

Gartnavel Gazette

Publication/Creation

1911, January

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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum

Founded 1810

New Series. JANUARY, 1911. No. 31.

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Notes.

WE wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. In the words of the good old song which we always sing at this festive season :

A guid New Year tae ane an' a'
 An' mony may ye see ;
 An' during a' the year tae come,
 Oh happy may ye be.

It has often been remarked that while in England Christmas Day, or the 25th of December, is observed with almost the strictness of a Sunday, all work being suspended, in Scotland little regard is paid to its observance, even as a holiday, work going on as usual. This is due, of course, to the stern suppression by our Scottish Reformers of all saints' days, owing to the amount of superstitious and often blasphemous buffoonery with which they were cele-

brated. Christmas, or, properly speaking, the Mass of Christ, was also abolished, as having no Scriptural warrant, our reforming ancestors including all these festivals in the apostolic warning against observing "days, months, seasons," and regarded such days as little better than the evolution of "the mystery of iniquity," which had even begun in the apostolic church. The real day of our Saviour's birth has been no doubt wisely hidden from us, as Bible commentators all agree in stating that Christ was born in either March or September, the month of December being the rainy season in Judea, when neither sheep nor shepherds are in the fields. New Year's Day, or, as it is familiarly termed in Scotland, "Ne'ar Day" is the grand national festival, being, of course, preceded by "Hogmanay," which name by the way, it is curious

to observe, has been a puzzle to all philologists, no one as yet being able to account for its origin. In France and China New Year's Day is observed as a festival, people giving presents to their friends and wishing them prosperity.

The Staff Dance and also the presentation of badges took place on Friday, 14th October, in the large hall. There were present Sir Samuel Chisholm and Lady Chisholm, Mr. Pirrie, Mr. R. D. McEwan, our chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Carswell, and other friends of the institution. Lady Chisholm presented the badges to those successful in the recent examinations for the certificates of proficiency in Mental Nursing, and also the certificates for Sick-Room Cookery, speaking a few encouraging words to the recipients. Sir Samuel Chisholm gave a most interesting address on the subject of "Nursing," comparing the old system with all its shortcomings, from the days of Florence Nightingale, to modern times with all the scientific improvements for alleviating human suffering.

The sittings of the first conference of the British Hospitals' Association were held in Glasgow on the 29th and 30th of September. A number of members, both ladies and gentlemen, visited Gartnavel, where, after inspecting the buildings and the recent improvements, they were entertained to tea. Dr. Oswald, in name of the Directors, welcomed the distinguished visitors, who afterwards were shown over the wards.

A Harvest Thanksgiving service was held in the Church on Sabbath, 9th October, our junior chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Douglas, officiating both at morning and evening services. The Church was beautifully decorated with fruit and flowers by the ladies

with Mr. Barr's assistance and direction. A very handsome pile of vegetables in the vestibule attracted universal admiration, and was declared worthy of the brush of an artist, all being grown in our gardens.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed on Sabbath, the 16th October, at 3 o'clock. The Rev. Professor Cooper of the University officiated, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Douglas.

We have recently been having "Chrysanthemum Shows" all over the country, but we may safely say that Gartnavel stands "second to none" in her display of these beautiful flowers. Mr. Barr has this year an exceedingly fine show of blooms. In one of the hot-houses there is a solid bank of Chrysanthemums sixty feet in length by nine feet in breadth and some ten feet in height, the sight being perfectly dazzling to the eyes. We looked into the Botanic Gardens the other day to see the show of Chrysanthemums at the Kibble glass-houses, but found that Gartnavel was *facile princeps*!

The time-honoured festival of "Halloween" was duly celebrated, each of the patients receiving a "Halloween poke" full of the usual good things.

The class for French reading and conversation in the Ladies' Division, West, has been resumed this winter, under the instruction of Madame V. Dumons.

On Monday, 21st November, an interesting Whist Party took place in No. 5, Ladies' West. A very pleasant evening was spent, tea being served at 9 o'clock with the usual hospitality.

