

Gartnavel Gazette

Publication/Creation

1909, April

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/hpkuvpq2>

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
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

HB13/2/163

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



Founded 1812

New Series. APRIL, 1909. No. 26.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES,	1	ENTERTAINMENT BY THE GARTNAVEL AMATEUR	
THE DEMOLITION OF THE DOME,	3	OPERA COMPANY,	10
THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL,	5	OUR CHRYSANTHEMUMS,	11
"GOOD-BYE,"	7	CRICKET FIXTURES,	12
LEAVES FROM AN OLD DIARY,	7	THE BALLADE OF A FANCY-DRESS MONKEY,	12
		HUMOROUS,	12

Notes.

WE sincerely thank all our friends for their reception of our last number. Some of our contemporaries noticed it in the most kindly manner, and it has been described as "an interesting and valuable contribution of the History of Old Glasgow," and "as an instructive and well written account of a Glasgow Institution." The literary matter and the illustrations both come in for praise, and the whole number seems to have favourably impressed many who had previously little knowledge of the foundation and history of the Hospital.

The Christmas and New Year entertainments proved most successful and enjoyable; and elsewhere will be found articles dealing with the Children's Party and the Performance of the Gartnavel Opera Company. The Fancy Dress Ball was a blaze of beauty, and a riot of colour. We stop with that statement, only regretting we are not

able to present from our lady contributors detailed descriptions of any of the dresses. Many were original, and all were beautiful and becoming.

The Staff Dance went with great swing and go, and was at least as enjoyable as any of its predecessors.

The hearty interest taken in the preparations for the entertainments even by those not fortunate enough to take part in them was very evident, and everyone worked to make them what they were, a great success.

Mr. Graham, one of our Directors, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Abstainers' Union at the close of their last concert on March 10th, spoke of the wonderful record they showed. For fifty-two years they had given a series of winter concerts here, and during that time they had maintained them at a high pitch of excellence. He spoke of the variety they always provided, for whether it was songs, recitals, instrumental music, or dances, it was good. Mr. Robinson in replying

for the Abstainers' Union and the artistes, said the singers gave their services most heartily and ungrudgingly, and he and his brother directors enjoyed the concerts as much as anyone. He thought artistes had larger hearts than their fellows, and as for himself he had been coming here for nearly fifty years, and now considered he was as one of us.

The concerts of the season just closing were of a high standard. We heard again old favourites, and had new singers and new songs. Mr. Frame tickled us with his songs and patter, and his impromptu poem and speech on Happiness was given in the right place. We would like to mention other singers and their songs, but there are so many that space forbids. We thank them all, and that very sincerely.

We observe from the Annual Report that since the institution of the examination, 105 nurses and attendants who received their training here have succeeded in obtaining the Certificate of Proficiency in Mental nursing, granted by the Medico-Psychological Association.

Sixteen of the above number are still at work here, while of the others, three are, or have been Matrons, two are Head Attendants of Asylums, one is Governor of a Poorhouse, and a large number are engaged in private nursing.

The next examination in May is being at present anxiously prepared for. We wish all who then present themselves a happy and successful result to their labours.

In the event of the Bill at present before Parliament for the State Registration of Nurses becoming law, we believe that all who hold the above certificate will be entitled to register without presenting themselves for further examination.

We have again promotions—and well deserved ones—to chronicle. At the close of the year (the news came on the night of the Staff Dance) Sister

Dow was appointed Matron of the County Asylum at Lancaster, and soon afterwards Miss M'Kenzie was successful in her application for the Matronship of the Girls' Industrial School at Sunderland.

We spell the going, and we welcomed the coming. Miss Brodie, trained in Aberdeen Royal Asylum and Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, succeeds Sister Dow as Night Assistant Matron, and Miss Bayne follows Miss M'Kenzie as Kitchen Superintendent. We hope that both will be happy with us, and that they will in time step up to the higher posts to which their qualifications and work will then well entitle them.

Dr. Shaw left us at the end of the year to take up his work at Lochgilphead. He had endeared himself to all in his short stay, and he carried with him the good wishes of everyone. Before going he was the recipient of gifts from the staff testifying to the high estimation in which he was held.

We are naturally proud to think that in a little over a year two of our Physicians left to take up appointments as Superintendents, and that four of our Assistant Matrons were promoted to be Matrons of Asylums or other Institutions.

From the daily newspapers we note that the Directors hope at an early date to take part in the establishment of an Institute or Laboratory in the West of Scotland for the working out of problems connected with diseases of the brain. We hear it is likely this Institute will be in our neighbourhood, if not actually within the grounds, but again it is stated that it may be in connection with the University.

