customs frae Edinburgh, and there is hay made at the Cross, and a dainty crop of feuars at the Grass-markot. There is as much grass grows where my father's stall stood as might have been a good bite for the beasts he was used to kill."

Cromwell began the elimination of the Stuarts, and was the severest drill sergeant and schoolmaster the Scots ever had. He dared to tell the Scottish General Assembly that it was possible they might be mistaken. It was a Scot, Thomas Carlyle, who at least set his life and doings in true historical perspective. Gazing at his tomb in Westminster Abbey and that of other Commonwealth statesmen, the inscriptions lie as to their dust resting below. Somewhere near where Tyburn Tree once stood, not far from the Marble Arch, the London traffic overhead in vain disturbs their dust, ignominiously removed thither at the Restoration.

George Heriot, goldsmith and moneylender under James I., sent a hearty token of his good-will to Edinburgh in the fund from which was built the useful and beautiful Heriot's Hospital. He made much money in London, some of which went to benefit Edinburgh for all time!

Sir Robert Horne, once addressing a Welsh national banquet in London, said he belonged to a race whose inherited modesty was notorious, and whose profound silence was the wonder of the world. They thought very hard, but said very little. He was astonished at the number of Welsh people in London, as he had always regarded the Metropolis as the particular perquisite of the Scot, and now he realized the competition with which they were faced. Sir Robert had sometimes suspected in the quiet eyes of some Englishmen, a deeper plan than we had thought of:

"The Englishman, after all, is a gentleman who likes an easy life, quiet and contentment, but I am not perfectly sure that he has not just laid a little on his oars, and by a species of subtle flattery has induced the Welsh and the Scots to do the hard work for him."

Whether this is the case or not, he has shouldered the burden and done his bit in every department of life. Gladstone, of Scottish extraction, bore a strong man's burden, and to Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, and other Scots the present Coalition Government owes a great deal. In war and peace, by sea and land, at home and abroad the Scot has given a good account of himself. Westminster Abbey and the Portrait Galleries bear witness to his triumphs in painting as well as in the practical work of life. In spite of its smallness and poverty, Scotland has made a deep dent on world history. The Lord Chancellor speaking in Edinburgh the

other day pointed out that four of the most influential members of the Final Court of Appeal of the British Empire were nurtured on Scottish soil.

In the Abbey, either memorialized or buried there, amongst many others, are David Livingstone, Thomas Telford, the engineer, one of the founders and first President of the Institute of Civil Engineers. He and Sir William Fairbairn and John Rennie left their mark on the roads, bridges, and harbors of England. The statue of Telford, by Bailey, is in the north transept in an out-of-the-way corner crowded like a sculptor's shop. The massive bust of Sir J. Y. Simpson is near at hand.

Burns, Scott, Thomas Campbell, Byron, Brougham, and many another have their memorials. That of Lord Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice of England, by Flaxman, is a towering monument. His success at the English Bar had been as phenomenal as that of Lord Erskine, whose house looks over into his estate of Ken Wood, on Hampstead Heath, now in the market and an effort is being made at present to purchase it for public use. Joanna Baillie amply kept up the reputation of Scotland in this district in her day.

The father of John Ruskin was an Edinburgh man; J. G. Lockhart was son-in-law of Scott, and his biographer, as also of Burns, and editor of *Quarterly Review*; Macaulay was half a Scot; Allan Cunningham wholly so, from Dumfriesshire; like Carlyle, who made Cheyne Row, Chelsea, famous by his residence there, and whose statue by Boehm, of which we have a replica in Edinburgh, is on the Thames Embankment.

The great house of John Murray, the publisher, was founded by a Scot, MacMurray, and in our time has swallowed up another famous house founded by two Banffshire Scots—that of Smith & Elder. The story of Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, founders of the publishing firm of Macmillan & Co., is well known, and is one of the romances of literature. They were crofter's sons from Arran. The founder of *Goods Words*, *Sunday Magazine*, and *Contemporary Review* was Alexander Strahan, from Tain, Ross-shire.

Samuel Smiles, whose later home was at Kensington, who made a reputation by memorializing men of invention and industry, was a Haddington man, trained as a doctor, who became a railway secretary, and industrious biographer of men who made good, and of others who failed but deserved to succeed. A world of good might be done if this generation could lay to heart the lessons taught by Smiles, from examples of thrift, self-help, and independence. The need never was greater.

Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who held a chaplainship and lectureship in London, was born in Edinburgh. His *History of My Own Time* is of great historical value. Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, previously Bishop of London, was also born in Edinburgh. The present Archbishop of Canterbury is a son of Henry Davidson, Muirhouse, Edinburgh, while the Archbishop of York, Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, D.D., son of the

late Principal of Aberdeen University, was Bishop of Stepney before his appointment to the Archbishopric of York. Edward Irving, founder of the Catholic Apostolic Church, was a famous London preacher, and, like his friend Carlyle, who wrote so sympathetically of him, also from Dumfrieshire. The Scot has done his bit in the London pulpit as elsewhere.

Sir Charles Napier and Sir Charles J. Napier, famous soldiers and writers, came of a Scottish family, as did General Gordon, who perished at Khartoum. Earl Haig was born in Edinburgh. The great doctors and surgeons from Scotland are many, and included Sir Charles Bell, John Hunter, surgeon and physiologist; Sir Andrew Clark, the physician of Gladstone and George Eliot; while Dr. Cantlie is from Banffshire.

If we attempt to catalogue the editors, journalists, and literary men from the North who have played their part in London, the list would be a formidable one. It was said of William Strachan, from Edinburgh, the printer and publisher—friend of Dr. Johnson, Hume, and Dr. Robertson, the historian—that at his table in London every Scotsman found an easy introduction, and every old acquaintance a cordial welcome. Large sums were paid by his firm for the works of Hume and Robertson.

From the days of John Black, of the *Morning Chronicle*, who had Charles Dickens on his reporting staff, to John Macdonell, of the *Times*, and Dr. J. M. Bulloch, of the *Graphic* (from Aberdeen), the Scottish journalists have been a host in themselves. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll has been a power as a writer of books and a journalist. Sir J. M. Barrie has been a shining light in the Press, in short stories, and

plays. John Buchan has earned a great reputation as a war historian, novelist, and publisher.

Once, at the London Robert Burns Club, Buchan said the Scots were the most sentimental race and the most emotional on earth (thus contradicting what was said by Sir Robert Horne), though they were apt to pour cold water on other people's sentiments. The Scot might admire a thing deeply, but he first thought of its practical use, as did the Northerner who observed of St. Paul's Cathedral—"Man, but that wud haud an awfu' lot o' hay." Descended from generations of poor men, the Scots were thrifty, but not mean. They hated waste, but they would rather have a spendthrift than a miser, which leads us to remark, regarding the "bang went a saxpence" story of the Scotsman in London, it is time this lie was nailed to the counter. The idea of it has turned up far too often in *Punch*, as if this were a permanent Scottish characteristic. We can only conclude that they who make such jokes are ignorant of the true character of the Scot.

Scott and Galt generally rung true in the delineation of humble Scottish character, which in our generation has had such exponents as Barrie, Crockett, Ian Maclaren, Joseph Laing Waugh, and others. London has been enthusiastic over Sir Harry Lauder's presentation of Scottish character and sentiment, and this popular comedian said, after seeing Mr. Macdonald Watson at the Kingsway Theatre play in *Hunky Dory*, that he believed there was a big market in the English-speaking world for such Scottish plays, so long as they were clean and characteristic of Scottish life. The success of Mr. Graham Moffat proves this.—R.C. (*The Weekly Scotsman*).

THE SOLDIERS' CAIRN

BY MARY SYMON

Gie me a hill wi' the heather on't,
 An' a red sun drappin' doon,
 Or the mists o' the mornin' risin' saft
 Wi' the reek ower a wee gray toon;
 Gie me a howe by the lang Glen road,
 For it's there 'mang the whin and fern
 (D'ye mind on't, Wull? Are ye hearin', Dod?)
 That we're biggin' the Soldiers' Cairn.

Far awa is the Flanders land
 Wi' fremmit France atween,
 But mony a howe o' them baith the day
 Has a hap o' the Gordon green.
 It's them we kent that's lyin' there,
 An' it's nae wi' stane or airn
 But wi' brakin' hearts, an' mem'ries sair,
 That we're biggin' the Soldiers' Cairn.

Doon, laich doon the Dullan sings,
 An' I ken o' an aul' sauch tree,
 Where a wee loon's wahnies hingin' yet
 That's dead in Picardy,

An' ilka win' frae the Conval's broo
 Bends aye the buss o' earn,
 Where since he fuddled a name that noo
 I'll read on the Soldiers' Cairn.

Oh, build it fine and build it fair,
 Till it leaps to the moorland sky—
 More, more than death is symbolled there,
 Than tears or triumphs by.
 There's the Dream Divine of a starward way
 Our laggard feet would learn—
 It's a new earth's corner-stone we'd lay
 As we fashion the Soldiers' Cairn.

Lads in your plaidies lyin' still
 In lands we'll never see,
 This lanely cairn on a hameland hill
 Is a' that oor love can doe,
 An' fine an' braw we'll mak' it a',
 But O, my Bairn, my Bairn,
 It's a cradle's croon that'll aye blaw doon
 Tae me frae the Soldiers' Cairn.

John Muir—A Review

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

PART V

Part IV of our review closed with the account of Muir's first year in the high Sierras. He spent altogether eleven years exploring and studying those wonderful California mountains, becoming completely awed and overwhelmed as he read the record of what God had wrought on their rocks and fastnesses. The work of the glaciers particularly fascinated him.

During this period his fame had been spread abroad the country over. In 1871 he began writing articles for the *New York Tribune*, that attracted much attention; from that time on he wrote for many daily papers and also for the monthly magazines. He was sought out by college professors and many literary lights of the day, who hunted him up and sought him out in his cabins and tents in the California mountains; Ralph Waldo Emerson among others spending much time with him.

In 1875 he wrote to a friend, "I am hopelessly and forever a mountaineer. The grandeur of the forces that have wrought here, and their glorious results overpower me and inhabit my whole being. Waking or sleeping, I have no rest, in dreams I read blurred sheets of glacial writing, or follow lines of cleavage, or struggle with the difficulties of some extraordinary rock form."

Evidently trying to get in closer touch with more active glaciers than he could find in the Sierras, we find him in May, 1879, on board the steamship *Dakota*, on his way to Alaska, via Victoria, B. C. He writes very charmingly of the trip along the coasts of California, Oregon and Washington, and through the straits of Juan de Fuca to Esquemaunt and Victoria, describing the latter city as it then appeared,

and from which he made many short exploring excursions in Puget Sound, up the Fraser River and the Columbia as well. He describes the sound as "an arm and many fingered hand of the sea, reaching southward from the Straits of Juan de Fuca, about a hundred miles into the heart of one of the noblest coniferous forests on the face of the globe. All the scenery is wonderful; broad, river-like reaches sweeping in beautiful curves around bays and capes, and jutting promontories opening here and there into blue, lake-like expanses, dotted with islands and feathered with tall spiry evergreens. Their beauty doubled by the bright mirror water."

He also writes a vivid description of the views seen from the steamer as they skirted the coasts of Oregon and Washington, the views that included the Mountains Rainier, Lassen, Shasta, Baker, Adams, St. Helens and Hood. In fact the whole of the Cascade range that clearly comes into view, fascinated him, as they do all who see them.

After spending several weeks about the Sound, he continued his journey northward on the little mail steamer *California*. I must give the reader his impressions of Alaska as he first saw it. He writes:

"To the lover of pure wildness Alaska is one of the most wonderful countries in the world. No excursion that I know of may be made into any other American wilderness where so marvellous, and abundance of noble, newborn scenery is so charmingly brought to view as on the trip through the Alexander Archipelago to Fort Wrangell and Sitka. Gazing from the deck of the steamer, one is borne smoothly along over calm blue waters, through the midst of countless forest-clad islands. The ordinary discomforts of a sea-voyage are not felt; for nearly

the whole long way is on inland waters, that are about as waveless as rivers and lakes. So numerous are the islands that they seem to have been sown broadcast; long tapering vistas between the largest of them open in every direction.

"Day after day in the fine weather we enjoyed, we seemed to float in true fairyland, each succeeding view seeming more and more beautiful, the one we chanced to have before us as the most surprisingly beautiful of all. Never before have I been embosomed in scenery so hopelessly beyond description. To sketch picturesque bits is comparatively easy—a lake in the woods, a glacier meadow, or a cascade in its dell, or even a grand master view of mountains beheld from some commanding outlook, after climbing from height to height above forests. These may be attempted, and more or less telling pictures made of them; but in these coast landscapes there is such indefinite on-leading expansiveness, such a multitude of features without apparent redundance, their lines graduating delicately into one another in endless succession, while the whole is so fine, so tender, so ethereal, that all pen work seems hopelessly unavailing.

"Tracing shining ways through fiord and sound, past forests and waterfalls, islands and mountains and far azure headlands, it seems as if surely we must at length reach the very paradise of the poets, the abode of the blessed." I do not know what my readers think, but this impresses me as being a grand piece of descriptive writing; but Muir's writings abound in such, and if Brither Scots who may read these reviews are thereby induced to read them the writer will indeed feel highly rewarded.

Muir must have felt very well satisfied with this, his first trip to Alaska, for he found living glaciers by the hundred, many of which he put on the map and named. I will mention three of these only, the Hugh Miller, the Geikie and the Muir; the Miller and the Geikie to perpetuate the names of well known Scottish geologists of a former generation. The Muir was the last

discovery on this trip; he visited it a second time on his trip north the following year and found that it is the largest glacier known. I am sure my readers will forgive me if I quote his description of it; reading it will give a good idea of just what a glacier is. He writes:

"We now steered for the Muir Glacier, and arrived on the east side and encamped on the moraine, where there was a small stream. Captain Tyeen was inclined to keep a safe distance from the tremendous threatening cliffs of the discharging wall. After a good deal of urging he ventured within half a mile of them, on the east side of the fiord, where, with Mr. Young, I went ashore to seek a camp ground on the moraine, leaving the Indians in the canoe. In a few minutes after we landed a huge berg sprung aloft with awful commotion, and the frightened Indians incontinently fled down the fiord, plying their paddles with admirable energy in the tossing waves until a safe harbor was reached around the south end of the moraine.

"I found a good place for a camp in a slight hollow where a few spruce stumps afforded fire wood. But all efforts to get Captain Tyeen (one of his Indian crew), out of his harbor failed. 'Nobody knew,' he said, 'how far the angry ice-mountains could throw waves to break his canoe.' Therefore I had my bedding and some provisions carried to my stump camp, where I could watch the bergs as they were discharged, and get night views of the brow of the glacier and its sheer jagged face, all the way across from side to side of the channel.

"One night the water was luminous and the surge from discharging icebergs churned the water into silver fire, a glorious sight in the darkness. I also went back up the east side of the glacier five or six miles, and ascended a mountain between its first two eastern tributaries, which, though covered with grass near the top, was exceedingly steep and difficult. A bulging ridge near the top I discovered was formed of ice, a remnant of the glacier

when it stood at this elevation, which had been preserved by moraine material, and later by a thatch of dwarf bushes and grass.

"Next morning at daybreak, I pushed eagerly back over the comparatively smooth eastern margin of the glacier to see as much as possible of the upper fountain region. About five miles back from the front, I climbed a mountain twenty-five hundred feet high, from the flowery summit of which, the day being clear, the vast glacier and its principal branches were discoverable in one magnificent view. Instead of a stream of ice winding down a mountain-walled valley, like the largest of the Swiss glaciers, the Muir looks like a broad undulating prairie, streaked with medial moraines, and gashed with crevasses, surrounded by numberless mountains from which flow many of its tributary glaciers.

"There are seven main tributaries from ten to twenty miles long, and from two to six miles wide where they enter the trunk, each of them fed by many secondary tributaries; so that the whole number of branches, great and small, pouring from the mountain fountains, perhaps number upward of two hundred, not counting the smallest.

"The area drained by this one grand glacier can hardly be less than seven or eight hundred square miles, and probably contains as much ice as all the eleven hundred Swiss glaciers combined. Its length from the frontal wall back to the head of the furthest fountain seemed to be forty or fifty miles, and the width, just below the confluence of the main tributaries, about twenty-five miles. Though apparently as motionless as the mountains, it flows on forever, the speed varying in every part with the seasons, but mostly with the depth of current, and the declivity, smoothness and directness of the different portions of the basin. The flow of the central cascading portion near the front, as determined by Professor Reid, is at the rate of from two and a half to five inches an hour, or from five to ten feet a day. A strip of the main trunk,

about a mile in width, extending along the eastern margin about fourteen miles to a lake filled with icebergs, has so little motion and is so little interrupted by crevasses, a hundred horsemen might ride almost over it without encountering much difficulty.

"But far the greater portion of the vast expanse, looking smooth in the distance, is torn and crumpled into a bewildering network of hummocky ridges and blades, separated by yawning gulfs and crevasses, so that the explorer, crossing it from shore to shore, must always have a hard time. In hollow spots here and there in the heart of the icy wilderness, are small lakelets fed by swift glancing streams that flow without friction in blue shining channels, making delightful melody, singing and ringing in silvery tones of peculiar sweetness, radiant crystals, like flowers, ineffably fine, growing in dazzling beauty along their banks. Few, however, will be likely to enjoy them. Fortunately, to most travelers, the thundering ice-wall, while comfortably accessible is also the most strikingly interesting portion of the glacier."

But while we have been surveying the great glacier with Muir, we have gone far ahead of our story, and must go back to July 20th, when he left the little mail steamer *California* on which he sailed from Portland some time before, and which was now delivering her mail at Fort Wrangell. Of it he writes:

"Wrangell, the most inhospitable place I had ever seen. The little steamer that had been my home in the wonderful trip through the archipelago, after taking mail, departed on her return to Portland, and as I watched her gliding out of sight in the dismal blurring rain, I felt strangely lonesome. The friend, that had accompanied me thus far, now left for his home in San Francisco, with two other interesting travelers, who had made the trip for health and scenery, while my fellow-passengers, the missionaries, went direct to the Presbyterian home in the old fort. There was nothing like a tavern or lodging house

in the little village, nor could I find any place in the stumpy, rocky, boggy ground about it that looked dry enough to camp on, until I could find a way into the wilderness to begin my studies.

"Every place within a mile or two of the town seemed strangely shelterless and inhospitable, for all the trees had long ago been felled for building timber and firewood. At the worst I thought I could build a bark hut on a hill back of the village, where something like a forest loomed through the draggled clouds. . . . Strolling around, not knowing what to do, as I passed the old fort, one of the missionaries spoke to me and explained that every room in the mission house was full, but he thought I might obtain leave to spread my blanket and sleep on the floor of the carpenter shop belonging to the mission. Thanking him, I ran down to the sloppy wharf for my little bundle of baggage, laid it on the shop floor, and felt glad and snug among the dry, sweet-smelling shavings.

"I was here only one night, however; Mr. Vanderbilt, the merchant of the place, who with his family occupied the best house in the fort, hearing that one of the late arrivals, whose business none seemed to know, was compelled to sleep on the floor of the carpenter shop, paid me a 'Good Samaritan' visit and after a few explanatory words on my glacier and forest studies, offered me a room, and a place at his table. Here I found a real home, with freedom to go on all sorts of excursions as opportunity offered."

It is almost incredible the amount of suffering and hardship Muir underwent that he might read a few new and fresh lines in the testimony of the rocks. The following incident which he relates is one of many similar experiences.

"The next day being Sunday, the minister wished to stay in camp; and so, on account of the weather, did the Indians. I, therefore, set out on an excursion, and spent the day alone on the mountain slopes above the camp, and northward, to see what I might

learn. Pushing on through rain and mud and sludgy snow, crossing many brown, boulder-choked torrents, wading, jumping, and wallowing in snow up to my shoulders, was mountaineering of the most trying kind. After crouching cramped and benumbed in the canoe, poulticed in wet or damp clothing night and day, my limbs had been asleep. This day they were awakened, and in the hour of trial proved that they had not lost the cunning learned on many a mountain peak of the High Sierra. I reached a height of fifteen hundred feet, on the ridge that bounds the second of the great glaciers.

"All the landscape was smothered in clouds, and I began to fear that as far as wide views were concerned, I had climbed in vain. But at length the clouds lifted a little, and beneath their gray fringes I saw the berg-filled expanse of the bay, and the feet of the mountains that stand about it, and the imposing fronts of five huge glaciers, the nearest being immediately beneath me. This was my first general view of Glacier Bay, a solitude of ice and snow and newborn rocks, dim, dreary, and mysterious.

"I held the ground I had so dearly won for an hour or two, sheltering myself from the blast as best I could, while with benumbed fingers I sketched what I could see of the landscape, and wrote a few lines in my notebook. Then, breasting the snow again, crossing the shifting avalanche slopes and torrents, I reached camp about dark, wet, weary, and glad."

There are, indeed, few instances of such brave-hearted endurance and dogged determination to succeed in whatever he undertook, as Muir manifested in his whole life. One might easily conclude that it would soon lead to hard heartedness. But not so; his heart was as tender as that of a child, his every act seemed to show and display unselfish consideration for all with whom he came in contact, be they man or beast. To know this, one has but to read his little book "Stickeen", the story of a dog.

(To be continued.)

SCOTLAND

BY GILBERT RAE

Oh, precious name! that yont the sunderin' seas
To mony a hairt, rememberin', brings the tear;
Whase broadcast sangs are crooned on ilka
breeze,
An' fa' fu' sweet upon the alien ear.

Wad that my hairt could frame a bonnie sang,
Not for the deadly sough o' passin' praise,
Na! steer me yont far frae that droothy thrang,
Wha drink the life's-bluid o' the sangs they
raise.

But stannin laich, weel hidden in the howe,
O' thee, auld Scotland, an' for thee I sing.
Oh, bonnie land, roond whilk the saut waves
rowe!
An' mists at e'enin' to the sweet braes cling.

Yince mair thy glens are furrowed deep wi' loss,
The wail o' grief is never far frae thee;
Thy crown is maistly tappit wi' a cross,
An' tears the plaid that faulds thy liberty.

But still we stand! An' stelled upon the hills
We rest the hairt. Oh, storms o' passion,
wheesht!
For we wad hear the croonin' voice that stills,
And, waff wi' care, wad seek a mither's breast.

Oh, Scotland! mither, mither o' us a',
We arena worth it, but we come yince mair.
Lave trauchled hairts in heaven-like wunds that
blaw
An' mitherly, lead hame this Scottish prayer—

*Where martyred saints yince bauldly stude,
Sae for the richt we fain wad stand.
Ye've welcomed aft the hairt's dear blude
Ootpoured upon the Borderland.*

*Ye silent stanes on yonder muir,
Oh, Flodden field! Oh, sleepin' band!
Plaid-neuk in heaven this broken prayer,
Uplifted for the Borderland.*

*Keep, Lord, the soul o' Scotland free,
Frae eastern to its western strand;
And at the gates for ever be
The guardian o' oor ain dear land.*

Some Fifeshire Notes

BY "K" IN *Inverness Courier*

(Continued from April CALEDONIAN)

Through its old-world corners have gone Daniel Defoe, Bishop Pocock, Boswell and Johnson, Carlyle and Irving, and a host of others, and of their wanderings there you can read in their diaries. Time, unfortunately, has not dealt too kindly with the literary haunts of those far-away days. With the exception of Carlyle's house, and the auld kirk in which Irving preached, you will search in vain for a glimpse of an existing memorial. Even the birthplace of Kirkcaldy's most famous son has been swept away in the stampede for modern improvement, and, as the wayfarer goes down the

historic Kirkgate, all that meets his eye to remind him of Adam Smith and *The Wealth of Nations*, is the very mundane building of a modern bank now occupying the site of the old house. "That's whaur he bided," as the natives will tell you, and it is withal pleasant to tarry in this storied quarter of the town, listening to the anecdotes of their illustrious townsman, who, though "a wee bit daft, was aye weil put on."

"AULD ROBIN GRAY"

It is a long twisting coast-line to the remaining burghs on the fringe of Fife. But literary history and romance light up the way, and it is an exhilarating

walk from Kirkcaldy over links and rocks and sands, past Dysart, Leven, and Lundin Links to Largo, with its association of that immortal hero of boyhood, Robinson Crusoe. In the immediate vicinity Kilconquhar makes a picturesque note among the trees, while past Balcarres Craig, and peeping through a lattice-work of branches, is Balcarres House, enshrined for all time by its connection with Lady Anne Lindsay and the charmingly pensive ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." On a neighboring knoll behind the house stands the herd's cottage, where "Auld Robin" lived, and the little turret window of the room where the song was written looks out over Kinraig and the sea, where

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm, and the cow
was stolen away;
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

Few ballads have woven themselves more lovingly round the great heart of the nation. The wail of its sorrow echoes through the homely silence of the country-side, and across the waters of the Forth, where the sunset reflects its canopy of gold. The whim of an idle hour, its tender, romantic lines have never lost their haunting charm, and will find a place in Scottish affection so long as love and tragedy continue to permeate the national life.

"GOOD MAISTER JAMES MELVILLE"

Still digressing, the clean little townships of Earlsferry and Elie, with their bracing atmosphere and old Fife traditions, lie before you. They are places of pilgrimage, quiet holiday havens in which to while away a summer's day. You can sit here undisturbed for hours, enjoying a quiet pipe, and take lazy impressions of the canny townfolk; or looking out on the broad stretch of water, hark back on that memorable night in 1580 when the "good Maister James Melville" came avoyaging from North Berwick in a "mickle coal boat." It was a "maist pitiful and lamentable" voyage." The "little pirrhe of east wind" which saw him start, he tells us in his "Diary," died away, and night came down on a sick boat's company.

At last, the Lord looked mercifully on, and sent, about the sun going to, a thick haar from the south-east, sae that getting on the sail that was upon her, within an hour and a half, nae wind blowing, we arrivat at Ailie; and after a maist wearisome and sair day, got a comfortable night's lodging with a godly ladie at Carmury.

Away in the quiet distance, on the tree-bordered highway that rises and dips by turns, are the ancient fishing villages of St. Monance and Pittenweem, with their tidy streets and odds and ends of gables, and immediately beyond nestles the three-fold burgh of Anstruther, whose old-world lanes and haunts of story are conspicuous landmarks to the literary stroller on the fringe of Fife.

ANSTRUTHER MEMORIES

Charming, indeed, is the road from Elie, with its vistas of ever changing seascape, quaint kirk steeples, and red tiled roofings. The ancient and the modern mingle all the way, though many of the touches of a bye-gone age have vanished in the progress of the years. Here and there the haunting melancholy of other days remains, pregnant with recollections and inspiring thoughts, and in no place more so than Anstruther. To the little grey seaport town the great Gothic minster of history has left a bundle of memories, silent sentinel of times long passed away, and redolent of association.

Was it not in the old East Church that John Knox preached his famous sermon from the text "Ye have made my house a den of thieves" in defiance of Archbishop Hamilton's threat to "play his culverins on his nose"? And was it not in the manse near by that the "maist learned and godly Maister James Melville," of *Diary* fame, dwelt? There he mused in the seclusion of his quiet home life, and wrote his gentle thoughts that others might read. Another gentle spirit whose thoughts arrest the fancy, had also his home in Anstruther. To Scotsmen the world o'er Thomas Chalmers is a household name. They know him as a man and as a divine leader, yet how many know or have visited the house in which he

was born? It lies at the back of an alley off High Street, a picturesque relic, with its whitewashed walls and red tiles, of a time that has been. And there are others, though not a trace remains of the home of William Tennant, the author of *Anster Fair*, or the site of that noted howff and gossip store, William Cockburn's low ceilinged stationer's shop in Shore Street, where Archibald Constable, the famous publisher, served his apprenticeship. On the East Green, however, the spot is still pointed out where Rob the Ranter came to woo "Bonnie Maggie Lander."

"Piper," quo' Meg, "hae ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upo' the Border?
The lassies a' baith far and near,
Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right gude-will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed.

About the drone he twisted:
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it,
"Weel done!" quo' he—"Play up!" quo' she;
"Weel bobb'd!" quo' Rob the Ranter;
"'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer."

From here you can wander on to the highway for Crail, whither came Robert Louis Stevenson to find lodgings when collecting impressions of seafaring men for *Treasure Island* and *David Balfour*, and on through the hamlet of Kilrenny in the footsteps of Cardinal Beaton, to the "Coves of Caiplie" and Castlehaven Braes, where Drummond of Hawthornden spent many fleeting hours, with the comely daughter of the Laird of Barns. It is a rare point of vantage. Before you is the ever-widening Firth of Forth, and immediately below in the hollow the trim rural town of Crail.

Our Glasgow Letter

Enthusiasm over the national game of golf becomes more pronounced every day, and we are therefore scarcely surprised to notice that at Prestwick, where the Amateur Gold Championship opened on the 22nd May, houses were let at abnormal rents. One villa, which commands a view of the first tee and the last green, was rented at £300 for the championship week; and others, favorably situated, brought £150. We may add, however, that our American cousins are responsible for this state of affairs, and will have to pay the piper.

At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Town Council a member proposed, on the question of the annual inspection of Loch Katrine Water Works, that this year a small deputation only should be sent, on the ground of economy. The member suggested that whatever argument there might be in normal times for an inspection of Loch Katrine Water Works, it ought not, on the ground of economy, to be carried out on the usual scale this year. After much argument a vote was taken, and a recommendation that the inspection be carried out as usual was carried by 40 votes to 28. In these hard times, we think this decision does not reflect much credit on those concerned, as the trip is more or less a pleasure one, and could easily have been shelved altogether. These are the little incidents that foster a spirit of discontent and

Bolshevism among the less fortunate, and those out of work, and no wonder! And some day the long suffering Glasgow rate-payer will turn the tables with a vengeance.

We have mentioned that Taymouth Castle, the Perthshire seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane, has been sold. The contents of the Castle have now been disposed of by auction, and fetched upwards of £25,000. It was one of the most famous sales since that of the Hamilton Palace collection, and included many beautiful examples of historic furniture. The furnishings of the bedroom, specially built for the use of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, while on a visit to Taymoth, were also included in the sale, together with some unique tapestry, and a valuable collection of china, old armor, broadswords and Highland pistols. It is gratifying to note that many of the purchasers were the County gentry, and therefore most of this valuable and beautiful stuff, if scattered, will remain in our own country. Some of the prices fetched were very high, as £260 Guineas for a Queen Anne sewed-work carpet in Gros point, 28 Guineas each for two Chippendale console tables, and 30 Guineas for a fine oak carving table.

We are also now informed that a Glasgow syndicate have purchased Taymouth Castle and policies, and intend to convert the famous resi-

dence into a Hydropathic. The syndicate have formed themselves into a company, under the title of the Taymouth Castle Hydro Hotel Company (Ltd.), with Ex. Bailie D. Mason as Chairman of Directors.

This is certainly an ambitious venture, as we understand, in addition to the Castle itself, the syndicate have acquired the beautiful village of Kenmore, and the local gas works. As the purchase price for the Castle and properties was only £20,000, there is not the slightest doubt it was a great bargain.

Representatives of the syndicate attended the sale, and were among the largest buyers, so no doubt the Castle will retain very much its original appearance.

Whoever suggested the idea of making this into a Hydro, deserves the compliment of being endowed with some discrimination, as we cannot imagine a more attractive site for a Hydro in all Scotland. Situated, as it is, at the head of Loch Tay, it commends a magnificent view, and is surrounded by some of the most exquisite scenery in Scotland. It should attract thousands during the season, and is sure to be a good paying speculation.

We are pleased to hear of the rapid rise to the position of Chief Constable of Pembroke, Ontario, Canada, of a former Rutherglen Police Officer. His career, like that of many another enterprising Scotsman, reads like the pages of a romance. Constable Daniel MacLachlan spent four years in Dumbartonshire and fourteen years in Lanarkshire in the police service, and he was stationed at Rutherglen, in 1911, when he decided to emigrate to Canada and try his luck. There he began at his trade as a locomotive engine fitter, and after nine months' service, got his stationery engineer's certificate. He then had a varied career as a police official and an engineer, time about, and during a few years he held the post of Chief Constable of Collingwood, assistant master mechanic on the Welland Canal, master mechanic of Parry Sound Iron Works, and Chief Engineer at Burwash Industrial Prison Farm. He afterwards returned to the police service for good, and was transferred as Chief Constable to Pembroke, Ontario, where he and his family are among the most highly respected citizens.

On April 17th, one of the many ancient Scottish landmarks in the Border district, Yarrow Kirk, was completely destroyed by fire. The Kirk, situated about nine miles from Selkirk, was a favorite haunt of tourists, as it was teeming with historic associations. It was erected in 1640, and was renovated at a cost of £1,600, during the ministry of Dr. Borland, the present minister's predecessor. It had associations with Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, James Hogg ("The Ettrick Shepherd"), Willie Laidlaw, the author of "Lucy's Flittin'" and with Tibbie Shiel, whose hostelry at St. Mary's Loch was the happy resort of Christopher North and many of the great literateurs of the past century. The Rev. John Rutherford, minister of the Parish in 1691, was the great-grand father of Sir Walter Scott. There were two beautiful brass plates, one presented by the Rev. Professor Cooper, in memory of Sir

Walter Scott, and the other presented by Mr. W. Cuthbertson, of Edinburgh, in memory of the Ettrick Shepherd. Both Sir Walter Scott and James Hogg attended the Church in their day. Unfortunately, although every effort was made to save it, the Church was burned to the ground, and now only the bare walls remain.

It is only right and proper that War Memorials should be a constant reminder of those terrible years of war, and the brave men and women who faced them so courageously. To the memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice, and to those who are still alive to tell the tale, we never can be sufficiently grateful; and so again we are reminded, at the unveiling of the Dr. Elsie Inglis Memorial in St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, of one of the bravest of the brave, who died as a result of her untiring labors during the war. Her name will deservedly go down to history as an honored and brave Scotswoman, and her career should prove an inspiration and an example to those who "follow after" in her profession.

Professor John Walter Gregory, F.R.S., D. Sc., Professor of Geology, Glasgow University, has just started on an interesting Expedition, which will penetrate into the secluded mountain fastnesses of China. He is accompanied by his son, whose first expedition this will be.

The *Glasgow Record* gives the following details of the route and purposes of the Expedition: Proceeding first of all to Bajmo, they will march by the Ambassador's Road to Tanyueh, the first important town on the main Chinese road to Lhasa, which will be closely investigated for geological and scientific data. Altogether, the march will extend to more than 1,000 miles. Assistance is being lent by the British Consul at Tanyueh, in engaging a Chinese staff, while the Chinese government will provide an escort to protect the party from natural dangers when penetrating the valleys, some of which are from 3,000 to 4,000 feet deep. Due to landslides the trade routes along these valleys are sometimes rendered impassable. There are also the possibilities of attack by brigands.

The main problem which Professor Gregory hopes to unravel is whether there are any indications of an eastward continuance of the Himalayan range. In localities which the Professor will endeavor to penetrate there is believed to be evidence which will determine the relation of the Himalayas and the mountain system of South Eastern Asia. Some of the mountains are said to be about 25,000 feet high, and by ascending to within 5,000 feet of their snow-clad tops, the Professor hopes to be able accurately to measure their altitude. Up to the present the heights given on the maps are merely conjectural.

Specimens of animals and plants will be collected to throw some light on the former changes in the climate, etc., and these will be given to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, London, and the Calcutta Museum. Part of the expenses of the expedition will be defrayed by the Percy Sladen Trust, named after an eminent Biologist, whose fortune was bequeathed by his wife for the assistance of such expeditions. Professor Gregory, who has

accompanied expeditions to British East Africa, Spitzbergen, and Central Australia, expects to return in October with a mass of scientific information from a portion of the globe where it is believed the key of a vast part of eastern history is hidden.

We notice a long history attaches to the steamer *Kwang Lee*, which was recently attacked in Chinese waters. It was built on the Clyde some 40 years ago, by Messrs. W. B. Thomson, and was engined in Dundee. Of course we know the Chinese like to hang on to old friends, which may account for this vessel still being in commission. The *Hae-On*, which belongs to the same company as the *Kwang Lee*, is also still on service, although she was built some 60 years ago as a P. & O. paddle steamer. She was used extensively, we are told, by the late Li Hung Chang, as a private yacht. Surely these two incidents are a striking tribute to Scottish ship building—to the sterling quality of our workmanship.

Some time ago we mentioned the fact that Mr. James Merson, of Huntly, Aberdeenshire, had created a record, as he had lived 80 years

on the same farm. This paragraph brings an interesting letter from a reader in Australia, who, on a visit home to Scotland, finds a record that beats the one mentioned. He says that in Milngavie, where his parents have resided for generations, there still resides a Mr. James MacAulay, a life long friend of the writer's father, and a former Provost of Milngavie, who is now verging on 90 years of age, and who still stays in the house in which he was born. This Mr. MacAulay attended the funeral of the writer's great-grandfather, and as our correspondent was born in 1860, it takes one back in history to reflect on these incidents. This gentleman, when home, also visited his school-mistress, now the ex-post mistress.

It will be very interesting for other readers to hear of this record of longevity, and to know that all Scots, apparently, have not the "wanderlust" that is generally, and truly, attributed to them.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

"THE LANTERN OF THE NORTH"

In July, 1224, Elgin Cathedral, "The Lantern of the North," by far the richest and most complete of the Scottish cathedrals, was founded. Some 17 years earlier, in 1207, the Pope, at the request of Bishop Bricius of Moray, had decreed that the Church of the Holy Trinity at Spynie should be declared the Cathedral Church of the diocese, but Bishop Bricius soon found it unsuitable, and in 1215 begged the Pope to translate the Cathedral from Spynie to the Church of the Holy Trinity hard by Elgin. Bishop Bricius died in 1222 with his request ungranted, but two years later, in April, 1224, a member of the famous family of de Moravia, Andrew, having just been consecrated Bishop in succession to Bricius, the Pope issued an Apostolic Bull authorizing the translation. To the Church of the Holy Trinity hard by Elgin, accordingly, "on a brilliant summer day, the 15th, or as some say, the 19th, day of July, 1224," to quote Sheriff Rampini, "repaired a stately procession of bishops, priests, and regulars, with sacred banners and solemn chants. Entering the holy edifice, High Mass was sung; the Papal Bull was read; the impressive ceremony of consecration was performed by Gilbert, Bishop of Caithness, and, when the imposing pageant was over the Church of the Holy Trinity had been transformed into the Cathedral of Elgin. The sacred lamp had been lighted which was to blaze forth to after ages as 'The Lantern of the North.'" The work of enlarging the church into a cathedral was proceeded with immediately, and in the course of years it grew into a building of great size and beauty. But it underwent many vicissitudes. In 1270 the Cathedral and the houses of the canons were burned, and it suffered the same

fate at the sacrilegious hands of the Wolf of Badenoch 119 years later. But on each occasion it rose again, with added splendor, from its ashes, and at the beginning of the 16th century, the century of the Reformation, it was at the zenith of its magnificence. With the Reformation came its ruin, and the succeeding centuries witnessed its gradual demolition from neglect and unchecked vandalism.

Happily in the 19th century men arose who knew how to appreciate the glories of such of the Cathedral as then remained. The hand of the spoiler was stayed, steps were taken to arrest the ravages of the elements, and today Elgin Cathedral stands, splendid and stately in its ruins, the noblest monument of its kind in all the North Country. For nigh seven centuries it has been the architectural glory of Morayland, and round it clusters a multitude of memories—memories of great days, and tragic days, memories fragrant and poignant, memories which still have power to thrill the soul and touch the heart. And so it is right and proper that the seven hundredth anniversary of its founding should not be allowed to come unheralded or pass unnoticed. We are glad to learn, therefore, that the Elgin and Morayshire Scientific Association, which has already done so much for the antiquities of Morayland, resolved at a meeting held recently to initiate a movement for celebrating in fitting fashion the sept-centenary of "The Lantern of the North." They are acting wisely in making a beginning now, for, although the anniversary is two years away, there is much spade-work to be done if the celebration is to be as worthy as it ought to be of Morayland's most splendid jewel, and of the country which it adorns.

A. B. Farquhar's Interesting Book

It will be an indifferent man indeed, old or young, who cannot draw inspiration from Mr. Farquhar's delightful reminiscences.* This is not the ordinary autobiography (or biography) of a successful man, though in it is told the story of a poor boy, with nothing but ambition, who worked his way up to the head of a great industrial plant and became possessor of millions and one of the leading business men of the country.

The charm of the book lies in the whimsical and lovable personality of the writer, his contacts with the great figures with whom he has associated in more than fourscore years of useful life, and an exceptional gift of anecdote that makes one hesitate to begin to quote lest he may go too far and take something of the fine edge from your enjoyment of its pages.

Readers of THE CALEDONIAN will be especially interested in Mr. Farquhar's Scottish forbears; and we are fortunate to be able to print here the following brief biography, prepared with Mr. Farquhar's assistance for *Scots and Scots' Descendants in America*, which in a way is a key to this book.

Arthur Briggs Farquhar, manufacturer and political economist, of York, Pa., was born on a farm at Sandy Spring, Montgomery County, Maryland, September 28, 1838, the eldest son of William Henry Farquhar and Margaret Briggs, daughter of Isaac and Hannah Brooke Briggs.

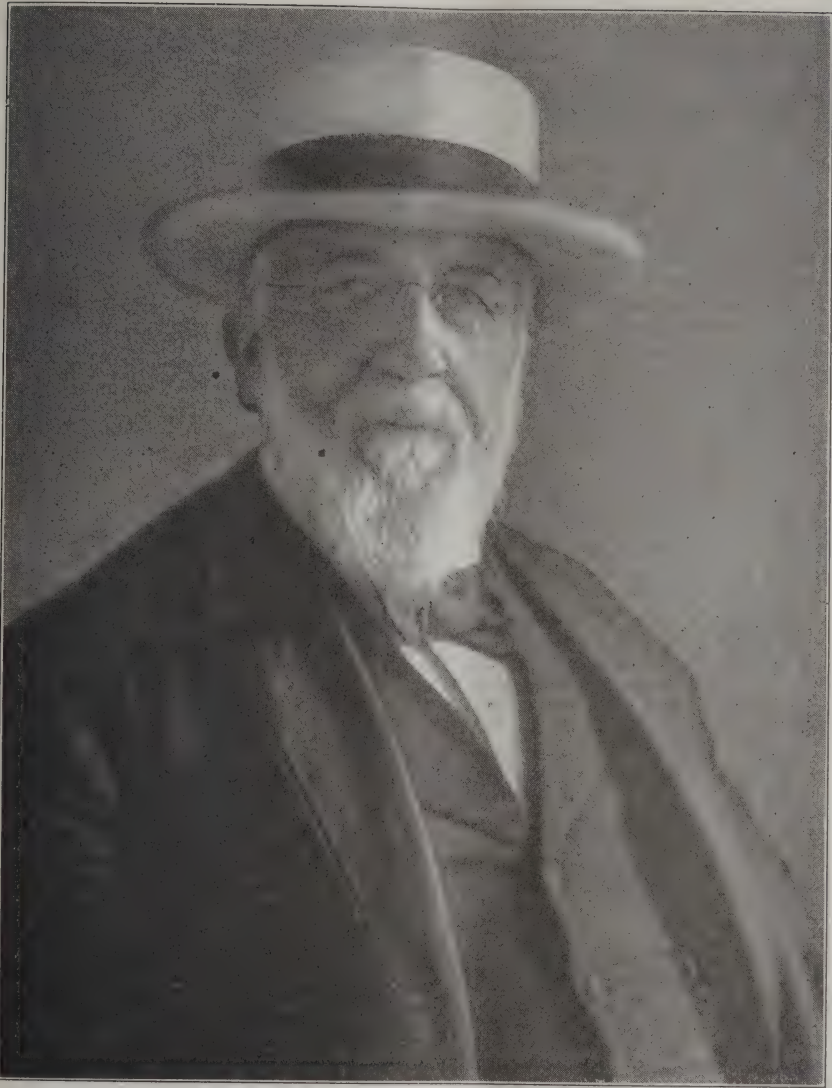
Mr. Farquhar is a descendant of Farquhar, who lived in the reigns of Robert II and III, the founder of Clan MacFearchar or Faruharson. This Fearchar had a large family, several of whom settled in the Braes of Angus: others settled in Ayrshire. Mr. Farquhar traces his ancestry directly from John Farquhar, second son of John Farquhar and Barbara Hegait, of Norum (Norham). This John Farquhar had, with his father, in 1634, a grant of the lands of Maynes in Auchinhuff, etc., when twenty-nine years old. He disposed of these lands to Alexander Forbes, May 8, 1664, and emigrated the following year to Ireland. Meanwhile, he had married, September 11, 1627, Elizabeth, daughter of George Craig. The bloody battle of Bothwell Bridge took place only a few years later (July 17, 1679), the survivors of which all fled to Ireland for safety, settling in the counties of Armagh, Down, Antrim and Londonderry.

*"The First Million the Hardest." By A. B. Farquhar, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The turbulent conditions prevailing at the period, and the settlement in Ireland of the Craig family, into which he had married, probably influenced the removal of John Farquhar to Ireland. In any case, we find him, wife and one son, John Farquhar, settled at Maghariontim, parish of Mullaghbrack, Ireland, in 1665, in possession of six acres of land, which James Craig, patentee, had released to Robert Finley and the latter had conveyed to John Farquhar. He did not remain there very long, however, for on May 17, 1666, we find him settled at Letterkenny, County Donegal, a few miles northwest of Raphoe. Here he died, August 19, 1670, aged 65, and his widow, Elizabeth Farquhar, was buried, June 4, 1673, aged 64, hence born in 1609. They had one son, Rev. John Farquhar, born October 2, 1630, in Norham, who was educated in Glasgow. He married, February 13, 1666, Sarah, daughter of Allan Forbes, "late of Mooney in Scotland", and died September 11, 1679, leaving one son Allan (and other children).

Allan Farquhar, born in Raphoe, County Donegal, April 7, 1667, married June 6, 1703, Susannah, daughter of Samuel Patterson, and emigrated with his son William to Pennsylvania in 1721. Allan Farquhar received from John Tredane a large tract of land on Little Pipe Creek, which he conveyed in 1735 to his son, William Farquhar, one of the conditions of the gift being that he should remove from Pennsylvania to "Ye Province of Maryland." Allan Farquhar was a resident, taxable in New Garden Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, until his death, though it has been said that he removed to Pipe Creek to a tract of land called Kilfadda.

William Farquhar, who came with his father to Pennsylvania in 1721, was born July 29, 1705; died 1778. He was a manufacturer of cloth and owned a tailoring establishment, and married, February 19, 1733, Anne Miller, daughter of James Miller and Katherine Lightfoot. In compliance with the terms of the deed from his father, William Farquhar came with his wife, Anne, to Maryland and entered into the possession of his estate. The country was then a wilderness and destitute of roads. Here he worked at his trade, manufactured cloths and woolens. He invested his savings in land, and in 1768 was possessor of two thousand acres in which was included all the ground upon which the town of Union Bridge is built. He and his wife, with the children, were the pioneers of Union Bridge, District Number twelve, Carroll County, Maryland. He was



ARTHUR BRIGGS FARQUHAR

also a large land owner in Frederick County, Maryland. His energy, thrift and wisdom materially aided in the development of the country. William Farquhar was at one time a member of the House of Delegates from Carroll County. He became a Friend or Quaker, and in his house meetings were held by the consent of the Fairfax Monthly Meeting. A story is told of him that one Christmas he told his apprentices that they could keep holiday as long as the back-log in the big fireplace should burn, and they went out and rolled in an immense log, which was still burning at the end of the week, when, becoming tired of loafing, they put it out. William's father-in-law, James Miller, and his wife, a daughter of

Thomas Lightfoot, came from Dublin, Ireland.

William's son, Allan Farquhar (born 1737: died 1798), married Phoebe Hibberd, daughter of Benjamin and Phoebe Sharples Hibberd. Amos Farquhar, son of this second Allan (born 1768: died 1835), married Mary Elgar, daughter of Joseph and Margaret Mathews Elgar. Amos Farquhar, Mr. Farquhar's grandfather, sold his lands in Frederick County, came to York, Pa., and put up a cotton factory about the year 1812; but when the war was over and cotton came down in price, and when he found that the engineers had miscalculated the water in the stream and that the factory could not run full time, it was abandoned. Joseph Elgar, a brother of Mr. Farquhar's grandmother, lived

in Washington, D. C. On one occasion, when the Chaplain of the Senate was absent, and he was asked to come in and fill his place, he took the opportunity of calling the attention of the members to the importance of paying their debts, saying that the washwoman in their family had suffered very much from one of the Senator's failure to pay her for two or three months' washing, and that it was very important that their debts should be paid promptly.

William Henry Farquhar, Mr. Farquhar's father born June 14, 1813; died February 17, 1887, was the son of Amos Farquhar.

Mr. Farquhar received his early education mainly at home, his parents being highly cultured. His father, teacher, farmer, land surveyor, and a scholar of note, President of the School Board of Montgomery County, was deeply religious and devoted to poetry. He was Principal of Fair Hill School for Girls from 1851 to 1865. Mr. Farquhar also attended for a time the country school in his neighborhood, and afterward completed his studies at Hallowell School for Boys, Alexandrin, Virginia, where General Lee and members of his family and other prominent families of Virginia were educated. The community of Sandy Spring, in which Mr. Farquhar passed his boyhood, was composed of refined and cultured people who took an interest in letters and some of whom, notably his father, were acquainted with the literary lights of the period, Emerson, Lowell, and others. The stories of Charles Dickens were very much in vogue at that time, and nearly everybody was interested in lectures and other means of intellectual improvement. In such an atmosphere, children became fond of poetry and good literature generally, and Mr. Farquhar has been all his life a great reader and lover of poetry. He received the degree of L. L. D. from Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, in 1902.

After completing his schooling, Mr. Farquhar managed his father's farm for a year. He very early showed a taste for mechanics, and fitted up a shop in his father's barn where he passed the time that many of the other boys spent at play, tinkering with machinery and experimenting with mechanical means for threshing grain. This early liking for mechanics led his father to consent to his going to York, Pennsylvania, to learn the machinists' trade. He began work April 7, 1856, in the shop of W. W. Dingee & Company, with the intention of learning the business. On parting with him, his father said, "Arthur, if you are ever fonder of a dollar than of a book, I shall disown you;" and he has never lost his love for books.

Two years later, and before reaching his twentieth birthday, he became a partner in the firm of Dingee & Company, his special work being the management of the factory. When the Civil War began, the company lost a large part of its trade, which was with the South; and this, followed by a fire, caused the firm to become financially embarrassed, as little insurance was carried in those days. The company was in a position to pay twenty-five cents

on the dollar, and the creditors were ready to accept, as they had supposed they would get nothing. Mr. Farquhar, however, made a counter proposition, that if they would permit him to continue the business, he felt sure that he could pay in full, if he were given time. The other partners, feeling the hopelessness of the situation, withdrew, and the affairs of the firm were left in the hands of Mr. Farquhar. This was in 1862. The proposition to consider the debt one of honor, permitting Mr. Farquhar to keep the good will and the assets, was accepted unanimously by the creditors, Mr. Farquhar promising to pay in full. This was greatly due to the confidence of Messrs. Samuel and Philip Small, York's leading citizens, who were the chief creditors, and who held proxies for a large part of the money owing out of town. The people he owed thus became Mr. Farquhar's silent partners, interested in his success, and lent all the assistance possible, and at the end of about four years he was able to pay all the creditors in full.

An interesting incident of this period is given in Mr. Farquhar's own words: "I first met President Lincoln shortly after York was invaded and the high tide of the Confederacy had risen and been swept back at Gettysburg. The occasion of the meeting was this: When the news came that the Confederates were approaching York, the alarm and anxiety of the citizens were naturally very great, and it was proposed that the Commander of the invading forces should if possible be seen with a view to the protection of the town. Although always a strong Union man, I was in an exceptional position to make favorable arrangements, having been educated in Virginia, where I had known as a classmate, among other members of Southern families, the son of General Lee. Proceeding toward the approaching enemy, I was fortunate in meeting a former acquaintance in the Confederate Army, who, when he learned the object of my journey, volunteered to go with me to see General Gordon. I was received gravely but courteously, and obtained a promise, under certain conditions, that no destruction or appropriation of property by the army would be permitted; which promise was kept. The people of York, however, soon afterwards for getting their relief, began to criticise, much to my discomfort and distress, and I decided that to ease my mind I would lay the matter before President Lincoln and get his verdict as to my conduct.

"I went to Washington, saw the President's Secretary, John Hay, who very kindly arranged an interview for 4:30 that afternoon, remarking that as the President would be walking over to the War Department I could accompany him and thus take but little of his time. We started out at the appointed hour, and I told him my story. He listened attentively, and I shall never forget one word upon that memorable occasion. After hearing me through, he said, 'You were wise in not neglecting an opportunity to be of service: opportunity does not knock at a man's door every day. The mistake you made is in worrying yourself over what people say about it. You should go through

life doing what you believe to be right, and not bother yourself over what people may say. They will soon forget their criticisms.' And then he offered me some advice: told me we were in the world to do good, that our aim in life should be to leave the world a mite better than we found it, mentioning a dozen ways in which this could be accomplished.

"Our walk terminated at the War Department, where, turning to Secretary Stanton, he said: 'Stanton, I have captured the young chap who sold York to the Rebels. What had we better do with him?' Stanton's answer was entirely satisfactory: that some millions of dollars of property had been saved at a trifling cost, and that I deserved high commendation. The President suggested that if I would enter the army he would follow me up and see that I had a chance for promotion, but I told him that much as I would like it, my family and the situation of my business was such as to make it impracticable, that I felt that I could best render service at home, and that among other things I had been out with the Emergency Men at Gettysburg, helping with the wounded. Our interview then came to an end.

"It was my good fortune to hear both of Lincoln's inaugurals and to be near him when he made his celebrated address at Gettysburg. A small party of us from York, including a sister-in-law (who recently has written me from her home in California recalling the incident), drove up to Gettysburg early in the morning. Just as Lincoln was mounting his horse to ride up to Cemetery Hill, I had an opportunity of shaking hands with him. Standing very close to him during the exercises, I of course attentively observed the President. His countenance was very grave and sad, and toward the close of Everett's eloquent speech, which was quite long, it seemed to me he showed signs of weariness. When the time came for him to speak, he slowly took from his pocket what appeared to me to be a small discolored leaf torn from a memorandum book, arose, glanced at the paper occasionally, and in a forcible, impressive voice, which I believe could be heard by the whole audience, spoke those immortal words known as the Gettysburg Address. There was little demonstration at its close, which at the time created in me no surprise, for it seemed to me as though we had listened to a great sermon, too deep, too solemn, too impressive for applause. Turning to the President, Edward Everett said: 'Mr. President, you have made a great speech. My address will only be remembered because it was made on the same day.' To which the President replied, 'The audience does not seem to agree with you.' It was only gradually that the true greatness of Lincoln's words were felt. Even Horace Greeley dismissed the matter in the *Tribune* with the statement that the President made a few remarks."

Mr. Farquhar's hours for many years, while building up his business, were from five in the morning until ten at night. He was his own salesman, manager and correspondent, attending to all of the business. So expert did he be-

come that he was able to estimate almost to the cent the cost of any implement that he manufactured. He studied economy, avoided wastes, worked with his men—and harder than any of them. In common with most others in the manufacturing field, he suffered severely in the panic of 1873, and in addition was burned out in 1876, leaving him practically where he had begun twenty years before. But the firms with which he dealt, having confidence in his ability and integrity, offered unlimited credit at cash rates, and he began business the next day in an adjoining shop, which he purchased, and rebuilt his plant. He maintained his credit by never making a promise that he could not keep: in his whole business career, he never renewed a note upon which he had promised payment at maturity. Since the incorporation of the firm, in 1889, Mr. Farquhar has been its president and active head. He is still strong and vigorous. The business, A. B. Farquhar Co., Limited, conducts the Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, and is one of the largest manufacturers of farm implements and heavy machinery in the United States, employing more than 800 men.

Mr. Farquhar was also, for some years, proprietor of the *York Gazette*, and has large property interests in the city where he has spent most of his long and fruitful life. During all his busy years, he has kept up his interest in literature, read widely, and engaged in public discussions of questions of the times. He has always been interested in everything that made for local improvement and betterment and has given liberally of his means, to every good cause. He has always taken a great interest in diet and health. It is his practice to get plenty of exercise, to avoid any indulgence that would be detrimental to health.

On one occasion, when a young man, Mr. Farquhar decided to go to New York and have an interview with some of the prominent men there, including William Waldorf Astor, A. T. Stewart, James Gordon Bennett, and others, with a view to getting their advice as how to make a success in life. He met Mr. Astor about half-past seven in the morning, at his down town office, where he was at work with one secretary or clerk. The secretary told him that he could not see Mr. Astor; but he did see him. When he entered, Mr. Astor turned from his desk and said, "Boy, what do you want?" My answer was, says Mr. Farquhar, "I want to ask you how to make a million dollars." Mr. Astor replied, "You want to make yourself as miserable as I am? I never made any money myself, but am busy taking care of what I have. You will have to go to men who have made money." He told the young man to see Mr. Stevens, of the Bank of Commerce, or James Gordon Bennett, or A. T. Stewart. "I remember", says Mr. Farquhar, "that Mr. Bennett told me to take care of my health, that health could be stored, just as a bank account, to be drawn on in emergencies."

Mr. Farquhar has been President of the York Hospital for twenty-five years; he is Chairman of the City Planning Commission and Chairman of the Tree Commission, of York; Director of the York Trust Company; a Director in the

Christian Home, of the Y. M. C. A., of the York Chamber of Commerce, etc.

Mr. Farquhar has long been recognized as a student of and writer and speaker on banking, political economy and social subjects. He is author, with his brother, of *Economic and Industrial Delusions* (Putnam's). He was State Commissioner from Pennsylvania, and was appointed by Secretary Blaine Commissioner to Europe, for the World's Columbian Exposition, 1892-1893; and was elected President of the National Association of Exposition Commissioners, 1893. He was appointed by Governor Hastings delegate from Pennsylvania to the Coast Defense Convention, Tampa, Florida, 1897; and was delegate to the First National Conservation Congress, Seattle, Washington, 1909. He is a Director of the National Conservation Association; President of the Pennsylvania Conservation Association; Vice-President and Director of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; Director of the Pennsylvania Public Charities Association; and President of the State Housing and Town Planning Association of Pennsylvania. Mr. Farquhar was a member of the American Industrial Commission to France, in 1916; and was appointed by the Governor a member of the Pennsylvania Defense Organization, 1917.

He is a member of the Lafayette Club and York Country Club, York, Pa., and of the

Cosmos Club, Washington, D. C.; and a member of thirty or more societies and associations, among which are: The American Public Health Association, American Academy of Political and Social Science, League to Enforce Peace, American Economic Association, Southern Commercial Congress, American Association for the Advancement of Science, National Housing Association, and American Forestry Association. He is a member of St. John's Episcopal Church, York, Pa.

Mr. Farquhar finds his recreation in interesting himself in public affairs, attending conventions and meetings in behalf of good causes. When at home, he occasionally plays golf with his friends at the Country Club, takes country walks, etc. He has always lived very simply, both from habit and principle. He is one of the best known and most respected men in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Farquhar married, September 26, 1860, Elizabeth Jessop, daughter of Edward Jessop, of Baltimore, Maryland. They have three sons: William E. Farquhar, a contractor in New York City; Percival Farquhar, capitalist and promoter, engaged in large affairs in South America, formerly President of the Brazil Railroad Company, New York City; and Francis Farquhar, General Manager, Secretary and Treasurer of A. B. Farquhar Co., Limited, York, Pa.

THE WANDERER

BY JAMES KENNEDY

Lang syne on the hills, where the blaeberries grew,
And the laverock sang sweetly far up in the blue,
Ilka day glided by like a lang happy dream,
Till I hear my fond mither cry, "Laddie, come hame!
Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame!
You're lang awa' wandering, Laddie, come hame!"

In a far awa' land, through the din o' the years,
In the sunshine o' hopes, and the shadow o' fears,
I hear a sweet echo still calling my name—
And it's "Oh, but you're lang awa', Laddie, come hame!
Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame!
You're lang awa' wandering, Laddie, come hame!"

Though life's fondest fancies are idle and vain,
And my feet may ne'er tread the red heather again:
In the land o' the leal, when I catch the first gleam,
May I hear the glad welcome, "Laddie, come hame!
Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame!
You're lang awa' wandering, Laddie, come hame!"



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Cameron Post No. 79, G. A. R.

On May 22nd, at the meeting of the Associate Members of Cameron Post No. 79, G. A. R., the resignation of Commander D. Macadie was accepted with regrets, and John Craig was duly elected to succeed him. We are glad that Past-Commander Macadie has secured such a satisfactory berth down South and we wish him every success.

The Comrades of the Post met Commander Craig at the Grand Central Station, Sunday morning, May 28th, and went to Woodlawn, where we visited the graves of Comrades and relatives of Comrades, decorating them with American and Scottish flags. After a most satisfactory lunch at the Woodlawn Inn, we travelled by train to Kensico Cemetery, where we visited two graves, one being that of Piper Cameron, well remembered by all who recall him in his prime. At each grave visited, a lament was played by Piper James Elder and taps sounded by Comrade Donegani.

In the evening the Post assembled and attended the Memorial Service carried out in the most impressive style by the pastor of the Church of the Strangers. The associate members in this instance acted as escort to Commander Warner, the only member of the 79th N. Y. Highlanders able to be with us.

Commander Warner was the only one of the veteran Highlanders able to take part in New York's annual parade on Memorial Day. He had as escort the New York Scottish Pipe Band with Pipe Major Hoey, the New York Scottish, the associate members of Cameron Post, and the Highland Guard of the New York Caledonian Club. All were arrayed in the kilt and were led by Colonel Walter Scott (who came from Washington to take part in the proceedings). He had by his side Commander Warner, who is 78 years of age and who walked the entire distance. The marchers presented a fine appearance and attracted a great deal of attention, the pipe band being a delight all along the line.

Cameron Post had sent invitations to all of the Clans and to the New York Caledonian Club to act with them as part of the escort, and the response was such as to make everyone proud. Those who were privileged to see the

column of fours swing down Riverside Drive will not soon forget it.

It is proper and fitting that those wearing the kilt should join the G. A. R. on these occasions, for we are reminded that the first body of men in the State of New York to respond to Abraham Lincoln's call in '61 was a company of Scotsmen who afterward formed the famous 79th Regiment, thus proving that they were good American Scotsmen, ever loyal to the land of their adoption.

The Post formed at the Scotch Tea Rooms and together with their guests marched up Fifth Avenue behind the New York Scottish Highlanders Pipe Band; then across 54th Street. The Highland Guard of the Caledonian Club, under the command of Capt. William G. Reid, fell into line and the column proceeded up Broadway to 72nd Street, where they were reviewed by Major E. H. Snyder at the head of the Old Guard of The City of New York. The Post then took its place in the line.

O, yes! Just as the line was about to move off, we were able to substitute an emergency Drum Major in the person of Murdie MacLeod of the New York Scottish Highlanders, and from remarks passed it was not to our discredit. He batoned the Pipe Band up the line followed by the flag in the hands of Adam Gunn. Next came Commander Warner and Colonel Scott. Several veterans of the World War followed and the main body of the Associate Members of Cameron Post, led by Commander J. Craig and officered by Vice-Commander J. Forrest for the 1st Company, and by Capt. W. G. Reid for the 2nd Company.

As the eye swept down the line, it was a sight to do your heart good. The showing was remarked upon as being the best in many years, and with the help of our friends it will continue. Yes, indeed, the pipes made us swing, and we swing right. We couldna help it. In the auto that followed was our good friend Sam Roberts.

After the parade, we escorted the Highland Guard back to the Caledonian Club, and then back to our barracks (the Scotch Tea Rooms), where a little refreshment was indulged in due to the courtesy of Colonel Walter Scott.

On Sunday, June 4th, the Comrades again

assembled and we proceeded by Long Island Railroad to Evergreen Cemetery and decorated several graves and then went down to Greenwood Cemetery.

The showing made by the Associate Members of Cameron Post No. 79, G. A. R., and the support rendered to them at this time by their friends is indeed a credit and an honor to those who are now in the care of Him above.

—THE CHAPLAIN.

Veterans 79th N. Y. Highlanders

On Saturday evening, May 13, seven veterans of the 79th New York Highlanders, under the command of Colonel Andrew D. Baird, nearing his 84th year, were entertained at the rooms of the New York Caledonian Club. In addition to the Veterans, several Associate Members of Cameron Post No. 79 were present, also several Past Chiefs of the New York Caledonian Club and honorary members Col. Walter Scott and Duncan MacInnes.

Colonel Baird presided with a kindly grace over the "Muster" of the veterans and their friends in celebration of that memorable muster 61 years ago, when the New York Highlanders were among the very first to respond to the call of President Abraham Lincoln.

Colonel Scott spoke of the great example the 79th had set, their wonderful work during the war, and how they exemplified to the highest degree that they were American-Scotsmen and not Scottish-Americans.

Duncan MacInnes was very happy in his remarks, which were very humorous. He spoke of the town in Scotland where he lived when he was a laddie, and where he knew Andrew D. Baird. Mr. MacInnes also paid high tribute to the 79th Highlanders.

Capt. Reid made several good suggestions for perpetuating the Highlanders. Past Chief Donaldson and Chief Caldwell also spoke briefly.

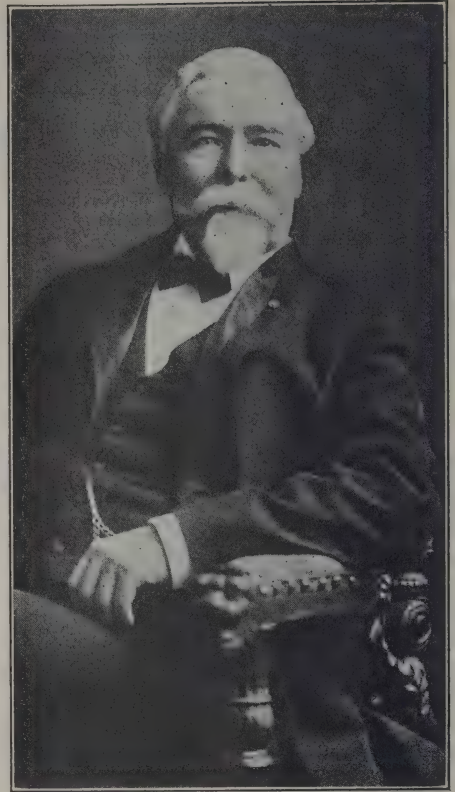
Pipe music was furnished by Angus Fraser, and singing was indulged in. The refreshments of the evening were truly Scottish, consisting of oat meal cakes, mutton pies, short bread and ginger ale.

Those who had the honor of being present will never forget the atmosphere created by being with those who built better than they knew the honor and glory of the 79th Scottish Highlanders.

Comrade David A. Mitchell Host to the 79th Highlanders

On the evening of June 3, Comrade David A. Mitchell of the New York Caledonian Club, entertained the veterans of the 79th Regiment Highlanders, New York Volunteers, at a dinner at the Roma Hotel, New York.

It was just 61 years and one day since they walked down Broadway, and of the 2282 men of the 79th Highlanders just 18 are left. They are scattered all over the country. Seven live in New York, but only three were able to attend, namely, Colonel Andrew D. Baird, and



COLONEL ANDREW D. BAIRD

Comrades Bloomfield and Conley. The average age of these three men is 81 years.

In addition to the three veterans, the Chief and ex-Chief of the New York Caledonian Club, associate members of the Veterans' Association, were present. Mr. Duncan MacInnes, Royal Treasurer of the Order of Scottish Clans and honorary member of the Association, was one of the guests of honor, as was honorary member Colonel Walter Scott, who was toastmaster.

After a bountiful repast was enjoyed, and after the usual toasts to the President and the King had been drunk in the only beverage that is now lawful, the toastmaster spoke in glowing language of the example set by the 79th Regiment. He also dwelt on environment, and the atmosphere created in the home, which makes or unmake the future of the individual. He then proposed a toast to the 2282 members of this old American-Scottish Regiment, which was responded to in heartfelt words by Colonel Andrew D. Baird, who painted a beautiful picture of his home life in Scotland, his first years in the United States, his mother's influence, and told how his father, two brothers and self enlisted in the war. He then related the story of the regiment in such a manner that those present will never forget it.

Each of the guests sang or gave a short talk. The evening was brought to a close with a masterly address by Mr. MacInnes, who dwelt on the Homeland, and its influence on its children scattered throughout the world. He also spoke feelingly of the history of the gallant 79th.

"Auld Lang Syne" was sung; and the only regret of this never-to-be-forgotten evening was that the hours were far too short.

Annie Laurie

By "SCOTTY" (SAM G. MORTLAND)

From the Fresno (California) Republican. All

Rights Reserved

LAST NIGHT	FIR QUITE A WHILE—
TH' GUDE WIFE	"MAXWELTON'S BRAES
IDLY DRAPED HER HAN'S	ARE BONNY
ON OOR PIANO	WHIR AIRLY FA'S
I DINNA THINK	TH' DEW."
TH' LASSIE KEN'T	DINNA YE CATCH IT—
JUIST WHIT	SAE SAFT AN' SWEET
HER FINGERS PLAYED.	SAE FU' O' PICTURES
ON REACHIN' HAME	RUNNIN' THROUGH YIR
WE'D FOUN' A LETTER	HERT AN' MIND?
FRAE AULD AUNT	"AN' 'T WAS THIR
WHA' LIVES IN	THOT ANNIE LAURIE
OOR AULD HAME.	GIED ME
AUNT MARGET'S HAN'S	HER PROMISE TRUE"—
ARE NAE SAE	TH' MELODY
SOOPLE NOO	JUIST TWINED ITSEL'
AS WHEN I	LIKE CLINGIN' VINE
KEN'T HER FIRST	AROON' US BAITH,
HER HAIR IS WHITE	AN' FETCHED BACK
AN' O SAE SAFT	HILLSIDES BATHED
AN' ILKA WRINKLE	IN GENTLE SHOWERS
SEEMS TAE MAK HER	AN' HAZY ERTERNOONS.
LUVLIER TAE ME.	"HER BROW IS
SHE WRITES	LIKE TH' SNAWDRIFT
A SMA' CRAMPED HAN',	HER THROAT
AN' AT TH' END	IS LIKE TH' SWAN"—
SHE TURNS BACK	IT SEEMEL TAE
TAE FIRST PAGE	CHOKE ME OOP
AN' WRITES CROSSWAYS	TAE HEAR IT,
ALANG TH' TAP,	FIR THOSE FOLK
AN' USUALLY	AROON' AULD
THIR'LL BE WEE BIT	NEEBORHOOD
DOOBLE DEEP,	WIR VERRA GUDE
AN' NAEBODY	TAE ME.
IN A' TH' WORLD	"HER FACE IT IS
CAN WRITE SAE FINE	TH' FAIREST
A LETTER.	THOT E'ER TH' SUN
WE'D READ IT A'	SHONE ON"—
FRAE "DEAREST LAD"	OOR PASTOR
TAE "LUVIN'LY,"	USED TAE SIT
AN' GUDE WIFE'S MIND	AT EVENIN' TIME
MAUN HAE BEEN ON IT	ON OOR FRONT PORCH
FIR HER FINGERS	CRACKIN' WI' FAITHER
SLOWLY TWITCHED	AN' HUM THOT SONG.
A LITTLE HERE	"AN' DARK BLUE
AN' LITTLE	IS HER E'E,
SOMEWHIR ELSE—	AN' FIR BONNY
JUIST EASY LIKE	ANNIE LAURIE
YE KEN	I'D LAY ME DOON
AN' SAFT AN' LOW.	AN' DEE"—
ME AIN MIND	THENK GOD
WAS SAE FU'	FIR MUSIC
I DIDNA GET	AN' FIR MEMORY!
TH' MELODY	

Perth Amboy Honors Thomas Gordon

A bronze tablet, the gift of the Perth Amboy Caledonian Club, was unveiled with appropriate services at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Sunday afternoon, May 14, in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the death of Thomas Gordon, one of the colonial proprietors of East Jersey.

In unveiling the tablet, Louis Gordon Hammersley, of New York, a descendant of Thomas Gordon, made a brief address, in which he expressed his pleasure at being able to be present at its ceremony and to have a part in it.

The address of presentation was delivered by Dr. William E. Ramsay on behalf of the Caledonian Club. Dr. Ramsay remarked that the impressive ceremony and the large number present indicated that the Scottish people of Perth Amboy still possessed what is always recognized as a strong trait in Scotsmen, that of pride in deeds, achievements and valor of their ancestors. An interesting point in Dr. Ramsay's address came when he pointed out that St. Peter's church yard also contained the remains of a minister of the gospel and doctor, Dr. McKean, who was the first medical missionary to be sent out to any colony by the Church of England. Dr. McKean was also the founder and first president of the New Jersey Medical Society, and Dr. Ramsay said that he hoped the tribute being paid to Thomas Gordon would impel the medical society to honor the memory of Dr. McKean in some way.

Rev. W. Northey Jones, rector of St. Peter's accepted the tablet in behalf of the church, vestrymen and congregation.

Speaking on Thomas Gordon as a colonial proprietor former Judge Adrian Lyon (who today holds the office of Secretary of the East Jersey Board of Proprietors that Thomas Gordon held 230 years ago), outlined the history of New Jersey from the time it was given to the Duke of York and later sold to Berkeley and Carteret and subsequently sold them to William Penn and the other proprietors, of whom Thomas Gordon was one. Mr. Gordon attended the first meeting of the proprietors in Elizabethtown and was active in their affairs for many years.

Judge Lyon told how the grant was originally made with the sole right of government in the hands of the proprietors and how trouble arose about 1698 over the methods of government employed by the proprietors and also how the land was later handed back to settle the disagreement. The speaker described something of the operation of the proprietors and made known the not generally known fact that the body still meets at intervals.

Rev. W. Northey Jones spoke on Gordon as a churchman, pointing out that he was one of the first vestrymen of St. Peter's and was largely responsible for its transformation into a church. Originally it was merely a mission. Rev. Mr. Jones described the granting of the charter to St. Peter's church in 1702 by Queen Anne of England and mentioned the fact that

the rental agreed upon was one peppercorn annually. It was brought out that Thomas Gordon gave the land now occupied by the church to the congregation and made possible the establishment of the church as it stands today.

A complete sketch of the life of Gordon was given in an address by David McGregor, who traced his ancestry and related facts in connection with his life here. He said that Thomas Gordon came to this country with his family in 1684, first residing in Plainfield and later removing to this city. The year following his arrival he built a house on what is now Water street. Mr. McGregor told how Thomas Gordon succeeded to one important position after another until he had held practically every post in East Jersey with the exception of governor. Mr. Gordon died April 28, 1722, old style, and was the first person to be buried in St. Peter's churchyard. He is also the only colonial proprietor known to rest in East Jersey. Gordon's first wife was buried in the cemetery once occupying the high school site but the stone was later removed to a position next to her husband.

The other speakers included Recorder Harold E. Pickersgill and Mayor William C. Wilson, both of whom confined their remarks to expressions of pleasure at being present, and congratulatory words to the Caledonian Club. As president of the Perth Amboy Historical Society, Recorder Pickersgill paid a high tribute to David McGregor for the enthusiasm and hard work that had made available so many facts regarding Mr. Gordon's career and through whose efforts this memorial service was made possible.

During the church service a trio composed of Miss Evelyn Rummicke, Thomas Peterson and John Barlow rendered an excellent vocal selection.

The inscription on the tablet reads:
 IN MEMORY OF
 THOMAS GORDON
 Of the Family of Straloch, Aberdeenshire,
 Scotland.

Born at Pitlurg April 17th 1653; Educated at King's College, Aberdeen, acquired a proprietary interest in East Jersey and settled at Cedar Brook, Plainfield, 1684; Moved to Perth Amboy 1685, where he resided, a highly respected citizen until his death April 28th, 1722 (O.S.)

Was a Commissioner of Court of Small Causes, Customs Officer and Assemblyman for Perth Amboy, High Sheriff of Middlesex County, Deputy-Secretary, and first Surrogate of East Jersey, Speaker of the House of Assembly, Attorney-General, King's Councillor, Treasurer, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey; also Secretary of the Board of Proprietors of East Jersey.

A faithful communicant, Charter Vestryman and Generous Benefactor of Saint Peter's Episcopal Church.

Exemplary in his life and conversation, and held in high esteem for his learning, honesty, and integrity; he devoted his best energies to the peaceful upbuilding of the moral and material welfare of the land of his adoption.

"He lived as long as he desired, as long as the fates allowed, thus neither was life burdensome nor death bitter."

Erected by the Perth Amboy Caledonian Club on the Bi-centenary of his death, May 11th, 1922.

New York Caledonian Club Holds Memorable Meeting

On Tuesday evening, June 6, the New York Caledonian Club held its monthly meeting at the Club House Building, 846 Seventh Avenue, and it was made memorable by several important incidents. The report of the Committee of Arrangements regarding the annual concert and ball, which was held this year for the first time in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Commodore, and which was attended by over three thousand people, showed that, after paying all expenses, including quite a sum to Uncle Sam for war tax, the net proceeds paid into the Club treasury were nearly six hundred dollars.

There was a very good attendance of the members, particularly of the ex-chiefs,

many of them arrayed in their Highland dress out of respect to one of the events that was to take place.

Comrade Conley of the 79th Highlanders, and the "twa cronies," Walter Scott and Duncan MacInnes, who are honorary members, were escorted into the hall by Angus Fraser, accompanied by the ex-chiefs.

Col. Walter Scott presented a magnificent, life-size painting in Highland costume of Hugh (Ewan) Fraser who died in San Francisco last year at the ripe old age of eighty-eight years. Mr. Fraser was born in Invernesshire and came to the United States when he was between fifteen and sixteen years old. He worked

his way west and crossed the Plains to the Pacific Coast with the 'Forty-niners seeking gold. He grew up with the development of the Coast, and particularly with the City of San Francisco, of which he was a notable and respected citizen for fifty years, holding at different times important public offices there. As an evidence of the high respect in which he was held by all classes in San Francisco, the city in which he had spent nearly all of his life, the day of his funeral marked a brief cessation of business, with the flags on practically all public and important private buildings at half-mast. It was one of the most notable funerals and outward manifestations of the respect of a large community which had ever been paid to any of its private citizens.

Hugh Fraser was probably the most active member in the organization of Clan Fraser No. 78, San Francisco, of the Order of Scottish Clans, and Clan MacDonald, No. 79, of Oakland, Calif. He was Chief of Clan Fraser and also Deputy Royal Chief for the Pacific Coast during several terms. He was also at different times president of the St. Andrew's Society and of the Thistle and the Burns Clubs. He was chaplain of his own Clan for 27 years, and was a charter member of the California Lodge No. 1, F. and A. M.

He left a life-size oil painting of himself, which was executed by a well-known artist of the Coast, to Col. Walter Scott, who, after receiving it in New York, had the picture magnificently framed, and loaned it in perpetuity to the New York Caledonian Club, in whose reception room and library the picture will be hung, where it doubtless will be viewed by many Clansmen and other interested in those men who took an active part in the development of the great Western country, and to whose early work we all today owe so much.

After Col. Scott had spoken at some length regarding the life and character of Mr. Fraser, and placed in the keeping of the officers and members of the Club this life-like painting, it was unveiled by Royal Treasurer Duncan MacInnes, who was also well acquainted with Mr. Fraser. Mr. MacInnes's remarks were very personal and touching regarding this father of

Scottish events of the Pacific Coast, and and they were listened to with rapt attention, for they were interspersed with stories of the auld land, and of the influence of her sons and daughters in the land of their adoption, and he dwelt particularly on the fact that although Mr. Fraser spent just four and a half times as many years in this country as in Scotland, and was a fine American citizen, he cherished deeply the memories of the land of his birth and ancestors.

Mr. MacInnes was followed by short remarks by the Chief, Captain Reid, and several others.

Angus Fraser then played "Lord Lovat's Lament," the entire audience standing, and those present will never forget the extra heart beats and the misty eye, for Angus never played better in his life.

The gift was then officially accepted by Chief Caldwell and a hearty vote of thanks was given to Col. Scott in appreciation of his recognition in this manner of the New York Caledonian Club as being the most fitting home for the magnificent portrait, which is a splendid likeness of the fine old Highland gentleman.

To Our Subscribers

IT is a good thing to examine the date on the wrapper of your paper now and then. It reveals the exact condition of your subscription account. In case it reads May, 1922, or any date prior to this, your subscription should be renewed at once. This will save postage and unnecessary clerical work. The change of date on the wrapper the following month is the receipt for your subscription, unless otherwise requested. In renewing your own subscription, send us also the address of a friend or neighbor not now receiving the paper.

Empire Day Celebration

LORD FRENCH GUEST OF HONOR

The evening of May 24 witnessed a stirring and inspiring celebration of Empire Day at the Hotel Astor, New York. It was the time-honored banquet of The British Schools and Universities Club, and, great joy, who should be there but French, French of Ypres! My word, how they did stand up and give three hearty cheers and three times three for the old boy; leader of the "good old contentibles"; invincibly modest, but one of the gamest and greatest of 'em all. His lordship is no silver tongued or fluent speaker under any circumstances, and on this occasion he was somewhat under the stress of emotion. But for all that he carried on finely and made a deep impression by his generous tribute to the genius of Ferdinand Foch. Dr. John H. Finley carried his audience into camp by a talk that was a masterpiece—one would not call it a speech—it was something much better, one of these utterances that seem the intimate conversation of man to man. He talked of his adventures as a Red Cross man in the Holy Land and a delightful episode was of his meeting with Captain Lee, in command of a collier and of his being the sole passenger. He recited a song which he had written about this "typical English sea-faring man," which was in its way a real gem. Captain Gloster Armstrong, British Consul-General, made eloquent appeal on behalf of the British War Veterans out of employment. C. S. LePoer Trench, President of the Club, made an excellent toastmaster. The Scottish element was well represented, among those present being Robert Frater Munro, Walter Scott, Henry Moir, Duncan MacInnes, Alexander Mackintosh, W. H. Pinkerton, William Taylor, John C. Thomson, George Wotherspoon and H. S. Soutar.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. John F. Carson, pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, addressed the Scottish organizations of Brooklyn, Clan MacDonald and the Flora MacDonald Society, on the subject of "The Scot in America", Sunday evening, June 11. He treated the topic in a broad, sympathetic manner, drawing many examples of patriotism and Americanism from the lives of those of the race whose names have become household words in laying the enduring foundations of the Republic.

Dr. Carson concluded with a stirring exposition of things it behooves all Scots and others coming to these shores to practice—patriotism for the country of their adoption—and ended with a warning, as to the "foreign element", which, he said, did not mean Scot, Irish, Welsh or English—Frank or Italian, or German, or Catholic, or Jew, or Mohammedan—all these were welcome, but only if they had made up their minds to foreswear allegiance to their former ruler and become wholly American by swearing true fealty to the State. In fact, he indicated that all should on entering, be compelled to declare their intentions right there to such effect.

The church was filled and the clansmen and

their friends were out in force, despite the great storm that had been raging; many coming from quite a distance to be present.

Quincy, Mass.

Work on the restoration of the John Quincy Adams birthplace, on which repairs have been badly needed, will begin very shortly, with the permission of the Adams descendants in Quincy now gained by the Quincy Historical Society, which is undertaking the work.

It is estimated that \$2,000 will be required, of which one-half will be furnished through the generous offer of Walter Scott, of the Order of Scottish Clans, when he visited Quincy recently.

According to Emery L. Crane, of the Historical Society, who is taking charge of the fund, the work will be in the nature of restoration rather than repair, in order to keep intact the original character of the place. The roof will be shingled, the shingles to be treated to give the effect of age; new underpinning will be put in, a new foundation built for the roof, new frames made for the windows, in which the old glass will still be used, and the house will be painted.

Honour North Uist Minister

The University of Glasgow conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. Donald MacDonald, minister of North Uist. There is no minister better known or more highly respected throughout the Highlands and Islands. A devoted servant of the Church, and a man of singular piety and worth, with a large and sympathetic mind, he has carried on his labors during his ministry in North Uist of over a quarter of a century with unobtrusiveness and modesty, but with continuous effort and distinction. Indeed, it might almost be said, there is something apostolic in the manner of the man and the character of his teaching, and he has undoubtedly sustained in marked degree the highest traditions of the Highland ministry, which is well known to have its own special fervor and intensity of belief. Dr. MacDonald's brethren will welcome this signal mark of distinction which Glasgow University is conferring upon its former student, and the University is to be congratulated in honoring so deservedly one of the ministers in the outlying parts where the Lamp of Faith is kept bright, and attachment to religion is one of the strongest characteristics of the people. One of the notable features about Dr. MacDonald's ministry is the number of young men from North Uist who have entered the ministry of the Church through his guidance and influence, and who are now occupying charges of their own in different parts of the country. Dr. MacDonald is himself a native of North Uist, and it is very pleasant to record this recognition to a distinguished son of the Outer Hebrides, who so well merits it in every way.

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Scotch Tea Room in New Quarters

It is announced that the SCOTCH TEA ROOM will be found, after July 1st, in new and larger premises at 110 East 31st Street, New York. This will awaken memories of pleasant occasions in the minds of many, for it is simply a fact that in the past five years of its life at 21 East 47th Street the place became established as one of the landmarks of New York, while the genial influence of its hostess, Mrs. M. S. Bain, attracted a great number of Scots on both sides of the ocean and made them her friends. The SCOTCH TEA ROOM is a bit of Scotland in New York. Upon its walls are prints and pictures that give us the same sort of sensation as if we were to turn down an old familiar—but almost forgotten—lane in the days of auld lang syne. The Scotch flavor hangs to the menu and the fare has always been noted for its high standard and excellent preparation. During these years, too, the Scotch Tea Room played its part in war service. Every Sunday night it held "open house" to the boys on the British warships, of all sorts, putting in at New York, and it was a great sight to see the place packed with the sailor lads enjoying a good time and all seeming as much at ease as if they were at home. Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Harry and Lady Lauder, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and Lady Colebrooke are a few of the distinguished visitors who were frequent patrons. Dear to the heart—and palate—of the Scot are such things as Scones, Mutton Pies, Oat Cakes, Short Bread and the old-time pastries, like Fruit Cakes, Cheese Cakes and so forth. Mrs. Bain has been offering these to her gratified patrons for many years, and the ever increasing demand, which comes to her from all parts of the country, afford the best evidence of the fine qualities of her products.

Women's Committee, Sulgrave Institution

The first women's committee under the Sulgrave Institution has just been organized, with Miss Amelia D. Campbell, of New York, as national chairman, and Miss Ethel Armes as chairman of the executive committee.

Among the vice-chairmen and members are Mrs. George Maynard Minor, president-general Daughters American Revolution; Mrs. Hamilton R. Fairfax, president Colonial Dames of New York; Mrs. Henry Cole Quinby, Mrs. Eugene J. Grant, president-general National Society of New England Women; Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, president-general United Daughters of the Confederacy; Mrs. T. M. Cheesman, president Colonial Dames of America; Mrs. Murray Whiting Ferris, British War Veterans Association; Mrs. Louis Livingston Seaman, Mrs. John Francis Yawger, Mrs. Robert Allyn, Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, Mrs. C. R. Stetson, Mrs. Henry F. Osborn, Mrs. Robert Olyphant, Mrs. Lewis L. Delafield, Mrs. Haryot Holt Dey, president Women's Press Club of New York; Mrs. C. F. R. Jenne, president of Daughters of 1812; Miss Borrowe, secretary

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Colonial Dames of America; Mrs. William Gerry Slade, Mrs. Robert Hall Wiles, Mrs. Ira Davenport, Mrs. Hamilton Fish Kean, Miss Virginia Scott Hoyt, Miss T. L. Gray, Miss Maud Leland and Mrs. Walter W. Price.

The woman's committee will take an active part socially in the Sulgrave program throughout 1922-23. When the members of the British delegation, headed by the Marquis of Cambridge, brother of Queen Mary, reach New York in September this committee, acting with the Sulgrave board, will arrange a series of entertainments for them.

HUGH HALIBURTON (James Logie Robertson), the well known Scottish author, died June 14, in Edinburgh. Born at Milnathort, Kinross-shire, Mr. Robertson was educated at Edinburgh University, taking more than his share of prizes there. Entering the faculty of Edinburgh Ladies' College in 1876, he became first English Master in 1891 and held the position until 1914. He wrote several volumes of stories and poems and edited the works of Burns, Scott, Milton, Chaucer and Tennyson.

The Church of Scotland Assembly has passed a resolution to the effect that while appreciating the services of the Anglican bishops who sit in the house of lords, a wider representation of Christian views was necessary, and the Church of Scotland and other churches ought to be represented in the reformed second chamber.

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Then hand in hand for "Auld lang Syne,"
 With jovial jest and well known song,
 Let hearts with clasping hands combine
 And Scots' fraternal troth prolong,
 A "hielan' welcome" to our guests
 A hielan' clanship may we own
 Where'er the foot of Scotsman rests
 May Scotland's worth in him be shown.

"Hoot, mon."

"Lang may the lum reek."

The Gaelic "ceud mile failte" (a hundred thousand welcomes) helped in the enthusiastic gathering of the clans at Odd Fellows' Hall, Saturday, April 24, under the auspices of the Troy Burns Club in commemoration of 50 years of organized Scottish activities in this city. Delegations were present from St. Andrew's Society, Burns Club and Clan Macfarlane of Albany; Clan Mac Rae of Schenectady and the Hoosick Falls Burns Club, at which George A. Ross, a native of Troy, is president.

As the clansmen gathered, auld times were recalled, many of the members hailing from the same toon in Scotland. But above all, were congratulations showered on six of the seven survivors of the 173 men who organized the first Scottish society in Troy, and the "bean-nachadh" of the clansmen for the part the veterans had taken during these long years in keeping alive Scottish traditions in this section of the state was overwhelming.

But the thrill of the evening to the veterans, as well as to the clansmen, was the tribute of Col. Walter Scott of New York City. This was in the form of roses, carnations and other beautiful flowers—forming an immense bouquet that graced the speaker's desk.

The six of the seven veterans that faced their countrymen to receive a Highland salute were: Andrew Kidd of Lochwinnoch, the place where the national curling tournaments are held; Daniel Thompson of New Lanark, both residents of Troy for over 50 years and connected with the iron industry. Mr. Kidd being chief engineer of the Burden Iron Company; Thomas T. Kennedy and George Deans of Cohoes, native of Hawick, famous for underwear, tweeds, braw lassies and brave men; Thomas Howie of Watervliet, now retired after years of service at the Watervliet Arsenal, born in Paisley, the royal burgh famed for Paisley shawls and the home of the Coats & Clark thread industry; James D. Mackay of Fort Edward (proud o' his clan), a Largs boy, and true to the Hielan' proverb, "the top of the mountain is the breath of Highlanders," that is they cannot live on low ground, left Troy some years ago and settled in the northern part of the state. The o'her veteran, unable to be present, was Andrew Patterson of Green Island, and a native of Stirling-shire.

To get the sentiment of the gathering centered for the time being on the hameland, the usual Scottish song warmin' up was in charge of Prof. John B. Shirley, and "Bonnie Loch Lomond," "The Braes of Gleniffer," "There's

Nae Luck Aboot the Hoose," and "Oh, Where, Tell Me Where?" were some of the favorites.

Then followed greetings from the delegations. For St. Andrew's of Albany, Dr. John Giffen, the president, was spokesman, and he kept the crowd in humor by his Scotch stories. He amused greatly by remarks on a trip to Glasgow, accompanied by his daughter. Coming to the vicinity of a large edifice he inquired what that building contained, and was told it was a hospital; the next large building was the cathedral, and inquiring what the other prominent structure, with the iron bars on the windows, represented, the informative Scot answered that "is the temperance hotel."

In closing, Dr. Giffen paid a tribute to the land of his birth, the sons of which are nursed in liberty. He said no country in proportion to its size had greater men in all parts of the world than Scotland. Of his class in school most all of them are in India, Australia, Canada and South Africa. He told of his mother's encouragement to strive hard and be a great man, and Scotland would claim him, for she claimed all great men.

It was the first meeting that Dr. Giffen had attended of the Troy Burns Club, and all that he had heard of it he discovered true; its fellowship was admirable, its informality delightful. John Rennie paid tribute to the Schenectady Scots, and Clansman Fisk for Hoosick Falls.

GREETINGS FROM NEW YORK

Colonel Walter Scott of New York sent the following telegraphic greeting:

Hearty congratulations to your honored club on its celebration of the golden anniversary of organization of Scottish activities in Troy. Would that I could be with you in person as well as spirit. Yours is a great responsibility in keeping alive in your city the Scottish traditions, and I congratulate you on being equal to that responsibility and at the same time being 100 per cent. American citizens. My best wishes to one and all for the diamond anniversary that is ahead of you. Your well wisher, friend and member.

St. Andrew's Society of Glens Falls sent greetings.

Bob Shirley of Waterford was at his best, and his recitation of the "fitba dream" kept the fun going. As an encore he responded with "The Graveyard Ghosts", and he had everybody imagining they had seen the "short and the tall."

Herbert W. Small rendered "Be Kind Tae Auld Granny", the sentiment being also applicable to the veterans being honored by the club, and the "Anvil Song", both rendered by an artist in Scottish song.

The Bethany Quartet, all members of the Club, comprising John Campbell, William Clegghorn, John Potts, and Mr. Macy, were heard in braid Scotch songs that pleased.

Andrew W. Loudon recited one of George Sinclair's poems in memory of Adam Ross, who figured for years in the Caledonian Club and the Troy Burns Club, and whose place was

never been filled as the "champion of the Haggis", the audience standing, and the lines also paying tribute to "the Grand Old Scottish Army of Troy" for the past fifty years.

Reminiscences were given of the athletic sports held by the Caledonians by Andrew Kidd, who also recited "Jock Tamson's Tripe for Supper"; George Deans of the beginnings of the Caledonian Club; Daniel Thomson added variety by singing the old-timer, "I Wish My Granny Saw Me"; Thomas T. Kennedy spoke of the "stars" of the Caledonian Club.

William S. Mitchell closed the speechmaking and said he was glad that the Troy Burns Club linked up with the Caledonians, for it was from the Caledonian societies that all the others had mostly sprung. He never missed the great games throughout the country each year, and to show Tam Kennedy that he was mistaken as to the best jumper in the Troy Caledonians he asked the secretary, James Baxter, to read a clipping, entitled "A Clean Record". This went to show that for over forty years Mr. Mitchell had a clean record as engineer on the fast trains between Albany and Buffalo, but one day, through a mechanical defect, the boiler blew up, killing the fireman and sending Mr. Mitchell 200 feet in the air. That, Mr. Mitchell said, made him the star jumper.

The flowers sent by Colonel Scott were distributed among the veterans and members.

Auld lang syne followed and a "focail thaing-elachd" (vote of thanks) given to Colonel Scott, and "oedhehe whath cebh" (good night) by the membership and guests.

Albany, N. Y.

Hark—up there in Washington Park, hear the birds sing, see the folks look—what's wrong up there today? There's nothing wrong, only Bobby Burns has had a bath, and a shave, and a rub down, and his ears have been cleaned and he is the real Bobby Burns again.

For thirty years the Scot bard stood there in the park and every passing year left its layer of dirt. Time came when the bronze statue was no longer recognizable as such. It might have been iron, or clay, or mud. Then somebody made the suggestion that as long as the memory of the great poet is still revered, it would be no more than a passing right if his likeness up there in the park was tendered a little respect.

Slowly, as the workmen from the Capital City Plating works plied brush and cleanser, the bronze appearance began to show on the statue, and now the work is finished and it looks even better than when it was first put there, for then the bronze was varnished over and did not show.

If Burns is looking down on his likeness in Washington Park today, he is probably saying to himself, "A verra guid job. Auld Lang Syne made them do it." And probably the great bard's heart is full of sorrow that the world has given even the same delayed attention to the advice in his homely philosophy.



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Lord Cowdray in America

In his entertaining pamphlet, "Newspapers and Their Millionaires" (now in its fourth edition), Lord Northcliffe has a reference to Lord Cowdray (formerly Sir Weetman Pearson), who is at present having his second practical experience of London journalism's financial side. Northcliffe says that Cowdray is known in the United States as the man who gave the Standard Oil Company "the biggest shake up in its little life." "You may also remember," writes Lord Northcliffe, "that when the Americans failed to make the tunnels under the East River in New York, they called for Cowdray, who got through to the other side, but at the risk of his life."

It is Lord Cowdray's rule, Lord Northcliffe states, never to give a workman a dangerous task unless he has essayed it himself. I may add that the tunnelling of the Hudson was one of the most notable engineering feats of our time, and in the big work Lord Cowdray's chief lieutenants were East Coast Scots, Sir Ernest Moir and Sir Henry Japp.

New York Scottish Society

Yes! "George did it". Thanks to the willing way all the members and their guests entered into the spirit of the evening. President Malcolm decided to make his right bower work, so did not arrive at the Smoker, May 15th, until late; and finding the events going good, he absolutely refused to take the chair from the Vice.

Chief McLean Johnston, of Clan Maconald, Brooklyn, brought his accompanist with him and opened the evening of song and story with "The Man Who Keeps the Light a-Burning", and, as an encore, "Mandalay".

Captain "Stahara" Smith, of the N. Y. Guard Instruction Corps—the "Black Belt Man" and one of Scotland's wrestlers—was the star feature of the evening. Captain Smith is at present instructing the police of New York City and the 107th Infantry in the gentle art of *Jiu Jitsu*, and with the assistance of Will Hamilton and Chief Johnson he showed many of the principles of putting your "Stahara" into it.

That "Stahara" enjoyed himself goes without saying; that he felt at home amongst his ain folk was also noticeable, and maybe among the trophies of the Black Belt Champion will repose the pin of the New York Scottish Society, as our worthy Vice-President was talking membership to him during the evening.

Captain Smith's record is one of extreme interest to CALEDONIAN readers, and perhaps at some time he may be induced to write it out for us; and it is a source of pride to think that a "Black Belt" of Japan was held against masters of the art of *Jitsu*, the Samuri, by a Scotsman.

Chief McLean Johnston claimed that he had a cold and sang only one song and finished his program in sleight-of-hand. Chief, do you always sing so well with a cold? Personally we advise a cold as a steady diet, if you can. "Mary of Argyll" handled in those fine tones again. Well the "patter" went well, too, especially the reference to the "sinews of bull" which tied thy thumbs in the ring trick. We congratulate Clan MacDonald No. 33 on its versatile Chief. He is some "Lil ole mixer" as the Yankee doughboy puts it.

Mr. Haagsma entertained us with a recitation about "The Fleas That Got Gold-Bricked". Well! maybe it was "Ze poudair brick rouge" (guess this is the way a "wild frog" croaks it.) We will admit of the cure, but the exercise one has to go through before you get the subject in a suitable form to assimilate the "Poudre" is too laborious.

Murdo Mackenzie and Andrew Gillies were led to the altar of sacrifice, and the chairman made Andy perform, without preparation, the duty we expected President MacNeill to do.

There are times when we get our ideas all crowded into a heap and then all of a sudden develop a bad stutter and our ideas get jammed in the doorway of eloquence. Andrew, they tried to put up a job, but you handled it fine, and as for our Pipe-Major Murdo—well, three cheers and a thistle!

If some one who had charge of the mutton

pies had only been fortunate enough to be present when some of our recent raids for "forbidden waters" were being enacted, and the said some one could have obtained some aqua vitae or aqua regia, we would be able to register here our absolute approval of the evening, but John Cochrane in his endeavor to get something, only produced "Rust Fluids." John said he was ready to sing if he could have something to sing with, but having left the music roll at home, he refused.

Tom Lennox, John McAinsh and Harry Hirt next formed a trio, and we had a novel feature that will bear repeating on some future date; in fact, it went so well that we formed a sing song and even "Stahara" and Past-President Crawford joined in. It has been some time since we had our worthy Past-President on his feet in songs of auld Scotia, but he was in tune this evening. Then as an encore "Bill" got a strangle hold on "Pali Archie" (Honest, for a Scotchman how do you manage to hang onto the Italian dialect, Bill?)

Brother Shepard recited for the benefit of the society and its guests "The Guns of Farragut's Fleet", and was suitably introduced by the Vice-President, who, as usual, went into the family archives and dug up some of his history.

Ex-Chief Donaldson and William Taylor, both well-known in Caledonian circles were present, and among the guests we noticed several of the members of the nautical persuasion who enjoyed every minute of the evening's entertainment.

As usual, the Vice-President used the pipes for opening the first and second halves of the program, but when James Kennedy challenged President Malcolm MacNeill to a few steps of the "strathspey", Murdo had flown to the wilds of New Jersey. Have you seen "the man of the nimble verse" illustrate with his feet the joys of Scottish poesy? "James you are ower young for a' th' snaw wecht in your locks. Malcolm has nae ghashtie when it comes to steppin' it oot."

The Vice forgot one thing as the evening finished, but Secretary Lennox was on the job and doing his duty. We closed, as we usually do, with "Auld Lang Syne" and another of the Society's Smokers was registered a success.

Overseas British-U. S. Club

Lord Balfour of Whittingehame has succeeded the late Lord Bryce as British president of the Oxford University British-American Club, the undergraduate organization in which English, Dominion and American points of view are focussed. In his letter of acceptance Lord Balfour says:

"I accept the honor which the executive committee of the British-American Club has done me with the utmost gratification, and I can assure you that there is no man living on either side of the Atlantic who entertains warmer wishes for the success of the institution than

"Yours sincerely,
"ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR."

New York Caledonian Club

Chief Alexander Caldwell presided at the second quarterly meeting of the year, held at the club hall, Tuesday, May 2nd, and had a class of six new members to initiate. Three propositions were received. The Sick and Visiting Committee reported the death of Clansman James R. Butterworth, which occurred April 13th. At the suggestion of the Memorial Committee, a sum of money was appropriated to secure much-needed articles for wounded war veterans in nearby hospitals.

On Friday evening, May 5th, the "Allies," headed by Chief Caldwell, met a team of the Scottish born members, captained by First Chieftain Vance, on the bowling alleys. When the scores were footed up, the "Allies" were found to have again landed victors in this annual club event. This was really a record for the winners, they having finished at the top of the slate two years in succession, for the first time since the institution of the contest. The "Allies" are composed of members born outside of Scotland. Several more fortunate than their team-mates or opponents, were born in the U. S. A. There was considerable chaffing among the Scots, who were inclined to lay their defeat to one of their members, who spent some years of his life as a citizen of Texas. Another Scot complained that rolling on a six-man team was inhuman and had thrown him off his game. The "Allies" took their victory just as philosophically as they used to take their defeats, and left for home very much pleased with the result of their efforts. Sandy Tasker expected to be pitted against his old Jedburgh friend, Andy Hope, but in some way Andy clean forgot all about the game; however, Sandy defeated the opponent he did get, which went a long way towards relieving his disappointment in not getting another fall out of "Auld Jed." The scores for the evening were: "Allies," 1,353, Scots, 1,307; "Allies'" majority, 46.

The concert and sixty-fifth annual ball held at Hotel Commodore, Friday evening, March 10th, will always be looked back to by those present as one of the most delightful events of their lives. The Grand Ball Room of this famous hotel, known to be the finest and largest of its kind in New York, was filled to capacity. The singers were of the highest order. Miss Alice MacKenzie scored a veritable triumph with her beautiful fresh soprano voice. The careful training of her Scottish parents was shown in her complete mastery of the words of the songs of Auld Scotia; too often they are mutilated by singers who have not been properly taught, causing acute distress to their hearers. Mr. James King, baritone and new to New Yorkers, was warmly and deservedly encored for his rendering of "Hurrah for the Highlands," and "MacGregors' Gathering." "Twa Sprigs o' Heather," by Bella Davidson and Robert Young, was a sketch that made a great hit. The Elder Troupe of dancers and the Lovatt Pipe and Drum Band, always favorites with New York audineces, added considerably to their laurels won in previous years.

After the hall was cleared the Highland Guard, Captain William G. Reid, marched in

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and was reviewed by Chief Caldwell. The Grand March was led by Chief Caldwell and Mrs. Caldwell. Dancing to the music of Forbes Orchestra kept the merrymakers busy till 3 o'clock in the morning.

TESTIMONIAL TO EX-CHIEF DONALDSON.
 Many friends of Ex-Chief James R. Donaldson met in the Club House, Thursday evening, May 11th, to let him know what they thought of his work at the head of the Club in 1920 and 1921; Chief Caldwell presided. The evening's guest was escorted in by Ex-Chiefs Reid, Foulis, Taylor and Gray, and welcomed by the Chief, who turned him over to Ex-Chief John MacLean. The latter is an orator of ability, and showed it in presenting Ex-Chief Donaldson with a silver tea-set on behalf of the assembled clansmen. In returning thanks, the worthy Ex-Chief said he felt that the honor of being at the head of the Club for two years was sufficient reward for anything he had done. Thereafter the evening was given over to short talks and songs. Among the speakers were Frank Dykes and George G. Milne, two half-century members, whose recollections of days and nights down in "Old 118" were interesting to all present; Clansman Duncan MacInnes, who went back forty years in personal recollections of happy days and nights with the Club, and Ex-Chiefs Reid and Foulis, representing previous administrations. George Murray sang and was followed by Sandy Tasker with Lachie Wilson. Clansman Duncan MacLeod recited "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor" with great effect. Music was supplied by Pipe Major



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Angus M. Fraser and Forbes Orchestra. Col. Walter Scott telegraphed from his Maine camp regrets at enforced absence. "Auld Lang Syne" closed the evening, but before leaving all shook hands with Ex-Chief Donaldson and expressed the hope that he would now have a chance to get acquainted with his family.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS.

The regular monthly meeting of the ladies was held in the Club parlor Monday evening, May 1st, the president, Mrs. Alexander Caldwell, in the chair. The principal business of the evening was completing arrangements for the Children's Party in Central Park, May 27th. When the meeting closed, the last bowling contest for the season was rolled on the alleys. The following landed prizes in the order named: Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Gilbert A. Burns, Mrs. Charleson, Mrs. John Ferguson, Mrs. Innes and Mrs. Wood. Mrs. Alexander Gordon has the booby prize on exhibition in her home in old Bloomingdale village. Mrs. Caldwell fell by the wayside, not lifting a prize, but the officers' reputation was saved by the secretary, Mrs. Burns, who captured second place.

The annual Children's Party was held in Central Park, Saturday, May 27th. The morning dawned cloudy and cold, but the sun shone brilliantly most of the day, although the temperature did not get very high. The party met at the Club House, and shortly after 11 o'clock, with the queen, Miss Marjorie Wilson, and the king, Master Douglass Charleson, under their canopy, Mrs. Caldwell and ladies supervising, Murdo Elder piped them up Seventh Avenue, and to the ground selected for the day's outing in the park.

The youngsters started in to have a lively day and made a good job of it. Prize winners in various events for the weans were Marjorie Wilson, Agnes Baird, Betsy Ross, Dysie Campbell, Agnes Mathie, Annie Sinclair, Agnes Baird, Louise Stewart, Jennie Marshall, Fred Scott, John Whiteford, Jr., Douglass Baird, John Fraser, James Wilson, Jr., James R. Donaldson, Jr., John McGilvray, Jr., Alex. Scott, Kenneth Donaldson, Murdoch MacPherson, Jr., Douglass Charleston. Two queens of former years, Cecile F. Burns and Effie Bernard, also lifted prizes in their classes. Ice cream was served and shortly after the return march to the club was taken, many of the club members acting as an escort for the finishing part of a very enjoyable day.

New York Caledonians Gang Doon th' Watter!

The third annual excursion of the New York Caledonian Club to Roton Point, Conn., was a delightful and successful affair. Earlier this year than usual—May 21 was the date—and this because of conditions over which the Committee had no control—there had been head shakings and forebodings indulged in by some of the old timers—and the weather had been wet and no ower warmm—and, ma conscience, up tae the nicht afore, it did look as if they had the best o' the bet. But, when the morning came glorious Old Sol dispelled all doubts and the good ship *Sirius* pulled out of the Battery with

a load of about a thousand happy folk. The promise of the morning was amply fulfilled for the day turned out to be ideal. The trip both ways was greatly enjoyed and the attractions of Roton Point were appreciated. Great credit is due to ex-Chief James R. Donaldson and his Committee for their untiring work in assuring the success of this excursion, in the face of seeming discouragements and difficulties.

Highlanders' Institute

Highlanders everywhere will learn with pleasure that the project of establishing a Highlanders' Institute and Social Centre in Glasgow is now well under way with every prospect of successful accomplishment.

The four Highland Dukes, Richmond and Gordon, Argyll, Atholl, and Sutherland, head a most distinguished list of patrons, which includes an array of Highland Chiefs and notables. The Lord Provost of Glasgow is chairman of the General Committee and Lochiel vice-chairman, and the various Highland Societies are taking an active part.

Messrs. David MacBrayne, Ltd., are lending the R. M. S. *Iona* free of charge for an evening cruise from the Broomielaw on the evening of Wednesday, 21st June, and, as there will be music and dancing on board, and the charge is only half a crown, the outing should be well patronized. A Scottish concert is being arranged in St. Andrew's Halls for 10th October, a Grand Highland Ball in the same place for 15th November, and a Fancy Dress Ball for 10th January, while numerous other events are also in train. The most important enterprise is the Great Highland Bazaar, to be held in St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, from 23rd to 25th November. For this Committee are actively at work in all the Highland and northern counties, as well as in Glasgow itself, and numerous whist drives, garden fetes, concerts, and other entertainments have already been held or are in preparation.

Alice MacKenzie's Success

Bonnie Alice Mary MacKenzie, daughter of piper Murdo MacKenzie, is so well known to Scots as to need no introduction. Those who have watched her progress as a concert singer have gradually come to recognize in her the possession of unusual talent and have listened with delight to her rendering of Scottish songs, while her magnetic personality and smiling presence have won a warm place in their hearts. Her many friends will rejoice to learn that she has been quietly preparing to take a higher position in the singing world. Under the careful training and coaching of one of the most accomplished teachers of stage celebrities her dramatic abilities have received immediate recognition and she has been engaged by the Joseph H. Gaites Company to play the leading part in "Up in the Clouds," which begins a tour of forty weeks next Labor Day. We are sure we shall be able to give good report of her progress, which will be awaited with interest by all who have praised her work.

