

## **Gartnavel Gazette**

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**1902: a Retrospect.**

THE year opened with snow and frost. Out-of-doors some managed to get amusement and exercise, also a mild form of excitement from tobogganing. Indoors, there were concerts, comic opera and other entertainments. The comic opera performed by our own company was "The Gondoliers." The concerts under the auspices of the

Directors of the Abstainers' Union were continued, and the 45th season was successfully brought to a close. The evergreen Mr. Airlie and also the artistes were in good form.

As the weather improved, golf was resumed, and the Golf Plate or Handicap Trophy was competed for in March, the winner being Mr. O'Brien. In the April competition Mr. Anderson was the winner.

The summer games were carried on with great spirit, and deserve notice under various headings.

**CRICKET.**—During the season 22 matches were played against strangers (besides House matches not here noticed in detail). Of the 22 matches referred to, 10 were won, 5 lost, and 7 drawn.

*Matches won.*—Barlinnie, Richmond, Titwood XI., Dr. Yellowlees' Class, Arts Students, Mr. Hotchkis' Team, Helensburgh, Mr. Barr's XI., Hartfield (Greenock), and Mount Florida.

*Matches lost.*—Ravenna, Godalming (Surrey), Gartloch (at Gartloch), Hamilton Crescent, and Neilston.

The other matches were drawn, and in nearly every instance the Gartnavel Team were in a favourable position

when play ceased. No matches were lost from 1st July to the end of the season. The visit of an English team from Godalming (Surrey) was quite an unusual event, and the Englishmen showed very good form.

Principal averages for the season:—

|                       | BATTING.   |               | Average per Innings |
|-----------------------|------------|---------------|---------------------|
|                       | Total Runs | Highest Score |                     |
| Dr. Scott Lang, ...   | 350        | 53*           | 25.4                |
| Dr. Hotchkiss, ...    | 329        | 69            | 20.5                |
| J. Waddell, ...       | 250        | 47            | 15.6                |
| Dr. Goldie Scott, ... | 211        | 35            | 15.1                |
| Mr. Anderson, ...     | 219        | 45*           | 11.5                |
| Attendant Beaton, ... | 163        | 38            | 10.7                |
| W. Montgomerie, ...   | 56         | 13            | 7.0                 |
| Attendant Mills, ...  | 129        | 33            | 6.8                 |
| Mr. Denholm, ...      | 103        | 29            | 6.9                 |
| Redman, ...           | 41         | 14*           | 4.1                 |

\* Signifies not out.

|                         | BOWLING.      |      | Average Runs per Wicket |
|-------------------------|---------------|------|-------------------------|
|                         | Wickets Taken | Runs |                         |
| Attendant Mills, ...    | 87            | 9.2  | 10.2                    |
| Dr. Scott Lang, ...     | 15            | 5.3  | 3.4                     |
| Redman, ...             | 38            | 7.3  | 1.9                     |
| Attendant Beaton, ...   | 18            | 8.5  | 4.7                     |
| Mr. Anderson, ...       | 22            | 9.2  | 4.2                     |
| Attendant Davidson, ... | 3             | 14.0 | 4.7                     |

LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET were played with great spirit, and the alleged revival of croquet has proved to be a reality. There were about twenty croquet players, and both lawns were always busily occupied when the weather was favourable. There was a Tournament for ladies, which, after a keen contest, resulted in the victory of Miss Campbell. The prize in the Tournament for gentlemen was won by Dr. Lang.

Many will look back with pleasure on the Garden Parties with tea in the open air. The Parties were largely attended and were much enjoyed by those present.

BOWLS AND BOWLERS.—Those who play at bowls must expect rubbers. The "rubbers" appear now in the column or columns for letters to the editor.

During the autumn, golf was resumed, and the Handicap Trophy was

again competed for. In the October competition Mr. Hutton was the winner, and in the November competition, Mr. Denholm was successful—playing from scratch. Some ladies joined in the competition, but although liberally handicapped, they were not successful in carrying off the trophy to the "Ladies' West."

Ladies' cricket was in vogue for some weeks; and, as the ladies really can play, the games proved more exciting and attractive than either croquet or lawn tennis.

We should not omit to record the erection of a handsome new flag-staff in the cricket field, also the appearance of Dr. Oswald's Iceland pony, with foal at foot. Being ornamental as well as useful, they attracted great attention, and were much admired while they were grazing in the paddock.

