

## **Gartnavel Gazette**

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**THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE**

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



New Series.                      **OCTOBER, 1913.**                      No. 42.

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**Notes.**

**S**UMMER is gone! The rains have come. The leaves are beginning to fall to the grass. The nights are chill. The days are drawing shorter and shorter, as the sun steals steadily southward. The stumps have been drawn for the last time; the rackets are laid away; there is silence, where once the balls clicked merrily on the green. Summer is gone. But winter is coming! Winter, with its brisk air, its cheery fires, the merry times on snow and ice without, the long mirthful evenings within! The seasons change. But each, in its time, is the best.

It was with regret that we learned of the resignation of Dr. Marshall, who is leaving us after five years' service as Senior Assistant Medical Officer. Dr. Marshall has been something more than an able

physician. A keen sportsman, and, to those of us who have had the pleasure of knowing him intimately, a sincere friend, his place will be hard to fill. In the name of all the residents at Gartnavel, patients and staff, we offer him our best wishes for his future career.

In Dr. Marshall's place, Dr. Donald Ross, late Assistant Physician at Morningside, has joined the staff. We extend to him a hearty welcome, and trust that he will find his stay amongst us both pleasant and profitable.

The summer holidays of 1913 seem to have been quite as successful and enjoyable as those of the past, as witness the following letter which we have received from R.B.M. :—

"On a fine day in July, we left Gartnavel for our annual holiday,

Earlsferry, in Fife, being our destination. The air there is very bracing; the scenery around is lovely; and there are beautiful walks in abundance. Cliff House is an ideal residence, with large airy rooms, comfortable and convenient. Attendant Jenner looked admirably after our outward needs, and the inner ones were attended to by an excellent cook in the kitchen. The neighbourhood around is a romantic and historic one; and we had many interesting views of it, while driving around by St. Monans, Colinsburgh, and Kilconquhar. We, all of us, thoroughly enjoyed ourselves; and I speak for all when I express our thanks to Attendant Jenner for the care and attention with which he looked after our requirements."

The bowlers have had a splendid season. With practically no rain to spoil the turf, the green has been in excellent condition right through the summer, and has been taken advantage of to the fullest. Two matches were played with other Clubs. In the first, our visitors were the "booblers" of the Hillhead Post Office, whom, after a keen encounter, we vanquished by a majority of 17 shots. The other engagement was with Woodland Bowling Club, who proved too strong for us. Gartnavel fought gamely, but had to submit to defeat by 13 shots.

Dr. Keer, who left us during the summer, has been appointed Resident Medical Officer in Kilmarnock Infirmary. We congratulate Dr. Keer on her new appointment, and wish her all success.

The croquet greens have been well patronised during the summer. For the most part play was confined to the ladies, the sterner sex apparently

preferring tennis and golf to the game of the balls and hoops. A large number of both sexes, however, entered for the annual tournament. Play was by mixed doubles, and no fewer than sixteen couples entered. After a number of strenuous contests in the earlier rounds, the final tie fell to be fought out between four of the best players in Gartnavel. So evenly were the couples matched, that close on four hours were spent in scientific play, before one of the pairs managed to assume a definite lead. In the end the cup and first prizes were won by Sister Salmund and Dr. L., the second prizes going to Miss, D. and Dr. Marshall.

We were visited, one day in August, by a party of some forty Russian physicians, who had been attending the Medical Congress in London. All were particularly interested in psychiatry, and they had come north specially to visit the Scottish asylums, of whose merits and advanced methods they had heard and read a great deal. What they saw appeared to exceed even their expectations. They candidly admitted that not in St. Petersburg, Moscow, nor in any of the cities of Russia, were there to be found such admirable institutions as ours in Scotland. Gartnavel was more like a big hotel, they vowed, than anything else they could think of. *Vive l'Ecosse!*

Tennis, like all the other out-door games this summer, profited by the glorious weather of July and August. The courts were in excellent trim, hard and firm; and few were the afternoons or evenings which did not see keen games in progress on the blaize. Two "American" tournaments were held, with unqualified success. Both were favoured

with excellent weather, brilliant sunshine setting everyone at once in the best of spirits. There was a large entry of players on each occasion, nine couples competing in the first tournament and seven in the second. The prizes on the first afternoon were won by (1st) Mrs. M. and Dr. Marshall, (2nd) Miss G. and Dr. Black. On the other, the winners were (1st) Dr. Keer and Mr. A., (2nd) Miss L. Y. and Mr. May.

