

in procession through the town, preceded by a brass band, seated on a Lorry drawn by ten horses, and followed closely by a battalion of *Infant-ry* (infants) in perambulators! Having gone through most of the town, they wended their way to THE MUSEUM, the happy hunting ground of your worthy friend DR. GRIERSON, where they swarmed round the house like bees and sang "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," after which they gave the worthy Doctor such a cheer as must have gratified him, and spoke volumes for the soundness of the lungs of the rising generation. Lieutenant Jardine, with his Company of Volunteer Rifleman, fired a *feu de joie* by the Old Cross, very much to the astonishment of some of the horses about, that had not been previously warned of the event; after which he marched his men to their spacious drill hall, where they were addressed in a patriotic speech, and gave three cheers for the Queen. The grand events of the day were then enlivened by giving all the children a hearty tea. And it was "worth ten years of peaceful life" to see the enjoyment of the young folks as they stowed away cookies and other good things while seated on the grass, and under a June sky of unclouded splendor. Racing then began; and the first group was, about a dozen wee totties under five years of age running about thirty yards distance. Lieut. Jardine and myself were there to meet the winners at the post, but the wee bodies that did not win set up such a howl that we thought the better plan would be to give them all a little prize; which seemed to make them an inch taller at once. Then the Girls' race (under nine years) was also good; Elizabeth Ann Clark came second. The Sack race was very amusing, to see how they went tumbling about; and your old acquaintance Mr. Douglas, photographer, took a very good likeness of them. But I doubt if the boys will know themselves under the circumstances. Many may think over what Burns said,

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

A pig with a greased tail was then let loose, and whoever could catch and hold it by the tail, became the owner. There was some queer tumbling and twisting in this case; but it was no fun for the pig. A better thing was a leg of mutton on the top of a greased pole. Drapers may look out for a run on cheap tweeds and corduroy; for many a pair of trousers got badly damaged, and will require a considerable amount of "Pears' Soap" to make them anything like what they were. A "tug of war" followed, between men of Carronbridge and Thornhill. Carronbridge had no chance with

Thornhill, and they came rattling over the line like a lot of trouts on a string. A Horse-race, which I did not see, was said to be good; and (to the astonishment of many) a coal-carter's horse won, by nearly a hundred yards, over some thoroughbreds! By this time it was getting towards ten o'clock at night, when far away in the south might be seen a glare of light on the sky, still growing redder and redder. This was the beacon-fire on the top of Criffel, that told the Border Land to light up, not for a foray over the borders, but in honor of the Queen. Grandly did Criffel send up the blaze, and tinged the grey houses of the Solway with a ruddy glow. Northwards came the fiery tidings to the Hill of Auchencairn, and westwards to the romantic top of Tynron Doon. Onward it flew to the Hill of Morton Mains, and lightened up the grey old walls of Morton Castle, where in days gone by the Douglasses held unlimited power. Then up to the high peak of Cairnkinna, that glared over all Nithsdale with its eye of fire. It tossed the tidings into Ayrshire, and to the far-away peaks of Rob Roy's country, that the grand old Border-Land had once more lighted their beacon-fires, not as of old to summon the Moss-troopers with snaffle, spur and spear, for a foray into England; but to let all people know that the Border-men are loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, and honored her and themselves in celebrating her happy Jubilee, the Jubilee of the best Queen that ever sat on the British Throne!

I may mention that every child got an illuminated Card to keep, in remembrance of the day, and all the poor in the Parish got one pound of good Tea, in which to drink Her Majesty's health. These marks of our true Scottish loyalty will be interesting to our truly loyal kindred in Nova Scotia and Canada, and all around the globe.

Yours truly,
DAVID CLARK.

DR. GRIERSON'S MUSEUM, THORNHILL, SCOTLAND.



WHEN man began, through mist and error,

To peep with wonder and with terror
Athwart the earth, and air, and ocean,

With something more than brute emotion,

He fixed upon some droll-shaped stone,

Old shell, or fragment of a bone,
Invoking it for luck we see him:—

This was the earliest Museum.
Witches and warlocks knew full well
Each fetish charm, or hidden spell;