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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



Founded 1810

New Series. **APRIL-JULY, 1913.** **No. 40-41.**

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Notes.

"The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

THE lines above must surely come back to every memory these glorious summer days, a paean of praise and thanksgiving and of sweet content.

We have weathered the storm and stress of a trying winter. We have watched through days of gloom and shadow for the faint dawn of smiling spring. How we have longed for the sun, how eagerly caught at each elusive beam, that danced for a moment through the April showers, then sped, and left the world but all the darker for its visit.

But now it is summer. Summer! How much does that mean? Nature is all awake. Generous, lavish.

Showering her favours over the land.

All around is beauty. The gardens and meadows are aglow with green and gold, and the gorgeous kaleidoscope of July. The birds have come back to fill the air with music. Peace and happiness are on every hand.

It is summer.

There have been few changes in the staff since the last appearance of the GAZETTE. One friend has left us, however, Dr. Findlay Murchie. Dr. Murchie was with us for almost two years, and was a most popular member of our little commonwealth. He takes with him to his new sphere of work the best wishes of all of us for his future success and happiness.

Play's the thing! Tennis, cricket, golf, all are going merrily, and the athletes are busy and happy.

The tennis courts are in excellent order. The ash courts are fast and firm and are well patronised. Tennis on grass, however, does not seem to appeal to the Gartnavel enthusiasts, and the third court is not taken advantage of as its fine surface deserves.

A series of tournaments has been arranged; and we are sure that, both as social and as sporting events, these will be quite as successful as they have always been in the past.

There are new guests at the cottage. A feathered couple have made their abode there; and a nestful of little fledglings are gaping their astonishment at the wonderful world around them.

Golf still has its devotees, who pursue the rubber-core with as much vigour as ever. We have to thank one of the gentlemen for presenting a cup to be competed for by our lady friends. The first round of the competition has been played; but we cannot venture a guess as to whose side-board the trophy will ultimately adorn.

Have you been in the gardens lately? If not, you are missing a treat. Mr. Barr and his assistants, amateur and others, have put in some heavy work, and the result is an artistic feast.

Some of our ladies are at present spending a holiday in the kingdom of Fife. We hope they will come back with pleasant memories of Earlsferry and the East Neuk.

The cricket team has been doing very well of late. We trust that our various opponents are grateful for the excellent exercise which the vaulting of fences provides. Our

hard hitters would appear to have a decided penchant for sixes into the tennis court.

The Nurses' Home is at present in the hands of the house-breakers. We are sure that the resultant improvements will fully compensate the occupants for their present somewhat airy and precarious entry by way of the companion ladder.

The bowls are clicking gaily on the bowling green. The turf is very keen, and the "boomers" are in their element. Luck to the "kitty!"

The Third Staff Dance was the usual success. We were glad to welcome back amongst us our old friends, Dr. Robertson, Mr. May and Mr. Morgan. The company enjoyed the evening thoroughly, and had a particular treat in the extra waltzes, played by Mr. Morgan in that delightful manner which we used to appreciate so greatly when he was with us.

Note to the cricket team. Practise fielding. Practise fielding again, and again, and you will never lose a match.

DORIS.

My little girl is a queen
Among a thousand of her peers;
Her magic fills my heart, I ween,
With doubts and hopes, with hopes and fears.

The dancing love-light in her eyes
Is as the sun-light's glancing sheen
Upon the fitful fall and rise
Of wavelets under skies serene.

Beneath her lids the pensive light,
Which runs before those cruel love
Sighs,
Is lambent as the brooding night
Of some Pacific paradise.

J.M.C.

Life's Little Thrills.

I WAS in search of a cook—eminently respectable, absolutely capable—and in these days of aided-emigration and alluring prospects, I felt convinced that the individual I yearned to meet, and all of her type, must be dispelling comfort and gladness in far other lands than ours.

After receiving various names and addresses from the optimistic lady at the Registry Office, I found myself on the top of a crowded car going towards the east-end of Glasgow. Two small girls were seated opposite me, each hugging a huge parcel of half-penny papers, evidently destined to supply some small newspaper shops. Having no knowledge of the locality to which I was bound, and pretty certain in my own mind these lassies would be well acquainted with it, I told them my difficulty, and asked them if they could direct me to the place I was seeking.

Their tongues were immediately loosened, and they vied with each other in giving me full and explicit directions. A nice, cheery, young workman, sitting near us, whose voice at once betrayed his nationality, turned to me, with a friendly smile and said, "I get out at the very street you are looking for and will shew you the place." My young friends who evidently regarded me as the most helpless of individuals looked quite relieved, and on leaving the car threw me re-assuring nods, as much as to say, "You'll be allright now." The genial Irishman was as good as his word, and led me to the very number of the street I was seeking.