"No people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as the Scots have done. No people have a greater right to be proud of their blood."—*James Anthony Froude.*

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Philadelphia Letter

Your Philadelphia subscribers are delighted to receive their CALEDONIAN with some degree of frequency, and if it keeps up the pace of March and April, it will soon attain the goal of being up to date of issue. We wish you all success, and a big augmentation of subscribers. It takes a lot of available cash to meet the running expenses of printing a magazine every month, and a little reasonable reflection on the part of readers would constrain them to remit \$1.50 for renewals when the year expires, either to the New York office, or the authorized agents. Your Quaker City readers, on the whole, are creditably prompt, yet there are a few to whom a reminder would not be amiss.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club held their annual May Hop at Clayton's Academy, preceded by a concert given by the student ladies of the Ardmore Blind Institution. Their rendition of a cantata was exceedingly pleasing, indicating careful and painstaking training. One of the ladies recited a couple of selections in the negro dialect which provoked much mirth and laughter, and another played a solo on the 'cello with astounding excellence. A part of the proceeds will be donated to the New York Crippled Children's Fund, in this case "the blind leading the lame." At the termination of the concert it was interesting to watch the blind lassies in the midst of the throng, waltzing around, apparently enjoying the dance as well as their more fortunate sisters; they longed for that dance, throttling the adage that "what the eye doesn't see, the heart does not long for."

We auld "ginks" well remember the days o' the auld lang syne when the Queen's Birthday Celebration presented its fireworks display on the 24th of May. Victoria was then our idol, but many changes have taken place since that period, and now it is Our Country, not King or Queen, that is uppermost in our patriotic fervor. Philadelphia Scots united with their Eng-

lish compatriots in celebrating "Empire Day" on Saturday, the 27th of May, on the Philadelphia and Reading Athletic Association grounds. About 1,500 people materialized to witness the field sports and fraternize in true British sociability. The first event was about to take place when bag-pipe strains were heard in the distance, and in a short time, to the surprise of the assemblage, members of the Caledonian Club in costume, marshalled by Chief William Morton, and the newly-organized Highland Guard, in command of Captain Alexander Tulloch, marched on to the field, receiving quite an ovation, and hearty applause for their fine showing.

The program of events were then proceeded with, and keenly contested; in addition to the sports there was Highland dancing, with 1st Chieftain Gilchirst, 3rd Chieftain Alexander Tulloch and Clansman Alexander Smith as judges. The Tug o' War was keenly contested by several teams vociferously fanned by their respective supporters, and after many and strong pulls, was won by the United British War Veterans, the Caledonian Club team a creditable second. A football match terminated the day, and was won by the Canadian War Veterans, their opponents of Clan Gordon pushing them so hard, that an extra half of ten minutes was played to decide upon the winner. The officers of the day were Dr. C. D. B. Balbirnie and Secretary Dewar, of the British Patriotic Association; these gentlemen are deserving of the thankful appreciation for the manner in which they performed their exacting duties, and their courtesy to one and all.

Years ago a Tom Thumb Wedding was a very popular entertainment, and recently the ladies of Clan Gordon D. of S. gave a "Queen Mary's Wedding" on the same lines. May 31st was selected and over two score of kiddies had been in training for a couple of months. The scheme was an unqualified success and ought to be repeated on a larger scale; it was too good

to be contented with one performance. There were wee tots from three years up to ten, the oldest, a bright young boy of fourteen, who officiated as the Bishop in a manner worthy of an older head. The dresses and trains of the bride and attendants were unique and dainty, the groom acted his part like a little man, and no less the ushers, who were neither blate nor rustic. The Liliputian group were like a gathering of pretty Parisian dolls. Every one in the audience was delighted with the scene and the acting, and when parting for home, expressed to each other their happinss at having been present.

At the conclusion of business, the Scots Thistle Society, at its last meeting, were entertained by Bro. David S. Greive, who gave an address on the all-absorbing topic of the age, "Radio," defining the different systems of installing and the most practical manner of procuring best results.

The Scottish Hall Association was to have held Scottish Games at Maple Grove on Saturday, June 3rd, but Burns again proved himself a philosopher when he told humanity that "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." For June 3rd experienced a rain-fall in Philadelphia which beat anything experienced in ten years; in certain sections the manholes of the sewers formed fountains, and the streets resembled lakes. The Games never got started, and the Committee resolved to adjourn until September. It may be apropos at this time to announce that the Caledonian Club Annual Games will be held as usual at Maple Grove Saturday afternoon, August 5th, at which there will be far-reaching attractions, and a specially fine Championship medal awarded for the best in sword-dance. See CALEDONIAN advertisement for list of events.

ST. MUNGO.

Treaty Picture Gift to U. S. Government

A painting of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the War of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain, was presented to the United States Government May 29 in the halls of the National Gallery of Art in the National Musuem in the presence of representatives of the United States and British governments and members of the Sulgrave Institution.

Alton B. Parker, of New York, Chancellor of the Sulgrave Institution, made the presentation on behalf of the donor, Barron Collier, of New York, a member of the institution, which is devoted to preserving the home of the Washington family in England and to promoting good understanding between the English-speaking peoples. Chief Justice Taft accepted the painting in behalf of the United States Government. The painting is the work of Sir Amedee Forestier.

In his remarks ex-Judge Parker said, in referring to the Christmas Eve scene in Ghent which the painting depicted:

"We thank God that the peace and good-will which Heaven in abundant love flung to earth

upon that night of nights was heard to echo in the refectory of the Carthusian Monastery at Ghent and that the English and American hearts there responded to it, consciously or unconsciously, with such happy promise to the lands we love."

Ex-Judge Parker referred to speeches and resolutions by politicians "intended to please certain classes of constituents," and "to wound the sensibilities of the Government and people of Great Britain." He said that in some measure they did doubtless "accomplish their offensive purpose of making some of the people in each of our respective countries feel that the people of the other country do not feel kindly."

In accepting the painting for the Government, Chief Justice Taft told of the difficulties which the Chairman of the American delegation at Ghent had to persuade his colleagues to accept his draft of the treaty before the arrival of the British representatives there. He quoted from the diary of John Quincy Adams to show these difficulties in the delegation before the draft of Gallatin was accepted.

"Mr. Gallatin," read the Chief Justice from the Adams diary, "is for striking out any expression that may be offensive to the adverse party. Mr. Clay is displeased with figurative language which he thinks improper in State papers. Mr. Russell, agreeing with the objections of the two other gentlemen, will be further for amending the construction of every sentence, and Mr. Bayard, even when agreeing to say precisely the same thing, chooses to say it only in his own language."

Among those who attended the ceremony were Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador; Sir Francis Trippel and Stephn Reid, of London; Attorney General Daugherty, Secretary Wallace, Senators Calder, Ernst Owen, Sterling, Pomerene, Fletcher, Poindexter, McKinley; a large number of members of the House of Representatives; Rudolph Forster, executive clerk to the President; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr., and the following from New York:

William Barclay Parsons, Dr. John H. Finley, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Stewart, Miss Amelia Campbell, Miss Ethel Arms, Miss Elizabeth Stewart, Mrs. John Broad, Andrew B. Humphrey, Colonel Charles A. Bryant, Colonel Walter Scott and Mrs. Edith Scott Magna.

Scottish Society of America

The Scottish Society of America met on May 24th in Fayetteville, N. C., and heard an inspiring address from the governor of North Carolina, Governor Morrison. Dr. C. G. Vardell, President of Flora Macdonald College, was elected president of the association. The Society ordered a wreath of immortelles placed on the tomb of Flora Macdonald by President Vardell when he visits Scotland this summer. Cameron, of Lochiel, Chief of the Cameron clan in Scotland, was invited by the Society to attend its next annual meeting in this country. The dancing of the Highland Fling was charmingly done by Flora Macdonald Students in costume.

An Inspiration

By J. F. W.

(From *The Mentor*, issued by the inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison.)

Gifts from our friend, Col. Walter Scott, have come to us in various and pleasant forms for a number of years. We have enjoyed many a cigar and thought of him as the smoke curled upward from our lips; many an hour has passed more agreeably because of interesting and entertaining books that he has placed in the library.

And now on Easter Day his generosity manifested itself in a gift of two beautiful silk flags, with their standards, which are to grace the platform of the chapel. One is the Stars and Stripes and the other the State flag of Massachusetts.

These flags represent, and are the symbols of, political freedom; and we who are not free, bodily, to go and come as we choose, may find in them inspiration to freedom of thought that shall raise us above our every day surroundings, that shall keep our eyes off the ground, and our minds away from the ever present dull routine, and that shall help us to see the better, nobler, finer things of life.

Col. Scott speaks to us personally through his gifts and sends us cheering messages. By our life here and by our method of living after we go from this institution, we hope to show him that we are worthy of his regard, and thus shall we express our gratitude.

Forrest Macnee

It is with regret that we record the death of Mr. Forrest Macnee. He was born in Lenoxtown, Glasgow, Scotland, and came to this country in 1888. He was associated in business for many years with the firm of John Patterson & Co., but retired a few years ago and settled in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, where he died May 5th, 1922, in his seventy-eighth year.

Mr. Macnee was a prominent and popular member of many of the Scottish organizations; the St. Andrew's Society, New York Caledonian Club, was a charter member and Past President of the New York Scottish Society, Past President of the St. Andrew's Curling Club of New York, and Representative of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club (of Scotland). He also belonged to the following Masonic orders: Republic Lodge, No. 690; Jerusalem Chapter, No. 8; Ceour de Lion Commandery, No. 23, and Mecca Temple. He was a keen and enthusiastic curler, an efficient and able officer in the various organizations with which he was affiliated, a genial companion and a warm-hearted friend.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the New York Scottish Society on June 5th, 1922:

**NEW YORK SCOTTISH SOCIETY
IN MEMORIAM
FORREST MACNEE**

It is with deep sorrow, we learn of the death of our esteemed Past President and associate, Forrest Macnee.

His individual efforts to promote the welfare of our Society, his desire at all times to en-

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gender good feeling and unselfish friendship among our members, his love and appreciation of everything that has made Scotland great, his unsparring efforts to be useful in all that was best for this Society and Scottish affairs, generally, endeared him to us all.

And those who knew him well feel in his removal from our midst by the grim reaper Death a void has been created that cannot again be filled.

Holding the memory of Forrest Macnee in affectionate regard, we mourn our loss.

In life he was known as a man of sterling character and spotless integrity.

His private life was pure and gentle, and his business career manly, upright and noble.

We tender to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy in this their hour of affliction.

President, MALCOLM MACNEILL.

Secretary, THOMAS M. LENNOX.

Mr. Lachlan Wallace, of Boston, bears his 77 years lightly, and is as light of foot and as independent and entertaining as always. He sails alone for his beloved Scotland on May 27, that he may visit again the old battlefields of Sterling, Bannockburn, and Culloden and find his way about to the haunts of his youthful days.

Rhode Island Letter

The return visit of Clan Fraser to the McAlpine Clan at Fall River was a great success, both financially and as an evening's enjoyment. Two things helped toward this; first, the Daughters of the Heather were invited to accompany the Clan, and second, the weather was delightful. There were three large heavily-laden auto-trucks, besides several automobiles, in addition to those who traveled by train. The journey in the trucks was the most enjoyable, for nearly the whole of the way the road runs through a highly-developed agricultural district, which besides providing good scenery, permitted the travelers to indulge in singing to their hearts' content without disturbing anyone, which could not have been done had the road passed through Providence or a fully built up district.

Arriving in Fall River, no time was lost. The local Clan was all prepared. Chief Campbell at once called on Chief Palmer, Mrs. Allen, of the Daughters of the Heather, and Royal Deputy F. Hutcheon to seats on the platform. Then the evening's enjoyment began. Little Annie Cooper gave several Highland dances; Clansman Muirhead sang "The Union Jack," and let us know that, although he was a Clansman, he was also an "Orangeman," loyal and true. Miss Jenny Reid rendered "Angus MacDonald" in fine style, after which Bob Knox brought down the house with "Macnamarra's Band." The Royal Deputy kept up his reputation as a good story-teller; then Mrs. Allen presented a bouquet of flowers to the lady leader of the McAlpine band, which visited Clan Fraser during Chief John Burt's period. After the speeches and a collation, Miss Jeanie Russell sang "Mary of Argyle," and Andrew McLeod (the Scottish humorist) assisted with song and patter; R. White took us back to "Bonnie Scotland" and Chief Palmer thought to get off with "The Lea Rig," but the demand for "The Soor Milk Cart" was so insistent, he had to yield. Then Bob Crawford told the story of the "Fitba' Referee." Robert Ross contributed his share, and was followed by Tom McLean with "Rothsay Bay" and Bill McCall as "Ikey Mo." Past Chief Sowerby concluded a splendid program. The success of the event was largely due to the arrangements made by P. C. McLean.

The annual church parade of the Frasers was to the Pawtucket Congregational Church. There was a good muster, and headed by the Providence Pipe Band, they made a good show in their march through the center of the city. The Clan was welcomed by the Rev. Russell Evans, who delivered a good sermon. Former Clansman Robert Gilchirst sang "My Ain Countree."

With the intention of raising a fund to provide a home for the various British Societies, or rather societies that contain members hailing from across the water, a bazaar was held in the Armory, Exchange Street, Pawtucket, on Friday and Saturday, May 12th and 13th. The stalls, or booths, were beautifully decorated, and were under the charge of the American British Women; Sons and Daughters of St. George; Daughters of the Heather; British-Canadian

Great War Veterans' Association of America and their Auxiliary; British Veterans and Auxiliary, and the American British Federation. The whole affair was very successful, and a sum of about \$2,500 was realized. This will become the nucleus of a fund which is to be raised in shares of five dollars each; this rate being fixed so that none may be excluded from such a worthy object.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

American Scotsmen Represented at the Tombs of General Washington and John Paul Jones

On Sunday, May 28, Past Royal Chief Walter Scott and a number of friends, including Mr. William Blackwood, of the Amalgamated Press, London, and Mr. S. James Brown, publicity manager of the same organization, visited Annapolis, where, with appropriate ceremonies, Mr. Scott placed a handsome floral wreath in the name of the Order of Scottish Clans of the United States and Canada on the sarcophagus containing the remains of John Paul Jones. The various buildings were then inspected and enjoyed.

The following day Mount Vernon was visited. Mr. Scott and party was met by Mr. Harrison H. Dodge, Superintendent of Mt. Vernon, who extended every courtesy. They went to the tomb in which George and Martha Washington are buried, and the gates were unlocked in order that the delegation might enter, where Mr. Scott also deposited a wreath in the name of the Order of Scottish Clans.

Mr. Dodge personally conducted the party to the old tomb, the various buildings, and showed them the rooms of the home. As he has been superintendent of Mt. Vernon for thirty-seven years, much personal knowledge of an interesting nature was imparted to the visitors. To those who had the pleasure of being there, it was a day long to be remembered.

Holyoke, Mass.

One of the most brilliant social events in Holyoke for a long time was the tea and reception given by Mrs. Russell W. Magna to the members of Mercy Warren Chapter, D. A. R., and the State D. A. R. Board.

Mrs. Magna, who retired recently as regent for Marcy Warren, wishes to express her joy in the ties with this body which has meant so much to her. Receiving with her were Mrs. Franklin Shumway, state regent of the D. A. R., the several members of the state board, all past regents of Mercy Warren, and the new regent. These latter ladies are Mrs. W. McClench, Mrs. W. O. Day, Mrs. A. O. Squier, Mrs. Joshua L. Brooks, Mrs. Frank H. Metcalf, Mrs. Merle D. Graves, and Mrs. Robert Bemis. The ushers were under the direction of Miss Rachel Cutler, of North Wilbraham, who was Mrs. Magna's page at the national convention in Washington.

The Magna home was made most beautiful for the occasion with spring flowers of every kind. The garden was used for the guests of

whom 600 had been bidden. Those present included many motor parties from all parts of the state.

More than \$3,000 has been contributed during the year by Mercy Warren Chapter, D. A. R., to different organizations and funds, according to reports made at the annual meeting in the Woman's Club house in Spring Street, in May.

Col. Water Scott, of New York, father of Mrs. Russell W. Magna, of Holyoke, retiring regent of Mercy Warren Chapter, sent a telegram to the meeting thanking the chapter for recently making him an honorary patron and pledging his allegiance to the chapter and its work. He also sent a beautiful cluster of flowers.

Mrs. Magna, in retiring from office, gave a short but splendid address on the aims and purposes of the society, saying, "Our ancestors builded a plan for future years that we might have our heritage today. Let us so build, not on traditions alone, nor yet sufficient unto ourselves for today, but for the beautiful tomorrows so that in the years to follow they may say, in looking back upon our co-operative endeavors with the schools, the new citizens and our patriotic work, "they builded better than they know, and may God bless them."

Mrs. Magna received many beautiful bouquets from the members for her untiring efforts as regent of the society.

Mrs. Robert Bemis, of Chicopee, was elected regent. Other officers elected were as follows: First vice-regent, Mrs. George C. Bulkley; second vice-regent, Mrs. A. D. Robinson; recording secretary, Mrs. Frank Holyoke, of Holyoke; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Herbert R. Puffer, re-elected; treasurer, Mrs. A. W. Dodge, re-elected; assistant treasurer, Mrs. Dwight R. Winter; registrar, Mrs. George L. Woods, re-elected; historian, Miss Annie L. Towne, re-elected; directors, Mrs. Cyrus H. Converse, Mrs. Julia E. Judd and Mrs. Z. C. Clapp.

Mrs. Mary A. Robinson was chairman of the welcoming committee. Mrs. C. P. Chase and Mrs. Merle D. Graves were hostesses. Mrs. Joseph Collingwood, of Holyoke, gave vocal selections.

Clan MacMaster of America

The biennial reunion of the Clan MacMaster will be held at Hotel Battery Park, Asheville, N. C., Thursday, July 27th, 1922, at 11 A. M., for registration and display of tartans; at 2 P. M. for group photograph, and at 7 P. M. for dinner (informal dress), followed by addresses, songs, roll call of states and short talks open to all. Previous meetings were held at Gettysburg, Pa. (1911), Lake Conneaut, Pa., (1914), Niagara Falls, N. Y., (1916), and Asbury Park, N. J. (1920).

All of the name (no matter how spelled), blood or family connection are most cordially invited to attend, and, if possible, spend the week end.

Ample accommodations may be obtained at the above and other hotels. No dues. Miss Katherine MacMaster, secretary, Rockville, Montgomery County, Maryland.

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London Journalists Guests of Colonel Walter Scott in Washington

Mr. William Blackwood, director of the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., London, also editor of *Answers*, and Mr. S. James Brown, publicity manager of Amalgamated Press, Ltd., London, who are making a short business tour of this country, visiting a few of the principal cities, such as New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Toronto and Montreal, brought letters of introduction to Colonel Scott from Sir Harry Lauder and William Morris. They missed seeing Col. Scott in New York, but they met in Washington on the morning of the 28th, where with a few friends they had breakfast and a social hour at the New Willard, which was followed by an enjoyable motor trip to Annapolis, where they viewed all the buildings and assisted Mr. Scott in placing a wreath in the sarcophagus of John Paul Jones. Upon returning to Washington Messrs. Blackwood and Brown became the hosts at tea, when another enjoyable hour was spent.

Both of these gentlemen are studying America's publishing and publicity methods. They have been very much impressed with America, American cities, and American men and women, and especially the hospitality that has been extended to them everywhere. They have also been very happy to find in their travels only good will between the peoples of America and Great Britain.

Flora Macdonald College

Flora Macdonald's 26th commencement was made notable by the receipt of word from the Carnegie Corporation of New York of an appropriation of \$50,000 for the purpose of securing permanent endowment. The gift is made contingent on the securing of new funds to the amount of \$150,000 by January 1, 1925. The acting president, Henry S. Pritchett, has notified President Vardell of the gift, which makes possible an endowment of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The corporation will make a gift of \$2,500 per year until the above date.

President Vardell has accepted an invitation to speak at the unveiling of the tablet to be erected at the grave of Flora Macdonald on the Isle of Skye, on July 5th. While there he will be the guest of Miss Emily Livingstone, great-great-great-granddaughter of the Scottish heroine. Later Dr. Vardell will be the guest of Col. C. Macdonald, of Dunvegin, who last year gave to the college a collection of priceless heirlooms. Dr. Vardell will sail from New York, June 22d, on the Cunard line steamer *Cynthia*.

John Stuart Blackie

(Continued from page 55)

school examination. When he asked for such a song there was no response. During Gladstone's visit to Scotland, Blackie was asked to meet him at Taymouth and Dalmeny. He began in 1880 by lecturing in Glasgow on the crofters, and preached what he called a sermon to the lairds, and later issued a pamphlet on the subject, which came up again in his "Lay Sermons" and in his book on "The Scottish Highlanders and the Land Laws." Later home holidays were spent at Kingussie, Pitlochry, and St. Mary's Loch. He certainly carried out the desire to spend some part of every year in travelling in Scotland.

Into his "Altavona: Fact and Fiction from my Life in the Highlands," Blackie poured all the experience gained by sixteen years of residence at Oban, from wanderings, and rounds of visits at Highland mansions. This book, written in conversational style, reminds one of the "Noctes" in *Blackwood*, rendered famous by John Wilson, but is less hilarious. He found ambulatory dialogue among representative types of churchmen and philosophers, and even a German thrown in, a form in which topographic detail

and argumentation came naturally. We hear about Highland geneologies, Macdonalds, Campbells, excursions to Inverness or Kerrera, to St. Columba's Inn, Iona; Kinnaird, Pitlochry, where the writer had a holiday, and in which the scenic setting is cleverly sketched; the inn at Gairloch, where the Blackies had an early holiday, and finishes at Altavona, Oban. There is a version of Blackie's translation of the nut-brown maiden song, and a valuable list of books on Highland subjects, which were read or consulted.

He had been able to say at sixty-three years of age that there were few districts in Scotland he had not seen, from Wigtown to Cape Wrath, while his lectures on Scottish song and other patriotic subjects interested men everywhere. Of the half hundred books and pamphlets he published, not one was barren of results among a thinking public. The Gaelic Chair may have been disappointing, yet he did something to interest the world in the Highlands and Highland subjects. Perhaps he was neither a great scholar or Greek professor, but he was a man of some genius and strong, pure personality, who gave the best that was in him for causes he believed in, for what was pure and good and beautiful.—R. C., in *Scottish Field*.

New Publications

AN ROSARNACH. Glasgow: Maclaren & Son, 1921. This, the third volume of this all Gaelic annual, maintains in paper, typography, etc., the high standard set by the previous two. The first article is an able study of Macbride and the Scottish Crown by Mr. Hector Macdougall. The author, however, is somewhat careless in his treatment of Gaelic's place-names. Monzievairst, for instance, means "The Bard's plain" (Magh Bhaird), not "High hill" (Monadh ard). Neil Shaw gives a well-written account of Gaelic manners and customs in Jura. Lachlan Macbean, Editor of the *Fife-shire Advertiser*, deals with Fife history and legends in an interesting way, but like Mr. Macdougall, is a little shaky in his etymologies. A writer, using the initials D. M. N. C., describes poetically an episode in the life of the hardy fishermen of the Western Isles. Another article deals with references to Scotland and Ireland in the Vatican archives, and "Before and after Langside" and "A visit to the dentist," complete the volume. The work is one worthy of support by all lovers of the old Gaelic tongue.

G. F. B.

New York, August, 1922

AUG -5 1922

The Caledonian

THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH
MAGAZINE

SEP 10 1922

THE PENTLAND HILLS.....	101
<i>By Frederick Niven</i>	
A SCOTTISH SURPRISE PARTY (Poem) ...	103
<i>By John Imrie</i>	
IN OOR HAME TOON.....	104
<i>By Stephen Chalmers</i>	
THE PASSING OF "ROB WANLOCK".....	112
<i>By Gilbert Rae</i>	
JOHN MUIR (Part VI).....	113
<i>By Charles Pettigrew</i>	
WHEN YER FISHIN' ON THE HUMBER (Poem)	123
<i>By Emanine Cameron Parsons</i>	
THE BANGIN' O' THE DOOR.....	124
<i>By David J. Beattie</i>	
AULD SCOTIA'S LYRIC KING AND QUEEN (Poem)	127
<i>By James D. Law</i>	
OUR GLASGOW LETTER.....	127
<i>By Grace Darling Wilson</i>	
SCOTTISH AND BRITISH SOCIETIES.....	131

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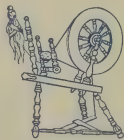
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—CHARLES MACKAY.

The Pentland Hills

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

It is always the Pentland Hills that come up in my mind's eye, with wavering grass on the near crests, and the spots of birds rising and falling there, when I read in Stevenson: "In the wild end of a moorland parish, far out of sight of any house, there stands a cairn among the heather, and a little by east of it, in the going down of the brae-side, a monument with some verses half-defaced. It was here that Claverhouse shot with his own hand the Praying Weaver of Balweary, and the chisel of Old Mortality has chinked on that lonely gravestone."

They run south-westward, south of Edinburgh, through Midlothian and into Peebleshire east and Lanarkshire west, mounting over eighteen hundred feet, and fanning to a breadth that wavers between a little less and a little more than four miles. North over the carse where Auld Reekie lies veiled in smoke, the castle protruding on its crag (or with the smoke whirled away from its chimney-pots like a banner) is the broad Forth, a blue mirror or a grey belt of steel as the day de-

crees, and beyond again the green front of Fife lit and shadowed, and the contours of the Ochils. If the day be crystal I believe the little knob of Dundee Law may be descried beyond the Fife Lomonds. Far off, north-west, is the wavering indigo scar of the Grampians, with the jagged points or humps of Ben Aan, Ben Ledi, Ben Voirlich, Ben Lomond. Such is the view from Allermuir or Caerketton, with startled swallows (that have their half-yearly homes along the cliff-fronts there) like aerial dolphins overhead. From Scald Law or Carnethy, looking south and west, the view is down heathery slopes, and over the tops of copses and the roofs of Penicuik (the film of smoke at Leadburn only a trifling smudge in the landscape) to far patterned fields, backed by streaks of green and purple, and the swell of other hills—the Moorfoot Hills and Lammermuir:

"I saw rain falling, and the rain-bow drawn
On Lammermuir. . . ."

As with most parts of these islands historical associations are on all sides,

even where there is nothing to be seen but bracken-filled dips, knolls of heather, brown shoulders of hill, and nothing to hear but the bleat of sheep, the bubbling of a morass, the curlew's whistling call, and the "pee-wee! pee-wee!" of the crested lap-wing. Monk's Burn tells of an old-time rest house for (presumably) Cistercian monks from Glasgow. When one comes to details in such matters it is advisable to say presumably; for there are as many opinions regarding details of past history as on the history we are making to-day. On the hill above Monk's Burn (a little to south from the right of way through the pass from Bavelaw to Nine Mile Burn) is a rough font-stone, filled by the rain.

Temple Hill perpetuates the memory of the Templars, once powerful in the neighborhood. Causewayend is believed by some to mark the end of a Roman way; and against those who doubt their belief they bring the evidence of coins of Vespasian and Marcus Aurelius unearthed near by. Colinton is, of course, the Colintoun near which Cromwell's army camped, whence they marched after the Scots towards Corstorphine; ". . . but because the English feared it was too near the castle of Edinburgh, they would not hazard battail there; wherefore both armies marched to Gogar . . . and played each upon other with their great guns." Men have played each upon other with their guns in many places round the Pentlands. It was at Rullion Green, over the fanning base of hill near Glencorse, that the Covenanters, numbering nine hundred horse and foot were routed by Dalziel's forces of six hundred horse and two or three thousand foot in the year 1666. Some in their flight were killed by peasantry toward Penicuik; others, taking to the hills, were caught in bogs and perished there. One was succoured by a cottar on the Medwin Burn, but would not stay there, pushed on along the hills determined to win home to Lesmahagow. A mile from the cot his strength failed and he lay down and died. There the cottar buried him, and a hundred and six years later his body was disinterred from the wonderfully preserving peat and reburied on the Black Law; and a stone was set up over him to tell his story.

On September 15th, 1745 (the hills would be tawny and the grouse chirring) the long exhortation from the pulpit of Glencorse Church was interrupted by news of the coming of the "wild heelandmen." Farm produce was commandeered from the crofts nestling at the hill foot; inns were looted of their ale and usquebaugh; protests were lodged, and the Prince promised punishment upon the thieves; and sometimes farmers found small parties of the invaders—twos and threes—and looted them of their loot. Ever and again, since the ice-fields slid away northward from the hills, leaving their hieroglyphics scrawled on the high rocks, men's voices have been raised loud there. Many volleys have been fired for the hills to echo a moment. The shouting has gone past; the old quiet has reigned again.

No one blessed (or vexed!) with any feeling for place, if he were carried blindfold to Harper Rig (just west of the Cauldstaneslap—a name familiar to readers of *Weir of Hermiston*), and there had the kerchief taken from his eyes, but would feel as though he were carried into an earlier century. He would not have to be told, looking down the ridges, that the ribbon below was of a turnpike road. He would hardly be astonished to hear in the keen air the sound of a post-horn, to see suddenly, across the purple distance, the speeding bulk of the stage-coach from the Grassmarket for Clydeside, to hear a clatter of pails come from the yard of the inn below. But the inns crumble by the deserted highway. "Little Vantage"—"Boll o' Bear"—these names and others, quaint to our ears, belong to other days. They are the names of ghosts of inns. The turnpike road is falling into the state of the old drove-roads that now only spasmodically show, green belts among the heather, winding, lost and glimpsed again. Only so, in patches, can we see the past. Yet for those who are alive to-day it is less, perhaps, what men have done along the flanks of these hills or in flights or journeys through them, than just the hills that matter—with their quiet, and the invigorating winds that blow, the robust odor of wild mint, the drumming of the burns that was before

the drums of Cope and Cromwell. These old hills are so near to Edinburgh that any citizen who cares to take flight to them may be treading their turf, swinging his stick happily, within the hour.

In the dry year of 1901 I chanced to be in Edinburgh one Sunday and the front of the Pentlands, glimpsed suddenly from a street in Merchiston, blazed a counter-invitation to that of the church bells. I tramped out to Colinton and over the saddle to Glencorse. The sheet of water there is really a reservoir (constructed in the year 1882), not a natural loch. In that hot summer the Logan and March burns had shrivelled. The glen looked again as it was before the coming of the engineers, and the chapel of Saint Katherine was disclosed for the first time in fifty-nine years.

I held my own service there in the sun, tracing out the place of the walls and scraping the dried mud from the grooved date on a great tombstone: 1623. Some lettering on it I could not decipher, but I am told it is part of the text: "Blessed

are the dead who die in the Lord." Because of the heat the sheep crouched anxiously under the shade of bushes. Even the mauve butterflies (or day-moths), no bigger than your little finger nail, seemed languid in their flutterings. Everywhere was the odor of scorched grass and heather-stalks. The hills had the quality of old tapestries. What lurks in Robert Reid's *Ballad of Kirkbride*, in Wordsworth's *The Solitary Reaper*, in Lady Nairn's *The Rowan Tree*, in Violet Jacob's *The Gean Trees*, was everywhere that day, a spirit on the basking rolls, an influence in the blue air, an emanation from the soil.

Men who have loved these hills can never forget them. In mountains mightier by far, rising with tall timber, rocky crests, and wedges of glaciers, half the world away, I have recalled them; the cry of the loon has changed to the pipe of the "lang-nebbit" curlews, or the call of the "pee-wee"; across the years I have seen the brown flank of Carnethy, like a great bear-skin spread in the sun.—*Scots Pictorial*.

A SCOTTISH SURPRISE PARTY

By JOHN IMRIE

Ae nicht I sat my lee-some lain
Beside the big ha' stove,
A-dreamin' ower and ower again
O' folks an' scenes I love;
In thocht I cross'd the big saut sea
An' smelt the caller air
O' bonnie Scotland, dear to me,
My native lan' sae fair!

Guid bless my heart! what's that I hear?
The strains o' "Tullochgorum!"
Some Hielan' laddies maun be near,
Guid feith I'll jine their quorum!
I took my bonnet frae the wa',
An' roun' me drew my plaidie,
Then briskly stappit frae the ha',
Said—"Lads, I'll walk beside ye

We marched a' up an' doon the toon,
The chanter gaed a'hummin';
The piper noo had changed his tune:
"The Campbells are a-comin'!"
It made me walk sae smart an' vain,
I couldn' speak my feelin's—
It seem'd to me like hame again,
An' I were in the Hielan's!

We marched into a great big ha',
Like colts we a' got prancin',
Sine lads an' lassies ane an' a'
Pair'd oot an' fell a-dancin'!
It was a happy nicht to me,
Wi' fun an' daffin' cheerie;
I'll mind it till the day I dee,
We never seem'd to wearie!

We a' join'd hands an' made a ring,
Ilk jo link'd to his dearie,
An' then we a' began to sing—
"For a' Lang Syne," fu' cheerie!
'Twas then amang the wee sma' hours,
The snaw was fa'in' rarely;
Ilk tartan plaid wrapt twa Scotch flowers,
The piper played—"Prince Charlie!"



Memories of a Scottish Village

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."—Longfellow.

X

THE DOCTOR'S LOVE-STORY

If Mrs. Urquhart ever reads these pages surely she will exclaim: "Losh, preserve 's! Ye'd think there were nae wimmin in oor toon!"

Ay. There were. Mrs. Urquhart, for instance, wha kened mair o' ither folk's affairs than was guid for ither folk. And there was Jennie Lindsay, emergency nurse, the midwife who took credit for a bairn's entry into the world, when surely some was due the Lord and Dr. McNeish. What Jennie did not know about a family's affairs, even to the cooking when visitors were not expected, and the expenses of the last funeral in the house, was not worth repeating. It was from things Jennie dropped (in the way of mysterious but broad hints, ye ken) that oor toon pieced together the doctor's love-story. She was not attending the doctor's wife either when she acquired the information.

Dr. Jamie McNeish, you must know, had a grand dignity and a fine future when he left Edinburgh University and set up to practise in oor toon. He was a man of great learning and inspired as much respect as—as—well, as the Rev. Dr. McCandlish, or even the Provost. As Gangy the bill-poster remarked:

"When Jamie McNeish gangs by through the toon wi' his wee bit bag in ae haund, he carries the ither haund sort o' turned back an' hauf-closed, as if he

was hidin' Gabr'el's trumpet up his sleeve."

Holy Tammas said the man was a snob trying to be "Inglified," but in after-years Tammas took it back when, Tammas's wife going the way of all flesh after a long, long illness, Jamie McNeish (this was about the time of the doctor's own trouble) laid a hand on the widower's shoulder and said:

"I've mislaid the bill, Tammas. Ye can square the debt by mindin' me in your prayers. I'm in need o' them, Tammas."

That was when oor toon knew there was something amiss with the doctor. Where before his marriage to a daughter of the gentry he had held himself a cut above the common herd, and where you would have thought his marriage into society would have made him more aloof, he took to drinking heavily. Many a night he was called in a hurry (professionally) from the backroom of Sandy Blue's Tavern, where he was taking his dram with the rest and aye seemed the last to want to go home.

There were some that jaloused the woman he married was at the bottom of the trouble; and they were partly right. But not knowing this as a fact, you would have thought Jamie McNeish the lucky man; for he had married a grand lady who was very handsome and rich in her own right. Those of the common herd who came in contact with her—at Easter and Christmas, for instance, when there

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was kirk decorating to be done or all classes found one level around the seasonal manger—said she was very sweet and sisterly “an’ pit on nae airs ata’, ata’.”

Ay; but there are many grand ladies like that in the world—women who can be sweetly condescending without seeming to patronize, having patronage down to a fine art. At home she seems to have been a very different person, as puir Jamie soon found out. He had plucked a thorn along with his rose.

She was that kind of a kittenish-sel-fish, sweetly-vindictive, fade-awa’-at-rouble woman who takes all the man out of a husband, if he be a complacent gentleman, and makes of one who is neither complacent nor a gentleman a wife-beater or even a strangler. Jamie, unfortunately, was a gentleman; that is, he was a naturally refined man of a gentle and humane disposition. Ask Holy Tammas.

Maggie Dalgetty, who did the Mc-Neish family wash every other Monday, besides the Spring-cleaning in season, is authority for the naming of a few of Mrs. Jamie McNeish’s ways.

According to Maggie (who may have learned much from Mrs. Jamie’s maid), Ella McNeish resented the doctor’s getting up in the middle of the night and responding to a sick call. More than that, she resented his coming back to bed at unseasonable hours. Every other week she was sure she was developing small-pox or diphtheria, or scarlet fever, from germs brought home by the doctor; yet she objected to his washing his hands in a carbolic solution every time he came into the house. She made him wash all over again with scented soap (which Jamie detested) before she would let the man come to his dinner.

Sometimes he would be called to a sick-bed before he was well through with his soup.

“Let them wait, James!” she would cry.

“I can’t, Ella,” was all the doctor would say, rising and getting his little black bag.

Then she would burst into tears and declare he set more by a sick pauper than by his own wife. And as things got worse she revealed that underneath her

sweet, kittenish ways she had claws and a fury of a temper. One wash-day when Maggie Dalgetty was eating in the kitchen there came a crash from the dining-room and the maid came through the pantry door with a scared face.

“Heeven forgi’e us!” exclaimed Mrs. Dalgetty. “What’s gaun gyte, Mary?”

“She didna wait till I got clear o’ the room but flung a plate at his heid an’ hit the c’andelier by mistake!”

Mrs. McNeish never kept the same servants two months running.

Things went from bad to worse in the young doctor’s home. His practice increased, for he was a clever physician and oor toon had faith in him. He was out day and night and in all kinds of weather; but it was not hard work which brought that strained look to his eyes. Of the sick poor he became even more solicitous, and many a man took off his bonnet when Jamie McNeish went by on the road.

His wife, in the meantime, was fluttering about with the gentry. She was first in the councils of the Dorcas Society and Oor Toon Charity League, and she usually had charge of the annual Christmas Tree arrangements for Mr. Swazey, or the church decorations for Easter and Harvest Festival. Forever she was dining out with the families of the Glasgow merchant-princes who lived in mansions along the Bullwood shore, or playing tennis and taking afternoon tea. She even gave teas herself. Then Jamie tried his best to look interested and to hide his anxiety for his sick charges. Often after these teas he would go half the night on a transparent butter-slice and a cup of Pekoe that cost a half-guinea a pound. Many’s the night he came home to a dead fire and a plate of cold mutton (while Ella was wading through courses at Sir Hubert Jermyn’s); and there was one cold winter night when Maggie Dalgetty (who was sleeping in the house for the cleaning) took him into the kitchen and made him a bowl of hot meal-brose. And Maggie wondered why the doctor’s voice failed him when he tried to thank her.

But oor toon knew nothing of all this at the time, and suspected none of it until late one evening when Jamie Mc-

Neish walked into Sandy Blue's Tavern and said:

"Well, lads, let's *all* hae a dram. What's the odds, anyway!"

That was the beginning of the doctor's drinking. Not that he became a drunkard by any means—at least, not until later. But from that time on he seemed more sociable with those whom previously he had rather ignored, as if they hardly existed in the same world. It was even safe for Gangy the bill-poster, in passing the time o' day with Dr. McNeish, to jerk his chin toward Sandy Blue's and ask if it was ower early in the day.

It was noticeable, too, that the doctor, who had once been so genteel and careful in his dress, was becoming careless. His clothes got to be shiny and baggy at the elbows and knees, his linen lacked yesterday's freshness and he did not shave every day now, explaining that he had little time for the razor when half the bairns had measles.

As may be surmised, this indifference to the outward niceties did not add to his peace at home. But the doctor seemed to have become indifferent, also, to his wife's strictures. According to the maid (*pro tem.*) one night when he came home (a little cheery, perhaps) and found his wife actually waiting dinner for him and she began in her martyred way:

"Dear me, James! I should think—"

"Oh, dry up!" said the doctor; after which the fur flew—Jamie's.

And then the queer thing happened. You must remember that this story of the probable development and sequence of matters is pieced together from report—mainly Jennie Lindsay's; and it was about this time that Jennie appeared in the stage-wings of this domestic tragedy.

The summer climate in oor toon is very pleasant—when it does not rain; especially in September when the Firth lies below the rocks like a piece of sky-blue satin drawn taut, and the Cowal hills that sweep down to it remind you of a great lady's train of heather-purple. To oor toon, then, came a beautiful English girl with her mother. The girl was ailing of consumption, they said, and her loveliness was of that ethereal marvel which

so often seems to be nature's compensation. From Derbyshire she had come for change, and her mother appointed Dr. Jamie McNeish physician during the stay. The doctor, after his first visit, brought in Jennie Lindsay as practical nurse.

Jennie was with Ruth Girdlestone when the doctor made his second visit, and later she described the meeting of these two.

"It was as if they had kened ane anither for years instead o' days," said Jennie. "Eh, but she was the bonnie thing—uneearthly bonnie—lyin' there in her wrapper that was the color o' her flushed cheeks, the rest o' her skin like they fine Chiny cups ye can see the blue in, and eyes that look't as if they belonged tae anither world than this. Uneearthly bonnie! Nane o' the sinfu' world in her—sweet an' lovely, like an angel.

"An' Jamie McNeish—he hardly said a word to her, or she to him for that maitter. She was lookin' at the door when he cam' in, an' for a while he juist stood there in the door, lookin' at her—oot o' himsel' like.

"It was very strange, the way they didna speak. He cam' to the chair by her bed an' sat doon, his eyes on her face, his finger on her white wrist where you could see the veins like wee blue threads; and by an' by his hand slipped that gently into hers an' his e'en fu'd up wi' great, big tears.

"For why? Oh, I dinna ken, an' I was near to greetin' mysel'. It was such a great pity—sae young, sae beautiful. . .

"But it was no long afore I kened. Her eyes were aye on the door when he was expekit, an' aye when he cam' in he stood for a wee bit in the door—juist lookin' at her like he was drinkin' in something that wouldna last long."

Jennie had it right. These two, like souls who have known one another some time, somewhere, merged into one at their first meeting, and that with hardly a word uttered. And it was about this time that the doctor's nights were given over to downright, deliberate drinking, and he became utterly indifferent to what his butterfly of a wife said or did. If

she went off in one of her tantrums and threw half the dinner set at him, he just dodged and laughed in a crazy, bitter way. If she began to nag him about going to Sandy Blue's and drinking and associating with the common herd, he would stand it just as long as it took him to finish his dinner, then reach for his bag with just that one remark of his: "Oh, dry up!"

Often, said the maid who happened not yet to have given notice, the mistress would tear up the house in a fit of hysterics, after which she would dress up in her best and go off to spend the evening with some family that was the doctor's particular *bête noir*, while the doctor made his evening rounds. Then he would hang over his dram until late in the night, cracking doubtful jokes with the cronies of oor toon, like hinting that the time Sandy McClung got the coffin measurements wrong he didna fash to make a new one!

But no matter how badly off in the matter of balance Jamie McNeish might be when he got home of a night, he was the sober, quiet doctor when he would go next day to call on his patient, Miss Girdlestone. From these visits (at which Jennie was not always present) he would go like a man in a dream, like one who has bathed in some holy spring and emerged purged of all grossness of earth. But then he would go to the other extreme before the day was done.

As for his patient—her love for the doctor, discovered on earth too late, touched her ethereal beauty with a loveliness which, while it did not mend her body, made her pure spirit seem more and more of an angel's. As Jennie Lindsay said, you could see she was not long for this world, and if loving Jamie McNeish made her happy there was no sense in telling the poor dear that he was a married man!

Ruth Girdlestone died one night when all the world was white and the charity of Christmas was in the heart of mankind. She had been quiet all the afternoon—sleeping, the nurse thought. She awoke and asked Jennie to summon the doctor.

He had not expected the call and maybe his Christmas cheer had been acquired mainly at Sandy Blue's. He was not drunk, but the sick girl knew at once that

something was amiss by the way he averted his eyes and sat away from her. She pressed him to tell her what was wrong. Neither of them seemed to remember or think of Jennie Lindsay, sitting quietly there by the bedroom fireside.

"I've been taking a drink, dear," said the doctor, shamefacedly. To his credit be it said that he made no mention of the seasonal excuse. "I often do. You might as well know it. God knows I've reason enough, although, of course, it is playing the coward. Sorry. I'd have given my right hand before you should know it."

"Why, doctor?" she whispered, her great eyes looking at him with pained concern—for him.

He could not meet her eyes, or make answer. Presently a thought seemed to dawn upon her—something in the nature of divining. She smiled and bade him look into her eyes.

"Give me your hand—Jamie," she said in a faint, distant murmur.

He obeyed and her gaze held his, while her hand lay like a white lily in his great palm.

"Doctor—Jamie," she said, still heedless (if she was ever aware) of Jennie's presence, "loving you has made me very happy. I'm not afraid to die—only that I shall leave you alone. It has come to me that you need me. Jamie—I shall be with you—always."

She closed her eyes and lay still for a while, his hand holding hers, her breathing hardly perceptible. Suddenly the doctor leaned forward and stared hard at her face. His jaw muscles contracted and the color left his countenance.

"Ruth!" he whispered tensely.

The curtains of her eyes fluttered upward and her lips parted in a smile.

"Jamie," she murmured, just audibly. "For my sake . . . you will not. . . ."

"For your sake, Ruth . . . I will not," he answered, understanding.

"Now—kiss me," her lips formed rather than uttered.

Dr. Jamie McNeish leaned forward and lightly touched the white brow with his lips. . . . There was silence after that. . . . The doctor was watching the face on the pillow. . . . Presently he leaned forward again, kissed the half-closed eyes and then sat for a long time with his head bowed. . . . Jennie Lind-

say softly tiptoed from the room, leaving them together in eternal silence.

After that day, Dr. McNeish's character seemed to undergo another change. Again he was the physician of other days who went about his business in aloof silence. But he was older, very much older. If anything his kindness to the sick of oor toon was more marked. In seven cases out of ten he "misaid" the bills. And he never touched the cup of forgetfulness again.

More and more he became the "poor man's doctor" and was unable even to keep a horse and buggy. In all weathers, at all hours, you might see him afoot with his little black bag, coming and going from the houses of pain. Often unable to meet his financial obligations, you would have thought his wife had more cause than ever to nag him.

But a change had come over her, too. Perhaps bits of the doctor's love-story drifted to her and she, too, pieced together a tale. Perhaps in the way of some women the affair challenged her to win him back to herself. Or perhaps the queer detachment of the doctor, his silence, his infinite patience and acceptance of her every whim as something to be expected, tolerated, borne—particularly the matter of his giving up his solace, liquor, for no definitely explained reason—perhaps these things awakened in her an awe and fear of him. She found herself dwelling in the same house with

a courteous, deferential mystery, a sphinx whose mind she could not penetrate.

From that time on till death presumably dissolved their union they were like that in their relationship. No longer did she protest at his professional comings and goings in the night, nor object to the odor of carbolic. No longer was it necessary for Maggie Dalgetty or anyone else to make the doctor a bowl of hot meal-brose. She gave up much of her butterfly flutterings in society. Always when he came home of an evening—no matter what the hour—a curiously wistful woman brought him his slippers, warmed, his letters and papers, and waited on a word from him as a crumb from the table of some superior and distant being. The meal-hours were the hours most convenient to the doctor, and his wife was seldom absent from the table.

Such solicitude was not lost upon him. He was kind, if never tender; thoughtful of her, though never demonstrative. And perhaps she was happy—happier than she had ever been, that is—striving to please him. Until the end Jamie McNeish was a good husband to his wife, even the whisperers had to admit.

But for many a year after that, on a certain day, Sandy McClung, the undertaker, placed a wreath of white and red roses on a grave in the little churchyard behind St. Margaret's. Presumably he did it at someone's order. Sandy made a business of that sort of thing.

"Ossian" MacPherson and R. L. S. at Kingussie

Leaves are falling in the flickering sunshine as we pause on the Great North Road, and look out on the little town of Kingussie lying snug within its folding hills. The dying splendors of autumn's coloring loom here and there like tinted vapors on the quiet miles of countryside, interspersed with many a quaint old gabled cottage and picturesque ruin, and as we swing along in expectation to the

vaulted streets and pleasant byways, quiet and solitary, dreamy sentiment, which has floated down the years, echoes lovingly in the whispers of bygone voices. For Kingussie is full of fascinating suggestion, full of literary story, which appeals to the wanderer on literary pathways. True, the great valley of Badenoch can boast of no outstanding poet as the Tweed can boast of Sir Walter

Scott and James Hogg, of John Leyden and James Thomson; as the Aberdeenshire Dee, the cold, grey Forth, and the wan waters of Clyde of the ballad singers; as Allan Water and the Banks and Brae o' Doon of their respective bards; or as classic Yarrow of its legion of admirers. No poet of eminence has snug the praises of this delectable vale, though many distinguished in the realm of letters have glanced through the windows of a shooting lodge and jotted in their diaries. But the site of a stately home gives you back the memory of "Ossian" Macpherson, and a glimpse of four famous trees and a tavern name recalls a memorable visit of that wayward genius, Robert Louis Stevenson—"Our Lewie," as Henley affectionately called him—who did well to be born in "the quaint grey-castled city where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the soft showers fly and beat." And if you know the minor bards, too minor, perhaps, to be worth more than a passing reference, you may listen to—

... mournful love tales, of old tragedies,
 Filling the heart with pity and the eyes
 With tears at bare remembrance; and old songs
 Of Love's endurance, Love's despair, Love's
 wrongs,
 And triumphs o'er all obstacles at last,
 And all the grief and sorrow of the past.

EVERLASTING RECOLLECTIONS

To the wayfarer these are enchanting recollections. They take you over hill and dale, along main roads and by-roads, through woods and along streams. Like a book of companionship, they are steeped in the aftermath of a time that has been, and of days that come no more save through the mists of reminiscence. And thinking thus, you weave your journey ever onwards adown the byways of a great romance.

A BREATH OF OLD-WORLD SCOTLAND

There is more than a breath of old-world Scotland in the quaint, stony streets of this little town. The sunshine pours its bright stream before you, lighting up ancient crevices and old-fashioned lintels with a clear picturesqueness. Figures of fate peep at you here and there, shadowy shapes, whose fame has come down the changes of the years. Through the silver sheen of the morning mist the sound of voices breaks in upon your meditations. And of these voices, one like a half-

drawn sob sounds clear above the others. You mechanically lift your eyes to the great hills and stretching valleys as its sad, sweet music comes to the ear, while your lips automatically murmur in reply:

O bard! I hear thy voice; it is pleasant as the gale of the spring that sighs in the hunter's ear, when he awakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits of the hill.

THE VOICE OF OSSIAN

The Ossianic sigh that stirred the world, you may say, echoes only on the slopes of Blauen, mid the woods of Selma, in the tides of Lora. Or that only through the mists of Morven, by the scattered boulders of Glen Sligachan, and over the livid Cuchullins with their shades of fighting heroes, moans of desolate children, and smoke of ruined homes, is it possible to interpret that classic prose which rises to a shriek, dies, and lingers in a sob. The contemporary seldom understands. But just as you have sat by the ingle neuk of a December evening while the wintry blast howled without, and trembled adown the chimney, with an eerie and ghostly wail, so too can you listen to the voice of Ossian mid the ruins of Ruthven and the solitude of the immediate surroundings. The morning can be as grey in Kingussie as in Cromla, and the "pale light of the night," equally as sad. And if your heart be in sympathetic tune, you can sit with the bard on the top of the hill of winds with the trees rustling above you. There are other murmurings, too, that come back—the tender message of Vinuella to her lover, Shilric, the death speech of Fellan, the lament of Malvina, and most touching of all, "the last sound of the voice of Cona"—sentimental and intimate croonings which not only changed the whole romantic literary movement of Europe, indirectly affected the poetry of Blake, the prose style of Bulwer Lytton, Ruskin, and De Quincey, but as Professor Macmillan Brown says, "Lent the genius of Scott to the Highlands, moulded the dramas of Byron, and the often vague imagery of Shelley, and was a direct antidote to Johnsonianism in the imaginative literature."

VANISHED LANDMARKS

Again, the scene changes, and you are with the poet himself, hurrying through

the streets of Inverness from the old Grammar School, in the old school at Ruthven, or strolling haphazardly through the beautiful policies and stately mansion of Balavil. These are happy memories on the sands of time, but landmarks only in remembrance. True, the old Grammar School of Inverness still lingers on, a pathetic link with the storied past, but many days have faded in the mists of years since the last scholar passed through its portals, and you will look in vain for any intimate memorial of James Macpherson in and around Kingussie. Today, where stood the little school in which he taught, and the humble cottage in the shadow of the venerable castle of Ruthven, in which he was born, "the thistle wags upon the lea." These historic places have vanished as completely as Macbeth's Castle in Inverness. Even the original Balavil has gone, and only the policies, with the sigh of the wind in the trees, remain to meet the eye of the literary Rambler. Yet pleasant it is to wander through them in late autumn, as I did. Here in the silence that is all about, you can brood away the passing hours in retrospection, glancing here and there across the century with corporeal eye on whatever vision erratic fancy cares to dwell.

It is pleasant to linger thus in reverie, dreaming long dreams of these old-time days, with their associations that are so ill to forget. In such moods the mind is tuned to remembrance as memory chases memory across the panoramic arena. And it is an arena fascinating and inspiring. As you glance back along the pathway of the years there are many recollections to stir and gladden the heart a far-off sigh that comes to the ear like music to the soul. And on such things it is ever good to dwell. But if James Macpherson's is the most outstanding name in Kingussie annals, there is another that runs it close, and lends to the little grey town among its hills a setting both picturesque and attractive. How many are there, I wonder, whose recollections enable them to visualize the faces familiar in the town in the early 'eighties? No matter! For those who can look across the long perspective of things to the summer of 1882, surely there can be no more

treasured reminiscence than the fleeting glimpses of Robert Louis Stevenson during his memorable visit. Just forty years this summer have passed since he came awandering to the capital of Badenoch with Sir Sidney Colvin, much as Henley sketched him:

A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion and impudence and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter Catechist.

And one likes to muse on him as he fitted hither and thither about the little Highland resort where every vista, every glimpse, was appreciated and commented upon.

THE GYNACK'S CHARM

Stevenson's days and evenings in Kingussie sped gloriously. You can picture him stravaiging, or, rather, drifting abstractedly round the town and its environs, the sort of odd glimpse that beckons the literary Rambler to go a-journeing in his footsteps and loiter in the streets and byways he tramped so often. Following on his trail, the calm of golden yesterdays returns, as in fancy you see his odd, tall, serious-faced figure, and hear in far-off murmurs those many talks with Sir Sidney Colvin. If you be so minded, too, you can speak to old inhabitants—alas! but one or two only—who remember him. Those kindly souls will point out places he visited, and tell you stories concerning him, though much of their lore is hazy, and, unfortunately, more histrionic than truthful. That apart, the little village by the hillside is crowded with memories of Stevenson. Behind its closed eyelids it holds a sheaf of associations delightful to the stroller on literary paths. Every roadside is companionable with his gracious and kindly spirit, every byway humanized by the remembrance of his wanderings. But if you would know his favorite haunt, go to the banks of the Gynack, "the golden burn that purs and sulks in the den," behind the town. There he lolled and dreamed the month away:

Exploring the recesses of the burn's course,
musing sometimes with and sometimes without
speech, on its endless chances and caprices
of eddy and ripple and backset, its

branchings and reunitions, alternations of race and pool, bustle and pause, and on the images of human life, free-will, and destiny presented by the careers of the sticks and leaves he found or launched upon its course.

That is an unfading cameo. At once you are under its sway, gazing out from the window of reminiscence at his familiar figure gliding through the clumps of greenery that so artistically line the bank.

SPEY STREET AND THE STAR HOTEL

Spey Street is another place to be visited, if only for the lustre attaching to "Greenfield Cottage." Here, according to Kingussie anecdote and belief, Stevenson lodged, and wrote most of the jovial tale of "The Treasure of Franchard." Here it was that he indulged in his sun baths, lying out in the sun for hours half stripped. But a glance through Sir Sidney Colvin's newly published Memoirs, and a shadow falls upon our reveries. Sir Sidney states that Stevenson and he put up "in the old hotel," meaning, of course, "The Star," and their other association with this building would seem to bear this out, as "The Star" is "the jewel" among Stevenson memorials in Kingussie. That is a charming recollection that recalls to mind *The Graver and the Pen*. You can visualize Mr. Crerar's little printing shop immediately behind the hostelry, and almost see the distinguished novelist at work on his little volume. The type was set by Stevenson himself, and the blocks for the illustrations cut by his own hand; hence the title of the book. It was then passed through a very old printing machine called a "Ruthven Press," worked by hand, and the present Mr. Crerar, who gave assistance with the work, assures me that it was a hard and tedious job. Mr. Crerar's impressions of Stevenson at the time are not very distinct, as he was then a boy of about ten years of age. He pictures him, however, as:

A slender man, with a keen, unlimited desire for active, tireless exertion. Constantly engaged scribbling, sketching, or writing something. He knew not what, but fancied his whole soul was engrossed with some mysterious subject which he wanted completed—no doubt the genius of the man struggling to be out and show itself.

The little volume is undated, but it bears on the title page the following note: "It was only by the kindness of Mr. Crerar, of Kingussie, that we are able to issue this

little work—having allowed us to print with his own press when ours was broken." I am indebted to Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, architect, Kingussie, for a perusal of one of the very few copies now in existence.

THE FAMOUS PINES

It is in this little brochure that the poem, "The Disputatious Pines," appears, and from "The Star Hotel" it is but a saunter to the banks of the Spey where they stand, dejected and forgotten, mere phantoms of their former selves. It is a quiet spot, as green and picturesque as when Stevenson gazed upon it forty years ago. Few of the hundreds who go a-holidaying to the little Highland town have deigned to give it more than a passing glance. They have never heard the story of the trees, or listened to the melody of their argument as they whispered it to the winds—

The first pine to the second said:
"My leaves are black, my branches red;
I stand upon this moor of mine
A hoar, unconquerable pine."

The second sniffed and answered "Pooh!
I am as good a pine as you."

"Discourteous tree," the first replied,
"The tempest in my boughs had cried:
The hunter slumbered in my shade
A hundred years ere you were made."

The second smiled as he returned:
"I shall be here when you are burned."

So far dissention ruled the pair;
Each turned on each a frowning air,
When flickering from the bank anigh
A flight of martens met their eye.
Some time their course they watched, and then
They nodded off to sleep again.

'Mid the calm and peace, and the spell of the past that linger here to-day, they must be dull souls indeed, who, knowing the song of the minstrel come a-wayfaring to the scene and cannot harmonize it with his shadowy shape.

REFLECTIONS

And to reflect. How sweeping are the charges with the passing days. Though only forty years have rolled away since Stevenson tarried in this haunt of ancient peace, the town has outgrown the village. The clachan of 1882 has completely vanished, absorbed in the wider movement of so-called progress. But if the changes

(Continued on page 144)

The Passing of "Rob Wanlock"

By GILBERT RAE

Robert Reid, the gifted Dumfriesshire poet, widely known as "Rob Wanlock," in tribute to his native Wanlockhead, died June 1, in Montreal, Canada. The following tribute appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*.

With the death of "Rob Wanlock," if the standard be the collected works as a whole, there passes one of the finest of Scotland's minor poets; and if the test be one great effort of utterance, then surely "Kirkbride," Robert Reid's noble poem of the Covenant, must rank with "The Bush abune Traquair," "The Land o' the Leal," and "The Flo'ers o' the Forest" as one of the truest and most expressive outpourings among Scottish poetry.

To-day we have many Scottish writers writing in English; but, try as they may, such can never—and, I believe, will never—dress the glorious traditions of Scotland, the true character of its people, the majestic features of its scenery successfully in any other than the language peculiar to Scotland and the Scottish race. Robert Reid tried to sing the song of Wanlock to English strains. Robert Burns, in an earlier day, departing from the example of a truer Scots poet (Robert Fergusson), also made the attempt, and it was only the pith and beauty of an occasional Scots word, thrown in as leaven, that redeemed his English lyrics.

But when Reid strung his harp to the true language of his country, then it was he became the greatest poet of the moorland that Scotland has ever known. And little wonder. For Wanlockhead, his birthplace, a mining village set high among the Lowthers, in Dumfriesshire, is peculiarly fitted for the production of such a poet.

In the early summer the fields round Wanlockhead are beautiful with violets. It is the violet land. And there on the hills the whaups go crying, and here are two stanzas of Reid's that perfectly describe that wild bird of the Scottish hills:

Fu' sweet is the lilt o' the laverock
 Frae the rim o' the clud at morn;
 The merle pipes weel in his mid-day biel'
 In the hairt o' the bendin' thorn;
 The blythe, bauld sang o' the mavis
 Rings clear in the gloamin' shaw,
 But the whaup's wild cry in the gurly sky
 O' the muirlan' dings them a'.

For what's in the lilt o' the laverock
 To touch ocht mair than the ear?
 The merle's lown craik in the tangled brake
 Can stert nae memories dear;
 And even the sang o' the mavis
 But waukens a love-dream tame
 To the whaup's wild cry on the breeze blawn
 by,
 Like a wanderin' word frae hame.

Such is the language of which so many in Scotland are ashamed! But commit those verses to memory, and you have for all time—ay, even though the roar of a vast city be round about you—a picture of a glen which, I know, will be the fairest in all the world to you. Reid knew that love—the first love, the imperishable love that links every true soul to some special spot in the dear homeland—for in his "Lintie's defence of the Moorland" the last verse declares the heart's great certainty:

Nae mair, gin the voice o' the muir be sweet,
 Sae let it be as it aye has been;
 In simmer or winter, cauld or weet,
 The hills are dear to my constant een,
 For wi' birds, as wi' mair things I could
 name,
 Nae maitter hoo hamely—hame's aye hame.

Between Wanlockhead and Biggar there rises Mount Tinto, of which there is a curious rhyme embellished by this Wanlockhead poet with these parenthetical lines of explanatory verse:

On Tintock Tap there is a mist
 (Gin ye misdoot me—gang and see),
 And in the mist there is a kist
 (A queer place for a kist to be),
 And in the kist there is a caup
 (As fine as e'er held barley brae),
 And in the caup there is a drap
 (A wee drap screigh, it seemed to me).
 Tak' up the caup and drink the drap
 (If ye're a Scot, ye'll dae't wi' glee),
 And ye'll fa' doon on Tintock Tap
 (Sic dule does every drunkard dree).

To find Reid at his best, however, it is when his thoughts are with the hunted hill-folk of Covenanting days. In the killing time the fastnesses round Wanlockhead gave shelter to the persecuted men of the Covenant. Enterkin Pass is near at hand, with Katie's Well breaking in all its sweetness from its rugged breast. Our poet pictures the trysting lovers courting there, the shepherds resting for their mid-day meal, the birds and the lambs drinking from the clear fountain, and—

Wha kens but Peden's holy lip,
 Or black M'Michael's bearded mou',
 At times may ha'e been fain to dip
 Where mine but gethered strength enoo?

Or, sin' thy sweets are free as grace,
 E'en Clavers may ha'e lichtin' doon,
 Het frae some cantrip deevil's chase,
 An' gledly quafft thy proffert boon.

Nae choice hast thou o' hynde or peer,
 Or gude or ill; thou walest nane.
 A' lips that thirst are welcome here,
 An' free to mak' thy walth their ain.

I never knew Reid personally. But the true man, and the best of him, as in every man, is found in the aspirations of his inner life. Who on reading this moorland poet's outpourings can but feel the goodness of the man, his deep patriotism, and the exile's love for his native land, so finely expressed in "The Lost Home"? And, above all, who can fail to be moved by the grace and tenderness that gave "Kirkbride"—that song which is immortal, for Heaven, will never suffer such to pass from Scotland's heart. The story of the birth of this song had better be told in the poet's own words:

It is related of an old native of this district that the last request he made while on his death-bed was:—"Bury me in Kirkbride, for there's much of God's redeemed dust lies there." And, taking advantage of the license which all rhymers are apt to arrogate to themselves, I have put the beautiful words into the mouth of an old Covenanter, who is supposed to have survived the persecution.

Fearing the editor's pencil, I give three stanzas only:

Bury me in Kirkbride,
 Whaur the Lord's redeemed anes lie.—
 The auld kirkyaird on the grey hillside,
 Under the open sky;
 Under the open sky,
 On the briest o' the braes sae steep,

And side by side wi' the banes that lie
 Streik! there in their hinmaist sleep.
 This pair dune body maun sune be dust,
 But it thrills wi' a stoun' o' pride
 To ken it may mix wi' the great and just
 That slumber in thee, Kirkbride.

Wheesht! did the saft win' speak,
 Or a yaumerin' night-bird cry?
 Did I dream that a warm haun' touch't my
 cheek,
 And a winsome face gaed by?
 And a winsome face gaed by,
 Wi' a far-aff licht in its een—
 A licht that bude come from the dazzlin' sky,
 For it spak' o' the starnie's sheen.
 Age may be donart, an' dazed, an' blin',
 But, I'se warrant, whate'er betide,
 A true hairt there made tryst wi' my ain,
 And the tryst-word seem'd "Kirkbride."

Rax me a staff and plaid,
 That in readiness I may be,
 And dinna forget that "The Book" be laid
 Open, across my knee—
 Open, across my knee,
 And a text close by my thoom;
 And tell me true, for I scarce can see,
 That the words are—"Lo, I come."
 Then cairry me through at the Cample ford,
 And up by the lang hillside,
 And I'll wait for the coming o' God, the
 Lord,
 In a neuk o' the auld Kirkbride.

Ah, Reid, Reid, our brother in heaven, there
 are few voices left in Scotland now to equal
 thine.

Biggar.—Scotland.

John Muir—A Review

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

PART VI

On his return, late in the year 1879 from his first trip to Alaska, Muir married the daughter of Doctor John Strenzel of California. His love for the study of Alaska's glaciers seemingly far outweighed that for his young wife, for he was back in Alaska the following year, in the early part of August, quite as enthusiastic as he was in the November previous when he returned to California. He writes in his *Journal*:

"Everything seemed kindly and familiar, the glassy water, ever-green islands, the Indians in their canoes and blankets and berries, the jet ravens prying and flying about the streets and spruce trees, and the bland, hushed atmosphere brooding tenderly over all. How delightful it is, and how it makes one's pulses bound to get back into this reviving northland wilderness! How truly wild it is, and how joyously one's heart responds to the welcome it gives, its waters and mountains shining and glowing like enthusiastic hu-

man faces! Gliding along the shores of its network of channels, we travel thousands of miles without seeing the mark of man, save at long intervals some little Indian village or the faint smoke of a camp fire."

On August 16th he started from Fort Wrangell, the party being made up—beside himself—of Mr. Young, a missionary, and three Indians named Captain Tyen, Hunter Joe and Smart Billy. They were equipped with a canoe twenty-five feet long and five feet wide, rigged with two small square sails; their tent and provisions. His object was, of course, to resume his study of living glaciers. So he began at Sum Dum Bay, the point on the coast where he ended his trip in November. He did not confine himself to glaciers, but observed and noted everything that came within range; for instance he writes:

"As for the salmon, as seen this morning, urging their way up the swift current,—tens of thousands of them, side by side, with their backs out of water in the shallow places now that the tide was low—nothing that I could write, might possibly give anything like a fair conception of the extravagance of their numbers. There was more salmon apparently, bulk for bulk, than water in the stream. The struggling multitudes, crowding one against another, could not get out of our way when we waded into the midst of them. One of our men amused himself by seizing them above the tail and swinging them over his head. Thousands could thus be taken by hand at low tide while they were making their way over the shallows among the stones."

Presently as they sailed along, he realized that the fiord into which they had entered, was walled in by cliffs that resembled those in the Yosemite Valley, and that it strongly resembled it, only that it was still vaster and grander than that sublime work of Nature. And further they saw that the work of carving it out was still in progress. But let Muir tell the story. He writes:

"Gliding on and on, the scenery seemed at every turn to become more lavishly fruitful in forms as well as more sublime in dimensions; snowy falls, booming in splendid dress; colossal domes and battlements and sculptured arches of a fine neu-

tral-gray tint, their bases laved by the blue fiord waters; green ferny dells; bits of flower-bloom on the ledges; fringes of willow and birch; and glaciers above all. But when we approached the base of a majestic rock like the Yosemite Half Dome, at the head of the fiord where two short branches put out, and came in sight of another glacier of the first order sending off bergs, our joy was complete.

I had a most glorious view of it, sweeping in grand majesty from high mountain fountains, swaying around one mighty bastion after another until it fell into the fiord in shattered overleaning fragments. When we had feasted awhile on this un hoped-for treasure, I directed the Indians to pull to the head of the left fork of the fiord where we found a large cascade with a volume of water great enough to be called a river, doubtless the outlet of a receding glacier, not in sight, from the fiord.

This is in form and origin a typical Yosemite Valley, though as yet the floor is covered with ice and water—ice above and beneath, a noble mansion in which to spend a winter and a summer! It is about ten miles long, and from three-quarters of a mile to one mile wide. It contains ten large falls and cascades, the finest one on the left side near the head. After coming in an admirable rush over a granite brow where it is first seen at a height of nine hundred or a thousand feet, it leaps a sheer precipice of about two hundred and fifty feet, then divides and reaches the tide-water in broken rapids over boulders. Another about a thousand feet high, drops at once on to the margin of the glacier two miles back from the front. Several of the others are upwards of three thousand feet high, descending through narrow gorges as richly feathered with ferns as any channel that water ever flowed in, though tremendously abrupt and deep. A grander array of rocks and waterfalls I have never yet beheld."

Muir writes on another page or two, waxing, if possible, more and more eloquently in his description of the sublime scenery, that there surrounded him, which I hope many of my readers will later enjoy reading for themselves. A few days later they entered and explored the right work of this wondrous valley, and found it equally grand and imposing.

So that readers may get Muir's idea of the resulting work of the glaciers, I quote as follows:

"I never saw Alaska looking better than it did when we bade farewell to Sum Dum on August 22nd, and pushed on northward up the coast toward Taku. The morning was clear, calm, bright—not a cloud on all the purple sky, nor wind, however gentle, to shake the spires of the spruces or the dew-laden grass on the shores. Over the mountains and over the broad white bosoms of the glaciers the sunbeams poured, rosy as ever fell on fields of ripening wheat, drenching the forests, and kindling the glassy waters and icebergs into a perfect blaze of colored light. Every living thing seemed joyful, and Nature's work was going on in glowing enthusiasm, not less appreciable in the deep repose that brooded over every feature of the landscape; suggesting the coming fruitfulness of the icy land, and showing the advance that has already been made from glacial winter to summer. The care-laden commercial lives we lead close our eyes to the operations of God as a workman, though openly carried on that all who look may see.

"The scarred rocks here and the moraines make a vivid showing of the old winter time of the glacial period, and mark the bounds of the *mer-de-glace* that once filled the bay, and covered the surrounding mountains. Already that sea of ice is replaced by water, in which multitudes of fishes are fed, while the hundred glaciers lingering about the bay, and the streams that pour from them, are busy night and day bringing in sand and mud and stones, at the rate of tons every minute, to fill it up. Then, as the seasons grow warmer, there will be fields here for the plough."

In July, 1879, the *Jeannette*, a vessel purchased and equipped in England by James Gordon Bennett, sailed from San Francisco under command of Lieut. George W. DeLong, on an Arctic expedition in an attempt to reach the North Pole. The ship was crushed in the ice, and sunk on June 12th, 1880. Two whaling vessels had also been lost in the Arctic in 1879. So when the revenue cutter *Corwin*, in the spring of 1881 was about to sail on her official duty of inspection in Arctic waters, she was instructed by the

Treasury Department to make search for any clues of the lost seamen, and to endeavor to find any informatoin of the three lost ships that it might be possible to find. John Muir was offered, and gladly accepted the opportunity of joining the expedition, as the scientist of the party to make a scientific exploration of the region traversed by the *Corwin*.

He in 1917 wrote an 8vo volume of 272 pages in which he printed his *Journal* of the expedition, a most interesting book. On the evening of July 30th the ship reached Herald Island, and came to anchor in the midst of huge cakes of ice. He went ashore, and with much difficulty climbed the highest peak on the little ice-bound island. He writes:

"The midnight hour I spent on the highest summit, alone—one of the most impressive hours of my life. The deepest silence seemed to press down on all the vast, immeasurable, virgin landscape. The sun, near the horizon, reddened the edges of the belted cloud-bars near the base of the sky, and the jagged ice boulders crowded together over the frozen ocean stretching indefinitely northward, while perhaps a hundred miles of that mysterious Wrangell Land was seen blue in the northwest, a wavering line of hill and dale over the white and blue ice prairie! But it was to the far north that I ever found myself turning, to where the ice met the sky. I would have fain have watched here all the strange night, but was compelled to remember the charge of the Captain to make haste and return to the ship as soon as I should find it possible."

I make this quotation to show how deep was Muir's sense of reverence for the Almighty power, and how humble he felt in the presence of such mighty manifestations of this power.

In 1890 he was back in the Arctic again, still studying and prying into Nature's secrets. His last visit was made in 1899 as a member of the Harriman Expedition.

That Muir was a man absolutely without fear is well illustrated by many striking incidents in his Arctic wanderings. He much preferred to go on excursions alone, so that his meditations might be undisturbed. He seemed to give no thought to risk or to the dangers, that in the great isolation in which he moved, beset him on every hand.

In the expedition of 1890, on July 11th, having previously prepared a sled that measured about three feet long and made as light as possible, consistent with strength, he loaded it with a sack of hard tack, some tea and sugar together with a sleeping-bag, all of which were carefully packed and lashed together so that nothing could drop off, however much it might be jarred and dangled in crossing crevasses. He started from the main camp alone; on the 13th he makes this entry in his *Journal*: "I had a hard time crossing the divide glacier, on which I camped. Half a mile back from the lake I gleaned a little fossil wood and made a fire on moraine boulders for tea. I slept fairly well on the sled. I heard the roar of four cascades on a shaggy green mountain on the west side of Howling Valley, and saw three wild goats fifteen hundred feet up the steep grassy pastures.

"July 14th: I rose at four o'clock this cloudy and dismal morning, and looked for my goats, but saw only one. I thought there must be wolves where there were goats, and in a few minutes heard their low, dismal, far-reaching howling; one of them sounded very near, and came nearer until it seemed to be less than a quarter of a mile away on the edge of the glacier. They had evidently seen me, and one or more had come down to observe me, but I was unable to catch sight of any of them. About half an hour later, while I was eating breakfast, they began howling again, so near that I began to fear they had a mind to attack me, and I made haste to the shelter of a big square boulder, where though I had no gun, I might be able to defend myself from a front attack with my alpenstock. After waiting half an hour, I ventured to proceed on my journey to the foot of Snow Dome, where I camped for the night."

The next day—the 15th—he writes: "It has been a glorious day, all pure sunshine; an hour or more before sunset the distant mountains, a vast host, seemed more ethereal than ever, pale blue, ineffably fine, all angles and harshness melted off in the soft evening light. Even the snow and the grinding glaciers become divinely tender and fine in this celestial amethystine light. Today to shorten the return journey I was tempted to glissade down what appeared to be a snow-filled

ravine, which was very steep. All went well till I reached a bluish spot which proved to be ice, on which I lost control of myself, and rolled into a gravel talus at the foot without a scratch. Just as I got up and was getting myself orientated, I heard a loud fierce scream uttered in an exulting, diabolical tone of voice, which startled me, as if an enemy, having seen me fall, was glorying in my death. Then suddenly two ravens came swooping down from the sky, and alighted on a jag of rock within a few feet of me, evidently hoping that I had been maimed and that they were going to have a feast. But as they stared at me, studying my condition, impatiently waiting for bone-picking time, I saw what they were up to, and shouted, 'Not yet! Not yet!' As I left the camp to cross the main glacier six ravens came to the camp as soon as I left. What wonderful eyes they must have, nothing that moves escapes them in all this icy wilderness! They are brave birds."

On the 16th he writes: "Most of the ice surface crossed today has been very uneven, and hauling the sled and finding a way over hummocks has been fatiguing. At times I had to lift the sled bodily and to cross many narrow, nerve-trying ice-silver bridges, balancing astride them, and cautiously shoving the sled ahead of me with tremendous chasms on either side. I had made, perhaps, not more than six or eight miles in a straight line by six o'clock this evening, when I reached ice so hummocky and tedious, I concluded to camp and not try to take the sled any further. I intend to leave it here in the middle of the basin, and carry my sleeping bag and provisions the rest of the way across to the west side. I am cozy and comfortable here resting in the midst of glorious ice scenery, though very tired. I made a cup of tea by means of a few shavings and splinters whittled from the bottom board of my sled, making fire in a little can, a small camp fire, the smallest I ever made or saw, yet it answered the purpose as far as the tea was concerned. I crept into my sack before eight o'clock, as the wind was cold and my feet wet; one of my shoes is about worn out, I may have to put on a wooden sole."

On the 19th he writes: "Nearly blind! The light is intolerable, and I fear I may

be long unfitted for work. I have been lying on my back all day with a snow poultice bound over my eyes; every object I try to look at seems double." But the next day he was on the go again, and makes this note: "Near the front of the glacier the ice was perfectly free, apparently, of anything like a crevasse, and in walking almost carelessly down it, I stopped opposite the large granite Nunatak Island, thinking that I would be partially sheltered from the wind. I had not gone a dozen steps toward the island, when I suddenly dropped into a concealed water-filled crevasse, which on the surface showed not the slightest sign of its existence. Never before had I encountered a danger so completely concealed; down I plunged over head and ears, but of course bobbed up again, and after a hard struggle succeeded in dragging myself out over the further side. Then I pulled my sled over close to Nunatak cliff, made haste to strip off my clothing, threw it in sloppy heap and crept into my sleeping-bag to shiver away the night as best I could. Dressing the next morning was a miserable job, but might have been worse. After wringing my sloppy underclothing, getting it on was far from pleasant. My eyes are better, and I feel no bad effects from my icy bath. The last trace of my three months' cough has gone; no lowland gripe microbe could survive such experiences."

No, indeed, but the wonder is that he survived them. Was there ever living before him such a dogged, determined-of-purpose man as Muir was? Certainly never to my knowledge. How many of my readers would, from any motive, even of the most tempting kind, be induced to suffer and endure as he did, without promise or hope of reward? His inspiration was the pure love of science. His needs, as we have seen, were the smallest—a bag of hard tack, a little tea and sugar, a cup in which to make it, some matches, his note-book and his four scientific instruments—a thermometer, a barometer, a clinometer and a watch; his attitude toward Nature being that of one who stands reverently, with bared head.

In the later years of his life he traveled in Russia, Siberia, Manchuria, India, Australia and New Zealand, South America and Africa. He was offered many

inducements of a flattering nature to take a professor's chair in many of the colleges, but declined them all, declaring that he wanted to be more than a professor, whether noticed in the world or not, and that there were already too many professors, as compared with students in the field.

He wrote a number of books; in 1894 publishing *The Mountains of California*, and in 1911 an enlarged edition of the same; in 1909, *Our National Parks*, the same year *Stickeen, The Story of a Dog*; in 1911, *My First Summer in the Sierras*; in 1912, *The Yosemite*, and in 1913, *The Story of My Boyhood*. He also wrote a great many articles for the daily, weekly and monthly press on natural history subjects. He was also editor of the magazine *Picturesque California*, and in 1919 after his death, a volume of letters to a friend was published. He died in Los Angeles, December 24th, 1914; his loss to the world of science being widely regretted, many articles and letters of appreciation appearing in the newspapers and magazines of the day. I will quote from only one of these written by his fellow countryman, the Honorable James Bryce.

"May I venture to express to you the sorrow with which the death of our venerable friend, John Muir, has filled me? He was the patriarch of American lovers of the mountains, one who not only had a passion for the splendors of Nature, but a wonderful power of interpreting her to men. The very air of the granite peaks, the very fragrance of the deep and solemn forests seem to breathe round us, and soothe our sense, as we read the description of his lonely wanderings in the Sierras when their majesty was first revealed. California may well honor the service of one who did so much to make known her charms, and to shield them from desecration, and you of the Club (the Sierra Club) will cherish the memory of a singularly pure and simple character, who was in his life all that a worshipper of Nature should be."

Muir was the first president of the Sierra Club, a Companion of the Forest Commission of the American Academy of Sciences, and had honorary degrees conferred on him by many universities. When he left Madison after his four

years' course, he did not graduate, not being able to qualify on account of his poverty. But later his Alma Mater was proud and glad to confer an honorary degree on him. The great glacier that he discovered and that bears his name will forever preserve and recall it to future generations.

In 1908 one William Kent purchased a tract of land consisting of 295 acres that embraced a fine redwood forest; it lies at the base of Mount Tamalpais, north of and easily accessible from San Francisco. This entire tract Mr. Kent presented to the U. S. Government on condition that it be known as "Muir Woods."

The city of Pasadena, in which he spent the winter seasons of his declining years, has named a splendid school building—the Junior High School—the John Muir School.

This paragraph concluding an article that appeared in the bulletin of the Sierra Club written by Robert Underwood Johnston, seems a fitting close to this review. "John Muir was not a dreamer, but a practical man, a faithful citizen, a scientific observer, a writer of enduring power, with vision, poetry, courage in contact, a heart of gold and a spirit pure and fine."

THE END

"Scottish", "Scotch" and "Scots"

Apropos the problem of the proper use of these terms, it seems safe to say that they were all used in English speech and writing before their adoption in Scotland; and thus, in a sense, they may be termed all equally English. The form "Scottish" as an adjective accords with the forms of the Midland dialect of Early English, while "Scottes" or "Scottis" is the only correct form in the Northern dialect which prevailed in Scotland. The value of evidence from early writings is somewhat difficult to determine unless the date of the manuscript is known—a fact not sufficiently recognized in Murray's "Dictionary"; but there is abundant evidence that the term "Skottyshe" was in common use in England in the fourteenth century. So far as I know, Knox is the first Scottish, Scotch, or Scots writer to use the form. He has "Scotesh proverbe," "Scottishe army," and also "Scottishe men," though also "Scottis men"; but curiously enough he usually prefers "Engliss" or "Engles" to "English," though he occasionally employs the latter term. While "Scottis" is invariably the term in "The Bruce" of Barbour, the term "English" appears in early printed copies; but in the earliest surviving

manuscripts of the poem, those of 1487 and 1489, the form is "Yngliss" and "Ing-liss." Dunbar, a travelled man, who, he himself states, had made good cheer in every town of England from Berwick to Calais, refers to Chaucer as "of our Ing-lisch all the lycht; but Gavin Douglas adheres to "Ing-lis" as well as "Scottis." "Scottis" is also the form invariably employed by Sir David Lyndsay. Donald Munro's "Description of the Western Isles," 1549, is notable for the adoption of the contracted form "Scots"—long previously in use in England in the noun form—and also the form "English." He has "Scotts Cronikels," "Scotts Kings," "Scotts tombe," though he also has "King of Scottis"; but there is no information as to the date of the MSS., and, like Knox, he writes a kind of semi-English.

A much more trustworthy testimony in regard to even later use in Scotland is Father Dalrymple's translation of Bishop Leslie's Latin "History of Scotland," done about the close of the sixteenth century. The Catholic controversialists were accustomed to revile Knox for his preference of English to his native language. Both their patriotism and their religious objection to England and all things Eng-

lish, especially the English translation of the Scriptures, caused the Catholic writers to adhere very strictly to native use and wont. Dalrymple's translation is thus one of the most interesting extant specimens of the vernacular of the sixteenth century, and is specially reliable as a proof of the actual character of the spoken vernacular of the better classes at the time he wrote. He uses the form "Inglis," with "Inglese" as the adjective, invariably writes "Scottis" or "Scottish," both the noun and adjective, and refers to Queen Mary as "our noble maistres, Queen Marie of Scottis."

All this tends to prove incontestably that both "Scottish" and "Scots" were in use in England long before they came into use in Scotland. Further, it tends to show that "Scotch" since it is a contracted form of "Scottish," is also of Southern origin. How long it has been in vogue in England it is impossible to determine, but it first appears in an English book of 1570 as the adjective to man, "Scotchman," and it occurs a little later as "Scot'sh." Even had the term been then in use in Scotland—which is opposed to all probability—there was in England no sufficient number of natives of North Britain to influence the English pronunciation of the word. The term "Scotch gentleman" also occurs in Father Criton's "Apologie," 1598, written in English for circulation in England; and it was probably as an adjective to man—which as designating a native of Scotland is itself a Midland, not a Northern idiom, the Northern term being simply Scot, except when a distinction of sex had to be indicated—that the form "Scotch" first came into common use in England. However that may be, the term was originally colloquial and vulgar. Queen Elizabeth, for example, invariably uses "Scots" for the noun, and "Scottish" for the adjective—and "Scotch" was long employed solely to designate things in common use. In this connection it is worthy of note that James I. and VI. is not known to have made use of the form "Scotch." In his books written before his accession to the English throne he invariably uses "Scottis"; but in his speeches to the English Parliament he refers to the "Scots," "Scottish men," the "Scottish nation," etc. It is also an interesting fact that Oliver Cromwell in all his letters and documents adopts the forms

"Scottish" or "Scots," in striking contrast to his editor, Thomas Carlyle. While occasionally having recourse to "Scottish" in his essays, Carlyle invariably confines himself to "Scotch" both for noun and adjective in his "Cromwell," which may or may not be attributable to the "evil communications" of his English acquaintances.

The gradual English triumph of "Scotch"—for noun and adjective alike—over "Scottish" and "Scots" could easily be illustrated from the English writers of the seventeenth century. Meanwhile in Scotland the "i" and "e" had been dropped, as in England, before the plurals, but for long the general custom was to stick to "Scots," that is, the contraction of "Scottis," in the case both of adjective and noun. Sir James Balfour (1600-1657) adopts "Scots" throughout the four volumes of his "Annales"; but James Gordon in his "Scots Affairs" is not quite consistent, occasionally lapsing into "Scottish," but never into "Scotch." Allan Ramsay uses both "Scots" and "Scottish," but not, so far as I know, "Scotch"; and it is worth noting that in the ballad of Johnie Armstrong, for which he is the only authority, we have the term "Scots wife" not "Scotch wife." Sir Walter has recourse, rather promiscuously, to all the three terms; and they are all to be found plentifully in Burns, but with a nicer discrimination in their use. Thus, while he appends "Scotch" to drink, etc., he writes "Scottish theme," "Scottish maid," "Scottish nation," "Scottish king," "Scottish muse," "Scottish fame," and so on. Also, he has, very appropriately, "Auld Scots sonnet"—just as Ramsay has "Auld Scots sang"—and, still more happily, "her auld Scots heart." Further, he never uses "Scotch" as the plural of the substantive. It is:—

Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well,
and

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

"Scotch wha hae" would never have done. It might fit the commencement of a comic carol by the renowned Harry Lauder; it would be ludicrously inept associated with the majestic and heroic strains of the Burns' ode. It may also be mentioned that "Scotchman," used by Burns only once, was superseded by "Scotsman" in the 1793 and 1794 editions.

As for the future the contest evidently lies between "Scotch" and "Scots." The tendency is to be content with one word, and "Scottish" is bound to go, is, indeed, already fast going, simply because writers, and especially English writers, cannot be troubled with the niceties of distinction between the two terms. Since also, the English have the same term for the noun and adjective referring to themselves, it is only natural that they should object to trouble themselves with two terms in referring to their northern neighbours.

Which will triumph, "Scotch" or "Scots"? May we not say that it is ten to one, and even a good deal more, on the former? For, be it remembered, not only do the English writers outnumber those of Scotland in at least that proportion, but already Carlyle has wholly succumbed, and Scott, Burns, and many more partially, while there are no signs of American writers coming to the rescue. If "Scots" has a chance it is only by Scots writers sticking to the one form for noun and adjective alike, and dropping alike "Scotch," even for whisky, and "Scottish" even before "History Exhibition." We cannot afford even to keep "Scottish"—which seems pedantic when used in reference to utensils, food, etc.—

if we are to retain "Scots," and the use of "Scotch" even for whisky would be merely the thin end of the wedge. But even so, "Scots" seems to have a poor chance against the already almost omnipotent "Scotch."

Is the probable triumph of "Scotch" to be regretted? Well, it is not, perhaps, a very pretty word—an objection which does not, in this case, trouble an Englishman very much! That the use of "Scotch"—and of course "Scottish" as well—as the plural of the noun is a violation of the usual English idiom in regard to words ending in a consonant is also an objection; but this is so far balanced by the fact that the use of "Scots" as an adjective is a violation of English, though not of Northern or Auld Scots usage. For *puir auld Scotland's* sake one is, however, inclined to regret the almost inevitable triumph of the English usage even as regards the name of the nation. In a sense it is even more mournful than the gradual disappearance of all the other special words and idioms of the old Northern dialect; and would it not be more than sad if, say a thousand years hence, even Scotland came to be known as *Scotchland*? Still, in such a matter, the sole arbiter is time, against whose decrees it is merely vain to protest.

—T. F. H., in *Glasgow Weekly Mail*.

A Puir Scotch Laddie

BY THOS. J. BARNARDO, F.R.C.S.E.

They called him "Scottie," and small wonder, for verily his speech bewrayed him. But his real name was Thomas McQueen, or, as he himself pronounced it, *Tammas Macwain*. In the Common Lodging-house in one of our London slums, where I first encountered him, Tammas was as a "speckled bird," not only on account of his appearance (which, with his half-starved looks, and left leg amputated above the knee, caused him to differ from the majority of the rough street lads who lodged there), but also, and more particularly, from his words

and ways, which were essentially Scotch, and bore traces of an early and pious training.

A number of lads from the same Lodging-house had been my guests at a Free Meal given in the winter months to the Waifs and Strays of the streets. While passing down the room before the feast began, my attention was arrested by the chaffing and jeers which prevailed at one of the tables. There sat Tammas, quietly enduring all. "Now, Scottie, say yer prayers, man!" shouted one urchin. "Grace before mate, ye spalpeen!" chimed

in a ragged Irish lad; while yet another, mimicking Tammas to his face, folded his hands, and, closing his eyes, whined out, amid the uproarious merriment of his companions, what he doubtless thought was a faithful rendering of the Scotch boy's petitions.

Tammas winced, but yet took it all in wonderfully good part, though he could not altogether help shrinking from what seemed to him his tormentors' profanity. But the tumult ceased as I drew near, and I was then able to observe more closely the poor crippled waif, born of Glasgow parents, but now an orphan and friendless on the streets of London, who had been caught in the meshes of my drag-net. I rebuked the young rascals; and Tammas thereby secured a respite.

When supper was over Tammas was one of some hundred or more street waifs who that night sought immediate admission to the Homes, and who accepted my invitation to remain for conversation after the rest of my guests had retired. I am afraid I shall not be very successful in giving his account of himself in his own words; but from my notes I will do my best, and my North-country readers must ascribe any errors to the disadvantages of a Southern up-bringing.

"I'm a Scotch laddie frae Glascaë," began Tammas, in a self-possessed fashion. "Ma faither and mither are baith deid. Faither warked at a smiddie, and aye had plenty of wark when he wasna drunk; but he couldna keep lang frae the drink. It was the undoin' o' us a', mither used to say; for he was sae aften idle that mither had to gae oot to wark hersel'."

"How many of you were there?" I interjected.

"Oh," said Tammas, "there were just twa o' us weans at hame; and wi' mither oot late, and faither drinkin' awa his wits and his siller, a' thing went wrang. On the Sawbath mither kept us at the kirk, but faither had nae mind for sic things."

"Well," said I, "what broke up your family?"

"The fever cam'," replied Tammas, with a tremble in his voice, "and my faither and my brither Davie baith took it. They never gat ower't, an' syne

mither and mysel' were left alane. Eh, but thae were sair times! Mither's een were aye red wi' greetin'—mair for Davie, for he was her pet wean, than for faither. Wark got scarce, and mither heard tell that she could turn her han' to plenty in Edinburgh, sae we trampit there and bided in the Canongate.

"At first I gaed to the schule, an' mither shifted for us baith. But she wasna strang at the best, an' she was feckless and dowie wi' Davie's loss, an' she pined after him. Then when I was twal' years auld—that's three year syne, come Candlemas—I was knockit doon wi' a horse i' the High Street, and the wagon wheels went ower my leg, and they took me to the Infirmary. When they telt my mither, she wasna lang in comin', but she luikit white and dumb-founded. The doctors axed her about my leg, for it was sae crushed that they couldna mend it. She grat sair, but she said they wad hae to do as they thocht best, and sae they pat me to sleep like, an' it was a' gane when I wakit up. They were a' kind to me in yon Infirmary,—the leddies an' the nurses an' the doctor folk an' a'—but I had to lie there mony a weary week. When I gat aboot again wi' a stick, I went hame till mither. But I kernered a sair difference in her, and she never looked richt an' weel again. She dwined an' dwined, and then she juist gaed to bed ae nicht an' never rase again."

"What did you do after her death?"

The tears of loneliness were standing in Tammas's eyes as he answered:

"Sir, I was thirteen and a half then. I hirpled back to Glascaë after she was buried, and did as ither bairns did that had but fremd folk to look after them. Whiles I beggit, and folks pitied me, having but ae leg."

"Then how did you come to London?"

"It was this way sir," responded Tammas. "About a year after, a man that I kenned wha had a big cairt was gaun to Liverpool, and he gied me the chance o' ganging wi' him to help, and I gaed. It was a' richt on the road, but after we got there he wanted nae mair o' me, sae I had to gang awa' by mysel' again. It was hard to get a leevin', there are sae mony pair laddies in Liverpool, and syne I started

for London, and walkit maist of the road."

"How long were you in coming?"

"Five month, sir. I beggit my way, an' did bits o' jobs, an' sleepit as I could. But this big toon here is the warst of a'—it's reg'lar starvin'. I sell thae bit things" (holding up a handful of leather laces), "but it's weary wark, and aften I've nae lodgin' money and then I've to trodge the streets a' nicht, without a bite o' supper. I'm gettin' aulder, and I dinna ken what will become o' me, a puir laddie and a lameter, and a' alane in the world."

"You must be nearly sixteen now?"

"Juist that, and no verra strang."

"Have you no friends anywhere?"

Nowther kith nor kin; but there's aye the meenister that visited mither, an' the leddies in the Infirmary, an' the schule-master, that'll ken I speak true."

It was mid-winter, and cold at that. The poor lad's ragged clothes and haggard face bore witness to his privations. That he was Scotch was not only no bar to his admission, but really constituted an additional plea on his behalf as a crippled stranger in a strange land. But was he *honest*, and would he, at his age, and with his past experience, brook the necessary restraints and discipline of a Home like ours?

The answers I received to my questions dissipated my fears. They revealed, among other things, the touching fact that, enshrined in the poor cripple's heart, lay a simple faith in God which all his sorrowful experiences had but intensified. Indeed, it moved me deeply to find that this orphan child of a believing mother, alone and friendless amid all the pollutions and ruffianism of a London lodging-house, was in the habit of kneeling down, night by night, undeterred by jeers and profanity, and simply communing with his mother's God.

Of course our doors swung widely open to admit this crippled waif, even as they had before admitted hundreds of other Scotch lads and lasses who had personally sought my aid, or on whose behalf friends in Scotland had written. Thank God, there are *no geographical limitations in the exercise of our wide charter*: "No DESTITUTE CHILD EVER REFUSED ADMIS-

SION." Like to our Father's House, the title to admission to our Homes has ever been only the *dire necessity of the applicants*, and 'so, *from all over the world*, the orphan—the crippled—the blind—the deaf and dumb—the homeless wanderer, or the helpless girl in grave moral danger, have received the same glad WELCOME in their greatest extremity.

Let no one, therefore, imagine for a moment that poor Scotch Tam was, in any sense, an exceptional admission. He was to use his own language, a "lame-ter;" but in his friendlessness and in his destitution he has brothers and sisters by the thousand. Every day, unhappy Waif Children, in an endless stream, pour into my ear the tale of their sorrows. And in the spirit of that adorable Saviour whose grace and love, revealed to my own heart thirty years ago, has constrained me to this service, my doors have been ever open to receive and welcome such. Every day there are being built up in our Homes, out of these *waste materials*, brave, honorable, and virtuous men and women, who, by God's blessing, will yet live Christian lives at home and abroad.

Happy they whose hearts are, perhaps for the first time, stirred to sympathy for these Waifs and Strays of the streets—thrilled with love and Christ-like solicitude on their behalf! Thrice happy those others who shall be constrained here and now to dedicate part of their substance, time and powers to the service of our dear Lord and Saviour in the person of His suffering little ones!

THE EVER OPEN DOOR, A "GILT-EDGED INVESTMENT."

Fifty-six years ago, at two o'clock one winter's morning, a young medical student stood upon the iron roof of a shed in the east end of London, gazing pitifully down upon the huddled forms and pallid faces of eleven homeless boys, revealed in the cold light of the moon as they lay asleep. Homeless and destitute, with mere apologies for clothes, and no earthly friend to care whether they lived or died.

There, alone in the still silence of the night, and with sleeping London all around him, Thomas J. Barnardo received his Life-Call, and, comparatively

(Continued on page 141)



WHEN YER FISHIN' ON THE HUMBER

BY EMANINE CAMERON PARSONS

There's a haze along the Humber
 On a morn in mid July,—
 An' the spruces soft are noddin'—
 To the waves a passin' by,
 An' 'tis jes' the day fer fishin'—
 An' ye sure have got yer wish,—
 "Fer the Lord made fishin',
 An' a feller orter fish."

Pole yer punt up near the shingle,
 Till ye find a likely nook,
 Stuff yer basket in the bank there,
 And prepare to clean the brook;
 Joint yer rod, an' hitch yer reel on,
 Set yer fly, an' swing yer line,
 Draw it soft like long the water
 Where the haze is settlin' fine.

Steady now, and watch 'em movin';
 If the risin' seems too slow,—
 Shift yer stuff, an' move up higher,
 P'raps ye hit the undertow.
 Take a trek a-ways up river,
 Throw agen an' have a try,
 Soon ye'll find the big uns comin'—
 Gosh, ye feel jes like a boy—
 When yer fishin' on the Humber,
 On a morn in mid July.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

The Bangin' o' the Door

BY DAVID J. BEATTIE.

"Noo, bairns, sit roon'."

The day's work was over. Even the gudewife had laid aside her darning basket; for the last wee stocking—Porgie the bairn's, no less—had received its due.

"Jean, stell that back door and dinna hae it keep bang-bang-bangin' wi' every sough o' wun'. It just brings me in mind o' the auld kirkyaird door that played a bonnie trick ae dark night."

"Is't a story, daddy?"

"Weel, Dick, it's just what happened at oor gate-en' a gey when years syne, and if ye'd like to hear a' about it I'll tell ye as soon as Jean has got that door sneokit.

"Weel, there was ance twa——"

"Is't true, daddy?"

"Ay, Tam; as true as daith. As I was sayin', there was ance twa chappies what we will ca' Bob and Wull. Noo, I just said that the story I'm gaun to tell is true, but I'll no' say the same o' the names o' thae twa cronies. Wull lived in a bit cottage a mile or twa frae oor wee toon, and Bob whiles set him along the road, but aye made sure that he got back hame afore it got dark. The reason for this was that on this lonely road there was an auld kirkyaird. Lang syne, in the days o' yer great-gran' faither—so I've heard—there lived twa vera wicked men, by the name o' Burke and Hare. They were what was kent as body-snatchers, and were a perfect dreed to the hale countryside, for instead o' daein' an honest day's wark, like yer faither, they keepit oot o' the way in the daytime, and, like the hoolets, they——"

"What's a hoolet?" asked Nell.

"A hoolet? Oh, that's just the name we gied to an owl, though I dinna min' o' learnin' that at the schule. Weel, as I was gaun to say, thae bad men, wha cam' oot at night like the hoolets, wad drive up to the kirkyaird, get to work

wi' pick an' spade, dig up a corpse that hadna been lang buried, an' awa' as hard as they could birl to Edinburgh wi' it, where they got better pay for sic like than they wad for poachin' salmon in the water that ran by this same kirkyaird. Aweel, it's said that oor auld kirkyaird got mony a veesit frae the Burke and Hare tribe, an' frae ae story to another it got the name o' bein' haunted. I should hae said that in some cases after a burial they set watchers at the grave, wha, mair times than no', after sittin' by the graveside till they imagined a' sorts o' things, wad come tearin' back to the toon at the deid o' night sayin' they had seen a ghost. When they returned to the kirkyaird at daylight, as ye might hae expeckit, the body was gane. I aye hae ma suspicions that thae nocturnal robbers were expert 'ghosts,' and this was but pairt o' their profession. Hooever, wi' a' the stories that gaed frae mooth to mooth ye may be sure there were vera few folks that had ony stomach for makin' the acquaintance o' a ghost. But I maun get on wi' ma story.

"Weel, ae night Bob was up at Wull's, when ane or twa farm han's happened to ca' in, and there they sat, just as we are the night, telling ghost stories. Bob sat wi' mooth an' een wide open takin' in a' he heard without turnin' a hair, but when the time cam' for him to set oot for hame, he began to swither a wee bit, wonderin', nae doot, whether he might meet ony o' thae terrible folks on the road. Hooever, to mak' a lang story short, Bob got as far as a when hunner yairds frae the auld kirkyaird, but try as he wad he couldna pluck up courage to gang by. Noo and then he wad slip along by the dyke side and keek owre the top, and, sure enough, he fancied he saw something white, which his wild imagina-

tion shaped into a ghost. But this wad never dae. The night was gettin' far on, and to mak' maitters worse, the wun' was risin', and it just looked like bein' a wild night. Bob didna relish the idea of sittin' ahint a dyke back till the mornin', so, thought he, I'll dae the ghosts this time. Wi' that he slippit off his clogs, and, pittin' ane under owther oxter, Bob——"

"What is owther oxter, daddy?"

"Owther oxter, Jean, is just braid Scots for each airm. Weel, Bob just grap a clog under each airm and creepit along the road on his stockin' feet. He crossed the wee brig in full view o' the ancient burial-groun' wi' its antiquated heidstanes, but turned his heid the opposite way till he was under the shadow o' the high wa'. He felt sure something was glowerin' owre at him, and, mair than that, there was a weird dronin' noise among the trees, just like (as Bob afterwards said) the scrauchin' and the wailin' o' somethin' that wasna exactly folk wi' claes on. But what was that? Bob felt his bonnet torn frae his heid, and a gentle flop on his left told him the burn had received it as its ain. And noo as Bob neared the kirkyaird door he felt a cauld shudder gaun right up his back, which made his hair rise a wee. But Bob wasna feared—not he. The bogles might pluck the bonnet frae his heid in the dark, but they wadna stop him this time,

and as he slippit on his courage rose. But surely he maun be by the door by now. The storm which had been brewin' a' this time cam' on wi' terrific force. A glint wi' the tail o' his e'e showed Bob through the darkness that the kirkyaird door was staunin' wide to the wa'. He lengthened his stride and clutched his clogs wi' a tighter grip, when—bang! went the door wi' a deafenin' crash. Ghosts and goblins let loose! Down went the clogs and awa' flew Bob along the road like the wun'.

"It's hardly worth ma while tellin' ye that he didna ance look roon' till he was safely hame, and, if a' stories are true, Bob didna bother to keep to the main road, but loupit a five-barred yett, clam' the glebe, roon' by the wud-heid, by Scott the piper's, and doon Jamie's Brae.

"Weesht! What's that?"

"*What?*" asked everybody at once.

"It's just like ye, Jean, frightin' folk. Ye haena put the back door properly on the sneck, and the wun's blawn it th'gither again.

"Eh! yer feared to gang oot in the dark. Hoot, hoot, there's nae sic thing as a ghost. And here's Dick and Tam wantin' to leave the can'le burnin' till they get to sleep in bed. Aweel, nae mair ghost stories by the fireside if yer a' as feared as that muckle loon ca'd Bob. Sae, off to bed ye get, and yer mither'll blaw oot the can'le when yer sleepin'."—*Border Magazine*.

The Chiefs of Clan Sutherland

Americans do not understand that the family of the Duke of Sutherland are not Sutherlands except in a very remote degree.

They are really Leveson-Gowers descendants of a Baronet of Gowers and a certain Levison a Jewish money lender about whose antecedents The Dukes are silent. These Leveson-Gowers became

connected with the County of Sutherland through the marriage in 1785 of George Granville Leveson-Gower (Marquess of Stafford) to Elizabeth Gordon who was declared Countess of Sutherland by the Scottish law courts in face of claimants who were descended from the direct line of the Sutherlands. The judgment is usually regarded as a travesty of justice.

The result has been that the Chief of Clan Sutherland is a direct representative of the line of the ancient Earls of Sutherland; while the territorial proprietor of Sutherland is a direct representative of an alien family. The above Elizabeth Gordon was born in 1765, and her claim was preferred by the Law-courts as being the female descendant of Alexander Gordon, who became Earl of Sutherland in 1527 under a special charter of James I.

This Alexander Gordon claimed the Earldom as being the eldest son of Adam Gordon of Aboyne and Elizabeth Sutherland, Countess of Sutherland, in 1514. This Adam Gordon assumed the title of Earl of Sutherland on the strength of his wife being Countess in her own right. It was through Adam Gordon that the Earldom of Sutherland passed from the Sutherlands to the Gordons.

The Chiefship of the Clan Sutherland belongs to the Sutherlands of Forse. The Sutherlands of Forse are the direct heir male descendants of the ancient Earl of Sutherland, as George Sutherland of Forse showed to the satisfaction of the House of Lords when he claimed the Earldom in 1771; that he was then the nearest heir male of the ancient Earls of Sutherland. The Sutherland of Forse ancestor, William, the 4th Earl, married Margaret, daughter of King Robert I (the Bruce), proved by charter, 10th Oct., 1347, by King David, creating the Earldom of Sutherland into a regality to the Earl and his wife, the King's sister and to the heirs to be procreate between them; and many others charters in the 17th, 34th, 35th and 37th years of David II. Earl William died in 1370: he had two sons Robert and Kenneth.

The Sutherlands of Forse are descended from Kenneth Sutherland, second son of William de Murriff (Moray), fifth Earl of Sutherland, who died at the end of the 14th century (the line that failed to provide a direct male heir, when Adam Gordon assumed the Earldom, was the line of the above Robert, the 6th Earl). When Adam Gordon came upon the scene, the Earldom should have passed to the line of William's second son Kenneth; but Adam Gordon had behind him the whole power

of the Gordons to suppress the claims of the Kenneth's descendants.

The family property of the Sutherlands of Forse was in Caithness, and after the ascendancy of the Gordons they were prevented from acquiring any territorial influence in Sutherland.

In 1745, when the Western and Central Highlanders crowded to the Stuart standard, the East coast proprietors drew together in self defence. John Sutherland of Forse and Alexander Mackay, son of Lord Reay, became captains of Loudon's Highlanders, a regiment which was disbanded at Perth in 1748.

George Sutherland of Forse claimed the Earldom of Sutherland in 1766 as being heir male of the ancient Sutherland Earls. If the decision had been given according to justice and descent, he certainly should have received the Earldom, as most historians agree. The judge decided in favor of Elizabeth Gordon, already mentioned, whose claims were backed among others by the Duke of Athol, The Earl of Elgin, Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes and Mackenzie of Delvin. The judges however could not deprive George Sutherland of Forse of the Chiefship of the Clan of Sutherland, which remained in the family.

It is to be remembered that Kenneth Sutherland of Forse in the 15th century held also the properties of Drummurie and Backish at Golspie and Torish near Helmsdale from his brother Robert Earl of Sutherland. John the Earl of Sutherland in 1471 accepted entry of John Sutherland of Forse to the above Lands of Drummurie, Backish and Torish at that date. John of Forse being designated as son and heir to his Father Richard.

The claimant, George Sutherland of Forse, having died unmarried, was succeeded by his brother John Campbell Sutherland of Forse, who was succeeded by his son George of Forse, J.P.D.L. in the County of Caithness, who was succeeded by his eldest son John William Sutherland, late Lieutenant Royal Dragoons, etc.

It has always been common knowledge in the County that the Sutherlands of Forse were the senior male branch of the family of Dunrobin.—A. B. S.

**AULD SCOTIA'S LYRIC KING AND QUEEN BOTH SORNED ON
LUMSDEN, ABERDEEN**

By JAMES D. LAW
(For THE CALEDONIAN)

Was ever BURNS in Auchindoir?
—We canna say for sure;
But it at least had lyric lore
That did his pen allure.

“The Reel o’ Bogie”—“Gaudie Rins”
“Lang Johnny Moir”—and mair
Were kent wi’ a’ their oots and ins
Upon the Banks o’ Ayr.

The “Highland Harry” that he sang
Was Lumsden’s gallant chief,
For whom Knockespock’s heirress lang
Proclaimed her hopeless grief.

He was the Laird o’ Clova born,
And till his manhood raised

Whaur Towanreef and Buck adorn
The district lang bepraised.

And so, tho’ he was sung afore,
Burns heezed to greater fame
A Highlander frae Auchindoir
Who bore the “Lumsden” name.

Still later on we cam’ to learn
In “Royal Charlie’s” strain
The words and tune by Lady Nairn
Were echo’d back again.

Thus LUMSDEN links wi’ AUCHINDOIR
As evermore she will
The KING and QUEEN of lyric lore
O’er Scotland reigning still.

(See the newly published and intensely interesting “Burns and Folk-Song” by Alexander Keith (Wyllie & Son, Aberdeen), where the author, noticing “Lumsden’s Memorials” (Edinburgh, 1889), calls attention to the origin of “Highland Harry.” Lady Nairn’s connection with the song and air received comment in the Henley-Henderson Centenary Edition of Burns.—J. D. L.)

“Clovernook,” Roxborough,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Glasgow Letter

By the will of the late Mrs. Margaret Sim or Burnside, of Maxwell Park, Glasgow, our local Infirmaries have had a windfall. The value of the estate amounted to £16,031 and Mrs. Burnside directed that after payment of expenses of her trust, and a small legacy to each of her trustees, the residue of her estate should be equally divided among the four Glasgow Infirmaries. The Infirmaries do a noble work that is too apt to be overlooked, because it is done so unostentatiously. However, we are glad to see from time to time that the good work is appreciated.

