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URIE, JOHN, D.1910.

GLASGOW AND PAISLEY: EIGHTY
YEARS AGO.

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Glasgow & Paisley Eighty Years Ago

Glasgow and Paisley Eighty Years Ago

By John Urie



With Illustrations

PAISLEY : ALEXANDER GARDNER

Publisher by Appointment to the late Queen Victoria

1910

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P R E F A C E .

SINCE the publication of my little book, *Reminiscences of Eighty Years*, I have been frequently asked to write up some more of my recollections. My reason for doing so is, firstly, that I belong to the generation of handicrafts and old primitive customs; secondly, that when my generation has passed away much curious information will perish with it.

In my own lifetime—bordering upon ninety years—I have read by the light of a fir stick set in the “puirman,” by the cruisie, candle, oil lamp, gas, and electric light—all the illuminants within my own span of life. Even men who were born when the early experiments with electric lighting were being made in Glasgow are now beginning to look old. A hundred questions about old life in Scotland could be still asked of me and men of my own generation. When we pass, references will have to be made to historical writings or old newspapers.

Preface.

So, without further preface, there may be some bits of information in these recollections of mine of some little historic interest and value. One thing is certain about all such reminiscences of the past—the public interest in them is yearly becoming greater, and this has been my greatest encouragement in venturing upon this sequel to my first story.

JOHN URIE.

DENNISTOUN,
April, 1910.

4 KENNYHILL GARDENS,
DENNISTOUN,
GLASGOW, *June, 1910.*

TO THE READER.

The author of this book, my father-in-law, Mr. JOHN URIE, died very suddenly on the morning of May 1st, while the book was in the press; and its publication has been delayed upon that account.

For some years Mr. Urie has lived in my house, and his sudden and unexpected death has cast a gloom over our household. Mrs. Pringle (Mr. Urie's youngest daughter) especially feels very keenly her father's loss.

His many friends, who knew his bright, sunny nature, will understand our feelings without further statement.

The following verses written a number of years ago by an old friend, Mr. John Torrance, will give the reader an idea, in a jocular way, of my father-in-law's nature. For years he was a rich man; but success, or the want of it, never altered his disposition. He was just as happy when set before an elaborate dinner as he was when dining on a biscuit by a river side when fishing. He passed away just as he wished—in the enjoyment of robust health to the last day of his existence. Then came the sudden call away from all the life he loved so well. He was a man of great energy, and revelled in hard work before his retiral from business.

It only remains for me to say, on behalf of my wife and myself, that we are much indebted to Mr. Thomas Lugton, curator of the People's Palace, Glasgow Green, for kind help in connection with the publication of this book.

JOHN PRINGLE.

LINES

WRITTEN BY MR. JOHN TORRANCE, AND READ BY HIM
SOME YEARS AGO AT A MEETING OF "OURS" CLUB,
OF WHICH MR. URIE WAS A MEMBER.

ONLY EIGHTY-ONE.

THERE'S a youth who comes among us,
And sits with pleasant grin,
He wears the outer garb of age,
The mark of harlequin.
He always seems so happy,
Full of frolic, mirth and fun,
And thinks he can deceive us,
He pretends he's eighty-one.

Though the many storms of winter
Have crowned his head with snow,
His heart has still the splendour
And the warmth of summer's glow;
Clear are his eyes as running brooks,
That sparkle in the sun,
And his step is firm and steady,
For he's only eighty-one.

He sits and tells droll stories,
Or sings some old Scots song,
And recalls the former glories
That have passed away so long.
He tells of famous men he met—
Young, Spurgeon, Livingstone—
Until we almost half believe
He must be eighty-one.

"And I'll live till I'm a hundred,"
And he smiles and shakes his head;
"I'll be happy while I'm living,
For I'll be a long time dead!
So, hand me down my fishing-rod,
My basket and my gun,
And I will have some splendid sport,
I'm only eighty-one."

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Glasgow and Paisley Eighty Years Ago.



OLD PAISLEY.

MY earliest recollections of Paisley, my native town, date back to about 1825, the year in which I began to toddle by myself about the doors and to wonder at all the strange sights that greeted my childish eyes. Here are a few facts about the Paisley of 1825. In the old "burgh town" on the west side of the Cart, there were standing, in my young days, a great number of quaint thatched houses, some of them no doubt of pre-Reformation erection. The new town, east of the river, was a pretty, clean-built, new-looking place in my boyhood. Around the Abbey were old buildings and the remains of Abbot Shaw's Wall, once connected with the ancient church. In 1825 the population

of Paisley was about 50,000, and the town was then rapidly growing. The years of miserable poverty after Waterloo were being left behind, and weavers of genius had made Paisley the principal manufacturing town of Scotland. For delicacy of texture, for variety of designs, and tasteful colourings, Paisley's textiles in my youth were world-famous. Everybody has seen the once fashionable silk and wool and mixed patterned Paisley shawls and plaids, but few may have come across the beautiful silk Cheneille shawls, first manufactured about 1825. There is nothing quite so elegant for ladies' wear to be seen in the shop windows of to-day.

In my early boyhood, there were in the way of churches first the Abbey, the High Kirk, with its light and elegant spire, the Middle Kirk, St. George's, and the Gaelic Chapel. Besides these were four meeting-houses connected with the Cameronian, Secession, and two with the Relief, an Episcopal and a Roman Catholic Chapel, and several small "Bethels" belonging to other bodies. The Coffee Room building was then a great ornament to the street architecture of Paisley, and was well provided with newspapers, magazines, and reviews. Strangers had easy access to it. In fact, when I think of the energetic, aggressive, en-

lightened townspeople of dear old Paisley, I feel proud to call myself a native. Often, when a boy, I have seen old Peter Coats, of thread fame, passing the window in the morning on his way to the Coffee Room to look at the newspapers. He was so regular as to time that we could have set our watches by him.

But I must not lay too fair a picture of prosperity before you of the Paisley of the "eighteen-twenties." As I said before, there was a time of great distress immediately after Waterloo, and perhaps my earliest recollection is hearing my father and mother talk of the extreme poverty of many of their neighbours. Trade is bad in Glasgow to-day, but these times are not to be compared to the after-Waterloo hardships of the poor and unemployed in Scotland, when many of them succumbed through lack of food. My father was rather a prosperous "Sma' Cork," the head of a six-loom shop, and personally I never suffered from hunger at home, but I have often taken the piece of scone or oakcake given me by my mother and shared it with some youngster poorer than myself.

I sometimes think, when revisiting my native town, that the appearance of the people has changed greatly when compared with their looks eighty

years ago. They do not seem to have the old Scotch racial characteristics. There are fewer sandy-haired Scots nowadays, and the present generation does not seem so hardy in appearance as they once were. Of course, this may be a mistake on my part. The present-day young Scots may be as strong and supple as their grandfathers and great-grandfathers were, although they do not now run races, jump, wrestle, and putt the shot in the same way that their ancestors exercised themselves. But I must qualify the foregoing statement a little. Many of the weavers and tailors who worked in badly-ventilated quarters were pallid-looking creatures in my boyhood. Those Glasgow tailors who worked in cellars looked like churchyard deserters.

Absurd notions about the evil effects of night air existed in my youth, and recoveries from certain kinds of ailments were rendered almost hopeless by the superstitions about draughts and night air. Still, this must be said, that owing to the crowding of country people into the cities and towns and the complete change of diet, the general appearance of the Scottish people has greatly altered. For example, a Glasgow or Paisley labourer, eighty years ago, would have for average daily food, say,

oatmeal porridge for breakfast; potatoes and a salt herring and a bit of peasemeal and barley bannock for dinner; and for the last meal of the day, porridge again or a mug of buttermilk, a farl of oatcakes, and a morsel of skimmed milk cheese, or a section of home-baked griddle scone, instead of the oatcake. Then the ancient colewort or kail of Scotland was in almost daily use as an article of diet. On a dish of kail brose, a labourer could work at a heavy-lifting job for five hours and leave off fresh and strong. The present day labourer, on the other hand, with a heavy afternoon's work on the strength of a boiled tea, bread and margarine dinner, almost requires a drug at six o'clock to pull him together. He often times needs—or thinks he needs—a packet of doctored cigarettes and a dram of methylated spirits to drive away his weakness and give him an appetite for his tea, bread, and jam supper.

In those days, old men still wore the “knee breeks,” though the young fellows had all taken to the trousers. In the Skelmorlie Aisle at Largs the ceiling pictures show that Scotsmen wore the “knee breeks,” rig-and-fur hose, sleeved waistcoat or doubtlet, and cloak in the first half of the seventeenth century, the same costume that old

countrymen still wore eighty years ago in many districts. A working woman in my boyhood, wearing a jupe or shortgown, a drugget petticoat, and a plaid, was probably wearing an attire quite as old in style as that of her husband.

But I must guard against looking too leniently upon the past and too critically upon the present, so here is a short innings for the present generation. I have always been easily put about at bad table manners. A great change for the better has taken place in this respect. For example, only the other Sunday in the country I was asked to sit down with the inmates of a cottage to share their dinner. Sheep's-head broth, sheep's-head, a dish of cabbage, one of potatoes, and a plate of bread were set forth in an inviting and tidy way. My host and hostess and their children handled their knives and forks like gentry.

By way of contrast, take this reminiscence. Once with my father I visited a farmer's house near Erskine Ferry on a little matter connected with the weaving business, and we were invited to stay for dinner. In those days knives and forks were rather scarce articles in some homes. On the occasion referred to, the farmer and his wife, the "oot and in" female worker, and the "orra man,"

or general handy young fellow on the farm, together with the John Uries (father and son), sat down to a repast similar to the one I have just described. But what a contrast ! The potatoes in their jackets rolled about any way on the bare kitchen table, and the sheep's-head rested in a big milk dish, surrounded by kail blades and the liquor in which the head had been boiled. We were all supplied with horn spoons, but no plates were provided, so that we took a potato in one hand and the spoon in the other and dabbed away at the kail. My father and I were both a little sharp set and did fairly well, but the second course took away our appetite. After satisfying himself with the soup part of the dinner, the farmer seized the sheep's-head with both hands, and tore off one of the cheeks with his teeth. He then set the head back in the dish and said through a big mouthful to my father, "Tak' a bit beef, Johnnie." My father thanked the host and hostess and said we were not hungry, and that we would have to be going. Later we had two scones at a toll-house.

There is no class of the community to which I look back with such respect as the old handloom weavers. They were a self-respecting, intelligent, courageous, and most worthy class of men, taken in

the aggregate. What political battles they fought for Scotland, and what victories they won! All honour to the weavers! There was an old Paisley song, only one verse of which I can remember—

“ Oh, the bonnie lassies o’ Paisley,
They are pretty young maids,
For they like the jolly weavers
And despise all other trades.”

A Paisley lass eighty years ago showed good sense in aiming to be the wife of a weaver, for the weaver was a refined man in comparison with other kinds of workmen. The girls one saw on the streets of Paisley three score and ten years ago were the finest types of working girls to be seen anywhere in Scotland. Always tidy and clean, they were, as a rule, quite pretty and well-mannered. They made excellent wives, being good bakers, and were always ambitious for the uplift of the home. All honour to the Paisley lassies of the past! A low, coarse man is abominable, but a low, coarse woman is worse. The high character of Paisley women and their appreciation of the sacredness of home has had greatly to do with the prosperity of the old town of my nativity.

The streets on market days in Paisley were once kept lively by ballad singers, speech criers, and



—CAPTAIN PATON

street hawkers of a genus not now visible anywhere. There were Danny Weir, spouting "Wattie and Meg," Heather Jock, singing "Annie Laurie" and literally lying down on the causeway to emphasise the "lay me doon and dee" of the last verse; the Duck, printing cards for the shopkeepers or "to lets" with colours mixed with sweet ale; Spunk Hughie, selling his long, sulphur-tipped spunks for use with flint and steel; Hungry Jamie, tearing a loaf with his teeth in his enactment of the wolf, and many another freak employed at some queer vocation. There were far more queer characters in my youth than now. This has been caused by palatial lunatic asylums swallowing up great numbers of feeble-minded and eccentric people who at one time sold spunks or chap-books for a living.

BOOK CLUBS.

As far back as I can remember, my father was connected with a book club in which solid books were borrowed or bought and read in turns by the members. These clubs were always held in public-houses. Prominent among the literary club-men in the Paisley of my youth was William Motherwell, the poet; Noel Paton, afterwards the famous

painter; R. A. Smith, the musical composer; and Dr. Thomas Lyle, the author of "Kelvingrove." There is one part of Motherwell's career very little known. Bailie Archibald M'Lellan, who left the "old master" pictures to Glasgow, was once grossly insulted by Councillor M'Gavin in the Glasgow City Chambers in 1835. M'Lellan, my old friend, challenged M'Gavin to fight a duel, and Motherwell was the go-between. M'Lellan was arrested and fined for this attempt to break the peace, but Archie's blood was too hot to stand the insult without either explanation or apology, and he again challenged. So M'Lellan and Motherwell, the latter with a brace of pistols in his pocket, paced about at a part of the old Edinburgh Road near Kirkintilloch one Monday for an hour awaiting M'Gavin and his second, but there was no duel—an apology being received by M'Lellan later. Motherwell, on the following Saturday afternoon, was one of a gay party, and apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health. Next morning he was found dead in his bed at 107 George Street, Glasgow, a house still standing. The cause of his death was apoplexy. I sometimes think that the excitement connected with the proposed M'Lellan-M'Gavin duel hastened the end of the author of "Jeanie Morrison."

“JESSIE, THE FLOWER O’ DUNBLANE.”

The mention of Motherwell’s song heroine recalls to my mind the controversies regarding the heroine of one of Robert Tannahill’s most popular songs, “Jessie, the Flower o’ Dunblane,” and here let me sum the matter up to the best of my ability. In 1835, an English traveller wrote in the *Musical Magazine* in the following strain:—

“About sixteen or seventeen years ago I had occasion to visit Dunblane, and finding my host communicative, I inquired if he ever knew anything of ‘Jessie, the Flower o’ Dunblane.’ To my astonishment, he told me that, if I did not mind the expense of a mutchkin or two of whiskey, he would send for her, as a dram of mountain dew was at any time an introduction to her acquaintance. I had some difficulty in reconciling my ideas of Tannahill’s ‘flower’ with the elderly female smoking a black cutty pipe, drinking my health, and ‘wissing’ my health in broad Scotch; but all the angels sung by love-sick poets have undergone similar change, if we except the pipe and pot. I afterwards learned that her beauty had gained her admirers of a wealthier class than the poor poet, and probably this song increased the number.”

Jessie, according to the story still current in Dunblane, was beloved by a Paisley house-painter named Nicholson (a friend of Tannahill's), who prevailed upon the poet to write a song about her to the old setting, "Bob o' Dunblane," an early "come all ye" ditty. Jessie's birth-place and her grave, if I mistake not, are still pointed out at Dunblane.

Then there is the Paisley story of several maidens claiming to have been the "flower" of the song. Mrs. Smith (the widow of Bailie Smith, who survived her husband till 1857) stated, when an old woman, that one Jessie Tennant was the real heroine. The next version is R. A. Smith's story, who alleged that the heroine was an imaginary one, and that the song had simply been made to supplant the old, coarse "Bob o' Dunblane," just as Burns had done in many cases.

It would now give me real pleasure to say here that the estimable Jessie Tennant was the one and only flower who was "modest as ony" and "sweeter than the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom," but, to be perfectly candid, I cannot do anything of the kind, although scores of times I have heard old cronies of Tannahill's discuss almost every phase of the poet's life. I am afraid that R. A. Smith's

version is the correct one. Born in Paisley in 1820, and fond of curious information even before my tenth year, my mind would not now be a complete blank on the subject of a real Paisley Jessie, had Matthew Tannahill, the poet's brother, or any of Robert's old companions known of the Jessie Tennant courtship. So far as my recollection goes, none of them even hinted at a real sweetheart of Tannahill's having been the heroine of the song.

GAS LIGHTING.

I well remember the time when gas was a novelty in Paisley, when the gas inspectors perambulated the town at nights to peep into the windows and report to the office if any of the few householders then using gas were burning the precious illuminant after hours. Our home lights were oil cruisesies, and by their flicker I have often sat listening to my father and his neighbours talking of James Watt and his engines, the doings of the resurrectionists, the ravages of cholera, and the privations of the people during the 1826 short corn year, when meagre "winnle straes" of wheat with small shrivelled heads, containing only three and four small grains, had to be pulled up by hand for

seed and flour. About that time steam power was being introduced into our factories, and printed shawls were taking the place of woven ones, thus throwing numbers of Paisley weavers out of employment.

RADICALS.

At the time of my birth a turbulent spirit was rising all over the land. Reforms were urgently demanded by the poor, while "treason" was talked back by the rich. Many Radicals spoke of avenging the deaths of Hardie, Baird, and Wilson. But when I was a wee laddie in short coats, the reform meetings were to me great fun. I delighted in the fife and drum bands and seeing the banners waving. My Uncle Bob, the "Bombardier," as he was generally called, was as keen a Radical as he had been a soldier in the Peninsula and Waterloo, but his wife was a Tory of the old school. Aunt Kate was a tough, wiry woman who once, when tending the mess kettles in a campaign, had been so dreadfully burned by the upsetting of a pot that amputation of a leg had been considered necessary. When I knew her she wore a short wooden leg, on on which she tramped around very actively, and kept a clean house. On more than one occasion,

she had unscrewed the wooden attachment and severely beetled the "Bombardier" when he had come home flustered by drink. On pension days I never failed to call upon my aunt and uncle. Aunt Kate would open the door and demand why I never called except on pension days. I replied by a boyish grin, but made no remarks. When indoors talking to Uncle Bob, I generally had the pleasure of seeing a small masking of the then great treat—tea—set out on the table, and a currant scone or two. After partaking of these dainties, and receiving a penny, or perhaps twopence, I made a hurried departure, and did not return till the Bombardier's voice could be heard again saying, "Here's to the King; God bless him," on the following pension day.

BOYISH PRANKS.

Pension days were as happy events to many Paisley boys as they were to the old soldiers themselves, for quite a number of my chums, like myself, had soldier relatives, and regularly called on pension days for their "amous." After spending our pennies, part of the pension money, we would often set out for the old Castle of Stanely, then high and

dry and not surrounded by water as now. We often returned by the Gallow Green, the ancient place of execution. It was there that Maggie Lang, the last witch in the West country, was burned. A carved oak arm-chair which once belonged to her stood in the entrance hall of the Saltmarket Jail and Courthouse of Glasgow for many years, but disappeared about 1850. Maggie suffered for bewitching a girl, Christina Shaw, aged twelve, whose father was a farmer near Erskine Ferry. Christina, the bewitched, afterwards married a man, John Miller, and with him went to Holland, where she learnt the art of threadmaking. She was the first to start the thread industry in Paisley, which has grown like the little grain of mustard seed into a great tree since her day.

