

Gartnavel Gazette

Publication/Creation

1905, April

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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



New Series. APRIL, 1905. No. 10.

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Notes.

WE much regret the illness of Dr. Hotchkis, and are pleased to record the gratification we feel at the prospect of his early return to duty. He has been greatly missed during his absence, and we can assure him of a most hearty welcome when he resumes his beneficent ministrations.

Nurse Jane M'Call has retired on a well-earned pension, after thirty-five years of faithful service. As charge-nurse for many years of No. 4 Gallery, Ladies' Division, Nurse M'Call took the deepest interest in all that concerned the care and wellbeing of her ladies. She is in possession of the Morrisonian Medal for long service in Asylum work. We trust that she may

be spared to enjoy many happy years in her retirement.

We note with regret the death of Mr. D. M'Nicol, an old and valued servant of the institution. Mr. M'Nicol was for many years coachman to Dr. Macintosh and Dr. Yellowlees, and for some time filled the post of gate-keeper. He was a keen and enthusiastic bowler, and up till the date of his retiral on pension he was a familiar figure on the old bowling green.

Our Golf season has been fittingly brought to a close by two competitions for prizes presented by Dr. Oswald and Mr. A. Angus. A feature of these contests was the all round excellence of the cards handed in by the competitors. We give the scores of the prize-winners:—

Dr. OSWALD'S COMPETITION.

1st, Mr. L.,	86 less 20 = 66
2nd, Mr. M'D.,	93 " 20 = 73
3rd, Miss H. B. C.,	117 " 35 = 82

Mr. A. ANGUS' COMPETITION.

1st, Mr. Denholm,	scratch, 71
2nd, Dr. Goldie-Scot,	scratch, 73
3rd, Rev. Mr. A.,	plus 3, 76

The Editor is to be congratulated on his score of 71, the best round played this season. In addition to these prizes, one was presented by Dr.

Anderson for the best score sent in by a lady. This prize was gained by Miss G.—score, 109 less 55 = 74.

The season for Cricket comes on apace, and we look forward with confidence to a most successful one. Though the number of fixtures arranged is not so large as on former occasions, the card is none the less attractive, and gives promise of many close and interesting games. Apropos we would impress on the members of our Cricket Eleven, individually and collectively, the great necessity of quick and accurate fielding—a run saved is frequently of more value than a run gained. Good fielding can only be arrived at by practice, and we would recommend that more attention be given to this most important part of the game during the week. We are confident that were more time devoted to this art and less to that of bowling and batting, the result would be a greater balance in our favour at the end of the season than has been the case heretofore.

The preparation of the New Bowling Green is rapidly nearing completion, and it is hoped that by next summer it will be ready for play. We may state that we have already been fortunate enough to secure two prizes for competition, but of this we will have much more to say later.

The Late Sir John Cuthbertson.

THE death of Sir John Cuthbertson was heard of with great regret in our little community. Personally unknown though he was to most of us, we had all heard of him through his long connection with the cause of education in Glasgow, and we knew he had been for many years connected with the administration of the institution, and that he was one of its oldest directors. He was, we believe, greatly interested in its

work, and with its objects much in sympathy.

The Cuthbertson family has been connected with the institution since its foundation. The first treasurer was Mr. Donald Cuthbertson, the uncle of Sir John, and he held office for over half a century. His portrait by Sir Daniel Macnee is one of our valued possessions. Then we have the Cuthbertson Bequest from the sisters of Mr. Cuthbertson, and in their memory one of the galleries in the ladies' division is named the "Cuthbertson Gallery." We have avoided referring to the many aspects of Sir John's work as a citizen of Glasgow, but we know that we have sustained a great loss in his death, that the directors have lost one of their most valued colleagues, and the patients and staff one who was in every respect a friend.

EDITOR.

A March Twilight.

THE soft stillness of twilight rests upon all nature. The beauty of yon fretwork of bare branches against the crimson sunset sky is gradually fading away, and the grey shadows of evening are settling down. All nature seems permeated with the joy of renewed life. The budding trees and hedgerows, the springing grass and flowers, the rippling river, the very earth, all seem to rejoice. The love-songs of the birds, and the bleating of the lambs float on the twilight air. Only the rooks are silent as they fly homeward in pairs. Leaning on this low wall and looking over the river, which yesternight was troubled into wavelets by an angry wind, but to-night is calm and peaceful as it laps lazily against the bank beneath, or is gently ruffled by the soft breeze, one is moved as by the beauty of a Beethoven sonata, or the flashing remembrance of tones of the voice, or the smile of one for whom the mystery of life is solved.

D. A.

The Lands of Gartnavel.

THE "Lands of Gartnavel" are so inseparably part of the "Lands of Kelvinside" that it is impossible to deal with the one without dealing with the other. Two hundred years ago, however, the "Lands of Gartnavel" were separate and privately owned, for amongst the titles there is a Decree of Cognition, John Sprule against *Lady Gartnavel*, March 11, 1711. What became of her Ladyship history deponeth not; but the Lands of Gartnavel, possibly about this time, were added to the "Lands of Jordanhill," and about a hundred years later were purchased by the proprietor of the adjoining Estate of Thornwood. Prior to Lady Gartnavel's time, the Lands of Gartnavel were part of the "Lands of Kelvinside," as were other "Lands" whose names are familiar to us to-day (although ignorant of their sources) in our streets and terraces. In the olden time, when the Douglasses ruled the roost in Scotland, and their "Crownet counterpoised the Crown," the Lands and Estates of Kelvinside were part of the Manors and Estates held by them direct from the Crown, and given off by them to Vassals, anciently for feudal services, now for an annual money payment; in the case of Kelvinside, the sum of One Penny Scots. But to come down to within measurable distance, we find that the old Mansion of Kelvinside—not to be confounded with the present Kelvinside House—was built in the year 1750, the proprietor of the Estate then being Mr. Thomas Dunmore. Mr. Dunmore, who was related to Mr. James Peadie of Ruchill, Provost of Glasgow, 1727, was succeeded by his son Robert, who sold the Estate to Thomas Lithan, doctor, in the service of the Hon. The East India Company, in 1785. Doctor Lithan died in 1807, leaving Kelvinside to his widow. The widow subsequently married Mr. Archibald Cuthill, writer, in Glasgow,

and in the year 1839 her trustees sold the Estate to Mr. Mathew Montgomerie, Mr. John Park Fleming, his brother-in-law, and Mr. James Beaumont Neilson, who was related by marriage to Mr. Montgomerie. Mr. Neilson, however, sold his interest in 1851, so that the proprietors of Kelvinside Estate to-day are the descendants of Messrs. Montgomerie and Fleming.

