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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



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Notes.

A FUNERAL service for the late King was held in the Church on Friday, the 20th May, the pulpit, reading desk, and communion table being draped in black. The service, which was conducted by our chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Carswell of Temple Parish Church, and his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Douglas, was simple and impressive. After the benediction, Mr. Ferrier, the organist, played the "Dead March in Saul," the congregation remaining standing. The church bell was solemnly tolled on the evening preceding the Royal Funeral, and also on the following forenoon.

Since our last issue of the GAZETTE, it is our sad duty to record the death of two of the oldest members of our House Staff—Attendant Archibald Sinclair and Attendant James Thornton. Mr. Sinclair died on the 14th of April, and Mr. Thornton on the 6th of June; the death of both being very

sudden. Mr. Sinclair appeared to be in good health and spirits, and was engaged in his usual work, when he suddenly fell on the floor, remaining unconscious until he died about half-an-hour afterwards. Mr. Sinclair was an army pensioner, having seen twenty-one years' military service, most of that time being spent in India. "Archie," as he was familiarly called by his friends, was a general favourite, owing to his kindly and obliging disposition, and was for eighteen years a faithful servant of the Institution. Often on a summer afternoon while seated at the bowling green we have listened with the greatest interest to Archie's stirring stories of military life in India. He leaves a widow to mourn his loss, who has the sympathy of us all, his children having predeceased him.

As we have already stated, Attendant Thornton's death was equally sudden and unexpected. He was in his usual health on Friday night when he went

off duty and proceeded home at his usual hour. He had a paralytic shock shortly afterwards, and remained in an almost unconscious state until Monday afternoon, when he passed away. Mr. Thornton had been a faithful and trusted servant of the House for the long period of thirty-six years, and was held in the highest respect by every one. He held the responsible post of charge attendant for some thirty years, for a short time in No. 4, but latterly, and for the most part of that period, in No. 1 Gallery. His patient and kindly disposition admirably qualified him for the important and responsible position he occupied: he will be sadly missed by all, especially by those whom he had under his own immediate charge. Mr. Thornton was an occasional contributor to our columns, and just a few days before his death he handed us some lines of poetry, entitled "Where," which our readers will find in another column. Much sympathy is felt for his bereaved wife and family.

We had a visit from Dr. Macpherson, one of the Commissioners in Lunacy, on the 4th of May, when he made the usual inspection of the patients. We had also an official visit from Sir James Russell, the Government Inspector of Anatomy for Scotland, on 16th May. Sir James, who came to inspect the West of Scotland Research Laboratory, which is situated within the grounds of Gartnavel, under the management of Dr. Ivy Mackenzie, expressed his entire satisfaction with the work and general arrangements.

A number of our ladies left for classic Aberfoyle on the 1st of June, a house having been taken there for the summer months. The famous Clachan of Aberfoyle, immortalised by Scott, is, we may safely say, known to the whole civilised world through the pages of "Rob Roy." Honest Bailie Nicol Jarvie sadly missed the comforts of the Sautmarket, but now-a-days the

comforts and luxuries of the whole universe can be had even at Aberfoyle. We wish the ladies a happy sojourn. They, at any rate, will have much more comfortable quarters than the worthy Glasgow magistrate and his English friend, Mr. Osbaldistone, had in the inn of Jean MacAlpine, where the poor bullock had to defend his life with a red-hot plough coulter. My conscience!

We regret to announce the death of "Major," the deerhound, who was a great favourite with many of the ladies. "Major" was rather choice in the selection of his friends, and did not take up with every one. He was the last of his race, his grandmother, "Maida," and his mother, "Magella," being both denizens of Gartnavel. He was found dead in his kennel, although in perfect health previously, and is supposed to have eaten some poisonous substance. Alas, poor "Major"! *Canis fidelissimus.*

"Have you seen the Comet?" The question became a standing joke at Gartnavel. But alas! no one, save one lady, did see it, and that sight was through a glass; but on running to call her companions to view the mysterious visitant she found on her return that it had disappeared in a cloud! The whole world—both Old and New—went into a state of perfect excitement over the Comet and its tail; but not so Gartnavel—it maintained its equanimity. We did not hold "Comet Parties," as was the fashion in the United States and France; no, we maintained a "calm sough" and not being able to see it, quietly retired to bed. Poor old Mother Earth has survived that terrible night of May 18th, when it was expected that the terrible tail was to strike our planet; but it didn't, and we survive. Gartnavel only smiled at the strange "tales," which the newspapers "detailed" and "retailed" about the dreadful tail of the Comet, which was first seen with one tail, then

with two, and, *mirabile dictu*, afterwards with *none*! only, however, to appear re-tailed! The whole seems a fearful and wonderful tale, indeed far more wonderful than the Comet's fiery "tail."

