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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



Founded 1810

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Notes.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all our contributors and readers, and a special word of thanks to our contributors, for the hearty and kind manner in which they have responded to the Editor's request for articles for the GAZETTE. With this issue the new series of the GAZETTE enters on its sixth year, and during the four and a half years we have acted as Editor, we have been most loyally supported by numerous contributors.

During July and August a number of ladies were in residence at Moffat, and although the summer proved rainy and sunless, yet much benefit was derived from the change and the mountain air. In September, in addition to the ladies, several gentlemen were also resident, and as September proved a dry and sunny month, all enjoyed the walking and driving, and

returned looking quite set up to face the winter.

A Bazaar in aid of Church extension and to provide a manse in connection with Temple Parish Church, of which Church our Chaplain is Minister, was held in St. Andrew's Hall, Berkeley Street, in October. For some months much interest had been taken by the ladies in helping to provide articles for sale, and the Bazaar was attended by quite a number of the ladies. We congratulate Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Carswell on the success attending their efforts. The sum realized amounted to £1,500.

We were all aware, when Dr. Hotchkis was appointed Medical Superintendent of Dykebar Asylum, that sooner or later we should lose him, but when Dr. Goldie-Scot also decided to resign his appointment, from health considerations, great was the dismay. Both Doctors have

been here quite a number of years, and apart from their marked professional abilities, their departure will cause a blank, and less, that will not soon be made good. Consistent good work, and consideration and kindness toward the patients under their care, have knit us all in friendly bonds. We wish them both all possible good fortune and health.

Miss Marshall, Assistant Matron, Ladies' Division, resigned her position in October, and left in November, to the regret of everyone. Miss Marshall did much good work during her two years' service. The ladies of the West Division presented her with a gold chain as a token of their regard. Miss Marshall is succeeded by Miss Blair, who received her training at Mavisbank, and Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. We welcome her here.

After twenty years of faithful service Nurse Isabella Shand has been granted a year's leave of absence on account of ill health. As charge nurse she has filled several important positions here. We trust that with a year's rest her health may be sufficiently restored to permit of her resuming her duties. A presentation was made to her by numerous friends.

In November Dr Schlomka succeeded Dr. Watson as Clinical Clerk, Dr. Watson having joined the staff of the Royal Infirmary. We understand that Dr. Charles Shaw and Dr. Thomas McEwan have been appointed to the vacancies on the staff caused by the resignations of Dr. Hotchkiss and Dr. Goldie-Scott. On behalf of everyone in Gartnavel, we welcome Drs. Shaw and McEwan.

Cricket and Bowls were played throughout the summer and autumn, and now Football and Golf are in vogue. Our little golf course has been in very good order for the last two months, and

yields excellent play and exercise. The football team have a number of fixtures. Their first match this season was played on Saturday, 9th November, ending in a defeat for G.R.A. by 4 goals. On 23rd November, G.R.A. defeated Hamilton Crescent F.P. by 2 goals to 1.

Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held in our little church on 6th October. Rev. Dr. P. H. Aitken officiated at the forenoon, and Rev. J. S. Carswell at the evening service. The church was beautifully decorated, many willing helpers having lent their aid towards that object.

A Staff Dance took place on 8th October, when a very enjoyable evening was spent; and on 10th October the first of this season's weekly dances was held, the G.R.A. band contributing the music. These weekly dances are very popular, and are always much enjoyed. The first of the grand concerts was given on 16th October, under the auspices of the Glasgow Abstinents' Union. Classical is almost the word to describe the programme, Gounod, Mozart, and Verdi, being among the names of the composers of some of the songs. Col. Roxburgh proposed a vote of thanks to the artistes, and to the Union, for an excellent concert, Col. McEwan seconding. This was most cordially given. Dr. R. O. Adamson, another of our Directors, was also present. The first Monday fortnightly dance of the season was held on 21st October, and a second grand concert was given on 13th November.

Anniversary Services were held in the Church on 27th October. The preacher in the forenoon was the Rev. Prof. H. M. B. Reid, D.D., Glasgow University; and in the evening, the Rev. David Ness, Whiteinch Church. Both services were largely attended.

Madame Bertha Moore gave a musical entertainment on 23rd November.

This is the third occasion on which Madame Moore has appeared in our hall. We were all much delighted with the entertainment. Among those present were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Carswell, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Aitken, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston. We hope to hear Madame Moore again on some future occasion.

On 30th November a lecture was given by J. A. Love Tinkl, Esq., on "The Humorous Side of Things," which helped to enliven the evening of a foggy day. Miss Rita McAllister contributed several songs, much to the delight of her audience. The lecture was much enjoyed, and a most pleasant evening's entertainment passed all too quickly.

On 11th December, under the auspices of the Abstinents' Union, the Pierrot Section of the Dennistoun Amateur Minstrels gave us one of the best concerts of the season. They are always heartily welcomed here. Mr. John Graham, one of our Directors, thanked the troupe and the Abstinents' Union, for the great pleasure they had given to us all.

A new system of heating has been introduced into the East House. This—known as the Reek system—the invention of a Norwegian, is being widely adopted in new hospitals, and shows how up-to-date we are here. A new sanitary addition is at present being built to the male side of the East House, and the greater part of the Ladies' Division has been re-decorated and re-furnished.

Commissioner Dr. John McPherson visited us on 3rd and 4th December. The work of such men as Sir Arthur Mitchell, the late Sir John Sibbald, and the present Senior Commissioner, Dr. John Fraser, is a perfect heritage, and the traditions of the Scottish Board of Lunacy are likely to be wisely maintained.

From the Doctor's Letter Box.

It is said that letter writing is a lost art, that we are in too great a hurry to write real letters, and that soon we will not be able to write at all. We will communicate with one another by wireless telegraphy, by thought transmission and by telepathy, and then, like some character in Shakespeare, Mr. Lindsay's occupation will be gone.