The terrace being constructed on the slope to the South of the West House has recently made great progress, with favourable weather, and under Mr. Barr's directions. It is a continuation,

though at a lower level, of the new Croquet Green, and gives a finish to that portion of the grounds, while its sunny exposure and seats will make it in Summer a favourite resting place. The removal to this terrace from other parts of the grounds of a number of large, growing lime trees, a work of some skill, successfully carried out, was watched with interest by many of us.

Longing eyes were cast at the curling pond during the winter, but though frosty weather was frequent, it never was sufficiently severe or long continued to permit play. There was good ice in the early days of March, but influenza colds were then rampant among us, and there was in addition a press of work. Our pond does not seem to freeze as readily as the larger skating pond at the gate, and by some this is believed to be due to the vibration of the water caused by passing trains, the pond being at the western extremity of the grounds, and just over the wall from the North British Railway. Or it may be that as watched pots never boil, so watched ponds never freeze, but whatever the reason, we have to record a blank winter for curling.

Frequent and pleasant parties to theatres and concerts have been much enjoyed. Sven Helin enthralled some with the story of his travels; to others the pantomime and the play were more enjoyable, while regular parties were present at the series of concerts given in connection with Temple Parish Church.

So frequent were other entertainments in February and March that for a time the "Monday Fortnightlys" were discontinued. In January the Kyrie Choir gave us a very excellent concert. They had not visited us for some years, and their rendering of Part Songs (of which we were supplied with the words) was much appreciated. Later in the

month we had a Night with Burns. In February we had the Waverley Choir, the Players' Club, and a Lecture from Captain Benson on South America, this last illustrated with numerous lantern pictures, and given in a very racy manner. The beginning of March brought us Mr. Letta in a conjuring entertainment, then the Abstainers' Union brought their season of monthly concerts to a close with an excellent evening, referred to elsewhere, and on March 20, Mr. Frank Neilson with his Bijou Orchestra of all the talents and all the instruments—many of them unique, but all melodious—gave a most successful finish to a most successful season.

The Demolition of the Dome.

THE illustration on the title page of this publication shows the central part of the old City Poorhouse in Parliamentary Road as it had stood for almost a century until the extension of the Caledonian Railway necessitated the demolition of the whole building, and at 5 a.m. on 1st August, 1907, the lofty dome, that is all above the fourth storey, was suddenly rent to pieces by the aid of dynamite and fell crashing to the basement. No injury was done to the outer walls of the building by the falling stones, and all appeared as before save that the graceful dome had vanished as if cut off by a knife and spirited away.

The central part of the building consisted of a double well, the smaller one within, and rising above the larger. From the basement all the way to the top of the inner well, which measured about 30 feet diameter by 60 feet deep or, if measured to the foundations in the basement, about 72 feet deep, ran a circular hanging staircase close to the wall with landings at each of the three lower flats. From each landing a doorway led into the outer well, the diameter of which was about 44 feet, and one could walk right round on

three flats between the walls of the outer and inner wells, thence through doorways into rooms provided for the assistant doctor, and other officials, also to the long blocks radiating from the centre, along both sides of which were the tiny rooms in which the inmates were confined; dining and sitting rooms, etc.

From the topmost landing of the inner well rose eight pillars supporting the dome proper, the projecting part at the bottom resting also on the wall of the inner well. It was constructed of large stones built in the form of eight narrow arches tapering to a point, separated by eight narrow windows, and the top was terminated by a massive stone pinnacle. The largest of the stones forming the dome would weigh as much as 6 or 7 cwt. each and the weight of the whole structure was probably not less than 250 tons.

To take down this massive dome by ordinary means would have involved the erection of heavy scaffolding inside and outside, and the use of one or more steam cranes but, to obviate this, the contractors for the demolition of the building requested me to examine the dome and report if it could be brought down by the aid of explosives. Although the question was a difficult one, and my experience in blasting had not hitherto extended to anything of this kind, I had demolished so many bridges over railways and rivers, in addition to many other blasting operations, that I was able to report in the affirmative. Preparations were, therefore, made for charging dynamite in such positions as would remove the supports of the dome and cause it to fall to the bottom of the well without throwing any part of the material beyond the building. The hour fixed for the explosion was 5 a.m. and that was communicated only to a few responsible officials representing the Caledonian Railway Company and the contractors for the removal of the building so as to prevent a crowd assembling, which

such a novel sight would have collected had the public known when the blast was to take place.

The total weight of explosive used was 20 lb., which was placed in 12 holes late on the previous evening, and in these charges were inserted 23 electric detonator fuses coupled up in series about half an hour before the appointed time.