Often in boyhood I have stood with my companions watching the burn where its waters were conveyed by a tunnel under the canal, the place where Tannahill was drowned, and thinking that it had been a bold feat for Black Peter, the negro, to force his way through the tunnel in order to take out the poet's dead body. In after years I knew Peter well. The last time I saw him was when the old coloured man, then bent and frail, was selling Parkhill's song and story books for a

living. Matthew Tannahill, the poet's brother, was a cheery kind of soul. I often thought it a pity that Robert had not inherited a similar share of optimism.

A visit to the Paisley Theatre was considered a great treat by us youngsters. James Aitken, as Wandering Steenie in the "Rose of Ettrick Vale," was my favourite Thespian in those days. Let me here say a word about his talented daughter, Mrs. Buntin, who died quite recently. As Miss Aitken, the actress, sixty years ago, take her in one character with another, she was very little inferior to Helen Faucit. Perhaps her one point of inferiority was that her sweet, melodious voice was hardly so powerful as Miss Faucit's, and in that respect only she was slightly less effective in heavy tragic parts. James Aitken, her father, was an excellent all-round actor, with a robust, hearty voice and a cultured style. James was no vulgar barn stormer. Many a pleasant half-hour I have spent in his company.

A last word about my boy comrades. One of them, the oldest of the gang, had got into his noddle that the alleged secret passage could be found between Crookston Castle and Paisley Abbey. I have taken part in many a fruitless mission to

Crookston to discover the underground path, and to this day I dislike the term "subterranean passage." I once had the satisfaction of seeing the youth with the subterranean ideas get his ears cuffed by John Polson, one of the founders of the now great firm of Brown & Polson. It happened in this way. John Polson's small drapery and buckram store was situated quite near to my home in Wellmeadow Street. We were in the habit of thrusting a cane through the shutter pin hole of Mr. Polson's window, and generally managed to upset the articles displayed there. The shopkeeper never failed to use both hands and feet if some of the mischief-makers fell into his clutches. Another shopkeeper who grew to great things from a small start in Paisley was the late James Arthur, founder of the big Queen Street business. The father of James Arthur was a smart man, and did a big business as a bleacher. Looking back to John Polson and James Arthur, I am inclined to think that neither of them would have succeeded very well as wage earners. They were born to be employers, not employees.

PAISLEY'S THEATRE.

About the year 1846, Mr. Cathcart, for long a "star," and in his old age the Macduff to Barry Sullivan's "Macbeth," had a peculiar experience in the Paisley Theatre. He had come down from Glasgow expressly to play the leading role in a play, the other parts of which were to be sustained solely by local amateurs. Cathcart spoke his part with all his powers—strong voice, great facial expression, and vehement declamation—but hardly a ripple of applause rewarded his efforts. The reason annexed was that the theatre was filled by those who had relatives, friends, or acquaintances in the cast. What "oor Wully" or "Jeannie" was about to do caused so much anxiety to friends that there was simply no interest in Cathcart's efforts to please.

Here, again, the present generation must be praised. To-day's vocal amateurs—the best of them—are away ahead of second-rate professionals fifty years ago, and our amateur Thespians are, some of them, very little inferior to the best professionals at any time. It was different in the eighteen-forties, when Glasgow and Paisley amateurs could not speak the Queen's English. Paisley people could be recognised anywhere by

their peculiarities of speech—"Paislah" for Paisley, and the old "Seestu" twang. But the Glasgow amateur actor was a hard case. He had not the composure and measured speech of the Paisley man, and his tumultuous, rattled utterance, "bup" for be up, "gout" for go out, in addition to the "hoch aye" accent, made his stage appearances almost too ridiculous.

I remember, about the year 1845, that no fewer than three newly-written plays were produced at Miller's Adelphi Theatre at the foot of the Salt-market. The first was "The Squire's Daughter," by Andrew Park; the second, "The Artist of Cos," by W. A. Gilbert, a Glasgow house-painter; and "Prince Charles Stuart, or Glasgow in 1745," by Robert Malcolm, the son of my old friend, Robert Malcolm, editor of the *Scots Times*. The three plays were failures, not so much from literary and dramatic faults, but from the incompetence of the amateur actors of that period. The ever kind and generous Miss Aitken was usually the only professional on the stage at amateur nights. She must have suffered in her feelings when young Malcolm's "Prince Charlie" play was literally booed off the boards. The behaviour of the gallery audiences in Paisley and Glasgow was often deplorable.

A FISHING EXCURSION.

Eighty years ago, in the days of handicrafts and the simple life, a well-doing young man of twenty frequently married a thrifty lass of eighteen. In consequence, the father and his oldest son were often companions in a sense unknown to-day. From my fifteenth year to the year of the Queen's visit in 1849, when John Urie, jun., made a wood engraving of the Royal progress through Glasgow, which was published by John Urie, sen., then a bookseller and librarian in George Street, near the High Street, my father and I were like brothers. We had many pleasant fishing trips together. Let me relate the first one now. It was at the time of Paisley Races, when my father and mother were invited by their life-long friend, George Smith, to spend a few days with him at Stirling. My mother, the kindest and most unselfish of women, probably seeing that her eldest was disappointed at not being included, said, "Take Johnny instead of me."

My father and I took the canal boat from Paisley to Port Eglinton, and walked by way of the Cavalry Barracks to the Tontine Hotel. The coach to Stirling was that day driven by the gentleman whip—Mr. Ramsay of Barrington. On our arrival at

Stirling, we were heartily welcomed by George Smith, and on the following day started salmon fishing on the Forth. My father used for his lure a gilded minnow-shaped piece of brass called "the angel," with hooks for wings. I rowed the boat gently as directed, and was more than tired with the monotony of my job when whirr went the reel. "The salmon's on; a goodly fish; a thumper!" We had an exciting run, but, owing to my eagerness in pulling the boat, I allowed a fine fish to escape. My father and George were as cross as bears, but I was forgiven next morning. During the night I had been too excited for sound sleep, and had a curious dream about being carried aloft by a golden angel with real wings.

Highland trout fishing and a stage-coach ride was the next order. On the coach, as outside passengers, the Paisley visitors were lectured by Mr. Smith about the scenes we passed through—Doune Castle and glorious bits of mountain, wood, and stream landscape. Through wild, rocky Glen Ogle, where the coach horses walked, I feasted my eyes on beautiful Highland scenery for the first time. Once I exclaimed in excitement, "Look at that herd of deer." "Say 'Look at a herd o' stirks

gaun to market,'” says George, “and ye’ll tell nae lees.” The supposed deer turned out to be cattle sure enough.

On arriving at the inn, our jumping-off place, we agreed to fish in Loch Nabeich, and walked to it over a heathery moor, where we killed an adder. We managed to get the use of an old boat from a gamekeeper, and caught a few good trout with the fly near the shore. It was then I first beheld that emblem of liberty, a golden eagle, sailing high above us on outspread wings. On pulling to the shore for lunch, we found two Londoners fishing with floats, as in their native Thames, grumbling at their ill luck, and swearing at Scotland generally. “Try the river with worm, casting up stream,” said my father, and later in the day we found the Southern visitors, after a successful afternoon’s angling, quite jubilant, and saying, “Wy, the Tems ain’t nothink to this ’ere Scotch place for fishing.” The memory of that day’s pleasure is fresh with me still, and I am as keen about angling as ever, although not so light of foot, but better, I must confess, at throwing a long fly line without too much of a splash.

MY START IN BUSINESS.

As I mentioned before, my father had a six-loom weaving shop, and was considered one of the "sma' corks" of Paisley. I never remember any time when he was not fairly well-to-do and able to provide at least the necessities of life for his family. My first employment was in a printing office, and later I made wooden type in one of my father's rooms to be used for printing large bills. When doing fairly well at that business, a Mr. H. proposed that his son John might go into partnership with me in the business of bill printing. His proposal resulted in John H. and John Urie, jun., starting business together at the corner of Brunswick Street and the Trongate of Glasgow. We got on fairly well in our top-flat room, but Mr. H. died, leaving what was then thought a goodly sum of money to my partner. Poor John, after his father's death, indulged freely in sweet ale, and one fine morning all our printing material was sold by auction in Morrison's auction rooms at the Black Bull Hotel.

When left to my own resources, I managed to scrape a little money together, and restarted as a wood engraver, renting premises in the then new tenement No. 19 Gallowgate, the first wide entry

from the Cross. On the east side of the entry was Rutherford's spirit shop, where a glass of sweet ale and a "speldrin'" could be purchased for threepence. Rutherford's "public" was a large place, and included the first flat above the shop—part of the premises now occupied as a recruiting station. In a back-land was the Victoria Hall and the "Welsh Rabbit Tavern"; further back was Cross's store for the sale of such fertilising materials as guano and bone meal, carried on by the uncle and father of the late M.P. for Camlachie. My back window looked down on a little yard where Jock Goudie, of the "Zebra Tavern," taught his pupils the manly art of self-defence. When seated at my open window, I laughed heartily when some fistic aspirant received a black eye or a bloody nose. Many an angry glance and exclamation were shot in my direction—but threatened men live long.

On the opposite side of the Gallowgate was the boot and shoe shop of R. & J. Dick, the small beginning of what afterwards grew into a big concern. The last time I met James Dick was one evening in Union Street. He stopped me and asked what was my hurry. I told him that Henry Irving's "Hamlet" was my attraction. Mr. Dick said, "Well, I'll go along with you." When we

arrived at the pay-box, the information was tendered us that the only seats available would be two in a box at 10s. each. Mr. Dick threw down a sovereign and would not allow me to pay. At the interval, we had a refreshment together, and a chat about old times in the Gallowgate.

I have known cases when aspiring youths took a fancy to some bonnie spot of earth, and resolved, if they ever succeeded in life, to purchase it and live there in their days of prosperity. James Dick's happiest recollections of country rambles were entwined around Cathkin Braes. When he became a rich man he bought what he could of them, not to live there, but to give away for use as a public park. It was said of the founder of the Vanderbilt fortunes that the best enjoyment his riches could give him in the decline of his life was to jog along a smooth road in his buggy behind some good trotter or pacer. James Dick, in his later years, had similar simple tastes, and he liked nothing better than to have a crack with old Gallowgate friends.

The mention of R. & J. Dick's business associates itself with a strange happening which took place in the early years of the last century, nearly opposite

the first stance of another big Glasgow concern, P. & W. MacLellan, near King Street in the Tron-gate. A Glasgow sailor who had been seized by the press-gang returned after many years, a fairly well-to-do man. For several days he had sought in vain for his wife and the daughter whom he had last seen as an infant only a few months old. One day, near the Tron Steeple, when he had almost given up hope of ever seeing his lost ones again, he heard a woman's voice calling "Fine caller haddies" near the top of King Street. He recognised his wife's voice and ran towards her. The poor woman recognised him at once and burst into tears. The sailor whooped and hurrayed and kicked the fish she was selling about the street. He then bought her a dress and other garments in a second-hand shop, and kicked her old clothes about, just as he had done with the haddocks. He also paid for drinks to a number of interested spectators of the scene. He and his wife and daughter lived happily ever after, as the old story books put it.

GLASGOW CLUBS AND POETRY.

The Old Glasgow clubmen met in taverns, as a rule, at 7.30, and they left for their homes about 9.30. Long sederunts till midnight and into the small hours were not nearly so frequent as some people suppose. Many of the clubs were also conducted by the chairman of the evening on strict business lines. What were the staple subjects of conversation? you may ask. Well, politics as a rule, but poetry, strange as it may seem, was often talked about, and every club had its bard or bards. Many a clever bit of verse, that never appeared out of manuscript, has been read in Old Glasgow taverns. I sometimes think of one pretty set of verses called "A Reply to Kelvingrove," where the lassie of Lyle's song replied to the laddie in lines almost equal to the original. Unfortunately, I cannot remember them now. But the imitators of Robert Burns, in the Paisley and Glasgow of my youth, were legion. I hardly go the length of saying that men were smarter intellectually then than at present—possibly few think of trying their apprentice hand at verse-making nowadays.

It used to be quite current in Glasgow that Thomas Campbell, the poet, had often sent short

poems to nearly all the local papers, chiefly to the *Courier*, and that it was to one of them, and not to a Greenock paper, that he had forwarded his "Hohenlinden," to receive the reply back, with the returned MS., "Not quite up to our standard." Here is part of a poem on Loch Leven, which appeared many years ago, about 1836, I think, in a Glasgow paper, which was attributed to Thomas Campbell:—

"A lovelier lake, so calm and so serene,
Ne'er spread its waters to the summer sky;
And that deep stillness hovers o'er the scene
That fairies' feet would wake the echoes nigh.

The towering pine upon the green hillside,
Glittering in autumn's rich and varied hue,
The stately oak and elm, spreading wide,
Hide many a lovely, modest flower from view.

The mouldering towers, with clinging ivy bound,
No more resound to music's lively strain;
The aged thorn, with hoary lichens crowned,
With fair, white blossoms, ne'er to bud again.

The setting sun his parting tribute pays
To thy pure waters, smiling in repose,
As some fond lover, lingering, he delays,
Till all around is blushing like the rose."

There was something intellectual about old-time clubs' proceedings—the proposal of toasts and sentiments called for a little mental effort, and no

member was allowed to put forth what the late Harry Alfred Long called "baby talk" when discussing politics. A toast which has been referred to as one of Burns's toasts had really a Dalkeith origin. Here is the original story. A hump-backed weaver, a gley-e'ed shoemaker, and a bow-legged tailor—"sma' corks" of Dalkeith—frequently adjourned after business hours to a quiet tavern, and were frequently heard to give this toast—"Here's to oor noble sel's," said the first. The second replied, "Whae's like us?" and the third said, "D—— few," like the sound of a not very great amen.

GLASGOW CROSS.

Here and at the foot of Stockwell Street were the old gathering places of farmers and farm servants. The Cross was the place for hiring Highland and Irish reapers, and the Stockwell was the headquarters for selling and buying horses. The glory of the Market Cross district had departed by 1845. The famous Tontine Hotel, with its reading room and assembly room, had then an unprosperous look in comparison with what it had exhibited ten years earlier. The Exchange business was a memory, and the spot where the Cross had stood, "looking



"Bell Geordie"



— BLIND ALICK —

four ways, into four streets," was no longer a centre for the "Golden Acre" of the past. Business of all kinds had been shifting westward from 1840.

The old Cross district was the rendezvous of all kinds of street criers. Hawkie, of whom so much has been written, was the most conspicuous figure, but Blind Alec, who died about 1837, was even a more remarkable character in some respects, especially for his possession of an extraordinary memory. Alec could repeat almost any paragraph out of a newspaper after it had been read over to him. He could also spout doggerel verse by the yard. He was a natural rhymster, and Macaulay himself could not have beat him for memorising. Blind Alec had an imitator in the rhyming line almost as good as himself, who came to a sad end. "Poet Davie," as he was generally called, was a native of Stewarton, and travelled the country making up rhymes, which he sang to old ballad tunes. One night he was unusually successful on the streets of Airdrie, and his happy allusions to local worthies set a big crowd in a roar, but the poor fellow fell down a coal pit that night at the west end of the town. His mangled remains were found the next morning by the pitmen.

DAVID DALE.

The eminent and philanthropic citizen, David Dale, was not above 5 feet 3 inches in height, and looked when heavily clothed almost as broad as he was long. The story of his fall one frosty morning has been told so often erroneously that I may be excused for giving it here, as the story was often related to me by those who had known him intimately. Mr. Dale one winter morning fell on the slippery plainstones. When he entered his office, groaning and limping, John Craig, his cashier, said:

“What’s the maitter, Mr. Dale?”

“Man, I’ve fa’en a’ my length,” said his employer.

“That’s nae great-length,” said John.

“Aye, but I’ve hurt the sma’ o’ my back,” groaned Mr. Dale, sinking into a chair.

“An whaur might that be?” replied his cashier.

I have seen Mr. Dale, but never had conversation with him. Elderly men have told me that the most remarkable thing about Mr. Dale was the rich quality of his speaking and singing voice. He could sing “The Waukin o’ the Fauld,” from Allan Ramsay’s “Gentle Shepherd,” with extraordinary feeling and power of expression.



— DAVID DALE —

When addressing a meeting, his vocal quality made anything he said go off well. According to his old admirers, the death of David Dale was more deeply mourned in Glasgow by rich and poor alike than any other like event within their recollection.

OLD WELLS.

The famous Cross Well of Glasgow was almost a misnomer, for it was situated at the east side of the High Street, nearly opposite Bell's Wynd. It had a strong flow of water, almost if not quite equal to the Townhead Well, the site of which was nearly opposite M'Leod Street in Cathedral Square. Taking the size of Glasgow into account, it was well served by the ancient draw and dip wells before the water companies came into being, in fact much better than many smaller towns with fewer natural springs. The Arns Well, about a hundred yards west from the Humane Society's house on Glasgow Green, was my favourite spring. Its water had a soft, refreshing taste, and was much liked for the infusion of tea. Long before my day its water was preferred to that of any other city well for mixing the cold rum punch which the "Tobacco Lords" were said to have discovered the secret of making in Virginia.

At Paisley, before 1839, the town's folk depended entirely on their pump wells, which were kept locked so many hours a day to allow the water to gather and clear itself. Old Glasgow records show that the ten original draw wells and four dip wells of the town were all kept lockfast at nights. At Paisley in my youth the Seedhill and Urie's were the most fancied wells for infusing green or gunpowder tea. A strong cup of green tea was thought by Paisley women to be efficacious for curing headaches. When that cure failed, the next remedy thought of was a brandered mutton chop, a bit of oatcake, and a glass of port wine.

I have been sometimes asked, "How did men in your time often drink deeply of port wine and transact business on the following day?" My reply has always been to the effect that men of all classes in my youth ate simpler foods, and there was not a fourth of the tea and coffee consumed. As there was no great use of these sweetened and stimulative articles of diet, a few glasses of port seemed to agree all right with the system.

"How was the famous old Glasgow punch concocted?" has also been a favourite question. The cold punch gave place in Glasgow to hot whisky toddy about 1830. The former was made

with about one-third of the best Jamaica rum to two-thirds of fresh spring water. The flavourings were sugar, nutmeg, and the juices of limes or lemons to taste. The rinds of these fruits were never added, so as not to give a coarse flavour to the punch, and the rum used was the mild, fragrant, straw-coloured brand, a more elegant spirit than French brandy itself. Glasgow punch was a finer drink than champagne.