As I have said, the "Lands of Gartnavel" were originally part of the "Lands of Kelvinside;" then they were attached to the Lands of Jordanhill, and then to Thornwood, in whose possession they were when Messrs. Montgomerie and Fleming purchased Kelvinside in 1839. Two years later, however, 1841, Mr. Donaldson of Thornwood's trustees sold 66 acres or thereby to the directors of "The Glasgow Royal Asylum," and four years later, 1845, Messrs. Montgomerie and Fleming purchased the remaining 104½ acres which comprised the "Lands," and added them to the Kelvinside estate, to which they originally belonged, hundreds of years previously. The Kelvinside estate extends from the Botanic Gardens to Anniesland, and from Springbank, on Garscube Road, to the Barracks. *En passant* let me say that to Robert and John Mowbray, brothers of, and trustees to Mrs. Lithan-Cuthill, we owe our magnificent outlet from the city—Great Western Road, and to Mathew Montgomerie are we indebted for the handsome residential suburb of Kelvinside, the feuing plan of which was prepared in 1840.

The "Glasgow Royal Asylum," which occupies a site on the southernmost corner of the "Lands of Gartnavel," owes its origin to the philanthropic exertions of one gentleman—Robert M'Nair, Esq. of Belvidere, Glasgow. (See name in front Hall of Ladies' Division). In 1804 this gentleman began personally to collect money to build an Asylum for the insane, then

kept, like ferocious animals, *in cells*, at the Poorhouse, a director of which he was, and in 1810 the building, a picture of which graces the title-page of the *GAZETTE*, was the result of his labours. In 1814 this institution, situated in Parliamentary Road, was formally opened by the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the City. The directors, in the order of which there has been no change, were formally incorporated by the City Authorities, and their incorporation, thus constituted, was confirmed and established by Royal Charter in 1824. In course of years, however, this institution was unable to meet the demands upon its accommodation, and in 1841 the buildings were sold to the directors of the Town's Hospital, and, as has been stated, 66 acres of the "Lands of Gartnavel" purchased, and upon which the present Royal Asylum now stands.

The "Royal" Asylums of Scotland are seven in number—Aberdeen, Dundee, Montrose, Perth, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dumfries. They are all public institutions in the sense that they are the property of the public. Their directors are appointed by the public, and they exist for the public benefit, no individual deriving any direct profit from their revenues. But they are also private institutions in respect of the privacy the patients enjoy, and in respect that they derive no support from Government or from public funds, but depend entirely upon the boards paid for patients.

Gartnavel, to employ the colloquial term, when opened in 1843, was in the country in every sense of the term; and it is difficult for those of us who are of a later day and generation to imagine Great Western Road and New City Road without a single house west of the Normal School. Yet in 1843, when the Asylum was opened, such was really the case. In 1846, three years later, the only buildings on Great Western Road east of the Kelvin, including the portion of New

City Road to the Normal School, were Stafford Place, Clarendon Place, and a small portion of Lansdowne Crescent; west of the Kelvin, Kelvin Terrace, Hillhead, now sandwiched between Cooper & Co. and the property at the corner of Wilson Street. The next building on the line of Great Western Road was (High) Windsor Terrace, begun 1846, followed by Kew, begun 1849. In front of the latter terrace are two fine old trees which have cast their shadows upon the old Parish Road leading from the Byres of Partick to the Ford of Kelvin at Kirklee. Very much that is interesting concerning Kelvinside could be added, but space forbids. Let me, however, conclude by saying that to anyone interested in their surroundings a very fine view may be obtained on a clear day from the top of Balgrayhill, about ten minutes walk from the Asylum. This point is just three miles from the centre of a great commercial city, and from it you can see nine counties of Scotland—Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Bute, Argyll, Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, and Midlothian. The view also comprehends the range of the Renfrewshire hills from the Braes o' Gleniffer to the hills above Greenock, and you can see the peak of Gontfell, in Arran, rising conspicuously over the range, and distant, as the crow flies, 38½ miles. Looking west you see the Argyllshire hills from above Dunoon to the south end of "The Duke's Bowling Green;" and to the north the view extends as far as Benmore, in Perthshire, a distance of 35½ miles. And on a clear Sunday Tinto can also be seen right over the Municipal Buildings, at a distance of 33 miles. E. F. C.

Humour at the Gate.

OCCASIONALLY HUMOROUS incidents occur at the gate. The two following little stories will illustrate what we mean. One day an old

gentleman and his wife came in and rapped at the window of the gate-keeper's office and asked for "Two tickets for Crossmyloof." The gate-keeper said, "We don't sell tickets here; this is Gartnavel." The old couple made tracks at once; they had evidently mistaken the gate-keeper's office for the booking office at the adjoining railway station.

Two ladies recently came in at the gate, and were proceeding up the avenue, when the gate-keeper called after them, "Where are you going?" "To the station," was the reply. "That is not the road to the station; this is Gartnavel," said the gate-keeper. "We don't want to come in here," said both ladies as they hurriedly departed.

D. A.

Entertainments.

DURING the season there has been no dearth of entertainments, and these have not been lacking in variety.

In the matter of lectures, Miss Bacon gave us a highly interesting and thrilling account of her travels and adventures in cloudland, which she profusely illustrated with wonderful lime-light views, while Mr. Johnstone, our secretary, recalled us to the beauties of Mother Earth, as seen on the Borders.