A number of shots arranged in this way can be simultaneously exploded by a 50 volt current of electricity from a portable dynamo blasting machine, weighing about 14 lb. and measuring about 1 cubic foot. A twin cable about 150 yards long was attached to the fuses and led from the dome through one of the corridors to a covered shed about 100 yards distant, and at 5 a.m. on 1st August, 1907, I turned the handle of the machine to which the twin cable was attached, and instantaneously exploded all the charges of dynamite.

In arranging these charges a larger quantity of dynamite was placed in the holes at one side of the dome than at the other, so as to give it a slight tilt, and, on the explosion of the dynamite, one sharp report was heard, the dome seemed to lift a few inches, quiver for an instant, topple to one side, and disappear down the well with a tremendous roar, followed by a huge and subsiding cloud of dust, which took about ten minutes to clear away.

No debris was projected from the shot, and many of the householders in the neighbourhood were unaware that such a thing had taken place until they saw that the dome, which had been there the night before, had mysteriously disappeared. A number of pigeons which had their domicile about the dome also disappeared, and did not return until about ten days later. A parrot in a workman's house about 300 yards from the scene of the explosion dropped dead, but that is the only casualty which can be attributed to the blast.

The several visits which I made to the site before carrying out the blast, and the operation itself, awakened interesting reminiscences of the evenings, away back in the seventies, when I frequently visited my brother, the late Dr. W. B. Hunter, at that time assistant doctor in the Town's Hospital and, later, my brother, the late Dr. Charles D. Hunter, who occupied the same position. Turning the handle of the electric blasting machine ignited the explosive which precipitated the stones from the dome through the ceilings and floors of the rooms in which I had so often been entertained as a guest, and not a trace is now left of the handsome building which occupied this site for nearly one hundred years.—R. H.

The Children's Festival.

A FAIRY TALE FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

IT is now three years since there assembled in the halls of Gartnavel—and for the first time in the annals of that institution—a joyous company of somewhat over sixty children. Who that was there in 1905 but can recall the kind welcome, the feast, the glory of Santa Claus, and his gifts from the radiant Christmas Tree!

When, therefore, early in December, 1908, invitations were issued by Dr. Oswald to the children of the working staff, employees, &c., there was not only an eager response and acceptance of these, but, in the minds of the young people, we fancy, a firmer belief than ever that "three is lucky." Anxious, the patients who were present thought themselves extremely lucky.

It so fell out that the 29th of December proved the wildest day of the whole winter. Snow had fallen steadily during the night and had continued to do so in the forenoon, and we thought with dismay of the small limbs that would soon be making their way through it. But at noon the sun shone out, the snow plough did its work from the gate, and, as for the

guests—why, "where there's a will there's a way."

It was a sunny-faced flock that moved about four o'clock into the large hall. Every mother there, thought, doubtless—and with right—that her's were the flowers of it. There they were received by Dr. Oswald, Miss Darney, and several assistant-matrons; while one of our Directors, some outside members of the official staff, a few personal friends of the Doctor's, and some privileged lady and gentlemen patients were present.

A few kind words of welcome opened the proceedings, after which tea was served by willing hands at the brightly set out tables at the far end of the hall. Soon the conversation of children and adults flowed freely, the cakes and fruit disappeared satisfactorily, and the popular crackers were heard going off in all directions. But, delightful as was this good cheer and sociability, it was apparent that many an eager glance was cast at the red curtain of the stage, as if somehow the crisis of the evening lay there. For the bruit had gone forth in whispered confidences that some fairy creation was to take the place of the never-forgotten tree. The rumour proved well-founded. While waiting for this revelation, trays of tiny magic cakes were carried round, in each of which some small treasure—in some cases a threepenny bit—was discovered. Presently the Master of these Christmas revels announced to an expectant audience that behind the curtain lay—A Fairy Pie! A Fairy Pie baked for them! Not an ordinary Pie baked at an ordinary baker's out of ordinary materials, but a quite different sort of pie; in fact, a Regular Right Royal Extraordinary Pie! (applause). Not such a pie as poor Simple Simon so greatly desired from the kind-hearted pie-man going to the fair, and all in vain for want of the needful pennies, but a Pie of vast extent, a Pie of Beauty, a full, overflowing, bounteous Pie with gifts for all! (great applause).

The curtain then rose. What vision at that thrilling moment was seen by the mental eye of others we know not, but confess that *our* feeble imagination had failed to realize and scale the heights of the reality. Who but Charles Lamb could have fitly described that Pie! There it lay in the soft radiant light, tilted up, that its colour, its form, its finish might all be rightly seen—an object so brilliant and so large that it might have been perceived by the naked eye half a mile away. In fact, it almost dwarfed the proportions of the presiding genius, a snowy *chef*, who, in all the solidity of manhood, and the brilliancy of professional bravery, stood behind it, beaming out on all the world, but with a most business-like knife and fork in his hands, evidently borrowed from Neptune, or his brother, for the occasion. This wondrous Fabrication [as a learned philologist would have called it], in which were traces of many a manly, subtle, and artistic finger, was then moved down and forward into the hall. The *chef* having sworn to the superiority of his work, Dr. Oswald advanced, and, as the first cut was being made in the mighty *chef-d'œuvre*, there was wafted mysteriously from the background the strains of—

"Sing a song a sispence,
A Bag full of Rye,
Four and twenty Blackbirds
Baked in a Pie!"

