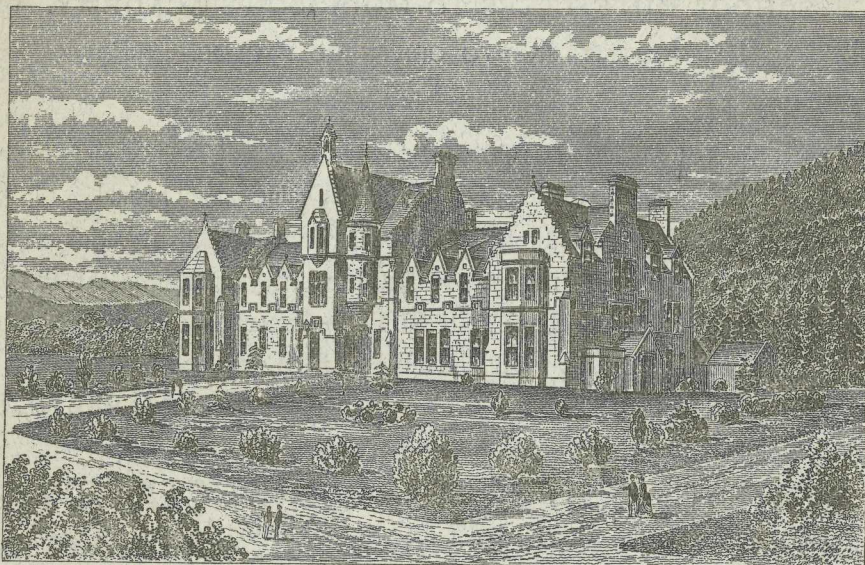


The Morrisonian

No. 1.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

VOL. 6.



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55 NORTH HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH.

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CRIEFF, FEBRUARY, 1897.

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School Gossip.

Our opening day after the long holidays was as usual the first of October. This chanced to fall on a Thursday, a rather unsuitable day. As circumstances turned out, however, it was a blessing in disguise. A new drainage scheme, which, it was expected, would be in working order by the end of September, was by no means in a state of completion. Consequently, on our first meeting everything was in a state of chaos. The Governors, therefore, proposed an extension of the holidays until the 5th, which was received with universal approbation, if we are to judge from the applause that greeted the announcement.

The new drainage system, proposed by the Governors in August, has been carried out in accordance with modern requirements on the most approved principles. The work, which has involved much labour and expense, has been under the superintendence of an Edinburgh expert, and is certain to give complete satisfaction. The Governors are doing all in their power to render liability to disease an impossibility. With the remarkably pure air, for which Crieff is famous, we do not see how any one can reasonably get ill. We expect long exemption from trouble and few doctor's bills!

While on the subject of improvements, we may mention the better lighting of the Hall.

The evening Drawing Classes now meet there, so that more light became an urgent necessity. A fine gaselier, suspended from the ceiling, with four incandescent gas burners, has been introduced. The effect was observed on the evening of the concert, and is an improvement both from an æsthetic and a medical point of view. These old eyesores, the spindle gaseliers, are still adorning the Hall. What purpose they now serve, it would be difficult to guess, unless perhaps they are to remain as a relic of antiquity. If so, we recommend that they be consigned to the museum, where they may interest curious observers.

Two of our Governors, Dr. Henderson and Mr. Lewis Miller, have been re-elected as representatives of the Crieff School Board for a further term of five years.

The Reference Library has been increased by a donation from Professor Hardie. The Professor was good enough to give a guinea for the purchase of some reference books in Classics. This has enabled us to add these books :—Mackail's History of Roman Literature, Jevon's History of Greek Literature, Rick's Antiquities, &c.

We have to thank Professor Hardie for his kind gift. We are also indebted to Currie for a number of books which he has kindly presented to the general library. A large number of well-worn volumes have been despatched to be re-bound.

The Governors deemed it necessary to add another Master to the Staff. The new Master is Mr. W. Lowe, a distinguished graduate of Aberdeen University, who at the close of his Arts course gained First Class Honours in Classics.

We were extremely sorry to hear at the beginning of the session that Fordyce, the dux of last year, was unable through indisposition to attend school. We regret to add that he does not yet feel well enough to join us. We sincerely hope that ere long we may see him again fully restored to health.

The Leaving Certificate Examinations begin this year on the 14th of June, a date slightly earlier than usual. The conditions regulating these examinations are virtually the same as in former years.

A new map of Asia has been added to the school. We are by no means sufficiently supplied with maps and geographical requirements. More are required and expected. We hope to be able to announce new additions in our next issue.

Our football team this season has been somewhat heavily handicapped. Several of our best players left in July, and their places have been but indifferently filled. Though not nearly so formidable as last year's team, the Fifteen have worked well together and have met with some success. A few matches are still on the card, and we are looking forward expectantly to the result. The captain has thoroughly justified his selection and has given an admirable example to his team.

