

## **Gartnavel Gazette**

### **Publication/Creation**

1906, April

### **Persistent URL**

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/tjagv57v>

### **License and attribution**

You have permission to make copies of this work under a Creative Commons, Attribution license.

This licence permits unrestricted use, distribution, and reproduction in any medium, provided the original author and source are credited. See the Legal Code for further information.

Image source should be attributed as specified in the full catalogue record. If no source is given the image should be attributed to Wellcome Collection.



Wellcome Collection  
183 Euston Road  
London NW1 2BE UK  
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722  
E [library@wellcomecollection.org](mailto:library@wellcomecollection.org)  
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

**THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE**

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



Founded 1810

New Series.      APRIL, 1906.      No. 14.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FROM THE SANCTUM, .. .. .	1
THE FANCY DRESS BALL, .. .. .	3
SANTA CLAUS AT GARTNAVEL, .. .. .	4
RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE, .. .. .	6
IN REMEMBRANCE, .. .. .	7
A VISIT TO STIRLING, .. .. .	7
CRICKET FIXTURES, .. .. .	7
MEMORIES, .. .. .	8
LEITH TO HAMBURG, .. .. .	8
THE GARDEN GATES, .. .. .	10
A CHILD QUEEN, .. .. .	10
WELCOME JOY, .. .. .	11
LOCH LOMOND, .. .. .	12
VARIETIES, .. .. .	12

### From the Sanctum.

OWING to the quiet and freedom of the grounds, and to a supply of food, birds of many species are plentiful with us, as Dr. Goldie-Scot has told us in his "Natural History Notes." It is pleasant to hear again the sweet notes of the thrush and black-bird, in the early morning, reminding us that Spring is near.

We are glad to have Dr. Hotchkis back again, after a lengthened holiday. Dr. Walker has gone to take up practice in Greenock, and Miss Marshall has succeeded Miss Hunter as assistant to Miss Darney in the West House. Gartnavel is a place of changes, and one makes many friends here soon to lose them again.

Our last Notes included the winter

entertainments up to 23rd December, on which evening Dr. Oswald gave a lecture on "A Pilgrimage to Palestine." Beginning with the voyage along the Mediterranean, then to Damascus, and the long journey on horseback from Damascus to Jerusalem, by means of an excellent and varied series of photographs which he had taken *en route*, and his vivid descriptions, he brought us into touch with Eastern countries, peoples, and places, and gave us a most enjoyable and instructive lecture.

On Christmas Eve a special service was conducted by the Rev. P. H. Aitken. The church was beautifully decorated, and special music, including carols and solos, had been arranged. Thanks are due to the many willing helpers among the ladies, for their assistance with the decorations.

On 27th December Dr. Oswald gave his special treat and Christmas Tree to the children of the employees. This, and the Fancy Dress Ball, were the two outstanding functions of the Christmas and New-Year festivities. It was a treat to see how the children enjoyed themselves; but as both functions are accorded special articles in this issue, we will not expatiate. The Rev. J. H.



Oswald officiated as Santa Claus, to the delight of the children.

The first performance of "A Gipsy Princess" was given on 30th December, and a second performance on 6th January. This year's production proved as successful as that of last year, "The Chieftain's Return." Too much praise cannot be given to the performers for the able manner in which the different parts were rendered, but when we say that the Gartnavel Opera Company has produced such operas as "H.M.S. Pinafore," "Patience," "Gondoliers," and "Mikado," we are sure they can produce any play, or opera, and do it full justice. The author of "A Gipsy Princess" has produced a play of excellent quality, and shows a capacity for such work rarely met with in an amateur. We congratulate him heartily.

On the last Sunday, and last day of the year, the special services connected with the Dedication of the Memorial Windows in the Chancel of the Church were held. The morning service was conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod of Park Church, and the evening service by the Rev. J. S. Carswell, Temple Church, our Chaplain. Taking as his text these words from St. Luke vii. and 47, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much," Dr. Macleod delivered a sermon broad and catholic, full of spiritual force, and ripened knowledge and experience of the weakness and frailty of the human heart, but bringing clearly into relief the redeeming love and mercy of God, our Father, as revealed in Jesus Christ, His Son. In dedicating the memorial windows (one representing St. Luke the Physician, and the other Dorcas), Dr. Macleod said that one was the gift of a friend, and the other a memorial of Mrs. Murray, for so many years Matron of the West House, a good woman, who had gained the love and respect of all,

and whose memory we desired to perpetuate. Mr. Carswell, in the evening, made special reference to the memorial, and spoke of Mrs. Murray's kind thoughtfulness for others, and her wise and firm rule.

