

Gartnavel Gazette, Volume 1

Publication/Creation

1853-1855

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/jvk8aued>

License and attribution

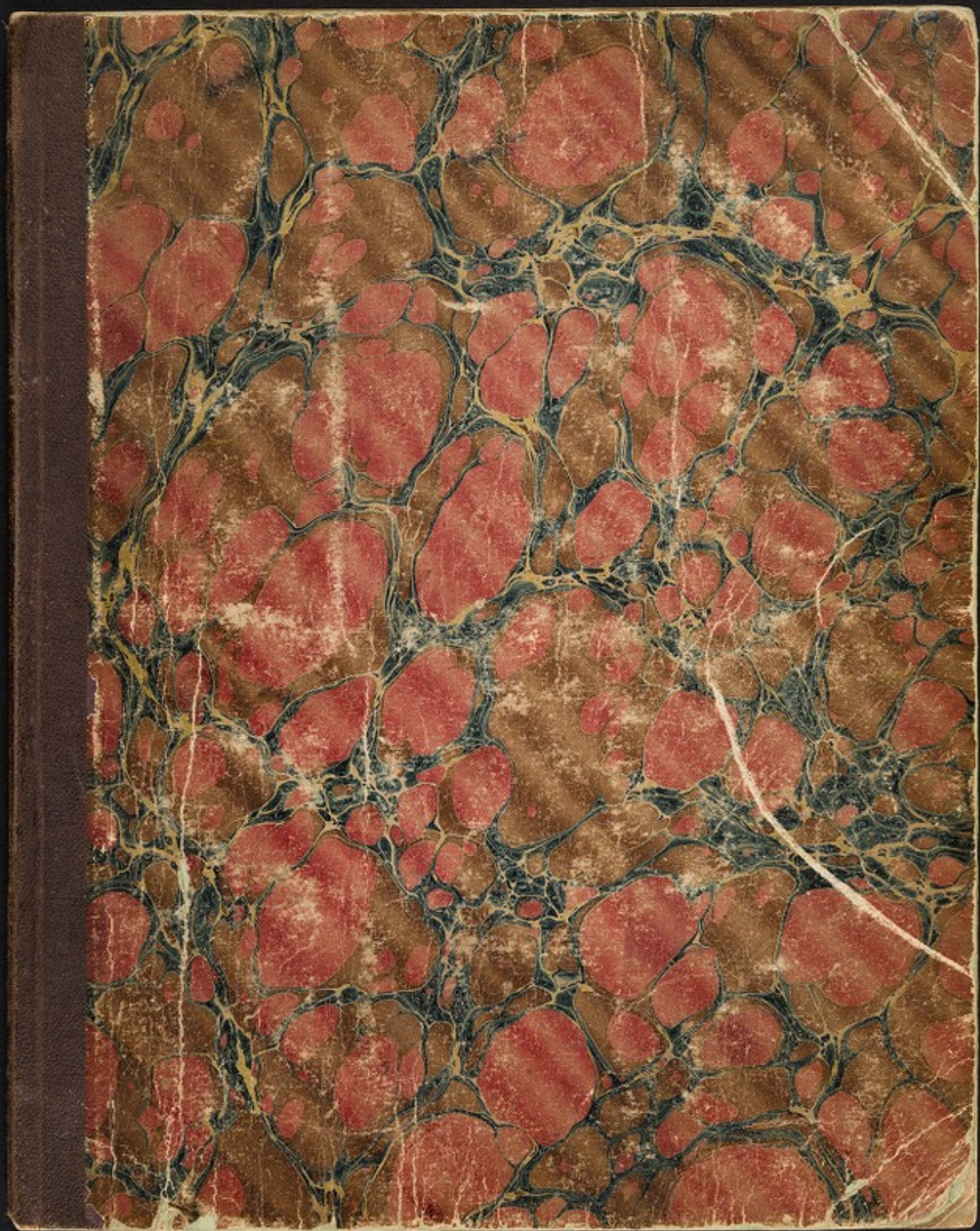
You have permission to make copies of this work under a Creative Commons, Attribution license.

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>



上
中

HB13|2|136

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,

Or Monthly Journal of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum.

No. 1.]

WEDNESDAY, 1st JUNE, 1853.

[Vol. I.]

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. I.

THE GOVERNOR.

"Unhappy lies the head that wears a crown."

We would not be surprised to learn, that the first eminent artist who was called in to transcribe on canvass a likeness of his Sovereign, should feel a slight degree of trepidation, as he attempted for the first time the responsible task, and dared to gaze with calm unwinking eyes, upon the naked face of august majesty. For our own part, we are convinced, that, but for the simple circumstance that we have received a more than usual constitutional allowance of nerve, our hand would shake, and even the Editorial pen would hesitate, to perform the daring task that has now been assigned to it.

We are fully satisfied however, that no man will ever gain anything by flinching from the performance of any duty, merely because there may be a risk of failure on his part, which might afterwards prove annoying. As a general rule it holds good, that wherever there is a chance of gain, there is a corresponding risk of loss, and therefore, instead of allowing difficulties to deter us when in pursuit of a legitimate object, they ought rather to be converted into stimulants to increased exertion, ingenuity, and prudence. Let us then, to use a homely proverb, always endeavour to "Set a stout heart to a stey brae."

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR of GARTNAVEL CASTLE, is a tight built, well proportioned, middle sized man of about forty-five years of age, as near as we can guess, for we never ventured to enquire. His hair and eyes are dark, the former changing to grey; his features are regular and expressive, the forehead high and intellectual, and his complexion is of that ruddy healthful kind which is usually enjoyed by those who live well, but temperately, take plenty of exercise, and a cold bath every morning. He is always dressed with that degree of care and regard to taste, that generally marks the educated gentleman. In his ordinary intercourse with the inmates of the institution, the Governor studiously endeavours to be as agreeable as possible, and always pays a marked regard to those little civilities that constitute one of the charms of refined society. In the discharge of his important duties, Dr. MACINTOSH displays very considerable capacity, energy, and skill. With very few exceptions, he visits each individual under his care at least once every day; and while firm in refusing all improper demands, he pays prompt attention to every reasonable request.

In all cases of sickness or real distress, the Governor is most assiduous in using every means that the best skill can suggest for its alleviation; and from several instances that have come under our own observation, we are disposed to think that he possesses a kind heart. The distinguishing characteristics however, of his EXCELLENCY THE Governor are order, decision, and complete self control.

Every department in the castle is conducted on the most approved scientific principles; the strictest discipline is uniformly maintained amongst all the subordinates, while at the same time ample provision is made for their comfort. Ever vigilant in the discharge of his own highly responsible duties, the slightest neglect on the part of others is quickly detected and promptly reprimanded; but it is always done in that calm and dignified way that usually secures the respect even of the offender. This latter quality we deem essentially requisite to constitute a good commander. We shall conclude our LATTER PRESS PORTRAIT by simply directing the attention of our readers to the annexed PHOTOGRAPH taken by an eminent artist whose services have been secured for the special purpose of ILLUSTRATING THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

The following letter and memorial were transmitted by the Editor of the Gazette, to the Governor of Gartnavel Castle, on Tuesday the 26th. April.

Dear Sir,

I have been requested by a number of gentlemen, with whom you are already acquainted, to forward the enclosed Memorial. I have no doubt you will appreciate the jocular spirit in which it is written, and freely pardon any apparent liberties that have been taken, no offence being intended.

"A little nonsense now and then,

Is relished by the wisest men."

I may mention, that the, M. S. Journal which made its appearance on Saturday evening last, has, on the whole, given general satisfaction.

I therefore beg to express the hope, that the project may meet with your approval, and encouragement, being decidedly of opinion, that such a thing if regularly conducted with a little care and skill, might be of considerable service to the institution generally. I may mention further, that a number of the gentlemen, whom I have spoken to on the subject, have expressed their willing-

ness to share any expences that may be incurred in the way of printing. I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken, in thus frankly addressing you.

And remain, Dear Sir, yours truly,

Gartnavel, April 26, 1853.

THE EDITOR.

MEMORIAL.

To His most esteemed Excellency, the Governor of Gartnavel Castle.

The petition of the undersigned portion of his most loyal and devoted subjects,
Humbly Sheweth,

That whereas, it has long been felt to be a desideratum, to have a local Newspaper, or Journal, established within these walls, for the special benefit, instruction and amusement of the inmates generally, and whereas, it has come to our knowledge, that certain gentlemen, of well known literary ability, who have been brought to reside here for a season, are willing to undertake the labour of conducting such a periodical, if permitted to establish the same, and whereas, we have been informed that a Printing Press and Types are, somewhere, to be found within the precincts of the Castle, which we are given to understand were originally designed for this very purpose; we now, with all respect for your judgement, and submission to your authority, would most earnestly beseech you to grant as the privilege of establishing the aforesaid newspaper or journal, with the use of the printing-press and types, as aforesaid, together with the use of a suitable apartment, as a Printing Office.

Knowing that you have devoted a large portion of your valuable life to the improvement of the mind, it cannot have escaped your observation that a judicious encouragement given to the employment of those various faculties which distinguish man from the brute creation, has frequently, we may almost say universally, resulted in the development of talents that would otherwise have remained dormant.

For these reasons, and many others that might readily be adduced, your Petitioners will conclude with simply expressing the hope, that you may be led to look with a favourable eye on this their request, and be induced speedily to grant the favours specified, and by so doing, lay them under an additional obligation to preserve the memory of your many kindnesses embalmed in their hearts.

In witness whereof, we now, with all respect and sincere wishes for your welfare and happiness, beg to subscribe our signatures, as under.

(Signed by sixteen gentlemen.)

[In reference to the above, we are happy to be able to inform our readers, on good authority, that the prayer of the petition has met with a favourable reception, and that printed copies of the Gazette may shortly be expected.
ED. G. G.]

RATHER FLATTERING.

On Tuesday last, a celebrated Physician, from the Western Metropolis, arrived in his carriage on a visit to the Castle.

Immediately on his alighting at the grand entrance to the Western division of the garrison, he sent his com-

pliments to the Editor of the Gazette, and desired the pleasure of an interview, which was instantly granted.

The Doctor, after a few preliminary enquiries, expressed himself highly delighted at the establishment of the New Periodical, and wished it every success. He then proceeded, in the most eulogistic terms, to extol the benefits resulting from the 'press' and unshackled 'liberty' of the 'press'; but we remarked, with no small degree of surprise, that he got so bewildered with the bright train of thought which the Gazette had inspired, as completely to overlook the important connection which subsists between the liberty of the press and the freedom of the subject. Shortly afterwards the Doctor, in the blindest terms, kindly proffered his own service, and that of his own horse chaise to act as an express in communicating with the City. This very flattering honour the Editor firmly, but modestly, declined, and after some further conversation the interview terminated, apparently to the satisfaction of both parties.

It was subsequently reported that the Doctor was so astounded, at the complete self-possession, and evident presence of mind evinced by the Editor, as to feel some difficulty in finding his way out.

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE.

On Thursday Evening last, at the public Billiard Room of the Castle, while a party of gentlemen were present for the purpose of amusing themselves with that interesting game, a most unseemly and altogether unprovoked outrage of gentlemanly propriety was committed, by a stout gruff looking elderly person who happened to be present, from what motive we have not yet ascertained. The circumstances were as follows. The person we have described, was engaged with a younger man playing a game, in the course of which a medical gentleman who was sitting in the room, quietly smoking his pipe and conversing with a friend, happened to make a good humoured remark to the elderly person aforesaid, who immediately turned round one in hand, and without any apparent cause burst out into a regular tirade of invective and abuse, to the great astonishment of every one present.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with the affair, was the coolness and complete self-possession manifested by the good-natured M. D. throughout the whole of the storm, which certainly was a most fortunate thing, for had he happened to be composed of equally combustible materials, the consequences might have been serious in the extreme. As it was, the affair was allowed to drop in silence; the Dr. evidently understood the customer he had got to deal with, and so far from taking any marked offence at what had been said, actually played a fresh rub with the choleric old gentleman.

We refrain from giving names, but would respectfully suggest, that care should be taken to prevent the occurrence of any such disgraceful conduct in future.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

BULLION scarce. Paper was also difficult to be had in the beginning of the week, but is now more abundant, and on the whole is pretty freely taken. Some holders of L. O. U's. have however found difficulty in getting them taken—indeed it is currently reported, that a well known

authority in Banking and Moneyed Circles, has expressed the opinion—that in respect to many such documents in the market, those doing them, would themselves be done Brown. Of course it is out of our particular province to offer any further remarks here, merely stating what is generally reported. Bread Stuffs are in fair request and the supply is considered to be about equal to the demand.

Tobacco.—Has been rather scarce; and holders have evinced considerable firmness.

SUGAR and RICE.—Are plentiful.

There is understood to be at present a considerable opening for Butter in certain quarters; and we are informed that well versed mercantile people are of opinion, that consignments of Scotch Whisky would be likely to do well in this Market at present.

MAY 31st., 1853.

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

GARTNAVEL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1853.

The launching of a new periodical on the uncertain tide of public opinion, is at all times, and in all circumstances, an adventure of more than ordinary importance. But when, in addition to the usual difficulties attaching to such an enterprise, there is added a total want of professional experience, it will at once be granted, that those who have dared to embark on such an undertaking, must, at least, be possessed of a more than ordinary stock of courage, not to speak of temerity.

The promoters of this new publication would, however, respectfully claim from all who may honour them with their patronage, fair credit for honesty of purpose, and purity of motive, in thus presenting themselves before the notice of the little world, in which they now live, move, and have their being.

In proof of this, we beg to call the special attention of our readers, to the startling fact, that no charge is to be made, for the GARTNAVEL GAZETTE. It is to be circulated amongst the subscribers, as soon as published, Free—Gratis—for nothing!

What clearer evidence could be desired, by a discerning public, of the utter absence of a selfish motive, on the part of those who have thus voluntarily undertaken this onerous work of faith and labour of love? What more striking indication could be adduced, that the spirit by which they are animated, is purely philanthropic?

To let our readers however at once into the grand secret of this unsexed liberality, which without some explanation, they might deem too good news to be true we, in the openness of our editorial heart, have great pleasure in informing them, that the gentlemen who have started this Gazette, are placed in such circumstances that pecuniary matters are of no consideration; they have learned, or are in the course of learning the real meaning of that truthful saying, 'man needs but little here below, nor needs that little long,' and being desirous, like good stewards, to employ the talents entrusted to their care, to the best account, they have resolved through this medium, to make known to their fellowmen any little knowledge they may have acquired, in the hope, the sincere and earnest hope, that some good, however small, may result from their labours.

Having thus indicated, as briefly as possible, the general object of this publication, it will now be proper to state the general principles, which the Gazette will strive to inculcate. We need scarcely say, that they will be of the most liberal character on all questions, whether Social, Political or Ecclesiastical. Every encouragement will be given to free discussion on all questions affecting the welfare of the community, either of general or local importance. It will also be the aim of the Editor to introduce into the pages of this Journal as much variety as possible, so that every reader may find something suited to his peculiar taste. In addition to the ordinary news of the month, reviews will occasionally be given of new works as they appear; care will also be taken to have the poets corner regularly supplied, either with original pieces or judicious selections. Having thus modestly intimated our bill of fare, we would with all seriousness entreat the encouragement and support of our constituents to give us at least the usual amount of courteous forbearance, which the faithful Journalist is entitled to receive and we will be content. We ask but fair play and no favour, and we will be prepared to stand or fall on our own merits.

One word of friendly advice to general contributors and we have done.

We would wish it to be distinctly understood, that, as the Editor is always held responsible for the general character of his paper, he, of necessity, must possess the power of rejecting any article, or expunging any sentence or expression, he may think objectionable. Such an arrangement is, in fact, altogether indispensable to the success of the undertaking. We would, however, earnestly hope that the usual rules of propriety, good taste and charity, will be so well observed by all who may favour us with their contributions, as to render the exercise of this privilege quite unnecessary. Let our contributors write frequently, plainly, and always to the point, and there need not be the slightest fear entertained for the success, or utility of the Gartnavel Gazette.

A Concert took place on the 22nd ult. in Gallery No. 4; under the auspices of Dr. Mc Ghee. The music was chiefly vocal, with the exception of several overtures on the Violoncello given in a most admirable style by one gentleman who also accompanied the singing on this instrument.

Amongst a number of good songs, which were very well sung, we may specify the following, "I'm afloat," "The flowers of the forest," "My ain fireside," "Scots wha hae," "The Bay of Biscay," "Ye lanks and braes." One or two duets were also given in good style; and a chorus, "Come braw lads let us be jolly."—Altogether, the audience seemed highly satisfied, with the kind efforts of the gentlemen who exerted themselves to afford them an agreeable evening's amusement; and we hope that we may soon have occasion to report another similar entertainment. In the course of the evening, a service of fruit was handed round the company.

CLUB REPORTS.

On Tuesday the 26th April, a meeting of several gentlemen, (14 in number,) was held in the library room of Gartnavel, for the purpose of forming a Literary Club.

This proposition, after some conversation, was unanimously adopted; and it was resolved that the Association should be entitled 'The Gartnavel Literary Club'. It was also resolved, that a Bowling Club should be formed in connection with this society, in order that due advantage might be taken of the green laid out in the precincts of our Castle.

The first meeting of the Literary club, thus constituted, was held in the same place, on the evening of the following day, (Wednesday 27th April,) when a full attendance of members was present. After the transaction of some minor business, a paper was read by a gentleman present, entitled; 'some Reminiscences of a tour in Germany and Prussia.' The remarks consisted, principally, of a brief narrative of a steamboat trip, from Hull to Hamburg, with some descriptive notes respecting the latter City.

He stated that, owing to circumstances, he had been obliged to curtail the length of his paper for that meeting, but would continue the subject at a subsequent one.

The second meeting of the Club was held on Wednesday, the 4th ultimo, when, an interesting lecture on Iron was delivered by Dr. McGhie. After noticing the important nature of this metal, and mentioning some of the many and varied uses to which it is applied, the lecturer proceeded to describe the various natural states in which the metal is found, the two ores principally to be met with in Great Britain being denominated, respectively, 'Clayband' and 'Blackband', the latter being the more valuable, from the circumstance of a considerable quantity of coal entering into its composition, which greatly facilitates the operation of smelting, and renders the process much less expensive than in the former named ore. Dr. McGhie, further, explained some of the more important chemical combinations of Iron, and in the course of his remarks, which were listened to with great attention, he performed some interesting experiments, illustrative of the chemical affinity of Iron with some other substances.

On Wednesday the 11th ult., the Club held their 3rd meeting, when the reading of the paper on Germany &c., was continued and finished. The part read at this meeting, contained some further remarks regarding the City of Hamburg; descriptive notes about Berlin, the Capital of Prussia, and Stettin, an important commercial town in Prussia, with some general remarks, on various subjects which had come under the observation of the writer; amongst others, a brief narrative of the circumstances connected with the recent Schleswig Holstein war.

The 4th weekly meeting of the Club was held on Wednesday, the 18th ult., when an Essay on Happiness was read by one of the members. The writer, before he proceeded, said, "that in order to go over the subject he had entered upon, as fully as he desired; it would be necessary that he should devote part of another evening to the same subject." The Essayist then stated, "that the desire of obtaining happiness seemed to be universally implanted in the human mind, amongst all grades and conditions of mankind;—that the term happiness was a relative one, suggestive of its antithesis, misery, or the want of happiness." The Essayist here quoted a remark of Dr. Paley's, bearing on this point. Proceeding, he said, "that while the exertion of man's energies, towards improving his temporal wellbeing, was not to be depreciated, when guided by pro-

per motives, yet, that the notion, which he considered too prevalent, of happiness being dependant on the mere accumulation of wealth, was a mistake of a serious character, as was also the supposition, that it could be obtained by pursuing a course of undue sensual indulgences." He concluded by quoting a statement of Lord Chesterfield's, corroborative of some of the views which he had been stating.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
SONG—THE LAIGH-KIRK CLOCK.

I saunter'd down this afternoon,
To snuff the caller air;
To the Green I wheel'd, to please the chield
Wha o' my health tak's care,
'Twas nearly twa as I pass'd the wa'
That hauds up the Laigh Kirk clock;
And the thocht struck me, as I rais'd my e'e,
'Twas a shame to the Glasgo' folk.
For that steeple it stan's like a wart on your han's,
Or a muckle fish bane in your throats;
An' it blockes up the street whar the big crowds meet
An' it spoils a' your bonny black coats.
Noo, thae Councillor bodies maun be stupid as cuddies,
An' the Bailies no muckle to men,
Or they'd sune clear the street, an' gie's room for our feet
Without ony fish frae my pen.
Nae doot the auld stirk belongs to the kirk;
An' I see warrant he thinks he's for a mug.
As he gins a grimace frae his three sided face,
Wi the muckle lights o'er his mug.
But the kirk's growing auld, and the lambs frae the fauld
Hae wandered our mony a brae,
We've laith Chapels o' Ease an' plenty o' Free,
Wha think they're the best o' the day.
So I'm quite at a loss, when I gang to the Cross,
An' look owre at that clumsy-like mass,
O' shoemakers' shops an' auld chimley tops,
That winna let decent folk pass.
For I'm tauld that the town has got a Bill down,
That empowers them to buy up auld houses,
That may stan' i' the road o' makin' streets broad,
Or that nourish auld-fashen'd abuses.
Noo, what I'd recommen' to the chields that atten'
To makin' the streets an' the lave o't, [people,
Kneek down the auld steeple, an' mak' room for the
An' they'll keep ye in min' for't, depend on't.
The Trongate has lang been the pride o' the town;
Here's an auld freen, he'll swear it, by jerum
Nicol Jarvie he swore it again an' again,
An' his faither the Deacons afore him.

[Owing to a press of other matter, a number of important Advertisements, which were kindly sent us, are, unavoidably, postponed till our next Publication. (ED. G. G.)]

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,

Or Monthly Journal of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum.

No. 2.]

WEDNESDAY, 6th JULY, 1853.

[Vol. I.]

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO II.

THE PASTOR.

He was a man of aspect mild,
Kind as a father, tender as a child.

It must be very gratifying to all who take an interest in the peculiar people who occupy the Castle of Gartnavel, to know, that, amidst all the *liberty* and leisure in which they luxuriate, their spiritual concerns are by no means forgotten. Without waiting to specify the regular daily devotional exercises in which many engage with much fervour, we think it ought to be generally known that (with a few exceptions,) they enjoy the benefit of "Clergy" for nearly two hours every Sabbath day.

The meeting is held in a very handsomely furnished Hall, laid with a carpet, and plentifully supplied with both chairs and ottomans. The services are usually conducted by the Chaplain to the Castle, the *revd.* Mr. RUSSELL, a gentleman peculiarly adapted for discharging the highly responsible duties he is called on to perform.

His general appearance may be described as prepossessing, and though considerably above the middle height, his movements are on the whole graceful; he walks with a firm step, and rather dignified air, as if deeply conscious of the sacredness of his office. The ordinary expression of his countenance is grave and thoughtful, such as is usually observed in men of studious habits, accustomed to reflection. But on entering into conversation with others, his features instantly become relaxed, and a pleasant cheerful smile beams over his face, calculated to inspire the utmost degree of confidence in those who address him.

The Pastor is universally regarded by all who know him, as a *friend* and *counsellor*, to whom may be communicated any of those doubts or difficulties that occasionally beset the mind, without the slightest fear being entertained, that such advances will be met either by a *sneer* or a *jest*, from both of which the sensitive mind recoils.

Mr. RUSSELL's mode of conducting divine service is highly satisfactory, being plain, simple, and altogether unaffected. We have never noticed any attempts at high flown oratory, or useless displays of erudition. He is evidently desirous of communicating Bible truths in such a

way as may be comprehended by the meanest capacity, while at the same time the most cultivated and refined may hear something to their advantage.

We shall conclude this hurried and imperfect sketch by giving our readers a sample of the *revd.* gentleman's discourses as furnished by *our own reporter*, and we have only further to add that the abstract which we are about to give is allowed to be a fair specimen of the spiritual food which he provides for the inhabitants of Gartnavel.

The *Revd.* Mr. Russell preached from 1 Peter, chap. I, v. 3, "Blessed be the God, and Father of our Lord, Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." After a few prefatory remarks, the preacher put the following question:—

In what sense is it to be understood that we are begotten again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Christ from the dead? This passage can only be understood, to apply to those who are believers in God's blessed Son. To them only do the Scriptures hold out the hope of salvation, as the Apostle writes in another epistle "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," again to the believer only, is held out the hope that all his temporal and spiritual wants shall be supplied, as it is written—"He that trusteth in the Lord shall not want any good thing." And again the Saviour has given the promise—"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, ye shall receive."

But further, to the believer is Christ is held out, the glorious hope of a life and immortality beyond the grave. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you".

But more particularly the Apostle describes this hope of the Christian, as a lively hope. When the hope of the believer is faint and feeble, then is he found ever ready to sink into despondency, and all his efforts to obey the will of God, are of steel and sinister, as to afford him little comfort or satisfaction. The sinful passions of his nature take the ascendancy, and he is found ready to cry out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? The good that I would, I do not, and the evil that I would not, that I do." But on the other hand when his heart is animated by a lively hope, his efforts are full of life and energy—his heart is filled with joy, and his mind with peace, and whatever the circumstances with which his lot in this life may be surrounded, his spirit will rise superior to them all, as he looks to God, as his Father, and Friend, as his God reconciled.—After some further remarks in elucidation of the text, the preacher went on to say,

In conclusion let us ask the question, each one for himself—Is this hope one with which I am experimentally acquainted? Let it ever be borne in mind that a mere theoretical acquaintance with divine truth, cannot prove of any real service.—True religion if it exist at all, in any human being, will manifest itself in the heart and life—it is a living principle that cannot be hid. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, as it is without hypocrisy." Let us, then, each and all, strive to secure this treasure in our hearts, then shall we not need to be afraid, in the presence of the great Judge when every man's work shall be tried as it by fire.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

This science, the origin of which does not date further back than 1839, with the nearly simultaneous discoveries of Daguerre, and Fox Talbot, has already attained to a high degree of perfection and popularity. The discovery of what is called the 'Collodion process,' by Archer, Fry, and Le Gray, in the year 1851, has contributed more to the diffusion of Photography than any other since its origin.

In the early part of 1852, the Photographic art was introduced into the Castle, by Dr. McGhie, one of the medical officers, who, in addition to his professional knowledge, is possessed of very considerable scientific attainments.

The principal object at which he aimed, was the cultivation of the 'Collodion process,' and some of the *paper processes*.

His first efforts were surrounded with the usual difficulties experienced by an amateur, but perseverance soon enabled him to acquire the necessary amount of dexterity and skill. By certain modifications of the process he has been enabled to produce excellent magic lantern slides, by which some of the natives were rather taken by surprise during the winter, when the Simulacra of certain residents in the Castle, were thrown upon the screen, *twice as large as life*. A considerable number of views adapted to the stereoscope have also been taken. The singular property which this instrument possesses of making two views of the same object, taken from two different points slightly apart from each other, (the angle diminishing according to the distance from the object,) appear as one, and that one, not merely a flat delineation, but having the object standing out in the boldest relief, has been a subject of great interest, and given rise to much discussion in the scientific circles of the Castle. The staple production, however, of the Photographic institution has been portraits of the inhabitants of Gartnavel, and of such friends as may honour us with a visit. Dr. McGhie is by no means disposed to hoard up the knowledge, and experience he has acquired, in relation to this interesting art, but on the contrary, freely communicates them to all friends, who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the subject. Several of the residents have attained to considerable proficiency in the Photographic art, together with an intimate knowledge of the scientific principles on which it is founded.

We purpose to note, from time to time, any improvements, or modifications, in Photographic processes, which may come out.

TRAPEZATROPY.

The 'Table movement' mania, has excited some attention, in our scientific circles.

Cups have been found much more docile, and obedient to the will, (especially the description usually worn by babies,) than either Hats or Tables. Some Patent Zephyr hats, were it is true, found susceptible of considerable locomotive power, but the solid mahoganis have hitherto resisted the most determined efforts to get them to 'move along.'

It has been suggested to us, that hats worn for some time by Yankee legislators, or eminent Railway directors, might be found more easily operated on. The wide awake, we opine, would do at all. Some Chapmans—tropical—enthusiast proposes to make an investment in the cast off beavers, worn by distinguished promoters of the ancient *sliding scale*, but we rather suspect this *move* will now be a stage too late.

It has been discovered that Lancers' Bonnets are very easily moved, especially when on the head of a fair owner, indeed it has been found, that even a single gentleman can accomplish this extraordinary feat, without any assistance, if possessed of sufficient magnetic influence.

We are informed on good authority, that the best kind of tables for beginners, are the *Railway time tables*, in fact till the discovery of this new and deeply interesting science, most people were very much at a loss to understand, what practical purpose these tables could ever possibly serve, but we have much pleasure in being able to state that even BAARD-SHAW, has now been satisfactorily explained.

We may perhaps treat this important subject, at greater length in our next.

THE TRULY HONOUR.—When Algernon Sydney was told he might save his life, by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting, he said:—'When God has brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie, or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[The following pieces, are selections taken almost at random, from a goodly number of contributions, kindly furnished us, by the Ladies, to whom, as is duty bound, we now return our sincere thanks—Ed.]

STANZAS ON A YOUTH, WHO HAS GONE ABROAD.

Jehovah guide thee o'er the seas,
Oh! may he temper every breeze!
Have pity on thy sins of youth,
And lead thee in the ways of truth.
Let Soberness thy motto be,
To keep thee from past errors free,
And ever looking up to God,
And never shrinking from his rod.
How'er severe the scourge may prove,
On him rely, for God is love!
Unequalled in his power, and will,
Secure his cure—he will fulfil
Each promise made, on earth or sea.

IN MEMORY OF A BELOVED AND DECEASED SISTER.

I think of thee, and often weep
Whilst other eyes are veiled in sleep,
I see thee off, in visions bright,
Inhaling the realms of light.
For thou art gone where troubles cease,
And where the weary are at rest,
Thy suffering frame now rests in peace,
Thy spirit lives, amongst the blest.
And oh! that I would warning take,
To flee from sin, and turn to God,
That I might from death's sleep awake
To join thee in thy sweet abode!

LINES—BY A LADY

When memory points through the vista of years,
To the scenes of our childhood, all smiling, and bright,
We sigh o'er its pleasures, and smile at its tears,
And remember its friendships, with pensive delight.
As we gaze through that vista how sadly we see,
The footsteps of sorrow our pathway pursue,
While our sad hearts still whisper what hath been, shall be,
Till the world and its vanities fade from our view.
The ambition of manhood! the bright love of youth,
Disappointed, may darken the heart to its core,
Still the scenes of our childhood smile on in their truth,
They smile—but they brighten the bosom no more.

ST. CYRUS' CHURCH-YARD.

Behold the sad, the solemn spot!
Where lowly lies the long forgot,
In death's domain, the lot of all,
To wait the final trumpet's call.
Stop stranger! stop! approach and see,
What you, and all on earth must be.
If foolish once, be serious now,
And while ye tread above that brow,
Consider then, that you may be,
As near a dread Eternity.
Swift time steals on, and as it flies,
Frail man but lives in sin, and dies,
And in the grave is laid to sleep:
Perchance no friend, o'er him to weep.
Such is thy fate, whate'er thou be,
A prince, a peasant, bound, or free.
But now, the sun is wearing low,
And keen the evening breezes blow;
So I my journey must pursue—
St. Cyrus' lone Church-yard, Adieu!

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

GARTNAVEL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1853.

We embrace with pleasure the earliest opportunity of returning our sincere thanks, to the large circle of kind friends who have been pleased to honour the first number of the 'GARTNAVEL GAZETTE' with a perusal, and who have generously bestowed upon our humble efforts, the smiles of approbation.

We must acknowledge that our most sanguine hopes have been far exceeded, in regard to the reception which the New Periodical has had the good fortune to receive; and that we feel a glow of honest pride warming our heart, and suffusing our usually pale cheeks, as we think on the many flattering encomiums that have already been bestowed on the productions of our Pen. Again we say, many thanks to you all, dear friends, your generous sympathies may have led you to look upon the fruits of our labour with too favourable an eye; but your kind expressions have made us happy, and for that we are grateful.

We have frequently heard it confidently asserted, that long Editorials are a growing evil. Nay further, it has sometimes been hinted to us, that those Periodicals, which indulge this taste to the greatest extent, are not unfrequently distinguished for a lamentable barrenness of original matter throughout the rest of their Columns. Some have even gone the length of gravely affirming, that many such Journals are more indebted to the *Scissors* than the Pen, for the bulk of the material of which they are composed. Leaving the truth, or justice of these observations, to be decided by more competent authorities, we will only remark at present, that feeling entire confidence in our own resources, we never dream of *cabbaging* from any contemporary; in fact, the supply of purely original articles, is so great, that unless our pages are considerably enlarged, we will not be able to do anything like justice to the native talents which the Gazette has inspired.

The probabilities of a war, between Russia and Turkey, has been the all-absorbing topic of discussion in the various political circles at Gartnavel throughout the past month. Considerable difference of opinion still continues to exist, as to the ultimate issue of the threatening attitude assumed by the Emperor Nicholas, in regard to the Ottoman Empire. But we may mention, that the sulky, ungentlemanly bearing, of the *Great Northern Bear*, has been universally condemned, and that every fresh growl, which has reached our ears through the medium of the '*Times*,' is generally regarded as an additional reason, why the Porte should make every *Port hole* to bristle with cannon, so as to insure a warm reception to the '*Monster's Cubs*,' if they presume to make an attack. Nay, so great is the aversion felt here, to the awkward advances of the uncouth animal referred to, that we have been credibly informed, many of the resident ladies and gentlemen, are both ready and willing to sacrifice their taste for '*Genuine Bear's Grease*,' in order, if possible, to keep Bruin at a respectful distance. We have not yet had leisure to calculate the probable effect which such a patriotic resolution, firmly adhered to, might have in changing the aspect of continental affairs; but the idea certainly looks feasible. We observe the following re-

markable statement in a cotemporary, who, speaking on this subject, says:

"Russia may be mad in this business, but there is not only method, but determination in its madness."

Now, it has occurred to us, as a matter of extreme regret, that the Emperor of all the Russias happens to be beyond the jurisdiction of our valuable Sheriffs, as there cannot be a doubt, that had the case been otherwise, the whole of this war panic might have been prevented, by quietly sending his Supreme Highness to rusticate during the Summer months in our Establishment at Gartnavel; besides, we then might have enjoyed the extreme felicity of having a *truly illustrious contributor* to the pages of the GAZETTE.

Mr. DRUMMOND M.P. and the Drunken Statistics.

Our attention was directed the other day to the following startling announcement, made by Mr. Henry Drummond in the House of Commons, in the course of a discussion on the Public Houses (Scotland) Bill. We extract the quotation from the *Cork Examiner*, April 27, 1853.

"He spoke upon good authority when he said, that in the Town of Glasgow alone 30,000 people every Saturday night steeped themselves in Whisky and Opium, and lay in a state of perfect insensibility till Monday morning."

Now, we are not aware what the good authority may be upon which Mr. Drummond M. P. has hazarded the odious statement just quoted, inasmuch as he has left us in blissful ignorance of the source from which it was derived. In the absence therefore of any corroborative evidence, we are disposed to look upon his ungrounded assertion, as a vile calumny on the fair character of our Western Metropolis, vented by the honourable gentleman in a fit of spleen, and for which gratuitous piece of service, he deserved to be hissed out of his place. We think it right however to inform our readers and the public generally, of the probable source from which this famous Parliamentary *Angel* derived his information, inasmuch as it will tend to illustrate the amount of faith, which ought to be placed either in this or other statements of a kindred character. Sometime ago a number of Glasgow magistrates inspired by a laudable zeal, for the moral well-being of the inhabitants, issued a command to the night watchmen [*alias Charlies*], that on a given Saturday evening, they should take a regular note of every person, male or female, whom they might see upon their beat, in any degree drunk, or intoxicated!

What a marvellous display have we here, of the truly wonderful way in which wisdom can be condensed, before it issues forth from the magisterial focus.

Why, the dullest wit in Gartnavel itself would perceive at a glance, that every poor Camlachie weaver, who might happen to have gone into the city with his web, and got a '*wee thing fou*' over two gills of whisky with an acquaintance, would inevitably be counted at least a *score of times* before reaching home, each watchman, through whose beat he passed, marking the unlucky wight down in his book as a fresh case.

It is needless to remark, how utterly worthless for any practical purpose, such statistics must be, except as a proof of the small quantity of brains, or common sense that is requisite to make a *Glasgow magistrate* or a member of Parliament.

ORIGINAL.

THE MAIDENS' APPEAL.

TO A CELEBRATED MATCH-MAKER.

Oh save us, save us, Mrs. S.—t!
 From our unhappy maiden lot:
 We wish, we wish to catch a man;
 Oh get, Oh get them, whom you can!
 We care not tho' he's handsomely leg'd:
 We care not tho' his hair be red:
 We care not tho' he squints a-wee:
 We care not tho' his mouth's a-gee,
 If we can call him 'husband dear,'
 Expose,—for we 'Old Maidens' fear,
 And to escape, we lose a name,
 Would sacrifice our modest fame,
 Then tell us, dear, what we must do
 To win some sweet, bright Billet-doux,
 We'll coax, we'll flatter you and him,
 To please, we'll strain each nerve and limb,
 Yes, carry him Oysters, and Brandy too,
 If that would win his heart, to sue
 Our kind affections.

Thus the hapless maidens cry,
 Can you hear without a sigh?

THE RESPONSE.

My dearest young friends, your appeal I have heard,
 And my heart beats with sympathy true,
 For long it has been the chief aim of my life,
 To provide 'handsome Husbands' for you.
 Then do not despair, a 'good time is coming,'
 When the coveted title of 'WIFE' shall be thine;
 Only be not too nice, and neglect not your duty:
 I pledge you my word, that I shall do mine.

Thus, the M— M—'s voice we hear,
 Forgetting hope in the maidens' ear.

SPORTING NEWS.

CHALLENGE.—CRACK ROBIN, recently arrived from the North aged twenty-three, hereby intimates, that he is ready on a days notice, to meet any comers old or young, at the game of Billiards, and is prepared to find Backers, to any amount. Any persons prepared to test their skill, and who are not afraid of being thrashed, may apply by letter, addressed, "Crazy" Gazette Office.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DESIRABLE COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

The magnificent Castle of Gartnavel, beautifully situated within three miles of Glasgow, has for many years enjoyed a degree of popularity unrivalled in this country, and an amount of support that has far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its projectors. Lest, however, there may still be some, who are ignorant of the advantages

which it affords, the present opportunity has been considered a proper one, to give additional publicity to a few facts which are already pretty extensively known.

First. In regard to accommodation, it is not only ample, but of the most varied description, combining both the highest degree of Elegance, with the greatest possible amount of Comfort and Economy.

Second. Every attention is paid to the proper development both of the Physical, Moral and Intellectual powers; no expence having been spared in order to secure the highest professional skill, for the different departments, that can be obtained.

Third. The terms of admission are now so judiciously adjusted as to suit the peculiar circumstances of every class from the Richest, to the Poorest.

Lastly. Parents and Guardians, who may desire to enroll boarders for the ensuing quarter, must make early application, and be able to produce a certificate signed by two medical men, and endorsed by one of the Sheriffs, setting forth the mental calibre of the individual, as no questionable character can be admitted, on any terms.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

By the Gentlemen occupying No. 4 Gallery, a first class Barber. He must be competent to give a *clean shave*, to the whole of the Boarders, at least, *once every two days*. None need apply but *steady hands*, as the work must be done without drawing blood. Applications with references to be Addressed, *SHAVE*, Office of this paper.

WANTED FOR No. 4. GALLERY.

A Rat terrier of genuine Scotch breed, and a good one to kill. Also a few Cats, who thoroughly understand their business.

Apply to Rat Catcher, at the Gazette Office.

ELIGIBLE OPENING.

Wanted a Young Man of unexceptionable character, and who writes a good hand, from 16 to 18 years of age, to carry messages, from one part of the Castle to another.

None need apply but those capable of pleasing every body. N. B. One from the Country would be preferred. Apply personally at the Gazette Office.

NOTICE.

Whereas certain letters and documents of importance have, it is believed by the Advertiser been wickedly, and feloniously intercepted, either before or after their being lodged in the post office here, Notice is hereby given, that any information which will result in the conviction of the offender, or offenders, will be suitably rewarded. Communications to be addressed to *Le Diable Boiteux*, No. 4 Gartnavel Castle, or to the Procurator Fiscal, for the Lower Ward of the County of Lanark.

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,

Or Monthly Journal of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum.

No. 3.]

WEDNESDAY, 10th AUGUST, 1853.

[Vol. I.]

REVIEW.

Poems. By Alexander Smith. Second Edition.
London: David Bogue. 1853.

We have rarely experienced more pleasurable sensations, in the perusal of any new production, than we enjoyed, when, for the first time, we opened the handsome little volume now before us. Naturally proud of our native city, its crowded streets, its enterprising merchants, its countless factories, its commercial navy, its visible and constant growth in all that contributes to material greatness, we hail with unqualified satisfaction every fresh proof which the press affords, that, even amidst all the smoke and dust, the din and bustle of such a thoroughly commercial emporium as Glasgow, the love of literature is not extinguished. So far indeed from such a deplorable effect taking place, the literary world is occasionally surprised by the discovery that many of St Mungo's most industrious sons display an amount of devotion to the muses altogether unsurpassed, either for disinterestedness or warmth of affection. That these remarks are fully justified when taken in connection with the author of the present volume, no one, we think, who has read the book, and is aware of the peculiar disadvantages under which it was written, will venture to deny. These circumstances are already so well known, as to render it superfluous on our part to enter into any lengthened detail. Suffice it to say, that the author, Alexander Smith, is a young man, who, like many of his contemporaries, has had for a number of years to earn his bread by his own exertions in a commercial establishment in Glasgow. His present volume is the careful product of those few leisure hours which many similarly circumstanced are too apt to spend in mere idleness or more questionable amusements.

All honour to the man, who in despite of difficulties sufficient to deter a less daring spirit, has ventured to cherish the noble ambition of distinguishing his name among the sons of song. Let not any mere aristocratic idler, or lolling child of fortune, who has never known a desire save to obtain its gratification, attempt to sneer down the lofty aspirations of a noble spirit, simply because its owner has to drudge behind a desk or counter from morn till night. Well would it be, for many of

those who plume themselves on the *quality of their blood*, if they could produce any intellectual proofs of this kind in evidence of a legitimate claim to true nobility of nature.

But, to proceed to what is more immediately the task before us, we may mention that Mr. Smith's book comprises a poetic tale of considerable length, entitled—"A Life Drama," together with a number of smaller pieces, the whole of which display considerable poetic talent, refined taste, and exquisite feeling.

The chief merit of the *Life Drama* does not consist in startling incidents, or a cunningly-devised plot; in fact, in that particular it is obviously defective. The main design of the writer in this piece (if we apprehend him aright) has been to find vent in an appropriate channel for those pent up thoughts that burned within his breast. The poem abounds with bursts of feeling, expressed in the most impassioned language, and is adorned with many brilliant gems of highly wrought imagery. Take for example the following passage which occurs at the beginning:—

"I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock;
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die.
There is a deadlier pang than that which bends
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—
A heart to heave his name out upon time
As on a rock, then in immortality
To stand on time as on a pedestal."

There is a wild enthusiasm displayed in almost every page for his adored mistress, Poesy, that charms the mind, and cannot fail to awaken the deepest sympathy in every youthful breast at all capable of appreciating the sentiment. The following form the concluding verses of the first song introduced into the *Life Drama*:—

"Ye see my meagre, ye thick crowding years!
Ha! yet with a triumphant shout
My spirit shall take captive all the spheres,
And wring their riches out."

God! what a glorious future gleams on me:
With nobler senses, nobler peers,
I'll wing me through creation like a bee,
And taste the gleaming spheres!"

While some are trembling o'er the poison cup,
While some grow lean with care, some weep,
In this luxurious faith I'll wrap me up,
As in a robe, and sleep."

We find that the limited space at our disposal will not admit of all the remarks we intended to submit, in one article; therefore, in order to make room for another short extract, we shall conclude by expressing the hope that our readers, at all events, will manifest their sympathy and gratitude towards Mr. Alexander Smith, the new Glasgow Poet, by possessing themselves as early as possible with a copy of his work. We wish all success to the second edition.

"In the street, the tide of being, how it surges, how it rolls!
God! what base ignoble faces! God! what bodies wanting souls,*
Mid this stream of human being, harked by horses tall and grim,
Pale I stand this shining morrow, with a past for woodlands dim,
To hear the soft and whispering eale, feel the dewy cool of leaves,
Watch the lightnings dart like swallows round the brooding thunder-caves,
To lose the sense of whirling streets, 'mong beery crests of hills,
Skies of larks, and hazy landscapes, with fine threads of silver rills,
Stand with forehead bathed in sunset on a mountain's summer crown,
And look up and watch the shadow of the govt night coming down:
One great life in my myriad veins, in leaves, in cloudy cars,
Blowing, underfoot, in clorer; beating, overhead, in stars!
Once I saw a bluebell burst-moon, but not through forest leaves;
'Twas not whitening o'er a country costly with the piled sheaves;
Rose not o'er the am'rous ocean, trembling round his happy isles;
It came circling, large and queenly o'er you roof of smoky tiles,
And I saw it with such feeling, joy in blood, in heart, in brain,
I would give, to call the influence of that moment back again—
Europe, with her cities, rivers, hills of prey, sheep—sprinkled down,—
Ay, an hundred sheaves of sceptres! ay, a planet's gathered crown,
Pie with that resplendent harvest-moon, my inmost thoughts were shared
By a bright and shining maiden, hazel-eyed and golden-haired;
One blissed hour we sat together in a lone and silent place,
O'er us starry tears were trembling on the mighty midnight's face,
Gradual crept my arm around her, 'gainst my shoulder came her head,
And I could not draw her closer, whilst I tremulously said,
"Passion as it runs grows purer, loses every tinge of clay,
As from Dawn, all red and turbid, flows the white transparent day,
And its mingled lives of lovers, the array of human life,
Breaks their gentle course to music, as the stones break summer rills."

(* We cannot help remarking en passant, that here, as in some other parts of his poems, Mr. Smith has displayed bad taste (to use a mild expression), in the irreverent appeals made to the Deity. Ed.)

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

The following important announcement appeared in a late number of the *Limerick Chronicle*:—"Two inspectors of lunatic establishments in England, at £2000, are to be appointed by Government next week. One, an Irish member, not far removed from lunacy, is already named." [Perhaps the sultry state of the weather has had something to do in leading Her Majesty's Advisers to make such a judicious selection.—Ed.]

LINES ON THE SABBATH.

Hail! Sabbath morn—sweet day of rest!
Of all the seven, thou art the best;
The toil-worn love thee as a friend,
By Heaven ordained, for man to spend.
Hushed is the noise that ever greets
The jaded ear, on crowded streets;
Hushed is the busy factory wheel,
The engine, and the clank of steel;
Throughout proud Britain's wide domain
Closed is each shop, each mart for gain,
And Sabbath-bells aloud proclaim
A nation's pause, to praise God's name.
In city, village, vale, and dell,
Is heard those sound's triumphant swell,
Wafting glad tidings from on high,
To raise men's thoughts beyond the sky.
Sweet is that music to the Christian's ear,
Sweet the glad tidings which he loves to hear;
Sweet is the rest from wasting toil and care,
But sweeter far to worship God in prayer.
Can there exist a heart so cold,
So wedded to earth's dust, or gold,
As grudge the rest nature demands,
The soul requires, the law commands?
Yes, there are such,—alas! for man,—
Who dare the sacred day profane;
Yea, who would rob the labouring poor
Of this birth-right, God made secure.
Oh! for a pen to write the ban
Virtue proclaims 'gainst every man,
Who, to subvert a selfish end,
Would the Creator's law suspend.
Poor, blinded wretch, whate'er thy name,
Though high thy rank, though great thy fame,
The toil-worn millions vote thee base—
You'd rob them of their holy-days!
High, noble thoughts can never dwell
Confined in such a narrow cell;
Earth's circle bounds the whole you call
Your chief delight, your god—your all.

BOWLING.

This interesting game has been the all absorbing sport for a considerable time past, and from the propitious state of the weather as well as the excellent order of the green, has induced a great number of the gentlemen to emerge from their retirement and join in the game with great hilarity, and it has proved very conducive in helping some "to drive dull care away." Many of the unpractised hands were rather awkward at first, but, by patient perseverance and attention to the more skilful players, they have now become very expert at handling the bowls. It has been rumoured in influential quarters that the amateurs are prepared to challenge the experienced players to a match for the championship before the season is over. As a proof of the progress which the amateurs have made, we may state that in several private matches which have already taken place, the old hands were signally defeated. We trust that every encouragement will be given to the healthful exercise, and as hitherto the interest will be sustained.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several complaints have reached our ears, (though in rather a roundabout way), that we are not sufficiently liberal in giving a place in our columns to the various contributions forwarded to us for that purpose. Now, in order to correct any false impression which disappointed aspirants to literary fame may seek in an underhand way to put in circulation, we beg to make the following official announcements:—

- 1st, No stale "news," or articles having no conceivable connection with passing events, can be inserted on any terms.
- 2nd, All Poetry which is utterly destitute of rhyme and reason, or one or other of these important requisites, is equally inadmissible.
- 3rd, Every contribution which is in any way calculated to afford either instruction or amusement to the general reader, will be received with gratitude, and duly inserted in some part of the GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

GARTNAVEL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1853.

PITY the sorrows of a poor Editor, condemned in the dog-days to write a "leader," without one single fact of interest on which to comment, or any purely original idea with which he might enlighten an intelligent public. Truly it is a difficult task to seem deeply interested in nothing, or very much in earnest about what concerns nobody. Did we stand at the helm of a daily, or even a weekly journal, the duty would be comparatively easy, for then we might take advantage of every passing breeze which rumour sends across the channel, or trim our sails to meet a coming gale. But to be compelled to cast a reluctant eye over a whole month, and give a digest of what is truly indigestible—hugh! it is entirely out of the question. Far better don our hat, and, stick in hand, sally forth to enjoy the glorious sunshine under whose happy influence, the fruits of the earth are rapidly advancing to maturity. How pleasant to recline in some quiet shady nook, on a hot harvest day, and listen to the buzzing bee or the cheerful song of birds, while the great dispenser of light and heat pursues his majestic course, in full orb'd splendour; or to wander along the banks of some sweet silvery stream and watch the finny tribe disport themselves with unmolested freedom; or, bend our footsteps through the windings of some highland glen, whose deep silence and high towering hills combined impress the mind with a powerful sense of the sublimity of nature; or—but why should we indulge in such musings? 'Tis vain—the familiar sound of the Castle bell reminds us that our season for romantic walks among woods and streams and highland glens has not yet arrived—that, in short, we are still in the editorial sanctum, and must in some way or another finish the leader for the "Gartnavel Gazette."

Well then, let us see—what are the most important questions of the day? Ah! to be sure—that affair of Old Nic's is never settled yet. What a pity the valuable suggestion we ventured to give in our last number could not be carried into execution. It would have formed the most satisfactory *coup-d'état* ever recorded in the annals of history. We are certain his sublime highness the Sultan would have agreed to such a measure without the slightest hesitation; nay, we venture to affirm that he would even have gone the length of becoming security

for the due payment of the Emperor's board for the first quarter.

The most striking event which has occurred lately, worthy of notice, is the strike of the London cabmen. Mr Fitzroy's sixpenny dodge evidently won't do; so the Cockneys must either make up their minds to tramp it, or bid the cabmen fare-well.

The late strike amongst the Glasgow shoemakers was very annoying to the community generally. We trust that measures will shortly be taken which may lead to a better understanding.

The masons, too, we are told, have recently become infected with the prevailing epidemic, but in their case the symptoms are rather peculiar; for when they struck, they immediately threw down their mells and positively refused to strike another blow.

While on this subject, we may mention that it is confidently reported in well-informed circles that a general strike may very shortly be expected amongst the members of the British House of Commons. It is even broadly hinted that her Majesty's Ministers are involved in the affair. The cause assigned, is the immense amount of heavy work which of late they have been called on to perform, and the unreasonable length of time to which the sittings are now prolonged. The general rising, it is said, has been fixed for the 18th instant, but we have every reason to believe that a large number of members intend to emigrate by the 12th at latest.

BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The two following telegraphic despatches have been received from Vienna:—

"VIENNA, Monday, 6 A.M.—Russia accepts the project of mediation presented collectively by Austria, France, England, and Prussia.

"Accounts have been received here, today, from St Petersburg to the 3d." "Russia accepts the propositions of the powers (that be,) on condition that the Porte shall adhere to them without any modification."

Heigh ho!—So after all this grand hullabaloo is likely to end in an exchange of compliments, instead of broadsides; with pens and paper, in place of bayonets and boarding-spikes. Well well—we shall expect to hear of an extraordinary fall in the price of Gunpowder immediately.

ABOLITION OF THE ADVERTISEMENT DUTY.

Great encouragement is now afforded to Advertisers of all sorts, especially to Quack Doctors, who have Red Pills, Silent Friends, or "Lentil Farina," alias Pease Meal, to be disposed of at exorbitant prices. Philanthropic Warehousemen, who come out strong in the way of Enormous Sacrifices, Dreadful Conflagrations, Disastrous Shipwrecks, &c. &c. &c., will now be enabled to save the ruinous expense of Large Posters, by exhibiting both themselves, and their wares, at a comparatively trifling cost, in every Newspaper published in Great Britain.

The Gartnavel Gazette office, was this week completely overwhelmed with Advertisements of all sorts and sizes, but as the necessary arrangements for enlarging the size of our columns, have not yet been completed, we were compelled reluctantly to decline this profitable windfall.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HURRAH FOR THE DIGGINGS!!!

For Melbourne, Port-Phillip, Sidney, and Geelong, or any other place where gold can be had for the lifting.

THE Fine Fast-Sailing Schooner, to be called "**THE GARTNAVEL CLIPPER**," about to be built and shortly after launched from some Dock not yet fixed on.

This splendid vessel will class A1 at Lloyd's (of course), and is intended to be coppered and copper-fastened, with a private Boomerang propeller. The First Lord of the Admiralty is expected to take the command. The vessel will also carry a Surgeon, sufficiently experienced to administer salts and senna to any of the passengers who may require such medicines, and who is also capable of performing a capital operation with a carving knife. Everything which the most extravagant zeal for the comfort of the passengers can suggest will be done in order to make them feel quite at home when crossing the briny deep.

All other necessary arrangements will be made under the immediate superintendence of the Government Emigration Officer.

N.B. A select assortment of Goldner's Tins of Improved Meats, warranted free from taint or any admixture of unwholesome substances, (the whole having been manufactured under Goldner's own nose), has been provided.

For freight or passage, apply early at the office of the Gartnavel Gazette, as in all likelihood there will be a run on the berths.

WANTS A SITUATION.

A YOUNG MAN of rather a retiring disposition who is fully qualified to do a little at every thing.

The Advertiser has an extensive acquaintance with almost every department of the mechanical arts, consequently should he meet with a liberal offer he will have no objections to make himself generally useful.

N.B.—His habits are very cleanly,—he dresses with great care, and pays particular attention to the cut of his whiskers. Letters, addressed, "*Jack of all Trades, Gazette Office*," will meet with prompt attention.

COOK WANTED.

For a Family where there is a large number of Children, and a great many Servants, of both sexes.

SHE must be thoroughly versed in every branch of the culinary art, including pastries and confections. She must be able to work in every degree of temperature, from Zero to the boiling point. Above all, she must be possessed of the sweetest temper in the world, and be capable of receiving with a smile every one who may choose to enter the kitchen and criticise, however stupidly, the various viands she will be required to prepare.

Applications, with testimonials of character, addressed "*Paragon of Perfection, Gazette Office*," will be attended to.

TO SPIRIT RAPPERS.

A PRIZE of FIVE POUNDS is offered by an Elderly Gentleman for an ESSAY, on Table, Hat, Chair, and General Furniture moving—on Media, the Criteria by which they can be most easily discovered, and on the relations at present subsisting between the spiritual and material worlds,—together with the best means of establishing direct communication between them. A more simplified process being very desirable, it is hoped that something truly original will be the result of the present liberal offer.

The essays to be given in on or before September 30th—addressed "*Mephistophiles*," at the office of this paper, where he is daily in attendance.

The adjudication will be entrusted to competent hands, and the successful essay will appear in the columns of the *Gazette*.

MY BONNY LASSIE, O!

Ain—"*My Nannie, O!*"

I spent ae night, ae happy night,
Wi' my ain bonnie lassie, O!
As kind a queen, wi' punkie e'en,
As e'er was seen by any, O!
The night was canld, the wind was bauld,
John Frost was working hearty, O,
But Frost nor Snow could touch us twa,
We were sae snug an' cosie, O.
The laugh an' crack, an' hearty smack,
Made time spin by fu' cheery, O;
At railway speed the short hours fled,
When I was wi' my dearie, O.
There's time an' place the wise man says,
For a' that folks can do here, O;
To dig an' plough, to plant an' sow,
Mak' cash, an' spend it freely, O.
In every life there's ups and downs,
And many things to grieve ye, O;
Then sure it's right wi' a' your might
To love the frien's that please ye, O.
Then here's to every trusty frien':
May sorrow's cloud aye 'scape them, O!
May fortune's smile their years beguile,
And honest hearts surround them, O!
As for mysel', I scorn to tell
A lee, when truth will serve me, O;
I'll gang some night, be't dark or light,
An' see my bonnie lassie, O.

EVENING PRAYER.

(By a LADY.)

Thou who orderest nature's course,
Of day and night the mighty source,
For thy guardian care we pray,
Father! hear our evening lay.
Through the darkness, oh! befriend us,
Holy visions do thou send us,
Let us by sweet rest prepare
For to-morrow's toil and care.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,

Or Monthly Journal of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum.

No. 4.]

WEDNESDAY, 7th SEPTEMBER, 1853.

[Vol. I.]

SECOND EDITION.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. III.

THE LADY-SUPERINTENDENT.

" Madam,
A stranger's purpose in these lays
Is to congratulate, and not to praise.
To give the creature her Creator's due,
Were sin in me, and an offence to you."
Cowper.

Much has been written, by many an eloquent writer, on the subject of female influence. It has inspired the pen of the poet in all ages, and even the grave historian has occasionally paused in his labours to dilate on this most pleasing theme. And really it is not wonderful that it should be so, when we reflect how great, how constant, and how extensive the influence is which woman exerts over the destinies of the world. It is to her that is assigned in a great measure the responsible task of watching over the opening buds of infancy and childhood, of instilling the earliest germs of thought, of sowing the first seeds of knowledge. It is woman that in the majority of cases sways the greatest influence over man's maturer years, as his most intimate companion, friend, and counsellor. In joy and in sorrow, in strength and in sickness, in prosperity and in adversity, it is to her he looks to share his feelings, of whatever kind they may be.

The approving smile of woman will frequently inspire hope and courage into the sinking heart when nothing else would cheer; her gentle kindness will oftentimes subdue when every other influence has failed. Thus it has been observed by many, that the society of educated ladies, usually tends to soften and refine the rougher natures that have been bestowed on their masculine companions; and that correct taste and delicacy of feeling are only to be acquired in such circumstances.

One of the marked features of advancing civilization in all countries has been, the elevation of woman to her appropriate sphere of dignity and usefulness, as the centre of the social circle. 'Tis there, the patron of every virtue, she shines most brilliantly, dispensing comfort and happiness to all around.

From the tenor of the foregoing remarks, our readers, we presume, would not be surprised were we to hazard the declaration, that if the Castle of Gartnavel were destitute of all such attractions, its value and importance as a humanizing institution, would be greatly diminished. Happily, however, for the interests of all concerned, there is no deficiency in this respect; for, although the limitations to its exercise are greater than could be desired, still, we do occasionally see a fair face, and listen to the music of a lady's voice.

The Lady Superintendent of Gartnavel Castle is universally acknowledged to be fully qualified for the important situation she has for so many years, and through many vicissitudes, been called upon to occupy. Naturally possessed of very superior abilities, to which must be added the inestimable advantage of a highly finished education, Mrs. MARLESON is every way fitted to act as the winning companion, the experienced counsellor, and the warm-hearted friend.

It has seldom been our lot to meet with one occupying an official position who so admirably combined the knack of pleasing with the efficient discharge of important duties. Mrs. MARLESON, as may readily be supposed, is a general favourite with all who enjoy the privilege of her acquaintance, while those who have come specially under her maternal care uniformly express towards her the warmest feelings of gratitude and affection. Even the domestics, (not generally blamed for speaking in too flattering terms of their Mistress), have been heard in this instance to declare—"that they didna ken how things would get on without her; for ye see, although she's very particular, and winna let a fault pass without lettin' us ken o't, yet she's a kind body, an' never maks a fule o' us if she can help it."

