

have his hair cut when the barber came round, an operation in which he seemed to take a deep and mysterious pleasure.

"Nurse," he called to me one day across the ward, "which do you love best, the barber or the paper-man?"

He was very fond of the house-surgeon, whom he called "my every-day doctor," and would ask him the most absurd and extraordinary questions.

He took a great interest in me and my family. If I happened to write a letter in the ward, he would always send his love to my sister or friend, invariably adding, "Tell her I hopes she comes to see me soon. I likes her, I does."

He was a generous little fellow too. I was telling him one day about a little boy in another ward, just his age, who had had to lose his leg. He listened with great interest, saying, "Poor Charley!" now and then, and by-and-by dived down and began searching in the basket under his bed, till he produced several of the illustrated papers he kept stored there.

"I want Charley to have them," he explained. "Give him my love, and tell him I hopes he'll soon be better."

It was whilst Freddie was in the ward that the second collapse of my theory occurred, as before mentioned.

I was summoned to the ward one day by the staff nurse, to see if I could do anything with a little boy who had been brought in, and who absolutely declined to be undressed or put to bed. The injury was only slight—a rather nasty cut of the under lip; but as the weather was very severe, and he lived at a distance, he had been admitted as an in-patient.

I first tried talking to him, and found him quite

ready to answer, and hoped things were not so bad as had been represented; but on the first attempt to take off his jacket, he wrenched himself away and prepared to scream. I took him across to Freddie's bedside.

"Now, Freddie, tell this little boy, is this a bad place to be in?"

"No, it's a very nice place. They're all very kind. I likes being here, I does," and with his unflinching good-nature he produced some more pictures, which he handed over to the new-comer.

Then we tried again, nurse and I together, talking cheerfully and ignoring his struggles; but it was no use. The matron happened to come in, and she tried, her experience of children being large, but she failed too.

Then by her orders the ward door was shut, whilst she, the nurse, a convalescent patient, and I undressed him by main force and put him into bed; and it was all that the four of us could do to manage it, whilst his piercing screams brought students hurrying from all parts of the building, thinking some awful accident had occurred.

In justice I must say that after this one exhibition, when he found that no one was really going to murder him, he was as quiet and well-behaved a child as one need wish for.

I must not weary the reader by further details. I have given a truthful account of my own experience of nursing amongst sick little ones, with examples alike of bad and good. I have endeavoured to be accurate in my statements. In conclusion, I would say that if there are any people who entertain doubts of human patience, gentleness, and fortitude under sickness and suffering, those doubts would be quickly removed by a little work amongst hospital children.

OUR CALEDONIAN CRUISE: A WEEK IN SCOTCH WATERS.

