

Gartnavel Gazette

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES,	1
CHURCH SERVICES,	2
THE GRAND CONCERTS,	3
OUR CRICKET SEASON,	3
MEMORIAL TO MRS. MURRAY,	3
A HOLIDAY AT ABERFOYLE,	4
TOMMY,	7
DIARY OF OUR WINTER'S ARRANGEMENTS,	8
A DAY ON SHORE AT CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA,	9
VESTERS,	11
NATURAL HISTORY NOTES,	11
MUSSELBURGH AND THE BATTLEFIELD OF PINKIE,	13
DEEP SEA FISHING IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH,	14
EVERMORE,	15
A HARBOUR TRAGEDY,	15
LETTER TO THE EDITOR,	16
VARIETIES,	16

Notes.

Summer is over, and we are all settling down again to the work and amusements of the autumn and winter, which are of necessity conducted indoors. The past summer has been on the whole a good one, the amount of sunshine and fine weather being quite above the average.

This summer the villa at Aberfoyle was again taken for two months for the benefit of the patients. Many of the ladies took advantage of the opportunity afforded; and with driving excursions and walking, and hill climbing, all returned much braced and bronzed. The weather was ideal. Some of the ladies are at present at Elie.

A change from Argyllshire to the East Coast proved most enjoyable for the gentlemen, golf, fishing and walking were all freely taken advantage of; one of the gentlemen relates his experiences while fishing, a total of 135 fish being captured on three afternoons.

At home cricket of necessity proved the great attraction. It is pleasant to see so many of the patients take a lively interest in the matches. Out of a total of 23 matches we won 16, drew 2, and lost 5, surely a very good season's record.

The bowling-green has been much frequented this season, many enjoyable days' play resulting. A match, West *versus* East, ending in a win for the West House, afforded a capital afternoon's sport.

Tennis and croquet have not been so much in evidence, except at the fortnightly garden parties. These garden parties have been much enjoyed, good weather having favoured most of them. They have this season been given alternately by the ladies of the west and east houses. Ladies' cricket has always been an accompaniment of those held on the west lawn. Clock golf has proved both interesting and beneficial to some of the ladies, a set

having been presented by Mr. J. Pirrie, one of our House visitors. We would take this opportunity to express our hearty thanks to Mr. Pirrie for his kind thoughtfulness.

Dancing and concerts will soon be begun again. The Monday fortnightly and Thursday weekly dances begin in October, as do also the monthly grand concerts provided by the Glasgow Abstinents' Union. The first grand concert will be given on Wednesday, 18th October, to be followed by one on every fourth Wednesday thereafter during the winter.

There will also be the usual entertainments and lectures on Saturdays, fortnightly. We cannot at present give a list of these engagements; but Mr. J. Johnston, our Treasurer, will give a lecture with lantern views; and arrangements are being made with Madame Bertha Moore, Mr. Richard Kearton, the well known naturalist, and other lecturers, to visit us when they are in Glasgow.

We may state that an original musical play, entitled "A Gipsy Princess," is at present under rehearsal by the Gartnavel Opera Company, and is expected to be ready for production at Christmas.

Miss Hunter has been appointed Companion to Ladies, and Assistant to Miss Darney, in the West House. We hear that Miss Hunter's musical gifts are of a high order, and we look forward with pleasure to the part she will take in our musical entertainments.

We regret to announce the resignation by Sister McCallum of her position as charge of the sick-ward, gentlemen's division. Since her return here she has done good and faithful service among the sick, and will be very much missed by everyone. We give no voucher for the accuracy of the statement that one of the gentlemen wept

copiously for two hours on learning of Sister's resignation. Sister Stevenson, who has been trained at Gartloch and the Royal Infirmary, succeeds Sister McCallum.

We have also to record the resignation, from ill-health, of Miss Dickie, Kitchen Superintendent, East House. We are all sorry that she should have found it necessary to give up her work here, and hope she will soon be able to accept some other appointment. She is succeeded by Miss M'Arthur.

We are requested to state that the lectures and demonstrations to the staff will begin in the middle of October. Full particulars regarding the revised regulations for training will be given in a notice to be posted later.—EDITOR.

Church Services.

Sabbath, 8th Oct.—Harvest Thanksgiving. The Church will be suitably decorated, and appropriate music rendered.
11 a.m.—Rev. P. H. Aitken, B.D.
7 p.m.—Rev. Jas. S. Carswell, B.D.

Sabbath, 22nd Oct.—Anniversary of Dedication and opening of Church.
11 a.m.—Rev. David Strong, D.D., Hillhead.
7 p.m.—Rev. John Oliver, M.A., Maryhill.

Arrangements for Christmas and New-Year Services will be duly announced. During the winter months I hope from time to time to secure the help of prominent local Ministers. Of these services, also, intimation will be duly given. But what of the Church music? Let me appeal, and I am sure it will not be in vain, for the assistance of all who have the gifts, to support the organist regularly at the choir practice on Friday evenings in the preparation of anthems, hymns, etc., so that our services may be

more hearty, and more worthy of the beautiful church in which it is now our privilege to worship.—CHAPLAIN.

The Grand Concerts.

We hear, with great regret, that the condition of Mr. Airlie's health has, since last winter, led to his giving up his position as Secretary to the Glasgow Abstinents' Union. The Directors will continue the concerts as formerly, but to many of us a "Grand" concert without Mr. Airlie will be like the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. We had begun to think that, while men might come and go, Mr. Airlie went on for ever. Without his characteristic replies, the triple votes of thanks will be shorn of much of their glory. For over forty years Mr. Airlie has conducted these concerts, and they have been anticipated with a pleasure which the results have always justified. We regret extremely that the condition of his health has led him to give up the active work in the Abstinents' Union which he conducted for so many years with so much honour and credit, but hope that he may be spared for many years to enjoy his well-earned retirement.

Mr. McKerracher, we understand, has been appointed to the position of Secretary vacated by Mr. Airlie. He is sure of a hearty reception at Gartnavel. —EDITOR.