Now, while a letter is at best a poor substitute for a face-to-face conversation, it has advantages, and many of my "intranatural" correspondents show by the fluency with which their thoughts find ready and eloquent expression in the written word that here at all events the art is not a lost one, but that it flourishes.

I am not privileged to publish all the letters I receive—they are sent me in confidence, and considered and acted on in the spirit in which they are sent—but I have thought it would interest the readers of the Gazette if I gave extracts from one or two written during the year.

The first was received after a notice of the last Annual Meeting of the Institution appeared in the newspapers, and I am sure it will interest my correspondent, if this meets her eye, to know that the Directors are applying to Parliament for authority to change the name of the Institution.

My correspondent, a lady, wrote:—
"I read the report of your Asylum on Saturday, and was pleased to see by the heading that the old word *Lunatic* was omitted. I write to thank you, and many others who have seen it will notice the change. I hope the time may come when the word Lunacy may be changed, and a more tender one substituted. Of course everyone in the world is not so sensitive. I myself was an inmate of the Asylum for a good period, with a depressed mind, brought on with sudden grief. You don't know how I feel when I see the words "Royal Asylum for Lunatics." Really, doctor, I never met nicer women than I did in Gartnavel; there were scores in my time mentally ill, not from alcohol, but child-bearing, middle life,
EDITH.

and other causes. I could friends in Dr.—, and the nurses kinder could not be. It appeared to me that they did the work, and those over them got the money.

"I hope your institution may go on and flourish, and that He who is health to the sick in mind may direct you and those over you to do what is right for the patients. I don't know what changes have taken place in the last few years, but many a patient I have heard crying out on a Sunday morning about the cold ham we had for breakfast in the East House. The first thing, doctor, is to get a patient's body up in strength, and I have no doubt the mind will then get strong. I know of course that everyone was not capable of noticing as I did; but take away the wine and porter some get, give them a fresh egg or a little white fish instead. I will close by calling myself an old patient who was a sufferer in many ways, but who is grateful now for what was done for her; and I am glad you are changing the name of the place, and don't forget the fresh egg on Sunday mornings!"

The next was written by a gentleman in the West House just before he left us. He says:—

"As a Mental Hospital I conceive it the duty of all the members of the staff to do their individual parts by skill, intelligence, tact and patience, to increase the measure of health of the patients, and perhaps cure them. Many of the attendants do this very well indeed, and Mr. G.— at the dinner table recently expressed his appreciation of the attendants' considerateness compared with those he had known in another mental hospital. I must say, however, in regard to the manual work parties, that the attendants were too apt to talk to one another, and not concentrate their attention on those of whom they had charge. For the like of some patients the greatest superintendence is necessary, as they are inclined to go aside and indulge in fits of brooding or self abstraction. To counteract that, steady concentration of attention to manual work or any exercise is necessary, and that is one of the famous Sandow's injunctions. He says that in even the simplest physical exercises (a pencil in each hand, and not great weights) he would have each one concentrate his attention on the exercises, and not do them merely mechanically with the thoughts taken up with something else. And even as Sandow, from being a puny little fellow at eleven years of age, has managed to transform himself into his present personality of vitality, muscle and vim, lecturing to the medical profession as to the principles on which he worked, and relieving individuals in some cases of insom-

nia and phases of mental ailments, so may the attendants do much for the working patients by developing the concentration of the patients' attention to their work.

"The apparent 'will-less-ness' of so many patients (there is too much 'will-less-ness' in the outside world as well) is difficult ground to work on, but I have great faith in the health giving power of physical exercise; and when chatting with some ladies last Sunday, I spoke of the skipping rope exercise as indulged in by Madam Ada Crossley, the vocalist, I said I thought it would be splendid for some of the ladies who have not so much manual work as the men.

"With regard to the working parties, the visits of Mr. Farr and Mr. Smith to see how work progresses, are of great value and encouragement, and in Attendant—we had a very good man for our party. And I think it but also right to express gratification that Sister S.— has a part in the superintendence of our wards. By her observance she has corrected little things we did not like to speak about, and by her presence I am sure she has touched responsive chords of memory of motherhood or sisterhood in some of us.

"Now, doctor, excuse this letter; but I think you may like to receive communications occasionally on some phases of the life in the wards."

An East House correspondent wrote, and with an extract from his letter I conclude:—

"In the summer there has been, to me, a dearth of music—no concerts, no dances—and I have thought, why not have one of the piano-organs come in, say at the Jordan-hill gate entrance, along to opposite the East House garden, and give its repertoire. Personally I have enjoyed them, and my first acquaintance with some of Gioanetti's and Wagner's music was from them. I have frequently heard a piano-organ discoursing over at Crow Road, so that is how I thought of it. However, I merely mention the matter for what it may be worth."

I frequently ask those who have been with us for treatment, and who are leaving, to give me their impressions of their stay, and to tell me how they consider existing arrangements can be altered for the better. I have in that way received many valuable, though not always practicable or reasonable suggestions, and I hope still to receive them. I know that nothing gives me, my medical col-

leagues, the nurses or the attendants, more genuine pleasure than to get letters from those to whom health has been restored while in our care, thanking us for what we were privileged to do for them; and I am sure we never get such letters—and we get them frequently, or our work would be more trying than it is—without buckling again to our work with renewed energy and hope.

L. R. OSWALD.

Staff Dance.

AT the Staff Dance to be held on Friday, 27th December, presentations will be made to Dr. Hotchkis and Dr. Goldie Scot. The medals and prizes gained in connection with the Medico-Psychological examinations, and Cookery classes, will also be presented to the successful nurses and attendants. A number of the Directors are expected to be present. As the occasion will be an interesting one, it is hoped there will be a large gathering of the staff, both present and past.

Sprigs of Shamrock.

