

GEORGE SQUARE:

ITS HISTORY,
STATUES,
AND
ENVIRONS.

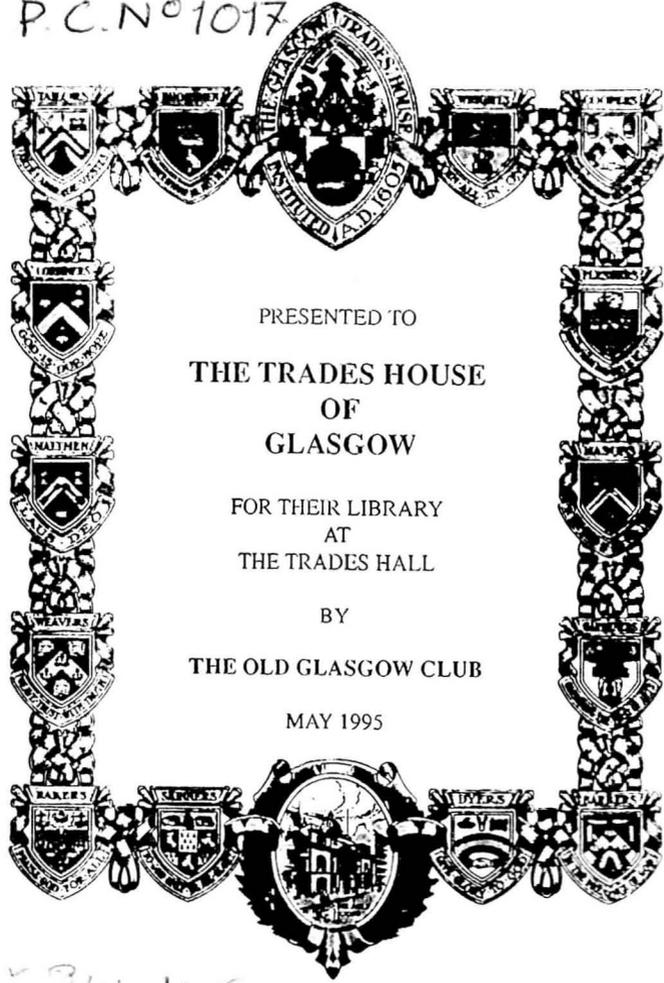
BY
JAMES MCFARLANE.

*(Read in abridged form to The Old Glasgow Club
on 9th November, 1922.)*

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2nd - 4th 1917

To SIR JOHN LINDSAY, D.L.,
A SAFE GUIDE, A LOVER OF GLASGOW.

IN RECOGNITION OF MERIT, AND OF A LONG-STANDING
FRIENDSHIP.

PREFACE.

Glasgow has had many historians, including M'Ure, Brown, Cleland, Pagan, Senex, Dr. W. H. Hill, MacGeorge, J. O. Mitchell, Rev. Dr. Somerville, M'Gregor, Marwick, Renwick, and others, and of the works of these Sir J. D. Marwick's volume of date 1900, with the insufficient and misleading title of "The Water Supply and various Developments of the City" is, up till now, the most concise, comprehensive, and exhaustive History of Glasgow.

Lytton Strachey, a leading biographer of the Victorian age, says "Ignorance is the first requisite of the historian—ignorance which simplifies and clarifies, which selects and omits." Let me admit that my knowledge is limited, and therefore I have drawn from almost all of the names mentioned, while much local official information has been freely placed at my disposal.

I have been specially indebted to Mr. S. A. Pitt of the Mitchell Library, and his depute, Mr. Robert Adams, for personal help and exceptional facilities, and for their courtesy in placing the Glasgow section of the Library at my absolute disposal.

The impressions of the three Poets—Scott, Burns, Campbell—are my own, and are due to a close study of their works.

JAMES M'FARLANE.

GEORGE SQUARE.

GEORGE and THOMAS HUTCHESON, Founders of Hutchesons' Hospital, are Glasgow's greatest benefactors, and George, the elder of the two, following his father's example and precept, invested largely in land. Among many other subjects he acquired in 1609 the lands of Ramshorn and Meadowflatt. These measured fully forty acres, and extended from Albion Street to St. Enoch's Burn at West Nile Street, and from Rottenrow, Cathedral Street, and the east end of Bath Street to Ingram Street and the north side of Exchange Square, including also about one hundred and thirty feet of frontage on west side of Buchanan Street south of Gordon Street. This last embraces the building formerly belonging to Miss Cranston, now occupied by the Clydesdale Bank, and numbered 91 in the street. These lands were granted to Bishop Bondington by Alexander II. in 1232. George had no direct heir, and the lands passed to his grand-nephew, Ninian Hill.

These lands, which embraced the solum of the Square, were purchased by the Town Council to protect the interests of the City, as they were outwith the Burgh boundaries, and transferred to Hutchesons' Hospital in 1696. This transfer stipulated that feuars should bear all Burgh and other burdens, taxes, etc., like the Burgesses and Citizens proper. A share in these was offered to the Merchants House and the Trades House, but declined by both on the ground that the burdens, restrictions, and obligations would run the Houses into debt. The lands therefore became the sole property of the Hospital, and by subsequent small additions on the east ultimately amounted to forty-six and a half acres.

Owing to the growth of the City, the Town Council looked upon these lands as a modern Naboth's vineyard, and re-acquired them in 1772, acting as buyers and sellers, especially the first. Dr. W. H. Hill in his history of the Hospital has denounced the transaction in terms which are more than definite. The Square was laid out in 1781, and measures from kerb to kerb about two and three-quarter acres. The feuing of the four sides followed, and by the year 1800 these were all built upon, the ground being sold at a price of from two shillings to three shillings per yard. In 1750 it was little better than a marsh, while nearly fifty years later it was described as a hollow filled with green water, and a favourite resort for drowning puppies, cats, and dogs.

The late Mr. John Kirsop had an engraving of date 1825 showing the Square enclosed by a broken down paling and a stout woman "tramping" clothes in a byne, in the approved Scottish fashion. Mr. Kirsop was a cultured archæologist in various directions, and presented engravings of Glasgow from time to time to the Corporation (Museum Section), in addition to books of a past date to the Mitchell Library. These engravings number about forty. An important painting of great merit, "An Old Lady," by Sir J. Watson Gordon, R.A., was gifted to the Art Gallery by members of the Kirsop family.

In 1826 the frontagers decided to improve its condition by levelling the grounds, planting them with trees and shrubbery, and erecting a tall stout iron railing. This cost about £1,100, of which they and their friends paid nearly £700, and the Town Council, at their request, agreed to pay the balance, but the sum not to exceed £400. When completed the Square resembled in shape and general appearance the Blythswood Square of to-day. For about forty years the frontagers claimed the use of the ground inside the railings, but Mr. John Carrick, City Architect, and Councillor J. Leitch Lang, by looking into the original feu contracts found that the solum belonged to the Corporation, and was not *pro indiviso* ground. The railings were removed when the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the enlarged Post Office, and were not replaced except by a light fencing. Even this has now been removed.

Apart from the thirteen statues and Cenotaph, the only erection on the Square is the red granite fountain presented by James Crum in 1860, at which date all the surrounding buildings were of a plain solid type. The buildings on the north side, as yet untouched by reconstruction, have a solid bourgeois appearance, and are built on the old river bank. This bank was the high water mark of an estuary two miles broad, when the river proper began at Bothwell. The Municipal Buildings have a foundation of forty feet of pure river sand, and its continuation can be seen in the open sand pits at Tollcross.

At the north-west corner of the Square was the mansion of Bailie George Crawford, now replaced by the North British Railway Station. The trees held a flourishing rookery, and after the house had been bought by Mr. James Ewing, M.P., he was known as "Craw Ewing." In these grounds at the foot of Dundas Street was the church of Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, now the N.B.R. Offices, an excellent example of classical repose.