Our Cricket Season.

The season now closed has been one of unexampled prosperity. Club after club came, saw, and was conquered. The best of weather prevailed during the summer, but unfortunately it broke away toward the close, which prevented us playing our last two matches.

The matches were as a rule keenly contested, in some cases one or two runs determining the results. Our record for wins has seldom been passed, if indeed it has been equalled.

Twenty-three matches were played; won 16, lost 3, drawn 2. Attendant Lynas heads the batting averages, and Attendant Cockcroft had the best average for bowling. —CLINICAL.

MEMORIAL TO MRS. MURRAY.

GIFT OF WINDOW TO CHURCH.

GLASGOW ROYAL ASYLUM,
GARTNAVEL.

BEHAVING that many friends of the late Mrs. Murray, Matron of the West House, would desire to mark in some permanent way the memory of her many years of faithful service at Gartnavel, a Committee consisting of several of the Staff and some of the residents has been constituted, to consider the most suitable form such a memorial should take.

The Committee suggest that a stained-glass window in the new Church would be a suitable memorial.

Should this meet with your approval the Committee will be glad to receive a subscription from you, which should be sent either to Dr. Oswald, Mr. James Waddell, Steward, Gartnavel, or to the Convener of the Committee.

R. D. HITCHKIS,
Assistant Physician,
Convener.

THE above letter was issued by a Committee of the staff and residents held in sympathy with a generally expressed feeling that Mrs. Murray's work here should be marked in some way.

We are asked to state that the response has been cordial and sufficient, but that subscriptions can yet be received from anyone who was overlooked and who may desire to contribute.

The Committee have decided that the memorial will take the form of a stained-glass window in the Chancel of the Church, the subject to be symbolical of woman's work in helping and healing.

We have also the greatest pleasure in stating that a companion window to the above has been gifted by a friend, and that it will have as its subject, "Luke, the Physician."

The commission for both windows has been given, on the advice of Mr. Burnet, to Mr. J. Arning Bell, of London, and the work will be carried out by Messrs. Guthrie & Wells, of Glasgow.

The Committee desire to thank the subscribers, and to say that they appreciate the expressions of sympathy and offers of further help contained in many of the letters received by them.

EDITOR.

A Holiday at Aberfoyle.

WE leave Queen Street, Glasgow, with the 10-30 train for the north, and in a few moments stop at Bishopbriggs, which gives us our last look at the city. Fifteen minutes run and we are in sight of the towers of Lenzie Asylum, and in three minutes more are crossing one of the greatest engineering feats in Scotland—a railway cutting under the canal and over the river. This brings us to the ancient town of Kirkintilloch, where the Romans camped under Julius Caesar, and the alarmed Britons were glad to hide from their enemies in the submerged meadows, when the Kelvin overflowed its banks. On to Lennox town, through the lovely Strath of Campsie, where undulating pastures are belted with rich woods, in tints exquisite enough to be the despair of any artist. We get a glimpse of the "Grey Mare's Tail," skirt the Dungeyone Hill, pass bonny Buchlyvie, and, at 12 o'clock, reach our destination, the village of Aberfoyle.

Has Scotland, or, indeed, any country, "anything to show more fair" than Aberfoyle? We find the house as spick and span and dainty as could be, with a fire to welcome us in the dining-room, and fresh flowers in the pretty drawing-room. Then to explore the immediate surroundings. In front a large garden, more turf than flowers, but at the side of the porch a wealth of wallflower and forget-me-not, and a white clematis with roses covering the

house, and in the centre of the garden a magnificent ash tree—

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart

with love,

Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself when all the woods
are green?"

Behind the house we discover good-looking poultry, and a gamekeeper's kennels, with three fine pointers, two spaniels, and a young retriever.

In the early evening we climb Lincraig, the sheep path gemmed with violets showing their delicate veinings through the moss. Blackfaced sheep pass us with their lambs, curious little creatures, their bodies covered with silky white curls, and black legs and faces. Narrow streams, clear as crystal, run down the mountain side and mingle with the call of the cuckoo, the song of the mavis, and the cry of the peewit, making Wordsworth's lines a possibility—

"And heavy born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

As we reach the summit the sun is setting in a golden glory, and we think of the artist who, after struggling all day with a sunset in his studio, came outside in the evening for inspiration. After gazing for some time in silence, he was heard to mutter to himself—

"How does He get His effects!"

Awake next morning about 5 o'clock, we see from the open window a faint blue smoke rising from the cottages on the slope of the hill, two of them, with their brown roofs and red chimneys against the tender foliage of the trees, making a perfect scheme of colour; the Trossachs Road, winding like a silver thread round the side of the mountain, with, even at that early hour, an occasional pedestrian footing it. We had gone to bed with Dawson's "Hannah" to occupy the waking hours, but we could not open it in view of such beauty till the eye was satisfied with seeing. We remember reading somewhere of a gentleman who had climbed Snowdon to see the sunrise,

and found a woman there before him. He gazed in rapture for a time, and then gave expression to his feelings. Turning to the woman—she was a washerwoman from the village—he exclaimed—"Isn't it glorious! Can't you say something?" She quietly replied—"I am just letting it soak in."

As we look the wind rises, and there is a snell smell of coming rain; in a few minutes it comes sweeping slantwise from the hills, almost blotting out the cottages, recalling the remark Taine made as he watched a landscape by the Thames in a rain-storm—"It is like a drawing in charcoal which someone has rubbed with his sleeve."

The people of Aberfoyle have calm, contented, healthy faces, and one woman with whom we had intercourse had "that excellent thing in woman, a low, soft voice." "But," said my friend, "she has suffered. I could tell that the first time I saw her, and I asked her if she had, and she said she had suffered much from indigestion." "Imagine," she added, with a touch of awe, "anyone having indigestion at Aberfoyle!" Even the sheep trust the stranger, making no attempt to budge out of the way, but look up at you with calm, impassive faces.

