

NOTES ON
SOME OLD GLASGOW INSTITUTIONS
WITH MEDICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

A Lecture

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NOTES ON SOME OLD GLASGOW INSTITUTIONS WITH MEDICAL ASSOCIATIONS.



IN submitting this paper I am fully conscious not only of its many imperfections, but also of my own shortcomings. This is in no sense a historical paper, neither is it an effort to trace the evolution of the institutions under review. It consists simply, as its title indicates, of "Notes on Some Old Glasgow Institutions with Medical Associations," some of which, I venture to hope, will be of interest to you.

THE GLASGOW COLLEGE.

The University of Glasgow—the second in Scotland—was founded by Pope Nicholas V in 1450, through the good offices of William Turnbull, the Bishop of Glasgow. His Holiness, in granting the charter, gave as one of his reasons "the healthiness of its climate and the plenty of victuals and of everything necessary for the use of man." It was founded on the models of the schools at Paris and Bologna, with the same text-books and the same style and scope of teaching and examining. The first classes were, in all probability, held in the crypt of the Cathedral, but some little time afterwards they removed to a house on the south side of the Rotten Row, on the exact site now occupied by the Lock Hospital. This house, which has been identified as the manse of the parson of Luss, was long known as the "Auld Pedagogy" (Fig. 1, p. 4), and was of very insignificant proportions. The building may be remembered by some of the old practitioners as a forlorn ruin, a sorry skeleton of a once important structure, its mouldering walls 3 feet thick in places, and still showing the remains of an arched door, two fireplaces, and a Gothic window. The last vestiges were removed in 1860.

The Rotten Row was, of course, for many years a very select bit of countryside, and as late as 1780 an advertisement appeared in the local press informing all and sundry that summer quarters were to be had in the common gardens at the west end of the Rotten Row. After a comparatively short stay in the Rotten Row, the College authorities, in 1459, *i.e.*, nine years after the granting of the charter, obtained from Lord Hamilton a portion of land in the High Street, where the old College was subsequently erected. By this transaction the College became possessed of a tenement in



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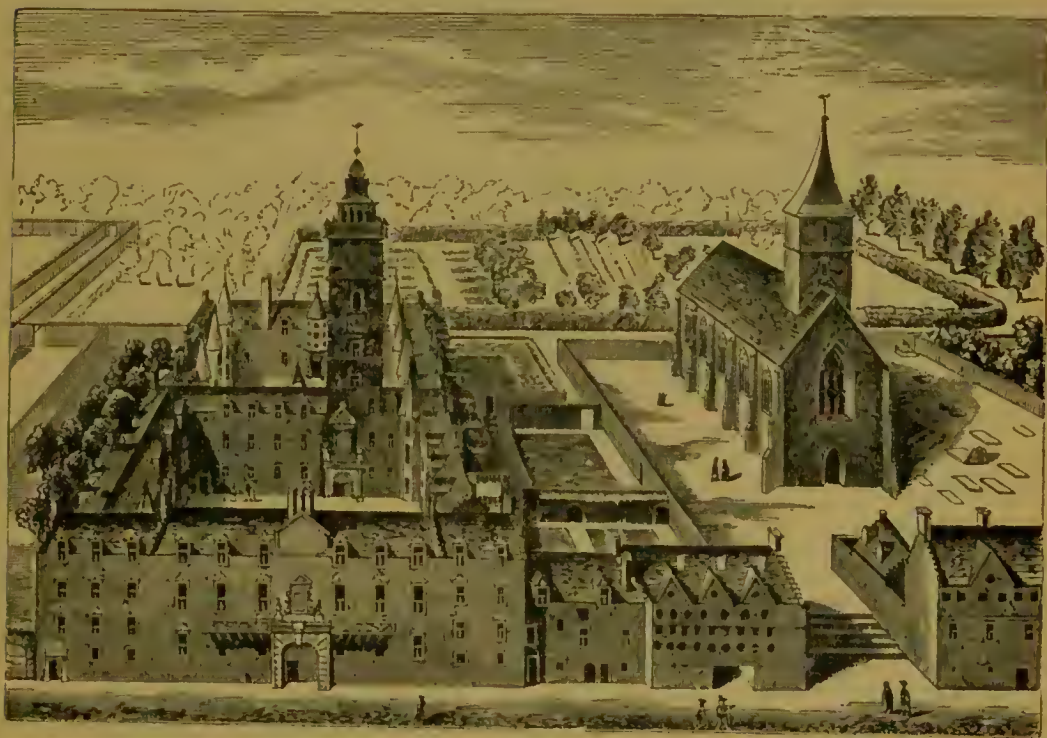
FIG. 1.
The Auld Pedagogy.

the High Street, near the place of the Dominic Friars, together with four acres of land in the Dovehill, contiguous to the Molendinar, on the condition that at the close of the noontide and evening meals the Regents and students should rise and pray for the soul of Lord Hamilton and that of Euphemia, his wife, and that if a chapel should be built the Regents and students should then assemble and on bended knees sing an "Ave" to the Virgin, with a collect and remembrance for himself and his wife.

Some eighteen years later the College also came into

possession of ground, the property of Sir Thomas Arthurlie, and in 1563 Queen Mary gifted to the College the kirkroom of the Friars Preachers, with thirteen acres of land in the Dovehill, and also rents from certain tenements in the city and elsewhere. In 1577 King James V issued a new foundation, and more amply endowed the institution.

In all probability the classes were simply held in these tenements referred to, as the buildings in the High Street,



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FIG. 2.

Bird's eye view of College (from Slezer's *Theatrum Scotiae*).

familiar to the older generation of us, were not erected until 1632, a considerable time after those endowments of which we have been speaking.

The bird's eye view of the College (Fig. 2), from the *Theatrum Scotiae* of Captain Slezer, a talented artillery officer in the service of William of Orange, gives us the earliest picture which we possess. Published in 1693, it must have been drawn earlier, as in 1670 the church of the Black Friars, seen to the right, was much damaged by lightning.