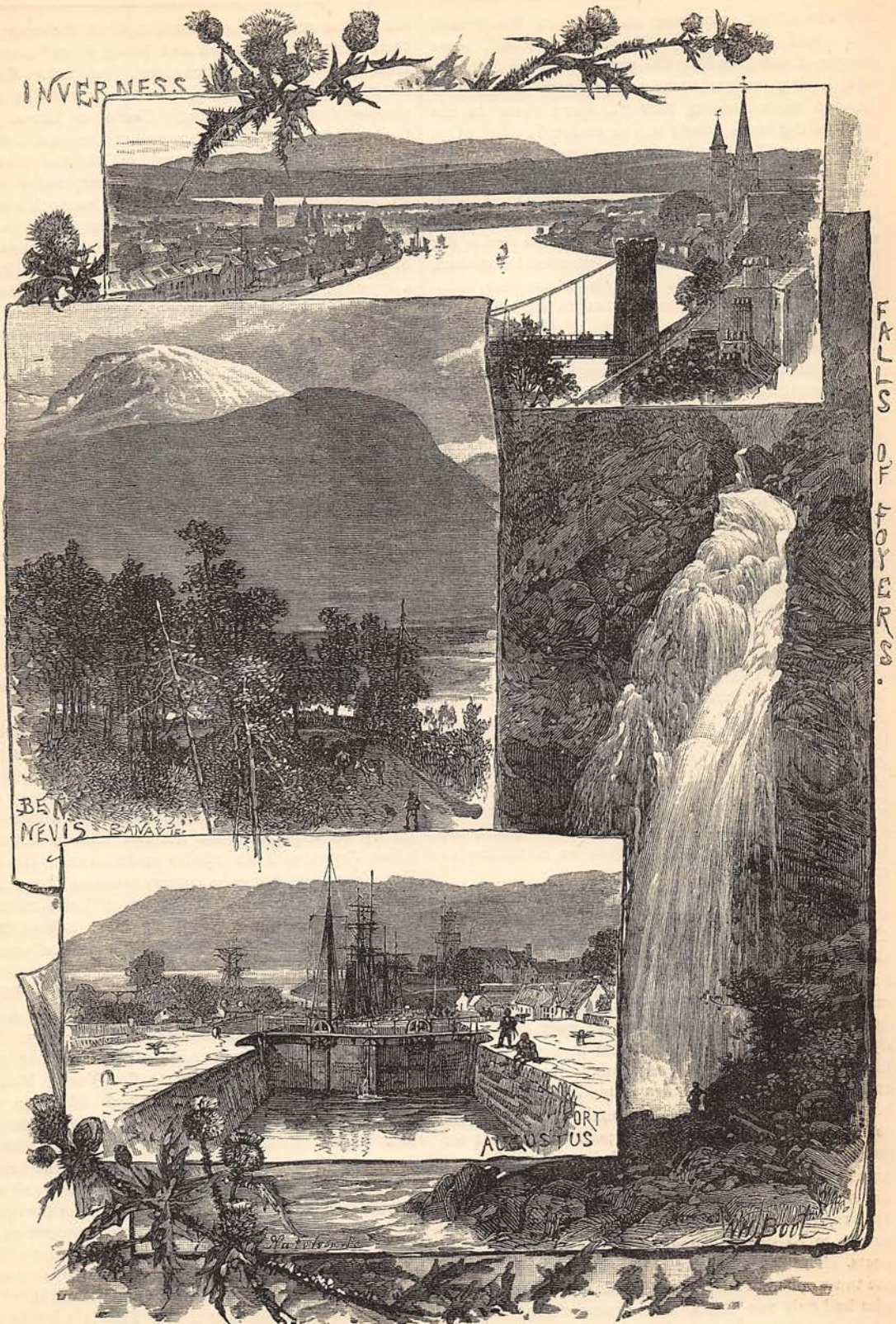


GLENGARRY CASTLE.

From photograph by J. Valentine and Sons,
Dundee.

HAT will he do with it?" It was not the popular story of that name which excited our curiosity, as we sat, one July evening, at the window of a pleasant house at Glasgow, overlooking Kelingrove Park. We were intent on knowing the Young Man's decision as to the disposal of a week in Scot-

land. We had determined upon abandoning ourselves to six days' freedom, fresh air, and fine scenery; but the task of deciding where to go when you are in the beautiful northern land is always a distracting undertaking; there is so much that is attractive; and one place of scenic grandeur and historic glory challenged another for our company. Burns' Dumfriesshire and Ayrshire district suggested itself, only to be out-bidden by Sir Walter Scott's Border country. The Old Lady had not been to Edinburgh, and surely a week would pass all too quickly at the "modern Athens." Macintosh had been very eloquent about the variety of the island of Arran; and then how we could enjoy ourselves at Oban, with trips to Staffa and Iona! The Trossachs and Lochs Lomond and Katrine appealed to us, and their invitation was hard to decline. Then how delightful would be Braemar! while Rosette would like to see far-off Stornoway, and present her loyal homage to Shiela, the Princess of Thule. And if we might not go so far north in so short a time, the fair girl pleaded, was there not Skye?



