ONE SHILLING

Sporting Scotland.

a Series of Stories and Sketches of yachting, Golfing, Curling, Shooting & Angling

Dedicated to Sir Thomas J. Lipton

By T. Dykes (Rockwood)

Author of "Stories of Scottish Sports." "All Round Sport," &c.

EDINBURGH: J. & J. GRAY & CO., 1 VICTORIA TERRACE.

Yours truly W. T. Dykes (Rockwood)

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YACHTING, GOLFING, CURLING, SHOOTING, AND ANGLING.

BY

THOMAS DYKES (ROCKWOOD),

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF SCOTTISH SPORTS," "ALL-ROUND SPORT," "YACHT RACING," "THE CLYDESDALE HORSE," ETC.

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1902.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

TO

SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON,

AS A SMALL TOKEN OF APPRECIATION

OF HIS SPIRIT

IN TRYING TO BRING BACK TO THIS COUNTRY

THE "AMERICA" CUP;

HIS GENERAL GOOD QUALITIES AS A

REPRESENTATIVE BRITISH SPORTSMAN AND YACHTSMAN,

AND HIS UNFAILING KINDNESS AND COURTESY

TO THE AUTHOR

ON THE SOLENT AND ON THE CLYDE

WHEN ACTING AS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

OF THE "NEW YORK HERALD."

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THESE stories and sketches, a few of which have already appeared in leading magazines and newspapers, *Chambers's Journal*, *Baily's Sporting Magazine*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Evening Times*, and *Yachting World*, may serve in a small way to illustrate the spirit of sport which animates Scotsmen at the commencement of the Twentieth Century and the Reign of King Edward VII.

To a certain section of Northern readers the author feels that he owes an explanation. Thirty years ago the articles which appeared above the signature "Rockwood" were almost exclusively descriptive of visits to the then leading studs of Clydesdale horses, such as Knockdon, Merryton, Keir, Kirkwood, Boreland (now represented by Netherhall), Strathmore, Auchendennan, Urie, Lochburnie, Garscadden, &c. These were mainly interesting from the pedigree information they contained, there being then no stud-book in existence save that for race-horses, conducted by Messrs Weatherby, and in a manner they paved the way for the establishment of the Clydesdale Horse Society (the pioneer of all

our modern horse-breeding societies, from that for the ponderous Shire Horse down to the Shetland Pony), and of which the author acted as Secretary and Editor, preparing the foundatory volumes for the press. The Clydesdale Horse Society, having been fully incorporated on 30th June 1877, attains its semi-jubilee on the last day of the present month. After that there may be room, if circumstances permit, to deal with some anecdotal reminiscences of horse-breeding, including the visit of His Majesty to Merryton in January 1878 with the late Prince Imperial, an account of which was written, at the late Laurence Drew's request, together with much other kindred matter. Though the signature "Rockwood" has ceased to be identified with equine articles, the author has during the past twenty-five years been a regular contributor to the *Live Stock Journal* ("Argus"), the *Breeder's Gazette*, Chicago, and other journals at home and abroad devoted to the interests of horse-breeders.

EDINBURGH, *1st June 1902.*

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Sporting Scotland.

A Queen's Cup Yacht-Race.

(*Baily's Magazine, August 1900.*)

"THERE goes the preparatory gun, and they have run up the white flag at the club-house to tell us that we have to go the westward course. This means a short beat to begin with, but I daresay we'll fetch round in a couple of tacks. You may try a bit pull at your topsail tack, and see that you have your spinnaker gear all ready for carrying it on the starboard side. We have ten minutes yet before they hoist the Blue Peter and give us the 'five minutes gun,' and we'll take a stretch outside to see the sort of weather we are going to have and what the others are doing. If we are first round the Lepe, we shall take a lot of catching in the run to the Warner." So speaks the captain of the noted Clyde racing-cutter *Clutha*, just as we are on the eve of starting for the Queen's Cup at the annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes.

Since the first starting-gun to open the season was fired at Gravesend, neither skipper nor crew have

been idle. From the Thames we have raced to Harwich, and, the Royal Harwich Regatta over, home again to the Nore Light. Round the back of the Goodwin Sands we have thrashed her through a stiff breeze and a jumping sea in the Channel match to Dover, there off the historic chalk cliffs to fight for the Royal Cinque Port trophies. Across the English Channel to Cherbourg at a pace which would have made the owners of the old-fashioned packet boats think that even the sunken vessels of ancient times had ghosts; and next morning, with the early sun and the last drain of the ebb tide, we were off to round Land's End for the northern circuit.

The first week of July found us fighting through the high seas which sweep before the south-west winds over the Mersey Bar, and the last gun for Liverpool Regatta was our starting one for the Clyde. A fortnight under the Royal Northern crown and anchor and the Royal Clyde crown and lion, and another stormy passage round the dreaded Mull of Cantire had to be encountered ere we got into snug moorings at Bangor, in Belfast Lough. The Dublin Bay matches followed fast on the Royal Ulster, and then came the cheery call, "Round Land's End, my boys, and away for the Isle of Wight," the ancient and still well recognised British yachting capital.

Hard work all this, but our crew are as thorough a set of modern Vikings as ever smelt salt water, and the more they get of it the better they seem to like it. Our skipper is from the old Ayrshire town of Largs, our mate from Gourock, and after that, if we take them hammock and hammock as they sleep o' nights, we find them to hail from different seaports round the British coast. Duncan, the burly, brown-bearded

boatswain, is an out-and-out Skye man, and when the mainsail is in the stops and the anchor light on the forestay is casting a glimmering lustre on the waves, stalks loftily up and down the deck with his head thrown back so far, the mate observes, as would make you think he had burst the bobstay to his somewhat bowspritlike proboscis under the heavy squalls from his own bagpipes. The skipper will jocularly tell you that in a crowded anchorage Duncan's pipes are as useful as a good few fathoms of chain cable to swing by, the other boats preferring a wide berth; but the Celt laughs at them all, for he declares, "*Clutha* always carries her own preeze along with her, which iss more than other fessels can do whateffer," and he squeezes the bag under his elbow significantly. Let them joke at Scotch music as they will, rousing and plaintive and wailing as it may be under particular circumstances, we have never enjoyed anything better in some quiet anchorage when, with a winning flag flying under our club burgee, Duncan, bagpipe and breast heaving together with the knowledge of victory, has given us "Where Gaudy Rins," or some other of his favourite airs.

The banks of the Colne give us at least half-a-dozen oyster men, the close time for the succulent bivalves freeing them for this class of work, in which they greatly excel. George, the cook, is a native of Harwich, and possibly the first work of a general character he did in that way was when he was a lad with his father, and on the Gunfleet Sands helped to boil the newly-caught shrimps for the average Londoner's afternoon tea. What he does now in the original family line lies in cutting ashore quickly with the dinghy and "commandeering" all the fresh fish in the

market for the cabin table. It has to be kept in mind that, when the yacht-racing fleet reaches a small regatta town, an unusual demand for breakfast provisions at once sets in, and that there is great rivalry amongst the catering division. George has a clever assistant in Joe, the little steward, who hails from Spithead and possesses all the instincts of his mother, who was an old bumboat woman. The crew tell many anecdotes of Joe, one of them to the effect that he sat up all night to hear the hens cackle, in order that he might impound the eggs as soon as laid; another that he once worked a full watch at a churn himself so that he might be certain of the fresh butter. Only on one occasion was he thought to have been fairly "neaped," and that was when the water-casks had to be filled early in the morning before a start for a channel race. No fewer than twelve boats got into the pier by the only town well before him. They found, however, that he had unshipped the pump-handle the night before, and that they had all to wait until he had first turn.

Sam, our bowsprit-end man, is from Southampton, and when the boat is laid up there on the muddy banks of the river Itchen will he be found in winter almost daily inspecting the ship from stem to quarter, and polishing up by times the gilt effigy of the chanticleer, which, full amount of winnings considered, goes to the cock boat of the year.

Jack Dart, on the cross-trees, is Sam's dearest friend, having done many years of bowsprit-end work in his time, and been fished in half drowned with a boat-hook on scores of occasions. As mast-head man he seems to be happy and contented, having no ambition for the tiller. From his perch aloft he gets a good idea as to when sails are properly trimmed or the rigging

is set up too tight, and promptly lets the skipper know that "she wants a little more flow to her jib sheet, and she don't like a screwing and a racking o' things, she don't." Jack's pedigree, so far as it is known, goes back through a long line of racing boats, forty-tonners, twenty-tonners, and ten-tonners, to a five-tonner, the famous old *Lass o' Torbay*, of which he talks so affectionately at times as to make one think she were all the mother ever he had. Old Commodore Drake, who owned *The Lass*, used to declare that Jack ought to be a real, good, hard-weather sailor, for he was born under short canvas. If asked, "What ship?" he would say, "A gipsy tent on Dartmoor," the truth being that, when on an angling excursion, he had picked him up for a plug of tobacco from a gipsy woman, who had more, he thought, than she could count, let alone feed and look after.

Our competitors in the race number five in all, a big entry, considering that only Royal Yacht Squadron yachts are eligible, two schooners, two yawls, and a cutter, the *Tamesis*, the latter representing the yachting interests of the Thames, just as our own boat does those of the Clyde.

After a stretch across to the Hampshire mainland, we stand in to await the first or Five Minutes Gun, knowing that it is in the working off these five minutes to the tick of the three-hundredth second so as to get a good start, and at the same time weather berth, lies much of the success of modern yacht-racing. "The Gun!" comes the call at last, and ere the report reaches us from the Castle Battery, we see the Blue Peter running up above the smoke to the peak of the signal flagstaff. "Now give us good time and tell the minutes as they run." Soon comes the call, "One

minute gone," from our timekeeper, who sits with a stop-watch in hand. "One minute gone! Ready about! Lee helm!" is the skipper's quiet response, "we'll run her well up above the line by East Cowes." "Two minutes gone!" follows, and finds us standing into leeward of the *Tamesis*, which is just going about and across the bows of one of the big schooners. "Three gone!" Three gone. Ready about, my boys. Lee helm. Round she comes. Keep your foresail to windward. "Four gone," comes the next call, and we are fast closing down, with *Tamesis* forward on our lee bow. Four and a half gone; let draw the foresail. Three-quarters gone! Ten seconds to go; five to go. *The gun*, and out we shoot across *Tamesis'* bows with considerable way on clear lead, and the coveted weather berth. A glance shoreward shows that no "Recall" number is hoisted, and with an all-round pull at sheets, we set ourselves to the task of weathering the mark and preparing for the run up to the Warner. Our sailing instructions are, "Twice round the course, leaving the Lepe and the Warner marks on starboard hand, no notice to be taken of the flag-boat in Cowes Roads till we are finishing."

The desire of our captain to get first round the Lepe mark-boat is fully gratified, and with our spinnaker smartly set to starboard for the run up the Isle of Wight shore, *Tamesis* is close in our wake, and behind her are the yawls and schooners, each like ourselves cracking on everything that will hold on—stay, sheet, or tack. As the *Tamesis* has to allow the smaller boat ten minutes seventeen seconds for the tonnage over our size, the longer we can keep ahead of her the more difficult towards the close, if she gets ahead at all, of her rubbing it off. Under Osborne the

breeze which has been freshening up gets too bare for our spinnaker, so we take it in and set out our jib topsail. Sometimes with the rail under and the water churning and hissing in our lee scuppers, we hold our lead up past Ryde pier, on to which we can see the holiday folks crowding to witness the sight. Favoured with the sudden freeing of the wind, the schooners on their best point now close up with the yawls almost abeam.

Off Noman Fort, from the loopholes of which we can see the soldiers in their red jackets watching us keenly, a heavy tide meets us, and hangs us up for a little, but eventually we haul round leading boat, *Tamesis* close astern. The wind we soon find has gone back with some softness to its old direction, which eventually proves to be as near as possible its *true* direction, and we elect to try a long board on the port tack away over by the Calshot, while *Tamesis* chooses to work down the side of the Isle of Wight. When we cross to meet again and fight the real duel of all true yacht fencing, we are on the starboard tack, and by the rule of the road at sea claim the right to hold on our way. As we draw nearer we see that it must be a very close shave. Still we are on the governing tack, and if she cannot cross she must pass astern. Force us if she will to go about or alter our course to avoid a collision, and our ensign in the rigging as a protest flag will rule her out of the race altogether. A favouring puff helps her, and eventually across our bows she steams, our skipper clearing off as the wind is shaken well out of his mainsail. Determined not to let us slip away again, she flings quickly round to starboard tack, thus making a certainty of her right to a clear course when she meets us next

time. Rounding the Lepe slightly in wake of the Thames cutter, off we go under spinnaker for the Warner again. One of the schooners has by this time borne up and gone out of the race, her mainmast carried away by a squall, whilst the other has found the windward work too much for any chances of success, and made for her anchorage in Cowes Bay. The yawls still hold on, but have almost lost their chances of winning within their time allowances to cutters for rig.

As we run across to East Cowes we can make out the brilliant garden-party in the castle grounds, and occasionally over the noise of the broken water a strain of music from the band reaches our ears. We know, however, that the gay crowds there are thinking more of sunshades and gowns than topsails and mainsails. A few hard-weather old yachtsmen will, however, be watching us through their marine telescopes, and wishing that they could sail their old races over again. Alas for folks of moderate means, first-class yacht racing is now only within the reach of him whose fortunes border upon those of the millionaire.

The *America* Cup challenges are not alluded to, these having, from the material used in construction and other considerations, long been considered outside the range of practical yacht-building. *Valkyrie III.* cost £10,000, and after winning but a race or two is now for sale at £4000. *Shamrock*, which won all the trials to which she was put but failed in her real errand, cost her owner more than £20,000 clear of all incidentals attending the transatlantic passage and the race; and if put into the market would show possibly as great a depreciation in value. So far as home racing is concerned the expenses are still rising.

Twenty years ago good fast vessels like the *Vanduara*, the *Samœna*, or the *Irex* could be turned out fully equipped for a little under £10,000, and raced for "the round" for about £4000. Now a boat like the German Emperor's *Orion* costs £13,000, and it takes the Kaiser, who is one of the most enthusiastic of yacht-racing men quite apart from the high position he holds in the world, £5000 to keep her in complete order between the first starting gun and the last winning gun of the season. True, there may be a little set-off in the winnings after allowing the skipper five per cent. and the crew's one pound a race over a winning start, and ten shillings over a start in which they lose, but it runs to little when accounts are squared.

. . . . . .

And now, after a hard sailed race of two rounds of the course, we are fetching up to the Lepe mark once more, the *Tamesis* leading about two minutes ahead, which will, however, make her a full quarter of a minute outside of her time allowance. If we can rub off that quarter of a minute and a few seconds more the Queen's Cup may still be ours. Still the short run under the spinnaker to the winning line is only five miles, and will be reeled off in twelve minutes, the seconds travelling too quickly to be picked up by a man on the bowsprit end. Judgment and seamanship have snatched many a good race out of the fire, and they may do it *now*. The wind will be blowing almost straight aft once we have rounded the windward mark, but increasing a point or two either way like the tail of a salmon when steadying himself to leap a linn. On which side shall we carry our spinnaker? *Our* spinnaker boom is "topped up" on the

starboard side. *Our opponent*, though shifting to catch a light air made in the last run to the Warner, has got his on port. On the port side he has evidently determined to carry it. Our skipper resolves to carry his on starboard regardless of all consequences, knowing that it must be a near thing as to which will prove to be on the right gybe. However, we are just on the edge of our time allowance, and we might lose a few seconds in shifting the boom over, always an awkward operation under the most favourable circumstances. Our opponent wears round with a wide sweep of the mark, and hauling out spinnaker, goes away for home, her skipper feeling almost certain that he has got the prize safe in his plate locker. We gybe our main boom over easily and square it off just as our masthead man casts off the spinnaker boom, and soon we have our extra wing hauled out, and are away at a tearing pace after *Tamesis*, which we have timed to be a few seconds at most out of her time allowance.

Were the distance twelve miles instead of six we might trust to our boat's faster running powers, but it seems scarcely possible to do it in half a dozen. All depends upon whether we get the wind more favourable for keeping the course and the spinnaker drawing or whether she does, and at present things look bad, as we are sailing by the lee. This literally means that the slightest puff of wind catching our main-sail aback would mean its coming over and making a clean sweep of everything. Well does the skipper remember that terrible gybe of *Oimara* off Largs pier when the spinnaker boom was smashed into a dozen pieces, and *Volantes'* gybe at Harwich in 1873, when the end of the broken main boom went clean through the breast of one of the crew. Soon we can perceive that our

opponent finds the wind so bare that he has to keep his vessel drawing too, to keep her head for home. Being on the very opposite gybe, what is his loss is our gain, and we feel that luck is with us, at any rate. It must be a very near thing now as to which is winner, and we can see the crowd gathering down to the Battery Point to witness the strange sight of two crack cutters sailing a desperate finish before wind with spinnakers on opposite sides. He is just crossing the line! There goes his gun! Now call off the time. One minute gone! and we are driving hard down before an extra puff which has been overtaking us. Two gone! and we are almost on the line—ten seconds, twelve seconds—the gun. So we have won with our time allowance by at most three or four seconds; close work over a forty-eight mile course in a breeze which has been fairly steady throughout. Three cheers and one more we get and give back as we gybe and stay through the fleet with our winning flag under our burgee, and at night we are quickly lulled to sleep by Duncan's pipes as he paces the deck as proudly as he were Ossian or even the great Fingal himself.

The Autobiography of a Curling-Stone.

(*Chambers's Journal, January 1898.*)

"So you want me to tell the history of my life, do you? Well, it is far from being eventful; but you are welcome to it. As it is with human beings, I may tell, so is it with stones—some get it hot like chimney-jambs, some cold; it has been my lot to have it cold, as you can understand." It was the skip's second stone which spoke—the one with which he often saved the game—and was familiarly alluded to by him as his Old Reliable. Even had we not known it, there was something about him which denoted that he was the property of a laird and Highland chieftain; whilst the others on his own rink were handled by tenants and clansmen; those of the opponents again betokening in everything the shrewd, canny Lowland farmer from the south side of the Forth. His dignified and reserved manner, his high polish, his anxiety to cross at all times the dreaded boundary of hogs and move in the inner circles, the jaunty way in which he gyrated in behind the guards like a ruling-elder to the rear of a kirk plate, readily enough indicated superiority, without his silver-mounted handle inlaid with a rich cairngorm.

We were on Carsebreck Royal Pond at the time, and the curlers of the North and the curlers of the South of the river Forth were fighting hard, rink

against rink, for supremacy in the annual bonspiel of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. Snow lay all around, the ice was strong enough to bear a luggage train above, or defy a volcanic eruption from beneath; and, though the east wind blew cold and keen, one might have imagined, from the casting of coats and the up-furling of shirt sleeves, that there was being held a great national garden-party, were it not that the roaring sound of the stones in their passage, and the loud shouts of "Soop him up," "Bring him on," or "Weel curled, sir," rather created the impression that a great Highland foray was being fought out hand-to-hand. And so it was, though the broom-besom had taken the place of the claymore, and the curling-stone the targe of bull-hide. At our particular corner hostilities had been suspended for a few minutes, with a view to the dispensation of hospitalities in a truly good old Scottish curling fashion. Conveniently on the unswept part of the ice stood a large brazier, the flames from the red coals of which hissed and lapped lovingly the round sides of a huge kail-pot or cauldron. From this rose a misty grey steam, the succulent odour of which pierced one to the pit of the stomach, for the interior of the pot was alternately decked and double-decked with good Loch Fyne herrings and smiling murphies which grinned from ear to ear. To the contents the curlers eagerly applied themselves; and, whilst so engaged, I was able to have a few words with Old Reliable.

"Yes, it has been my lot to have it cold, as I have told you, though at the outset I had some warm passages in my career, as I shall relate. To begin, then, at the beginning. I am come of a good old Scottish Lowland family—not Highland, as you might be led

to think, for nearly all the stones here are from the Lowlands. I may say I am of the Hones of Ailsa Craig, sometimes called the Red Hones, from the colour of our 'striking' or 'fighting belts.' Our pedigree is of the most ancient; the Loudons of Loudon Hill in Ayrshire and the Basses of Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth, I have heard it said, came into the world on the same day. There are a good many here to-day from Ailsa Craig; but these are mostly of the commoner sort, natives all of that part of the rock which lies close down to the sea; whereas the Hones, which are of a harder and keener grit, belong to the higher strata. Of my early years I recollect very little, save that a puffin—or patey, as they call them in these parts—every year built its nest upon me. One day I recollect I heard a loud noise, and woke up to find myself being roughly handled and hammered by rude-looking men who used to shoot the wild goats which playfully skipped about in summer-time.