We have to congratulate the following members of the staff who have passed the Medico-Psychological examination, and have obtained the certificate of Proficiency in Mental Nursing:—

Nurse Elizabeth G. Miller.  
" Morag Murray.  
" Margaret B. Macleod.  
" Elizabeth G. M'Kechnie.

The following have passed the Junior Examination:—

Nurse Jean Townsend Andrew.  
" Jane P. Britten.  
" Mary Frater.  
" Mildred B. Jack.  
" Catherine K. Leitch.  
" Dolina Morrison.  
" Margaret M. Macaulay.  
" Isabella K. Mackenzie.  
" Harriet M'Lean.  
Attendant Patrick M'Manus.  
" Duncan Turner.

#### Cricket.

THE cricket season is over for another year; and, in the October issue of the GAZETTE, it is customary to write a eulogy, or otherwise, upon the doings of the team during the season. To dwell upon the otherwise side of the subject would not be giving the team justice, but an unqualified eulogy again would be equally unfair to our opponents. It is therefore somewhat difficult to write

a review upon cricket at Gartnavel this summer.

The season was very patchy. Our beginning was auspicious and augured well, despite the wet weather. Indeed, the slow wickets were our salvation, for the prophecies which we made in the last number of the GAZETTE, as to the improvement which would result in the play of the side with the advent of the dry weather, turned out to be hopelessly incorrect. We had no wet-wicket bowler, yet during the first half of the season we won nearly all our matches, thanks to some excellent bowling of Frost and the batting of Schofield.

As the wickets got harder, in inverse ratio, the play of the team got worse, and our bowlers went off form, with the exception of Frost, whose consistency was one of the features of the summer.

Our batting was fairly good, but scrappy, and it never absolutely broke down, except in the game against Gartloch, when it went to pieces in a most inexplicable fashion, the team making less than four runs a man. Thus did another prophecy of ours in the last number go by the board.

A word must be said about the fielding of the team, which, if matches are to be won, must be improved. Rank had fielding threw away several games, the catching and ground work both being faulty. The shortness of the boundaries makes smart work in the field imperative at Gartnavel, and the lesson was repeated too often to be pleasant during the past season. So much for the gloomy side of things.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that we won as many matches as we lost and our aggregate was higher than that of our opponents.

The captain is to be congratulated upon the sporting spirit of the side, who, winning or losing, always played

the game in a manner creditable to themselves and the House.

Our captain, Dr. Marshall, is leaving us, and in him Gartnavel cricket loses a valuable asset. He was a skilful and pains-taking skipper and a true sportsman.

Next season the team will be captained by Dr. Ross, whose athletic reputation assures us he will make a worthy successor.

RECORD FOR SEASON 1913.

Played.	Wns.	Lost.	Drawn.	Runs For.	Against.
18	8	8	2	1431	1295

#### BATTING AVERAGES.

Player.	Innings.	not out.	Score.		Runs.	Average.
			High.	Total.		
D. Schofield,	16	0	62	295	1841	114.44
T. Somerville,	13	1	51*	140	11765	90.50
S. Frost,	16	0	46	154	982	61.37
Mr. A.—	17	0	27	103	959	56.35
A. J. Gibson,	17	0	29	137	806	47.41
Dr. Marshall,	13	0	23	74	576	44.31

\* Not out.

#### BOWLING AVERAGES.

Player.	Overs.	Maid's.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
S. Frost,	1594	28	396	66	600
D. Schofield,	1134	38	362	43	792
L. Jenner,	362	6	95	9	1055
Mr. A.—	43	6	136	11	1236

### Gartnavel Sports.

THE Annual Sports were held on Fair Saturday. The weather was everything that could be wished for; and a large gathering enjoyed an excellent display of interesting and exciting athletics. Every event in the lengthy programme was keenly contested. After Dr. Oswald had congratulated the winners and thanked those whose generous efforts had contributed so greatly to the success of the afternoon, principally Mr. Waddell, Mr. Barr, and Mr. Wilson, the prizes were gracefully presented by Dr. Keer.

The following are the results.