We have much pleasure in record-

ing the promotion of Nurse Macfarlane, who has been appointed one of the charge nurses at Dykebar Asylum, under our old friend and former assistant-physician, Dr. Hotchkiss. Nurse Macfarlane was a general favourite, and leaves with the best wishes of us all.

It is with the deepest regret we have to record the death of Mrs. Gray which took place at the Gatehouse on the 26th of September. Mrs. Gray's family has been connected with the Royal Asylum for thirty-five years, her son, the late Mr. John Gray having for many years occupied the position of gardener under Mr. Barr, and latterly, until his death some years ago, was in charge of the gate, a post now held by his sister, Miss Gray. Mrs. Gray was 89 years of age, and had endeared herself to all by her gentle and sweet disposition. She came of an old Highland family, being born in the island of Kerrara, where her father was a farmer.

The first concert of the season by the Abstainers' Union took place on Wednesday, the 23rd November. The Highland dancing of the clever Thomson children was thoroughly enjoyed by the patients, the youthful performers receiving hearty *encores*. Colonel Roxburgh, one of our Weekly Committee, moved a vote of thanks to the artistes, Bailie Steel and Mr. Robinson replying on behalf of the Abstainers' Union.

On Saturday, 3rd December, we had a most amusing Musical and Dramatic entertainment by Mr. and Mrs. Cussens.

On Monday, 5th December, a Progressive Whist Party was held in the large hall, eleven tables being occupied. The game was greatly enjoyed by all, tea being served about 9 o'clock, when prizes were presented to the winners by Dr. Marshall.

Dr. Marshall at the same time presented the prizes won in the "Ladies' Golf Tournament." This competition came off during the month of August, 34 ladies taking part in the contest, many exciting games being played before the final round was reached. No. 6, Ladies' West, still remains the proud possessor of the Croquet Cup, the second, or rather the consolation prize, finding its way to the East House.

Dr. Hamilton C. Marr paid us his first official visit as a Commissioner on Monday, 21st November, when he received a most cordial welcome. Being a Glasgow man and a graduate of our University we naturally have a clannish feeling towards him.

Owing to the unfavourable weather out-door games at present are at a stand-still. During the "blinks" we have had a little football practice. But we live in hope.

There retired in autumn from the working-staff of this Institution an employee who can look back on an unbroken space of fifty years' service here. Mr. Peter Young, house-painter, has taken this step with regret, and because of ill-health; and the Directors have, on account of his long services, granted him a pension. He has served under three Superintendents and three Masters of Works; and in the management also there must have been during that period many changes. When Mr. Young came here in 1860, the Institution—now well on in the second half of its centenary—must have been still in "swaddling clothes"; and great must be the alteration apparent to him in the personnel, the appearance of the grounds, and the patients since then. We trust that our friend Peter the Painter may fully enjoy the rest he has so well earned. It must

be a fine memory—fifty years' faithful work!—and if Mr. Young, having laid down the brush, would now take up the pen, what vivid pictures of a now remote phase of life here, might not he supply us with.

On Christmas Day the morning service will be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Carswell, the evening service by the Rev. Mr. Douglas. There will be Solo Carols and Quartettes at all diets of worship.

On New Year's Day there will be special services with appropriate music.

In future the list of praise for the Sunday services will be distributed among the congregation during the preceding week. It is hoped that advantage will be taken of this privilege.

We have had the painters in the East House, and several of the wards and galleries have been painted and decorated under the personal supervision of Mr. Scott of Messrs. A. & J. Scott. No. 1 Gentlemen's gallery has been quite transformed by the beautiful and chaste ornamentation. Bright surroundings make cheerful inmates. The ladies—always critics!—are loud in their praise of their mural decorations. "Just quite lovely!" is their verdict.

There will be a special Service of Praise in the Church on Christmas Eve at 7 o'clock.

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humanity.—*Addison*.

Till we have tried it, few of us know how much is gained from committing to memory passages of real excellence. Learn one true poem by heart and see if you do not find it so; its beauties then are revealed.

