Famous Scottish Links

"GOWFIN' CHARLIE"

From a coloured Photograph of the Portrait in the possession of the King James VI. Club, presented by Charles Robertson to Miss Grant, Inveraven.

Frontispiece.

Famous Scottish Links

and

Other Golfing Papers

BY

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TO

THE MEMBERS OF

St. Andrews University Golf Club

BY

A FORMER CAPTAIN

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PREFACE

IT is usual in giving a description of any famous links to say something of the origin of golf. In this country, that takes us back to Anglo-Saxon times. So far as investigation has reached, the oldest authentic reference to the game seems to be found in Layamon's translation of Wace's poem on King Alfred's Coronation Sports: from which we learn that golf was not overlooked in the royal celebration, for the chronicler relates that—

> Summe hev driven balles
> Wide geond the fields.

In these papers I have not ventured to explore the dim realms of antiquity, confining my delineations of Scottish Links largely to incidents and events of the last half-century. Most of the papers have already appeared in magazine literature, and I have been encouraged to gather them together into this series by the kind way in which they have been received. I am conscious of many shortcomings and

omissions, and persuaded that I must leave it to some fellow-golfer, more highly endowed with the historic instinct, to provide a complete and trustworthy account of our Scottish Links. In treating of these I have been careful to avoid any reference to the length and hazards of the several holes. So very much depends on individual form and play, that it seems better to leave such particulars to be calculated by the player's own observation or imagination.

Mr. D. S. Duncan, Hon. Secretary of the Scottish Amateur Athletic Association, has kindly undertaken the revising of the proof-sheets, and Mr. J. R. Baillie, of the Riverside Press, has given me valued assistance, and to both I tender my warmest thanks.

A MATCH AT MUIRFIELD

THE Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers ranks high in importance and authority both by reason of its membership and traditions, and it is chiefly on this account that Muirfield has been included as one of the five Championship Greens.

The course at Muirfield is not over-wide, and it is bounded by thick pasture, and a very slight aberration from the straight path, on a breezy day, is liable to be severely punished. Andrew Kirkaldy, probably the strongest Scottish player who has been retained in the north, and who is strong both in linguistic expression and sinew, once described the course as "an auld water-meedie." But it has been much improved since then, though it is not altogether upon its merits that it has been selected as one of the Championship Greens. The Honourable Company has a long history and a high prestige to support its claim to that honour. The Club, which has its rendezvous at Muirfield, can show a minute-book dating from 1744, when Duncan Forbes of Culloden, the President of the Court of Session, who

had so much to do with the overthrow of the Rebellion of '45, was its Captain; and it is quite within the bounds of probability that the foundation of the Club may have been laid fully a century before that.

The history of the Honourable Company in its earlier pages may be said to be largely the history of the game in Scotland. Their scene of operations was at that time originally Leith Links, and with these links is associated much of the story of the game that has been preserved to us.

Lying within easy reach of Holyrood House, the residence of the Scottish Kings, it is not to be wondered at that Leith Links became the centre of historical interest in connection with a game to which the title "royal" has been generally applied.

It may seem rash to take a leap across a couple of centuries, but there is historical evidence to show that in 1457 the game of golf had attained to such a pitch of popularity that it was found necessary for the State to ordain that it be "utterly cryet doune."

There is even the likelihood that there was a Company of Edinburgh Golfers playing over Leith Links two hundred years before the date when President Forbes was Captain of the Club. The records of the doings of royalty tell us that Mary Queen of Scots, surely the fair prototype of our lady-players, became enamoured of the game during her residence in the vicinity of Leith, and she brought

upon her head the vials of popular wrath because, so soon after the death of Darnley, she was found indulging her fancy in the neighbourhood of Seton Castle, where she had removed.

In 1628 we learn from the Memoirs of the great Montrose, some few years before he took a side either for or against the Covenanters, that he spent a day on Leith Links when on his way from Edinburgh to St. Andrews, and so keen a golfer was he that he could hardly tear himself away from the game at Montrose the following year to be matched in wedlock with "sweet Marjorie Carnegie."

And what golfer is ignorant of Gilbert's dramatic picture of Charles I. receiving the news of the breaking out of the Irish Rebellion while enjoying a game on Leith Links?

It was there, too, that the Duke of York, afterwards James II., having as his partner one John Paterson, a shoemaker, defeated two English noblemen whose names have apparently been consigned to oblivion, and made good their claim to such a substantial stake that Paterson built himself a brave house in the Canongate, on the front of which the Duke caused an appropriate escutcheon to be affixed, showing a crest with a dexter hand holding a golf club, and bearing the motto "Far and Sure."

The Scotch historian Robertson puts the matter somewhat severely when he tells us that when the Duke came to Edinburgh after the Restoration he

divided his time between torturing the adherents of the Covenant and playing golf on the links of Leith. So that around these links, the original venue of the Honourable Company of Golfers, there clusters much of the historical lore of the game, and the probability is that a large part of these memorable associations could be written down as directly connected with the doings of that venerable Society.

It was the custom of the early Clubs to hold their meetings in some convenient tavern, and a particular room was usually set apart for the members, and regarded as the club-room, where members could leave clubs, caps and coats, especially these last, for special costume was more in vogue in early days than now. And although Smollett tells us that in the middle of the eighteenth century one could see at Leith a multitude of all ranks from the Senator of Justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together, in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness, the wearing of a distinctive dress was latterly enjoined under severe sanctions extending on occasion to numerable pints, and even the colour and binding and buttons of the coat were all duly regulated and insisted upon. Another benefit of the tavern arrangement was that refreshments of various sorts, chiefly liquid, were always at hand after a match or on festive occasions. The Honourable Company, prior to the erection of their first club-house at Leith, took up their

quarters in the tavern of one Lucky Clephan, just as at Bruntsfield, on the opposite side of the Scottish capital, the Club found shelter in "Maggie Johnston's," and their grief at her demise found vent in an elegy which tells :—

"When we were wearied at the gowff,
Then Maggie Johnston's was our howff.
Noo a' oor gamesters may sit dowff,
Wi' hearts like lead ;
Death wi' his rung reached her a rouff,
An' sae she's dead."

In course of time, probably from a sense of dignity as well as increase of membership, the Honourable Company resolved to erect a club-house, and in 1768 the Club entered into possession of its more commodious and suitable quarters, and the minute-book tells of their spirited doings both on and off the links. Among the furnishings of their club-house there were gradually added several portraits of their Captains, and representations of scenes connected with the game from the pencils of such masters as David Allan, Sir George Chalmers, and Sir Henry Raeburn. His earliest biographer tells us that Sir Henry was distinguished by his skill "at golf and other outdoor exercises," and, as a prominent member of the Honourable Company, he would naturally give of his best to the Club, and many are of the opinion that his portrait of one of the Captains, Mr. James Balfour, familiarly known as *Singing*

Jamie Balfour, who is represented giving one of his famous songs at a Club feast, Scotland's most famous portrait-painter has excelled all his other work. These pictures, which are now priceless treasures of art, were unfortunately dispersed when, through the encroachments of buildings in the neighbourhood of the links, it was resolved in 1831 that the Club should bid adieu to Leith Links, and that the club-house and its furnishings should be put under the hammer.

After an interval of five years we find that the Club's competitions were transferred to the "Honest Toon" of Musselburgh, which, though having but a nine-hole green, has produced players who have made golfing history, and with which the name of Park was long and honourably associated.

After finding a suitable field there for their energies for over half a century, the Honourable Company, or as it was at first styled the Honourable Society, were compelled by the pressure of circumstances to make a further removal; and in 1891 they betook themselves to the great expanse of Lothian flats, where they succeeded in leasing the Hundred Acre Park, which was formerly a training-ground as well as the scene of the meetings of the East Lothian Racing Society; and Muirfield now forms one of the great congeries of links in East Lothian that constitutes the seaboard there the busiest golfing centre in the world.

Muirfield looks out on the Firth of Forth, and across to the hazy shores of the Kingdom of Fife, which sent, as usual, a strong contingent to the list of representative men who, in May 1909, tried issues for the Blue Ribbon of Amateur Golf. One of the disappointments of the meeting was the early disappearance of the American Champion, Mr. Travers; for there were many who would have liked to have got a sample of his best form, but he was no doubt handicapped by his solitariness. The feeling of being opposed to popular sympathy is trying to the calmest mind, and he, Atlas-like, was, singly and alone, upholding the reputation of the New World, and, consequently, seemed to fail in the department in which he had been expected to excel, for he was credited with being a nailer on the green.

There is no one exempted from an occasional touch of nerves, and in the Amateur Final there have been on several occasions in recent years extraordinary instances of nervous collapse in the case of players who under ordinary circumstances are as steady as the Bass; and although some who ought to know aver that Mr. Robert Maxwell is no exception to the rule, still one felt convinced that in the Final of 1909 between him and Captain Hutchison there would be no breakdown or anything but a brilliant display of high-class golf.

Mr. Maxwell had given a remarkable exhibition

of his prowess in the International Match the previous week, when in the afternoon he compiled a card which read 3 4 3 3 5 4 3 4, winning every one of these holes from an opponent of the calibre of Mr. John Ball, England's first string, and who never before had such treatment meted out to him as in this defeat of twelve and ten to go.

Mr. Maxwell is a player of powerful build, and his muscular frame stands him in good stead in such prolonged contests as the Championship, and in such a trying ordeal as its Final; and yet, although of much lighter build, Captain Hutchison played his strongest game to the finish of the tussle, and at one stage of the contest, in the afternoon, some of the supporters of Mr. Maxwell were not a little sick at heart at the way things were going.

There have been even closer finishes than that year's Final, but what constituted it as a match apart was that it was characterised by the highest class of play. Captain Hutchison holds the Company's record of Muirfield at 74 strokes, and in the second round of the Final he came within a single stroke of his own record. He was greatly helped, no doubt, in accomplishing this by his two long putts at the seventh and ninth holes, of fifteen and twelve yards approximately. Such putting is never without an element of fluking—there is always at least a soupçon of luck about it, and the two putts occurring so closely together, not only constituted a remarkable

feature of the game, but must have been very disconcerting to his opponent, who found himself one down at the end of the outward journey. This condition of the game was repeated when only two holes remained to be played. Then, however, Mr. Maxwell showed what sort of mettle he is made of, by laying his approach to the seventeenth dead, and the players faced the last hole with the moral tide turned in his favour. This crucial hole ought to have been halved, but Mr. Hutchison was weak in his approach from one side of the green, while Mr. Maxwell made sure work from the other. And so ended the Amateur Championship of 1909, just as it did on the previous occasion at Muirfield, in favour of one who is well entitled to be considered as the strongest amateur golfer of his time.

The players in the contest will not easily forget the excellence of the green and all the other provisions made for their competition and their comfort, nor yet the courtesy of the Club Master, who knows his business and other things besides, among them something of the history and traditions of the Club he so faithfully serves.

EDINA—THEN AND NOW

It is not necessary to go back to those early days when Edinburgh golf was mostly done on Leith Links in order to find a contrast to the present condition of things. There are, of course, several well-worn ancient instances of the game connected with the ill-starred Stuart line, when Holyrood House was, in reality, the home of kings. Who has not read of memorable matches played in those days? That old Canongate house, with its Latin verse and golf emblazonry, for example, is an enduring witness, at any rate, to the substantial nature of the stakes involved in one of them. But all that, and much else, is set down in Paterson's account of the "Royal Game," and can be found in *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits*. We are not going to take such a long leap into the storied past. We are merely to glance back some half-century, to the days when Bruntsfield Links was the centre of golf in the metropolis; and in the days of the Duke of York's high stakes, Bruntsfield was still only part of the Boroughmuir, a former rendezvous for more

serious ploys than golf. But that it must have been in process of reclamation is surely evident from the fact that one of the buildings in the little group of old tenements called "Wright's Houses" is supposed to have been built by the Duke of York, a veritable "House o' the Fields" it must have been, and it may be assumed that golf, limited, was even then played there. Still, at that early date, we are given to understand the mountain heath and the yellow gorse glowed there in all their special splendour of purple and gold. There were Edinburgh Clubs in existence more than two centuries ago, but the Burgess Club was the first to make Bruntsfield its headquarters, and the date of its foundation is set down as 1735.

It is not so long ago since golf, in the long game, was forbidden on Bruntsfield, nor so long, either, since the whins were cleared off the links there. The players are living still who lost their balls among them, and their matches and tempers too. Old eyes there are that still look dimly on these links, and reanimate them in all "the bustle and the raree-show" of sixty and more years ago. It was an ex-Captain, one of the founders of one of the Bruntsfield Clubs, and himself the holder of all the Club's merit-prizes, who, with all the enthusiasm of a youthful spirit, gave us a sort of mental bird's-eye view of Bruntsfield in the time when the fame of that links was at its very zenith. His early days

were spent there when the Bruntsfield Club, instituted in 1760, was still called the New Club, when feather balls were still in vogue, and it was the Gourlays who made them. Peter M'Ewan gave him his first play-club, and Peter was known as a maker "the world over." If the world was not less wide than now, the world of golf was more restricted, and M'Ewan sent clubs to Perth, Montrose, Aberdeen, and had an agent at St. Andrews, no less a person than Davie Robertson, father of the mighty Allan. And later on Douglas M'Ewan journeyed regularly, mostly on foot, to St. Andrews to do the repairs for the players there in any of their big competitions.

Though there were at that time three Clubs, the Burgess, the Bruntsfield, and the Allied, latterly augmented by the Thistle and the Warrender, each with a considerable membership playing over Bruntsfield, yet there were but five holes to the round. Except that the whins are worn out and many hollows filled up for the construction of foot-paths, especially at the upper end, there is not much difference in the appearance of the links from that of these earlier days. The Tumbler's Hollow, reserved for open-air circus folk, and the scene of a famous duel, is still existent. The positions of the holes are still discernible. The course started below "Wright's Houses," "at the back of Bob Marshall's garden," that is to say, in front of the workshops of Peter M'Ewan and the Gourlays, a site now occupied

by Glengyle Terrace; and the first hole lay at the foot of the links, near what was called the White House, as though one were now to play on the steeple of West St. Giles' Parish Kirk. The second brought one back, half-way up the links, to the vicinity of Links House, now part of a photographer's premises. The third took one round the corner, or across the garden dyke of that house to the south-most corner, where stood the "Bishop's House," still standing indeed, at the end of Bruntsfield Terrace; then, for the fourth hole, along to the upper end, past the field of whins, of which not a bush now remains, to the hollow, still seen, near the end of Bruntsfield Place, and from there home. Where there were but five, there are now no less than three dozen holes at pitching distance. The west or upper end of eighteen holes is open all the year round, but the lower, in better preservation, is reserved for the Summer months; and, though confined to the short game, the links continue to give scope, health, and pleasure to hundreds of players. Golf used to be called "a pottering old man's game," and here, day by day, many old players still leisurely indulge their fancy; but in the Summer evenings the links are alive with players, old and young, and the ring of their voices makes the welkin echo. The local maker, Doleman, once Douglas M'Ewan's 'prentice, speaks highly of the efforts of the Town Council to provide good sport by maintaining the

high-class condition of the green, and declares that it never was in better order than now, and he should know. Though the game be restricted, there is enough left to enable one to get up the short game, which, so far as golf is concerned, is the main part of it.

On a Saturday afternoon in the old days it was a sight to see the busy throng in the special dress affected by the time; the Burgess men in black velvet caps, scarlet coats, and white gloves, a much more vivid array than is to be seen on match days now. And, when touching on the matter of dress, one may recall the existence of "Caddie Willie," whose portrait is still extant, a former henchman of Bruntsfield, without question the most picturesque figure connected with the game, fearfully and wonderfully clad in Highland bonnet, tartan trews, and no less than six waistcoats of various styles and patterns. He is reported to have been in the habit of carrying three players' clubs at the same time, but that was before the invention of the numerous irons. Players were satisfied then with three or four clubs apiece, and these were usually the play-club, reserved solely for the tee, the grass club or spooned driver, the baffy, the cleek, now know as the jigger, and the putter. "And oh! but the baffy, or 'cutty,' was the chief of the bunch," and the power to handle that was the mark of the true golfer. The baffy, with its spacious lofted face and short stiff shaft, has

been driven off the links by the pitching iron, but it can never be driven out of the heart's core of at least our old Bruntsfield player.

It was a great day for Bruntsfield golf when one of the players snatched the laurels from all the amateur talent at St. Andrews. Robert Chambers, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, in 1858, after numbering among his rivals players of such repute as Moncrieff, Hay, Maitland-Dougal, P. P. Alexander, and Glennie, gained the coveted trophy. In the final tie he met the redoubtable Wallace—a match which ended like many another big thing, at the last hole, and was decided by the last putt. No wonder that the Club celebrated the great occasion, and conferred upon the champion the highest honour of civilisation, a Club dinner, and that we find the event embalmed in the stirring lines :—

> "The Bruntsfield come next in the raw, the raw,
> Wi' the Burgess they've oft a fracas, a fracas ;
> To add to their honours, most gallantly Chambers
> Frae St. Andrews a prize brocht awa', awa'."

The little cluster of antiquated buildings on the west side of the links, consisting of the Duke of York's house and the Golf Inn, and including the clubmaker's premises, is surely, from a golfer's point of view, the most interesting monument among Edinburgh's numerous historic houses. The tavern, or "houff," where the Burgess, the Bruntsfield, and the Allied Clubs had their headquarters, either over-

head or below stairs, is still there. The Clubs occupied but single rooms, which were looked after in turn, as were the creature-comforts of the players themselves, by the much-respected hostesses of the inn. These rooms are redolent of memories of bustling gatherings for Club matches and Medal competitions ; of business meetings, resolved into the customary after-social meeting, with the usual match-making and tale-telling accompaniments. They are rich in the memories of good fellowship of departed years ; for there the players, tired even while invigorated, like the famous traveller Lithgow, "recreated their fatigated corps with many sugred suggestions." The buildings are reminders of the days and the players that were. They are venerated relics of Edina's early Clubs, who are now housed in more palatial quarters. They have looked on the links for three hundred years or more ; but who can tell how soon they may be swept away to make room for more spacious modern edifices ?

The "Battle of the Links" was waged for many years. It arose out of the growth of the town southwards ; and as the links became gradually surrounded by terraces the non-playing inhabitants desired facilities over the public common, which the players were unwilling to accord. For years the players asserted their rights against all efforts to restrict their enjoyment in any way. Every effort was made both in poetry and prose to conserve the

links for the game by preventing the encroachments of the builder, or the formation of roadways or concrete footpaths over them. One of the leading players ventured into poetry, in lines which seem even to defy the interference of the civic authorities :—

"Oh who are they that dare invade,
Wi' menac'd looks, our joyful trade?
Who seek e'en now a Council's aid,
To make our golfing trumps yield?

"Wi' pity we'll regard them a',
But still we'll tee and drive the ba',
And bless prescriptive right an' law,
On the smiling links o' Bruntsfield!"

But the safety of the citizens is the first duty of the magistrate, and, when the time came that it had to be recorded concerning the hazards of the links that "the chief difficulty was to avoid collision with passing pedestrians," the necessity for prohibiting the long game there came to be generally recognised. This was finally effected about a score of years ago; but, some years prior to that, the Burgess and Bruntsfield Clubs had felt constrained to shift their camp, and, according to that great principle which governs the movements of nations as well as golfing societies, expressed in the phrase *hirsel yont*, they had carried their clubs and contests to the less public pleasure ground of Musselburgh.

Our keen sportsman, the veteran ex-Captain,

warmed up at the mention of the "Honest Toon." The game there had been the joy of his life. "There's no green like Musselburgh! I've played on many, but there's none that comes up to Musselburgh." There the greens, we were told, are like billiard tables, and the bunkers are so happily placed that "every shot is a study." "There is nothing equal to Musselburgh for a day's outing," and the old man told afresh, and with all a golfer's zest, some of those instances of skill and nerve on which the memory of every golfer delights to linger.