The students lodged in the College buildings, and though sitting rent-free at first, they afterwards paid from 4s. to 10s. per session. The disciplinary measures were very strict—all students rose at 5 A.M., and went to bed at 9.15 P.M. prompt. They were allowed to play golf and archery, and to indulge in dramatic representations, although this latterly was prohibited, as were also carding, dicing, billiards, and bathing. All attending College were almost outwith the jurisdiction of the city authorities, all offences being tried and punished by the College rulers. Thus we read that one student was fined for cutting the gown of another on the Lord's day; another was dealt with for having been seen by the Principal in town with a sword girt about him; another was severely reprimanded for having been found drinking in an ale house with some town's people at 11 of the clock at night, and was threatened with expulsion if the offence were repeated. One practice which had to be dealt with firmly was that of the students giving in the names of their fellow-students to be prayed for, by name, in the chapel.

The College authorities could inflict corporal punishment, as the following edict, issued in 1677, bears out:—"If any student occupying rooms be found guilty of breaking the glass windows or doing any other detriment to the house, they shall be forthwith publickly whipped and extruded from the College." So much power did the College authorities possess that when a certain student was charged with murder the Faculty insisted on conducting his trial, in spite of the protests of the civic authorities. Another old practice, which for good and obvious reasons was stopped, was that of the students praying publicly, by rotation, in the classrooms.

In the diary kept by one Josiah Chorley, an English student, in 1670, he says, "The good orders of the College were very agreeable to mine inclination; at 5 o'clock in the morning the bell rings, and every scholar is to answer to his name, which is then called over. The Lord's days are strictly observed," he says, "all the scholars called to the several classes when, after religious exercises, all attend the Primar and Regents to the church forenoon and afternoon. In the evening they are called again, and then come under examination concerning the sermons heard, and give account of what was appointed the foregoing Sabbath in some theological treatise, and then to supper and chambers."

M'George gives some interesting details of the living expenses of the students at the beginning of the eighteenth century, contained in a minute of agreement between the

Principal and Alexander Eagle, a cook. It appears that the English students were not pleased with the diet served to their Scottish fellow-students, and in this agreement Eagle undertakes to "furnish with diet all Englishmen to diet within the College, during the continuance of this session, three times a day, with meat and drink with such changes of diet as is mentioned in a paper apart: The said Englishmen and each of them paying to the said Alexander Eagle £3 for each three months' diet and so proportionally." The cook was also allowed the benefit of the College kitchen, brewhouse, ovens, and whole utensils therein. This works out at 8d. per day for three meals.

Entrance and First Quadrangle.—The gateway fronting the High Street, and now fortunately preserved for all time coming in the lodge at University Avenue, was the principal entrance, and led directly into the first quadrangle. When the old College was at its zenith, our medical graduates, if they did not attain to the world-wide fame which was the lot and just reward of some of the other distinguished sons of a revered academic parent, at least played a prominent part in the social and intellectual life of the city. Of course, at the time of which we are speaking Glasgow was a small manufacturing town of some 40,000 inhabitants, and if one consults the first directory published in the city in 1783 one finds that there were only 16 practitioners in the city and 10 midwives: in the second directory, published in 1787, the number of practitioners had increased to 21.

In *Glasgow and Its Clubs*, Dr. Strang has collected some of the superstitions prevalent two centuries ago, and there are one or two which might interest us. "When a cradle was being removed from one house to another a pillow was invariably put into it. When a woman was in labour her husband's breeches were put below the pillow to ensure a safe and speedy delivery, and often a Bible, in addition, to preserve the woman from skaith. A piece of rowan tree sewed into the hem of a child's petticoat was considered a sure protection from witchcraft: and, if a sucking child cried for some time during the night, those awake were sure to look if the ladle was in the kail pot, as, if it were, the cause of the child's crying was certain."

However, not to digress too much, among the most fashionable clubs at the beginning of last century was the Medical Club, which met in a tavern in Princes Street kept by one Mrs. Pollock. Entry was very strict, all the members being determined that no cantankerous person should ever gain

entrance. So radically was this policy carried out that, on a well-known practitioner of certain ability and uncertain temper making application for membership, the friend who proposed him, feeling in his mind that his entrance would mar the harmony which was such a feature of the club, intended to drop in the *one* black ball which was required to keep him out, fondly imagining that his would be the only one. We can faintly grasp the delicacy and embarrassment of the situation when the counting showed a *universal* blackballing.

One or two members of the club held commissions in what was really a Volunteer body—the Armed Association—and Dr. Strang remarks that obesity was the feature of this “belly-gerent” body. Its members varied from 40 to 60 years of age, from 9 to 22 st. in weight, and from 5 ft. 2 in. to 6 ft. 3 in. in height, so that although they wore *regimentals*, they were hardly a *uniform* body of men. They drilled in the ground floor of a mansion in the Stockwell, and after much anxious thought they deemed themselves able to take up a position on the Green and submit to a public inspection. They turned out in their best, determined to secure the approbation of Adjutant Deans, the inspecting officer. Dr. Freer, the leading member of the club, who commanded the “R” Company, was ready to lead the charge at the psychological moment. The wheeling, marching, &c., were gone through, and pronounced well done, and it was then announced that the most important part of the examination would take place. This was the testing of their regularity, uniformity, and quickness in firing. So the fateful order was given, “Prime and load with powder.” Now, I have remarked that the component units were not men in the vigour of youth, and having all experienced the shoulder-dislocating effects of their muskets, they ostentatiously went through the processes of priming and ramming, doing it very deliberately as befitted men with a most uneasy conscience. At last the adjutant gave the learned Dr. Freer the word, and in his grave, dignified voice he says, “Platoon, make ready! present!! fire!!!” The order was obeyed, each guilty man raised his piece, sighted it, and at the signal pulled the trigger, when to the astonishment of the inspecting officer, to the consternation of the doctor, and to the horror of each ancient, who fondly imagined that he alone was taking a liberty, only *one* piece went off. For a few seconds there was an ominous silence, soon broken by the sarcastic adjutant saying to Dr. Freer, “By Gad, Captain Freer, but that *was* the closest firing ever I heard.” Dr. Freer, nothing daunted, though sufficiently

humiliated, replied in his usual dignified tone, "I'm glad of it, sir."

I am not sure if it was, though I fancy it wasn't, Dr. Freer who was the "hero," so to speak, of the following:—A patient, who, when being attended by his doctor, always handed him two guineas at the conclusion of the visit, had taken ill. One morning the servant informed the doctor at the door that all was over, but he, remembering his fee, said, "Impossible! he cannot be dead yet; let me see him; some deep sleep, perchance." He was introduced into the familiar chamber, and while feeling the pulseless wrist he transferred the customary fee from the hand of the corpse into his own. "Aye, aye, good folks," he says, "he *is* dead, there is a destiny in all things," and having so said he took his departure.