INVERNESS

BEN NEVIS BAVA

PORT AUGUSTUS

FALLS OF FOYERS

From photographs by J. Valentine & Sons, Dundee, and G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.

and she added something about Flora Macdonald. We could not decide. There was, indeed, some danger of our following the example of De Quincey, who, having on one occasion six hours to spend in London when passing through, spent them on the steps of the hotel, utterly unable to decide what to go and see; or of our imitating the philosophical donkey, mentioned by a classical writer, which perished between two bundles of equally appetising hay, because it was distracted as to which bundle it ought first to eat. So it was left to the Young Man to decide the difficulty, and nothing could have exceeded his wisdom in the matter. There is throughout the year, independent of the tourist season, a tour in the Highlands occupying just one week: the trip of the *Staffa* from Glasgow to Inverness and back. "We should steam down the Clyde," he said, in zestful anticipation; "we should have an experience of an Atlantic swell when going round the stormy Mull of Kintyre; we should pass through the famous Sound of Jura; we should call at Oban, and many other interesting places; and in going over the Caledonian Canal we should traverse some of the loveliest lochs in the world. What could be more enchanting?"

In asking you, reader, to join us in our trip, permit me to introduce you to our little company. The five feet eleven of humanity, with the wide-awake and the long iron-grey beard, which is laughing so immoderately, is the Young Man. He has seen his sixtieth birthday, and unites with the wisdom of age the elastic energy and gay vivacity of youth. And it is because of this juvenile freshness that his friends invariably dub him the Young Man. He is known, indeed, to his wife—the Old Lady—as the Boy. The gentleman whose broad shoulders so set off his Tam o' Shanter is Macintosh, a Glasgow artist, whose Scotch landscapes are not unappreciated on the walls of the Royal Academy. The animated lass, with the soft, dark, eloquent eyes, to whom he is talking so earnestly, is Rosette.

It is eleven o'clock on the Monday morning that the *Staffa* leaves the busy, crowded wharves of the Clyde at Glasgow, and picks her way through the shipping of the great commercial river—past foundries and ship-building yards, bright with flaming forges, and noisy with echoing hammers; past mighty warehouses and stagnant timber-pools; past docks and dye-works, chemical manufactories and whisky distilleries. A river of ink and stink. Banks of work and dirt. Buildings of toil and moil. If Macintosh had no other ambition, he would make a capital guide to Scotland. He denotes every point of interest we pass, explains the process of dredging the Clyde, and points out the great ocean steamers that seem to dwarf the *Staffa* into undeserved insignificance. The little river to the left is the Cart. Three miles up this stream is Paisley, eloquent of rich shawls and poor poets. The story Rosette is laughing over is about the town once boasting three hundred starving bards, who had only one Sunday coat among them. Whenever one of these men of genius died, appreciative Paisley forthwith raised a stone to his memory, until

one of the survivors protested against the custom of their being denied bread and being given "a stoon." And now the Clyde widens, and Dumbarton Castle, on its rocky isolated crag, rises to our right in sheer steepness out of the water. The river Leven joins the sea here from Loch Lomond, and beyond, behold! Ben Lomond—most beloved of all the Scottish Benjamins—breaking the clouds twenty miles away. In the afternoon, when we reach Greenock—where some ironclads belonging to the home squadron add to the interest of the estuary—we begin to know the *Staffa* and her crew, the first mate of which is Rona, a dignified retriever dog, very select in her friendships.

At Greenock the Clyde widens into the sea, and there is the sweet salt savour in the air, instead of the febrile ferment of reeking chemicals and sewage filth, which defies deodorisers, and renders the problem of the purification of the river impossible, even by the most earnest and enterprising Corporation in the United Kingdom. The scenery now grows in interest and variety, and a fresh picture is presented every minute. The Argyleshire hills rise in bold broken outline in front; Loch Long stretches far away to our right. We have another view in the pearly haze of Ben Lomond. Bute and the Greater and Lesser Cumbrae seem to float like clouds on the sea. All along the coast, pleasant houses are mixed up with the trees. The eyes takes a mental photograph of the ruins of Dunoon Castle; the lantern in the Cloch Lighthouse flashes back the strong sunlight; the water everywhere is as blue as the heart of a sapphire.