However, success did not await me there, but the remembrance of the kindly trio, and their simple courtesy, cheered me on my way, and filled me with hope of better things in store. Returning to the city, I

now went off in quite another direction, and this time the more familiar green car took me west. A few minutes after I was seated, a very poor, shabbily-dressed, untidy-looking woman entered the car, carrying in her arms a veritable fairy child no cleaner looking than her mother; but even Glasgow grime could not hide the natural beauty of the little one. In order to find her fare, and she had evidently as much difficulty as her fashionably attired sisters, the woman put the wee lassie down, and made her stand by her knee, but the infant, being of a courageous and exploratory turn of mind, proceeded to toddle up the car; however, before she had succeeded in taking more than a very few adventurous steps, aided thereto by hanging on to anything she could grab, she was clutched by her devoted parent and bundled up, out of harm's way, in the folds of the inevitable and ubiquitous shawl. Thereupon, instantly, anger and rage took the place of joy and aspiration on the little face, the eyes shut tight, the mouth opened wide, to give fuller vent to a vigorous howl, and the tiny tot looked the very embodiment of helpless indignation. A sudden inspiration seized me; I opened a little case I carried, which held all sorts of things, and finding a clean, white envelope, I thrust it into the baby hands. Almost in a second the storm passed, and a strange and curious expression came over the face of the little one. She fingered the pure white envelope lovingly, turned it round and round and up and down, with an air of wonderment, and until she and her mother left the car the strange, new plaything seemed indeed to have acted like a charm upon her rebellious little spirit. As the mother rose to go, she turned to me and smiled, and it was beautiful to see the harsh lines

soften, and the tired eyes brighten in appreciation of the almost involuntary act of a total stranger.

Success did not await me at the end of that penny-worth either, but during the course of the next few days, whilst still searching for the treasure I eventually found, numberless little incidents of help given by entire strangers, tram-conductors, fellow-passengers, and the passer-by, made me feel the world, in spite of all the jar and strife, was very rich in those who

"Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
By the sweet presence of the good
diffused."

and so are in our midst that "Choir
Invisible"

"Whose music is the gladness of the
world."

p.

An Incident of Travel.

It may not have occurred to certain of our readers that some of the splendid "Return to Nature," or, as our German brethren express it, "Kehrt zur Natur Zurück" teaching, may be practically demonstrated under what might seem at first impossible conditions.

Before the writer had the privilege of such famous teachers as Sebastian Kneipp, and Bernarr M'Fadden, he once had occasion to make a journey, mostly on foot, from Johannesburg to Durban. Relying on a horse to drag some steamer trunks, it was perplexing to find him in very warm weather almost exhausted after several days' faithful work; and, as his giving up would have meant the loss of clothes and a few valuables, means had to be found to restore his energies and urge him to make a fresh start. We had reached a small river. A cold bath seemed a simple and safe remedy. No persuasion was necessary to induce him to take the plunge, but

the united efforts of three men were required to get him out of the water. He did not ask for any Turkish towels or other refinement of European or American civilisation, but showed himself a genuine, if unconscious, follower of the famous Bavarian priest, by relying on the rays of the sun for removing all traces of moisture, and set to work with right good will to help us on our way; and showed no signs of fatigue on the last stage, which, as it meant crossing a small range of mountains, was in some respects the most toilsome of the journey.

If some of our hard-working business men would only take a lesson from our friend, the horse, in fact, show a little of the "horse sense" which proved so helpful in a difficult situation, there is no doubt there would be more dash and go about their offices. It is, however, a hopeful sign of the times that these ideas are spreading, and interesting that the teaching of some of the most advanced doctors include the "return to nature" movement—bathing, the open-air life and sunshine.

A simple expedient for some of our readers, who might feel prompted to take a cheap and enjoyable holiday at sea, when perhaps the only available means of transport is a tramp steamer, where bathroom accommodations are primitive or non-existent, is to make friends with the boatswain, and get up bright and early, when he turns out the watch to put the hose-pipe on the decks.

Take your stand on the tarpaulin over the cargo amidships, and "experto crede" a four-inch column of sea-water played up and down the spine, will give you an appetite and help you through the winter months in the business office or wherever you find scope for your energies.

P.J.

A Garden Industry.

WHILE waiting one day, in a friend's drawing-room, for the dinner gong, I lifted the current number of the *Strand Magazine* and read at once, with interest, an article entitled, "Sawley Garden Industry," illustrated with attractive pictures of a group of young ladies working among frames, weeding, or raking in a small enclosure surrounding a newly-erected stone house. Being on the outlook for employment that would be healthy as well as interesting, and have home life for its central attraction, I considered the initial expense of a hundred pounds premium a fair outlay of means to this end, and entered on correspondence with the owner of the industry and originator of the scheme. To my surprise she was resident at "The Hill, near London," and the "Garden" was at a small village near the town of Derby. She had acquired the ground in Derbyshire—three acres in extent—and decided that, divided among six ladies, under her direction (by letters and occasional visits) she could make the garden yield, in time, a fair return for their labour, and give them a knowledge of horticulture and fruit culture that would be a permanent investment. Besides the premium of £100 paid in advance, each was to furnish her own bedroom.

Letters from The Hill, London, brought me an invitation to visit Sawley, without delay, as five ladies were already in residence, and only one unoccupied room remained.