The present west side has only one design of elevation with a lower storey consisting of rusticated courses, each alternate course having a vermiculated surface (Italian renaissance). It is finished at the north corner by the tower of the Merchants House, but the general symmetry has been somewhat marred by the addition of two storeys and attics to the Merchants House Building.

On the south the main feature is the Post Office, vast but unpretentious.

The westmost corner at Queen Street is spoiled by a lofty ungainly building, utterly out of keeping with the Square. The burnt-out building at the corner of Hanover Street is being replaced by a massive one of eight storeys in height, but the elevation lacks imagination and inspiration. When this is erected the four-storey building to the west will be taken down and rebuilt to complete the block, when the whole will form one of the leading warehouses in the City.

The perspective looking from the east side is further marred by the white glazed brick gable of the high Anchor Line buildings in St. Vincent Place. The east side is entirely filled by the Municipal Buildings. In 1860 some leading lawyers had their offices on this east side, and merchants were represented by firms such as the Dennistouns, James Ewing & Co., and others. The George Hotel occupied the south-east corner.

At the north-east corner, now occupied by the Inland Revenue offices, were the paltry rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, to which entry was by a wooden stair, a contrast to the palatial buildings now occupied in Bothwell Street. The north side was mainly occupied by hotels, but Millen's Academy was long a recognised feature. The leading school of the City was the High School in John Street, its site now forming part of the Technical College with its 5,646 students last session. At this time of day the old High School arrangements seem peculiar, as there was no Rector, no curriculum, each master was an independent teacher, the parents selected what classes they wished, and the masters collected their own fees. Arising from this there were several private schools in the neighbourhood, mainly taken up with commercial subjects. There were Millen's already mentioned, Leiper's at the corner of Montrose Street, Wilson's Model School at 234 George Street (now effaced by the Technical College), and the old Andersonian.

In sight of the Square is the Royal Exchange, built in 1829, a massive building with a character and effect all its own, and covering an area of fully 1800 yards. The main feature is the portico with its twelve noble fluted Corinthian columns. These columns are repeated six on each side of the building, while the rear at the west is finished off by two smaller ones of the same order. The Great Hall, or Exchange proper, measures one hundred and thirty feet by sixty feet. The entrance from Queen Street is through the vestibule of the old Lainshaw mansion, which is incorporated with and still remains in the Exchange. Mr. William Cunningham, of Lainshaw, one of our great merchant pioneers and tobacco lord, built this mansion, which was said to be the stateliest town's house of its day in Scotland.

GEORGE SQUARE.

The leaves are green in the grey old square,
 The daffodils dance in the breezes there;
 The clouds blow over the sun's high face
 As they drift along in the airy race;
 And shadow and sunshine come and go
 On the grey and green in the square below.
 And there you may mark the Wizard stand
 High on his column, and close at hand
 The Ploughman Poet, as still as he,
 Is keeping him fitting company.
 They see the shadows that break and run,
 The flowers all gold in the golden sun,
 The green that spreads on the ruffling trees—
 Have they never a thought for sights like these?
 Does the Sheriff, high in the radiant air,
 Rhyme with the Ploughman watching there?
 Or weave of the folk and the flowers that dance
 The brilliant dream of a new romance?
 Does the Ploughman match, as he broods so long,
 The shining hours with a shining song,
 While we're too pressed with our own affairs
 To bother our busy heads with theirs?

(W. K. HOLMES. From *Evening News*.)

HOTELS.

Even sixty years ago the local hotel world was mainly centred in the Square. The Wellington, Star, Caledonia, Royal Horse, and Franklin had disappeared, but there still remained the Waverley, Crow, Clarence, Globe, Imperial (now the N.B.R. Parcel Office), Queen's, Royal, and George. At No. 16 was a somewhat unpretentious hostel named "The Noddy Drivers' Eating House." When the Bank of Scotland building was being erected, part of the "Crow" was taken

down. The proprietor, with a pretty wit, put up a placard—"A wing of the 'Crow' still open." The soubriquet of the proprietor of the George, Mr. M'Lachlan, was "Toddy Mixture," from his well-known advertisement.

Mr. MacGregor, of the Queen's, acquired the estate of Glengyle at Loch Katrine, and when the Town Council proposed to bring in the water supply to the City he lodged a claim for £26,000. President Krüger, after the Jameson raid, made a huge claim for "moral and intellectual damages." Mr. MacGregor withdrew his demand, and lodged a fresh one for £90,000, equally visionary with Krüger's, on the ground that the old graveyard of his clansmen, near Glengyle, would be, if not submerged, at least waterlogged, but was, under award, given £19,000. The estate has lately been acquired by the Water undertaking.

THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

The present building is the sixth, the first two being at Glasgow Cross, and these gave place in turn to Jail Square, Wilson Street, and in 1874 to Ingram Street. The stonework of this last was bad, and as it began to peel off in flakes, it occasioned the remark of a councillor of the day "that it was afflicted with a species of mural leprosy." This building soon proved inadequate, and the east of the Square was fixed upon as a new site. Some of the Council, with a foresight since justified, urged that the whole block east to Montrose Street should be taken. The majority considered that the ground to John Street was sufficient, all the more that the city was just recovering from the collapse of the City of Glasgow Bank, and the present building, which covers 6000 yards fully of net building ground, was erected. At the south-east corner of the site was a Wesleyan Methodist Church, where the pastor was well and favourably known as Fiji Wilson, from his having been a missionary there when "long pig" was a common diet. The church substituted is in Sauchiehall Street, at the corner of West Nile Street.

In George Street on the site was a barber's shop occupied by James Wilson, a local Figaro, whose establishment was long the centre of all the local gossip. When the precentorship in Dr. William Anderson's church in John Street was vacant, Wilson was a strong partisan of one of the two candidates on the short leet. When a member of the church, Mr. F——, was being shaved, the barber, in applying the razor to

the chin, suddenly demanded "Who are you for? I'm for Barr." It is needless to say that for the time being Mr. F— instantly became a supporter also.

The site alone cost £173,000, while the existing building and furnishings cost £380,000, in all £553,000. It was opened by Queen Victoria on 22nd August, 1888, and first used for Corporation purposes in October, 1889. The elevation to the Square lacks dignity, and of the other three sides that in George Street is the most attractive and satisfying.

The acoustics in the Council Chamber are indifferent, in the Banqueting Hall they are absolutely bad. In keeping with the architect's design many of the windows were too small and placed too near the floor, and to give good light even at midday much of the stonework had afterwards to be cut away. The grand staircase of marble and alabaster evokes universal admiration.

The building is of white freestone from Stirlingshire, and soon began to show signs of decay, due to defective weathering qualities. It was treated with a special preservative all over, but again at present signs of decay are showing in various parts. A few years ago the late City Engineer, Mr. A. B. MacDonald, stated that so far as he knew, no reliable white sandstone was now left in Scotland.

All round, buildings erected eighty years ago from Giffnock Quarries and elsewhere are still sound, while the finger of Time has dealt lightly with the Exchange, nearly one hundred years old, and also with the gateway of the old College (now re-erected at Gilmorehill) and the Cathedral itself, whose years are both numbered by centuries.

The accommodation provided soon proved inadequate, and new Sanitary Chambers, covering 1,100 square yards and costing £37,642, were erected at the east end of Cochrane Street at Montrose Street.

A great addition to the Municipal Buildings, covering 4500 yards, is nearing completion, and is connected by two covered archways across John Street. The future extension to take in the entire block to Montrose Street is merely a question of time, and when this grand scheme is completed the ground actually built on for the City Chambers will be about 15,000 square yards, an area greater than George Square.

The combined cost of the buildings erected or being erected, including equipment, will be about £1,250,000. Of these, the elevation of the extension to Cochrane Street is by far the best and most attractive.

