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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



Founded 1810

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Notes.

"Quhen Merche wes with variand windis
past,
And Appryll had, with hir silver schouris,
Tane leif at nature with ane orient blast."

ANOTHER winter has passed, at least we hope so, and the world around is making tentative efforts at spring. The trees are budding, birds are nesting, long lost flowers are peeping timidly above ground, and nature is beginning to look cheerful once again. We had almost said so are we, but that would scarce be accurate. We have been most aggressively cheerful all winter. Concerts, dances, plays and parties have gone merrily on during the past five months or so, and, whatever the winter may have been out of doors, within it has been full of glowing hours which we have not been slow to chase with flying feet.

Could Botticelli, or some other of the masters of colour, have visited the hall one evening in January, he would have found there a scene worthy of his brush. Merry dancers, in the gayest costumes, flitted around in a glorious kaleidoscope of blending colours. Red, blue, green, gold, every hue of the spectrum dazzled the eyes of the observer, as lords and ladies gay, soldiers and sailors, fairies and pierrettes went whirling by. The occasion was the Annual Fancy Dress Ball; and the ingenuity and care, which had obviously been expended in devising the various costumes, were well repaid by the excellent effect obtained.

A keenly contested billiard tournament was held during the first fortnight of the year. No fewer than fifty-two competitors entered the lists; and some very fine play and

closely fought ties were seen, even in the earliest rounds. The interest of course grew keener as the weeding-out process advanced, and the growing body of the fallen followed the struggles of the thinning ranks of the survivors. Doughty opponents were left to fight out the closing rounds. In the semi-finals, Mr. L— beat Att. Frost (250-158), and Dr. Ross beat Mr. M— (250-196); while in the final Mr. L— beat Dr. Ross (250-167). The best breaks were made by Mr. M—, 38; Dr. Ross, 36; Mr. L—, 36.

Our football season has ended much more gloriously than it began. Of the last five games played, four have been won and one drawn; while 22 goals have been registered for Gartnavel against 7 lost. This is a very decided improvement in form. In the last issue of the *Gazette* we offered some good advice to the team; apparently our words of wisdom have been taken to heart.

The Monday and Thursday parties during the past few months have been merry little functions, which all of us most heartily enjoyed; and the *Gazette* would like to record the thanks of all its readers to Miss Lorimer and her energetic assistants for their generous labours in helping to while away so many winter evenings.

The golfers are beginning to take an interest in life again. The course is firming up after the winter's rain, and soon the holes will be back to the summer greens. There is a scheme on foot, we hear, to lay down several bunkers in the east park, an improvement which, we are sure, would add to the excitement of what is already quite a sporting little course, and would be welcomed by all the devotees of the gully.

The St. Vincent Cup was played for in February, and was won by Att. Gardner, who returned a score of 75-10-63. The sterner sex have re-asserted themselves.

In January, the Gartnavel players covered themselves with glory, earned unstinted applause, and ever since have been basking in luxurious self-contentment.

The cricket season will soon be upon us; though what the prospects of the team may be during the summer we cannot even venture to guess. A large proportion of last year's eleven are no longer with us, and we can only trust that their successors may prove worthy to fill their shoes. On another page we print the fixture list for the coming season.

We sustained a heavy loss on the departure of Att. S. Frost, whose bowling used to be such a joy to ourselves and a terror to the poor unfortunates who had to stand up to it. He was a fine performer with both bat and ball, and, perhaps better still, he always 'played cricket.'

The Medico-Psychological examinations are at hand. The classes, senior and junior, are working at high pressure, and midnight oil is at a premium. The majority, however, we are assured, can look forward to the approach of May with easy conscience and considerable confidence.

Another trial is at present engrossing the attention of some of our friends. The medical degree examinations are just now in progress, and we offer best wishes for success to all of our former clinicals who are undergoing the ordeal.

A unique assembly graced the Ladies' West one afternoon in February, when there were entertained to luncheon no fewer than seventeen matrons of Scottish Asylums. This must be the first occasion on which the heads of so many mental nursing staffs have been gathered together.

"Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is
balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest
smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy."

