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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



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Notes.

GLOOMY winter has passed and gone, and by the time this issue is in the hands of our readers we shall have entered on April, the month of genial sunshine and refreshing showers. The winter was certainly a most severe one—frost, snow, hail, sleet, and rain alternating. All over the country disastrous floods were reported, and Gartnavel was no exception, Mr. Barr and his staff having a busy time clearing choked drains and repairing damage done to the roads.

We are glad to announce that Dr. Oswald has recovered from his late serious illness, and has gone for a short holiday. We hope to welcome him back renewed in health and strength.

Garden work has now begun in earnest, a long row of young apple trees having been planted in the border of the walk which leads from

the garden gate to the summer-house. They should present a pretty sight next month when in full bloom. Spring is showing everywhere her magic touch; indeed April was well named by the ancient Romans the "opening month," for now the buds begin to burst from their sombre calyxes in obedience to what Mrs. Hemans calls "The Voice of Spring"—

Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

The list of cricket fixtures for the season will be found further on.

The last Grand Concert under the auspices of the Abstainers' Union took place on March 9th, but the usual Thursday evening concerts will continue till the end of the month, when we may begin to look forward to the more enjoyable Garden Parties, which take the place of the Monday evening

"At Homes." We enjoyed the singing of "The Glasgow Select Choir" on 12th January, and the "Waverley Choir" deserve our sincere thanks for their splendid concert on 5th March. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Neilson and his orchestra for their truly delightful performance on 15th March.

Among the various winter entertainments were several most interesting lantern lectures. We were also honoured by having a lady lecturer, a unique occurrence in the annals of Gartnavel. Mrs. Andrew, the lecturer, gave a very interesting and instructive description of Japan, the pictures thrown on the screen depicting Japanese life and scenery being really splendid specimens of photographic art. Mr. M'Ewan lectured to us on Norway, his fine lantern views illustrating Norwegian life and the sublime scenery of that northern kingdom. Another interesting lantern lecture on Sweden was given by Mr. Samuel, secretary to our Lord Provost. Mr. Samuel showed us a number of views of Swedish scenery and towns, and also of Royal palaces and public buildings; he also related several historical incidents showing the friendly relations which formerly existed between Scotland and Sweden. The connection of Scotland with the three Scandinavian kingdoms is a most interesting subject, and we intend to refer to it in a future number of the GAZETTE. Charles V., the German Emperor, offered the whole kingdom of Norway as a marriage dowry with his niece to James V. of Scotland; while all our famous Covenanting officers were trained in the Swedish army under the great Gustavus Adolphus.

During the frosty weather the Curling Pond was in excellent condition, and lovers of the "roaring game" had a happy time.

We are pleased to hear that our old pony "Fifi" is doing well at Balfour.

with her new master, being kept hard at work. Poor "Major" misses his old companion, and often looks wistfully at the empty stable from which he is now banished.

We must not forget that the Asylum completes its "Centenary" in August next. The foundation stone of the old Asylum in Parliamentary Road was laid on the 2nd August, 1810.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed in the Church on Sabbath, April 24th, at 3 p.m.

On Monday, 21st March, we had an entertainment by our young friends the children of the Temple Parish Church Sabbath School entitled "The School Garland." The part of the "Queen" was admirably sustained by a youthful lady whose singing and regal demeanour were much admired by the appreciative audience which filled the large hall of the Asylum. The "Queen" bestowed rewards in the form of wreaths on the diligent scholars and commended their industry, while the idle and lazy scholars were reprimanded, and only received into favour on the promise of reforming their ways. The chorus singing was truly excellent, and reflects great credit on Mr. Watt, the conductor, and Miss McKay, the talented accompanist. The Rev. Mr. Carswell has good reason to be proud of his Sabbath School scholars, who sustained their different parts with great spirit.

A. N. S. M.

SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS.

Humour and her sister pathos, with an imagination allied to these—historical and domestic—that feeds upon traditions, that weeps and laughs, that shouts and sings with ordinary nature—these are our predominant æsthetic powers; and, in combination with the hard-grained, intellectual fabric of our constitution, redeem us from the reproach of metaphysical insensibility.

Harley Waddell.

"The Area Belle."

