Old Glasgow and Suburbs in their Celtic Garb.

OLD GLASGOW AND ITS SUBURBS,

IN THEIR CELTIC GARB;

ALSO

PARISH OF BALDERNOCK, . . KIRKINTILLOCH TO STIRLING, ROBROYSTON. . . . . .

BY

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THE author of this interesting study of the names of places around Glasgow is a soldier of the Crimean period and was born in Claythorn Street, opposite the Old Barracks. His father and grandfathers were soldiers of the Peninsula, Irish Rebellion and American Revolutionary War periods. From such a stock and an ex-sergeant of the Essex Regiment himself, it would have been a pleasure to him to have walked into town for the purpose of seeing this booklet through the press, but, past his eightieth year, the former smart infantry-man can no longer march—to use his own word, "toddling" would now better describe his style of locomotion.

To have made some arrangements with the publishers, and to have read the proofs for Mr. Neil Thomson has been to me a real pleasure, as it would have been to any of his many friends. This is his last work of a literary kind. Poems and short articles from his pen on place-names and kindred topics have appeared for many years in the local press.

THOMAS LUGTON,

Contents.

Old Glasgow and Suburbs in their Celtic Garb.

LASWEGIANS and others who cannot "tear the tartan" often feel a sense of helplessness when they come to contemplate the many unpronounceable and (to them) unmeaning names which appear on the ancient maps of Old Glasgow and vicinity; but in what follows, an attempt, however feeble, will be made to solve the meanings of these words, and for this purpose we will consult the four Celtic dialects, which are, or have been spoken in the three kingdoms. We would have gladly done the same with the pre-Celtic or Iberian (Pictish); but, alas! that language has been obsolete long ago, and nothing of it now remains to us but the very dry bones of insoluble place-names, sparsely scattered throughout our country.

So much by way of introduction. Let us now start in company with our philological lovers, for a pleasant ramble round and about our old Celtic city and its Celtic neighbourhood, and, as we pass along, demand of each place with a Celtic designation, "What is your name? What does it mean?" Of course, the post of honour must be conceded to the earliest name that we have for Glasgow, namely—

CATHURES.

This prehistoric name for our city, first made known to us by Joceline of Furness, in his life of St. Kentigern, is a fairly pure Gaelic word, viz.—*Cathair*, pronounced

Ka-hyur, a city, town, tribunal and throne, and *Ais*, pronounced *esh*, or *ish*, a hill or a fort. Thus we get city, town, tribunal, throne, hill or fort.

The Irish Gaelic, with a circular stone fort additional, means much the same, whilst the Welsh and Cornish *Caer*, stands for a city or town. The Welsh *Cadar* and *Cader* speak only of defence, such as hill-forts, strongholds, etc. The supposed Welsh form of the word, viz.—*Cader-is*, slightly differs, however, from the Scoto-Irish Gaelic *Ka-hur-ish*, in that its affix *is* is an adjective meaning low or lower. Thus we get from the Welsh the low or lower hill-fort.

Now, judging from the foregoing root-words, we are inclined to the opinion that, far, far back in the history of our country, there was an upper hill-fort hereabouts (shall we say, on the summit of the Balmano Brae ?) which at that early period would be in the hands of the first Celtic invaders of our island, namely, the Gaels (Goidels) from France ; whilst the later Celts from Belgium, namely, Gauls (Brythons) appear to have established themselves upon the eastern or lower shoulder of the same hill, and thus *Caderis*, lower hill-fort, would dominate the Bell o' the Brae and the Drygate descent.

So much for Cathures as a city, town, or hill-fort. Let us now adduce other Celtic roots, which might possibly aid us in our quest, viz.—*Cath* and *Cad*, a battle ; *Ur*, fire or slaughter ; by linking these to *Ais*, a hill, we get the choice of *Cath-ur-ais*, i.e., Battle-fire hill (signal station hill ?) and Battle Slaughter hill. Of course, these derivations, and all the rest of them, must only be taken for what they are worth.

Before proceeding further with this subject, it is necessary that we should know that Joceline's *Villa dicta Cathures* was only a Manor-house, which, with its farm and out-houses, would, in all probability, be the residence of the chief magnate in the city or town, if there were any in the surrounding district. The question now arises, Was this Cathures the name of the villa only, or the designation of a wide territory lying on

both banks of the *Glotta?* At this time of day, however, any attempt to answer this query can only be buttressed by pure conjecture, but, all the same, it is well worthy of our consideration.

Well, ages before Cæsar invaded our island, the most of the level land, and best, from the Devonshire Stour to the Firth of Forth, was in the hands of the Belgian Gauls, who had driven the earlier Gaels from France, along with the Iberians, to the mountainous parts of the country. However, when Cæsar did come, 55 B.C., he soon learned all that, and much more, for he tells us that these Belgian Gauls still retained (in Britain) the names by which the various tribes were known in Belgium. And we know that one of these tribes or clans was known as the *Caturiges*, a name which Professor Rhys, of Oxford, derives from the Celtic *cath*, *cad*, a battle, and *catu*, war; and the Latin *reges*, the plural of *rex*, a king; "accordingly," he says, "the name would signify battle-kings or war-kings." Of course, we all know that, during the Roman occupancy of our country, the name of the Glotta territory was *Dumnonii* or *Damnonii*, but that was only a general term, which probably included various cognate tribes or clans of these Belgian Brythons.

Now, after due cogitation, we have come to the conclusion that it is quite within the range of possibility that some of Agricola's Belgian auxiliaries, when passing through our district, in the summer of 80 A.D., might have recognised some of their long-exiled clansmen inhabiting the land and little towns, upon which they had bestowed their tribal designation of *Caturiges*, hence, shall we say, a very slightly abraded form of our famous Cathures?

Let us now turn to the second designation that we have got for Old Glasgow, namely—

DESCHU.

Before proceeding to analyse the name, it may be as well to state that there are two copies of Joceline's history of St. Kentigern extant. The *Cathures* copy—

by far the better—is at present in the Bishop's Library, Dublin, while the *Deschu* copy—much inferior—is safely housed in the British Museum. The copyist, however, who substituted *Deschu* for *Cathures*, is said to have been a scribe who knew Latin imperfectly. That may be true, but we think that his defects in the Latin would not hinder him from correctly spelling two such words. No ! and it is our opinion that he had a good reason for the substitution in what we consider to be the long-lost Gaelic name of the Molindinar Burn and of the little Clachan on its banks, namely, *Dubhuisge*, i.e., black or dark water or stream, a name undoubtedly pure at the first, but, after the lapse of ages, we think that, when compared with other streams of the same name, it has made a very good escape in its present Brythonic Garb of Deschu. NOTE.—*Dubh-uisage*, the name of several streams in Scotland, has reached the present time in a more or less abraded form, e.g., *Duisk*, *Dusk*, *Disk*, *Deskry*, *Desk*, and *Dess*.

Before bidding good-bye in the meantime to *Deschu*, we offer another possible alternative in the Welsh *Descu*, i.e., Beloved order or fraternity. After all, we are beginning to think that the *Deschu* copyist was really better than his reputation, because he must have thoroughly understood, not only the meaning of Joceline's *Glaschu*, but of its Latin equivalents, *Cara familia*, as well before he ventured to bestow the same high honour upon his own beloved brother-hood.

Leaving all these suppositions to the tender mercies of our root-digging fraternity, we turn with fear and trembling to the third most ancient designation of our city, as it appears in both copies of Joceline's " History of St. Kentigern," namely, *Glasgu* (now finally settled as Glasgow).

We cannot tell at what period *Cathures* and *Deschu* gave place to Glasgu, but it must have been prior to 1116, as it is so called in the famous Inquest of Prince David. It is quite possible, however, that St. Kentigern himself, when he returned from Wales, with, it is said, 665 monks in his train, might have suggested Glasgu,

not only as a loving name for his new church, which the monks with the plans of St. Asaph's in their pockets would soon begin to build, but of the whole district as well. And this leads us up to the query, "What does Glasgu really mean?"

Well, Joceline, who first revealed the word to us, has kindly left its Latin key in our hands, viz.:—*Cara familia*, i.e., dear, beloved family or household. This is a fair translation of his *Glasgu*, a word which, in itself, is merely an abraded and mis-spelled form of the pure Welsh *Eglwys-cu*, i.e., dear or beloved church; thus we see that he equates *Cara* with *cu*, dear or beloved, and *familia* with *Glas*, a church; and, of course, we all know that his *familia* embraced the whole family or household of faith within the church, in short, the living stones, without whom a church, however beautiful, is doubly dead. Accordingly we are strongly of the opinion that, in Joceline's *Glasgu*, and his Latin equivalents, we have really reached the bottom of the ecclesiastical origin and meaning of our Glasgow!

The next oldest place-name we query is the

MOLINDINAR

with its burn.

This ancient name, which we all know so well, is made up of the Aryan root for a mill, viz., *Melyn*, *Molen*, *Muilen*, etc.; and *dinar* or *donor*, as it is sometimes spelled, we take to be a very bad corruption of *Dunum*, which means a city, town or village. In support of that assertion we cite the following quotation from the "History of Paisley Abbey," as related in the "Ordnance Gazetteer":—"It seems that the foundation of the Abbey of Paisley in 1160 was preceded by the establishment of a number of monks at Renfrew, as in one of the grants to the Benedictines of Paisley mention is made of *Molindinum de Renfru et terrum ubi monachi prius habitaverunt.*" Translating this literally we get Milltown of Renfrew and land where monks before dwelt.

NOTE.—The above *dinum* is only a mis spelled *dunum*, which is an ancient Celtic name for a town or village, as in *Deidunum*, i.e., Dundee *Brittannodunum*, i.e., town of Dumbarton, etc.

ROTTENROW.

(Old Spelling, Ratoun Raw.)

This name is said to represent the most ancient street in Glasgow! Fortunately for us its Highland garb is comparatively pure Gaelic, viz., *Rathad*, *rod*, and *rot*, a road; *an*, of the; and *rath*, pronounced *ra*, a fort, a garrison, a town, a village, an artificial mound or barrow, and a prince's seat. Now, he who properly links these root-words together will soon be able to tell us what Rottenrow means.

Before parting with our old picturesque street we cite, in support of our derivation of *Ratoun Raw*, *Croc-an-rath*, i.e., hillock of the fort, burn, the name of a hill rivulet which runs into Ettrick Bay, Rothesay. Of course, we visited it and, not very far up the bed of the burn, we were rewarded with a view of one of the finest samples of a little rath that we have ever seen. The next name on our list is—

GARNGADHILL.

Talk ye of ancient names, buildings or streets. Why, they are but of yesterday, compared with Garngadhill. For countless ages, even before it had a name it could call its own, it has constantly looked around upon the dark forests and the dense undergrowth which, in early times, covered this part of our country. And, when it did get its name, if it were Celtic, we may be sure that its outward aspect at the time would be touched off very concisely.

We have met with many spellings and various meanings for this name, but the most descriptive that we have yet met with is derived from the pure old Celtic dialects, viz., *Garan*, underwood, thicket, wood or forest; and *Gead*, a small ridge. That is simply the thicket, wood or forest of the ridge. We turn now to

DOVEHILL.

It has been said, even by Gaelic scholars, that the

Dove here was only a very slight mis-pronunciation and mis-spelling of the Gaelic *Dubh*, i.e., black or dark. That may be all right, but hill is not a Gaelic word, consequently we are inclined to accept of our ain Lowland Scotch way of it, viz., *Wee Doohill*, and *Muckle Doohill*. Joceline, however, let the cat out long ago when he called it *Montis Vocbule Gulah*, that is the foot of the hill called *Gulah*. Now, *Gulah* or *Gaula* is a good Gaelic word for a hill shoulder, and we all know that the shoulder of the hill in question slopes away down to the Gallowgate level. Moreover, this *Gulah* or *Gaula* suggests the possibility of its being the Celtic origin of the *Gallow* in our Gallowgate. Of course, we have all heard the story of how it got that name, but its elided *s* lends a little soupçon of doubt upon that way of it. Our next name is the

CALTON.

This word is supposed to be derived from the Gaelic *Coiltean*, i.e., woods or hazel woods. *Caltiunn*, i.e., hazel woods. This affords us a vivid glimpse of our ancient suburb, as it was in the days when primeval Scotti were paddlin' their ain canoes in London Street! Let us now have a look in at

CAMLACHIE.

This is a good Gaelic name, viz., *Cam*, a bend or crook; *Lathaichie* or *Lathach*, mud. That just means the mud or muddy bend or crook of the burn which passes through it.

Retracing our steps to where we left off at Garngadhill, there are a number of ancient Celtic place-names still in vogue in that quarter, and most of them, if not all, were conspicuous in the ancient history of our cathedral. Turning eastward we reach

BLOCHAIRN.

(Old Spelling, Blarquharran.)

Adhering to the old form, we gloss it as follows: viz., *Blar*, a field; and *Chourn*, a hill. Thus we get hill-

field, which it really is ; but we offer other three possible alternatives : viz., 1st *Garran*, a grove or wood, that would give us grove or wood field ; 2nd, *Caorunn*, the mountain ash or rowan-tree ; i.e., the rowan-tree field ; 3rd, *Carran*, scurvy grass ; i.e., the scurvy grass field. Passing ancient Germiston, which has no Gaelic, we soon overtake

PROVAN.

This estate was made up of several properties, and along with them was assessed at so much per annum for the upkeep of the services in the Cathedral. In glossing this name it must be remembered that *p* is only soft *b* in the Scoto-Irish Gaelic. The Latin *p* was only introduced in the time of St. Patrick, before that he would be St. Badrick. There is a place named *Cul Badrick*, i.e., Patrick's corner, near north end of Campsie Glen. *Bro*, a vale or valley ; and *Ffin*, a boundary between two estates, a bound or limit. That is Welsh for the boundary vale. From the Gaelic we get *Brugh*, a house or a village ; and *Fan*, a declivity or descent. These two Gaelic roots describe the situation exactly. It may, however, be remarked that as none of these meanings say a word about the Molindinar, we suspect them both.

Provan is also credited with an older Celtic name with five differing spellings, viz., *Balenrich*, *Barlangrigh*, *Barlanark*, *Barlornerck*, and *Pathelanerche*. Out of these mis-spellings we can still lay hands upon two at least as distinct estates, apart from Provan, viz., *Balornock* and *Barlanark*. But, all the same, they were before 1172 closely associated with it as a prebend.

BALORNOCK.

(Old Spelling, Barlornerck.)

This estate lies north of Provan. Gibson in his "Histo-y of Glasgow," tells us that in early times the Prebend of Balornock was the lord of Provan. This

name may be glossed thus : *Bail, baile, ball*, a farm, a town, a place ; and *Eornach*, barley land, i.e., Barleyland farm.