On October 7th a great ceremony took place in the Hall, as the Medalion Bust of Dr. Yellowless was unveiled. Full particulars of the ceremony have already appeared in the "Glasgow Herald."

On the evening of the same date Mr. Geo. Angus and Mr. Alex. Angus received handsome presentations, subscribed for by their colleagues, on the occasion of their retirement.

Other improvements have to be noted, although some of them are not yet completed.

First, there is the pond for skating and curling now being made. Mr. Barr says that Rome was not built in a day, and by this he means that a curling pond is not made in one night.

A new permanent stage has been erected in the hall, and will be a great boon both to those who perform and to those who witness the performances. Two deaths fall to be recorded, viz.—John Gray, gateman, and David Allan, fireman. Both had rendered long and faithful service, and were well known to many of our readers.

From the rough retrospect here given of 1902, it is apparent that

efforts are being made to provide all possible comforts and amusements, indoors and out of doors, for the inhabitants of Gartnavel. The aim, evidently, is to assure, as far as possible, the advantages of town life in winter, and country life in summer, without the trouble of "fitting."

Last, but not least, we must record the revival or re-establishment of THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE. Some information regarding former Gartnavel publications are given elsewhere, and he who runs may read.

### "The Gartnavel Gazette"

Is not exactly a new periodical. A paper bearing this title was produced in the time of Dr. Balmanno more than half a century ago. It is understood to have been one of the first of such publications in Scotland, and was known before "The Mirror" had appeared, or "The New Moon" had risen. It was a novelty and a success in its day.

Some twenty or thirty years ago "The Gartnavel Christmas Number" appeared, and will be remembered by some of our readers. It had a brief career. Some copies of it are still extant, and have been recently examined.

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE might have been considered extinct, but, like Rip Van Winkle, it was only asleep, and has now re-appeared in active existence.

The moon gives only a faint light, and a mirror merely reflects external appearances.

THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE is comparable to the X Rays, being more penetrating.

We have all heard of the fierce light which is said to beat on a throne, and the re-appearance of THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE certainly throws a fierce light, or rather brings the X Rays to bear on Gartnavel.

### The Shortest Day, 1902.

LEGALLY, every day consists of twenty-

four hours, so that one day is just as long as another. The period of time between sunrise and sunset is shortest this year on Tuesday, 23rd December. On that date, according to the Edinburgh Almanac, the sun rises at 8.46 a.m., and sets at 3.57 p.m. The actual time, therefore, between sunrise and sunset is 6 hours 51 minutes. On 22nd December, the period of time between sunrise and sunset is 6 hours, 52 minutes, and on 24th December it is again 6 hours, 52 minutes. The shortest day (so called) does not always fall on any fixed date. On referring to an old almanac (1891)

we find that 19th December, was the "shortest day" in that year. Some say that winter commences at the "turn of the day." Some say the turn of the day is "midwinter." How then can it be the commencement of winter! At the winter solstice, the sun apparently "stands still," but only for an instant as it turns on its journey.

The next number of THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE is expected to appear about the Vernal or Spring Equinox. Readers are invited to send us their views as to when Spring commences.

Not long ago there was a heated controversy in many newspapers as to when the twentieth century commenced. Perhaps we shall get up a controversy in the G. G. as to when Spring commences. Our own Astronomer (Mr. Lindsay) will doubtless be able to give a sensible opinion on the point.

Wisdom is to know the causes of things.

—Bacon.

Disappointment is a wholesome medicine.

—Ruskin.

Why is this like that? Because there is a B in both.

## OLIVE.

She is a maiden of sixteen sweet summers,  
And they have lightly played with her rare  
dower  
Of girlish beauty; moulding it to pinyon,  
And deepening in her eyes the happy light  
Of home affection; while oft some frolic gay  
Will flash their tender blue to gladsome  
merriment.  
The summer's suns have burnished into  
gleaming gold  
Her wealth of hair, which all around her face  
doth lie.  
Like nimbus of a saint. If I could vision  
forth  
The soul that dwells within a temple here  
so fair,  
I'd picture it as sweet and gracious and as  
good  
As it is fair. A soul attuned to harmony  
With all that is on earth of heaven-born  
melody.

