

## **Gartnavel Gazette**

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**THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE**

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### The Winter Arrangements.

WE do not hear of any new feature in the arrangements for the coming winter. There will be the usual Thursday Concerts and Dance, and the Monday and Saturday Fortnightly. For the latter the services of several good Lecturers and Entertainers are being engaged, but it is not possible at this time to give their names or dates.

Mr. Airlie comes to us as usual, and is certain of a cordial welcome. His first concert—the beginning of the musical season—is fixed for Wednesday, the 19th October.

Several Dramatic Clubs in the city have kindly offered their services, and we hope that our own Opera Company will be again in active life at Christ-

mas. There is a great amount of talent in the House, and it only needs to be brought out.

The new Church will be dedicated on the fourth Sunday in October, and thereafter Divine Service will be held there.

In our next number a short account of the Service of Dedication will be given, and a description and photograph of the Church.

A new billiard table is to be placed in the Gentlemen's Division. The present one goes to the East House. It has done good service.

The Editor will be glad to have suggestions—which he will put before those in authority—regarding entertainments or anything that will help to brighten the winter days and long nights.

We are requested to state that the Lectures and Demonstrations to the staff will begin in the middle of October. They will be on the lines of last year, and fuller particulars will be given in a notice to be posted later.

EDITOR.

### After Thirty Years of Faithful Service.

SINCE our last issue there falls to be recorded the death of Nurse Janet

M'Earlane. For some years as servant to Dr. Yellowlees, and afterwards as charge-nurse of one of the wards in the East House, Janet quietly and faithfully performed the work allotted to her for over thirty years. Like Miss Aitken (the late Matron) and Sarah M'Intyre, Janet died literally at her post. As the funeral was from the Asylum, a service was held in Janet's ward, and was attended by the Staff and Nurses, and many patients. The coffin, covered with flowers, was placed in the centre of the ward. Among the wreaths was one sent by Dr. and Mrs. Yellowlees. So her work here is ended, and she has entered into her rest.

### Out-door Amusements.

THE past summer has been in every respect a most enjoyable one. Fine sunny weather accounted to a large extent for the success of the season's out-door amusements.

To begin with cricket, which, above all other games, evokes more universal interest.

A big fixture card has been gone through, and at the end of the season we can at least say that we are on the right side as regards victories.

And here we should like to thank the ladies for their kindly interest and good wishes for the success of our team. It was quite a pleasure on a match day to see the field ringed round by spectators of both sexes so keenly interested in the play.

Ladies' cricket, too, wiled away some pleasant hours. On some of these occasions a nice tea was served on the lawn, which added considerably to the pleasure of the game.

We now pass on to the fortnightly garden parties at the Cottage—quite a feature of this summer.

Happy weather favoured most of these functions. They were always well attended, and we would venture to say much appreciated.

On the adjoining croquet lawn there

would generally be seen two sets in full swing.

The tennis lawns, too, were well patronised by the more vigorous, and some very enjoyable sets were played.

We would like to thank our hostesses at the Cottage for the pains they took to make these gatherings a success. We thank them for their temptingly spread tea tables and for their kindly attention to the comfort of their guests.

In conclusion—bowls. The green has been well taken advantage of this summer by the gentlemen. This game has a large and enthusiastic following here, and to some it might come as a pleasant surprise to hear that a new green is to be laid down before next summer.

### Round the Grounds.

"Let outside sights and sounds,  
Sweep gradual gossams in."

ONE of the prettiest features—though a passing one—of the Gartnavel grounds is the phaeton and the Doctor's beautiful bay pony, with Major, the stag-hound, running beside her (for Major and the pony are inseparable). Major, who carries the prestige of direct descent from the immortal Maid of Sir Walter Scott, and who has all her grand dame's dignity and faithfulness.

Even in their winter aspect the well-kept grounds and garden show daily interests. The trees stand out, under the dull grey skies, clearly outlined in their natural characteristics and individuality. Jules Michelet, the French naturalist, writes eloquently of the beauty of trees when bare of foliage, and there are artists, such as Titian, Turner and M'Whirter, who have interpreted for us the suggestiveness of trees without their summer robe of green. In the humidity of our climate, the turf never entirely loses the fresh green tint of life, and long before the trees burgeon forth with greening leaves we see the quick, new blades

springing up under the old sere grass above it. Who has sung for us the praises of the grasses like Richard Jefferies—their wonderful beauty and their varied forms? His pen pictures of their nodding charms is something to make the most indifferent look up and question if one has made this beauty, or any part of it, their own, for, according to the poet, to love is to possess:

"To love is still to have."

While winter lasted there was some interest to skaters in watching the new pond for frost to make it available for their use. We can recall that account of Henry D. Thoreau lying all night by the pond at Walden, with his ear to the earth listening for the first croak of the frog, and his intense enthusiasm of living which led him to exclaim: "I love my life from the core to the rind of it." But we can also recall his delight when a storm separated him from the village, and that he wrote a refusal to a village tea-party for the very original reason, that he had too many engagements to himself to afford the time!

The spring brings with it the nesting of birds; the budding of sycamores and chestnuts, willows and bocches, and the beautiful service trees which unfold their tender grey-green leaves like blossoms. A service tree on the western slope has the peculiarity of having had, at some time, a rowan grafted on it, and the two trees thrive and flourish from the same root. Before the swallow comes to "thread the needles of the air," and the lark with his full, rich song, we have the sweet notes of the thrush and blackbird, and the warblings of the chaffinches.

If William Black, in his descriptions of Highland scenery, has given us pictures for the eye, Thomas Hardy, in his exquisite descriptions of country sounds, has shown us what the well-trained ear can enjoy everywhere, as, for instance, where he gives an account of the wind entering the innumerable

heath bells in a meadow, filling each one of the little blue cups and then emerging with the sound of a tiny trumpet. To be as sensitive to nature's sounds as this is what George Eliot describes as hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we might die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence.

