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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



Founded 1810

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES,	1	MY FIRST SEAL,	8
A FORGOTTEN BOOK: "THE GARTNAVEL MINSTREL," ..	3	MUTTON-BIRDING ON STEWART ISLAND, N.Z., ..	9
CRICKET SEASON, 1908,	4	A WISH,	10
DIARY OF WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,	6	A REVERIE AMONG THE TREES,	10
A HIGHLAND WINTER,	6	ON TREK -FROM DURBAN TO BLOEMFONTEIN, ..	11
IN THE OLD HOME,	7	VARIETIES,	12

Notes.

THE falling leaves, the ripening grain, the flocking of the birds, and the shortening day, remind us that Summer is over and Autumn is here. It has been a good old-fashioned Summer, with plenty of bright sunny days and less than the average rainfall; an ideal holiday Summer.

This year a house was taken at Arrochar for the months of July, August, and September, and a number of the ladies were resident there in July and August. In September, some of the gentlemen were resident. Everyone seemed to enjoy the change, and to derive benefit from the variety, and change of scene and air.

For those who remained here, there was plenty of entertainment. Garden-parties, tennis, croquet, bowls, and cricket have, owing to the fine sum-

mer, been much enjoyed, and all day in the open air has been the rule as much as possible. Tea under the trees has been a welcome change for some of the ladies. Then we have had ladies' cricket matches occasionally, notably on one occasion, when a gentleman brought an eleven to play Gartnavel. The Medical Practitioners of Glasgow *versus* Gartnavel proved a very enjoyable game and garden-party combined. The match was played in glorious weather, Gartnavel proving too strong for their opponents.

The cricket eleven have succeeded in winning the greater number of their matches this season, captained by Dr. McEwan, Dr. Shaw acting as umpire, a difficult position oftentimes. The loss of Flynn and Marsden towards the end of the season proved a gain, in that Dr. Glaister, Mr. Henry Yellowlees, and Mr. Taylor kindly came out on several occasions, and proved invaluable additions to the strength of the team.

An account of the season's results has been contributed by Mr. Morgan.

Next to cricket, tennis has proved the game of the season. Almost every fine afternoon or evening someone was playing, and the constant practice resulted in some excellent play, the improvement in the ladies' play being quite marked. At the cottage garden-parties the tennis lawn there was taken full advantage of. Croquet has also been played by some, though not to the same extent as tennis.

Dancing and concerts will soon be begun again and summer games ended. We print a notice of the forthcoming services, dances, and concerts, during October. We hope to print the usual Diary of Winter Arrangements from Christmas and New Year onwards, in our next issue. Could the Gartnavel Opera Company revive one of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas? They were always much enjoyed, and excellently rendered.

A very serviceable and prettily designed pavilion has been erected on the uppermost of the lawns on the East side, for the reception of patients under open-air treatment in bed. The pavilion has been erected by our own workmen under the direction and from the design of Mr. Wilson, who deserves to be complimented both on the design and workmanship. It, and a large tent used for the same purpose, must have proved, during the beautiful sunny weather, a means of restoration to many, who were enabled to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine, with the encircling trees providing sufficient shade. The tent system, for out-door treatment of acute cases, has been in use for some time in the United States.

A boiler-house, to contain two new thirty feet boilers, is being constructed,

and it is hoped to have all completed before the winter sets in. These boilers will provide abundance of hot water, and steam, for all house and laundry requirements, besides effecting a large saving in consumption of coal and dross. The present boilers have done good work in their day, but are now of an obsolete type.

We hope to publish an Illustrated Christmas Number. The photographs will illustrate the old Glasgow Royal Asylum in Parliamentary Road, (which has recently been demolished) and the contents of the foundation-stone which were recovered and are in possession of Mr. Johnston, our Treasurer. We hope also to present our readers with a photograph of a portrait in oils of the first Physician to the Asylum, Dr. Robert Cleghorn, a notable man in his day. He was President of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. The portrait is by Sir Henry Raeburn. It was painted about 1814, and is a valuable and beautiful example of Raeburn's best work.

Should this meet the eye of "Student 1908," one of Dr. Oswald's class, who has anonymously sent a contribution for the GAZETTE, which appears in this issue, we desire to thank him, and to show our appreciation of his literary gift, we shall gladly print another contribution from him.

