ROYAL BIRTHS.

TRADITIONAL CEREMONIAL.

"CHILDREN OF SCOTLAND."

THE thoughts of Scottish people may ere long turn to the time, now over three centuries ago, when last a Royal babe was born on Scottish soil.

Legend and story have not infrequently surrounded the advent of the children of the earlier Kings and Princes of Scotland's Royal House, though of the circumstances little but the barest facts can be positively ascertained. When, however, we reach the 16th century the curtain of the ages slips wider apart, and both from the memoirs of contemporary historians and from the Records of the Lyon Court we learn of the age-old ceremonies connected with the birth of Scotland's Royal children.

The little room in Edinburgh Castle where Queen Mary's son was born in 1566 is famous throughout the world. It was, however, in that other favourite Royal Palace, the Castle of Stirling, whose praises the poet-Lyon, Sir David Lindesay of The Mount, has sung so pleasingly, that the little Prince was baptised in the old Chapel-Royal, and, immediately after he was christened, was proclaimed by Lord-Lyon Sir Robert Forman of Luthrie—

"James, by the Grace of God, Lord of Renfrew, of the Yles,
Earle of Carrike, Duke of Rothesay, and Prince of Scotland."

Sir James Melville tells us also of the banquet that followed, and the offence given to the English envoys by the unexpected interpolation of the "satyrs" at the instance of Bastien, the French chef.

Twenty-eight years later there was born to James VI. "the good Prince Henry"—the eldest of Scotland's Royal children, in connection with whom has been preserved a succinct account of the birth and baptism of a royal prince of this kingdom." It is entitled

"An Accompt of the Most Triumphant and Royal Accomplishment of the Baptism of the Most Excellent Right High and Mighty Prince Henry Frederick by the Grace of God Prince of Scotland, as it was solemnised the 30th day of August 1594."

King James and his Court laid themselves out to make this event one by which they could not be surpassed.

"The Ambassadors of France, England, Denmark, the Low Countries, the Duke of Brunswick, and the Duke of Magdelburg, and such other Princes as should be thought expedient," for the "greatness and splendour of the kingdom of Scotland."

A Royal Christening.

Prince Henry's birth in Stirling Castle early on the morning of 19th February was notified to the citizens of the capital at noon by a "volley of twelve cannons, shot out of the Castle of Edinburgh." The King sent to the Ministers to call the people together to give thanksgiving, and at four o'clock Mr Walter Balcanquall preached upon the 117th Psalm. The Royal babe remained unchristened for seven months, not only in order to collect the foreign Ambassadors, but even to prepare the scene of the ceremony, for it was rebuilt the Chapel-Royal, for which the greatest number of artificers in the whole country were convened, and his Majesty gave his own personal daily overseer."

At last, on 30th August, the King took his place in the tapestried Chapel-Royal. On his right were the Ambassadors of England, Brunswick, and Holland; on his left, those of Denmark, Luneberg, and Mecklenburg; whilst a hundred hackbutteers (being "the Elders of Edinburgh, bravely apparelled") lined the way between the Palace door and the entry to the Chapel-Royal. The King and his Councillors having taken their seats, the Ambassadors were conveyed to the throne "Chalmer of Presence," where the child was lifted from his bed by the Countess of Mar and delivered to the Duke of Lennox, who presented him to the Ambassador of England to be borne to the Chapel-Royal. The procession of the Prince was led by the State trumpeters, followed by the Heralds; next, the Lord Lyon King-of-Arms, Sir David Lindesay of the Mount *(secundus)*, immediately preceding the Prince's "Honours" (the Sword carried by Lord Sempill, the Bason by Lord Seton, the Towel by Lord Livingston, and Lord Home carrying the Ducal Crown, richly set with precious stones.) Then came the Prince, carried in the Ambassador's arms, and his "robe-royale," the train carried by Sir Sinclair and Lord Urquhart.

An Elaborate Ceremony.

In the Chapel the Royal babe was transferred to the arms of his "Mistress Nurse," whilst Mr Patrick Galloway, "one of his Majesty's ordinary preachers," from the pulpit hung with cloth of gold, preached on the text of 21st Genesis. The Bishop of Aberdeen gave a further sermon, followed by the 21st Psalm, sung by the choristers of the Chapel-Royal, "to the great delectation of the noble auditory."

"Then they proceeded to action. The King arose and came towards the pulpit. The Duke of Lennox received the Prince from the Countess of Mar and delivered him to the Earl of Sussex, Ambassador for England, and he was named (by the Bishop of Aberdeen): 'Frederick Henry, Henry Frederick,' and so baptised in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This being done, Lyon King of Arms with a loud voice repeats these names thrice over, and then after him the rest of his brethren, heralds with trumpets sounding."

Thereafter the Bishop ascended the pulpit, where he delivered an oration in verse and prose. In conclusion, the Blessing having been given, the Lord-Lyon closed the ceremony by crying—

"God save Frederick Henry and Henry Frederick, by the Grace of God Prince of Scotland."