A great scheme is on foot in Glasgow to erect a central meeting place and hostel for Highland people, for which purpose there is a combined effort being made at present by all institutions and individuals with Highland interests at heart, to raise the sum of £30,000. Already the activities of those interested are being felt, and every variety of money raising idea is likely to be utilized. Sir Andrew Pettigrew has enlisted the support of the City Business Club, and Mr. James Dalrymple, our tireless Tramways Manager, reports that the Tramways staff have resolved to raise £1,000 towards this worthy ob-

ject. Surely no finer memorial to the Highlanders who fought and died in the service of their country, could be raised, than a home and meeting place for the thousands of lonely Highland men and women who yearly come from the hills and glens to our great city. We wish the scheme all the success it so well deserves.

We notice, in connection with the John Long £500 prize competition, that five novels by new writers have been accepted for publication, among them being "The House of Ogilvy," written by Miss Winifred Duke, who is a daughter of the Rev. Edward St. Arnand Duke, M.A., Sub-Dean of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh. From all we hear, Miss Duke has a promising literary career before her, and we are told she is at present engaged on another novel with a Scottish setting.

The fact that Glasgow has no fewer than 115 picture houses was brought out recently at a court held for granting and renewing licenses. Glasgow has also 15 theatres, 84 billiard rooms and 60 dancing halls. This all sounds very entertainment-loving, and considering the size of our city we certainly do not seem to err on the side of moderation where pleasure is concerned. We are afraid many of the older generation will shake their heads at these times, and predict a doubtful issue, and we would not dispute such a thought, as we are inclined to think too that this is not the stuff that makes for greatness—physically or mentally. However, these are the facts.

It was a great day in St. Andrews, on May 4th, when Sir J. M. Barrie was installed as Rector of the University, and Earl Haig as Chancellor.

Of course the incomparable "Barrie" was the man of the hour, and this being his first really public appearance, everyone was on tiptoe to hear what he had to say. His Rectorial speech to the students, so appropriately entitled "Courage" was characteristic of this man of many emotions. His unique, almost dual personality, is peculiarly attractive, and everything he said carried conviction. He exhorted the students to cultivate "Courage," which he described as a "lovely virtue." He sounded a note of pathos when he spoke of the (shall we say?) "satisfaction" of hard work. Of his own early days of journalism he said:

"The greatest glory that ever came to me was to be swallowed up in London, not knowing a soul, and without means of subsistence, and with the fun of working till the stars went out. Oh, to be a free lance of journalism again—that darling jade! These were days too good to last."

He spoke of success—in its accepted term—as a futile thing, and so indeed it is, although in the case of Barrie his wonderful writings will go down to generations yet unborn, and his name will ever be affectionately engraved on the hearts of his countrymen and women.

He finished up his speech to the students with the words—"Fight on, until the whistle blows, for the old red gown."

Needless to say it was a wonderful experience for the people of St. Andrews, and one not easily to be forgotten, as Sir James declared this was his first, and would be his last public appearance, as apparently he finds it a very unpleasant duty to "face the music" in this way.

Earl Haig, on being made Chancellor of the University, made a fine speech, full of the telling points and solid good sense so typical of this intrepid Scottish soldier. Surely, St. Andrews University has been fortunate in securing as Rector and Chancellor two such distinguished and outstanding men.

In the realm of sport, Scotland is beginning to wake up again, as was evidenced in the London *Daily Mail* £1000 Golf Tournament, at St. Andrews, with George Duncan as the winner. His golf was almost sensationally brilliant, and he broke all St. Andrews records by returning a score of 68. The former record of the old course was 70, established last year by Jock Hutchison, the open champion, and J. M. Barnes, the well-known American. Duncan had occupied seventh place in the tournament at the close of the third round, but going out in the afternoon he played the wonderful game that won him the first prize, which is £300 and a gold medal.

However, Scotland was badly disappointed at the International match between England and Scotland, at Prestwick, which resulted in a win for England. The final was played between Ernest Holderness, representing England, and John Caven, for Scotland, and it was a splendid game, played by both aspirants in a true sporting spirit. If there is any consolation in letting the trophy go to England, it lies in the fact that Holderness is a real sportsman. Caven, however, took his opponent to the last hole, and the game was ultimately won by one hole and one putt, on the 36th green. The friendly relations between the finalists was greatly to be admired. As the *Bulletin* correspondent puts it—"There were many expressions of admiration for the way the loser lost and the winner won."

Great things were expected of W. I. Hunter, the present amateur champion, who was playing for Scotland, but such is the uncertainty of golf, that he was knocked out about half way through the week's play.

Both Caven and Holderness were very popular, and the latter, although playing for England, said in his speech that he was three parts Scottish, and was very proud of the fact, and that he mastered his golf at Dornoch, in Sutherlandshire.

The enthusiasm for the sport of golf may be gauged when we mention that about 20,000 people followed the players on the finishing day of the match.

Great excitement was caused in Glasgow recently, when an illicit still was discovered in the western district of the city. The removal of the apparatus caused quite a sensation, as it was the largest and most up-to-date set ever

discovered in Scotland. Three men have been arrested in connection with the affair, and further developments are awaited with interest. Until the authorities in London have made up their minds, the actual charge to be preferred against these men will remain problematical, but they are meantime detained on a charge of having stolen gas from the Corporation in connection with their nefarious operations in another direction.

The Grampian Electricity Supply Bill, which seeks to authorize the formation of a company for the purpose of acquiring lands and erecting power stations for generating electricity, by utilizing the vast natural resources of the lochs and rivers of the Southern Highlands of Scotland, is at present under discussion by a select committee of the House of Commons. The cost of the scheme is estimated at £4,500,000.

In evidence given as to the benefits accruing from the scheme, it was stated that by delivering 118,000,000 units of power it was estimated that 160,000 tons of coal per annum would be saved on the first part of the scheme, while the saving on the whole scheme would amount to 436,000 tons per annum. It was argued that there are no very large supplies of water for generating electricity in England, and that it was in North Wales and Scotland it was found possible to utilize, on a large scale, water power for the generating of electricity.

The Rev. T. H. Hughes, M.A., B.A., D.Litt., has been elected to the vacant principalship of the Scottish Congregational College. In acknowledging the appointment, Principal Hughes said that he came with a certain faint echo of regret in his heart, that when, 46 years ago, he first saw the light, he saw it in a little Welsh village, and not in a Scottish village, for he had been long enough here to know that it was a great thing to be a Scotsman. He promised to do his best to become as thoroughly Scottish in sentiment, spirit and outlook while he was with them, as it was possible for a Welshman to be. Well, at least Principal Hughes is tactful, and that should go a long way to making him well liked and popular.

A find of oil at D'Arcy, near Dalkeith, has aroused considerable interest, and a sample has been subjected to analysis by Mr. John E. Hackford, B.Sc., a well-known consulting petroleum chemist. Mr. Hackford's first analysis shows that the specific gravity at 60 degree Fahr. is .819, and that the oil contains 15 per cent. of gasoline (motor spirit), 25 of kerosene, 35 of gas oil, and 25 of lubricating oil. It has a paraffin base. It will be some time before it can be learned what quantity of oil the D'Arcy well is likely to yield.

At the beginning of June the Canadian Pacific liner *Tunisian* sailed with 80 Scottish farmers and farm laborers on board, bound for the Canadian wheat lands. These people are the first to go under the Company's new Colonization Scheme, and it is still to be seen whether it will be a success. Anyhow, it is a venture worth

taking, as present conditions in this country could scarcely be less encouraging, and the Scotsman is a born pioneer and colonizer, and is sure to make the best and most of things wherever he goes.

At the opening of the reconstructed Rifle Ranges at Dechmont, on the 6th June, Major General Sir Philip Robertson expressed the opinion that when the Scottish Rifle Association meet there in a short time, they will fire on what are probably the finest ranges in Scotland. It was after the reconstruction of the Territorial Force in 1919 that the War Office eventually authorized the Association to proceed with a modified scheme of extension and alteration at a cost of almost £7,000. There is now one combined range with 114 targets.

The death of Mr. Daniel Coats, of Paisley, at the ripe old age of 70, removes one of that little town's greatest benefactors. He is the last of Sir Peter Coats' five sons. For many years he had lived with his brother, the late Mr. Peter Coats, at Garthland Place, Paisley, but about 15 years ago he purchased Brockwood Park, Hampshire, and went in for the rearing of pedigreed farm stock. Among his many benefactions to Paisley we may mention that in March, 1918, the Directors of the Royal Alexandra Infirmary received a gift of £5,000, with which to endow four beds, and in April of the same year he gave securities to the value of £6,000 to the Directors of the Royal Victoria Infirmary. As Chairman of the Peter Coats Trustees he was identified with the large extension being made to the Alexandra Infirmary by the Trust. Also in 1918 he gifted the property at 69 High Street, Paisley, to the Town Council, to provide a site for a west wing to the Museum, and later, he handed over £10,000 to erect the building.

We are glad to note the rapid upward climb of Mr. James B. Speirs, A.R.C.M., L.R.A.M., of the Royal College of Music, London, who had two compositions for the piano performed at the College recently. He is a Scotsman, from Leven, in Fifeshire, and in the one year he has gained the Academical degree as Associate of the Royal College of Music, has become a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music, and crowned all these attainments by being put on the panel as a fully qualified teacher by the Teachers' Registration Council. Mr. Speirs is shortly leaving for Canada to supervise the music in Montreal High School. Our best wishes go with him.

The historic stronghold of the Douglasses for centuries past, Tantallon Castle, now however in ruins, is to be included in the sale of the North Berwick Estate of 2,660 acres. It is with feelings of poignant regret that we see these ancient piles almost daily going into the market, and out of the hands of the original owners, with "lang pedigrees." These distressful times are bringing in their train innovations and new conditions almost unthinkable, and those of us imbued with pride of race, and where is the Scotsman or Scotswoman who is not, feel deeply the circumstances that compel our own people to

sell their homes and estates, most of them famous in history at one time or another.

If walls could speak, Tantallon Castle could tell many a story of fierce battle. The castle was besieged in James V, who, at the first attack, failed to break the 12 ft. wall, but who ultimately succeeded by the strategy of starving the garrison until they surrendered.

In later times this Castle was stormed both by Cromwell and the Covenanters, and now all that remains is the massive curtain walls extending from the gateway down to the flanking towers at each end, which overhang the sea.

We are delighted to record the success of Mr. Tom Gentleman (a Glasgow man), who has won the second prize of 75 Guineas in a poster competition organized by the Great Western Railway Company. The fact that there were over 3,000 competitors speaks volumes for this young artist's ability. His poster, which advertises Devon, is outstanding as a striking bit of beautiful and vivid coloring, representing a brown sailed pirate ship against a dazzling blue sea. However, this is not quite the beginning of Mr. Gentleman's recognized talent. In 1914 he won the Haldane Traveling Scholarship at the Glasgow School of Art. He was unable to take advantage of this at the time owing to the outbreak of war, and his joining the forces, and it was not till after the Armistice, when he had recovered from wounds, that he visited France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and other places of art interest.

Another young Scotsman, who has distinguished himself in another branch of art, is Mr. Stephen Walsh, A.R.I.B.B., who has gained this year's Rome Scholarship in Architecture, which carries with it £50 a year, and is tenable at the British School at Rome for a period of three years. Mr. Walsh is a native of Forfar, where he spent part of his apprenticeship. Mr. Walsh also did his bit, having served four years in the Royal Engineers.

The Annual Report of the Fishery Board for Scotland states, with regard to the season's herring fishing operations, that "Except at Shetland, and to a lesser degree in the Firth of Clyde, the season's herring fishing can only be described as a failure." The report goes on to say, "The white fishing was in little better case, and the results of the year's operations were the reverse of satisfactory. The prices received by the fishermen for white fish have now fallen to almost pre-war level, but working expenses have not responded in anything like the same ratio, with the result that the proceeds of the fishing trip too frequently are insufficient to cover the outlay of wages, fuel, ice, and upkeep, and it is understood that at Aberdeen only one-third of the vessels at work succeeded in clearing the expenses. The value of the fish landed during the year was £5,012,956, the lowest since 1917. Last year's catch totalled 5,200,229 cwt., as compared with 6,325,949 cwt. in 1920 and 5,968,866 cwt. in 1919.

On the subject of the use of aircraft for locating fish shoals, the Board record the failure of their efforts to obtain the use of an aeroplane

or flying boat, and state that the Air Ministry have indicated that the Board may rely on their continued co-operation, and it is hoped that an experimental flight may be arranged during this summer.

To Ayr, most fittingly, falls the honor and good luck of discovering a valuable Burns' Manuscript, the finding of which has created quite a stir in the town. It was found in the archives of Ayr Sheriff Court, and is written throughout in the poet's own hand-writing. It refers to a period of his life in 1786, when he contemplated going abroad, and was leaving this legal document so that his affairs might be in order, and had special reference to the upbringing of a child, who was being left to the charge of a brother of the poet.

The question now arises what is to be done with the manuscript, and how can it be removed from the Sheriff Court. It is suggested that the Secretary for Scotland should be approached with a view to having the document placed in a public museum, where all interested may see it.

The will of the late Mr. George Craigie Urquhart of Castlecomb, Surrey, is of great interest to Kilmarnock and Cromarty. The value of the estate is £39,334, which is distributed as follows:—The testator gives his heritable property in Cromarty to the Provost, Minister of the Parish, and minister of the Episcopal Church in Cromarty, the income to be applied for assisting poor persons in the town; £1,000 to the Kilmarnock Infirmary; £1,000 to the Cottage Hospital at Cromarty to endow a bed; and £500 for general purposes; £1,000 to the Episcopal Church at Kilmarnock for poor parishioners; £1,000 to the Dingwall Hospital; £1,000 to the Royal Infirmary, Inverness; £500 to the Kilmarnock Nursing Association; £100 to the Ross & Cromarty Benevolent Association, Glasgow; and an Annuity of £25 to his brother, Robert Fraser; £100 to his niece, Dorothy May Bostock, and the residue of the property between the Cottage Hospital, Cromarty, the Episcopal Church at Kilmarnock, and the Kilmarnock Infirmary.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Cardinal Gibbons' Definition of a Good Citizen

Col. Walter Scott has in his possession a letter written by the late Cardinal Gibbons, November 27, 1893, addressed to Wm. Howe Tolman of New York, which reads as follows:

I am persuaded that he is a good citizen who, firstly, knows the laws of his country; secondly, who obeys those laws religiously; thirdly, who knows and uses his rights within the law, and, fourthly, who always renders to Caesar the things that belong to Caesar, while he does not fail to render to God, the things that belong to God.

Very faithfully yours in Christ,
(Signed) J. CARD. GIBBONS.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

New York Caledonian Club

Chief Alexander Caldwell presided at the regular monthly meeting on the evening of Tuesday, June 6th, which turned out to be one of the most interesting held in months. As announced in THE CALEDONIAN, Col. Walter Scott had been presented with an oil painting of the late Ex-Chief Hugh Fraser—the Grand Old Scotsman of the Pacific Coast. His offer to loan it in perpetuity to the Club, where it could be viewed by many, was accepted at the May meeting. By appointment Colonel Scott with Honorary Clansman Duncan MacInnes and Comrade Wm. H. Conley of the 79th Regiment Veteran Association, were escorted to the hall by Ex-Chiefs Reid, Foulis and Donaldson. In making the presentation Colonel Scott reviewed the long and busy life of the late Ex-Chief Fraser, commenting especially on his constant endeavor to aid everything Scottish. The portrait was then unveiled by Mr. MacInnes, and accepted by Chief Caldwell for the Club.

Following these ceremonies the Concert and Ball Committee submitted their report, showing a large financial return. The Committee was accorded a hearty vote of thanks, and Clansman Thomas Aitken, treasurer of the Committee, was given a special vote of thanks for his work. Two new members were elected: to Ex-Chief Foulis was given the honor of receiving them into membership. Two propositions were received. Chief Caldwell and the Ex-Chiefs above mentioned all wore Highland costume in honor of the occasion.

Chief Caldwell presided at the monthly meeting of the Club held July 11, and was decidedly pleased when he found that there was a good turnout of the members in spite of the hot weather. Three new members were elected and initiated. The list of events for the Labor Day Games at Ulmer Park submitted by the Games Committee was adopted unanimously. The recommendation of the Committee to do without a brass band for the parade was also adopted—but only after some strong arguments for and against—by a very narrow majority. The Highland dancing and piping events will be changed from last year so that the spectators will not have to crowd into the ring to see these popular features.

As usual, three officers are to represent the Club at the Philadelphia Caledonian Games and three at the Boston Games. Chief Caldwell and Chieftain Bernard will get up early on the morning of August 5th, and proceed via the Pennsylvania R. R. to Philadelphia to take part in the annual parade there and put in the balance of the day at Maple Grove. Chieftains Vance and Shepherd will report at the Boston Caledonian headquarters on that morning and after the parade through the streets of "The Hub" will be found among those present at Caledonian Grove, West Roxbury. Club Piper Angus Fraser is to accompany one of the delegations.

To Our Subscribers

IT is a good thing to examine the date on the wrapper of your paper now and then. It reveals the exact condition of your subscription account. In case it reads Aug., 1922, or any date prior to this, your subscription should be renewed at once. This will save postage and unnecessary clerical work. The change of date on the wrapper the following month is the receipt for your subscription, unless otherwise requested. In renewing your own subscription, send us also the address of a friend or neighbor not now receiving the paper.

PERSONAL.

Miss Jean Donaldson, daughter of Ex-Chief James R. Donaldson, sailed on the *Cedric*, June 17th, for a transatlantic trip. Miss Donaldson, now in the fourth year of her age, has her mother and two brothers for traveling companions.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS.

The last regular business meeting of the ladies until fall was held Monday evening, June 5th, Mrs. Alexander Caldwell presiding. Saturday, July 22nd, was selected for the annual salt water outing, and City Island on Long Island Sound as the scene. The ladies expressed themselves as well pleased with the successes of the season just finished, and anticipate an equally delightful time when they resume meetings in October.

The Annual Salt Water Outing of the ladies was held at City Island, N. Y., Saturday, July 22. The outing was held on board of the old British frigate *Macedonian*, which, for many years, has done duty as a hotel at City Island. A goodly number of the ladies were present and were evidently much cheered by having Ex-Chief Donaldson, Ex-Chieftain Burns and Clansman Alexander Mackintosh as visitors. A rainstorm late in the afternoon was another visitor; but it did not last long enough to spoil anyone's pleasure. Having put away the usual amount of chowder, sandwiches, frankfurters, etc., necessary to finish a day near the water, the entire party left for their Manhattan homes feeling as if they had passed a very comfortable day.

Philadelphia Letter

The Lady Camerons, D. of S., reinforced by the Cameron men, No. 64, O. S. C., held their annual outing and picnic at Hunting Park. They were favored with fine weather, which insured a large turn-out of the clannish Scots, not to omit the bairns, who were there numerous as if procured at the bargain counter, in spite of the Scots mothers' saying that every one of them is worth a thousand dollars! A few of the old reliables were missed, the Youngs, Pollocks, Bryces and Carmichaels, who were gracing the wedding of George Young's son at 2:30 o'clock, the second son to go off the carpet this week.

The elder bodies sat around under the shade of the fine old trees, recounting the memories and associations o' bygone days, and swapping stories and anecdotes connected with Paisley, her once famous shawl industry, and Coats' and Clarks' inimitable cotton thread. Others from Auld Reekie and Galashiels had their innings, and not a few from Newmilns, Galston and Darval waxed eloquent when the beauties of the Ayrshire coast were mentioned. The bairns gamboled on the grassy lawns like lambs, ran races for prizes, whilst the grown ups competed in sprints and soccer. As the shades of evening drew near, contents of baskets were distributed on the tables, and a glorious feast enjoyed by old and young, topped off with tea and ice-cream. Pipers Bird and MacCloy took turns on the national instrument of auld Scotia, and in due time all departed for "Home, Sweet Home" delighted with the sociable and enjoyable character of the gathering of the Clans.

We know not what a day may bring forth. On Friday, June 30th, when folks felt buoyant over the prospect of a brief holiday, on the threshold of the Fourth of July cessation from work, to celebrate U. S. Independence, a much-respected Scot, Robert Gilchrist, 1st Chieftain of the Caledonian Club, and Past-Chief of the Camerons, O.S.C., was dashed from the fourth story of the Van Sciver Building, Camden, N. J., whilst at work as a carpenter. The accident happened five minutes before knocking-off time for the noonday lunch. In less than two hours he was pronounced dead at the Cooper Hospital; much sympathy is felt for his aged mother, wife and four little children. The following Monday he was laid to rest, many of the clansmen attending the funeral. The well-known Evangelist Oakley conducted the funeral ceremonies, remarking in his discourse that just two weeks previous he had baptized the baby. The members of Clan Cameron followed with the funeral rites of the Order of Scottish Clans.

Another well-known countryman, Alexander Tulloch, grieves over the death of his mother, the widow of Ex-Chief Hugh Tulloch. Aleck for a number of years has been the popular 3rd Chieftain of the Club, and whilst he has the condolence of all his many friends and associates, may well consider himself blessed, that his mother has attained that peaceful rest earned through the rigors of a painful and prolonged illness. Quite a number of the Scottish community attended the funeral services, and were present at the interment; among the flowers surrounding the casket were floral wreaths from the Club and Ladies' Auxiliary.

Saturday afternoon, July 15th, the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club had their annual outing and picnic at Hunting Park. The weather was grand, and the turnout of the members and clansmen was quite flattering; even the "weans" betokened a desire on the part of the Scotch for big families, so numerous were the wee tots. An enjoyable time was spent camping by the Lake, across which cool breezes blew. Foot races were run for prizes, and the President, Mrs. Murdoch, distributed cigars among the men, which innovation seemingly was much appreciated. The Auxiliary is well-deserving of every encouragement, as they are at all times helpful to the men at the Club functions, and at their own sociables sowing seeds of courtesy and fraternity. Chief Morton of the Club and Chief Courage of Clan Cameron, No. 64, with their families were among those present.

—ST. MUNGO.

Scranton, Pa.

The Scranton Caledonian Club took in eight new members at its regular semi-monthly meeting, June 19th. All are enthusiastic at the splendid progress the club is making. The Club will put on "Rob Roy" at one of the local theatres this fall, and no expense will be spared in making it one grand success. Everyone in the cast will be Scotch "to the backbone."

Capt. James Moir has been quite sick; but I am glad to say that he is feeling fine now and attending to business.

—WILLIAM I. VALE Secretary.



ROYAL CLAN OFFICERS AND CITY OFFICIALS AT QUINCY

Quincy, Mass.

The Royal Officers of the Order of Scottish Clans will not soon forget their wonderful visit to Quincy. Colonel Walter Scott, whose generous offer in connection with the restoration of the birthplace of President John Quincy Adams has aroused a new interest in the many historical treasures in which the City of Quincy abounds, writes the *Patriot-Ledger* the following letter, in which he expresses his thanks for the courtesies shown on that occasion, and hopes to be able to again visit Quincy in the near future:

Editor, *Patriot-Ledger*,
Quincy, Mass.

Since visiting your interesting and charming city on April 26, in company with Royal Treasurer Duncan MacInnes, Order of Scottish Clans, at the invitation of Clan MacGregor No. 5 and your Mayor, I have been in the state of Maine, but am still living in the atmosphere created by the kindly hospitality extended by Mayor Bradford, City Clerk Crane, your distinguished citizen, Mr. Henry Faxon, and others, together with the officers and members of Clan MacGregor No. 5, O. S. C., although I have not had an opportunity until my return to business today to write to these people and express the thanks of our Royal Treasurer and myself for the courtesies extended. We deeply appreciated the opportunity given us to visit those shrines of historical value in which your city so richly abounds, and to have the points of interest explained to us by one so thoroughly posted as your Mr. Faxon and Mr. Crane.

I now find that we also owe our thanks to the Quincy *Patriot-Ledger*, and your other papers, for the publicity given the worthy cause for which our visit was made, namely, Clan

MacGregor No. 5, one of the chain of Clans of the largest Order of Scotsmen and their descendants in the world. I must add, however, that the enjoyment of our visit was increased to a very large extent by a new interest, namely, the various treasures to be found in your city which speak of those patriots who made possible all that we enjoy today. They built far better than they knew, and we must never neglect these shrines, but instead ever keep before us the shining example set by the lives of these men who played such an important part in the history of our great country.

I can assure you that we are anxious to visit Quincy again in the near future, when we hope more time can be devoted to the gems of "lang syne" which are in your keeping.

Very sincerely yours,
WALTER SCOTT, *Royal Tanist.*

Springfield, Mass.

The Scottish group was awarded second prize in the Nationality division in the great parade of July 4th, one of the most colorful ever seen in Springfield. Many grotesque and comic figures appeared in the line, and many projects and organizations, civic and otherwise, were caricatured, but beautifully decorated floats and motorcycles, and two groups of foreign-born residents gave to the procession a charm and beauty that brought bursts of applause from the thousands who viewed it.

Adam Urquhart led the Scottish section, which made a "bonny" display, the Springfield Pipe Band in their bright colored kilts, with a group of veterans of branches of the British army following directly behind. Then came a group from Clan Murray, O. S. C. The float of this group portrayed "Mary Queen of Scots," sit-

ting on the throne with retainers and ladies in waiting grouped around her. Mrs. Agnes Culnan took the part of the ill-fated Scotch Queen.

We have heard only words of praise for the Chinese group, which was awarded the first prize. Of the 200 men, women and children who took part, about 50 came from Boston and New York, and included a full Chinese band of 16 pieces, from Chinatown, New York. The elaborate silk certos, pajamas and slippers, with equally striking headdresses, brought hearty applause all along the line of march. Directly behind the band came the colors, both the Stars and Stripes, with a guard of Springfield Chinese, who served with the American troops in France, and the flag of their native country. All of the many colored garments were bought new for the parade and cost nearly \$150 each. As the owners will not have further use for them for some time to come, if at all, they will be sold at auction in the Chinese colony in Liberty Street. It was estimated that close to \$3,000 was expended for the Chinese group alone.

Dr. Vardell at Kilmuir

Dr. Charles G. Vardell, President of the Flora MacDonald College, Red Springs, N. C., made an eloquent address in the Kilmuir churchyard on the Isle of Skye, July 12, the occasion being the unveiling of a tablet to commemorate the bicentenary of the birth of Flora MacDonald, the Scottish heroine.

Dr. Vardell said that the people of North Carolina showed a great interest in the memory

of Flora MacDonald, whose life was a signal example of the coupling of duty and romance. He placed a wreath upon the tablet in the name of Scottish America.

The unveiling was done by a direct descendant of the heroine, Miss Livingstone of Flodigary, after a simple ceremony that was a mixture of quaint Highland customs and Gaelic religious rites.

The large gathering was addressed by Murdoch MacDonald, M.P., and a number of Highland lairds. Major Livingstone MacDonald referred to the splendid proof of enthusiasm and energy given by Dr. Vardell, who had traveled 3,000 miles to bring the homage of Scotia's descendants in America to the shrine of Scotia's noblest heroine. The evidence was, he said, that there were ties between Scotland and America which no cataclysm ever could loosen.

Boston Caledonians in New Home

On June 23, 1922, the Caledonian Building at the corner of Berkeley and Appleton Streets, recently purchased by the Boston Caledonian Building Association, was dedicated with impressive ceremonies by the officers of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, A. F. and A. M., before a distinguished gathering including the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the City, and other prominent guests. The Caledonian Club of Boston, and associated organizations, are to be congratulated upon the successful termination of their efforts to secure a Home of their own in Boston.

63rd Annual Scottish Games

CALEDONIAN CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA

MAPLE GROVE, FOX CHASE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1922

(Take Fox Chase Cars, Route 50, on Fifth Street, Direct to Grove)

SPECIAL EVENT

SWORD DANCE for the Championship of America. Champion's Gold Medal in addition to regular prizes.

Sixteen other events—with handsome and valuable prizes. Medals donated by Col. Walter Scott to encourage Highland piping and dancing.

NOTE—All entries should be sent to 3rd Chieftain Alexander Tulloch, 5719 Malcolm Street, Philadelphia.

A. A. U. EVENTS

(Sanctioned by the A. A. U., all handicapped.)

100 yard dash—Putting the shot—440 yards—Half mile—220 yard hurdle—220 yards over 18 in. hurdle—One mile—Running high jump—Pole vault.

Handsome Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals will be awarded 1, 2, 3 in each event.

1 Mile Relay Race—4 men. Silver cup to winning team and 4 Gold medals.

Foot Ball Between Two Best Teams Available.

William M. MacBean Honored

Despatches from Scotland announce that William Mackintosh Mac Bean, of New York City, historian of St. Andrews Society of the State of New York, was "capped LL.D. by Aberdeen University, July 13." This was the date originally set upon which it was expected ex-President Taft would receive the same honor from Aberdeen, but as he had to leave before that time, the ceremony of capping him was made an earlier special occasion.

As historian of the St. Andrew's Society, one of the oldest societies of the kind in America, Mr. MacBean has been engaged for many years in the production of a biographical history of the famous society which has had for its presidents the leading business Scots since 1756, the date of its founding. It has on its roll many distinguished honorary members and the society has an important influence in the city. This work of Mr. MacBean is now complete and will be issued at an early date.

But his real distinction and the one that has been particularly recognized by Aberdeen University, is his contribution to Jacobite literature. He is recognized the world over as one of the highest authorities on the subject and was the owner of a priceless collection of works relating to that subject. These he recently presented to the University of Aberdeen, and they have proved of such value to students that the University felt that by honoring him in the way it has done it was but conferring scant justice on the painstaking and persevering scholar. Mr. MacBean is a member of the New York Historical Society and was previously secretary of St. Andrew's, and is a prominent member of the Burns Society of the City of New York, etc. He has a son who earned distinction on the other side as a member of the medical staff. Mr. MacBean has a host of friends who will be delighted to hear of the honor bestowed upon him.

St. Louis, Mo.

The 44th annual picnic and games of the Scottish Clans was held on July 4 at Mueller's Park. The most interesting contests of the day were the Highland dancing, three events, all the prizes for which were donated by Col. Walter Scott, New York, the all-the-year-round Santa Claus. All the contestants were young ladies under 14, and the judges had a hard task, but no protests were heard.

Besides donating the prizes for dancing, Colonel Scott sent a telegram of encouragement and good wishes, which was greatly appreciated. The program of games and sports was carried through smartly, every event being crowded with eager contestants. In the classic Clansmen's race, Robert Reid won; Andrew Elder, second. The Clansmen's shot put was taken by Andrew Cousins; Andrew Elder, second. The hammer and nail contest, for members of Lady Haig Lodge, was a merry event, Mrs. Helen Young finishing ahead of Mrs. William Young; Mrs. Smith, third. There were many contests fiercely contested by little and big boys, and

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little and big girls, too numerous to list, but very important, just the same, and many of them will feature in future sport reports. The dance hall was well filled all day, and the various attractions in the grove were all well patronized. The weather was ideal, and everybody went home smiling.

Pipers Play as Johnston Sails

John MacLean Johnston, chief of Clan Macdonald, No. 33, O. S. C., sailed on the *Celtic*, July 1, for a six-weeks' visit in Scotland. A native of Glasgow, his family hails from the islet of Col, off the outer Hebrides, where his clan, the MacIans (Sons of John) had their ancestral home. His grandfather, John Johnston, was prominent during the memorable Crofter agitation in the Highlands, and was busy politically.

Mr. Johnston is to visit Ardnamurchan, where his ancestor was born, and also Col, where he expects to meet direct descendants of the MacIans from whom he will obtain the family history. The chief will be accompanied by Mrs. Johnston.

To mark Mr. Johnston's departure clansmen and other Scots met at the pier headed by Pipe Major Angus Fraser—Sir Harry Lauder's piper—and James Knox of the Brooklyn Scottish Select Choir, with his cornet. The Scots marched on deck and an impromptu Scottish farewell of appropriate songs was given the chief.

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Hero Medals for Holyoke Fire and Policemen

Col. Walter Scott has presented to the city of Holyoke, Mass., two medals to be awarded to the fireman and policeman performing the most meritorious service during the year. Col. Scott also presented two \$1,000 bonds, the interest each year to pay for two medals to be presented annually to the fireman and policeman distinguishing themselves in the service. Mayor John F. Cronin accepted the medals in behalf of the City of Holyoke.

The formal presentation took place July 3, 1922, in the Mayor's office. Present besides Col. Scott and Mayor Cronin were Chief P. E. Hurley of the Fire Department, Marshall William D. Nolen of the Police Department, Fire Commissioners Arthur E. French and Joseph C. Doyle, Alderman Frank E. Taylor, City Clerk John F. Sheehan, Assistant City Clerk Daniel J. Hartnett, City Messenger William Walsh, Russell W. Magna, William Stack, secretary to the Mayor, and James O'Leary, secretary of the Fire Department.

In presenting the medals and bonds to the city of Holyoke, Col. Scott paid tribute to the city. "I have made a great many visits here," he said, "and I have always met with the kindest hospitality. I have always had pleasant times here. Yours is a beautiful city and I am thankful for the permission to present these medals for those two departments which I so highly esteem."

In accepting the medals officially, Mayor Cronin said: "I am sure I voice the sentiments of all the Holyoke people when I say that we deeply appreciate this kindly interest Col. Scott takes in the city of Holyoke, and thank him for it. There is no question the men of both departments to whom will be awarded these medals will highly value them and will ever kindly remember the source from which the city received them. Of all the persons whom I have met since holding office there is no one I hold in higher esteem than Col. Scott. I have found him a man who takes a keen interest in the affairs of others, and a man after whom we all might pattern ourselves. There is nothing better any of us can ask than when we have finished our life's work here to have brought pleasure into the life of others, and that seems to be the great work undertaken by Col. Scott."

Commissioner French, chairman of the Fire Board, accepted the valor medal for his department, and Marshal Nolen accepted on behalf of the Police Department. Each spoke words of thanks to Col. Scott. Chief Hurley of the Fire Department and Alderman Taylor also spoke.

COL. SCOTT'S SPEECH

Mayor John F. Cronin and Police and Fire Commissioners:

From boyhood I have been deeply interested in the Police and Fire Departments of our cities. I have looked up to them as a body, as two of the most important organizations that we have, standing as they do for law and order and the protection of life and property, for each man who dons the uniform at once stands exposed to grave danger, even the loss of life. This, I am sorry to say, is not as highly ap-

preciated by many of our good citizens as it should be, perhaps on account of lack of knowledge or interest. It would be well for our cities, and for these two organizations if we tried to find the good in them rather than the opposite.

I realize, of course, that it is not necessary to offer medals or other inducements as an incentive for the performance of duty, yet it has always been a custom of mine to present flowers to people during life, while their beauty can be enjoyed and their fragrance inhaled, and inasmuch as I have been honored by the city of my boyhood days—Boston—which has accepted Valor medals for its Police and Fire Departments, and also by the city in which I have resided for so many years, New York, it is with more than ordinary pleasure that I consummate today the offer made some time ago to you and your City Council to present to the City of Holyoke—my daughter's home and therefore naturally dear to me—two artistic gold medals, which are to be known as the Walter Scott Medals for Valor—one for your Police Department, and the other for your Fire Department—together with two \$1,000 6 per cent. bonds of the Detroit Edison Company (Nos. B16814 and B16815), maturing July 1, 1940, which are to be held by the treasurer of the City of Holyoke in perpetual trust, the annual income therefrom to be used in the purchase of the above-mentioned medals, the Mayor of the city and the Police and Fire Commissioners to be the judges in the award of these medals and to arrange for their presentation to the policeman and fireman who, during the calendar year, have specially distinguished themselves in the performance of duty.

I now have the honor and pleasure of presenting to you, Mr. Mayor, the first two medals and the two bonds. The dies are also the property of your city and the medals will hereafter be ordered by your city yearly in perpetuity. And I can assure you, Mr. Mayor, and Mr. Commissioners, that I deeply appreciate the honor that you have conferred on me by allowing me to donate these—the first—medals for your very efficient Police and Fire Departments.

Chicago, Ill.

One of the largest gatherings of the clans in the history of Chicago Scots was the picnic on July 4 at Kolze's Park, 64th street and Irving Park boulevard. The day was ideal and crowds began to flock to the picturesque rendezvous shortly after breakfast, and kept pouring into the grounds until late in the afternoon.

The stirring sound of the pibroch woke the echoes all day long, and Scots pipers and dancers in costume added vivid color to the scene of gaiety and festivity. The Canadian Club Kilties Band was a splendid feature, each bandsman arrayed in the new uniform of Robertson Tartan, which gives these skilful musicians a striking appearance.

Another notable feature was the Movie Man, Richard Millar of Clan MacDuff, who took pictures of both picnickers and entertainers.

The games and competition dances drew a vast assembly of spectators.

Troy, N. Y.

The Scotsmen of Troy and the Mohawk and Hudson valleys entered into the spirit of "Poppy Day," held under the auspices of the American Legion, and the emblem was conspicuous at the closing gathering of the season of the Troy Burns Club.

The attendance of three pipers of the North Adams, Mass., Pipe Band, dressed in the Stewart tartan, brought to remembrance the great sacrifices that Auld Scotland had made during the World War. Besides members of the club who served in the United States and British armies, and sons of members who fought under the Stars and Stripes in France, members of the club had brothers and other relatives in the conflict, many of whom are buried in Flanders fields.

"Can they forget them? No,
The light of Love ne'er wanes.
Lang years may come and go,
Affection aye remains."

A pleasant surprise was the appearance of Andrew Patterson, of Green Island, one of the seven surviving members of the Caledonian Club that was organized in Troy in 1872. Mr. Patterson was ill in the South when the 50th anniversary celebration was held in April, but a "Hielan'" welcome was accorded him, and he told many stories of bygone days, when there were "fewer restrictions," that kept the crowd in laughter. Mr. Patterson years ago was well known at Scottish athletic games throughout the country, being an expert dancer.

The pipers who thrilled the gathering were Pipe Major Isaac Brown, Sergeant Robert Neville and Piper George Deans. They were accompanied by the patron of the band, Alexander Renton. Others who took part were John Campbell, John Potts, James Bowman and Andrew W. Loudon.

An interesting talk on "Brushmaking" was given by James W. Bradshaw. It was decided to hold the annual picnic in August.

Hoosick Falls

"The Jolly Beggars Scotch Club" of Hoosick Falls made no mistake when the name was changed to the Hoosick Falls Burns Club. The organization is growing in membership and interest in things Scottish splendid. Those responsible for keeping the "lum reeking" are: President, George A. Ross; Vice President, Cassius A. Johnston; Secretary and Treasurer, Leo Michie. The enterprising entertainment committee consists of George Scott and W. Gilvie.

Cohoos, N. Y.

The Sons of Scotia, together with the Troy Burns Club, attended a church service in Albany. David White, the veteran president of the Cohoes organization, who is native of Arbroath, prides himself upon the fact that the Spindle City can show the Capital City how to fill a church on a Sunday evening "by a nicht at kirk wi' Scottish Folk." When a gathering of 1,200 can be secured and a program of Scottish song rendered that sets "the toon afire," nae wonder Dave feels "big."

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Rhode Island Letter

When the members of Clan Fraser who had joined the colors in the great World War returned home, a committee of honorary members assisted a committee of the Clan to give "the boys" a real welcome home. A grand entertainment was provided at which each member received a souvenir in the form of a small mahogany time-piece with the recipient's name inscribed on a metal plate. In all some seventy members had served their country, but all were not able to be present that night, so recently the question was raised as to the disposing of the clocks on hand, when it was decided to make another attempt to get at those who failed to receive their presents on the former occasion. On a given date nearly all turned up, and in one or two instances where the clansman had left the city, a volunteer was ready to convey the time-piece to him.

Mr. William Meikeljohn (head of the Meiklejohn Piano Co.) and chairman of the "Welcome Home Committee," made the presentation. Before doing so he extolled the Scottish character as exemplified by such worthy names as Scott, Carlyle, Knox, Wallace, Bruce and Rob Roy, the last named being absolutely without fear. Still, he maintained, all the heroes were not passed away for the spirit shown by the clansmen who served during the World War proved that courage and loyalty were still part of the make-up of a Scotsman, no matter what part of the world he was in; for they went from the United States, Canada, Australia and the

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Far East, and no country was so depopulated of its male members as Scotland itself. It was a great joy to all of Clan Fraser that so many came back, and he was delighted with the record they had made. The citizens of Pawtucket appreciated their work, and in their name he handed over the souvenirs.

The ceremony was made all the more interesting because of the visit of Royal Deputy Hutcheon, accompanied by a delegation from Clan Cameron of Providence, and a stronger delegation from the newly-formed Clan Drummond of Whitingsville. Chief Graham of the latter Clan announced that their visit was due to the fact that the Clan was going to hold field sports at an early date, and desired the presence of Clan Fraser to help them. Among the attractions mentioned was a five-a-side football game for a trophy. This appealed to a large number who decided to attend and the organization of a team was left in the hands of Clansman Douglas with instructions that he bring back the trophy.

Royal Deputy Hutcheon announced he had arranged a visit of the Royal Officers for an early date, and a strong committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements and to invite all the neighboring clans.

The bazaar mentioned in the last issue of THE CALEDONIAN to start a fund in connection with a proposal to erect an American-British House, was held in due course, and was a great success both financially and socially. Many Britishers came in from the neighboring cities, and it was a treat to hear the many different dialects; Lancashire and Yorkshire were well represented, but there was no mistaking Scotland's, for the "Daughters of the Heather" took good care of that, and were also well supported by the Canadian Great War Veterans and their auxiliary.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter St.,
Pawtucket, R. I.

The English-Speaking Union

On behalf of the English-speaking Union of the United States, John W. Davis, former Ambassador at London, and George W. Wickersham have just issued a joint call for enlistment in the work of the Union by those who believe that under prevailing world conditions closer co-operation between English speaking peoples is vital. Their message reads:

"What the whole world is seeking today, after war and destruction, is the right road to peace and reconstruction. Surely one great highroad is that of friendship and co-operation for humanity between all the English-speaking peoples. The recent Washington conference and the adoption of the resulting treaties make the present time most opportune for carrying this movement forward strongly.

"Besides the national organization there are now a dozen branches of the English-speaking Union—in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Lincoln, Neb., and San Francisco. Others are being organized. During the last six months the member-

ship has increased over 50 per cent and is growing steadily. We are now seeking larger quarters, which will include facilities for the reception and convenience of members and visitors, especially visitors from abroad.

"Confidently, therefore, we invite and earnestly urge the enlistment in this movement of all who agree with its broad purpose. We hope you will identify yourself actively with the branch in your district, helping to organize one there if none already exists.

"For the present, special contributions supplementing membership receipts are required to cover the necessary outlay of national headquarters. To those who are able to assist in this way we heartily recommend this cause as meriting their generous support."

The appeal is signed by Mr. Davis as President and Mr. Wickersham as Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Union.

The Union also announced that, in order to give representation to other parts of the country, the National Council had elected to the Board of Directors A. N. Marquis of Chicago, Frederic A. Delano of Washington, Allan Forbes of Boston, Charlton Yarnall of Philadelphia and Matthew Page Andrews of Baltimore.

The Late Christopher Wren

Christopher Wren, a well-known Scot of the Wyoming Valley, secretary and librarian of Wyoming Valley Historical and Geological Society, died at his home, Gaylord avenue, Plymouth, Pa., late in April, after two months' illness. Mr. Wren, who at one time was prominent in Luzerne County politics, was in his later years a collector of Indian lore and relics in the Wyoming Valley and adjoining territory and his efforts evoked a letter from the superintendent of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, N. C., declaring that his collection is one of the largest and most important private collections in the country. Mr. Wren had had his collection carefully and tastefully mounted and on exhibition in the rooms of Wyoming Valley Historical Society.

He is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Charles Fehr, of York; Misses Annie and Catherine at home, and a brother, George R. Wren, of Steelton. The deceased was born in Pottsville, Schuylkill County, a son of Captain John Y. Wren and Anne G. Wren, who came to Plymouth and resided there with their family since 1869. Captain John Y. Wren was the proprietor of a foundry in Plymouth for many years, and was a veteran of the Civil War. The deceased was engaged in the general fire insurance business since 1880. Served as prothonotary of Luzerne County for one term. Was a member of Plymouth Lodge, No. 332, Free and Accepted Masons, and served as worshipful master in 1891. Also a member of Valley Chapter, No. 214, Royal Arch Masons, served as high priest in 1898, and was one of its trustees at the time of his death. Was a trustee for many years of First Presbyterian Church of Plymouth, was serving until his illness, as secretary and librarian of the Wyoming Valley Historical and Geological Society. Member of

"No people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as the Scots have done. No people have a greater right to be proud of their blood."—*James Anthony Froude.*

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Wyoming Commemorative Association and of St. Andrew's Society of Pennsylvania. Was secretary and a very active member of Plymouth's first board of trade. The Plymouth fire department was organized in Mr. Wren's office, and he was one of the charter members of Plymouth Fire Company, No. 1. The deceased was a splendid example of good citizenship and was one who delighted in service to his community on every occasion. A man of geniality, of unusual ability, and of fine character, his death is a severe loss to his home town, and will be regretted by a very large circle of warm friends.

Youngstown, Ohio

The annual picnic and games of Clan MacDonald No. 39, were held at Idora Park, Athletic Field, Saturday, July 22nd. In addition to a fine program of athletic sports, the piping and dancing events brought out a large number of contestants and an enthusiastic audience. The Youngstown Kiltie Band furnished the music. Fifty boys and girls in costume competed for medals in the Highland Fling, Sword Dance, and juvenile piping events. It was an unusually fine and enthusiastic Scottish gathering and one of the largest affairs of the year at this popular recreation park.

A Present for Sir Harry

The Prince of Wales, while in Japan, bought a curiously twisted stick which struck him as being the very thing for Sir Harry Lauder. It is even more twisted than that which Lauder has hitherto used on the stage. The Prince had it inscribed "To Harry," and the famous comedian is now its proud possessor. New York will have its first glimpse of this stick when Sir Harry appears here, this fall. It will be one of the accessories used in the rendering of a new song—probably "Bella, the Belle of Dunoon."

Bannockburn Day

CLAN MACDUFF, NO. 81, NEW YORK

"Thistle Day" was observed in Scotland with due ceremony, but it could not have been observed more appropriately than it was by Clan MacDuff on the evening of June 24th, when Past Royal Deputy James Kennedy, father of the Clan, gave an address on Bannockburn. This was a long anticipated treat, and the result was a finished piece of rhetoric, a condensed essence of the spirit of Scottish fervor that accomplished the maintenance of that national independence which had been the struggle of many centuries.

There was a goodly attendance when Chief James Grant opened the meeting; and observing the customary Clan courtesy, he asked Chief J. MacLean Johnston, of Clan MacDonald, to take a place on his right and Past Chief Kennedy on his left. Past Chief William McCree, of Clan MacDonald, Royal Deputy Dr. James Law, and Robert C. Auld were also invited to seats near the Chief.

The program was opened by Angus Fraser, who played a skirl on the pipes with his usual vivacity. Chief Johnston, of Clan MacDonald, delighted the audience with a number of songs, splendidly rendered. Past Chief Horne, who had charge of the program, is to be congratulated, for seldom indeed has such an enjoyable variety been presented, and the evening will long be remembered.

Chief Grant had a light task in introducing Mr. Kennedy. He called to mind what the Clan

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owed to their Past Chief, and said that what they would hear would be a classic on the subject. Dr. Law was called upon by the chief to supplement his remarks as to the speaker of the evening, and it was delightful to hear the tribute bestowed by the present Royal Deputy upon their venerable Past Royal Deputy. With appropriate story and sentiment, he described the enduring qualities of Mr. Kennedy, who upon rising, was received by all standing.

At the conclusion of Mr. Kennedy's address, Clansman MacKay rose and expressed for those present the great appreciation by all of the inspiring address they had listened to so raptly. "It was," he said, "a masterly presentation of the event that freed Scotland forever from foreign domination, so concise that everyone could carry the message away with them undimmed in its brilliance." Mr. MacKay's remarks were spontaneously endorsed by a renewal of the applause that had greeted Mr. Kennedy. And it remained for another speaker, later in the evening, Past Chief William McCree, of Clan MacDonald, to voice the deeper feelings of the Scots aroused by the stirring notes of Mr. Kennedy's address. Mr. Kennedy, he said, by his poems, had made Scotland's sons homesick for the heather, while his memorable visit to Bannockburn, on the occasion of the Six Hundredth Anniversary of the battle, in 1914, was a high mark in their annals. Mr. McCree's remarks were among the most eloquent ever heard in a moot-room.

Following the address came a series of songs, recitations and impromptus that rounded out the evening's entertainment. Among those who took part were:—Miss Buist, who sang several ballads delightfully; Mrs. Mill, who sang about

Flora MacDonald; Clansman Groves, whose "Bantry Bay" was excellent; Sandy Mackintosh; and Clansman McLean, whose deep bass voice stirred the hearers. Len Parkinson, Chief Johnston's accompanist, sang some comic songs with spirited and telling effect.

It was just on the stroke of midnight when the clan circle was formed and "Auld Laug Synne" was sung.

During the proceedings, Chief Grant announced the visit planned by Chief Johnston, who sailed for Scotland, July 1st. Mr. Johnston is to make a visit to his home in the islet of Col, lying far out in the Atlantic, one of the storm-tossed Hebrides. There he hopes to gather the story of his family as it is there preserved. He will also take such measures as are possible while in Glasgow to have a knowledge of the Order of Scottish Clans brought to the attention of young Scots migrating to this country, so that when they land they can make themselves acquainted with whatever Clan is near where they expect to locate.

George Gould to Occupy Castle Grant

Much interest is manifested in the announcement that George Jay Gould, of New York, has leased Castle Grant, the ancestral stronghold of the Earls of Seafield, near Grantown, in Strathspye, and is making preparations to entertain in a style that the grim old Scottish keep has not known in many years. The estate, which includes some of the finest hunting in Scotland, has been occupied only spasmodically since the tragic death in battle of the young Earl of Seafield and Chief of Clan Grant, in 1915.

BEGINNING with this issue, THE CALEDONIAN will be published regularly on the first of each month. In order to do this, it is necessary to omit the June and July numbers. Much as we regret this, our subscribers will not be losers in any way, as all subscriptions, when renewed, will be dated ahead. All Society notes and other matter for publication should reach us not later than the 15th of the month preceding issue. Matter received later will be held for the following number.

To Honor George Rogers Clark

The conquest of the Northwest by the white man will be commemorated by a marker of stone to be placed on the site of George Rogers Clark's cabin home, situated on the outskirts of what now is known as Clarksville, Ind.

The home, which he occupied for several years, overlooks the lower falls of the Ohio River. Dedication of the marker will be under the auspices of the Daughters and the Sons of the American Revolution and the Indiana Historical Society. Officials of the three organizations will speak at the dedication, which should be of great interest to Scots everywhere.

Clarksville was established in 1783 by a group of nineteen settlers who came down to that point from Pennsylvania on a flatboat. Gen. Clark, who was of Scottish descent, was born in Albert County, Virginia. His brother, William Clark, of the Lewis & Clark Expedition, also contributed a famous chapter to American history.

Gen. Clark was possessor of the land at Clarksville by reason of two grants, one from the State of Virginia and the other from the Plankashaw Indians. The location of his cabin was known as "General's Point." For several years after his retirement Gen. Clark lived a lonely life, being visited only by occasional hunting parties.

What Our Readers Say

New York City.

It is a splendid magazine, and I always enjoy reading it.

—C. W. C.

Dalton, Mass.

Please find enclosed check for subscription. I trust you will forward copy monthly, as I enjoy reading it. Wishing THE CALEDONIAN every success.

—J. R. K. B.

Gloucester, Mass.

Wishing your good magazine long life and much success.

—F. M. C.

Norwood, Ohio.

Please renew my subscription for the valuable magazine.

—F. R.

London, England.

Every success to your paper, which we enjoy.

—G. S. B.

Bridgeport, Conn.

I just want to say how much I enjoy THE CALEDONIAN. I hope it may long continue and reach the circulation its great merit warrants.

J. C. R.

Enclosed please find check for subscription to THE CALEDONIAN. I have been reading your paper lately, borrowed from a neighbor, and I take time to thank you for publishing that article, "The Sinn-Fein Curcus." That alone was worth the price of the paper. A Scots descendant.

—J. E. H.

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Puir Scotch Laddie

(Continued from page 122)

speaking, friendless and unknown himself in London, decided to devote his life to the providing of a shelter for such poor children.

Dr. Barnardo began in a very small way with a little house in Stepney Causeway opened to receive some twenty-five boys. It was not long before his first little Home was crowded, with two and three children in a bed, so that one night, when a tiny boy nick-named "Carrots"

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because of his ginger hair, pleaded for admission, Dr. Barnardo had to turn him away and ask him to come back in a fortnight. A week later poor little "Carrots" was found frozen to death.

"Carrots" was the first and only child ever refused admission, for Dr. Barnardo opened "Ever Open Doors" throughout the industrial centres of Great Britain and Ireland, where all children are immediately admitted, and from whence agents go out both night and day to search for little ones in need of succour. During the forty years that Barnardo administered and controlled the great work he founded, he was himself out nearly *every night*, wet or dry, until two or three in the morning, seeking for the little ones he loved to save.

The work of the Homes is not confined to Great Britain and Ireland, however, for during a period of two years alone children have been admitted not only from almost every county in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, but also from localities as remote as Australia, Barbadoes, Bombay, British Honduras, Boston, New York, Kentucky, Oregon, Texas, Missouri, Providence (Rhode Island), Copenhagen, Brussels, Demerara, Durban (Natal), Dominique (West Indies), France, Germany, Kingston (Jamaica), Rio-de-Janeiro, St. Thomas (West Indies.)

America should take a great and practical interest in the Homes, as 30,000 splendidly trained boys and girls (about 75 per cent boys) have been emigrated to this side of the Atlantic by the Barnardo Homes, and, thanks to the magnificent way in which they are trained in the Homes and the fact that the Homes maintain a protective interest and legal control over all their Wards until 21 years of age, they have been a great success. Many prominent men and women in the United States today, including ministers of the Gospel, doctors, nurses, and others, have received their early training in the Barnardo Homes. (During the Great War there were about 11,000 Barnardo Boys at the Front, of whom considerably over 6,000 joined up in Overseas Armies, including many in the U. S. Armies.)

Seventeen years ago Dr. Barnardo

passed away, and was buried in the centre of the beautiful Girls' Village Home at Ilford, near London, which he had founded thirty years before when he opened the first cottage Home in the world. His grave lies in the midst of nearly seventy cottages, each containing a happy family of from sixteen to twenty Barnardo Girls, and nearly 1,400 girls are growing up to virtuous and useful womanhood around the resting place of the one who fathered them. (Several of the Childrens' Homes in New York, before commencing their work, sent someone over to see the Barnardo Homes, and secure their advice.)

A great Barrister, Mr. William Baker, gave up his practice on the Chancery Bar at his friend Barnardo's death, and sold his mansion, in order to take the place of Director of the Homes and work entirely without a salary, as Barnardo had done. Mr. Baker labored untiringly for sixteen years, adding 33,000 children to those saved by the Founder, and at *his* death Rear-Admiral Sir Harry Stileman, the present Director, accepted the invitation of the Council of the Homes to succeed Mr. Baker.

The Barnardo Homes are a wonderfully complete organization, the largest of the kind in the world. In addition to Stepney Causeway, which has been the Headquarters of the Homes from the beginning, and the Girls' Village, (which covers over 60 acres) there is a very beautiful Boys' Garden City, where about six hundred boys reside in cottages similar to those occupied by the girls, Babies' Castle, where hundreds of the 1,100 babies at present under the care of the Homes are living, the Naval Training School, where lads who wish to enter the Navy are trained, the Mercantile Marine School for boys who wish to enter the Merchant Marine, a number of workshops for teaching skilled trades, and very many beautiful convalescent and incurable Homes by the Sea, or on the moors, and the "Ever Open Doors" all over the country, previously referred to. In all there are 153 Branches, and about 13,000 children under the care of the Homes at present.

The whole of this vast work is entirely dependent upon voluntary subscriptions,

and \$10,000 per DAY is required to maintain the Work. One of the most remarkable points about the Work is the large number of men and women who have given up positions and opportunities in order to labor without remuneration amongst the children. In this connection it should be noted that EVERY CENT raised through the Appeal now being made throughout the United States and Canada for the Homes goes directly for the Homes without any deduction whatever for expenses.

No one can measure the great value of the 94,000 boys and girls already rescued and brought up to a God-fearing manhood and womanhood by the Homes. Some have risen to be Cabinet ministers and Federal ministers, clergymen, doctors, missionaries, lawyers, business men and women, farmers, etc., and over 98 per cent of the emigrants the Homes have sent overseas have done well.

The great outstanding features of the Barnardo Work is that there are no waiting lists, patrons' fees, or any red tape of any sort to delay the admission of a destitute child, and children of all creeds and nationalities are freely admitted. Many a worker, failing in the industrial struggle, and more concerned about the welfare of his children than himself, has been relieved of his chief anxieties by the Homes.

The fact that there are no fees of any sort means that there is a constant stream of children entering the Homes (representing every country and religion under Heaven) and no regular income, so an appeal is now being made to child-lovers everywhere for support in the task of caring for the largest family in the world. Of all classes in the community the children are the most important, the least able to care for themselves, and the first to suffer, and the great charter under which the Barnardo Homes have carried on their work for fifty-six years is "NO DESTITUTE CHILD EVER REFUSED ADMISSION."

WILL YOU HELP TO MAINTAIN THIS CHARTER, and make a "Gilt-edged investment" by sending a subscription for the Homes to the Editor of THE CALEDONIAN, who will forward same to the Homes.

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More About a Great Book

"The Looker-On," in the *Glasgow Evening News*, gives an eloquent glimpse into "Scottish Colonial Schemes," by George Pratt Insh, recently published in Glasgow, which is here reprinted in part.

In all the world, no other land can have a soil so impregnated with memories of sons lost to it by emigration. Not a small hamlet or glen, not a field of the countryside or a lane of the city, but might be haunted by home-seeking shades of men and women who have crossed the sea over the space of three centuries.

That the imprint of the Scottish race is left in every corner of the habitable universe is common knowledge. All the Empire bears trace of their work. Their graves, over-grown in forgotten shadowy cemeteries of the tropics, are maybe but faint mementoes of their family and origin. Their descendants spread innumerable over the New World. In Europe itself, the corrupted names of Scots soldiers of fortune survive from Russia to Spain.

If with all that loss of hardy spirits for generation after generation, the nation continues still to furnish a manhood as virile as ever, what might have been such a race pent-up in Scotland without any emigration at all? A volcano probably to overwhelm the earth!

All emigration is at the heart of romance. Impossible to think of that braving of the unknown without a stirring of the sense of adventure! So it is a great subject for Scots that Mr. George Pratt Insh has chosen for his historical research. If the date of his study is confined to the years 1620 to 1686, he yet bestirs thoughts of the whole extent of national adventurings and pioneering across the world.

We were later than England with our organized Colonial expansion; later by a hundred years. That, with our subsequent record, sounds astonishing. We think of ourselves nowadays as almost a nation of emigrants, for few of the stay-at-homes but have in their day felt the call of the West or East or the wide seas between.

England's vigorous fleet was exploring the Atlantic and settling colonies in Virginia and the Indies while Scots in hearty numbers were still refusing to believe in the very existence of these places.

There were plain reasons for that. We had no fleet even of fishing boats to speak of, our commerce was conservatively confined to one or two ports of the Netherlands. Above all, the spirit of adventure found ample outlet in the traditional profession of the Soldier of Fortune.

Leith, in the early seventeenth century and before it, was accustomed to the picturesque sight and sound of adventurers accoutred for war on the Continent. They mustered cheerfully on the quays to sail for the campaigns in the Netherlands. They swaggered more numerous for the regiments of Gustavus and of Wallenstein when the Thirty Years' War was drawing the best blood of Scotland for chances of promotion and spoil. They were University men as often as not, and younger sons of impecunious families, just such as our own streets saw in the war a few years back.

It was only when the fighting was all over that they turned as young Englishmen had long been doing, with thoughts of the opportunities of the plantations. Indeed in 1626, when Sir William Alexander could scarcely gather a few peasants of Galloway for his adventure in Newfoundland, Sir Donald Mackay recruited 3,600 men for the wars in nine weeks.

A curious character this Sir William Alexander, whose endeavors to awaken his times to the idea of Colonial settlements give an interesting study. A scholar laird from Stirling countryside, he was for his contemporaries a crank of the oddest fashion. They would have none of the schemes of this poet, politician and adventurer for directing the energies of Scots manhood from Europe to America. Yet indefatigably he intrigued, wrote and organized until he had his Nova Scotia founded.

The sailing of his scanty band of emigrants from Kirkcudbright in 1622 for Canada is a venture that it was well worth while for Mr. Insh to commemorate. The more successful expedition that left Dumbarton in 1629 and made the first real Scots settlement in Nova Scotia has strangely had no historian either.

The Government of the time did its part to support the fervid Alexander, even trying to stimulate Scots lairds to support his colonial enterprise financially by offering the well-known Nova Scotia Baronetries as a bait.

But in the end the settlements succumbed to the political cross currents of the time, and the land they claimed was given to the French. The ill-starred attempt at colonization probably had a good deal to do with Scottish disinclination for similar adventures. It was not until the removal of the English boycott upon our foreign trade that Scotland made any well-organized venture of the kind. The Settlements by a

group of Covenanters in South Carolina and the Quaker-Scottish colony in New Jersey were vigorous enough but quite small affairs.

The glimpses in Mr. Insh's pages of early Scottish emigration show its most poignant features not so much in the scanty Colonial enterprises of the country as in the flow of Scots people into the better-known English-founded settlements.

It is a motley set of colonists that we see passing to the quays, willing and unwilling.

Jails were emptied to furnish cargoes of colonists. Cromwell shipped his religious antagonists to Jamaica by the boat load. Covenanters herded with gypsies and gangrel bodies raked out of the countryside for the simple crime of being vagabonds. The Open Road and the Joys of Being a Tramp may appeal to the romantic imaginings now, but they did not in the Seventeenth Century when they were as likely as not to end in Transportation to Virginia or Barbadoes. The number of Covenanters exiled to the Plantations is estimated at seventeen hundred. "Idle and dissenting persons" were classed together among the "malefactors" whom the West Indies gratefully accepted as a means of strengthening their population.

Other Scots engaged on the coastal settlements of North America in the lucrative sport of cheating the English Customs authorities, by running illicit cargoes. It should be (but probably is not) a painful reflection that the famous tobacco fortunes of Glasgow were founded in this trade.

It is altogether a theme of much fascination that Mr. Insh has chosen for his study, interesting on its political side in its sidelight on the rivalries of England, France, Holland and Spain in the founding of their colonies; interesting in its revelation of the personal outlook of Scotsmen of the period, and the experiences of emigrants in days when their adventure was perilous and obscure.

Its contribution of careful research is of historical value. The author has reserved for a future work the subject of the ill-fated Darien expedition, and this book promises that he should make much of that tragic adventure, especially if he contrives, as in this, to reveal the details of many curious and little known personalities of these bygone Scottish adventurings.

R. L. S. at Kingussie

(Continued from page 111)

have been many down the last half century, the memories of Stevenson's sojourn are as green as ever. A pleasant reverie it is to look back upon that distant summer and its voice out of the past. And he, who, dreaming of such things, will roam in the vicinity of the famous Pines, or through the little sylvan dell by the water's side, may catch some echoing note of that haunting music which stirred in the soul of R. L. S.—K., in *Inverness Courier*.

New York, Sept., 1922

The Caledonian

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THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

GHOSTS IN THE SUNLIGHT (Arran)	149
By <i>Frederick Niven</i>	
OH! THE BONNIE, BONNIE HILLS (Poem)	152
By <i>John Imrie</i>	
IN OOR HAME TOON.....	153
By <i>Stephen Chalmers</i>	
"THE HIGHEST TYPE OF SCOTTISH HOS- PITALITY"	159
By <i>J. W. Johnston</i>	
TAE A SPRIG O' YANKEE HEATHER, (Poem)	159
THE HAMELAND (Poem).....	161
By <i>Bernard D. Ward</i>	
"SCOTTISH LITERATURE"	162
By <i>Robert Cooper Smith</i>	
EDINBURGH SCENES AND MEMORIES....	168
OUR GLASGOW LETTER	172
By <i>Grace Darling Wilson</i>	
IN MEMORIAM—James Kennedy, William Sloane, etc.	174
SCOTTISH AND BRITISH SOCIETIES.....	180

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Ghosts in the Sunlight

(Arran)

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

The sea broke round Pladda and smashed on ceaselessly, as from polished purple into sunlit alabaster-dust, at Ben-nan Head. On the flat-topped hills above the coast road, to right, the wind piped thin and shrill in the long tufted grasses. The four hard-boiled eggs and the quarter of a loaf that were my provender for the day made my pockets bulge, and caused my arms to swing in semi-circles that made me feel like a swaggering stage bully. So, although I had but started out, I sat down and ate. To carry the eggs and the quarter of loaf inside seemed a simplification of the only hitch in the day.

Then again, my pockets bulging no more, and marveling a little at how easily such impedimenta can be stowed away, I swung on upon my way. An occasional farm twinkled a window-pane in a fold of the hills above; an occasional thatched roof peeped up, half hidden by twisted trees in some dingle below the road, when it left the shore and swept inland over a promontory. The few fields ripened on

in the sun and wind, the heather slopes basked in the warmth, the hard white road wound on with no one on it but myself. Now and then a sheep rose and paced along a narrow trail in the heather, like a granite boulder come to life. Kilmory, Lag, Clauhog Point, Sliddery and the butt end of Glen Scorrodale I came to and left behind, and still the road was deserted. Ever and again it seemed a Jacob's ladder, passing between field and moor into the blue of the sky; then, at the summit and the bend, it showed another stretch, twinkling ahead.

I suppose there are strangers to Scotland who might find the place-names of that robust island of Arran amusing. I have known a Scotsman of the baser sort laugh at hearing the name "Skookum Creek," finding it funny; but Corriecravie, Drumodoon, and Machrie Bay sounded not at all ridiculous to me, foreigner though I was from the mainland, more at home with Border names—Douglas, Etrick, Ecclefechan. The Isle of

Arran was to me then, as in many subsequent visits, and as still in memory it seems, an island of enchantment. No myths of kelpies, or of faeries, no legend of King Robert the Bruce in "King's Caves," are necessary to enhance its glamour for me. The romance of its reality suffices. The heather, the winds, the dancing waves, weaving in and out of themselves in Kilbrannan Sound, and ever and again the sudden desolate yet moving outcry of gulls at their fishing, the flashing of white pin-points as they rise—these are enchantments enough. And as for the place-names—to speak them over is to some of us almost as good as charting a ballad. "Kilbrannan Sound" might serve as refrain to one with the tang of the sea and the heather in it.

The eggs and the loaf having shaken down, and my legs having got into the steady pacing as of an automaton, there came upon me the ecstasy of the open road, hackneyed phrase of many a lyric, many an essay and anthology. After a dozen miles or so of that steady plod I was suddenly seized by the feeling of being looked at. Self-consciousness on such a road as that, twining over the ends of falling hills, swerving round their bases, sweeping round bays, seemed ridiculous. It was an emotion out of place. A man may well be pardoned (honored and respected indeed) for feeling self-conscious standing at attention waiting decoration with the O.B.E.; but on a ribbon of road between a hurrahing sea and the leisurely roll of purple moors, with great worlds of cloud, white and gold, whirling high overhead, self-consciousness calls for enquiry.

I felt it so strongly, that sense of being looked at, that I sat down on a boulder of the road-side to dissect myself. By every method available, analytic or synthetic, I was determined to discover the reason for this unreasonable feeling. Was it the four eggs and the quarter of loaf? No. Had I been drinking too much tea or smoking too much? No. I felt very fit. As I sat considering, a tall tuft of sere grass swayed on the crest above the road, and I thought that perhaps, out of the corner of my eye, as I swung along thinking only of the colors of the sea and the contours of the bays, the waving grass

had attracted my attention. All along the crest, as the wind ran by, the tufts rose and fell like people spying down.

The explanation did not entirely satisfy; and just as I had told myself so, and that I must enquire further, there did come up over the hill a man's head, shoulders—the whole man. On the ridge he halted, and two dogs that had followed stood taut beside him, rigid as he. I would not have been astonished if man and dogs had suddenly disappeared. I gazed up at them and they down on me. The man did not smile, but frowned heavily. When he decided to be no longer a statue, a Lot's wife effigy on the skyline, and came down toward me I felt a sense of relief. Perhaps he had only been examining me to discover whether I was native or Sassenach, so as to know if he should proffer his good-day in Gaelic or English.

Having given me a greeting in the latter tongue he asked where I had come from, and whither I was going; and on hearing that I was walking round the island he smiled and asked if I had sworn to walk every step, or if I would care for a lift. I told him I had made no resolve against accepting a lift.

"You're tired already?" he enquired.

"No," I said.

"You're sitting down," he informed me.

"That's only because I felt as if someone was looking at me round this bend," I explained, "and I sat down to think out the reason for that queer sensation."

On hearing this he merely frowned again, as he had frowned down from the roll of hill above. His dogs crouched close, looking up at him ever and again in canine anxiety.

"So you felt like that, did you?" he said, and gloomed again, opened his mouth as if to speak, then fell silent.

It was at that point that there came to us the sound of plodding horse-hoofs, and the lumbering roll of wheels. Round the point from southward (the direction in which I had come) a horse and cart swung into view. The horse was a great heavy beast, but it reared and balked like any cayuse. The driver's face had a look on it not far from terror. Up reared the horse again, snorting. The metal harness-

disc, swaying below the collar, flashed wildly to and fro.

"Is it afraid of the cliff here?" I asked the man with the dogs, but he seemed not to hear, intent upon the carter's horsemanship; then—"I don't know," he replied, without turning his head.

The dogs at his heel whined and cowered close; the cart came rattling nearer.

"Give this lad a lift, will ye?" he hailed. "There ye are. He's all right. When it gets round the curve it will quaten, what-
 effer. Jump in ahint. That's it; up wi' ye. Good-bye."

Clambering over the tail-board I called my thanks and farewell. Cannily, and with many a "Whoa!" and a "Steady!" and admonitions bilingual, the driver guided the frightened horse round the bend near which I had sat down to play psychologist upon myself because of the inexplicable sense of being looked at where there was none to look at me. Over my shoulder I had a glimpse of the man with the dogs, as he turned about to watch us, still trowning and puzzled, the collies cowering close. Then we took the curve and by degrees the horse overcame his terrors.

"He's in a lather," I said to the carter. "What took him?"

"I don't know," the man replied, in a tone that I thought surly, and explained to myself by thinking that perhaps he was an independent fellow who would rather have offered me a "lift" himself than have been ordered to give me one. Being in too fresh a mood to be snubbed silent and let the amenities of conversation lapse, I spoke aloud a thought that had come unto my head:

"Did you notice that those two dogs seemed frightened as well as the horse?"

The carter did not look at me, still intent upon the horse's ears; but he replied: "You saw that too, did ye?" His tone was much like that of the man with the dogs when he said: "So you felt like that, did ye?" In his turn the carter then (dismissing the subject I had broached) asked me where I had come from, and where I was going to. These questions duly answered, I remarked:

"I had a funny feeling back there that

I was being looked at, and sat down to try to puzzle it out."

He turned his head, and gazing fully upon me with a deep interest in his grey eyes gave a brief ejaculation in his chest. On we rolled, and anon, still pondering my remark evidently, he gave another grunt.

"It's a queer thing," he said, and looked over his shoulder. "A queer thing," he repeated. "I'm interested at you feeling that way. Dogs and horses and sheep and all feel something queer there. I was driving a flock of sheep round that road. The idea was to tak' them by the shore easy, during the night, to Lamdash Fair. But when we came tae that place," and again he glanced over his shoulder, "they would not go farder. I tried to get the dogs on the outside, thinking maybe the sheep were feart of the drop below; but the dogs wouldna leave me. The sheep just turned back and came rushing for us. I tried to get the dogs to turn them. I was nae use, whateffer. They tried to stop the rush, but even that they did half-he'rted. I tell ye what—they dogs sympatheesed wi' the sheep." He looked over his shoulder again and reined in. The horse stopped without any terror, seemed indeed glad to halt and rest. "They ran back helter-skelter as far as here where we are now. And then the dogs workt again and gaithered them; but back they wouldna go, sheep nor dogs. The upshot o't was that I got them up there," he pointed ahead towards the glen's end, "and into that fauld there for the night; and in the mornin' I drove them across the island over the hills instead. But this is what I stoppit for, to show ye—seeing ye felt like that. Look. Ye see the ruins of a house there?"

Below the cliff where I had felt as though gazed upon, where the horse had shied, and the dogs had trembled—all which I had seen for myself—and where the flock of sheep, as I had heard, succumbed to terror, I could just pick out, peering into the dazzle of heat, the low ruins of a cottage on the shore.

"It looks as if it had been between low and high tide," I said, for I saw a line of sea-weed trailed through the toppled parallelogram of stones that had once been cottage walls.

"Oh, that's just spring-tides," he commented. "I don't know if it is any explanation of it all, but there used to be an auld wife lived there her lee-lane, and ae nicht a ship was wreckit there. Naebody kens anything about it. Two of the sailors were found exhausted a mile doon the coast, and anither in Machrie Bay lashed tae a spar. They were the only ones left alive. The ithers were a' drooned. But in the mornin' after that wreck the auld wife was found—just about where ye climbed intae the cairt—wi' her throat cut."

I was about to ask if there was any suspicion that the wrecked sailors had had a hand in the atrocity, but he read my thoughts I suppose.

"Naebody kens onything about it," he said. "I don't see that any of these sailors that was picked up could hae done it. One had lashed himsel' tae a spar, and hadna strength to louse himsel.'" He was a' but by wi't; and the ither twa were lying exhausted a guid way sooth o' where she was found wi' her shawl blawn over her heid, and her throat cut."

We were twisted round in the cart, looking back at the place, which we could clearly see from there, having passed into

the curve of the bay. All round the horse-shoe sweep of the shore the waves rolled in with foaming crests and that everlasting sound as of cheering.

"Get up," he said to the horse, and we drove on a little way. Then he stopped again and said: "Well, I'll hae to drop ye here. I go up the glen."

Thanking him for the lift I put foot to hub and leapt down to the white road again. Up the track to the farm he went. As I tramped on I could hear his voice now and then, and the roll and jolt of the cart over stones in the rough road. And ever and again, as I hastened on, I glanced back at the point behind, across the curve of sand and pebbles where the sea came shouting in. I felt a sense of relief, even on that day of blazing sun, and towering white and golden clouds, and wind sweeping the heather slopes, when the road took me over the next promontory. For a long while, as I walked, I heard a note in the sea-wind that had escaped me earlier in the day; and when suddenly a cloud of fishing gulls volleyed up, twinkling off shore, mewling and calling, there seemed something sinister as well as desolate in their voices.—*Scots Pictorial*.

OH! THE BONNIE, BONNIE HILLS

By JOHN IMRIE

Oh! the bonnie, bonnie hills
Wi' their taps sae green an' high,
An' the music o' the rills
As they rin' doon frae the sky;
Where the lammies skip an' play,
An' the rabbits rin sae slee,
A' the lee lang simmer's day—
Oh! the bonnie hills for me!

Oh, the bonnie, bonnie lake,
In the bosie o' the hill,
Where the siller fish we take
As reward o' time and skill;
We never seemed to weary,
Though the fish were unco shy,
An' the scene was sometimes eerie,
As the nicht was drawin' nigh.

Oh, the bonnie, bonnie glens
Where the shepherd builds his cot,
An' the wee herd laddie kens
Where to find the coolest spot;

An' he tak's na count o' time,
For the gloamin' bides sae lang,
Then he gangs hame wi' some rhyme
O' a well-kent Scottish sang!

Oh! the cool and' shady wuds,
Wi' the birds a' singin' sweet,
Where ye canna see the cluds
An' are safe frae rain or heat;
Where we ate oor halesome meal
An' the mid-day hour beguil'd,
Or the stately trees we climbed
For the nuts a' growin' wild!

Oh! the bonnie, bonnie sea,
Wi' its gold an' silver sheen,
An' the sights sae dear to me
O' the auld familiar scene;
Though I'm far ayont the sea
Frae the lan' that gied me birth,
Yet these scenes are dear to me
As the sweetest things o' earth!



Memories of a Scottish Village

'And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'—Longfellow.

XI

THE FAR WEST CALLS!

Oor toon was in a fever of excitement one day. The Yowt had disappeared; none knew why, or whereaway. The news first came to the public from McSwilling, the plumber, whose son, Bagsie, was also on the list of missing.

When Bagsie's disappearance from bed and board was discovered, the astute McSwilling went straight to the Campbell home; for it was well known that David and Jonathan loved with a love surpassing. Unfortunately, Alexander Senior was not at home to callers, having been on a spree since the previous Saturday night.

But Mrs. Campbell admitted to the plumber that The Yowt had not slept in his bed. She further opined that she had "nae doot that young whelp, Bagsie, had a fing'r in the same pie." McSwilling snorted, but with great common sense replied merely that "nae doot they would crawl hame in time for denner," when his boy, at least, would get his "bellyful".

Baldy Steek, the third director of the Unholy Triumvirate, expressed surprise and chagrin when he heard the news. Interviewed by anxious elders, he confessed that he had not been on speaking terms with the rest of the directorate for over a week, which was probably an explana-

tion why he also was not on the list of missing. Baldy, when pressed, admitted that there had been an intermittent corporation debate on the advisability of a general move toward the Far West.

With Baldy chiefest among them, the other lads of oor toon gathered about Wullie Wallace's shop-window, in which were displayed (in cheap editions) lives of great men like Wild Bill, Deadwood Dick and Old Sleuth. Discussion was strong for and against the likelihood of the runaways ever reaching the Rocky Mountains. The Indians were too thick and hostile beyond the Missouri. Nevertheless, they speculated on euphoniously alliterative sobriquets the runaways might promptly earn on the plains:—Sandy, the Silk-Hand Sport; Alkali Alec, the Alcalde of the Alamo; Bagsie, the Bronco-Buster, or the Bully of Bloodville. All this with envious sighs and glances at the "penny horrors" in blue-red-and-yellow wrappers in Wully's stationer's window.

A whole day passed and no news came from or of, the runaways. The excitement in oor toon rose so high that it lapped in through the study windows of the Episcopal Rectory. The Rev. Swazey dashed through the village to the Campbell home. With The Yowt and Bagsie gone, his boy choir was seriously handicapped.

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But Alexander Senior was as much at home to the clergyman as he had been to the plumber. Mrs. Campbell confirmed the rumor of The Yowt's disappearance, but regretted with a bitter-sweet smile that Mr. Campbell was "indisposed". Swazey tore his hair in exasperation and insisted upon seeing Alexander Senior.

Now, a curious eccentricity of the painter and interior decorator, when he was getting over one of his periodical sprees, was that he, like a thoughtful soul, to solitude retired. He had a habit at these times of locking himself in his bedroom, drawing the window-blind and mooning in the gloom of the chamber and the privacy of his own soul.

His guidwife was afraid of him at these times, for Alexander Senior had not always been a sign-painter and he was not always understandable. But perhaps an Episcopal clergyman would be a match for him—might do him good—shame him out of his mood and the cause of it. Mrs. Campbell told Alexander through the key-hole that Mr. Swazey was waiting to speak with him.

Alexander, misunderstanding, was about to suggest that the minister be told to mind his own business, when his aroused wrath suggested a more direct way of resenting intrusion.

"Send him in," said he quietly, at the same time unlocking the door.

Mr. Swazey, when he entered a minute later, was startled at the general atmosphere of that room. The window shutters had been closed. The only light was from the embers of a low fire in a grate. The air was oppressive with fumes of tobacco and soft coal. When the clergyman's eyes became used to the semi-darkness they discovered the form of the sign-painter recumbent on the bed.

"Good Heavens!" cried Mr. Swazey. "What is the meaning of this?"

Alexander—who was now perfectly sober—only moody; who was a gentleman—or had been—rose from the bed. He was fully dressed.

"What can I do for ye, sir?" he asked quietly.

"I—I—I—" Swazey stammered. Then he burst out with—"Most extraordinary! I am inexpressibly shocked."

"It is none of your affair," said Alexander, still misunderstanding the purpose of the visit.

Mr. Swazey's courage and anger rose together.

"It is most certainly my affair!" he cried firmly. "Has the shepherd no business with his flock?"

Alexander's next action was peculiar, characteristic of the man in his moody period. The artist who in his day had painted better things than signs, picked up a pad of white paper and a soft crayon. He began to sketch!

That he strongly resented the clergyman's intrusion upon his dark hour and this inquisition (as Alexander regarded it) into his personal habits, was clear when a few minutes later he handed to the clergyman the sheet which he tore from the pad.

On it was a rough sketch of a missionary-appearing person being boiled in a pot by cannibals. Under this unexpected production was a moral, very neatly lettered:

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

"How dare you!" Mr. Swazey almost shrieked after a glance at the paper and a realization of the picture's significance. "How dare you!"

"How dare you, sir, poke your nose into my affairs?" answered the sign-painter, "I'll tolerate your preachin', but not your meddlin'."

"Ingratitude! Base ingratitude and an undeserved insult, sir!" wailed Mr. Swazey. "I came here with only your son's welfare in mind, and—"

"You mean The Yowt? What's he up to now?"

"What's—he—up—to—now?" the clergyman repeated, in his utter amazement articulating the words like a talking-doll. "Is it possible—that you—that you do not know?"

Alexander started.

"Do not know? Do not know—what?" he asked quickly. Then, without waiting for an answer from Swazey, Alexander opened the bedroom door and thundered: "*Wife!*"

She appeared with a suddenness that was indicative of a recent interest in the interview.

"Where is The Yowt?" asked the interior decorator.

"He's gone," said the wife, and in her tone there was just a faintly malicious stab at her man, the reproach she had been waiting to hurl at him when he emerged to find his son run away during his spree. But then the mother-heart choked her and she sobbed.

"He's gone, Sandy — Guid kens whaur!"

"Whit d'y' mean, wumman?"

"If I may make bold to explain," put in Mr. Swazey, not without acidity, "your son left home two days ago and has not returned."

"Twa nights ago!" gasped Alexander, clapping a hand to his brow. "Nicht afore last. That was the nicht I was— An' he's no been seen since, ye say?— no word o' him?"

"Ne'er word nur sicht!" sobbed the mother. "But it's that Bagsie's doin'! Ma laddie wadna—"

"Bagsie!" interrupted the sign-painter. "What's Bagsie done? Does he ken onything?"

"They've rin awa' thegither!" sobbed the wife.

"Ah!" breathed the painter, as if much relieved. "They've rin awa' thegither? Ah!"

Then Alexander Senior did a strange thing. He deliberately filled his pipe and applied a match to it. The flicker of the little flame showed a strange amusement on his face. *Puff! Puff!* Then out went the light and there came a sound as of a man laughing through his nose.

"I am much obleeged tae ye, Mr. Swazey," said the painter in a quite steady voice. As he spoke he opened the window shutters and let in the rare winter sunshine. "I'm much obleeged tae ye— for callin'. I believe ye hae the boy's interests at he'rt. I'm sorry if I forgot masel'. In the meantime, ye can tell the toon clatterboxes that ye left Alexan'er Cam'ell much amused over his son's prank. It's laughable!"

"I'm no shair that it's onything tae mak' fun o'," said Mrs. Campbell dubiously when the astonished Mr. Swazey had departed.

"Hoot, ay!" said Alexander. "There's no a rale laddie alive that hasna at least thocht o' rinnin' awa' an' bein' pirate, or outlaw, or Indian-fetchter. Ye needna worry, Maggie. Ye'll hear frae him the mornin, if no sooner. He's young an' he'll miss his parritch!" And Alexander went off in another fit of quiet laughter.

As Baldy had intimated, the Unholy Triumvirate had intermittently discussed a project to move westward. But no start could be made without capital. This was found—literally found—at a time when Baldy was temporarily off the directorate. The Yowt found a two-shilling-piece.

It was an immense amount of money to these two lads who had dealt in pennies up to now. With this capital of twenty-four pennies they left oor toon and walked to another coast village about two miles up the Firth. There, without being recognized, they embarked on a steamer for Greenock, paying no fare by the simple expedient of dodging the purser.

They reached Greenock and spent the afternoon on the wharves, watching the steamers and ships sailing out of the Clyde mouth and listening to the strains of martial music from the Clyde guardship in midstream. They did entertain for a space the idea of becoming naval heroes, but the rule as to "guardians' consent" sent them off in the direction of the Rocky Mountains, via Gourock and other villages along the coast.

So long as there was daylight the boys kept up their spirits with reminiscences of Buffalo Bill. Bagsie had a hundred of these at his tongue's tip. The Yowt drew upon a fervid imagination for adventures in which he and his trailmate were to figure in the near future.

Fired by this entertainment and a small supply of "gundy balls", they plodded into the dusk with hearts still light and courage still undaunted. But when it had been dark for some time, and they found themselves travelling through a seemingly endless fir plantation, both became silent and began to realize the gravity of the step they had taken.

Strangely coincident with this sinking of spirit was a sinking of their stomachs. It was the hour when in oor hame toon

the people gathered around the kitchen table. Bagsie felt hungry and full of nothing but remorse. The imaginative Yowt suffered the pangs of Tantalus. The appetizing smell of hot tea and hot scones was in his nostrils. Had Bagsie been alone, or The Yowt, the Rocky Mountains, which have existed since "the hills in order stood," might have kept on standing "through endless years the same"—or at least until after "tea". But each was proud in the other's presence; neither uttered a word of retreat; and Indian-harried America still had reinforcements on the way to its relief.

They slept in a wash-house that night at the coast town of Largs. The guidwife had been washing and the boiler was still warm, if slightly damp. There was room for only one in the boiler, and Bagsie secured the upper berth. The Yowt slept on the wet, but fairly warm, floor. The door had no bolt, so the boy sat with his back against it to keep the high wind from blowing the door open.

Toward morning, Bagsie groaned, for the boiler had cooled off and for a moment the plumber's son was not sure whether the metal had turned red-hot or ice-cold. The Yowt, backed against the wind-thrashed door, was too benumbed with cold to utter a sound, but (unknown to Bagsie) a remorseful tear trickled from a crow-footed eye-corner.

It was a miserable night for both. But the dawn of Sunday morning restored some ardor, especially as revealing daylight brought the interest of an unknown land and unknown faces. Many a day from oor toon they had viewed this Renfrew shore as the African coast.

But they were soon miserable again. It was a typical west-coast day in March—and a Sunday at that. There was no sunshine in the land, nor, it seemed for the moment, in its religion. When The Yowt tapped at a cottage door and asked for a slice of bread-and-butter, the "wife" charged him "tuppence" for it. Maybe her conscience whispered, "It's Sunday, and tuppence is the least ye can charge on a day when sellin' things is sinfu'."

Eating the divided bread-and-butter, Bagsie and The Yowt resumed their travels toward the Rockies. Keeping to the coast road they continued toward Ardros-

san. As they plodded on the world became grayer, the miles longer, their steps more lagging, and their hearts felt leaden as the skies. Already they had had enough of liberty and the pursuit of happiness in the Far West. Already their hearts yearned for oor hame toon and the saushages of Sunday "high tea" and the kitchen smells and the heavenly warm beds.

That night, the second, the runaways slept in a hayrick, which was luxurious after the wash-house. They found the hayrick just outside of Ardrossan and decided to occupy it. But, first, they went into the town, and bought threepence-worth of treacle scones. Returning to the hayrick they ate half of them. Having blunted the edge of appetite, they did not wait for darkness to make a "night" of it.

Before it was fairly dusk Bagsie and The Yowt stationed themselves at diametrically opposite sides of the rick, and bent to burrow into the centre. It was fully half an hour before The Yowt's fist shot through the last dividing of the two tunnels.

Then the adventurous pair crept out, removed shoes from aching feet, crawled into the rick again, this time feet first and—slept as only tired sinners can.

Next morning the weather was still typical of the place and the season. There was a cold mist over the land; a drizzle of fine sleet was driving in from the sea; and the moaning of wind through the sparse, bare trees mingled with the shriek of land-driven gulls and the wail of whaups. It was weather that would have daunted a Napoleon.

The council of the runaways savored more of retreat than advance. But they spoke only of advance, Pride being the general. The result was the outlay of nearly all their resources in two half-tickets by rail to Kilmarnock. Arrived there, they hoped to smuggle themselves aboard the express to Carlisle. From the border town they had planned to walk to Liverpool and then, of course, it would be the long wet trail west to America. They had no doubt they would be able to obtain employment as apprentice-pirates, or cabin-boys, in all those *thirty-two miles of docks* which The Yowt had underlined in his geography book.

But courage failed them when the conductor went along the platform, locking doors and shouting, "First stop, Carlisle!" The Yowt and Bagsie saw how easy—how *very* easy—it would be to jump in and hide under a seat. What matter if they were discovered later? Did not the conductor say "first stop Carlisle"?

But, somehow, neither made the initiative move. In after years The Yowt often puzzled over that curious indecision. It was *so* easy. What stopped them? . . . They were still within reach of home. Perhaps that was it. Once aboard that train Scotland would be a thing of the past and the hame toon as practically unreachable as the Rocky Mountains—with a cash balance of threepence.

The conductor waved his flag and blew his whistle. The engine gave a yelp and drew its train of cars out of Kilmarnock. The runaways were left, plunged in a gloom of conscious cowardice, and afraid to meet one another's eyes.

Late in the afternoon of that day they found themselves lying in a ditch on the main road to Ayr. Each had complained of being tired. A tuft of rank grass arose between the two lads, each of whom, fancying the other asleep, had yielded to his own thoughts.

The Yowt eventually fell asleep, and he dreamed that he was back in the Campbell kitchen in oor hame toon. The house was cold—bitterly cold! The fire was out, but his father's left hand was groping for its warmth while he pretended to read the book he held in the other. His father's hair had turned white; the volume of Thackeray was upside down; and he never turned a page.

The Yowt's mother was there, too, staring at the fireless grate with tear-blurred eyes. The door-knocker rattled. Alexander Senior looked up quickly—hopefully—and his guidwife flew to the door. Then the voice of Geordie the Post said: "A'm sorry, Mistress Cam'ell but I bring ye nae news. It's jist a cirk'lar."

The guidwife came back to the dead fireplace again. The inverted Thackeray in the sign-painter's hand trembled.

"Ye maun hae patience, wife," said he presently. "They maun hae some siller an' it's no düne yet. Dinna fash yersel'. When the money's düne an' their bellies

is emp'y, they'll come hame fast eneuch. Bide a wee, wumman—bide a wee!"

Then as (in the dream) the mother burst into tears, The Yowt awoke in the ditch by the Ayr road, sobbing. Bagsie's head appeared above the tuft of rank grass.

"Whit's the maitter, Yowt?"

"B-Bagsie!" sobbed the imaginative lad, "I'm gaun hame!"

A subtle look of secret triumph crossed the other's face. He had not been the first to utter that which was nearest the lips of both.

"Aw, ye're *hen!*" crowed Bagsie.

"I'm no hen," said The Yowt quietly.

"Then whit are ye greetin' about?"

"I'm no greetin'!" declared The Yowt, bursting into sobs again. Then—

"B-Bagsie. It's—it's ma mither. It maun be tryin' her sair."

"Aw, Yowt!" jeered Bagsie. "Greetin' for yer Maw! A' richt. Ye can gang hame tae yer Maw. A'm gaun on tae the Rocky Mountains!"

"It's no because I'm feart o' the cauld an' hung'r," said The Yowt presently, "But I canna get it oot o' ma heid that ma mither's sittin' at hame, greetin' ow'er me. I canna stan' it."

"But I thocht ye didna like yer mither. I thocht ye said she was aye hittin' ye wi' the parritch-stick?"

"I dinna care!" answered The Yowt sullenly. "I canna leave her like this—an' ma feyther."

"Aw, yer feyther!" howled Bagsie derisively. "He's drunk hauf the time!"

Suddenly The Yowt shot out of the ditch. Next instant David and Jonathan were rolling in the ditch, pummeling each other with might and main.

"My feyther's *no* drunk hauf the time!" yelled The Yowt as the fray proceeded. "I saw *your* feyther kerri't hame on Sandy Blue's shutter!"

Then the fight proceeded with fire on both sides. In a few minutes they came to a deadlock, Bagsie with a swiftly discolored eye and a cut lip, The Yowt with a red bruise over his left eyebrow and a steady flow of good red blood from his nose.

They went at it again after a breathing spell. Suddenly Bagsie, colliding with an accidental uppercut, rolled back into the

ditch with a curious grunt and lay still for a few seconds. The Yowt was terrified.

"Come oot o' there, Bagsie!" he whimpered. "I didna mean tae hit ye like that. But ye said ma feyther was *fou'* hauf the time."

Bagsie lay still for a while, less hurt than because he was thinking over the situation. It had its advantages for him. Presently he crawled out of the ditch and got to his feet. For the next few minutes the belligerents were fully occupied in dressing casualties. At last The Yowt said:

"Are ye comin' hame?"

"Naw!" answered Bagsie sullenly. "I'm gaun tae the Rockies!"

"A' richt," said The Yowt. "I'll gang as far as Ayr wi' ye; then I'll get money somehow tae let ma mither ken whaur I am."

They slept that night in another hayrick. In the morning they were yet three miles from Ayr when The Yowt produced a tin whistle from an inside pocket of his jacket and began to play on it.

The modest penny whistle had been his consolation many a time on the long walk from Greenock to Ardrossan; and he was no mean whistler. Why he played so persistently now, and why he repeated certain tunes over and over, Bagsie could not imagine. Bagsie hardly knew one tune from another, or he might have recognized that they were the songs of Burns that The Yowt's pipe was shrilling through the Land o' Burns.

Late that same afternoon Bagsie stood by the side of the road leading out of Ayr toward the cottage where the Glorious Ploughman was born. On the boy's face was an expression of mingled amusement, amazement and admiration. The Yowt stood in the middle of the roadway. The tin whistle was at his lips, and he was blowing the plaintive melody of "Ye Banks and Braes".

Now the way to the heart of the man of Ayr is not through his stomach, but through the songs of Burns. The good people of the Doon country passed the little musician with curious, interested, wondering glances. Some of them retraced their steps and dropped a penny

into the toorieless Tam-o-Shanter which lay at The Yowt's feet.

One elderly man with octagonal spectacles and bushy side-whiskers stood nearby, looking on and listening with all his ears. He beat time presently with a walking-stick and murmured the words of "My Love She's But a Lassie Yet," while his ruddy, humorous face beamed with enthusiasm.

We're a' dry wi' the drinkin' o't!
We're a' dry wi' the drinkin' o't!
The minister kissed the fiddler's wife,
An' couldna preach for thinkin' o't!

Then, when The Yowt drifted into the searching pathos of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton", the old gentleman with the side-whiskers stopped beating time and wiped his spectacles.

Presently he stepped into the roadway and laid a kindly hand upon the little minstrel's shoulder. The Yowt stopped playing as if the dreaded constable was at his elbow.

"What's your name, ma laddie?" asked the kindly gentleman.

"Yowt", was the doubtful answer.

"And whaur dae ye come frae, Yowt?"

The lad named oor hame toon.

"An' —an' hae ye no got a mither or a feyther that ye hae tae be playin' a whusle for pennies?"

That was too much for The Yowt. Bagsie came to the rescue.

"He's rin awa' frae hame, Mister, an' he's playin' for pennies so's tae let his mither ken whaur he is."

The elderly gentleman with the side-whiskers opened his mouth and fairly gasped.

"Then God forgive me if he plays another note!" he cried. "Come wi' me, lad. We'll see what the Lodge can dae aboot this."

The Good Samaritan—although his order was really Masonic—took The Yowt by the arm and started to lead him back toward Ayr. As the pair moved off, The Yowt turned and looked at Bagsie. That lad's face was a diagram of sudden woe and desolation.

"Come on, Bagsie!" said The Yowt.

And Bagsie turned his back on the Rocky Mountains forever.

TAE A SPRIG O' YANKEE HEATHER

BY BERNARD D. WARD
(For THE CALEDONIAN)

I thank ye John for bringin' back
A glimpse o' ither days,
In a sprig o' purple heather
Frae New England's bonnie braes.
It minds me o' the dear Lang Syne
Sae sweet in mem'ries' ken,
When as a lad I used tae roam
O'er hill and dale and glen.

I felt a quickenin' o' ma pulse
And the tear draps in ma e'en,
And my heart was back in Scotland
Tho' the deep seas rolled between.
I could see the golden sunsets
And the Bonnie Heather Bells
Cast a gold and purple mantle
In the waters o' the Fells.

Ye brocht me back tae hearth and hame,
And I kissed the Yankee heather
That binds the auld love wi' the new
In britherhood together.
On battlefield the bond was sealed
Wi' blood o' Scot and Yankee,
The purple stream, the heather's gleam,
I thank ye John, I thank ye.
Lowell, Mass.

L'Hospitalité la plus Écossaise

(The Highest Type of Scottish Hospitality)

BY J. W. JOHNSTON

I wonder if many Scotsmen know the origin of the expression "*L'Hospitalité la plus écossaise*?"

On returning one evening from a delightful dinner in a suburb of Paris, a fellow guest, a Frenchman, whose social acquaintance I enjoyed, remarked—"Our friend gave us a beautiful dinner." I cordially assented. He added, "It was *L'Hospitalité la plus écossaise*—you know what I mean?"

Noting my embarrassed silence, he said: "If you do not, then I will tell you the story as I know it."

I begged him to do so, and it was something like this:

"At the time of your Scottish Rebellion the nobles, together with the English Catholic party, besought our French King

to send them help in money, material, and men. Louis agreed, not from any genuine love for the Pretender, but rather as affording him a unique pretext to twist the British lion's tail; and so an expedition left France under the command of a colonel, which landed at Loch Eil."

"Forgive me," I interposed, "the expedition landed at Loch Moidart, and the standard of the Rebellion was raised on the lonely plain of Glenfinnan."

Airily he protested it was the same thing, and resumed.

"After the collapse of the great venture, the French colonel escaped to France. King Louis' secret service kept him well advised of the incidents in the unfortunate campaign, and being an ardent student of the histrionic art, he was not

slow to turn this to his own glory. Surrounded by his brilliant court, with his limner to depict the historic scene on canvas, the King commanded the colonel to be brought to his presence.

"Falling on his knees, he besought His Majesty's forgiveness for the failure of the enterprise, but the King bade him rise, adding, that in sending an aid to Scotland he was merely fulfilling a family obligation, and desired no details at present; but, continued His Majesty with earnestness, "Tell me about the Highland people."

"'Sire,' said the colonel, 'on disembarking, the landowners—the lairds—in giving up their houses to me and to my officers, offered us ample accommodation, and bestowed on us overwhelming hospitality.'

"'Excellent,' said the King, 'but I am more concerned to know how the peasants received you.'

"'These, your Majesty, gave up their thatched houses to my soldiers.'

"'But,' the King inquired, 'what shelter had they from the inclement weather?'

"'They slept in the heather,' answered the soldier.

"Then the King, with a regal gesture, addressing the Court, exclaimed, 'That, ladies and gentlemen, was *L'Hospitalité la plus écossaise*' (that was the highest type of Scottish hospitality), thus coining a royal and gracious phrase that will last as long as the French language."

That is the simple story as told to me by a Frenchman. He may have unduly embellished it—and he may have distorted historical facts—I do not care, for it is to me a beautiful tradition, reminiscent of refined courtesy.

So the Bourgeoisie of France, many doubtless ignorant of its pathetic origin, are captivated, as were their forbears, with the beauty and graciousness of the phrase, and have adopted it into their language, having an intuitive feeling that it implies some act on their behalf, worthy of national remembrance, which was performed by Scotland, their old ally, long, long ago. *Vive la France!*

* * *

Some years after, I found myself on board one of Messrs. MacBrayne's steamers going from Fort William to Oban.

The dead calm reflecting the colors of the rocks, corries, heather and bracken in the waters of Loch Linnhe, the impressive grandeur of Ben Nevis outlined against a cloudless sky, all combined to make that morning's sail a perennial delight to me to remember. Beside me stood a man whom I felt impelled to address, as he seemed as enraptured with the scenery as I was.

"Yes," he said, "indeed I do admire it," adding—"I was born in the neighborhood."

Puzzled by his accent, which was not unpleasant, I ventured to say—"But you do not speak like a Lochaber man."

"Perhaps not," he answered, "for I have been many years in the South of France. I am on leave now, and loath am I to go back to-morrow."

Thinking to cheer up the poor man, I made him a present of the glorious landscape, adding that Ben Nevis himself had deigned to uncover his head to offer him *L'Hospitalité la plus écossaise*.

He looked at me fixedly for some seconds, as if I had perpetrated an ill-timed joke on him and walked away.

After a while he returned, and standing before me said—"What did you mean by using that French expression?"

I replied that surely he knew the derivation of it. He replied meekly enough, that although he heard it daily, he did not know its origin, and asked me to tell him.

So I told him all I knew.

He seemed to be profoundly interested, and became quite genial.

"What you have told me," he said, "explains a lot. I should tell you that young Scotsmen of good character and manners are always well received and welcomed by the French.

"As time went on and I prospered, obviously my social connections extended, and, of course, I found it incumbent on me to offer hospitality as I received it, and as a host I have found myself listening to the compliments of my guests, which almost invariably culminated with '*L'Hospitalité la plus écossaise*.'

"I am now free to confess to you I did not understand the compliment, and, being a Scotsman, was perhaps too proud, or too shy, to ask an explanation.

"I am very thankful to you for having told me."

* * *

The following year, I was a guest at a banquet in London in aid of some Scottish charity. When the toast of "The Guests" was proposed, the chairman, my host, told me to reply, as Mr. Blank could not be present.

Taken a little aback, I rose, and getting quickly over the commonplace words of thanks, I was so misguided as to tell the Society that their splendid hospitality reminded me of the French story of "*L'Hospitalité la plus écossaise.*" I had nothing to complain of the kind attention I received, although it certainly was not enthusiastic. I was somewhat hurt, however, by my host whispering to me to cut it short, as nobody knew what I was talking about.

I sat down rather discomfited.

When the dinner party broke up, and as I was leaving the platform with the chairman, he drew my attention to two men who were making frantic attempts to attract attention. He did not know them, and thought they must be wanting me. It was so, for two excited Scotsmen warmly grasped my hand and thanked me for my speech.

I said, "I fear, gentlemen, you have made a mistake," but they said they had marked me down. As I was looking round wistfully one said—"I fear we are detaining you." "Not at all," I replied; "I was merely looking for the chairman, my host, who said he would never ask me back, as I had spoken over the heads of the audience."

"Hang the chairman," said one of them, evidently a military man, handing me his card. And he went on to tell me that by some providence he had sat next to the other one—both strangers to each other. They had been somewhat bored by the heavy post-prandial-statistical speeches, but had been awakened from their somnolence with a jerk when I told my story. "I sat up," he continued, "so did my friend. I whispered to him—think of hearing that in London! You know the phrase? Oh, yes; it is as common with us as 'good night.' Let's collar the man, and that is why we rushed you so.

"Now about myself. I am the colonel in charge of the last British post next to Pondichery, the French India Protectorate. There is much social intercourse between the nationals, and the French expression is almost invariably used when guests are dispersing."

(Continued on page 192)

THE HAMELAND

BY BERNARD D. WARD
(For THE CALEDONIAN)

Oft hae I roved oot Canniesburn
Ayont the chuckie gate,
Whaur Laird and Lady Campbell dwell
In fairyland estate,
Doon whaur the River Kelvin flows
Sae clear like silver sheen,
As in and oot it winds alang
The wooded hills atween.

As fair a spot as Eden's vale,—
Tae me 'twas Paradise,
When ocht I think about the place
The tear draps in ma eyes,
Course blin'ly doon ma furrowed cheeks,
When memory brings tagether
The scenes o' happy childhood days
Amang the blooming heather.

Tho' faur frae hame, I maun confess
E'en tae ma dying day,
I lo'ed each blade o' grass that grew,
I lo'ed the fertile clay.
I lo'ed the bonnie song birds too,
The mountains, lochs, and streams,—
I thank the Lord I still can lo'e
Auld Scotland in my dreams.

Lowell, Mass.

“Scottish Literature”

(Delivered by ROBERT COOPER SMITH, K.C., of Montreal, at the annual dinner of the Burns Society of the City of New York, January 25, 1907.)*

A gentleman said to me a few days ago: “We cover the United States now”, and leading me into an inner office he pointed to a map. It had in it a few more pins than were necessary to hold it to the wall. With pride he said: “Each pin is an agency.” I mumbled that I did not know the United States were so sparsely settled. He looked at me dubiously and continued: “Of course, for every town that has a pin, there are a thousand that haven’t.” It would, I believe, be quite as difficult, or rather altogether impossible, to cover the range of such a subject as “Scottish Literature” in a few after-dinner observations, and on rising in appreciation of the high compliment you pay me in inviting me to respond to such a toast, I must not forget that the

days are longer and the nights correspondingly shorter than they were a month ago. Letting one’s thoughts run on Scottish Literature would be like turning some magic kaleidoscope in which every changing aspect would reveal new beauties and new harmonies. By chance, we might first meet more strength than beauty of color. In fact, some of the shades might be rather sombre for some of us—it is the theological literature. Someone was wicked enough to render the very old fashioned body of divinity into doggerel:

“You can or you can’t,
You will or you won’t,
You’ll be damned if you do,
You’ll be damned if you don’t.”

If such doctrine ever obtained it must have been long ago, for now the Gospel of the Church in all its branches is broad enough to include all mankind, and bright enough to illumine the darkest lives with Christian hope. Of course, you do not expect me to refer to every branch of literature, but what country can boast of greater preachers than Scotland? And their published sermons fill hundreds of volumes of imperishable value. Since the days of the great John Knox, what groups of scholarly divines has Scotland had! Will the names of Norman MacLeod and Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Guthrie ever be forgotten? Down the centuries the great wealth of theological writings has come, and notwithstanding the natural display of polemics and all the diversity of opinion, who could for a moment doubt that it has brought its benediction to Scottish hearts in the strength of an uncompromising morality and in the inspiration of an ever-living faith?

Another turn of the kaleidoscope might show us the scientific literature of Scotland. But we must pass over the simple, graceful periods of Hugh Miller as he ex-

* We are indebted for the privilege of reproducing this masterly address to Mr. John Thomson, of New York, who as President of the Society presided at the dinner. Mr. Thomson writes:—

“Smith was a profound lawyer, the peer of Choate, Root and Hughes; and, as an orator, it is enough to say that his popular cognomen was, ‘The Choate of the Canadian Bar.’ Some three years ago, in his prime and the fullness of usefulness, he slippit awa tae the land o’ the leal.

“Smith rarely, if ever, prepared or wrote out his speeches, nor had he done so in this case. That it was possible to record it was due to the inspiration of Mr. John McKinnon, then Secretary of the Society and an accomplished stenographer, who took down the bulk of it on his menu.

“The effect produced by the eloquence of the speaker was phenomenal: I have never been present upon any other similar occasion when the enthusiasm of an audience was so exuberant and long maintained.

“John Reid’s adaptation may well be applied to Smith:

Time dulls the fragrance o’ the flow’r,
Time steals the sweetness frae the song;
But love for thee withstan’s its pow’r,
And stronger grows as time grows long.
“Yours very truly,
“JOHN THOMSON.”

pounds the lessons of the red sandstone, and pass over the marvellous works of Lord Kelvin. It was not his fault that he was born in Belfast, and if he may not after fifty-three years in a professor's chair in the University of Glasgow, pass as a Scotsman, he certainly will, according to the old story, pass as a "muckle improved Irishman". The great Universities of Scotland have always been such centers of literary and scientific activity that they have attracted great men from elsewhere whose names have become more identified with these Universities than with the countries of their birth, as in the case of Lord Kelvin and Lord Lister. We cannot expect them all to be such thorough-going Scots as John Stuart Blackie, but the literature produced in its Universities is surely Scotland's literature.

So we might keep turning our kaleidoscope. Now the great historians dazzle us, Hume and Robertson and others—but we turn on—now the philosophers and economists, and we see Adam Smith and Thomas Reid and Dugald Stewart and Thomas Carlyle and a host of others. But I have only a few minutes with you, and let me spend them, not in running over a list of names, all bright in the roll of fame, but in a very cursory reference to the two branches of literature which the toast specially contemplates, and to their two great representatives—two great Scotsmen and two great lovers of their beautiful country. Their love of nature was only excelled by their love for their fellowmen. What their eyes saw and their hearts felt of nature's loveliness, we feel in some lesser degree when spellbound by their art. And what they had to look upon! the ever-changing beauties of the sea as it softly reflected the evening light, or rushed wildly into firths or rocky inlets breaking in foam so white against the dark horizon. How they must have stood upon the bonny, bonny banks of many a loch seeing mirrored in their bosoms the fitting shadows of the morning, or in the long twilight, the glimmer of the northern constellations. How they must have climbed the rugged mountains and looked upon the mist shrouding the distant slopes; how they must have seen it roll away and the sun light up the heather in subdued but entrancing beauty.

To one of them, all this matchless Scottish scenery was but the background for the moving forms of romance and chivalry. He dreamed of knight-errantry, of ancient castles, of fields of battle, of the grand old baron of the Lowlands, of the valiant chieftain of the Highlands, of the inflaming passion of war and of the melting sweetness of love. And among all his dreams was one in which he himself should be the chief actor. He should be the founder of a Scottish House that should rival any in the Southern Kingdom. He would build a lordly palace and there he would dispense in splendor the hospitality of which his heart was full. He would live the things that he had written, surrounded by the beautiful and the brave of Scotland. And the fancy became fact. The palace rose in reality near the southern bank of the Tweed, with its many gables and turrets and parapets, until finally it stood the very culmination of baronial glory. And there in its grand halls he entertained nobles, and peasants, too; himself the luminous center of a brilliant system, transcending even the creations of his own glowing imagination, his realized ideal of the great Scottish gentleman—Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford.