TEMPERANCE.

From the foregoing paragraph one might suppose that I have been rather a convivial person. I am like my father in that respect. He had a small capacity for liquors, and could go into any company on that account. One glass of whisky, two glasses of port or sherry, or two tumblers of ale were about the extent of his drinking at a sitting. Perhaps I have been more abstemious than even he was.

On account of my strict temperance, I have mixed a great deal in the company of total abstainers. I remember on one occasion making a trip with three teetotal friends to view the ruins of Bothwell Castle and the auld kirk in the village. When lunch time arrived, one of my friends said, "As I proposed

this excursion, you are to consider yourselves my guests, so let us have some refreshment in the hotel." What could be served immediately was ordered; then came the question of drinks. A glass of whisky was ordered for me, and three gingers for my friends. I did not make any remark about the whisky, but the others were loud in their praises of the ginger beer, and another round of gingers was ordered, leaving me out. The bill appeared to be a trifle high, and venturing to ask for details, I was amazed to be informed that my teetotal friends had unknown to themselves received double supplies of gin and ginger beer.

There was not much doing in the total abstinence line till about 1830. One of the first temperance reformers in Glasgow was a Methodist minister, the Rev. Thomas Bridgeman, pastor of a church in Green Street, Calton, now an industrial school. Bridgeman was a very estimable Englishman, who died prematurely of pneumonia. If I mistake not, the Mr. Bridgeman of Edinburgh, so well known as an accompanist at City Hall concerts thirty years ago, was a nephew of his.

A great change has taken place in the drinking habits of the people during the past half century. Before the Forbes-Mackenzie Act there were ninety

licensed houses in the Saltmarket and closes running from it. On a Sunday night one could hardly find a vacant seat in any of them. Mr. Foulds, the Fenwick centenarian, who died a year or two ago, was in his youth at the funeral of one of the Cunninghams of Lainshaw, one of the leading families of Glasgow Virginians in the eighteenth century. Before setting out for the churchyard, the mourners received the following treats:—First, bread, cheese, and ale; secondly, a glass of whisky and biscuits; thirdly, a glass of port and biscuits; and fourthly, a glass of brandy and biscuits. What was served at the “dirige” Mr. Foulds did not know, as he was not one of the mourners who returned to the house after the burial.

OLD ACTORS.

The actor of sixty or seventy years ago, when too old to find employment readily, was often to be pitied. He could not do anything to earn a living. Many years ago there appeared in a Glasgow newspaper a little poem by Thomas J. Lynch, an Irish actor, for some time a member of the Glasgow Theatre Royal stock company. Business had been bad, and about half the company, including Lynch,

had been paid off. The little band of unfortunates, before setting out on the tramp in search of engagements, met together in a Glasgow tavern one Hallowe'en for a tripe supper. Lynch, then a young man, did not go to bed that night, but sat up to pen the following verses—for the *Free Press*, if I am not mistaken:—

“Written after passing a few cheerful hours on Hallow Eve with some friends—all of whom were in adversity.”

“O time, with all thy gloomy hours,
Thy shades of woe, thy wastes of gloom;
Thou still hast spots where sunny flowers
Of brightest hue burst into bloom.

Where hearts from worldly sorrow steal
To bask in joy's own rosy light;
Where eyes of love, where hearts that feel,
Show like the heaven, stars beaming bright.

Oh, weep not now, fond friends of soul,
That thus in joy we seldom meet;
The desert storms which round us roll
Should make the desert well more sweet.”

A tripe supper was not much of a “desert well,” but poor Lynch may have looked back to it when on the tramp, perhaps without a crust of bread in his pocket. I never regret having been kind to hard-up actors, knowing the lack of commercialism which often accompanies the artistic temperament. My

intimate acquaintance with Thespians ceased many years ago, but I will give them this credit—they know, when down on their luck, how to make a shilling go its full length on bread and sausages. They are wise as serpents and harmless as doves when “resting,” or, in other words, when out of a job.

D. M. AIRD.

The late Alexander Gardner, the well-known publisher and bookseller of Paisley, passed many bright youths through his hands, but the pick of the basket was D. M. Aird, my old friend, who served his time with Mr. Gardner as a compositor. Afterwards he was for many years resident in London as the head of a big printing establishment. He printed London's first penny paper, *The Daily Telegraph*. Aird was a man not only capable of running successfully a business of the largest kind, but he had a good literary faculty, and was the author of some smart dramatic pieces, besides editing *The Mirror*. At the 1851 Exhibition I was his guest in London. Some years later he was mine at Mugdock Castle. He did not then realise that his old chum John Urie was living in a castle, and on the way up he inquired at a cottage if I lived there,

but was informed that it was the gamekeeper's house. Later, when rambling over the beautiful old castle, which was my home for some time, he said, "Now, is not all this a bit too high up for you?" I acknowledged that it was, but gave him the following explanation.

Owing to great pressure of business, kept up for sixteen hours a day for a long period, my health, mentally and physically, had broken down. Had I taken a place at Dunoon and sat on the beach doing nothing, I might have become a nervous wreck, not having enough will power left to keep my thoughts away from my own affairs. But life in a castle, with the best of shooting and fishing, had effectually restored my health.

"Well, there's something all right about what you say—the whole world is no good to a man without health." So said Mr. Aird and so say I, for I could not have lived through that crisis in my health's condition but for distractions of the best. On a glorious April morning, when you have lightly thrown your cast of fly hooks over a rippling stream, you expect a rise, and your thoughts fly away from self entirely, and good health flies back again to serve out your time if you are careful.

One thing I am glad to record—all the peoples of



"BOB DRAGON"

this world are growing in humanity more and more. Glasgow and Paisley “sports” would not now gloat over the cruelties of dog and cock fights, at which it was not only woe but often death to the vanquished. All the rat-pit recreations of my youth seem to have passed away. Again, there was often shocking and unnecessary violence used by road thieves upon their victims. I am old enough to have read in Glasgow newspapers warnings to the inhabitants to be careful about going about alone after dark at periods when street and road robberies were almost of nightly occurrence.

GLASGOW—OLD AND NEW TOWNS.

In my youth it was an easy matter to distinguish between antique Glasgow and the new town, which stretched away from the north and south line of Nelson Street, bounded on the north by George Square, and on the south by Argyle Street. The ancient town was then marked by many a time-worn edifice; up the gentle acclivity towards the Cathedral, on the line of the Saltmarket, High Street, Kirk Street, and Castle Street about a mile in length, then running east and west in the line of the Gallowgate, Trongate, and Argyle Street, the

distance did not exceed a mile and three-quarters. The first ancient street to have its building lines widened and its old-time domiciles torn down was the Saltmarket, between the years 1825 and 1830. The only man who lived into comparatively recent years who had seen ancient Glasgow almost unbroken, was the late Mr. Robert Reid, of Millport, the "Senex" of *Glasgow Past and Present*. He recorded about 1860 that he "thought he would not be far wrong in saying that he had seen eleven-twelfths of all the buildings in the city erected, for most of the streets in his day had been half renewed, and several of them entirely so—such as Candle-riggs, Canon Street, Shuttle Street, and Bun's Wynd." Mr. Turner, of Thrush Grove, remembered even further back than "Senex," but he died about ten years earlier.

THE BROOMIELAW.

The ancient Broomielaw was not much of a place even so late as my day. Probably when I first beheld it the quay did not extend further west than about four hundred yards from Glasgow Bridge. In my youth emigration by the old sailing vessels was much dreaded, but the discomfort of the long voyage

was the worst of the emigrants' experience. People were leaving the Broomielaw seventy or eighty years ago who settled on American prairies of the pleasantest description then and of great value now. Nowadays emigrants are settling on land where there is five months' hand-feeding of cattle and much discomfort during winters of almost Arctic cold.

The most curious happening connected with the Broomielaw of my experience may be described as follows. Two young ironworkers, mates at the same job, were standing at the shipping sheds. One of them, accompanied by his wife and little son, had accepted a lucrative situation in Pittsburg. After saving enough dollars he would send for his wife and child. There did not seem much to be disconsolate about in this case of departure, but if the emigrant had been on his way to the gallows his wife could not have been more hysterical. The chum then made this proposal:—"Here, I'll gang instead; gi'e me yer box and bag; yer claes 'ill fit me, and the Pittsburg firm 'ill never ken the difference." The disconsolate, selfish, chicken-hearted pair accepted the offer, although they both knew that it meant wife and child desertion on the part of the substitute. The deserted woman managed

to bring up her boy by going out to wash clothes and clean out closes, but never saw her husband again.

From such a sordid low-life scene, it is a pleasure to turn to the "Sabbath breakers," as they were called. A newspaper friend was anxious to be on board the first Sunday steamer, and I agreed to accompany him. We boarded the steamer at the Broomielaw, feeling a little nonplussed, it must be confessed, for we stepped on the boat amid a running fire of such alarming remarks as "Sabbath breakers, you are going straight to hell"—these from an aggressive band of church workers on the quay. When we reached Garelochhead we found the pier crowded with devout Highland people, who cut the steamer's ropes and tried to drag away the gangways. The passengers, mostly Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, who did not regard the Sabbath quite as strictly as Presbyterians, retaliated by throwing bottles, potatoes and dinner plates at the opposing Celts, and at last succeeded in rushing the pier and into the hotel. The expression of the hotel-keeper's face was comical. He did the biggest day's trade of his life, but all the same he contrived to wear a long-faced look as if the traffic was most repugnant to him.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

Present-day society has its own troubles, and plenty of them, but the degrading public execution days of my boyhood are happily passed away for ever. To all sensitive, right-thinking people in my youth the periodical hanging in front of a mob was regarded as a hideous relic of barbarism. My only experience of a woman's execution was the Jail Square hanging of Mrs. Jeffray, in 1838, for the murder of Mrs. Carl and Hugh Munro, the first a next-door neighbour and the latter her lodger. Owing to an ill-judged recommendation to mercy, the condemned woman was kept in a ferment of excitement during her stay in prison after receiving sentence. The evidence had been purely circumstantial. Her last spoken word on earth was "innocent," whispered to her husband at the last minute. There was an immense crowd at this execution, fully as many as attended that of Dr. Pritchard in 1865. Pritchard was personally well-known to me. He possessed many amiable qualities, but was a vain, presumptuous fool of a man at heart, liable at any time to break loose and startle humanity. It has always been an astonishing thing to me that those public degradations, as public

executions were in reality, should have been so long tolerated in this country. It was quite apparent that their influence upon the unthinking was altogether bad.

I have frequently been asked about

BODY SNATCHING,

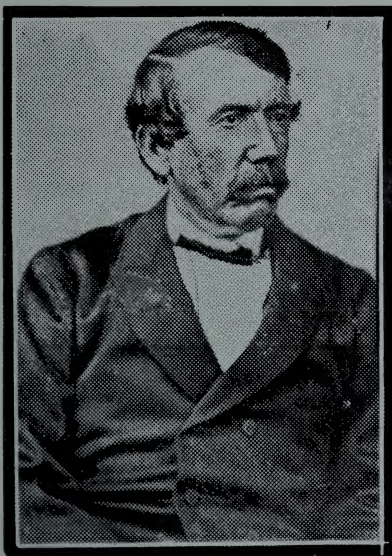
or “shusy-lifting” from churchyards, and my interrogators have remarked, “Did men, for a fact, make a regular business of lifting dead bodies? Have resurrection stories not been multiplied enormously?”—and so forth. My reply has always been that body-snatching was actually carried on to a far greater extent than people at the present day have any idea of. I remember when a little boy about a Shettleston case. The “lifters” made a mistake by opening the wrong grave, and instead of carrying away the body of a woman who had been buried two days previously, they removed the corpse of a weaver who had been interred six weeks. There was some extra talk about this case, as, owing to the damp, peaty nature in that part of the burial-ground, the body of the weaver had been preserved fresh enough for a sale in the usual way to the doctors. When on this dismal topic, I may as well relate two short and true stories.

The first is about a once well-known Glasgow gravedigger who remarked to some cronies in a Townhead tavern, "Ye'll have to excuse me staunin' a roun'; the fact is, there's been next to naething daen in oor line this while back." One of the company said, "Ah, but ye'll ha'e a hurry sune; the new tatties is in." The other yarn is about my old friend, Sam Bough, the artist. Mr. Bough, when quite a youth, happened to see a sexton digging a grave in a village churchyard near his native Carlisle. Sam slouched up to the gravedigger and asked some questions about near cuts and cross-roads to Carlisle, and if a noise made by the wheels of a gig could be heard at the churchyard from the village. The man in the grave answered the questions quite innocently, but his countenance changed when Bough in a husky whisper said, "I'll give you half a sovereign if you leave your pick and shovel at the end of the church to-night." The worthy sexton thought he was in the company of a body-snatcher, and said with some outward heat but inward fear, "No, sir, I would not do that for ten pounds." Mr. Bough then slunk away, and was amused to see the victim of his joke bolt out of the grave like a rabbit from its burrow and run off to the nearest house. The grave was watched for

several nights afterwards. Practical jokes of this kind were indulged in by the great painter, not so much from eccentric, bad taste, but from his extraordinary facility and delight in the use of the North of England and the Scottish vernaculars. Once at his house in Hamilton a local blacksmith was present when Mrs. Bough, an accomplished musician, was playing the harp. "Daursay," said Vulcan, "is that no the kind o' thing that King Dauvid played on?" "Maun, that's the verra same yin," said Bough. "A bowt it at King Dauvid's sale."

PEOPLE'S PALACE PICTURES.

Mention of Sam Bough recalls the fact that the pictures which brought him fame and were the means of changing his condition from a struggling, hard-up, and often desperately poor artist into one of the most prosperous wielders of the brush, are displayed at the People's Palace, Glasgow Green. These are the three famous water-colour canvases, the Jamaica Street and Stockwell Bridges and the lovely "Barncluith"—the last-named being one of the most exquisite things he ever painted. Another noteworthy People's Palace picture is the portrait of Thomas Campbell, the poet, painted by Alexander



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Craig for the Campbell Club in 1836, and generally admired in the city at that time as a strictly first-class likeness of the poet as he was then—in middle life. This portrait should be copied by a competent artist, as the original is undergoing a process of cracking and slow destruction, similar to so many of Horatio M'Culloch's and John Graham Gilbert's canvases. Pictures at the Palace which I always like to see are three by Richard Westall, R.A. They recall to me a charming story about our late gracious Sovereign. Westall had taught the Princess, afterwards Queen Victoria, her first lessons in drawing and painting. When he lay in his last illness in 1836, the Princess sent a kind inquiry after his health, and expressly stated, if she could be of any service to him, that he should say plainly what he would like her to do. Westall clutched at this kind chance literally like a dying man. He sent word back that he was leaving the world, and, to his intense grief, his blind sister would be left penniless, and without relatives or friends able to assist her. The Princess, without loss of time, settled a hundred pounds a year on Miss Westall for life, and poor Richard passed away quite content. It was this incident that made all the people so much in love with their Sovereign when the Princess became

Queen Victoria in the following year. Westall, one of the most prosperous artists of his time, lost a fortune by becoming too fond of purchasing "old masters." Like many other collectors, he could not separate a picture by one of the school of, say, Paul Veronese from a genuine canvas by the great Paul himself.

I know of one private Scottish collection of "old masters," all collected more than sixty years ago, and have no hesitation in saying that three-fourths of the whole number are copies, not originals. My old friend, Bailie Archie M'Lellan, had an instinct amounting to genius for spotting the genuine "old masters" almost every time. One picture at the People's Palace, the one copied from my photograph of Dr. David Livingstone, always recalls to me the pleasant intercourse I had with the famous African traveller and his great friend, Mr. James Young, of Kelly. Not long ago a gentleman, when examining my photograph of Dr. Livingstone through a magnifying glass, said, "Surely Livingstone had a very stern, rather savage-looking eye in his head?" My reply was that Gladstone and Livingstone were identical in one respect, namely, that when in deep thought and partly oblivious of their company, a look of great sternness would

momentarily overspread their faces. I hope the committee of the Corporation Galleries will act upon my hint about copying the Campbell portrait at the Palace, which is well worthy of preservation as a far truer likeness of Glasgow's most famous poet than the too flattering portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a good copy of which is also on view at the Glasgow Green gallery.

OPERA IN GLASGOW.

The late Mr. Patrick Foster, who played the bass fiddle for over sixty years at Glasgow orchestral and theatrical entertainments, had many interesting stories to tell of local stage characters and musical experiences of the last sixty years. According to him, the famous Strauss waltz, "The Blue Danube," was first played in Britain at a ball given by the then Duke of Buccleuch in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales (now our Sovereigns) at one of the Duke's residences in Scotland. The music had come over in MS. sheets direct from the composer in Vienna, and these were put on the stands by Mr. Adams for his orchestra to attack and play at first sight. Our present King had not engaged a partner for that waltz, and when the lovely strains of the

Strauss music floated out he stood as if entranced. According to Pat Foster, there never was nor never will be a waltz equal to "The Blue Danube" for every grace that waltz music should possess.

I may here give another scene described by Foster, which he considered the finest enactment of a grand opera scene ever witnessed on a Glasgow stage. It was in the Miserere in "Il Trovatore," as played with Titiens and Giuglini in the leading rôles, about 1861, in the Theatre Royal, during a run of Italian opera. "It was a great scene," said Pat, "the tower in the moonlight, Titiens outside wringing her hands and in recitative crying, 'I will be true'; Giuglini the condemned prisoner within the tower singing, 'Ah! I have sighed to rest me, deep in the quiet grave'; the death chant by the chorus; the sobbing and wailing accompaniment by the orchestra all making up a *tout ensemble*," according to Pat Foster, "never equalled in operatic presentation so far as Glasgow was concerned." Titiens at that period was in glorious voice, and her figure had not then acquired the massive stoutness of later years. Giuglini, "the golden voiced tenor," had even a finer quality of voice than Caruso, if scarcely so powerful. Poor Giuglini, the *beau ideal* of an

Italian tenor, ended his days in a lunatic asylum many years ago.

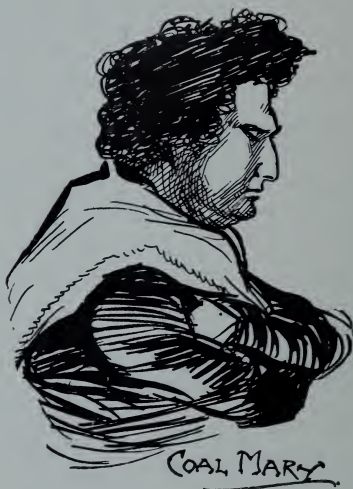
When the first cast of grand opera ceased to include Scotland as part of the itinerary about 1869, Glasgow seemed to lose something from the society point of view that she has never regained. At one time Glasgow opera goers included all the swell people in the West of Scotland. It was quite a free show for a swarm of working men's wives and daughters to see the carriages drive up on opera nights to the theatre from the hotels, and to take stock of the stylish ladies and their escorts as they passed into the auditorium. Yes, there is a great gulf fixed between a "Rob Roy" or "Silver King" show and an operatic presentation by the first cast of the world's grand opera singers.