A play of the popular musical comedy type, written by one of the staff, met with well-merited success. Much pains had been taken in the preparation of the play, so that everything went off smoothly from start to finish.

The Garrick Club were with us another evening, and their two sketches proved highly amusing.

The large hall was looking its best with decorations of evergreens on the occasion of the New Year Dance; dancing was engaged in merrily all evening, being only interrupted by the advent of well-laden supper tables.

To the regret of all, the Airlie Concerts are over for the season, and these have been quite up to their usual

high standard of excellence. Mr. Airlie, the indefatigable secretary of the Abstinents' Union, deserves our best thanks for the splendid programmes he has organised.

There has been no decrease in the popularity of the Thursday Dances or the Monday "At Homes," and they help greatly in passing away the long winter evenings.

The second Staff Dance of the season turned out, as on former occasions, a great success. As guests of the evening, we had with us Dr. Adamson and Langmuir, and our ex-clinical, Mr. Kelly. Unfortunately Dr. Hotchkiss was unable to be with us on account of illness, and his absence was keenly felt. We all hope for his speedy return to health.

The Knightswood Choir gave us a most enjoyable musical treat. Their little play was rendered in a highly creditable manner, and speaks volumes for the care and patience bestowed on the training of the children, of whom the choir is mostly composed. We have to thank Mr. Carswell, our chaplain, for bringing them here.

Natural History Notes.

IT is somewhat of a truism that the beauties of nature which are before us every day of our lives are but little observed or really known.

The trees and flowers and birds we see constantly around us excite but a passing interest. We have come to believe that they are commonplace and devoid of interest except in so far as they please the eye, improve the picture, add beauty to the world we look out upon, and form part of its more or less permanent furniture.

How many people know a maple from a sycamore, or an alder from an elm? Can one person in a hundred distinguish between a fieldfare and a missel thrush, or tell a hedge sparrow from a house sparrow?

How is this lack of knowledge and

apparent lack of interest in nature to be accounted for? Not surely by any dearth of books on the field and hedge-row and kindred subjects, but rather by a plethora. Book knowledge is tending more and more to take the place of direct contact with nature, and therein lies the explanation. Another reason may be found in the fact that there is little left for the amateur to discover, at all events in this country, unless he has had a scientific training and devotes himself to the minuter forms of animal and vegetable life. We thus see that the field is a narrow one now to what it once was. A century and a half ago how different it was. The naturalist had an enviable time of it in the old days. Books were few in number, and the world of nature comparatively unexplored. Time was not money then—life was more easy going, there was less worry—more of the *dolce far niente* kind of thing, and none of the feverish bustle and hurry of the present day.

Look, for instance, at that fine old English gentleman, Gilbert White; he may be taken as a type of the eighteenth century country gentleman, with means and leisure—

"He liked the well-wheels creaking tongue,

He liked the thrush that stopped and sung,

He liked the drone of bees among

His netted peaches;

He liked to watch the sunlight fall

Adown his ivied orchard wall;

Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call

Beyond the beeches."

Such may be taken as a picture of

Gilbert White, the Hampshire parson,

whose "Natural History of Selborne"

all the world knows.

So much then by way of preface to

a few stray observations on natural history

which do not strive at originality.

Bird life is a wide subject, and we

will not confine ourselves entirely to

our immediate neighbourhood. A few

remarks of the migration of birds will

doubtless be of interest to many. Of

the 384 species of British birds com-

paratively few are common in all localities. Just under 200 have bred in this country during the last century. Where then do the 185 odd species go to breed?

Bird movement, or migration as it is called, has been from the earliest times a great mystery. A mystery so fascinating attracted the attention of the ancients, and much was written on the subject, but the problem is not yet wholly solved. Our ignorance on many points is still immense. The simple-minded savage knew almost as much as we do. No one, however, now gives credence to the pretty fiction that little birds are conveyed across the sea on the backs of their bigger brethren. Birds possess vast powers of locomotion, and move year after year according to more or less fixed laws from one locality to another with the seasons as they roll.

Perhaps the only bird which can be said to be strictly resident with us is the house sparrow. In this country we find, for example, that the swallow and fieldfare disappear entirely at one period of the year or another. Whereas of the wagtail only the majority go away—a few always remain—it is a partial migrant. Although the robin and mavis are with us always, their numbers vary greatly at different seasons. With few exceptions, nearly all our birds occupy different parts of the country in summer and winter. The lapwing and curlew may be seen in Scotland all the year round. This is explained by the fact that those bred in the north winter in the south, while those bred in the south of Scotland go south in the winter.

Birds are now thought to breed at the most northerly limit of their annual migration, and this is said to point to the Arctic Circle as the original cradle of life. We see little of the migration of birds, for they probably fly at a great height when migrating, and often move at night. Astronomers have observed countless numbers fly across the face of the moon apparently at a

height of several miles. The lighthouse keeper at his lonely vigil tells us how myriads of birds at certain seasons pass his lamp as they cross the sea, and numbers meet their death by dashing themselves against the sides of the lantern, attracted by the dazzling light.

The most inexplicable part of it all is, how do birds find their way so unerringly over immense distances and return year after year to the same nest? In the case of the cuckoo the old birds leave this country long before the young are fit to follow, and with most birds it is the young which start first, the old ones following after an interval of some weeks.

The commonest bird with us is the house sparrow. Wherever land is under cultivation there the house sparrow is to be found. He has been given a bad name, and it has with some justification stuck to him. In the childish legend he slew Cock Robin, and so made Jenny Wren a widow, but it must not be forgotten that the shaft which did the deed was aimed, not at the red-breast, but at that big blustering bully, the cuckoo, who was hustling poor Jenny, and spoiling the marriage-feast.