The company then proceeded from the Chapel to the Great Hall amidst the roar of cannon, and in that majestic apartment the infant Prince was dubbed a knight, invested with his ducal crown, and proclaimed by the Lyon—

"The Right Excellent, High, and Magnanime Frederick Henry, Henry Frederick, by the *Grace of God, Knight and Baron of Renfrew*, Lord of the Yles, Earle of Carrike, Duke of Rothesay, Prince and Great Steward of Scotland."

Sixteen Knights were created, and a noble banquet terminated the proceedings.

"Daughter of Scotland."

Two years later, on 19th August 1596, there was born in the Palace of Dunfermline the Princess Elizabeth, grandmother of George I., from whom our Royal Family are descended. If the birth and baptism of Prince Henry was associated with exceptional grandeur, that of Princess Elizabeth was signalised by a modest privacy which all the chroniclers comment upon. Calderwood says this was on account of the winter season; but there may also have been financial considerations. The age-old Scottish ceremonial, however, continued unbroken. The child having been baptised, the Lord-Lyon instantly pronounced, and thus, by his official voice, made legally known to the lieges of Scotland, the infant's name and style. Moysie's account of the ceremony is that—

The baptisme appointed the xxviij. of November 1596, without inviting any strengeris, at Halyrudhous. The Queine of Inglandis ambassadour Mr Bowes haldand vp the Princess called her Lady Elisabethe, efter the Queine hir Majestie, and sua wes cryed and called be the Lyon harrald Lady Elisabethe first dochtour of Scotland. Litle or no triumphe wes maid bot in guid fair and cheir, because that it wes in wynter season and ill wether.

The style "dochtour of Scotland" is peculiarly interesting, and shows the link of our old Scots Court customs with those of France, where the children of the Royal House were known as "Enfants de France." It is charming to find here in Scotland, also, the beautiful conception of our Royal Family as the "Children of Scotland."

The Last Royal Baptism.

Three times again a Royal child was born in Scotland: Princess Margaret at Dalkeith, 24th December 1598, baptised at Holyroodhouse 15th April 1599; Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles I., at Dunfermline, baptised 23rd December 1600; and then on 18th January 1602 Prince Robert was born at Dunfermline, where, on 2nd May, the ceremony of a Scottish Royal baptism was for the last time performed, the Lyon Records evidencing that Lord Oliphant bore the ducal crown, the Master of Angus the ewer and towel, and the Master of Paisley the bason. The "noblemen gossops" (i.e., god-parents) present were the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Argyll and Mar, and the Lords Oliphant, Lovat, and Sinclair.

On 24th October 1887 Princess Ena of Battenberg (H.M. the Queen of Spain) was born at Balmoral, and baptised by the Dean of the Thistle. Although so nearly related to the Sovereign, a daughter of the House of Battenberg was not, in Scottish Law, a child of the Royal House. The grandchildren of our Stuart Kings (whose daughters so often married Scottish eers) were, in accordance with the Roman Law, regarded as children of these noble houses, not of the Royal Family. So Prince Robert, born in 1602, remains as yet the last Royal child born on Scottish soil.

If a Royal child should again be born in Scotland, the Scottish people would naturally expect that the ancient Scottish ceremonial attending such an auspicious event should be followed, as far as the convenience and spirit of modern times allowed. HISTORIAN.

(Continued at Foot of Next Column.)

CARLYLE MEMORIES.

A KIRKCALDY PUPIL.

FIFTY or sixty years ago Kirkcaldy and Provost Swan—Peter Swan, as he was familiarly called—were practically synonyms. He lived for Kirkcaldy, and the whole town trusted him, very nearly loved him too. For term after term he was unanimously re-elected Provost, and year after year he led the Town Council, and gave himself heart and soul to the improvement of the education of the Lang Toun, though, curiously enough, he himself almost never read a book. "I pick up all I want," he said, "from the talk of my friends," and, as for writing, his own could hardly be excelled for badness. "Spelling never troubles me," so he said. Indeed, he boasted that he never wrote more than the first two letters of a long word. A wriggle sufficed for the rest.

For many years the Provost kept open door at St Brycedale for all and sundry, fellow-merchants many of them, but probably ministers for choice. He figures in the famous picture of the Disruption Assembly at Canonmills, and he was a member of the Free Assembly straight on for quite 40 years. How he revelled, too, in the society of that redoubtable clerical club in which Henry Drummond, James Stalker, Ian Maclaren, George Adam Smith, and others were members, and among whom he was the one privileged layman. But students were as welcome as their seniors. The writer well remembers how happy the Provost was entertaining a group of students in connection with the evangelising movement led by Henry Drummond, and how he delighted in the conversation of young fellows—as they then were—like Connel, afterwards of Regent Square, and Charlie Douglas.

A Fragrant Memory.