OLD MALABAR.

It is astonishing what an interest still exists about the doings of the old Glasgow street characters. If I had known, seventy or eighty years ago, that in the year of grace 1910 many people would be asking me about the old ballad singers and chap-book sellers, my scrap-book would have been well filled

to-day with memories of the gangrels. Old Malabar, who survived till about 1880, was still one of the back numbers, having "balanced the donkey on the ladder before George IV. at Ascot Races," as he described it. Towards the end of his career Malabar appeared a few times on the stages of theatres and penny shows. This was talked about at the time as the first indoor performances of Mr. Patrick Feeney, or Old Malabar—the old man having been regarded as a street, village green, or roadside performer from his youth up. This was a mistake, for Malabar's "turn" was good enough till the end for an indoor show, and if my memory serves me rightly he travelled with John Swallow's circus in 1861 throughout Scotland, when Tom Sayers and Harry Broome, the pugilists, were the star attractions. At any rate I am quite certain that Pat, in his alleged Chinese garments, travelled several summers with John Swallow.

About the last appearance Old Malabar ever made was in a show situated on the Scottish Zoo site, then vacant ground. The terms were that after the veteran had tossed the ball and caught it in a leather cup attached to his head (his chief trick) that the audience would be asked to throw pennies on the stage for his benefit. The kind-hearted booth



theatre comedian, who was proprietor of the show, to encourage generosity, stood at the wings and threw on, piece by piece, all the stage money he possessed, unseen by the audience, who responded quite freely, and there was a steady tinkle of coins on the little stage for about two minutes. Old Malabar showed himself quite lively at picking up all the pieces of money, which he deposited carefully in a small canvas bag, while thanking the audience for their generosity. After the show the comedian and his wife thanked Malabar for helping them to gather a crowd, and invited him to partake of pies and porter. During the repast Old Malabar was asked by his comedian entertainer to sort out from his pennies all the old Continental and American bronze coins used as stage money, of service to him and of no use as legal tender. Mr. Feeney remarked something to the effect that he could pass any coin to Glasgow shopkeepers—"nobody ever refused a pennyworth to Old Malabar on account of his penny being a bad one"—and with these or similar words the juggler took a polite farewell of his hosts, and retained all the money, good and bad, in his bag.

There was much firmness of will about old Patrick Feeney. Nobody could make him drink whisky or more than two glasses of beer, and he would do his

juggling turn for a minimum price, which he would state, and no less. Pat was the son of an Irish farmer, and had all the appearance of a farmer himself; indeed, he had a genuine love of the country and farming life. It was by mere accident that, when a youth looking for labouring work, he fell in with a Chinese street juggler, who took a fancy to him and taught him most of his tricks. Tusang, young Feeney's Chinese benefactor, named his Irish assistant Malabar, and the name stuck to him for life. Old Malabar's professional life as a juggler lasted from the year of my birth—1820—until 1879. Physically he was a big, loose-jointed man of great muscular strength.

SCOTTISH VOCALISTS.

Quite recently our local newspaper musical critics had to exert themselves to do justice to descriptions of the voice, style, and enunciation of the great Italian tenor Caruso. In my early boyhood all the veteran musical men talked about Madame Catalani, who for clear, ringing soprano voice, for strength and compass, for ornament and originality of style, was considered by them to have been the most perfect singer in Europe during the first quarter of the

nineteenth century. People have asked me what kind of voice had John Templeton, the Scottish vocalist. My reply has always been that while not posing as a musical critic I would go the length of saying that, compared with Giuglini, or Barton M'Guckin at his best, Templeton was more like a high-set baritone, or at any rate a heavy tenor robusto. John Templeton had quite as heavy a voice as his successor in the business of national vocalist, David Kennedy, but his voice was softer, rounder, and altogether of finer quality.

This is no disparagement to the late Mr. David Kennedy, whose superior dramatic gift in such songs as "Scots wha ha'e" may be said to have equalised matters in comparison with Templeton. John Wilson, again, was a tenor robusto, hardly so powerful a singer, if I am not mistaken, as either Templeton or Kennedy. When Wilson sang three verses of "Waes Me for Prince Charlie" before the Queen and Prince Albert at Taymouth Castle, he was said to have infused such pathos into his singing as to bring the tear to Royal eyes. Templeton, I think, would have been the greatest church chanter that ever lived had he been a singing priest of the Latin or Greek Church. His genius lay more in the direction of sacred than operatic song.

There is a recorded story about Templeton, Malabran (the finest soprano of her day), and other three or four great stars of opera appearing in Psalm singing. At the conclusion of an operatic stay in Edinburgh, word was brought from Aberdeen that all seats had been booked for two operatic nights. The proposed arrangements were satisfactory, and the musical stars set out for the granite city by stage and private coaches. Near Aberdeen part of the company got stuck in a snowdrift and had to be sheltered for the night by a hospitable farmer in the neighbourhood. When the hour for retiring came, the farmer said he "wad tak' the Book," and Bibles were handed round for family worship, the strangers being supplied first. A Psalm was given out and the farmer started up "Coleshill." At the second verse Templeton nodded to his companions to break loose, and their burst of harmony made the farmer and his family think that they were entertaining angels unawares. To hear John Templeton vocalise such a Psalm tune as "University" was worth a long walk and a shilling for admission, to any working man of musical taste. Critics made much of Caruso's emotional power. No man ever sang with more passion and feeling than John Templeton in certain forms of song.

A LOST POUND NOTE.

In the days of my youth an apprentice tailor would have thought nothing of being asked to deliver a pair of breeks to a customer in far-off Pollokshaws after nine o'clock on a stormy winter Saturday night, walking both ways. People made up their minds eighty years ago to discomforts of all kinds. To work sixteen hours a day and walk six miles to bed would have been regarded as nothing out of the ordinary. I will here narrate a true little story of my youth, the names in connection with which are withheld out of consideration for living people; but this may be false delicacy on my part, as the story should not offend in any particular. A poor widow woman who was obliged by "sair wark" to bring up her children had been paid a pound note for services. She immediately set out for the nearest mill to spend the whole amount on the then indispensable oatmeal. Instead of going by a bridge, a roundabout way, she crossed to the mill on stepping-stones, holding the precious note firmly clasped in her clenched fist. She slipped on one of the stepping-stones, and in her efforts to maintain her balance unconsciously dropped her pound note. When she confronted the miller and unclenched her

hand, her distress was pitiful. The hard-earned pay gained by field-work, the money needed so urgently to buy food for herself and bairns, gone—it was too much, and the woman wailed like the Banshee. The miller, who was a sagacious man, questioned her closely, and the upshot was that the woman, within twenty minutes of her loss, dropped a crumpled piece of paper exactly at the spot where she had staggered in the water. The miller and his man keenly watched the route taken by the paper, which lodged among reeds on the river bank within a yard of the precious pound note, which was immediately restored to its owner. I have related this little story not so much as a curious happening, but as illustrative of the great hardships of the working people and even of the class above in Scotland eighty years ago. There was coarse food, long hours of toil, and not one-tenth of the comforts we now possess.

“THE GLASGOW KEELIES.”

Only the other day I read an interesting account by an eye-witness of the disaster of Magersfontein, near the Modder River, in South Africa, in 1899, when many of the Highland Brigade were laid low by the Boers. According to the writer, the men of

the Seaforths, Gordons, Highland Light Infantry, Black Watch, and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders got among the barbed wire entanglements of the Boers, so utterly worn out by drenching rains and the want of food and sleep that they were more dead than alive. In other words, the Highlanders were in the weakest and worst possible condition to take part in a desperate attack of such a forlorn-hope description. But the British military tomfoolery of “inverting the obvious” had to be accomplished. The obvious commonsense manœuvre at Magersfontein should have meant a rush of the Highlanders at the Boer lines when the men were full of fire and vigour. I have introduced this subject to correct a prevalent error. The British “inverting of the obvious” in military matters does not date, as some suppose, from the Boer War. Inverting the obvious, or doing the idiotic possible, instead of the wisest thing possible, has always been more or less connected with the British army. Take, for example, my own recollections of the gallant 71st regiment of foot—the “Glasgow Keelies.” In my young manhood all the musketry practice that regiment had, when stationed at Glasgow, was when once a year they were taken in squads to the Westmuir quarry. There, at a distance of a hundred

yards, they fired a few volleys at a white sheet upon which a bull's-eye had been rudely painted. Not all of the volley-firers hit the sheet itself, and bulls'-eyes were very scarce—perhaps more accidental than the results of straight holding on. The obvious commonsense course would have been monthly shootings at the Westmuir quarry and individual firing, not volleys.

Reading about the Napoleonic wars, especially the Waterloo campaign, has always been a pleasure to me, but no book ever threw such a light upon the character of Napoleon and the story of Waterloo as the memoirs of a Glasgow man—Colonel Basil Jackson—published about ten years ago. Basil Jackson fought at Waterloo and was one of the officers most intimately connected with Napoleon during his confinement at St. Helena. He was the great-grandson of James Jackson, a once very important personage in Glasgow, namely, the postmaster of the Princes Street Post Office, when the clerks and letter-carriers did not number more than half a dozen all told. Basil Jackson himself, one of the last survivors of Waterloo, was born in Glasgow, and was the cousin of my old friend, John H. Jackson, one of the promoters of the Old Glasgow Club. According to Basil Jackson, the fact of Wellington and Blucher

being forty miles apart, on the morning of the Waterloo Sunday, was a bad case of inverting the obvious. Had the raw recruits of Wellington been smothered by a tremendous onslaught of the entire French forces, a very different tale would have been told of the allied armies. Colonel Basil, like all the Jacksons, was a cool, level-headed man, who prided himself on sound judgment without partiality. I may relate a little yarn told about his cousin, John H. Jackson, who, with his great cronie, Mr. Stillie, the muslin manufacturer, were recognised as the two best musical critics in Glasgow forty years ago.

Once upon a time Titiens, one of the operatic queens of song, accepted an offer to sing at a great Caledonian gathering in London. She thought of her Glasgow friends Stillie and Jackson, and asked them to teach her a Scottish song—one of the best. “Auld Robin Gray” was decided upon as being the best suited for Titiens’ voice and style of rendition. So the three got together at Mr. Stillie’s house. Titiens insisted in the first place upon knowing all about the story of the song. Her knowledge of the English tongue did not amount then to more than two hundred words, and Stillie and Jackson were hard put to it to make the story clear. They were joked about the language used, and some

alleged that the "icey creama" talk of the Italian hot-pea saloon had to be resorted to.

The habit of slipping into pidgin-English when talking to foreigners has almost, happily, disappeared. I remember a case when a German pork butcher and his Scotch bookkeeper talked the same lingo to each other—"Vat! in the veenter time, vat's the maitter mit you?" etc. *Apropos* of this, I may state that a respectable body of shopkeepers left Glasgow for the first great French Exhibition. The old man of the party was Mr. Brotherston, a grocer, well-known to his cronies as "Old Bud." During their stay in a Paris hotel, Bud's "Jim Crow talk" to the French waiters was a constant source of amusement. On one occasion, when his boots were brought to him instead of a piece of soap—"Dat's not de ting," said Bud. I cannot close this paragraph without a reference to my late respected friend, Mr. John H. Jackson. Many people have little pedigree weaknesses, just as I have myself about my Covenanting ancestors, and Mr. Jackson was always pleased to trace his connection to the old Glasgow "tobacco lords"—Adam, David, and Robert Tennent. He possessed documents connected with the plantations once owned by his Tennent forebears in Virginia and Maryland.



SIR THEODORE AND LADY MARTIN.

Shortly after the death of the late Sir Theodore Martin, in 1909, I noticed a statement in one of the local newspapers to the effect that when young Theodore was editing a Scottish dramatic review about 1845, in conjunction with Mr. Logan, the banker and chap-book collector, that the Glasgow dramatic criticisms were chiefly written by Mr. Martin and the Edinburgh criticisms by Mr. Logan. Also, that it was probable that Theodore and his future wife, Helen Faucit, first became acquainted in the green-room of Mr. J. H. Alexander's theatre in Dunlop Street. I am inclined to think that there is some truth in this story. For instance, there is a written sentence in one of my old scrap books, copied from the dramatic paper referred to, in 1845, which, I think, favours the idea that Sir Theodore Martin and the highly-gifted actress, Miss Helen Faucit, may have become acquainted in Glasgow. Here is the scrap I refer to:—"In the sepulchre scene Miss Faucit and Paumier indulged in too much panting, whining, claspings, and hugging—it was altogether too much of a good thing." Now, I have distinct recollections of Miss Faucit and Mr. Paumier in that very year, and their emotions and embraces

in the death scene of "Romeo and Juliet" were quiet and restrained in comparison with the enactment of the same scene by Conway and Adelaide Neilson in the Gaiety Theatre in 1876. Conway and Miss Neilson were said to have been "the handsomest pair ever seen on the stage," and hundreds of Glasgow playgoers would endorse my statement that their "business" in the sepulchre scene of "Romeo and Juliet" was strictly refined and in good taste. But it would be another matter in 1845 if the critic in the pit happened to be in love with Juliet, and the Romeo happened, like my friend, Mr. Paumier, to be quite a manly, presentable fellow. A kiss and a too tender hug would, under these circumstances, be gall and bitterness to a young critic in the pit with much of the poet in his composition, such as Theodore Martin certainly possessed. There was one passage considered in Glasgow to be Helen Faucit's *chef d'œuvre*. It was the speech made by Julia in "The Hunchback," when she demanded of Master Walter some means of escape from the hated marriage to the Earl—

"Beware how you abandon me to myself,
I'm young, rash, inexperienced, tempted
By most insufferable misery!
Bold, desperate, and reckless. Thou hast age
Experience, wisdom, collectedness;
Thou canst save me."

During the delivery of this passage, spoken with the most thrilling effect by Miss Faucit, you could have heard a pin drop in the old Dunlop Street theatre. But when praising Miss Faucit sky-high, I must not forget my old favourite actress, Miss Aitken, who spoke her pieces as leading lady in "Venice Preserved" with temperamental skill, like a born orator. For example, Thomas Chalmers, D.D., whom I have frequently heard preach, might look up from his manuscript and, after a moment's pause, say, "Now, what shall be said about this Prodigal Son?" There was more eloquence in a few simple words from Chalmers than in a deluge of "purple-patch" speeches delivered by ordinary worldlings. It is the temperament behind the words that tells, and that is what caused the fine effects often produced by Maggie Aitken, Glasgow's own favourite Thespian daughter.

OLD MUSIC HALLS.

Fifty years ago the Waverley, Jupiter, and Shakespeare music halls of the Saltmarket were small, dingy, ill-ventilated howfs compared with the brilliantly lighted, palatial halls of the present day. In the old "Sautie" halls, a dulse, whelk, and speldin'-eating rowdy audience (for the most

part) liked boisterous performances, but were quite competent to appreciate smart talent of any kind. A vocalist who could sing "The Birks o' Invermay" quietly and with feeling was just as sure of applause as the expert clog dancer. The only stupid, nauseating time in music halls was during the seventies—the only period, in fact, when vile insinuations were tolerated in the songs. Nowadays all the first-class music hall managers aim to make their performances suitable in every way for ladies and children. It is the purity and genuine worth of music halls as we have them now which makes them so extremely popular. But it does not follow that the talent is much superior to, say, the fifties. Even that versatile actor of genius, W. H. Murray, of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, although he did not set up for a vocalist, could have rendered the "Ratcatcher's Daughter" or "Vilikins and his Dinah" with such enjoyable gusto as would have entitled his "turn" to be value for the head of an "Empire" bill according to present day standards. There was some very clever concert business seventy years ago. For example, take the Distin family of instrumentalists. Three sons played French horns, the father a slide horn, and Mrs. Distin the piano. Their three tunes and

an invariable jig-time encore piece made up a really admirable performance. The then fashionable songs, "Alice Gray," "Banks of the Blue Moselle," and "Isle of Beauty" sounded exquisitely when rendered by the soft tones of the horns. If asked whether would I hear Giuglini sing "She appeared Clothed in Light" from Flotow's opera of "Martha" or hear the Distin family play four tunes just by way of a musical treat, I would hardly know what to answer; both performances were superbly excellent. So, my young friends, whose musical recollections date back about fourteen years, do not plume yourselves that all the musical "stars" belong to your period.

It amused me to read the other day in a London newspaper that young Englishmen, particularly Londoners, were not much liked by Canadian farmers and business men. A Scot, an Irishman, a Russian, a Bohemian, or, in fact, any nationality was preferred to the English. An "out West" placard for railway workers even stated:—"No English chumps need apply." Surely, I thought, the whirligig of time has brought about a queer revenge, for to me it looks like yesterday when Mrs. Phillips sang "No Irish Need Apply" in the City Hall. About 1859, the placard, "No Irish Need Apply," was set out on some factory doors in England, or, at

any rate, it was so reported—hence the once popular song:—

“ At Balaclava, Inkerman,
And through the Russian war,
Did not the Irish bravely fight,
As they’ve oft done before?
And since that time, in India,
They made the rebels fly—
Our generals ne’er hinted then,
No Irish need apply.”

The Mrs. Phillips referred to, if not the first to sing publicly that capital serio-comic song, “The Captain with his Whiskers,” was certainly among the first. She was perhaps the most charming of the many sprightly women who essayed the part of the bashful lady at the window, who looked out to see the band play and the soldiers pass by. No song ever had the popularity of the ditty about the hirsute captain. It is hardly dead even now. My recollection goes back to an old-fashioned little tea party, a few years ago, when the following items were played and sung by the young ladies present:—“The Maiden’s Prayer,” “Silvery Waves,” “Punch and Judy Quadrilles,” “The Captain’s Polka,” “Katie’s Letter,” and “The Captain with his Whiskers.” Young unmarried ladies should be careful about playing or singing once popular pieces, in case some rude person should

remark, "Thank ye for the sang, but ye canna be a scone of yesterday's baking to be singing 'The Captain wi' his Whuskers.'"