"Soon after this I was with many others placed on board the large, brown-sailed yawl, *Maggie Sinclair*, which once a week came across from Girvan with letters and provisions. It was blowing a stiff breeze when we bade adieu to our good old home at Ailsa, with its pateycocks, its kittiwakes, its gulls, solan geese, and wild goats; and as the boat heeled to the stronger blasts the water washed over me just as it sometimes now does at the time of a thaw. We were not allowed to stay long at Girvan, which is a pretty little town on the Ayrshire coast, but were immediately put into a train and forwarded to Mauchline, another little Ayrshire place, where once lived Robert Burns, a great friend of a once-famous curler and

sportsman, one Tam Samson of Kilmarnock. Arrived at Mauchline, we were all piled up together in long rows to await the issue of events. Nearly one-half of our mixed company in that Mauchline yard were from Ailsa, the commoner stones being a little more numerous than ourselves. The others comprised blue Burnock Waters, such as are opposing us now, scarcely so keen as the Hones; and Crawfordjohns from Lanarkshire, wearing shepherd tartan plaids a little darker in shade than our own; a few Carsphairns from the Dumfriesshire border; and perhaps twice as many more than of the latter from many quarters, some being all the way from Italy. After we had lain idle for a considerable time, Mr Kay, the master of the yard, came out and selected half-a-dozen of us, saying, 'These will do nicely after a little hammering.' Glad was I indeed of a change, but little did I dream of the rough usage which was in store for me. After knocking off all the rough corners with a hammer, nothing would satisfy them but that they should drill a hole right through my centre, possibly to see if I was quite sound at the core. That at any rate was what I thought at the time. Notwithstanding all this, I was still seemingly to the heavy side, for, horror of horrors! they held me up against a huge monster in the shape of a red grindstone, which as it tore round and round threatened to grind me into sand altogether. When I had lost a pound and a half in weight, and felt quite worn and wasted, I thought my troubles were over, but alas! they were only beginning. I was still, it seems, what they choose to call 'a rough customer.' From the grinding-stone I was taken to a strange machine called the turning-lathe, another huge monster, which made as much

noise as a flock of puffins newly home from the herring fishing. This machine was fitted with a number of round boxes, each just big enough to hold one of us comfortably. I have done a lot of curling in my day, and with anything like fair twist can come in easily three feet in twelve when a winning draw has to be executed ; but 'elbow out' or 'elbow in,' never have I done anything like what I did the four hours I was in that box. You may not believe it, but I curled round on my own proper curling centre at the rate of a thousand revolutions a minute. Light and handsome as I fancied I was, they were not done with me ; but removing me to what they called the finishing machine, they held me against two revolving discs, which, as they spun round at an extraordinary rate of speed, burnished me on both sides till I was as smooth as the sea under Ailsa Craig on a calm summer day. After a few touches by the chisel to my striking belt, a beautiful handle was fitted into my centre, and my early troubles were over. 'He is a lovely stone,' said the artist who had superintended all my preparations ; '*he now wants but ice.*'

"Before I could find ice my master therefore had to find a customer for me, which he did in Lord Lochnagar, and with his lordship I still remain. I gave satisfaction from the first, and have played as skip since my opening day. Have I curled anywhere but in Scotland? Oh yes, I have crossed the seas and curled in Canada, where nearly all the stones are from Ailsa Craig. They are beautiful curlers there I can tell you, far more scientific than they are here. But, oh, you lack these grand Highland hills, and miss these loud cheery shouts of approval and exultation. Indeed, sir, you may believe me, curling is 'Scotland's

ain game' in everything. Yes, and I have curled also in the English glaciariums under glass roofs on a summer day; but I care little for it. Give me the clear sky overhead, the snow-clad hills around, and the burly, cheery sons of Old Scotland, and leave indoor curling to the Englishmen, with their straw hats, their white waistcoats, their flowers in their buttonholes, and their iced drinks. Good-morning, sir. You are welcome to my yarn, but you might be able to get a better from our opponents. We are leading just now; but it is a long time yet till the closing-gun is fired."

I had little difficulty in finding his chief opponent, a sturdy-looking old chiel in a bluish plaid, which seemed knotted together by a well-worn wooden handle. In good broad Ayrshire Scotch he said: "And what may be your wull, sir?" We explained to him the object of our mission, which did not at first seem to please him; but he warmed up and became more communicative afterwards. "Man," he says, "it's jist this. I'm no' a talker, I'm a curler; and as the auld chalk nest-egg said to its neebors, 'though Providence has destined that I, the verra centre o' the maternal breast, am to be neither a crawer nor a cackler, I'll be safe in the middle here when a' your necks are twistit.' However, you are welcome. My memory then, you maun hear, carries me back to the old Watter o' Burnock in Ochiltree pairish in Ayrshire, on a bricht simmer day, when the linties were singin' in the broom and the watter-wagtail was twitterin' aboon ma heid as licht as that snaw-flake there. There was a gran' big troot used to lie below me, and to guddle this big troot there cam' oot frae Ochiltree a young mason's apprentice. The troot and

me were gey slippery customers ; and after we had gien him a guid game o' hide-and-seek, nothing would do him but, as I thought out of sheer spite, he would have me hame. Then I kenned what life was in earnest. He hammered at me and worked at me nicht and day for weeks, then wi' some bits o' stanes he sharped his knife wi', and another auld curlin'-stane, he rubbit the last possible gumboil oot o' me, as he said. 'Deed, I never had ony peace till one Sunday he sharped his razor on me, set me up as a lookin'-glass, and shaved himsel' wi' me, then placed me in front of the fire till I was burnin' wi' rage, and ironed his shirt wi' me; though I had a wee bit satisfaction in reddin' aff the buttons as they had been cranreuch on the white ice. Then cam' the day he tried me on the real ice. Eh, man, but that was a day o' sweet revenge ; for monie a time in the spring had the ice aboon me comin' doon Burnock Watter sairly scratched my poor heid. Ay, and it was real Ayrshire muirland curlin', wi' guid broom cowes cut frae the knowes, and dare-deevil soopin' an' shoutin' frae mornin' till nicht. Ay, man, but my pleasures didna last lang. Ae nicht when the frost was liftin' and the sun was drappin' red in the west, my auld maister, wi' me at his foot, tumbled through. He got grippit at the oxters and was pulled back again, but down I went curlin' to the bottom.

" Hoo mony years I lay there I canna tell ; it was a cheerless exile and no mistake, for there wasna a troot in the place. At the bottom it was jist a muckle bog. I had forgotten the Burnock Watter, the curlin', and everything a'thegither, when ae day I got a sudden jag as if wi' the chisel lang syne. It fairly put me in a swelterin' sweat till I heard a voice saying, ' Deil

kens what this can be, but it has fairly knockit the neb aff my guid new scythe.' The voice was familiar, but what could I mak' oot o' it? Jist then a big horny hand grips me by the handle in a way I hadna forgot, and draws me richt up into the daylicht again. 'Bless me,' was the remark, 'if this is no' my faither's auld curlin'-stane that has been at the bottom noo for sic a lang, lang while. I hae his twin brither at the barn-door cheek at hame.' This talk and mair let me ken that the loch had been drained for hay-growin' purposes, and the mowin' of the first crop had brocht me back to life again. Weel, hame they carries me, and richt glad was I to see my old curlin' neebor, I can tell ye. But, oh, I little kenned what was in store for me. When we got to the door, says the guidwife, 'Oh John, this ane and its neebor will do gran' for stickin' on the tap o' a chessat-lid to squeeze the whey oot.' Was there ever sic a degradation in this world? Squeezin' whey oot o' a cheese-vat to mak' skim milk cheese for hungry ploomen and Paddies at the shearin'! It was enough to break the heart o' ony curlin'-stane.

"The winter that year, as it happened, proved a saft ane throughout, and when the cheese-makin' was done we lay idle till the spring-time. Then to our horror we were stuck on the top o' the harrows to make their teeth act more upon the furrows by reason o' oor wecht, and draggit up and doon ower the ground by horses, without a soop frae ae friendly besom. You may imagine the feelin's o' a curlin'-stane at that sort o' usage. The sowin' season ower, there was ither wark aye to be done, even to sitting on the lid o' an auld corn-bin to haud in a clockin' hen. Waur than degradation was to follow—the involuntary assistance

in dishonesty, positive dishonesty. There was, ye see, on the farm a crop o' potatoes every year which had to be sold by the hundredwecht, and there were only twa imperial wechts about the place, ane o' 56 lb., and another of 14 lb. Noo, I weigh three stane, or 42 lb. exactly, and the 14 lb. stane and me placed in front o' the dealer jist as exactly balanced the 56 lb. wecht, so that we a' made up a hundredwecht. Weel, my neebor's like me in everything except that he is four pounds lichter; and in the nicht-time, somewhat unaccountably, he took my place at the wechts, and I went back to the barn-door. I'll neither hint nor say ony mair; but if you are ony way up in farmin' you'll ken that four pounds o' potatoes at the sellin' is worth twice as much as a peck o' guano at the plantin'. After siclike wark I have nae doubt you say we well deserved hangin', and hung we were, ma neebor and mysel', ower the riggin' o' an outhouse for young cattle, to keep down the thatch o' the roof, and this for six months and mair. Indeed, if it hadna been for the curlin' we micht hae been hangin' there still. Even that scarcely saved us; for the mornin' the ice was strong enough to carry, the east wind blew terribly severe, and a snowstorm was promised. Waur than a', the guidwife was deid against curlin', and wild at oor bein' cut down.

"As we left for the pond, 'Me wish ye ill?' says she, in reply to the guidman, as she wiped an angry tear frae her e'e wi' her apron, 'na, na, it's the ither way aboot, guidman. I'm wishin' indeed that when a' you curlers are gethered into the ill place, a kind Providence will lift the thatch aff the roof and let in the snaw and the east wind on ye jist as ye have done on my puir young queys this day.' Weel, to mak' a

lang story short, sic folks couldna thrive ; they were roupit oot, and wi' some odds and ends I became the property o' my present maister, who has promised to pension me if I win the day, that's to say when my curlin' days are ower."

As I had to follow him up and down to catch him when idle at the ends of the rinks, I could well notice that the game was being very closely contested. When the sun began to sink in the west the frost commenced to nip more keenly, causing much greater caution in the delivery of the stone. Old Reliable, the better to act, had shifted to his duller side, and several times just saved his rink by twisting in easily and gently long after he seemed dead beyond all assistance from the brooms. His scientific skill apparently annoyed as well as puzzled our friend from Burnock, who would not admit his superiority, but at the same time declared that he was "a wonderfully good curler, *that is to say for a nobleman and gentleman ye ken.*" During all this time the curling storm raged loudly with the roar of passing stones, the plying of brooms, the bell-like echoes of congratulatory cheers, and the sharp notes of complaint. It was now coming near the close of the bonspiel, and all rinks were anxious. Would Ailsa Craig gain the day, or Burnock Water win his pension? I determined to wait and see the result. Both sides were par when starting on what promised to be the last head when the gun fired, and the victor at the end of the last head, when stones were counted, was of course the winner of the day.

Anxious moments these were for all, and in the occasional lulls, when skips were puzzled and pondering, one could mark the soft Gaelic of the Northmen

against the hard Galloway, the dour Dumfriesshire, and the broad Ayrshire accents of the South, with now and then the short-clippit words of the men of Aberdeenshire. Far up on the hillside to the east the finishing gun was loaded, primed, and waiting for the last tick of the expiring period of play.

What promised to be the last end between the rinks between Ailsa Hone and Burnock was contested stone for stone and inch for inch. Still, when the two skips went down to the clamps, Ailsa was lying one shot with a big Crawfordjohn of the third-hand player. To this, Old Reliable, with a beautiful "elbow in" shot, added another, and with the barest glimpse of the winner visible through the only port left, old Burnock's chances of success seemed almost hopeless. To draw gently to it was of little use, as the second stone must still be left, and one only was wanted. If he could catch what was free of it sharply and firmly, the second stone slightly in its right wake would go also, and with both removed Burnock had the victory. I could almost hear the old fellow growling and groaning to be free. At last he was off like a greyhound from the slips, roaring—at least to me this was quite distinct—"Jock Crawford, I have got ye!" Through the port he went scatheless, though close enough to have jammed a snowflake in the passage. There was a rude *rock* and *shock*, followed by a wild southern shout of exultation which readily enough proclaimed that Burnock's barn-door pension was secure. Another moment, and a flash of light was reflected from the snow-clad hills. It was the gun. As its echoes resounded through the distant glens brooms were tossed high

in air, and loud cheers told of the joy of the victors. The great bonspiel of the year was over, and soon we found on the shore, when the lists were made up, that the men of the South, like tried Old Burnock, had proved victorious.

Salmon Fishing on Loch Tay.

A GREY mist is trailing over Ben More and his companion Stobinain as we rattle down the incline to Killin, from off the Stirling and Oban Railway, but the summit of Ben Lawers is clear, and we can see that he has on his winter cap of white. Soon our train is running alongside the turbulent Dochart, which in a three-parts flood from overnight rains and "snaw bree," is fuming, frothing, and fizzing among scattered boulders and exposed hazel roots at the banks like a newly uncorked and somewhat brisk bottle of porter. A scream of the whistle for clear signals, and in a minute more we are alongside the railway platform of the little Breadalbane capital, sacred as the last resting-place of the bones of Fingal. Those who have quarters at the "Royal" have a warm Highland welcome, the veteran boatman being specially delighted at seeing once more the faces of old sportsmen. Sportsmen bound up the lake for Lawers, Ardeonaig, Bridge of Lochay, or Kenmore keep by the train to the pier, where they find awaiting them that shapely little steamer the *Carlotta Alma*, which with the *Lady of the Lake*, her summer companion, were designed by Mr G. L. Watson. The usual inquiries after old friends, old boatmen, and boatmen's wives and families having been asked and answered, a quiet walk down by the Lochay to see the flotilla,

each sporting craft of which has been carefully overhauled, fills in the time, and 'twixt inspection of one another's tackle, comments thereon, and fish stories, now poor things in fiction when compared with the romances of the links, the last weary

HOURS OF CLOSE TIME TICK THEMSELVES SLOWLY OUT.

Next morning is the glorious 15th of January on Loch Tay side, and salmon are as free to the rod as grouse are to the gun on the 12th of August. The boatmen are naturally, under the circumstances, all smiles, for does not the expiry of Close Time mean food for their families and "flask" for themselves? Of course, they tell us that the prospects never were better, ignorant of the fact that in cases of this kind we have long ago made up our minds that prospects must always be better than ever they were before. Then the relative merits of light and heavy tackle are discussed, the native boatmen being, as a rule, dead against anything of a gossamer character. Salmon in Loch Tay will not take the fly, and this brings up the food question, seeing many theorists declare that they do not feed in fresh water at all, others as persistently declaring that they do not feed in salt, somewhat leading you to believe when you are fighting with a 30-pounder that the weighty Daniel Lambert simply added to his corpulency by standing outside of a baker's window and feeding his heart with a look at the loaves inside.

We soon reach our particular beat, which is on the south shore, and close under that bluff, bold promontory known as the Fat Man's Rock, named after a local Lambert, who was not so particular in regard to

his food as the many grand fish which have for many years been caught under the shadow of his peninsular namesake. Our

TACKLE IS QUICKLY ADJUSTED,

the lures on the three lines being all medium, phantom minnows, the small blue phantom being, judging from past experience, the most hopeful. The three rods are then placed over the stern, much after the fashion one would go sea-fishing for saithe or lythe, and a big stone having been placed on the butt of each we commence to troll or "harl," as they call it, having little to do of ourselves but smoke our pipe with our hands in our ulster coat pockets and watch for indications in wake. Knowing every inch of the ground well, our boatmen kept quartering the water in a judicious manner, coming in to the shallows, and pulling out to the deeps in such a way as to give every fish an honest chance for its—ahem, death. A large amount of floating couch grass and reeds makes one exceedingly anxious to avoid a foul at times, for, much as you would care to represent Perthshire, you would not feel happy altogether in "catching the county," which is the expression used when you are fast to the bottom. As we circle round to come off shore again we see a swirl that makes our heart flutter. The stone topples from off the middle rod, the reel begins to shriek as if it was going to be run away with, and the next moment, rod in hand, we know we are fast in our

FIRST FISH OF THE YEAR.

Seventy yards of line out, and he gives a fling in the air to clear himself, but in vain, and, as the reedy ground is uncomfortably close, we think it high time

to try and persuade him to come out into the open water. In the meantime the other two rods and lines have been reeled up and got out of the way, and we have clear room for action. Watching the course of the line over their left shoulders, and pulling a stroke or two, the oarsmen steady the boat a little, and we get in some line, only to find him make a rush for deep water. So far all is well; indeed, nothing would suit us better. We keep pace with him like a nagsman showing a colt, and draw close enough to have a look at him, when suddenly he sinks like a stone. As dead as a clock-weight right under us, he takes to sulking, and evidently seems determined that we shall have to lift him straight up inch by inch.

'Have a little patience with him, sir," says Macgregor, our stroke oar; "the day is very young yet, and one should never lose a fish in a hurry so long as there is daylicht."

"Ay, or munelicht either," says Campbell, at the bow, rubbing the back of an unengaged hand over his mouth. "Man, I hae mind o' us sittin' oot ane till daylicht up in the Kenmore reserved watter wi' a gentleman o' the Taymouth Castle party, and the butler come rowing out to us with

A BASKET O' REFRESHMENTS."

"Ay, and the fish took a dram, of course, and was off to the music of his own reel at once, Campbell," is our reply, as, taking the hint by no means narrowly conveyed, we produce the flask.

Sitting all day over a sulking fish is as little to our liking as going to sleep for a few hours in a dogcart behind a jibbing horse, so we made arrangements to try and start him. There are a good few round stones

about, and we drop these about his nose. If they do reach him, it is evidently only to tickle him pleasantly. What would we not give to send an electric shock through him? As to the boatmen, it matters little whether they are rowing or hanging on their oars, their pay and allowance of refreshments being fixed. Getting in the rod, we shout to pull him to the top by the line. At first he refuses to yield an inch, but at last gives way, and we are securing him by handfuls, so to speak. A foot, two feet, then a yard more, and he at least is off the ground. All the time the two boatmen are watching the operation keenly, with the blades of their oars at the "Are you ready" of the champion sculler.

"Mind your rod, sir. There's nae kennin' what he'll do noo he's lifted," cries Macgregor.

This warning comes just in time, for, sure enough off he goes again, still lakeward. This time, however, he keeps moving, and though he fights well his strength gradually leaves him. Circling round once or twice, he comes at last within reach of

CAMPBELL'S DEADLY GAFF.

A grand fish of 29 lb., as we find in weighing him in the evening, and the first of the season. We have still hopes of getting one or two more like him, as the weather is exceedingly favourable, and we have a good bit of the day to go. So we turn our bow round and shape for the south shore again.

The record catches of Loch Tay, it may here be observed, have always been made in Lord Breadalbane's own reserved water at the east end of the lake, though at Killin some single day catches in good seasons with favourable weather have run these Ken-

more records very close indeed. One notable year was when in five and a half clear days, starting on the opening day of the season, Mr J. Watson Lyall, of Perth, killed twenty-six salmon of a total weight of 551 lb. The record, however, for the reserved waters and the lake generally was made by Colonel Murray, of Polmaise, and is something like ten fish and a weight of 30 lb. better than Mr Watson Lyall's. To small and humble anglers the landing of a quarter of a ton of salmon to a week's fishing against a full basket of a stone of trout for the same period seems extraordinary, yet, after all is said and done, perhaps the trout fisher may have the best of the sport. At least so would seem to think Lord Breadalbane himself, as he does most of his angling with the fly and the small trouting rod.

The afternoon gives us but one more fish, a nice gentleman who fought gamely up to every ounce of his 23 lb. We run home feeling very contented, for we know there may be those out who will be coming home "clean," and we have had some little experience of the feeling, not that sportsmen should fret themselves over disappointment.

How Prestwick Jock Won the Musselburgh Championship.

THERE is a story told of a Surrey churchwarden who, having been asked by his vicar to report on the new Scottish pastime then beginning to be played on Wimbledon Common, returned with the answer, "It's a good game at a cussin' and a swearin', sir, with a little bit of bodily exercise thrown in by way of a hemphasis." This was certainly fair enough for a first impression, and not by any means so spiteful as the asseveration of a Yorkshire cricketer that "golf next to backin' racehosses was the most picturesque form of dom'd laziness he'd ever zeed in his life." When the people of Prestwick saw the ancient game of the East played by the tournament Earl of Eglinton and his friend Colonel J. O. Fairlie of Coodham fifty years ago, they came to the unanimous opinion that it was "a very guid amusement for folks that hadna a plant patch to mind." The natives of the old town of priests, it may be said, have been noted for their success in cultivating kail and cabbage plants from the seed for centuries, as like as not having been educated in the art by the neighbouring monks of Fail, for our best agricultural systems hail from all monastic institutions, and we know from an old rhyme that "the monks of Fail they ate guid kail on Fridays

when they fasted," just as they "drank guid ale as long as their neighbours' lasted." At any rate, Prestwick plant-growers continued to supply kail stocks down till the time when Burns' romps on Hallowe'en nicht supplied themselves "wi' muckle anes an' straucht anes," and even till Tom Morris took up his residence in the wee bield that still stands opposite the old Red Lion. In old John Hunter's day the Lion, with its clean hearthstone, its big kitchen, and blazing fire, was the rendezvous alike of plant-growers and golfers, and the mysteries of bees carrying certain virtues of plants from one patch to another were discussed turn by turn with the carrying of the Cardinal—more of a Cardinal by six feet at his nob than now—and the crossing of the Alps and holing out in four. The plant cultivators, indeed, would pooh-pooh such feats with the query, "Show me the man that can grow a plant which will have a bow head on it when it is a cabbage?" a favourite Prestwick saying being

> A cabbage plant that will not bow
> Is neither fit for broth nor cow.