Two marked characteristics of the entertainments given by the Gartnavel Opera Company have hitherto been those of excellence and variety. This year a third attraction—the magical charm of mystery—was added. The whole affair was enveloped in a dim mist of unreality; no one knew for a fact that there was anything of the kind in process, as no hint of its nature nor of rehearsals reached the common ear of local ramour.

But in due time—on the 24th December, and, again, on 7th January—the event came off, with great success and much surprise that so important a performance could be accomplished without stir or notice.

The first half of the programme was a concert, the separate numbers of which were greatly appreciated: a piano-duet by Sister Williams and Mr. L. Morgan; two songs, charmingly sung, by Miss Ritchie; a monologue, with a pack of cards, showing the similarity of the player's chances in the Game of Life, given, with pointed effect, by Mr. R. S. Miller, in a manner and tone that revealed the speaker's sympathetic understanding of his subject.

The monologue was followed by a quaint vocal duet, "The Keys of Heaven," very beautifully sung by Sister Williams and Mr. M'Ewan; two Scottish dances, by Miss J. Ray, to the accompaniment of the bagpipes, played by Mr. Anderson. The programme was enlarged on the second performance (7th January) by the violin solos of Miss J. Cullen, who played Mozart's *Mazurka* and Schumann's *Träumerei* with ease and delicacy.

Some readers of the GARTNAVEL GAZETTE of January had been much interested to hear that a short poem by Mr. R. S. Miller, that appeared there, had been set to music by Mr. L. Morgan, and would be sung by Miss Ritchie. "Forget Me Not" was a marked number, before and after the

concert. It carried out a theory of Herbert Spencer's (which was also Plato's) that science requires that good music should be wedded to good words. The song was most adequately rendered by Miss Ritchie. We may hope for it a wide and appreciative circulation.

On both evenings, the *pièce de résistance* was "The Area Belle." The "get-up" and the setting of this little play were alike admirable. It ran with perfect smoothness, and had evidently produced a spirit of camaraderie among the players themselves, which gave them the "power to please." They all belonged to the medical faculty, which has the reputation of being, pre-eminently, the profession that includes more literary, dramatic, and all-round culture than any other, being called upon, in the exercise of its vocation, to prove adaptable to all situations, from settling an ache or a kingdom, to improving the army or constabulary.

The Belle of this Area proved quite capable of playing with three strings to her bow; keeping the three lovers well in hand, in devoted admiration of herself, and in toleration of each other during her trying absences by an exacting mistress; and carrying out their united attempts at an impromptu supper, interrupted, of course, by Mrs. Croaker, who showed herself mistress even in the startling discovery of her maid entertaining a Son of Mars and a member of the police force to a feast on her cherished cold mutton.

Dr. Morton made a capital milkman-lover, and, though kept on the string like his rivals, he comes in apparently, a winning number, at the end.

Mr. M'Ewan, who had the heavy rôle of the constable, kept up the grim humour of his part to perfection in his dialogue and action, and the song at the supper table. Mr. Miller's "Tosser" was a clever personation in his calm acceptance of his own claims and the dignity of the regimentals. The whole play went with a lively force that made it truly funny and very enjoyable.—B.W.

The Rest in the Wych-Elm. 1910.

It was upon a sunny Sunday morning, the first in March of course, that handsome, dark Corvinus, with his handsome dark mate, Corvina, went flying across, as the crow flies, from The Rookeries where they had passed the winter, to Gartnavel Hill, there to seek amongst its woods a suitable dwelling in which to take up house. We should rather say, to seek a suitable site for their dwelling; for these young creatures, so brilliant, fresh and life-like, had voted such of the old nests at The Rookeries as had come into the market that spring quite too uninteresting. Besides, Corvus Corvinus was all for The Simple Life. Indifferent to public opinion regarding what constitutes "society," yet with no longing after the fame of eccentricity, he determined to carve out for himself a rational line of life, one of reasonable independence and freedom of action, natural, simple and poetic. But in fixing upon the isolated Wych-Elm Corvinus was not actuated solely by sentiment. He had observed that, during the cold months of December, January and February, there had been an unfailing supply of excellent wheaten-bread scraps to be found in that neighbourhood, and he had profited richly by it. He had no notion of leading home a bride from one of the most affluent families at The Rookeries to this ideal home of his—just to starve her. His acute mind perceived that there is a difference between picking up a living for one and picking it up for two, not to mention the hoped-for nestful of chicks in the future. He was a prudent as well as a romantic bird; and so, after long consultation, he conducted Corvina over to the group of young elms by The Castle, in one of which they ultimately agreed to build.