#### LADIES' FLAT RACE.

1. Miss T. L.—

2. Miss F.—

#### ASSISTANT MATRON'S RACE.

1. Dr. Keer.

2. Sister Minty.

#### NURSES' FLAT RACE.

1. Nurse Gould.

2. Nurse Chalmers.

#### MAIDS' FLAT RACE.

1. Nettie Allan.

2. Maggie Wilson.

#### GIRLS' FLAT RACE.

1. Annie Barclay.

2. Mary McDonald.

#### GENTLEMEN'S FLAT RACE.

1. Dr. Black.

2. Mr. Gibson.

#### ATTENDANTS' FLAT RACE.

1. Attendant Higgins.

2. Attendant Schofield.

#### BOYS' FLAT RACE.

1. J. Waddell.

2. W. Wilson.

#### TROWING THE CRICKET BALL.

1. Attendant Frost.

2. Attendant Ballantyne.

#### BOYS' WHEELBARROW RACE.

1. J. Waddell and E. Wilson.

#### CHILDREN'S RACE.

1. Ina Ross.

2. May Waddell.

#### ATTENDANTS' TUG-OF-WAR.

West House beat East House.

#### NURSES' TUG-OF-WAR.

East House beat West House.

#### MAIDS' TUG-OF-WAR.

West House beat East House.

#### GIRLS' SKIPPING ROPE RACE.

1. Mary McDonald.

2. Annie Barclay.

#### THREE-LEGGED RACE.

Mr. A.— and Attendant Turner.

#### OBSTACLE RACE.

1. Dr. Black.

2. Attendant Higgins.

#### EGG AND SPOON RACE.

1. Nurse Bell.

2. Miss T. L.—

#### SACK RACE.

1. Mr. R.—

2. Mr. A.—

#### BLINDFOLD RACE.

1. Mr. R.— and Nurse M'Kechnie.

2. Mr. Gibson and Dr. Keer.

#### TREADING THE NEEDLE RACE.

1. Nurse Bell and Att. Schofield.

2. Dr. Robertson and Mr. Gibson.

#### RELAY RACE.

1. Nurse Bell, Miss M'Donald, Attendant Schofield and Attendant Higgins.

#### FIVE-A-SIDE FOOTBALL.

East House, 6 goals; West House 4 goals.

### Sea Memories.

WIE EIN SCHIFF AUF DEM MEERE.

I.

*Rident aquora ponti.*—LUCR.

A ship upon the glistening sea  
Before the trade winds flying free,  
Her sails like silver in the light,  
An equal motion day and night.

The silence and the stars at night,  
The phosphorescent, flashing light,  
No sound but tapping of a rope  
Upon the mast or deck-house cope,

Or yard complaining of the sail,  
Or water rippling 'neath the rail;  
In all the world besides you'd miss  
A like experience to this.

II.

*Placidum mare.*—CATULLUS.

But when the Trades have ceased to be,  
For days a calm is on the sea;  
Dark clouds the far horizon flank,  
The lazy swell rolls bank on bank.

The sailors watch the rising swell  
They know its stormy pressure well;  
The main and mizen mast they strip  
Of every inch of canvas, trip

About the deck, and fast belay  
Whatever would be swept away  
By waves, which leap the rail and run  
Along the ship's waist, ton on ton.

Then each man, at his station back,  
Awaits the coming tempest wrack.  
The ship, upon the restless swell,  
Heaves quietly, and all seems well.

III.

*Telluræ in cœlum curvato gurgite, et idem  
Subducta ad Mænes imos descendimus unda.*—VIRG.

A moment and she forward bounds  
Like startled stag that hears the hounds;  
The wild wind in the rigging sings;  
Each iron hook and circle rings.

The storm-king, shadowing with his wings,  
His shouting legions onward brings;  
Like wired poles, the tall masts' hum;  
The voice of man is stricken dumb.

The shrouds before the full blast shriek;  
We hear the captain's trumpet speak;  
Leaps round the ship the foaming sea;  
She flies for life and liberty.

Now groans she, by the storm oppress,  
The wind blows fiercely from the west,  
Then changes to the quarter beam,  
Where loud the stormy petrels scream.

The inkly rollers, flecked with yeast,  
Like heaving mountains, streaming east,  
Behind the vessel, lowering, tower—  
They mock at man and all his power.

For days before the tempest's wrath  
The wave-swept ship will keep her path;  
Night falls upon the darkened sea—  
A thousand miles from land are we.

The toiling ship, as up a wall,  
Climbs the steep rollers, but to fall  
In the abyss; the green seas break  
In thunder, and the deck beams quake.

The vessel sinks beneath the blow,  
Then rises, as the waters flow  
Out through the ports, and faster flees  
Across the wild and trackless seas.

IV.

*Polagi congenibus undis.*—CAT.

But when has ceased the furious gale,  
The sailors quickly bend each sail  
To catch the fatal, following breeze,  
And save the ship from the crossing seas.