The "Belt" matches gradually worked upon the rising generation, and golf came to be looked upon in a more favourable light. In bygone years the Powburn—the local river Nile—had, by its erratic conduct when flooded, given them room for a little change of intellectual exercise, but the railway embankment checked its vagaries; otherwise it might have been making a bee-line for the sea between the fifth and sixth holes. The old Ayrshire burn has given us a good deal of sporting history during the past few years, being as awkward "to do in twice" at hunting as at golfing, and an angling foxhunter has described

it to us as the stream "where you go in like a Jock Scott and come out like a lob-worm." At the time of our sketch there were few coast residents at Prestwick, and when a Hunter was married to a Boyd, and the local schoolmaster wanted a round of the links, he would say, "Now all you Boyds and Hunters may have a half-holiday." He would then take a little snooze, open his eyes, and remark, "Dear me! Is that all that's left of you? It's no use going on with the classes to-day." Next week a Boyd would be married to a Manson, or a Manson to a Smith—Prestwick being the headquarters of the great Smith family—and the half-holiday would be repeated. This particular Smith of the Prestwick Ilk we have to do with was one John, a sturdy bull-neckit tyke, with a good deal of mother-wit, which shone out from between two keen grey eyes, divided by a cleek mark which extended diagonally across his forehead. This showed where a player, in swinging, had ineffectually tried to remove a "divot" from his upper storey, through Jock, the links cowherd, having stood a little too close. A swearing for "foozling" his approach was all the compensation poor Jock got from the player, and the caution to stick closer to his cows' tails for his own safety. But Jock was not to be deterred, and being every Saturday and during the school holidays out on the links, rarely without his cleek, bird-nesting and fishing in the Pow, he got to acquire considerable skill at the game himself. The game, no doubt, got him at times into considerable trouble, for the cows would stray on to the Monktonhill lands, then under crop, or Smith's Meadow, or some place, at any rate, where they had no right to be. Still he persevered, and by-and-by got

together, through having broken clubs presented to him which he got mended, a very respectable set. But his old mother was dead against the game, and he had but to indulge in it occasionally, when things were not pressing in the field, for by the time of our sketch he was fit for abler work than cow-herding. His dream was to try his strength in some of the East country competitions, and he had saved up enough with this view, when, somehow, he had tarried too long at Ayr, like Tam o' Shanter, on a market night and drowned the whole pile of three hard saved necessary pounds of entry money and expenses. When the competition at Musselburgh came on, Jock, on the previous forenoon, was on the beach near to where Mr Bruce's house stands, by the teeing ground of the old first hole, with an old grey pony and cart, collecting sea-ware, which he deposited on the bent, with a view to taking it inland again when wanted. He had often heard Musselburgh described, with its red-tiled houses, and its tide, that set in from the eastward, so different to what he had been used to at Prestwick, and here he was stranded with no hope of getting a farthing to go there. Would no good fairy ever come to his assistance? As he leaned on his "graip," or fork, there came down to the teeing ground a little English gentleman named Wilkins, who had come to Prestwick undoubtedly as the quietest place in Scotland to practise golf, and hunt occasionally with Mr Ewen of Ewenfield and the Ayrshire Harriers. He was given a good deal to wagering on any given subject that could afford speculation, and had come to be known as "Wagerey" Wilkins by the caddies. Two balls were teed, the first of which being heavily topped, provoked a most

guffawing loud laugh from Jock, and the offer to send it as far with the butt end of his graip. With a crutchy half-swing the player came fairly well round on the second, and catching it clean enough, had the satisfaction of seeing it go a good ninety yards or thereby. More than pleased with himself he ejaculated, "Egad, but I got that one off anyway." His observation only evoked a fresh laugh from Jock, and the remark that a boy of five years old could send it as far as that.

"Oh," was the rejoinder, "I'll bet ye a sovereign you could not send it as far."

"Done wi' you," was the sharp response; "I don't have any siller with me, but I have the old powney here, and that's worth a sovereign at any rate."

As Jock spoke he jumped out of the cart, and asking the caddie to lay oot the "gowfing graith" for a choice, the latter did as requested—driver, putter, short and long spoons, cleek, iron, and niblick being placed alongside. Wilkins, who was attired in a tweed suit with great, broad checks, kept laughing at the patches on Jock's trousers, which the latter observing, naïvely replied, "Ma breeks are like your ain, I see, only my patches are sewed in, and yours are woven in the claith. They think a lot o' auld Ayrshire needlework nowadays, and if anything I have the advantage o' ye." All the time he kept examining the clubs, as if he had never seen or handled a golfing club in his life. Settling on the cleek, he doffed his coat and waistcoat, then undid his braces, and tying them round his waist, commenced to address the ball after the manner of a man who was about to start mowing hay. "Of course it's the best o' three chances," he said, "the same as the rounders at handball." Wilkins, who was

enjoying what he thought was a grand joke, did not demur, and to his own great surprise seemingly, Jock "missed the globe."

It was Wilkins' turn to laugh now, and pointing to the pony he said, "You have had a last look at her. As Mr Ewen was saying the other day, 'Subscriptions payable once a year to the secretary; donations at all times if they can walk to the kennels at Ewenfield.'"

"In that case ye should lay me another sovereign against her, for she's worth more than that even for boiling!"

"All right; another sovereign be it, it will be all the same in the end."

Seizing the heavy iron, Jock made a terrific lunge, this time quarrying the turf to the extent of a full cubic yard. "Wagerey" roared, and the case looked bad for Jock.

"You'll admit a cairt will be deevilish little use," he said, "without a horse; you'll lay me another poun' on the cairt," was all his response, looking somewhat doleful.

"All right. I don't want the barrow; just the old mare for dogs' soup. Fire away."

The stable commission having now been executed, Jock laid down the cleek, carefully picked up the "big, muckle wooden-headed ane," as he called the driver, and with a stentorian cry of "fore," landed the ball a clear hundred and eighty yards up the links.

"A bit of sheer luck," said Wilkins, as he paid over the money; "you might try that a hundred years and never do it again." Jock lifted no more sea-ware that afternoon.

. . . . . .

Having nothing to do, and the prospect of a lesson before him if he went to Musselburgh, Wagerey Wilkins took the train for Edinburgh, which left Prestwick at half-past eight next morning, and found himself at Musselburgh just as they were finishing the first round. The last two players to come in included a raw Prestwick laddie, it was said, "who, if he could putt in anything like the way he could drive, would give a few of them a tussle for the Belt some day." Gradually they came nearer. "Could it be?" asked Wilkins of himself. Yes, there he was, with the patches sewn in the claith—the wrack-driver of the Prestwick shore. Their eyes caught at the same time, as Jock lifted his ball from the hole, having just "putted out." "Why, I didn't think you could really play golf," said the Englishman. "It's a gey guid thing for both o' us I could play golf," was the unabashed reply; "if I couldna have played golf it's a bonnie trouble ye would have got yoursel' and me into the day riding Bailie Manson's auld grey mare, and him a newly-elected J.P., that I had the lend o', into Mr Ewen's dog kennels to be boiled and eaten. But back me to be in the first four, and you'll come out square. It's a daft sort o' place this: the verra tide comes in the wrang way; but I've got used to it." And Wagerey did, and won, and had a wiser "bow head" on him ever afterwards on the Prestwick links.

A Day on the Saft Ice; or, The Curling Sermon.

(*Glasgow Herald, January 14, 1882.*)

WITH the blackbirds trying their voices in ilka glade, like aspiring *prima donnas*, preliminary to bursting into song of the coming summer, the green shoots peeping timorously from the yet half-frozen clods, and casting suspicious looks at the too good-natured face of the sky as if afraid of another snowstorm, a curling story would seem out of season. But keen players give up the ice reluctantly, and the ducks are swimming in three inches of water sometimes on its hard frozen surface ere the knights of the besom can think of giving up their glorious pastime. So the curlers of Birketneuk are playing still, wet and hungry, but dry so long as there is a dram in the bottle, and warm with their enthusiasm for the sport. They were gran' men these Birketneuk men, members of other rinks used to say who played with them, and awful curlers—and so they were, sending their bottle and basket round amongst the strangers before helping themselves, and playing and "sooping" as if their very lives depended on their exertions. They were the old school of Scotchmen indeed, altogether unashamed of their Doric, and unabashed in the presence of men of superior rank, as true-hearted Scotchmen aye were, and always should be. Broad-chested, burly fellows, clad in home-spun, with

faces always glowing with health, they looked fit for anything, and, indeed, were; but "contented wi' little, they never sought to be happy wi' mair." Birketneuk was a big enough and a happy enough place for them, though it was but a small Scotch village "aback o' beyont," as the lads liked to say when in a humorous way, for there is genuine humour to be found in these old-fashioned, homely places. You cannot disguise the jest as you may the joker, and all the polish in the world will not make a diamond shine if the stone lacks strength.

But the people of Birketneuk were not like those of other country villages—they were not queer, like the men of the Shaws, nor were they peculiar, as the guid folks of Paisley are sometimes said to be; but they were unlike the majority. They lived in a corner of the world, and the grinding stream of civilisation which played upon everything and everybody rushed past and left them floating in an eddy. It was a queer old place to look at—a long street of thatch houses, with a church and school-house in the rear, and an unmistakable Scottish manse, in which dwelt the minister, the Rev. Dr Waterstane, a most exemplary man, and a keen curler. Dr Wull Waterstane, as he was familiarly, though perhaps somewhat irreverently, called, was in all respects a character, and a worthy pastor for the good folks of his country charge. How he gained his degree of doctor was an old question; indeed it had been asked of him by the Presbytery—and *answered.* He was cow doctor to the parish of Birketneuk, and if he did the work, minister although he was, he had a right to the title. But not only was he cow doctor, but he was one of the ablest cattle-dealers in the country round, and

the best hand at "a bit deal" possibly to be found anywhere. His father was a sort of half farmer half cattle-dealer, who chose professions and employments for his boys, presuming them to prove boys, long ere they saw the light of day, and so Wull was made the minister before he was born. "A mistak', I admit it was a mistak' a'thegither," the old man said afterwards. "I've been a' wrang wi' my sons a'thegither, but it canna be helped noo;" and Peter M'Farlane, the beadle, said that the old man said on his deathbed that "if it behoved him to rear a family whaur he was gaun, and he wad like to hae a second chance, he would wait on them awee." Whatever the father thought of making Wull, there was one thing certain, that nature had intended to make him a cattle-dealer, and possibly after all he was a cattle-dealer. He had been "through the college," literally and actually through, for nothing of what he heard had stuck to him. He got his license, preached his sermon, and won the parish kirk, not because he was a clever preacher, but because he was "a guid judge of a coo." A small smattering of veterinary knowledge picked up from books, together with his experience, qualified him for the post of farrier, and the degree and title of Dr Waterstane. His glebe, it is needless to mention, was like all other ministers' glebes, worked by the neighbouring farmers, upon whose good feelings he largely wrought, leasing as much more ground round about, which he succeeded in cropping when required upon the same system of free cultivation. For his live stock, as also for his own living, he drew largely upon the parishioners, the lack of fodder often hastening his visitations; and many a halflin has been half fleyed out of his

wits at the approach of what he thought was a bogle, to be relieved in discovering that it was only the minister with a bunch of straw on his back. Though Dr Wull had, however, entered the pulpit, he did not think it was necessary for him to give up the family business ; and, ash plant in hand, he was to be found in a suit of old canonicals which had seen some ten years' preaching, let alone funerals and weddings, busily engaged at the local fairs examining and offering, and higgling over a price, the same as the others of the trade. He was sharp at the work, too, and when any one in the village had got the worst of anything it was generally said that he had been "swappin' kye with the minister." Woe betide the daring one who had been clever enough to "best" him at a bargain, for the Pope never hurled his decrees against offending monarchs with greater severity than he did his anathemas against the astute dealer or farmer. Even in his prayers he, Holy Willie like, asked curses on the store of his enemies, while for himself he was not loth to ask a blessing for his new purchases that they "might thrive daily, ay, and be worth thirty shillins a heid mair come Martinmas Scarce Thursday." His sermons were not remarkable for depth of learning or language, but he used good rustic, homely metaphors, and, as if he had been cattle-dealing the whole time he preached, generally clinched his arguments with an imaginary shake of the hand from the pulpit, followed by a vigorous closing of the Bible. He knew every one of his parishioners, and evinced great interest in all their welfare ; watching them and warning them at all telling points of their life. So, as Peter Morrison read out the cries about "a purpose of mairage between Tummas Wulson,

bachelor, in this pairish, and Mary Meikle, spinster, in the pairish of Blackwaters," he would give a "hoots toots, what's Tam gettin' mairried for," and ask audibly at Peter "if she were a decent lass," expressing contentment if she were. Sometimes when a known ne'er-do-weel's name was called, he would ask if there was any necessity for this marriage, receiving in reply from Peter, cautious but ominous, "ower muckle I'm feart, sir."

But peaceful and homely as the little parish town of Birketneuk was, it contained two men of exceedingly wild proclivities—men who were continually being denounced from the pulpit. These were Geordie Johnstone, the sporting flesher, owner of the noted "Birketneuk Maid," which had beaten everything in the shape of a trotting horse, and the minister's own brother Tam, the youngest of the family, who added horse-dealing to the cattle business. The latter was a reckless, roaring, drunken, deevil-may-care fellow, fonder of merriment than money, and nothing did he enjoy better than doing his brother over a beast. Geordie Johnstone and he were of course inseparable, on account of the latter's love of a good trotter, Tam, too, always playing on the latter's rink at the curling.

It was about the end of the last week, when the minister and Geordie had been higgling about the price of a cow, that the conversation turned upon curling, the two being the skips of the crack rinks, when the latter jumped to his feet, and said he would "curl him for't on the Monday. There will be plenty o' ice though it's a thaw, and I would like tae tak' the conceit oot o' ye." Fond of curling as of cattle-dealing, the doctor agreed, though reluctantly. "It was against

the claith a wee tae curl for a wager," a remark which provoked the rejoinder from Geordie that he wished "it had been against the claith tae tak' five pouns aff him wi' that auld bull he sell't him." So the match was settled for the Monday, though westerly winds were unlacing lea lands and furrow from the close embraces of the gallant John Frost.

Dr Wull Waterstane had never studied a sermon in his life, and it was not likely that he was going to study one on the eve of a great curling match. He trusted to being equal to the occasion, and he was; for the wind-up to his discourse is still considered, and long will be, the finest piece of pulpit eloquence ever heard in the kirk of Birketneuk.

It was a cold day, and there were not many forward —three in the east gallery, four in the west, and about a dozen scattered through the body of the "bit biggin'." All regular attenders, save maybe some ploughman from an outlying district, whose presence there, taken with past attendances once a year, and occurrences which followed, is a sufficient indication of the requirements of the "howdie" at his house, "for ye canna ask the minister tae babteeze the bairn, ye ken, if ye havna been tae the kirk *ance* a year." The weather was still cold, and the Tramp chorus executed by the feet of all to the last Psalm was perhaps excusable; but they warmed up when the preacher, after a long pause, said—"Life, ma brethren, is like unto a game at curling. Without ae bit rag tae cover oor bits o' bodies, we are sent oot into this cauld, cauld atmosphere. But we gather claes as we gang on, till we hae to enter on the great, great struggle. And oot we gang, reckless of the frosty friendships we meet, wi' oor besoms and oor carpet bauchles, and oor crampits, and oor bottle o'

whisky and cheese an' breid. And as we enter on the slippery, treacherous board, some of us fa', and ithers again tummle through the thin ice a'thegither; but we help ane anither as best we can, till we come to a piece whaur it can bear us. Then, ma brethren, we get ready our besoms and sweep the ice clear o' the snaws of mischeef and villany, and lay the rinks for the great bonspiel of existence.

"And for sake of bringing it hame mair clear tae ye, ma brethren, there is mysel' skippin' the rink o' the righteous, wi' John Paterson, our faithfu' elder, ma' third haun', William Watson, second, and Peter the beadle leadin'. And in the rink o' the unrighteous there is Lucifer and his freen' Beelzebub, ma brethren, and his chosen representatives in this parish, their helpers and successors, and aibler deevils, maybe, than themselves. I mean Geordie Johnstone, the flesher, and ma brither Tam, the horse-dealer—and Geordie, need I say, skippin'.

"Noo, ma brethren, rin doon the deevil and his rink as muckle as ye like, but dinna ony o' ye think for a single meenit that they canna' play. *No, no;* they're a' clever—a may say ower clever.

"Noo, we hae curled awa' a' day. Sometimes we were up, and sometimes they were up; and whiles, ma brethren, they played strong, and we worked our righteous besoms and soopit them oot a'thegither, and sometimes we played a wee hard, and they carried us through a' ice with their infernal besoms o' corruption. And whiles we were weak and no ower the hog score, I'm sorry to say, and whiles we were aff the ice a'thegither. But at times we played cautiously and carefully, and with the richt strength and the richt curl on sailed through the narrowest of ports, and

refusing a' the wiles of the fast warked besoms of temptation, stuck hard and fast at the potlid of success.

"But, oh! ma brethren, it has come to the last heid, and the last stane, and oh! it's sair tae sae, but we are par, and the unrighteous lie shot. And, oh! if ye but saw hoo it's gairdit, jist an inch o' its cheek bare through the only port. If we played it hard, ma brethren, we would lift our ane nearest stane tae, and it would be as bad as ever. Ma brethren, what am I then tae dae?"

"Would ye na' try a bit inwick aff the pillar o' Redamption?" said John, slowly, and apparently strongly affeckit.

"Or a rattle on the gairds," said Peter, who fancied he saw a' the stanes as if they were before him.

"No, it will not do; an inwick is impossible, and a stramash would dae nae guid, for a' oor stanes are ayont the tee. But I'll jist, ma freen's, and be ready wi' yer besoms, try to draw canny through the port, lowly and reverently, and wi' the richt curl on."

A breathless silence ensued during the time the preacher was supposed to walk down the rink to the crampit. Peter the beadle said afterwards he could see at the time the whole thing as if it were before him. Carefully, he said, he saw him lift his stane and wipe the sole of it wi' his cowe, adjust the crampit, and, elbow oot, put it on the ice like a duck on the water.

At length it was apparent to all that the stone was on its course.

"Let him alane. I'm on him," burst from the pulpit; "it will do it; bonnily it works down ower the hog, the hannle half turnin' as if tae luk at me.

Not a cowe, ma friends, not a cowe; through the ports of the wicked clear of all guile and wickedness it catches the face of the unrighteous interloper, and gently moving it aside lies shot, and the righteous have, ma brethren, triumphed once more."

There were many head shakings as the book was closed with the familiar thump, and some of them felt a difficulty in keeping themselves from ascending the pulpit stair and giving him a shake of the hand.

Next day there was a thin drizzling shower falling as I made my way through the village and across the intervening fields to the pond. The sun was shining with great warmth, and the softening winds were raising pools of water in the burns, where had been hard sheets of ice. Still, the board had been so strong that I did not feel astonished, on rounding the corner of the wood, to see the curlers busy on the bosom of the loch below. I hurried forward, impatient to see the game so cleverly outlined from the pulpit. There was the minister, indeed, and the other three of the righteous, and the rough, rude Geordie, and rantin', roarin' Tam singing and sooping and winking to his fellow-curlers, who took up the places of Lucifer and Beelzebub, two brother cattle-dealers. Numerous allusions were made to the sermon, which the ne'er-do-weel brother had heard of, and it was sore on all of the other side, who benefited by the softness of the ice, to see them keep three winning shots, which they got the first head, still to the fore. Would they have won? however, is a question which now cannot be answered. The doctor's rink lay four, as he said, on the gradually yielding ice, but Tam contested the fourth shot, and they rushed all together, when the

ice broke, and they were left struggling in the water. Wet, cold, and hungry, they made their way home, each side claiming the game; but the minister, after all, had the last stone to play, and repreaching his sermon over the soft ice, made out unaccountably that his rink had gained a signal triumph.