The weather has been, on the whole, favourable for football, which implies that snow and frost, with the accompanying enjoyments of skating and tobogganing, have not visited

us. A hard frost set in suddenly just before the Christmas vacation, but disappeared with equal suddenness to the intense disappointment of skaters. While we write it is freezing hard, so that there is a probability of good ice. Winter is not yet gone. We are almost inclined to hope—a very unpopular wish, no doubt—for the sake of the cricket pitch, that the sledges will not be in evidence this season.

At the close of the football season used to come the Doldrums. But happily, since the institution of the Golf Tournament, we have had no slack time. Quite a number have joined the Crieff Golf Club on the terms issued to schools. These, we hope, will have an opportunity of showing their skill in April. For the last two seasons, by the kindness of the Committee of the Crieff Golf Club, the courtesy of the green has been granted us for our Tournament.

The month of March should see assiduous preparations for the Sport. Our Athletic correspondent used to contribute some hints for training; but these, we imagine, are now sufficiently well-known. After all, the best working hint and the substance of many hints are summed up in the word "Practise!" which we repeat very much in the Imperative Mood, "Practise.!"

A Gymnastic Exhibition will, we understand, be given this term.

The reading of the Town Clerk's letter on Catapults to the school last term reminded us of a similar letter a few years ago. On that occasion a hunt was instituted, and some curious game was bagged. From the pocket of a Liverpool youth no catapult was produced, but a portrait of Mrs. Maybrick. Another boy, who was known as "Sago," emptied some of the real article from his pockets. There was a good haul of catapults, however. Some of them were consigned to the flames. There

is some truth in what was said at the Town Council Meeting, that schoolboys are not the only and perhaps not the greatest sinners as regards the dangerous articles, but, be that as it may, the nuisance was increasing, and quite justified the Magistrates in the step which they threatened.

Copies of the following Magazines have been sent us, which we beg to acknowledge with thanks:—*The Ardreck School Magazine*, *The Abbot* (Abbey School, North Berwick), *Ulula* (Manchester Grammar School), *The Blue* (Christ's Hospital), *The Fettesian*, *The Rothesay Academy Magazine*, *Blairlodge School Magazine*.

Old Boys, desiring copies of the Magazine for this session, will kindly send name and address, with twelve postage stamps, to the Editor.

Should any unnecessary delay occur in the receipt of the Magazine, notice should be immediately sent to the Editor.

All business communications to be addressed to Mr. Anderson, M.A., Morrison's Academy, Crieff.

Girls' School.

NOTES.

The Christmas term in the Girls' School has passed over quietly and uneventfully.

A most enjoyable evening was spent on Friday, December 11. Many of the pupils, both senior and junior, took part, and gave very satisfactory evidence of their musical proficiency. The entertainment wound up as usual with games and dancing.

Concerts.

Our annual Christmas concert was held in the Hall on the 19th of December. The inhospitable appearance of the room was, on this occasion, somewhat less noticeable, owing to the newly introduced incandescent lights, which made things brighter and more cheerful. The audience comfortably filled the body of the Hall, but the empty gymnasium looked very uninviting save for a fire in the far end, which seemed to beckon us thither. We have already suggested that this extension of the Hall be curtailed off on the evening of our Winter concert, and it is a suggestion which might be carried out to the comfort and convenience of the onlookers and performers.

At seven o'clock the concert began with the song, "Here's a health unto Her Majesty," rendered by the Choir lustily and vigorously. Parker played a violin solo with taste and appreciation. We look forward with confidence to further enjoyment from him in future concerts. In the song, "The signal she knows," Shand's fine voice was heard to advantage. He received hearty applause from the audience for his effort. Another violin soloist was Strathairn ii, whose attempt was promising for such a youthful performer. The Choir sang "Good King Wenceslas" with marked success, showing evidence of careful and painstaking training. The presence of such a large choir at our Christmas entertainment is altogether novel and pleasant. We venture to predict that we shall not have the opportunity of making such a remark in future. Another novelty was a Mandoline solo by Caldwell, which was listened to with rapt attention, and received with great applause. Unfortunately the audience in the back seats could barely get a glimpse of the performer, with his tasteful Scotch dress. In his rendering of the song, "When the Roses come again," Arklie showed that he possesses a beautiful voice. He received a warm welcome. The duet, "The Crookit Bawbee," was given by Thom i and Caldwell; the former

sang very prettily, the latter with perfect freedom and entire self-composure. Strang ii played the final piano solo, "Torch Dance from Henry VIII.," with accuracy and precision. Thus ended the first part of the programme, which, we are certain, was thoroughly enjoyed. There was scarcely a jarring element; but we would remind some of the performers that smiling to their friends during the chorus is an offence, which those guilty of this want of taste will do well to avoid in future.

The second part of the programme was a representation of "Fish out of Water," which gave abundant opportunity for laughter and amusement. Bell, as *Sam Savory*, showed that he thoroughly understood his character. But it is invidious to single out any of the performers for special commendation where all did their best to contribute to an hour's fun. That they were successful goes without saying. If any proof were needed, it is to be found in the frequent bursts of laughter elicited from the audience.