### Our Interesting Neighbourhood.

DR. OSWALD told us the other evening of the old connection of the locality with the Knights Templar. It seems they had a settlement at Temple, hence the name, and that from a fancied resemblance to the valley of the Jordan they gave to our next estate the name of Jordanhill.

Has the Doctor seen the "Auld Wives' Lifts" standing in Craigmaddie Moor, of much greater antiquity than the Templar Knights? This is a cromlech of huge size, the three stones, one placed on the top of the other two, each weighing perhaps sixty-five tons. It is supposed to be an altar of Druid times, and it stands in the midst of a vast depression in the moor, evidently from its regularity and level surface the work of human hands. This is obviously a great theatre, and with the stone altar must be regarded as one of the national temples to which the tribes gathered from far and near at the great festivals of Midsummer, Halloween and Yule.

The worship carried on round this grey stone altar, similar to the altars

still existing round the summit of Mount Nebo, was probably a form of the worship of Baal, and indeed to the present day many customs are practised in rural Scotland, and others live in the memory of old men like myself which coincide with what we know from the Bible of the ancient worship of Baal. It is to be hoped the Doctor will give some of us the privilege of seeing this interesting spot, as it is within easy walking distance for most of us.

ESOR.

### Old Robin.

OLD ROBIN and his wife lived together in a remote and lonely district. They had no near neighbours. Those who knew anything about them looked on Robin's wife as something "uncanny," and old Robin himself had a reputation as being a sort of a wizard.

They began to feel the pinch of poverty, and, having held a consultation, it was resolved that Robin should set out on a journey with the view of mending his fortune.

He set out very early one morning, and, after having tramped many miles, he came to a fine country house and walked boldly up to the front door. Just as he arrived at the door he discovered that there was some trouble and excitement in the house. The lady of the house and the servants were greatly concerned about the loss or disappearance of a valuable diamond ring. No one could say whether the ring had been stolen or merely lost, so Robin at once set himself up as a wizard, and undertook to endeavour to solve the mystery.

The lady of the house, being deeply concerned about the loss of the ring, agreed to accept Robin's assistance, and Robin, looking very wise, said he would have to think it out, and would require the whole day to do so.

He reflected to himself that, by obtaining the whole day to solve the mystery, he would at least be sure of three square meals, although he had little or no hope of enabling the lady to recover the missing ring.

Robin the wizard was soon ushered into a back parlour to pursue his meditations. In a few minutes a fine breakfast was brought to him by the housemaid, and, just as the maid entered the room with the tray, Robin said aloud, "Thank heaven, here's one of them." Robin was thankful to see one of the expected meals, but it so happened that the missing ring had really been stolen, and that the housemaid was one of the thieves.

The maid went back in terror to the kitchen and declared to her confederates that the man was really a wizard, and had said that she was one of the thieves. The butler and cook were implicated with the housemaid in the theft. The housemaid, therefore, confessed to them what the wizard had said.

The butler and cook began now to be afraid of being found out, and it was agreed that when dinner-time came, the cook was to take in Robin's dinner.

Dinner-time came, the cook took in Robin's dinner, and whenever she appeared with the tray Robin said aloud, "Thank heaven! here's another of them."

The cook went off in terror and declared to her confederates that they were sure to be found out. When tea-time came, it was resolved that the butler should wait upon Robin and see what would happen. The butler duly appeared with Robin's tea, and Robin at once said, "Thank heaven! here's the third."

The butler hurried back to his confederates, and they resolved to own up to Robin and give him the ring, begging him to restore it to the lady of the house without exposing them as being thieves. The butler therefore went to Robin again and gave him the ring and a sovereign as a bribe, begging him not

to say where he had found it. Robin agreed. He took the ring and the money, but said little and looked wise. Very soon the lady would be coming to ascertain the result of Robin's investigations.

Just after Robin had received the ring, and the butler had left the room, Robin stood up with the ring in his hand. It was a fine summer evening, and the window of the parlour was wide open. On the table there was some bread which Robin had left, and Robin, still meditating, put the ring into a piece of soft bread. Thereupon a peacock came walking slowly past the window, and Robin threw out in front of it the bread containing the ring. The peacock at once swallowed the bread containing the ring, and the lady of the house appeared to Robin anxious to know the result of his cogitations. Then Robin, looking very wise and solemn, declared that he knew where the ring was.