The grounds of Gartnavel have often excited the admiration of visitors, and now that Summer has come and decked them out with all her greenery and floral garlandry, the tree-clad slopes and trim lawns which surround the "old gray city on the hill" are simply enchanting in their loveliness. The garden has assumed its Summer dress, and Mr. Barr's long and beautiful ribbon borders, which will soon be glowing with geraniums, phlox, calceolarius, gladioli, sweet peas, marigolds, lobelia and golden-feather, etc., are a joy to the eyes. We have never seen larger, finer or richer blooms than on the sweet peas grown at Gartnavel. A very fine specimen of the Royal Fern may be seen at Mrs. B's cottage door. It was taken from Ardrishaig some four years ago by one of the patients, and has thriven wonderfully since then.

The Rev. Mr. Carswell, our chaplain, who was at the Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh, gave an interesting account of its proceedings on Sabbath, the 12th of June, hoping there would soon be one strong United Church of Scotland.

THE POETS' STRIVING.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"
—*Andrea Del Sarto* (BROOKINGS).

What needs the poet? Harmony with life;
A sensitive finger on the throbbing pulse
Of great humanity of nature's heart;
A gladness in the bounding sap of spring,
A tender sadness in the summer rain,
A strong elation with the winds that hurl
The mountain billows far across the main.
Union of soul thro' subtle sympathy
With all who suffer, all who are distressed,
And joyous leaps of heart, glad minstrelsy
For those who find the world a happy place:
This needs the poet: he must strive to be
A voice that sings for others strong and free.
—A DAUGHTER OF ERIS.

The Nest in the Wych-Elm.

(Continued).

AND so these happy birds, secure in the help and sympathy of each other, continued their animated labour. As might be expected, their solidly-built nest, high in the lofty elm and swaying gently on the flexible leafless branches, became the eyecore of all eyes. The big black ball was visible from afar to man; from how much farther to the keen eyes of Aves.

The day it was begun, the merry little Tits—strongly represented in that part of the woods—were all agog. Having as yet, the whole family of six, no nests of their own (for they prefer a leaf-sheltered dwelling), they had all the more time to inspect and discuss that of their new neighbours. They agreed unanimously that the correct thing was to call at once, and did so. Corvina was alone, and, as you may suppose, fully occupied, but she was much gratified by the prompt attention. She did not keep them waiting while she removed her tidy black apron, but bidding them heartily welcome sat down at once in the midst of the vivacious circle to refresh herself with their light-hearted company, their bewitching toilettes, and their overflowing news. As for the Tits they thought Corvina in her well-fitting dark costume, with just those touches of light in it which only the finest taste can effect—simply a born princess. How she carried herself! every movement natural and dignified; "showing the Raven blood in her," as learned Pater Tit later remarked.

The Tits were a party of six; parents and four well-grown Tidings. They had all come through the prolonged trials of a cold winter together. They kept up a perpetual lively chatter amongst themselves, but in tones that no one could deny were musical and well bred. "What lovely daughters you have, Mrs. Tit," remarked Corvina when she had had time to look them

all over; and her remark was absolutely sincere.

"They take after their mother." This, of course, was the reply of the proud father, much pleased, "and every one of them is to 'come out' this spring." "Why should they not have a good time while the sun shines?" "And some kinds of beauty do not last long," chirped the worldly little mother, but with so charming a smile that Corvina thought it the most virtuous and common-sense remark any one could make; and so the conversation flowed on easily.

At the very first suspicion of a pause, one of the Tittles bent forward eagerly: "Oh! Mrs. Corvina, have you seen 'Old Harry'?" she exclaimed. "No, my dear; he is not one of my acquaintances," returned the lady, amused.

"Be more respectful, Tittie," said the mother. But there was no reproof in her tone or eyes.