And, with his later years, came a serious decline in the flax-spinning trade, and the great house of Swan Brothers fell. The big Provost—big indeed he was, physically as in other ways—took his calamities with a most beautiful meekness and humility. His wealthy friends subscribed for him a decent annuity, so that he was able to retain St Brycedale and live on there, and there die in peace (1889.) The bountiful dinner parties were no more; but the man's soul now shone like a star. Many still remember his name with affection, but few can now survive who knew him intimately. The writer, though then but a lad, frequently visiting at the Provost's house with his father, may perhaps claim to have done so. On my memory he has left a very fragrant impress, as one to be numbered among the saints. He certainly was one of the finest Christian characters the writer has ever known. Well does he recall the night when an Old Year was passing into a New One—he and the Provost alone, the old man pouring forth his mellow wisdom and counsel into the willing ears of the young student.

His Tutor's Gift.

To those unconnected with Kirkcaldy Patrick Swan is remembered, if at all, through his connection with Thomas Carlyle, whom he more than once entertained, both at St Brycedale and at his country house, Springfield, near Cupar. The picture of Carlyle in his sugar-loaf hat, his niece, and the Provost, sitting on the steps of St Brycedale, is well known. Carlyle, when only five-and-twenty, was brought to Kirkcaldy as a kind of rival schoolmaster to Edward Irving, though all the three years he was there he and Irving kept good friends. At that time Carlyle became tutor to the boy Swan, and ever after they remained fast friends. Mr Swan always spoke of his tutor in terms of highest esteem, and showed with pride the complete set of Carlyle's works, bound in calf, which the author had given him, though he never read a line of them! Leslie Stephen says Carlyle "kept his pupils in awe without physical force." But the writer vividly remembers an evening when he sat, a silent auditor, while the Provost and his old schoolmate, Mr Wallace, of Oldhamstocks, sipped the toddy from their steaming rummers (who ever hears that word to-day?), and chatted over old times. The chief impression that Irving seemed to have left in the Lang Toun was the memory of his terrible thrashings, and Carlyle here seems to have come not far behind.

A Memorable Sunday.

That night, I think, they told again too of the memorable Sunday when Irving preached in the Parish Church, which was crammed to the ceiling. The gallery joists gave way, many lives were lost, and many more miraculously saved. The writer's own aunt was discovered safe in the pulpit! How she got there she never could tell. From the Provost's own lips I heard the oft-told tale about Carlyle and the part he played at family worship. That was always reverently observed at St Brycedale. One morning his host asked Carlyle if he would not read the Scripture lesson. The latter at once agreed, seized the Bible, opened at the book of Job, and read straight on to about the 14th chapter. The maids visibly fidgetted, and at last good Peter Swan was obliged to suggest that the maids must get to their work. Carlyle banged the Bible shut, and at once fled from the room. He was indeed "gey ill to live wi'." Every morning his niece had to be the first carefully to scrutinise his correspondence, lest there should be any requests for autographs in it; for such always made Carlyle growl like a bear robbed of her whelps.

The writer has always cherished a certain sense of grievance. If only the Chelsea sage had been a sociable individual the writer would almost certainly have met him. But, whenever visitors came to St Brycedale, while Carlyle was there, he insisted on having his meals in his own bedroom. Once I came very near to a meeting. One autumn day during, I think, Carlyle's last visit to Scotland, the writer got into a railway carriage at Symington. "*You may be proud to get that seat*," said a fellow-passenger, "for Thomas Carlyle was sitting on it until he got out at Ecclefechan." I had some slight compensation in the fact that I had the luck to be a member of David Masson's English literature class in Edinburgh when Carlyle died, 5th February 1881. Rare were new lectures from Masson in those days, but he could not refrain from giving us a noble discourse on the man he had known so well and so long.

In those days the writer lived in Pilrig Street. Round the corner was Moray Street, now Spey Street. There at No. 3 lodged Thomas Carlyle from 1821 to 1823, and memories of his sojourn still lingered in my boyish days. He lodged with Mrs David Swan, then newly the widow of Patrick Swan's uncle. It may be worth recalling that Leith Walk hard by was the famous Rue St Thomas de l'Enfer of "Sartor Resartus."

JAMES B. JOHNSTON.

TOURISTS FROM U.S.

13,000 Leave New York for Europe.

NEW YORK, July 15.—The exodus of American tourists to Europe reached its peak during the last 24 hours, more than 13,000 passengers embarking for Europe in nine ships.

The competition among the shipping companies is so keen that several of them are changing their custom of many past years, and shortening the liners' stays in New York Harbour.—Exchange.

A military Fokker 'plane crashed from a height of 500 metres at the aerodrome at Soesterberg, Holland, yesterday (says an Exchange Amsterdam message.) The pilot was killed and the machine destroyed.

WOMAN TO DATE.

NOTES AND IMPRESSIONS.

[BY A WOMAN JOURNALIST.]

For the Highland Show.