But that is all passed now in its relation to Bruntsfield, for the old Bruntsfield Clubs have in turn shaken the sand off their shoes at Musselburgh, and have hied themselves away to the other side of the town, and at Barnton and Davidson's Mains they now enjoy the game in fuller scope and freedom. And everything there is in keeping with the spirit of the times. As the English bishop said, "Things are decidedly changed, in some respects for the better." And if it be true that increased numbers tend to lessen the *camaraderie* of a Club, still "there is plenty of room outside." The bunkers of Musselburgh are undoubtedly deeper and wider, and there are none of the glorious traditions of Bruntsfield to hallow the new greens. The black velvet cap is still in vogue, and the old trophies adorn the dining-table on state occasions. These are the reminders of historic days; but this much is

gain, there is no Corporation to warn off the long game. Other Clubs may have more lovely parks to play over, but we have not seen them; and, in Spring, with the tints of tender buds, or the Autumn, with more gorgeous colouring, the trees of the old Barnton policies are worth travelling far to see.

And for the Edinburgh players in general, whose catalogued Clubs are as numerous as were the players on Bruntsfield half a century ago, there are Municipal greens here and there in the suburbs, the chief among them being on the Braid Hills. The conception and planning of the course there was a masterly stroke of genius. That golf on hills was never dreamed of till the necessity arose, and that the Braids have been marvellously adapted to golf, are two unquestionable truths. Surely the Braids course holds the record as the most mountainous in the land—we had almost said world. If there are no hazards left at Bruntsfield, there are abundance there; for there are ridges, hollows, whins, gullies, and rocks galore. No wonder that "our own Andra'" excused himself for being out of the running at a recent Braids tournament by saying he was not a nannie-goat. Surefootedness as well as soundness in wind and limb are wanted there. It must have been a severe strain on nerve and muscle to go up and down these slopes for two days in open competition, and yet quite a crowd of players acquitted themselves with distinction; and, stranger

still, the international quartette were only kept from following in order at the top of the list by two players, Thomson, of North Berwick, a recent but valuable accession to the professional ranks, and Ray, of Ganton, a coming Champion, who got in a return journey on these heights, with an average of 3·3, a feat which was worthy of the Dominie's dumbfounded "Prodigious!"

"The Braids" offer a splendid coign of vantage for scenery, for the wooded and fertile plains of the Lothians lie circling at their feet, and over the Castle Rock and grey spires of Edina lies the silver floor of the Firth, and beyond that the shores of "The Kingdom," the very cradle of Scottish golf. But to the golfer the grandest scenery must always give place to the game. "The play's the thing," and on the Braids there is especial need of remembering the elementary principle, "Keep your eye on the ball." Edinburgh gets the credit of being a windy place, and the Braids course stands "four-square to all the winds that blow," and a loose ball is often swept like the Autumn leaves before the blast. With slopes, and whins, and rocks to trap the wanderer, the effect can be most disastrous. Other less arduous and exacting and more leisurely courses meet the fancy of some, but the Braids "stern and wild" have so satisfied the sporting instincts of the virile players of the town that their numbers can now only be reckoned in four figures. There they

gather, week after week, to stretch the muscle and brace the nerve and get the cobwebs blown from the upper story. And a course of exasperating experience has wrought into the texture of the characters of many of them the spirit of patience and long-suffering, and has implanted within them the judgment and determination that enable them to "keep the line." And that is an all-important factor in golf; for

"You may baff or sclaff or top it,
And yet muddle somehow through;
And still the hole may pocket,
If the line be fairly true.

"For the secret of your gaining
Is the straight line to the hole,
And the power of your maintaining
Right direction towards the goal."

BESIDE THE BRAIDS

SOME golfers may have heard of the Highland keeper who was so careful to avoid wounding the feelings of a sportsman whom he knew to be a generous donor though but an indifferent shot. When he was appealed to, to explain the reason of the escape of the birds, he answered in the half-apologetic way so encouraging to the unsuccessful, "Alloo for the wun', sir; alloo for the wun', an' ye'll be a' richt. I see where ye gang wrang; alloo for the wun', a wee thing mair or a wee thing less, but just alloo for the wun'." It was a sound bit of advice, quite worth the handsome tip that the pawky keeper had in his mind's eye; and not a bit less valuable on the links than over the moor. Times without number have the best of golfers lamented not having acted up to it. The tendency is to allow too little, to cut it too fine, and then there follows the consequent penalty. If the links happen to be bordered with furze, as they should be, a cross wind forms a very dangerous element, and unless sufficient allow-

ance is made for the lateral pressure on the ball, the player cannot hope to keep down his score.

There are greens, however, where the danger attending the wind-swept ball does not arise from that dear old enemy the whin, but from precipitous slopes along the summit of which the course has been laid. There is a hog-backed ridge of this sort towards the close of the round at Mortonhall, that aristocratic dip of the Braid Hills that provides such excellent sport for a section of the Edinburgh players. It can blow on the Braids and their abutments, and it takes considerable judgment as well as execution on the exposed terraces to avoid disaster. Yet what a boon are these same heights and Summer gales to the youth of Edinburgh! There are more Clubs connected with the old Scottish capital than with any other city in the world. Every other institution seems to form a Club, and though these may occasionally shift their arena to seaside links, most of them go forth for practice and contests to the Braids.

The youth of Edinburgh have seized their grand opportunities. It is little exaggeration to say that every available foot of likely turf in the environs of the town has been put under tribute to the game. Hundreds of city youths who are engaged throughout the day in sedentary employment stretch their limbs, open their shoulders, and invigorate their frames in the breezes that sweep

what were formerly little more than waste places. And not youth only but age is now found resorting to the same happy golfing-ground. The veteran heroes of Modern Athens, preachers, pedagogues, practitioners, are frequently to be seen flogging away, not always, it is true, with the easy grace that characterises their professional labours, but they still seem to get quite as much enjoyment as the more juvenile players, if it cost double the amount of toil.

Good fortune took us forth to Mortonhall on a glorious Summer morning in company with a Scot of Scots—a player of an enquiring and observant mind, with a turn for poetry as well as romance, and who knows the value of the wise man's maxim in its applicability to our national pastime, that "there is a time to keep silence and a time to speak." He is compelled by the inexorable claims of duty to reside "furth of Scotland," but once each year he returns to refresh his spirit among his native hills. But when he "went south" he carried his golfing ardour with him, and like many another forlorn exile so skilfully pleaded his cause, that a perfect mania for the game seized the minds of his fellow-citizens, and they not only laid out a full-length course, but lately called upon Mr. A. J. Balfour to open what is described as the second finest Club-house in the kingdom. The Leader of the House on the occasion showed himself to be a true idealist, ever hankering after the unattainable, for he declared it to be a

much more enviable thing to be a scratch player than to be a member of the British House of Commons, and he may be regarded as illustrating the truth, that the attainment of one's ambition never affords the gratification that one anticipates from it. But though our compatriot and companion for the day at Mortonhall was quite willing to accept the dictum of his honoured guest as to the pre-eminence of golf over politics, he was still of opinion that he had taken part in a far more stirring and animating function than even the opening of a Golf Club-house with the glamour of Mr. Balfour's presence and oratory to give it éclat.

He had had something to do inaugurating a St. Andrew's dinner, and the memory of that gathering would never fade from his mind. At the critical moment in the evening's proceedings, and at a signal from the M.C., there entered the hall where the sons of Scotland had arrayed themselves, fifteen waiters bearing fifteen several haggises, and preceded by as many kilted pipers. It was a memorable occasion, not to be compared with a golf dinner, whatever lustre was shed on it; nor to be identified with any of those ordinary national festivals where there is commonly more din than dinner.

It was not to be wondered at, when so passionate a patriot found himself on a height from whence he could survey the "Heart of Midlothian" and all its vivid environment, that poetic and historic reflections

should crowd, almost too rapidly, upon his mind. After observing that Edina was "Scotia's darling seat," he proceeded to apostrophize "her palaces and towers"; the venerable piles within which her Colleges of Justice and Knowledge discharge their useful offices; and that "rough rude fortress," the very cause of the City's being, and her tower of defence in the days when international contests were not fought out on the football field. And truly, unless when her streets are swept by the east wind or enveloped in haar, when one swallows too much of the raw material to be thoroughly comfortable, she can compare not unfavourably with most other cities of similar magnitude. Her Gardens are fashioned by the true blending of art with nature, and her seven hills are massive and picturesque, altogether unlike the puny moleheaps that were the boast of Imperial Rome.

So fondly did our returned Scot dwell upon the landscape and expatiate on the charms of the varied scene, during the breathing spaces of the round, that one was reminded of the Western tourist found by a chance acquaintance glued to the Princes Street pavement, gazing, in rapt admiration, on the summer blending of greens and greys upon the Castle Rock, and the city's eastern framework of Salisbury's beetling Crags and the giant slopes of Arthur's Seat. "Well," said the citizen in conscious pride, "what do you think of that?" "Stranger," replied

the nasal-toned, wide-awaked sightseer, "I have heard of the splendour of ancient Babylon, and have read the seer's vision of the new Jerusalem, but I never conceived of anything so beautiful as this."

And now in many of the young eyes the crowning glory of the hills is the triumph of the national game. Golf sits enthroned upon the Braids, and young and old go trooping out to do her obeisance. In the heights and hollows, the gales and hazards, of the hills there is health and recreation without stint; and by perambulating the heath they keep the limbs elastic and the brain clear, and sweep away the cobwebs of care and worry, of business entanglement and professional jealousy. To play golf on the Braids is discipline alike for the body and spirit, sometimes even a mortification of the latter, for the course presents aspects of the game altogether undreamt of on the level stretch of sea-side links, and as has been said of one of the Border Greens, the man who can play golf there can play it anywhere.

On Mortonhall only one or two of the holes are steep and exposed, and the ascent is so graduated that the round can be covered with the ordinary expenditure of energy. It required an early start to get the full quantum of golf and return to the city in time for the afternoon train; but early starting is a fashion on the Braids, where many players take a Summer morning round before breakfast, when the

dew is on the green, and the gossamer webs glitter like threaded diamonds—a refreshing but not altogether desirable condition of things. So useful, however, is the habit where greens are apt to be crowded, that some of the Clubs set their competitions agoing at 6 A.M.

It detracts much from the pleasure of the game to play fast golf anywhere, but in hilly country it is anathema. Golf should be taken leisurely, as some wine-bibbers consume very old port, meditatively, lingering occasionally over a troublesome putt, with at least brief intervals of pause to talk the game over.

To rush the game in the consciousness that time is limited, or that we can hardly catch the last train, makes a plague of a pleasure; and it is wisdom either to sacrifice the holes or the home-going. Indeed a few extra holes, rapidly executed, which some players affect, are sometimes very dearly bought, as some of our party learned after an outing, such as we enjoyed on Mortonhall, on a links no great distance removed from that pleasant course. "The few more holes" would possibly settle off a previous score, and it was proved to a demonstration that a later suburban train than was originally intended would take the players to Portobello just in time to catch their connection home; but when at length they were set down at that busy seaside junction, it was found to the dismay of at least one

of the party, whom we shall call, to avoid identification, "The Old Man of the Mountain," that the train had already departed.

All sorts of shifts and devices were suggested, into which, however, the railway authorities did not enter with any sympathetic feeling, and even the telegraph clerk remained obdurate, for it was *after hours*, and his instructions did not permit of "a few more holes."

There was no way left of letting those friends at home, for whose peace of mind all golfers are so solicitous, know of the *contretemps* that had befallen the strolling players. No alternative presented itself that gained unanimity of opinion, and the issue of an exhaustive discussion was summed up in the title of the most touching of all English songs. The only rift in the cloud of distress was the discovery that a late train would take them at least one stage of the way to a point at which a couple of steeds could be obtained that would enable them to finish the journey before the small hours. In this way the "Old Man" at least would reach the family ingle, and the others were assured that in the village hostelry there would meet them that "warmest welcome" that the poet tells us we must look for "in an inn."

In such brave hope the journey was accomplished, and the midnight air of the drowsy Peebleshire village was broken by the rattle of hoofs and wheels,

and at length the expectant *voyageurs* alighted before the Inn. It is a place where excellent fare and shelter are offered to all and sundry, for a consideration.

But alas! they had reckoned without their host! for the ears of the slumbrous Boniface were sealed against every sound, and peals and appeals were alike unavailing. And now but one resource remained, and, what the consequences would be, if the "Old Man's" door remained as sternly closed against them, was a riddle none cared either to solve or propound. But all their anxious fears were dispelled when they found that the best of all welcomes awaited them in the home of the golfer, where the good lady was keeping sleepless vigil, and where the belated trio at length slept the sleep of the weary, after resolving that, for some time to come, they would forgo the "few more holes," and, as well on the links as off, pay more heed to that word of sage counsel and profoundest philosophy—"aloo for the wun'."

A STORMY MEETING

A FIERCE nor'-wester with driving rain and wrack usually applies an effective closure on the links. What old St. Andrews golfer but can recall the dispiriting spectacle of the long-ago coterie of caddies —Watties, Willies, and Tams—slouching at the gable end of the Golf Hotel, and taking an occasional look "out into the west," in the hope of a rift in the murk that would prognosticate a round in the afternoon?

"Most disthrashful" was the common opinion on the morning of the 28th when "Old Tom" placed the ball and Mr. W. J. Mure struck it off to officially open the Autumn Meeting of 1898. The players who came early in the draw were, of course, out to witness the formal function, and with them a handful of lady devotees, sombrely arrayed—a brave little gallery of the fair, which faded away like a vision the instant the gun-fire intimated that play had commenced. A thin, dark line of the smaller caddies hung very patiently in the vicinity of the road, waiting to pounce on the Captain's first ball, and

obtain the customary honorarium; one or two of the deep-thinking sort giving a liberal margin for a pull or a slice. The coveted trophy fell into the hands of a namesake of the new "Horace," but he had to measure his length in the muddy roadway before securing it.

The gay bunting on the staff fronting the Union Parlour blustered about wildly and wetly, the Royal Standard at the mast-head, and the Club's colours at the yard-arm, a red and blue cross quartering the field and making place for the Union Jack, the Crown, the transverse clubs, and the St. Andrew's Cross—the whole frayed and faded from the effects of previous similar celebrations.

Beyond the heavy curtain of clouds, as the afternoon revealed, the peaks of the Grampians, from "the steep, frowning glories of dark Loch-na-Gar" to the ptarmigan range of the Glas-meol, where the speckled birds were hiding among the grey lichened stones, were sprinkled with snow, the first sign of the year's advancing age. Seaward, the only vessel visible in the offing was a gallant steam-yacht lying by, while the noble owner, with a handicap of ten strokes, made good his claim to first place in the Club's sweepstake.

"Old Tom," the presiding genius of the game, hale and hearty, none ever more so, sent off the gross of players, with a pleasant word to friends old and new—marvellously cheerful, with his mackintosh

well up over his ears. He scouted the suggestion that a pocket-pistol was the proper weapon to start off the day's aspirants on their stormy career. He had often seen wilder weather, but there would be nothing under eighty on this occasion. Jimmy Morris, who seldom sets foot on the links, and yet keeps a watchful eye on them, allowed one stroke more, but the issue showed the wisdom of the elder's opinion. The veteran greenkeeper could tell of the year, when, driving in from the fourth hole, Major Bethune's ball was blown back by a fierce nor'-easter behind the teeing-ground, — a very retrogressive mode of procedure, that must have called out the utmost powers of the skilled military strategist. Tom could tell besides of that other year when, in the midst of a gale, Admiral Maitland Dougal of Scotscraig went out in the lifeboat to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew, and at the close of the same afternoon handed in the winning card.

We used to hear the "Rook" tell of "Gowfin' Charley's" hardihood one medal day on the North Inch: how, when none others would risk the effects of a steady downpour, he pulled off his coat, buckled up his sleeves, and made good his title to the Club's blue ribbon, driving home to Buttergask at least with a dry coat on his back, and, what was of chiefest importance, the medal in the pocket.

But distracting as was the weather on the 28th, the cards were by no means unworthy of an Autumn

Meeting. On the contrary, the adverse conditions only served to mark the lower scores as specially brilliant, and Mr. de Zoete's name was added to the "Royal and Ancient" list of winners under circumstances that proved his form to be exceptionally fine. He had but a handful of followers, while some of the old favourites were more highly favoured; but, according to their degree, his partisans gave him a well-merited ovation when he holed out on the last green. "Who is he?" we asked some bystanders, when an authority of repute gave us the negative information, "No one knows anything about him"; but before the day was out every one in St. Andrews knew at least something about him.

The redoubtable Mr. F. G. Tait and the perennial Mr. Balfour-Melville were but two strokes behind, and took another day to settle their title. These all played when the gale was still high, and the velocity of the wind will be best understood when it is stated that one of the scratch players, playing from the tee to the last hole, and no doubt fearing to be trapped in the ruts, elected to drive with his cleek, and reached within a yard or two of the road.

The same player, Mr. Fergusson, holed a very useful putt at the "Corner o' the Dyke," playing in the foursome of the afternoon. Messrs. Tait and Burn had the better of the game until then, and with three to play, stood two up, their ball on the

green, and their opponents' bunkered at the edge of it, and the latter pair called to give the odd. Mr. Laidlay made very sure of being out, though compelled to play at right angles to the hole; whereupon his partner, in playing two more, did full amends for his faulty approach, by running down a twenty-yards putt, so serving to keep the match open. Coming at the time it did, it saved a hopeless-looking contest, and must have compensated largely for the disappointment of the forenoon. Mr. Tait failed to do the needful with a short putt at the road, and, as his partner repaid him by a slight error of judgment at the close, they had to content themselves with the half of a match that looked like a certainty four holes from home—another illustration of the glorious uncertainties of golf.

During the day the large oil-painting by Dickensen of the more notable present members of the Club was on view in the writing-room, and came in for a considerable amount of favourable criticism from both members and friends. The grouping and toning are exceedingly good, and many of the portraits are first-rate, both in likeness and pose. Some of the figures have been familiar forms on the links for wellnigh half a century, and among the old generation of players one can readily pick out such veterans as Mr. Gilbert Mitchell Innes, Dr. Argyll Robertson, Major Bethune, besides the non-player and Club's chaplain, the Very Reverend Dr.

Boyd, who occupies a modest position in the rear of the group.

We miss, of course, one once familiar figure, long associated with the old race of players and connected with the finest traditions of the game, an ornament of the links both in face and form, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Boothby. The players who have reached the middle distance of life have representatives equally recognisable in such portraits as those of Lord Kingsburgh, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Dr. Lang; while in the foreground there is a capital group of present-day leaders of the field, whose praise is in the mouth of all the golfers.

In all, there are nearly two hundred figures on the canvas, and what strikes one as marking a change in the haberdashery of the game is the scarcity of scarlet, a mere tithe affecting the colours of the Club, and, for the rest, each one has been a law unto himself.

At half-past four the little piece of ordnance announced that the competitive part of the programme had been completed, and soon after, as if in honour of the occasion, the westering sun shone out, and the evening sky began to glow with wonderful combinations of deep scarlet and blue. The leaden clouds rolled away, giving place to an illumination of especial brilliancy, and the weather-wise, always at hand with the pat proverbial saw or couplet, repeated the lines of the dramatist—

"The sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives promise of a better day to-morrow."

And so it was; for we awoke next morning to another fresh and bright September day—a further instalment of our Indian Summer,—and the waves, instead of rolling up against the blast with the spray driven from their crest like clouds of snow-drift, ran rippling brightly over the tawny sand. The brown fishing-boats sailed peacefully back and forward in the Bay, for Boreas had retired to some icy cavern among his native fields of snow, seeming to feel like the brawny blacksmith of baritone notoriety, that

"Something attempted, something done,
Had earned a *day's* repose."

ROBERT FORGAN, GOLF CLUB MAKER

SOME years ago we overheard two seaside urchins discussing, *coram populo*, the merits of a couple of golfers whom they called "Johnnie" and "Freddy." Any uninitiated listener would have been surprised to find that these players were not at all juvenile, but strapping Scotchmen, in the zenith of their power and fame. Their caddie critics spoke in the familiarity of adulation, and used the customary parlance of the place and species; and it is not a little remarkable that Robert Forgan, living in such an atmosphere of unconstraint, should have escaped the usual abbreviation of name, and have been able to retain his in its original form. It may be that his somewhat large proportions have impressed even the densest of his familiar neighbours with the inappropriateness of a diminutive title as applied to him. No doubt an ignorant Southron has blundered, and, mixing up two names long associated in the club-making trade, has called him "Morgan, the club-maker"; but we are referring to an exception

made by an educated people, whose very caddies require to satisfy governmental inspection in the matter of brains.