Examine History, for it is Philosophy teaching by experience.—*Carlyle*.

Note concerning the Corvinuses.

To those of our readers interested in corvine matters, specially in the couple who built so confidently near us last Spring, we supply a few further particulars.

On a clear Sunday morning in October, two handsome crows were observed to alight on the summit of the lofty wych-elm. They were accompanied by four sleek but very youthful birds, and the six of them swung airily for some little time on the flexible and now leafless branchlets.

Now it is only a fair inference to suppose from what follows that these birds were our friends, who in the month of March had been seen by many building their large nest—solid and perfect even to that October day although seven months old and long forsaken. It also seemed to us (but we decline to take an affidavit on this point) a not unlikely thing that they had brought their scions to visit and doubtless honour—according to their notions—the home where had been spent their parents' honeymoon. The visiting was a fact patent to all eyes; but as for the honouring, it proved to be of a peculiar sort, for after a few commanding parental caws (the young ones putting in no word), followed by a momentary but solemn pause, the six birds fell upon the nest, and with much flapping of wings and prodigious clatter and cawings—tore it to pieces. They tugged and shook the ball of twigs till these were loose, then drew them rapidly out and cast them down as fast as they were able, thickly littering the ground with debris.

A friend who along with myself witnessed this sudden sally—amazed and almost scandalized at the savage fury of the creatures—turned to me with an open-eyed, enquiring expres-

sion. "Yes," said I in response, "It is highly probable that these are the Corvinuses and their offspring; who else would do it?" And thereupon the whole party, as if satisfied, rose in a body and steered direct for the Rookeries of Jordan Hill. Their idea may have been: This place shall not be desecrated by others; therefore, we and our children will make a clean end of it; we will not leave "a stannin' stane in Airlie." And so the onslaught, well-considered and powerfully carried out.

CRANSTON.

The Winding Road.

THE road loops up and up, swinging in higher and higher laps out of the valley into the hilly country above. Here on the road are such a friendly folk; breakers of stones; hedge-trimmers; some idle children herding gaunt-boned cows; an agitated ewe with clamorous lambs; and ever and again a tethered but vindictively self-righteous goat. All sorts and conditions of men and beasts are strung in quaint companionship along this twisting thread of road, and he who tramps along the way may take his toll of each, garnering some tale or quip or jest in turn, as fortune grants. It curves a white scroll-work between fields of clover chill with dew, round pasture-lands a-flaunt with July bravery of buttercups, then rising riband-like over a lift of hill, dips to a glade of pine and birch fragrant already in the morning sun. There is a sound of running water where, two fields away, a little stream bog-fed tumbles its tawny gold in bubbling haste over the patient stones. So on by height and hollow, stream and wood, the road leads—on and up, past clustered cottages and lonely farms, by rising curve on curve, till see—how far and

still the valley lies, and here—here are the hills!

Such roads are surely clean bewitched! each turn is like a question half-implied that teases till the inner sense is caught. Each hill awakens dreams of kingdoms yet unseen and grants no peace until its crest is won. What lies beyond? Over that lap, what Arcady? From yonder swell of rising ground what vision of a wider earth? What wind-swept spaces of a further sky?

Away! shake your feet clear of magic dust. Out on the mountain side the spell must break; once on the heather the witchery of the winding road must yield!—but hills are hills, whether road ribanded or not, and the glamour holds, climb them you must or still be haunted by strange unrests, unquiet longings, vague discontents.

Far on the mountain top, what of the world! heave upon heave of hill, brown and green against the blue of the sky with purple hollows where the valleys dip and curve. Then mountains far and dim; then headlands that face to where the quivering sunlight blazons the sea with gold. And best of all and over all the great wide dome of sky under whose silent space comes quiet breath to those that climb. There is no sound of anything saving the whirr of swallows' wings flashing blue circles in the summer air.

So when the visions fade and all the dreams are dreamed, home down the winding road till another golden day and another winding road lure willing feet to walk upon the mountain tops. J.A.P.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never reach.
What unto themselves was taught.
—Crunch.