I have often thought that the procession of the professors leaving the old College must have been an impressive and solemn moment for all who were privileged to take part in it. With what emotions must they have gone down the steps in the quadrangle—steps familiar, also, to us all; with what feelings—misgivings striving with confidence—must they have surveyed, for the last time, the cloistered court endeared to them all by long personal association, and enriched with all the glories and traditions of two and a half centuries.

The first quadrangle led through an archway into the second, where was held in 1761 the first art show in the city, all the pictures being supplied from the Foulis Academy, which was then housed within the College.

"Senex" gives us two scraps, what I might call an Alpha and Omega—a first and a last. The first is that an umbrella was first carried in the city in 1782 by John Jamieson, a surgeon; and the last is that the last scarlet-coated don to walk the planestanes in peacock magnificence was Dr. Peter Wright.

Behind the College proper, *i.e.*, to the east of it, was situate the Hunterian Museum, erected in 1804 to house the collection of our most distinguished townsman, for such we may really call him. You are all, I fancy, familiar with the nature of the collection—books and manuscripts, valuable in Hunter's day, but priceless now; coins and medals, rare and exquisite, almost without a rival in any other collection, public or private; minerals, shells, corals, zoological specimens, fossils, antiques, weapons, old masters—each section of the collection worthy of a special domicile. But what can I say of his anatomical preparations? The rest of his collection might *possibly* be valued in an inventory, but who could price

those jars with a piece of semi-sodden tissue and some methylated spirit? I think if we say that they are not only historical, but history itself, we do no more than give them the praise which is their due.

Here was also the College green and the physic garden, the forerunner of the Botanic Gardens, and the nucleus round which it developed. To those gardens all students had not access, but only those who were sons of noblemen.

TOWN'S HOSPITAL.

We now pass to the old Town's Hospital in Clyde Street. Erected in 1733, it was then considered a structure of no little magnificence. In fact, M'Ure, the earliest historian of our city, writing in 1736, says, "It is of modern fashion and exceeds any of that kind in Europe, and admired by strangers." He also adds that "nothing of the kind at Rome or Venice comes up to the magnificence of this building, resembling more a palace than a habitation for necessitous old people" (Fig. 3). He further remarks that "when any of the inmates are visited by sickness, the Faculty of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries attends them by three of their number in turns, and to their deserved praise they furnish the sick with daily attendance, drugs, and medicines gratis, and when any of them dies they are decently buried at the Town's charges, and their place furthwick filled up." It must not be inferred, however, that, previous to this, the sick poor were left unattended. For instance, from the Council minutes, 7th March, 1580, payment is authorised to "Thos. Mylne a Chirurgeon for curing of Thos. Muir hurt in the town's Besynes." 23rd April, 1596, "Allaster M'Caslan Chirurgeon receives his burgess fine as payment for curing sundry poor persons in the towne." 7th September, 1652, the Council ordered John Hall, Chirurgeon, be paid £30 for ten weeks' attendance curing a poor woman. "Ane burgess bairne wha had the knap of her elbo strucken frae her by ane of the sojers wha cam frae Air." 21st March, 1661, the Council agree to pay 100 merks to Ewir M'Neil "wha euttis the stane," and he undertook "to cut all the poor for that freely."

This practice of subsidising medical men was carried on until 1684, when, owing to the embarrassed condition of the city finances, it was stopped, but, even then, any person "who is unwell, *and deserves to be cured*, upon their application to any of the magistrates they are empowered to recommend them to any Physician they sall think fitt." Although the city

funds were so low that the services of a chirurgion were discontinued there was still a small "picking" left for somebody, as in the same year there is an entry in the Council records, "To the mountebank for cutting of unqll Archd. Bogle's leg—60 Lib." This fee (£5) was certainly generous, as from the minute—which also serves as an obituary notice—we may assume that the deceased Archd. Bogle died as a result of his (the mountebank's) attention.

The Town's House was founded with funds raised (1) from the Council, (2) from the Kirk Session, (3) from the Merchants' and Trades' House, and (4) from an assessment.



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Fig. 3.

The Town's House, Clyde Street.

The inmates were really kept in comfort, being supplied not only with the actual necessities of life, but also with snuff and tobacco. So there was really truth in the first report when the directors said, "The poor in general are as readily relieved from the distresses of poverty as if they were persons of wealth." The cost of feeding was only 1s. 3½d. each per week.

The building was in the form of a quadrangle, with a court in the centre used as an airing ground. I could find little or

nothing about the internal construction of the building until I, most fortunately, stumbled on an article in the *Glasgow Medical Journal* for May 1832, entitled "Report of the Epidemic Cholera as it appeared in the Town's Hospital of Glasgow, in February and March, 1832, with cases and observations," by Wm. Auchencloss, M.D., surgeon to the institution, &c. Says Dr. Auchencloss, "The Town's Hospital is situated on the north bank of the River Clyde from which it is separated by Clyde St. and an embankment a distance of 144 feet: It consists of a front and back building between which there is a large court or airing ground, 116 feet in breadth: The whole building occupies 6,465 sq. yards. In February, 1832, the Hospital contained considerably upwards of 400 inhabitants, although not fit for the proper accommodation of more than 320: These for the most part were old and infirm persons, many of them bedridden, and from 60 to 70 fatuous or insane. The latter occupied chiefly the cells on the ground floor of the Northern, or back division of the building. The cells vary in size from 7 to 11 feet square, being 6 feet in height, with a stone arched ceiling: They contained either 2 or 3 beds, occasionally with 2 persons in each. None of them have any fireplaces, but they open into a large gallery about 10 feet wide through the centre of which runs a flue for communicating heat. This gallery is aired by means of small gratings situated opposite each cell door and opening into the large court between the front and back buildings. Each cell has also a similar grating behind which opens into another very small airing ground to the North where the lunatics are allowed to take exercise. These are the only means of ventilating the cells. It may be further mentioned that the floors of the cells are flagged with stones. They are very damp, and this is much increased from the necessity of having them frequently washed in consequence of the filthy and unclean habits of many of the inmates. The first floor at the East End of this back building immediately above the cells just mentioned is appropriated for female lunatics. It consists of 11 cells arranged in two rows separated by a passage only 3 feet wide. Of these, seven are situated in front and four behind. A staircase passes up in the centre opposite which there is one cell, three being on either side. The one row looks into the large airing ground in front, the other into the smaller ground behind. The latter are much more commodious than the former, there being generally three inmates in each, while the former are capable of containing each