Then happened a strange thing. From the aperture in the Pie there arose, with a graceful flutter, a beautiful parrot. All unabashed at the large assembly, he climbed the electric rope of one of the lights, and gazed down critically upon the audience. Presently out flew smaller birds—black birds! whizzing and whirring, in little flocks, up to the lofty roof. But to talk of twenty-four is sheer nonsense. We know better; double that would be nearer the mark. Then followed snowy rabbits, quite a colony, scuffling across the floor amidst shouts of delight.

Then more birds again, till all had flown.

When silence was restored, the owner of the Pie turned with some severity [see thought, but *he* called it (to himself) no doubt, righteous indignation] upon the kind, white Cook, demanding where the gifts were. This was all very well, very interesting and improving, but there had been a promise of something more. He wasn't going to be put off in this way; and if nothing else was forthcoming, it might cost the Cook dear—aye! he might have to pay for it with his head!

So the good *Chef*, pleading for his life upon his knees, assured the Doctor that "he would yet redeem his promise; all would come right; he had a friend—a friend in need—a friend indeed—the great Santa Claus himself!—*he* was the gift-bringer." Thereupon entered, amidst loud cheering, the glowing Santa Claus, when everything *did* come right, as was foretold. Either through agitation caused by his friend's danger, or joy at saving him, Santa Claus made but a short speech that night, and in fact the Doctor (in his impatience to be at the Pie again) cut it shorter still. But the shorter the better for the happy recipients of the gifts.

For nearly half an hour these latter came pouring out of the Fairy Pie,—gifts for babes and gifts for big boys, gifts for young maidens, for little mites, and little men,—something pretty, something useful, something long-desired perhaps, for each child. The first admiring and wondering over their treasures was not ended—indeed hardly begun, when the hall was cleared for games, games were followed by dances, and—time flew.

Towards the close of the all too short evening, Dr. Oswald expressed his pleasure in having the children and their parents and guardians there, and very specially thanked those who, with considerable outlay of time and trouble, had—in greater or lesser degree—helped

to make the evening a success,—thanked them, one and all, for their hearty co-operation.

Mr. Blyth then expressed the feeling of the assembly, by proposing a very hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Oswald for his kindness in thinking of, in wisely planning, and in carrying out—with the help of our matron, assistant-physicians and others—so bright and pleasant a festival for the children of Gartnavel.

And may all applause (in a good cause) be as sincere and hearty as was the clapping of the young hands that followed!

Was that the end? Nay. In many a happy home there still goes on a building of bricks, a running of wheels, a peering into engines, a cooking of viands, a nursing of beloved dolls, or revelling in Ballantyne adventures, or merriment over Mrs. Alcott's "Little Men" or "Little Women," etc. And we can well imagine how, amid all the happy memories of that evening and the aroma that lingers about them, there will ever stand out, well in the foreground, the shining form of the miraculous and well-nigh inexhaustible

GRAY GRAND PIE.

CRANSTON.

"GOOD-BYE."

Ah! we must part! 'tis fate's decree—
Must sever,—'en with fate agree—
How'er it may the feelings read,
The words ring forth, "Good-bye, dear friend."

Yet ringing, rhymed forward throws—
Twice Thistle land and land of Rose—
A wish, that hap what be our lot
We cherish sweet Forget-me-not.

Aye! friendship's flow'r, so fair of hue,
Can memory right well below,
Mortals may not stern fate defy—

"Good-bye, dear friend; dear friend, good-bye."

A. S.

THE FIRST CONSIDERATION.

She: I have been on the links all morning.
He: Oh! what did you go round in?
She: Oh, the usual sort of thing. Just a blouse and a tailor-made skirt, you know.

Leaves from an Old Diary.

