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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



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Notes.

THE passing of summer brings outdoor games to an end with the exception of golf. It has been a fitful summer; short periods of bright summer weather, with longer periods of sunless rainy weather.

At Easter, temperature ruled high; again in July, we were favoured with bright warm weather. On July 16th, temperature reached 80·6° F. shade, sunshine 11·5 hours. July 17th, temperature 82·4° shade, sunshine 13·3 hours. The highest shade temperature registered during the last 40 years was 84·9°, on June 27th, 1878.

Cricket, Tennis, Bowls, and Croquet have all been played more or less enthusiastically; though owing to the absence during July and August of a number of the ladies at Moffat, and others who were with relatives in various places, not only has there been some lack of interest in out door games,

but the grounds seem quieter, and the lawns lacked their wonted brightness.

With the autumn ingathering, our winter dances and concerts will be resumed. We live in a little world of our own here, where our interests and pleasures are tinged with sadness; but wholesome sacrifice and help make the lives of all sweeter and brighter. We print a diary of winter arrangements, and hope to continue the diary in next issue.

The garden, and rockeries, are looking their best now, though the absence of sunlight has hindered the development of flower and colour. Nevertheless by going into the green house, one finds a wealth of colour and flower gladdening to eye and mind, compensating in some measure for their absence outside.

A new interest has been created by the placing of a Barograph in the porch of the Gentlemen's Division, where it is accessible to all. This instrument

not only writes the changes in atmospheric pressure hour by hour, but is also a clock, as one can tell within a quarter of an hour what o'clock it is, provided the record be accurately set at the beginning of each week.

We are pleased to announce that the G.R.A. Band, which was formed last year, has been augmented, and regular practice is going on with a view to providing music for the Thursday Evening Dances. Since last year much improvement has taken place, and from what we have heard we believe that the band will do credit not only to itself but to the Institution.

The Editor hopes, that the great liberty, he has taken in printing his poetry, will be pardoned by those who real poets are; He is neither a planet, nor even a star. His object is simply to try to lighten, Or perhaps in some small measure to brighten, The spirits of those friends, who, from time to time, In the Gazette may happen to read his rhyme.

EDITOR.

Our Doctor.

Travel and experience, combined,
Being culture, and a broadened mind;
You've travelled much, at home, abroad,
By land and sea, by Syrian road.

Some men are born, who live for others,
Freemasons say, that we're all brothers;
Your life is shaped, as far's you can,
To do good to your fellow-man.

Editor.

Faithful Failure.

"God so loved Hussein that He did not allow him to succeed in anything."

ARABIAN PROVERB.

WE all aim at something; in youth it may be the tree, and, in manhood, if degeneracy has not set in, it may be the heavens.

Youth seldom reckons with failure, for it is the golden age of hope. A few souls, rich in intellectual greatness, attain rapid development, and are early arrested by death: such as Clatterton; Arthur Hallam; and David Gray.

The most part go forward along the usual furrows of steady growth in faculty, to meet the ever-increasing claims of the world in which;

"Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;"

And the world requites its workers usually in the measure they deserve. There is wealth for the diligent, and power for the ambitious, according to their merit and endeavour. The scales are held with a steady hand and the balance of justice is apparently righteous. If we go in search of asses we do not expect to find a Kingdom. Looking at results fairly, we find, on the whole, a fair return for our talents and fitting reward for our work. If there is little room for the rogue on this earth there is less room for the gambler. Every one feels inclined to push him closer to the wall. "Divine Discontent" is generally unvoiced and finds its outlet in increased action and differing methods; there is, in fact, no progress without it. It is the motive of advance.

There are cases of arrested development, when, by reason of inherited weakness, decay sets in early and frustration is inevitable. But here we bow before the natural law of cause and effect and own for the doomed one, not punishment, but defeat.

But who can gauge the agony of frustration and apparent failure in noble causes nobly fought for! Joan of Arc going to her awful fate at Rouen, with her hopes for France blighted and a cruel death for herself agreed on. While the unjust trial proceeded;

"The Maid stood daily; friendless, unalarmed,
... at times she smiled, at times,
Her dark eye rested with sadness sweet,
On brows, some mitred, yet unvenerable,
And wrinkled series with hot and hurrying hand
Transmuting truth to lies."