AN OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

About the Coronation year, 1837, rather a poorly dressed man walked into Paisley from Dumbarton, and calling at the Abercorn Arms Inn, said to the landlady that he felt unwell, and would like bedroom accommodation. The average wife of the ordinary Boniface would have eyed the broken boots and the shabby raiment, and would have said, "Full up," with a snap of finality. Not so Mrs. G——, a kind, motherly body as ever was. She saw the man was ill, recognised the speech of a gentleman in spite of the well-worn clothes, and at once she conveyed him to a bedroom and sent for Dr. M'Kechie. It was a bad case of pneumonia. By desire of the fast dying man, the Rev. Mr. Wade was sent for, who stayed with the wanderer till the end, a few hours later. The stranger turned out to be an ex-lieutenant of the 13th Regiment of Foot, who had been receiving half-pay from about 1823. He had served in the Peninsular war and at Waterloo. His remains were buried with military honours in the Abbey

churchyard, the officers of the 79th Highlanders, then in Paisley Barracks, paying all expenses. Parson Wade, with his cultured and telling voice, brought tears to the eyes of the susceptible at the funeral when he read the Episcopal service for the dead over the officer's grave. Mr. Wade was the Episcopal parson of Paisley, the master of a private school for young gentlemen, and the author of an interesting history of Glasgow, published about 1821. He was also the author of *Walks in Oxford*, a very readable book.

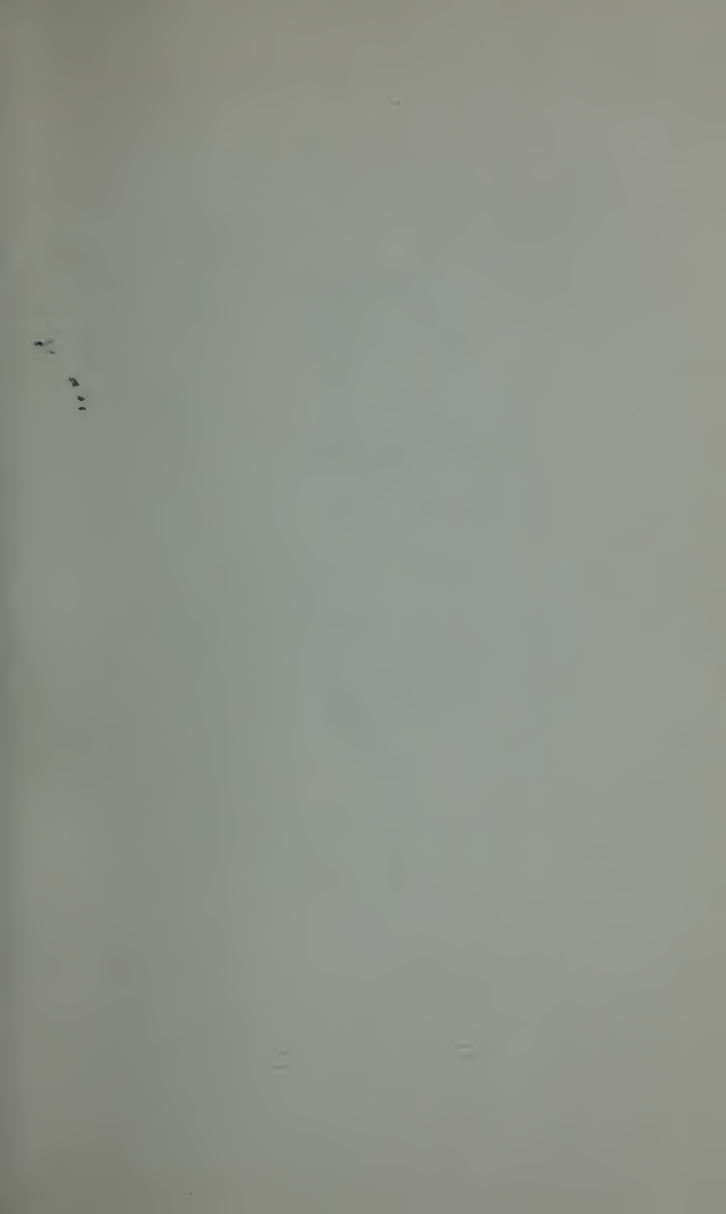
THE HUMOURS OF GLASGOW FAIR.

I have frequently seen it stated in local newspapers that there are two humorous poems—one by Galloway and the other by Breckenridge—setting forth the old-time rough amusements of Glasgow Fair. There was another narrative in verse on the subject, which appeared in a short-lived publication, *The Glasgow Athenæum*, on August 17th, 1850. It has no merit as verse, but it presents some true and life-like pictures of what took place at the annual fair half a century ago. Here it is:—

“ My master just the other day,
In a fit of generosity,
Calls out to me—‘ Johnny, my boy,
You can go to-day yourself to enjoy;
Only mind that you’re home by ten,
’Cos if you’re not you won’t get in.’
‘ Oh, thank you, sir; you may be sure,’
Replied I with a look demure,
‘ I’ll be in before that some time.’
So putting on my super-prime,
I sallied forth unto the Green—
There such a sight as ne’er was seen.
Chickens hatching every minute,
Eggs for the million—no fraud in it;
Giants and dwarfs, wreck of the Orion;
Wombwell was there with tiger and lion;
Anderson conjuring all the day,
Though it’s all outside some folks say.
Of theatres there were two or three;
Of course I didn’t expect to see
A grand performance for the money;
The clowns were always very funny—
And that is all that I can say.
They don’t care if they make it pay.
So having seen these all right through
With no ill-hap but losing a shoe,
I went and gambled like a fool,
Lost five shillings and then got cool,
And then as if my fate to seal,
Went and danced at a penny reel.
I danced and danced till I was tired,
My head with whisky was all fired;
I then came out, walked to and fro,
Never thinking how time did go;
When meeting with my friend Jack Moon,
We entered the Shakespeare saloon,

And there we got so jolly drunk,
To think of it puts me in a funk ;
I don't remember any more,
Except of lying on the floor,
Until next morning when I woke,
With faint ideas of gin and smoke,
In the police office safe and snug,
My nose knocked right into a pug.
When looking at the glass—oh, my !
A dismal sight, a discoloured eye ;
Then it flashed across my brain,
I cursed myself again and again.
I must have got into some row,
But what I wondered at was—how ?
I was soon informed by ' Number four '
That I had lain and fought upon the floor ;
That he had, seeing my queer state,
Carried me to the office straight.
And now a knock at the room door—
My master ! I could say no more.
He paid the fine and took me home,
Where I'm in bed for some time to come ;
With bruises hurt, my heart all sair,
I finished my day at Glasgow Fair."

A day at the Fair was to hundreds just such a time as the versifier quoted has described—a dull, drunken, stupid day. But to a smart, intelligent, self-respecting man there was no end of amusement fifty to eighty years ago at the annual Glasgow Carnival. One was inclined to think that all the gangrels of Scotland were then gathered in Glasgow to reap a little harvest of copper coinage.





WEE WILLIE WHITE

THE BALLAD SINGERS

alone were a little army. "Come all ye" singers (from "Come all ye young damsels," etc., the usual start of the ditty), all the way from Ireland, were singing "John Reilly" and "The Banks o' Clandy." West of Scotland ditty warblers made the welkin ring—whatever that means—with "Young Jamie Foyer," "The Bonnie Lassie's Answer," and "There was a Young Damsel in London did Dwell." I remember, many years ago, a strapping, sunburnt, red-headed hizzie, who with a big, pleasant, natural voice, threw as much fervour into the singing of "Jamie Foyer" as if the gallant Campsie youth who died in one of the Peninsular fights had been an old sweetheart of hers. Her voice haunts me yet, wailing the lamentable ditty—

"Far distant, far distant,
Lies from Scotia the brave,
No tombstone memorial
Does hallow his grave.
His bones they lie scattered
On the red soil of Spain,
For young Jamie Foyer
In battle was slain."

The athletic Jamie was the first man to scale the wall at the attack on St. Michael, Burgos, on 19th

September, 1812. He was the son of the bell-ringer, gravedigger, and what we would now call the church officer at Campsie. There was much sadness over the death of this handsome youth, who had shown distinguished gallantry at the battle of Salamanca.

Then at every Glasgow Fair Wombwell's menagerie was always a fine show, with the usual Cockney lecturer asking the audience in a most genteel manner to stand "a little further back, and you'll see quite as well." Then, when he had his audience to his liking, he would discourse something in this vein:—"This cage contains a magnificent specimen of the laughin' hyeeneh, untameable by the 'ands of man. The native 'ome of the hyeeneh is the wilds of Southern Africy. His unearthly laugh or yell never fails to strike terror to the bravest 'art." My old friends the Cookes, of the circus, had always the old Edinburgh High School finish about their performances. There was never anything vulgar at Cooke's Circus. I remember the late Alfred Eugene Cooke, who was the darling of the ladies, when as a pretty boy about twelve years old he did an equestrian act on the pad; there was not much bare-backed riding in those days. Later in life, if I mistake not, Alf was the hero of the song—

“ He floats through the air
With the greatest of ease,
This daring young man
On the flying trapeze.”

The last time I saw Alf perform was in the Scottish Zoo circus about eight years ago, when, as Dick Turpin, he spoke his lines and leaped the five-barred gate on Black Bess like the gentlemanly artist he always was.

I have happy recollections of John Swallow, George Wombwell, the Cookes, Wallet, Thomas Ord, John and George Sangers and their father, the Henglers, and the Newsome family. William F. Wallet, “the Queen’s jester,” as he called himself, frequently performed before Royalty in days when King Edward VII. was a little boy. Wallet used to say that the affability and grace of these exalted personages always made a deep impression on him. He only wished that the majority of our grocers and muffin bakers would copy the natural, pleasant manners of Royalty, to their own great improvement and the comfort of people connected with them as customers or employés. Wallet had three wonderful escapes of a similar kind to that of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, the author of Highland story books. Mrs. Grant was about to step on board

the steamboat *Comet*, the second of that name, on 21st October, 1825, when she had a premonition of danger, and she refused, literally at the last moment, to sail. That night the *Comet* was run down by a steamboat off Gourock and nearly all her passengers lost their lives.

Wallet's escapes were almost more surprising. Gustavus Brooke, the tragedian, strongly urged Wallet to accompany him to Australia by the ill-fated *London*, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay. The jester used to say that he could give no reason for not accompanying Brooke. It looked good business for him in every way. Another time, Wallet was on board a small schooner called the *Northern Yacht*, in the Tyne, with his wife and child, when James and Thomas Cooke, the circus proprietors, came on board within an hour of the sailing of the vessel. They hired Wallet and took him and his charge ashore. The *Northern Yacht* quitted the Tyne that night, and was never afterwards heard of. On the third occasion, Wallet had taken his seat in a railway carriage at Euston Square, London, to fulfil an engagement in Birmingham. Suddenly it flashed upon his mind that he had forgotten a bag which lay in a left luggage department. He rushed out and ran for the bag.

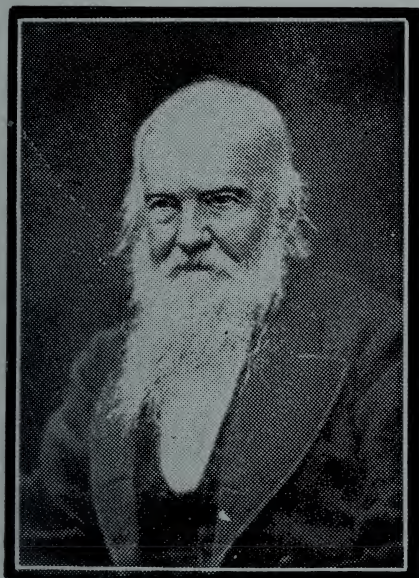
On his return with it the train was in motion, and porters and railway police would not allow him to enter the carriage he had left. It was lucky for him that he was thus prevented, for the train an hour later came into collision with a heavy mineral train, and the carriage in which Wallet had left his portmanteau was literally smashed to fragments. Nearly every person in the train was injured and several killed. If ever a man could be said to be lucky, that man was W. F. Wallet, for, in addition to the three escapes I have mentioned, he had dozens of minor strokes of good fortune, the chief of which, perhaps, was to get out unhurt from a bowie knife and revolver scuffle in California, when several were killed.

I shall conclude these notes about the show people met at Glasgow Fair by a short reference to Joe Grimaldi, the clown. Joe died in 1837. He had been at a little party at a friend's house, and returned home at 'eleven o'clock in apparently the best of health. At midnight, after he had retired to rest, he was heard all over the house and by the people living next door to utter a deep and heavy groan. When the members of his household reached his bedroom he was dead. Now, the little lesson I wish to teach young people is derived from the word

“groan.” Grimaldi’s last utterance might have been heard on the street by passers-by. One of the great secrets of Grimaldi’s success was this, that he could speak comfortably to the man in the back seat in in the largest kind of auditorium in his natural tones. He possessed the hall voice, just as Gladstone, J. L. Toole, and William Mackintosh were vocally gifted in a similar way. I would not go the length of saying that I have seen lives wrecked by parlour-voiced men taking to the pulpit or the stage, but I have seen grievous trouble directly caused by this mistake many times. Mothers! take it from me, if your sons have only parlour voices, they never were meant for the pulpit or public platform.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE AND JAMES YOUNG.

During Dr. Livingstone’s second trip home from Africa, in 1864, he made up his mind to study photography and to take out to Africa on his return a camera and a store of photographic material. His old and trusty friend, Mr. James Young, of Kelly, advised him to put himself under my care. That was how my relations with the



JAMES YOUNG, LL.D.

famous African traveller were for some weeks on the footing of tutor and pupil. I never met a man of more alert mind than Dr. Livingstone—he was remarkably quick to learn, and had his return to Africa not been made very hurriedly and unexpectedly he would have gone out a photographer, thoroughly qualified with a full equipment of material. As it was, all my lessons were thrown away as far as making a photographer out of the distinguished traveller was concerned.

Apart from the eminence both of Dr. Livingstone and his friend Mr. James Young, who was the inventor of tar from shale and some of the illuminants, dyes, and lubricants manufactured from the said tar, I must say that, simply regarded as men, they were delightful companions. I shall never forget the pleasant hours spent in the forenoons with Dr. Livingstone when discussing and trying some of the photographic processes. Then at twelve noon sharp Mr. Young appeared, and we all adjourned to Ferguson & Forrester's for lunch. I remember the first time we sat down together. A veteran waiter who knew Mr. Young hurried up and mentioned some viands that in his estimation were extra good that day. The Laird of Kelly turned to me and said, "Mr. Urie, I think you are

entitled to say what we shall have for lunch," to which I made a small joke about allowing the medical man to prescribe. The doctor grinned and tucked his napkin about midway in his vest, and said, without hesitation, "Kidney soup, chops, bread and cheese, and a little sherry." If my memory serves me rightly, the doctor ordered the same things every time we lunched together. The conversation certainly was always on the same topics—the flora and fauna of Africa.

Many readers of Livingstone's travels may think that the good doctor must have lived in almost unrelieved gloom of mind at some painfully trying parts of his journeys. A great mistake—when tolerably well in health the doctor enjoyed every foot of the way. Nothing escaped his eye or failed to give him pleasure in plant, tree, bird, fish, or beast. I have often thought what a loss to popular science his death in Africa was, for his stores of natural history knowledge were hardly tapped in his books. He had scores of wild beast adventures not mentioned in his volumes. Had he lived to return and spend a few years in Scotland, he would have written a book on the natural history topics and minor events of his travels of the greatest interest. Physically, Dr. Livingstone and Sam

Bough, the painter, were very similar types, but Livingstone was all sanity—Bough was a crank on the subject of gentility, just as Carlyle was a crank on the subject of shams. Not long ago I was walking past a semi-detached villa in one of the Glasgow suburbs, when a young matron ran down the tiny gravel walk to the front gate to greet another young matron who was entering with her little boy. The first said, "So good of you to come, dear, in this beastly weather," and the visitor's reply seemed to be a quotation from a novelette. Now the elements of gentility and sham were mingled in this scene, and had Sam Bough or Thomas Carlyle been in my place they would have muttered cuss words, but in the case of that good and worthy man, Dr. Livingstone, he would simply have walked on with a happy smile.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S END.

When I think of James Young, the life-long friend of Dr. Livingstone, it seems to me a most extraordinary thing that although he was the inventor of some of the most valuable products from the shale tar—the illuminating oils, the lubricants, medicines, etc.—yet over nearly all the

present-day oils, dyes, explosives, and other products from the tar may be written the words "made in Germany." Many a time I have casually met the laird of Kelly on the street, and I would say to him, "When did you hear about Dr. Livingstone? When may we expect him home?" or some similar question. I often think of my feelings after having been assured that H. M. Stanley had met the great explorer. I looked forward with delight to again shaking hands with that best and worthiest of men, Dr. Livingstone. Indeed, I had thought of a quaint little present which I hoped he would accept; but it was not to be.

The description of Livingstone's sad end I have often read—written by Wainright, a black servant, who had received an English education:—"Dr. Livingstone rode a donkey, but afterwards was carried, and thus arrived at Ilala, beyond Lake Bembe in Bisa country, where he said, 'Build me a hut to die in.' The hut was built by his men, who first made up a bed. He suffered greatly, groaning night and day. On the third day he said, 'I am very cold; put more grass over the hut.' The men did not speak to or go near him. He died the next day." So that great-minded, self-denying, kind-hearted David Livingstone died

on May 4th, 1873. His faithful blacks sun-dried his body and took it to the coast to be shipped for England. When Wainright brought over the remains in the P. & O. *Malwa*, the following of Dr. Livingstone's friends were waiting on the quay at Southampton:—Dr. Moffat, the octogenarian African missionary and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone; W. O. Livingstone, the last surviving son of the great traveller; Henry M. Stanley, the Rev. Horace Waller, Mr. James Young of Kelly, Mr. A. Laing of Zanzibar, and Mr. W. F. Webb of Newstead Abbey. Everybody knows that shortly afterwards Dr. Livingstone's body was buried in Westminster Abbey.

There is one part I may not have explained properly, namely, the natural history bits which the great missionary left out of his books. I may make that portion of my story plainer by stating that Dr. Livingstone, one of the most alert men I ever met, had had a great many encounters with carnivora and wild animals of the deer and antelope kind, the story of which would have made a large and deeply interesting book of itself. I feel certain that such a book would have been written had the doctor's life been prolonged into home residence, when all his travels and work in Africa had been

accomplished. A last word about the good Dr. Livingstone. Not long ago I had a nice letter from his daughter, Mrs. Bruce, who referred to a pleasant hour spent in my studio when I took a group photograph of Dr. Livingstone, his wife, and family.

PRETTY WOMEN.

The other day I noticed from a newspaper paragraph that a suffragette, disguised as a messenger boy, had tried to break up a Liberal meeting, and the following comment was made:—"If the suffragettes take the trousers as well as the vote, what will man have left?" I do not presume to answer this question, but on the subject of the vote I have fourscore years of experience to help me to say emphatically that if women want the vote, nothing that men can do will prevent them getting it.