We print the programme:—

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Part Song, { "Here's a health unto } Choir.
Her Majesty,
2. Violin Solo, "Reverie" (*Tolhurst*), ... Parker.
3. Song, "The Signal she knows" (*Aidé*), Shand.
4. Violin Solo, ... "Daybreak," Strathairn ii.
5. Carol, ... "Good King Wencelas," ... Choir.
6. Mandoline Solo, "Sketch in G," ... Caldwell.
7. Song, "When the Roses come again," Arklie i.
8. Duet, "The Crookit Bawbee," Thom i & Caldwell.
9. Piano Solo, { "Torch Dance from } Strang ii.
Henry VIII.," }
Interval.

PART II.

"Fish out of Water."

Characters:

| | | | |
|----------------------|-----|-----|---------------|
| Sir George Courtley, | ... | ... | Strang ma. |
| Ellen Courtley, | ... | ... | Miller ma. |
| Alderman Gayfare, | ... | ... | Parker. |
| Charles Gayfare, | ... | ... | Shand. |
| Sam Savory, | ... | ... | Bell. |
| Steward, | ... | ... | Cameron ma. |
| Lucy, | ... | ... | Jamieson. |
| Footman, | ... | ... | Strathairn i. |

GIRLS' CONCERT.

The usual Christmas concert was given in the Hall of the Girls' School, on the evening of Wednesday, December 23rd. The programme is printed below. There was a crowded and appreciative audience, and the efforts of teachers and pupils to win their approval and admiration seemed crowned with success. The action songs of the Preparatory School and Forms I. and II. especially were received with great applause. The serious way in which the little performers in the Burlesque Band set about their work and the heartiness of the sham snowball fight were especially taking.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Part Song, ... "Gain the Laurels," ... *Tirbutt*.
2. Piano Duet, "Moreau—Caracteristique," *Smith*.
Misses R. Veitch and Gray (Primo).
Misses M'Cance and M'Culloch (Secondo).
3. Solo, ... "Minuet," ... *Wachs*.
4. Action Song, "The Burlesque Band," ...
Preparatory School.
5. Piano Solo, ... "Sonata," ... *Sarackowski*.
Miss A. Herron.
6. Violin Solo, ...
Miss M. M'Cowan.
7. Piano Solo, ... "Le Jet d'Eau," ... *Smith*.
Miss Young.
8. Cantata, "Home of Titania," *B. Tours*.
1. Chorus, ... "Tis a Velvet Glade."
2. Chorus, "Come, oh Sparkling Fairy Band."
3. Chorus, ... "Hail Sweet Titania."
4. Symphony, "Dance of the Woodland Fairies."
Miss Miller.
5. Chorus, ... "O Happy the Life."
6. Trio, ... "Song to the Nightingale."
Misses Symington, M'Cowan, and Selby.
7. Chorus, ... "Return of Oberon."
8. Finale, ... "Come, let us know."

PART II.

1. Piano Duet, "Thoughts of Springtide," ...
Misses Scrimgeour and N. Gibson (Primo).
Misses Thom and A. Selby (Secondo).
2. Action Song, "Winter Pastimes," ... *Facer*.
3. Piano Solo, ... "Valse Reueuse," ... *Rougnon*.
Miss S. Selby.
4. Part Song, ... "Village Festival," ... *Tirbutt*.
5. Piano Duet, "Maypole Dance," ... *Smith*.
Misses Young and S. Selby (Primo).
Misses A. Herron and Boston (Secondo).
6. Chorus, "Victoria, our Queen," ... *Barnby*.
"God Save the Queen."

Football.

Officials—

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| President, - - - | THE RECTOR. |
| Captain, - - - | STRANG I. |
| Vice-Captain, - - | SHAND. |
| Honorary Secretary, - | MR. WHITE. |
| Members of Committee, | BELL, CAMERON I, PARKER. |

We have had on the whole a good season. We have played six matches, won four, drawn one, and lost one.

Our loss was against our old opponents Glenalmond, and they did not forget to show up our weakness. We made a mistake in playing Glenalmond so soon after the Vac.—a fortnight. We should remember that their Christmas Term begins a good fortnight before ours; the result is they have more time to get themselves into condition.

Our weakness has been in our forwards; we made various changes, but still we have been mauled and wheeled all over the field. Yet they have, time after time, shown that they have that essential quality for Rugby Football, namely "pluck." We have a capital half-back line, and the Captain, Strang ma, has proved a tower of strength.

We challenged various Glasgow teams, but, owing to our challenges being so late this season, we have so far been unable to get on matches; we hope to get a game or two with them next Term.

We have lost eight of last year's team—another cause of our weakness—but Bell, Cameron ma, and Robertson have obtained their colours.

THE ACADEMY v GLENALMOND 2ND XV.