Our Plays.

ON the 3rd of January two plays, "*Burglar-Proof*," and "*Country Coortin*," the latter in the Scots vernacular, were successfully presented by the Gartnavel Opera Co., and a repeat performance was given on the 17th.

Dr. Ross ably sustained the part of the burglar, and though for long failing to convince Mr. Arthur, the master of the house, of the genuineness of his claim to be a burglar, did, in the end, after a striking professional coup, leave the latter gentleman in no doubt as to the *bona fides* of his repeated assertions.

Kitty, Mr. Arthur's daughter, who was capitally impersonated by Sister Salmond, looked charming in a gown of white, tastefully set off with pink roses displayed above a cinch of dark silk, and with a jewelled aigrette in her hair. On the arrival of her father, who suspects something (Kitty having just prevailed upon the burglar, with whom she has had a long and interesting conversation, to conceal himself behind the window curtains), she is in evident perplexity as to how to act, and, at first, vigorously denies that anyone has been with her; but, on her father

picking up the burglar's forgotten hat, is reluctantly compelled to confess that she has had a visitor, and that he declares he is a burglar. Needless to say, she stoutly maintains her disbelief in his assertion. The burglar now makes his appearance to, as he chivalrously states, save Kitty from her embarrassing position, and is bravely championed by her, until, in the narration of his life story, which follows, comes the unexpected reference to the other woman in his life. Then, woman-like, Kitty suddenly changes front, and shows, or pretends to show, grave resentment. Later, however, she returns to her old position, and persuades her father (a character excellently maintained throughout by Dr. Black) to allow the handsome burglar to escape, which he does (the lights having previously been turned out at his request) through the window, and with everything of portable value within reach.

Of the characters in "*Country Coortin*," Meg, a comely and attractive Scots 'lassie,' with a will of her own, but sufficient tact to carry her point, without any too apparent self-assertiveness, was ably impersonated by Miss Lorimer.

Rab Mitchell, whose part was taken by Dr. Black, is the easy-going farmer, content for the sake of peace, to submit to many humiliations at the hands of his wife, but, at length, through the tact and firmness of his daughter, induced to assert himself, and so to bring about, by a policy of 'peace with honour,' the happy union of the two lovers.

Mrs. Mitchell. The role of the 'fightin' wife' was well sustained by Sister Brodie, who, having thoroughly mastered her part, gave an excellent impersonation, and acted with spirit.

The *Dominie* and the *Laird's*

Agent (Dr. Forsyth and Mr. Douglas), an amusing couple, both deeply enamoured of Meg, and each pretending to despise his rival, while really standing in fear of him, provided a humorous interlude to the more serious part of the play. The scene in which, while they are both in hiding (the one under the settee the other in the coal bunker), they learn the truth regarding themselves, each immediately thereafter to discover the other in his hiding-place, may justly be regarded as the *piece de resistance*. Might we suggest that a few incontrovertible proofs of his place of concealment on the exuberant countenance of the Laird's Agent would, while the Donny held him by the ear, or even earlier, when, in regular 'Jack-in-the-box' fashion, he so pertinaciously endeavoured to discover the identity of his rival, have considerably added to the effect. Certainly the Laird's Agent was *par excellence* the 'funny man' of the piece.

Tam Gordon (Dr. Ross), as the diffident lover, not in favour with Mrs. Mitchell, acts his part with prudence, and affords a shining example to others, so situated, of 'how to do it.' Like a wise man, he is content to leave his fate in the hands of Meg, who, by her tact and wisdom, and more than all, by that instinct of her sex, which, in difficult situations, intuitively tells them what to do, expeditiously brings matters to a happy ending.

In the interval between the plays, striking selections were given by the Pierrot Band, a unique combination of musical talent, ably conducted throughout by Mr. J—. If we may single out any performer in this combination for special mention, it would be the gentleman on the extreme left, who, by his plaintively humorous rendering of some of the

predominating treble passages, accompanied by a most expressive raising of his trombone in the air, caused no little merriment among the audience.