Of late years sparrows have increased so rapidly that means have been taken to check their increase. Agriculturists are advised to defer destruction of the insect-fed young until they are fledged, as thereby the greatest amount of usefulness may be got out of this bird. The house sparrow causes incalculable harm by dislodging insectivorous species, such as the house martin, swallow, and swift, which would otherwise breed more freely with us. Two summers ago a pair of spotted fly-catchers nested at the East House front door. For some days we watched them darting out and preying on the flies—their peculiar flight is quite characteristic and most interesting to watch, and we hoped to be able to record that they had reared their brood. It was not to be, however,

the ubiquitous sparrow found them out, and they got notice to quit, and the place hath known them no more. There is a grim satisfaction in knowing that occasionally the bitter is bit. A short time ago I witnessed a well-planned raid on the sparrows nesting in the ivy. The robber was a cunning thief, descended from a long line of thieving ancestors, and a past master of the art. He or she, for the sex is unknown, chose the dinner hour, when the colony was busy and the homes unguarded. With a sudden dash the spoiler was upon his quarry; great was the clamour and fierce the combined attack on the intruder, but he was not to be denied, and bore off a savoury morsel for his hungry brood.

The house sparrow may be said to nest almost anywhere, and it uses all sorts of odd materials in its construction. The nest is thickly lined with feathers, and the eggs are pale-bluish white, blotched with brown or black.

The house sparrow is more attached to human dwellings than any other wild bird, nor does it thrive anywhere far from the habitations of man. Of late years it has been introduced into the States with dire results.

Partial albinism is not uncommon, and an example can be seen any day flying about the grounds.

T. G.S.

(To be continued.)

The Chaplain's Fear.—In a storm at sea the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "Why," replied the sailor, "if this continues we shall all be in heaven before to-morrow morning." The chaplain, horrified, cried out, "The Lord forbid!"

Poor Fellow.—Wife: "And how was the sick man when you left him this morning, Jack?"

Jack (absently): "About twenty dollars sicker than he was last night."

The "Band of Hope."—The orchestra of a theatre having struck in the hope of getting their salary.

THE GARTNAVEL AMATEUR OPERA
COMPANY IN
"The Chieftain's Return,"
A SCOTTISH MUSICAL PLAY,
IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
Baldreich (Chief of Clan Alpine), Attendant Duellion,
Ewanston Fitzgibbon (a Wandering Poet) ... Mr. S.
Sunderland, M.P. (a Scottish Peasant) ... Mr. M.
Rover (the Chieftain's Herald) ... Nurse Williamson.
Flora (a Scottish Ballad Singer) ... Nurse Simpson.
Eller (an English Ballad Singer) ... Nurse Moore.
Kathleen (an Irish Ballad Singer) ... Nurse Cameron.
Piper (the Institution Piper) ... Mr. Anderson.
Dancer, ... Miss Nellie Higgins.
Chorus, People of the Glen, Children, etc.
Leader of the Choir, ... Mr. Hugh Gray.
Pianist, ... Mrs. Murray.

IN looking over an old number of the GAZETTE we find that Comic Opera has held the boards at Gartnavel for quite a number of years, preference being given to Gilbert and Sullivan's operas—"Pinafore," "Mikado," "Gondoliers," "Patience," and so on. Towards the end of last year, however, a movement was set on foot to get out of the ordinary rut with something new, something original. Why not write an entirely new play? Yes—why not! It seems quite simple, doesn't it? As a matter of fact it is not. To write a libretto, with but little knowledge of stage-craft, with less knowledge of the histrionic abilities of the actors who are to play the parts would, to most people knowing anything of dramatic art, be courting disaster; and for an amateur company to take up and study a script play, in which all the characters have to be created, and produce the same before a somewhat critical audience with a chance of it being a success would be giving a sheer exhibition of nerve. Yet, marvellous to relate, the play with the above title, written under the foregoing circumstances, with but one single complete rehearsal, was produced for the first time on the evening of 4th February before a very large audience, and, to quote a professional phrase, was an "instantaneous success." It was produced for the second time on the evening of 22nd February, and again met with an equally gratifying reception; which,

in the first place, says a good deal for the play, and, in the second place, for those who played it. "The Chieftain's Return," in which no less than thirty-four persons took part, sixteen of whom were children, was written, arranged, and stage-managed by one who prefers that his name be not mentioned, and who desires to say that he received valuable assistance from two well-known literary gentlemen, patients in the East House, in the libretto part, and from a literary and musical lady patient in the West House, who not only altered but composed part of the music. Another West House lady patient gave much valuable assistance in playing at the children's rehearsals, very much to their delight, and on the evenings of the performance. Of the play itself nothing need be said: its characters are indicative of its theme. It is divided into three acts in which there are eleven scenes; three choral pieces and nine songs are introduced in addition to several incidental snatches. There is also a "Morris Dance" and a Scotch Reel by a number of pretty and prettily-dressed little girls; and an exhibition of step-dancing, Jig and Sailor's Hornpipe, by a little girl, Miss Nellie Higgins, to Mr. Anderson's piping, simply brought down the house.

Of the players it would be invidious to single any one out for special praise; they all acted their parts naturally and well, and were appropriately attired to suit their characters respectively.

Mrs. Murray presided with her usual ability at the piano, and Miss Darney was responsible as "Mistress of the Robes." The training of the choir was in the hands of Mr. Hugh Gray, and reflects considerable credit upon his ability as a conductor.

It may be perhaps a little "too previous" to talk of a future production; still, time flies rapidly, and we have permission to say that the next musical play, which will be ready for rehearsal in the autumn, will be entitled—
"A GIRL PRINCESS."

The Newest Dove Colony.

(S.W. CORNER.)

I AM one of those who believe that good geni still visit our world, and that they know what you are wanting.

Did not I, for instance, long for birds with the longings of a bird-lover, an ignorant one, it is true, but with the longings! and did not a beneficent genius decree: *Let there be a dove-cot!* and a dove-cot instantly rose before the delighted eyes of the south-west cornerists! The same is still a centre of perpetual interest, placed as it is in full view of my window, and not more than twelve feet distant.