Delicacy forbids further remark; we will only add, that the personal appearance of this lady is in every respect such as we would wish to find associated with superior intelligence and amiability of character.

Elderly
Chair,
riteria
on the
al and
estab-
more
hoped
of the

r 30th
paper,

hands,
nns of

OUR LITERARY CLUB.

ESSAY ON HAPPINESS.

To be happy is a universal desire implanted in every human bosom. No sooner does the child learn to articulate than it gives expression to the sentiment. In the spring-time of youth it is the all-absorbing idea that fills the mind, and gaily gilds the future with golden dreams. In manhood it becomes the concentrated mainspring of action, which stimulates to continued exertion despite of disappointment, grief, and care. And even in old age, when sage experience has dissipated many of those romantic visions that youthful imagination had interwoven with the future, the mind still clings with increased tenacity to this all-pervading principle, and man dies desiring happiness. That the desire of happiness has been implanted in the human bosom for wise and good ends must be manifest to every reflective mind. It constitutes the grand germinating principle in our mysterious nature, which quickens into being all those varied contrivances and skillful adaptations that distinguish the advances of civilized life. To it we can trace the dawn of the arts and sciences, the development of literature, and all the triumphs of intellect over material substances. It inspires the Red Indian to construct his wigwam, the Caire his kiosk, the peasant his cottage, and the prince his palace. It encourages the husbandman in his farm, the artisan in his workshop, the chemist in his laboratory, the merchant in his counting house, and the philosopher in his study.

Under the influence of this all-potent desire the poor man toils and the capitalist invests his gains, inventions are multiplied, facilities for commerce are increased, and the whole family of man are knit together by the common ties of mutual dependence. But we would remark further, that the general arrangements of providence are such as lead us to infer that the Great Creator intended man to enjoy happiness. In whatever direction we conduct our investigations, abundant evidence will be found in support of this statement. Look, for example, at the construction of our material frame, and observe not only the wondrous skill displayed in the adaptation of its various parts to sustain and produce life, but the manifest proof of intention that every organ and physical power with which man is endowed should minister to his enjoyment. The eye, the ear, the sense of touch, of taste, and smell, are not only fitted for the guidance and preservation of the body, but are each of them so exquisitely adjusted as to become positive sources of delight in the very exercise of their respective functions. Look again, upon the external world, and behold how abundant the provision made for man's enjoyment. Who can gaze upward upon that spacious vault of heaven, with its glorious array of majestic orbs—or abroad upon the fair face of nature, as exhibited in the smiling landscape, with all its wondrous diversity of hill and dale—its deep rolling rivers and sparkling streams, without feeling deeply conscious that the Great Being who made them all designed man to enjoy happiness?

In order, however, to avoid misconception, we shall endeavour to give a fair definition of the idea we attach to the term happiness:—

"The word happy (says a celebrated writer) is a relative term: that is, when we call a man happy, we mean that he is happier than some others with whom we compare him, than the generality of others, or than he himself was in some other situation. Thus, we call a man happy, when he has accomplished an object about which he was very desirous. Strictly speaking, any condition may be denominated happy in which the amount or aggregate of pleasure exceeds that of pain, and the degree of happiness depends upon the quantity of this excess."

Adopting this definition as the sense in which we understand the term, we would remark further, that happiness is to be found in every rank and condition of life. The experience of multitudes of men, well qualified to judge of such questions, goes to prove that the enjoyment of happiness, is less dependent on mere external circumstances than mankind at large commonly suppose. It is not always an appendage to high rank, noble birth, or a splendid fortune, neither is it invariably withheld from the humble, the obscure, or the indigent. On the contrary, it has been found that happiness is rather a *state of mind to be acquired*, than a position to be either purchased or inherited. Patient investigation proves that an all-wise Providence has placed this inestimable boon within the reach of every human being. The peasant may be happy as well as the monarch, the toiling mechanic as well as the millionaire, the poor illiterate pedlar as well as the proud philosopher.

Why then, it may be asked, is the cry so universal—"Oh, who will show us any good?" Why is it that men generally are discontented with their own situation, position, and prospects, and so much disposed to envy those of some other which is beyond their reach? To this it may be answered, that it is a common mistake for men to suppose that a mere change of circumstances would produce, or bring along with it, that change in their habits and natural dispositions which alone could conduce to their increased enjoyment.

It is because that, in estimating the condition of others differently situated from themselves, they overlook in a great measure those counterbalancing circumstances which are inseparably connected with every condition, and which, if correctly viewed, might tend in a great measure to make them reconciled with their own. Thus we find that, instead of wisely enjoying those things that come legitimately within their reach, the happiness of multitudes is poisoned by indulging a morbid craving for what they cannot obtain.

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like London bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lears,
To mak us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could mak us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye'
That makes us right or wrang."

Let it ever be borne in mind, that in every lot, however favourable, there is, from the very nature of things, a portion of alloy. It may be carefully screened from the vulgar gaze; but we may rest assured that in no

single instance is there any escape from some measure of those troubles, cares, and sorrows, with which the Dispenser of life has seen fit to surround man's pilgrimage in the world.

Instead, then, of brooding over chimerical ideas which can never be realized; or, what is still worse, indulging in vain regrets about the past which cannot be recalled—instead of cherishing feelings of discontent with those circumstances which may not entirely accord with our wishes, but which it is not in our power to alter, let us rather, if we would enjoy any portion of happiness, seek to rise above them, and diligently cull those flowers that lie scattered along our path, which, although they may not appear so fascinating to the eye, are yet possessed of sweetness and fragrance.

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

GARTNAVEL, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1853.

Parliament has at length dissolved, the Queen and Court are now lionising it in Dublin, active hostilities continue to progress on the moors, the strikes are nearly ended and every department of trade and commerce is in a most prosperous condition.

Such is pretty nearly a brief epitome of all that can be said regarding the present state of matters at home.

We heartily rejoice that it is so, for, while the absence of exciting intelligence may not be favourable to the lucubrations of the anxious journalist, still it must be admitted, that a period of general quietness and prosperity such as we now enjoy, is better calculated to promote the best interests of society at large.

SAINT SWITHIN'S DAY.

Most people are doubtless aware, that there exists a prediction, said to have been made by the worthy Saint Swithin, to the effect, that if there be rain on the FIFTEENTH DAY OF JULY, it will rain for FORTY DAYS thereafter in succession.

On the recent occurrence of the day in question, this prophecy happened to form the subject of an after-dinner conversation, amongst a number of very intelligent gentlemen residing in the Castle. It was maintained by some that the sorrowful saint still continued to indulge his weeping propensities, to the extent indicated in the popular tradition; others again insisted to the contrary, and alleged a thorough disbelief in the influence either of St. Swithin or any other saint to affect the weather in these modern times, coolly asserting that all the talk about saintly influence in general, and St. Swithin in particular, was only a relic of vulgar superstition, or what is generally termed humbug. The discussion of this important question was maintained with great spirit on either side. At length an elderly gentleman, well known for his statistical accuracy, proposed to settle the question to the satisfaction of all parties by taking a regular note of the weather for forty days. This proposal was at once received with the utmost cordiality,

and we have now great pleasure in submitting the result of his observations in the following table:—

July 15, Rain.	July 25, Rain.	Aug. 4, Rain.	Aug. 14, Dry.
16, do.	26, do.	5, Dry.	15, do.
17, do.	27, do.	6, do.	16, do.
18, do.	28, do.	7, do.	17, Rain.
19, do.	29, do.	8, do.	18, do.
20, do.	30, do.	9, do.	19, do.
21, do.	31, do.	10, do.	20, do.
22, do.	Aug. 1, do.	11, do.	21, do.
23, Uncertain.	2, Dry.	12, do.	22, do.
24, Rain.	3, Rain.	13, do.	23, Dry.

Thus, it will be observed, that, notwithstanding the moistness of the weather, St. Swithin's prediction has been scientifically exploded, and we hope to hear no more about it from this time henceforth.

PUNCHING "PUNCH."

OUR METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

"Anxious to make ourselves generally useful, we have attempted a few meteorological observations on our own account, and the following is the report we have to offer:—

"Barometer fell—to the ground and smashed.
"Thermometer rose to blood heat—having been turned upside down by an infant.

"Direction of wind—right in our own face.
"Amount of rain—691, in. in our umbrella stand.
"Amount of cloud—9 from our own tobacco pipe.
"Should our scientific observations at above tend to throw any light upon anything, we are more than satisfied."—Punch.

Ah ha! Master Punch, your barometer's down!
So now may the public expect you to freeze;
But with grinning so long, your funny old face
Would tell that a frown had not got its right place.
So "stick to your last," Master Punch, and begin
To tell your young people how long you've drunk gin.

Ah ha, Master Punch, ah ha! ah ha!
An infant has shown thee old nature's first law:
Your thermometer's up—your heart beating high,
When a sweet little rollicking Judy is nigh;
And your capering fit brings a baby home,
As a sample of Judy's productions in Rome.

Stand fast, Master Punch, stand fast, stand fast!
The wind blows so hard now—can't last! can't last!
Though 'tis right in your face now, 'twill ever behind
The pointer is fixed right upon the old cane. [when
Don't believe if the easters should tell you 'twill fall,
For the wind in your face is doomed to sweep all.

The rain, too, is falling—good omen is that—
'Twill bring a good change, though it don't make you
Two ciphers and one now are under your shade: [fat,
One cipher is Rome, and the other, friend Ned,
While the one is John Bull enjoying his stout,
And rowing now o'er it to give priests the rout.

But John is a smoker, and raises a cloud,
While to all he's notorious for blustering loud,
No wonder its measure should be by the nine,
For not long ago they called Nono divine;
But they've all left him now, and the sweet little cook
May find for his master some snug warm nook.

J. W.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ARISTOPHOLUS BOMBASTES, recently arrived from Buffalo Island, with a large stock of Bull Hides, begs respectfully to intimate that he has commenced business in the BOOT and SHOE line, at the sign of the GOLDEN GOOSE.

ARISTOPHOLUS BOMBASTES always takes the measure of his Customer's foot before making either Boots or Shoes.

— OBSERVE THE SIGN OF THE GOOSE!!! —

ARISTOPHOLUS BOMBASTES EXECUTES all orders with the greatest possible dispatch when the Cash is forthcoming; but having frequently suffered in the skin, he cannot afford to give any tick to any in the flesh.

TIMOTHY TWIST, Tailor and Clothier to the British Lion, begs to call the attention of the Public to the fact that he will remove UP STAIRS to dinner, to-morrow at Two o'clock, but will return to business about his usual time—3 o'clock.

T. T. has always on hand a supply of SECOND-HAND CLOTHES, which he will be happy to dispose of at the best advantage.—THURS, CASH.

ORIGINAL.

IMPROMPTU.

ON A FRIEND RECEIVING A LETTER FROM HIS WIFE,
CONTAINING A BLANK SHEET OF NOTE PAPER,
A GOLD PEN, AND TWO STAMPS, UNCUT.

My dearly loved Mary, I duly received,
The pen, and the stamps, which your letter enclosed,
The one shows the pure heart in which I believed,
The other our Union most aptly disclosed.

HYMN.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

O! come and dwell in me,
Incarnate Deity!
Now let sound wisdom and pure love—
A copious stream from heaven above,
Into my heart descend;
And purge my soul with heavenly fire
From all the dross of base desire,
My Saviour and my Friend!
Let what is good and right,
And pure, as in thy sight,
Employ and rule my vital powers,
Till death shall close my happy hours
And set my spirit free;
Then may I see thee face to face,
And bless thee for redeeming grace,
Through all eternity!

Gartnavel, 6th September, 1853.

G. B.

CONTRIBUTED PIECES.

HYMN FOR THE SABBATH.

Six days again have pass'd away,
And now we meet on Sabbath day.
Once more, dear friends, let us rejoice,
To know we meet, with health and voice,
To sing the praises, sing the power,
Of Him that stablish'd day and hour,
Who blesses, when none else can bless,
With love, and peace, and righteousness.
Thanks, sacred thanks, to thee, O Lord,
For all wherewith the world is stored;
Thou gav'st us sleep in the past night,
Thou also brought'st the morning light.
Behold, himself, the chosen Son,
On this blessed day the vict'ry won;
Jesus the Conqueror burst the bands
That held mankind in death's commands.

How great to one, how great to all
Whom sin had ruined by the fall,
Is this God-Man, who reigns above,
Yet still to earth extends his love!
The Saviour died, that we might live—
He suffer'd, that he might forgive:
A path to heaven he opened wide
To all who in his love abide.

How glorious in your realms afar,
To see him shine, the brightest star,
Where, on his vesture, lo! the words—
"King of Kings and Lord of Lords!"
All then accord to hail, with voice,
The God, whom we have made our choice,
Who rules on earth, who rules in heav'n,
And gave this day, the best of seven.

—*—*—*

Praise God, the righteous Lord, him praise,
Whose love is seen in all his ways;
Praise him, all, all life's mighty host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

August 14, 1853.

J. S.

TO THE YOUNG.

Little children, come to Jesus!
Much you'll want Him, when, like me,
Burden'd with a soul's diseases,
All your helplessness you see,
Seek to know Him, and you'll find
The Great Physician of Mankind!
Pride and passion, like a river,
Swell the throbbing veins of life;
Soul and spirit they would ever
Bind in dire tumultuous strife:
Jesus comes, and then the stream
To peace is changed through faith in Him!
At God's right hand now interceding,
Heed is his prevailing prayer;
Tokens of his love, now pleading,
Show your names engraven there!
The virtue of Immanuel's blood
Has open'd the way to heaven's abode.
Would you in life's morning learn
How to close life's day with joy,
Through his Spirit now discern
The grace that saves from sin's alloy;
With grateful ardour then you'll run
The way to God through Christ the Son.

August 25, 1853.

G. B.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,

Or Monthly Journal of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum.

No. 5.]

WEDNESDAY, 5th OCTOBER, 1853.

[Vol. I.]

REVIEW.

Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.—
Edited by Lord John Russell. London: R. Bentley.

THE subject of this memoir was born 24th January 1749, gifted with a precocious intellect, which was cultivated with great care, but in a somewhat extraordinary manner, by a father who early appreciated and anxiously laboured to develop the singular talents of his gifted offspring. With the view of cultivating the refinement of his manners, and initiating him speedily into the mysteries of the great "game of life," he boldly unveiled before the penetrating eye of genius the scenes which lie behind the curtain of the world's theatre, and plunged with his son into those worse than Eleusinian mysteries which the so called refinement of the modern had, in his time, grafted upon the ignorance and barbarism of the ancient. The consequences of this training were palpable, both in the private and political life of the orator. Having an innate sense of that fantastic substitute for virtue which men have deified under the name of "Honour," he never thoroughly surrendered himself to the debasing political corruption which then reigned paramount, alike over ministerialist and oppositionist—a pyramid of rottenness, on the apex of which stands, in "darkness visible," the dusky form of that prince of bribers, Sir Robert Walpole; while at the same time his "household words" were of cards and dice—of hells and gaming-tables,—betraying a passion of which the seed was sown by a father's hand—the Upas tree of a lifetime. Of the more gratifying of these two facts we present the following interesting evidence. Referring to his fame as an orator, he says—vol. i. p. 169:—"I am so convinced that this is all that I ever shall gain (unless I choose to become the meanest of men), that I never think of any other object of ambition."—"Great reputation I think I may acquire and keep, great situation I never can acquire, nor if acquired, keep without making sacrifices that I never will make." Of the latter melancholy statement, it is needless, and would be painful, to adduce further proof than the fact, that, before Charles James was twenty-four years of age, his father had to discharge his gambling debts, to the amount of one hundred and forty thousand pounds! Nor was his high sense of "honour" sufficiently lofty to suggest to his mind the debasing meanness of his conduct, in reference to that artful dowager, who contrived to parade the "great man" in the train of her daughters, by the lure of an heiress with eighty thousand pounds.

The first volume of this interesting work, is, of course, partly occupied in giving an account of the early education and initiation of the boy,—the latter part of the first, and the whole of the second, with the deeds, and words of the man.

It is impossible, with our very limited space, to enter fully into the merits, or make copious extracts from the contents, of either of these volumes. Promising to return to them at an early period, we recommend them, in the meantime, to the earliest perusal, study, and thought of our readers.

OUR LITERARY CLUB.

ESSAY ON MUSIC.

THERE are few things that have more power for good than music, whether we regard it as subserfient in rendering the soul devotional, or in raising it in its contemplation of the works of God. It prepares the soul for prayer and the heart for the reception of the Gospel. These remarks are applicable in particular to the sacred melodies. From the days of Knox and earlier, there has existed in Scotland a strong prejudice against the use of instrumental music in divine worship. We are happy now to see that the superstitious feeling is giving way to a just perception of what is right, and that musical instruments are again being resorted to as helps to devotion. Of all the musical instruments now in use, the organ, from its construction, may be considered the most powerful. The violoncello, although of a different class, is a more perfect instrument, and nearly resembles the human voice.

Music has also the power of calming the troubled soul. We have a notable instance of this in the scene of David—the "man after God's own heart"—when he employed his harp so effectually in charming away the evil spirit that troubled the mind of his royal master; and there are few who have not experienced its power to lighten the heart in the hour of sorrow,—sweetly recalling bright visions of the past, or animating with glad hopes of the future. It is said of music that it "hath power to soothe the savage breast," though, strange to say, it is still employed in warlike expeditions, and not always with the view of stopping bloodshed. The man who has a taste for music may be compared to a well-tuned instrument. His soul is in harmony with the disposition of surrounding nature: calm and cheerful, yet prompt and energetic in the way of virtue, his moral and intellectual powers are ready to glide into benevolent pursuits, and to act in concord with all who are engaged in promoting the welfare of mankind. On the other hand, we may say with a celebrated poet, that "the man who hath no music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils."

The influence of music upon almost every species of the lower animals has been well attested, showing that man, as possessing this faculty, has an astonishing power in the management and control of the brute creation. But we

confine our brief remarks chiefly to its effect on the human family. We are persuaded, that if we had the means of tracing the history and influence of music, from the days of the antediluvian Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ," down to the present time, it would be found that the earth is gradually being restored to its paradisaical condition through the cultivation and improvement of this primitive and ennobling gift of nature.

The effect of melody, or measured sounds, on the ear, may be compared to that of strong light softened and conveyed to the eye through the medium of coloured lenses,—the agent which would otherwise inevitably shock and distress our senses soothes and gratifies. A celebrated writer, proverbial for his want of musical talent, while he owns his insensibility to its alluring charms, has no more to say against music than that it is "the least disagreeable sort of noise." The infant asleep in the cradle will slumber on undisturbed under its most powerful undulations, and the domestic puppy will enjoy its lounge on the hearth-rug with symptoms of pleasure as wave after wave falls on his ear; whereas a few discordant notes will awaken the child into a fit of crying and arouse the little dog into a perfect phrenzy of barking. Things animate and inanimate are subject to its power. Play a tune on a powerful instrument, and the small particles of dust on a smooth plate or bit of glass will form themselves into a variety of figures peculiar to the sounds emitted by the instrument. The tuned violin, as it hangs on the wall, will vibrate in unison with prevailing musical sounds, and, submissive to the harmonic laws by which even the winds are conducted, will sing to the beating breeze. Does eloquence affect us? music is the highest eloquence; and poetry itself is based on the principles of melody. Whatsoever, therefore, is eloquent or poetical is the offspring of music. Truth is said to be eloquent, and the most sublime doctrines have been delivered in the simplest forms of speech and in a style of eloquence which moves the soul. "There is music in the voice" of a persuasive orator, while the man who is destitute of the gift, if ever such a one attempts to address the passions of his fellow-men, must speak to no purpose.

We have lately been astonished by the modern wonder of pictures made by the sun; and music, we are persuaded, is destined to disclose to us wonders equally astonishing. The responding sound of the empty tumbler is familiar to the ear of almost every body; and instances have been known in which unusually powerful vibrations of the atmosphere, occasioned by vocal or instrumental sound, have caused the sudden and violent fracture of different articles of glass. There is something more therefore than a mere joke in the saying, that "the man who has music in house ought also to have always a drop in his bottle." Let him keep it in the bottle, we would say; for music is a stanch "tee-totaller," and has more than once declared its principles by *breaking the bottle*. The "music of the spheres" is but an impersonation of the order and grandeur of the visible creation, showing how natural it is for us to associate with music all that pertains to beauty, harmony, and sublimity. The birds of the air have conspired to set us an example of harmonious joy, and recall to the vision of our faith the occasion on which "the morning stars sang together." Even Heaven itself is one grand orchestra; for we cannot divest our minds of something like an idea of music, when we would raise them to that happy place where "there is joy in the presence of the angels."

Its charms are felt in the social and domestic circles. What is more agreeable than when a company of people join in singing together, their countenances radiant with pleasant emotions? In the greater part of Germany the

young are taught to cultivate this innocent and rational pastime from their earliest years, so that many families can have concerts in their own homes, without any assistance from their neighbours. The Italians and Scotch are also proverbial for their love of music, although it is not cultivated with so much of care in Scotland as in Italy. Still many of the songs of Scotland are truly beautiful. Among these we may mention—"The Flowers of the Forest," "Away ye Gay Landscapes," "Flora's Lament for Prince Charlie," Rizzio's song upon Mary Queen of Scots—"Queen of my Soul!" "Robin Adair," "Ye Banks and Braes and Streams Around," "Jock o' Hazeldean," the Scottish anthem—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." It is said that Napoleon Bonaparte was much affected on hearing the words and music of "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon."

He often requested it to be sung when a prisoner in the Island of St. Helena. We can easily imagine the feelings of this ambitious, but disappointed and broken-hearted man, while guarded as a prisoner on this little island of the sea, and the effect produced by this beautiful tune as it fell with soothing melody on his wounded spirit.

We would earnestly invite the attention of those Ladies and Gentlemen residing in the Castle, who have hitherto given us their countenance in matters that we have brought before them, to the propriety of making arrangements for the more extensive cultivation of music, as a source of pure social enjoyment, especially during the season, now near approaching, when the weather will in a great measure preclude from out-door exercise.

SOIREE IN HONOUR OF THE EDITOR OF THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

An application from a number of *Gartnaveilians*, requesting Dr. Mackintosh's approval of their meeting together in testimony of the kindly feelings entertained towards the gentleman who has acted as Editor of the Gartnavel Gazette, printed at, and got up by the inmates of the Castle, previously to his leaving the establishment, having been acceded to in the most handsome manner by the Doctor, they agreed to hold a soiree on the evening of Wednesday, 31st August, at seven o'clock, in the Library.

At the hour appointed, twenty gentlemen were in the room, where the tables were arranged and spread *fa' weat*, preparatory for the refreshments of the evening. At about eight o'clock Dr. Mackintosh made his appearance, and, as is always the case, was welcomed by the smiles of every one. After some persuasion the Doctor took the chair.

Shortly afterwards coffee was served, and the chairman asked a blessing. The coffee was excellent, and the biscuits unique. As the vehicle of thanks, praise was given to God, the whole company rising and joining in that joyfully glorious Psalm, the "Old Hundred." The coffee service having been removed, a bowl of "whisky toddy" was brewed, and our Chairman having given the health of "Her Majesty and the Royal Family," every glass was drained, and the National Anthem piped out, as "loud as pipers' drone could blaw." The toast of the evening was then given, which was very feelingly responded to. The healths of the principal officers of the Institution severally followed, as also those of the gentlemen connected with the Gartnavel press, and were appropriately replied to by the gentlemen present. Wine, fruit, and sweet cakes, were liberally supplied. What with speeches, recitations, and some comic and sentimental duets and songs, the evening appeared very short, and a pleasant unanimity prevailed during the whole of the proceedings.

"Hence away with life's sorrow,
Bane of life's uncertain hour;
Few the joys from time we borrow,
Hold them while within your power."

[What an ocean of unsuspected talent, lies slumbering beneath the stony, arid surface of this world's hard shell! here and there to bubble up in springs, and fountains, and rills, to create around them green oases of beauty and fertility, and verdure, gemming the expanse of the earth's great desert. Who ever suspected, that the following *jeu-d'esprit* could have proceeded from the pen of our worthy, old, odd, amiable T—H—s?—E.s.]

THE PUN-JAUB (JOB).

Had it the job, to launch the desperate pun,
A pun—job dangerous as the Indian one,
Turned by the current of some stronger wit
Back from the object that you mean to hit,
Like the strange missile which the Australian throws,
Your verbal *boomerang* slaps you on the nose,
One vague infection spoils the whole with doubt,
One trivial letter ruins all—left out,
A "not" can choke a felon into clay,
A "not" will save him—spelt without the "k;"
The smallest word has some unguarded spot,
And danger lurks in "t" without a dot.
Thus great Achilles, who had shown his real
In healing wounds, died of a wounded heel.
Unhappy chief! who, when in childhood doused,
Had saved his bacon had his feet been soured.
Accursed heel! that killed a hero stout,
Oh! "had your mother known that you were out?"
Death had not entered at the trifling pore,
That still dedes the small chirurgico's art.
With corns and excruciations, not the glorious Joux,
Who wrote the book we all have ponder'd on,
But other *Duina*, "beard" in *loosey loose*,
To "Pilgrims' Progress" unrelenting foes.—T. H—s.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. B.—We have much pleasure in inserting the exquisite lines of this lady.
They are the very essence of woman—tender, graceful, and poetic.
"Healed in the Late" we reserve for consideration. We understand it—could all?
"Midnight Reflections."—The feeling pure and good, but the ideas somewhat commonplace. We shall be happy to admit any composition of somewhat more elaborate and original character.
We beg to return our best thanks to the numerous correspondents who have favoured us with their contributions, and to solicit, especially from the ladies of the Castle, an extension of their patronage. We can venture to promise them a kind, impartial, and discriminating reception. We do not undertake to return communications which have been declined, unless when previously especially requested. In every case we shall endeavour to act for the good of the Gartnavel Gazette, and of Gartnavel itself.
We deeply regret that our present limited space excludes two or three "pro bono publico" advertisements, and that a "discreet public," in their sales and purchases for the ensuing month, are consequently left to the guidance of their own sagacity.

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

GARTNAVEL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1853.

[The Editor of a periodical resembles a monarch in more than the royal "We"—he never dies. It will be seen, however, from the account of the "Soiree," that the editorial soul has transmigrated, and WE, Phoenix Redivivus, make our bow to an admiring world. It will also be noticed, that, if our paper be no larger, our matter is, and it is to be hoped that our reward will be in ratio.]

THE Eastern "question" is still short of an answer. The howl of the bear, the growl of the lion, and the crow of the cock are chorussing the deep "Allah il Allah" of dervish and devotee. The Czar-pope, head of the Greek church, anxious for Greek souls, persists in his modest claim to Greek bodies, with a view of Greek tenements "looming in the distance"—a beautiful and charming prospect, marred only by a line of dark, unpleasant-looking French and British bull-dogs, spoiling the sweet vista through the Dardanelles, and exceedingly apt to bite first and bark afterwards. It is rumoured that the Autocrat of the North has lately

been brushing up his classic lore, by the study of the interesting story told by old Æsop, of that little dog, yclept Cæsar, who, crossing the river (qu. Pruth?) with the slice of beef (Bessarabia?) in his mouth, saw in the watery shadow of said beef a delicate slice of Turkey. The vision was tempting—beef and turkey, with some port on the Bosphorus—one snap, and it was—gone, substance and shadow, the port grimly changing into Porte, and that again into port-holes of French and British intermeddlers. "Hence! horrible shadow!" said "Cæsar," and—absquatulated.

Cupid and Mercury have been visiting the north in the persons of Lord Palmerston and Gladstone, while the plenipotentiary of Neptune, Sir James Graham, has turned his trident into the Cork-screw of the west. Lord Cholera has also landed in the south, and, it is supposed, has hastened the movements of the other dignitaries. The Prince of the Ocean, it appears, is not on the best of terms with his grisly lordship, and has despatched certain "equinoctial gales," which have produced great havoc among his adherents.

The Times has been walking into the hotels. Several hotel-keepers have been reduced to the painful necessity of limiting themselves to a carriage and pair, with one town, and two country houses.

A fierce little Tuscan bantam-cock, the other day, put a poor little stray chick of the Cunningham breed into a terrible flutter, and the whole Protestant farm-yard into a gabble. We understand that Bantam's wings and spurs require clipping.

SPORTING ON THE GROUNDS OF THE CASTLE.—His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, has a pack of small beagles for his amusement in Windsor Park. We of the Castle, however, question whether the canine or feline species are the surest Pothunters, seeing that one only of our feline pack, a lady grimalkin, in the most spirited manner, ran into a fine full-grown maulkin the other day, and killed it single-handed. The hare was juggled, and proved excellent, having lost no blood.

To the Editor of the Gartnavel Gazette.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Few, perhaps, have entered within the walls of this very splendid establishment, whether as visitors or as residents, without being struck with the marked attention displayed in all departments, and in every particular bearing upon the health, comfort, and even luxurious enjoyment, of the inmates. Bowling-grounds, billiard tables, libraries, gardens, promenades, chess and backgammon tables, musical instruments, evening entertainments of various descriptions, cheerful company, judiciously assorted according to the varying tastes, habits, and tendencies of the members—every thing, in short, which can attract the eye, or charm the ear; and, by acting on the senses, healthily re-act on the mind—every thing which can awaken the dormant, stimulate the sluggish, or rectify the distorted and diseased affections of the heart—is assembled, in an abundance and variety, which may well afford as much satisfaction to the philosopher, as wonder and delight to the mere spectator.

Moreover, Sir, although the Directors have shown themselves, by their judicious and admirable arrangements, fully entitled to their front rank in the onward energies of the age, it is one of their most praiseworthy features, that they have at no time shown themselves so self-wise as to be deaf to suggestion, even from those who might be supposed far from entitled to breathe even a hint or wish as to their own management.

It is in the knowledge of this fact that I venture to remark, that one of the few deficiencies observable in the Castle is the want of opportunity for active in-door exercise, during inclement weather. Billiards, to a limited extent only, supplies this want; the muscular exertion required in that noble game being, I think, inadequate to the requirements of habitual activity and vigour. Might I therefore, with all respect, through you, suggest to the Physician Superintendent and Directors, the expediency of forming a covered racket-ground, ball-alley, or similar place of amusement within the extensive grounds of the Castle?

Waiting some answer to this with much interest.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

Gartnavel Castle, Sept. 1853.

VIATOR.

TRAPEZATROPY.

(To the Editor of the Gartnavel Gazette.)

SIR—As you have offered a Premium of Five Pounds, (pounds of what?—it is not stated,) allow me to present to you the following disquisition, which must, of course, immeasurably surpass all competitors, and carry off the prize (if it be worth carrying off.) Desiring your instant attention, I have the honour to be, Yours, &c.

HISTORICO-PHILOSOPHIC.

[Accepted—the Essayist having most successfully illustrated the aphorism of the celebrated diplomatist-philologist—that language was made to conceal thought.—Ed.]

"TABLE TURNING."—(PRIZE ESSAY.)

The history of this very interesting movement extends to a much remoter period of antiquity than is generally imagined. From the earliest dawn of knowledge, it has been the endeavour of dispirited to "turn the tables" upon their opponents. We have also the most undoubted authority of fabulous history for the assertion that amongst the various tribes—four—poly-legged and no-legged articles which "tripped the light fantastic toe," and polkaed to the tune of Orpheus, were the tripods, couches, tables, &c., which, in a most mutilated condition (probably from over-satiation) have been extracted from the "diggings" of Pompeii (q.v. under doze? Pump-eye?) and Herculaneum (ex Hercules—and more, an old woman—the scene of this hero's toils, when plying the distaff.) Without plunging, however, too deep into the mud of antiquity, let us turn our eyes, those most useful pieces of furniture, to the rolling sands of modern politics. Innumerable instances of "turnings" are here exemplified, from the metamorphoses in the "giant shadows" of the statesman's dream, to the chopping and changing of the timber-heads of the Treasury hawks. It is remarkable that the agent employed in these reductions to tractability, has almost invariably consisted of a "metallic tractor," of a bright yellowish hue, imprinted with the portraits of our very gracious Sovereigns. Occasionally, however, certain frontal circles, of various metals and minerals, as well as pieces of ribbon of different colours, have been found to produce wonderful conversions, particularly on the timber-heads afore specified.

The organs of those whose ideas of pleasure are circumscribed by an internal circle of bottles, guarded by an external circle of rubicund and pimply toppers, around the "tapers bright," likewise afford some striking instances of "table-turning." Under the influence of very powerful "tractors," which in such cases are invariably of a fluid nature, the tables are, according to the several degrees of coast, by some turned into beds—by others, into the canopies of beds, and by those most powerfully excited, altogether "turned" over—the room and its contents—table, bottles, glasses, jellies, fire, fire-irons &c. having previously presented, to the most susceptible "subjects," the very singular phenomena of incessantly "turning" in all possible and impossible, and, indeed, contradictory directions. Sometimes the "turnings" exhibit symptoms so alarming, that the more delicate and untrained subjects, are seen and heard almost to "turn" their inside "furniture" out, and this is not unfrequently followed by another "turning" out, in which the mode of exit is diverse, being occasionally through the door, and at other times through the window.

"Turning" our ideas into a different channel, and rising to a loftier part of our subject, we find that the hat is peculiarly susceptible of "turning" influences. It might have been perhaps more appropriately stated in the preceding part of this learned disquisition that very striking specimens of "hat turning" are frequently to be met with in the streets of our large cities during the hours of night subsequent to eleven or twelve o'clock.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OUR POETS' CORNER.

ON LEAVING IRELAND.

Adieu, ye hills! for me no more
Shall sunset's glories o'er you blend,
No more, at eve's reflective hour,
I'll mark your varied forms extend.

Your gold and silver flood no more
Shall quivering in the moonbeams lie,
Nor clear, in morn's refreshing beams,
Shall its blue waters glad mine eye.

Adieu! each long remembered face—
Farewell! each kind familiar tone,
When shall I find, in other lands,
The simple pleasures of my own?

Ye flowers! ye bowers!—my falling tears—
A last sad watering—! bestow,
With you I leave the memories dear
No other spot can ever know.

S. B.

GOLD!

"SHALL WE GO TO THE DIGGINGS?"

"The love of money is the root of all evil."
1 Tim. vi. 10.

Lead, we adore,
And worship thy great Name in fear,
Nor dare elude the charge made here,
For gold we love it well!

We long, we sigh,
We thirst, we die,
We dig the earth, and plough the deep,
Gold dreams disturb our very sleep.

On field, in court, and cell:
Pant for its see,—

And when it comes,
In staid morsels, or profuse,
The love of it prevents the use.

If charged with love of it,
We say—"Not I!"

But here we lie,
And, like the first unhappy pair
Who join'd the church, and brought it there,
We clutch the glittering bit,
Or scrape its crumbs.

O'erwhelming thought!
And is it possible that all
The evils that our race befall
Flow from this single source—

The love of gold?
What have we sold?
Our happiness—our all that's good.—

The 'state in which our nature stood
When time began its course!

What have we bought—
Or, rather, sought?

A curse, full fraught with misery,
From which we no escape can see,

But one, thyself hast shown,—
"Let worldly gain alone,"

"Nor love it more."

Gartnavel, 17th September, 1853. G. B.

NIGHT.

'Tis night—hush'd is the hum of day;
Each market throng is cleared away,
Save where is heard the watchman's sound,
Silence doth mostly reign around.

Right precious is the night's long rest,
When all the passing hours are blest—
When heaven's favour cheers our hearts
And joy unspeakable imports.

But when grim terror hath its reign,
There is no rest on land or main,
Upheaving—agitated still
The bosom groans beneath each ill.

J. M.

A PENITENTIAL HYMN.

"After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up?"

O! for that parity
Which God alone can give,
Which fits me e'en to see
My Maker's face, and live!
I long, my God, thy face to see,
O! give me inward parity!

A conscience, all unclean,
Hath bitterly accused,
While I thy love have seen,
And richest grace abused.
O God, be merciful to me,
And cleanse me from impurity!

When taught to seek thy face
In early life, I strove
To be a child of grace.

With zeal, but not with love;
A Christian fair to human view,
Alas! myself I never knew.

The leprosy remains,
The spot is on my heart,
And there an idol reigns

With which I cannot part:
I love the pleasure folly brings,
But cannot bear its parting stings.

My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Wisdom, Righteousness,
To me thy succour bring

And help me in distress:
With strong desires to see thy face,
My soul relies upon thy grace.

Gartnavel, 10th September 1853.

G. B.

LINES ON LUNACY.

BY A LUNATIC.

"What! be a 'lunatic' all his days?
No! never, never, no!
His wash him face, his light him pipe,
And from Gartnavel go!"

How is it now this man so soon
Gets rid of all his troubles,
Whilst our best hopes, for many a moon,
Have burst like soapy bubbles!

Here is the secret, if you will,
Makes madness stand so long—
A thought may cure, a thought may kill,
Or set us right or wrong.

The right way is best known to those
Who often most forsake it;
And folly never gives her dose
To those who will not take it.

We may be madmen all our days
If we would have it so,
And, spell-bound, at our troubles gaze,
But never bid them go!

Friend, would you, then, be wise to-day,
Get wisdom for the asking;
The greatest barrier in the way
Glides from the soul's first tasking.

Gartnavel, 7th September 1853.

G. B.

GARTNAVEL:

Printed and Published, on the First Wednesday
of every Month, by THE EDITOR, to whom all
Communications and Advertisements are to be
addressed.—WEDNESDAY, 5th October, 1853.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,

Or Monthly Journal of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum.

[THIS AND FORMER NUMBERS EDITED AND PRINTED BY PATIENTS.]

No. 6.]

WEDNESDAY, 24 NOVEMBER, 1853.

[Vol. I.]

REVIEW.

Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.—
Edited by Lord John Russell. London: R. Bentley.

SECOND VOLUME.

IN conformity with the intention expressed in our last, we now conclude the review of this work. His Lordship's preface to the second volume, we apprehend, does not express the sentiments of the majority of the people of Great Britain, when he undertakes "to point out the utter want of foresight by which the conduct of Mr. Pitt was marked when he led the people of England into a crusade against the people of France." Great Britain never could have refused aid to Germany, Spain, and Portugal. When that military tyrant, the late Napoleon Bonaparte, was seizing the crowns, carrying devastation into the countries, and massacre amongst the inhabitants, England supported, and, we trust, ever will, the glorious character of the palladium of the lives and liberties of the oppressed. In regard to the burden of the national debt, which many politicians delight to declaim upon, it must be obvious to every person of reflection that the debt of this day, large as it is, is smaller in proportion to the increased wealth and population of the empire than the debt was a hundred years ago.

The second volume of the work contains the events of the decade 1782-1792, when Mr. Fox was in the prime of manhood. It embraces the political arrangements on the death of Lord Rockingham, the formation of the short-lived coalition administration of the Duke of Portland, all the squabbles consequent on the allowance to the Prince of Wales, and the fatal India Bill, which ousted the administration of His Grace of Portland and made way for that of Mr. Pitt, who, with a new parliament, carried a bill for the government of India by a majority of 271 against 60 of Mr. Fox's adherents. The letter of Mr. Fox, and the Prince of Wales' reply on the Fitzherbert connection, represent the dispositions of both characters in an amiable light. If the Prince had adhered to the resolution contained in his letter, it would have given the reader of history a much higher opinion of his principle of action.

The volume ends with an account of, and papers connected with the keen political struggle for power consequent on the illness of the King in 1788, and the formation of a regency, but which was not required in consequence of the convalescence of His Majesty.

With our very limited space it is impossible to make extracts from the work, to demonstrate the superior judgment and transcendent abilities of Mr. Fox; but the volumes are well worthy the perusal of the reader of English history, and it is earnestly to be hoped that Lord John Russell will continue the work till the demise of Mr. Fox.

OUR LITERARY CLUB.

ON PHYSICAL CULTURE.

THE possession of well strung nerves, and their concomitants—a clear head, a vigorous mind, a cheerful, happy, and contented disposition—are the greatest blessings mortals can enjoy in this sublunary state. But what a perverse being is man! when the enjoyment of so much happiness is of easy acquisition, he is like Naaman the Syrian of old, when told by Elisha the prophet to wash in Jordan seven times and be cured: he gets into a rage, and rejects all simple counsel, because, being of so easy accomplishment, no great good can result from following the advice. Notwithstanding so discouraging a prospect, it is intended in this short essay to point out briefly what is meant by physical culture, and the great importance of the subject to the human race. The primary and most important feature in physical culture is the prudent arrangement of the habits, and a rigorous self-denial to adhere with undeviating constancy to the rule laid down. Allowance must be made for dissimilarity of natural constitution, and it is only to people in the enjoyment of ordinary health that our present remarks can be applicable. Early rising, after seven or eight hours of refreshing sleep, with manual labour or pedestrian exercise in the open air till breakfast time, is specially to be recommended, with which no fastidiousness as to being overworked, or unable for the ordinary business of the day, must be suffered to interfere. By these means, the strength of the body will daily increase, and in the course of time the task will become a pleasure. Care should be taken to avoid loading the stomach at meals, and to be primitive in all tastes, eschewing all habits of a debilitating tendency, in which class may be ranked snuff-taking and tobacco-smoking; and although these may be defended on the ground of generating a kindly social feeling, yet indulgences that are pernicious to the system are dangerous even when allowed in moderation. In a brief essay it is impossible to prescribe rules for spending the twenty-four hours of the day: these must depend much upon the occupation of the individual. Some time, however, should be spent daily in the open air before dinner, and the leisure hours of the evening should be devoted to mental improvement or moral and social refinement. Every temptation to tavern-life and tippling, or any practice which would prevent sound sleep at night or salutary exercise in the morning, should be carefully avoided. The importance of this subject arises from the benefits to be derived from its study: vigour and capacity for the business of life—an elasticity and cheerfulness, a clearness and foresight which will fit a man to combat his way through life—longevity—and serenity and composure in quitting this world.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SOME SENSE."—We thank you for the hint, and will endeavour to improve by it. The thing is gaining currency in Gartnavel, but we are afraid that the world "at large" is not prepared to receive it.

"POUNDER."—Such questions are being constantly put to us, and we have little time for "lunar observations." When an attack is made upon you, repel yourself with your pen; this will keep the evil spirit at a respectful distance till the smoke go away.

P. R.—We find it impossible to publish more than the first portion of "The Jew."—The remainder is fit for the Sphinx alone.

"THE EXCOMMUNICATED."—We would advise you not to trouble yourself about an "anathema" pronounced upon you by a bipted set of fanatics. It is well for you that they are but a sect, and for the world that their ranks are thinning. Scattered or waited, the true Church in spirit is one, and will avoid the influence of corrupting evil, but we are dubious about its power to excommunicate, notwithstanding that the device was used with apparently happy results by Synesius against that untractable tyrant, Andronicus, after he had tried in vain the milder language of persuasion. The position of the Church, however, is now changed, and she is safe while she sits in the valley of humility. A "cursing" church may well boast of the apostle Peter as her founder: on a memorable occasion he cursed all who invaded his right of personal safety; and we have no doubt he would have been as forward to acknowledge his Master as he was to deny him, if it had suited his purpose. We would advise further, that you extend to the repudiating sect the most tolerant charity. Display the grace inculcated by the same apostle when he had rebuked the spirit of the gospel:—"Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing."

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

GARTNAVEL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1853.

The question which has agitated Europe during summer, it is to be feared, will ere this time have been brought to an issue by a conflict of arms. We are of opinion that the military resources of Turkey will not be a match for those of Russia; yet such is the enthusiasm of the Turks, that lands, houses, jewels, money, are all offered for the national service, as they consider that the very existence of the Islam faith is at stake; and unless Great Britain and France interfere, the war may be one of extermination, as there is not a private soldier in the Russian army who will not readily suffer martyrdom for his faith.—In our range of visibility for the month, the great feat of the age, the discovery of a north-west passage, has been effected. Our limits prevent us entering upon details to prove that the dangers, toils, and deaths, involved in this enterprise for the space of two centuries, have been braved for no beneficial end further than a little useless amusement to geographers.—The rebels in China progress.—Our relations with the Burmese are in an unsettled state, and hostilities are considered inevitable. Commodore Perry, with a squadron of the American navy, has opened an intercourse with Japan, and is to return in a few months for the answer of the Japan Government to the letter of the President of the United States.—In India, railroads are forming, and it is computed that by the year 1856 communication will be possible in twenty-one days.—Australian markets seem to be glutted with most descriptions of merchandise, and great quantities of flour, rice, &c. are being sent back to England.—The produce of gold increases, and it is supposed that the yield of the whole world for 1853 will be above £40,000,000, which is about three times the amount previous to the discovery of the Californian and Australian diggings. The French are busy expending £10,000,000 in building cathedrals and in otherwise decorating Paris. Our own country prospers: the increase in the revenue for the year ending 10th October, 1853, is £2,311,752; but a drawback exists in the immense number of operatives out of employment in various parts of the country from strikes. It is said of strikes,

that nine out of ten fail in accomplishing the object in view, and that, within the last twelve or thirteen years, there has been lost in wages a sum of £3,000,000. What misery and wretchedness must this have caused among the families of the working-classes. Cholera is on the decrease, greatly owing, we believe, to the efforts which have been made in sanitary reform.—A substitute for transportation has been tried in what is called penal labour, making convicts work in dockyards, roads, &c.; but, lest it should prove a failure, Government has sent Captain Denham to the South Seas for the discovery of some uninhabited island for the banishment of convicts.—Miss Cunningham has been released from prison. On the ground that she had not broken any law of Tuscany, she refused, she says, to leave her cell till furnished with an order, signed and sealed, that she would be turned out by force if she did not go voluntarily. We have lately seen a royal decree from another bigoted Roman Catholic State, that all articles in newspapers are to be considered private property. We of the *Gartnavel Gazette* are astonished at such narrow-mindedness in this enlightened age; for we esteem it an honour to be regarded as public property, and feel bound up in the interests of the nation. Let contemporaries reprint or copy us if they please, therefore, despite of the Pope and all his Cardinals.

We are informed that Government "has come down with the dust to build a new Post-Office in Glasgow."

SOIREE IN HONOR OF JAMES M'GHIE, ESQ. M.D.

A soiree was held in the Reading Room of the Castle on the evening of Thursday the 13th ultimo, in honor of Dr. M'Ghie, who was about to become Superintendent of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

The company began to assemble about eight o'clock. Shortly before nine, Dr. Mackintosh, accompanied by the guest of the evening, entered the Room amidst the plaudits of the audience.—Dr. Mackintosh filled the chair, and after grace, coffee was served, which being finished, the company rose and sang the Old Hundredth Psalm in returning thanks. Other refreshments having been supplied, the chairman gave the health of our illustrious Sovereign, which was drunk and the Queen's Anthem sung, with enthusiastic loyalty. After calling for a special bumper, Dr. Mackintosh rose and said, "I have now to propose the toast of the evening; and I am sure you will all cordially join me in drinking to the health and happiness of Dr. M'Ghie, who is now on the eve of taking his departure from this institution, to enter upon the duties of an important situation. Gentlemen, I am no great hand at making a speech, but am desirous, on the present occasion, of expressing briefly the feeling I entertain towards a gentleman who has acted so harmoniously with me in the general management of this large institution for the period of three years and a half; and beg you will join me in drinking 'Long life and happiness to Dr. M'Ghie.'" The company rose and drank that gentleman's health with all the honours. Dr. M'Ghie, in replying to the toast, evidently very much affected at leaving old friends, briefly stated how agreeably he had co-operated with Dr. Mackintosh in his sphere of duty for the period he had been in office at Gartnavel, and should always entertain towards this excellent institution the warmest feelings of attachment. Dr. M'Ghie then craved a toast, and proposed the health of our amiable Lady Superintendent, whom he described as a lady whose pre-eminent abilities and benevolent disposition highly qualified her for the situation she filled. A gentleman then proposed the health of Dr. Mackintosh, whose assiduity and attention to the duties of his office could not be surpassed, and, in his own individual case, he could describe the worthy

Doctor as the rescuer of himself from the gates of death. The toast was drunk with rapturous applause. The next toast was by the croupier, giving the Unprofessional Officers of the Institution, viz.:—Mr. Arthur, the steward, to whose punctuality in attending to the wants of the inmates of the Castle we could all bear testimony: Mr. Watson the master of works, and Mr. Guthrie the gardener, both of which gentlemen rendered all the exertions in their power, in their respective spheres, to promote the comfort of the inmates. The toast was responded to by Mr. Arthur, (the other two gentlemen standing), who said it was a great happiness for them to discharge their duties to the satisfaction of the residents.—Dr. McGhie proposed the health of the Editor of the Gazette, as a gentleman whose exertions to promote the success of that periodical could not be excelled, which was acknowledged by Mr. Editor, who, in the course of his speech, read an extract from a friend's letter, in which it was stated, that, of the three Gazettes known to him, he considered "the Gartnavel one the best." The reading of this extract created great merriment. A gentleman proposed the health of the Directors as a body entitled to the thanks of all present, which was acknowledged by Dr. Mackintosh, as one of the Directors. The health of the Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Russell, was drunk, as a gentleman whose excellent sermons and sincere desire to promote the eternal welfare of the residents in the Castle entitled him to the gratitude of the meeting. Miss Henderson's (the Matron of the East House) health, coupled with that of the ladies, was drunk with acclamation. A gentleman concluded the toasts by giving the Attendants, male and female, and bore testimony to their gentleness and forbearance in the discharge of their duties. The toast was acknowledged by Mr. Wm. Masson for himself and fellow-servants. The meeting was prolonged to a late hour, and throughout the evening the greatest cordiality and kindly feeling prevailed. The company was entertained by many capital songs, eloquent recitations, &c. &c., and shortly after one o'clock the Doxology was sung, and the gentlemen departed, highly gratified with the whole proceedings.

HARVEST-HOME AT THE EAST HOUSE.

Dr. Mackintosh gave an entertainment, on the evening of Wednesday last, in honour of the working patients, to which Mrs. Mapleson and servants, and a number of the West House gentlemen, along with ourselves, were invited. We were highly gratified on entering the large room, at half past seven o'clock, to see a numerous assemblage of male and female patients, neatly attired and sitting orderly on each side of the room, the males occupying one side and the females the other. One of the working patients was shortly after called to the chair, and performed the duties throughout the whole of the proceedings with admirable decorum and ability, and evidently to the satisfaction of Dr. Mackintosh, who was present in his capacity of Superintendent of the Institution.

Reflecting for a moment on the character of the place, the peculiar circumstances of the individuals forming this apparently gay assemblage, and the humane object of our benevolent Superintendent, the whole scene appeared to us truly touching, and we felt the devout wish arise in our bosom that this, among other efforts, might prove a balmy restorer of former happy sensations and innocent joys:—there was so little around us to remind us of such a thing, that we almost forgot that we were in "bedlam," and we were awakened from our reverie only by the dulcet sounds of the violins preluding the entertainments of the evening.

The dancing having commenced, was continued till coffee &c. was brought in, which was served along with abundance of

short-bread and biscuits. All seemed to understand that it was intended that they should be happy for once at least, and the dancing, being resumed, was carried on with such glee, that we felt ourselves sympathetically drawn into the circle with much of the feelings of honest Luath, when he describes the merriment of his master's happy fireside, in the lines of Burns's celebrated poem:—

The canty auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young ones ranting through the house,
My heart has been so fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barrit wi' them—

And we were quickly seen in the whirl of the dance, tripping 'the light fantastic' with a smiling partner.

In the interval between the dances, the following toasts were given:—"Dr. Mackintosh, his family and fireside."—"Miss Henderson, the Matron of the East House, as a lady of great merit and worth, who had presided over this division of the institution for a period of four years, to the entire satisfaction of every body." A suitable reply was made for the lady by a gentleman from the West House.—"Mrs. Mapleson, the Superintendent of Ladies in the West House," by the Editor. This toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.—"The Gentlemen from the West House," by the Chairman; to which one of them replied.—"The East House Residents" was given by a gentleman from the West House, who, in noticing some allusion by the proposer of the last toast to disparity of rank, remarked that we were all members of one common family, where the true distinction was not wealth, but worth. "Messrs. Arthur, Watson, Guthrie, and Jarvie" next followed, with suitable replies.—Recitations and songs were also given during the evening; and at the conclusion of the entertainments, Dr. Mackintosh expressed himself as highly satisfied with the manner in which they had been conducted,—notwithstanding the great hilarity manifested throughout, he had not observed any impropriety; and humorously remarked, that, if among so many fine-looking men and women two or three marriages did not result from the meeting, the dancers had danced to no purpose. Perhaps ourselves might do worse than take advantage of the suggestion, as we conceive, from the terms of the invitation card, which we subjoin, *verbatim et literatim*, that we have a right to the fairest girl:—

"Mr. Editor—I hereby invite you to the ball, this evening, in the East House, and you shall have the *élite* of all and every one of my subjects.—I am, Sir, Yours truly,
REBECCA VAN RENCKELAAR.
Gartnavel, 26th October, 1853. Countess van Gelderland, &c."

PATENT SAFETY MATCHES. Several parties having recently been deceived with regard to matches, industriously advertised, the materials having been found to possess the singular quality of being much too inflammable, an association has been formed for the purpose of meeting the desiderata of the match-wanting public by a match-making junta. Several dry sticks of both sexes are now ready for firing. Apply to Miss Tinder, Box Office, Gartnavel, successor to Miss Fire.

THE PANOSCOPE, or Patent Vitreous, Virtuous, Venustating "CHAPEAU."—PETER PEPPER, Patentee. The attention of the craniological public is proudly pointed to this, the WIZARD WONDER of the age. It is a Hat—the Hat—the GLASS HAT!!!!!! Translucent by day, transparent by night, the wearer may bear his name on his brow in CHARACTERS OF FIRE! Garotting is rendered impossible, the internal night-light disclosing to view the features of any Mr. Bruin whose attentions may be of too pressing a nature. The Glass and GLOSS unequalled! the weight next to nothing!! and the PRICE TO MATCH. Made, marked and vended only by PETER PEPPER, 77th cousin to PETERING TOM, No. 00011111, Circular Square, Gartnavel.

NONE COMES HERE TO FREE ME AWA.

A SONG IN SCOTCH BY AN IRISH PATIENT.

The season is turning—the day shortens fast,
The best of the year is now counted as past:
Cold winter is coming—the summer's awa,
But none comes to free me awa, awa.

The hayrads are filling, and round the corn stacks
The youths with their kilties give merry whacks;
They dance and they rollick, tell stories and a',
But none comes to free me awa, awa.

From the shores of the ocean vast crowds return,
Recreated and strong, chilling blasts new to scorn;
They tell of gay parties, fine pöenies and a',
But none comes to free me awa, awa.

The plough doth the furrow turn up for next year,
And the ploughshare the soil doth now stoutly tear;
The horses move onward with backropes and a',
But none comes to free me awa, awa.

The peats are now stacked in the yards in good style,
Laid out in neat rows, and the smoke is the while;
And around the bright hearths are sires, sons, and a',
But none comes to free me awa, awa.

A father, a sister, a nephew, are gone
Since this castle enclosed its sorrowful one:
Such friends as still live are from me far awa,
And none comes to free me awa, awa.

Gartnavel, October, 1853.

J. M.

THE GLOOM OF OTHER DAYS.

BY A CONValesCENT.

Fresh gladness awakes

And sorrow forlakes.

Sad night-dreams recede from glad thoughts of the day,

And a brighter sun's rays

Now counsel my dark days

As the visions that haunted me hasten away.

A fond heart desiring

Its old joys retiring

Is caught in the meshes of fresher delight,

And the sudden display

Of a new-born day

Dispels all the gloom of a deep-buried night.

Gartnavel, October 24, 1853.

G. B.

ERIN.

(SONG BY AN IRISH PATIENT.)

If England my calf ground had been,

Is her I would rejoice;

To tell of all her wealth and power,

I'd lift my humble voice.

Had Scotia my birth-place proved,

I'd speak of her empire:

What, through her sats and martyrs great,

She now doth realize.

But Erin is the land I own,

To land her no becomes;

I'd gladly haste to Erin's Isle,

There I've known pleasant homes,

A fertile land I there have seen,

A people kind and free,—

And Erin's might and Erin's right,

Were ever dear to me.

October, 1853.

J. M.

TO MY WIFE.

I find, my dear spouse, that I can't leave this house,
Though my heart's fondest joy should my passions arouse;
For here we all know, and the doctors say so,
That my head has gone crack'd, and my spirits gone low;

And my keeper himself, the shrewd comical elf,
Declares I'm so "daff," that I'm fit for the shelf.

Ere I bid you adieu then, my sole love and true,
You must do me the pleasure "of seeing of you;"

And when you come here, if you love me, my dear,
You must call on the Doctor, without shame or fear,

And tell him we're one, in flesh, blood, and bone,
And it never will do to leave me alone.

Gartnavel, 20th October, 1853.

HUSH'D IS THE LUTE.

LINES BY A LADY.

Hush'd is the lute! o'er yonder stream,
All on a hunch it hung:
And as the light wind touch'd the strings,
Its wild low murmur rung.
But the rude storm blew fierce and high,
The flood, with swell and roar,
Rush'd onward—in its waters lie
The lute,—'twill sound no more.

S. B.

THE JEW.

A wandering tribe, driven here and everywhere—marked as the off-
spring of a race banned and unprivileged.

Where? Not here!—o'er all the earth unamalgamated, driven, and
wan, like the strewn leaves when Autumn lays bare the trees of the forest.

Why? No answer can be found, save in the curses, heavy and unmiti-
gated, which drink, like the sand, that blood which they trace to an
ancient race known in the earliest dawn pointed to by tradition, or ap-
pointed in the records of humanity.

When? No more is their nation, dissipated and dismantled, found locally
settled. To all quarters of the world, in all climates, watered by the rivers
of either cold or sultry climes, they wander,—save by their own class, for
got and neglected,—every where yet undissipated, apart and yet united.

SCRAPS FROM OUR NEWS-READER.

Mr. Arthur Pollock of Glasgow sent lately a thousand sheep to an
estate he has purchased in Ireland.

A criminal coming from Rothsay to Glasgow, per steam-boat, although
handcuffed, sprang overboard, swam ashore, and escaped.

A resolution has been passed by the Edinburgh Bible Society to supply
China with a million copies of the New Testament. Our literary *Gleaner*,
supposing them to be "octavo," calculates that they will occupy a space
equal to half that of No. "four" Gallery.

Apples are so cheap in England, that farmers feed their cows with them.
The cows are fond of them, and give more milk than when fed on any
other description of food.

Ferguson the astronomer was plagued with a bad wife. On one oc-
casion, when he was lecturing, she entered the apartment and maliciously
overturned several pieces of apparatus, which the astronomer took so
coolly [!] that he merely said to his audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, I
have the misfortune to be married to that woman."

Mr. Gladstone, in his speech at Manchester, said that the Scotch were
second to none in their education, by the superiority of their parochial
school system.

Mrs. Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has arrived safe in
America.

Graat Thornton, describing his wife, says, "She is a lass of forty sum-
mers, my own age being eighty-one." His wife meets him half-way—she
is two inches taller and five pounds heavier. So Graat says he has got
the best of the bargain.

Tea is said to be an antidote against cholera.

A young woman lately married a person in male attire, who afterwards
turned out to be a female, and the mother of three children. It is to be
hoped the law will punish her severely, to deter others from so cruel a
prank.

Steam carriages are building at Newmarket for the railway from the
landing place to the city of Melbourne.

It is deeply to be regretted that the originator of the Dublin Exhibition,
it is said, will lose £20,000 by the undertaking.

Wanted by the authorities of Bath, a respectable man to act as turnkey
in a county prison. One who understands music, plays on the organ, and
sings bass [prisoners' base?], will be preferred.

Telegraph from New York to Liverpool will, it is said, be shortly com-
pleted.

A box containing 10,000 sovereigns, fell into the sea at Melbourne, and
has not been picked up at last advice.

An escort coming to Melbourne were attacked by twenty men, and
robbed of about £30,000 in sovereigns and gold dust. Four of the escort,
it is said, were killed.

A Husband Valued by his Wife.—A man and his dog were taken to the
Gorbals police office. His wife called to ask if she could have her dog.

When told that the best way would be to pay the fine and get the husband
and dog also—"Husband!" she exclaimed, "I would cheerfully pay fifty
shillings for my dog, but would not give fivepence for him!" and, true to
her word, she called, paid five shillings, claimed her dog, and allowed her
husband to get out the best way he could. Perhaps, after all, the dog
was the most respectable animal of the three.

GARTNAVEL:

Printed and Published on the First Wednesday of every Month by THE
EDITOR, to whom all Communications are to be addressed.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,

Or Monthly Journal of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum.