BARLANARK (near Baillieston).

Bar, a height, point, end, hill or hillock ; and *Llannarch*, a vale or level piece of ground, i.e., height, point or end of the level vale.

BARLINNIE (near Riddrie).

Bar, a height, point, end, hill or hillock ; and *Leana*, a field or meadow ; or *Linne*, a pond or pool, i.e., height, point, end, hill or hillock of the field, meadow, or of the pond or pool.

RIDDRIE (west of Barlinnie).

Ridhe, a glade ; *Rae*, a field, a plain, i.e., the open level field or plain.

Having reached our eastern limit we now turn city-ward, and, while on the way for Argyle Street, we may as well dispose of the Cumbernauld Road and Kennyhill.

CUMBERNAULD.

This name had its origin in a little town so called in detached Dumbartonshire, about 15 miles east from Glasgow. It is derived as follows :—viz., *Cummer, Comar, Combar*, a valley or place where roads, streams or glens meet ; *na*, of the ; *ailt*, an ascent, a high place, and a house. Thus we get *Combar-na-ailt*, i.e., the ascent where (three) roads meet. And as that is the leading feature of the place we pass on to

KENNYHILL.

This hill lies a short distance south from Blochairn. If it be not a family designation, we make an attempt to gloss it as follows, viz., *Canach*, moss cotton ; *Cannach*,

sweet willow or myrtle. From these we get the choice of Moss cotton hill, and Sweet willow hill or Myrtle hill. The guttural plural *ach* is generally softened to *ey* by people ignorant of the Gaelic. It may also be remarked that when Celtic adjectives are linked with Teutonic nouns, such as hill or ton, we have good reason to suspect that our proposed derivations are, at the least, very doubtful. By aid of electric car we soon find ourselves at

PALLION CROFT

This little croft in the early history of Glasgow occupied land and fields lying between Queen Street and Mitchell Lane. We gloss it as follows—*Pailliun*, a tent, a tabernacle, a booth; *Criot*, in common parlance, a croft, a pendicle of land, a small farm or holding; i.e., the wooden erection or booth of the small farm. Where was Buchanan Street then? Proceeding westward we soon overtake our much loved friend, namely, the

KELVIN.

In reply to our query, it said that its name was almost pure Welsh, viz., *Celi-afon*, i.e., the forest river. This reminds us that our Calder affluents of the Clyde claim kinship with the Gaelic, viz., *Caill* or *Coille*, a wood or forest, and *dobhair*, pronounced *dur*, as in Aberdour, etc., water or stream. Our next word is

PARTICK.

This name, in all probability, originated at the "Pointhouse," for that is only an English translation of the Gaelic *Barr-teach*. As already noticed in old Celtic MSS., *B* was written for *P*, both being made commutable, which is also the same with Greek and Latin. *Vide*, O'Reilly's Irish-Eng. Dictionary.

Before visiting Govan a bare look at the outside of Gartnavel might evoke pity in our hearts for the poor unfortunates within. Of

GARTNAVEL

there are many derivations, possible and impossible; but, judging from its grammatical construction, the best we can hammer out of it is the following—*Gart*, a garden, field or inclosure; *na*, feminine and plural article the or of the; and *mel*, pronounced *vel*, honey, i.e., *Gart-na-vel*, or in English, garden or field of the honey. It may have got this name from its being a famous place for the swarming of its bees.

NOTE.—*M* has often the force of *V*, as in *Cir-vor*, one of the Arran peaks, i.e., great comb, alluding to its jagged ridge, which is not unlike the comb of a cock. Crossing the river leads us into the heart, so to speak, of ancient and modern

GOVAN.

This famous place-name, like many others we know, is very difficult to gloss, but all the same the attempt must be made. In old writings it has been spelled *Gwuan*, but no meaning is given. In 1518 it was spelled Godwin, A.S. for good ale; and in 1578 it appeared as the Gaelic *Gamhan*, and was glossed as meaning a ditch! No doubt the ale was good, but it will not go down in Govan, neither will the ditch because *Godwin* is nothing but a very poor guess; and the *Gamhan* is not a ditch at all, being good Gaelic for a stirk or a stupid fellow.

There are three possible ways of it, however, and each of them touches a leading feature in the Govan landscape. First—*Goban*, a little mouth, that is to say (if this way of it be correct) that the Gaelic-speaking people here who gave the place its present designation had their huts—or little clachan—at or opposite the mouth of the Kelvin. Second—*Cobhan*, a hollow (*C* and *G* commutable). The parish, in general, is said to be low and flat, especially the land about Whiteinch, but since 1840 it has been raised from 10 to 15 feet. Third—*Goibhin*, a little hill; and doubtless this solitary gem of a hill in the diadem of Govan's landscape must

be the beautiful Ibroxhill. Govan probably continued to be the earlier name of this hill or ridge til the natives had reared their little Clachan or *Broig* upon its bottom slope. Hence, we opine, if this way of it be at all feasible, that village on the hill or ridge base is a fair derivation of Ibrox. Bidding good-bye to Govan and its ancient name, we turn eastward and make for

IBROX.

The meaning of this word is somewhat difficult to solve, but the attempt must be made. In Gaelic and Irish, *Idh*, pronounced sometimes *E* and sometimes *I*, as in Iona, a ridge, and *Briog*, a house or village; consequently, by this way of it, the full meaning would be the ridge-house or ridge-village. If, however, the word is derived from *Broc*, a badger, then the word might mean the badger's ridge.

STRATHBUNGO.

This place was at one time a very small hamlet, but now it is like a little town. We attempt to derive it as follows—*Strath*, a bottom or side of a valley, or marshy ground; *Bun*, a bottom; *Gu*, a hollow, i.e., the side or bottom of the marshy valley or hollow. Some say that it got its name from St. Mungo. Of course, that's only a guess which the lack of the title St. in the name, to say nothing of the spelling, goes a long way to disprove.

CROSSMYLOOF.

In Hugh Macdonald's "Rambles," some 40 years ago, this place was described as a little hamlet, but, like its near neighbour, it has greatly grown since. We have all heard of the two suggested origins of the name—viz., "Cross my loof with a silver sixpence," of the Gipsies; and Queen Mary's "As sure as that cross lies on my loof I will this day fight the Regent."

Fortunately for us there is another "Richmond" in

the field. Crossmyloof was the name of an ancient farm situated at the crossing of two hill roads, one of them leading from Stirling to Kilsyth, and the other from Fintry to Denny. Taking the hint from the Crosshill features of these two roads, we have come to the conclusion that Crossmyloof is nothing more than a slight corruption of the Gaelic *Crois-mul-lach*, i.e., simply Crosshill. The next name on our list is the

GORBALS.

Although we all know the lie of the Gorbals, few, if any of us, can tell what the word really means, and the cause of that is the affixing of the English plural *s* to the Gaelic singular noun *bal*.

Let us hear what it has got to say for itself. *Gobhar*, pronounced *Go-ur*, a goat; *Gear*, *Gor*, *Gur*, short; *Gor*, heat, warm, pleasure; *Beul*, *Ball*, *Bail*, a way, a house, gate, gap, entry, mouth. By linking these root-words together we get quite a variety of possible meanings—e.g., *Go-ur*, a goat, and *Bail*, a house, i.e., a goat house; *Gor-ball*, i.e., a warm house or hothouse; *Gor-ball*, a short way or road, and so on.

Leaving our critics to tell us which is which we pass on to

POLMADIE.

This place is situated a short distance from the south bank of the Clyde, fronting the north side of Glasgow Green. It is a comparatively pure Gaelic word—viz., *Pol*, *Puill*, mud, mire, sludge, pit, hole; *Madadh*, a dog, i.e., the dog's muddy or miry hole. This reminds us that the proper name of the farm called *Pole*, on the City of Glasgow's Highland estate, is *Polcorcan*, i.e., the little coire pool. Proceeding S.E. a little we soon reach our ancient

RUTHERGLEN.

This little town is situated fully two miles S.E. from Glasgow. It was erected in 1126 into a Royal Burgh by Prince David, who probably resided in its castle whilst

engaged with cathedral affairs in Glasgow, hence the origin of the name, which, in its Gaelic garb of *Rioglann*, signifies a palace, a royal residence or king's seat. Of course, we know that there must have been a castle with its village or town here long before David's time, but the common tradition of its founding by a king called Reuther some 224 years B.C. must be taken *cum grano salis*.

CONCLUT OR CONCLUD (*t* and *d* commutable).

Having in a way circumambulated our old Celtic city and suburbs, we now find ourselves looking over the iron railings, not far west from the Victoria Bridge, for the mouth of the Molindinar Burn, and when found we knew at once that we were in touch with the very ancient Glasgow estate, named as above, in the ecclesiastical history of our city. The name, however, has long ago been corrupted into Kinclaith, and under that designation it occupies at the present time some 25 acres of land along the N.W. corner or angle of Glasgow Green. We derive it as follows—viz., *Cuan*, a field, an assembly or meeting; *Cauin* or *Cauinne*, a corner or angle; *Cluith* or *Cluiche*, play, games, sports.

So much for ancient Glasgow Green, with its games, sports and assemblies. Let us now fix our admiring gaze upon our noble river, the

CLYDE.

Our ain dear Clyde, our bonny Clyde,
Thy water's fair an' free;
Thy vessels ride o'er oceans wide,
An' sail on ev'ry sea;
Thy bonny name is known to fame
Frae pole to pole sae wide!
An' O, we lo'e that sweetest name,
Our bonny, bonny Clyde.

For this famous name we have about a score of cognate rivers in the three kingdoms, and we are sorry to say that a satisfactory meaning has yet to be revealed. The "Ordnance Gazetteer" offers us the Welsh *Clwyd*

for Clyde, and says that it means strong. Now that, being only an adjective, we are inclined to ask "strong what?" Moreover, the Welsh *Clwyd* is a noun, meaning a hurdle or plaited work.

Turning to Professor Rhys, a Welshman, he says that it is false etymology which connects the name of *Clwyd* with that of the Clyde, as the latter being *Clôta* in Roman times, and *Clût* in old Welsh, could only yield *Clût* in later Welsh. That may be quite logical, but all the same our query remains unanswered. Let us now visit Ireland, where there are so many of these Clyde cognates—e.g., *Glyde*, *Clady*, *Cladagh*, *Clyda*, etc., etc.; and listen to what Professor Joyce has to offer us in reply to our Clyde query. Well, in the first place, he tells that the river *Clady* was spelled *Cleideach* by the Four Masters, and *Cloitigi*, in the "Annals of Ulster;" and in the second place, *Clad* or *Cloed* was the root of them all; and then he winds up by telling us that *Clytagh* means a place of trenches or dykes, and that *Cladh* generally meant a raised dyke of clay, and sometimes a sunk ditch or fosse; and that's all we get for our noble river. Poor Clyde! Thou art verily the victim of the confusion of tongues.

KENTIGERN AND MUNGO.

Immediately after our concluding remarks were paged, we discovered that no space had been assigned to the Gaelic and Welsh names of our Old Glasgow Saint—viz., Kentigern and Mungo. The Gaelic way of it is comparatively easy to gloss, but the Welsh is not so satisfactory.

Taking the Gaelic first we get *Ceann*, head, and *Tighearn* or *Tighearna;* by linking these together we get *Ceann Tighearn*, i.e., head or high lord or ruler.

The Welsh Mungo Joceline himself translated into the Latin *Carus amicus*, i.e., in English, dear or beloved friend; but the nearest we can find in the Welsh of the present day for that is *Mynwcu*, i.e., dear beloved person.

The Parish of Baldernock:

ITS HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, ETHNOLOGY, AND CELTIC TOPOGRAPHY.

OME one has well said that "Happy is the nation that has no history." If that be true concerning nations, it must be equally applicable to parishes. Consequently Baldernock as a parish must be happy, for ever since its institution as a parochial district up till now, with the exception of the Disruption in 1843, it has fortunately added little or nothing to its history, sacred or secular.

The exact day and date of its establishment is at present unknown, but in all probability it took place in the latter half of the 12th century, for that was the period in which the division of parishes and other parochial organisations began to take form in Scotland. From Campsie history we learn that in the year 1200 the first recorded redding of the marches between the Baldernock and Campsie parishes took place, and these were ascertained to begin on the west at the Branziet Burn, which runs along the land of Blairskaith, and followed its course southward all the way to its embouchure in the Kelvin. There is, however, another boundary on record, namely, by an imaginary line drawn from the top of the Earl's Seat, the highest of the Campsie hills, to Cadder House. This somewhat unique arrangement was probably adopted to prevent disputes about the teinds, etc., owing to the boundary burn diverging widely to the west in its lower course through the Kelvin haugh. In 1649 the Lords Commissioners for the valuation of teinds disjoined all that part of the Campsie parish situated between Balgrochan and the aforesaid burn, and annexed it to the parish of

Baldernock. This new line of demarcation has been marked off in places by stones, some of which are still *in situ*, but the main dividing line is the "Tower burn," of old the "Shaw burn," which rises on the slopes south of "Cock-ma-lane," and falls into the Kelvin east a little from the Torrance bridge, which in 1745 was called the "Calder bridge," Calder being the ancient spelling for Cadder.

Although Baldernock parish is now in Stirlingshire, yet up till comparatively recent times it was included in what was termed the Deanery of Lennox, which, in addition to the modern county of Dumbarton, comprised the parishes of Drymen, Balfron, Killearn, Kilsyth, Strathblane, and Baldernock.

The church was a free rectory, and the patronage belonged to the manor or lordship of Cartenvenach or Bardowie. The present building, which was erected in 1795, on the site of an earlier one, occupies a pleasant position by the roadside about midway between Craigmaddie mansion and Bardowie loch, and is beautifully shaded by cornel-cherry, ash, elm, and plane trees. High up on the south wall of the church, below the belfry, a neat tablet has been inserted, upon which the following inscription in Latin has been cut :—

"Deo Optimo Maximo !—P.F.S.Q.S."

New Kilpatrick, the neighbouring parish westward, was formed out of the eastern half of Old Kilpatrick in 1649, the very year in which the eastern boundary of Baldernock had been extended at the expense of Campsie. And doubtless when the Lords Commissioners were fixing the boundaries of New Kilpatrick, the western boundary of Baldernock would be definitely settled too. Be that as it may, we cannot help remarking that poor old Baldernock seems to have been terribly "Cabined, cribbed, and confined," between the powerful parishes which surround it on every hand.