This issue of the GAZETTE might almost be called an Officials' number, from the fact that three officials have written articles for it, Dr. Shaw, Dr. McEwan, and Mr. Morgan. We trust that having successfully begun work on Dr. Oswald's staff, and on that of the Editor of the GAZETTE, they may continue to pursue both paths with undiminished ardour, especially the path that brings grist to the editorial mill.

EDITOR.

A Forgotten Book:

"THE GARTNAVEL MINSTREL."
(Concluded.)

MR. ADAM'S muse could hardly have been silent on the great event of moving from the old buildings in Parliamentary Road to the new Asylum at Gartnavel, or what is known all over Scotland as "the flitting." He had delivered a rhyming speech at the dinner given on the day after the foundation-stone of the new building was laid, that is, on the 2nd of June, 1842, the stone being laid on the 1st. In his speech he speaks of the grandeur and elegance of the building, which he tells us "surpasses all others of its kind." He also composed a song which was sung at "the grand entertainment given on the opening of the New Asylum," the tune being "A Landlady of France." I give two verses—

Good-bye, old home! good-bye!
They the new one let us pry;
On this hill called Gartnavel it is standing, O;
Tis the finest house you'd find
Throughout Europe of its kind,
The view from it is pretty and commanding, O!

In the concluding verse he refers to the Lord Provost and other distinguished strangers who were present—

The Lord Provost has our thanks,
And those strangers in our ranks,
Who so kindly thus have joined us at the table, O;
In their praise a verse or two,
Some time hence I'll give to you,
But at present, pray excuse me, I'm not able, O!

The Lord Provost here referred to was Sir James Campbell, father of the late Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

In perusing Mr. Adam's little book we get many an interesting glimpse of life in the old asylum at Parliamentary Road, and also of many incidents which occurred in the early days of the new Institution at Gartnavel. It appears the production of stage plays was a common occurrence; indeed from what Mr. Adam says there seems to have been a theatre in the old buildings. He tells us that "the Play of *Guy Rimer* was performed at The Theatre, Glasgow Royal Asylum." He

composed several songs which were introduced during the performance, one of which was sung by himself, viz., "Dick Hatterick's Song," the air being "The Whaler." There appears also to have been a boy-actor named Master Charles Goyder, who took part in the various plays, and who sang Mr. Adam's song, "The Gipsy Boy."

In August, 1844, the King of Saxony being on a visit to Scotland was expected to honour Gartnavel with his presence, and Mr. Adam was requested to compose an address. He tells us:—"The address to the King of Saxony was composed 'by order,' as soon as it was rumoured that Gartnavel would be honoured by a royal visit, and was printed in gold upon blue satin, having been previously embroidered and fringed by the ladies; but in consequence of His Majesty leaving Glasgow without making his appearance at Gartnavel, I was deprived of the honour of presenting the address, which may still be seen at the Institution."

Mr. Adam has not forgotten to sing the praise of our national poet Burns, as he has some verses "composed on the morning of Burns' Festival"—

Reverend Scott's been the Muse,
Too late she feels the generous flame!
Tis then the morn'g
Neglect of him who sang her fame—
The Poet Burns.

The names of the assistant doctors under Dr. Hutcheson were Drs. Campbell, Orr, Prichard, and McGavin, all of whom figure in Mr. Adam's little volume, as does also the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Byers—

Who weekly does improve us
To send our steps and never tires
To point the way before us.

There seem to have been two medical gentlemen of the name of Prichard in Dr. Hutcheson's time, as in a song proposing the healths of the medical staff he mentions two young clinicians "for the first time presented to view," one being Mr. Wanderford "of artistic fame," and the other "Mr. Will Prichard, a standard good name."

The learned and poetical Sheriff Bell, author of the famous poem "Mary Queen of Scots," having been invited either to a dinner or a supper at Gartnavel, Mr. Adam was requested to propose his health in a song. I have only room for two verses, the air to which it was sung being,—"The Fine Old County Gentleman,"—

Thrice welcome are those strangers
Assembled here to-night;
Their presence yields us pleasure sure
And brightens our delight.
And first of all the Sheriff,
No less than Sheriff Bell,
Who kindly gives his presence here,
Our company to swell.

Want of space prevents me from quoting further from Mr. Adam's songs and poems, so I shall conclude with a short extract from his interesting and pathetic "Sketch of my Life" which is prefixed to the little volume. "I accordingly left Gartnavel not without feeling that I had parted from many kind friends and well-wishers; and having procured suitable apartments in town, I commenced in earnest, and have at last completed this small edition." He also hints that, should he receive encouragement, he intends to publish more of his writings, concluding with the following lines:—

TO THE READER.
Gentle or simple reader, now
I make my exit and my bow;
And if you choose to call "censure,"
I'll swell my next with what's in store.