The Fourth Grand Concert was given by the Abstainers' Union on 10th January, and proved most enjoyable, and on 7th February they brought to us the Glasgow Select Choir. We all enjoyed hearing this Choir again. Surely nothing could be finer than their rendering of old Scotch and Jacobite songs. Mr. Francis Henderson, one of the Directors, was present, and thanked the singers most heartily for the great pleasure they had given to us all.

On 13th January, Mr. J. Johnston, our Secretary, gave us a lantern lecture on a holiday spent in the Yorkshire dales. Mr. Johnston's skill as a photographer is well-known, and his succession of beautiful pictures thrown on the screen quite charmed and delighted us. His racy descriptions of the different scenes gave us a clear impression of a delightful holiday and made some of us wish to see them for ourselves.

The Lord Provost and Mrs. Bilsland were much interested in a recent visit they paid to the Institution. Mrs. Bilsland is known to be much in sympathy with all work that concerns the nursing of the sick and the relief of the suffering, and she, as well as the Lord Provost, expressed themselves as much pleased with the efficiency of the Institution as they saw it. Their visit gave great pleasure to the staff, and to many others with whom they talked, and we echo the hope that our civic head and his wife will visit us more than once again during his tenure of office.

The Staff Dance was held on 11th January and proved a most enjoyable

function, and on 17th February Miss Emily Burke's Dramatic Company gave us "The Serious Family" and "Twixt Love and Ambition."

The Cricket Fixtures for 1906 will be found in this issue. Practice will soon be begun again, and if we are to be as successful this season as last, it will be by constant practice in fielding as well as batting. Golf has been played almost constantly throughout the autumn and winter by several enthusiasts of the best of games.

A series of six Sunday Evening Lectures on "Lost Words of Christ," given by the Rev. P. H. Aitken, on 7th January and the following five Sunday evenings, proved both instructive and of great interest. These sayings of Christ were culled from the writings of the ancient fathers of the Church and partly from Mohammedan sources, and must have entailed much research on the part of Mr. Aitken. We cannot be too thankful that we have in Mr. Aitken, not only an able and thoughtful preacher, but one whose tact and kindness, and sympathy with the patients are daily demonstrated.

It has been deemed advisable to reduce the GAZETTE from 16 to 12 pages. It is proposed to issue a special Christmas number of 16 pages, with illustrations.

EDITOR.

### The Fancy Dress Ball.

"Invest me in my mother."

IN the festivities of the Christmas season the fancy dress ball took a prominent place. It was held on the fifth of the year, occurring at a point when social functions were in full swing and the spirit of gaiety was in the air. It was the first fancy dress ball that has been given at Gartnavel, and it proved, undoubtedly, a great

success. Over one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen appeared in fancy dress, and the variety, richness, grotesqueness, and beauty of many of the costumes made of the *tout-ensemble* a brilliant scene.

Some of the dresses were obtained from *costumiers* in town, but many of them were the result of ingenuity, industry, and taste on the part of Miss Darney, Sister Lett, the nurses, and Mr. Smith, who must have given much of their valuable time and interest to the preparations for the affair.

We had a beautiful representation of 1806 in quaker-like tones of soft grey and fawn—an Empire dress with long gauze skirt and "poke" bonnet tied quaintly under the chin, "too sweet for anything" it was remarked.

A dignified and stately *Portia* in red robes and tunic, carrying a roll wherefrom to plead with Shylock to "Be merciful; take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond."

A delightful *Mother Hubbard*, accompanied by a lovely spaniel that seemed far above any necessity for the "bone in the cupboard," was most becomingly treated.

Several ladies appeared in the *kimono* and *obi* of Japan, and all were picturesque; but one lady was so perfect in her adaptation that, not only was her costume correct in detail, but the peculiar coquetry of a Japanese lady had been acquired; and the *sansien* accompanied a song from the *Mikado*, that was given in the course of the evening.

A lady, who attained her eightieth year on the first day of this year, appeared in an early Victorian dress, with hooped skirt and "coal-scuttle" bonnet; another elderly lady in a becoming white muslin "mitch" of the same period.

We had an impressive *Brihanina* in flowing white robes, gilt crown, carrying a trident—a garden rake with the business end up, its homely character effectively disguised in gilding.

There was a successful Turkish Dress, a beautiful Swiss Costume, a pleasant Norwegian Peasant, a *Madame Pompadour*, several graceful Greek Costumes, and some pretty Flower Girls.

The gentlemen's costumes, though not so numerous, were equally successful.

*Pierrot* was admirably represented, and carried out his reputation for philosophy and home truths.

*Thouless of Warsaw* appeared in the handsome dress of Poland.

*John Chinaman* with a magnificent pigtail, a *Pierrot* with cutlass at his belt, a gay Turk, the "Trilby" hat and necktie in a domino, *Sam Weller*, a Courtier of George II. period, a Coster resplendent in plush and buttons, *Jack-tars*, and a brass-buster of the Stuart period.