From the ecclesiastical records of Dumbartonshire we learn that James Walkinshaw was minister of Baldernock in 1660, the year of the Restoration. In 1662 three

hundred ministers left their parishes rather than subject themselves to Episcopacy. Walkinshaw, however, held on for a time, but next year, 1663, he was ejected for remaining faithful to Presbyterianism. Walter Stirling, an Episcopalian, succeeded him, but he was turned out by his own parishioners in 1689, the year of the glorious Revolution. The last minister we hear of in the Dumbartonshire records was James Carrack, who was translated from Baldernock to New Kilpatrick in 1787.

ANTIQUITIES.

In early times there were three chapels named "Temple" in the Baldernock district, one at Balgrochan, one at Glenorchard, and the third just across the western boundary. In all probability they were planted here early in the 12th century, for history informs us that the famous Knights Templars, from whom our Temples have derived their name, were introduced into Scotland by David I., 1124-1153. Alexander II. conferred many privileges upon them, and under the fostering care of these two monarchs the Templars had spread their little chapels all over the country. Hence the numerous temples of our Scottish topography. In connection with this it may be stated that in the year 1200, Alwyn, Earl of Lennox, granted to the Bishoprick of St. Kentigern, Glasgow, the patronage of the new church which he had just built and endowed for the parish of Campsie, with all the adjacent chapels, including, we may be sure, the Temples of Balgrochan and Glenorchard. Now, like Solomon's Temple, their foundations have disappeared long ago, but the echo of the name still lingers to remind us that

> "The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve."

CRAIGMADDIE CASTLE.

This hoary ruin, of which very little now remains, was once the happy home of the powerful Galbraiths of Cartenvenach. It cannot lay claim, however, to an earlier date than 1230, for that was the year, according

to old Baldernock history, in which Maldwin, Earl of Lennox, granted to Maurice, son of Gillespie Galbraith, and the heirs of his marriage with Catherine, daughter of Gillepatrick, the whole plough of the land of Cartenvenach, for the seventh part of the service of a man at arms ; and the same Earl, in 1238, confirmed to William, the son of Arthur, the son of Galbraith, three ploughs in Lennox, namely, the two Buthernockis, and a third plough of Kincaith. Arthur of Galbraith had a grant from Earl Malcolm of the liberty of making a prison, and holding a court for trial of theft and slaughter in his lands with the usual condition that persons judged to death should be hanged at the Earl's gallows.

THE BARDOWIE PEEL.

(Old spellings, Kardowie and Baldowie).

This peel or fort stood on the north shore of Bardowie loch up till 1531, for that was the year in which the Hamiltons of Bardowie abandoned their ancient mansion at Craigmaddie for a new residence which they had built for themselves on the shore of the loch, near, or upon the site of the old peel in question. Local tradition hath it, however, that it was incorporated with the new erection. At all events, whether it was pulled down or utilised in the new mansion, it is quite possible that it may have been contemporary with Craigmaddie Castle, if not earlier. If the old spelling *Kardowie* be correct, it indicates an antiquity equal at least to *Caer-ceann-tulloch,* i.e., Kirkintilloch.

BANKIER AND THE TOWER.

In the eastern part of the parish we learn, partly from history and partly from place-names, that there had been of old, at least, two other forts or peels in the district, namely " Bankier," now " Castle Hill," and the "Tower." History and tradition have nothing to say regarding Bankier, but the Tower, though clean gone like the other, figures to a small extent in certain local records. It is said to have been one of the oldest peels in the Campsie parish, and must have been in existence long before

1400, for that was the year, we are told, in which a person named Giles or Gillies resigned his patrimony, consisting of the lands of Lechad, including the Tower and Balgrochan to his landholder, Alicia de Erth, lady of Craigbernard. Poor Giles! he had hardly cleared the shadow of Lady de Erth's mansion when her ladyship, in hot haste, granted a charter of the forfeited estate to Sir William Graham, Lord of Kyncardine. Fifty-eight years after Patrick Graham obtained from James II. a charter whereby the lands of Balgrochan, Lechad with the Tower, Carlston, Barloch, and other places in the neighbourhood were erected into the barony of Mugdock. In 1645 the old mansion house of the Tower was deserted, Mugdock Castle having by that time become the principal residence of the Montrose family in this quarter. Being now left tenantless it soon fell into ruins, and now there is not a stone left to mark the spot where once it stood in all its old-world glory. The Tower farm house, which still preserves the name, is said to occupy the exact site of the ancient peel.

THE AULD WIVES' LIFTS.

On the south edge of Craigmaddie muir, and barely a mile east from the old castle, there occurs a bleak hollow, not unlike a natural amphitheatre, in which there lies a pile of three huge stones. The two smallest form the base, whilst the largest reposes on the top in a gently sloping position, hence the Celtic designation *Crom-leac*, i.e., the crooked or sloping stone.

This supposed druidical altar is certainly not the work of man, to say nothing of the legendary "Three auld wives;" in short, the three blocks which compose it are there *in situ*, just as the "Boulder-drift" of our geologists left them, but probably they, along with the surrounding hollow, may have been utilised by him in early times for religious worship of some sort, as its early Celtic name seems to prove, viz.: *Cairt-an-Beannachd*, i.e., stone of the benediction or blessing.

Between two and three hundred yards from the rim of the *cromleac* hollow, in a northeasterly direction, there

are three stone slabs lying abreast and level with the muir. There is a distance of about one foot between each, and they measure six feet in length, three in breadth, and are sunk fully one foot in the ground. They are locally known as the "Three kings' graves," or the "Three chiefs' graves," but there is no history, no tradition, not even a lying legend; no, nothing but three silent stones on a silent muir to as many silent kings or chiefs!

> "Their mem'ry and their name is gone,
> Alike unknowing and unknown."

Sic transit gloria mundi.

CAIRNS AND URNS.

On the Blochairn farms, just south of the cromlech, there are five cairns, three round and two very much elongated. One of these latter is longer than the other, and is separated from it by a gap leading from one field into another. At the present time, however, these two look more like the tumbled-down debris of two parallel dykes than cairns. But Nimmo, the Stirlingshire historian, who calls the whole of them the "Cairns of Carlestown, in the parish of Baldernock," tells us that in his day, 1817, the largest of these long cairns was 60 yards in length and 10 in breadth. Through the whole length of it, are two rows of broad stones set on edge on the ground, and four feet asunder. Between the rows the dead were interred, having flag stones laid over them. The heap raised above them was mostly of large stones quarried from rock in the neighbourhood. The other cairn had been more recently laid open, and found to be of similar construction. Some of the stones in the foundation are of considerable size. Amongst the contents, on opening, were found fragments of human bones and urns. One of the fragments of the urns is ornamented near the mouth with two hollow grooves; and the diameter of the circle of it is a segment of at least 20 inches. Then to account for the bones and urns, he goes on to say that tradition speaks of a battle with the Danes in the neighbourhood of Craigmaddie,

in which one of their princes was killed. This, in all probability, is the very same battle which the old Welsh chronicles mention as having been fought in 750 between the Cumbrians (Baldernock formed part of the kingdom of Cumbria at that time) and the Picts of Lothian at a place called Mocetuac (Mugdock). In this conflict the Picts were defeated and lost their leader Talargan, brother to the king of Albin. Perhaps he is one of the silent sleepers up yonder on the Craigmaddie Muir.

As for the round cairns or mounds, the farmer, Mr. Robt. Donald, told us that some time ago an urn had been unearthed on the top of one of them. Moreover the venerable Mr. Gilbert Leitch, one of the oldest inhabitants, informs us that whilst engaged, fully forty years ago, in levelling an artificial mound on the very same field as the long cairns, he exhumed no less than twelve cinary urns. Some of them were unfortunately broken, but a local antiquarian selected five of the best, and had them deposited in some of our museums. On emptying the contents of one of these a small arrow-head was found among the black dust. Evidently the tiny weapon that had killed the soldier had been unwittingly gathered up with his ashes and carefully deposited in the funeral vessel.

Doubtless these urns belonged to the Roman period, as they generally cremated their dead, whilst the natives usually placed theirs in a rude stone cist, and by way of memorial raised over them a heap of stones or earth and called it *Carn-a-cuimhne*, i.e., cairn of remembrance.

Taking into consideration that urns have also been found at Birdston, and medals at Carlestown, we have come to the conclusion that in all probability the Romans had in this district, at least, a chain of outposts in front of their vallum, and that the most likely places for them would be at Kardowie, an early name for Bardowie, Blochairn, Bankier, Brokentower, old name of the Tower, Carlestown, and Birdston. Be all that as it may, we cannot help musing over these Blochairn cairns on the one hand, and the Roman urns on the other, and as we muse we are prone to picture our brave

Baldernock ancestors, many hundreds of years before the battle of Mocetuac, in deadly conflict with the mail-clad and disciplined soldiers of mighty Rome !

> Thanks to those braves who stemmed the tide,
> From Fortha's shore to Clutha's side ;
> Scotland to-day stands proud and free,
> The heir of blood-bought liberty !

So much for the antiquities of the parish ; let us next turn to its

ETHNOLOGY.

The discovery some years ago of a dug-out canoe in a bit of bogland in Cadder, and the finding sometime later of a rough-chipped celt on the Possil estate, give us, possibly, the very first intimation of the presence of pre-historic man in the Baldernock neighbourhood. Of course, the canoe might have been scooped out and used in a comparatively late period, but judging from the rude, unpolished celt, our archæologists tell us that it belonged to palæolithic (old stone weapon) man, because his supposed descendent, neolithic (new stone weapon) man, being more advanced, always used polished weapons and tools. This important discovery of early man's handicraft on land contiguous to Baldernock, proves that from time immemorial, primeval Scotti, naked or skin-clad, unwashed or woad-stained, hunted for his dinner in the then wild woods of the Kelvin Valley, or for supper, fished for a monster pike in Bardowie Loch !

For countless ages these wild men of the woods were the sole inhabitants of our country, and it is interesting to know that they were of the same stock as the ancient Iberians of Spain. Tacitus, the Roman historian, judging from their physical characteristics, concluded that they had, in early times, emigrated from " Ibero " (Spain) to Britain, hence the names Ivernii, Iberians, and Basques, as now applied to them by our modern ethnologists.

These early Iberian inhabitants of Baldernock were a short race, with long heads (from back to front), oval

faces, black hair, and swarthy skin. As for their language, nothing of it seems to have come down to us, excepting, perhaps, a few of those insoluble place-names, which our philologists often meet with in our topography. As a distinct race, however, they are still with us, and in such places as the Torrance of Campsie, Kirkintilloch, Kilsyth, etc., they can be pointed out by the dozen, especially on a pay Saturday afternoon.

When the Roman soldiers first came into touch with this people they called them Picti, i.e., painted people, because they saw them stained with woad, or possibly tattooed. This name Picti came to stay, for shortly after the Romans had left our country for good we learn that the little people called the Picts had begun to make their presence felt amongst the Celts and other intruders in Scotland.

Towards the close of what has been termed the "Stone Age," i.e., stone weapon period, Goidels or Gaels, a Celtic people from France, invaded our country. They were tall and broad-headed, with angular faces, blue or grey eyes and red or golden hair. These in course of time subjugated the most of the Iberians or Picts, and to a considerable extent imposed their language upon them. This probably explains why some of our historians tell us that the Picts were a Celtic people. As weapons of bronze have been found in the graves of these early Gaels this period has been called the "Bronze Age."

A long time after the advent of these Gaels, another branch of the Celtic family, this time from Belgium, then known as Gaul, appeared on the scene. They are known in history as Gauls, Brythons, Bretts, and Welsh. These, notwithstanding their close kinship to the French Gaels, had no sooner set feet on our shores than they began to push back their blood relations and whatever of the Picts that may have dwelt among them to the mountainous regions north and west, and they never halted in their career till all the level land, and best, was in their possession, including, of course, the fertile haughs of the Kelvin and the bonnie wooded

braes of Baldernock. This period may be called either the "Late Bronze Age," or the "Early Iron Age," as weapons of both metals have been found in the graves of these later Celts.

We have no means of measuring the length of time it took before the Celts and the Iberians had settled down in their respective territories; all we know is that when Julius Agricola was erecting his chain of forts along the Kelvin valley he found a population, consisting mainly of Bretts or Welsh, occupying a considerable part of the West of Scotland, and extending southward from the high ground north of the Endrick to the Solway, thence into England, and included the Lennox district as far west as Lochlomond.

In the sixth century, if not earlier, say about two hundred years after the Romans had left our country, the Celtic language of the Bretts, like that of the rest of the Lowlands, began to retreat slowly before the intruding Teutonic and Scandinavian dialects, and as time rolled on, this linguistic invasion increased in volume, till by the end of the eleventh century the dialect of the Bretts had almost ceased to be spoken except in secluded nooks and corners in Baldernock and other out-of-the way parts of the Lowlands.

> "As from the trees old leaves drop off and die,
> While others sprout and a fresh shade supply;
> So fare our words—through time worn out and dead,
> A fresher language rises in their stead."
>
> —GEORGE BUCHANAN.

Having thus, very briefly, brought under review the various races or peoples who have from of old, up till now, found a home in this part of the Kelvin valley, it may not be out of place to offer a few remarks concerning the mutability of language and the persistency of race. Professor Rhys, in his "Celtic Britain," uttered a great truth when he said that "Skulls are harder to crack than consonants." By that he meant that race is to a considerable extent persistent, whilst language is liable to change. In other words, language seems to be almost independent of race. For example, at the

present time we have living amongst us the descendants of quite a variety of races, each of whom spoke a language or dialect of a language differing more or less from the others, yet we are now all talking to one another in our hamely mither tongue, or in the more polished Anglo-Saxon of our schools and refined society. Of course there are many things which have a tendency to modify, in some measure, our features and framework, such as inter-marriage, climate, food, etc., nevertheless, such is the persistency of racial types that it is not uncommon to find in our mixed population one part of a family in every way like their little mother, whilst the others resemble their stalwart father.

Dr. Isaac Taylor, in his "Origin of the Aryans," gives us such a capital illustration of the foregoing that we cannot resist quoting it entire, as an appropriate tail-piece to this part of our study. "I was much struck," he says, "with a case of this sort which I met with at Palermo. A tall, fair, blue-eyed gentleman of the pure Scandinavian type, had married a short, swarthy, black-eyed Sicilian lady (of Iberian type). They had three boys. The eldest was the image of the mother, the youngest of the father, while the second had the eyes and complexion of one parent and the hair of the other."

TOPOGRAPHY.

About the beginning of the twelfth century the Celtic speech of Baldernock, as has already been noted, had almost died out. It was mainly the language, however, and not the people that was changed. For instance, had the inhabitants been exterminated or driven away altogether from their holdings the invaders would have had, perforce, to rename the places for themselves, consequently, instead of the numerous Celtic place-names which still survive in the district, our etymologists would have had nothing but Anglo-Saxon cognomens to contend with.