The revenues of the Corporation for the year ending May, 1922, from the four leading commercial undertakings, are :—

Water Department, - - -	£457,415
Gas Department, - - -	£2,471,907
Electricity Department, -	£1,191,458
Tramways Department, - -	£2,350,752

The rates alone, collected till 31st May of this year, were £3,254,944, from a city which, according to Kipling in "M'Andrew's Hymn," extends

Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws—
Fra' Govan to Parkhead,

while the gross revenue of the Corporation in all its activities was £11,607,602.

THE POST OFFICE.

When James VI. of Scotland succeeded to the English throne in 1603 a post between the two countries became necessary, and complaints were loud that the service was insufficient and the charges much too high.

In 1611 the Convention of Royal Burghs ordained the Magistrates of the Burghs to fix reasonable prices for "reddie service by horse hirers and stablers." The first general system of inland postage in the Kingdom, now united, was established in 1635 under a proclamation of Charles I.

The present buildings form the ninth home of the postal service in Glasgow, their sequence being as follows :—

High Street.

Montgomerie's Land, Saltmarket, in 1730.

51 Princes Street, - - - ,, 1787, staff 8 in all.

St. Andrew's Street, - - - ,, 1800.

114 Trongate, - - - ,, 1803.

Nelson Street, - - - ,, 1810.

42-44 Glassford Street, - ,, 1840, staff 47 in all.

George Square and Hanover Street, ,, 1857.

(The stonework of this building with its rounded windows was used in the front wall of Woodside Quadrant in Eldon Street, Woodlands Road.)

The existing buildings in 1882 with further extensions to Ingram Street.

In 1900 the staff numbered 2,785, while this year, including both sexes, they number 3,938, and the magnitude of its operations during the last postal year may be judged from the following figures, which embrace the inward and outward business :—

Letters, - - - - -	168,377,714
Printed Papers, - - - -	98,501,136
Post Cards, - - - - -	15,861,734
Newspapers, - - - - -	9,061,675
Parcels, - - - - -	8,018,794
Telegrams, - - - - -	6,865,523
Telephone Calls, - - - -	37,575,000
Money and Postal Orders, -	3,583,411

The foundation stone of the building of 1882 was laid by the then Prince of Wales on 17th October, 1876, and the completed building now covers fully an acre. This has proved inadequate, and an extensive building has been erected in Waterloo Street, mainly for parcels, and covering 3000 yards of ground.

About 1860 the postmen wore red coats, blue vests, and satin hats with gold braid and cockade, but this gave place to a more serviceable uniform.

THE MERCHANTS HOUSE.

There had been outstanding controversies for many years between the Merchants proper and the Craftsmen of the City, but their differences had been adjusted by a conference, which defined the duties and rights of each and framed the Letter of Guildry of date 1605. This constituted the Merchants House, and declared, *inter alia*, that its chairman should be called Dean of Guild, and he must always have a seat in virtue of his office in the Town Council.

The first House was erected in Bridgegate in 1659, and its elegant spire, nearly 200 feet high, still remains. The next House was in part of the present County Buildings in Hutcheson Street, opposite Garthland Street, while the present

building was erected in 1880, having a tower 136 feet above the pavement, surmounted by a ship giving four feet additional.

The Dean of Guild sanctions all new buildings and important structural alterations.

The Capital of the House, including bequests and mortifications, is £493,000, in addition to vacant ground in the Necropolis, and the available revenue is about £12,500, which is mainly spent on three hundred and fifty pensioners who have seen better days.

HUTCHESONS' HOSPITAL.

Thomas Hutcheson, the younger of the brothers Hutcheson, in his settlement, enjoined the patrons "to wair and bestow the samyn (*i.e.*, the mortified funds) upon the cheapest and best halden arabill lands they can gett to buy thairwith, neir to the said burgh of Glasgow."

The sums left by both brothers amounted to £4,017, in addition to three tenements, and faithfully has this injunction been carried out for nearly three centuries.

Reference has already been made to the Ramshorn and Meadowflatt lands. These embraced the Cracklinghouse Quarry, and the Queen Street railway tunnel was cut through the same seam.

In 1707 the lessee craved an abatement of the rent on the ground of it "being a dour stone, ill to work and wanting in baith back and belly," and a deduction was made. In the accounts for 1745 it is stated that St. Andrew's Church and part of the University buildings were erected with stone from this quarry. It was filled up about 1788, and over the site of it Dundas Street was formed.

Prior to 1885 about one-third of the revenue was spent on the schools, but an act coming into force in that year declared that a separate Board be formed to administer the schools, and that the net revenue of the Hospital be allocated three-fifths for pensions and two-fifths for education. Vigorous protests were made by the patrons, but in vain.

The Capital of the Hospital, including unfeued lands, may be stated as about £600,000, with a gross revenue of £23,384. This does not include the Scott, Blair and Baxter, and Hood Mortifications administered by the patrons, with a capital of £21,500 and a revenue of £920. These donors recognised that their bequests could be best managed by representative citizens, and at the minimum of cost, and their example might be followed by benefactors, who might appoint the patrons as their trustees and bequeath their means to increase the usefulness of the Hospital, along with benefactions if they saw fit, to infirmaries, education, or otherwise. This would leave a "monument more lasting than brass." This principle has been carried out in the Thomson bequest, the Hamilton fund, the William Whyte bursary fund, and the Augmentation of Pensions fund initiated and generously subscribed to by the late Colonel Smith Park. The capital representing these four benefactions will be about £17,500.

The school for boys was opened in Crown Street in 1876, but is now out of date, both as to accommodation and locality. A new site is earmarked at Victoria Road, but the money requisite, however, is not available meantime. The number enrolled last session was 528.

The school for girls was removed from Elgin Street to Kingarth Street in 1912 with marked success, and is now overflowing, the enrolment last year being 920.

The numbers on the pension roll are 108 men and 1387 women, in all 1495.

THE TRADES HOUSE.

The Trades House is the Master Court of the fourteen incorporated trades, and its headquarters are the quaint Ionic-Georgian hall in Glassford Street. It was constituted after the disputations with the merchants of the town in 1605, but the crafts have their constitutions much earlier, that of the Skinners going back to 1516.

The capital of the Trades House is about £185,000, with a revenue of £7,500, mainly distributed in four hundred pensions granted over and above those of the incorporated crafts. The capital of the fourteen trades is fully £765,000, their revenue being fully £30,000 or thereby.

The President for the time being is designated the Deacon-Convener, and as such has a seat at the Town Council. The Chairmen of the Crafts have the now ancient and much appreciated title of Deacon.

The Merchants House, Trades House, and Hutchesons' Hospital may well be termed the Three Graces of Glasgow benevolence. The combined capital under their control is £2,050,000 and their gross revenue £95,000 which is mainly spent on pensions to those whose sunshine in life has been overcast, and partly on the furtherance of that practical and constructive education which has made Scotland what it is both at home and abroad.

BENEVOLENCE.

'Tis written with the pen of heavenly love
On every heart which skill divine has moulded ;
A transcript from the Statute-book above
Where angels read their Sovereign's Will unfolded.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Walter Scott was born on 15th August, 1771, the same day as Napoleon Bonaparte. His constitution was far from robust, and as he developed a lame foot he was sent at eighteen months old to a south country farm, where he spent six years. Here he developed an intense interest in Border ballads, and to use his own lines—

Here was poetic impulse given
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.

In his twelfth year he read with enthusiasm and for the first time, the Percy Reliques, and these intensified his love for the Scottish Ballads and laid the foundation of those romances which afterwards made him famous. Before the end of his fifteenth year he had written a poem in four books called "The Conquest of Granada." His family, however, could not discover "that all the music of the moon is hidden in the plain egg of the nightingale," and he burned his first serious product.