Or who can fathom the depth of despairing sorrow reached by General Gordon in the loneliness of a death

that tested so fully his favourite lines in *Paradise*:

"I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way,
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send his hail;
Or blinding fire balls, sleet, or shifting snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive,
He guides me and the bird in His good time."

Life is very much what we help to make it. If we give it our best, it will, as a general thing, repay us in kind some time and in some degree. The solidarity of mankind, the Brotherhood of men is no mere phrase, it stands for a law eternal as the heavens. We hear of the ironies of nature, but there are no jests in nature; she works out her problems slowly, and, on the whole, beneficently. Even if death comes and finds us in a meagre lot, with our wings clipped, our feet tethered to a narrow round, our hearts torn with disappointment, our spirits harrowed with weariness, our aspirations vexed, "still battling with the dark enigma," we find, in faith, a tower of strength, a gleam of hope in the sunset and feel assured that we can plead:

"So take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim,
My times are in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

BERTHA WEST.

Our Matron.

Deft of hand, quick of brain,
Constant, faithful, rarely vain;
Surely none more truly labours,
For the good of all her neighbours;
If any fault, a trifle cold,
Her heart and mind are purest gold.

Editor.

You should never praise any one to a relation. By the time that relation has gone over all the moral spots in the praised one's character, has added to and subtracted from what he knows, or what he guesses, he will have decided that either you are a liar or intend to borrow money.

An Emerald Isle Utopia.

DURING a holiday spent last month amid the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Wicklow Highlands, it was the writer's privilege and pleasure to visit the world-famous valley of the Seven Churches at Glendalough, "the glen of the two lakes." In the space at disposal it is impossible to describe the ecclesiastical, antiquarian, and scenic charm of this "inestimably singular scene of Irish antiquity." But for him or her, whose ear is capable of catching the meaning of that low sweet voice, that breathes out of the past, and will not be stilled—Glendalough has a tale to tell.

In this deep solitary glen, about two miles in extent, unoccupied save by three hotels, and a few cottages, the centre of a wild mountainous country, are found two lakes, and the scattered ruins of a cathedral, a monastery, and several smaller churches, which are amongst the oldest Christian buildings in Great Britain. Indeed, Sir Walter Scott believed them to be the oldest buildings still standing, where Christianity had been taught. Anyhow, they have been there for over thirteen hundred years while a round tower adjoining the Cathedral, has seen the flight of ten centuries. The history of this valley is inseparable from that of its founder, St. Columba or Kevin, which in the Irish language signifies "Fair-begotten." He was born in the district in A.D. 498 and was descended from Caoerb, King of Leinster in the second century; becoming a Monk in A.D. 520, he retired to this lonely place to escape the dangerous allurements to which his youth had been exposed, and to avoid the passionate love of a young and beautiful girl called Kathleen, who, however, found him in his rocky abode, with the tragic result, so graphically told in Moore's famous poem. After seven long years of solitude, St. Kevin was discovered by a shepherd who spread the news very quickly, resulting in large numbers visiting the holy man.

As the place extended, and its spiritual needs increased, St. Kevin proceeded to build a monastery, destined to be the parent of many others. A city gradually sprang up, and a university was established, to which students from all parts of western Europe crowded to receive gratuitous instruction, and from whence emanated many of the most learned and pious men of the time. St. Kevin died on the 3rd of June, A. D. 618, aged 120 years. After his death the city and university continued to flourish. In fact, during the seventh, eighth, and part of the ninth centuries (the best years Erin ever knew) Glendalough, in common with kindred ecclesiastical institutions of Ireland, was the great missionary church of Europe, and the centre of Western Christendom. In the tenth century it was repeatedly plundered and burnt by the invading Danes, and again in the twelfth century by the Anglo-Normans, who were permitted to devastate the country by the authority of a Papal bull granted to Henry II. of England, by the then reigning Pope, Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever wore the triple crown.