Rosette is on the bridge with the captain. She wonders how Scotchmen, having so beautiful a country, can ever find heart to leave it. The scenic beauty increases in charm as our course is pointed down the channel, with Bute close to our right, and the two Cumbraes as close to our left. The impression left by these pictures has not had time to leave us before Arran, with its mighty peaks, arrests the eye. The clear light brings out every point of these bold mountains. The small island which looks as if it were part of Arran is the Holy Isle; behind it is Lamlash Bay; above is Brodick Castle, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton.

We are now on the Atlantic. There is a blithe breeze that flutters Rosette's ribbons; but the sea is a calm plain, as blue and placid as the sky. Far away to the left towers Ailsa Crag, standing solitary, like an ocean milestone. The Young Man is absorbed in feeding the gulls which follow in the white wake of the boat, with the vivid light catching their snowy plumage. If ever we have a family picture of him it must be as he stood on the bridge of the *Staffa*, with a great pile of broken bread and biscuits by his side, which he ever and anon throws to the swift sea-birds. There is a fierce competition for the larger pieces, accompanied with an amount of bad language in ornithological Gaelic, that would, no doubt, be very shocking if we could only understand it.

And now we have passed the Pladda Lighthouse, and are steering for the Mull. Evening is stealing over us. In the west there is a sunset that fires sea

and sky with a conflagration of colour. The water dazzles the eye with its metallic radiance; it has a mirror-like luminosity as of liquid light. The peaks of Arran behind show a pronounced purple against a strange clear green sky; far away in front is the yellow glimmer of the Davaar Lighthouse, on a little island at the entrance to Campbeltown Lighthouse. The sun has gone down, and yet there is a strange magical light that belongs to neither sun nor moon. The day is done, but there is no night.

The next morning, when the first of our company turned out of the comfortable cradle in which he had been rocked all night, the decks were streaming with wet; a cold white mist had settled over a dark and fretful sea; the lonely islands past which we were steaming—Colonsay and Scarba—were sponged out of view. Everything was damp and dismal. Rosette could comprehend now how it was that Scotchmen left a country in which it had never really been dry since the Flood, and called to our grateful memory the passage in one of Mr. William Black's pleasant stories describing "the astonishment of Sandy MacAlister Mhor on beholding a glimpse of sunlight." We were really in the Highlands now, and this was the weather which welcomed us. "It's coin' to pe a saft tey!" was old Mackenzie's salutation to us as he stood on the bridge, directing the vessel's course. He seemed heedless of the rain. He did not even wear his stout pea-coat. Perhaps this blinding wet was, after all, only a "Scotch mist." Anyhow, one of the crew said respectfully, "I don't think we shall hef any rain to-tey, whateffer."

We had called at Crinan, and escaped the whirlpool of Corryvreckan—although we had seen and felt its circling currents; we had touched at Craignish, at the Island of Luing, and at Easdale, and now we were standing in for the Sound of Kerrera. Breakfast was over, and we were all on deck to catch the first sight of Oban the Beautiful. And lo! the little capital of the Western Highlands was smiling under her veil of mist. The rain had not altogether ceased, but a sudden gleam broke the leaden cast of the clouds, and a soft suffused light showed that the sunshine was not far away.

The *Staffa* had a considerable amount of business to transact at Oban. The quay was very busy, and while the Young Man was contemplating the picturesque scene of confusion, Macintosh had hurried the ladies away to Dunollie Castle, a grey old historic ruin at the northern end of the bay, clung to by the glossy ivy, and sung to by the glancing sea. We had been on shore an hour or two when the steamer's fog-horn warned that the work of discharging cargo was completed. When we got under weigh again, we found that the number of steerage passengers had been largely augmented by a company of fishermen from Skye. They were on their way to the East Coast fishing-grounds. Their talk is all in Gaelic; but they are physically vastly disappointing as specimens of Highlanders. The purser tells us that the *Staffa* often conveys such companies. They are very quarrelsome, and sometimes the ringleaders of a

quarrel have to be put in irons during the voyage. On one occasion, when the decks were red with blood, a hose-pipe with hot water from the engine had to be used to quell the disorder.