only one bed. . . . With regard to the front building, the wards in it are for the most part large and airy, having proper means of being heated and ventilated, but even this part was often overcrowded, most of the beds having two occupants. At the West End of the front building there is a large dunghill. This is yearly rented by a farmer whose duty it is to have the dung cleared out regularly every second week, instead of which it appears he had allowed it to accumulate at this particular time for a much longer period. The straw from the cells of the lunatics, saturated with filth and moisture, is regularly mixed with the dung, and the surface being exposed and open the effluvia and noxious vapours have been considered by some sufficient to account for the breaking out of the pestilence. The Hospital being situated so very near the river and surrounded as it is by several common sewers is, *of course*, subject to occasional inundation, generally once and sometimes twice during the winter and spring seasons. Sometimes the accumulation extends to the depth of several *feet*." This is the other side of the picture.

While jotting down those scraps anent the Town's House my mind turned instinctively to the anatomy room: why so, I can hardly tell, but I suppose it was because in our day the supply for it was drawn chiefly from unclaimed bodies from the parish hospitals, and I wondered if we all knew under what conditions the art was practised in the early part of last century. Peter M'Kenzie, one of the cheeriest of the old Glasgow writers, in his delightful *Reminiscences* gives some most interesting information. He tells how in 1813 a band of students, under Dr. Granville Sharp Pattison, entered into a compact to study the subject at first hand, and bound themselves by a bond of brotherhood and secrecy. They hired rooms in College Street, and, whenever they heard of a case which had baffled the local physicians, they collected all the available information as to symptoms and treatment, and then, drawing lots, the two or three on whom the lot fell sallied forth under cloud of night, and, opening the grave, they carried the body to their rooms where they dissected it. I believe that they themselves originated the term "Resurrectionists," a name which was afterwards not held in very good repute. They carried on the practice without raising any suspicion for a considerable time, but ultimately sinister rumours became rife, and just when the talk got started an event happened, most unfortunate from the anatomists point of view. A cargo

of goods arrived in a small trading vessel from Ireland, with several sacks containing "Cotton Rags," addressed to a dealer at the Broomielaw; but he, not having received warning about the cargo, refused to accept it, as there was £60 of freight to pay. So the "Cotton Rags" were wheeled back to the quay and left in a shed. In a few days a foul stench began to be evident, and, on examining the bags, they were found to be filled with human bodies. It soon came out that, as there was not a sufficient supply of bodies in Glasgow and Edinburgh, arrangements had been made to bring over a supply from Ireland. This made the authorities very much alert and the students very careful for a time. Now, there was a rather complicated case out at the Mearns, which had baffled the skill of Drs. Bahmano and Cleghorn—two of the fashionable local physicians—and as patients sometimes do, it died; and the students were determined to have this body to dissect. Lots were drawn, but the students on whom the work devolved were like to be beat for once, as the watch was extraordinarily strict, and every toll gate had orders to examine every suspicious parcel or bundle entering or leaving the city. However, the students were equal to the occasion, and two of them, hiring a horse and trap, drove out to the Mearns. Having dug up the body, how were they going to get it home? Well, they adopted a plan at once simple, bold, and ingenious. Dressing up the corpse in a suit of clothes, they propped it on the seat between them, and all three drove into the city. When they came to the toll at Gorbals Brig, one of them dismounted and boldly hammered at the door while the other exhorted his companion to cheer up and they would soon be at their breakfast in the High Street. The tollkeeper, nothing suspecting, shining his lantern in the corpse's face, said, "Puir auld body, he's looking unco ill: drive canny hame, lads, drive canny!!" They did, and soon after they had their prize in their den in College Street. The very success of these operations, however, really led to their undoing. At first, very careful, they filled up the graves after abstracting the contents, but latterly careless, they left the graves open. Now, it so happened that a lady, well known and of good report, having paid the last debt to nature, was laid at rest (!) in the Ramshorn Kirkyard. The students, always desirous to investigate, and careless with their oft-repeated successes, took little pains even to deaden the noise, and made such a din with their pick-axes and shovels that they actually *awakened* the watchman from his box. He was just in time

to see some one elambling over the wall in Ingram Street with a sack. Immediately raising the alarm with his wooden rattle, and procuring help, he gave chase. The invaders were pursued in the direction in which they had disappeared, and while they managed to get into their rooms first, they were "suspect."

The populace was now aroused and thoroughly angry, and a warrant was issued to search for the body. The officers were accompanied in their search by a Mr. Jas. Alexander, of King Street, the only dentist in the city, and under whose professional care the lady had lately been, and two friends. The anatomy rooms, in College Street were entered by a back door which went up a narrow stair to the room, but from this room a trap door led to another apartment underneath. Dr. Pattison, of course, suspected that the rooms would be searched, as it was common knowledge that a warrant had been issued, and so when the officers came they were invited in, and all presses, cupboards, &c., opened and laid bare for inspection. On the floor was a small tub half filled with water, and no attention was paid to it. After a fruitless search the officers left the apartment, but while they were going down stairs one of them said that he was going back for another look at the tub. Retracing their steps they found the door locked, but on knocking were readmitted. They then emptied the tub, and at the bottom they found the half of a human jaw, which the dentist identified as that which had belonged to Mrs. M'Allister—for such was the lady's name—also two fingers, which were also immediately identified by the two accompanying relatives as having been the actual fingers of the deceased lady. Dr. Pattison and the students were with difficulty saved from the fury of the mob, to whom the result of the search had been indiscreetly communicated, and were lodged in jail pending developments. After this discovery the officers, armed with axes, crowbars, &c., re-entered the premises, and on digging up the floor they came upon the remains of a female body of which they took possession. This was important and most fortunate as far as the students were concerned. A lengthy indictment was prepared against them, the gist of which was that they had "feloniously and ruthlessly violated the grave of the said Mrs. M'Allister, and carried her body to their dissecting room where it was discovered and identified." Surely, thought the prosecuting counsel, there could be no defence in such a case, they had been caught literally red-handed. At the trial the defending counsel merely put to

each of the witnesses for the prosecution the simple question whether Mrs. McAllister had been a married woman and borne



Old Glasgow Club,

FIG. 4.

Lunatic Asylum (from Bell's Park).