Now Corvina was a bird of singular charm and elegance, who might well have reigned Queen of Beauty over a

large circle at The Rookeries, and had doubtless, at one time, had dreams of doing so. The Simple Life that Corvinus was for ever holding up did not appeal quite so forcibly to her; and it was not without a few secret regretful sighs that she coincided in his choice of a dwelling remote from the large community where her relatives were so influential. But the happy thought came to her: that she being so dearly loved, it was more than likely that she would be followed, as matron, by her circle, in which case her social triumph would be all the more brilliant. This comforted the gentle Corvina, who, we hasten to add, was really fond of work as well as play, as every honest Corvine ought to be. For her swarthy spouse she had an ardent affection; but being a bird of character, she naturally had her own individual views and tastes.

On that bright Sunday morning Corvinus alighted on the finest of the elms, and swung gaily to-and-fro to show the strength and elasticity of the branches.

"A glorious view, Corvina!" he exclaimed in the fullness of his heart.

"Very fine," she replied, "but—rather a cool and airy position, is it not?"

"I thought you would prefer a lofty *estuary* position, my dear," croaked Corvinus cheerily. "It's healthier; and we shall build a nest, you know, fit to defy the elements!"

"But on a windy night, Corvus?"

"So much the better rocked will be the cradle." Whereupon they fell joyfully to work. With the inborn genius of his race, Corvinus selected the three delicate, pliant branches to which the nest was to be unfied. He inspected them on every side; tested—and yet once again—their strength; in how far they would yield; how far stand the strain of stormy winds. With inimitable skill he placed the first sticks of the edifice, and twisted and joined and formed the framework, walking round solemnly and with

most critical eye, fifty times a day. Corvinus was a born architect: practical, yet with that sense of beauty and fitness that (in birds) secures perfection. He thought no trouble too great to secure a comfortable dwelling. Had they not the whole long summer of life before them? So day by day, and shoulder to shoulder when it was possible, they laboured, this happy couple; the nest rounding itself nicely to their entire satisfaction. They did not stop to enquire, "how many sticks go to the nest of a crow?" but flew out and in, fetched and carried, till they were tired, when they rested, had some refreshing morsels, and a little enlivening conversation. Sticks and twigs lay about in plenty; but they selected them mostly from the trees, as being durable, cracking them off and bearing them aloft with pride and joy. Corvinus tried to take the heavy end of the work; but as every lady likes to arrange her drawing room herself, Corvina had her say in the matter—the final fiat in fact. Every night they flew away to more comfortable quarters; and on their return in the morning, food of the finest quality descended daily from above upon the fine green turf by the Castle Walls.

(To be continued.)

TO S. B.

Forget me not;
To this thy fond request,
My soul throughout the ages shall respond,
Thy love shall dwell for ever in my breast—
Forget me not.
Forget me not;
Still is the wish mine own:
God surely will an ear responsive lend
Unto our mutual prayer, but this alone—
Forget me not.
Forget me not;
Dear Heart, do thou repeat
Those words, till we, though far apart are
bound
As by a chain—each link this message sweet,
Forget me not.

ASOS.

CRIDMON.

On English land in the olden time
There dwelt a lowly man,
Who never had breathed a word in rhyme,
As so many could, and can.
And many a day at many a feast,
Where the stirring harp went round,
They wondered, when all the singing had
ceased,
Why he made never a sound:
And most of all himself, as he sat,
Wrapt in a sullen gloom,
Found one thing ever to wonder at—
The cause of his silent doom.
So often before the harp was brought
He had not the heart to stay,
But rose up full of this wondering thought,
And mournfully went away.
And mostly these men of the English breed,
Born inwardly strong and stern,
Respected his sorrow, and took no heed,
When the men put by his turn:
Or cast on each other a passing glance,
That secretly seemed to say:—
"This fellow has missed his happy chance,
And so he is mute to-day."
But sometimes a pert young jacksnape
Would utter, or laugh, or jeer.
But Cridmon heeded not their japes,
And never seemed to hear.
But still he felt; and the wounded man
Would hide him away to bed,
And saute in the dark on the hidden plan
God works with the live and dead.
And once, as he lay twist waking and sleep,
A voice with a youthful ring,
Mocking but kindly, in accents deep
Said:—"Cridmon! you cannot sing!"
And silence resumed its deepest reign.
And the darkness closed its wing;
And then it broke out, that voice, again
With "Cridmon! you cannot sing!"
As oft at night the nightingale
Is silent suddenly;
As suddenly resumes its tale
Out of the tall, dark tree.
Now Cridmon was not as those who guess
Of nothing but what they see,
So he listened. The voice said, "Nevertheless
You shall sing some song to me."
We all know now of the song he sang
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,—
Words long remembered, seed that sprang
By many a hill and dell;
Deep-rooted trees, that struck and throve
In deep, strong, English soil—
The earlier Milton of our love,
Of a race that think and toil.
January 23, 1910. J. E. BARLAS.