J.M.C.

### Fifty Years Ago.

From THE GLASGOW HERALD of  
Saturday, September 12, 1863.

#### GARTNAVEL ASYLUM CONCERTS.—

On Thursday evening the first of these entertainments for the present season, under the auspices of the Glasgow Abstinents' Union, took place at Gartnavel. They have now been held at monthly intervals for six successive winters.

The visitors were received by Dr. Mackintosh and Mrs. Mapleson, the matron.

At the conclusion of the concert dancing was engaged in. For some time Mr. George Roy, in attending these

concerts, has acted as Master of Ceremonies, and in recognition of his services one of the lady patients, on behalf of the others in the West House, presented him with a smoking cap and a pair of slippers, accompanied by a short address.

### Coming Events.

Tuesday, 30th September—Staff Dance.  
Thursday, 9th October—First Weekly Concert and Dance.  
Monday, 13th October—First Fortnightly "At Home."  
Wednesday, 22nd October—First Grand Concert.  
Saturday, 1st November—Cinematograph Entertainment.  
Wednesday, 19th November—Second Grand Concert.  
Saturday, 20th November—Cinematograph Entertainment.  
Wednesday, 17th December—Third Grand Concert.  
Saturday, 20th December—Cinematograph Entertainment.

Christmas and New Year Entertainments will be announced in the next number of the GAZETTE.

### Songs of Cities.

By ORLANDO.

#### III.—ABERDEEN.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Along the world's broad rim I've run,  
And viewed the biggest and the best  
Of all the towns beneath the sun;  
I've travelled far in every clime,  
In cities great, in cities mean,  
But, ah, up to the present time  
I've never got to Aberdeen.

Oh, Aberdeen is rich and rare  
And blest with all that heart could wish—  
Economists are rampant there,  
And rampant too, the smell of fish;  
And though her speech breaks all the laws  
Of all the tongues that e'er have been,  
I feel an arrant fool because  
I've never got to Aberdeen.

Attendant, sister, nurse,—there's none,  
From John o' Groats to Timbuctoo,  
But grooves, beneath whatever sun,  
Connected, Aberdeen, with you;  
They scour the world on healing bent,  
Aches vanish where their smile is seen;  
And so I'll never rest content  
Until I've got to Aberdeen.

I own I never would have guessed  
That such a charming place could be,  
Or that my native land possessed  
So rich a nurses' nursery—  
Indeed, I more than half surmise  
That, though the greenest of the green,  
I'll get a thumping big surprise  
When once I get to Aberdeen.

### A Forgotten Book

(Concluded).

THE following invocation was written by a patient in the Crichton Institute:—

"Dieu de tous les siècles! Dieu devant qui s'incline l'orgueil de l'homme, je ne te demande pas de longs jours. C'est toi qui les donnes, à toi de les reprendre! Je compte cependant sur ta bonté, et je me trouve heureux de pouvoir bénir encore la main que me châtie. Dans l'orgueil de mon cœur aveugle, je me suis jeté dans le gouffre du péché; je croyais, insensé, pouvoir échapper à ta loi! Oh! toi, mon père, mon juge, mon ami, écoute la prière du pécheur, vois-le à genoux devant toi! Achève l'oeuvre de ta clémence, pardonne à mon repentir! Oui chétif et méchant, j'ai outragé ta puissance et ta bonté! Je n'ose me tenir en ta présence! Roi des rois, tu remplis l'univers de ta magnificence! Devant toi, la plus pur des créatures, le seraphim se voile de ses ailes. Mais, grand Dieu! laisse tomber mon front obscuré; alors grandiront mon espoir, ma foi, mon bonheur! Eclairé, ô mon Dieu, la raison d'un pénitent qui te le demande à genoux."

The writer of the above also wrote these lines on the romance of faithful hearts:—

"The mountain is beautiful in her summer garb, the wood is carpeted with flowers, birds twitter among the leaves, and wild flowers open their hearts to the bees and perfume the air near the sparkling streamlet in the dale. But of what value is that to the heart which has been buffeted about and blighted by sorrow? She, whom he so fondly loved and who ought to have remained ever faithful, has forgotten her vows. When the sea separates us from the one who had our confidence how can we express our grief? But if she be faithful, if tenderness still warm her heart, then how her return will bring happiness and intoxicating joy. If, on the other hand, her heart has become indifferent and has forgotten us in spite of the caresses of the wind and the azure smiles of the ocean, what suffering could be greater than that of the heart in its widowhood? How dreary the field looks when enveloped in a shroud of snow, but how infinitely more dreary is the heart which has ceased to love. Life then is darker than winter. The sight of hawthorn hedges, those emblems of an eternal love, brings tears to the eyes. Fortune may be fickle, misfortune may ruin us and sorrow crush us, but if love remain we still have the most precious possession. Yes, if love revive after days of adversity then the light of an immortal hope will gladden the heart. Who will give me that humble and solitary cottage which I see in the field near the brook? There I shall find a sympathetic heart. There one does not desire the pomp of palaces with their deceiving pleasures. In this mountain valley love gives to faithful hearts her richest treasures."