"Well then—Henry Green-Parrot, Esq., of The Cage! But you know everybody calls him Harry, mother; and he's as old as the hills. You *must* have seen him, Mrs. Corvina; he wears a gorgeous green and red uniform, there's not another like it in the woods, and he has a nose as big as the Duke of Wellington's!"

"I have really been so busy, Miss Tittie, that I cannot say that I have seen him."

"But heard him perhaps, such a grand singer," suggested No. 2. "Yes; 'The voice it is fine of a bird so divine,'" misquoted Mr. Tit.

"Just like sawing wood or iron, you know," added the wit of the family; and the eight eyes of the young people twinkled in a manner that showed they were not void of satirical tendencies.

"Well, if you don't know him, Mrs. Corvina, he knows us at any rate," said gay Miss Tit, "and bows to us every morning on our way to gymnastic flying."

"He's a rare old buck," exclaimed,

with emphasis, the tiny son and heir, edging forward from behind his mother and forgetting his shyness in extolling his military ideal. Whereupon they all broke out in prolonged trills of merriment it would have done your heart good to hear, when the seniors thought it was time to go, and rose.

A few days later came the Starlings, very numerous, not over ceremonious, and with painfully loose notions regarding the rights of property. To them there seemed no difference between Meum and Tuum. They huddled into the half built nest and rived restlessly about, changing the position of the furniture, and even making off with some of it. But one day the Raven blood in which Pater Tit believed was fairly roused, and Corvina suddenly fell upon them and drove them out in a screaming crowd. They flew up to the heights of the castle, met in hasty confused congress, passed a vote of censure, and set about spreading all sorts of bad reports about the Corvinaes and their want of hospitality; but nobody believed them, for they were already notorious all over the land as robbers. Finches, Linnets, Sparrows, etc., soon followed (for Corvina was highly popular), all very civil but in such numbers that the hostess could hardly get on with her necessary work.

(To be continued.)

A Love Darg.

IN passing a field one Spring morning, I was surprised to see four fine Clydesdale horses richly decorated with flowers and ribbons. When I asked the meaning of the pretty sight, I was told it was a "Love Darg." A farmer having moved to a new farm, his neighbours kindly came to plough his first field for him. Long may such an old custom exist. It shows me that chivalry has not quite died out in Old Scotland.—MIDLOTHIAN.

[This is quite a common practice all over Scotland.—Ed., G.G.]

THE BALLADE OF THE POETS' POWER.

Detective, criminal, none shall cheat
A poet, be he who he may.
When glittering hosts above us meet,
From distant stars with sudden ray
Come voices, true and false, that say
Things like unto them, down the sky;
Ghosts whisper lies in us: they may.
We know, Teiresias and I.

Proud tyrants go with haughty foot;
Fools only say to us "obey";
Kings frown and smile as seems them meet,
And sway their brief allotted way.
We see the future far away:
We know the destinies on high;
Men deem, surmise, and guess, and stray;
We know, Teiresias and I.

The smiling face may wear deceit;
We see the heart through false array
In utter nakedness, foul or sweet.
A poet's love shall none betray
Unpunished; though the sword should slay
Ten thousand; though the wretch defy,
Who bears it. When we curse or pray,
We know, Teiresias and I.

L'ENVOY.

Take warning: mild we seem and gay!
Take warning: men may lip and lie!
And "all is well," they laugh, "go play!"
We know, Teiresias and I.

J. E. BARLAS, Oct. 1st, 1903.

The Death of "Major."

SINCE the last issue of the GAZETTE we have to mourn the death of "Major." The "dear" deerhound was a direct descendant of "Maids," the favourite hound of Sir Walter Scott, and so was of good pedigree. A strict conservative in his principles, he did not make friends with everyone; but to those who loved him he was always kind and gentle. In his disposition he reminded me of a favourite deerhound of my own, who was called "Nick," and who, like his "illustrious namesake," was a most incorrigible thief. No larder was safe when "Nick" was on his marauding exploits; but such a favourite was he that all his misdemeanours were passed over in

silence. The death of poor "Major" recalls the lines of George Gordon, Lord Byron, to my mind—

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urn records who rests below,
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been.

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, and breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in Heaven the soul he loved on earth.

INVEIGURIE.

TIR-NA N-OG.

Tir-Na N-Og where the seagulls call,
Tir-Na N-Og where the blue mists fall,
Tir-Na N-Og where the fairies play,
All the day, all the day.