On a recent visit to the Mitchell Library, I called the attention of one of the assistants to the rather dilapidated condition of Mr. Adam's book, and on my last visit I was very pleased to see that "The Gartnavel Minstrel" had been handsomely and strongly rebound in stiff brown cloth covers.

A. N. S. M.

Cricketer Season, 1908.

SUMMER has come and gone, but to cricket enthusiasts the remembrances of a delightful and keen season will for ever remain. Seldom in the history of the institution has there

been such inspiring enthusiasm among the lovers of that national sport, in the staff and patients, an especially pleasant feature being the genuine athletic interest of the higher medical staff. The result has been a most successful season regarded from every point of view—keenness, healthy rivalry, and an admirable *esprit de corps* being the noticeable characteristics of this season's eleven.

An excellent series of fixtures was arranged, and it is pleasing to record that of the 22 matches played 14 were won and 1 drawn. The highest score compiled against us (155) was on Fair Saturday, when the Rutherglen C.C. lowered our colours; and although our first venture realised 124 runs for 3 wickets, the greatest total our team reached was 143 runs, and this was done on two memorable occasions.

The first was on the occasion of our visit to Gartloch, when we went over and conquered to the tune of over a century. On that day our team was in excellent mettle and fighting form, and against Lynas' and Flynn's unimpeachable trundling backed up by keen fielding, our Gartloch rivals could only muster 30 runs. All the wickets, with the exception of three, were clean bowled, the exceptions falling to smart catches and to superb wicket keeping, with the results that Lynas left Gartloch elated in securing 6 wickets for 18 runs, Flynn 2 for 10, and Marsden 2 wickets for 1 run. Our turn at the wickets came, and our batting rose to the occasion, and with the help of contributions from Messrs. B. and R. of 15 and 10 not out respectively, in addition to 47 and 27 obtained by Mr. Waddell and Flynn, victory was assured us.

On the second occasion, in our game against Lennox Castle C.C., the honours of the day went to Attendat Lynas, an exceptionally able all-round cricketer, for while his deceptive slow "spinners" secured 6 wickets at the cheap cost of 4 runs each, everything

else was overshadowed by his hard, brilliant hitting; and just when it seemed that his well merited success would continue indefinitely, in attempting a hook stroke, by ill fortune the ball fell from his willow on to the bails, and Lynas retired with the highest individual score of the season (109) chalked up to his credit.

Of the many enjoyable games probably those against the Glasgow Practitioners and the University Students are outstanding. In the first, a combination of cricket match and garden party, by means of batting efforts by Lynas, Flynn, and Mr. A., and exceptional bowling by Marsden, &c., we inflicted a crushing defeat on the very splendid company of medicals marshalled against us. The Varsity talent had also to bow before us. Everyone scored on that day, and we declared at 117 for 7 wickets against the Gilmohill attempt of 88, the bowling honours falling to Flynn, while the individuals who gave our academic friends some troublesome leather hunting were Lynas, Flynn and another. The match against Queen's Park C.C. was a "field day," and owing to remarkable running "holds" by Messrs. Yellowlees, Waddell, B. and A., yet another strong combination was laid low. Brilliant catches were also the order of the day in the contest against Meadowbank C.C., Dr. McEwan's wonderful overhead catch at point being the most prominent, but in spite of this we lost.

Our easiest conquests were against Hamilton Crescent School, Pollok 3rd, Golffhill, and Glasgow C.C.'s, and on these occasions the issue was never in doubt.

The matches were all keenly fought, and often we, as the best teams do, found ourselves in apparent difficulties but at the critical moment a smart bit of fielding, a brilliant one-hand catch, a startling reminder of the presence of an ever vigilant, sharp and skilful wicket keeper, a phenomenal bowling feat or the steady defence and careful

eye of the watchful batsmen turned the tide in our favour. One shrinks for excusing our defeats but it is scarcely unorthodox to confess that on some occasions all the luck was against us—for example, in the return match against Gartloch played on our ground and in which our opponents had their revenge and were quite worthy of our congratulations on their excellent asylum team, it is but fair to state that Dame Fortune never deigned a glance our way, our best men failing for once.