An advertisement which appeared in the magazine called the *New*

*Moon*—"Wanted as soon as possible, if not sooner, some editors capable of writing the leading articles without giving offence to any nation!"

Here are two translated from the GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

(1) Un desideratum. L'éditeur de ce journal offre le titre de baron à quiconque découvrira, soit dans les sciences physiques ou métaphysiques, soit dans les régions physiologiques ou psychologiques, un instrument destiné à maintenir dans de justes limites, à gouverner et à brider, comme fait le mors d'un cheval, les sentiments, les élans et la fougue du cerveau humain.

(2) Pour un trône, qu'il serait indiscret de nommer en ce moment, on demande un empereur ou un roi bien au courant des affaires. Il est inutile que le czar de Russie réponde à cette annonce.

The following words, written many years ago, suggest the breathless hurry of modern rag-time!

No more scheming,  
No more dreaming,  
No more seeming,  
I am sure,  
My path is bright,  
My heart is light,  
Now all is right,  
And secure,  
Plans are ending,  
Now I'm spending,  
Time is blending,  
Into one  
The wishes sweet,  
Which seem to greet  
Love's joyous feet,  
His journey done,  
Now the altar!  
How I falter!  
What a halter!  
Ah, I'm caught!  
Jane is pretty,  
Somewhat witty,  
Rather gitty,  
I think too,  
Has my smoking,  
And my joking,  
Now this croaking  
Will not do.

H.S.K.

## THE IRISH FREE-LANCE.

Have ye heard Pat Murphy's home agin?  
He's there at the shloosen,  
A-washin' down his throbbles wid a  
mouthful o' potheen;  
He's been in Rooris, Turkey, an' the other  
places too;  
An' he's been in all the wars that was,  
where foughin' was to do.

He was wounded wid a power o' things,  
and picked oop by a friend  
Jus' like a half-dead hedge-hog, wid all its  
knives an' end;  
But Murphy thinks o' swords and knives,  
as you wad o' a pin,  
An' they picked the bayonets out o' him,  
while the barber shaved his chin!

He's brought back curiosities, queer  
knives an' guns galore,  
Wid turbans, an' wid scarves enough fur to  
set oop a shiore;  
He's turned the colleens' heads, he has, wid  
the silken shpotts he took,  
An' his own has got the jacket on o' a dead  
Bashi-Bazook.

He talks o' trenches, batteries, o' ravelins  
an' redoubts,  
O' shtormin' parties rushin' on wid angry  
furrin' sheets,  
O' cannon, that can kill ye dead six miles  
at laist, away,  
O' burstin' shells, an' ringin' bells, an'  
scerres at break o' day.

The corpses was so thick wan toime, he  
could not shtep between,  
But he thravelled cloimbin' over them, an'  
ruars things there he seen—  
Sich loads o' silks an' jewelled swords he  
left there on his track,  
Because he couldn't cloimb the hapes wid  
sich things on his back.

But he's met his match already, bhoys, in  
the Otrish village here,  
For he toald a shitory o' furrin gals, that  
reached the colleen's ear,  
An', you lay, she's made him smart fur  
it, an' almost made him cry,  
An', arter fifteen months o' waar, he's got  
his first black eye.

But they're good friends now as iver, an'  
she's weepin' on his neck,  
Quite sorry-loike for what she's done, ter  
make her bhoys a wreck;  
An' she's spongin' it wid good potheen, ter  
take away the shtain,  
An' he's gradgin' it the whisky, which he's  
payin' for wid pain.

An' to-morrow they'll be married, for his  
riverence, the priest,  
Says he wouldn't lave the two alone fur a  
fortnight now at laist,  
An' the cabbage an' the bacon, bhoys,  
we'll ate then at the loonch!  
An' we'll drink Pat Murphy's party bride  
in a good shiff glass o' poonch!

JOHN EVELYN BARLAS.  
14th July, 1913.