A forenoon spent in exploring the country beyond the Bridge of Forth, an afternoon at Loch Ard in drenching rain, and an evening spent with Maurus Jokai's "Timar's Two Worlds" occupy a day.

Starting off next morning, provided with a new walking stick and still newer basket, purchased the day before for the inevitable gathering—for who can resist the wildflowers by the way!—we reach the Lake of Menteith after an hour and a half's walking over a bare, dusty road, with many ups and downs on it, but brightened on both sides by broom and gorse in full bloom. The Lake is touched with historic romance in the connection of Mary Queen of Scots as a child in the Priory of Inchmahome, where she had her

first lessons and played in the nuns' garden.

It is pleasant to walk down a village street in the quiet of a Sabbath morning. A spirit of restfulness is in the sunny air; no one is visible. Just beyond the Bridge of Forth we come to "God's Acre," and find in it the ruins of the Parish Church. It must have been very small, and could only have accommodated forty or fifty persons; four windows, all looking to the west, now open to the winds of heaven, and on both sides of the doorway are huge iron coffins used to prevent body-snatchers in their designs. After six weeks' burial bodies were of no value to these "resurrectionists," and the iron coffins were then removed and taken to other graveyards for a like purpose.

A walk over a rutted cart road brings us to the "Fairy Knoll," a hill evidently preserved for game, as it is carefully fenced in and entirely covered with brushwood, through which primroses bloom in profusion. Reaching the top we look down on the lovely valley of the Foyle, and, being alone, with nothing living in sight, give vent to our feelings in Mendelssohn's *Leider*, No. 9, to the words of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's hymn—

"Still, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows
flee";

and Dr. Mathison's beautiful hymn—

"O love that wilt not let me go."

The Fairy Knowe is supposed to be the haunt of the Aberfoyle fairies, to whom the Rev. Robert Kirk, minister of the parish, had nefarious dealings. But he was disloyal enough to his friends to write a pamphlet disclaiming their power, if not their existence, whereupon, it is said, they spirited him away from his quiet manse. Be that as it may, a good solid tombstone covers his remains in the parish churchyard, which bears still legibly his name

and age (48 years), and the date of his death, 1692.

We descend the hill on the eastern side, and cross a field toward the Glasgow Road, intending to reach the village in time for forenoon service, but find to our surprise the river, broad and deep, between us and the road, and no bridge in sight. After wandering for some distance "through green pastures and beside the still waters," we come to a passable ford, which we cross with dripping feet, only to find we are on an island, and must go back. Sitting down to face the situation, we realise that forenoon service is hopeless, but remembering that John Paton made a tree his sanctuary in his far northern home, we sing to ourselves "I heard the voice of Jesus say," and repeat the 91st Psalm, and then start, with wet shoes in hand, to return as we came by Bridge of Forth. We skirt the base of the hill, along a sylvan path, starred with white anemones and primroses, and arrive at Ballanton hot, tired, and hungry, but happy in the consciousness of contact with infinity, which always leaves its impress, and sets a seal to the sacrament of Nature.

I had intended, like Dr. John Brown's "Pet Marjory" at Kilmacduy, to be an "Episcopaler" in the forenoon, and a "Presbyter" in the evening, but the river Forth had set one part of the plan at naught, and now I chose the first. The little chapel on the hill is worthy of its exterior, and is very beautiful, like a jewel in an emerald setting. Lilies are on the altar, rhododendrons are massed round the pulpit, and palms set in moss are against the reading desk.

Through the open window we watch the coming of the dawn. Gradually the outlines of the hills show through the darkness, and then the roofs of the cottages appear to view. Soon we see faint blue smoke rising from the small red chimneys, and know that the tide of life has begun to flow in the valley. Life in a quiet village may have its

limitations, but here, as to the dweller in towns, the human drama is played out, and sometimes it is touched with tragedy. Last night we went out to see the setting of the sun, and called at a shepherd's cottage. The woman was in great distress. She sent all her little children into the house, and closed the door on them. Then, without a word, she led me to an outhouse, and pointed to the bodies of five lambs hanging from the roof, that had been worried by dogs. Five more, she told me, were dying, and would require to be killed. Ten lambs in one night was a cruel loss. Her husband was almost distracted, and was to watch all that night in the open.

It is strange how unexpectedly beauty meets us. We go to meet it sometimes, and find it not, and then, without looking for it, we turn a quiet corner, and find it waiting for us. "Beauty," said Hume, "lies in the eye of the gazer," and Jean François Millet held as the central core of his art creed that he knew nothing of beauty as the world knew it; he only knew beauty as expression. If he wanted to paint a beautiful woman, he would paint her looking at her child.

The writer was once in Paris in December, and went to the Opera House, to the theatres, to the churches, and did not see a beautiful woman. Crossing one dull afternoon, about five o'clock, from St. Eustache into the deserted Fish Market, sitting behind an empty stall listening languidly to an elderly man, were two of the most beautiful women she had ever seen. The elder had brilliant black eyes and abundant hair, and under the left ear was placed a red rose as only a Spanish beauty knows how to put it. Reclining against her, the younger woman, dressed in black, with a white rose fastening her mantilla, made a fascinating picture.

So, here, in this quiet place we have had the pleasure of seeing almost daily one of those beautiful faces in which

the most winsome charm lies in expression—heavy-lidded eyes, soft with feeling, the mouth a perfect bow—

"Her lips are roses gathered from the South,
The warm South side of Paradise;
And breathed upon and handed down
By angels on a stair of stars."

We climb to the top of one of the hills and see eight lochs below us—Loch Spilg, Loch Ard, Loch Chon, Loch Achray, Loch Lomond, and the Lake of Menteith. Of them all, we prefer Loch Ard. It has more of living interest than others within walking distance. Houses lie here and there along its banks, swallows skim its surface, swans swim in its waters, and trout are plentiful in its depths. We pass Bailie Nicol Jarvie's oak tree on our way, with the claymore of Rob Roy hanging to the lowest branch. A steep climb up the cable railway line cut in side of Craigmare, a height of 1271 feet, brings us to the Aberfoyle slate quarries. If the cars had been running it would have been instant death, for they must descend such an abrupt height with tremendous velocity, but we saw a workman near the top, and concluded that the cars were not running that day. We had a talk on the way down with one of the quarry workmen—a man of eminently healthy physique, who carried contentment in his eye, and thought Walt Whitman was right when he said—"Now I know the secret of the making of the best persons; it is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth."