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children : on their all answering most positively in the affirmative, he then brought forward the highest medical testimony

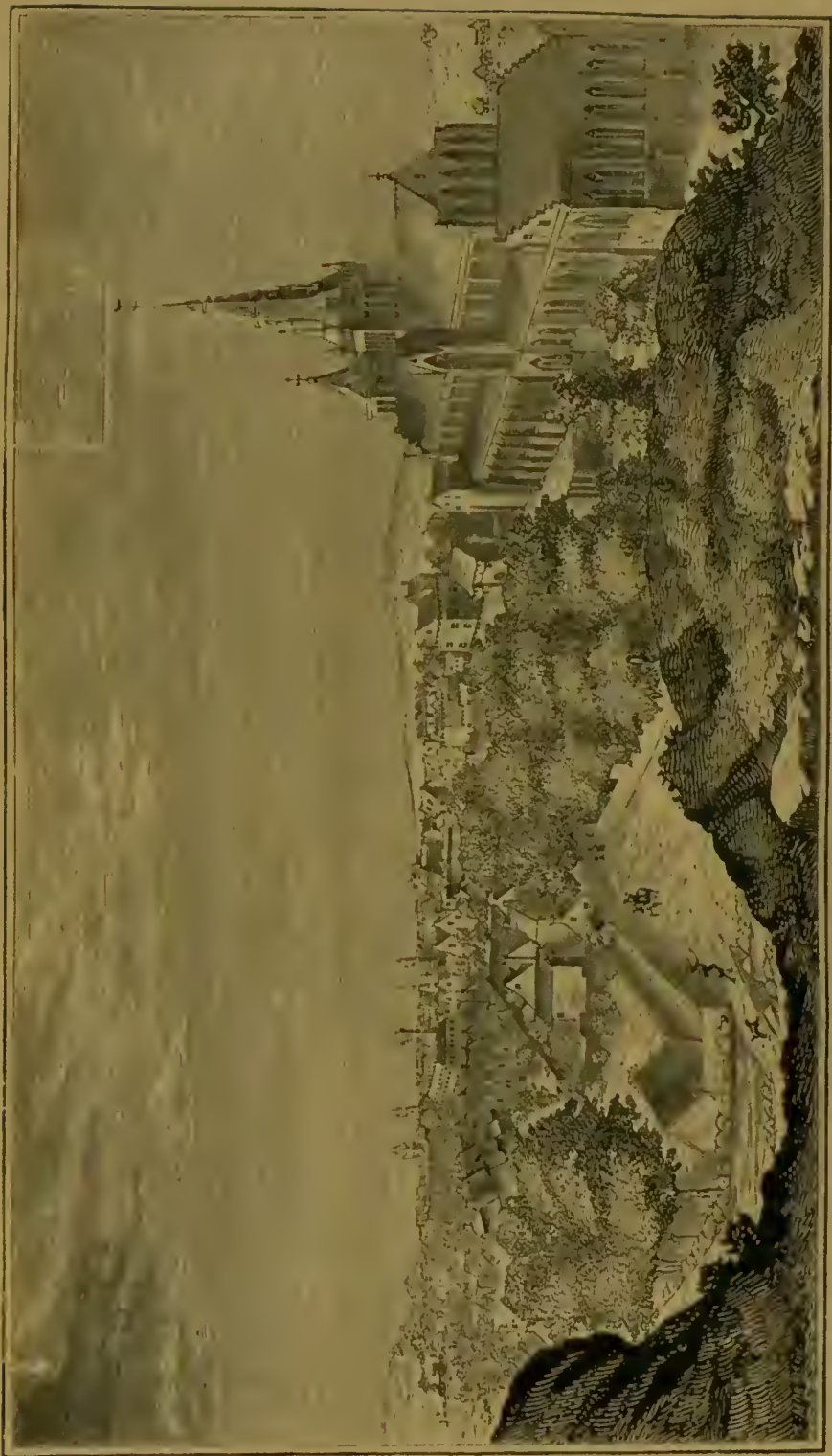
to prove that the body of the female produced was that of a virgin, who had never borne any children, and so it was. There had evidently been this part of another body which was seized, and as the indictment was for feloniously and ruthlessly violating a specific grave, the charge fell through and the prisoners were released.

The structure in what afterwards became Parliamentary Road (Fig. 4) was really a development from the Town's Hospital, erected in 1810 for the treatment (such as it was) of insanity: it must have been among the earliest of institutions of that nature. It did good work, I doubt not, until in the fulness of time it was superseded by the Royal Institution of Gartnavel, and the palatial buildings of the Parish Council at Gartloch and Lenzie.

ROYAL INFIRMARY.

I propose starting our view of the Royal from the north-east. In imagination one can trace the line of Alexandra Parade, noting the once delightful Molendinar winding its way between grassy banks and through pleasant meadows. To the left we see the fir park or merchants' park; in the middle distance the Metropolitan Kirk of St. Mungo, with its western tower, of blessed memory, removed because it was said, falsely I believe, to be an ugly excrescence, having neither part nor lot in the original plan of the building, though I am sure all will agree with me that the Cathedral as here depicted loses nothing in dignity or proper sense of proportion through the structure at its western end; and here to the right is the subject of our sketch, the Royal Infirmary of the City of Glasgow as it appeared about the year 1828. On ascending this hill to the left a century and a half prior to the taking of this view, one would have beheld the scene as it appeared to Captain Slezer, whom we have already mentioned, with the Cathedral in all its pristine beauty and glory. This, however, is outwith the scope of this paper, and I would now draw attention to the Bishop's Palace (Fig. 5, p. 18), which stood of yore where now the Royal Infirmary has its habitation. This view, looking west, gives us an indication of the palace at its zenith. The other picture, looking east, shows us the palace or castle when "Ichabod" was writ large over its portals (Fig. 6, p. 19).

The Royal Infirmary had its inception in the benevolent mind of Professor Jardine, who occupied the chair of logic about 1787. In that year a public meeting of those favourable



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FIG. 5.

View of city from Merchants' Park, showing Castle (at west end of Cathedral).

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to the scheme was held, with Provost Riddell in the chair, when a small committee was appointed to consider the most suitable sites. A second public meeting was held on 5th January, 1788, at which David Dale presided. The reports of the committee were received, and it was agreed to recommend to another meeting to be held later that the most suitable site was that occupied by the ruins of the Bishop's Castle. The Royal charter was obtained in 1791, and the arrangements anent the transfer of the ground, which was held in feu of the Crown, were completed in the year following. The foundation stone was laid in 1792, and the infirmary was opened on 8th December, 1794.