Shimmering now in a sunshiny beam,
Vanishing now in a grey misty dream,
Isle of the grey rock and bonny brown stream,
Wonderful isle of the fairies.

Fresh are the breezes that come from the sea,
Fanning the heather and bluebells on thee;
Brave are thy children, and stalwart and free,
Isle of the flowers and the fairies.

Far may they go in a world full of woe,
To toil in the land of the stranger;
But a sunshiny smile from their beautiful isle
They carry thro' trial and danger.
And the spot they love best
Is a wee thatched nest.

At home in the isle of the fairies,
—A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.

It is noble to seek truth; it is beautiful to find it.—*Sydney Smith.*

ERIGENTRE.—To eat with one's knife is the hall-mark of vulgarity; but to help yourself to butter or preserves with the knife you have had in your mouth, is simply disgusting. When you have finished eating, lay your knife and fork parallel to each other slightly to the right side of your plate.—*Esquimaux Book.*

OPTIMISM.

The voices of the city throng
Go up in music to the stars;
The wind blows sweet, and sweet as song
Ascends the clamour of the cars.

O it is good to gaze beyond
To-morrow's cares, and, fancy free,
Feel the untrodden soil respond
To universal earth's decree.

That rest means most to those who strive,
That joys best please the saddest mind,
(I always feel like this when I've
Just newly been and gone and dined.)

T. L. D.

Scotland and Scandinavia.

AMONG our winter entertainments were two lantern lectures by Mr. McEwan, one of our Directors, and Mr. Samuel, secretary to our Lord Provost. The subject of Mr. McEwan's lecture was Norway, while Mr. Samuel lectured on Sweden. In our last issue want of space prevented us from making more than a passing reference to these two interesting and instructive lectures, and we promised to return to the subject in a future number of the GAZETTE. The relations of Scotland with the three Scandinavian kingdoms, even in ancient times, cannot fail to be of interest to all Scottish readers. Our present Queen Mother is a Danish princess, and one of our Royal family is Queen of Norway, while her husband is a Danish prince. The connection of Scotland with Norway dates back to a very remote period, although in this short article it is hardly necessary for us to go so far back as the days of the ancient Viking pirates or of Harold Haarfager, the first king of Norway.

In 1263 Alexander III. of Scotland defeated the army of King Haakon of Norway at the battle of Largs, the result of this victory being the ceding of the Hebrides and the Isle of Man to the Scottish Crown. It is interesting to notice here that the patriotic people of Largs have recently determined to erect a handsome monument on the battlefield to commemorate the victory.

The only daughter of Alexander III. married in 1282 Erik, king of Norway, and at her death left an infant daughter known in history as the "Maid of Norway," who became heiress to the throne of Scotland on the death of her grandfather. This unfortunate child-princess died on her passage to Scotland. Then followed dark days and the war of independence with Edward I. of England which ended at Bannockburn.

James III. of Scotland in 1469 married the Danish princess Margaret, who became the mother of the gallant and chivalrous James IV. The Danish exchequer, being unable to pay the marriage dowry of the princess Margaret, gave the Orkney and Shetland islands in pledge to the Scottish Government until the necessary funds were forthcoming. About 120 years later, in the reign of James VI., these islands were formally made over to the Scottish Crown. The princess Margaret is described by Miss Agnes Strickland, in her "Queens of Scotland," as a "much enduring and injured woman," owing to the callous treatment she experienced from her husband, who was a recluse and much given to favourites. She showed, however, a strong regard for her son's welfare, having him carefully educated under her own eye until he was fourteen years of age, when, poor woman, she unfortunately died. James IV., who has been called the best and most beloved of all the Stuarts, was on the most friendly terms with Denmark, and on several occasions assisted his uncle Hans, or, as he is otherwise called, John II., to suppress rebellions in both Norway and Sweden, the Danish king having claimed the crowns of both. The recently published "Treasurer's Accounts of Scotland" show payments made for several naval and military expeditions under the command of these famous sailors—Sir Andrew Wood of Largo and Sir Andrew Barton, and also under the

Earl of Arran. Norway was easily subdued with Scottish assistance, but Sweden remained rebellious, and eventually threw off the Danish yoke under the leadership of the patriotic Gustavus Vasa, the grandfather of the Protestant champion of Europe in the Thirty Years' War, Gustavus Adolphus. When Pope Julius II. formed his famous "Holy League," which included England, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, and Venice, Scotland and Denmark refused to join, and, influenced by Scotland, Denmark sent some armed ships to join the fleet which James sent to the assistance of France.