Signor Guttiperga, our ventriloquist virtuoso, with his wonderful wax figures, also provided an enjoyable interlude, which was carried through with marked ability and success.

To the Gartnavel Orchestra we are much indebted for the excellent music provided before the commencement of both plays. We were pleased to see Signor Guttiperga at the piano, which he played with his accustomed ability. Nurse Kerr's violin playing was marked by refinement and taste, Master Robert Barclay showed a conspicuous mastery of the technique of his art, and both were ably supported by Mr. John Bell.

For the excellence of the stage arrangements, which worked without a hitch, and the taste displayed in the furnishings and fittings of the scenes, our thanks are due to our ever obliging Master of Works, Mr. Wilson, and his capable and willing assistants.

OCULUS THEATRI.

Football, 1913-14.

THE football season, which has just ended, has been a somewhat mixed one. We began by losing consistently, and ended by winning with equal regularity. As to how much of this was due to improvement in Gartnavel's play and how much to a change in the nature of the opposition, we will not venture an opinion. There is no doubt, however, that our team did improve very greatly, and towards the end began to shew a little of that combination which was so conspicuously lacking at the beginning of the season. A word as to the various departments of the team. The goalkeeping was good all through, but most especially during the last few games.

Our latest acquisition is a marvel of safety, certain with his hands, and powerful, although rather unconventional and perhaps even a little risky, with his feet. The backs were very safe, not showy but sure. The halves were unequal and a trifle variable. Their tackling was good, if at times rather strenuous, but they did not always seem to make the best use of the ball when they parted with it. What can we say of the forwards? They scored 21 goals in four games. That speaks for itself. Though some of them appeared to have a deep aversion to their proper places on the field, they made quite up for that in speed and energy. A special word of praise must be given to Att. Taylor who made an excellent pivot, and in one game scored four goals himself.

RESULTS OF GAMES.

Teams.	For.	Ag.	Lst.
Glasgow Caledonians.	1	6	Lst.
Glasgow Caledonians "A."	0	1	Lst.
Parkhead Arsenal.	4	3	Wn.
Albert Road F.P.'s.	1	2	Lst.
Armoury Athletic.	0	2	Lst.
Langside Crusaders.	6	3	Wn.
N.B. Railway F.C.	1	1	Drn.
Royal Albert.	8	1	Wn.
Dennistoun Corinthians.	6	2	Wn.
Townhead Parish Church.	1	0	Wn.
RECORD FOR 1913-14.			
Plvd. Won. Drn. Lost. Gs. for. Gs. Agt.			
10	5	1	4 28 21

Cricket.

The following games have been definitely arranged:—

May	2—Anniesland United.
"	9—Rutherglen.
"	16—2nd Ferguslie.
"	30—Airdrie Brotherhood.
June	17—Glasgow Academy.
"	20—Gartloch.
July	4—Unitas.
"	11—Pollok.
Aug.	1—Denny.
"	8—Gartloch.

Games are also being fixed with 2nd University, Hawkhead, Dennistoun, and many other clubs.

THE COLLEGE GYP.