The captaincy of the team by Dr. McEwan was nothing short of perfect excellence and by the influence of his inspiring example, his individual keenness and by kindly encouragement and congratulations he "skipped" us on to success. His fielding at point was irreproachable and by harmonious arrangement an opportunity of distinction was afforded to every member of the eleven. A worthy head of a worthy crew.

The infection spread; and in Dr. Shaw the Institution had the good fortune to have an umpire on whose sound judgment absolute reliance was placed, and his decisions were characterised by that promptness and sportsmanlike impartiality so characteristic of our Senior Medical Officer.

It is a matter for sincere regret that our Superintendent—whose interest in our fortunes was unabated—was unable to render us his valuable assistance more frequently.

Valuable outside aid was received from Dr. Joseph Glaister and Messrs. Taylor, Yellowlees and McNe, and to these gentlemen we now formally tender our sincere and grateful thanks.

As regards the averages of those who played throughout the season, Attendat Lynas tops the list with a batting average of 26.75 and a bowling one of 6.4 runs per wicket. The season's record is one to which this Institution can always look back with pleasure, not unmixed with pride.

Diary of Winter Arrangements.

- October 6th, Tuesday.—Staff Dance.
 " 8th, Thursday.—First Concert and Dance.
 " 11th, Sunday.—Harvest Thanksgiving Services. Preacher, Forenoon, at 11, Rev. Dr. P. H. Aitken; Evening, at 7, Rev. James S. Carswell, B.D.
 " 18th, Sunday.—The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Afternoon, at 3 o'clock.
 " 19th, Monday.—First Fortnightly Dance.
 " 21st, Wednesday.—First Grand Concert.
 November 1st, Sunday.—Anniversary Services. Preachers, Forenoon, at 11, Rev. Professor Cooper, D.D., The University; Evening, at 7, Rev. John Brown, B.D., Bellahouston Parish.

Lantern Lectures, Musical Entertainments, and Special Concerts, are being arranged for and will be intimated later.

A Highland Winter.

SOME years ago during one of the most severe snow storms on record, I was called upon to visit a distant glen in the Highlands. The snowfall was general all over the country, but I found on reaching the railway station sixteen miles from my destination, that all communication with the north had been cut off for a fortnight, and that it had only been partially resumed. For the first six miles we passed through an open country, and though the snow lay deeply everywhere with occasional heavy drifts the road was fairly good. Beyond this point the country became more truly Highland, the roads were steep and narrow and no wheeled conveyance could be procured. However, I found a sleigh consisting of the body of an old gig set on iron runners waiting to convey the mails to the post-office six miles further on, and took my passage by it. The roadway was only broad enough to allow of the passage of this

vehicle, and in some of the cuttings the snow was piled high above our heads.

The day was beautifully clear with little wind, the sky a deep blue with not a cloud visible, though the temperature was well below freezing point. Nothing could be more pleasant and invigorating than the easy gliding motion of a sleigh drive on a clear frosty winter's day, but the pleasure is considerably marred when one has to dismount and assist the conveyance through a snowdrift. However, we accomplished this stage of the journey without any untoward incident, though the mails were some hours behind scheduled time.

The remainder of the journey had to be performed on foot, no easy task with the snow a uniform depth of two feet, where the path consisted only of a single line of footprints, where each passenger had followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. The path rarely followed the line of the highway, which

was filled up with snowdrifts, but kept by the open fields. A large party of men were busy clearing the road, but it was much easier following the path-way, such as it was, than following the newly-opened road. The country was a white glistening wilderness, not a black speck visible, and even the trees had a dejected appearance, and all the distinctive features of the landscape had been blotted out. The silence was profound, not a sound was to be heard, and there was no sign of life except about a farm steading, or where in a sheltered spot a shepherd could be seen feeding his sheep. Animal and bird life had almost disappeared, or confined itself to the stackyards, except where grouse could be seen collected in packs of a hundred or more, or where a herd of deer formed a black patch on the shoulder of one of the lower hills, where they gained a precarious livelihood by scraping away the snow to reach the heather underneath.

Towards evening the sky became overcast, snow began to fall, the wind rose and next morning the labour of days was blotted out, and we were as completely cut off from the outside world as before.

Next day a band of men in single file could be seen wending their way down the glen to meet a provision cart which had been expected. They returned later laden with loaves, groceries and tobacco, which they distributed to their needy neighbours. When I made my way south a few days later, I found this cart completely stripped of all its provisions, stuck fast in a snow drift where it had been overtaken and abandoned.