The varied colouring and marked character of the dresses made the dances most picturesque, and a fine spirit of accordance with the unusual and interesting scene dominated the evening.

R. W.

### Santa Claus at Gartnavel.

AMONGST the entertainments—numerous, excellent and varied—that brightened the Christmas season of 1905 to the inmates of this institution, there was one so unique, so delightful, and so successful, that a short notice of it is sure to be welcome to the readers of the GAZETTE.

This was: Dr. Oswald's treat to the youth of the place, the children of the attendants, engineers, coachman, artisans, gardeners, workmen, etc., of Gartnavel.

It was, indeed, a most happy thought of our good Doctor, and admirably was it carried out for him—amidst special pressure of work too—by the quiet enthusiasm that marks the rule of our Matron.

All residents here feel the visit of even one child to be precious and

cheering. But who ever imagined that, in the halls of our Jupiter Capitolinus, over sixty bright and healthy children would be seen wondering and smiling, dancing and singing, around a Christmas Tree! But so it came about.

From the date when the invitations were sent out to the wives and children of the working-staff here, great expectancy reigned both within and without the gates; and on the eventful evening, spite of all the difficulties there must have been of marshalling the tiny tribes, five o'clock saw every one of them, with mothers or guardians, assembled in the outer hall.

A hearty welcome awaited them. Every little hand of the whole band was shaken by their host, as with many a merry word he welcomed the long procession into the larger hall. Truly it was not only a novel, but a heart-warming sight.

There was first a short, welcoming speech, explaining the proposed programme for the evening. Tea was then served at four long tables, temptingly set out with plants, cakes, fruit and sweets, at the far end of the hall: Sister Lett and other officials busily plying the tea urns for half an hour or so, and looking well after the comfort of the young people.

Amongst the guests were the Rev. J. S. Carswell and Mrs. Carswell; the Rev. P. H. Aitken and Mrs. Aitken; also he who—though as yet all unrecognised—was to play the important rôle of Santa Claus. This gentleman was indeed a most fortunate "selection," for to the energy and ingenious kindness, the humour and versatility of the metamorphosed clergyman, the Rev. J. H. Oswald, no small part of the success of the evening was due. Mrs. Oswald, Master Oswald, and Miss Yellowlees were also present.

Tea over, it was apparent that many eager glances were being directed to the red curtain stretched across the platform. Santa Claus, we had been informed, had found some difficulty

about his arrival, in that he could find no chimney—his favourite means of ingress—but come he would, through door or window, or somehow.

Presently a tremendous bang on the east door, followed by two others still more tremendous, heralded the approach of the generous saint. His entrance was greeted with loud applause. Even an infant in arms, a lovely and highly intelligent infant of nine months, that never had clapped before, was moved to toss her dimpled hands together (to her mother's great amazement) and add her velvety quota to the tumult. For, not all the awe-inspiring *aura* of this radiant being, uniting in one the best of Father Christmas, the Lord Provost, and St. Nicholas, could shake or chill the confidence of these children in his benevolent intentions towards them. Stevenson has told us, and very beautifully, that the entrance of one individual into a company is sometimes "as if another candle had been lit." A candle, indeed! Why our Santa Claus was like fifty candles coming in! bright ones too! In flowing robes of scarlet and ermine (or something just as good); scarlet cap wreathed with holly; with snow-white beard in which the very birds might have nested, a huge hamper under one arm, and a mighty, shining trumpet under the other, he moved forward amidst prolonged and universal plaudits. We cannot deny that Santa Claus blew his own trumpet, loudly too; but then, that just delighted everybody, and all the more the louder he blew. After explaining that he had come with gifts for good children, and assuring himself by a searching glance that such were there, Santa Claus blew his very mightiest blast, and majestically waved his right arm. Thereupon the curtain parted, revealing in all its splendour the brilliantly illuminated tree, its branches bending under the weight of its Christmas "fruit."

Santa Claus then proceeded, with

the assistance of Dr. Oswald, to dispense those pleasant gifts which had been chosen so suitably for each, every girl and boy exchanging a polite salute with the dispenser ere receiving these. Clever he was in discerning the characteristics of the children. Well he adapted his words to the little timid Modestas stepping anxiously forward into publicity on the floor, meeting them half-way with welcome encouragement; while blithe and fearless Master Frisky, weary with waiting his turn and eager for his gift, was led—as a hopeful lad o' grace—a pretty chase up and down the hall ere he secured his.

The last of the fruit of that bright tree having, by means of ladders, been got down by the assisting doctors, and the last bag of sweets removed from its branches, also the hamper of crackers emptied, games were announced. These were played with spirit by young and old, the final chair at "Musical Chairs" being eagerly competed for. Then followed some dances, one of the ladies kindly supplying the music, and, ere we thought of it—and far too soon for most of us—it was time to part. All joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," after which the guests passed slowly out, exchanging words of farewell with the host and with Santa Claus.