[THIS AND FORMER NUMBERS EDITED AND PRINTED BY PATIENTS.]

No. 7.]

WEDNESDAY, 7th DECEMBER, 1853.

[Vol. I.]

REVIEW.

An Aide-de-Camp's Recollections of Service in China; by Colonel Arthur Cunningham. London: R. Bentley. 1853.

THE gallant colonel is rather late with his narrative, but we are led to peruse it from the interest caused by the Chinese revolution, and for information regarding the manners and customs of this ancient and singular people. Our author sailed from Portsmouth in H. M. S. *Belle Isle*, and he thus describes that ship:—

It had been thought requisite to cram into her, besides the troops and sailors, no less than eighty-seven women and children, making in a grand total what she was destined to take out nearly 1300 human beings. It would indeed be an endless task to enumerate what else she contained: sheep, pigs, ducks, &c. &c.; in fact she appeared a perfect Noah's Ark.

She sailed on 2d December, and made Rio de Janeiro and Cape of Good Hope with the intervening ports, and arrived at Hong Kong on 1st June, 1842. The following is his picture of the first Chinese scene:—

The personal appearance of the Chinese, as well as their language and manners, are totally different from the nations of the west. Every action, every word, being at variance, as day is from night, with our own. One of the most amusing scenes which I ever witnessed was from the deck of our ship. It was a quarrel amongst the boatmen who surrounded her with vegetables, &c. for sale. One unfortunate boat, having incurred the displeasure of the rest by offering its wares at a reduced price, was in consequence attacked by them en masse. At first they commenced by pelting the owner with pease, eggs, and the like missiles. Their fury increased in consequence of some opprobrious epithets which were applied to them: they next sent a volley of china-plates, dishes, &c., such as many a fair lady would have been envied the possession of; these either smashed about their ears or sank in the water.

Our author next describes the islands of the Chusan archipelago:—

Nothing can exceed the high state of cultivation which the whole of this group is under, every inch of land being occupied with some description of kitchen-garden stuff. All tilled by manual labour alone, with the exception of the low, wet, paddy fields at the base of the valleys, which are occasionally ploughed by the assistance of the ox. We were much surprised to see so much cultivation, evidently the work of a large population, but so few houses; and I am still of opinion, that this, in a great measure, is to be accounted for, by reason of the people living so constantly in their boats, that they have no necessity for other habitations, being husbandmen and fishermen alternately, according as the different seasons grant them employment in either of these separate avocations.

The Yang tse Keang river, or literally the Son of the Ocean, is "calculated to be 2,700 miles from its source to its exit into the ocean, and we found it navigable to vessels of the largest class, as I shall hereafter shew, as far as Nankin, upwards of 200 miles from its mouth; and from the quantity of water, and the great size of the river thus far up, I make no doubt," says the gallant colonel, "it would be equally easy to proceed double that distance with ships of equal size."

The country through which the river flows is described as one exhibiting the endless internal agricultural wealth of the

Chinese empire, and the little concern the emperor of this mighty country has been accustomed to bestow upon foreign nations, their commerce, trade, or anything else concerning them. Numerous implements of agriculture, which we supposed only to be known to the most scientific and highly instructed European nations, are in constant use among them. As a proof that the Chinese have long had a knowledge of iron-casting, the date upon a gun showed it to have cast more than 200 years since. In the rivers, stake-nets are used for catching fish. The town of Chin-Kiang-foo is thus described after its capture:—

Tartar and Chinese soldiers were lying dead in all directions—women, either poisoned or killed by the hands of their own husbands and fathers, and children by that of their own mothers; while many a poor little infant lay helpless upon the ground, deserted by its own parent, who, from fear of the dreaded barbarians, had terminated her own existence, either by hanging herself in her own house, or drowning herself in one of the small wells in the courtyard of her once happy home. . . . Many an unfortunate misguided wretch did our men rescue from such a situation, invariably treating them, to their infinite surprise, with the greatest kindness, when they had been led to suppose that nothing short of death awaited them.

Another proof that the Chinese have been long versed in iron-castings is an iron pagoda, of very beautiful workmanship, situated upon an eminence outside the town, which evidently had been cast, if not whole, at least in stories.

Writing of the state of Nankin, our author says:—

We could perceive that the miserable, affrighted inhabitants daily assumed more confidence, returning to such of their homes as were not inhabited by us. By degrees they were induced to bring in provisions of various descriptions for sale; and a market which we had formed was tolerably supplied. The owner of the house which we occupied, a wealthy silk merchant, occasionally paid us a visit; we invariably received him with kindness and respect for his misfortunes, assuring him we would pay due attention to his wishes, which were confined to the simple request, that when we had done with the use of his house and furniture, we would not set fire to it—an idea having entered his head that it was our constant habit and custom to do so under like circumstances.

The following anecdote shows the absurd fear the Chinese entertain for the "barbarians," as the English are styled:—

My friend, having placed his wig in his pocket for the sake of coolness, stepped into a barber's shop to have his head shaved, which was speedily executed. Previously to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend replaced his wig upon his head; the barber turning round, and observing his customer so suddenly covered with a luxuriant growth, ran out crying he had seen the devil.

Religion amongst the Chinese bears a very different signification from what it does amongst ourselves, being a fear of evil spirits, and their oath of verity is—"I hereby swear I am ready to cut the cock's head off to the truth of what I now say." The Chinese seas appear to be much infested with pirates. Our author closes his narrative with a sketch of the British Settlement of Hong Kong, but we have not space to follow him into that part of his work, which is written throughout in a plain soldier-like style, and has afforded us a good deal of amusement and information.

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

GARTNAVEL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1853.

THE fears expressed in our last, it is to be regretted, have been realized—the Turks and Russians have been fighting; and although the Turks have had the advantage, no decisive conflict has yet taken place, but an important battle, it is expected, will ere long be fought.—The Chinese rebels will, it is supposed, by this time have put the crowning act to their measures by taking possession of the capital and establishing another form of government, as it was reported that the Emperor of China had fled from Peking and the rebels were within six miles' march of it.—The Burmese are still carrying on hostilities.—Australian markets are as depressed as ever from the glut thrown on them by the heavy importations, but able and industrious people find plenty of employment.—We are sorry to have to notice the death of Donna MARIA II. Queen of Portugal, who died on the 15th November in childhood. Her Majesty was in the 35th year of her age, and is succeeded in the crown by her son, Don Pedro, who is in his sixteenth year. Some disturbances have taken place, caused by the prospect of the rule of the King consort as regent, but it was expected that tranquillity would be restored by immediately proclaiming the young prince as King under the title of Don Pedro V.—A subscription has been raised to erect at Greenwich a monument to the memory of that gallant and meritorious officer, Lieut. BELLOR, who perished in the arctic expedition. Another expedition is contemplated by the Geographical Society, but surely there has already been sufficient sacrifice of lives and treasure in so useless and unprofitable undertakings. It is to be feared it would only be adding to the risks already encountered, without producing any advantageous results, to dispatch more ships in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. That gallant officer and his brave company have been away for eight years, and the general opinion is that they are now beyond human aid. Meetings should be held to memorialise Government to reject the Geographical Society's scheme of dooming more ships' crews to destruction in the Polar Regions.—A meeting was lately held in Glasgow regarding education. It is said to be rivalry that creates all the evil in the management of the schools. It is deeply to be regretted that the clergy and laity cannot suppress sectarian bitterness of feeling and act upon an enlightened Christian philanthropy, doing the utmost possible good with the machinery at the disposal of their respective bodies without marring and snarling at each other's exertions. It certainly is the duty of the state towards Scotland to see that the teachers of the various sects supply proper education, and to be ready with assistance where it is needed by any party willing to receive it, to educate the rising generation. This, we apprehend, is the only scheme of education suited for Scotland. As to tampering with or abolishing the parochial schools, which have been the means of raising many a poor Scotch lad to honour and renown, it has too near an approximation to the Chartist Five Points ever to receive a serious thought from an intelligent person.

The close of the last sentence reminds us that feelers have lately been thrown out regarding a new reform bill. Lord JOHN RUSSELL declared in his place in parliament, that the £10 franchise was with him a final measure, for which he received the sobriquet of *Finality John*. We now call on his Lordship to let well alone, not on the ground that the occupiers of £5 houses, or householders of any rate, or men with no houses at all—namely lodgers—(to include the last, universal suffrage would have to be the rule)—are in any way deficient of intelligence to exercise the right; but for this reason, to harmonise and be consistent with our monarchical institutions, the £10 qualification is sufficiently democratical, and secures an ample guarantee to the inhabitants of cities that their privilege of being the most free and best governed people in the world will remain unimpaired. The reform that is most needed is to deprive small and corrupt boroughs of their franchise, and take from Andover, Bodmin, Chippenham, &c. the right of returning two members, transferring it to larger constituencies.

SCRAPS FROM OUR NEWS READER.

Recovery of a Wife by the Electric Telegraph.—A few days since a message was received at a station to following effect:—"Please to detain two ladies, one short and the other tall, and a man very much marked with small-pox." In consequence of this communication, on the arrival of the train at Higham, the carriages were locked and the parties detained on their arrival at Stroud. A message back to London brought down a gentleman who claimed one of the ladies as his wife, who, it was said, had eloped with his managing man. After some parleying the lady joined her husband.

A letter from Australia states that there is a vast amount of distress among the gentlemen of no capital—no hard work people—people who will not go on the roads and earn ten shillings a day, because they have never done it, and think it beneath them; but if a man comes here, he must work or starve, and the work that is wanted is hand, not head work.

Effects of Spirit Rapping in America.—A great many men and women have become insane, and been committed to lunatic asylums.

Melancholy Death.—Lady Langford, accompanied by her maid, went to bathe, which she did all the year round, on the coast of Ireland; the sea was tempestuous, and she was carried beyond her depth and drowned. Her ladyship's body was found.

A policeman was murdered at Liverpool elections by a stab from an Irishman, named Thomas Copland, against whom a verdict of wilful murder was returned at the coroner's inquest.

Temperance Emigration.—The ship John Barrow arrived at Melbourne with 150 passengers. During the passage no intoxicating drinks were taken by the passengers or crew, or even administered as medicine, and there were no deaths or a single case of sickness.

Many of the well-behaved convicts at Dartmoor prison have obtained tickets of leave, and have departed to various places to obtain employment. It is supposed that seventy have been so liberated.

Horrible Death.—A young man, named Mitchell, aged 19, employed at the Inch bleaching, Brechin, fell headforemost into a boiler, and was so scalded, that, after suffering the most excruciating agony for twenty-four hours, he died.

Omer Pacha, the Turkish General, conforms very little to Mahometan customs: drinks wine at table—has no harem, but only one wife—is a perfect gentleman, a noble horseman, and an indefatigable soldier.

The Emperor Nicholas leads a life of great activity: he rides, walks, holds reviews, exercises his fleet all in one day.

A new suspension bridge is about to be erected over the Clyde, a little way above the Humane Society's House.

Cost of Crime.—The Reverend Mr. Clay, the chaplain of the Preston house of correction, estimated the loss caused to the public by fifteen pick-pockets, whose career he had traced, including the value of the property stolen, expenses of prosecution, and maintenance in jail, £26,300.

A Field for Missionaries.—It is quite a common practice on Sunday for ten or fifteen young rogues and vagabonds to assemble in a court, 84, Bridgegate, Glasgow, and play at pitch and toss.

What a Change!—When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law discovered that the young man had a banking after her daughter, that good lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer, there being already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain that the country could support them.

There is more fatigue in laziness than labour. Two men have been apprehended at Paris for killing dogs, to sell them to low eating-houses, where they are substituted for hares and rabbits.

Waggery of Jack.—In Glasgow it is the practice to charge 42s. when marriages are proclaimed three times in one day, 21s. if on two days, and 7s. 6d. if on three days, on which the sailor told the session clerk that the cheapest way would be to keep crying on till it should be done free of expense.

Shipwrecks, according to evidence of a late case, are frequently caused by the drunkenness of the captain.

A Strange Trial.—Att v. Day.—The pursuer having bought a ferret, the defender, who had lost one, said he had stolen his, and had the pursuer put into the police office. The pursuer brought an action of false imprisonment and produced a blind man as a witness to prove, from some disease on the tail of the ferret, that the one he purchased was not the one the defender had lost. The jury gave one farthing of damages only, from the circumstance of pursuer concealing his ferret and making defender believe he had stolen his.

The barque *Princess Victoria*, on a voyage from London to Melbourne, when within a few miles of her destination, on the 13th August, took fire and blew up, having 400 barrels of gunpowder in her hold. The crew having left the ship before the explosion, were picked up by a vessel and landed safely at Melbourne.

In a steam-boat, on the Missouri, United States, Mr. and Mrs. Miller were passengers; and while asleep, Mrs. Miller was awakened by a person behaving rudely. She awoke her husband, who went in search of the ruffian, leaving with his wife a pistol, and during his absence his wife was again molested, when she shot him through the heart. He proved to be a watchman of the boat, and Mrs. Miller was examined by the coroner and acquitted of all guilt.

OUR LITERARY CLUB.

MORAL CULTURE.

It certainly is a matter of paramount importance to an immortal and accountable being like man, to know well his duty to his God, his fellow-creatures, and himself. This is what is implied in the science of morals. It is quite isolated from any question of a sectarian nature, or Protestantism or Catholicism; and the essay must be addressed with all solemnity to man as in a state of probation for an eternal existence.

God, from whom man has received his existence, and is permitted to move, live, and have his being, has declared that the duty which he requires from his creatures, is to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God. Man is to give the Almighty the glory that is due to his name, in leading a life of holiness and virtue, and the will of the Lord must in all things be done. It is the duty of man to cultivate towards the Omnipotent Creator of the Universe gratitude and love. When he looks around him at the magnificent works of creation, and the wonderful construction of the human body, the same design is clearly perceivable in all, to give to his creatures the utmost gratification and enjoyment consistent with a finite and perishing existence; and the most transcendent act of love to human beings of the Christian faith is, God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life.

Man in his relation to his fellow-creatures has many duties, as a son, a husband, a parent, a master, or servant; and in the discharge of them all the rule of life should be, Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. It is the intention of God that the produce of the earth and the sea be applied to the use of man; and in prosecuting this purpose of providence arise natural and civil rights, as also agriculture, manufactures, commerce, professions and callings of a great variety to supply the wants of

man; but the laws of nations, kingdoms, and people, have generally defined the laws and customs to regulate those various pursuits, and when cases arise where they are undefined and not laid down, it will be found that truth and justice are the only pillars that can uphold society; and that man is to be just and honest and to injure no man. It is the duty of man to cultivate towards his fellow-creatures, peace and good will, to suppress all bitterness, wrath, anger, clamour, malice, and evil-speaking. In the business of life, and competitions consequent on its prosecution, differences and misunderstandings will ensue, but forgiveness of injuries must be cultivated; and to perform all the kind offices implied in the injunction to love our neighbour. Servants to be careful to pay due obedience to their masters,—to be faithful and diligent, and to perform all the offices which are justly required of them; and masters are bound to give unto their servants that which is just, knowing that they also have a master in heaven; for we all stand in the same relation to him who made us, and will call us to account for our conduct; for with him there is no respect of persons.

Man's duty to himself is generally comprised in chastity, sobriety, temperance, care of health, and preservation of life, which of course involves an abhorrence of drunkenness, lewdness, and intemperance of every description. It is a duty man owes to himself to cultivate habits that will instil energy and wisdom, by associating with good men and in the study of good books, and by exertion and diligence to be constantly improving in knowledge and virtue, and that he is to use the best means in his power to have his mind well informed on matters of duty; and whilst avoiding the extremes of conduct—Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die, or being so absorbed in the thoughts of a future world as to neglect the duties of the present existence—he struggles with his imperfect faculties to discharge to the utmost of his abilities the various duties of an immortal and accountable being, living soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world. God has given to man a moral faculty,—a sense of duty to discharge the obligations incumbent on him as a member of the great family of God to which all mankind belong, and that vice of every description is repugnant to this sense, and that to walk in the ways of virtue and holiness is the duty and dignity of man, and the only way to insure immortal honour and glory in his heavenly kingdom.

EFFECT OF DISTANCE.

(By an Irish Patient.)

A deformed object is seen to best advantage at a distance: rude hamlets look at a distance like a comfortable village: the boisterous ocean appears at a distance smooth and placid. What distance is in the physical, inexperience is in the moral world. The situation of which we have comparatively no experience is surrounded with innumerable fictitious charms, and when once we gain the summit to which we ambitiously aspired we feel discontented and dissatisfied with it as our portion. The glory that may be won in the path of science—the honours that may be secured in the walks of literature—the distinction that may be gained in the camp and in the senate—the gratulations that may be extended to eloquence or enterprise, are not earned without incalculable dangers and drawbacks, and may weave only a poor and perishing laurel around the brow of an immortal and accountable creature. How true it is that any situation in which we can be placed in the world is not exempt from the trials and difficulties incident to this mortal life!

Sorrow and joy alternately prevail,

Sources of rapture are oft found to fail;

If for a time joy only doth appear,

The beautiful rose hath the plain wallflower near.

THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a young man, who lately left this country for the gold fields of Australia. After recounting some of his personal experience, and describing the scene of his more immediate labours, from the results of which he strongly recommends some of his friends to follow his example, he proceeds with matter of more general interest, which we select for the benefit of our readers.

"This Bingera gold field is not as yet properly found out. I think we are only at the tail end of it here; but I have no doubt that ere long masses of the yellow stuff of great size will be found at any rate within forty miles of where I now am. As a general thing, the gold here has a more nuggety or lumpy tendency than at any of the other fields. I myself have taken out a great deal of what is termed rough gold,—bits weighing from half a pennyweight to twelve ounces. In the place where I am now at work, in the bed of a creek, with high ridges on either side, I get nothing but rough gold—so much so, that I do not require the aid of water to procure it. My plan is one which I was obliged to adopt, seeing that there was no water in the gully or ravine when first I worked it. It consists (instead of the usual process of running all and sundry of what is called the washing steep or stratum of clay and detritus in which the gold lives, through the cradle), in merely stripping off the top soil till within a few inches of the bed rock, and then going over the stuff remaining carefully with a trowel. Nearly all the gold can be got in this way where it runs rough, and a person with a very little practice with good eyes is able to detect even small specks without washing. The test of it is this, that I have on several occasions laid aside quantities of earth or washing stuff which I had previously picked over with the trowel, and probably in so doing got at the rate of five ounces of gold per ton of mud stuff while picking. And when washed, it did not average more than ten pennyweight per ton. Of course, it would be impossible to get fine or dusty gold in this way, but where I am now working, the cradle is useless. I send you a couple of rough specks got out of the claim yesterday. It rarely runs smaller than about half the size of the smallest of these (in my claim). I should like to have the chance of sending you home a second-sized nugget, but a rough lumpy bit would tear a letter all in pieces before it got halfway to Sydney even. There is a sort of white hard metal, resembling Platina, which sometimes makes its appearance with the gold, in some parts of Bingera, in considerable quantities. It has puzzled me very much as to what it is. I send two small specks of it, perhaps you can give me some insight as to what it is? Can it be Rhodium? Please let me know: for if it is of any considerable value, it might be worth preserving. It is now generally thrown away by the diggers. As a medical man, F—k would do well here, without much interfering with his digging pursuits. I am the only person who knows or pretends to know any thing about medicine at the diggings, and God knows, my knowledge of it is superficial in the extreme. However, as of course I make no charge, and having got my name up in New England and elsewhere, for having made some good cures and successful meetings of broken limbs and heads, &c.—and being able to bleed and extract obstinate molars, they all place great confidence in my skill, and I am pestered by constant applications—so, considering that I might blunder as I have often done before, it would be a mercy to myself as well as my patients were F—k to come out with a few of the most useful drugs. The people engaged in digging here, and I believe at all the other gold fields, are very subject to ophthalmia, or, as they call it, sandy blight, probably caused by using their dirty fingers to rub the flies from their eyes while at work, and when one or two get it, the said flies carry the diseased matter from one to another, and thus spread the disease. I have been laid up till within the last three or four days with it. For six weeks I was completely blind in my right eye, and they were described to me as resembling bits of bullock's liver instead of eyes. Of course, I could not work, I could not read, and was very miserable. But, thanks to repeated blistering, leech caustic, lozels and low diet, I am nearly well."

THE SUN'S RISING.

His rays at first unsteady seem,
Now bright—now darksome is each gleam—
Dies and Nox like champions fight,
And wrestle with amazing might.
The combat soon unequal seems,
Sol's sheddeth brighter, steeper beams—
He drives his radiant car on high,
And Noctua doth before him fly.
The conqueror his full strength imparts,
Warms many hands—cheers many hearts—
He gildeth over pleasantly
Nature's three leaves—earth, ocean, sky.

J. M.C.

GLEANINGS FROM POOR RICHARD'S TRUNK.

The man speaks freely what he feels not,
The captive knows that freedom kills not,
But haughty power sympathy will not.
Nay seeks to soothe the troubled.

'Tis only when shut up in prison
The patriot feels that truth has risen
To break the bands, and dark low poison
That ever up hath bubbled.

Where man his own will makes his law,
Cowards in each word and act a flaw
Seek eye to find, therefrom to draw
Ground for oppression:

But lifted over sense and time,
The soul of man another clime
Finds, where the upward-rising hymn,
Praise to our God above,

Swells o'er the surge of roaring waters
Breaking around—that weak one scatters,
And where the serpent never flatters
Nay makes aggression:

And there unbely thoughts are quelled:
The sinner had to light uphold
The hideous cloud when he rebelled—
See it no more purged by love!

THOUGHTS ON GARTNAVEL AND ITS INMATES.

Within some miles of Glasgow town
There stands upon a hill
A house where balmy blessings flow
To cure all mental ill;
With food and raiment for the poor,
And for the weary, rest,
And courses to refine upon,
Where none can them molest.
Bred from the world's contempt and scorn,
They find a calm abode,
And friends who be 'p to succour them
Beneath their heavy load.
How sweet it is on Sabbath days
To see them then appear
Before the servant of the Lord
His message glad to hear.
How might it vain professors shame
To see how reverently
They lift their voice in praise to him
Who did for sinners die.
Their brimful eyes, though wandering wild,
Tell how their hearts do bound,
When Christ's ambassador to them
The scriptures doth expound.
And their imploring look to heaven,
When he for them doth pray,
Shall not be by the Lord forgot
On that great solemn day
When we shall all before him stand,
To hear our sentence just,
From which there will be no escape,
When we rise from the dust.

Gartnavel, November 11, 1853.

Mrs. G—

LINES BY A FATHER ON HIS WIFE AND YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

How fair the fields of Jordanhill, with trees all richly set,
But fairer far, and dear to me, my own, my youngest pet.
She's lovely as the morning sun that rises in the east,
To me, a father far from home, she is a constant feast.
O bless them both, ye powers of air, ye powers of earth and sky,
But bless them more, then Mighty One, whose dwelling is on high.
Look thou upon their lovely cot, and say if aught more fair
Has come from heaven's creation since Thou madest our first pair.
Adam was thine and Eve was thine, but thou hast given me
Twin children of the gentler sex—bless them, their homes keep free.
The rose may have the cloud's bright tinge, the lily purest hue,
But I have bless and gladness more with such in my mind's view.

GARTNAVEL:

Printed and Published on the First Wednesday of every Month by T. & E. KERR, to whom all Communications are to be addressed.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,

Or Monthly Journal of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum.

[THIS AND FORMER NUMBERS EDITED AND PRINTED BY PATIENTS.]

No. 8.]

WEDNESDAY, 4th JANUARY, 1854.

[Vol. I

REVIEW.

The Three Presidencies of India: a History of the Rise and Progress of the British Indian Possessions from the Earliest Records to the Present Time, with an Account of their Government, Religion, Manners, Customs, Education, &c. &c. By John Capper, F.R.A.S. late Editor of the Ceylon Examiner, illustrated with numerous engravings and a map by Wyld. London: Ingram, Cook & Co. 1853.

This excellent work is divided into four parts, to which is prefixed an introductory chapter on the natural history of British India, of which it professes to give an account. The introduction is composed in a concentrated style, which is necessarily so, as therein the author takes a very rapid survey of the boundaries, most prominent geological characteristics, scenery, soil, zoology, botany, various races and divisions of an immense region inhabited by one hundred million of human beings. One interesting fact mentioned in this part of the work is, that a peculiar kind of soil called the black cotton clay, which covers at least one third of the surface of Southern India, has with extreme abundance yielded crop after crop for 2000 years, without manure or other assistance from the hand of man and that the great cause of the superiority of American cotton over Indian and all other kinds is the abundance of peaty matter composing the soil of that continent, and the peculiarity of its seaboard climate. Another fact which may interest some at present more especially is, that cholera first of all made its appearance in a district of India called Nuddenh, and that some medical authorities there are of the opinion, that modifications in the electrical condition of the atmosphere, or the human frame, are to be regarded as its more immediate cause. After the introduction, which contains this rapid sketch of the natural history of Hindostan, which one regrets the author did not make much larger by sacrificing some of the historical part, which contains for the most part an account of a long succession of wars and rumours of wars, one enters upon the perusal of the work itself, which treats of Indian matters under four heads—the historical—the political—the physical—and the moral. The subject of this work is then most extensive indeed, and is rather more minutely, than comprehensively examined and surveyed. The style is clear, distinct, and nervous, very far from being ambitious. Upon the whole the grand object of the book is to interest us in the state of India—to call forth our sympathy to its neglected population—to rouse our land to active benevolence, in forwarding their wellbeing in every respect—in a word India through this work speaks in intelligible language to every Briton, and demands of him that justice which is her due, and which she never yet has got

at our hands. We have not only to do good to that land but repair our past misdoings. As to the history of the extensive regions comprised in British India, it appears while native fabulous historians trace back their imaginary monarchs, till about one, nay even two millions of years ago, that there is sufficient evidence to prove that there existed there in the days of Joseph, kings able to bring even large armies into the field, and by consequence possessed of no inconsiderable wealth. Two ancient epic poems exist, from the latter of which, together with the many ancient inscriptions which can be deciphered, and have been deciphered by Mr. Prinsep, who may be called the Layard of India, we may by the help of other historical records gather the fact—that about fourteen centuries before the Christian era, a very furious war raged over a great part of the country, causing much desolation; that one of the kings extended thereafter his victories far and wide, but founded no empire;—that Buddha, the founder or author of the widely spread Buddhist faith, was born in the district of Magada, near the Indus;—that it was reserved for a Buddhist monarch to found an empire, for the first time embracing within its domains a region extending from far north of Delhi, to the island of Ceylon; who was animated it would appear with philanthropic views, and issued edicts for the building of hospitals and dispensaries in his dominions—for the formation of tanks, necessary in these countries, and the planting of shady trees by the highways, requisite for the comfort of wayfarers and travellers. History becomes clearer from the times of the first appearance of Arabs and other Mahometans in India, which was about the year seven hundred and fifty of our era, but the Mahometans made no permanent settlement beyond the Indus till 1022 A. D., when the foundation of their empire over the whole of India was laid by the Afghans. Mahometan sovereigns, having Delhi for their capital, ruled thenceforth over the greater part by far of India, till the British power began to bear down all before it, and during the period of their rule, it does not appear that they on the whole oppressed the Hindoos and the other native idolaters. Their taxes were sometimes too heavy,—but they encouraged learning,—lifted up a testimony at least for the unity of the supreme being, while we must remember that Mahomet never speaks disrespectfully of Christ in his Koran but only maintains that we cannot depend on the writings of his disciples, when they affirm that He himself said that He was God. Moreover none of them seems to have been a Nero or a Tiberius. On the whole they may be conceived to have acted towards India, as they have done or are doing to the Christian population of Greece, the region around Constantinople, and Asia Minor with Palestine. Altogether, not to enter into the enquiry whether

Britain had any right to subjugate India to her sway, it can scarcely be doubted that during the greater part of her rule there, she has not conferred more temporal blessings on the inhabitants, than did their former rulers with all their intestine divisions. It is indeed disgraceful to Christianity that this can be truly affirmed of any enlightened nation, such as ours has been so long, and one too so highly favoured by the light of a heaven-descended revelation.

[To be continued.]

OUR LITERARY CLUB.

TABLE-TURNING (PRIZE ESSAY.)

(Concluded from our last.)

"Turning" our ideas into a different channel, and rising to a loftier part of our subject, we find that the hat is peculiarly susceptible of "turning" influences. It might have been perhaps more appropriately stated in the preceding part of this learned discussion, that very striking specimens of "hat-turning" are frequently to be met with in the streets of our large cities, during the hours of night subsequent to eleven or twelve o'clock. Though "kings may be blest," subjects may then be seen "glorious," "o'er a' the ill o' life victorious," with their hats and crowns "turned" and "turning" in every imaginable line except a straight one; nay, the waders appear even to descend, and, by inducing the legs to take the wrong "turnings," render the return home difficult, if not impossible. It is remarkable that the frequent repetition of these experiments generally produces a permanent effect upon the hat itself, by turning its colour into a dingy brown; and it is often a remark made upon the wearer that he is turning out quite differently from what was expected. It is not however so much the hats as the heads contained in the hats, to which, in turn, we must direct our scientific and philosophical investigation and disquisition. To say of any gentleman that his head is "turned" is but a very vague and indefinite statement of a "great fact," sometimes physical and sometimes metaphysical. Many examples of the physical kind have occurred, which physicians have absurdly tried to cure by physic, under the pretext that the subjects were in danger of "turning" entirely insane, under the continued pressure of some imaginary complaint which they choose to designate hypochondria. And when the gentlemen to whom this remarkable "revolution" in their ideas has happened, have (without meaning any thing derogatory to their moral, social, or political integrity,) "turned" their coats, so as to be consistent with the altered position of the cranium, or, as it is vulgarly called, "knowledge-box," it has actually been insinuated that unless some favourable "turn" takes place the subject will be in considerable danger of "turning" his toes in an upward direction. That such ignorance and prejudice should exist, regardless of the direct and positive assurance of the subject, that he plainly and unmistakably perceives his head to be "turned" upon his shoulders, is a lamentable proof that the "turn" of centuries has not produced so much effect, as the revolution of eighteen previous hundreds might have led us to expect.

ON TIME.

The passing away of the year 1853 is now a leading topic of conversation: in a lunatic asylum especially the flight of time is the most engaging of all subjects.

Time is a great disruptionist: it separates all relations—all classes—all ages—disregarding the tenderest tie and contemplating the oldest bond.

Time is an important functionary: it sets a high value on all its services, and will not allow its hours and moments to be frittered away by the ceremonies of the captious: it

moments are gems never to be parted with idly, and if parted with, seldom to be reclaimed—they affect eternal interests.

Time is a high bred lady, with beautiful dresses, which she exchanges at different periods, not according to mere caprice, but from a due regard to her own station and position: the black garb of winter, and the green mantle of spring are alike suitable in their season.

Time is a steady traveller: it will not be deflected in its course by the homeliness of the country or the excitement of the town: it will not be allured by the fondness of youth or dismayed by the threatenings of age: it will listen to no siren-song—it will be retarded by no soothing lullaby. Onward! onward! onward is its watchword, though nations quake and empires totter, as its streaming banners are borne on the wings of the wind!

Time is a great master, with many servants under him: it has all trades—all professions—all castes—all lands—all ages in its service, furthering its plans, accomplishing its purposes, developing its schemes. The great drama performed embraces high and low, rich and poor, noble and ignoble, Jew and Gentile, bond and free.

Time is a great philosopher: it values not the gaudy tinsel of the peer, and is not enamoured of the coarse rusticity of the peasant: it exhibits the castle and the cottage in their proper lineaments and their just proportions.

Time is an experienced artist: the various scenes and exhibitions of this mortal life, which unitedly make up the counterpart of the divine plan, are unfolded according to a system—according to a well formed design—according to a great pattern, on fixed and defined principles. The actors have different parts to perform, according to the time and manner of their appearance, and every part is connected closely with another.

Time is an able governor—controlling all lands—curbing all potentates—restraining all personages—checking all agencies.

Time is a great revealer: it tells many a tale—reveals many a secret—unfolds many a project.

Time marches on—and, as needs be,
Rivers still rush into the sea,
So every year which sweepeth by
Rolleth into eternity.

Time marches on—leaves broken vows,
Writes sorrow upon manly brows,
Makes oath-bound enemies at peace,
And to all warfare brings release.

Time marches on—and many loved
Are from its stage for aye removed:
The flower, which sweetly buds to-day,
Blossoms to-morrow—to decay.

Time marches on—and things below
No solid peace on us bestow:
Our pilgrimage is spent in vain,
Unless the eternal prize we gain.

December, 1853.

J.M.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the face of man his friend." In all ages the benefits of social intercourse have been acknowledged. Some few ascetics have triumphed in the charms of solitude, and sought to magnify their influence for good, but little success have they met, and no lasting echo have they found within the heart of man. Man needs his fellow man to share his sorrows and his joys, to aid him in his chequered path, to join him in his hopeful plans, to

cheer his drooping heart when disappointments cloud his way, and nerve him once again to seek the honourable path of industry, to curb his speed when wild or too adventurous, and turn his thoughts to wise and steady purposes of good. Life without a friend, a sympathising friend would be a dull and cheerless void, to many minds it would not be endurable; the child from infancy clings to its parent, the husband to the wife, and man to man, in many a tie of love and brotherhood. Men who keep apart from company are, usually, remarkable for selfish pride, narrow bigotry, and viciousness of temper, while those who mingle with their fellows, and join their active generous pursuits, reap heartfelt benefit and joy. The varying influences of social intercourse strike on the rough parts of their nature, strengthening, softening, and equalizing the many impulses of action.

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

GARTNAVEL, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1854.

In a journal such as ours, to attempt any thing like a review of the events of the year just closed, would, we think, be out of place. Many and important occurrences throughout its course have been subjects of enquiry and speculation to thoughtful minds. The most engrossing subject for some time past, has been the Turkish war, which unfortunately still threatens to disturb the peace of Europe. The Turks on the whole have, as yet, had the advantage in the encounters which have taken place between them and their invaders. Considerable preparations for warfare are being made, by more countries than one; still it is to be hoped that the difficulties in the way of arbitration may be overcome, and fierce enemies turned to zealous friends.

Additional discoveries of large tracts, rich in gold, have been made in Australia, and emigration, composed chiefly of a thriving, respectable class, continues on an immense scale of magnitude.

An association formed for the protection of Scottish rights, has given publicity to a number of facts, exposing the little that has been done by the government of the country, towards helping Scotland in her onward march of civilisation, as compared with what has been done for Ireland and England. This association is we believe gaining accessions daily, and is likely to be the means of much good to our neglected country.

The statement of the revenue of the country is most gratifying, as notwithstanding the repeal or reduction of duties on a great variety of articles, there is still a large surplus of revenue over expenditure. Commercial activity still prevails throughout the country, although restricted by various causes, the danger of a general war being perhaps the principal, and many of the differences between manufacturers and their operatives, have we rejoice to know been pleasantly arranged.

The cholera has not as yet made any great inroad among us, nor have the majority of the cases reported, been of a malignant character. In Gartnavel it has not yet made its appearance.

The usual festivities of the season have we suppose been duly observed, and the average quantity of currant-bun disposed of in the ordinary way; in Gartnavel the supply was abundant, and met with a ready market among the inmates.

We regret that our limited space prevents us noticing some local and other intelligence, which we had purposed doing; and now close these few remarks, by wishing our readers a 'happy new year.'

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

[BY EXTRAORDINARY EXPRESS.]

'TURKEY' DISMEMBERED AND PARTITIONED.

A tremendous conflict has taken place within the precincts of Gartnavel. On Christmas-day when the signal bell had announced that 'Turkey' was in a state to be attacked with advantage: the whole force of the Castle formed in their respective divisions. An attack was first made by a squadron of heavy lancers who made great havoc on the centre, and separated the wings from the main-body. The divisions were then advanced and displayed great activity, in a hand to hand fight, which immediately ensued, the whole ending in the total demolition of 'Turkey.'

We understand that 'Turkey' had been exposed, before the commencement of the action, to a heavy fire on both flanks from the culinary department of the Castle.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

[BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.]

NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 4 P. M.

The 'Porte' 'beheaded' and offered on the shrine of Bacchus.

THE CABMEN'S MISSION OF GLASGOW.

The object of this society is the appointment and support of a missionary to visit the cabmen of Glasgow, to collect and address them at regularly held Sabbath evening meetings, to distribute tracts amongst them and their families, and instruct them in the truth as it is in Jesus. It would appear that the previous existence and success of such an association in Edinburgh suggested the formation of the present one, the first report of which we have now before us. The names of the committee composed as it is of both ladies and gentlemen well known to the benevolent and religious public, assure us that the society will be managed on enlightened and evangelical yet liberal principles and carried forward with activity and zeal.

The missionary began his operations in June last, and this most admirable report wherein he gives an account of his labours shews, and that not indistinctly, that he is a man highly qualified for the important work to which he has been called. We trust that the Lord of the harvest will grant corresponding prosperity to the labours of the author of this excellent and well written report.

It appears that there are about three hundred cabmen in Glasgow, and that they with their assistants and families form an aggregate of about nine hundred souls. This is indeed but a small number, not a third of that number which Dr. Chalmers maintained should be placed under the care and supervision of a parochial clergyman. But it is to be remembered, that he desired that such a population should be residing within reasonable bounds, and that the Cabmen of Glasgow dwell widely scattered up and down, apart from each other in almost every direction, and that this circumstance together with the peculiar nature of their work, must give the most devoted missionary enough to do to visit and instruct them in an adequate manner. Many of the cabmen have been comparatively well instructed in their youth, but such is the natural and almost necessary effect of their avocation upon their minds, that as with much apparent regret they acknowledge, the good impressions of their earlier years have been effaced—gone away like the morning cloud and early dew—so that a dull and lethargic torpidity has come over them, so far at least as religious truth is concerned, while one here and there will be found confessing that he has become even like the beasts that perish. Others again have never had a mother or a father's tender religious care in youth, nor attended even a sabbath school—have been utterly neglected in their youth—have been allowed to grow up as the wild colts of the

desert, and have thus arrived at mature years ignorant of the first principles of the oracles of God, and almost as much requiring instruction in the elementary principles of our holy religion as many unenlightened heathens in the far distant lands of the east. It is indeed much to be deplored that such midnight ignorance should be found to exist in Scotland, the land of Knox and Melville and of Henderson, the land on which more than any other shines the clear light and warming beams of the Sun of Righteousness. We regard the condition of such as have been neglected in their youth as most deeply to be regretted, and demanding the most speedy regard; for what can such men do when they are called upon to die—to die it may be almost without warning—so that the visits of the most enlightened Christian can scarcely do them any good.

Intemperate habits prevail much among the cabmen, and these are confirmed, or created, by the well meant but mistaken kindness, of many who employ them, in giving them ardent spirits in addition to their ordinary fare, as well as by the necessity they are under of going into taverns and procuring or eating a dinner there. We have many years ago read Dunlop's Drinking Customs of Scotland; and this pamphlet contains much, that confirms the truthfulness of his observations, and the value of his suggestions. It appears hence that we will shew far greater kindness to cabmen, by giving them a loaf of bread for their children, or some small instructive book, or even a tract, such as Chamber's series of useful tracts, than we can do by giving them a glass of whisky or wine, even though it be a cold day, to cheer and comfort them. The former gift can do nothing but good, how great none can tell, but the latter may do great and permanent evil the end of which may not be in this world.

The cabmen are much employed on the sabbath day, but as a body, they are averse to such work. In truth they seem to regard it as their most oppressive grievance. Through this report of their missionary they most earnestly call upon their christian brethren, to come over and help them, that they may without delay be delivered from the unremitting and demoralising toil, which the violation of the Sabbath's rest by their employers, entails upon them. Again and again have they expressed their earnest desire to the missionary to be delivered from this as some of them term it "galling bondage." Some important suggestions are made by the missionary for effecting this most desirable object. These men are not as some would suppose averse to the visitations of the missionary,—he seems to have received from them all a most cordial welcome—an effectual door it would appear, has been opened for his labours among them. The society aims not only to diffuse religious knowledge, but also to distribute amongst them works and tracts containing useful information, an object highly to be commended. As one of the first fruits of the operations of the missionary, the cabmen have formed among themselves, an association for aiding each other in distress, one of the rules of it being that no man bringing upon himself, sickness and distress by intemperance, shall receive any aid. A Sabbath meeting is held for the worship of Almighty God in Stockwell St., which is attended by an average of 37, comprising cabmen and their relatives. The first sermon preached to them was upon Luke 15, and 22, "this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them".

We trust that the welcome this society has received from its objects—the light it has cast upon the degraded condition of many of our populace one would not have thought were so ignorant as they have been found to be and the success which has already accompanied the operations of the first half-year of its existence, will not only encourage those connected with it to go on in their work of love but stir up others,

either individually or by associated efforts, to do all that in them lies to restore our land to the state in which Kirkton the church historian says it was in his day, when one could travel many a day through it, without meeting with one drunk man or hearing an oath.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE

And must I now prepare to take
Farewell of thee, expiring year?
Yes, thou art mortal, and thy death
Might well demand a parting tear.
The moments of thy latest hour,
On wings unweated swiftly fly,
And steal away the little space,
Twixt these and long eternity.
But fare thee well! one moment's flight
Will part thee from this world's dark shore—
'Tis fled!—how like the lightning's flash,
All unperceived till it is o'er.
It's now another year is born,
And all men hail its birth with joy,
Each wishes each "A good new year,"
And happiness without alloy.
Vain wish! alas! no mortal man,
Such happiness can e'er obtain,
Nought that is perfect here is found,
E'en pleasure's cup is fraught with pain:
Nay here, Time steals his restless flight,
But onward flies; his golden wing
Ere long shall fling Joy's balmy dew
On Earth, when dawns the morn of Spring.
Yea aged man, his life nigh o'er,
Perceives not Life's tide ebbing fast;
He smiles, and says "I yet am young,"
Alas! poor man! he breathes his last.
Even now Death's arrow may have quit
With lightning's speed, the Almighty's bow;
Aimed by His all-merciful hand,
To lay some youthful victim low.
Like that fell year—Time too must end—
Unheard, unheeded now it flies
On thro' its brief and bounded course,
It seeks its goal—seek we the skies.
On Earth's joys build not then your hopes,
For they will cheat—all have an end,
But to Eternity's pure bliss
Let all your thoughts and wishes tend.
Eternity! whose boundless plains,
With varied pleasures ever teem,
Unlike Time's cold and barren side,
Whose joys all vanish like a dream.
Then choose the Lord to be your God,
And let your faith in Christ be sure,
Thus shall ye peace on earth possess,
And Bliss Eternal shall secure.

January 2, 1854.

ALIIQUI.

AN ADDRESS TO AN INFANT.

Lamb of the world's extended fold,
Thou hast been cast in beauty's mould,
May thou be rich in grace and gold,
And ne'er feel want's keen piercing cold.
May no rude storm, nor withering blight,
Ere dim those eyes that shine so bright,
And may thou bloom in womanhood,
Surrounded by the great and good.
And may thy parents live to see
Thy children's children sport with glee,
And age's lonely hour beguile
With their prattle and their smile.

Mrs. G.

GARTNAVEL:

Printed and Published on the First Wednesday of every Month by The Editor, to whom all Communications are to be addressed.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,

Or Monthly Journal of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum.

[EDITED AND PRINTED BY PATIENTS.]

No. 9.]

WEDNESDAY, 1st FEBRUARY, 1854.

[Vol. 1.]

OUR LITERARY CLUB.

REVIEWS.

Memoirs of John Abernethy, F. R. S.: with a view of his Lectures, Writings, and Character. By George Macilwain, F. R. C. S. &c. Second Edition, in two vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1854.

Biography may be viewed in two different aspects, one in which the subjective character is the leading feature sought to be developed; the other in which the individual is viewed more in the objective, or as evinced in his writings; the former leads us into the inner life, the latter more into the outer; by the first we see the individual making, or forming, by the second we see him more made and formed, and acting in that sphere which Providence has assigned him. There is a blending of these two methods in the volumes before us. The character of Abernethy, as a man, or individual, and also as a writer and medical practitioner, is portrayed; this latter element, however, chiefly pervades the volumes, while the other is so interspersed with it, that it is not easy to dissociate them, and to present them in their due proportions; perhaps this is a defect in the writer of the memoirs, though with a life like that of Abernethy, it is not easy to see how it could be remedied. With many men, the gradual formation of character would present ample materials for a most interesting memoir, it was not so in Abernethy's case. Besides, Abernethy as a man of science and a medical practitioner, is what will be most appreciated and most useful. We cannot find fault with Mr. Macilwain, therefore, for the manner he has written the memoirs. They are most pleasing and interesting, are full of information and instruction; and to the student of medicine, especially, must be a rare and rich treat.

Abernethy was born, in London on the 3rd of April, 1764. His origin was likely to have been Scotch, though the family had long been resident in Ireland. Some of his ancestors were eminent protestant ministers; a son of the most distinguished of whom was the father of Abernethy. While yet very young, Abernethy was sent to the grammar-school at Wolverhampton. Here his peculiar characteristics showed themselves. He was a smart, active boy, quick and penetrating, and generally at the top of his class. With another pupil, he boarded with Dr. Robertson, the head master of the school. He remained at Wolverhampton for about four years, and when he was fifteen, was apprenticed to Sir Charles Blinckie, a medical practitioner at that time. Dr. Robertson was somewhat harsh in his treatment of his pupils, and poor Abernethy, for using a Latin translation of the Greek Testament, "was levelled with the earth." To a boy like Abernethy, shy, imaginative, and highly excitable,

this was not the most prudent, or effective discipline, and, probably, laid the foundation of that irritability of disposition which, in his after years, was a flaw in his character. How many an amiable disposition has been spoiled by the injudicious treatment of pedagogues, and other guardians of youth. Many natures will not bear harshness, when by a little gentleness they would be as innocuous as the lamb.

Abernethy's choice was the profession of the Bar, and from his peculiar qualifications, especially that of an extraordinary memory, had he entered that profession he would no doubt have risen to eminence. It is not known what induced Abernethy to adopt the medical profession, most likely it was the wish of his friends. He was about 5 years an apprentice with Sir Charles Blinckie, and during that time, the prying, discriminating temperament of Abernethy began to show itself; he saw the defects of the system then in use, how mechanical the operations in surgery were, and how empirical the applications in medicine. His mind was early grasping after something like a basis on which to rest; to reduce the facts in surgery to the ideal of a science. It was most likely to Sir William Blizard, who lectured on anatomy at the London hospital, that he owed those impulses by which he became wedded to the profession, and laid the foundation of his future fame. He was elected assistant surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Jan. 15, 1787, which situation he occupied for no less a period than 28 years. The situation was a merely nominal one, it had no emoluments attached to it; whatever cases he conducted were only by the sufferance of his senior. Thus cramped in his position, he began to give lectures at the early age of twenty three, in Bartholomew's Close. He lectured on anatomy, physiology, pathology, and afterwards on surgery; subjects now divided between three or four teachers. His lectures soon became attractive, and in 1790 the Governors of St. Bartholomew determined to build a theatre within the Hospital, and in 1791 Abernethy began his lectures in the new theatre.

Dr. Macilwain gives a digest of the subjects investigated by Abernethy in the course of these lectures. This, to the scientific reader and the medical practitioner, cannot fail to be the most interesting and useful part of the volumes before us. We do, indeed, lose sight of Abernethy, and the current of the events of his life is somewhat bedimmed. We feel as if perusing a dissertation more than a memoir, but this, as we said before, may be inevitable from the nature of the materials Dr. Macilwain had to deal with. He, no doubt, found that it was the life of a man of science he was writing, not that of a recluse, or a philosophic sage who had penetrated far into the depths of his own nature, and he handles his subject accordingly, and we think wisely. Abernethy lived for posterity, he lived for mankind, and he did this by the con-

tributions which he made to a profession which had not raised itself to that dignity and respect which it is so well deserving of. What had been done in medicine and surgery, previous to Hunter and Abernethy, was, as it were hap-hazard or at the best empirical. It was the aim of these two great men to bring the arts of medicine and surgery within the domain of science; to reduce them to a regular system, so that they might be pursued and practised on principles drawn from facts which had long come under notice, and from others which might be observed. Hunter preceded Abernethy, his greatness lay in his patient acquisition of facts, and his cautious discrimination of them. Abernethy had this faculty also, but he was led to generalise, to reduce to a system more than Hunter had done. To attempt to give anything like an outline of what Abernethy did in this direction, in the short space allotted to us in this notice, would be absurd, we recommend, however, the volumes very strongly to the perusal and study of all who feel interested in the advancement of one of the most interesting of sciences; one which more than any other, perhaps, is capable of alleviating the miseries, and adding to the happiness of mankind. We feel, however, we must say a little before we proceed to consider Abernethy more peculiarly in the light of a medical practitioner.

The body may be compared to a machine. Now, before an individual could be capable of mending a machine, or setting it in order after it had, by some accident, been put out of order, it is evident he would need to have a thorough knowledge of its parts, and of their mutual relations and dependence. To try at random, or by guess, for instance to mend a watch, would be deemed sufficiently absurd, and yet the empirical remedies in surgery and medicine which were in use before Hunter's time, just remind one of this. Surgery had not reached anything like the position of a science, and this is the goal which Hunter and Abernethy have placed before the profession. We must know the law under which the body operates, and what has deranged this law, before it can be known how the system, when once deranged, can be repaired. Without this knowledge, what is done must always be very much in the dark. Now, the studies of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, afford a basis for the investigations of the laws of the human body: how its various parts act and react and mutually depend on each other. Anatomy gives a knowledge of the various parts of the human system; how they are linked together; their positions and relations. Physiology finds these parts in action, sees them working together in harmony for a specific end: the promotion of health and the preservation of life. Chemistry, again, presents an analysis of the component elements of the structure. With the knowledge, therefore, derived from these sources, there is a foundation laid for raising medicine and surgery to the stately pile of a science. Hunter saw this, and Abernethy after him more clearly. It was the glory of these two great men that they were the grand pioneers in the way of medical advancement. Medical science, like all other sciences, is one of induction, and the more perfect the knowledge of the human system; of its varied workings; of the influences which modify, change, retard, or entirely stop these workings; and also of the chemical composition of its functions and of the substances producing changes in them, the more complete will be the reparative sciences: viz., those of medicine and surgery. Facts large and broad must first be obtained; and then deductions, or principles obtained from them. Hunter was chiefly, as we have said, a collector of facts. Abernethy, however, made a step in advance, he adopted a system, or proceeded on principles deduced from facts gathered by others, but chiefly by Hunter and by himself. The more he became acquainted with facts, the more broad and general would be his principles. Abernethy's theory,

assuming life to be a superadded principle, and not the result of organisation, was that the seat of disease is in the nervous system; that its *fons et origo* is in it; and that from it all the various functions of the body become more or less disarranged. Soothe then, or keep calm and at ease this part of the system, and the cure of the others is more likely to be secured. Farther, by the investigation of facts, Abernethy saw that the digestive system was closely connected with nervous action, that when the former was in any way disordered, it was sure to tell on the latter. He thus put great stress on the disarrangement of the digestive system, as the cause of many of the diseases in other parts. Again, Abernethy laid down the principle, that the part first affected with disorder, or disease, may not be the chief seat of the malady, but will, most likely, be found in an organ that was afterwards affected. He thus brought out clearly how the disarrangement of the digestive system, exerting such an influence on the whole functions of the body, might generate disease in other organs, specially in the brain, heart, and lungs.

(To be continued.)

The Three Presidencies of India: &c. (Concluded from our last.)

Any one acquainted with the civil history of ancient Greece, and the rise and fall of the more western empires, may, making allowance for difference of manners and climate, form a pretty correct idea of the history of India previous to the arrival there of the British; and may, with a fair abatement in favour of the oriental authors, regard Ossian's poems, as a type of their ancient epics—truth being, however, more with Ossian.

In the year 1600 the first East India company connected with England, with a capital of £369,891, was formed and chartered; but it was reserved for Cromwell first to make our commerce respected in these far distant lands. About 1703 this company was incorporated with one of subsequent origin, and through the active zeal of its servants, and the genius of Clive, Coote, Hastings, Wellesley, and other men who followed them in the path of victory, this company of enterprising merchants, only in part aided by our government, have attained to the almost imperial sway they now possess over the destinies of millions, spread over a tract of country varying much in climate and elevation of table-land above the level of the ocean—a country containing no less than 1,200,000 square miles, ruled by them or their obedient allies. We need not enter into an outline of the wars with the natives and their European rivals; the narrative of them in this volume is exceedingly interesting, as it must always be when well told, and is carried down till the period of its publication. The achievements thus recorded reflect great glory on the bravery, skill, and indomitable hardihood of the soldiers employed by the company. Would we could justly, so far as their sphere of action is concerned, speak in similar terms of the wisdom and far-seeing benevolence, which have been displayed by the directors and other officials of the company, and so have shown them to be indeed, deserving of the lustre of such unprecedented military success and renown.

According to the author of this work, and on his testimony we place great dependence; indeed, it cannot be said that justice is equally dispensed, in concerns, either fiscal or monetary—nay, not even in criminal cases, where men's lives are at stake. When the country of India was divided into many independent sovereignties—in those days when the institutes of Menu were looked to for wisdom, and Brahmins were the interpreters thereof—we are not to imagine that even-handed justice was utterly denied: very far indeed was this from being the case. Under the sway of foreign

Mohammedan rulers it cannot be affirmed with truth that any thing approaching to universal oppression and injustice prevailed. Our armies cannot be said to have liberated India from oppressing tyrants, or given her when in a state of slavery, that freedom we all so much and justly value, as far above the price of orient pearls and ruby gems.

Is justice even now dispensed to the natives of Hindostan? Have we made any advance over the despots, if you choose to call them so, who preceded us, in administering the civil affairs of that immense region, at all corresponding to our high and heavenly calling as a Christian people, for such we profess to be? Truth will not allow us so to maintain. In India, under our name, for the East India Company holds sway in name of the British people, and their most gracious Queen—a immense system of corruption, bribery, injustice, and deceit, broods over the native population, stands in the way of their onward progress, and hinders their deliverance from the darkness and woes of heathen superstition and Mohammedan delusion. This arises not only from some deficiency in the statutes and laws, but also from the deficient education of even the highest officials of the company—deficient we mean, so far as its adaptation to fit them for the offices they hold is concerned: from the fact that they throw the greater part of their work on such as have not even passed through the same ordeal as themselves, nor, like them, studied in Haileybury College; that, to a far greater extent than one could at all imagine, the same person raises taxes, and sits as judge on the bench, even in criminal cases; that pluralities, inclusive of functions utterly incompatible and inconsistent with each other, exist there, in a manner most amazing to every considerate mind.

The perusal of this most able work, coming as it does, from the pen of a man evidently kind, enlightened, candid, and philanthropic, must convince the most stubborn and prejudiced intellect, that an amount of injustice is perpetrated annually in India, by our fellow-countrymen, which, it is fearful to contemplate, and which, partially at least, conceals the glories of our Redeemer, from the poor idolaters there, who are perishing for lack of knowledge. Will it be believed, that when it was proposed to place Europeans and Natives under the same laws, and the same tribunals of justice, that almost to a man, the former stood up and declaimed against such a procedure as the grossest injustice. It would seem that justice to Europeans, and justice to Natives, are things altogether different—not as we thought, one and the same.

It gives us much pleasure, however, to state it as our opinion, that on the other hand, the company, by their educational institutions of various kinds, [on which, however, an inadequate sum is expended, £.70,000.] are doing much good. It is not right, that, the Christian religion more than any other, should be befriended in government educational institutions, for that would be endeavouring to spread Christianity by the secular power.

Such is the course of conduct, which, has been pursued by the Company in India, let them endeavour to make their tribunals more just—their officials more able—and diffuse more liberally and extensively the light of science by their professors and schoolmasters; before which, no superstition can long stand; then may we hope that the Holy Spirit shall be poured out from on high, on the complemental and supplemental labours of missionaries, and that vast moral and spiritual desert, revive and blossom as the rose, bringing forth fruits, grateful to the Sovereign Lord of all, whose is the earth and the fulness thereof.

HONOUR GOD.

"Those that honour me, I will honour."

It were well if God, as the source of all honour, of all

power, and of all happiness, was constantly recognised. That there must be one grand moving cause, all nature teaches, even were there no revelation. Do not our own works exemplify this principle? Look to the steam-engine, with its almost superhuman power, to the watch, with its mainspring and complicated wheels; both exhibit one great influence keeping the various parts in motion. In the steam-engine, the most wonderful, in its effects, of man's works, if one wheel ceases to act in accordance with the others, all its power will, probably, be exerted to its own destruction. In the watch should aught go wrong, it will come to a stand. It is the same with man, when he ceases to act in accordance with God. Hence the multitude of fruitless efforts, disappointed purposes, and wasted energies.

God's providence is as minute as it is grand and wonderful. The telescope and microscope, equally, reveal wonders in creation: the one in the discovery of His works, throughout the immensity of space; revealing suns and systems which, for magnitude, overwhelm the mind when it attempts to grasp the thought; the other in displaying a world of wonder and of beauty in a butterfly's wing, or a drop of water.

The blessed revelation which we are so highly privileged to possess, shews to a demonstration, that God's providence extends to the most insignificant of his works:—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them doth not fall to the ground without your heavenly Father's permission."

Is it not, then, our bounden duty, to recognise Him in all we undertake, when such is the amazing condescension of Jehovah, that He gives us a promise to incite us thus to acknowledge Him: "Them that honour me, I will honour." The history of nations, of institutions, of families, and of individuals, goes to prove the truth of this ancient promise, recorded in the sacred volume, where His call to every individual is:—"Come prove me now, if I will not open the very windows of heaven and pour ye out a blessing, that there shall not be room to receive it."

[To be continued.]

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

GARTNAVEL, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1854.

Our last number was, we much regretted, considerably behind time in its appearance before the public; unavoidable circumstances occasioned the delay, and we have not been able to make up the lost time.

The hopes we expressed in our last that arbitration might yet avert the coming storm of European war, seem every day less likely to be realised. Success still attends the Turkish arms.

Fearful gales have been common since we last went to press, and most disastrous shipwrecks have been the consequence, more lives and property having been lost from this cause than perhaps has ever occurred in any previous year at the same season.

The cholera is still common in Glasgow, although it is not increasing either in malignity, or in the number of cases reported.

Provisions continue to be very high in price, which must cause considerable suffering amongst the poorer classes of the community; we hope that our country may be blessed with an abundant harvest in the coming year, and that prices will fall to their former range.

We have received a letter from a friend in the house, finding fault with our articles on the reviews of works written

by "healthy people outside," and asserting, that much of our journal is evidently got up by parties not confined in this institution; with respect to the latter statement we beg to say that it is quite a mistake, and to the former we reply, that had we been favoured with articles such as we could have inserted, we should have preferred devoting less space to reviewing books; we have not, however, had much choice for want of contributions. We would suggest to our friend, and to others in this institution, the propriety of sending us articles on any subject—our columns are open to all, and we shall have much pleasure in giving our best attention to any contribution with which we may be favoured.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

EXCURSION ROUND THE GROUNDS.

We were this week favoured with an invitation, from one of the physicians to accompany him, in a walk round the grounds of Gartnavel; the day was fine and we had much pleasure in accepting the invitation. The institution, or 'castle' [as we denominate it.] is beautifully situated on an eminence, and is separated into two divisions, called the East, and West Houses, each containing a different class of patients. The effect of the West House front when viewed from an eligible spot is very good; the architecture is of a castellated description, [Tudor Gothic we believe,] and has a very substantial and imposing appearance. The original plan has not yet been completed, for want of the necessary funds, a sad reflection on the public spirit of Glasgow citizens. It was intended that a chapel, and some useful offices, should have been erected between the East, and West Houses, which would have connected them, in a very desirable manner, and added much to the appearance and completeness of the whole: we hope ere long to see this carried into effect. We understand that another very necessary addition is contemplated as soon as possible,—the building of a number of cottages on the grounds, where the families of the workmen and attendants might reside. We could say much on the excellence of the buildings, both internal and external, and their adaptation to the ends desired, but at present we refrain; perhaps on another occasion we may resume the subject.

The grounds cover about 70 acres, a considerable part of which is cultivated in a most useful manner, and all is kept in excellent order. Our attention was directed in the course of our walk, to the piggery; we counted nearly fifty of these animals, of all sizes, apparently enjoying themselves with great harmony and satisfaction.

The walks or drives, especially in front of the 'Castle,' sweep over the ground in elegant curves, and we observed on our way, the effects of the late gales, the paling in many places being completely thrown down, which will no doubt be early put to rights.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Two concerts have lately been held, in the library rooms, of the West House; the attendance on both occasions, was numerous, and all appeared to be gratified with the harmony of the evening, which pervaded not only the musical performances, vocal and instrumental, but also the intercourse of all present.