James V., among his many proposed brides—some fourteen princesses, we think, in all!—was offered the hands of two nieces and a sister of the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, one of his nieces being the daughter of the King of Denmark. Although the German Emperor offered the whole kingdom of Norway as a marriage dowry in order to draw James from his alliance with France, the Scottish monarch refused the tempting bait, and married Magdelene, the daughter of Francis I.—a true love match.

In 1548, Sir Daniel Lyndsay, the poet, was sent as ambassador to Copenhagen to negotiate a treaty for free trade in grain, in which he was successful; he was also empowered to request the loan of a few warships to defend the Scottish coast against English privateers, which during the short reign of Edward VI. of England were getting troublesome. In this request, however, he was not successful, as Denmark could not spare any ships, requiring them for her Swedish wars. Just at this time Denmark requested Scotland to send her a thousand Highland soldiers, but the Scottish government replied that they required at that time all their own soldiers, both Highland and Lowland, to fight England. Queen Mary Stuart was sought in marriage by the kings of both Denmark and Sweden, and it is said

she had "a notion" of the Swedish monarch, whose picture she hung in her boudoir. James VI., the most pitiful and pettifogging of the long line of Stuart monarchs, married, in 1589, Anne, daughter of Frederick, King of Denmark. For once in his contemptible career James showed something of the spirit of a chivalrous knight. Finding that his Danish bride was prevented by stormy weather from embarking for Scotland, James sailed for Copenhagen to bring her over. After spending the winter at the Danish capital "in feasting and revelry," he returned to Scotland with the Princess Anne.

Among the Danish knights and gentlemen who accompanied James to Scotland was a man "of gigantic stature and of great strength," a staunch disciple of the god Bacchus, who boasted he could drink any Scot under the table. He had an ebony whistle which he was accustomed to lay on the table at the commencement of the drinking orgie, offering it as a prize to anyone sober enough to blow it at the close of the banquet. The whistle was at last won by Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, who fairly drank the Dane under the table. Our national poet, Robert Burns, has a ballad on the famous whistle, which commences—

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good
Scottish King,
And long with this whistle all Scotland
shall ring.

Ay, ay, Rab, quite enough about the whistle, which is nothing to boast of!

We have devoted so much space to Norway and Denmark, that we are compelled to leave our remarks on the connection of Scotland with Sweden for another number of the GAZETTE. The relations of the two countries during the reigns of Gustavus Vasa (who may well be called the Bruce of Sweden), and of his famous grandson, the "Lion of the North," Gustavus

Adolphus, are full of interest for British readers. We note with interest that a municipal and commercial deputation of Swedish gentlemen is shortly to visit Glasgow.

A. N. S. M.

In the Rhine Valley.

R Cologne the pleasure navigation of the Rhine may be said to commence. Like many other towns on the Rhine, Cologne is known by two designations—one, the harder German Köln, the other, the more euphonious French Cologne. Similarly, at the junction of the Main and Rhine stands Mainz, with its more sonorous French name of Mayence. And where the Rhine leaves Switzerland there is the town of Basel, the German name, with the softer French Bâle. At Cologne the river is nearly a quarter-mile wide, and its current is so rapid that while it takes a swift steamer twelve hours to sail from Cologne up to Mainz, it takes only eight hours to come down the same distance with the current. From the rapidity of its current, there is a peculiar kind of flying-bridge or ferryboat in use on the Rhine. In the middle of the river may be observed a line of six or seven small boats similar to ordinary rowing-boats, and above the uppermost of these a strong chain is firmly fixed in the bed of the river. This chain passes over the centre of each boat from stem to stern, and then, perhaps, at a distance of two or three hundred yards is attached to the ferryboat itself. The chain must be of sufficient length that it may sink deep enough to permit steamers and sailing vessels to pass over it without obstruction, and yet so short that it may not rub upon the bed of the river. The ferryboat is of large and strong construction for carrying across goods, and horses and cattle, as well as passengers. By merely making a proper use of the helm, the ferry is swung from one side of the river to the other by the strength

of the current and the action of the chain, without the aid of oars or any other propelling power. There is another way in which the rapidity of the current is taken advantage of. Floating houses are moored in the river, outside each of which is observed a large water-wheel. These buildings are flour mills, and the motive power used is the current acting on the wheels. At Mainz I counted seventeen of these mills, moored side by side in a line stretching out towards the centre of the river.