## Cruise on a Barque.

AFTER a long, though interesting,  
journey by train to Falmouth, I  
joined the British barque "——"  
'Twas the summer time, and the  
weather was all that could be  
desired. If anything it was too fine,  
for a sailing ship is apt to get  
becalmed, as ours did a day or two  
after we were out.

Falmouth Bay is a very beautiful  
sight at any time, but especially so  
was it on the evening that I saw it for  
the first time. Lying out in the bay  
were half a dozen three and four-  
masted ships, with their pretty white  
sails gleaming. Norwegian, French  
and German ships were there. At  
one time they had all been British,  
but they had been sold in recent  
years to foreigners. Our good old  
barque was sold to Norwegians,  
subject to safe arrival. Pretty yachts  
were sailing out and in; fishing  
smacks were all around; and for a  
background were the hills of Pen-  
dennis, with Saint Anthony's Light-  
house opposite.

As I had to spend two days at  
Falmouth, I greatly enjoyed going  
out and in in the motor boat, and  
then scaling the rope ladder on to the  
ship. It was great fun. Sometimes  
a wave would rush along, and topple  
the boat as I stood with one foot on  
the ladder and the other in the boat.  
But I soon learned to be quick  
enough to escape a shower bath.

At last all was ready, pilot aboard,  
and tugs alongside. The anchor was  
hoisted, and slowly we sailed away,

amidst cheers and the singing of  
farewell "chanties" by the crews  
of a French and an English ship,  
which were waiting patiently for  
their turn to go. Their richly  
musical voices echoed over the  
moonlit waters, and our crew re-  
sponded cheerily.

The next excitement was the  
casting off of tugs and pilot. There  
were sails to set, ropes to loosen and  
tighten, and charts to inspect. Then  
a shaking of hands. "Good bye,"  
and the pilot and tugs left us just  
outside of the lighthouse.

I shall never forget that glorious  
night, my first night at sea. Every-  
thing was awe-inspiring, the beauty  
of the starry sky, the flapping of the  
canvas sails, and the dashing of the  
waves against the ship. It was  
beautiful to see the different lights  
as we sailed along, some of them  
revolving, some flashing, and some  
steady. Then there were the lights  
of the Isle of Wight, and the ships  
of the Channel Fleet. And Saint  
Catherine's great search light  
followed us as we went.

When I got on deck, next morning  
early, the Isle of Wight was far  
behind, quite out of sight. And, by  
breakfast time, fog had come down,  
thick fog which lasted for nearly  
twenty-four hours. Not realising  
how dangerous fog is to shipping  
in the channel, I am afraid that I  
thoroughly enjoyed the experience.  
But, with sirens and horns sounding  
on every hand, the master and mates  
were heartily glad when the haze  
lifted. The channel, always busy,  
seemed exceptionally so with the  
many warships passing us. During  
the fog, one expected any moment a  
shell to land on our ship's deck, so  
continuously did they boom along  
the sea.

As the ship was heavily laden with  
grain, you may be sure there were

crowds of rats in the holds. They  
very wisely stayed there; all but two,  
one of which came regularly every  
night to the saloon door. The other  
got right up in a corner of my room  
door, and it tried my patience very  
much, having to wait till it went  
outside. Horrid-looking things they  
were, and so big. I learned that it  
was water the two wanted, so a dish  
of water was set down at the door  
each night after that.

Nearly all day on Sunday, we  
beat about the coast off Brighton,  
just up and down, there being no  
wind to carry us along. The next  
day we were tacking over on the  
French coast, and were hailed by a  
number of fishing boats. One boat,  
with six or eight men, came alongside.  
A rope ladder was put down; and  
like lightning, the leader was on  
board our barque, making his way aft  
to interview the captain. They  
turned out to be fishermen from  
Boulogne, and had been on the sea  
for several days. Their provisions  
were at an end, so they bartered with  
us for fresh water, salt beef, and  
biscuits, giving in return oysters,  
crabs, and mackerel. They looked for  
all the world like pirates, and would  
have made fine studies for an artist.  
Unfortunately I had not even my  
little Brownie with me.

The fresh fish were such a treat,  
that I thought I might catch some  
myself. I am sorry to say that, after  
several hours of patient manoeuvring,  
I only succeeded in catching one  
saith and one eel. And just an  
ordinary eel, not even a French one.