On Saturday, 17th October, we were due to play Glenalmond on their ground. We had an early lunch and started from the Academy at 12.45. We had a splendid drive, though the weather was rather dull, and reached Trinity College about three o'clock. Not much time was lost in

changing, and the teams were soon out. As regards physique, it was very plain we were beaten; it remained to be proved if we could beat them in cleverness. That point was soon settled, for, as soon as the ball was kicked off they scored—a very nice beginning. We could not keep them out, they were continually scoring; but why go over this painful subject again? We were very very badly licked by—well, Higgins ma knows; ask him.

It did not spoil our appetite for tea, to which they kindly entertained us, and after a look round the College, we started for home, which we reached about eight o'clock.

Our team consisted of:—Robertson, Strang ma, Bell, Cameron ma, Strang mi, Selby, Shand, Parker, Wood, Strathairn ma, M'Cance, Kirkwood, M'Leish, Thomson, and Gilfillan mi.

THE ACADEMY v STIRLING HIGH SCHOOL.

This match took place in the Academy Park, on 7th Nov. Stirling wrote at the eleventh hour that they would be assisted by their "Old Boys." We, therefore, were obliged to get "Old Morrisonians" to help us. The ground was in beautiful condition and a very fast game was the result. Punctually at three the ball was kicked off, and for about ten minutes play settled down in our twenty-five. A grand rush by the forwards carried the ball to the centre of the field, where some very energetic tackling took place. Morgan and Selby just then made themselves conspicuous by some good play. A clever punt by Strang ma landed the ball in their twenty-five, and before the back could clear our forwards were on him. The ball came nicely from the maul to Laurence, who immediately dropped a fine goal. Stirling came away very strongly from the kick-off, and owing to some misunderstanding amongst the backs scored, but the try was not converted.

At half time we were leading by four points to three. Play was very fast in the

second half, every man doing his level best. Strang ma scored from a clever pass from Kippen, but we failed at goal. Stirling carried the maul on to our line and forced a try. This also remained unconverted. A grand run by Morgan ended in his scoring with a couple of Stirling men on his back. This time Laurence made no mistake and from a difficult angle kicked a goal. Give and take sort of play now followed, until the whistle sounded "No side," leaving us victors by 12 points to 6.

Our team consisted of:—Kippen, Selby, Anderson, Thomson, Morgan ma, Morgan mi, Gibson, White, Laurence ma, Strang ma, Shand, Parker, Bell, Robertson, and Cameron ma. Referee—M'Culloch.

THE ACADEMY v GLENALMOND

3RD XV.

14th Nov.—We had been looking forward to the return match against Glenalmond with dread, but it was decided it would make a much better game if we could get a 3rd xv. down instead of their second; we had had enough of them. Glenalmond kindly consented to do so and arrived here at two o'clock. It was a wretched day, raining hard, and the ground was completely soaked. We lost no time in kicking off, though without M'Pherson, who failed to turn up. The game, for the most part, was entirely confined to the forwards, and here again, against the 3rd, we were beaten. Our halves made the most of the few chances that came their way, and a really good run by Shand ended with a try. From a good position, Strang ma converted. By hard mauling, Glenalmond got over, but failed at goal. Strang ma played a good game, as did Cameron and Shand. Glenalmond were rather weak at half, but their back was in capital form, time after time bringing our men down in good style. A dodgy run by Strang ma added another try, but we failed to add the two points.

By forward play entirely, Glenalmond again

got in, but no good came from the kick. Cameron ma fielded the ball very smartly, and scored near the corner flag. A good attempt was made to convert it, but without success. At the call "no side," we found ourselves victorious by 11 points to 6. If it had been a fine day there is not the least doubt that the scores would have been heavier. Considering that we only had 7 forwards against their 8, our men in the "scrum" did very well.

THE ACADEMY v DOLLAR 2nd XI.

Our first match against Dollar was played on November 21st on our ground. As the Dollar boys wanted to leave early as they had a long drive, we arranged to play the match in the morning at 12 o'clock.

Our fellows were ready when Dollar turned up, and a very scrambling game ensued. It was plain we always had the game in hand. The result was, our fellows lost their heads through being so anxious to score. The captain, Strang, showed a good example to his team, as he crossed the Dollar line no less than four times, and Strang mi and Bell were obliged to follow his footsteps.

Shand had hard luck. The referee could not see who touched down; so it was given against him.

Our goal-kicking was very good. From a loose scrum a Dollar half broke away and scored. The kick for goal was a magnificent one, one of the best we have seen this term. T. S. Strathairn headed some beautiful dribbles, but was extremely unlucky in losing the ball just as he was on the Dollar line. Strathairn ma has the making of a very clever little quarter. Robertson, our back, was very clever, and Parker played a much better game. On the call of "no side" we left the field victorious by 26 points to 5.

Our team consisted of—Strang ma, Strang mi, Cameron ma, Shand, Robertson, M'Cance, Gilfillan mi, T. S. Strathairn, Wood, M'Leish, Strathairn ma, M'Pherson, Laurence, Parker, and Bell.