PAT enjoys a wide celebrity as a comical fellow, possessing a rich fund of natural wit and sarcasm, a readiness in good-humoured retort, and a mellifluous brogue, which makes him a delightful companion wherever he is found. "Tim," said a gentleman to his servant, "did you take my note to Mr. Rafferty's?" "Yis sur, an' I think his eyesight is gettin' very bad," replied Tim. "Why so?" asked the master. "Begorra, sur," said Tim, "while I was in his room, he asked me twice where me hat was, an' 'twas on me head all the time."

An old peasant woman on her weekly visit to Dublin purchased a box of matches. On her next visit to the city she returned the matches, as they were damp. "They're all right, Biddy," said the shopman, as he ig-

nited one of the matches by rubbing it on the leg of his trousers. "Arrah, get out wid ye!" cried the woman. "When I want to kindle the fire, must I come in six miles from Sutton to strike a match on yer ould britches."

"I've got the better of that murderin' railway now," said a farmer who had a grievance against the local railway company. "How is that?" queried his companion. "Shure, I've taken a return ticket, an' I'm not goin' back at all, at all," was the reply.

Two young ladies were talking to an old man. In the course of conversation one said to him, "which of us do you think is the elder?" "Ah, thin, each of ye looks younger than the other," exclaimed the gallant old chap.

Getting into a cab in Dublin, an elderly lady said to the driver, "Help me in, please, for I'm very old." "Begorra, ma'am," said he, "no matter what age ye are, ye don't look it."

"Get along with you," said a gorgeously liveried footman standing at a door in Merion Square, Dublin, to a beggar. "and take your rags with you." "Niver mind me clothes, me good man," replied the mendicant, "they're me own."

Two artistes who were performing in Dublin, while driving to their hotel held a consultation in French as to the proper fare to give the jarvey. One said two shillings, which was in excess of the ordinary hire. The car driver, on hearing them converse in French, immediately said, "I know what ye are sayin' sur; I speak French myself." "What did I say?" asked the gentleman. "Don't give the poor jarvey less than five shillings on this dirty, cowlid day," replied the driver.

"Here, my good man, your name's obliterated," said a Dublin policeman to a passing driver whose van sadly needed painting. "Begorra an' you're wrong thin, it's O'Brien," responded the man.

A gentleman alighting at Killarney Station was met by the usual cry—

"Cur, sur"; "No, I'm able to walk," he replied. "Musha, may yer homer long be able but seldom willin' to walk," was the witty response.

A man who had a great respect for the medical profession, but had had the good fortune never to have required a doctor's services in his life before, was one day taken ill. A doctor was sent for. His eyes big with astonishment, the patient watched the doctor take his clinical thermometer from its case. As the doctor slipped it under his patient's armpit, he told him "to keep it there for a moment or two." Paddy lay still, almost afraid to breathe, and when the doctor removed it, he was surprised to hear the patient exclaim, "I do feel a dale bether after that, sur!"

An Englishman once boasted that nothing could beat the richness of the soil of his native Devonshire; and he quoted several instances of the abundant crops his farm yielded. "Oh, that's nothing," said a Meath man, who overheard the conversation, "I've a few acres of ground the like of which isn't in creation. One evenin' I put down into me land a twelvepenny nail, with a shovelful of manure, and I'm blest if be the followin' mornin' it hadn't grown into a kitchen poker."

Some years ago an exceedingly funny dramatic hitch occurred at a Dublin theatre. The piece was "Faust." In one of the scenes Mephistopheles—who happened to be a very portly devil—had to descend by a small circular trap in the stage, but halfway through he stuck fast. The immortals below tugged at his crimson legs; the immortals above tried to stuff him down. But all in vain. And then over the delighted din which arose from the whole house, came a still, small voice from the gallery: "Well, boys, that's a comfort anyway: the lower regions is full!" The delight given by this droll remark is complete, so is this chapter of Irish anecdotes.

NAPPER TANDY.

Faithful Tommy.

TOMMY is dead. He lies buried in the garden, where, in the afternoon, the sun shines above his grave, and in summer the falling apple-blossom will whiten it, a fitting annual tribute to the memory of one of the best and most faithful of doggies.

Tommy was a well bred Scotch terrier, the property of Mrs. Yellowlees, and he and Maida, a fine staghound, were the constant companions of the children, before and during their schooldays.

We can remember Tommy sitting patiently in an American hand-cart, to which Maida was yoked by means of a suit of cloth harness, while the children trotted Maida along the upper walk. While the children were at lessons, Tommy and Maida used to romp on the lawn. Maida had a trick of tossing Tommy with her head while racing, and rolling him over and over. When she became too rough, Tommy would make for a tree and keep circling round it to avoid her.

About this time an Irish terrier was introduced to Dr. Yellowlees' household. With this terrier Tommy waged constant warfare; we have seen him with bleeding ears and fierce looks nursing his woes. The accidental death of this terrier re-instated Tommy in the undivided affection of the children. So passed many happy days for Tommy.

On the departure of Dr. Yellowlees, six years ago, Tommy was left here, Maida having died. He became a favourite with everyone, and his fondness for lump sugar was remembered by many of the ladies. Tommy never forgot those who gave him sugar, and if he spied one of his friends during his walks he would trot along to meet her or him, and sit up and beg until the sugar was forthcoming. Increasing weakness, the result of old age—he had reached his sixteenth year—latterly lessened Tommy's activity, but he retained his cheery, independent

spirit to the last. His little familiar form will be much missed for many a day.

Faithful through life Tommy has gone,
A lesson to us every one;
If there's a place for dogs in heaven,
Then Tom will sure his place be given.

EDITOR.

Nature Notes.