Shortly after this, we passed the  
Goodwins; and glad I was when we  
were safely past them, so melancholy  
it was to hear the bell of the famous  
light-ship tolling its warning to  
mariners. To make matters seem  
more serious, the cook, whom I  
happened to speak to, said, "Miss,

many a good ship has been wrecked on the Goodwins. If this barge drifts on to them, everything is up with us." At dinner table, I repeated cookie's remarks, and was asked if I did not know that he was a regular Jonah.

Passing Dover, we saw the five-masted German ship "Preussen," which was wrecked there a few months before. Looking so forlorn, the waves dashing over its deck, one could not help feeling sad at the sight.

We passed a number of battle-ships, and dipped our flag to the Admiral of the Fleet. It was a pleasure to see how quickly his was dipped in return.

Talking of the Fleet reminds me that one of our crew was an old navy man, and I liked so much when it was his turn at the wheel, or on watch at the bow, shouting out every now and again, "All right ahead!" or "Ship in sight!"

Only once did we experience a sort of squall. The North Sea was a bit choppy, and the coasting traffic on it is always very great. Fleet after fleet of brown-sailed fishing boats made a pretty picture in the morning. But what a terror these same boats were at night, so near us did they come. One boat sailed right across our bow, the mast touching our jib-boom. Then there was some "Greek spoken loudly," or polite talk, for a few moments. Certainly it was a very foolhardy thing to do. In another moment they would have been run down. To me it was a great experience though, to witness the whole affair.

We passed the Tees shortly, and the Wear, and then sailed into the Tyne, where we bade Good-bye to the ship, after a most pleasant cruise.

Hoc.

### The Linguist.

SMITH was a philologist. So, at least, he fondly believed, and invited us to credit too. We had no means of disputing his assertion. Also he laid claim to a practical knowledge of tongues. This we did not always yield so readily to him. Some of us had a theory that the French accent, which he had acquired during a vaguely indefinite holiday in Paris, was not exactly the delightful, half-nasal intonation of the Berlitz School. Still, on the whole, he carried his contention very well.

To meet him on the street was to be greeted with a rolling "Buon giorno, signore; come state?" a salutation which could not fail to impress on at least a dozen repetitions. After that it may have grown a little hackneyed to one, although the infinite variety and beautiful inconstancy of Smith's accent gave to it a hundred shades of meaning. He always departed with a graceful "Au revoir, monsieur!" save when that pious wish gave place to the more classical "Vale!" or the native "Oidheche mhiath!"

All his conversation was liberally besprinkled with brief but choice selections from every tongue spoken in this world or dreamt of for the next. "Mon Dieu" and "ventre-bleue" pirouetted gaily through his lighter phrases. His graver sentences were punctuated with "omnia mutantur" and "nos habebit humus." When a deep impression was required to be made upon a stranger, then Vergilius he laid under tribute. At "Arma virumque cano" he would start, and only leave off when the expression of his auditor's countenance gave evidence of a proper respect for profound erudition.

His excursions into classical quotation seldom departed from the Arms and the Man. I have always

had a suspicion, though, that he might have turned on "Gallia in tres partes" had he not been afraid that so memorable a portion of our early studies might perhaps cling to the rest of us in common with himself.

He spoke his Latin broadly, his French through his nose, his Italian deliberately and with a liquid gurgle, and his German from the depths of his stomach. He was our pride and our delight.

For a man with so wide a knowledge of the world's vocabularies, Smith took a wonderful pleasure in that of his native Scotland. Not the old language of Eden, but the soft and slowly cadent speech of the northern glens. Whenever the slightest provocation offered, he dropped into the Doric, in preference even to all his other tongues. When a boy, he had lived at some time in the far north. Here the beauties of philology had first unfolded themselves before him, and he had become a student of words. The quaint phrases which he heard around had strangely fascinated him, and had clung to his memory ever since. All that he told us. I, however, was to learn something of the truth of it.

A year ago, he spent his holiday with me. To far Strathspey we journeyed, the land which I had quitted long before to seek for gold in the city streets.

While the Grampian express went thundering north, Smith rehearsed his lexicon, coming over the pithy sentences with which he was to regale Morayshire in its own broad dialect. By the time Aberdeen was reached, he was in a fever of enthusiasm. Inverurie found him at bursting point. At Huntly, he had to poke his head through the carriage window and greet a mildly astonished porter with a "Hoo's a' wi' ye, man?" While waiting at Craigellachie for the connection, he

drank in the dialect with the avidity of the true connoisseur.

At length we reached our lodging. My linguist was sighing for worlds to conquer. Our landlady's daughter was to be the first victim.