But alas, we know how this dream passed away, and how the awakening revealed to the world that far deeper than the external love of beauty and grandeur was the stern honesty and nobility of heart that made him devote the rest of his life to the payment of the debts of his publishing partnership in order to transmit a name that was unstained. He felt the pangs of disappointment and the evanescence of human bliss. The hopes with which he had built his lordly house vanished into thin air, but within its walls he had done something far grander than realize these hopes. He had founded, not only for Scotland but for our common language, a new literature of rare excellence, in fact he had become the father of the modern novel.

The talented French critic, M. Taine, while recognizing his greatness as the founder of a new school, says: "After all, his characters, to whatever age he transports them, are his neighbors, canny farmers, vain lairds, gloved gentlemen,

young marriageable ladies, well ordered by education and character, hundreds of miles away from the voluptuous fools of the Restoration or the heroic brutes and fierce beasts of the Middle Age."

To pretend to the qualifications of a literary critic would exceed any assurance at my command. If these characters of Scott's, so criticized, had been created last month or last year, I would have been disposed to leave to others the discussion of their purely literary or artistic merits. But nearly a century has passed; they have been subjected to the scrutiny of each succeeding decade; the mature judgment of mankind has been pronounced upon them, and the great poet and novelist is by common consent granted a name and a fame that will endure as long as the English language. Perhaps there is some truth in what M. Taine says; perhaps these creatures of fancy are to some extent Sir Walter's neighbors. It is certain that he writes little descriptive of what is gross. But in the novel, what go we out for to see? History? Truly. Fashion? Yes, the modes and the manners of the times. Costumes? Certainly, the picturesque trappings of all ages and all continents. Beauty of fancy? Yes, till the picture glows with enchanting hues recalling Tintoretto or Rubens. Beauty of form? Aye, till shape and feature shall rival the chiselled marbles of the Greeks. But is there naught else? Is there nothing within that passeth show? Beneath the turban and the trencher and the visored helmet alike there are thoughts. Behind both the goatskin and the cuirass there are hearts. The world is moved a thousand fold more by what men are and think and feel than by the whole artistic setting of externals. Thus "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and thus could the great Racine redress and present to the Parisians, Aristophanes' comedy, two thousand years after the Athenian dramatist had been gathered to his fathers.

Among prose writers there was perhaps never a greater colorist than Scott. His resources of description were unlimited. True it is that he dressed his characters with infinite care and with surpassing charm. His natural love of the picturesque had full scope in the romantic themes in which he revelled. But his

creations were not mere puppets, dressed in the changeful gala of the times. He breathed into their nostrils the breath of life, and they became living realities, provoking our wrath or engaging our affection, and in all the work of his genius realizing such wealth of poetry and romance, it shall be no reproach to him that he was never too proud to bow before truth and honor, nor yet too clever to invest sweet love with sanctity.

Of course I cannot now speak of the long line of great writers, such as John Galt, George Macdonald, William Black, Robert Louis Stevenson, Barrie and Crockett, and many whose names will occur to you, nor can I speak of the great school of Scottish poets. If you will bear with me, I will add but a few words upon that other great lover of nature, the most truly representative of Scotland's poets, whose birth we celebrate tonight. Perhaps I should have yielded to the passion for novelty and spared you any reference to those with whose lives and works every one in this room is so familiar. Some of us are just passing from our first youth, and we do not hold novelty to be everything. On this anniversary, at least, we may be allowed to think of Robert Burns in the same old way. Novelty! Do we not read him over again and again until we feel that we own him in some special sense, and does he not kindle our mirth or move us to tears just as he did twenty, thirty or forty years ago? He was by no means Scotland's only poet. Perhaps in some respects he was not Scotland's most original poet. Great critics admit that he was considerably influenced in style both by Robert Fergusson and Allan Ramsay, but I am right in saying that he is the truly representative poet of Scotland. He is loved always and everywhere with unwavering constancy. In 1859, at the centennial anniversary banquet in this city, William Cullen Bryant in an eloquent speech traced the progress of the sun and the shadow of the night 'round the circuit of the earth, as presenting successive manifestations of the love and admiration that all who speak our language bear to the great Scottish poet. And that love and admiration are not less tonight. He was so full of humanity himself that we

could hardly be angry with his faults. While our heads would condemn them, our hearts arrest the judgment. Sowing the winds and reaping the whirlwinds, made the victim of over-conviviality by his bubbling spirit of mirth and good fellowship; folly so irrational, repentance so pathetic—do we not sometimes forget all his genius, and love him simply as our fellowman?

As a poet what marvellous versatility he had! He had lines for very taste and for every mood. He had the power of describing natural beauty in common with many others, but almost every line he wrote was instinct with philosophy. Let the common rhymster write of the familiar objects of nature, and his song is of the earth, earthy,—it rises not above the furrow. Let Burns write of the simple daisy or the field mouse, and we are transported to the House of the Interpreter there to see some new parallels in mind and matter, and to feel the mysterious but no less real harmony between our souls and Nature. Versatility did I say? This same poet whose microscopic sight could detect beauty in the tiniest object, could also rise to the loftiest heights of patriotism. With a clarion blast he could arouse the love of country and inspire to martial fervor, and in as grand lines as ever were written he could recall the illustrious Wallace and Bruce, till every Scotsman's nerves were thrilled and his pulses quickened and his heart aglow with all the glorious traditions of the proud Northern Kingdom in whose splendid history the word "conquest" was

never yet written, and whose national honor was never yet sullied.

And, indeed, the same poet had a heart full of love and sympathy. How he loved his fellowmen, rejoiced with them, and wept with them. He could thrill a nation with a cry of battle, but he could also breathe out his spirit in sympathy as deep as human woe itself, and as tender as a mother's lullaby.

I may refer to but one more trait. It was but natural that one of his absolute candor and endowed with his insight should look through the surface of things and distinguish the sham exterior from the real substance. He abhorred hypocrisy. He loved freedom and he loved truth, truth in the inward parts, and freedom from the thralldom of fictitious standards and spurious morals; freedom from the rule of rank and caste, truth in the valuation of man made in the Divine image, of possibilities immeasurable and capacities infinite. Not man dressed in a little brief authority—not the straightened forehead, though it wear a coronet. Man, the gold that is greater than the guinea stamp; man, the loyal, the brave, the honest, the noblest work of God.

We do well to join in thought with kindred souls the world over in celebrating the great poet's birth, whose song was like unto the perfection of Nature's own mystic music, whether in the zephyr whisper of love or in the thunder voice of power, and as we drink to his memory let it be a pledge to truth, to freedom, to home and beauty, and to the great Scottish race he loved so well, and upon whom he reflected such lasting glory.

The Isle of Mist

(*Skye*)

BY DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

Author of "Singing Rivers"

Surely everyone has dreamed some time of a magical island—a land of the ever-young, a Tir-nan-Oig* which lies beyond the rim of the setting sun. I know one

place where you might get a glimpse of Tir-nan-Oig—a hill above the tiny village of Uig, a village in a mussel shaped green bay in Skye, where the cuckoo in June calls all day long. From this hill you

*The Celtic Paradise.

may see a host of lilac islets, in a sea of silver and swallow-blue, and far away in a mist of rose, the petal-like peaks of Tir-nan-Oig, and though the old crofter minding his Highland cattle and gazing seawards with you may say,

"It iss a fine evening for seeing the †Long Island,"

do not listen to him, for he does not know, and when he has gone home, and the sky has become a vault of palest green which gradually deepens to star-pricked violet, a shining coracle of a moon will sail out, and with her silver prow break the stillness of the clouds, and with a skip and a run you can climb into her and steer yourself through the purple to the unimagined beauty of Tir-nan-Oig.

* * *

Once upon a time (most islands can begin their chronicles with this fairy-tale beginning) a young king of Skye, wishing to see his new kingdom, decided to sail all round it. He took with him provisions for a five-day voyage, but the voyage lasted ten days instead. On his return his wife, an Irish princess, exclaimed:

"How large an island it must be. Tell me what is it like."

"It is like a bird with many wings," he replied.

"Then," the queen said, "let us call it Eilen Sgiathanach, the island of wings," and it is from the Gaelic *Sgiathanach* that the name Skye is derived. Though the island is only 50 miles long and from 7 to 25 miles wide, its coastline measures thousands of miles.

* * *

We have proof positive that a fairy landed at Hornival, near Dunvegan, after the defeat of the gods by mortals, and that one of his descendants married a chief of the Macleods, and that before she left for Tir-nan-Oig she gave her husband a Fairy Banner—(so frail that only a fairy ought to handle it)—which may be seen at Dunvegan Castle. It is said that the flag has the power to save the chief and his clan three times; after the third time a fairy will come and carry it away for ever. Sir Walter Scott mentions that it also had the power of bringing herrings to the loch.

†The Harris and the Lewis.

Cuchullain was in Skye too. He came to visit Scathach, the wise old queen who dispensed wisdom for over a hundred years at Dunscaith Castle; she taught the children of kings the art of declaiming poetry and of making war, and it was to Dunscaith Castle that Cuchullain sent his bride Bragela for safety whilst he was fighting in Ulster.

"O strike the harp in praise of my love.

The lovely sunbeam of Dunscaith:

Strike the harp in praise of Bragela,
She that I left in the Isle of Mist."

Before any saints came to the island, the Druids held sway for many a red century, as such names as Lon nan Druithneach and Tota nan Druithneach bear witness. There is a legend that when St. Columba, a very navigating saint, first landed in Skye, a terrible wild boar rushed at him, but the saint calmly lifted his hand to Heaven and said, "Come no further; on the spot to which thou hast now come, die" (of course in Gaelic), and the boar fell down and died.

In the north of the island near Kilmuir are the remains of a monastery St. Columba founded, and it is one of the earliest ecclesiastical remains in Scotland.

Another legend of another saint, Maree, also a sea-going saint, tells how he always had specially fair weather when he came to Skye, and if he had no boat handy, he would sit on a stone which immediately floated on the sea like a little ship.

Loveable little St. Bride—the foster-mother of Christ, the daughter of Dughall Donn—was here too, and although she has no ruins, a beautiful little bay (Kilbride) has been named after her.

Here came Robert the Bruce in 1306, and you may read of his visit in "The Lord of the Isles." In 1540, King James V. arrived to dispense justice, and so greatly did the people love him, that they expressed their gratitude by changing the name of the loch where his fleet lay from St. Columba's Loch to Phort an Righ, the King's Port or Portree: rather ungrateful to the Saint!

Much later came that unfortunate happy-go-lucky Stuart, Charles Edward, and his most ill-requited guide Flora Macdonald. One loses a good deal of interest in Charles Edward when one learns that

he never even sent a short letter of thanks to his deliverer, although she suffered a year's imprisonment in London for espousing his cause. He really was not worth the risks she took, or worth the statues which have been erected since to his memory.

Go and see Flora's grave; it faces the sea-winds, and looks across to the Long Island, over the little bay where she landed with that ne'er-do-weel of a Stuart: a rough stone wall encloses the tiny graveyard, and all around the marsh marigolds grow in golden swamps and skylarks sing north, south, east and west, accompanied by

"the cuckoo bird
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides."

—Wordsworth.

From Flora's grave it is not far to Drumtullin, the once impregnable castle of the Lords of the Isles, every stone full of ancient wicked memories.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell came to Skye too and slept in Kingsburgh House, where Flora and Charles Edward stayed with Clanranald, and here Dr. Johnson wrote of Flora, "She has soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence," and that "her name will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, be mentioned with honor."

* * *

To the mountaineer there are many climbs of interest, and a few respectably dangerous ones—the Storr Rock—the Quirang, whose rocky towers, pinnacles, and bastions at twilight look like the bewitched castle of some warlock king—the Coolins, which once known take first place amongst the mountains of the British Isles.

Much has been printed of the Coolins, of the beauty of their form and color, of their shadowy corries, home of the roe-deer, the wild cat, the otter, the stoat, and many poems have been written on the sullen beauty of Loch Coruisk, which is deeply hidden at the feet of sheer bare screes.

To see Loch Coruisk properly you should choose a day of sun and cloud, and take John Mackenzie as your companion. He has spent a lifetime exploring the Coolins; he knows each peak bet-

ter than many fathers know their children; he appreciates their beauty as a man appreciates the beauty of his sweetheart, and to one of them he has given his name—Sgurr Mhic Coinnich. He is an old man now, but you might sail the four seas for many a moon before finding as strong, as active or as handsome a man as John Mackenzie, with his distance-seeking eyes, his strong straight nose, his beard, white as the Coolins' snows. He will point out the golden eagles' eyrie on Blaven (if he knows you are not a mad collector), the buzzard's and the goshawk's haunts, and the heron's fishing ground; and he can tell you of merlin, peregrine, falcon, chough, coot, osprey and snow-bunting, and knows the difference between a blackbird's lay and a ring-ousel's lilt.

Go with him up Glen Sligachan to his view-rock—to your right is Loch Coruisk, deep still grey blue among the brackenless hills—to your left Loch Scavaig, emerald-clear, where the seals come in to play; where the black-throated diver, the kittiwake and eider teach their young to fly, and away out at sea the islands of Rum and Eigg belted in milky mists, only their peaks showing.

* * *

The southern part of the island is known as the Garden of Skye, and the meadows and woods abound with wildflowers—amongst lovely commoner flowers I have found the wood betony, wild angelica, field gentian, golden-rod, sweet-scented orchis, sweet-briar, globeflower and woodruff (very fragrant in the linen chest): in the marshy districts, water lobelia, rosy bog pimpernel, shrub-like bog-myrtle, asphodel (a yellow beauty of bogland), crimson marsh orchis, and pyramids of marsh violets; on rocks overhanging the sea at Elgol, sea-starwort, milkwort (the sea-loving kind), masses of pink thrift, sea campion, mountain-thyme, the parasitic red-broom rape, and the grass of Parnassus, which always grows in places where it is almost impossible to gather it: among a host of ferns in different parts of the island I have seen black maidenhair, wall rue, moon wort, mountain buckler, royal-oak, beech and holly ferns, harts tongues and woodsia.

(Continued on page 192)

"CAPTAINS UNFORGOT"

BY CHARLES C. STODDARD

(Written for the dedication of the memorial to members of the American Canoe Association killed in the World War, unveiled at Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 13, 1922.)

Not to the swift the race,
Nor strength the victory brings,
Without the heavenward face
And the high heart of kings.

The old virtues are not dead,
Unchanged in form and might,
As they our fathers led,
They mold the man aright.

Heroes these were, before
They laid their paddles by
To heed the call of war
And fall 'neath a foreign sky.

Heroes these were in sport;
Comrades they were—and friends—
Boys of our common sort,
Boys of our selfsame ends,

Until the great day came
When hearts leapt willingly,
Touched by a holier flame,
To immortality.

Then, on the battlefield,
Where swift their triumph grew—
There, were these souls revealed
Clean as the sport they knew.

Not for the honors won,
But that they loved the strife;
Pride in the deed well done
And the self-mastered life.

As in the least they wrought—
And this shall be their fame—
They to the greatest brought
The full joy of the game.

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Edinburgh Scenes and Memories

PART I

Edinburgh! a luscious canvas to be sure. Who does not know it—who indeed?—for it is graven deep on the heart of the nation. Irradiated with melancholy glory, fraught with a world of touching mementoes, it speaks to you; who have ears to hear, of a myriad of tender reminiscences, some sad, some merry, some fascinating, but all inspiring with that sweet enchantment in which the soul delights. What pictures it conjures up! What a wealth of story it awakens! Seen through the mists of the gathered years, it looms before you in glorified perspective. Humanising thoughts rise with the quiet curling smoke-wreaths from its innumerable chimneys, and as they mingle

with the memories of other days, you look back across "the twilight wave" of the centuries, to visionary scenes of yore. A thousand memories are around you as you dream your way through the pages of the history books, for no town is more artistically painted with the magic of the past than the Scottish Capital. And what a past. The history of Edinburgh is, to a large degree, the history of Scotland. It rolls before you with all its deeds. The grey mantle of remembrance envelopes it with a lasting halo, for the associations of the "grey metropolis of the north" are legion. There is hardly a road that does not hold some cherished reminiscence, hardly a street but is lustrous with some literary recollection. Little wonder that

of all the haunts of literary Scotland, those of Edinburgh are the spots where the feet of pilgrims love best to linger. There have lived or visited at some time or other the nation's most illustrious sons, and though these famous dwellers of old be now no more, there is scarce a landmark with which they were familiar that does not animate the wanderer of to-day with a deep and refreshing draught of enchantment as it whispers out its story of the years down time.

A REGION OF ROMANCE

From the top of the Calton Hill, you look down on a region of old romances. Hill and dale, crag, quaint loitering superannuated streets, broad sweeping thoroughfares of modern architecture, and blue expanses of the haar-ridden Forth, stretch as far as the eye can see. In the immediate foreground loom the picturesque ridges of the old town, with St. Giles's venerable spire "steeped in silentness." At your feet Princes Street, a veritable arcadia of loveliness glittering in the sunlight, with its stately and richly foliaged gardens, Castle Rock, and ancient weather-beaten keep silhouetted clear against the skyline. Truly a vista unequalled anywhere in all broad Scotland. It spreads out before you like a magnificent picture gallery. There is not a swallow's length of it but speaks eloquently of days long gone; not a pathway but where history lingers like a line of a forgotten song. And looking at it on a fine June morning, entirely devoid of imagination must be the individual, who, from our vantage ground, in the gleam of summer sunshine, cannot picture those famous shadowy characters and scenes from the realm of fiction most dear to the heart of the literary pilgrim, and people again the picturesque and way-worn old streets of the city with the dim majestic figures of other years.

A CITY OF FANTASY

At all times a walk through Edinburgh is a study and a delight, but when on the trail of literature, it becomes a fascination. For who could enumerate the legion who have sung its praises or been in some way connected with it? From Scott downwards, what a catalogue of distinguished names! And it is a pleasant exercise of fancy to retread the ages as you saunter

through the historic old streets, pends, and closes where literature, like a ray of burnished gold, has shed a glorious lustre. How sweetly to the memory the brooding mantle of remembrance recalls their treasured stories; how pregnant of the long ago is their every outline! A glance at some antique gable is enough to awaken the eye of the pensive visitant to dwell upon rapturous views of a vanished day and generation. They glide before you an arresting spectacle revivifying the past, and flashing before your delighted vision a rare and panoramic fantasy indeed.

GHOSTS OF THE HIGHWAY

It is recorded of George Crabbe, the poet, during his sojourn in Edinburgh, that while admiring the New Town, he greatly preferred the Old. The first he regarded as something to be worshipped afar off, but the other was a place to enthuse over, a hallowed shrine to be explored and enjoyed. The years have fled swiftly on their course since the peripatetic Crabbe visited the Scottish Capital, but despite the changes since his day, the Old Town still is, and will be, we hope, to time immemorial, a hallowed shrine to be explored and enjoyed by all true lovers of the old and the picturesque. It is gilded with memories and simply glows with literary greatness. Where is there a walk, in the whole world, to compare, let alone surpass that from the Castlehill, past the Lawnmarket, adown the High Street to the Canongate, to say nothing of the Cowgate, the Grassmarket, and the Netherbow? Go down these thoroughfares in the grey dusk of a summer evening as we did, if you would stir reluctant reminiscences, for old literary Scotland lives here for you most vividly. What shades of characters haunt their dim interiors! As the centuries glide by in the imagination, the men who made them famous glide with them: Gavin Douglas and Sir David Lyndsay; William Dunbar, the author of the "Thrissill and the Rois," who has left behind him a quaint picture of the "Hie Street" of his time—

"At your Hie Cross where gold and silk
Suld be there are but cruds and milk,
And at your Tron but cockle and wilk,
Pouches puddings for Jock and Jane."

The cultured Buchanan and the fiery Knox; Taylor, the Water Poet, and the

garrulous but complimentary Daniel Defoe. And so on down the years, a varied pageant trooping in endless line.

ALLAN RAMSAY

On these distinguished writers of early days, you pass as on a stepping-stone to one whose genius as a Scottish bard has only been eclipsed by Robert Burns—the amiable and witty Allan Ramsay, who must be regarded as Edinburgh’s “very own laureate.” What an interesting figure he makes as he ambles along with the crowd! You can picture his quaint shop with its old-world sign above the door, in which he “thatched the outside and lined the inside of the head of many a douse citizen,” and where all the literati of the Capital gathered. There he chatted with that “pleasant little man in a tye wig” who wrote:—

How happy could I be with either,
Were t’other dear charmer away!

and whatever other man of letters strolled in. And sauntering along the ancient thoroughfare, it is pleasing to muse on how the author of “The Gentle Shepherd” would gossip to Gay about the leading characteristics of the Capital; while, no doubt, Gay in his turn would reciprocate by telling the honest Allan all about Pope and the coffee-house wits, or ask for advice on the composition of his poem “The Beggar’s Opera,” of which he is credited with writing parts, if not all of it, in ‘Jennie Ha’s’ alehouse in the Canongate. But the visitor will look in vain for this book-shop of arresting memories. Though it survived to welcome Burns, Smollett, David Hume, Dugald Stewart, Adam Smith, and many others of this brilliant era to its hospitable interior, it has long since vanished from sight, swept away in the march of civic improvement like that other favourite resort of the bard, Maggy Johnstoun’s tavern on Bruntsfield Links, where

. . . we got fou wi’ little cost
And muckle speed.

A VANISHED SHRINE

Just as conspicuous by its absence is David Hume’s famous house in James’s Court. Strolling down the Lawnmarket, the voices of familiar companions speak again from out the shadows, but unless you are possessed of an observant eye you are likely to miss the obscure arch-

way leading into the quiet but gloomy court once so distinguished by the light and learned company who frequented it. To-day it is a picturesque slum. Bare-footed children are playing about; the glass in the various windows is broken or patched; while from nearly every framework jutting out from the wall, garments of various hues are hanging out to dry. Time, which has spared everything else, has distilled from this old court the last vestiges of respectability, as well as its one great link of association. It has all completely passed away. Utterly vanished is the one-time home of the historian-philosopher. Gone for ever are the very walls within which literature made a treasured haunt. Only in fancy is it possible now to roam through the quarter where Hume lived until it became “too small to display my great talent for cookery,” where Dr. Robert Blair, the author of “The Grave,” was in residence, while Hume, in the midst of the gaieties and flattering of the Court of France, was lounging “twice or thrice a day for my easy-chair and my retreat in James’s Court,” where Adam Smith of “Wealth of Nations” fame, had his chamber, where Benjamin Franklin and Rousseau were entertained; and where James Boswell welcomed Pascal Paoli and Dr. Samuel Johnson; and, perhaps, the best way to give play to that fancy is in looking out from the topmost window of a neighbouring *land* across Princes Street with its leafy gardens, to the gliteering waters of the beautiful Forth and the Fifeshire coast, with the peaks of the Highland hills in the far distance—a panorama which their own eyes must oft times have beheld.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

You go back along the corridors of the years to 1773 for the first glimpse in Edinburgh of the most memorable of these. It was on Saturday night, 14th August of that date, that Samuel Johnson arrived at the old White Horse tavern in the Canongate, and the following evening his huge figure must have provided much gossip to the citizens of the High Street as he passed along, arm-in-arm with Boswell, en route for James’s Court. In these days the Court was in its heyday. It was

the select abode of a brilliant company, which included several advocates, seven Writers to the Signet, Lord Elibank, Sir John Pringle, and others of equal achievements in their own particular sphere. No wonder Boswell was in jubilant spirits in carrying off the celebrated Sage to his Scottish home, nor did he spare any expense in entertaining his illustrious guest. The very best of Edinburgh's society thronged James's Court during the great man's stay there, and it is but a trick of the imagination to visualize the endless array of sedan-chairs, and ceaseless procession of eminent visitants that must have passed to and fro under the ancient archway. The city itself, with its "close and massy, deep and high" buildings, its series of towers, rising from Holyrood in the plane of the castle on the top of the hill, and its venerable kirk of St. Giles, must have fascinated him, despite his anti-Scottish affliction. Well, indeed, might Johnson be pleased with the hospitality shown him. "Boswell," he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, "has very handsome and spacious rooms; level with the ground on one side of the house, and on the other four stories high."

These rooms have completely disappeared, gone like the lovers of St. Agnes' Eve. There is nothing to recall that it was here the first of biographers held one of his most brilliant levies, here the dinner was given at which Mrs. Boswell, "to show all respect to the Sage," did her best "to aid wisdom and wit by administering agreeable sensations to the palate," here Henry Erskine, after his presentation to Johnson, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, telling him it was for the sight of "your English bear;" in short, there is nothing to recall to the stranger that here stood one of the most notable landmarks in Scottish literature. As you linger in this dreary spot there are nought but echoes of its halcyon past to remind you of its former greatness.

ECHOES OF THE PAST

There are few things more delightful than the day dreams of the wanderer, especially so, if he be bent on a literary pilgrimage. He saunters on full only of the thoughts that his environment suggests. Familiar spots bring back familiar memories. Thus you cannot linger by

sad, sweet Yarrow without thinking of the innumerable ballads which have made it a region of romance. You croon to yourself the haunting lines of "Ye Banks and Braes," and picture the quaint winding streets of auld Ayr and the charming banks "o' Bonnie Doon." Or, you swing along the great north road from Perth to Inverness, to the stirring music of the Jacobite poets. Edinburgh is full of such suggestions; full of a poignant heart music which tells you in pregnant language of what has impassioned and inspired. Everywhere it is writ large, and will sound lifelike and pathetic, when the last landmark has crumbled into dust. It gathers unto itself a whole world of those rare and choice moments that paint the byways and by-gones of the Scottish Capital with the magic of a Christine of Pisa. Definite shapes rise sharp and clear from amid the constant murmurs of its lingering echoes, and when you raise your eyes, it is to look upon enchanted vistas of what has gone before.

FLEETING MEMORIES

These vistas light up High Street with a diamond lustre and furnish a wallet of pleasant thoughts. Totally forgetful of the hours of the present, you follow on in its old-time pathways, meeting at every turn the ghostly and romantic figures which look out at you from the pages of *Kay's Portraits*, the scenes and follies in *Humphrey Clinker*, the "high jinks" in *Guy Mannering*, and those inimitable little cameos which J. G. Lockhart has sheltered for all time in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. Which is fascinating enough, but not quite equal to the more intimate memories of Johnnie Dowie's tavern in Libberton's Wynd, where, among the "couthy chields" who were wont to indulge in the

. toasted cheese,
A crum o' tripe, ham, dish o' peas,
The season fitting;
An egg, or, cauler frae the seas,
A fleuk or whiting—

for which it was noted, were Robert Ferguson, Burns, Christopher North, and Campbell; or of the National bard himself, as he hied him along the famous thoroughfare to his lodgings in Baxter's Close during the winter of 1786. Dawney Douglas's celebrated alehouse in Anchor

Close, alas! now no more, would be there to cheer him on his way, for Dawney's was a favourite howff of the bard's. Here he rollicked among the "Crochallan Fencibles," a convivial coterie who made it their meeting place, writing satirical verses about its members, and no doubt joining with the others in the chorus of Dawney's Gaelic song, "Cro Chalien," with which the genial landlord, who evidently was as much a diplomatist as a caterer, usually regaled his guests. Then there is the little office at the bottom of the close where the Edinburgh editions of Burns' poems were printed, and where the bard, and at other times, Dr. Blair, Adam Ferguson, Adam Smith, Lord Kames, Dr. Beattie, Henry Mackenzie, Hume, Dr. Robertson, and Arnot the historian, were frequent visitors; not to mention Writers Court, where, at Clerihugh's tavern, Colonel Mannering found Mr. Pleydell taking part in the maddest of high jinks, and the home of John Knox, a charming old place both inside and out. But, if you would know the literary haunts of High Street you must give up many days to finding its treasures. True, many landmarks have passed away, yet despite the numerous changes of comparatively recent years, it still keeps green the recollections of the men who have made it classic.

THE CANONGATE

In the crowded realm of the Canongate which meets you here, lies an equally remarkable mine of literary lore. Like High Street, its principal actors have long since faded in the mists of time, but much of the background remains to give you back the memory of their vanished lives. What a distinguished array of shadowy shades accompany you as you dream your way through its storied byways—poets, litterateurs, and wits, and other eminent individuals, who, if they cannot be classed as litterateurs themselves, certainly acted in a generous way as patrons and inspirers of those who were! What scenes have been enacted within its compact interior! You can picture the fiery Knox, stern and unbending, making his way up the quaint sloping pathway to his home from Holyrood, after his stormy interview with Mary Stuart, and unmoved by the tears of Scotland's beautiful Queen, revelling among his history papers and pamphlets.

You can see Dr. Johnson with Boswell turning into the old White Horse hostelry, or walking arm-in-arm up the hill to the latter's home in James's Court. Or you turn in the direction of Queenberry House for a glimpse of the eccentric.

. . . . Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed,

(Continued on Page 190)

Our Glasgow Letter

A truly magnificent gift has been offered to Kirkcaldy by Mr. John Nairn, of Forth Park, through the War Memorial Committee. Mr. Nairn stated he was prepared, conforming to plans submitted, to build, complete and equip a building to form part of the Burgh War Memorial Scheme. On the ground floor the plan shows three museum rooms, a lecture room with a cinematograph operating room attached. On the first floor are four galleries, two for oil paintings and two for water colors, black and white, and photographs. There are also two wings, to provide facilities for the Photographic Club, and a reception room, as well as retiring rooms, in connection with the lecture room.

The whole cost of the scheme, including the monument, and laying out of the ground, is estimated to be £40,000. The Provost, in moving that they recommend the Town Council to accept this munificent gift, said it would prove a magnificent memorial, well worthy of those who had fallen.

Speaking of war memorials, reminds us that the Duke of Athol, prime mover in connection with the National War Memorial Scheme in Edinburgh, is once more at Loggerheads with Earl Rosebery over the scheme. Lord Rosebery does not, along with many others, approve of the scheme, the carrying out of which inter-

feres with and encroaches upon the historic Castle of Edinburgh, and is therefore inappropriate, to put it mildly. It seems an extraordinary thing that no better ideas, than this one of utilizing a part of the Castle as a war memorial, should have been forthcoming, as there is not the slightest doubt, while many apathetic Scotsmen and women may subscribe to this memorial, that there are thousands who will not, and it seems a pity that a scheme that almost everyone would have been in sympathy with, could not have been suggested. The Duke of Atholl reproaches Lord Rosebery and says that he sent him a letter of congratulation to start with; but it is quite possible and reasonable that Lord Rosebery might have approved of the scheme superficially, but when he realized its scope he changed his mind.

There is far too much of this spirit of vandalism in Scotland at present, when historic old buildings are being ruthlessly torn down for one paltry reason or another, and no trace left of the history attached to them. We seem to be afflicted with the blight of "commercialism", a disease that destroys everything that savors of sentiment; and when a nation loses the sentiment of patriotism, it loses one of its finest attributes, so it behooves us to have a care, and not destroy with the one hand what we can never rebuild.

I have been reading a very interesting Golden Wedding notice in a Glasgow paper, which should be of interest to the readers of the CALEDONIAN, as the participants are now resident in the United States, where they are both enjoying the best of health, after such a long matrimonial journey. The notice reads:

GOLDEN WEDDING—At 30, Breadalbane Street, Glasgow, on August 2nd, 1872, by the Rev. Robert Cameron, Cambridge U. P. Church, Walter Brash, to Mary Georgina, eldest daughter of Andrew Hay Allan, of Willowbank." The Walter Brash mentioned in the marriage notice, is late of Messrs. Walter Brash & Co., Wrights and Builders, at Gibson Street, Hillhead, Glasgow, which firm did all the joiner work for the various institutions in Glasgow. The family of this worthy couple numbers four sons and one daughter, Walter B. Brash, his father's namesake, now being the General Manager of the Dauntless Shipyard, in Essex, Connecticut, U. S. A. Another of the sons, Colin C. Brash, who is in this country, will go over to America in October, to help celebrate the golden wedding of his parents. The grand old couple have now six grandsons and two grand-daughters.

Walter Brash and his wife must be very proud to be still together after all these years, and very happy to be surrounded by such a fine family. May good fortune and good health pursue them ruthlessly.

The statue of the poet Byron, for erection in Aberdeen, and designed some years ago by Dr. Pittendrigh McGillivray, R.S.A., the King's sculptor for Scotland, has at last been completed, by Mr. A. J. Leslie, a well known Lon-

don sculptor, and will in time be erected in the grounds of the Aberdeen Grammar School. The statue is of great beauty of design, and will be an artistic addition to the other beauties of the Granite City. Aberdeen is very proud of the fact that Byron received his early education there, and that his mother was Catherine Gordon of Gight.

The sculptor has represented the poet as the personification of poetry, and the statue is strikingly beautiful in its bold simplicity.

By the death of Mrs. Alec. Dalglish, who was killed in a motoring accident in Australia, a link with Sir Walter Scott, the novelist, is severed. She was, before her marriage, Miss Mary Josephine Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, and was a great great granddaughter of the poet. She was the only surviving daughter of the Hon. Joseph Constable Maxwell, son of Lord Herries. On marrying her mother, Miss Mary Monica Hope Scott, he adopted the name of Scott.

The late Lord Belhaven and Stanton some two years ago presented to the Burgh of Wishaw 11 acres of ground to be turned into a Public Park, in memory of his son, the Master of Belhaven, who was killed in action. During operations a large quarry hole has been made into a terraced amphitheatre in the centre of which a bandstand has been erected, the expense being met by public subscription. This bandstand has now been formally handed over to the Town Council, and it was intimated that Lord Belhaven and Stanton agreed to present an entrance gate in memory of his cousin.

A distinguished American—over here on holiday—in the person of Col. Stephen Slocum, Military Attache to the American Embassy, speaks well of Scotland and the Scots, his description of our Highland scenery being "Paradise's own scenery".

It is to the credit of Hamilton Town Council that they have purchased, at a cost of £20,250, the Hamilton Palace Buildings, which includes the kitchen court portion, and the Mausoleum Buildings, together with the golf course, the Low Parks, Barmichael Wood, Bothwell Bridge Lodge, Clyde Bridge Lodge, North Haugh, the Palace Stables and site, the old Jail Tower, and Courthouse, Almada Lodge, and land suitable for building plots, or for market gardening. The only stipulation of the purchase is that the Trustees reserve the right to remove one or both of the lions, with their pedestals and bases. These famous sculptured lions guard the entrance to the Mausoleum.

It is a matter for great congratulation that the Hamilton Council has been patriotic enough not to allow these properties to be destroyed, or to fall into the hands of strangers

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

IN MEMORIAM

JAMES KENNEDY

Born: Nov. 3, 1850

Died: Aug. 14, 1922

Shall he who sang sae weel an' lang
 Within the grave be laid awa'
 Without a Doric dirge to gang
 Among his tributes braw?

I didna wait until he dee'd
 To mark the merit o' his lays,
 And noo that Jamie's weird is dree'd
 I'll nae neglect his praise.

Of Scottish poets born and bred
 That made America their hame
 For Kennedy it may be said
 His was the foremost name.

As versatile as he was good,
 With strength and artistry and ease
 Whate'er his measure and his mood
 He never failed to please.

He could evoke a quiet smile,
 Or set the table in a roar,
 The Wit an' Humor o' his style
 Aye cuttin' to the core.

When on an elegiac theme
 His efforts were eclipsed by few:
 His diction polish'd to extreme,
 His pathos deep and true.

And wha could mak' a lilt like him
 His ain compatriots to inspire,
 Fill'd fu' an' bubblin' to the brim
 Wi' feeling an' wi' fire?

If he o' Place or Person wrote,
 O' Love or War or Peace or Fun,
 Clear frae the first to final note
 How deftly it was done!

For six and thirty years my Friend,
 Nae changes oor affections droon'd,
 And close communion to the end
 Oor lang acquaintance croon'd.

His virile voice we'll hear nae mair,
 His manly form nae mair we'll see;
 But while we hae his Writings rare
 JAMES KENNEDY WILL NEVER DEE.

*"Clovernook",
 Roxborough,
 Philadelphia.*

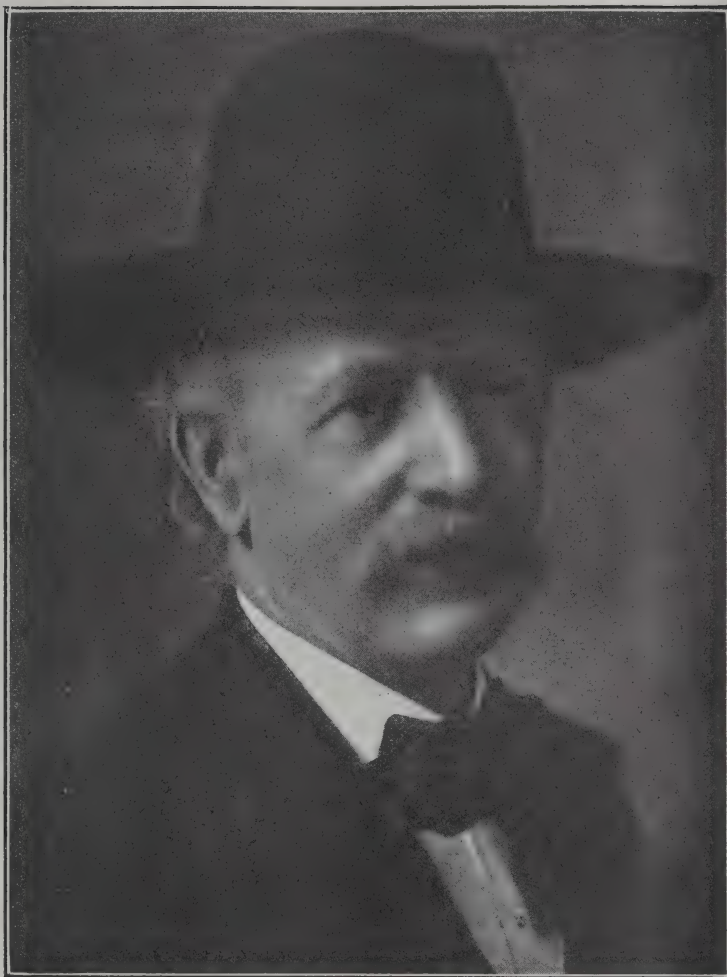
JAMES D. LAW,
 August 16, 1922.

James Kennedy

"God help me with life's weary load,
 Whatever it may be,
 Until I reach the blessed road
 That leads to rest in Thee"—

These were the last written words of our friend, written on that peaceful summer afternoon when he slipped away to wander along byways colored by more delicate than earthly flowers, to listen to heavenly bird-songs with mind so long attuned to all that is good and beautiful, to win that rest for which he longed so truthfully.

Death came to him suddenly, Monday, August 14. Never rugged in recent years, though his keen humor and love of life kept his heart and mind sweet and young to the last, he appeared as well as usual Saturday night, when he attended the meeting of Clan MacDuff, at which he made several spirited speeches. Sunday evening he passed the time at home, though he had planned with a friend to hear "Gypsy" Smith, being greatly interested in the Scottish Gypsy, whom he met at a recent meeting.



While his death is a great shock to all of us, and to his many friends the world across, it is the end he most desired, and that we had oftenest talked about. And while he has gone away, he has left us a rich heritage, not only in his writings, which must live as long as a Scottish heart beats, but in his example as a man, a memory that will never die.

We shall not be long in realizing our irreparable loss in the three outstanding figures in Scottish literature who have passed away within the past few weeks: James Logie Robertson ("Hugh Haliburton") in Scotland, Robert Reid ("Rob Wanlock") in Canada, and now James Kennedy in New York. Where shall we find their equal!

JAMES KENNEDY, engineer, editor, author, poet, was born in Aberlemno, Forfarshire, Scotland, November 3, 1850, the son of David and Jéssie (Mackintosh) Kennedy. The Forfarshire Kennedys are descendants of the Lochaber clan, 300 of whom fought at Culloden: on his mother's side, Mr. Kennedy was descended from the Mackintoshes of Glenshee. He studied in the high school in Dundee, where he joined the 49th Highlanders Volunteers, and learned the machinist trade before coming to America in 1868. He worked at locomotive repairing and construction on some of the principal railroads of America, carrying on his studies at night, and in 1875 was graduated with honors in the literary courses of the West 13th Street School, New York.

Mr. Kennedy had charge of a department in the locomotive shops of the New York Elevated Railroad from 1879 to 1902. In 1883, the first locomotive built at the company's works, from which the succeeding locomotives were

modelled, was constructed under his superintendence. He was Chief Cashier in the Water Department of New York City, 1902-1903, and Deputy Superintendent of Elections, 1904. The following year he was invited to accept the position of associate editor of *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, published by his friend, the late Dr. Angus Sinclair. Mr. Kennedy became managing editor in 1910 and editor-in-chief and President of the Angus Sinclair Publishing Company upon the death of the founder, Jan. 1, 1919. He took much interest in politics, and was president of the Harlem Republican Club, 1902-06 and 1908-12. He ran as the Republican and Independent Democratic candidate for the Board of Aldermen, but was defeated by a narrow margin. He also ran for Assemblyman in 1908 and for the Senate in 1909.

Mr. Kennedy was first lieutenant of the Seventy-ninth New York Highlanders, 1875-76; was a member of St. Andrew's Society; past chief of Clan MacDuff, which he organized, an honorary member of Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, and was past royal deputy for the State of New York of the Order of Scottish Clans. He was president of the Burns Society of the City of New York, 1915-16, and wrote and spoke much on the poet. As an author he published an engineering handbook, of which thousands of copies were sold; and brought the journal with which he became connected to a high standard. But it was as a writer of sketches and as a poet that he was best known to the public generally. He was a dominant figure at all Scottish gatherings and a widely-sought contributor to periodicals. His *Collected Poems, Songs and Lyrical Character Sketches* were published in 1883; *The Deeside Lass and Other Poems*, in 1888; *Scottish and American Poems*, in 1899; and a revised and enlarged edition was published in Edinburgh, 1910 (Seventh thousand). A definitive edition of his *Poems* was published in New York in 1920. Many of his prose articles and verses first appeared in THE CALEDONIAN.

His home was the Mecca of Scots from everywhere, and many a famous night has been spent there. Early in life he was a well known athlete, and it was through his efforts that the visit of Donald Dinnie to this country was so successful. He was also an enthusiastic admirer of the great Highland bagpipe and in his time one of the finest Highland dancers in New York.

A notable event in Mr. Kennedy's life was his memorable visit to Scotland in 1914, where he was invited to recite an original poem on the battlefield of Bannockburn, at the celebration of the six-hundredth anniversary of that decisive victory over the "Auld enemy". He met a most enthusiastic reception, not only at Stirling, but in the Liberal Club, Edinburgh and in the town Council of Dundee, and other places in Scotland.

Mr. Kennedy married Isabella, fourth daughter of Francis Lowe, of Easter Clune, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1873. Mrs. Kennedy died in 1910. Four daughters survive; Isabella

(Mrs. F. A. Brandow), Jessie (Mrs. F. M. Johnston), Margaret (Mrs. William Muller), and Jean (Mrs. Godfrey Eriksen). One son, the late Dr. Robert Kennedy, staff surgeon with the N. G. N. Y. on the Mexican border, in 1916, and a young physician of great promise, died in 1917.

THE FUNERAL

The funeral service, which was most impressive, was held at the Second Presbyterian Church (The Scotch Church), 96th Street and Central Park West, Thursday evening, August 17. Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie, former pastor of the church officiated at the service. The Scottish Clans and Societies of Greater New York were represented and a large number of friends braved the intense heat to pay their last respects.

As the cortege moved up the aisle a solemn dirge was played by three Highland pipers in full regalia, Pipe Major Angus Fraser, Pipe Major Murdoch MacKenzie and R. Davidson, who, at the end of the services, played the lament, "Lochaber No More". George Fleming, Scottish tenor, sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee", and "The Land o' the Leal," accompanied by the church organist, Mr. Burhman.

Dr. Wylie, a life-long friend, gave a eulogy in which he quoted from poems by Mr. Kennedy. Rev. Dr. Blue read the original tribute in Scots verse, by his poet-friend, James D. Law, printed elsewhere in this issue.

The honorary pallbearers were: Andrew McLean, editor-in-chief of the *Brooklyn Citizen*; Dr. William Munro MacBean, Historian of St. Andrew's Society; Robert Frater Munro, Dr. John J. McPhee, of St. Andrew's Society; Clarence N. Peacock, vice-president of the Burns Society, and Harry A. Kenney, secretary; Malcolm MacNeill, president of the N. Y. Scottish Society; B. M. Morgan, president of the Celtic Society; Dr. James Law, Chief James Grant and W. Horne, of Clan MacDuff, of which Mr. Kennedy was the organizer; William McCree, of Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn; John MacNab; James D. Law, Philadelphia; The Macneil of Barra; C. C. Stoddard, editor of THE CALEDONIAN; Robert McCombie Auld; Robert Foulis; McGuffock Brown and others of the clans. The interment was at Woodlawn Cemetery.

Among those present at the church was a delegation of old members of the Central Republican Club, including David B. Coctuma, the executive member. The delegation from Clan MacDuff included, in addition to those mentioned, Past Chief Mill, Alex. Cumings, Wm. MacNeil, Wm. MacKay, D. MacKay, Peter MacKay, Robert Ashbow, Wm. MacKail, Arthur Ross, G. B. MacClennan, D. B. McCorkodale. Many beautiful floral pieces were received from societies and individuals.

It would be impossible in this brief obituary to give a just estimate of this unique and many-sided man. As one friend expressed it, "There were some things about Jamie that I could not like,

but there were so many things to admire that I always forgot them." Another writes, "Kennedy was my friend for thirty-six years and has not left his marrow." Hon. Andrew McLean, of the *Brooklyn Citizen*, a friend of many years, commenting editorially upon his passing, very justly says: "The death of James Kennedy, Scottish poet and essayist last night, takes away a very distinguished figure from Scottish circles in this country. The deceased had from his youth been identified with all that is at once popular and refined in the activities of his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic. While it would be an exaggeration to speak of him as a great poet, it is not exaggeration at all to credit him with high poetic sensibilities and with all of the enthusiasm for Scottish life, manners and history which is characteristic of Scottish poetry at its best."

Time must finally judge his work, but the Scottish people at home and abroad, as well as the Scottish press, were not slow in appreciating Mr. Kennedy's abilities. He was conceded generally to be the chief of modern Scottish poets. A peculiar kind of wordly-wise humor gave point to his character-sketches, while his ruling passion, as exhibited in his more serious verses was an intense love of all things Scottish, a faithful attachment to his adopted country, and an abiding belief in the brotherhood of man. His genius was essentially lyrical, and his mastery of versification at once easy and complete, and all the characteristics of true Scottish poetry—simplicity, tenderness, pathos and humor are found in his work.

Turning from his literary endeavors, he was a loyal friend and a delightful companion. As a fluent and ready debater and as a teller of stories, he was unequalled. As a skilled artisan and mechanical engineer he was held in the highest esteem. In politics he held many places with honor. He was a skilful editor, and in social circles had held the highest offices in nearly all of the societies to which he belonged. And yet he was always modest, and he never wandered far from his chosen vocation. If he had a passion other than for literature, it was for his home, and his home life was of the sweetest and best.

He was a fine type of the American Scot, loving the memories and traditions of the old land, but undivided in his loyalty to America. He had no patience with the "hyphen". One of his last utterances is so characteristic that it is given here in full.

"We have heard many speak of 'One-hundred-percent American', but we have never heard one explain what it meant. You cannot make a good American citizen by knocking all of the foreign feeling out of him. It is better to make him feel that members of his race have helped to build this nation, that many of them have laid down their lives for its maintenance and welfare. No one will dare to say that America is already perfect. If America wants a richer civilization, every particle of the culture of every foreign country should be welcome,—every good thing that has blossomed out like rare flowers from the experiences of the people in other lands, should be transplanted.

Not only so, but it should be observed that it does not matter so much where a man stands as it does the direction in which he is moving. If he is drifting away from all that is sweet and lovable in his native land and engrossing his whole mind in the material things that are so dominant in this commercial age, no kind of fortune can ever wholly bring recompense. If the foreigner can forget his prejudices, his senseless vanities, and particularly his inherited regard for kingcraft and its corroding accessories, and look upon the Constitution of the United States as the consummation of the garnered wisdom of the ages in the science of government, he is an American already.

Speaking for the Scots, apart from their descendants whose remote ancestors may have been engaged in the questionable conquest of a portion of Ireland, I claim that they are in the forefront of American Citizenship, and yet they love their native land with a quenchless love. The Scots are one with America in trial and in triumph, they are one in hope and destiny. If America had more of them, life here would be brighter and better and hasten the coming of that diviner day

'When the war drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of Man,—
The Federation of the world.'

William Sloane



William Sloane, head of the firm W. & J. Sloane, New York, former president of St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York, and one of New York's best-known citizens, died in Southampton, L. I., N. Y., August 11, in his 50th year.

Born in New York, a son of John Sloane and Adela Berry, he attended the Cutler School and Yale College, receiving his Bachelor's degree with the class of 1895.

Among the many undertakings of service to the public with which Mr. Sloane was prominently connected was the Presbyterian Hospital, of which he was president. It was under his administration of the office that arrangements were made with Columbia University for the joint erection of a vast institution to cover six blocks on Washington Heights, which has been described as a great event in the history of medicine, it being hoped that the resulting medical centre will eclipse all others in the world.

During the World War Mr. Sloane was chairman of the National War Work Council of the Young Men's Christian Association, and in that capacity handled millions of dollars in funds contributed by the public to the war relief activities of the organization. In his report of the work of the council submitted at the convention of the association in 1919 he stated that "the value of the association's free con-

tribution to the American Expeditionary Forces" amounted to \$46,646,924.84.

Bruce Barton, writing in the *New York Times*, of Mr. Sloane's war work, says:

"I met Mr. Sloane first in 1917 at the headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. He was at work in an office about eight feet square. The Y. M. C. A., a compact organization, trained to do a certain type of work, had been called on to expand its personnel and activities a hundred-fold over night. It had outgrown its quarters and was sprawled over a half dozen widely scattered buildings. There were no adequate facilities for anybody, least of all for the chairman of the War Work Council.

"Through the next three years (for the work did not end with the armistice) William Sloane shouldered one of the heaviest burdens that was carried by any man in the war. He was on the job day and night, totally abandoning his own affairs. Time will do justice to his devotion and the service of the organization of which he was the executive head; but little recognition was given while he lived. Instead of gratitude there was criticism; abuse instead of praise.

"He accepted criticism without comment as a part of the price of the work. He foresaw clearly what would happen when the Y. M. C. A. undertook, at General Pershing's request, the management of the army canteens in France. He knew well enough what would happen to the management of a huge chain of stores, run with untrained personnel, dealing in a foreign currency, hampered for lack of goods and doing business along several hundred miles of a battlefield. He anticipated the criticism and took the task which Pershing assigned because it had to be done.

"George W. Perkins died a couple of years ago in his early fifties. He ought to have lived for twenty years. John R. Mott came out of the war so worn that only his immense recuperative powers carried him through. Evangeline Booth and some of the leaders of the Knights of Columbus, the Y. W. C. A. and the Jewish Welfare Board gave years out of their lives during those months of strain. It would be an interesting and solemn study if one could take the names of the dollar-a-year men in Washington and record their experiences since the war. How many are dead? How many have had physical breakdowns, necessitating weeks or months of idleness?

"Not all the lives by which the war was won were sacrificed upon the battlefields of France. Men were wounded in offices also, and have died of their wounds. Of these, one of the noblest was William Sloane.

The funeral was held August 15, in the Brick Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave., New York. The Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, conducted the services.

More than 1,000 persons were present and these included, besides persons of prominence in the social and business world, delegations from organizations in which Mr. Sloane had

been active. Presbyterian Hospital, Union Theological Seminary, United States Trust Company, the North Westchester Hospital, the Bank of Manhattan, Bank of Savings, the New York Historical Society, St. Andrew's Society, Squadron A, the Y. M. C. A., and the Society of Colonial Wars were among the organizations represented.

The pallbearers were Thomas S. McLane, John Sherman Hoyt, Walter E. Cooke, Z. Bennett Phelps, Mortimer N. Buckner, Dr. William Darrach, Anson Phelps Stokes, Stephen Baker and William Sloane Coffin.

The ushers were John Henry Hammond, George A. Crocker, D. Raymond Noyes, C. J. Nolan and G. G. Kane.

Interment was at Woodlawn.

David Webster O'Neil

David Webster O'Neil, of New York City, who died July 27, 1922, while visiting in Brechin, Scotland, was buried in Claremont, N. H., on August 22.

Mr. O'Neil was born in Brechin, April 3, 1850, the eldest son of William O'Neil and Elizabeth Webster, who were active members of the Auld Kirk under the ministry of the late Dr. James McCosh, afterward president of Princeton. David left school at the age of ten, and afterward was employed in flax mills and paper works, finally serving his apprenticeship as a joiner and carrying on his education in night classes in Edinburgh.

He came to America in 1870, worked at his trade of stair-builder, and in 1873, organized at Claremont, N. H., the firm of Freeman & O'Neil, manufacturers of stair-builders' supplies. In 1889 he became manager of Bradley & Currier, New York, later merged into the Empire City-Gerard Co., of Brooklyn, one of the largest woodworking concerns in the country, of which he was president. He was also president of several large realty and other corporations.

Mr. O'Neil was a member of St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York, the New York Chamber of Commerce, General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, president of the Manufacturing Woodworkers' Association, and an organizer of the Building Trades Employers' Association. He married Jane Ann Gray, of Brechin, Scotland; Aug., 1872 (d. 1891); (2) Mrs. Ella Carey Whipple, of Claremont, N. H., 1903.

Alexander Graham Bell

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone and distinguished man of science, who died Aug. 2, at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, was laid at rest and at sunset, August 4, in a rock-hewn tomb on a crag of Beinn Breagh mountain overlooking his beloved Bras d'Or Lakes, at the foot of the watch-tower workshop that had known him for so many years.

The story of the telephone, the greatest single modern invention, has been told so often and his

later experiments are so well known that readers of THE CALEDONIAN, proud to own him as a Scot, will be interested to read some of the details of his early life, upon which the daily press but lightly touched.

Alexander Graham Bell was born March 3, 1847, in Edinburgh, Scotland, the second son of Alexander Melville Bell, an eminent phonetician and lecturer on elocution and inventor of "Visible Speech" symbols, and Eliza Grace (Symonds) Bell, a daughter of Dr. Samuel Symonds, surgeon in the British Royal Navy.

Dr. Bell was taught at home by his parents, more especially by his mother, whose musical talent he inherited, and by August Benoit Bertini, a musical authority and composer. He afterwards entered MacLauren's Academy, Edinburgh, and a year later the Royal High School, and was graduated shortly after his thirteenth birthday. He then went to London and received instruction in elocution and the mechanism of speech from his grandfather, Alexander Bell, a recognized authority on these subjects. Returning home, he was further trained along the same lines by his father, with a view to following the family profession. He was employed for a year as a teacher at Weston-House Academy, Elgin, Scotland, after which he entered the University of Edinburgh and attended lectures upon Latin under Dr. Sellers, and upon Greek under Professor Blackie. He then returned to Elgin as a teacher of elocution and music and resident master, and remained two years; was instructor in Somersetshire College, Bath, England, for a year; then became assistant to his father, in London, who had removed there and received the appointment of lecturer on elocution in University College. In 1868, he taught several deaf-born children to speak, and from July to December had entire charge of his father's professional affairs, including the giving of lessons and lectures at the different schools, while the father was delivering lectures in America. Early the next year, he was taken into partnership with his father. During 1868 to 1870, he attended courses on anatomy and physiology at University College, joined the college medical society and matriculated as an undergraduate at the London University.

The death of two of his sons from tuberculosis, and the threatened infection of his remaining son caused the father, in 1870, hurriedly to resign his lectureships and to abandon his practice in London and remove with his family to a country place at Tutelo Heights near Brantford, Ontario, Canada. He continued his work successfully in Canada and the United States, and the son, Alexander Graham Bell, by living mostly out-of-doors, regained his health; one of his recreations at the time being the teaching of his father's "Visible Speech" to a neighboring tribe of Mohawk Indians.

April 1, 1871, Alexander Graham Bell, at the request of the Boston Board of Education, began the instruction of teachers of deaf children in the use of the physiological symbols.

(Continued on page 191)



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

New York Caledonian Club

The third quarterly meeting of the year was held in the Club hall Tuesday evening, August 1st, Chief Caldwell presiding. The Games Committee reported that all was ready for a record outing at the Labor Day Games at Ulmer Park, Brooklyn. A change has been made in the route of the parade from former years. This year it will start at the Clubhouse about nine o'clock, and proceed through 54th Street to Eighth Avenue, to 42nd Street to Broadway, and down that thoroughfare to Herald Square, where the B. R. T. train will be taken for 25th Avenue, Brooklyn.

PERSONAL

Clansman Alexander Gordon, who has been spending a short vacation in Scotland—putting in a good part of his time with his ain folk about Elgin—returned via the S.S. *Columbia*, August 13th, in particularly fine shape for his work as announcer at Ulmer Park on Labor Day.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

A special meeting of the ladies was held Monday evening, August 7th, to arrange for the annual reception to guests at the clubhouse on the Saturday evening preceding Labor Day. Mrs. Alexander Caldwell was in the chair. Their experience of several years enabled the ladies to lay out their work without delay, guaranteeing an enjoyable evening for the guests. All visitors should make a point of being at the Clubhouse on this evening. It is quite possible they may meet somebody frae hame.

Philadelphia Letter

Saturday, August 5th, was Scotland's Day for oor ain folk o' Philadelphia, at Fox Chase, where Maple Grove presented an animated picture from noon until the shades of evening foliated the grove. The 63rd Annual Gathering of the Clansmen of the Caledonian Club assembled in the Carpenters Hall, Spring Garden St., augmented by a big delegation from New York under the command of Chief Caldwell, assisted by Ex-Chiefs Donaldson, Peter Gray, Bernard and others familiar from their frequent visits. Trenton was well represented;

conspicuous amongst the delegation was Ex-Chief Ferguson in his red-coated uniform of the Glasgow Highlanders. Ex-Chief Thomson of Newark was in evidence; so many of his friends in the Quaker City are at all times proud to welcome the popular Ex-Chief frae Jersey. Quite a bunch o' saut water Scots frae Atlantic City, N. J., loomed up under the fatherly guidance of Ex-Chief Tom Christie, and it goes without saying that Tom felt quite at hame, and seemed unco happy, especially when owre a wee drappie o't.

After a morning "snack" had been indulged in, ranks were formed, and headed by the Caledonian Pipe Band as a vanguard to the newly-organized Highland Guard captained by Alexander Tulloch, 3rd Chieftain of the Club, preceded by a platoon of city mounted police, a march was made with a big costumed contingent following in military formation of fours, down the principal thoroughfare, Broad Street, disbanding at the Reading Terminal to reach the Grove by steam cars. The weather was ideal, dispelling all fears of the previous night, which had been visited by a regular tornado, and a fine appearance was presented as the various hues of tartans and steel of the claymores glinted in the sunshine, as the marchers moved down the lane to enter the Grove.

In due time the program was opened with the initial exhibition drill of the Guard. The few evolutions performed were very creditable, and augur well for the future. The number of children entered for the Novice dancing seemed limitless; the best-dressed men, also boys, had their innings. Highland Fling and Sword Dance had numerous competitors, and as usual, some of the "hielan flingers" had a fling at the judges. Foot-races for members, members' wives and daughters, young girls' and boys' kiltie races, relay races, sack races, "tug-o-war" and football by champion teams followed each other in rapid succession. A whole army of Athletic Club members and some of them famous in the field of sports, competed for handsome trophies under the auspices of the A. A. U. which comprised 100-yard dash, putting the shot, 440-yard sprint, running high jump, half-mile race, 220-yard race over 18-inch hurdles, pole vault, one-mile run, 220-yards 24-inch hurdle race, and one-mile relay race,

four men, four gold medals and silver cup to winning team.

There was dancing in the pavilion up to 10 P. M., the lads and lassies having a fine time there with Auld Country and American dances. The attendance was larger than usual, and many met and recounted past associations, who only meet on just such occasions. The Annual Gathering has many attractions for oor folk frae the wee bit land ayont the sea, other than games and sports, and the Caledonian Club is deserving of the patronage and support of all who would, like Burns, contribute to the prophecy "That man to man, the warl owre, shall brithers be, for a' that."

Dr. J. Lawson Cameron, so favorably known to the Scots of Philadelphia, while summering at Ocean Grove, N. J., was suddenly attacked with heart trouble, and in two hours breathed his last. The body was brought to his late residence, 1500 Girard Ave., and on July 29th the funeral services were held, previous to interment; much sympathy is felt for his amiable widow, to whom the doctor was much attached. The doctor was a native of Paisley, Renfrewshire, and matriculated at Glasgow University, but practiced medicine as a graduate of the Medico Chi., Philadelphia. At one time, in the early days of Clan Cameron No. 64, O. S. C., he was the Clan physician, and was most popular with the Clansmen.

He was a great reader of Scottish Literature, and possessed an enviable memory, and a person never tired listening to his narratives and opinions. He was a firm believer in the idea that its "comin' yet for a' that," when people will consult (at regular periods) the doctor in order to maintain health in lieu of waiting until sickness asserts itself, and remedies have to be applied. Delegations from the Medico Chi. and Alumni, besides many friends, especially Scots, attended the services. The doctor was a big man, physically, rugged in appearance, therefore it was a painful surprise to his many friends on learning of his awfully sudden demise.

ST. MUNGO.

Boston Caledonian Games

The 69th Annual Games of the Boston Caledonian Club, at Caledonia Grove, West Roxbury, August 5, brought out an unusually large attendance. There were present the best athletes, headed by Joie W. Ray of the Illinois A. C. of Chicago; dancers from the Far West and bagpipers from Vancouver, B. C.

The occasion was graced also by the presence of Gov. Channing H. Cox, who made a speech, complimenting the Scots for their excellent outpouring and their high standard of American citizenship.

District Attorney Thomas O'Brien was another of the guests, while Walter Scott, of New York, who has been present at 44 of the annual affairs, appeared as chipper as ever.

As usual, the day began with the usual parade around Boston before taking the train for West Roxbury. The morning was devoted to competitions for members and Wallace Hermiston, for the second time, by winning the most num-

ber of points, gained his second leg on the Walter Scott trophy, a three-year prize.

The soccer football competition, five men on a side, was won by Abbott Worsted, which defeated Braintree Welfare and Gray & Davis teams.

The amateur handicap games, which attracted the best list of athletes since the Scots gave up professional events, were performed under conditions that were anything but good. The track was soft as a result of the rain of Friday night, and the enclosure, where the field athletes were forced to compete, was treacherous. Notwithstanding these handicaps, the athletes did well, if their performances did not measure up to what the starts are capable of.

The big event was the Walter Scott Mile, but it turned out to be a one-sided contest in which Joie W. Ray, the great runner of the Illinois A. C. of Chicago, romped away as if he was out for a jog. Instead of being furnished some real opposition by such runners as Jimmy Connolly and Geo. M. Marsters, not to say anything of the others in the race, it was a picnic for the Chicago star.

In the evening a supper was given at Caledonian Hall, attended by about 60. Chief Speirs gave an enthusiastic talk on the events of the day, and honorary member Walter Scott congratulated them very heartily on their success, also on owning the building which they now occupy. He predicted great things for the future of the club.

"Scotland's Day," Chicago

The Caledonian Society of Chicago held its annual picnic and games at Riverview Park, Saturday, July 29. There was an exceptionally large attendance despite the rainy day, although several hundred were kept away. The various games were well contested, the competition dancing having more than 60 entrants. Mr. Daniel Sorbie, Hillsboro, Ill., was judge of dancing. During the day Pipe Major Norman Dewar, piper of the society, and the Canadian Kiltie Band, rendered a number of fine selections.

The music for the dancing was in the hands of Prof. James Lee's orchestra, under the capable direction of A. Jones. Fourteen teams entered for the 5-a-side football, one of the best attractions at these Scots picnics.

Richard Millar deserves praise for the fine moving pictures he exhibited, showing scenes at the Scottish Old People's Home and the July 4 picnic; also, the Forth Bridge, Scotland, and a number of others, all of which met with hearty applause. Chief Peebles and his managers and committee deserve praise for the excellent arrangements made. The committee desires to tender their thanks to the donors of prizes and the various ladies and gentlemen who helped in the athletic events to make the picnic a success.

Past Chief Alex. McKenzie was manager of games; Alex. Millar, manager of football; Geo. Robertson, manager of dancing, with James Fraser, secretary.

Capt. Robert Gair

1839

1922

Starting for my Eighty-Fourth Milestone

My father was a master plumber and when I was eleven years of age, had an unfortunate litigation and sold out his business. After much argument, I prevailed upon my mother to allow me to leave school and go to work. My first job was with a dry goods house, where I remained but a year, for I realized it was not my calling. I next started with a builder and after a short time found my heart was in the work, which stood me in good stead in later years.

In 1860 I had the distinction of casting my maiden ballot for the grandest man the nineteenth century produced, Abraham Lincoln. At his first call for seventy-five thousand men, April, 1861, to defend the capital of the nation, my Regiment, the 79th Highlanders, had the proud distinction of being the first to respond. It was mustered into the service one thousand eighty-seven strong, and after its return at the close of the Civil War, to be mustered out, we had less than two hundred of the original roster left. At a reception to the Regiment held at Steinway Hall, my brother officers presented me with the only regimental medal awarded. On this medal is inscribed the seventeen engagements in which I participated with the Regiment.

I started in the paper business after my muster out, in Reade Street, and in 1887 moved to Brooklyn. The first buildings I erected were of slow burning mill construction. Because of the then primitive condition existing in the paper box business, it was necessary for me to build all the machinery I used, which resulted in a vast store of invaluable patterns, drawings, etc., which had to be protected. I got in touch with the Turner Construction Co., and had them draw up for me a plan for a reinforced concrete factory building with steel window frames and wire glass windows. This was the first factory building of its kind ever erected and after more than a year of argument with the Building Department, I was given permission to make the experiment. In as much as no one had experience in concrete construction, my plans could not be approved, but the erection of the building was closely watched. When my neighbors along the water front saw the moulds go up, and the concrete poured, they said they thought I was foolhardy to attempt such construction, but that first reinforced concrete factory remains today a standard for concrete factory construction.

My war-time experience taught me to cultivate confidence in my own judgment. I got an insight into human nature while in active service, which could not have been acquired under any circumstances in civil life.

My message to all young men, behind which lie more than eighty years of experience, is: give everything you have to the business your head and hands are best adapted to and don't tumble into the first job that is easy got. Many a minister would have made a better blacksmith and many a blacksmith would have shone

in the pulpit. Select the vocation your heart dictates, and stick to it through thick and thin.

July 31, 1922.

ROBERT GAIR.

Clan MacMaster of America

This rapidly growing organization held a most successful biennial meeting at Asheville, N. C., July 27th. Previous meetings were held at Gettysburg, Pa. (1911), Lake Conneaut, Pa. (1914), Niagara Falls, N. Y. (1916), and Asbury Park, N. J. (1920). The next meeting will be held in Boston, Mass., in 1924. The following officers were elected: President, Wells McMasters; vice-president, Col. James MacMaster; treasurer, William A. MacMaster; secretary, Katherine MacMaster; permanent chairman, John S. MacMaster. The executive committee is comprised of these five officers.

A new departure was the appointment of several Chiefs of Branches (life positions) in order to further the work of the Society; these being given out in the nature of honors. It was the opinion of the Executive Committee that this was the best plan to cultivate and carry out the main purposes in forming the Clan, namely, to have the various branches of the family know each other better and appreciate their historical connections with the old country, Scotland and the North of Ireland, whence their ancestors came, and also to become better American citizens. A Chief of Clan is expected to get names and addresses of those of the Clan within his or her territory and to have them meet from time to time as far as practicable in different places within the territory, and also to have some of them attend the biennial meetings of the main Clan from time to time. The Chiefs appointed this year are as follows: South Carolina & Eastern North Carolina, Col. Fitzhugh MacMaster; Western North Carolina, Mrs. Harry McCorkle; Georgia & Mississippi, Mrs. Ida MacMaster Honour; Western Pennsylvania, William A. MacMaster; Ohio & West Virginia, Dr. William H. MacMaster; New Jersey & New York City, Col. James MacMaster; Eastern Maryland & Eastern Virginia & Delaware, John S. MacMaster; Western Maryland & District of Columbia, Katherine MacMaster; Western Virginia, Mrs. William Henry Leech; New England, Wells MacMaster; chiefs of other branches to be assigned later.

Springfield, Mass.

I wish to extend to you my congratulations on the fine appearance of the magazine. The cover is emblematic of the United States and Scotland, shows artistic taste and an effective setting. The inside is rich in clean, wholesome reading and the newsy bits from the auld country will be read with interest by your subscribers. In the reports you receive from all parts of the Union as to the doings of Scottish societies, it reveals the spirit among our folks of keeping up the traditions of Scotland, a nation that we can be proud of.

—A. N. S.

John A. Stewart Celebrates 100th Birthday

John Aikman Stewart, dean of the New York financial district, celebrated his 100th birthday August 26, at his home in Morristown, N. J., where he has lived for many years. Mr. Stewart's health is good, his faculties are unimpaired and he continues to take keen interest in affairs, according to those near him. He is the oldest living graduate of Columbia University, graduated in 1841 as a civil engineer, and has been a member of St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York since 1868.

Mr. Stewart was born on the corner of Fulton and Front streets, New York, August 26, 1822. His father, John Stewart, was born on the Island of Lewis. He attended the public schools and was graduated from Columbia when eighteen years old, going to work as a civil engineer on the Erie Railroad for \$1.25 a day.

A few years later Mr. Stewart began his work of three-quarters of a century in the financial district as actuary of the United States Life Insurance Company, succeeding this with the secretaryship of the United States Trust Company, in 1853. The original Board of Trustees of the trust company included John Jacob Astor, Jacob Lawrence, John J. Phelps, John J. Cisco, William E. Dodge, Royal Phelps and William H. Macy. Mr. Stewart is the only one of these leaders of the last generation who is living today.

In June, 1864, at the earnest solicitation of William Fessenden, Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Stewart consented to take the post vacated by Mr. Cisco as Assistant Treasurer of the United States for New York. He took his post in the last year of the civil war, with the credit of the government at its weakest, when a paper dollar was worth less than forty cents in gold. With the end of the war, he entered the councils of the leading financiers of the United States, at which it was planned to fund the national debt and pay off what the nation owed.

When the finances of the country were getting into good shape, Mr. Stewart left his government post to become president of the United States Trust Company. One of his greatest financial coups was made after half a century of activity in the financial centre of the United States, when he undertook to purchase an entire issue of governments bonds for \$50,000,000. This was done in November, 1894, when \$50,000,000 was an unprecedented amount for a banking institution to get together in one lump. The remarkable part of this achievement was that Mr. Stewart purchased the bonds without drawing on the government's gold reserve.

Mr. Stewart was elected to the Board of Trustees of Princeton University in 1868. More than half a century later, as senior trustee of the institution, he became acting president of Princeton, succeeding Woodrow Wilson, nominated by the Democratic Party for Governor of New Jersey.

Mr. Stewart's age was little realized even among his business associates until John D.

Come in for a wee crack

The Scotch Tea Room

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110 E. 31st St. New York

Rockefeller remarked on his birthday last year that he had a friend, ninety-seven years old, who went to his bank in New York three times a week. It was then discovered that Mr. Stewart had been quietly coming to his office at No. 45 Wall Street three times a week to attend to his duties as chairman of the Board of Trustees of the United States Trust Company. It was also discovered that Mr. Rockefeller had been mistaken in Mr. Stewart's age.

The veteran banker was at his desk when the Wall Street explosion shattered glass in office buildings in the vicinity of Wall and Broad streets. His desk was showered with glass, but the pioneer financier continued working as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

Lewis & Skye Concert and Ball

The Lewis and Skye Societies of New York will hold their annual concert and ball, Friday evening, November 3, at Palm Gardens, East 58th Street. These annual affairs have reached a high standard of excellence and are eagerly looked forward to by New York Scots. The aim of the committees has always been to get the best talent procurable, and in the past years they have invariably been successful in having a first class concert program. This year the high standard will be maintained, and while we are not yet in a position to give the names of the artists, we are confident that if they do not surpass any previous effort, they will at least equal former successes.

Needless to say Scottish and Scottish Highland song and sentiment will have prominence on the programme, and it is hoped that all who are interested in Scottish song and story will make an effort to be present.

The Assembly, after the concert, is another feature which has always appealed to us with Scottish blood in our veins, and even though some of us might now be too old to "trip the light fantastic", yet there is something inspiring in the strain of the bagpipes and in seeing the old Scottish dances again. We would advise our readers not to miss this opportunity of renewing memories, if not with the land of their youth, yet with the land of their illustrious ancestors.

Memorial to Dr. John Brown

AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS"

Scotsmen everywhere, particularly those of Border birth and ancestry, and others of every race, will be interested in the following appeal received from a friend in Biggar, Scotland:

"No memorial to the good Doctor is in Biggar, his native town. This neglect of one so eminent in Scottish letters rests heavily on the consciences of some who, born here, look with loving regard on the literary labors of one so distinguished.

"It was for the people of Biggar he wrote, and, with fear and trembling, it was to them he first read the immortal story, 'Rab and His Friends.' Our debt therefore to the genial, and noble personality of Dr. Brown is very great. He has conferred not only a note of distinction on a town and district dear to his heart and ours, but, by the magic of his pen, made sweet the pages of Scottish literature with the tender story of Rab, and Ailie.

"His writings are enshrined in many lives at home, and in those lands across the seas so leal to Scotland, and we feel certain that all whose hearts have been touched would wish to share in the joy of erecting a memorial in Biggar to this Scotsman with the big, honest soul. For this purpose a fund has been opened, and subscriptions, large or small, will be gratefully received by Mr. William B. Pairman, Agent, National Bank of Scotland, Ltd., or Gilbert Rae, Biggar, Lanarkshire, Scotland."

Other papers and magazines will aid a worthy object by copying this appeal, and it is assured that Borderers in the U. S. and Canada will lend their encouragement by sending contributions, however small.

Newport News, Va.

The Clan MacDonald No. 168 is still in existence, but unfortunately the attendance at the meetings is very small. Only the good old standbys are regular attenders, and seldom fail to put in an appearance.

Brother James Knox is now able to be with us at every meeting, whereas for some months he could only be with us now and again—oftener *again*. James, like our Scottish ancestors, believes in everything being carried out according to the Constitution, and is a strong advocate for such whenever the opportunity presents itself.

For several nights, after the regular business of the meeting was over, several of the members remained and spent an hour at a game of carpet bowls. The players became very enthusiastic, particularly when the distance between the tee and the nearest bowls had to be measured very carefully in order to give the decision as to which was nearest. These games tend to make the meeting more interesting, not only to the players but to those who remain to witness them.

Our Pipe Band has been out of practice for several months, on account of three of the pipers being out of town. Fortunately two have come back, and practice has been resumed every Clan meeting night, for one hour previous to

the hour for opening the meeting. The other piper, James Fyfe, who has been engaged by the Banquet Tea Company of Baltimore to visit the various States in Highland costume with his pipes, to advertise the tea, is very much missed. Evidently the Highland costume and pipe music is not understood in some parts of the Southern States. He was arrested in Florida for blowing, without a license, into a bag which emitted a peculiar and weird sound, causing the people to wonder who he was and where he came from, rendering himself liable to a fine with or without imprisonment. He was fined \$5.00, and the fine paid.

Owing to the small number who turned out last year for the Annual Church Parade, the members of the Clan MacDonald decided to have no Church Parade this year, but to ask Dr. Welford of the First Presbyterian Church to preach a sermon on the 25th June, with special reference to what the Scots had done for America. An eloquent sermon was preached on that date, but I regret to say the Scots in Newport News did not turn out as they should.

The Daughters of Scotia, Flora MacDonald Lodge No. 21, arranged a picnic for the Fourth of July, and at the invitation of Mrs. Smith, widow of the late Mr. "Doug" Smith, went to the farm where they had gone so many times during Mr. Smith's lifetime. Many availed themselves of the opportunity to spend the day at the old spot, but had their pleasure marred, as "Jupiter Pluvius" was rather liberal after twelve noon, and all got drenched with rain on the way home.

Mr. Rouse, of Newport News, with his invariable good-heartedness, sent a limousine to take a convalescent seaman at the Riverside Hospital to the picnic. This sick stranger in town would otherwise have been unable to go to the farm, but when Mrs. Jenny F. Scott, one of the "Daughters," told Mr. Rouse of his desire to attend the picnic, he—Mr. Rouse—immediately took steps to see that the seaman was taken out there, and back to the Hospital. The D. O. S. tender Mr. Rouse their grateful thanks for his kindness.

The Newport News *Daily Press* of July 26th reproduces a picture of the Clan MacDonald Pipe Band, taken with Sir Harry Lauder in the center, and has the following to say of the first open-air concert given by the Band: "Clan MacDonald Bagpipe Band offered a program of genuine Scottish quavers, when it occupied the Casino Bandstand last night, which proved to be quite enjoyable to a sizable crowd. Listeners and lookers described the program as unique and interesting, the music having been termed 'pleasing,' even by those to whose ears the wild and weird notes of a bagpipe bring no thought of a distant ancestral home. The Bagpipe Band was dressed in regulation kiltie costume." Brother James Fyfe was with the Band on this occasion, and played several solos, including "My Old Kentucky Home." He happened to be travelling in this part of the State at the time.

JOHN S. ROBERTSON,
REPRESENTATIVE.

118—35th Street,
Newport News, Va.

William M. MacBean Welcomed Home

Among the passengers who arrived from Glasgow on the Anchor liner *Columbia* was William Munro MacBean, Historian of St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York, who, on July 15, received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the ancient University of Aberdeen, Scotland.

As mentioned in the August CALEDONIAN, Mr. MacBean gave to the university a library of several thousand publications together with rare copper and steel engravings dealing with the Jacobite period in Scottish history, including the romance of "Bonny Prince Charlie" and his immediate forbear known in history as the "Old Pretender." In conferring the degree upon Mr. MacBean, Professor Sanford Terry, of Aberdeen University, said:

"Mr. MacBean had done much for Scottish history by his patient research. By an act of rare generosity, whose magnitude only a scholar could measure, Aberdeen University had recently received from him a collection of literature illustrating the Jacobite period, which might be described, without exaggeration, as the most complete of its kind outside the British Museum.

"Many of the items were unique, and their acquisition had been the absorbing occupation of years. They were now housed at King's College in the university, and not inappropriately, for Elphinstone's Foundation held an almost proscriptive right to educate the historiographers of Scotland, and there was no other community whose scholars had so largely and so continuously unraveled her past. Of this fact they believed Mr. MacBean had been minded and that it probably had largely determined his munificent literary gift to the library of the university.

"This unique collection was the gathering of nearly forty years, and was housed in perhaps the most unexpected of all places—at 11 Wall Street, practically over the eaves of the Stock Exchange of the City of New York."

Boston Scottish Society

President and Mrs. William Mann and daughter, Miss Mildred Mann, who are enjoying the summer season at their country home in Ashland, entertained the Boston Scottish Society members numbering more than 200 at their handsome estate "Braehed", July 29, the occasion being the annual outing of the society.

This was the largest attendance since the war and this caused general rejoicing.

Sports were entered into by all and the bowling contest was featured and was won by David B. Nivison of 36 Bellevue Avenue and William MacAusland, each receiving a silver cup. Mr. Nivison also won in the men's clock golf, Mrs. H. S. Hall received a cup for the women. A. C. J. Pope won in the game of quoits and Charles M. Smith won in the men's race, and Mrs. N. F. McKensie the women's race, while Miss Mildred Mann won the croquet contest. A large number of Winthrop people were present and all had a delightful time.

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Rhode Island Letter

The visit of Royal Chief Alexander G. Findlay, of the Order of Scottish Clans, to Pawtucket was made the most of by Clan Fraser, who issued invitations to all the Clans in Rhode Island, as well as to several just over the border in Massachusetts. Open house was held all the afternoon for the visiting brethren, and the thanks of the Clan are due to the Daughters of the Heather who catered for the wants of the strangers in true Scottish fashion. It was a great pity, however, that the Royal Officers were delayed in their arrival. The Daughters of the Heather and the Committee of the Frasers did their best to make the long wait of the visiting Clansmen pass pleasantly, but the expectant citizens who lined the streets had a sorry time waiting.

Eventually Chief Palmer decided that the parade through the streets from the Moothall to the Masonic Hall, which had been engaged for the purpose, should take place without the Royal Officers, and this was done. The assembled Clansmen after being marshalled and led by the Providence Kiltie Band (several of whom, by the way, are connected with the Frasers as brothers of the chief) created quite a sensation as they passed through the crowded streets to the Masonic Hall, where an impromptu concert was held to while away the time.

When the Royal Chief arrived, it was found he was accompanied by the Royal Treasurer, Duncan MacInnes, of New York; the Royal



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Physician, Dr. Johnston, of Everett, Mass.; Royal Secretary, T. R. P. Gibb, of Boston, and Royal Deputy, Frank Hutcheon, of Providence, all of whom addressed the assembled Clansmen. The principal remarks, however, were made by the Royal Chief and Royal Treasurer, who after complimenting the Frasers on their good work in the past, made it clear that they must not rest on their laurels, but do even more effective work in the future to make up for certain deficiencies elsewhere.

After extending a hearty welcome to the Royal Officers, Chief Palmer handed the gavel to Past Chief George M. MacKenzie, who had acted as Chairman of the Reception Committee, and having attended a Royal Clan, was familiar with the guests of the evening. While it could not be said that the speakers were dry seeing they were dealing with facts and figures of use to Clansmen only, still the efforts of Clansman Joseph Alexander to prove that he was a "Scot from Tap to Tae" were not only enjoyed but highly appreciated.

It is pleasing to note that the clash which occurred last year between the organizers of the Scottish Day and the Committee of the British Day was avoided this year. It may be said that this came about more by accident than good arrangement. Last year these two events were held in the same week, the first on the Wednesday, and the other on the Saturday, and when it is borne in mind that both depended on the same people for support, it naturally followed that both suffered in consequence. This year there were ten days between.

Scottish Day, however, which has been arranged by the Caledonian Society of Providence for the last half-century, suffered this year at the hands of the clerk of the weather. Rain fell very early in the morning, but it cleared off in time to give hopes of a good day. Nothing could have been better than the token of the day when the parade was held in Providence. The three Kiltie Pipe Bands who led the procession were followed by as goodly a number of Scotsmen as on any previous occasion, but before the long string of packed trolley cars reached Rocky Point, the rain descended once more, and it became necessary for the company to retain their seats for a time. The shower did not last long, and the procession was reformed and paraded round the grounds. After dinner the sports began and the weather appearances were seemingly favorable. About half-way down the program, however, a change occurred, which resulted in a thunderstorm and that drove the audience to shelter. The remainder of the races were run, notwithstanding the storm, but the Highland dancing competitions, etc., were finished in a hall on the grounds.

The last to leave the field were the quilters who were determined to finish, storm or no storm, and as usual the Frasers came out victorious, as also they did in the relay race, tossing the caber, putting the shot, and quite a number of juvenile dancing competitions. As usual, one of the most active workers on the field was Colonel Walter Scott, who seems to take his vacation this way. While congratulating

the Frasers on their success at Rocky Point, it should be mentioned that the "Five-a-Side" team of footballers who represented the Clan at the Whitinsville Games also came away victorious. At present the Camerons of Providence are trying to wrest some of the honors held by the Frasers in the bowling alleys, but the final test has yet to come.

It may not be known generally that Col. Walter Scott some time ago donated a large sum of money to the Quilters' Club connected with Clan Fraser, O.S.C., Pawtucket. With this, a solid silver cup has been purchased, and now the Frasers are willing to contest their right to hold this cup permanently with any team of Scotsmen that may come forward. This is not said in any boastful spirit, but with a real desire to encourage the game of quoits, which for centuries has been a national game in Scotland. It may be said that golf is also a Scottish national game, and is popular without "boosting"; quite true, but anyone, even a lady can drive a gutta-percha ball, while it requires a brawny Scot to sling a quoit and ring the pin.

Any person who has watched a game, or rather a quoit match, will admit that it is exciting, and that the players are enthusiastic enough. In proof of this and as a matter of fact, the quilters were the only persons left on the field after the storm brought the Caledonians' games to a sudden finish at Rocky Point. I can well remember with what glee the various quilters' clubs of Edinburgh were wont to welcome the clubs from all the towns and villages from miles around, when a "Quilters' Tourney" was on. Aye! and I have seen them even finishing in the dark, with a lighted candle in the midst of the rink to illuminate the pin, rather than separate before a clear decision was made.

I understand that this cup is not confined to Clansmen alone, but any team of Scotsmen whether from Caledonians, St. Andrews Societies or Burns Clubs will be welcomed to Pawtucket; the main point is a desire to revive the interest in a good, clean, manly, healthy Scottish game.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter St.,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Quincy, Mass.

Herbert E. Curtis, president of the Quincy Trust Company, has received a check for \$1,000 from Col. Walter Scott of New York, the money to be held in trust for the Robert Burns Memorial Association of Quincy, Mass. The money was promised by Col. Scott on condition that the association raise \$9,000 more for a statue of the poet in Quincy.

As an additional incentive Colonel Scott promised 10 per cent of all the Association may collect during the year; and suggested several schemes whereby we could get 2½ cents on the quarter from him. Along those lines the president of the Association has just received from Col. Scott an autographed copy of the "Minstrel in France" by Sir Harry Lauder, which

is endorsed by the Colonel and which is to be sold for the benefit of the Monument Fund.

Colonel Scott's generosity is almost equalled by his good luck—so think the Committee of the Quincy Burns Memorial Field Day. It is thuswise:

Mrs. Harry Sprague of Wollaston, Mass., donated a beautiful rug to the Ladies Household Table for the Field Day, July 1. Colonel Scott was the lucky winner—and now we learn that he was to resell the rug at a fair to be held for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Home, New York, of which he is president. If that is not passing your good luck along we would like to hear of a nicer way.

It would be interesting to know the ultimate destination of the rug.

—W. GRAY.

In Lowland Scots

At a meeting of the Glasgow University Court, July 6, regulations were approved for the Walter Scott Prize which was founded this year by Colonel Walter Scott, New York, through the vernacular circle of the Burns Club of London.

The prize is of an annual value of not less than Ten Pounds. Next year it will be awarded for a poem in Lowland Scots not exceeding fifty lines, subject and metre being left to the choice of the competitor.

A party of thirty-seven Pennsylvanians are making a special pilgrimage to the ancestral home where William Penn, Quaker and colonist, died at Ruscombe, England, on July 30, 1718. Roy Carruthers, of the Waldorf Astoria, has cabled to the Savoy Hotel in London for reservations for the party. The Pennsylvania Quakers will lay a wreath on the grave in the burial ground surrounding the Meeting House of the Society of Friends at Jordans, Wokinghamshire.

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Early American Golf

There is no question that golf, as we know it, as so often recounted in *THE CALEDONIAN*, was introduced into America by that prince of Scots, the late John Reid. Doubtless the implements of the game had been brought here before that time, but the game never before had taken sufficient hold to be recognized as a feature of American life.

A recent symposium in the *New York Herald* has brought out several letters confirming both these statements that are worthy of reprinting here, in part. First, as to John Reid, Mr. Kingman N. Putnam writes:

"On July 14 you published a letter from A. P. W. Kinnan in regard to the date of the first game of golf played in this country. Mr. Kinnan is absolutely correct in stating that this date was February 22, 1888.

"I was present at this game and was one of the charter members of the St. Andrews Golf Club, which was organized by John Reid.

"I could not play in the first game as the only golf clubs in this country at that time were brought here by Mr. Reid.

"The first golf links were on Snake Hill at Yonkers. They were beauties. Any player who made the nine holes in 70 was a first class expert.

"For ten years after the St. Andrews Club was organized golf was generally considered a game only for children. I distinctly remember how the members of this club were laughed at by their friends, who since then have become ardent players.

"Mr. Reid is entitled to all the credit of introducing this game here. He was the father of golf in this country."

Mr. William McKenzie's letter is perhaps even more interesting, as he was as undoubtedly the first American caddy. He writes:

"I lived on the farm where the first game was played and I can remember distinctly John Reid called me from where I was sitting on a fence watching the game to carry his sticks and chase after the ball, and what makes this so clear to me is that John Reid lived only a short way from my house and I knew him very well. Among the others present were Harry Holbrook, John Upham, Harry Talmadge and Chip Pence.

"After the game was over John Reid paid me for what I had done for him and made this remark: 'Willie, you have seen the first game of golf played in America,' and I have never forgotten it."

Mr. Hopper Stryker Matt, Newburyport, Mass., writes: "True it is that Governor William Burnet had golf balls and golf sticks in New York 200 years ago. Naturally enough, for the game was played in New York before December, 1669.

"The Governor did not arrive until September, 1720, and it is indeed a distant retrospect from his day to the former date. So many of our customs were introduced by the early settlers of New York that it is not singular that any one of them should be forgotten.

"Here is an occasion when one can be established indisputably. On December 10, 1669, an

ordinance was passed which forbade the playing of golf in the streets of New York under penalty of twenty-five florins. The game, by the way, originated in Holland and from there was introduced to Scotland. (Laws and Ordinances of New Netherland, 237; *Encyclopædia Britannica*, xii., 219)."

A Pretty Scots Wedding

The wedding of Miss Violet Rodgers Gillies took place on Saturday, July 22, at Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Walter Semple. The bridegroom was Mr. Alfred F. Bate, eldest son of Alfred Bate, of Beacon, N. Y. The bride is the daughter of James Gillies, late of Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, Scotland. The bride's brother, James B. Gillies, of Yonkers, N. Y., gave her away, while William Frew, of Paisley, Scotland, was best man.

After the ceremony, the wedding party motored down to The Scotch Tea Rooms, where a dainty wedding supper was served by the genial hostess, Polly Bain. The new and commodious premises of the tea room with the floral decorations presented an appearance that will be remembered by all. Much praise was bestowed upon the beautifully decorated wedding-cake, made at the tea room, and in spite of the heat the guests partook of a very hearty supper and sang and danced till midnight. All joined in saying it was a real Scots wedding. The happy couple, who will reside in New Jersey, left on an extended wedding trip, going first to Niagara Falls.

San Diego, California

A San Diego branch of the League to Promote Scots National Independence, effected a permanent organization at a meeting, August 13. R. F. McLeod was elected president; Evan MacLennan, vice president; Kenneth MacLennan, secretary; Mmes. Black, K. MacLennan and R. Henderson, trustees.

It was shown that, 600 years ago, Scotland had a well ordered national life, comparing favorably with the other distinctive nationalities then organizing throughout what had been the Roman empire. Architectural monuments and ruins of educational institutions abound all over Scotland to remind Scotsmen of the early glories of their country.

"One definite result of the World War," says the league, "has been to fix in the minds of rulers and people everywhere respect for the national aspirations of human groups that show vitality and loyalty to distinctive ideals."

Norwood, Ohio.

I wish to congratulate you on the ever-increasing goodness of *THE CALEDONIAN*—there isn't a doubt that each succeeding number is better than the preceding one; and when I don my slippers, light my pipe and shrug my back to fit the back of my rocker, I am as near heaven as I expect to be on earth and ever care is forgotten for a time.

—F. R.

Will Sing Many Old Favorites

Sir Harry Lauder will open his American tour at the Lexington Theatre, New York City, Monday evening, October 2. Following the New York engagement, which will be limited to one week, William Morris has arranged a twenty-weeks' tour for the famous Scottish entertainer, which will take him to the Pacific Coast. Closing his season in San Francisco in February, he will sail for Australia, where he will remain during the summer. In the fall he will return to America, opening the season of 1923-24 at Vancouver, B. C., and playing the leading cities of Canada and the United States back to New York. This will inaugurate the world-wide tour which Sir Harry has been planning for several years, and which will include engagements in South Africa, Singapore, Hong Kong, China; India, and other far countries.

For his coming American season Lauder has arranged an exceptionally interesting program. There will be several new songs. Two of these, "Singing is the Thing to Make You Cheery" and "Bella the Belle o' Dunoon", met with especial favor from English and Scottish audiences during the comedian's recent appearances in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow. Probably, however, greater interest will be aroused among Sir Harry's friends and admirers by the announcement that he will revive several songs that have not been heard on this side of the water, outside of the talking machine records, for several years. These include the perennial favorite, "She's Ma Daisy", "The Sunshine o' a Bonnie Lassie's Smile", "Doughie the Baker", "Roamin' in th' Gloamin'", "I Love a Lassie" and "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning, but It's Nicer to Lie in Bed".

A company of notably clever entertainers will be associated on the program with Sir Harry, although, as in other years, he will hold the stage for practically half the time allotted to the performance.

Cleveland, Ohio

The annual pilgrimage of St. Andrew's Scottish Benevolent Society of Cleveland to the Old Folks' Home Farm at Novelty, Ohio, brought out the largest crowd in the history of the Society. Andrew Bailey and the Committee had everything ready when the crowd arrived on the grounds; the improvements added by the trustees were pleasing to all; the new pavilion has been built so that dancing can be enjoyed, but none was had at this outing, as the Society has forbidden Sunday dancing. But everyone present voted for another outing this season on a Saturday, when the new hall will be dedicated.

The Committee had steaming hot tea and coffee ready, with the compliments of all of the officers of St. Andrew's. While some played baseball, a splendid entertainment was given in the picnic grove, which was opened by Robert Thompson, who reviewed the history of St. Andrew. The Ladies' Auxiliary chorus rendered the "Old Hundred" and followed with "Loch Lomond" and "Annie Laurie". Phil

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Barker was in demand, and our own Phil gave many of his splendid Scottish impersonations. Adam Graham, Chairman of the Board, reviewed the work of the Society for the past year, after which President Robert Bowie welcomed all to the grounds and reviewed the plans for the future. A duet by Mrs. Andrew Bailey and David Lindsay was well received, as were songs and other features by James Conway, Mrs. John Jack, David Craig, Wm. Caldwell, Allan Macdougall, John J. MacEwen and John Miller.

Not Walter Scott of Butler Brothers

An article recently appeared in New York papers, and other newspapers throughout the country, stating that a Walter Scott and daughter Edith had been killed in a railway accident in northern New York, since which time Mr. Scott's office has been besieged with inquiries from Scottish people and other friends throughout the country. In reply to these inquiries we are very glad to state that neither Mr. Scott nor his daughter Edith have been in a railway accident. The unfortunate party referred to was some other namesake of the great novelist.

**Wreath Placed on Statue of Sir
Walter Scott in New York on
His Natal Day**

On August 15th a large wreath was placed on the statue of Sir Walter Scott in Central Park in the name of the Order of Scottish Clans by Royal Tanist Walter Scott.

Edinburgh Scenes

(Continued from Page 172)

and of Jack's Land for a picture of the meditating Hume busy on his history of England. Again, you look along St. John Street and remember Tobias Smollett and Lord Monboddo. Here Smollett lived with his sister, Mrs. Telfer, while Lord Monboddo's supper-parties, described by Lord Cockburn as "The most Attic in his day," were the mode attractive of the Capital's leading literati. It was in St. John Street, also, that James Ballantyne, the publisher, held those famous dinners at which he would read the choicest portions of the latest *Waverley* novel. Scott, himself, was present on these occasions, and it is but a glance down the twilight path to view him in his boyhood days limping through the historic old burgh drinking in all the mystery with which it is saturated. Hither, too, came Robert Burns to confer immortality upon the Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, but perhaps, the most arresting of all Canon-gate pictures is that of the Ayrshire bard turning into its silent God's acre, and standing reverently and bareheaded at the grave of Fergusson, the poet.

ROBERT FERGUSSON

In the quietude of the old kirkyard in the shadow of the memorial stone which Burns so lovingly erected on his grave, the memories of "the poor, white-faced, drunken, vicious boy that raved himself to death in the Edinburgh madhouse," come back to you. They flit across the mind revealing a life-story so short and full of pathos, and as tragic and unfortunate in its telling as that of Chatterton, or Tannahill. There greet you those pent-up reminiscences—the home of his birth in the backlands of the High Street; High School Wynd along which he trudged to the High School; the meeting with Hugh Miller on the ruins of St. Andrew's Cathedral, and the walk along the shore with "The rich sunset glow on the water, and the hills that rise on the opposite side of the Firth, stretching their undulating line of azure under a gorgeous canopy of crimson and gold"; the telling of his dream to Miller among the ruins, to be a great writer; his rollickings in the

dim drunken underworld of the tavern; and saddest of all, that last wild frenzy in the schelles or cells hard by the Bristo Port. Hugh Miller who visited him just before his death draws a pathetic picture to this closing scene.

[I was startled (he writes) as I entered the cell of the hapless poet. . . . The mother and sister of Fergusson were sitting beside his pallet, on a sort of stone settle which stood out from the wall; and the poet himself, weak and exhausted, and worn to a shadow, but apparently in his right mind, lay extended on the straw. He made an attempt to rise as I entered; but the effort was above his strength, and lying down, he extended his hand. "This is kind, Mr. Lindsay," he said; "it is ill for me to be alone in these days, and yet I have few visitors, save my poor old mother and Margaret. But who cares for the unhappy?" We parted, and, as it proved, for ever. Robert Fergusson expired during the night; and when the keeper entered the cell the next morning, to prepare him for quitting the asylum, all that remained of this most hapless of the children of genius was a pallid and wasted corpse, that lay stiffening on the straw.] *

REFLECTIONS

Poor Fergusson! Poor infirm lad! his life was a real tragedy. The grip of big things was on him, but somehow his efforts while he lived were doomed to disappointment. Like many another bard of promise he tested to the full the bitter dregs of misfortune, and withered at an early age. Yet, all unknowingly, he accomplished what he set out to do. Each passing year brings a fuller realisation of the dream he confided to Hugh Miller among the ruins of St. Andrew's Cathedral. True, his poems are not yet known as they deserve to be, thanks to the ignorance of Education Authorities, and the indifference of the scholastic profession, but it is pleasant to think that with the progress of time, "the old Robin who was before Burns and the flood," as R. L. Stevenson so picturesquely described him, will yet take his rightful place among the

*K. M. C. Elderton writes: "In your 'Scenes and Memories' you seem to suggest that Hugh Miller was at the death-bed of Robert Fergusson, on whose grave Robert Burns erected a stone. But Burns himself was dead before Miller was born! Therefore, as Euclid would say, much less could Robert Fergusson die in Hugh Miller's presence. From the name 'Mr. Lindsay' in the extract you give, it is evident you are quoting a sketch from Hugh Miller's writings, and have forgotten for the moment that it is not autobiographical."

sparkling constellation of writers who have made Scotland so literary great. How he babbles of Edinburgh! His verses glow with the old-time life and society of the ancient Capital. Listening to their haunting stories, there flashes before you the spirit of the past. You look out on the everyday existence of eighteenth century Edinburgh, and hear the wild blasts of wintry weather that caused the canny citizens of another day

To Luchy Middlemist's coup in,
And sit fu' snug,
Owre oysters and a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

You catch vivid glimpses of the revelry of the tavern with its drunkenness and sculduddery, for as Burns painted the depths of the "Tam o' Shanter" in the High Street of Ayr, so has Fergusson sketched for all time the taverns of his day and generation in the Capital. Standing by his grave it is good to review such things, good to think of friend Burns' homage and loving tribute, and of the remarkable fascination he held for R. L. S. Writing to Mr. H. B. Baildon, Stevenson says that he meant to write on

[Him that went down—my brother, Robt. Fergusson . . . my unhappy predecessor on the causey of old Edinburgh. . . . I believe Fergusson lives in me . . . so like myself.]

Such thoughts as these must ever live on in the pale light of memory if only to show, as Hugh Miller so charmingly puts it, that despite the flight of ages, "The heart is even yet susceptible of emotion, and the source of tears is not yet dried up."—*K. in Inverness Courier.*

(To be continued)

"Hurrah for Pennsylvania"

A new "State Song," "Hurrah for Pennsylvania," has been written by James D. Law, a well-known contributor to the pages of THE CALEDONIAN, and author of "Our Flag," "Caledonia, Caledonia," "Good Old Philadelphia," and fifty other songs. This song is "dedicated to the memory of Hugh Mercer, Paul Jones and James Wilson, who did much for Pennsylvania when America was young, and to whom, as to Washington and their contemporaries, the air of this song was as familiar as the music 'God Save the King and Queen' and 'Yankee Doodle.'"

Mr. Law is a master of lyric versification, and here, with the spirit of true lilted verse, he has set to an air that reminds us of the old Highland rallying song "The Braes o' Mar,"

**Lewis & Skye
CONCERT and BALL**

The Annual CONCERT AND BALL of the Lewis and Skye Societies of New York will be held at Palm Garden, East 58th Street (Between Lexington and 3rd Aves.), Friday evening, Nov. 3rd, 1922.

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week Service, Wednesdays, 8.00 P.M.

a song of Pennsylvania. It is in three verses the first of which runs as follows:

Since Independence burst the bars
Proclaiming us a nation,
We have assembled many stars
Within our constellation,
But none of all, both big and small,
Can show a name with finer fame,
Than crowns the great old Keystone State,
Hurrah for Pennsylvania.

Obituary

(Continued from page 179)

His success was immediate and the work extended to Northampton, Mass., Hartford, Conn., and other cities. In 1872, he opened in Boston a normal training school, known as the School of Vocal Physiology for teachers of the deaf, and for instruction in the mechanism of speech,

faults of speech, etc. In 1873, he was appointed professor of vocal physiology in the School of Oratory of the Boston University. He remained in Boston until 1877, when he went to Britain and the Continent to lecture on the telephone.

James Kennedy Patterson

Dr. James Kennedy Patterson, president emeritus of the University of Kentucky, died in Lexington, Ky., August 15, in his 90th year. He had lived in retirement at his home on the university campus since he resigned the presidency of the university in 1910. Dr. Patterson was a native of Glasgow, Scotland. He was a graduate of Hanover College, Indiana, and held honorary degrees from Hanover, Lafayette College, University of Vermont and University of Kentucky. He was president of the University of Kentucky for forty-one years, said to be the longest service by a college president in the United States.

The *New York Sun*, commenting editorially upon his career as an educator, says:

"With the death of Doctor Patterson passes one of the strongest figures in American education. Drawn from the sturdy Scottish strain, a stanch advocate of rigid standards both of study and conduct, he was often compared with Princeton's great president, James McCosh. Typical of all that is strongest and best in American life, Dr. Patterson's career will long remain an inspiration to the present generation of educators. He leaves behind him a substantial record as one of the upbuilders of university education in the States south of the Ohio River."

Lord Scott Dickson, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, died of heart disease at Arbigland, Kirkbean, Scotland, August 6, in his 72nd year.

Charles Scott Dickson was the son of a Glasgow doctor, and was a distinguished student in the university of his native city. He was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates in 1877, and was made a Queen's Counsel in 1896. In the same year he became Solicitor-General for Scotland, and, seven years later, Secretary for Scotland. Mr. Scott Dickson was a staunch worker for the Unionist cause. He was elected member for Bridgeton, and afterwards for the Central Division of Glasgow. His appointment in June, 1915, to the position of Lord Justice Clerk was one of the earliest acts of preference by the Coalition Government of Mr. Asquith, and it was acclaimed by all parties.

Enrique Maciver, one of Chile's most prominent men, died in Santiago, August 21. He was a son of a Scottish merchant, born in July 1845. He interested himself in politics and was elected Deputy in 1876, he remained a Deputy until 1900 and in 1902 became a Senator. As a lawyer he won a high place in Chile. His reviews written for newspapers on national problems were widely read. He represented Chile before the Arbitration Court set up to adjudicate claims of foreigners arising out of the war of the Pacific.

The Isle of Mist

(Continued from Page 167)

All over the island you will find the folk have gentle voices and are very welcoming. The old women smile tenderly and kindly, and the beauty of the school-girls in their early teens—straight limbed, clean skinned, violet or hazel-eyed—gives promise of a to-morrow of lovely women, and when you have seen them come, running, laughing, and pushing out of school, you will think as I have done, surely there is no need to go further than Skye to find the magical island of youth—the ever-present Tir-nan-Oig.

—*Northern Chronicle* (Inverness.)

L'Hospitalite la Plus Ecossoise

(Continued from Page 161)

Introducing himself, the other man said he was Chief Justice at —, in the West Indies, adding:—"It was most gratifying to me to hear the French familiar words, because in the West Indies many old quaint French words still survive, and I daresay the expression you used is to-day most current of all.

"I concur with my new friend, the colonel here, that it is an astonishing thing that two strangers, foregathering at this dinner, and coming from the East and from the West, should hear the phrase in London; it evoked in my breast a pious emotion for my native country, and thoughts of my distant home, where it is better known and appreciated than in this cosmopolitan Babel. Come along with us to my club and have a chat."

I excused myself, and went home.

As I sat over my last pipe, I reflected on the oddity of the whole affair. I had bored an unsympathetic audience, and had offended the dignity of a chairman, but I had united two wandered Scotsmen from East and West in a common bond by plagiarising a simple phrase, that apparently had rooted itself in places far removed from Glenfinnan or London. A queer evening's work.

I retired to bed in the belief that my two newly made acquaintances would spend the next few hours toasting each other to the refrain of "*L'Hospitalité la plus écossoise.*"—*The Scottish Field.*


New York, Oct., 1922

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- 
- | | |
|---|-----|
| JAMES KENNEDY'S SCOTTISH AND AMERICAN POEMS | 197 |
| By <i>James D. Law</i> | |
| IN OOR HAME TOON | 201 |
| By <i>Stephen Chalmers</i> | |
| "IN MY YOUNG DAYS" (Poem) | 207 |
| By <i>Gibb Pitt, Jr.</i> | |
| PRAISING GOD IN PARIS | 207 |
| By <i>Claude Tessier</i> | |
| TWEED—DOWN TO PEEBLES | 209 |
| By <i>James Fisher</i> | |
| THE PLACE-NAMES OF ARRAN | 212 |
| By <i>Dr. George F. Black</i> | |
| DAE UNTAE OTHERS (Poem) | 214 |
| By <i>Bernard D. Ward</i> | |
| SOME UNPUBLISHED NOTES ON CULLODEN | 215 |
| By <i>John J. Munro</i> | |
| EDINBURGH SCENES AND MEMORIES | 219 |
| OUR GLASGOW LETTER | 224 |
| By <i>Grace Darling Wilson</i> | |
| SCOTTISH AND BRITISH SOCIETIES | 226 |

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\$1.50 a year

Founded by D. MacDougall, April, 1901

Notable Scottish Reception for Capt. David W. Bone

About 100 Scots, representing all the Scottish Societies of New York and vicinity, gathered on board the S.S. *Tuscania* on September 28th, to pay homage to their fellow-countryman, Captain David W. Bone, author, artist and seafarer, commander of this splendid new ship, the pride of the Anchor Line fleet, which arrived two days before on her maiden trip from Glasgow to New York.

The entire company marched aboard the steamer headed by Col. Walter Scott, who acted as master of ceremonies, and the Lovat Pipe Band, Angus Fraser, pipe-major, where they were greeted and welcomed by Captain Bone. Led by the Pipe Band, Captain Bone and Colonel Scott conducted the visitors to the promenade deck, where Colonel Scott said a few words, highly complimenting the Cunard-Anchor Line and Captain Bone, and dwelling upon the high regard in which the Captain is held by all who know him. He then introduced Mr. Duncan MacInnes, Chief Accountant of the City of New York, who, in behalf of Captain Bone's American Scottish friends, presented him with a handsome silver vase engraved as follows:

Presentation to
Captain David W. Bone
of
The Anchor Line
S.S. *Tuscania*
on her maiden trip
from Glasgow to New York
September, 1922
as a mark of esteem and affection
from
his American-Scottish friends

Mr. MacInnes, always apt and delightful on these occasions, was in his happiest vein and spoke in an interesting manner comparing the steamers of these lines to a bridge spanning the Atlantic between the two great English-speaking countries.

Captain Bone responded feelingly, rendering thanks to his many friends and enthusing over his wonderful ship. He told of his deep love for the sea, and said that any ship commanded by him should always be a home for all on board.

The entire company was then escorted to the saloon, where the tables were spread and the party partook of a substantial Scottish luncheon, Colonel Scott acting as toastmaster.

During the luncheon the Pipe Band rendered several selections and J. McLean Johnston, Chief of Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn, sang "Hail Caledonia." A special feature was ship's piper William MacKay leading a dozen stewards bringing in the Haggis in time-honored Scottish fashion.

Mr. Delos W. Cooke, associate director of the Cunard-Anchor Line, welcomed the guests, and short talks were given by Mr. Alexander B. Halliday, President of Saint Andrew's Society; Don Marquis and Christopher Morley, the well-known authors; Mr. William Taylor, representing the New York Caledonian Club; Mr. Alexander Walker, President of the Colonial Bank; Dr. John J. MacPhee, representing the Burns Society of New York; Dr. William M. MacBean, LL.D., Historian of St. Andrew's Society; and Charles C. Stoddard, rep-

resenting THE CALEDONIAN. All paid high tribute to Captain Bone, who responded briefly. Congratulatory telegrams were received from Sir Harry Lauder and Sir Thomas Lipton, who had expected to be present.

Duncan MacInnes pronounced the benediction. "Auld Lang Syne" was then sung, after which the party inspected the ship.

All who were privileged to be present were impressed with the hearty good-fellowship of the occasion and the cordial reception they received from everyone aboard. Others present were: W. J. G. Hudson, P. W. Whatmough, and Captains D. S. Miller and R. G. Palfrey of the Cunard-Anchor Line; Robert C. Auld Robert H. Blake, H. P. Borer, George D. Bone, R. C. Christopher, J. W. Coupland, James R. Donaldson, J. MacD. Johnstone, J. A. Kingman, Duncan Morrison, Henry Moir, Robert Frater Munro, Charles MacMillan, The Macneil of Barra, John MacJohnstone, Hon. Charles P. McClelland, W. B. Nelson, Charles H. Post, John G. Purdie, William Reid, John Ritchie, Dr. Peter Scott, George A. Wotherspoon and John Westwood.