Ballad writing at the time was out of favour, and he challenged fame in 1805 by writing "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." He was encouraged by the approval of Wordsworth, Francis Jeffrey, Charles James Fox, and William Pitt (whose exquisite

statue is in the Art Galleries at Kelvingrove), and 30,000 copies were sold by the publishers. His last important poetical effort was "The Lord of the Isles" in 1815, but his midday sun was now passing to its afternoon.

He produced rhyme with consummate ease, his Pegasus was always in full flight, and his verse, as he himself described it, was a "Light Horseman sort of stanza." His poetical tide reached its high-water-mark in "Marmion."

The year 1814 saw a new departure in the novel "Waverley," by the great Unknown, which was followed by a long list, nearly thirty, familiar to all. These ranged in subject from Scotland, England, Wales, France, Switzerland, Germany, and as far as India, and while they are irregular in merit, "Waverley," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Quentin Durward," "Antiquary," and "Guy Mannering" will remain in the forefront. Latterly he suffered from failing health, mental strain from his losses through Constable and Ballantyne, and the high pressure of his work, and the end came on 21st September, 1832. His remains were buried at Dryburgh Abbey.

His monument in the Square is about eighty feet high, surmounted by a statue eight feet in height. As a work of art the figure is indifferent, being the work not of a sculptor, but of a mason. The plaid is over the wrong shoulder, as has been often remarked, but equally fault is found with the statue of King William at the Cross that stirrups have been forgotten, while the story goes that the artist committed suicide in consequence. The King, however, is portrayed as a Roman General, with sandals and bare toes, stirrups being unknown nineteen hundred years ago.

The best picture of Scott as a work of art, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is in the collection at Windsor Castle, but the impression is untrue. Sir Henry Raeburn painted Scott for his own keeping, and it remained in the artist's family till 1877, when it was sold for £325. It was sold again in May of this year at the dispersal of the Burdett-Coutts collection for 9,200 guineas, and now goes to America. A marble bust at Abbotsford, by Sir Francis Chantrey, gives the only real expression as the family knew him.

"GOOD-NIGHT TO MARMION."

BURNS.

Robert Burns was born on 25th January, 1759, in the small cottage outside Ayr which is still the Mecca of the poetical world. His father was a man resolute, wise and independent, who charged himself with Robert's education in the winter evenings. The poet thus early learned correct English from Addison, Pope, and Goldsmith, and learned also the possibilities of braid Scots from Allan Ramsay. At the age of seven he was set to work on his father's farm of Mount Oliphant, and his being overtaxed in youth threw a gloom over all his future—

Man was made to mourn

being the epitome of much of his life.

Disappointed with his prospects he resolved to go to Jamaica, and for the needed expenses the Kilmarnock edition of his poems was published in 1786, realising a sum of £20. A letter from Edinburgh, however, changed all his plans, and he gained the support and patronage in the Capital of Professor Dugald Stewart, the Earl of Glencairn, and others. His stay was brief, and after a tour of Scotland he returned westward, took the farm of Ellisland, and married bonnie Jean Armour.

He worked either with his father or on his own account on four farms—Mount Oliphant, Lochlea, Mossiel, and Ellisland—but it was before the days of basic slag, nitrates, and tractors, and he was unequal to the task of struggling against poor soil and against nature.

He became an exciseman in Dumfries in 1791, and in 1793, when riding home from Kenmure in a storm of wind and rain, to which he was oblivious, he composed "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." This and "Auld Lang Syne" have made him immortal—"To Mary in Heaven" is sublime in pathos, while "Tam o' Shanter" is a product of the highest imagination. Failing health brought the end on 21st July, 1796, at the age of thirty-seven—the age fatal to genius.

To quote from Isaac Disraeli, "Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, died at thirty-eight; Duke Weimar, his greatest general, thirty-six; Pascal, greatest of Frenchmen, thirty-seven; Byron, thirty-seven; and Raphael, thirty-seven."

His statue was erected in 1877, and is not a great work of art, while the likeness disappoints. His life, as has been said, was one of disappointment, and while his songs, like bright shafts of sunshine, pierce the cloud, the gloom again prevails.

His songs are those of the skylark, not those of the thrush.

Other poets have taken the gold and silver of high emprise, and fashioned them into verse, but the inspiration of Burns was very different, and to quote his own stanza—

The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
Oh, sweet to stray an' pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang.

and again—

A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breist,
That I for puir Auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or buik could make
Or sing a sang at least.

He took the common clay of everyday life and glorified it.

His memory has enjoyed the praise of other great poets. Byron in his scathing satire, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," spares only Kirke White and Burns, referring to the latter as follows:—

What! must deserted poesy still weep,
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep;
Unless perchance, from her cold bier she turns
To deck the turf that wraps the minstrel Burns.

Kipling thus crystallises his appreciation—

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns
To sing the song o' steam
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech
Yon orchestra sublime

(*M' Andrew's Hymn.*)

Campbell sings of him thus—

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love?
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skilled one flame alone to fan;
His country's high-souled peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught!—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man;
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

while Swinburne, soaring on a higher pinion, sings—

Above the storms of praise and blame
That blur with mist his lustrous fame,
His thunderous laughter went and came,
And lives and flies;
The roar that follows on the flame
When lightning dies.

Earth and the snow-dimmed heights of air,
And water winding soft and fair
Through still sweet places bright and bare
By bent and byre,
Taught him what hearts within them were,
But his was fire.

On the memorial in Westminster Abbey to Stratford de Redcliffe, a great ambassador, are the words:—

Thou wert the voice of England in the East.

The best and most enduring epitaph of Burns might well be, and with equal pith—

HE WROTE THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell was born on 27th July, 1777, at 215 High Street, at the corner of Nicholas Street, opposite the Havannah, but the property has now been rebuilt. To quote Pope, he "lisped in numbers for the numbers came," and was early imbued, like Scott, with old ballads, or like Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser with the lilt of the Hebrides. At college he was an adept in Greek. Family circumstances, however, compelled him to take tutorships in Mull and in West Argyll, and here he felt the truth of the lines—

O! Caledonia stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child.

At the age of twenty-one he wrote "The Pleasures of Hope," and at once found himself famous, four editions of the work being published in one year, the keynote being "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." His intense love for Poland is everywhere seen, and he vigorously denounced

England that she did not interfere and act as the guardian of Poland and police protector of threatened States. Like Anacreon's wayward lyre, turning always to songs of love, Campbell's quill always reverted to that oppressed country. When its night was darkest he wrote:—

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.

Despairing of living powers, he appealed to the dead past:—

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn.

His theme is that Hope is the universal inspiration. It inspired our first parents both in Eden and after the expulsion; Elijah, Socrates, Newton, Byron, down to the mother of the last born child in its cradle. It is limitless, ranging from the ice-bound regions to the Torrid Zone, and the poem gives a long catalogue of the attributes, such as "Friend of the Brave," "Angel of Life," "Daughter of Faith," "Auspicious Hope," "Companion of the Imagination," "Music of the Mind," "Sister of Truth," "Hope is thy Star," "Hope Companion of the Way," "Creative Spirit," "Unfading Hope," "Prophetic Hope," "The Charmer," "The Talisman," and others.

In his poems occur brilliant examples of crystallised speech, which still pass freely as literary coins, such as:—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears.
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye.
What millions died that Caesar might be great.
Like angel visits, few and far between.
Song is but the eloquence of truth.
Coming events cast their shadows before.
To bear is to conquer our fate.
To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

and these coins have been brought from Campbell's mint by his biographer Hogben.

Apart from "The Pleasures of Hope" he will live in our memories as the author of "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic," which are unequalled in the language. His later poems suggest the midnight lamp, and are not the outburst of poetic rapture. He struck a gold-bearing vein, but never became a poetical Croesus.