Rounding Cape Horn in Winter.

As we cleared Port Lyttelton, New Zealand, and entered the South Pacific, our course was set due east for Cape Horn along the parallel of the "Roaring Forties." We started on our voyage in misty weather, which became stormy later on; storm and mist both continued with little intermission until we had doubled the Cape, six thousand miles from Port Lyttelton. It was winter, and we were in the "Roaring Forties."

In a steamer one is more comfortable than in a sailing-ship, but as the prevailing winds between the fortieth and sixtieth degrees are westerly, right across the South Pacific, we were rolling along most of the time with heavy seas following in our wake, and at times coming on board. As we approached Cape Horn the weather became worse, huge rolling seas stretched as far as one could see, mounting up and sinking down again. Sometimes, as the seas passed under the steamer, she would sink by the stern until one felt as if she never could come up again, a most sickening sensation.

Partly to steady the ship, the foresail, a square sail about seventy feet by thirty feet had been set. One forenoon, having gone forward under the lee of the housing beneath the bridge, I found the watch working at this sail. The wind was blowing with great violence, and the sailors were chanting and hauling on the port braces, but they could make little impression on the sail, the pressure of the wind was so great. The chief-officer then ordered the sail to be reefed, or taken in, I am not sure which.

As the men scrambled aloft and lay out right and left on the yard, the ship was rolling badly. They had got the first reefing points in hand, when crack, crack, went a portion of the iron-work supporting the yard, and immediately all the men began

scrambling for safety. One of the men at the port end of the yard seemed to lose his head and cling to the yard, those beyond him having to pass over him. There was considerable excitement until all the men were clear. The chief-officer then went aloft to examine the yard, and evidently thinking it wiser not to order the men aloft again, allowed the sail to remain as it was. Later on the yard was lowered and secured on deck.

We were now due south of Cape Horn where so many sailing ships have foundered with all hands. Probably at no other place in the world have so many ships and lives been lost. Sailing-ships of necessity require to go sufficiently far south in order safely to double the Cape, and in a season when much Antarctic ice comes north, many ships are lost with all hands. Collision with an iceberg is the most frequent cause, but sometimes a ship will simply be overwhelmed by the tremendous seas which prevail in the neighbourhood of the Cape.

After rounding Cape Horn we entered the South Atlantic, and shaped our course northward, gradually steaming into better weather. One forenoon we sighted a barque. On our approaching her we saw that she was in difficulties. Her foretop-mast and bowsprit with the sails attached were gone, but her main and mizzen masts were intact, and she carried some square sails and her mainsail reefed, as she rolled and lurched with her decks awash.

We steered to windward of her and sounded our siren. There was no response, no one on board, boats gone, and her rudder smashed. Her crew had evidently been trying to steer her by means of a huge spar, which was left towing astern. She was so waterlogged that her deck was almost flush with the sea, and the waves broke over her as she lurched helplessly from side to side. We made out her name, "W. T. Sargent, Nova Scotia." We

concluded that she must be timber-laden or she could not have remained afloat in her waterlogged condition. We steamed away wondering what had become of her crew, but hoping, as her boats were gone, that they had been taken on board some passing ship. It was a great relief when we reached the tropics and again saw the sun daily and basked in its cheering rays. Our first port of call was Rio de Janeiro, where we were glad to be on terra firma again, if only for a few days, and enjoy seeing one of the largest cities in South America, and one of the finest harbours in the world.