When the warm days of summer come, the pleasure of sitting out takes the place, to some extent, of the exercise of walking, and with it then comes, occasionally, the added pleasure of intercourse with acquaintances from other parts of the house. We may happen thus to find a kindred spirit, and this not only gives zest to the outing but may effect a larger benefit than either knows of at the time. Michael Fairless, in his incomparable *Roadmender*, would call this a meeting with the "living letter," and relates some of his chance encounters with a kindness of spirit that is indicated in one short sentence: "To have faith is to create, to have hope is to call down blessing, to have love is to work miracles."

Now, the trees are in their full glory of leafage. Alders and oaks:

"The monarch oak, sole king of forests all," are dressed in "living green." The beautiful maples flit from tree to tree or hop at ease over the meadow; the lark sings his song in an air that is boundless; and in the fields the cattle are pastured for the summer season; a fine peacock, comfortably housed, displays his lovely feathers; and Tommy, the small Scotch terrier that belonged to Dr. Yellowlees, and who remains one of the many friendly marks of the old régime, walks along slowly and sedately, but, with all his gravity and years, does not disdain to stop, sit up, and beg for sugar by the way.

In the stall the "live and loveable steed," Fifi, stands, with restive hoofs, ready for the road; and there may be the new pair of horses in stall beside her.

With all these interests to enjoy, we may close with the words of Walt Whitman:

"Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons;  
It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth."

B.W.

### Told by the Bell.

I SELDOM complain. Everyone knows that I never make myself heard unless someone interferes with me. But what I want to know is, why I was brought to Gartnavel. I admit that I am subject to a ringing in the head, and that I am violently agitated at stated times—at six in the morning and just before bedtime. But I have no delusions. I was hung up in the belfry shortly after my arrival here, and though I made appeal high and low, no attention was paid to me.

A friend of mine who makes a great noise outside the walls is allowed his liberty where he can see the passers by, though he gets perfectly frantic on Sundays at the sight of the people going to church.

Now I always hold my tongue on that day; no one can say that I am cracked, and I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will use your influence to have me removed (on probation if necessary) to where I shall have a roof over my head and where the nasty remarks of the attendants will not annoy me every morning.

J. M.C.

### Recollections.

HOLIDAYS! What does the word not suggest, almost unlimited time and pleasure, indefinite plans as to how the days will be spent, and yet, somehow when they are past the recollection of the good time we have had gives us as much pleasure as the actual enjoyment of them. I am looking forward to my fortnight, intending to spend the most of it in Perthshire, in the

town in which I passed the first eight years of my life. I love revisiting all the familiar places, everything seems the same yet somewhat changed. It seems like yesterday the day we played truant from school, my brother, two companions and I, to go fishing in the Isla with stick, string, and bent pin. I was really keen on fishing then, keeping up my enthusiasm for the sport for many years after, but with a rod instead of the more primitive article. This day in particular we did catch something, I can't tell what, unless it was the whacking I got and my brother the ducking in the river from my father, who had suddenly appeared on the scene from nowhere. Later, it was he who taught us the mysteries of fishing and supplied us with the necessary implements. I am only sorry this year I will be too late for the berries, but I am not such a thief as I used to be, I calmly take the berries now, whereas I used to steal them. Between the bees and my grandfather we had a hot time; but oh! the glorious times we spent among the bushes until certain indefinite pains warned us it was time to stop, more often it was grandfather with a stick who ended the raids we made, though he could never catch us, he was too short sighted for that. Somehow, when the holidays are wearing through, I cannot help comparing now with then, and the difference I must laugh over. Now I can settle myself more in the house to work and talk, formerly I only slept there, disappearing all day, wandering here and there, in and out of mischief. I have known us to go a few miles out of the town to meet grandfather coming home on his cycle, and naturally the old gent. would dismount to talk, thereupon one of us would take possession of the cycle and go off homewards, leaving him to walk all the way home with the rest. I wouldn't do that now, oh no, I have surely more sense, besides consideration for elderly people. He never forgets

to remind me, however, of my evil yet innocent enough pranks, and he still cycles though seventy-six, besides I don't require to steal his machine now, one of the reasons being ladies don't look well on a gent's cycle. However, my fortnight has yet to come, and I haven't the slightest idea what my temporary freedom from work may induce me to do, but I will endeavour to enjoy it to the utmost, so that I may be able to look back upon my holiday as the best and most enjoyable I have ever had.

TONY.

### Dinner Platitudes.

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath, and an invitation to take a glass of wine will frequently restore warmth between two friends where only coldness existed before.

No matter how plain your cook may be, so long as your dinner is well-dressed.

A few compliments go a long way. A little savoury *paté* is quite enough. Try too many and you will find they'll prove heavy.

When the ladies retire from the dinner-table it is not usual for you (supposing you to be a gentleman) to retire with them. In this instance the same law extends to the mistress as to the servants—"No followers allowed."

A gratuity well bestowed frequently has a happy effect. The servant that is fed well takes care that his master does the same.

In the hands of an inferior *artiste*, whether an omelette turns out good or bad, is quite a matter of toss up. It is the same with a pancake.

Keep ill-natured people from your table, as you would sour fruit. They are sure to disagree with everyone.

Avoid crab apples, lest the Apple of Discord should turn up amongst them.

C. F. P.

When can a naval captain get honey at sea? When he's a C.B.

### FAREWELL TO GARTNAVEL.

The time has come when we must say farewell,

Which brings a sadness to each joyous hour,

Seeming of present happiness the knell,  
Which tells us from our friends we now must part.

So now farewell to all!

For kindness shown to me:

I often will recall

Each face in memory.

For Dr. ———'s skill

My hearty thanks I tender,

His name I ever will

With gratitude remember.

Now Mrs. ——— I must praise,

Our matron, kind and good;

Her many wise and kindly ways

Have won my gratitude.

O that my muse would me inspire,

My pen her deeds to sing;

And give full scope to my desire

To make the welkin ring.

My thanks are also due

To Dr. ———;

For favours not a few,

Can never be forgot.

The nurses, too, I thank,

For all their care of me;

Their names I'll ever rank

In fondest memory.