"What will you have for breakfast to-morrow?" she enquired.

"Hoots, lassie!" broke out Smith, "Haud awa' wi' yer baird schule English. Let's hae naething but honest Scotch."

The lassie was too polite to smile. But the strain must have been great.

Not long, though, to my astonishment, did Smith's enthusiasm for the Doric endure. We were visiting the next morning. I to renew old acquaintances, my friend to air his linguistic powers, and possibly extend them. For a couple of hours, he beamed around the countryside. Then came his fall.

By the roadside, in front of a little croft, we came on two small urchins. One had his head quite lost to view in the folds of an improvised bandage.

"What's the matter, my laddie?" demanded Smith. "Hae ye gotten a clure on the head?"

The bandaged one ventured no reply, but his brother spoke up.

"Fegs, ay," said he, "The glaikit stirk was oot bye in the birc, shoudin' on a drowlich, when he gaed skleep ower on till the straan, an' fair connach himsel'. He near dang his harns oot."

Smith smirked the acquiescent smile of the man who understands every word which is spoken.

But, a few minutes later, I had to explain how the lad had been in the byre, playing with a swing, and had fallen on the stone gutter, greatly damaging himself, almost knocking his brains out, in fact.

From that hour Smith gave up the Scots vernacular. He never relapsed.

B.

### Ceylon.

WE left Charing Cross at 9.45 p.m., on a Saturday evening. After the usual crossing we went direct by train to Paris, thence to Marseilles, where we joined the P. and O. Mail. A sail of four days brought us to Port Said, where we stayed a few hours to coal. Here we got our first glimpse of an Eastern life. Thirty-six hours' sail brought us to the other end of the canal, thence to the open sea, and on to Aden. After leaving Aden, we sighted, on the left, Socotra, and, two days' sail from Ceylon, passed, again on the left, Minicoy lighthouse. As we approached Ceylon I stayed on deck, it being a fine moonlight night, to see the first of my future home. The moment our boat was sighted the pilot left the shore and brought us safely inside the break-water which forms the only harbour of Ceylon. A number of launches, with friends of the P. and O. passengers on board, were waiting to receive us, and a quarter of an hour took us to the jetty and then to our respective bungalows by rickshaw.

These bungalows are built 7 or 8 feet above the ground, sometimes in one flat, sometimes in two. They are supported on pillars, and one can walk right under them. The ground below is asphalted on account of insects, whilst the posts are tarred to prevent snakes finding their way indoors.

The entrance to all bungalows is by the verandah. From this verandah one reaches the drawing-room, on each side of which are two bedrooms. Through a beautifully carved portico of satin-wood at one end of the drawing-room, the dining-room is reached: more bedrooms give off this. Through the further end of the latter the stores are to be found—one store is fitted up with ice boxes and kept as a cool chamber for perishable

food, the other is for dry food stuffs. Now we reach the back door and outer verandah where "the boys" sleep. Behind are the kitchen and outer offices. All bungalows are built exactly alike.

Should this little description interest my readers, I shall be delighted to forward another paper from my beautiful home in Ceylon, to which I hope shortly to return.—LANKA.

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#### THE "COLUMBA."

Onward speed, palatial steamer,  
On thy journey down the Clyde;  
Through the labyrinth of shipping,  
Past the shipyards on each side.

Onward past the bowers of Renfrew,  
With their ancient trees outspread,  
Past Dumbarton's rocky fortress,  
Where the Clyde and Leven wed.

Now the noble Firth is opening—  
Heath-clad hills and waters blue,  
Where the white-winged yachts are  
sailing,  
Naught but beauty meets the view.

Past Dunoon, whose ruined castle,  
Standeth on the hill above,  
Where the form of Highland Mary  
Telleth of a poet's love.

Onward glide, majestic steamer—  
On to fair Elysian isles,  
Past the Royal town of Rothesay,  
To the fair romantic Kyles.

Past Loch Ridden, with its islet,  
Eilean Dheirg and fortress grey,  
Whence Argyll allied with Monmouth,  
To the tyrant fell a prey.

Onward round Ardlamont sweeping,  
E'en the beauties of the Rhine  
Pale before the panorama  
By the shores of fair Loch Fyne.

Saintly names to Scotland precious,  
Down the ages they have rung;  
Hail, "Columba!" hail, "Iona,"  
May your glories oft be sung.

A.N.S.M.

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#### CHURCH NOTICES.

Harvest Thanksgiving—5th October.  
Holy Communion—19th October.  
Anniversary Services—26th October.