The Schoolhouse played the School two Association games. The first was a draw, 4 goals all.

The return match ended in a victory for the Schoolhouse by 2 goals to nil.

Next term we play—

| | | |
|--------------|--------------------------|------|
| Jan. 23 .. | Dundee High School ... | Home |
| Feb. 6 ... | Stirling High School ... | Away |
| Feb. 13 ... | Dollar 2nd | Away |
| Feb. 27 ... | Dundee High School ... | Away |
| March 13 ... | Open date | ... |
| March 27 ... | Open date | ... |

Paper Chases.

We have had two paper chases this term, and the first ended in a miserable failure owing to the hares not dropping trail.

The first was on Saturday, October 10th. We decided that Shand and Cameron ma. would give us a good run; so they were made hares. Ten minutes' start was given, the Rector keeping time, and to some of the hounds it seemed as if the ten minutes were an hour, so anxious were they to be off. No sooner was time up than a rush was made to the different gates to pick up trail. A shout from the West Gate informed us that the trail was found, and away the hounds went, the novices in front, of course; but they soon found that their own pace was too much for them, and in a very short time they made up what is called a "slow pack," and very slow they were.

The trail divided after going about a quarter of a mile, one leading to Comrie, the other to the Knock. We followed the former for a while, when suddenly the trail ceased. We naturally came to the conclusion it was a false one, and picked up the one to the Knock. This led us strongly to Culcrieff, where we were at fault. We made casts for about 500 yards round, but could do no good. The Golf Links were then tried, but failure likewise met us here. A shout was heard

towards the Hydro, but turned out to be a false call. Rain and sleet now came down, and, as we were completely beaten, we decided to make for home, and there to our great annoyance we found our hares. The explanation given was that they thought they could go as far as they pleased without leaving trail, which is absurd. Cameron had actually gone from Culcrieff to the other side of the distillery without doing so, and Shand's trail proved out to be nearly as bad. No wonder the chase was a failure.

We were not at all satisfied with our first chase, so we determined to have another in November. We were in hopes of getting some of the "Old Boys," but only T. S. Strathairn turned up, and we promptly made him a hare along with Bell. It was a splendid afternoon for a paper chase, and after warning them about the trail, we sent them off. Eight minutes' start was given this time, and quite enough it proved. The trail was again found at the West Gate, and led us over some fields to the Comrie Road. We did not lose much time over the false trails, as we were lucky enough to keep to the right one. A check occurred on the Monzie Road, but by careful casting we again hit the scent near the distillery. A view-halloo was given here, as we could see them making their way through the wood on the other side of the Turret. Strathairn ma, Cameron ma, and Shand, were running well to the front just now and gaining on the hares, when the trail was again lost. Four or five minutes were lost in finding it, and during the search other hounds were coming up. A shout acknowledged the find near the Golf Links, and running very strongly we had the hares in view a hundred yards off. A foolish shout caused them to look round, when they promptly dropped their bags and dived into the wood. Not a trace could we get of them, though we passed them quite closely, as they informed us afterwards. The order now was to get home before the hares, as they had thrown their trail away, and in

the race home we found that the hares had just beaten us by two minutes, Cameron making being first hound home, and viewing the hares as they went through the West Gate.

It was a very good run indeed. The pace set was rather too warm for many, but all thoroughly enjoyed it. We hope to have two or three more next term.

Science and Art Examinations.

The results of the examination of the classes conducted by Mr. M'Kerrow are as follows:—

MODEL DRAWING.—*Elementary Stage*—

First Class—John M'Cance, John Lamb, Mabel Strathairn, Annie Miller, Hubert W. Strathairn. Second Class—Hubert G. L. Shand, T. S. Strathairn, Robert Gilbert, Duncan M'Kerchar, Basil Napier, Benjamin M'Lellan, James M'Farlane, Agnes Herron, John Kippen, Donald Watson, James M'Gibbon, Robert Hay, Frederick H. Thomson, James G. Laurence, Alexander F. M'Lean, John A. Joss, George M'Omish, Ashmore K. P. Wingate, Frances E. Henderson, Barbara T. Hepburn, Adam Duthie, Jeanie Meikle, Robert Ephraim Selby.

FREEHAND DRAWING.—*Elementary Stage*—

First Class—John M'Cance, James D. Stewart, Isabella Wilson, Adam Duthie, Robert Hay, Mabel Strathairn, Frances E. Henderson, Annie Miller, Jeanie Meikle, Annie Bain. Second Class—Robert E. Selby, P. Murray, John J. Duthie, Christina J. Stewart, Winifred W. Relihan, George M'Omish, Donald Watson, B. M'Lellan, Hubert W. Strathairn, Agnes Herron, A. F. M'Lean, T. S. Strathairn, F. H. Thomson, R. Gilbert, Barbara T. Hepburn, James M'Gibbon.

Old Boys' Column.

We have again to regret that this column is so scrappy.