Prize Competition.

A PRIZE of books to the value of half-a-guinea is offered by the GARTNAVEL GAZETTE for an essay not exceeding 1000 words, on any subject chosen by the writers, historical, descriptive, or social. Subject, treatment, composition, and style, will all count in this competition. The competition is open to every resident in this Institution. The papers must be sent in not later than February 23rd, 1911; and to each, to distinguish it, must be appended a motto or word, but not the writer's name. The Prize-Essay will be printed in the succeeding number of the Magazine.

Our Chrysanthemums, 1910.

IT is the general feeling, we believe, that the exceptional glory of our chrysanthemums this season should have been celebrated in classic of lyric stanzas. But this, our poet for reasons known to himself declines to do; he has, meantime (as he puts it) "struck." Nothing therefore remains but a prosaic pen painfully conscious of its inefficiency.

Our crystal-palace, made taut and trig this autumn, and just in time, by our joiners and painters, must have been amazed at the splendid floral assembly that gathered shortly under its roof. Once safely there the fresh blooms of the winter flower revealed week by week, then day by day, their manifold colours; and, gazing steadily at the sun-god, so gracious this autumn to his children, expanded at last into a wealth of beauty and of stately form and leafage rare to see.

The plants were arranged in the usual pyramidal form rising some twelve feet from the ground, thus securing the largest possible amount of surface in the given space. These

were surrounded by a rich bodyguard, as it were, of snow-capped warriors. Both ends of the greenhouse were so cleverly managed that they presented whole banks of colour to the delighted spectator marching towards them, while the side-platforms were thickly thronged with beauties that delayed his progress at every step.

Now when we recall the fact that one hundred pots of chrysanthemums alone were brought up for the decoration of the hall for the Staff-Ball on 14th October (and never a one went down again!) and that since then a steady supply of plants has been kept up in all the galleries of the East and West Houses, also a plentiful weekly allowance of cut blooms of no ordinary quality—it becomes apparent what ingenuity in overcoming difficulties, as well as what skill, labour, and patience have been expended to bring about so rich a result. And that none of this expenditure should be wasted, we should like here to put in a warm plea for the lives of these plants. It is unknown to many that the florist depends for his next year's crop of chrysanthemums upon the little green shoots springing from the root-stock. These may be taken before but are generally grown after the plant has been cut over. Thus it is important to keep the plants—whether fresh or not—well and wisely watered, and otherwise cared for until they are restored to the gardener's keeping.

But let us return to our floral treat. The long-continued efforts of the florist having this year been steadily seconded by Nature, the results of wise selection in budding were seen to full advantage. It was between the 15th and 26th of November that the climax of our Flower Show reached its height; that is to say, it was then that the largest number of flowers

blooming at the same time had come to perfection. Some were then over, and some still in bud; but who could have told that? for every square inch in most places seemed covered with blooms. Many new varieties have been introduced; and to some of us it was quite as interesting to see old friends developing under favourable circumstances a splendour of colour, size, and luxuriance unknown before, for example, such heads as "Chevalier Dumage" in orange, "La Triomphante" and "National Chrys. Soc. Jubilee" in pink, and the lovely "Nellie Pocket" in white. It seems almost invidious to select where all were so good; but we can recall—and many others can—the joy of coming suddenly on groups (most effectively arranged spite of limited space) of huge brilliant "Market Red" embedded in a snowy bank of "Souvenir de Petite Ami," "Soeur Melaine," and "La Verge," or the even grander, deeper crimson, "J. Shrimpton," with "Eva Knowles," "Elsie," "Modesta," "Lady Hester Smith" and half-a-dozen other gay court beauties swarming around. Pretty "Miss Rose," often so pale, deepened in the glowing autumn days into her true rosy colour. The pellucid petals (blushing through pink into a faint mauve) of tender Vivian Morel, as seen day after day against a clear blue sky, were enough to move the soul of a poet to expression. (Why then not the soul of ours?) Grand heads such as "Silsbury," "Lady Hanham," "Lady Conyers," "Amarel Avallon," were there either towering in strength and brilliance or bending forward with bewitching grace and winningness; while little modest pink and white "Travenes" hung out their soft pompons on long pendulous stems.