So now, my friends, farewell!

Kind wishes to you all;

I'll often heave a sigh

When I your names recall.

L. V.

### Matrimonial Difficulties.

WHEN asked by your indefatigable Editor to contribute a page to the current number of the GAZETTE, I had much pleasure and no hesitation in complying, but when the request was followed up by the suggestion, "Something humorous if possible," I did not feel quite so sure. Thinking the matter over, however, I concluded that perhaps a leaf from my matrimonial experiences might prove at least interesting, if not altogether amusing, to the readers of the GAZETTE. But don't get excited, gentle reader, for though in my time I have married more wives than most men, I have no intention of making any private or

personal confessions. The incidents I am about to relate concern others, though I was a party to them and a not uninterested spectator.

The "Fair Time," as many of you doubtless are aware, is one of the favourite seasons for bringing off their matrimonial affairs among the Glasgow people, and at that time a city minister's hands are usually pretty full. It so chanced, on the occasion to which I refer, that all the neighbouring clergy were either laid up through illness or on holiday, and my services were much in demand, so much so that one evening I found that I had no fewer than five separate weddings to carry through. The first three passed off with nothing special to record; it was the fourth that was responsible for the experiences I write of. This marriage was to take place at the manse, and as I returned from the others the usual carriage and pair of greys at the door notified that the party had arrived. I found the customary quartette waiting me inside.

One of the difficulties a minister has to contend with is to get the marriage papers all in order. You may print instructions as you please, but the ignorance on the matter is so common that in spite of all precautions hitches frequently occur. As one man explained it to me in his own fashion, "Ye see, it's this way—ye never think about it till ye're intae it, and then gey often that's ower late. Then when ye hae learnt your lesson, ye seldom get another chance o' showin' that ye ken a' about it."

On asking, therefore, for their papers they at once produced two, which proved to be only their Proclamations of Banns. The all-important document—the Registrar's Schedule—was wanting, and it was vain to plead they did not know and that no one had told them. Without the schedule we could not proceed. The Registrar's office was long closed, and matters seemed pretty hopeless for a wedding, that night at any rate. However, as

the fifth marriage was in the Registrar's neighbourhood, I took the "best man" with me, requesting the others to wait in patience and we would try what could be done. This other ceremony over, we drove to the Registrar's house. It was shut up. "The family was off to the coast, and the Registrar was staying with his sister," so a neighbour kindly informed us. With some trouble we found the sister's house. "Her brother was out," she said, "but he would likely be found at the bowling green or in his office working up arrears." He was not at the bowling green, and the closed doors of the office refused to open to our most importunate demands.

What more could be done? There was nothing for it but to drive back and inform the anxious trio of our failure. The "best man" was first into the room, and from behind I heard the eager inquiry: "Hae ye got the paper, Jock?" Jock's countenance, however, must have betrayed the situation, and as I followed up I could only inform them that the wedding could not take place that night. They must call at the Registrar's office in the morning and come back next day with the paper, when we would be free to proceed with the marriage. I told the bride and bridesmaid to let the parents know of the unfortunate omission: that there was no obstacle except that they had neglected to call for the marriage schedule, and that it would be all right when it was secured. I had not the heart to let them know that the office was closed for the rest of the week owing to the holidays, and that it would be the following week ere they would succeed.

Still they were reluctant to go. "Could ye no mairry us the night and we'll bring the papers the morn!" was the piteous appeal of the disconsolate bride. But it could not be, and finally they went away quite dejected.

I naturally concluded that the duties of the day were over. The house was

shut up for the night, and I sat down in my study to smoke the pipe of peace. An hour or so must have passed when I was aroused by a peremptory ring at the bell, and going out I found the "best man" again confronting me, breathless with haste and excitement, to inform me that they had got the paper, and that the others were following as fast as they could.

After seeing the girls home, the two men, nothing daunted, had set out again in search of the Registrar and succeeded in finding him. He evidently entered into the spirit of the situation, and was good enough even at this late hour to help them out of their difficulties. He went back to his office, and while the schedule was being filled up, the "best man" was posted off to intercept me before going to bed. Ten minutes later the others arrived, and, though it was a close finish, they were married before the day was out.

I have never seen any of the parties since, as they were all strangers to me, but if the marriage was not a happy one it deserved to be. Certainly, if in seeking to retrieve the subsequent errors into which they may have fallen, they brought the same amount of resource and perseverance as they did on the occasion of their wedding, their marriage is likely to have been a success.

The moral of course is obvious. If you wish to get married and avoid trouble and delay at the outset, let all—from Dr. Oswald downward, whom it may concern—take note, and see that the papers are *all* in order.

J. S. C.

### A Legend of February.

**H**ERE is the legend that explains why February has only twenty-eight or twenty-nine days. Long ago, they say February was a gambler, and he was so unlucky that he soon lost all his money. Like other gamblers he tried to recover it, and he said to his companions, that if they would lend

him some money he would give them as security one of his days. January and March, who were naturally associated with him more often than any of the other months, accepted his offer, and as poor February soon lost the money which he had borrowed, each of them acquired one of his days.

That is why January and March have each thirty-one days, and February has only twenty-eight in ordinary, and twenty-nine in leap year. P.

### Varieties.

Widow's weeds are easily got rid of by planting a late variety of the *Seringes*—better known as orange-blossom.

Joint Occupation.—Carving.

Advances made on Land in Europe and Asia without Interest.—Apply at the Russian Arms.

MATERNALISM.—What is to be done, my dear? He positively *doats* on her!

PATERNALISM.—Well, we must try to find him an *aspidochelone*.

The Czar is said to be longing for a "golden bridge." We thought it was a Golden Horn on which his wishes were fixed.

To persons about to marry.—Take care to choose a Lady Help, and not a Lady Encumbrance.

"Can I show you anything more to-day, Sir?" asked the civil gentleman behind the counter.

"Yes," was the reply, "Will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrellas I left here three weeks ago?"