AUTUMN not only brings the falling of the leaf, but also the sealing of the new buds, which, when Spring returns, will unfold under the genial influence of the sun. Autumn is also the season of the flocking of migratory birds, some to travel long distances, others to the South of England. In August and September, each year, the swallows in our neighbourhood flock to the grounds here, owing to the fact of their food supplies being abundant among the trees and shrubberies. It is a constant pleasure to watch these birds on the wing. They left on 15th September.

In a field to the south of the Institution, a pair of land rails or corn-crakes have nested for some years, their harsh creak, creak, being familiar to many in the West Division, heard best during the quiet June nights. Some time ago one of the young birds strayed into the grounds and was captured, but released, and remained feeding about the west fields, finally disappearing, probably joining the family again. In the same field in which the corn-crakes nest, we observed a flock of peewits, "green, crested lapwings," numbering 60 or 70 birds, feeding daily during October. We last observed them on 15th November. They have since gone south.

We watched in the grounds, with much interest, on two successive evenings in October what is known to naturalists as a midges' dance. A thick column of midges in flight, rising and falling, spreading out, and gather-

ing together again. The midges keep up this dance for hours together. It is a feature of midge life which has not yet been explained, but may have something in common with the flocking of non-migratory birds, such as the starling. Flocks of these birds can be seen in many parts of the country in September. To see a closely packed flock of starlings travelling down wind at the rate of 50 miles an hour, is to realise that the joy of living is not confined to man alone.

In 1895, Dr Yellowlees brought from Egypt some peas which were taken from a mummy case said to date back to 1600 B.C. Some of these peas were sown in the garden here, and flourished exceedingly. They are known to us as the mummy pea. The stalk grows much thicker than our home pea, especially towards the head. The flower is red and white. Two long rows in flower could be seen in the garden in Summer. The pea is in size much like our home pea.

Mr. Barr had a fine show of begonias, fuchsias, and geraniums in the green-house during September. These have been removed, and the house filled with chrysanthemums. There are between 700 and 800 pots of chrysanthemums, and they should make a splendid show at Christmas.

On 15th October the rain-gauge at Glasgow Observatory registered a fall of 2.45 inches during 24 hours. Only on two occasions since 1874 has this rainfall within 24 hours been exceeded—once in 1887, when 2.51 inches were registered, and again in 1897. It is singular that these excessive rainfalls should have occurred at intervals of ten years—namely, in 1887, 1897, and 1907. When one considers that one inch of rainfall per acre represents 100 tons weight of water, one realises that Nature works on large lines.

EDITOR.

Diary of Christmas and Spring Arrangements.

Saturday,	December 21st.	—Performance by Orpheus Minstrels, 7.30.
Tuesday,	" 24th.	—Pictures of Palestine, Dr. Oswald, 7.30.
Wednesday,	" 25th.	—Christmas Day.
Thursday,	" 26th.	—Weekly Concert and Dance.
Friday,	" 27th.	—Staff Dance. Presentation to Dr. Hotchkis and Dr. Goldie Scot. Presentation of Medals and Prizes to Nurses and Attendants.
Saturday,	" 28th.	—Tableau Vivants, by ourselves.
Monday,	" 30th.	—"At Home." Dancing. Cards.
1908		
Wednesday,	January 1st.	—New-Year's Day. Service in Church at 11 o'clock.
Thursday,	" 2nd.	—Fancy Dress Dance, 7 till 10 o'clock.
Saturday,	" 4th.	—Dramatic Performance, Miss Burke's Company.
Wednesday,	" 8th.	—Grand Concert. Fourth of Series.
Thursday,	" 9th.	—Lectures, &c., to Staff resumed.
Monday,	" 13th.	—Conjuring Entertainment by Mr. Andre Latta.
Saturday,	" 18th.	—Dramatic Performance by Players' Club, 7.30.
Monday,	" 27th.	—Entertainment, T. Ross Scott, Esq.
Wednesday,	February 5th.	—Grand Concert at 7.15.
Saturday,	" 15th.	—Concert by Waverley Choir.
Wednesday,	March 4th.	—Sixth and last Grand Concert.
Saturday,	" 7th.	—Entertainment, James Johnstone, Esq.
Saturday,	" 21st.	—Lantern or other Lecture.
Friday,	April 10th.	—Entertainment by London Bioscope Company. (Probably.)

Other engagements will be announced as they are made.

A Forgotten Book:

"THE GARTNAVEL MINSTREL."

JUST the other day while turning over the pages of the catalogue in the Mitchell Library, my eye suddenly caught the words, *The Gartnavel Minstrel*. My curiosity being aroused, I speedily filled up a form and in a few minutes had the book in my hands. Retiring with my unexpected discovery to the privacy of the "Students' Room," for which I hold a ticket, I spent the short time at my disposal in examining the contents of this interesting little volume. The following is a fac-simile of the title page:—

THE GARTNAVEL MINSTREL:

CONSISTING OF
ORIGINAL PIECES OF RHYME,
BOTH
COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL,
WITH NOTES,
AND A
BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE AUTHOR.

Composed, Printed, and Published by J. E. Adam,
62 York Street, 1843.

The author has dedicated his book to the then Lord Provost, the Honourable James Lumsden, and commences as follows:—"My Lord, the idea of dedicating this small trifle to your Lordship first suggested itself to me while an inmate of the Glasgow Royal Asylum, on observing the uniformly kind interest evinced by your Lordship in every method adopted by Dr. Hutcheson having a tendency to administer to the mind diseased. And I now make bold to crave your Lordship's distinguished patronage to this little work on the ground that many of the rhymes were originally composed, recited or sung, solely with a view to effect that desirable object." But space forbids me to quote more of the preface, as I have now to notice the very interesting "Biographical Sketch" which occupies several closely printed pages, and which reminds one of the style of Daniel Defoe, or Robert Louis

Stevenson, or even of Oliver Goldsmith in his "Vicar of Wakefield."