A. D.

Waiting.

"The petty larceny of our lives by trifles."

"Certain brief notes which I have called essays. The thing is late, but the word is ancient."—*Bacon*.

"An imperfect offer at a subject."—*Glasville*.

How much of our time is lost by waiting! And the people who keep us waiting seldom consider that they are robbing us of the most valuable and ir retrievable gift we get, the gift of time. The offenders are usually women. They will, without compunction, fritter away our time indefinitely, without a word of explanation or apology. An acquaintance will beg us to meet her at a certain minute (her time being so much occupied) with an emphatic hint for punctuality on our part. We go—it may be at some inconvenience—to the spot at the moment of time indicated, and wait ten, fifteen or twenty minutes for our friend, who comes lurching up, impatient and testy, with an unexpressed suggestiveness in her tone and manner that we are the cause of the delay in meeting, which, by her lack of courtesy and consideration, is spoiled for both of us. Or we make a casual call on a friend to find we are expected to wait (what seems to us) an uncon-

scionable time while our friend gives orders to her servants, interviews the butler or the gardener; and after this protracted trial of our patience comes sailing into the room, in imperturbable good humour, as if this larceny of our time was of no account, her own time being, as she will tell you, 'very full up,' with endless demands on it.

Now, what is the remedy for this? There are some people who, not having one idea to rub upon another, feel these dreary intervals of waiting an unmitigated nuisance, if not occasions of positive suffering. They cannot spend the unexpected vacancy in thinking, being uncertain of its duration; reading is out of the question; to sit calmly on a chair and watch with anxiety the opening of a door is a tax on a nervous constitution which should not be incurred if it can possibly be prevented.

A well known physician of the eastern metropolis, who was for the last ten years of his practice a specialist and consultant, at home and abroad, had occasionally to wait for trains at railway stations. He made a habit of using these pearls of opportunity to continue a definite line of thought; the result of which was a good sized volume of sketches and verifications that delighted not only his numerous patients, but the general public.

The late Solicitor General of Scotland had at one time a young lady in his house who corresponded regularly with a sister, in what he called "Pitman's best shorthand." Her host asked her to instruct him in the art, which he acquired sufficiently to enable him to make rapid notes of his cases when on circuit, and so saved him that time on his return.

In Gallic history we read of a waiting woman of one of the queens of France who was obliged, as a matter of duty, to be behind her mistress's chair one half hour before her appearance for dinner. This lady habitually

employed the time in compiling jottings for a volume of memoirs which was subsequently published.

The writer has a friend who eagerly avails herself of casual opportunities of waiting by settling down to a line of definite thinking in connection with any subject she may have in her mind at the time. On one occasion, lately, she arrived at a railway station to find her train steaming out of the platform, and had to wait an hour for the next. She took a seat in the waiting room, but became so deeply interested in the subject she was evolving, that she missed the train for which she waited, and found herself with another hour and fifteen minutes on her hands.

In the "Imitation" of Thomas a Kempis we are advised "Never to suffer the invaluable moments of life to steal by unimproved, leaving us in idleness and vacancy, but to be always either reading, or writing, or praying, or meditating, or employed in some useful labour for the common good."

BERTHA WEST.

The Old Town's Hospital.

IN our January number last year there appeared an illustration of the Old Town's Hospital, which was situated on the Clydeside, a little west of Stockwell Street. It was a plain three-storey building with projecting wings, and was opened on the 15th November, 1733. The insane were confined in cells in the lower flat, until the erection of the Royal Asylum in Parliamentary Road in 1810.

We had the pleasure of recently perusing a small, thin volume, published in 1737, entitled "A Short Account of the Town's Hospital in Glasgow; with the Regulations and Abstracts of the Expenses for the First Three Years." This little book was published by order of the Directors of the Hospital for the satisfaction of those who contributed to it, and for

the information of any in other places who have intentions of the like charitable foundations." Here follows a text from Proverbs: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." The little volume, which is only some seven inches long by four inches broad, and scarcely a quarter of an inch in thickness, must have been much read by the charitably disposed, as it reached a second edition. The information it contains is most interesting, particularly where an account is given of the "Apartments for people who have lost the use of their reason." We intend in a future number to place some interesting extracts from this little book before our readers.