In the East House a Ball was held in the early part of last month, and came off with great spirit. A number of gentlemen from the West House were invited, and they, as well as all present, highly enjoyed the amusements of the evening.

OUR POETS' CORNER.

[ORIGINAL.]

ON CHOLERA.

When God from heaven looks down, and views mankind,
All blindfold sinners, leading sinners blind,
He forms in mercy boundless many a plan
To rule with justice yet spare elect man.
For this he breathes dire pestilence o'er the land,
And death's dark angel wakes at his command.
The godless sinner, fearing death so near,
Exclaims aloud, "a vengeful God is here!"
Vain man! a merciful and loving God,
In righteous judgement, his chastising rod
Hath lifted up 'gainst his rebellious sons,
His Spirit pleads—"return ye chosen ones!"
But mark—even God's own people quake with fear;
Wah trembling step they follow Death's dark bier;
Just like the crew tossed on the stormy deep,
Who faithless grew while Jesus was asleep;
And as their sinking faith began to ebb,
Their bark to sink, they roused him from his bed;
Then the wild waves obeyed his sovereign will;
Yes! they are lulled asleep with "Peace be still."
Even that same Lord who still'd the stormy wave,
His arm's not shortened that it cannot save;
Yes, that same Lord can, with His outstretch'd hand,
Make gladsome health yet bless our native land.
He sent in mercy pestilence to our shore;
Will he recall it when his ends are o'er?
No will, assuredly he will restrain
This awful plague, when men from sin refrain;
For judgement is Jehovah's work most strange;
He strikes his foes, his people to avenge.
Oh Scotia's sons! blush for your nation's sin;
Each mourn his own, your hearts are vile within.
Stout-hearted men! how long will ye rebel?
Why urge so fast your downward course to hell?
As if to slake your thirst ye would get there,
And drink to drown the vials of despair.
Astonishing thought! but yet alas 'tis true;
Repent of sin—recoil at this sad view—
Turn back, oh turn, 'tis yet the day of grace,
Heaven's gates are open—run in glory's race—
Awake! the brightest crown of glory there,
Each son of Adam's race may win and wear.
Return by prayer to God, through Christ return,
That his hot wrath now quenched may cease to burn,
Each for himself bend low before Heaven's throne;
Each mourn his nation's sins, each mourn his own.
Would ye drive Pestilence from your native shore?
Then turn to God—return and sin no more.

ALIIQUIS.

A PRAYER FOR EMIGRANTS.

God of our fathers, Jesus Christ,
Give ear unto our cry,
Safety and peace on us confer,
Though tempests rage on high.
Grant, in the far off foreign land,
A quiet resting place,
And thee our Saviour and our friend,
Ne'er to forget, give grace.
May heaven, thy glorious home,
Be our abode at length,
May we to that blest rest above,
Proceed from strength to strength.
Then we shall see with joy thy face,
And join lost ones we love,
With him who comes and in us dwells,
Like as the gentlest dove.

GARTNAVEL:

Printed and Published on the First Wednesday of every Month by T. M. Ennos, to whom all Communications are to be addressed.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,

Or Monthly Journal of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum.

[EDITED AND PRINTED BY PATIENTS.]

No. 10.]

WEDNESDAY, 1st MARCH, 1834.

[Vol. 1.]

OUR LITERARY CLUB.

REVIEW.

Memoirs of John Abernethy, F. R. S.: with a view of his Lectures, Writings, and Character. By George Macilwain, F. R. C. S. &c. Second Edition, in two vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1834.

(Continued from our last.)

In the short abstract which we gave in a former number, of the system developed by Abernethy, we see the vast importance of it in medical investigations; there is a road cleared away to walk in, and make advances; there is something definite to aim at in medical researches, and the merit of Abernethy, and his true philosophic genius, become very conspicuous. Mr. Macilwain merely hints at the strong influence which on Abernethy's theory as to the great source of disease, is exerted by the mind in the prevention, and cure of bodily maladies. The nervous system is very much, if not altogether, under the guidance of the mind. To have a mind then at ease, and peace, free from perturbation, and disturbing causes would be a great security for health. How much might be done in early years by a right system of training and discipline so as to give the mind a set, or firmness by which it would be more self-reliant, and less dependant on external agencies, is not at all appreciated to the extent that it should be. When people get wiser, this will surely be attended to; if it were, how much less misery, disease, and untimely death would there be in the world.

Abernethy did not only generalise, and seek to reduce medicine and surgery to a science, he investigated and wrote specially on particular parts of the bodily structure; as for instance, on the skin and lungs, where he shows the effect which a healthful state of the skin will have on the healthy action of the lungs, on Tic-doloureux, and on Tumours, and how these are connected with the derangement of the nervous system. It is in what Abernethy calls "My Book," that his views are expanded, and take more of the precise shape of a science; and the digest which Mr. Macilwain has given of it, is very valuable.

Abernethy was married in January, 1800. His married life seems to have been a very happy one. His courtship is somewhat ludicrous, though quite characteristic. He had seen a lady in the country upon whom his affections had centered, but his natural shyness, it would appear, prevented him from "popping the question." He wrote therefore a note proposing marriage, and that an answer should be returned in a fortnight. He was successful in his suite, the lady, Miss Ann Thrieffall, of Edinington, accepted his hand.

Abernethy quickly rose in his profession; he soon acquired fame in the Metropolis as one of its greatest lights. His life, it seems, was somewhat embittered by a controversy he had with Mr. Laurence, who had been appointed Professor of Comparative Anatomy in 1816. Mr. Laurence adopted a different hypothesis from Abernethy with regard to the vital principle, and this was the ground of dispute. The virulence and acrimony of Laurence towards Abernethy, who had been one of his pupils, and whom he had ever treated kindly, Mr. Macilwain has shown to have been very unequalled for.

We will now pass from this and view Abernethy as a lecturer, as a practitioner, and in the general features of his character.

As a lecturer, Abernethy was peculiarly successful; to be an efficient lecturer to a mixed assemblage of students, is no easy acquirement, it requires qualifications of a high order. The aim is not merely to impart knowledge, but to impart it in such a way as that it shall take deep hold of the audience, and be suggestive of thought. This quality Abernethy possessed in a very high degree; his style was simple, pointed, and dramatic; he used no hard words; had no vulgarity or affectation in his manner. Impressed himself with the importance of the subject, he hit the mark at once, without any seeming art or effort; he unfolded what he had to say in a familiar, conversational way, interspersed largely throughout with metaphors and anecdotes; he did not suffer his audience to flag, but kept them rivetted to the end; he avoided the extremes of cramming too much, or of putting too little matter into a lecture. From the extracts given by Macilwain it must have been a luxury to have heard Abernethy deliver his course of lectures. His sympathy with his audience, his easy, natural delivery, his humour, and his pathos would be fascinating to those who had the privilege of hearing him. The power he had of bringing the imagination to enforce the judgment, of making dry details and facts stand out, as it were, in living reality, potent and clear to the understanding, is a peculiarly rare gift in lecturing; but which Abernethy possessed. Arteries were described as creeping along the sides of muscles, or between them; nerves, on the contrary, as penetrating their substance without ceremony. Such a homely way of illustration, with a quiet, easy, and humorous manner of delivery, impresses an audience infinitely more than the most pompous oratory, or the most technical phraseology; these, for the most part, disgust the hearers, and turn them away from feeling any interest in the subject under investigation. To make his students realise the importance of their profession, and to elicit an enthusiasm in the prosecution of it, were the peculiar characteristics of Abernethy's lecturing.

Let us now view Abernethy as a practitioner. The great fame which he so soon gained, is sufficient evidence of his

ability in this respect. As an operator, in difficult surgical cases, he was very successful; cautious, he had recourse to no extreme measures, till others had failed. With him, humanity and science went hand in hand, he did not, unnecessarily, subject the patient to pain. His intimate acquaintance with the structure, and various parts of the human body, enabled him to be successful where others had failed. From his fame in this respect, he was frequently called out to consultations. Here, he had a delicate part to play, but he always conducted himself with integrity and honour: if the officiating surgeon had conducted the case prudently, Abernethy was ready, at once, to give him due credit for it. He never interfered unless he saw just cause: Macilwain gives us many instances of this. Again, on the other hand, if the case had been improperly handled, Abernethy was not slow to tell his mind. There are many amusing anecdotes told of him as a practitioner, some of these are given by Macilwain; he thinks, however, that many that are told of him never happened. His abrupt, humorous manner of treating individuals who called upon him for advice, was sometimes, however, amusing enough. His quick penetration enabled him at once to see into the nature of the case, while the natural irritability of his disposition, would induce him, no doubt, to express himself at times somewhat unfeelingly. We can easily excuse Abernethy in this; for he would be often annoyed, by being called to visit hypochondriacs, or stubborn individuals, with many of whom, perhaps, there was but little the matter, and, in such cases, it could not be easy for him to keep his equilibrium at all times; indeed, it would, we think, require the patience of the most perfect saint to be always calm and unexcited in the midst of an extensive medical practice. That the roughness of Abernethy was, however, a failing, there can be no doubt, and it sometimes exposed him to a little castigation. A very good instance of this is given in a lady, who having asked him what she was to do with the prescription he had given her, got for an answer, "You may put it in the fire if you like," the lady did this immediately, and having paid her fee, she could not be prevailed on to take another prescription, or take back the fee. But, though a few instances of seeming hardness are recorded, Abernethy was, essentially, kind and humane in his treatment of patients. He paid the greatest attention to the inmates of the Hospital. Towards the poor, especially, he was always gentle and philanthropic, never took any fees from them, and was ever ready to put himself to inconvenience for their advantage. There is a case told of his visiting a poor patient before a titled nobleman, even when his horses were waiting to convey him to the latter. Being told of the person, as he was stepping into the carriage, he bluntly refused to go, but, recollecting himself, he ordered the Coachman to drive him first to the poor man's residence. His attention to the destitute was rewarded, sometimes, by rather humorous expressions of gratitude. The Irishman who had his leg restored, when some had thought that it would require to be amputated, lifting it up as he lay in his bed, and telling Abernethy, "It was your honour that did it," is a case in point. Abernethy was, essentially, kind in his disposition, and the features of bluntness and roughness which he sometimes displayed, were the result rather of disease in his system, than of sternness, or coldness. He felt for others, for he had learned to sympathize with them by being a sufferer himself. Abernethy had never been robust or athletic, his frame had always a "Nervous fidgettiness" about it, as he said; and this was increased by an affection of the heart, which had, in his early practice, been caused by the death of a patient, in whose case he was much interested. He was also very much troubled with derangement of the digestive system, and frequently went into the country to recover his health, where

he had recourse to a spare, and, almost, abstinent diet. His extensive labours, and the little opportunity for regular exercise which a London life affords to one, like him, engaged in such varied duties, soon began to tell on his health. At the age of fifty, when elected Surgeon to the Hospital, he found his strength decaying: he held, however, the situation for a period of twelve years. In 1828, he resigned this appointment, and in 1829, that at the College of Surgeons also. The testimony given, to the manner in which he has discharged these duties, is in the highest degree creditable. He died in April, 1831, at the age of 67. His body was not examined, yet there can be no doubt that his death was caused by organic changes in the valvular structure of the heart. He was buried in the parish church of Belfield; the funeral was a private one. His grave is marked by a plain tablet on the wall, with a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation. "John Abernethy, formerly President of the Royal College of Surgeons, endowed by nature with rare gifts, enhanced by his learning, virtues, and benevolence; studied, taught, and practised the Medical art for a long series of years, and has left to posterity by his writings, a fame more enduring than this monument. Attacked by a fatal disease which could not be arrested, he endured its agony with patience, and resignation, and died in Christ, lamented by his relatives, friends, and pupils, on the 20th of April, 1831, at the age of 67."

Abernethy's character is easily summed up; quick, and penetrating, he saw into a subject at once, into its mutual relations, and dependencies; acute, and patient in acquiring facts, he was as much distinguished by the higher quality of generalization, of reducing the facts he had acquired to general principles. Though, sometimes, appearing unkind and rough in his manner, he was essentially urbane, and benevolent. His love of approbation was strong, but always subservient to truth and justice; he would never injure others, or seek to raise himself by their fall; he founded his claims to distinction on his merits alone. The patience and fortitude he exemplified when these were put so severely to the test in the controversy with Mr. Lawrence, place Abernethy quite in the rank of a true gentleman. On the whole, with the minor defects of his character, he appears, both in his general demeanour, and in the caution and care he showed in his treatment of cases, as a pattern to the Profession of which he was so honoured a member. What he has done for raising medicine and surgery to the rank of a science, cannot be too highly estimated. He adopted the inductive system of Bacon, and pursued it to the last; it is for others to follow in his steps, and to improve and perfect, what he and his predecessor, Hunter, have so well begun. It is a pity that such a profession, as the Medical, should be viewed with anything like disrepute; till, however, it is raised to the position of a science, it will to some extent, be looked upon with suspicion. Empiricism, or mere guesses, will not suffice for the age; principles deduced from a wide range of facts, can alone be a guarantee for general respect and confidence. The public have an interest in the matter, their lives, their ease, and their happiness are much involved in the advancement of the profession; and medical men may be assured that their weaknesses are ready enough to be scanned. Of all things it is necessary that a patient should have confidence in his medical adviser, and how can this be obtained, unless it can be shown that he has claims to it?

HONOUR GOD.

[Continued from our last.]

In resuming the farther consideration of the above subject, we would ask the very important question, How are

we to honour God? We answer, by "Redeeming the time." Now, what is time? Time is a certain period lopped off from eternity, which we choose to divide by centuries, years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and seconds; yet there will be a time when such divisions will cease; for it is said of heaven, "There shall be no night there"—no night of obscurity—no night of sorrow, when the soul is shrouded in deepest gloom, and every ray of hope seems for ever excluded; but there will be a day whose sun shall never set; because the glory of the Lord irradiates the place, "and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Let us then honour God with our time, by obeying the gospel injunction, "Redeeming the time." Satan has, as it were, bought the time of this world, and what immense pains does he not take to improve his short season. Think of all the trifling and vain amusements he gets up, to beguile deluded mortals of the time given to prepare for eternity. Shall it then be said, in such a place as this, "Anything to pass the time?" should it not rather be, "How shall we improve the time?" the time of retirement from active duty, and from the social intercourse of friends. Let us seek then to honour God with it, and God will honour us. It is the preparation of the heart He wants. Some complain that amidst active duties they have no time to read God's word, no time for prayer; here is time for both. How many overlook their system; here is time to recruit the frame, by proper attention to diet, exercise, and every other means which reflection may suggest to the convalescent; there is no improvement like self-improvement; and if any one seriously sets about improving time for eternity, by seeking counsel and direction from God, new powers and opportunities will develop themselves: the writer speaks from experience. If we seek to honour God, He will honour us; for He is a gracious covenant-keeping God.

ESSAY ON HABIT.

PART FIRST.

In every habit there are these two properties: a readiness or tendency to do a thing, and a facility or ease in doing it. A succession of acts constitutes a habit; and when a habit is formed, it becomes as much a part of ourselves, as if it had been instinctive, or in-born with us. Man may be said to be a bundle of habits; his character is made up of habits; they are the reflection of what he is.

Habits may be either physical, intellectual, or moral; in each of these, however, there are observable the two peculiar marks we have specified; namely, a tendency to act, and an ease in acting. A child does not walk, or speak, at once; it tries, and tries again, till by repeated trials walking and speaking become familiar to it. The artisan does not become an adept in his craft by one or two attempts, but by a course of training, or doing the same thing over and over again. It is the same in every art, where the physical comes most into operation; an aptness, ease, or readiness is acquired by the repeated attempts.

Again, in intellectual habits, the same principle prevails. The power to concentrate the mind; to fix it on a given subject; and to pursue the investigation of it, is not learned at once; it is acquired by repeated trials, by a course of training; when, however, the habit is acquired, it is as easy to the individual as if had been innate, or a gift of nature.

Moral habits are the same in their essential features, as physical and intellectual habits. They are the effect of the frequent repetition of the same act; they give an ease in the doing of the act; and a tendency, or inclination towards the doing of it.

The importance of the formation of moral habits, appears

from this, that when a habit is thoroughly formed, we cannot keep, or at least it is scarcely possible for us to keep, from doing the act of which it is the expression. A drunkard, for instance, by repeated acts of dissipation, brings himself into a state that, he will tell us, he cannot keep from the intoxicating bowl. He knows its bane, he laments his folly, he labours hard after amendment, but resolution, alas! is too often weak against the *set*, which by habit his constitution has acquired. It is the same with every vice. How often do we hear it said as an excuse for lying, stealing, licentiousness, or profligacy of any kind, "Well, I regret what I have done, but I cannot help it;" this may be true, but the individual in question could have helped it, had he been careful at the first, and watched the insidious formation of the evil habit.

Immoral habits are more easily acquired than good ones. There is a fatal tendency in our nature towards vice, which, if it is not counteracted, is sure to lead us into some bad habit before we are aware. Habit, however, though a powerful ally of evil, may, by care and right moral instruction, be made a great prop to virtue. A good man, by the long practice of virtue, has no taste or relish for vice; he has no tendency towards it, or desire to practise it. By habit his virtues become, as it were, himself, and so in familiar phrase, we call him a "virtuous man;" while, on the other hand, he who has formed habits of vice, is pronounced a "vicious man."

Let us consider then, that habits make the man; they give him his stamp, or die; that habits, whether virtuous or vicious, are not isolated acts, but the result of a protracted series of acts; and that the longer they are protracted, the habit becomes more confirmed. Let the motto, *olite principia*, as regards vice in every form, be the watch-word with all who value their peace and happiness; but more specially should it be engraven, as with an iron pen, on the hearts of the young, who have their habits yet to form.

[To be continued.]

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

GARTNAVEL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1854.

Who would have thought it, war is now popular in England; the Eastern Question is absorbing every other; and the New Reform Bill stands a bad chance of being passed this session! Well, but if it is a righteous war, we would not be among those who would damp the enthusiasm; if we are to fight, let us fight manfully with all our ancient ardour, and determination: death or glory as true Britons. But some may be disposed to ask the question, why should we fight? We answer, The nation feels, with few exceptions, that the northern Autocrat has been trying to make us his dupes, or in vulgar phraseology to "Jew us;" people see that the Czar is just a compound of duplicity, insatiable ambition, recklessness, and fanaticism; that he has taken up a crotchet, and every thing must bend to his wishes, he reminds us of a hungry savage, grinning over a fine roasted Turkey:—"Don't you wish you may get it?" say we. The Russian Laos is not easily roused, but rouse him, and he will be found a dangerous animal; we will back him against the Russian Bear any day. There are rumours that peace may yet be secured; we doubt this much, and it is questionable whether it would, now, be for the general advantage: let them fight it out, spear to spear, lance to lance, and let the proud, usurping tyrant be laid low. Some deary wars, and our good friends, the Quakers, have made a trip to St.

Petersburg to persuade the Czar to give in, and be content with what he has. All very well good friends, Sturge and Co., we are afraid, however, you have reckoned without your host. But to be plain, war seems, as yet, to be a necessary evil, it is like a destructive fire, a dire pestilence, or a devastating hurricane, evils in themselves, but productive of good; war brings tyrants to reason, purifies the political atmosphere, and heralds "Cherub Liberty." Go on then, we bid you God-speed,—go,—turn back the rolling tide of ambition and despotism, your cause is good, fear nothing. God will defend the right!

Prince Albert, we are glad to see, has been nobly vindicated from the aspersions of certain parties, against his character: there is not now a single murmur heard.

Strikes, we regret to say, for an advance of wages, have been rather common of late. It is a pity that some agreement could not be entered into between the workmen and their employers, so as to prevent the occurrence of such ruinous contentions. Trade, upon the whole, is good, and the country in a flourishing state: it is well that it is so, as in the event of a war, we will, no doubt, have to empty our pockets a bit.

Matters are moving softly on as usual, within our 'Castle,' nothing new, or strange; we just continue as of old, to eat, drink, walk, sleep, to give a murmur now and again, and, a few of us, sometimes a sigh for our freedom.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!!!

There is a sly little rogue called Cupid, who has got himself ensconced in the Castle, and been guilty of not a few robberies, and murders: whoever will bring the said culprit in fetters, and in an iron cage to the Gazette Office will receive a handsome reward.

P.S. Those going in pursuit would need to beware of the tricky urchin, as he carries about with him a quiver full of pointed arrows of a peculiarly dangerous kind.

A DESIDERATUM.

A Principle to tie the mind, to keep its feelings, impulses, thoughts, and imaginations under due control, in the same way as a balance-wheel does a watch, or a curb the horse. If this principle is in nature, a communication directed to our office, as to its whereabouts, whether in the physical, or metaphysical, psychological, or physiological region, or any other region, will, the Editor thinks, entitle the discoverer to a Barometrey.

WANTED

IMMEDIATELY, IF NOT SOONER.

A GENTLEMAN qualified to conduct the Editorship of THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE, [the present Editor being about to retire.]

Candidates will require to be capable of pleasing parties of every political creed; of producing first-class testimonials of character and abilities; and of standing a most searching examination, by our 'Printers' D—1,' who is appointed examiner.

Applications with testimonials, addressed 'Editor,' Gartnavel Gazette Office, will receive the most careful attention.

N. B.—Those who may intend applying should do so im-

mediately, since it is rumoured that the Czar's conduct may, some day soon, deprive him of his situation, in which case he is almost sure to be brought to our 'Castle,' when, to our taint, he will get the preference of the appointment, and then we will have a most illustrious Editor indeed!!!!!!

OUR POETS' CORNER.

[ORIGINAL.]

MUSIC.

Sweet Music! 'tis a thing of dreams,
That links the present and the past,
That whispers oft of bygone years,
And fairy hopes too bright to last.

The memory of my life's young days,
Come back upon me like a spell,
When'er I hear those simple lays,
Which then I learned to love so well.

Sweet Music! it has magic powers,
In bringing back, arrayed in sadness,
Dim visions of once happy hours,
When all around was joy and gladness.

How transient were then the tears,
That flowed to dim life's sunny rays!
Now darker times, and riper years,
Supplant my childhood's happy days.

FERRANT, 1855.

INCOGNITA.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Mr. Editor, I've seen
The paragraph that ye have been
Sae gude as we to sein-widg'n
Boudit o' some yarn I did spin.
If that, conjectur'd, I was wrang,
Let there be noo mair strife among
Those who are bent on doin' fair,
As' gien young mae noo some hair,
I wadna like the tak' the tawna
For my a-roog arms an' muckle pass
Wad lik over hard so I am fain
The gie the place I wad hae taen,
The one whose airt at spinnae taen,
May set a' bedlam in a lown,
I moun speak out o' the schute
For that I'm tauld is oot o' rule,
But I'd commend unto your care,
A brither bard fine yont the Ayre,
He dinna like the tell his name,
He's Mair, pair clug, an' wants the fame,
An' weel he'll the Gartnavel stick;
My ain auld leither Dendie.

February 23, 1855.

ROBERT BURNS.

GARTNAVEL:

Printed and Published on the First Wednesday of every Month by THE EDITOR, to whom all Communications are to be addressed.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 2.]

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.

[MSS. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Now that Nicholas Romanoff is off the stage, are the odds for or against peace? It would not be easy to say. Perhaps the scales are poised much as before. The Vienna Congress has commenced its sittings, the German States are said to long for repose, the manifesto of the new Czar is essentially warlike—he pledges himself to pursue the same policy as his predecessors—the Allied Powers are more active than ever in the prosecution of the war, and matters are evidently coming to a crisis in the Crimea. The Allies feel that if peace is to be permanently secured, some mighty blow must be struck.—The Turks have re-established their character for bravery by a decided victory over the Russians at Eupatoria. In many ways this victory will be of great service in the good cause.

The Emperor Napoleon is still determined, it would seem, to show himself before the army in the Crimea. He sees, probably, how much is at stake, and is ready to hazard all on the issue. The spring campaign is to be on the most gigantic scale, and will no doubt shake Europe from its centre. The Committee of Inquiry into the State of the Army before Sebastopol is pursuing its sittings. Not much new is elicited; but things before called in question are authenticated and confirmed. Much good will result from the statements given.

A powerful fleet is all but ready for the Baltic. It is to sail in the beginning of the ensuing month. Sir Charles Napier has thrown down the gauntlet to Sir James Graham. In a letter to the *Times*, he "spits fire" strongly against the late First Lord of the Admiralty, but waits for the restoration of peace to vindicate his reputation. The Queen is placing laurels on her head by visiting the sick and wounded at the hospitals.

The country, though the "blast of war" is blowing fiercely in other quarters, remains tranquil. Trade, upon the whole, is good; and general satisfaction prevails. May it long be so! May all the various interests of this mighty nation be fairly represented,—that the high and low may act in harmony, and that no stigma may attach itself to our invaluable institutions!

Parliament, since our last, has been occupied chiefly with war matters. There is nothing of interest otherwise to communicate.

There has been an inundation in Holland, the effects of which are said to be most disastrous.

LATEST NEWS [by Electric Telegraph.]—Mar. 14, 9 p.m.—Advices from Paris and Vienna give strong hopes of peace. It is thought that Russia is too nearly exhausted to continue the struggle. Should war continue, Prussia pledges herself to neutrality. Prince Charles is conveying to the Czar the king's wishes for peace. France is raising immense levies of troops. The Cape is tranquil.—15th, 11 a.m. Nothing new.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Though very sceptical with reference to the following proposition, we are nevertheless willing to let the writer speak for himself, in consideration of his having been the first of our correspondents:—

To the Editor of THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

Sir,

You will be aware that the Bishopstowe (more correctly written "Bishop's toe,") mystery still remains to be cleared up. May I venture to make a suggestion?—viz., that some lipped (poor, none,) has shod a pair of stilts, and taken a nocturnal ramble for his diversion. The fact of going through dead-brick walls and leaving impressions on the roofs of cottages, would thus be very satisfactorily accounted for; as also the sub-linear motion which has so much puzzled the naturalists. Had a party of practical jokers been in the secret, they could easily have got over fifty miles, upon a common understanding, without being discovered.

I am, my dear sir, Yours respectfully,
A RATIONALIST.

The very moderate depth of the impression would seem to be an obstacle to this solution; else it appears plausible enough. We may be mistaken in this, however; and therefore we would refer "RATIONALIST" (whose *raisonnement* is, we think, better than his *raison*), to the last number of the *Illustrated London News* for some very pertinent remarks upon the question.

Another letter runs as follows:—

Mr. Editor,

I am on the whole very well pleased with your little paper; and therefore hope that you will not take it amiss if I make a slight allusion to what I conceive to be wanting in order to its completeness.

I would have you remember, my dear sir, that your readers are not simply to confine their thoughts to the present fleeting existence, but, so much as in them lies, to turn their vision from things seen and temporal to those better joys which it can never enter into the heart of man to conceive, unless a spiritual direction be given to his every-day meditations.

Now, although I am well satisfied with the judicious reflections of "the Auld Man," and in no way to quarrel with the more serious portion of the poetical pieces,—I must nevertheless regret that no direct allusion is to be found in your columns to the Christian Religion,—that pearl beyond price which can alone relieve the bankruptcy of the world.

That you will reflect at once upon this omission, and by hastening to supply it, bring a blessing upon your labours, is the earnest desire of

My dear Sir, Your humble well-wisher,
ELIZA SWALLOW.

We have much satisfaction in directing E. S. to the present number of this Journal, for a proof of our readiness to do all in our power to satisfy every class of readers.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr, and Selections from his Minor Writings. Edited and Translated by Susanna Winkworth. 3 vols.

In the Preface to the first edition of this "Life," we are informed that it is founded upon the "*Lebensnachrichten*" of Madame Hensler, (sister-in-law of the Historian,) translations from which had been familiar to the public long before the appearance of these volumes; so that any particular interest claimed by the present work, must have been based on the "considerable amount of additional matter, derived partly from other publications and partly from conversations with intimate friends of Niebuhr," which was here, for the first time, presented to the world.

Recommending the book in general, our remarks will be entirely confined to that portion of the first volume which terminates with the departure of Niebuhr from our metropolis; our object being to supply our readers with fragments from a few of the "Letters" corresponding to the period we have selected, under the hope they may thereby be tempted to gain a knowledge of the whole. Before doing so, however, we would make an observation upon the introduction to the "Life," that may be of service to the active inquirer, and also remove an obstacle that might stand in the way of the indolent. "The book is very large"—the latter may say—"I should despair of getting through it." Let him try, however, for if the book be large, so is the type; and, for his further encouragement, let him take down from our library shelves the 11th volume of *Tait's Magazine*, and open it at page 710. He will there find, in the compass of four leaves (of no very formidable dimensions) the *entire*, all but verbatim, included in that portion of the "Life," extending to between thirty and forty pages which precedes the first "Letter." Of the comparative merits of the two translations, we might leave our active friends to judge for themselves; but, having the results of our own review at hand, we may at once put them in the balance. We will confine ourselves to the first sixteen pages of the lady's translation, which contain little omitted in the gentleman's, except—

1. A few particulars respecting Carsten Niebuhr, extracted from his son's writings; and,

2. The fact that Barthold's sister was named Christiana.

In Mr. Cox's paper, on the other hand, we find the following extra notices within the four corresponding pages:—

1. *Barthold George Niebuhr* was so called after both his grandfathers; "a custom of 150 years' standing in his father's family."

2. The name of his mother was originally Blumenberg; and she was of German origin,—a circumstance of which the reader might well doubt, when he merely learns that she "usually spoke Danish" with her unmarried sister.

3. In his sixth year Niebuhr "was very ill of an intermittent miliary fever;" and among the accidents which befel him in youth, was the "falling backwards into a tub of hot water."

4. "In the year 1783, he began to learn music;" in which, however, he made no great progress.

5. It fared no better with drawing, which he especially regretted at a later period.

6. "He danced, even in the later years of boyhood, with passionate enjoyment; although, afterwards,—even as a student,—never; at least, only at Meldorf."

These are sufficiently trivial insertions, one may be inclined to think; but they are certainly not more so than many which are common to both narratives. Moreover, a Zeilus who might find congenial occupation in seeking to rake up other omissions would be likely enough to succeed, since we have only cast a very cursory glance over the matter referred to.

For our own part, we can only consider the miniature of Niebuhr's childhood as interesting in connection with German life and manners;—he can scarcely, we think, be ranked among those who have such a command over the feelings of their posterity, that they "would not willingly" let these things die;—our children will hardly

"—beg a hair of him for memory.
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue."

And yet he was a noble spirit;—one who lost no pains to "get his destiny as a man fulfilled." We would say of him, as Carlyle says of Dr. Johnson, "the thing that is given him to do, he can make himself do; what is to be endured, he can endure in silence."

We must economise our space, however;—and with this view shall proceed at once to the immediate object of our paper.

Niebuhr, it is well known, was but a very young man when he set foot in England. Before leaving the continent, in June 1798, he had obtained a promise of the hand of Amelia Behrens, sister of Madame Hensler; and it is to the correspondence that passed between the loving student and the object of his affections (soon to become his wife), that we are indebted for our knowledge of his impressions in Britain.

His prejudices were certainly in our favour; a circumstance probably in the first instance to be attributed to the influence of his father, who was emphatically "a good hater" of the French, and more than an indifferent lover of those whom it was then customary to consider as their natural enemies.

English society, nevertheless, appears to have had about an equal proportion of charms and disadvantages in the eyes of the more impulsive foreigner; and his feelings in the emptiness of a London summer night afford no inapt illustration of the void he seems to have detected in our social intercourse,—occasioned, it may be, by his very presence, which would in some measure repress that "inappetite" (a word for which we have no exact synonym) which we cannot believe to be altogether wanting in our domestic features. It is but fair to give the complaint in his own words:—

"The superficiality and insipidity" he says "of nearly all the conversations to which I have listened, or in which I have joined, is really depressing. As far as I hear, little is said about politics, which is a good thing;—much better than our German mania for going beyond our depth on such subjects, but, that narrative and common-places form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded— that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which, as a stranger, I might have to complain; for of this my share is not large, and I can bear it easily. I am besides, fully persuaded that I shall find things very different in Scotland; of this I am assured by several Scotchmen whom I already know."

How far his expectations were realized, we shall soon see. In the middle of October we have a few lines dated from Newcastle, after a three days' journey at the "too unnatural" motion of seven miles an hour.

"You can only get" he observes "a very piece-meal view of the country from the windows, and with the tremendous speed at which you go, you are unable also to stop at any place."

We have so often heard the remark from railway travellers, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves we are not listening to another of them.

The next letter was written from Edinburgh, and bears the date of the 29th of October. "The lectures begin on Wednesday," was evidently its most valuable sentence in the writer's estimation; next to which satisfaction he would probably congratulate himself on having made acquaintance by the way with "a young medical student from Sheffield named Mourhouse," for he adds "and we shall very likely lodge together." Four days after, he had attended the introductory addresses at the University, from which he received a special gratification, the custom seeming not to have had a parallel in his own country. He was now in lodgings with the fellow-student already mentioned; and having remarked that "the natives

buhr's child.
ers;—he can
demand ever
ly" let those

to "get his
e says Dr.
e himself do;

new shall pro-

on he set foot
had obtained
ame Healer;
oving student
that we are

to probably in
her, who was
an indifferent
their natural

an equal pro-
essor impulsive
unusual might
cted in our so-
ciences, which
for which we
either wanting
let in his own

the conversa-
really depress-
a good thing—
depth on such
whole staple of
enthusiasm and
more than any
implain: for of
n besides, fully
of this I am

In the mid-
t, after a three
an hour.
of the country
eh you go, you

ellers, that we
ther of them.
the date of the
is evidently its
to which satis-
made acquaint-
heffield named
gether." Four
the University,
seeming not to
digging with the
at "the natives

of every class are distinguishable not to their advantage by the carelessness of their attire," found a consolation in the freedom that would thus be allowed him in matters of the toilet. "I have availed myself of the liberty of wearing my hair plain," he writes; "in London a hair-dresser costs nine guineas a year." We should like to have known what Amelia said to this—no doubt it would be a little piece of satisfaction for her to reflect that he would not be half so handsome under the circumstances.

[To be concluded in our next.]

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B.—The lines commencing "I thought remembrance of those days," would require a re-perusal. The "Enigma," too, might have been more carefully worded. We should like to see more variety in the metre. "Kelvin's Mary" in our next.

J. Mackenzie.—Too late. A portion in our third number.

Roscius.—The introduction of the long-tried question of Hamlet's lunacy would, we fear, give rise to a war of words. You misapply the passage—

"He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Serve for himself;—"

Study the context once more.

In connecting Richard the Third's allusion to the "piping times of peace" with the well-known custom of the North American Indians, you are certainly at fault. We are obliged to you for the suggestion, however.

Fair Play.—You are quite right, we are sorry to find. Problem 1. appeared in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for Oct. 7th, 1854. The mistake arose from its having been inserted in a private MS. along with some original positions. We shall be more upon our guard in future.

J. J. B.—The "Stanzas" at our earliest convenience.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 1. Q. Z. Z. and J. M. are correct.

Papers having no signature of any kind go at once into the "rag-basket."

The Game at Definitions is too well known to require any detailed description. Quotations from Wallbridge's *Council of Four* must often have met the eye of the newspaper reader, who, while perhaps admiring the exquisite fitness of many of these productions, must have been well aware that it was to other than child's play he was indebted for his passing enjoyment. Let us however suppose him a despiser of such conceits, but that, in obedience to the imitative spirit common to humanity, he has essayed to eclipse or (if a very modest man) at least to equal his predecessors upon their own ground,—it is ten to one in this case that he will have found himself vastly mistaken as to the exertion necessary to overcome the *vis inertia* of his common-place modes of thought; and, if hard pushed, may admit that from that day to the present not even a "ridiculus mus" has followed his expectant labours. We may be sure that it is neither a poor intellect, nor one likely to suffer waste, that can yield us "Ten thousand pounds sterling of sense concentrated into a cut and polished diamond;" but as many of the great capitalists of the world of letters have—like other millionaires—begun with making a skilful use of their five and ten pound notes, (not to mention the shillings and pence), we would have none despair of turning their abilities to account, provided they will submit to the drudgery which is inseparable from their first efforts at self-improvement. If the will be but forthcoming, we have no fears whatever for the way. Let "Practice makes perfect" be our motto, and we may yet see the time when by dealing "our little strokes" with vigour and right good will, we shall have strength enough to fell as "great oaks" as ever inspired dismay into the breast of a pioneer.

The following may be cited as favourable examples of the Definition:—

MISER. A man who makes bricks that his heirs may build houses.

LOMBARD. A dark place where poor people are allowed to grope about till they hurt themselves or somebody else.

PRISON. An oven where Society puts newly-made crime to harden.—A school where immoral training is administered to those who are going into the world, and moral training to those who are going out of it.

HEOS. The bones of the giant Civilization.

DEEL. Folly playing at murder.

MOXY. The largest slaveholder in the world.

We shall be happy to insert in our next number any fitting definitions of the words—

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------|------------|
| 1. CRITICISM. | 3. MEMORY. | 5. REMOUR. |
| 2. PATIENCE. | 4. AMBITION. | 6. HOPE. |

1. When the French Nation demanded its balance-sheet from Calonne, what two characters in Shakspearian Comedy did the parties resemble?
2. Why could not the present paper have been as well printed in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans?
3. Why is the Black Sea likely to be no longer dangerous?
4. Why was Falstaff like Cardinal Wolsey?

CHESS.

PROBLEM 2. White, playing first, to mate in Four Moves.

BLACK.

WB	BK	WK					
BP							
WR	BP					BP	
	WP					WP	
		BP		WP		BP	
		BP	WP	BP			WR
		WP		WP	WC	BP	

WHITE.

Solution of Problem 1.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to her 2nd. | Kt takes Q. |
| 2. K B to Q B 2nd. (ch) | C to Q 6th. |
| 3. Kt to Q 6th. (mate) | |

* The variations from this move are too numerous to detail.

A CHRISTIAN WIFE.

The wife of a Christian is not a simple mortal; she is a mysterious, extraordinary, angelic being,—the flesh of the flesh, the blood of the blood, of the husband. Man, in uniting himself to her, regains a part of his substance. His soul, as well as his body, is incomplete without this. He has strength, she has beauty: he combats with the enemies of his country, and labours in the fields. He does not understand the details of domestic life; but his companion prepares the repast, and her smiles sweeten existence. He has crosses,—and the partner of his couch is there to soften them; his days may be sad and troubled,—but in the fond arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose.

Without woman, man would be rude, gross, and solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence; as the creepers of the forest adorn the majestic oak with their odoriferous garlands. Finally,—the Christian pair live united, and in death are not separated;—in the dust they lie side by side, and their souls are united beyond the limits of the tomb.—*The Auld Man.*

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

Cheer up, my boys! time speeds away,
And makes each month seem but a day;
And thus and thus each new consignment
Comes to the end of his confinement.
Of joy or sorrow drink the cup,
But never sink—cheer up, cheer up!—J. J. B.

The Words of Belief.

Three words will I name thee—around and about,
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
But they had not their birth in the being without,
And the heart, not the lip, must their oracle be!
And all worth in the man shall for ever be o'er
When in these Three Words he believes no more.
Man is made free!—Man, by birthright, is free,
Though the tyrant may deem him but born for his tool,
Whatever the shout of the rabble may be—
Whatever the ranting misuse of the fool—
Still fear not the Slave, when he breaks from his chain,
For the Man made a Freeman grows safe in his gain.
And Virtue is more than a shade or a sound,
And Man may her voice, in this being, obey;
And though ever he slip on the stony ground,
Yet ever again to the godlike way,
Though her wisdom our wisdom may not perceive,
Yet the childlike spirit can still believe.
And a God there is!—over Space, over Time,
While the Human Will rocks, like a reed, to and fro,
Lives the Will of the Holy—A Purpose Sublime,
A thought woven over creation below;
Changing and shifting the All we inherit,
But changeless through all One Immutable Spirit!
Hold fast the Three Words of Belief—though about
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning they flee;
Yet they take not their birth from the being without—
But a voice from within must their oracle be;
And never all worth in the man can be o'er,
Till in those Three Words he believes no more.

"I long to forget thee."

I long to forget thee! but every sweet scene
Reminds me too strongly of days that have been;
Where can I look round me, but something recalls
Our friendship, our love,—and my spirit enthalls?
Each nook of the mountain—each cot of the gill—
The rush of the river—the flow of the rill—
The trees of the forest—the gems of the lea—
All whisper of childhood, of virtue, and thee.
When in spring-time the violets and primroses bloom,
When in summer the wild thyme is wafting perfume;
When autumn is mellowly tinging the trees,
And in winter's cold blast when the mountain streams freeze;
When bright glows the sun-ray—when soft moonlight shines
On the aged church tower, and dark waving pines—
Each season shall tell of some ever-fled bliss,
Of the press of thine hand, or the balm of thy kiss.
Thou wert long the sole theme of my earliest lays,
And my wild harp's first breathings were all in thy praise;
When in fancy that wild harp I hung on the yew,
I thought not the fancy would ere prove untrue.

I deem'd not the form that beside me reclined
In the haunt of the green-wood would e'er prove unkind—
Unkind to a heart that but liv'd for thy love,
And has pray'd for thy weal to the Spirit above.
'Tis evening! the hues of the sun-set are fled—
A deep sombre mist o'er the valley is spread—
The tall cliffs are wrapp'd in the shades of the night,
And Deraebrook no longer is lapsing in light;
The burst of the morning the gloom shall dispel,
And a halo of glory gild valley and fell—
Yet a shade o'er my destiny ever will be,
And Emma! that shade is—remembrance of thee!

Revenge of Injuries.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorn to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.
If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?
We say our hearts are great and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power but sold,
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.
A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,
To scorn to owe a duty over-long;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne,
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
To scorn to bear an injury in mind,
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.
But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind.
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?
Had Mariam scorn'd to leave a due unpaid,
She would to Herod then have paid her love;
And not have been by sullen passion sway'd,
To fix her thoughts all injury above
In virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
Long famous life to her had been allow'd.

Chorus from "The Tragedy of Mariam," 1613.

THE COMING WEEK.

- 15th. [THURSDAY.]
16th. [FRIDAY.]
17th. [SATURDAY.] St. Patrick d. 464. Dr. Chalmers b. 1780. Title of Duke first given in England, 1337.
18th. [SUNDAY.] 4th Sunday in Lent. Pr. Louisa b. 1848.
19th. [MONDAY.] First recorded eclipse.—721 B. C.
20th. [TUESDAY.] Sir Isaac Newton died, 1727.
21st. [WEDNESDAY.] Cranmer burned, 1556. Archbishop Usher d. 1656. Southey d. 1843.

* * * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnaveil.—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 3.]

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.
[MSS. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

"The combat deepens." The siege of Sebastopol may yet be the groundwork of an Epic as illustrious as that of Troy. The Romance of Fanaticism is surely a topic as grand as the Romance of Love. That fanaticism is largely mixed up in the present contest is incontrovertible. It pervades the entire Russian population, and there is no inconsiderable measure of it in Louis Napoleon's nature. To talk of peace till one of the parties is humbled is a mere waste of words. It could not be a permanent peace,—less satisfactory, perhaps, than protracted warfare. We do not anticipate any good result from the Vienna congress. Dissimulation will enter much into Russian diplomacy, but neither Louis Napoleon nor Lord Palmerston will be longer duped by it. There is too much at stake; the times are too critical; and neither the French nor English people would be satisfied with less than the erasure of Sebastopol. Prussia stands aloof, taking no part in the Vienna conference; and Austria, from all accounts, is not unwilling to back out of the scrape if she can. Well,—even though Austria should retrograde, (which may not be impossible) France and England are a match for Europe. We need not despair of the issue, though the conflict would be a bloody one. Oh War! what a monster thou art! Nations, it seems, cannot do without thee, and thy ravenous maw must still be glutted!

Sir Richard England and Sir Colin Campbell are yet, it would appear, to have the post of honour. They are to assault, it is said, the Redan fort, one of the strongest positions of the enemy. We wait with confidence the results of the onset. That they will rush to "glory or the grave," who can for an instant doubt?

Every thing now, in the Crimea, is better conducted, and we hear no more complaining from the Metropolitan press. The committee of Investigation continues to sit. Striking instances of mismanagement are revealed. It is clear that a complete reform is needed in the whole military system.

Two squadrons of Lancers and 400 Cossacks have defeated eight squadrons of Turks at Eupatoria.

Sir J. Pakington has obtained leave to introduce a bill for the better education of England and Wales. This would be a great boon, could it be carried out. Government offers no opposition, but the religious element has before prevented, and most likely will present insuperable difficulties to, the successful prosecution of the scheme.

All is quiet again in Australia and at the Cape. At Mel-

bourne trade is very dull; goods are being disposed of at less than the original cost. Railways are rapidly extending over India. The Imperialists and Insurgents are still at war in China.

Every thing at home gives place to preparations for the war. The intense interest evinced by every one shows how much the national enthusiasm is awakened. Defences, barracks, ships, stores, transports, militia, are in everybody's mouth. It would be difficult for any Czar to make us "give in" at the present moment. With all this, however, the under-current of British feeling is for peace.

Latest News.—LONDON, Mar. 21st. VIENNA CONFERENCE. The *Times'* Berlin correspondent telegraphs that on the 17th inst., the first of the four points was definitively settled, and adopted by all parties.—PORTSMOUTH, Tuesday Afternoon. The flying squadron for the Baltic left to-day. The Royal Yacht, with her Majesty on board, hoisted the signal "Success, farewell."—THE CRIMEA.—A favourable report as to the health of the army, from Dr. Hall, dated Mar. 2.

HAND OF THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

After the execution of the great Montrose, one of his hands was sent to Aberdeen, and when Charles II. visited the burgh in 1650, it was sticking on a pinnacle of the Tolbooth, opposite to which the Monarch lodged on that occasion. In a few years afterwards, however, the hand was taken down, and interred in St. Nicholas' Church, and when the Restoration had once more made the Royalist cause triumphant, the second Marquis of Montrose requested that the buried hand should be disinterred, and preserved at his disposal.—The Authorities at Aberdeen set about this task with great pomp and ceremony:—

"The Magistrates and Council having given order for the fersaid of. set, and report being made to them that the said Member was found out in the place of the said Church where it had been interred; and being most willing and desirous to take up and preserve the same in the most decent and convenient manner could be gone about,—Have appointed, and does appoint, the inhabitants of the burgh to be warrin be beat of drum and sound of trumpet for conveying this day, about twelf a clock, in their best array and array, for accompanying the Magistrates and Council to the Church, for taking up the said Member. And that the same be taken up and put in one coffin, to be covered with one roid crimson velvet cloth, and carried by Harie Graham, son to the Laird of Morphey, from the Church down to the braid street to the Town's publick house, accompanied with the Magistrates and Council, and with the inhabitants of the town going before in robes to the Town's publick house with sound of trumpet and beat of drum, ther to be kept under custodie of the Magistrates in the high Council House, till such tyme, as order shuld be sent for transporting thereof, and appoints the inhabitants to discharge their guns, and shoot volies at and about the Mercat Croce at their coming thairunto, and deliverie of the said Member to the Magistrates."

The dismembered hand, it appears, rested in the Town's House for about six weeks, when it was delivered to the Laird of Fintry.—*The Auld Man.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr, and Selections from his Minor Writings. Edited and Translated by Susanna Winkworth. 3 vols.

(Second Notice.)

A letter of introduction to a Mr. Scott, whom his father had known in Bönning, procured Niebuhr a welcome in a private circle; on which occasion, to use his own words, he entered "in thought a new home." Nothing in his correspondence at this period gives us a higher view of the writer's character, than the introduction of the single word "*Thatselbstigkeit*" (doodlessness) as a self-descriptive epithet. None but the true nobility of nature will fasten this badge upon themselves. Would that we could number more of them!

"I have only two courses of lectures to attend as yet," he writes at this time, "one by Dr. Hope, and the other by Professor Robinson. The first is excellent. It will give me an opportunity one way or another of learning physics, for which I have a great inclination. Playfair has not yet begun the higher mathematics, but will do so on Wednesday; he will be my third tutor. About taking more I hesitate. My understanding counsels me not to lose the advantage of hearing Munroe's anatomy, but my feelings loathe it. Should it be the necessary price of Stewart and Tytler's society to attend their lectures, I may resolve to pay it; but with these my lectures would amount up to six, and the consequence would be, that my daily hours of study must rise to more than twelve, which seems with me to be the limit, if not of physical strength, at all events of the power of thinking for myself. I have begun to study mathematics by myself with success, and mean to make constant use of the beautiful observatory, which is situated on a rocky hill to the north-east of the city."

In his next letter he speaks of the pleasure he had derived from visiting his new friends, despite the "strict and rather pedantic poetry" which he had not then seen paralleled elsewhere. The father of the family, we may observe, had already established him pretty closely, and determined him, so far as he could with sincerity, to "confirm to the kirk."

Letter LI. contains an interesting summary of his experiences in general society, from which we shall take a single extract, promising that Niebuhr was always "a fish out of water" when in company with the fair.

"Of the female sex I cannot speak from my own knowledge; out of Mr. Scott's family I have not had so much as one long conversation with any lady; I have, however, seen a considerable number, and found them extremely common-place. [Don't be angry, good daughters; it was only your interests he referred to.] On the whole, women, though treated with scrupulous politeness are very little honored; and few men have any idea that their conversation can be an agreeable recreation. In families where freedom prevails between the young people of both sexes, and is confined within the limits of propriety, (over which a strict watch is kept,) the whole pleasure of their intercourse consists in jest, frolic, dancing, and fun, just calculated to please and feed empty-headed frivolity. In parties, the ladies always keep together, and beyond certain prescribed formalities, are treated with perfect indifference; it would excite the greatest attention, if the least interest were perceptible in the conversation of two young people with each other."

This is a singular paragraph,—one to which our "*Grandmother's*" Review would obviously be best fitted to do justice. We must ourselves decline to offer any comment upon it; and will preserve a dignified silence before the bare (we had almost said *barfaced*) assertion that finds its way into another letter. Truth must be told, however; and nothing is more certain than the fact of Niebuhr having recorded that amongst the young ladies of Scotland "beauty is extremely rare." The most interested parties will not, perhaps, make the *fairest* advocates in this cause; but there will be no end of speeches, and we fear that the *Herr's* reputation stands in danger.

"Handsome is, as handsome does," however; and we are glad to find that a trip through East Lothian raised our countrymen in the estimation of the Dane. "The rare enjoyment" he says "of finding my expectations surpassed, and what is far more, the simple heartiness with which I was received by people, with whom I could exchange respect in the first hour, has given me quite a new view of the nation, and a liking for it, which nothing before had called out. I can now return with the conviction of hav-

ing obtained a really correct view of the country, and with a just and cordial love of its inhabitants."

This is only what might have been expected; for, as he observes elsewhere, "acquaintance in the country does not proceed at such a sleepy pace as in the town, where you have only too much of it."

"Here, German manners were in fashion, and the young ladies were as artlessly friendly as if they had learnt of you and your sisters, that it is a narrow-minded prejudice to refuse ordinary confidence and marks of sympathy in conversation, because a stranger happens to be a man."

"If I were a landlord here," he adds, "I should not make much profit, for it seems to me an unjustifiable thing to drive away such people, by over-exaction, from the soil which they have done so much to improve and embellish; and it has excited my indignation to see that this is not at all taken into account. Certainly one would be far from desiring that a whole nation should resemble them, or sincerely wishing to take up one's abode among them. Still the first might not be so bad after all, and as to the latter, we should only find in the long run, that we had not chosen the better part, if we adopted their tone in all things. The number of their ideas is limited, and it is inevitable that many things should be perfectly indifferent to them, which stir our whole hearts; that they should have an inordinate amount of phlegm. I even feel myself that my stay here, and my consociation with the things of daily life, has made me liable to the contagion, and therefore should not wish to be the associate of these very worthy men for any length of time. Perhaps, it has done me a little harm already; perhaps it is with the dwelling on the things of common life, as with the composition of the air that we breathe, the life-giving part of which, when pure, seems to be only fit for another world, and would consume our life here."

His thoughts seem at one time to have turned towards the Highlands, which, unfortunately, he only beheld in imagination. "The Scotch mountaineers," he writes "have been savages from time immemorial, and now that civilization is gradually spreading among them, are necessarily much deteriorating, as all savages do." Nevertheless, he would fain have had a glimpse of them, and we are amused at the difficulty (so characteristic of the man) which he finds in the want of Gaelic. "In order to know them on their favorable side, an acquaintance with their language is necessary, which, in my uncertainty about visiting their country, I must renounce the attempt to acquire, and to which all helps are strangely wanting."

With one more extract, illustrative of the mind of the scholar at this particular period, we shall conclude these remarks;—hoping that we have done enough to show the interest which the correspondence should possess in the eyes of our fellow-countrymen:—

"I could wish," he says "that some happy idea may be awakened within me some day, which, when developed, might grow into a noble, beautiful, and enduring intellectual work. I would this were possible. Works on the so-called exact sciences, even if I should advance so far, could not, from the measure of my powers, and the present state of these sciences, ever become anything of this kind. Philosophy!—He who presumes to raise his voice on this subject, without having the clearest vocation, will do little good thereby. History!—Its worth and importance may appear problematical; and besides, I see with sorrow, that, owing to the inadequacy of our knowledge, chiefly caused by the ignorance and incapacity of those who had it in their power to have furnished to us the materials of history, it is almost impossible to carry out anything like the comprehensive and magnificent plan with which my mind has been long occupied."

Does he refer to some such idea as Schlegel has since realized? Let the reader look to his future letters for an answer. As the after-career of Niebuhr became incorporated with historical events of permanent interest, the present "Life" furnishes many valuable materials which may throw light upon the dark places of diplomacy; interspersed with (or rather, perhaps, founded upon) a mass of original reflections, calculated "to give pleasure to all, and offence to none."

WESTMINSTER HALL AND THE FOUR COURTS.

WESTMINSTER HALL.—This noble building, exclusively assigned for the trial of peers, and other great and important ceremonies, is grand in respect of its dimensions, venerable in regard to its antiquity, and singular in point of its architecture. In the immediate vicinity, are the Houses of Peers and Commons, while it is closely surrounded by the

Courts of Law, which regularly sit during the four terms of Hilary, Easter, Trinity, and Michaelmas. Of each of these tribunals we shall here treat briefly, and in due order.

1.—**COURT OF EXCHEQUER.**—This is situate in the right-hand corner of the Hall, next to the principal entrance. The suitors, counsel, and attorneys ascend by means of a flight of steps, while the judges have immediate access from the street. On entering an apartment, apparently too small in point of dimensions, the first thing that strikes the eye of a stranger is the chequered cloth, resembling a chess-board, which covers the table, and whence indeed the seat of justice derives its name. The Court of Exchequer, which is inferior in point of rank to the King's Bench and Common Pleas, consists of two divisions:—1. The Receipt of the Exchequer, which manages the royal revenue; and, 2. The Judicial part of it, which is again subdivided into a Court of Equity and a Court of Law.

II.—THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—(FREQUENTLY DENOMINATED IN LAW, "THE COURT OF COMMON BENCH.")—This is also on the right hand side, and towards the middle of the hall, being situated in a recess of the same, with a gallery on one side. In point of dimensions, it is far from being either grand or convenient; for, after the judges and counsel are seated, there is little or no room for the clients of the court, which was quaintly stated by Sir Edward Coke to be "The Lock and Key of the Common Law." The jurisdiction is very extensive; for here only can real actions, or such as concern the right of freehold, be originally brought; and also very ancient, for it originated with the Conqueror, and was accustomed to follow the king's household until the time of King John, who consented, by a special clause in Magna Charta, that it should become stationary.

III.—THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH—placed in the left-hand corner of the hall—an ancient and venerable tribunal, which possesses great and extraordinary powers, neither belonging to nor claimed by the Exchequer, Common Pleas, nor Chancery. The judges are sitting in their robes; one of the counsel is addressing them; and it may be seen from the attitudes of the spectators, that the cause is a great and important one. To the right are the Jury, assembled in the box destined for their reception. In the centre are to be seen the Gentlemen of the *Long Robe*; under the Bench sit the officers of the court, while a crowd of strangers stand around.

IV.—HIGH COURT OF CHANCERY.—Takes its name from *Cancellarius* or Judge, who presides there, and whose office is created by the mere delivery of the King's great seal into his custody. The apartment in which he presides is situated on the right-hand side of Westminster Hall, and although of only the same dimensions as the King's Bench, yet the suitors as well as strangers have more room, as there is no jury-box. Here, as in the Court of Exchequer, are two distinct tribunals; the one ordinary—being a court of common law—the other extraordinary, being a court of equity; the latter of which embraces a wide and extensive jurisdiction.

J. M.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P.—*The Essay next week*

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST. — *Your sentiments we can fully appreciate. — The Enigmas, if we recollect rightly, were made by a grandfather of "the oldest inhabitant."* We thank you for your attention, however.

J. S.—The Gartaivel Gazette will only occupy itself with such features of religious belief as are common to Christians of every denomination. Your verses are "not for all markets." Try some *Journal of the "Kirk."*

M. M.—Your letter shall take an intermediate position between the "rag-bucket" and "Gazette." See below. We could do no more for you.

T. MILLER.—We have been highly pleased with your letter, and regret that the narrowness of our limits precludes the possibility of a fitting acknowledgment. We should like to have your hand in bond with you ever your own ground, enlarging upon its beauties, and at the same time pointing out its defects. This must not be, however; and we can only add, that "we thank you," with a further assurance that our thanks are not "too dear, a halfpenny." No. 4 will contain a *Problem* more worthy of your attention. Let us hear about it, if possible.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM 2.—J. M., Q. Z. Z., *₂*, and T. J., are correct.

J.S. Papers having no signature of any kind go at once into the "rag-basket."

Definitions of Words given in No. 2.

1. CURTIS. A *Photograph from the Mirror of Nature*.—J. P. A winnowing, which, like the winnowing of grain, depends very much on "how the wind blows."—T. M. The Purgatory of Authors.—Q. Z. Z.
2. PATIENCE. The *Elbow of suffering*.—J. P. An article for which the demand generally exceeds the supply.—Q. Z. Z. Honey distilled from adobe.—M. N.
3. MEMORY. The *slide of old age*.—J. P. An unique cabinet of fossils.—W. E. Y.
4. AMERICA. The *Perpetual Motion*.—J. P. A god by which fools are driven.—W. E. Y.
5. REMORSE. The *Telegraph of Scandal*.—J. P. The public mind thinking aloud.—MONSIEUR HERBESPEY. An impersonation of a nonentity.—W. E. Y.
6. HOPS. The *bath of the unfortunate*.—J. P. The only liar who can keep his character.—Q. Z. Z. The *science of life*.—W. E. Y.

Words to be Defined.

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. GUNPOWDER. | 3. STEAM. | 5. GOLD. |
| 2. HONOUR. | 4. HONESTY.* | 6. HUMANITY. |

Answers to the Conundrums in No. 2

1. *Slender* and the pseudo *Aune Page*; for when the one said "Mum!" the other cried "Budget!"
2. Because we should have there found the "types of the invisible."
3. Because it is now known to hundreds of our "navigators."
4. Because "He was a man of an unobscured stomach,
Ever ranking himself with princes."

CHESS

PROBLEM 3. White, playing first, to mate in Five Moves.

By Q. Z. Z.

BLACK.

WC	BBc	BB	BK				
BB	BP		BQ	BP	WK	BP	
	WP			BP		WP	
	WQ			WP		WP	BP
BP						WK	WP
WP							
			WC				
		WB					

WHITE

Solution of Problem 2

WHITE,

1. B to K C's sq.
2. Kt takes P.
3. Kt to K's 4th.
4. Kt to Q's 6th. (same).

BLACK.

- P takes C.
P advances.
K to Q. Kt's 2nd

THE FOUR

exclusively
t and impor-
nsions, vene-
point of its
he Houses of
unded by the

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

I.—Human Love.

I would not live unloved! for in my heart
Affection is a strong necessity,
With whose bright chain were I now called to part,
Soon would my withering soul in ruins lie.
Dearer than sun-light to the opening flower,
The tender smile o'er friendship's features flung;
Softer than shepherd's lay at evening hour,
The music wafted from Affection's tongue!
Ah, light of life! sole element of heaven!
Celestial love,—meet language of the skies!—
The soul to whom thy pulse is deepest given
Most largely breathes the bliss that never dies,
And even, in this dim sphere of dust and sin,
Feels Eden's thirst of nobler joys begin.

II.—Divine Love.