It was gratifying to learn that all reached home safely, unharmed by the night air; and many are the abiding memories of a joyful evening that still remain. The impressions of that gathering—it was remarked by one of the parents—will dwell happily in the children's minds for many a long year; while to some of us older folk permitted to take part in it, it was the very happiest of all the many pleasant social evenings passed at Gartnavel. "Happiness [did we not hear it whispered by our 'Chief'!] is a perfume so delicate, so exquisitely distilled, that some few drops must of necessity fall upon and refresh him who dispenses



it." In the sober certainty that this is true, we close our short account of the welcome visit of Santa Claus.

CRANSTON.

### Retrospective & Prospective.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. —*Shakespeare*.

WHEN one is well engaged, at work or while recreating, time may be said to speed on woven wings. It is generally allowed that proverbs are concise, wise, and, in degree, truthful, at least the apparent wisdom and truth conveyed in the following adage cannot be gainsaid:—"All work and no play make Jack a dull boy." Work and recreation might here form a fitting subject of essay, but at present to write on such a theme there is no intention, only now, and merely, by your leave, dear Mr. Editor, friend familiar, is it proposed to offer some random thoughts, independent opinions, concerning our mental pabulum and provided exercises, within the scope and meaning of the above title, and such as may be acceptable to your readers.

Winter is again over, gone its longest and dark nights! Memory happily recalls many eventful evenings spent together.

The usual official or house programme of entertainments for the past winter was quite as characteristic, excellent and ample as any hitherto issued within our ken. Deserving of first and chief mention is the weekly, Thursday evening concert and dance, because held in highest favour, ever most cordially welcomed. The songs are few, only four in number, discreetly chosen, dispersed, and acceptably rendered: fair, good, first-rate, splendid, being qualifying adjectives of praise bestowed, always, however, considerately and kindly expressed. In that which is, by poets, oft chosen as theme of lay, in chasing the glowing hours with flying feet, tripping on light fantastic toe, practically illustrating the poetry of motion, in one word

—dancing, patients, nurses, attendants, all delight and usually find their most perfect enjoyment. But to begin fairly and in order. The hour for commencing, seven o'clock, is punctually observed. Mr. Smith, reliable officer as he certainly is, has timorously appeared, served the programme, and announced the name of the first dance. Partnerships and preliminaries are arranged, and the dancers, ready, expectant wait.

Tune, Orpheus, tune! ye terpsichoreans begin and foot it merrily! Pleasure, crowned, enthroned, as gracious, loving Queen, now supremely reigns! In the mazy whirl of the dance all mundane affairs are banished from the mind; even pressing care, pain, grief, and sorrow, for the nonce, forgotten. They are, indeed, heartless who cannot share another's joy, for sympathy in joy, as in sorrow, is surely blessing. But what of the music that hath lent the charm, the brightness and beauty, the sparkle and wreathed smiles of the passing hour? Well, our notes are of a personal kind, and thus, unhesitatingly, recorded. Thanks, Mr. Ferrier, thanks! a mood of praise is thine! Thy spirit and skill recur, and again pervade and guide the members of an efficient little orchestra, whose escutcheon bears the familiar initials G.R.A. Nor can the services of an esteemed employee, Mr. Anderson, be overlooked. Our friend, neatly attired in the picturesque Highland garb, only appears on alternate evenings, when he is responsible for the music that accompanies the national dances. His piping is unpretentious, yet capable and inspiring, especially felt in the Scotch Reel, which is unflaggingly gone through, with hilarious gusto, and terminates amidst enthusiasm and plaudits loud and long. There are several graceful and admirable dancers in the throng, whom naming were invidious. The last item of the evening's programme is, invariably, the old-world dance named Sir Roger de Coverley,

better known as "The Haymakers," and the title is suggestive of midsummer—clear, unclouded sky, bright sunshine, and glad some song of praise. Afterwards all assembled rise and unite in singing a verse of the national anthem, "God Save the King."

And now, on parting, the homely, endearing, and repeated word, pronounced by fate-stricken sister or brother, or gently intoned by thoughtful and devoted nurse—Good night! Good night! sounds in our ear.

WILLIE WINKIE

### In Remembrance.

ONE of the stained glass windows in the chancel of the church—a notice of the dedication of which will be found elsewhere—is in memory of Mrs. Murray. It has been subscribed for and placed in the church by her many friends within and without the Institution, who have desired to record the high esteem in which they held her, and to perpetuate her memory in the midst of those for whom and with whom she worked.