A. N. S. M.

BALLADE

Where are the maidens of long ago,
Alice and Margaret, Maud and May,
And all the others I used to know
When life was as merry as roselay.
Three of them only are left to-day,
Whose names shall be guarded with jealous
care;

Jessie and Jean; for the other I say—
Glorious girl with the golden hair.
I know there is one who fain would tell
That Mistress Jessie alone is Queen,
And yet a second considers La Belle
To be no other than Mistress Jean.
But the pick of the bunch to me, I ween,
Of these three little maids beyond compare,
Is the loveliest lass I have ever seen,
Glorious girl with the golden hair.

O Lady mine, with your locks of gold
And your face so fair and your eyes so grey,
For want of your love my heart grows cold,
And life itself is fading away.
So should ever your thoughts on my sad soul
stray,
And you think of a fate you would like to
share,
Then, linger no more; for each hour we decay,
Glorious girl with the golden hair.

ENVOI

Princess, remember Rapszel, I pray,
And set to advantage your yellow stair,
For, I am your Prince, in truth, I say,
Glorious girl with the golden hair.

ROSE.

Along the Rhine.

A FEW years ago I had the happiness of forming one of a party of four friends who spent their summer holiday along the Rhine Valley, and I believe the reminiscences of that tour will form a not uninteresting subject for an article in this magazine. Of the various routes by which we may reach the Rhineland, the cheapest from Scotland is by steamer from Leith; but as this involves a long sea passage of upwards of forty hours, and as all of our party are but poor sailors, we prefer proceeding by way of London. A nine hours' ride on the iron way brings us to the huge metropolis of this empire; and threading its busy streets teeming with endless traffic, we reach the terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway, and are soon speeding on through the rich fields of Essex to Harwich, a seaport town on the coast, where a steamer is in waiting to convey us across the German Ocean. Fortunately the sea is calm, so that we are saved the distressing nausea of sea sickness, and early morning finds us entering one of the numerous channels by which the River Scheldt reaches the sea. The navigation of this river is very difficult; and so when we are off the fishing village of Flushing, we receive on board a bronze visaged pilot, who for the next six or seven hours has supreme command of the vessel. This part of our journey is extremely uninteresting. The banks of the river are low, and lined with long reeds, and the country around is flat, the only objects rising above the general level being the steeple of a distant church, or the arms of a windmill lazily flapping in the morning breeze. By and bye, the elegantly proportioned spire of Antwerp Cathedral comes into view, and then the cathedral itself, rising far above the other buildings of the town. When at length the steamer is moored alongside the quay, the *douaniers* or custom-

house officers, dressed in canvas trousers and dark green surcoats with brass buttons, commenced their work of examining the passengers' luggage. Unless in the case of the heavy baggage, a simple declaration by the traveller that he has nothing liable to pay duty is usually sufficient for ensuring his bag being chalked with the necessary pass mark, and his being allowed to go on shore. In this respect continental custom-house officers seem to be much more easily satisfied than our own, who not unfrequently insist on one's bag being opened up for examination. On stepping ashore, our ears are assailed on every side by a language totally different from our own, which strikes one so forcibly that we can understand the exclamation of the lowland Scot, who, having returned from a visit to the Highlands, and relating the wonders he had there seen and heard, said, "Na, what's maist extraordinary, the *corra weans* talk in Gaelic." In passing through the town, we are reminded by a statue of Rubens in the market place, that we are in the native city of the great Flemish painter, whose grand work, "The Descent from the Cross" is to be seen in the Cathedral; but as some religious service was going on at the time, and as our time was limited, we were denied the pleasure of obtaining a view of it. Though we arrive at the railway station upwards of half an hour before the time advertised for the departure of the train, we are at once supplied with our tickets, a plan which prevents that crowding and confusion which is so common with us at the railway stations in large towns. Having received our tickets, on which the fare is always marked in plain figures, we are not allowed to go on the platform, but are shown into a waiting room having glass doors which open on the platform. These doors are not opened until the train has arrived at the station, and the passengers coming out have all descended. To a Briton,