"The following brief sketch of my life," he tells us, "I have been induced to prefix to this small volume, not from any vain idea that having produced the few trifling pieces contained in it, any particular interest should thus attach to my narrative; but independent of any little merit some of my attempts at rhyme may have been said to possess, the very peculiar, or, I should say, singular, manner in which the whole has been brought forward, may create, for a time at least, a small share of attention." Mr. Adam then goes on to describe the misfortunes which his family experienced by reason of a law-suit, by which his father lost heavily and was almost ruined. He was born at Collinstee, about a mile south of Paisley, a property inherited by his father from a grand-uncle, and at that time an extensive bleaching concern. His maternal grandfather, Mr. King, of Lennox, having died, his mother came in for a share of his property, which consisted of cotton-mills and coal-pits. It was in managing this property that his father came by heavy losses, and seeing the crash was coming young Adam did a foolish thing, he enlisted in order to get out of the country. After spending some six years in the army he returned home, and again commenced business, though of his military life he tells nothing. Misfortune, however, still dogged his footsteps; and the death of a son so affected his mind that, as he himself tells us, he was "personally conveyed by Drs. Mackinlay and Richmond to the Royal Asylum (at that time in Parliamentary Road) in a state of frenzy." He seems, however, to have made a speedy recovery, for he continues, "the kind and humane treatment I there experienced under the care of Dr. Hutcheson soon produced the desired effect, and three years ago (in 1842) I was struck off the books as

cured." He also tells us that "Dr. Hutcheson, ever willing to encourage all rational amusement, readily furnished another boarder and myself with a small press and a font of type, with which we commenced a weekly periodical as co-editors, my department lying chiefly in providing for the 'Poets' Corner.' Hence the origin of several of the attempts at metrical composition now published in this volume, a portion of the same having been printed while residing in the Asylum at Gartnavel." The name of the weekly periodical to which he refers was "The Chronicles of the Monastery," several extracts being given from it.

A. N. S. M.

(To be continued.)

The Gourd Fair at Cimiez.

CIMIEZ, known in days of old as Cemenclan, capital of the province of the Maritime Alps, is now but a suburb of Nice, on the hills overlooking which city it stands.

At the present day Cimiez is composed mainly of handsome modern villas and hotels; but it also includes some relics of past ages, among which are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre and a beautiful old Franciscan monastery and chapel.

The amphitheatre or arène is in ruins, but one can obtain from it a good idea as to its appearance during the Roman epoch.

The tiers of stone seats forming the auditorium have crumbled away into an irregular slope, but some of the cells in which prisoners or wild animals were confined, are still in a fair state of preservation.

Unfortunately a roadway has been carried right across the arena, necessitating the destruction of part of the stone galleries on either side, and permitting the ubiquitous automobile to pursue its aggressively modern course across the oval circus.

Quite close to the amphitheatre stands

the monastery, which is approached from a large courtyard, shaded by two magnificent ilex trees.

The chapel, which is entered first, has a colonnaded front, with a very fine wall painting of St. Francis. The interior is beautifully decorated, and has several good paintings and an altar screen in gilded wood of the sixteenth century. Passing through a small doorway in the chapel one reaches the cloister galleries of the monastery, the walls of which are covered with faded and discoloured paintings.

In the centre of the little court formed by the cloisters there is a curious old covered well with windlass and bucket; but the monks having been driven out of the monastery some years ago, during the ecclesiastical revolution in France, the well in common with the rest of the building has fallen upon evil days of neglect and disuse. After inspecting the quaint old refectory, the concierge usually conducts his visitors to the gardens. These are laid out in terraces, and though overgrown with weeds, are particularly delightful owing to the almost unrivalled view of the surrounding country which they command. To the south, at the foot of a long slope covered with orange and lemon groves, golden with fruit, lies the city of Nice, with its chateau and the famous Promenade des Anglais; and beyond, the blue Mediterranean stretching to the horizon. The red tiled roofs, and the brilliantly painted houses, give additional touches of colour to the scene.

To the north rise the mountains, the lower slopes of which are dotted over with olive trees whose peculiar silver grey foliage resembles in the distance that of the Scotch birch; and still further away appear the peaks of the Maritime Alps clad with eternal snow.

Each year, on a certain Sunday in March, there is held in the monastery courtyard a quaint festival known as the Gourd Fair, the origin of which is lost in obscurity.

The peasants in the surrounding country spend their spare time cultivating gourds, and on this particular Sunday they bring them to Cimiez for sale. The old courtyard then presents a most animated appearance with all the brightly decorated hoots and stalls which are erected round it. Some of the gourds have most extraordinary shapes, having been grown in moulds: fish and serpents are favourite designs, many of the latter being over a yard in length. Others are of the more familiar bottle shape and nearly all are decorated either by painting, carving or primitive pokerwork.

The proceedings begin with a procession of the priests from the chapel and the blessing of the gourds.

The Fair is quite a gala day for the people in the neighbourhood and it is also a great attraction for the visitors, with whom there is the usual bargaining and hawking down of prices.

Under the ilex tree there are rough wooden tables and benches set out and a brisk trade is done in a sort of bread or roll peculiar to the occasion and the red "wine of the country."

Once the Fair is over the monastery soon settles down to its usual sleepy pace, which is only broken by occasional bands of tourists who come to admire the quaint old building and to exclaim at the magnificence of the panorama spread before them.

MALCOLM.

The Christmas Rose.

"The Christmas Rose, the best flower of the year,
Comes when the holly-berries glow and cheer,
When the pale snow-drop rises from the earth,
So white and spirit-like 'mid Christmas mirth."

Poetical symbolism has long associated certain plants and flowers with particular seasons and traditional celebrations, and numerous legends still survive which convey more than a mere casual and fugitive hint of the origin of such customs, or, at all events, represent the

explanation or the vindication of many of these old-world usages that has suggested itself as most plausible to the reflection of later times.

