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FRED LOCKLEY
RARE WESTERN BOOKS
1243 East Stark St.
PORTLAND, ORE.

Morrell, Scotland - Hist.
G.D.

To my dear Brother, to put
him in mind of "Auld
Lang Syne" & Alick.

Bearsden
Feb 1896 }

(Maryhill!!
Thomson)

CF

MARYHILL FROM 1750 TILL 1894.

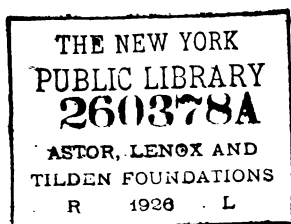
1.750-1894.

"Aye free aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something tae yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell tae ony."

Burns.

MDCCCXCV.

Q D W



PRINTED BY
KERR AND RICHARDSON, LIMITED,
GLASGOW.

260378A
1928

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Rocky 8 July 1926

SECTION I.

ORIGIN, PUBLIC WORKS AND INDUSTRIES.

1750-1850.

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."—*Gray*.

IN beginning to jot down the following notes on the origin, rise, and progress of Maryhill, with some stories and anecdotes of its public works and workmen, also sketches of a few of its more prominent inhabitants, institutions, societies, &c., in bygone days, I expected they would not exceed what could be read in a couple of hours or so. As I proceeded, the field opened up, and I soon found that they would extend to a much greater length than I had contemplated; for, while thinking over some of the incidents I was writing about, others, long forgotten, came crowding on my memory, and of course had also to be incorporated among the rest. I have throughout attempted, as far as possible, to avoid the difficulty of making any particular selection that might be interesting, amusing, or instructive to the general reader, and have preferred to write these reminiscences and folklore "free off hand" as if crackin' wi' a worthy crony.

I am afraid my production cannot justly be dignified by the name of a History or Lectures as some of my friends have been disposed to call them. I therefore rather name them as Random Notes and Rambling Recollections of Drydock, The Dock, or Kelvindock, all now known by the more modern name of Maryhill, from 1750 till 1894.

By all these names has the older-built portion of the Burgh been successively called for more than one hundred years. That gigantic undertaking, the Forth and Clyde Canal, was surveyed and planned in 1763 by the great civil engineer, John Smeaton, designer of the famous Eddystone Lighthouse. The construction of the Canal was commenced in 1768 at Grangemouth on the Forth,

under his superintendence. In 1773 the Canal was navigable from the Forth to Kirkintilloch; in 1775 it was extended to Stockingfield; and in 1777 the Glasgow branch was completed as far as Hamilton Hill. By this time the company's funds were all expended, and the completion of the undertaking for connecting the Forth with the Clyde seemed hopeless. But in 1784 the company obtained from the Government an advance of £50,000 out of the monies realised by the sale of the estates of the followers of Prince Charles Edward, which had been forfeited through their having taken part under that unfortunate and misguided Prince in the Rebellion of 1745. This sum enabled the company to proceed with the completion of the Canal. In 1786 operations were begun at Stockingfield to carry it through to the Clyde at Bowling. As Mr Smeaton's health had given way in 1783, Mr Robert Whitworth superintended the work until it was finished. Between locks No. 22 and No. 23 which forms the second basin, a small graving or dry dock was formed between it and what is now Kelvin Street, for the building and repairing of vessels. Mr Thomas Morrison was amongst the first to carry on this business at the graving dock; he was succeeded by his son John, and after some years by David Swan, Jun., & Co. For fully fifty years the Messrs Swan occupied it, and were succeeded by the present tenants, Messrs A. Marshall & Co. This graving or dry dock soon became well-known in the district, and the name by and by was used to designate the few houses which, at that time, skirted the Garscube Road at this part; thus was the name "Drydock" given, which it retained for a number of years. The Canal was completed between Grangemouth on the Forth and Bowling on the Clyde, and duly opened for traffic on 28th July, 1790; and on the parapet wall of the aqueduct, at the south-west end where the road turns down to Kelvindale, there are cut the words "Forth and Clyde Canal, 1790." The opening ceremony included the towing of a vessel from Grangemouth with a puncheon of water taken from the river Forth and emptying it into the river Clyde at Bowling, thus uniting the eastern and western shores of Scotland. When the aqueduct was erected, it was looked upon as a remarkable display of engineering skill. Denholm in his History of Glasgow (1804) describes it thus—"This magnificent "bridge ranks among the first works of art in this country. The "design and execution are equal to the grand idea of uniting the "German and Atlantic oceans. The fabric is connected with a "chain of mason work, consisting of locks, basins, dry dock, and