B. W.

TOMMY.

Wha's this coming cannily over the green
WT his rough shaggy coat and honest big
cen?

It's auld Tommy.
The' he canna rin fast "he gets there" a'
the same,
For duggie's no lazy—he's just a bit lame;
A Plodder is Tommy—a dug o' great fame
Is auld Tommy.

He's name o' your common pair mungeral
dugs,
That's easily kent by the drap o' his lugs,
Guld auld Tommy.

He's Scotch, every hair, has a lang pedigree
As lang as ma arm, is this Scotch duggie's
tree,
And though he's no bonny, he's guid, you'll
agree,
Is auld Tommy.

The lassies a' lee him, and aye do the lads,
He neither has vices, nor failings, nor fads,
Has auld Tommy.

He gangs his ain gait, in a wise duggie's way,
Ever watchful by night, as well as by day;
Nae courage he lacks—tho' his coat is turned
grey—
Does auld Tommy.

He kens a' the gowf holes, as weel as can be,
I think he could e'en drive a ba' frae the tee,
Cosh! auld Tommy.

He kens a' the "short holes" across the brae
face,
And when tae rin briskly, or slacken his pace
To save his auld leggies too much o' a race,
Wise auld Tommy.

I'll wager he since was a terrace tae rats,
E'en now he's no' blate when he's lurking at
cats,
Is auld Tommy.

And wags his auld tail in the greatest o' glee,
As he chases pair pussy up ika big tree,
As much as to say: "What's the matter
wi' me?"
I'm auld Tommy.

He's sturdy, and honest, and trusty, and
true;
A well-mannered dug, he is equalled by few,
Is auld Tommy.

He has but a'e fallin', could daggie hae less?
Just one wee bit fallin', just one—can ye
guess?
He's daft about sugar—that's a', I confess—
Good auld Tommy.

He serves but a'e maister, tae him he is true,
He follows aae ither, whate'er you may do,
Honest Tommy.

Your sugar, caresses, kind words, he will
take,
But true his guid maister he never will break,
In him Tommy's confidence no one can shake,
Good auld Tommy.

And when he is laid in the cauld mouldy clay,
His frien's and acquaintances truly can say
O' auld Tommy:

"Here lies a wee duggie, true Scotch to the
core,
Wha a' his short life a guid character bore,
Sae keep his grave green if I'm no tae the
fore,
Faithful Tommy." J. G.

Diary of our Winter Arrangements.

- October 6th, Friday.—Choir Practice at 7, and weekly thereafter.
- October 8th, Sunday.—Harvest Thanksgiving Services.
- October 10th, Tuesday.—Staff Dance.
- October 12th, Thursday.—First Weekly Concert and Dance, and weekly thereafter.
- October 16th, Monday.—First Monday Fortnightly, and fortnightly thereafter. Lectures and Demonstrations to Staff commence this week.
- October 18th, Wednesday.—First Grand Concert, 7-15 (Abstainers' Union).
- October 22nd, Sunday.—Anniversary Services. Preachers—Forenoon, at 11, Rev. Dr. Strong, Hillhead Church; Evening, at 7, Rev. Mr. Oliver, Maryhill Church.
- November 3rd, Friday.—Lecture by Richard Kerr, Esq., F.G.S. Subject uncertain. Probably "Radium" or "Wireless Telegraphy," with experiments. At 7-30.
- November 15th, Wednesday.—Second Grand Concert (Abstainers' Union).
- November 25th, Saturday.—Lantern Lecture.
- December 9th, Saturday.—Humorous Musical Entertainment, Mr. Harrison Hill. 7-30.
- December 13th, Wednesday.—Third Grand Concert (Abstainers' Union).
- December 23rd, Saturday.—Lantern Lecture. 7-30. Dr. Oswald. "Pilgrimage to Palestine."
- December 24th, Sunday.—Special Christmas Eve Service.
- December 30th, Saturday.—First Production of our Musical Play, "A Gipsy Princess." (To be repeated later.)

There will be some special entertainments at Christmas time and during the New Year week. The continuation of the diary will be found in the January number of the GAZETTE.

A Day on Shore at Cape Town, South Africa.

THERE was considerable excitement among the passengers on board the s.s. "Wailora," outward bound for Melbourne *via* Cape Town, on learning that we would sight Table Mountain early next morning. We were twenty-eight days out, and although life had been made as pleasant as possible at sea, by the usual deck amusements during the day, and by dancing, concerts, and negro minstrels in the evening, we were all longing to be ashore once more, tired as we were of the confinement of the ship and the continuous daily prospect of sea, bounded only by the ring of the horizon and overhead the blue arc of sky. Occasionally a vessel would be in sight, sometimes a steamer, with which we would exchange signals, sometimes a sailing ship, with her cloud of white sails spread to the breeze—a really beautiful sight at sea.

Groups had collected early on the bridge and fore-castle head with opera glasses and telescopes eager to catch the first glimpse of land. Soon what appeared like a cloud on the horizon attracted attention, until gradually as we drew nearer, the summit of Table Mountain became visible, growing more distinct, till we could see the mountain with its flat top partially hidden in misty cloud, and Cape Town nestling at its foot. Steaming slowly into Table Bay we approached nearer to the shore, and cast anchor about a quarter of a mile from the town.