Starting on the morning of the day named (a Friday in May) I took train for Derby and remained there for the night, as I found a discouraging ignorance of the industry at Sawley; and, in any case, it was doubtful if I could return to Derby that night. On arriving at Sawley next morning,

the village stationmaster seemed perplexed when asked for direction to The Garden, till sudden recollection enlightened him and he pointed across several intervening meadows to a bare new house, surrounded by a few trees, where we could distinguish a few figures with rakes in their hands, which gave the required touch of realism and sent me off, at a rapid pace, towards them. On reaching the place at last, a burn and a hedge came between, but one of the fair gardeners helped me over and introduced me to her companions. Within an hour I was listening to an excited stream of descriptive, explanatory talk. Already "the fly was in the ointment" and the small menage divided into two parts. Two Scottish ladies (sisters from Melrose) had actually the same week packed their furniture, sent it into Derby for transmission to Scotland, and had telegraphed to a brother that they were *en route* for a return to Melrose. An instant reply by wire stayed their plight, but they looked most unhappy and took their meals in their empty bedroom, having no intercourse whatever with the two English ladies, nor an Irish lady, from Belfast who, by seniority, was head and hostess. Naturally, they were interested, like the others, in a visitor who might be a permanent quantity, and it was curious to see their attempts to show their side of the housekeeping amenities. No words were needed to emphasise the discomfort (even with *united effort*) of this initial attempt at housekeeping, with gardening as its object. The cold, unpainted, unpapered house, with water taps in kitchen and scullery entirely useless, an uncarpeted dining-room, a sickly little maid-of-all-work, without shoes and stockings—her feet in bandages; outside, the scanty implements of their gardening

making it necessary to sprinkle the fragile growths in the frames with an old hair brush, as not one of the five ladies had a rose to her watering can!

Before afternoon, it was, for me, a foregone conclusion that I could not join this unpractical community, though all were unanimous in their enthusiasm for the open-air work; but, even with this knowledge I was persuaded to remain their guest till Monday. Before tea we engaged a bedroom in the village inn. The inn looked idyllic, with latticed windows opening on fragrant lilac and budding hawthorn; but, alas! I did not know that my bedroom was over the kitchen where every Saturday night a club of ploughmen met to drink beer, discuss politics, sing songs and in general, give utterance to their exuberant vitality gathered in six days of labour. Sleep was out of the question till the club dispersed, and, in the silence that followed, some hope of it was beginning to dawn when the door slowly opened and an immense black dog entered, made directly for the bed and, putting on it two enormous paws, tried to push me out. Not knowing then that dogs have been known in moments of attack to desist and immediately respond to verbal explanation, I yet instinctively begged that huge dog to go off, as I was falling on sleep, but I appealed and coaxed in vain and, in order to get a better hold, I rose and went round to the other side of the bed, when the determined animal quietly placed itself right in the centre and resisted all my efforts at removal. An appeal to the landlady did this, but now day was already dawning in the first faint gleams of sunlight and I could watch the gradual unfolding of a scene of sylvan beauty. It was a smile from "the sweet little cherub

that sits up aloft" ready to give pleasure on the first opportunity. We go out sometimes to seek the smiles of the coy goddess called pleasure and find her not—till unexpectedly she comes slipping round a corner.

BERTHA WEST.

A CRICKET SONG.

Oh J—r, hold the wicket, and smack the ball in style;

Hit between the fielders, and sail the ball a mile.

Oh J—r, hold the wicket, and hold it firm and safe,

And hit, and run, and cut, and pull, till all the fielders chafe.

How J—r held the wicket the story must be told;

His pads so well he guarded that at first he was not bowled.

As bold, sir, as a lion, he turned to face the foe—

And a rotten little "googlie" laid his off stump low.

Of J—r's record scoring we speak with bated breath;

The captain, when he saw it, it nearly caused his death.

The board showed all too clearly a pair of big round '0's.

The scorer meant one hundred, perhaps, we shall suppose.

VALENTINE SOMERVILLE.

Cricket.

WEATHER is such an important factor in the making or marring of cricket, that it should always have first consideration in writing a cricket report. Up till now it has been a very unreliable quantity; and, although only one of our matches was abandoned owing to rain, we have had to contend with soft wickets and all the accompanying horrors for the batsmen. Unfortunately we no longer possess a soft-wicket bowler of the calibre of W. H. Lynas; and our attack has suffered in consequence of the greasy ball.

Our record, however, is fairly good so far. We have only lost two matches—to Rutherglen and Glasgow University.

We have to congratulate Attendant Schofield on his batting displays, which have been of exceptionally high quality. He has surprised not a few bowlers this season by driving them into the tennis courts. We hope for a long continuation of this form.

The team as a whole is a sound one in all departments; and, if the good weather does not desert us, our bowlers who are all of the hard-wicket type, will come more and more into the picture.

We are looking forward with considerable confidence to the match with our old opponents, Gartloch, a game which has come to be regarded as our "Derby."

MATCHES TO DATE.

From.	To.	Against.	Result.
Rutherglen	27	35	Lost
Ferguslie	66	55	Won
Kelvinvale Acks.	76	48	Won
Hamilton Crescent	113	64	Won
Glasgow University	83	87	Lost
Titwood	79	62	Won
Queen's Park	84	123	Drawn
North-Western	102	52	Won

OUR CRICKET MATCH.

Friends, grant your kind attention, while I sing a little catch.

Of our village first eleven and their only cricket match.

A waggonette and two cart horses served us for a drag.

And we packed all our belongings in the lawyer's green baize bag.

The scorers liked the luncheon, and so freely they partook.

That all the scores got doubled, and the inn dog ate the book.

While the Slocum Slush teetotal band found range, and blazed away,

And they must have changed the lemonade for even they were gay.

But forgive me: I anticipate. When our fielding team went out, The Slocum Sunday School set up a weak sarcastic shout,

For their vicar and the curate would remain all day, they thought, But the one was bowled first over, and the other one was caught.