The subject—Dorcas—is symbolical of woman's work and woman's service, and the finely designed figure is represented as holding and offering a bowl of healing water. The colouring of both windows is soft and restful, and they add greatly to the beauty of the church.

As we write, also, a brass tablet is being placed in the church, bearing the following inscription:—"This tablet is erected by the officials, nurses, and servants of the Institution, to the Glory of God, and in affectionate memory of two of their fellow-servants, who entered into their rest after many years of faithful and acceptable labour."

SARAH MACINTYRE,

ENTERED THE SERVICE, JUNE, 1863.  
DIED 26th JANUARY, 1904, AGED 68 YEARS.

JANET MACFARLANE,

ENTERED THE SERVICE, NOVEMBER, 1879.  
DIED 30th JUNE, 1904, AGED 54 YEARS.

Their memory is dear to us, and many will long cherish the remembrance of those who so well and kindly cared for them; and for others who come after as this memorial window and tablet will speak of work well done and of rest well earned.

### A VISIT TO STIRLING.

Once more I find myself around  
Thy winding walks and vales,  
Sweet home, where childhood days  
were spent,  
Among thy scented dales.  
And now recall so many friends  
Long strangers here have been,  
Old landmarks gone, or so much  
changed.

As then I ne'er had seen,  
The dear old well, so much filled up,  
Has lost its pebbly bed;  
All surface grown with musky green  
The steps that to it led.  
Thy very self, dear living spring,  
You have so weakly grown,  
Can scarce supply a drink to one,  
For thousands you have known.  
When day by day each came and went,  
You did their thirst allay;  
But like old friends your time and use  
Is passing fast away.  
A few more years gone o'er your head,  
Lone in thy surly green,  
No trace of thy pure life be left,  
As though you ne'er had been.

\* The Fisherton Well, Gowhill, Fife, J. T.

### Cricket Fixtures.

DATE.	CLUB.	GROUND.
May 5.	... Parkhead Forge, Gartnavel.	
12.	... Clydesdale, ...	
19.	... Rutherglen, ...	
26.	... Barrow, ...	
June 2.	... Gartocho, ... Gartocho.	
9.	... University, ... Gartnavel.	
11, 12.	... R. J. Hutchins, Jr. XI. ...	
16.	... Lennox Castle, ...	
18, 19.	... Hamilton Crescent, ...	
23.	... Dennistoun, ...	
25, 26.	... ...	
30.	... Meadowbank, ...	
July 7.	... Kenmair, ...	
14.	... Fair Saturday, ...	
21.	... Neilston, ...	
28.	... Bothwell, ...	
Aug. 4.	... Johnstone, ...	
11.	... Gartocho, ...	
18.	... Corp. Officials C.C., ...	
25.	... Western C.C., ...	
Sept. 1.	... ...	
8.	... Unitas, ...	

## MEMORIES.

L. M. M.

Once upon the moors I wandered  
With a friend, at set of sun;  
It was June; silent we pondered;  
Rested, when the height was won.  
Silver sheen of water spreading  
Lapped the favoured lands so fair,  
Raising thoughts: 'Tis earth we're treading;  
Heaven or earth that's mirrored there?  
Oh! but Arran's hills were glorious,  
Tipped with glittering tints of rose;  
Changeling to purple, as victorious,  
Farther west the Monroth goes.  
Said the friend: "A Pagan, surely,  
Whence we see the promised land!"  
Said I naught, but sat demurely,  
Gently pressing clasped hand.  
Short the vision; glory passes;  
Mists arise in fleecy streams;  
Creeping and bewildering mazes  
Blotting out our heavenly dreams.  
For, alas! the spell was broken;  
With a sigh we rose to go;  
Feeling (though it was unspoken):  
In this world 'tis ever so.

Friend in sunny chamber lying  
I have looked upon to-day,  
Thinking how the mists—through dying—  
Are, for her, all rolled away;  
How the mystic veil is lifted,  
And the mystery is solved;  
Real from Unreal sifted,  
The mirage of Sense dissolved.  
Sudden! What more blest? confess it,  
Than, at Bridegroom's midnight cry,  
To arise with hushedness crest?  
Just to wake, and love, and die?  
Loving arms to earth would bind her,  
Fondle whispers soothe her ear,  
As she left the shore behind her—  
Slipped away without a fear.

April 8th, 1905.

E. Y.

## Leith to Hamburg.

(Continued).