Robert Forgan was the head of the firm, whose clubs, impressed with the "Prince of Wales's Feathers," are to be found in every Continent. He was a typical, we might almost say, physically, an ideal Scotsman, buirdly, intelligent, courteous, and shrewd, with a face and form that would have done no discredit to a Principal of the ancient seat of learning. He was a man of many parts, who received full benefit in his youth from that invaluable institution, the Madras College, under an admirable staff of teachers, whose memories he ever seemed to cherish. A talk with him was to get a bird's-eye view of the history of the game for the last fifty years.

He was trained to the business by his relative, Hugh Philp, whose clubs now are treasured nearly as dearly as a Cremona violin or Andrea Ferrara sword. One could, in Philp's time, have counted the club-makers of the country, indeed, of the world, on one of his hands. Outside of St. Andrews there were M'Ewan, Musselburgh and Edinburgh; Jackson, Perth; Patrick, Leven; and Davidson, Montrose,—Simon Cossar, Leith, belonging to an earlier date than any of these.

In Forgan's youth there was no Golf Parlour, and the links side of the town was laid out in gardens.

Philp's shop stood alone, on the site of old Tom's present premises, and, a few yards farther up, was the little workshop where Allan Robertson carried on the now antiquated trade of feather-ball maker.

The most memorable man, so far as St. Andrews is concerned, whom Forgan could recall, was unquestionably Hugh Lyon Playfair, better known as "the Major," Provost of the city, and uncle of the late Baron Playfair, K.C.B. It may, indeed, be that to him Forgan owed more than he knew for his large Eastern trade, for when in service in India, and during his command of the 4th Battalion of Artillery at Dumdum in '27, he introduced there the game of golf, and laid out what in all likelihood was the first golf-course in the Orient. He was not less public-spirited when he had resigned and returned to St. Andrews in '31, and, as Provost, seems to have followed closely in his imperial footsteps who found Rome brick and left it marble; at least, he gets the credit of having had something Medusa-like in his eye, for he converted the muddy ways of St. Andrews into presentable streets. Up till '33 there had been no Golf Parlour, but through his efforts the Club rented a modest building at the north corner of Golf Place, the present doorway of the "Grand," and added Reading and Billiard Rooms and a Resident Steward. When the sea threatened to destroy the starting-point of the links, he raised an embankment on the shore to prevent further

encroachment, and accordingly his fame was sung in the lines :

> "No longer Neptune, with insidious sway,
> Steals, bit by bit, our bonnie links away ;
> The *novum opus* its protection yields,
> And gives to golfers new Elysian fields."

His zeal, however, in one direction, seems to have outrun his discretion, for in a record of the time we read : "The new games which have been introduced this Summer form all-engrossing attractions to the inhabitants at present, and the field of operations, the links, is every evening populated by hundreds of all sexes, sizes, and grades to witness or participate in what is going forward, causing the links to assume a most animated appearance. . . . A dense crowd surrounds a spot where a competition goes on among the strong men, who will *put* a 22-lb. iron ball farthest. The rumbling sound of tumbling skittles calls attention to another place where that game is going on. The hammer-throwers and caber-tossers are also busy at work. Two footballs are likewise in motion in the open part of the links, followed by an eager crowd, who annoy the golfers now and then on arriving at the last hole, and interrupt the proceedings of the short players by driving the big balls through among the little ones."

The members of the Parlour might well have uttered the prayer, "Save us from our friends," for "the Major" was better employed protecting the

links from the ravages of the North Sea breakers than organising on the happy golfing-ground such a riotous assembly. But the Provost was a self-willed man, as little likely to be influenced by entreaty as cowed by threat:

> "He heeds not refusal, remonstrance or scoff,
> E'en the Principal's nose [1] he intends to take off,
> Then away with your heroes of Greece and of Troy,
> And huzza for the Major—the Major's the boy."

If not "the King of Clubs," Forgan may be acknowledged as having been the prince of club-makers. Of late years, when the outside keenness of competition has been felt, the firm had not been able to work off their orders. They attributed the remarkable expansion of business to their having placed a stand showing their goods in the Edinburgh Exhibition of '86. Since then the popularity of the game has known no limit, and trade has developed accordingly. When Forgan started business in '56, he employed a single assistant, the ex-Champion, Jamie Anderson, while in the past few years the firm has employed close on fifty hands, who turn out among them between six hundred and eight hundred clubs per week. During these latter years club-making has been practically revolutionised, and by the introduction of gas engines, a variety of ingenious

[1] A porch that once stood near the College Library, and of which there is possibly a memorial about midway between the second and third holes.

appliances, chiefly lathes and saws, have reduced it to a very mechanical process.

Forgan was more occupied with the business of club-maker than with the science and art of the game, and in his latter days, at least, he held a higher reputation as a rifle marksman than a golf player.

He may, perhaps, have to blame his proportions for preventing him taking a front-rank place, as the advantage on the links seems distinctly to lie with short, square-built men, who can get down near the ball; but his record of 87, made thirty years ago, meant high-class play, for the green is at least five strokes easier now than then. Latterly he played but little, a few holes in the morning serving as what is called, with classic grace, "an ante-jentacular round." He distinguished himself more at the butts than on the links, gaining a number of local honours, and, on several occasions, ventured forth to the National Wapinschaw, at Wimbledon, where, as he told us with a contented humour, his rifle did everything it could reasonably be expected to do, but not enough to win a prize.

He can boast, however, of having instructed the young idea in the use of the rifle, and counts among such pupils two sons of noble Scottish families, who have, in more recent years, filled the office of Governor-General of Canada.

As an elder in the Free Church, Forgan has, for

many years, given valued service, and played his part well in several of her philanthropic societies. He has also taken advantage of the educational opportunities of the ancient university city for the upbringing of his family. Like many another Scottish parent, he gratified a wish "to hear the craws crackling on his son's kirk" by giving two sons to the ministry; and has seen two others rise to important offices as Vice-Presidents of the First National and National Union Banks of Chicago, whilst he retained a fifth, the late Tom Forgan, to manage the business built up by his own tact and probity; and the concern is likely to flourish and endure, for he lived to see his children's children, some of whom have taken to golf as naturally as ducks to the water.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PROFESSORIAL GOLF

"ANOTHER record broken." That is the sort of head-line to make a beginner's pulse leap high, and his face glow with the reflected glory of the splendour of the latter days. But in the particular instance before us the glow would be fleeting and evanescent, when it was seen that the record had been heightened instead of lowered—the Principal of a Scottish College, which shall be nameless, had done the round of a West Coast green in the unparalleled score of 226. Such an item of intelligence sent one's bleeding thoughts hurrying back to the old time when Professors were very much with us, and their vagaries on the links an everyday meditation. So far back as we can remember it wanted a professional man with at least the traces of courage, and a smack of *diablerie* in him, to engage in golf or any other form of pastime. It is not so very long since Mrs. Grundy gave a grudging sanction to professorial golf. She said, one day, in our hearing, she felt inclined to take the clubs out

of their hands and break them over the backs of these lazy, indolent, useless members of society, and of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. Her philippic included members of all the professions, but was specially directed against those who had anywhere earned higher distinction than she herself enjoyed. Even some of those who are known as "the brethren" have at times lifted up their hands in affected horror at a grey suit donned for coolness on the links by a clerical golfer. We can recall the cutting reproof addressed by a great scholar, who always looked much more grave than it was possible for any one to feel, to one of his students returning from the playing fields—"Is that the cap of a divine, sir?" He omitted to say what a divine's cap should be, and that has remained an open question with us ever since.

Mrs. Grundy has always shown a weakness for personages, and now that His Majesty's ministers have taken to relieving the tedium of debate by a friendly game with the Opposition front bench on some suburban common, she has herself begun to golf, and may be seen obstructing the regular players even on the premier links of the world. She carries an iron, typical of the irony of fashion, and a Gingham, to preserve her identity and aridity. The example of the Leader of the House of Commons, who finds golf not incompatible with government, and who carries a golf-bag almost as

frequently as an umbrella, has disarmed Mrs. Grundy's criticism, and led largely to her falling a victim to the club and ball. The notion that there is anything wicked in a game of golf, or any special virtue in a black coat, has died out south of the line that marks off the domain of the Highland Host. But that the old opinion still holds its ground within the northern limits is borne out by the Highland village-merchant's criticism of one of Edina's most orthodox divines—"He is a ferra fine preacher, but that wass a ferra godless coat he wore on Monday morning, whateffer!"

Mrs. Grundy's conversion to golf is a matter of recent history, but twenty years ago, in defiance of her inhibition, some of our professors frequented the links. It did not require a close observance of the two orders of golfers to discover that professorial golf was the very antipodes of professional form.

It took the heart out of one's intellectual idolatry to behold the potentate, escaped from the academic rostrum, busied in a bunker. He sank within two hours from the elevation of a Chair to the level of a mere tyro, engaged, as some one has it, "in the salutary endeavour after unattainable excellence." To hear from the lips of a club-bearing familiar, with a widespread leer, that his swing reminded him of "a waterwaggie," was humbling to a professor's pride of style, as well as ruinous to his public reputation.

The reverential awe in which he had been regarded from the gallery of a class-room was turned to blushing shame anywhere between the Swilcan Burn and Eden Mouth.

It was from no sneaking feeling of retaliation for rude disparaging remarks about our acquaintance (or otherwise) with Latin syntax or Greek accidence, that we sent the ball whistling past his ears when he was stuck fast below the bank of some classic bunker, or seemed to have settled for life in Walkinshaw's Grave. One had no wish to curtail the term of his tenure, for life is short at the best, but patience and a Winter afternoon are shorter still.

It brought a preceptor awfully down from his position of aloofness to see him assailing a band of those incorrigible little liers-in-waiting at the burn, amid their derisive cheers and showers of turf, his white tie streaming in the breeze and his cleek circling furiously round his head, when he found they had hidden his only ball beyond hope of immediate recovery in the Swilcan slime. We feel thankful that the new rules preclude the possibility of a repetition of such a scene.

To play golf with a professor gave one for an hour or two the society of a cultivated mind, but at what a cost to his reputation and one's own self-respect! It let the light fall upon certain facets of his character that were commonly hidden beneath the soft shade of domestic privacy. For one thing

it revealed a nature susceptible to commoner joys than had been supposed possible. It may not be ecstatic delight to drive a ball one hundred and twenty yards, nor vaulting ambition to get round in the same number of strokes, but it was more than satisfying to the professorial mind of the time.

Golf used to be, and probably still is, recommended by the medical faculty, not only as an antidote for *ennui*, but as an occupation so absorbing that pressing cares were lightened and the worries of everyday employments forgotten.

When the mind is intently fixed on an objective idea, noting its every bound and roll, and lie and hiding-place, the man is lifted out of himself, and he subordinates all his public and domestic functions to the single purpose of getting down below par. A golf-ball is capable, like many another external object, of working this miracle.

> "The sheep sees nothing but the blade of grass,
> The thistle is the world to the ass."

And the roguery and witchery of a bit of gutta-percha have many times driven out the imp of irritation and the little fox that gnawed the vitals underneath the cloak. No doubt there are trammelled minds that can never shake themselves free from some one pet subject which gets mixed up even with their recreations, and is always asserting itself, in season and out of season. Every golfer

knows of the Secession minister, who, when he was told that his opponent had come out in 43, sneeringly retorted, "Well! what of that? the whole Free Church came out in '43." But in general, golf does take one's thoughts off the harassments of professional life, and carking care is at any rate dulled by the concentration required to hole a putt and the jubilation that follows its accomplishment.

So much is this the case that after a closely contested round, in which one of our professors, with some claim to scholarship, had won his match by a long steal at the last hole, he retired to the Library, and, after an excited scrutiny of the catalogue, complained to the Librarian that he had searched the whole list of Z's and was surprised to find that the University did not possess a single copy of Xenophon.

Perhaps one of the most painful revelations of the frailty of the professorial nature was that of a lack of the sense of common honesty. It is true it may have been a temporary aberration rather than the evidence of a habitual practice in endeavouring to save a half, but by some mischance we overheard one of our preceptors, whose ball was lying hard-up in a sulphurous bunker, whisper hoarsely to his caddie, "Throw it out on a hard place." The "hard place" suggested the wisdom of the serpent, and aggravated the offence, so that we felt compelled to

expostulate in words once applied to an exponent in another field of sport, "This is not *golf*, this is jugglery."

It is right to take high moral ground in the matter of sandhole arithmetic, and knowing the temptation that besets a man even to deceive his own caddie, we would recommend those who wish to preserve a clear conscience to score a line in the sand for each stroke played in a bunker, and tot up the sum after the ball has been got out. We have never seen this suggestion in any of those "Golfing Manuals," of which there are so many, and which may all be classed under the one title, "How not to do it." The suggested system has a double advantage, for the interval occupied by scoring the line affords a breathing space for the next shot, while it also provides a valuable opportunity for serious introspection. This is especially useful in the case of those who are teachers of men, for there are few more saddening spectacles than that of one, whose duty it is to teach that men should love their enemies, occupied in trying to deceive his dearest friend.

The divine Plato understood the moral discipline of games, and in two separate works advocated the education of boys by pastimes, which were to be strictly regulated by a code of reasonable laws, so that they might thus be taught to submit themselves to just regulations in every other province of life.

He was of opinion that every game played honestly developed the moral not less than the muscular nature. And every healthy schoolboy adopts, of his own will, the Platonic system, and in Scotland we can trace it in operation as far back as the time of Andrew Melville, for we find his brother James, in his autobiography, writing of his schooldays—"we had the aire guid, the fields reasonable fear, and by our maister war teached to handle the bow for archerie, the club for goff, the batons for fencing, everie ane haiffing (not halfing) his match and antagonist, baith in our lessons and play, a happie and golden time." If not the national system of education, this is the accepted one, which has turned out, not puny philosophers or intellectual scarecrows, but the athletes, both of mental and physical attainments, who have colonised the world, so much so, that it can be said that all Britain's victories have been won on the playgrounds of her public schools. And the general principles and maxims that regulate the pastimes of the pupils ought, *a fortiori*, to be applicable to those of their preceptors. "Play straight and keep your temper," is the first rule of good golf. "Keep your eye on the ball," is only second to it. To plough along, out of one bunker into another, and reach the green at length, but in unruffled composure, is proof of one victory that is very often the precursor of another.

It is fatal even to a bejeant's ideas of the fitness

of things to see sand and steam and fume belching forth from the Principal's Nose, and find that the miniature eruption is occasioned by the overheated exertions of one whose business is to teach the humanities, or turn untutored minds towards divinity. No man ever consciously loses his temper. He may feel a slight degree of irritation, but only after great provocation. We have heard of one player, after a series of frightful foozles, in his fury breaking his driver through the middle, and then screaming out: "I'll break every club in the bag, but, by heaven! I'll not lose my temper." We have known the head of a College sulk for a whole afternoon, and go on persistently "tappin' his ba'," because his partner had given forth some distasteful views on evangelical theology. He seemed to fancy there was nothing common between them except the ball, and made it the victim of his ruffled feelings. It is too true that there are none who differ more violently than those who hold the same opinions with a scarcely perceptible shade of difference. The little bit of matter was battered out of all resemblance to any geometrical form, and was the type of the maimed condition in which the reverend Principal's partner would have returned to his family circle, unless the restrictions of civilisation had ordered otherwise. What wonder, then, that a more philosophical colleague excused himself from the pursuit on the plea that he could not see the pleasure of persecuting

a small piece of gutta-percha with such persistent animosity round the links?

There are still a few purblind persons, elevated to the professorial chair, who seem able to take clear views on other subjects, but show themselves quite incompetent to form an unprejudiced opinion on the merits of the game of golf. We can only treat these, as many people are in the habit of treating the deeper problems of science and philosophy, by looking them boldly in the face and passing them by. There are professors, even in our Scottish Universities, who would relegate golf to a secondary place in the student's curriculum. We yield to no one in our respect for "larnin'." Our advice to every little child is—

> "Labour for larnin' before you grow ould,
> For larnin' is better than riches or gould;
> Riches and gould they may vanish away,
> But larnin' alone, it will never decay."

But we can adduce evidence that the pleasures of golf outlast even what Socrates entitled "the pleasures of Discourse," for we met lately one who, in his day, had filled the professorial chair, and found the ruling passion still strong in age, for with the assistance of an umbrella handle and a Princes Street lamp-post, and to the astonishment of the passers-by, he showed us how he had holed a twenty-feet putt only the week before, and, as it were, pulled his match "out of the fire." His eye

was not dimmed, his enthusiasm had not abated, and while he, in a manner, had laid all his larnin' upon the shelf, he could still inspire others by the buoyancy of his spirit, and his perennial interest in the links, as he had done, in bygone days, by the thoroughness of his scholarship, in one of our Scottish Universities.

AN ANCIENT GREEN

PERTH claims distinction as the smallest of towns on the ground that it is built on two Inches, but these spaces are rather the occasion of its greatness, and not least in the ancient annals of golf, for at some time or other both of them have been put under tribute to the game. It is around the North Inch, however, that all later tradition clusters, and it is now the only available course. It is known in legendary lore as the scene of the battle of the clans, embalmed by Sir Walter in his romance of *The Fair Maid*, when just five hundred years ago the citizens were assembled to witness the gladiatorial contest between three score of hot-headed Highlanders, of which Wyntoun tells—

> "A thousand and thre hundred yere,
> Nynty and sex to mak all clere—
> Of thre-score wylde Scottis men
> Thretty agane thretty then."

and it has been the scene of many a bloodless battle since, not one whit less intense than then.

Wherever they played, whether north or south, the honest burghers have for centuries indulged in the game, sometimes, as the city archives show, with more diligence than discretion,[1] for is it not written in these records that the authorities of the town, the Sheriffs and portly Bailies, had need to reprove and restrain them from the too absorbing passion, and compel them to the bow *bughts* on the burgh muir to practise themselves in the art of archery for the better defence of the city walls? They thus substituted one form of recreation for another in order to combine a little business with their amusement, for Latimer's recommendation of archery is no less appropriate to golf—"It is a goodly art and a wholesome kind of exercise, much commended in physic."

The oldest of the present Clubs—the Royal Golfing Society—only dates its existence from the third decade of the century, but that there was an earlier organisation is witnessed by a mural tablet

[1] Extract from the Kirk and Session records, January 2, 1604: "The visitors report that good order was kept the last Sabbath, except that they found some young boys playing at the gowf in the north Inch in the time of preaching afternoon, who were warned then by the officiars to compear before the Session this day. Compear Robert Robertson and others all warned to this day, who were convicted of profaning the Lord's Sabbath by absenting themselves from hearing of the Word, and playing at the gowf in time of preaching; and therefore the Session ordained, first, Robert Robertson, who was ringleader to the rest, to pay an merk to the poor, and, secondly, ordains him and the rest to compear the next Sabbath into the place of repentance, there to declare their repentance in the presence of the whole congregation."

in the High Street, which informs the inquiring eye that at that spot there once stood the Castle of the Green, an ancient house in which, tradition tells, golfers used to keep their clubs and balls. It was built on the site of what was understood to be an ancient British temple, ultimately, therefore, to be set apart for the use of the devotees of the dinted sphere. Another of the Clubs, of which there are four, has appropriated the name of the first King of the Union, possibly with the intention of making reparation for his unkindly reception in Gowrie House, and had not high colours fallen into ill-repute we should have expected the loyal members to have shown in green jackets.

Perth is one of the earliest links in the kingdom, and it is therefore a golf green of the "fine old crusted" order, but in the earlier part this is just where it most falls short. It is not uniformly sand-crusted. At present it affords the player a taste of three distinct orders of turf, uniting the public park to the crisper seaside sward, and the rough pasture or wintering foggage ground, so that it calls for a diversity of operations in playing through it. It is essentially a double-season course, playable only in Spring and Autumn—too soft in Winter and too strong and rank throughout the Summer months, besides being sheeted over with daisies, and at the opening of each season the greens are slow and uncertain. One feels impelled to say the wrong thing

when his ball stops suddenly on the lip of the hole as if repelled by magnetic force. But it is always pleasant to be able to palliate one's weakness in golf as elsewhere, with some show of reason, and a rough green is like a balm to the wounded spirit of a weak putter. Even the greatest fail somewhere, for young Tommy used to say, "My faither would be a fine putter if the hole was a yard nearer to him." One recalls the merry young player on this green, for here his first recorded contest was played, when at the close of the tournament in '64 he was matched against an Academy boy for a sovereign, and presaged his many later and greater triumphs.