This seemed quite providential, as they themselves might say, For no other catch was caught, nor other straight ball bowled that day.

The umpires stood and laughed, and laughed, till they almost burst their sides,

While the wicket-keeper played about the meadow, fielding "wides."

But they ran each other out somehow, and we got to work by five,

And most of us were wounded then, but all of us alive.

The police had fetched the ambulance amid the usual cheers,

And the local martial genius had drawn up the volunteers.

Then the first ball that our slogger hit knocked off a lady's hat;

The wicket-keeper got the next, which was followed by the bat;

The former lunged his left eye up, and the latter closed his right,

But by help of several handkerchiefs they got them strait in tight.

This was all near the beginning, but before we reached the end,

The fun grew fast and furious as the play began to mend;

A bump adorned the umpire's brow, like a fair-sized turkey's egg,

And the batsman killed the long stop, and the bowler killed square-leg.

That is to say, we thought them killed, but as both had good hard heads,

They probably recovered with a fortnight in their beds.

But our waggonette had shed a wheel, and, what made the thing look worse,

We all drove back to Hecpton inside the Slocum hearse.

J. E. BARLAS.

August 18th, 1907.

Stands Gartnavel where it did!

At the Staff Dance, only four couples ventured to display their terpsichorean abilities in the eightsome reel.

Songs of Cities.

By ORLANDO.

I.—ACHAHOISH.

There's a lot to see in Scotland
If you care to note things down ;
There are lovely lochs and rivers,
There are heaths of shaggy brown ;
There are old romantic castles,
There are mountains short and tall,
But I hear that Achahoisht
Is the finest spot of all.

I have travelled through the Trossachs,
I have trod the Banks o' Doon,
I have felt the charm of Rothsay
And the magic of Danom.
But it's ten to one these places
Will be feeling precious small
When they hear that Achahoisht
Is the finest spot of all.

O it's there the skies are bluest,
And the trees the richest green ;
Rainy days are never heard of—
Even clouds are seldom seen.
There the tea-cup, sweet and fragrant,
Welcomes you to hut and hall ;—
Do you wonder Achahoisht
Is the finest spot of all ?

There the angler, when his reel is
Sounding with the longest-for din,
Tips his toe against a stubble
And falls better-sketter in.
But he doesn't mind a wetting,
And for succour doesn't bawl,
For he knows that Achahoisht
Is the finest spot of all.

Therefore, when in dear September,
You observe me gate-ward go,
With a trunk upon my shoulder
And my features all aglow,
I suggest that even Larry,
When he hears my farwell call,
Will agree that Achahoisht
Is the finest spot of all.

II.—BAILLIESTON.

Rome has her singers, live and dead ;
Even Glasgow wins some mead of praise,
And there was one (he's long since sped)
Who yearned for Kelvin's banks and
braes ;
Others have felt their bosom swell
At thoughts of Thebes or Babylon ;
Myself, though why I cannot tell,
Have always thrilled to Baillieston.

The vaunted charm of far Cathay,
Frankly, I do not understand ;
Wild horses would not make me stay
In Dixie or in Samarcand ;
So, too, of Bagdad : mosques and towers
Invariably make me yawn ;
Yet I could sit for hours and hours
Under the spell of Baillieston.

Milngavie I've trained to twice at least ;
Crookston I've seen ; and once I crawled
To Cambuslang ; and, farther east,
Spent one sad night at Cumbernauld ;
I've sampled Stepps's arctic clime,
To Temple and Cardonald gone ;
But never since the birth of time
Have I set eyes on Baillieston.

O Chinal, things meet *your* eye
That others never think upon ;
Perhaps you'll kindly tell me why
I want to be in Baillieston.

*Pollokshields, Botwell, Aberdeen and
Kefford to follow.*

A Forgotten Book.

An old, second-hand book was
discovered the other day, bearing
the following inscription written
on its fly-leaf : " To His Excellency
Lord Lyons, with the author's most
respectful homage. North Peat."

It is dedicated to Dr. Louis
Penard, chevalier de la Légion d'
honneur, in these quaint words, " Tu
es le parrain de mon enfant, sois le
donc également de ce livre, mon
dernier né d'hier. L'enfant, pour
l'aimer, a déjà quatre printemps,
puisse le livre, pour te faire honneur,
obtenir le même nombre d'éditions."

The book is a collection of essays
on some outstanding English
humourists and ecclesiastics seen
from a French standpoint. The last
chapter is of unique interest as it
deals with a subject little met with
in books of its kind, viz., the
literature of the insane. The author
has taken great pains to collect from
various asylums in England and

Scotland material of literary interest.
The book bears no date but reference
is made to the *Morningside Mirror* of
May, 1847. Mention is made of the
Gartnavel Gazette, *The Opal*, *The
York Star*, *The New Moon* and
Excelsior, and the following asylums
are frequently referred to—the
Crichton Institute, Gartnavel,
Morningside, Murray's Royal Asylum,
Hanwell, and Colney Hatch.