"No! 'taint not Donnybrook Fair, nor a Hinjun corroboree!"
 'Tis a pretty 'calthy noise, but yer doant get it out o' tea!
 That's young Squire Fields a-winein': e's one o' the good old sort.
 With a 'calthy taste for brandy, an' a 'calthy taste for sport.
 No! 'taint not Donnybrook Fair, nor the battle o' Waterloo!
 That's young Squire Fields a-winein', an', when 'e wine, 'e do!
 Doant know what's come to the gents, as comes oop now from school?
 Book-larned enough, may be, but their 'orsenship is crool!
 Milk-faced an' maiden mannered, as loves nor grapes nor 'ops.
 With never a mouth for brandy, but a 'orrible thirst for slops!
 But that aint a hexecution in the square at Timbuctoo!
 That's young Squire Fields a-winein', an', when 'e wine, 'e do!
 "Yes, a 'orrible thirst for slops, blown hoot wi' corrie an' tea,
 A-makin' this hancient college a ladies' academy!"
 Not like Squire Fields down stair-case, as knows 'is bottle o' port.
 Gaud bless 'im, sir, says Oi! 'E's one o' the good old sort!
 The hidea! that a Hish wake! Yer call it a 'allabadoo!
 That's young Squire Fields a-winein', an', when 'e wine, 'e do!
 "They goes a mincin' about, an' wears a embroidered tie,
 And when yer hasks for horders, they hawsers with a sigh:—
 'Bring me some corrie, Jenkins! Oh! quite a little drop!'
 An' they walks about wi' a gamp instead o' a 'untin' crop!
 But that aint old Dahomey, nor Saturday at the Zoo!
 That's young Squire Fields a-winein', an', when 'e wine, 'e do!
 "Yer doant seem ter complain much, I 'as my 'opes o' you!
 An' yer liquors yer yerself wi' a quiet friend or two.
 I'm a' old man, sir, an' talkative, but you jist take my advice:
 When yer aint quite well, 'ave brandy: it's 'calthy, an' it's nice!
 An' true—Squire Fields is noisy: e's one o' the old true-blue!
 But 'e knows no better, 'e doant; an' when 'e liquor, 'e do!"
 Oct. 8, 1913. JOHN EVELYN BARLAS.

The Old Town's Hospital— 1733.

As the Centenary of the opening of the first Glasgow Royal Asylum falls to be celebrated this year, it is well to remind our readers that to Glasgow belongs the honour of being the first town in Scotland to make provision for the care of the mentally afflicted. In the building known as the Old Town's Hospital, situated on the banks of the Clyde, near the foot of Stockwell Street, the lower storey, or ground flat, was set apart for the housing of the insane. The hospital, which was the first poorhouse in Scotland, was erected by public subscription chiefly through the exertions of that famous physician, Dr. John Gordon, who was ably supported in his philanthropic work by the Rev. John MacLaurin, brother of the famous mathematician, one of the parish ministers of Glasgow, and other generous citizens, and was opened on the 15th of November, 1733. We take the following from the "Report by the Directors":—"The Directors have it under consideration, especially if the House be encouraged with benefactions, to build a more convenient Infirmary, and also proper apartments for people who have lost the use of their Reason, which is a thing very much wanted, *there being nothing as yet of that kind in North Britain*, and such Apartments might be useful, not only for People under that Calamity who belong to this Place, but also for such People from other Places on reasonable terms." Among other things the Report goes on to state:—"And it is to be hoped that the good

success of this design in Glasgow will encourage other Cities, and all the Shires in Scotland to follow the example, and extend these advantages to all parts of this Country."

The Magistrates and Town Council allotted a piece of ground for the hospital and also for a large surrounding court on the Old Green (the ground is now entirely built over), the situation being thought "very wholesome, pleasant, and commodious on various accounts, and particularly for good air and water." The several Corporations or Societies of the City of Glasgow, who had the management of the Public Charity Funds, also gave their hearty support to the erection and maintenance of the Hospital. The Report tells us:—"The Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons made a generous Resolution, of great importance, for encouraging the intended Hospital, agreeing to attend the sick people in the Hospital by turns, each Physician for a year and each Surgeon for a half-year, during the first six years after the opening of the House; giving their advice, medicine, and attendance gratis all that time." The officials of the House, when it was opened, consisted of a "Master," a "Mistress," and four servants, which certainly was a small staff, though of course the inmates would assist in the general work.

The diet seems to have been plain but wholesome. For breakfast, oatmeal, porridge and ale; for dinner, broth, sometimes made with meat, and sometimes without on certain days, and bread and ale. On other days the inmates also got herrings, greens and potatoes, while the "Master" and "Mistress" were allowed a discretionary power in

giving finer food to such as required it. Mr. Robert Reid (better known as "Senex") in his "Old Glasgow and its Environs," says: "A considerable portion of the front line of East Howard Street belonged to the City of Glasgow, being the north boundary of the Town's Hospital, and here, I remember, were placed the cells for lunatics, having small iron-grated windows looking into the Hospital burying-ground. These cells were mostly wretched holes on the ground floor, in which the unhappy sufferers for the most part had to sustain the additional affliction of solitary confinement, and the violent ones to pine on a bed of straw." Mr. Reid, who wrote in the middle sixties, although then over ninety years of age, goes on to draw a contrast between the old and the new treatment of the insane. He continues: "Regarding the change which has taken place in our city, in this respect, we have only to cast our eyes on the splendid establishment at Gartnavel."