From Buchanan's

("History of the Royal Infirmary.")

FIG. 6.

Ruins of Castle, with the Cathedral, from the west.

The original plan of the building was, briefly, thus:— "Entering the front door, you approached a vestibule with seats where, after the hours of visiting, the poor are treated gratis. From this a short passage on either side led to a ward with three small rooms accommodating in all nineteen patients. On the second floor, above the vestibule, was a board room for directors' meetings and consultations of the medical officers: on the third floor, a large and elegant surgery where were arranged all the instruments, bandages,

and fracture apparatus. Here was also the sleeping apartment of the resident. Surmounting the whole, in the centre of the building, was the operating room, with an area 42 feet in circumference, with five tiers of high-backed seats, accommodating 200 students, the whole crowned with a stately dome. The part stretching northwards at right angles to the front block was commenced in 1814, and finished the year later. Besides dining and other rooms for the matron, apothecary, servants, &c., it provided accommodation for other eighty patients. Originally the offices of resident and apothecary were combined, but in 1799 they were separated, and the Rev. James Allan, the chaplain, was appointed apothecary."

Prior to 1807 no salaries were paid to the medical officers, but in that year the munificent remuneration of £30 was allowed to the physicians and £10 to the surgeons, no physician or surgeon to enjoy this princely salary until he had served the institution gratuitously for two years. About 1810 the finances had so much improved (chiefly from students' fees), and the work of the medical officers had become so exacting and arduous, that the honorarium was increased to £50 for the physicians and £20 for the surgeons.

About 1819 typhus fever was epidemic, and was then being treated in the Royal, to the great detriment of the other patients for whose benefit the building had been erected, and the directors deemed it their duty to build a new block separate from the main block, but still near enough to be under the one control. This was known as the fever house, and stood a little to the north and east of the main block. Started in 1827, it was occupied in the following year, but it was not completed for a considerable time after that—I think about 1832. It is of interest to note that when it was being demolished recently the workmen exposed the foundations of the manse of the parson of Anerum, upon the top of which the fever house had been built.

In connection with the erection of this fever block, it is not generally known, I think, that it was due to the foresight and generosity of one of its old directors that the infirmary was able to build on the site without having to pay a ransom price for it. This person, Mr. John Swanson, a grocer in Trongate, foresaw many years before the erection of the fever block that the ground would be required later on, and urged his fellow-directors to buy the ground between the Howgate burn and the Blind Asylum. To this they would not agree. He, however, bought it himself, and when the time did come,

and his judgment was vindicated, he most generously parted with it on the same terms as he himself had purchased.

Prior to 1827 no official report was issued by the medical officers, but in that year the first report was issued, which specified (1) the nature, locality, and progress of the disease; (2) the age, place of birth or upbringing, place of living, &c., of the patient; (3) a full list of diseases treated, with results as to recovery, partial amendment, or death. In surgical cases — operations, mode of operation: if amputation, whether circular or flap: if lithotomy, mode preferred and the instruments used. It was decided that a rain-gauge, thermometer and barometer be established, and readings recorded each day by the apothecary.

From the report for 1831 I find that on 31st January, 1831, there were 275 patients in the house from the former year; admitted in the course of the year, 3,252—making 3,527 for the year. Of these, 2,586 were cured, 200 more or less relieved, 6 dismissed as incurable, 107 left of their own accord, and 284 died. Of fever cases there were 86 at the beginning of the year, and 1,763 were admitted—making 1,849 in all. Deaths from fever were 1 in 11: average number of patients in the house, 129; average stay, thirty-four days: 148 operations were performed during the year.

In this same year the directors noted with regret that the number of acting physicians in the city had so diminished that they had the means neither of appointing a third physician, if necessary, nor of appointing a substitute if either of the present physicians were laid aside with illness; and they, therefore, enacted that any gentleman who shall have been fifteen years in general practice, and who shall have obtained the degree of M.D., shall be eligible for appointment as physician to the infirmary. This simple and, surely, equitable enactment raised the ire of the so-called "pure physicians," who looked with something bordering on contempt on their "medico-chirurgico-obstetrico" confrères. There were no separate wards for each, the medical officers choosing the cases which they deemed most suitable for their clinical teaching. Two years prior, *i.e.*, in 1829, it was decreed that each student seeing the infirmary should also see the lectures of one of the physicians or surgeons. Such was the actual beginning of the St. Mungo Medical School.

I have mentioned that the salaries of the physicians had been raised to £50 and the surgeons to £20. To us, now, it seems an extraordinary state of affairs that the services of a surgeon should be rated so low in comparison with those of a

physician. It might be different nowadays, since, apart from any direct financial gain which falls to one having the honour to be appointed a physician or surgeon to the infirmary, there is the indirect gain which comes from the professional status, and the association with students who afterwards become practitioners, and who may have occasion to seek the co-operation of consultants (though this, of course, applies equally to physicians), so that it pays to be a "professor." But at that time such conditions could not operate, as there were neither sufficient practitioners nor students, and the payments really represented what the directors imagined to be a suitable remuneration in money for all the skill and experience which these gentlemen placed at the disposal of their less fortunate fellow-citizens. The true explanation probably is that at that period surgery was really a less exact, less scientific, and less successful branch of the healing art than medicine.

While some excavations were going on in front of the infirmary about 1884, the workmen discovered two pits just at the main door. These pits were lined with stout oak planks, 3 inches thick, in most excellent preservation. One was about 7 feet in diameter, the other about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, both being rather more than 6 feet deep. Those pits were actually in the flower garden of the palace, and there is a good deal of dubiety as to their true nature and function. It is variously conjectured that they were hiding places for the safe storage of the gold and silver cups, images, &c., in those far off troublous times: or that they were reservoirs or cisterns for water storage: or, from their undoubted similarity to the still existing murder pits of Galloway (the term pit and gallows had a real meaning then), these may have actually been the pits where culprits, who were not deemed sufficiently worthy to receive the dignity of hanging, were drowned.