The article begins with a discussion
on the advantages of the free ex-
pression of thought in prose and
verse. There is no doubt as to the
value of writing as an occupation and
recreation, except to those who are
addicted to morbid introspection.
England was one of the first, if not
the first country to appreciate the
therapeutic importance of writing.
North Peat closes his book with the
suggestion that France would do
well to copy England's example, and
at a later date to compare the asylum
literature of the two countries. The
article contains a number of poems
left in the original, and examples of
prose, which have been translated
into French. A poet at Hanwell
Asylum published a book of poems,
called the "Pilgrim of Sorrow." His
poetry is full of life and action, and
scattered among inferior poems one
finds here and there true poetry.
Here is one of his love songs :—

Think'st thou, Laura, those sweet birds
Now perched upon yon linden tree
Have listened to the tender things
Thy lover hath been telling thee ?
If so, and they respect the tale,
Each tree and leafy bower, ere long,
Will teem with ardent vows of love,
And pour forth tides of amorous songs.

Each flutt'ring bird will tell his mate
In language such as I to thee,
That she's the sweetest child of song
E'er warbled from out bush or tree ;
He'll tell her that her eyes are like
The stars they see in heaven above,
And that in plumage she excels
Each other tenant of the grove !

He will persuade her that her voice,
Is sweetest of the warbling throng,
And that no other earthly sound
Can vie with her melodious song !
I faith, we shall have ardent vows
Warbled from every bush and tree.
Think'st thou, Laura, those sweet birds
Now list to what I say to thee ?

John Clare, the singer of North-
amptonshire, author of "Rural
Life," "Rural Muse," "The Village
Minstrel," was the son of a field
labourer. The boy grew up with
little book learning, but with an
innate love of nature. The open air
life of a shepherd stimulated the
latent poetic instinct and resulted
in a large production of poems. One
night he dreamt that an angel came
to him and commissioned him to sing
of the beauties of nature and praise
the Creator. His poems were highly
appreciated and for several years
success followed him. He wrote for
the *Quarterly Review* and many other
periodicals. But fickle fame turned
her back on him and it was a sad day
for the sometime people's favourite
when he realised that he was alone
and forgotten. His health gave way
and he passed the remainder of his
days in Northampton Asylum. The
following prose poem on a daisy is
his, at least the ideas are his, but it
has suffered by translation and re-
translation :—

"The daisy is born in spring. She
heralds the approach of glorious sunshine,
when the bees take wing. She brings with
her the butterfly and the shy yellow
wasp, the golden-eyed tuberoses, and the
apple tree in blossom. At the same time
the hedge birds build their nests in the
shrubs of the old garden, where the school
boys, in their spare time, enjoy their sport.
The cow spends the whole day calmly
grazing over the orchard railing and
munches sweet oats, while the cowherd
looks on in silence and fears that a breath
of wind will blow, to the neighbour's cows
on the other side of the hedge, what his
cow has not managed to eat."

The following verses are from the
same pen :—

I love to see the forest maid
Go in the pleasant day,
And jump to break an idle bough
To drive the flies away.

Her face is brown with open air,
And like the lily blooming;
But beauty, whether brown or fair
Is always found with women.

She stooped to tie her pattens up,
And shewed a cleanly stocking;
The flowers made cursties all the way,
Against her ankles knocking.

She stooped to get the foxglove bells
That grow among the bushes;
And, careless, set her basket down
And tied them up with rushes.

Her face was ever in a smile,
Her brown cheek softly blooming;
I often met the scorn of man,
But welcome lives with woman.

(To be continued).

Comitadji.

COMITADJI! What are they? I hardly can explain. Yet two of us are not likely to forget our first acquaintance with them.

It was during the Armistice. We strolled, one evening, into a dirty little Turkish cafe, to pass an idle hour, and discovered such a scene as even in the Balkans appealed to us as strange.

Round a long table were gathered about twenty men. Such men! In my youth I had read tales of pirates and brigands, and dreamed every night of them for years. Now I seemed to have met them in actual flesh. The top boots; the dashing braves of the story books they wore. The top boots; the fancifully braided breeches; huge scarlet cummerbunds, stuck around with knives; the embroidered sleeveless vests; and all the silver chains and brooches.

At the end of the table was a huge black bottle, two feet tall at the very

least, and generously wide. It must have held gallons upon gallons. Glasses and mugs were all around; drinking vessels of every sort on the table; and a thick layer of broken glass and crockery on the floor. This last was a lake of wine and beer.

Someone called a toast. Up to their feet they sprang, the lot of them. The tall black bottle circled round. "Jivdi!" they cried. They drained their bumpers in a single gulp; then, with a crash, the twenty glasses were shattered on the floor!

It had been a patriotic toast, for it was followed by the national hymn. Right lustily they intoned the spirited melody of the Servian air; while my companion and myself, recognising the tune, rose to our feet in compliment.

Our action gave the company the greatest satisfaction. No sooner was the anthem ended than two of them came rushing to us. They literally fell on us. They embraced us. They kissed us on each cheek. They wrung our hands. Then they insisted that we should join them in their revels.

Round and round went the black bottle. To its generous capacity there seemed to be no end. The glass supply of the hotel could not hold up against the patriotism of our toast drinkers; but we drank from all the odds and ends of the place. The chairman drank from the two-foot bottle.

Somewhat of a surprise it came to us that not one of our uncouth companions but could speak the most fluent French. Macedonia is a land of surprises though, and we soon forgot our wonder, and were chatting freely and cheerily with our neighbours.

We had songs and we had toasts. We clinked glasses; and dashed the wine about; and quite lost sight of the fact that two of us were in the

uniform of British officers, members of the Red Cross Mission, and the other twenty in the cut-throat garbs of Servia's irregular soldiery, as we learned them to be.