We take the following from a small pamphlet entitled, "Report of the General Committee appointed to carry into effect the Proposal for a Lunatic Asylum at Glasgow," which shows that real philanthropic Christian men had long been considering the unhappy condition of the mentally afflicted, and earnestly desired to find more comfortable accommodation for them than that afforded by the Town's Hospital:—"In the Hospital of Glasgow some wards had been long set apart for the reception of the insane; but these wards although they were limited in number and size, were quite unsuited either to the cure or comfort of the patients. Accordingly, on the motion of Robert McNair, Esquire, one of the Managers of the Hospital, a small Committee was appointed to

take the state of the Lunatic Wards into consideration." The Report of this Committee was a very full one, and urged the importance of a separate building in Parliamentary Road, which for thirty-two years was known as the Glasgow Royal Asylum, until the erection of the present buildings at Gartnavel, which were opened in 1843.

The chief promoters of the Town's Hospital were, as we have already stated, Dr. John Gordon and the Rev. John MacLaurin, both famous men in their day. Brown, in his "History of Glasgow," published at the close of the eighteenth century, bestows the highest praise on this truly philanthropic physician, calling him "a true patriot," who was always anxious to promote the welfare of the town. "He did much to encourage the linen trade," Brown tells us, "and was one of the partners of Graham's Town Factory, the first of its kind built in this country." The good old doctor died in 1772. He had two "medical apprentices," however, who became more famous than himself; they were Tobias Smollett, the novelist and historian, and John Moore, also a novelist and miscellaneous writer, who was the father of General Sir John Moore, the victor of Corunna. The Rev. John MacLaurin, whose brother was Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, was also held in the highest estimation by the citizens of Glasgow. His father, the Rev. John MacLaurin, was parish minister of Glendaniel, in Argyllshire, near the famous Kyles of Bute. "He was employed by his Synod," we are told, "in completing the Scottish version of the Psalms into Gaelic, which is still used in divine service in the Highlands"; he also published a volume of sermons.

A.N.S.M.

Our Incubator.

WE had the pleasure of inspecting, the other day, the Incubator which is under the superintendence of Mr. Thomas Barr, and at present located in the old carriage stable. We had often seen pictures and read descriptions of these truly wonderful modern inventions, but at last we had an optical illustration by seeing one in full working order, and also a brood of some fifty or sixty lively chicks just newly hatched.

The Incubator is something like a wooden box, about two feet square, raised on legs about one and a-half feet from the ground. There is a tray to contain the eggs, which must be turned twice a day, and a lamp fixed at one side, which conveys the heat through a small flue to the tray. When the chicks come out, they easily jump, or rather scramble, down a step of about three inches into a cloth-lined chamber underneath the tray, where they are allowed to remain for a short time until they are ready to enter the Brooder. The Brooder, we must explain, is a wooden box, or rather house, with a ridged felt-covered roof, about nine feet in length, by two feet square, having a wire-netting window, and is divided into two chambers, one being heated by a covered lamp. The warm chamber we may term the chicks' cosy parlour, and it is an interesting sight to see the fluffy little things, after feeding in the outer compartment, going, as we say in Scotland, "ben the house," to their nice warm parlour, which they enter by a little arched doorway. Here they cluster with happy "cheeps" round the protected lamp, which is fixed in the floor, and enjoy the comforting heat.

After Mr. Barr had explained the whole process of incubation, we came to the conclusion that the

Incubator was really a most wonderful thing, and for hatching chicks certainly a great advance on the old system of trusting to a hen-mother. Although in our country the Incubator is quite a modern affair, we are told that it was in use in China a thousand, or rather we may say two thousand years ago. The Celestial Incubator, however, was of very simple construction, being merely a hot-bed composed of manure and decayed vegetable matter, which generated sufficient heat to hatch the eggs. We are certain Mr. Tom Barr will be delighted to show and explain the process of incubation to those who are desirous of inspecting the Incubator. A.M.