Certain cure of a cold in a Prima Donna.—Stop her salary, or put a rising vocalist in her part.

Question.—If germs germinate in Germany and parasites reside in Paris, what will we find in Cork?

Answer.—Mike robes.

A Different Metal.—"I wonder what led him to propose to her?" "It wasn't lead, but gold."

## SHETLAND.

My native Rock! I tread once more,  
Again I look on thee;  
Again I walk thy rugged coast,  
And view the wintry sea.  
For ages past the rolling waves  
Have beat thy rock-bound shore,—  
Have tossed their foam round crag and  
And still do wildly roar. [holm,  
Brave sons then ever sendest forth  
To plough the mighty main,  
And some of them return no more,  
Nor view their home again.  
But I—a favoured son of thine—  
Thou' wandered far and wide,  
Return to see the good old home,  
Where dear ones still reside.  
There's one I miss; ah! yes, she's gone:  
I'll see her here no more—  
My mother—Yes, we'll meet again,  
Upon another shore.  
Oh, Shetland! dear old island home,  
I love thy bleak hills still;  
I linger, gazing, as I leave  
The cottage on the hill.  
But I must say farewell to all,  
And cross the stormy sea,  
And to my southern home return,  
Where dear ones wait for me.  
And now—farewell, my homely cot!  
I speed away from thee,  
But I will ne'er forget—ah! no,  
The old home by the sea. R. D.

## In the North.

There is perhaps no single cry that  
instantaneously re-awakens more  
visions of hope and joy as it echoes  
through the writer's memory than does  
this: "Perth and the North!"  
It is a cry that recalls the grand  
magician-like figure of the unlinehng  
old station-master of the N.B. Railway,  
Edinburgh, waving or warning off with  
his two flags—amidst his inscrutable  
lines and circles—his serpentine streams  
of human freight. On the first day of  
August it is that "Scotia's darling  
seat" pours forth her jubilant youthful  
legions and that thousands of her  
grateful adult tribes go up; and from  
a whirlpool indescribable of struggling  
excited mortals, through which  
meandered mountain-ranges of luggage,  
we were yearly rescued by the cheery

shout: "This way for Perth and the  
North!"

This season, 1904, it was not in  
August but in the very middle of the  
merry month of May, not from the  
eastern, but the western capital that  
we set off for our pleasant summer  
outing. Neither was our route "via  
Perth"; but for all that, was not our  
goal—"The North"? As we waited  
for our train, and read, over the  
gliding carriages, the splendid Celtic  
names, something of the old thrill and  
enthusiasm arose within us. Looks  
and smiles of exceeding meaning were  
exchanged in our happy group; some  
eyes were even suspiciously gleamy;  
and, though little was said, great—  
very great—were the expectations and  
content of all. For "dark and true  
and tender is the North"; and "Who  
goes to the hills goes to his mother!"

A two hours' rather circuitous  
journey and we stepped down at the  
bright little village of A—-. We  
soon made our way—not without many  
exclamations of delight—along the  
highway. The weather was perfect;  
"All nature shone divinely bright";  
while a competition in colliatura, by  
larks, was evidently going on overhead.  
The brilliant shrubs in the cottage  
gardens with their inviting open gates,  
the bairnies sauntering home in groups  
from school, the glow of the forge, and  
ring of the smith's hammer, all spoke  
of country life and freedom; while the  
high round headed craig, the mountain-  
ranges right and left, most of all the  
3000 feet Ben that led the eye heaven-  
wards and unconsciously dominated  
the strath from west to east, assured  
us that, although no more than thirty  
miles from a great city, we were truly  
in the Highlands.

The taking of a country-house,  
specially of one suitable for our party,  
requires much discrimination; and we  
cannot be too thankful that our lady-  
matron possesses a so-highly-developed  
talent in that direction, one that on this

occasion, as in former years, was laid  
out by her so very much to our profit.

"Where swallows build the air is  
delicate," we remarked (as did Banquo  
at the castle), as we climbed the still-  
primrose-studded lawn to our sweet nest  
on the hill-side. A kindly presence  
received us at the rustic-portal and  
bade us welcome, while a tiny child-  
figure straying through the hay, sur-  
rounded by a brood of chickens, gave  
a charming sense of family-life about  
the place. Snug yet roomy was our  
dwelling, richly draped in budding  
clematis and girt about with roses; and  
supplied within with all things neces-  
sary to our comfort, when supplemented  
by our commissariat.

How fresh, how keen, are the sensa-  
tions on the first evening in the  
country! One feels then, in a specially  
emphatic degree, the fulness and free-  
ness of nature's giving. How quiet  
but how full of life, how soothing yet  
how stimulating to thought and feeling  
is her peace! The musical and pathetic  
sights and sounds tend to call up  
powerfully the vague unsatisfied long-  
ings that beauty raises in the human  
spirit. "Come, my children," whispers  
the Great Mother, as she breathes and  
puts her hands upon her own, "all, all  
is yours." (Then she draws unto her  
heart each child that truly loves her,  
comforting him (we say it with rever-  
ence but with strong persuasion) "as  
one whom a mother comforteth." "All  
is yours," she says again and yet again,  
persuasively:—"faltering, weary, and  
down-hearted though you be, all is  
yours; enter upon your kingdom." And  
just in proportion as we are  
receptive, and humble, and trustful,  
do we drink in her pure spirit, and  
realize in our happy experience "The  
strength that is (even for us) among  
the lonely hills."

Of all open-air pleasures in a new  
district, surely there is none like that  
of searching out the land, and on foot.  
When this is carried on by a little  
community, scattered through the day,

but meeting at meal-times, the result  
is delightful, and bracing. Every one  
saves up the finest experiences, the  
richest intellectual plums, if fortunate  
enough to have any. Conversation  
under these conditions becomes a  
vigorous and varied growth, so much  
so that "the weather" gets peace to  
darn her threadbare garment. "I never  
seem to have anything to say," remarked,  
one day, a thoughtful, observant, but  
diffident soul. "My dear, some one  
must be quiet," from the head of the  
table, immediately restored self-respect,  
and covered the combatants with  
blushes and merriment. "Now, don't  
begin, you two!" we sometimes heard  
from the same quarter, as Neptune-  
like, fork in hand, and with an irres-  
sistible and infectious smile, she wisely  
strove to regulate the billows of debate.