this seems rather an interference with one's personal liberty, but it certainly secures order and comfort, and lessens the chance of accidents. The contingents differ from us, too, in their method of collecting the tickets. While the train is in motion the guards go round the carriages, call aloud the name of the next stopping place, and collect the tickets of all who intend going out at that station. In this way there is no possibility of the railway company being defrauded, or of passengers being taken to a place different from that they intended; but a larger number of guards is required than on our railways. But during this digression on railways we are speeding on to the south-eastward, and at length pass Malines, the centre of the Belgian railway system, and reach Liège on the Meuse, the great continental Birmingham, the district round which, with its mines and forges and smoke, reminds us of the iron districts of our own land. The examination of our baggage at a small roadside station makes us aware that we have left behind the little Kingdom of Belgium; and the presence of the split eagle, which we now see at every station, apprises us that we are in the dominions of the renowned Kaiser of Germany. On we speed towards Aix-la-Chapelle, the birthplace and favourite residence of the famous Charlemagne, and at length we reach Cologne, the most important of the many towns situated on the banks of the famous Rhine. The great attraction of Cologne is its magnificent cathedral, which has been seen by us from the window of our carriage for many miles before we reach the city. Though its foundation was laid as far back as 1248, it was not finished until after the last Franco-German war, and it is now one of the finest places of worship on the continent. I was much struck with one sight which I witnessed at Cologne. At the early hour of half-past seven in the morning a procession

of school children, headed by their teachers, emerged from the cathedral, where they had been at divine service, and following each other, two by two, they wended their way through the streets to their different day schools. From the fact that they seemed to attract no notice whatever, were dressed in their every day attire, and were all carrying with them their slates and school books, I concluded that this was their usual practice. Their teachers seemed not to watch them in the slightest, yet the children were most quiet in their manners, and orderly in their behaviour, in which respect, I could not help thinking, they would contrast not unfavourably with many of our children at home. But I have spent so long in reaching the Rhine, that I shall defer to give an account of our further tour along the Rhine itself to a later article.

W. L.

A Sail in the "Columbia."

WE are now looking forward to the holiday season, and visions of pleasant trips by sea and land arise in our minds. "Doon the Watter," is the constant expression heard on the lips of the multitude of toilers who are "saving up for the Fair." A sail in the truly palatial steamer "Columbia" is certainly an event to be remembered with pleasure. The Clyde steamers are famous all the world over; but for comfort, indeed, we may say almost regal luxury, the MacBrayne steamers carry off the palm.

If you are an early riser, you can board the "Columbia" at the Broomielaw, from which she sails at 7 o'clock in the morning, or you can take the train to Princes Pier and board her two hours later. By starting from the Broomielaw, however, you have a splendid panoramic view of the various shipbuilding yards which line the banks of the river, and also of many

places famous in song and story before you arrive at Dumbarton, a fortress so celebrated in Scottish history, and at one time looked upon as the key to the west coast. We have the authority of the late Duke of Argyll for declaring that the scenery on the Firth of Clyde surpasses that of the much sung Rhine; but, as the poet says, "far-off fowls hae feathers fair." But we are going "doon the watter," and pass Dumoon with the rather meagre ruins of its ancient castle, and Highland Mary's statue, which, by the way, looks rather black from the steamer. Someone remarked, "Poor Mary, why don't they wash her?" We round Toward Point with its white lighthouse, and sweep into Rothesay Bay, also famous in song. A very short call at Rothesay, which its inhabitants love to call the "Queen of Scottish watering-places," and then we direct our course to the beautiful Kyles of Bute. We now reach lovely Colinton, and after a few minutes' stay at the pier to land trippers, we pass through the Bont Islands, on one of which is an ancient vitrified fort. Then we pass the mouth of lovely Loch Ridden, which is guarded by the historic island of Eilan Dhaig, which the great Macaulay mentions in his history in connection with the invasion of the unfortunate Monmouth and his equally unfortunate confederate the Marquis of Argyll, both of whom perished on the scaffold. Sailing round the end of Bute we enter Loch Fyne, and after calling at Tarbert reach our destination at Ardrishaig. A more delightful sail could hardly be imagined, and we recommend our readers to try it.

A. N. S. M.

Literary composition is the most exhaustive to which a human being can apply himself.—*Alex. Smith.*

Without discretion learning is polantry and wit impertinence, and virtue itself looks like weakness.—*Addison.*

There is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice.—*Addison.*

Cricket Fixtures, 1910.