This remarkable man, Nicolas Breakspere was a native of St. Albans, and sprang from extreme poverty, he became a Monk, and rose to the loftiest dignity in the Latin Church solely, by force of intellect and strength of will. The mightiest of the Hohenstauffen dynasty, Frederick Barbarossa, deemed it the highest honour to hold the stirrup of the former Hertfordshire beggar-boy, when he entered Rome to receive from the hands of Adrian the Imperial crown.

The same day Adrian tarnished his otherwise brilliant career, by causing Arnold of Brescia, the famous statesman, and advocate of the Roman Republic, to be burnt as a heretic. Adrian died at Anagni in 1159, and was buried in the crypt of St. Peter's, where his sarcophagus of oriental granite still stands, bearing the simple inscription, "Hadrianus Papa IV."

But to resume our tale! In 1214, Glendalough was attached to the See of Dublin, and from that time gradually decayed with the exception of a few decades during which, lead mining was carried on, the place finally became a solitude, as we see it to-day—Such in brief, is its story. The interior of the cathedral erected in A. D. 710, contains numerous ancient tombstones, and a fine fuchsia hedge. Among the tombstones, four are Celtic crosses, one in the eastern portion of the mine being richly floriated.

A small chapel with a high pitched stone roof and a bell turret, called St. Kevin's Kitchen; is perhaps the most interesting of all the ruins. It is one of the best preserved specimens of a stone roof in Ireland, and a very fine example of the double-vaulted oratory, the apartment between the barrel roof and the high stone roof, being five feet high by five feet wide. This little church has stood perfectly intact for nearly one thousand three hundred years, and contains a collection of sculptured stones, crosses and domestic implements, found by the officials of the Board of Works, under whose fostering care the ruins now remain. The celebrated Round Tower is 110 feet high, and 52 feet in circumference, and is one of the most perfect of the 118 round towers in Ireland. The conical top was blown off in a storm, but was restored with the original stones by the Board of Works in 1876. Those curious round towers, are always found in close proximity to and in many cases form part of sacred buildings. According to Professor Flinders Petrie, they were built by the Christians from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries, as watch and bell towers, treasure-houses and places of refuge. They are all built alike; with a single small door about ten feet above the ground-level, this being reached by means of a ladder, easily withdrawn into the tower whenever the inmates were threatened with assault.

The valley has been visited, and its praises sung, by many distinguished personages: His Majesty King Edward, the late Queen Victoria, Maria Edgeworth, Sir Walter Scott, Tom Moore, W. E. Gladstone, who made every traveller "to be sure and go and see," Deans Stanley and Hole, John Leach and Thackeray, who, in his "Irish Sketch Book," playfully describes the scene from a Lilliputian standpoint.

The great unfading inheritance of Ireland is her religion, a fact brought home to us more vividly in this sequestered vale, than perhaps anywhere else in the "Isle of the Saints."

Lingering amid the phenomenal verdancy of Irish foliage, within the classic shade of St. Kevin's tiny cathedral (compared with the hoary antiquity of which, the great medieval cathedrals of Europe, are but the creations of yesterday) the writer could only look on and be silent. If those stones could speak out of all they have witnessed, what a thrilling history could they relate, of the numberless feet which have passed in and out of those doors.

The discolorate for solace, the persecuted for refuge, the tempted for fortitude, the forsaken for comfort, and the gifts of renewing grace. Until, transported on the wings of sanctified imagination, one stood within the Sanctum Sanctorum, enraptured with strains of celestial melody, and amid an innumerable company of angels, beheld the King in His beauty. While from across the broad deep waters of the past, that river which is called Remembrance, one seemed to hear, wafted in softened tones, resembling the chiming of sweet bells at even time; the majestic yet solemn warning: *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Reminding us that empires and cities like the men who built them, are all subject to the inexorable law of mutability.

"While the heart needeth rest, may those grey old temples last.
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past!" O. L. D. RHODES.

To a Biglander.

From Arran to Lochinver,
From Lewis to Saint's isle;
The home of many thousands
Of men, who are not vile.

To them the noise of battle,
Of foray and of raid,
Aforetime, was as common.
As breaking daily bread.