Caller Ou.

A Tale of the Dreadful 14th October 1881, when so many Fishermen lost their Lives.

(*Good Words, 1882.*)

Ony fish, ye say, the day, mem?
They are bonnie, jist noo in;
Silver haddies, silver whities,
Skate and gurnet, cod and ling,
Clams and cockles, whelks and mussels,
They are fresh, mem; in ee' noo.
Think ye'll no have ocht the day, mem?
Then gude mornin'. Caller Ou!

Wad ye help me wi' ma creel, mem?
It is heavy, d'ye say?
Weel, it aye gets licht and lichter,
As I wend ma weary way.
A' for bairnies, orphan bairnies,
For to fill their wee bit mou,
Playin' fishwives, while their mither
Is oot crying Caller Ou!

Whaur's ma man? Oh, dinna ask, mem.
He is wi' ma laddies twa.
They went oot and ne'er cam' hame, mem,
For the boat was lost wi' a'.
But there's cases waur than mine, mem,
Whaur they'll have to battle through;
For my auldest baits a line, mem,
And the youngest cries Ca-oo!

On the pier that fearfu' day, mem,
As the spray did ower me lift,
Did I hear them eerie say, mem,
"Lead the puir thing oot the drift."
Then I kenned what had befaun me;
And cauld, cauld my heart it grew,
Cauld the hoose, and cauld the bairnies,
And cauld days cryin' Caller Ou!

But, thank you, mem,—gude mornin'.
The sun glints on Inchkeith;
Sae e'en I maun be daun'erin'
Up the weary brae o' Leith.
Clams and cockles, whelks and mussels,
They are fresh, mem; in ee' noo.
Think you'll no have ocht the day, mem?
Then gude mornin'. Caller Ou!*

* NOTE.—This little song, which was written when the author was at Newhaven during the time of the Fisheries Exhibition at Edinburgh in 1882, has been set to music by Mr T. S. Gleadhill, under the title of "On Sea and Shore," and sung in public.

Gowks or Gowf?

(*The Gowk is the Scottish name for the Cuckoo.*)

A Tale of Old Prestwick.

Prestwick, but forty years ago a collection of thatched houses, each the home of a squire or freeman, has largely, owing to its facilities for golf, become quite a fashionable seaside resort. No place in Scotland owes so much possibly to Ye Royal and Ancient Game, and just by way of a preliminary to our story we will give a few notes about its early introduction.

"The first who ever played golf at Prestwick," said the late Mr Andrew Hutchison, the nonagenarian elder (who played golf up till within a few weeks of his death), to the writer, was "the late Reverend Dr Pollock, of Kingston, Glasgow, and myself, about fifty years ago. I do not know whether he was a St Andrews man or not, but I know he originally came out as a United Presbyterian, and then went over to the Established; a change on which I frequently rallied him. He was well over the middle height; of a happy and humoursome disposition; and used to come down on the Mondays and stay at my place till the Fridays. His golfing costume was a plain suit of 'Tweeds,' with the ordinary golf cap, much of the same pattern as is generally worn at present; and he played a very fair game. I may say he was a most enthusiastic angler,

and when not golfing was off in the Mauchline direction, no doubt to fish the river Ayr. "When I first saw him play golf I wondered that any man could ever be silly enough to engage at such a thing. By-and-by he got me to try it along with him, and it was not long before I found I was as big a fool as himself. Of course there was no regularly laid out course then, but we started off just where is situated now Golfpark House ; in fact from the starting point of the 'Old Belt' round. We crossed the Alps, and came back across the Cardinal very much as they do at present, or, I should rather say, before the old course was enlarged and the Monkton ground taken in. Crossing the Cardinal was a matter of much more difficulty then than now, being quite three feet higher on the brow or face, the sand having gradually crumbled inward. Colonel Fairlie of Coodham soon after this became an enthusiastic golfer, and I quite well recall his tall, military appearance, also that of the Earl of Eglinton, who played with him.

"The chief event worthy of note in Prestwick golfing history," adds our informant, "was the formation of the club in 1851, and the purchase by the club of the little cottage, still standing, as it does, next to my own place, for Tom Morris. Tom's first residence when he came to Prestwick was a thatch-roofed house on the other side of the road. It has a slate roof now, and is named Palermo. Tom soon laid off the green on a regular plan, yet, notwithstanding, there were very few regular players—certainly not more than a dozen. The front room, to the south of the entrance, Tom used as a workshop ; the other, to the north, was the place where the members kept their clubs and held their meetings. The St Nicholas

Club, formed a little later, had more playing members. We kept our clubs in Tom's shop till, this getting inconvenient, I gave them a dwelling-house behind my shop, and which was the St Nicholas quarters for many years. Of course, you are aware of the great changes which have taken place in recent years—the building and enlargement of the old club's quarters ; the extension of the course ; the shifting of the St Nicholas over the road ; and the return to the sea-side at the Salt Pans again, with the erection of a grand new clubhouse." Of course, Mr Hutchison saw much of young Tom when he was a lad playing about his own doors or on the links, where from the first, he says, he evinced that determination to win which characterised his play in all his famous matches.

Among the most notable of the Ayrshire players was an old Indian officer, one Major M'Ian, of the M'Ians of that Ilk, who, being desperately against the pronunciation of his name, in the same way as the M'Ivors of Waverley renown, sometimes got his letters addressed, Major M'Cayenne, and having a somewhat over-curried liver, in time became generally alluded to as "Old Pepper." Though he spoke English, he was very fond of Burns and the Scottish dialect, and when his temper was in any way upset he generally relapsed into the latter, which most likely was his school-day's tongue. As he made a point of playing two rounds daily, it was of course difficult always to find a partner for him, and he cared little for playing alone. As luck would have it, there came to reside at Prestwick a young gentleman from that part of the sunny south which lies in the centre of Surrey, and who, having played the game on Blackheath and become fascinated with it, resolved to lay

out a course on his own property among the breezy downs. This he had done at considerable expense, when it occurred to him that before giving it the finishing touches he might visit St Andrews and a few of the Scottish links, with a view to acquiring a few wrinkles and at the same time overcoming the wrinkles of the putting-greens, which were not at that time submitted to the cross-cropping of a lawn-mowing machine. Mr D'Arcy Fitzwiggins was a totally different stamp of man to Major M'Cayenne. The only son of wealthy London East-Enders, both of whom were dead some years at the time of our story, he had been brought up in luxury, having his every wish gratified. Indeed, had he when a child cried for the Koh-i-Noor, an effort would no doubt have been made to procure it for him. Educated privately, he had never evinced a fondness for rowing, as being in his opinion "bargemen's work;" and though he played cricket a little and was a good bat, he detested what he called the tyranny of having to turn up for matches at times quite against one's private wish. Having tasted golf, no other pastime had for him the slightest attractions. And he could play the game excellently well, too, driving a long ball and putting with great accuracy. In those days, however, there were few tailor-made gowfers, and his get-up at times was, it must be said, of a dreadfully stagey character. His ideas, too, of what a golfing course should be like were also somewhat peculiar, and quite foreign to the ideas of the average Scotsman. They certainly differed much from those of Major M'Ian.

"Ah, here you are at last," said the Major, who had been sitting waiting at the parlour window of the little cottage; "got-up like a showman, as usual. What in

the name of all the world is that you have got over your face? Been harrying a wasp's nest and got stung, I suppose? Very sorry, indeed. They are nasty, troublesome things these hornets."

"Wasps' nests!—ha! ha! No, my dear boy," was the laughing reply. "Another capital idea, by Jove! I've brought one for you also. Derby dust veil, my boy, for keeping out dust on road to Epsom. First-rate here for stopping that small white sea sand that blows up from the shore, and bites one's face so at times. You just try this one I have brought for you."

Major M'Ian declined the proffered little bit of blue gauze, almost with a shudder, horrified at the thought of going out like some old maid who wanted to conceal her wrinkles. Indeed, he did not altogether relish the idea of being seen on the links at all playing against an opponent so attired. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that few people would likely be out on the course, as there was a somewhat sharp breeze blowing from the sea. So, each lighting a weed, they followed their caddies down to the starting tee of the old Prestwick course by the shore. As ill luck would have it, at least so the Major thought, all but the foot pavement of the roadway beneath the railway arch was flooded, and the roof being under repair, a workman had so placed his ladder that they must either go below it or wade through the water, which was more than ankle deep. Fitzwiggins went beneath as jauntily as if it were a mistletoe bough at a Christmas party. Not so Old Pepper. "Hi, look here, you artisan fellow," he cried, "you come down and take your infernal ladder out of this. I am not going round Prestwick Links in wet socks for any

man, and am hanged if there's any use playing golf at all after passing beneath a ladder." And so the first bunker was overcome by the objectionable obstruction being removed. It may very well be gathered from this that Major M'Ian was, besides being crusty, exceedingly superstitious.

The hard breeze which was blowing across the Firth of Clyde from the Arran hills drove the white sand, fine as that of the boiled emery used in an hour-glass, hard enough betimes to test the meshes of Fitzwiggins' Derby veil, but did not seem to interfere with the play or comfort of the Major, whose bronzed complexion had, no doubt, long ere this been rendered even mosquito proof. Yet, while the sand failed to perceptibly annoy him, his temper was not altogether unruffled at the remarks made from time to time regarding the scenic and other amenities of the links by his opponent. "Ah," said the latter, when they had crossed the bunker known to golfers all the world over as "The Cardinal's Nob," and the sand dunes which guard the lower valley of the Powburn in all their desolateness lay before them—"Ah! Burns, your poet, must have been here when he wrote these words to Mendelssohn's beautiful song, 'Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast?—so bweak and bwaah, so bweak and bwaah.' What a howling wilderness of sand it is to be sure, with a few thin strains of brent weed trying to cover its nakedness, and two or three screaming, hungry seagulls, sneaking about, no doubt, as at the stern of a London penny steamer, for a little food. It is really dreadful. Wait till you see and play over my lovely course on the Surrey Downs, Major, and then you will know what golf really is, you will!"

"Are you done?" said the Major, who was leaning

lightly upon his cleek, which he had just been using, "for I want to say something on the question."

"Drive away, Major; drive away!" was the good-natured reply.

"Then," said the old man, speaking evidently with genuine feeling, "when you have been as long in India as I have been, roasted for months under a burning sun, you'll enjoy your very dreams of these seagulls. Your very fancy of these delightful sea breezes will fan you into coolness; and, when you awake in the jungle, rich in the glory of tropical vegetation, the dearest memory of your life will be of those bleak sand hills, which are as ignorant of the garden rake as they are of anything but Nature's watering-can. And, now, confine yourself to your golf, and not make silly speeches, for I am one hole up, and I mean to keep so." And the Major did, and so won the round.

About a month after this, business called Major M'Ian to London, and when all was completed, he and an old friend, Captain Burnett, arranged to go down to Fitzwiggins' place on the Surrey Downs and play what was to be a sort of international foursome at golf—Scotland *v.* England. The weather was delightful; it was in the end of April, and everything augured well for an enjoyable day. Still Old Pepper had his misgivings, and would have liked much rather, as he journeyed down by rail from the Waterloo Station, that he was on his way to Prestwick, or some other course laid off by the seashore. Their host met them at the station with a well-appointed trap, and soon they were whirling rapidly through Surrey lanes and roadways, the hedgerows bounding which were already decked with fragrant hawthorn blossom. The Major inwardly wished that the white spray was

that which marked the line of breakers along the sandy Ayrshire beach, but sternly resolved, as became a military man, to tolerate the infliction to the end. At last they reached the first teeing ground, where he who had arranged to be Fitzwiggins' partner was in waiting, also a few friends and some loutish yokels in smock frocks, who were destined to act as caddies. Everything was as the Major had fancied. "Golf course, be hanged! It's just an open-air conservatory," he muttered to his partner, Captain Burnett, who liked the aspect of things no better than himself. Lilac and May-blossom perfumed the air, and numerous large chestnut trees, with their catkins just ripe for bursting, stood out most perplexingly every here and there, making seemingly the flight of a golf ball impossible. Still, all went well through the first round, showers of blossom being occasionally dislodged at times when the balls were out of line, and the Major being rendered a little extra peppery when a cushat pigeon, disturbed from her nest in an adjoining tree, made a clean mess of his putting. Still they finished one up on the first round, and were well satisfied with themselves.

On starting on the second round a black and white bird with a long tail got up and chattered most impudently on the stump of a decayed oak, then flew away. The sight of it seemed to annoy the Major much worse than even the cushat had done.

"I say, Fitzwiggins, was that a magpie I saw just now?" he said somewhat anxiously.

"Yes; lovely bird, was it not? We have several of them, so you are sure to see another again soon."

This was intended to be consoling, but it was just the reverse, for where the Major came from in Scotland, the particular superstition about magpies ran—

One's joy, two's grief, three's a funeral, four's a burial. "Three's a foozle, four's a bunker," he growled to himself, mentally resolving never again to be caught on an inland golf course. Proud of his place, Fitzwiggins soon pointed him joyously a second and third, and from being two up, Scotland only held her own. How things might have ended it is hard to tell. The Major had swung his club to drive from the tee when there came, beautiful and cheering, the lovely note of Cuckoo. The globe was missed altogether. In the next moment Old Pepper was peering up into that tree with his club drawn like a schoolmaster's ferrule.

"The infernal young rascal, if I could get him I'd thrash him black and blue."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Fitzwiggins; "it is the sweet harbinger of summer itself, I can assure you."

"Sweet harbinger of h——l; all I can say is, that I would wring its neck if I had it down here, as a bird out of season and out of place;" then relapsing into his native Doric, he said, "Look here, Fitzwiggins, I've stood your cushie doos, and I've put up with your pyets, but when it comes to *gowks*, I prefer *gowf*."

That memorable if somewhat strange international foursome was never finished, nor was Major M'Ian ever again found playing golf on an inland course.

The Steel Cutter's Maiden Race.

"A MINUTE to go! you say. Well, boys, I hope you've got all clear and ready. Stand by to hoist the balloon foresail, and lose no time in getting up and out the spinnaker. Half a minute to go! All right; round she swings to the lee-going tide." We are in the steel cutter *Vanduara*, designed by Mr G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, on her maiden race, the first cutter match of the New Thames Yacht Club. *Vril's* big white silken "V," carefully embroidered on a piece of as bonnie raven silk as ever clad a dowager duchess, by the designer's mother and sister, is at the mast-head, fluttering almost vauntingly to a breeze from the Essex land, which in the far distance we can see is rolling into life the languid windmills. *Formosa* has drawn the weather position, and has up the Royal feathers of the Prince of Wales, and between her and the Rosherville shore is *Cuckoo*, flying the blue with white Maltese cross of Mr Holmes Ker, made so familiar by Cranfield in the *Neva*. A dead run before wind and ebb tide is promised us for the first short stretch, and a great deal may depend on the manner in which we get away. Overnight at the "Falcon" we have casually overheard that *Cuckoo*, newly coppered and canvassed and with O'Neil of *Myosotis* fame at her tiller, is certain to prove invincible, whilst the Prince's boat, under Dick Diaper, has her friends in

what little speculation is indulged in, some declaring, however, that they would prefer to see her handled by her old master, Lemon Cranfield, whose new charge is now lying at the anchorage. The *Vanduara* is considered in the light of a venture, the old-time head-shakers thinking it too much of a jump for a young designer from fives and tens like *Vril*, *Verve*, and *Madge* to a ninety-tonner. In the previous history of British yacht racing an aspiring naval architect has generally had to do a treadmill climb on the dead stepping-stones of his own conceptions before daring to put into frame anything approaching to the top class as regards dimensions. "*Fifteen seconds to go!*" Stand by, pilot, and cast off with the first lowering flutter of the Blue Peter. Don't wait the gun, there is such a thing as cold pokers and damp caps or priming holes. "*Five seconds more!*" The gun. Now then, boys, we are away!

Quickly the foresail is run up, and as it is eased forward it drags us through amongst a fleet of shrimpers which have gathered up the river in the morning. Up and out spinnaker is the next operation, and while with it set we scour the water like a broken-winged swan, one by one, some riding on the halliards, partly by weight of beef, partly by weight of muscle, we set the mainsail. "Now throat; now peak," rings clear over the swishing sound of the broken water, O'Neil's Dublin Bay brogue and Diaper's Hants dialect letting us know by-and-by, ere we have time to look around, that we are not alone. "Well done, boys," is our skipper's salute a few minutes later as the gaff topsail is fully sheeted home; "first prize or not, we are first ship to have our clothes on." A cheer comes ringing back from the forecastle

head at this, for the men have made more than one bet in beer over that the previous night. Our skipper, William Mackie, it has to be borne in mind, is not only sailing a Scotch-designed and Scotch-built boat, but his mate and nearly all of his men hail from the Clyde. Hitherto, even on the Clyde, it has been considered that the best boat that Fairlie can turn out cannot have a chance in the handling unless she is manned by men who have been born and bred on the Itchen, or have been trained to the calling of oyster dredging at Donyland or Brightlingsea. Though far away from Bogany Point or Largs Pier, admittedly the yacht racing, critical grand stands of modern yacht racing, each and every one has an eye towards the achievement of success.

Our party on board is a happy one, though through a family bereavement we miss the presence of the genial owner, Mr John Clark, of Gateside and Curling Hall. Miss Watson, who has given the finishing stitches to the sailing flag, and is principal sailmaker in the minding of it—these silk stitched banners often give out at times—is possibly the brightest member; but brother Malcolm Watson, since of dramatic fame, is on the O.P. side to try and elucidate possibly the second or third acts of a drama which had its beginning with the little centre-board, *Peg Woffington*. John Houston has not only got us a pilot, but the "verra pilot that was wi' me in the *Fiona* when I cam' roun' here twenty years ago"—Tom Cuthbert, of the *Vampire*, more familiarly known to his associates as Paddy Cuthbert, of the *Ould Bat*, is representative member. Then *Vril's* steering partner, Mr J. B. Hilliard, has arrived to give his best assistance in the direction of seeing the

Vril's colours properly carried. Our representative member has been dining with his host, Mr Boucher, and looks rather aghast at learning from Mr Hilliard that the *Vanduara* is strictly a teetotal ship. This is a bit of mischief, however, and his fears of twenty-six miles out and home "on a hice and a horange," as in one of his experiences, are in good time washed away, for the steel cutter is well found in everything, and is being raced, somewhat to his astonishment, as if she had been sumptuously fitted for a comfortable cruise through the West Highlands. Commodious sail lockers, with "a little bit of a table to write your protests upon," has hitherto been Mr Cuthbert's experience in maiden races with first-class cutters, and his general verdict on the interior is that "things are done mighty comfortable, let her sail fast or not." He soon has his doubts removed on that point.

The wind drawing more from the east, we soon have a close haul to Sea Reach, the steel cutter laying herself high out on *Formosa's* front quarter, and threatening to give her what she has not been accustomed to getting from a boat of her own size and rig, viz., a good blanketing. Has the Ratsey flier met her match at last, and is the Prince, who has had prophesied for him a long trailing string of feathered banners, to have his recent purchase beaten on the first day she carries his colours? *Cuckoo*, in *Formosa's* wake, is sailing a grand boat, and we cannot help thinking what a lot of plate she must have lifted all during the seventies if she had been raced when, as the *Clarissa*, she was put into the water at Fairlie for Lord A. Lennox in 1872. As it was, her younger sister, the *Neva*, carrying the flag which now flutters at her mast-head, was allowed to take away what plate

the older sister *Fiona* was not equal to lifting, and Tim Walker with *Cythera*, which was *Neva's* own sister, was not handy. We are afraid at the time, however, that her day has gone, in spite of her new copper, new suit of sails, and the known capabilities of her skipper. As the wind freshens a little we draw clear past *Formosa* to windward, and the Ratsey boat gets the first taste of what is in store for her.

With sheets pinned in flat we lay through the Lower Hope. Here both *Formosa* and *Cuckoo* seem to be getting the wind fresher and freer inshore, and the cry rings "Ready about!" A short hitch brings us well across the Prince's cutter, and with a commanding lead we go back to our original tack again. As a matter of fact, we might have fetched through, as the others did, without a tack, but our skipper thinks it best to err on the side of safety. Sometimes slithering along the top of the mud in a manner which makes our pilot call out with alarm, "No more away, sir," we reach at a tearing pace down to the Mouse, the wind freshening up as we go, though not sufficiently so as to cause us to change our topsail. It shifts both Norman's and Wraith's topmasts, however, and leaves *Bloodhound* with a somewhat easy victory in the forties. Staying round the Mouse four minutes ahead of *Formosa*, which is about the same ahead of *Cuckoo*, we have a long reach home on starboard. Coming through the Hope again, the hardening breeze sends us down to the skylights; but there is no cause for alarm. The steel cutter *Punchbowl*, as Mr Linley Sambourne afterwards styled her in *Punch*, is filled at the bottom with hot punch that will stand a lot of ladling—the best Welsh lead poured in when molten.