Thanks to his gifts and popularity he enjoyed the signal honour of being elected three times as Lord Rector of Glasgow University. He died on 15th June, 1844, and was laid to rest in Poets' Corner, Westminster, where a memorial by Chantrey is placed, and one striking feature of the funeral was that a guard of Polish nobles stood round the tomb to do honour to one who had loved their country so well.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous notes began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow;
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

JAMES WATT.

James Watt was born in Greenock in 1736, and came to Glasgow as a lad in 1749 on a visit. He went to London six years after this to get an insight into the manufacture of mathematical instruments, returning thereafter to Greenock and Glasgow. He wished to start business on his own account in Glasgow, but this was opposed by the Incorporation of Hammermen in that "he was neither the son of a burgher nor had served an apprenticeship within the borough." The University, however, proved a foster-father, and he set up his workshop within its walls.

He started business in the Saltmarket selling maps, making fiddles, flutes, and guitars, knowing scarcely a note of music, having no ear, but acquainted with the principles of harmony, and thereafter earned a living as a land surveyor and engineer for docks and canals.

In 1765 the principle of a separate condenser occurred to him when walking in the Green on a Sunday, west of Charlotte Street, and this invention ultimately brought him wealth and fame.

After many trials and vicissitudes he made the acquaintance of Matthew Boulton of Soho Works, Birmingham, and this culminated in a partnership with Boulton and William Murdoch. The partnership was an ideal one, Boulton being a man of force and enterprise, Watt having the constructive mind, and Murdoch being the motive power of the everyday work. Murdoch was also the discoverer of gas for lighting purposes.

He died in 1819, and a statue by Chantrey was placed in Westminster Abbey. The statue in the Square is also by Chantrey, and was erected in 1832, while yet another is in our University. A statuette has been gifted to the Art Galleries this year by Councillor David M'Cowan.

Great possibilities were expected from the improved steam engine, and even the aeroplane is foretold in the lines of a contemporary poet, Erasmus Darwin :—

This giant power, from earth's remotest caves,
Lifts with strong arm her dark reluctant waves ;
Each caverned rock, and hidden den explores
Drags her dark coals, and digs her shining ores.
Fresh through a thousand pipes the wave distills,
And thirsty cities drink the exuberant rills ;
Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam ! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car ;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.

THOMAS GRAHAM.

Thomas Graham, a great investigating chemist, is now scarcely known to fame, as most perhaps have forgotten his reputation, while many only know him as a name.

He was born in 1805, and at a very early age taught chemistry in the Andersonian in George Street, after teaching mathematics in Balmano Street, and after being lecturer in chemistry in the Glasgow Mechanics' Institute. Among his students were David Livingstone, only seven years younger than himself, Sir Lyon Playfair, and James Young, LL.D., of Kelly, who found wealth through the Torbanehill mineral and the exploiting of paraffin oil. In time he became Professor of Chemistry in the University of London, and subsequently Master of the Mint.

The statues both of Livingstone and Graham were erected in token of long personal friendship by and at the cost of Dr. Young. He died in 1869, and his statue was unveiled in 1872.

THE ALCHEMIST.

. and this Doctor
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold in a bolt's head,
And on a turn, convey in the stead another
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst i' the heat,
And all fly out in *fumo*.

—Ben Johnson.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, was born in 1819, and became Queen in 1837, thereafter marrying her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, in 1840. The Queen made three visits closely associated with Glasgow, the first being in 1849, when, along with the Prince Consort, she came to the Broomielaw and drove through the City. The second occasion was her visit to Loch Katrine on 14th October, 1859, when Her Majesty turned on our unequalled water supply. The silver key, with ivory handle, used on the occasion, is preserved in the People's Palace. The third and most formal visit was when the Queen visited our Great Exhibition of 1888, and opened the new Municipal Buildings in August of that year.

Her Jubilee and Diamond Jubilee were celebrated with due "Pomp and Circumstance" in 1887 and 1897 respectively. The great Queen died in 1902 after a reign of sixty-four years, the longest of any British Sovereign.

The statue was put up in St. Vincent Place in 1854, and removed to its present site in 1865.

Her reign has seen four great wars, apart from smaller ones incidental to a great nation, these being the Sikh war of 1849, the Crimean war, the Mutiny of 1857, and after an interval of forty years the Boer war in South Africa.

It has seen the immense development of our Colonies and budding Empires. It has seen our supremacy in shipbuilding, commerce, letters, and industries of every kind. It has seen some of the greatest statesmen, scientists, inventors, and discoverers, and through all those factors the face of the globe has been changed.

This reign has been summarised by Tennyson :—

Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

And Statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet—

By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.

and her epitaph from *Punch* is :—

O great of heart, in whom this world has known
Wisdom with woman's sweetness reconciled ;
Who held her kingdom's honour as her own,
Still fair and undefiled.

Best shall they keep that stainless memory bright,
Who count their heritage a holy debt.
Who walk with fearless soul the way of light,
In which her feet were set.

The Prince Consort during life was overshadowed by his more prominent wife, but nobly he played his part in the arts of peace, and was splendidly fitted by high character, lofty aims, and intellectual ability to be husband of the Sovereign. Naturally from his position he kept aloof from politics, but his name will always be associated with the great Exhibition of 1851, in whose advancement he took such a prominent position. He died in his prime on 14th December, 1861, and the statue, a companion to that of the Queen, was erected in 1866, both being from the hand of Marochetti.

It was too soon to die
Yet might we count his years by triumphs won
By wise and bold and Christian duties done,
It were no brief eventless history.

This was his princely thought,
With all his varied wisdom to repay
Our trust, and love which on that bridal day
The Daughter of the Isles for dowry brought.

(*Punch.*)

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Sir Robert Peel was born in 1788, at the age of twenty-four became Secretary for Ireland in 1812, and Home Secretary in 1832. A man of strong purpose, he, during his career, was a supporter of Roman Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill of 1832, and the Abolition of the Corn Laws in 1846.

The students of Glasgow University elected him as Lord Rector in 1836, and early in January of the following year he delivered his Rectorial address. This was followed on 15th January by a public dinner given in his honour—perhaps the largest in numbers ever known in the City—the numbered seats amounting to 2,299 in addition to prominent promoters, invited guests, stewards, and members of committee. Thus early in his career Gladstone was an outstanding speaker at the gathering.

Peel's activities, on behalf of the Reform Bill, appealed strongly to the citizens, whose representation in Parliament was simply a ridiculous nonentity. Prior to 1832 one member was allocated to the four Royal Burghs—Glasgow, Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Rutherglen—collectively, the vote being cast by one delegate from each of the Town Councils of these Burghs, with a casting vote, if need be, to each in rotation. Under the bill two members were allotted to Glasgow, the election to be on a £10 franchise.

Peel, like others, marched with the times and changed his views, after conviction, in the best interests of the nation. It will surprise many to know that in 1832 Disraeli was a keen Whig, while Gladstone an equally strong Tory.

Peel put the police force on a proper and efficient footing, and from his name they were called "peelers," and even yet from his christian name the term "bobby" is familiar to us all. Sir Robert when riding was thrown from his horse, and died in 1850, and his statue was erected in 1859.

THE STATESMAN.

. with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care ;
And princely counsel in his face
Majestic

—*Milton.*

JAMES OSWALD.

James Oswald was born in 1779, his father, Alexander Oswald, being one of those merchant princes who have made the City what it is. The father's wealth might have been greater, but from an intense hatred of slavery he refused to have anything to do with the West India trade.

The late J. O. Mitchell was descended from this family.

James was a successful merchant, and represented the City in Parliament for thirteen years, proving himself a public-spirited citizen, and a man distinguished by probity and integrity in all things, by energy and zeal.

His statue, by Marochetti, was subscribed for by his many personal friends and admirers, and originally stood in Sauchiehall Street at the south-west corner of what is now the Grand Hotel building. The statue is unusual, the subject carrying a walking stick and dress hat in hand, and while immensely practical cannot be said to be artistic. Some of us High School boys have happy memories of popping stones into the hat, from which we were kept at a distance by the high railing.