"Where; oh, where is it!" asked the lady.

"The ring is now in the stomach of that peacock on the lawn," said Robin.

The lady was, of course, incredulous; but Robin insisted that his statement was correct, and that by killing the peacock the ring would at once be recovered. The butler, cook, and housemaid dared not deny anything to Robin, so that the peacock was killed and the ring duly found. Robin received a handsome reward, and he also had acquired a reputation as a reliable wizard.

The lady's husband, who owned the place, was a hunting squire. He had been absent all day, but just after the ring had been recovered, he returned, and his wife at once recounted to him what had happened. He, too, was incredulous, and wishing to test further the powers of Robin, he said to his wife that he would give the wizard a sovereign if the wizard could divine what he (the squire) had eaten for dinner on that day. Now, it so hap-

pened that the squire had been dining with some other hunting squires. A fox had been accidentally caught in a trap, and out of curiosity to ascertain the taste of roast fox, they had had the fox cooked for dinner. When the lady went to Robin and asked him to further prove his powers by divining what her husband had eaten for dinner on that day, Robin, still meditating on his own fate, said aloud, "The old fox is done now." This was taken as a correct answer, and as Robin said nothing more he received his reward. The lady went back to the dining room and told her husband that Robin had said "the old fox."

Being still incredulous the squire resolved to apply another test, and just at that moment a robin flew into the dining room where the squire and his lady were. Then said the squire, "I will give him another sovereign if he will divine what has come into this room just now." Thereupon the squire closed the dining-room window to keep in the robin, and his wife went again to the back parlour to put the question to the wizard. Robin, on being asked to solve this puzzle, remarked, "Poor old Robin—caught at last." He thought he was caught at last, but in reality he had solved the conundrum again, and the lady went off to recount his answer.

Robin having now received far more money than he had hoped for went off rejoicing.

The rest of the history is not recorded. By some it is said that Robin returned in triumph to his wife like a dutiful husband. Those who wish to give the story a pathetic ending may say that his wife looked in vain for his return and soon died of a broken heart.

If you wish to paint a picture of the wickedness of the world you may say that Robin of course went off with another girl and left his wife desolate. Robin's success was mainly achieved by saying little; if he had attempted

to say more he would have been found wanting. *W. S. L.*

### Our Supplement.

THE old wish, the cordial grasp of the hand, the old greeting—"A Good New Year." Twenty new years have dawned since the GARTNAVEL GAZETTE through its Editors wished its readers the compliments of the season, and they have brought many changes. Looking at an old number, dated 1882, we do not recognise among its contributors any who are now with us. And even the printer has gone. To inaugurate our re-appearance, we present to our readers a New Year Supplement consisting of portraits of Dr. Yellowlees, of Mr. George Angus, and of Mr. Alexander Angus. Twenty years ago they were all in office, and the Asylum sustained a great loss by their resignations—Dr. Yellowlees' at the end of 1901, and the Messrs. Angus at the end of 1902.

For 27 years Dr. YELLOWLEES was at the head of Gartnavel, and during all those years he was closely identified with its fortunes, with the happiest possible results to the patients and to the Asylum. It is not for us to enter into details regarding his work here. We hope he will in an early number be one of our contributors, and give us some of the impressions of those 27 years.

Sufficient be it for us to say, that Gartnavel outside and inside speaks of him; while of the works he did, and of the improvements he wrought, are they not recorded in the chronicles of the Annual Reports of Gartnavel? The kindnesses he did to many, and the health he helped to bring to many minds, are chronicled in the hearts of those who know him.

His continued interest in us we look and hope for, and his presence with us is always welcome. The Medallion Portrait of him, most suitably placed in the Recreation Hall he designed,

will show what he was like to succeeding generations; but the present generation desires his presence more than his portrait. We wish him every good wish.

"THE ANGUSES."—It is seldom that two men of the same name, not related to one another, are found occupying high and responsible posts in an Institution, and more seldom still to find them men well fitted for and ably filling their positions; but it has been so for 40 years at Gartnavel, and "The Anguses" have become as well known to many who visit here as the place itself. Men of high character and undoubted ability, they contributed greatly to the welfare and happiness of those in their departments, and their going left a blank that will not be filled for a long time.