As the young women of the Glasgow district are advancing, improving, and not going back, both as regards good looks and accomplishments, I have devoted this paragraph for their especial benefit. The first thing I shall notice is the matrimonial market. That seems to be getting worse every year. Eighty years ago one could see the sons of

doctors, ministers, lawyers, and big farmers standing behind drapers' counters as apprentices, for in those days it was easy to start a paying little business of one's own. Every town with 5,000 inhabitants had then a number of eligible young shopkeepers or "sma corks" in trades, who were well suited to be life partners to refined girls. Big businesses are now eating up the small ones at such a rate that there is often not a single eligible young man in business in a town of 5,000 inhabitants. The poor lassies of the country towns—pleasant, well-educated, home-loving girls—hardly ever see an eligible young man nowadays. Then of the eligibles themselves, they are rather an unmanly set. Few of them seem to have the pluck to woo a fine type of a lass in the old way.

Recently I heard a story relating to this want of spirit in present-day youths, which may be told here, as the principals reside in the South of England. A delicate young man, the only son of a widow, and possessed of considerable private means, went to a distant city for some particular experience in business. He fell in love with a young lady who taught in the next class to his at the Sunday school. When his mother heard of their engagement she set off to see the couple,

earnestly hoping that her son had chosen a healthy, strong, handsome woman, possessed not only of good sense and disposition, but likewise of some style and spirit. She was horrified to find that her future daughter was an anæmic person with pale, chalky lips—one in fact who stood more in need of nursing than her son. The case recalled the verse—

“ I do not love Celina, she’s much too thin for me ;
I do not love Katrina, she has the housemaid’s knee ;
I do not love Alfreda, with all her jewels and lace,
But I worship dear Anemia, with her little chalky face.”

The loveliest woman I ever saw was Lady Seymour, the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament of 1839. She was one of the Sheridan girls—her sisters were Lady Blackwood and the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the author of some pleasing and clever verse. Lady Seymour might have been the Alice Gray of a once fashionable drawing-room ballad—

“ She’s all my fancy painted her,
She’s lovely, she’s divine,
But her heart it is another’s ;
She never can be mine.

Her dark brown hair was braided o’er
A brow of spotless white,
Her dark blue eye now languishes,
Now flashes with delight.”

The Queen of the Eglinton Tournament had dark brown hair, soulful dark blue eyes, a fine,

chiselled aquiline nose, an elegant poise and carriage, and a style that proclaimed her a veritable queen of classic beauty. Another superb beauty was Lola Montez, who was born in Limerick in 1824 and died in New York in 1860. She was darker than Lady Seymour—a piquant, charming, vivacious creature. The fine-skinned ancient Celtic type, with black hair and eyes, when seen in perfection, was a beauty hard to surpass, but now seldom seen owing to the great Celtic emigration from Scotland and Ireland during the past eighty years. The finest specimen I ever beheld of this Bronze Age, or ancient Celtic type of beauty, was in a Highland cottage in the eighteen-forties. She was between eighteen and twenty, and had a natural charm of manner to supplement her almost perfect appearance. Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, one of the early patrons of Robert Burns, wrote two verses which might have been applied to her.

“ ’Twas ere the sun exhaled the dew
 Ae morn of cheerful May,
 Forth Girzy walked, the flowers to view
 A flower mair sweet than they.

Like sunbeam's sheen her waving locks,
 Her een like stars were bright :
 The rose lent blushes to her cheek,
 The lily purest white.”

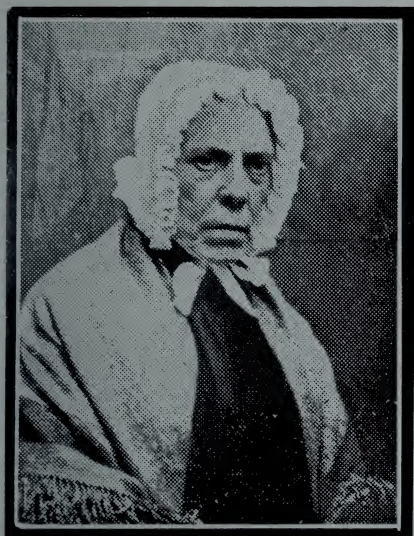
Yes, young Kate might have been a queen in the Bronze Age or ancient Celtic period, with her prehistoric black hair and eyes. What became of her, you may ask? Well, it may have been a case of

“Katie walks by the long, low, wash
Of Australasian seas,”

for she and her folks emigrated to Australia many years ago.

THE FAMILY OF ROBERT BURNS.

The sons of our national bard favoured the Armour side of the house; in fact, the only one of the Burns family who strongly resembled the illustrious father was Betty Burns, his daughter, otherwise the late Mrs. Thomson, of Pollokshaws, a lady who, I think, twice sat in my studio for collodion photographs. The one from which the accompanying reproduction was made was specially taken to present to the late Hugh Macdonald, author of *Rambles Round Glasgiew*, as a small token of appreciation for his clever defence of her father against the attacks of Gilfillan of Dundee. The Rev. George Gilfillan and Hugh Macdonald, about 1854, had a newspaper controversy with reference to the



MRS. THOMSON (BETTY BURNS).

drinking habits of the poet, in which the "Rambler" got the better of his antagonist. It has always been a regret to me that I did not make scrapbook jottings of the stories about "Robbie" which I heard in early manhood. It would not be too much to say that I have met dozens of men and women in youth who had seen and talked to the poet Burns, but there is one impression which I am sure of—namely, that the real Burns family—father, mother, Robert, and Gilbert—were not "hail fellow, well met," with every Tom, Dick, and Harry. On the contrary, while of a genuine kindly nature, they were just a trifle stand-offish, and would not converse familiarly with every country clown. Gilbert especially was a reserved man unless in social company, such as at a rent dinner when he was rent-collector and factor for Lady Blantyre. The unfortunate thing for the poet's reputation was this, that so great was his fame and conversational powers that he was followed wherever he went, and Mr. Commonpot or Mr. Turniptop would brag for years afterwards of having once got half-fou with the national bard—nine times out of ten a lie. Elderly men of shrewdness and intelligence told me in my youth that the real Robert Burns was the very opposite of a wandering "merry Andrew" who

exerted himself to amuse the habitués of an ale-house. Gilbert Burns had a very worthy son, the Rev. Thomas Burns, an eloquent Free Kirk minister, who afterwards was the much honoured and beloved Thomas Burns, D.D., LL.D., of Dunedin, New Zealand, where a tall monument was erected to his memory.

The Burns family were not wholly Ayrshire. To be exact, they were half Aberdonians, and Gilbert especially always seemed to be more at home in Haddington and along the east country than in the West of Scotland. When Gilbert collected the Wedderlie estate rents in the Lammermoors, he and Lord John Scott of Spottiswoode would sometimes foregather and swap stories.

Lord John, a brother of the late Duke of Buccleuch, and the husband of the lady who wrote the words and composed the music of the song "Annie Laurie," was a great wag. Here is an account of one of his practical jokes, which, so far as I know, has never been in print. At a time when the Earl of Wemyss was Master of the Berwickshire Foxhounds, there was a man residing in Coldstream, where the pack was kennelled, nicknamed "Cuddy Jock," a besom-maker and tinker, who was supposed

to closely resemble the Duke of Wellington. One hunting-day Lord John Scott got "Jock" rigged out in an old red-coated suit, had him well mounted, and told all the attenders at the meet that the joke would be a study of the faces of the farm folk and villagers, who would turn out to see the Duke of Wellington. It was a day of uproarious fun, although the fraud was discovered in Eccles village in this way. A "whipper-in" rode on ahead and told a knot of villagers a tale like this:—"Now, 'ere's the chance of your lives; we've got the great Dook o' Wellington with us, and you must all turn out to see him. First comes old Bob Carlile with the 'ounds, then in the centre between Lord John Scott and the Earl of Wemyss is the Dook himself." When the hunting party arrived, the villagers were lined up on both sides of the road, but the spell was broken when an old wife, after taking a keen glance at the supposed conqueror of Napoleon, cried out with a loud screech, "Megstie michty! is that no Cuddy Jock, the buzzom-maker o' Castram?" The hunters, who had preserved a severe gravity as befitting the occasion, all exploded into hearty laughs.

GLASGOW CARTOONS.

In the year 1848, for about six months or so, a young English artist kept a shop about midway down the west side of Queen Street. He had no stock in the shop, and made a living entirely by the manufacture of cartoons and silhouettes. He drew caricatures of nearly all the notable people in the town—Bailie Moir, James Merry, Norman Buchanan, Atkinson, “the flying bookseller,” as he was called by Motherwell, the poet—and many others. His profile cartoons were either in the silhouette form—namely, black paper clipped into a likeness and then pasted on a piece of card, or directly sketched by pen or pencil. The black and white likenesses were quite popular before the daguerreotype process of photography, and Frith, for that was the Queen Street artist’s name, did a large business. At that time the west side of Queen Street was a favourite promenade, as was also Buchanan Street, for the gilded youths of the city. One great dandy of that class, who had been nicknamed “Young Glasgow,” affected the airs and demeanour of an army officer, and he always walked in a manner supposed to resemble the march of a military swell. He was a

good subject for Frith, who made an extra large-sized cartoon of "Young Glasgow," without permission, and for the purpose of making it a shop-window attraction. When the dandy ascertained that his likeness was being displayed by Frith, he hurried indignantly to the spot, and ordered the artist to remove it at once. Frith, instead of doing so, sketched a cleverly-executed representation of a grinning monkey seated on "Young Glasgow's" shoulder, and a great laugh was raised on the following morning when the Queen Street *habitues* saw the improved cartoon.

Now, here is rather a curious question. The Frith referred to has always been considered by myself and many others to have been the veritable W. P. Frith, R.A., afterwards the eminent painter of "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station." Indeed, when Mr. Frith died in 1909, one or two reminiscences of what was supposed to have been his early Glasgow experiences appeared in the local press similar to what I have just described. But a letter to an editor from Mr. Walter Frith, a son of the deceased artist, was received, to the effect that his father had never been engaged in a Glasgow business. We must take this statement as final, and acknowledge the mistake that so many Glasgow

men of my generation have made. Of course, the year 1848 may have been before Mr. Walter Frith's day. The Frith I knew in Queen Street would be, if he were alive to-day, about eighty-five years of age. Whoever the Frith of Queen Street was, he was quite a manly fellow, and had no reason to be ashamed of his calling. I remember the time when Noel Paton, then a youthful designer of textiles in Paisley, would have sketched my profile for the asking. Sam Bough would have done the same thing when painting scenes at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. There is often "a great gulf fixed" between an artist's youth and the heyday of his prosperity.

ROUGH BARLEY AND GREEN PEAS.

When Dr. Johnson sneered at Scotsmen eating horses' food, he may have had more things than oatmeal in view. He may have thought of the kail or cole-wort, the horse beans, grey peas, and unshelled barley. I have seen rough barley eaten—barley that had never been shelled either by grist mill or knocking stone. There is an old story about Dr. Cleghorn, the chief medical adviser of the old "tobacco lords," who regularly rode or walked from



WEE JAMIE WALLACE.

his house at Rutherglen into his Glasgow office. The doctor frequently saw on the roadside a fine, fresh-coloured boy engaged in watching an old cow that found the greater part of her food on the grass-grown roadsides. One day the doctor, who had the abrupt and rather haughty manner of his Virginian patrons, said to the boy, "What do you get for breakfast, that gives you such a rosy face?" "Parritch" said the boy; and in reply to other questions said that "parritch and milk" was his diet three times a day. While the questioning was going on, a boy companion of the young herd's came up, and to him the herd laddie said, "Losh, man, Jock, here's a man thinks every day a Ne'er Day." The cow boy wondered that Dr. Cleghorn should think of finer fare as regular every-day food. Well, I have seen in summer weather plenty ruddy, healthy school children who averaged oatmeal brose and porridge at least twice every day, but they often chewed sourocks or other green stuff, which, unknown to themselves, counteracted the too heating effects of the oats. Many a meal has been made in Scotland out of a pot in which had been boiled together rough barley and kail blades. These were generally accompanied by oatcakes and a draught of skimmed milk—the roughest kind of fare, no doubt, but

muscle-forming and less hurtful to the system than present-day concentrated food—the cores of things too much, with not enough of the husks.

I have seen an old woman make a simple dinner for herself in the following way. Now, in the first place, the clean, tidy old body I refer to would have been an ideal “cottager” for an interior painter of the Scottish school. The first thing she did was to boil the stems, or ribs, as she called them, of the kail blades in salted water. While these were boiling, she cut the green curly blades into small bits, and added them to the pot. When the vegetable was tender, she dished the ribs, covered them, and set them on the hob to keep warm. Then she took the small kail or boiled blade cuttings and again boiled them in a little skimmed milk, adding a morsel of butter and salt to taste. The sma’ kail was the soup, and the ribs (lang kail) were eaten with oatcake and the remainder of a bawbee’s worth of skimmed milk. The entire cost of that simple repast did not exceed $1\frac{1}{2}$ d., yet it seemed to enable the auld wife to do a big afternoon’s work in her garden. David Service, the cobbler poet, made some verses in his auld clay biggin’ at Colegrain, on the Clyde banks, which very aptly described the old-time cottage of the Scottish peasantry, with the fire in

the centre of the floor. The lines I refer to may be new to most of my readers. Here they are:—

“ See on the centre of the cottage floor
The blazing fire far distant from the door,
A sooty chain supports the boiling pot,
Convuls'd with barley broth, both thick and hot.

“ Two pounds, perhaps, of salted meat is seen
To lift its head amid the herbage green;
And with grey peas and strong horse beans declare
Our course, 'tis true, is only country fare.

“ Ye gentler folks whom Norfolk dumplings cheer,
Who float your puddings down with ale or beer,
How would you raise your brows with anger great,
Did your estate afford no better treat.”

The three-legged kail pat described in the foregoing lines contained a Sunday's dinner for the average family of five, with the addition of potatoes.

THE GLASGOW HANGMAN.

Tam Young, the Glasgow executioner, and his family, lived for years within the precincts of the South Prison, as it was called, now the Justiciary Court Buildings in Jail Square. Young had been originally a soldier, and his debut as a hangman was made in 1815, at the execution of a pedlar named John Witherington for robbery. The con-

demned man was brought in a cart escorted by soldiers from Edinburgh to Ayr, the place of execution, and thousands of people lined the Kilmarnock Road to get a view of the pedlar, who had been the chief of a gang of road thieves. My old friend John Kelso Hunter was a boy at the time, and stood at a place on the roadside where there was a small pond. Here is part of Hunter's description :—" At this pond the horses of the escort stepped aside to avoid the water, and when the space was opened for a moment I bolted through between a pair of horses and on to the hinder end of the cart, which I seized, and while looking up into the face of Witherington, who was pale and wan, one of the soldiers brought down his sabre, at the same time saying, ' You d——d young scoundrel, come out of that.' I was still holding by the cart. An officer sharply reproved the soldier. ' Hold your peace, sir ; you do not know but it is his own boy.' My ear and eye caught the man of mercy, and I liked his look. Seeing that I was set down as a friend, I breasted into the cart, where sat the priest and the condemned packman. We were thus guarded into the centre of the gallows circle, where the inner lining consisted of special constables, the next layer the Royal Ayrshire Militia, the outer layer the Queen's



HIRSTLING KATE..

Bays, and without were the people. Tam Young put up a gangway to the cart, down which he meant to walk the man whom the law was about to elevate. When Tam came into the cart I felt a sort of shiver in case he might take me. The priest prayed and went through his other comforting rites. Witherington, after coming down from the cart, was conveyed up to the platform by the priest, followed by the 'prentice hangman, who trembled more than the culprit.

After having made the rope secure about the neck of him who was to test its power, Tam seemed to forget that the far end was not properly adjusted. The Sheriff shouted to Tam to look sharp, which only served to confuse him. He ran to the rope and made an effort to take away the standing of his patient, whose weight now added made it a very difficult affair to bring away the pin. At a shout from the Sheriff to pull, Tam laid his weight to his work. Away went the pin and down came the platform like a shot. Witherington hung with his toes within ten inches of the ground, and Tam Young fell heels over head." The amateur hangman had overbalanced himself by his exertions. Well might J. K. Hunter describe the scene as "laughable, pitiful, and disgusting." Tam Young in those days

of frequent hangings soon got over his tremors, and in his Glasgow life thought no more of a hanging than Marwood did in our day.

The two J. K. Hunter books came about in a strange way. John Kelso Hunter, the cobbler artist, when he came to live in Glasgow, resided in Dale Street (South Side) for thirty years. At the end of his life he resided in Gourrock. Three years before his death he took to his bed in Gourrock, as he and his doctor thought, to die. When in that condition, a rough-spoken old Ayrshire friend called upon him. The visitor was shown into the bedroom of the dying man. J. K. Hunter said to him in a weak voice that they would never see each other again. "Oh, that'll no dae," said the visitor; "get oot o' that. Nane o' yer shamming," etc. The upshot of this remarkable interview was that Hunter actually rose from his bed and lived in a semi-invalid state for three years longer, during which time he wrote his two volumes of reminiscences. Both books were highly praised by the *Athenæum* and other influential journals, but they have long been out of print. The last published book of Hunter's gave some very racy descriptions of people referred to by Poet Burns in his songs. Hunter was a man of kindly, jovial nature, but possessed of strong will-

power, and would neither "hup nor hie" if he got set in an opinion. The man who seemed to have formed the best estimate of his character was an old parish minister, who said, "Hunter, you can be quite daft enough without whisky." The cobbler artist was a total abstainer for twenty-six years after that statement was made to him, and afterwards only took a small stimulant occasionally when his powers were waning in the decline of his life. But it is only fair to say that all through his career Hunter was a temperate man. It was the abrupt remark of the Rev. Robert Morison, of Bathgate, that stung him into being an extremist on the subject of dram-drinking. The Rev. Robert's pet theory about drams was that they simply hurried people a little more quickly to their close by increase of heart action. He would probably have said the same thing about tea drinking had tea been used in his time as freely as it is nowadays.

JAMES TURNER OF THRUSHGROVE.