Although the Brythonic or Welsh dialect is said to have been the latest form of Celtic speech to be used

in these parts, yet most of our present names of places have come down to us in a comparatively pure Gaelic form, that is in the language of the earlier Celts, namely, the Belgic Gaels. This seems to prove that these two dialects must have been pretty much alike in early times. Since then, however, the Welsh in particular has undergone so many important changes that if our philologists in their researches depended solely upon their knowledge of the present-day Welsh they would make very slow progress indeed.

From the foregoing it will be seen that before anyone attempts to unlock the meanings wrapped up in our topography, he ought to have at the least four keys hanging at his girdle, namely, the Iberian, Gaelic, Welsh, and Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon, to say nothing of the Scandinavian. Unfortunately for our root-diggers the Iberian key is lost, even in Spain, consequently whatever of that insoluble language may be met with in our investigations it must, in the meantime, be severely left alone. As for the Anglo-Saxon key, it may be dispensed with too, for thanks to our hard-working and conscientious schoolmasters the youngest-speaking inhabitant, as well as the oldest, can tell in a moment the meaning of such place-names as Robinsfield, Acre Valley, etc.

Having thus circumscribed the scope of our present investigations, we now know where we stand. Here is an ancient territory dotted all over with names of places, mostly old time Gaelic or Welsh, and each of them with a little story of its own to tell. Let us now apply the Celtic keys and listen.

LENNOX.

We interview Lennox first because it is the bed-rock, so to speak, upon which all the other names in the district repose. This will be readily admitted by those who know that Lennox, in early times, was applied to all the territory lying between Dumbarton and Stirling. The usual "Gazetteer" definition of the word is *Leven-ach*, i.e., field or basin of the Leven, and the plural *Leven-*

achs, for the whole district, whilst some of our famous Celtic scholars give us *Leamhan-achs*, and translate it as the "elm-tree district." Now, as the letter *s* is never used as a plural affix in the Gaelic, it is evident that something is wrong in these meanings; indeed we strongly suspect that the *ach* and *achs* were tagged on merely for the purpose of bringing out, as far as possible, the full sound of the *nox* in Lennox; moreover, the Gaelic *ach*, after a noun, is always plural and requires no obtruding *s* to bring out its meaning. Knowing that it is almost, if not altogether, impossible to find an appropriate Gaelic word capable of producing the hissing sound required, we have, after due consideration, come to the conclusion that the affix *nox* is possibly nothing more than an early Iberian form of our modern Knox. If this way of it be at all feasible, we may assume that at the time of the Celtic invasion *Nox* was the name of some Iberian magnate, who was strong enough to keep his foes at bay; consequently, as they had failed to root him out they would, in all probability, call his territory *Leath-an-Nox*, pronounced *Lea'-an-Nox*, that is, the side, share, or division of *Nox*. As a good example of how this word *leath* has been applied in early Celtic times we offer a quotation from Collier's "History of Ireland," viz.—"Felim the Lawgiver, was succeeded (164 A.D.) by his celebrated son Chuinn, the 'Hundred Fighter.' Chuinn engaged in conflict with Mogha, king of Leinster, the result being that Ireland was divided between them by a road drawn from Dublin Bay to Galway. The northern partion was, according to Celtic pronunciation, called 'Lea-Whin,' or Chuinn's half, share, or division, and the southern 'Lea-Woa,' or Mogha's share."

Many other meanings, more or less fanciful, might have been adduced, such as *Leathnochd*, bare or naked division, and *Linncnoc*, pool hill or hillock, etc. However, as space fails, we must just leave the readers to judge for themselves, and merely remark, by way of conclusion, as far as Lennox is concerned, that many of our place-names have come down to us in such a muti-

lated form, not only in the spellings, but in the pronunciations as well, that it is often impossible for the very best of our Celtic savants to say for certain which of their proposed solutions is the correct one.

Let us now turn to the designation of the parish, namely,

BALDERNOCK.

This word, by reason of its various ancient spellings, is somewhat difficult to analyse. It appears in history as Badernock, Buthirnock, Bathernok, Baldruinick, and Baldernock, its present form. As for the first three, it may be taken for granted that they are nothing more than the phonetic spellings of a degraded pronunciation ; that is to say, though their spellings are more or less different, yet on close inspection we discover that the meanings of their roots are much the same, viz.:—*Bad*, a hamlet or village, as in *Badermonac*, i.e., hamlet on the muir ; the ancient name of Monkland and the major part of Cadder. *Bath* and *Buth*, a booth, a hut, a house, a cottage. *Boith* is an old Celtic plural for *buth*. The Bottle, in Newbottle, is a very good illustration of how *buth* or *boith* has been applied in early times, viz.:—*Buth-ail* or *Boith-ail*, i.e., stone house or stone houses. Er and ir are mis-spellings of the Gaelic preposition *air*, on or upon. *Nock*, the last syllable, is a slight corruption of *cnoc*, an eminence or little hill. Thus we get for the three first names, *Bad* or *Buth-air-cnoc*, that is, hamlet, booth, or hut upon the mount.

Baldruinich, the fourth on the list, is almost pure Gaelic, viz.—*Baile-druidh-nach*, i.e., town, village, or dwellings of Druids, the postfix *nach* being merely one of the forms of the Celtic plural.

Baldernock, the present form, is not quite so easily disposed of as the first four, for instance, one of our Celtic scholars, looking upon it as being only a slight corruption of *Baile-dair-chnoc*, translates it " dwellings on the oak hill," whilst another, supposing that it ought to be *Baile-dur-chnoc*, gives us " dwellings on the hill by the water." Of course there might have been

a hamlet up on Craigmaddie, near the oak-tree clump that at one time surrounded the cromlech, or the village might have stood on a cnoc or hillock near the burn that drives the mill at Dowan, or even somewhere on the east bank of the Allander. Either of these solutions are possible, but we prefer " dwellings on the oak hill " to " dwellings on the hill by the water." We are inclined, however, to give the palm to *Bailedruinach*, Druids' town or dwellings, as being the most probable of them all. But as in Lennox, and other difficult words yet to come before us, the reader must be left to select for himself, because at this time of day no one can put his finger down and say that this or that solution is the true one.

Before proceeding to the next word it may be of interest to note here that *bad* in Gaelic means generally a cluster or clump of anything, such as trees, sheep, houses, etc. It is cognate with the *bad* or *abad* so common in Indian towns and cities, *e.g.*, *Hyderabad*, *Secunderabad*, etc. It also claims kinship with the Arabic *Beit*, *Bayt*, Hebrew *Beth*, Icelandic *Bud*, Danish *Bod*, German *Bude*, English abode, booth, and the Sanscrit *Bhu-ana*, a dwelling house.

BARDOWIE.

(Old Spellings, Baldowie and Kardowie.)

The beautiful and fertile estate of the Hamiltons of Bardowie, with its placid lake, lies in the S.W. corner of the parish. This word Bardowie, after its long journey down the ages, has reached 1901 in a very creditable condition, both in its orthography and pronunciation, viz., *Barr-duibhe*, Irish Gaelic for a dark or black point, tip, top, end or extremity, and at times a hill and hillock. The Scotch Gaelic, *Barr-dubh* means exactly the same.

There are, at least, two prominent points on the estate either of which might lay claim to this designation, namely, the dark wooded point on the north shore of the loch upon which the mansion stands, or the hill or ridge that runs westward from the south shore of the

loch and terminates, near the Allander toll-house, in a point thickly covered with dark furze or whin bushes. There is a dark, protruding point also named Bardowie on the S.E. flank of Tomtain, the easternmost of the Kilsyth hills. As for the loch it is merely the Gaelic equivalent for the English lake, Latin, *lacus*. It is also used by the Celts for an arm of the sea, as in Lochmaddy, etc.

In a map dated 1745, Bardowie Loch is named *Bokiry*. If that be not an Iberian word it may be derived from the Gaelic as follows—*Boc*, a roe-buck or deer, and *Airidh*, pronounced ar-è, a shealing or shelter. the whole being simply *Boc-airidh*, i.e., deer shelter, and probably had its origin in some shielding for deer on its shores in the olden time. For Baldowie, one of the old spellings, we get the choice of *Baile-duibhe*, dark dwellings, or *Baile-dubhadh*, dwellings by the lake, Kardowie may be derived from *Cather-dubhadh*, i.e., lake fort.

CARTENVENACH.

(The ancient name of " The Auld Wives' Lifts.")

This venerable name, now seldom heard in the district, is derived from *Cairt-an-bean nachd*, i.e., stone of blessing, but as *c* and *g* were commutable in old Celtic MSS., it might be *Gart-an-beannachd*, i.e., enclosure or field of the benediction. Nimmo, in his history of Stirlingshire, tells us that Cartenvenach or Gartenvenach was the ancient name of the Baldernock parsonage or district, and that Baldruinich, i.e., Druid's town, is considered to be the Celtic equivalent for the present name of the parish.

CRAIGMADDIE.

Craigmaddie had its origin, probably, in the rocky dens and clefts which fringe, for a considerable distance, the southern margin of the muirland ridge from near the Cromlech hollow to the eastern boundary of the Craigmaddie Castle grounds. Anyone who has seen these huge rock-rifts will readily admit that they

would afford excellent lurking places for wild beasts, such as wild dogs, foxes, wolves, etc., hence the name *Creag-madadh*, i.e., dog, fox, or wolf rock. Some would fain derive it from *Craig-mo-dia*, i.e., my God rock, alluding to the Cromlech; not at all a bad idea, but *Cairt-an-beannachd* holds the ground, or rather the stones, and will not brook a rival.

BLOCHAIRN.

This farm, which has already been mentioned in connection with the cairns and urns, lies on the upper slopes, south of the Cromlech. If the name has been derived from the cairns on some of its fields, it may be solved as follows, viz. :—*Blogh*, a part or portion, and *carn*, a monumental heap of stones, i.e., the cairn part or portion. Some maps, however, have it *Blachairn*. That would yield us *Blath*, pronounced *bla*, a field, and *carn*, a heap of stones; simply the *Cairn field*—a much neater way than the other.

BUNKELL, OR BANKELL.

A farm N.W. of the parish church. *Bun*, means the end, foot, or bottom of anything; *Caill* is an early form of *Coille*, a wood or forest. Thus we get for Bunkell, *Buncaill*, i.e., Woodend or bottom or foot of the forest. For Bankell we get *Badhunn*, often pronounced *bawn*, which means a green field or lealand; and *Cil*, *Ceil*, for a cell, a church, a retreat, and a grave. These give us the choice of Cell field, Church field, Hermit or Monk's retreat field, and Grave field. Other meanings might have been given, such as Bankell, White church (*ban* is one of the Gaelic words for white), and Bunkell, foot or base of the chapel or church, but as usual the reader must judge for himself.

DOWAN.

A farm and some dwellings south of the church. *Du* is one of the old Celtic words for a village, and *An* is a diminutive termination or postfix signifying small or little. Thus we get little village. *Du* also means a border, and *An* is pleasant; that way of it gives us pleasant border. Or, if the name originated in the

stream which drives the mill in the immediate neighbourhood, it might be derived from *Dubh-an*, that is Dark water, *an* being one of the old Gaelic words for water.

KITTLEHILL.

Farm south of the church. This word may be derived from *Cat*, a barn, a sheep-fold, a fank; and *Aill*, a place, a stead. The *Catochil* in Perthshire means the Ochil sheep-fold or fank.

BARNELLAN.

Farm south of Kittlehill. *Barr*, tip, top, end, upland and a hill; *An*, of the, and *Ailean*, a meadow, a green, a plain. Thus we get *Barr-an-ailean*, that is hill, tip, top, upland, or end of the meadow.

BOGHALL.

(Old Name, 1745, Boahill.)

North of Bardowie house. The present form of the word just means the house or hall near a bog, whilst the old way of it may be derived from the Gaelic *Bua*, cows; and *Aill*, a place or stead.

JAW.

A farm near Bardowie Loch, West. This word is possibly but a slight corruption of the Lowland-Scotch *Shaw*, a wood, a grove, or a tuft of stunted trees. There is a place named Jaw at Fintry.

AUCHINHOWIE OR LANGBANK.

Next farm south-west from Jaw. *Auchin* means a field, and *uath* or *uagh*, pronounced *oo-a*, a grave; i.e., Grave field. By another way of it we get *Auchin-aoi*, i.e., sheep field. As an old inhabitant tells that he remembers having seen, many years ago, some grave-stones in a field near this farm, we prefer field of the grave to field of the sheep.

ALLANDER.

This stream bounds a portion of the south-west corner of the parish. This word simply means the meadow

water, and is derived as follows :—*Ailean*, a meadow, and *Dur*, water. This is the *Dur* that appears in Durness, i.e., water nose or point ; and in Aberdour , Durham, etc.

KELVIN.

This famous river bounds Baldernock on the south. The word, though much abraded, tells us that the Kelvin Valley was densely wooden in ancient times, viz. :—*Coille-abhuinn*, i.e., wooded river. In Welsh it is *Celi-afon*, whilst it appears in France as the *Calavon ;* Ireland has a *Callan*, Italy a *Celone*, and England a *Colne*.

FLUCHTER.

(Old name, Fluchard.)

School and farm at North Bardowie. Fluchter is derived from *Fliuch*, wet, and *Tir*, land. Fluchard, the other way of it, means wet place, from *Fliuch*, wet, and *Aird*, a place or region. The Lowland-Scotch *Airt*, as in " Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," is a borrow from the Gaelic.

BLAIRSKATH.

(Old name, Blarescary.)

Two farms east from Fluchter. Taking the present name first we derive it as follows :—*Blair*, a field, a battlefield, a glade ; and *Sceach*, bushes, brambles, white thorns ; or *Sgathach*, pronounced *Ska-ach*, a hurdle, that is a fence of branches or osiers. Thus we get the choice of bush, bramble, or whitethorn field ; the hurdle-fenced field or the battlefield.

As for the old form, Blarescary, it may be glossed thus—*Blar*, a field, etc., as above, and *Eisgear*, a hill, a hillock, a long ridge, and a sand-hill ; that is the hill, hillock, ridge, or sandhill field. A better way than any of the foregoing might be found in *Blar*, a field ; and *Sgath*, shelter ; i.e., Shelter field. Now, it is quite possible that there might be, from of old, a nice lown field somewhere on this farm in which the sheep and lambs might find shelter in bad weather. But, after all, as in the case of many others of our Baldernock place-names, we cannot honestly say Eureka !

BRANZIET.

(Old spellings, Branget, Browzet.)