But oh! if thus mere love of human kind
Can heavenward raise the children of the sod,
How purer far and holier glows the mind
Intensely fervid with the love of God!
The heart whose tenderness is ceaseless shed
O'er mortal idols, perishing as fair,
May start, at noon, to find those blossoms dead
Whose fragrant beauty charmed the morning air!
While he who to the eternal fount of love,
With zeal untiring, bringeth evermore
A soul's devotion, kindled from above,
And rich in Christian hopes, (a priceless store!)
Alone hath proved Affection's noblest end,
When God is hailed the pardoned sinner's Friend!

The fountains smoke, and yet no flames they show,
Starry shine all night, though undecorated by day,
The trees doo spring, yet are not scene to grow,
And shadowes move, although they seeme to stay;
In winter's woe is buried summer's blisse,
And love loves most when love most secret is.
The stillest streames describe the greatest doope,
The clearest sky is subject to a shower,
Conceit's most sweete when as it seems to sleepe,
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lower;
The silent groves sweete nymphes they cannot misse,
For love loves most where love most secret is.
The rarest jewels hidden virtue yeeld,
The sweete of traffique is a secret gaine,
The yeare once olde doth shew a barren field,
And plantes seeme dead, and yet they spring again;
Cupid is blind,—the reason why, is this,
Love loveth most when love most secret is.

Jones's "Garden of Delights," 1613.

Kelvin's Mary.—A Song.

Where is the maid that is sae neat,
Wi' lips and cheeks sae fresh and sweet,
Frae tap to toe wha's sae complete
As Kelvin's lovely Mary?
Wi' rosy mou and twa black e'en
She looks sae modest, blithe, and keen,
Of Scotland's beauties she's the queen,
Is Kelvin's lovely Mary.

And ay she looks sae blythe and free,
Wi' stealing smiles of love to me:
'Twould be a pleasant death to deo
For love o' Kelvin's Mary.

Far be the rogue would her beguile,
Or try her tender heart to wile,
Or cause a frown to cloud the smile
O' Kelvin's lovely Mary.

Where'er she roam by land or sea,
Far from her home let sorrow be,
And ne'er a tear bedim the e'e
Of Kelvin's lovely Mary.

And should Dame Fortune be as kin'
As mak' this bonnie lassie mine,
How glad wi' heart and hand I'll join
For ever wi' my Mary!

J. B.

On Viewing my Mother's Picture.

How warms the heart when dwelling on that face,
Those lips that mine a thousand times have prest,
The swelling source that nurture gave t'her race,
Where found my infant head its downiest rest!
How in those features aim to trace my own,
Cast in a softer mould my being see;
Recall the voice that soothed my helpless moan,
The thoughts that sprang for scarcely aught save me;
That shaped and formed me; gave me to the day,
Bade in her breast absorbing love arise;
O'er me a ceaseless tender care display,
For weak all else to thee, maternal ties!
This debt of love but One may claim; no other
Such self-devotion boasts, save thee, my Mother!

Stanzas for Music.

When stars are shining pale and high
Far o'er the boundless deep,
Then underneath the silent sky
I wander forth to weep.
And Memory, in that silent hour,
Recalls each dear-loved scene,
Awakening with a voice of power
The things which once have been.

Ye leave me now, ye visions bright,
Which charmed my early years!—
Ye've fled,—and left me but the night
Of sadness and of tears!

And like all bright and fleeting things—
The visions of a day,—
Even like to them, on Eagles' wings
Ye too have passed away!

J. J. B.

THE COMING WEEK.

22nd. [THURSDAY.] Plague in London, 1665.
23rd. [FRIDAY.] Weber d, 1829.
24th. [SATURDAY.] Queen Elizabeth d, 1603.
25th. [SUNDAY.] 5th Sunday in Lent. Lady day. Christi
Schools instituted, 1687.
26th. [MONDAY.] Duke of Cambridge b, 1819.
27th. [TUESDAY.] James I. d. 1625. Peace of Amiens, 1801.
28th. [WEDNESDAY.] General Abercromby d, 1801.

* * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnavel.—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 4.]

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.
[MSS. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE eyes of Europe are on the Vienna Conference. Sagacious statesmen do not much like the aspect of the present war; they see a volcano ready to burst forth and devastate the nations; and if an honourable peace could be secured they would doubtless rejoice. Would that we may be able to say of the Congress "All's well that ends well,"—but we fear it will not be so. Russia has too long been unchecked; her ambition is now unbounded, and nothing will suffice but to chain her as one does a wild animal.

The new Czar, after the fashion of Czars, hastens to consolidate his power. Poland is an eye-sore. All its inhabitants, each in his respective parish, were, the other day, made to swear fealty to him at the hands of the priests. The youths at school were also sworn by government officials. What a pitiable spectacle is despotism! We should have wished, since fight we must, to have fought for the long-oppressed Pole instead of the Turk. There is something ominous in the alliance of France and England with Turkey. Superstitious people will say, "There can no good come out of it." We are half-inclined to think so ourselves, though we believe the present war to have been forced upon us; that it is a righteous war, and that it could not be avoided consistently with our honour and safety. Perhaps the poor Poles may yet, however, get a lift at our hands. We earnestly pray that they may.

News of the bombardment and assault of Sebastopol is daily expected. Every thing goes on well in the Crimea. The veteran Lord Lyndhurst made a noble speech last week in the House of Lords. He exposed the tactics of Prussia, representing her as weak and vacillating, and, by her chicanery, standing in the way of every effort for peace. Lord Clarendon in reply showed that Prussian diplomacy is not unknown in the Cabinet,—that it is thoroughly deciphered and narrowly watched.

On Friday, the Lord Advocate introduced his Education Bill. It is the same in its essential features as the one thrown out last year. The chief objection to it is the dismemberment of the Parochial system which time has hallowed in Scotland. The chances of its passing are greater this session.

It would appear that America has a longing eye after Cuba. The aggrandising spirit of nations would seem to be contagious. Who could have thought that America—the boasted land of freedom—would copy the conduct of despotic

and imperial Czars in this enlightened age! It is not improbable, should the whole of Europe become involved in this war,—of which there is every likelihood,—that Jonathan will grasp the coveted prize.

Latest News. THE CRIMEA. The Russian works are in splendid condition. The "general attack" said to have taken place on the 17th is not alluded to in Lord Raglan's despatch of that date. The French loss on the 13th and 14th was nearly 200 men killed and wounded.—EUPATRIA. The garrison expect an attack. Omer Pacha, it is said, demands reinforcements.—PARIS, Tuesday. The 'voice is still for war.'

(To the Editor of the Gartnavel Gazette.)

SIR,—You are aware, I presume, that the idea of the "Definition" is by no means a novel creation. As you may not, however, have met with the following specimens of a "Dictionary for 1785," (taken from the same volume of the *Glasgow Mercury* to which reference was made in your first number,) I have been at the pains to extract them:—

- PLACE—The chief end of man, particularly of a statesman.
- MATRIMONY—That which precedes a divorce.
- DEBTS—Obligations conferred on tradesmen.
- PATRIOTISM—The ruins of an old mansion, title of which appears now.
- WING—A term of reproach, and usually applied to gamblers, sharpers, and thieves.
- TOOT—Any man who respects his king.
- SINCERITY—One of the liberal professions.
- ARMY—One of the principal weapons of political warfare.
- GERATE—Any poor devil in a black coat.
- DEBAUCHING—The introduction of a young lady into polite life.
- LOVE—That desire which people have for a haunch of venison, a dish of turtle, or a landed estate.
- CUTCH—A large empty building with an organ in it.
- BEAD—A species of lap-dog.
- POPULARITY—The buzz of chimney-sweepers and pick-pockets. Some understand it to be the footstool of a Minister which he kicks from under him when he gets into place.

The spirit of the times might be gathered from a collection of these trifles; and we should no doubt be able to recognise a strong family likeness in many widely-separated eras. Yours truly, DE LUNATICO INQUIREND.

P. S. I send inclosed a very singular Advertisement from the same paper, which you may perhaps admit as a literary curiosity, if originality be an essential feature of the Phoenix department.

NEWS versus NEWSPAPERS.—Any title-tattle about the "big wigs," in these war times, is of course greedily devoured by the upholders of the "fourth estate," whose appetite may truly be said to "grow with what it feeds on." The same dish must, as a matter of necessity, go the round of all the tables;—but that's nothing;—The "King's press" abuses the lieges villainously. Take for example a picture in little (some score of lines or thereabout) of Lord Aberdeen, which lately appeared in some of the principal journals, and which we find to be word for word anticipated in the *Athenaeum* for 1835, copying in its turn from a *New York Mirror* of the period. Twenty years have rolled over his Lordship's head since he sat for this portrait; yet John Bull is still gullible enough to "swallow" the old image,—coat, check trousers, cravat, and all!

"DOMINIE" [BUT NOT] "SAMPSON."

"Who calls to loud?"—ROMEO AND JULIET.

"CESSURE" it has been well observed "is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it."

Fortified by such a text as this, we have no hesitation in "making a clean breast of it" by noticing some extracts from a letter bearing the signature of "A Teacher" which may be called the "most unkindest cuts of all" that have hitherto menaced our editorial person. Two very cogent necessities compel us to take this step:—First, the fear lest our silence on these matters might be confounded with an assent to the writer's conclusions; and, secondly, our desire to save much trouble to ourselves and others, by checking in the commencement these premonitory symptoms of discontent. The "rag-basket," we are well assured, will stand "in terror" before the eyes of all purely anonymous scribblers; and we would never, we trust, hesitate to lift a glove with its owner's name upon it:—so far we are ready at all times to be "lock'd up in steel," and leave the rest to Fortune. But there is another class of "literary warriors," (to anticipate the communication in question) before whose barred vizors we may be allowed to indulge in a moment's reflection, which leads us to demand, of their champion, either

First,—That he—the Unknown Knight—shall in our presence "wear his beaver up," in accordance with the Laws of the Grand Tournament; [See "Times" newspaper]—or

Secondly,—That the public, if satisfied with our demeanour, shall "throw his warder down" at the end of the first bout, and grant an interdict for the time coming upon all such irregular proceedings.

The first of these alternatives is not adopted; we must, therefore, stand to our ground touching the second. Were it not that our peace of mind is at stake, we might dispense with the little honour to be found in the affair. Our selfishness is a famous good, however; and we think upon the double relish which pleasure possesses after an interval of pain.

Now, then, for the Dominie,—before whom we are forced to plead guilty of

"—creeping like snail,

Unwillingly to school."

The second paragraph of his letter opens with a connection of "unlicensed printing," and the "subtlety of Satan"—an enlargement of the story about the Devil and Dr Faustus which, even in Scotland, can scarcely be mistaken for pigotry. We shall pass over the general statement, and come to its particular application.

"Look," says our lecturer "to the hearts under which the paper is issued, and you read 'Evil be to him that evil thinks.' Is this in keeping with the old motto of this house—RETURNER? Is it consonant with scriptural precept—Return 'good for evil'?"

As to the first of these questions, we need not trouble ourselves to examine it; for it is evidently of far greater consequence that we should agree with the rules of Scripture than with those of Gartnavel; and should the laws of God and human institutions come into opposition, we would have no hesitation in determining which of the two must

* The "Teacher" has "an eye to No. 1." "Au revoir," we can only detect three entire words of the French, to which he may be presumed to refer. The remainder, strictly speaking, is a matter of imagination, and he seems, by putting an ill interpretation on things hidden, to have fairly thrust himself amongst those for whom the motto is principally designed.

The Herald's Office, not the Gazette's, is the place to which he should send these complaints.

"go to the wall." Now, although we have no great veneration for the Most Noble Order of the Garter as a living reality in this enlightened age of ours, we can find nothing to quarrel with in its motto; and, moreover, upon placing it by the side of the precept "Judge not, that ye be not judged," we detect no such striking discrepancies between the two passages as should make us hold to the one and despise the other. We are confident that an overwhelming majority of our readers will be equally blind; and shall therefore leave this "head and front of our offending" to shift for itself. *Ea deant!* therefore. "Secondly," says the "Teacher,"—

"Examine your adopted motto from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*—'Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.' Can any one writing under such a motto,—branding himself as insane,—ever hope that the Christian public will admit his writings to their homes, or Christian guardians of patients here ever cease to wonder that the Rulers of this house have adopted insanity as their motto under which to teach delusion?"

"He speaks plain cannon," you perceive; but, provided we escape without a smothering from the "smoke," and remain deaf to the "bounce" of his artillery, its "fire" might as well be expended against the "horns of the moon," for all that we are likely to suffer by it.

Here again we have but one question out of two to consider: for our hopes that the "Christian public" would take an interest in our publication have been already realized: there remain only the "Christian guardians," with their ceaseless "wonder that the Rulers of this house" &c. &c.,—and it will be obvious to the most careless reviewer of the paragraph, that the "*onus probandi*" in this case lies with the sphere of the Editor of this Journal.

Without wasting words upon our motto, we may observe that it has been especially approved of by parties upon whose taste and judgment we can confidently rely; and as to the charge of "teaching delusions," although we might be excused in retorting it to the discomfiture of our correspondent, yet, tempering justice with mercy, we are willing to "let that rest."

"But, worthy lord, have you with heed perused
What we have written to you?"

At the risk of losing some of our conceit, we must really have our doubts as to the extent to which we have been "A Teacher's" teacher. Some unfavourable lines among our "Notices to Correspondents" may peradventure have caught the eye of one whose hand-writing seems not altogether new to us,—and—"hinc illa lachryma." We are "open to conviction," but this is evidently not "the man that can convince us."

"Thirdly," says the writer, "War is the principal theme, and youth are taught that war is existing without with all its deceitfulness and heart-burnings. And what comes of it? Forth go into the world literary warriors without that true knowledge necessary to keep them from insane but subtle assaults upon all that is sacred, to the overturn of existing institutions."

That "War" is our "principal theme" is contrary to fact. Of the twenty-four columns published up to the date of our correspondent's letter, only a twelfth part were devoted to this topic of all-absorbing interest; and we may refer "A Teacher" to our well-known manager of the "News" department for a knowledge of the difficulty which is found in sufficiently condensing these matters to meet the limits to which he is necessarily confined. That we talk of the "dogs of war" as familiarly

"As mounds of thirteen do of puppy dogs,"

and thereby pave the way for anarchy and insubordination, is equally false. For the spirit of our theory we need only refer to the lines from the "Tragedy of Mariam," which

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

The Poor Fiddler's Ode to his Old Fiddle.

(From an old number of the "Musical World.")

Torn
Worn
Oppressed I mourn
Bad
Sad

Three-quarters mad

Money gone

Credit none

Duns at door

Half a score

Wife in lair

Twins again

Others ailing

Nurse ailing

Billy hooping

Betsy crouching

Besides poor Joe

With fester'd toe

Come, then, my Fiddle,

Come, my time-worn friend,

With gay and brilliant sounds

Some sweet though transient solace lend.

Thy polished neck in close embrace

I clasp, while joy illumines my face.

When o'er thy strings I draw my bow,

My drooping spirit pants to rise;

A lively strain I touch—and lo!

I seem to mount above the skies.

There on Fancy's wing I soar,

Heedless of the duns at door;

Oblivious all! I feel my woes no more;

But skip o'er the strings,

As my old Fiddle sings,

'Cheerily, oh! merrily go!

'Presto! good master,

'You very well know

'I will find music,

'If you will find how,

'From E, up in alto, to G, down below.'

Fatigued, I pause to change the time

For some *Adagio*, solemn and sublime.

With graceful action moves the sinuous arm;

My heart, responsive to the soothing charm,

Thrills equally; whilst every health-corroding care

Lies prostrate, vanquished by the soft mellifluous air.

More and more plaintive grown, my eyes with tears o'erflow,

And Resignation mild soon smooths my wrinkled brow.

Reedy Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall,

The Serpent may grunt, and the Trombone may bawl;

But, by Poll,* my old Fiddle's the prince of them all.

Could o'en Dryden return, thy praise to rehearse,

His Ode to Cecilia would seem rugged verse.

Now to thy case, in flannel warm to lie,

Till call'd again to pipe thy master's eye.

* Apollo.

Bygone Happiness.

Far gazing over memory's track,
Who hath not, in thus looking back,
Some sunny spot by memory brought,
Some long forgotten theme or thought,
Which, with a higher sadder power,
Comes o'er the heart in memory's hour;
Some spot though distant, yet which seems
To realize our early dreams
Of friendly homes we loved the best,
Like some fair island of the West,
Which ever floating seems to be
Amid life's dark and troubled sea.
And even such a home was mine,
Though thus in grief I sadly pine.
Yet not for more than kingly power
That ever bright and happy hour,—
No, not for worlds,—would I give,
Which bids such happy visions live.

Oh, where are those bless'd moments fled?
That pleasant life which once I led?
Those parted friends, by land and main,—
Those early joys so dearly bought,
As memory brings them? When I've thought
Myself once more at home again,
When smiled the sun on hill and plain—
Oh, scene so very dear to me!
Scene of my helpless infancy!—
And that my innocence and youth
Had in very deed and truth
On memory's wings come back to me!—J. J. B.

The Season.

The insect-world, now sunbeams higher climb,
Oft dream of spring, and wake before their time.
Bees stroke their little legs across their wings,
And venture short flights where the snow-drop hings
Its silver bell, and winter aconite
Its butter-cup-like flowers, that shut at night,
With green leaf furling round its cup of gold,
Like tender maiden muffled from the cold:
They sip, and find their honey-dreams are vain,
Then feebly hasten to their hives again.
The butterflies, by eager hopes undone,
Glad as a child come out to greet the sun,
Beneath the shadow of a sudden shower
Are lost—nor see to-morrow's April flower.

THE COMING WEEK.

29th. [THURSDAY.] Charles Wesley died, 1788.
30th. [FRIDAY.] Dr. Hunter died, 1783.
31st. [SATURDAY.] Allied Sovereigns entered Paris, 1814.
Beethoven d. 1827. Census of 1851 taken.

APRIL.

1st. [SUNDAY.] Palm Sunday.
2nd. [MONDAY.] John Howe, theological writer d. 1795.
3rd. [TUESDAY.] Bishop Heber died, 1826.
4th. [WEDNESDAY.]

* * * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnaveil—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 6.]

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.

[MSs. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is the end of the military policy of Russia he fittingly described by the phrase "*alieni appetens*"—and what two words can better depict it?—its means are not less happily illustrated by the "*sui profusus*" of the same passage. Scarcely have the survivors of one sortie found time to bury their dead, ere they are themselves numbered among the victims of another. Notwithstanding this, however, the garrison of Sebastopol, after a mock siege of half a year, stand resolutely to their guns. For five weary months

"War, death, and sickness did lay siege to them."

yet their battalions are still full of vigour, and pace

"—securely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gaze and point
At our industrious scenes and acts of death."

Nay, more;—following the example of the Allies, who would seem to have set all experience at defiance—they have converted the defence into an attack, and, from time to time, rush "like the wolf on the fold" against the bristling lines of the besiegers. Generally speaking, the accounts of these skirmishes are of little interest, and there is no exception to the uniformity of the results. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the leaders of the British army—and they are likely to suffer from the criticism now so rife—there can be no lack of confidence in the men of whom it is composed; and we may unhesitatingly assert that no other soldiers in Europe could have extricated themselves from the perils in which the desperate movements of their enemies have occasionally placed them.

The battle—for it deserves the name—on the night of the 22nd of March will have been "fought over again" by most of our readers. The *Times* is of opinion that (despite Lord Raglan's despatch) no *bona fide* particulars of the action have yet been received. It is time, adds the great commentator, that "the dreadful note of preparation" which has so long rung from "camp to camp" should be converted into a "double-quick" march. "The pear," it conceives, must be "ripe," though a strong pull may yet be needed to bring it from the tree.

The Emperor and Empress of the French are expected in London upon Monday. The Imperial visitors will be sumptuously received by the Civic Authorities. Her Majesty and Prince Albert are solicited to be present on the occasion.

The death of Menschikoff is confirmed, but its circumstances are still somewhat mysterious. He is said to have been

wounded by an English shell on the 18th of February, and to have sunk at last under the effects of the blow.

There has been considerable excitement in the United States, on account of certain inducements held out to such of the German population as might enlist in the Queen's service.

The recent bank stoppages at San Francisco have been attended with serious consequences to the labouring classes. The general prosperity of the country is, however, too firmly established to be affected by these matters, and in "one month or two (says the *Times*' correspondent) the panic will be forgotten in some new excitement."

It is now believed that the famous Pamphlet on the War was falsely attributed to Prince Napoleon. Any foreign publishers making insinuations to the effect that he is its author will run the risk of prosecution. The Paris Exhibition opens on the 1st of May. The Glasgow goods are en route.

On Thursday last Mr. Layard was installed Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen. On Saturday, Mr. E. P. Bouverie was returned as member for the Kilmarnock Burghs.

SEBASTOPOL.—Mar. 27. There was an armistice on the 27th for two hours, for burying the dead. The Russians buried 400 men. Col. Kelly is a prisoner at Sebastopol, slightly wounded. Captain Montague is a prisoner, and is not wounded. There were false alarms on the 24th and 26th of March. It is hoped that the fire will be opened this week.

VIENNA.—Wednesday. News of a battle on the Tchernaya.

THE visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to the Queen and Prince Albert is one of no ordinary interest. It is not so much a mark of Court etiquette and friendship, as the expression of the voice of two powerful nations. We seem to have reached an Eden when France and England, so long at deadly feuds with each other, are now on such amicable terms. The friendly feeling existing between the two nations is chiefly due to Louis Napoleon. When he gained power he saw England willing to fraternise, and he took advantage of the position. Napoleon might have courted, and easily obtained the sympathy of Russia, and France and Russia might have wiped off the stain of Waterloo. We can easily see that the step he took has done more to consolidate his power and make him popular than any other he could have taken. Louis Napoleon's career has been a strange one: not more than seven years ago, he acted as a special constable in defence of the British metropolis. When a kingdom so suddenly, as it were, dropped into his hands, he was generally thought to be unfit and incompetent, and staking all at a venture on the prestige of a name. Such a view of Napoleon's character has been shown to be altogether erroneous. He possesses sagacity and discernment, comprehensive grasp—in short, all the higher qualities of statesmanship, with a peculiar insight into the

minor details of the French character, which enables him to adapt himself to every contingency. It is difficult for a person like Napoleon to be anything but a fatalist, and this fact makes the present alliance not quite so sure. It is liable to be snapped asunder by a sudden whim or caprice. As, however, we have had no ground of suspicion against Louis Napoleon, his dealings with us having been in the highest degree honourable, let us hope that the friendly feeling so auspiciously begun between France and England may be perpetuated to the latest generation,—and that, when peace shall have crowned the successful efforts of the allied forces, France and England may never know any other rivalry than that of goodness, or any other emulation than that of striving to outstrip each other in conferring the greatest happiness and prosperity on their respective peoples.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RESPECTFUL S. R.—You'll perhaps think I'm a very forward young lady before you're done reading my note. It's not a "billet doux," I may tell you; but, let alone its tenure, it's all out of my own head.

You've made a *horrid* mistake in your supplement, to which I would direct your want of attention. "To give a libration" isn't in grammar. You ought to have said *an* libration; and you can't think (educated as I was) how this offends my hearing.

Now, I'm not naturally cruel, whatever some young fellows may say; and having always had an high opinion of your paper, I shall "contrive to forgive you this time, without forgetting you," (to use your own words) if you'll only be candid with me; and believe me, sir,

Your unswerving testatrix,

Mrs. MARRIAGE; (It's a character, I think, in one of Ainsworth's novels; but I am not sure, for I've read such a host of them, that I'm getting quite confounded.)

P. S. If you begin to make faces at me when I'm giving you medicine, I'll just let you know this;—My brother William has been writing ever so long for the press, and you'll bitterly rue the day that you offered to strike a otherwise unprotected female.—M. M.

"Maggie coast her head far high,"

says the song; and although "dumb speech" would be sufficiently expressive under the circumstances, we like to account for the proportionate sinking in the heart of her lover by the superaddition of some contemptuous monosyllable. It also helps us to establish a parallel, and to give meaning to the words "Hear it not, Duncan!" which are floating in our mental phantasmagory at the present moment.

In deference to what we are pleased to consider the voice of our Good Genius, we have stuffed our crimsoned ears with cotton, and laboured hard to arrest a certain "tremor cordis" which followed upon the perusal of "Mrs's" letter.

It will not do, however;—

"—Id ovis
Effusus labor—"

and, feeling that we have *ourselves* been guilty of doing violence to the shade of Lindley Murray, how can we ever think of sitting in judgment upon a sinner of deeper dye?

The sense of companionship on the pillory supplies a most pitiful consolation. Betwixt being singly anathematized, and making one of

"A little party in a parlour,
All silent, and all damned,"

there is no great room for choice. The minor fact is swallowed in the major, and—"Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion!"

"The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end."

"And is this all?" says a deep voice in our ear, which we can only identify with a conscience angry at being awakened out of its sleep. Alas! no:—We have offended against both articles; witness the fourth column of our *experimentum crucis*. The A and the THE—plagues definite and indefi-

nite—are upon our heads, and we cannot so much as "pray to the gods to intermit" them. "Poor infant," indeed!—

"Now which way shall she turn? What shall she say?"

Weeping, as she is, upon the "stool of repentance," does not her very attitude make her yet dearer to us—quicken our parental instinct, and strengthening her hold upon our affection?

"Oh yes, it doth,—a thousand times it doth!"

in proof whereof, we can already perceive a method of extricating her from this dilemma.

The free confession of faults which we were as free to hide, must have increased, rather than diminished, her fair reputation; and were she to amuse herself by "takin' notes" upon the subject of literary blunders in general, we would gladly "print it," never doubting that—"killing two birds with one stone"—she would be administering pleasure to others, and, at the same time, clearing her own character by means of the comparison they would naturally suggest.

An early number, then, will contain the first of a series of papers on this head; and as for the delinquencies in the last, the Editor must exclaim with Medea—

"Hud jam voce extrema peto,
Ne—
Mactent in animo verba,—"

A LITTLE BIT OF SECRET HISTORY.

(FOR ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.)

"Poetry is a difficult thing, sir,—a very difficult thing."—Fielding.

LET no one—in or out of a Lunatic Asylum—ever think of envying a Newspaper Editor. Of all unfortunate animals elevated upon three legs, this "dainty WE thing" is, beyond comparison, the most unhappily situated. Think of having a printing press—worked, moreover, by veritable "devils" with an insatiable appetite for "pie" accompanied with a wash-down of an article beyond "proof"—for your ordinary nightmare; and you will have an idea (such as it is) of one of the smallest *monstra* in his "Chamber of Horrors."

The "imps" are bad enough company, in all conscience; but the *Poets*—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"—the *Poets*!—the thousand-and-one true sons-and-heirs of Apollo!—the parsley-wigged counsellors of Parnassus!—the "warbling choir" of the Helicon, whose "thrilling strains" can be stopped by no imaginable artifice (for even *cages* have no chance with them)—the *inspirati*—*laureati*—and heaven only knows what other *ati*—What, in the name of all that is sacred, shall be said to THEM?

Hornets, shall we call them?—The comparison is feeble. *Vampires*!—The stories of both are somewhat mythical, and so far the illustration serves us; but (alas, for the parallel!) your vampire never deals with the heart's-blood of his victim, and must therefore be considered as "a sort of failure." *Ghouls*?—*Wahr-wolfs*?—*Anthropophagi*?—or "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders"?—Are they—so far as our experience leads us—to be classed with any or with all of these?

"Did you say All?"—We are almost inclined to go along with you. Never, surely, since the plagues of Egypt passed from the region of the *actual* into that of the *possible*, have the iniquities of our fathers been so visited upon their children as in these "latter days." What would we not give for a peep—were it but to obtain a pinch which a snuffer would sneeze at—into that blessing of blessings "the receipt of form-*seed*!" "Oh, for an hour of blind old Dandolo's" empty visions, which should make a *tabula rasa* of "the book and volume of our brain;" so that, throwing away the

"worse part" (covered in "cross hands and down the middle" with alternate imprecations and maledictions) we might "live the purer with the other half."

Of faith in our own powers of defence, we have not a particle. Had even a single votary of the Muses ever replied to our solicitations for a pause in his labour—a breathing-time between his rounds of manuscript—in the words

"I'll hang my harp on the willow tree,
And I'll off to—"

"anywhere, anywhere,—out of the world" if he pleased—it would have been something to build hope upon. We have no recollection of anything of the kind, however; and hence our despondency.

Descending to particulars, we are reminded that the reader is on the look-out for a fragment of our Secret History. Very fragmentary it shall be, and withal uncommonly secret; so much so, indeed, that we shall give him a mystery to unravel, the clue to which shall remain in safety at the bottom of our own pocket.

Everybody has heard of a certain RAG-BASKET. Very well, then: We are not going to say another word about it, further than that, only the other day, a rather lengthy, but respectable-looking contribution was found hanging (as by a hair) over its greedy mouth, and in imminent danger of plunging heels over head into the somewhat dense linings. A practised eye, happily directed to the spot, detected signs of animation in the unfortunate paper, and, finding it to consist of Verses, proceeded to extricate these, by means of their superfluous feet, from this worse than critical position. The suicidal purpose of the MS. being thus—for the time, at least—prevented, it was subjected to a course of friction, and occasionally supplied with a little spirit, with a view to promoting its circulation. The result (we may say it without vanity) was creditable to the party engaged; and the renovated paper was immediately given into the custody of its parent.

"So far, so good." Judge of our astonishment, however, on being informed that our labours had been worse than useless, and that although the child was so preternaturally wise as to know his own father, the latter had failed to recognise the lineaments of his "young creation." Changed they certainly had been; and we had flattered ourselves that the change was for the better. We were however assured to the contrary, or—what was equally mortifying—that the little pug-nosed Cupid we had found "black in the face" had grown into a very commonplace "babby" under our fostering regard!

To drop the figure:—We are requested by the author of sundry verses (which shall be given presently) to publish them entire, if we can possibly do so, or, at all events, "without so much pruning" as we should consider essential to the writer's reputation. In the event of withholding them altogether, we are instructed to "insert a notice to say that owing to their length, &c., the poems did not suit."

"Of two evils, choose the least," saith the proverb; and as our contributor (who shall be nameless) might not exactly relish the *et cetera* we should be forced to employ, there can be no harm in giving his hobby-horse a fair field in which to display his "mould of form" to the best possible advantage. "It is a mere trifling matter to me," says the owner of the Pegasus, "whether I am a contributor or not." We fear he is mistaken; but "Time tries all," and the upshot is not very distant. Let us remark, however, that it is no indifferent matter to ourselves, and that nothing short of a desire to see justice done to all parties could have induced us to insert the following "*jet d'eau*:"—

ON MY BIRTHDAY.

It is my natal day—but how
My lonely thoughts are wandering
O'er the sad and happy past—even now
Which back doth awakening memory bring
Or diving into the future of our hope
As happy or sad as it may prove
But yet how strong—in its saddest day
Is the lonely mind's propensity
While wandering afar from our native home
To shape out things which are yet to come
And ever to us wandering here
What the retrospect of a single year
Teaching us with a voice sublime
How the development of time
For our joy or sadness ever sent
Mocks each vain hope and presentiment
Yes!—alas!—'tis even so
Only ten short years ago
Ten short years have o'er me passed
Since on the shores of this far land I was cast
Which now with all their ill now seem
Their hopes and joys—like some troubled dream
But though troubled hath been their flow
Even like the stream which runs below
And which like silver snake doth pass
Winding onwards thro' the grass
Now threading the dark and jungle scene
With its trees and shrubs and forests green
Till thro' the rich cultivated plain
It takes its joyous way again
Yes—even thus—thro' this Eastern scene
The tenor of my life hath been
But tho' changed and older now
And more dark and wrinkled is my brow
Than when first across the ocean's roar
I left my home for thy sunny shore
Yet even while I linger on
Musing thus on joys long past and gone
And as each old memorial
After long years on my eye doth fall
Telling of friends and companions many a one
Who even like me their course have run
In this far land of the sun
And still tho' now hath passed away
The dreams which cheered my early day
And misfortune with staggering hand
Hath, since I left my fatherland
Even as comes the heated sirocco's blast
Yet—o'er my devoted head hath past
Yet even beneath this Eastern sky
When now the river glitters by
And all around me so bright and green
Smiles this pleasant Eastern scene
Yet—if the wealth which I have lost
While on hope's troubled seas I tossed
With youth and hope again were mine
Ever radiant as in youth they shine
Yes—bright as now doth the sun-light fall
Yet would I give them one and all
For one hour—one little hour
When by thrilling memory's power
As now—on this my natal day
Come those memories passed away
And those brilliant hopes—long passed—in sooth
Which gleamed and glowed on my early youth
To feed—as still I linger on
Of those pleasures past and gone
Youth's brightest ever!—but one tithe
Cut down alas! by the old mower's scythe
With every soft emotion true
Which in youth's happier time I knew
And which now from such memories fond doth dart
Thro' the ever worn and sensitive heart
Alas!—that now it is not so—
Even as it was—Ten years ago!
Ten years ago! tho' short it doth seem
I'd have thought it but an idle dream
Too evanescent age and vain
For my buoyant youthful mind to retain
Tho' even like a warbling knell
Or some impossible vision or thought
By vain and disordered fancies brought

If any had ventured to foretell
Like to some welcome warm and meet
That my young and untired feet
Should ever tread in search of gain
— thy hot and arid plain
That such a happy-hearted boy
Careless and free in my laughter and joy
Who se'er so far from home had been
Should ever visit this Eastern scene
And with all the fond ardour of a lover
That I should have to sigh and ponder over
The dissolving of the brightest strongest spell
Which as sad memory's voice doth tell
By its enchantments bright—in sooth
With its brightness and glory lit up my youth
Sending down to the future a purer ray
To light up life's darker sadder day
When memory—while tears are falling fast—
Weeps—over o'er the vanished—past!
Ten years ago!—when youth was green
And pleasant smiled life's opening scene
And bright and unwrinkled was my brow
Departed hours! where are ye now?
But alas! as sad memory doth overwhelm
—! thou'rt no longer the sunny realm
By hope and youthful fancy bred
Which my youthful dreams and visions fed
It is a land of fervid heat
Of sufferings and dangers greet
Which as the warm heart they fill
Subject us to greater evils still
As memory's stream doth round us flow
It was not thus—ten years ago!

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

AN INQUIRER.—You have certainly been misled. "DOMINE DIRIGE NOS!" never was, and never will be the motto of this periodical.

MANICURE.—The word has not appeared among our Definitions. We must share the difficulty of Polonius in attempting to "define true Madness," for, after all,

"What is't, but to be nothing else but Mad!"

Solemn could carry us no farther.

FIDO BLAKE.—"Slit up!" and "Pop's eyes!" "These are but wild and whirling words, my lord!" Do not imagine that they offend us, however, for in certain "suits" of the mind we know a Wine-pill from a cannon-ball. Had you a little "less art" we should be glad to receive "more matter" from you.

J. J. B.—You "do your spiriting" much too "graciously" to our taste. The "Medley," moreover, is too long for us.

W. H.—The "Fruit" is welcome. He must wait his turn, however.

BLUE COAT.—What are we to "look out" for? The meaning of what you send us? We fear it would be a case of "Love's Labour Lost."

JON.—We must plead Guilty. In PROBLEM 3, the 5th move of the White is given as follows—"Q to K B 8th." It should be—Q to K's 8th.

Q. U. I. Z.—"Peculiar Mary shall figure in our next," said we. Alas for our "small!" The "Triton of the minnows" was more adequate.

HARD LONOTUS.—Next week.—SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM 5.—Desunt.

Papers having no signature of any kind go at once into the "rag-basket."

CHESS.

Solution of Problem 4.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to K B's 8th.	Kt to Q Kt's 5th.
2. Kt takes B.	P takes Kt.
3. Q B takes C. (ch)	Kt takes B.
4. Q C P one sq.—claiming a Castle. (mate).	—Q. Z. Z.

Solution of Problem 5.

1. K to his 8th.	K to Q's 3rd.
2. Kt to Q's 8th.	Q B P advances.
3. C to Q Kt's 7th.	P advances.
4. B takes P. (mate)	—Q. Z. Z.

Definitions of Words given in No. 5.

1. RERUMARE. A fair field, and no favour.—J. P. A celestial sphere of universal magistracy, as yet successful only in the other world.—G. B. An Empire in embryo.—Q. Z. Z. A democrat's panacea for "all the ills that flesh is heir to."—T. M.

2. LOVE. "The Chamber of Horrors."—J. P. The chief cordial in life's feast.—T. M. Temporary Insanity.—Q. Z. Z. Terra dei Poeno.—I. The Game of Dominoes.—SARATON. The Carnival of Venice.—AMAZON. A surrender of the strongest citadel of the human mind.—G. B.

3. HOME. The softest pillow in life.—J. P. A "sanctum sanctorum" combining the "dulce et utile."—T. M. The soul's resting-place.—G. B. The Dream-land of Emigrants.—Q. Z. Z.

4. LUXURY. The wings of Civilization.—J. P. The privilege of a free mind.—G. B. Serving only ONE Master.—Q. Z. Z. The noblest privilege of Manhood, and of existence generally.—T. M.

Words to be Defined.

1. MAN. 2. KNAVE. 3. FOOL. 4. WOMAN.

NEWSPAPERS versus NEWS.—An honest farmer being asked why he did not subscribe for a newspaper; "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many papers, and I haven't read them through yet."

SOUTH.—Dr. South had a dispute with Dr. Sherlock, on some subject of divinity. Sherlock accused him of making use of wit in the controversy; South in his reply observed, that had it pleased God to have made him (Dr. Sherlock) a wit, he wished to know what he would have done.

On April.

Hail, besauteous April! fair and gay,

Sweet darling of the year,

Thy wanton smiles again display

Our drooping hearts to cheer!

Now linnets sing from morn to night,

Lambs frisk on every lea;

The Cushie now, with meek delight,

Coo's from yon stalwart tree.

Like one broad sheet of fiery gold

Now gleams the setting sun;

While whistling shepherds leave the fold,

Their daily labour done.

The hungry rooks with noisome croak

Around their forests throng;

And sweetly, in yon ivied oak,

The mavis swells her song.

The opening bud is on the tree,

The banks and braes are green;

And flowers, fair harbingers of thee,

Adorn each rural scene.

Sweet infant, first-born of the Spring!

We greet thy advent dear;

With shouts the hills and valleys ring,

To welcome April here! J. B.

THE COMING WEEK.

12th. [THURSDAY.]
13th. [FRIDAY.] Handel died, 1759. Vaccination introduced, 1796. Clapperton died, 1827.
14th. [SATURDAY.]
15th. [SUNDAY.] 1st Sunday after Easter.
16th. [MONDAY.] Battle of Culloden, 1746. Buffon d. 1788.
17th. [TUESDAY.] Benjamin Franklin d. 1790. Convention of Royal Burghs meets.
18th. [WEDNESDAY.] Fox, the martyrologist died, 1587. Judge Jeffreys d. 1689.

* * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnavel:—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 8.]

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.
[MSs. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Sebastopol was taken by assault on the 18th inst., according to our street literature. "All the points where a practicable opening was believed to have been made," says one of the "curiosities" of the press, now before us, "were simultaneously attacked, but so little impression" &c., &c.,—Can our readers not anticipate the document? if not, we must connect them after a fashion with the "dense masses of Russians" who are waging "a hand to hand conflict" at its close. When "creeping murmur and the poring dark"

"Fill the wide vessel of the universe,"
a sprinkling of modern Hawking parties (sore persecutors of the gull family) expect "their evening prey." While the lower stage is

"Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour glass,"
the greater is often very similarly employed; and when once the tide of public feeling has touched upon the shores of conjecture, it "knows no retiring ebb," but goes straight on "over the successive boundaries of the probable, possible, and absurd."

To return to sobriety:—The bombardment of Sebastopol, commenced on the 9th, was up to the 17th—the latest of our accounts—continued with great energy. The fire of the Allies had not at that date produced any decisive result, the Russians repairing their works with extreme activity and courage. A few days will decide whether we are able to silence the enemy's batteries and make a general assault. If we fail in this (and we may observe that the *Times* speaks with some diffidence) the Allied Generals will have recourse to some new expedient.

The Submarine Telegraph between Balaklava and Varna being now completed, news from the seat of war will be received in a few hours from the Crimea.

At the conference held at Vienna on Saturday last, the Russian plenipotentiaries rejected the last proposition of England and France as to the limiting of the naval force of Russia in the Black Sea. Lord John Russell was expected to leave on Monday.

The Emperor and Empress of the French left London on Saturday morning, and reached Paris on the evening of the following day. The cordial greeting given to their majesties is perhaps one of the most peculiar phenomena of history. A foreign Prince, a year or two ago despised and forlorn, now treated with all the pageantry of a triumph by the greatest and most enlightened nation on earth! Such are the strangely-shifting scenes of the drama of life! The re-

port is revived that the Emperor will proceed immediately to the seat of war, to take the command of the military operations. The Empress, it is said, will accompany him. It has also been rumoured that the Queen will return the Emperor's visit on an early day. This is denied by the *Standard*, which states that Foreign affairs in connection with the possible departure of the Emperor from France will prevent any positive arrangements for the presence of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in the French capital.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer presented his Financial statement to the House on Friday. There is a deficiency of £23,000,000 in the revenue. By increasing the duties on Scotch and Irish Spirits, Sugar, Coffee, and Tea, increasing the Income Tax 1½ cent, and putting a stamp upon bankers' cheques, he expects to realize £5,300,000. Then must "pay for thy whistle," John Bull! Thou didst cry for War, and War thou hast got.—and something else to the bargain. If the thing were at an end, we might have little cause to complain; but, to judge from existing appearances, Havoc is only "beginning to commence."

The *Birmingham Journal* says that the state of the Iron trade is very gloomy, confidence having been much shaken. The state of trade in Yorkshire is more encouraging.

Latest News.—In a despatch which came through St. Petersburg on the 24th, Prince Gortschakoff states that the fire of the Allies on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, had not been so well sustained. The Russians had replied with success before the fourth bastion, and generally.—By advices from the Allies [Seb., 19th] all was going on well for them.

VIENNA.—Lord John Russell left on Tuesday evening.

By the last accounts from Paris, the Emperor will set out.

Justice is properly regarded as *feminine*, because it is the mother of, or gives birth to Right or Law. Law is properly regarded as *masculine*, because under its protection the widow and orphan are safe, and it is fitly emblemized by the "Lion of the Tribe of Judah." Mercy is very appropriately called woman, because from Mercy springs a large family of virtues to which Justice could not give birth, but of which Law is the father. Thus, Hope, Charity, Faith—and these three in union—bear up Grace and Truth. Hope seems *feminine*, as it is admired; Charity seems *feminine*, as it is loved or lovely; and Faith should be *masculine*, for it endures all trials, when well rooted and grounded in the truth. Now as to Grace, there is no difficulty; the name betrays the nature,—and the loveliest of the *fair* creation cannot be more winning (therefore *feminine*) than herself;—while Truth, "with rainbow arms" which "clasp the storm," may either be called *masculine*, *feminine*, or neuter, taking as it does, the form of every fact which is presented to the mind's eye.—A. A.

ON LITERARY BLUNDERS.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

Julius Caesar, Act IV. Sc. 3.

PAUSING for a moment on the very threshold of our subject, we would address a few words to the beggarly-looking Critic whom we know to be dogging our footsteps with some sinister motive; and, for our better security, the rascal shall have them in Latin. Know'st thou not, yellow-cheeked vagabond, we exclaim,—

"Nasutus sis usque fort sis denique nasus,
 Non potes in regis decore plura moras,
 Ipse ego quam dixi."

Ha, infidel!—"What may this mean," that—thing of shreds and patches as thou art—thine eyes should travel over foreign garbs in search of ruin, to the palpable neglect of thine own disreputable rags? When Death, grown sick of thee, is "padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers," and thus directing thy attention to the duty that will shortly be required of thee, wherefore dost thou busy thyself for the confusion of thy betters? Avaunt thee, knave!—Hast never heard, "thou hate and terror to prosperity."

"That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unscen,
 In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
 But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves!"

Away with thee, then! lest—[Exit Scarecrow, hastily.]
 Enough by way of preface: having rid ourselves of this uncomfortable appendage, we can now go on our road rejoicing. Our readers have been promised a *Series* of papers on the subject prefixed to this article; let us arrange them, therefore. In the first place, the materials that we have in hand admit of being divided into three portions, each of which (embracing a single head of our discourse) will have at least one entire paper devoted to it. We shall thus have to consider

First. THE ERRORS OF AUTHORS.

Secondly. THE ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

Thirdly. THE ERRORS OF READERS.

From a prodigious amount of available matter on these heads we can only make a very limited selection; and as plagiarism is inevitable, we shall endeavour to uphold our independence by a sprinkling of original observation. For the present, our remarks will be confined to such of

The Errors of Authors

as only require a very brief notice, the extreme narrowness of our limits compelling us to exclude "the limbs and outward flourishes" of a subject so extensive.

"*Humanum est errare*" says the Past; and the Present—despite its centuries of invention—must furnish its "modern instances" in support of one of the "wise saws" of its predecessor.

"*Supra his mille notabiles errores Laurentii demonstrati,*" &c.

quoth Laurebergius; yet who shall say that Laurentius was the chief of sinners? "Consider, I pray you," says De-moeritus Junior, in his excuse for his "Anatomy," "that of Columella—*Nihil perfectum, aut a singulari consummatum industria;*" and adds "He is a good huntsman can catch some, not all" of the game at which he may happen to fly.

Though accustomed to consider the "Curiosities of Literature" as a little perfection of its kind, we must nevertheless agree with a reviewer in the *Athenaeum* that "to expect that the writings of one who has produced so much as Mr. D'I-sraeli should be free from error, would be unreasonable," and believe that his inaccuracies "are more numerous than is generally suspected." Many a literary culprit did this pleasing writer impale upon his pen, to the supreme ridicule of his contemporaries and posterity; but, vast as is the credit that is therefore due to him, the Christian Parable must have another commentary, and Mr. Corney, with his "thirty considerable blunders," waits patiently in the background. The tables must be turned for a moment, he tells us;—but "mildly, be it—mildly," Mr. C., for, even supposing that a nameless bystander here is correct in multiplying these *thirty* of yours by *ten*, we must needs admit that "to be at once discursive and logical, multifarious and accurate, requires an extent of knowledge, and a degree of mental discipline, to which no writer of the present day can advance a claim."

For the love of mischief, however, let us get a finger of our own into Mr. D'I-sraeli's pie, whether we manage to "pull out a plum," or no. In his chapter on Neologism occurs the following passage:—

"There are three soul corrupters of a language; caprice, affectation, and ignorance! Such fashionable cant terms as 'theatricals' and 'musicals,' invented by the flippant Topham, still survive among his confederates of frivolity."

Alas for human consistency!—in the very next article, he writes thus:—

"The *proverb* are dramas of a single act, invented by Carmontel, who possessed a peculiar vein of humour, but who designed them only for private theatricals."

The "confraternity of frivolity" has at least one respectable member in its bosom,—and that one *self-elected*, be it observed.

"Let me claim the honour of one pure neologism," says Mr. D'I-sraeli. "I ventured to introduce the term of *Fatherland* to describe our native soil; I have lived to see it adopted by Lord Byron and Mr. Southey. This energetic expression may therefore be considered as authenticated, and patriotism may stamp it with its glory and affection."

Now we are told only a few pages back that

"The inventor of a new word *went never flatter himself that he has secured the public adoption, for he must lie in his grave before he can enter the dictionary.*"

What right, then, had the author to assure us of his bantling's immortality, while some churchyard or other was yet yawning for himself?

And again:—Speaking of the term *sufficient reason*, employed by Leibnitz, he tells us that it is supposed he used it "for the plain simple word *CAUSE*." Unhappily, the one word has no more distinctness than the other in metaphysical treatises; for, turning to the "Common Sense" of Reid, we find that "a reason, an end, an instrument, and even a motive is often called a *cause*."

In No. 109 of the *Spectator* there is an evident *lapsus* which has escaped the notice of the editors. Sir Roger, in directing his visitor's attention to the portraits of three sisters, thus proceeds to describe them:—

"She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this lovely thing in the middle, &c., &c."

The writer's ideas must have jostled one another somewhat strangely, for there is evidently no authority for the notion that the figures were ranged *triangular-wise*. The one "in the middle" would naturally have been called the one *above*, or *below*, in that case.

Some of our readers will doubtless remember the theologi-

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

What is Life?

Life is a path that leads
From time and earth away;
At first, through flowery meads,
With prospects green and gay;
Then, climbing many a rugged height,
Over strange hills, it goes from sight.

Life is a little flower,
Put forth in early Spring,
Within the sheltering bower,
In beauty blossoming.
Ere long, some blight across it flies,
Or, in the winter storm, it dies.

Life is a sparkling stream,
Through pleasant pastures led;
But when the summer's beam
Falls hotly on its bed,
Perchance, before it gains the sea,
It dries away quite suddenly.

Life is a slender thread,
Like filmy gossamer,
That, floating overhead,
The slightest breath may stir.
The waving bough—the autumn wind—
But moves, and who the thread shall find?

Life is a race to run,
And heaven the distant prize;
By few the crown is won,
For few are truly wise.
The things of this short life they choose;
The endless life of heaven—refuse!

The Barefooted Friar.

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through, from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at even-song prick'd thro' with a spear;
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comforts on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

Your monarch? Pshaw! many a prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cow and our gown;
But which of us ere felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a Friar?

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is marked for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot;
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot;
And the goodwife would wish the goodman in the mire,
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil, and trust of the Pope;
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

Contributed by W. H.

Female Friendship.

Joy cannot claim a purer bliss,
Nor grief a dew from stain more clear,
Than female friendship's meeting kiss,
Than female friendship's parting tear.
How sweet the heart's full bliss to pour
To her, whose smile must crown the store!
How sweeter still to tell of woes
To her, whose faithful breast would share
In every grief, in every care,
Whose sigh can lull them to repose!
Oh! blessed sigh! there is no sorrow,
But from thy breath can sweetness borrow;
E'en to the pale and drooping flower
That fades in love's neglected hour:
E'en with her woes can friendship's power
One happier feeling blend:
'Tis from her restless bed to creep,
And sink like wearied babe to sleep,
On the soft couch her sorrows steep,
The bosom of a friend.

Farewell!

Oh! was's my heart, my dearest love,
To think that we for aye must sever;
Yet wheresoe'er my body rove,
My soul will still be thine for ever!
O'er wastes Atlantic doom'd to go,
Whatever air my fate may steer me,
In storm or calm, through weal or woe,
The dream o' thee will ever cheer me.
And oh! if care your peace molest,
Or poortith's hand should grip you sairly,
Forget na that within this breast,
There bides a heart that lo'es you dearly.
Farewell, dear girl!—a last farewell!
Sae wide's my grief it winna cover;
Yet neither tear nor tongue can tell
The bitter anguish of your lover. —J. B.

EPIGRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

[grief.]

Love at man's home desire
Gave him women, gave him fire;
But he could not woman tame,
Burn'd by both, man sought relief,
She is an eternal flame.

THE COMING WEEK.

26th. [THURSDAY.]
27th. [FRIDAY.]—Sir William Jones died, 1794.
28th. [SATURDAY.]—Mutiny of the Bounty, 1789.
29th. [SUNDAY.]—Third Sunday after Easter.
30th. [MONDAY.]—Edict of Nantes, 1598.

MAY.

1st. [TUESDAY.]—St. Philip and St. James.—Beltane.
Pr. Arthur 6. 1850.—Great Exhibition opened, 1851.
2nd. [WEDNESDAY.]—Total Eclipse of the Moon,—the middle
of the eclipse being at 4h. 5m. G. T.; visible at
Greenwich, where the moon will set totally eclipsed.

* * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnavel:—Printed by GEORGE BLAIR, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 9.]

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.
[MSS. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THERE is tough work in the Crimea just now. 120 rounds of shot from some 4 to 500 pieces of ordnance is no child's play. Whatever may be the ultimate result, there is no doubt that the fire of the Allies has told. Accounts of the 25th state that the Malakoff fort, the key of the Russian defences, has been injured; that the Mamelon is destroyed, and in the possession of our troops; and that the Flagstaff battery is silenced,—a battery which stood before the Quarantine Fort, which is now open to a combined attack by sea and land. This is something gained; it is a step in advance, at least. Whether the advantage obtained is equal to the amount of ammunition expended, and whether the Allies will be able so completely to silence the enemy's batteries, as to render a general assault likely to be successful, we are as yet unable to say. The bombardment commenced on the 9th; we shall therefore know in a few days what course the Allied Generals have adopted. There is a more sombre feeling gradually stealing over the minds of the people, and the enthusiasm at first so perceptible is rather subsiding. We cannot yield; we cannot make a dishonourable peace; and yet it is felt that before such a power as Russia be humbled, we may have to suffer not a little in the contest. It is satisfactory to think, that this is no aggressive war on our part; that we fight for the general interests of the human race, for the cause of enlightenment, and—if we may say so—*fair-play*.

The Vienna Conferences have ended, as was anticipated, in nothing. Peace is not to be had by mutual forbearance and concession. Russia, after the Conferences had closed, seemed willing to try her wily tactics again; but it is to be hoped they will prove abortive. Austria is not quite sure of staking all with the Allies; she would appear to be somewhat timid and distrustful. The Shah of Persia is determined to side with Russia.

The Emperor Napoleon III. was fired at while riding on horseback with his aide-de-camp on Saturday. He was not hit, and rode on quite unconcerned. He appeared in the Opera Comique in the evening, when he was loudly cheered. It would be a pity that a bullet should go through the Emperor's body; he could not be well spared in the present distracted state of European affairs. The senators, the government, and the general population of France are of this opinion also. It is thought that his Crimean expedition has been quite abandoned.

The Lord Advocate's Education Bill for Scotland passed the House on Friday, by a majority of 39.

Latest News.—BALAKLAVA. *Ap. 17th.*—General Bizot was buried yesterday. On Sunday, the 15th, magazine No. 1, of the right attack, exploded. One man was killed, and five wounded. On Saturday, [14th] the French fired 3 mines under the Flagstaff battery, with partial success. The Russians, fearing an assault, opened a furious cannonade along the whole line. The French lost 6 officers and 300 men during a sortie on Friday night, the 13th. The Russian loss was enormous. Every night a man-of-war fires broadsides against the town. The Russians receive provisions daily. They are constructing immense works to the north and east. Our sailors have lost 116 in killed and wounded. Two Polish deserters announce that 100,000 Russians are in the vicinity of Sebastopol, and 60,000 have arrived from Simferopol. Two Russian ships were burnt on the 16th.

The *Times*—under date BERLIN, *Monday*—says:—A despatch from St Petersburg, dated the 29th, states that Prince Gortschakoff, under the date of *Ap. 24th*, writes from Sebastopol:—The fire of the Allies continues, but is much slackened. The damage done to the fortifications and to the houses of our garrison is also less in proportion.

PARIS, *Tuesday Morning.* The *Moniteur* publishes an official telegraphic despatch from General Canrobert. The besiegers had temporarily suspended their fire, in order not to exhaust their ammunition. They were waiting for fresh reinforcements, which were about to arrive.

The *Daily News* says non-official advices from Sebastopol—dated Thursday last—report that the bombardment was drawing to a close, from exhaustion of men and material; that it had not attained its object, and that, consequently, the assault could not be attempted.

Maggots from Folded Leaves.

CHARLES LAMB.—Lamb was at one part of his life ordered to the seaside for the benefit of nothing; but not possessing strength of nerve sufficient to throw himself into the water, he necessarily yielded his small person up to the discretion of two men to 'plunge him.' On the first morning, having prepared for immersion, he placed himself, not without trepidation, between those huge creatures, meaning to give the previously requisite instructions, which his particular case required; but, from the very agitated state he was in, from terror of what he might possibly 'suffer' from a 'sea-change,' his unfortunate impediment of speech became greater than usual; and this infirmity prevented his directions being as prompt as was necessary. Standing, therefore, with a man at either elbow, he began: 'I—I—I'm to be di—i—ipped.' The men answered the instruction with a ready 'Yes, sir!' and in they rushed him! As soon as he rose, and could regain a portion of his lost breath, he stammered out as before, 'I—I—I'm to be di—i—ipped.' Another hearty 'Yes, sir!' and down he went a second time. Again he rose; and then with a struggle (to which the men were too much used on such occasions to heed) he made an effort for freedom; but not succeeding, he articulated as at first 'I—I—I'm to be di—i—ipped.'—'Yes, sir!' and to the bottom he went again! when Lamb, rising for the third time to the surface, shouted out in desperate energy, 'O—O—only once!'—*Memoirs of Charles Matthews.*

ON LITERARY BLUNDERS.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.
Julius Caesar, Act IV. Sc. 3.

The Errors of Authors.

(Continued from No. 8.)

In running over our inexhaustible list of the *errata* of authors, we come upon the name of "a fellow of infinite jest," who—despite the seriousness of his offence—shall receive as much leniency as is consistent with the due administration of justice. Thomas Hood, in one of his "merrie jestes" has thus unwittingly betrayed himself:—

"I concede not," he says "to that modern doctrine which supposes a world on short allowance, or a generation without a nation. There is no mentionable overgrowth likely to happen in life or literature. Wholesome checks are appointed against over-fecundity in any species. Thus the whale thins the myriads of herrings, the teeming rabbit makes Thagastian family dinners on her own offspring, and the hymns devour themselves. Death is never backward when the human race wants hoeing; nor the critic to thin the propagation of the press. The surplus children that would encumber the earth are thrown back into the grave; the superfluous works into coffins prepared for them by the trunk-maker. Nature provides thus equally against scarcity and repetition. There are a thousand blossoms for the one fruit that ripens, and numberless buds for every prosperous flower. Those for which there is no space or sustenance, drop early from the bough." &c.

"It may safely be said," writes a critic upon the passage, "that Mr Hood never made a better joke than this, for, while evidently inspired with antipathy to the name of the Malthus doctrines, and anxious to show that he does not believe them, he actually states these very doctrines as his belief—the theory of Malthus being, not that the numbers of mankind become too many for the food, but that they have a tendency to become so, and are prevented from doing so by the insufficiency of aliment—exactly what Mr. Hood says in the above extract."

The blunders arising out of Popular Fallacies are so extremely numerous, that we are well-nigh inclined to keep clear of them altogether. Two instances—a large, and a small—will be enough for the purpose of illustration. To begin with the graver error:—In *Le Marché de Londres*, a drama that had an excellent "run" at one of the Parisian theatres about nine years ago, the following conversation occurs between an English gentleman called HARRY (surname unknown) and his servant Tox-lion:—

"Harry. Well, my poor lad, existence is a burden to me, and I will put an end to it.
 "Tox-lion. (calmly.) Ah!
 "Harry. Before we part, have you anything to request of me?
 "Tox-lion. Yes, sir, yes. I would ask you—
 "Harry. You want money?
 "Tox-lion. Yes, sir; but it will be well applied: I intend to commence housekeeping.
 "Harry. You are about to take a wife?
 "Tox-lion. O dear! no, sir! I am going to buy one.
 "Harry. Buy one?
 "Tox-lion. You are astonished! But that is natural enough: you were not brought up, as I have been, in London. You have no idea of English civilization.
 "Harry. Explain yourself.
 "Tox-lion. There is it, sir: when I went to India, two years ago, I was in love with Kitty—an angel—who happens just now to be for sale.
 "Harry. For sale! Who sells her?
 "Tox-lion. What! Her husband. When one is tired of his horse or his horse, he sells it. Just the same with one's wife.
 "Harry. Impossible!
 "Tox-lion. Fact. Pure English civilization! Kitty is to be sold,—so I shall go and buy her. (Holds out his hand.)
 "Harry. (gives money.) Will that be enough to pay for Mistress Kitty?

"Tox-lion. O, this would buy four! They never go very high: five or six shillings at the utmost."

Our neighbours, we imagine, have no special penchant for the violation of probabilities; and in the present instance would consider suicide and wife-selling as English customs *par excellence*, without the introduction of which the portraiture had been miserably incomplete.* In the same play we have a duel at 4. p.m. in St. James's Park! and the sale of a Lady Mayoresse in Smithfield Market to the highest bidder, the auctioneer being her ladyship's husband, Sir Davis, M.P. Many such delicate touches could be noted in the piece, but economy of space is the order of the day.

Our specimen of a lesser class of fallacies is also from a French source. A Parisian Journal, the *Démocratique*, *figue*, describes the *Times* as a sunflower always turning to the light of popular opinion,—an incorrect simile, inasmuch as the botanists assert, Tom Moore notwithstanding, that sunflowers do not

"—turn to their god when he sets
 The same look that they turned when he rose."