There never was a man more deceptive in appearance than James Turner, of Thrushgrove (a pretty house and park situated on the north side of Garn-gad Road). To see the mild little man with his

benignant face one would have been inclined to say, there is a man if anything too amiable, an "Israelite indeed without guile," and perhaps a soft mark for selfish and designing rogues. The man who thought like that about James Turner was away off in dreamland. The real James Turner was a man of great energy and determination when roused. He had been a personal friend of the unfortunate Thomas Muir, the younger, of Hunter's Hill, who may be said to have suffered martyrdom for his heroic support of the early Reform movement. Turner's action in allowing a meeting to be held in his park about 1818, when some 40,000 people were harangued by Radical orators, and for which Turner suffered a term of imprisonment, was an exceedingly bold action for a man of wealth to do at that time, when crowds of natural flunkies were only too glad to act as spies on the noble and enthusiastic patriots, who risked life itself to bring about the much-needed reforms. But to endanger health, wealth, and prosperity for the sake of high principle would have been counted as nothing by James Turner at any time.

Here is an anecdote about him which I think will be new even to members of the Old Glasgow Club. About the year 1838 or 1839—a period when there

were an extraordinary number of deaths caused by prize-fighting—word was brought into Mr. Turner's office that M'Guigan, the Dublin boxer, and Jock Goudie, "the Cowt," a well-known local boxer, were fighting at the Carntyne Quarry before a large crowd arranged in theatre fashion on the banks. Twenty-four rounds had been fought in three-quarters of an hour. The battle was fast and furious. The men were standing up and slogging each other till both were in extreme exhaustion and covered with blood. The onlookers (most of them drunk) were howling the men on, regardless of any kind of humanity. In fact, the fight was of such a nature that another to the then recent list of fatalities might have to be added if the contest were to be prolonged to a finish. James Turner at once sought out Captain Miller, of the Glasgow police, and the pair of pacificators drove out by way of the Gallowgate in a single gig, with a speedy horse going at full gallop. Both men rushed into the ring and stopped the fight amid an infuriated cry from the spectators, "Ye've nae business here." As a matter of fact, Turner, then River-Bailie, and Miller, then chief of police, had nothing to do with what took place at Carntyne Quarry, as it was outwith the city boundaries.

About the time of this fight, which, by the way,

terminated in free fights or a general melee among the spectators, the famous Graham Stewart, the wandering piper, appeared on the streets of Glasgow soon after his tramp through the United States. Stewart, a handsome fellow, with a high-strung, nervous look about him, was supposed to have been connected with the gentry in some way. When marching up and down the Main Street, Gorbals, in his tartans and playing a strathspey, to the admiration of big crowds on both sides of the street, a tottering old beggar wife, moved to tears by the music, or by sweet ale, or by both, walked up and handed Stewart a bawbee. The piper stopped proceedings, put the halfpenny into his purse, and said, "Now, have a coin from me," and with that he slipped half a sovereign into her hand.

STAGE COACH DRIVERS.

Often I have heard the "has been" or "past master" complain of being crowded off the stage—the veteran actor, for example, who could not imagine what the public saw in Young Foolish, who had been engaged to play his old parts. But of all the grumbling, ill-natured curmudgeons I ever met, the old stage and mail coach drivers were easily the

worst, when, like Othello, their occupation was gone.
As a verse of a song parody once put it—

“ Here’s the last mail coach driver
Left swearing alone,
All his red-nosed companions
Are faded and gone.”

Immediately, or, to be more precise, for five or six years before the coaches disappeared, the coach horses were of a class superior, I believe, to any roadster that ever wore harness. The English foxhound is supposed to be a finer animal product than even the English racehorse. The hound is almost as fast as the racehorse, and can run for eight hours. But the coaching roadster, I am inclined to think, just before the coaches passed away, was as fine a production as the foxhound. A friend of mine had in his youth an escapade in which an old coach horse figured. When a boy about nine years of age, the “Highflyer” mail coach drew near his native village with the “yard o’ tin,” or long coach horn, blowing. My friend ran up behind, and was hanging on to the cratch, or projecting iron-ribbed fixture for holding satchels and small boxes under the guard’s seat, when the coach passed a tinker’s cart, in the shafts of which was an old and decrepit coach horse. The disjaskit-looking horse seemed to

remember its former occupation, and, fired by the sound of the horn, the jingle of harness, and the smart hoof patting of the coach tits, off it set, snorting and waving its fragment of a tail, in pursuit of the coach—strange to say, gaining on it, not falling behind. The tinker and his wife shouted, “Woa, you blank,” and hauled on the rope reins, but the old coach horse was not to be denied. He was lifting his feet like a circus horse. Then, amid the clatter of the tinker’s tinware and other noises, my boy friend did a very foolish thing, he let go his hold of the cratch, and in a moment had been run over by the tinker’s horse and cart. He escaped without a scratch. An onlooker said that after the old horse had knocked the boy down he deliberately altered his stride so as not to hurt the boy, who lay on the road fortunately almost midway and lengthwise between the cart wheels. My friend, when he grew to man’s estate, became a great admirer of a good horse, and owned several fine specimens in his time.

EARLY PHOTOGRAPHY.

I have been often asked such questions as this—“Why did you not take photographs in the late fifties of picturesque old Glasgow buildings which have been demolished and no pictorial records of

them preserved?" My reason for having paid no attention to what is now thought to be an important branch of the photographic business was simply owing to the fact of having been always too much engaged with portraiture. This explanation will serve for the same sin of omission in the case of all the early professional photographers. The only work done by me out of the studio was when I executed a commission for photographs of Highland cattle. I had rather a comical experience at that time. When taking a group of kyloes in the corner of a mountain field, I was engaged looking at the bunch of cattle from beneath the black cloth, when a foolish cow of the herd set up a frightened bellowing, and away went the representatives of their native heath careering in a crazy fashion towards the high ground. Just then the roaring tones of some son of the heather reached me, and, looking round, there was the herdsman literally roaring Gaelic words, with a red, wrathful face. I was so much disappointed at losing an excellent chance of a good photograph, which was accentuated by having to be on time for a passing coach, that for a moment I was as much bewildered as the herd, who evidently thought some damage had been done to his stock. As the man of wrath drew near, holding his ash

plant by the thin end, a happy thought struck me. I put my flask of "mountain dew" into his hand and said, "Cammer achin du," which may be the phonetic spelling of a Highland salute. The herd's countenance changed as he grasped the flask, and this little contretemps turned out all for the best; for, with his help, the cattle were once more arranged in a picturesque group, and my photograph of them was the best of the series.

MERRY NIGHTS.

The old Sun Tavern which stood at the opening of London Street, at the head of the Saltmarket, was for many years the rendezvous for such people as William Motherwell, the poet; William Glen, the author of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie"; Robert Malcolm, of the *Scots Times*, and actors, artists, and journalists. The same class, at a later period, made a howf of the "Garrick" in Dunlop Street. I called there occasionally and saw some merry ongauns—not rioting and drunkenness, but intellectual and social joys such as Tom Moore referred to in his pretty song—

"Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night song of mirth in your bower."

I have more than once seen Andrew Park, Bob Hedderwick, and Joe Henderson, R.S.W., almost in a state of collapse with laughing at some of Sam Bough's absurdities. Even on his death-bed, Bough could not refrain from jocularities. A few days before his end, an artist friend, seated at his bedside, said to him, "That's a queer book to be reading," referring to an old Latin Rudiments which the patient held in his hand. Sam replied in his broadest Cumberland dialect, "I fund my Latin gittin rayder roosty, an' I thowt I wad roob it up a bit." Sam Bough, all round, was the cleverest man I ever knew. He could make a speech, paint a picture, sing or recite, play the violin, cook a dinner, dig and plant a garden, walk, run or jump, and all passing well. Andrew Park, the author of once popular songs, was a man who could dress himself and make his clothes last twice the time of an ordinary man. Andrew was a naturally tidy, neat, clean cut type of a man, with nothing slovenly about him. Bob Hedderwick had a kind word for everybody. The average man gets impatient when he has to listen to a hard luck story—

"Others' harms we light esteem,
Tush! they are nothing,
Why should they complain."

Not so with Bob Hedderwick, he was a Greatheart to the distressed. I may mention in connection with my old friend, the late Mr. Robert Hedderwick, that he had a near relative who prided himself on his correct English, and another who prided himself on his loose Scotch. The latter was the worst I almost ever met for damaging the Doric. He would think nothing of using such words as “wult brick?” Now these words were never used in ancient Scotland, as we know from records, to express “will it break?” To give a sample of his style, I may state that he met an old acquaintance of mine, the late Mr. Gentles, for many years a well-known public man in Falkirk, and took part in the following bit of dialogue:—

Mr. H.—“This is an awfu’ cauld mornin’, Mr. Gentles.”

Mr. G.—“Many are called, but few are chosen.”

Mr. H.—“Weel, thaim ’at’s no chosen ’ill no be lang cauld.”

The great success of Harry Lauder is due to the fact that he will not use a loose form of the Scottish vernacular. A smart Cockney loses nothing when reading Sir Walter Scott’s vernacular bits, and understands every word when Harry Lauder sings.

But I am drifting away from the subject of

merry nights. We are rather dull and pessimistic nowadays. The merry club nights of old Glasgow and Paisley are among the half-forgotten things. All this is due to make-believe life which has been eating like a cancer into the body politic of this country. Sixty years ago, I remember a curious case of the then very uncommon make-believe life. A respectable, good-hearted, honest working servant lass named Millicent, through abnormal reading about counts, barons, and such like, went every night to bed a countess, in her mind, and awoke every morning to the stern realities of a general servant's life work. At the present day we are simply surrounded by Millicents and Reginalds. Many years ago, I was at the annual sports day in a thriving manufacturing Border town. The factory bosses were walking about among their workers and they looked so much like their foremen, that one could hardly distinguish between master and man. These bosses, by their talents and energy, were doing a mighty work for puir auld Scotland. To-day, I suppose their sons and grandsons may be driving up in automobiles to decaying industries, and fancying themselves on a social equality with Lord Reginalds. Even people who can occasionally excuse themselves with the income-tax collectors,

are now all more or less touched with the make-believe fad. A last word on this, the Londoner is the only person in these islands who can enjoy a make-believe life and at the same time keep practical minded. Let all plain folk in Scotland, who have to work for a living, forget the Millicents and the Reginalds. Then our merry nights will come back and much of our gloom, pessimism, and bad trade will depart.

ANGLING STORIES.

I have fished many streams in Scotland, and, as a west country man, I am sorry to say that the west makes no show with the east for good trout fishing burns, streams, and rivers. For example, the Whitadder, in Berwickshire, something like the Cart in size and general appearance, is worth half a dozen Carts as a trouting stream. An even keener angler than myself, and aged one year older, Mr. Matthew Winlay, late of Leith, once had a remarkable experience with an otter, which I shall relate here, as something beyond the average run of angling experiences.

He had been fishing in a hill burn late in the month of August, when the burn was porter-

coloured from the first rise in the water, after a very dry summer. His basket at 2 P.M. may have contained about 12 lbs. weight of trout, when the "take" went off. As there was nothing doing, and likely to remain at that for a couple of hours, Matthew rested himself under an alder tree, and soon fell fast asleep. He was wakened by a scratching noise, and was surprised to see a large otter tumbling his fishing basket about and gnawing at it with its teeth. He shouted, and the otter immediately dived into the water. His conjecture was, that the animal, evidently a very old one, had ceased to be an expert at fish-catching, and after smelling the trout in his basket, had been trying to make a meal of them. Only ravenous hunger could have made so shy a creature make the effort it did, so near to a sleeping man.

But, in our day, I am persuaded that in some streams sea-gulls are far worse enemies to trout than the predatory otter. This conclusion I have arrived at from personal experience. Four years ago, I was in lodgings at Kilmun, and, like many men of my age, slept lightly. About three o'clock on a brilliant Sunday morning, I was wakened up by the singing of birds. My lodging was in a cottage situated in a large market garden, through

which ran a small burn. There was a wooded hill at the back, and the place was a paradise for birds of all kinds. Merles, thrushes, sedge warblers, chiff-chaffs, chaffinches, green linnets, wrens, and hedge sparrows were all trying to outsing each other; so, being unable to sleep, and not to awaken the other inmates, I stole quietly out of the house and set off for Glen Masson, leaving a note to say when my return might be expected. To my surprise, sea-gulls were hunting the Echaig and Little Echaig streams like fish-hawks, every now and then making a plou-tering splash into the water and grabbing clumsily at the fry of sea trout, missing many, but managing to get a breakfast all the same. One gull I saw raised a sea trout about 2 lbs. weight above the water, but had to let it go.

Sea-birds have increased enormously of late years, and in some parts of Scotland the gull has almost become a land-bird. There is some British perversity and inverting of the obvious about this state of matters. By preserving gulls, we lose millions upon millions of useful food fishes. To see flocks of gulls splashing about in shoals of young herrings on the surface of the water while shore fish and guillimots grab at the fry from below, is surely humane preservation wrong side up.

The heaviest basket I ever caught was 36 lbs. weight of trout in Loch Leven; one of the smallest was about two dozen of miniature trout, not much larger than minnows, caught in the Little Echaig at Kilmun. I have no pleasurable recollections of angling in that stream.

Here is a hint for the ladies: The best way to cook trout is to fry them in bacon fat, with the fish dusted over with oatmeal in the old Scottish manner.

THE QUEEN STREET THEATRE.

Not long ago, a water-coloured interior plan of the old Queen Street Theatre was purchased by a Glasgow gentleman, which was specially interesting from the fact that it had been drawn by the celebrated Robert Adam, perhaps the greatest British architect of the 18th century. The fire at this theatre, in 1829, reduced to ashes all the elegant interior fittings and the costly and elaborate drop-scene, painted by Alexander Naysmith. My old friend, the late Mr. Benjamin Paterson, was fond of relating how he had made his debut on the Queen Street theatre stage. Miss Foote, the actress, dressed in a light blue satin and white lace trimmed frock,

was taking a fond farewell of her only, darling boy, seated in a chair, right up in front of the footlights, in the stage centre. Mr. Paterson, then five years old, was taking the child's part, and while being hugged and spoken to by the afflicted mother, he managed to thoroughly moisten the front of her dress. A hearty laugh from the audience startled Miss Foote, and when she realised that the front of her dress had changed colour, she carried the child behind the scenes and, pulling off her slipper, administered a punishment which the recipient said he remembered to the last year of his life.

Mr. Paterson's Glasgow recollections, like those of the late Mr. George Russell, proprietor of the Glasgow Shoe Factory, near Melbourne, Australia, were earlier than mine. It was from them that I received many stories about the Queen Street Theatre. When it was in its heyday, the actors and their friends made a howf of the London Chop House, a famous place for "checks," as light lunches were once called, and fine bottled ale, fit for connoisseurs to drink. This old chop house was in the rear of the theatre, or to be more exact, in the premises now used by the M'Tear firm of auctioners. When Mr. Russell revisited the city of his birth, he was in the habit of swapping stories with his old friends,

Mr. Benjamin Paterson and Mr. James Steel. The last named had seen the water run into the Paisley and Johnstone Canal at its beginning, and run out into the Cart when the canal gave place to the railroad. Mrs. Glover, the grandmother of the present Mr. William Glover, made her debut at Queen Street Theatre in 1808, which extends the Glasgow connection of that old theatrical family to over a century. Upon one occasion the present Mr. William Glover was taking a boy's part in a play with Macready when, at the close, the great tragedian said to the boy's father: "Edmund, this lad of yours is going to be a player, but make him study to give up the horrible Glasgow accent."

OLD SOLDIERS.

Glasgow was full of old soldiers in my youth—common soldiers that is to say—but there were quite a number of once famous officers living in a kind of genteel poverty. Both officers* and men were what Americans would call "tough." They had seen dreadful scenes in their time and were rather callous individuals. I have always been of the opinion that no man can read a vile book or witness a prurient play without injuring his finer

nature, and soldiers who came through the horrors of war before red cross humanity had set in, became toughened for life.

I remember an Edinburgh man (old Jimmy Cavers, who saw Burke hanged, in 1829), telling me of his father's experience in the Peninsular War. His father, with a company of his regiment, made a bayonet attack and were caught in a cross fire. Almost every man was placed hors de combat. It was at the battle of Barrosa, with General Graham in command of the British forces. Old Cavers was wounded in the leg and throughout the night did his best to staunch the wound by tying his garters above and below. Groans and moans were on every side of him in the little neck of woods where he had been hit at sundown; at sunrise all was still, and Cavers, the only survivor, was next door to death from loss of blood. Suddenly a young French officer galloped through the wood and to him Cavers, with the strength of despair, howled for water, water, water. The officer drew up and, taking the shako of a dead man, galloped back to a brook and returned with it full of water. The drink saved the life of old man Cavers. He lived to start business in Edinburgh, and, when his boys were done with school, to emigrate to Ontario. Dread-

ful scenes our old soldiers had witnessed, and it was hardly to be wondered at that some of them turned to highway robbery. In connection with this I may relate the following story:—

An early commission received by J. K. Hunter, the cobbler artist, was to paint the White Swan tavern sign at Eaglesham, about the year 1836. Mr. Hunter set off in high glee, and after finishing the job had the satisfaction of making the acquaintance of the notorious Bryson, the smuggler, one of the tough old soldier breed to which I have referred. Bryson, then at a patriarchal age, and unable to walk from locomoter ataxia, had been an expert swordsman and cudgel player in his youth. He had taken a leading part in the Roddlerig battle between smugglers and gaugers. Mr. Hunter plied the smuggler with “treats” till the old man forgot he was lame, and became so inspired with the description of his prowess in contraband traffic and the tremendous feats of horsemanship for speed and daring, performed with some big black horse on which he rode, that he sprang from his seat and fell flat on the ground saying, as he was lifted: “Lord! man, I haena had sic a treat for mony a day.” My friend, J. K. Hunter, had sentimental feelings for battered hulks of the contraband trade, and old

old soldiers, like Bryson of Eaglesham. I always differed with him on this subject.

The Act of Parliament which put down the use of small stills, was passed in 1779, and between that time and 1880, smuggling was pursued as a righteousness by some of the ex-sma'-stillers, who fancied themselves on a par with the Covenanters. The great hot-bed of smuggling near Glasgow was the district lying between Campsie Glen and Fintry. Poor Robert Burns, what a miserable time he had riding about after smugglers, on a salary, as stated in the *Universal Magazine* of 1797, of "less than £50 a year." I often wonder if insufficient food had not something to do with the premature death of Burns. Such experiences as riding a round trip of forty miles on a rough-gaited Galloway pony, and coming home perhaps drenched to the skin, to find that there was nothing in the house but a little oatcake and skim-milk cheese, may have hastened his end.