As the Feast of the Nativity of our Lord occurs in the very dead of winter, it is but natural to find, as we do, that the plants traditionally associated with its annual celebration, as being employed in the festal decorations of the day, are mostly evergreens. Holly, mistletoe and ivy have for ages graced the genialty of our Yuletide cheer. But besides these and the blossoming winter thorn of the Glastonbury legend mention must be made of the "herb that bloweth about the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ," the Christmas Rose.

David M. Moir, better known perhaps by his *non-de-spense* of "Delta," in one of his less familiar poems, "The Birth of the Flowers," refers to it among the latest blooming flowers that close the annual procession of Flora's bright train.

"Never shall disappear
The glory of the striding year;
Fade shall it never quite, if flowers
An emblem of existence be;
The golden rod shall blossom free,
And Lauristin shall weave bowers
For Winter; while the Christmas rose
Shall blossom, though it be 'mid snows."

This flower, like those other floral emblems of the Saviour, the *Rose of Sharon* and the *Rose of Jericho*, is not really a rose at all. The two latter are respectively the Autumn Crocus (*Colchicum Autumnale*) and the Resurrection Plant (*Anastatica Hierochuntina*), remarkable for the power which the dried plant has of absorbing water and appearing to revive when placed in it, whence its common name which also has reference to the popular belief that the plant blooms at Christmas and remains expanded till Easter. In fact, the Christmas Rose is one of the buttercup family, and its proper designation is the Black Hellebore (*Helleborus Niger*).

Black Hellebore is so called from the colour of its root-stock, which is still used in medicine, but not to

the same extent as in ancient times, when it was almost exclusively employed in the treatment of certain forms of disease. But the name which has now so long been given to this "last flower of the year" is meant to suggest to the mind the Heavenly Rose, one of the mystical titles by which Jesus is addressed by the devout. This name symbolises the ecstatic rapture which is imparted to the believer through spiritual communion with the Redeemer, whose advent has brought gladness and hope to a sad and despondent world. It may, therefore, claim to be a fitting and appropriate floral symbol for the season of the Divine Nativity.

It is a pity that there seems to be no legend extant about the Christmas Rose like that which is associated, for instance, with the Winter Thorn (*Crataegus Oxyacantha*) which puts forth leaves and flowers about Christmas. This variety is thought to have originated at Glastonbury, whither Joseph of Arimathea, with eleven disciples, is said to have come to convert the heathen Britons. When preaching to them there on Christmas Day he, as a miraculous evidence of his divine mission, is related to have struck the staff, by which he had aided his steps from the Holy Land, into the ground, where it immediately struck root and burst into fragrant blossom. But if there is no such quaint and interesting tale about the Hellebore, its healing virtues may surely lend another suggestion of its suitability as an emblem of the Good Physician and Healer of all sick and sad human hearts.

P. HENDERSON ATKIN.

"Great Scot!" said a doctor to his servant. "Has nobody called during my two days' absence? I left this slate here for callers to write their names on, and it is perfectly clean." "Oh, yes, sir," responded the servant, cheerfully. "A lot of people have come, but the slate got so full of names that only this morning I had to rub them all out to make room for more!"

Holiday Reminiscences.

(Concluded.)

DURING the passage up the Sound of Mull, some friends got the Doctor persuaded to try his hand at shooting the birds that followed the steamer. Heavy firing could be heard that afternoon in the stern of the ship. If you stood near enough to the Doctor when the dreaded revolver went off, it made a sound like the firing of a penny pistol, and we realised it was only a sham weapon after all. The delighted spectators kept up the fun by shouting out, "you winged him that time," "one sea bird less," and so on. But the birds realised it was all a piece of fun, part of the holiday programme, and followed close in the wake of the ship.

Everything went well with us till making for Portree Harbour, about midnight on Wednesday. A wild sea was breaking on an exposed point of land just outside the harbour. In rounding the point the "Clydesdale" was stopped in mid career, taken up by the sea, and shaken as a terrier shakes a rat, and every man on board, crew excepted, measured his length on the deck. I was standing near the cook's galley; and when I got to my feet, I saw the cook pitching back the pots and pans that rattled about his head like a juggler with balls.

A sea washed over the waist of the ship, and, carrying away one man, dashed him up against the lee bulwark. His head was rather badly cut, and he was confined to his berth for the rest of the voyage.

Some twenty passengers, terror-stricken, left the ship at Portree. I happened to be standing near the captain when the exodus was taking place. He was very angry. The harbour master asked the meaning of the exodus, and suggested that it must have been very bad outside.

Said the captain, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders—"They are

a set of hulking cowards—landlubbers. 'Twas only a wee bit jabble of a sea out at the point yonder"; and then, raising his eyes and looking at the heavens, he added—"I have a long passage yet, I wish I was at Thurso."

The Minch was worthy of its name that night. From Portree to Stornoway the propeller was oftener out of the water than in it, and the ship groaned in every timber. I was amused, in the intervals of relief from sea sickness, watching the antics of the Doctor. He was sleeping on the table, and time and again, as the ship rolled, he rolled off on the floor, and spent the entire night in lamentations.

I considered he might have comforted himself with that fantastic ditty—

"Four and twenty stout young fellows,
All of them with umbrellas,
Fell upon poor Billy Taylor,
And persuaded him to become a sailor."

The Doctor left us next day at Loch Inver, bag in one hand, opium pipe in the other, and stalked away into the wilds of Scotland, armed to the teeth, and would probably read that night by the bright fireside of the hospitable hotel Sir Walter Scott's famous description of the duel to the death between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, chief of Clan Alpine.