We can hardly, however, be surprised at finding such a miscellaneous and hastily-arranged work as a Newspaper at fault, when so many painfully-laboured volumes, though confined to a single subject, are found wanting in correctness. In sundry books upon Natural History, for example, we are told, amongst other things, that the Chetah is an animal between a tiger and a leopard;—that the "Balls of silkworms and spiders are little cases of silk wherein those insects deposit their eggs;"—that the sparrow-hawk is the female of the musket-hawk;—that a weasel is a little animal that eats corn;—that limpets are sea-insects;—and that the glow-worm is not the larva of an insect, but the perfect female of a beetle.† In Mrs. Sigourney's *Essays for Children*, "the young idea" is taught to shoot very wide of the mark; as, for example, in hearing that the Queen Bee rules and governs the hive;—that the spider's thread is composed of several finer threads twisted together;—and that the ant "show a prudent care for the future by storing up grains of corn."

That a deficiency of information should lead to a multitude of inaccuracies, is no more than we would naturally expect: a wilful blunder, however, is somewhat startling. "Pavolini," says Mr. D'Israeli "in his History of the Council of Trent, to confer an honour on M. Lansac, ambassador of Charles IX. to that council, bestows on him a collar of the order of the Saint Esprit; [but] which order was not instituted till several years afterwards, by Henry III. A similar voluntary blunder is that of Surita, in his *Anales de la Corona de Aragon*. This writer represents, in the battle he describes, many persons who were not present: and this, merely to confer honour on some particular families."

A desire to appear very knowing as to the authorship of popular anonymous works is a frequent cause of amusing

* It is to such paragraphs as the following (which is taken from a *Bell's Advertiser*) that we are indebted for these misrepresentations:—

"One of those abominable scenes, which we are happy to say but seldom annoy the public morals of 'happy England,' took place in Barton Market-place on Wednesday week. A man named George Wray, of Barton, offered his wife for public sale, and the purchaser's name was William Harwood. It is scarcely necessary to say that both parties came from the same place. A shilling was the price for which the lady was knocked down."

The Frenchman has merely taken the exception for the rule,—nothing more.

† *Encyclopædia Londinensis*; See BALL. ‡ Hammer, one of the editors of Shakspeare. Also in Johnson's Dictionary. § Johnson's Dictionary. ¶ *Philosophy in Sport*. ¶ *Naturalist's Pocket Companion*.

ry high; five or

chant for the
stance would
toms par ex-
e portraiture
play we have
the sale of a
ghost bidder,
Davis, M. P.
the piece, but

is also from a
coerative Fac-
ys turning to
file, inasmuch
standing, that

e."
inding such a
Newspaper at
s, though con-
n correctness,
ample, we are
an animal be-
e silkworms
ose insects de-
the female of
e animal that
and that the
the perfect fe-
says for Chil-
ry wide of the
een Bee rules
ed is composed
that the ants
ag up grains of

ead to a multi-
ould naturally
what startling
ry of the Coun-
me, ambassador
him a collar of
ler was not in-
Henry III. A
his *Annales de*
s, in the battles
sent; and this
milieu."

e authorship of
ise of amusing

taken from a *Ball*
ations—
y to say but seldom
eo. in Barton Mar-
s Wray, of Barrow,
nime was William
ties came from the
lady was knocked
the rule,—nothing

Hanmer, one of
on's Dictionary.
part, Q. Note

blunders." Thus, in Bohn's *Guinea Catalogue* (1841) p. 260, we find a quotation from LORD BROUGHAM'S *Architecture of Birds*, a work written by Mr. Rennie; and in Natta-li's *Catalogue* (Feb. 1841) we read of LORD BROUGHAM'S *Pursuit of Knowledge*, a work written by Mr. Craik; while in Thorpe's *Catalogue* (No. 1. 1841, p. 2) a book printed at Mexico is said to be an interesting specimen of the *South American press*.

We shall conclude with a few sundries from an old volume of Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal*:—

"The biographer of Francis Duke of Bridgewater, in the *Biographie Universelle*, states that the income-tax which he paid every year amounted alone to £110,000 sterling. The fact is, that in the returns which the Duke made under the property-tax he estimated his income at that amount.

"Lalande, the French astronomer, designates the famous philosopher Ferguson *Berger au Roi d'Angleterre en Ecosse*,—the King of England's Shepherd for Scotland. The fact is, he was merely, for a few early years of his life, shepherd to a small farmer in the neighbourhood of Keith in Banffshire.

"The Chorus in Buchanan's tragedy of *Jephthah* mentions in very familiar terms the wealth of Croesus, who was not born till about 600 years after Jephthah.

"Smollet, in his *History of England*, states that the Ancient Britons "sowed no corn, and lived in cottages thatched with straw." If they sowed no corn, how could they get straw in an age when they were wholly cut off from the continent?

"In Youatt's *Treatise on the Horse*, p. 9, it is stated that "the Barb has not the Arab's spirit or action;" yet at p. 12 we are told the Barb *exceeds the Arab in noble and spirited action*."

(To be continued.)

Gems without the Setting.

There is a sort of poetry no doubt as there is a sort of flowers, which can bear the broad sun and the ruffling winds of the world, which thrive under the hands and eyes of indiscriminating multitudes, and please as much in hot and crowded saloons as in their own sheltered repositories; but the finer and purer sort blossom only in the shade, and never give out their sweets but to those who seek them in the quiet seclusion of the scenes which gave them birth. There are forewords and essences which attract the admiration of tittering parties and of which even the busy must turn aside to catch a transient glance; but the haunted stream steals through a still and solitary landscape, and its beauties are never revealed but to him who strays in calm contemplation by its course and follows its wanderings with undistracted and unimpaired admiration.—*Lord Jeffrey*.

If these speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another appear black and monstrous. I have always laid it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes.

If the afflictions we groan under be very heavy we shall find some consolation in the society of as great sufferers as ourselves, especially when we find our companions men of virtue and merit. If our afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the comparison we make between ourselves and our fellow-sufferers. A loss of sense, a fit of sickness, or the death of a friend, are such trifles, when we consider whole kingdoms laid in ashes, families put to the sword, shut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of countenance for our own weakness, if we sink under such little strokes of fortune.—*Addison*.

It instantly strikes us as probable, that the appearance of eminent men in unusual number and of extraordinary powers, is what distinguishes and favours one age above another; still, we can hardly consider this a sufficient explanation of the extent of the difference between enlightened and benighted centuries. We should rather be inclined to maintain that no race can be wholly without great men of its own peculiar kind, though they may indeed be concealed in obscurity, or prevented from developing their powers.—*Nicolas*.

Truth inspires nature; and as in defence of truth no honest man can be a coward, so no man of sense can be bold when he is in the wrong.—*De Foe*.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applause of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.—*Addison*.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. B.—Five "gallants" figuring in a trio of verses! This will never do. It may be very wrong in us to say so, but we think we could do you some service. Are we never to get a chance?

JAMES SUNDLER—Some of them will appear.

L.J.W.—"I did impetuous thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock; My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale-houses." Do you take, good sir?

JACOB SOMMER—Your wishes shall be attended to. The letter will be laid before our readers.

J.P. Papers having no signature of any kind go at once into the "rag-basket."

Definitions of Words given in No. 7.

1. CHRISTIANITY.—A religion that flourished in the time of Christ.—O. A "sweet oblivious antidote," to

"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of all perilous loads,
Which weigh upon the heart."—*Shakespeare*.—N. R.

2. INFIDELITY.—One thing in England, and another in Turkey.—Q. Z. Z. The distinguishing characteristic of those civilized men, who, like the Hot-tentots believe, that, to prove their manhood, they must beat their neighbours.—T. M.

3. PHILANTHROPIST.—None suitable.

4. MISANTHROPIST.—None suitable.

5. WAS.—God's "daughter," according to the Poet;* supposed by some to be illegitimate.—O. O. A check upon the surplus population.—Q. Z. Z. The fruit of a profession without principle.—Compos. "Just like me."—MONSIEUR HOBENSCHEM. The effect of a Standing Army.—* A Study from Nature.—X. Y. Z.

6. PEACE.—A distant view from the Mount of Olives.—O. O. A Bright idea.—Compos. A pleasing delusion.—I. Othello's occupation gone.—T. M.

* Wordsworth.

CHESS.

PROBLEM 8. White, playing first, to mate in Three Moves.

By Q. Z. Z.

BLACK.

BC	BQ			WC			
BK		EP		WQ			
WR	BP	WB		WB			
	WP						
WK				EB			

WHITE.

Solution of Problem 7.

WHITE.

1. K B takes Kt.

2. C takes Kt. (ch)

3. C takes C. (mate.)

BLACK.

Kt takes Kt.*

Q takes C.

* The moves are similar when Q takes Kt.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

May.

MAY is so denominated from *Maia*, the most beautiful of the Pleiades, and the fabled mother of *Mercury*. The corresponding Jewish month was *Sivan*, (Kether viii. 9.) the ninth of their civil, and the third of their sacred year. The Saxons called it the *Tri-milki-month*, or Three-milk-month.

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around;
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride;
The twins of Leda, which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen:
Lord! how all creatures laugh'd when her they'd seen,
And leapt and danced as they had ravish'd been,
And Cupid self about her flutter'd all in green.

The Indian Girl's Lament.

An Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er eyes that wept;
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung:—
I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That, shining from the sweet south-west,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.
It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

'Twas I the broidered moose made
That shod thee for that distant land;
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy still cold hand—
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.
With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in thy bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best
In plenty by thy side,
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.
Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast past
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave—
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.
Yet oft, thine own dear Indian maid,
Even there, thy thoughts will earthward stray—
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget
To think that thou dost love her yet.

And thou by one of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-coloured shade.
And thou dost wait and watch to meet
My spirit sent to join the blast,
And wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near.

W. C. Bryant.

Melancholy.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy.
Oh, sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes;
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,—
Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.
(From "The Nice Valour, or the Passionate Madman,"
Ben Jonson and Fletcher.)

Lines on re-opening an old Love-letter.

I thought remembrance of those days
Had perished with their gladness,—
But, turning these fond records o'er
My spirit drifts to madness!
These sighs—alas!—these frequent tears—
Too much betray the lover:—
Be still, my heart!—the world's cold gaze
Must ne'er thy pangs discover.
It may not be!—Love's venom'd dart
Revives my former pain;
And nought can heal this second wound
That twice hath slain the slain! J. B.

THE COMING WEEK.

- 3rd. [THURSDAY.]—Good Day.—Jamaica discovered, 1494.
4th. [FRIDAY.]—Clocks introduced, 1364.
5th. [SATURDAY.]—Napoleon died, 1821.
6th. [SUNDAY.]—4th Sunday after Easter.—St. John. Evan.
7th. [MONDAY.]—Savings' banks introduced, 1815.—Gold
discoveries in Australia, 1851.
8th. [TUESDAY.]
9th. [WEDNESDAY.]—Religious Tract Society instituted, 1799.
Gay Lussac died, 1850.

* * * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnaveil:—Printed by GEORGE BLAIR, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 10.]

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'Clock on Monday Evening.

(MSS. can only be returned upon personal application.)

To OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—A. L. It shall be done. The lines are too lengthy. AARON SMITH.—Thanks. JENNY SCROUDER.—Next week.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DISCONTENT is not unlike jealousy: when once it has arisen, it is not easily dissipated. Dissatisfaction at the manner in which the present war has been conducted, is widely spread throughout the country. It is pretty generally believed that there has been mismanagement in every department. Whether right or wrong, this is the feeling almost universally prevalent; and it would be hard to deny that there is ground for it, so long as the evidence being taken before the Committee of Investigation into the state of the Army at Sebastopol is uncontradicted. The nation has been lenient. It mourned over what it deemed unnecessary losses; yet it was ready to overlook all that had taken place: it only wanted to see men at the head of affairs who were prepared to put the axe to the root of existing evils. It looked around; and—instinctively, as it were—PALMERSTON was pointed to, as the man the country wanted,—as the man the exigency of affairs called for; as the man—the only man—capable of taking the helm, and guiding the vessel of state over the perilous breakers threatening to engulf it. Well,—the people got Palmerston as Prime Minister: he formed a government, adapted, it was thought, to the peculiar requirements of the times; but the people are amazed to find that—withstanding all this—matters are conducted upon much the same footing as before. The *Reform* that was needed, and expected, they see not; the old way, the old manner, still presents its hateful form before them. But John Bull is evidently roused now; and even a Palmerston,—not to speak of the coterie as a whole—would need to be on the look-out. If matters are not mended, (and that, too, soon, and thoroughly,) who can say that we may not have a larger sprinkling of the Jonathan element infused into our Constitution than the Knights of the Garter, and other worthies would much like. The nation would be forgiving still, but there is no great time to be lost. Poor Palmerston has lost his opportunity: his aristocratic and long-cherished leanings have been too strong even for the applause of his country. He has fallen. Who is to have a trial next? We shall see.

A meeting was held in the London Tavern on Saturday, and a supplementary one at Guildhall, when an association was formed to promote, by all constitutional means, Administrative Reform.—Upon the night of the first of May, on the front and left attack, the whole of the Russian rifle pits were

taken, eight light mortars, and 200 prisoners. A sortie by the Russians on the following morning was repulsed. The Allies held the position. There are reports of still farther successes, but these are not authenticated. It would certainly seem as if things were now brightening in the Crimea, and that ere long we may hear of some brilliant affair worthy of those brave and heroic souls who are fighting for us there.—Dr. Gavin, one of the Sanitary Commissioners, was shot by the accidental discharge of a pistol in his tent. He died on the 21st ultimo at Balaklava.

Latest News.—PARIS. *Tues. Morning.*—The *Moniteur* publishes this morning the official appointment of Count Walewski as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and of M. Persigny as Ambassador in London. The government has received news from the Crimea of the 6th, which does not confirm the despatches published by the journals announcing the taking of the Flagstaff battery. RUSSIA.—A special commission (in which the war party predominates) has been appointed by the Emperor to consider all that relates to the Eastern Question.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.

Dear Sir,

I am about to write upon a subject so intimately connected with my present—and, it may be, also, with my future—well-being, that you will be doing me the greatest service by giving it a fair consideration. My case, Mr. Editor, is that of a Prince of world-wide celebrity, whose reputation suffered from the same injurious charges as have been maliciously levelled at my own—to mention his name would be superfluous, when I complete the parallel betwixt us by exclaiming in his own words—"Oh, God! I could be wounded in a test-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have had dreams."

The above passage will also serve as a text to my discourse; for—what over the doctors may say—my mind is

"Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest."

In plainer English, I am one of those unhappy wretches whose existence is seldom or ever suspended, and whose "best of rest" is anything but "sleep," since I never know what it is to shut my eyes upon *both* the world (See Byron's "Dionis") which endures our mortal existence.

Now, sir, although "I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me," yet I can say with "The Auld Man" that I am never susceptible of "black remorse," or, indeed, of any feeling at all approaching to it; and that for the very good reason, that the slow labours of Time upon my mental canvas (to take a hint from the *Spectator*), have, so to speak, bestowed the effect of distance upon many an unsightly object, and thereby brought into strong relief the fresher and more pleasing portions of the yet unfinished *tableau*. I would fain be at peace with all men, and—the matter of my confinement excepted—can generally contrive to agree with them.

You will think me tedious, perhaps; it is, however, necessary that I mention these things, in order that you may understand the difficulty under which I labour. Not to trouble you further, I will state it at once in the form of an interrogation:—How is it, sir, that a man accustomed so to discipline his passions that he can enjoy the blessing of a good conscience

and a comparatively unimpaired imagination during his waking hours, shall yet be found falling "as low as to the fiends" whenever Night has drawn "the blanket of the dark" across the sleeping eyes of mortals!

That such a thing is only too possible, my own luckless experience will go to testify. The scenes in which I am nightly an unwilling actor, are such as defy description. Sooner than register them, the sheet on which I write would turn to blotting-paper, and arrest my pen in its blotting surface. Only last night, for instance, I was accosted * * * you are familiar with D'Israeli, I presume; very well, then; you'll save me from some embarrassment by referring to his *Modes of Sublimity*. But why should I speak of a *single* night? They are all alike, my dear sir; and you may judge of what I suffer when I tell you that I had attempted to take notes of my *un-Ambrosian Notes*, with a view to getting at some of the statistics of my Dreamland, but was compelled from sheer nausea to abandon them.

These visions, I assure you, trouble me not a little; interfering, as they do in various ways, with my spiritual comfort. How, for example, can I reconcile the beautiful imaginings of Poesy with the frightful realities of which I am the victim? I have before me at this moment a volume of *Chambers' Journal*, which I opened not long since at a page containing some verses upon "Guardian Angels." The following lines may be "most musical" to others, but certainly they are "most melancholy" to myself:—

"We hear them in our slumbers, and waking fancy deems
That busy thought was wandering in the fairy land of dreams;
But the low sweet tones we listed were strains that angels sing,
For ministering spirits with our souls were communing."

"Angels" are they? I wish that Jesse Jones (the writer of the above) could get a glimpse of them for once; it would cure her of rhyming for a while, and I have a notion myself that much poetry is not good for a young woman.

The old Proverb tells us that "Dreams descend from Jove," and, taking into account all that we know about his godship, I should suppose that such visions as my own might be under his *especial* patronage. I have no intention, however, of speculating about the matter, but desire to realize some profit from the introduction of my case to your notice. Will you be good enough, then, in the first place, to furnish me with your opinion as to the feasibility of checking these disorders of the imagination? and, secondly,—supposing that you believe the cure to be so far in my own hands,—to inform me whether or not I must be considered responsible for their continuance?

"Our compelled sin," says Isabel "are more in number than account." Would to Heaven I could agree with her!

Meantime, believe me to be, my dear sir,
Your sincere well-wisher,
JACOB SOMMER.

P. S. If you can do nothing more for me yourself, will you at least have the goodness to give publicity to my letter, as I may have a fair chance of getting a useful hint from one or other of your readers? "In the multitude of counsellors, there is wisdom."

Are there any of our friends who can "minister to a mind diseased?" If such be the case, we would recommend "Jacob" to their notice. For our own part, we know not

What rhubarb,enna, or purgative drug
would scour these "visions" hence.

Sir,

Should you be of opinion that the accompanying remarks from Mr. Gillies' autobiography (vol. 1. p. 317.) will be interesting to any of your readers, in connection with the discourse, from *Matthew v. 3.* to which I had the pleasure of listening on Sunday last, they are entirely at your service.

"On what principles of language or of common sense we interpret these words" (the Greek) "into 'blest are the poor in spirit,' which, unless a comma be placed after the word 'poor,' implies in *English* the grovelling, or the dastardly, I have never been able to ascertain. I have yet to learn how such a meaning can possibly attach to the said words in Hebrew, Syriac, or any other ancient language. In Greek, at all events, I never could interpret the passage otherwise than as 'blest are the poor, (evangelists) in spirit,' or 'blest, in spirit, are the poor.' For corroboration of this dissenting remark, I may refer to St. Ambrose, 'De Officiis,' book i. ch. xvi. (*Opera*, Paris, 1836. 8vo.) or more specially to the first chapter of Mr. Kenelm Digby's unequalled *Apocrypha of Faith*, a work which is now fortunately accessible to the public by a new edition."

I am no Greek scholar myself, and therefore can have no opinion regarding the propriety of the proposed reading. The gentleman (his name has since escaped me) who officiated in the absence of Mr. Russell, will perhaps be at the pains to settle the matter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
RASA AYLA DE CHALCABANK.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished Literary Characters from 1794 to 1849. By R. P. Gillies. 3 vols.

In making a forced march through the above work, we have been strongly reminded of a remark of Addison's,—to wit, that, were all books reduced to their quintessence, "there would scarce be such a thing in nature as a folio; the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated."

On a very moderate computation, ninety out of a hundred readers would have been as well pleased with this scrap-book, had its three single volumes been "rolled into one;" nevertheless, as the writer presents himself to the reading public in *forced pauperis*, and has managed wonderfully to preserve his temper—considering "into what jāt," and "from what height fallen"—we are mistaken if he may not have met with a considerable amount of sympathy and forbearance.

As an introduction to his personal reminiscences, Mr. Gillies writes as follows:—

"Autobiographers, as I have said, must be egotists. This, indeed, is a self-evident proposition; moreover, an autobiography, as such, can be complete without a share of 'personal talk,' trifles, and 'twaddle.' A house cannot be built exclusively of marble and *or marula*; it requires no less the help of straw, mud, and mortar, though the spectator looks not of them; and a character is not cemented without important influences from very trifling causes."

Admitted,—and, as the *Spectator* informs us in the article from which we have already made a quotation, "Authors have established it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe reader makes allowance for many rests and nodding-places in a voluminous writer." It is true enough, also, that

"—the autobiography of a literary man, merely as such, can have little or no interest for any reader. The more he is occupied with his proper employments, the less leisure he has for commenting on the society around him. So called events pass over his mind with diminished influence at the moment, and are but dimly recalled afterwards. Of Johnson, or Goldsmith, in their few *parlay* days, what is there to record more than that each quietly wrote divers good books or essays, and as quietly partook of good dinners and literary table-talk, such as no one but a Boswell would have thought worth recording; and which, to my fancy, reads vastly well as an *opérette*, and this is all. But their vicissitudes and struggles with adversity have another sort of interest, like Johnson's "Life of Savage," wherein we think not of his literary merits half so much as of his wrongs, and of which it is said that Sir Joshua Reynolds, beginning to read the volume at midnight, stood as if spell-bound and motionless till he had concluded the narrative, when he found himself cramped and the candle expiring."

The "Life of Savage," however, possesses one sort of interest, and the "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran" another: we may venture to predict, moreover, that they will never be rivals. In one respect only is the latter to be preferred; inasmuch, namely, as its moral admits of a more general application. Now even *caused red olivaceus*, is one of Mr. Gillies' favourite pleas for prolixity; and something less than a quarter of a century's experience of the world of letters has convinced us of the reasonableness of his monitions. Viewed in this light, his tediousness is but the tediousness of a preacher; and we feel, that, in laying bare his bosom so that "he who runs may read," he but acts after the fashion of the rock-stranded mariner who, finding his shoats lost in the loudness of the night wind, should divest himself of his uneasy garments, the better to serve as a mark for his imperilled comrades. Thus in the middle of Vol. 2., we read

"Instead of looking on the preceding paragraphs" [descriptive of his pecuniary embarrassments,] "as if they consisted of mere egotism, I think they may afford for some readers a good practical lesson. They are evidence in support of my two aphorisms, 1st. that 'if a proprietor wishes to save hereditary acres, he should openly avow his resolution, and, therefore, steadily refuse to grant a mortgage; 2dly., 'if he comes under an obligation, at the request of his best friends, let him see for a moment suppose that in his own hour of trial they will be ready to support him in their

SELECTED POETRY.

Song.

Air.—*A l'aise.*

'Twas a feast on Olympus, and many a star
Was gathered round Jupiter's throne,
Where Apollo was strumming his "light guitar,"
To a sweet little tune of his own.
His hand with the air of a minstrel gay
Over the chords he flung;
Love was the theme of his roundelay,
And laughingly thus he sung:
Love is as light as a maiden's sigh,
Light as a moonbeam, Love!
Light as the glances of Venus' eye,
Or a feather of Venus' dove.

Love sat toying on Venus' knee,
And played with her golden hair,
As he flung back his clustering curls so free,
And look'd as he didn't care.
But his eye, thro' its modest and moonlight blue,
With a passionate lustre shone,
As quizzed by the Gods and the Goddesses too,
The carol went laughing on:
Love! Love! so frail and light
Is the chain by his finger twined,
Frail as the flickering thread so bright
That the gossamer gives the wind.

A little in earnest, a little in jest,
To Apollo at last said he,
"A trace to this gossip, 'twere surely best
To get Justice's scales and see;—
Fling in the balance sword and spear,
And Jupiter's crown of gold;
Mars will lend us his sword of fear,
And his mail with scaly fold:—
And try if Love with his bow and dart
Be as light as this braggart sung,
Light as the faith of Apollo's heart,
Or the tales of his heedless tongue."
Thus taunting—to Justice's beam he flew,
When a butterfly through the sky,
In his doublet of purple and gold and blue,
Came haughtily flaunting by;
And careless alighting—mid jest and glee,
High, high, poor Cupid swung,
And pouting leaped to his mother's knee,
While, laughing, Apollo sung:
No wonder that maidens on earth, I ween,
Are taken with gaud and glare,
When Love is as light as the silken sheen
That the wings of the butterfly wear. J. K. B.

The rose is beautiful, the rose of prime,
But soon it withers at the touch of time;
And beautiful in Spring time to behold
The violet; but ah! it soon grows old;
White are the lilies, but they soon decay;
White is the snow, but soon it melts away;
And beautiful the bloom of virgin youth,
But lives a very little time in sooth!

From the "Despairing Lover" of Theocritus.

Spring.

The spirit of Spring is in the woods!—and there
Like love—the untiring—ministering to death,
She sitteth, with the rainbow in her hair,
Feeding the violets with her patient breath!
She speaks—and lo! the primrose, with a sigh,
Wakes up to hear; the wall-flower climbs her knees:
She weaves the sunshine through the cool, grey sky,
And hangs her raiment on the naked trees.
The wind, her high-voiced herald hath gone forth
To shout her coming on the floor of heaven;
And far, unto their storm-lands of the North,
The snow-fiend's wild barbarian brood are driven:—
And rivers, that were hoarse with winter's cold,
Now dance unto their own sweet ditties old!
The lake, that had the ice-chain at its heart,
Now meets the stream in freedom and in song;
The lily makes the sweet, clear waters part,
Like some fair Naiad, seen their wave among:—
And mortal eyes that gaze that mirror through,
To seek, far down, her palace-home of spars,
Find that its carpet is the upper "blue,"
And in her sandals that she wears the stars!
Spring—like an angel clad in raiment white—
Hath rolled away the stone from Nature's tomb;
The frosty seals have melted in her light,
And all the flowers have risen in their bloom!—
Then looked that angel on my spirit's gloom,
And sounded in my heart:—"Arise!" she said;—
Ah, me! there came no answer from its dead!

T. K. Hervey.

Fortune.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."—*Hamlet.*

Frowning Fortune! frowning ever,
Frowning evermore on me,
Wilt thou always hate whoever
Holds thee in a spirit free
Secret strength defying thee?
Smile for smile, when thou wert kindly
Thou hadst welcome kind and glad:
Didst thou ever fail to find me
With that happy face I had,
Ere thy malice made it sad?
Frown for frown!—my face is alter'd,
Changed through many a sharp degree,
But my spirit scarce hath falter'd:—
Beaten down upon my knee,
Fortune, I have conquer'd thee!

THE COMING WEEK.

- 10th. [THURSDAY.]
11th. [FRIDAY.]—Earl of Chatham died, 1778.—Percival assassinated, 1812.—Test and Corporation Act repealed, 1828.
12th. [SATURDAY.]—Lord Strafford beheaded, 1642.
13th. [SUNDAY.]—Rogation Sunday.
14th. [MONDAY.]—Grattan died, 1820.
15th. [TUESDAY.]—Whitsunday Term.
16th. [WEDNESDAY.]—A partial eclipse of the Sun, about midnight.

* * * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnavel:—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 11.]

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.

[MSS. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Is the peace party to prevail? Surely not yet. It would not be agreeable to the people of England generally if proposals of peace were even entertained until Russia has felt the power of our arms. We have had enough of negotiation,—enough of sinister, insidious diplomacy; let the bayonet and the sword now decide, and the stronger dictate its terms to the weaker. Europe will never be at rest till this is done; and if it is to be done, there is not likely to be a more propitious moment for it than the present one. Russia is a power not to be despised, neither is she to be trifled with. She is strong in her troops and in her resources, and stronger still, it would seem, in her political influence. Is she not keeping almost the whole of Europe in dread of her? Look at her sway on the shores of the North,—at her effect on Prussia and Austria. Even Persia is ready to espouse her cause, and Greece would willingly receive her with open arms. The safety, the security of Europe—yea, of the world, is in jeopardy so long as a power like this, so unscrupulous, and at the same time so vigilant and so resolute (at all hazards) to further her ambitious policy, is not held in check by material guarantees for peace. These, a successful issue of the war we are engaged in can alone give. Let us not think then for an instant of anything but the most vigorous, determined prosecution of the conflict, until Russia shall be compelled to admit that we are stronger in arms, as we are vastly her superior in civilization and refinement. France and England to stoop, or to appear to stoop to Russia at a time like this! Were we to see this, then might we safely say that the suns of both these mighty peoples were beginning to set, and that the reign of darkness and barbarism might yet again becloud the nations of the West. We cannot believe that any true Briton (looking to the aspect of affairs) can wish a termination of the Crimean contest till we be able to impose terms of peace upon the foe.

On Friday last, Lord Palmerston stated that the various departments in the East are now in a most satisfactory state, and that thorough Reforms in the Ordnance departments are in contemplation. Such is the effect of a blast from the horn of John Bull.

On Thursday morning our troops repulsed a sortie of the Russians with great gallantry. A second attempt also failed. A cannonade was continued for two hours at night, but the enemy did not attack the parallels. The Russian loss was severe. A truce was granted to bury the dead.

Trade is still in a depressed condition; but in some of the manufacturing districts there has been a slight revival.

On Monday Evening, in the House of Commons, the Lord Advocate obtained leave to bring in a Bill to consolidate and amend the laws relating to Bankruptcy in Scotland.

Dr. Mourou, the celebrated physician in Lunacy, is now suffering from that grievous malady, and unlikely to recover. H. M. Commissioners are now visiting the Scotch Asylums.

Pianori was executed at 5 o'clock on Monday Morning.

Up to the 11th, the Gulf of Finland was packed with ice, from Revel to Aland. The *Times* City article says that the mercantile letters from St. Petersburg state that since the breaking up of the Vienna Conference, fresh life has been given to the overland trade in Russian produce. At the latest date, several thousand casks of Tallow were being despatched.—Prince Gortschakoff wrote on the 8th,—The fire of the enemy is moderate. The allied fleet has returned.

Latest News.—Paris, Tues. Evening. The Paris Exhibition was opened to-day by the Emperor. The crowd was immense, and the most perfect order prevailed.

London, Tuesday. The Atlas Iron Works fell yesterday. Army Inquiry Committee.—Earl of Aberdeen examined.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ENGLISH VERSION OF Matthew v. 3. DEFENDED.
MR. EDWARDS.

Sir,—I would advise your correspondent [*Rara Avis in Churchills*] to get a Bible with marginal references, when, by looking at and comparing parallel passages, he will have no difficulty in arriving at the Scriptural meaning of the words "poor in spirit." For my own part, I do not see the slightest difficulty in understanding them. An individual who has not a feeling in his pocket knows well enough that he could not purchase a kingdom, so also he who sees that in himself he has no moral excellencies,—in other words, that he is poor spiritually, destitute of goodness or merit,—will be ready to acknowledge that he could not gain the heavenly inheritance. When he does this, he is "poor in spirit," or poor in the sight of God, and is then willing to accept the kingdom of heaven as a beggar would do the gift of an estate. "Blessed are they who are thus poor, for the kingdom of heaven is theirs."

We need not say that poverty of spirit has no connection with meanness of spirit, or imbecility of any kind. When these are conjoined, this arises either from imperfect views of the truth, or from some defect of constitution. When intelligently embraced, and consistently practiced, the religion of Jesus gives to its possessor the "spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind." Any other exhibitions of it are spurious or feigning.

As to the necessity of the comma after "poor" to give sense to the expression, I confess to my obtuseness, but, begging Mr. Gillies's pardon, I cannot see what sense he then makes of it. "Blest, in spirit, are the poor!" What meaning can one attach to this? He might as well say, "Blest, in heart, are the pure." Is this an amendment? It is clear, I think, that the "poor in spirit" and the "pure in heart" are characters, (not dispositions merely), just as much as the meek and merciful are,—the latter indeed described by one word, and the former by more than one,—and that in both cases they are qualified by the adjective "blessed." "The poor in spirit are blessed,"—"the pure in heart are blessed," are valid transpositions. So far as I know of Greek, I do not believe it would bear a comma after "poor"; there is no such point in the original. "Spirit" is in the dative case, and preceded by the article; it is governed by the preposition in understood, or, if you will, by the adjective poor. It cannot

be by *sanctaries* (blessed), for *sanctaries* evidently predicated or asserts a quality, regarding the poor in spirit, as well as the meek, or the merciful.

I am, yours truly,

AMICUS.

THE VIENNA CONFERENCE.

Sir,

It is, doubtless, a wonder to many how Russia should have persisted in refusing the proposals of France and England, as laid before the Vienna Conference. That a dozen Ambassadors—more or less—should have been of one mind upon a certain point—agreeing amongst themselves that the premisses in question admitted of a single logical conclusion,—while a minority, in the person of a solitary individual, stood ever in the way of unanimity,—was a puzzle that long vexed me, when “I lay a-thinkynge, a-thinkynge,” as the old song has it.

An engraving in a late number of the *Illustrated London News* at once solves the enigma. “Single vision with two eyes” is only to be realized from similar conditions of the organs; much more (as the mathematicians say) “single vision” with two-and-twenty. We are little surprised, therefore, at finding that of all the peace-mongers assembled in the Austrian Foreign Office, Prince Gortschakoff was the only man who—*more spectacles!* The mystery, you perceive, is at an end—for which of your readers would be so unrecognisable as to expect that a long and a short-sighted spectator should even agree as to the outline—not to mention the details—of a Political Treaty?

The fact to which I have called your attention admits of extensive comment; but, knowing the value of your time, I hasten to subscribe myself,

Yours very truly,

STATUS QVO AMICUS.

ERRORS OF AUTHORS.

If the writer of the following fragments (which are all we can make of his letter) should ever think of favouring us with another communication, he would do well to procure an amanuensis, as in the case of the extract here given. A fair proportion of the contributors to this paper might take a lesson from the fate of the epistle.

Sir,—You should have had articles
 “Errors of Authors” subject
 peculiar attractions; consequently, one of my
 the year 1868. no time for
 compliments; here latest pickings; what
 you like kirk and a mill *Athenaeum*
 *Jerrold’s Weekly Newspaper* perfect
 here goes *Athenaeum* first:—

“Writers, both of fact and fiction, sometimes try their hands at mathematics, the science of all others which the uninitiated should let alone, both in the pure and the mixed forms. It has been noted that Walter Scott seems to have made the Lady of Branksome think that it is always moonlight on St Michael’s night; and he makes Davy Ramsay swear “by the bones of the immortal Napier,”—an association he had picked up, thinking it had something to do with the tomb of the great mathematician; whereas *Napier’s bones* are the little bone instruments which he contrived for doing multiplication and division. He made Dominie Sampson “a profound scholar and mathematician,” but he wisely abstained from exhibiting him in the latter character. He thought, however, that he might venture to show Guy Manneering’s astrology, and he has made a slip. The conjurer, from the mere view of the heavenly bodies, without instruments or tables, makes his calculation of young Harry Bertram’s disastrous moment come to the very hour of the very day which a previous calculation had made him fix for misfortune to fall upon his own sweetheart; and the prophecy is fulfilled, too. This is equivalent to giving him an eye which would measure angles in the heavens to a minute of a degree. But the author of “The Diary of a Late Physician” bests Walter Scott hollow, in the attempt which he describes his “martyr-philosopher” as making to correct Laplace. There was, says he, “a fearful array of symbols,—

$$v-3a^2, \square \frac{y^2}{x^2}+9-n-9; n \times \log,$$

and sines, cosines, sines, &c. without end.”

This is indeed a fearful array of symbols; and it would puzzle all the savants in Europe to guess any page of Laplace with which it could have anything to do. He might as well have picked letters out of the Hebrew Alphabet at haphazard, and given the total as a verse in the Psalms. We will now take a serious instance. The very excellent Gilbert White, of Selborne, one of the very few authors who should be cited by the title of *His Resolutions*, has an amusing mistake, as follows:—He thinks the long-legged plover must be, for his weight, a much longer-legged bird than the flamingo; and thus he makes it out: the latter weighs sixty-four ounces, the former four and a quarter. But the plover has eight inches’ length of leg; if, then, the flamingo were as long-legged in proportion to its

weight, its leg would be more than ten feet in length, whereas it is only twenty inches. Consequently, the plover is out of all comparison a longer-legged bird than the flamingo. Now, Mr. White had an idea that the weight of a system increases in the same proportion as its linear dimensions, and so one of his editors has set him right. But had he made the legs grow, as he ought to have done, in the proportion of the cube root of the weights, he would have given his flamingo a leg of nineteen inches and three-quarters,—very close to the truth. Therefore, people should not write, &c., &c., without, &c., &c.”

Napier’s story humbug not so daff as that, I’m thinking; funnyhouses,—eh?
 course can’t help it, myself
 ridiculous writer middle of the sheet
 do it at once Jerrold’s paper,
Edinburgh Weekly Register:—

“It is really curious to see the gross ignorance of our country and of the French press exhibits notwithstanding the daily communications between the two countries. A grave political journal, of this morning for instance, publishes a letter from London, in which Lord Palmerston is represented as having called a meeting of the Whigs and Tories at the Crown and Anchor, to explain to them what he had done, and what he meant to do, with respect to the Spanish marriage question; and to repeat with a mandarin tone on the love he entertains, in common with all his countrymen, for the power and glory of his native land. Another journal gravely sets forth, that ‘Milor’ has sent an invitation to several members of the Parisian Jockey Club to attend a fox-hunt that he proposes to give—guess where?—in Piccadilly!”

. rich thing time really excuse
 pen ink valuable paper
 d—d nonsense. Yours truly,

A PATIENT READER.

ON LITERARY BLUNDERS.

Erutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Erutus. A flatterer’s would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

Julius Caesar, Act IV. Sc. 3.

The Errors of the Press.

D’ISRAELI’S chapter on “Errata” contains so much interesting and select information with reference to this division of our subject, that we shall make no apology for quoting a portion of it *verbatim*.

“It appears,” says he, “by a calculation made by the printer of Stoevers’s edition of Shakespeare, that every octavo page of that work, text and notes, contains 2680* distinct pieces of metal; which in a sheet amount to 42,880—the misplacing of any one of which would inevitably cause a blunder!—With this curious fact before us, the accurate state of our printing, in general, is to be admired, and errata ought more freely to be pardoned than the fastidious minuteness of certain critics allows; mere Grubs, who look on a new publication with an *innocent’s* eye.”

“A furious controversy raged between two famous scholars from a very laughable *Erutus*, occasioned by the blunder of the printer; and which seemed to threaten very serious consequences to one of the parties. Flavius wrote two letters, criticising rather freely a polyglot Bible, edited by Abraham Keshellensis. As this learned editor had sometimes commended the labours of a professor who was the friend of Flavius, this latter applied to him the third and fifth verses of the seventh chapter of Saint Matthew.

These verses he printed in Latin. Ver. 3. *Quid videt festum in occo fratris tui, et tealea in occo tuo non videt.* Ver. 5. *Ejice priusquam tealea de occo tuo, et tunc videbis ejicere festum de occo fratris tui.* Keshellensis being compelled to answer, began with accusing Flavius of an enormous crime committed in this passage: not only of attempting to correct the sacred text of the Evangelist, but with daring to reject a word, and to supply its place by one which was not less impious than obscure! But it is too long to describe. There are swelling phrasos, and a most dreadful accusation. His morals are attacked, and Flavius sees all his reputation overturned by an accusation which the other seems positive is just. And yet all this terrible reproach is only founded on an *Erutus*!

* The average in the present paper is more than three times this amount.

SELECTED POETRY.

Speak Soothing Words and Kind!

Speak soothing words and kind,
Breathe tender words and dear,
To the afflicted mind,
In Sorrow's languid ear.
Help suffering man across
Life's tottering bridge of sighs;
Count all things else mere dross,
But gain the heavenly prize.
Speak soothing words and kind!

Wear Honour's spotless garb
All through the march of life,
Strike off the poisoned barb
Of envy and of strife.
The true Reformer's song
Chaunt lark-like on thy way,
Till night wears out the wrong
And all is perfect day.

Wear Honour's spotless garb!
Twine Friendship's noblest wreath
Around thy brother's brow,
Who wears his vest beneath
As warm a heart as thou.
The hope, the gem, the star,
The friendship formed for years,
Oh, let not trifles mar
The all that life endears.
Twine Friendship's noblest wreath!
Sow Virtue's holy seed
O'er the heart's fallow ground,
Eradicate each weed
That ill springs up around.
Spread gospel news about
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
Till all mankind may shout
A joyful harvest home.
Sow Virtue's holy seed!

The Gladness of Nature.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep-blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?
There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.
The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.
There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.
And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

Flowers.

I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun:
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.
The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.
The lily is all in white like a saint,
And so is no mate for me;
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

—Hood.

Thou lov'st another, Maiden!

Thou lov'st another, maiden!
And I am free as thou;
My heart with scorn is laden,
To speak but with thee now.
Though through thy glossy ringlets
My hand hath often played,
Here—take it back! I loathe it—
The long imbosomed braid.
Away, away! no more with thee,
Thou falsest, fairest maid!
One heart is ripe and laden
With love for me e'en now;
I'll woo me, then, the maiden
More kind, more true than thou;
Then give it to my rival
The black and glossy braid;
And give the hand which twined it,
The cheek whereon it played.
Away, away! no more with thee,
Thou falsest, fairest maid!

From Bailey's "Fertus."

THE COMING WEEK.

- 17th. [THURSDAY.]—Ascension.—Holy Thursday.—Trial by Jury instituted, 970.
18th. [FRIDAY.]—Bonaparte declared Emperor, 1804.
19th. [SATURDAY.]—Anne Boleyn beheaded, 1536.
20th. [SUNDAY.]—Sunday after Ascension.
21st. [MONDAY.]—Society of British Artists estab., 1823.
22nd. [TUESDAY.]—War of the Roses commenced, 1455.
First Railway Act, 1801.—Court of Session sits.
23rd. [WEDNESDAY.]—Sir John Franklin's last Expedition sailed, 1845.

* * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnavel:—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 12.]

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1855.

[Vol. I.

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening. [MSs. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE distribution of the Crimean Medals by her Majesty, on Friday, passed off very happily. The occasion was an interesting one, and would tend to revive the ancient enthusiasm for war, and national pageantry, which we thought had been entirely dormant. There is a glory in war. The flashing steel, the glittering helmet, the neighing steed, the roaring of cannon, the drum, and the trumpet, powerfully affect the imagination, and inspire with daring and courage. But the scene at St James's Park on Friday last was perhaps not less inspiring than the first onset of battle. The sovereign, with the most illustrious of the land, came forward on that day to pay homage to the Brave; to the heroes of ALMA, BALAKLAVA, and INKERMANN! Was there a breast in that vast assemblage that did not heave with emotion, as VICTORIA our Queen (long may she be so!) presented the tokens of heroism to her faithful and true-hearted subjects,—to those leal-hearted men who had risked their lives in their country's service? Scarcely, we should think. The scars of honour and of victory seen on the men would have shamed such a one to tears.

Are we to fight still more? Have we to defend the cause of Justice? to break the despot's rod—to relieve, and allow to breathe, the terror-stricken nations? Have we to aid in rooting out a wild and imperious fanaticism, that threatens to bring into bondage and hold in subjection the fairest portion of Europe? Is this work before us? If we be true to ourselves, true to our country, and true to our children and descendants, it certainly is. And if so, to revive the martial spirit, to respect it, and give it prominence, is a duty which—as it becometh her—has come with equal grace and dignity from her Majesty at the present moment. She will not be a loser by it; on the contrary, she is consolidating her throne by the sympathy she is showing towards our fellow countrymen (we are proud of them) who can be brave as well as free; who fight not as serfs fight, but who fight for their Queen and the land of their sires, intelligently appreciating the issues of the struggle, and feeling each individually that their country would be disgraced by their cowardice. With such men for her defenders, England and her Sovereign have no cause of fear. No! They have more to fear from a bloated and stand-still aristocracy, who are behind the age in which they live, and who are apt to think—as their ancestors did before them—that those who point the bayonet, and wield the sword, are but as machines and automatons in their hands. If they would wish to hand down their heritage to posterity, the sooner they are freed from this delusion, the better.

General Canrobert lately received a part of the French Army in the Crimea. The spectacle was imposing. From him we learn that the army is to be reinforced in a few days by 70 or 80,000 men. On the ground of ill-health, he has resigned the chief command of the army in the Crimea to General Pellissier, with whose corps he is now connected. The Sebastopol Committee has terminated its sittings. Mr. Layard's motion for Administrative Reform stands for today. The motion for the voluntary payment of Church-rates is carried against government.—Eight Russian merchantmen have been captured off Dunamunde in the Baltic. Captain Christie late superintendent of the harbour at Balaklava has died. His death is said to be caused by the disgrace attending his removal. Sir James Graham and Mr. Layard have had some sparring about it. It is rumoured that there is a strong peace party in the Cabinet—so strong, in fact, as to command a majority. Austria vacillates, leaning towards peace.—Recruiting is being actively pursued in Russia.

Latest News.—Nothing of consequence from the Crimea. Another bombardment, it is expected, will take place shortly. The *Times* of Tuesday contains an indignant article on the withdrawal of Mr. Milner Gibson's motion.—The Austrian ultimatum is said to be on its way to this country. Affairs are at a very critical point. HAMBURG, May 22nd.—The French fleet has sailed to join Admiral Dundas in the Baltic.

(To the Editor of the Gartnavel Gazette.)

Dear Mr. Editor,—With reference to the very mysterious communication of friend JACOB SOMMER, I beg to offer the following remarks; though to explain or account for the phenomena mentioned by him in language so ambiguous and mysterious, would require a cleverer head than mine.

His complaint is of losing his rest; for though he dreams to excess, his endeavours after repose are so unprofitable, that he is keen for the discovery of those causes which tend to keep one part (at least) of his faculties awake, and thus to "murder sleep." From this it would appear, that, on awaking, or when lying on his bed awaiting the approach of Morpheus, he finds himself suddenly placed under the influence of certain sounds,—"voices are ringing in his ears,"—as if, by simply twitching one ear or another, he had put himself in communication with the strange voices of some world unseen; or as if, by the opening of the window, noises from without—of a somewhat suspicious origin—had struck upon his anything but "travelling" ears. Will it have ought to do, think ye, with mesmerism, or magnetism,—terms used to convey the idea of certain states of the mind or its organs, or the body as acted on by certain influences in certain states? Is it some delusion of the half-awakened or drowsy senses? or is it all it seems,—a something separate from dreams,—a new power, whereby we may communicate with Beings invisible,—hold secret but deep discourse with creatures perhaps like—but how different from!—ourselves; even as the prophets and seers of old, or the enchanters dire who summoned spirits from their "vasty deeps?" Whether or not it be a simple delusion,—proceeding from bodily infirmities to which we are all more or less liable,—or, on the contrary, a real principle of existence, of which we know too little to venture even to speculate, for fear of being led out of our depth, and given over to nonsense,—it would be hard to decide. That it has some sort of reality I am inclined to believe,—inasmuch as that, a few months ago, an acquaintance of mine, passing abruptly in a conversation, inquired if I believed in the existence of a class of *leaps* who often took possession of

people's stomachs and ears, and—like the night-scare or the blue devils—vexed them during the whole night! On my laughing at such a seemingly improbable fancy, he further informed me that he had distinctly heard my voice in his room on the previous night, as if talking with or scolding some one outside. This also I laughed at; which so annoyed him, that I was convinced the idea had taken a strong hold upon his mind.

One would be inclined, at first sight, to regard all such notions as illusory, but for having our minds excited by hearing of experiments in mesmerism, and magnetism, and communications to which those of the Electric Telegraph are but a joke,—experiments which, by the light of philosophy and the spirit of modern discovery, have been brought to such a pitch of perfection, as to repel strongly the spirit of disbelief. By these, the power of a party awake to communicate with another asleep has been fully demonstrated. What is there impossible, then, in the idea that such power may be exercised by one person over another, both being in a waking state? Such a state of things is rather alarming. What could be more startling than to find yourself in rapport with a neighbour in the next chair, or room, or street,—whose knowledge of your name and history set scepticism at defiance? Perhaps it is like the plan by which the Irish blacksmith is made to cure the wild horse: if so, then 'pig's whippers'—so potent in their influence where one is individually concerned—should be its name; and a whole host of such it may have been—used by some rogue in the secret—that has been the cause of all the pother.

Which thus on poor quaking Jacob prest,
Hath cast him his nightly sleep and rest.

You are welcome to publish this, if you think it in any way elucidates, or tends to elucidate, the question at issue. Jacob's Labour.

ON LITERARY BLUNDERS.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Julius Caesar, Act IV. Sc. 3.

The Errors of the Press.

(Continued from No. 11.)

As ill-written MS. is a sore annoyance to the typo-setter, who may be expected to sprinkle his work with more or less obvious errors, some of which will, in all probability, escape the notice of the official Reader. To this cause a great proportion of the word-errors which give rise to a host of idle criticisms may, doubtless, be attributable. Confining ourselves to a hasty review of the Dramas of Shakspeare,—productions which have been submitted to microscopic investigations without number,—we are furnished with a variety of such instances. As some of these may be new to many of our readers, we shall briefly allude to them in the order in which we have set them down.

Foremost on our list are two examples from TWELFTH NIGHT. Every lover of the Muses is conversant with the opening speech of the Duke's, beginning—

"If music be the food of love, play on,"

but the proposed reading,—anything but emendatory, we conceive,—of *sound for south*, in the line—

"Oh, it came o'er mine ear like the sweet south"

may be less familiar. The disputed letters in the above case may, or may not, have been of the printer's introducing; we can have little hesitation, however, in classing the following error with the delinquencies of the press.

Sir Toby Belch, in speaking of Sir Andrew's "excellent head of hair," observes that "it will not curl by nature," in place of which words the old editions have the nonsensical reading of "it will not cool by nature,"—a blunder evidently owing to an indecipherable copy. Theobald—"poor, piddling Theobald,"—gave sense to this expression—an act sufficient of itself to work his redemption.

He was equally happy in the following correction of a passage in *Measure for Measure*. "Let them be in band," says Verges, (Act IV. Sc. 2) when Conrade and his

companion are arrested by the watch. "Off, coxcomb!" exclaims the enraged prisoner to the superannuated speaker—a slight improvement, it will be allowed, on the old version which, with no respect of persons, made the constable give orders that the offenders should be placed "in the hands of coxcomb!"

The next new reading upon our list is exceedingly felicitous. In the "tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe," the Lion, in company with Moonshine, thus addresses his audience:—

"Lion. 'You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
'Then know, that I, one Scaw, the joiner, am
'A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
'For if I should as lion come in strife
'Into this place, 'twere pity of my life."

The above speech, which is copied from an edition published in 1849, appears intelligible enough; and, but for the keen eye of Mr. Barron Field, it might have been handed to another generation. *Scaw* will pass for "a lion fell" no longer, however; for the sixth line of the speech should obviously run as follows:—

A lion's fell, nor else no lion's dam,

fell being synonymous with *skin*.

In the four early folio editions of *ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL*, a speech of Bertram's (Act II. Sc. 5.) was printed thus:—

"Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure.
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And ere I do begin."

but some modern editors, not understanding the concluding hemistich of the passage, introduced a *dash*, as if the sentence had been interrupted,—in this fashion—

"And, ere I do begin,—"

Mr. Collier, in looking over Lord Francis Egerton's copy of the folio of '23, found a letter *c* written in the margin in connection with this line, and proposed that we should read—

"End ere I do begin."

which has been considered one of the easiest and happiest of his emendations.

Two notable errors are to be found among the very latest editions of *Macbeth*. In the Soldier's speech (Act I. Sc. 2) *Kernes* and *Gallowglasses* are printed with capital letters, as though they were the names of certain "western isles;" whereas they are designations for persons inhabiting the isles,—as may be seen from Barnaby Riche's *Irish Prognostication*:—

"The *Gallowglasses* succeedeth the horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull, a shirt of mail, and a *Gallowglass* axe. His service in the field is neither good against horsemen, nor able to endure an encounter of pikes; yet the Irish do make great account of them. The *Kernes* of Ireland are next in request, the very dross and scum of the country, a generation of villanies not fit to live: these be they that live by robbing and spoiling the poor countryman, that maketh him many times to buy bread to give unto them, though he want for himself and his poor children. These are they that are ready to run out with every rebel, and these are the very hags of hell, fit for nothing but for the gallows."

Not the least singular circumstance in connection with this *erratum*, is the fact that in an edition of the play now before us, this extract revealing the blunder is appended to the passage printed in its faulty form!

There can be no doubt that the first of the following clauses has suffered either under the hands of the editors or printers:—

"—my way of life
Is fallen into the rear, the yellow leaf,"

Death and the Elm:

With silent pace as shadows come,
And dark as shadows be,
The grisly Phantom takes his stand
Beside the fallen tree,
And scans it with his gloomy eyes,
And laughs with horrid glee—
A dreary laugh and desolate,
Where mirth is void and null,
As hollow as its echo sounds
Within the hollow skull—
"Whoever laid this tree along
His hatchet was not dull!
"The human arm and human tool
Have done their duty well!
But after sound of ringing axe
Must sound the ringing knell;
When Elm or Oak
Have felt the stroke
My turn it is to fell!
"No passive unregarded tree,
A senseless thing of wood,
Wherein the sluggish sap ascends
To swell the vernal bud—
But conscious, moving, breathing trunks
That throb with living blood!
"No forest Monarch yearly clad
In mantle green or brown;
That unrecorded lives, and falls
By the hand of rustic clown—
But kings who don the purple robe,
And wear the jewell'd crown.
"Ah! little reck the Royal mind,
Within his Banquet Hall,
While tapers shine and Music breathes
And Beauty leads the Ball,—
He little reck the oaken plank
Shall be his palace wall!
"Ah, little dreams the haughty Peer,
That while his falcon flies—
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf
The antler'd quarry dies—
That in his own ancestral Park
The narrow dwelling lies!
"But haughty Peer and mighty King
One doom shall overwhelm!
The oaken cell
Shall lodge him well
Whose sceptre ruled a realm—
While he who never knew a home,
Shall find it in the Elm!
"The tatter'd, lean, dejected wretch,
Who begs from door to door,
And dies within the cressy ditch
Or on the barren moor,
The friendly Elm shall lodge and clothe
The houseless man and poor!
"Yea, this recumbent rugged trunk,
That lies so long and prone,
With many a fallen acorn-cup,
And mast, and firry cone—
This rugged trunk shall hold its share
Of mortal flesh and bone!

"A Miser hoarding heaps of gold,
But pale with ague-fears—
A Wife lamenting love's decay,
With secret cruel tears,
Distilling bitter, bitter drops
From sweets of former years—
"A Man within whose gloomy mind
Offence had darkly sunk,
Who out of fierce Revenge's cup
Hath madly, darkly drunk—
Grief, Avarice, and Hate shall sleep
Within this very trunk!
"This massy trunk that lies along,
And many more must fall—
For the very knave
Who digs the grave,
The man who spreads the pall,
And he who tolls the funeral bell,
The Elm shall have them all!
"The tall abounding Elm that grows
In hedgerows up and down;
In field and forest, copse and park,
And in the peopled town,
With colonies of noisy rooks
That nestle on its crown.
"And well the abounding Elm may grow
In field and hedge so rife,
In forest, copse, and wooded park,
And 'mid the city's strife,
For every hour that passes by,
Shall end a human life!"
The Phantom ends, the Shade is gone;
The sky is clear and bright;
On turf, and moss, and fallen tree,
There glows a ruddy light;
And bounding through the golden fern
The Rabbit comes to bite.
The Thrush's mate beside her sits
And pipes a merry lay;
The Dove is in the evergreens;
And on the Larch's spray
The Fly-bird flutters up and down,
To catch its tiny prey.
The gentle Hind and dappled Fawn
Are coming up the glade;
Each harmless furr'd and feather'd thing
Is glad, and not afraid—
But on my sadden'd spirit still
The shadow leaves a shade;
A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,
As though by certain mark
I knew the fore-appointed Tree,
Within whose rugged bark
This warm and living frame shall find
Its narrow house and dark—
That mystic tree which breathed to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead
And sometimes underground;
Within that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound. *Hood.*

GARTNAVEL GAZETTE.—SUPPLEMENT.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1855.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRY.—Mr. Canning's riddle is substantially as follows. (*We quote from memory*) :—

A noun there is, of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber:
Now, any other noun you take,
By adding s, you plural make;
But if you add an s to this,
(Strange is the metamorphosis!)
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

You are right as to the answer, you will perceive.

JESUS SECONDUS.—The Scraps have been received. Many thanks.

J. K.—We are pretty much of your opinion, and entirely agree with you in the conviction that *Nicholas* was "a great warrior, an able Emperor,—beloved by his people,—brave and determined in his character,—and second to no modern sovereign but the first Napoleon." But

"The evil that men do, lives after them,—
The good is oft interred with their bones."

J. P.—In our next, probably.

"SOMETHING TOUCHING THE LORD HAMLET."

Gartnavel.—May 19th.

Sir,—In the most celebrated of his soliloquies, Hamlet speaks of

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

Now, it appears to me that we have a contradiction here,—seeing that his father had already appeared to him, equipped, 'from top to toe,' in 'complete steel!' What think you of it? Yours, &c.,—J. K.

This seeming inconsistency is not new to us. We have, however, too much faith in the far-sightedness of Shakespeare, to consider him guilty of any absurdity in the passage in question. 'Hamlet,' as J. K. is, doubtless, aware, was no hasty production; but, on the contrary, would seem to have been more 'laboured'—if we may so speak of inspiration—than any other invention of the Prince of Dramatists. It is, therefore, we think, next to an impossibility, that the poet should have been 'caught napping' at so critical a juncture as that above referred to. This being the case, we are necessitated to doubt our own judgment rather than his; and, rejecting our obvious and first-sight impressions, to look for a real and unquestionable truth in the disguise of an apparent error. In other words,—before registering a spot upon the Sun, let us be careful to clean our telescopes!

Without wasting more space upon the matter, we would desire our correspondent to abandon the narrow reading which he has here adopted, in favour of that more liberal rendering of the passage which would give a particular application to the verb. Let him suppose Hamlet to picture the *Terra Incognita* as a country whence 'no traveller returns' to resume his suspended avocation. This is no very extraordinary ellipsis; and, as nothing more is needed to give a proper sense to the expression, we have always (weighing probabilities) been accustomed so to interpret it.

He who first finds out a physical fact, often fails to trace it to its full extent: pre-occupied by some particular object of research, led by special views, he looks at it with reference to them alone; and were he sole labourer in the matter, much of its wealth would be lost. It may be too vast to be explored by the power of one mind, or within the limits of one life; or it may require aids and appliances which solitary individuals do not possess,—to say nothing of what is still more important, the increase of energy which flows from the sympathy and admiration of a multitude. —Lord Northampton.

Maggots from Folded Leaves.

A BON MOT OF THE KING OF NAPLES.—When new clothing was required for the army, an officer suggested that it would be advisable to have the jacket padded over the chests, like those of the Austrians; stating that it was not only advantageous to the figure, but also served as a defence against the cut of a sabre. 'Oh, for protecting the person,' replied the King, laughing, 'it is much better to have the jackets padded behind.' —Lady Blessington's *Life in Italy*.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shows itself for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind. But when I find the instruments he works with are racks and gibbets, gallies and dungeons; when he imprisons men's persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul, I cannot stirk to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unpredictable. —Addison.

CLIMAX.—A lecturer on the history of chemistry thus described the celebrated Mr. Boyle:—"He was a great man, a very great man, he was the father of modern chemistry, and the brother of the Earl of Cork." —Athenaeum.

May is considered by the superstitious as an unlucky month to marry, or, as the Scotch say, "uncannie."—A lady, who was courted in April, being solicited by her lover to name the day in the following month for the wedding, replied that May was an unfortunate month; and, being asked to name it in June, inquired if April would not suit just as well! —Athenaeum.

Erskine the lawyer having joked too severely upon the poverty of his party, the Bufts and Blues sent him to Coventry; but upon proper repentance he was again received into the set; and asked Mr. Fox if, having now made every necessary concession, he might not hope to regain once more the confidence of the party. "My dear fellow," answered Fox, "your own confidence is enough to satisfy any man; what can you want with any more!" —Swinsburne's *Courts of Europe*.

When the Grand-Duke Leopold was to be married at Inspruck to the King of Spain's daughter, Prince Kaunitz went thither beforehand to see that everything was in order for the fête. The opera, among the rest, engaged his attention; and he questioned Glück about it. The composer assured him that the performers, singers, and decorations, were perfect. "Well, then," said the Prince, "let us have the opera directly." "How?" exclaimed Glück, "without an audience?" "Monsieur Glück," he replied, "sachez que la qualité vaut bien la quantité; je suis moi seul une audience." He was obeyed, and I heard him tell this with great triumph.