There are great differences among the Rhine steamers, so we were careful to go by an express, which has better accommodation and makes fewer stoppages than the others. Before going on board tickets must be obtained at the office. These tickets, which consist of a strip of thin paper, having the names of the stations for a whole year. The traveller can break his journey at any place mentioned on the ticket, and when he leaves the boat that part of his ticket is torn off which contains the names of the stations he has already passed, and with the remainder he can proceed to any place further on, whenever it suits his convenience. The best class of steamers on the Rhine have saloons on deck similar to the "Columba" and other Clyde steamers, and are in every respect commodious and well-appointed. Except sleeping accommodation, they have for travellers all the conveniences of first-class hotels, and a large hotel business they must do, for on the last occasion I sailed in one I was informed by the head waiter that 175 persons had dined on board that day. Our fellow-passengers are principally Germans, French and English. Nearly one-third seem to be English speaking, of whom a considerable number are Americans. Amongst these there is of course as infinite a variety of character as there is of costume. One fat Englishman, especially, at-

tracted my notice. The weather was very hot, and the poor man did nothing but sleep or loll about in the saloon with bare head and open vest, and a bottle of beer continually before him. The finest scenery had no attraction for him, the beauty of the prospect no charm; his sole pleasure seemed to consist of his pipe and his beer, and the advent of the dinner was for him the event of the day. There is another class of traveller not quite so unobtrusive as our stout Englishman, but who seem to have read nothing whatever of their route beforehand. I was informed by a gentleman that he heard a Yankee, on observing the ruins of tower and castle that crown crag and cliff in such numbers along the Rhine, ask the conductor, "what was the meaning of all those broken-down buildings?" adding, "I guess we are not such fools as put up such gimcracks in the States." It is not the mere scenery alone of the Rhine that makes the river so interesting. I am not sure but that some parts of the Kyles of Bute in our own country are as beautiful as anything on the Rhine; but it is the weird legends that everywhere hung around it, embodying the love and poetry of a whole nation, that make it what it is—an enchanted river. That hill was the haunt of a monster dragon which, long the terror of the surrounding district, was at length slain by a valiant knight, who bathed himself in its blood, and so became invulnerable. Yon cliff was the dwelling of a melodious syren who, by her delicious music, enticed sailors and fishermen to their destruction in the rapids at the foot of the precipice. These rocks which, when the water is low, are visible above the current, are the stony forms of seven once fair maidens who, in consequence of their fickleness, were condemned by the river god to this dreadful metamorphosis. That island tower is the scene of the dreadful fate of the cruel Bishop Hatto of Mayence, who in a year of

famine burned the poor people lest they should, he said, like rats, consume his corn. Immediately afterwards the episcopal palace was in truth assailed by hosts of rats, and the bishop in terror fled for safety to his strong tower on the Rhine, but in vain. A whole nation of rats, terrible, irresistible, came swarming across the broad stream and poured into the tower, and

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

Almost every turn of the river discloses some mouldering castle crowning a lofty crag or ivy covered tower amid vine clad slopes, connected with which is some tale of love or sorrow, some story of enchantment, or some deed of chivalry. From an almost endless variety of such I shall select only one. About one hour's sail above Bonn, in one of the most beautiful parts of the Rhine, is the island and convent of Nonnenwerth, and on a hill on the bank opposite stands the solitary arch of the ruins of Rolandseck. Connected with this castle and convent is the following beautiful legend:—"The brave knight Roland, while scouring the Rhine in search of adventure, found himself the guest of the Lord of the Seven Mountains at his castle of Drachenberg. According to the custom of the times, the daughter of the host, the peerless Hildegunde, welcomed him with the offering of bread and wine. Her beauty riveted the gaze of the ardent young knight, and shortly afterwards Roland and Hildegunde were affianced lovers. But as the course of true love never did run smooth, an interruption soon came to their happiness. Roland was summoned by Charlemagne to the Crusade. Time sped on, and anxiously did Hildegunde await the return of her betrothed. But instead of his arrival came sad rumours. The brave Roland

