

The Dublin colony

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THE FIRST OF AUGUST WITH THE MANCHESTER COLONY.

A railway arch by an English hillside is an uncommon setting for a "Rütlifeier." A few handfuls of people had gathered at the exit of Chinley Station on Sunday morning the 2nd August, for a ramble in Derbyshire. Like our forefathers we made a pilgrimage to a quiet meadow by a lake between the hills, there to remember their act of faith and, away from the noise of towns and crowds, to spend a day of jolly fellowship amongst nature, in communion of thought with our native land.

After a short hour's uphill walk, during which hope alternated with fear of the weather, *Eccles Pike* still offered a fair view of the Derbyshire Peaks with Kinder Scout and over the County of Cheshire. *Coom's Lake* at our feet looked grey, the meadows and fields, interspersed with woods of oak, beech and hawthorn were clothed in a deep shade of green. The distant valleys were covered in mist and the skies lined with rain clouds. Soon the rain set in, first in a soft drizzle, then in a downpour. We might have been in the Wäggital. A farmshed provided shelter. Fortunately the "Bee Hive" was not far and thereto we sped, glad to be able to dry our skins and moisten the throats which had become parched under the macs.

Meanwhile the sun tried to come into it's right again, so we sought the lake shore but had to accept the protection of a mighty oak against the drizzle during a standing-up picnic of home provided victuals. A fresh and heavier downpour compelled us to flee to the stouter cover of a railway arch, beneath which the official act of the day was performed. Mr. Kuebler, President of the Swiss Club and leader of the party, opened it by reading a telegram of patriotic greetings from Minister Thurnheer wishing us a successful gathering at Coomb's Lake. — As, even in Manchester and Derbyshire, it does not always rain on the Sunday following the First of August, may we here say how cordially we would welcome the honour of our Minister's presence among us at such a gathering in these lovely surroundings which come as near as any part of England to some of our Voralpen country. — We listened to President Etter's inspiring message, calling upon every Swiss at home and abroad to prove worthy of our Country's miraculous preservation of peace in the midst of a world at war, exhorting us also to carry the torch of brotherly love and reconciliation so that, when the voice of the guns is silenced at last, our national motto may become acceptable to all mankind: One for all, all for one!

Gert and Daisy, two cows from a neighbouring field, drenched with rain like ourselves, had unobtrusively come to join our little flock in the shelter of the arch. Having heard, they moored approvingly in support of our applause and went back, ruminating. Have we, perhaps, brought them a flair of other juicy meadows and an envy of the bells that tinkle from their sisters' necks grazing there?

Taking the hint from those cows, we also ventured out again, but once more the sluices were opened above and we were driven back to the hospitable wayside inn, quite safe by now, the taps having been turned "off." High praise is due to the "Bee Hive" for the excellent afternoon tea it provided with quite an unwarlike variety of fare. How lucky we are in this country at the end of the third war year to be able still to alle-

viate the strains of a jolly hike by such an unrated refreshment.

By the time we were ready to start on our return track, the sun promised us company and kept it, though often dimmed in it's war with the clouds. At least the rain was kept at bay while we ambled back through the valley and over the hillside, studded with pretty stonebuilt houses and bungalows, each surrounded by a garden sparkling with raindrops in the evening light and glowing with a riot of full summer colours. With Mr. Kuebler, who is a lover of this countryside, as guide, every mile of the way reveals some new interest, historic or geographical. Old farms and older countryhouses, beamed, latticed and crested, bear witness to solid traditions which have withstood the changes of many generations and the best of which, one hopes, will also survive the present turmoil.

At Chinley we took leave from our Sheffield friends who had come over to join us for the first time on this annual event. We hope to have them often with us, now that the ice is broken and seeing that such pleasant grounds for happy reunions lie midway between our two places. From our comfortable railway carriage — first class by tolerance — we watched the rain and laughed at it for, far from damping our spirit, it had succeeded in bringing us closer together — when two hid under one mac from the rain.

Our party included some who had won or lost their Swiss rights by marriage and who brought each a wife or a husband along. One would wish this Red Letter Day in the Swiss Calendar to bring greater numbers together. The uncertain weather and other good excuses for staying at home these days have no doubt prevented many to be with us. We thought of them. For having missed a very happy day we must pity some, whilst to others we will only say "Serves you right," but to all we call "Come next time."

THE DUBLIN COLONY.

The First of August was celebrated in Dublin by a reception given by the Chargé d'Affaires and Madame Benziger at which about forty compatriots were present.

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