One is struck by the remarkable transparency of the sea in Table Bay. The eye seems to penetrate far down into its depths, piercing the deep blue, which I suppose must be the reflected blue of the clear sky overhead. The same remarkable transparency in the sea, and deep blue colour, are noticeable in the Bay of Funchal, Madeira, where native boys come off in boats as soon as a ship anchors, and dive for coins

thrown into the sea from the ship by passengers. One can see the coin sinking for some time, and the little chap's motions swimming after it are all visible from the bulwarks, until he reaches the coin and returns grinning to the surface to show his capture.

Cape Town, as seen from the Bay, has a really charming appearance. The town lying close to the sea, with its white houses and principal buildings—many of them of imposing appearance—bathed in sunshine. Farther back, towards the foot of Table Mountain, amidst luxuriant gardens, rich with flowers and shrubs, trailing vines and fruit trees, and shaded from the tropical sun by tall palms and blue-gum trees, lie the villas and residences of the Government officials and principal merchants—English and Dutch. Above these the mountain is clothed with pines climbing high up its slopes, until the scant soil no longer affords them life. Higher still it presents a bare precipitous face to the sea, and terminates in a flat top, from which not infrequently depends a misty cloud.

As our steamer was to be detained for two days' coaling, several parties were formed to go on shore to see the sights. One party went by train to Simons' Bay, another set out to explore around the mountain. Four of us arranged, after seeing the town, to drive to Wynberg, a beautiful suburb about eight miles from Cape Town, and to go to the theatre in the evening. Of our day's outing, and what we saw, I propose to give you some account.

We went ashore in one of the numerous native boats lying alongside, and landed on a fine beach of sand, where a small fleet of fishing craft, manned by negroes and half-castes of all shades of colour, was preparing to set out for the fishing grounds. After landing we went up town through the principal streets, which are broad and clean, and shaded by trees in many parts. We visited the Botanical Gardens, which, like all gardens in hot climates, are a

continual wonder and delight. We saw the library and the museum, which, excepting a collection of skeletons and stuffed specimens of African animals, presented nothing new. We also visited the Standard Bank of Africa, a fine building, the railway station (the railways are Governmental property), and the garrison, which was occupied by a Highland regiment. The sentries on duty, with kilts and white helmets, made one feel quite at home.

The fruit market was an interesting sight. Grapes, peaches, oranges, nectarines, pine apples, melons, etc., piled up on stalls, looked deliciously tempting, and could be had for the most trifling sum. One has to be careful, however, at first, of eating much fruit in sunny climes. The stall-tenders are invariably women, mostly negroes, some of gigantic stature; others have a Jewish or Arab look, and all with a decided objection to superfluous ornament and jewellery of the Birmingham type.

After paying a visit to the Café Royal, where many of the business and official people of Cape Town meet daily to lunch, drink black coffee without sugar, and smoke cigarettes, while discussing the latest items about the Kimberley diamond fields, the Boers, gold reefs, home news, or other current topics, we decided to hunt up a conveyance to take us to Wynberg. We succeeded in getting a dog-cart to hold four at a large livery establishment, where we saw a collection of beautiful Arab horses belonging to wealthy Cape Town families. At what time this breed of Arabs was introduced into Cape Town would be interesting to know. They are used as riding and carriage horses, and are most beautiful creatures, perfectly formed, with large intelligent eyes, and flowing manes and tails. For dray and waggon work in Cape Town mules are employed, and bullocks for inland journeys beyond reach of the railway.

We drove to Wynberg along a very dusty road, which for nearly the entire distance is shaded by trees growing on either side. The landscape after leaving Cape Town is uninteresting, being very flat and parched looking, but on approaching Wynberg—which is really a place of residence for the wealthier inhabitants of Cape Town—villas and houses of brick and wood, with drooping eaves and balconies above, and verandahs beneath, for protection from the sun, nestle among lovely gardens, bright with varied flowers and studded with shrubs, with palms and other tall trees to afford shade.

On our way we crossed a stream in which was a group of negro women busily engaged in washing clothes, and chattering to each other most volubly. We also passed one or two waggons drawn by mules; one I think had ten yoked two and two abreast, and also a waggon, yoked to which I counted eight pairs of bullocks. Life has not the hurry and rush there that consumes all that is best of life here.

Having arrived back safely in the afternoon, we went on board the "Waihora" to wash off the dust and change before going to the theatre. Coaling had been going on busily all day, and large barges were lying alongside filled with coal, which a small army of negroes was shovelling into baskets and carrying on board. Everything on deck was black with coal dust, and we were glad after dinner to drop into a boat and make for shore again. The performance at the theatre was not over-brilliant, but we enjoyed the novelty exceedingly after the long voyage. We left the theatre after midnight, and on going down to the beach found that no boatmen were about. After being thoroughly wet and chilled by a heavy mist—a feature of Cape Town after sundown—we ultimately found a man to put us on board, and so ended a delightful day's experience of Cape Town. EDITOR.

VESPERS.

ON THE FLOWER OF THE FEEBLE KNEES.

Is the west the sky is glowing,
Quietness reigneth on the hill,
Yet there is a sound of music—
Little Hairbell's chiming still.
"Sweet Campanula" cries Soldier,
Marching past right steadily
To be in before the roll-call—
Ere the light doth fade away.
"Sweet Campanula—still ringing?
Thou hast rung the live-long day!
When the time for work is over
Is it not then time for play?"
"Soldier! Thou art strong; thy battle
Thou canst win with greater ease;
But if I'm to gain the victory
I must fight upon my knees."
"What's the good of life and labour?"
Asks the green grassdopper gay,
"As ye seem just stricken dumb, mum,
I had better hop away."
"What is this eternal ringing?
Tell me, Heart/scene, if ye please."
"Well, young man, it's not a bad thing
To be much upon your knees."

There's a rustle through the grasses
As a mole creeps down that way,
"Hairbell, why are ye aye at it?
Ringing both by night and day!"
"Friend, our natures are so different;
Ye can stand a life of ease;
But if I'm to get assurance
I must keep upon my knees."

Says the old fox out a-hunting,
"Where's your comfort? Is your life—
That ye say is just a vapour—
To be one perpetual strife?"
"Mister Reynard, I don't judge ye—
Though ye do just as ye please;
But if I am to find comfort
I must seek it on my knees."