The mist is stronger than the sunshine as we steam out of the sheltered bay. There are livid gleams in a grey sky; there is a gusty sea; Kerrera is shrouded in rain and mist; green Lismore ("the Great Garden") is but a leaden patch of shore; the mountain masses of Mull are hidden beyond the ragged driving clouds. But the captain is as blithe as sunshine, and takes Rosette up on the lofty bridge with him, and ever and anon there comes a musical laugh from that wind-swept eyrie at one of his "good 'uns."

For instance, he invests a large tor jutting out from the water close by Dunollie Castle with a mystic legend. Many years ago, he says, when Dunollie Castle was in possession of the M'Dougalls, the chief threw a great stone across to the chief of the Macleans, at Duart Castle, on the island of Mull. Maclean responded by throwing across this rock, which remains on the shore where it dropped to attest the truth of the story! The stone is many tons in weight; "but they were strong men in those teys," pleads the captain—"the Macleans are strong in the head in these times." Macintosh, who has a staunch faith in Ossian, maintains that the self-same chunk of conglomerate is the *Clach-a'-choin*, the Dog-stone to which Fingal bound his dog Bran.

We are, indeed, in the very heart of Ossian's country, and the strange atmospheric effects—the glory and gloom of the clouds, the sad greys and sudden greens—are to-day in sympathy with the spirit of his genius. A wild gleam of light strikes the massy outlines of his Mull mountains; in front is stretched his "misty Morven;" close by is Connel, with his "falls of Lora" still chanting a melancholy refrain to the silent and solemn hills. We skirt Loch Etive, with the burly Ben Cruachan keeping solemn sentinel over its lovely reaches. Then we enter upon the lonely beauty of Loch Linnhe, silent but for the sea-birds. The voyage never becomes monotonous. A fresh picture is presented every minute, and every turn of the scenery seems to be beheld under a different light. Macintosh and the Young Man are emulating Dr. Johnson in disputatious anger over the authenticity of Ossian—whether he was a man or a myth—when we pause at Appin. The *Staffa* stops long enough to give us time to inspect a strange rib of rock, forming a natural arch some little distance down the shore. A seal is sunning itself on the rocks. His soft, intelligent eyes give a pained look at Rosette's coquettish hat and jacket—as if they recognised in the dark fur the coat of some near relation—and then he drops down in the water like a plummet, and we see him no more.

All through the voyage we are passing old historic castles. They are more numerous here than the ruins on the Rhine; and if I were to repeat all the curious stories and stirring legends that the captain and Macintosh tell of them, I should

need the space occupied by that "Life of Confucius," the duty of writing which has been transmitted from one generation of Celestials to another—sons and heirs succeeding in due course to their ambitious fathers' pens. Since leaving Oban we have passed Dunollie Castle, Duart Castle, Loch Nell Castle, the Scandinavian watch-tower of Tirefuar Castle, Stalker Castle on its rocky islet, the isolated ruins of Shuna Castle and Castle-na-Churn, on the Morven Coast; and all the way up to Inverness, grey old ruined towers make pictures and contribute history. Inverlochry Castle, by Fort William, where kings have feasted and soldiers have died; the grand time-honoured towers of Tor Castle, Achnacarry Castle, on Loch Lochy; Iavergarry Castle, on Loch Oich; the hoary walls of Urquhart Castle, on Loch Ness; and Inverness Castle, at Inverness. Surely these are enough to satisfy the most ardent craving for old castles?