MR. GEORGE ANGUS—for the older comes before the younger—was born in the Parish of Shotts, and came to Gartnavel in 1857 when 25 years of age. He was soon made charge attendant of the Infirmary Ward, Dr. Mackintosh saying, "You will keep everything as it ought to be, Angus," and Angus replying, "Beg your pardon, sir, I cannot promise to do that but I'll do my best," the remark and reply being equally characteristic of the men. At that time things were very different in the East House from what they are now, and though cholera was not known in his time it had ravaged the Asylum in 1850. The present Mr. Stirling's father told Mr. Angus that on the day he buried his own father he coffined 20 patients who died from cholera and who were buried near the present farm.

In 1862 he was appointed head attendant of the East House, and in 1868 transferred to the Gentlemen's Division, his presence well fitting him for the place. For 40 years he was thus head attendant and for 45 years in the service of the Asylum.

Dr. Mackintosh in a testimonial said of him that his temper was good and his manners respectful, but he was more for he was firm and yet conciliatory

and his long experience led to his advice being at all times valuable. Possessed of considerable humour his remarks were often to the point and pithy, and by reason of a retentive memory his conversation was interesting and full of incidents of his experience. He was often sent to nurse private cases and to travel, and was fond of reading and well read. In the hey day of the bowling green he was a well-known exponent of the game, and he possesses two pairs of bowls won in hard-contested matches. In latter days back-gammon was a favourite of his, and he was often found playing in No. 4 of an evening, and smoking a pipe with some of the gentlemen. At billiards he is also said to have at one time done well.

The close personal interest he took in his work and in the gentlemen marked him out, and many of those among whom he lived and worked so long miss him more than they can say.

We wish him well in his retirement, many happy days with his wife and family, and good health to enjoy his well-earned pension.

MR. ALEXANDER ANGUS entered the Asylum service in November, 1866, and in two years was made charge attendant and deputy head attendant. In 1876 he was promoted to be head attendant of the East House and held the post for 26 years, being altogether 36 years in the service.

Jauntier in manner than his colleague and of a less sedate cast of mind—he remained a bachelor—he possessed in equal measure the gifts that go to make a good asylum official. His duties on concert and dance evenings brought him into social contact with many of us, and his characteristic announcement of dances as master of ceremonies was peculiarly his own and much enjoyed. With the ladies he was a special favourite, and we are sure he felt saying good-bye to none more than he did to them. This was in large measure due to his willingness to oblige and to his unflinching good temper and

courtesy. He took part in all the amusements and games, but cricket was his forte, and though for many years out of the Asylum team he took a keen interest in its doings and stimulated others by his stories of matches played long ago. His best score we understand was 63 in an Asylum match, and his best bowling average for a season 5.2 runs per wicket. His slow break bowling was never to be despised and keeping a good length, even in recent years he has sent good men back to the pavilion with a "0" opposite their names. We specially recollect one match some years ago against a scratch eleven of the West of Scotland when the Asylum team was dismissed for 32 runs, and when, mainly by his bowling, we won by one run, the batsmen being anxious to score as the wicket was bad and the time limited.

He took a great and commendable interest in individual patients, and in his spare time made companions of some of them to their lasting benefit. He will be much missed for many a day.

We all regretted the illness from which he suffered before leaving us, and we wish him a thorough restoration to health and many years of enjoyment of his pension so well deserved.

### Gartnavel Philosophy.

"All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are, to a wise man, port and happy havens."

This quotation is from Shakespeare (Richard II.), and, if correct, the sentiment must include Gartnavel.—Taking it as the text of a sermon, the expression "all places" includes every place. There is a very ancient adage to the effect that "No man knows where he shall die." It is a more superficial truism that "no man knows when." Now, if no man knows where he shall die, it must also be true that no man knows where he shall live, for a man cannot die without living.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will."

M. S. H.

### Magic.

WE have all heard of a "Magic Lantern," but recently, when some lantern views were exhibited at Gartnavel, the lecturer incidentally mentioned that there was no "magic" about it. Now, the question arises, what is magic? Is there any such thing as magic? We have heard the itinerant professional designate the apparatus simply as "the lamp."

We have heard of the magic flute, the magic wand, and the magic pen; also of somebody's pills, which are alleged to work "like magic." Will any thinking reader send in a good definition of magic, or an explanation as to what is meant by the word "magic"? As yet THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE has not commenced to offer prizes for solving puzzles, but we might safely offer a Currant Bun to any reader who will send in a satisfactory and complete explanation of "magic." It takes little to make people cry, it takes more to make them laugh, and it takes still more to make them think.