It is, I confess, with some little emotion that I realise that this well-known building is soon to be removed—the building which had the honour of being the birthplace of antiseptic surgery, a system which has not only revolutionised (modern) surgery, but without which modern surgery would have been impossible: but it is not for me to enlarge on this. Many here, expert in special surgery, know far better than I do what the system for ever associated with the name of Lord Lister—surely no more honoured name ever graced the burgess roll of our city—has done for humanity: and if we have progressed from the carbolic spray and the antiseptic putty, it only means, to use a simile, that Henry Bell sailed in the *Comet* and not in the *Lusitania*. The principles laid down

within these walls are the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, and to say that the technique has improved is only to say that finality was not achieved at the beginning. I myself have never had the honour of being associated with the Royal in even a minor capacity, but in common not only with our own profession, but, I believe, with the great bulk of the intelligent public, I take a great and, I think, a justifiable pride in the reflection that here, in a humble way no doubt, a doctrine of world-wide renown and acceptance had its beginning.

But you must not think that prior to this period with which we have been dealing we were not enjoying all the benefits of modern civilisation. As a matter of fact away back in 1787 certain events had proved that human nature with all its brazen effrontery and appalling credulity is the same in every age. What I refer to was the arrival of the advance guard of the Walford Bodies, &c., of our own time. "Senex" relates how one "Dr." Graham, president of the council of health, and sole proprietor and principal director of the Temple of Health in Pall Mall, London, made his *debut* with the surely modest assertion that "he was able by his never failing medicines, and by his scientific treatment of his patients, not only to prevent them from dying, but also that through his wonderful discoveries he had absolutely brought a new generation of beings into life, who would never have made their appearance in this busy world unless through his marvellous skill and all potent agency." The treatment consisted of his celebrated *Earth Bath*. The patient, stripped naked, was placed on a glass stool which was "electrified" by means of his (Dr. Graham's) machine. Then he was rubbed down with a silken towel, and then buried up to the chin in the earth bath, the earth of which had been previously mediated by the doctor. This, however, was only a preliminary to the more marvellous course of treatment in the doctor's temple of health and electric bed. This bed, mounted on four crystal pillars and so isolated that no part of the bed or bedding touched wall, roof, or floor, was covered with silk coverings, and finished off with silk damask curtains. It was, of course, under the roof of the temple of health, which from its description, redolent of mirrors and chandeliers, must have looked like a modern ice cream saloon without the bar. To this bed a continuous current of electricity was led from an "electrifying machine" in another room; and one night in this bed had powers of rejuvenating and restoring the bodies used up, worn out,

and fit for the scrap heap—powers which seemed to rival those of the flame of life in which “Ayesha” bathed herself from beauty to old age, and from old age back to the bloom of youth and beauty.

The doctor met with little success in Glasgow, however, and betook himself to Edinburgh, where, in addition to preaching the virtues and potentialities of his earth bath and electric bed, he instituted a course of lectures, “political, moral, philosophical, and religious, on increasing the number and improving the bodily and mental faculties of the human species, of preserving youth and perpetual personal loveliness, and of prolonging bodily health and serene mental brilliancy to the longest possible period of human existence.” His success in the Metropolis was instant and assured. I do not really know, gentlemen, whether his lack of success in our city was due to our superior intelligence or to our inability to recognise sterling worth when presented to us. His lectures caused a great furore; but the powers that be took exception to some of his statements and to the contents of a pamphlet published by him, and so the poor doctor was tried (by his accusers, but this by the way) and fined £20 for “printing and publishing a scandalous and malicious libel against the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city of Edinburgh.”

Dr. Graham himself was a man of very abstemious habits, eschewing not only wines, spirits, and all strong liquors, but also flesh meat—really a vegetarian. He took a bath (cold) morning and evening; wore no woollen clothes, slept on a hair mattress without feather bed or blankets, kept his windows open, and in general led “the simple life.” Was this man really a quack, or was he only born a century too soon? His mind ultimately became deranged, and the poor fellow died from a hæmorrhage, and was buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard.

The “Surgery” seems to be a comparatively modern innovation in Glasgow—I suppose a result of the industrial development of our city. It was unknown of old, and so, for that part of it, were proper chemists and druggists. The paucity of such establishments in the early period of our city’s growth is really remarkable. Towards the end of the eighteenth century there were only two drug stores of any importance. The one which might claim pride of place was that kept by Mrs. Balmano at the Gilt Galen’s Head at the north end of the Laigh Kirk Close. This lady, by the way, had a garden for growing roots, herbs, &c., on the slope of the Deanside Brae, the exact spot now being occupied