THE University of Hamburg is celebrated still, and students from many parts of the world are educated there. One of these came to the pier before I left, "to speak to the Scotch lady." The poor fellow had been for three years at the University, and during all that time he had been a solitary stranger, neither had he seen or spoken to one from his own "bonnie Scotland." He had heard from the English agent that he could now have

the desired opportunity. And the tears stood in his eyes as he shook hands and said "Good bye," his thoughts reverting to his native hills, and warmer hearts than he had found in Germany. The Hamburgers are proud of their Bourse—or Exchange—which is a handsome building, but is badly situated. The churches are all interesting, having many old associations with the earlier Hamburgs, besides being noted for the excellence of their organs; that of St. Catherine's is the largest and oldest, but not the finest in tone. St. Jacobi's seems to have been the favourite, and that of St. Michael's was not completed until the 17th century. The latter church is also celebrated for its tower, and spires—390 feet high. It is one of the four highest spires in Europe, and is often used for astronomical and other scientific experiments.

In the evening we had a sail in a small boat for about two miles down the Elbe, as far as Altona, a large city S.W. of Hamburg. The moonlight on the Elbe was lovely, so instead of landing, we turned and slowly sailed back to the harbour, enjoying the soft lapping of the waters, with the dip-dip of the oars, the mingling strangely with the distant sounds of "meesh! meesh! meesh!" Musical and bird-like, coming from we knew not where, until our guide, the stewardess, interpreted—"milk! milk!" she said, it is the milk girls sailing round the harbour in their milk-boats to supply the vessels leaving in the early morning. On landing, we walked along a bridge which spanned the Alster at a lovely spot, romantic and richly wooded on each side of the river. At the entrance to the bridge we were suddenly confronted by a tall military-looking sentinel, who sharply demanded "wer da?" (who goes there?). The reply being entirely satisfactory, he touched his helmet, exchanged a few words with our guide, and we passed on, reaching the ship safely.

Next afternoon, being the last of

my stay, was spent in the city with some Scotch ladies to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who had lived so long in Hamburg that—shame to them—they really felt themselves more German than Scotch. While at tea, there, we had a pleasant surprise visit from one of our fellow-passengers who had gone on to Rostock, and who was now on his way home to Glasgow by the English routes. The English Agent—noted for his attention and kindness to strangers, and to whom I had sent a letter of introduction from their Glasgow Agent—had every morning sent his boat and his man, Adolph, to take me to the Pier, so on Saturday morning, knowing that our vessel left for Leith in the evening, Adolph came to say good-bye, which he did most lugubriously, saying "Ach, ach, Mees, der Teufel, he takes all the good folks away." All day the vessel was being got ready for our homeward journey, but as we had to wait for the tide we did not start till 12 p.m. The night was wet and windy, and the sailors promised us a "dirty sail" across the ocean, while the Captain and Stewardess, being in harmony with them, requested me to put all my belongings where neither waves nor spray could reach them, and to go to my berth and remain there until I got permission to go out. We had not got far from the Elbe before the waves were dashing over the ship's bulwarks, beyond which nothing was visible. The deck passengers had to be brought down to the saloon for safety from the waves. The faithful Stewardess got sea-sick, and the Captain, with all hands on board, worked till day-break, drenched and dripping with the waves which, in wild fury, broke over their heads. We were driven twelve miles out of our course, but by the time that the last morning watch was set the steamer had regained her way and all danger was past, although the sea was rough and stormy till the Monday forenoon, after which time the poor,

sick passengers were once more able to move steadily about, and the deck passengers pulled themselves together to be ready for landing in the evening. Among the passengers were some Russian and German Peasant emigrants, and in the saloon we had, among others, Carl Rosa of operatic fame. The latter had been so sea-sick that our good Captain had almost despaired of bringing him through alive, but after tea, seeing that he was getting like himself again, we tried to coax him to bring out his violin, on which we were told he played with marvellous skill. His father, a sturdy German peasant who sat by me, whispered, "Bear with him a little, he can neither play nor sing till he gets the inspiration." After waiting patiently for a little, every ear in the saloon was strained to catch the bewitching, silvery notes of "Home, Sweet Home"—soft, soothing, brilliant and bewildering by turns—until at the end of an almost frenzied finale, the player flung his bow to one end of the sofa, his violin to the other, while he himself lay like a dishevelled demi-semiquaver between them. The tension of listening, had rendered us all speechless; but, indeed, after such a magical performance, speech would have almost seemed profane.

It was almost twelve o'clock, mid night, when we reached Leith, and there the passengers, late as it was, found many friends waiting anxiously for them; also the inevitable Custom House Officers, who, however, were inclined to be gracious, knowing the danger through which we had passed. Our good Captain, who regarded all his passengers as his *pro tem* family, was deeply gratified to see them all safe home again, and many and hearty were the adieux which he received from us.

PEARLINE.

Life is a sleight-of-hand magician who plays her tricks while she fastens your attention somewhere else than on her object.



## THE GARDEN GATES.

The garden gates possess no lock—  
No patent Chubb— or key—  
No fastening our nerves to shock,  
Demand from us no fee!