KINGS' DAUGHTERS.

I.

Dear Morag, Sheila, Isabel,
Who come from 'mid the magic spell
Of th' ocean-girdled Hebrides,
Their winter mantle of the mist,
Their heights by summer sunbeams kissed,
The azure of their streaming seas
Darkening before the whispering breeze,
True daughters of the old Sea Kings,
This tribute one who loves you brings.

II.

Brave Highland maids, bright, coy,
demure;
Of mind alert; with hearts as pure
As breezes from your virgin hills;
With laughing faces like the light
On wimpling brook that onward tells
Its roundelay; your life a song
Of goodness 'mid the city's throng;
Ye bear the burden of the weak,
And grow, as Christ would have you,
strong. J.M.C.

At the Lord Provost's reception to Glasgow nurses last month, more than one observer was heard to remark that the Gartnavel group carried the palm for smartness and the other qualities which go to make the perfect nurse. Our lady friends bow to the compliment, and are not inclined to disagree with it.

A Sad Disillusionment.

I ATTENDED an immense political meeting recently. And, as I invariably do, I secured my seat very early—because I am a psychologist and love to study faces and deduce from them all sorts of inferences (generally correct) regarding the characters behind them.

On this occasion I sat near the hall-entrance—the most excellent coign of vantage; and it seemed to me that the procession which filed past me was the motliest one of my experience.

People of all sorts and conditions and ages were there, from squealing babies in their unabashed mothers' arms, to white-haired, toil-worn old men with bent shoulders and dim restless eyes.

I saw the two types of city business men—the genial one, admirably keen, and alert, and wary, with an eye ever upon the main chance; and the loathsome, smug, self-sufficient one.

There were the effusive university students; the professional gentlemen, intelligent-looking and otherwise; and eager young mechanics whose hour of quitting work had manifestly been too late to permit their applying soap and water to remove their griminess; only a very few wore collars, and these somehow looked uncomfortable and unbecoming.

Then there were ladies—ladies fair and fragile; and strong, aggressive, recklessly-dressed ladies, whom silly people too often mistake for suffragettes.

But one face amongst the several thousands attracted me particularly, and, indeed, held me spellbound from the moment I observed it.

It was a girl's face, which could not have been in the world more than eighteen or twenty years—probably less, as the expression appeared so bright, so childlike, so sweet, and

naive, and artless. She came in a few minutes before the chairman rose to introduce the Cabinet minister, who had come to address us; and she sat down a little in front and to the right of my exultant self, where I could feast my eyes upon her loveliness.

So much occupied was I in admiration of her, that every word which came from the platform missed my ears completely. I could not tell you a single sentence the famous man gave utterance to.

I studied her every feature, but especially her eyes, which were big, and dark, and wonderfully riant, and so very, very kindly. And lastly, methought, if only I could hear her speak! Her voice would surely be the sweetest one in the world, sounding like silver bells, mayhap, or the music one sometimes hears from the bird-laden trees in the evenings of the joyous springtime.

Almost simultaneously with my imagining, and in crushing response to it, the beautiful creature rose suddenly to her feet and, in harsh, strident tones, like some vulgar coster-woman, she simply shrieked "Votes for Women!"

Ah me!

W.H.

SPRING.

When noses redden in the wind,
And coughing drowns the Chief's
remarks,
When all the fruit on tap is tinned,
And eggs are pigmy Noah's arks—
I long for Spring.

Aye, though you shake a warning fist,
Shewing you think my song absurd,
And though the Editor will twist
My neck for mentioning the word—
I long for Spring.

I long to catch a glimpse of green,
To hear the hedgerow-hopper's song,
To quit for good the fireside screen,
And feel the sun; in fact I long—
I long for Spring.

BENEDICT.

Life and Work in a Labour Colony.

LABOUR colonies are established for philanthropic purposes, to restore men to a state of physical health, thus restoring hope and recreating a desire for self-respect and self-supporting manhood.