In a few minutes we are racing up to the line, and

the *Vanduara* draws her first winning gun. We give and take the usual cheering. The finishing times are: *Vanduara* (£100), 5 hr. 6 min. 22 sec.; *Formosa*, 5 hr. 11 min. 48 sec.; *Cuckoo*, 5 hr. 14 min. 48 sec. Ashore we are told that there was no real test, it being practically a reach both ways. One rather important critic, we find, must be of a different opinion, for in our particular pigeon-hole at the post office, writing with a proverbially adamantine post office pencil, he has indented the telegraph form we are about to use with the words: "This new Clyde cutter is a flier and no mistake."

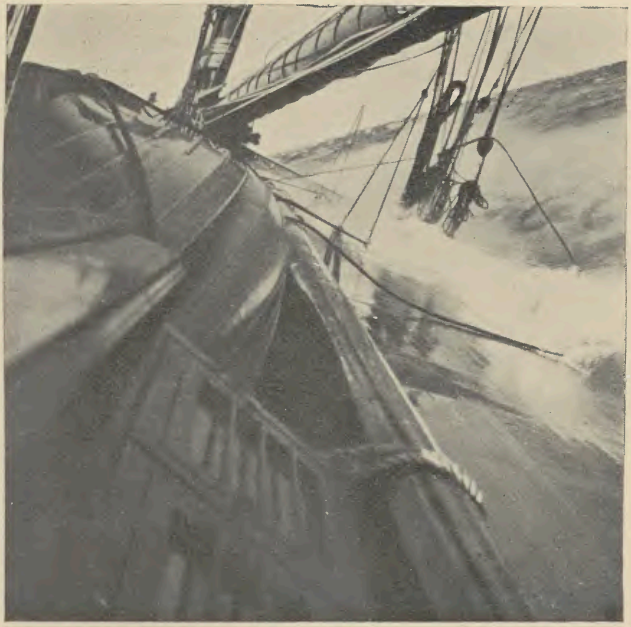
Next day (Friday) *Vanduara* finished within her time of *Formosa* in a reach to the Mouse and home, but was, with *Cuckoo*, disqualified for being over the line too soon in the underway start. On the Saturday, when the Prince with the late Duke of Clarence and Prince George were on board *Formosa*, she showed her genuine powers by weathering on the latter in a stiff breeze in a beat home from the Mouse within a few tacks, winning very easily without time.

From Rothesay, round Ailsa Craig, and Home for a Thousand Guineas.

THE GREAT OPENING CHANNEL YACHT-RACE OF THE KING'S REIGN AND THE NEW CENTURY.

"I WILL match my cutter to sail any boat of the fleet round Ailsa Craig and back to Rothesay for a hundred pounds."

So spake Mr Kenneth Clark, the spirited owner of the *Kariad*, within the cabin of the stately schooner *Gleniffer*, lying in Rothesay Bay, on Saturday evening, June 9, 1901, at the close of the Royal Clyde Glasgow Exhibition Regatta. Previously, when the little sailing party had dined together on board the *Strathervic*, *Kariad's* steam tender, regret had been expressed over the unsatisfactory nature of the two days' racing, owing to flat calms and the general unsteadiness either as to direction or force of the little wind which was experienced. Had *Gleniffer's* owner been in possession at the time of a yacht of *Kariad's* class, he would have hesitated as little in accepting the challenge as he did in starting his old favourite *Marjorie* against the *Wendur*, owned by Kariad's uncle, the late Mr John Clark, of Gateside, so well known in connection with *Vanduara*. His big schooner, however, taking the mean of the average Clyde weather during the previous fortnight into consideration, stood as small a chance of success as her ocean-going prototype near



FROM A SNAPSHOT ON BOARD *KARIAD.*
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at hand, the famous *Selene*, with her wings clipped for training-ship purposes. *Shamrock I.* was not available, Sir Thomas Lipton having earlier in the day, when approached in this direction, clearly indicated that he needed the elder Cup challenger for to try *Shamrock II.* when the latter had shipped her new steel mast, and so could run no unnecessary risks.

But *Sybarita* was there, and why should there not be a real old sporting contest, just to colour a page of Clyde yachting history? Yes, for £250 *Sybarita* would hold her own against the cutter for the seventy-four miles round Ailsa Craig and home. This jumped quickly to a thousand pounds, but eventually, on the counselling of a third party, the amount agreed upon was five hundred guineas a side—a big stake, and one which brought back the days when owners raced each other for large sums and the competing boats as well, the corsair and buccaneering yachting periods of the *Thought* and *Torpid*. Good old times these, when the lingering spirit of hammering away in the English Channel at a boat with sixteen-pounders, and towing her home as a prize afterwards, still survived. It did not take long to pull on board *Sybarita*, which was in charge of Mr Percy Thelluson. Mr Thelluson, who is a good all-round sportsman and enthusiastic yachtsman, fully entered into the spirit of the thing, and said he would wire the owner for confirmation. The confirmation came back quickly, and so both boats were set down to sail on the Monday round Ailsa Craig, taking it on starboard hand from Bogany Point and back. The chart distance is seventy-four miles, but a mile and a half might be allowed for taking the Craig wide according to the wind. Alto-

gether, it was likely to be a real good testing trip of the old-fashioned character—a yachting story unpunctuated by modern mark-boats.

The yachts were fairly matched, so far as we could judge from their relative performances, giving due consideration to the fact that there had not elapsed time enough to allow Mr Clark's cutter to get into racing trim. She had been built two years previously for Mr C. D. Rose, of Hardwicke Hall, and when launched had been named *Distant Shore*, after his grand old racing brood mare, the grand-dam of his celebrated three-year-old colt, "Cyllene." The loss of two brave sons in the war was the sad cause of her owner keeping her out of commission for a full season. Put into the market, Mr Clark purchased her, and Captain Hogarth, who sailed *Shamrock I.* in America, being free, she was now getting into first-rate fighting fettle. *Sybarita*, elder by racing but younger by birth on the stocks, measured out at 103.42 tons against the cutter's 94, and giving due allowance for rig over seventy-four miles, would have to concede eight minutes. Captain Bevis had admittedly nothing to learn, any more than Captain Hogarth had, in sailing an up-to-date heavy sparred, heavy canvassed, heavy ballasted fin-keel boat, and the Isle of Wight would make a good rear fight of it in this respect with the Isle of Bute.

Sunday saw a continuation of the beautiful summer weather, that is to say, if there can be such a thing, in a yachtsman's opinion, as weather without wind. Neither bubble nor breaker perceptible, the sea was as calm and glassy as a virgin sheet of ice on a moorland loch, while landward there was not enough motion in the atmosphere to ruffle a harebell on the leas above

Ardbeg, let alone wave the bracken on the hillsides of Toward. In the evening, however, the pier barometer began to fall, and it seemed as likely as not that the strong sun heat had burned out a passage for the elements somewhere. At the back of midnight, the Glasgow Exhibition Regatta spell, with its calms and its cat's-paws, its "flukes" and its "foozled" finishes, to use a golfer's expression, was broken by the first of a breeze from about west-south-west, which, veering more southerly, strengthened in force till at eight o'clock in the morning it was raising spindrift on the bay in clouds, and rocking on the slopes of Achvoilin, above Loch Striven, the pines of green spruce and sombre larch which were planted seventy years ago, to represent the ragged British squares at Waterloo. Fighting flags were hoisted on both competitors; topmasts were housed, and every indication given that the match would be fought out in spite of rising wind or running seas. Unfortunately, *Kariad*, going outside of Bogany Point for a feeler, had the misfortune to lose the skids which support the bowsprit, and with other damage in the same locality, there was nothing for it but to call a No-Go, and postpone the tussle till the mischief was remedied.

Overnight the breeze hardened into half a gale from the north-west, but racing flags were up all the same. Local men declared that the competitors would not venture outside of the Cumbraes, let alone round the Craig of Ailsa. In this, however, they were mistaken, for with bowsprits shortened in, double-reefed mainsails under small jibs, they about ten o'clock went down to the line at Bogany Point, *Strathervic*, off which a flag-boat was moored, acting as commodore

ship. The preparatory gun was fired at 10.30, and both skippers gybing and staying within easy circles, commenced the usual sparring for weather berth, the yawl meantime having set her mizzen. Closing on the line in the last half minute, they burst out working stay-sails, and at 10.35, with *Sybarita* leading by about two lengths next the wind, they were off midst a smother of foam, with booms eased well over to port. Down the Ascog shore, the yawl's power began to tell in the extra puffs and comparatively smooth waters, and ere they had reached past Mountstuart House, her vantage at second gun-fire had been trebled. As Kilchattan Bay was opened out, Bevis essayed to set mizzen stay-sail, but the low neck of land there lets in the full force always of a nor'-wester from Loch Fyne, and it being a case of "tack or timber," it was lowered in time to save the stick. Across the bay, both were going fourteen knots, the yawl if anything the faster, and when the bluffs of Garroch had been brought abeam, *Sybarita* was fully a minute and a half ahead. As they went into the Sound of Bute, the wind still striking fresh on the starboard quarter, they shifted working for balloon foresails; but the yawl's would not sit, although *Kariad's* was drawing splendidly, and the working stay-sail again took its place. Both could lay straight course, which was about due south, if desirable, but elected to keep well out of the lee of Arran, Captain Hogarth, in the cutter, being the first to indicate a line, by laying the Gull Point of the Little Cumbrae on his lee beam, and running down through his boyhood waters on the Ayrshire shore by Farlane Head and Ardneil Bay. This was a part of the coast indeed that more skippers of renown than he were familiar with, for many a hard

FROM A SNAPSHOT ON BOARD *KARIAD*.
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night's trawling had Captain Barr of *Columbia* done there before he elected to make America his adopted country. Was it not in such a gale, too, that with his smack dismantled and a wreck, he worked along the dangerous sand-girt Ayrshire shore to the harbour of Troon?

The wind having been to the south of west the previous day, a bit of a sea, as anticipated, was found rolling up the Firth past the Mull of Kintyre from The Copelands, and this two points forward of the beam, with more than half a gale fresh and squally on the quarter, made steering difficult. Still keeping well out of the lee lulls of Arran, with extra assistance at the tiller, by times they could prevent any running off and keep a straight stem for Turnberry Point or a little more westward. Goatfell, the Ben-Y-Ghoil, or "Mountain of Storms," a moment clear in sunshine revealed the swollen burnies streaming down his sides, only at fitful times to don his cap of mist. Then, when well over his ears, would come sweeping out from Glen Rosa cold wind-driven showers of rain and hail and sleet. Yet boldly the brave boats coursed onward like the ancient cliff-reared Royal hawks of Cumbrae, fastest of all the falcon tribe that ever "flew" heron on Falkland, all the time making fairly good weather of it and cleaving no extra water that would cause them to lose time. Right well did Bevis, the Isle of Wight skipper, know that he could not afford to lose one single second to his Isle of Bute rival; equally well did Hogarth, his Isle of Bute rival, know that the heavy bow waves must not set back the hands of his clock if he wished to finish inside his legitimate allowance.

Like the good old Ranterpike schooners, the

Madge Wildfire and the *Termagant*, they pounded on, in *over*, or *through*, and this at a pace which would have startled some of the skippers of these noted old-time coasters, which, beautifully modelled and magnificently handled, often raced away in a strong reaching breeze from the best of the yachts competing in the Channel Matches from the Mersey or Barrow to the Clyde.

As the south entrance to Lamlash Bay was closed, memories could be recalled of that Royal Northern cruise of five and twenty years ago, when in the match from Rothesay to Brodick Bay, leaving Holy Island on starboard hand, only the noted old schooner *Fiery Cross*, and the famous hard-weather forty-five ton yawl *Lena*, carrying the "Belladrum" black and yellow of Mr James Merry Forrester, erstwhile of "Ripple" and "Zampa," went the full course, though Captain Mackie, in the thick of a shower, with the sixty-ton cutter *Snowflake*, owned by the father of *Kariad's* owner, in a jocular spirit drew the gun and went off for Fairlie Roads without disputing the right to the prize. Topmasts and bowsprits were giving everywhere that day, and the Sound was floating with timbers like a woodyard flooded by an extra spring tide. Twice that day, coming through Lamlash Bay, we had to gybe, and at Fullarton Rock *Lena's* mainsheet lifted the transom. Just such a down channel race there was, too, in *Foxhound's* maiden year (1870), when Lord Ailsa, who had newly entered on the pastime, gave a prize for all classes, to finish opposite his stately and picturesque marine residence, Culzean Castle — a race which was won by a Fairlie boat of *Foxhound's* own tonnage (35), the cutter *Maria* of Mr Sharp — many years after-

wards owned by the late Mr John M'Ausland of Dumbarton.

As the clouds clear away by times, we can pick up away on the lee beam Lady Isle and the harbour of Troon. It was to a ship off Lady Isle that the Irvine lifeboat, manned by the gallant family of Sinclairs, in a north-west hurricane, with a little rag of sail set, ran down before the wind and rescued the crew, all save one, who was drowned when the boat capsized on nearing the Troon beach. This feat caused quite a thrill throughout the nation at the time, and it is set down as one of the bravest in lifeboat history. Good old Davie and his herring smack, the unpoetically-named *Gaswork of Irvine.* It was in a north-west wind, such as is blowing, that a yachting skipper of the old school, Captain Watson, somewhere between Holy Isle and Lady Isle saved the life of the fourth Duke of Portland, and earned a pension and a free house for life. A heavy squall from Arran laid the *Clown* schooner over on her broadside, and with the old-fashioned bellying mainsail full of water, she could not recover. "Take the tiller, your Grace," said Watson, jumping into the buried sail, knife in mouth. Ripping the bag, he let out the contents, the boat quickly coming to even keel again. A good thing it was for yachting, for "Old Neptune" was at the time busy completing those testing tanks, the first in Britain, and in which were tried the models of those despised steam kettles which caused the expulsion of that famous sportsman, Mr Assheton Smith, from the Royal Yacht Squadron. Troon, the pioneer of steam yacht building, is a century afterwards under the Ailsa Shipbuilding Company, still well to the fore with steam yachting. The fourth Duke was the last

of the Bentincks to retain the strong, keen sympathies which the founder of the family brought over from Holland with William of Orange. When building Troon harbour, he used to look well after his Irish colony of labourers himself, as they were not inclined to work too hard. One day he came suddenly upon a broth of a boy sitting upon the highest peak of a rock he could command. "And what are you here for, my lad?" was his interrogation. "Sorr," said the young fellow, completely taken aback, "I'm here to keep a look-out for Ould Neptune." "Arrah, then, go back to your work, and tell them that Ould Neptune can keep a good look-out for himself," was the response, the Duke laughing heartily over the incident.

As they tear past Whiting Bay and Dippin Lodge fierce rain squalls are driving down from Ben Bharran, thrashing the water into a white fury, and sending both boats right over to the coamings. Extra hands at both weather and lee tiller sheets keep the ship straight and steady as a salmon in an autumn spate rushing the centre torrent for that jump which is to clear the linn. Off Pladda, and clear out of the lee of the Arran land, *Kariad's* balloon foresail, which has served her well, is changed for the working one, Hogarth no doubt thinking his boat will do better with less water on deck, whilst behind Ailsa it is more than likely a very heavy sea may fall to be encountered. They are covering the water at steamboat speed, and the pace is telling on *Sybarita's* hull, which, though every sheet of copper has been carefully overlapped, is beginning to exfoliate like the bark of a sycamore tree in the back end of summer. Culzean, where *Shamrock I.'s* designer spent some of his early days, then Turnberry, are

FROM A SNAPSHOT ON BOARD *KARIAD.*
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quickly placed on the lee beam, and soon they have the curling-stone quarries, whence come the Ailsa Craigs which are used in the roarin' game all over the world, right on their weather bow. *Sybarita* hugs the eastern bluffs rather too closely, and the friendly shelter of the great rock, on which the puffins and the solan geese were sitting too warm to their eggs to be disturbed, brings her on even keel; but *Kariad* holds well over to the Girvan shore. Sheets are flattened in, and they haul past Foreland Point and out clear of the rock in a fairly heavy sea, yet not so heavy as was expected, the times taken, as near as possible, being—*Sybarita*, 1 hr. 40 min.; *Kariad*, 1 hr. 40 min. 43 sec.

They are now homeward bound on port tack, with the seas on their quarter, the wind straight over Campbeltown from Macharohanish Bay blowing with full and uninterrupted Atlantic force. *Sybarita's* main-sheet in the hardest of it takes charge of her, and running out, the yawl loses quite two minutes to the cutter ere everything is got right, the quarter seas bothering Bevis in getting the bit back into the boat's mouth. Deck half under, and the foam smashing through the lee rigging, the sun occasionally raising little rainbows 'midst the spray, *Kariad* is going fourteen knots, and well within her time, it looks as if the five hundred guineas are safe inside her locker. Unfortunately, after passing Pladda, she clings to the Arran land too closely, and loses a full minute and a half of the advantage she has picked up through the yawl's mishap. Bevis, more out mid channel, has set balloon foresail, but with twenty miles to cover, and three miles of allowance still to wipe off, this is not enough, so a smart hand, clinging hard to the upper reef

points as the quarter seas lift the long, lean hull, runs out on the boom, and cuts the earing. Now, with a reef out, and the mainsail smartly peaked, she begins to travel away from her opponent like a seven-pound grilse that has broken your tackle. But the wind is, with the showers, flying up northward, and sweeping the nose of far-away Ben Cruachan, so sheets have to be pinned in flat to lay clear of the Little Cumbrae. All this is in favour of *Kariad*, which, with a friendly slant out of Glen Sannox, might still steal out on her weather quarter. The luck is against Hogarth, however, who is sailing his boat with all the skill and courage which in bygone years his ancient ancestors of West Kilbride raced the *Killiecombie*, and other noted Revenue-disowning craft of the period, against old Commodore Crawford, of the White House, in Holy Island, and his cutter, the *Royal Cumbrae*. With her bow copper for twelve feet in ribbons, the yawl stretches across Kilchattan Bay like a steamboat, raising a surge on the red sandstone of Mountstuart, and trailing a white wash along the edge of the lone burial-place of the great Lothair Marquis. The timely loosened reef has by this time told its tale, and the winning guns give the finish.

	Hr.	Min.	Sec.
SYBARITA (winner of £525) -	4	40	0
KARIAD - - - - -	4	50	3

The yawl wins thus a great race, sailed at an average of twelve miles an hour, by a fraction over two minutes when time allowance is deducted.

Both crews cheer each other lustily. Never was sailed a harder yacht-race, never was one finished in which at the close there was seen so much good

feeling. Outside "The Bute," in the evening, Hogarth meets Bevis with the salutation, "How are you, Bevis? Let me congratulate you." "Thank you, Hogarth; how are you?" is the response, with a warm shake of the hand, and the big Clyde match is over. *Over* as regards the sailing, but it will live long in Clyde yachting history.

The Old Curler's Last Bonspiel.

THE win's airting south, and it looks like a thaw,
We'll hear birds sing in Simmer ere next we see snaw;
The auld skip's gane doun to play his last stane,
Just as like it as no' he may ne'er curl again.
For winters twa-score has he no' led us weel?
Let us hope that it's no' his last Gran' Bonspiel.
He's no' jist sae young, but he's handy and skeich,
Yet the ice it is drug, and the stanes they rin dreich.
Then stan' by to soop, ply your brooms weel afore,
For we'll no' let the skip lag ahint the hog-score.

Hoo often he skipped us when ice it was keen;
At a canny played stane, was his like ever seen?
Wi' twa inches o' watter twixt crampit and tee,
He'd come burstin' doun through it like ship through
a sea.
Like a broken loose boulder from rock unto rock
Would he redd the front ice when a' was a block.
Just chippin' a winner when half a cheek bare,
Or raising a stane, the auld skip was aye there;
In the end, if we wanted a canny, quiet draw,
Straucht doun the white ice he'd come snoovin' awa'.

They may brag fully sair o' their guid Crawfordjohns,
Their grey Ailsa Craigs, or their Stair Water hones;
I've played wi' them a', but hae them I'll nane,
For the Bonnie Blue Burnock's the richt channel-stane

For a steady, straucht shot wi' a canny bit twist,
An' a nice curl-in wi' a turn o' the wrist.
So stan' by to soop him, he'll thread through the port,
For the auld skip is ane o' the guid curling sort.
Oh, your cricket, your bowlin', your gowfin' is tame:
The king o' a' sports is the Gran' Roarin' Game.

The win's airting south, it's our last curling day,
An' that stane at his foot may be a' he will play.
How often at times when opponents craw'd crouse,
And we hadna a single stane inside "The Hoose,"
When we wanted fu' hard but ae shot to win,
Aff a weel-taken wick wad he come curling in.
The win's airting south, and the winter is past,
Soop him up, yonder stane! May it no' be his last.
If ye don't ply your cowes, then when things are in bloom,
Ye'll have sair hearts, ye a', whene'er ye see broom.