IN looking over some papers in an old desk I came on a diary written 57 years ago by a relative of mine who was one of those who went out to make their fortune in Australia, but who, like a great many more, were forced to return to the old country and build up a competence in a slower but surer manner. The incidents are selections merely from three years' residence in the colony. Some who have never been further from home than their annual visit to a watering place have been pleased to call them adventures. The term may appear too strong to those who like the writer have reclined by a bush fire listening to the tales of old hands, but as there may be much serious living without broken bones, I submit this brief history to those who think so. The entry I quote below was from the diggings at Bendigo:—

"We reached the diggings about one hour before sundown and were rather disconcerted at the appearance of a company of diggers whom we met, and who called out that there was 'still some left for us to get.' They were wet to the knees, had evidently been sitting among water, and their shoulders looked as though they had been dragged thro' a clay bed. Our mica business had little prepared us for this sort of work, and—hum—a newly-opened clay field in wet weather, before the bricks have begun to be made, is clean and comfortable walking compared to this that now comes in view as we near the creek that lies between us and the tents; and the water! Yea, what a place to find gold in!

"Not wishing to be out of the fashion in the mode of living as practised by those who were now to be our neighbours, we, without delay, set about making for ourselves a house; but where was the stuff to make it of! One said he had 'some needles and three pins o' thread,' got for

casualties among the buttons; but that seemed small help until another who had brought some fine bed linen with his blankets, pulled it from his swag, and, remarking that it would be 'nae the waur o' the bleachin', offered it to make the roof. A third gave a tartan plaid, and a fourth a blanket: a fifth, in the enthusiasm of the moment, tore a striped shirt open, and throwing it with two towels among the other offerings said these would make a gable. While some were fixing forked sticks in the ground to bear the ridge pole and attending to the fire and supper, the rest were busy without thimbles at the needlework. 'Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.' We were happy and contented, nay more, we were thankful when at last, by the aid of firelight, we got all finished, the floor strewn thick with rosin smelling leaves and our blankets disposed in order. Though not so grand looking as many of the neighbouring edifices, it was our own, and the occupiers of those others might not be able to say more.

"In the morning, having provided ourselves with tools, we made a beginning in a small gully near our camping-place. There did not seem to be much business doing in it, but it was nice and dry and quiet, and we were informed that great hits were occasionally made in very unlikely spots. We had agreed to work in pairs, my lot falling in company with a decent man—a handloom weaver to trade, from the north of Scotland. We took spell about the digging, short spells being in favour, as my mate argued that the chance of gold bein' below wasna' like to be any greater for our hartin' oorsels ye ken. We agreed very well, but a large stone that we came on about four feet from the surface, sorely troubled us. When sitting on the top looking ruefully down upon it, and inclined to shift to some other place, a stranger with pick and shovel on his shoulder, came sauntering up, joined us

in looking down, asked what we intended doing, and remarked that we ought at least to see what was beneath, that many a digger would give gold to have such a boulder in his ground, they were found to have been such grand catchers of the nuggets when they came 'scouring down in the flood.' As he seemed to have been longer acquainted with the diggings than we, we thought it might be true what he was saying, and that we might at least try till dinner time. The weaver, dropping down, commenced afresh to pick away the clay at one side, but our friend said, 'No, the stone will drop on you if you go below it; you must break it up and bring it to the surface.' 'Break it up, break it up,' I heard him in the hole say, 'man you're shurely thinkin' its a muckle cheese ye're speakin' about,' on which the man left us to engineer as we had a mind.

Evening came, but we had not made the progress we had expected, for as my esteemed mate said, 'the hamels o' the picks were aye in oor road, there was sae little room to work in.' The holes were only about eight or ten feet deep, bottoming on the usual pipe clay, embedded in the surface of which, and in the gravelly stuff immediately overlying it the gold was found. Sometimes it was got in gutter-like depressions in which the numerous pockets occurred, full of grain gold and nuggets; sometimes it lay in patches, and often lay like seed grain in a new sown field. In the case of gutters, only the holes that struck upon the line were profitable, but the line was generally so uncertain, and took such unexpected turns, that those who in the morning might despond at being so far to a side, might in the evening be harassed with fear of the encroachments of their neighbours.

"The common crowd confined its operations to the ground already opened, but kept itself ever ready for a rush to new discoveries. Numerous small parties, possessed of more than average enterprise, were ever on the

move amongst the outlying ranges, sinking shafts on speculation. Did they light on gold they passed the word quietly to their friends to occupy the ground immediately adjoining them, that the common harpies, who went spying about, too indolent to seek for themselves, might be outbid. Not long could the matter remain hidden, a rumour would get on the wind, and a few would be seen to leave their old claims hastily, with their tools upon their shoulders, and steal off through the scrub; friendly signals would be passed about, men would be seen tumbling up out of their holes, and in little more time than it takes to tell it, the bulk of the multitude were away upon the run to overtake those who were before, leaving the place that before had swarmed with life, with only a mere gleaming, which often seemed in doubt whether it was doing the best thing for itself by remaining. In one such rush we joined, but arrived too late for anything better than an uphill claim, which we bottomed at about the third of the depth that gold might be expected at. A few yards below us two men had come up panting among the first runners, and on the instant marked off twelve feet by twenty four for their united claim, but thinking the ground too much on the slope, they shifted just twelve feet lower down. Another party immediately took possession of the vacated ground; and within four hours, the sinking being shallow, broke through into a bed of nuggets worth, as was afterwards affirmed, four thousand pounds. The original claimants bottomed theirs on a few pennyweights only. There was feverish excitement in all this, and the fortunate, when wise, kept their own counsel, at least until their findings had been placed safe under the charge of the Commissioner, for conveyance down to town.