Light had very nearly vanished—
But one streak left in the sky—
When a large and heavy death-moth
Suddenly went whirling by.
Fear and terror and great horror
Now the gentle flower sees,
But she falleth prostrate, crying:
"I am safe upon my knees!"

'Tis the hour the Angel cometh
With the gracious heavenly dews,
And she hearkens as she passeth,
Learning what each flower doth choose.
"Hairbell chiming sweet as ever!"
Said she: "I must tarry there.
What is it that she is pleading
For, in such impassioned prayer?"

"Hide me! hide me!" she is crying,
"For to Thee—to Thee I fly!"
Hide me! Oh! Thou Rock of Ages!
In the Rock higher than I!"
"Cheer thee on, thou fainting warrior,
Thou art truly entering in;
Thou shalt learn the wondrous secret
How the weak are called to win."

Cheer thee on, thou weary pilgrim,
For thy race will soon be run;
And thou surely shalt be greeted
With the Master's glad "well done!"
And the kindly dew of Heaven—
Gift no man can take away—
Fall upon the little blossom
Sealing her into "that day."

And she drinketh the elixir
With a rapture none can tell,
As her heart so pure and lowly
With ecstatic love doth swell.

There is awe among the flowers,
Have ye seen? Her face doth shine!"
"That's the evidence," says Lily,
"That the Hairbell is Divine."
There's a going in the pine-trees
As they whisper to the breeze:
"Have ye heard?—the Hairbell's won it!"
Answereth Zephyr:—"On her knees!"
E. Y.

Natural History Notes.

(Continued.)

THE tree sparrow—a near relative of the house sparrow—may be dismissed in a word: it is a smaller bird than the latter, and the male and female are alike, which is of course not the case with the house and hedge sparrows.

The hedge sparrow rejoices in quite a number of names, such as Duncock, shuffle wing, smoke, etc. It is a small brown bird, bearing no resemblance to, and being no relative of, the obnoxious house sparrow. As its name implies, it frequents hedgerows and nests in them; roots and moss, with a lining of hair or wool are the materials used. Four to six pure blue eggs are laid early in March. Among birds early nesting means early singing, and so the hedge sparrow begins courting early in the year. Often in February the quaint short song may be heard; so soon as

the waters begin to murmur with the approach of spring, so soon will the rooks be cawing and the hedge sparrows singing. Its food consists almost entirely of insects, and this busy, industrious little bird must do a power of good. The eggs, as already mentioned, are four to six in number, of blue colour; not seldom, however, an egg, singularly like in colour, but larger in size, is found in the nest. Whence comes this? A mere freak of nature you will say. By no means; this is a deep-laid scheme hatched in the cunning brain of the "criminal bird," to wit, the cuckoo. In all the realm of bird life nothing approaches in horror the depravity of this seemingly innocent and gentle bird. Imposture from birth to maturity is the keynote to its character; laid in a nest at the building of which its parents played no part, enclosed within a shell that does its best to act as a falsehood, no sooner is it hatched than, blind and naked though it be, its first act is to destroy the young of its foster parents. This bloated monster hauls its fellow fledglings from their nest to die a lingering death. When full grown the cuckoo so closely resembles a hawk that the lesser birds, as is their wont with birds of prey, will mob it till they detect the fraud. When young, however, the cuckoo is of a sober brown, for no foster parents would dare feed a bird resembling the young of the hawk tribe.

The hedge sparrow is a much less obtrusive bird than the house sparrow. It is to be met with in almost every garden, and moves over the ground with a slight jerk or shuffle, and hence its trivial name of shuffle wing in some localities. Birds, in common with all living creatures, will endure and survive extremes of temperature provided they have a sufficient supply of food. If their larder is full Jack Frost may do his worst. This, by the way, is especially noticeable in the case of wild fowl; they can endure even an Arctic temperature provided food is plentiful.

It is clear, then, that food supply is of vital importance to bird life even in our islands. Instinct goes a long way to solve this problem of where food is to be found, but in order that the greatest good to the greatest number may result birds often hunt in packs. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the Tit tribe. The best known of this genus are the blue tit, great tit, and long-tailed tit. We have in addition the coal, marsh, and crested tit. The two first named are comparatively common with us, especially the blue tit or billy biter.

The tit mice hunt in family parties as a rule, and this division of labour in foraging for food supplies is of immense importance to them. The reason for this is not far to seek. Their food, which consists mainly of insects and grubs, is often found in quantities in certain places, and such places may be far apart. Thus, a single tit mouse might hunt for a whole day without getting a full meal, whereas a party of a dozen or so will more certainly detect a store of food, and a few calls will assemble the whole company to share the feast.

Few sights are more interesting than watching the blue tits busily engaged in hunting over a tree for the insects which may be found there. With extraordinary rapidity and unerring accuracy they examine every leaf and twig, and as the insects are oftenest on the under surface of the leaves they have to cling to the twig head downwards to get at their prey. One cannot help noticing the constant activity of the tit mice. Who ever saw an idle tit? Yet they never seem to tire, and always seem full of life and vigour. If irritability be the test of big organisation then surely the tit mice should stand very near the top of the list.

The custom of feeding the tits in winter has become well nigh universal now-a-days. Nothing in the food line comes amiss to this omnivorous bird—raw meat, suet, cocoa-nut, all are

equally welcome. Wall nuts, too, are much run after. Early in November they return to their favourite window or tree, and from then until February they are daily, nay hourly, visitors. It is incredible how quickly they discover morsels hung up to tempt them. A year ago the writer had an experience which proves how keen-eyed and watchful these little creatures are. One cold bleak day in winter, when little bird life appeared to be stirring, a bag of wall nuts was prepared with the faint hope that some stray tit might be attracted thereto. No sooner was the window opened, preparatory to hanging out the bait, than a great tit appeared on the scene, coming no one knew where from, and with the customary daring of this bold and powerful bird, a determined effort was made to get at the savoury nuts. The great tit or ox eye will attack smaller birds, and is said to split their skulls open with its powerful beak to get at the brain. The tits are accused of destroying fruit buds; this they undoubtedly do, but it has been pretty clearly proved that they only select buds which contain grubs, and which would therefore injure the growth of the tree or shrub unless destroyed.