These stalwart sons of Highlands,
Throughout the world wide,
Have fought and bled, for country,
And conquered, side by side.

From Alma's heights, to Dargai,
From Kébir, to Cathay;
In storm, and hail, and sunshine,
Their word is ever, "Ay!"

Aye ready! for the battle,
Ay! ever in the van;
Cold steel is what they fight with,
Aye ready! every man.

Editor.

Oh! Ocean Tide.

Oh! deep, mysterious, Ocean tide,
O'er South Pacific, stretching wide;
From Chilian, to New Zealand strand,
Five thousand miles from land to land.

I've heard thy deep, tremendous roar,
Thy billows thund'ring on the shore;
At Ocean Beach, in distant land,
Have felt the pow'r of Jesus' hand.

Tangled sea-wrack masses mingle,
With thy billows on the shingle;
No man could e'er his steps retrace,
If caught within thine ebb's embrace.

Resistless, awe-inspiring tide,
Only awhile shalt thou abide;
Sun, moon, earth, sea, and all their pow'r,
Shall perish in th' appointed hour.

Editor.

Women prefer emotions to reason.

Shakespeare said, "Brevity is the soul of wit." Our age reads "levity."

Our Winter Arrangements.

- October 6th, Sunday.—Harvest Thanksgiving Services. Preachers—Forenoon, at 11, Rev. Dr. P. H. Aitken; Evening, at 7, Rev. J. S. Carswell, B. D.
- October 8th, Tuesday.—Staff Dance.
- October 10th, Thursday.—First Concert and Dance, and Weekly thereafter.
- October 14th, Monday.—Lectures and Winter training of Staff begin.
- October 16th, Wednesday.—First Grand Concert, 7.15 p.m.
- October 19th, Saturday.—Lantern Lecture, 7.30 p.m.
- October 21st, Monday.—First Monday Fortnightly, and Fortnightly thereafter.
- October 27th, Sunday.—Anniversary Services. Preachers—Forenoon, at 11, The Rev. Prof. H. M. B. Reid, D.D., Glasgow University; Evening, at 7, will be intimated later.
- November 13th, Wednesday.—Second Grand Concert, 7.15 p.m.
- November 23rd, Saturday.—Musical Entertainment, Madame Bertha Moore, 7.30 p.m.
- December 7th, Saturday.—Lecture by J. A. Love Tindal, Esq., "The Humorous Side of Things," 7.30 p.m.
- December 11th, Wednesday.—Third Grand Concert, 7.15 p.m.
- December 14th, Saturday.—Lantern Lecture, 7.30 p.m.
- December 24th, Tuesday.—Lantern Lecture and Pictures of Palestine, by Dr. Oswald, 7.30 p.m.

There will be other Entertainments by well-known people at Christmas and New Year, of which due announcement will be given later. Further arrangements will be published in the January number of the *Gazette*.

The Care of Plants.

FOLIAGE plants such as Palms, Aspidistras, Draconas, Indiarubbers, Aralias, and others of a similar accommodating nature will remain in good condition, with careful treatment, for a long time in a house, and help considerably in adding an air of cheerfulness to the surroundings. Light is the most important factor towards the health and well being of nearly all plants, but it is seldom that they can be given ideal positions in rooms, and therefore they should be changed about and turned occasionally, so that no specimen gets all the drawbacks and none of the advantages. Potting or repotting should be done in the Spring. One good reason being that fresh growths are usually noticed in the early months of the year, and the substitution of fresh sweet soil gives an impetus and strength to the shoots which would be lacking were the plant kept growing on in soil which had become old and soured with water.

A common query addressed to gardeners:—How often should you water plants! is invariably and admirably answered by:—whenever they require it. Perhaps the simplest and best method of finding out when plants require watering is by sounding, viz:—rapping the pot sharply about the middle with the knuckles or a knobbed stick. If a clear ringing sound is emitted, similar to what would be obtained from sounding an empty pot, the plant requires water, and the pot should be filled to the brim, not a little dribbled on the surface of the mould; because the compost must be moist through and through before the plant can be said to be well watered. Should a dull heavy sound be emitted when ringing, it indicates that the plant is in no immediate need of water nourishment.