On the death of a cousin he succeeded to the estate of Auchencruive in Ayrshire, where he died in 1853. This estate remained in the Oswald family for one hundred and fifty years, but on the death of the last representative was sold, and the furniture and equipment dispersed in May of this year.

COMMERCE.

The band of Commerce was designed
To associate all the branches of mankind;
And if a boundless plenty be the robe
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use.

—Cowper.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Gladstone was born on 29th December, 1809, in Liverpool, but was absolutely Scottish by blood. He was educated at Eton, and there gave early proof of oratory. At the age of sixteen he gave a speech on education, and propounded the theory that "education on the whole was good for the poor." In 1830 at the Oxford Union he made such a strong speech against Reform, as a Tory, that the Duke of Newcastle sent him in 1832 to Parliament for the pocket borough of Newark, and one who heard the speech said, "when Gladstone sat

down we all of us felt that an epoch in our lives had occurred." Bishop Charles Wordsworth, who was present also, confessed in after years "it made me, and I doubt not others also, feel no less sure than of my own existence that Gladstone, our then Christ Church undergraduate, would one day rise to be Prime Minister of England." This speech was quoted against him by Disraeli in 1866. It is worthy of note that eight Prime Ministers in last century came from Christ Church.

He was a Member of Parliament for the long period of sixty-three years with only a break of one year, and finally retired in 1895. He started his career "under the shadow of the great name of Canning." and in 1845 he is found corresponding with Cardinal Manning (then an Anglican Archdeacon) on National Education, Poor Law, and the employment of women, subjects which are still engrossing after a lapse of seventy-five years, while five years earlier he had denounced the opium trade.

During his first forty years in Westminster he saw no fewer than seventeen Prime Ministers, and thirteen of these had an average tenure of office of fifteen months. He himself was Premier four times, covering in all twelve years, his shortest period in office as such being one hundred and seventy-eight days. In 1853 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Aberdeen Cabinet, and his initial budget stamped him as the first financier of his day, and this was only the first of a long series of budget triumphs. In 1860 he formally joined the Liberal Party, becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's second administration.

Bitter reflections were made on Gladstone's refusal to take early steps for the relief of General Gordon, but his reply was that Gordon had gone on an entirely peaceful mission, had never asked for troops, could have returned if he chose, and that an attempt to reconquer the Soudan was "chaining the sands of the desert when the winds were howling over them."

His attitude towards Home Rule in 1885-1886 is still fresh in men's minds, and its results in Liberal-Unionism. He will live in history as a noteworthy statesman and a great Prime Minister. As an exponent of liberty and an attached friend of Greece, he received the Freedom of the City of Athens, an honour conferred on two foreigners only, except himself, up to the present year.

He was a born student, and had a special and intimate knowledge of Homer and Dante. He was elected Lord Rector

of our University in 1877. He died on 19th May, 1898, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, while tributes to his worth were rendered far and wide. Lord Salisbury spoke of him as a "great christian man," and was a pall-bearer at the grave. His chronicler in "National Biography" says—"No English statesman has been more fervently adored or more intensely hated than Gladstone." He was a true leader of the people, and exhorted them always to "employ the political freedom (which he had largely helped to give them) less for their own material advantage than for the best and highest interests of mankind." His statue in the Square was unveiled on 11th October, 1902, by Earl Rosebery, who in his speech said:—

I am here to-day to unveil the image of one of the great figures of our country. . . . The three signal qualities which made him what he was were courage, industry, and faith. . . . He did not lightly resolve, he came to no hasty conclusions, but when he had convinced himself that a course was right it engrossed him, it inspired him with a certainty as deep-seated and as imperious as ever moved mortal man. . . . Such lives speak for themselves, they need no statues, they face the future with the confidence of high purpose and endeavour.

The lines from the introduction to "Marmion" on Pitt, quoted by Gladstone on the death of Sir Robert Peel, may even more fitly be applied to Gladstone himself:—

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver voice is still,
The warder silent on the hill.

—Scott.

Noble in triumph, noble in defeat,
Leader of hopes that others felt forlorn,
Strong in the faith that looks afar to meet
The flush of freedom's morn.

We bear you to your resting-place apart,
Between the ranks, where ancient foe and friend
Kin by a common sorrow at the heart
Silent together bend. (Punch.)

SIR JOHN MOORE.

Sir John Moore was born in 1761 in Trongate, in a house thirty yards east of Candleriggs, and nearly opposite the Tron Steeple. At the age of fifteen he entered the army, and was in active service in America, Corsica, West Indies, East Indies, and Egypt, being wounded at Aboukir. He is best known to fame by the famous retreat to Corunna, where he was mortally wounded in 1809.

Sir Walter Scott glorifies this Peninsular Campaign in "The Vision of Don Roderick," where he pronounces a panegyric on Graeme, Beresford, Wellington, and others, making no mention of Moore. The explanation given, fairly or unfairly, is that he was a Whig while Scott was a pronounced Tory. Napoleon had taken command of the French army of 70,000, while Moore had only 23,000, and recognising, like Bussy Rabutin in 1677 and like Napoleon himself, that "Providence is always on the side of the big battalions," he retired on Corunna, where he was struck down when his object was accomplished. This strategic retreat is now recognised as the turning point of the campaign. The nation does not like the word "retreat," but his two great opponents commended him—thus Napoleon: "that if he committed a few trifling errors they were attributed to his peculiar position, for that his talents and firmness alone had saved the English army from destruction." Thus Marshal Soult: "Moore took every advantage that the country afforded to oppose an active and vigorous resistance, and he finished by dying in a combat that must do credit to his memory." Soult paid him a further and striking proof of appreciation by erecting a memorial of Moore in the citadel of Corunna.

The future Lord Clyde, as a lad, was one of the funeral party, and their statues (Moore's by Flaxman) stand side by side. The statue was cast from three tons of brass cannon, and erected in 1819, being the first in the Square.

Every schoolboy used to know the lines by Wolfe which made the hero immortal:—

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

And there he lies until the Great Reveillé.

WELLINGTON.

Arthur Wellesley was born in Dublin or at Dungan Castle, County Meath, in 1769, and died in 1852. His statue is in a commanding position in front of the Royal Exchange, and this prevented its removal to the Square, but it may be included in the group. The statue, of date 1844, has two large plaques representing Assaye, and Hougomont at Waterloo, and two smaller ones of the Highland Soldier, the first showing him returning to his father's cottage, and the other as settled down and guiding the plough. The design of the battle scenes, however, would not meet with the approval of a military expert even of 1815, for palpable reasons. There is a grim humour in the fact that the memorial of one who dashed the hopes and shattered the aspirations of Frenchmen should be executed by Marochetti in France itself.

Wellesley started his military career as an Ensign in the 73rd Highlanders, but is more closely associated with the 33rd Regiment. He was sent to India in 1796, and entered into the minute details of a soldier's life, studying closely the food required for a period, and weight to be carried both by man and horse, and he afterwards attributed much of his success to this practical knowledge. Unlike others he always kept faith with his hostile opponents, as did Lawrence half a century later when he saved the Punjab for us at the Indian Mutiny of 1857. His leading victories in India were Assaye, 23rd September, 1803, where the enemy were at least four to one, and Argaum two months later.

In the Peninsular war he gained the battles of Vimiera, Talavera, Busaco, Albuera, Badajoz, Salamanca, and Vittoria, finishing his military career with the crowning glory of Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

Created Marquis of Douro, his services were afterwards recognised by the higher title of Duke of Wellington, and by grants amounting in all to half a million sterling. He became Prime Minister in 1828, but wanted foresight and breadth as a statesman. As a determined opponent of Reform he had to give way to Lord Grey, whose name will always be associated with the passing of the Bill.