Life at such seasons becomes very lonely. The farms and cottages are far apart, and little communication is possible between them. All the energies of the able-bodied inhabitants are concentrated on the care of their sheep and cattle, so that even curling is not thought of, and though deer come down to the low ground and

might be easily got at, they are rarely interfered with. One day I met an old lady who lived alone in a cottage a considerable distance from all other habitation. She had not spoken to a human being for a week, but had been compelled to make her way to her nearest neighbour's to make certain of the day of the week, and more especially, to ascertain the time, as her clock had run down and the silence in her cottage had become unbearable. To break the monotony, I walked fully a mile to church on Sunday, but the precursor and myself constituted the whole congregation. The minister, who lived fully a mile beyond the church, had attended the previous Sunday but no one turned up to hear him, so he did not repeat the effort a second time.

For twelve weeks no vehicle of any kind reached the glen. By the end of that time the stock of provisions had become very low, oatmeal and potatoes forming the staple articles of diet. Luckily I had only to make a brief visit, and was glad to turn my face southwards again towards a milder climate and the busier haunts of men.

IN THE OLD HOME.

Away from the stuffy office,
 Away from the bustling street,
 Away in my home in the far, far North,
 I find a quiet retreat.
 Away from the bills and worry,
 Away from the rush and care—
 Oh 'tis fine to roam these heathery braes,
 And enjoy the bracing air.
 Away from the buzz and traffic,
 Away from the whirl and roar,
 Away to the rocks and coves,
 And bask on the pebbly shore.
 Thinking on days long since,
 When I basked in this crystal sea,
 Every one may have their fancy,
 But these northern Isles for me.
 Then come from the East,
 And come from the West,
 Come from the South—O me ye,
 Rest you a while, by the wild rocky shores,
 In these beautiful Isles of the Sea.
 R. D.

My First Seal.

LOOKING back on a holiday that will always be to me one of the most enjoyable I have ever had, perhaps the most delightful and memorable day of my fortnight in Shetland was that on which I killed my first seal. I have always had a keen desire to secure as a trophy the pelt of one of these amphibians, and it was partly with this object that I elected to spend my vacation at Spiggie, a small hamlet in Dunrossness, where I had heard good sealing was to be had. For the first few days of my stay I had carried on a sort of guerilla warfare with the stray seals that occasionally ventured incautiously near to the rocks, but I soon found that my aim stood little chance of being realised in that way. Time after time I waited patiently for the appearance of the quarry, lying prone on the hard cold rocks, only to see my bullet kick up a jet of spray, while the unharmed target plunged derisively to reappear well out of range, and to all appearances without the slightest intention of renewing acquaintance. The real difficulty arises from the liability to error in estimating the range, for distance over water is most deceiving. The slightest fraction of a miscalculation, and the result is another inevitable failure. Unfortunately one's trials do not always end with the mere realisation of defeat, for there is still the tedious ordeal of summoning some cheerful reply to the jocular and insinuating time honoured greeting of "any luck," when a glance might easily satisfy the apparently guileless questioner that his remark is quite uncalled for, and his implied scoff unfeeling.

Finally realising that I must approach the subject with determination and care, I decided to abandon the tactics of the sniper, and approaching my fellow-visitors, soon found kindred spirits who, like myself, yearned for some tangible return for their powder

and shot. Various plans of campaign were eagerly discussed, and at last deciding upon one, we made arrangements to devote an entire day to making an organised raid on a small island off Fitful Head, one of the Quendale Skerries, reputed to be the happy hunting ground of the native sealers.

On the following morning our party, consisting of six enthusiasts, set off on our expedition amid a chorus of derisive cheers, and were soon howling along over the bleak, cold moorland, past Boddham, Ringasta and Hillwell, and in due course arrived at Quendale, where securing a guide, we embarked in one of the long fishing skiffs for the scene of the fray.

The sail of two miles seemed interminable, although with a fresh following wind the light craft slipped smartly over the water, but at length we were landed, eager and excited, on the Skerry. Leaving the guide in charge of the boat, with instructions to row round at a given signal, we spread out in skirmishing order, and crawling cautiously over the boulders, made for the rocks on the east side, where we were to expect our victims. At almost every step sea birds, chiefly eider duck, rose noisily, while from the luxuriously down quilted nests the young birds shrieked alarm choruses. At length we arrived within range of the noted rocks; but to our intense chagrin and astonishment not a solitary seal was visible. Angry and depressed we returned to the boat, and making the best of our misfortune, settled down to derive what tame enjoyment we might from a picnic. The prospect of a dejected return to the hotel was not at all inspiring, and I silently resolved that however long it took me, I'd wait patiently on that Skerry until I had secured my seal. The others looked upon the matter in a less serious light, for they soon voted sealing a mistake, and proposed setting out for a neighbouring island to collect eggs.