How I pitied, during the first few days, those less favourably situated for watching the busy little community; for soon, I should explain, followed the doves; also, presently, some other sorts and conditions of birds. There was no lack of tenants. In the throng of importunate applicants the difficulty was to accommodate all, or, at least, satisfactorily to allot the dwellings. There are sixteen doors of entrance, set four above four, then two, then one; all of which, with the exception of the four lowest, seemed to the colonists most desirable. Although these last form the *bel étage*, the favourite of our continental neighbours, it was eschewed after the visit of a great black cat, who discovered that his paws could just reach in, and would probably in the approaching spring days secure for him a tender breakfast.

The flats most in request were the fifth and sixth. To obtain these, many an ingenious "wigele," we fear, was worked out in these clever little brains, and many a determined battle fought—with some attempt at politeness—on the respective ledges in front. To complicate matters, the starlings seemed to have resolved to fight in swarthy phalanxes for every inch of this lofty, aristocratic attic-ground. The takings and re-takings of the strongholds; the violent evictions amidst clouds of

feathers: the peckings, flutterings, and scufflings on the ledges baffle description, and lasted for weeks. And even when the nests were formed, these black robber-bands—vaunting themselves in the sunshine in their spotted waistcoats and purple mail—would boldly enter in the owner's absence, demolish the eggs, and trip out and in, casting the shells, with fiendish glee and agility, bit by bit, away down over the ledge. A pean of victory with a subtle soupçon of mockery in it shrilled from the peak of the cot, invariably closed these energetic raids.

As the season progressed, and family responsibilities and joys increased, something a little nearer peace settled down on the dove-cot; but from first to last the behaviour of these starlings was, I must testify, scandalously insulting and aggressive.

One of the dovesets, when still weak of wing, and in danger during the breakfast-hour from prowling felines, was confided to the care of one of the very most dependable of the Bird-Benefactors, and passed a happy youth for sometime, upstairs and indoors, with her. Be the weather what it may, this faithful friend deserteth not her post, an unfailing and plenteous scatter taking place each morn below the dove-cot. At this attend not only the full flock of hungry pigeons, but sometimes a couple of rooks, hungry too but surprisingly diffident; in cold weather occasionally a blackbird; noisy starlings; and half a hundred or so of sparrows; master Tit generally contenting himself with speculating on high as to what will be left for him. Like Chopin, the musician, he evidently shudders at a crowd.

A little discovery of interest to ourselves was made through the proximity of this dove-cot. For several succeeding years a mysterious little blackbird (supposed to be a blackbird) had rapturously given on the lime tree in the centre of the court, on fine summer mornings and with quite startling

vehemence the sentiment: "Wait a Wee!" This watchword—sounded one morning powerfully three times—from the pinnacle of the cot, solved the mystery, at once revealing that it was a *starling* (whose articulate vocal powers are well known) who so strongly approved of "waiting a wee!" This veteran warrior is evidently a Leader among Birds, and one who carries his will through.

It would, I am sure, be pleasant to our readers if one of the guardians of the Doves, who have long been acquainted with the gentle and curious ways of their favourites, would supply our GAZETTE with a paper, however short, telling a little about them.

It is a fact that a fresh interest has been found by many in the farm-yard since the appearance in our GAZETTE of "Fowl Etiquette." The "exclusive Orpingtons" there mentioned are eagerly sought out, and the amserine "alien princes moving in the commonwealth" are recognised with a smile. True we have not all the piquant, polished pen of a "Bertha West"; but, nevertheless, natural history notes by a keen observer are always fresh, and to the general reader worth pages of statistics.

To return to our dove-cot. We have been told that by means of a mirror we might easily attract the doves down to our window-ledge. We mean to try the experiment; for, of morning pleasures, next to that of visiting in friends' houses the Nursery with its Cherubs, each busy at his and her coggie, we know few more delightful than being present at a liberal Bird's Breakfast.

CRANSTON.

A Cramp Abroad.

A two days' walk across moors, to a little village at the other side of the fell, had been talked of for weeks, and, unlike Hazlitt, who wished to be alone when on a journey by foot, with no one to disturb his enjoyment of

nature, by expressing pleasure at the beauty of things passed or seen, we two considered that most of the expected pleasure lay—for us at least—in having each other for company.

How eagerly the skies were scanned at night for signs of a good day on the morrow, so that this walk of ours into the unknown might be commenced in favourable weather.

At last a morning came, in which not even a pin hole could be picked—it was so perfect, and after packing a few necessities into our knapsacks, we started off in capital spirits, meaning to do a delightful round. First over the fell—some 1,500 feet in height—to Beckburn, from thence to Westward, back to Beckburn for the night, then along the Steeny Vale to Lanford, and home over another fell to our little hill town—about 30 miles in all.

How delightful was the sense of freedom, to know too that each step taken would be over new ground—leading to fresh and wider scenes, as we rose higher and higher.

The road wound up the fell, first through a wooded slope, then through moorland where sheep and cattle were kept within bounds by roughly built stone walls. Higher up there were no walls, and nothing to hinder us from walking on the heather if we so pleased. The roadside banks before we reached the heather were bright with flowers, and an occasional wild strawberry rewarded our search for the fruit. We met no pedestrians on the way, and but two other tramps shared the road with us. We passed each other several times as each couple rested for refreshment or to admire the view.

Scornful looks were cast on a trapful of gay people which passed and left a long trail of dust behind; a bicyclist too, who with his eyes fixed on the front wheel passed swiftly by us, came in for a share of our pity.

A peat-cutter at work among the heather and a rool-mender were the only other fellow-creatures near, but

we did not lack company, for every now and again we were joined on our way by some little light-brown birds. Generally in groups of five or more, they flew in front of us, then alighted upon the stones till we came near, and were off again with a low chirp. We wondered if these were the little mountain birds called in some districts "The Seven Sisters," and were interested in our small companions. What a glorious day it was! Fell after fell came into view as our road wound up through the moor, each curve standing out clear from the others, all of a soft, yellowish brown, with patches of richer colouring where the purple heather grew.

We rested for a while at the highest point of the ridge, filling our lungs with the pure air, and tracing the course of the little hill streams that had crossed our path.