This rivulet marked the ancient boundary line between the Baldernock and Campsie parishes. *Bran* is not an uncommon word for streams in Scotland; it is *Brun* in Lancashire, and *Bruna* in Tuscany. Breaghna, pronounced Braana, is an old name of the Boyne. By affixing *Seoid*, a boundary, to *Bran*, we get *Branseoid*, i.e., Boundary stream.

As for the old spellings they are probably nothing more than the corruptions common to a people of one language trying to imitate the pronunciation of a race whose speech is entirely different from their own.

COLBEG.

A farm east from Branziet and near to Balmore, *Coil*, *cuil*, a nook or corner, and *beag*, small or little, i.e.. little nook or corner. In all probability this name had its origin in the corner of land enclosed between the mouth of the Branziet burn and the terminus of the imaginary boundary line at Cadder house.

BALMORE.

Baile, a town, village, dwellings; and *Mor*, big or important; i.e., great or important village.

BLAIRNILE.

A house with a piece of ground near Glenorchard Lodge. *Blar*, a field, and *Neil* or *Niall* a man's name, i.e., Neil's field. *Niall*, in old Gaelic, means a soldier, a champion, a hero.

LINN, OR LINNS.

Some old dwellings, now razed, north-east of Blochairn farm. This Lowland-Scotch Linn, which means a waterfall, is cognate with the Celtic *Linne*, a pool, as in *Corra Linn*. As there is a little hill rivulet with a tiny cascade and crystal pool in the immediate neighbourhood, it may be taken for granted that the word has been derived from these features.

MAELLIE BRAE.

Rising ground north of Glenorchard. This name is very fair Gaelic, but the adjective is susceptible of at least three feasible meanings, viz. :—*Millie*, good grass ; *Mealaich*, broom ; and *Meala*, honey. Our Lowland-Scotch *Brae* signifies the side of a hill, whilst the Celtic *Braith*, from which it is borrowed, means a top, height, or uppermost. From these root-words we get the choice of Good-grass brae, Broomie brae, and Honey brae.

GLENORCHARD.

This beautiful estate lies in the bosom of a fertile valley, not far north of Balmore. Seeing that the prefix of this well-known place-name is almost pure Gaelic, it would be unpardonable to pass it without due recognition. Well, the *Gleann* here tells us that this orchard is situated in a dale, dell, or valley, for these are the English words which best draw out or interpret the full meaning contained in the Gaelic *gleann*. As for orchard, it simply signifies a fruit garden or an enclosure for growing worts or vegetables.

DRUMLOCHART.

(Of old, Craigend Farm.)

North of Bankier. *Druim*, a ridge, or face of any rising ground ; *Lockhart*, a man's name ; i.e., Lockhart's ridge or brae.

BANKIER.

A place-name on the same eminence as *Castlehill* farm, east from Glenorchard. History and tradition, to say nothing of the oldest inhabitant, have nothing to tell us about this ancient place, consequently we have to depend mainly upon what the designation has to say for itself. Fortunately the word has come down to us in a very pure Welsh form, viz. :—*Banc*, a hill ; and *Caer*, a castle or fort. Thus we get *Castle hill*, and that also explains why the farm on this hill or rising ground has been called the " Castlehill farm." " White fort," is the usual gazetteer gloss for this word, but we

prefer the Welsh *Banc-caer*, Castle-hill, a long way before the Gaelic *Ban-cather*, i.e., White fort.

GLEN WINE.

South of Newlands. This name may be derived as follows, viz. :—*Gleann*, a dale, dell, or valley ; *Uaine*, green, or *Uan*, a lamb. These give us Green glen or Lamb glen.

BARGENY HILL.

South-east from " Castlehill farm." Bargeny is good Gaelic, viz. :—*Barr*, tip, top, end, etc., *Gaine* or *Gaineach*, sand or gravel. As there is gravelly sand on the top of this hill we at once accept of " Sand-topped hill " as being the correct solution.

BODENDROICH, OR BALINDROICHT.

An old farm south-east of Bargeny hill. *Bod* and *Bal* mean the same, namely, a dwelling ; *en* or *in* is the Celtic article, *an*, for the, or of the, and *droich*, signifies a druid. Thus we get in full *Baile-an-draoidh*, i.e., Dwelling of the druid. This word, taken in conjunction with *Baldruinach* and *Cartenvenach*, goes a long way to prove that the druids had, in early times, a home and an altar on the braes of Baldernock.

THE TOWER.

(Old name, Brokentower.)

Brokentower is the ancient name of the " Tower," which has been already noticed under the heading " Antiquities." We now give the supposed meaning, viz. :—*Bruigheantor*, i.e., the tower palace or mansion.

BARRASTON, OR BARRISTON.

(Old name, 1777, Borroustoun.)

A farm south-east of Drumlockhart. If it could be proved that the old spelling is correct, then it just means that some one named Borrous or Borrow had been at one time the laird or tenant of this toun or ton ; that is

an enclosed place such as a farm, etc. But it is quite possible, despite the Teutonic postfix *ton*, that Barras or Barris is good Gaelic, viz. :—*Barr*, an end, point, etc., and *Ais*, a hill. Thus we get *Barr-ais*, i.e., hillend, and as that describes the situation of this farm to a tee, it may be accepted till a better be produced.

Having, thus far, brought under notice all the supposed Celtic place-names we could find within the Baldernock boundaries, it is now proposed, by way of conclusion, to do the same for a few of the more prominent names in the immediate neighbourhood of the parish, east, west, and north, and for this purpose we make a beginning with

TORRANCE OF CAMPSIE.

This well-known village lies in the south-west corner of Campsie parish. The word is tolerable Gaelic, viz. :—*Torr, tor, tur*, a tower, a conical hill, a mound, and a gently swelling hill, and *Innis*, a river meadow, grazing ground, and choice pasture land. As there are quite a number of conical and gently swelling hills, to say nothing of the now vanished old tower in the vicinity, we consider that *Torr-innis* describes the leading features of the locality exactly. It may be of some interest to note here that this village was in early times designated The Torrance of Campsie, to distinguish it from an ancient parish in Lanarkshire also named Torrance, but which has since 1589 been annexed to the parish of East Kilbride. The old Lanarkshire Torrance, however, derived its name from a *Torr*, or artificial mound in the parish, which measures 160 yards round the base and 20 of ascent, and, of course, the *ance* or *innis* is the meadow or pasture land upon which the mound had been reared.

BALGROCHAN.

(Old spellings, Balgragan, Bullingrothane, Balegrochyr.)

An ancient village north of the Torrance. In Irish, Balgragan means a farm village, a manor farm, and a hillside farm. Scotch and Irish give us *Baile-cnocan*, pronounced *Bal-krochg-an ;* i.e., hillock, knoll, hillside,

or village farm. The name probably originated in some early farm or village situated on the gentle declivity of some hillock or knoll. Balgrochan is the name of a farm on the Crow Road, near Lennoxtown.

LECHADE OR LETHAD.

This name, though now obsolete, was more than 600 years ago closely associated with Balgrochan. As far back as 1400 they were mentioned in charters or title deeds as the Lands of Lechade and Balegrochyr. Strange to say, however, though the word, as a place-name, has disappeared long ago from deeds and maps, yet its somewhat attenuated ghost or echo still haunts the locality in the form of Lachie, Layie, or Law Knowe, which appears to be the local name for some houses situated on gently rising ground by the roadside, south a little from Balgrochan. The real Lechade, however, is the long slope extending northward from near the Tower farm to Balgrochan. The word is almost pure Gaelic, viz. :—*Leathad*, or in Irish *Leachach*, and means a slope or side of a hill, and a half ridge. We have a good example of this word in Lecket-hill, an eminence whose long sloping ridge stretches the whole length almost from the head of Campsie Glen to the Mickle Bin.

CLACHARRIE, OR GLACARRIE.

Some houses at the Temple near to Balgrochan. This interesting word is susceptible of many various meanings some of which, for the sake of lucidity, we tabulate.

1st.—A stony place, from *Clach*, a stone, and *Aire*, a postfix signifying abounding in.

2nd.—Stone of worship, from *Clach*, and *Aoradh*, pronounced *aor-a*, worship or adoration.

3rd.—Stone dyke cattle shelter, from *Clach*, and *Airidh*, pronounced *ar-e*, a shielding or shealing for cattle, generally black cattle.

4th.—Sow hollow, from *Glac*, a valley, hollow, defile, pass, dell, and *aire*, an old word for a sow or pig.

5th.—Acre Valley, from *Glac*, a valley, and *Eri*, very old Gaelic for an acre. The modern Acre Valley is in the immediate neighbourhood.

6th.—Osier-holt or grove dell, from *Glac*, a dell, and *Airidh*, pronounced *ar-e*, a green grove or osier-holt.

Many other possible solutions might be hammered out of this Clacharrie or Glacarrie, but we think that *quantum sufficit* have been offered in the meantime to satisfy the most voracious of our root-diggers. Note, *c* and *g* were commutable and used indifferently in old Celtic MSS. as well as in place-names ; the same may also be said of the letters *b* and *p*, *d* and *t*, *e* and *i*. It may also be noted here that the second form of the word, namely *Clach-aoradh*, worship stone, is cognate with the Latin *Lapis-adoratio*, which also signifies worship or adoration stone. *Clach* is but a gutturalised form of the old Gaelic *lia* or *liagh*, any large stone, hence the *Lia-fail*—fatal stone, or stone of destiny, of puir auld Scotland, now sat upon by our gracious sovereign Edward VII ! The name also suggests to us that the Celts and Italians must have been in close contact with each other in prehistoric times. Moreover it gives us a glimpse of our pagan forefathers offering up sacrifices to strange gods on altars of stone. Probably the Latin *ador*, fine corn for sacrifice, is the root of the two words *ador-atio*, and *aor-adh*. Some authorities assert that the echo of this old pagan worship still lingers amongst us, for instance, it is not uncommon now-a-days for a Highlander, should he chance to meet another on the Sabbath day, to ask him " Are you going to the clachan?" i.e., the stones. Of course, it is the church or chapel that he means. The old name of Glenorchy was *Clachan-an-dicart*, i.e., stones or temple of the high God.

DRUMBANE.

A farm near Balgrochan, northward. *Druim*, a ridge or face of any rising ground. *Ban*, waste or uncultivated ealand, a green field, a white colour. Lealand ridge is the most likely meaning of the lot.

DRUMFERM.

A farm on a slope north of Balgrochan. *Druim*, a ridge or face of any rising ground. *Ferm*, the Lowland-Scotch way of pronouncing farm, so, by that way of it,

the word just means the farm ridge, or the farm on the ridge.

COCK-MA-LANE (Newlands.)

A farm on the southern part of Craigend Muir. *Goc*, perched up, and *Malin*, a brow. As these describe the situation of the place exactly, we rest content, as far as the Gaelic is concerned. Notwithstanding, we remember an old Perthshire lady, who, when left alone in the house, used to say, "Here I am, cockmylane," meaning thereby that she was solitary. By that way of it we also get a neat word-picture of this lonely muir-land farm. The Gaelic *Gocam-go*, means a fellow perched on any place.

MOUNT HOOLY.

A green eminence overlooking Clochore muir. Hooly is a very good echo of the old Celtic word *Uladh*, pronounced *Ulla*, which means a penitential station, a place of devotion, or a place of wailing. As the Knights Templars had a station and a cemetery at a place called Mount Hooly, a small eminence on the borough muir of Edinburgh, it may be taken for granted that our Hooly received its name from them when they started business at Balgrochan and Glenorchard. In our researches we have very often found nothing but the bare name to go by, but in this instance the meaning is so simple and certain, and the locality so suitable for the purpose, that we feel inclined to offer it a vote of thanks for the very interesting glimpse which it affords us of early religious life in the Baldernock district. Moreover it is a word of great interest to our philologists, because it is a wide-spread Aryan root-word, a root that seems to have originated in the howls and yells of wild dogs, wolves, and other beasts of the primeval forest, and at a time when the little Aryan family, not yet dispersed, was in what may be termed the "onomatopæian stage," that is the very early period when their vocabulary was being gradually enlarged with words in imitation of sounds. In order to show that our "Hooly" is one of these we offer a sample, by way of conclusion, as far as this word is concerned, of some of its congeners as they appear in

various European languages, viz. :—Latin, *Ululo, ejulo ululare*; Sanscrit, *Ghul*; Irish, *Gol, gul, uail, ululaloo ;* Greek, *Ulao, hulain ;* Icelandic, *Gjulla ;* Welsh, *Gwylo ;* German, *Heulen, gellan*; English, wail, howl, yell; Dutch, *Huylen.* Let these suffice in the meantime. We will now close with the remark that the ideas running through all these cognate words may be said to consist mainly of cries of distress, such as howling, wailing, weeping, lamentation, etc.

CRAIGEN MUIR.

(Old spelling, Craigin.)

The muirland ridge on which the "Cock-ma-lane" farm is situated. This word is almost pure Gaelic, viz.—*Creachann,* a ridge or summit of a hill. In ancient time this *Creachann* embraced the whole of this muirland from Woodhead to Galbraith's Castle at Craigmaddie. The word Muir is not a Celtic word ; it was introduced by Scandinavian or Teutonic invaders. The Icelandic *mor,* from which it is derived, means peat or turf, whilst the Dutch *moer* signifies a bleak swamp or marsh.

CLOCHCORE.

(Old spelling, Clochcurr.)

A rough moorland S.W. of Lennox Castle. When the Gaelic noun *Clach,* a stone, appears *cloch,* more correctly *cloiche,* it must be taken as an adjective. As for the noun *core,* it is represented in old Gaelic by *corr, curr, corre,* and *corra.* Of course we see at a glance that these are but various spellings of the same word, but which of them is the original we cannot tell. However, it doesn't matter, as their meanings all point in the same direction, viz.—An end, limit, border, and an enclosure. Consequently Clochore simply means a stone boundary. In fact, it tells us that the Lennox part of the Clochore Muir had, in all probability, been in early times marked off in places by stones instead of a hedge or a ditch. In proof of this derivation it may be stated that in the year 1587 the Earl of Montrose and John Lennox of Woodhead. finding that these old boundary stones had either been shifted or removed, so causing disputes, resolved to settle

the matter by raising a substantial turf or earthen dyke across the Clochore Muir, upon which, when completed, large stones were placed at intervals. This second line of demarcation can still be seen in a very good state of preservation, stretching northward between the Newlands and Mount Hooly.

Having solved, in a way, most of the Celtic place-names contiguous to the parish, east and north-east, let us now turn to the west and north-west, and try conclusions with some of those lying about in that quarter.

MILNGAVIE.

(Old spellings, Mulguy, Millguy.)