"We are Comitadji," they informed us.

We looked the question.

"The Comitadji are the brave band of Serbs, who, in the hills, have for five hundred years kept the Turks in hand in Macedonia, swooping down on the plains to punish outrage and restrain injustice."

We had heard of them, we remembered. Perhaps their account of themselves did not perfectly agree with others which we had received. People had spoken of brigands and outlaws. But these recollections we kept to ourselves.

"Vive l'Angleterre!" they shouted.

"Vive Sire Edvard Grey!"

We gracefully responded for the Foreign Secretary.

"Vive Gladstone! Vive milord Beeron!"

The sentiment was certainly a trifle behind date; but Byron and Gladstone are names which the Balkan peoples love, and with reason. So we acknowledged the toast in the names of the two shades. Perhaps they heard in the Elysian fields.

We were a cheerful company, and a patriotic.

Every second glass was drunk to *la Serbie*. We stood up, clicked our heels, and drained it *jusqu'au fond*. Then we sang the Servian hymn, and all the other folks in the cafe had to stand up too. It must have been just a trifle tedious for them, having to spring to attention every five minutes. And the Servian Anthem is not a short one.

One group grew wearied of it. They did not rise one time. A Comitadji stooped suddenly, drew something quickly from his boot, and a knife

went flashing across the room, striking with a crash among the glasses on the table of the lax patriots. Like a shot every man of them was on his feet, his hand at the salute. They did not forget again.

We sang songs. Our friends had deep harmonious voices, which gave an infinite charm to the mournful Servian melodies. Then they sang a song which left us in amazement. A song which we knew, but which was surely the last we might have expected to hear from such singers—

Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus;
Post joculam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humor.

We were thunderstruck. Yet from force of habit we joined in.

Vivat academia; vivant professores;

Vivat membra quolibet;

Vivat membra quolibet;

Semper sint in flores!

"Vivat academia! "Vive l'universite!" A full bumper we drank to it. Then we sat down bewildered.

They were only amateur Comitadji after all. Students at a Swiss university, they had heard the call of the Motherland, and hurried home to her at the outbreaking of war. The life of simple soldiers did not appeal to them. There was not scope enough.

So they had joined one of the hill bands, and fought with these wild irregulars through the campaign.

That night they were celebrating, as students will the wide world over, no matter what the conditions may be around them.

They celebrated until early morn. And two staid British collegians assisted them.

B.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of recent numbers of *Excelsior*, *The Passing Hour*, and *The Morning-side Mirror*.

Across the Western Tiers to the Great Lake.

SOME southern summers ago (for it was the month of December) the writer was numbered in an expedition which visited the Great (Tasmanian) Lake. Now, *Multa per gentes et multa per aequora vectus*, he will endeavour to record his experiences, for perusal by those, both critics and others, who may care to read.

Starting from the residence of our host and hostess, whose kindness must ever remain for all who know them one of the happiest of memories, the party, consisting of an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, among the latter a clergyman, whose services we had doubtless requisitioned in the event of our meeting any of the fabulous dwellers in lonely places, proceeded by way of the East Meander river to the Western Tiers adjoining Jackey's Marsh. Here, as we had started *prima luce*, and were now hospitably entreated by the wife of one of our guides, we gave free scope to our appetite, and indulged in a second breakfast. To philosophers we left it to moralise.

Conveyances were now abandoned, and the horses therefrom, with others, impressed as "mounts."

So far the journey had been through diversified tracts of hill and dale, latterly with the eucalyptus-clad mountains towering far above us. Cries of birds ever and anon fell upon the ear, and occasionally a shot would re-echo through the valley, sounding along from point to point in the way peculiar to thickly-wooded canyons. A mountain stream, as yet concealed from view, sent gentle murmurs up the sunlit slopes. The experience was altogether inspiring; for of a day, as of life, it is true, that the early part is fraught with incitement to do and dare, while,

towards evening, comes earnest of rest. To such spots, wrapped in the pale silence of the night, might Tennyson's exquisite lines apply—

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dew on still waters, between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass."

From Jackey's Marsh, the party, which, with the exception of the guides, was mounted, followed, for some distance, a path cut through the ti-tree scrub, and emerging now and then into glades, more or less open, with an occasional clearing for some settler's hut.

After passing through various cuttings, into which, in some instances, the sun-light penetrated but feebly, the foot of a mountain, traversed by a bridle track, was reached, and the most arduous ascent of the day began. Over rough and broken ground, through places where, at times, on account of the narrowness, one could not ride in altogether orthodox fashion, the expedition pushed its way. High overhead, as we neared the summit, towered the ironstone peak of a neighbouring mountain, while the altitude we had even now attained seemed to impress one with a sense of lightness in his bodily frame.

On reaching the wide plateau, which extends for several miles, it was resolved to halt for lunch, while some of the party, as a signal to their friends in the valley, set fire to a thick, green shrub, which grows in clumps, and which, from the resulting blaze, seems highly inflammable. On all sides a magnificent panorama of mountain, hill, and glen presented itself, while objects in the valley below were but dimly visible to the naked eye. Far off stretched the

waters of Bass's Strait, glistening in the morning sun.