PRACTICALLY every county in the South-Western Area of the Scottish Women's Rural Institutes, including Arran and Dumbarton, is sending demonstrators to the Highland Show at Dumfries next week, I hear. Sometimes as many as twenty will be demonstrating at one time at the stand which the directors are giving to the South-Western Area, and it is to be a case of deeds rather than words. The women will be seen working at their various crafts, and be ready to answer questions about them. The crafts to be demonstrated include rug-making of various kinds, at which the women of the south are adept. Four Ayrshire embroideresses are to demonstrate their own beautiful craft, now almost dying out, and from Arrochar is coming the proud holder of the Handicrafts Guild 1st Class Certificate in filet lace and glove-making. Other workers will be seen weaving and spinning and basket-making, quilting, chair-caning, smocking, doing upholstery and leather work, and making toys. It looks as if Dumfries is to have a busy and an interesting week.

Reduced Prices.

It is, I suppose, a more refined thing to go in for a "period of reduced prices" than for a common or garden sale. So at least some salesmen think, and the phrase certainly suggests a cool transaction to be conducted in a calm spirit, to the mutual benefit of buyer and seller, whereas a sale suggests—what does it not suggest in the way of wild scrimmages, dashed hopes, and unexpected bargains? There are women who can keep their heads in a sale. They refuse to be led astray by alluring labels. They divide the wheat from the chaff on the heaping counter with a practised hand. They discard the unwanted firmly, and eventually emerge with the very thing they have been needing at less than half the usual price. They are the envy of their less skilful sisters, who have either been entirely worsted in the fray and have been unable to catch the eye of the young lady at the counter at all, or else they are ruefully contemplating an empty purse and a pile of "bargains" that they do not want.

Common-Sense Bathing.

The number of bathing accidents rises, and so many of them appear to have been preventable with ordinary caution that it may not be out of place to repeat a few of the more simple rules. However obvious they are, they are often disregarded with serious results. To venture beyond your depth unless you can swim is madness, but it would be well if that rule were observed by the majority of bathers, swimmers included. Even the strongest swimmer can be taken unaware by the current, and an uncertain swimmer is quickly lost. If it is exercise the swimmer wants, he can get it as well in water just deep enough to swim in as he can farther out to sea, but you will never get him to believe it. He would as soon heed that old counsel about not entering the water until he can swim! Perhaps he is right. Adventure comes to the courageous. But if he must pit himself against the elements, a swimmer might at least take the trouble to discover the state of the tide and inquire of a native if there are dangers of which he knows nothing. A good tip for the novice is to have a look at the bathing bay at low tide, and choose his pitch accordingly. Staying in the water too long is another silly habit. It is not good for anyone, and often brings on cramp, which leaves the most powerful swimmer powerless. To bathe oftener and in smaller doses is just as much fun as prolonging the dip.

To the Lions!

Woodland path to the lions and tigers! What child could resist following a path like that, hugging whatever delicious terror to his heart? The thrill is to be had no farther away than the Zoo at Corstorphine, and that just after feasting your eyes on that Heaven-sent view from the top of the hill—Arthur's Seat framed in the branches of the trees, the Firth of Forth blue in the sunshine, the Highland bens in the mist, and the Pentlands standing clear in outline. Two children, born dancers, and quite un-self-conscious, were leaping over the grass the other evening, waving their arms in rhythmic answer to the beauty all about them. One was chanting as she danced. And then to come to that steep path to the lions! There was the deerpark to be passed first, but the deer were not at home to callers. In fact, they had put up a surly notice to the effect that it would be dangerous to come too near their wire netting.

Our Brothers the Penguins.

As for the lions themselves, they had dined, and had positively no use for humanity at all. The king of beasts reclined replete, turned a noble head once in the direction of the visitors, and then rolled over with his back to them, his mane bulging through the bars. His lady paced to and fro, a very disgruntled puss indeed, longing for she knew not what. The bears were in friendlier mood, and toyed with buns and nuts as is their playful custom. The rabbits were having their enclosure swept and garnished, and the penguins, fond creatures, were enjoying a shower bath. What is it about penguins that endears them so entirely to the human race? They never do anything but stay put, or waddle uncertainly across the ground, yet if you stand near them for a little while you will hear everyone who passes by hail them with cries of joy. It is not too much to say that a visit to the Zoo without a sight of the penguins is as good as no visit at all.

The "Talky" Tongue.

There is only one thing to be done about these "talkies." We must learn the American language. Only so can we hope to keep pace with the rapid movement and strange asides of their elliptical plots. Here and there, of course, we hear a "talky" in the idiom to which we are accustomed, and the story is proportionally simple to follow, but for the most part the mere Britisher is up against a dead wall of partial if not complete misunderstanding of the tongue. A correspondence course in the broader dialects might help to clear this up; but before spending our money we should like to be absolutely certain that it was going to be worth while.

Cat and Dog.