"With various small fortune, my mate and I continued our labours,

with bankruptcy at length ominously near. We tried surface washing, but got only sore backs by it, and returned to the sinking, there patiently to await the approaching crisis in our circumstances. One day, a little before sundown, we took, our homeward way, rather downcast, and with some misgivings about supper. Happily our friends had been more fortunate than we, and the sight of half a sheep hanging from their tent pole, and of a well-known face bending over the frying pan, quickened our dull weary gait, while my companion, evidently touched with thankfulness for the visible mercies, said half to himself, 'I kent the pair ravens would be fed,' and adding for my encouragement, 'we're no just at the wab en' yet, my man.'

"The night was cloudy and dark, but calm. We had drawn a large log to the fire, for want of chairs. We were in no lack of topics for conversation, and there spread before us was a singular panorama of tents illuminated from within, by fires among the trees in height and hollow, and groups of big bearded men squatted around them. The Government being at that time weak for want of policemen, all went armed; and for the protection of the tents, and what was in them, during the absence of the owners, dogs abounded. The firearms, partly with a view to intimidate the ill-disposed, and partly because of damp, were fired off nightly, which occasioned a protracted fusillade far and near before bed time, the dogs not being idle the while, and the uproar being increased in interest by the uncertainty of the bullets. Putting fresh logs on the fire we got to bed, six of us in a row, with no room to spare when we are down. In the middle of the night we are awakened by the rushing of the wind among the trees. A few drops come pattering on the roof, and we feel thankful that it is cloth that covers us; but we soon hear a sound

that is different from the noise of the wind as it sways the branches: nearer and louder it comes, and we hold our breath in fear; our fire outside roars in the blast, and the lighter brands are whirled down the slope. We see it all, for there is no door to our dwelling. With a fury, the like of which we never before knew, the storm breaks on us, and in a moment all is confusion and dismay, and an unbroken deluge of rain drowns our voices by its drumming on the roof, which reels as if it would forsake us. The sewing gives way, and the water comes spouting through the openings. We try to stop the leaks with our caps and stockings, but we only make the breaches bigger; what matter this, however, when the torrent begins to dam up behind our uphill wall, ultimately breaks through, and rushes across the floor. Helpless and beaten now, we gather our blankets hastily together, roll them into balls, and sit on them. We have no help but to continue sitting until daybreak, for our fire has been washed out and can not be renewed until the morning. With its last simmering sob expires our hope of coffee, or even a light to our much desired pipes. The storm in its great violence soon spent itself; but the morning showed a wreck around of limbs of trees torn from their living trunks, while the face of the hill was furrowed deep with torrent beds. A clump of bushes to windward had alone saved our habitation from being blown away."

(To be continued.)

Entertainment by the Gartnavel Amateur Opera Company.

NOTABLE event in the round of entertainments with which the festive season is ushered in at Gartnavel is the annual production by the Gartnavel Amateur Opera Company. This event took place on the evenings

of 26th December and 2nd January; and as the Company always endeavour to do well whatever they undertake, it is needless to say that, on this occasion as heretofore, the entertainment was a very great success. Amateur entertainments are generally a source of great pleasure to those taking part in them; they are also interesting and amusing to the audience from the fact that the actors and actresses are more or less known in their everyday life. It is this consideration that makes a production of the Gartnavel Amateurs a special source of delight and interest to a home audience—the majority of the audience know who's who, and if they don't they do not rest satisfied until they find out.

Variety and originality has always been the aim of the promoters; a desire to not only interest and amuse the patients, but to induce them to take an active part; and on this occasion a new departure was made by the introduction of a troupe of Pierrots, the programme combining tableaux, illustrated songs, and a Pierrot entertainment.

The subject for representation in Tableaux, in which a number of the resident ladies and gentlemen took part, was the evergreen one of Bonnie Prince Charlie, pictures being shown of episodes in his life, in a consecutive form, from his arrival in the lowly sheddings of the Highlanders, to his triumphal entry to the dazzling splendour of an Edinburgh Ballroom. Those living pictures, prefaced by a few brief explanatory words by Dr. Marshall, were exceptionally well done.