There is an appreciable difference in weight between a well watered plant and one dry, or requiring water; so

that with a little experience in handling pot plants one can readily distinguish their condition. Remember that a plant may be wet on the top and dry below, or *vice versa*, and that you cannot really tell at sight their condition, but on no account follow the example of the lady who made it her first duty, summer and winter, to go faithfully round every plant with the watering can and fill the pots up to the brim.

Morning is the best time for watering; during the winter months it will be found beneficial to add a little warm water to the cold, just enough to take the chill out of it. Flowering plants should get special attention, and never be allowed to get dry, as it spoils their appearance and shortens considerably their flowering period. In this strain, it is a well-known fact, therefore worthy of consideration, that if *Chrysanthemums* growing for show purposes even once get dry, the blooms are rendered imperfect and unfit for successful exhibiting.

Vases and saucers containing plants should be emptied regularly; water allowed to accumulate quickly destroys the roots and thereby the plant. Plants get very dusty and dirty in a house, and as they breathe by their leaves (transpiration), it is highly necessary, in order to enable them to perform their natural functions, that they should be sponged occasionally to free them from all uncleanness. Few things lend greater charm to a domicile than a fine collection of plants, and a little care and attention, judiciously bestowed, is amply rewarded by their increasing beauty and longevity accompanied with a justifiable feeling of pride and satisfaction.

D. M.

"I should have thought authors were intellectual! Aren't they?" "Oh, no!—at least, not after their books begin to sell."

Holiday Reminiscences.

THIS is an account of a holiday trip I had some years ago with two boon companions from the Clyde to Orkney via the West Coast of Scotland and round Cape Wrath.

It was another case of three men and a boat not to speak of the dog—we will introduce him presently.

We belonged to Coatbridge that town of evil reputation for wild Irishmen and Orange Riots and anything but pleasant prospects in regard to scenery and surroundings.

If ye would view Coatbridge aicht, Go visit it by the fierce Furnace Light.

It is a hospitable town—you will always find a fire burning there and you can see for yourself that lums reek. Coatbridge is like Heaven for there is no night there and the burning fiery furnaces remind you of another famous place, which we all wish to avoid and don't intend even to visit.

We set forth in the real holiday mood—cast dull care to the winds—and went forth to seek adventures and perils by sea because we were Britons and loved the sea. At least we loved to hear about it and sing about it and dream about it. The silvery sea restless moving, tempestuous, angry and calm. The mysterious sea, of which poets had raved and preachers had spoken. We were sick of the sea long before we returned from its heaving and too sensitive bosom to terra firma. When we did rest the soles of our feet on bonnie Scotland once again, we were inclined to sing as one man, "Scotland Yet." Let those go down to the sea in ships who have a fancy for it. The land is good enough for us. We have seen and experienced enough of the pleasures of the sea to last us for a season. The sea air made us quite serious not to put it too strongly. We longed for a breath of hill air to see if we could get hilarious again. We set sail in the West Highland Steamer "Clydesdale" belonging

to Macbrayne's famous fleet. We started from the Broomielaw, Glasgow. We did not go aboard in any sensational manner but went quietly into the steamer by way of the gangway, but had we known what was in store for us on that eventful voyage, we would almost have been tempted to leave the ship, quicker than we entered it.

"One afternoon early in the century peaceable citizens going to and fro on Ludgate Hill, London were considerably astonished to see a British sailor suddenly leap out of the windows of a passing hackney coach and alight with a pleased smile on the pavement. Some of the bystanders rushed forward to alarm the driver, others to proffer help to the sailor who must as they thought be hurt. Why, exclaimed the tar kindly—if I did jump ashore I suppose I can board her again without hailing her to heave to and promptly climbed back into the window with the greatest facility."

On the way down the Firth of Clyde I had the pleasure of reading to my friends the newspaper forecast of the weather. Has it proved true as Gospel! It was thus—A storm will strike Britain accompanied by electrical disturbances and develop energy between the 13th and 14th August. Storm signals hoisted all round the coast. We were in the nick of time (as if specially catered for by Old Nick) for we set sail on the 13th of August.