Some of that table-talk was certainly  
lively, and, to ourselves, mighty refresh-  
ing. Who that was present could ever  
forget the vivid relation of the four  
murdered lambs, for example; the voice  
and facial expression of the brilliant  
relater; the silence that prevailed? The  
table held its breath, for did it not all  
end in mystery?

In the absence of most of our party  
for a drive round Loch A—-, some of  
us had an interesting sance on the  
roadside with an itinerant china mer-  
chant, his lovely wife and babe aloft;  
when astonishing articles of vertu and  
art were enticingly laid out on the  
sward, some of which proved irresistible,  
and may be seen unto this day.

But who, at A—-, ever returned  
from an expedition with a sequence  
of events, a tale so unique, as did the  
heroine of the Romance of the Pony?  
To induce a youthful lactic Jehu to  
convey two tired ladies for miles along  
the dusty highroad for so small a com-  
pensation (providentially supplied by  
the woods, too, five minutes before!)  
and, at the same time, fill his sensitive  
being with thankfulness for the honour  
of doing so, argues a power of persuasion  
and glamour that is enviable.

As we began, so did we continue. Each discovery of the geography of the place, each new acquaintance amongst our neighbours or the village children, the paths you were "not to take unless you wanted to miss the roll-call or pass the night in the woods"; every historic fact such as that "Queen Mary was once there"; that in that very manse Sir Walter planned his great novel of the district; that the parish minister who was rash enough to write a "treatise on fairies, expressly 'to suppress the impudent and growing atheism of the day,'" and as a natural result was carried off by by sprites,—lies, nevertheless, in the old kirkyard; the existence of a circulating library [great applause]; a new flower, bird, beast, or brown bairnie after the heart of Murillo; all these topics, and many more, were cast higgery-miggery into the general copper of conversation; and sometimes there was truth intill't, sometimes there was fiction.

With limited space, also the fear of "R.L.S." before our eyes, how can we enter on the great subject,—scenery? Yet how avoid it? Those dawns and settings, heavenly glintings and glowings, rapturous choruses, lonely callings of hill-birds, rushings of the dark river, babblings of "the little rills that run among the hills," piteous bleatings on the hill-side, and the whirrings of friendly swallows to our eaves;—these not dumb things, each speaking clearly of an unseen reality, we cannot acceptably picture forth in our weak words. Well might those privileged to enjoy it all, sing, in other sense than did our persecuted forefathers: "For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our father's God!"

Of drives to the three most beautiful lochs in the neighbourhood, there were many; of walks great variety, and they were lovely; and of "nice places just at the door" a bewildering choice. The village shops, still more the obliging villagers; the so-well-managed little home for cripple-children; the

churches, Presbyterian and Episcopal; were all sources of pleasure and comfort; and the overtures of friendliness from these were warmly appreciated by the various members of our party.

Experience led us, when at A——, boldly to presume on long tucks of fine weather. Only at night, watching—in full Thing upon the terrace—a watery sunset, were we now and then doubtful; retiring to rest serious, prophetic, prepared for the worst, which, however, rarely befel us.

"Now that is a view!" cried Poetica, leaning back comfortably to gaze at the twilight glow. "A view, with big Ben there for a background, might well satisfy anybody." "Fear the housekeeper's bills don't quite tally with your sentiment, friend," returned the accurate Statistician.

Soon after our arrival at A——, a division of labour (to dub it grandly) had taken place. We frankly admit that the writer's share of the same would require to be placed under a powerful magnifier in order to become visible to the naked eye. So much the more did she strive, by ardent admiration of the good and comfortable works of her neighbours, to make up for that. But, ah! Mrs. B!—Mrs. B! where, pray, is that double-first for crystal and silver washing ye rashly promised me! A claim, Madam, of two seasons standing too! Can't ye see my character for industry is hanging by a thread for want of it?

It may seem to some superficial folk to be a simple thing "to put and keep a few flowers in the drawing-room." But when one has an eye for colour and effect, and a high standard, it is a different matter. Not a sunny brue, shady dell, or marsh or meecland stretch, but was ransacked for treasure by our flower-artist. From the primrose, on until the Roral Regiment of Roses appeared, our two sitting-rooms, hall, and corridor were steadily supplied by her, with pleasure-giving studies in every shade.

Besides, many a diligent work of labour or of skill was wrought out, mornings, in that convenient house. For these we would here return sincere thanks (not forgetting our cheery Ancilla and her wonderful works of art),—although, to be sure, we regarded ourselves less as a lucky blend than as a happy family; each member having individual freedom, yet unity of aim—the general welfare. Very specially do we remember how lovingly one toiled for us each morn, and on our "day of penance." [Your *dolce far niente*, please, corrects bright "Sylphs of the East," who doubtless knows, sometimes, what it is to be tired *without the dolce, &c.*] What climbing of stairs, what sunny smiles were thine! Oh, gentle "Bertha West"! and all to feed and cheer a hungry raven on the top story, that made short work with the tempting viands.

But we are not forgetting that a household generally takes its tone from its head. As the rule of ours was the law of love (and liberty), happy were we under the care of our good nurse S——. Some one must hold the reins, but there is such a thing as a light hand and dispensing with the curb. To all who enjoyed this visit to the Highlands it will ever remain a memory of true and rational happiness; and I cannot think we are wrong in supposing that we were not wholly without the precious dew that falls on "Brethren that dwell together in unity."

On the return to Gartnavel, of those who succeeded us in the clematis-covered villa at A——, it was pleasant to hear, from nurses and patients, a universally good report of the land. Then, "dark and true and tender North," Farewell! and may we meet again!

CRANSTON.

The migration of birds in the middle of October is very remarkable; and it is said that the familiar exclamation "My gracious!" or "Migrations," is derived from the circumstance.