Mention must be made here of two fine scenes specially painted for the Tableaux and gifted to the Institution—Benlomond, looking across the loch from the Lass side, by Mr. Hamilton Maxwell, R.S.W., and the interior of a Highland Cottage by the well-known artist Mr. Tom McEwan, R.S.W.

At the close of the entertainment, in a word of thanks to those responsible

for, and taking part in it, Doctor Oswald very heartily thanked those gentlemen on his own behalf and on behalf of the Directors for their handsome gifts to the Institution.

The second part of the programme consisted of a number of songs, the subject matter being thrown upon the screen in coloured pictures in the process of singing, while the third and most important part vocally was the Pierrot entertainment. This form of entertainment, in which gesture plays so important a part, has not been attempted before, and was somewhat in the nature of a venture; but I think the resulting delightful entertainment fully justified the experiment. It would be invidious, even if space permitted, to award praise to anyone specially; the who's who of the troupe are well-known, and their histrionic and vocal abilities highly appreciated, and it is sufficient to say that, possessed of good voices, the singing and gesture revealed a high standard of excellence, and reflected great credit upon Doctor McEwan, who led, and who was responsible for their tuition, sparing neither time nor trouble in his endeavour to produce what really was a delightful entertainment. Doctor McEwan is not only the possessor of a fine voice, but has ability in this direction seldom met with in an amateur. To Mr. Lawrence Morgan, brother of a former clinic, thanks are due for his kindness in acting as pianist during rehearsals and on the evenings of the entertainment. In conclusion mention must be made of the Pierrot dresses specially. Those designed, and, to quote a well-known phrase, "executed upon the premises," were, especially those worn by the ladies, exceedingly neat and becoming, and with the make-up, left nothing to be desired. In a word the whole entertainment was delightful.

OUR CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

OCTOBER, 1908.

See the sheets of yellow, and of tawny gold,
Where those white daisies now in scores unfold;
Mark their tints of blue, pink, rose, white and brown,
Fairer heads were never seen in Glasgow Town!
Was a bright possession e'er the floral year,
When did we see witness such a regiment here?
Marching through the springtime, fragile, pale, and small;
Marching through the summer, growing straight and tall;
Marching through the autumn, now through every vein
Flows the health that comes from sunshine, fall and rain.
So when winter taketh all our labours away,
Should we not be grateful one is pleased to stay?
And, when days are shortest, does not disappear,
But, with thousand banners, glads the closing year,
"Rayonnants," the radiant, and the sweet "Miss Rose."
Perfect "Lady Beater," everybody knows,
"Majo Klone," the early, "crimson, Marie Maes,"
"Robbie Burns," "Edith Curtis," with "Horace Martin" pass.
"Polly's" chrysantheum, "Polly's" great "October's Sun"
(Proud to have unsoiled, glad their work is done)
Hold their crowns of glory, high, as well they may,
Are they not the product of many an anxious day?
"Triangulate" victorious, and her sister fair,
"Mrs. Nixon," the glorious, close together there,
"Rose Traversa," beside her, charming "White Traversa."
Handsome "Lady Gwyners" standing by her "Queen."
Also "Mrs. H. Gray," "Asteroid" is also,
Very proudly conscious of her ancestry.
"Lady Rosalind," glowing with that colour fire,
Which a one exclaims, "It is she not I'm sure."
Brilliant "Edith Tabor!" How her golden hair
Flourish on the breeze that kiss it when they dare,
"Fiora's" "Serpente" in purple, "Victor Macd.,"
Sunny "Nelly Pickett," don't we know her well!
"Mrs. Eakin," "Madonna," "Mrs. A. H. Lewis,"
"Eva Knowles" and "Elin," very sure to please,
There is "Dorothy Seaman," "Mrs. Pughlin White,"
But you must reverse it, or it won't be right.
"Lady Hamilton" a banner (it is apt)
Is a thing of beauty & it is to be kept.
"Market Red," in crimson, gaze, for alas!
"Mrs. Edith Rodgers" in as green as grass!
"N.C.S." the initials, of "Grand Jubilee";
"Dorothy" "Mrs. H. Brown," "Lady Angleton,"
"George John O'Rourke" (baptized to the end),
"Swander Glass" penies to a "Mutual Friend,"
Swoon the battalions following "Sour Melon";
"La Niço," and, near her, beauteous "Elinor";
"Pale" "La Verge," the tender, in her virgin white,
Longing to defend her, pressed on each knight,
"Toss white" "Sourcette" de petite Anie,
"Mrs. Down" and "Edison," and "Sensibility";
"Madame Gustav Henry," little "Neybott," bright,
"Queen of all the Parks," fairest of the band,
"Elinor," the baroness of Northumberland,
"Spoken Knight," "Nixon," "How a Herald's" list;
"It and" "Queen Alexandra" (for the best is last,
Near her "General Roberts," valiant warrior he,
With "Cinnabar" Blossom, "kings as brave can be,
"Prince of Wales," attended by "Lord Ludlow" tall,
"Duke of York," "The Baron," brounce than them
all.
"Scottish Child" advanced, very noble fellow;
"Prosper" "Nixon follows" both accorded in yellow
Close to them, "Charles Lewis," "Prosper Hardy"
"Clive."
"Godfrey" the original, looking, oh! so nice!
Reverse very many names along the way,
"Frick of Ryeport," leading that great family,
Then the "Ryeport Glass," "Ryeport Squire," too,
"Crimson Rivers," showing what a Rose can do!