One of the prettiest sights on the voyage was at Loch Inleard, the first inlet of the sea south of Cape Wrath. The scenery here was simply magnificent, the rocks had the appearance of pebbles, white and glistening. The strait was just about wide enough to allow the steamer to turn. The land on one side rose gradually and on the height there was a spirited highland pony with flowing mane, distended nostrils and splendid action, which raced the steamer up the loch. A striking picture it was, wild, bold, free. At the head of the loch a small boat awaited the steamer containing two boatmen and a lady. The lady was distinctly handsome: face with

finely chiselled features and nut brown complexion. Figure slight, but strong and lissom. She wore an aesthetic costume. When she saw the steamer she clapped her hands, leapt up as if ready to jump into the sea and made other signs of delight and welcome, when she recognised a gentleman on board. When this gentleman stepped into the boat the lady received him with boisterous and happy welcome and was not content till he pillowed his manly head on her heaving bosom. We were told that the lady was daughter of the lord of the manor, that she was a regular Sheila girl, being thoroughly accomplished and well educated, but having a hearty contempt for what was called "Conventionalities of Polite Society."

The gentleman was her lover, up for the shooting, and to all appearance he had stepped from the Purgatory of sea sickness to the Paradise of domestic bliss when he left the "Clydesdale" and trusted himself to the small boat and the arms of the impulsive and beautiful lady of Loch Inleard.

We had a very rough and rather exciting passage round Cape Wrath, but reached Thurso in due time safe and sound. After spending an enjoyable week in Stronsay, Orkney, we found our way back to Leith by east coast steamer, and by the time we reached Coatbridge again vowed "we had spent a most restful happy holiday."

A.

ROMANS SET THE GAUGE.

ANCIENT Rome is responsible for the gauge of our railway tracks, for Stephenson, when he invented the locomotive, decided upon the space between the width of the rails made by the old Roman chariots, explaining that he did not believe that he could improve upon the experience of a power such as Rome had been.

Every standard gauge road the world over is built upon these measurements, which have been found as satisfactory now as when Nero rolled through the streets of Rome with the wheels of his chariot the same distance apart as are those of the modern Pullman.

DEPRESSED.

Vax you take up mit der sparrow,
 Unt your head is mighty sore,
 Unt der cold strikes to your marrow,
 Unt your heart pains at der core:
 Ven der wind is blowing madly,
 Down der shimeys mit a roar,
 Ton't say your'e feeling badly,
 But "run right down to der shiore."
 Ven you're weighing out der putter,
 Posing hams, or cutting cheese,
 Ven your neefs get in a flutter,
 Unt der bepper makes you sneeze,
 Ven you're feelings very sadly,
 Unt der's nuttings seems to please;
 You must sing as sweet and gladly
 As der birds upon der trees.
 Ven you're droubled mit delusions,
 Or der jim-jams or der phans,
 Unt your mind is in confusion,
 Ven der's nuttings can amuse;
 Ven der world seems full of sorrow,
 Unt you don't seem to "entuse,"
 Ton't you never trouble borrow,
 Or your senses you will lose.
 Ven you're asked to go to dances
 Mit a heart about to break,
 Ven your head is full of fancies,
 Unt your happiness at stake;
 Ven der doctor says you're better,
 Though your heart keeps on to ache,
 Shant believe him to the letter,
 Unt den give der phuss der shake.
 J. G.

RECIPES FOR LONG LIFE.

Simply refuse to grow old by counting your years or anticipating old age.

One of the best preventives of age is enthusiasm and interest in affairs of the day. Cultivate pliability, serenity, and poise—mental and physical. Do not allow anything to throw you off your balance. A contented life is a long life.

Avoid anger, discord, hurry, or anything else that exhausts vitality or over stimulates. Cultivate the spirit of contentment; all discontent and dissatisfaction being age-furrows prematurely to the face.

Keep your mind young by fresh, vigorous thinking, and your heart sound by cultivating a cheerful, optimistic disposition.

Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

Don't let anything interfere with your regular hours of work and rest.

Keep busy; idleness is a great friend of age, but an enemy of youth.

JOPPA.

It stands a frontage to the sea; looks out
 On wide expanse of Firth which ebbs
 and flows
 To the far shores of Fife; the hills
 whered
 Do bound our view, like sentinels on
 guard.
 Midway the foamy spray breaks on
 Inch Keith,
 Or, when in mood more calm, it laps her
 round
 With soft caressing waves as she doth
 stand
 In island isolation; showing forth
 Her beacon light aloft, watchful and
 sure.
 The pretty modern pier makes common
 cause
 With utilitarian needs. Onward flows
 The tide of waters eastward to the sea,
 Sweeping round Island May and that
 great rock.
 We call the Bass.

BERTHA WEST.

Setting his Cap:

WITH THE SAD RESULTS OF THE SAME.

It is possible there may be some folk who have heard of "setting her cap" who have never heard, or tried, "setting his." My advice to such is: don't. Through the practical teaching of Mother Experience I attained to this knowledge, and learned that whatever may be thought of the former practice it is a highly imprudent and indeed dangerous thing to attempt the latter.

An August sun was shining brightly on the Highland hamlet where I passed the summer months of 1907, when Jocko and his Italian master hove in sight, and moved down the village street followed by a throng of interested but distinctly cautious children. Jocko had for some time been performing his antics at the door of the mansion opposite. The maid there, on answering the bell, had found 'neath the piazza the small and (apparently) solitary figure waiting demurely on the threshold, with that curiously pitiable expression on his diminutive face which once led Charles Lamb to say that

these small gentry always made him melancholy, reminding him of his poor relations. The sensitive Ella probably referred to the vague, reproachful feeling we may all have experienced, that *something*—but one can never make out what—ought really to be done. Poor relation or not, Jocko had been well received and well rewarded by the bountiful ladies across the way. He had, as a fit return, gone through a repetition of his tricks up and down the piazza-pillars, then saluted, when he and his swarthy guide with their numerous following came across to our cottage.