There is nothing so delightful, both for the staff and the pupils, as a record of what *Morrisonians* are doing. What is told here—and meagre it is compared with what it might be—has been got together in a rather haphazard way. If only former pupils would communicate to the Rector what they have done, we should be able to make this a very bright column. Here are some of the particulars which have reached us:—

R. B. R. Mair, M.A. (St. Andrews), was capped at Oxford last term, and is now a B.A. of that University. He has eaten the requisite number of dinners, and passed his finals for the English Bar, and expects to be called in a very short period. He was the M'Rosty Gold Medallist of his time.

G. C. Strathairn gained the Wood Bursary of £60 at Edinburgh University. This Bursary is open for competition to students beginning their medical career. Strathairn is the first holder of the bursary. Like Mair he was also a M'Rosty Gold Medallist.

John Gilmour and Alex. M'Leish have each gained Macdougall Bursaries. They are of the value of £100, and are tenable at Glasgow University.

David F. Liddle has gained a Theological Bursary at Glasgow University of the value of £80.

W. C. Wilson and R. Cameron have each distinguished themselves in the Medical Classes at Edinburgh University.

W. Crawford, B.A., (London), has been appointed to an Assistant Mastership in the Freemasons' School at Wood Green, London.

J. Hussie Robertson, C.A., has received a valuable appointment in Brazil.

J. Crawford has been promoted from the British Linen Bank, Arbroath Branch, to an Australian Bank.

P. G. Laurence has been appointed Secretary and Assistant Manager of two Gold Companies in New Zealand.

Stuart Selby has received an appointment in the Agra Bank, London.

J. D. Currie is attending the Technical College, Glasgow.

John Forbes and O. Sellors have received appointments in Penang.

A. W. Campbell has passed out of Cooper's Hill, and has obtained an appointment in India, near Madras. During his probation he is acting as Assistant at the Water Works, Kendal.

BEJANT LIFE AT ST. ANDREWS.

Beginnings in everything are interesting, and a beginning at a University, especially at a University like St. Andrews, is surely interesting to everybody, young and old, as the saying goes.

Bejant, elsewhere and otherwise Bajan, is the name given to a "fresher" or "first year man" at St. Andrews; but neither "first year man" nor "fresher" contains half the meaning that Bejant does. Bejant and Bajan are corrupted forms of the French "*bec jaune*," meaning yellow-beak. Yet as some may not see the relation between "fresher" and "*bec jaune*," rather far-fetched I admit, I shall explain further. You have noticed, at least many of us no doubt have, that the beaks of young birds of any species you like, are invariably tinted with a light yellowish colour. Now, by a usage well-known to readers of Latin poetry, I mean the use of the part to express the whole, the beaks stand for the birds, so at last we find that Bejant—a "term of reproach or at least of pity"—besides its idea of freshness—suggests many other kindred ideas, such as those of youth and innocence.

To follow in detail, and to establish any pretensions to thoroughness, we must see the Bejant before he actually makes his *début* in University life. In August or September,

just before he wends his way to St. Andrews, he is at home after having received the last pat on the head from his master's hand. He interviews all the learned, or rather those that have the name of learning in his native place, smiles indulgently when the parish minister, who has graduated at Aberdeen, says St. Andrews is not worth going to, or when the village doctor, who has been at Edinburgh, gives his few hazy ideas about the place to the same effect. By the way, I may remark that disparaging other Universities seems the favourite method now-a-days of praising one's own Alma Mater.

The Bejant who has been up a week, is an interesting study. He is half-enthusiastic about the University, very self-assertive as regards his own special endowments, and is always talking about the school he comes from, telling weird stories about the fights he had there, and about the masters who always "favoured" some other body. I said that at this stage he is half-enthusiastic, but this feeling is evanescent and soon goes hence, under the influence of Prelim. Exams. and other refined means of torture. He is sure that in the Bursary Comp.—every Bejant with the least atom of self-respect in him says "Comp."—he made a mess of the first English papers, that his attempt at Greek prose was atrocious, to say the least of it, and so on.

This part of the Bejant's career we pass over, as he always would fain do, wishing to remember no more these first experiences and the loneliness he felt in those dark days. Then he was so dull and pessimistic that he really despised St. Andrews and all in it, agreeing for the nonce with all the minister and the doctor had said.

Then in the life of the Bejant comes another change, back once more to his first ideas. He sees St. Andrews no longer, as it were, under a microscope, with all its faults, real or imaginary, magnified and distorted. He now rushes to the opposite extreme. He would back the University Golf Club against any in the Kingdom, even his own one at home, and declares that the Football

Clubs are fit in themselves to represent Scotland. He now mixes freely with the older men, and positively dotes on this man's debating talents, that man's singing powers, and the other man's golfing abilities—all of which may be really very mediocre. The rest of the session he spends in "singing small," to borrow Mr. Davidson's phrase.

These are a few stray thoughts on my own experience and those of others, as Bejants, an experience every student here has to pass through.