Buried in the crypt, where Nelson also lies, the great twin victors of land and sea of the beginning of last century are fit companions under the dome of St. Paul's. The great bronze

car used at the interment of Wellington, and costing £20,000, is still preserved in the crypt.

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation.

For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won.

Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast Cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.

—Tennyson.

LORD CLYDE.

Colin M'Liver, was born in High John Street at the corner of George Street in 1792, and this is commemorated by a plate. In 1808 he joined the 9th foot as ensign, serving later with the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

His mother was a Campbell, and an uncle (also a Campbell) applied to the Duke of York for a commission for the lad. "Another of the Clan," said the Duke in granting it, and his uncle advised him to keep the name as being a good one to fight with. He returned to the 9th foot, a purely English regiment, becoming its Colonel in 1832. The burial party of Sir John Moore claimed him as one of its numbers, and he specially distinguished himself in the forlorn hope at the siege of San Sebastian. In addition to the Peninsula he saw active service in America, 1814; Demerara, 1823; China, 1842; and his conspicuous bravery on many occasions brought him many friends in high commands, and rapid promotion. As a Brigadier-General in the Sikh war of 1848-49 he gained the honour of K.C.B., and the decisive victory of Gujrat was due mainly to his skill and valour. The Crimean war brought him again to active service, and it is not too much to claim that Sir Colin won the battle of the Alma. During the engagement he was offered the support of other troops, but refused, and his answer has been celebrated in a song of which the refrain is:—

It thundered 'mid the charging cheer
We'll hae nane but Hielan' bunnets here.

Balaklava again made him and the 93rd Highlanders famous by the regiment receiving the charge of Russian cavalry in extended form and only two deep. To quote Dr. Russell of the *Times*:—"As the Russian cavalry crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of half a mile, calmly awaiting their approach. . . . The Russians drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards through the smoke with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense everyone awaits the bursting of the wave upon *the line of Gaelic rock*; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo Highlanders!' 'Well done,' shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men have scarcely a moment to think of the fact that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen."

The Crimean war over and peace signed, the country had soon to face another crisis in its history—the Indian Mutiny. The causes leading up to this are not within our scope, but the massacres and the horrors of Cawnpore roused this country to the core, and the outcry for revenge is well typified in the cartoon in *Punch* of date August, 1857, where an infuriated lion is leaping at a tiger.

The Commander-in-Chief in India had just died, and Lord Palmerston, sending for Sir Colin, offered him the post, which was at once accepted. "When can you go," was the next query; "in an hour," was the reply, and he left for India the same day. Like our border moss-troopers, his motto was "Ready, aye ready." The events of the campaign are abundantly related elsewhere, but the meeting between Generals Havelock, Outram, and Campbell after the relief of the heroic and harassed garrison of Lucknow, is perpetuated by the large painting of the incident in the Corporation collection.

In recognition of his services he became Lord Clyde in 1858.

Of his character it is said "many fine, true-hearted, conscientious bits of duty made up the sum of Lord Clyde's simple and heroic life," while his rebuke, in 1858 at Allahabad, of the members of a court-martial, and his interference on behalf of a private are historical. He was not a great General, but his manly independence and uniform courtesy gained him unvarying respect.

He died in 1863, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His statue by Foley reproduces the man with his war-worn features, but shows the alert and well-knit figure.

Another great, grey-headed chieftain gone,
To join his brethren on the silent shore.
Another link with a proud past undone
Another stress of lifelong warfare o'er.

No nobler soldier's heart was ever laid
Into the silence of a trophied tomb
There let him sleep, true gold and thrice assayed
By sword, and fire and suffering—till the doom.

(*Punch*.)

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

David Livingstone, whose grandfather was a native of Ulva, which lies in the lap of Mull, was born in Blantyre on 19th March, 1813, and started working in the mills there at the age of ten. He kept a book before him on the spinning frame, and thus gained much of that knowledge which stood him in good stead in after years, while on Saturday afternoons he was a primeval Boy Scout making himself acquainted with nature, animate and inanimate, in many directions. He went to College at the age of nineteen and studied chemistry later under Professor Graham at the Andersonian. His face was early set towards missionary work abroad, and his first proposed field was China. Meeting Dr. Moffat of Kuruman, he decided to go to Africa instead, qualified for his medical degree, and sailed for the dark continent in 1840. After twelve years' service he decided to be no longer a missionary pure and simple, but an explorer and exponent of Christianity, and a determined opponent of the slave trade which he termed "the great open sore of the world." In 1854 he crossed Africa, and in the following year discovered the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi—Falls to which the word magnificent is absolutely inadequate. They have a sheer drop of 320 feet, being double the height of Hutchesons' Hospital spire in John Street, one half higher than the tower of the Municipal Buildings, and four times the height of the Scott monument

in the Square, while the width of the river above the Falls, 1,820 yards, is equal to the distance from Argyle Street to Eglinton Toll. They are exactly midway across Africa at the point, and are slightly south of the latitude of Saint Helena, the scene of the closing days of Napoleon I.

By comparison the great or famous waterfalls so far as known are :—

	Drop in Feet.	Width of River in Feet.
Tsanga, - - - - -	1000	—
Gersoppa, - - - - -	830	—
Kaieteur, - - - - -	822	400
Velino, - - - - -	650	—
Funza, - - - - -	475	—
Zambesi, - - - - -	320	5460
Hamilton, - - - - -	315	—
Niagara, - - - - -	164	4000
Abai (Blue Nile), - - - - -	150	650
Cora Linn, - - - - -	84	—
Schaffhausen, - - - - -	60	—

The Tsanga Fall in Tibet, the highest in the world, is in the valley of the river Arun between Everest and Kinchonjunga, and has been surveyed for the first time by the Everest expedition this year. Gersoppa Fall on the Sharavati river, in the Bombay Presidency, is the finest in India. The Velino Fall at Terni, Italy, is mainly artificial, the lake which feeds it having been drained in 272 B.C. The Kaieteur, on the Potaro, is in the hinterland of British Guiana, the river having the width of the Clyde at Jamaica Street, while the Funza Falls on the Bogota river are in Colombia, South America. The Zambesi has the greatest volume of water, but the Niagara Falls are much the widest. Of Niagara, Canada claims seven-eighths of the water, and 2,600 feet frontal fall, leaving only 1,400 to America. The Hamilton Fall in Labrador exceeds Niagara largely both in volume and drop.

Livingstone disappeared in 1870, and this brought about the dramatic expedition of H. M. Stanley.

James Gordon Bennet, jun., of the *New York Herald*, was in Paris, and summoned Stanley from Madrid, and his first question was "Where do you think Livingstone is?" but Stanley could not tell. "Well, I think he is alive, and that he may be found, and I am going to send you; find out if he is alive, and if dead bring home his bones for burial." Gordon

Bennet left nothing to chance, met every expense, and made Stanley travel a great deal over the East to get acquainted with the customs and feelings of the Mohammedan and other religious worlds before starting on his quest.

The historic meeting was on 28th October, 1871, and is thus described by Stanley himself :—"I noticed he was pale, and looked wearied, and I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob, so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately up to him, took off my hat and said, 'Doctor Livingstone, I presume.'" We can well imagine what the contrast would be in the privacy of the hut, and where there would be a heart to heart conversation.

The visit lasted till 14th March of the following year, and Livingstone never saw a white face again, dying at Chitambo's village, Ilala, on 4th May, 1873.

Stanley's tribute to his work in his own language is "To the stern dictates of duty, alone has he sacrificed his home and ease, the pleasures, refinements, and luxuries of civilised life. His is the Spartan heroism, the inflexibility of the Roman, the enduring resolution of the Anglo-Saxon—never to relinquish his work though his heart yearns for home; never to surrender his obligations until he can write *finis* to his work. I observed that universal respect was paid to him. Even the Mohammedans never passed his house without calling to pay their compliments, and to say 'The blessing of God rest upon you.'"