To a stranger, at the first glance, the Inch seems sadly lacking in hazards, but the native only laughs in his sleeve, for he knows that his too confident antagonist will find hazards enough before he gets home again.

The Inch lies alongside the river Tay, and has been allowed, by those who ought to know, to be as fine a cricket field as any in the land; and in the park part there is ample scope for the wildest of drivers; so much so, that drawing and heeling are never proportionably punished. We can recall a couple of cronies at St. A. taking divergent courses from the tee among the whins to the right and left, and, conscious each of his besetting sin, starting off to explore the country on either side of the course,

and parting with a wave of the hand and the salutation, "We'll meet at Putty-holie."[1]

But it is when we leave the Inch and gain the peninsula that the real sport begins, and at this point we get our first near sight of the river, running still and slow by Springland Tower. Perth may not claim a place among front-rank greens, but no one can dispute its possession of as fair a fringe and setting as any of the better known links, and this goes far to enhance the poetry of the playground. See the Inch as we did last Autumn, when the river's bowered banks from Mansfield to Kinnoull were ablaze with all the varied tints of red, yellow, and brown, intermixed like the pigments on an artist's palette, and with the masses of colour doubled by reflection in an unruffled stream; see that glorious sweep of wood and river far up to the old abbey of the Scottish Kings and down to the brow of Kinnoull, and you do not need to travel so far as Heidelberg to view quite as picturesque a scene.

Although under ordinary conditions not a hard hole, "the peninsula" in a flood tide or an early Winter spate, with the swollen burn in front and the distended river beyond, is by no means easy to negotiate from either side of the footpath mound; to pitch the ball on a strip of turf so as neither to

[1] Probably Puteoli, the Liverpool of ancient Italy and the East, where the historian of the Jews once met a player, who played his game for him so effectively that he came off victoriously even against Roman mettle.

fall short nor overrun the narrow limits, calls out all the finer qualities of proficiency—nerve, skill, and judgment, and offers no hope for anything like haphazard fluking. At this point, too, we get a firmer footing, because a sandier soil, and the eye is delighted with the sight of bunkers and whins, though these last, as in some other places, are becoming sadly worn. When are we to see a bill for the better preservation of whins on golf-courses, severely penalising the player who does not treat them as though he loved them? It will come none too soon if the exquisite pleasure of the other fellow is not to be seriously diminished. The old end hole, before the extension of the green was accomplished, is another of the sporting order, with the whin-covered embankment behind and one end of the pond protruding well across the line of approach. The broth-pot in the corner has been the receptacle of many a baffed and boyish ball. Into that turbid pool, bottomed with semi-liquid slime, the ball would steal in early days when one tried to cut the run up all too fine, and there it lay as safely hidden away as Alfred in Athelney. The new portion stretches beyond the pond into the Muirtown field, and carries one nearly opposite Scone Palace, opening up, for those who care to look about them, a rural scene with tints of green and glints of running water. When the tough foggage has been worn out, this will be a valuable addition, bringing the number

of holes up to the mystical eighteen, and, what is more important, relieving the congestion of the Saturday afternoon ; but at present fore-caddies are much in vogue, and while avoiding anything like adverse criticism, as a relief to pained feelings, one cannot avoid suggesting the appositeness of Mr. Miggs' dictum, "Some things are which you might wish wasn't, and some things isn't which you might wish was."

Until of late, when the girls have taken up the game, the local maker found it stiff work to keep the wolf from the door. The intermittent season generally froze him out. Jamie Anderson and Andrew Forgan, brother of the world-wide maker, each in turn made a stern fight, but found the Inch inhospitable, and betook himself to more summerly quarters. But it offers a fine view, if only a scant livelihood, and when we turn our back on the peninsula and get well on to the Inch again, we can take in the charm of the Fair City's situation, banked up with tinted greenery, backed by the hill of Moncrieff, and sheltered and overshadowed by towering Kinnoull.

The Inches are the lungs of Perth, but they are something more, for they have helped to inspire the poetic and artistic, as well as the athletic taste among the better endowed of the citizens. The outlook beyond the North Inch gave early and ample scope for the genius of the finest of England's

art critics and the great prose poet of the age, for a glance across the river from the last hole will reveal the home of John Ruskin's early years, and if you have been any way interested in the *Praeterita*, a wander on the river bank will show you the very pools, inky black and flaked with snowy foam, that filled his youthful mind with fear and awe.

AN INLAND ISLAND LINKS

It was a happy thought of the first Captain of the King James VI. Club to couple the name of James VI. and I. with Perth golf, for unlike some of his line who banned the game for national purposes, classing it among "unprofitable sports," he gave it the sanction both of his royal patronage and practice. He was in hearty sympathy with outdoor sports, recommending them both by precept and example. It seems beyond dispute that he played golf on the South Inch of Perth, where before their migration to the North Inch, about the middle of last century, Perth players chiefly found a field for their energies. The tradition takes us back to the close of the sixteenth century, and it is supported by evidence of the time, which shows that James was a connoisseur of balls as well as a combination of protectionist and economist, for we learn from the following grant of letters-patent that: "His Majestie, understanding that there is no small quantitie of gold and silver transported yeirlie out of his Hienes' Kingdom of Scotland for buying of golf ballis . . .

being earnestly dealt with by James Melvill in favour of William Berwick and his associate, who only makis or can mak golf ballis within the said kingdome . . . and seeing that the said three parties undertook to furnish the saide kingdome with better golf ballis, and at one moir easie rate than have been sauld thair these mane yeires bypast," —out of his royal favour and wisdom he granted the said parties a monopoly in ball-making. And when, in due time, James changed his Court to England, when he went to rule over his enlarged dominion, he took with him his taste for golf, classics, and good feeding; and as a proof that the Scottish pastime found a congenial soil there, in a year or two after his succession to the throne, the Blackheath Golf Club sprang into existence.

The North Inch is a historic battlefield; but what is of more importance, though less romantic, is that it is also a historic golfing ground. From the time when the Royal Perth Golfing Society shifted its camp to the North Inch in 1833, there has been a continuous series of bloodless battles fought there during the Autumn and Spring months. In Mr. Baxter's handbook, *Golf in Perth*, so thorough has been his research, and so vivid the portraiture, that we seem to see the old-time players looming through the mists of bygone years, in their blue or scarlet coats, and hear the voices of the Condies, Drs. Macfarlane and Halket, Sir Thos.

Moncreiffe, Jelf Sharpe, "Gowfin' Charlie," and many other notable experts in eager counsel or good-natured banter.

One of the players of that time—Ferguson Blair of Balthayock—has done for Perth something of what Oliphant and Pat Alexander did for St. Andrews, and has apostrophised golf in the lines—

> "Mysterious game! thou can'st enthrall
> The young, the old, the low, the tall;
> Priest, savage, soldier, hoary sage
> Have each confessed the noble rage."

More and more, in later years, on the North Inch, as elsewhere, has the truth of these lines become apparent, and though through the single-handed liberality of a playing member[1] a gallant effort was made to extend the bounds and so relieve the crowded state of the greens, yet, after a few years' breathing space, circumstances compelled a return to the old bounds. With the incursion of new players and the curtailment to thirteen holes, golf on the North Inch, especially on a Saturday afternoon, became *non possit fieri.* The Clubs found themselves in an *impasse.* Something had to be done, and the officials of the "King James VI." set to work to solve the problem. They cut the Gordian Knot by cutting the North Inch, and after various schemes and suggestions they at length, like Columbus in his search for a new continent,

[1] Mr. James F. Pullar of Rosebank.

discovered a new, and in some ways a better links lying waiting their occupation. To Sir Robert Pullar, a non-golfer, and one who is so devoted to other avocations as to find little time for field sports of any description, belongs the credit of first directing attention to the suitability of Moncreiffe Island, and the numerous facilities it offered for golf.

The very name, indeed, is redolent of golf, for the Moncreiffes of Moncreiffe, and their kinsmen for generations, have been golfers of high repute both officially and in the field. Nearly a century ago Sir David Moncreiffe filled the high post of Captain of the "Royal and Ancient," whose Medallist he had previously been. He was also one of the founders of the Royal Perth Golfing Society, and at its start presented it with the Silver Club, to which, since 1824, each Captain has attached a silver ball bearing his name and the year of office. As is very fit and proper, Sir David's portrait adorns one of the rooms of the Club-house.

King James VI. Club has settled the golf question in Perth for generations. The Island, which is of the form of a huge Irish harp, lies immediately to the south of the Fair City. Formerly occupied as a farm, the Club, under the direction of Mr. P. W. Campbell, entered on a thirty years' lease of it, and it is now a fine stretch of sward; and though it is still let or sub-let as a sheep-farm, grazing and golf are by no means incompatible, but in some ways

mutually advantageous. The putting greens were, in the first instance, sown out, and unfortunately the grazier's counsel was taken as to the sorts of seed to be used; but now some of them have been turfed, and no better can be found anywhere. The Club-house is situated at the near and narrow end of the Island, which is crossed by the Perth and Dundee Railway Bridge, the footpath on which gives handy access, and saves the Club the expense of maintaining a ferry.

A few acres between the Bridge and the Club-house have been utilised for working-men's gardens, and it is apparent that much ingenuity and labour are expended there in the "labourer's evening hour of leisure," and, doubtless, stores of health are laid up there that save both boluses and bills. Beyond this utilitarian section of the Island stands the well-appointed Club-house, from the verandah of which a view of the whole green is obtained. It is a full-sized green, capable of being stretched farther should circumstances require. The course, starting down the middle of the Island, after a few holes, doubles back towards the left-hand side, which is guarded from the arm of the river by a natural embankment. One or two more holes bring one to the far corner of the Island, and the return journey zigzags along the bend on the south side, and then, passing the old farm buildings, skirts the western margin to the home hole. The hazards are dug-outs and mounds,

trees and shrubs, the embankment, and here and there the river for an over-pitch.

Altogether, if a bit on the flat side and lacking the "hichts an' howes" of the more exacting seaside links, it provides sufficient variety to make a thoroughly enjoyable game; and, with open weather, it is available all the year through.

The "King James VI." has been eminently a fighting force, and it has a first-rate record of inter-Club matches. The Club has evidently sought out foemen worthy of their steel, and the list includes Edinburgh combinations from the Warrender, Bruntsfield, and Burgess, the Prestwick St. Nicholas, St. Andrews University, as well as strong teams from Forfar, Carnoustie, and Montrose. The Club claims, indeed, to have led the fashion in home-and-home matches, and its first venture in such encounters is said to have been against the Elie and Earlsferry, which, although not played in the Dark Ages, was played at a time when the geography of the "Kingdom" was so little known that the Secretary was instructed to ascertain where the scene of the prospective contest lay, and "what station the players were to book to" in order to meet their doughty opponents.

Although the names of Imrie, Keay, Greig, Cairncross, Pirrie, Hay Robertson and others stand out conspicuously in the Club's annals, most of them known also in County cricket, yet there is one name

that deserves to be placed at the top of the list—*primus inter pares*—that of R. Dunsmore. He has been a power for the Club for more than a generation. The hero of a hundred fights, time after time he has played first man, generally giving a good account of himself and returning to the Club-house with a few holes in hand. He has in this way played against some of the best of Scottish talent, and although he has not figured much in the big amateur fixtures, the chief reason is to be found in his almost too rigorous devotion to his business. The Club is not likely to forget his signal services.

When not on the ball or hole, the eye of the golfing student of Nature will wander to the picturesque surroundings of the Island, the snugly-sheltered and fruit-bearing Barnhill, and the frowning majesty of Kinnoull overtopping it, with its hoary precipitous front, crowned with ruined tower—a northern Drachenfels—beneath which foolish youths used to risk their lives for the wily jackdaw's eggs.

We will not soon forget the gorgeous effect from the golf-course of an evening rainbow, stretching from the brow of Kinnoull to wooded Moncreiffe, which lighted up the gloom of the rain-cloud that filled the valley of the Tay and mingled its misty blue with the soft-toned greens of the pines and the grey of the crags, a painted archway spanning the silver highway to the Port of Perth. One was minded by the glorious transformation scene of the

vision of the golf enthusiast in the lines of the gifted Laureate of the North Inch—

"Dear is the game to all below,
The balm of sorrow—cure of woe;
But if in Paradise, where day
Doth smile with ever golden ray,
It shall be played, how sweet the hope,
Again in friendly strife to cope
With all our earthly foes who strove
To beat us in the game we love.
There on immortal links for aye
To putt, to cleek, to swipe away.
What glorious rapture at the thought,
With highest ecstasy now fraught,
Nothing to stop us, free to play,
Throughout a vast Eternity."

AN OLD-TIME GOLFER

"GOWFIN' CHARLIE"

CHARLES ROBERTSON, otherwise known as "Gowfin' Charlie," was the most popular golfer of his time in the North of Scotland. He was in the zenith of his fame and form in the middle of last century, and he was then a familiar figure on the links of Perthshire, Fifeshire, and Forfarshire. Educated for the ministry of the Secession Church, he never succeeded in being ordained to a charge, and consequently must be accounted "a stickit minister." It is on record, however, that he did once receive a call, either from the Orkneys or the Hebrides, but refused it, on the ground that acceptance would have meant for him a species of honourable banishment. He was a popular after-dinner orator, and possessed the gift of pulpit eloquence, but he ran counter to the spirit and opinion of the age, not only appearing in the pulpit with a rose in his buttonhole, but going the length of preaching in his golf jacket. The occasion of this was an exceptional one. Sir John

M'Kenzie of Delvine had entertained a party of Perth golfers, who had gone out to play a match on his private links there, and on the Sunday morning it was determined among them that "Gowfin' Charlie," who made one of the company, should occupy the pulpit of Caputh Parish Church. The Minister's gown proved too narrow for Robertson's burly frame, and he appeared in the only coat he had brought with him, the scarlet jacket, with brass buttons, of the Royal Perth Golfing Society.

Failing in his profession, possibly through these and similar vagaries, he turned his attention to agriculture, and met with considerable success in the farm of Buttergask, a dozen miles or so north-east of Perth.[1] He paid frequent visits to the North Inch, where on the occasion of one medal competition he is said to have been the only competitor brave enough to face the stormy elements, and won the trophy without any opposition.

While being a devoted and popular member of the Royal Perth Golfing Society, he lent his support in the formation of a new Club, and suggested the very appropriate title it still bears, "King James VI. Golf Club"; for that much maligned monarch

[1] The proprietor of Buttergask was Colonel Murray Belshes, who presented the Silver Cross of St. Andrew to the Royal and Ancient Club, and who, when Captain of that Club, was instrumental in procuring the King William IV. Medal for annual competition, and the Royal Adelaide Medal, to be worn as a badge of office by the Captain of the Club at the public functions.

was known to have played golf, probably on the South Inch, at Perth. Robertson held the office of first Captain of that Club, and presented the first medal for competition. So highly were his services appreciated, that when he demitted office he was presented with his portrait, on the suggestion of the late Major Chalmers, Blairgowrie, and the picture, admirably executed by Mr. J. M. Barclay, R.S.A., was handed over to the custody of the Club. It hangs in the Club-room of the Pavilion upon Moncreiffe Island. The pawky, good-humoured countenance it presents bespeaks a golfer of a type not easily disconcerted or discomfited, and one likely to prove an opponent hard to overcome.

Though he enjoyed good living he had the wisdom, when occasion served, to practise abstinence. "If ye're playin' weel," was his counsel to a fellow-golfer who had asked his advice, "dinna taste, but if ye're no playin' weel, ye may tak' a drappie."

He is, along with many another Perth golfer, celebrated in a collection of verses written by Mr. Ferguson Blair of Balthayock,[1] one of his own contemporaries. These poems and sonnets exist only in MS. form, but their excellence is such as to entitle the author to the high position of Golf Poet Laureate of his time. Gifted with very considerable powers of ridicule and sarcasm, his tribute to Gowfin'

[1] Mr. N. J. Ferguson Blair won the King William IV. Medal of the Royal and Ancient Club in 1847.

Charlie is neither the feeblest nor least kindly of his pen-and-ink poetic golfing sketches—

"But how can I e'er thee describe,
Thou wonder of the golfing tribe;
Unless with zealous hand I took
A leaf out of thine own queer book.
For far and wide is spread thy fame
As the great Falstaff of the game,
His ever ready wit is thine;
Like him you love to drink and dine,
And as for honesty! you thief,
Of erring sinners you're the chief;
For well you know that in your play
Stealing's the order of the day.
Then, Golfing Charlie, here's your health,
We wish you happiness and wealth;
Long may you live to putt and swipe,
Jest, laugh, and smoke the cutty pipe."

OUR LITTLE LINKS

WESTLEA GREEN, situated somewhere in the lowland uplands of Scotland, was opened on a wet and windy afternoon by the Captain striking off the first ball. After two or three futile attempts, at which our sympathetic Ohs! and Ahs! seemed to have quite the opposite effect intended, he succeeded in getting the ball away, and we gave three lusty cheers for the new nine-hole course, with one more for our worthy Captain, for we are mostly neophytes. A temporary release had allowed of our County member's presence, and, as there was a call for a speech, he said that, though not himself a golfer, he had occasionally looked on, and, so far as he could judge, ours was the best inland green in Scotland, to which sentiment we all gave ready assent. We do not boast, like some of our neighbours, of affording from the course "a fine vista of mountain scenery," for most of us prefer to do our golfing and mountaineering separately. No needy inventor has as yet produced a combination brassey and alpenstock,

and, until some such article (we are somewhat behind the age in the novelty nomenclature) appears, we prefer to throw in our lot with those who "love to tread the level sward."

Our green is carved out of a bit of waste moorland, and, though at the outset the sport resembled little else than golf in a hayfield, by dint of returfing and burning the grass, as heather is burned on a grouse moor, we can get round now with a single ball, and the sale of mashies at the local dealer's has decreased in an arithmetical retrogression. The green used to be let as a grouse moor, and, though there was little heather, and less grouse, we still have our "Heather Hole," for we like our little links to resemble "the mother of them all" as far as possible. The sporting tenant, who was reassured for a time with the argument that the fewer the grouse the more hunting he got, at last threw up his lease in disgust when he found his best bag to consist of a snipe, a grouse, and three golf-balls. But the early morning golfer, who has ears to hear, is still occasionally greeted with the "Go back, go back" challenge of the red-feathered fowl, and can see his scarlet comb lifted up on some heath-tufted knoll. The snipe, too, tumbles now and then with his bleat-like beat far overhead in the blue, and any time during Summer one may chance upon a stand of golden plover. It is only the golfing fanatic who fails to note these peculiar charms and accessories of

a round on the moor. Some men would see nothing but a ball and a hole; and anything else that obtrudes itself—man, beast, or bunker, or even bird—comes in for a round of impolite abuse. "How can a man putt with that blank lark making such a row over his head?" was the feeble apology for a feebler putt at the end hole, by one who was once a familiar figure in the Old Union parlour.

The villagers of Westlea took very kindly to the game, and the demand for clubs soon reached such proportions that we required a local dealer. The china-ware merchant took up the trade, and pushes his new department with a zeal only tempered by his ignorance of his novel stock. Although he shows none but Park's material, he insists that he is an agent for Forgan, and that the former's name is the latter's trade mark. When asked for a "Tom Morris," whose very name (shades of St. Andrews!) he was ignorant of, he indignantly repelled the insinuation that he should offer any other maker's clubs so long as he remained Forgan's agent. The A1 balls he invariably recommends, with the assurance that they are made by a professional. He gives his opinion in a way that reminds one of Old Tom's back shop, and to his mind the militia officers, who now and again tool a dog-cart over from the neighbouring camp, are the most notable players of the place, as they smash enough clubs at a single outing to keep an ordinary player going for

a twelvemonth. Their chief ambition seems to be the reverse of the average amateur cricketer, whose soul is set on double figures. One can notice an indirect effect of their reckless destruction of timber in the language of the rustic youths who act as their caddies, and who have of late developed a taste for strong language, in imitation of their betters; and, to show that the mind of the village scholar is not incapable of syllogistic reasoning, the parish teacher cites a tale that when he one day reproved the insidious habit in some of his hasty little golfing spirits, concluding with the usual trite remark that "No gentleman ever swears," a diminutive club-bearer, whom we have dubbed "the doctor," pertinently inquired, "Div ye no' ca' the Cornel and Mester Cherters gentlemen?"