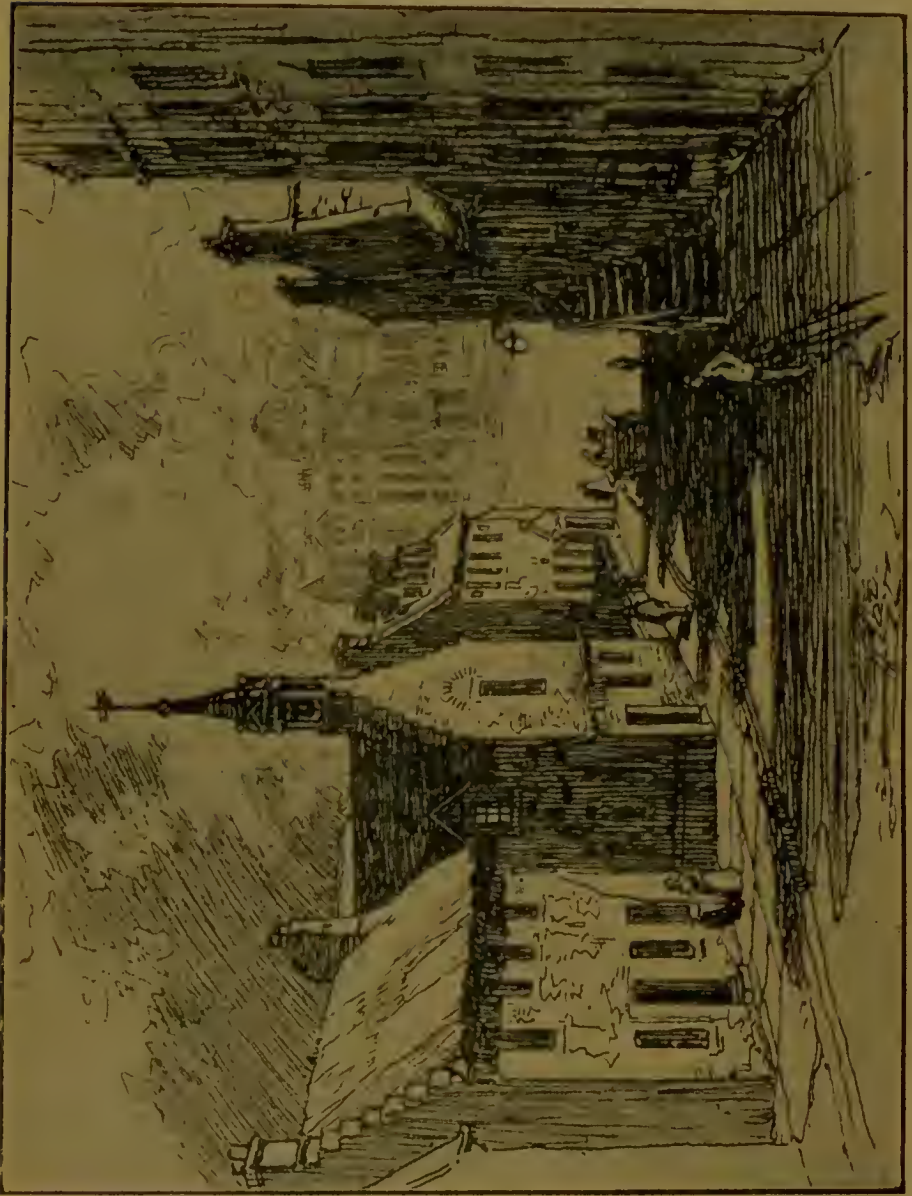
by "Balmano Brae." For long it was *the* drug store of the town. After the good lady's death the establishment was carried on, more or less, by her well known son, Dr. John Balmano, who used to sit of an afternoon at the window nearest the close reading his book, but ever ready, on request, to give advice gratis to any poor enquirer. He was in independent circumstances, and so possibly did not push the drug part of his business very energetically, and the inevitable result was, of course, competition, which was soon supplied by Drs. Jas. Monteith and Wm. Couper, at the north-east corner of Stockwell. They were energetic and diligent in business, and kept the bulk of the trade until some other medical men joined together and formed the Apothecaries' Hall in Virginia Street. Then, about 1786 there was a certain Archd. Wright who styled himself Druggist and Seedsman.

But, lest we forget, was there not Angus M'Donald, a dealer in plated goods, *cir.* 1790, who, like Dr. Hornbook, eked out his little business by dabbling in tea and quack medicines. His place was located first at the head of the Saltmarket, and latterly at the foot of Brunswick Street. This person affirmed that his porter, Angus M'Donald, had been repeatedly cured of almost every disease by the *use* of his medicines and electuaries, while he had, somewhat ungraciously I fear, endeavoured to ruin his kind-hearted master by the *abuse* of the "Balm of Gilead." Balm of Gilead! what a delicious morsel: roll it round the tongue—Balm of Gilead. If you fancy that the present press alone sins in giving undue publicity to quack medicines and nostrums of all kinds, believe me it is an old habit—Balm of Gilead.

Dr. Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead. Dr. Solomon, also, like Dr. Hornbook, or one of his friends, could "vend the rousin' whid," aye, and what is more, could "nail't wi' Scriptur'." "Go up unto Gilead and take Balm, oh, Virgin." "Is there no Balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?" To say nothing of "Evabold's vegetable balsam," "the Elixir of Life," "Haymans Maredant's Drops," "Cornwell's Oriental Vegetable Cordial," and "Leigh's Lotion." But "Balm of Gilead"—that was an inspiration.

However, after Graham's exhibition there was a lull for a little, and just when the public had forgotten all about it, the following notice, duly trumpeted about the town by Bell Geordie, the public bellman, came to relieve the otherwise hum-drum routine of the citizens of that day:—"Notice, the celebrated Mr. Newham has arrived in Glasgow, and

living at No. 161 Stockwell. He cures the afflicted by touching them with a rag dipped in a little spirits. His faculty is a wonderful blessing, and was bestowed on him in a bye-way



Proprietors of the "Evening Citizen."

FIG. 7.

The Kirkcaldy in 1799.

Block kindly lent by the

where doctors never knew to walk. His fee for an examination is one guinea, but the poor will be considered."

Following on his heels came Dr. Katterfelto, M.D., F.R.S., &c., accompanied with his wonderful black cat; and, emboldened by their success, followed the Hon. Mr. Nicholson, "a man

possessed of an exclusive and peculiar power over the most irrational part of human nature."

In 1802 appeared the following notice:—"Mr. Jas. Scott, surgeon dentist, 28 S. Bridge, Edinburgh, intends to visit Glasgow *annually*, and will be found at Mrs. Patterson's in Garthland Street." This was the first *bona-fide* dentist in the city, and he did so well that instead of continuing his annual visits he took up his abode permanently in Miller Street, in the house built, I believe, by Mr. Macready, the father of the celebrated tragedian. He was a most illiterate man, and grew prodigiously stout, and it is stated on the best authority that he often drew fifteen to twenty guineas in a single morning in the shape of fees. He had a sister, not very young; he himself was bachelor, and together they used to ride through the city on small grey ponies, attended by a mounted page in a gorgeous livery.

Before drawing to a close, let us see the front aspect of the Royal from Kirk Street (Fig. 7) as it appeared about 1802, a few years after completion. The little steepled house on the left was originally the manse of the parson of Morebattle, and later on the first Trades House. Just above, but unseen in the inset, were the ruins of St. Nicholas Hospital, and above that Provand's Lordship.

And so we take farewell of this, the subject of our sketch. Surely we may say of it, "peace with honour," and if now, having faithfully served its day and generation, it is destined, through the revolution of the wheel of fate, to give place to another building more suited to the needs of our times, we may look upon it as taking its departure full of years and honours. And of the buildings now rising from its ashes we may anticipate with confidence that, being dowered with the honourable traditions of its predecessor, enriched with its achievements, emboldened with its successes, and encouraged with its ideals, it may realise that with great privileges and traditions it inherits correspondingly great responsibilities. It starts its career of charity and brotherhood fully equipped, no less by the suitability of the buildings themselves than by the praiseworthy zeal and skill of those gentlemen who have the privilege of serving their city no less than the institution to which they have the honour to belong. And if it is not given to the new Royal Infirmary to be the birthplace of any epoch-making discoveries in medicine or surgery—but, who knows?—at least by the knowledge of good work well done, may it never cease to occupy an honoured place among the honoured names of no mean city.