I can testify, from a year's experience, to the fact that wonderful results are brought about by steady application to the farm and garden work which is allotted to one in a colony.

There are very many opportunities in such a place for observing nature in its manifold beauties. Bird life is a conspicuous feature of the Solway district, where the Scottish Labour Colony is situated at Midlocharwoods. Crows usually predominate, occupying the highest trees, and, by their cries, drowning sweeter notes; but wonderful flocks of migrating geese and swans occur regularly, also kilbrides, and wary peewits.

The gardeners are favoured by frequent visits of very tame robin-redbreasts; at least this was my experience. One pair in particular accompanied me while at work, and expressed great concern and indignation at the approaching event of my leaving the colony.

Starlings and blackbirds made friends with me, especially when I was turning up plenty of worms. These birds are remarkable for their keen perception, being able to hear a worm move underground.

There are also smaller, but extremely misguided, members of the winged tribe in great abundance, amounting to more than enough, i.e., a feast which gardeners do not enjoy. A plague of midges has been known to stop a horse's work for the day.

Sunday, in a labour colony, is the best day of the week, and in fact is the only holiday from labour. The day may be spent quietly in reading and smoking, which is the usual form of recreation at all times. Those who are so disposed may go to church, walking four miles to Glencaple. The village of Glencaple is situated on the banks of the river Nith, and on holidays attracts from Dumfries large numbers of excursionists, who travel by brakes and motor buses.

The chief place of interest in the neighbourhood is Caerlaverock Castle, which is spoken of as *Ellangowan* by Sir Walter Scott in "Guy Mannering." Here the Duke of Albany was imprisoned for seven years. Queen Mary also lived in it before her flight to England. In 1640, it was taken by Cromwell. Once the castle was the stronghold of the Maxwells, but it is now the property of the Duchess of Norfolk, the last of the Maxwells having died some years ago. The fortress, which is built on a solid rock, surrounded by two moats, commands a fine view of Annandale and Nithsdale.

One is struck by the characteristic beauty of the country around, the woods and glades of Scots fir, the moss hags, and the wild flowers which abound everywhere.

The Sands of Solway offer very little attraction, but rather the reverse, on account of their shifting and treacherous reputation. In fact the banks of the river have to be altogether avoided.

Festival seasons are very welcome in the life of a labour colony. The long intervals between Christmas and Harvest Home are filled in by concerts, taken part in by local friends, and by the colonists themselves. On New Year's Day sports were held. I was in the winning

team at tug-of-war, and also won the potato race, which surprised myself even more than anyone else.

To me, there seems to be no life better calculated to promote the interests of the country, by producing self-respecting men and healthy citizens, than that on a labour colony.

P.T.

Summer Sailing.

THE late Duke of Argyll once remarked that many people often extolled the romantic scenery and historic castles of the Rhine, quite overlooking the fact that the Firth of our own Scottish Clyde presented scenery just as romantic, historic, and even more beautiful than that of the famous German river. Quite recently, when sailing on one of the magnificent steamers which ply on the great western Firth, we were amazed at the very babel of languages we heard around us. French and German were common enough, but here there appeared to be all the cardinal tongues under heaven, even to Japanese and Hindustani, besides the familiar accents of the American and English tourists who are always strongly in evidence. The beauty and romantic associations of the scenery viewed during a sail from Glasgow, say, to Ardaraigh or Inveraray, can scarcely be equalled by any other great river or estuary in the world. We are always on historic ground, or, properly speaking, on historic waters; in fact, a summer sail on the Clyde to the average educated, intelligent person, is an historic lesson with ocular demonstrations. Starting from the Broomielaw in MacBrayne's palatial steamer, "Columbia," the foreigner who tours for pleasure has a panoramic view of all the great ship-building yards where leviathans like the recently-launched "Aquitania"