Of course we boast our local champion, who has as yet only attained to a second-class place on older links than ours; but at home he is *par excellence*, and we are all proud of him. He is the lion of the green, especially among the girls, who affect the short game, for Westlea is open to both sexes, and a stirring sight it is to see him heading off before our modest gallery, in scarlet jacket, sky blue cap, white linen gaiters, liberal cuffs and collar, and broad expanse of white kids. He is easily recognisable when he visits any of the reputable links, and though until now he has had the misfortune never to have come off at any open meeting, we are

hopeful that he will one day put a blue ribbon to the credit of our little green.

Westlea is a popular Summer resort, with other attractions than an inland links. It has a pleasant little stream of its own that "sings a lullaby to feverish dreams" of city men, and is altogether a sequestered spot, with plenty of privacy, so that we count on an annual incursion of holiday members, whom we classify, according to a form of our own, as flyers and stayers, which has, however, no relation to their golfing styles. The latter class we subdivide, and describe, as we do the *magas*, by the titles fortnightlies, monthlies, and quarterlies. It will be readily understood that it was not a little difficult to apportion to each of these their proper share of the expense of the upkeep of the green, but our Secretary, who is college-learned, and in this way acquired a knowledge of other languages than his own, and who takes no end of trouble in making all necessary arrangements, submitted the following scheme at the general meeting, and it was forthwith approved, as he still insists, *nemine contradicente.*

WESTLEA GOLF CLUB

Amended tariff of charges, submitted and approved of at meeting of members, May 5, 1893.

Certain persons (*shopmen and others, these to be members*), in village and surroundings, who rarely or never play, 2s. 6d. at their pleasure, instead of 5s. of annual payment,

given more to help the prosperity of the club and village than to play; 2s. 6d. for incomes, say, of £1 per week and under, and boys and girls; 5s. *for others, as per regulations on ticket at course, which still hold good.* Other charges for large families or households (either *residents* or *visitors*), who are non-members, that is, not for whole year, 1s. per week; 6d. per day; 1s. 6d. per fortnight; 2s. per three weeks; 2s. 6d. per month; 3s. 6d. per two months; 5s. per three months. All these charges, whether for year as members, or as non-members (*i.e.* not for year), *to cover another player or user of the course with the payment*, that is, ticket covers one other player, *except when only two are in a family or household, when each shall play on some one of these tariffs; and only those in whose names the paid-for tickets stand can play at club-arranged matches, or take part in the business of the club. Paying members* or *visitors* to hand to *Secretary names of members of family or household* whom *their tickets* (as above) *cover. This will please to be noted, that such may be known as having a right to use the green.* These regulations do not preclude the whole of the members of any family or household paying in full, if they see fit, for the success of the finances of the club. Club carriers, 2d. per round.

It was thought that, with a liberal use of italics, the bill would be brought within the apprehension of the dullest capacity; but, as a proof of the mental calibre of the holiday seekers, there are some who confess themselves unable to understand it, and it is no unusual sight to see the Honorary Secretary of the Club, with a pardonable pride, endeavouring to bring some of the Summer visitors to a better under-

standing of our tariff card, and he has hitherto been able so to manipulate the subscriptions that we have executed numerous improvements on the green, and latterly have built ourselves a neat and convenient golf house, at very little expense to the regular members, which serves to prove that in Westlea, at any rate, golf is not altogether an altruistic game.

A HISTORIC LINKS

WHEN you could have counted all the golf greens in the world on your fingers, Montrose was one of them. So that from early ages the inhabitants of the Burgh have been favoured above the many. For the benefit of those who are ignorant of the geography of their own country, Montrose forms a link in the chain of famous golf-courses that runs along the East Coast of Scotland. On one or other of these sea-turf stretches golf first laid its firm hand on Scotland ; and for five centuries, at any rate, it has gone on increasing its hold, till, having pretty well captured the whole of the available sea coast, it has of late seized upon most of our inland plains, as well as the bare slopes and unsuspecting hillsides from the Grampians to the Cheviots.

In the history of the game, therefore, Montrose figures from time immemorial ; and to its archives and citizens we are indebted for interesting historic hints on early sport, even though in those days Club Secretaries were unknown, and there were no laborious minute-books in which to record either fact or fiction.

Montrose has given to the country one or two of the imperishable heroes of thought or action; and, in the historical tribute attaching to their names, we find early glimpses of the game there and elsewhere. The great Marquis, for example, a native of the place, and in youth educated at St. Andrews, could not possibly have escaped being bitten. He played golf, and we may take it as certain that he did not often suffer on the links the sort of treatment he experienced at the hands of David Leslie, in a graver issue, on the field of Philiphaugh. One of the items of early golf intelligence that has been preserved to us through his diary is that the price of balls in his time was prohibitive, except to well-lined purses, for there is an entry to the effect that his outlay amounted to three pounds for "ane dozen goiff balls." Another notable son of the Ross was Andrew Melville, who followed in Montrose's steps to the University; and of him it was said that he was "the best poet, philosopher, and Grecian of any young master in the land." His autobiography lifts the veil of his fancy and reveals his partiality also for the links, at the same time as it shows the charm of a father's indulgence in ministering to the student's love of sport. He says: "I had my necessaire honestlie eneuch of my father, but nocht else; for archerie and goff, I had bow, arrose, club and balls, but nocht a purse for catchpull and tavern; sic was his fatherlie wisdom for my weill." Melville's less

distinguished brother, James, also has his word on the subject, and thereby lets us into the secret of the manner of scholastic training of the time, not without its significance in modern pedagogics; for he tells us that his master taught both Latin and athletics, supervising both work and play, and teaching the young idea how to shoot, fence, and golf—making school-days, so full of painful memories to some—to him and to those similarly favoured, "a happier and golden time." How different this from the gloomy confession of a Right Reverend Moderator, a profound theologian and accomplished linguist, whose boyhood was unbrightened by golf, who confided to us that the only appropriate hymn sung in his early school life was: "Here we suffer grief and pain"!

The "Royal Albert's" record must reach back for wellnigh a century, for that Club was instituted as the Montrose Golf Club in 1813, and for long it held full sway on the links, but latterly was appropriately joined by the "Victoria," then by the "Mercantile," and some other minor bodies, showing that here, as elsewhere, the increase of the game was as rapid and inconvenient as a school-boy outgrowing his clothes. The green has consequently of late required some tailoring, and has undergone considerable alteration. For one thing, it has been pushed farther north, where there is an abundance of virgin ground, leaving space at the near end for

non-players and frequenters of the sands to move about, secure from the flight of balls. When the new holes among the bent and hummocks have been licked into shape, there will be no occasion to regret the change.

The advent of the iron horse, in its turn, created something like a panic among the players, for the new line cut through part of their treasured ground ; and at the present time skirts one or two of the holes on the inward journey.

The Montrose golfer would fain have put back the hands of the clock of modern enterprise, or, at least, have gladly denied himself the facilities of transit, for the sake of the green, but happily wiser counsels prevailed, and some of the aggrieved players were compelled to find solace in recourse to poesy. These are the sentiments of one who anticipated the worst, but whose lamentations, happily, were themselves founded on a delusion—

"Sweet were the breezes from the sea,
The showers that on me fell,
When sporting o'er the verdant lea
I've loved so long and well.
I've loved so long through Summer pride,
Or Autumn's darkening day,
The links, the stream, the sounding tide
Grey bent and glittering bay.

"The dream of all my early days
Is fled,—a rainbow gleam !
The balmy links, the flowery braes
Are now an empty dream.

A lingering vision ne'er forgot,
Through all my cares and woes;
The memory still will haunt the spot,
The lost links of Montrose."

But the railway does more than provide convenience for travellers—it forms an excellent hazard. In fact, there is nothing else in golf quite like lying hard up on the near or far side of a rail; and many a match has changed colour, and many a good bit of hickory been splintered at the "Corner o' the Dyke," on the Old Links. Even the Stationmaster's Garden, the natural complement of the railway, is known the world over as a malign or beneficent factor, as the case may have been, in many a keenly-contested match.

The magistracy of Montrose have shown themselves alive to the possibilities of the game, and have suffered a stretch of valuable arable land to be added to the links. Cropping and golfing are never found compatible at one and the same place; and even the proximity of potato patches has sometimes wrought disaster both upon play and temper. It is to Montrose golfers are indebted for the tale of the blasphemous farmer, who possessed an unenviable reputation for strong epithets, and who, one day, attacked a player, engaged in the hopeless attempt of saving a half, for destroying his shaws; but the player, suffering from the loss both of hole and self-control, eagerly met him on his own ground

with his own peculiar weapons, and it is on record that the farmer, horrified at this maddened glimpse of himself as he appeared to others, retired, shamed and cowed, and for ever after suffered golfers to work their own sweet will.

No account of this historic links would be complete without a reference to Bob Dow, formerly greenkeeper, and who, for something like half a century, upheld the honour of Montrose, and withstood for long, at any rate, the efforts of outsiders to snatch the laurels of his own green from his brow. In his time, playing many matches, he contented himself with a local fame, trying issues occasionally with his northern neighbours, travelling now and again to Perth, Musselburgh, and St. Andrews, where he found foemen worthy of his steel in the "Rook," Willie Park, sen., and Old Tom. In ordinary circumstances, Dow was a steady and reliable, rather than brilliant, player, but, playing little from home, in a big match he had the fatal failing of losing nerve when that was most required. Now that a Championship of the green has been initiated, in the shape of the annual contest for the Boothby-Campbell Shield, we will expect some of the winners and runners-up to carry their colours farther afield, and make Montrose, as it deserves to be, known, both for links and players, throughout the golfing world.

The inhabitants are not all golfers—but the best

of them are. In spite of their opportunities, some are even still ignorant of the terminology of the game; for, when a player there excused his defeat, and, "laying the flattering unction to his soul," went the length of asserting that he was convinced his opponent had broken the record, the only response he got was from an intelligent-looking old lady, who remarked, sympathetically with the opponent, "Eh! that was a peetie!"

We can wish for no better field for play than Montrose appears to-day. We will not venture to determine the comparative merits of our Scottish golf-courses. We hold that the provision of a tolerable green, a tolerable day, and a tolerable opponent ought to be sufficient to satisfy the ordinary golfing instinct. To local men, and those who know it best, Montrose, without doubt, is best. We can sympathise with the outburst of poetic fervour—

"Oh! the links of Montrose are bonnie and sweet!
And dear are the waters that roll at their feet!
Oh! these green spreading links they ne'er shall depart,
They're the star of my fancy, the home of my heart!

"Many lands may be fairer, though none has been seen,
As the shore where my first love and boyhood has been;
Ah! give me the links, and the wild, stormy sea!
Every one for his fancy, but Montrose links for me!"

But such sentiments do not solve the problem whether these fair, and, to some, faultless links, hold

the palm above all others. It must suffice to say that Montrose offers first-rate sport. It has its stretches of fine sward as well as its rough places; its well-kept greens, its Gully Howe and Coffin, no less! an obliging starter, and plenty of Club comforts; and, with the sunshine bathing the turf, the larks carolling overhead, and the boom of the tireless sea sounding on the ear, if the player cannot drink his fill of enjoyment at Montrose, it is not because of the links. He must either be off his game, or a disconsolate churl, at the best; for Old Tom's verdict, passed upon a neighbouring green, is equally applicable here: "There canna be better found for gowf."

"FORWARD CARNOUSTIE"

IT puzzled one greatly to know what it was all about. It surely could not be that the disbanding forces of Barry Camp had, in an evil hour, rushed the town! Yet there was martial music, and the glare of torches, and the sound of many voices and much confusion in the streets. We had been recommended to Carnoustie as a quiet none-too-fashionable watering-place, offering facilities for unlimited golf—quite an ideal retreat for an Autumn holiday. Whence then the turmoil of this particular night? Our speculation was soon at rest and all unnecessary fears allayed, for inquiry elicited the information that golf was the beginning and the end of it. The local hero had returned from the contest, bearing the spoils of his prowess and bringing the *Evening Telegraph* Trophy home with him; and, for a brief hour or two, Carnoustie had broken loose from her traditional quietude and staid respectability, and in the darkness of the night acclaimed her "Conquering Hero" on his arrival home,—and well she might.

There was golf in Carnoustie during the greater part of last century, and to Allan Robertson it is said belonged the credit of laying down among the sand dunes and rabbit warrens, beside the Barry Burn, the original nine-hole course.

The village owes more perhaps than its rulers are willing to confess to the game of golf, and though it owns a fine stretch of sands and, as the communicative native modestly admits, the safest bathing beach in Scotland, no one can doubt that its golfing facilities have been the chief factor in the growth and prosperity of the town.

It was a red-letter day for Carnoustie on which, in the Autumn of '67, some dozen or more golfing men met in conclave in Dundee, intent upon getting "a site and a shelter" for the convenience of players upon the seaside links. That little company of kindred spirits was the nucleus of what is now the large and influential Dalhousie Club.

Circumstances led to a larger movement than seems to have been originally contemplated, and so, it may be, not without some misgivings, another Club was launched from the Tayside stocks. But the issue more than justified the venture. There was a remarkable response to the summons, and something like a hundred names were enrolled at the first business meeting of the Club.

The early annals of the Club, carefully recorded for over twenty years by Mr. Willock, the first

Secretary, show that it enjoyed an ever-increasing popularity and prosperity. After the erection of a Pavilion, on a very modest scale, of course, compared with the present handsome and well-appointed Club-house, the business of improving and extending the green to its full limits was taken on hand.

Thirty years ago, not without the benefit of the counsel and judgment of the sage Old Tom, the alterations were completed and the enlarged green opened with the usual appropriate ceremony. It seems somewhat strange in these days of numberless greens and their attendant greenkeepers, that Morris, at that time, knew of only one man capable of undertaking the duty of superintendent—Bob Andrews of Perth, whom he accordingly recommended ; but the negotiations fell through, and the "Rook," as he was called, was left to uphold the credit, which he did worthily to the end of his days, of the famous North Inch.

Under the judicious direction of the Dalhousie Club golf advanced by leaps and bounds in Carnoustie, and when the boom came, which extended all over the world, that Club found it necessary to lengthen its cords and strengthen its stakes ; the increase of membership necessitated more commodious premises, and in addition the precautionary provision of the advance of the entrance-fee—which stood originally at £1—ultimately to the sum of five guineas.

From the time of the institution of the "Dalhousie," the management of the green, as in the case of the "Royal and Ancient," was left under its control by the other Clubs—the "Carnoustie and Taymouth" and "Caledonia," these, however, agreeing to contribute annually towards the expense. But about a dozen years ago the condition of affairs was considerably altered by the purchase of the links from the Earl of Dalhousie, a transaction carried through for the Common Good by the Police Commissioners, the purchase money being mainly raised by means of public subscriptions and the useful and ingenious bazaar. The "Dalhousie" were appointed by the new proprietors, as before, to the old and honourable office of Curators. A new and seemingly more equitable arrangement, however, at present obtains, by which the Commissioners themselves, aided by a Committee comprised of representatives of the local Clubs, undertake the control, and by the imposition of a small fee for visitors, a further source of revenue not to be despised has been provided.

A comparison of the scores returned at the medal competitions, and preserved in the Club records, gives some idea of the improvement effected upon the course during the "Dalhousie's" tenure of office, for while, at the outset, anything under 100 was certain of an award, nowadays, while the par round is reckoned at 76, the scratch player must keep in

the vicinity of the fourscore to have any hope of success. For a time the record of the green was held by the ever-lamented Freddie, who in one of his record-breaking years, when the Royal Highlanders were under canvas at Barry, established himself in a very secure position with a brilliant 72, the same figure which placed him in a similar exalted rank on St. Andrews. But some further alteration having been effected on Carnoustie, Mr. Tait's return has now been rendered invalid.

Bit by bit the course has been altered and improved until at length it has reached a high state of excellence, and with firm sward, trim lawns, dykes, ditches, and other devices to penalise the unwary, not forgetting the meanderings of Barry Burn, so much in evidence at the close of the round, the most fastidious will find in Carnoustie all that he could desire. It is a thoroughly sporting course, affording scope for the exhibition of the finest skill, and at the same time, for those more modestly endowed, a first-class field for recreation, and even for discipline of spirit, if they be able to apply and appropriate the good counsel bestowed upon Imogen—"Some falls are means the happier to arise."

It is worthy of notice that the first of the numerous ball-making machines, contrived to save the necessity of hand-hammering, was the invention of a Carnoustie player; for to Mr. J. G. Orchar, an

ex-Captain of the "Dalhousie," and an enthusiast both in the fields of art and golf, belongs the credit of having thus created a revolution in the ball-making industry; and were it not that monuments do not lend themselves as suitable adornments to golf links, Carnoustie might, by such an erection, make good her claim to this further distinction, and at the same time commemorate Mr. Orchar's achievement and honour one well worthy of such estimation.

Since Jack Simpson carried off the leading honours at Prestwick, a score of years ago, Carnoustie has not shown to the front in either of the two principal events of the season. Some of the non-resident members, entering from other Clubs, have made an occasional bid for fame, but with such opportunities as Carnoustie now affords, we should have expected to find one or two of the local cracks among the entrants. It may be that too much modesty has held them back, but from one cause or other the prosperous breeze has not been blowing across the estuary of the Tay, and it was all the more noteworthy, therefore, that the *Evening Telegraph* Trophy should be handed over by a youthful member to the custody of the Caledonia Club for the year. The Trophy Competition is open to Scotland, and the contest excites keen rivalry. The rendezvous of the match on this occasion was St. Andrews, and the final tie between Messrs. Harris (Carnoustie) and Simpson (St.

Andrews University) is said to have been one of the most keenly contested matches ever seen on these historic links. That Harris was in the best of form was evinced by his game in the outward journey in the semi-final, when he compiled a 37 in spite of the fact that he unexpectedly failed at the end hole, registering a 5. His run of five 4's from the second hole out was an exceptional performance. And in the final tussle, with the additional strain of a big gallery, the play on the part of both the youthful contestants continued to be of a high-class order.

The issue was in the balance up to the very last putt, for at the "Dyke" the game stood all square, and the "Road" being halved in 5, the match was still open when the players crossed the Swilcan. But then came one of those remarkable unlooked-for incidents that lend an especial charm to the game, a turn of the play proving that the unexpected always happens, illustrating the good old maxim that a match is never lost till it is won. The road across the links has often proved an important factor in settling a closely contested match, but very seldom in the way in which it helped to determine the issue of the Trophy final. Mr. Simpson's tee-shot took him safely over the difficulty, but Harris's, less fortunate, just reached the hazard, the ball resting against a bit of road-metal that lay directly in the line of the hole; so that, to play forward, it was

necessary to drive both ball and stone. The possibilities in such a case are various and usually disastrous, and the chances looked decidedly in favour of the 'Varsity representative; but Harris succeeded in playing the bold game beyond expectation, and getting well away was able with his third to run up on the green, holing out a three-yard putt in 4, while his opponent, short in his third, failed with the like, and so the *Evening Telegraph* Cup was wrested from St. Andrews.

The return, as has been said, of the hero of the hour was the occasion of a triumphal procession, and when the Trophy and its owner were ultimately deposited in safety in the "Caledonia" Club-house, the utmost efforts on the part of the staff were required to cope with the demands of an exultant throng in celebrating the victory. And after both the generous donor, Sir John Leng, and the plucky and promising winner of the Cup, had been fittingly honoured, the latter would no doubt feel, in the consciousness that he had brought new credit to the old links, that—

> "One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

ON LARGO BAY

LARGO BAY has been made famous by a song composed by a native of Montrose, which gives expression to the deep sentiment of our fisher-folk, for "The Boatie Rows" takes its local colouring from the wide bay in the Firth of Forth lying opposite to Berwick Law and that great congeries of links that draws so many players to East Lothian. But Largo itself was famous in Scottish story before it became so in Ewen's song, for Sir Andrew Wood resided there, and the tower or stronghold in which he dwelt, with a view to clearing the Firth of the piratical craft that infested it, still stands, in unsightly neglect, it is true, instead of, as it should be, a carefully-preserved memorial of the founder of the Scottish Navy. But Largo has been made more famous still by the world-renowned tale of *Robinson Crusoe*, for it was there that Defoe's hero was born, and his monument has been better looked to. It stands on the long, narrow, irregular street, looking out from an alcove in the wall, in his goat-skin raiment and with trailing musket, shading his eyes

and gazing over the waters in quest of the longed-for sail.