Slipping away from the party I again made my way over to the east shore, where I took up a position behind a rock, and eagerly scanned the surface of the water with my glasses for the well known dog-like heads. There half a mile away over a dozen could be seen playing about wantonly, enjoying themselves, and as I watched they began to draw gradually nearer. First one, and then another, sank out of sight, and in a few minutes the heads were seen to reappear each time nearer to the rocks. Our arrival had evidently disturbed them, and once startled the seal appears to feel much more comfortable well out from land. For long they seemed to consider the question of landing; but I had decided that I could wait their convenience now, and settled down to ignore them until they finally decided to come up and be shot. Slowly they came within range, but although having reached the rocks not one landed. At last losing all patience I decided to have a try, and taking careful aim at one fired. At first I thought I had only recorded another miss; but with a throb of savage exultation I saw that the water for yards around was dyed a brilliant scarlet, and there in the centre, a black patch, I saw him half submerged, but quite still. Signalling to the boatman I directed him to the spot, and had the satisfaction of seeing him lean out, plunge in the gaff, and safely hoist over the gunwale my first seal. Having secured one, I determined to have a bid for another; and telling the boatman to lie inshore, I crawled still nearer to the rocks, prepared for another wait. About an hour later I had almost decided to give up the idea, and was unloading my magazine preparatory to returning to join the others, when not more than 150 yards from where I lay a head was cautiously protruded. Slipping in a cartridge, I took aim; but to my chagrin he slipped quickly out of sight, leaving

me again foiled, but this time more hopeful.

At last up he came, and this time I made no mistake. Over he went, and soon joined his predecessor in the boat; and still and cramped I took my place in the bow, quite prepared now to return to Spiggie. It was only when we were well on our way that I realised how long we had spent on the Skerries. With tide running hard against us, and an offshore wind, sailing was quite out of the question; but we had willing hands to row, and the light craft shot gaily along. At about nine o'clock we landed at Quendale, thoroughly tired out, but perfectly satisfied with our day's outing; and getting into the machine, which was waiting at the slip, drove off gaily to make our triumphant return to headquarters.—T. D. M.C.E.

Mutton-Birding on Stewart Island, N.Z.

THE Maoris have just finished what is known as the "mutton-birding" season at Stewart Island. The mutton bird is a sea-fowl which, preserved, has for generations been a great delicacy with the Maoris, and is beginning to find its way on to European tables. It is smoked, and reminds one more of kippered herring in flavour than any other European article of food. The birds burrow in the ground like a rabbit, and return season after season to the same nest, provided the latter has not been roughly tampered with by the snarers. The latter say that precisely on November 25th—not a day sooner or later—the eggs are laid. They take a month to incubate. The old birds set off for their winter quarters in April, and then the snarers reap their harvest among the young ones. During the season just closed, about 100,000 have been trapped.

Night is the Sabbath of mankind
To rest the body and the mind.

A WISH.

May it be ours!
To see the calm beyond the storm,
The dawn beyond the night,
The rose without the prickly thorn,
The saddened face serene and bright,
Everywhere sweet flowers.

May it be ours!
To see the promise of the summer,
In the rose of the wintry dawn;
Remembering, the race is not to the swiftest runner,
Who, oftentimes is the first withdrawn
Despite his powers.

May it be ours!
To see beyond the mist, the mountain peak
With brilliant sunshine crowned,
To raise the fallen, help the weak,
Diffusing joy on all around,
Like summer showers.

May it be ours!
When the night of life creeps on apace,
And the last long shadow falls,
With courage and uplifted face,
Await the gentle voice, that calls
To immortal hours.

A. L. A.

A Reverie among the
Trees.

"And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows too.
This was the world, and I was King;
For me the larks came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew."

R.L.S.