Captain Bone's *The Brassbounder* has taken its place as a classic of the sea—perhaps the last great story of the "windjammers"—and in *Broken Stowage*, published this year, he has given many delightful glimpses of seafaring life, aship and ashore. Both books are published in America by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Aside from the personal interest on account of their authorship that every Scot will take in them, what Scot does not love the sea. Much of them you will wish to reread again and again.

And Captain Bone, rare sea-dog that he is, may well be proud of his handsome ship, not alone the last word in modern ship construction and equipment, but unique in many features. The "book shop," in charge of W. M. Parker, of Glasgow, author of several books, has come in for considerable attention, and Christopher Morley, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, says: "We have looked over a lot of fine ships in our day, but we have never seen one before that is not only a ship but an art gallery. The proper caper would have been for the newspapers to have sent not only their Ship News Men, but also their art critics, to write up *Tuscania's* maiden entry into these waters. Of course it does not often happen that the master of a ship is also himself an artist and a man of letters and deeply interested in matters of taste. The result of Capt. Bone's cooperation in the fitting out of his new ship is delightful enough. Remarkable it is to find the ship, instead of having been gilded and gew-gawed in the modern hotel-style of ornament, exhibits with excellent simplicity of arrangement autographed lithographs by Muirhead Bone, etchings by Frank Brangwyn, wood carvings by Broadbent, and—if we remember rightly—a little colored woodcut framed in many of the cabins.

The *Tuscania* is a twin-screw, oil-burning ship, of 16,700 tons, and replaces a vessel of the same name that was torpedoed and sunk off Rathlin Island in 1918. She will be on the Mediterranean service during the winter.

THE CALEDONIAN

THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

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THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

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Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!*

—CHARLES MACKAY.

James Kennedy's Scottish and American Poems

(A Review)

BY JAMES D. LAW

(For THE CALEDONIAN)

It has been put on record frequently that Poetry is the most difficult field of literature in which to make progress. When Burns arrived in Edinburgh after publishing and selling his Kilmarnock edition he had a chance to read the official Scottish criticisms about his work. There were only two. The writer of one regretted that the poet had not written in English; the other, while seeing some "promise" in the Plowman Bard, made it clear to all readers that the Ayrshire aspirant would never pluck the laurels from either Ramsay or Fergusson. Still later the learned Lord Gardenstone, although Burns presented his lordship with a copy of the Edinburgh edition, when he wrote an elaborate Essay on Vernacular Poets and Poetry ignored even the mention of the name of Burns, solemnly stating that the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" had closed the Doric record.

James Kennedy had no foolish notions as to the progress of his own fame, believing with his friend Robert Buchanan that, while the Novelist might win readers in hordes, lovers of Poetry must be made *one by one*. Yet when our highly

gifted bard laid by his pen only last August his collected verse was circulating in its sixth edition and he had been considered the leading Scottish American poet for many years. There was a reason: yes, several reasons. Kennedy was beyond question first in many departments of his poetic vocation.

In mere matter of volume he surpassed all other Scottish writers in America. He also excelled them in variety of subject, and in the multiplicity of his moods and measures. He was a master of melody and deep feeling, handling with elegance and ease both the pathetic and humorous aspects of human nature. His Character Sketches were original, his descriptions unhackneyed, his Songs spontaneous and musical, his rhythms faultless and his rhymes always true. For the Caledonian Doric he had a reverence that would not permit any carelessness of word or phrase, and no poet in Scotland or out of it handled the classical dialect with finer effect.

Let us take a look at some of the gems from Kennedy's literary casket. His longest poem is entitled "The Highland-

ers in Tennessee", twenty-six pages of spirited and reflective verse, dealing with episodes of the Civil War.

"One brief campaign in simple verse" that tells
 "how wreathed in fire and smoke
 "God's voice in battle-thunder spoke,
 And taught those truths more dearly prized
 That are by blood and tears baptized,
 And oft reverberate sublime
 Along each echoing arch of time."

Other pieces that prove he could handle "King's English" with vigor and vivacity are—"In the Golden Cage", "To Queen Alexandra", "At Bannockburn", "In New England", his "In Memoriam" tributes to distinguished friends, his "Proems"—Invocation, and other Occasional themes that with true literary instinct he decided were better handled in the more universal language. The remaining two-thirds of his book to our especial delight is in "skylark" Scotch of the purest native strain. To conserve space, yet give CALEDONIAN readers a fair taste of Kennedy's diversified poetical charm the following examples have been extracted from his latest and best edition: Illustrating his descriptive power we have:

"And I have gazed with joy untold
 Where through Wyoming's valley green
 The noble Susquehanna roll'd
 In stately majesty serene;
 While pure as that unclouded day,
 Far seen in azure skies profound,
 The magic of a poet's lay
 Made all the scenes seem hallow'd ground."

"O Noran! how I see thee dance
 By heath-clad hills alone, unseen,
 Save where the lonely eagle's glance
 Surveys thee from his crag serene."

"Green spiky gorse thy banks adorn,
 Gold tassell'd broom thy fringe-work weave,
 While feather'd choirs from dewy morn
 Make melody till dewy eve."
 —"Noran Water."

"Some work wi' bauks that shog or swing,
 Some rin wi' wechts that wag or hing,
 Some bum like bees, some wi' a spring
 Come thuddin' roun',
 Some whirr like partricks on the wing
 Wi' rattlin' soun'.
 —"The Inventor."

"An' tho' cauld death, the last o' ills,
 Earth's weary care forever stills,
 'Twere kind amang the Athole hills
 To hae him laid,
 Mourned by the murmur o' the rills,
 Row'd in his plaid.

But maybe yont the Southron seas,
 Far aff at the Antipodes,

Like thistle-down upon the breeze,
 The wandering Scot
 May come an' wi' a tear bapteeze
 The hallowed spot."

—"*Elegy on James Fleeming*, the Scottish Athlete, who died in Australia.

For intense Patriotism, native and American:

"Auld Scotland's bairns hae wander'd far
 Owre sea an' land an' river,
 'Neath Southron Cross or Western Star
 They're Scots at heart forever!"
 —"*The Royal Scot*."

"Here's to the Highlands, the glens and the Islands,
 That sparkle like gems on an emerald sea;
 And here's to the heather the bonnet and feather,
 The badge o' the noble, the crest o' the free.
 Nae foeman whatever, no, never an' never,
 But shrunk frae the onset, right willing to flee;
 The pathway to glory in Britain's proud story
 Is led by the Clansmen on land or on sea."
 —"*Here's to the Highlands*."

"The patriot's fire, the poet's grace,
 Have spread the glow of Scotland's fame
 Until Earth's furthest dwelling-place
 Hath swelled the tumult of acclaim,
 And storied page the tide prolongs
 And echo revels in her songs."
 —"*At Bannockburn*."

"O, wanderers frae your native land,
 How can ye bear to see
 The sunlight o' a mother's love
 Grow dim on memory e'e?
 O bask ye in its kindly rays,
 An' fan its fervid flames,
 There's nae love like a mither's love
 This side the hame o' hames."
 —"*The Mournfu' Mither*."

"I've wander'd awa' frae my hame,
 And I've met wi' the bricht an' the braw,
 But woman or man, or country or clan,
 The Scots are the pride o' them a';
 I wonder I wander'd awa',
 For I'm never mysel' till I see
 A douce honest face o' the auld kindly race,
 And a tongue that's like music to me."
 —"*The Call of the War Pipe*."

"O Scotland! raise thy crested head
 Above the azure sea:
 Thou art the home of worth and truth,
 The cradle of the free.
 Where'er the eye of Time shall see
 Bold Freedom's flag unfurled
 Thy songs shall stamp thy sons among
 The freemen of the world."
 —"*The Songs of Scotland*."

"And memories thronged till bright there
 seemed
 Beneath fair Freedom's sun—

Columbia's—Scotia's lustre gleamed
 And spread their lights in one.
 Thus ever may they seem to shine,
 Homes of the brave and free,
 Upholding manhood's right divine
 Of God-like Liberty."

—*"Auld Scotia in the Field."*

Illustrating Fresh Humor, droll Wit,
 quaint fun and clever portraiture:

"I bade him doubt sic unco things,
 Till he some proof could render;
 He bade me tak' the Book o' Kings
 An' read the Witch o' Endor.
 'An' doubt ae word o' God,' quo' he,
 'As weel doubt a' the rest o't.'
 An' facts are facts—'tween you an' me
 Tam rather had the best o't."

—*The Spiritualist.*

"Lang Peter was an unco loon,
 A queer catwittit creature;
 And nocht could please him up or down
 But rinnin' to the theatre.
 He bore his mither's wild tirrwirrs,
 For sad an' sair it rack'd her
 To think that weel born bairn o' hers
 Would turn a waugh play-actor."

—*The Play-Actor."*

"Dazed was he an' fairly doinit,
 Racked wi' anguish o' despair,
 Sprachled up, then owre he cloytit
 Cowpit catmaw down the stair."

—*The Peddler."*

"To Beecher he gaed, wha vowed that the deil
 Was nocht but some auld-world blether!
 To Talmage he tramped, wha proved jist as
 weel
 Fowk were a' gaun to Satan thegither!
 Then Ormiston showed how the fore-ordained
 few
 Were the only true heavenly graft.
 Jock couldna see hoo a' their theories were
 true,
 Although he was Minister-daft."

—*The Minister-Daft."*

"The Fulton Ferry used langsyne
 To float me owre to yon town;
 They built a brig sae braw an' fine
 To tak' me owre to yon town,
 But now it's neither boat nor brig
 But lounging in an auto rig,—
 Nae wonder though I whiles feel big
 Whene'er I gang to yon town."

—*In Brooklyn."*

"He rampit an' reenged like a lion let loose,
 An' doubled an' trebled his prof,
 Wi' flashes o' glory round Wallace an' Bruce
 He blazed till he crackit the roof;
 Till at Burns and at Scott—fowk roared wi'
 a will—
 'They're grand—and there's only ae Sandy
 MacQuill!'

"But at last the teetotallers carried the day,
 And then dark as the brim o' my hat,
 The wee warrach weakened an', wawsome to
 say,
 His skyrockets fized an' fell flat,
 For sober an' mindfu' they couldna sit still
 And heed the auld havers o' Sandy MacQuill."

—*"Sandy MacQuill."*

For Pathos, Tenderness, and Manliness
 —the following will excite a desire to
 look up more:

"The bugles blow, a martial joy
 Thrills freemen mustering with the brave,
 But he my pride, my gallant boy,
 Lies in a soldier's grave."

"But through my weary heart today
 This blessed truth comes strongly driven—
 God never takes one gift away
 But something more is given."

"The weary winds are lulled, and there
 The balmy air is sweet and mild,
 A peace is in the earth and air,
 And I am reconciled."

—*"In Memoriam R. B. K."*

(His own son, Dr. Robt. Buchanan Kennedy.)

"Ah, simple, social, noble Neil!
 Though crushed by Fortune's iron wheel,
 Wha kens but in some blissfu' biel'
 There's room for Neil MacDonald, O!"

—*"Neil MacDonald's Elegy."*

"Though life's fondest fancies are idle and vain,
 And my feet may ne'er tread the red heather
 again:
 In the land o' the leal, may I catch the first
 gleam,
 May I hear the glad welcome, 'Laddie, come
 hame!
 Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame!
 You've been lang awa' wandering, Laddie,
 come hame!"

—*"The Wanderer."*

Many of his poems are concluded by
 pithy little sermons and philosophical re-
 flections that are felicitously successful.
 For examples two only can be quoted
 here:

"And blythe the monk saw in his mind
 This unco truth o' humankind—
 That he wha hings a hungry mou'
 Will find it hard to warsele through;

"While he that catches ilka chance
 And mak's the maist o' circumstance
 Is sure to speed the dreichest cause
 An' win his fellowmen's applause."

—*"The Monk and the Spectre."*

"Haud at it in the morning hour,
 Keep at it a' the day,
 Haud at it be it ne'er sae dour,
 For Life's nae bairnie's play.

Keep at it be it fair or sour,
 An' ye may pick Life's plums
 And maybe hae a golden hour
 Before the gloamin' comes."
 —"The Farm Lad."

"Howe'er it be, O loved and lost!
 I would not knowing do thee wrong.
 O visions of the heavenly host,
 Yours 'is the life for which I long."
 —"The Departed."

On the last topic of all—Death—he has written copiously, and a few extracts on that subject may fittingly conclude this Notice. Those who do not have any of Mr. Kennedy's books are advised to secure a volume. We believe all except the last edition have "gone out of print"—which means can only be picked up second-hand, or out of the ordinary book-selling channels.

"I wonder if the happy dead
 Can see us from their blissful spheres,
 And if by God-like goodness led
 They come to stem our rising tears.

"I know not, but a burning hope
 Lights up my darkest hours," etc.

"Whatever else may come to me,
 Be this Life's canny closing croon—
 Sweet may my hindmost slumbers be
 Like ploughmen's when their day's wark's done."
 —"The Ploughman."

"Fear not when the darkness falls
 On the shrine's mysterious walls,
 Other feet have gone before
 Through the ever-open door,
 Other weary feet shall come
 To the shrine where all is dumb;
 High or low or small or great,
 None need strive with iron fate,
 Come as travellers weary-worn,
 Fret not of another morn,
 Blest are we when falling deep
 In a long and dreamless sleep."
 —"In the Golden Cage."

MIST

It is a curious fact that many entrancing aspects of nature are intimately associated with danger. The mariner and the motorist, at any rate, have proved this from experience. So has the mountaineer. The professional rock-climber who is not acquainted with the Grampians has often made the unkind remark that mountaineering in Scotland simply amounts to heather-tramping. He has probably never experienced a real Scottish mist, but a scramble over the slabs and pinnacles of Skye in traditional west-coast weather will suffice to alter this erroneous impression.

Mist is certainly a hindrance to the sport of deer-stalking, and the hill-climber who is on strange ground, and continues his journey in dense mist, will sooner or later meet trouble. But mist is one of nature's greatest charms. It is the night-cap of the lofty peak, and it drapes the rough grey granite with a tender veil. Coming over the lip of the corrie like puffs of smoke, it melts from view into thin air as mysteriously as it appeared. During a lull in the storm it descends and settles on the mountain side in thick fleecy masses. It twists and coils and trails into the most fantastic forms. Wind trans-

forms it into a wonderful acrobat, and then it moves with elusive and bewildering rapidity. It responds to the delicate touch of dawn and sunset.

One of the most remarkable effects imaginable may be seen occasionally from a high peak on a morning when silky webs of mist settle over the low grounds, and the summits appear like numerous islands on a sea of billowy white.

Mist often provides a real live picture frame. If you stand near the fringe of a high precipice when a close mist is being driven before the wind, the veil is suddenly pierced, and through the resulting aperture there is momentarily revealed far below a beautiful landscape gem, bathed in sunlight and ribboned with tiny streams of silver. This vivid snapshot view departs as hastily as it arrives, and its apparent warmth is in striking contrast to the chill of the mist-swept atmosphere.

Uncanny and ghostly are the columns of mist vapor. They form rapidly in space, continue a short, sinuous spiral course, only to melt suddenly from view, leaving in their wake a wonderful impression, which deeply stirs the Celtic imagination.—A. B. B. in *The Scottish Field*.



Memories of a Scottish Village

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."—Longfellow.

XII

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Little man, you wish your uncle who has come from abroad to tell you the story of his greatest adventure? Well, there was never anything so full of excitement, humor, sadness and suspense in all that has befallen me since I left home, as the adventure of coming back to it!

You think the hame toon where we were both born is the last place in the world for adventure (and perhaps you will be disappointed in my story); but coming back to it was to me as if I had never left it, but had merely slept and awakened (perhaps no wiser) to wonder if the porridge was dished yet.

The most vivid pictures of life are formed when one is young. The mind unconsciously photographs scenes which surround the native place, and the ear records sayings of our elders that are not understood, perhaps, for many years, not until the light of personal experience illuminates them. You look at me with big eyes and wonder what I am talking about; but when you, too, are out on the long trail and the light of personal experience illuminates, you will remember and appreciate every word of this.

Then, while the pack-horses crop around the camp and the smell of burning wood comes to your nostrils, you will see, in the camp-fire's blaze, remembered pictures in

the old peat-fire; hear in the wind-rustled grass the sigh of the Atlantic on the familiar shore, and realize, little man, that all the adventure in the world, all the romance that was ever conceived, and all the sentiment of which the human heart is capable is centered in and around oor hame toon!

I know you like the summer days when the steamers bring the English folk and the Americans and the burnt-cork minstrels and Punch and Judy. I, too, always saw Paisley Fair "doon the watter" in every sunny, tropic market-place. But in after-life you will remember more vividly the features that are most characteristic of our Scotland—the ruggedness of the land and the *hamieness* of its people; things so in keeping with its misty mountains, bleak winters and gironing coasts. Scotland is a thing that thrives on adverse weather; its people, too, are like that.

There was never a night at sea when the roaring forties shrieked in the rigging, but I was again a little man like you, lying in my cosy bed with my knees up to my chin, while the sleet battered on the bull's-eyed window-pane and the gale whined around the gable. And I had never a care as to where the morrin's porridge was to come from. And when there was a lull in the storm, I could hear the old clock pendulum discoursing like a solemn minister in the dark kitchen, and far away in the

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folds, or forlorn on the moors, the continuous bleating of cauld sheep.

You wonder when I will come to the adventure. But you must first know the place where it happened. You are too young to know it yet, although you have lived in it for eleven marvelously long years. I did not know, when I left oor hame toon to find adventure, to see new lands and new peoples, that I was travelling away from all that was as good as anything I have seen and better than most.

I remember the boyish unrest to see the world. My own world I did not see then, except as imagination conceived it as foreign. The shore over there beyond the Cloch lighthouse was not Renfrew, but the Guinea coast; Arran and Ailsa Craig were but a landfall of South Sea Islands; the grand old Cowal hills were full of outlaws and hidden loot; the sea-caves, where the waves boom at high-tide, held secrets of Spanish treasure; the elms and oaks about the laird's mansion were palms and trees hung with strange fruits.

What was the old castle ruin on the hill but a place where a villain imprisoned my *senorita*?—and I could see her strained, but beautiful, face peering through the queer slits of windows out of which they used to shoot arrows. What were the smacks in the bay with their brown sails and shaggy fishermen but pirate craft, or filibusters, manned by "Spanish sailors with bearded lips"? Ah, little man!—

" . . . the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea!"

So passed the days in dreams which blinded me to the rugged beauty of mine own country and the silent romance of mine own people. Such were the dreams which deafened me to the crying voices of our battling ancestors. So passed the days until that one when the boat came—all too slowly—and bore me away from oor hame toon.

I remember that morn on the pier, little man. I was no more than a boy—just seventeen. Many of those who came to see me off were no older. Bagsie was there, and Baldy, of course, and Daftie the Poet, the last with a farewell ode which he was too shy to spout at the last moment. They looked at me that morning as if I were some fortunate being particularly selected and favored by the gods. They shook

hands, not like the boys with whom I had played and fought, but shyly, as if they had ceased to know me intimately.

In my young conceit I was sorry for them. I could see that they were sorry for themselves, and the remark of old Rock-o'-Ages, the mail-carrier, that "Yin o' thae days he'll come hame an' gey glad to get there!" did not console them.

Some of these lads followed me on the long trail. I am still sorry for those who did not; for travel is good for a man's eyes and the way to the heart of home is a long one. It begins at home, travels in a wide wide circle, and ends where it began—either in the old home, or whence we came, the earth.

But the adventure, little man. (You grow sleepy. Here comes the story.) I am not going to tell you of the prairies and Indians of Canada, the palms and black folk of the West Indies, the Spaniards and filibusters of South America, the strange fishes and fruits of the Pacific Islands. I have seen all these and of them I shall tell you some other time. My greatest adventure really began only yesterday. It was when again I set foot on the old pier of oor hame toon.

There was a little man there whom I had never seen. He was standing by the gate looking into the face of every stranger. Later he went home to his grandmother with tears in his eyes and said:

"He hasna come, granny."

Then I knew who that little man was, who did not know me any more than I knew him. We stood under the old clock in the kitchen—you and I—and looked each other over; you upon a half-mythical uncle; I upon a ghost of my lost youth. Your very name was mine!

For in my travels I had remembered oor hame toon as I had left it. Often in idle moments abroad my mind's eye had pictured the boys as I had last seen them, the sweep of the beach where the white horses reared, the fishing-boats rolling at anchor, the scattered white cottages set back from the neap tides, the smell of kelp, the old castle ruin on the hill, the kirk clock-tower, and—behind all—the bare hills, outlines of which I could have drawn with chalk on the hot pavements of cities half-way around the world.

The first thrill of adventure came when my eyes turned to the old hills, as a returned Scot's invariably do. They were, like their Maker, "through endless years the same." The last blush of heather was on the land, the first nip of winter in the air. The curlews were sweeping over the shorn fields and the gulls were wailing about the Cloch lighthouse. Twenty years slipped away as in a night's dream; my eyes involuntarily flashed to the kirk clock—and I was hauf-an-'oor late for schüle!

Twenty years, little man! Twenty years of toil and travel and hard climbing wiped out in a second by that look at the hills, by that flash of memory when I glanced at the clock and knew the circle was completed and I was come again to oor hame toon!

I walked up the pier, all aglow with excitement, such as never came to me when the ship reeled and the seas roared in the scuppers, or when the horse raced over uncertain trails, or the earth quaked under my feet, or the big game moved before the rifle sight. I had never realized that I was coming *home* until I saw the old, familiar place right in front of me.

But then I stopped short on the pier. The old familiar place was somehow changed. I looked again at the hills. Yes, it must be oor hame toon; for did not Benmore tower to the north and Goatfell on Arran to the south and the Bishop's Seat to the west?

That was the first regret for my lost twenty years. I felt a sense of wild irritation against somebody. Who had dared despoil oor hame toon? Who had built that splendid (but, to me, hideous) esplanade?—these pleasure castles and grand hotels? Who were these well-dressed strangers—in *brecks*, little man!—who spoke with foreign accent and trod in a lordly manner earth which was sacred to the memory of Gangy the Billposter, Holy Tammas, Sandy McClung, Auld Calamity—a troop of lovable ghosts. What right had these strangers here without a pass from Roderick Dhu?—a small Roderick whom the villagers called "The Yowt", barefooted and kilted, with suspenders tied with string, with a tuft of hair sprouting through a toorieless Tam o' Shanter.

That was a hard thing to swallow, little man. But commonsense told me I should know better than to rail against the inev-

itable. Twenty years had passed over the hame toon. Like me, it had grown a bit, changed a wee. For better or worse, who was I to say of one or the other?

Bye and bye I was walking along that contemptible esplanade, eagerly looking into strange faces for one that might be familiar; such as Bagsie's, with its mischievous cock eye, Baldy's with its quizzical, inquiring grin, and Dattie the Poet's dreaming vacancy of expression.

But I knew that none of these three could I ever see again—not since the Tugela in one case—not since Mons in the other two.

I may have passed several other boyhood friends, but they could not know me, nor I them. They were not looking for one they believed ten thousand miles away. And I, like a twenty-year-sleepy Rip Van Winkle, actually expected to see them as I had left them—still a yard-and-a-half high and wearing the kilt!

I was still only half-awake to realities. Around the sweep of the bay I went, athrill with the suspense, curiosity and excitement of my greatest adventure. Presently I began to chuckle. To think that no one recognized me! that no one expected me! It never occurred to me that anybody could have *forgotten me*.

Then the sight of an old boatman brought me sharply to my senses. I remembered him well. He was unchanged, save that his head was white where I recalled it as gray. Time is generous to the servants of Time, and I knew as I looked at him that, on the other hand, Time is very busy with growing youth.

I asked him if, by any chance, he knew me.

"Wait a meenit," said he. "I ken ye fine. Guid forgi'e me! Ye min' me o' a man that's been in his grave they twenty years."

"What was his name?" I asked.

He uttered it. It was mine, but he was speaking of my father—your grandfather, little man.

I felt like laughing, while choking over the laughter, as I turned toward the old house from the windows of which I had looked out upon the changing sea through seventeen winters and summers. I pictured the kitchen. The awakened memories of the morning bred surges of minute recollection. I could again hear the

preaching of the solemn old wag-at-the-wa' and the faint tinkle of a cinder falling on the burnished fender. I could see the rows upon rows of dishes on the shelves—the green milk-jug, the brass kettle, the soor-dook jug, the jump-pan and cracked punchbowl.

There was a figure by the fire, too; a dear, familiar figure that had cherished me and these old dishes together. And there was another figure which sat to the left of the fire with one hand extended toward the blaze, the other holding a volume of Charles Dickens, or of Thackeray, or the latest number of *Chambers'*.

But that figure would not be there. It had passed to the kirkyard before I went away—before you were born, little man. My hand was on the latch of the kitchen door as I remembered that. As I stepped into the kitchen, my heart beating like a nervous girl's, it flashed across me that *she* would be changed, too.

It is one of the great shocks of life, little man, to realize that the mother is growing *old*. The realization comes suddenly, for the mind grows into the habit of regarding her as one of the eternal God made before he created your earth. It is for the moment beyond comprehension that your earth can survive her.

I saw twenty years more upon her head, little man. I prepared myself for a probable shock. Was it not unfair—unkind, perhaps—brutal, in fact—to walk unexpectedly into the presence of an aged mother who was perhaps wondering where that kilted lad was?

I was almost thankful that the kitchen was temporarily deserted. Voices ben the hoose warned me that it would not be so for long. Without further ado I laid down my satchel and, filled with a sudden panic, fled toward the back door by which I had entered. But before I reached it a firm step sounded in the kitchen and a familiar (but for the moment indignant) voice asked:

"And pray, wha may you be, my fine gentleman?"

A dumfounded son turned and faced an irate mother. I was in the shadow of the scullery; she in the full flood of the window light. She was gray-haired, but clear-eyed and unbent.

Here was a woman for intruders to

fear, not fear for. I stepped out of the shadows. The fire in her eyes burned brighter, but with a sudden liquid softness. Then I saw the touch twenty years had laid upon her.

"*My son!*" she whispered.

That was all. The pendulum of the old wag-at-the-wa' clucked a note of amusement, where one morning twenty years before it had pointed a relentless brassy finger and sternly said: "It is time to go. Go!"

I see, little man, that you are not interested—not a bit. But some day, when the long trail grows wearisome, or you sit by the campfire and dream down the back-trail, you will remember and understand with a sweet pain every word of the stupid story your uncle told you.

Meeting my mother was only the first curtain in this queer drama of home-coming. The rest of it was a strange commingling of tears and laughter. And I noticed, little man, that although the family sat enthralled when I spoke of strange seas, lands and peoples, they laughed uproariously and pinched away wandering tears when I recalled bits about oor hame toon.

And when, during the days that followed, I would come in for tea, twenty minutes late, I would glance at the old wag-at-the-wa' and swear it was just that much fast! In the old days the excuse was never swallowed, but that I should promptly say on opening the door, "*You're fast!*" made everybody laugh, while the old mother wiped a mysterious smudge off her specs.

Stories and reminiscences flung about the kitchen as fast as did the old mother and my sisters. A little one—a third generation like yourself—would suddenly vanish after considerable whispering. Five minutes after she came back there would be a plate of cookies and buns on the tea-table. Then more whispering and more goings and returnings. The little one would tear herself away from me—the half-mythical uncle from abroad—and be in such a hurry to study me again that she would forget her errand and have to come back, tearful, to ask whether it was a pound of tea or a dozen eggs she was to get, and if the bread was to be *new* or *cuttin'*.

My own sister would forget to lay knives on the table and she would get the cups and saucers mismatched and perhaps put the tea in the water-kettle instead of the pot. Then she would become engaged in talk with me until the old mother would spread consternation when she surveyed the table and found all things wrong. The old mother, you see, little man, never forgot that one of our blood thinks as much of the meat as the grace before it. And the fatted calf must be served in the Sunday plates and on the party napery—although mother would not have had me suspect it for the world!

The news of my coming had spread, too. Messages to brothers and sisters who now had homes and Yowts of their own had been secretly dispatched. But the messenger had not observed secrecy on the way. The married sisters came and wept while they smiled. The brothers came and surveyed me critically while their firm hands met mine—after which we filled the pipes, smoked and talked with quiet reserve. And the auld wives who were close neighbors dropped in so fast that the table leaf had to be lifted and the little one sent for more cookies and a whole London bun!

Oh, little man, that was the great adventure! If in my wanderings about the world I had stumbled into a golden valley where the sun shone upon wondrous fruits and there was a lovable people who clad me in purple and gold and made me their king, the adventure could have been no greater, or finer, or grander.

Here, in oor hame toon, for an hour I was King, and the ears and smiles of all the court were for me. The men wanted to hear of my prowess and would not tell me of theirs, except by an indifferent grunt. The young women wanted to know about a certain lady of whom they had heard, and were strangely interested to know whether she was fair-haired or dark. The auld wives whispered, "Guid forgi'e us, but he's like his feyther!" and seemed to marvel much at the circumstance.

Everyone talked so fast that the tea in the cups grew cold and a fresh pot had to be "masked" again and again. A twelve-course dinner could not have occupied so much time as that "tea", which is the supreme ceremony of Scottish hospitality

and "blether". A teapot might well be called the clearing-house of gossip in oor hame toon—in any hame toon.

When it would seem that the "tea" must be prolonged into the night, the old mother kindly but firmly sent the neighbors about their business—remembering suddenly that her son "must be wearit wi' such bletherin', an' after travellin' a' that distance;" and the dishes had to be washed too; and "Guid help us! It's eicht o'clock!"

Then the brothers bore me off into the village main street. Passing the tavern they shyly asked if I was "street teetotal"; shyly—for in our boyhood old Daddy Wilson of the Band of Hope had painted in lurid colors the "currse o' the tempterr, Drrrink!"

The suggestion of this memory begat more stories. Did I mind the night Daddy Wilson took puir Erchie McNicoll's lad up on the platform at the Band of Hope meeting and pointed to the patches on his breeks as "a hidjus example o' the currse, etc."? And how Erchie went late that night to Daddy Wilson's hoose and, failing to get him out of bed, kicked in the panel o' the front door, took the gate aff its hinges and flung it in the burn? Oh, ay! And did I mind—?

Oh, little man, that was my greatest adventure—all the adventures of boyhood lived over again!

And as we went through the main street the presence of my brothers identified me as The Yowt of boyhood days. Many came and shook hands. Did I remember this one? I did and did not.

"D'y' mind the day we had a fecht an' I broke yer cahoochy collar?"

"Davy! Ay, fine—an' hoo a' blecked yer eye for 't!" For as the memories surged, one upon another, my English was as unlearned.

Then came one who struck a more familiar chord than any. He was one who, twenty-five years before, had marvelled at the temerity of Bagsie and The Yowt when they ran away from home and were absent nearly a week.

"So ye got what ye wanted?" said Duncan, with a shy grin.

"What d'y' mean, Duncan?"

"Ye travelled."

"Ay—and came back!"

Just as Bagsie and The Yowt did. They

travelled, answering "the call of the Far West;" lived on treacle scones—seven for threepence; slept in hayricks along the road from Gourock to Ayr, and were finally rescued by a "brother Mason", who sent a rare telegraph message to oor toon:

"They're here, and want to come back."

Little man, when I went to bed last night it was to wonder through sleepless hours at the strange ways of life. We had all parted at the crossroads. After twenty years some of us had met again at the same old crossroads, on the return trip; and each had his own story to tell.

How were the roads? this was smooth and that rough. This road led to a land of milk and honey and that ended in a *cul-de-sac* of barren rocks and bitter plants. Some of us had chased a *mirage* and found an unexpected oasis. Some had encountered storm and perished. Some had answered the call of country and died for its cause. Some were glad and some sorry for the road they had taken; but such as survived were happy to meet again on common ground—at the Crossroads of Youth.

You didn't know, little man, that I got out of bed before anyone this mornin' and walked about the deserted byeways and lanes of oor hame toon, curiously looking at gateposts that were familiar and turning corners in suspense over time's change, or preservation, of familiar things. No voyage of discovery ever held more expectancy than that tour in the dawn. To recognize the gable of a house was to have the name of its occupant fairly shouted through my brain and to have memories of the eccentricities, or meanesses, or kindnesses of that occupant bubble up like porridge on the boil.

I found myself looking over garden walls. I am sure if the people in the house saw me, they must have thought that it was at least an escaped lunatic; for no doubt I looked too sentimental to be the man-about-the-taxes. For why should this man look into a common kail-yard with a grin on his face or tears in his eyes? Perhaps, however, the lunatic was thinking of a Hallowe'en night when all the kail-runts disappeared, when turnip-headed ghosts moved in the gloom and

an unseen arm pulled a clockwork string.

Perhaps the milkman thought it was a botanist who peered at the bark of an old tree and smacked his thigh when he found a moss-filled name cut there, the capital S facing the wrong way. Perhaps the constable was at a loss to know his duty when he saw an otherwise respectable gentleman balancing himself on the stone parapet of the auld brig and walking along, his arms wagging like uncertain windmills, until he came to a certain point where he sat down and studied two pairs of initials in a crudely-carved heart. Perhaps the gamekeeper thought it was a poacher who prowled over the moor; but then a poacher does not sing at the top of his lungs, or carry a walking-cane, or wear a bunch of heather in his hat, or poke into the burn to see if the puddocks and newts are still living there.

No, little man. He must have been a lunatic.

And it certainly must have been a lunatic who went through the old school with the dominie and addressed the children in words which were probably as unintelligible to them as this story is to you. (For I see you are sound asleep, little man.)

The lunatic just remembers that his tongue was saying something, while his brain was dancing twenty years away—ay, nearer thirty. He only saw your towsy head—the ghost of The Yowt's—popping up from behind the slate at a certain venerable desk. Around you and that desk was a mist. Your neighbors were Bagsie and Baldy, and they were surreptitiously aiding Hughie the Goat to answer a difficult question in geography—that Brussels was "noted for sprouts!"—and the dominie was cynically asking if Hughie's source of information was the same that held the State of Kansas famous for "sly clowns and tornydoys".

Well . . . That's all, little man. You'll take the high road some day. Then—and only then—will you know what it is to look at the moon and see the reflection of your own cottage door in your ain hame toon.

Then you will come back to it and tell just such a stupid story to another sleepy little man—and afterwards swear to his mother that it was about a coral island you ran into, where oysters grew on trees.

“IN MY YOUNG DAYS”

An Oft-heard Expression

BY GIBB PITT, JR.

In my young days—hoo diff'rent things were then!
The Buik was mair respeckit in ilka but-an'-ben,
An' in the Sabbath e'enin', wi' hert-hale prayer an' praise,
We thenkit Him for blessin's—in my young days.

In my young days, oor pleasures were but sma';
A wee bit wudden jumpin'-jake, and whiles a bool or twa;
An' in the lang, lang simmer we chappit a' oor taes
Guddlin' wee troot in the burn—in my young days.

In my young days—Eh, hoo we ran about
Wi' feint a shoe upon oor foot, an' unco scant o' clood;
Oor wee breeks, sairly raggit wi' rinnin' seekin' slaes,
Were whiles ta'en doon to skelp us—in my young days.

In my young days, to haud oor Hallowe'en
We howkit oot the turnip wi' nose an' mooth an' een;
An' wi' a bawbee can'le we joukit 'mang the braes,
Fleyin' auld fowk oot their wits—in my young days.

In my young days, afore we gaed to bed,
We gaither'd roun' the faither's knee to hear the Scriptor' read,
An' syne, wi' muckle cuddlin', we creepit 'neath the claes—
'Twas gran' to hae a mither—in my young days.

In my young days—it a'maist seems yestreen,
But, och, awee! the thocht o't a', brings saut tears to my een,
For whiles my auld mind wanders, o'er there, among the braes,
I see the bairns I kent sae weel—in my young days.

—*Scottish Australasian.*

Praising God in Paris

The Religious Life of Scots in Exile

BY CLAUDE TESSIER

“Why on earth,” an Englishman remarked to me the other day, “do people first of all leave their own country and then for ever afterwards spend their days and nights in keeping up the customs of their fatherland amidst an alien environment?” The discussion arose over a report of the recent meeting of the Caledonian League at which Sir Harry Lauder made some sensible remarks on Scots and their ways abroad. In vain I endeavored in reply to infuse a little of the fire of Scottish patriotic sentiment into my friend's cold English bosom. He only quoted Mr. Thomas Hardy's remark in “The Return of the Native” to the effect that a Scotsman is always ready to

expatiate on the joys of his native land but takes good care never to return once he has bidden it good-bye.

I think that people who talk like this have never really felt the knowing at the heart that only an exile knows. To hear, be it but for a moment, the accent undefiled of your “ain countree!” To do that which you were wont to do and dream of dear far away faces and glory in the habits and customs which the foreigners deem so absurd—that is sweet consolation to wanderers and sojourners afar. Therefore we invariably find wherever two or three good Scotsmen are gathered together a society or league or association which, even if it consist but of

president, secretary and treasurer (with members and subscriptions to follow later or never), expresses the same spirit of "keeping up home customs."

Fifty years ago the Scottish Church in Paris began, I believe, something like that. Not that even at the beginning a mere puckle of people were all the congregation; for before the present building was acquired the faithful were tending to overflow the old "Oratoire," as the first meeting place was called. So in the year 1886 the elders got together and decided to launch out. After much discussion and weighty consideration the good men cast their amorous eyes on what a latter day flapper would describe as "a little peach of a church" standing midway along the rue Bayard. There was some putting of hands into pockets over the matter, as the church was then in the possession of Americans who had to be bought out; and our cousins know right well how to work a little affair like that not to their own detriment. However, the financial part of this transference of worshippers was finally settled satisfactorily and the way was clear for the Scots to go ahead vigorously with their weekly praise.

The first minister recorded is a certain Rev. Mr. Beaton, who after holding the position for ten years was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Mill. The next to follow, the Rev. Mr. Rosshire, had marked success, and his successor, the Rev. Mr. Bruchen, found the church affairs at the high water mark of their progress. Three other ministers followed the Revs. Milne, Cattanach and Casting, and then the present esteemed leader, the Rev. Mr. T. H. Wright, took up the torch in the service of Scottish religion among the French. Mr. Wright has been from the first a fine enthusiast, welcoming all comers, French, Americans, English and stray worshippers that drift in from time to time from among the very cosmopolitan population of Paris, with equal heartiness to that of his own flock. He is a charming type of Presbyterian servant of the Lord, zealous and earnest, yet knowing how to enjoy life thoroughly; learned and philosophical but with a deep spring of gracious humor which endears him to all. He is also, on his own confession, "addicted to writing books," and his works which have

naturally had great influence in shaping the trend of religious thought among his congregation include studies of the miracles of Jesus; a study of the Lord's human experience; an essay on the religious aspect of poetry; and a work on "Christian Science in the Light of Christianity."

"The main purpose of the Church," Mr. Wright declares, "is to form a spiritual home in the widest sense of the word for Scots in Paris, whether they are pursuing their vocation here or are students of art, music, philosophy and theology, medicine or surgery. We have men in all these branches of study, and they form a delightful part of our congregation." Naturally with such intellectual bulwarks the literary society is an important part of the Church's activities. Lectures are regularly given by the minister and a band of keen co-operators on subjects such as "The history and the Art of Painting," a course which Mr. Wright delivered very successfully last winter; and also on those poets whose brilliance is apt to dazzle ordinary folk and to whom a little of the clear cold light of interpretation is more illuminating than the usual blaze of enthusiastic praise. So Shakespeare, Dante, Browning, and their brothers in genius have been sympathetically expounded to the great gain of the higher life of Anglo-Paris. Then the Scottish festivals, St. Andrew, New Year, and Burns' Birthday are duly honored, and special Scottish socials frequently take place where the "r's" roll merrily and "D'ye ken yon," this or that is heard on every hand. Then music strikes up and the younger Caledonians "trip the light fantastic," as it has been classically put, until the reel comes on when all join in with gusto. For, be it said, there's no Scot like an old Scot at a reel.

The Church also works actively with the other English speaking organizations in the spiritual life of Paris. For instance, the Americans recently promoted a "Spiritual Healing Mission," in which all the English speaking clergy co-operated, and in which the Presbyterians took their full share of work. Then an important part of the Scots minister's duties is to participate in the management of the British Charitable Fund, an institution

(Continued on page 240)

Tweed—Down to Peebles

BY JAMES FISHER

The length of the Tweed from source to sea is but ninety-seven miles, or as the crow flies but sixty-four. Yet in this short distance is comprehended a wealth of scenery, of historic associations, and of ballad literature that is unsurpassed by any other Scottish river. We may say that this Royal river is at our doors, for before the good people of Edinburgh have breakfasted we can alight at one of the many wayside stations on its course—after a run from town of some sixty minutes. Then we exchange for the bustle and din of our cultured capital the sweet fragrance of a May morning and the sound of the piping of innumerable birds. A solemn silence wraps us about, save where Tweed, but a few yards off, ripples o'er his pebbly bed.

Happy is he who knows this river as man knows his friend. After years of its acquaintance, we are not yet sure, whether it be a finer sight in sunshine or in rain, for it is beautiful in both storm and shine. The scenery is peculiar to itself. Its solemn gray hills, its ruined peel-towers, where of old the bale-fire lit its warning gleam, its green, green haughs and retired forest spaces, these all curiously combine to make it peerless among Scottish rivers. You step from the train at one of those little stations, your ticket is taken, and the stationmaster hurries off to his interrupted breakfast, for life goes slowly here. As the gate clicks behind you, you enter a new world. It is still early morning, and sweet sounds and odours greet you in profusion. Lilac and hawthorn and laburnum in full bloom and the tender green of early trees, these all gladden the heart, and with the birds we rejoice for our leisure and the happy morning.

The source of the river we are content to look for in Tweed's Well, though some find the true source in the Corse Burn, named from Tweed Cross, which rises a quarter-mile higher up, and joins the

streamlet from the well about thirty yards below the spring. But the well itself is a definite enough beginning. Here, then, far among the southern uplands, in the same range of hills which gives birth to the Annan and the Clyde, is born the Tweed. Here are a solitude and a pastoral simplicity that are as the breath of life to anyone with a spark of eternity in his heart. On every hand stretch out smooth hills of easy gradients, ridge beyond ridge, and in the silence comes to us:—

“The floating voices of the hill—
The hum of bees in heather bells,
And bleatings from the distant fells,
The curlew's whistle, far and shrill,
And babbling of the restless rill.”

The day is young, but a long stretch of twenty-six miles separates us from the romantic town of Peebles. In that distance the fall of the river is much greater than in the remaining seventy miles of its length. There is not a mile of these twenty-six but is stored with incident and song from Scottish life and history. In these upper reaches was the great Forest of Caledon, whose dim recesses are peopled with equally dimly historic figures. Here also are the “howes of the silent vanished races,” who tended their flocks and waged ruthless warfare and departed as silently as they came. Here, also, in later times the ancient faith held sway, and consecrated all Tweed with the Cross, “to remind travellers of their Redeemer, and to guide them withal across these desolate moors.” Later came the Reformation, and later still the Covenanters, who in these wilds found shelter for their conventicles.

A short seven miles bring us to Tweedsmuir with its kirk and lonely churchyard. The country, hitherto somewhat featureless, begins now to soothe the eye with soft fresh pastures. Burns rattle down from retired glens to enrich the river; Talla Water, and Polmoud Burn—

the Wolf's Stream, which speaks of an older race of natives and a breed of animals extinct in Scotland. Indeed, in these upper reaches there are many ancient circular earthworks whose builders we know not and whose history is swallowed up in oblivion.

The valley here widens considerably, and the river becomes scantily fringed with alders and birches, remains of the forest. By this time we have reached the little village of Drummelzier, where the ruins of two castles, famous in their day—Tinnis and Drummelzier—still glower harmlessly at each other across the Tweed. Hereabouts, King Arthur fought his great battle, and the grave of his adviser Merlin, mightiest of magicians, is pointed out at the junction of Tweed and the Powsail Burn.

We have good cause to remember this Powsail Burn, or burn of willows. Its pleasant waters tinkling harmlessly down the narrow glen lured us one summer afternoon into the hills. Suddenly a thick blanket of mist came down, and we were lost as effectually as though a desert had swallowed us up. There was nothing for it but to sit down and wait for the sight of a landmark.

Sterner hills now begin to form a background to the billowy uplands, and the eye is refreshed as it peeps away back beyond the nearer hills to the grandeur of the further heights.

We are now on the picturesque reaches of the river between Drummelzier and Stobo. The river takes a sudden bend, and flows melodiously between great haugh lands. To-day we see the wide banks of gray pebbles and the sparkle of the singing waters in the sun, but all these fair green haughs we have seen covered by the brown roaring torrent of Tweed in spate. In the delicious freshness of the morning, with birds greeting us from every bush, we rest to have a modest lunch and to look for a moment on these things of beauty:

"And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade."

and a solitary fisherman standing in the river, who, ever and anon "swings his nibbling fry to land." We are not of those who hail gentle Izaak as master, and confess to receiving more enjoyment

from our view of the great woods of Dawyck than from wielding an angle.

But a mere catalogue of beauties is far from satisfying. The river winds its musical course through a country rich in historic associations. Even its tributaries bring down with their waters the sough of nameless days, of family feuds, and of ballads of tender love. Of this very Dawyck and of Barns further down, we have the tale of "John Burnet of Barns," a romance already part of our Scottish literature. But it is the spirit of Tweed that we should prefer to acquire rather than dwell upon the separate beauties of the river. In this Washington Irving was peculiarly successful. He tells us, you remember, that Tweed appeared to him a mere naked stream between bare hills, but such was the magic of its poetry that "it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I have ever beheld in England."

Lyne Water is the first considerable tributary we meet. And the meeting place of the two rivers is a soul-satisfying spot. A spring foot-bridge crosses the Tweed here whereon on many a summer evening have we, seated comfortably watched the sun glinting through leafy trees and listened to the sudden splash of a trout jumping to the natural fly.

A short way up the Lyne Water, and we see the Sheriffmuir Standing Stones, relics of unknown antiquity, and further up a great Roman Camp, and still further on that unfinished monument of ambition, Drochil Castle, "a home n'er roofed or warmed by heartfire glow." In a burst of song o'er his favourite Tweed, Andrew Lang sings also of "the lanesome Talla and the Lyne," and

"Mony a stream o' playfu' speed,
Their kindred valleys a' unite
Among the braes o' bonnie Tweed."

This brings us to the Manor Water and Valley, of which we should like to write at length. It is a place of enchantment, a valley of ghosts, of far off men and things—it would scarce surprise us to see King Arthur and his knights ride past on their way to battle. There is a mysterious sadness about the place, the like of which we have found elsewhere only in Yarrow.

The Black Dwarf of unhappy memory

shall not detain us, for we shall hasten up stream to the lone churchyard of St. Gordian's Cross, where sleep countless generations who looked awhile on this fair scene, laboured in sadness and in mirth while it was day, and then vanished leaving neither name nor remembrance among men. But for us it is still day, and our keenest enjoyment would be to spend here a long summer month beside the gurgling Manor Water and the homely rounded hills, to listen to the sheep half a mile away and to the lone whistle of the curlew. To lie thus for a space at the very heart of nature, to make its sights and sounds one with ourselves, to lose ourselves as it were in its immensity, and so to find our true selves, this is life indeed, for then we should be in community with her from Whom we came and to Whom in due time we shall return.

A step or two and we come to where
 "The noble Neidpath Peebles overlooks
 With its fine bridges and Tweeds and meandering crooks."

We have looked from its high battlements where of old the hapless Maid of Neidpath watched her lover riding past, but we confess to a greater interest in the dungeon, that place of sighs which speaks to us of an inhumanity which in this form is happily gone with the "good old days." But the shadows bid us hasten on, so we jog down to Peebles, which would need large space for itself. The day has been well spent, the dust and din of our city have been forgotten in the delights of the country. We carry away with us pictures which will mingle with our dreams for many nights. We take a last farewell of Tweed flowing under the Old Bridge on its immemorial way to Berwick and the sea.—*The Scotsman*.

FLORA MACDONALD

BY CHARLES MENMUIR

"The celebration of the bi-centenary of Flora Macdonald, the Jacobite heroine, was carried out in simple Highland fashion at the quiet kirkyard of Kilmuir, Skye, where her mortal remains lie."—*Scotsman*.

Goddess, in more than name, thou art
 Enshrined still fair in Highland heart,
 Where'er it be, across the seas
 Or in thy lonely Hebrides.

A moment brief on history's page
 Thou held'st aloft true friendship's gage,
 And to "the lad wi' the yellow hair"
 Proved guiding star and comrade rare.

Thy gift of comradeship divine,
 Bestowed upon a broken line,
 Hath, through nigh twice a hundred years,
 Filled Scottish hearts with pride and tears.

The saddest leaves in Scotland's tale
 Recount how Stewarts oft did fail,
 Although they rode with gallant lance
 Along the highway of romance.

Yet, though they stained their high renown,
 And bruised their realm, and lost their crown,
 They ever held the magic art
 Of gripping fast the Scottish heart.

Ah! Stewart race! What royal line
 Was e'er so well-beloved as thine?
 Ah! Where the country great or small
 Can match thy Scotland's love at all?

A Douglas maid, in days of yore,
 Her frail arm gave to bar the door
 That stood between a Stewart king
 And death, nigh hovering on the wing.

And many a gallant nameless Scot,
 (His king and he now long forgot)
 Oft lost his heritage and home,
 And for a Stewart crossed the foam.

Thou, too, gav'st all—save honor dear—
 And so, leal-hearted maid, their peer
 Thou art. We lay our offering meet,
 A nation's homage at thy feet.

—*Scottish Country Life*.

The Place-Names of Arran

BY DR. GEORGE F. BLACK

(For THE CALEDONIAN)

" . . . Majestic Arran! dearest far
Of all the isles, on which the setting sun
In golden glory smiles."
Landsborough. *Arran: A Poem.*

Within recent years the study of place-names in Great Britain has occupied a large share of the attention of students of history and language and numerous important works have been published on the subject.

The writer of these notes has been engaged for many years collecting material for a work on the place-names of Scotland, but the difficulty of obtaining access to early printed charter material has greatly retarded the work. The following jottings on the place-names of Arran are taken from this larger work.

The early forms of the names have been obtained chiefly from the *Exchequer Rolls* (ER.), the *Register of the Great Seal* (RMS.), the *Inquisitionum Specialium, ad Capellam Domini Regis Retornatarum*, commonly quoted as "*Retours*." Other works referred to are:

Bryce. *Geology of Clydesdale and Arran*; by James Bryce. London, 1859.

Ramsay. *Geology of the Island of Arran*. By Andrew Crombie Ramsay. Glasgow, 1841.

Pennant. *A Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides*. By Thomas Pennant. Chester, 1774.

New Statistical Account of Scotland. v. 5. Bute. Edinburgh, 1845.

Paterson. *Account of the Island of Arran*. By John Paterson. Edinburgh, 1836.

Blaeu. *Grooten Atlas*. v. 5. *Schotlandt en Yrlandt*. The Scottish maps in this atlas were mostly drawn by Timothy Pont (1560?-1630?) from personal surveys during the first decade of the

seventeenth century. At the request of Charles I. Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch ((1580-1661) and his son, James Gordon of Rothiemay (1615?-1686), undertook to correct and complete Pont's maps for the Scottish section of the above atlas, and they appeared at Amsterdam in 1654. The plates are beautifully engraved and colored and many are ornamented with views, coats of arms, groups of allegorical figures, men and women in the dress of time, etc.

The Book of Arran, in two volumes, published by the Arran Society of Glasgow, has been also of service, particularly the fine map. The spellings of 1766 and 1773 are taken from rentals compiled in these years. The spelling of each name in the list is that given in Bartholomew's *Survey Atlas of Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1912) and on the one-inch Ordnance Survey maps, which although not always accurate are probably those best known.

ABHAINN BHEAG (Catacol). G. *abhainn bheag*, "small river."

ACHAREOCH (Kilmory Water). c. 1610, Blaeu, Achareoch; 1773, Auchareoch. G. *achadh riabhach*, "grey or brindled field."

ACHAVOULIN (near Drumadoon). G. *achadh a' mhuilinn*, "field of the mill," or "mill-field."

ACH-NA-CEARDACH (at Gortonallister). G. *Achadh na ceàrdach*, "field of the smithy."

ADAM'S GRAVE (Holy Loch). It is the remains of a prehistoric chambered cairn. Figured and described in the *Proceedings* of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, v. 43, pp. 363-366,

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with 2 illustrations. The dolmen is also figured in the 23rd volume of the same *Proceedings*, p. 108. On the Ordnance Survey map it is called Adam's Cave.

AIRD NAN RON (near Brown Head). G. *àird nan ròn*, "height of the seals." In the dialect of the Southend of Arran *àird* has displaced *ard*.

ALLT GOBHLACH (a stream, near Pirn-mill). G. *allt gòbhlach*, "forked burn." It gives name to the adjoining hamlet of Alltgobhlach.

ALLTGOBHLACH (hamlet near the mouth of Allt Gobhlach). 1440, ER., 82, Altgolach; 1444, ER., 165, Aldgowlach; 1446, ER., 252, Altgowloch; 1447, ER., 289, Altgowlach; 1452, RMS., 563, Altgoulach; 1453, ER., 576, Altgowloch; c. 1610, Blaeu, Altgolach; 1776 and 1773, Algollach; 1776, Algoloch.

ALLT NA H'AIRIDH (an affluent of Iorsa Water). 1776, Altaharvie. G. *allt na h'àiridh*, "burn of the shieling." It takes its name from Rudha Airidh Dhugall near by.

ALT BEITH (a small stream). 1841, Ramsay, p. 36, Alt Beithe; 1859, Bryce, p. 132, Alt-Beith. G. *allt beithe*, "birch burn." Cf. Birchburn near Shedog.

ALT MHOR (a stream, near Newton). G. *allt mhór*, "big burn."

ALLT NA PÀIRCE (affluent of Sliddery Water). G. *allt na pàirce*, "burn of the park," or "park burn." Gaelic *pàirc* is borrowed from Middle English *park*.

ARD BHEINN (mountain, near Derenach, 1676 feet in height). G. *àird bheinn*, "high hill." *Beinn* is the oblique case of *beann*, the primary meaning of which is a "pinnacle."

ARDENADAM (Holy Loch). "Adam's hillock." G. *ardan*, "hillock."

ARFHIONN (near Loch Ranza). c. 1610, Blaeu, Arren. The correct form is *Ar Fhinn*, "The slaughter of Finn," probably a corruption, as the late Rev. Dr. Alexander Cameron thought, of some other name. It is marked on the Ordnance Survey map as ancient ruins. "Aran or Ar Fhinn, a cairn which marks the spot where Fingal defeated the Norsemen under Manus, son of the King of Sweden," is the popular ex-

planation of the name. (*New Statistical Account. Bute*, p. 54.)

ARRAN. Fordun, v. 2, p. 296, Aranch; 1326, ER., 52, Arran; 1444, ER., 165, Arane; 1467, RMS., 914, Arane; 1489, RMS., 1852, Aran; 1609 and 1685, Re-tours, 18, 86, Arrane. G. (*eilean*) aran, "Kidney-shaped isle." Aranmore in Galway, Ireland, is of the same origin. In the *Vita Sancti Endei* (in Plummer, *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*, v. 2, p. 64) it is stated: "Hec insula dicta Arann, id est ren in latino, quia ad similitudinem renis in animali se habet." It has been erroneously derived from *ar*, "high," and *inn*, "island."

ARRANTOUN (Lamlash Bay). An attempt was made about 1766 to found a village here with the design of drawing the people from "that nasty hole called Clamperton." (*Book of Arran*, v. 2, p. 183).

AUCHARANIE. G. *achadh rainich*, "bracken field," or "fern field."

AUCHELEFFAN. 1773, Auchaliffan; 1845, NSA., Bute, p. 50, Aucheliffin. G. *achadh leth pheighinn*, "half-penny land." G. *peighinn*, "penny," is borrowed from Norse *penningr*. Among the old Norsemen the unit of land measure was the "ounce" of silver, and in this there were held to be eighteen or twenty pennyweights. Subdivisions of the ounce were twopenny lands, penny lands, and even farthing lands (*fedirlings*), and the topography of the West Highlands bears ample evidence to the former frequency of these land divisions. A prehistoric stone circle here is described in the *Book of Arran*, v. 1, pp. 123-124 and figured on pl. xix.

AUCHENCAIRN. 1440, ER., 82, Achiharin; 1444 and 1446, ER., 165, 252, Achacharn; 1445 and 1450, ER., 211, 408, Achacharne; c. 1610, Blaeu, Achacharn. G. *Achadh a' chàirn*, "field of the cairn."

AUCHENCAR (Machrie Bay). 1440, ER., 82, Achhachor; 1446, ER., 251, Achachare; 1453, ER., 575, Achacarra; c. 1610, Blaeu, Achachar; 1773, Auchachar; 1859, Bryce, 137, Auchincar. G. *achadh a' charraigh*, "field of the standing stone." There is a large pillar-stone, standing nearly sixteen feet

above ground, near this place. It is figured and described in the *Book of Arran*, v. 1, p. 125 and pl. xx. Gives name to Auchencar Burn.

AUCHENHEW. c. 1610, Blaeu, Ahew; 1766, Auchinhew; 1859, Bryce, 153, Achinhew. It has been translated "field of yew," from G. *achadh eó. Ath-cheo*, probably for *ath-theo*, is Arran Gaelic for henbane, so probably the meaning is "field of henbane."

AUCHMORE (South Thurgay). G. *achadh mór*, "big field."
(*To be continued*)

John Gow, The Pirate

The following document relating to John Gow, the famous Orkney pirate, whose career suggested to Sir Walter Scott the character of Cleveland, in *The Pirate*, was copied by me about thirty-five years ago in Edinburgh. So far as I am aware it has not hitherto been published

GEORGE F. BLACK.

Copy of the Agreement entered into between Mr James Fea, Junr., of Clestran and others, as to taking Gow the Pirate, 1725. From the original which was in possession of the late Alexander George Groat of Newhall.

Mr James Fea, Younger of Clestran
Carrick 16th febr^y 1725.

Honnd Sr

Whereas By the Laudable Acts of parliament and Statutes of this & all Oyr weell Governed Kingdoms (Nott unknown to you) The Taking And Apprehending of pyrats is most Generously rewarded And wee understanding by your good conduct & courage you by your Self & Servants Apprended and Secured Five of the Crew & Ship boat of that Notorious Pyrate Gow Alias Smith And now that he hes not a Boat to Assist him in getting of his Ship wee beeing hopeful that by the Assistance of God he may be taken by men of good Spirits Therefore are most willing to Aid & Assist you in this Bold Interprize wee doe hereby Oblidge Our Selves to be under your Discipline & Command in this Affair and to Stand by and nott Desert you Under the highest perill of the Law And If please God to give you Success Wee Doe refer our reward To your own Generositie as witness our hands.

J: Traill
Wm. Scollay
Jer: Dinnison
James Laing
John Laing

DAE UNTAE OTHERS

By BERNARD D. WARD

(For THE CALEDONIAN)

Nae doot ye've often heard, ma freens,
The nice things that are said
About yer brither neebor,
That is, after he is dead.
But living nae ane seemed tae care,
Or think it worth their while,
Tae speak a kindly word tae him
Or greet him wi' a smile.

He was just an honest toiler,
A puir hard working chiel,
Wi shabby coat and ragged pants,
And shoes doon at the heel.
Though fortune hadna smiled sae sweet
On him, as ane apairt
Beneath his rough exterior,
Aince beat a manly he'rt.

Just a little ray o' sunshine
Micht hae cheered him noo and then,
In a helping haun' extended
And guid will frae brither men.
Tho' his path in life was thorny
Frae its' start until the close,
Every thorn that there was in it
Micht hae turned intae a rose.

Then say the word, and dae the deed,
Ye wad hae others dae,
In the book of life 'twill greet ye,
At the bar on Judgment Day.
And as the sand-glass filters oot,
At the setting o' your sun,
You will hear the Master calling,
"Welcome hame, ma son, weel done."
Lowell, Mass.

Some Unpublished Notes on Culloden and the Rebellion 1745-46

BY JOHN J. MUNRO

(For THE CALEDONIAN)

INVERNESS

Fair Northern Capital, queenlike enthroned;
'Mid subject nature's richest attributes,
Whose varied beauties all they scepter owned;
Wide-spread, far reaching, with prolific fruits,
Encircled by a myriad of mighty hills.

Inverness being the writer's natal city, which is only about four miles from the historic field of Culloden, where Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender of the House of Stuart met his doom on the 16th day of April, 1746, I feel I can speak of the traditions of those days, with a greater degree of certainty than those who otherwise lived far away from the Highland capital. Like other boys of my own age, I have often lingered round the Cairn of stones which marks the place on the ill-fated battlefield where tradition says Prince Charles watched the game-of-war, until he was dragged off the field by his followers and sought safety in flight.

The Culloden estate is still in the family of a descendant of Duncan Forbes, who was then Lord President of the Court of Sessions. No one in Scotland had done more to keep the Clans in line for the House of Hanover than Lord President Forbes; and yet he or his descendants have never been honored with a Baronetcy by the British Sovereign for the successful diplomacy by which he saved Scotland from going back into the House of Stuart. There is no end to the number of persons who yearly visit the battlefield of Culloden to see this monument of the Jacobite's lost cause—a cause that Provisionally died a natural death one hundred and seventy-six years ago.

Many of the chiefs of the Protestant Clans took no part in the uprising, as they had seen through the whole scheme to bring Scotland back into the bondage of Rome. Several of the Clans had not

yet broken with the Church of Rome, such as Lord MacDonald of the Isles and the Frasers, whose powerful Chief was Lord Lovat, whose disloyalty was suspected, and who at the request of Lord President Forbes of Culloden was kept for a time a volunteer prisoner in the Castle of Inverness, but who afterwards escaped and joined the Pretender's forces. Lord Lovat was afterwards arrested in the Highlands, taken to London and tried for high treason, and beheaded in the Tower of London, April 9, 1747.

Perhaps it ought to be said here that the Union between Scotland and England, consummated in the reign of Queen Anne, had in it certain elements of strength, which bound the Scottish nobility with an oath that could not be broken, without incurring the fate that met Lord Lovat. It was this fact that kept the nobles of Scotland from joining the Pretender's standard, as they already had sworn in the Parliament House, Edinburgh, to uphold the House of Hanover when the Union was consummated in 1707. The Scottish people never had been hysterical over the Union of the two countries, as they were afraid that their English cousins south of the Tweed might rob them of their civil and religious liberties. The Scots had carefully guarded their rights in the treaty with England, and a treaty in those days was more than a "scrap of paper"; and the English kept their word, which saved the Scots from fighting a second Bannockburn.

For several years prior to the Rebellion of 1715 there were sullen murmurs of discontent in the Highlands of Scotland. Many of the small crofters were driven off their farms by absentee landlords and hundreds emigrated to North America,

and settled in the Colonies. James II, King of England, was the last reigning monarch of the Stuart Family. His son James Edward Stuart, was the father of the Young Pretender, who was born in Rome in 1720. His was the last attempt to recover the throne of his ancestors. In this he was supported by the Papal Court of Rome. He went to France in 1742 and succeeded in gaining the goodwill of the reigning monarch, Louis XV who aided him with the French Fleet. But the English Admiral got wind of it and before it left the harbor it was demolished. Charles now resolved to trust to his own exertions. With the hope of capturing Scotland and reigning over it as the Jacobite King, he borrowed money and gathered a band of trusty followers around him. The French people urged him to seek the Crown of Scotland and the King promised him an army, a promise that never materialized. The Church of Rome evidently was behind the young Pretender and backed him for all it was worth, as the Holy See wanted Scotland restored as a Catholic Country, such as it was before the Reformation. While the conspiracy was being hatched, Charles' father wrote to a friend, "*We are entirely in Cardinal Flueury's hands.*"

The early winter of 1745 was spent in France preparing for the invasion of the United Kingdom. When spring arrived, Charles and his advisers spent the time in confabs and conspiracies. But he found that the leaders distrusted each other, and they were so jealous of each other that he could not trust them. When the time came that the "die should be cast," Charles and his followers, the men of the "Inner Circle," left Belle Isle, in France, July 5, determined to win the Crown of Scotland. Before leaving France, Charles said: "I have taken an oath to conquer or die, as long as a man is found to stand by me."

Charles left France on board the frigate *La Douvelle*, a ship of 44 guns and 700 men. The commander of the frigate was an Irishman named Walsh, who seemed to be as stubborn as a mule, for he would take orders from no one, not even the Prince. They landed at Eriskay, on the western coast of Scotland, July 28, where they found many Highlanders awaiting them. Many of the Scottish Clans were

not yet ready to join the Pretender's standard. They were all at sea in regard to the outcome of the conflict, and feared the French might lead them into a trap. A large majority favored the House of Hanover, as the Highlanders had no particular grievances against the government at that time. The British Government could have squelched this rebellion in three months; but her soldiers were then fighting on the continent of Europe and in the American Colonies. The majority of the Protestant clans were advised by President Forbes of Culloden to stand aloof from the rebellion. They included the Campbells of Argyle, the Munros of Ross and Cromarty, the McKays of Sutherland, the Grants, the Mackintoshes and the Gordons. They were all anti-Jacobites. Some of the others apparently went into the rebellion for what they could "get out of it." A few of the Clans in the western part of Scotland at this time still spent their days cattle-raiding and in plundering their inoffensive neighbors.

From first to last the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745-46 not only showed poor leadership but cowardice. Charles was the greatest weakling of the lot; and was no leader. When he and his followers invaded England, he could have captured London; but like his father in 1715, he showed the white feather rather than fight for his ideals. From Edinburgh to Inverness, Prince Charles and his army of volunteers struggled hard for existence. On the way to Culloden, Charles stopped at Stirling, Perth and Moy, where Lady MacIntosh entertained him and his leaders. His two generals, Lord George Gordon and Lord Drummond went by way of Aberdeen, taking the coast route. After leaving Moy, the Pretender went to Inverness and afterwards returned to Culloden with 1500 Highlanders. The men that picked out Culloden as the place where the Highlanders were to be slaughtered must have been "beside themselves." The ground just suited the Duke of Cumberland's dragoons. Had Prince Charles' generals picked out the upper Spey or the precipitous rocks of Killiecrankie, they could have defied the Duke of Cumberland's men for months.

The Duke of Cumberland, with his ten thousand soldiers, reached Nairn on April 14th, and stayed two days resting his men. His spies soon informed him that the Highlanders had laid out Culloden moor as the scene of the battle. Before daybreak, April 16th, Lord George Gordon sent word to Prince Charles that the English horse and foot were hot on his trail and urged immediate flight. But Charles declined.

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN

It is not well to call Culloden a battle. It might properly be called a sanguinary conflict, or a first class skirmish. One thing is very clear, that on account of the bitter jealousies that existed among the Clans and the bad management in the commissariat department, the conflict at Culloden was a rank failure. For several days, foraging parties had scoured the country in search of food, but none could be found. On the morning of April 16, Charles and his staff were at Culloden House, the home of Lord President Forbes, where they regaled themselves with whiskey and bread; but the rank and file of the Clans that day had to fight on an empty stomach. In speaking of the disaster that lay before the Culloden Clans, Andrew Lang says, "*Worse preparation for a battle there could not be than a night of hunger and fatigue.*"

When the Duke of Cumberland and his men reached Culloden moor, the Highland Army was asleep on the heather, entirely exhausted, and were awakened to fight in this condition. Charles' army consisted of 8000 men, but at Culloden there were only 5000 men at daybreak on that ill-fated morning; the others were out foraging for food. The English Army consisted of 10,000 veterans, besides several Clans already mentioned that did not favor the Rebellion. They were kept in reserve. The Highland Army was attacked by the English unexpectedly. Prince Charles did not look for Cumberland or his men before noon, as they had to come from Nairn. Their coming therefore was a surprise; but the Highlanders made the most of it, by forming in line and meeting the enemy bravely. Culloden was a bloody conflict lasting two hours. Cumberland and his men were provided with artillery and dragoons and outnumbered the Highlanders four to

one, still the Clans fought like Trojans from first to last, and under proper leadership would have won the day; but the English guns seemed to mow down the Highlanders in heaps on the ground. Prince Charles viewed the battle from a small hill; and when he saw the outlook hopeless, he and his bodyguard took safety in flight.

The retreat of the Highlanders was in poorly disciplined companies, many of them taking the back road to Inverness, others going toward the upper Spey and finding shelter in the mountains. Those that went toward Inverness were followed by Cumberland's dragoons and were fairly butchered, their bodies lay in heaps on the side of the roads and weeks afterwards they remained unburied. The Clans that took part in the bloody conflict deeply regretted that Charles did not die at the head of his men on Culloden field.

The writer has always been deeply interested in a story of the battle told him by his father when a boy. The reader will therefore pardon him for reciting the incident in connection with the defeat of the Highlanders at Culloden. My father's ancestor of five generations back was Alexander Munro, who kept the toll house at Bona Ferry, about four miles northwest of Inverness. The Jacobite rebellion had been under discussion in Bona village for many months, and Sanay Munro, who commanded the Ferry boat, and took toll from all that passed over the Ness at that place, heard all sorts of opinions in regard to Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Several of the younger citizens of Bona, including my grandfather of the fifth generation back, were always spoiling for a fight with their cousins south of the Tweed. These young men desired to see the battle which they heard was to take place near Culloden, and started before dawn on the morning of April 16. They took the road going south, halfway between Bona and Inverness. The route was circuitous, between Seaforth Castle and *Screetan Scroat*, but they followed it until they came near Culloden. They were now at the turn of the road between Culloden and Inverness, which gave evidence of a conflict. Here they found a trooper's sword lying on the ground, but as they all saw it at the same

time they agreed to cast lots for it. Luckily Sandy Munro became the possessor of the sword, and he had reason to use it to good advantage before reaching home. As they proceeded toward the battlefield, they found numerous bands of Highlanders in full retreat toward Inverness, and troopers in pursuit killing the helpless pedestrians and giving quarter to none. The men from Bona Ferry thought it best to separate and give the troopers a wide berth. Sandy Munro followed a path through a clearing that he might get into the woods; but before he had gone very far, found that he was followed by a trooper who sought his life. In trying to escape from this English dragoon, he leaped on a ledge of rocks, and on turning around dealt the trooper a blow with his sword, from which he never recovered. After dispatching the horse and rider he pulled both into a hollow and then proceeded toward Bona. He did not dare to stay in that place long, so he proceeded cautiously through the woods toward his home. How his two companions ever reached home he never learned; but if they passed through as many escapades as he met with that day he felt sorry for them. On the way to his home, he was compelled to pass over the bodies of many persons who went to Culloden as spectators, but were killed by troopers who found them on the way to Inverness and vicinity. Sandy Munro had not gone many miles before he ran into a regiment of English redcoats, who were sent out by the Duke of Cumberland from Inverness to scour the country for Highland rebels; as the soldiers were lost in the woods, Sandy Munro was compelled on pain of death or imprisonment to conduct them to Inverness where their regiment was billeted.

After the Rebellion, many Highland Chiefs and others were arrested and taken to London, as in the case of Lord Lovat, tried for high treason and put to death. Many were sent to prison, while others were sent into exile. The British Parliament passed a law placing many disabilities on the Highlanders. For a time they could not wear the garb of Old Gaul, nor be organized as clans, nor carry dirks, claymores or swords. The British Government cut off all grants for education in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

But, after a few years, these laws were repealed and prosperity returned to the Highlands once more. Meanwhile, after the rebellion of 1745-6 had been subdued, the British Government sought to put down sheep and cattle stealing in the Highlands, which for several years had been a rather profitable industry, at least to many of the Clans. Under some daring leader, a clansman would go forth at night with 25 to a 100 of his henchmen, pay a visit to a rich land owner's estate and capture all the cattle and sheep they could find on the mountains, and after they had reached home would divide the spoil among them. This was known as cattle "raiding" in the Highlands.

To end this lawlessness, the British Government ordered the organization of a Military Police, with headquarters at Inverness. It was called The Black Watch. The first company was under the command of Colonel Fraser of Lovat, who after the execution of Lord Lovat had given evidence of his loyalty to the Crown and was considered a law-abiding subject of the House of Hanover. The second company was under the command of Colonel Grant of Strathspey, who was chief of his clan. The third company was under the command of Colonel Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis, who commanded a Highland Regiment at the battle of Fontenoy under Marlborough. Sir Robert was about seven feet tall and during the battle was seen giving directions to his regiment, and could not be hid as he was head and shoulders over all his men.

At first this Military Police was called the National Guard to keep the peace among the Clans and to prevent them from stealing each others' cattle. After peace was restored in the Highlands, the Military Police was turned into a Highland Regiment. They wore a dark-colored tartan kilt and tunic to distinguish them from the "Redcoats," the soldiers of the British Army. For more than 175 years the 42nd Highlands or Black Watch have been in all the great battles and conquests of the British Army and have done valiant service for their King and Country. In a book published by the writer's father, the late Mr. Robert Munro of Inverness, en-

titled, "Recollections of Inverness by an Invernessian," there is a classic poem on the Black Watch, which we give here believing that it is worthy of a place in modern literature. It is the work of an anonymous writer who calls himself Dougal Dhu.

THE BLACK WATCH

When old Demosthenes essayed
To praise the might of Attic Greece,
By magnitude of them dismayed
In mute despair he held his peace.
But had he lived to know the feats,
Our Scottish kilted heroes do,
His best "Philippics" had broke down,
In praise of Regiment "Forty-two."

Chorus:

Brave, brave and gallant are they!
Brave soldiers every man,
Old Scotland knows their value,
Pick of men from every Clan.

When at Corriuna's grand retreat,
When far outnumbered by the foe,
The Patriot Moore made glorious bolt
Like setting sun in fiery glow.
Before him foamed the rolling sea,
Behind the carrion eagle flew,
But Scotland's "Watch" proved Gallia's match,
And won the game by "Forty-two."

When Bonaparte tried to win
Possession of the "Eastern Kay,"
"The Watch" was at the Frenchman's heels,
And in the heart of the *melee*.
The brave Sir Ralph took soldier's rest
When he had given the deil his due,
Gaul's Eagle vanished all at once,
A captive of the "Forty-two."

Edinburgh Scenes and Memories

PART II

From the quiet seclusion of Canon-gate's venerable kirkyard, it is but a step to the storied environs around the Cowgate. There, as elsewhere in old Edinburgh, the interest is all in the past, but it is an interest that holds the wanderer with its wealth of legends and fascinating lore. Even jogging along "the foot-path way", you look out on the sere and yellow leaf of a once notable neighborhood. Where once were pomp and elegance, only squalor and decay remain. Yet each thoroughfare has its story and lingering fragrance of romance. Along Candlemaker Row came Dorothy and William Wordsworth to the Grassmarket, where they put up at the White Hart—"An inn (writes the chatty Dorothy in her 'Memorials') which had been mentioned to us, and which we conjectured would better suit us than one in a more fashionable part of the town. It was not noisy and tolerably cheap. Unfortunately, it rained nearly all the time, nevertheless, the city of Edinburgh far surpassed all expectation. Gladly would we have stayed another day." It was in Candlemaker Row that Henry Mackenzie

lived and wrote his well-known treatise "The Man of Feeling," while readers of Dr. John Brown's almost classic work, "Rab and His Friends," will remember that it was at the Harrow Inn, hard by the Cowgate head, that Rab put up. But pass along Bristo Street with its memories of Edward Irving to Lothian Street, if you would follow in the footsteps of the delightful but eccentric Thomas De Quincey.

NO. 42

To number 42 came the brilliant essayist, in 1856, and a droll figure he must have looked as he shuffled along in "a capacious garment which was made too large, and which served the purpose of both under and overcoat." A perfect Bohemian, De Quincey was indifferent to dress. No article of clothing was too shabby for him, and peeping into the little front parlour over which he has shed a lustre, it is withal pleasant to recall through the mind's eye that "inward eye that is the bliss of solitude"—this gentle spirit of the past. There he sat, so noticeably small among his books, and practically en *deshabillé*, that you would have taken him "for the beautifullest little child, blue eyed, sparkling face, had there

not been a something, too, which said 'Eacovi—this child has been in hell';" and to have seen him in those silent morning hours when, after he had awakened from the effects of the opium, he looked out from his window upon the sleeping city, must have been a quaint sight indeed. Such an eccentric individual could not fail to attract attention, and many pleasing reminiscences of his sojourn in the Capital happily remain. That his landlady, or landladies, took more than a passing interest in him, is evident from the charming glimpses Mr. R. Rome gives of De Quincey in his "Episodes of an Obscure Life."—

The good people of the house, a widow, her maiden sister, and a niece (he writes) had a very worshipful recollection of their "nice little gentleman"—that was their phrase for him. They evidently liked him, and said that he was "bonnie and soft spoken." This maiden sister seems to have been really a mature guardian angel. More than once, she said, she had "put him out," when he had fallen asleep with his head on the table, and overturned a candle on his papers. She used to buy his apparel for him piecemeal; now a pair of socks, now a pair of boots, now a coat, now a waistcoat—never a whole suit.

BURNS AND CLARINDA

Memories crowd thickly round this quarter of the old town. The classic region of Edinburgh, it bristles with intimate recollections. Here thronged the literary worthies of the long ago, drawn by the glamor of the Capital's seductive charm. Their deeds are all about it. They walk by your side, they meet you at every turn, for their ghosts cling to the ancient streets, glorifying them with the revived scenes of other days. Where Bristo Street meets the Potterrow, romance weaves a delicious halo over just such a setting. Nearly a century and a half ago fair eyes looked down from a window in General's Entry, upon a brawny, dark, rustic figure, clad in buckskins, pacing to and fro on the pavement beneath. Oft-times would the figure turn and look up in eager search of a flash from those "lovely eyes," or a smile of recognition from her lips. The happy period of the Clarinda love affair lends a sparkling radiance to Edinburgh's literary associations. Looking back through the years, how tenderly expressive are these fleeting hours of gentle dalliance! What day dreams filled the vision of

Burns; what amorous confidences passed between them! Well might Clarinda write that it was the one brief happiness of her life. Burns passed through the Capital like a meteor and was gone, leaving a fascinating trail behind. But whether we view him roaming through the fields between the old town and the new enraptured by the magnificent scenery that met his gaze, with Nasmyth, the artist, on Arthur's Seat surveying the rising of the sun; with Dugald Stewart on the Braid Hills, when "he charmed me still more by his private conversation than he had ever done in company" as the honored and lionized guest of the city, or at that memorable meeting in the house of Adam Ferguson at Sciennes Hill, when Scott and he "spoke each other in passing," the vision fades before the more potent memory of Potterrow. To Clarinda Burns gave the outpourings of his poetic soul. To her he penned those haunting lines of touching cadence and desolate passion, which Scott has described as containing the essence of a thousand love histories.—

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Through the long day of the life that followed, Clarinda never forgot. She cherished that "day of parting love" with a deep, undying affection, and there is a pathetic ring in the note she wrote some forty years after the poet's death:—"This day I never can forget, parted with Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world."

A CLASSIC REGION

Close by is Alison's Square, where Thomas Campbell finished and prepared for publication his "Pleasures of Hope," and from here it is but a few minutes' walk to West Nicolson Street, where Thomas Blacklock, the blind poet, occupied two upper flats, and where Dr. Johnson, on being entertained by Mrs. Blacklock, consumed nineteen cups of tea. Buccleuch Place is notable for its associations with Jeffrey, Lord Brougham, and Sydney Smith, and the birth of the "Edinburgh Review." Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston, authoress of the later version

of the "Flowers of the Forest," resided in Crichton Street, and many were the distinguished assemblies in her little drawing-room here; nor can you linger in the vicinity of Archibald Place without conjuring up the shaggy head and grey plaid and russet attire of Hugh Miller. Most outstanding of all memorials hereabouts, however, are College Wynd, where Oliver Goldsmith was in 1752, and George Square, both indissolubly connected with the most brilliant figure in Scottish letters, the great and good Sir Walter Scott.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Scott did well to be born in Edinburgh. The queenliest of cities, illustrious for its beauties and its tragic and historic recollections, was an ideal nursery for the cultivation of romance, and just the place for the nurturing of those remarkable talents which make his fame and everything pertaining to him of so much value and interest. Today he holds the sceptre as firmly as before. Over a myriad of memories he has thrown the witchery of his charm, and at every step the wanderer is impressed by the number of lasting memorials sacred to his genius and the shrine of Scotsmen the world o'er. From the Calton Hill you look down upon a network of associations. The place of his birth, the haunts of his childhood, the spots he loved and knew so well are here crystallized within the circuit of a single glance. Nay, the scenes and wanderings of many of the Waverley Novels stretch out before you in restful opulence and peace, and it needs but a whim of the imagination to bring forth in all their artistry those shadows of shades, the vivid characters of "Marmion," the "Heart of Midlothian," or "Tales of the Canongate." There, too, in the centre of the city's density, lies George Square, the scene of so many episodes in the life of the poet; where took place the famous incident with Murray of Broughton; where Jeffrey was first introduced to the collection of minstrelsy; and where Scott lived from a school-boy till he was a young man of many friendships. Yonder the Greyfriars' Churchyard, where, in a shower of rain, he met his first love and offered her his umbrella. Near at hand are the quaint slopes of the Canongate, the Grassmarket, the site of

the ancient Tolbooth, and the Cowgate; while not far distant is Castle Street, the fondest memory of Scott in Edinburgh.

ROMANCE OF CASTLE STREET

You will visit Castle Street for the sake of Scott's later years. Round this famous haunt twine many pleasing incidents, for here his happiest hours were spent. Hither came Joanna Baillie on her memorable visit in 1806. Hither, too, came the poet Crabbe and the Ettrick Shepherd. It was at Castle Street that Hogg "dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song afforded plentiful merriment." As the night wore on his enthusiasm expanded itself into a warmth of good feeling towards his host, who, first, "Mr. Scott," became "Shirra," then "Scott," "Walter," and finally "Wattie;" and that must have been a jovial minute in the night's enjoyment when the gossipy Hogg addressed Mrs. Hogg by the homely appellation of "Charlotte."

At Castle Street passed Scott's most eventful days. It was here all his famous dinner parties were given; here all the preparations were made for the visit of George IV. to the Capital; here he came home leaning on his daughter's arm, silent and trembling, on the day following the discovery of the Scottish Regalia; here he sat writing night after night in the manner that made the son of William Menzies request one of his friends to change places with him at a gathering in his father's house opposite, so that a hand that fascinated him might be hidden from his view:—

It never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS. and still it goes on unwearied—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. . . . I well know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's.

and it was at Castle Street, on a cold January morning in 1826, he greeted his old friend, Skene of Rubislaw, thus:—"My friend, give me a shake of your hand; mine is that of a beggar." The blow had fallen.

MINE OWN ROMANTIC TOWN

To the author of "Waverley," the Capital of Scotland was the "pearl of cities." It was his "own romantic town," the place of his dreams and desires. The glamor of its ancient streets, with their ghosts of kings and queens, of steel-clad nobles, of Jacobite episodes, haunted him

throughout life. And never was he more delighted than when tracing the ancient windings and closes of the old town. "How often have I seen him," says Lockhart, "go a long way round about rather than miss the opportunity of halting for a few minutes under the darkest shadows of the Castle Rock, where it overhangs the Grassmarket, and the huge slab that still marks where the gibbet of Porteous and the Covenanters had its station. His coachman knew him too well to move at a Jehu's pace amidst such scenes as these. No funeral hearse crept more leisurely than did his landau up the Canongate or the Cowgate; and not a queer tottering gable but recalled to him some long-buried memory of splendor or bloodshed." Edinburgh ever lingered 'midst his inmost thoughts. It was the city of his birth, the city which lay closest to his heart and memory, the city for which he penned, in the fourth canto of "Marmion," that delightful word-picture of its charm, which can never be forgotten:—

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendor red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town.

PRINCES STREET

Above the crags that fade and gloom
Starts the bare knee of Arthur's Seat;
Ridged high against the evening bloom,
The old town rises, street on street;
With lamps bejewelled, straight ahead,
Like rampered walls the houses lean,
All spired and domed and turreted,
Sheer to the valley's darkling green;
Ranged in mysterious disarray,
The Castle, menacing and austere,
Looms through the lingering last of day;
And in the silver dusk you hear,
Reverberated from crag to scar,
Bold bugles blowing points of war.

So wrote W. E. Henley from a window in Princes Street. How striking is the picture to the wanderer! Of how much does it not remind you! Beautiful in the radiant noon of a summer's day, charming in the lingering rays of the setting

sun, Princes Street and its immediate neighborhood is perhaps most arresting of all when the twilight deepens and the dark shadow of night is casting its sombre feature over it, the lights twinkling through the slowly descending veil of darkness like opalescent hues against a background of inky blackness. If you never have walked "that noblest of earthly promenades"—as S. R. Crockett so aptly describes Edinburgh's principal thoroughfare—in the quiet hours of silent night, when the buildings are mere phantoms and the various spires show faintly against the star-lit sky, or lingered on Calton Hill in the silvered pallor of an autumn moon, you have missed a sight strangely beautiful and inspiring. At no other time is the mind so turned to remembrance. Thoughts, in linked sweetness, come crowding to you, as thoughts will at such an hour, for here, as in the old town, memories have been kept fragrant down the long passage of the years. The castle, transfigured into a huge black majestic apparition, looks out upon you, echoing its story through the mists of centuries. Legendary lore comes whispering through the cold, clear atmosphere from the enchanted region of Arthur's Seat, pregnant with the visions of a hundred delightful tales. The footsteps of Scott, Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, Aytoun, Carlyle, Dickens, Shelley, Dr. John Brown, and others too numerous to mention, are all about you. Tarry where you will, the past comes trembling down through the present to remind you of the days that are sped. Like a page from the fascinating scenes of classical reminiscence, it speaks to you in emphatic accents of "the things that were, and are not." The spirit of romance throws a glamor over the landscape as you go down its long list of illustrious dead. The dusky outlines of the very monuments in the Gardens invest it with an undying halo—the halo of an artistic past, which still glorifies the city and makes it the best beloved among literary haunts.

HENLEY AND R. L. S.

The influence of W. E. Henley upon literary Edinburgh is an oft-told story. With the mention of his name, however, there comes stealing to the mind a poignant recollection which you cannot willingly let pass. You have not forgotten

that first visit of R. L. Stevenson's to him in the dim interior of the old Infirmary buildings? What a tyro in delight it is to all who love to wander in the peaceful byways of literature! You seem to see the wistful meeting of the two that memorable Sunday afternoon, seem to hear, from afar, the trill of their whispered conversation, as "the poor fellow sat up in his bed, with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a king's palace, or the great King's Palace of the blue air." Surely one of the sweetest incidents in the whole realm of Scottish letters. How tenderly Henley remembered Stevenson's kindness still remains to us a cherished heritage. In his series of poems, "In Hospital, Rhymes and Rhythms," you may read his gentle and graceful appreciation in the charming lines, more touching in their portraiture than dreams, to Charles Baxter some fifteen years afterwards:—

Do you remember
That afternoon—that Sunday afternoon!—
When, as the kirks were ringing in
And the grey city teemed
With Sabbath feelings and aspects,
Lewis—our Lewis then,
Now the whole world's!—and you,
Young, yet in shape most like an elder, came
Laden with Balzacs
(Big, yellow books, quite impudently French),
The first of many times,
To that transcendent back-kitchen where I lay
So long, so many centuries—
Or years is it!—ago?

Henley's charm never fails. The music of his verses haunt one throughout the long day. Few men have left so indelible a mark on the Capital's literary history. And because of the many pleasant glimpses of Edinburgh scenes and characters he gives, and it is difficult to let your thoughts stray from his ever-fascinating companionship. It is impossible to forget the numerous tender references he has left us. How accurately he plumbs the character of R. L. Stevenson in "Apparition!" How sweetly enchanting is his reverie on the surroundings of Princes Street! But Princes Street would inspire any poet. Other gentle souls have come under the spell of its august beauty, and it is like an echo from that window musing to turn to the pages of Thomas Jefferson Hogg's "Life of Shelley." "O! glorious spectacle (he writes), by force of contrast made still more noble, more

glorious; I wandered about lost in admiration. I ascended the Castle Hill, the Calton Hill, my delight still increasing. . . . It was a meeting of extremes; I beheld magnificence—triumphs of art and nature." But who has not written about it? With whom do you not rub shoulders as you stroll along its popular promenade—Dugald Stewart, Lord Jeffrey, Henry Mackenzie, Sydney Smith, and John Leyden, hastening to number 108, the home of Lord Woodhouselee; Sir Walter Scott on one of his frequent peregrinations; Hogg visiting this and that friend; Shelley en route for his lodgings in North Frederick Street; Christopher North, Aytoun, Charles Dickens, Ruskin, Alexander Smith, Dr. John Brown, Thackeray, and a motley throng of others, which would compile a Homeric catalogue. Thackeray had a warm heart for the Scottish Capital, and I cannot pass his name without recalling a Sunday evening walk with the author of "Rab and His Friends" along the Dean Road.

It was a lovely evening—such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender, cow-slip color, lucid and as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of the Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against a crystalline sky. . . . As they gazed, Thackeray gave utterance, in a tremulous gentle and rapid voice, to what both were feeling, in the word, CALVARY! . . . The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH AND CHARLES
DICKENS

As you dream on that gentle episode and visualize those figures of earlier days, other ghostly shades glide leisurely before the vision. They steal past in fleeting shadows, and one's thoughts take a warmer interest as one or two, greater than the others, emerge like an outline in silver against a dull and sombre background. "Who," asked Dickens once at an Edinburgh dinner, "can revert to the literature of the land of Scott or of Burns, without having directly in his mind, as inseparable from the subject and foremost

in the picture, the old man of might, with his lion heart and sceptred crutch—Christopher North?" Well might Dickens ask, for Wilson is as much a part of Edinburgh as Scott himself. Where'er you turn you catch shadowy glimpses of this "fine Sandwich Islander, who had been educated in the Highlands," as Haydon once described him, sweeping along, a picturesque figure with his hair falling over his shoulders. But it is at 53 Queen Street where the famous "Chaldee Manuscript" was concocted amid such shouts of merriment "that the ladies in the room above sent to inquire in wonder what the gentlemen below were about"; 6 Gloucester Place, where most of his writing for "Blackwood's Magazine" was done, and where Carlyle visited him; and 29 Ann Street, where he resided for a time, that you get the truest pictures of him. And what of Dickens, who thought so much of him? One likes to think of the popularity of the great novelist in Edinburgh

and of the spell its ghost-lore held for him. Just as Hogg called up the uncanny secrets of the Canongate in his "Confessions of a Justified Sinner," and Scott and Stevenson were likewise inspired, so Dickens has given us his fanciful creation of the Bagman's Uncle standing on the North Bridge musing over the haunted city. And it is good to think of that remarkable scene of enthusiasm which greeted him on the occasion of his readings from "David Copperfield." What a scene it was!

Fifty frantic men got up in all parts of the hall and addressed me all at once. Other frantic men made speeches to the walls. I got the people to lie down on the platform, and it was like some impossible tableau in a gigantic picnic—one pretty girl in full dress lying on her side all night holding on to a leg of my table! My people were torn to ribbons. They had not a hat among them, and scarcely a coat.

Truly a sensational occurrence for fastidious Edinburgh.

—K., in *Inverness Courier*.

THE END

Our Glasgow Letter

The Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, North Carolina, is nothing if not both patriotic and progressive, and could give points to individuals and colleges in the home country. Their latest notable idea is to erect, within the grounds of the College at Red Springs, a replica of the Flora Macdonald statue on Castle Hill, Inverness, and to this end the Rev. Dr. Vardell, President of the College, has been visiting Inverness, with the object of gaining permission to get a replica of the statue, and a well known firm of Inverness sculptors have been consulted as to the cost of a similar monument.

The broken marble tablet, which fell from the Flora Macdonald Monument in Skye, has been conveyed to Inverness, and is to be restored and afterwards sent to America to be placed on the statue there.

It is intended, so says Dr. Vardell, to disinter the remains of two of Flora Macdonald's children who are buried in North Carolina (where Flora Macdonald lived for five years) and re-inter the remains in the grounds of the College, where the statue is to be erected. The Legislature of North Carolina has given permission to the College to remove the ashes.

A number of distinguished men in their respective spheres have recently been made the recipients of Hon. Degrees from Edinburgh University, and among the honored number is

Mr. Alfred Hollins, the blind organist and Choirmaster of St. Georges U. F. Church, Edinburgh, who was made a Doctor of Music. Professor Sir James Walker, who presented the Degree, said that Mr. Hollins was distinguished as an executant and as a composer. His compositions were full of vitality, and his remarkable gift of extemporization was admired by all musicians. Considering Mr. Hollins' handicap, it is marvelous the extent to which he has perfected his undoubted gift of music.

Some time ago, a Mrs. Janet Nicol, daughter of humble folks at Stoneykirk, Wigtonshire, and widow of a Canadian soldier, received intimation from a Toronto solicitor that she had fallen heir to some £25,000 under the will of her late husband's father, and that her little son will inherit something like £12,000.

Mrs. Nicol met her husband during the war, while working at Gretna Factory, and married him merely as David Nicol, Canadian Forestry Corps. Seven months after their marriage he was killed in service, and Mrs. Nicol returned to her home, being quite unacquainted with her husband's circumstances or relatives. As it turns out he was a son of the late Sir Thomas Nicol, Wareholm Farm, Toronto, Canada. It was only in May last, when an advertisement appeared in a Wigtonshire paper, making enquiries regarding the whereabouts of Mrs. Nicol, that she was made acquainted with the aston-

ishing facts. She was then in a situation as housekeeper to a farmer in the district, to whom, it was stated, she was to be married at the end of August. However, she must have changed her mind, as a few days ago she married a young working man—a hammerman by trade—whom she had known previously.

The great Braemar Highland Gathering will this year take place on September 7th. It is expected that the King and Queen, as well as the Princess Mary and the Prince of Wales, will this year witness the march of the Clansmen—a truly inspiring sight—in the Princess Royal Park. Mr. Charles Mackintosh, of Gartault Shiel, has been elected President of the Society, which is in a very flourishing condition, financially.

The Serbians are showing their gratitude in a very nice form to the memory of the Scottish nurses who died in service during the war. Miss Harley, niece of Lord Ypres, has been visiting Zaytenlik, Salonica, where her mother, Mrs. Harley, was killed by a bomb at Monastir, in 1917, while tending the Serbian wounded; and Miss Harley was very much touched to see her mother's grave carefully tended, with a stone bearing the following beautiful inscription: "On this grave flowers shall never cease to grow, no more than the name and deeds of our benefactress shall cease to flourish in Serbian hearts." In the same way the graves of the Scottish nurses, who died in service, are being carefully looked after by the population in various parts of the country.

We learn of a very interesting Cockerel, belonging to Mr. William Murray, Fetteresso, Kincardineshire, that lays eggs. This remarkable bird has laid nine eggs during the present season, and is a cross between a Minorca and a Rhode Island Red. The eggs are about the size of those of a pigeon. Naturally poultry keepers and others far and near are watching the progress of events with great interest.

It is interesting, when one recalls the enormous prices got for property not more than a couple of years back, to see the present day slump in many districts. In Oban, for instance, a valuable block of buildings, known as the Caledonian Mansions, with extensive back area, was recently exposed for sale at the upset and reasonable price of £14,000, but no one would buy. As a further inducement the property was later put up in lots, but with the same result. It is just as well that the property owner should be feeling the swing of the pendulum, as purchasers and tenants have been the victims long enough. A little more of this and the rents would soon come down, and in very many cases the rents at present are out of all proportion for the accommodation offered.

The late Mr. James Alexander, a retired farmer at Inch of Ferryton, Clackmannan, has, in his will, generously remembered Stirling. After a number of public legacies and bequests to relatives have been given effect to, one half of the residue of the Estate is to be paid to Stirling Royal Infirmary, to be invested for the

endowment of beds to be called the "Jessie Cowan or Alexander and James Alexander Beds." It is estimated that the amount which will fall to the Stirling Royal Infirmary will be very considerable. The same gentleman also left £2,000 to the Royal Scottish Agricultural Benevolent Institution; £500 to Clackmannan Parish Council, to erect a drinking fountain at the Cross there, or elsewhere, and £150 to keep it in repair; £400 to Stirling Parish School Board to be invested to provide a nursery for a male pupil attending Stirling High School, to assist him in attending any University; £250 to Clackmannan County Hospital; and many other sums, too numerous to mention, all to deserving institutions.

Mr. J. B. Talbot, a student, who was one of a number of victims of a poisoning accident at Loch Maree, was a nephew of Mr. Bertram Talbot, who, since his marriage to the Marchioness of Lothian, nearly 20 years ago, has resided at Monteviot, Roxburghshire. The late Mr. Talbot was also a near relation of Lady Blythswood and of Mr. Fletcher, of Saltoun. This was the case where a party of people from the hotel took ill after eating sandwiches made up for a picnic. All the people who ate these particular sandwiches died as a consequence.

Glasgow Chief Constable reports that during the Fair Week (Wednesday, July 12th to Wednesday, July 19th) there were 200 apprehensions for "drunk and incapable" cases, two less than in the previous year, and 260 fewer than in 1920, when the total was 460. We must be improving! Long may it continue!

National Savings Certificates seem to be a favorite form of investment in Glasgow, as we learn that during July Certificates to the value of £85,746 were sold, compared with £66,575 and £51,722 in the same month in 1921 and 1920. This looks as if we may still lay claim to the national virtue of thrift.

The Clyde Shipyards are busy preparing for the laying down of the keels of the new ships order. Messrs. Brown & Co., Clydebank, are to build and engine two cable steamers of a type similar to the *Lady Denison Ponder*, built by Fairfield in 1920. Then Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch, have been commissioned to build a liner for the British India Steam Navigation Co., and Messrs. Charles Connell & Co., Scotstoun, will be busy with two steamers for a British Asiatic Company.

We regret to record the death of Sir John Rankine, K.C., who passed away very suddenly at his country house, in Roxburghshire. Sir John but recently retired from the Professorship of Scots Law at Edinburgh University, and it was thought he had a long term of quiet activity still before him. He was a native of Ayrshire, and was born in 1846. He held the Professorship at Edinburgh University for over 30 years, with great distinction, and was greatly admired for his wide knowledge on many subjects.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Tributes to James Kennedy

From Frank Hedley, President, Interborough Rapid Transit Company, New York.

I have nothing but very pleasant recollections of Jim Kennedy, and feel that I am rather qualified to speak because of the reference you make to Kennedy having been with the Elevated Road from 1879 to 1902, during which period the first locomotive was built at the company's works, from which the succeeding locomotives were patterned. The writer worked for Jim Kennedy during the construction of that locomotive in the 98th Street Shops of the Manhattan Elevated, before the locomotive was constructed, during its construction and for sometime thereafter.

Jim was not a hard taskmaster to me, because he would burrow around with his decided Scottish accent, so that sometimes I could not tell whether he was saying his prayers or swearing.

I saw something of him at the Scottish Games, something of him at the Scottish dinners, worked with him, ate with him and drank with him, and was contented on each occasion.

Jim, in those early days, would at times about the shops demonstrate that he was something more than a mechanic; at times he would hand his poetry around, and he would not only make his mechanical work fit, but his poetry would fit.

In later years, when he became associated with our respected and departed friend, Dr. Angus Sinclair, I was convinced that Angus had made a valuable acquisition to his publication, and it is with great regret

that we have to, every once in a while, become seriously depressed because of the loss of an old-time friend.

Jim Kennedy showed in all the circumstances of his life, as I saw it, that it was of such as he that the Scottish poet wrote, when he said, "A man's a man for a' that."

From Hon. James Moir, Scranton, Pa.

We first met at the Caledonian Games in Philadelphia, in 1870. We were both dancers. I won first prize for Highland Fling and he was first in the 'Sword Dance, and in my estimation he was the best exponent of *Ghillie Callum* I ever saw. He threw his whole soul and energy into the Auld Scottish Dance. We kept in close touch for 52 years. His happy, genial nature appealed to me and his general versatility, his firm loyalty to our government, coupled with love for Auld Scotia, made him the unique character he was.

Daughters of Scotia Convention

Col. Walter Scott, of New York, Royal Tanti Order of Scottish Clans; Thomas R. P. Gibb, of Boston, the Royal Secretary, and Royal Treasurer, Duncan Mac Innes, of New York, were tendered a royal welcome upon their arrival in Hartford, Conn., September 18, for the 24th National Convention of the Grand Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia, in session September 19-20.

The welcoming party included Clan Gordon, of Hartford, the Hartford Pipe Band and representatives of clans from nearby cities.

The reception took the form of a parade in which about 100 members of six or eight clans participated. The mass clan, led by the piper band, gathered at the headquarters of Clan Gordon in the Brown-Thomson Building on Main street, and after forming proceeded to the Hotel

Bond. After a brief reception, the parade marched from the Hotel Bond west on Allyn street to High street to Ford street to Pearl street to Main street and back to the Clan Gordon headquarters.

The reception, entertainment and ball at Hotel Bond on Wednesday evening, September 20, closing the convention, was a brilliant affair.

The Colonial Male Quartette, composed of Maurice Wallen, Raymond Grant, Charles Beach and Harry Coe Olmstead, accompanied by Robert Kellogg, director of the Kellogg Musical Bureau, furnished the music. Miss Mary A. W. Brand danced, and selections were rendered by the Scottish Highland Pipe Band. At the close of the entertainment, a reception was held for the grand lodge officers. Presentation was made by the chairman of the convention committees, Past Chief Daughter Mrs. Janet B. Rutherford, after which the grand march formed, conducted by Professor Conway. General dancing followed, the music being furnished by Tasillo's ten-piece orchestra.

Further details of the Convention will be given in the November CALEDONIAN.

New York Caledonian Club Games

Labor Day, Monday, September 4, will be long remembered as the most miserable games' day of the club since the first gathering in Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N. J., in 1857. On the Saturday evening preceding the games, the Club Hall was filled with visitors from many parts of the country. A warm welcome was extended by Chief Caldwell and brief responses were made by visiting chiefs. There was also some fine singing, after which the floor was cleared and dancing was the order until midnight. Mrs. Caldwell, ably assisted by a number of the ladies of the New York Caledonians, attended to the inner wants of the visitors, and home talent alike until everybody felt that they could easily carry on until dinner time of the next day. Sunday was spent by most of the visitors sight-seeing in and around the city.

When Caledonian heads were stuck out of the windows Labor Day morning, to get a squint at the weather, indications were not at all encouraging. Heavy clouds hung low and the air was full of mist. However, Chief Caldwell and his officers were at the club house early welcoming arriving delegations. About 9:30 the parade was formed and headed by the Lovat Pipe and Drum Band, Pipe Major Angus M. Fraser, with Drum Major John Rowe carrying the baton, marched through 54th Street to 8th Avenue, to 42nd Street, to Broadway, and down that thoroughfare to Herald Square, where the B. R. T. Subway was taken to 25th Avenue, Brooklyn. There the route was again taken up and Ulmer Park soon reached. Throughout the entire line of march crowds lined the sidewalks and were outspoken in their admiration of the fine appearance of the Highlanders. Through a mix-up of orders, the Highland Guard, New York Caledonian Club, marched without swords for the first time in a club parade. Captain Reid, however, felt that a turnout of about thirty members in the ranks

made up for the lack of swords. Immediately behind the New York Guardsmen came the Highland Guard of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia, Captain Alexander Tulloch, making its initial New York appearance. Captain Tulloch was congratulated upon the military bearing of his men, and showed how well he was fitted for his job by rattling out orders and seeing to it that they were promptly executed. The number marching in the kilt was larger than turned out in 1921, and before dismissing the parade, Chief Caldwell thanked the visitors for their help in making such a fine showing of the Garb of Old Gaul.

Not long after reaching the grounds the rain began to fall and soon was coming down in torrents. All of the A. A. U. events were put off until some future date. The large dance hall was used for the Highland events, and after the rain let up, late in the afternoon, the races for members' sons and the football games were run off. The winners in the different events were as follows:

Highland Dress (open)—First, Angus M. Fraser, New York; second, A. MacFarlan, Philadelphia; third, James Moir, Scranton.

Highland Dress (novice)—First, W. Macaulay, Newark; second, Alex. Macpherson, New York; third, Fred Magee, New York.

Highland Dress (members)—First, Angus M. Fraser; second, Alex. Macpherson; third, Robert M. Bernard.

Highland Dress (boys)—First, Gordon Patterson; second, Edward MacPhee; third, Matthew Oliver.

To Our Subscribers

IT is a good thing to examine the date on the wrapper of your paper now and then. It reveals the exact condition of your subscription account. In case it reads Oct., 1922, or any date prior to this, your subscription should be renewed at once. This will save postage and unnecessary clerical work. The change of date on the wrapper the following month is the receipt for your subscription, unless otherwise requested. In renewing your own subscription, send us also the address of a friend or neighbor not now receiving the paper.

Bagpipe Playing—First, Murdo Elder; second, D. Buchanan; third, W. Smith.

Bagpipe Playing (novice)—First, Irene Roth; second, W. Macaulay; third, W. MacMillan.

Highland Fling—First, Angus M. Fraser; second, T. Sanderson; third, Murdo Elder.

Sword Dance—First, Angus M. Fraser; second, T. Sanderson; third, Murdo Elder.

Sailor's Hornpipe—First, T. Sanderson; second, Angus M. Fraser; third, Murdo Elder.

Highland Fling (girls over 16)—First, Irene Roth; second, Mary Shilland; third, Edith Lumsden.

Seann Treubhas—First, Irene Roth; second, Mary Shilland; third, Edith Lumsden.

Highland Fling (girls under 12)—First, Isabel White; second, Alexandra MacCraw; third, Jean Shilland.

Highland Fling (boys under 12)—First, Gordon Patterson; second, Edward MacPhee.

Boys' Race (members' sons under 12)—First, Robert M. Bernard, Jr.; second, D. Williamson; third, Murdo MacPherson, Jr.

Boys' Race (members' sons, 12 to 16)—First, Donald MacCraw; second, D. Mackenzie; third, Fred McGee, Jr.

Bagpipe Playing (members)—First, Murdo Mackenzie; second, Angus M. Fraser; third, Roderick Davidson.

Six-a-side Football—Won by the New York Football Club; second, Paterson Caledonian Club.

Dancing to the music of Forbes' Orchestra kept the merrymakers busy until midnight. Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Flora Burns, President and Vice-President of the Ladies' Society, put in the day selling programs, thereby adding some much-needed cash to the day's receipts. Old-time members like Frank Dykes and Sandy Tasker, unalterably opposed to prohibition, had to admit that it was the "wettest" games they ever had attended and wanted no more like it.

MONTHLY MEETING

The monthly meeting of the New York Caledonian Club was held Tuesday evening, September 12, Chief Caldwell presiding. Hector MacLean was elected to membership, and as Chief Caldwell was bothered with a sore throat, ex-Chief Foulis performed the pleasant work of initiating the new member. Three propositions were received. Ex-Chief James W. Taylor, who was elected a member at the September meeting in 1892 and initiated by Chief William Hogg, was publicly congratulated by Chief Caldwell on reaching veteran membership. That the Chief's remarks were endorsed by the meeting was made evident by the applause. The Sick and Visiting Committee reported that Clansman James H. Miller had been drowned at a South American port. The death was also announced of Clansman James Forbes. Clansman Forbes was the well-known orchestra leader. Masonic services were held by Scotia Lodge, F. & A. M. Interment was in the Club plot at Mt. Olivet. A partial report on the Labor Day games indicated a large financial loss. The matter of holding another meet to run off the A. A. U. events was left to the Games Committee with power. A Social Com-

mittee was elected to manage the week-end dances, beginning Saturday, October 1.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The first meeting of the fall season was held in the club parlor Wednesday evening, September 13, Mrs. Alexander Caldwell presiding. The matter of the usual fall entertainment being the principal business on hand, Monday evening, November 6 (Election Eve), was selected as the date, the club hall as the place, and a barn dance as the form of the social. Chieftain John Davidson's Jazz Band was secured for the occasion, and committees were appointed to manage the various parts making up such a gathering. The ladies are hustlers, and as always will turn out another success.

—PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Chicago, Ill.

One of the greatest events in the history of the Illinois St. Andrew Society took place in the Red Room of the Hotel La Salle, Friday evening, September 22, when President William F. Dickson and his Boosters' Committee presented 100 candidates for initiation. This is the largest number of new members ever received into the Society at one time, and is the result of the Membership Campaign that has been promoted by the president and enthusiastic aids in recent weeks.

Owing to Thanksgiving falling upon St. Andrew's Day this year, the 77th Annual Banquet of the Society will be held at Hotel La Salle, Tuesday evening, November 28. A record attendance is expected.

St. Louis, Mo.

The Caledonian Society held its regular quarterly meeting September 11 at the Missouri Athletic Club. In the absence of President W. Harry Mare, the chair was occupied by Past-President Stewart Scott. The Pipe Band was discussed releasing long sought light on the history of the band, and insuring new activity in putting the organization in proper condition.

The appeal of the British and Canadian Club, presented at the previous meeting, was taken up and was voted on without discussion, the excellent record of the club since it started, having gained for it a host of friends. The Society's donation of \$100 will strengthen the fraternal union between the British organizations in the city.

New members elected during the evening were: The Rev. Dr. Donald C. MacLeod, Sydney A. Anderson, Chas. S. Brown and Robert P. Hutcheson.

Arrangements are being made for the annual St. Andrew's Day Banquet. Particulars will be announced later.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll, editor of the *British Weekly*, has been spending the summer at the Aberdeenshire manse, where he was born 70 years ago. One wonders if he is using the occasion to write the early chapters of his autobiography, a book which we should all be delighted to get.

Highlanders' Institute, Glasgow

Enthusiasm continues unabated in behalf of the Highlanders' Institute movement, which was announced in the May CALEDONIAN, not only in Glasgow, but throughout the Highlands and Islands and among Highland organizations everywhere.

In addition to the great Bazaar, to be held in St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, Nov. 23-25, which promises to be a huge success, an elaborate program of events has been arranged in support of the scheme, the purpose of which is to secure funds for a social center for young Highlanders coming into the city. Such a meeting-place has been greatly needed for many years.