M. T. W.

THE FOOTBALL CRAZE.

From being originally a pleasant way of spending a Saturday afternoon, attendance at football matches has now developed into an absolute craze. In large cities, such as Glasgow, where there is a vast working population, this is specially noticeable. Many of the most ardent partisans of the game belong to the lowest classes of the city, and, although they must often be hard pressed to provide themselves with the bare necessities of life, with an unfailing regularity each succeeding Saturday they cheerfully pay the necessary entrance money to see their favourite team play.

Take, for example, a match which is timed to start at 2.45. An hour or more before the start of the game, a small band of the more enthusiastic supporters is to be seen patiently awaiting the opening of the gates. At first the spectators come straggling, some on foot, some by tram, others by cab, but as the hour of starting approaches, instead of straggling in by twos and threes, they surge in in a turbulent mass. The service of trams

is augmented by buses and club brakes, and the cabs are increased ten fold. The pay boxes are busy, and inside the enclosure there is a scene of animation, the spectators hurrying to their places, some to the stands, the majority being perfectly satisfied if they obtain a suitable vantage ground on the gently sloping terraces which encircle the park, from which a splendid bird's eye view of the field is to be had. Those who are smokers light their pipes, and the air is heavy with the perfume of the Saturday cigar. News-vendors do a brisk trade, for those who are early in their places must do something to wile away the intervening time, till the opposing teams appear. Punctual to the minute they step on to the field, and each in turn is greeted by the encouraging plaudits of its supporters. In a few moments the referee appears, and, at the sound of his whistle, the teams take their places, the respective captains having previously tossed for choice of ends. As the game proceeds, the backers of the different teams cheer as their favourites appear to be getting the advantage, or hold their breath as their opponents bring the ball dangerously near their goal. Combination among the players is the order of the game, but now and then a piece of individual play, such as a brilliant run by one of the forwards, excites a cheer, while foul or unfair play brings down a storm of groans and hisses, not unmixed with anathemas, on the head of the unhappy offender. The scene which follows the scoring of a goal by either side baffles description. Hats, sticks, umbrellas, and handkerchiefs are waved frantically, and the shout which rises from the thousands of spectators can be heard miles away. When the shrill whistle of the referee proclaims that time is up, cheer after cheer rends the air, and the crowd slowly wends its way out of the enclosure, presenting an entire contrast to the excited mass of humanity which poured into the self-same field but a short two hours before.

J. S.

WORM FISHING ON A PERTHSHIRE
RIVER.

Three stalwart ministers to dine! Oh, ye gods that judge the actions of mortals! Was there excuse in that vision of great black waistcoats and twiddling thumbs, that majestic spectacle of bland but hungry expectation, to pardon the use of the worm and Stewart tackle? 'Twas the summer Communion—that week dreaded of youth—and I knew that there would be ministers to entertain, and that the minister's lady would be grateful for an acquisition to her larder. Tuesday night, and the rain was coming down in grey sheets. My majestic friend, Grant, the keeper, said to me it would be "a night o't, and no mistake." I was young, tender in years, therefore, ye shades of Izaak Walton, and ye gentlemen of all fly angling associations whatsoever, shrive thy servant from the grave delinquency of worm fishing.

In the morning I was speeding down the banks of the river as the sun was tearing great rifts in the massive black clouds. The clover and wild flowers were drenched with rain. The river, that the night before was a gentle shallow stream, was now a tawny yellow-maned monster, bellowing and roaring over the rocks, chafing the bridge supports, and sweeping along with a mighty majestic rush through the pools at the foot of the rapids. The river rises in a night if the rain is from the west, and comes down after the true Highland fashion. The hills on each side are most of them over three thousand feet high, and are of such steepness that the water comes down with a rush. I walked, or rather ran (for I had then none of the magisterial dignity which characterises the experienced angler), about a mile down stream, to a long stretch of "still water," where the river flows smoothly over beds of sand and gravel. This was a pool whose length of over a mile was famed in the glen for the size and beauty of its trout. There

were rumours of monsters that lay under the shelving sandy banks, disdaining the most cunningly devised lure. Half-way down the pool, a small stream joins the river. To that junction I hurried. The burn was a white streak down the mountain side, where it fell in a succession of lofty cataracts. When it reached the meadows it wound a sinuous course through the grass till it joined the Lyon at a little bay hemmed with rushes. At that spot I knew the trout would be waiting like sharks round a doomed ship.

With haste, I drew a cherished cocoa tin from my pocket. In this box the precious worms were held packed in moss and cream, after the most approved fashion. With loving care I drew a plump red-due worm out, and carefully threaded it—beginning near the "head"—on to the end hook, not forgetting first to rub sand on my fingers that the grit might hold the wriggling creature fast. Then, with artistic nicety, I twisted the convulsed reptile round the gut, and stuck the second hook through his body, and thus with the third. Call it cruelty if you like; a boy never thinks of that. His only feeling is one of artistic pride as he views the impaled creature wriggling in a hopeless, vain endeavour to get itself free from that pitiless crucifix.