was said to have fallen by the hands of the Infidels, and the world no longer possessing any charm for the inconsolable Hildegunde, she took refuge in the cloister in the adjacent island of Nonnenwerth. The rumours, however, of the death of her betrothed were unfounded. Though desperately wounded he recovered, and hastened back to the halls of Drachenberg to claim his bride; but instead of being welcomed back by that fondly remembered smile, he found that his love was for ever lost to him. In despair, he built the castle, of which one crumbling arch alone remains, and there in solitude he lived, catching an occasional glimpse of a fair form passing to and fro to her devotions in the little chapel of the cloister. At length he missed her, and soon the tolling of the bell and a mournful procession conveyed to him the heart-rending intelligence that his beloved Hildegunde was now indeed removed from him for ever. From that moment Roland never spoke again. For a short time he dragged on his wretched existence, but his heart was broken; and one morning his sole attendant found him rigid and lifeless, his glassy eye still turned towards the convent chapel.

On the opposite bank from Roland-seck, and further down the river, rises the hill of Drachenfels, to which Byron alludes in the following beautiful stanzas in "Childe Harold," where he describes this part of the river:—

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters bravely swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewn a scene which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.
The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground;
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound

Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine,
Still sweeten more those banks of Rhine,
And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers;
Walk smiling o'er this paradise:
Above, the frequent feudal towers,
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay.
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers:
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!"

About midway between Cologne and Mainz, the Rhine is joined on its left bank by one of its largest tributaries, the Moselle. At the confluence of the two rivers is beautifully situated the town of Coblenz, the capital of the Rhenish province. The Rhine is here crossed by a bridge of boats, consisting of barges moored together, over which is laid a wooden roadway. Four of these barges can be swung round by machinery so as to allow a passage for vessels. On the opposite bank from Coblenz is the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which has justly been termed the "Gibraltar of the Rhine." On three sides it is considered to be inaccessible, and on the north, where alone it could be attacked, it is defended by very strong fortifications. Twice only has this fortress succumbed to an enemy—once when it was taken by stratagem, and again during the time of the French Revolution, when it was surrendered by the defenders after they had consumed the last morsel of their provisions. On payment of a small sum the visitor receives a card which admits him within the fortification, and he is conducted over the works by a soldier—who, of course, expects to receive somewhat for his services. From the top of the rock, which is nearly 400 feet above the river, a magnificent view is obtained of the fruitful valleys of the Rhine and the Moselle, while at our feet lies the town of Coblenz, with the swiftly flowing river between. W. L.

WHERE:

Where is the breath I first did vent?
Where is the first hour's life I spent?
Where are the hands that first me bore?
Where are the little things first I weep?
Where is my little store of toys?
Where are my childhood's griefs and joys?
Where are the restless nights I gave
To those, alas, long in the grave?
Who toiled from morn till late at night,
And all my little wrongs put right,
Where are the eyes so full of love
For me? and tender as a dove,
That fondly watched my prattling play,
Did guard and guide me day by day,
While yet my life did not count years,
Nor aught I knew of all its fears,
Where are companions of my school?
Where are the hours I oft did fool?
Not counting time a jewel rare
And every effort hard did spare
To get the needed knowledge stored,
That place and time could well afford;
Gave little thought of all the cost
Of precious time and trouble lost.
But now, since I am set adrift
Out in the old world's rocking boat,
Must set my sails for safety fast,
And never forget the lead to cast.
What though through years I've safely run,
How many dear ones, one by one,
Have gone another land to share?
Yet I remain to wonder where? J. T.

[The above lines will have a mournful interest for our readers when we tell them that Mr. James Thornton handed them to us a few days before his death.—Ed., G. G.]

Exchanges and Press Criticisms.

WE regret to say that we have not received some of our usual exchanges. We hope our editorial friends, of whom we are always mindful, will remember us in future. We acknowledge the receipt of *Under the Dome*, the quarterly magazine of the "Bethlem Royal Hospital." This is a handsome, well got-up quarterly of 43 pages, and contains most interesting and amusing reading.

We have also to acknowledge several kindly press notices of our last issue of the GAZETTE. The *Glasgow Evening Times* says:—"We have been favoured with a copy of the journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum, which is

entirely conducted by the patients. It is a remarkable little production, containing many interesting articles, and also, perhaps not unappropriately, a good deal of verse." The *Kilnsey Batsman* also notices us:—"We have received a copy of the journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum, which is contributed to and conducted by the patients themselves. It is an exceedingly creditable production."