### Do you see any Green?

WHEN Hamlet said "Very like a whale," everybody knows that he meant to say "Do you see any green?" but Shakespeare does not fail us, for in "King John" we find the sentence, "How green you are and fresh in this old world."

I once picked up a volume of poems by Matthew Arnold, and before I had read far I came upon a sonnet to Shakespeare. The sonnet, of course, praises the immortal William, and states that everything is to be found in Shakespeare—all the passions, loves, hates, sorrows, ambitions and hopes which belong to the heart of man, or woman either.

Then thought I, if this be so, why should I waste my time reading the poems of Matthew Arnold. I must go back at once to Shakespeare.

KELVINGROVE.

### Early Scottish Shipbuilding.

By GUSTAVUS VASA.

ALTHOUGH the Clyde has become the great shipbuilding centre of the world, and holds the honour of having been the cradle of steam navigation, it was only during the earlier part of the nineteenth century that the large shipbuilding yards began their successful career. It is interesting, however, to find that at the beginning of the sixteenth century Scotland was a strong naval power, while, as Tytler informs us, the navy of England was still in its infancy.

James IV. established a royal dockyard at Newhaven near Leith, and in it a number of warships were constructed, many of them being of large size. In this dockyard was built the largest vessel in the world at that period, her vast dimensions exciting the envy and admiration of both England and France. She was named "The Great Michael," and would probably be about one thousand tons burden. Contemporary historians refer with patriotic pride to the building of this huge ship, which they tell us "cumbered all Scotland to get her to sea," besides using up all the oak wood in the county of Fife. The famous Scottish historian Buchanan writes of her:—"Stimulated by emulation they (Henry VIII. and Louis XII.) endeavoured to outvie her, and built each a vessel a little larger, which, after being finished and fully equipped, when launched, were immovable from their magnitude and unfit for any useful purpose." The "Michael" was launched in 1511, and, incredible as it may appear to us of the twentieth century, was the first armour-clad, her sides being padded with solid oak to a thickness of several feet. Her crew consisted of three hundred sailors and a hundred and twenty gunners, while in time of war she could also find accommodation for a thousand soldiers. The celebrated Sir Andrew Wood of Largo

was appointed her commander, with Robert Barton, a brother of the famous Andrew Barton, as second in command.

In the year 1509, James IV. built two large warships as a present for the King of France, Louis XII. The vessels were delivered to the French Government "fully equipped for war," the guns being probably cast by Borthwick, the famous cannon-founder, who manufactured the "seven sisters" for the king's army, the name being applied to seven very long and beautifully finished pieces of artillery.

On the west coast little was done in the building of large vessels, except at Dumbarton, where several small ships were constructed, one of them being called the "Columbus," after the discoverer of America. It is interesting to note, however, that King James intended to make Dumbarton a naval station, and frequently visited the town.

It was at this period that Scotland made herself felt on the sea as a naval power, the white cross of St. Andrew being both feared and honoured by other maritime nations. On the breaking out of the war between England and France, Scotland was able to despatch a fleet of twenty-three ships to the assistance of her ancient ally. The Scottish squadron was ordered to join the French fleet, the object being to intercept the English transport ships, and at the same time to endeavour to capture no less a personage than Henry VIII. himself. Had this naval undertaking been crowned with success, the course of history would certainly have been changed. It failed, however, owing to the incompetence of the Scottish admiral, the Earl of Arran, Admiral Wood having been retained by King James as one of his military advisers. Had Sir Andrew Wood been in command of the Scottish fleet, there can be no doubt he would either have captured King Henry or perished in the attempt.

## A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

The snow lay thick on the iron-bound road;  
The moon shone bright and clear;  
The way was long and the man was tired,  
And his soul was filled with fear—  
Filled with fear and a dread so deep  
That his bosom heaved with pain;  
To think he had lost what never—ah no!  
He could ever hope to regain.