While we speak the King's English, and sing the King's Scotch,
Gie us hillocks o' haggis, and ponds o' hotch-potch;
While there's beef in the barrel, and greens in the yairds,
We'll hae chipping and drawing, and clapping o' gairds.
Bring him on! Bring him on! he is bonnie laid doun.
Soop! soop him! ye deils, as ye'd soop for a croon.
Gie him pouther, my men, and this stane wins The Cup.
Oh, soop the auld skip. Soop him Up! Soop him Up!

Sprigs of Shamrock.

Build me straight, oh, worthy master,
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
Outward shall defy disaster,
Homeward then that Cup shall wrestle.

SUCH in effect was the commission of Sir Thomas J. Lipton to Mr G. L. Watson, naval architect, when about for the second time to try to rescue from exile the long-lost British yachting trophy. In Longfellow's time the first step in the work of execution would no doubt have been the whittling of a piece of soft pine into a tiny model. But if the author of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" claimed to be the poet of the "forest primeval," the late William Froude has every right to be recognised as the master-muse of the ocean, the first to analyse the great heaving green expanse, and to explain why waves were formed and how, and under what circumstances they could best be combated. So the lines of the ship's loof had to be furrowed on the drawing-board, straight and plumb, sheer and curve, ere the hand had to be submitted to the reading of the gipsy seer of Haslar, within the testing-tanks of Messrs William Denny & Sons, of Dumbarton, a firm of world-wide renown in the history of shipbuilding. What the rough-lopped trunk of a felled tree is to a dug-out canoe was the first form the goodly vessel assumed, and this on a

From a Photo by SWEET, Rothesay.

raw winter's afternoon on the twenty-third day of January in the good year 1900. From this core was shaped a mould of clay, and into this mould was poured paraffin oil, boiling hot. The oleaginous mass having acquired consistency, became an embryo representative challenger for the America Cup. Measuring twelve feet in length, and weighing something like 200 lb., she was lifted into a recess, and was placed in front of two revolving cutters, which, at 1600 revolutions per minute, on bow and starboard, as she rose and fell in sea-like fashion, according to the brass pointer of the pantograph held to her lines, pared her down till she was a thing of beauty and sweetness of form. But her good looks as yet availed her nothing. Placed under a huge rail-travelling truck which bestrides the tanks, she was coursed up and down, whilst little clock-like arrangements almost silently recorded her obstinate propensities to solid water, and her headstrong tendencies in the making of waves. Sometimes she was allowed a rest, whilst an elder sister, like *Valkyrie II.* or *Shamrock I.*, took her place, but not until with nine others, and sixty modifications or family resemblances had been tried for comparison, and this, over nine months, was the verdict given, "She is now ready to be cradled on the stocks." In the meantime, skilled metallurgists were at work in the production for her hull of an alloy which was to combine the lightness of the foam bell with the stoutness of the oak and the polish of the pearl. After weeks of ringing of hammers, she was at last ready to enter the element for which she was intended. "*Shamrock II.*," pronounced her godmother, Lady Dufferin, as she shook the wine drops from her bows, and glided gracefully to the sea. Then, as she was being towed

away, an aristocratic and happy assemblage (amongst whom was Lord Dufferin, her yachting godfather and representative of the standard she was to fight under, the "Bloody Hand of Ulster") toasted her right warmly, and with many a wish for success.

On Saturday, May 5th, the new challenger is lying in Southampton Water, off Hythe, having for company her elder Fairlie sister, *Shamrock I.* The forenoon is well spent in having mainsails and jackyard topsails set whilst awaiting the designer, Mr Watson, and Mr William Jameson, who is to be her consulting sailing-master. *Shamrock I.*, under the first of a fresh easterly breeze off the shore, runs down and awaits her coming off Netley. For the first time under wing, the young *Shamrock* goes away at great speed, and altogether is in every way an argosy laden with much promise, though as yet she is but sail-stretching. Unfortunately the day's quiet cruising off the Isle of Wight ends in her getting grounded for half-an-hour on the Dean Sand. This is not quite regarded as the luck of a four-leaved shamrock, but as she floats off without damage, much serious importance is not attached to the incident. Monday saw both boats do a nice sail-stretching spin to Lymington Spit and back, the new boat giving every satisfaction. On Wednesday, according to original intentions, it has been resolved to change the venue to Weymouth, where there is plenty of water, and little favouring of the wind. Shortly after one o'clock a start is made in a five-knot breeze, the new boat leading past Lymington, where *Shamrock I.'s* topsail lacing gives out. A big thunder-cloud to landward is feeding a squall which, striking suddenly the challenger, buckles her hollow steel gaff to right angles about eight feet out from the "jaws."

"Make fast wreckage and back to Southampton," is the word. Got to rights again at the end of the week, both boats are taken to Weymouth, or rather Portland Roads. Just one fair little three-cornered trial there and back to Southampton Dock for examination of a slightly-leaking hull, and the removal of some rivets, is the next sudden change. Clear of the dock in two good spins, the new challenger gives much promise in the first, but in the second is at a disadvantage throughout through the stretching of her bobstay.

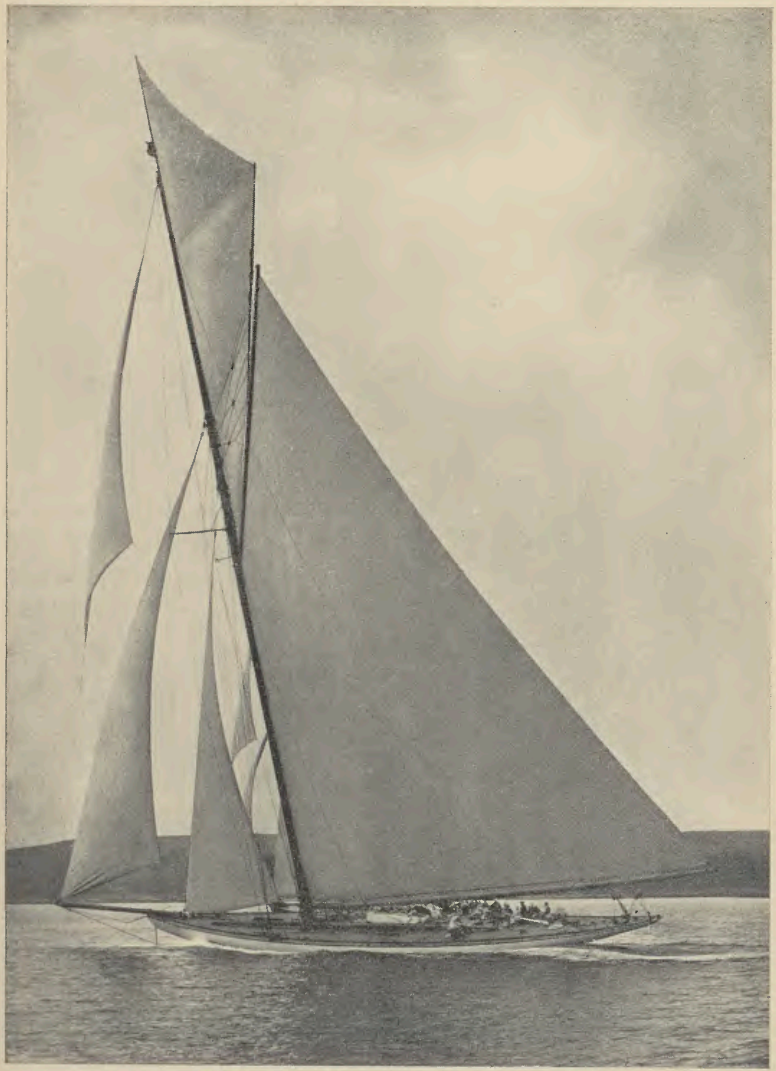
Wednesday, the 21st of May, witnessed an exciting passage in the history of *Shamrock II.*, and one which will ever be remembered in the history of British yacht-racing. The first of a strong summer sun was shining bright at noontide, and bringing out the rich early tints of the foliage in the woods round stately Osborne, whilst down in the Osborne Bay beneath, it was silvering canvas of the two beautiful cutters newly freed from their tow-ropes. A nice fresh breeze from about E.N.E. ruffled the Royal Standard, at the mainmast-head of the *Erin*, and it was known that His Majesty King Edward VII. had come down to enjoy a sail in the new challenger; that, too, in such genuine racing fashion as he had been accustomed to in the *Formosa* and *Britannia*. The *Sybarita*, as extra trial tackle, had been asked to join in, and away over by The Warner, the place of tryst, under No. 2 jackyard topsail, was cruising about whilst awaiting *Erin* and the two other competitors. About one o'clock, His Majesty and party, which comprised, besides Sir Thomas Lipton, the Marchioness of Londonderry and Mrs Jameson, went on board *Shamrock II.*, where already were Mr Jameson and Mr Watson.

A change of arrangements was then determined upon, the fresh resolve being to have a full round of the Old Queen's Course, viz., round Warner and The Lepe, starting from the westward. About half-past one o'clock, *Shamrock I.* ran down to Cowes Bay, where she had to lower and re-set her No. 2 jackyard topsail, through the block of her peak halliards giving out, a simple little disaster easily remedied, but which, unfortunately, proved a harbinger of more serious trouble. *Shamrock II.*, also under No. 2 jackyarder, followed at some little interval the boat with her lee rail awash, showing great speed. The *Erin*, which had steamed ahead, had by this time taken up her position as commodore ship to the south of the West Brambles and the Thorn Knoll buoy, and exactly at two P.M., Captain Matthews, who was on the bridge, blew a whistle, and flew the "B" flag in the rigging. Both cutters then stood across to the Hampshire shore on starboard tack, in order to work out the preparatory five minutes, Captain Bevis, who had both seen the signal and heard the whistle, giving the yawl the weight of the wind, in order to get up in time to round for a good weather position. Three and a half minutes had elapsed, and both boats still stood out on the same tack, a little below the line, with the elder *Shamrock* nearest the Cowes side. The wind was now hardening considerably, and had much volume in it, though there was nothing of the nature of squalliness. Captain Sycamore was at this time steering in his favourite position in the lee sheets, with Mr Jameson abreast of the tiller to windward. His Majesty King Edward, attired in a white serge suit, with yachting cap to match, was standing in the companion, with his head and

shoulders above deck, Sir Thomas Lipton close to the companion on starboard side, and immediately aft of Sir Thomas, on the same side, Mr Watson. The boat had not been pressed in any way, but on board *Sybarita* they had observed, having a broadside view, that her bowsprit had been cocking up in a somewhat ominous manner. As the call rang "Four minutes gone," she was being brought gently round on an easy circle to stay, and just when she had the wind right abeam, the bobstay parted. In the next instant the bowsprit a foot or two outboard snapped like a carrot, and slung to leeward. The wooden topmast then went aft, kicking out a kink into the steel mast, into which it telescopes, the result being that the latter parted at the topmast heel. Down tumbled the mass of wreckage, canvas, and blocks, and wire rigging, just clear of the port rail; and to complete the smash, away went the remainder of the great steel tube itself just four feet above the deck. All this inside the short period of five seconds. As the challenger rode round to her broken gear, the men gathered round the stump of the mast, the main portion of which had by this time struck the bottom some nine fathoms below and rebounded. The mast-head man, where is he? This is the question naturally asked by those aft, amongst the first to express anxiety for his safety being the King. "All right," is the response, as fortunately he came on deck at the call of the "three minutes gone;" not, however, that he had apprehended danger. The crew's anxiety is for His Majesty, and the finding being "All on board and nobody hurt," a cheer from stout hearts and strong lungs, such as the King only hears when he leads home a Derby winner like "Diamond Jubilee" or "Persimmon" back to the weighing-

room door, rings out clear above the sound of the grey "gurly" water, which, lapping greedily on the sides of the dismantled ship, seems angry at having secured only half its prey.

In the meantime onlookers on the Castle Esplanade and the Press tug *Neptune* have been forced to hold their breath. A moment ago there was a great wall of 15,000 feet of canvas shining in the sun, the peak of the topsail yard 180 feet above the water — now all that is seen is a little pulpy-looking white mass, bobbing up and down against the black outline of the Hampshire land. The old *Shamrock* bears up quickly to give assistance, but her hollow steel gaff suddenly parting in two places, with her topsail flaunting in three great big rags, she is as helpless as her younger sister. Captain Matthews quickly despatches *Erin's* launch, with Dr Reid Mackay on board in case of accident; one of two torpedo destroyers which were lying in the roads having a cutter lowered and manned almost at the same time. Captain Bevis, startled at the unexpected turn things have taken, orders all cork cushions, deck stools, and the like to be ready for heaving to the assistance of those who are anticipated to be in the water, and smartly dropping mizzen stay-sail, heaves about. Ere the yawl's way is off the dinghy is launched, and he has the honour of being first on board, fortunately to find that no one has been injured, though there have been a few narrow escapes. His Majesty, after expressing regret, pulls round the dismasted ship to see the primary cause of the mischief, the starboard eye of the bowsprit plate having been torn out of its socket. Riggers from Cowes, armed with chisels, soon release the challenger



SHAMROCK II. OFF BUTE.

From a Photo by J. ADAMSON & SON, Rothesay.

from her wreckage, and she is towed back to Southampton. By the time she has reached her anchorage a plan of future action has already been determined upon. A postponement for six weeks is asked for and allowed by the New York Yacht Club. The Sailing Council assemble on board next day, and ere they have got well ashore again, a new mast, with sails and everything, has been ordered to be got ready at once. On the Friday forenoon (23rd May) we are standing on board *Erin* just as the stately ocean liner *Saxon* steams up past Netley in a blaze of hot sunshine, with Sir Alfred Milner, for whose arrival all Southampton is waiting. Sir Thomas Lipton remarks, "You can see her there for yourself. I had a bowsprit that day she was launched, but I have not even that now. Yet all I am sorry for—and you can let the people of New York know—is that I have had to disappoint them, through not being able to keep to the original engagement." Yes, poor little *Shamrock*, with her jagged stump of a bowsprit and her bit of a jury pole forwards, on which to hang her anchor light, looks sadly stripped indeed.

Shamrock comes to life again on the Clyde a month later, when a great, tall, steel mast, which would overtop the old one by nearly twenty feet, is swung into her at Greenock. There is no timber top splice this time, and it whips into position like a handy little trouting-rod. A little more sail-stretching (and sail-stretching with 500 feet more sail) and she is again matched with the old *Shamrock*, which meantime has proved herself to be by far and away the fastest cutter ever seen on Clyde in regatta matches. From 29th June till July 13th, she is tested in the salt water on every point of speed. Between the Skipness Point

on the Argyleshire mainland, and the Garroch Head in Bute, keeping well up the Loch Fyne side, there can scarcely be fairer trial waters. In these, she is put through every point of sailing—dead to windward, before the wind, and broad reaching, in which she goes 14½ knots an hour. On July 13, in a balloon topsail breeze, she beats the elder *Shamrock* over a testing course of 30 miles by eight minutes. On Saturday, July 20th, midst flags on all spires, and firing of guns from all points on the land, under short canvas, she departs for America.

The relative performances of *Shamrock II.* and her American rival *Columbia* were made parts and portions of the history of yacht-racing in every part of the world long ere the mainsails of either boat were furled at the close of the contest. The 29th of September saw the little Scotch bairn that was born in Leven yard, by the shores of Loch Lomond, making the best of a noble fight to windward, only to get defeated in the end by something like a minute and a half. In an abortive race, with light mainsail, she drifted the fastest on 1st October, but there was no wind to take them home. October 3rd saw the two international representatives meet in a genuine sailing breeze, the American boat holding the *Shamrock*, and a little more, all along the wind. In the hammer home to commodore, *Shamrock II.* could not quite keep her own, and no doubt had a capful more than she was calculated out for in Denny's tanks, where, it must be remembered, a series of races six weeks earlier in the year were held in view. October 4th arrives, and *Shamrock II.* holds a saving life in a close beat home to the last tack. But the luck—that luck which has never really been with her—true to its own fickleness,

deserts her, and though she crosses the line at 3 hr. 35 min. 48 sec., two seconds ahead of *Columbia*, she is a loser by time allowance, and her Cup life, for this challenge at least, which began in the paraffin so hopefully, is ended two seconds afterwards by the gun which announces the victory of the defender. There are yet not a few, however, who think that the *Shamrock* will bloom again.

The "Lady Hermioné."*

After "Katy's Letter."

OH, sailors dear! did ye ever hear of the *Lady Hermioné?*
She was a little four-ton yawl, as tight as she was bonnie;
And dearly did he love her—ay, swate as swate was honey—
Ay, he loved her faithfully!
His stormiest mind was in a calm, from gale he ne'er was sufferin',
Let land winds blow, ebb tides run hard, his Lordship aye could luff her in;
There divil was the steersman yet could beat the good Lord Dufferin;
An' he loved her, ay, he loved her, yes, he loved her faithfully!

The crew it was the most complate that ever hauled a bowline,
Let winds blow low, or breeze blow high, or let the gale go howlin',
You never heard a grumbling word, no swearin', nor no growlin';
But he loved them faithfully, ay, he loved them faithfully!

* *Lady Hermioné* was the late Lord Dufferin's famous clock-worked little single-handed four-tonner. "Katy's Letter" is the well-known richly humorous song written and composed by his late Lordship's mother.

The mate he was a great clock weight, just fit to work
a stayple,
And the bo'sun was the clapper good that called to
mass the payple;
Ay, priest and ship and clock was she, and weather-
cock and chapel;
And he loved her faithfully, ay, he loved
her faithfully!

He was no tailor tiller-man, no fillin' up and backin',
He'd give his orders ringing loud whene'er it came to
tackin'—
'Bout ship, lee helm, head sheets, and sure be quick to
get the slack in
(And the nearest man aboard he was
twenty miles away).
Then with sheets pinned hard and flat, there would
come the richest brogue in,
"Sure, steward, tumble up, I could do with half a
noggin";
And though no eye hath ever seen the hand that
poured the grog in,
He got it, ay, he got it, yes, he got it
faithfully!

The Haunted Grouse Lodge.

In these days of patriotic sentiment, when everybody is raving about the depopulation of the Highland glens, it is satisfactory to know that our ghosts are still with us. Being impervious to draughts, they love weather-worn walls, and are particularly fond of great wide chimney corners, peat fires, and antique braziers. Whilst, as a rule, these visitors in the Lowlands take the form of vanishing ladies, in the north they generally assume the parts of walking gentlemen, their particular rambles being made during the "wee short oor ayont the twal'." Our particular story deals with one of the latter class, the restless soul, it was generally declared, of a chieftain, The Red MacBrochan of Brochan, who was reputed to have done some rather murky work with a dirk in the days when ordinary deeds of darkness were far from being uncommon. It might have been thought that when the MacBrochans had parted with the last acre of their lands that the ghost would, out of Highland pride if nothing else, have stayed away or betaken himself to other quarters. On the contrary, it was quite the other way about. The new proprietor, a wealthy Southern commercial gentleman, had Brochan House almost entirely rebuilt—the old tower in the centre, together with the dining-room and a bedroom or two, being retained. It was all the same to Mac-

Brochan's ghost. The good lady of the house, who was of a nervous temperament, could swear to seeing it; and the servants did not wait to see it: they *heard it*, and that was enough. A keener sportsman than the new laird there was not in all Scotland, and there was no better grouse shooting to be had; but that midnight bird was a black cock too many; and so, through the Edinburgh factor, it had to be let. The ghost dislodged the new tenant on his first season, and "the far-famed and picturesque shooting of Brochan" was again in the renting market.

It was still marked as "Unlet" in the agent's lists when, in the first week of August, a stout-built, thick-necked individual, attired in a Tweed suit and wearing heavy shooting boots, arrived at Brochan, accompanied by a brace of Gordon setters. There was something in his style and manner that betokened he was not a gamekeeper, yet he did not altogether convey the impression of being a man who would be able to indulge in the luxuries of a moor at his own expense. Sandy Crichton would not have spent his money that way, perhaps, if he had even been given a plethora of riches; for his sporting tastes were varied, and a week or two with the gun and rod as a welcome guest—and he never was unwelcome—suited him best. Come of an old Border stock, he had been given a fairly good education — an education which might have been useful to him had he not been trained from his boyhood to almost every form of outdoor pastime. To wrestling, a knowledge of which he had early acquired on the Cumberland side, he had added boxing, and was not only skilful with the gloves, but a terrible bruiser without them. Never too well off, and most reliably straight, he was much sought after for doing

commissions: horses, wines, cigars, guns, or fishing tackle; it did not matter what, he was always equal to doing the job in a satisfactory manner. He now appeared in his *rôle* of "Gentleman Examiner of Grouse Moors," a favourite one with him at this season of the year. His particular client was an old personal friend, a member of the London Stock Exchange, who wanted good shooting and the best of house accommodation—none of your sheilings, with wisps of straw ventilators in every window; for roughing it in uncomfortable old sheep tacksmen's homesteads he did not believe in.