### A holiday in South Knapdale.

It was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that I found myself on Fairlie pier on Monday morning, the 12th September, eagerly awaiting the arrival of the *King Edward*, and I was speedily on board *en route* for Ardrishaig. We reached Ardrishaig about 12-20, where I purchased and despatched a few picture post cards to friends in Glasgow, and two hours afterwards I found myself comfortably seated in the cosy parlour of Achahoish enjoying an excellent dinner.

Since my arrival I have had two days' fishing with some success, my largest fish being about half-a-pound. This being the first wet day, I am compelled to remain indoors and amuse myself as best I can by reading, and indulging in day-dreams while reclining on the sofa enjoying a soothing pipe. I attempted a little fishing about 12 o'clock, when the rain got lighter, and ran down to a big pool above the Parish Church to endeavour to catch a large trout of over a pound weight, which has taken up its quarters in this pool, and has been seen swimming about and otherwise sporting itself. But although I tempted him with the most alluring baits, he did not appear, and the rain coming on again I quickly returned. If patience and perseverance can catch this big fish, no efforts on my part will be spared to hook him. I have already paid four separate visits to his pool, but only caught two small fry; but, like old Isaac Walton, I take the disappointment in a philosophical spirit, even although I entangled my line three or four times in the overhanging trees on the opposite side of the pool, and had as often to wade knee-deep to clear it. Old Isaac, however, would account this among the minor troubles which affect the lovers of the piscatorial art. However, this being a wet day, I do not intend to moralize like pious old Isaac on the troubles of life, but will proceed with my holiday musings.

A careful study of the Ordnance map soon makes one acquainted with the surrounding country. The sea, that is the head of Loch Killisport (called by the natives Kylesport) is about a mile and a half distant, where a fine view is obtained of the island of Jura. This is at first puzzling to new comers, who are quite unaware that a short distance after leaving Ardaraigh they follow an almost imperceptible angle which lands them on the opposite side of Knapdale. Kintyre and Knapdale have many historical associations which unfortunately are not mentioned in the guide books. Both James IV. and his son James V. repeatedly visited Knapdale and Kintyre for the purpose of establishing order amongst the rebellious Highland chiefs. From these interesting volumes, recently published by Government, known as the "Lord High Treasurer's Accounts," we find several interesting entries as to preparing warships for the west coast. James IV. placed new artillery in Tarbert Castle, and appointed several skilful gunners to take charge of the guns and ammunition. In fact he made a kind of naval base on a small scale for keeping order among the island chiefs. On one occasion King James sailed from Dumbarton with a fleet of armed ships and seized the Castle of Dunaverty, in which he placed a small garrison and appointed a governor. Thinking this little rebellion was now at an end, James ordered the ships to return to the Clyde, while he remained to enjoy a few days of hunting the deer, a sport in which he greatly delighted, his ship remaining in the vicinity of the castle. To the indignation of the King and the horror of his few attendants, the rebel chieftain, on the departure of the ships, attacked the fortress with a strong body of his clansmen, speedily captured it, and, to show his contempt for the royal authority, deliberately hung the newly appointed governor from the ramparts. The King, from the deck of his ship, was an eye-witness

of the scene, but was powerless to interfere. But the rebel's triumph was short lived. A strong force was shortly despatched against him, which soon re-captured the castle and brought the daring rebel to Edinburgh, where he was tried and executed. But historical associations are apt to become tedious, so I shall change the subject.

Since writing the above, three of us paid another visit to the Church pool for the purpose of capturing the big trout, or at least trying to do so, but were unsuccessful. Better luck next time. If he is there we are resolved to get him.

A. N. S. M.I.

### Crossing a Glacier.

Few forms of travelling are more fascinating than that of pedestrianising in high altitudes, especially if the excitement be added of crossing large masses of ice and snow. This is a pleasure we cannot experience in our own country, as no altitude in our island reaches the line of perpetual snow. The loftiest mountain in Great Britain is Ben Nevis, the highest summit of which is 500 feet below the snow line. There is, however, one gully in Ben Nevis, sloping to the north-east, where the snow lies continuously all the year round; and there I have had the pleasure of engaging in a hearty game of snow balling as far on in the year as the first week in August. But to reach a glacier, as a large field of perpetual ice or frozen snow is termed, we must have recourse to the high Alps of Switzerland, or to the frozen Fjelds of Norway. The glacier is really a river of ice formed by the accumulation of the consolidated and compressed snow on lofty mountains, moving slowly down in the valleys beneath. The rate of motion of the whole mass of ice depends on the rapidity of the slope down which it is moving, from a few inches annually to a great many feet. From the lowermost point of the

glacier there always flows in summer a river, larger or smaller in volume according to the extent of the glacier, and its exposure to the heat of the sun, and as the boundaries of the glacier recede in summer up the valley owing to the melting ice, there is deposited a huge amount of debris in the shape of boulders and large stones to which the name of moraine is given.

The writer has a very lively recollection of crossing one of these glaciers of the high Alps, in the company of two friends, as far back as the early sixties. Some account of crossing this glacier, situated in the Alpine range between Switzerland and Northern Italy, may be interesting to the readers of the GAZETTE.

On a walking tour, the question of equipment deserves important consideration. Nothing should be taken but what is absolutely necessary for personal comfort. By far the best method is to have a knapsack with shoulder straps and broad breast-belt. Clad in a strong tweed suit, a soft felt hat, and a pair of stout serviceable boots, the pedestrian can do with surprisingly little in his knapsack to carry him on for a month. Strapped round the knapsack is the indispensable "macintosh" or waterproof overcoat, which should be long enough to reach to the ankles. For mountaineering, the alpenstock completes the traveller's equipment. This is a long pole or staff, about six feet in length, at the upper end of which is a round knob, and attached to the lower end is a sharp iron spike for fixing into the ice or snow. The alpenstock is usually embellished with the names of the more remarkable places visited by the traveller, and which can be branded on in most of the neighbouring towns. On my old alpenstock, which did me good service on several different mountain tours, are inscribed the names of no fewer than fifteen or sixteen different places of note which I have

visited, such as famous mountain peaks, waterfalls and glaciers.