He was a man of great determination, and formed his judgments and convictions from the facts and incidents of his career. At an early stage in South Africa the Boers gutted his house, burned the little native town, and killed sixty Bakwains, and so much was he impressed with this last that he wrote to his brother-in-law that he would open a path through the country and "I shall perish rather than fail in my enterprise."

His acquaintance with English literature was remarkable, and he had a great part of Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell by heart, while he was quite familiar also with the old fathers of the Mediæval Church. A keen observer in all his journeyings he was able to write valuable and reliable papers on astronomy, geology, plants, seeds, the lie of the land, diseases,

climate, tribal manners and customs, animated nature, watersheds and deserts. He shrank from addressing large gatherings, and his last public words in Scotland, when he spoke to the fellow scholars of his son, were "Fear God, and work hard."

In the People's Palace there is a fine collection acquired by himself in Africa, embracing Manuyéma swords and spears, bows and arrows, ebony necklets of beads, ivory armlets, baskets, fire-making appliances, cloth, and native musical instruments. The interest in this collection is enhanced by that of Miss Stevenson beside it, comprising feather headgear, ear ornaments, clubs, etc., from Kikúyu.

The statue was gifted in 1879 by James Young, LL.D., a fellow student in chemistry, always a generous benefactor to him, and a warm friend.

Livingstone's body was brought home by his faithful servants, Chuma and Susi, and the main identification of the remains was the upper left arm which had been terribly crushed when he was mauled by a lion in 1844. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and the following is part of the beautiful tribute paid to him in the columns of *Punch* :—

He knew not that the trumpet he had blown
Out of the darkness of that dismal land
Had reached and roused an army of its own
To strike the chains from the slave's fettered hand.

Open the Abbey doors, and bear him in,
To sleep with King and Statesman, chief, and sage:
The Missionary came of weaver-kin,
But great by work, that brooks no lower wage.

THE CENOTAPH.

This memorial to the unforgotten dead, numbering 18,000 in the volume commemorative of the Glasgow men who fought and died in the great war, will be completed and unveiled next year.

The memorial, striking, impressive and appropriate, is designed by Sir John J. Burnet, R.S.A., and may be described generally thus :—The design consists of a stepped area enclosed on three sides by a solid wall terminated with sculptured lions, from the east end of which the Cenotaph rises to a height of thirty-two feet. It will be built of Kemnay

granite. The spectator on entering the enclosed space will look down upon the centre portion of the floor, which is covered by a large stone bearing a carved palm leaf with the word "Peace." At the head of this stone is the "Altar" or "great stone" bearing the inscription—

"Their name liveth for evermore."

From behind the "great stone" rises the Cenotaph in severely simple lines. The lower portion of the Cenotaph bears any dedicatory inscription that may be arranged, surmounted by the Arms of the City and County of Glasgow on the front, and the Imperial Arms on the back. On the upper part of the front there is a sword sculptured in the form of a cross while the sides bear four wreaths.

The Cenotaph will stand opposite the main doorway of the Municipal Buildings on the site occupied for the last twenty years by the Gladstone statue, and this statue will be removed to the north side of the Square at Hanover Street.

The volume itself is far from complete, as many joined the land and naval forces of whom there is no record, and who come under the great category of "The Unknown Warrior."

THE PATRIOT.

Patriots have toiled and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds as they deserve
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and sculpture in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalise her trust.
—Cowper.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—William Collins.

GEORGE SQUARE.

A reference has been already made to buildings worthy of the Square, but the Roscoe Professor of Architecture at Liverpool University in speaking of modern city development says "The man who can show the greatest lettable floor space has had most of the new buildings to erect, regardless of whether he was an artist or not, or whether he had even a scholarly knowledge of the forms tradition has given as a language to Architecture."

There are modern buildings we look on with pleasure, such as the Union Bank, Ingram Street; the Clydesdale Bank and the Scottish Provident Institution Buildings, both in St. Vincent Place; the Commercial Bank Buildings in Renfield and West George Streets, and even the M'Lellan Galleries, and perhaps in future utility will go hand in hand with beauty and dignity.

Twenty years ago the *Glasgow Herald*, in a leader, said "It is scarcely an open question whether the open space of George Square is put to the best æsthetic use in being dotted with images of the dead."

The time has now come when no further statues should be erected, and that those now in place, save the dominant monument of Scott and the equestrian figures of Victoria and Albert, should be removed elsewhere. The more famous men might be sent to keep the high company of Carlyle, Kelvin, and Roberts in Kelvingrove.

The day of statues to mediocrity is past, and if memorials of prominent citizens are subscribed for, they might take the form of a tablet, combined with the endowment of a bed in an infirmary, or generous bursaries to the youth of both sexes of special ability unable to bear the cost of a University or Technical education.

In the Kelvingrove Art Galleries there are many portraits and busts which do not deserve permanent recognition, either from the prominence of the subject or as works of art. The standard should be very high, and no statues should now be accepted save of those of whom it may be said:—

For thou art and Fame's
One of the few the immortal names
That are not born to die.

George Square is a green oasis in the busy mart, and will ever be treasured as such by this great and ever increasing community.

L'ENVOI.

OUR CITY AND RIVER.

*The sands run on, the waters flow,
With time and tide the crowd must go.*

("Time and Tide," London.)

B.C. 2000.

In native wilds the ancestral people roam,
And there, half clad, half savage, find a home;
They fished, or crossed the stream with vigorous stroke,
These bronze-age fathers, in the hollowed oak.

1st CENTURY.

Imperious Rome invades our Clydesdale land,
Agricola commands the warlike band;
And native kestrels with the Eagle strove,
When modern Calton was one hazel grove.

4th CENTURY.

To scenes of strife the saintly Ninian came,
His mission peace, and to proclaim THE NAME,
And carve in hope, unaided and alone,
A shallow cross upon the Pagan stone.

6th CENTURY.

The corse of Fergus to Cathures sent
From Culross town; with an untrammelled bent
Two bulls, untamed, unguided, halt the wain
Where stands our old Cathedral—stately fane.

In perils often was Saint Kentigern,
By rulers threatened, and by lawless kerne;
Wales left, he travels many a weary mile
And hails Columba from Iona's Isle.

On Mellondenor's bank these pilgrims meet,
Exchange their staff, each other gladly greet,
And "in this battered caravanserai,"
They wove their web of life, and passed away.

*The sands run on, the river flows,
With time and tide the hamlet grows.*

12th CENTURY.

The Cross is deepened on the Pagan stone;
Cathedral rises, and the monks intone;
A bishop's borough-royal now we see,
A harbinger of greatness yet to be.

Good Bishop Herbert, roused by war's alarms,
Invokes our saint, and calls his flock to arms;
Hies to the field where many fought and bled,
Where fell, through prayers, the "Mighty Somerled."

16th CENTURY.

A Pontiff wise, farseeing, early finds,
 A college needful to expand our minds,
 "Let it be built"—he sends his edict forth,
 A model of Bologna in the north.

18th CENTURY.

Our Tree, deep-rooted, throws its branches wide,
 Stretching to many climes from Glasgow's Clyde;
 Increasing commerce to the City brings,
 The proud Tobacco Lords and Sugar Kings.

20th CENTURY.

We've "no mean city," that we justly claim;
 All round the globe they recognise its fame;
 The crowded port, the merchants' enterprise,
 Are both created by our merchandise.

The streamlet deepened, wharves and docks appear,
 Increasing ever with the circling year;
 Here hatched the swan and eagle—shipyard's brood
 "Tuscania," "Aquitania," Diesels, "Hood."

*The sands run on, the river flows,
 With time and tide our city grows.*

J. M.F.