Puss was taking a leisurely constitutional across the tram lines. She was an undersized puss, grey of coat, with fine upstanding, bushy tail. Mere man passed with a dog or two. One of the latter, unwise in his generation, decided to toss a lance with puss. He was a sturdy Airedale, bristling, and ready for a game. Not so Puss. She gathered herself together into a small grey mark of defiance, tiny feet well-planted, tail aloft. A hissing sound came from the little creature that the Airedale took for a challenge. It was. He pranced about her, barking hopefully, tongue lolling out, and eyes afire—but not too near. Puss, immovable and hissing evenly, had set a charmed circle about her small, grey person, inside which that Airedale durst not set his paw. He tried, and he tried again, barking ever louder, and jumping ever faster. Mere man whistled to recall him, but his authority for once was set at naught. The Airedale paid no heed. League of Nations or none, all the world loves a fight, especially if it looks like going to the weakest, and so before long were gathered near the spot old men and maidens, old women and boys, watching, fascinated, this unequal duel. Puss hissed on, the Airedale made ever wilder plunges—then stopped short, half regretfully, as if to say:—"Sorry, my dear! No time for more just now. See you later!" and dashed off to his master, wagging his tail at that two-legged potentate as if he were the most innocent dog unsmacked. Puss looked after him, slowly relaxed, and resumed her walk.

POINTS OF VIEW.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

(Continued from Page 9.)

Income-tax Changes.

Income-taxpayers' Society, Abbey House,
2 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1,
July 14, 1930.

SIR,—This, it seems to me, is an opportune time, as the Committee stage of the Finance Bill in the House of Commons has now ended, to draw the attention of taxpayers to some of the provisions which will shortly become law.

The most likely provision to call for immediate attention, and one affecting a great number of taxpayers, is that for the revaluation of lands and houses throughout the country outside the Metropolitan area. Assessors are to be appointed within 30 days of the passing of the Act, which date, it is probable, will be about the end of this month. The Assessors will issue notices calling for returns giving particulars of such matters as the rent, &c., of all properties, small or large.

Such Assessors, having received the returns, have to lodge certificates of their assessments of the annual values of such properties not later than the 30th November. On the local Income-tax Commissioners signing and allowing such assessments, notice of the amount of the assessment and of the day for hearing appeals will be given. Taxpayers should therefore remember when the time comes that it is essential to appeal against the values fixed if they are objected to.

It may also be useful to note that a new clause has been added under which if a married couple give in any year notice to be separately assessed to Income-tax or surtax, that notice will continue in force for subsequent years, until revoked. This saves married couples from having to remember to give notice for separate assessment every year before a particular date, as has been the case hitherto.

Provisions are also made relating to the rate at which tax should be deducted from annuities, interest, dividends, &c., in years in which the rate is raised (as has been done this year), and in which the rate is lowered.—I am, &c.

DECIES, Director.

Christian Science.

1 Nelson Street, Edinburgh, July 15, 1930.

SIR,—In yesterday's *Scotsman* appeared a report of a sermon by Bishop Barnes, of Birmingham, in which he included Christian Science among "fantastic types of belief" which mark the degeneracy of religion. It is hardly possible to imagine a term more inapplicable to Christian Science than "fantastic," for this system is dependent on principle and rules as fixed as those which govern the science of arithmetic. Christian scientists have no belief in the supernatural or the miraculous, for, while accepting with all Christians the statement that God is the sole cause and Creator of man and the universe, reason forbids them to believe that cause can be supernatural to its effect. They also accept unreservedly the plain statement of our Lord, "God is Spirit" (R.V.), and deduce therefrom that man, God's effect, must, in his real, essential nature, be spiritual, and governed by spiritual law. Thus Christian Science explains the unusual experiences recorded in the Old and New Testaments as manifestations of spiritual law, only partially understood. It remained for the Science underlying these manifestations to be made known in a scientific age to the people at large by Mrs Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science. Hence Christian Science justifies its two-fold name, for, on the one hand, it upholds the authenticity of the Scriptural narratives by producing similar results to-day, in accordance with the promise of the Master, "These signs shall follow them that believe"; while, on the other hand, it explains these results scientifically, by showing that they were based on fundamental law.—I am, &c.

E. M. RAMSAY,
Christian Science Committee on Publication for Midlothian.

Bird Song; Nests and Nesting.

Banff, July 12, 1930.

SIR,—Since Midsummer and the mating season are past, the bird song has declined. The grand outburst of April melody is over and bird life is now entering on a more silent phase. The songs have begun to dwindle, and the noisy, anxious note of the parent birds is not heard.

Young nestlings are running about in the gardens and groves, and even attempting flight. We may soon hear the chirp of young thrushes trying their first musical notes. I have seen young swallows being fed and peeping over the edge of their nests, but not yet on the ground.

The different materials used in the building of nests is worth noticing. The birds that build in trees employ many materials in weaving their fabric, such as withered grass, leaves, moss. If near human dwellings and to be got, they will use bits of cotton, horsehair, and even a thin wire to bind the material together. The linnets, the finches, red polls and crossbill all construct nests of this kind. Such as build on the ground, wagtails and larks, have cup-like nests of dry grass, using any light depression of the soil for shelter from sweeping winds.