I crawled to the edge of the burn, and, with an underhand swing, dropped the worm, weighed with two little lead sinkers, into the stream. The line swung at once into the river, and for a moment whirled round among the straws and bubbles where the two currents met. Then the line stopped. A sharp turn from the wrist sent the hook home, and the strike told me I had hooked a monster. The line travelled slowly along through the amber water as the trout bored down to the bottom of the pool. Then there was a rush as I put a strain on him, and a great brown back rolled for a moment on the surface and disappeared. A potato to a Chinese artichoke, there's 3 lbs. in that trout! He was running now straight up stream, and I followed, the reel singing as I stumbled over

stumps and holes. He had a fine, lordly, masterful way about him as he took that long run. There was no stopping or swerving him. My line was stretching, and taut as a bow-string. I was breathless as I stumbled along the ragged bank; but the trout kept on like the juggernaut wheels. The dread sisters of Valhalla were not less pitiless. "Would he stop?" I gasped. I gave him the butt. There was a terrible strain and then an irresolute sideward turn. The god had turned mortal. I no longer had the feeling of attempting to stop the hub of the universe. No Apolla now, but a wayward Phaethon drove the chariot. The trout stopped, he turned and came straight for my feet. My feelings had now changed from the hunted to the hunter. I was now the fate. Here was a trout trying to master Destiny, a Peri against Michael. I reel'd in my line and baffled that ugly rush. The trout now fought with the energy of despair. His portly dignity was cast to the winds. He shivered, he leaped, he tunnelled, he turned somersalts, he brought all his arts and wiles, his grey experience, his fishing ingenuity into play, but in vain. He was now constantly on the top, turning round and round, and gasping, and at last I slid him on to the bank. There he lay, the beauty, with his flapping tail unloading on his back the raindrops from the surcharged blue-bells. Three and half pounds if an ounce, small in the head, and a back with the grand curve of a scythe-blade, yellow underneath with a gold that vied with the dandelions, and a flank like red clover in

brown hay. The ministers' expectation changed to pleased satiety in prespective. There was a cut in that trout like the cut of a salmon.

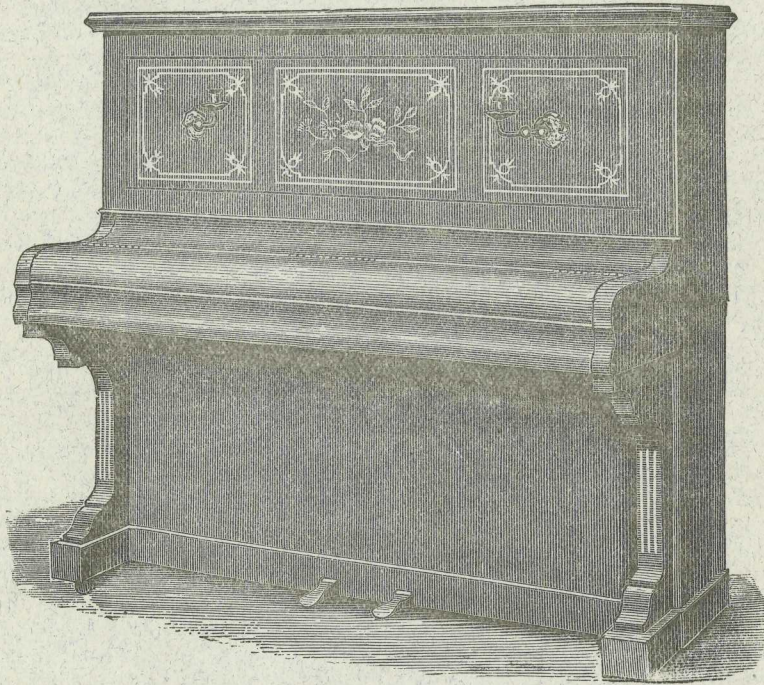
But he was only the forerunner of many, the least of which weighed half a pound. Eighteen beauties lay in my creel before that pool was exhausted, and after that I found that the trout were running up an open drain in the fields a foot wide and a foot deep, hidden with rank grass and odorous queen of the meadow. There I completed my two dozen. I returned with a light heart and a heavy basket to show my spoils to my hostess, as they gleamed like yellow corn and russet harvest apples. That night the ministers arrived, and the steaming sturdy ponies were led into their stable eager for their "little bit o' corn" after their ten to twenty miles run, from the different manses in the hills. I lay in bed listening to the rain mingling with the hum of the ministers' talk downstairs. My host, I knew, was smoking that old briar with a great tin of tobacco on the floor beside him. With strong, hard arguments they were cracking the flinty nut of the disestablishment question between them. Thus they would sit by the fire and discuss the great questions of the day till night was changing to morning, and the churr of the cock-grouse was heard through the grey rain. My last thought, the deliciousness of which was marred only by the visions of long sermons, was that the trout would look grand on the dinner table next day.



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