As Brochan was declared to have baths, and all modern conveniences, it seemed to be the very place he was in want of. There was an anchorage, with good holding-ground, on Loch Grampian, a few miles away, and if all favoured, he could send round his twenty-tonner, so that an off-day's cruising or deep-sea fishing might come in handy after a tramp on the burning peat. Moreover, there was a good golf course within an hour's ride of the nearest railway station—and all these little amenities, as every one knows, add to the pleasures and attractions of a good Highland shooting, more particularly so if there is, as on Brochan, a nice sea beat of salmon water, with sea-trout in season.

Sandy Crichton did not have to wait long before the keeper made his appearance. He was a tall, powerful, well-knit, red-bearded Highlander, who worked the full ground with the assistance of his son, who resided on the loch edge, on the southern section of the shooting, with an uncle, a brother of his father, engaged in the local herring fishing. "Wished to look at the lodge and go over the ground, do you?"

he said, glancing over the top of the factor's letter of authority, which he had just perused. "Ferra well. I shall be ferra pleased; but, of course, you will not think of going over the ground to-day." A little timid, and not a little hungry, Sandy said he would prefer to make a start in the morning, when both himself and his dogs would be fully refreshed and rested. MacVicar—Duncan MacVicar, as the keeper was named—took the latter in hand, and promising to see that his wife would have cooked and sent up some mutton chops the latter had brought with him, showed him the way into the lodge dining-room. Fires, by order of the factor, had been kept up for some time in all of the rooms, as the place had got slightly damp through a leak in the roof after one of the big winter snowstorms. Everything felt warm, snug, and comfortable, and first impressions were all in favour of its being rented, provided the heather proved quite equal to the house accommodation. True, he recollected that Tailzie, the factor, had spoken about some silly idea the laird's wife had got into her head about a ghost, or the place would not be in the market at all. Ghosts, thought Sandy to himself, do not usually occupy such comfortable quarters, and are the last likely to be tempted by hot and cold water arrangements. As he ruminated the savoury chops arrived, with steaming potatoes in their jackets, and on the cloth having been laid, he was soon outside of as square a meal as an able-bodied man can put away under the influence of an eight-horse power Highland appetite. MacVicar joined him in due course, and after the flask had been passed between them, a full examination was made of the premises. Sandy missed about as much in this direction as the very particular

housewife does in a spring cleaning. Each room was thoroughly investigated — drawers opened and shut, windows raised and lowered, bathroom pipes run, and in fact everything, from the chimney-cans—rones, slates, and all—thoroughly inspected, not to speak of the sanitary arrangements outside of the building. So far as he could make out, Brochan was quite up to the description in the advertisement.

"And now, MacVicar, what about the ghost—for I am told you have a ghost here?" was the final query. "Tell me all about him, and show me his particular quarters."

"Then ye dinna believe, sir, in evil spirits?" said the keeper, as if nervous over the thought of ghosts.

"No, so long as I can get a drop of them like that —help yourself from the flask, man—they're over-proof, under-proof, and, I daresay, *ghost-proof.* Ghosts—no!"

"Weel ye see, sir, the Red MacBrochan was on pad terms wi' the Black MacDowall across the loch—some said it was aboot cattle, some said it was a leddy, some said it was the leddy's siller, some said it was all three—but the MacBrochan invited him here, freendly like. Ay, and he sleepit in that pedroom there across the hall; and he was got deid in the mornin', wi' a dirk through his heart. It was just about this ferra time, or maybe a week later. MacBrochan had no happiness ever afterwards, and his ghost comes regularly to the door, just as when he did the dreedful deid. Ay, it's dreedful, sir—ay, and such a loss it is to the new laird."

"And why the deuce, MacVicar, does not the Black MacDowall get up and let him have it straight? Even

a ghost has no right to disturb another ghost in his own bedroom in the small hours."

"Gresshus me! Dinna talk that way; it's as muckle as our lives, ay, our *ferra souls*, are worth to speak like that. Shust you wait till you see him and hear him, as I hae seen and heard him my own self, moaning and groaning as if in great trouble wi' his mind, and janglin' and rattlin' his chains at every step he taks through the hall."

"And does nobody who ever sleeps in what you call MacDowall's room ever get up and have a go at him?"

"Sleep in the murdered man's room!! Nobody hass ever sleepit in that room since I came apoot this place. If he did, he would never waken in the mornin'."

Muttering something about its being good enough for him in a crush, the "Handy Scotchman," as he was termed in that part of London known as the City, lit the pipe he had been filling, and went off by himself for a stroll to the river. "If this place is right as regards birds," he said to himself, "I'll risk the ghost." That night he slept too soundly to be awakened even by the jangling of chains. Next morning saw him, after an early breakfast, with both of his tried old dogs, out on the heather with the keeper. No part of the ground was missed, the numbers in the coveys flushed were counted, and the droppings of the birds carefully marked. MacVicar, hitherto in doubt as to his being a plumber, a cabinetmaker, or an auctioneer's clerk taking an inventory for valuation purposes, had ere the close of the day become somewhat of opinion that he was a rival keeper on the outlook for his job. This

distrustfulness by next morning was common to both.

Sandy, for the purpose of testing the commissariat of the neighbourhood, stayed a couple of nights, during which the nearest butcher and the baker supplied him with what he wanted. He did not need the doctor, but called on him, and found out that he would be all there if necessary. The parson, as usual on the outlook for a bit for the plate and the usual subscription to the Manse Repairs Fund, had by this time called on him. Family worship—with sermons warranted to cure insomnia at the first hearing—within easy distance guaranteed, and finding that the fishing was quite up to the shooting, he resolved to recommend it to his client Wigram, the stockbroker mentioned. He just recollected, however, that Wigram's wife was very delicate, and that it was largely for the sake of her health that a place in the Highlands was to be taken. That chain jangling business, if true, would play the deuce. Down in the little postal telegraph office in the village he was about to wire his client, advising him that he would hear by letter next morning, when in walked MacVicar. The latter had his message, address and all, already written, but seemed nervous when handing it to the postmistress, who did a large business in groceries. The "Handy One" had given his orders for a few pounds of bacon, but with great courtesy said he would wait till she could get through with her telegraphic work. It so happened that Sandy Crichton, who was a member of the signalling corps of a London Volunteer regiment, knew the telegraph code as well as any operator, and could allocate every dot and dash of the Morse system by the ear. What

he heard, as the handle went *click*, *click*, we will not say; but next day Wigram, in answer to his Scotch friend, MacCanny, as to what had become of the "Handy Scotty," was informed that he was somewhere in Western Argyleshire, going a strong bear in Scotch ghosts. "Hard to keep down, are they not?" "Ay, ay, mon," said MacCanny; "an' the warst o't is they generally operate after market hours."

Tailzie had by this time received a letter to the effect that the shooting, at £350 per annum, would be taken for a season on trial. Practically his acceptance constituted Sandy to be MacVicar's master. Wigram by request sent off from London a couple of domestic servants, a cook and a housemaid, to get things in order for the family arrival, and by the 8th of August he was fairly domiciled. All this time he kept a very good watch on the keeper, to whom at times, in confidence, he expressed a terrible fear of the coming of the ghost. "Ay, he will be terrorsome, ay, and trubblesome," said the latter, with an ominous shake of his head. On the afternoon of the 8th inst. he was down at Brochan Station, with his two dogs, intending to give a message to the guard. Curiously enough, MacVicar was there, together with his brother, the fisherman. Two herring-boxes at the far end of the platform seemed to attract the attention of the setters, and they were sniffing about them when MacVicar, in the most savage manner, kicked them away. Sandy Crichton called them up, muttering, "Herring-boxes, and no herring in the loch for years! I should not wonder that MacBrochan's ghost walks to-night. If he's from heaven, Heaven help him! if not it will be his last night tramp—or the other place take me." To MacVicar's astonishment he jumped into the train,

ordering the latter to take the dogs home, and intimating that he would be back in the evening.

That night, as anticipated, the Red MacBrochan's ghost started his perambulations. Just as the clock struck the hour of twelve there was heard a loud, eeriesome moaning, followed by most melancholy groans. Then, as if with every step, throughout the hall was heard the rattling of chains. Just as it neared the MacDowall's room the ghost of MacDowall, for the first time in the lodge's history, stepped forth, a strange combination of white and black, like the first film of a photograph. Its breast shone as if rubbed with luminous paint, and the eyebrows glistened with phosphorus. The ghost of the Red MacBrochan stood still, as if spellbound. The next minute it reeled and staggered to a well-delivered right-hander. A left-hander quickly followed. The dark deed with the dirk was being avenged. More right-handers, more left-handers, on head and body, and MacBrochan's spirit, assisted by a kick from a very heavy brogue, fled in the direction of MacVicar's lodge.

MacVicar's wife arrived next morning at eight o'clock, instead of her husband, as arranged, to say that he had experienced a terrible encounter with the ghost, and was not able to get out of bed. Sandy went down to see him, but the keeper would only keep his head below the blankets and groan and moan. "Very bad business this," said the "Handy Alec;" "it's evident, MacVicar, this Spirit of MacBrochan does not like you. I am thinking of having the Fiscal up in a few days about some early grouse and fish poaching that has been carried on here, and mayhap he will inquire into this ghost affray. If you care to wait for him, or take a fortnight's wages and

leave immediately, with your son and that brother of yours, who must be starving owing to the scarcity of herring, you are welcome. You must, however, if you mean to go, give me a letter to Tailzie, saying that your reason for leaving the situation is entirely on account of the troublesome nature of the ghost, and detailing the full circumstances." The MacVicars cleared out—wife, son, brother, and all. The keeper having had the moor to himself for a few years, was able to go into business, and appropriately enough started in The Spirit Trade.

The following throws some little light upon the message which Sandy overheard in the telegraph office, and his conduct in jumping into the train and going on to Perth :—

" Messrs Pocher & Grabber,
Game and Fish Dealers,
Leadenhall, London, E.C.

" Sirs,—We are instructed by our client, Mr William Wigram, of Contango House, Brixton-on-Effra, and the London Stock Exchange, to recover from you the following, as per instructions conveyed to you in telegram of 5th August, in answer to your own telegram of the same date to Duncan MacVicar, gamekeeper on Brochan estate, of the shooting of which our client is a lessee ; and *actual invoices*, dated 8th August, as from Dugald MacVicar, fisherman, carefully checked by the stationmaster at Perth, and sworn to by him before a local Justice of the Peace, of—(1) Box containing 36 lb. of salmon and sea trout, overlaying 31 single birds (15½ brace), of young grouse ; (2) box containing 40 lb. salmon and sea trout, and 42 birds (21 brace), young grouse. In taking the moor, our

client calculated on obtaining the sporting value of these birds and fish as at £1 per pound avoirdupois for fish, £76; grouse at thirty shillings the live brace (73), £54, 15s.—in all, £130, 15s.

"This sum, together with the following sums, viz., £50 for disappointment to our client as shooting lessee, and £10 to our client's representative in the lodge, Mr Alexander Crichton, for damages sustained in an assault by Duncan MacVicar, no doubt acting under your orders, we shall be glad to receive by return of post. We need not call your attention to the fact that grouse on the 8th of August, and up till the 12th of August, are under cover of the Close Time Act.—We are, Sirs, your truly,

WHIPPHIM, BUSTEM, & COLLARIT,
Solicitors.

"Old Jewry, London, E.C."

Pocher & Grabber being a leading firm in the trade, did not like the idea of exposure. Moreover, they must have been having a good time of it out of Brochan for several seasons. The cheque in full duly came to hand, and was presented to Sandy Crichton, who in the meantime had rented the moor for seven years at £300 per annum, being £50 off for bogle depreciation, the keeper's testimony as to the presence of a real ghost on the premises being unanswerable. The ghost removed, also the double-barrelled system of poaching, Brochan still continues to be one of the best of northern sporting estates, either as regards house accommodation, shooting, or fishing.

In Memoriam.

William Fife of Fairlie.

WHEN spirits are mellow, Here's the old "red and yellow,"
Dear flag of *Fiona* that never shall fade;
In fancy we'll cheer him as if we did hear him
Tell once how he "dear lo'ed an Araby Maid." *
When hard past the Towmond like snaw 'cross Benlomond †
The hard-driven boats are bursting the tide,
It's brave Fife o' Fairlie we a' will miss sairly,
Be it men frae the Itchen, the Colne, the Clyde.

Though he ne'er grudged the timber, he liked a boat limber,
"A jib no sair down and a wee bit o' flow,"
Nae screwing or lacing, but weel-stented bracing,
A wind that was steady, blaw high or blaw low;
Nae reefing or flinching, *he couldna stan' pinching*,
Or smooring a boat like a sheep amang snaw;
Jist down to the railing he liked his boats sailing,
But kindly old William has noo sailed awa'.

* "I once lo'ed an Araby Maid," a song sung by Mr Fife on Clyde regatta nights.

† Towmonend—the north end of Little Cumbrae.

There was auld Rab M'Kirdy, the "dour" and the sturdy,
Houston, Harris, and Cranfield, and Billy O'Neil,
Tom Diaper, steady; Tim Walker, aye ready,
And monie as true as worked ower a keel.
Winning guns late or early, their hearts stole to Fairlie,
Their beds the damp canvas, yet steaming with strife,
And their last hip-hooray at the close of the day
Was "Our Boat and her Builder, dear old William Fife."

SIR ROBERT MENZIES, BARONET,

From a Photo by A. T. MACKENZIE, Birnam, N.B.,

By kind permission of "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."

Scotland on Thames; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since.

Come listen to another song
  Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
  And the lustre to your eye.
It is a song of olden time,
  Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold,
  As e'er wore sword on thigh.
    Like a brave old Scottish Cavalier,
      All of the Olden Time.

The Old Scottish Cavalier—
Professor AYTOUN.

SCOTLAND, now so strong in yachting, cannot be said to have ever taken up a leading position in the rowing world. Our ancient Highland galleys, like the Galley of Lorn, were stately, serviceable craft of a ferry-boat character, rowed at an easy swing, to such music as Scott has made us familiar with in "Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu," by men who scarcely knew, if they knew at all, the advantages to be derived from "feathering an oar." Great sheets of fresh water, like Loch Lomond or Loch Katrine, will, of themselves, never develop great armies of oarsmen: the men to whom the three-legged stool is a sliding seat and the ruler a rowlock must be there, as with golf, to avail themselves of the bountifulness of nature in this direction.

On the Clyde, during the early sixties, a vigorous attempt was made to raise rowing to Tyne and Thames level; and the Clydesdale Club brought down from the former river Stephen Renforth, a brother of the celebrated oarsman, James Renforth, the sad end of whom, when rowing in the international match in Canada in 1868, is talked of mournfully in Newcastle to this day. About the time mentioned they sent a crew up to Henley, which acquitted itself most creditably, and Mr Lindsay, the stroke, proved a formidable competitor for the Wingfield Sculls. Edinburgh has no proper rowing water, except on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Canal; and the ancient water picnics at Hermiston of the St Andrews Rowing Club seem now to have become focussed in one great social function, the Club's Fancy Dress Ball, held once every two years.

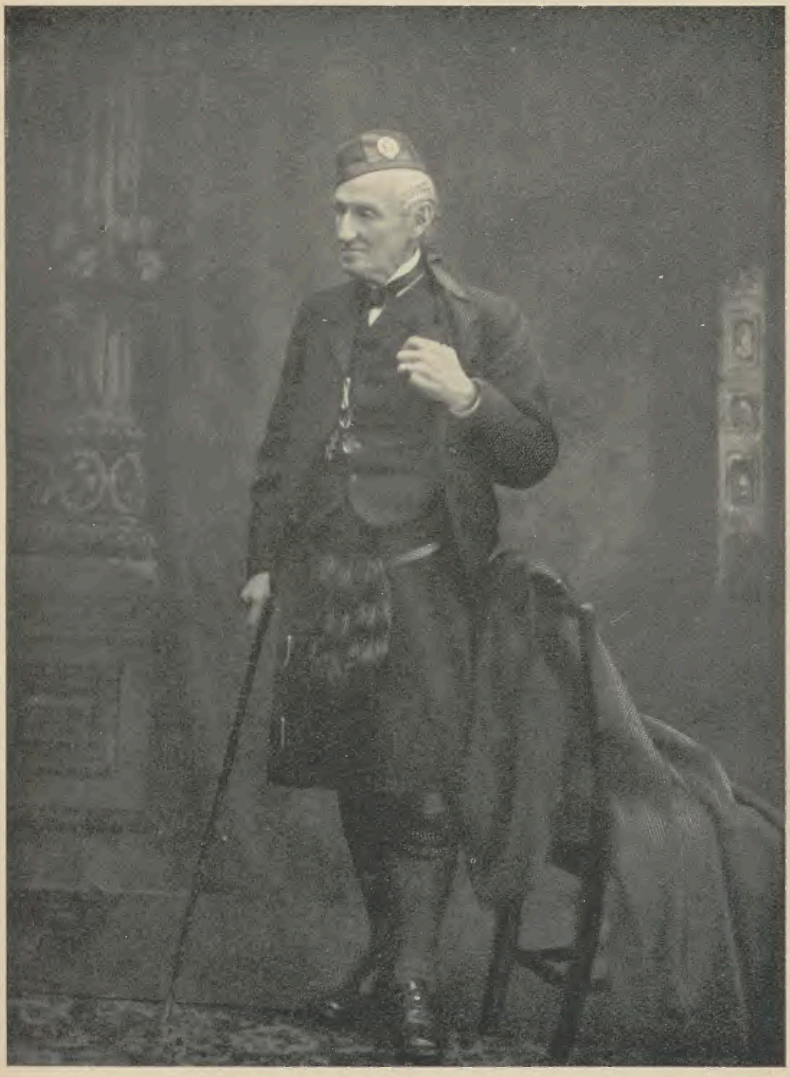
Whilst, however, rowing has not been developed so much as one would like in Scottish home waters, in the south, during the past seventy years, it has been more than creditably represented by oarsmen in the rival University matches, as well as at the leading Thames regattas. One of the greatest patrons of the pastime was the late Duke of Buccleuch, and when his Grace was at Oxford, Exeter College had a boat built by Hall of Oxford, and furnished with ash oars by Little of Plymouth, which became famous as "the Exeter white boat." About this time or a little previous, some little Scottish character had been lent to Oxford aquatics through Christchurch adopting as a rowing cap a Tam o' Shanter with checked band. Fond of a spell with the oar, the Bold Buccleuch, when he acquired the beautiful riparian residence now known as Buccleuch House, and situated on the

Thames, under the slope of Richmond Hill, had built for him a little boathouse on the east side of the gardens, in which were placed his different rowing-craft, under the care of a boatman called Chitty, a name to be somewhat rendered historical in after years by Justice Sir Joseph Chitty, a "Double Blue," coach and stroke, Umpire in the annual Boat Race, and Chairman at the Commemoration Dinner in 1881. In this little boathouse were preserved till a few years after his death, and up till the disposal of the property to Sir Whittaker Ellis, ex-Lord Mayor of London, all the ducal flotilla, including His Grace's own private Oxford skiff, a double-bank boat for four oars, and the family galley, with central gangway, in which the Duke was frequently rowed down to Montagu House, Westminster, by his seven sons, one of whom is the present bearer of the title. The writer had the pleasure of going over them all before they were scattered, one of the most attractive of the lot being the absolutely last of the old Thames watermen's wherries, in which Tom Tug plied for fares at Chelsea Ferry. All were gifted to friends, the latter, green-painted, with the old snake bow, being presented to the Earl of Antrim. In 1845, Walter Scott Lockhart, grandson of Sir Walter Scott, and who succeeded to Abbotsford, rowed in the 'Varsity race, and we have had a number since in one or other of the crews, notably the Honourable J. H. Gordon, who was No. 4 of Cambridge in 1867, and the brothers D. and H. M'Lean in the eighties. It was so far back as the year 1839, however, that Scotland made its first great mark in the rowing world, a mark which is not likely to be effaced so long as 'Varsity meets 'Varsity once a year on the classic Thames. The

story which is the subject-matter of our sketch has been told every boat-race night for the past sixty years, the ears of the walls of the house-boats at Henley hear it annually, and when Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard men mingle with London and Kingstown crews this summer at the great international regatta at Cork, it will no doubt be heard again.