I MURMUR the words as I slowly
make my way up the green arcade,
towards Gartnavel, on a gloriously
fresh summer Saturday morning. A
perfect vista this, with green infinity
of shade blending with shade. Grass
blades tall and delicate, and casting
greener shadows from them, called to
one to sit amongst them and see with
them the ceaseless smaller life of earth,
unheeded by the passer by. The spell
is on me, and I stretch myself for a
few brief moments under the trees.
In the green silence and freshness
thoughts steal up in strange confusion.
The years have flown back, and, a
child again, I sit in an old garden not
unlike this glade, with great trees

guarding jealously its privacy. Here
in the summer days we youngsters
used to sit, curled up amongst the
grass, listening to the tales read us by
the mother, tales which lived and were
part of us. What is it that we have
lost at a later age, for on re-telling
they hold us, but we are conscious
that they are—but tales! Of all the
glorious array, I think we voted Hans
the best story-teller. And who has
not listened enthralled to "the Mer-
maid," with its wonderful blending of
realism and imagery, and its quaint,
sad end—of the little mermaid's dis-
solution into cold sea foam; and from it
an ethereal form escapes into the air to
patiently float through the three hun-
dred years which must elapse ere an
immortal soul can be won.

Then the old world story of little
"Karen" and her red shoes; how
many of us have followed her dancing
feet till at last she came to the axe
with the quivering edge, which smote
her feet from her and—she was free.
Or again, "the Storks," with its in-
genious dénouement—

"But what about that bad, wicked boy
who first began the song?" shrieked the
young storks; "what is to be done with
him?"

"In the pond there is a little dead baby,
it has dreamed itself to death; we will take
it to him, and then he will cry, because we
have brought to him a little dead brother.
But you have surely not forgotten the good
boy, who said: 'It is a shame to make fun
of the creatures! We will take both a
brother and sister to him, and because his
name is Peter, you shall all be called Peter
too.'"

It happened just as she said, and all
the storks are called Peter to this day.

How pretty the fancy is which has
directed these stories, and yet how
tragically it can meet out justice, as in
"the girl who trod on the loaf!" To
go back to them now is to enjoy a
second childhood, not so rare as the
childhood when an appreciative voice
gave us our first love for them, but
still a time which it does all of us
good to re-live, in imagination. For

how strenuous are the years succeed-
ing youth; and we want a relieving
touch, lest the hurry and bustle of life
leave their stamp upon us while it is
yet noon.

But the reverie amongst the trees is
at an end, and I must rouse up and
make my way indoors to learn of
science, a sterner tutor than the gentle
guardian I have left outside.

STUDENT.

On Trek.

FROM DURBAN TO BLOEMFONTEIN.

THE following account of a six weeks'
journey by waggon from Durban
to Bloemfontein, before the advent of
the railway in Natal, was given to us
by a friend.

EDITOR.

Our party consisted of Mr. B., Mr. G.
and myself, one Portuguese, servant to
Mr. B., one Hottentot driver, three
Kaffirs, (leader of the oxen, cook, and
assistant) and one who was general
servant for all purposes.

Our equipment was that usual for
South African travel. We had a
waggon measuring twenty by four feet
covered with a strong canvas tent or
"tilt," having a kind of curtain at
both ends. The inside of the waggon
contained some luggage and numerous
boxes and bags with our provisions.
On top of all was swung a "cartel" or
kind of cradle which Mr. B. occupied
nearly the whole of the trip. At the
end of the waggon was a small space
where I sat during the day. The out-
side was nearly as useful for carrying
as inside. On innumerable hooks were
hung buckets, water-barrels, firewood,
pots, chairs, Kaffirs' bedding, etc. We
had twelve oxen which were considered
enough as our total weight did not
exceed 2,500 lbs. We crawl along the
dusty road, seldom going quicker than
two and a half miles an hour. At
twelve o'clock noon, if in the vicinity
of grass and water, we halt and
"outspan"—oxen are released, a fire
is lit, boxes, etc., are dragged from the

waggon, and plates, etc., clatter and we
make lunch (preserved soup, cold meat,
biscuits, etc.)

At two p.m. we have bundled up
and are trekking along as dreamily as
before. About 5 p.m. we halt for the
day. Tents are quickly set up, packages
again dragged out, a good fire set agoing
and dinner is being prepared. Sundown
soon compasses us and then the oxen
are fastened to the waggon for the
night. Beds are got ready, and at
seven p.m. cook serves dinner (beef,
potatoes and beans). We have a cup
of Liebig's extract about 8 p.m., and
then everybody turns in—thus complet-
ing one day of our journey. In order
to suit both the cattle and ourselves we
constituted every fifth day, or as near
as suited, a rest-day, when we generally
had a better dinner than usual, and
had the opportunity of indulging in
the additional luxuries of a good wash
and change of raiment.