Nowadays, the facilities for railway travelling are very much greater than they were forty years ago. Geneva, the principal town in Switzerland, can now be reached in a couple of days from Scotland, by way of London and Paris, or by mail steamer from Dover to Ostend, and thence per rail on to Cologne on the Rhine. But if time be no object to the traveller, and expense is a matter to be considered, then the preferable route for reaching Switzerland is that which we took, viz. — by one of Currie's steamers from Leith to Rotterdam, and thence by rail to Cologne, situated on the swiftly-flowing waters of the Rhine. From this town there is an excellent service of fast steamers. By leaving in the morning at 9 o'clock, after a day's sailing through the romantic scenery of the Rhine, we reach in the evening the town of Mayence, where the Main joins the Rhine, or we may go on to Mannheim. There we leave the river and proceed by rail to Heidelberg, with its famous castle. Hence we go by rail through the Grand Duchy of Baden, and at length arrive at Biele, where the Rhine leaves Switzerland. Thence we proceeded per rail to Lucerne, beautifully situated in almost the centre of the country on the Vierwaldstatter See, or Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, the home of Swiss liberty. Thence we wrought our way into the valley of the Rhone. Striking into the Visp Thal a day's foot travelling up the steep valley brought us to Zermat, lying at the foot of the giant Matterhorn, the Mont Cenis of the French, which reaches an elevation of over 15,000 feet or nearly 2½ miles above the level of the sea. Still ascending, we roach, after four hours' hard walking, the Riffl Hotel, built on an elevated ridge of the Gorner Grat in the very midst of the ice world. The Bernese Oberland lies to the far north, and all around are the great peaks of the

central Alps. From the Rifel we had resolved to cross the glacier of the Matterjoch, lying at the foot of the Matterhorn. Having made our arrangements as to guides on the previous evening, we were roused from our slumbers at the early hour of half-past one, and after having taken a hurried cup of coffee, we set off for the glacier, which we reached at half-past two. The morning was most delightfully clear, not a cloud to be seen. The blue vault of heaven was studded with innumerable stars, which shone with sparkling brilliancy in the pure morning air. The climbing party was divided into three groups, and as there were frequent fissures or cracks on the surface of the glacier, and these often covered with partially frozen snow, the guides caused the different parties to be connected by a strong rope attached round each individual's waist, at a distance of five or six yards between each person. The first party consisted of my two friends, the fuhrer or guide, and myself. The second party was composed of an English clergyman and his young wife, who were then enjoying their honeymoon, and their guide; and the third group consisted of a stout, elderly English gentleman, and his guide, who purposed making the ascent of Monte Rosa—one of the highest peaks of the Lepontine Alps. The wisdom of being roped together was soon exemplified. The lady, in stepping upon what seemed frozen snow, fell through it into a crevasse, up to her waist. She was soon pulled out by means of the rope, and experienced no evil effects further than having a cold bath. While walking up the smooth surface of the glacier, I unwittingly lost hold of my alpenstock, and away down the smooth surface it rolled with lightning speed, until it stuck in a crevasse upwards of a mile below. My friend's fuhrer kindly undertook to descend for it, and, freeing himself from the rope and leaving his knapsack with us, he descended for the alpenstock,

which he succeeded in finding, and he brought it back after an absence of fully half-an-hour. About an hour before reaching the summit of the pass, the English gentleman and his guide struck off our route to make the ascent to Monte Rosa—the highest peak in the Lepontine Alps, nearly reaching the altitude of Mont Blanc itself. We learned afterwards that he had not succeeded in reaching the summit, as he sprained his ankle by falling into a crevasse. As the morning dawned without a cloud, we were favoured with the view of the sun rising over the ice-world around us, lighting up peak after peak in the eastern sky, and gilding the ice masses around with golden glory.

We reached the summit of the pass of St. Theodule or Matterjoch at 20 mins. past 6, where we were favoured with a magnificent view of the ice-world around, flooded with the most glorious sunshine. Here had been erected a rude cabin of stone, and in it we found shelter from the cold wind, which was blowing icy cold, while the two peasants who were inmates of the hut prepared for us a steaming cup of hot coffee, which was most acceptable to all of us. After a stay of half-an-hour on the summit, we prepared to descend on the Italian side, as we were anxious to get down in the early morning before the snow began to melt on the southern side, under the fierce rays of the southern sun. In half-an-hour's time we were walking over soft snow, which gradually increased in depth until our shoes were covered at every step. For another half-hour we were wading through slush and half-melted snow, and waters were running down the mountain slopes in all directions. We finally got clear of the snow at 9-20. We then traversed marshy, meadow lands, covered in many places with Alpine crocuses, until we reached the hamlet of Breuil, where we partook of a hearty breakfast. Continuing our descent through the narrow

Val Tournanche, by mid-day we were passing through groves of chestnut trees and laurels, and by the evening we had reached the town of Chatillon, situated on the Dora Baltea, which opens into the valley of the Po, where in a pleasant hotel we enjoyed the sweets of rest after a long day's arduous exertion in foot travelling.

W. L.

#### TITANIA'S MAIDENS.

A SUMMER IDYLL.