As on parole we thither go,  
The garden fair to view,  
Just lightly lift a latch—Presto!  
They swing and let us through!  
But soft! Aha! Sure hear in mind,  
To venture not too far,  
Lest to our cost perchance we find  
A formidable Bar(r)!

Yes! fingers touching fruit or flower  
Might find a Bar(r) at hand;  
Perhaps a Bar(r) or two, with power,  
The act to reprimand!

That looks and keys have merits great,  
Mankind at large admit,  
But all don't know the while I prate,  
That Bar(r)s have heart and wit—!!

A.S.

## A Child Queen.

EVERY year brings its quota of books, pamphlets, and magazine articles on the life of the unfortunate Queen Mary Stuart, each writer claiming to have discovered something new in the tangled skein of her life, which, according to the bias of the author, either proves Mary a suffering saint or a convicted sinner. From the heat of this never-ending controversy it is pleasant to turn to the innocent days of Mary's childhood, and see her playing with her four little maids of honour at Linlithgow, Stirling, or in the peaceful seclusion of the island of Inchmaholm, in the lake of Monteith. Those of our readers who have perused the interesting pages of Miss Agnes Strickland's "Queens of Scotland," will no doubt remember many touching little incidents concerning the childhood of Queen Mary, and of the affectionate solicitude for her safety shown by her mother, Mary of Guise.

It was in the palace of Linlithgow, in bleak December, in the year 1542, that the little Scottish Queen first opened her baby eyes to gaze on the world that was to be so harsh to her in after years. Eight days after her birth,

her father, James V., died broken-hearted at Falkland, bitterly expressing his disappointment that the Stuart Crown was to be inherited by a girl. "It cam' wi' a lass, it will gang wi' a lass! The devil gang wi't," are reported to have been the dying words of King James. It is somewhat remarkable that ever afterwards his Satanic Majesty seemed to take a special interest in the Stuart Crown, and continued to do so until the family was cast out, not only from Scotland, but from the throne of three Kingdoms! Immediately after her father's death clouds of misfortune began to gather round the cradle of the poor baby Queen. Henry VIII. of England, her grand uncle, demanded that she should be promised in marriage to his young son, afterwards Edward VI., while the Earl of Arran (the third Lord Hamilton) who was next heir to the Scottish Crown in the event of Mary's death, wished to marry her to his young son, James Hamilton. When barely eight months old the baby Queen was crowned with great pomp at Stirling, and it was looked upon as a bad omen that during the ceremony the child wept continuously. Her grand-uncle now demanded that she should be given up to him until she was of marriageable age, and in case of a refusal threatened war. The Scottish Parliament, however, would not agree to the English marriage, and Henry VIII. declared war, invading Scotland with a fleet and army. Edinburgh was burnt, and even the little Queen's palace of Holyrood was given to the flames. A Scottish statesman conversing with Sir Ralph Sadler, the English Ambassador, plainly told him that the people of Scotland would never consent to the English match. "If we were to give up our young Queen," he said, "the old wives of Edinburgh would rise against us with their distaffs, and the very bairns would cast stones at us as traitors." So the cruel war went on, and the little Queen was removed to Inchmaholm for safety. It is said that Mary,

at this time about six years of age, wrote a letter to her ferocious grand-uncle, Henry VIII., expostulating with him for the invasion of her kingdom and the slaughter of her poor subjects, as she had "done him no harm." Whether Lady Fleming, her governess, dictated the letter we cannot tell, but it certainly reached King Henry, who took no notice of it. The meaning of Inchmaholm is "isle of rest," and here the poor little Queen spent some months before she was removed to Dumbarton to be sent to France. We are told that a place of more perfect seclusion could hardly be conceived, and here she was considered safe from the rough wooing of Edward VI., who prosecuted the war after the death of his father, Henry VIII., with redoubled vigour. On Inchmaholm the little Queen and her four young companions had perfect freedom, although we may feel assured that her faithful nurse, Janet Sinclair, and her watchful governess, Lady Fleming, were never far away from their young charge and her four Maries while engaged in their childish sports. A "bower," or summer-house, still exists which was a favourite resting place of Mary and her four little companions. Here they kept a childish court, and crowned the Queen with flowers. The boxwood border which surrounded the Queen's little garden has now grown up into tall bushes, and never fails to interest visitors, especially Americans, who are always anxious to obtain mementoes of the unfortunate Queen. Happy days of childhood! When dethroned and confined as a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, a twice-widowed Queen, and charged with the murder of Darnley, would Mary's thoughts not go back to peaceful Inchmaholm?