Christmas Eve—what it might have been!  
Had he not been tempted sore  
To do that awful thing of shame  
He loathed in his sad heart's core.  
Wife and children awaiting him there  
By the firelight's desolate glow—  
"Ah, Heaven, put back the hours," he cried,  
As quicker the heart beats go—  
As lower the poor head hangs for shame  
As he ponders the fearful deed.  
He had done that night at his passion's height  
In his frantic, frenzied greed.  
His boyhood friend—his childhood's shame—  
The man at whose house very hour  
He had sat and supped, alas, too late—  
"Wretched man I am!" he raved.

The snow fell thicker; the vault of heaven  
Grew black, as he screamed with fright,  
"I have lost it, yes!  
I have lost it—guess!  
My last train home to-night."

SKIFFON SCRAWLEIGH.

## Laughter in Court.

**R**URDORON police and criminal courts are the scenes of many sad and harrowing tales, we occasionally read of cases where there is laughter in court, and we laugh when we read the accounts of the proceedings. Of such a nature was the case of a man Miller who was tried a few days ago for obtaining money on false pretences. This worthy Miller must have been a fine actor—but all swindlers have probably a similar gift—Miller victimized various people but only for small amounts, so that they were neither ruined nor seriously injured and there was no particular necessity to be sorry for them.

Miller's plan was as follows—he went to a veterinary surgeon with a plausible story about a cow being ill at address given. After he got them to believe his story, he obtained a bottle

of medicine and also just half-a-crown to pay his train home.

At another place he ordered a string band to play dance music at some assembly in the country, and then only required a little money to pay his train home.

He gave the undertakers special attention for he gave orders to one of them to send a coffin for the body of his sister who had just died; to another he gave orders for a hearse to be sent, and always required just a small advance to pay his train home. There was nobody dead, but that was of no consequence to the enterprising Mr. Miller, so long as he obtained just half-a-crown to pay his railway fare home.

It is as good as a play to imagine Mr. Miller telling his story with a very sad face to the undertakers, and then pocketing the usual half-crown and having his laugh after he got round the corner.

## Editorial X Rays.

**R**s we go to press we have it announced that the performers of "Patience" by the Gartnavel Comic Opera Company will be on the 10th and 12th January, with a full dress Rehearsal on the 3rd. Possibly the Company will afterwards go on tour.

"The Players" come to us with their Athenaeum play about the middle of February. They are always welcome.

In March we hope to have a visit from Mr. Neilson's Amateur Orchestra. Their performance last year was most enjoyable.

The junior and senior courses of instruction to nurses and attendants will be resumed in the week beginning January 12th. The course of practical work in sick-room cookery will not be begun till a later date, of which due notice will be given.

The following nurses and attendants passed in 1902 the examination and received the certificate of the Medico-

Psychological Association for proficiency in mental nursing:—Nurses Mary Bissett, Isa C. Brown, Ellen M. Hawkins, Elizabeth Mearns. Attendants William Duncan, William Ingram.

Mr. Airlie's next Concert will be on Wednesday, the 14th of January, and his following Concerts every four weeks thereafter till the end of the season.

Our next number will be published at the end of March. Contributions of all kinds are invited and should be addressed to the Editor, Gartnavel Gazette, Gentlemen's Division.

## Odds and Ends.

CONTRIBUTED BY VARIOUS RESIDENTS.

A Billy-Biter (*Parus Cereolus*) or Minutimouse has been seen in the grounds. Any one meeting the same is requested to direct him to the N.W. corner of the ladies' airing court, where a sumptuous repast hangs in wait for him. His arrival has been anxiously looked for. Cats are not included in the invitation.

A bullfinch in beautiful plumage has been seen in the garden. He did not call on his mate at the cottage, nor did he even tap at the window.

A white sparrow has been flying around lately, and fraternizes well enough with the common or garden variety. An Irishman said that the white plumage was caused by a fright which the mother bird suffered from the appearance of a hawk at the sparrow's nest.

"You need not give yourself airs," said the turkey to the peacock. "I am a much more important personage than you are at this season. My name is in everybody's mouth." "Yes," said the peacock; "and your body too. Good-bye!"

"Booh!" cried the little boy, and he wept again. "What is the matter?" said the kind lady. "Booh! booh! my father was diving in tacks with a hammer, and—booh!—he hit his finger." "Well, but," said the lady, "that did not hurt you." "No," said the boy, "but I laughed."

1st Joker—I eat mutton because it is sheep.  
2nd Joker—I prefer venison because it is deer.