It is not recorded whether Selkirk ever played golf, or picked up a few pence in his spare hours by carrying clubs; but there is little doubt that he must have traversed Leven Links on his way to that village, and less of doubt that, had he played either on "Dunbarnie" or "Dubbieside," he would have found a substitute for these in Juan Fernandez, and more than likely have instructed Friday in the national pastime, though it were only with a cocoa-nut and a sugar-cane, on the firm sand where he had been first startled by the imprint of his foot.

Leven Links lie along the inner shore of Largo Bay, practically stretching from Leven to Lower Largo. In earlier times the Innerleven Club played on a course called Dubbieside, to the west of the town; but the utilitarian spirit of the age compelled their removal, and the old links are now converted into a network of railway for the convenience of the trade of the great Fife coal-port of Methil. It was somewhere in the early 'sixties that the transference was accomplished, and the Innerleven Club had little reason to regret their removal, for the new ground soon proved as adaptable as the old, and few places have enjoyed better opportunities for golf than Leven has done for nearly fifty years. For some years the links did not extend beyond the Mile Dyke, which traverses the course at the distance of

about two-thirds of its present limits; but, although thus limited in extent, it became in time a most popular course, and was regarded as second only to St. Andrews among Fife greens, and it produced a crop of first-rate players in the ancient Innerleven and more juvenile Thistle Golf Clubs.

The Innerleven Club came to be reckoned as one of the strongest of Scottish Clubs, and in the 'seventies an annual home-and-home match was played between it and the St. Andrews University Club, and these matches excited a great deal of interest in the golfing world, not so large a term then as it has latterly become. It was in one of the return matches with Innerleven that the 'Varsity accomplished on the old course at St. Andrews the biggest feat that had been done up to that date in Club match-playing.

On the occasion of these matches Innerleven was strengthened by the help of a small contingent of "Royal and Ancient" men, who were also in membership with the Leven Club, and among these were Majors Boothby and Bethune — names to conjure with in those days! These players were found frequently heading the earlier lists. It was when playing with one of the Bethune family, the powerful laird of Blebo, also a member of the Leven Club, that Allan Robertson compiled his famous 79, which remained the record for St. Andrews till young Tommy reduced it to 77. Mr. Bethune had

a wide golfing connection, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Gillespie, of Mountquhanie, an old-time member of the "Royal and Ancient," was, in his time, a storehouse of tale and tradition, and of him an admirable portrait is still preserved showing the ruling passion strong in age.[1]

The Innerleven Club has an historian as well as a history. Mr. William Dalrymple has written much on the subject of his home-green, and through his literary gifts, his turn for poesy, his accuracy, and saving grace of humour, he has established his reputation as an authority upon the game, and he has traced the history of the Club for fifty years. We learn, from his research, that the outstanding man, when the present links were opened, was Mr. Wallace of Balgrummo. Carrying everything before him at home, he went forth as the Club's representative to the tournaments that were a popular form of competition in earlier days, and in the '58 contest, held at St. Andrews, he came very near ranking as Scotland's Amateur Champion, for he lasted till the final, and at one stage had his opponent, Mr. Robert Chambers, in the hollow of his hand. At the "Hole Across" he stood four up with five to go; but then disaster dogged his steps, and at the "Road" the match stood square and one to play, and, although Chambers pulled his tee-shot badly, getting

[1] Mr. Gillespie was elected a member of the Royal and Ancient Club in 1831, and, it is believed, lived to be the father of the Club.

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"GILLESPIE OF MOUNTQUHANIE"

To face page 102.

into rough country, he managed to extricate himself so cleverly that Wallace, so near a victor, had ultimately to content himself with second place.

In the St. Andrews tournament of the year previous to that, which was played in couples, the Innerleven representatives were Messrs. Wallace and Marshall, and a somewhat similar fate befell them. They defeated the Musselburgh men, Messrs. Robert Chambers and William Marjoribanks, by two holes, but were beaten in the next round by the "Royal Blackheath" pair, Mr. George Glennie and Captain Stewart, by no less than twelve holes, and the latter players subsequently won the tournament by beating the "Royal and Ancient" men by seven holes. Mr. Robert Chambers, in his spirited rhymes of the times, referring to this meeting, writes:

"The Club from Musselburgh sent
Twa stalwart men to play,
An' weel these chiels did represent
The honest toun that day;

"But tho' they focht wi' micht an' main
An' a' their efforts lent,
The Leven folk by two did gain
The first day's tournament."

And in yet another stanza he pays a further tribute to his antagonists:

"Wallace and Marshall—just the same—
When on the Links o' Leven,
For golfing they have got such fame,
No two will play them even."

Like his partner Wallace, David Marshall was a frequent medal winner on his home-greens, and, following in his father's steps, a son of his figures prominently in the lists of the Thistle Club. At the present time the standard of play is being well maintained. It is not many years since Mr. Wilkie, a Leven colt, brought *kudos* to the old green by securing the Irish Amateur Championship; and some of the younger players, like Messrs. Wallace and Marshall, do excellent work at home, as witness Mr. Goodwillie, of the Thistle Club, who in 1907 won the Standard Insurance Company's Cup with a score of 73, tying with the Leven amateur record created by Mr. Norman Boase, compiled in the match against the Oxford and Cambridge Universities Golfing Society a few years ago. Mr. Goodwillie had exceptionally good fortune on the occasion, as he had the third hole, about two hundred yards, in 1, and the short, or seventeenth hole, of one hundred and fifty yards, in 2. Playing from the other, or Lundin, end, Mr. George Clark equalled Vardon's record of 72, although he had the misfortune in the round to find his ball in a cup at the foot of a railway fence stab, and was compelled to lift with a penalty of two strokes.

The extension of the links beyond the Mile Dyke was effected when the Standard Insurance Company were the proprietors of Lundin. That Company, no doubt, with wise foresight, perceived the possibility

of developing the estate by turning the links to account for the feuing out of their ground as a Summer resort, and they gave every encouragement for the perfecting of the links and the practice of the game, and presented the cup already referred to, putting it into the custody of the Innerleven Club.

The golfing public were not slow to recognise the opportunity thus afforded, for they found good sea-bathing and picturesque surroundings, an old-world fishing village, with its quaint gables and red tile roofs clustering about the harbour, and, above all, an admirably-kept sporting and historic golf-course. It is little wonder that Lundin Links sprang up almost with the celerity of Jonah's gourd.

But the very excellence of the menu seemed likely to prove the death of Lundin, for the links became hampered by its popularity. Is there another golf ground in the kingdom—not, surely, of Fife!—where one Club begins operations at one end and another at the other? This is the case on Leven. Some might fancy that such an arrangement would lead to confusion and strife, for in the Summer months a constant stream of players are arriving at both ends, while others are patiently waiting their turn at the two starting-grounds; but the matter has been all amicably arranged between the Clubs. There is a sense in which Leven might be called "the Scottish Sandwich," for it is on the principal of sandwiching the starting couples between those

playing from the other end that the difficulty is overcome. We find Lundin and Leven players starting out turn about.

There is also a sort of "Box and Cox" agreement with respect to Club matches, for, on these occasions, the privilege of the green is granted to the match-playing Club, the players from the other end holding off till the last of the match-players has started for home. It speaks well for the patience and long-suffering of the golfing fraternity that the frequenters of Leven have put up with the Summer conditions on these links for some few years past. The ball-bench at the starting-places has been often filled two deep, and, owing to the system in vogue, it takes twice the amount of time that is usual to get the players away. So densely has the green been packed that it has occasionally taken as much as five hours to accomplish the round. This means very leisurely progress, with continuous rests at the tees, and it implies abundance of time at the disposal of the golfer. There is too much of the *laissez faire* about it to fit in with the everyday calls of a business life or professional duty. And yet the golfer grinned, or girned, and bore it. Only occasionally did his temper get the better of him. It is said that golf promotes good-fellowship; but everything palls in this world, and it is possible to begin to be bored by too extended an intercourse and interchange of opinions, and to sigh for a wholesome change of

companionship, or even for the presence of an enemy. There have been occasional unmannerly exhibitions of the old Adam, unexpected ebullitions of passion on Leven, as when one wrathful individual made himself ridiculous by kicking over the ball-bench, thus venting his fury by bringing dire confusion among the other starters, or, as at the other end, where an element of inhumanity was introduced, when the old starter and erstwhile custodian of the green, the pawky "Robert," shared the same unseemly treatment. These players showed themselves devoid of that placidity of temper which is essential for first-class golf. But such outbursts have been of rare occurrence, and, in spite of all temptations to impatience, the sandwich arrangement has worked fairly well.

But the time has come to terminate it. Five hours for the round is twice too much. There are limits to patience and endurance, and the authorities at last began to cast about for means of relieving the strain and pressure. It was thought that by reopening Dunbarnie links, lying to the east of Largo, relief might be got at the Lundin end. It is about forty years since there was any golf on Dunbarnie, and it is now utilised for agriculture, though the cottage that was once the Club-house can still be seen there, and there are players about who can remember when a lot of golf was done there by Largo folk.

It is said that the "Honourable Company" looked over Dunbarnie before finally settling down at Muirfield, and there is plenty of room for a fine green there. But it is not convenient for Lundin, and comfort and convenience must be considered if Lundin is to thrive and expand as it has been doing of late. So that the Leven Clubs have resolved to face the inevitable, and make a division of the links. The ladies at both ends have been enjoying very fair facilities just over the railway from the other side, and, according to the principle that rules throughout history and governs the rise and fall of the nations, the weak must go to the wall. It is so also in social life. A society function has been wittily described as "a crowd of respectably-dressed persons, of whom the strong go to the buffet and the weak to the wall," and so, too, even in our recreations, although, in this instance, the unfairness is partly compensated by the fact that the ladies are now eligible for, and do avail themselves of, the larger links. The ladies' links will be removed elsewhere, at Lundin, laid down over fields that are now under the plough, and their present ground, with its crisper turf and sandy hazards, will be added to the old links, so as to make Leven and Lundin independent of one another, and each the happy possessor of a full eighteen-hole course. This will entail crossing the railway, and bring the iron-road more into evidence than

formerly. With regard to Leven, there will be abundance of room in which to complete the course when cut off, as it will be, by the Mile Dyke. Lundin will be the worst off in such a settlement, for there is less space at that end; and when one considers what the rubber core has done for golf, some of the holes there will be on the short side; but to remedy this, as far as possible, some new ground is to be borrowed from Sunnybraes, just as, at Leven, Silverburn Park is likely to be called into requisition to complete the course.

It seems always a vain and purposeless thing, except for literary padding, to describe the several holes upon any links. It helps little or nothing one's knowledge of a green. It is about as useless as to attempt to teach people to play golf by a study of the various styles of the leading players. Some of these possess a style which is anything but attractive. The figures may afford an interesting study in comparison, just as people's thumb-prints do, but give no help for a beginner. "Practice makes perfection" is a maxim which contains a whole manual of instruction, and "come and see" is the only method we know of acquiring a proper knowledge of any one links. We will not attempt to describe Leven, or its last long hole with the Scoonie Burn, which stands in its relation to Leven somewhat as the Swilcan does to St. Andrews. We will not try to estimate the losses or the gains to

either Leven or Lundin by the dismemberment of the old links.[1] That it will be a grief to some who have lived and played there goes without saying. There are old-fashioned golfers to whom "there is no place like home." The devotion to the old course in St. Andrews is a constant proof of it. And it will be a sore trial to some players to part with any part of Leven, for the sunniest hours of life have been spent there. It has become familiar to the eye and hand, and every hole can conjure up some happy memory, where

"Each bush and bank incites to narrative,
Recalls some choice companionship of bygone day,
With drive, or pitch, or putt, or wondrous save,
Or foozle with a marvellous recovery."

But the Leven and Lundin players will become reconciled to the change, feeling that thus it must be; and, when the roughness has been worn off the new additions, they will play in greater comfort, and progress at something more than snail's pace. Whatever regret they may feel at parting with old friends and places, they will eventually discover that it is to the general advantage and happiness, their own included, that—

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new."

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[1] This has now been successfully accomplished.

WHITE LEAS

TRAVELLERS to Scotland by the London and North-Western Railway cannot fail to have noticed a curious tunnel-like station about an hour's journey north of the Beattock Summit. It is the Scottish Clapham. The call-porter, who puts the necessary Scotch emphasis on his *r's*, announces the place as Currst-airs, and the atmospheric conditions, either in Summer or Winter, are far from pleasing. It, however, opens the principal way of approach to the ancient Burgh of Lanark, the capital of the northern black country, which lies some five miles westward.

The very name Lanark, signifying "level ground," has something suggestive of golf about it, and almost the first object that meets the eye as we approach the town is the Golf Club-house, adorned on gala days with a respectable bit of bunting, showing that the L.G.C. has there its local habitation.

It is a little more than half a century since the Brothers Lithgow, of Stanmore, who, we will risk believing, emanated from the great emporium by the Northern Sea, made the first move in the inception

of the Lanark Golf Club. They hit on the happy idea of laying out a links on White Leas, and from then till now the little white ball has been kept rolling there, with more or less persistency.

The course, at first cut out "in circumspection and confine," has been stretching out to fuller proportions with the growth of years.

In the first Roll Book of the Club there are not a few notable names, as, for instance, William Lockhart, of Milton Lockhart, uncle of the gallant General of North-Western Frontier fame, whose social charm is still in warm remembrance, both from his associations with golf gatherings and more sportive festivals; and Laurence Lockhart, more widely known as novelist and poet, who sang so wittily of the old worthies of the Union Parlour, and who has commemorated in his Rhenish verse the scene of an earlier Medal Day. What were all the glories of the Rhineland, its beetling crags and crumbling castles, to one whose heart glowed at the thought of the scarlet and blue jackets dotting the sward, like gay and animated cryptogams, in the mellow of the Autumn morning? But, at least, one giant towered among the earlier players on White Leas, for Robert Clark, printer, Edinburgh, filled for long the place of scratch player, and not infrequently carried off the honours of the Club. The Silver Claret Jug bears witness on its spacious Bowl that he was the first who was able to record three con-

secutive wins; and though the perpetual recurrence of the same name on any trophy is not a little suggestive of him "who keenly scans this life's horizon, for all that he can clap his eyes on," Robert Clark's victories were won in fair fight, and were no doubt thoroughly deserved, for he has been accounted, by those best able to judge, the finest amateur who ever drove a ball on White Leas Green. He has left a memorial on the links in having linked his name with one of the holes which he had once taken in a single stroke.

In earlier years the County Parliamentary Members found time for an occasional bout of golf, and invigorated themselves for their official confinement, among the breezes that swept round the slopes of the neighbouring height of Tinto. Of these, Colonel M'Donald Lockhart, and the laird of Milton Lockhart, were early patrons and players of White Leas; and, in more recent years, the late Sir Wyndham Anstruther showed the same discreet propensity. In these latter days the multiplicity of Parliamentary duties absorbs the entire energies of the Members, who are compelled to meet their constituents in more crowded spaces than golf links, and, so seldom comes their temporary deliverance from the House of Bon—we mean Commons—that the golf membership of a Member nowadays is almost confined to the mere name.

A survey from the Club-house shows the greater

part of the links at a glance, and it reveals, too, the features in which most inland greens compare unfavourably with the better known seaside courses. They fall short because of their necessarily prescribed area, and in the lack of quantity and quality of hazards. In the matter of hazards, civil restrictions long prevented much being done in opening up bunkers on the moor, and the Club had to content itself with one such, if we except two small basins in front of the first and last holes, the latter making its presence known by the help of a hole pin at either end, as a warning to short-sighted and minded persons that a man-trap was set there.

Every student of literature knows that the peculiar interest attaching to history lies in its record of the misfortunes of kings, just as one of the chief delights of social life is found in recounting and commiserating the trials and misadventures of our acquaintances. There is still a good deal of the old Adam in human nature, and we have known even those who were accounted very excellent people finding a modicum of satisfaction in the calamities that befell their friends. When a player of middle-class reputation ventured vaingloriously to recount to a friend his success at a recent tournament, in bearing off the palm; "Ah," was the amiable rejoinder, "but how many disappointments have you suffered in previous years?" It was a fine spirit. Little wonder, then, that the chiefest

interest found on any links centres in the hazards. These are the makers of golfing history. They are the salt that gives the relish to the round, and the absence of bunkers, burrows, burns, rushes, ruts and roots would destroy the whole romance and pleasure of the game.

We have on White Leas one bunker, which we may still, with propriety, entitle "our only bunker," and we regard it with a respect not untinged with awe. We make the most we can of it. We play alongside of it, we cross it, and we recross it. We even leave it with a feeling of reluctance, after our enemy has been exploring its depths and recesses. It is a fearsome place, half sand and gravel pit, with pyramidal mounds of the same inconveniently in the way, and half repository of the town's superfluities. Disused pans, kettles, earthen and china ware, heaps of festive tins (it is said only goats eat these) in indescribable confusion, and offering the most enticing possibilities to the *chiffonniers*; ablaze, too, with fitful flames, redolent of smouldering heaps of cast-off raiment, tarred rope and oily waste; the few clear spaces scattered with minerals and engine ashes, the whole serrated with cart-ruts and fringed with whins and heather. It has been, not unworthily, likened to Gehenna, and it is small wonder that prior to the Cup and Medal meetings, its fateful form fills the player's "dreams by day, his waking thoughts by night." The hole across it is a simple 3,

par play; all that is required is a clean loft off the cleek or iron, but it not infrequently figures on the card as a 3, with an irritating and antecedent unit. Pungent and noxious as its vapours are, they can still assume the guise of a fragrant perfume, when the ball of the other man, who is three strokes to the good, falls softly in an ashy heap, and he descends to examine a part of the tangled torment. "How can you endure to live in such a place, with the odour of these shale pits poisoning the air?" "My good friend," said the bloated Director, "the air here is richer than the perfume-laden breezes of Araby, for it bears the scent of a twenty-five *per cent.*" One has not the moiety of a notion of the possibilities of running up a score till he has played conscientiously through "our only bunker."

But there are other troubles on the White Leas that are not dreamed of in the ordinary philosophy of golf. For some months in Summer the moor is studded with the bell tents of the Scottish Rifles and the Highland Light Infantry Militia, and it adds an exciting novelty to the game to find that the ball has stolen underneath the canvas, and to have to apologise to the gallant inmates for your intrusion and awkward efforts to play it out. He was a very plucky player whose ball, by mischance, from the last tee, popped through the plate-glass window of a lady's boudoir overlooking the Swilcan Burn in St. A., and who coolly turned to the caddie with the

inquiry if he was compelled to play it out. He could not speak with the temerity of one who had been there before, but it clearly took something more than an ordinary run of bad luck to upset his nervous system. But besides the difficulty of dealing with a ball under canvas, when the camp is struck, and the Rifles have folded their tents like the Arab, they leave behind them a multitude of minor hazards in the shape of narrow circular drains, peg-holes, and other evils associated with a military residence on a golf links.

And then there is the burn, almost intersecting White Leas, and intruding itself on the players' notice in a manner out of all proportion to its size and appearance. It belongs not to the beautiful or picturesque order of nature. It does not chatter brook-like on its course. It is not a purling, bright, and happy stream. It is more of a miniature "Styx *interfusa*," crawling on a bed of yellow slime, stealing surreptitiously in between the holes, and hiding itself below steep and narrow banks, as if conscious and ashamed of the malignant purpose it is called to serve. And in proximity to this malicious waterway there are rushy marshes, fatal to every foozled stroke and every incautious novice. "My friend Ronald," said a Sheriff of the County, almost as impetuous as William de Hislope, *sit illi terra levis*, "dodges round the rushes, but I always play the game," and he drove slap into the thick of

them, and grumbled when the hole was lost. One could most fittingly have applied to his case the Highland boatman's verdict on Lord John Russell, "He's a man o' terrible joodgment."