The "Wilds of Rannoch" is a proverbial Scottish expression, yet it was out from under the rough black Scotch pines which shadow Loch Rannoch that, in 1839, the two young lads known still in southern boating lore as "The Brothers Menzies," went up to do battle under the stately poplars of the Thames. The elder was the present octogenarian baronet, Sir Robert Menzies, who was born on 26th September 1817; the younger, Fletcher Norton Menzies, who came into this world on 8th March 1819, and was named after their esteemed mother, the Honourable Charlotte Conyers Norton, daughter of the Honourable Fletcher Norton, English Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland. Sons both of Sir Neil Menzies, advocate, and Honorary Secretary of the Highland and Agricultural Society, they possessed much of the old Viking spirit of their ancestor, Sir Robert Meigners, who was Chamberlain of Scotland to Alexander the Third, and lived and acted well up to the family motto, "Vil God I Zal."

Seated in the drawing-room of his elegant home at 6 Magdala Place, Edinburgh, and under the beautiful and interesting painting of his mother, Lady Menzies, one is interested to hear Mr Fletcher Norton Menzies' experiences from his own lips, seventy years after he first dipped a blade on his native Loch Rannoch,



FLETCHER NORTON MENZIES, Esq. of Menzies,
From a Photo by Balmain, Edinburgh.

where the brothers learned rowing much after the manner aquatic wild-fowl learn to swim. As we know, large numbers of 'Varsity recruits come from schools like Eton, and others which are on the water!

"We went straight from Loch Rannoch to the Thames. What sorts of boats had we on Loch Rannoch? Cobles? No! No, there were no cobles on Rannoch in those days. They were real good, serviceable boats, from 18 to 20 feet long, built of five-eighth inch good, well-seasoned timber, at Leith or Greenock. All these boats had a bit of a keel. In 1839 the boats in which my brother and I, representing University College, won 'The Pairs,' were 20 feet long, fairly light, and built of yellow pine. Outriggers were not known at that time, nor for a long time afterwards."

Mr Norton Menzies has little need to enter into the detail of his battles in overcoming old-time prejudices on the Thames. The year of his victory with Sir Robert in "The Pairs" saw the founding of the University Boat Club. It was not till 1841—when he was not, however, made a member of the competing crew—that, as the president of the newly founded Oxford University Boat Club, he made his influence felt, and that in a good all-round fashion. The professional waterman, always carrying passenger cargo in his wherry, with his short, half-hitch quarrying strokes, had established a style of his own. Mr Norton Menzies saw that it was utterly unprofitable, as failing to make full use of the stretching power of the legs and body. However, it had to be a fight all round, for—and this is well told by many leading authorities on rowing—he would not accept the watermen's ideas of training any more than he would

accept their style on the water, or the average boat-builder's idea of turning out a racing craft. The old bargeman's ideas of preparation, with their severe courses of drenching medicine, belonged to a barbaric age. In the end Rannoch won. Speaking of his winning crew of 1842, which he captained and "stroked" to victory, Mr Menzies says:—

"Oh, they fed as they liked; but always good, substantial food in moderation, and no rubbish. I let them have Bass' beer also, but of course not to any excess. As to exercise, I generally took them up to Abingdon and back to Oxford each morning. Boats? Well, I had my boat built by King at Oxford under my own supervision. I built her exactly like a bird. She was three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and very fine forward."

Having established the long, steady, sweeping stroke which has carried the Dark Blues to victory many a time between Hammersmith Bridge and The Bull at Barnes, Mr Menzies was found in his proper position as captain and stroke of the Oxford crew in the match from Westminster to Putney in 1842. As Cambridge was rowing five of its old boat members, his own crew, composed as follows, had the odds laid heavily against them. "Shadwell steered us," he tells us, "but our coxswain would have been M'Intosh of Raigmore, Inverness, who died last year (1901). Raigmore had not confidence in himself, however, to steer fairly through the tidal currents, and declined."

OXFORD *v.* CAMBRIDGE.

Westminster to Putney, 11th June 1842.

(1.)	MacDougall, F. T. (Magdalen Hall), .	9.8
(2.)	Menzies, Sir Robert (University), .	11.3
(3.)	Breedon, E. A. (Trinity), . . .	12.4
(4.)	Brewster, W. B. (St John's), . .	12.10
(5.)	Bourne, G. D. (Oriel), ...	13.12
(6.)	Cox, J. C. (Trinity), ...	11.8
(7.)	Hughes, G. D. (Oriel), . . .	11.6
	Menzies, F. N. (University), *Stroke*, .	10.12
	Shadwell, A. T. (Balliol), *Cox.*, . .	10.4

Cambridge had no fewer than five members of its old crew in the boat, and, naturally enough, was favourite. They were quickest away, and led as far as Westminster Bridge, when Oxford drew upon the Middlesex side, and at Vauxhall Bridge was a length in advance. This length was increased to four lengths at Battersea, and eventually the Dark Blues gained a hollow victory by shooting the east arch of Putney Bridge a winner by six lengths. Next year, 1843, there was no boat race, but the crews were destined to meet in the ever-historical match alluded to, the final for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. Mr Menzies had six of his old winning eight of 1842 with him, including himself as stroke and A. T. Shadwell as coxswain; the new men, who had displaced Messrs M'Dougall and Breedon, were Mr E. Royds, of Brasenose, and R. Lowndes, of Christchurch. The crew were in the pink of condition, thanks to the efforts of their coach and stroke, but unfortunately the latter had for some time been indisposed. The then aquatic

reporter of *Bell's Life* put the picture previous to the race thus :—

"The power of the Oxford crew, and the gallant manner in which they defeated their opponents on the previous day, made them favourites, notwithstanding the indisposition of the captain of the boat, who was reported to be much better in the morning, but still suffering from a violent headache. His courage, however, was known to be such, that if he could only manage to keep stroke he would take his seat in the boat. At the time appointed he went down to the riverside for that purpose, but while waiting for a portion of his crew he fell ill and fainted."

"The fact is," says Mr Menzies, "that I had a touch of the sun, and, though I rallied, my crew would not allow me to row." As a substitute would not be permitted, owing to some difficulty the year previous in regard to this, and Lord Camoys, the President and Referee, said to Cambridge that they must row against seven oars or forfeit their chance to the Cup —a position they did not like, as the victory would be somewhat a barren one, and a defeat not too creditable—there was nothing for it but to race under the unequal conditions. Cambridge won the toss and went to the Berkshire station, giving Oxford the Bucks side, which is the one it is said they would have taken had the coin spun in their favour. By this time the absence of the captain caused a change in the arrangements of the boat, Lowndes (bow) going to No. 7, whilst G. Hughes rowed stroke. As they took up their position they were as follows, not, it must be said, with the greatest hopes of success, though determined every man to pull for all he was worth in muscle and stamina :—

GRAND CHALLENGE CUP, HENLEY, 1843.

Oxford Crew.

(2.)	Menzies, Sir R. (University),	11.2
(3.)	Royds, E. (Brasenose),	12.0
(4.)	Brewster, W. B. (St John's),	13.0
(5.)	Bourne, G. D. (Oriel),	13.12
(6.)	Cox, J. C. (Trinity),	11.12
(7.)	Lowndes (Christchurch),	11.2
	Hughes, G. E. (Oriel), *Stroke*,	11.11
	Shadwell, A. T. (Balliol), *Cox.*,	10.8

The race is best described by Mr Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" (and brother of No. 7), in "Memoirs of a Brother," as follows. Mr G. E. Hughes was a "Double Blue," having played for Oxford in the annual cricket match in 1875, and a good all-round sportsman. In later days he excelled in golf, winning a champion honour in 1870. "'The signal gun was fired, and we saw the oars flash in the water, and began trotting up the bank with our heads turned over our shoulders. First one and then another cried out that 'they are holding our own,' that the 'Light Blues are not gaining.' In another minute they were abreast of us, close together, but the dark-blue flag the least bit in front. A third of the course was over, and we saw the lead improved foot by foot, almost inch by inch. Hope came back, and the excitement was running painful. In another minute, as they turned the corner and got into the straight reach, the crowd became too dense for running. We could not keep up, and could not follow with our eyes as we pressed upwards towards

the Bridge. Before we could reach it the gun fired, and the dark flag was run up, showing that Oxford had won."

The same writer gives an interesting description of the extraordinary scene of excitement which afterwards took place, the winning crew having to barricade itself inside the hotel to escape being carried round shoulder-high. Some of the hot-blooded young Oxford men unhinged a toll-gate, and threw it over the Bridge into the river; a little old man in spectacles, who had possibly never pulled an oar in his life, making himself conspicuous as one of the chief leaders of all these mad freaks. Altogether, it was no doubt a great achievement; and Mr Menzies, their captain, though terribly disappointed at having to leave the boat, was of course awfully proud to think that a crew of his selection and training should have performed such a feat.

Though no believer in the sliding-seat, the veteran Dark-Blue captain, coach, and President of the Oxford University Boat Club, still takes an interest in everything connected with rowing. For twenty-six years of his life he "stroked" the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland (1866 to 1892), and on 17th July 1878 was presented by the late Duke of Buccleuch, on behalf of the subscribers, with a handsome testimonial, the tankard made of silver from his Grace's mines, bearing the following inscription: "Presented, along with a sum of £1156, by 671 Members of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, as a mark of their high appreciation of his services as Secretary, and of his successful exertion and duty in promoting the usefulness and interests of the Society." Mr Bourne, a few years predeceased by Mr Lowndes,

died last year; so that the survivors of the crew are Sir Robert Menzies, No. 2; the No. 6, the Rev. J. C. Cox, of Eastbourne; and, of course, the captain and stroke. Sir Robert, though in his eighty-fifth year, is wonderfully fresh and active, and still attends as a Director the Highland and Agricultural Board meetings, where he never fails to champion the causes of forestry and blackfaced sheep. An enthusiastic curler, in his best days he had few equals with gun or deer-stalking rifle, and for many years was recognised as one of the ablest salmon-fishers on the River Tay.

At the last annual meeting of members and directors of the Highland and Agricultural Society, held in Edinburgh on the 4th of this month (June 1902), we had the pleasure of a chat with Sir Robert over the event and his aquatic achievements. He won no fewer than twelve public open rowing matches, besides rowing in the 1842 and 1843 Oxford victories. Regarding the latter he says:—

"My brother could not go owing to a slight and sudden illness, and a substitute was not allowable. 'Hang it all,' we said, 'we'll go with the seven.' Cambridge did not quite like this; but the referee said they must start or lose the Cup. They won the toss and chose the Berkshire side. We pulled over them all the way, and won by something like a length. I do not remember very much what took place afterwards," adds the veteran baronet with a smile; "but I know that the Cambridge crew had left Henley within an hour."

Standing quite six feet three in his stockings, the Chieftain of the Clan Menzies gives one to the full the idea of an old-fashioned Highland sporting gentleman. A splendid walker, he in his best days thought little

of a tramp of thirty miles across moor and fell before breakfast, his feats in this way being to some extent hereditary, as his mother, Lady Menzies, thought nothing of riding in a single day from Rannoch to the family residence, Abbeyhill, Edinburgh, where the baronet was born, in a single day. With the salmon rod—though he has fished in Norwegian and other waters—his best sport was no doubt had on the Rannoch stretch of Tay, from its junction with the Lyon, down to the Tay Bridge at Aberfeldy, close to which is the field in which were raised the Black Watch. Before stake nets were so much in vogue the early fishing on this water was particularly good. Each of the crew of seven was presented with a small golden oar. Sir Robert's was unfortunately lost in the fire at Farley House twelve years ago.

Between the Guns.

YACHT-RACING.

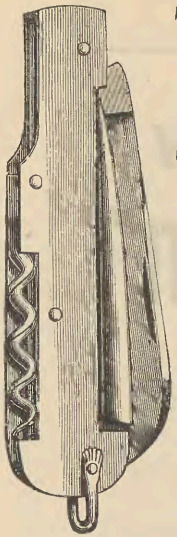
Now coil away each rope and fall,
And get into your places ;
Some one the runners overhaul,
While one the topsail laces.
And, mind, be watchful for the gun,
The start is underway, boys,
To shout the minutes as they run :
We've got to win to-day, boys.

We must not soar high o'er the score,
Like landbirds sailing seaward ;
Or wear 'twixt flag and commodore,
Then find ourselves to leeward.
Nor will it pay to cross and tack,
And answer to the rule, boys ;
Obey the order, "Bring him back!"
Just like a lad at school, boys.

"The Gun! you call! Where is the yawl?"
"Right on your weather bow, sir!"
"The schooner, can you see at all?"
"Just going about now, sir!"
"The flying cutter, where is she?
One minute gone already!"
"She's drawing fine upon our lee!"
"We'll go about. Be Steady!"

Two gone! Three gone! No use just yet,
The breeze is fresh and piping;
Without some way you need not fret;
Small use their weather griping.
Four gone! you say; the seconds call;
Well, let them hang and hover.
Burst out the staysail quickly all:
It's weather berth, or *over.*

A half to go? Good breeze, blow low!
For just a quarter minute.
If we've to make our boat go slow—
Well, then, the devil's in it.
Fifteen! Fourteen! Ten! *tick, tick.*
Hurrah! there goes the Gun, boys;
Just timed to take it on the nick,
To windward all! Well done, boys!



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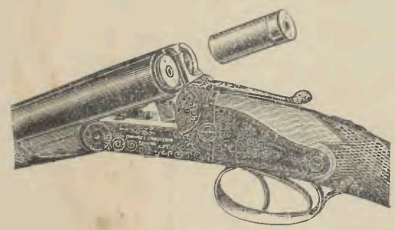
&c., &c.,



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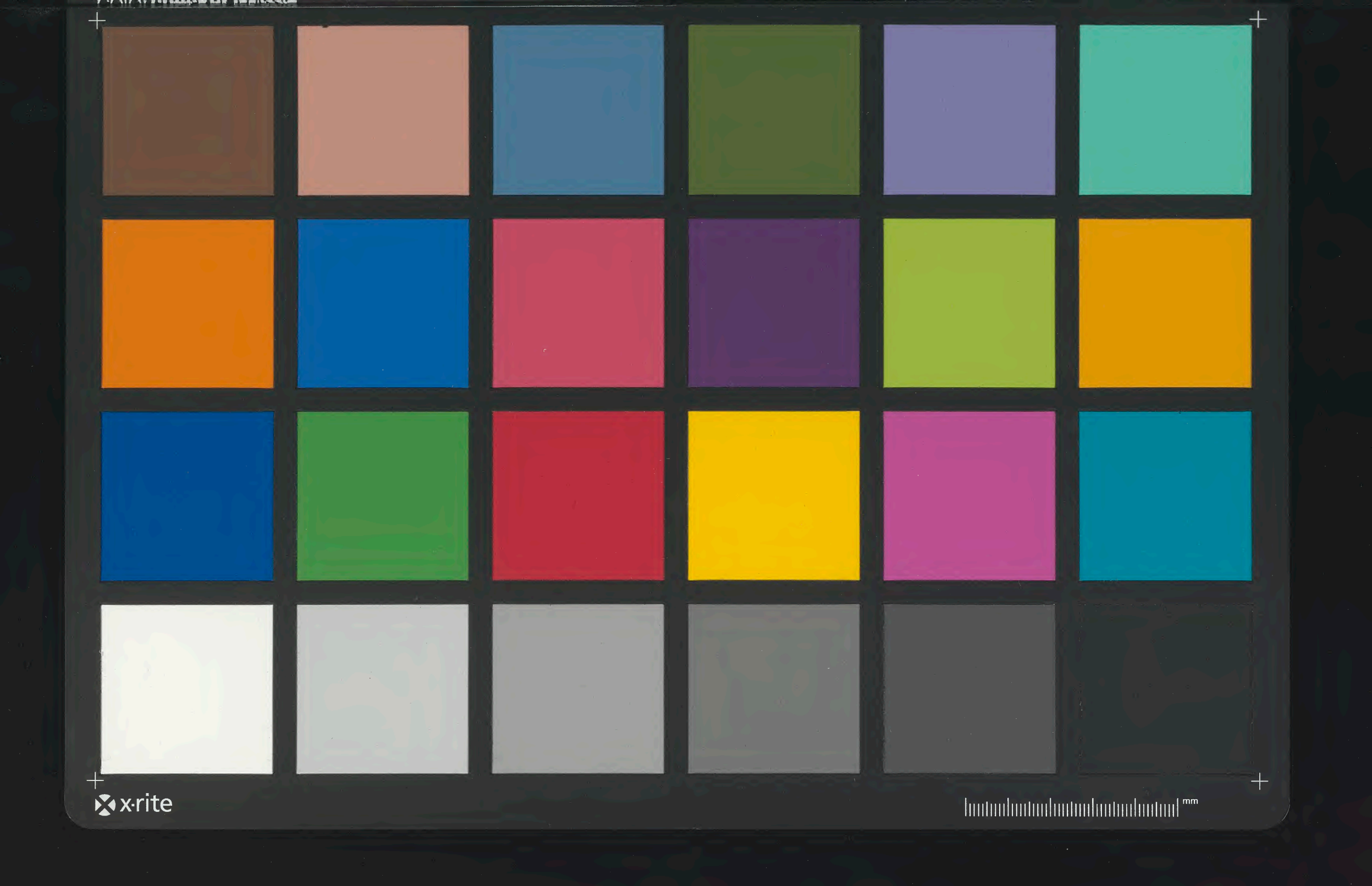
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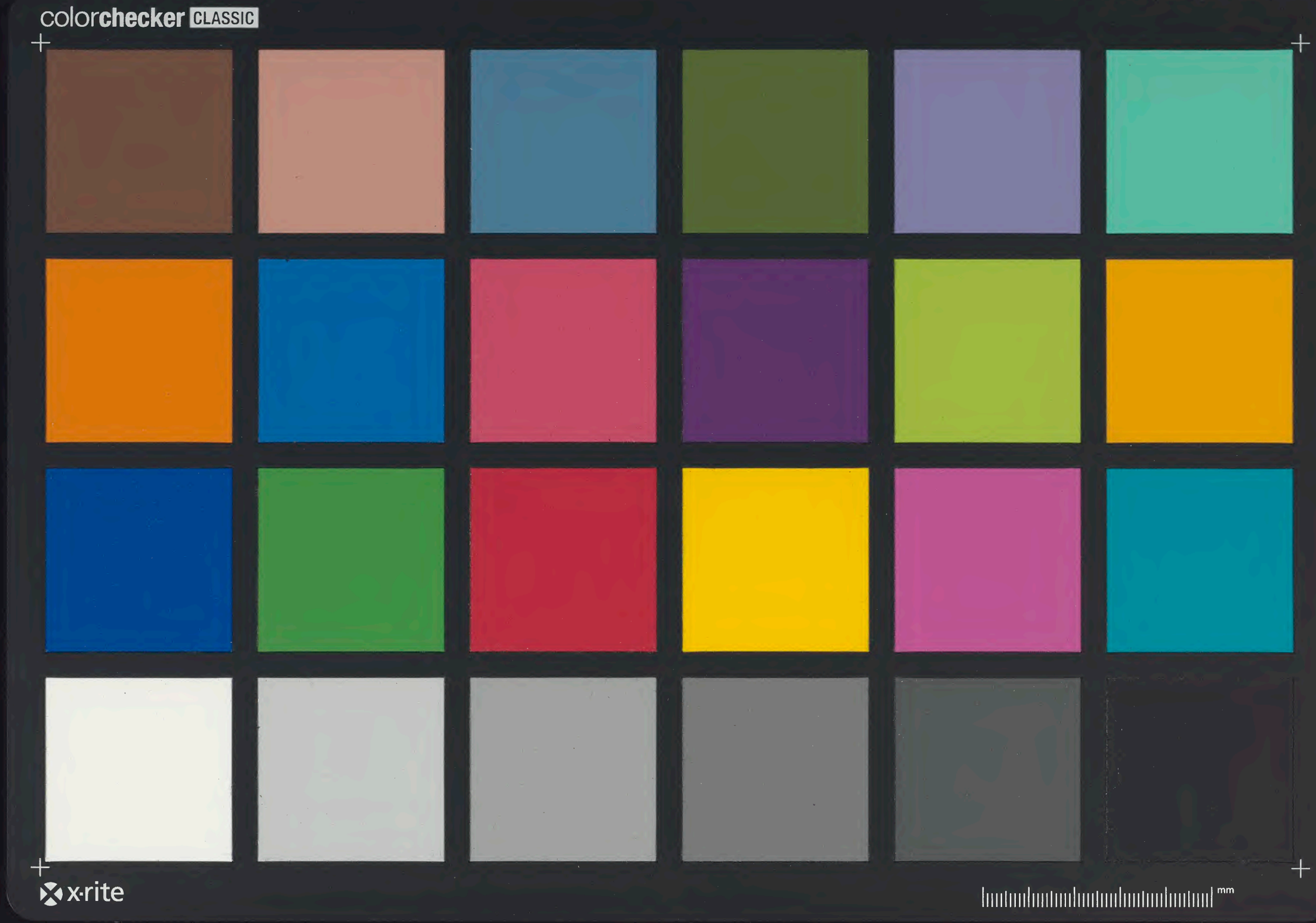
colorchecker CLASSIC
x-rite
mm