While the "Clydesdale" sped down the Firth that evening gradually the passengers took shape and formed into groups. One man soon attracted general attention because of his strange appearance and equipment. His dress was ordinary holiday attire but he wore an overcoat that reached to his heels. In one hand he clutched convulsively and nervously a black bag and in the other a long three foot opium pipe, which he smoked savagely. He walked up and down the deck with long strides "like a pirate captain of romance" his eyes bulged out of his

head like the eyes of a fish newly out of the water, and he cast fiery and disdainful glances on everybody as he passed. By and by the passengers began to ask one another in whispers—What is the mystery of the black bag! It was noticed he never allowed it out of his sight. He took it down to tea to supper. He put it below his pillow in his berth. One man, a wag in his way, promised that he would fathom the mystery. In the silent watches of the night he feloniously abstracted the bag and found a revolver hidden in it. It then got whispered abroad that the unsooth passenger was an English Doctor, that he had not had a holiday for seventeen years, and had read so much of the ferocity of the highlander in his native wilds that he decided it would be tempting Providence to set foot in "The Land of Cakes," the Land of the Mountain and of the Flood, Land of the Highlander, the Terrier, and the Deer, unarmed. Hence the revolver.

He had a fixed idea, an hallucination in point of fact, that the Highlander went about amongst the heather with a naked Skeindhu in his hand, and spent the most of his time stalking the hated Sassensach.

During our passage round the Cape of Storms, the Mull of Kintyre, an interesting baptismal ceremony was performed, at which one of my friends officiated as an interested party. The wind was blowing strong from the north but going down the Firth protected by Arran and the Argyleshire Hills passengers did not suffer any inconvenience.

It was a different thing when we rounded the Mull where the mighty Atlantic billows were playing at pitch and toss and took a pleasure in making the "Clydesdale" join in the fun. The saloon was crowded out, many passengers sleeping on the table. One of my friends had to seek sleeping quarters in the fore saloon of the steamer. He got comfortably settled

and noticed that the port hole above his head was open. He did not object to fresh air when the ship began to roll so frightfully, in fact he rather liked it—but all at once there was a special roll, the port hole was submerged and my friend was baptised. Father Neptune had gone out of his way to perform the ceremony for my friend.

It was enough. The Coatbridge man rose at once whistling to keep his teeth from chattering. He was convinced that he had slept long enough and that it was time to get up. My friend walked the deck all night long meditating deeply on the vaunted delights of a seafaring life and trying to sing, "A life on the ocean wave—a home on the rolling deep;" also the famous jubilee singer's chant, "I'm rolling through an ungodly world—chorus, "I'm a rolling."

We arrived at Oban at five in the morning. Having three hours to stay we decided to have a stroll round the bay which is almost as famous as the bay of Naples. On making our way back to the ship just before us on the pier we observed "The Doctor," black bag in one hand, opium pipe in the other. He had almost reached the gangway when a friendly and genuinely scotch terrier went up to him and sniffed suspiciously at his heels. The Doctor jumped in a manner worthy of Springheeled Jack. He made one spring to the gangway as for dear life. He stopped midway and shaking his fist at the terrier fumbling with the black bag all the while, he yelled out, "You little ugly brute, I have a good mind to blow your brains out." "You keep off the gangway." The terrier not knowing what was in the black bag seemed to take it all as a compliment or a new game, smiled genially and wagged his stumpy tail vigorously.

(To be continued.)

Famous women have been celebrated for their eyes, while men, as a rule, have been celebrated for their noses.

Life on a Sheep-Station in New Zealand.

(Continued.)

THE Lindis River, in the Otago Highlands, forms a natural boundary between the sheep-stations of Morven Hills and Ardour. At the time of which I write, I was located at Tarras, a sub-station of Morven Hills, and had ridden over to spend a few days with the Manager at Ardour.