This rising town in Dumbartonshire is generally looked upon by the inhabitants of Western Baldernock as their capital, or at least their place of pilgrimage, especially on Saturday afternoons. For Mulguy we get *Mual*, a hill top, and *Gaoth*, wind. There is a *Mulgeeth* in Kildare, which Professor Joyce equates with "Hill of the wind." Millguy is probably nothing more than a very slight corruption of the old popular Mulguy, which, be it noted, is almost pure Gaelic, which Millguy is not. As for Milngavie, if it is Gaelic, which it ought to be, the word in full should be either *Muileann-gubha* or *gobha*, i.e., the smith's mill, or *Mual-an-gaoth*, i.e., hill of the wind. Some would have it to be Milngavie or guy, i.e., Gavin's mill, but that's impossible grammar as far as the Anglo-Saxon is concerned. Perhaps a better way might be found in *Mual-an-gabadh*, i.e., hill of the ordeal or peril, alluding to the hill whereon the Druidical ordeal by fire took place. In old Gaelic we get *Gabhadhbheil*, pronounced *gava-vheil*, i.e., the ordeal or peril of Bel, the god of the Druids. On the whole, however, we think that Mulguy, as being nearest the Gaelic in spelling and pronunciation, is the most likely of them all. In our investigations we have often found that to be the case. For example, the old vulgar Ruglen of the populace has been transmuted into Reuther's Glen, now Rutherglen, after one of George Buchanan's mythical

kings of Scotland, who, according to him, reigned 213 years before Christ! Whereas Ruglen, like Mulguy, is very pure Gaelic, viz.—*Rioghlan*, a king's court or palace. Moreover this derivation can be proved from ancient Scottish history. Further, it may be noticed that there is nothing in or about Rutherglen that can be honestly termed a glen.

MUGDOCK.

(Old names, Mocetuac, Mukok, Magadavacross.)

According to the old Welsh chroniclers, Mocetuac was the form of the word in 750, but, strange to say, the modern Welsh cannot solve its meaning, consequently we have to fall back upon the Scotch and Irish dialects. From these we get *Mogh* or *moigh*, great, and *Duac*, a dwelling house; quite a likely meaning for both forms of the word, namely Mugdock and Mocetuac, especially if the territorial magnate of that time had his fortified mansion there. As for Mukok, it may be put aside as being nothing more than a very bad spelling of Mugdock. But Magadavacross is decidedly a very interesting name. By opening it out we get *Magha*, a plain or field for an army to fight, in short, a battle field, and *Dumha*, pronounced *duva*, a funeral mound, whilst the *Crois* signifies the sacred symbol set up on the tumulus in commemoration of those slain in some battle here, and interred in the same grave,like our own brave Highlanders at Magersfontein! Of course, the mound with its cross would be well known all over the country, consequently *Magha-dumha-Crois* might be often used instead of Mocetuac or Mugdock.

CROSVEGGET.

A farm near Milngavie. The *cros* in this word is simple enough, and has generally the same signification in Gaelic as in English, viz.—a cross, a mishap, a cross road, etc. We have good examples of the cross-road idea in Crossmyloof, which is but a bad pronunciation of the Gaelic *Crois-mullach*, i.e., cross-hill, and *Crois-slighe*, pronounced *slee*, a cross-road or way, as in Houston-*crosslee*. As for Vegget, we think that it is nothing more than the long obsolete

Celtic name of the *Powburn*, a small affluent of the Allander in this neighbourhood. We have one or two streams in Scotland named Megget, which would be often pronounced Vegget by Gaelic speaking people. Looking at the meadows of the place, and the two streams, we think that *Crois-madh-add*, pronounced cross-vag-att, i.e., the path or way leading across the meadow and stream, is not at all a bad gloss for *Cross-vegget*. Another possible way of it might be found in *Crois-feachd-ait*, pronounced *Cross-fechg-ait*, i.e., grave site cross, or battle place cross. But on the whole we prefer the one that seems to restore to us the missing name of the rivulet.

BOCLAIR.

A farm about a mile west of Allander Toll. This name may be derived either from *Bog*, soft, miry, moist, and *lar*, ground, or *Bo*, a cow, and *clar*, a plain or level land. Cow-plain is possible enough, but we prefer bog-ground as being in all likelihood the leading feature of the place when it first received its descriptive name.

CRAIGASH.

A farm on a hill south of Mugdock. *Creag* means a rock, and *ais* is an old Celtic word for a hill and a fort. These give us *Creagais*, i.e., Rock-hill, or rock-fort. The hill rising from Balincleroch, at the entrance to Campsie Glen is called *Fassis*, an almost pure Celtic word, viz.—*Fes*, a mouth or entry, and *ais*, a hill or fort, i.e., the hill or fort at the mouth or entry of the glen.

BARRACHAN.

A farm, in the olden time, south of Mugdock, now swallowed up in the Glasgow reservoir. *Barr* means a tip, top, end, extremity, a hill, and upper; *Auchen*, a field, generally a little field. Out of all these we get the choice of end-field, upper field, hill field, etc.

Having thus, in a way, fulfilled our promise, we now take end, confessing that the outcome of our investigations into the "dead past" of the Baldernock parish is very far from being what it might have been in abler hands.

From Kirkintilloch to Stirling,

BY WAY OF

CAMPSIE GLEN AND GARGUNNOCK HILLS.

ROSAIC souls who are wont to look upon our glorious hills and mountains —poems of heaven—as places fit merely for generating marsh malaria, rheumatism, etc., you don't go with us; no, stay at home, as your manner is, and nurse the cat. As for us we love to snuff the caller air, "far from the madding crowd," by bank an' brae, an' wimplin' burn; we love the shepherd's flower-fringed path, "Ower the muir amang the heather," and, oh, how we love to breast the swelling hills, or speel the storm-scoured crags that crown the crest of some hoary ben. All these we love, with a love unfaltering, and we always reckon a day's outing amid such healthy and soul-satisfying surroundings as worth, at the very least, a thousand passed upon the soot-begrimed shores of sweltering humanity.

But here our cogitations are abruptly cut short by the morning train from Kirkintilloch coming to a dead halt at Lennoxtown, our starting point to-day, for an exhilarating tramp to Stirling by way of the Earl's Hill, one of the Dundaff Hills north of the Kilsyth range, whence our immortal Bannockburn takes its rise. Next instant we are on the platform, and in a short time we find ourselves approaching what is called in popular parlance, "the foot of the Craw Road," in company with something like a baker's dozen of enthusiastic fishers, but as they are in a mighty hurry to reach their favourite streams we slowly fall to the rear and "ca'

canny," while taking stock of our surroundings. The previous night had been somewhat showery and unpromising, hence the piscatorial invasion, but fortunately for us the rain had now ceased, the grey clouds are fast rolling away westward, and the wind is slowly lulling down to a nice cooling breeze. Yes,

> "Many a dark and cloudy morning
> Turns out to be a sunshiny day."

So sang the old ballad-monger, and so sing we.

The name, "Craw Road," on which we now are, is merely a corruption of the Celtic *Catharrathad*, pronounced *car-rad*, i.e., moss road, whilst *Balgrochan*, the name of the farm which we have just passed on our left, is almost pure present-day Gaelic, and simply means a farm town, or dwellings on the hillock or hillside. *Sguillian-gour*, the name of the lime-works on the opposite side of the road from the farm, tells us, in old Gaelic, that in early times a goat hut or shelter stood somewhere about this locality. The lime found here is said to be of the famous Hosie and Hurlet varieties. Not far past the lime-works, and on the same side of the road, we notice the debris of an ancient landslip, the bottom part of which protrudes considerably towards the road. The upper part of the hill face, laid bare by this slip or slide, affords a splendid example of what our geologists call "Trap rocks," i.e., step and stair-like rocks, and from where we stand some three or four huge steps are quite visible, piled on each other like cyclopean masonry, representing as many distinct lava flows. This remarkable scaur on the hill face is locally called *Slough-ma-clough*, which is but a slight corruption of the old Celtic *Sliochd-ma-cloiche*, i.e., slough, rut, or scar, of the breach stones.

What a grand avenue is this which leads to the upper portals of the Campsie Highlands! Ages, however, before this present "Car Road" was cut out of the hillside, the inhabitants of the Campsie Valley found their way up to the common muir, north side of the glen, for their peat, etc., by an ancient track much higher

than this one, and a good eye can still trace it wending its way round the shoulder of the hill. This upper track or "Car Road" was all very well in early times when people, like snails, could carry most of their worldly belongings on their backs, but when our skin-clad, if not naked, progenitors got washed, clothed, and wealthy, the days of carts and carriages began to dawn, consequently better roads and with easier gradients must be made, and were made—this is one of them—and now we, the highly polished and superfine heirs of all the past ages, can drive bicycle, or motor-car it all the way from John o' Groats to Campsie Glen without soiling our tan or patent leather boots!

As we gradually rise with the road we get quite a variety of highly picturesque views. The stately towers of Lennox Castle keep in view all the way up, while the upper Blane Valley and dark Dunglass (dark heap), one of the Campsie volcano cones, slowly disappear, Craigend Muir, with its loch and farm, keeps in ken for some time longer, but by the time we reach where the road begins to bend into the glen, our parting gaze behind is chiefly confined to those portions of the Kelvin and Glazert straths which beautify the north front and west flank of Kirkintilloch, but as the scenery of that wide district is familiar to us all we pass on without further comment till we are fairly within the bosom of the everlasting hills.

The top or south-west corner of the hill, whose long southern slope extends all the way from *Sguillian-gour* to the mouth of the glen, is popularly known as "Crichton's Cairn," but the O.S. map, ignoring that cognomen, calls the whole of the eminence *Lairs*, i.e., a side hill or an extensive hill slope.

After turning with the road into the opening or neck in the hills, the first thing that attracts our attention is the Aldessan burn on the hill face, right across the glen from here. This mountain rivulet, moss-tinted and swollen with last night's rain, and rejoicing in its newly acquired strength, is laughing and leaping, from ledge to ledge, like a thing of life, till its rapid and short-

lived career, as a burn, is suddenly cut short by a tremendous fall of some eighty feet into the glen below !

How like the way of our modern swindler is this Aldessan burn ; at first, when near the gate of heaven, slow and hesitating, then just one little slip on some tempting slope ; this again is soon followed by a tiny leap, then another and another, in rapid succession, till the fatal brink is reached, and then the terrible plunge is taken which merges his unsavoury personality into the foul pool of Peterhead prison. *Facilis est descensus Averni.*

Aldessan is a tolerably pure Gaelic word, viz.—*Allt*, a mountain stream ; *eas*, a cascade ; and the affix *an* acts as a diminutive, and tells us that in ordinary weather the volume of water in this waterfall is generally small.

With many apologies to the innocent burnie we move on and soon overtake, on our right hand, a series of dark rocky hillocks, and basaltic cliffs, which overhang the road for a considerable distance. Our Celtic forefathers well named them *Craigintimpan*, for that just means rocky hillocks in English.

A short distance further on we reach a very beautiful granite fountain indeed. It was erected some years ago to the memory of " James Wright," a famous Campsie burnfisher, who had, many years ago, out of pure love for man, beast, and bird, scooped out of these hard Craigintimpan rocks a rough basin or well

> Where all might drink,
> And get a blink
> Of heaven in its eye !

On the tablet above the pillar-guarded basin of the fountain we read as follows :—

"JAMIE WRIGHT'S WELL."

" Hail to your dimplin', wimplin' drop,
Clear, caller, caul,
That bids the drouthy traveller stop
An' tak' his fill.

Hail to your heart-reviving tipple,
Enticin', slee, wi' twinkling ripple,
Thou crystal milk frae Nature's nipple,
Wee mountain well.

Born of the wintry, whirlin' flake
Of arctic shower,
When charging storms the welkin rake,
And scrudge the bower.
You joukit frae the furious blast,
And seepin doun the mountain pass,
Till here my craig you weet at last,
Sine ower the stoor!"

—JAMES M. SLIMMON.

The designer of this classic memorial, whoever he was, must have been inspired by the spirit that will haunt, for all time, the ruined temples of old Athens, for none else could have enfolded, as he has done, this "Wee mountain well" within such an exquisite shrine of "frozen music!" The poet, too, has nobly done his part, for evidently he has deeply drank at the fountain of his own native Doric, hence the soul and the strength of his splendid offering on this shrine of love! Ah! little did the humble burnfisher of Campsie dream, when smiting the rock, that he was hewing out for himself an enduring niche in the temple of Fame!

After cooling our mou' we hang up the ladle and resume our journey, singing as we go—

O! fair is the fountain that springs in the dell,
A mirror of heaven, the red granite well;
It spreads its bright bosom, as free as it's fair,
For man and for beast and for birds of the air.
O! nectar of heaven! from the fountain above,
The white wine of Eden, in chalice of Love!

Some distance beyond the well we notice, in the bed of the glen burn, the entering sluice of the Lennoxtown water supply, and on the hill face above it the Alvain Burn dashing down its precipitous channel, and as we see it fretting and foaming in its troubled career we can easily understand why it was called *Alt-ban* (now corrupted to *Alvain*), for that is good Gaelic for "Whiteburn." As for the glen itself, it may be noted here that

the ancient Celtic name of Campsie Glen was *Gleann-diubhe*, pronounced *glyann-dua*, that is the black or dark glen ; many years ago we heard an old native of the clachan pronounce it " glendieway."

There are three hills on the west side of the glen, namely, " Fassis," very old Gaelic for mouth or entry hill; " Inner Brown Hill," Celtic name lost ; and " Holehead," Celtic name also lost. On the east side where we are just now there are only two, namely, " Lairs," already mentioned, and " Lecket Hill," anciently *Leckfad*, that is Gaelic for a long slope. We now cross the bridge called " Alnwick " which spans the upper reach of the Campsie Glen burn as it issues from its eastern prolongation, commonly called the " Back Glen."

As we gradually emerge from the glen we find that the road leads through the extensive Campsie muirland, and this part of it which flanks Lecket hill is known by the name of " Moss Megrie." This was the place where the Campsie folk used to cast their peat in the olden time, and many of these ancient peat-bog holes are still quite recognisable. *Megrie*, is a corruption of the Celtic *Magh-reidh*, a level field or meadow ; *Moss* having been prefixed by the later Anglo-Saxons or Scandinavians. In Irish *Macaire* also means a level field, but it was often used for a field of battle. From the position of this place at the northern entrance to the glen we are inclined to the opinion that many battles would be fought here in the good old raiding times, in proof of this a native of the clachan told us many years ago that when a boy he often heard the old inhabitants talking about the human bones which they had occasionally turned up when casting their peat on this bogland.