One can see at a glance on the moor that our ground-man does credit to himself, especially in the upkeep of the greens, the last, below the Club-house windows, looking as if it had been laid with a spirit-level; and on match days these are quite a picture of smooth, firm sward. What a chance here for getting down those long, straight, deadly telling putts, which, in spite of all inventions, so seldom come off! It was refreshing to hear Old Tom's stubborn self-defence when we bantered him once on the excellence of present-day golfing form in comparison with that of the days of his prime; "When Allan an' me cam' round in 79," said the veteran hero of a hundred fights, "there had nayther been a roller, a mower, a scythe, nor yet a besom on the greens, an' I'm still of the opinion that oor game has never been bate."

We have not yet attained on White Leas to the prestige of a resident professional, who would do all our exhibition play; nor have we a local clubmaker, but rest content with the goods of such repre-sentative firms as Forgan, Morris, Anderson, Park, and so on, getting repairs done by the town's upholsterer. But a still more remarkable deficiency is that of a regular staff of qualified caddies, such

as give character (of a kind) to more generally frequented golf resorts. We have none with any authoritative manner, such as those tanned, taciturn, slouching men, who, however disreputable in appearance, still can venture to identify themselves with the player in such terms as "Us to play," "Oor ba'," or "We're playin' noo." It is a distinct disadvantage to have no one to interject at the critical moment, when the hole hangs in the balance of your mental debate, with what is known to grammarians as the categorical imperative, "Tak' yer mashie." We have, perforce, to play our own game, and are thankful to get hold of a boy or girl out of school hours for club-bearer, the latter for preference, as being more docile, tractable, and restful. One may well be excused for using strident tones, when he finds, on emergency, that his caddie has disburdened himself some way behind, and is employed with his unemployed playmates in an extemporised game of football. But small caddies are better than none, and we regret to have to publish the fact, but there are players on White Leas who are not sufficiently alive to the importance of education, and the urgent necessity of swelling "the master-gard'ner's gains," and who entice the errant urchin away to breathe the caller air of Heaven when he should be inhaling the heated and intellectual atmosphere of the National School. And it is no unwonted sight to see the Officer of the Truant Department mounted

on an ex-Yeomanry charger doing a round of cub-hunting on the Muir, and bearing off his palpitating prey, to exchange the hickory rods for a taste of the famous Lanark birch.

But though in some things lagging behind this long-striding age, a fresh interest was added to the game some few years ago by the advent of Old Tom, under whose wise eyes the links was extended, to the full tale of eighteen holes, and who predicted universal satisfaction in course of time for the new stretch of course. For the first few years the additional holes afforded an excellent field for losing balls, and a rich harvest for the lynx-eyed lounger. They served to prove that whins, like facts, are stubborn things, and take a deal of dinging.

There is now, annually, a large turn-out at the Autumn Meeting, when the destiny of the chief trophies is determined, but the older members tell, with something of sadness in their tone, of many vanished faces and forms that gathered at the Club dinner, a function at present in abeyance, and recall the various Captains' oratory, some even extolling the songs of Laurence Lockhart, who has left us a proof of his social proclivities in the spirited apostrophe—

"Ho! Kellner! schnell kommen! gleich bringen sie Wein!"

THE MATCH AT NORTH BERWICK

A REMINISCENCE

AULD REEKIE had arrayed herself in festal attire in honour of H.R.H., her youngest Burgess-to-be, on the morning of the match, and yet not a few turned their backs on the brave display of Union Jacks and Royal Standards, rightly or wrongly marshalled, to get a sight of the Royal Game, as exhibited by two of the best of English and Scottish exponents.

As we passed underneath the barred windows of the prison rock, one of our fellow *voyageurs* enlivened us with an appropriate *bon-mot*, how he had once expostulated with a sternly countenanced dame for telling her young hopeful that "the Calton" was "Embro' Castle," but was rewarded with a frown, as she added, with a severe emphasis, "Mind what yer mither tells ye."

The further landscape, or seascape, as the Firth came in view, was veiled in thick haze, and the prognostications were in favour of a cool, refreshing day.

Prestonpans, with its plain, massive column to

Col. Gardiner, one of the heroes of the Jacobite engagement with "Johnnie Cope," lies about midway on the journey; and a little farther on is the picturesque Seton Castle, where, it is said, the barn-door fowls now go to roost in Queen Mary's sleeping chamber. Drem is the junction for a rare group of greens, and there you are in sight of Berwick Law; and soon after we were detrained, in comfortable time to reach the links and take up a position for a promising view of the day's doings. At the end of the rope is one of the best places for getting a view of the outs and ins of the game, and most of the old and practised hands gravitate thitherward.

The haze was lifting off the sea when the two principals made their appearance, and the islets, Craiglee and its neighbour, in their intermingled tints of saffron, vert, and amber, added the charm of variety to the wide stretch of blue. The Bass loomed sombrely in the distance, but the Law, fringed with foliage, and studded with red-tiled villas, a gay châlet-looking edifice, the home of one of the Lords of Session, surmounting the rest, was looking its very best, just as if it had preened itself to please the crowd who came to see the long-talked-of contest on the links. It was whispered at this early stage that Park had enjoyed the privilege of placing the holes where it so pleased him; while, of his opponent, it was told, his dearest wish had been gratified—a breeze off the east being his special

fancy, and what wind there was, certainly came from that quarter. As the day advanced, however, the breeze declined, and by one o'clock we could hear distinctly the time-gun sounding from the neighbourhood of "Mons Meg." If some of the players suffered from the heat at Sandwich, to the abnormal plenishing of their cards, there was no cause of any such complaint at North Berwick. Nothing could have been more delightful, at least, for the onlookers. The gallery has been described as the largest and most orderly crowd that ever gathered to witness a golf match. What a contrast it must have seemed to another encounter, in the 'seventies, when Old Tom tried issues against Willie's father on the family patch, for there the partisans of the players turned the links into a petty pandemonium, and by means of turnips, potatoes, and other misused missiles made play ultimately impossible! But at North Berwick order was the supreme law, and both combatants got the best of fair play.

And yet, in spite of expectations, it was not a first-class exhibition after all. From the first, indeed, it was seen that Vardon had the best of the game, for Park over and over again saved the half only by the consistent accuracy of his putting. He was called repeatedly to give the long odds, and while Vardon on several occasions failed to do himself justice, even to the foozling of putts, the local man was not able to seize the grand opportunity. Nothing

but pressing could have drawn him so much off the line on the return journeys, and though he had a marvellous escape at the seventeenth hole ("Point Garry"), he should never have required to play off the shingle. What an amusing illustration of the ups and downs of golf the spectators had at that hole! Only with the help of a left-handed iron niblick could the North Berwick player regain the course, and then he gave the two more, Vardon lying well on the green. The ball got within a yard of the hole, and the Englishman, overrunning his putt, required to play the like. Park holed out, and Vardon's ball running round the disc, his little scheme had gone "aglee"—Park, 6; Vardon, 7. One of the lesser incidents of the match has given rise to some diversity of opinion. The Referees were agreed, and there was no dispute on the matter between the principals, so that, all being satisfied, there was no reference made to the Umpire, and yet it is a point which might well be referred for settlement to the wisdom of the "Royal and Ancient" Committee. Vardon's ball from the tee had followed Park's so closely in its flight as at last to touch and move it a few inches forward. The balls lay closely together, so that the Champion had to play with the Scotsman's ball unpleasantly near his own. After he had played and muffed his stroke, Park asked and obtained leave to replace his ball in its original position, eventually winning the hole. Now, when

such principals with their caddies, *fidus Achates* "Fiery" and Tom Vardon, along with Referees like the lamented F. G. Tait and Broadwood, were satisfied there would seem to be but little room for argument; and yet there were two points upon which one might have reasoned that the permission granted was irregular. The first that the rule dealing with such an occurrence formed part of No. 36 in the "Royal and Ancient" rules, which, along with the six preceding rules, evidently referred exclusively to the putting green, leaving any displacement of an opponent's ball anywhere else, to be regarded as "a rub of the green"; and the second—was it an unwritten rule?—that if the ball required to be replaced it should be done at once. Had it been so in the case in point it would have been removed out of Vardon's way altogether, as it would have then been dealt with under Rule 20, lying, as it would have done, within six inches of the other.

At the close of the day Vardon had secured a useful lead, in spite of his shortcomings on the green. Many reasons have been put forward to account for his defections—a new putter, watered greens, the sound of many voices, and so on; but we incline to the candid criticism of our old partner on a far less trying occasion. "Sheer funk, sir, say what you like!" Even the best at times do fail. No one can deny the super-excellence of the Champion's game, or refuse him credit for his consistent play in

the past; the manner in which he manipulated his brassey, getting away straight, raking, telling shots, called forth the highest praise; but he has been called "the Golfer of the Century," and though, as Mrs. Malaprop says, "Comparisons are odoriferous," we cannot help, after the North Berwick display, calling to mind the St. Andrews lad, whose career was cut short on Christmas Day of 1875, when he had seen but a couple of dozen Summers, and who, in his time, played many big matches with exceptional success, whose powers were only called out in a higher degree the keener the contest, and who could have holed out with any player of more recent times. He is known in the annals of golf as "Young Tommy."

PRESTWICK AND TROON

"O' A' THE AIRTS"

STUDENTS of Burns, those at anyrate who commingle their worship of the Bard with an occasional round of golf, have searched his works with lynx-like eye for references to the national pastime, but they have searched in vain. Burns has sung, with characteristic flight of fancy, the National Religion, the National Emblem, and the National Beverage, but the pastime he has left severely alone. It escaped the notice of his coal-black eye. A few of his lines have been twisted by some imaginative writers on golf, in the hope of finding even an indirect reference, to take a meaning which they cannot bear; and yet, though he may have ignored the game played at Ayr, we cannot doubt, in his own day, as puerile and unworthy his magic muse, there are a couple of lines in one of his odes which directly refer to the Prestwick Links, though not in a very complimentary fashion. In the poem called "The Vision," and in some verses of it which did not appear

in its earliest version, he eulogises the owner of Orangefield as—

> "The owner of a pleasant spot
> Near sandy wilds, I did him note."

Dalrymple's distinguished ancestor, Governor Macrae of Madras, had changed the name of Monkton House to Orangefield, but he could not change the name of the Parish, and the titles of the combined parish of Monkton and Prestwick tell us that in olden times these places were famed for the two religious orders of monks and priests. The monks were the pioneers of civilisation; they were the first agriculturists, the first road surveyors, the first educationists in the country, and, having charge of the upbringing of the youth, the teaching of the young idea, they would have been less than human if they had excluded sports from their curriculum. It may be safely predicated that they were the first golfers in the land; so at least it must have been in the neighbourhood of Ayr, for the hoariest legend relating to Prestwick golf refers to a mysterious stake in a match between a monk and a layman for the nose of the former. What the explanation of it is and what was the termination no one knows, for the narrative deponeth not, and we can but hope that the devoted cleric did credit to his cloth, and was not worsted in the fight to the detriment of either purse or personal appearance. Two of the ecclesiastical remains at Prestwick are the ruined Kirks of St. Nicholas and St. Cuthbert.

Whether the former had any connection with the links, his biographers have failed to inform us. He is, however, known as the patron saint of thieves, and this may serve to account for some of those long steals on the green for which such members of the "St. Nicholas" as Robert Andrew and Gordon Lockhart have, in recent years, made themselves famous; but of St. Cuthbert, the Scottish shepherd lad who turned monk, and who was ultimately elevated to the Bishopric of Lindisfarne, we know for certain that he is right worthy of being acknowledged as the patron saint of golf. There is no question as to his predilection for the game and his proficiency in it, for his is the remarkable distinction of being the only golfer to whom, as such, a stained-glass window has been placed in any Church. In the sacred edifice in Kensington, dedicated to famous fathers of the early Church, he is represented with a company of other youths, engaged in a contest on the links, the castled rock in the background being not a little suggestive of the old Bruntsfield Green. The Prestwick Club, however, is not of ancient origin, dating only from the middle of last century; but, though the western mind was somewhat slow to adopt golf, it has eventually grappled it to its heart with bands of steel. Within a decade of its formation, Prestwick won the recognition of all the old established Clubs when it originated the Open Championship, and presented the Belt with its massive silver buckle, which used

to be often displayed in Morris's showroom window in St. Andrews, for young Tommy annexed it within ten years of its institution by three successive wins. At Prestwick Tommy's foot was on his native heath; he had been brought up on the links there, his father having, at the instigation of Colonel Jas. O. Fairlie, removed from St. Andrews to be green-keeper there about the middle of the century. Colonel Fairlie in his time was a player of note both in the East and West of Scotland. His driving powers were exceptional, and these have been celebrated in the lines—

> "When he drives a ball—
> One of the best, for he don't hit them all—
> It then requires no common stretch of sight
> To watch its progress and to see it light."

A glance over Prestwick satisfies one that the poetic vision of Burns had truly gauged the nature of the scene, but a round of the links will even better impress the mind with the appropriateness of his graphic phrase—"sandy wilds." The nomenclature of the Green supports the poet's impression. It has not been deemed too ludicrous a figure to liken the more prominent hazards to the most mountainous regions of the earth. Even the Alps have been regarded as insufficiently suggestive, and the Club has gone to the Himalayas in order to find a suitable contrast for the scene from a golfer's point of view. And what shall we say of "The

Cardinal"? We can but recall the apostrophe of Burns to our national *pièce de résistance* and apply it to the awe-inspiring chasm—"Great chieftain o' the bunker-race"! Could these "heichts an' howes" have held no terrors for Mr. Robert Maxwell when he handed in his record card of Sixty-six? They have daunted many a stronger player. "The Cardinal" gave our Scottish hero James Braid a severe shaking in the second-last round of his second-last Championship. It is interesting, as well as encouraging, to recall what happened. Braid restricted his first two drives by using the cleek; his third shot, from his iron, struck the perpendicular sleepers that face the bunker and rebounded out of bounds; with another ball the sleepers again got in his way, and his little acquaintanceship with the wearer of the red robes put an 8 on a card which, however, eventually helped to bring him all that he could desire—the Blue Ribbon of 1908.

Beyond the high hummocks that terminate the outward journey of Prestwick lies another Ayrshire Green that has come very much to the front within the last quarter of a century. Willie Fernie, who has been responsible for the extension and upkeep of Troon, as the veteran Charlie Hunter has so long been at Prestwick, has made the very utmost of the natural possibilities of the Green, and has kept before him the ideal of a greenkeeper's heart, "that your good be better, and your better best." Like so

many of our first-class Scottish players, Fernie hails from the great emporium on St. Andrews Bay, and his reputation there and elsewhere was established when he defeated and administered a severe dressing to J. O. F. Morris, the son whom old Tom named after his Prestwick friend and patron, the Colonel.

In that match Fernie put in a round at St. Andrews which would have been a match record had not Mr. Everard, acting as referee, raised objection, on the ground that, the match being over, Fernie had removed Jimmie's ball, which had stymied him, before holing his last putt. Fernie has not only mapped out the course among the numerous hummocks on Troon Links, and along the meandering Pow, a stream which after working much imp-like mischief in many of the matches on Prestwick runs off to carry on the same nefarious practice among the golfers of Troon, but he has given his best service to the Troon civil authorities. These, by their encouragement and development of the game, have brought great gain to the little seaport town and grist to the municipal mill. The Ducal proprietor of the town has fostered and furthered their schemes. He is himself an ardent golfer—quite an enthusiast, and at Welbeck Abbey he possesses a first-rate private links—a possession every golfing brother envies him—where there is abundance of elbow-room, and where the capricious ballot never clouds the prospect of a forenoon round.

Both Fernie and his neighbour, Charlie Hunter, possess much of the *savoir faire* of that "nature's own gentleman" who so long held sway under the ægis of the "Royal and Ancient" at St. Andrews. Willie has kept beside him two swank, supple sons, one of whom at least seems likely to "rive his father's bonnet." Tom Fernie, who has already taken a leading place on the Scottish lists, has lately entered upon new duties to the south of Prestwick —at that fine new holiday resort called Turnberry, which caters for Glasgow and the West in a fashion similar to that in which Cruden Bay supplies a felt want for Aberdeen and the North; and, we are given to understand, that at these resorts there are other matches made besides those of golf.

With his two stalwarts, Willie's trio would give a good account of themselves against any other existing similar family combination. He is ever ready to sing the praises of the Ducal patron, whom he taught to play the game, as he has done many another. Fernie's father was a scholar of Scotland's most ancient University, and Willie has inherited a philosophical mind, and impresses the tyro with the need both of mental and physical effort to ensure success on the green. He who would succeed in any avocation must needs pursue it *cum aequo animo*, and Willie puts his counsel to every aspirant of the game into poetic form in the lines—

"Though ye duff, man, never huff, man,
On the links or in the ha';
Show that ye're the proper stuff, man,
Keep yer temper through it a'.

"Calm and quiet is the rule, man,
Holds in every field of life;
He but stoops to play the fule, man,
Fretting sore when ills are rife.

"When baffing, sclaffing ye distress, man,
An' misfortunes dire befa',
Slow back, steady, dinna press, man,
Keep yer e'e upon the ba'."

FAR NORTH

"COME in here, Dugald," said a shock-headed student to his brother, who was waiting at the door of the Principal's room, "come in here, and see a gentleman who does not know where Rogart is!" But Rogart is more widely known than it was fifty years ago, for just beyond it lies the Queen of Northern Watering-places and the home of the Royal Dornoch Golf Club. It is necessary to explain that the title of this article is a relative term. Under certain aspects such a title would be a misnomer. My friend who was crossing the Dornoch Firth inquired of the boatman whether he belonged to the locality. "No," was the reply, not without the suggestion of resentment, "I pelong to the Nurth of Scotland." But we are writing of Dornoch in its relation to the great heart and centre of Scottish golf, the kingdom of Fife, and from there Dornoch lies at the distance of a day's journey, and one has to make a very early start, and exhibit something of what Napoleon called "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage," in order to reach the Royal Burgh in time to admit of an

evening round. Of course, as golf is played nowadays over the whole habitable globe, Dornoch cannot be considered out of the way. When we consider that we have been brought within two days' reach of the Alps, on the slopes and in the valleys of which golf is becoming more and more an everyday spectacle, even South-country players must regard Dornoch as lying at their very door. It puts a different complexion on the subject altogether when we remember that golf is now played under the shadow of the Great Pyramid; and that, indeed, wherever the Britisher has taken root, from Bengal to Donegal, there likewise the game has sprung up and flourished amazingly. We remember having heard that some of the savants of the British Association, a few years ago, introduced golf to the natives in the neighbourhood of the Victoria Falls, if they did not actually convert that majestic cascade into one of the hazards of the green; and, besides, we have been credibly informed that that intrepid explorer, Captain Scott, Scot-like, carried his clubs with him in the South Polar Expedition, and indulged his weakness on the fields of eternal snow and ice. But, when all is said and done, Dornoch is outside the programme of a week-ender's holiday from such a centre as Fife or the Lothians.

And yet, though far North, Dornoch is not by any means a new discovery. It takes its place among the handful of Scottish Greens that have a

history. Although the Golf Club has only been in existence for a little over thirty years, the traditions of the Green extend away back into the misty past, and the archives of Dunrobin and the Burgh records lead us to understand that play has been going on there for at least three hundred years.

Sir Robert Gordon, tutor to the Earl of Sutherland, not only figures in history as the restorer of the ancient Cathedral of Dornoch, but he seems to have been the first to draw public attention to the valuable asset Dornoch possessed in the extensive links which lay around the city. He seems, with a prophetic insight, to have forecasted the possibilities of Dornoch golf, and, although he could not have anticipated the full extent of the annual harvest now reaped from the links, yet he was bold enough to declare—we must always allow a certain licence for local enthusiasm—that, in its links, Dornoch could rival either St. Andrews or Montrose. The public opinion, at least of Dornoch, will, there is no doubt, support this early flattering estimate.