On the other hand, blackbirds and thrushes have a basis for the nest of soft mud, worked up into a species of plaster cup, above which they insert moss and grass and any hairs or feathers they can find. On this warmer lining the eggs are laid.

But the martins and swallows make much more use of clay as a building material. They construct nests mainly under the eaves of windows or the corners of barns and outbuildings, and their mud-built structure is very familiar to all. If they use rain gutters, the structure is different; but as a rule the swallow loves a pendant nest, well plastered, with a small hole for entrance, and a secure home for its nestlings. It makes a very comfortable home, and the birds will return to it year after year, doubling and trebling their nests, from their long journeys over Abyssinian and Egyptian sands.

The swifts have not the beautiful shape of the swallow, but resemble them in many ways. Yet in nest-building they are quite original. No clay is used to cement the nest. That is done in a singular and systematic manner by the copious saliva of the swift. The straws, grasses, and feathers are firmly cemented together by this agency, which quickly glues them into a cup or rather saucer. It is built against a wall or in a corner; but the tree swifts build their tiny nests in the angle of branches of trees.

The weaver birds and the American orioles build bottle-necked nests as a protection against birds of prey, which cannot reach the young nestlings through the long, narrow entrance. They also indulge in community nesting, twenty or more being built closely together. In the United States one large elm may have as many as forty oriole nests attached.

For neatness of structure and perfection of weaving or sewing the so-called tailor bird excels. His bill is as clever at patching up a break as any tailor's needle. The magpie is common in all Scotland, yet few know its mode of nesting, because it chooses very high trees, and builds at the end of their long branches, where no thieving boys can reach its eggs. Like the cushat dove, its nest is a small platform of branches, over which it draws a roof of twigs, grass, and anything it can find to throw off rain.

The sparrow and robin and wren are not conservatively inclined, and will build anywhere when a convenient hole or eave or hedge may offer a rooftree. But the lively little dipper is eclectic. He loves the water, and I often watch him as he dips and dives for his food and chases it along the pool. He must find a waterfall rushing over a rock, behind which to construct his nest on the ledge. Consequently there is an outside cover built, large and conical, to keep off the wet spray, inside which he builds a lovely little nest for his young brood, of moss and of feathers, in which they are kept warm and dry.

How wonderfully instinct has worked in the birds, and taught them infallibly to build only the best. He that cares for the sparrows cares too for the dove and the dipper. Each is instructed by that rare teacher, instinct, to form its nest of the shape that best suits the situation and will protect the brood. Here with birds we share a common inheritance, which makes all creatures kin. Among these instincts are the self-preservative instinct to avoid danger and to resist assault; the maternal instinct to care for offspring; and the herd instinct to flock together for cheer and company. The dipper and the wild duck feels these instinctive longings as much as we do.

Frederick the Great was once examining a class, and enforcing on them that we all are of the animal kingdom. "Now tell me, children, to what kingdom does the Emperor belong?" No German child would speak lightly of the Emperor. "Sire," said a little girl, "you belong to the Kingdom of Heaven." Frederick never forgot it. But in truth we do belong to the animal kingdom, and instinct binds us into one with the birds.—I am, &c.

W. S. BRUCE.

Blackbirds.

Jedburgh, July 14, 1930.

SIR,—On Saturday last, 12th inst., I saw a blackbird's nest with two young ones in it, and was informed, on good authority, that this was the third family which the parent birds had reared this season. Perhaps some of your readers will be able to inform me whether this is an unusual occurrence.

I may add that the nest was neatly and snugly built inside a hayshed with open woodwork, and was comparatively free from storms and rough weather. The first family numbered 4, the second 5, and the third, as indicated above, 2.—I am &c.

T. C. H.

TO VISIT BATTLEFIELDS.

Japanese Royal Couple in Paris.

PARIS, July 15.—Prince Takamatsu and Princess Kikuko spent the morning visiting Malmaison, whither they motored, accompanied by their suite. The Prince has no official programme for this afternoon.

On the 18th the Prince and Princess will begin a two days' visit to the battlefields, and on the 27th they will proceed to Brussels.—Reuter.

ABBEY JUBILEE.

Impressive Ceremony at Fort Augustus.

'FORTY-FIVE RECALLED.

THE beautiful chimes of the famous "Mary Bell," floating out across the still waters of Loch Ness at dawn yesterday morning from the great tower of the Benedictine Abbey of Fort Augustus, opened a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing for the foundation here 50 years ago of the only house of the Order in Scotland.

Because of that fact alone it has been a great day for many people—for adherents of the Old Faith in those northern counties where Catholic cathedrals and priories have been naked ruins for centuries, and for the jovial and kindly sons of St Benedict who celebrated their jubilee, for the villagers of Fort Augustus. But it has meant most of all to the Catholic clansmen and clanswomen whose ancestors died for Prince Charlie, and its message to the ill-fated Clan Fraser was the most direct of all.