The Ballachulish Pier is the next stopping-place. The Glencoe hills here threaten us with their awful gloom. This is the point to reach the tragic pass. The arrival of the steamer at these lonely piers causes a little mild excitement. There is an exchange of goods and passengers going short distances; there is the sapient village postman to fetch the letter-bags, generally very limp and empty. Now and again we see a native in kilts; but kilts in Scotland are growing obsolete, and are only worn at fancy balls, and by pallid chieftains from Cockayne (Caledonian Road, N.). A policeman, we notice, always stands idle and listless on these piers; evidently having nobody to "take up," he takes up his position on the quay. Rona looks wiser than Judge Thurlow, following the purser about the boat as the cargo is being discharged, as if to check off his invoice entries and act as general superintendent. We never saw such a matter-of-fact "dour" dog. With her, life is too short for trifling, and she is far too much bound up in the important business of seeing that a box for Ballachulish is not delivered at Ardgour, and that the calf from Appin is duly turned out at Fort William, to be interested in anything or anybody else.

After leaving Ardgour, Rosette gives a cry of delight, for there to the right, behold! through a watery gleam, our first vision of Ben Nevis. Soon we arrive at Fort William. There is time to leisurely saunter through the long street of the little Highland town for a pleasant walk past the Fort, no longer a military station; past the "Long John" distillery, at the foot of one of the spurs of Ben Nevis, to join the *Staffa* again as she lies at Banavie, just about to begin the tour of the Caledonian Canal. The word "canal," as it is commonly understood, conveys no idea of the beautiful water-way that connects the west coast of Scotland, in a direct line of lakes, with the east coast. The Caledonian Canal

is a water-thread joining a chain of natural mountain lochs; and throughout its entire length there is not a prosaic passage. Everything is fresh and picturesque; all around is the wildness of the mountains, the sense of space, the spell of solitude, the scent of heather.

Regarded as an engineering enterprise, the Caledonian Canal is one of the most notable works in the country. The cost of constructing it was a million pounds; and the "whole length of the canal, when extended on a map, measures only four miles longer than a straight line drawn from one extremity to the other." Vessels of a thousand tons can navigate the canal; and the locks are each 160 feet long, and 38 feet wide, with an average depth of 18 feet. There are 24 miles of canal, and 38 miles of natural lakes, distributed to Loch Lochy 10 miles, to Loch Oich 4 miles, and to Loch Ness 24 miles.

The next morning brought us a golden-grey day, with mellow tones on wood and water, moor and mountain. In the afternoon we had reached Inverness, quite unable to decide which of the lochs on the Caledonian Canal was the most beautiful. We had spent a pleasant time at Fort Augustus, and had paused to see the Falls of Foyers—the rain had made them finer in effect than even their great fame had given us to anticipate. The *Staffa* lies in the docks at Muirtown (the landing-place for Inverness) all night, and we have a long idle afternoon and evening to explore the beautiful, clean Highland city—its noble river broadening to the shining Moray Firth; its elevated castle, its fine cathedral, and its fair cemetery, on a steep wooded hill-side, that is a picture rather than a place of sepulture. The return journey begins early on the Thursday morning; Oban is reached late the same night; there is an enjoyable experience of a bit of rough sea round the stormy Mull of Kintyre, and we are back at busy Glasgow the next day.

It would be thought that going over the same ground again would become a somewhat monotonous iteration of scene and sensation, but no supposition could really be more remote from the truth. During the return journey we saw the same mountains and glens, the same lakes and rivers, under different atmospheric conditions, and objects that had previously had their back towards us now faced us; peaks and shoulders and ravines that had been hidden in rolling vapours, had now the strong light of a sparkling day, full of mirthful tones, searching out all their wealth of fine colour. Glasgow, anyway, was reached all too soon; and we left the *Staffa* with a pang of personal regret. The parting with Captain M'Kenzie was like bidding farewell to an old and familiar friend. Rosette expressed all our sentiments when she told the captain that she should like to turn the good old boat round, and forthwith go to Inverness and back all over again!

EDWARD BRADBURY.