

Tempo, ad lib.

whis - pers,..... whis - pers reach me from a - far, Whispers,

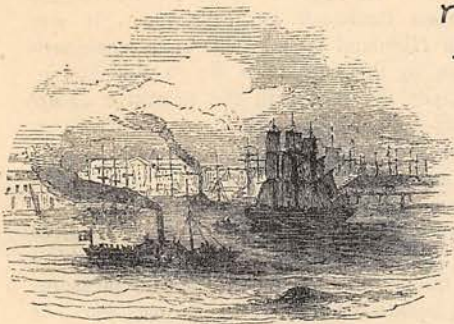
Imitez la voix.

1st verse. 2nd verse.

whispers, whispers reach me from a - far, from a - far.....
rall.

PED.

A GLANCE AT GLASGOW.



TO the ordinary Southron tourist with his ideal "Glasgie," first impressions of the city are disappointing. The western metropolis of Scotland has little Scottish about it. The London tourist seems to have brought London with him to the North. St. Enoch's railway terminus is the replica of St. Pancras. But for the absence of brick in the buildings, and the prevalence of Scotch names on the shop-signs, Trongate, Argyle Street, or Buchanan Street might pass for Oxford Street, the Strand, or Holborn. St. George's Square suggests Trafalgar Square, and its tall monument to Sir Walter seems an echo of Nelson's Column. Glasgow Green might be mistaken for one side of Hyde Park. The Albert Bridge is a fac-simile of Blackfriars. The Clyde is even dirtier than the Thames, and in the matter of smoke Glasgow runs London a very close competition.

The Glasgow of to-day is newer than the Glasgow of twenty years ago. The old landmarks are receding.

The old Tolbooth, which the wand of the Wizard of the North should have preserved, is gone; but you can behold the Old Tontine, where the stage-coaches to London were wont to start, with drivers and guards attired in crimson coats, only the day but one before yesterday, when people were wont to make their wills before starting upon a journey, instead of taking a twopenny insurance ticket. Glasgow is a city of public statues. Among them is only one unfortunate: the equestrian effigy of William III. The sculptor committed suicide when he saw his work unveiled, for the Prince of Orange is riding without stirrups.

Bailie Nicol Jarvie's regret was that "ye canna carry a' the comforts o' the Saut Mearcat wi' ye." It would, however, puzzle one to discover the comforts of the modern Salt Market. Anything more squalid is not to be found even "down Whitechapel way," where shoes and stockings are, at least, not obsolete. In this St. Giles' of Glasgow there are surely no bootmakers. Naked feet flourish. Riches and rags, wealth and want, are mixed up in most big towns, but in Glasgow the contrast is sharper between the two than in any other place I know of. Dives and Lazarus rub shoulders, and the former in Kelvingrove Park gives a dinner-party, the cost of which would clothe and feed the latter and his family for two or three years in their reeking rookery in the Salt Market purlieus.

In proportion to the population, Glasgow takes up a very limited area. The houses grow upward, and

do not spread themselves in straggling two-storied tenements, such as obtain for the working classes in the industrial centres of the South. They are built in "flats," and a dozen families may live under one roof, and yet be as private as if they resided in a detached villa.