"road bridges, situated within a distance of half a mile and lying as if it were in a cluster, and exhibit a most interesting group of architecture. But, above all, the beautiful and romantic situation of the aqueduct carrying a great artificial river over a deep valley 400 feet in length, where square-rigged vessels are sometimes seen navigating at the height of 70 feet above the heads of spectators, affords such a striking instance of the power of human industry as pleases every spectator and gives it a pre-eminence over everything of a similar nature in the kingdom." The total cost of the bridge was £8,500. The old line of road from Glasgow passed along on the ground where the front part of the Castle Brewery stands (formerly the weaving factory of Robert Jeffrey & Sons), continuing on in front of the thatched row, the property of Mr Robert Perrat, then through what was the Kelvin Foundry, past the late John Young's thatched row, near where the Free Church and School now stand, running in rear of the late Mrs M'Luckie's property, the late Mrs Walker's, Burlington House, the late Provost Robertson's property, also the late William Peter's property (at that time the feu was held by the late John Mochrie, blacksmith), Andrew Paterson's property, then slanting down to and joining the Garscube Road near the top of Kelvin and Bridge Streets.

The making of the Canal caused the Garscube Road to be diverted, so that the Canal might cross it at a right angle; the practicability of a skew bridge not being then known, or at least not deemed safe. The carrying of the Canal across the new part of the road was accomplished by building what until very recently was familiar to all as the Pen Bridge. The Canal thus intersected the old Garscube Road close to the late John Young's thatched row, and from that point the road was then altered, so that after passing Perrat's Row and through what was the Kelvin Foundry, it turned down by what is now called Miller's Place (so named from the late James Miller, a famed ploughmaker, having his smithy and residence there) to where it joined the new part of the road near to, and passed through, the Pen Bridge; then along to the top of Kelvin Street, where it joined the old road and continued on to Garscube Bridge. But long before this part of the road was formed, the Glasgow road passed down what is now Bridge Street, across the Kelvin, at first by a ford, afterwards by the old bridge, and thence through Dawsholm Printfield to a part called the Leechfauld, and continued across what is now part of Garscube policies (at that time it was known as Craigmuir), and joined the continuation of the Crow Road from Partick,

near to the gamekeepers' or south lodge of Garscube, then up past the Home Farm to Cannisburn Toll, where the road divided—one branch going to Milngavie, Mugdock, Strathblane, &c., the other branch passing through what is now Bearsden to the Courthill or Hungryhill where the road again divided; one branch in ancient times passed over the hill, but afterwards round the base of it, and on through the Stockymuir to Drymen, &c.; the other branch of the road went west by Lawmuir and Hardgate to Dunbarton. There was another road from Glasgow: starting at the Cathedral it formed Dobbie's Loan, North Woodside Road, and about what is now Napiershall Street the road divided—one branch going southward by Woodside and Hillhead to the Castle of the Archbishop of Glasgow, the Bishop's Byres, and the Bishop's Mill at Partick. The other branch of the road passed to the north-west along by the Garrioch Mills, crossing the Kelvin by the ford at the Pear Tree Well, thence by Bellshaugh, where the road divided, one branch leading up by Balgray Hill past the Castle Farm to the Leechfauld, until it joined the other road from Glasgow by Dawsholm, thence to Cannisburn; the other branch at Bellshaugh led to the Balgray Paper and Snuff Mills (now Kelvindale), and proceeding along the west bank of the river Kelvin it joined the road at the old bridge, continuing on through Dawsholm Printfield by the road already described. These were the old roads before the construction of the Forth and Clyde Canal. There is little doubt these roads were familiar to Rob Roy M'Gregor in his comings and goings amongst the "Sassenachs" while conducting his very free-and-easy cattle trade. And there is every likelihood that it was by one or other of these picturesque roads his conscientious cousin, Nicol Jarvie, the Glasgow Bailie, paid his visit to the bold outlaw at Aberfoyle; and where he confessed that the reception he got "frae cuisen Helen (Rob's wife) was, to say the very least, on the north side o' frien'ly."