It may seem a little strange to link the days of Culloden with the foundation here in 1880 at the head of Loch Ness, of a House of Benedictine Fathers. Yet few visitors familiar with the tragic story of this spot—and who, with the blood of the Gael in his veins is not?—could have dissociated the significance of the day and its simple religious setting, from those terrible days in the spring of 1746, when men and women were butchered in cold blood because they had taken up the sword for the Stuarts.

For reasons of history alone it was peculiarly significant that the Master of Lovat was present at the head of the Roman Catholic laity.

THE FRASER CONNECTION.

The Abbey is erected on the site of the Hanoverian fort built by General Wade in 1729, and, although the quarters which the Duke of Cumberland occupied after Culloden were razed to the ground, other portions of the old structure are incorporated in the present building. It was in a dungeon in this fort that Simon, Lord Lovat, was confined before being taken to London and executed on Tower Hill for his share in the rebellion, and it was from the shelter of its walls that the English soldiery issued to lay waste the glens. Scarcely a Roman Catholic was left alive, and yet less than two centuries later here were the Frasers again gathered on the green triangle under the shadow of the mountains over which they were hunted, to celebrate the coming of an Order whose motto is the Latin word *Pax*.

It is truly a strange coincidence that the Benedictines, as the book of the Abbey puts it, "should have come into possession of what was in its day a centre whence spread devastation, oppression, and bloodshed, with all the other attendant horrors of warfare."

A distinguished company had enjoyed overnight the traditional hospitality of the Benedictines. The Prelates were headed by His Grace the Right Rev. Dr Joseph M'Donald, Archbishop of St Andrews and Edinburgh, and the Right Rev. Sir Oswald Hunter Blair, Bart., both former Abbots; Bishop Bennett, Aberdeen, one of the Abbey's old boys; Father Kentigern Milne, the first Prior, and Father Hilary Wilson, a Prior of a later period. Lord Lovat was unable to his great regret, to attend. He was represented by his son, the Master of Lovat, who was supported by members of a number of leading Roman Catholic families.

Apologies for absence were also read from the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Denbigh, and the Marquis of Bute.

The general company included Lady Sybil Fraser; sister of Lord Lovat; the Hon. Evered Fielding, Mrs Maxwell of Farlie, Colonel and Mrs M'Donald, Blarour; Sir James Calder, Bart.; and Colonel and Mrs Sopper of Easter Aberchalder.

The proudest man in the company was perhaps Father John Cummings, now Abbot of York, a venerable Benedictine of 80 years. Along with Father Anselm Robertson and Father Vaughan, he began in 1876 the task of clearing the rubble off the old fort, and he was the only one present who could look back along the whole story of those fifty-four years.

PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS.

The celebrations opened with a Pontifical High Mass of thanksgiving celebrated by the Archbishop of St Andrews and Edinburgh. At the luncheon which followed, Abbot Knowles presided over a large company, monks and guests dining together in the sacred cloisters of the monastery. The entire meal did credit to the lay brother cooks, and was crowned by some excellent French wines.

Abbot Knowles, after proposing the toast of "The Pope and the King," thanked the guests for their attendance, which he and they took as a token of their appreciation of the work the Monastery had done during its fifty years of life. He expressed their gratitude for that great encouragement. They hoped the work they had done for the Church in Scotland was only a beginning, and would go on and increase so long as the Abbey existed.

But they had done educational work not only in Scotland, but also across the Atlantic. In the time of their late Abbot, now Archbishop M'Donald, they had opened two houses in America, and already one of these promised to become one of the first schools in that country. (Applause.) In the future they hoped soon to open a new school in Edinburgh, one worthy of that great educational centre. (Applause.)

Father John Cummings, Abbot of York, extending to Abbot Knowles and his monks the best wishes of all present for the continued life and success of the Abbey, said he almost felt as if he were a voice speaking from the grave, or perhaps it was from the cradle—(laughter)—as he had been one of those who had helped to rock the Monastery. He then spoke in reminiscent vein of the foundation of the Abbey. There had been, he said, as in the life of every great venture, mistakes and misfortunes, but happily the mistakes had been rectified and the misfortunes overcome. If the prosperity of the present could be taken as an augury of the future, then they could, he thought, assure themselves that Fort Augustus Abbey had not only a most interesting past, but also a great and glorious future. (Applause.) And when the centenary came round—he did not suppose he would be there—the Abbey would still be standing four-square as now, and it would be perhaps the joyful mother of several religious houses, not only in the old world, but even in the new. (Applause.) "With peace in its strongholds and abundance in its towers, it shall flourish until Loch Ness drains dry, and for ages after."

HOME OF GOOD WORKS.

Abbot Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart., proposed the toast of "The Founder of the Abbey," and coupled it with the name of the Master of Lovat, who, in reply, expressed the wish that as for fifty years the Abbey had weathered the storms of the Great Glen, so might fifty times fifty still find it flourishing as the home of all good works.