Following are the dates of the season's events, for which the support of all Highlanders and of all interested in the welfare of the Highlands is invited:

Aug. 12, Garden Fete at Haifon, Argyll Stall; Aug. 15, Evening Cruise from Broomielaw, Tramwaymen's Stall; Aug. 19, Garden Fete at Kames Castle, Bute and Arran Stall; Aug. 19, Flag Day at Dunoon, Argyll Stall; Aug. 19, Garden Fete at Rhuebeg, Strone, Argyll Stall; Aug. 20, Flag Day at Brodick and Corrie, Bute and Arran Stall; Aug. 26, Flag Day at Rothessay, Bute and Arran Stall; Sept. 5, Concert in Greenhead Halls, Tramwaymen's Stall; Sept. 15, Concert in Christian Institute, Inner Isles Stall; Sept. 26, Whist Drive and Dance in Govan Depot Hall, Tramwaymen's Stall; Sept. 29, Dance at Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel, Aberfoyle, Refreshments Stall; Oct. 5, Dance in Charing Cross Halls, Moray and Banff Stall; Oct. 10, Grand Concert in St. Andrew's Halls, Mrs. J. R. Colquhoun, Convener; Oct. 13, Lady Pettigrew's Dance in Grand Hotel, Caithness and Sutherland Stall; Oct. 13, Dance, etc., in Central Halls, Bath Street, Moray and Banff Stall; Oct. 18, Dance, etc., in Grand Hotel, Moray and Banff Stall; Oct. 20, Concert and Dance in City Hall, United Associations of Ross & Cromarty Stall; Oct. 20, Dance, etc., in McLellan Galleries, Moray and Banff Stall; Oct. 24, Whist Drive and Dance in Govan Depot Hall, Tramwaymen's Stall; Nov. 8, Concert in Longside Hall, Caithness and Sutherland Stall; Nov. 15, Grand Highland Ball in St. Andrew's Halls, Mr. J. D. Macdonald, Convener; Nov. 23-25, Grand Highland Bazaar in St. Andrew's Halls, Sir Andrew Pettigrew, J. P., Convener; Dec. 15, Grand Highland Concert in St. Andrew's Halls, Mr. J. Michael Diack, Convener; Jan. 10, Fancy Dress Ball in St. Andrew's Halls, Mr. John A. Stewart, Convener.

With a cover that is a masterpiece in its design, portraying Scotia's Honors, guarding pages of instructive and amusing articles and stories, THE CALEDONIAN ought with the help of the many Scots of America and elsewhere, have a circulation second to none of any Scottish or British publication in this country.

I have learned much from it and spent many a happy hour over it.

Sincerely,

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

Detroit St. Andrew's Midsummer Outing

One of the largest gatherings of Scots and their friends that ever turned out in Detroit in a midsummer outing swept over Bob Lo Island, August 17, a day of glorious sunshine and soft breezes. It took more than five boats to carry the pleasure-seeking crowds. Tartans of every clan waved and harmonized with the many beauties of the historic Canadian Island. The sound of the pipes were heard in every corner. Stalwart Scots from the Teviot and Tweed came to wrestling holds with men of the Dee and the Don and with lusty Highlanders and lithesome Canadians, bringing cheers and slogans from the throats of the sport-loving throng. Chairman John Cameron has been unable to talk above a whisper for weeks, while David Rodger, Secretary, and our genial John Smith have calluses on their hands handing out the many prizes. Imagine 52 wee lasses under ten years competing for Scots reels. No wonder the games lasted until the dark, for there was a very heavy competition.

Chicago, Flint and Grand Rapids sent their Grants and Frazers; Toronto, Windsor and Hamilton their Mackenzies and MacDonalds. A proud man that day was D. A. MacLeod, President of St. Andrew's Society, with John Cameron, Chairman, Dr. Fowler, D. T. Rodger, Angus Mackay, R. S. Rankin, Alex. Watson, Detroit; D. Macpherson, of Toronto, Judge of Pipe Music; and a great many more.

Some of the prize winners were as follows:—Best dressed Highlanders—John Cameron and Walter Sinclair; Bag pipe competition marches—Donald Graham, M. Macpherson and Duncan Ferguson; Strathspeys and Reels—John Reid and Donald Graham; Bag pipe competition for girls—Maggie McIvor and Fuschia Harkness; Highland Fling for men—Bruce Cameron and Thomas Bowie; Sword dance—Bruce Cameron and Thomas Bowie; while many of the girls and boys won gold and silver medals for the many highland events.

E. McLellan, Ed. Hall and Dr. Nelson won at throwing the 56 lb. weight; L. Christianson—1st in the 16 lb. shot; Detroit police won 1st in Tug of War, Jim Sprott at the head; and St. Andrew's 2nd; F. H. Keene won the medal at quoits, with Robert Hogg and A. McRobbie close behind him.

Happy but tired, lads, lasses, men and women, with empty boxes and baskets sought the waiting steamers, eager for home again, but with memories awakened and friendships renewed, all well pleased at thoughts of a real good holiday spent among their ain folk.

THE NORTH O' THE GRAMPIANS.

On August the 19th that happy family group o' northern Scots and their wives and children, some on boats, some on trains and quite a few in automobiles, sped off to Stuart Lodge near Belle River, Canada, where they spent one grand and glorious holiday far frae the reek o' the toon. Games of every kind were played both by lads and lasses. Bruce Cameron and

Donald Graham stirred oor blood with the pipes of their fathers. Dance followed dance while Jamie Inverarity, the founder of the Club, gave a pawkie speech. Alex. Watson and John Cameron presented the ladies with brooches and medals, the real Cairngorms.

Tables were set by our host and hostess. He certainly had a good eye for beauty when he picked such a lady for his wife, but the Stuarts were ever such. We had a real out-door feast; tatties and corn, roast beef, pie, vegetables of all kinds, besides tea and coffee. Oh, and everything good!

It's a beautiful spot, Stuart Lodge, for fishing, boating or hunting and bathing and we hope the Stuarts will be there for all time for the welcome to us once a year is long looked forward to and is ever a pleasant memory to look back to and us Grampian folk are a kindly folk.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

6744 Vincewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Troy, N. Y.

To the Scottish folk of Troy and vicinity Old Sol never shone sae bright and glorious as he did Saturday afternoon, August 26, on the occasion of Thistle Day (Scotland's Day) and the annual basket picnic of the Troy Burns Club, at the George Bowman farm at West Sandlake. Probably the weather man was touched with the week-end appeal of the "weans frae Glesca":

"Rainy, rainy, rattle stanes,

 Dinna rain on us,

 But rain on Johnny Groat's hoose

 Faur across the sea."

And what a gathering of "bonnie lads and bonnie lassies," many of whom passed their teens in the land of heather and bluebells. It was naething but smiles, pleasant greetings, happy reunions and a guid time. Gang where ye liked among the crood ye could hear:

"Hoot! Mon!"

"Hoo's a' wi' ye?"

"My, I'm gled tae see ye,"

and hundreds of other hamely Scotch expressions. Hands gripped—and they gripped techt, too—that hadn't done so for some years, and many in attendance who had tended school in some Scottish toon in the lowlands or amid the hills and happy days to review. The women folk were "oot in their braws," and the weans, the wee anes, had the time of their lives in their "counting out" games.

The North Adams Highland Bagpipe Band, 14 pipers and drummers, in charge of Pipe Major Isaac Brown, was one of the features of the picnic. The band was accompanied by Alexander Renton, its patron. The organization recently won the championship for kiltie bands in the State of Massachusetts, and the appearance, tone and execution of the players made "the bluid rin high."

Expert Highland dancing was given by three Scotch lassies, in full Highland dress. Miss Daisy Stalker, medalist, of North Adams, gave the sword dance in faultless manner, while Miss Mary Gibson and Miss Winifred Leslie of

Albany danced the Highland fling in a manner that pleased the crowd. Pipe Major Isaac Brown skirled the pipes. General dancing helped entertain.

The soccer football game on the upper field drew a large crowd, the players being Troy and Hoosick Falls Scots. The result was 5 to 2 in favor of Troy.

But the basket lunch on the hill side was emblematic of the oldest national flower in the world—the Scottish thistle—the flower of remembrance. The thistle is made up of many members, each complete in itself, but combining for the general good to form one perfect whole. So on the hillsides at West Sandlake Saturday were aliens born not only in all parts of Scotland, but almost in every part of the British empire, and the unity and good fellowship that prevailed was inspiring.

An innovation was the cooking department in charge of Thomas Soutar, a native of Arbroath. Those assisting were James Bowman, William Ross and George Ralston. The curious were warned not to bother the cooks, as "they micht burn the watter."

At the close of the day's program the band and crowd marched to the residence of Mr. Bowman and serenaded the family. Cheers were given and all departed delighted and singing:

"Oh, ye'll tak' the high road

 An' I'll tak' the low road."

John C. Ross was general chairman, and was aided by the entertainment committee and officers.

Scottish folk were present from Bennington, Vt.; North Adams, Mass.; Scotia, Schenectady, Mechanicville, Albany and other places.

Cohoes, N. Y.

Friday evening, September 8, the Sons of Scotia had its opening meeting of the season. It was in the nature of a get-together, and the program was largely of Scottish song. The president, David White, referred to the 54 years' service rendered to the Scottish people of the Spindle City, and of the usefulness and sacrifice of the membership in times of need of brother Scots and their families. John Dick, of Albany, the popular Scottish baritone of the Hudson and Mohawk valleys, gave a splendid recital and James Bowman, of Troy, assisted.

Holyoke, Mass.

The 10th annual picnic of the United Scottish Societies of Holyoke took place Sunday, Sept. 3, at Couture's Grove. It rained some, but the 300 that attended had a fine time. The Holyoke Kiltie band played. The day was given over mainly to sports and some interesting contests developed. Mrs. Swords was the high point getter in the women's races, and J. Phillips led the male field. Mrs. Swords won a solitary first and several seconds and thirds, while J. Phillips won a pair of firsts. The quiting competition was won by E. Ford: Allan Burnette, second. The tug-of-war (10 men on a side) between Clan MacLaren and the Caledonians was won by the Caledonians.

Famous Scott Portrait Comes to New York

J. Horace Harding, New York, has bought Raeburn's famous portrait of Sir Walter Scott and also one of the finest of the Gainsboroughs—his portrait of the lovely Mrs. Fitzherbert.

The famous portrait of Sir Walter Scott by Raeburn was in the Baroness Burdett-Coutts collection. The portrait was sold at the first session of the Burdett-Coutts sale at Christie's on May 4 last. The Messrs. Knoedler, of New York, secured the picture, one of the grand prizes of the sale, for 9,200 guineas (about \$41,000 at the present rate of exchange).

Raeburn painted the novelist wearing a dark-green coat, a yellow vest and black tie, with a silver chain twisted through his waistcoat button. While Scott was sitting for the picture he told Raeburn he might find a purchaser for it, to which the artist replied:

"I am painting this for myself, although in time it may find its way into your own family."

This did not happen, for Raeburn's family sold the picture in 1877 and it passed into the Burdett-Coutts collection in 1888.

Mr. Harding is one of the trustees of the gift to the City of New York bequeathed by Henry Clay Frick. By Mr. Frick's will the city will ultimately come into possession of the Frick home and art gallery at Fifth Avenue and 70th Street, valued at \$50,000,000 together with an endowment of \$15,000,000 to establish and maintain it as an art centre. Among the other trustees are John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Lewis Cass Ledyard and Horace Havemeyer. In his will Mr. Frick "begged" each of these trustees to accept \$50,000 in token of his regard.

The Scots Pictorial, commenting upon the incident, says: In all probability there will be a considerable outcry because the Raeburn portrait of Scott, the last which he painted, and one of considerable historical value, is going across the Atlantic to New York. No doubt

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its appropriate home would be the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. There are, however, two sides to the question. In these times the expenditure of national or even private money in this country on works of deceased artists, in such large sums as the price in question, is open to grave question. Further, the general interest in works of art of this kind is limited. How many even of those claiming culture in artistic matters in Edinburgh, say, can mention the outstanding pictures in the National and Portrait Galleries for which similarly large sums have been paid? Usually there is a little stir when a valuable work, for which a fortune has been paid, is placed in one of these repositories; but thereafter it is allowed to remain in practical seclusion. Some people take the trouble to go and look at it once; the great majority never see it, or even if they do pass through the gallery, only give it a casual glance.

Apart from the money question there is a good deal to be said for notable works of art going to America. After all, America has not old masters of its own. It is highly desirable that the New World should have the opportunity of seeing masterpieces from the Old. It is an

"No people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as the Scots have done. No people have a greater right to be proud of their blood."—*James Anthony Froude.*

Scotland's Mark on America

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With a Foreword by **JOHN FOORD**

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educative element which it would be churlish to deny our American cousins.

The Raeburn portrait will have good company. The owner, Mr. Horace Harding, already possesses some remarkable representative British works of art. I had some conversation with him when he was in Edinburgh. He is a mild, modest, pleasant and estimable type of American. His interest in his purchase is not that of a dealer, but that of a real lover of art. For that artists everywhere will be grateful. Personally, I have no feeling against works of art being secured by other countries. One may take the view that, after all, the expenditure of these large sums is a compliment to the country of origin. While it may be regretted that these pictures should go out of the country, Americans might well complain that it is a great pity that all that money should be going away from America, with what, to some, might represent only a very meagre return.

Cleveland, Ohio

St. Andrews Scottish Benevolent Society of Cleveland, dedicated its new dancing pavilion at the Old Folks Home property on Saturday, September 9. The trustees represented by Adam Graham, chairman, formally turned the pavilion over to the Scottish Societies of Cleveland, and told them it is theirs to use at any time. Although no lights have been installed, several afternoon parties are being planned; dancing will not be permitted on Sundays. Visitors to these grounds are always anxious to come back, and these visits are creating much interest in the building plans of the Home.

Flora Macdonald College

Flora Macdonald College opened for the fall term with two records broken—the largest Senior Class in the history of the institution and more old students returning than ever before.

President C. G. Vardell has returned from his two months' visit spent in Scotland, where he was the recipient of many courtesies. The press of the country was lavish in the space given to stories of the American college, dedicated to the memory of the Scottish heroine, and many new friends were made for the North Carolina institution.

Flora Macdonald College has learned with great regret of the death of Mr. William Sloane, of New York. Mr. Sloane was a warm and interested friend of the institution, and was always counted on to "stand by."

"Scotch Night" will be celebrated on October tenth—Founders' Day—with Miss Florence Mulholland, of Brooklyn, appearing here in a recital of Scottish songs.

Troy, N. Y.

From Inquiries All Appear To Enjoy THE CALEDONIAN. If only the Scottish Societies would publish news and interest one another in the activities that are successful, and do a little persistent propaganda in an effort to help the only magazine that represents things Scottish in the United States, it would be a good thing for all concerned.

—J. H. P.

Cameron Post, 79, G. A. R., New York

The Associate Members of Cameron Post, 79, G. A. R., have been taking a good, long vacation, and we expect to resume our efforts in the direction of practicing good will, as we all know the satisfaction from the spreading of good fellowship is its own reward.

The comrades of the Post have put up to the Amusement Committee the job of supplying as good or better entertainment than last season, and they report that they have engaged the Green Room of the Hotel McAlpin for the evening of October 17th, for their first dance. Other dates have been secured for the season, but we want all of the many friends of Cameron Post to be on hand for the first dance.

There are also rumors of other little socials and other parties for the season, and the members of the Post and others will do well to keep right in touch with the meetings personally. It looks as though we will have a fine season, due chiefly to the fact that we have entire harmony.

—THE CHAPLAIN.

Scranton, Pa.

An enthusiastic meeting of the Caledonian Club of Scranton was held September 18, in preparation for a number of Winter Socials. It is the consensus of opinion here that the right spirit is in gatherings of this sort, and that the right hand of fellowship given to everyone makes us remember the land of our birth, not forgetting that we are 100 per cent. Americans. We are organizing Soccer football clubs here, which will help to keep the spirit of Scotsmen alive. Best wishes for your admirable magazine, which I could do without.

—WILLIAM LYALL, Secy.

Alexander Forbes Honored

Alexander Forbes, the veteran seedsman of Newark, N. J., was recently elected president of the American Seed Trade Association. Our canny friend, George Watson, writing in *Horticulture*, says: "Alec Forbes may consider himself highly honored. It isn't everybody who gets into 'George's Corner' in *Horticulture*. There must be something wonderful about the man before he can make Old Tornaeven sit up and take notice. Well, in this case, there is. Sandy Forbes was born south of the Grampian hills instead of north of them, where the Forbeses belong; but he has proved himself a true son of the clan, all the same, and a credit to his ancestry, a glory to the seed trade of the Old World and the New, and we all take our hats off to him. The A. S. T. A. has honored one who richly deserves the honor, and we all hail him with proud acclaim, and wish him long life and prosperity. A real seedsman—in every sense of the word—a gentleman and scholar. *'Leave not your caresses for my dead cold brow; the way is long and weary; give them to me now.'* That's how we feel towards Alexander!"

In Milwaukee, Wis.

The first glimpse I got of Milwaukee, coming out of the train, I said, "Well, this might be a German city, but the pioneers must have been Scots; and I found out afterward that such was the case, for the first families were Mitchells, Smiths, Curries, Brydens and Gordons, and I suppose many others. I was fortunate in meeting a Scot of the Scots, a Mr. John Picken, who kindly dined me and took me for a long spin in his car all through the city and way out into the country. Mr. Picken has been for more than thirty years in Milwaukee and knows most of the Scottish families, especially older ones. He introduced me to some, and told me some interesting stories of others.

Among the most interesting of these early Scots was James Anderson Bryden, a native of Dumfries, Scotland. After the death of Senator Mitchell and others who had planned a Burns Monument for Milwaukee, finding himself the only one of the group left, he determined to erect one at his own expense. The commission was placed with W. Grant Stevenson, R. S. A., of Edinburgh, and a monument, the same as that in Chicago, was erected. It was unveiled June 26, 1909, by Miss Juneau McGee, a representative of one of the oldest Scottish families in Milwaukee. We noticed a statue of her own grandfather, I think, Colonel Juneau, one of the first settlers. It was this same James Bryden, who at a great gathering back in the early sixties, when "Abe" Lincoln was traveling through the State, won first prize at a ploughing match, receiving the prize from Lincoln's own hand. He won from many competitors who had come to share in the glory of the President's Visit.

So you see I was right about Milwaukee and her Scottish pioneers. To-day they have a flourishing St. Andrew's Society, Mr. Livingston, head gardener for Banker Vogel, being president. I met quite a few Scots, all seemingly well to do. Mr. Picken himself is a curler, golfer and an enthusiastic bowler, and his good wife shows he is a guid judge of bonnie lasses. One of the largest florists is Mr. Currie, a native of Kilmarnock—Mr. Dunlop is another o' the same ilk. The Rev. Mr. Dorward, a native of Arbroath, is another enthusiastic Scot, as well as being known in Milwaukee as a very patriotic American, being Chaplain of one of their companies.

The city itself is very beautiful with its many parks and its lake front, its winding highways, buildings of art, business blocks, libraries, etc. Everyone is busy, although its large breweries are closed tight. I would say a city without poverty, for I saw no slums. I greatly enjoyed my visit to Milwaukee.

—JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

Scranton, Pa.

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—J. M.

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The Black Watch in America

Alfred C. Blossom, a New York architect, who has had in charge the restoration of old Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, is in Scotland, the guest of the Forty-second Highlanders, the famous Black Watch Regiment, at Perth. Mr. Blossom will present to the regiment a record of the work of restoration at Fort Ticonderoga, where the Royal Highlanders covered themselves with glory in the early days of America's history.

The ravages of time and of native vandals had reduced the old fort to a crumbling condition, when in 1908 Mr. Blossom conceived the project of restoration. Under auspices of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, aided by the cordial endorsement and support of former President Taft and the then Governor Charles Evans Hughes, the work was put into the hands of Mr. Blossom and under his direction carried forward and brought to completion this year.

The following interesting description of the memorial and resume of the associations clustering around old "Fort Ti" is taken from the *New York Times*:

The presentation volume is the work of Earnest Clegg of this city, an illuminating artist of international reputation. The binding was designed by Miss Edith Diehl of Mount Vernon. The dedication page, by Mr. Clegg, is exquisitely illuminated by hand in three colors. The page following is devoted to a superbly wrought representation of a combined star and cross,



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bearing in the centre an oval figure of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, the whole being the badge of the regiment. Succeeding pages carry photographs of Fort Ticonderoga, as it now appears and also of the site and ruins of the fortification prior to its restoration. The volume is 16¼ by 13 inches, and is adorned with metal clasps bearing the regimental badge.

EARLY HISTORY RECALLED

The Black Watch Regiment played a valorous part in the fighting annals of the old fort, a spot where, in the earliest days of the history of this country, Briton and American fought side by side. There Americans, English, French and Canadians may clasp hands on common ground, for there each had his defeats as well as his victories. As far back as 1609 the French pioneer, Samuel de Champlain, found an Indian stockade in existence on what subsequently became the site of the fort, a promontory at the juncture of Lake George and Lake Champlain.

It was here the French under Marquis de Montcalm erected in 1758, a temporary defensive work and named it Fort Vaudreuil, later to be called Fort Carillon, and still later on a site a little removed, Fort Ticonderoga. This latter work was still in progress when a force under the British commander, Abercrombie, suffered defeat in an assault delivered in July, 1758. Precisely a year later a successful attack was made by General Sir Jeffrey Amherst, who captured the fort and held it until 1775, during which period its repairs and development were carried to completion. Then the British were turned out by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys. In 1777 Burgoyne drove out General St. Clair, and was himself forced a few months later to surrender to General Gates at Saratoga, in which direction he had issued from the fort in pursuit of General St. Clair. The fort continued in British hands until the surrender at Yorktown.

With the object of curbing the menacing spread of French influence from the north, the powers in England decided to dispatch military levies to this country in 1756. Conspicuous among these troops was the Black Watch Regiment, then also known as the Forty-second Highlanders. It was this Scotch regiment that made the unsuccessful attack on the fort under General Abercrombie in July, 1758. As evidence of the fury of the assault the Black Watch lost in killed 8 officers, 9 sergeants and 297 men. The figures for casualties represent more than half of the total number participating in the attack.

(In this action fell Major Duncan Campbell, the hero of Robert Louis Stevenson's poem, "Ticonderoga," and the haunting legend of Campbell of Inverawe.—Ed.)

One year later the Black Watch, together with nine battalions of troops raised among the American colonists, again assaulted the fort, which was evacuated by the French defenders after a few days' siege. The casualties on this occasion were slight, although the defenders were subjected to a heavy fire. It was said that the garrison fired about 500 bombs.

The subsequent history of the Black Watch Regiment in America is chiefly associated with the account of sundry expeditions against hos-

tile Indian tribes. Eventually the regiment set sail for home from Philadelphia in July, 1767, after twelve years of continuous service on this continent. Of those who first landed with the regiment in America the greater number had been killed or had died of their wounds here and at home. Not a few of the survivors took their discharge and settled in this country, where their descendants are to be found in great numbers today. A handsome memorial to the Black Watch was dedicated at Ticonderoga in 1900.

Americans will find their interest in the old fort centered in the west barracks, now completely restored, since it was there that Ethan Allen with his small band of eighty-odd Green Mountain boys, made his dramatic entry on the morning of May 7, 1775, when "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," he captured the fort.

The Restoration of Yarrow Kirk

The following statement and appeal in connection with the restoration of Yarrow Kirk has been issued by the Rev. Roger S. Kirkpatrick in name of the Kirk Session:—

In the early morning of Monday, 17th April, 1922, Yarrow Kirk was destroyed by fire. All over the world lovers of Scott, Hogg, Willie Laidlaw, and many others connected with Yarrow's enchanted vale learned with deep regret of the fate of the sacred shrine, and will doubtless respond to the appeal which is now being made for funds to assist in the restoration of the famous Kirk. Only the walls and belfry remain. The whole interior, almost all the memorials contained in it, and every scrap of the admirable woodwork of 1906, have perished.

We quote from the published appeal and heartily recommend the scheme to our readers:

A complete restoration of the Church, preserving its identity, will cost not less than £5000, and may cost about £6000. The legal liability of the Heritors has been calculated at £3750; and this sum, which includes the general compensation provided for by insurance, the Heritors have agreed to place at the disposal of the Minister and the Kirk-Session, "on condition that they—the Minister and Kirk-Session—raise a further sum, and undertake to restore the Church as nearly as they can to the condition in which it was before the fire." This means that an additional sum of at least £1500, and more probably approaching £2,000, must be raised. The Minister and Kirk-Session feel themselves bound to accept this responsibility. They realize that they are trustees in this matter, not for the parishioners only, but for all who cherish towards Yarrow and its Kirk sentiments of interest and affection. An unworthy or an inadequate restoration would meet with universal disapproval. Members of the congregation may be trusted to do the utmost that is within their power. But their resources are not large. They are a little flock in a sparsely peopled rural parish.

To all lovers of Yarrow, accordingly, this appeal for support is addressed. It is an urgent appeal, because, the congregation being

homeless, the work must proceed forthwith. Contributions towards the Restoration Fund, whether small or large, will be received and acknowledged with gratitude by the Rev. Roger S. Kirkpatrick, Yarrow Manse, Selkirk, by Mr. Thomas Wilson, Ladhope, Yarrow, Selkirk, by Mr. William Douglas, Catslack-burn, Yarrow, Selkirk, and by Mr. James Watson, Deuchar, Manse Road, Motherwell. The Minister and Kirk-Session permit themselves to entertain the hope, that, as they have been upheld in their misfortune by the concern and sympathy of many, so by the good-will and generous assistance of friends near and far, they may be enabled through the Divine Blessing to restore again their little Church among the hills to the glory of Him whom they worship, and to make it an excellency, a joy of many generatins.

Of memorials within the Church, only the marble tablet—slightly injured—commemorating Dr. James Lorimer, who died in 1775 (see Dr. James Russell's "Reminiscences of Yarrow", p. 146), and the Flagstone—discolored but otherwise uninjured apparently—commemorating the men of the parish who fell during the War, have survived the fire. The Scott, Hogg and Wordsworth brasses, the monument to Willie Laidlaw, and the mural tablet and Font of the Good Shepherd in memory of Dr. Borland, have perished. The 18th century pewter plates, basin and Communion cups, with the old collection ladles (ib. p. 146), have also perished. The Church Records, the old Communion Tokens, the silver and plated Sacramental vessels, at present in use, and the other contents of the fireproof safes, have been fortunately preserved from any appreciable damage. One old pulpit Bible, dating from the ministry of Dr. Robert Cramond (1776-1791), although exposed to the fire, survives in a charred condition. A handsome Font Ewer of brass, presented by the Misses Borland in memory of their late brother and of his ministry in Yarrow, which should have been dedicated at service upon Easter Sunday, 16th April, was not delivered until the next morning, and by this happy chance escaped destruction. It is a matter for congratulation that the exterior mural memorials, the Rutherford monument (ib. pp. 172, 310), on the northern wall, the Dalgliesh in Fastheugh monument, against the western gable, the monuments of the Scotts in Ladhope, against the eastern gable, and the old inscribed sundial at the southwestern corner, which is contemporaneous with the erection of the Church (ib. pp. 142, 310), remain entirely uninjured. The old bell (ib. pp. 143, 309, 310) hangs still, also apparently uninjured, in the belfry.

Dr. Alexander Mac Lachlan, president of the International College, Smyrna, built in 1891, who escaped to a British warship after being roughly handled by the Turks, was a classmate of the late Mr. Mac Dougall, editor of THE CALEDONIAN. Dr. Mac Lachlan visited the United States in 1919-20 and contributed several interesting articles to the magazine upon the wonderful relief work done by the College in the World War.

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Cincinnati, Ohio

The annual outing of the Caledonian Society of Cincinnati, September 9th, was made notable by the presence of William Dearness, now of Milwaukee, a former President of the Society, and by the first public rendition of his song, "The Gathering of the Clan Munro," which was splendidly interpreted by the talented singer, Miss Agnes K. Wagner, and exceedingly well received by the large audience present. Mr. Dearness expressed much gratification with Miss Wagner's rendition.

This song was first published in THE CALEDONIAN of September, 1915, and attracted wide attention. The song, with Mr. Dearness' notes, follows:

THE GATHERING OF THE CLAN MUNRO

Air: "Hail to the Chief"

Note: This air is older than Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and Roderick Dhu's supposed welcome.

Fresh from Ben Wyvis a fair wind is blowing.

Tighearna Fholais to battle will go.

Red in the clachan the tartans are glowing,

Golden-haired sons of the Rottaich Munro.

Lochlin, her fiords and isles,

Mountains and deep defiles,

Welcome and wassail will freely bestow.

Heaven on the voyage smiles,

Song all the toil beguiles.

Eerie oy, orie oy, Donald Munro.

Soon shall in Sweden Clann Rottaich appearing,
Garbhaig nann Glea-an their bonnets will show.

"Casthail Fholais thiene," Munroes will be cheering,

Golden-haired sons of the Rottaich Munro.

Lochlin, her fiords and isles, *etc.*

Bright on our shields we the eagle emblazon;

"Dread only God," is the motto below.

"Brielaig na broige," we're trampling the braes on,

Golden-haired sons of the Rottaich Munro.

Lochlin, her fiords and isles, *etc.*

"Cumha fhir Fholais," some no more returning,
Clansmen will mourn for them, coronachs blow.

Bravely they fell, Saxon quarter aye spurning,
Golden-haired sons of the Rottaich Munro.

Lochlin, her fiords and isles,

Mountains and deep defiles,

Welcome and wassail will freely bestow.

Heaven on the voyage smiles,

Song all the toil beguiles.

Eerie oy, orie oy, Donald Munro.

The song which met with a Highland welcome from Sir Hector Munro, at Fowls Castle, Ross-shire, is the response to a request made by Willis Munro, President of the American Cotton Oil Company, a resident of Cincinnati.

The author having mentioned a reminiscence of his boyhood in Orkney, when his father, a sailor of the old school, dandling him on his lap, would please him with a song the burden of which was "Eerie oy, orie oy,

Donald Munro," Mr. Munro insisted on the diligence of the author to remember the body of the lyric, which was found to be impossible. He produced the above, which in the words of advertising lore was probably "just as good."

The incident is the expedition of the Clan Munro to Sweden, where Gustavus Adolphus received them with enthusiasm, and within a short time drew on the resources of the clan for many distinguished warriors, who were given deserved responsibilities, and who earned high honors.

Ben Wyvis: One of Scotland's very high mountains, situated in Ross-shire.

Clachan: A Highland village. The tartan of the clan is brilliant in color effect. *Tighearna Fholais:* The Highland title points to the union of the families of Munro and Foulis.

Lochlin: The Gaelic name of Norway. Lake and waterfall (Ossian).

Eerie oy, etc.: Grandsons and great-grandsons of Munro.

Rottaich Munro: The founder of the Clan Munro.

Garbhaig nann Glea-an: Club moss—the badge of the Munroes.

Casthail Fholais thiene: "Castle Foulis burns"—slogan of Munro.

Brielaig na broige: An obsolete lyric, the march of the Munroes. Literally, "Keep to the foot-path."

Cumha Fhir Fholais: Lament or funeral dirge on the bagpipes, played at funerals of the clan as coronachs.—W. D.

Scottish Home Rule

(From the *New York Herald*, Sept. 12, 1922.)

There is reported to be in Scotland since the establishment of the Irish Free State a new enthusiasm on the subject of Scottish home rule. For nearly half a century there have been more or less organized efforts to seat a Scottish Parliament at Edinburgh, and since 1911 seven Scottish home rule bills have been introduced in the British Parliament. One got as far as a second reading, the others failed even to reach a committee.

Some votes by Scottish members of Parliament have always been cast against the home rule measure, but in recent years these have formed a small minority. The measure has for a long time found many supporters among English leaders, notably Gladstone, Asquith and Lloyd George. The English supporters of autonomy for the Scots base their belief in its desirability as much on the improvement they think it would effect in the machinery of the Imperial Government as on the amelioration which its Scottish adherents assert it would bring about in Scottish conditions.

In spite of these favorable circumstances there has been an absence of anything like real warmth over the Scottish home rule question. It has remained one of those drifting issues whose reasonableness may be recognized and against which little definite in the way of opposition may be heard and yet which excite no determined and effective action in their favor.

Aside from the consideration of Scottish nationalism and the apparent destiny of the British Empire to become a loosely knit commonwealth of self-governing States the creation of a Scottish Parliament must commend itself to students of government purely on account of the advantages it offers in simplifying the problems of administration.

It seems absurd that the British Parliament should have to undertake legislation upon street car lines in Glasgow and Edinburgh, that it should have to pass water and gas acts and building regulations for these and other Scottish cities, but that has been frequently necessary under the existing system. Scotland has its own Board of Health, Education Department, Fishery Board, Board of Agriculture, Land Court, Prison Commission, etc., but they are all responsible to the Imperial Parliament through one Minister, the Secretary for Scotland.

Scottish home rule supporters have other arguments for their cause, which are based not so much on the ground of inefficiency as upon that of injustice. They claim that less than one-quarter of Scotland's revenues goes for Scottish expenditures, and that imperial expenditures are mostly disbursed in England. They claim that under the existing system housing conditions in Scotland have fallen far below those of England, and that the educational system also suffers by neglect.

Scotland's position in the British Empire has grown to be an anomalous one. She entered the United Kingdom as an equal under the Treaty of Union in 1707, a century after her James VI. had become James I. of England. She gave up her Parliament as the price of free trade. Now she has less authority over her own affairs than those parts of the empire which were at first governed directly by England.

San Diego, California

Although this season of the year may be considered vacation time, still the attendance at the social meetings of the Scottish Social Club are remarkably good, and the enthusiasm of the members unabated. The moonlight excursions, on the beautiful bay, are well attended and enjoyed.

A pleasing program was rendered at the last social, and those who contributed to its success were songs by Mr. J. Whitehill, S. Sandford, Mrs. J. Tetaert and Maude Trexall; Mrs. MacIntosh, dramatic reading. Miss Angela Wehnslow danced Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Music by Mrs. Sandford, and the club orchestra. "Scotland Revisited" was the subject of an address (somewhat humorous) given by Dr. J. M. Wilson, who, along with his estimable wife, have just returned from a pleasant vacation trip to Scotland. In concluding he sang a new typical Scotch song. President Peter MacLean lately presented John McKay (past president) with a beautiful gold emblem in recognition of his past services in the chair and his devoted enthusiasm manifested in the club.

W. J. L.

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Resolution

The Council of the *International Scots Self Government League*, Edinburgh, has heard with deep regret of the death of Mr. James Kennedy, New York. Mr. Kennedy, who was connected with League since its formation, was one of its earliest Honorary Presidents. He took a prominent part in the first Scottish Home Rule campaign in America, conducted by the Honorary Secretary of the League in 1913. The arrangements for the memorable series of meetings, which extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, were largely the result of the unwearied exertions of Mr. Kennedy and Dr. James Law. Mr. Kennedy continued to keep in regular correspondence with the League, and never lost an opportunity of supporting the movement. He sought to awaken Scottish Americans to the importance of linking up their patriotic impulses with practical objects, chief of which was the enrichment of the national life which would flow from Self Government.

The League honors Mr. Kennedy as a pioneer of the great racial movement which seeks to establish the status of Scotland as a Self Governing part of the British Empire. He quickened the lethargic, and inspired the wavering, until he had the satisfaction of seeing the growth of an organization which, animated by his spirit, will carry on the work he loved so well.

The League recalls that during Mr. Kennedy's visit to Scotland in 1914, when he took part in the Bannockburn Sex-centenary celebrations, it was afforded an opportunity of expressing its high and abiding appreciation of his outstanding service of his native land, in stimulating his fellow-countrymen overseas to support the demand for a National Parliament. And now that his labors are over, his comrades in Scotland, mindful of his zeal and devotion, and of his loyalty to the National cause, records its sense of the loss which the League has sustained, and its faith in the belief that his example will inspire others to carry on the work which he has laid down. The League resolves that a copy of this resolution be transmitted to his daughter, Mrs. Eriksen, with an expression of its deep sympathy with her and her friends. (Signed) F. J. ROBERTSON, Hon. Secretary,

International Scots Self Government League,
8 Albert Terrace, Edinburgh.

Obituary

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER SMITH

Prof. Alexander Smith, noted chemist, until recently head of the Department of Chemistry at Columbia University, New York, died in Edinburgh, Scotland, Sept. 9.

Prof. Smith was born in Edinburgh, Sept. 11, 1865, the eldest son of Alex. W. Smith, a well-known musician, and Isabella Carter, daughter of Andrew Carter. He spent the greater part of his life in the United States, where he took a prominent part in chemical research and instruction. He was professor of chemistry for several years at the University of Edinburgh, at Wabash College, and for a long period professor of chemistry and director of general and physical chemistry in the Uni-

versity of Chicago. From 1911 to 1921 he headed the department of chemistry at Columbia.

Prof. Smith received a B. S. degree upon graduation from the University of Edinburgh; Ph. D., Munich, 1889, and LL. D., Edinburgh, 1919. He was dean of the junior colleges at the University of Chicago from 1900 to 1911.

He was the author of the following books, some of which were translated into Russian, German, French, Italian and Portuguese: "Laszar-Cohn Laboratory Manual of Organic Chemistry," "Laboratory Outline of General Chemistry," "Introduction to General Inorganic Chemistry," "General Chemistry for Colleges," "Teaching of Chemistry and Physics," "Textbook of Elementary Chemistry" and "Intermediate Chemistry." He was a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and president of the American Chemical Society, 1911; the Indiana Academy, National Academy of Sciences, London Chemical Society, Spanish Society of Physics and Chemistry (Madrid), the Chemical Gesellschaft and a director of the Kent Laboratory, Chicago. He belonged to the Century Club and the Chemists Club, New York.

Prof. Smith married, 1905, Sara Bowles, daughter of William Bowles, of Memphis, Tenn. He is survived by the widow and a son and daughter.

ARTHUR KNOWLSON

Arthur Knowlson, a leading member and former president of the Canadian Club of New York, died from paralysis at the family's summer home, on Sturgeon Lake, near Lindsay, Ontario, September 5, in his 51st year. Mr. Knowlson was educated in the Lindsay schools and Toronto University. He afterward entered the employ of his brother-in-law, the late G. E. Martin, accountant for the Martin Milling Company. He was the owner of valuable real estate in the business section of Lindsay, and also some property at Sandy Point, Sturgeon Lake. He leaves his wife, four brothers, J. M. Knowlson, Lindsay; Henry and Fred Knowlson, of Detroit, and Herbert Knowlson, of New York; five sisters, Mrs. R. M. Leggett, of Detroit, and Mrs. C. L. Gladman, Mrs. J. Bucknell, Mrs. Ella Martin and Mrs. R. A. Matchette, of Lindsay. His only son, Glore Lindsay, was killed in action during the war.

Mr. Knowlson came to New York in 1895 as advertising manager of the *New York Press*. In 1916 when the *Press* was consolidated with *The Sun* he became advertising manager for the territory of Brooklyn. He held the same position on *The New York Herald* at the time of his death. He developed the advertising features connected with the *Rod and Gun* columns. When A. M. Stoddart stopped writing the column in 1920, Mr. Knowlson took over the writing of it as well as the advertising. He also was the author of several pamphlets on fishing in the waters around New York.

He presided at many of the Canadian Club's dinners, and was chairman of the board of governors of the club at the time of his death. He also was a member of the Westchester-Biltmore Club, the United Anglers Club, the Brooklyn Canoe Club and the American Canoe Association.

MARGARET MUNRO WILLIAMSON

Mrs. Margaret Munro Williamson, widow of the late John Williamson, Chicago, died Tuesday, Aug. 29, at her home, 2305 Commonwealth Avenue, Chicago. The funeral services took place Thursday, and burial was private at Rosehill. Five children survive: Margaret M., John A., and Clarence W. Williamson, Mrs. George H. Musselman and Mrs. Frank Baackes, Jr.

Like her husband she was a native of Dundee, where she was married and where her first children were born. Mrs. Williamson had many friends in British society circles. She was active in the Daughters of the Empire, but was interested most in the Scottish Old People's Home, where she was a frequent visitor and to which she made numerous gifts.

RICHARD B. ANGUS

Richard B. Angus, once president of the Bank of Montreal and one of its directors, died at his country home at Senneville, near Montreal, Sept. 17, in his ninety-second year.

With the late Sir William Van Horne, Lord Mount Stephen, Lord Strathcona and with Lord Shaughnessy he was one of the builders of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and one of the great figures in Canada. The great railroad shops of the C. P. R. in Montreal are named for him.

Mr. Angus was born in Bathgate, Scotland, and joined the staff of the Bank of Montreal in 1857. He served as manager of the bank in Chicago and New York.

Other deaths in Scottish circles are: *Archibald Mc Lachlan*, banker, Washington, D. C. Died in Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 18, in his 65th year; *Mary Barr Munro*, wife of Kirk Munro and daughter of Amelia E. Barr, the novelist, at Coconut Grove, Florida. She was born in Glasgow and came with her parents to America as a child. She was married in New York, Sept. 15, 1883; *William Buell Stewart*, president Alcock Mfg. Co., New York, son of the late Alexander Stewart, of Aberdeen, Scotland, at Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., Sept. 5, in his 67th year; *James Mc Dougall*, engineer, for 20 years New York manager of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, in New York, Sept. 16; *Andrew Macfarlane*, marine engineer, in Brooklyn, Sept. 17; *James McLeod*, past President of Milwaukee St. Andrew's Society, in Milwaukee, Aug. 25; *John Mac Rae*, formerly a farmer in the U. S. A., at the Northern Infirmary, Inverness, Scotland, Aug. 31, aged 85 years.

Harry Lauder Back

Sir Harry Lauder, accompanied by Lady Lauder, arrived in New York on the *Mauretania*, Saturday, September 23, and will open his American tour at the Lexington Theatre, October 2. He was greeted at the pier by his American manager, William Morris; Col. Walter Scott, Police Commissioner Richard Enright, and other friends.

Sir Harry on landing sent a radiogram to Sir Thomas Lipton, who had intended crossing with him on the *Mauretania*, but was delayed and followed on the *Baltic*. The radio message

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read: "Beat you in. Hooray! Meet you tomorrow. HARRY." Two days out Sir Harry received a radio from Sir Thomas: "Bet you 5 pence h'penny I beat you in." Lauder radioed back: "Bet accepted, and raise ye 5 pence."

Sir Harry threatened to meet the *Baltic*, which arrived Sunday. "I'm goin'," he said, "just to rub it in on him," and, meditatively, "to get that 10 pence ha'penny."

Sir Thomas is quoted in an interview after his arrival, Sunday, as having said:

"They want me to play a golf match with

Harry Lauder. Lauder arrived on the *Mauretania*, and I'm told she was late getting in. They say that the reason for it was that Lauder dropped a threepenny bit in the coal bunkers, or thought he did, and raised such a fuss about it that they had to stop while he directed a search of the coal."

Young Scot Forges Ahead

Mr. Robert S. Sinclair, who has been connected with the insurance business for more than twelve years, has been made resident agent of the Travelers Insurance Company, with offices at 55 John Street, New York, where he will conduct a general insurance business. Mr. Sinclair is an enthusiastic and popular young Scot, who has made good in his chosen calling. He is an equally thorough-going American, having served with the American forces in the World War. He will give personal attention to his clients, and THE CALEDONIAN can recommend him to its readers without reservation.

Robert Macdonald, a well known New Jersey Scot, has been visiting in Inverness, Scotland, his birthplace, this summer, after an absence of 57 years. Mr. Macdonald is hale and active in his old age. He has many recollections of the scenes of his boyhood, but failed, owing to his very long absence, to trace any relations or connections of his earliest days, after a thorough search, in which he was assisted by his son. However, he derived much pleasurable interest from his visit to his native place.

Praising God in Paris

(Continued from page 208)

which renders first and last aid to needy Britishers. The Women's Guild of the Church also does much service in this direction by making and distributing garments through the fund to the poor that we have always with us.

A visit to this fountain of religious life should on no account be omitted by any one, Scot or otherwise, should he sojourn in "the modern Athens." A warm welcome naturally is extended to all, and as the pretty little building with the help of its gallery can accommodate as many as five hundred there is only a very occasional crush. But one of these did actually occur on a certain historic occasion three years ago, when all of the might and majesty of British and American diplomacy took spiritual sustenance during the labors of peacemaking, at the little house of God in the rue Bayard.

The Rev. Hugh Black, of New Jersey, was the preacher, and without doubt Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson passed out of the porch to their waiting motors feeling wiser and better men. Their signatures in the visitors' book may still be discerned in fading ink even unto this day.—*The Scots Pictorial*.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF CALEDONIAN, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1922.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles C. Stoddard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Caledonian and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publishers—Caledonian Publishing Company, 80 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Editor—Charles C. Stoddard, 80 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—Charles C. Stoddard, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Business Manager—Ruth S. MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

CHARLES C. STODDARD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1922.

H. J. FAULHABER,
Notary Public, Westchester Co.,

Certificate filed in New York County, No. 139.
Register No. 3153.

(My Commission expires March 30th, 1923.)
Form 3526—Ed. 1916.

New York, Nov., 1922

The Caledonian

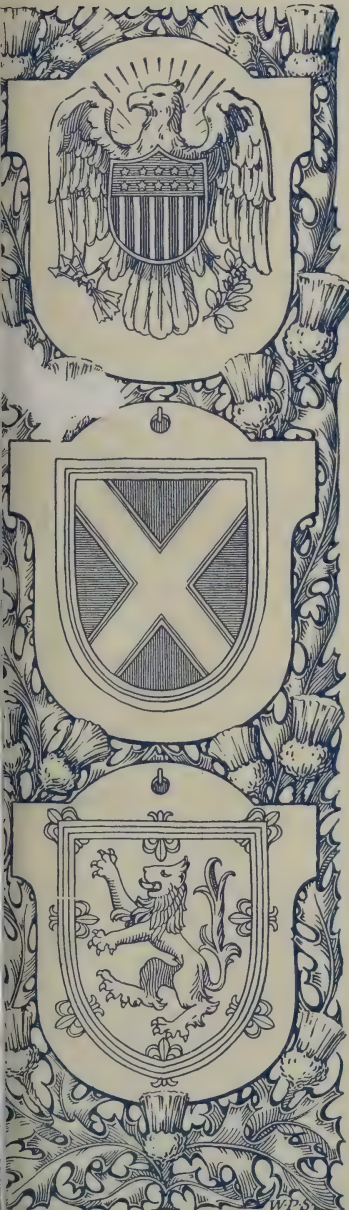
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NOTES ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF BERWICK AND ITS WALLS.....	245
By <i>J. Logan Mack, F. S. A. Scot.</i>	
ST. ANDREWS DAY (Poem).....	250
By <i>John R. Russell</i>	
THE HOME COMING OF TONAL MACTONAL	251
By <i>M. E. M. Donaldson</i>	
HEATHER HILLS OF HOME (Poem).....	256
By <i>Peter Grant</i>	
DUNOON	256
THE PLACE-NAMES OF ARRAN (Part II)	250
By <i>Dr. George F. Black</i>	
THE CAPITAL OF THE HIGHLANDS.....	261
OUR GLASGOW LETTER.....	266
By <i>Grace Darling Wilson</i>	
MOUNT WASHINGTON (Poem).....	267
By <i>Edith Scott Magna</i>	
SCOTTISH AND BRITISH SOCIETIES.....	268

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Notes on the Early History of Berwick and Its Walls

BY J. LOGAN MACK, F. S. A. SCOT., *the Well-known Authority on the Scottish Borders*

(Mr. Logan Mack has been for some years exploring the Border country and organizing parties of friends to visit it. It has always been his custom, before-hand to write out an account of what was to be seen. The Notes on Berwick were prepared for a party who visited that Town and district. The readers of THE CALEDONIAN will welcome Mr. Mack as a regular contributor to these pages.)

Berwick (occasionally but erroneously called Berwick-on-Tweed, doubtless to distinguish it from the modern seaside resort of North Berwick) is first recorded in history about the year 870.

In 1018 the battle successfully fought at Carham (between Kelso and Coldstream) by Malcolm II King of Scotland, against the Northumbrians, enabled him to claim the Tweed as a Scottish river, and Berwick as a Scottish town. Prior to that year Bernicia extended to the Forth and Bamburgh was its Royal residence.

Berwick thereafter became of much importance to the Scots, as it was situated on the northern side of the river, and they required a stronghold there to oppose the Saxons in the south, from whom they had so recently captured that tract of country now known as the Lothians.

King Dnucan, grandson of Malcolm I, was at Berwick shortly after the year 1030, and fought a battle against the Northumbrians about that time. He was stopped at Durham and retreated to Berwick, from which port he sailed with a fleet of war-ships, on the journey which ended in his assassination by Macbeth in 1040. There is no further recorded history about Berwick until the commencement of the 12th century probably owing to the destruction of the ancient Scottish records.

Duncan's son Malcolm III (Canmore) was sent to England for safety. In 1054 he was installed as King of Cumbria and Lothian, over which district he ruled for three years. He then went north, overthrew Macbeth and thus became the first real King of Scotland, reigning over it for 35 years. His first wife died in 1067. He then married Margaret, sister of the Saxon

King Edgar, who had just been defeated by William the Conqueror. This marriage caused Malcolm to be on friendly terms with the native Saxon element in his own country, but at enmity with the Norman power in the south. Thus he made frequent invasions into Northumbria, but in one of these in 1070 he fell near Alnwick, 35 miles or thereby south of Berwick, and his army was annihilated.

There is no further record of the town until the year 1130, when David I, Malcolm's son, gave the church of St. Mary in Berwick to the Monks of Coldingham in exchange for the church of Melrose. It is on record that the salmon which then frequented the Tweed, as they still do, made it a place of special importance, and it was a port large enough to hold the war vessels of that time, such as they may have been.

David founded outside of Berwick, the nunnery of St. Leonards. Where this stood, I cannot say, but there is a farm still called Nunlands near Edrington, about 4 miles to the west. The date of the foundation of Berwick Castle is not known, but reference is made to the case of a man being imprisoned there in 1157.

The first serious conflict at Berwick occurred during the reign of the Scottish King, William the Lion, who succeeded his father, Malcolm IV, in 1165. The town at that time appears to have been built of wood and was burned by Richard de Lucy and Humphrey de Bohun, who successfully brought an English army across the Tweed.

The town, however, soon recovered from this attack, and in 1174 William, having made another expedition into England, was captured at Alnwick and taken to Northampton. He purchased his liberty by acknowledging Henry II of England as his overlord, and in security of this obligation, delivered five Scottish Castles to the English, one of which was Berwick, and it remained in their hands for 15 years. Berwick thus changed hands and became an English town or village (for the Castle would control it) from 1174 to 1189, after having been in the hands of the Scots from 1018.

Camden states that Henry II rebuilt the Castle while it was subject to English rule; and Ridpath says that if he did so, he would no doubt "change the rude fort into a well fortified place, and lay the foundation of that structure that was in all its glory of unassailable strength during the reigns of the three Edwards".

In 1189 Richard I. sold the homage of the Scottish king for 10,000 marks, restored the Castle, and freed him from allegiance to the Crown of England. Thus Berwick again passed over to Scottish control. During the remainder of the reign of Richard I. until his death in 1199 there is no record of it to be found, but when King John ascended the Throne of England, William of Scotland, once more asserted his claim to Northumberland, and fighting again commenced.

In 1204 John fortified a tower in Tweedmouth which was destroyed by William, and after many disputes, in 1209 the Treaty of Norham was signed, in which the former undertook not to build any Towers near Scotland and William in return gave two of his daughters in marriage to two sons of the English King.

In 1214, when Alexander II. of Scotland succeeded his father, he was but a youth, but forthwith and unsuccessfully attacked the Castle of Norham. John retaliated, and in 1216 took the Castle and town of Berwick where he and his troops perpetrated "most barbarous cruelties, torturing the inhabitants in order to extort from them the hiding places of their treasure". John marched further north, burned Dunbar and Haddington, and on his return, plundered the ancient Abbey of Coldingham, and burned Berwick, "disgracing majesty by setting fire with his own hand to the house in which he had lodged".

Then came a somewhat lengthy period of tranquillity during which the town developed, its exports increased, and it is on record that it was of such commercial importance that it could deservedly be called a second Alexandria.

In 1224 Berwick had a large export trade in herrings, had more foreign

commerce than any other port in Scotland, and was made one of the four Scottish Royal Burghs, during the reign of Edward I. of England.

After the death of Alexander III. in 1286, Berwick was frequently a residence of the Scottish Kings, he himself spent a considerable time there. In this year it attained the height of its early prosperity, but shortly thereafter it was fated to pass through the fiery furnace of conflict, and suffer as no town in this island has ever done.

This leads us to the advent of Edward I. "Malleus Scotorum" so called, (who ascended the Throne of England in 1272) and who in due time decided that John de Balliol was to be King of Scotland. The claims of the rivals to the Scottish Throne, were argued in a field on the north side of the Tweed opposite Norham Castle near the present parish Church of Ladykirk (formerly called Upsettlington). Further meetings took place in Berwick, and the parties concerned frequently met and adjourned, until 17th November 1292, when a final meeting was held in the great hall of Berwick Castle, where Edward had spent most of the summer of that year. The site of this hall is now occupied by the railway station. Here "in regal magnificence in presence of the full Parliament of England, of many prelates of both kingdoms, of earls, barons, knights, and a copious multitude of the populace of both England and Scotland, Edward decided against the claims of Robert the Bruce, and placed Balliol on the throne. No like meeting was ever held in this old town, and none that had such momentous issues on its welfare".

Two days later, Edward issued an order for Balliol to have seisin of the kingdom of Scotland, all its castles were to be handed over to him, and in particular, the keeper of Berwick Castle was ordained to deliver it without delay. Whilst Edward was thus apparently in command of the whole situation, he nevertheless continued to recognize Scotland as a separate Kingdom. There are a great number of records in ancient documents concerning the town about this time.

Balliol soon found that whilst he might be King of Scotland, he was so in name only; and it was not long before he was in conflict with Edward his overlord. The first dispute between them appears to have been caused by Berwick owned vessels having been captured by the English. Quarrels between them became more frequent and acute, petty warfare broke out, complaints were made on both sides of the border; appeals to Edward by certain landowners in Scotland were refused by Balliol, who naturally considered that as King of Scotland, he formed in his own person the final court of appellate jurisdiction. Edward, however, over-ruled him and reversed many of his judgments. In one case (which was taken to the English Parliament), Balliol received a summons to attend there, which at first he disregarded, but ultimately obeyed. Then the Scots entered into negotiations with France for an offensive against England, to be effected when Edward was engaged in warfare with the inhabitants of that country.

Berwick, being at that time the principal Burgh of Scotland, appended its seal to the treaty with France at the head of the list—thereby unwittingly compassing its own destruction.

When Edward heard of this intended revolution against his supreme authority, he prepared to chastise Scotland in general, and Berwick in particular. To this end, he marshalled a force of 35,000 men with a fleet of 100 vessels to co-operate with them. He did not attack the town directly, but moving westwards (to avoid crossing the Tweed in front of the town) forded it below Coldstream. At that time Berwick was commanded by William Douglas "almost the first of that famous name heard of in history".

Edward then spread out his army northwards, and encircled the town. The fleet having approached, and the tide being suitable the vessels came up the river and were met by the whole strength of the garrison. Many of the English ships were burned, which fact so incensed Edward, that he fell on the town and slaughtered almost every inhabitant. Different authors give the

numbers killed as from 7,500 to as many as 18,000 and even 20,000. Ridpath accepts the number as 8,000, probably nine tenths of the population. A great authority on Border matters has recently set down that this murderous act sank deeply into the heart and soul of every Scot, became imbued with his blood, and thus constituted one of the chief reasons for the continued separation of Scotland from England, which although under one Monarch, and Parliament are, to this day, almost as widely separated in sentiment and in many other respects as they were when that awful tragedy took place.

Ridpath also tells us that in order to fortify Berwick against future assaults from the Scottish side, Edward "caused a vast ditch to be dug through the neck of land between the sea and Tweed eight feet broad and forty feet deep". We must however question such figures, as a ditch of these dimensions would have required a lining of masonry for its lateral support, apart from the fact that it could easily have been bridged. Possibly the figures have *per incuriam*, been reversed. The historian gives no authority for this statement, although so learned a man would not have made it without some foundation for so doing. If this ditch was ever constructed, it must have been well outside the line of the walls as now existing, as little or no evidence of it remains.

Berwick is thus back again into the possession of England, and here Edward on 22nd August 1296 held a Parliament for the purpose of carrying on the government of Scotland.

William Wallace now appears on the scene, and his fame must have preceded him, as Edward at this time ordered the town to be fortified. He had previously given instructions for a stone wall to be built alongside the ditch before mentioned, but the governor at that time, failed to execute his King's orders. The wall must nevertheless have been constructed about that time, but its course and dimensions cannot now be definitely ascertained. As the English inhabitants were incapable of resisting an assault, the Scots took pos-

session in 1297. They could not however reduce the Castle, which was strongly defended, and a few months later in the same year they deserted the town, and the English once again occupied it.

In 1302, Edward appointed John de Segrave keeper of the Castle, and in August 1304, left Scotland, never again to enter it.

In 1305 Wallace was betrayed and executed, his body was quartered, the left arm being sent to Berwick by Edward's orders, to be suspended there. Edward still continued to punish the Scots, several of whom he captured, one of these being the Countess of Buchan who was a party to the crowning of Bruce at Scone. Here by his orders she was imprisoned, placed in a cage in one of the turrets of the Castle, and kept for about four years like a wild beast, to be gazed upon by all and sundry. This was the last of the cruelties Edward inflicted on a Scottish subject, and the last incident of his connection with Berwick. Two years later he died on the Sands of Solway.

Bruce, who ascended the throne of Scotland in 1306, attempted to capture the town in 1312. It is said that when he was about to enter the Castle the garrison was alarmed by the barking of a dog, which "saved Berwick as formerly the cackling of the geese saved Rome". In 1313 he was gaining power, and retaking the Scottish Castles, so Edward II. gradually assembled (what at that time must have been a huge army) 60,000 foot and 40,000 horse. Berwick was the rendezvous. They marched off northwards in June 1314, and what happened to them at Bannockburn is well known.

The next date with which we are concerned is 1318, when Bruce marched south and took possession of Berwick, owing his success, with regret be it said, to one or more of the English garrison turning traitor. Be that as it may, after a siege of six days the town and castle capitulated and once again it passed into the hands of the Scots. It was at this siege where many curious engines of war were first used, in-

cluding the "sow". "It was in fact a timber tower full of men with their catapults and other machines for assailing the wall". Bruce then appointed Walter, Steward of Scotland, to be Governor of Berwick to keep and hold it against the English. This "was a grievous blow to Edward, but he determined to undo the mischief as quickly as possible, and forthwith he besieged the town once more, but ultimately abandoned it".

After Bruce's conquest, Berwick remained in Scottish hands for fourteen years, during which period he ordered the wall to be built 10 feet high all round. "Whether this was intended to make the Edwardian wall 10 feet high or build 10 feet on the top of it, is uncertain".

In 1328 the marriage of the infant son of Robert Bruce, afterwards David II., to a sister of the English King, Edward III., took place in Berwick Castle with great ceremony.

Edward III. (1327-77) proved as bitter an enemy to Berwick as his grandfather had been. It had survived the massacre of 1296 and subsequent sieges, but its downfall dates virtually from his accession, and he determined at all costs to recover this outpost. Claiming still to be overlord of Scotland, and being refused the homage of that country, he publicly defied David, and sent a force against him, commencing operations by besieging the town, which had been strongly fortified in view of this expected attack, on 12th April 1333. Edward's forces remained there for about a month, but owing to the resolute defence of its garrison, it could not be taken, so he marched northwards and did much damage in other parts of Scotland. On his return south, Berwick was still holding out "and being reinforced with a fresh body of troops from Ireland", he declared his resolution not to leave until he had reduced it. His headquarters at this time appear to have been in Tweedmouth.

The Scots being hard-pressed, a large army was gathered together for its defence, but instead of making a direct attack upon the English, they

crossed the Tweed higher up, went south, and besieged Bamburgh; but Edward, who would not leave Berwick, finally starved out the garrison which capitulated on 15th July 1333. His conditions were that town and castle alike should forthwith be delivered to him.

Before the surrender was actually effected, a message was sent to the Scottish Army requesting them to come to the assistance of the town, which they did, reinforced by troops from all parts of Scotland. The Battle of Halidon Hill was the sequel, in which the Scots suffered a disastrous defeat. The day following, the town and castle were surrendered to Edward, who resolved to retain them "as his property by conquest and inheritance".

Burton says that with regard to the effect of this victory "though Berwick repeatedly changed hands, the town never remained so long in the possession of Scotland, as to be more to the country than a military post of the enemy, held for a time, and then retaken. Hence from the day of Halidon Hill, Berwick was virtually the one permanent acquisition to England", as the result of the great wars between the two countries.

We now pass over a considerable period until the year 1461, when Henry VI. handed over the town to the King of Scotland (James III.) who held it for twenty-one years. This brings us to the year 1482 when it was again besieged by the English, when on the 25th of August the Castle and town were once again surrendered to them. *Since that date Berwick has never belonged to Scotland.*

NOTES ON THE WALLS

The history of these wonderful fortifications appears to be as follows:—

The course of the ditch excavated by order of Edward I. about the year 1292, which, encircling the town, extended from the sea to the Tweed, can now barely be traced. He is said to have built a wall along the edge of it, of which only one portion can now be seen running down the steep bank, from the ruins of the Castle to the river-side. The old Bell Tower how-

ever still remains, standing as it did three hundred and fifty years "after Sir Richard Lee, Surveyor of Berwick, had determined to raze it to the ground, the only remnant of that old line of fortification which Edward I. built and Bruce did so much to strengthen". Doubts exist however, as to the age of this relic. Some hold that it is not the Tower above referred to, and I am inclined to that belief.

Edward II. added to the walls and in 1318 they were heightened and strengthened by Robert the Bruce. In the reign of Henry VIII. they were 22 feet high and had 19 towers, but were in a ruinous condition, and new walls were therefore erected within the lines of the outer and older ones. These were completed about the year 1565, and they stand virtually intact to this day.

The cause of the almost total disappearance of the old walls is at hand in respect that the material of which they were composed was used to construct the new ones and doubtless a

large portion of the Castle ruins were also utilized for the same purpose. These were further despoiled by being used to construct the present Parish Church which was erected about 250 years ago. This Church has no steeple or Tower, and the bell announcing the hour of Divine Service is rung from the Town Hall.

The old Border Bridge is 300, and the pier 100 years old, having been completed in 1621 and 1821 respectively. The great railway viaduct, opened by Queen Victoria on 29th August 1850, is 2,150 feet in length, and 138 feet, 8 inches in height. The south side of this bridge until 80 years ago rested on a detached portion of the County of Durham.

Berwick, and the land within its bounds, formed for centuries an independent County, but is now for all purposes part of England. Until the year 1882 it returned two Members to Parliament, but is now represented by the Member for North Northumberland.

ST. ANDREWS DAY

TO FAR-AWA SCOTS

Gude Brither Scots wha gather now
In mony a social band,
To sing ance mair a Scottish sang
And grip a Scottish hand!

Though in a bamboo bungalow
Maybe this nicht ye meet,
Wi' tigers walking round the doors
And snakes amang your feet.

Or in a tin-tapped wudden hoose
Weel happed wi' the snaw,
The sleigh-bells ringing in your lugs
While angry blizzards blaw.

Dae ony o' ye ca' to mind
The brigs o' Don and Dee?
Or lang to be where Gadie rins
At the back o' Benachie?

Sons of the Rock, and Falkirk Bairns!
Lang exiles though ye've been,
The hills that faced the English hosts—
Rise they before your e'en?

Braw lads frae Gala's winding stream!
Is Jethart here th' nicht?

Does Hawick sing his Roman hymn
That aye gied sic a fricht?

How mony o' ye mind the Law,
And sunsets of Dundee?
The boat that rocks on Largo Bay?
The Lang Toun by the sea?

The waves that kiss the Misty Isle,
The sheiling on the brae,
The bonnie birk, the rowan tree
That never fades away?

Dae ony o' ye hear in dreams
St. Andrews' warning "Fore"?
Or view through Kirrie windows yet
The Howe of wide Strathmore?

Is there wha kens what beauty means,
Has traivelled near and far,
But never saw a scene to match
The loch behind Davaar?

Whaure'er ye hail frae, honest chields!
The Forth or Broomielaw,
Frae Gallowa' or John o' Groats,
May blessings on ye fa!

—JOHN R. RUSSELL.

The Home Coming of Tonal Mactonal

By M. E. M. DONALDSON

Miss Donaldson, author of "*Wanderings in the Western Highlands and Islands*," the result of some fifteen years of delightful and intelligent rambling in the districts she describes, is Highland in sympathy and by inheritance. She is at her best when contrasting the whimsicalities of Highlander, Lowlander and Sassenach. On her rambles she draws after her a home-made baggage cart, which she has affectionately named "Green Maria." Other selections from *Tonal Mactonal* have previously appeared in THE CALEDONIAN, through the courtesy of the publisher, Alexander Gardner, Paisley.

The little railway station was at its busiest. The youthful porter, bare of head and in his shirt sleeves, balancing himself on the wire railings with the dexterity born of much practice, contemplated the distant mountains, hands in his pockets. Two burly, bearded gamekeepers, in deer-stalker caps and knickers of a uniformly generous amplitude, smoked peacefully, leaning forward upon their sticks as they sat each on a big packing case on the platform. A white West Highland terrier, in sleepy attendance at their side, threw into startling relief the aggressive check of the one and the tawny brown of the other homespun. On the dog's farther side two other packing cases and a large sack made an imposing array on the small platform. It was a day of light-hearted summer weather—blue sky flecked with irresponsible clouds, laughing sea and mountains on whose crests the sun danced happily.

But there was no token of the light heart about the person of the purple-faced little official who bounced out of the booking-cum-every other office, frowning down at the face of the silver turnip watch he held in his hand. This was his first appearance as station master of Glenshona.

"No' signalled yet, an' she's due the noo," he muttered fretfully. "An' it's like to be the same auld tale, day efter day, day efter day—aye late. Och, I wud I were back at Whamfrayston—I canna thole these deil-may-care Hielan' ways, unsettlin' the vera engin', so it wud seem, for a' she comes frae guid auld Glesca."

The sight of the unconscious porter, lost in meditation, further exasperated him.

"Duncan, ye muckle tumfie, sittin' there like a hen on her bauk, come awa' doon this meenit an' tosh yersel' up."

Duncan, roused from his dreaming by hearing his name shouted, with a violent start slid from his perch, and, his pleasant face reddening all over, approached the irate station master.

"Did ye no' hear whit I was sayin' tae ye, ye gomeril?" questioned his superior, testily. "Awa' an' pit on yer uniform jayket an' yer offeecial kep forbye. Sic a like porter, wi' tousie hair, wi'oot a coat, an' yer vera braces a' mendit wi' string!"

Still the lad stood confused, and obviously at a loss what to do, but before the station master could explode again, the tawny-clad gamekeeper intervened.

"Uch, Master Urie, ta poy he wass chust not understanding ta English whatefer. Inteed I wass not so sure myself, that wass ta good English speaker, what you wass meaning. What wass it you would pe wanting? Maype it will pe veesitors you wass expecting py ta——"

"It seems I'm expectin' what I'll no' get whiles I'm wastin' my good organ-isin' abeility in this peetiable kintra-side. It's naething short o' a public scandal to be payin' Education rates for schules where there's nae education ava. Instead o' stampin' oot the relics o' barbarism, the schules here actually encourages the Gaelic an' brings the weans up in eegnorance o' the vera

King's English forbye. Losh peety me! I micht as weel be livin' in a heathen land to be obleeged to speak through an intairpreter to ma ain porter. 'Deed an' it's no' civilised. I was tellin' the lad, Mr. MacIan, to gang for his jayket an' kep, that he may no' affront me when the train comes in."

The tawny-clad gentleman appeared to have extracted some idea of Mr. Urie's requirements, for he began vigorously to address the luckless Duncan in his native tongue. But even the Gaelic did not seem greatly to improve matters, judging from the expression of abashed perplexity on the boy's face, and more "barbaric" conversation ensued before MacIan relapsed into English again.

"Tincan wass saying that he wass not knowing where his railway coat or his cap would pe whatefer."

"He disna ken whaur they are?" queried Mr. Urie. "Whaur is he in the habit o' keepin' them?"

"Uch, where would it pe put sometimes ta wan place and sometimes another wan place, chust that? But yesterday Tincan he wass saying he did see his pig plack hen sitting on his cap, and he would not pe for disturbing her, poor peast. But to-tay ta cap wass not on ta ped where ta hen wass ta tay pefore to-tay, and ta coat too, she wass gone. But it wass no great matter whatefer, for Tincan he wass ta fine lad without ta wan or ta other wan."

"Duncan a fine lad wi'oot the hauf o' his claes on him! No' a great maitter indeed? It's juist an outrage!" exploded the wrathful station master while MacIan and his companion gazed on him in wonderment. "I'll report upon the maitter to the directors o' the railway, or my name's no' Dauvid Weelum Urie. If Duncan's no' understandin' what I'm saying, Mr. MacIan, will ye tell the graceless loon to gae awa at yince an' pit on some kin' o' a coat an' head coverin', for I'll no' hae a tatie bogle doin' duty for a porter on my platform."

The kindly MacIan conveyed as well as he could gather it the gist of the station master's orders to Duncan, who

obediently took himself off, followed by Mr. Urie's admonition to hurry.

"Uch, there wass no need to pe hurrying," observed MacIan, as he resumed his seat on the packing case beside his fellow, while Mr. Urie, chafing, temporarily retired to his office. "Wass you hearing aall that pother, Uisdean? It wass wasting ta good anger for nothing at aall whatefer. These Sasunnachs they wass always wanting to pe hurrying, hurrying, hurrying. But ta train, *she* will not pe hurrying herself. She wass not an hour late yet, and there wass aalways plenty of time, plenty of time. And what should we pe toing with aall our time if we wass not waiting?"

"Uch, yess," agreed Uisdean, puffing contentedly at his pipe. "I would not pe spoiling ta good day and ta peautiful scenery with hurrying—it would pe ta great shame no less whatefer—. Look you, Eneas, wass that not ta eagle?"

Pointing to a speck high up over the mountains, Uisdean relapsed into his mother tongue, and gesticulation and gutturals held sway until the telephone call announcing the arrival of the train at the previous station was heard.

"Chove, put she wass pefore her time to-tay—she wass not half an hour late!" exclaimed MacIan.

"That wass ta peety, for Tonal he will pe arriving too early for Eilidh. She would not pe started yet, and she will not pe walking ta four miles in less than two hour."

"Uch, well, he'll not opchect to ta waiting," observed Uisdean, as Mr. Urie again bounced out of his office. Not seeing Duncan anywhere in sight, the much tried station master paced the platform fumingly, under the pitying gaze of the two gamekeepers.

"The train actually on its way frae Strathogle an' the fu' staff no' here to receive it—the yin train in the day frae Glesca! It's no' decent, no' to say respectfu', forbye ablow ma dignity to hae to haun' the tally to the engin' driver. Guid kens, too, hoo mony passengers there may be an' Duncan no' to be seen anywhaur."

It was not till the smoke of the approaching train was visible that Duncan appeared, swamped in a ragged coat many sizes too big for him, and further adorned by a ribbonless glengarry, green with age—a monument of self-conscious discomfort. Anxious to impress all and sundry on the train with a sense of the importance of the station master of Glenshona, and fearful lest the miscellaneous spectacle presented by his porter should detract from it, the distraught Mr. Urie pounced upon the offending article.

"Ye unco' tatter-wallops, ye! Awa' oot ma sicht: awa' an' hide yersel' this vera instant," he cried, and this time, acting as his own interpreter, he seized the boy by the shoulder and bundled him hurriedly into the booking office just before the train drew up at the platform. Mr. Urie's heroic attempt to displace agitation by a calm dignity was not assisted by the friendly if somewhat familiar hail which greeted him from a third class window:

"Hullo, Dauvid Weelum, my man, so here ye are! I heard tell ye had gotten a lift at last an' wis nae langer just the wee bit porter man. 'Deed, an' this is the place for yer organisin' abeility to burst into fu' bloom! But ye maun see an' no' o'erwark yersel'."

Ignoring the ill-timed levities of an old acquaintance of humbler days, Mr. Urie hurried along to exchange tallies with the engine driver, muttering something about "the porter no' being up to his wark the day an' keepin' ben the hoose."

As, the exchange made, he was hurrying back to the guard's van, he was arrested by a clear voice calling out from the train:

"Oh, mummy, look at that funny little girl with all those great big cows!"

A small boy, leaning out of a carriage window, was pointing to the gate of the level crossing, before which, patiently waiting for the train's departure, stood a little bare-legged figure, grasping an enormous pole, at the head of a small drove of Highland cattle. It was not the ludicrous contrast between the child and her charges which transfixed Mr. Urie's gaze, how-

ever, but the fact that the little girl was actually wearing the cap and coat which properly belonged to Duncan.

The head of one tourist after another popped out to look at the quaint spectacle to which the small boy's shrill voice had called attention, but for the time being, affecting to ignore the incident, Mr. Urie fussily bore down upon the guard's van.

Apparently there was only one passenger for Glenshona. He, in the peaked cap and blue clothes of a seafarer, was in the hearty grip of first Eneas and then of Uisdean.

"*Cia mar a tha sibh, a Dhomull?*" (How are you, Donald?) was the lustily bawled greeting of both.

"*Tha gu math!*" (Very well!) replied the newcomer, his face one great smile.

"Come over here, Tonal, until ta train she wass gone. We could not get speaking for all that crowd," said Eneas, indicating the station master, and taking the sailorman by the arm and conducting him to the lately vacated packing cases. Uisdean followed, and, the three comfortably seated, an animated conversation in their native tongue ensued.

Meanwhile Mr. Urie for the first time that day felt some glow of satisfaction in such scope as was afforded to his organising abilities by directing proceedings at the guard's van. Certainly the directing was somewhat restricted in view of the porter's absence, and of the fact that the guard, as the only one to be directed, did not take at all kindly to any instruction in the performance of his duties by a station master obviously new to the job. In fact, the guard, so Mr. Urie felt, was distinctly failing in the common civility one official had a right to expect from another. When, for instance, Mr. Urie, standing a few yards off, to be in the eye and ear of the public, said, "We'll hae that trunk pit doon jist here," the guard answered, "Ye'll jist hae it pit doon whaur it fa's! Here an' gie's a haun instead o' standin' there makin' a fule o' yersel'!"

"It's no' the place o' a station master——" began Mr. Urie, when the guard interrupted.

"It's no' the place o' a station master to hinder the train frae leavin' when her time's up, an' that's what ye'll dae! Here, gie's a help doon wi' this."

The helping down process did not complete Mr. Urie's humiliation, for, with accustomed eyes noting the packing cases and sack on the platform, the guard commanded the station master to put them on board if he did not wish them left behind.

"Here, hurry yersel'!" cried the guard, impatiently; "I canna keep the train bidin' on account o' whit passes for dignity wi' a wee bit pit in ma pooch like you."

Bursting with indignation at such insulting language, yet with the long experience of a porter behind him yielding obedience to orders almost instinctively, Mr. Urie, blind with rage, savagely hustled the two packing cases and the sack along the platform into the van. Then, mopping his brow, and, after watching the departing train glide away to the two mile distant terminus, the harassed station master bethought himself of the small figure waiting patiently at the gate of the level crossing. The remembrance helped to recall him to his sense of importance which the guard had almost succeeded in crushing; and, with his official dignity partially restored, he bore down upon the gate.

"Whit are ye daein' wearing claes that disna belang tae ye; ye wee pease bogle ye?" he demanded.

"Will ye please to open ta gate?" answered the little maiden, with an obvious effort to overcome her native shyness on an occasion of such pressing need.

"D'ye no' ken whit I wis speirin'? Eh, whit's that ye're sayin'?"

But the child was saying nothing, for her shyness had overcome her. She hung her head, and only by softening his tone and coming nearer to her could Mr. Urie catch the words she at last ventured to whisper.

"I wass not understanding ta English. Will ye please to open ta gate?"

Abandoning as an impossible task his attempt at questioning, the station master pulled back the lever to open the gate, but, as he made to pass in

front of the child and the cattle on his way to the signal box, the little girl cried out warningly, "Mind for ta bull, for he would pe giving you a push maype!"

Mr. Urie, always cautious where cows were concerned, hastily drew back, and to be assured of immunity from attack, beat a safe retreat to the platform. Seeing the two gamekeepers with the newcomer still seated there, and all three looking as if they were permanently settled, Mr. Urie, thinking they must be waiting for him, bustled up and addressed them collectively.

"Having feenished for the time being the organeesin' incidental to ma office, I'm at yer disposal, gentlemen. Whit can I dae for ye?"

"Uch and that wass fery kind of you, Mr. Urie, fery kind of you inteet, to pe willing to pe so kind to us. But we wass chust waiting with Tonal Mactonal here that has chust come home from ta sea. He wass expecting his sister to pe meeting him, put to-tay ta train she wass early——"

"Early! She wass hauf an oor late!" corrected Mr. Urie indignantly.

"Uch, well, we wass accustomed to her peing wan and a half or maybe two hours after that, and that wass why Eilidh Mactonal wass not here yet."

"But couldna Maister MacDonald be gettin' home the while he's waitin' on her here?"

"Uch, no," answered MacIan, "Eilidh she would pe that disappointed if she wass not meeting her brother after this long time he wass away, and so Tonal he wass chust waiting here for her, and Uisdean MacRory and I, we wass keeping him company. There wass nothing to pe hurrying us and plenty of time to pe waiting in."

Mr. Urie, fuel added to the smouldering fire, turned abruptly away, muttering angrily to himself, and his rising heat was by no means slackened by the sight of the head of Duncan the disreputable hastily withdrawn from the framework of his office door. "Certes the day, if I havna let yon lassie away without makin' her disgorge Duncan's jayket an' kep!" he exclaimed. Then addressing himself to the

porter, he commanded, "Duncan, ye rascal, awa' efter yon lassock wi' the coos across the line an' get back yer uniform claes frae her."

Whether Duncan understood the order did not appear, but he had evidently been summoning all his courage to address his superior on some subject of momentous import.

"It wass ta wrong poxes, sir, that you did put into ta train."

"Whit's that ye're sayin'?" gasped Mr. Urie.

"It wass ta wrong poxes, sir, and ta sack that you wass putting into ta train. Ta wans you did put in, they wass for Glasgow, and ta wans that wass for ta islands, they wass left behind."

Mr. Urie's blood ran cold, but hope springs eternal in the human breast, and so he demurred as he scanned the platform:

"But I dinna see ony boaxes left behind."

"Uisdean MacRory and Eneas MacIan they wass sitting on ta wans that wass for ta poat."

"The great muckle gowks!" was all Mr. Urie wass able to ejaculate in his wrath as he dashed over to the gentlemen in question. Without any preliminary, he roughly demanded: "Up wi' ye an' let me see whit ye're sittin' on," giving vent to his impatience as they rose with accustomed leisureliness. Sure enough Duncan was right. Not only did the boxes on the platform bear labels for Stornoway, but they were further marked, "*Very Urgent. Perishable.*"

"Whit did ye mean by keepin' thae boaxes frae goin' awa' in the train?" almost shouted the station master in his wrath.

"Sir, you wass not speaking to ta silly Sasunnach podies like yourself," replied MacIan, as spokesman, drawing himself up and displaying dignity in every inch of his bearing. "Wass that ta way to pe speaking to ta Highland chentlemen? No, no, you wass forgetting yourself."

Mr. Urie wass too taken aback to reply at once, and MacIan, with an air of grand indulgence as though he were dealing with some small child, continued:

"Tincan, when he tid see there wass four poxes that wass all ta wan like ta other, two that wass for Steornoway and two that wass for Glasgow, he would pe making sure that they wass not mixed up. And so he tid ask Mr. MacRory and me if we would pe sitting on ta two of them that wass for ta poat."

"If there wass to be any sitting on the boaxes, whit wey in the name o' common sense did ye no' sit on the yins for Glesca an' leave the ithers on the platform free to go by the boat train?" burst out Mr. Urie.

"And what wass ta help that would have peen to Tincan whatefer, in all ta hurrying and ta pustle of ta train coming in, if two Highland chentlemen wass sitting on poxes for ta Sasunnach fillage? No, no, we wass marking out ta poxes that wass for our own country—we wass what you would pe calling labels of ta Highlands, which Tincan, that iss ta clefer lad, would pe understanding."

Mr. Urie, utterly unable to follow this line of reasoning, turned on his heels with a groan, signifying complete inability to cope with the situation. Then a soft voice, with a pleasant drawl, called after him:

"If you wass shouting with ta telephone to ta station master at Inverraig, could you not pe calling pack ta poxes that wass wrong?"

"My word, if that's no' a happy idea!" exclaimed Mr. Urie in answer to Donald Macdonald's suggestion, and at once hurried away to put it into execution. But he soon returned, looking very crestfallen, with the information that as they were nowhere to be found at Inverraig, the inference wass that they were on board the boat which had just left the harbour. And so, far from being consoled, Mr. Urie wass only maddened by MacIan's comforting reflection that followed his departing footsteps.

"Uch, well, it wass impossible that ta poxes they could pe going to ta finer place than Steornoway, and there will pe no hurry for them. But if you wass writing after them, they would pe pack here again in a month or two, or more."

HEATHER HILLS OF HOME

By PETER GRANT

The lamps are lit in Gotham and the crowded
streets are gay
With the hosts of midnight pleasure on its
dazzling Great White Way;
In the week-end rout and revel countless thou-
sands go to waste,
Fatuous man gives up a fortune for a brief,
elusive taste.

But afar in Bonnie Scotland, in the hush of
Sabbath morn,
There is peace, goodwill to mankind, in the
glen where I was born;
There is chime of kirk bells ringing, sweet and
solemn melody,
Mingling with the scented breezes on the heather
hills of Dee!

Oh, the fog is thick in Gotham and heav'n's
stars we faintly see,
Smiles of angels struggling earthward through
the smoke of industry;
And the troubled air is laden, where the pleas-
ure-seekers dine,
With the torrid breath of passion and the fume
of costly wine.

But afar in haunts of nature there is gladness
of repose
Where the early sunbeam glistens in the dew-
drop on the rose;
And the tuneful laverock rises with his welcome
to the day
From his nest beneath the gowans on the bon-
nie haughs of Spey!

Oh, there's pomp and pride in Gotham, there is
boast of wealth untold,
With the sparkle of the diamond and the sheen
of burnished gold;
There is grace of marbled sculpture, there is
pride of towering spires,
There is ring of soulful music from a hundred
vested choirs.

But the graceful pines are nodding in the forest
Braes of Mar,
And the lapwing's call resounding on the heights
of Lochnagar;
There's no earthly cloud to veil us from high
Heaven's eternal dome
When the Sabbath morn is smiling on the High-
land hills of home!

In the fairy bowers of Gotham youths and
maidens dance and dream,
Through its stately bowers and parkways gaudy
motors snort and scream;
There are haunts of dubious pleasure that fair
Fortune's darlings crave,
In the breathless race of Fashion from the
cradle to the grave.

But my heart cries out for Scotland, with its
purple heath in bloom,
For its buttercups and daisies and its golden,
yellow broom:
For its moorland breezes laden with the scent of
new-mown hay;
Oh, there's joy of men and angels on the bon-
nie banks of Spey!

Oh, there's sparkling wit and wisdom in the
halls of Gotham town,
There is courtesy of greeting from the men of
world's renown;
But give me the smile of welcome and the
clasp of horny hand
Where the heart of gold is beating in my far-
off native land!

There man's burden may be heavy and his flocks
and herds be few,
But he does unto his neighbor as he would his
neighbor do;
Oh, a man's as close to heaven as on earth he'll
ever come

At the kirk on Sabbath morning 'mong the
Highland hills of home.
Detroit, Mich.

Dunoon

Six and thirty corpses hanging on an
ash tree near an old kirkyard. "Inso-
much that the Lord of Heaven did de-
clare his wrath and displeasure by
striking the said tree immediately
thereafter, so that the whole leaves fell
from it, and the tree withered, which,

being cut down, there sprang out of the
very heart of the root thereof a spring
like unto blood, popling up, and that
for several years, till the said murder-
ers or their favourers did cause howk
out the root." Thus do we get a
glimpse from an old chronicler of those

other days when knights were bold and miracles of weekly occurrence. Never do I visit the dear old town without my imagination taking flight and carrying me back to the time of that dark deed. As I wander among the banks and braes and see in the distance the clusters of trim modern villas which make the greater part of twentieth century Dunoon, I love to muse on her romantic story, which ranges through a thousand years. In the beginning there was a mighty castle crowning a rocky headland. Dim Dalriadic chieftains went in and out; they loved and sung and fought. Next came fierce Scandinavian rovers, exterminating those whom they found in occupation and establishing themselves in possession from the time of the reign of Malcolm Ceanmor, in the eleventh century. Then came the Stewarts of Scotland wresting Cowal and Bute from the mighty Somerled; and in 1370 Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow was made by King Robert II. hereditary keeper of the Royal Castle of Dunoon. In the reign of the English monarch of many wives there was fierce fighting between the Earl of Lennox and the Campbells and Lamonts, resulting in rapine, fire, and much slaughter; in fact, the village was razed and the church almost completely despoiled. Thereafter comes a sunny century of peace and plenty, during which, on the 27th July, 1563, Scotland's beloved and romantic Mary, Queen of France and Caledonia, graced the castle by her Royal presence; where, we are told, she "spent two days hunting, and signed several charters." And so the tale unfolds of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago," until the culminating events which closed forever the book of history upon the ancient pile. The country at that time was under the absolute sway of the Covenanted Marquis of Argyll, who, according to the universal practice of tyrants, proceeded to use his new-found power in the destruction of his enemies. The castles and lands of Toward and Ascog were vanquished and plundered, while two hundred prisoners were carried to Dunoon. Then of those hapless men thirty-six were hanged upon

a tree, and the remainder were cruelly stabbed or buried alive. No wonder that the historian solemnly avers that at the cursed spot soon after there came popping up a spring like unto blood. Nemesis, however, lay in wait. First, in 1661 the Marquis was brought to the block in expiation of his heartlessness, and next, in 1685, the men of Atholl carried fire and sword into the territory of Argyll, demolishing the Castle of Dunoon, which never again reared its walls aloft. Of the once proud, frowning fortress dominating a whole countryside, all that now remains above the level of the earth is one small doorway. Even the crumbling stones have been carried away to build the village houses for the humble workers of the modern world. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

From the time of the ruined castle the village became a mere clachan, with church, manse, and but three hundred or so slated and thatched cottages. Thus it remained until about a century ago, when the rapid progress of steam water transit opened the towns and villages of the Firth of Clyde as holiday resorts for the denizens of the neighbouring cities. The first wooden steamboat jetty was constructed in 1835, which sufficed for some years till the present pier arose under the direction of Mr. Robert Hunter of Hafton. At this point the history of Dunoon brings her into touch with a brilliant luminary of the national literature. True, the connection is somewhat remote; but that does not prevent all good Dunoonians with literary leanings from being vastly proud of it. The facts are these—Robert Louis Stevenson, short story writer, essayist, versifier, and the author of some companionable romances, then unknown to fame or the South Sea Islanders, was in early years, like Herbert Spencer, a civil engineer. The famous consumptive had a hand in the pier building, and was not so busy directing the pile-driving that he could not spare time to observe his beautiful surroundings, for in one of his works, penned in later years, he gives us a charming description of the "lovely little Loch Loskin," which four words

stand unrivalled for tying the English tongue in a knot, more particularly when they are said fast. Our town has yet another claim to bask in the sunshine of literary fame. Upon the Castle-hill there stands a statue. For you must know that in the year 1897 the poetic populace of Dunoon did, out of their gleanings from the holiday pockets of the city sojourners, cause to be raised aloft a monument to the memory of that sweet maiden who first saw the light in their neighbourhood, then went to Greenock, saw Robert Burns on two or three occasions, and died. The thatched cottage wherein the immortal Highland Mary was born is now, alas, no more; but as the visitor ascends to the upland glen of Balgie Burn for the purpose of viewing the really fine Dunoon reservoir, he passes on his way the farmhouse of Auchamore, which we are told stands upon the cottage site. Then, as he gazes at the stretch of clear, cold water, he muses on love and Burns, if in poetic mood; but if perchance the upward toil has made him thirsty, doubtless the memory of the poet's songs and life, coupled with the sight of so much fresh water, may cause a halt at the wayside when opportunity offers, where he muses and imbibes a little of that which goes so well with water, or without. But this is a digression. Let us return to poetry and Dunoon.

A cemetery, at present an unavoidable necessity, can certainly be made the best of. So thought the people of this sea-coast town when they provided a beautiful resting-place for the bones of their kith and kin. Those who find pleasure in the reading of epitaphs and the sweet sadness that comes from meditation on the ultimate mysteries might well visit this spot "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Moreover, in the kirkyard at Kilmun there is an interesting grave marked by a Celtic cross. Here lies Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman in the world to graduate in medicine, the bearer of the first feminine name placed upon the British Medical Register, and conse-

quently the herald of the era of the lady doctor. Efficiency has ever been woman's watchword, at least in matters of life, love, and death, so who knows but that before the movement impelled by her who sleeps at Kilmun has run its course there will be little need for cemeteries or shrouds? But the old town can boast still more work in the art of healing. In 1869 Miss Beatrice Clugston, of Lenzie, made certain gifts for the purpose of establishing seaside homes for convalescents, to be located at Dunoon. The scheme flourished, and a splendid building was erected, with accommodation for two hundred inmates, and there in the intervening years many thousands of sufferers have been nursed back from the valley of the shadow to health's shining hilltop. On the 5th August, 1872, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited the Home in recognition of its noble work for the health and happiness of the community.

And now I have told most of the things which cause this little white town nestling between the mountains and the sea to be imaged on my heart. I could, were I so inclined, dilate for many pages on the exquisite surrounding scenery. But who, having been there, does not remember for ever those ravishing prospects viewed from hill and dale? Who that has once wandered along the road to Glen Massan or rambled through the Balgie Glen, or driven to the long, winding water lane of Loch Eck, or floated in the shadow of old Lomond, or angled from the Gantocks, that curious, rocky reef jutting upon the sea, or feasted his eyes upon the red rocks and yellow broom of the fair Isle of Arran, ever entirely loses the sweet joyousness of those first impressions of the dearest country in the world! The traveller may stand upon the heights of the Andes or the Himalayas; he may know the terrible grandeur of the bottomless ravines of the Rocky Mountains, and hearken to the thunder of Niagara and Victoria; he may take deep into his heart the awful silences and powers that live for ever among the peaks and crevasses of the Swiss cantons; he may gaze with

(Continued on page 288)

The Place-Names of Arran

BY DR. GEORGE F. BLACK

PART II.

(For THE CALEDONIAN)

- BALLIEKINE** (near Imachar). 1440, ER., 82, Baynleeka; 1444, ER., 165, Baynleekay; 1445, ER., 211, Baynlekkay; 1446, ER., 251, Blanlekkay; 1447, ER., 289, Baynlekkach; 1449, ER., 362, Baynlika; 1450, ER., 409, Baynleka; 1453, ER., 573, Balneaka; 1766 and 1773, Banlikan; 1836, Paterson, Ballikine, G. *ban leacainn*, white hill slope.
- BALLINACUIL**. 1845, NSA., Bute, 54, Balnacula. "Townland of the nook or corner." One informant told the late Rev. Dr. Cameron that the name was of recent origin, while another asserted that it was old.
- BALLYGOWN**. 1773, Ballygowan. G. *bail' a' ghobhainn*, townland of the smith. *Gobhann* is the genitive of *gobha*, a smith. The hamlet gives name to Cnoc Ballygown.
- BALLYMEANOCH**. c. 1610, Bleau, Balmeanach; 1703, Martin, 220, 226, Baelimianich and Baelmianich; 1766, Ballaminoich; 1773, Ballimenoich; 1841, Ramsay, 57, Bailemenoch. G. *bail' meadhonach*, middle town. It gives name to Ballymeanoch Burn. There must have been also a *Bail' iochdarach*, lower town, and a *Bail' uachdarach*, upper town, as these three names are generally found together. Ballymichael is said to be divided into two parts, *Baile Iochdarach* and *Baile Uachdarach*.
- BALLYMICHAEL**. 1773, Ballamichael. "Townland of (S.) Michael." It gives name to Ballymichael Glen (with a stream).
- BALNAMOINE** (near Shedog). 1836, Paterson, Ballynamony. G. *baile na moine*, townland of the moss.
- BEALACH AN FHEADAIN** (near Machrie Bay). G. *Bealach an fheadain*, pass of the narrow crevice (*feadan*) through which the wind whistles. It appears to have an alternative name, An Cumhann, q.v.
- BEALACH AN FHIR-BHOCHA** (A'Chir). Probably the "Beilach-an-id-bho" of Bryce, p. 101, "the last high summit of the Ben-Ghnuis range" on the north. G., "Pass of the archer or bowman."
- AM BEALACH FHARAIDH** (near Loch Tanna. 1800 feet in height). Probably "the ladder pass," from G. *fàradh*, gen. *fàraidh*, a ladder.
- BEINN BHARRAIN** (mountain, 2345 feet. Also spelled Ben Varren on the Ordnance Map, an attempt at the pronunciation). 1774, Pennant, 199, "Beinnbharrain or the sharp-pointed;" 1839, Necker, Ben Vearan; 1845, NSA., Bute, 43, Benvarian; 1859, Bryce, 62, Ben Varen. G. *beinn bharrain*, sharp-peaked mountain.
- BEINN BHIORACH** (east of Glen Catacol). From G. *biorach*, sharp-pointed or horned. Cf. Meall Biorach and Gleann Easan Biorach.
- BEINN BHREAC** (There are three hills so named on the island, respectively 1649, 1881, and 2333 feet in height). The name is also spelled Ben Vrackie on the Ordnance Map. G. *beinn bhreac*, the grey, brindled, or spotted mountain.
- BEINN LOCHAIN** (Auchencar, 742 feet high). G. *beinn lochain*, hill of the little loch.
- BEINN TARSUINN** (There are four mountains so named on the island. One is 1819 feet, and another 2706 feet, in height. The heights of the other two are not given on the maps.) G. *beinn tarsuinn*, cross or transverse hill.
- BENLISTER** (Lamlash). c. 1610, Blaue, Benlashrach; 1766, Palaster; 1773, Pallaster; 1776, Palister; 1836, Pater-

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- son, Pienlester; 1859, Bryce, 95, 143, Bein Lyster and Bein Leister. This name is a corruption of Penalister, as suggested by Cameron, i.e., *G. peighinn Alasdair*, the pennyland of Alister. It gives name to Benlister Burn and Benlister Glen. Cf. Gortonallister.
- BENNAN.** *G. beannan*, little hill or hillock. Gives name to East and West Bennan, Bennan Head (a headland), and Kilbride Bennan.
- BENNECARRIGAN** (near Kilmorie). 1554, Hamilton, 38, Benny Gargan; c. 1610, Blaeu, Bin Carrigan; 1773, Bennicarrigan; 1837, Bannecargen; 1845, NSA., Bute, 54, Binnecarrigan. *G.* "Hillock of the little rock."
- AM BINNEIN.** *G.* "the pinnacle." It is 2172 feet in height.
- BIRCHBURN** (near Shedog). Cf. *Alt Beith*.
- BIRCH POINT** (near Merkland). A translation of the Gaelic name, *Rudha na beithe*, spelled *Row na bea* on Paterson's map (1836).
- BLACK CAVE** (Bennan Head).
- BLACKHILL.** Described by Bryce as a high bold point between Glen Dubh and the upper part of Glen Cloy (p. 72). Probably the same place as Cnoc Dubh, which is the Gaelic form of "Blackhill."
- BLACK WATER.** A stream. The name is evidently a translation of the Gaelic *Dubh abhainn*.
- BLACKWATER FOOT.** (At the mouth of Black Water). The Gaelic would be *Bun na dubh abhainn*.
- BLAIRBEG** (Lamlash). 1440, ER., 82, Blarebeg; 1449, ER., 362, Blarbeg; c. 1610, Blaeu, Blaer beg. *G. blàr beag*, little field.
- BLAIRMORE** (Lamlash). 1440, ER., 82, Blaremore; 1449, ER., 362, Blarmore; c. 1610, Blaeu, Blaer moir. *G. blàr mór*, big field.
- BOGAIRE.** Gaelic, meaning "a soft marshy place." Usually referred to in plural as *Na Bogaire*, because there are two places beside each other so named.
- BOGUILLE** (in Glen Chalmadale). An error apparently for Boglach or Boglaich. *G. boglach*, a marsh or quagmire.
- BOLAIRIDH** (Loch Ranza). 1836, Paterson, Ballarie. *G. buail' airidh*, cattle-fold of the shieling.
- BORRACH** (Kiscadale, hill 869 feet high). *G. borrach*, a projecting bank. In Skye *borrach* has the meaning of "mountain grass."
- BRODICK.** Fordun, ii.10, Brethwyk; 1356-71, Hamilton, 21, Bradwok; 1391, Brethwic; 1440, ER., 82, Brathewik; 1444, ER., 165, Brathwic; 1446-7, Braithwick; 1447, ER., 289, Brathwik; 1449, ER., 362, Bradewik; 1450, ER., 409, Bradewyk; c. 1610, Blaeu, Brodwick; 1774, Pennant, 205, Brodic; 1778, Brodovick; 1783, Brodwick. This name is Norse, *breidhøvik*, meaning "broad bay." A hamlet at the head of Douglas Row, Brodick, was called Breadhaig by the natives. "This was, doubtless, the original [town of] Brodick, and in olden times the head of the bay" (Cameron). The old village of Brodick was demolished in 1844. A fine view of the town, from a photograph, is given in the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, v. 8, pl. opposite p. 12.
- BROWN HEAD** (Drumadoon Bay). 1845, NSA, Bute, 44, "hill . . ." called Brownhead."
- BRUACHBREK** (farm, Shisken). *G. bruthach breac*, the speckled brae or hillside.
- BUNEEN.** 1836, Paterson (map), Boneen. Cameron doubtfully suggests that the name may stand for *bun aibhne*, meaning "river mouth."
- CAIBEAL EOIN** (on farm of Balnacula). 1703, Martin, 225, Cabel Uual. S. John's chapel.
- CAIM NA CAILLACH.** c. 1610, Blaeu, Lem na kailzie; 1774, Pennant, 199, "Ceumna-caillich, the step of the carline or old hag;" 1841, Ramsay, 26, Ceumna-Cailleach; 1845, NSA., Bute, 3, Ceum, na caillich; 1859, Bryce, 144, Ceim-na-Caillach, or the Carlin's Step, "an immense [V-shaped] chasm or gash in the ridge, overlooked by granite walls several hundred feet in height." *Cailleach* originally meant a nun, Old Irish *cailleach*, from *caille*, a veil. Fine illustrations (from photographs) of the chasm

are given in the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, v. 10, plates opposite pp. 84 and 108.

CARN BAN (at head of Kilmorie Water). 1774, Pennant, 207, Carn-baan. G. *càrn bàn*, white cairn. It is a neolithic or later stone age burial mound, and is figured and described in the *Book of Arran*, v. 1, pp. 36-42.

CASHEL (near Kilpatrick). G. *caiseal*, a bulwark or wall (a loan word from Latin *castellum*). It is the site of an ancient monastery, and is figured and described in the *Book of Arran*, v. 1, pp. 199-206, and pl. 32.

CEANN REAMHAR (a hill, 1096 feet in height). G. *ceann reamhar*, thick head. Cf. Cnoc Reamhar and Torr Reamhar.

A CHÌR (pron. ah keer). It is the transverse of the Cir Mhor. Probably "the Ceims (Kyims) which link on Cior-Mhor to the Ben-Ghnuis range" of Bryce, p. 101. It is shown in the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, v. 10, pl. opp. p. 102. G. *a' chìr*, the comb. See Cir Mhor.

A CHRUACH (hill, 1679 feet). G. *cruach*, a stack, a hill.

CIOCH NA H'OIGHE (a hill, 2168 feet).

Probably the Kiach na hinnion of Blaeu; 1841, Ramsay, Ciodhna Oigh; 1859, Bryce, 68, 128, Cioch-na-Oigh, and Ciod-na-Oich. G. *cìoch na h-òighe*, the maiden's breast—so named from its shape.

CIR MHÒR (mountain, 2618 feet in height). 1845, NSA., Bute, 3, Cir Mor; 1859, Bryce, 92, Cior-Mhor or Kior-Vawr, G. *cìr-mhòr*, great comb—so named from its sharp jagged outline. Fine views of it are given in the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, v. 3, pl. opp. p. 212, v. 10, pl. opp. p. 84, 104, 106, and v. 8, pl. opp. p. 30.

CLACH A' CHAIT (three-quarters of a mile north of Corrie). G. "The cat stone."

CLACH AN FHIÒNN (also near Corrie). G. "Fionn's stone," or the "hero's stone." Commonly called the Elephant Rock from its resemblance to that animal. These two stones are figured in the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, v. 10, p. 110.

CLACH MHOR (a large boulder, also near Corrie). It is fifteen feet high and weighs about 620 tons.

CLAMPERTON. A hamlet formerly (1766) at Bay-head, Lamlash.

(To be continued)

The Capital of the Highlands

To many the Falls of Foyers will never fail to appeal as the finest in Britain, for nature has dealt bountifully with this haunt of wildness and majestic grandeur. Its shadows, its lichens and herbage, the waving birch and moisture-loving mosses, the rugged crags and wooded ravine, the tangle of sylvan loveliness on the further side of the river, the steep mountain paths across the loch, the lonely cry of the moor bird—these take possession of you, and remain for ever beloved. Sweetly as they are etched

on the landscape now they must have been still more entrancing in these old, far-off years when Boswell passed them by in silence. And you can only wonder at the prince of biographer's omission as you stand on the little bridge and look around.

But if Boswell was indifferent to the beauties of Foyers, have you not the familiar aftering of a still more distinguished visitor to vindicate your love for this most stately of retreats. You have not forgotten how the national bard stood beside the waters and

surveyed the scene, and how,, pencil in hand, he wrote that all the world might read—

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods,
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where through a shapeless breach his stream
resounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet de-
scends,

And viewless, echo's ear astonished rends,
Dim seen through rising mist and ceaseless
showers,

The hoary cavern, wide-resounding, low'rs.
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid cauldron boils.

These glowing lines are as true of Foyers to-day as when Burns lingered in its shadowed places. It is just the spot to dream away a long summer's day as well as a haunt for summer eves. And listening to the ceaseless beat of the falls and the gentle harmonising of nature, there comes to you like a venerable voice from the past, the faintest of echoes, resonant with the poetry of hallowed reminiscence.

ROBERT BURNS

The visit of Burns to Inverness-shire, and to the Capital of the Highlands in particular, enshrines many dim pictures in the memory. Fragrant with long forgotten adieux and gentle recollections, it takes you back once more through the shadows of the eighteenth century to the quaint little place that welcomed so many distinguished travellers. And a mind's eye view of the Inverness of that period is a pleasing and moving spectacle for the literary gleaner. The Highland Capital has many fine cameos to attract the stroller in literary fields, yet few, if any, possess the magnetic influence of the visit of the ploughman bard. Would that we knew more about it, for his is but a brief pilgrimage. If you would follow him on his peregrinations your track will lie along the grey highway stretching from Fort-George, then through the centre of the old town with all its whispers and shadows to the old-fashioned coaching establishment of Ettles. A picturesque figure the poet must have looked in his buckskins, top-boots and long coat, as he rode up to the door of the ancient caravansary on that September evening of

1787 on his old mare, the swift but cautious Jenny Geddes. Like many another landmark, however, Ettles Hotel has completely vanished, and there are only a few vagabonds with a literary turn of mind to preserve some memory of it as it was. Happily, there are still some who care to know where it stood, and to peep into the snug little parlour where the poet put up and wrote his numerous letters.

FLEETING GLIMPSES

It was from here he dispatched the news of his arrival to the Provost:—

Mr. Burns presents his most respectful compliments to Mr. Inglis—would have waited upon him with the enclosed (letter of introduction from William Dunbar), but is jaded to death with the fatigue of today's journey—won't leave Inverness till Thursday morning.

It was from here, too, that he set out on his journey to the Falls of Foyers and was enraptured with the scenery. And it was from Ettles on his return, that he made his way through the narrow thoroughfares to Bridge Street where he dined with the Provost and Mrs. Inglis, and spent a "quiet and enjoyable evening." Just how enjoyable that evening was you can only guess, for the record of the meeting has not been told. With Ettles Hotel, the old house has disappeared—gone like the silence of departed summers, and only the modern structure of Columba Hotel remains to mark the site. Coming direct from Edinburgh, and flushed with the triumphant reception given him all along the route, Burns must have created a stir during his all too brief stay. What interesting data Inglis might have added to the history of the town! But he is silent, and the next glimpse you get of the poet is his departure the following morning from the portals of the hospitable Church Street tavern for Culloden Moor, where his reflections on the field of battle found adequate expression—at a later date—in his tender lines on "The Lovely Lass of Inverness." Thus did Burns pass out of the Capital of the Highlands never to return.

COACHING ASSOCIATIONS

To-day the mere mention of Ettles Hotel fills the mind with vistas of a

bypast age—a period that witnessed the posting of the stage coach, and heard the clatter of horses' hoofs along the streets. These were interesting times when our ancestors, on pleasure or business bent, foregathered of an evening in the cosy atmosphere of the "gentle hostelry"; or, when being "carried at great speed" in the shaky interior of the four-horse mail, hailed with enthusiastic anticipation the friendly and inviting gleam from the tavern windows as the conveyance dashed into the town. The kindly ghosts of those halcyon days weave pleasing fancies for the leisure hours. They haunt you with whimsical fascination, illuminating the romance of a time that has been. In such company you may still hear the inspiring notes of the bugle sounding through the gloom of early morning as a warning to sluggards that the *Defiance* is leaving for Aberdeen. You unconsciously catch the crack of the burly coachman's whip, and view the guard's imposing uniform of scarlet livery, as, with a jerk and much straining and prancing, the mail express starts off for Edinburgh. You become absorbed in the scene of bustle and welcome that greet the arrival of the *Marquis of Breadalbane* with the latest gossip from Glasgow, the *Caledonian* from Perth, and the *Duke of Wellington* from Tain and the north generally. Or you are in the convivial atmosphere of the tavern itself, listening with delight to the entertaining stories and crackling jokes told over the "reaming swats that drank divinely." Inverness is decidedly rich in coaching lore, and in addition to the famous "flyers" already mentioned, there were running at one time or another the *Union*, which went every day to Nairn via Culloden Moor and Cawdor, the *Duchess of Gordon*, the *Star*, and the *Caberfeidh* to and from the north, and the *Prince of Wales* to Perth—surely a galaxy of picturesque transport that lends an added zest to the lingering charm of old-world ways.

THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL

To those who care to glance across the years, these and earlier days live

on. You may, if you wish, come into touch with them here and there. Not far, for instance, from the spot where Ettles' Hotel shone through the mirk of a winter's evening, there still stands one of the last links that connects the Inverness of to-day with the Inverness of centuries gone. It is an ancient habitation, whose weather-beaten walls have braved the storms since 1668 (not 1686 as the local guide has it). Though much of its original charm and quiet air of seclusion has passed away, you are irresistibly drawn towards it by the picturesque outlines of its quaint architecture and the vivid associations that lend lustre to its story. Intimate fragments of the past fill up the years that lie between and carry you through the corridors of time to the heyday of its pristine glory, when it was the grammar school of the town. Interesting little studies these are, reflecting in their visions of the long ago the faces and figures of those who made it notable. Yet all recede before one outstanding name that has embalmed it for ever in the heart of the literary pilgrim: James Macpherson, the future poet of "Ossian" fame. Within its old-world interior, the first early years of his schooling were spent, and as you turn and look about you, you half-expect to see the slim figure of the young Kingussie bard a-promenading down School Lane, or Church Street. Much water has flowed under the bridges since that far-off time, and the last scholar has long gone through the ancient doorways of the venerable edifice. But the old place lives on in quiet dignity and gentle decay, a pleasing memorial of forgotten days.

CHURCH STREET MEMORIES

And just a word about Church Street itself. For those who love to invest their immediate surroundings with the spirit of the past, this most familiar of thoroughfares swarms with reminiscences. There is hardly a foot of it that has not some singular charm, for its associations are among the greatest in the North. How it stirs you to remembrance! What a princely procession of shadowy shapes accompany you as you slip through the years **and**

think of the poets and litterateurs who have roamed haphazardly, or walked in haste, along it! On so interesting a track an hour or two's wandering, or pondering, lead you into channels that cry out to be written down. Changed as the setting now be, you can still look out on the journeyings of that pilgrim band, and all the yester-days merge into one as you view the departure of one elusive character and the arrival of another.

A CLUSTER OF CELEBRITIES

Burns alone, of course, makes Church Street supreme among Inverness haunts. But who can revert to its literary annals without catching fleeting glimpses, fanciful and pleasing, of the delicate Keats, with his companion Brown, strolling along with his knapsack, at which the people stared.

You know there is no putting one's knapsack into one's fob, so the people stare. We have been taken for spectacle-vendors, razor-sellers, jewelers, traveling linen drapers, spies, excisemen, and many things I have no idea of.

or of Thackeray, elegant as usual, making his way towards the Northern Meeting Room to entertain the elite with his remarks, satiric and humorous, on the "Four Georges"; or of the dandified Oscar Wilde striding in "swift twilight travellings," towards the Music Hall, to make an imposing figure in his long coat, knee-breeches, silver buckled shoes, and powdered hair.

REFLECTIONS

What a far cry it is back to those days! What a far cry, again, it seems to the days when Ruskin and Professor Blackie shot across our pathway, leaving graceful memories behind them; or till you see William Black, the novelist, roaming at leisure, seeking for those nooks and byways over which he has cast the radiance of romance, and peopled with the fictitious creatures in "Wild Eelin." Then there is that most discursive of chroniclers and prince of travellers, Dr. William Macculloch, and so on. And who can saunter here of an afternoon without, in imagination, chancing upon a tall, taciturn, ungainly looking young man, who was destined to find Inverness his stepping stone to fame?