Now, we do believe that an impartial judge would have given every

one of them a prize, for no one, however professionally ignorant, could look at them without feeling that each had done his and her best. But we are inclined to think, that as a triumph of growing, "Herbert Cut-bush," "Mrs. C. Becket," "Lord Ludlow," "Mrs. Knox," "Mrs. J. Shrimpton," "Niveus," "Beatrice May," "Rayonnante," and a few already mentioned, afford fully the most satisfaction to the hearts of the growers.

Mr. Barr and Mr. T. Barr attended the Chrysanthemum Show in Edinburgh in October, and saw much that interested them. The trend of fashion in these flowers, they tell us, is at present more and more to the single flower (like our ox-eye daisy but enriched with lovely hues), as being specially suitable for table-decoration. An entire table was devoted to these at the Edinburgh Show; and we may have a good opinion of ourselves (in this respect) for we have now ten beautiful single varieties, the names of which are here given:—"Miss Mary Anderson," "Miss A. Holden" (a sport from the preceding), "Mary Richardson," "Crown Jewel," "Edith Pagram," "Bronze Pagram," "Earlwood Terracotta," "Gracie Lambert," "Purity," and "Miss Rose."

The visits to the greenhouse this autumn have greatly brightened the last three months of the year, and have given to a very large number of residents here an almost daily, pure, and satisfying pleasure.

CRANSTON.

Resolution is omnipotent. With it the weakest are mighty; without it we shall accomplish nothing; with it everything.

The worst kind of pedants are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common-sense, and have read a number of books without taste or distinction. — Addison.

"THE GENERAL."

The "General" upholds his post—
(Which could be filled by few)
Nor ever stoops of self to boast,
Unselfish, kind, and true.
Distinctive, yes, his way to trace,
Yet onward to life's end,
He's one of good old Scotia's race,
To her doth honour lend.
Favourite—"General"—Connote
Handling notes and letters;
While thus his time he does devote,
Deeper makes us debtors.
The Lindsays have a name enshrined,
In Scotland's ancient story,
And *our* "Lord Lindsay" still upholds,
Their fame and ancient glory.
Good wishes—garden—then are given,
Gratitude intertwined,
Trusting withal nineteen-eleven,
Will friendship firmer bind.

A.S.

The Old Red House.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

IT was a day in late September, rich
in glowing light and misty
shadow; all the world was wrapped
in golden haze and my feet rustled
deep in fallen leaves, as I trod the
path beneath the chestnuts to reach
the old red house.

My heart was weary, but the sweet
healing of nature was upon me and I
grew glad and bright beneath her
touch.

The old red house was like a part
of nature; for many years, how many
no one knew, it had stood empty and
silent; the lichen on the tiles
growing a deeper golden, the brick
walls softening, mellowing year by
year.

A gardener lived at the lodge, a
gardener who loved his work; and so
the flowers and creepers did not grow
too wildly, although they never met
their owner's eyes.

I hastened on, next turn of the
path my old friend would stand
before me, beautiful in an autumn

dress of crimson creepers over mellow
walls. But what was this—why did
I pause for full five minutes lost in
wonder—why?

There on the terrace, against a
crimson back-ground, played a troop
of dainty forms, children in white,
rosy boys and laughing girls pelting
each other with the golden leaves,
now falling from the giant beech
above them: and as I gazed a lady,
all in white, tall and slender like the
lady of my dreams, stepped through
the great bow-window to join the
children's play:—and I stood rooted
to the spot behind the great beech-
tree, so near, and yet so far from all
this gladness.

I watched their playing and my
heart grew hungry; I watched in
silence till the west grew red, then a
chill came to the air and a silver-
noted bell called the mother and her
children from the outer cold, to tea
and firelight in the old red house.