The usual note of the great tit resembles the sound produced by sharpening a saw with a file. The blue tit's note is a harsh chee-chee-chee.

Both these birds nest in odd out of the way places, such as disused pumps, letter boxes, hollow posts, etc. They will defend their young fiercely, hissing like a snake, and pecking at the intruder in a way which has gained for the blue tit the name of billy biter.

T. G. S.

(To be continued.)

Musselburgh and the Battle-field of Pinkie.

THE ancient town of Musselburgh and its environs, where, in company with three friends, I spent a very

pleasant holiday in August, present an interesting field for the historical and antiquarian student. In Scottish historical records the town is first mentioned in the ninth century, although, indeed, centuries before, the Romans had one of their numerous stations here, and have left a lasting monument in the form of the "Old Roman Bridge." In Queen Mary's time some Roman remains were unearthed, and we find the Scottish Queen writing a letter to the authorities commanding them to take the greatest care of the various articles discovered. The English Ambassador at the Scottish Court also appears to have informed Queen Elizabeth of the discovery of a Roman altar at Musselburgh. Our residence was in Levenhall, a suburb of Musselburgh, and situated about a mile from the town, which can be reached in a few minutes by the electric cars, which, by the way, are quite different from the slow Edinburgh cable cars. The Musselburgh cars convey you to Joppa, where you can get a cable car to Edinburgh.

The Town House of Musselburgh is a quaint old fashioned erection, the steeple being the most ancient portion of the building. The first Town House was destroyed by the English in 1544, when the Earl of Hertford suddenly invaded Scotland with a fleet and an army of 10,000 men. This invasion was simply a raid made by the orders of Henry VIII. to show his displeasure at the refusal of the Scottish Government to give up their infant Queen, Mary Stuart, whom he intended to be the bride of his young son, afterwards Edward VI. Man proposes, but God disposes, and as the Scottish Government would not consent, years of terrible and bloody war followed. Musselburgh lost her council chamber and tolbooth which were destroyed by the English foe, but the old steeple survived. The town was again to suffer the horrors of war some three years after, as the same English com-

mander, Hertford, now created Duke of Somerset, invaded Scotland by order of the young Edward VI. to compel the Regent and his privy councillors to consent to the marriage. The battle of Pinkie Cleugh, or Musselburgh, as the English called it, was the result, and although Scotland lost some 14,000 soldiers she would not yield, but sent off her young Queen to France to be married to the Dauphin. When the clock was removed from the steeple a few years ago it was found to bear the date of 1496, having been made in the reign of James IV. After the Reformation the church and "holy house" of Loretto proved a handy quarry for the practical folks of Musselburgh, who used the stones to rebuild their old Town House. We are told that this action brought down upon the town the curse of the Pope, the burgh being annually cursed at Rome until the nineteenth century; indeed, a Musselburgh gentleman informed me that the cursing was continued until 1870, the year when the Italians occupied Rome and the temporal power fell.

Carberry Hill, in the immediate neighbourhood, has also a peculiar interest for the historical student, as it was here that Queen Mary surrendered to her rebellious nobles after her flight with Bothwell. The battle field of Prestonpans lies also close at hand. It was here that Prince Charlie defeated the Hanoverian army under General Sir John Cope, and the brave and pious Colonel Gardiner fell. The old castle of Fawside, which lies at a little distance from the town, has also made a name for itself in history by its gallant defence during the English invasion, the garrison, during the battle of Pinkie, keeping up a heavy fire on the English with cannon and muskets. For this assistance, and the brave stand they made, the English, after the battle, burnt the garrison alive. Poor Mary Stuart! could there have been a more unfortunate queen! Cursed by her dying father at her birth because she

was not a boy, she was the innocent cause of years of bloody wars between Scotland and England, and finally, driven from her kingdom, she ended her unhappy life on an English scaffold.

Our residence, which is well named "Viewmount," is situated on a rising ground, and commands a splendid view of the Forth, with the island of Inchkeith in the distance. On clear days we could distinguish the yellow corn fields of Fife, and at night the twinkling lights of Burntisland, Kirkcaldy, and Kinghorn could plainly be seen. We visited the links every day; one of our number, Mr. L., having taken out a "golf ticket" for the period of our stay, enjoyed many a good round of the links. Mr. L. and I enjoyed a bath every morning while the tide was suitable, always returning fresh and invigorated with a good appetite for breakfast; we also had several days fishing, in which we were very successful. I must not forget to mention our visit to the "teapot factory," as we humorously called it, although it turns out many more articles than the humble brown teapot. The man at the potter's wheel took up a lump of clay, placed it on the rapidly revolving wheel, and in less than half a minute it assumed the form of a teapot. The quickness and skill displayed were really wonderful. On one occasion Mr. L. and I took the car for Edinburgh, where we spent the day, seeing all the historical sights. We are all of opinion that we never spent a more delightful holiday than our three weeks at Musselburgh.

A. N. S. M.

Deep-Sea Fishing in the Firth of Forth.

WHILE on holiday at Musselburgh along with three friends we enjoyed some capital fishing. We were obliged to go very far out in the Firth before we fairly "struck ile," as the Yankees say. The first afternoon, after changing our anchorage no less

than five times, we at last got among the haddocks, and had really a good catch—sometimes two at a time, and all about a quarter of a pound or a little over, a few being about half a pound. Our first day's catch numbered 65 beautiful fish (just the nice size for frying for breakfast), and would weigh about a stone and a half. Only those who have experienced it can explain the thrill of excitement caused by a "tearing rag." On two other nights we caught 35 each time, all beautiful fish. We were rather elated to discover that our catches had caused a sensation in the neighbourhood. We gave away a good many to various friends. When next we fish in the Forth may we always have plenty of "tearing rags," and catch as many fish.