The travellers refreshed, the expedition was resumed, and the treacherous plateau duly crossed, not, however, without a somewhat unexpected experience for our much esteemed ecclesiastic, through his horse sinking deeply in the spongy ground. To the *uninitiated* it might have seemed he was about to descend to the fabled regions below; but, knowing the gentleman well, we had no such fear.

A slight acclivity, somewhat trying to the horses on account of its rough and stony nature, and we came upon a deserted hut. Our host having duly inscribed our names on a plank of the roof, the descent to the lake, now in full view, began.

To the left rose, each minute in clearer outline, the high, basaltic columns of Dry's Bluff, utterly destitute of vegetation, to the eye of the observer presenting a spectacle as if some vast organ of nature's building, on which the winter storms must play music of grander tone than is heard in the peaceful vales below.

Round the lake stretch the hills, thickly clothed with their seemingly grey-blue foliaged trees, while, close to the nearer shore, stands a small island, guardian of the silent, primeval scene.

On reaching the lake, the horses were hobbled, and a short rest indulged in before tea.

An hour or so spent in visiting spots of interest around, and a start was made for home. This, after a halt at the farther end of the plateau, previously mentioned, was reached shortly after nine at night.

Let it also be put on record that the presence of two guileless school-boys greatly increased the efficiency of the commissariat transport, and that a "son of Vulcan," who

accompanied the expedition, found scope for his craft, much to the bliss of certain riders and their steeds; while to the solicitations tendered, before retiring, to our host and his gracious lady, was added the distinction, in the case of our hostess, of being the first married lady to have traversed the then little known and somewhat formidable route, which lies, by way of the north, to the Great Lake.

J.M.C.

King James Fourth and the Early Scottish Reformers.

(Concluded.)

THE young Earl of Errol, whose father fell in that battle, is specially mentioned by Calderwood as having been educated in the Reformed doctrine. He was appointed a Privy Councillor shortly after his father's death, and was one of the Commissioners appointed to treat for peace with England. "He was well learned both in humanity and divinity, and specially well versed in the New Testament. He would rehearse word by word the choicest sentences, specially such as served to establish solid comfort in the soul by faith in Christ. Much suffered he for the cause of Christ."

We can hardly imagine the gallant and chivalrous James Fourth ever becoming a persecutor of men for the sake of religion. Indeed, just before the English war he had bitterly quarrelled with Pope Julius II., who had excommunicated the Scottish monarch. Both Erasmus and Ariosto have nothing but praise for James and his Court. In his "Adages," Erasmus says of James: "He had a wonderful force of intellect, an astounding knowledge, an invincible magnanimity, the dignity of a true king, the greatest courtesy,

and the most abounding liberality." We have voluminous lives of Henry Seventh and Henry Eighth of England, the one the father-in-law and the other the brother-in-law of the Scottish Monarch, but as yet no biographer has been found for the most energetic and best-beloved king who ever sat upon the throne of Scotland. Brewer in his "Reign of Henry Eighth" is most unjust to James. Quoting from the correspondence of Doctor West, the Dean of Windsor, whom Henry had sent as his ambassador to Edinburgh, he gives us some of the conversations which took place between the English Dean and James, which certainly, from an English point of view, show the Scottish monarch in a most unfavourable light. Don Pedro de Ayala, who had been Spanish ambassador to the English Court, and who was afterwards sent as ambassador to Scotland, gives us a graphic picture of King James in one of his dispatches to Ferdinand and Isabella. Our greatest modern Scottish historian, Hill Burton, speaking of the pen-portrait of De Ayala, says that an account so vivid and natural would have been valuable even as a picture of the period, if instead of dealing with a king, it had been the description of an ordinary individual too humble to be noticed by the historian. We quote a few sentences from the Spanish Don's report: "The King is twenty-five years of age and some months old. He is of noble stature, neither tall nor short, and as handsome in complexion and shape as man can be. He speaks the following foreign languages: Latin, very well; French, German, Flemish, Italian, and Spanish. He likes very well to receive Spanish letters. His own Scottish language is as different from English as Aragonese from Castilian. His

knowledge of languages is wonderful. He is well read in the Bible and some other devout books. He would not ride on Sundays for any consideration—not even to church. Rarely, even in joking, a word escapes him that is not truth. . . . He is courageous, even more so than a King should be. I am a good witness of it. I have seen him often undertake most dangerous things in the last wars (the Perkin Warbeck troubles). I sometimes clung to his skirts and succeeded in keeping him back. His deeds are as good as his words. For this reason, and because he is a very humane prince, he is much loved." We have quoted sufficient of the Spanish ambassador's lengthy despatch to enable our readers to judge from an outsider's view of James' real character. Scotland could ill afford to lose such a monarch. Had James appointed a general to command his army, and remained in Edinburgh as his Queen, Margaret Tudor, and all his leading statesmen and nobles implored him to do, Flodden would either never have been fought at all, or else would have had a very different ending, sparing Scotland much misery and civil war. Even had the Scottish monarch followed the advice of his chief military advisers, he could easily have destroyed Surrey's army. This proposal James rejected with chivalrous scorn, and roundly told his chief artillery officer that if he dared to fire a shot his head would answer for it. James conducted the attack more in the manner of a grand military tournament than a mortal struggle between two armies and he paid dearly for his blunder. His death seems to have both surprised and somewhat shocked his brother-in-law, Henry VIII, who was at that time at Terouenne, in France. Writing to Storza, Duke of Milan,

Henry states that although James' breach of faith with him had cost him dear, he had no wish for his death—"a heavier penalty than I could have wished," are the words used by the English monarch. In one of his letters he also says that "he regretted James' death as a relative."