are built, and also these famous dredgers which go to deepen or construct docks and harbours in all parts of the world. Dumbarton, with its shipyards and historic castle, is left behind us, and after reaching James Watt's town of Greenock, the noble expanse of the Firth is open before us. Tourists, guide-book in hand, have been busy scanning and remarking on the various places of interest we have passed, and one American lady observed to some of her friends: "I reckon we've passed all real historic spots now." "Not at all," replies her companion, an elderly lady who wore spectacles and also carried a lorgnette, "we've Rothesay to do yet; you know the King's eldest son is Duke of Rothesay." "My!" exclaimed her younger friend, "so he is! I quite forgot; and to think after having read 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' too!" From their conversation it was quite evident they had been "doing" the East coast on the previous week, and were now for the first time introduced to the beauties of the West. Such scraps of conversation amused us exceedingly as we steamed into Rothesay pier. "My! ain't it lovely! Just look at these hills; the book says they are called Cowal—funny name, ain't it? Well, I do think it beats the Rhine hollow." We left our American party and sauntered towards a group of Spaniards—ladies and gentlemen—who, with characteristic dignity and calmness, were discussing their surroundings. Not being a Spanish scholar, however, we failed to understand their remarks on the beauties of what David Macbeth Moir has called "The Elysian island of the West."

We again saunter back to our American party, which we find augmented by two elderly gentlemen who are plainly clerics, and of their

denominations we are not left long in doubt. We discover that they are well-known Presbyterian divines and have been attending the Presbyterian Conference held recently in Aberdeen. They evidently admired the scenery of the Kyles of Bute, which we had now entered and were approaching Colintrave pier. "Ah, the manse of Glendaruel is some ten miles up the glen," remarked one of the clerical gentlemen to his companion. "It's a pity we cannot view the birthplace of the famous Maclaurin family." Sweeping the landscape with his glass, the reverend gentleman continued: "There should be a little island hereabouts—I mean the one Macaulay mentions, where the Earl of Argyll left his military stores when he and Monmouth attempted to forestall King William's invasion of 1688." Suddenly calling his lady friends, the cleric continued: "See, there it is; there is a single tree growing on it, and you can see the ruined fort which King James's sailors blew up with gunpowder." But the steamer sweeps round the end of Bute, and we lose sight of famous Eilean Dearg, or the "red island." The moving about of various portions of luggage interrupts further conversation for a few minutes. The luggage having been put in order, one of the ladies demands of one of the hands to be shown "the statues of the famous Maids of Bute." "Och, mem," replies the sailor with a broad smile, "thae things are no' statues at all; they are jeist twa lang stanes like weemen, an' some daft body put some pent on them." "Ah, I see," said his fair inquirer, and she also smiled. But here the steward rang the lunch bell, and the whole American party disappeared below, leaving us to contemplate the scenery around Ardlamont Point.

While sailing towards Tarbert, we found ourselves unconsciously meditating on the extraordinary history of the Maclaurin family, and were pleased to remember that a handsome mural tablet has just recently been erected to their memory in the Parish Church of Glendaruel, the gift of two gentlemen who are natives of the parish, viz., Sir James Russell of Woodville, Edinburgh, and his brother, Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Russell, of the Army Medical Service. The eldest son of the manse was the Rev. John Maclaurin, who was ordained minister of Luss in 1719, and was afterwards called to the Ramshorn in Glasgow. He has been called the most profound and eloquent theologian of the eighteenth century, and "scarcely less intellectual than Butler." Colin, the youngest son, and friend of the protegee of Sir Isaac Newton, was born in Kilmodan Manse in 1698, the year of his father's death. He succeeded Dr. Gregory in the chair of mathematics at Edinburgh, and has been styled "the only first-rank native mathematician trained in Great Britain in the eighteenth century." But we are now approaching Ardrishaig, and the bustle of making preparations for landing directs our thoughts to other matters. Yes, Ardrishaig is a lovely place, and we envy the dwellers in these quiet-looking villas along the shore of Loch Fyne. The crowd passes up the pier to catch the canal boat for the journey to Oban, and we bid farewell to our fellow-passengers, as we are going in the opposite direction—that is, towards Ormsary. We place ourselves and our modest bag in Mr. M'Arthur's mail-waggonette, and are soon "en route" for Loch Kylesport, across South Knapdale towards the Jura side.

ANEMONE.