Ardour station lies at the northern end of the Dunstan Range, and is twenty miles distant from Cromwell, the nearest township, and from Morven Hills station about nineteen miles. The station buildings, which are situated on a long flat by the side of the Lindis, consist of Manager's house, shepherds' quarters, store, and stables, these being all built of stone. The woolshed, a large wooden building surrounded by fenced paddocks, lies some distance from the other buildings. There are no stockyards at Ardour, no herd of cattle being kept.

We had spent some time rabbit shooting, trying some young horses, and also practising with a Martini-Henry rifle at a target fixed on the hillside, our target being a large sheet of galvanised iron. This target practice was not without an object, as wild pigs, *i.e.*, pigs run wild from the station, could always be had in the back ranges of Ardour; and on Morven Hills, wild cattle, *i.e.*, cattle strayed from the herd, which had never been mustered nor branded; and deer, brought from Scotland by the Government, were plentiful.

The Manager and shepherds on Morven Hills made occasional raids on these wild cattle, shooting them when possible. One must be sure of one's mount and saddle-girths on these occasions, as the work is both dangerous and exciting, accidents sometimes occurring. For deerstalking, a Government permit is necessary.

One morning at breakfast Maclean suggested that we should ride over to Bendigo Gold Mine, about an hour's journey. As I had not then seen the mine, and he wanted the mine smith to reshoe his horse, on my assenting, he ordered our horses to be got ready.

It is a steep pull from the station up to the plateau that stretches in an almost unbroken level from Ardour to the foot of the mountain on which the Bendigo mine is situated. On reaching the plateau we set out at a gallop, directing our horses toward O'Donnell's store, which lies about midway between Ardour and the mine, as Maclean had some business to transact with O'Donnell. This store is a favourite resort of the Bendigo miners, as there is a drinking bar attached.

Drawing up at the store, a one-storied wooden building with corrugated iron roofing, we tied our horses to the verandah posts, and Maclean went in search of O'Donnell.

I walked inside to the bar, where about half a dozen miners were congregated, and explaining that Maclean and I were on our way to the mine, proposed that they should have a drink at my expense. This proposal was accepted with alacrity. After I had been talking to the miners for some little time, Maclean turned up, and we remounted, and continued our journey.

The plateau over which we were riding was in its natural state, none of it cultivated, and was purely sheep country, being covered with native tussock and speargrass. The mine we were about to visit was not large, having only a twelve stamp battery, but it had proved very rich, and had yielded large profits to the owners, though at that time it was becoming partly wrought out. Great difficulty had been experienced in bringing up machinery from the coast. The machinery had been brought up country by waggons, but as the mine was situated on the steep side of the

mountain, it was impossible to use horses to take it up. Teams of bullocks were therefore used (from six to twelve bullocks in each team), and Maclean related to me how one of the teamsters while driving his bullocks with some heavy machinery up the roughly made road, found his waggon slipping backwards, and while making an effort to stop its progress was caught by the waggon and instantly killed.

Twelve stamps were at work crushing the quartz at the time we visited the mine, the stamps being driven by a water turbine. For the purpose of raising the quartz from the bottom of the shaft to the surface, rather an ingenious contrivance was used. A large winding drum about ten feet in diameter was erected in an upright position. Underneath this drum, yoked to two arms attached to it, were two horses which were trained to walk in a circle, and by the coiling of the rope on the drum the hutchers containing the quartz were raised to the surface. When the empty hutchers had to be lowered again, the horses were simply turned round in the opposite direction, and by reversing their former track the hutchers were lowered to the bottom of the shaft.

The Manager's house, a little wooden cottage perched on the mountain side, did not seem a very inviting place of residence. We proceeded thither, and were most hospitably received by the Manager.

Having spent some little time at the house, he proposed that we should go down and see the mine, suggesting that we should first visit the source of the water supply for driving the turbine. Giving our horses to one of his men, we proceeded on foot up the mountain side, and came to a creek where the water had been confined in a narrow channel. From this channel the water was led into a pipe about six inches in diameter. This pipe proceeded at a very steep gradient right down to the

turbine which was fixed close to the stamp battery of the mine.