It is the old which is attractive in Edinburgh; the new that absorbs attention in Glasgow. Edinburgh is a city of pleasure; Glasgow, a city of work. Glasgow is the place for making money; Edinburgh, the place for spending it. In Edinburgh you see the picturesque; in Glasgow the practical predominates. No two capitals present such marked contrasts as the two leading cities of Scotland. The one is the domain of facts, the other the region of fancy. There is a "dourness" of aspect in the Glaswegian countenance, eloquent of capital and labour. It is that earnest concentration of competitive energy that has made Glasgow the second metropolis of Great Britain. The modern growth of Glasgow is amazing. Mr. Gradgrind shall have his statistics. At the period of the Union, in 1707, the population of the city was set down at 14,000. At the census of 1861 it had increased to 395,503. At the census of 1871 it amounted to 566,150, and it is still increasing. The tonnage of vessels arriving in the harbour of Glasgow in 1831 was 700,000, but to-day the tonnage is considerably in excess of two millions. Then no vessel of even 700 tons could enter the harbour; now between three and four hundred ships of over 1,000 tons arrive. Much of Glasgow's mercantile magnitude is referable to the rich mineral resources of the surrounding neighbourhood, which have made the iron trade the leading industry. Much, too, Glasgow owes to its dirty river—the Clyde—over which, to make it navigable, the city has spent in a hundred years over seven millions sterling, while another two millions must be expended to make it clean. And Glasgow can spend its millions. While London is theorising and debating about her water-supply, and remaining at the mercy of private companies, enterprising Glasgow is enjoying a supply of clear pure water tapped from Loch Katrine, forty or more miles away. "Facts, sir, facts!" demands Mr. Gradgrind, thinking of the Thirlmere scheme for Manchester. He shall have them. The mountain water was introduced to the city nearly twenty years ago, at a cost of £1,677,352; and although the daily yield is 33,000,000 gallons, giving each inhabitant an average of 46½ gallons per day, the waters of Loch Katrine show no sensible diminution. When the scheme was first promoted, opposition obstructed it step by step. Eminent medical men went against the project. They asserted that if the water were conveyed by pipes all that distance, the consumers would be killed off in two years' time by lead-poisoning. The scientists were out of their reckoning. The water-supply is a source of life and health to the Glaswegians.

Manifold are the manufactories of Glasgow. There are great dye-works and cotton-mills. There are calico-printing works and distilleries affording employment to a large population. The tall chimney—the loftiest

in the world, they say—which you see, turn where you may in the city, is at the St. Rollox Chemical Works, another of the great industries of Glasgow. The venerable Cathedral, standing on a commanding hill from which the town has spread itself, and the University, are "lions" which should not escape notice; but the most noteworthy object of Glasgow is the river Clyde. Perhaps the best way to form an adequate conception of the extent of the domains of King Work at Glasgow is to go "doon the water." The Clyde is navigable to the ocean, and on its banks are the ship-building yards of the world. It is, perhaps, the most noisome and the most noble river in the kingdom; the most practical and the most poetical. It is at once the glory and grievance of Glasgow. Its water would furnish ink dark enough and dense enough to write a Memorial in support of the Purification of Rivers. The great city pours its sewage into the stream, and chemical works and distilleries assist the pollution by the addition of their seething refuse. The problem of purification awaits solution. Meanwhile the Clyde is the despair of deodorisers.

Narrow downwards from the Broomielaw is the Clyde artery, although it is lined on either side with ships three or four deep, with docks that are forested with masts, and with ship-building yards where the eye is dazzled with the flame of forge and the ear deafened with the din of Titanic hammers. The river is the cradle of the floating craft of Christendom, from the light little steam launch to the massive man-of-war. On the Clyde, Henry Bell, in 1812, built the first steamer used for trading. It plied on this turbid stream between Greenock and Glasgow. It was wrecked in a Highland loch, but its rude machinery is to be seen by the curious at South Kensington. From the Clyde in 1812, with the primitive *Comet* panting along with painful labour, to the Clyde in 1878, with swift steamers everywhere, is a contrast as startling as any you could select. Steamers everywhere; argosies of steamers in dock, loading or discharging their cargoes; steamers thrashing the river into foamy agitation; steam tugs dragging behind them great freights; steam ferries; steam pleasure-boats, full of beautiful lines; sailing palaces, like *The Lord of the Isles*, and the stately *Iona*, and the *Columba*; dingy dredges, fetching up the muddy deposit from the bed of the river with a steam-moved mechanism of buckets; great ocean steamers; more steamers in the stocks, stripped to the ribs, and having coats of iron riveted by ringing hammers to their sides. That great vessel anchored out in the river is the troop-ship *Malabar*. In that ship-building yard across, some notable additions to our navy have just left the slips—a flotilla of six swift steel corvettes, with rams as sharp as razors—the *Curaçao*, *Comus*, and *Champion*, the *Cleopatra*, *Conquest*, and *Carysfort*. Black and busy wharves stretch along on either bank of the river for miles, and it is not until Greenock comes, and the channel obtains a breadth of three miles, that you feel you have left the Clyde of science for the Clyde of sentiment, with its glancing waves and green shelving shores.

EDWARD BRADBURY.