They passed through the great bow-
window, beneath the crimson frame
of creepers; and I turned away to the
woods now gray with evening and
filled with autumn wind.

I did not care to question who
these happy people were, or how they
came to chase the shadows from the
old red house; they were a dream to
me, a happy dream, touched with
sadness, only because its brightness
enhanced my loneliness.

As night came on a tender joy
came with it, which none but lonely
writers know: I thought, how that
lovely lady would watch her children
grow; would see them pass beyond
her care into the outer world, but to
me they would still be children, for I
knew that in my writing they would
live; that in the future rosy lips
would smile and chubby fingers
beckon me between the printed lines,
yes, mine for ever.

A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.

Exchanges and Press
Criticisms.

WE acknowledge with thanks the
following exchanges, viz.: *The
Passing Hour*, which, continues
its interesting letters from Canada;
Under the Dome; *The Morningside
Mirror*; *Excelsior*; and *The New
Moon*.

We take the following kindly
notice from *The Glasgow Evening
Times*:—"In the current number of
that bright little periodical 'THE
GARTNAVEL GAZETTE,' it is mention-
ed in an editorial note that the
Glasgow Royal Asylum has now had
an existence of one hundred years. .
The 'GAZETTE' draws attention to
an eighteenth century instance of
that progressive spirit which has ever
since characterised Glasgow, for it
was the first town in Scotland to
provide accommodation for the men-
tally afflicted. The reviewer quotes
extensively from our 'Notes,' and
also part of the song composed by the
late Mr. J. R. Adam, and published
in his little volume of poems, 'The
Gartnavel Minstrel.'"

A Holiday in Fife.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I promised to
write you an account of my visit to
Elie, where I spent a very pleasant
holiday. Elie is, as we all know, in
Fife, and a very pretty quaint little
town it is. We had a lovely house,
with the windows looking out upon
the Firth of Forth—a vast expanse
of blue sea, quite different from the
Firth of Clyde, with its rich heather-
clad hills and romantic lochs. When
I am sitting writing I can see the
famous Bass Rock and the island of
May. Some of our ladies went for a
sail round the Bass, where the poor
Covenanters used to be imprisoned.

What hardships they must have
suffered! The prison, however, is
now in ruins.

Elie, like all the quaint old towns
in Fife, is very picturesque, and of
course has its sands and golf-links.
It was very pleasant to watch the
children playing on the sands, and
building castles with their little
wooden spades. I should like to
read an interesting history of Fife, as
most of its little bays have seen
stirring events in Scottish history.
I am told that when James, Duke of
York (afterwards James II. of Eng-
land and VII. of Scotland) was acting
as Royal Commissioner for his
brother, Charles II., he used to cross
over from Leith to Elie for the pur-
pose of playing golf. We had many
beautiful walks to places of historic
interest. I do not know why people
call the county of Fife the "King-
dom." Perhaps it is in the same
jocular way that the Glasgow people
call the Paisley folks "foreigners." I
am not surprised that Sir Walter
Scott sang the praises of the Forth
with its islets "like emeralds set in
gold," when the sun lights up the
waters in golden radiance.

Yours sincerely,
E.J.S.

(We are always pleased to hear from
our lady readers, especially when they
give an account of their holidays.
We would recommend our corres-
pondent to read that very interesting
book entitled "The Fringe of Fife,"
by Mr. John Geddie.—ED. G.G.)

Strongest minds are often those of whom
the noisy world hears least.—*Wordsworth*.

"We love the man," said a great author,
"who can smile at trouble, who can gather
strength from distress, and grow brave by
reflection. It is the business of little
minds to shrink from duty; but he whose
heart is firm, and whose conscience
approves his conduct, will pursue his
principles unto death."

Scotland and France.