On the other side all was new ground. One little white farmhouse was the only sign of habitation for miles. Here we anticipated a halt for refreshment, and stepped out bravely, but the other tramps ahead of us were already reposing on the bank before the house, and we decided to leave the field to them. Passing round the side of the hill the scene changed from brown moorland to the fertile Vale of Steeny. Corn and even turnip fields were distinguished in the distance, and a couple of miles further on brought us to the little village of Beckburn. "Away from the babbling of a busy world" it might well be called "Sleepy Hollow."

Under a large lime tree by the village inn we sat and rested for a time, smiling to see our fellow tramps pass on their way, while we, more fortunate beings, made up our minds to take a longer rest in the inn. Never was tea so welcome, and we did justice to the good things provided by our baxom landlady. A couple of hours' rest made us feel quite fresh again for the walk; and, leaving knap-

sacks behind us, we wandered on through the village, peeping into the graceful little church that is built on a charming spot on the banks of the river.

Most of the road skirted woods and plantation where we might have gathered baskets full of wild raspberries. Our way took us uphill—and it was a steep pull—to a field path that led to the ruins of an old Peel Tower, which the wise men of the middle ages had built in a splendid point of vantage, overlooking the troubled country of their day. We sat above the wooded slope, our faces turned towards the glorious "coloured end of evening," but before the light had faded in the west, we retraced our steps to the little inn. We lingered for awhile in the little old-fashioned garden, among sweet-smelling carnations and turn-cup lilies, listening to the evening song of the birds in the trees till there was sudden silence when the starlings settled down for sleep, then as "hands unseen were hanging the night around us fast," we went indoors and "so to bed," as old Pepsy was wont to say, to be lulled to sleep by the murmuring waters of the Steeny flowing so close to our windows.

The cackling of geese roused us next morning; but there was another sound, of wind and heavy rain. Those skies that had smiled to receive us, were weeping at our expected departure.

There was no help for us. No train within 4 miles, and had that way of reaching home been chosen, it would have meant a circuit of some 3 miles with no less than three changes on to different lines. So, after a hearty breakfast, we buckled courage on with our knapsacks, and started off in steady but gentle rain by the shortest route homewards—that is, the way we had come—making a short detour to see an old church in the neighbourhood. Two extra miles made little difference, and after all, a prolonged walk in such rain was a novel experience for both of us!

Evidently we were the only venturesome folk in the neighbourhood that morning, for not a single soul met us on the way back. The road-mender's pickaxe on the path near the one farm house betrayed his presence inside.

Sheep, looming large in the misty distance, shared our road and looked upon us with surprised eyes, questioning the wisdom of being there in such weather, but giving way rather hastily to our rights when they found we were really coming nearer.

Where were those hills we had gloried in yesterday! All but the nearer fells were lost in mist; but every now and again the sun shone through, lighting up the shoulder of a hill, and was reflected in the waters of a little hill-stream, as it wound its way into the valley below. Many "runnels which rilletts swell" had found their way through the road since yesterday.

The once stately foxgloves growing by the side of the streams were hanging their heads with the burden of moisture they had to carry, but the heather only seemed fresher than ever; and, oh! how good old Mother Earth smelt. We did not linger on the way until we found a sheltered spot on a rough bridge where fragilis grew; so, protected by over-hanging trees, our lunch was eaten in comfort. The skies, however, remained unfavourable to us, and on nearing our summer quarters we thought it advisable to open umbrellas and hide at least part of our damp attire—a needless precaution, for the rain had even frightened the natives here and kept them within doors.

M. S.

A Biased View.—"Do you now appreciate the beauties of civilisation?" "Yes," answered the barbarian. "Civilisation is a great institution. But, as in the case of other large enterprises, it's usually best to be one of the promoters and get in on the ground floor."

THE UNKNOWN WHISTLER.

Only a whistle at break of day!
Only a whistle blythe and gay,
Only a whistle! What does it not say
Whistled so clear in the morning?

Pure are the thoughts, ay! that I can tell;
Loving the heart where that music doth dwell;
Tender the lay with its lilt and its swell
Whistled so clear in the morning.

Does it not speak of a happy young life,
Fresh as the lark and yet eager for strife—
Strife that is labour for bairnies and wife—
That whistle, so clear, in the morning?

Weary and wankrif perchance I may be,
But—when that whistle is whistled so free—
Joy, on the wings of the bright melody,
Comes whistling to me in the morning!

He who can labour and whistle so sweet
Nothing can daunt, nor discourage, nor beat;
Lads!—but to whistle like that is a feat!—
To whistle like that in the morning!

Heaven bless the whistler whoe'er he may be!
His is a message most cheering to me,
Long may he whistle as bird on the tree,
Whistle aye clear in the morning!

GARTNAVEL, 1901.

E. Y.

Visit to the North Pole.

A STRANGE DREAM.

IN the year 1870, I sailed from Lerwick Bay on board a whaling vessel with a crew of brave, strong men. After clearing the land we shaped our course north, and later on a point or so west. For many days we encountered very rough weather, but the ship made good headway. At last we came to broken ice, but we still moved on amongst it, keeping our course pretty accurately. We struggled on, but at last stuck hard and fast. How long we were in this position I cannot tell, but by and by I found myself on the ice, alongside the vessel, in some sort of sledge drawn by large dogs. I was not aware at this time of our destination; only I knew this much, it was north, north. One morning (if I may call it morning) for it seemed to me neither dark nor light, a sort of half and half, we who were about half of the crew, with plenty of food and clothing, &c., bade our companions a hearty

farewell, and off we started in high spirits for some unknown point. On and on we travelled over the ice, sometimes it was smooth, with lots of snow that nearly covered our low sledges, and at other times we were nearly upset by lumps of frozen snow coming in our way, but our journey was not impeded. After a long drive, we came to a great barrier or wall of ice, stretching from east to west. We came to a halt. As far as the eyes could reach (for it was light) to right or left, we could see no opening, and were puzzled what to do—this seemed to me the edge of our globe, surrounded by this tremendous wall. After a while, still wondering what to do, and thinking of retracing our steps back to the ship, if she was still to the fore—for it seemed a long time since we had left her, I observed, now and again, thin sheets of water being blown over this wall, in fact, sometimes it looked like a waterfall, only the volume of water was not great, as the water on touching the place on which we stood immediately froze, so that we were still on dry ice. While I stood with my eyes fixed on this curious spectacle, a rope or wire ladder appeared dangling before me, I at once clutched it, and, after a very hard climb, I was on the top of this dreadful barrier. I was curious to see how this ladder was fixed, when I observed that two very large iron instruments, like dredgers, were sunk in the solid ice, which seemed like white marble for hardness.