HUGH MILLER

To follow Hugh Miller in his wanderings, however, you must make the whole town your sphere. Now your route is by the windings of the Ness, whose beauty and charm moved him to poetic effort, in the sacred precincts of Tomnahurich, where he oft-times lingered, or by the banks of the Canal, where he was a familiar figure of an evening, strolling along with his great stride. You can see at a glance, too, the mean little house in Factory Street where he lodged, and peep into the manse on that ludicrous scene with the supercilious Mr. Clark. Above all, how intimately the meeting with Dr. Carruthers lies in the memory! When the *Courier* building comes into view, what reader can forget that walk along High Street to the old office, so full of nervous anticipation! Both here, and to the present editorial rooms of the *Courier*, Miller was a frequent visitor, and it is pleasant to think that when you go in at the door in Bank Lane and wander through the spacious chambers and up the narrow wooden stair, you are treading in his footsteps.

Time goes back a long space as you dream your way through this old office. For the *Courier* has other claims to literary fame than its connection with Hugh Miller. A whole world of mellow thoughts and pleasures greets you in a retrospect down its long history. Old friendships and associations come to light, kindling the imagination, and taking you through the shadows to days gone by. And they are days worth knowing. Few can recall them, but there still are some who can remember when the *Courier* office was the mecca of all men of letters, bards, story-tellers, and the like, to Inverness, and can tell you of the notabilities of the Victorian era, and when Edward became king, who wandered down Bank Lane to pay their respects to, and have a chat with, Dr. Carruthers, or James Barron, themselves kindred spirits among literary fraternities. These were interesting times, when Thackeray, Angus Reach, James Hannay, Alexander Russel, of the *Scotsman* and William Dean Howells were in Inver-

ness. Shirley Brooks was another visitor when rusticating in the sunshine that gilded the summers that are no more, mid the quietude of Drum-nadrochit. So was Dr. Charles Mackay, the poet, and it seems only yesterday since Nether-Lochaber and Andrew Lang were about the editorial rooms. What a chronicle might be written round these names, for they have left such reminiscences in their passing as must always find a treasured place in your private pantheon of literary collections.

BANK LANE MEMORIES

From the present mundane surroundings, it is withal pleasant to float in fancy down the stream of years to the scenes they recall. Few passages afford keener pleasure to the rambler in Inverness's literary byways, though, alas! they are but sparsely recorded. Would we knew more about them, for the one or two stray notes that have lingered on are hallowed reflections in the mirrors of memory. Who that has steeped himself oddwhiles in the long since forgotten pages of the early fifties, or so, or listened to the recollections of those—now a dwindling band—who remember, will not conjure up that afternoon in the spring of 1841 when Angus Reach, about to set out for London and future distinction, stood in the editor's room thanking Dr. Carruthers for his letter of introduction to Charles Mackay of the *Morning Chronicle*, and his warm-hearted and kindly advice? Or, to turn to another episode, how delightful to recreate that incident of Dr. Carruthers turning to Russel of the *Scotsman*, after reading a telegram, and exclaiming:—"Hannay's coming. What shall we do?" and the brusque and ready reply of Russel:—"Let him come. We'll meet him on the broad basis of whisky and water." Hannay, like Dr. Carruthers, was a native of Dumfries, and was in more or less intimate touch with the editor of the *Courier*. He never missed a chance, however, of attacking Russel, and, as editor of the *Edinburgh Courant*, had ample opportunities. Russel, on the other hand, regarded him as a bore,

and the story goes that on one occasion, at a dinner in Edinburgh, Hannay was laying forth, as usual, on his claims to a dormant peerage, when Russel interrupted him with—"It would be more to the point if you could prove a dormant half-crown." Hence Dr. Carruthers' agitation at receipt of the telegram.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY

One likes to picture, too, the literary Charles Mackay, whose "Forty Years' Recollections" tells us so much of Angus Reach's struggles in London, and who, "through the long day," of his connection with the *Morning Chronicle*, came to know intimately Moore, Campbell, Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Wordsworth, Samuel Rogers, and Thackeray. It is strange that Mackay never introduced Reach to Thackeray as he did David Gray. The two never met despite the story current as late as 1874 that the novelist had ruffled the serenity of the fastidious Reach by addressing him as if his name rhymed with each, and on being corrected added insult to injury by handling him a peach with the remark—"Mr. Re—ach, will you take a pe—ach?"

RECOLLECTIONS OF THACKERAY

You can imagine the satiric Thackeray in just such an incident, just as you can imagine his tall aristocratic figure entering Dr. Carruthers' sanctum on a bleak March afternoon in 1857, and the two strolling arm-in-arm towards the Northern Meeting Room, where he lectured in the evening, and the following evening, on the "Four Georges" (the same as given in Edinburgh when Aytoun bade him "stick to the Jeamses")

to the most numerous and brilliant company of listeners ever congregated (there) . . . Carriages lined the streets in front of the rooms—500 each night.

What evenings these must have been! Church Street thronged from end to end with carriages, and inside the hall, the huge assembly following every word—humorous, pathetic, tragic—of his brilliant oration with the closest interest. These are happy glimpses of Thackeray in Inverness—

(Continued on page 286)

Our Glasgow Letter

On September 27th the Prince of Wales had the rather trying ordeal of playing himself in as Captain of the Royal & Ancient Club at St. Andrews. Although obviously nervous, he, however, with his wonderfully natural and boyish manner, emerged triumphant, in spite of a "pulled" ball, which took with it some turf. His caddie for the day was Andrew Kirkcaldy, the local veteran, to whom the Prince remarked, on looking round the crowd of about 5000 persons assembled, "This is an awful job." However, with the advice to "keep his e'e on the ba' and he would be a' richt," Andrew bid him be of good cheer, and as it turned out he played a very creditable game. The Prince afterwards went round to watch Roger Wethered play a few holes, and then had a practice game round the new course with Mr. Boothby, the retiring Captain, with whom, later in the day, he played in the medal competition.

A really good golfing story, in connection with the Prince, is at present going the rounds. At the time when he was taking lessons from Sandy Herd, at Coombe Hill, his stance was rather upright, and Herd commanded the Prince to "Tuck your tummy in." To which the Prince replied "That's the first time I've ever been told I had one."

Last month we mentioned the good fortune of a Mrs. Janet Nicol, who had been left a fortune of £25,000 under the will of her late husband's father, a Scotch-Canadian. Since mentioning this interesting story, there have been many sensational developments, which, briefly stated, seem to point out that the whole business has been a hoax, although sufficient details are not to hand to enable us to make a more definite statement. Suffice it to say that the newly married couple came to Glasgow, allowed themselves to be interviewed by most of the newspapers, made appointments which they did not keep, and then disappeared. It is supposed that they have gone to Stranraer—from which quarter the now Mrs. Turner hails—and we await with some degree of amusement and interest the final act of what looks like a rather sorry tale.

Archibald Kay's genius seems to shine brighter as the years go on, and his brush to be bewitched. We are glad to learn—as an ardent admirer of his wonderful work—that he has recently had three very gratifying successes. "O River of Winter Sunshine" has been purchased by the town of Stirling, for the Smith Institution collection. Another of his pictures, "Pearl Fishers' Camp" has gone all the way to Toronto, Canada, and his R.S.A. picture has gone, by invitation to Liverpool. We also hear

that Mr. Kay has taken a cottage down Glen Finlas way, where Ruskin lived, some 60 years ago, and here indeed will he get food for his artistic palate.

Some time ago we mentioned the fact that Miss Violet Drummond, daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Drummond, of Meggish, Forfarshire, had completed her apprenticeship as an engineer, at Dundee, and was in time honoured fashion, giving her fellow workers a "night out" on that occasion. As a further stage in this young lady's unusual career, we may say that she has now secured a position, and sailed from the Clyde on the 9th September, as one of the engine room staff of the steamer *Anchises*, of the Lambert & Holt line. The vessel carries ten engineers, and Miss Drummond, on the trip to South American ports, is to act as the junior member. As far as we can gather she is the first woman marine engineer, and Scotland feels very proud of her. As she served six years' apprenticeship, it is a fair guess that she will make good at her trade, and having put her hand to the plough, is not likely to draw back.

The new Anchor Liner *Tuscania*, Clyde built, has made her first trip across the Atlantic. She is a magnificent vessel, and therefore it is perhaps only natural and fitting that she should have a distinguished Captain. Perhaps it is not known to everyone, because the Skipper is a man of extreme modesty—that Captain David W. Bone, in command of the *Tuscania*, is the David W. Bone, so well known in literature, as the author of "The Brass-bounder" and other interesting stories and sketches. The Captain has certainly had sufficient real experience to enable him to write real life romances, as he was Master of the Anchor Line *Columbia* when the German submarine menace was at its worst, and was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, narrowly escaping with his life. So the *Tuscania* is in good hands. Has the Captain, we wonder, had anything to do with the idea of installing a book shop on board the *Tuscania*? It certainly is a novel innovation, and one that must be a real boon to the traveller. By the way, for the benefit of those who do not already know, the Captain is a brother of the famous etcher, Muirhead Bone, and still another brother is a well-known journalist.

We are indeed sorry to learn that the Duke of Argyll has decided to dispose of his Island Estates of Tiree, Lismore and Benmore, extending to over 51,000 acres.

The Island of Tiree is one of great archaeological interest, and around its coast are some re-

markable Celtic forts. It is known as "The Granary and Flower of the Hebrides" and the snipe shooting is considered to be the finest in Europe. Lismore Island, close to Oban, was in olden times the residence of the Bishops of Argyll and the Isles, and the remains of their castle still exist. The Benmore forest and estate is in the Island of Mull, and includes the mountain of Benmore, 3169 ft. high. It is said the Duke has put these islands into the market very reluctantly, as a good many years ago—when his predecessor, the late Duke of Argyll, wished to sell, he took them over, to avoid this.

It is a sad and sorry business to see most of the treasured acres of Scotland pass out of the hands of the Scottish Dukes, and into the hands of those, perhaps, who, through no fault of their own, cannot appreciate the Scottish atmosphere and temperament, and whose vandalistic ideas are pure torture to the native Scot, whose vision of a noble history, preserved in the heart, and inherited in the blood, is ever with him. All the Dukes of Scotland have now joined the army of land sellers, with the one exception of the Duke of Atholl. The Duke of Montrose and the Duke of Roxburghe have sold so little that they may be counted outside the list, and we sincerely hope we wont see much more of this selling mania.

The Royal Humane Society, on September 14th, made nine Scottish awards for gallantry, and amongst these, although it is difficult to distinguish one act of bravery from another, there are one or two specially striking instances. Benjamin Sutherland, of Grangemouth, who plunged into 15 ft. of water, and saved a child's life, was 64 years of age and to go to the other extreme, James Deyburgh, of Rosyth, who pluckily saved a younger boy who fell from the pier at North Queensferry, was only 12 years of age. Then there is the case of three members of one family, William Shields, Daniel Shields, and William Shields, Junr., of Inverkeithing,

Fife, who saved the lives of four children, who had fallen into the harbour.

A Crieff lady, Mrs. Jane Campbell, of Woodlands, Crieff, and a daughter of the late Mr. John McKechnie, of Paisley, has left in her will £3700 between various charitable institutions in Scotland. These are too numerous to mention here, but they are all deserving—and needful—of support in these stressful times.

Greenock Corporation has some big improvement schemes on hand at present, which include a new 60 ft. wide thoroughfare, from Grey Place, through the lower end of the town, to meet Rue-end. Later it is proposed to carry this thoroughfare still further. The scheme is made possible through the big extension scheme being carried out by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., shipbuilders, who are offering the corporation a large tract of ground from that off which they are clearing tenements and works. The extension of the new thoroughfare will cost approximately £30,000, and a plan is to be submitted to the authorities, in order that they may participate in any grants that may be required. It is hoped that this scheme will provide work for many unemployed in the district.

Dumfries Town Council have been indulging in lively controversy over the subject of Sunday music, and after much argument and no little abuse between the members, the motion for Sunday music was defeated by two votes. So stormy did the meeting become at one stage that the Provost threatened to bring it to a close if the members could not discuss the matter calmly. However, the vote decided the matter ultimately, and the Dumfries folks do not mean to change their ways meantime in this direction.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

MOUNT WASHINGTON

BY EDITH SCOTT MAGNA

Clear and cloudless the mountains rise,
Stately and grand and tall.
And Washington, with regal pride,
Stands captain of them all.

Sometimes the surface looks like jade,
Hard to the touch as stone,
Then twilight softens the vivid shade
Where the setting sun has shone.

Again, the haze makes a changing hue,
Blue as the azure skies,
It's soft, like the touch of velvet,
Where a pale new moon will rise.

Great, like the poems of ages,—
Grand, like a soul that is gone,—
God gave us the monument mountain,
For the sun to shine ever upon.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

New York Caledonian Club

The quarterly meeting of the Club, held November 14th, was one of the best attended in months. Chief Caldwell presided, and initiated several new members. A number of propositions were received and referred to the investigating committee. An amendment to the by-laws raising the dues and initiation fee was adopted by a large vote. Nominations for officers for 1923 brought out a crop of candidates; James Kemp, Wm. Vance and Alexander Caldwell are up for Chief; James Waldie and Gilbert A. Burns for First Chieftain; Donald Shepard, Second Chieftain; John A. Davidson, Third Chieftain; John MacGregor, Fourth Chieftain, while John H. Whiteford and Alexander Rettie are making things hum in the race for Fifth Chieftain. Veterans of election nights in Sullivan Street and Horatio Street are looking forward with keen delight to the coming second Tuesday night in December when the voting takes place. As the meeting fell on the Club's sixty-sixth birthday, a short social session followed the finish of business.

POSTPONED GAMES

The A. A. U. events postponed from Labor Day were run off in the Armory of the 102nd Engineers, Broadway and 168th Street, Saturday evening, November 18th. A good-sized crowd was on hand which will reduce to some extent the loss occasioned by the Labor Day storm. The holding of indoor games may become an annual feature; that, however, is still to be settled. Miss Annie Gordon again acted as assistant secretary, and in that capacity was of great assistance to the gentlemen of the press. Ex-Chieftain Gilbert A. Burns scored a great success in his come-back as an announcer. The results follow:—

100 Yards—Novice.—V. Mare, St. Anselms Athletic Club; 2nd, W. Meyer; 3rd, F. Razza, St. Anselms Athletic Club. Time: 11". 880 Yards—Novice.—W. Siegel, Glencoe Athletic Club; 2nd, J. McCarten, St. Anselms Athletic Club; 3rd, H. Elbe, Bloomfield C. L. Time: 2' 12". 1000 Yards—Handicap.—W. Sullivan, Unattached—Scratch; 2nd, C. Beagan, St. Anselms A. C.—Scratch; 3rd, D. Webster, Unattached—35". Time: 2' 21". 220 Yards—Handicap.—L. Bennett, St. Anselms A. C.—8"; 2nd, R. La Vin, Poly. Prep.—5"; 3rd, A. McAdam,

St. Anselms A. C.—5". Time: 24' 4". Two Mile Walk—Handicap.—D. Reemer, Unattached—15"; 2nd, W. Plant, Morningside A. C.—Scratch; 3rd, A. Rozmak, Jersey Harriers—110". Time: 14' 37". Two Mile Run—Handicap.—W. Goodwin, New York A. C.—65 yards; 2nd, E. Weiman, Unattached—100 yards; 3rd, G. Allen, St. Anselms A. C.—175 yards. Time: 9' 13". One Mile Relay Handicap.—St. Anselms Athletic Club; 2nd, Morningside Athletic Club; 3rd, Loughlin Lyceum. Time: 3' 3½". Putting 12 lb. Shot—Handicap.—A. Wanzu—distance: 50 ft. 4 in. Handicap; 2nd, B. Lichtman, Pastime A. C., 49 ft. 7 in. Handicap 6 ft.; 3rd, J. Goldenberg, Pastime A. C., 48 ft. Handicap 1 ft. Col. Walter Scott point trophy was won by the St. Anselms Athletic Club. Bagpipe Competition—Confined to Lovat Pipe Band.—M. Elder; 2nd, M. MacKenzie; 3rd, D. Buchanan.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS.

A barn dance under the auspices of the ladies was held in the club hall on Election Eve, Monday evening, November 6th. The costumes were unusually appropriate for such a gathering. A special policeman and a decidedly prejudiced judge fined a number guilty of various infractions of barn yard laws. Many of the dances were very much up to date, and somewhat different from those that were popular at old time kirns. Prizes for the best costumes had been provided; the fortunate winners were as follows: Mrs. Donald Charleson, a cereal set; Mrs. Pettit, a ham; Miss Emily, a chicken; Ex-Chieftain Gilbert A. Burns traveled to his Washington Heights home, the proud winner of a duck that up to Thanksgiving week was still alive, and happily oblivious of the Ex-Chieftain's relatives who are fond of roasted animals of its kind, and are looking forward to an invitation to a feast. Master Douglass Charleson received a special prize for an extra fine farmer costume. The prize for selling the most tickets went to Mrs. Peter F. Gray. This and the cereal set were donated by an ex-president of the ladies' society, Mrs. Alex. Tasker. Mrs. Caldwell worked hard keeping everything going, and was ably assisted by a large number of the ladies. A large sum was realized and will be given—so the ladies say—to a most worthy object.

Philadelphia Letter

Clan Cameron, O.S.C. No. 64, at its moot on September 12th had a by ord'nar interesting gathering of the Clansmen. Chief Courage had invited an attendance of all the surviving Past-Chiefs which was well responded to. The ceremony of initiation was performed in a highly creditable manner by the "auld foggies," Past-Chief Dan Campbell officiating as Chief, the highly esteemed "vet" demonstrating that there was some "come back" in his mentality, and leadership. It would be superfluous to enumerate all the Past Chiefs by name, for nearly a "baker's dozen" were in evidence.

When the routine of business was disposed of, a social time followed, in which there were speeches, songs and recitations delivered. The first Chief of the Clan that wielded the gavel thirty-two years ago, Archie Ferguson, who served as Chief for the first two terms, was called upon and appropriately responded. Treasurer Alexander Murrison always has something good on "tap" and entertained with a selection from his favorite bard, The Ploughman Poet: several of the speakers expressed the hope that at the next Convention a Solomon would appear and suggest legislation on an equitable basis, whereby the Order would be in a position to comply with the Insurance Laws without having resort to prohibitory assessments to be borne by old Clansmen alone, our young men being fully alive to the inevitable, that they too are ever nearing the three score years and ten.

The Entertainment Committee served refreshments, which appeared to be much relished, judging by the manner in which the bulk became beautifully less. At the close the Clansman's chain and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a blythe and highly successful gathering to a close.

SCOTTISH HALL ASSN.

Exciting competition rendered the third annual Scottish games and picnic held under the auspices of the Scottish Hall Association at Maple Grove the most successful so far conducted. The group of local organizations, if present plans materialize, will shortly be housed in a spacious clubhouse in Kensington.

Track and field sports, dancing in which skillful juvenile talent predominated, a bagpipe competition in which famed exponents of the art brought back the melody of the land of the heather to those in attendance; athletic tests of various kinds and a soccer game made up a busy afternoon's program of entertainment. In addition dancing in the roomy pavilion, luncheon and good-fellowship united to make the event an enjoyable outing.

The association football match, started and finished in the early twilight, was productive of fast exchanges in which Manager McKay's teammates representing Fleisher's big plant, defeated Young's Puritan combination by 4 goals to 1.

The dancing, decided upon a raised platform, taxed the endurance of the youthful performers. The rays of the hot sun poured down upon the score of skillful performers, but they danced

with agility and gracefulness that won frequent applause from the spectators.

Miss Margaret Herron proved the victorious contestant and was awarded the S. J. Lyons cup. She won the sword dance, gained second place in the Highland fling for boys and girls under 15 years of age, and also finished second to Miss Isabel McKinnon in the open sword dance.

Short dash races for women, married and single, as well as boys and girls, added a modern touch to the athletic contests. The spectators were seated along the turf-covered field. The longer running events were decided over a furlong stretch in full view of the crowd.

A feature was the tug-of-war. Two teams of six men participated. Clan Gordon showed their prowess in two short and sharp tests in competition against Clan MacGregor, and as a result held the William H. Dewar Cup, which must be won two consecutive years to become the property of a team.

Boston Scottish Society

The Society's Hallowe'en Celebration was held in Young's Hotel, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 31st, and a very large and enthusiastic gathering was present.

The principal speaker was Clinton B. Carberry, managing editor of the *Boston Post*, whose subject was "Impressions of Big Men I Have Met," which was intensely interesting, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter for fully thirty minutes.

Prof. Norman Macdonald, Simmons College, gave an interesting lecture on the "History and Government of the Scottish People." The members were so enthusiastic over this, that they insisted upon Prof. Macdonald having this printed for distribution.

Prof. E. Charlton Black addressed the Society in his usual characteristic manner, which was very much appreciated by everybody present.

The musical part of the program was in charge of the Margaret Wright Concert Company. President William Mann presided, and amongst those at the head table were Captain Clarence J. McKenzie and Mrs. McKenzie, Prof. Norman Macdonald, Prof. E. Charlton Black, Clinton B. Carberry, Mrs. Mann, Andrew Stewart, George Lyall, Forbes L. McKenzie and Mrs. McKenzie. The Entertainment Committee consisted of David Dunbar, J. Dunlop Smith and George M. Gray.

Here and There Among the Scots of Detroit

Clan Campbell, Order of Scottish Clans, is busy rehearsing "Rob Roy," their play that received such a hearty greeting last winter in Detroit. With new scenery and costumes and players, that are now thoroughly finished to perfection, it will no doubt be a grand success.

The new Bowling Green that the city with the help of Jamie Gellespie, late of Alloa, opened last Spring has been largely attended by the Scots of Detroit, William R. Carnegie, a past president of St. Andrews Society, being

its first president. It has eight rinks with room for more. It is needless to say that Detroit curlers are a large majority of the members. Such names one hears hailed all over the grounds: Bob Murray, Bob Kerr, Adam Strohm, Findlay, Williamson, MacKenzie, Allen, Webb, Dick Watson, Watterson and many others. No doubt in regards to Scottish sport in Detroit, golfing, curling and bowling, "We're a' Scottish here." Even soccer football has come to stay.

At the laying of the Foundation Stone of the New Masonic Temple in Detroit, September 25th, a great many out of town Scots were present and every pipe band in the city and over from Windsor, led by Bruce Cameron, pipe major of the International Pipe Band, were chosen for the occasion. All the pipers of the International are Shriners. Forty thousand witnessed the unveiling, even Robert Burns upon his statue opposite the new Masonic site taking an important part, someone having graciously tied a Masonic apron on him.

It was surely a Protestant week in Detroit, for the Odd Fellows had their Convention and the city was decorated all week with the colors of the Chain Gang; and on the 29th of September, Bruce Cameron again with his Kilie Band led one of the largest parades ever witnessed in Detroit—more than forty thousand Odd Fellows and Daughters of Rebecca.

The St. Andrews Society has had a fruitful year and are preparing a program of entertainment for the coming months that will keep their Secretary, David Rodgers, who is a genius with his pen, a very busy man.

The Burns Society also, with a president who has proven himself to be one of its most energetic workers, John Cameron, is busy gathering the funds to erect a statue in memory of Scotland's romantic son, Sir Walter Scott. We hail him as, he who opened the gates of Scotland's romantic hills and dales, Lochs and streams to the world.

JAMES P. BROMFIELD.

6744 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club

The members of this hustling organization, accompanied by their ladies, celebrated the close of a most successful season with a dinner at the Roma—their third annual event of the kind—on Saturday evening, November 11th. President John A. Rennie presided, and extended a hearty welcome to all. It was clearly demonstrated that the summer afternoons on the green at Van Cortlandt had in no way impaired the bowlers' appetites, for full justice was done to a fine Roma dinner. After the tables were cleared President Rennie reviewed the club's work for the year, noting the progress made and predicted a further advance in 1923. Songs by Mrs. Ridley, William Cuthbertson, T. Lennox, A. Hill, William Crawford, Alexander Wilson and James Whyte and a recitation by Miss Johnson all called for encores, in spite of the Chairman's ruling that none would be allowed. Old timers like Sandy Tasker with the

immortal Lachie Wilson and George Reid with Craw Tench were heartily helped in a thundering chorus. Andra Gillies with a new poem on an alleged attempt to eliminate oatmeal parritch, added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Mr. Leith, Vice-President of the West Hudson Bowling Green Club, spoke well for the game and the sportsmanship of the players. Malcolm McNeill of the Brooklyn Club admitted that in games and dinners the Van Cortlandt folk were leaving the people across the bridge astern. Frank Dykes in a characteristic speech went over many of the 1922 happenings, and with becoming modesty ascribed the loss of the match with the West Hudson Club to the fact that the secretary had failed to notify him of it.

Vice-President Crawford presented prizes to the season's winners as follows:—President's cup and gold medal, John Broatch. Second prize—medal—David Dewar. Consolation—Wm. H. Don. Tournament Doubles, John Broatch and Harry Archibald; Second prize, T. McCarthy and Wm. Moncur.

"Auld Lang Syne" brought the evening to a close. Mrs. Thos. T. Archibald presided at the piano with her accustomed skill. A well-known and popular speaker was the last of the talent, and was called on just as the clocks were about to "chap twal," but as the secretary left his name off the list, the reporter with his native bashfulness will refrain from sending it in for publication.

Saranac Lake Day Nursery and Community House Benefit

The many friends and helpers of the Saranac Lake Day Nursery and Community House will be delighted to learn that the results of the Sunday evening Benefit which took place on October 8 at the Lexington Opera House, New York, under the direction of Mr. William Morris as Chairman, Col. Walter Scott serving as Treasurer, were far beyond all expectations, due probably in a large measure to the fact that subscribers knew the Chairman would make good his promise to have so many prominent actors and actresses present, among them Sir Harry Lauder and Will Rogers.

The net proceeds turned over for the benefit of the helpless little kiddies at Saranac Lake amounted to \$9,049.89. There is enough glory in connection with this record-breaking benefit to go around, and much is due not only those in charge, but the artists, musicians, program committee headed by Lady Lauder and Mrs. William Morris, ushers, box office attendants, flower girls, and particularly the press.

Judge Robert Grant, of Boston, was elected President of the Harvard Alumni Association, Oct. 11th. W. Cameron Forbes, former Governor General of the Philippines, was chosen as one of the Vice-Presidents. Judge Grant made one of the addresses at the dedication of the Burns monument, in Boston, Jan. 1, 1920, closing with a stirring poem that will long be remembered.

The Old Coffee Pot

BY WALTER SCOTT
(For the Caledonian)



Dear unto my heart is the old black coffee pot which is always with us in our life at camp. How useful it is when near a flowing stream as we sit beside the cheerful campfire! How warming and restful are its contents when weary from trailing the game through the brush and snow, and how indispensable to cheer and sustain as we continue the chase!

Quincy, Mass.

The Burns Memorial Association of Quincy held the opening meeting of the winter season in Thistle Hall, Bradford Buildings, on the evening of Wednesday, September 6th.

With the report of the committees it was intimated that Col. Walter Scott had sent an autographed copy of *A Minstrel in France* to be sold for the benefit of the Monument Fund, and that the committee were disposing of tickets, and furthermore that through Col. Scott's kindly interest in talking to his friends about the Association and its aims, that Mr. William Morris, manager for Sir Harry Lauder, had sent packages of statuettes. At the time of writing, both book and statuettes are very tastefully displayed in the window of the H. L. Kincaide Co., the largest store in the city, the principal being a member of the Association.

The social program of the evening was opened with a fine piano solo by Miss Maria

Edmonston, the daughter of one of Quincy's prominent Scots. Miss Edmonston chose for her debut before a Burns Memorial audience *The Relief of Lucknow*; this is a descriptive piece of piano music that requires considerable display of technique and expression. This Miss Edmonston was quite equal to, and her contribution was received with marked attention and she was heartily applauded.

Her piece was a fitting precursor to an address by Colonel Percy A. Guthrie, the hero of the MacLean Kilties. Colonel Guthrie took for the theme of his address—as a compliment to the lady members present—the women's work in the war from his personal experience. From what he told us, it is very doubtful if there had been any Colonel left, if it had not been for the women; for in the short time he spoke he gave us an insight into the real heroic work—the work that could not be noted or rewarded, but at the time time was the great factor in saving so many lives, as it undoubtedly did his—"The Women's Work in the War." Unfortunately for us Colonel Guthrie had another engagement and had to be brief. As might be expected, he was listened to with eager attention, and many were the regrets expressed that he had to leave so early. We hope that later on we may again have Colonel Guthrie with us.

Following Colonel Guthrie's address a nice little presentation was made to the Association by Mayor William A. Bradford, of a collection of old prints and engravings of Burns, and places and incidents of his life and works, from the library of the late Colonel Edward Anderson, who was an ardent admirer of the poet. It is the gift of Colonel Anderson's daughter, Mrs. Samuel Walker Ellsworth, of Quincy, who thought the Association worthy of being custodian of the collection. Suitable arrangement will be made for its protection and preservation in the archives of the Association.

WILLIAM GRAY.

174 Centre St.,
Quincy, Mass.

Springfield, Mass.

Plans for observing Burn's anniversary were made at a meeting of a joint committee from Clan Murray and the Burns Benefit Club, in Memorial Hall, Oct. 25. A concert and dance will be given in Melha Temple Jan. 26.

The Daughters of Robert Burns paid a surprise visit to the Robert Burns Benefit Club in Memorial Hall on the same night. A steak and pie supper was served, followed by singing and dancing. Solos were sung by Mrs. Margaret MacFarlane.

The "Traveling Fiery Cross" was brought by Clan Bruce of Holyoke to Clan Murray, O. S. C., in Memorial Hall, Oct. 17. The cross, a symbol of the ancient means of gathering the Scottish clans, will remain in the possession of Clan Murray for 30 days, after which time it will be carried to Clan McLennan of Ludlow. Eventually, the cross will have traveled over the entire country, being passed from clan to clan.

Five candidates were initiated at the meeting by the officers of Clan Bruce of Holyoke. Other clans making official visits were MacLaren of Holyoke and McLennan of Ludlow. Clan Murray visited Clan Scott in Worcester, Oct. 28. Plans were made for a joint fair with the auxiliary to be held in Memorial Hall, Nov. 17 and 18. A whist party for the benefit of the Kiltie Band was held in Memorial Hall, Oct. 30. After the meeting an entertainment was given by Neil Paterson and Peter Low.

The story of the Fiery Cross is most interesting. In the days of Wallace and Bruce numerous raids were made on the Scottish border by English invaders and in order to call the clansmen to arms a flaming cross was placed on the hilltops and carried through the shire. The cross as used by the clans today is carried into the meeting by one of the candidates, but instead of being a call to arms is a call for the gathering of the clan. The cross used by the Ku Klux Klan was copied from the Fiery Cross of the old Scotch border raid days

Albany, N. Y.

Dr. John Giffen was elected president of St. Andrew's Society of the City of Albany at the 119th annual gathering in St. Andrew's hall Nov. 9. It was also decided to celebrate St. Andrew's day on Wednesday evening, December 6, with a dinner at the Albany club.

Other officers elected were: First vice-president, William Reid; second vice-president, the Rev. David Hutchison; treasurer, John S. McEwan; chaplain, Very Rev. Archdeacon Roelif H. Brooks; physician, Dr. Harold D. Cochrane; secretary, Ewan McIntyre; assistant secretary, Ronald Kinnear; corresponding secretary, Francis B. Purdie; managers, Walter S. McEwan, Robert M. Chalmers, McNaughton Miller, Alexander R. McKenzie and William Maxwell.

Cameron Post, No. 79, G. A. R.

The Associate Members of Cameron Post No. 79 have spent a rather busy month. They started the season off right with a house warming at the Scotch Tea Rooms on September 30th, a Saturday night. The notice of the party was a little short, but a goodly representation of the Post and their friends were present and those that were unable to be on hand missed a treat.

On Tuesday, October 3rd, the Post had a meeting and from the reports received the tickets of the first dance of this season were moving most satisfactorily. All the details were cleared away.

The big night, to be sure, was Tuesday, October 17th, in the Green Room of the Hotel McAlpin. Folks started coming early and they kept coming and coming, until the ball-room was filled. Stewart's Orchestra left nothing to be desired in the way of dance music either for the old country dancing or for the up-to-date American jazz. Yes indeed, there were waltzes, Paul Joneses and such like. The enthusiasm at times threatened to make it necessary for the Orchestra to go outside to get a rest. In fact when it

came time to go many there were who were reluctant to leave, even though hands had been joined in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." The members of the Post are indeed to be complimented upon the loyal manner in which they are supporting their officers, and we wish to take this occasion to thank our many friends for the joyous manner in which they accepted our dance. We do hope that they will continue to come to see us.

Through the courtesy of Mr. William Taylor, of the Committee of the "America's Making" pageant and ball, the Associate Members of Cameron Post received an invitation to be present in the kilt at the ball which was held in the Hotel Astor on the evening of October 27th. The spectacle was inspiring and we do hope that on the repetition of this affair the members will have a little longer notice so as to be present in larger numbers.

You will find our advertisement in this number of THE CALEDONIAN for our next dance, which will be held in the Green Room of the hotel McAlpin. We will be pleased to see you.

—THE CHAPLAIN.

Flora Macdonald College

Founders Day was celebrated by the College October 10 with important meetings of the Trustees, the Advisory Board of Women and the Alumnae Association. Members of these boards were taken over the buildings on a tour of inspection and later heard the needs of the institution presented by the heads of departments. The program of expansion as presented by President Vardell was adopted by the Board of Trustees.

Scottish Night attracted a large audience in the college auditorium. Three reels of motion pictures of Scotland were shown, students of the college were seen in the Highland Fling, and Miss Florence Mulholland, contralto, of New York, was heard in a program of Scotch songs. With a rich pure voice of unlimited power, with an enunciation which made plain every word of the songs of "Auld Scotia" and with a gracious personality, Miss Mulholland scored heavily and was recalled time and again. The final number was "Auld Lang Syne" with the audience joining in the chorus.

Col. Walter Scott of New York sent a telegram of greeting, which was read by President Vardell just prior to the recital. He also sent a substantial check which made possible the attendance of a number of students. Flora Macdonald has recently received a gift of \$5,000 from the estate of Capt. M. H. McBride, of Laurinburg, Scotland County, North Carolina.

Sir Thomas Lipton, accompanied by a few friends, including Col. Walter Scott, Dr. Good, and Col. Edward Ryan, went to Newark, N. J., Sept. 30, where from the wireless broadcasting station of L. Bamberger & Sons he sent the first spoken message across the Atlantic to Gordon Selfridge, in London. Cable confirmation, the following day, said that Sir Thomas's voice was heard "more or less distinctly."

Waun'erin' Hame

Frien' Stoddard, Caledonian news brings usually an urge
 Tae sing its praise, but last month's news ca's
 for a funeral dirge.
 Sae mony brilliant Scots hae gane—succumbed
 tae Nature's law,
 Oor modern "Forest Floors," it seems, a' sud-
 denly "wede awa!"
 Bell, Haliburton, Kennedy, Sloan, Wanlock, an'
 some ithers,
 Are names tae conjure wi' amang the race whi'
 ca'd them brithers.
 A' tae'n the low road hameward, back tae from
 whence they came—
 As if they'd made a compact, a' tae meet an'
 waun'er hame.
 Nae passport wad be needed for this bonnie
 delegation,
 For a' were faithfu' tae the task assigned at
 their creation.
 An' I envy them the welcome that they got
 amang their ain,
 When they landed in the hameland roon' the
 holy hearthstane.
 What a story o' experience ilka ane o' them
 could tell,
 New sangs they'd hear frae Kennedy, an' wire-
 less talk frae Bell.
 But wi' their earthly labors dune—their last
 desire the same,
 Tae drap their tools when nicht come, an' a'
 gang waun'erin' hame.
 The Singers an' the Scientists, auld Scotland
 has produced,
 Hae' lichtened mony a weary hert, gie'n man-
 kind mony a boost.
 An' we wha reap the benefit, whene'er their
 name ye mention,
 Reminds us o' some tunefu' lilt, or masterly
 invention
 The labors o' their usefu' lives, the sunshine
 they created,
 Has left us a' indebted tae the Scots wha's
 been translated.
 Tho' we grieve at their transition, in oor
 breist we fan the flame
 O' kinship tae the waun'erers, that hae a'
 gaun waun'erin' hame.

Waun'erin' hame, baith the hale an' the lame,
 Maun a' tak the journey, gae waun'erin' hame.

By HUGH W. BARNES,

Somerville, Mass.

Scranton, Pa.

The meeting of the Scranton Caledonian Club, October 16, furnished a pleasant surprise to the officers, five new members joining at a single meeting and this is only an indication of the awakened interest in Scottish affairs here. Our Pipe Band is coming on in good shape, and in due time we will have an organization second to none in this part of the country. The young blood is joining up, among them some capital singers, and is putting new life into the club.

W. LYALL, Secretary.

Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The meetings of Clan MacDonald, 33, are an inspiration to men of Scottish birth and their sons who have been born under the Stars and Stripes, and the monster gathering on October 21st testifies to their popularity. The occasion was the visit of the Chiefs and Past Chiefs of New York and New Jersey, and a notable company assembled to greet them, escorted by Past Chief Bone and Pipe Major Angus Fraser. These stalwart sons of Scotland were presented to Chief McLean Johnston and welcomed to Clan MacDonald. With them were a number of Past and Present Royal Deputies. The present Chiefs were escorted to the dais and addressed the meeting: Chief Alexander Spence of Clan Forbes, Chief Carlyle of Clan Cameron, Montclair; Chief Hunter of Clan Chisholm, Brooklyn; Chief Fairweather of Clan MacLeod, Jersey City; Chief James Sheriffs of Clan Drummond, Orange; Royal Deputy Wylie, Past Royal Deputy Haddow, Past Royal Deputy Wallace, and Past Chief James Duff, Clan MacLeod, Jersey City. Each speaker in turn emphasized the need of Loyal Service to the Order of Scottish Clans. The Order is dear to every member and gatherings of this kind bring out men and ideas that will be an uplift to the Clans and an inspiration to the men who have to do the work. There was an intense earnestness shown by every speaker and a determination to stand for the upbuilding of the Order.

Nor was the social side neglected. Chief Johnston is famous for the quality of entertainment he can furnish, and the guests showed their appreciation by remaining to the close of the meeting. The Clan was fortunate in having secured the Rev. Dr. Peter MacMillan, of Dover, N. J., a Scotsman with the eloquence of the great Scottish divines and the humor of a Harry Lauder. He is an inimitable story teller and kept the audience in roars of laughter from start to finish. A natural born orator, he has the happy faculty of getting his audience in good humor, and he could have held them for hours; but he had to catch a train, and the audience regretfully had to let him go. He has kept up his connection with the Hameland and to hear him talk was like a breath from the heather. It was a privilege that the Clan esteemed highly to have Andrew Gillies recite. Seldom can such a treat be had. His amazing versatility was admirably displayed in the selections, "A Wee Scots Nicht," a Scottish Bacchanalian party, and "The Green Eyed God," the story of an Indian princess whose lover sacrificed his life to get for her the green eye of an idol—a story thrilling and intense. Miss Mary McGill, a delightful singer, just over from Edinburgh, sang a number of Scottish songs; and if she settles in the East will become exceedingly popular. She certainly knows how to sing the Songs of Scotland, and has a rich, well trained contralto voice. Miss Florence Eddington sang several popular numbers; Mr. Bronner of Clan Chisholm, a baritone with a fine voice, gave several selections; Mr. Melville, basso, was wonderful, and he gave a marvelous rendition of several real

bass songs, including "Drinking," and when De Profundo sang Low C, in which song he not only sang Low C, but went to Low B-flat with a fine, round tone.

The Fellowcraft Club of Kilwinning, a hundred strong, marched into the hall, and were received and welcomed by the Chief, who invited them to be seated if they could find places—a physical impossibility, as half of the audience were standing. Clansman William B. Carswell, corporation counsel and legal adviser to Mayor Hylan, was presented to Chief Johnston, who invited him to address the Clan, which he did briefly. He is very proud of his connection with the Order, and his father was a most enthusiastic member, having joined at the second meeting of Clan MacDonald, and his mother was a charter member of the Flora MacDonald Society.

Past Chief William McCree voiced the sentiment of every Scotsman when he said he hoped that the next time Clansman Carswell came to the meeting it would be Supreme Court Judge Carswell.

The evening's entertainment closed with a moving picture of Auld Lang Syne, shown by a Brooklyn Scot who has the interest of the Clan at heart, making a fitting close to one of the finest entertainments the Clan has ever had.

R. K. YOUNG, Secretary.

Fine Scottish Concert

The Colonial Scottish Quartette, under the direction of Mr. R. Kirke Young, of Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, scored a triumph at the 54th annual concert of the Chosen Few Orange Lodge, held in the Y. W. C. A. Memorial Hall, Brooklyn, Oct. 27th. The committee, and all present, were unsparing in their praise of the work of the artists.

The singers were all in fine voice and the various numbers were generously applauded. Miss Louise Tozier, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is as great an artist as has ever appeared on the Scottish platform, and Miss Vina Warwick, also of the Metropolitan, made a great hit. She has that warmth that is so essential to Scottish work, combined with a beautiful mellow voice and perfect diction and great compass. Mr. Herbert Wainwright, the tenor, a Scot from Airdrie, was formerly with the Liverpool Grand Opera Company, and sang magnificently. Mr. Young rendered "MacGregors Gathering," with his old fire and feeling, and responded with "Only a Wee Bit of Heather," one of the few of the newer songs that seems to have the grip of the old Scottish airs. The piping and dancing numbers were by Robert Elder, who stirred up great enthusiasm whenever he appeared. The program included several numbers by the Quartette and a duet by Miss Tozier and Miss Wainwright.

Walter E. Frew, President of the Corn Exchange Bank, New York, has been re-elected President of the New York Clearing House Association. Another American Scot, long identified with this organization, is Charles A. Hanna, who has been Chief Bank Examiner for the Association since 1911.

Lewis & Skye Concert

"From the lone sheiling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas;
Yet the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides."

So sang the early American Highland settlers, and these beautiful lines are a fitting introduction to an account of the annual Concert and Ball of the Lewis and Skye Associations of New York, held in Palm Garden, Friday evening, Nov. 3.

Each year, these concerts have been notable for introducing new singers to the host of lovers of Scottish music in New York, and for this year's event the committee were fortunate in securing Mr. Cameron McLean, of Detroit, who sang in Gaelic and English. His selections from Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's "Songs of the Hebrides" were delightfully rendered and brought many delightful recollections to the older Scots present. These wonderful songs have not been heard often enough in New York for our critics to appreciate their beauty and originality. One of the greatest living musical authorities, writing in the London *Observer*, said of them: "There was a good audience yesterday to hear what are perhaps the finest folk songs the world has produced—those of the Hebrides. Here were songs from Skye, Eigg, Barra and Lewis, everyone with its individual beauty (for the individuality of these songs is suprising) and sung with a cumulative appeal indescribable in words." Such praise from such a source is praise indeed; all the more because the writer did not understand the language, and their musical merit alone sufficed.

Miss Adele Parkhurst, soprano, and Miss Amy Ellerman, contralto, were cordially received; and Mr. Mackenzie, of the Metropolitan, rendered several notably fine numbers. The piping and dancing was under the direction of Pipe Major Angus Fraser. The reception and dance which followed the concert filled the large hall to overflowing, and it was from a social standpoint one of the best in the history of the societies.

Troy, N. Y.

Robert Shirley was the feature at the September meeting of the Troy Burns Club, having visited Scotland during the summer and he had many stories to tell in the braided of braid that kept the crowd in laughter. Mr. Shirley was impressed with the improvements that are being made throughout Auld Scotia, especially in Glasgow and Aberdeen. A trip to Belgium and what he saw at Ostend, where the British navy bottled up 32 German submarines during the World War, gave Mr. Shirley reason for "tipping his hat to the British navy and marines." Sprigs of heather were distributed to the audience.

The death of James Kennedy, of New York, was referred to by William S. Mitchell and James S. A. Mercer, of Albany. Mr. Mitchell was an engineer for many years on the New York Central Railroad, and said many of the great improvements to locomotives in this country were attributed to him. Mr. Mercer is at-

tached to the State Architect's office at Albany.

The Burns Club will prepare a Scottish concert to be broadcasted from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, one of the largest broadcasting stations in the United States, during the winter, and it will be "real Scotch."

A copy of "Scotland's Mark on America" has been presented to the Troy Public Library.

Schenectady, N. Y.

One of the best known Scots of the Electric City is Mungo L. Mac Rae, who was a resident of Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, Scotland. Mr. Mac Rae is a member of Clan Mac Rae of Schenectady and one of the poets of the Troy Burns Club. Among his local poems is one entitled:

"TO BURNS IN BRONZE"

On Visiting the Statue of the Poet, Washington Park, Albany, N. Y., U. S. A.

Man, Robin Lad, yee'r faur frae hame an'
lookin' unco weel,
Ye aften sighed on Bank's O' Ayr, Parnassus
Hill tae speil,
But Rab could ye but see yersel' as ithers see ye
noo,
Sittin' there majestic-like, Fame's garland on
yer broo.

An', Robin, little did ye think when ye were
at the ploo,
The World wad echo wi' its praise and homage
tender you,
And though ye were o' humble birth, born on a
bed o' straw,
In ilka corner o' the earth ye tooe'r abin
them a'.

And staunin' here I think o' Ayr, the auld Kirk
in a bleeze,
I see Tam ridin' for his life. I hear the auld
mere wheeze,
As she gangs skelpin' owe'r the Brig, the witches
at her heels,
Man, Tam, but yee'r a lucky chap escapin' frae
the Deils.

I see ance mair that sacred scene beneath the
milk white thorn,
Where ye and Mary plighted troth that pleasant
springtime morn,
An' I hear again yer anguished cry as yer heart
in twain is riven,
As ye gaze above for yer lang lost love, yer
Mary noo in heaven.

I see again yer tim'rous moose, rin scottin' owe'r
the lea,
As the cruel share lays its hoosey bare, the big
tear in yer ee,
Or yer daisy sweet 'mang the dewy weet, peepin'
frae 'neath the stane,
A' crushed and torn by the ploo share shorn
and you in the Hall O' Fame.

The scene within your faither's Cot, I can see
it a' again,
I can hear the rafters ringin' wi' *Dundee's* fam-
iliar strain,

Yer Godly Sire doon on his knees, as he prays
for his Bairnies dear,
Yer saintly Mither by the fire wi' her needle
and her shears.

I see again yer bonnie Bride wi' the loveligh't
in her een,
I hear ye echant her praises in my ain, my Bon-
nie Jean,
Ilk weel kent scene gae's slippin' bye, I'm laith
'tae leave the scene,
Sae, I bid adieu and hail ye, Rab, O'er Great
Poetic King.

The poem, as recited by Mr. Mac Rae, in dramatic style, is a favorite with the Scots of the Mohawk and Hudson valleys, and when the poet proclaims Burns "as the ane abin them a'," he arouses enthusiasm.

Cohoes, N. Y.

The Sons of Scotia is interesting its membership in THE CALEDONIAN. David White, its president, who has been one of its most active members for over fifty years, is a subscriber, and believes every Scotsman in the country should help in circulating such a splendid Scottish magazine. Mr. White has received a photograph from his sister, Mrs. James Hovell, of Dundee, showing Mrs. Hovell and her husband standing in front of the Robert Ross cottage, in the Longniddy area of the Scottish Veterans' Garden City Association, near Edinburgh. The cottage is the gift of William Ross, of Troy, through the Troy Burns Club

Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

The death of George A. Ross, president of the Hoosick Falls Burns Club, removes one of the most prominent workers in Scottish activities in that village. Mr. Ross was a son of the late Adam Ross, of Troy, and did much to organize and stimulate the local Burns Club. Although the Hoosick Falls Society is scarcely a year old, the membership has reached about 100, and this is largely due to the splendid work of Mr. Ross. Mr. Ross was a member of the Masonic fraternities, Elks and the Country Club. He was also a member of the Troy Burns Club, of which his father was a charter member.

Nicholson—Cameron

Miss Jessie Cameron, daughter of the late Piper William Cameron, and Mr. Samuel Nicholson, of Philadelphia, were married Saturday evening, Sept. 23, at 7:00 o'clock, the Rev. Father Nestea of St. Rose of Lima's Church officiating. Miss Marion Cameron, sister to the bride acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Joseph Walsh was best man. After the ceremony, the wedding party, accompanied by the bride's mother, Mrs. A. Cameron and sister, Mrs. Loudon, drove down to the Scotch Tea Rooms, where a dainty dinner was served to the guests. The happy couple left amidst rice, laughter and good wishes to spend their honeymoon at Atlantic City, after which they will reside in Germantown, Philadelphia.

Reminiscences of a Trip to Scotland

"O' for the bloom of my ain native heather."

Regardless of nationality, most people who have left their native land have a desire at some time or other to visit the land of their birth. The Scot is no exception to the rule, and last year my esteemed friend, also a subscriber to THE CALEDONIAN, Mr. Wm. Graham and Mrs. Graham, of Norfolk, Va., paid a visit to "Bonnie Scotland." Mr. Graham has given me a description of his trip across the Atlantic, his experience, and what he saw during his short stay on Scottish soil. I hope it will interest the readers of THE CALEDONIAN to learn something about the "Hameland" from a Scot with an unbiased mind.

They sailed from New York on the Anchor Liner *Cameronia*. Mr. Graham states that for out and out comfort, beautiful furnishings, and lack of vibration, he questioned if there is a finer vessel afloat. Apart from two days off the Newfoundland Banks, where they sighted two icebergs, the voyage was delightful, and the usual church services, concerts, dances and games, which prevail on every trip, were enjoyed. They arrived in Glasgow on July 11th, the first day the railways attempted anything like a schedule after the thirteen weeks' coal miners strike. At a village on one of the main lines where fortytwo trains per week passed, there were only four trains per week. On the 14th July, the Caledonian Railway established pre-war schedules. On the 14th August, passenger rates in Britain were reduced 33½ per cent., while freight rates were reduced in similar proportion.

Mr. Graham's sister had postponed her marriage from February to July 19th, so that her brother and his wife might be present at the happy event. At this wedding Mr. Graham saw relatives he had not met for seventeen years, and some he had never seen. He and Mrs. Graham arrived also in time for the strawberry crop, and he is willing to bet that nothing in the world tastes any better than the Scotch strawberry.

There were many things to be seen which made their hearts very heavy. In front of almost every school; of many churches; in the town square or Market Cross, monuments were erected in memory of those who gave their lives during the recent World War. From the little village of Coyleton, in Ayrshire, fifty-two young men went to the front, and twenty-eight of them never returned. Four were lost out of one family, three out of another, and two out of another, according to the names inscribed on the War Memorial. Mr. Graham told me that as he stood on the streets of Dumbarton one night, a company of Territorials marched past to the skirl of the bagpipes, and his host told him, that of one thousand men who went from that county, only fifty returned. In some instances, not a single man of the community's quota returned.

Scotland suffered from various privations

during the war. People, usually women, had to stand for hours in the cold waiting for one-quarter pound of bacon, and during these long waits, instances of infants dying in their mother's arms, were not infrequent.

The Grahams had the pleasure of seeing the Lanark Cattle Show, with its splendid exhibition of Clydesdale horses, Ayrshire cattle, Scotch collies, etc. Motoring through the beautiful Clyde valley, Mr. Graham said he would never forget the sweet fragrance of the flowers. During the fruit season, the odor of the fruit in the orchards was in evidence all through the valley. On a summer evening, when strolling along the river side, watching the changing shades of the foliage, as the sun sinks in the west, the traveller is constrained to break forth into song, and sing: "Bonnie Scotland, I adore thee, now I wander gladly o'er thee," or Sir Harry Lauder's ever popular "Roamin' in the gloamin' on the Bonnie Banks o' Clyde." It is to be regretted that owing to the stoppage of the importation of timber during the war, many of the beautiful woodlands on each side of the Clyde, had been cut down to make pit props, and only a brown looking field with tree stumps remained.

In Scotland, like other places, a great transformation in the mode of travel has taken place. Motor buses now radiate the whole country, and these not only save considerable time, but are very economical. In Edinburgh, for instance, the Scottosh Motors Corp. has about one hundred buses, which move on regular schedule, going to Melrose, Dryburgh, Abbotsford, Peebles, Stirling, Callander, Trossachs, etc., stopping at every place of interest, allowing passengers ample time to see everything worth seeing, and covering 106 miles, at a cost of 12s. 6d. (\$2.22). These buses are capable of carrying 28 passengers, and a trip from Glasgow to Stirling, Callander, through the Trossachs, etc., and back, costs only 15s., which with sterling exchange at \$3.55, would be about \$2.66.

No trip to Scotland would be complete without a visit to the land of Burns, and a seat on the banks of the river Doon. There, now-adays, one may listen to orchestra, choir, or soloist, rendering the sweet songs written by the world's poet. There, too, one may enjoy the perfume of the roses which grow in such abundance in the beautiful grounds around the Burns Monument. Among other relics to be seen on a visit to Burns' Cottage, is the "Big Ha' Bible," where, in chronological order, in the hand writing of William Burns, may be seen the historic entry, "Robert, January 25th, 1759."

Mrs. Graham started a miniature post office at her home in Norfolk, for the Scottish boys in the signal service, handling several hundred pieces of mail, during the two years this country was in the war, without one single letter or piece of mail going astray. The mail was ad-

dressed to the boys, in her care. she was kept in touch with the next landing point of their vessel, and sent their mail by special delivery on to them. One of the boys who shared the comfort of this thoughtful service, was the youngest son of Reverend James Barr, and in this way a friendship sprang up between the latter and the Grahams. Mr. Barr is one of the leading orators in Scotland. His son, James, Jr., on his last trip to France, became very ill, and only lived four days after reaching his home in Glasgow. Naturally the meeting between the Grahams—at whose home the young man had visited while on service—and the parents, was a very sad one.

As stated in the December CALEDONIAN, Mr. Graham promised to bring me a "sprig o' heather." He was as good as his promise, but after taking very good care of the heather for three thousand miles, was unable to bring it beyond New York, as the following will show. When they landed, an old gentleman, with open pocketbook approached Mrs. Graham, who was carrying the heather, and said, "Lady, name your price for that bunch of heather"; another said, "I'll give you any price you ask for that heather." Naturally she refused to sell it. While they were looking after their baggage, passing through the Customs the heather was laid down. In less time than it takes to tell, a man tore a sprig from the bunch. Evidently, all that was needed was a start, for his example was immediately followed by a score of other vultures, who tore the bunch to shreds. When Mr. Graham saw the bedraggled remains of what had been a few minutes before, a braw bunch of purple and white heather "frae the hills o' Bonnie Scotland," he was so disgusted that he kicked the whole thing off the dock into the water, so that there could be no further trouble with it.

What a blessing it is that the future is veiled in obscurity, and human life is like a lottery; we cannot tell what is before us. In the spring of 1914, along with Mrs. Robertson, I decided to visit "Bonnie Scotland." We left Newport News on April 22nd, sailing from New York on the 26th, and arriving in Glasgow on May 4th. No one at that time, had the slightest anticipation that the clouds of war were on the edge of the horizon. We found everyone happy, trade good, and the wheels of industry revolving at full speed. The clickety clack of the shuttle, and the song of the weaver at his loom, could be heard as we passed through some of the villages where one may at rare intervals find the hand-loom weaver at work. This industry is now almost extinct.

As we travelled by rail through the Highlands, we looked down on the placid waters of Lochearn and Lochtay, with the purple heather, blue bells, daisies, buttercups and other wild flowers waving in the warm air of a summer evening, with the golden sunset, the ever-changing light and shades on the mountain sides or down in the valley. We listened to the sweet song of the feathered songsters of the air as they warbled their evening song in the early twilight. All seemed to betoken "Peace on earth, good-will among men." Alas! Such was not to

be! The mine had been formed, the explosives inserted and the fuse laid all ready for the match to be applied. On the 28th of June, when we were one day at sea on our return trip, the match was applied, the fuse simmered and sputtered till the 4th of August, when the explosion took place, and Britain declared war on Germany. The unexpected occurred; men, brave men who never thought they would be soldiers, or die on a field of battle, did not hesitate to leave their peaceful occupations, and all that was dear to them, that they might do their duty, and fight for their country and their people against a cruel enemy that had risen up against them.

We should be proud of our nationality and British birth. Scotland is a country where men and women of noble, generous, and true character can be found; a country where there is a great opportunity for using Christian influence for the good of the world, and where our ancestors fought, bled and suffered martyrdom, to obtain the religious liberty we enjoy.

JOHN S. ROBERTSON,
Representative.

118 35th Street,
Newport, News, Va.

Sir Harry Lauder in New York

"Sir Harry opened, Oct. 2, to the largest and most enthusiastic gathering at any of his many appearances in New York, and scored a greater triumph. He sang some of his old songs, and some of his new ones. The old favorites included "She's ma Daisy," which he sang costumed in the impossible uniform of the impossible "Horse-kilties," red coat, kilt, hip boots and spurs. The back drop, a new one, gave a fine view of Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh, with Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags and the Radical road in the background. He also gave "Doughie the Baker," "There Is Somebody Waiting For Me," "Bella the Belle o' Dunoon," "Sunshine o' a Bonnie Lassie's Smile," "Hame o Mine," and "Singing Is the Thing to Make You Cheery" one of his latest specialties, with a catchy chorus, which he had the audience singing in jig-time, with Sir Thomas Lipton enthusiastically joining in, after much personal persuasion on the part of Sir Harry.

The presentation by Sir Harry to Colonel Walter Scott of a gold pen was the incident of particular interest aside from the performance. The token was given in appreciation of Colonel Scott's aid as treasurer in America for the Sir Harry Lauder Fund for Disabled Scottish Soldiers. For this fund Sir Harry raised more than a million dollars.

"That old pen of yours," said Sir Harry, "must be worn out signing checks for the brave lads who made sacrifices for us. You need a new one."

The pen is one of three identically made when the armistice had been decided. One was for the Prince of Wales, one for the Duke of York and one for Lloyd George. With his Lloyd George signed the armistice agreement. At a benefit for the Sir Harry Lauder fund at the Pavilion, London, the Duke of York gave the pen to Sir Harry for auction, Lord In-

vernairn got it for \$1,000 and gave it to Sir Harry. The box office receipts at this benefit were \$4,000 and Sir Harry's auction sale of various articles realized \$1,000 more.

Colonel Scott showed his surprise when he came upon the stage. In accepting the pen he did so in the name of the British Societies here and abroad, with which he is affiliated, which were the incentive for any service he had rendered. He called attention to the fact that this number on the program could not have been rendered had it not been for the bigness of Sir Harry's heart, and his manager William Morris, who were the ones who recently gave the wonderful benefit in London for the Industrial Welfare Society, of which the Duke of York is the head, and which is very dear to his heart.

He also expressed the wish that Sir Harry would continue to bring a smile where there had been none, and two smiles where there had been one; and that he would live long to continue to assist in the building and cementing of friendship between these two great English-speaking nations.

"Sir Harry" and "Sir Thomas" at "Polly Bain's"

"Tea at Polly's" is something to be enjoyed—any time: but when there is the added attraction of two British knights—Sir Harry Lauder and Sir Thomas Lipton—who would miss being there? This happened on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 3, at "Polly" Bain's Scotch Tea Room, New York, and it was just a sort of family affair. The distinguished guests dropped in as it were quite casually, Sir Harry accompanied by Lady Lauder, Mr. William Morris and Mrs. Vallance. Sir Thomas arrived later, bustling in and telling Polly he had been driving all over town hunting the place, and asking her when she had moved? Both notables were in fine humor, and like Burns' Tam o'Shanter and Souter Johnnie they were thick th'gither during the evening. The occasion missed much of its sprightliness and gaiety by the unavoidable absence of Col. Walter Scott. He was much disappointed at his inability to be present, but with his usual thoughtfulness and with a touch so characteristic of him he sent the beautiful flowers which decorated the tables.

The room was filled, and many from the Scots societies were there. It was delightful to see how Polly hovered around the head of the table where the celebrities sat, they seemed to have a reminiscent line of cheery gossip to exchange. Sir Harry catching sight of Robert Auld, who sat at a table with Chief MacLean Johnston, of Clan Macdonald and Mr. Robertson of the *Manitoba Free Press*, Winnipeg, called out: "Come ower here, Auld. You see I've just been readin yours in the *Citizen*. Man it's great; and y'r verses, fine. I'm wunnerin' hoo ye manage it in sic a short time?"

It is an event when Auld "drops into poetry;" but that great opening night at the Lexington, the night before, did it. And it would be a pity not to give our readers the full benefit of it. Here are the verses complete:

OOOR HARRY

The magic charm o' Natur's witching plan
That would lavish gifts that mak for perfect sang,

She rarely e'er bestows on ae mere man,
Wi' a' the arts that wi' comedy belang.

But noo in ane Natur's hersel' surpassed
And wrocht oot, in him, an ae-man master-piece,

To play the parts that in oorsels are cast,
An' mak o't a' a fame that will aye increase.

A king did mak' o' him a belted knight;
But Natur' preferred a diadem, mair fit—
A croon proclaiming him, in a' oor sicht,
The King o' Sang and a' that gangs wi' it.

An' so to a' o' his ain human kind
The call is oot—wi' him a while to tarry;
For wha sae weel oor hearts can closer bind,
Than him we laud and lo'e to ca' OOR
HARRY!

Turning to Sir Thomas, Mr. Auld said, "The first time I got to know your name was when I was a boy in Aberdeen, when you opened your first store in the north of Scotland—at the lower end of Union Street. That's some while ago?"

"Yes, somewhere in the late sixties, I forget just at present the year, but I remember it well, for I was behind the counter myself selling things."

"Then it must have been from you I got my package of tea!"

"Very likely."

Informing Sir Harry that there was present one who had been twenty years ago a member with him of the MacDonald Troupe that appeared in Govan one particular night, he asked who it was; and Chief Johnston came up and soon had established a new line of reminiscences.

It was certainly remarkable to see these two notables together, Sir Harry sturdy and sonorous voiced and Sir Thomas considerable older but as spry as a man twenty years younger. They heartily enjoyed the things so bountifully provided for by Polly and the place certainly never looked so homelike. To see Sir Harry in his "every day claes," the garb of a Highland gentleman, with his healthy colored face always wreathed in the Lauder smile, one could hardly believe the sudden transformation that he assumes every night as he appears on the stage.

Lady Lauder is as gracious and as kind as ever—with, like Sir Harry, a wonderful memory for names and faces and incidents. Here were they both, with one like themselves, Sir Thomas, sitting down surrounded by those who loved them, and could sit out a function of the kind and not be embarrassed by the usual boisterous reception they have to endure.

SCRANTON, PA., October 17, 1922.

Your magazine is very fine. I could not do without it. Long may you flourish.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM LYALL.

THANKSGIVING

BY JAMES KENNEDY

Be thankful because you are living
 And try to be gladsome and gay
 There's always good cause for thanksgiving.
 Whatever we meet on our way.
 If Fortune and weather are murky
 Keep Hope burning bright in your head
 Don't fret about mince pie and turkey
 Take sweet milk and crackers instead.

It's foolish with Fortune to quarrel
 Her smiles may be faded, not flown.
 Go search in your neighbor's ash barrel
 Make feet of their turkeys your own.
 The ashman will think you are wealthy
 And envy you're sure to create
 And so to be happy and healthy,
 And envied, you ought to feel—Great!
 Nov. 24, 1921.

Walter Scott Again Surprised by the Daughters of Scotia

As has been his custom, Col. Walter Scott, as the "Big Brother" of the Daughters of Scotia, attended their annual convention held in Hartford, Conn., on September 19th, and with the Mayor, the Royal Secretaary of the Order of Scottish Clans, and others, assisted at the opening.

The Convention was one of the best ever, and a vigorous campaign for new members and new lodges is to take place during the coming year.

During the session Past Grand Chief Daughter, Margaret Spence, in behalf of the Daughters of Scotia, presented to Mr. Scott, as President of the William H. Davis Memorial Free Industrial School for Crippled Children and the Lulu Thorley Home for Crippled and Delicate Children, an envelope containing checks amounting to \$2,487.61 for the little cripples, stating that they thought this would come nearer to his heart than any other present they could give him, and that it was accompanied by their esteem and affection on account of his good work in caring for these little ones who are afflicted through no fault of their own. This is the second year this has taken place. Mr. Scott replied in behalf of the officers and members, also the children of the School and Home who will receive the benefits therefrom. He said his heart was touched by this heart-present which they had given him for the children, that he would never forget it, and that it would be the means of doing much good.

The Royal Tanist on his arrival in Hartford, Sept. 18, was met at the Union Station by a Committee of Clan Gordon No. 19 headed by their Chief, Charles S. Rettie, and Secretary D. E. Davidson, who escorted the Tanist to the Bond Hotel.

Later in the evening the Hartford Pipe Band and about two hundred members of Clan Gordon No. 19 called for Mr. Scott at the hotel and escorted him to the Moot Room in the Brown Thompson Company's Building. The meeting was an open one. Many prominent citizens were present. An enjoyable evening of

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song and story was spent, and short talks were indulged in regarding Scottish affairs, particularly the Order of Scottish Clans.

Mr. Scott was the last speaker and dwelt particularly on co-operation—what could be accomplished if we stood by that old motto "All for one and one for all." Royal Secretary Thomas R. P. Gibb was present and gave a talk on the good of the Order. There is no question that Clan Gordon will at once start in a systematic manner an active drive for members in the city of Hartford.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gair celebrated their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary, on Sunday, October 29, at their Brooklyn residence, 120 New York Avenue, with all the family present, including George W. Gair and Robert Gair, Jr., their sons; and their four daughters Dr. Florence Gair, Mary Elizabeth Gair and Jessie Gair Sweeney, Lucy Gair Gill and their families. It was the happiest reunion the family ever spent. Robert Gair is approaching his eighty-fourth birthday and his wife Emma E. Gair her seventy-seventh birthday.

At the Police Conference, held in New York in September, Police Commissioner Enright announced that a prize of \$1,000 has been offered by Col. Walter Scott, of New York, for the best suggestion for increasing police efficiency, to be given at the International Police Conference to be held in New York City, in May, 1923.

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New York Scottish Society

Maybe some of us remember when we were addicted to writing poems and getting away with it, without being shot? Well, recent events that wrote their mark on the history of the New York Scottish Society leads the "Chiele" to spill a few drops of "printers," which was published in *Life*, and of which he was the guilty party:

"The Bride was led to the altar
Is a quaint but absurd remark;
To tell the truth about her,
She could find her way in the dark."

Immediately after we have jotted this down, we can hear some of our "fly in the ointment" experts, start to unload a whail of, "what d' ye ken he's bletherin 'bout th' noo!"

Well if they'd have followed our ancient and Honorable "Weelem" Reid, when, after they had conveyed the sad news to the members that the 1st vice-president was due to become "the Family Clock on the Mantel shelf," when he said "I dinna hear the gentleman refusing it!" they'd realize the absolute foolishness of their comment.

That, the *First Vice* could find his way, is not the question, but if the 1st Vice can *keep* in the *good graces* of those who like to wave their hands and find fault with anyone who has the *push* to get the Society out of its rut—this is the question that bothered us all. Can the President Elect with his aggressive and progressive business methods keep off the corns of the gentlemen who always tell us how awful hard they are working when they raise their hands to convey food to their mouths?

Yes, during the past two years the Dinners and Social events were a success, and the men who made them so did not scratch up their desk tops wearing spurs, and "all that sort of thing, and so forth and so on!" Yeh! we are getting tired of hearing about George for heaven's sake put in John, or some other feller and let us all go to sleep. To be the Leader of the Suicide Club requires some nerve but—BUT! if he has a gang that will work in back of him its easy.

John Cochrane during his absence at the meeting of the 2nd, had the pleasure of being the 1st Vice-President Elect passed to him but, John is too fresh from the memories of the dish-washing bees that he used to attend, and being quite prominent at this game he resigned from the office of Treasurer. Yeh! it gave him more time to wash the dishes. John said he got so handy at it that, time and again, he'd find himself reaching up to tuck in a stray hair or two.

The moment the time came for the clearing up or serving, he said that every one of the L. & E. Committee would get a telegram telling them they were wanted somewheres in a hurry, and he'd find the place empty except for one or two who were game enough to help.

John! If you qualify as the Suicide Club's Leader we are under the impression that the Past Vice will sustain any movement to better the workings of your detail, you may see fit to establish, in fact we don't think it will be hard

with the Committee selected, to get in training for team work. Yeh! John you will be King!

After six years of long and faithful services, Secretary Lennox steps out, six years of good hard work—and we are all going to present him with a plush tooth-brush or something else, to show how much we appreciate all he has done for us, Yeh! and we are going to hire a full pipe band and get up a dinner with a full course of Scotch indigestibles, such as Pow Sowdie, Cock-a-Leekie, Haggis, Finnan 'addie, and all such, so that we can gather around the board and give our worthy Secretary a fine send off—A FINE SEND OFF! YEH!

Tom Lennox always was a reliable worker for the Society and should have become 1st Vice-President; but Tom has lately moved his business to a place where the public passes more frequently than once a day, also he is a little bit further away from the Kirk, and the highway that fronts his door contains traffic on the Sabbath. When anyone gets located near a Kirk, they know, sooner or later, that business is chiefly going to ——— in that neighborhood, and a conscientious Scots man with a family to support hasn't got a ghost of a show especially in the furniture line, because, who wants furniture? Well, we will say Tom has spread out and doing better than ever and in consequence looks more at the "bawbees" than the "purple feathers," which are good only for stuffing (pillows and fellows that parade in front of their mirrors).

Hugh Hamilton is the new Secretary and we who know Hugh and that quiet little manner of his, when he puts things over, know that Hugh will fill the bill. We are suggesting to the members who have not seen Hugh in action that when he puts his hands in his pockets and puts his head on one side and says "A'hm not jest bletherin ta mak a crack but—I'm jest a wee bit cannie!" and then—something lands!

Francis G. Dykes, Treasurer again—well you could not beat him, and we desire to state that the Audit Committee has a cinch this year. F. G. has a habit of making all his receipts uniform and all check through from a to z, and if they don't well we all hear things.

Andrew Tully, Financial Secretary—guess Andy this makes ten years of faithful service don't it? Well they can't beat you, and we sure congratulate the President-Elect for having you and Francis on the new list of officers.

John Broach, of Bowling fame is the new Second Vice and a good one. The Society is happy in the thought of putting you, into harness John, because we know that you are a good one for ACTION and if the First Vice and the President-elect don't make good they can't blame it on any inaction of yours.

We notice also that after a "Chiel" has unloaded a lot of chatter on our pages he always manages to forget the vital statistics that the members and the public are interested in.

We have oppressed and occupied your time with an endless chatter just like a dog hunting a flea that is out of reach he didn't get anywheres, what you want to know, is, what we want to know, also what the Nominating Committee wanted to know—

The Chairman after looking at the other members who were tired out with their strenuous hunt for candidates, and, when all the other officers were located and places on the ballot, said "Gentlemen, we have located everything but our President, this is a serious oversight on our parts! Gentlemen we must consider—" There was a tired look on all their faces and it meant one thing, that is the thing that makes so many of the members *tired*, of hearing the everlasting name, so with one voice the committee said with accord, regrets, disgust, or whatever term you desire to place the nomination—"LET GEORGE DO IT!" and the meeting was adjourned.

SMOKER AND INSTALLATION

Alas, "George" is no more. Piper Murdo Mackenzie played in the remains to the tune of "Lord Lovat's Lament," because he said "Hail to the Chief" was too active—and they planted him. "Planted" is right, with all the fixings—not in a "wooden kimona," but in the Chair, as President of the Society.

"George" was a good fellow when he was living and did the scratching around for the evenings' entertainments; but now, alas, he is "Finis," "Napoo!," departed, or any way your mind sees fit to put it, and in his place we have a new "dignitary," "luminosity," or something of the sort, looking so blessed lonesome on the dais we sort of felt pity.

The eldest surviving Past Presidents led the bride to the altar, but the groom had got cold feet. (There we go again, getting the scenery all mixed up. And while we will admit the tappit hen clucked and gurgled in the ante-room, it was chiefly the curlers that listened to the song—na me). What we are trying to say and what we say don't seem to sound right. Well, Andy Gillies and William G. Reid caught the candidate for the electric chair by the arms, and then led by Murdo Mackenzie they escorted him up to the altar; and as the pipes "gave up the ghost," Past President Reid told President Malcolm MacNeill the sad story, and Andy looked with longing eyes toward the door where Johnny the Pedestrian was gangin' past the thrapples o' the curlers. Then they planted him in the Chair and told him he had to maintain his dignity and stop chasing "Deoch and Dorises." Now, to any human being but a scribe this means R.I.P. for George, but we feel he's still with us notwithstanding he is posing with a halo and a harp, or whatever a good Scotsman plays in the land of the hereafter—because we know Saint Peter wouldn't stand for the pipes.

No, there was no "Vice" displayed—everybody had a Sunday habit. Treasurer F. G. Dykes came safely through and also Secretary Hughie Hamilton. Then Past President William Crawford opened up the watering can and we all felt as if somebody had thrown formaldehyde on the gas engine—you know that feeling, Bill—and they presented Malcolm with the Past Presidents' souvenir and everybody cleared off the platform to let the new incumbent "tear loose from the barb wire."

Mr. "Incumbent," you certainly got out all the vermilion paint in the locker and put the mark on the first smoker of the year 1922-1923 in

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good, broad style; and while we no longer can call you "George," you certainly have a touch of the individual that never can be had in bottle form.

The Advance Lodge Quartette, of the Masonic chapter in Long Island City, were the first on the program. The scribe being surrounded by Scottish scenery, naturally has to give the Scottish tone in his article, so he has taken the liberty of naming the Advance Lodge No. 635 Quartette in a manner that is in keeping with the heather that was pinned to the lapel of their coats. Henry O. MacGrieshaber, first tenor, Hermann F. MacBolte, second tenor, Anton MacWaldberg, baritone, and John MacBerberich, bass—all good Scotsmen, brought up on the bottle since early childhood and haven't been weaned as yet excepting that which was enforced by the curling delegation in the ante-room.

Those Clan Chattan (maybe we've got it wrong) delegates certainly had Harmony with them even if it was a dry night.

Then Robert Dennis, a son of a veteran of the Civil War, was led to the piano and the Wizard of the Ivory (no, not cubes) Harry Hirt and he burst into melody. Will Cuthbertson, the famous tenor of the N. Y. Scottish Society, was then called. Will was in proper voice, and we all arose to the music of Auld Scotia.

Again the inimitable "George" touch: not in the fashion of the Bawbee, but that of putting a tack on a chair where it will do the most good.



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W. A. Imrie, of the Chautauqua Circuit, was next introduced and the entire gathering began to sit up and take notice. Even the curling contingent forgot to curl and "listened in," or else John the Pedestrian had got sore feet and had to rest a bit. Imrie was a master of his subject. He knew the Scot; he knew he must lead them not try to force them; and by skilful stories he brought smiles to the faces of all. "The farmer left his plough. The sticket minister his kirk.—Yeh, and the curlers the bottle." Then he took them to England, Armistice Day, David Lloyd George speaking from the window, the sights. Pictures of the barb wire decorated with the tartans of the Highlanders' kilts—you saw the pictures, you were there—then getting on his toes, he slammed home the message inspired by a Preamble he had seen in the hands of a brither Scot: "To promote a better understanding between the English-speaking people." Did he win? There was a momentary pause between his last words and the applause that said, "He did!"

Chief McLean Johnston of Clan MacDonald, No. 33, and William McCree, Past Secretary of the Clan, were on hand to see if with the Pipe-Major of the Clan, Angus Fraser, they could not assist in making the landlord of the old Grand Opera House serve the Society with a disposess notice for "doubling on the Pipes." But Angus said it was a crime to disturb the meeting while the Tappit Hen had power to cluck in the ante-room, and anyone who has heard the joyous clucking of the Bird of Scotland knows that Angus has somewheres the correct idea on the subject.

Will Towns sent us down some mutton pies about 10:30 and while they were hot the "incumbent" adjourned the meeting so we could enjoy getting our teeth into the dainties of Auld Scotia. At the same time he sent Secretary Hamilton out as a St. Bernard dog to try and rescue the travelers that had got lost.

Listen, the St. Bernard dog got mixed up in a pepper trail by the "moppers up" on no-man's land, and reported that some fellow had used a pair of wire cutters on his suspenders and when he had both hands busy keeping the scenery in place they lifted the "Rescue" and everything "gang aft agley."

Andy, properly inspired with the joys of the evening, recited to us a "Wee Scotch Nicht" and dear old "Gunga Din"—remember that line that went,

Tin, tin, tin, you scandalizing Hunka Tin!
How I've cursed you and I've flayed you,
But, by Henry Ford, who made you,
You're better than a Packard, Hunka Tin,
You're better than a Rolls Royce, Hunka Tin!
Yeh! Andy didn't forget any of the methylated that went into the gas tank to give the R. P. M. and when he stepped on the gas!—Yeh! High spots! While the curlers kept on curling.

C. Sheppard sung for us a song of Freedom and what the G. A. R. thought of the color question, which he had written for the phonograph records; and then with Will Cuthbertson to lead us in prayer, and after a song by W. Imrie, we called it a night and stacked all the chips in the case and the cards in their box, then gathered around to look over scratches, etc.

Yes, sir, Red Paint spilled all over a perfectly good calendar outlining the figure 16 on the month of October, and the night Monday. If you missed it, you've only got yourself to blame because the welcoming hand was there to greet you—

There are those who were absent and lost all this fun.

The search for the "ready" excuse has begun. Perhaps they're like groundhogs on Michaelmas Day,
All looking for shadows, in the same funny way.
—THE CHIEF.

Rhode Island Letter

The long winter evenings seem to be more appreciated by Clansmen than those in the summer. Clan meetings are then better attended and there is more life among the members: at least that seems to be the custom in Rhode Island. One reason for this is the fact that Narragansett Bay offers such facilities for bathing and fishing that during the summer months Clansmen take advantage and leave the cities as soon as their daily tasks are done. Now that this migration season is over the Clan business begins to hum once more.

In Providence Clan Cameron is working hard to make St. Andrew's celebration a huge success. The largest hall in the city has been engaged, and a splendid programme provided. For such a small clan this is a big speculation and requires much running about to dispose of the tickets.

The Frasers in Pawtucket have returned from their vacations full of energy to swell their numbers. Prizes have been offered by the chief (James Palmer), George McKenzie and William Taylor to those bringing in the most candidates by the end of the year. As an indication of the strength of the contest, it may be mentioned that on November 3rd a class of eighteen new members was initiated. It might also be stated that the ceremony was performed in a most praiseworthy manner, requiring the services of a piper, a pianist and an operator for the lantern, all of which have been sadly missing for a long time.

Then again, Hallowe'en was celebrated with an old-time "Soiree" with poke and a'. Although the number of tickets was limited, the hall was uncomfortably crowded; while this may be said to have slightly inconvenienced some, no complaint was made, as all entered into the spirit of the affair determined to enjoy themselves once more. An innovation was introduced into the programme in the shape of a sketch by members of the Ladies' Auxiliary entitled "A Trip to Saltcoats." As the majority of the members of Clan Fraser hail from there or thereabout the performance was well received as a reminder of happy days long since gone by.

Visits from Clans Cameron, Providence, McAlpine, Fall River, and Drummond, Whitinsville have helped to quicken the attendance of the meetings of the Frasers, and it was with no little pride and satisfaction that they were made spectators of the initiation of the above men-

tioned large class. After the ceremony was over, the visitors helped in the programme, which was extended a full hour after the usual time. No wonder when we had with us Billy Doctor and his tin whistle and imitations of Sir Harry Lauder's songs; Clansman Aikenhead and his melodeon and medley of Scottish airs; Tom McLean at Rothsay Bay, also Clansman Robinson of Whitinsville and Past Chief Sowerby of Fall River. As seven or eight of the newly-initiated Clansmen were members of the famous Coats' Football Club, Past Chief Crawford of Fall River was called upon to render his celebrated description of a "Fit-baa Referee," which met with such an enthusiastic reception that on his recall he showed his versatility by reciting Sir Harry Lauder's "Grannie's Laddie." It was a well-spent evening and augurs well for the remainder of the season.

The bowlers and quitoirs of the Frasers are still to the fore and giving a good account of themselves, at the same time providing good entertainment to the faithful few who follow them and watch their efforts to maintain their lead against all others.

As a native of Edinburgh I was specially pleased with those "Edinburgh Scenes and Memories," in THE CALEDONIAN. They were indeed a reminder of old times; for as a lad I was marched every Sabbath to St. Giles Cathedral by my parents. At that period St. Giles was very different from what it is today, as then it found accommodation for three congregations. On those journeys, however, my father took great pleasure in pointing out all of the ancient landmarks and historical houses en route, at the same time relating some fact or story in connection with that particular spot. It is necessary for me to give this preliminary explanation for a proper appreciation of what follows.

There are in Rhode Island many summer camps or colonies along each shore of the Narragansett Bay composed of bungalows and cottages erected by citizens of Providence, Pawtucket, Central Falls, Woonsocket, etc.; included in these are many Clansmen. The one to which I wish to refer is known as Cole Station or Cole Farm, for it gets both names. The principal house dates from 1685, and is still in the possession of the Cole family, the estate having been originally bought by them from the Indians. These cottages all bear names from which one can almost tell the country from which the owner originally came.

This summer was my first visit to Cole Farm, and I was naturally interested in the names of the various cottages; there was a "Roland," a "Thistle," a "Valhalla," (Swedish for Heaven), a "Bonnie Doon," a "Virginia," an "Alabama," a "Bonnie Brae," a "Quit-ya-knockin" (Lancashire), "Welkeit" and "Edina." These are but a sample of the names, and it will not require the intellect of a Philadelphia lawyer to point out the ones belonging to Clansmen, but I would like to ask my readers how many could identify "Edina"? This one attracted me more than any of the others, not because it was quite new, and well-constructed and of good design, but simply because it conveyed to me the knowledge that the owner was acquainted with the fact that such was the original name of Edinburgh,

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as testified by Burns in his poem to that ancient capital of Scotland, as follows:

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign powers."

It was indeed a pleasure to me to find that some one remembered what Sir Walter Scott described as, "Mine own romantic town." Here three thousand miles away a descendant of one of Scotia's sons was proud to let it be known that "Auld Reekie" was not forgotten, although he used a less familiar name.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter St.,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Early American Golf

An *Associated Press* despatch from Savannah, Ga., dated Oct. 28, throws more light upon the early history of the "ancient and honorable" game on this side of the Atlantic, and also upon the prominence of Scots in the social life of that interesting old city.

"The members of the Golf Club are requested to meet at the Exchange this evening at 7 o'clock."

Although modern in its phraseology, the foregoing invitation was issued more than 110 years ago by officers of the Savannah "Golf Club." It appeared in the form of an advertisement in the *Savannah Museum*, a newspaper bearing the date of November 25, 1811, a copy of which has just been found in the files of the Savannah Historical Society. Discovery followed newspaper and magazine discussions of the introduction of golf into the United States, which placed the date somewhere around 1860.

The location of the links of the ancient Golf Club is not known, and just what the character of the game was in the early days here is not recorded. But that golf was played in Savannah early in the nineteenth century is a fact

and that it was played by Scotsmen is equally true. Descendants of officers of the club still live here and are among the prosperous residents of Savannah.

That the Golf Club was conducted along the lines of the modern clubs, however, may be assumed from information contained in one of its invitations to a dance on the night of December 11, 1811. It was found between the leaves of an old family Bible here nearly 100 years later. It reads:

GOLF CLUB BALL

The honor of Miss Eliza Johnston's company is requested to a ball, to be given by the members of the Golf Club of this city at The Exchange on Tuesday evening, the 31st inst., at 7 o'clock. George Woodruff, Robert Mackay, John Caig, and James Dickson, managers; George Hogarth, treasurer.

Savannah, Ga., December, 1811.

Miss Eliza Johnston was one of the belles of Savannah, and the "Long Room" of the old City Exchange was used for dances and other entertainments. It was later acquired by the city and used as a city hall for almost a hundred years. There never has been found any record of a membership roll of the Golf Club, but those whose names appear on the invitation were all prominent in the life of Savannah and were all Scotsmen. Savannah in 1811 had not more than 12,000 inhabitants, but it paid much attention to sports and was a leader in Georgia and the South in social and fashionable affairs.

"Scottish Literature"

The late Robert Cooper Smith's great speech, which was printed in the September CALEDONIAN, has called forth much favorable comment. The following letter, to Mr. John Thomson, through whose courtesy the manuscript was obtained, is only another tribute to the man and the deep impression the address made upon its hearers.

My Dear Thomson:—

I am very grateful to you for sending to me THE CALEDONIAN for Sept., 1922, containing our dear friend Bob Smith's great address delivered before the Burns Society in January, 1907. I was present on that famous occasion, and had the honor, thanks to you, of sitting on the dais next to that inspiring orator. If you remember, the hour was late when Smith finished his address and as with you, I have never been present on such an occasion when the applause was so spontaneous and so sustained as when Smith concluded.

I did not know that McKinnon had taken down the address in shorthand, and you have done all the admirers of "Scottish Literature" and the readers of THE CALEDONIAN, and particularly Smith's friends (and they were legion), a great favor by having his address transcribed and printed. . . . He was in all verity the peer of Root and Hughes—aye, and of Choate, too, and in that regard I claim to have been the first to call Smith: "The Choate of the Canadian Bar."

As I read Smith's address again I am filled anew with the enthusiasm of the occasion and with wonder at the learning, wit and versatility of the man. What a pity he "slippit awa'" so young! He was my boon friend for over twenty years and I cherish his memory with admiration and deep affection.

I am with kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) ALFRED W. KIDDLE.

The following interesting letter has been received by our Springfield, Mass., friend, Mr. Alexander N. Smith, who is an indefatigable worker in promoting good-feeling and a better understanding among the English-speaking peoples. Mr. Hutchinson's novels "If Winter Comes" and "This Freedom" are among the greatest fiction successes of the past few years. Dear Sir:—

Thank you very much for your kind letter of the 2nd, and for the cuttings you enclosed.

It is very possible that I shall one day in a novel deal with the desirability of, in your own words, "bringing closer together the relations of the English-speaking peoples."

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

C. Baldwin Allen

Mr. C. Baldwin Allen, well known in Canada as a singer of Scottish songs, who spoke and sang in New York and vicinity in 1917 for the Red Cross, has recently settled in New York. Mr. Allen not only renders the old favorites in the Doric, but has won appreciative comment for his singing in Gaelic, particularly the "Songs of the Hebrides," as collected by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser and sung with so much effect by herself and her daughter in New York a few years ago.

Mr. Allen is a native of Hamilton, Ontario. In 1914, he enlisted in the 91st Canadian Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, went to France with the 58th Battalion, and was wounded at Ypres, June 1916. After being in hospital at Boulogne and in London, he returned to Canada, and his services were enlisted by the Red Cross in New York, New Jersey, and elsewhere. While in the army, he organized concert parties, and the "Dumbells" concert company, which appeared for a time at the Ambassador Theatre, New York, originated in the 58th Battalion concerts.

Mr. Allen studied in the Hamilton Conservatory of Music, with A. G. Alexander, and in London, England, with Alfred John Baldwin; and with L. A. Torrens, of New York and Chicago. He sang as baritone soloist in the choir of the Ascension Church, Hamilton, and with the Elgin Choir, of that city, for some years. In New York, he has been baritone soloist at the Brick Presbyterian Church, the Park Avenue Presbyterian, North Presbyterian, Rutgers Presbyterian, and Holy Trinity churches. He is now soloist in the Madison Avenue Baptist Church.

Mr. Robert S. Sinclair, who for many years has been with the Travelers Insurance Company has now gone into business for himself and has been appointed a representative of that company with offices at 55 John Street, New York City.

Mr. Sinclair has acquired an expert knowledge of all matters of insurance, having made himself fully acquainted with the many branches of that complicated business. Mr. Sinclair's appointment as a Special Agent of the Travelers comes as the result of faithful service in matters pertaining to underwriting, rates, accounting, etc., and his friends will rejoice in his well earned reward. Coming from Scotland several years ago, Mr. Sinclair began at the bottom of the insurance ladder, and anyone wishing an advisor on any insurance problem or proposition would find his services invaluable. The field of insurance has taken the development of other professions and an expert's advice will prove invaluable by saving money in advising as to rates, classifications, schedules and the like in compensation, liability, plate glass, fire and burglary insurance.

Mr. Sinclair is the recipient of the hearty congratulations of his many friends in his new undertaking. During the war Mr. Sinclair served as an officer in the American Army.

Obituary

WILLIAM MCLEAN

William McLean, the well-known Gaelic singer, died at his home in Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 11, in his 75th year. He was one of the founders of the Scotch Presbyterian Church of Warrington street and had served as an elder for 52 years. He had been connected with the hardware firm of Brown & Wales, Boston, for 45 years. His son Kendall S. McLean, of Randolph, and a granddaughter survive him.

PETER MURRAY

Peter Murray, for 36 years one of the leading drygoods merchants of Springfield, Mass., passed away Oct. 12, after a short illness. He was born in Canisbay, Caithness, Scotland, Feb. 20, 1848, son of David and Isabella Rosie Murray. He was forced to leave school at 12 to go to work, and after three years on a farm was apprenticed in the drapery trade in Wick. The two years following his apprenticeship were spent in the Royal Polytechnic, Glasgow.

Coming to Boston, Mr. Murray was one of the numerous Scotsmen who began their business career in America in the store of Hogg, Brown & Taylor. He entered this store and remained as a salesman for a year and a half when he left to go to New Haven to enter the store of Lumb & Roddick. He was transferred by this firm to its Boston headquarters, which was Churchill, Watson & Co., and there became buyer in linen and domestic goods. After five years' service, he left to become general manager of the Smith & Watson store in Boston.

In 1879 this firm was dissolved and Mr. Murray formed a partnership with John M. Smith, who had been associated with Watson, and they removed to Springfield and started the business

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In addition to conducting his thriving business, Mr. Murray found time to take a lively interest in other interests. He was a partner in the dry goods firm of Smith, Murray & Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., and in several small stores in various towns. He was a director for several years in the First National Bank, the Hampden Loan & Trust Company, and the Alaska Knitting Company. Mr. Murray retired from business life in 1915.

Mr. Murray had no hobbies, except as he used to say, "To do all the good I can to my fellow man."

He was a member of Springfield Lodge, Morning Star Royal Arch Chapter, Knights Templar, Massachusetts Consistory and of Melba Temple of the Mystic Shrine. He was a member of Unity Church, and for many years was a member of the standing committee.

He never married. He leaves three sisters, Mrs. John Banks of Gills, Canisbay; Mrs. John Angus of Brabster, Canisbay, and Mrs. Roderick Banks of Mey, Canisbay, Scotland.

ANDREW MILNE

Andrew Milne, granite manufacturer, of Quincy, Mass., died suddenly at his home, Oct. 1.

Mr. Milne was born in Alford, Scotland, 82 years ago, and came to America in 1874. Some years later he entered into partnership with George Chalmers in the production of granite. After the retirement of his partner in 1898, he continued the business.

He was also interested in real estate, being at various times vice-president of the President's Hill Land Company, president of the Presidents Hill Real Estate Trust, trustee of the Cranch Hill Real Estate Trust, treasurer and director of the Blue Hill Granite Company, and director of the Lyons Granite Company. He was a member of the Rural lodge of Masons, the St. Stephen's chapter of Royal Arch Masons, Quincy, commandery, Knights Templar; Aleppo temple, Mystic Shrine, the Scotch Charitable Society, and the Granite Manufacturers' Association. He is survived by two sons, James Milne, who was associated with him in the granite company; Andrew Milne, Jr., and by two daughters, Margaret Milne and Mary Milne.

JAMES FINLAY

James Finlay, president of Finlay Bros. & Co., printers, Hartford, Conn., died at his home, Oct. 14. He was born in Scotland, in 1852, and came to the United States when he was 14 years old. He established his business in Hartford in 1890.

RICHARD MACGREGOR

Richard MacGregor, foreman machinist with William G. Creamer & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., died in Staten Island, N. Y., Nov. 5, following an operation for acute appendicitis. He was born in Glasgow, November 12, 1873, and came to New York about 25 years ago. He had been a member of Clan MacDonald, 33, Brooklyn, for 18 years.

DR. GEORGE BARRIE

Dr. George Barrie, orthopedic surgeon, died in New York, October 15. He was a native of Ballarat, Australia, and a graduate of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. He was consulting orthopedist to the Gouverneur Hospital and assistant surgeon at the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled. Dr. Barrie had been a member of St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York since 1910.

THE MARQUIS OF BREDALBANE, KG., PC.

Great regret is expressed among Scots everywhere at the news of the sudden death of the Marquis of Bredalbane at the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, Oct. 19. He was born Gavin Campbell, at Fermoy, Ireland, 9th April, 1851, and succeeded to the Earldom of Bredalbane, upon the death of his father in 1871. In addition to his many honors, he was a great agriculturist, and devoted much of his time to welfare work.

The Capital of the Highlands

(Continued from page 265)

too happy, almost, to be encroached upon by Mr. Noble's statement in "Miscellanea Invernessiana," of the retired colonel who took exception to certain passages. Well, suppose he did, how much more abiding is the echo of the applause that greeted the novelist in the remarkable scene of enthusiasm at the close of the lecture; and how fragrant still his walk homewards with Dr. Carruthers down Bridge Street past the old Horns Inn, where Bishop Forbes put up, thence by Ness Bank to Silverwells, where he was the guest of honour!

NESS BANK

There is a lingering charm in recalling these things. If a name is a talisman, Ness Bank will draw you to saunter in its environs, for few roads in Inverness are so charged with literary data as this peaceful highway by the water's side. Resonant with echoes of old stories that have been taken up and echoed again, and of voices long since still, it takes you into retrospect and fills the mind with fleeting cameos. Under the stimulus that leaps from these fanciful reveries, you cannot but start up expectantly and glance back yearningly to those years of lang syne when so many hied them to and fro. Near the Infirmary Bridge you can still look out on Silverwells. How little it has altered since the late fifties! And

the quiet roadway with its romance of old ways keeps more than a shred of the picture it presented when Thackeray tramped along it. It must have been much the same scene that caught the eyes of Alexander Russel and James Hannay as they jogged by the side of Dr. Carruthers en route for his home to make the best of things on the broad basis of whisky and water. They can still be seen by dreamers, Hannay with his quaint sailor's gait, and Russel with his huge strides, spectacled face, and hat far back on his enormous head, wending their way to the Dores Road; and one likes to think of those walks of Edmund Yates, and of Mrs. Johnstone, the gifted authoress of "Clan Albyn" and "Edinburgh Tales," and of their musings in the Islands.

A STORIED PATHWAY

But a whole article might be written on the associations of Ness Bank. Strange shadowy phantoms glide before you on the quiet paths, where the dead leaves rot, a silent gallery of the years' down time. At every step some new association comes stealing to the mind, a recollection, perhaps, of Margaret Mackay of Hedgefield, whose "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep," is still one of our favourite hymns; of the popular "Rita"—Mrs. Desmond Humphreys—whose Gollanfield home remains a conspicuous landmark; of David Carey, the poet and novelist; or of the Andersons, George and Peter, and Isobel, of Guide fame, and "Inverness Before Railways." So you slip on past name after name to the greatest figure of all, John Keats, whose dreamy eyes surveyed this storied corner little more than a hundred years ago.

JOHN KEATS

The interest which hangs about that memorable visit is full of suggestive fancy. It keeps the poetry of remembrance, and nothing more. Yet, fragmentary notes there are that have trembled through the century, which illumine Keats' movements like a gleam of sunshine on the town itself. How one would like to have been walking the streets on that August afternoon in 1818! A curious picture he must have made with his fur cap, tone coat, great plaid, and knapsack, as he

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strode into Inverness, while his friend Brown wore spectacles, a white hat, a tartan plaid, tartan coat, and tartan trousers. It must have been a droll sight to see them strolling about, and you can readily imagine the people staring. To a mean little place in the centre of the town they found their way. No other name certainly strikes a deeper chord in old affections, and with that other kindly ghost, Walter Strachan, of the good smack, *George*, under whom the poet sailed from Cromarty on his homeward journey, lends an added zest to a hallowed memory.

WILLIAM BLACK

If you know the fictitious creatures of William Black's inventive brain, you are already enfolded in another and more intimate association. Was it not in the Islands that he found the setting for some of the finest scenes in "Wild Eelin?" He is all about them, and as you sit on a grassy knoll and, like St. Francis of Assisi, make friends with the birds, or gaze across the silver stretch of water to Ballifeary House, the romance and story come back to you. Who has not rubbed shoulders with the stately Eelin Macdonald and the plucky Jane Forsyth, or visualised

that desperate encounter between Archie Gilchrist and the band of ruffians in those early morning hours when "the dawn was declaring itself in the mysterious silence that prevails before the awakening of human life?" Then there is the clandestine meeting of the two lovers, and the solitary meanderings of the young journalist. But to follow Mr. Black's characters you must trudge hither and thither—down the river bank, Bridge Street, Castle Street, the Castle Hill, where the literary talks took place; Union Street, the station; in a word, the whole town. Wherever you go you follow their wanderings with interest. The light of retrospection falls sweetly on them, giving them a portraiture suggestive of a past generation, and if "Time but the impression stronger makes," the novelist himself is the nearer to us for the decade and more that have passed away. Black spent many happy days in Inverness. He knew its lights and shadows intimately, and noted its surroundings with a kindly eye. These are pleasant glimpses you get of him in the seclusion of Ballifeary House, where most, if not all, of "Wild Eelin" was written; by the side of the river, rod in hand; or on some favoured by-way, a solitary Rambler, on one of his numerous evening pilgrimages. Another landmark one likes to look back upon is the old bookshop of Mr. Noble in Castle Street, where he was wont to repair for an occasional chat with the genial antiquarian over a quiet pipe. It seems only the other day since this old salon disappeared from view, so quickly have the sands of time run on, and to those who have peeped into its crowded interior of books, medals, coins, engravings, and the like, and were on friendly terms with its portly proprietor, it will leap up afresh in those leisure hours when they sit recounting the years.

OTHER MEMORIES

Little more remains to be told—a name here and there, and that is all. Yet, among the remaining figures that flit across the stage of reminiscence, you cannot fail to single out one or two. Everyone is familiar with Ruskin's glowing tribute, and there are few who have crooned at one time or an-

other John Stuart Blackie's fanciful lines. But have you idled through the pages of Dr. MacCulloch's "Letters on the Highlands," or strolled with Andrew Lang on his frequent visits to the town? Lang takes you into many nooks and corners, including that famous Castle Street lounge that Black knew so well. The angler at the water's edge, the lover of golf, the Rambler in the shady groves—all tread his footprints. It is by the Ness, however, that you remember him best, and may yet again, if you be so minded, see him

Sitting upon the river-bank o'ergrown;
Mark his outlandish garb and figure spare,
His dark, vague eyes, and soft abstracted
air.

The gentle, courteous Mrs. Craik links another period. Even now, her "John Halifax, Gentleman," is a household book, and finds an honoured place in many libraries. And, there are others whose names come crowding to you and mingle with those kindly reflections gone before. If the curtain has fallen for the last time in the old theatre in Theatre Lane (now Hamilton Street), does not its association with Samuel Phelps and the great Macready make you cherish its memory still? Lucky Gair's tavern in Wells Street must also find a niche in the remembrance, if only for the group of local bards who frequented it.

K., in *Inverness Courier*.

Dunoon

(Continued from page 258)

rapture upon the beauties of the far-famed Bay of Naples; but always there will remain those memories of smaller mountains, shallower seas, and unimportant valleys which nevertheless have the inimitable charm that only darling Scotia gives. There was once a Greek philosopher who, while his countrymen disputed on the nature of the universe, bade them pay heed to his message in the words, "Man, know thyself." Perhaps at this time, when patriotism runs so high and the lust for travel must needs be curbed, one may say to Scotsmen, "Men know thy country."—C. T., in *The Scots' Pictorial*.

New York, March, 1923

The Caledonian

THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH
MAGAZINE

CONCERNING A KILMARNOCK EDITION OF
BURNS 291

By *John D. Ross, LL.D.*

"JACK THE ROVER" (John Davidson)..... 294

THE PLACE NAMES OF ARRAN..... 296

By *Dr. George F. Black*

PARRITCH AND MILK (Poem)..... 298

By *Peter MacKay*

OUR GLASGOW LETTER..... 298

By *Grace Darling Wilson*

A MEMBER OF THE "GOOD CHEER CLUB"
(Poem) 300

By *Hugh W. Barnes*

SCOTTISH AND BRITISH SOCIETIES..... 301

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As Others See Us

(By Special Permission of *Scots Pictorial*, Glasgow.)

Burns did not (let us hope) know what he was letting his countrymen in for when he wrote his famous lines. He called on some power to enable us to see ourselves as others see us—alas! the power of the press in every nation has taken him at his word. Our one hope is that they are wearing very bad spectacles. For they see us outwardly as people whose scraggy, hairy legs are exposed by the national garb, and who eat our haggis off the “shairp end” of a *skein dubh*, and inwardly as owners of all amusing vices.

That we have a very good opinion of ourselves is well known. Is not the motto of one of our clans “Oorsels and oorsels and oorsels”? And then there is the story of the Highlander who fell into the river, and, being unable to swim, had a fearful struggle before kicking himself ashore. Said the minister to him afterwards—“Donald, Providence was good to you.” “Oh, yiss,” retorted Donald, “Providence was good, but Donald was ferry clever too!”

As for stinginess and thriftiness—but our reputation is world-wide. It is well known that the only difference between a Scotsman and a cocoanut is that one *can* get a drink out of the latter.

Our amusements are but two—drinking and playing on the bagpipes. A Scotsman once met another—who was laughing! Concerned for his health and sanity, the first man asked, “Sandy, what makes ye sae happy the day?”

“Eh, mon,” said Sandy. “I dreamt I was in Heevin. There was seven-and-thirty pipers a’ playin’ deefereent tunes in a sma’ room. Mon, it was just grand!”

Another Highlander who prided himself on being able to play any tune on the pipes, seated himself on the side of his native hills on a Sunday morning and commenced blowing for all he was worth.

Presently the minister came along and,

going up to MacDougall with the intention of reprimanding him severely, asked in a very harsh voice—

“MacDougall, do you know the Ten Commandments?”

MacDougall scratched his chin for a moment, and then in an equally harsh voice, said—

“D’ye think you’ve beat me? Just whistle the first three or four bars, and I’ll hae a try at it.”

The same Highlander once had an argument with an Irishman as to which country invented the pipes. The Irishman had the last word. “The truth is,” he said, “the Oirish invented the poipes and gave them to the Scots—and the Scots haven’t seen the joke yet!”

Mr. MacTavish attended a party where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds except the several capacities of the guests. In the midst of the celebration Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound good-bye.

“But Sandy, man,” objected the host, “ye’re no goin’ yet, with the evenin’ just started?”

“Nay,” said the prudent MacTavish, “I’m no goin’ yet. But I’m tellin’ ye good-night while I know ye all.”

A Scottish candidate heard the other day of a story circulating in his constituency that he was becoming strongly addicted to “tasting.” On going down expressly to refute the libel, he was surprised to be met at the station by a band and cheering crowds. The chief of his supporters came forward and grasped him warmly by the hand. “I’ve come,” explained the gratified candidate, “chiefly to deny this calumny about my drinking. . . .” “Wheest! Not a word o’ that,” exclaimed the agent, “It’s made ye the maist popular man in the toon.”

Ah, yes! we have pretty queer characters but we maun console oorsels wi’ the reflection (that’s how we all speak) that we make the whole world laugh—which is a noble destiny.

THE CALEDONIAN

THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

*Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!*

—CHARLES MACKAY.

Concerning a Kilmarnock Edition of Burns

BY JOHN D. ROSS, LL.D.

(For THE CALEDONIAN)

Among the rare and valuable books in the Reserve Room of the New York Public Library is a first edition, or as it is commonly called, a Kilmarnock edition of the poems of Robert Burns. This is a tall, rather thin and unpretentious looking book, yet it holds an unique position in the annals of literature, and from the day of its publication has commanded the admiration of those who appreciate genius embodied in poetry. With commendable zeal, translators of various nationalities have vied with each other in rendering the poems into their respective languages, and thus heralded abroad the fame of the greatest of all of the Scottish Poets became world wide many years ago.

One must satisfy the alert librarian in charge that he has some specific object in view before he can obtain access to any of the choice items in the archives of the above named institution, and as my only object or excuse was that of hero worship, I was indebted to the courtesy of Dr. George F. Black, the bibliographical expert on the library staff, who knowing my weakness for every thing pertaining to Burns, kindly secured for

me the privilege of inspecting this particular and fascinating edition of my favorite poet.

During the past fifty years I have experienced much pleasure in handling and comparing texts, etc., of nearly every edition of Burns in existence, but the pleasure is tenfold when I hold in my possession an original Kilmarnock edition. I say original, because one or two *fac simile* reprints are in the market. It was therefore with more than a mere casual interest that I accepted the proffered copy of the book, and while I lingered among its pages and noted the familiar poems as they first appeared in type, I seemed for the moment to be communing with the poet himself. Perhaps his spirit was hovering near and its influence may have guided my thoughts, for they began to centre on incidents and events connected with his life just before he emerged into prominence outside of the circle of his immediate Ayrshire friends.

Let us imagine a mild Spring day in the year 1786, and the poet, then in the prime of young manhood, standing before us. Sir Walter Scott, who saw him

about this time, said: "His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the Poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, *i. e.*, none of your modern agriculturists, who keep laborers for their drudgery, but the *douce gude* man who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

He is well known in the neighborhood as a rhymer or a poet, one who expresses love, honor, independence and satire with equal facility and in language simple and direct such as all can readily understand. With unfeigned astonishment and delight his friends have either read or listened to the reading of "The Holy Fair," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Address to the Deil," "The Vision," "Hallowe'en," "Man Was Made to Mourn," "Epistle to a Young Friend," and many other equally brilliant and witty or satirical poems, all of which have appeared in writing and in rapid succession after each other. Oh, yes! he is exceedingly well known in the surrounding towns and villages at this time for his rhymes. Men of learning and local repute are fast becoming his friends and one reverend gentleman has even predicted that he will eventually attain a pinnacle of fame eclipsed only by his illustrious predecessor, Allan Ramsay.

But the poet, as he stands before us, seems to be greatly disturbed and is evidently thinking of more important matters than the empty applause of the countryside. His life so far, has been a series of hardships and failures, but he has now an opportunity of improving his worldly prospects by going out to the West Indies where a position has been offered to

him as a bookkeeper on an estate at Jamaica. To pay for his passage, some of his friends suggested that perhaps sufficient funds for the purpose could be secured by his "*printing his poems in a book*," and selling the book to them. This would be something tangible for them to remember him by when he was "ower the seas and far awa'." The suggestion had appealed very strongly to his ambitions, and even then a Kilmarnock printer in the person of John Wilson was setting the poems in type—and, by the way, little did John Wilson realize while he was thus engaged, that he was at the same time setting a halo of immortality around his own name.

But now the scene changes to the rear room of an old tavern on the outskirts of Kilmarnock and the poet may be seen bending over a handful of proof sheets. More proofs will be corrected the next evening in some other out-of-the-way place, for the poet is in hiding these days and in dread of meeting the father of Jean Armour or any of the officers who hold a warrant for his arrest. He has loved bonnie Jean Armour too well and is anxious and harassed in mind concerning her. Jean had been cautioned and enjoined by her father to hold no communication with Burns and when her failure to obey the paternal commands could no longer be concealed, her life was made miserable by the ridicule of her friends, as well as the censure and contempt of her family. The poet however had foreseen what was likely to happen, and to guard her against humiliation and annoyance had given her a written document, signed by himself, acknowledging her as his wife. This may appear a questionable form of marriage to some people, nevertheless it constituted a legal and binding form in Scotland. But old Armour, with his strict Calvinistic notions of right and wrong, refused to allow Jean to retain the document, and without stopping to consider its importance as bearing on her future status as a married woman, deliberately committed it to the flames. He had no kindly feeling or respect for Burns. Indeed, he considered his moral character to be so objectionable that he denounced him to his neighbors as "a wild and worthless rake," while his rhymes, especially those criti-

cizing the clergy and their mode of conducting Christian worship he characterized as "impious utterances unfit for any decent man or woman to read." From the first, when he became aware of Jean's infatuation for the poet, he had remonstrated with her against it; and now when he learned of the true condition of affairs between them, he was not only angry and disappointed, but insisted that the poet be held responsible according to law for his misdeeds. Time soothed the old man's feelings however, and the day came when he was glad to welcome his illustrious son-in-law to his home and fireside.

The book of Poems was published at the end of July (1786) and was an instantaneous success. Burns says, "I threw off about six hundred copies, of which I got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and, besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money, to procure a passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for,

'Hungry ruin had me in in the wind.'

I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my friends, my chest was on its way to Greenock, I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, *'The Gloomy Night Is Gathering Fast,'* when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes by opening up new prospects to my poetic ambitions."

Robert Heron, one of the poet's early biographers, says, "Old and young, high and low, grave and gay, learned or ignorant, all were alike delighted, agitated, transported. I was at that time resident in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire; and I can well remember how that even the plough-boys and maid-servants would have gladly bestowed the wages which

they earned the most hardily, and which they wanted to purchase necessary clothing, if they might but secure the works of Burns"; and Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister, recorded the fact that "So very scarce did copies become within a few weeks after publication, the inmates at Mossgiel had to wait till the appearance of the Edinburgh edition before they had an opportunity of reading their brother's poems in print."

The following is Dr. Blacks' description of the book, etc., taken from the library catalogue:

"Poems Chiefly In the Scottish Dialect.
Kilmarnock: John Wilson, Printer, 1786.

VIII, (1) 240 pp. 8vo.