IT is with the greatest pleasure we have to announce that our old friend Mr. Samuel, who is secretary to our Lord Provost, is again to favour us with a lecture, and this time on a French subject, viz.:—"Touraine." We all remember with pleasure his lecture last winter on Sweden, and we are certain that his French one will be equally interesting. The ancient connection of Scotland and France, which existed for centuries, and continued until the eighteenth century, presents a wide and most interesting field for the historical student. A few years ago—in 1895, we believe—the Franco-Scottish Society was founded for the purpose of renewing the ancient friendship between the two countries, especially as regards inter-university relations, and also for the purpose of publishing historical records dealing with France and Scotland. On many occasions, Scotland, when hard pressed by England, turned to her ancient ally for assistance, which was always given. Readers of Scott's "Quentin Durward" will recall the vivid picture of the Scottish Archer Guard at the Court of Louis XI. of France, who, by the way, had married a daughter of James I. of Scotland. The Douglas family were also Dukes of Touraine, the title having been conferred on Archibald, 4th Earl of Douglas by Charles VII. of France. Douglas was slain at the battle of Verneuil in Normandy in 1424, while commanding the Scottish auxiliaries, and is buried in the church of Tours. His son, the 5th Earl of Douglas, and 2nd Duke of Touraine, in company with the Earl of Buchan, who was Constable of France, defeated the English at the battle of Beaugé, in 1421, Buchan killing the Duke of Clarence, brother of Henry V. of England, with his own hand. Thus we

see Scotland assisting France in her troubles. And in more modern times we see James V. of Scotland marrying Magdalene, the daughter of Francis I., and on her death, espousing Mary of Guise, who became the mother of Mary Stuart, who was queen of both France and Scotland. At that time Scots going to France enjoyed all the privileges of French subjects, and the French in Scotland those of Scottish subjects. George Buchanan in one of his finest Latin odes, composed on the occasion of the marriage of the young Mary Stuart to the Dauphin of France, informs us that France derived far more honour from her matrimonial alliance with Scotland than Scotland did from France. He says:—

The Gosh, the Saxon, and the Dane,
Poured on the Scot their powers in vain;
And the proud Norman met a foe,
Who gave him equal blow for blow.
THE EDITOR.

A MEMORY.

Long, long ago, as though to mock
My boyish fortitude and guile,
An unbelieving turkey-cock
Once chased me close on half a mile.
And ever since, as year by year,
Old Christmas bares his hidden board,
When pantries bulge with rousing cheer,
And turkeys crown the festive board;
Then do my thoughts, with backward flight,
Transfer me to that turkey's den,
And, trembling with remembered fright,
I do that fearsome sprint again.
And, further, for the memory's sake—
This memory of my boyhood's prime,
I, when the fare is turkey, take
A second helping every time.
T. L. D.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair.—*Carlyle*.

Ruskin at Derwentwater.

IN all that land of natural loveliness which we know as the Lake District, there is no more enchanting scene than the view of Derwentwater from Friar's Crag, a rocky promontory stretching out into the water about one mile from the town of Keswick. It commands a charming prospect of nearly the whole expanse of the lake, which Ruskin described "as one of the three most beautiful scenes in Europe," and Southey wished for "Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus' purse," that he might build there a house.

From here are seen the richest interminglings of hill and dale, crag and knoll, fertile meadows and wooded islands, all reflected with marvellous beauty of effect in the mirror-like waters of the lake. While to the South, beauty melts into grandeur as the vision is led beyond the Jaws of Borrowdale, away to the billowy outline of Glaramara and the far distant heights of Scafell.

To this delightful spot all lovers of art and literature owe a deep debt, when it is remembered, how a little fair-haired, blue-eyed child, five and a half years old, came here with his Scotch nurse on a summer day in 1824; and amid the pleasing shade of the fir trees, played hide and seek among their mossy roots, scrambled about the rocks, or gazed in childish awe into the clear depths of the water.

From that hour, the influence of nature with all her lavish prodigality of beauty and wonder, took possession of the heart and mind of the little John Ruskin, who, by his genius as her enthusiastic teacher and prophet, was destined to achieve fame and exert an immense influence wherever truth and sincerity prevail.