RIBBONS.

Partiality for ribbons
Unreservedly I own,
Be they broad or be they narrow,
Whoso'er design or tone.
Thinking—well—they suit fair faces,
Even faces not so fair,
Some as sunshine shadow chases,
Giving still diviner air.
Sure, although I may have many,
Still for more I ever yearn,
Now my window sill adorning
With a growing ribbon fern.
Yes, and as I see it springing
Really verdantly to view,
'Tis the green-house forward bringing
To which many thanks are due. A. S.

SWEDISH WARSHIPS' VISIT
THE CLYDE.

Since the article on "Scandinavia" was in type, two Swedish warships have cast anchor at the Tail of the Bank, and were visited by Mr. von Gees, the Swedish Consul, and Mr. Samuel, the Secretary of our Lord Provost. Some of the officers visited the city chambers, where they were received by Lord Provost M'Innes Shaw and other Corporation officials. A reception was afterwards held at the Swedish Consulate, Hillhead, among those present being the Lord Provost, Deacon-Coroner M'Lennox, Bailies Russell, Miller and M'Millan; Sir Richard Mackie; Admiral Bearecroft; Dr. M'Adam Muir, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, etc. Mr. von Gees, in welcoming the visitors, spoke of the ancient relations which existed between Sweden and Scotland, and stated that in the 16th and 17th centuries thousands of Scottish officers and soldiers were fighting for the glory of Sweden. Our Covenanted General, Alex. Leslie, afterwards Earl of Leven, was the favourite Field-Marshal of the Swedish King, Gustavus Adolphus.

Out-Door Games.

CRICKET.

We have been very successful on the cricket field up to now when everything is taken into consideration. Out of 11 matches we have won 8, lost 2 and drawn 1, a record for any team to be proud of. There is one very important part of cricket that I would like to point out to our cricket team, and that is fielding. Now, our fielding is far too erratic, sometimes it is simply too bad for anything, and at other times it is good enough for any team, *e.g.*, the "Practitioners" match. If anybody chooses to take note of the number of runs thrown away through bad fielding in any one match, they will understand better why I have so much to say about fielding. There is only one cure for this fault and that is practice.

Dr. Scott Lang who, by the way, has been doing well this season, was out in a rather curious manner in one of our matches; the bowler sent down a full toss and the batsman "ducked" to avoid being struck by the ball, when to everyone's surprise the ball struck the wicket. I was told a rather good story about a lady visitor who was at one of our matches a short time ago. While we were fielding, one of the batsmen made a rather good pull stroke off one of our bowlers, and the gentleman who was with the lady remarked that so-and-so pulled that bowler round in good style. The lady, who had not been paying great attention to the game, asked in evident surprise what he pulled the bowler for. We hope to finish as well as we have begun, and to have as good weather which up to now has been very good.

L. B. W.

BOWLS.

Our Bowling Season opened in May, and the green was in fine condition. A grand tournament was arranged by Attendant Watson, which was keenly

contested, twenty-two players competing. There were some capital combats. The semi-final was between Messrs. T. Barr and A. Watson; W. B. Lynas and Thomson—Mr. T. Barr and Attendant Lynas were the victors, and in the final Attendant Lynas won after a good fight. Every one was pleased, and hopes there will be other tournaments in the near future. The green was in crack order all through, and the weather ideal.

GOLF.

Although we have a suitable little golf course here, indeed, during the Autumn, Winter and Spring months, quite a sporting course, providing a better test of golf than many an inland green, it is somewhat poorly patronised, owing partly, perhaps, to a scarcity of players in the house at present and the easy access to other and larger courses in the neighbourhood. Probably some thing in the nature of a competition, similar to the Monthly Plate which used to be played for, would stimulate interest, and infuse some enthusiasm into those who do play, as it does seem a pity not to take advantage of such golfing opportunities as we have. We have, then, no account to render of matches or tournaments played, but trust in our next issue to be able to announce that something definite has been arranged.

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world.—*Addison.*

Knowledge conquered by labour becomes a possession—a property entirely our own.—*Smiles.*

Work is the cure for all the maladies and miseries of man—honest work, which you intend getting done.—*Carlyle.*

Trifles make up the happiness or the misery of mortal life.—*Alexander Smith.*

Prune thou thy words, their might control,
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.