I will not soon forget the first night
of our journey which we spent en-
camped on the side of a hill a short
distance from Pietermaritzburg. The weather
was cold and raw, and during the night
a heavy dew fell that penetrated our
tents and even came dripping inside.
Confusion existed everywhere in our
arrangements. We had to accept
coffee and biscuit for a late dinner,
and passed a very miserable night
attempting to sleep with our clothes
on. Next morning things of course
were little better. Owing to the
Kaffirs not being up to their work
yet, they could procure neither food
nor utensils, and so we proceeded on
after a breakfast of rather cold porridge,
feeling just about as miserable as any
reader of this could well imagine.

FIRST WEEK.—Reached the capital
of Natal—Pietermaritzburg, where we
had to rest three days owing to the loss
of two of our Kaffirs, and to replace
them we had to get two other "boys,"
as they are called, from Durban. Our
journey to Pietermaritzburg was not
accomplished under very encouraging

circumstances. This was owing mainly to the immense traffic by waggons laden with wool, skins, etc., going to Durban for shipment, and the general cargoes of goods coming into Pietermaritzburg. These waggons sometimes carrying four tons, the entire surface of the road is ground into powder, and a cloud of thick and almost impenetrable dust enveloped the waggon and penetrated every crevice. To European throats, eyes, and nostrils, it was the most exquisite torture to bear this as we had to do, the whole day long. Life in a tent I find falls far short of the comfort, and although our arrangements were now in better working order, yet I think this is "roughing it exceeding rough."

SECOND AND THIRD WEEK.—We had now got nearly clear of the coast lands of Natal, and were travelling at an altitude of over 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Every day we passed some river which appeared to us but a streamlet, many only ankle deep, but which we learn becomes in summer, when the rains set in, a roaring dangerous flood that often impedes the traffic on the road for weeks at a time. We suffered much from the cold, as it blew a bitter sharp wind during the day and the hoar frost covered our tents in the night. Blankets and extra clothing seemed of little avail. We had but to take our misery with us and march on. The country through which we passed was of the most desolate and dreary description. It was one continued series of long rolling hills, of barren sands with stony flats and ridges intervening. Every fifteen or twenty miles would be a canteen or kind of roadside inn where, if possible, matters within looked still more dismal than outside. A couple of such "shanties" and a "store" constitutes a village when situate near the ford of a river. We had a first distant view of the Drakensberg, and certainly the huge range of rugged peaks towering away in the far distance did not inspire

us with pleasant sensations, especially as it brought to recollection that we had to cross there.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

FOUND A FLAT.

AN eccentric-looking old man was sitting in an arm-chair before the fire in the smoke-room of one of the leading commercial hotels. His trousers were somewhat drawn up, one leg, which was crossed over the other, exposing to view a brilliant red, white, and blue-striped stocking; and noticing some of the company looking at it and smiling, he said, with apparently much satisfaction: "Nice pattern that, isn't it, gentlemen? I'll bet there is not another like it in the room." "I'll bet cigars round that there is," replied a youthful commercial. "Done," cried the old man. "Where is it?" "On your other foot," responded the bettor, with a triumphant laugh, which was generally joined in. "That's just where you make a mistake," said the old man, with a knowing wink. "I generally reckon finding one flat in a company, and so came prepared." He then pulled up the other leg of his trousers, and to the amusement of all but the loser, exposed a black stocking!

COFFEE FOR TWO.

WHEN only a junior lieutenant, Lord Charles Beresford served under a first lieutenant who was a bit of a martinet. The latter had ordered that no grog or coffee must be made after eight o'clock in the evening. One cold night young "Charlie B." wanted a cup of coffee, and asked the quartermaster for hot water for this purpose. But in vain. So Beresford calmly went up on the bridge, and, saluting the commander on duty said: "It's cold up here, sir. May I bring you a cup of coffee?" The commander readily consented, and, secure in his permission, the astute junior lieutenant made the coffee, and had a cup himself.

DEBUT OF MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER.

Miss Clara Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain, recently made her *début* as a singer in this country. Asked why her father had not come with her, Miss Clemens replied, "Well, you see, he accompanied me in America for about two years, and I found that he was so anxious to get up on the platform before I had finished, and make a speech, and the people seemed so impatient to hear him, I guessed if I didn't want to ruin my career he'd better stay at home."