From this altitude we had a splendid view of the whole of the Dunstan Range, rugged and wild in the extreme as nothing but mountain scenery could be seen, with long patches of flat country lying between. The Lindis flowed in a twisting band till it disappeared round the curve of the Tarras Hill; and southward we could see it flowing swiftly along, until some miles further on it joined the Clutha, the largest river in New Zealand. I was often reminded when up country, of a line which, as a boy, I had translated from *Cosmo*, "There were vast solitudes then, in these lonely places;" and indeed these words most aptly describe the immensity and loneliness of the Otago Highlands.

After descending we proceeded to examine the turbine, and I was struck with the power that so comparatively small a turbine was capable of developing; but one must bear in mind the great force the water attains coming from such a height, confined in so narrow a space.

The stamping mill for crushing the quartz was working at the time, and the miners were busy on the surface receiving the full hutchers of quartz, and bringing them along to the stampers where the quartz was crushed. We did not consider it worth while to descend into the mine, as the shaft was narrow, but proceeded to examine the quicksilver beds, over which the crushed quartz, after being reduced to a muddy consistency by means of water, was allowed to flow. The quicksilver, which is spread on sheets of flannel, catches all the particles of gold, and the crushed quartz is washed away. After some time these sheets of flannel are carefully scraped, and the quicksilver with the gold which it retains, is put into an iron retort. The retort being placed in a furnace, the quicksilver evaporates through a funnel

attached to the top of the retort, the gold being left in a solid lump at the bottom.

The Manager was exceedingly kind, and after showing us the working of the mine, and presenting me with a specimen piece of quartz containing quite a considerable speck of gold, we went back to his house to dinner. After staying some time, we came down to the smithy, where we found that Maclean's horse had been re-shod. Bidding the Manager of the mine good-bye, we led our horses down the steep declivity.

On the conclusion of my few days' visit to Ardgour I left for Tarras.

EDITOR.

HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

KING EDWARD VII. is known to be the most democratic of titled rulers. In the days before his accession to the throne, when driving unattended in a dog-cart along a country road, he met an old woman wearily carrying a heavy basket.

"Climb in," said the prince, and the good dame gladly accepted the invitation.

"What have you in your basket?" asked the unidentified prince.

"Eggs, butter and vegetables," was the reply.

"I'm fond of fresh eggs," said the prince, "and if you'll let me have the lot I'll give you my mother's picture."

"Your mother's picture!" exclaimed the old lady, "what good would that do me?"

"Oh, you never know," laughed the prince, and, as he helped his passenger dismount at the door of her cottage, he laid his hand on the basket and handed the astonished market woman a golden sovereign stamped with the effigy of Queen Victoria.

Football.

1906-7 proved a very successful football season at Gartnavel. A committee was formed, and with the kind permission of Dr. Oswald teams from outside were brought in to play the new formed club. Dr. Oswald intended to be present at the opening match to kick off, but was unable to attend. Dr. Hotchkis officiated on that occasion, and with a powerful kick set the game

agoing. The game was keenly watched by a large gathering. After a pleasant game, it ended in a draw of two goals each, the visiting team being Hamilton Crescent.

The next match was with our old friends Gartloch, and with a strong team they easily defeated us, but later in the season a return match was played at Gartloch. Gartnavel team being at their best, easily defeated them.

1907-8 season is almost upon us, and with more matches a very successful season is anticipated.

At the Committee Meeting held on the 12th September, a vote of thanks was given to Dr. Oswald for the great interest he had taken in the club.

ATTENDANT DAVIDSON.

The Answer.

You ask, Why, in Spirit,
I seek you far and near?
Why, when you are silent,
My still small voice you hear?

To lift your thoughts to heav'nly things,
Away from the city's din;
Away from the noise and tumult,
Away from the city's sin.

Editor.

Varieties.

So many people have faces like paper bags.
And paper bags are so like one another.

Wisdom is to know the causes of things.

Clever women always tell men they look overworked.

I think that if there is any occasion on which smoking would be justified in a woman it is when she gives a cook notice. I feel that if she could then light a pipe and do the deed coolly between the puffs, it would be the perfect way—unless, of course, it could be managed by telephone.