Prospective Country Boarder: Is the water you have here healthy?
Landlady: Yes, sir. We use only well water.

"Pride of Madford." purple, Chevalier D'Amage
 Condescends to foot it, without equipage.
 Q. J. Quintus waveth wide his lilac flag,
 At his side "White Quintus" truly does not lag—
 Once again the herald gives a mighty shout,
 Causing the spectators to look round about.
 "Room for *The Chrysanthemum*! Founder of the
 race!"
 Noble Prince "*Leucanthemum*" takes his rightful
 place.

All of these are entered in the Floral Book;
 If you don't believe me you have but to look;
 Everyone was started from a cutting small,
 What a cause for wonder to have reared them all!
 'Twas by toil and patience that the thing was done,
 Thanks to our good gardeners—*Mr. Barr and Son*,
 E. Y.

* Oxeye Daisy.

Cricket Fixtures.

THE promise of Summer turns our thoughts to cricket, and we give a list of matches arranged. In addition we hope to have games with the "Practitioners" and other clubs, and indeed those scratch matches are often among the pleasantest of our afternoon games. It is too soon to say how our 1909 XI. will shape in the field, but this we know, that they will do their best to make this season at least as successful as last, and to maintain the best traditions of G.R.A. Cricket. By keen and regular practice we hope to improve the fielding of the XI., and we again look to the enthusiastic spectators to encourage us, and also, when it is necessary, to condole with us.

May 1st.—Hamilton C.C.
 8th.—Golffhill C.C.
 15th.—Clydesdale C.C. (Titwood XI.)
 22nd.—Denny C.C.
 29th.—Hamilton Cres. School F.Ps.
 June 5th.—Anniesland United C.C.
 12th.—Glasgow C.C.
 19th.—Gartloch (home).
 22nd and 23rd.—Glasgow University C.C.
 (Evening match.)
 26th.—
 July 3rd.—Poloc C.C.
 10th.—Meadowbank.
 17th.—Fair Saturday.
 24th.—Lennox Castle.
 31st.—Greenock Academicals.
 Aug. 7th.—
 14th.—Army Accounts Office.
 21st.—Gartloch (away).
 28th.—Richmond C.C.
 Sept. 4th.—Rutherglen C.C.

BALLADE OF A FANCY-DRESS MONKEY.

A little monkey-man I seem,
 Akin to the ancestors of men,
 If Darwin dream no idle dream,
 And something of a citizen.
 I read the papers now and then,
 And sometimes ask, "Is this a blunder?"
 And rub my eyes, and cry again,
 "Whatever can this mean? I wonder."

It may be that the human theme
 Is too profound for monkey's ken,
 Or that my glasses' crystal gleam
 Is dimmed with breath, or tears; or, when
 I read between the lines they pen,
 And print, and publish, over and under,
 For one thing meant I guess at ten.
 Whatever can this mean? I wonder.

You say, perhaps, I vaguely deem,
 I, fit for forest's denizen,
 Mere fancies, which the reason's beam
 To dwellers in the "but and ben"
 Makes quite absurd. Ah, well! Amen!
 I may be vague, but what in thunder?
 You dwellers both of hill and glen!
 Whatever can this mean? I wonder.

L'ENVOY.

Go, beard the den-man in his den,
 Though he should tear thee all asunder!
 Go, brave Ballade, nor play the hen!
 Whatever can this mean? I wonder.

Nov. 28th, 1908.

J. E. BARLAS.

NOTE (postscript).—The fancy dress required not having appeared on the eve of revelry, the monkey is a myth.—J. E. B., March 22, 1909.

Humorous.

"A little nonsense now and then
 Is relished by the wisest men."
 —Anonymous.

THE AMATEUR M. D.

"LET me kiss those tears away!" he begged tenderly.

She fell in his arms, and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly sad.

"No," she murmured; "it is hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."

FAITH CURE.

Mrs. Hix: "I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands."

Mrs. Dix: "Well, I do; I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit that way."