AN IMPUDENT COURTIER.—When Madame d'Osmond was to be presented to Marie Antoinette, her shoemaker disappointed her of her shoes; which Leonard the hairdresser told the Queen; upon which she was so good as to send her a pair of hers. Upon her presentation, her Majesty inquired if the shoes fitted her well; and before she could give an answer, the old Count d'Osmond, who was close behind, said in a loud whisper to her, "Dites qu'ils sont trop petits." —*Bid.*

After Lord Kenyon's death, a hatchment was put upon his residence, with the motto 'Mors Janus vita,'—the last letter written a by a mistake of the printer. This was pointed out by Jekyll to his successor, and by so means good friend, Lord Ellenburgh. 'Mistake,' said his lordship, 'it is no mistake!' He left particular directions in his will that the estate should not be burdened with the expense of a diphthong! —*The Lives of the Twelve Eminent Judges of the Last and of the Present Century.*

HUME.—Hume never failed, in the midst of any controversy, to give its due praise to everything tolerable that was either said or written against him. One day that he visited me in London, he came into my room laughing and apparently well pleased. 'What has put you into this good humour, Hume?' said I. 'Why, man,' replied he, 'I have just now had the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining in a company where I spent the morning, that I was very ill treated by the world, and that the censures put upon me were very hard and unreasonable. That I had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet that for those few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces.' 'You put me in mind,' said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I did not know, 'of an acquaintance of mine, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case; that after having written many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line.' —*Hardy's Memoirs of Charlesmont.*

"May of life" is a better reading. Not only does it harmonize with the figure, but we have a like expression from the mouth of Leonato in *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*, (Act V. Sc. 1):—

"I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active penelope,
His May of youth, and bloom of lusty blood."

Next upon our list is a passage in *TIMON OF ATHENS*, regarded as an insuperable difficulty by the successive commentators upon our unrivalled bard.

"It is the pasture hard the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean."

exclaims the Timon of the common text; an "excellent senseless" remark, which—thanks to a writer in the *Athenaeum*—need no longer puzzle the reader. Dropping the initial letter of the word *brother*, the sense is palpable enough; for, as the restorer of the phrase observes,—

"The word 'rather,' for an ox, was certainly current in the poet's time, for the term 'rather beasts' occurs in the statutes 2 and 3 Ed. VI. c. 19, and 21 Jac. I. c. 28, and there signifies oxen, kine &c. The word is of course Anglo-Saxon, and is used by Robert of Gloucester, and by the author of *Piers Plouhman*. Phillips, Milton's nephew, in his *Word of Words*, 1671, says it was then used in the North of England, and *rather* still in Herefordshire, for the dung of horned cattle."

"This emendation," he adds, "makes obvious sense of a passage, from which, as it stands in the old copy, it is difficult to torture a meaning; and the error is one which might easily occur in the hands of a negligent printer."

Skipping some half a score of plays, we come to a line in *ROMEO AND JULIET* which has been the subject of so many singular conjectures that we shall twist it into our service as an instance of the possible *errata* for which the press will have its share of blame. The time and place of the following apostrophe it would be needless to particularise:—

"Jul. Gallip apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtains, lore-performing night,
That run-aways' eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd-of, and unseen!"

Few words have been so roughly handled by the Shakespearean critics as the last which we have given in *italics*. Some suppose Romeo to have been the "run-away," and some Juliet. Warburton would make the speaker allude to the day, and Steevens to the night. Mason would read *renomee*, 'renomee' being, as he adds, the French for *rumour*. Zachary Jackson and Mr. Collier would have it *unaware*. Mr. Dyce, again, reads *rude days*, or *weekdays*, and Mr. Mitford *Luna's eyes*. Mr. Halpin believes that Juliet's "run-away" is no other than *Cupid himself*:—

"Beauties, have you seen this toy
Called Love—a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and now as kind;
If he be amongst you say
He is Venus' runaway."

whilst the "run-aways' eyes," in conclusion, are said to be, possibly, the eyes of Phoebus: "fiery-footed steeds" winking under the lashes of their eager driver!!

We are inclined, however, to agree with a writer in the *Athenaeum*, (No. 943), who suggests as the natural and real meaning, that "the eyes of runaways escaped from servitude or from justice, the very impersonations of watchful terror and apprehensive circumspection, who are ever looking behind and about them as they run, and who see 'in every bush an officer,'—that even eyes as watchful as theirs—may wink under the close curtain of night,—and Romeo meet Juliet 'untalk'd-of and unseen.'"

There is still one mystery remaining, viz., how the words *renegade* and *runagate* should not have been proposed by the critics.

HAMLET—the tragedy of tragedies—notwithstanding the volumes written for its elucidation, still suffers from the rude treatment of the *imprimerie*. For

"The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"

—a line now abandoned—we were probably indebted to the carelessness of a type-setter. The substitution of *hand-saw* for *her'n-shaw* is not so easily accounted for; a hasty writer may, however, have misled the workman, and a still more hasty reader have left his gibberish unchallenged.

Wilson, in one of his *Conversations* (*Christopher under Canvas*), falls foul of the vulgar interpretation of *state* into 'condition,' in the line

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,"

and would—rightly, we conceive—have the word printed with a capital letter, as referring directly to the reigning city,—the '*Rerum pulcherrima*' of Virgil. He justly remarks that if we suppose Horatio to mean 'In the most glorious and victorious condition of Rome, on the Eve of Caesar's death, the graves stood tenantless,' the first question is—Where?—for we have a story told with two determinations of Time, and none of Place! All readers will not, we may presume, acquiesce in the correctness of the alteration. We would, therefore, refer the sceptic to No. 3 of the *Dies Bo-reales*, for a knowledge of the awful responsibility that awaits him.

Enough has now been written to show the evil that arises from an insufficient revision of a work in its passage through the press. Our remarks have, perhaps, been fully 'severe' (in the poetical sense of the word); it may be prudent, therefore, to dismiss the subject with a 'lively' blunder that has recently come under our notice.

In an edition of Byron's writings, in one volume, published by Murray, the lines upon Greece which occur about the middle of *The Siege of Corinth* are barbarously murdered by the introduction of a single wrong letter. Communing in spirit with the mighty of old, the Poet exclaims—

"They fell devoted, but undying:
The very gale their names seem'd sighing:
The waters murmur'd of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meaneft rill, the mightiest river
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever."

and the printer (or his 'devil') adds that

"Despite of every sock she bears,
That land is glory's still and theirs!"

Had the original edition been so ludicrously mangled, we might have heard of another author 'flooring' a bookseller.

(To be continued.)

Definitions of Words given in No. 11.

1. LIFE. A sort of shells.—Q. Z. Z. The first idea.—G. B.
2. DEATH. The last conception.—G. B.
3. LAW. Motion.—G. B.
4. CONSCIENCE. A modern Paul Pry, who, in order that he may live, must either find faults or make them.—Y. E. W. Not supposed to be a Lunatic.—G. B.

Words to be Defined.

1. MUSIC. 2. POETRY. 3. PAINTING. 4. SCULPTURE.

FOR NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, SEE SUPPLEMENT.

SELECTED POETRY.

Translation from the Polish of Niemcewicz.

This life is but a dream at best,
Where shadows pass, but nought remains;
Some seem with wealth and honours blest,
Some, bow'd by misery and chains.
A few there are, before whose eyes
A crown will flit, in mock'ry sent;
To others darker visions rise,
Of country lost, and banishment.
And, oh! what bitter cause to weep
The boon of life thus hardly given,
If, after all this troublous sleep,
We wake—but not to taste of Heaven.—J. H. U.

Forget Thee?

"Forget thee?"—If to dream by night, and muse on thee
by day;
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay;
If prayers in silence breathed for thee to heaven's protecting
power;
If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in an hour;
If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot,—
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed shalt be forgot!
"Forget thee?"—Bid the forest birds forget their sweetest
tune!
"Forget thee?"—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the
moon!
Bid thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew!
Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its "mountains
wild and blue;"
Forget each old familiar face, each long remembered spot;
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be
forgot!
Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy
free;
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad
for me;
Yet while that heart is still unwon, oh, bid not mine to
rove,
But let it muse in humble faith, and uncomplaining love;
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then;—but ne'er believe that thou canst be
forgot!
—Moulton.

A Relique.

Bright crisped threads of pure translucent gold,
Ye who were wont with zephyr's breath to play,
O'er the warm cheek and ivory forehead stray,
Or clasp her neck in many an amorous fold,
Now motionless this little shrine must hold,
No more to wanton in the eye of day
Or to the breeze your changing hues display,
For ever still, inanimate and cold.
Poor, poor, last relic of an angel face.—
Sad, setting ray, no more thy orb is seen;
Oh, beauty's pattern, miracle of grace,
Must this be all, that tells what thou hast been?
Come then, cold chrysalis, on this bosom lie,
Till love, and grief, and fond remembrance, die!
—Sir Brooke Boothby.

Children.

Their innocent faces open like a book,
Full of sweet prophecies of coming good;
And we who pore thereon with loving look,
Read what we most desire, not what we should;
Even that which suits our own Ambition's mood.
The Scholar sees distinction promised there,—
The Soldier, laurels in the field of blood,—
The Merchant, venturous skill and trading fair,—
None read of broken hope—of failure—of despair!
Nor ever can a Parent's gaze behold
Defect of Nature, as a Stranger doth;
For these (with judgment true, severe, and cold)
Mark the ungainly step of heavy Sloth,—
Coarseness of features,—temper easy wrath;
But those, with dazzled hearts such errors spy,
(A halo of indulgence circling both:)
The plainest child a stranger passes by,
Shows lovely to the sight of some enamoured eye!
The Mother looketh from her latticed pane—
Her Children's voices echoing sweet and clear:
With merry leap and bound her side they gain,
Offering their wild field flow'rets: all are dear,
Yet still she listens with an absent ear:
For, while the strong and lovely round her press,
A halt uneven step sounds drawing near:
And all she leaves, that crippled child to bless,
Folding him to her heart, with cherishing caress.
Yes, where the Soul denies illumined grace,
(The last, the worst, the fatallest defect:)
Sue, gazing earnest in that idiot face,
Thinks she perceives a dawn of Intellect:
And year by year continues to expect
What Time shall never bring ere Life be flown:
Still loving, hoping,—patient, though deject,
Watching those eyes that answer not her own,—
Near him,—and yet how far! with him,—but still alone!
Want of attraction this love cannot mar:
Years of Rebellion cannot blot it out:
The Prodigal, returning from afar,
Still finds a welcome giv'n with song and shout!
The Father's hand, without reproach or doubt,
Clasps his,—who caused them all such bitter fears:
The Mother's arms encircle him about:
That long dark course of alienated years,
Marked only by a burst of reconciling tears!

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THE COMING WEEK.

- 24th. [THURSDAY].—THE QUEEN born, 1819.—Great Irish
Rebellion, 1798.
25th. [FRIDAY].—Dr. Paley died, 1805.—Princess Helena
born, 1846.
26th. [SATURDAY].—Sir Sidney Smith died, 1840.
27th. [SUNDAY].—Whit Sunday.—The Habeas Corpus Act
passed, 1679. King of Hanover born, 1819.
28th. [MONDAY].—Whit Monday.
29th. [TUESDAY].—Whit Tuesday. Constantinople taken,
1453. Restoration of Charles II.
30th. [WEDNESDAY].—Ember Week.

* * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnavel:—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 13.]

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.
[MSS. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

"A son is as good as a wink to a blind horse," and we should suppose that it will hold equally true that a wink is as good as a nod to one that has his eyesight. John Bull has evidently his eyesight at this present moment, and is scanning with no small interest, and with somewhat of a leer, the pantomime presented to him in Parliament. He is a knowing dodger, John Bull; he can tell how many beans make five as well as any one. He is a little bit of an aristocrat, too; he would like to be big, and he does not lose an inch in his own estimation when looking up at the grander folks above him. Joux has a great deal of racy common sense about him, and above all things he dislikes shams. Humbugs he nauseates; they will not go down with him. Joux thinks—and we also think with him—that these are not times for trifling, or for ambiguities, or sinister dealings, or parliamentary tournaments, or even for party warfare. He shouts out—with that grand old voice of his—that the honour, the glory of the country is in danger; and the prayer of his heart is, that all may be true to it, and prefer it to everything else. Looking to the Government, and leading men in Parliament, he does not see that patriotism and real love of country which he would like to see. Let statesmen mark this well,—for John Bull has marked it, and it is certainly registered against them, and may one day tell with fearful odds to their disadvantage. The people of England are deeply interested in the present war, and Parliament has adjourned without giving them that thorough satisfaction as to the conduct of it which they think they have a right to expect. There can be no question—notwithstanding the natural bias of John Bull's affections—that the tendency of the nation in this our day is democratic-wards. Parties in power would therefore do well to see to it, that they do not add to the impetus, otherwise they may get a fright from which they will never recover. To be wide awake is their true policy.

The Newspaper-Stamp Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords on Thursday last.—Lord Grey made a long harangue, laudatory of Russia, and the purity of her negotiations for peace. He thought Russia had yielded all that could be desired of her, and that we should have accepted her proposals. His lordship withdrew his motion, remarking that some who would have voted for it had left the House!

In the House of Commons, Mr. D'Israeli's motion, reflecting on the want of plainness in the Government with regard to their intentions on the war, was negatived by 319 to 219. The House adjourned on Friday till Monday the 4th of June.

Sir Francis Baring's motion, to pursue hostilities without reflecting on Ministers, and Mr. Lowe's amendment that negotiations be not renewed on the now-exhausted basis, are postponed till after the holidays.

The Allied Armies will in a few days, it is estimated, be 220,000 strong.—On the nights of the 22nd and 23rd of May, the French carried by assault the Russian Camp near the Quarantine Bastion, though the position was defended by almost the entire garrison of Sebastopol. It is said, moreover, that Kertch has been taken; and there are accounts (but very brief) of an advantage over the army on the Tchernaya.

The General Assemblies of the Established and Free Churches met on Thursday.—The infant son of the King of Sardinia, born 9th January, is dead.—Cronstadt is said to be in a state of siege, as are also the fortified harbours in the bay of Finland.—Seven Russian prizes taken by the English arrived at Elsinore on the 22nd.—A Carlist conspiracy has been discovered at Saragossa. The Government has demanded from the Cortes power to place in exile suspected persons, and to suppress the journals hostile to the Queen. Arragon, Burgos, and Navarre are in a state of siege.—The mortality of the Austrian army in Galicia is so great that the bodies are no longer buried separately, but in pits. About 15,000 have died, and 23,000 are in hospital.

Wild Dayrell, a horse, the property of a gentleman not on the turf, trained by his own groom, and ridden by a non-professional jockey, has won the Derby stakes this year.

Miss Nightingale has been ill, but is now out of danger. Latest News.—Prince Gortschakoff (says intelligence from St. Petersburg,) writing from the Crimea on the 23rd, admits a loss of 2500 men in the French attack. "They fell mostly by the bayonet," he adds.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The *Moniteur* contains the following:—*Despatch from Admiral Bugeaud.*—Sea of Azoff, May 25th.—The expedition has perfectly succeeded. The batteries on the coast at Kertch and Yenikale are in our power. The Russians burnt 3 of their steamers, and some 30 transports and trading vessels; as many were captured.—In the evening we entered the Sea of Azoff. The Russians burnt their magazines at Kertch, which contained 100,000 sacks of oats, 360,000 of corn, and 100,000 of flour."

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ERROR OF THE 'PENNY' PRESS. *Plus and Minus.*

Sir,—I'm a down-caster, I am, as one of Dickens' fellows has it: in other words, I'm a trifle nearer sunrise than the inmates of the Upper House. I may add, moreover, that "when the sun shines on me, it does shine,—a little!" witness the unhappy *coop de soleil* of which (in No. 8 of your paper) you so shrewdly guessed that I had been the victim. "I owe you Oxen" for that, my good sir; and you shall have the change in hot coals if I can be of any service to you.

To come to the point, then:—Looking over a *Specimen Paper*, on Friday last,—the *Glasgow Daily News* of May 23rd, to wit,—I was taken

all a-back by a paragraph in the first column; and though I'm naturally 'cute enough, I'm free to confess that I took a leaf out of your book, and rubbed my glasses before a second reading,—to make sure that I was as much in my senses as when I told Dr. — that Calcraft was an Angel of Light in comparison with him. There was an error, however,—no mistake about it—and glaring enough to be set up in big capitals. Here's the document:—

"The Times says:—'In the bosom of the Government, peace or war is at this very moment an open question. It is understood that the majority, composed of men of considerable rank, position and talents, are in favour of war; while the remainder, less individually distinguished, yet more numerous, decidedly incline to peace.'"

I am assured that the Times was not at fault; so that your contemporary in the town is pretty considerably in for it,—ain't he?

Yours, (while this infernal machine is to him)

A GOOD HATER, alias AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

THE "MAID" AND THE MAG-PIE.

Mister Edditor,

I've aye had my e'e on ye sin' the days when your Ganxit was a pair wee callant no worth a fath'ring. 'Twa'd be gay deer at a bawbee the morn, let me tell ye; and that's why we gets it for naethin'. Tak' my word for't, my good man, it's no yer fair looks that has kep' ye tapmost in my thoughts; it's a deffrent storey a'tegither,—an' that ye'll ken afeer lang, 'gis I can mak' the twa ends o' this magazine begin meet, which is a gay littel job.

'Twas mair than a month back, I'm thinkin', when a lassie that ca'd herself Miss MERRILLERS took a hand o' yer e'er, and gied ye a lecture aboot the kerrin'. Noo, lettin' alone Miss, ye've kent nae mair aboot phlemaic company than if ye'd been born on a deserter's band. There's aye MANDER WILKINSON, a bearded hussie, that wrote a letter to ye, meanin' to be a cricket upon yer poetry,—but she's say better than she should be, in say impudic, she we'll e'en let her gang for naethin'. What for canna ye get a laddy to gie ye a lift? There's a heap o' them that's aye readin' novels and sic like trash, whod be able enow to gie ye a summery account o' their love matters, an' that's what be rale divertin'. Heo comes it that that ye meet wi' nae resistance frae them? Shall I tell ye? It's because ye're aye litten savage streaks at us wimmin,—mair shame till ye!—and first a one has had the courage to gie ye as much as a back for yer bite. But ye'll no get the chance o' takin' yer ease in future, I promise ye; for—sure as my name's MARY MARRER, I'll no stand twirlin' my thumbs when ye're attackin' a weaker vessel (as they ca' it) rise under my very nose. Ye'll be sayin' I'm makin' up hayvers (I'll no warrant that I've spelled it rite, for that daft body ———— gned awa' and curlt her air wi' my pocket Dictionary,) but the profe o' the pud'n's i' the cotin', an' I'll gie ye chapter an' verse for it, so the Public'll hae a oppertunity o' juggin' awen us.

It's clear to my min', that ye sat out wi' an ill will agin the socks. Ane ELIZA SUMMITH or ither got a canny word frae ye, an' ye prented an AYE MAX'S notions o' a Christian Wife,—but that was a'. Ye were just three weeks auld when ye commenset yer spitefu' langidge,—tollin' us in yer account o' some furrin hist'ry—ritten by aye o' yer neebors, I'm tauld,—that the common wimmin in Scotland were no ways beartiful. The like o' that, noo, ye might keep to yersel; an' it's no for sic a aye as yeu to ken the work that a vast o' us mair thole, which is sair agin our complexion; without ever meen' to say that it's a body's fault but our ain gin we happen to be born guid-lookin'.

Sae sure as ever I see'd LOVE among yer Definitives, thanks I to mysel, WIMMIN'S no far aff. I've been watchin' ye closer sin' ye, my man, an' it's aye the longer the war' wi' ye. It's a queer way ye hae got o' shufflin' they definitives! Did ye think we wad no hae the gumsh'n to detek it? Wimmin are no just the fules ye tak' em for, an' ye'll maybe get yer ee'n open'd afeer ye're a twalment auld.

I canna be fadst to tak' a' yer sentences to bits, an' argufy wi' ye till I'm fairly roosed;—na, na,—I'll just treet ye wi' indigenous contempt, an' turn my back upon ye without any tramp. Tak' my word for't, however, ye're clean aff yer feet in this bishin'. Folk'll mind o' the faybil o' the Fox an' the Grapes, an' ye'll pass for a rantin' blyot. What's mair, ye'll no get connected wi' a single wumman,—nor a married aye, either,—and what sort o' standin' will ye hae when that's the case? Yer wits'll dribble awa' drap by drap, till yer head's as toon as my stummack, which is gripin' me sae sair that I mair concludet an' onst, and see if there's anythin' to be got o' the pauntery.

I remaine, Yer umbel servant,

MARY MARRER.

P.S.—While I'm below sic a man as yeu, Mr. Edditor,—an' I hope I ken my place—d's not likely that I'm goin' to be trifled wi'. 'Gin ye'll only d'ye yer deuty, however, I'll be as quiet as a lamb, an' no fash ye o' my mair wi' my private feelins.—M. M.

ON LITERARY BLUNDERS.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Julius Caesar, Act IV. Sc. 3.

The Errors of Readers.

THE third—and last—division of our subject might be conveniently subdivided into two parts. We should thus consider, in the first place, the errors which have disfigured the works of Translators, and, secondly, the mal-interpretations of the reading public in general. Our means of reference are, however, too limited to allow of our doing justice to the latter topic; and with respect to the former, as it is our business to embrace every record that may be of interest to our readers, we shall not scruple to follow the plan which we adopted in touching upon the Errors of the Press, namely, a wholesale robbery to begin with, and a miscellaneous forage by way of a wind-up.

Opening the *Curiosities of Literature*, then, we make the following pickings *con amore*:—

"A book was written in praise of Ciampini by Ferdinand Fabiani, who, quoting a French narrative of travels in Italy, took for the name of the author the following words, found at the end of the title-page, *Enrichi de deux Listes*, that is 'Enriched with two Lists'; on this he observes, 'that Mr. Enriched with two Lists has not failed to do that justice to Ciampini which he merited.'"

The blunders of Gesner's Bibliotheca ascribe the romance of Amadis to one *Acordo Olvido*; Remembrance, Oblivion. Not knowing that these two lines on the title-page of the French version of that book, formed the translator's Spanish motto!

D'Aquin, the French King's physician, in his Memoir on the Preparation of Bark, takes *Mentissa*, which is the title of the Appendix to the History of Plants by Johnstone, for the name of an author, who, he says, is so extremely rare that he only knows him by name.

An honest friar, who composed a church history, has placed in the class of ecclesiastical writers, Garsiel, the Italian poet; this arose from a most risible blunder; on the faith of the title of his celebrated amorous pastoral *Il Pastor Fido*, 'The Faithful Shepherd,' our good father imagined that the character of a curate, vicar, or bishop, was represented in this work.

Mabillon has preserved a curious literary blunder of some pious Spaniards, who applied to the Pope for consecrating a day in honour of *Saint Viar*. His holiness, in the voluminous catalogue of his saints, was ignorant of this one. The only proof brought forward for his existence was this inscription:—

S. VIAR.

An antiquary, however, hindered one more festival in the Catholic calendar, by convincing them that these letters were only the remains of an inscription erected for an ancient surveyor of the roads; and he read their saintship thus:—

PREFECTUS VIARUM.

Maffei, in his comparison between Medals and Inscriptions, detects a literary blunder in Spion, who, meeting with this inscription,

Maxime VI. Consul.

takes the letters VI for numerals, which occasions a strange anachronism. They are only contractions of *Viro Illustri*—VI.

As absurd a blunder was that of Dr. Skelley on the coins of Caranus; finding a battered one with a defaced inscription of

FORTVNA AVG.

he read it

ORIVNA AVG.

and sagaciously interpreting this to be the wife of Caranus, makes a new personage start up in history; he contrives even to give some *theoretical memoirs of the August Orinna*!

Pope, in a note on 'Measure for Measure' informs us that its story was taken from Cinthio's novels, Dec. 8, Nov. 5. That is, *Decade 8, Novel 5*. The critical Warburton in his edition of Shakspeare (as the author of *Canons of Criticism* observes) puts the words in full length thus, *December 8, November 5*.

Voltaire has given in his Philosophical Dictionary, article *Alas des Mots*, a literary anecdote of a singular nature; a complete *qui pro quo*. When the fragments of Petronius made a great noise in the literary world,

Mod
schol
mine
Italy
poet,
troni
publi
it.
char
lip, c
A
said
with
on a
harm
gene
An
Skiff
Mand
Moor
Sis
by th
who t
dog!
A
differ
of Du
of the
ing th
Th
tion o
of its
ry of
to be
Dr.
man's
Havir
gation
proue
the w
Frene
In
was a
casion
ever t
the as
signifi
by his
prayer
are fr
know
glisk
yaks t
sured
A li
of the
finite
dual of

He
that S
tempt
picture
of hero
times.
After
triumph
by exp
which

To
libert
words
risks
gratifi

X
in Aust

Meibomius, an erudit of Lubeck, read in a letter from another learned scholar of Bologna, 'We have here an entire Petronius. I saw it with mine own eyes, and with admiration.' Meibomius in post-haste travels to Italy, arrives at Bologna, and immediately inquires for the librarian Capponi. He asks him if it was true that they had at Bologna an entire Petronius. Capponi assures him that it was a thing which had been long public. Can I see this Petronius? Have the kindness to let me examine it. Certainly, replies Capponi. He leads our erudit of Lubeck to the church where reposes the body of Saint Petronius. Meibomius bites his lip, calls for his chaise, and takes his flight.

A French translator, when he came to a passage of Swift, in which it is said that the Duke of Marlborough broke an officer; not being acquainted with this Anglicism, he translated it *romé*, as if the officer had been broke on a wheel; an odious punishment, which neither our national freedom nor humanity would permit a fellow-citizen to suffer from the sentence of his general.

Another French writer, who translated Cibber's play of 'Love's Last Shift,' entitled it thus, 'La dernière Chemise de l'Amour.' A similar blunder is that of the French writer of Congreve's life, who has taken his Mourning for a Mourning Bride, and translated it 'L'Épouse du Morte.'

Sir John Pringle in a work of his mentions his having cured a soldier by the use of two quarts of Dog and Duck water daily: a French physician who translated it, specifies it as an excellent *broth* made of a duck and a dog!

A similar oversight is that of an English translator, who turned 'Dieu défend l'Adultere' into 'God defende adultery.' Guthrie, in his translation of Du Hable, has 'the twenty-sixth day of the new moon.' The whole age of the moon is but twenty-eight days. The blunder arose from his mistaking the word *neuvaine* (nine) for *novelle* or *new* (new).

The Etonians Tom Bevyne committed a strange blunder in his translation of Gell's *Chore*. When he came to the word *Storne*, not being aware of its signification, he boldly rendered it *stares*, probably from the similarity of sound, but the succeeding translator more correctly discovered *storne* to be red-legged partridges!

Dr. Johnson, while composing his dictionary, sent a note to the gentleman's Magazine, to enquire the etymology of the word *Curnadgon*. Having obtained the desired information, he records in his work the obligation to an anonymous letter writer. 'Curnadgon, s. a vitious way of pronouncing "Cœur méchant." An unknown correspondent.' Ash copies the word into his dictionary in this manner, 'Curnadgon, from the French "cœur" unknown, and "méchant" a correspondent.'

In Charles II's reign a new collect was drawn, in which a new epithet was added to the king's title, that gave (says Burnet) great offence, and occasioned great rancour. He was styled our most religious King. Whatsoever the signification of *religiosus* might be in the Latin word, as importing the sacredness of the King's person, yet in the English language it bore a signification that was no way applicable to the King. And he was asked by his familiar courtiers, what must the nation think when they heard him prayed for as their most religious King? Literary blunders of this nature are frequently discovered in the versions of good classical scholars, who know little of the genius of their own language; and would make the English servilely bend to the Latin and Greek; however it will not bear the yoke their unskillful hands put on its neck. Milton has been justly censured for his free use of Latinisms and Grecisms.

A literary blunder of Thomas Warton is worth recording, as a specimen of the manner in which a man of genius may continue to blunder with infinite ingenuity. In an old romance he finds these lines, describing the duel of Saladin with Richard Cœur de Lion:—

A Fauson brode in hande he bare,
For he thought he wold there
Have slayne Richard.

He imagines this *Fauson brode* means a falcon bird, or a hawk, and that Saladin is represented with this bird on his fist to express his contempt for his adversary. He supports his conjecture by noticing a gothic picture, supposed to be the subject of this duel, and also some old tapestry of heroes on horseback with hawks on their fists; he plunges into feudal times, where no gentleman appeared on horseback without his hawk. After all this curious erudition, the rough but skilful Ritson, inhumanly triumphed in dissolving the magical fancies of the more elegant Warton, by explaining a *Fauson brode* to be nothing more but a broad faultlekin, which was certainly more useful than a bird, in a duel.

To complete our obligation to the author, we shall take the liberty of excusing our "cursed" plagiarisms in his own words:—"Whatsoever" says he "is felicitously expressed, risks being worse expressed; it is a wretched taste to be gratified with mediocrity, when the excellent lies before us."

(To be continued.)

* Sic in the 5th Edition.

¶ "Have you poets among you?" inquires Lamb, in a letter to a friend in Australia. "Cursed plagiarists, I fancy, if you have any."

Fragment from an Essay on Water.

WATER proves its serviceable presence in many ways. Who has not admired the stately bark, as she trimmed her sails to catch the passing breeze? or the gigantic steam-vessel, with its dark funnel, ploughing the billows, alike indifferent to wind or tide? or the tiny boat, poising herself on the bosom of the waves, and imitating the motions of her more rapid superiors? It is this element which bears upon its wide expanse the fleets of mercantile nations, and conveys to hostile lands the "huge leviathans" of war. It sets in motion the wheels of flour mills and paper manufactories; serving also to remove the impurities which arise in the processes of dyeing and bleaching of various fabrics. Divested of its saline properties, it alleviates the pangs of thirst. It cleanses the pores of the skin,—removing all deleterious particles therefrom; and lends its gentle aid in digesting the food of man. It ministers to the humble servant in her daily labour; and in genial showers descends to nourish the husbandman's seed. All nature is refreshed by its coming. Its advent is generally predicted by the darkening of the clouds, and its presence occasionally marked by the beautiful form of the rainbow, regarded as a sacred covenant between God and man that there should never be a second deluge on the earth. As the "mighty deep" it carries destruction upon its surface; stranding vessels,—or seizing them in waterspouts and whirlpools, when their ruin is speedily accomplished. When congealed, it has been known to sweep whole villages from their sites, meeting with no victorious adversary save heat. With its mountains of "thick-ribbed ice," it has crushed ships to atoms, or wedged them between the solid fields, or floes, upon whose desolate plains many a hardy crew has been detained for the space of an entire winter. To its own peculiar class of tenants—numberless as the sands that contain them—water gives life and substance. It is, in fine, a self-supporting and an inexhaustible element.—F. B.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ULTRA-CRITICAL.—Declined.

J. P.—We had proposed giving you a page in our present number, but found it impossible. For the sake of our readers, however, we must see and anticipate the dog days. If the "only pretty ring time" (or "roast" time, as some have it)—which, under the circumstances, is little better than *vaux nonsense*—were fairly over our heads, we should have fewer scruples about the matter.

Definitions of Words given in No. 12.

1. MEUSE.—Profane mirth and religious melancholy (†)—G. B. The language of thoughts "too deep for words."—Q. Z. Z.
2. POUYAT.—The smallest item in literature.—Q. Z. Z. The effect of nervous excitement—if "intermittent and irregular," *Insanity*; if periodical, *Leucy*. Skilful medical practitioners now distinguish this intellectual phenomenon from *delirium tremens*, inasmuch as the latter is found to be "curable," and patients, after a few weeks' seclusion, are sent home to resume "the ordinary duties of life." Poets are incurable.—G. B.
3. PASTERO.—The unnatural distribution of light, now being superseded by "photography."—O. O.
4. SCULPTURE.—"Sermons in stones."—Q. Z. Z. A miserable substitute for real life.—G. B.

CHESS.—Solution of Problem 10.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. C to K C's 8th.	P advances.
2. B takes P.	P advances.
3. B takes P.	B moves.
4. B takes P. (mate.)	

Our Chess-loving friends have been somewhat rudely treated of late. We were unable to present them with the above Solution in its proper place, and are under the disagreeable necessity of again awaiting our Problem.

SELECTED POETRY.

To the Slanderers of Russia.

"In the spirited lines addressed to 'The Slanderers of Russia,' Pushkin has recorded a sufficiently conclusive reply to the hackneyed calumnies against his country, repeated with a nauseating uniformity, and through so long a period of time, in wretched verse, or more wretched prose, in the leading articles of obscure provincial newspapers, and on the scaffolding of obscure provincial meetings."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, August, 1845.

Why rave ye, babblers, so—ye lords of popular wonder?
Why such anathemas 'gainst Russia do ye thunder?
What moves your idle rage? Is't Poland's fallen pride?
'Tis but Slavonic kin among themselves contending,
An ancient household strife, oft judg'd but still unending.
A question which, be sure, ye never can decide.

For ages past have still contended
These races, though so near allied:
And oft 'neath Victory's storm hath bended
Now Poland's and now Russia's side.
Which shall stand fast in such commotion,
The haughty Liakh, or faithful Russ?

And shall Slavonic streams meet in a Russian ocean—
Or that dry up? This is the point for us.

Peace, peace! your eyes are all unable
To read our history's bloody tale;
Strange in your sight and dark must be
Our springs of household enmity!
To you the Kremlin and Praga's tower
Are voiceless all—you mark the fate
And daring of the battle-hour—
And understand us not, but hate

What stirs ye? Is it that this nation
On Moscow's flaming wall, blood-slak'd and ruin-quench'd,
Spurn'd back the insolent dictation
Of Him before whose nod ye blench'd!
Is it that into dust we shatter'd

The Dragon that weigh'd down all earth so wearily?
And our best blood so freely scatter'd
To buy for Europe peace and liberty?

Ye're bold of tongue—but hark, would ye in deed but try it!
Or is the hero, now reclined in laurel'd quiet,
Too weak to fix once more Ismail's red bayonet?
Or hath the Russian Tzar ever in vain commanded?
Or must we meet all Europe banded?

Have we forgot to conquer yet?
Or rather shall they not, from Perm to Tauris' fountains,
From the hot Colchian steppes to Finland's icy mountains,
From the grey Kremlin's half-shatter'd wall,
To far Kathay, in dotage buried—
A steely rampart close and serried
Rise—Russia's warriors—one and all?
Then send your numbers without number,
Your madden'd sons, your goaded slaves,
In Russia's plains there's room to slumber,
And well they know their brethren's graves!

Pushkin.

The Might of Cupid.

The god of love, a benedicite!
How mighty and how gret a lord is he,
For he can make of lowe hertes highe,
Of highe lowe, and like for to dye,
And harde hertes he can maken fre.

And he can make, within a litel stounde,
Of seke folke, hole, freshe, and sounde,
Of hole folke he can maken seke,
And he can binden and unbinden eke
That he wol have ybounden or unbounde.

To telle his might my wit may not suffice,
For he can make of wise folke ful nice,
For he may don al that he wol devise,
And lither folke to destroien vice,
And proude hertes he can make agrise.

And shortly al that ever he wol he may,
Ayenes him dare no wight saye nay:
For he can glade and greve whom he liketh;
And whose that he wol, he lougheth or siketh,
And most his might he shedeth ever in May.

For every true gentle herte fro
That with him is or thinketh for to be
Ayenes May shal have now some stering,
Other to joie or elles to som mourning;
In no seson so moche as thinketh me.

For whan they maye here the briddes singe,
And so the floures and the loves springe,
That bringeth into hire remembraunce
A maner ese modded with grevaunce,
And lusty thoughtes fulle of gret longing.

And of that longing cometh hevynesse,
And thereof groweth oft gret sekenesse,
Al for lackinge of that that they desire;
And thus in May ben hertes sette on fire,
So that they breannen forth in gret distresse.

Chaucer.

Traces.

Thy name upon the sands, my Spirit's bride!
Lo! I have writ: and the fast-coming sea
Advances, that will sweep it utterly
Out of all mark and meaning: but the tide,
And the sleek shore o'er which its waters glide,
Newly configurate and changed shall be
By that impressure, though invisibly,
And ever with the touch thereof abide:—
And thus, thy name, thy beauty, and thy love,
Whose traces Time's obliterating ocean
Hath wash'd from out my action-smoothed mind,
Shall, with a fix'd effect, be intertwined
Therewith eternally, and deep inwove
With Time's own everlasting voice and motion.

Thomas Wade.

THE COMING WEEK.

31st. [THURSDAY].—Peace between France and the Allied Powers, 1814.—Chalmers died, 1847.

JUNE.

1st. [FRIDAY].—Sir D. Wilkie died, 1841.

2nd. [SATURDAY].—Rochester Cathedral burned, 1137.—Gordon Riots, 1780.—First steamer to America, 1835.

3rd. [SUNDAY].—Trinity Sunday.—Peace declared, 1814.

4th. [MONDAY].—York entirely destroyed by fire, 1137.—Leopold chosen King of Belgium, 1831.

5th. [TUESDAY].

6th. [WEDNESDAY].

. All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnavel:—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 14.]

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.

[MSs. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Few of our readers are likely to have forgotten the singular enthusiasm of the British People, on the departure of the first Baltic Fleet. 'Charley for ever!' was the cry of confiding Cockney-land; and visions of a "good time coming," when Napier's "adamantine guns" should have taken the shine out of the white batteries of Cronstadt,—and so "hoch'd the whole concern" without further trouble—were uppermost in the nation's thoughts. Such was the rising of the curtain;—the denouement we may spare ourselves the pains of recording. Suffice it to say, that a pitiful fraction of cool—barely enough to stop the ears of the listening natives withal—followed upon the multitudinous cry above referred to; and that

"All the Queen's voice, and all the Queen's men" pleaded guilty to having made a very indecent 'bullatalloo'.

"Experience teaches fools," says the saw; and we are inclined to think that much of the indifference—comparatively speaking—with which the proceedings of a second squadron have been viewed, may have owed its origin to the bearing and achievements of the first. Certain it is, that—with a few honourable exceptions—the public intelligencers have under-estimated the capabilities of our maritime forces; and to such an extent has the depression consequent upon the receipt of the Bomarsund helmets, lessened the national relish for 'Rule, Britannia!' that we are informed, on highly respectable authority, it is scarcely to be heard on the *parade* once in a fortnight.

Those who may have carried their scepticism so far as to have been only waiting for the return of inglorious navies from the opposite shores of Europe, "at any time before the 6th of April 1859," as the Act* has it,—will have met with an agreeable disappointment from the tidings of a bloodless victory now calling upon them to crow like Chanticleer. John Bull will now be 'more than happy' to be "writ down an ass;" and to own that his fears have been entirely absurd. "When the Kye comes home" who have been treading out the Czar's corn in a manner more singular than pleasing, he will be patting them on the back in great style, and taking supreme credit to himself for having muzzled their mouths—the whole bench of Bishops notwithstanding.

To drop the metaphor,—Intelligence has been received at the Admiralty, from Sir Edmund Lyons at Kertch, dated May 31st, that the squadron in the Sea of Azoph has taken Genitchi, destroying all the depots and vessels laden with

corn for the supply of the army. One man only was wounded. Since entering the Sea of Azoph, four steamers of war, and 240 vessels have been destroyed.

The *Times*, in a leader on these successes, says that the distance from Genitchi to the wooden bridge, 200 fathoms long, which connects the Crimea to the mainland, cannot be more than 20 or 25 miles, and that nothing would be more fatal to the Russians than the destruction of this bridge, which completes their most practicable line of communication. If there be sufficient water to float the ships' boats, and we hold the entrance to the inland water, there is no reason, it conceives, why the destruction of the road should not be attempted. In any case, it is of opinion that the success we have already obtained augurs most favourably for the next operations of the combined forces.

The investment of Sebastopol proceeds steadily.

The French reply to the Austrian propositions has been received in Vienna, but not the English. France still insists on the limitation of the Russian Fleet.

There are symptoms of a revolt in Italy. The Pope, it is reported, declines to trust himself in Rome.—The young Count of Paris, despite the earnest solicitations of his mother, is resolved to pay his respects to the Count de Chambord.

The Bey of Tunis died on the night of June the 1st.

Latest News.—The St. Petersburg journals state that "the allies have occupied the heights of the left bank of the Tchernaya, and have established a fortified camp there."—**Baltic.** May 28.—8 or 9 barges of 70 tons with government stores were taken by the Allies within 15 miles of Cronstadt.

ON LITERARY BLUNDERS.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Caesar. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As large as high Olympus. —*Julius Caesar, Act IV. Sc. 3.*

So deeply have we been indebted to the labours of Mr. D'Israeli, throughout the whole of these papers, that it may appear a "most foul" return for his services, to join in the laugh that has been raised at his expense as a blundering writer upon Blunders. Foul, let us grant it;—we have a shrewd suspicion, however, that it is not "unnatural." The unkindness of "man's ingratitude" has passed into a hundred proverbs; and, under the circumstances, we would defy any creature of woman born to resist such "fery honest knaveries." Referring, then, to that amusing trifle, *The Book of Table Talk*, we take advantage of the following paragraph:—

"In describing the death of Charles IX. of France, whose last hours were embittered by the recollection of the part he had taken in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Mr. D'Israeli says that the King, after some talk with Maxille (Maxille), his principal physician, begged him to withdraw his custody, that he might try to rest. The King, as the son of a

* New Income-Tax Act,—17 & 18 Vic. c. 24.

Italian mother (Catherine de Medici), who had filled the French court with her countrymen, of course spoke Italian; and, he it remarked, he was then speaking to an Italian physician, with whom he would naturally employ his own language. In Italian, the word *custode* means a guard or keeper, or one who takes care of another: and the term is especially applied to a man having charge of an insane person, in which condition Charles, on account of his remorse, was considered to be by his mother, who had the most urgent motives for preventing him from holding any private intercourse with the then Protestant King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France. In French, there is no such word as *custode*. Mr. D'Israeli translates it into English by "a large cap." Instead of having their night-caps taken off, people generally have them put on when they wish to go to sleep. But how did the Italian physician withdraw this "custode or large cap?" Why, in the context, in Mr. D'Israeli's own words, which immediately follow the King's request, it is said that "Mazze withdrew, and left orders that all should leave the King except three, viz. La Tour, St. Pris, and his nurse, whom his Majesty greatly loved although she was a Huguenot." If the worthy translator had reflected, this ought to have let him into the meaning of the word, and of the wish of the King, which was, that he should be relieved of the presence of his keeper or keepers. (for the term used was probably *custodi*, the Italian plural,) that he might be quiet. But Mr. D'Israeli cannot get the "large cap" out of his head; and his next words are, As she (the nurse) had just sent herself on a coffee, and began to doze, she heard the King groan bitterly, weeping and sighing; she then approached the bed softly, and drawing away his custode, (which the translator thinks was the large cap that the doctor had been told to withdraw before,) the King said to her (being open and confidential, we suppose, when the night-caps were off!) giving vent to a heavy sigh, and shedding tears plentifully, inasmuch that they interrupted his discourse. "Ah, my dear nurse, my beloved woman, what blood! what murders! Ah! I have followed wicked advice!" (meaning the advice of his mother, and the bigoted catholic faction.) This makes the matter still more clear. The Protestant nurse withdrew the Catholic custode, i. e. guard or keeper, placed there by Catherine de Medici, in order that he might not hear what the wretched King said.

The chapter from which we have made this extract contains reflections against other passages in the "Curiosities;" but, as they are not equally amusing, we leave them without much regret. Moreover, we are attracted by the succeeding anecdotes of a Monsieur Grosley, who wrote about the beginning of the reign of George III. The author observes, that,—

"In speaking of the melancholy character of the English people and their predilection for suicide, he said that high labourers were placed upon all the bridges of London, to prevent them from drowning themselves; and that the banks of the Thames were, as far as possible, carefully blocked up—and that yet, in spite of all these cares, he himself saw eight-and-twenty skulls taken up from that part of the river where a new bridge (Blackfriars) was building. Here had evidently been some wag's double entendre, and play upon the words—skull, the bone which incloses and defends the human brain, and skull, a sort of boat-scar. But on the subject of oars, poor Grosley was destined to be very unfortunate, and to make a mistake that seriously committed the moral reputation of our London watermen from Wapping old stairs to Vauxhall ferry; for he told the good people of France, who, no doubt, religiously believed the assertion, that he never approached the water-side, but those shameless men came running after him from the public houses, crying out—*Des putaines, des putaines; voulez-vous des putaines?*"

On the subject of toasts, M. Grosley enlightens his friends as follows:—

"Le Toast is that portion of the day in England in which, when the cloth is removed after dinner, when the ladies have retired and the dining-room has been *refinement garnie de pots-de-chaubee, chacun, est coudes sur la table, se faisant passer de l'un à l'autre les bouteilles, boit et arrange l'état.*"

Another ingenious Frenchman thus describes his experiences of the pugilistic science—or *Le Boxk*, as he very correctly calls it:—

"The Boxk is an indispensable part of a gentleman's education—fathers and mothers make children fight in their presence: the professors do the same in all schools and colleges, and the *Boxeurs* begin by *batting with their heads like rain.*"

According to a third tourist, the patriots of England are "called *Wigghes*, from the Isle of Wiggh, where all run-away matches are made." As a suitable fellow to this story, we may observe that a Parisian journalist translated "The Independent Whig" into "*La Perroquet Indépendante.*"

The remaining notices are given, word for word, from the *Book of Table Talk*, [vol. 1. pp. 231-3.]:—

Monsieur Bouchitté, in writing the life of the German theosophist and mystic visionary, Jacob Boehm, gives a list of his numerous works, among which he sets down as one "Reflections on Isaiah's boots." Now these said reflections were applied by Boehm to a theological and controversial treatise, written by a learned divine called Isaiah Stiefel; but Stiefel, as well as being a family name, is the German word for the English boot, French *botte*, and hence, with the help of a little blundering, came M. Bouchitté's "*Reflexions sur les bottes d'Isaie.*"

The English translator of Beckman's "History of Inventions," calls Barnabé Visconti, one of the signors, or lords of Milan, the *Vicount Bar. nabé*; but this is nothing compared with Hoole, the translator, or translator* of Tasso and Ariosto, who renders "*I cobolri Viscontai,*" or Viscontian snakes (meaning the arms, or crest of that family,) by "the Calabrian Viscounts!"

The French translator of one of Walter Scott's novels, knowing nothing of that familiar name for toasted-cheese "a welsh-rabbit," renders it literally by "*un lapin du pays de Galles*," or, a rabbit of Wales, and then tells his readers in a note, that the *lapins*, or rabbits of Wales, have a very superior flavour, which makes them be in great request in England.

The writer of the Neapolitan government paper, "*Il Giornale delle due Sicilie*," was more ingenious. He was translating from some English newspaper the account of a man who had killed his wife by striking her with a poker, and at the end of his story the honest journalist, with a modesty unusual in his craft, said "*Non sappiamo per certo se questo pokero inglese, sia uno strumento domestico, o bensì chirurgico.*"—(We are not quite certain whether this English (poker) be a domestic or surgical instrument.)

During the last war, an English newspaper told its readers that the whole army of the Archduke Charles was "on horseback, upon the Danube." The reporter of this startling news had been translating from the *Monitor*, and did not happen to know the value of a common French military idiom—*être à cheval*, "to be on both sides of," and signifying, in this instance, that a part of the archduke's army was on the left, and part on the right bank of the Danube.

In a surgical treatise on diseases of the bladder, the English author, in order to avoid a coarser expression, says, that in such a time after an operation which he recommends, the patient will be able to "turn to the wall." This, an ingenious surgeon in the south of Italy, who very laudably employed himself in translating and publishing English medical works, but who knew English only from the study of such books, rendered by "*e poi, partito del suo male, il paziente avrà la forza di rovesciare un muro.*" ("and then, cured of his disorder, the patient will have strength enough to knock down—or overturn—a wall.") Our surgeon stopped there; but had he been such a philosopher as the Frenchman, who explained Welsh rabbits, no doubt he would have gone on to say, that in England, where they are built of bricks, walls are much easier to knock down, than in Italy, where they are built of stones.

(To be continued.)

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Palissy the Potter; the Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes, his labours and discoveries in Art and Science, with an outline of his Philosophical Doctrines, &c., &c. By Henry Morley. 2 vols.

"It is, after all," Carlyle tells us, "the one unhappiness of a man, that he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled."

The worthy Potter whose life and writings are so pleasantly blended in the volumes now before us, was too much impressed with the necessity of fulfilling the destiny to which—as a man in advance of the intellect of his day and generation—he felt himself specially fated, to suffer any "movable fixtures" (if we may be permitted so to speak) to block up his road to knowledge. That "each one according as he has received gifts should distribute thereof to others," is the oft-recurring text to his discourses. There is, therefore, an earnestness about whatever Palissy says or does, that particularly commands our attention. We honour him as one who has been admitted into the *penetralia* of Nature's temple by dint of patient waiting at the gates; and we listen to him with all the reverence that is

* According to an Italian saying, *I traduttori sono traditori*, or, "Translators are traitors."

due to one whose scars in the Battle of Life out-number the "bleeding honours" that have fallen thick upon him.

Of the early life of Palissy we can give no authentic details. His present biographer has thought proper to found a narrative of probabilities upon the slender materials furnished by occasional sentences in the Potter's writings; and the imaginative portion of his work—embracing fully a third part of the first volume—is so pleasantly handled, that we have for once been persuaded to abandon our prejudices against such a design. Separating the warp of facts from the woof of fiction with which it is intertwined, we arrive at the following particulars, which may serve to make our readers acquainted with the tenor of his youthful experience.

Born in the district of Agenois about the commencement of the 16th century, the young Bernard (to whom the Latin and Greek, then with some little reason made the standards by which to measure intellectual growth, were wholly unfamiliar,) was early initiated into those mysteries of the noble art of *Verrerie* which referred especially to the colouring and arranging of glass. The occupation was one which was followed by a number of the indigent nobles with whom un-Reformed France abounded; and from this fact, taken in connection with a solitary passage in "*L'Art de Terre*," Mr. Morley considers that he may have belonged to that particular class. However that may be, it is clear that his family were in anything but a flourishing condition during his days of boyhood. The trade was then in its decline; and at an early age, probably, Bernard—whose services would otherwise have been of material consequence at home—quitted the hamlet of his nativity, and marched into "the wide, wide world." What were his immediate adventures, we know not. Though his wanderings seem to have been confined to his own country, it is likely that he spent several years in rambling from place to place, a keen inquirer into the ways of Nature, and no careless observer of the condition and wants of his age—subsisting by the unsteady profits to be derived from repairs in glass-work, and the occasional exercise of his talent as a painter and draughtsman.

The continent was full of commotion in those days. Wars and rumours of wars were familiar to men's eyes and ears. As emblems, therefore, of the tastes and tendencies of the troubled times, our author introduces us to three very notable persons,—to wit, Calvin, Paracelsus, and Blaise de Montluc. The latter of these merely delivers his tale 'of broil and battle' into the unsympathising ear of the peaceful artist, and vanishes—swallowed up of Victory. He is only useful by way of contrast. The painter of the one colour—"gules, gules,"—is, in the world's estimation, greatly ahead of his fellow. Blaise de Montluc is somewhat of a thriving man; Bernard Palissy is rather the reverse. Both are working hard at the great 'oysters'; but Palissy is only cutting his fingers against the edges, while his companion's sword is like to do the business in a 'jiffy.'

With BONNAST VOX HONORUM and JEAN CAUVIN the crumbly youth is, spiritually speaking, more intimately connected; but, as regards the *fort* of these reformers, he is at times antagonistically situated, whereas, he of Geneva and the future founder of the Heeretical Church of Saintes had more than their religion in common. We are unable to speak more fully however; and must jump that portion of Palissy's life which includes his experience of the knagsack, to visit him in a dwelling that he might call his own, situated in "the small but not quite insignificant capital of Saintonge."

His position at this period is thus described by his biographer:—

"The house of Palissy appears to have been situated in the outskirts of the town of Saintes; for he tells us that at night he heard the dogs barking on one side, and the owls hooting on the other. Glass-painting required, perhaps, the use of more fire than could prudently be permitted in a town, as towns were then built. It is quite possible, however, that Palissy inhabited more houses than one, and did not move towards the outskirts until he commenced experiments in pottery."

"Thus labouring for bread among the narrow-minded people of the narrow-streeted town of Saintes, dissatisfied with labour that produced food,

and only food, Palissy, conscious of his own strength, hoped that he might yet live to accomplish something better." He had abundant spirit and vivacity. In his darkest hours of evil fortune, he could try like a man to set his friends a-lauding. In the simplicity of his mind, he was at all times full of hope, although unconscious that it was the spiritual sense of power which begot his hopefulness. All that is possible, is certain to the man who will, if he has wit enough to use a little tact or skill, and a great deal of patience. Palissy had a child upon his arms; land-measuring came only now and then; glass-painting was not attractive; and the inhabitants of Saintes were but a limited population to provide with pictures. The young artist kissed his baby, and buoyed up his wife with his own hopes. There was another baby to him, but there was no doubt in his mind about the future."

"It was at this time," adds Mr. Morley, "that there was shown to Palissy an elegant cup of Italian manufacture—an earthen cup," he says, 'turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun, when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronised, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels, and other things, very prettily; because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing.' Palissy then knew nothing whatever of the art of pottery, and there was no man in the nation who could make enamels. This last fact was the attraction to him. Enamels could be made; there he beheld a specimen. What is possible, is sure to him who will, if he can use a little skill and a great deal of patience. To be the only man in France able to make enamelled vessels, would be to provide handsome support for his wife and children; and to work at the solution of so hard a riddle, would be to provide full occupation for the intellect. So Palissy resolved to make himself a prince among the potters; and 'thereafter,' he writes, 'regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clay, I began to seek for the enamel, as a man gropes in the dark.'

How, for the space of several years, the embryo-philosopher laboured to extract from the ovens of the glass-workers and furnaces of his own construction—terrible consumers of his frames—the all-important secret that they seemed bent upon retaining; how he purchased innumerable pots, only to pound them to pieces, and, after covering the fragments with speculative materials, bake them for long days and nights, in hopes that a *white stone* might in the end mark his too-sombre calendar; how his neighbours held the aforesaid pots to be fitting emblems of his own cracked encephalon, and aided his exasperated spouse in her natural protestations against his improvidence; and how, when the tide had come to its neap with the brave proper for enamels, it took the customary turn, and launched his penicill—upon the flood that leads on to fortune;—we shall leave for a future notice. Mr. Morley has entered heart and soul into this instructive piece of biography; and it will give us much pleasure to follow him in an early number of the journal.

When the affairs of Charles Fox were in their more than usually embarrassed state, his friends raised a subscription among themselves for his relief. One of them remarking, that it would require some delicacy in breaking the matter to him, and adding that 'he wondered how Fox would take it.' 'Take it?' interrupted Selwyn, 'why, *quarterly*, to be sure.'

MR. SKIMPOL UPON BEES.—Mr. Skimpole was as agreeable at breakfast as he had been over-night. There was honey upon the table, and it led him into a discourse about Bees. He had no objection to honey, he said, (and I should think he had not, for he seemed to like it); but he protested against the overweening assumptions of Bees. He did not at all see why the busy Bee should be proposed as a model to him; he supposed the Bee liked to make honey, or he wouldn't do it—nobody asked him. It was not necessary of the Bee to make such a merit of his tastes. If every confederate went buzzing about the world, hanging against everything that came in his way, and egotistically calling upon everybody to take notice that he was going to his work and must not be interrupted, the world would be quite an insupportable place. Then, after all, it was a ridiculous position, to be smothered out of your fortune with brimstone, as soon as you had made it. You would have a very mean opinion of a Manchester man, if he spun cotton for no other purpose. He must say he thought a Drone the embodiment of a pleasant and wiser idea. The Drone said, unaffectedly—"You'll excuse me; I really cannot attend to the shop: I find myself in a world in which there is so much to see, and so short a time to see it in, that I must take the liberty of looking about me, and begging to be provided for by somebody who doesn't want to look about him." This appeared to Mr. Skimpole to be the Drone philosophy,—always supposing the Drone to be on good terms with the Bee; which, so far as he knew, the easy fellow always was, if the consequential creature would only let him, and not be so conceited about his honey.—*Black House.*

POETRY.

JUNE.

June (Latin, Junius) was so named from the Godless Jeno. It answers to the Jewish *Tammuz*, the tenth of their civil, and fourth of their sacred year.

The mowers now bend o'er the bearded grass—
The ploughman sweats along the fallow vales—
The shepherd's leisure hours are over now,
No more he loiters 'neath the hedge-row bough;—
With whistle, barking dogs, and chiding scold,
He drives the bleating sheep from fallow fold
To wash-pools, where the willow shadows lean,
Dashing them in, their stained coats to clean;
Then, on the sunny sward, when dry again,
He brings them homeward to the clipping pen.

Clare.

Broken Friendship.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline,
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

From Coleridge's "Christabel."

Ode to the Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;
O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breath some softened strain,
Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some rain 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he went,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

—Collins.

A PORTRAIT. (After Goethe.)

You make a feast, you spread the board
With all your border can afford—
Fish, fowl, and flesh; then comes a guest
Who eats as if he were possessed,
Tears up and licks your savoury roasts,
And of his gluttonous prowess boasts.
Thereafter, through the town he goes,
Resolved your folly to expose,
In throwing pearls before a swine.—
'Your soup was thin; austere your wine;
Your venison was not larded well;
You had not truffle nor morel,
For sauce to expiate tough, that look'd
As if with soot and cinders cook'd.
In short, 'tis true as he's a sinner,
You know not how to give a dinner.'
So croaks the censorious, and repeats
His obloquy to all he meets.
Who could such insolence endure?
Go, hang the dog! He's a Reviewer!—R. P. Gillies.

THE COMING WEEK.

- 7th. [THURSDAY].—Corpus Christi.—The Royal Exchange founded, 1566.—Royal assent to the Reform Bill, 1832.
8th. [FRIDAY].—Cholera broke out in North America, 1832.
9th. [SATURDAY].
10th. [SUNDAY].—First Sunday after Trinity.
11th. [MONDAY].—St. Barnabas.
12th. [TUESDAY].—Collins died, 1756.
13th. [WEDNESDAY].—Lord Hastings beheaded, 1483.

* * * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnaveil.—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 15.]

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.
[MS. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Of "moving accidents by flood and field" there is assuredly no lack; yet he that would 'a tale unfold' must be chilled by the consciousness that

"That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;"
and that "each minute teems a new one."

The occupation of Kertch was but the first link in a long chain of successes. To the damage inflicted upon the enemy at Yenikale, Genitchi, and Berdiansk, we can now add the destruction of all his valuables in the vicinity of Taganrog, Marianopol, and Geisk, which took place on the 3rd, 5th, and 6th. The consequence of these operations has hardly been over-estimated; and the prodigious strength of the Russian defences in the Baltic—though even there the enemy, in parody of Edgar, may exclaim

"No port is free; no place
That guard, and most unwholesome vigilance,
Does not attend my taking."

will less disappoint us, when we reflect that it is owing to this very circumstance that we have been enabled to triumph. The *Times*, it is true, informs us that even these highly-important achievements sink into secondary importance when compared with the results of the last operations against Sebastopol itself; but the *Times* is little more than a monster chameleon,—and, on the capture of Anapa, Theodosia, or some hitherto unheard-of station on the borders of the Putrid Sea, we might expect to hear that the downfall of Sebastopol was merely a trivial affair in comparison, and that a handful of marines, in hitting this particular nail on the head, had driven the iron into the very soul of Russia. At the present moment it is content with flinging the Four Points to all the quarters of the compass,—riding roughshod over those would-be peace-makers for whom the *stock-dove* is the only proper emblem,—and rising to a very questionable sublimity in the reflection that "the time is not far distant, when the proudest military distinction of our age will be for a man to boast that he fought at the great siege of Sebastopol."

Matters are certainly in a very satisfactory condition for the Allies. General Pelissier has lost no time in "seeking the bubble reputation" where alone it is to be speedily clutched. His brilliant "cutting out" on the night of the 23rd has received infinite praise, and furnishes sufficient evidence of his aptitude for his new post. The subsequent attack upon the Mamelon (which fell into the hands of our gallant brothers-in-arms within an hour after the signals for assault had been given) was a movement no less sagacious.

Warned by the results of the bombardments of the 17th of October and the 10th of April, that a long-protracted cannonade only afforded the enemy an opportunity of re-arming those batteries which were disabled at an early stage in the proceedings, the Allied Generals were resolved to change their so-styled policy. After some 36 hours' firing, therefore, the advanced columns of the French were ordered to storm; and so vigorous was their attack that they appear to have even penetrated beyond the Malakhoff! Well may the Friends of Peace be quakers! *Jacta est alca*,—and Clubs are Trumps!