M.

EVERMORE.

CAN you tell me the meaning
Of the rustling of the palm-tree,
Why the fire-flies dance and sparkle,
And the waves beat on the shore?
Why the mountain sides are ringing,
Why these countless voices singing,
And these melodies keep clinging—
Evermore!

Can you tell me why this chatter
Of the loveland in the forest,
Why the flower-bells ring sweetly,
Why the mountain torrents roar?
Why this ceaseless, endless singing,
Why this joyful music, ringing
To the heart for ever clinging—
Evermore!

I can tell you—if you listen—
Why they sing and dance and sparkle,
Why their song and roar and chatter
Sounds o'er sea from shore to shore;
That is God's creation ringing,
All His praises, loudly ringing,
And to him for ever clinging—
Evermore.

I can tell you—if you listen—
Why the birds and trees and blossoms,
Why the mountains and the torrents
Sing His praises o'er and o'er.
These are Nature's voices saying,
Turn ye, turn, and cease from straying,
Trust in God, and keep on praying
Evermore.

March 21st, 1906.

J. G.

A Harbour Tragedy.

THE old skipper sat on the low wall which formed one side of the harbour; and save the gentle lapping of the water against the boats not a sound broke the intense stillness of the evening but his voice, rising and falling with the cadence of a practised story teller. For hours his audience had remained spell-bound with his recital of stories of the most gruesome description, and he had arrived at a most fearsome point when suddenly a gust of wind rippled the glassy water in the bay, soured eerily through the rigging of the boats, and expired with a rustling shriek in the woods beyond like the wail of a lost spirit. The old man paused, then—splash! and a gurgling cry pierced the intense stillness. Someone had fallen into the harbour. In a moment all was confusion and wild excitement. Men shouted orders to one another; women shrieked in terror. Who could it be? Sandy Brown dashed out of the house with a piece of blazing rope with which he ignited an old tar barrel. It was a weird scene. The women, their scared faces lit up by the blazing tar barrel; the men below shifting the boats in hot haste.

"What's that figure there!" shouted the skipper.
"There's ten fit o' water," came the reply.
"The water's gaun back. Be smart there, you fellows. Tak' the Dan Tucker outside. Hi' there! Whaur's Sandy Brown? Can he no tak' his auld cobbles out o' that? What's he dacin' wi' his auld gabart in there! Hae ye got the grappels?" Then there was a hauling of ropes and chains and anchors.

"What's the use?" cried a voice from below. "Ye may as weel tak' yer time. Wha ever it is, is doomed."
"I'm no so sure o' that," replied the skipper from above, "whaur there's life there's hope."

"Deil muckle life can onybody hae wi' ten fit o' water abune them," retorted the voice from below.

The harbour was ultimately cleared of its crowd of boats: every man in the village was engaged save Sandy Brown. Having lit the tar barrel Sandy slipped quietly home, smoked a pipe, and went to bed. He gave an occasional chuckle as the gleam of the burning barrel lit up his window. And the water in the harbour fell inch by inch, foot by foot, until at last the boat containing the graipnels, with the men working them, rested on the sludge, but no body was found.

What could it mean? They had all distinctly heard the gurgling cry of a drowning man. Were they bewitched? On examining, however, the bottom of the harbour basin by daylight, they found a large flat stone, where they all knew very well no stone ought to be. Who put it there? E. F. C.

Letter to the Editor.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Because you were so very kind in printing my poetical letter to you, and because several nice people thanked me for it, I thought I might venture to tell you a little more about my life.

In July I spent a lot of time in below the rhubarb leaves. No one knew what I was about; and wasn't "the gracious lady at The Cottage" astonished and delighted when, at last, forth I stepped, surrounded by four lovely chicks!

I sleep no more in the apple-tree, but watch over my chicks, night and day. We live in a fine wooden house now, which the "noble overseer's" son set out in the wood for us. The gracious lady comes every day, wet or dry, to feed and encourage us. A happy mother is your Ida!

There is only one other thing I wish to relate. Once in my nest in the ivy—it was long before July—there was found one morning a very huge

egg. Even I was surprised at it, never having seen the like before. The gracious lady sent it, beautifully packed, as a gift to a friend of hers, and next day I received the letter given below from that friend. It was addressed "To Ida, Most Noble of Birds."

"Most Noble IDA,—Many Hens have done valiantly, but thou excellest them all!

"Thy Egg-o-istic effort amazeth my soul; confoundeth stomachus! But nay! ne'er shall the biting influences of gastric juice be shed upon this glorious production! Let the egg be 'blown' say I, and set up as a crowning trophy of the wonders and delights of The Cottage.

"But, pray, oh! most admirable IDA! tell me this. Why should such offering have been brought to me? Why not been laid at the feet of the gods or goddesses who rule the East, or those who rule the West? or even before the great JUPITER OLYMPUS himself, in the Capitol, upon Gartnavel Hill?

"Thine most astonishedly,—CRANSTON."

So you see, sir, that I was quite right in regarding that egg as something uncommon. This, I think, is about all I can tell you of myself (if I began about my chicks I should fill the GAZETTE), but it is a pretty good account of six months—is it not?

Most respectfully, dear Sir, I remain yours,

Sept., 1905. (The Cottage Hen).

Varieties.

Religion is the startling rumour that there is another world.

If you feel that you've really got to tell a secret, go somewhere where it's dark and you'll be alone. Then keep your mouth shut.

Mr. Talkinghorn: "There is a fine picture of our minister in to-day's paper."

Mrs. Talkinghorn: "Indeed! What has he been cured of?"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"Look at me," exclaimed the leading lawyer, warmly: "I never took a drop of medicine in my life, and I'm as strong as any two of your patients put together."

"Well, that's nothing," retorted the physician. "I never went to law in my life, and I am as rich as any two dozen of your clients put together."