Now for the sight that met my eyes—it seemed very early morning, the moon was shining dimly in the west. I was surrounded by a clear, balmy atmosphere. As I stood gazing still towards the north, or at least in the same direction as I had travelled all along, I happened to cast my eyes a little to the left of where I stood, and a short distance off a number of the loveliest female forms I ever saw or read of were bathing and sporting in pools, or rather natural baths that looked like alabaster; the water seemed

to be rising from the back of this great ridge. As it came gushing up in numerous streams, it seemed as it were fountains playing all around for some distance, where these angelic beings were bathing. They took not the slightest notice of me, as I stood watching them, as they rose from the water, and dried and combed hair of yellow or light gold that reached to their ankles, and robed in the purest drapery, like the driven snow.

After feasting my eyes on these wingless angels, I again began my journey northward, descending the back of this barrier, for it sloped sharply for some time, I came to light hoar frost, crisp under my feet, for I was on my pins and alone. A flat country now stretched before me as far as the eyes could reach. On I trudged, for how long I don't know. At last I left the snow behind me, and I was on soft mossy earth, and here and there patches of heather, the same as I have seen in my dear Island Shetland. Now my heart was made glad, and on and on I went at a rapid pace. I never seemed to tire. All was silence. I stood and listened to what seemed the breaking of small waves on some distant shore; in another moment I was lying flat on my breast, heaving my hands in what seemed to be a large circular loch, but it was salt. Hundreds of monster and small whales were sporting about; seals, and other animals I had never seen before, seemed to be rising from some unknown depths, or rather, underground passages, and returning thither again. Thousands of wild birds darkened the sky above me. I think I hear their screams now, they were evidently alarmed at this (to them) strange intruder on their privacy. As I still lay, scanning this inland sea, I observed that the water rose in the centre, and flowed towards the shores with a rather rapid current or tideway, at same time it did not overflow the shores, but seemed to find an outlet under ground. The sun burst forth at

a place I never saw it rise before. I awoke, saying to myself, "Is this the North Pole?"

SHEFLANDER.

Cricket Fixtures, 1905.

Date.	Club.	Ground.
May 6	Park Forge C.C., ...	Gartnavel.
13	Richmond, ...	"
20	Anniesland, ...	"
22 & 23	Hamilton Crescent, ...	"
27	Tytwood X.L., ...	"
June 3	Unifas, ...	"
7	Anderson's College, ...	"
10	Bartlinnie, ...	"
17	"	"
24	Gartloch, ...	"
July 1	Bothwell C.C., ...	"
8	Lennox Castle, ...	"
15	Fair Saturday.	"
22	Barrhead, ...	"
29	Neilston, ...	"
Aug. 5	Ravenna, ...	"
12	Golfhill, ...	"
19	Gartloch, ...	Gartloch.
26	Dennistoun, ...	Gartnavel.
Sept. 2	Mossbank, ...	"

A Fine Creat.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

["KEY was sitting one day repairing some second-hand garments which he was renovating to resell, when Sarah appeared on the scene, and said:

"Ikey, to you know vat tay this iss? This vas leetle Ikey's pirtibday, and he vants a present."

"A present!! He vants a present, does he? Vell vat does he vant? So help mine gracious!"

"He vants a dricycle, fadder."

"A dricycle!! Voman, you tont know vat you iss talking about. A dricycle would cost tirty dollars."

Sarah told leetle Ikey that a trieycele would cost too much money, and he agreed to compromise on a bicycle. So Sarah returned, and said:

"Vell, fadder, if you vont gifte leetle Ikey a dricycle, vill you make him a present of a picycle?"

"A picycle!!! You must be grasy, voman, a picycle would cost forty

tollars. Putt I vill toll you vat I vill do. If leetle Ikey vill wait until the winter time, I vill gifte him an icicle; putt in the meantime you go and glean the tust off the vindows, and let leetle Ikey see the tramway cars run past. Dot vill do for the bresent, mine gracious."

O. G. B.

To the Elbe from Leith to Hamburg.

OF late years it has become a habit with many persons to take a short and economical trip to the Continent, instead of the somewhat hackneyed month at the coast.

The incidents of travel, the study of other scenes than those of home, combined with actual personal intercourse with the habits and manners in different countries, expands and exhilarates the mind; awakening greater human interest, besides quickening both memory and understanding more effectually than the reading of even the best written books of descriptive travel, and for these, among other reasons, the new departure is certainly to be commended, as having its own advantages.

Although not in the ultra-fashionable programme of continental trips—like those of Gaze or Cook's—it is really quite worth the while of those who wish to get a glimpse of even the outer fringe of a foreign country, to take the trip from Leith down the Firth of Forth, across the German Ocean, up the quiet, dreamy little Elbe, to Hamburg, from which there is easy and constant access to all the northern parts of Germany, Denmark, and Russia, while such places as Lubeck, Kiel, and Rostock are within a few hours distance.

Steamers leave Leith three times weekly. The *cuisine* on board is excellent, and well served, while the berths are clean and comfortable, and fares moderate.

Knowing nothing of the eccentric vagaries of the tricky, stormy little German Ocean, I ventured my trip late in autumn. The day fixed upon was mantled in a dull, cold October drizzle, in the midst of which I took train to Edinburgh, thence to Leith, and soon found my way through a somewhat narrow dirty lane to the harbour, where the steamer was getting ready for starting. Amidst a babel of unaccustomed sights and sounds, the pathetic touch in which was a magnificent dog, which would not be separated from its master, and which could not be allowed on board. The fact was elicited that quadrupeds as well as bipeds were liable to seasickness, and dogs were therefore among the contraband forbidden to passengers. After a little altercation, rather than be separated, the owner of the dog delayed his journey, and left the steamer with his canine friend drooping his tail, but looking up in his master's face with a half-human expression somewhere between dejection and exaltation.