Arma Virumque Cano.

REVELLE! There were sixteen of us in the barrack room. We opened our eyes and gazed sleepily about us, scarcely realising as yet where we were. Then the knowledge that it was Sunday seemed to dawn simultaneously upon our combined consciousness. We shut our eyes again with a sigh of content and self-satisfaction. Surely there could be no parades on a Sunday. As it turned out we were deluding ourselves. But of that more anon. One by one, and with that lack of enthusiasm which most normal people display in getting out of bed, we disinterred ourselves from the sheets. I was almost going to say, according as you called yourself a Jew, a Wesleyan, a Methodist or perhaps a Presbyterian. Then you wrote your name in Army Form XYZ000 or some such weird and absurd document, stating that at the hour you should have attended church, you had a great desire to be somewhere a few miles away, on urgent business. That was not sufficient of course without a little care. If you did not go out of barracks, you required at least to be sufficiently remote from the eagle eye of the orderly sergeant. One or two thought they would solve the difficulty by calling themselves Mohammedans or the followers of some creed for which provision is not made in King's Regulations.

ample proportions, but it only gave more scope for the assumption of the most ludicrous positions in order to catch even a passing glimpse of the face one was attempting to scrape.

The chief difficulty was to find one's own face. If you doubt this remember that there were twelve reflexions all pretty much about the same place, and all more or less covered with soap. That the gore did not flow more freely than it did, must be taken as a testimonial to the efficiency of the lawn-mower contrivances which in these days do duty as razors.

Breakfast came no sooner than it should. There we learned that Sunday did not necessarily mean no parades. The Sundays which followed this particular one took on that connotation, however, for during the week we found out that these displays of one's religious convictions could be avoided by a little chicanery. The method was simplicity itself. You noticed the hour at which the sect to which you, for the time being, belonged, paraded for church. It varied by half-an-hour or so according as you called yourself a Jew, a Wesleyan, a Methodist or perhaps a Presbyterian. Then you wrote your name in Army Form XYZ000 or some such weird and absurd document, stating that at the hour you should have attended church, you had a great desire to be somewhere a few miles away, on urgent business. That was not sufficient of course without a little care. If you did not go out of barracks, you required at least to be sufficiently remote from the eagle eye of the orderly sergeant. One or two thought they would solve the difficulty by calling themselves Mohammedans or the followers of some creed for which provision is not made in King's Regulations.

They were somewhat surprised and chagrined to find themselves promptly classed and sent to church as Non-conformists. For us, however, on this our first Sunday, there was no escape. We had to parade. The different parties fell in and marched off in turn after being duly inspected individually from cap-badge to boot-lace by the orderly-officer, the orderly-sergeant and the sergeant-major, by no means the least severe critic. It was a rigorous inspection and we shivered as we contemplated our turn. "Pipe-clay your tunic collar, this morning?" "Yes, sir." "Fall out! Two spots on the back of it." The missing of church did not quite compensate the owner of the collar for the wiggling he received later in the day. In due course it came the turn of the Methodists to dress for parade. They fell in one man strong. "Party! 'Shun!" roared the sergeant-major. The officer screwed in his eyeglass and looked at the "party." They all walked round him. He got the same attention paid him as though he had been a hundred men. "Party, right turn! Quick march!" He marched off with himself in command. Last of all came the Presbyterians, which included or rather consisted of the seven Scotsmen. We were walked round and gazed upon with the same conscientiousness which is so characteristic of army method. We had the minister and the church to ourselves. I think, after all, we were glad we had come. The minister was a Scotsman, and to hear the Scots tongue in that town on the south coast of England was to us what a sprig of heather must be to a colonist. The service completed, we marched back and were dismissed.

Then came dinner. On a hot August day, in the middle of a heat wave—temperature 94° in the shade

—a dinner of soup and roast beef is not an unmixed blessing. However, it was that or nothing and we chose the former as the less of two evils, putting away all thoughts of indigestion, which by the way, did not prevent the indigestion coming in due course. The problem now was how to spend the rest of the day. Sunday afternoons are uneventful as a rule, and I almost forgot that this was an exception. Some of us, I fear, belied our traditions as Scotsmen, and played golf. I do not think we enjoyed the game, in fact, we were sorry we had played. I should mention, however, that it was a sort of international game with England as the challengers. The losers had to provide half-a-dozen golf balls. We lost the golf balls, so probably were scarcely fair judges of our enjoyment of the game. One of us, a divinity student by the way, who it is only fair to state, did not play, expressed the opinion that Sabbath-breakers deserved to lose. We decided that the argument was scarcely logical, as one side had to win.

But the international rivalry did not end there. I daresay we were not tired enough that evening, a rather rare occurrence, for the contest was renewed after "lights out." Now an army mattress or "biscuit" makes a rather efficient weapon, especially of offence. I speak feelingly and with conviction on the subject, as one was duly delivered and received in my epigastrium. But we trounced the Sassenach and avenged Flodden, for not till every English bed decorated the floor, did we leave off.

"What's all the noise about." The sergeant of the guard was replied to by the prolonged and sonorous breathing of sixteen sergeants of His Majesty's Forces; and we slept till "Reveille." GEE.