In "Præterita" he tells us, that the experience of that day was for

him "the creation of the world," and to the end of his life he was rapturous in his admiration of the locality. Here in after years he came frequently for rest and enjoyment, subsequently making his permanent home in the lake district, where for him life peacefully rang to evensong, and where his remains rest in the picturesque churchyard at Conistone, in deference to his own express desire; although the Dean and Chapter of Westminster offered a tomb in the Abbey.

Upon the summit of Friar's Crag stands the Ruskin monument, a simple unhewn block of Barrowdale slate, bearing on one side a medallion likeness of the Professor in bronze, the work of Signor Lucchesi, with the following inscription beneath:—"The first thing that I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater." On the other side is a Celtic Cross with the inscription taken from "Deucalion." "The Spirit of God is around you in the air you breathe. His glory in the light that you see, and in the fruitfulness of the earth and the joy of His creatures. He has written for you day by day His revelation, as He has granted you day by day your daily bread." The lettering was designed and drawn by Mr. W. G. Collingwood the friend and biographer of Ruskin, and the memorial was unveiled on the 6th of October, 1900, by Mrs. Arthur Severn, Ruskin's devoted cousin and comforter.

This simple stone has been placed here by friends and admirers—as Canon Rawnsley explained at the unveiling ceremony—"To shew gratitude for that servant of God and of the people whose eyes were opened here first to the wonder of creation and the beauty of God's handiwork; and in the full belief that the scene

will lose nothing of natural dignity and power to impress by the memory of how it was able, in the year 1824, to impress and inspire John Ruskin."

Apart from its association with the great art critic, this peaceful Cumberland vale retains an old-world connection with the "second city," forming as it did, part of the ancient kingdom of Strathclyde and the diocese of Glasgow, whose first Bishop, St. Mungo, during his flight to Wales in 553 A.D., set up his cross in a clearing, or thwaite of the wood, on Derwentwater side a short distance from Friar's Crag, and there he preached the Gospel to the wild, idol-worshipping mountaineers. The old parish Church of Crosthwaite dedicated to St. Kentigern "the dear friend," marks the spot, and a valley to the north still bears his name, Mungrisdale or Mungo's dale.

A.L.A.

Man.

A MAN'S life is full of crosses and temptations. He comes into this world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip between the two is exceedingly rocky.

The rule of the contraries is one of the important features of the trip.

When he is little the big girls kiss him; but when he is grown the little girls kiss him.

If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest.

If he needs credit he can't get it; if he is prosperous everyone wants to do him a favour.

If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it is for show.

If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner.

If he shows affection, he is a soft specimen; if he seems to care for no one, he is cold-blooded.

If he dies young, there was a great future ahead of him; if he lives to an old age, he has missed his mark.

The road is rocky but man loves to travel it.

A MERE MAN.

IN THE FOREST.

(Translated from the German).

Arm in arm and close entwining,
See this oakwood stand united.
It, one day, in rare good humour,
Music old to me recited.

On the North a pliant sapling
Heralded the windy tussel,
Then, the wind soon spreading further,
Trees are bending, branches rustle.

Mighty force of wind came hither,
Swelled in waves and onward bounded,
Whirling mid the topmost branches
Loud and strong the blast resounded.

Wind now hummed and fluted weirdly
In the crowns, and interspaces,
And, between whiles, butt and taproot
Crashed and moaned in nether places.

Shrill in solo yonder giant
Often rocked his bole sonorous;
Thundering then ever louder,
Followed all the grove in chorus.

Like a shore with raging billows,
Riot was with beauty teeming,
Shimmering pale was all the leafage,
Steady to the southward streaming.

Thus to tune his old old fiddle,
Great old Pan sometimes engages,
Exercising every forest,
In the tones of ancient ages.

In the seven tones he sweeps it,
Up and down unwearied, featly.
In the seven tones so ancient,
Which contain all song completely.

Listening there the fledgling poet,
And the finches fledged in feather,
Lurking in the dusky bushes,
Drink the melody together.

S. D.

A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save censure. Critics all are ready made.

—Byron.