The road is now fairly level, and we soon reach the watershed where the roadside runnels and the hillside rills seem to hesitate whether they will start their circular tour this season by the Carron or the Clyde. The sluggish ditch a little further on must be carefully noted, for it is the infant Carron—the immortal Carron of Ossian—at least, the Ordnance Survey Map places it here, and who dares to gainsay it ?

What a change! Barely two hours ago we were hurrying past the *Herald* office in the classic Cowgate to catch the train, and lo! we are now transported, as if by a wave of the proverbial "magician's wand," into a vast region of hills, haughs, and streams.

> Hills to the right of us,
> Hills to the left of us,
> Peaks in the ether;
> Rough, rugged, rocky steeps,
> Volcano rubbish heaps
> Purpled with heather!

In short, we are as completely isolated from the busy work-a-day world beyond as if we were deep buried in the heart of some Sahara.

Talk ye of freedom? This is freedom—to walk as ye list amid the calm majestic hills of God. Freedom! did we really say freedom? Well, well, but if we have a heart at all we must know that we cannot, if we would, shake off the holy links that bind us soul and body to home and duty, and we know that they will certainly draw us back again, but to-day we will try to forget them, for a space at least.

What a glorious amphitheatre of hills is this that enfolds the verdant haugh at our feet! It fascinates at once with its wonderful variety of contour and colour. How soothing too is it all, so quiet, so peaceful; no discordant note to jar upon the ear, no sounds or sights of human wretchedness to wound the heart or wet the eye!

After passing the old Campsie Muir tollhouse we soon reach the Clachie Burn, i.e., Stonyburn, on its way to join the Carron further down. At this point we get a good view of Gartcarron hill, which stands between us and the Gargunnock hills beyond. In very old Gaelic *gart* means a head, consequently Gartcarron hill in English just means the hill situated at the head of the Carron river. The vast hollow on our right, known as the "Carron bog," is completely encircled by hills. In ancient times it was a lake, but it has been gradually

silted up, and is now fairly good grazing ground, though somewhat spongy. The solitary farmhouse we see in the haugh between us and the Mickle Bin is called "Waterhead." The ancient name of it, however, was *Culbadrick*, a Celtic word which signifies Patrick's corner, angle, or backlying part.

Shortly after crossing the Clachie burn bridge we leave the road and make tracks straight across the haugh for the aforesaid Gartcarron hill. The intervening space is soon disposed of, and, as the ascent is comparatively easy, its irregular and wide-spreading summit is attained in a short time. This hill, lying as it does between the upper reaches of the Endrick and Carron streams, affords quite a variety of excellent positions from which to survey the surrounding scenery. Turning our eyes westward we quickly discover that the hills, which hitherto seemed to have shut us in on all sides, here open out a space, and through the gap we get a splendid glimpse of lovely Strath-Endrick, with the lofty mountains of south-western Perthshire in the far away back ground, while near at hand, in the centre of the gap, we see "Fair Fintry" shining in the sun with its tree-screened river meandering hard by, and on either hand the gold-crowned hills like guardian angels enfold it with their sheltering wings! Turning northwards we are at once confronted by the Gargunnock Hills. It must be understood, however, that these hills are merely the northern extension of the Campsie range, but for parochial purposes the group has been divided into three not very equal parts, namely, Gargunnock, Fintry, and Dundaff.

But *Tempus fugit*, and we must *fugit* too, else our lodging will be on the cold, cold ground for one night at least, so selecting the easiest way we make our way down to where we see in the distance the Endrick bridged by the Fintry to Denny road. The bottom of the hill is soon reached, and in a few minutes we find ourselves at the very spot where the body of the river suddenly bends over a rocky ledge and disappears from our gaze, and this is the famous "Loup of Fintry!"

Hearing a hissing sound we make a detour round some rocks, and clamber through a tangled mass of trees and bushes to some jutting crags which overhang the frightful chasm. We only get a sidelong look, however, as the rock on which we stand does not project far enough for a good front view, but enough is seen to fill the mind with awe. The moss-tinted water dashing down with irresistible force is lashed and fretted into a white or amber coloured foam by the hard, rugged face of the precipice, which is some ninety-one feet from top to bottom. Captain Montgomery, in his "The Cherry and the Slae," gives us a vivid picture of a cascade on the Kirkcudbright Dee applicable in every feature to the one before us.

"But as I lukit mine alane,
I saw a river rin
Out ower a steepy rock of stane,
Syne lichtit in a linn.
Wi' tumbling and rumbling
Amang the rocks around,
Devalling and falling
Into a pit profound."

Burns also, in his lines written by the Falls of Foyers, hits off in a remarkable degree all the more salient points of our Endrick cascade.

"On high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends
And viewless echo's ear astonished rends."

After gazing long enough on this impressive scene to fix it on our memory for ever, we retrace our steps by the riverside, and soon reach the highway at the bridge. Turning eastward, the first thing that attracts our attention in the distance is something on the south-west flank of a hill, named Cairnock on the map, not unlike a small clump of trees ; but as we draw near it turns out to be the scanty ruins of Sir John Graham's castle. "The good Graham of truth and hardiment," the compatriot and bosom friend of Wallace, he who faithful

among the many faithless nobles of his day freely laid down his life for "puir auld Scotland" on Falkirk's fatal field. Yes, we will pay his ruined homestead a visit for it is holy ground. Here is the gate, and there is the road branching off that is to lead us to-day all the way through the Gargunnock hills to Stirling. Following this road up some rising ground, we soon find ourselves in an alignment with the site of the ancient stronghold. Over a dyke, across a field and a burn, up the brow of a bulging knoll, and in a twinkling we are standing on the sacred spot! And is this all? an oblong, grass-clad mound 50 by 30 yards or thereby, as flat on the top as a table, with a well-preserved ditch or moat on every side, but of the keep itself there is not a stone left. The only bit of a building left standing is situated on a somewhat higher level than the keep plateau, but we soon discover from the foundations still protruding from the soil that the outer offices connected with the main strength of the place, must have been at one time very extensive. Yes, this is all it comes to at last, a few lichen-stained whinstones on a bleak hillside and a stone in Falkirk churchyard. But no! he lives, and will live in the heart of all true Scottish men as long as "Scots wha hae" is the battle song of our Fatherland!

And is this all! a ruined wall
Upon a bleak hillside,
Where once fair bowers and stately towers
Stood strong in power and pride?

Here lived the Graham, well known to fame,
Who fell on Falkirk's field;
When traitors fled and Scotland bled
Sir John disdained to yield.

Full many a foe reeled 'neath his blow
Amid the English host;
But all in vain, Sir John was slain,
And Falkirk's field was lost.

The Wallace wight wept at the sight,
And kissed his bleeding brow—
"Farewell, dear friend, true to the end,
Rest from thy labours now."

With hearts full sore his corpse they bore
To Falkirk's ancient town,
Where in his grave they laid the brave
Sir John of high renown.

Then, is this all, a ruined wall
Upon a bleak hillside?
No, no, the name of gallant Graham
Forever shall abide.

These crumbling walls and roofless halls
Shall shortly pass away,
But he who gave his life to save
"Auld Scotland" lives for aye.

Returning to the by-path or road by the way we left it, we soon find that it is leading us into a tolerably extensive gorge or recess in the Gargunnock hills; it looks as if Cringate Law (see map) had stepped back considerably from its position in line with the Stronend and Cairnock elevations. But, no matter how the gap took shape, it is really a beautiful dell in the bosom of the hills, in short, a veritable Tempe of which the old classical poets so rapturously sang. Yonder, on the flanks of Ling Hill and Cringate Law, we see the two head feeders of the Endrick dashing down to the vale, and amid the umbrageous groves we get glimpses of the Walton reservoir with its little gem of an island wholly covered with a cosy cushion of "Lilac-rosy heather bells!"

Looking back towards the mouth of the gorge we notice that had it not been for the long eastern snout of the Gartcarron hill, the Endrick would have, in all probability, joined the east-flowing Carron instead of turning to the west, the distance between the two streams, at the turning point, being only some seven furlongs—barely a mile.

After crossing the bottom slope of Cairnock hill the road bends somewhat abruptly to the east, and leads us into a very secluded valley, a veritable *Terra incog*, so to speak, except to the few farmers and shepherds in the vicinity who occasionally use it as a short cut to Stirling. The north side of it, on our left hand,

consists mainly of Cringate Law, Hart hill, Cringate muir, and the Earl's hill, whilst Cairnock, Craigannet, Dundaff, and Craigengelt hills occupy the south or right-hand side.

O peaceful vale,
Amid the solemn hills
The music of thy "Peace be still!"
Our inmost being thrills!"

How charming, too, is the autumn garb of the landscape: green in various hues, from a deep sappy shade on the moist bottoms to the fainter tints of the middle heights, then upwards, gradually blending into delicate yellows and browns and tender greys, and over all the valley, the bright blue sky has spread such a soft *spirituel* purple haze, as to make the thoughtful *voyageur* very apt to feel as if he were walking through some "enchanted ground" in the "Land of Beulah!" Then at our feet, each bank, and brae, and rounded knoll is all ablaze with the bloom o' the heather! Now for a sang.

SWEET HEATHER BELLS.

The rose blooms bonnie on its tree,
The lily's fair as fair can be,
The violet bedecks the dells,
But Scotland loves her heather bells.

Sweet heather bells, sweet heather bells,
The lilac-rosy heather bells;
There's not a flower on fields or fells
So sweet as Scotland's heather bells.

The woodbine loves to bind the bower,
Forget-me-not is friendship's flower;
The sacred shamrock hath its spells,
But Scotland loves its heather bells.
Sweet heather bells.

The buttercups and daisies gem
Dame Nature's verdant diadem—
Loved flowers on which fond mem'ry dwells,
Yet Scotland loves her heather bells.
Sweet heather bells.

There's not a flower on bank or brae,
Nor floral gem in garden gay—
By woodland wilds, or wayside wells,
Can vie with Scotland's heather bells.

Sweet heather bells, sweet heather bells,
The lilac-rosy heather bells;
There's not a flower on fields or fells
Can vie with Scotland's heather bells.

Resuming our journey we soon overtake, on our right, a place named Easter Cringate, which consists, as far as we can see, of a house like a dog kennel and a young plantation. Of course, there is a mansion somewhere about, but from our standpoint we fail to see it.

In connection with this word "Cringate" it may be remarked that along with a number of its neighbours, such as Lees Hill, Ling Hill and Hart Hill, it has completely lost its Celtic cognomen. The "man in the street," however, can tell in a twinkling the meaning of Lee, Ling, and Hart, but what about Cringate? Well, an old poacher who knows every inch of the place, informed us, amongst other things, that this road is known locally as the "King's Yetts." Now, it is quite possible that the "Crown's Yetts," or gates, the equivalent of the "King's Yetts," may have been in vogue, as an alternative, in earlier times, hence our modern Cringate (?)

Further on we find that the valley is now opening out and gently bending to the north-east, and shortly after we reach the bridge that spans the Earl's Burn as it flows from the uplands to the Carron, by the west flank of Dundaff hill. This muirland rivulet rises at an altitude of some 1,300 feet, and on its way down it passes through a dam or reservoir, which was formed in 1834 for the purpose of regulating and keeping up the water supply for the mills at Denny. This dam, with its embankment twenty-two feet high, covers an area of sixty acres, and cost the substantial sum of £2,000. In 1839, after very heavy rain, it burst and wrought fearful havoc with the property lying along the banks of the Carron.

On the north bank of the burn, near the bridge, we observe the reservoir-keeper's cottage, with quite a number of beehives in front, and a short distance farther on we look for the ruins or site of an oblong fort which,

according to the O.S. map, ought to be hereabouts on the left side of the road, but we look in vain ; it is quite possible, however, that its ruins may have been utilised since 1834 in the erection of the keeper's house by the burn.

Turning our eyes away from the dark billowy muirland with the Earl's hill dominating, we discover that the rugged northern flank of Craigengelt has ceased to obstruct our view eastward, and lo ! the wonderful scenery of south-eastern Stirlingshire unfolds itself in all its fertile glory, with the dim outline of the Forth Bridge and the hazy Lomonds of Fife in the far away distance, and quite near us, through the " nek," between the Drummarnock ridge and Craigengelt we get a splendid bird's eye view of sedge-bordered Loch Coulter, shining in the sun like a plate of polished silver ! But on we must " trek," as we are " far frae oor hame," so in a short time we reach the watershed, 1,061 feet above sea level, the highest point yet attained ; but, thank goodness, from this we will be on the downgrade all the rest of our present pilgrimage.

Shortly after crossing " the tapmaist stane " we have the infinite pleasure of cooling our mou' and our broo, and our wayworn feet in the immortal Bannockburn ! Yes, this is the head stream or main branch of it which has its source away up yonder on the north neck or *col* of the Earl's Hill. And to-day, as its cool, limpid water crosses the road where we now rest, it sings to us the same sweet peaceful song as it sang on the ever-memorable twenty-fourth of June, 1314, but the men of that day gathered by its bank heard it not ; their ears were attuned to other music, e'en the patriot's battle cry,

" Death or victory ! "

The word Bannock is probably derived from *Avon-og*, which means a little river, as in Bynach, another small stream in Aberdeenshire. The road, which in this neighbourhood has an elevation of 1,061 feet above sea level, now begins to descend with a tolerably easy

gradient in a north-easterly direction, and leads in a fairly straight line to the Gillie's Hill and thence to Stirling.

We have still fully four miles to dispose of before we can stamp our wearied feet on auld Strivelin's causey-stanes, but as the grand views on our right are not to be seen every day, and having plenty of time for a good finish up, we feel inclined to linger by the way.

The dreary land on our left, from Cringate Muir to Scout Head, some four miles west from Stirling, consists for the most part of nothing but dark uninteresting muirland; but, on the other hand, our eyes are regaled with the vast amount of woodland which spreads in all its verdant glory along the knolls, and slopes, and level lands that so beautifully fringe the lower parts of these sombre uplands. The woods near us belong to the well-known Sauchie estate, which has long been famous for the luxuriant growth of its trees, and nearer still we see the rippling Bannock hastening down as it were to lap, and lave, and kiss once more its sacred banks beloved! And straight ahead the tree-clad Gillie's Hill is beginning to display its autumn-tinted crown in the distance.

What a land of varied beauty and battlefields is this! From yonder hoary ramparts it is customary for the guides to point out the sites of no less than twelve of them. That may be true or not, probably it is, but at all events we are in the immediate vicinity of two, namely Bannockburn and Sauchieburn. In Scottish history the battle of Bannockburn shines like a star of the first magnitude, but the Sauchie conflict is a perfect heartbreak to read about. In short, it was nothing but a double-dyed tragedy from beginning to end, but as the story, like that of Bannockburn, is in these School Board days so trite that this little more than a bare mention *en passant* is all that is necessary here.