The toast of "The *Alma Mater*" was proposed by Archbishop M'Donald, who said that with so many signs of life and activity, he thought they could look for a term of blessing and prosperity in the near future.

A cricket match between past and present boys of the Abbey School, which ended in a draw—Old Boys 93, Present Boys 48 for two wickets—occupied the afternoon, and the proceedings closed with supper and an entertainment by the Abbey schoolboys.

In the course of the day special leave to have the Monastery open to ladies was obtained, and many took advantage of this unusual privilege.

S. R. CROCKETT MEMORIAL.

Tribute by Gallovidians.

DEFINITE steps have been taken for the erection of a memorial in Galloway to the late S. R. Crockett, the distinguished author of "The Raiders" and other Galloway novels. The joint treasurers are Mr J. B. Ramsay, 203 West George Street, Glasgow, and Mr James Dalrymple, 3 Doune Gardens, Glasgow. Subscriptions are limited to 5s. No decision has been taken as to the exact place of the memorial. The three alternatives suggested in *The Scotsman*—a point near the novelist's birthplace in the neighbourhood of New Galloway, Heston Island, which he made famous as Ruthan in "The Raiders," and the village of Kippford—are all under consideration; and a fourth suggestion has been made—Auchencairn, a village which, like Kippford, is one of the nearest points of approach to Heston.

The memorial, it is considered, should make a special appeal to all lovers of the Solway, whose romance has stirred the imagination of various eminent Scottish writers, including Sir Walter Scott and Allan Cunningham. Crockett in some of the passages of "The Raiders" has realised the Solway's special and peculiar charm. In the chapter on "Dawn on Rathan Sands," he writes:—"If there be anything bonnier or sweeter in this world than a May morning on the Isle of Rathan by the Solway shore, I have yet to see it—except it be the blush that comes over a young maid's face when one that is not her lad, but who yet may be, comes chapping at the door."

The movement has been promoted by Gallovidians in Glasgow, in co-operation with Gallovidians in other parts, and has the approval of the Council of Edinburgh Galloway Association. "The scheme," it is observed in a statement which has been issued, "is a modest one, such as Mr Crockett himself would have wished."

Katherine Trevelyan, daughter of Sir Charles Trevelyan, President of the Board of Education, has just completed the first successful climb this season of Mount Edith Cavell in Jasper National Park, one of the highest peaks in the Canadian Rockies. It has an altitude of 11,033 feet. Miss Trevelyan's accomplishment is all the more noteworthy owing to the heavy snow experienced in the course of the ascent.

SILENT WHEELS.

Princes Street Breakdown.

TRAMWAY WIRE BREAKS.

EDINBURGH'S tramway system was partly disarranged yesterday evening for about half an hour owing to a fracture in the overhead power wire in Princes Street between South Charlotte Street and Castle Street.

The breakage occurred at 6.47 P.M., and caused the immediate stoppage of all tramway cars throughout the whole length of Princes Street. A breakdown squad was on the scene in a few minutes, and immediately undertook the temporary repair of the wire.

In the meantime some thirty or forty cars which happened to be on the Princes Street line at the time were standing silent—one, even, being marooned in an awkward diagonal position while in the act of crossing from Hanover Street to the Mound. An immediate effect of the breakdown was the disorganisation of many of the city routes which traverse Princes Street. Where possible, such as at the East End and South St Andrew Street, cars were turned, and a fairly satisfactory service was thus maintained on most routes. Officials had a strenuous time re-directing cars, and resource was shown in getting as many vehicles as possible out of the "dead" area. At South St Andrew Street, for instance, two cars which were, to use a football expression, "out of play," were dragged back to a live section by a third car—a heavy, uphill task, the success of which the spectators could scarce forbear to acclaim with a decorous cheer.

Meanwhile the tramwaymen stranded in Princes Street were appreciating their unexpected rest period—with the possible exception of those bound for the depot—while some of the passengers elected to remain on board in the hope that a speedy repair would be effected. Their optimism was justified, for by 7.20 the wire had been replaced, the wheels began to revolve once more, and everything appeared normal.

The George Street line, which was the centre of much controversy before it was laid three or four years ago, was exceedingly useful during the breakdown, Leith and Piershill cars, which normally proceed along Princes Street, being diverted at the West End into George Street.

The breakage, it is understood, must have been due to a defect in the wire. It is the first occasion on which a faulty wire has caused a breakdown in Princes Street. No danger arose from the break as the current is automatically cut off when such a break occurs.

WILLS AND ESTATES.

Welsh Director's Activities.

TO AID CANCER CAMPAIGN.

MRS MARGARET CAROLINE SETTLE (65), of The Hill, Alsager, Cheshire, widow of Joel Settle (who rose from a pit boy to become a wealthy coalmaster) and daughter of the late Ald. William Nellard, a former Mayor of New