April 30	Amiesland United	...	Home
May 7	Airdrie	...	"
" 14	Golfhill	...	"
" 21	Lennox Castle	...	"
" 28	Hamilton Crescent F.P.'s.	...	"
June 4	Rutherglen	...	"
" 11	Glenoch Academicals	...	"
" 15	Westbank	...	"
" 18	Gartloch	...	Gartloch
" 22	University	...	Home
" 25	Stirling District Asylum	...	"
July 2	Pulse XI.	...	"
" 9	Ballieston	...	"
" 16	FAIR SATURDAY.	...	"
" 23	Dumbarton	...	"
" 29	Bellhill	...	"
Aug. 6	Mayfield	...	"
" 13	Gartloch	...	"
" 20	Richmond	...	"
" 27	Kentworth	...	"
Sept. 3	Kirkintilloch	...	"

Football.

OUR short but enjoyable season is nearing the end, and if it has not been as good as we might have wished, it has at least been far from a failure, as the following results show:—

Goals				
Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For Against
6	3	2	1	23 10

We were very pleased to notice the amount of interest that was taken in the games, as without interest no game is of much good, except perhaps to those who are taking an active part in it.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Miller for his work in connection with getting matches fixed up, and also for assisting us on the field, where he was no novice, despite the fact that he had not played for a long time. Let us hope we shall have better weather for cricket than we had during the most part of our football season.—W. B. L.

Poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, and gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens a consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble.—*Channing.*

Bohemian Villages.

WHEN an Austrian cannot distinguish one thing from another he uses the phrase "das sind mir Cómische Dörfer"—that is, "they are Bohemian villages to me." The reason of this is not only that there is a great deal of sameness about Bohemian villages, and that their names are often so ridiculously alike, but that there is such a number of them. They are, in fact, so close as to, almost, encroach upon each other. Added to this is the sameness of their surroundings in the particular part of Bohemia of which I am writing. The country is as flat as a pancake with its edge upturned!

Picture to yourself an almost endless moor, through which roads have been made that sometimes describe huge curves to avoid dangerous places. These roads are monotonous, but well-kept, and bordered with either poplars or horse chesnuts. As you walk along you see hamlets on all sides, but you cannot tell to which particular one your crooked road will take you. Suddenly you find that it is not to any of those you were looking at, but first to one that appears to rise suddenly out of the ground. It stands quite low, the little houses half hidden by ancient birch trees, the little church close to the inn in the centre. The road, so well-kept in the open country, has now often a lining of dung heaps by way of pavement. They fill up the space between the road and the fronts of the houses. On the top of them you see a merrily crowing cock, surrounded by his hens; down below in the puddle are ducks. No villager is without his pigeon house; and the more, the merrier—they are usually erected in the centre of the courtyard, or hung up on the wall.

As you proceed through the village a fat pig passes in front of you, grunting—no one seems to be looking after it; more care seems to be taken of the geese: each larger village has a goose

herd for them. As he passes through the main street in the morning the geese waddle to him from all sides and follow him; he passes out to some marshy piece of ground and there spends the day; he receives two keller (not quite a farthing) apiece for a day, and no food. In the evening the goose-herd returns to the village, and one after another of his flock drops off as it reaches its home.

There is usually a pond, sometimes there are two or three, close to the village. In one place three little cottages stand in the moor and can only be reached by crossing a pond on a narrow wooden bridge.

The houses mostly have red-tiled roofs and are all very low. The older ones are built of grey stone, curiously intermixed with wooden beams or posts, which are painted green, red, or brown. These beams form various patterns on the fronts of the houses, and have very often as their centre piece a large crucifix. Somewhere near the front door one frequently sees an iron cross, such as are used on the graves of the poor all over Austria. Again, you find one out in the open field, away from everything. There is usually the inscription on it, "To the praise of Jesus Christ," or "Praised be the Holy Trinity." In Carinthia and Styria such crosses are put up to mark the places where fatal accidents have occurred, but in Bohemia they seem a form of continual supplication for protection, or an offering of thanksgiving.

The villagers of German Bohemia are quiet, hardworking people, nothing of the "Bohemian" about them. Speaking of their honesty, one man told me that he had sometimes left baskets of fruit, just covered with paper, in the market all night, and came back in the morning to find them untouched. "Of course," he added, "the strangers do not get up so early."

M. S. W.