The original Kilmarnock edition. From the library of Dr. David Laing with his autograph. With two verses from the song 'How Long and Dreary Is the Night' in the autograph of the poet; and a holograph letter from John Gibson Lockhart, the biographer of Sir Walter Scott to Dr. Laing inserted. The letter is as follows: 'Sussex Place, R. P., April 12, 1851. Dear Mr. Laing: I am very much obliged to you for your Deloraine notes albeit they leave Mr. Crocker's milestone what it was. Your reminder about the Burns caused my cheeks to burn. I had entirely forgotten how the book came into my hands—but here it is, not I hope injured beyond what a binder's skill will repair. Ever sincerely, John Gibson Lockhart.
D. Laing, Esq."

With the exception of a break in the binding, the book is in excellent condition. Had I any say in the matter, I would at once have it placed in a special designed glass receptacle, hermetically sealed from all outside agencies, and laid away where it could be seen but not handled, so that it would be as good and as sound a thousand years hence as it is today. Incidentally, no doubt, at some future age such discriminating care and forethought would prove a fine feather in the cap of the library Board of Trustees for 1923. But here some English-born cynic may raise his voice in protest and say, "My friend, why worry about the book or its condition a thousand years from now? By the time the world has reached that stage in its history, we may safely predict that the works of Robert Burns as well as the language or dialect in which they are written will be as dead and forgotten as are now most of the once famous kings and queens who lorded it over the Egyptians in ancient

times; and even Scotland, that you boast so much about may by then have lost her identity as a nation and become swallowed up or merged into a still greater Free Irish State, or something of that sort." But these are wicked and malicious inferences to make, and are not to be taken seriously by anyone who knows the lasting qualities of the Scottish Muse, or the independent spirit of the Scottish nature. Put the question to Dr. Black (or any gentleman hailing from the Land o' Cakes) how long do you really suppose that the poems of Robert Burns will be read and appreciated by the people at large? and the answer will assuredly be "While the world lasts." But make no mention of our cynical friend's reference to Scot-

land and a greater Irish Free State or your sanity will be very much doubted.

Before returning the book to its custodian, I opened it at random and pressed my lips on one of its pages and on looking at the spot thus caressed, I read:

"All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band
A tie more tender still.

It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean!"

"Jack the Rover"

We take pleasure in reprinting here two poems by the late John Davidson, of Valley Cottage, New York, who passed out of this life a year ago as modestly as he had lived it, singing as he went. He was greatly loved by all his associates, and many of his verses are gems of their kind. The biographical notes are by Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, who from his long friendship is qualified to speak of his personality, and as an editor to assign his place in the literary world. All Scots will regret the loss of another true singer of the Doric.

THE SCOTTISH BAGPIPES

Fill yer bellows, tune yer chanter,
Dirl up a Hielant strain
Till the hills o' far-off Scotia
Send yer echoes back again.

Music o' the glens and mountains
Stirs the blood o' ilka Scot,
While the sojer lads are vauntit
Shall the piper be forgot?
Ye hae sung the sang o' vict'ry
When the kiltit laddies won;
Ye hae wailed the lamentations
When the widow mourned a son.

In yer music is the ripplin'
O' the burnie doon the glen;
Sang o' blackie and o' mavis
Pipin' i' the mossy den;

Sangs o' moorcock i' the meadow,
Scream o' eagle i' the lift;
In yer music is the wailin'
O' a Hielant hame bereft.

Aft I've heard ye in the Hielants
Birlin' up a blithe strathspey,
When the lassies an' their callants
Reeled an' swung the leelang day.
Sepoys scattered when yer pibroch
Skirled up afore Delhi;
An' the hail world heard yer slogan
On the heights o' far Dargai.

Tak' yer pipes an' tune yer chanter,
 Dirl up a pibroch strain,
 Till the glens o' bonnie Scotland
 Send yer echoes back again.

John Davidson was born February 25, 1875, in Montrose, Scotland. His father, John Davidson, was a schoolmaster at the old White's Place School in that town. His mother, Mary Baird, was also a native-born Scot, and traced her ancestry to Pierre Terrail, Chevalier Bayard of France, son of D'Aimon Terrail of the Chateau Bayard in the valley of Gresivaudan near Grenoble.

He was the oldest son of a family of five. His mother died when he was only twelve years of age and his father, five months later. In his early years, he attended the school of which his father was Master. Later he enrolled in the Montrose Academy, the first school in Scotland in which Greek was taught. He did not complete his course there because of the death of his parents, and the necessity of his having to help to support the family.

It was at this time that he started to serve his apprenticeship as a journeyman printer on the *Montrose Review*. Several times during this apprenticeship, he was attacked by rheumatism and compelled to give up work, but as he advanced in years and gained strength, he practically outgrew this ailment. Ultimately, he moved to Forfar where he became assistant editor of the *Forfar Review*, a post he held until the sudden return of his ailment compelled him to relinquish newspaper work for a time. Ordered by his physician to seek an outdoor occupation, he turned salesman and employed his time in writing up insurance policies and selling sewing machines.

As Davidson's health did not improve and a change of climate was prescribed, he decided to emigrate to America. In October, 1897, he set sail for New York, where the practical knowledge of his craft very quickly secured him work. His ability attracted the attention of Messrs. Wynkoop, Hallenbeck & Crawford, whose employ he entered in 1898. Fortune favored him and in the summer of the succeeding year (1899), he married Emily Forbes Lawson, a Scottish lassie, whom he had known for many years, and one son and three daughters were born to them.

He remained with Messrs. Wynkoop, Hallenbeck & Crawford until the autumn of 1902 when he decided to return to Scotland, and with his wife and two children, sailed for his native land, but after a short stay there the climate was found to be unsuited to his condition, and shortly after the birth of his second daughter, he returned to the United States and becoming an American citizen, settled down at Valley Cottage, N. Y., and there spent the remaining eighteen years of his life.

During this period he was employed on McCall's Magazine and in several other publishing houses. In 1910, shortly after his youngest daughter was born, his last attack of rheumatism seized him. Because of his remarkable Scotch grit, however, he again pulled through.

He then joined the editorial staff of the Funk & Wagnalls *New Standard Dictionary* and served as an assistant editor, holding this position until 1915, when he joined the editorial staff of the *Pictorial Review*, on which he held the position of assistant editor until the time of his death, February 2, 1922. He was associated with Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly in his compilation of his "Desk-Book of 25,000 Words Frequently Mispronounced."

From his boyhood, he was known as a poet. He wrote his first poem when he was but thirteen; his last, he was composing at the time of his death. In his youth he assumed the *nom de plume* "Jack the Rover," because, being a dreamer, he delighted in long walks. His poems were published in the *Scottish-American*, the *Montrose and Brechin Review*, the *Pictorial Review*, the *Caledonian*, the *New York Sun*, and *The Literary Digest*. He was held in high esteem by many British and American editors and journalists as an authority on Scottish customs, history, dialect, and spelling.

Although his poems have not as yet been collected, it was one of the ambitions of his life to do so; also, to compile a dictionary of the Scottish tongue.

In his home town, he was chairman of the Board of Education of the Village School, chairman of the Board of Vestry of the Episcopal Church, and leader in all public activities of the town.

A SPRIG O' HEATHER

Heather frae my hieland hills,
 Tell me o' the ripplin' rills;
 Tell me o' the bonny braes,
 Whaur I spent youth's summer days—
 Whaur the merry mavis thrills—
 Heather frae my hieland hills.

Blooms the bonny primrose sweet,
 Round the gloomy Grampians' feet?
 Grow the foxglove and bluebell
 As o' yore, in mossy dell—
 Whaur the cowslip dew distills—
 Heather frae my hieland hills?

Memory's page ye ope again,
 And I mind the merry train
 Gaed amayin' doon the glen—
 Life was nocht but pleasure then—
 Daffin' wi' oor joes and jills—
 Heather frae my hieland hills!

Slowly, like the winter's snaw,
 Leelang freen's hae slipped awa',
 But to-day the mem'ries dear
 O' their coothie friendship here,
 Aftentimes my bosom thrills—
 Heather frae my hieland hills!

Still the freens that roond me cling
 Mak' my auld heart loup and sing,
 An' the bairnies at my feet
 Mak' sic mirthfu' music sweet,
 Like the lilt o' lauchin' rills
 'Mang heather on my hieland hills!

The Place-Names of Arran

By DR. GEORGE F. BLACK

PART III.

(For THE CALEDONIAN)

Additional authorities for early forms of the place-names:

Hamilton. Historical Manuscripts Commission. Eleventh Report. Appendix, Part VI. *The manuscripts of the Duke of Hamilton*. London, 1887.

Martin. *A description of the Western Islands of Scotland*. By Martin Martin. London, 1716.

Necker. *Travels in Scotland*. By Louis Albert Necker de Saussure. London, 1821.

CLACHAN (1. hill, Glen Chalmadale, 1013 feet high; 2. village, near Shedog). (2) 1446, ER., 252, Clachane; 1502, RMS., 2702, Clachane. G. *clachan*, "a village or hamlet in which a parish church is situate." It has also the meaning of "a burial place." It gives name to Clachan Burn, Clachan Farm, and Clachan Glen. Another Clachan Glen, in Holy Island, has the ruins of an ancient burying place and chapel.

CLAUCHOG (Kilmory). c. 1610, Blaeu, Clachack; 1773, Claucheg. The correct form of the name is Clachaig, a feminine diminutive noun, from *clach*, "a stone," meaning "a stony place." Clachaig was the birth-place of Rev. William Shaw (1749-1831), Gaelic grammarian and determined opponent of the authenticity of the "Ossianic Poems." "As it claims to be the birth-place of the first Celtic scholar, so also it claims to be the death-place of the first Celtic bard. Ossian is said to have died here" (NSA., Bute, p. 51). A large pre-historic burial mound here, called "Ossian's Mound," is traditionally said to be the grave of the poet. It is figured and described in the *Book of Arran*, v. 1, pp. 101-102. The village or hamlet gives name to Clauchog Farm, Cnoc Clauchog (883 feet high), Clauchog Point (the Claitshimore Point of Ramsay, 1841, p. 55), High Clauchog, and Low Clauchog.

CLAITSHIMORE POINT. See under Clauchog Point.

CLAUCHLAND (near Lamlash). Before 1344, Clachelane; 1440, ER., 82, Clachlam; 1444 and 1445, ER., 165, 211, Clachillane; 1446, ER., Clachlane; 1447, ER., 289, Clachelanebeg; 1449, ER., 362, Clachellane. An old plural form of the name is Cleuchlanis. It was anciently a pennyland. The meaning is uncertain, but the first part is G. *clach*, "stone." Gives name to Clauchland Hills and Clauchlands Farm and Clauchlands Point.

CLEITEADH BUIDHE (1. Machrie Bay; 2. Torlin Waterfoot). G. *cléiteadh buidhe*, "yellow ridge of rocks." Gaelic *cléit*, "a rocky eminence," and *cléiteadh* are borrowed from Norse *klettr*, "a rock, cliff."

CLEITEADH DUBH (Slidery). G. *cléiteadh dubh*, "black ridge of rocks."

CLEITEADH NAN SGARBH (Drumadoon). G. *cléiteadh nan sgarbh*, "rocky eminence of the scarts (cormorants)," or "cormorants' cliff." *Sgarbh* is also a Gaelic borrowing from Norse *skarfr*, "cormorant."

CNOC (near Lamlash). G. *cnoc*, "a hill, knoll, hillock."

CNOC A' CHAPUILL (head of Clachan Glen, 1369 feet high). G. *cnoc a' chapuill*, "hill of the mare."

CNOC A' CHLOCHAIR (at junction of Gleann Easbuig and Gleann an t-Suidhe). G. *cnoc a' clochair*, "hill of the assembly." Probably a place of popular assembly. Figured and described in the *Book of Arran*, v. 1, pp. 178-179.

CNOCAN A' CAILLICH (Glen Scorrodale, 1235 feet high). G. *cnocan na caillich*, "hillock of the old woman (hag)."

CNOCAN A' CHRANNCHUIR (near Kilpatrick, 448 feet high). G. *cnocan a' crannchuir*, "hillock of the lot or share" (*crannchur*).

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- CNOC AN AIRGID (Glen Rosa). *G. cnoc an airgid*, "hillock of silver."
- CNOCAN BIORACH (Ballymichael Glen). *G. cnocan biorach*, "pointed hillock." It is 1116 feet high.
- CNOCAN BURN (Brodick). *G.*, "burn or stream of the hill."
- CNOC AN CUALLAICH (Machrie Bay). The correct form is probably *G. cnocan cuallaich*, "hillock of the cattle herding." It is 357 feet high.
- CNOCAN DONN (Brown Head). *G. cnocan donn*, "brown hillock." It is 716 feet high.
- CNOCANTUBHA (Ballymichael). *G. cnocan an tubha*, "hillock of the thatch." Turf for thatching the cottages was probably cut here. *Tugha* seems a better form according to the dictionaries.
- CNOC BALLYGOWN (735 feet high). *G.*, "hill of the smith's town." See Ballygown.
- CNOC BREAC GHAMHAIN (near Loch Tanna, 1187 feet high.) *G. cnoc breac ghamhainn*, "hillock of the speckled calf."
- CNOC CHLACHAIG. See under Clauchog.
- CNOC DONN (near Ballienkine, 643 feet high). *G.*, "brown hill."
- CNOC DUBH (three hills so named on the island: 1, northwest of Lamlash, 1003 feet high; 2, near The String, 1341 feet high, named "Black Hill" on Paterson's map; 3, near Loch na h-Iubhraidh, 1385 feet high). *G. cnoc dubh*, "black hill."
- CNOC 'IC EOGHAIN (in Drimiginar). *G.*, "Mac Ewan's knoll."
- CNOC LEACAINN DHUIBHE (Catacol). *G. cnoc leacainn duibh*, "knoll of the black hill slope." It is 755 feet high.
- CNOC MOR (Glen Easdale). *G. cnoc mor*, "big hill." It is 867 feet high.
- CNOC NA COMHAIRLE (near Largie, 913 feet high). The name is translated on Paterson's map (1836), "Consultation Hill," from *G. comhairle*, "council, convocation." Cf. *Cnoc na Dail*.
- CNOC NA CEILE (near Glaister). *G. ciall*, gen. *céille*, means "sense" or "understanding," which does not give good sense here. Probably the correct form is *Cnoc na Caillich*, "hill of the old woman (hag)." It is 686 feet high. Cf. *Caim na Caillich* and *Cnocan a' Caillich*.
- CNOC NA CROISE (head of Clachan Glen, 1346 feet high). *G. cnoc na croise*, "hill of the cross."
- CNOC NA GARBAD (near Dippin). Probably from *G. garbh bad*, "rough clump," or "thicket." Gives name to Loch Garbad. 959 feet high.
- CNOC NA SGRATHA (Loch Ranza, 892 feet high). *G.*, "hill of the turf," or "turf hill."
- CNOC REAMHAR (near Corriecravie). *G.*, "thick hill." Cf. *Ceann Reamhar* and *Torr Reamhar*. It is 737 feet high.
- COCK (near Cock of Arran). 1766, Cock. Probably a translation from *G. an coileach*, "the cock." See following name.
- COCK OF ARRAN (north of Arran). "A large isolated mass of sandstone, resting on the beach, a noted landmark among sailors. When seen in front from the sea the block had the form of a cock, with expanded wings, in the act of crowing. The resemblance is now less striking, as the head has been broken off." (Bryce, p. 130).
- COILLEMORE (Loch Ranza). 1766 and 1773, Kellymore; Callivare on Arrowsmith's map; 1836, Paterson, Killiemore. *G. an choille mhór*, "the big wood." Gives name to Coillemore Point.
- COIRE A' BHRADAIN (a continuation of Ealta Choire, east of Ben Nuis). The "Salmon Glen" of Paterson. *G. coire a' bhradain*, "corrie of the salmon."
- COIRE BUIDHE (east of A' Chir). *G. coire buidhe*, "yellow corrie."
- COIRE NA CEUM. *G.*, "corrie of the step," i.e., of Ceum na Caillich.
- COIRE NA CICHE (near Corrie). *G. coire na ciche*, "corrie of the pap or breast." Locally called "The Devil's Punch Bowl."
- COIRE NA H' UAIMH (Glen Sannox). *G. coire na h-uamha*, "corrie of the cave."
- COIRE NAM FUARAN (Goatfell). *G.*, "corrie of the wells or springs." It lies at a height of 2716 feet.
- COIRE NAM MEANN (1, at Beinn Nuis; 2, at Goatfell). *G. coire nam meann*, "corrie of the kids."

PARRITCH AND MILK

BY PETER MACKAY

The Worth and the Merit o' a' things that's
 Scotch
 Has been sung aft an' praised tae the very top
 notch.
 For even the mists, and also the rain,
 Hae been subjects for poets again and again:
 Till it seems that there's hardly a thing ye
 can name
 Left for the rhymer tae praise and acclaim,
 Except Parritch and Milk,
 Parritch and Milk—
 I will noo sing the praises o' Parritch and Milk.

The poets hae sung o' Scotia's fair maids,
 Braw, bonnie lassies that ne'er used pomades.
 Noo these Daughters o' Scotia with peerless
 renown,
 Whether maids frae the country or maids frae
 the town,
 Their beauty sae perfect we a' maun agree
 Was never developed on coffee or tea.
 'Twas Parritch and Milk,
 Parritch and Milk—
 For a perfect complexion tak Parritch and
 Milk.

Auld Scotland's fond mithers, these sterling
 Scots dames,
 Made Parritch the staple in a' the Scots hames,
 That's the reason oor sodgers are dauntless in
 war
 And the Daughters o' Scotia hae nowhere a par.
 Far and wide is the fame o' the Scots and
 their food,
 And no breakfast is perfect that doesn't
 include
 Parritch and Milk,
 Parritch and Milk—
 For beauty and valor tak Parritch and Milk.

Oatmeal and milk in the auld days o' yore,
 In the days o' oor Wallace and Bruce and before,
 Was the food o' the clansman, these bravest
 o' men,
 Who made Scotland respected 'mongst nations
 even then.
 'Twas the food o' the Scotsmen made Eng-
 lishmen yield
 In that greatest o' battles on Bannockburn
 field;
 Parritch and Milk,
 Parritch and Milk—
 Englishmen dinna like Parritch and Milk.

Doon the lang years has Scots fame been main-
 tained,
 And her sons and her daughters have honors
 attained;
 In war and in peace, the Scot is in front,
 Fighting the fight and bearing the brunt,
 For truth and for right, for freedom and
 fame;
 And much of the credit I certainly claim
 For Parritch and Milk,
 Parritch and Milk—
 The Scots should be fond o' their Parritch and
 Milk.

I am sure that the Daughters of Scotia that here
 Have a fondness for Scotland, a love that is
 dear
 For the green fertile strath and the lone High-
 land glen,
 For the toon and the clachan, the but and the
 ben,
 For the land o' the tartan, the hame o' the
 kilt—
 And I'm sure that ye all love yer Parritch
 and Milk,
 Parritch and Milk,
 Parritch and Milk—
 Hurrah for Auld Scotland and Parritch and
 Milk!

Our Glasgow Letter

Combines seem to be the mode these days, and while they have their uses, such as the utilization of the brains of many big concerns, still one feels they swamp individualism, and that is always a retrograde move. However, such is the trend of the times—combined effort as against individual effort—and the latest converts are in Aberdeen, where negotiations

have been completed for the amalgamation of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, and the *Aberdeen Daily Journal*, and of the *Aberdeen Evening Gazette*, and the *Evening Express*, and the weekly issues of the *Free Press and Journal*. A company will be formed to be called the Aberdeen Newspapers, Ltd. The Granite City has always been progressive, and very saga-

cious in forecasting general conditions, and we feel sure that this amalgamation is the outcome of wise forethought, and that the newspapers will still retain all that was best and most interesting under the new order of things.

Owing to a fire which broke out at the farm of Stenmuir, in the Parish of Kirkmichael, Dumfries-shire, some valuable Carlyle relics have been lost. The wife of the farmer, Mrs. Martin, is a grand-niece of Thomas Carlyle, and the articles destroyed were a valuable oil painting and a number of photographs and books belonging to Carlyle. The total damage at the farm amounted to between £6000 and £7000.

We notice that the well-known residential estate of Tullichewan, Lochlomond, adds yet another to the Scottish Estates sold recently. In the sale are included picturesque Tullichewan Castle, policy and grounds, grass parks and woodlands, extending to about 375 acres.

There are those who disagree with the saying that "Competition is the life of trade," but we are among those who think it is a very sound axiom. But for competition nothing would progress, and this is rather sharply exemplified at the present time, the news having reached us that Germany may prove a very serious menace to the Scottish Woollen manufacturing trade. The Germans, by extending their specializing methods, are perfecting machinery both in economical design and accuracy of production. In Scotland the same type of machinery has been in use for nearly a generation, and it apparently requires the threat of competition to wake up those most nearly concerned. Anyhow, we are told that the Galashiels Technical College, which will be governed by a committee of South of Scotland tweed and hosiery manufacturers, is to be made a clearing house for ideas relating to the Scottish textile industry. This is good news, as there is always room for improvement, and if we don't keep awake to these facts, then we run a risk of being ousted—no matter how strong our industrial fortresses.

The 29th Annual Exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists in the R. S. A. Rooms, Edinburgh, showed this year a much higher average of good talent. Distinction was added to the Society's work by the inclusion of loan works from the Gallery Fiquet, Paris, and there was also a fine collection of jewelry, enamel work, etc., and the Exhibition was altogether of exceptional merit and interest.

There are those who remember Hamilton when she had a race-course of her own, and when the racing fraternity of Scotland flocked there to see the sport of kings. Now, after a lapse of years, a section of Hamiltonians have raised the suggestion that the race-course should be restored. This would mean a great deal of expense to the town, and would also mean doing away with the golf course, which occupies a portion of what used to be the

race-course. However, Hamilton is divided as to the advisability of restoring it, and the Churches in particular have taken up a very determined stand against it. The members and adherents have been afforded an opportunity of signing a petition against its re-establishment, and this was very strongly supported. The Town Council of Hamilton took upon themselves to negotiate with Lord Hamilton, with a view to the re-establishment of the race-course, and this has caused almost universal displeasure. What the ultimate outcome will be is yet a problem, but considering we already have four race-courses in Scotland, at Ayr, Bogside, Lanark and Portobello, we are inclined to think we have sufficient, and that Hamilton would be well advised to stick to the golf-course, which is the alternative. While racing is undoubtedly a very attractive sport, it brings in its train the element of gambling, with all its attendant evils, which are not calculated to improve a community in any way.

The courageous *Quest* is once again home, after many adventures, under the leadership of Captain Wild, who took command after the death of Sir Ernest Shackleton. We had a special interest in this expedition owing to the fact that two Scottish boys were chosen to go with it, although Scout Mooney, of Orkney, had unfortunately to return home owing to seasickness. However, Scout Marr, of Aberdeen, was able to go through with it, and has come back in perfect physical condition and eager for another such experience. He is an extremely shy boy and it was with the greatest difficulty the interviewers were able to get him to talk of his trip. However, he admitted it had been a great time for him, and that he would not have missed it for anything. Apparently Scout Marr got a great welcome at every place the *Quest* touched by the Boy Scouts and others. At the Cape he met quite a number of Aberdeen people, among them Dr. Murray ("Hamewith"), who presented Marr with a copy of his poems, with a sprig of heather in it. Marr spoke touchingly and delightfully of Commander Shackleton, describing him as a great leader, whose death cast a terrible gloom over the members of the Expedition. We hope Scout Marr may get an opportunity of putting to good use his fine scout training.

That bright little periodical *Scottish Home Rule*, gives an interesting classification of the new Scottish Members of Parliament, with regard to their attitude to Home Rule for Scotland. Out of the 74 Scottish Members, 44 are declared Home Rulers, 26 being Labourists. Several of the remaining 28 are known to be favorable to Scottish Home Rule. Five members, four being Conservatives, declared opposition to Scottish Home Rule.

Cameron of Lochiel has been compelled, owing to high taxation in this country, to leave his native land of Scotland to reside in France. He has just recently sent a letter

containing his resignation as Chairman of the Committee of Kilmallie and Kilmonivaig School Management at Fort William. The reason given for the resignation is Lochiel's inability to attend the meetings, and his opposition to a hostel proposed to be instituted. In his own words he says:

"It seems to me that this is not the time, when the strictest economy is called for, to embark on fresh expenditure, and thus still further add to the heavy burdens of rates that the rate-payers are called upon to pay. Already I, the largest rate-payer in the district, have been driven from my home into banishment, by the rates. Is it desirable, in the interests of the district, to drive other rate-payers after me, which must inevitably result if they cannot afford to live at home? It is only by reducing expenditure that we can reduce the rates. There is no other road to financial stability.

"I do not believe there is the least necessity for this hostel. There are plenty of good homes in Fort William, where the girls could be far better looked after, both morally and physically, than in the hostel, and at far less expense to the parents. I doubt also if there is any great demand for the hostel at all amongst the parents. I am old-fashioned enough to believe in an old principle, quoted only last Sunday by a learned Divine here, a Fellow and Vice-Principal of one of our Colleges at Oxford: 'We must remember that our children must be brought up as the children of the home, and not as the children of the State.'"

There is a great deal of truth and sound judgment in what Lochiel says, and it is to be hoped the district concerned will profit by it. There are far too many projects of similar kinds all over the country; which are only adding to the already sorely harassed taxpayers' obligations. However, the worm will turn one of these days, as it will soon be impossible for a certain class of the community to live in the country.

The death of Colonel John M. Denny, C.B., the well-known Clyde shipbuilder, and one of the heads of the firm of William Denny & Bros., Ltd., has caused universal regret. Only relatives and directors of the firm attended his funeral, which took place in the Crematorium, Glasgow, his ashes afterwards being interred in the family burying ground in Dumbarton.

After much delay and speculation as to the Peebles Hydropathic's claim against the Admiralty for £11,600 compensation for the occupation of the Hydro, as a Naval Hospital and Convalescent Home, from January, 1918, till February, 1920, the case has at last been settled. The War Compensation Court in Edinburgh has awarded £7242, less £2600 paid on account, and less £495 for purchase of apparatus by the claimants from the Admiralty. £200 has also been allowed for costs and surveyors' fees.

Our Glasgow Lord Provost Paxton's name appears on the New Year's Honours List, and

he is now a Baronet. In his office as Lord Provost he has discharged his duties well, and has graced the position with credit and dignity. For a period of over 30 years Provost Paxton has served Glasgow in a civic capacity, and has never been afraid to voice his views, whether popular or otherwise. We wish him long life to enjoy his title, and many years of usefulness.

The name of Bonnie Prince Charlie never fails to thrill the heart of the Scot, no matter how one may differ from his cause, in these back days of history. It is therefore interesting to all of us to learn that a memorial brass is about to be erected to his memory in the Roman Catholic Church at Glenfinnan. The gift is from Miss Blanche Byrom, an English authoress, and the inscription on the plaque is as follows: "In loving memory of Prince Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie)." The *Glasgow Record* says: "The Church is a fine specimen of Pugin's architecture, and is a fitting repository for this memorial, which, it will be felt, ought to have been thought of and provided many years ago. The grand mountains, now mantled with snow, the pine trees that in their infancy witnessed the commencement of the romantic exploit for the recovery of a lost throne—these stand guard over the historic trysting-ground; but the appropriateness of a visible emblem in the Church dedicated by the Clan Ranalds, will touch sympathetic chords in a national sentiment that is wider far than creed.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

A Member of the "Good Cheer Club"

BY H. W. BARNES

He never speaks of sickness, but
Will talk for hours on HEALTH,
And says to talk PROSPERITY
Will pave the way to WEALTH.
He's silent on the sad events,
But loves to spread GOOD NEWS,
And has a CHEERFUL TALE to tell
To all who have the "blues."
He tells of BLESSINGS Heaven has sent,
But burdens never mentions.
The blunders you have made, ignores,
But lauds your GOOD INTENTIONS.
He'll talk of SUNSHINE when the clouds
Obscure both sun and skies;
Will soothe you with ENCOURAGEMENT
Instead of criticize.
His presence 'mong the poor or sick
Brings STRENGTH and INSPIRATION;
His mission spreading HAPPINESS
And CIVIC ELEVATION.
His motto, "PEACE ON EARTH; GOOD WILL"
To every mother's son,
The member of the GOOD CHEER CLUB
Is a FRIEND to every one;
First in his duties owed to GOD,
Next to his BROTHER MAN,
Then to his COUNTRY,—brings to par
The REAL AMERICAN.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

In Memoriam: Peter Miller

(A native of Paisley, Scotland, and for nearly fifty years a resident of Philadelphia)
Born, Sept. 24, 1850: Died, November 7, 1922.

Just as he wished the fatal summons came,
No long delay nor pain to be endured,
But presentation of a pressing claim
With final settlement on sight assured.
Among his loved ones he received the call,
His life-long partner sitting at his side,
His work completed and at peace with all
He passed forever o'er the Great Divide.
A son of Scotia to the inmost core
Though long residing on a foreign strand
With sense and worth aloft he proudly bore
The honor'd banner of his native land.
In youth and age he stood the truest test:
The best beloved by those who knew him best.
—JAMES D. LAW.

"Clovernook,"
Philadelphia.

For many years Mr. MILLER acted as the Special Correspondent for THE CALEDONIAN in Philadelphia, and his racy chatty Letters were much appreciated wherever the magazine circulated. He wielded a facile pen, and he had also considerable vogue as a Recitationist, being at his best in the masterpieces of Burns, Scott and Aytoun. One of his most memorable appearances was on the occasion of the visit of The Royal Edinburgh Concert Company when Mr. Miller recited to a great audience at the Academy of Music Mr. Law's "Prologue to a Scottish Concert."—EDITOR.

Canadian Society of New York

J. Spencer Smith of Tenafly, Vice Chairman of the Port of New York Authority, was elected President of the Canadian Society of New York.

The other officers elected were: Harry H. Raymond, first vice-president; Wylie C. Margeson, second vice-president; William H. Taylor, third vice-president; George C. Holton, fourth vice-president; Clifford Scott Howard, secretary, and C. J. Stephenson, treasurer.

Precious Burns Relic Goes Back to Dumfries

An interesting relic of Robert Burns was a prominent object at the annual celebration of the Burns Club of Dumfries, Scotland, on the anniversary of the birth of the national poet, in the form of the poet's toddy kettle presented to the club by Colonel Walter Scott, of New York.

A few years ago Col. Scott came into possession of a copper kettle that Burns used in his home. He had made the decision that the kettle should go back to Scotland and in the following letter to the secretary of the Dumfries Burns Club by Col. Scott tells the whole story:

Jan. 9, 1923.

John McBurnie, Esq.,
Secretary Dumfries Burns Club,
Dumfries, Scot.

My Dear Mr. McBurnie and Fellow Members of the Dumfries Burns Club:

When thinking of the birthday of the "World's Poet" a short time ago, it occurred to me that I would like to return to Dumfries a valuable article that belonged to our beloved bard. Naturally my thoughts traveled to the Dumfries Burns Club, with the results that the following telegrams were exchanged:

Jan. 3, 1923.

Desirous present club Burns copper kettle from his home, afterward in Globe Tavern, then Albany and Boston, and purchased by me in 1915. Highly prized Burns relic. Will club accept? If so will forward in time Burns dinner.

WALTER SCOTT.
Jan. 4, 1923.

Club will gratefully accept kettle and is deeply indebted for this further generous gift from you. Send as full history as possible.

M'BURNE.

The story of this article was told in our public press throughout the country in the year 1915, when an estate was to be disposed of here in New York. Friends furnished me with newspaper clippings regarding the sale, which I attended, purchasing the kettle. It has been viewed by thousands since it came into my possession, not to speak of the many

more who previously had the opportunity. The history is engraved on the outside, and since the acceptance of the relic by the Dumfries Burns Club I have added the closing line. The freshly engraved portion is, of course, much brighter than the preceding lines, but it will become as the rest of the engraving in a short time. It is as follows:

ROBERT BURNS TODDY KETTLE

Most prized of the Burns Relics

Copper kettle used by Burns at his home in Dumfries. After his death it became the property of the Globe Tavern. Sold to John Allan of New York; then owned by J. V. L. Pruyn of Albany, who presented it to his daughter. At sale of her effects (about 1875) it was purchased by Mr. George P. Philes, who held and treasured it until his death. Bought at Public Sale of the Philes Collection in February, 1915.

By Walter Scott of New York

Past Royal Chief of the Order of Scottish Clans

and presented by him to Dumfries Burns Club
January 25, 1923.

I am very happy in the thought that this kettle will henceforth be the property of the Dumfries Burns Club. In a way I am sorry to part with it, because it has occupied a conspicuous place in my office ever since its purchase, always creating an atmosphere of tenderness in the hearts of those who have seen it, and serving as a constant reminder to me of the author of the "World's Doxology." However, I believe it should go back to Dumfries—the last earthly home of our beloved poet—and final resting place among other articles used by him.

It has gone to you by American Express on the S.S. Columbia of the Anchor line, which sails from here Jan. 13 and arrives in Glasgow on the 21st. Needless to say my affection accompanies this relic. I feel that the club in Dumfries which bears the poet's name has honored me by the acceptance of this relic, and I know you will always hold it sacred because it once belonged to one who will ever live in the hearts of those who love him.

With personal regards to the members of the club and to your good self,
Cordially yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

Chicopee Falls

The Past Presidents' Club of the auxiliary to the Order of Scottish Clans had its first meeting of the year in the home of Mrs. Marion Lawson of Chicopee Falls Wednesday, Jan. 10. New officers were installed by Mrs. May Austin, assisted by Mrs. Isabel McAllister. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. Mary Hamilton; vice-president, Miss Jean Maxwell; chaplain, Mrs. Amelia Livingstone; secretary, Mrs. Annie Warnock, treasurer, Mrs. Marion Lawson; conductor, Mrs. Agnes Walker; pianist, Mrs. Annie Campbell. A social hour with singing and story-telling followed a supper of Scots dishes. The second meeting was a Valentine party on Feb. 14 in the home of Mrs. Janet Muir of Belmont Avenue, Springfield, Mass.

The New York Caledonian Club

The regular monthly meeting of the Club was held Tuesday evening, December 5th; a half dozen fine young fellows were marched to the platform and initiated by Chief Caldwell. Three propositions were received and sent to the Investigating Committee.

The Chief announced that the ladies of the New York Caledonians had presented the Club with two hundred dollars. A motion to thank the ladies was carried with enthusiasm.

The annual meeting for the election of officers was held on Tuesday evening, December 12th. The vote for chief was as follows: Total vote cast 147, of which Alexander Caldwell received 71; William Vance and James Kemp 38 each. As no candidate had received the necessary majority of votes, it was decided to hold a special meeting on the evening of December 19th for the election of Chief. The tellers' reports showed that elections of other officers had been effected by a majority vote in all cases where there had been opposition. Gilbert A. Burns was elected First Chieftain over James Waldie, having a majority of 103 out of 153 votes cast. Donald Shepherd was re-elected Second Chieftain, John A. Davidson, Third Chieftain, and John MacGregor, Fourth Chieftain without opposition. For Fifth Chieftain John H. Whiteford received 112 votes, Alexander Bettie 34, Whiteford's majority 78. Club Piper, Angus M. Fraser, and Finance Committee, James Craig went in without opposition. For Property Committee the old-timer, Bob Lauder, received 118 votes to 32 cast for Matthew Mackie, and was declared elected. For Board of Trustees, Duncan G. MacLeod received 106 votes, J. C. Munro 98, George Smith 72 and Alexander MacCraw 10. Messrs. MacLeod and Munro were declared elected.

On Tuesday evening, December 19th, the club-house was again well filled with members all eager to do what they could to elect their favorite Chief. Old-timers of Sullivan and Horatio Street days were out in force. An ex-Chieftain, who proudly claims to be a product of "Old 118," and an ex-Chief who joined when the club was in the Horatio Street club-house, were in their glory. These two had first fought an election together in 1888 when Andrew Halliday and Angus Cowan were rival candidates for Chief, and have always felt keenly disappointed when in later elections there was no opposition. They had had six solid weeks of campaigning, and felt that life had again become worth living. They hustled for votes right up to the time the polls closed and felt deep content when the acting Chief reported that Chief Caldwell had received a majority of eight votes over Chieftain Vance and Clansman Kemp and was re-elected to the office of Chief for 1923.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The ladies, for various reasons, have been unable to hold a single bowling contest this season, although several business sessions have been held. Monday, December 4th, was their regular night, but they set it aside for a social session to which all club members were invited. The officers with Chief Caldwell at

their head, attended in a body. Mrs. Caldwell called the gathering to order, and after explaining the object of the meeting handed the Chief two hundred dollars as a present to the club from the ladies, to be used in any way the club saw fit. Chief Caldwell heartily thanked the ladies for their kindness and thoughtfulness, and assured them that the members would greatly appreciate their gift. Thereafter refreshments were served, and a social hour, good for all, was spent.

Robert Auld Makes a Change

Robert C. Auld, formerly editor of *The Scottish American*, and for the past few years with the *Brooklyn Citizen*, has recently gone over to the *Brooklyn Times*. Mr. Auld's many friends will congratulate him and all extend their good wishes to him in his new position.

Springfield, Mass.

The 164th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was observed with a concert and dance in Melba Temple under the auspices of Clan Murray and the Burns Benefit Club. The affair was one of the most successful ever held in Springfield and filled the hall to capacity. Alexander Smith was Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, John R. Young, secretary, and Isaac Hunter, treasurer. Angus MacDonald, of Springfield, sang "Hurrah for the Highlanders" and several other Scotch songs. Miss Jeanie Fletcher, of Brooklyn, sang "A Hundred Pipers" and "Cam Ye by Athole." Mr. MacDonald and Miss Fletcher also sang a duet.

John Provan of New York sang several Scotch songs and gave an exhibition of novelty violin playing, the feature of which was the imitation of a bagpipe. The Ruth E. Young Troupe, of Springfield, gave exhibition of Highland dancing and the sailors' hornpipe. The concert closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." Miss Jessie Downie, pianist, accompanied.

The officers of the Burns Benefit Club for 1923 are: President, Alfred Keevil; vice-president, John P. Ross; treasurer, Robert B. Ross; recording secretary, Andrew T. Isbister; financial secretary, James B. Shields, Jr.; marshal, James Kirkcaldy; assistant marshal, Isaac Hutton; chaplain, James B. Shields, Sr.; trustee, Isaac Hutton; auditor, James Kirkcaldy; guard, John Meffin.

Clan Murray conducted a closed installation of officers in Memorial Hall. The installing was under the direction of Royal Deputy Alexander Kidd and staff of Ludlow. The officers installed were: Chief, James Patterson; tanist, John Dakers; secretary, Charles Leslie; financial secretary, John H. Maclenaghan; treasurer, James C. Tyre; chaplain, James C. Fettes; senior henchman, Alexander Blair; junior henchman, William Cochrane; seneschal, Colin Hasty; warder, Robert Rice; sentinel, James Orr; piper, Wallace Potter; pianist, Alexander Warnock. The installation was followed by an entertainment. The social committee reported a profit of several hundred dollars during the past year.

New York Caledonian Curling Club

The sixty-eighth annual meeting was held Friday evening, December 8th, at the residence of the club's senior member, Alexander Walker. Murdoch MacKenzie was elected a member, and it was freely predicted that if Murdoch played as well on the ice as he does on the pipes, the club skips would see to it that he had few idle days. The secretary's report of the outcome of the 1921-1922 season's matches was decidedly pleasing. The election of officers for 1923 resulted as follows: President, John Riddell; Vice-President, Thos. T. Archibald; Secretary-Treasurer, David Templeman; Skips, David Templeman, Thos. T. Archibald, William Cuthbertson, Daniel McKaskill.

A pleasant feature of the meeting was the presentation of a solid gold medal, commemorating his half-century membership, to Mr. Walker. Robert Foulis, who had been selected to make the presentation, referred to the honor he felt in acting for his brother members, especially as his father, the late David Foulis, was secretary and treasurer when Mr. Walker joined March 17th, 1873, and made the first entry of the new member's name on the club books. All of the men on the club roll at that time have gone over to the great majority, but Mr. Walker was evidently well pleased when the speaker mentioned the names of many of those old-time curlers. Pinning the medal on the veteran curler's breast, he expressed the wish of every member that the recipient would be long spared to wear it. Mr. Walker, in responding, thanked the club for the reminder of his golden jubilee as a Caledonian curler, and referred to the many happy days he had passed on the frozen surface of Conservatory Lake in Central Park and elsewhere. An injury a number of years ago had made it impossible for him to take an active part on the ice, but he had never and would never lose interest in his old club. Hearty applause greeted his remarks. Mr. Walker, who is a native of Forres, Morayshire, was for a long time one of New York's best-known building contractors, and for many years has been president of the Colonial Bank.

When the meeting adjourned the Knights of the Besom were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Walker. Altogether it was undoubtedly the most enjoyable meeting in the clubs' long history.

Lewismen Honor Chief of the Macneils

The Lewis Society of New York and Vicinity, at their December meeting, unanimously elected to Honorary Membership The Macneil of Barra, 45th Chief of the Clan Macneil.

It is gratifying that this signal honor has been conferred on The Macneil in recognition of his activities in the Scottish world, and also in view of the fact that Lewis and the territory of the Clan Macneil, the Isle of Barra, have been so closely associated in the history of the Highlands, both being in the Outer Hebrides.

A Monument to the Founder of The Order of Scottish Clans

On December 27, 1922, James McCash, Founder of the Order of Scottish Clans, was called to the Land of the Leal. He builded better than he could have realized, and the organization that he founded on November 20, 1878, grew until today it is the largest organization of men of Scottish birth and descent in this country. His mortal remains were carried by loving hands and laid in the family lot in the Bellefontaine Cemetery in St. Louis, Missouri, where he is surrounded by his loved ones gone before. A lowly cairn, built by his own hands, marks the spot. A nobler monument should be erected in his memory by the Clansmen of the Order he established, expressive of their love and respect for their honored Founder. Every member will want to do his part. The Executive Council of the Royal Clan suggests that each Subordinate Clan constitute itself a committee of one to accept contributions from its members, and to forward such contributions to the Royal Secretary. Before the Convention in August, we should have a creditable fund so that plans may be perfected to erect a monument befitting this Order, and the earnest man whose vision made it possible.

A. G. Findlay, Royal Chief; John Hill, Past Royal Chief; Walter Scott, Royal Tanist; Thos. W. Forsyth, Royal Counsellor; Thos. R. P. Gibb, Royal Secretary; Duncan MacInnes, Royal Treasurer; George A. Johnson, Royal Physician.

Send all contributions to the Royal Secretary, Thomas R. P. Gibb, 248 Bolyston St., Boston, Mass.

James McCash

Past Royal Chief James McCash, the founder of the Order of Scottish Clans, died December 27, at 6 A. M., at the honored age of eighty-eight. The entire Order mourns this great loss, but the sadness is lightened by the thought that, during his lifetime, the members of the Order on many occasions took the opportunity to show their beloved founder the deep love and respect in which he was held.

James McCash was born in Springburn, Glasgow, Scotland, August 16, 1834. As a boy he worked as draw boy to a hand loom weaver and later as a weaver of gingham and tartans, and in 1851 entered the Phoenix Foundry, Glasgow, where he learned the trade of iron moulder. The lure of America, so effective to young Scotchmen at all times, beckoned him westward at the age of thirty-one years—landing him in New York July 5, 1865. The next four years were spent in Philadelphia, where he joined a fraternal Order and became deeply interested in fraternal matters. In August, 1869, he moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where he afterward resided.

James McCash at an early age became a student of his country's history, traditions, and romances, and drew inspiration from the glorious records of the past, and that same inspiration he has passed on to thousands of his

fellow countrymen through the Order of Scottish Clans. The poems of Robert Burns formed a prominent part of his study, and from them, there was instilled in his heart the will and desire to do something to further the cause of the brotherhood of men.

At his home in St. Louis, he gathered together kindred souls, and from these gatherings, the seed was planted from which developed The Order of Scottish Clans. On St. Andrew's Day, November 30, 1878, he was privileged to see the organization to which he had given so much thought duly organized, and from that day, the Order has grown until it has become the largest Order of men of Scottish birth and descent in this country.

Never, for one moment, did Clansman McCash lose his deep interest in the Order. For the forty-four years of the Order's existence, he had been a most loyal Clansman, and until the physical disabilities of old age came upon him, he was ever active in promoting the Order's welfare.

Messages and resolutions were received from all parts of the country, and the March issue of *The Fiery Cross*, the official paper of the Order, is a Memorial Number.

On the occasion of the 42nd Annual Convention of the Order of Scottish Clans, held in Brooklyn, August 1921, Mr. McCash, though at that time very feeble, at the solicitation of the editor of THE CALEDONIAN, wrote out for publication his recollections of the inception of the idea for the Order, and his struggles in bringing it into being.

Royal Tanist Walter Scott in his telegram to the family immediately upon hearing of the death, well expresses the sentiments of all:

"Even at his advanced age, I know that every member of the Scottish Clans will be shocked at the news that the founder of our great Order is now but a sweet memory. The consolation that your family and self will have, is that he has left a mighty monument to his name, which will last for all time, for the name of James McCash and of the Order of Scottish Clans will ever be synonymous. While thousands will mourn, they will at the same time give thanks that your father lived, because he has benefited the sons and daughters of old Scotia and their posterity as few have had the privilege of doing. The Order has lost its father and friend, and, personally, I feel I have lost a dear friend. My sympathy to you and yours who were privileged to be with him and make the autumn of his life so pleasant."

Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador at Washington, has been added to the list of the many notables who have received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Johns Hopkins University. His name was presented at the annual founder's day exercises of the University February 22, by Dr. Lewis Hill Weed, professor of anatomy, who told of the achievements of the distinguished Britisher as a scientist, as an investigator and as an administrator.

Albany, N. Y.

St. Andrew's Day falling on Thanksgiving, the Saint Andrew's Society of the City of Albany held its 119th annual dinner at the Albany Club, Thursday evening, Dec. 7th. Robert C. James, oldest of the living presidents of the society, conducted the installation of officers, and the new president, Dr. John Giffen, was toastmaster. Mayor William S. Hackett, who is a member of the society, welcomed the guests. Rev. Roelif H. Brooks, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, spoke to the toast "Scotland." Rev. Richard E. Locke spoke on "The Man Andrew," and John E. McLean on St. Andrew's Day. The dinner and the speaking were interspersed with auld Scots songs, Joseph Calhoun rendering several solos. David M. Kinnear was chairman of the Dinner Committee, which included Alva J. McIntosh, John Dick, David C. Lithgow and Joseph V. Morrison.

The officers for 1922-23 are: President, John Giffen; Vice-Presidents, William Reid and David Hutchinson; Treasurer, John S. McEwan; Chaplain, Roelif H. Brooks; Physician, Harold D. Cochran; Secretary, Ewen MacIntyre; Assistant Secretary, Ronald Kinnear; Corresponding Secretary, Francis B. Purdie; Managers, Walter S. McEwan, Robert M. Chalmers, Alexander R. McKenzie, Jr.; MacNaughton Miller and William Maxwell; Past Presidents, Robert C. Jones, James McCredie, John N. McHarg, Wm. A. Glenn and David M. Kinnear.

Boston, Mass.

Hugh Cairns presented to the Scots' Charitable Society a statue of St. Andrew, his own work, at the 265th anniversary dinner and observance of St. Andrew's day at the Hotel Brunswick, Nov. 22. James Urquhart, president of the society, presided. W. W. Lufkin, collector of the port of Boston, offered a toast to the United States, and Edward P. Gray, British consul, proposed "The Land of Our Birth." The Rev. Hugh Gordon Ross, of the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsfield, spoke. A. Cameron Steele and Mrs. Elizabeth McK. Bishop and Mrs. Margaret Withers, members of the society, sang Scottish songs.

More than 1200 were present at the Annual Ball of the British Charitable Society, at the Copley-Plaza, February 12. A reception and concert preceded the dancing.

Prominent among the guests were Consul General E. P. Gray and Mrs. Gray, Vice-Consul A. H. Marlow and Mrs. Marlow, and Col. Arthur T. Marin, commandant of the marines at the Boston navy yard.

One of the features of the occasion was the trooping of colors by a detail of twenty members of the British Naval and Military Veterans' Association in uniform, under command of Lt.-Col. Arthur W. Rowe, president of the association.

Lt.-Comdr. W. J. Higgins was master of ceremonies. S. H. Southall was chairman of the ball committee. The patronesses were Mrs. Edward F. Gray, Mrs. Charles Storow, Mrs. R. Clipston Sturgis and Mrs. John Wylde.

During the recent fire in the headquarters of the Boston Caledonian Club, Deputy Fire Chief Henry Fox braved the smoke and flames to rescue a valuable painting of Col. Walter Scott, which hung in Sir Walter Scott Hall, on the second floor of the building. The fire started from an unknown cause, about five o'clock, and spread rapidly. The damage was about \$4,000.

William W. Robertson, of Arlington, died of pneumonia, Jan. 15, after a few days' illness. He was born in Scotland fifty-nine years ago, and had been in business in Arlington for about thirty years. He was first Past Chief of Clan Lindsay. Surviving are three daughters and one son.

Clan Mackinlay, O.S.C., Dorchester, had more than 600 present at their eighth annual Kiltie Ball. The guest of honor was Lt.-Col. Guy M. Matheson of the 25th Canadians, war hero of Canada. Other guests were Capt. Roy S. Edwards of Vimy camp, Canadian Veterans' Association, and the heads of Scottish clans. A silent tribute was paid at 11 o'clock to the clansmen who died in the World War, followed by an oration by Col. Percy L. Guthrie.

Detroit Scots Hold Happy Gatherings

Clan Campbell No. 206, Detroit, presented for three nights in Detroit and one in Windsor the Scottish National Drama, "Rob Roy," from the novel of Sir Walter Scott, before large and enthusiastic audiences in St. Andrew's Hall and the Collegiate Auditorium, Windsor. The company were all members of Clan Campbell and all of them did their parts well. Tom Cormie as *Rob Roy* made a great hit. Big, bony and muscular he easily stood a head over the other artists, and his singing of "The MacGregor's Gathering" and other songs brought out the full richness of his strong baritone.

Dougal, by Mr. A. F. Sheppard, was a splendid impersonation of the historic gillie. Mr. Walter Gowans was made for the character of *Baillie Nicol Jarvis*. Miss Christina Stewart as *Helen MacGregor* was one of the strongest characters in the play. Miss Jessie Berry made a sweet *Diana*. There were also a chorus of over fifty voices, led by Professor Bull. Highland dancers and pipers added life to the splendid Scottish scenery, the work of Clan Campbell Dramatic Club, of whom the following were representatives: Stage Director, Mr. Walter Gowans; Musical Director, Prof. H. Whorlow Bull; Leader of Orchestra, Mr. Angus Duncan; Business Manager, Mr. A. F. Sheppard; Secretary, Miss May Gowan, Miss Anna Stewart, Mr. Robert Forrest, Mrs. Cuthill, and Mr. Ed. Rowley.

The St. Andrews Society held their annual St. Andrew's Banquet in St. Andrew's Hall, December 7th. It certainly was one of the best ever held by the veteran Scottish Society. A regular Scotch nicht wi' haggises, oat cakes, short breid, roast beef, kippers, tatties an' a' the side dishes that sweetens a body's appetite. President McLeod was a prood man as he coonted over two hundred guests. Major Tol-

mie, M.P., of Windsor, made an excellent toastmaster, full o' funny stories. Our chaplain, Mr. Anderson, gave one of those lang graces that makes one hungry. The speakers of the evening were the Rev. T. G. Sykes, Dr. Angus McLean, William R. Carnegie, Dr. Fowler and Sandy Watson. All of their speeches were tributes to the land of green heath an' shaggy wood. Dr. Sykes and Dr. Angus McLean, who had been overseas during the war, spoke feelingly of the bravery and self-sacrifice of Scotland's sons on the bloody fields of France. Sandy Watson told of the good St. Andrew's had done in Detroit; William R. Carnegie, of Scotland's stand among nations, while Dr. Fowler, our ladies' man, spoke eloquently and feelingly of the great work done by the Ladies' Auxiliary among the sick and needy of Detroit; in fact, our ladies are the real workers of our Society, and even to them that night we were indebted for the splendid supper.

Our singers were of the best, such as our veteran tenor, over eighty years old, Robert S. Rankin; Harold Jarvis, Mrs. Wm. Haystead; Mr. Rankin's daughter, Mrs. H. C. St. Claire; Duncan MacMillan and Wm. H. Watson, while Jamie Broomfield read the greetings from the many Scottish societies in the States, Canada and overseas, some of them being gems of Scottish verse; not forgetting our well-known talented accompanist, Mrs. Irene Stephenson. We certainly had a braw nicht, crowned by the inspiring strains of the Bagpipes led by the organizer of the International Pipe Band, Jamie Inverarity and Bruce Cameron.

Cameron McLean, our Scottish singer, before his tour of the States, finds it a hard matter to accept the many engagements offered him in Detroit. He sure is Jock Tamson's bairn among Detroit folk.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD

6744 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Margaret Barclay, widow of the late Dr. W. A. Barclay, passed away Feb. 8th. She was born in Menzies, Perthshire, Scotland, in 1860, and came with her husband to Chicago in 1882. She was interested for many years in Scottish activities in Chicago.

Mrs. Barclay is survived by three sons, William A., Sidney and George A. Barclay, and four daughters, Mabel and Mildred Barclay, Mrs. C. A. Robb and Mrs. W. B. Austin. Her oldest daughter, Mrs. Lucy Fray, passed away in Los Angeles, Cal; last May. Messages of sympathy and condolence from friends in all parts of the country have been received by her family.

Hon. George H. Murray, who resigned as Premier of Nova Scotia, January 23, established a new record in the history of British constitutional government. He had been Premier of his native province for nearly 27 years.

Sulgrave Institution Plants Trees at Mount Vernon

The Women's Committee of the Sulgrave Institution of America planted two trees, an Oak and an Elm, at Mount Vernon-on-the-Potomac, December 12th.

The trees were brought from Sulgrave Manor Estate, Sulgrave, England, which was the ancestral home of the Washington family, and the Oak was planted in honor of George Washington and the Elm in honor of Martha Washington. A number of distinguished representatives of Governments, Diplomatic Service, Army and Navy, Patriotic and Church organizations were present as well as many members of the Washington family. The guests assembled on the porch of the Mansion.

The ceremonies were presided over by Mr. Andrew B. Humphrey, Secretary, and consisted of the Invocation by Right Reverend John William Hamilton, Chancellor of the American University; the British Ambassador Sir Auckland Geddes made the presentation address in behalf of England, and the acceptance of the trees in behalf of Sulgrave, and the presentation to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association was made by Miss Amelia Day Campbell, National Chairman of the Women's Committee. Mrs. Warner A. Gibbs and Mrs. Elizabeth Nolker sang respectively "God Save the King" and the "Star Spangled Banner" with the Albion Opera Company Quartette. Addresses were made by Dr. Thomas E. Green of the Red Cross, Lt. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. Army, Retired; Master of Ceremonies, Admiral Robert E. Coontz, U. S. Navy. The Navy was also represented by Captain Hayne Ellis, as a personal representative of Secretary of the Navy Denby. The Navy Band played during the ceremonies and led the march past the tomb of George Washington to the place of the planting.

Many patriotic organizations participated, their representatives placing a spade of earth around each tree. Some of these were: Colonial Dames of the State of New York, Colonial Dames of America, Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the American Colonists, Sons of the American Revolution, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, Washington Memorial Association, The Red Cross, The Society of Mayflower Descendants, Huguenot Society, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Men's Press Club, American Pen Women and Daughters of 1812.

After the ceremonies, Mrs. Francois B. Moran, the Washington Chairman, entertained the guests at a buffet luncheon at the Shoreham Hotel.

Miss Campbell's address follows in full:

"Times change and men change with them" is quite true of events, customs, often with our prejudices, and always with the march of progress with which we must keep step; but in our inherited beliefs, the fundamental truths of life's essentials, as well as loyalty to ties of consanguinity, we are unchanging and tenacious.

The proof of this is to be found in the

tremendous popularity and growth of our patriotic societies—the Sons and the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Society of Mayflower Descendants, Colonial Wars, Colonial Dames, Daughters of 1812, Daughters of Founders and Patriots, Sulgrave Institution, and a host of others, who are represented here today.

They are banded together not merely on account of blood ties, but to perpetuate in some constructive and lasting way the faith of their forefathers, and the patriotism and loyalty which they aim to pass on to their own descendants. Many of these organizations are rooted in British ancestry—the mother country upon whose common laws and characteristics our own laws are based.

The Sulgrave Institution has a broad vision for it aims to further—to the extent of its power—the radiating of good fellowship, better understanding and tolerance of views, in hands clasped for united effort of promoting, through the English-speaking people scattered throughout the world, the *love of neighbor*, which can best be shown by the extended hand of *Co-operation*.

In the little town of Sulgrave, England, there stands a delightful old Manor House whose foundations date back to its days as a Monastery of St. Andrew, and in which for generations many Washingtons were born, lived and died, and from which in 1656 John Washington left for Virginia.

In 1674 he became half owner in a tract of land on the Potomac, which was given for assistance to his country in bringing over immigrants from England as settlers. His portion of land passed to Lawrence Washington, his great-grandson, who built his homestead in 1743 and named it Mount Vernon in honor of British Admiral Vernon, under whom he served. At Lawrence Washington's death, in 1752, Mount Vernon passed to the possession of his half-brother, George Washington.

This beautiful Mount Vernon was purchased and preserved to the Nation by women, who, organized as the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, were determined that it should become The American Shrine to the Father of our country, which it has.

It seems particularly fitting that The Sulgrave Institution, which is preserving the British ancestral home of the Washingtons, the Washington Manor House in Sulgrave, England, should today present two trees, an Oak and an Elm, from this ancestral home, to the American home and last resting place of their illustrious son George Washington, and his beloved wife.

These historical trees will be an added link uniting our two great continents. Every time we meet and speak and show by our deep-seated purpose that we are working for this Friendship, we are taking strides toward more fully cementing it.

Trees have almost human qualities, and we are always their grateful friends for we share the thoughts of Joyce Kilmer, who wrote of Trees:

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks to God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Washington Relics to Sulgrave Manor

Col. Walter Scott, of New York, who was fortunate recently in securing several rare and valuable relics of George Washington, has presented two of them, through the Women's Committee of the Sulgrave Institution, to be placed in Sulgrave Manor, Sulgrave, England, the ancestral home of the Washingtons. The following letter accompanied the gift:

January 9, 1923.

Miss Amelia Day Campbell,
National Chairman, Women's Committee,
Sulgrave Institution,
New York City.

Dear Miss Campbell:

Inasmuch as it was through your instrumentality that I met Mr. William Lanier Washington, from whom I was able to secure several relics of the "Father of Our Country," I have much pleasure in tendering through you and your Committee to Sulgrave Manor, Sulgrave, England, two of those relics, namely, George Washington's Saddle Bags and Liquor Chest, which are packed and ready for shipment upon notification of your acceptance.

As to the authenticity of the above, I enclose the sworn statements of Mr. William Lanier Washington.

These articles are accompanied by my best wishes, not only for the success of the Sulgrave Manor Association on the other side, but for the Sulgrave Institution of the United States.

With kind regards to your Committee, and thanking you for what you did to make this possible,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) WALTER SCOTT.

OTHER RELICS.

The history of some of the other relics, still in the possession of Colonel Scott, is contained in the following letter from Mr. William Lanier Washington:

New York, December 7, 1922.

Walter Scott, Esq.,
New York.

My dear Mr. Scott:

It gives me no little pleasure that you have acquired some of the more important relics of General Washington that I have inherited through my family, and particularly so because I feel that your appreciation of them is based

on the sentiment attached to these articles that were owned by and have been touched by the hand of the "father of his country."

Having no children or near relative of the same name to inherit these historic and sacred relics there is a sense of satisfaction to me in knowing that they are in your hands, and I wish you much enjoyment in their ownership.

With friendly and warm regards, believe me,

Cordially and faithfully yours,

(Signed) W. LANIER WASHINGTON.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S SALUTING CANNON.

The Saluting Cannon of bronze, nineteen inches in length, and mounted on a wooden carriage, supported by two iron-spoked wheels, belonged to General Washington and was used at Mount Vernon for answering salutes fired from vessels passing in the Potomac River.

Later it was placed on the schooner "William and Mary," which was owned jointly by General Washington and his oldest nephew, Colonel William Augustine Washington, my great-great-grandfather, who removed this cannon to his estate near Mount Vernon at the time that the "William and Mary" was disposed of about 1810.

This Cannon passed to his son, Bushrod Washington, of Mount Zephyr, Virginia, a brother of my great-grandfather. He gave it to his eldest child, Ann Eliza Washington, who married the Rev. W. P. C. Johnson, from whose grandson it was acquired by my father, Major James Barroll Washington, about 1895 and from whom I inherited it. It was disposed of by me to Mr. Walter Scott of New York.

(Signed) WM. LANIER WASHINGTON.

William Lanier Washington being duly sworn this fifth day of December, 1922, deposes and says that the statement set forth as above is true and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief.

(Signed) HERBERT L. TIFFIN,
Notary Public.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S HAIR.

The Lock of Hair accompanying this statement is from the head of General Washington.

It was cut soon after his inauguration to the Presidency of the United States, and was given to his niece, Jane Washington, who married her half first cousin, Colonel William Augustine Washington. It was incased in a gold brooch and worn by Jane Washington until her death, when it was inherited by her son, Colonel George Corbin Washington, my great-grandfather. He gave it to his niece, Frances Washington.

Frances Washington was the youngest child of Bushrod Washington, a brother of George Corbin Washington, who, upon the death of her father in 1830, when she was two years old, was taken into the home of her uncle, George Corbin Washington, and reared as one of his own children, and where she remained a member of his household until his death in 1854. George Corbin Washington having but

one living child at the time of his death, namely, Colonel Lewis William Washington, divided the relics of General Washington that he had inherited, between him and Frances Washington, the latter receiving the above described brooch containing General Washington's hair and other relics.

Frances Washington died childless and without direct issue in 1909, and, a few years prior thereto, she gave the relics she had received from George Corbin Washington, including this brooch and hair, to his grandson, Major James Barroll Washington, my father. As this lock of hair was of extensive proportions, my father removed some of it from the brooch and divided it into several smaller lots, some of which I inherited, and of which the above is one.

(Signed) WM. LANIER WASHINGTON.

William Lanier Washington being duly sworn this eleventh day of February, 1921, deposes and says that the statement set forth as above is true and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief.

(Signed) JOS. STEINER,
Notary Public.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S WATCH KEY.

The Watch Key of gold in which is set an oval and convex cut carnelian upon which is engraved intaglio the letters G. W. in script monogram fascimile of the writing of George Washington, which accompanies this statement, belonged to and was worn by General Washington on his watch chain.

This Watch Key accompanied one of General Washington's gold watches which he gave, together with his gold watch chain and two gold seals, to his eldest nephew, Colonel William Augustine Washington, my great-great-grandfather, from whom it was inherited by his son, Colonel George Corbin Washington, my great-grandfather.

George Corbin Washington devised by will the above mentioned articles to his grandson, Major James Barroll Washington, my father, from whom I inherited the watch, the watch key and one of the gold seals bearing the coat of arms of General Washington cut in carnelian. During the lifetime of my father he made other disposition of General Washington's watch chain, and one of the gold seals upon which was engraved the initials G. W., similar in character to the initials cut on the Watch Key above described.

In George Corbin Washington's will, which was probated the 24th day of July, 1854, in Montgomery County, Maryland, appears the following bequest:

"Item: To my grandson, James, I give my
"Watch and the gold chain and seal which
"belonged to and were used by Gen'l
"George Washington."

(Signed) WM. LANIER WASHINGTON.
William Lanier Washington being duly sworn this eleventh day of July, 1921, deposes and says

that the statement set forth as above is true and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief.

(Signed) JOS. STEINER,
Notary Public.

Knowing Mr. Scott as we do, we feel that this cannon will eventually be restored to Mt. Vernon, from whence it came.—(Editor.)

The Clan Macneil Association of America

The second Annual Meeting of the Clan Macneil Association of America was held December 21, 1922, at The Scotch Tea Room, New York.

The President, Mr. Hermon Atkins MacNeil called the meeting to order and an excellent dinner was served; after which he expressed his pleasure at seeing such a goodly number of clansmen and guests present, including the Chief of the Clan, and presented letters from several members unable to be present. These included one from Mrs. Lydia McNeil Langdell, of New Boston, New Hampshire, eighty-three years old, who stated that the winter weather prevented her attendance; Malcolm McNeill, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Judge James P. McNeill, Florence, South Carolina, and Robert H. McNeill, Washington, D. C. The President stated his regret that the last-mentioned letter had not been received in time to extend an invitation to Dr. W. L. Poteat, President of Wake Forest College, whose mother was a Macneil, and who was visiting New York City.

He then informed the members that the mother of Miss Adelaide McNiel Browne, Secretary, and of Richard McNiel Browne, Treasurer, had just passed away, and a resolution was unanimously passed authorizing him to express the Association's sincere sympathy. A similar resolution also was unanimously passed in reference to the late James Kennedy, the famous Scottish American poet and Honorary Member of the Association.

Under these conditions the reports of the Secretary and the Treasurer were not available and the reading thereof, by unanimous consent, was dispensed with.

The President then called for the election of officers and in doing so expressed his belief in the desirability of an annual change in the presidency, also giving Miss Browne's message that, in view of her bereavement and own illness, she asked to be relieved of further duties as secretary.

Thereupon the following officers for the ensuing year were unanimously elected: President (former Vice-President), Robert H. McNeill, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.; Vice-President, Reverend Allan MacNeil, Ridgefield Park, New Jersey; Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth D. Macneil, 78 West 55th St., New York. The following were unanimously re-elected: Vice-President—Paul H. Macneil, 655 Thirteenth Street, College Point, L. I., N. Y.; Alexander McNeil, McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C.; Judge James P. McNeill,

Florence, South Carolina. Chaplains—Reverend John McNeill, 461 Fort Washington Avenue, New York; Most Rev. Archbishop Neil McNeil, Head Wellesley Place, Toronto, Ontario. Councillor, Walter W. McNeil, 151 West 79th Street, New York; Treasurer, Richard McNeil Browne, Eltingeville, Staten Island, New York.

Very interesting talks on the Clan Macneil were then given by the following: The Chief and Honorary President, The Macneil of Barra, who read several little sketches from the History of the Clan Macneil which he has written and now has ready for the publishers. Norman Stewart, of the Isle of Lewis, a guest of the evening, who spoke on Scottish emigration and the part played by the Scots in America. Chaplain, Reverend John McNeill, who gave some reminiscences of his early life and his famous evangelical work, known to so many thousand Scotsmen at home and abroad. Reverend Allan MacNeill, who gave some very interesting accounts of his work and a few humorous tales at the expense of his friend, the Reverend John. Robert W. McNeil, late of Kintyre, Scotland, a new member, who spoke on the interest of the clansmen in the Association.

Among other new members present were Murdoch Smith, formerly of the Isle of Lewis, and his daughter, Miss Catherine MacNeill Smith, and Miss Mary Macneil, Isle of Barra, Scotland.

A cablegram of greeting to the Macneils of Scotland was dispatched to the Oban Times, and a telegram to Member John A. Macdougall, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, sending greetings to the Macneils of Canada.

During the evening a quaint little joke was surreptitiously played by one of the members who had a messenger boy come in calling "A telegram for Mr. Macneil," and every clansman responded "Here you are."

Mr. Charles A. McNeil very kindly offered to bring to the attention of the Macneils in the different cities he visits the objects of the Association and to invite them to membership. The President brought this successful and enjoyable meeting to a close in extending his best wishes to the new officers and to the members of the Association and at the same time offering his own cooperation.

ELIZABETH D. MACNEIL,
Secretary.

Scots Dancing Prize

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, in association with her daughter, Mrs. Miller, has donated to The New York Caledonian Club, a fund sufficient to ensure in perpetuity a beautiful trophy to be competed for annually by girls between the ages of 12 and 20, and to be awarded to the best dancer of the four national Scottish dances, the Highland Fling, the Sword Dance, the Reel o' Tulloch and Shann Truibhias. The competition will take place annually, and was held this year on March 2, at the celebration of the 66th annual concert and ball of the New York Caledonian Club, at the Hotel Commodore.

Echoes from the Burns Dinners

Burns Society of New York

The 53rd annual banquet of the Burns Society of the City of New York, commemorating the 164th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, was held at Delmonico's, January 25th. Dr. George David Stewart, the president, was toastmaster, and the speaker of the evening was Howard Angus Kennedy, of Montreal, former Editor of the *London Times*. We are pleased to announce that through the kindness of Mr. Kennedy we will print his great address in full in the next issue of THE CALEDONIAN.

New York Scottish Society

The New York Scottish Society held one of its most successful Burns dinners at the Hotel Brevoort, January 24. President George A. Wotherspoon presided and the musical program was interesting and varied. The large gathering was not slow in entering into the homelike spirit that pervades the affairs of the New York "Scottish." Dr. John H. Finley, of the *New York Times*, spoke on "Burns," and received hearty applause, and Dr. David S. Wylie, Hon. Chaplain of the Society, gave a characteristic and moving talk on "The Old Fashioned Scots Mather." Recitations were called for from Mrs. J. McLean Johnston, Andrew Gillies, and William Hamilton; and songs from Mrs. Ridley, William Crawford, John Cochran and Tom Lennox.

Albany, N. Y.

The Burns Club of Albany held its 70th annual dinner at the Albany Club, January 25. The president's address was delivered by George H. Thacher, who was toastmaster. The Rev. William C. Mitchell responded to the toast, "The Ayrshire Plowman." Dr. John M. Clarke responded to a salutation to former presidents of the club. The Rev. Richard Earle Locke, pastor of the Madison Avenue Reformed church, spoke on "Burns, the Star of Democracy." Attorney John E. MacLean of Cohoes entertained with his talk on "The Auld Clay Biggin."

The program was interspersed with solos by Joseph Calhoun, tenor, of Watervliet, who has appeared before the club every year for a decade. Prior to the dinner there was a reception at which the officers greeted the members and those new on the roster were properly introduced.

The dinner was arranged by a committee consisting of Thomas H. Clemshire, Willard M. Douglas and David M. Kinnear. John Dick was chorister and Clarence T. Weaver was accompanist.

Atlantic City, N. J.

The Burns Dinner of the Caledonian Club of Atlantic City, held in Galen Hall, Jan. 25, was the first large public function of the kind attempted by the Club and from every standpoint was a notable success. About 200 sat

down to the dinner, which included the usual Scottish features. Past Chief William Uncles' "Address to the Haggis" was a masterpiece of delivery. The spirit of the evening was appropriate to the times—an appreciation of Burns' doctrines of human brotherhood, love, compassion and truth in the present era when mankind, torn by great social upheavals, is more in need of these comforting elements than at any time since Burns voiced his noble sentiments amidst the banks and braes of his native land. Chief William Drysdale welcomed the guests in a neat speech and called upon William J. MacFarland to act as toastmaster. James D. Law, of Philadelphia, responded to "The Immortal Memory," reviewing the education, youth, environment and courage of Burns, closing his discourse with an original poem, which was well received. Charles C. Stoddard, editor of THE CALEDONIAN, New York, spoke chiefly upon America's debt to Burns, the reception the poems received in the young Republic and the influence of Burns as the first "popular" poet in America. He recalled how every important American writer from Washington Irving to the present-day had laid his finest tributes at the feet of Burns, and how thumbed and dog-eared volumes had been carried by the pioneers down rivers and across mountains and deserts to influence the home and national life of the country. His closing plea was for more of the spirit of Robert Burns in our lives today.

The music of the evening was a notable feature, the orchestra and chorus numbers were arranged by Past Chief William Uncles, who also sang as a solo "The Star o' Rabbie Burns" with fine spirit and feeling.

Messages were read from Ambassador Sir Auckland Geddes, Col. Walter Scott of New York, John Gribbel of Philadelphia, Jean Armour Burns Brown, great-granddaughter of the poet, and many others.

The Committee of Arrangements consisted of William J. MacFarland, chairman; Past Chiefs William Uncles and Thomas Christie, and Ex-Chief Harry Ford. Congratulations are due the Club and committee for a most memorable evening.

Canton, Ohio

The Jolly Beggars Burns Club of Canton, Ohio, held its annual banquet at Benders on Saturday, January 27. The bill of fare and the entertainment were Scotch all through. Edward J. Landor was toastmaster, Hugh Diamond of Galion, Ohio, addressed the meeting with a talk on Burns which held the crowd spellbound for almost an hour. Hon. James Robertson also spoke. Pipe selections by Major Dinwiddie of Akron thrilled everyone present. Donald Miller and Thos. Law held the audience with their solo work; Law also entertained with Scotch selections on the violin. Wm. G. Miller closed with an interesting talk. John J. MacEwen of Cleveland St. Andrew Society was a special guest of Wm. Broome at the banquet. Mr. Broome is one of the leading members of the Jolly Beggars.

Boston, Mass.

BOSTON SCOTTISH SOCIETY

The Boston Scottish Society celebrated the 164th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns with a dinner at Young's Hotel, January 25th. The Rev. Samuel MacCauley Lindsay of the Brookline Baptist Church addressed the members of the Society taking as his theme, "Robert Burns." Dr. Lindsay kept the audience spellbound for over an hour. Altogether it was the most successful Burns night that the Boston Scottish Society has ever had. More than 100 members attended.

A letter was read at the dinner from Governor Cox and a telegram from Walter Scott of New York City. A telegram was read from the Scottish Pioneer Association of Nova Scotia. The British vice-consul, J. A. Brannen and Mrs. Brannen were guests. William Mann, president of the society, presided.

The musical programme was in charge of Mr. A. Cameron Steele, assisted by Mrs. Elizabeth MacKay Bishop, Annie MacKay Sears, accompanist. Among the musical numbers were these songs: "Robert Adair," "Gae Bring to Me," "Bonnie Doon," "A Man's a Man for a That," "The Star o' Robbie Burns," "Scots Wha Hae."

The committee included William Mann, president; George M. Gray, vice-president; David Dunbar, treasurer; T. B. Forsyth, secretary; Charles G. Campbell, Albert R. Kerr, Alexander Husband, F. L. McKenzie, William MacAusland, Charles E. MacGusick, David B. Nivison and J. C. Reid.

BOSTON CALEDONIAN CLUB

The Boston Caledonian Club held its annual Burns concert in Mechanics Hall, January 26th. About 8,000 attended, and in point of numbers and enthusiasm the affair exceeded any previously held.

Chief John Speirs delivered an inspiring address on Robert Burns, and his words will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to hear them. The combined bands with over 60 pipers made a splendid showing. The Daniels Quartette was heartily enjoyed and repeatedly encored. Mary Campbell MacLeod, in full Highland costume, delighted her large audience.

The Scottish dancing created special enthusiasm, particularly the work of little Jessie MacLachlan, and the same can be said of the Walter Scott Juvenile Band.

Governor Cox and Mayor Curley were scheduled to speak but were unable to be present on account of illness. They were represented by President Frank G. Allen of the Massachusetts Senate, and Mr. McDonald, the Mayor's Secretary, both of whom gave brief talks.

Col. Walter Scott of New York, Honorary Member of the Club, sent a telegraphic message early in the day fearing it would be impossible for him to be present, but at the last moment he was able to make the trip and to enjoy the Burns atmosphere with the Club, which in his boyhood days first aroused his enthusiasm regarding Scottish affairs. Chief

Speirs introduced him to the audience, and he gave a short talk on the subject of Burns, emphasizing the thought that the poet still lives in the hearts of countless admirers, his prophecy to the effect that he would be mair thought of a hundred years hence having indeed been fulfilled. He said Robert Burns created a ring of gold composed of loving thought which today encircles the globe in the cause of humanity and that in spite of present day conditions the poet's immortal words: "That man to man the world o'er shall brothers be for a' that"—are the hope of all mankind.

After the Concert a dance program was carried out which lasted until about four o'clock in the morning, and was enjoyed by about four thousand persons.

St. Louis, Mo.

On January 25, the Burns Club of St. Louis celebrated the day with the annual dinner in their home in the Artists Guild. When this unique building was planned, the Burns Club had the second floor front built as a replica of the Burns' home in Scotland, and it is furnished, in part with articles actually used by Burns, and the walls are covered with invaluable pictures, prints, and facsimiles of Burns' original poems and letters. In this room, the Club meets, once a year, and when the members and guests all arrive, they go downstairs to a quaint old-fashioned dining-room, the walls of which are painted, in wonderful art by the great artists who compose the Guild. The long, wide table is laid for twenty-four, always, the Club membership being limited to 21, so that the honor of being a guest is high honor, indeed. President W. R. Bixby is an ideal chairman, full of life and humor, a Burns enthusiast, the possessor of many original poems and letters of Burns, Stevenson and other great writers, and unselfish, generous, in sharing the pleasure and benefits of his rare treasures. The dinner was excellent in the almost forgotten plan of nine or ten courses, with songs, stories, flashes of wit, between courses, all on the one topic, as the 24 were all disciples of Robert Burns, met to honor the day of his birth.

Songs were splendidly rendered by the great Billy Porteous as he is affectionately called by his host of friends; his son, James Porteous, and James D. Grant. Mr. Bixby gave a deeply interesting talk on his trip around the globe last year and of how he spent the "25th" in 1922. A poem written for the occasion by N. Walter Macintyre, entitled, "Robert Burns," was read by the author and accepted for the archives of the Club. Another poem was received from Edgar Lee Masters, which was splendidly presented by Frederick W. Lehmann. The speaker of the evening was E. H. Angert. Mr. Macintyre's poem follows in full:

ROBERT BURNS

(Dedicated to the Burns Club of St. Louis.)

In every age, since time began
Poets and sages left their mark,
Fulfilling God's benignant plan
To pacify the life of man
And light the road so dark.

When Burns was born, the world was young
 Compared with what it is today;
 The simple folk he walked among,
 To whom his greatest songs were sung,
 Deep thoughts, or simple lay.

They sensed his worth, they gave him praise,
 They called him great, and great he was;
 His poems set the world ablaze,
 They altered life in many ways,
 And modified the laws.

In strident verse he showed his scorn
 Of hypocrites in Kirk and State;
 Of false dominion they were shorn,
 He made them wish they'd n'er been born
 To preach their cult of hate.

In lighter vein, of love he sang,
 As never man had sung before,
 The bells of love he gaily rang,
 "Oh, Lassie, Lassie, will ye gang,"
 Full oft he sang that score.

The liberty and rights of man,
 Before his day were little known.
 His stirring protests first began
 The breaking of that evil plan
 Which kept all freedom prone.

Unlike the products of his mind,
 Burns' life was bitter, short, and sad—
 But at the close he left behind
 A heritage to all mankind
 And make all people glad.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Under the auspices of Clan MacGregor, O.S.C., the Scots baritone, Cameron McLean, gave his first song recital of the season in the State Armory, Yonkers, N. Y., on Wednesday, Thanksgiving eve. He presented a programme which was unacknowledged and offered ample opportunity to display the vocal and histrionic gifts which Nature has so abundantly bestowed on him. His opening number, the Handel recitative and aria "Rage of the Tempest" and "Hear Me Ye Winds and Waves" revealed a voice of unusual timbre, the sonorous organ-like quality of the lower tones and his masterly technique charming his auditors. He also included in his first group the art ballad, "Edward," by Loewe, and sung in the Scots dialect with such dramatic effect and masterly interpretation, we find one of the reasons of this artist's popularity in recital.

His selection of Scots songs was well chosen, from the sweet haunting melodious "Mary" by Richardson and the pawky "Leezie Lindsay," to that dramatic and soul-stirring "Pipes o' Gordon's Men" by Hammond. His encore number "Annie Laurie" was rendered by this artist with an expressive eloquence that was refreshing and delightful.

Mr. McLean is possessed of a voice opulent in color, free and flexible and generous in volume in the middle and lower registers. The large assembly which filled the armory was most enthusiastic in its demonstrations of approval. Mrs. Mable, who supplied his accompaniment was ideal in her artistic and sympathetic playing.

Holyoke Fire Department Honors Clansman

Presentation of the first Walter Scott medal to a member of the Holyoke Fire Department was made to Capt. Walter Scott Watt of Truck No. 1 by Mayor John F. Cronin in connection with the annual inspection of the department. Captain Watt is a member of Clan MacLaren, 144, O.S.C., of Holyoke.

Mayor Cronin, in presenting the medal, stated that it is to be an annual gift, donated by Col. Walter Scott of New York, who has turned bonds over to the city, the interest of which will pay for the medal. It is awarded each year to the member of the Fire Department performing the most valorous service. Capt. Watt removed a woman, who was ill, from the third floor of a smoke filled block at 30 Lyman Street on March 17. The woman had left her bed and was trying to reach the hallway when overcome by smoke, Capt. Watt carrying her to safety.

A singular coincidence is that the policeman who won the Walter Scott Medal of Valor in New York last year was named Walter Scott Hunt.

Hero Gets Scott Prize

Chief Wilfred J. Samson of the Lewiston (Maine) fire department, at the annual firemen's banquet, February 28, was presented with a magnificent silver trophy, a gift from Walter Scott of New York City, in recognition of bravery in the recent rescue of a woman from a burning Canal street dwelling. The presentation was made by Commissioner McCarthy, who read a telegram received from Mr. Scott commending the fireman on his bravery and expressing regret that he could not be present to personally extend his congratulations.

John P. Cavanaugh Bravest Boston Policeman

Declaring that Patrolman John P. Cavanaugh of the Dudley Street Police Station, Roxbury, was the most courageous man ever on the Boston police force, Police Commissioner Herbert A. Wilson at roll call January 24, in the Dudley Street Station presented Cavanaugh with the gold Walter Scott Medal for Valor.

It was the first time in the history of the Police Department that an officer has ever been so rewarded for meritorious work.

Cavanaugh served 16 months under fire in France, but had to await the more peaceful pursuit of law enforcement for an opportunity to show that he was worth the distinction of a decoration.

Cavanaugh performed the act which won him the award Sept. 29, 1922, when, at the risk of his life, he pursued, disarmed and overpowered Albert W. Bartlett, who, a short time before, had shot and killed Frank E. Small, a druggist, in Dorchester. The Walter Scott medals for valor are to be given each year to the fireman and police officer who, in the judg-

ment of the commissioners of those departments, have during the year specifically distinguished themselves for valor in the performance of their duties. Walter Scott, formerly of Boston and now of New York, last June made to the city the gift providing for the annual purchase of the two gold medals.

Cleveland, Ohio

St. Andrew's Scottish Benevolent Society, of Cleveland, is making good progress in its drive for funds for the Scottish Old Folks' Home. The drive will include every Scotsman and Scotswoman of Cleveland and vicinity before the Board of Trustees finish their work. The Board is anxious to start building as soon as possible and are in hope of getting something going before this time next year. The Board is doing all of the soliciting and this assures every dollar going into the fund for the home. It has not had to pay one dollar in salary or commissions to date, and will not depend on professional collectors, as they desire to see every dollar used for the purpose for which it is given.

The last meeting, on Saturday, Feb. 24, after a short business session at 7 o'clock sharp, was turned over to the Central Benevolent Committee, who had arranged a concert and dance for the benefit of the Benevolent Fund.

Ludlow, Mass.

There was a large attendance at the 35th annual Hogamanay Concert and Dance in Stevens Memorial Hall, Dec. 30. Many out-of-town guests attend these concerts every year. Miss Margaretta Purves, soprano soloist of the Church of the Redeemer, in Hartford, sang Scotch songs; Joseph McCarron, tenor, entertained with a number of Scottish ballads; Alphonse E. Guyon was accompanist. Miss Catherine Ogilvie danced. John Sneddon of Springfield played a number of bagpipe selections.

Clan MacLennan held its installation of officers in Masonic Hall, January 15. Royal Deputy Alexander Kidd installed the following officers: Chief, George Martin; tanist, William Duncan; past chief, James Wilkie; chaplain, John Duncan; recording secretary, John Dickson; financial secretary, George Pearson; treasurer, Thomas Steele; senior henchman, Charles Nelson; junior henchman, James MasGregor, Jr.; senschal, Alexander Moncrief; sentinel, James Nicol. After the installation Rev. Rosmond McDonald of First Presbyterian Church addressed the meeting.

Flora Macdonald College

Col. Walter Scott of New York has notified President Vardell that he will visit Flora Macdonald College sometime in the spring. Col. Scott, as one of the trustees of the institution, has kept in close touch with its work and has been a generous contributor to many of its undertakings. Col. Scott will be warmly welcomed by the faculty and student body as well as by Scots in this section, which was aptly named by ex-Secretary of the Navy,

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The Marquis of Aberdeen and Temair, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, has recently sent as an expression of New Year's greeting a miniature model of the statue of Flora Macdonald which stands in the churchyard at Kilmuir, Isle of Skye, Scotland.

In connection with the concert and lecture course, the college recently had the pleasure of hearing in recital two visiting musicians of Scotch ancestry—Miss Mable Beddoe, contralto, of Toronto, Canada, and Miss Mary Morley, pianist, of Toronto, Canada.

Prof. David Cairns, professor of Theology at Aberdeen University, will lecture at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., April 6 to 14, on the Coleman Foundation for Biblical Science. Dr. Cairns will also lecture at Auburn Seminary, and on the Deems' Foundation, at New York University. The lectures at New York University will be given in the First Presbyterian church. Dr. Cairns has been elected Moderator of the General Assembly in Scotland, and hurries back, leaving New York on April 24, to officiate at the Assembly on May 1.

Dr. James Young Simpson, professor of Natural Science at New College, Edinburgh, and at the United Free Church College, Glasgow, also lectured at Lafayette College, beginning February 16, on the subject of his recently published book, "Man's Attainment of Immortality."

A Gift of Happiness

The current issue of the *Mount Holyoke News* discloses the giver of checks of \$100 each sent regularly for the past eight years at Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter to Dean Florence Purington of Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., to be distributed in \$5 amounts to twenty girls of limited means, to be Col. Walter Scott of New York, who is also remembering Smith College, Northampton, Mass., in the same manner. Mr. Scott has stipulated that the money should be spent for "extras" that would not otherwise be possible—concert tickets, spreads, Christmas gifts, and the things closest to the girl's hearts. In allowing his name to be revealed, he said that he intends to keep up the custom.

Miss Amelia Day Campbell Weds Judge Parker

Alton B. Parker, Democratic Presidential candidate in 1904, and Miss Amelia Day Campbell, prominent in patriotic societies, were married January 16, 1923, in Miss Campbell's apartment at the Berkley Hotel, 170 West Seventy-fourth Street, the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton officiating.

The marriage was a surprise to all except the most intimate friends of the couple and was the result of a romance that began less than a year ago, when the bride became chairman of the women's committee of the Sulgrave Institute, of which Judge Parker is chancellor. They had not been acquainted before that time, but since then their duties have thrown them together a great deal.

Judge and Mrs. Parker left New York for Washington after the ceremony to attend the conference of the National Civic Federation, of which he is president. They went from there to Florida and Bermuda for an extended honeymoon.

Only six guests were at the wedding, including Ruth Campbell Bennett, the bride's niece, who was her attendant, and Arthur McCausland, who was best man. Others present were Mrs. C. D. Lowrie and Colonel Walter Scott, friends of the bride, and her sister and a nephew.

Judge Parker has long been known as a lawyer, jurist and leader in public movements. He served in the State Supreme Court and the Court of Appeals and in 1898 was made chief judge of the latter court, serving until 1904, when he resigned to be a candidate for the Presidency against Theodore Roosevelt. He has been state chairman of the Democratic party, has presided at state and national conventions and has occupied a high place in party councils. He holds many honorary offices and is senior member of the law firm of Parker, Marshall, Miller & Auchincloss, 61 Broadway. He was born in Cortland, N. Y., the son of John Brooks and Harriet F. Stratton Parker.

Mrs. Parker is a descendant of Miles Standish and of a member of the Mayflower company named Day. Her family dates to early Colonial days on both sides. She was born in Springfield, N. Y., to Andrew Arthur and

Amelia Day Campbell, and has lived in New York City virtually all her life. She is New York State historian of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, one of the few women on the National Committee on Foreign Relations and National Defense and a member of several patriotic bodies. Mrs. Parker is a graceful writer of prose and verse and has contributed many articles to *THE CALEDONIAN* and other periodicals.

They will live in Judge Parker's home, Rosemount, at Esopus-on-the-Hudson.

Holyoke, Mass.

Clan MacLaren, No. 144, Order of Scottish Clans, observed its 25th anniversary with a banquet and celebration in Masonic Temple, January 20. Three hundred members and friends were present and enjoyed a splendid program. A pleasing feature in connection with the event was the presentation to the Clan of an enlarged photograph of Col. Walter Scott of New York, Royal Taniest of the Clans, in the uniform of colonel of the New York Highlanders. It had been hoped to have Col. Scott present as a guest of honor but he was unable to attend owing to a business engagement that called him to Chicago. He sent a congratulatory telegram and also a letter in which he included a check for \$100 for the local organization.

Past Chief Donald Cameron, chairman of the committee in charge of the anniversary observance, presided at the opening of the banquet, and then turned the after-dinner exercises over to Chief Lance Arthur, who acted as toastmaster. The speakers included Mayor John F. Cronin, Rev. Dr. John Alison, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Dr. M. C. Taylor, physician for Clan MacLaren and John Gammie, the first chief of Clan MacLaren, who gave a history of the local order.

Mayor Cronin brought the greetings of the city to the Clan in reaching its 25th milestone and paid tribute to the part that the organization has taken in the advancement of the municipality. Rev. Dr. Alison and Dr. Taylor spoke on the spirit of fraternalism and the value of such an organization both to the individual and the community. Mr. Gammie, in recounting the early days of the order here, said that insurance officials had predicted that it would not be successful. But the members remained loyal and the local order has shown steady growth since its inception.

During the evening there were vocal selections by Mrs. Edith Scott Magna, daughter of Col. Scott, Clansman James Munsie, Mrs. William Begg, and Past Chief Alex Pratt, while Miss Isabelle Crawford gave a reading and Peggy Morgan and James Davidson did a Highland dance. Clansman Alex Scott was piper and Aspden's orchestra played. Mrs. Clarence Miles, who was to have sung, was unable to be present owing to a death in the family.

The first member enrolled in Clan MacLaren was David Crawford. The charter members were Peter Bain, Peter Gow, Donald MacIn-

tosh, William Skinner, Thomas B. Heggerty, William F. Silver, Forbes Young, Archie Cameron, James Pratt, Richard M. Stewart, John Gammie, George Forbes, Alex D. Pratt, Samuel Wyllie, James Astley, Alex C. Thomson, Adam Summers, John D. Campbell, John Haggerty and Benjamin Forbes.

Lance Arthur is now chief of Clan MacLaren, and the past chiefs are: 1898, John Gammie; 1899-1900, D. Crawford; 1901-02, Peter Bain; 1903, Forbes Wood; 1904, George Doherty; 1905-06, A. S. Williamson; 1907, Robert Hunn; 1908, Alex Pratt; 1909-10, Jas. Lee; 1911-12, David Coutts; 1913-14, James Weir; 1915-16, Alex Fletcher; 1916-17, R. Ironside; 1918-19, D. Crawford; 1920, Clarence Miles; 1921, R. W. Young; 1922, Donald Cameron.

William A. Robertson has been elected president of the Holyoke Caledonian Benefit Club, Inc. Other officers follow: Vice-president, Robert Clark; corresponding secretary, James Baird; financial secretary, James W. Oliver; treasurer, John H. Henderson; relief trustee for three years, David Strachan; property trustee for three years, Alexander Thomson.

Col. Walter Scott of New York, donor of the Walter Scott medal for police and firemen, will donate a silver vase for the best float or the organization with the best representation in the parade which is to take place during the Fiftieth Anniversary celebration. Mayor John F. Cronin is to pick the committee which will act as judges, and is also invited to act as honorary chairman of the committee of judges.

St. Andrews Society of Philadelphia

The St. Andrews Society of Philadelphia held its 173d annual meeting and banquet in the ball-room of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Friday evening, December 1st. There were present 360 members and guests.

The speakers were Rev. Robert MacGowan, of Pittsburgh; Rear Admiral William S. Sims, retired, and Frederick Wile, chairman of the Overseas Writers.

As usual, the banquet room presented a brilliant appearance, being decked with the flags of the United States, Great Britain, Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, the Black Watch and other Scottish regiments, and the tables well furnished with flowers. Each member wore the badge of the society on coat lapel, and a clan tartan ribbon, distinguishing the clan to which he or his ancestors belonged, across the shirt-bosom.

Rear Admiral Sims spoke out again in forceful speech. Tall, straight and tanned, a distinguished figure, he interested his hearers with accounts of the last war, amazed them with predictions of the future and delighted them with his witty stories.

The admiral pointed out the tremendous importance of the submarine and the airplane in the coming years. "No instrument ever invented," he said, "exerted so great a force for peace as the submarine. As long as the submarine exists, it will be impossible for any fleet to blockade a port at any distance from the fleet's base of supplies. The sub-

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marine, always growing and being improved under the study of experts, can outsail the battleship in cruising radius. The battleship must return to its base after 6,000 miles. The submarine is a legitimate weapon of warfare, one that can be used with the strictest principles of international law.

"The airplane performs the same functions, but with a smaller radius. With enough of this arm to take care of any invaders who might possibly get by the submarines, our coast would be made so safe that, even if a landing were effected by the enemy, say at the end of Long Island, if we had enough airplanes to wipe out those of the enemy we could blow up the invaders at will.

"But we would not have to wait until the enemy landed to make attack. The airplane carrier of the future will possess greater strength than any ship previously built. With a cruising speed of thirty knots an hour, ten more than the battleship, she can stay out of range, send off her seventy or more planes to bomb it and calmly wait the outcome."

The Admiral took advantage of the opportunity to speak in no uncertain terms for the pending shipping bill. "A navy without a merchant marine," he declared, "is like an army without a supply train. Neither can effectively operate. The only way we can have a merchant marine is to get behind the shipping bill. That will give us vessels for use in time of peace and war alike. A balancing number of airplane carriers of larger size, greater speed and wider cruising radius than any now

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in existence, and of merchant ships to act as a supply line, is what is needed to protect our coasts and make the United States safe from invasion," is what he advised as insurance for peace.

Dr. MacGowan, in the course of a witty toast to Scotland, lamented "the lack of proper liquid" with which to drink the toast and read a number of poems of his own in the Scottish vernacular to illustrate his points, among which was one entitled "Hail to Haig!" in which the Englishman told the world how he had won the war, also how the Frenchman made his boast, and ended with the following stanzas:

Auld Scotland held her peace awhile.
She cared na wha had done it, oh!
But now she swears with canny guile
'Twas Haig and Haig that won it, oh!

Some clink their spurs tae cow the masses;
Auld Scotland passes round the glasses.

Ah, weel! We guessed at her confession,
This land o' steamin' bickers, oh!
A kilted quart leads the procession;
The Lord o' Malted Liquors, oh!

Salvation doughnuts steeped in whisky,
Would mak' a cemetery frisky!

The final address of the evening was delivered by Frederick William Wile on the subject "British-American Relations Today." What he had to say was listened to with rapt attention in spite of the lateness of the hour, and many went home with a wider view of the problems the nations must face and solve with mutual forbearance to insure lasting peace between them. —F. A. S.

New York Kirkcaldy Association

Thanksgiving Eve has come to be looked upon in New York Scottish circles as belonging to this body, and as a result Lang Tooners resident in New York, and reinforced by others from Brooklyn, Newark, Hackensack and other outlying points, gather annually at the Roma, Sixth Avenue and 50th St., to go over other days at home, eat a good dinner together and tell others less favored in birthplaces than themselves what they missed by not being born in the home of linoleum.

Wednesday evening, November 29th, was no exception, the audience being about the largest in the history of the society. "Whustlers" predominated, as there were many from Lochgelly, Leslie, Largo, Aberdour, Burntislang, Cowdenbeath, Inverkeithing, Hillend, Dunfermline, etc. Other counties, towns and villages were represented, but it is considered only necessary to name places that really count.

President John Walker occupied the chair and kept order most emphatically. After the Chairman's speech of welcome, Hugh Westwood asked the Divine blessing and the matter of disposing of an excellent dinner was given the strictest attention. When cigars were fired, President Walker spoke briefly but enthusiastically about Kirkcaldy and their Association

and congratulated natives and members on the great success and fame of both. Thereafter he introduced speakers and singers in their turn.

Chief Caldwell of the New York Caledonian Club responded for that organization, being pleased to note many of his clansmen among those present. Frank Dykes referred to the many pleasant hours he had spent with the Kirkcaldy folk, but felt a bit worried about the present celebration. The tickets said it was the eleventh annual dinner, while the menu cards called it the twelfth, and he really did not know what he was at. David A. Mitchell stated that he was a Fifer by birth, but came from "Dunfarlin," a far better place than Kirkcaldy. These few remarks were not received with any too great a degree of enthusiasm by the Kirkcaldy folk. Sandy Tasker tried to sing "Pu' Robbie Pu'" but after a couple of breaks fell back on old reliable "Lachie Wilson." Capt. Wm. G. Reid intimated that if it had been necessary for him to be born outside of Glasgow no place would have suited him better than Kirkcaldy.

During the evening there was quite a love-feast between the St. Andrews and Kirkcaldy club hurlers, until ex-Chief Foulis allowed that the New York Caledonian Curling Club would be delighted to take on the other two clubs at one time and lick them both. Sandy Wilson intimated that the Ex-Chief was using his headgear for a megaphone. James Kemp, spending his first evening with the Kirkcaldy folk, expressed his pleasure at being present and his intention of being on hand at future celebrations.

Fine singing of Scottish lyrics was a feature, as usual. Among those taking part were Ed Currie, Wm. Downe, Wm. Cuthbertson, Arthur Hill, James Whyte, Robert Watson, James Mitchell, John Wilson, Alexander Wilson and James Kilgour. Ex-Chief Aleck Huggan was another regular attendant whose remarks received close attention and merited applause. The meeting, which had opened with the "Star-Spangled Banner," appropriately closed before the wee short 'oor with "Auld Lang Syne."

William Morris Surprises Colonel Walter Scott

An "informal dinner" was given, Tuesday evening, January 15, to Colonel Walter Scott, by Mr. and Mrs. William Morris, of New York, on the eve of their departure for the coast to join Sir Harry and Lady Lauder. Instead of a quiet dinner, however, Colonel Scott was taken to the well known Lambs Club of New York, where Mr. Morris had assembled about forty of the leading actors of the city to meet him. Two hours of good fellowship were enjoyed and the talks given were principally on the subject of the great value of the stage to the business man, and of the business man to the stage. It was a night that will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of being present. After the dinner Colonel Scott was entertained at the opening performance of the Moscow Players.

New York Peebleshire Society

The Peebleshire Society held its annual concert and ball at Hotel McAlpin, Nov. 11, 1922. After the singing of "America," President Dalgleish welcomed the guests and members, congratulating them upon the large attendance. He spoke feelingly of the disabled Scottish soldiers and a donation was made toward their comfort. A delightful musical program followed. Miss Harmon played several beautiful selections on the violin; Mrs. Ridley sang "Hame o' Mine" and "Hail Caledonia," and was enthusiastically applauded, and Mr. Dennis, dramatic tenor, contributed several well-chosen songs. Mr. Mackintosh spoke on "The Scot in America." He told of the Scots building the railways, putting part of their salaries into the buying of shares in the companies and eventually becoming railroad magnates, and of their sudden rise to fame in other enterprises. Mr. Melvin, Scots tenor, was then introduced. He is a young man of the John McCormick type, and had to respond four times. Mrs. Bristow rendered several charming readings, and Will Tiley, comedian, made a great hit with his songs, etc. The Society was fortunate in securing Miss Caplin, composer, piano soloist and accompanist, for the evening. Dancing followed, with Mr. Mackintosh as master of ceremonies.

Gen. O'Ryan Praises British Soldiers

Major-General John F. O'Ryan, speaking at the second annual reunion dinner of the 77th Division, at Hotel Astor, February 27, paid a remarkable tribute to the British Army.

Declaring that "mud is thicker than water," Major Gen. O'Ryan said:

"The army of the United States consists now of the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserves. The Seventy-seventh Division, which won such enviable records in the great war, is a unit of the last mentioned element of the army. The division which I have the honor to serve in is a National Guard division. The two division have this in common: they are both from New York State and they both served with the British Army, the Seventy-seventh for the early part of the active service and the Twenty-seventh throughout its entire foreign service.

"We, the officers of these two divisions, understand our mission to help develop the citizen army of America. To do this we must have a reasonable spirit of rivalry, but we must guide it in the interests of the army as a whole.

"There is another mission which has to do largely with human nature, which I believe to be one we should take on. That has to do with world law and order. Do you know that the most disturbing factor in the peace problem is the readiness of the average people to get excited over some alleged international affront or to develop suspicions or dislike for some other people which is stimulated by influence, of which the reason is unconscious.

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Any information regarding Peter McKinstry, probably known as McKinzie, who left Renton, Scotland, in the year 1891, and was last heard of in Boston that year, would be gratefully received by his daughter Chris, now Mrs. Charles Lyle, 2 Ralston Terrace, Temple, Glasgow, Scotland.

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"Here for example we have these two divisions which served with the British Army. Our men were from New York, all products of the public schools, nearly all with some parent or grandparent who were by tradition or training hostile to the British. We went across to help the French and to our amazement found we were assigned to the British. We played the game but in playing it found the British to be brave and generous, determined and optimistic in revenge and sober in victory. We found them friends.

"Why don't we say so and tell our people here that if they had been with the British in the British area they would think of the British as we think of them? We know them. We served with them in the mud of Flanders, and we know as soldiers that mud is thicker than water.

"There is a great work to be done in this world. We have been shy about doing our part. Apparently we are soon to make a real start. When we do, I hope you will advocate marching with the British. We have done it before. It is not wholly sentimental. It is in their interest that we do this, that is true, but it is equally to our interest."

Pawtucket, R. I.

Dear Sir:

I received a surprise and an inspiration a few days ago when a copy of THE CALEDONIAN was given to me by a friend.

I had thought when the late "Scottish-American" went out of print that Scotland had ceased to be represented here in the East.

Intensely Scottish, having traveled all over the world and having seen for myself how our traditions are revered and fostered in other lands, it came as a blow to me to think that Scotland was going to suffer from oblivion here in this great country.

Strange, too, that THE CALEDONIAN never had come under my notice, as I have always been strong on foraging around on my travels—for Scotland and what it stands for. Imagine my delighted surprise, on a visit to the Fiji Islands some years ago, to find at Sura, its only public monument, a "Carnegie Library." It gave me a thrill to think that here was Scotland again, with its indomitable tread, always in the vanguard of intellectual pursuits, steadily marching on, even in a heathen land, as only some fifty years previous the island had passed from a state of cannibalism to one of civilization. Yes—there was Scotland on her job, her eyes ever keen for possibilities, alert and always ready for opportunities, slow and steady, but well ahead in the great race—"The Brotherhood of Man."

It was like finding a long lost friend when I got your magazine. I am enclosing a check to cover three subscriptions for some friends who will appreciate THE CALEDONIAN.

We cannot be too keen on anything that will keep our brow, proud, fearless race before the public, as after years of study, thought and research, I am convinced there is not a more inspiring land upon this earth.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) JESSIE W. NEILL.

Balfour on Washington

The following letter from Lord Balfour was read by Sir Frederic Kenyon at the opening of the new building of the American Academy: "My dear Sir Frederic:

"I am delighted to hear that you are going to be present at the opening ceremony of the new building of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and that you will on that occasion represent the British Academy. Nobody could fill that position more worthily than yourself.

"The ceremony, I understand, is to take place on the anniversary of George Washington's birth, and I reflect on the fact with peculiar pleasure. For unless I entirely misread the tastes and character of that great statesman, there is nothing to which he would have attached more value than the establishment on both sides of the Atlantic of institutions which would foster the vigorous life of that great literary tradition which is the common property of all branches of the English-speaking peoples."

Obituary

ANDREW MCLEAN

Andrew McLean, aged 74, founder and editor of the Brooklyn *Citizen*, died of pneumonia December 4, 1922, in his home, 284 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn. For more than fifty years he had been prominently identified with Brooklyn journalism and politics.

Andrew McLean was born in the village of Renton, Dumbartonshire, August 7, 1848. He came to the United States in the latter part of 1863, having worked his passage on the bark *Agra*, and at once enlisted in the United States Navy, where he served as a boy aboard the light draft monitor *Chimo*, of the Potomac flotilla, until the close of the Civil War.

On returning from the war to Brooklyn, where his uncle, Andrew, was engaged as a dry goods merchant, he went to a commercial college and there remained until his 20th year, when he began the work as a journalist, to which his life has been devoted. Mr. McLean early attained to distinction in his profession, having reached the city editorship of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* in the 24th year of his age. Later he became editor-in-chief of that publication, and there remained until 1886. In 1886 he was largely instrumental in founding *The Brooklyn Citizen*, of which he became the chief editor.

Outside of his profession, Mr. McLean was long distinguished as a lecturer and after-dinner speaker and an essayist. He also contributed, in years gone by, to the stage as a dramatic author, and published not a little poetry which has been recognized as meritorious by critics on both sides of the Atlantic.

In politics, Mr. McLean was not wholly inactive, though quite subordinating political affairs to his journalistic work. He represented his party in many conventions and was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York in 1915. He was chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee of

SCOTTISH DIRECTORY

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Kings County in 1912 when Woodrow Wilson ran for the Presidency and received in Brooklyn the largest majority ever given to a candidate.

Mr. McLean married, in 1876, Ida L. Thomson, daughter of John Thomson, now deceased, of Kilmarnock, Scotland. They had three children, two of whom survive, namely, Mary, who is now Mrs. Arthur M. Connett, and David J., who is Secretary and Treasurer of the *Citizen*.

He was one of the directors of the Caledonian Hospital of Brooklyn and one of the most liberal contributors to its support. He was a member of the St. Andrew Society and a Free Mason being a member of Kilwinning Lodge, not to mention his identification with the various Burns Clubs. His last considerable service, in this latter relation, was as orator at the unveiling of the Burns statue in Pittsburg, Pa.

Tributes were received from many societies and individuals in public and private life and from representatives of the press. He was laid to rest in beautiful Greenwood, December 7.

HUGH GETTY

Hugh Getty, one of the best known contractors and builders in New York, was born in Kilrats, near Ballymeney, Antrim, Ireland, September 15, 1849, son of Hugh Getty and Jane Terrence. His father who was a farmer, was born in Scotland and died in Ireland when the son was two years old, and his mother two months later.

Mr. Getty attended the public schools in Antrim before coming to America, at the age of eighteen. He completed his studies at Cooper Union and was apprenticed for four years to the carpenter firm of Smith & True. He then began business for himself and has been engaged continuously as a builder and general contractor in New York City for forty-eight years. He built the Marlborough, Vendome and other hotels notable in their day, and many private houses, churches, apartment houses, factories, warehouses and other buildings.

Mr. Getty has been a member of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York since 1899. He has served as President of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, of the Building Trades Employers Association, and of the Master Carpenters Association, and as Treasurer of the Mason Builders Association, all of New York. He was a member of the Rumson Club (New Jersey).

He became a member of the 23d Street Presbyterian Church, under the Rev. William Sloane, shortly after he came to New York, and was a deacon in the Forty-eighth Street Church under the Rev. James Kennedy. He has been for twenty-eight years a member of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, a trustee for eight years and an elder for seven years.

He married, July 11, 1876, Martha J. Smiley, of New York City. Mrs. Getty died December 28, 1904. They had five children, two daughters, deceased in infancy; William J. S. Getty, born 1878; Hugh P. Getty, born 1880, and Major Lorenzo T. Getty, U. S. A., born

1888. Mr. Getty married (2) November 17, 1909, Ella M. Saville, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR

Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, for forty years pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, and for eleven years pastor emeritus, died at his winter home at Daytona Beach, February 23.

Dr. MacArthur was born in Dalesville, Quebec, July 31, 1841. He was graduated in 1870 and the same year he married Mary Elizabeth Fox of New York.

Before he had completed his senior year at the Rochester Seminary Dr. MacArthur received the call to become the first pastor of Calvary Church, and began his duties there immediately after his graduation. The church at that time had a membership of slightly more than 200 and in the 41 years of his pastorate the membership increased to more than 2,000. He received into the church by baptism more than 5,000 people, and twice in that time groups from the congregation took letters from the church to assist in forming new parishes in the city. His qualities as a pulpit orator, his eloquence and humor made him one much sought after by Chautauqua gatherings and other bodies. He was associated with the *Christian Inquirer* and other church papers, and published a hymn book and twenty-three volumes of lectures and religious works.

For many years Dr. MacArthur preached during the summer months at Tremont Temple in Boston, where his fame as a pulpit orator drew many from the summer resorts and surrounding towns.

In 1911 Dr. MacArthur resigned from his pastorate to become president of the Baptist World Alliance, although he continued to preach from time to time as pastor emeritus. In his new work he went to Russia and there obtained permission from the Czar to build a Baptist College in St. Petersburg. While there he also dedicated a new church.

Other deaths are CAPTAIN JOHN LYON, "skipper of the Tappan Zee," who had piloted boats on the Hudson River for 71 years. Captain Lyon had been the friend of many noted men and was himself a famous "character." He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1834.—ROBERICK J. MACKENZIE, Canadian railroad builder, in Los Angeles, March 1, son of Sir William Mackenzie.—CHARLES P. MACNEILL, mine owner, of New York City, March 17, in his 52nd year.—LADY HELEN HAMILTON GILLESPIE ALEXANDER, aged 58, wife of Sir Douglas Alexander, president of the Singer Manufacturing Company, in New York, March 19.—WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, a veteran actor, a native of Scotland, in his 76th year.—HARTWELL B. BAIRD, grandson of Col. Andrew D. Baird, of Brooklyn, March 9, in his 22nd year.—WILLIAM W. GEDDES, for 30 years with the Lamport & Holt Line, New York, born in Aberdeen, Scotland, 67 years ago.—JAMES FRASER, golf professional, at Atlantic City, N. J. February 15, in his 50th year.—JOHN ROBERTSON, St. George, Staten Island, New York, March 17 in his 63rd year. He was a native of Dysart, Scotland.

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