The *Leviathan* screw steamer, now building for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company is to be 680 feet in length, and of 25,000 tons burthen; being worked by engines nominally of 2,600 horse power, but in reality capable of being worked up to 10,000. She can carry 12,000 tons of coals, besides having space left for 5000 tons of cargo, the massive machinery, and 4000 passengers, with their luggage and all stores necessary for use. It is expected that she will make her trial trip to the United States and back in less than a fortnight.—The authorities of Liverpool have purchased the Birkenhead Docks from Baron Goldsmid and Sir Joseph Bailey, for £1,300,000, payable in six years with 4 per cent. interest.—The War Debate terminated on Saturday morning in favour of the Ministry. There was no division.

The Pope, with the precaution of pickets of gendarmes and horse police, effected his return to Rome on the 23rd instant.

It seems that the Palace of St. Cloud will be placed at the Queen's disposal on her visit to Paris, which will certainly take place in August.

The number of contributors to the Paris exhibition is 20,000, of whom 10,500 are foreigners.—The King of Sardinia intends visiting Paris and London. He has been advised by his physicians to travel for the benefit of his health, impaired by recent family afflictions.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ONE OF THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

Mr. Editor,

I am very well pleased with your paper. There appears to be a great deal of talent in the writing of it; but if that talent was to be printed in a more simple style, I would give you — how it was wrote out. You speak about the errors of authors, and you have got such a confounded lot of long nebed words, I think you would puzzle all the devil in — to make out. Now if you would line pity upon us east house chaps, and try and transcribe a few they long nebed words into english, or a mixture of english and scotch, the thing would tak a great deal better here, and we would a be better satisfied with it. It does very well for you gentlemen in the west house to read and discuss, and may be you understand it among your cells; but us jare sort a pauper souls cana understand it at aw. But may be you do that with the intention of puzzling our brains; for if it was our simple printed, you might be thinking we would understand our slim and then we would throw it

aside for waste paper. That's a very good idea too; but you must understand that the Doctors object to the brains being pulled, in case the patients get excited,—excited to —,—how will you ever find out the truth, unless you puzzle the brains now and again; but thank you away awe the laws that ever were formed by God or man, and I am sure ye will never find what truth is. I believe the Government inspector was here the other day, and we were awe expecting to get out, at least there was a great heap of us expecting to be overhauled before the big folk for that purpose, but low and behold they only overhauled the house. * * *

[The Printer deletes a portion of "Billy's" letter, together with a foot note relative thereto.*]

* * * * To think of your soul being burnt in Gartnavel! man, you would think if there was a we bit of your soul to be burnt here, it would turn to something else,—but that is a sort of mystery among the learned divines; but I can tell you what is a mystery, for I am sure the bit of the soul that had been burnt would be warmer than the bit that had never been burnt. I would thank you, Mr. Editor, to print this in your Gazette: you will say ken this is frae a daft man, of course; we man be excused, for I am just wondering the now whether the world when it was first was round square or oval and my name is

BILLY NUTS.

We have been favoured with an anonymous MS, headed
THE CHAPLAIN,
the writer of which thus introduces his subject:—

"As there are, no doubt, many in this place occasionally absent from the stated service on the Lord's day, it may be in keeping with the duties of the Christian Chaplain to give them the benefit, through the medium of the press, of the instruction then communicated."

The sequel we have been at the pains to print—although it is contrary to our custom—with the hope that *Incognitus* will throw off the mask, and in the course of time become a "well-known contributor."

The text on Sabbath, June 10, was "Receive with meekness the engrafted word." (James i. 21.) The subject was branched out into three heads. Under the first head was shown the necessity of having pure hearts in order to the reception of truth, by exhibiting the contrast of the "superfluity of naughtiness." Under the second, the importance of giving ear to instruction, that it may take root in the mind,—by showing that delusive thoughts, design, and artfulness, prevent the due hearing: and, under the third head, the blessing of a meek and quiet spirit,—as one of the Creator's best gifts, was shown, by taking the whole chapter from which the text was selected as a salutary lesson to the turbulent and evil-minded.

There is ever, when truth will not be received in meekness, necessity for speaking it forcibly, so that it may touch the feelings, and awaken the slumbering conscience; but there is danger in carrying the exposition of evil too far. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth; and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."—True,—But, can man say "when the Lord hath afflicted and chastised, I have a right to chastise also for supposed transgression against God, and not against man?" If religious ordinances be violated, and religion be scorned by a professor of religion—a church member—there is an Ecclesiastical Court for dealing with him;—the pulpit is for "preaching the word," explaining the scriptures—*teaching*.

Meekness is ever commendable, besides being necessary, to the Christian; for Jesus said in his Sermon on the Mount "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." If, then, forgetful of this, the Christian instructor in teaching meekness should in his own person exemplify its opposite, he runs the risk of defeating his aim, and begetting erroneous views in the mind, instead of truth; arousing angry passions, rather than showing how to subdue the already stubborn will.

No false truth with error!—No delusive appearance of compromise with that which is calculated to upset Christianity altogether! The Christian must fight against internal sin before he can grapple with the evil by which he is surrounded, so as to overcome it. And even then, of himself he cannot overcome it. It is alone through the agency of the Divine Spirit, obtained through or by penitence and prayer, that man is able to do anything of himself in the Christian course.

The Paraphrase sung at the close of the service was most appropriate,—that on Isaiah 57. xvi, xvii. :—

"The downcast spirit to revive,
The sad in heart to cheer;
And, from the bed of death, the man
Of heart contrite to rear."

A correspondent signing him(?)self R. C. S. is of opinion that a "much more suitable" paraphrase might be derived from the 8th and following verses of the Twenty-fifth Psalm, (2nd part.)

Pickings about Perekop.

A WRITER in the *New Monthly* for March last, prefaces his description of Perekop by the remark that it is "a place which has afforded matter for the most contradictory reports during the whole of the Crimean campaign." Such being the case, we have a fair claim upon the consideration of our readers, in attempting to cull from a few more or less fallible authorities such particulars as may be of interest in connection with the Eastern struggle. Should the hint thrown out in a late number of the *Times* be acted upon, and the Russians discover that too heavy a toll awaits them in the event of their continuing to traverse the much-talked-of wooden bridge,—in that case, the narrow neck of land uniting the Heracleotic Chersonese of the Greeks to the Russian mainland will have an attraction for the eyes of the world only second to that of Cherson itself. It behoves us, therefore, to parallel the inmates of the Blessington Villa,—

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,"—

by being "employed in reading and informing ourselves thoroughly about what we are going to see," before taking a mental excursion to a hitherto unfamiliar locality.

Without further preamble—for our space, like Sam Weller's "vision," happens to be "limited"—we may plunge boldly into our subject.

"THE ISTHMUS OF PEREKOP," says the first of our authorities, "called in the Tartar language the 'Gate of Gold,' is situated between the Black Sea and the Putrid Sea, and is 16 versts long by 6 wide.* To the west extends the Gulf of Perekop, closed on the side of the continent by Cape Seilgasch, and on the side of the Crimea by a promontory of the same name as the Isthmus. Perekop is the capital of the circle of that name which touches the circles of Aleschki, Simpheropol, and Eupatoria. On the east, the country is indented by a great number of bays; and several streams, one of which is the Salghir, water it. The climate is generally insalubrious. The town and Fortress of Perekop are situated in the Isthmus, between the Gulf of Siwasch, in the Sea of Azoph, and a line of ramparts running from east to west. A trench of 24 feet deep, provided with a drawbridge, and coated with cut stone at both sides, runs across the isthmus opposite the town. The situation of the town is not a good one, and the houses are poor in appearance, and the streets narrow and dirty. The great article of trade is salt, which whole caravans come to carry away in summer. The inhabitants, about 3000 in number, at most, (some writers say not more than 1500) are composed of Russians, Tartars, Armenians, and Jews. The citadel had formerly a certain importance, but a few years ago the walls were allowed to fall to ruin. Lately, considerable repairs have been effected in the building, and other works have been erected." We are assured, however, by another writer, that "the Perekop of the present day, though usually described in the maps as a valuable fortress," is not of

* A verst is equal to four-fifths of a mile.

the s
resul
Emp
At
Arm
carry
more
It
sians
comm
covy,
100,
army
Th
the I
this
had
prov
Sulta
It m
Khar
flouri
civil
whic
to wh
can
coine
who
force
To
leave
then
hold
tends
Marc
"T
name
foot
base
a east
Don
non
ned
this
hand,
the p
it was
chiefs
said,
carele
the re
Lacy
a Rus
of Sol
overre
and s
We le
in gre
mann
* Th
topogr
ing dou

and we
an inde

the slightest consequence as a military defence,—a natural result of the incorporation of the Crimea with the Russian Empire.

At three versts distance from Perekop, is the village of Armenkoi, inhabited by Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, who carry on a considerable trade in cattle of various kinds, but more particularly in lambs.

It was in 1736, if we may trust to print, that the Russians appeared for the first time in the Crimea under the command of General Munnich—the Prince Eugene of Muscovy, according to the great Frederick—who had with him 100,000 men, and was supported by General Lacy, whose army had previously taken Azoph after a twelve day's siege.

The differences between the Czarina Anne (niece of Peter the First) and the Grand Seignior had come to a crisis at this period, and the Empress—being seconded by Austria—had declared war; in consequence, as was alleged, of the provoking outrages of the Tartars of the Crimea, and the Sultan's neglect of her repeated remonstrances on that head. It must be borne in mind that the Crimea, governed by a Khan descended of the Ottoman blood, contained several flourishing cities in those days, and monuments of Genoese civilization stood side by side with the ruins of Grecian art which now form part and parcel of its soil. Of the Khan—to whom his Tartar subjects gave the name of Emperor—we can merely observe, in passing, that he had vast flocks, coined copper money, and maintained a guard of Janissaries who bore his green-and-purple standard; his whole fighting force being estimated at 300,000 men of all kinds.

To return to the invaders, whom we left—or meant to leave—in sight of the far-famed lines of Perekop, which till then had been considered impregnable. Well might they hold a council of war there; for the defences in question extended across the Isthmus from the Euxine to the Palus Mæotis, and had been the labour of 5000 men for many years.

"The great ditch," we read, "from whence we have the name of Perecop, was seventy-two feet broad by forty-two feet deep, and the rampart seventy feet in height from its base to the cope of the parapet. The town was defended by a castle, the residence of the Aga of the guards upon the Don and Dnieper, and by six great towers, mounted with cannon; but the whole of these ample fortifications were manned by an army which made the most pitiful resistance; for this Irish soldier of fortune (Lacy) forced them, sword in hand, cut to pieces all who resisted, and hewed a passage into the peninsula." According to some authorities, however, it was not the bravery of the Russian troops which thus achieved the entrance into the Crimea: they succeeded, it is said, partly by the treachery of the Tartars, and partly by the carelessness of the workmen who had been entrusted with the repairs of defence. Let this be as it may, we know that Lacy next took Bakhtchissari (or Bakhtchi-Sarai)—Oh, for a Russian Walker!—a considerable town within 22 miles of Sebastopol; and subsequently, together with Munnich, overran the whole Crimea, ravaging the country with fire and sword up to the northern slope of the Tauric mountains. We learn from Smollett, however, that the Tartars returned in greater numbers, and harassed his Muscovites in such a manner, by intercepting their provisions and destroying the

country, that he was obliged to abandon the lines of Perekop. The next year there was another attempt at invasion on the part of Russia, but without success, as the walls were then repaired, and the Khan commanded in person and beat off the assailants. In 1770 the Russians failed against the fortress, but the year after 90,000 men succeeded in seizing on the Isthmus, of which Russia has since held possession.

Fragments from 'Junius Secundus.'

THE GOTHIC ALMANACK.—Modern Historians, Politicians, and newspaper-Editors owe a thousand obligations to a compact pocket annual which, says our authority, "has been printed and published for the last 87 years in Prince Albert's birth-place,"—the *Almanack de Gotha*, to wit,—a neatly-printed volume containing some 800 pages, and measuring about five inches by four. The publication in question is distinguished no less from being the polite trade *annuaire* of Kings and Courts, than in so far as it brings the political and historical geography of nearly all the world in general down to the latest date. Its history has been quite as remarkable as that of any other State record of its country, age, and class. Subjected as it has been to the effects of change and Revolution, it has been often suppressed, but never wholly subverted; though by all accounts its state must have been rather precarious till the restoration of the Bourbons, when the Editor, once more restored at Gotha, took courage and ventured a portrait of the Prince Regent of England. It was not, however, until after the Battle of Waterloo, and the total overthrow of his Editor-in-chief, that he dared to mention the victories of the Allies, which he at last acknowledged very handsomely in a historical *reversé*. From that time the *Almanack de Gotha* has rapidly augmented in bulk, but in a far less proportion than it has increased in utility; and it may now be regarded as the most complete Register in existence.

It is a question whether an author who places familiar things in a new light does not excite more interest in his readers' minds than he who describes novelties and discoveries. —*Chamber's Journal*.

FALSE HUMILITY.—It is a false and insincere humility which makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe they are capable of doing much. Everybody can do something; everybody can set a good example,—be it to many or to few; everybody can in some degree encourage virtue and religion, and discourage vice and folly; everybody has some one whom they can advise and instruct, or in some way help to guide through life. —*Miss Talbot*.

Wholesome Remarks by Poor Walter.

I. Art thou desirous of a reconciliation with thy friend? Let it be brought about calmly and without any undue excitement; for intermeddlers and enemies are ever ready to make both you and your friend the victims of their malice and capidity.

II. Art thou a poor man? Tell not to become rich, for there is no resting-place but the prison between thee and the grave.

III. Art thou a rich man? Set a value on thy riches only as the means by which a bountiful Providence intends to make thee wise and happy.

IV. Professions and promises speak only for what may be done, but actions generally speak for themselves; therefore, when thou canst, acknowledge a kind act with simplicity, and trouble not thyself concerning its motive.

V. All men are wise, if thou pleasest, for every man's knowledge is his wisdom; therefore call no man a fool, lest he should believe thee and become wiser than thyself. But if thou seeest a man whom thou positively believest to be a fool, thy wisdom will be to avoid his company.

GUTENBERG.—John Gensfleisch, called Gutenberg, was the discoverer or inventor of moveable types. Gensfleisch, (literally, *goose flesh*) was born between the year 1393 and 1400, at Mainz; which town may be called the cradle of the art of Printing. In 1837, a bronze statue of Gutenberg, modelled by Thorwaldsen, a Dane, and cast in Paris by a Frenchman, was erected in an open space opposite the Theatre. His house no longer exists; but upon its site stands the Casino, a Club or reading-room, the members of which have erected a small statue of Gensfleisch in the court of the building which goes by the name of the Hofzum Gutenberg.—*The Auld Man*.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS. SAYS SONCI.—Very shortly. P.—*Chess*, we receive, is sent in favour of a Winter amusement. We have no intention of allowing it to drop. J. P.—Take your own way.

* There would seem to be no end to the difficulties of the Crimean topography, &c. In the present notice, for example, we have the following doublet, in addition to that noticed in the text:—

SEBASTOPOL	—	—	—	—	Sebastopol.
SIWACH	—	—	—	—	Siwakh.
MUNICH	—	—	—	—	Munich.
LACY	—	—	—	—	Lacy.

and we must have availed the list of *ôgla*, had our article happened to be an indefinite one.

POETRY.

From "The Prophecy of Dante."

Many are poets who have never penned
 Their inspiration, and perchance the best;
 They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
 Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd
 The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars,
 Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more bless'd
 Than those who are degraded by the jars
 Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
 Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
 Many are poets, but without the name;
 For what is poetry but to create
 From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
 At an external life beyond our fate,
 And be the new Prometheus of new men,
 Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
 Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
 And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
 Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
 Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore?—Byron.

Give to the Poor.

Give to the poor!

It is our Lord's command that they endure
 Abidingly among us, to call forth
 All kind and holy charities of earth.
 To you 'tis but the cost of some rich toy,
 Or else the earnings of a day's employ—
 To them the price that saves
 From crime and felon graves,
 Or convict labour far across the waves.

By the glad hours

That make your life seem but one time of flowers!
 Oh! joyous children, in your happy homes,
 Where, even to the poor, gay pastime comes,
 Think on those little ones! to them no friends,
 No home, no holiday our Father sends.
 Oh, with them gladly share
 Your portion and your prayer:
 God gives the poor and hungry to our care.

Oh hear the voice!

Mothers—who in your laughing babes rejoice—
 The time may come when orphans they may stand,
 Their bread receiving from a stranger's hand.
 'Tis yours the part more blessed to perform.
 Who can foretell the coming of the storm?
 Then give—while yet you may
 Right cheerfully to-day:
 It may not be your privilege alway.

Brothers! there lie

Such fearful moments in the destiny
 Of those sad creatures in their homeless youth;
 A nation's strength lies in her people's truth,
 And as to train those children up to God,
 So shall ye lay aside correction's rod,
 Raising a sacrifice
 Most precious in his eyes—
 A people reared and ready for the skies.

(From the Dundee Advertiser.)

The Evening Wind.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!
 Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
 And languid forms rise up and pulses bound
 Livelier at coming of the wind of night;
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!
 Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
 The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs
 The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.
 The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.
 Go; but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
 Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
 Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

W. C. Bryant.

EPIGRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

Marriage is full of storm and strife:
 This each man knows, yet takes a wife.

THE COMING WEEK.

- 14th. [THURSDAY.]—Battle of Marengo, 1800.
 15th. [FRIDAY.]—Magna Charta signed, 1215. Thomas
 Campbell died, 1844.
 16th. [SATURDAY.]—Abolition of Janissaries in Turkey, 1826.
 17th. [SUNDAY.]—2nd Sunday after Trinity.—Bridgewater
 Canal opened, 1761.
 18th. [MONDAY.]—John Wesley born, 1703.—Tahiti dis-
 covered, 1761.—Battle of Waterloo, 1815.
 19th. [TUESDAY.]—Chelsea Royal Military Asylum, first
 stone laid, 1801.
 20th. [WEDNESDAY.]—Peace proclaimed, 1814.—Accession
 of THE QUEEN, 1837.

* * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnavel:—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 16.]

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.

[MSS. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In the body politic—no less than in the body natural—disease may attain an alarming maturity, without any visible development. Death, under such circumstances, is a visitation; the restoration to life, a miracle. We are requested to believe that we are in an age of miracles. The champion of Administrative Reform will undertake to remove the ossified particles now accumulated to a frightful extent in the bosom of our State, with as much nonchalance as he displayed in exhuming the bones of the Assyrian Kingdom. We would fain trust him; but—to make a free confession—our hopes and our fears lie not in the same direction. That there will be a change, we have no reason to doubt; but, unless we are much mistaken, it will be some such change as occurs on the transfer of two shilling pieces and a sixpence as a 'difference' for half-a-crown. To hear some of our leading journals discourse upon the matter, one would imagine that there was a special instinct in the Aristocracy of Birth, from which the Aristocracies of Merit and Mammon are entirely free. Lord and Lady LARD will see their children well provided for, and think, all the while—deluded souls!—that they are only doing their duty. My Lady CORROX—disinterested creature!—is quite of another stamp. She will take upon herself to manage Joux's housekeeping *pro tem.*, and it shall never be so much as imagined that she can have a follower; her cousins being so far-removed that it will be quite agreeable to her feelings that her high-heeled shoes should be buried along with her. It was cruel, perhaps, to expect much hard work at the hands of the former;—but, Wee to the latter if she turn not her brawny members to account!

Mr. Layard's motion on the subject of Administrative Reform (brought forward upon Friday) was negatived on Monday by a majority of 313. Bulwer's amendment was postponed. On the same night the Report of the Committee of Inquiry into the Eastern Expedition was brought forward by Mr. Roebuck. Being an abstract of 21,000 questions, it was necessarily lengthy, and occupied an hour and 25 minutes in the reading. It was ordered that it should be printed.

The Glasgow Water Bill passed the committee on Monday. There has been another lull in the intelligence from the Seat of War,—the calm, it may literally prove, preceding the storm. The impression that the army in Sebastopol will yield to the pressure from without, has even infested the Capital of the North. At home, men's views differ as to the probable form of the catastrophe. While some are of opinion

that the besieged will "imitate the action of the tiger," and only die by inches, others, again, are persuaded that the fire-girt scorpion of fable will furnish them with a model, and that they will 'make both ends meet' after the fashion of that suicidal reptile. By all accounts, they are in a sorry predicament; and the anxiety with which Prince Gortschakoff has laboured to assure his friends that he is not in any immediate peril, speaks volumes for the precariousness of his situation.

While referring to the French successes in our last, we omitted to notice the important parallel movement by which our own soldiers made themselves masters of the Quarry Works on the slope of the Redan hill. Owing to the steep ascent of the hill, and its proximity to other extensive works in the rear, not to speak of the rifle-pits in its vicinity, the capture must have been a most arduous undertaking; as our list of killed and wounded abundantly testifies. Among the former were ten British officers.

The capture of Anapa has been effected without difficulty.

Nothing has yet been done against the ports in the Baltic. Sir Charles Napier writes to the papers that had Admiral Dundas been furnished with the appliances he (Napier) had pointed out, Sweaborg might have been bombarded, and perhaps destroyed; instead, he says, of wasting money on the floating batteries, mortar vessels should have been supplied, or Lord Dundonald's plan accepted.

Enough—we had almost said *too much*—has been made of the reported tragedy at Hango. Neither we nor our neighbours are so unquestionably clean-handed, that we can expiate to good effect upon the vices of our enemies. The Russ will in the one case call to mind that he fights against a fraternity of Arab-roasting renown; and in the other, will fully appreciate the parallelism between a chip of one of her wooden walls and a certain hobby-horse of the elder Greeks. True, the Admiralty ignore the Kertch affair—and well they may:—but will Russia give us credit for our *second thoughts*?

Latest News.—CRIMEA. The bombardment is resumed.

Max gets accustomed to everything,—to pain as well as to pleasure. How often have you not found that a vehement sorrow, a vehement delight, has in a fortnight become an obtuse sensation, a very ordinary matter. Recollect this at the first chagrin which befalls you, and say—"This will pass away, as other troubles have done." The true philosopher, in his course through life, runs over its unpleasant accidents, and considers them as a necessary evil, like rain for instance,* from which he ought to screen himself. If he cannot, but must get wet through, let him hope that a fine day will come to dry his clothes. This fine day will not fail to arrive, sooner or later: have patience, and you will find that I am right. But, if you meet with pleasures by the way, take care not to let them give you the slip: seize them, as it were, by the collar, hold them tight, enjoy them while they last; and catch as many of them as you can.—*Edgar Blyde.*

* Truly, a Frenchman's illustration!

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Palissy the Potter; the Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes, his labours and discoveries in Art and Science, with an outline of his Philosophical Doctrines, &c., &c. By Henry Morley. 2 vols.

(Second Notice.)

PALISSY, when we left him, was beginning to "grope for the enamel,"—"regardless," he said, "of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays." Now, for aught we can tell to the contrary, a title of our readers may be practical, and two titles theoretical Pottery:—any digression upon earthenware would obviously be thrown away upon them; and our carefully-gathered seeds would blow higher and thicker over their stony soils, without the remotest chance of finding a gap at which to enter. Considering, however, that, as a general rule, even the wisest amongst us are comparatively ignorant of the nature and history of the most familiar objects, we shall be likely to err on the safe side in supplying a sketch of that portion of the Plastic Art with which Bernard's attention was chiefly engrossed.

Whatever may have been the hobbies of old maids some four centuries ago—granting that such things were—it is clear enough that china dishes were not of the number. Till the Portuguese settled at Marao (in 1518) such luxuries were undreamt-of; and for a couple of centuries subsequently the Europeans laboured in vain to imitate them. In the year 1549, coarse jars and pipkins were the chief products of French art,—or, as we may call them, the rule; the exception being found in the "Poterios Aureos" of Beauvais, productions "fit to be presented to the Kings of France," if we may depend upon the testimony of Rabelais. Enamelled pottery, or *Fayence*, as a manufacture, was unknown to the countrymen of Palissy at the time when his mind was occupied with the "earthen cup;" being introduced into France by Italian artists in the year 1565. Its Italian discoverer was the Florentine sculptor Luca della Robbia, who was born in 1400 and died in 1481; and amongst the first who gave Luca a commission to execute his invention, was the magnificent Piero di Cosimo de' Medici, who caused him to decorate a small study in his father's palace with figures in coloured earth. The Italian Majolica—or Ruffelle Ware, as it was termed, under the idea that many of its rich ornaments had been copied from the fancies of the divine artist,—having reached the summit of its perfection at the period when Palissy "entered into controversy with his own thoughts," we may readily imagine with what diffidence the untutored genius would enter upon his new career, having for the utmost shade of his ambition the imitation of a work as yet unimitated, and, to common eyes, insimulable. His initiatory labours will be best given in his own words.

"Without having heard" he says "of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded, in those days, all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake, that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish colour: for I sought only after white enamel, because I had heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others."

"In the selection of his chemical ingredients," observes Mr. Morley, "he had more than chance to guide him. It is to be remembered that he had been familiar for many years with such metallic colours as are used in glass-painting, and to a certain extent with their behaviour when exposed to fire. Since facts, therefore, he had to suggest hints to him in the mixture of those chemicals which he distributed upon the bits of earthenware, and put into his furnace, each duly marked, and a memorandum of the exact contents of each against a corresponding mark set down in writing."

The first of his experiments, however, was a decided failure; so of the second; and the third; and the fifty-third, perhaps,—for he tells us that he "foiled away several years," "every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money, and consumed his wood and my time."

"Remembering the money spent," he adds, "I resolved, in order to avoid such large expenditure, to send the chemicals that I would test to the kiln of some potter; and having settled this within my mind, I purchased several earthen vessels, and having broken them in pieces, as was my custom, I covered three or four hundred of the fragments with enamel, and sent them to a pottery a league and a half from my dwelling, with a request to the potters that they would please to permit those trials to be baked within some of their vessels: this they did willingly."

It was an up-hill business, however,—a task of Sisyphus. The furnaces of the condescending manufacturer (whose charity—broken pots considered—may have been of a somewhat homely wear) would appear to have been heated far below the mark; in addition to which misfortune, the trial-pieces had been committed to the fire without a proper arrangement; so that "nothing but shame and loss" followed in the wake of the undertaking. With one eye upon the prospective enamel, and the other fixed upon an empty purse and ill-provided family, Bernard paused for a while. As an *indivisible* he could still have groped for the impalpable, with a secret defiance of his seeming destiny; but as the Atlas of a little world of Palissys, he staggered somewhat in his gait. The issue may be anticipated. "When I saw" he tells us "that I could not at all, in this way, come at my intention, I took relaxation for a time, occupying myself in my art of painting and glass-working, and comforted myself as if I were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels."

It so happened that, at this particular period, a survey of the great salt-marshes of Saintonge was required by the Government Commissioners,—for which business no fitter man than Palissy could be found in the entire diocese. To him, therefore it was entrusted; and though the work involved no slight toil, it would probably appear little more than a recreation in such close proximity to the labours of "his ineffectual fire." How long he was actually employed in the survey, we have no means of discovering. We know, however, that an Edict bearing the date of July 1544 was subsequent to its completion, and that Palissy had enjoyed but a brief interval of repose when the charms of his *old love* were again all-powerful, and he resumed his affection for "pursuing in the track of the enamels."

"Let us not," says his biographer "spend all our admiration on the inflexible energy with which we shall find Bernard Palissy battling his way on through adversity; sympathy is due to her who, as his wife, stood by him in the contest, sharing all the blows he suffered, unable to comprehend the battle that he waged. If she repined a little when she looked down on her rugged dress, during the years of struggle, and knew that her husband could have earned her bravery and ribbons; if she complained much when she saw her children hungry, can we say that she was weak. The first act which Bernard chronicles, as opening the second war for the discovery of white enamel, was of a kind likely to terrify the most placid of wives,—I broke about three dozen pots—all of them new."

"And having ground" Bernard adds "a large quantity of different materials, I covered all the bits of the said pots with my chemicals, laid on with a brush; but you should understand that in two or three hundred of those pieces, there were only three covered with each kind of compound. Having done this, I took all these pieces and carried them to a glass-house, in order to see whether my chemicals and compounds might not prove good when tried in a glass-furnace."

Fortune was relenting for a moment; for he goes on to observe that

"—since these furnaces are much hotter than those of potters, the next day when I had drawn them out, I observed that some of my compounds had begun to melt; and for this cause I was still more encouraged to search for the white enamel, upon which I had spent so much labour."

To return to Mr. Morley:—

"During two years, then, after the discovery that he could sometimes get his chemicals to melt when they were put into a glass-furnace, he pursued his experiments without success, and equally without fatigue. And then again, the urgent cares of home bade him desist. He determined, therefore, to send one last batch of trial-pieces to the furnace, and if that should, as usual, lead to no good practical result, he would pause while he devoted himself wholly to his early trades, and to the present small, rather than to the future great well-being of his family. But since this trial was to be his last, he was resolved that he would not give up his search easily, but close with an unusual effort. He broke more pots than ever, purchased a greater variety of drugs and chemicals, and made no less than three hundred mixtures, each of which might possibly contain the substances used in the covering of the enamelled cup. Having placed these, each

on its own beside the courage to ments had less grievous for by a the furnace success of

On such picture, which it i glimpse of as a glass wood to f about the contrast a very still, thirty-sev heap of fa other time four hour form is sh over his t and that j and Palis so quickly grows wh whiten wi "singular

A crow with his tr only to se his poor hand, to t had share wife, we c had begun furnace, l trial piec four hour white and was becom

The re troubles; possession elaborated history of the tellie hands, su pipkins tl enamel w der the fi of other fi some unfi or the her would ve madman l

"The r clamours: my afflic which ble strained t found th the rains: dressed lil town, and falling to great sor then, reti chamber marvel in

Long a brought r Master B Philosoph but recog

on his own piece of broken pottery, duly marked and registered, he walked beside the man who carried them to the glass-furnace. He had no longer courage to support the sight of that domestic poverty which his experiments had caused; yet it was grievous to give up the struggle—not the less grievous because it had cost so much—before he had justified his efforts by success. The trial-pieces were all put into the furnace; and by the furnace-mouth sat Palissy, determined to watch through all stages the success of this, his last attempt.

On such moments in a life the mind dwells as upon the recollection of a picture. We see the glow of the furnace, through the two mouths by which it is fed, upon the walls of the surrounding hovel. We have a glimpse of some rich foliage, with broken bits of sunbeam scattered over it, as a glass-worker enters by the hovel door, bringing in billets from the wood to feed the fire. Three or four men of Saintonge are occupied about the place, rough, coarsely-featured men, whose flesh is in strong contrast with the spirit that looks out at the face of Bernard, anxious and very still. Bernard Palissy, a man in the full strength of life, aged about thirty-seven, with a vigorous frame, pale and thinning by care, sits on a heap of logs, sometimes laughing with the men, to cover his anxiety, at other times reverting with a fixed gaze to the furnace-mouth. During four hours he has waited there. The furnace is opened, and his whole form is shining with a bright glow from the molten glass, as his eyes run over his regiment of potteries. The material on one of them is melted, and that piece being taken out, is set aside to cool. The furnace is closed, and Palissy has now to watch the cooling of that compound which had been so quickly melted; not with great hope at first; but as it hardens—it grows white! All that was black in the thoughts of Palissy begins to whiten with it. It is cold. It is "white and polished,"—a white enamel, "singularly beautiful."

A crowd of cares were nestling in the mind of Palissy when he went with his trial-pieces to the furnace; they all fly away—perhaps like pigeons, only to settle again—at any rate, they fly away, and Palissy goes back to his poor house over the meadows, carrying the enamelled potsherd in his hand, to tell good tidings to his wife, and bid her share his triumph as she had shared too often his defeats. In what way he told the story to his wife, we do not know: to us he tells it thus:—"God willed that when I had begun to lose my courage, and was gone for the last time to a glass-furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial pieces, there was one among those pieces that was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished, in a way that caused me such joy as made me think I was become a new creature."

The reader must not imagine that this was the end of our worthy's troubles; in reality, it was only "the beginning of the end." Betwixt the possession of a fragment of enamelled earth, and the production of those elaborately-figured vessels on which he afterwards built his renown, a vast hiatus of care and poverty and persecution very naturally intervened. To the tedious and costly necessity of constructing furnaces with his own hands, succeeded the loss of batch after batch of the dear-bought jugs and pipkins that were committed to their belching recesses. At one time, the enamel would refuse to melt; at another—when it really had yielded, under the flames of the broken tables and flooring of which, in the absence of other fuel, the desperate potter had been compelled to rob his dwelling—some unforeseen catastrophe, such as the shattering of flints in his furnace, or the heating of his materials "like an ill-cooked egg—all on one side," would well-nigh upset his philosophy, and make him in very truth the madman he was alleged to be.

"The more the matter was unreasonable," he exclaims (referring to the clamours of certain "hostlers" and "old women") "the more extreme was my affliction. * * * Sometimes there would arise winds and storms, which blew in such a manner up and down my furnaces, that I was constrained to quit the whole with loss of my labour, and several times have found that, having quitted all, and having nothing dry upon me because of the rains which had fallen, I would go to bed at midnight, or near dawn, dressed like a man who has been dragged through all the puddles in the town, and turning thus to retire, I would walk rolling, without a candle, falling to one side and the other like a man drunk with wine, filled with great sorrows, inasmuch as, having laboured long, I saw my labour wasted; then, retiring in this manner, soiled and drenched, I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which caused me to marvel now that I was not consumed with suffering."

Long as it was about it, however, the "whirligig of time" at length brought round "his revenge;" and Bernard Palissy of Saintes became Master Bernard of the Tuileries,—the protégé of Princes,—the tutor of Philosophers,—and the author of sundry treatises little valued in his time, but recognised in our own day as the offspring of a master intellect.

Of his Pottery—specimens of which, under the name of Palissy Ware, are still to be met with—his biographer says little. The title he took for himself was that of "Worker in Earth, and Inventor of Rustic Figulines,"

—*Ouvrier de Terre et Inventeur des Rustiques Figulines.*

"These rustic figulines" says Mr. Morley "were, in fact, accurate models from life of wild animals, reptiles, plants, and other works of nature, tastefully combined as ornaments into the texture of a vase or plate. The rich fancy of Palissy covered his works with most elaborate adornment; but his leaves and reptiles, and other 'rustic' designs, are so copied in form and colour with the minute accuracy of a naturalist, that the species of each can be determined accurately. There has been found scarcely a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, butterfly, or beetle, not one bit of nature transferred to the works of Palissy, that does not belong to the rocks, woods, fields, rivers, and seas of France."

Enough has been said in this place concerning Bernard the Potter.

Those who would shake hands with Bernard the Philosopher, and accompany him beyond his three-score-years-and-ten into the recesses of the Bastille—where he died in 1599—will find an agreeable companion de voyage in the author of the volumes we now close.

Wholesome Remarks by Poor Walter.

The hearer may profit sometimes at the loss of the speaker; for ready wit is not always ready wisdom.

What has been done may be done again; therefore, if thou wouldst prove thy ability to do any thing, do it once, and that is sufficient.

An honest man does not need to fear what his neighbour may say of him, for an evil report will only cause the good man's virtues to shine with additional lustre; but see that thy honesty be not that of thine own appreciation merely, without due respect to thy neighbour's opinion.

Hast thou adopted any religious creed or profession? Thy schemes and pursuits will be most consistent when they accord with its maxims.

Idleness is the mother of all mischief; therefore, when thou detectest thyself inventing mischief, know that thou art under the power of a mother who will pay thee back for thy work.

The best pay of a true servant is the applause of his master, and the truest service is that which suits the master's purpose; but perfect models of servant and master are exemplified only in single acts, and not in habits and obligations.

If anything is permitted to be said of "Lovely Woman," I have this to remark:—The least lovely among women is lovely; but that woman is most lovely who desires not to be esteemed so; hence the bye-word—"Many admirers, but few lovers."

No man worthy of the name will make his wife a slave, although he truly deserves the name of man who makes her a mother; and she who is so, has given the best proof of her womanhood.

Gentleman is a name which almost every Englishman loves to be styled; for it seems to import that the person bearing it has either done, or is capable of doing, something very excellent. My opinion of a gentleman may not have much weight with some, but the nearest approach to the conception I have been led to form of his character and bearing is suggested in the Apostle Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians, ch. xiii. v. 4-8.

SIGN OF THE TIMES.—(A NEW EDGE TO AN OLD SAW.)

Coming Events cast their shadows before!

STARTLING!—The *Bank Journal* proposes, that, as in the coming Autumn a scarcity of hands may be anticipated by the farmers, the Militia should be sent to their homes for a month or six weeks during the harvest. Our prophecy-hunters will do well to ponder on this interesting fact, connected—as it doubtless is—with the turning of the swords into plough-shares, and the spears into pruning-hooks.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

JUNIOR SECRETARY.—We are not at a loss for selections in the poetical line. Your *Prose sketch* is quite a novel to our liking, and will probably appear in our next.

JACOB'S LANDLORD.—You will not, perhaps, believe us, when we tell you that we are already more than half through your letter. It was suggested to us that we should engage a half-starved author to read it at so much per hour, but from financial motives we have taken the matter into our own hands. In the course of another week you may expect to have our opinion upon it as a whole.

T. L.—The obligation is mutual. You will easily perceive our difficulty. PAUL PHT.—J. W.—VINDICATED—ALPHA—"Tally Ho!"—Too late.

POETRY.

Image of War.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high;—from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorseth all it glares upon.
 Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
 Flashing afar—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Byron.

Disappointment.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep;
 They have nothing to do but to stray;
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove;
 She was fair, and my passion begun;
 She smiled, and I could not but love;
 She is faithless, and I am undone.
 Perhaps I was void of all thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! love every hope can inspire;
 It banishes wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorned with a smile.
 She is faithless, and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how you loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.
 Alas! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.
 Yet time may diminish the pain:
 The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I reared for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.
 The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream,
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.

High transports are shown to the sight,
 But we are not to find them our own;
 Fate never bestowed such delight,
 As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
 To your deepest recesses I fly;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
 I would vanish from every eye.
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun;
 How she smiled, and I could not but love,
 Was faithless, and I am undone!

From A Pastoral Ballad by Shenstone.

Resignation.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
 To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise.
 The mystic mazes of thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the power of human skill—
 But what the Eternal acts is right.
 O teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dowy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own thy power,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.
 If in this bosom aught but Thee
 Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
 Omniscience could the danger see,
 And Mercy look the cause away.
 Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?
 Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.
 But ah! my breast is human still—
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.
 But yet, with fortitude resigned,
 I'll thank the inflicter of the blow;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.
 The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
 Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

Chatterton.

THE COMING WEEK.

- 21st. [THURSDAY.]—Proclamation.
 22nd. [FRIDAY.]—Summer commences. Longest day.—
 Matthew Henry died, 1714.—Hayden died, 1840.
 23rd. [SATURDAY.]
 24th. [SUNDAY.]—3rd Sunday after Trinity.—Midsummer
 day.—Newfoundland discovered, 1494.—Hackney
 Coaches established by Act of Parliament, 1694.
 25th. [MONDAY.]
 26th. [TUESDAY.]—Flavel died, 1601.—George IV. died, 1830.
 27th. [WEDNESDAY.]—Bath nearly destroyed by fire, 1137.

* * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnavel.—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE;

OR, A WORD FROM THE GLASGOW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."—SHAKESPEARE.

No. 17.]

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1855.

[Vol. I.]

Communications intended for the next number must be delivered at the Office before 8 o'clock on Monday Evening.

[MSs. can only be returned upon personal application.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THAT which nearly half a century of Peace had been insufficient to accomplish, has been compassed in a year of War. On the Fortieth Anniversary of the great day of WATERLOO, the armies of France and England, "knit"—let us hope—with

"a bond of air,
Strong as the axletree on which heaven rides,"

have cemented their union with their blood.

Strange—and sufficiently startling, withal,—must that fellowship have appeared in the eyes of their common foe! What his precise thoughts may have been, we know not: we presume, however, that—as in a parallel instance—a portion of them might have found some such vent as the following:

"This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates."

Of the truth, at least, of such a reflection, what British heart can for an instant doubt? And, though the stronghold of the Crimea be "yet upon its basis," despite the vigorous efforts of ourselves and our gallant allies, who among us so dull of vision as not to see in its Decline—already begun—the assurance of its not far-distant Fall?

That we have suffered a reverse—which we shall presently describe—need not so sorely vex us as to shake our faith in the ultimate triumph of our arms.

"Checks and disasters,
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the confuſion of meeting rap,
Infect the sound pine, and direct his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth."

In the strife of elements

"Sometime the flood prevails; and then, the wind:
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,"

—"so is the equal poise of this fell war." From the chaos of evil into which we have been temporarily plunged, at least one shape of Good has arisen.—We have gained a knowledge of the worst. Such and such stumbling-blocks lie before us;—we can fashion our levers accordingly. Pits have been dug for us, and (grievous to relate!) the cunning of the snarer has prevailed;—but

"'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist by his own petar,"

and such sport has most assuredly been ours.

Faint at the first hug of the Bear? Not we. The heroes of the Danube (to go no farther back for an illustration) had also their reverses; yet, so far from blenching, their bronzed cheeks did but glow with a deeper crimson thereat. Are not we (virtually speaking) "turn'd Turks?" and shall

"Ourselves do that
Which *Lenox* hath forbidd the Ottomites!"

Never let the word be said. Rather, let us wait with chastened, but not downcast, spirits,—trusting that our brave generals, so far from allowing their men to lose in painful slumbers the remembrance of their unsuccessful onset, will

"seize them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition:
Lest real, now melted—
Cool, and congeal again to what it was."

Tidings of a futile attack upon the Redan and the Malakhoff Tower were first supplied to the *Times* on Friday afternoon. From the tenor of Lord Panmure's missive, it was evident that the affair had been of a most disastrous description; and the hints thrown out by the London papers of Saturday (most unaccountably exaggerated, we are happy to say) so increased the depression that followed upon the earlier intelligence, that it was subsequently no small relief to find that the number of killed, wounded, and missing, only amounted to about 1400, in place of the thousands at which it had been originally set down. We append an outline of the engagement:—At day-break, on the 18th, the Allies advanced to the assault,—the English attacking the Redan, while the French poured their columns against the Malakhoff. Both, it appears, gained a footing within the works; but after sustaining a murderous fire from defences in the rear, were compelled to waver, when the enemy, by springing a mine, completed their confusion, and caused them to retreat beyond the Mamelon. This important post, being seized by the Russians, a fatal cannonade was kept up against the British lines until night-fall.—A speedy renewal of the attack would seem to be expected; and as a despatch, dated June 20th, mentions that the Russians were setting fire to the little faubourg at the extremity of the southern port, it is not at all improbable that the field of operations will soon be transferred to the other side of the Harbour.

Prince Gortschakoff is permanent Ambassador at Vienna. Only 5 of our men were killed at Hango. The rest were made prisoners. The press "boggle shrewdly" on the affair.—A Polish Corps is leaving England for Turkey.—Mr. Roebuck's motion is condemned by the *Times* as "neither just nor advisable."—The trial of Messrs. Strahan and Co. is a leading topic in the metropolitan journals. Debts to the sum of £224,465 have been proved.—Cronstadt is 'too, too solid.' The Newspaper Stamp Act comes into operation on Saturday. Latest News.—The Turkish contingent numbers 60,000.

Our "Rejected Addresses," &c.

OFTEN has it happened that, in the exercise of the least grateful of our Editorial duties—the gathering (to speak politely) of those fragments that have only visited our table en route to the vehicle of the *chiffonier*—we have been conscious of a nervous irritability, for the precise origin of which we have been at a loss to account. Now, much as we value that petty tyranny against which the good nature and—may we add?—good sense of our self-immolating admirers has hitherto hindered them from rebelling—it is nevertheless a moral certainty that “the glories of a throne” such as ours are of comparatively small moment when weighed against “a grain of sand” in the shape of an uneasy conscience. Our past success (on which it were needless—albeit very agreeable—to dilate) our present confidence (enough, like Fox’s, ‘for any man’) and our future hopes (shadowy creations worth all the flesh-and-blood beauties in existence)—are all of them insufficient to reconcile our shoulders to the load.

And why an uneasy conscience? inquires an innocent reader,—one, it may be, of the many INNOCENTS whose massacre is more to us than that of Hango. List, gentle, list!

Transported, through the medium of a snooze, and ostensibly as a professional news-gatherer, into the very heart of an encampment within a hundred miles of Sebastopol,

“Methought, the souls of all that I had murder’d
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow’s vengeance on the head of Richard.”

A dismal-looking set they were; yet, rising, as they did, from a seemingly bottomless cavern at our feet, we question if ten thousand Russians, even though they had been ‘arm’d in proof’ could have struck more terror into our soul.

‘To-morrow’s vengeance,’ thought we to ourselves; and why to-morrow? a query scarce uttered ere we were awakened by the startling reminder that to-morrow was our PRESS-DAY!

Swifter than any “thoughts of love” that ever flashed across our unfamiliar brain, came the solution of our riddle. We had seen the *Spectres of the Rag-Basket*!! The wicker sepulchre wherein we saw them ‘quietly inurn’d’ had oped its never-sated jaws, and—hence the vision. What, then, remained, but that we should proceed to lay these ghosts by a process both simple and safe?—by making it, in fact, evident to all and sundry that their destination should be Lethe-wards.

Laying aside the metaphor, we hasten to furnish our readers with a cursory inspection of some of our cast-off ‘articles,’ having in view the two-fold object of affording satisfaction to individuals, and instruction or amusement—as the case may be—to the general circle of our friends. It is not to be supposed that we can bestow a microscopical investigation upon each division of our patchwork; and, as our notice must be restricted to two columns and a half, we can scarcely expect to get over so much ground as we should desire. It would be as well, perhaps, were we to make up our minds to supply a *monthly review* of the description alluded to, and we shall deliberate at our leisure as to the propriety of so doing. “Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,” in the meantime, let us turn to our work—if not of mercy, at least—of necessity, and leave things about-to-be to shift for themselves.

As no bad specimen of a class somewhat difficult to deal with, we may take up a letter from one whose initials—strangely enough—are the same as those of our lesser JUVENS; and who writes under the mortal terror that our “scissors and pen” may “tend to alter the sense” of his commu-

nication. Had we a turn for cruelty, and were we in our blind anger to treat the matter seriously, we should at once assure our friend (for friend he shall be, until he himself think fit to declare war) that it is not within the compass of our small imagination to conceive of any process whereby his periods could be made to suffer. Believing, however, that it is only a mistake in terms, and that J. S.—himself a man of sound mind, but, at the same time, desirous to write à la Lunatic—very properly warns us against so altering his letter as that any sense should be imparted to it,—we can only thank him for his “stuff” (strange that he should here prefer instinct to reason) and pass on.

There is good sense in the following morsel, and we may therefore overlook its faults of construction. We can give no better authority for it than ‘PAUL PRY.’

Acting is a dangerous thing, m’em—a most dangerous thing. You cannot throw off the character acted day after day, week after week, year after year, to please a multitude, as you would an old petticoat. No: it goes against the grain—it has become a habit, and the acting is continued through the fear of being thought changeable, or it becomes a delusion and ends in suicide—assuming first that the character acted is your own, secondly that every body is blind not to discern it, and thirdly that, till the chapter of life ends, the name must be kept up though the substance be gone. Ah, there are many private stages in life as well as public ones. Don’t you know it? Isn’t there a stage of home, where mamma says, “Now, my pet, if anybody should call, you know, I’m not at home. I don’t want to be teased with company to-day. I’ve got such a headache.” Well, wouldn’t it be better for mamma to say, “Tommy dear, tell visitors I’m unwell,—and if they love me, they’re just one and all to go as they came, and I’ll be glad to see them when I’m better”? But mamma will act, therefore Tommy acts his part,—and if not to the letter, it may be to the spirit, for Tommy may be caught tripping if he says, “Mamma has just taken something comfortable, and gone to bed to sleep it off.” Well, ah well—ain’t it a *passive* world this? Can’t these busy bodies let us get a taste of what’s good, but they go and tell everybody about it? Ochone! Ochone! I’m done up with their scandal.

Three foolscap pages upon ‘Love,’—sexual, sensual, and other—are, the state of the thermometer considered, ‘something too much of this.’ Our only available compositor is not long out of his teens; and we have too much consideration for the young man to think of making him spell it over.

‘Dippings into Salt and Fresh Water’ have a more refreshing sound; they smack too much of ‘the form,’ however, and we can only give the writer credit for his intention.

In ‘The by-gone Month of May,’ the thought, generally speaking, is more happy than the expression. The feebleness of some of the verses may be an intentional feature; but, unfortunately, we cannot lose sight of the ‘Ethiop’s ear’ when we should be only admiring the ‘jewel.’

With the lines upon ‘Purity’ we were very well pleased, until we came to the wind-up. Does J. W. think to pass Nonsense Verses upon us? or is it possible, after all our attempts to do him justice, that there is actually a meaning in his words? Let the reader judge.

Where’er the foot of man in this wild world hath trod
Still are there tokens of a living God;
Where’er the shadow of a Portress is seen,
In her men hall of literature a Queen!
Deny not worth the meed of praise well-earned;
The heart doth bleed for children yet unborn;
And, haply, if a husband could but feel
As doth the disowned—as flint struck by steel—
The sparks of living fire would raise a flame
To make immortal Caledonian name.

What are we to make of the Italics?

A ‘Serenade’ from the pen of J. J. B. would seem light enough to defy criticism. It contains two faulty stanzas, however,—and we dare not mend them, for J. J. B. is as jealous in these matters as “a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen.” He calls them “trifles,” it is true; but we have a shrewd suspicion that this is more from modesty than judgment.

C
givi
—R

“
Her
fair
they

H.
able,
of ou
unde

The
rus,
the ni
The
mores
still o
pass:
Palmer
and a
boats
times,
the fo
the lo
dignifi
to ins
sions t
least,
A r
heard
listen
more
Ricke
waitin
of the
news,
The w
at this
on the
murm
On
vatori
coolne
passed
These
pass ir
wicked
the litt
just br

Of a piece entitled 'Home' we shall say little; merely giving our readers a sufficiency to justify our verdict of—**RAG-BASKET.**

Home! Home! that little word called Home!
How sweet on the Kable's Ear it doth come
When doth watch and wait the exiled band
For tidings from their fatherland
And ever so it was to me
Dear as in both meanings it must be—
&c., &c., &c.,

or
Fiddle-de-diddle-de-diddle-de-diddle.

"The faintest indications of a tendency to Prose," eh? Here is a brace of verses worth a Canto of it: and it is but fair to add—what could never have been suspected—that they are by the same writer.

Oh, wherefore didst thou mourn?
Why did such feelings burn?
Why think of her all else above,
To meet we'll see return?
Just list the joyous tale,
The glorious bugle's blow,—
And let them bring thee back the life
Ye led when far away.
Oh, wherefore didst thou doubt?
Oh, wherefore sigh and mourn?
Just send old Care to the right-about
While the fires of hope still burn.
While love and glory wait,
While youth and hope are thine,
While battling hosts 'gainst hosts are met—
Oh, wherefore thus repine?

Here we must be content to halt. It is not at all improbable, as has been already hinted, that we may give other of our unsuccessful contributors an opportunity of appearing under the head of

"Our Failures."

Fragment from 'Junius Secundus.'

There is a great Council (of State) sitting on the Banks of the Bosphorus. The long hours of a bright summer day have rolled silently on, and the night is already far advanced; but it shows no signs of breaking up. The gilded caissons of the great dignitaries of the Empire still remain moored along the Quay, and the more modest boats of the lesser Pashas still continue to glide noiselessly through them and discharge their occupants; who pace, with measured step and thoughtful looks, through the Palace portals. Now and then, there is a slight stir among the boatmen and servants, who are waiting wearily outside. It is when the plain swift boats shoot rapidly up, which bear those important and excitable Levantines, who have obtained the extremely convenient berths of Dragomen to the Foreign Embassies. It would be amusing at any other time to notice the lofty humours of these fellows; how scornfully they answer the most dignified Turks; and how they take advantage even of this awful moment to insult them sorely. What low-bred ignorance; what untimely pretensions they show! But the fate of a great Empire is at stake; and we, at least, will not smile, while the momentous game is being played out.

A rustling of robes, and a louder hum of voices is at last making itself heard through the open windows, and comes gratefully to the ears of the listeners beneath. The Council is breaking up. The Caisles begin to unmoor their boats, and the tired servants stretch their wearied limbs. Ricketts, the newspaper correspondent, so snubbed by the embassies, is waiting for the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs to tell him the result of the council. The embassies will be making a mystery for months of the news, which Mr. Ricketts will send off by to-morrow's post to all Europe. The waiting crowd, however, must have patience a little longer; for just at this moment a Caisle runs up like an arrow, a small fussy man springs on shore and runs through the palace gate. As he disappears, there is a murmur that he is the first interpreter of the British embassy.

On trots the little man, through gardens and galleries, through conservatories fragrant with the perfume of rare flowers, and fresh with the coolness of fountains which sparkle in the shade like living things. On passed mutes, bearing trays of coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, and water ices. These mutes are the only persons who are allowed by the grim guards to pass into the Council Chamber; but even they will find means to show the wicked nonsense of closed doors and secrecy in affairs, for they will betray the little man in mockery of it. He enters the room where the council is just breaking up, and his very presence makes every one constrained and

uneasy. He delivers his message in a harsh insulting tone, blended with the self-consequence of authority. Two hours afterwards the mute betrayed that message by signs to the Russians, and its purport the world may now learn during long and bloody wars. Its immediate effect was best known by the instant departure of Prince Menshikoff. He left in a whirlwind of execrations, and the suite of the Russian ambassador insulted the British embassy in the streets of Pera.—*Rambles in Turkey.*

Wholesome Remarks by Poor Walter.

It is of great importance to cultivate and preserve good manners. I shall not distinguish the accomplishment I would commend by the name of any particular grace, as modesty, good humour, meekness, or pleasantness,—but an acceptable mode of conducting myself towards my neighbour. Perhaps more offences and greater have arisen from inattention to this than from any other source. An act of fondness or of very high esteem may be construed into undue familiarity or rudeness, and the most humble service that can be offered, into an open insult. There is an excellent admonition given by the Apostle Paul to his Christian followers:—"In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves,"—but the manner, the manner—oh! beware of your manner of expressing it.

I have heard it said that the greatest calamity that can befall a man is to outlive his friends; but our friends and enemies are in a great measure beings of our own creation,—and when we grow so disgusted with the present life as to send all our affections and sympathies into "the world to come," no wonder if we shall fail to find a friend in this world.

It is a common saying, "There are tricks in all trades"; but when thy trade obliges thee to dishonest practices, thou mayest do worse than give it up, otherwise say not that "honesty is the best policy."

The man who makes books the sole depositories of his mind truly lives in advance of his contemporaries, for he steps before them to meet them on their way; and he who holds intercourse with the literary to the exclusion of the "living epistle," bars himself with the past, or lives in a world of phantoms. If thou wouldst live for the present age, therefore, make for thyself a middle way between the two extremes, and let the object for which thou livest reflect sufficient light on the path for a safe journey.

We cannot admit of qualities and degrees among men without inferring that some one among mankind is superior to all the rest; but daily experience teaches us, that, as every man possesses the Dicty in himself above all that he sees, the superiority of which even the meanest of us is sometimes so sensible only leads to vanity and disappointment: in the height of our greatness we are on the brink of becoming exceedingly small.

He is surely in a "stand-still" predicament who knows not how to do right from fear of doing wrong, for he is left without law or guide; but the man who acknowledges the "goodness, justice, and equity" of a moral law which he cannot keep, is "wrong in his mind"—for he is wrong in his mind who is wrong in his way.

Jostling is not always convenient, but time and place may plead excuse:—All immorality, crime, and intemperance, is now traced to organic disease. The best physician is he who cures, but the safest and wisest he who takes care of the subject.

My next saying shall be a sort of metaphor:—The hen who decked herself with the peacocks' feathers was stripped of her borrowed ornaments and turned out as an intruder and deceiver. She was a clever hen indeed; but that hen excels her, who, going in among the peacocks in her own feathers, turns out the whole tribe denuded of their gaudy plumage.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES MARFON.—Your MS. is quite safe. We are rather puzzled with it, in the meantime, but "hope on!"

J. J. B.—Having managed at length to get through your nine quarto pages, we must honestly tell you that it would be utterly impossible for us to re-peruse them. The best pension on the Civil List would not baffle us. As to the recovery of your communications, we need only refer you to our first page.

ISMAEL IN THE EAST.—A brief outline of Mr. Russell's discourses (provided it were regularly furnished) would be acceptable enough. We "cannot be fashed" with the feeble sermons.

BILLY NUTS.—Patience—as you have, doubtless, learnt ere this—is a virtue much needed in Gartnavel. We must beg you to increase your stock of it.

ALPHE.—If we are only to effect our end by becoming "a Nation of Warriors," Heaven help us! We are yet a long way off.

HIGH JINKS.—As to the Balls, &c., there was an obvious necessity for suspending these matters pro tem; but they could be continued, we suppose, upon application to the proper authority. The 'East' is the true field for 'game' as you observe; for there is no right enjoyment of this kind without "lovely women."

POETRY.

My Heart is like the Bee!

Oh! my Heart is like the Bee—
For it danceth up and down
O'er each happy thing it sees,
In the country, in the town.
Oh! my Heart is like the Bee—
For 'tis ever murmuring
A low tune of quiet joy
O'er each fair and lovely thing.
Oh! my Heart is like the Bee—
For from everything it meets,
Be it fair, or be it foul,
It sucks nothing but the sweets.
Oh! my Heart is like the Bee—
For from every lowly flower
It doth bring a solace home
For the cold and wintry hour.
Oh! my Heart is like the Bee—
For all gently it shall creep,
At the even-song of life,
To its nest, and go to sleep.
But my Heart's not like the Bee—
It shall wake again, and fly
Where the sweet things never wither
And the bright things never die.
And my Heart's not like the Bee—
'Twill be then a bliss to know,
That 'twas a wise and faithful heart,
To see naught but good below!

R. E. B. Maclellan.

The Mitherless Bairn.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or freckly grandame,
Wha stands last and lanely, and sairly forlorn?
'Tis the poor dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn.
The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, nor haps his bare head;
His wee backit heellies are hard as the air,
And lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.
Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that used kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless and stern,
That lo'e na the looks o' the mitherless bairn.
The sister who sang o'er his softly-rocked bed
Now rests in the mools where their mammy is laid;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
And kens na the wrangs o' the mitherless bairn.
Her spirit that passed in the hour of his birth
Still watches his lone lorn wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha coothly deal wi' the mitherless bairn.
Oh! speak him na harshly: he trembles the while
He bends to your bidding, he bends to your smile.
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

Thom.

The Poet's Pen.

(From the Greek of Menecrates.)

I was an useless reed; no cluster hung
My brow with purple grapes, no blossom flung
The coronet of crimson on my stem;
No apple blushed upon me, nor (the gem
Of flowers) the violet strewed the yellow heath
Around my feet, nor Jessamine's sweet wreath
Robed me in silver: day and night I pined
On the lone moor, and shiver'd in the wind.
At length a Poet found me. From my side
He smoothed the pale and wither'd leaves, and dyed
My lips in Helicon. From that high hour
I spoke! My words were flame and living power,
All the wide wonders of the earth were mine,
Far as the surges roll, or sunbeams shine;
Deep as earth's bosom hides the emerald;
High as the hills with thunder-clouds are pall'd.
And there was sweetness round me, that the dew
Had never wet so sweet on violet's blue.
To me the mighty sceptre was a wand,
The roar of nations peal'd at my command;
To me the dungeon, sword, and scourge were vain,
I smote the smiter, and I broke the chain;
Or towering o'er them all, without a plume,
I pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom,
Till blaz'd th' Olympian glories on my eye,
Stars, temples, thrones, and Gods—infinity!

Sonnet.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.—Shakespeare.

THE COMING WEEK.

- 28th. [THURSDAY].—Coronation of the QUEEN, 1838.—Great
Insurrection in Paris, 1848.
29th. [FRIDAY].—St. Peter.
30th. [SATURDAY].—Great fire at St. John's, Newfoundland,
1846.—Twenty British slave-ships left the coast of
Africa without making a purchase, owing to the
very high price demanded by the inhabitants, 1791.
JULY.
1st. [SUNDAY].—4th Sunday after Trinity.—Battle of the
Boyne, 1690.
2nd. [MONDAY].—Sir Robert Peel died, 1850.
3rd. [TUESDAY].—Dog Days begin.—Battle of Marston
Moor, 1644.
4th. [WEDNESDAY].—American declaration of Independence,
1776.—Næander died, 1850.

* * * All Communications must be addressed to "THE EDITOR."

Gartnavel:—Printed by GEORGE BLACK, at the Royal Asylum Press.