The new part of the Glasgow Road from a little south of Jeffrey's Factory (now the Castle Brewery) to the Pen Bridge was formed within the first ten years or so of the present century, and the old road by Perrat's Row and Miller's Place was closed.

I have mentioned how the name "Drydock" was given to the few houses built when the Canal was made. The name "The Dock" was but an abridgment of "Drydock." The name "Kelvindock" was adopted because the small graving or dry dock was situated near to the River Kelvin, and to distinguish it from such places known 60 years ago as Lancefield dock, Hunter & Dow's slip dock at Kel-

vinhaugh, and Barclay's slip dock, Finnieston, all on the Clyde. The sawmill and timber yard occupied and carried on till recently by David Swan, Jun., & Co. retained the name of the Kelvindock Saw Mills. And when the late Provost Robertson started the first omnibus to carry passengers to and from Glasgow (somewhere about 1842 or 1843), it was called the "Kelvindock Omnibus."

With regard to the name "Maryhill" which the Burgh now bears, I have heard some old residents, when the question was asked why it got that name, give the following reason, viz.,—That when the Church was built and completed in 1826 it was but a Chapel of Ease to the Barony Parish of Glasgow, and the name "Maryhill Church" was given to it in honour of a relation of the late Miss Lillas Graham of Gairbraid, the then superior of a considerable portion of the land on which the older part of the Burgh stands. This was the belief generally held by the inhabitants who were disposed to think anything about the name of the place, and I suppose is commonly accepted to this day as correct.

An old and much esteemed friend in Glasgow has kindly supplied me with the following excerpt from an old title which puts the real origin of the place being called Maryhill beyond question or doubt—

"Excerpt from the Feu Contract between Mary Hill with
 "consent of her husband, Robert Graham, of the first
 "part, and Robert Craig, Grocer, Maryhill, of the
 "second part, dated 21st July, 1793.

"The first party doth by these presents give and grant in feu form
 "and heritage perpetually lot and demitt to and in favour of the said
 "Robert Craig his heirs or assignees whomsoever heritably and irre-
 "deemably all and whole that piece of ground measuring 32 falls
 "and 6 yards or thereby as now laid off and marked out, being a lot
 "of that ground laid out for building a town upon, which is to
 "extend from Glasgow to Garscube Bridge conform to a plan thereof
 "and which it is hereby provided shall be in all times called the
 "town of Maryhill."

(The house built by Robert Craig is now 162 Main Street.)

I had the privilege of examining the original feu contract, of which the foregoing forms a portion. It is a venerable looking document, and signed by Mary Hill the proprietrix of Gairbraid in a bold clear hand, and also by her husband, Robert Graham, whose writing looks small and scratchy.

About 1878 I had a conversation with a gentleman, who told me

he was distantly related to the late John Young, who was proprietor of the thatched row of houses which stood on the line of the old road near to where the Free Church and Manse now stand. He said the original name of Young's property was "Maryhill," and was erected long before the Canal was made. This statement is confirmed by the "Excerpt" I have just given.

With regard to the industries of the locality, I would notice first—Dawsholm Printworks or Printfield, as such works were then called. It had been in operation for linen printing from 1750, or from shortly after the time when Bonnie Prince Charlie's hopes of regaining the throne and crown of his ancestors were extinguished for ever on the battlefield of Culloden. These works were built by Mr William Stirling, merchant, Glasgow, and carried on under the firm of William Stirling & Co. till about the year 1770 or 1771, when they left Dawsholm and started linen and calico printing at Cordale, Vale of Leven, under the firm of William Stirling & Sons, and still carry on business under the same name. The Stirlings were succeeded in Dawsholm by William Robb who carried on bleaching and calico printing also at Meadowside, Partick. He had also a small printwork on the lands of Gilmourhill, on the bank of the Kelvin, just below where the University now stands. It was he who built the row of houses in what is now Bridge Street, to accommodate his work-people, and which formed one of the earliest portions of Maryhill. This row went by the name of "Botany" since the beginning of this century; but the whole is now demolished as quite unfit for habitation. In rear of it and facing what is now Kelvin Street, there stood another row of dwelling-houses called the "Cages," but which were cleared away two or three years prior to 1850. In 1792 Mr Robb became unfortunate and his estates were sold. He was succeeded in Dawsholm by Richard Gillespie, a son of William Gillespie, who carried on calico printing in Anderston, and cotton spinning at South Woodside, some years prior to 1790. In 1808 or 1809 Richard Gillespie left Dawsholm, and went to Anderston to carry on the works built there by his father. These print works stood at the corner of what are now William Street and North Street, and were popularly known as "Gillespie's Field." The next tenant in Dawsholm was Walter Weir, who left Blane-field, Strathblane, and began calico printing in Dawsholm in 1809. Three or four years thereafter he was obliged to suspend payments, but getting a settlement with his creditors he assumed Mr Shortridge as a partner; the firm then