From her happy island home, Mary and her four little maids of honour were taken to Dumbarton Castle, where they were to embark for France. At Dumbarton Mary took small-pox, which, however, must have been of a

very mild type, as she soon recovered, bearing no traces of that terrible disease. It was thought safer that Mary should embark at Dumbarton, as an English fleet was watching the east coast in the hope of capturing her ship if she sailed from Leith or any of the Fife seaports. As she was to be married to the Dauphin when both had reached marriageable age, a special fleet was sent from France to convey her over, one of the ships being magnificently fitted up for her reception. Miss Agnes Strickland gives a graphic picture of the embarkation of Mary, and the affectionate parting with her mother. She writes:—"The touching scene of the parting between the royal mother and daughter took place on the 7th of August, 1548 (at twelve of the clock at noon) in the presence of Governor Arran and many noble spectators, on that picturesque green spot of broken ground which juts from the foot of the lofty rock of Dumbarton into the broad waters of the Clyde." The little Queen's face was bathed in tears as she was kissed and blessed by her mother. The ships lay for a few days a little below Dumbarton, probably awaiting a favourable wind, during which time Mary, being unaccustomed to the sea, became dreadfully seasick. Her ladies implored the French captain to allow her to land for a short time to recover herself, but were met by a stern refusal. He had secured his prize, and did not intend to lose sight of her again. He replied that now "Mary should go to France or else drown on the way!"

A.N.S.M.

## WELCOME JOY.

Take Joy home and make a place in thy great heart for her,  
And give her time to grow, and cherish her.  
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee,  
When thou art working in the furrows,  
Ay, or weeding in sacred hour of dawn.  
It is a comely fashion to be glad!  
Joy is the grace we say to God.

JEAN INGELW.



## Loch Lomond.

**L**OCH LOMOND has an eventful history. The noted outlaw, Rob Roy, often visited its shores; and in earlier times cave-dwellers are known to have frequented it, remains of their dwellings can still be seen.

The village of Luss lies on the west side of the Loch, between Balloch and Tarbet, and is much frequented by salmon and trout fishers, who often enjoy good sport in its waters; its neat little cottages on either side of the roadway and along the loch side have quite a charming appearance. The Colquhoun Arms Hotel has long been a favourite resort for fishers, and its host (M'Nab) is well known on both sides of the Border. In spring and summer small boats can be hired for fishing or for pleasure sailing, and frequently one sees several canoes cruising in the neighbourhood of the islands. Among the islands, Inch Tavannach, Inch Connachan, Inch Lonnach, Inch Moan, Inch Cruin, and Inch Murrin, and also opposite the mouths of the Rivers Fruin, Finlass, Luss, and Douglas, good trout fishing can always be had; and those who prefer boating among the islands, and pic-nicing thereon, could not find a more delightful place.

Since the removal of the nets at the mouth of the River Leven, the fishing on Loch Lomond has improved very much, and both salmon and sea trout are becoming quite plentiful; in fact, the loch has yielded during the last two seasons better fishing than has been obtained on the famous Loch Leven. The view of the loch from some of the islands is really beautiful on a clear day, especially from Inch Tavannach, where from an eminence on the island one gets an expansive view of the loch, and also of the neighbouring islands.

While staying at Luss for fishing some time ago, I had the good fortune to capture a salmon. We left Luss early in the morning, and after ar-

ranging our rods and fishing tackle commenced fishing at the end of Inch Lonnach, and soon hooked a sea-trout which after some play succeeded in carrying away the tackle. Having renewed the tackle and started again, it was not long before we hooked a clean run salmon, which after considerable work and excitement we succeeded in gaffing and getting into the boat. It was a beautiful fish of about 10 lbs, and we felt quite proud of our capture.

LUSS.

## Varieties.

### KING HENRY VIII.

We have all heard of the boy who, being asked who was Henry the Eighth, replied, "Henry the Eighth was a great widower;" but the following essay is a new detail which may be added to the already crowded records of King Henry's matrimonial experiences: "King Henry VIII. had a lot of trouble, he had eight wives, but he was pleased they all died before him. He saw a photograph that was touched up, and he thought he should like to marry the lady, but when he saw her he said, '*Farewell, a long farewell!*'"

### A STARTLER.

The school was situated near an important seaport, and the teacher was giving a lesson in "Tonic Sol-fa" to a class of infants. She sang a note and then said: "Now, children, who can tell me what that sounds like?" Dead silence reigned, and the note and question were repeated, and this time a small boy, with a look of sudden inspiration on his face, raised his hand and said: "*The fog-horn!*"

### H'E KNEW!

Question: "What is the meaning of the word 'ideal'?"

Answer (by one who jumps at the chance to distinguish himself for once: "Please, sir, 'ideal' means when you sit at a table and one licks his thumb and flips out cards all round till they're gone. Sometimes another one shouts out 'Misdeal!'")

Men do not seem to derive any special comfort from donning a new tie or fancy waistcoat when stocks fall or their livers are out of order, but there is no time when a woman cannot be distinctly cheered by something new to wear.

Every crowd has a copper lining.