A last word about old soldiers. Perhaps the roughest band of Glasgow soldiers who ever came home from the wars, was the contingent that had formed a part of the British Legion, under General Evans, who returned from fighting the Carlists in Spain, about 1837. The volunteers, who left Glasgow to help Garibaldi, and the Glasgow Irish, who set out

for Italy at the same time, to assist the Pope, were gentlemen compared with them. There were no "Mafeking" noises nor "Oh be joyful" welcomes when the Glasgow division of the British Legion came to town. They arrived in the evening and, after a few drinks, they marched out to the Cattle Market and camped for the night. Next morning they were served with quart bottles of porter and half loaves. Everybody seemed relieved when they disbanded and resumed civil life. Personally, I should not have liked to have met any of them after dark. But I will say this in their favour, that they had shown good pluck in as severe fighting as any of their fathers had done in the Peninsular War. Sergeant Sommerville's very scarce book, *Narrative of the British Legion*, published by Muir, Gowans & Co., Argyle Street, gave an unvarnished account of their doings.

FASHIONS IN HAIR DRESSING.

The mention of J. K. Hunter recalls to me the many styles of hair dressing that have come in and gone out of fashion since my youth. Hunter was the first man to wear a beard in his native district, and was considered by all the douce and respectable to be on the direct road for the "foolish home"

upon that account. Flitting time drew near, and Hunter was making ready to move into the east end of a double cottage, the west end of which was inhabited by a "rale weel-daen wuman, her man, and weans."

Old Wully, the owner of the double cottage, was one day surprised to find himself accosted by his well-doing lady tenant, who said, in excited tones :

"William, ye can set your house to wha ye like ; but I'm no' gaun to live but-and-ben wi' a daft man."

"Wha's daft, noo ?" quoth William.

"Yon man Hunter, the shoemaker. He's rinnin' up and doun the toun wi' a lang beard."

"His beard will be unco lang if it come ben to your house to disturb you."

"That's a' very true ; but I'm no' gaun to hae my weans frichtit wi' a daft man."

"When turned he daft ?"

"I dinna ken ; but I saw Wull Connell rinnin' wi' a rape to tie him wi' ; so, ye can set your house to wha ye like for me."

"Will there be ony o' the rape left ?"

"I dinna ken. But, what aboot that ?"

"Awa' hame and see if there be as muckle left as tie ye to the chimley lug."

Mr. Hunter, with a black moustache and beard, in 1838, was regarded as a public scare-crow.

The first moustache seen in Glasgow, about 1848, caused almost as great a sensation as Hunter's beard did ten years earlier. I am inclined to think that moustache wearing is overdone at the present day. A Paisley man for whom I had always the greatest respect, the late Mr. James Arthur, of Arthur & Co.'s, Queen Street, Glasgow, had a dislike to the insanitary moustache. Only the other day I read about the moustache in a London newspaper, where it was described as "a roost for microbes."

To me it looks like yesterday when Stembridge Ray, the tenor vocalist, had to leave the precentor's desk at the Barony Church for moustache wearing. But, to be strictly correct, "Stem," my old friend, had added to the hair ornament offence by appearing as Francis in "Rob Roy."

When I think of the modes of wearing the hair by ladies during the past eighty years, I will pass my verdict in favour of the period between 1898 and 1902. The present puffed coiffures, to suit big hats, I don't think are becoming. The chignons of 1870, with the addition of the "Kate Webster" straight cut "bangs" worn low on the brow, bore

off the bell for sheer vulgarity. There was something quite pleasing about the ringlets of the early 18-sixties ; but, on the whole, I adhere to the period between 1898 and 1902 as the best for good taste in ladies' hair dressing.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

My old friend, John Robertson, builder of Henry Bell's *Comet* steamboat, of 1812, was a man of fertile ideas, and even in old age he kept himself busy planning out new inventions. I think that several of Mr. Robertson's machinery improvements passed into use. A surgical instrument invented by him was certainly in general use for a long period. The only clear story of the first steamboat appeared in the short-lived *Glasgow Athenæum*, about 1850. It was written by Andrew Bell, a Glasgow journalist. Mr. Bell was born in Glasgow in the last years of the eighteenth century, and by 1818 was a young newspaper man in the town. Some years later he took up his abode in Paris, where he made a living as a French correspondent. In the 18-thirties he was in the United States. About 1840, he was editing a paper in Paisley and writing for Glasgow newspapers. In the the 18-fifties, he was editor of

a Montreal paper. He worked as a journalist in Southampton later, and was a war correspondent during the Civil War in America. He owned some house property in the Old Kent Road, London, and died there about thirty-four years ago at an advanced age.

So much for Andrew Bell's life story. Now, here is what he had to say about the early steamboats. Symington's second *Charlotte Dundas* steamboat was a complete success, and quite capable of making good sailing time on the Forth and Clyde Canal, but it was simply allowed to go to rottenness owing to the absurd notion that its rapid movement through the water would gradually wash away the banks. Henry Bell, described by Andrew Bell as "a speculative carpenter," and Robert Fulton, "a Yankee adventurer," visited the disused *Charlotte Dundas*, made elaborate drawings and measurements, and the pair of them—Bell and Fulton—afterwards produced in the United States what is now claimed to have been the first successful steamboat. Bell returned to Scotland, and started to build the *Comet* in 1811.

That is the substance of Andrew Bell's story, and as he was living in Glasgow at the time, and acquainted with newspaper men from early

youth, he may have known all the private circumstances connected with early steam navigation. As models of *Charlotte Dundas II.* are in existence, and her exact measurements known, it would be interesting to see a reproduction built. If the reproduction made good time between the Broomielaw and Rothesay, then the *Charlotte Dundas*, and not the Hudson River boat, should be considered to have been the first successful steamboat in the world.

THE ANCIENT GALLOWGATE.

To be strictly correct, the Townhead of Glasgow about the Cathedral is, no doubt, the ancient town site, but to me, the Gallowgate has always been associated with the most primitive life of the city. This is, perhaps, owing to the fact that till London Street was fairly in use, and that was not till nearly 1827, no improvements had been possible in the Gallowgate. The traffic there, in the coaching days, was the densest of the city. There was no street traffic to compare with it except the Salt-market, and that only on Saturday nights. On the narrow, tortuous, uphill and down dale Gallowgate, all the stage-coach, trade-waggon, and farm-cart traffic from the south and east roads came into the

city, and nearly all the coal carts. There never was any time to make improvements, but after 1845, changes came rapidly. Near the Cross, on both sides of the street, I have seen three lots of houses—some of the pre-Reformation originals; and the early post-Reformation structures, which gave place to tenements dating from about 1680 to 1800; then thirdly, the present modern tenements. But for generations the Gallowgate was very little changed owing, as I have said, to the great traffic making improvements impossible.

I often regret not having put pen to paper in the 18-thirties, to set down a few of the old stories about the famous Saracen's Head Inn of the Gallowgate. Many old folk were then living in the street who remembered the "Saracen" in its prime, when all the swell people who came to Glasgow lodged there. In connection with this I may say here that the *Laird o' Logan*, that very racy and enjoyable book, the greater part of which was written by my old friend David Robertson the publisher, is really more veracious history than one would suppose. For example, with reference to the "Laird's" stories of the Saracen's Head Inn—these stories are almost faithful reproductions of the kind of yarns I have heard firsthand myself from the lips of old men

and women who had worked in the famous inn, former servitors of Mrs. Graham, the landlady—let me relate here a very stirring Gallowgate event which happened in my time. One day the London mail coach was coming down the brae at Tollcross, when one of the reins broke. The coachman, in trying to hook up the broken rein, startled his almost thorough-bred horses, and off they set at a gallop. The driver, a man of cool nerve, made the best of a bad job and guided his galloping wheelers and leaders like plough oxen by the whip lash. Passers-by raised the alarm-shout, just as Londoners do to this day when the fire brigade machines pass by, and the shouting of the people and the side lashes of the whip kept the coach in the middle of the road till the Cross came into view. The driver headed his horses for the ford and not for the little bridge over the Gallowgate burn. Bump! went the heavy coach into the stream, and the steep little hill beyond slowed the pace momentarily, but long enough for safety. Old soldiers loitering at the Cross, rushed to the horses' heads, and the coach was stopped to the intense relief of the white-faced outsides and insides. There was not a passenger injured.

I must have seen hundreds of street fights in the

ancient Gallowgate, which at one time had its port, its holy well of St. Mungo, and its chapel of Little St. Mungo, but never so lively and thrilling a spectacle as I have just tried to describe.

BAD-TEMPERED PEOPLE.

Recently I read a story about a curate (possessed of some private means), who asked advice of his Bishop on a delicate matter. The curate informed his superior that he thought of courting a young lady who was, he believed, a sincere Christian, but she had, unfortunately, an explosive, bad temper. The Bishop replied to have nothing to do with her, as the grace of God could live where he couldn't; further, that a man might as well keep a wild cat in the house as a bad-tempered wife. The worst case of an explosive temper, within my own ken, was that of a country town policeman whose usual tones of voice were soft to sleekitness. When he caught sight of a crowd of urchins bathing in the river, where such was prohibited, he would immediately bellow out, with mad, staring eyes: "Awa oot o' that, ye nesty, dirty, clarty vermin, stickin' up yer dun skins there tae affront honest folk; oot o' that ye meeserable whalps!" Then came the charge,

with uplifted stick. Luckily he was a bow-windowed, heavy man, and the terrified callants, carrying their clothes, always escaped, otherwise murder might have been committed. This bad-tempered policeman was finally discharged for an almost insane attack on a prisoner in the lock-up place or temporary jail. But my old friend J. K. Hunter, the cobbler artist, knew of even a worse case. Once Hunter (with a city friend), returned to the haunts of his youth after several years' absence. One Sunday, on their way to church, they overtook the old man who was addicted to the kind of calm and hurricane talk, to which I have referred. Hunter saw that the old man did not recognise him and began to converse—

“This is a pleasant morning, sir.”

The reply, in soft tones, was—“It is that—a pleasant morning.”

“Are you for hearing the Word?” said Hunter.

“Yes, sir; oh yes;” was the reply.

“This has been a beautiful seed-time.”

“As fine a seed-time as ever I have seen.”

“If we are not grateful for such blessings it shows the hardness of our hearts.”

“Oh, you are perfectly right, sir; we have great reason to be grateful.”

“We will have to bid you good-morning, sir, as you walk rather slowly for us.”

“Good-morning, gentlemen, good-morning wi’ you both.”

Then the youths pushed on ahead, when Hunter mischievously called out a nickname that the old man could never endure, and quick as a flash came the old-time roaring explosion of the veteran—“Oh you base, low-born, hypocritical, infidel, Sabbath-breaking blackguards; I have seen the day when I could hae cuffed baith yer lugs.” Hunter’s friend from Glasgow could hardly believe his ears—the soft voice breaking into such bellowings of wrath was a new revelation to him. I have always avoided people with explosive, bad tempers, just as I have always kept away from horses that had the two worst faults, namely, running away and kicking in the stable. Girls, take it from me, never marry a bad tempered man, no matter what his position in life may be—bad temper is simply temporary insanity.

CATTLE DROVERS.

In my young manhood I was much interested in the old cattle drovers—a very interesting class of men. As a rule they lived long lives in spite of a free use of mountain dew, but their constant walk-

ing and open-air life may have counter-balanced occasional overdoses of the dew. Not long ago, I was reading about American ranching in the 18-seventies, and was interested in a description of cowboys bunching up cattle and riding around them, singing a kind of lullaby, till, one by one, the beasts would drop down and go to sleep. Old Scottish drovers had the same idea, long before Western ranching in the United States came into existence. When on the drove with a herd of kyloes bound for the English markets, they would gather the cattle together in a sheltered place on a moor in the manner of the cowboys. When they saw that the cattle were settled for the night, the drovers twisted their plaids tightly around their shoulders and fell back among young whins or tall heather, allowing the gorse or heath to close over them. In that way, sheltered from rain and wind, they often slept as soundly as on beds of down. One of the most notable worthies among the old drovers was the patriarchal Donald M'Donald who, about 1845, said that he had seen the mail coaches on some roads come on and go off. He could remember back to nearly the middle of the eighteenth century.

When taking charge of a public house in the

Glasgow Briggate for a cousin who was laid up with fever, in the year 1836, I generally walked home on Saturday nights to Paisley, about midnight as a rule, and was always glad of company. One drizzly night I walked the seven miles with an old Irish drover. He related stories about what he called "the good people" all the way. "Wance," he said, "my ould Uncle Ned and Aunt Biddy were on their road home. They were sitting on a mountain car, with very low wheels, to keep the car from upsetting, when they comes to a quarry. My Uncle Ned says, 'There's a stone in this quarry the very thing for beetling clothes on, so I'm aff to get it.' Aunt Biddy says: 'Ned, honey, don't stir a fut into that quarry this evening, for as sure as you are sitting there you'll see some of the good people if you do.' Ach! but me bould Ned wantit the stone anyway, so he out and gets it, and be hivins, he had no sooner got back into the car when out walks a big calf after him, growling like a dog and making big eyes at Uncle Ned and Aunt Biddy. Sure enough they were frightened, but mind I'm tellin' yey, the ould mare was the worst frightened of the lot. She would have bolted, but she couldn't run with the big mountain car and two heavy passengers sitting in it. All this time the big calf, growling

like a dog, was walking on in front, till they comes to a strame. Now, as yey'll have to know, the good people cannot pass over running water." "What good people?" I asked. "Why, haven't yey gat any sinse?" said the drover, "the calf was wan o' the good people in disguise. Well, what does the big calf do, think ye, but starts jumping from wan side of the road to the other ripping and rairing and snorting like mad; then the ould mare began squealing and kicking the ould car, till the car was upsit and my Uncle Ned thrown out on wan side o' the road and Aunt Biddy on the other." "What became of the calf?" I asked. "Never seen agin," was the reply.

Another story was about Uncle Ned being cautioned not to cross a certain field after dark because it was haunted, "but me bould Ned crossed the place all right till he was met by a man without a head. He said gud-night." I asked the drover who said good-night, but he never replied and went on with his story, the denouement of which was that the headless man threw ould Ned into a ditch and such a smell of brimstone adhered to his clothes that they could never be worn afterwards. The Irish drover made the distance between Glasgow and Paisley look like two miles that night.

The late Jamie Houston, the comic singer, used to say that "the folk at the big hoose kep a big dowg, and puir buddies gaun up tae beg were aye shair o' a bite." When one fraternised with the old drovers of the 18-thirties or forties, stories of the roads about smuggling, poaching, murders or ghosts, were sure to follow.

CAMPBELL, THE POET.

Perhaps the happiest time that Thomas Campbell ever spent was during the summer of 1836, when he stayed for a considerable time in his native Glasgow. One night he paid for a stage box for Mackay's "benefit" at the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street. Mackay, I may state, was the greatest Bailie in "Rob Roy." Campbell that night seemed to greatly enjoy the old mixture of farce, tragedy, opera, and comedy, called "Rob Roy," or the National Drama. Just before the last act, a tenor robusto sang the "Mariners of England" with much heartiness, and the audience joined in singing the lines "in repeat." After loud applause, a student called three cheers for the Lord Rector, and the poet stood up and bowed to all parts of the house, amid loud cheers. Campbell was lionised

that summer in Glasgow, and was dined in all the best houses of the town. The author of the "Mariners" was a very lovable man. When met walking down Buchanan Street, he had always the expression we photographers like—namely, a mild, pleasant, animated face, unpuckered either by frowns or affectations. Some people say that Burns did not leave anything like the crop of verse that he might have done, considering the quality of his genius. Campbell certainly, as regards his poetic crop, was a great sinner. When a youth of sixteen, Campbell contributed a poem to the *Glasgow Courier* of November 5th, 1793, on the sad fate of Queen Mary Antoinette, the first and last verses of which may here be given:—

"Behold, where Gallia's captive Queen
In life's last awful, dreadful scene,
With dauntless eye and look serene,
She leaves her sad captivity.

.
"No more th' unpitied tear shall flow,
And the lone night be spent in woe.
Hence, from these awful scenes I go,
Adieu! my sad captivity."

I have always regretted not having been present that night in the Theatre Royal when Thomas Campbell seemed by all accounts so happy and so much at home.

SUPERSTITION.

The age of superstition has passed away and the age of science has begun. In my youth, many people were in the habit of seeing uncanny things. As Kelso Hunter put it—"I hae seen the cat in a stormy night sit wi' its back to the fire, watching the lum, the door, and the window, time about, as if she expected some unyearthly visitor. An' I hae seen the colley dog sneak ahint the guidman's chair, and even creep in below it." If the superstitious ignoramuses did not see spectres from the spirit world themselves, their dogs and cats would help them out. Stories of seeing ghosts in the olden time only serve to raise a laugh nowadays, but what woe has come to the human race from superstitious ignorance. The stories of witch burnings are the most unreadable portions written on the page of history. Still, I am not conceited enough to think that because I never saw anything spectral, that there may never have been spirit manifestations. I knew a Paisley marine engineer (now in China), who saw the wraith of an Edinburgh friend at the moment of death, in much the same way that many wraith stories, well enough authenticated, took place. I

am not quite certain but that the spirit of a dead person, for a short time after death, may be hovering around close by near and dear relatives. Some yarns on this topic I could relate, but they might appear irreverent. One story about a premonition of death may be given. A woman, who had led an unselfish, good life all her days, was drawing near to her end from old age, but she was able to sit in an armchair and even to enjoy her food. One forenoon she awoke out of a short, dozing sleep, with a pleasant laugh, and told her daughter she had been out at the well for water and had met her Saviour and two men. They told her to be ready to go with them at nine o'clock that night. The old woman at once began to sort out her little belongings and left keepsakes to some of her neighbours. She suddenly passed away, evidently free from pain, exactly at nine o'clock. I knew about this case myself.

Kelso Hunter vouched for the story of Mr. Walker, a parish minister. "I hae braw mind o' auld Mr. Walker being up at Harperscroft visiting. I think it was the last time he was oot. When on the road hame, he gaed into Willie Weir's and had a dram wi' twa three dacent auld folk wha were takin' a chappin at the fire-side. Some o' them wanted to

convoy Mr. Walker hame, but he wadna let them in case some might hint that he needed help. It was a bonnie night, although pit mirk. A' was quiet and, at that lonely spot whaur the footpath turns aff the road by the High Yards near to the Markland Loch, a brisk whistling commenced. Sometimes it seemed on this side o' the dyke and sometimes on the other. The dacent auld minister was very fond o' music and sometimes he cracked his finger and thumb by way of keeping the time. He reached his own gate when a rapid jig was struck up, at which the minister could no longer refrain frae dancing. When he found he must stop dancing he shouted, "Weel whustled, Billy." In a sair exhausted state, he entered his ain hoose. He took his bed that night and never had a weel day after. He dwaumbled till he deid and the folk said it was because he had gi'en the deevil sic a kindly name and been sae easy o'ercome wi' his cantrips, whereas he ought to have said 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and lent a deaf ear to the charmer."





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