It was long since I had seen a member of the Sinian race, and, as this specimen tripped along, at the end of his leash, with his curious bendy legs and blinking eyelids, the dejected down-trodden air of the captive strong upon him, my sympathy went out to poor Jocko. With a penny in the one hand and good things in the other I went to the gate to inspect and encourage him. Lamb's poor relation theory might, in this case, have been said to be accentuated by the one garment worn, it being of the very shabbiest, had it not been set off by a headpiece of unusual splendour. This was a cross between the "porkpie" hat and the shako; was composed of rich blue velvet trimmed with gold; and sat jauntily on the tiny cranium secured by a velvet and gold band round the chin.

Having picked up his coin and carried it dutifully to his master, Jocko fell with much more eagerness upon the jujubes and biscuits scattered on the road. He enjoyed and deliberately consumed them, then advanced in little hops towards me, evidently desirous of making a deep impression (which, to tell the truth, he presently did) and thus elicit more sweet bounty. The little low gate, swinging between two spruce-firs, was half open. Up this he clambered with vigour, balancing himself miraculously on the wooden spikes

of the top bar. In the efforts of the ascent his crowning glory had fallen to the one side, and I, deploring his dislevelled toilet, instinctively stretched out to set his cap aright. But no! Entirely misunderstanding the generous impulse that moved my heart, and firmly convinced that theft or some unwarrantable liberty was contemplated, Jocko suddenly transformed himself into the veriest young fiend one could conceive. It was a sad case of "benefits forgot." Not only did he lose his temper (a thing, we know, does happen now and then to members of a higher race), but the spark that stands for reason in that little skull seemed quenched. Contracting every muscle and sinew, and with eyes ablaze with fury, he darted forward savagely upon my wrist—fortunately well covered—and made, in rapid succession, one, two, three unsuccessful attempts to bite out a large, round mouthful of flesh. This might be most amusing to the ring of open-eyed, grinning juveniles around, but was not so to me. Thankful I was when the sharp tugs of the leash put a check on the swift and fell designs of Master Jocko, and dragged him off.

As I contemplated the purpling circle on the wrist, and counted the vicious little teeth marks round about it, I reflected that these gentlemen Jockos evidently prefer—like the other sex—to set their *own* caps, and in whatsoever direction they please.

The moral therefore is plain: always wear well-starched collars; and, whatever unknown evils may lurk in "setting her cap," never—no, never attempt—"setting his."

CRANSTON.

An Extract.

THE medical and nursing care of the patients attracted favourable attention. Many of those in beds were undergoing rest as a part of the treatment in acute mental affections, and in

this connection it was interesting to observe that a number were resting in bed in the open air, a form of treatment which Dr. Oswald was one of the first to introduce into this country, and which he has practised with great advantage to his patients for many years.

"Very extensive changes and alterations in the structure, fittings and furnishings of the Institution are being carried out. Two of the ladies' galleries in the West House have now been sumptuously re-furnished and tastefully re-decorated, while the interiors have been effectively altered by breaking up the long open spaces by means of open arches. Not only is the effect thereby obtained pleasing to the eye, but the character of the accommodation has, by means of these changes, been transformed so as to correspond more closely to the domestic type. These improvements cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence upon those who are confined more or less constantly in these wards."

—From Official Report by Commissioner Macpherson.

OUR COLONIES:

THE OLD LION AND HIS CUBS.

The Cubs lay stretched on a kopje bare,
Beneath wild Afric's sun;
Their paws were huge as a Rocky bear's,
Though they'd not begun to run.

When their bodies have grown, and their
manes are full,
They will hunt the wild gazelle;
They will win themselves mates, with tooth
and with nail,
And be sons of old John Bull.—EDITOR.

Varieties.

History repeats itself: historians, one another.

Others besides Lot's wife have become petrified by looking back.

I hate well-informed people; they're so fond of telling you things you don't want to know.

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY.

"ULTIMATE good is only to be obtained through hardship," said Kong Yue Wei, the Chinese reformer. "Did you ever hear of our great sage, Chang Wu?"

"Well, one day a beautiful princess came to propound important questions to the sage, but was so shocked to note his great age and manifold infirmities that she forgot to speak, and could only gaze at him in silence.

"Daughter," said Chang Wu, smiling, "why do you regard me so strangely?"

The princess flushed and murmured confusedly?

"Oh, father, do—do you not find it very unpleasant to grow old?"

"Yes, very," Chang Wu answered. "But it's the only way I ever heard of to live a long time."

THE NATIONAL DIET.

SAID the counsel who was cross-examining a Scotch peasant, "You state that you were just going home to a meal when this happened. Let us be quite clear on this point, as it is a very important one; now tell me, sir, with as little prevarication as possible, what meal it was that you were going home to."

The Scotsman turned, and facing his questioner said, "Ye wad like tae know what meal it was?"

"Yes, sir, I should," replied the counsel sternly.

"Weel, then, it was oatmeal."

A GOLF STORY.

A GLASGOW BAILIE, who considered himself rather proficient at the royal and ancient game of golf, went to St. Andrews, the Mecca of that game, for a short holiday. At the end of one of his first rounds, with the result of which he inwardly congratulated himself, he inquired at his caddy if he knew Mr. Thomas Macguire, a local magnate. The caddy replied, "Macguire, aye a ken him fine." "Oh, indeed," said the Bailie. "What kind a player is he?" "Player, player! tuts he canna play at a'." "Dear me," then said the Bailie, "I understood he was very good, I had arranged to play him to-morrow." "Oh!" finished up the caddy, "He'll beat you!"

A small church in the Southern States of America was in need of repairs, and a meeting was held to raise funds for that purpose. The minister having said 500 dollars would be required, a wealthy (and equally stingy) member of the congregation rose and said he would give him a dollar. Just as he sat down a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit him upon the head, whereupon he rose hastily and called out that he had made a mistake—he would give fifty dollars. An enthusiast present, forgetful of everything, called out fervently, "O Lord, hit him again!"