The sea-gulls have re-appeared for the winter, and are very hungry. The rooks strongly advised them to go back to the river, but they would not be gulled by the rooks.

Dr. Oswald's beautiful singhound, Magella, died, unfortunately, by misadventure, but fortunately the breed is not extinct as one of her pups is still to be seen running about. Every dog has its day, and every cat has its night.

The Gartnavel Gossip says that another comic opera is in course of preparation at Gartnavel, but it does not do to count your comic operas before they are hatched.

Teacher—How did Columbus discover America?  
Boy—I suppose he found it in the Geography Book.

QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.  
The means that heaven yields must be embraced and not neglected.  
I know a trick worth two of that.  
Truth hath a quiet heart.

## CONUNDRUMS.

Why did William Tell? Because the apple split.

Why was Jonathan Swift? Because he thought Defoe was after him.

For GORMES.—Why did Johnnie Bawl? Because James Drayed,—or, because he did not think Sandy Herd.

## Letters to the Editor.

MAGPIES.

Sir,—There are some pretty magpies about this place, and when I see one or more of them I am always reminded that the magpie, or the appearance of the bird, has often been looked upon as an omen of good or ill in the future. The saying goes, "One's joy, two grief, three a wedding, fourth a death." I think it would be very nice to have one of the magpies in a cage—only one—and then we would be sure of Joy.

Yours truly, J. W. T.  
Gartnavel, 8th Dec., 1902.

Reply—First catch your magpie.

## THE BOWLING GREEN.

Sir,—I'm no' much o' a writer, but am sending a few lines to suggest that the Gartnavel Bowling Green is not a credit to the place, and it needs to be relaid. I'm no' denying that we had some good games last summer on the present green, but only a small portion of it is passable or fit to play on. The greater part of it is so uneven and full of weeds that nothing short of relaying will cure it.—I am, &c.,

AN OLD HAND.

5th Dec., 1902.

Sir,—There has been a rumour for some time, that a new bowling green was about to be provided for the inhabitants of Gartnavel, and that it was to be situated in the open field, either in the east field or the cricket field. I now write to point out that the present bowling green, besides being a bowliing green, is also a general rendezvous or resting place in summer. It has to be borne in mind that the great majority of us are unable or unwilling to play at bowls, and we only want a rest and a nice shady seat during the hot weather. Perhaps, therefore, it would be better after all merely to relay the present green, which is in a well shaded spot. It would not be an unmixed blessing to have a new green if situated in an open field, and with no shady spots near it, for myself and others who are merely spectators. Doubtless there is something to be said on both sides of the question, but I trust this point will be duly considered.

SPECTATOR.

Dec. 8th, 1902.

Sir,—By your kindness I am able to reply in this number to the letter of "Spectator" regarding the bowling green, and I am sure his mind will be much relieved when I say that the intention is to retain the situation of the present green as a sequestered spot

where he can sit and meditate. The new bowling green is to be in the east field, just across the road from the pavilion. Trees will soon grow up around it, and it will not be overlooked by visitors. It is proposed to convert the present green into a curling pond, either with concrete surface and suitable for tennis in summer, or as a deeper pond, in and round which water and other plants would be grown, and on which water-fowl might be kept. As a shadyspot it will then be improved, and the lapping of the water on its pebbly banks will still further promote pleasant meditation. The pond at present being made in the north-west portion of the ground is for skating, and will be dry in summer. While these are the intentions at present, the scheme may be altered as the work is gone on with.

L. R. OSWALD.

## NOT UP TO THE MARK.

Sir,  
I might write you some lines—I might scribble some verse,

While the days are so dull and so dark;  
But the work must be light, and the language be terse,

For I do not feel up to the mark.

Some folks like to work, and some folks like to play:

Some folks play at golf in the park,  
I sew and I knit, and I grumble all day,  
For I do not feel up to the mark.

I walk round the grounds, then I feed and I read;

I notice the dogs when they bark;  
My spirits are low, though I have all I need,  
For I do not feel up to the mark.

I like to go out and to hear a bird's song,  
Be it blackbird, or mavis, or lark;  
But I will not be lured to the game of Ping Pong,

For I do not feel up to the mark.

With the snow, and the fog, and the wind,  
and the rain,

We must feel as they felt in the ark.  
If the better times come, it may not be in vain;

But as yet, I'm not up to the mark.

ROBINA.