Having now reached the bottom o' the brae, we find that our road and the Bannock, in close companionship, turn somewhat abruptly to the east and pass for a considerable distance between the Gillie's Hill and the

tree-crowned craigs of Sauchie. But after open land has been gained a split in the partnership takes place; the burn, as if it were eagerly searching for its old historical banks, hurries on due east, whilst the road forks into two branches—one of which heads almost due north for the King's Park, whilst the other crosses over to St. Ninian's by the way of the famous battlefield. But as we have reserved the Bannockburn conflict for our next trip this way our programme to-day does not include a visit in that direction. So bidding a heart-felt adieu to the bonny burn and the Scottish Lion, rampant, as it proudly flutters on its Dumbarton flagstaff over yonder! we select the road leading northward, and soon pass on our left the Gillie's Hill with the ancient village of Cambusbarron nestling within the shadow of its northern flank, and in a short time after we reach in a thankful frame of mind the clean and cosy-looking purlieus of the King's Park, where we have the pleasure of seeing Young Stirling—the dark-haired descendant of the ancient Pict, strenuously disporting himself at football and other out-of-door games.

At our start in the morning it was our intention, if all went well, to wind up with a short look in at our old acquaintance the Castle, but, alas, our sweet dalliance by the way has so curtailed our time that a very short visit to the esplanade merely is all that we can overtake on the present occasion; so, after a hasty, but highly necessary refreshment, we select the shortest way up the slope, and soon find ourselves taking mental snapshots, from the parapets, of the grand scenery, so lavishly spread all around.

O how we pity the unfortunate poet, painter, or prosy word-compeller who fails to find his soul aflame amid all this wealth of loveliness and historical associations, which, like a cincture of precious gems, begird on every hand the picturesque towers and town of Stirling. Yes, indeed, Stirling, like the "Mount Zion" of old, or our own "Darling Edina" of to-day, is "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth!"

Let us now bring our very pleasant day's outing to a

conclusion by reciting, as we make for the train, the beautiful prose poem on this subject by the late Alexander Smith, Glasgow's silvery-voiced poet :—

"Eastward from the Castle ramparts stretches a great plain bounded on either side by mountains, and before you the vast fertility dies into distance, flat as the ocean when winds are asleep. It is through this plain that the Forth has drawn her glittering coils—a silvery entanglement of loops and links—a watery labyrinth which every summer the whole world flocks to see. Turn round, look in the opposite direction, and the aspect of the country has entirely changed. It undulates like a rolling sea. Heights swell up into the darkness of pines, and then sink away into valleys of fertile green. At your feet the Bridge of Allan sleeps in azure smoke. Beyond are classic woods of Keir, and ten miles further, what see you? A multitude of blue mountains climbing the heavens! The heart leaps up to greet them—the ramparts of the land of romance, from the mouths of whose glens broke of old the foray of the freebooter, and with a chief in front with banner and pibroch in the wind, the terror of the Highland war. Stirling, like a huge brooch, clasps Highlands and Lowlands together."

Robroyston: Ancient and Modern.

THE CITY OF GLASGOW'S ESTATE.

HIS small estate, lately acquired by the city of Glasgow, lies mostly, if not altogether, in the parish of Cadder, and occupies, with its fertile slopes, and bit of bogland, about 1¼ mile of the west end of that long ridge, averaging slightly over 300 feet above sea level, which shoots out far eastward, towards the New Monkland parish. At present, there are five farms on the estate, but, in early times there were six, one of them, however, has been obsolete for many years. There are also a busy brickwork, a dismantled ironstone pit, the debris of an old quarry, and a considerable amount of unreclaimed bogland, awaiting the magic touch of our city's unemployed. So much for the estate as it appears to-day. Let us now take a look backward, and try, as far as we can, to catch a glimpse of early man in Robroyston and surrounding territory.

From the crannog recently discovered in Bishop Loch, not far south-east from this, we learn that the earliest inhabitants of this countryside, at least, were lake-dwellers, who gained a precarious livelihood by hunting in the wild woods around them, or fishing in the numerous lochs in this quarter, the stone tools, bones, etc., found in the crannog, along with the Cadder canoe, unbogged

in Loch Grog, and the rough, unpolished stone celt, found on the Possil estate, tells us all that the language of these primeval savages is, like themselves, altogether extinct, and all that our ethnologists can tell us about them is that they were either palæolithic (old stone weapon) man, or their descendants, neolithic (new stone weapon) man. How long this stone age lasted no one can tell, but the next people we meet with here are called Iberians, the *Picti* of the Romans, and the Picts of Scottish history, said to be a Mediterranean race, short of stature, oval faces, dark hair, black eyes, and swarthy skin. Napoleon was a splendid type of this small active people. The language of these Iberians seems to be also extinct.

The next to occupy this territory were Gauls from France. These again were followed by another branch of the same race from Belgium, namely, the Brythons or Welsh, often called *Bretts* in Scottish history. And both of these branches spoke a slightly different dialect of the same tongue, namely, the Celtic. In the year 55 B.C. the Romans first invaded Britain, but as their settlement in this part of Scotland was very precarious, and their stay so short, they have left little or nothing behind them of their Latin tongue on the topography of this part of northern Britain. After the Romans left, 407 A.D., the little kingdom of Strathclyde was formed, of which Robroyston formed a part, but it was so harassed by Teutons or Anglo-Saxons and others from south and east, that the Celtic dialect of the people gradually gave place to the Anglo-Saxon, which, at the present time, forms the basis of our common speech.

Having thus briefly pointed out the various races who have occupied this territory from of old up till now, our next step, by way of drawing towards a conclusion, is to gather up the very few place-names on the estate, Celtic or Anglo-Saxon, and trace their root to their several dens, so to speak, and extract, as far as possible, whatever linguistic secrets they may have to divulge. And of course, we give the post of honour to Robroyston (four miles N.E. from Glasgow). *Rarbreston*, Blind

Harry's way of it, just means that the estate or ton belonged to a person named *Rarbre*, but others assert that *Ralph-Raa's* or *Rowe's ton* was the original form of the name. At all events the affix *ton* indicates the whole name is Teutonic, and this fact alone proves that long before 1305, the year of Wallace's betrayal here, the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon speech in the surrounding territory was slowly beginning to supplant the grand old Gaelic topography of our country. But, despite a few traitors, so to speak, the great majority of them have bravely held their ground and seem destined, even yet, to outlive the slowly decaying languages around them.

> For, mostly all our fields and fens,
> Our cities, rivers, hills, and glens,
> Will only yield their tale to tell
> To those who love the Gaelic well.

The affix *ton* now comes under review, but most people know what it means when agglutinated to the end of a place-name—e.g., Bogton, that is the bog farm ; Dumbarton, the town of Dumbarton, and so forth. Of course, the original roots of the word—e.g., the Germa*nt, uun, zaun ;* A.-S., *Tynan ;* Gothic, *tan*, etc.—reach far back to the time when the earliest inhabitants of Northern Europe, at least, were at the same stage of civilisation as those rude savages who hunted and fished, say, on the shores of Hogganfield or Robroyston Lochs, before retiring to rest in their crannog, on the bosom of Bishop Loch. So much for the origin and meaning of this never-to-be-forgotten name in the annals of "Puir Auld Scotland." But before proceeding further with our investigations, let us now, in solemn silence, and with uncovered heads, draw nigh, and kiss the very soil of the sacred site, upon which stands that splendid Cross ! Yes, the Cross and glorious Crown of Sir William Wallace's cruel martyrdom ! This base political crime,

however, was, in a measure, atoned for on the field of Bannockburn, some nine years after.

"Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
Thou shalt not taste of death !
The generous blood that flowed from thee
Disdain'd to sink beneath ;
Within our veins its currents be
Thy spirit on our breath !"

THE MAINS.

This is the name of the farm situated quite near to Wallace's monument. The word, or name, is derived from the Norman-French, *Manse*, through the Latin *Mansus*, and simply means a residence, but it is often applied to a farm attached to a manor or mansion.

AUCHINLECK.

This is the farm on the estate, which lies on the hill slopes, south-east of Wallace's Cross. Its derivation is simple enough, viz.—*magh*, *auch*, *ach*, various spellings for the same word, namely, a field or meadow ; the *in*, in this case, acts as a diminutive, and *leac* generally means a flagstone or tombstone. *Leckpatrick*, in County Tyrone, just means Patrick's tombstone, consequently the full Gaelic word here may be translated into English as follows :—The little field of the flagstone or tombstone. The above Celtic word *magh* is derived from the Sanscrit *mag* or *mah*, which means to grow ; it also appears in the Anglo-Saxon *math* and *aftermath*, i.e., a crop or a mowing.

SAUGHS.

This farm lies eastward for some distance along the ridge that rises beyond the Auchinleck farm house. The name, which simply means willow trees, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *welig*, Low German has *wilge*.

BOGSIDE.

(Old name Gartsail.)

This farm occupies land on the south side of the Auchinleck ridge, overlooking Millerston and Mossbank. As we all know the meaning of Bogside, our attention must be concentrated upon the grand old Gaelic word-picture, *Gartsail—Gart*, a garden or inclosure, as of a field, and *Seol*, pasture. That's our favourite, but as there are other possible roots for *sail*, we place them all before the readers, and let them judge for themselves, viz.—*Sabhal*, pronounced *saul*, a barn or granary ; *sal*, large, a track, a way, and *sail*, good Gaelic for a willow tree. Inclosure of willow trees is a good gloss, but somehow we prefer *Gartseol*, i.e., the inclosed field or pasture, to any of the others. Turning westward we soon overtake the site of a very old farm, now obsolete, named

HILLHEAD.

(Old name, Auchinshuggle.)

This was a very ancient farm or croft, the steading of which crowned the crest of the hill that overhangs Robroyston mansion house (now dismantled) and the Mains farm. No one living in the district at the present time can tell when its old Gaelic designation was changed for the Anglo-Saxon *Hillhead*. As *Hillhead*, however, it can be traced as far back as the early part of the nineteenth century, and it is said that the opening of the Robroyston pit, on the ridge, over forty years ago was the cause of its final extinction as a farm. Of course, all this is common-place enough, and barely worth a mention, were it not for the position it occupied on that awful night of Wallace's betrayal, 601 years ago last August. Yes, at that early time the eastern gable of the Auchinshuggle barn stood quite close by the roadside, which that arch-traitor Menteith and Sir Aymer de Vallance, with their soldiers, must pass on their way over the hill for Wallace's lair at Robroyston.

O, how one regrets that some cackling goose or yelping cur, at the old Auchinshuggle barndoor, had not sounded the alarm, and brought out to the middle of the road the "Wallace wight," and his faithful henchman, Keirly! What a scatter would then have taken place at the bottom of the brae among the craven clan Menteith and their English confreres! But alas! no, and treachery was allowed to triumph for a time.

The word-picture contained in Auchinshuggle is simple enough, viz.—*Auchin*, a little field, as in Auchinleck, and *Siogal*, or *Seagul*, Gaelic for rye, a cereal more hardy than wheat, consequently it is a favourite crop in cold climates. In Anglo-Saxon it is *rige*, Dutch *rogge*, Danish *rug*, and Welsh *rhyg*. There is an Auchinshuggle near Tollcross, and a Drumshuggle near Balfron. The next place we query is called

WESTERMUIR FARM,

so called to distinguish it from the extensive muirland lying to the east. As its name indicates, it occupies what may be called the west corner of the estate. The word may be derived as follows, viz.—Anglo-Saxon, *wester*, lying towards the setting sun; Icelandic, *Mor*, peat or turf; Dutch, *Moer*, a bleak marsh or swamp. We have now reached the very last place-name on the estate, viz.,

CARMOVLACH.

This is an almost pure Gaelic word, both in spelling and pronunciation, and, like most Celtic place names, it describes exactly the leading features of the place, viz.—*Catharmob-lach*, i.e., the muirland or bogland abounding in tufts of coarse grass or rushes. People who have been compelled by fate to cross this dreary bog, to and from Hogganfield, in wet weather, will readily acknowledge that had it not been for the friendly aid of those tufts, they would, in all probability, never

have reached their destination. Thanks, however, to the City of Glasgow, and its great army of the unemployed the eastern portion of this barren bogland will soon be converted into fertile fields, the first fruits of which we saw sometime ago in a small patch of very good looking cabbages !

So much, in brief, for Robroyston : ancient and modern. Let us now, by way of conclusion, offer a few remarks upon the very scanty relics of the olden time that still linger about the estate.

Apart from the sacred site of the old barn or cottage in which Wallace was betrayed, there is little or nothing left for our museums or antiquarians to lay hands upon. Of course, the old sundial which used to mark the time o' day in front of the old mansion-house, has, at last, found a safe refuge in one of our public parks. There are also two ancient pot querns belonging to the estate, which, we suggest, should be placed in the park in company with the sundial ; one of them is at present lying at the entrance leading to the Mains farm byres, near the Cross, and the other, a much older one, was found, twenty years ago, in the ruined barn of ancient Auchinsiogal. Moreover, a very ancient sword-blade was found in the Robroyston loch, early in the nineteenth century ; possibly it is now lying perdu in some private collection. This loch, by the way, though now drained and turned into good arable land, occupied, in early times, a considerable extent of the Carmovlach bogland, and the late Hugh Macdonald, in his evergreen " Rambles round Glasgow," tells us that he remembered the time when the Robroyston lake was fished for pike and eels by bands of juvenile anglers from the city.

A few words now about the humble cottage in which the betrayal of Wallace was perpetrated, and the well, eastward from the house, bearing his name, will bring our little Robroyston story to a conclusion. The house, which, according to tradition, had weathered the storms of fully 500 years, was taken down early in the nineteenth century, when a Mr. Train, a revenue officer in Kirkintilloch, secured some of the oaken rafters, and

had them made into an arm chair, which he presented to Walter Scott, as a souvenir of our hero's betrayal at Robroyston, and we are happy to say it still holds a corner among the precious treasures of Abbotsford.

As for the well, we learn that it was shifted early in the nineteenth century from the left to the right bank of the burn, its present site, to suit the convenience of the Auchinleck farm. It appears, however, that the name "Wallace's Well" was not much in vogue in 1854, for about that time the late Hugh Macdonald, who seldom missed anything worthy of notice in his perambulations, never mentions a word about it in his very interesting "Ramble to Robroyston."

A very ancient draw-well, however, has lately been brought to light by the workmen engaged in dismantling the old mansion, and as it is located but a short distance south-east from the monument, we have little hesitation in accepting it as the veritable well that ministered to our hero's wants 602 years ago!