Passengers, luggage, ship's stores, etc., were quickly got on board, amid hauling of ropes, creaking of spars, and the cheery yo-hoing of the sailors, when all of a sudden we felt ourselves under weigh, and slowly moving out from the surrounding heterogeneous mass of vessels by which we were impeded, in our progress through the harbour.

We had not got far into the open firth when I discovered that I was the only lady on board, among fourteen cabin passengers of different nationalities, among whom were, however, some of my own canny, Scotch countrymen.

On my first entering the steamer, I had presented to the much respected, good old captain, letters of introduction from mutual friends, to himself, and also to the English agent at Hamburg. The captain's wife was seeing him off, and on his presenting me to her she said in a gentle motherly tone, "Now see that you take good care of her, as this is her

first big sail." So to the captain I went in my dilemma, and told him of my isolated condition. He laughed heartily, saying, "Not every lady would think your case a very hard one, but you are right to be careful among strangers; fortunately, I know nearly all who are in the cabin by sight and also by repute, so don't you be afraid. Don't speak to anyone unless I introduce them to you." Then whistling for the stewardess, a most sedate, experienced and respectful woman, who had sailed for ten years in the same steamer with him, he gave her charge of me in everything that she could do. Having got over this little hitch so pleasantly, there was nothing more to do but to enjoy to the full every sight and sound around.

We were now steaming leisurely out of the Firth of Forth, with twilight coming on. Towards the left-hand side was the tiny "Kingdom of Fife," where, in its capital—St. Andrews—the lights were gleaming pleasantly in the distance, carrying our thoughts homewards. Swiftly going on we get a glimpse of the small promontory Fife Ness, Isle of May, North Berwick Law, the Bass Rock, which was in ancient fighting times a State prison for Scotland, but is now a habitation for screaming sea-gulls and the solitude-loving penguin. There is on the rock only one human habitation, which it must surely require some strength of mind to occupy.

Further on, the ruin of Tantallon Castle stands like a gloomy sentinel brooding o'er weird retrospections; and further still we pass St. Abb's Head, just before the bell rings us in to partake of a most sumptuous tea—cold fowl, tongue, fish, and Harings—the latter a peculiarly German invention for keeping off sea-sickness, of which we all, of course, considered it necessary to partake. It looked and tasted like some uncooked preparation of salted herring.

Sunday morning found us all in comfort, steaming quickly through the

German Ocean, which, to our Captain's great delight, was in the very best of tempers.

Presided over by the Captain, his happy, social family party sat down to breakfast at 9 a.m. Just as I was lifting a fragrant cup of tea to my lips, the Captain, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, said:

"Well, how are you feeling?"

"Oh, dear! I really feel as if I were on the top of St. Rollox's chimney, and falling down into oblivion."

Everybody present knew that St. Rollox had the highest chimney in Scotland, so they all laughed most heartily, saying: Oh! Miss, Miss, you go lie down, and don't come back till dinner time. I obeyed, not being sure if this was German sea-sickness, or what? But at dinner time I was all right, and found a new sensation awaiting us.

"Out of sight of land," was the first salutation with which I was greeted on going on deck, where all the passengers were gathered, looking round the globe of water. What a wobbling cockleshell the steamer looked in such a vast expanse of water. We all kept watching, talking and wondering, at the scene before us, until the captain came amongst us, saying, "Now, all of you look out, great Sol is just about to take his evening dip."

We looked in earnest, for there came the sun, large and round, just like a ball of liquid fire, rolling, rushing along until it touched the edge of the mighty waters and instantaneously disappeared. The sight was wonderful and awe-inspiring, recalling to our minds the words of scripture, "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand."

By-and-bye we get glimpses of land appearing above the horizon of waters, and knew that now we were approaching foreign shores. In a few hours we anchored opposite the Island of Heligoland, described by a young Dane on board as "the stoopidest-looking island out."

PEARLINE.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

The Footprints of Time.—Crows' feet.

THE BISHOP'S HUMOUR.

During a recent visit to a western city Bishop Potter was entertained several days in the home of a prominent churchman. His room was prepared and garlanded for the occasion, and among other details his hostess arranged upon the dressing table an elaborate silver toilet set. The Bishop on seeing it carefully transferred it to a drawer, replacing it with his own set. The divine's visit over, the hostess went to the room and was dismayed to find her silver missing. She searched everywhere in vain and questioned the servants to no purpose. Finally she summoned up courage to write a very apologetic letter to the Bishop, asking if by any chance he had found any of the articles among his luggage. There was an immediate and characteristic reply. The telegram read as follows:—

"Poor but honest. Look in the washstand drawer."

BREVITY THE SOUL OF WIT.

While anecdotes are common of the brevity of great men in the most important decisions, the record in such matters is probably to be found in the story told about Von Moltke. The great general never opened his mouth if a gesture would answer the purpose. His comment at the time the Franco-Prussian war was announced is a matter of history. The news was brought to him that the French had declared war. He was at the War Office at the time and his entire staff was boiling over with excitement. An aide-de-camp rushed in to Von Moltke's private office with the document announcing the beginning of the great conflict. Von Moltke, without looking up from his letters, said:—

"Second pigeon-hole on the right, first tier."

And went on with his reading.

A QUESTION OF PRICE.

The hero of the following story is a prominent manufacturer of sporting goods well known in New York, whose name will be readily identified. His daughter during a recent trip abroad made an effort to be presented at the royal court of Italy. After due investigation she was refused admittance on the ground that her father sold merchandise. She cabled at once to her father and the next day brought the following reply:—

"Absurd! It isn't selling. At the price they are practically given away. See catalogue." The court attendant stretched a point and presented her as the daughter of a great philanthropist.