At the dawning of the morning,  
E'er the dewy sheen had lifted,  
Drifting from the lawns away,  
Rose Titania from her bed of lilies—  
Spreading out her opal pinions,  
Shaking off the glittering spray.  
In sweet, tuneful accents calling:  
"Hither Ho! my dreamful maidens,  
Wist ye not the sun is here?  
While ye idly slumber, he is busy  
Climbing o'er the eastern cloudlets,  
Drinking up the dewdrops clear."  
Then, with tinkling silver bugle,  
Waking up the silent echoes,  
High she waved her magic wand;  
And her trooping, scintillating fairies,  
Robed in green and silver mantles,  
Gathered round—a lovely band.  
Seated on a golden sunflower,  
As they made obeisance round her,  
Queen Titania raised her hand,  
While each maiden on the roll-call answered  
To the name of some sweet Virtue  
Dominating Fairyland.  
Faith—deep-eyed, through heavenward  
Fixed on the Pale-star of the soul—(glances,  
Raised her shield of burnished gold;  
To her Titania held out rope and anchor,  
Saying: "Child, thy work is arduous,  
But thy rewards manifold."  
Hope—with skipping ropes of rainbows  
Shimmering round and round about her,  
Gaily tripped before her Queen—  
"Oh, dear child! I would not mar thy bright-  
Bat with golden rein will rein thee— (aess,  
Link thee to the Great Unseen."  
Mercy next—a gentle maiden,  
Meek-eyed, tender, crowned with myrtle—  
Gilded past, and in her hands  
Titania placed a box of ointment,  
For the healing of the spirits,  
Tossing o'er life's billowy straits.  
Love came coyly—spoke Titania:  
"Where it lists thee thou dost wander,  
Be not such thy mood to-day;

Fill thy censor with the Love Eternal—  
Lives untrung by latter sorrow,  
Gently soothing on thy way.  
Baleful Falsehood, Evil thinking,  
Blasphemous Envy, Gangrened Scandal,  
Skulking from the background came—  
Titania frowned, and rose up saying:  
"Pass your sentence, gentle maidens,  
Evils may not blight our fame."

CHOICES OF VOICES.

"Banish, banish these for ever,  
Outside with the gnomes and furies;  
If it lists them they may go,  
But in our sweet Fairyland no room is  
For such evil things to poison  
All our pleasures—Oh, no, no!"  
Limping, leering, hobbling forwards,  
Gadfly,—Toadstool,—Batseye,—Spitfire,—  
Hateful, hateful, Genii came;  
And with whips of knotted scourges drive  
To and fro until they weary (them  
Of the evil, evil devilling,  
They on holy things bestow. PEARLINE.

#### Athletic Exercises.

Balancing—One's Cash Account,  
Boxing—The Compass.  
Catching—An Heiress,  
Climbing—To the top of the tree.  
Cudgelling—One's brains.  
Fencing—With a question.  
Fishing—For compliments.  
Hitting—The nail on the head.  
Hunting—The slipper.  
Jumping—To conclusions.  
Poaching—Eggs.  
Riding—The high horse.  
Sailing—Close to the wind.  
Swimming—With the stream.  
Trotting—People out.  
Tumbling—Head over ears into love.  
Wrestling—With difficulties.  
Walking—Into everybody.

C. M.

#### How to "Finish" a Daughter.

Keep telling her how pretty she is.  
Instil into her mind a proper love of  
dress.  
Accustom her to going into society  
so much, that she is never happy at  
home.

Allow her to read nothing but novels.  
Teach her all the accomplishments,  
but none of the utilities of life.

Keep her in the densest ignorance of  
the mysteries of housekeeping.

Initiate her into the principle that  
it is vulgar to do anything for herself.

To strengthen the latter belief, let  
her have a lady's maid.

And lastly, having given her such  
an education, marry her to a clerk in  
the Treasury, or to a subaltern going  
out to India.

If, with the above careful training,  
the young lady is not finished, you may  
be sure it is no fault of yours, and you  
must look upon her escape as nothing  
short of a miracle. M. B.

### Letters to the Editor.

Dear Mr Editor,—As I have nothing  
to say, and nothing better to do (which  
seems to be the usual reason), I have  
made up my mind to send a "Letter  
to the Editor."

The average man appears in print  
three times in life. In the first instance  
his intellectual interest is not suf-  
ficiently matured to appreciate it; in  
the third he is the only one who never  
sees it. The one sandwiched between,  
is often neglected by himself, or the  
best man, till almost too late. All these,  
unfortunately, cost money, but who  
ever heard of a "Letter to the Editor"  
being refused from the poorest or most  
ungrammatical of men. Of course, one  
must refer to "your invaluable columns,"  
or "widely diffused publication," but  
these are exaggerations which the public  
allows for, and which the editor accepts  
as his due.

As to the object of this letter, please  
consider me to have protested (at  
length) against the disappearance of  
the skating-pond, to have inveighed  
against the brand of weather supplied  
by the doctors at Gartnavel, or con-  
demned the solitary confinement meted  
out to the nursing hens at the Farm.

A CONSTANT READER.

Dear Sir,—The "summer days" are  
drawing to a close, and soon our  
thoughts will be wandering to the  
"winter nights."

This used to be quite an anxious  
time to many of us, in fact quite an  
exciting time; and the question over  
which we worried was, what will the  
Opera be this season? But, alas, those  
days seem to be slipping away, and the  
Gartnavel Comic Opera is quite an  
event of the past, and one that is  
always looked back upon with pleasure,  
both by those who did their best to  
please and equally by those who  
listened. Last winter the question was  
asked over and over again, but no  
reply was given, and the season passed  
without the usual (to some of us at  
least) excitement. Why can't these  
times be revived again? Surely, Mr.  
Editor, something might be done to  
give us a glimpse of the past once  
more, and bring back to our memories  
the "Nanki Poo," "Dick Dead-eye,"  
and "Grand Inquisitor" days. No  
one can reasonably complain of lack of  
amusements of every description here  
during the season; but the fact is a  
well known one that the performances  
by the Operatic Company were looked  
forward to by all with the greatest  
enthusiasm, thoroughly appreciated,  
and served as the topic of conversation  
for months after. Certainly we have  
lost one or two of the leading members  
of our company lately; but, Mr. Editor,  
to use a well known Gilbertian phrase,  
"there are lots of good fish in the  
sea," and all that's required is a  
wakening up. Let's hope something  
will be done to bring "A little bit of  
sunshine" into our long winter even-  
ings, and help us to feel that we can  
do a little to brighten the hours and  
give some amusement to patients and  
staff alike.—Yours,

AN OLD MEMBER.

Stuff and Nonsense.—A City Banquet,  
and the speeches after it.