In the far North one finds, especially among the elderly ghillies and caddies, a theological bent of mind, and a sort of homespun, rule-of-thumb method of dealing with problems that even expert theologians have never solved in such a way as to be beyond objection. It was in the North that we learned that "at the Creation some things were made and some were left unmade, or not finished

altogether like those that were made," and from this, to us, novel theory, or, rather, statement of fact, it was easy to account for the difference in the value of land in the Northern Counties, compared with that of the more finished and fertile South, and to see the force and justice of the claim for a State subsidy for the Highlands. We are led to recall this single-eyed syllogism from the reflection that some fifty or more years ago, according to the Burgh records, the total revenue of the links, direct and indirect, was £2 : 2s. Without question, a great deal has been recently done at Dornoch to make up for this deficiency. In a quarter of a century how has the value of the links been multiplied? We do not know what value the Assessor puts upon such waste places as Dornoch Links, but it may well be high, for it has proved a veritable field of gold, causing almost as great a rush to the town as was witnessed some years ago to the auriferous rock beds on the Yukon River.

Let not the jaded city devotee imagine that in the far North he is to find, during the Summer months, more elbow-room than falls to his share in Southern places; for there the queue of balls, or, to be more exact, the tin tube, is in constant service; and he must be quite as alive to secure a satisfactory place on the roster as at St. Andrews or North Berwick.

Since the advent of the rubber-core, a considerable addition was made to the links in the direction

of Embo, and there are now, in the round, a couple of holes of over 500 yards, and two or three others only a hundred less. It is remarkable how many of the holes on the outward journey are to be found upon ramparted greens, "not high-raised battlement or laboured mound," but looking exactly like miniature forts or camps, with the *vallum fossaque* formation so agreeable to the mind of the ancient Roman general, somewhat similar in appearance to the "Corner o' the Dyke" at St. Andrews. One of these holes, "Earl's Cross," takes its name from the pillar that commemorates a feat of valour by the Earl of Sutherland, who decided the issue of an old-time battle by slaying the Danish general, using as his weapon of destruction the leg of a horse which came conveniently to hand; but whether the "Witch" hole is a memorial of the last case of witch-burning in the North, which took place in the vicinity of the links, common report deponeth not. A very sporting hole is the sixth, or hole across, entitled the "Whinny Brae," on a plateau which is carefully guarded against anything but a long, straight mashie shot.

Referring to the scenery that can be viewed from the links, the local guide-book thus enlarges: "The spectator admiring Nature can contemplate the loveliness of an extensive marine and champaign landscape, then pass his gaze on to the deep solitude of ancient forests, or dark, craggy fastnesses of Alpine

ravines, etc. etc." We question if such an inviting vista ever attracted the presence of a golfer. It is not a "champaign landscape" that he goes in quest of. But the Secretary of the Club comes more to the point when he writes: "The nature of the turf has frequently been described as 'velvety'; but, strictly speaking, this is not so, although, under certain conditions, and at certain times, it is considerably more 'velvety' than at others." One cannot help admiring the judicious terms in which the assiduous and astute Secretary has taken care to recommend the Green.

Let us be thankful the Green is not "velvety." We have heard it described as "weedy," but that was after a lost match. But much has been done of late years to remove any natural roughness upon it, large spaces through the green have recently been returfed, and all has tended to ensure that a straight-hit ball will be well treated, and secure a clean lie. It is said that there are no "Alps" or "Himalayas" on Dornoch, but there well might be, and, by playing over the rough slopes at the Embo end, the Green could be so advantageously lengthened in that direction as to provide an eighteen-hole course to the north of the Club-house, and so save backing down to the low-lying ground, where, without question, the burn has been turned to such good account as a hazard. But, even at the sacrifice of the burn, the project is worth consideration. The

proprietor of Skibo, already a generous friend of the Club, as his "Shield" bears witness, and a late victim to the infection, knows a thing or two about "removing mountains" and the best means of accomplishing this end. With a little of his help, every obstruction and difficulty in the way of such extension could be brushed aside and overcome.

As with every other reputable green, Dornoch has had some notable men, whose names are for ever associated with it. It is unquestionably a sign of a high golfing reputation to be taken notice of at St. Andrews, and in what is undoubtedly the most spirited of all the old golfing pictures, "The End of a Big Match," one of the former Dornoch lairds, Mr. George Dempster, of Skibo, occupies a front position, and we may take it for granted that, unless he had been a front-rank player, his likeness would not have appeared there. But, passing from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present time, Dornoch has annexed a young player who has already done great things, and who has the promise of a great future before him. Mr. Gordon-Simpson did splendid work for his Alma Mater, and almost carried the old Red Cross to the premier position in the Amateur Championship a few years ago, as, out of a record field, he only fell in the sixth round, by the barest possible margin, before Mr. C. C. Lingen, the runner-up in the contest. On the home links Mr. Simpson has carried all before him, and he must be

heavily plussed to give other players, some of them strong representatives in the Northern Counties Cup Match, a chance of success. His record of the Green, 72, is only two strokes over Taylor's professional record of 1906. J. H. Taylor is a frequent visitor there. No one would think of recommending a rural postman to spend his holiday taking long walks in the country, but it is asserted that Taylor spends his annual holiday on Dornoch Links. That he should go so far North in pursuit of the game is evidence enough of the excellence of the menu. It is a fine, firm, breezy links, and every year, by careful tending, is being put into better order. Three hundred years ago Charles I. conferred upon the town the title of a "Royal" Burgh, and more recently King Edward granted to the Golf Club the use of the same high-sounding title. The Club basks in the Royal favour, and so great has been the measure of recent prosperity that it has now erected a Club-house that is more in keeping with its prestige and the requirements of the times. Hitherto, their energies and revenue have been expended on the Green, and that is the proper sequence. A roomy, airy Club-room and comfortable lounge are both good and desirable; but the Green is the main thing, and the care of that is a constant claim and drain upon Club finance, and a duty not only incumbent upon the Green Committee, but upon every player who is endowed with a reasonable mind.

Among the Club furnishings there is displayed a golfing rhyme setting forth a maxim that cannot be too deeply impressed upon every player of whatever age, sex, or clime; for, after recounting certain liberties, and even a certain licence, in which each may indulge his own taste or habit, it concludes with an appeal which might fitly find its sanction or enforcement in a graduated penal code reaching unto coercion—

"Remember the maxim for all you are worth,
If you sclaff with your iron, you put back the turf."

A CHAT WITH AN OCTOGENARIAN

MR. ROBERT DUTHIE AND GOLF AT ABERDEEN

IT was when sea-trout fishing on one of the Aberdeenshire estuaries that fortune threw us in the way of an ex-Captain of the "Royal Aberdeen," who figured prominently in the Club lists half a century ago; and who, although advanced in years, is still youthful in spirit, delighting to expatiate on the history of the game in its relation to the Aberdeen Golf Club. We had often wondered how the proverbially shrewd, keen-witted natives of the Granite City looked upon the game. Here was the wished-for opportunity of solving the problem, and after rod and waders were laid aside for the night, and the inner calls of nature silenced for the time, we found ourselves carried back threescore years among the golfers who figured then on the Queen's and Old Town Links of Aberdeen. The picture presented did not suggest the crowded condition of the links with which people are now familiar. Out of a largely populated city, which can now turn out

on the same links a crowd of 40,000 to view a horse race, there were but a dozen or so of golfing men, who distinguished themselves, first by green, and afterwards by the "scarlet coats and brass buttons," that were so much in evidence in those days, and which added a bit of warm colour to the scene.

Mr. Robert Duthie had been for long a partner of the old firm of shippers and shipbuilders, John Duthie & Sons, and he is an Aberdonian to the very core. A man of many gifts, graces, and sporting proclivities, he has shot over many Aberdeenshire moors, but of all the mundane interests that have occupied his attention, none laid so firm a grip upon his mind and affections as golf. His thought and discourse circled especially round the 'sixties, when he himself was playing his best game, as the Club records show, and at that date his fellow-members showed their regard both for his form and faculty by electing him for two successive years to the Captaincy. He did not dwell much upon the inception of the game in the Northern Capital. One has to search the city's archives and the Old Machar Cathedral records of the 16th century to get reliable data on that subject; and if one wants a trustworthy account, both of ancient and modern doings, he must turn to Mr. Charles Smith's full and particular history of *The Aberdeen Golfers*. Mr. Duthie excelled not only in the game but in the handicraft

of club and ball making, and, where there was no club-maker at hand, the acquisition was a valuable one. In his school-days he developed a deftness of hand and fineness of touch that were nothing short of marvellous; and he was in the habit of amusing himself and his schoolmates by carving statuettes of the great Napoleon, with the aid of a penknife, out of bits of slate pencil. He treasures still the last remaining instance of such skill. It is a wonderful representation of *le petit Général*, in the familiar dress and posture at St. Helena, with *son petit chapeau*, and arms folded, gazing moodily seaward. Dr. John F. White, the late north-country art-critic, and golfer to boot, though not a good one, was wont to acknowledge that it was through seeing Robert Duthie occupied on his juvenile creations that his mind was first turned in the direction of art, and that he entered upon a career where he won such distinction. But Mr. Duthie did not confine his efforts to slate pencils. He turned his natural gift to the field of golf, and he can show, turned out under his direction by one of the company's engineers, the first golf-ball mould ever used north of the Tay. He was led to manufacture it through his father receiving, in 1857, a gift of gutta-percha by one of the company's schooners from Batavia. The gift took the form of a ewer and basin and walking-stick, but these did not long remain in their original form, for the golfing proclivities of the son

soon converted them to service on the links, and his were among the earliest guttas that appeared there.

Every golfer knows something of the introduction of the gutta ball, and of the animus raised in Allan Robertson's mind when he learned that his journeyman, Tom Morris, had, at the instigation of Mr. Campbell of Saddell, condescended to handle the unclean thing. The old feather ball, from which industry Allan partly derived a comfortable living, had served its time; and not all his wrath and revenge could drive the new gutta, so much more firm and elastic, from the links. The feather ball became a sodden thing in wet weather, and one can imagine how it must have lost its rotundity, and how the game must have deteriorated in such a case; but there was no sponginess about gutta-percha.

Not golf balls only, but iron clubs came forth from the Footdee Factory. The schooners also brought billets of hickory from Savanna, and these provided all that was needed for club shafts; and what was done in the shipbuilding yard, many of the Aberdeen players, in after years, essayed to do. For many years prior to the last decade of the nineteenth century Aberdeen could not support a club-maker; there were too many amateur experts engaged in the business. Mr. Duthie sent the Montrose maker, Bob Dow, his first consignment of hickory. It wrought a revolution in club-making,

and, by and by, the ash shafts went quite out of fashion. He also put another famous maker, G. D. Brown, whom Old Tom succeeded in St. Andrews, into communication with the Aberdeen Agricultural Society, and enabled him to get an abundant supply of horn, for, at that time, there were few other purposes to which the horns of slaughtered sheep and oxen could be applied. Our octogenarian friend thus not only did good service to his own Club and City, but to the game of golf in some of its most ancient centres. He is the last survivor of a company of players, including names such as William Dingwall Fordyce, M.P., Sheriff Comrie Thomson, and P. H. Chalmers, who by the erection of a Club-house on the links, gave a fillip to the game, then at a low ebb in Aberdeen, which has never slackened, but ever increased to the present day. He deserves to be commemorated as one who has ever loved and protected the Queen's and Old Town Links, and who long and honourably served a Club in which he won, as a player, a front-rank position. His scarlet coat with brass buttons, showing the badge of the Thistle and the Club's denomination, is still well preserved. We were permitted, as a signal favour, to give it an airing. It should find honourable housing in the spacious Balgownie Club-house, not solely as a relic of long ago.

It is usual to find in the story of a famous links

some one player who has, in an exceptional way, brought it credit and renown. There are usually, indeed, a few of the players who are known and respected for their sterling play and worth, and held in honour and regard. It is not possible to enumerate all Aberdonians who have won such fame, but the Club lists of the score of years under review present such familiar names as Captain A. D. Fordyce and Mr. Charles Anderson, of Fettykill, both "Royal and Ancient" medallists, Mr. Cornelius Thompson, a Captain of the Royal St. George's Club, and Mr. Garden G. Smith, who is too well known to need particularising. There is, however, one player who, in more recent times, has out-distanced all his fellow-citizens, and to whom Aberdonians are now looking to bring the blue riband north some day to his native Green. George Duncan learned his golf on the old Town Links, and although a strange fatality has intervened for the last couple of years between him and the attainment of every great golfer's ambition, his time is sure to come. Such reverses as Duncan's only nerve such a player as he for future success, and, as the most brilliant performer of the time, he cannot fail to be credited, sooner or later, with the coveted badge. He may be assured of a great reception from the crowd of golfers who now gather on the old links and the newer Balgownie should such be the case; and he will then have realised

the fond wish of William Watson for the sons and daughters of the city of whose University he himself is an adopted son, a wish which is quite as applicable in the field of golf as in any of the higher walks of life—

"O city of the pallid brow austere,
Grey, wintry featured, sea-throned Aberdeen,
The stranger thou hast honoured shall not cease,
In whatsoever ways he rest or roam,
To wish thee noble fortune, fame serene,
Thee and thy towers of learning and of peace,
That brood benignant on the northern foam."

THE END

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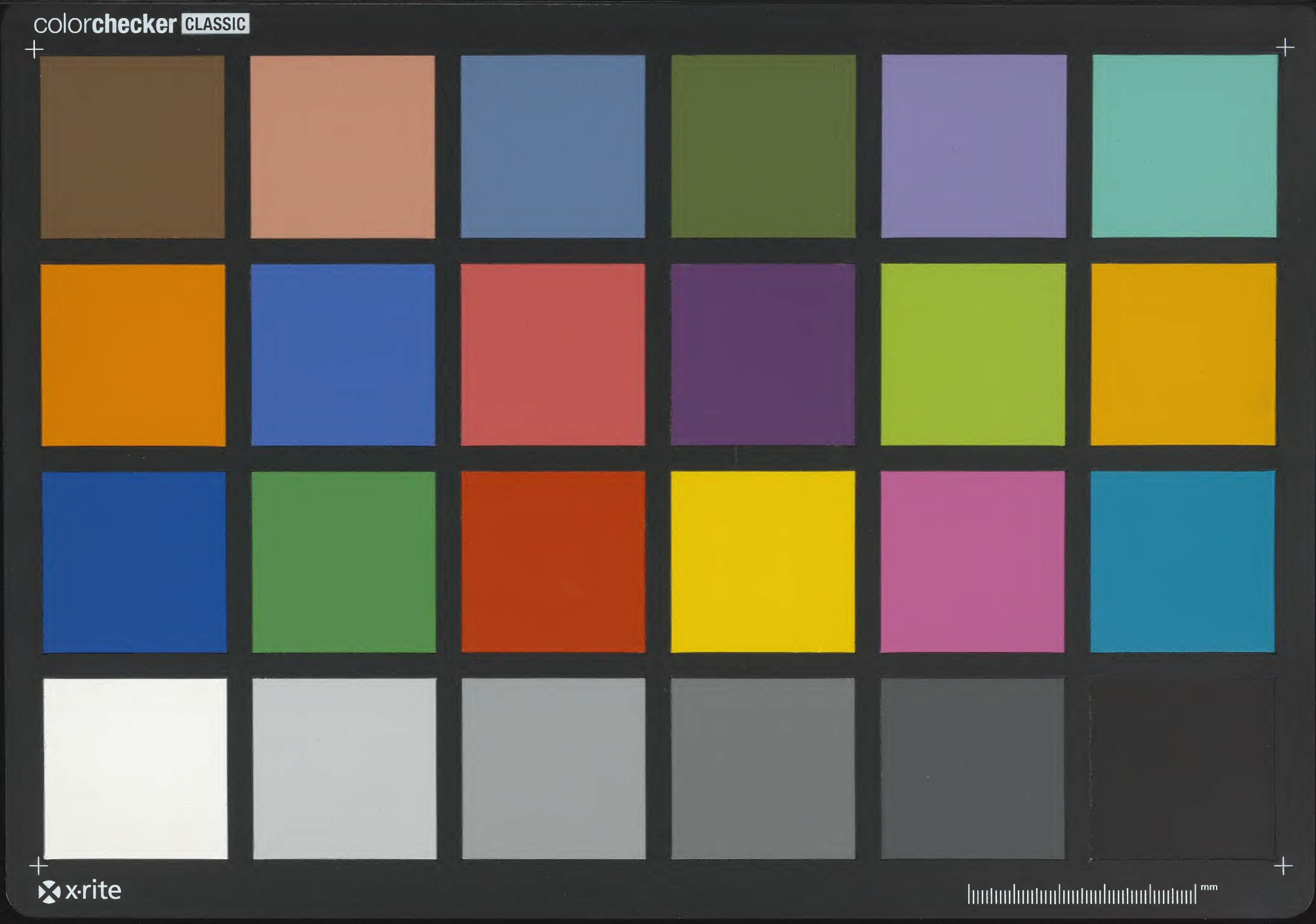
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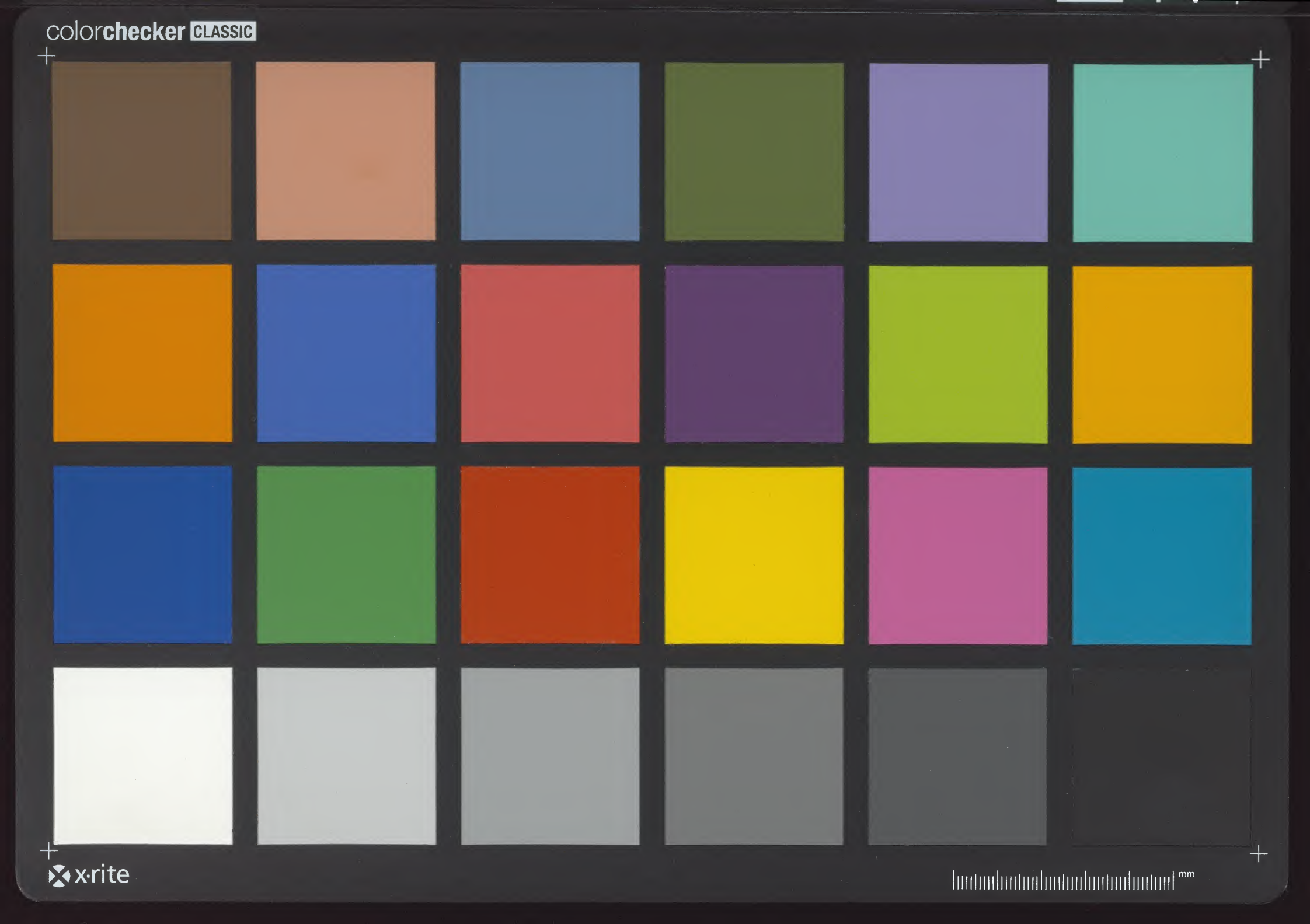
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