became George Yuille, Shortridge & Co. In 1815 the long protracted war with France closed at Waterloo, but trade was slow in recovering a healthy tone. By the year 1820 the firm became bankrupt, the works closed for a time, causing a very great deal of distress and poverty in Maryhill. Getting a settlement the firm resumed business, but by the end of 1821 or beginning of 1822 Mr Weir retired from the co-partnery and went to Milngavie, where he built the first part of the Allander Printworks.

Mr Shortridge carried on the business at Dawsholm till 1826, when he again failed. Getting a settlement, he assumed Mr Daniel Gilchrist, then his clerk, as partner, and resumed printing under the firm of Daniel Gilchrist & Co. This co-partnery existed till April, 1854, when Mr Shortridge died. The firm was then changed to Daniel Gilchrist. He died in April, 1859, and the business was then acquired by Mr Andrew Blair, who assumed Mr Hunter Finlay as partner, and began printing under the firm of Finlay & Blair, which was dissolved in 1866. Mr Blair retired, and Mr Finlay continued the business under the firm of Hunter Finlay & Co., afterwards changed to John Finlay & Co., which was the firm when the works and grounds were acquired in 1872 by the Corporation of Glasgow, and where they have since erected extensive gas-works. Thus the oldest printwork in Scotland was blotted out of the list of such industries. There was also a ford across the Kelvin somewhere about the foot of what is now Walker Street. And on the top of the rising ground to the north-west of the printfield, there stood a row of thatched houses, called by those who resided there forty years ago "Greenhead of Dawsholm," but which was better known for seventy years as "Skirl Bare." This name was given to the row by the late John Weir. It seems there had been a wedding in this thatch row one night, and so far as eatables and drinkables were provided, the feast was of the most humble and meagre kind. On the following day some of the work-people remarked to old John (or as he was more frequently and familiarly called by all, "Jack, the Boy")—"Weel, John, there would be a grand blow-out up by yestreen; lots o' ham skirlin' in the pan." "Aye," said John, "but it was a skirl bare waddin." The name stuck to the row till pulled down on making the branch railway to Partick and Stobcross. It was in this same row John Weir was born, and he used to tell that the young lass that was carrying him to the church (the Barony of Glasgow) to be baptised was crossing the Kelvin by the ford I have just mentioned and let

him fall into the water. He had to be taken home again, dry clothes put on, and to prevent any bad effects from the droukin' he got, they gave him some whiskey toddy. He always declared it was from this incident he had ever afterwards a decided liking for a few caukers daily. He learned the trade of print-cutting, but was fonder of working amongst machinery, gave up print-cutting and worked as a millwright, and a clever ingenious man he was, and an expert and handy tradesman. He died in his daughter's house at Maryhill, about 36 or 37 years ago, considerably over 80 years of age. I had a bit taste often with him during the last two or three years of his life, and heard him tell many stories of days long past.

During the time George Yuille, Shortridge & Co. carried on Dawsholm Printfield, and also after the firm was changed to Daniel Gilchrist & Co., a store was carried on inside the work until the passing of the Truck Act. Everything in the shape of clothing, food, and drink was sold to the workers. The rules and customs in printworks at that time were of the most oppressive and tyrannical kind, and had a most demoralizing tendency. The principle branches of calico printing were—1st, pattern designing, putting-on, sketchmaking; 2nd, print-cutting; 3rd, engraving; 4th, block-printing; and 5th, machine printing, confined principally to flat press printing, there being then little cylinder printing. A young man apprenticed to any of these branches had to pay a sum of money to the members of the particular branch of the business he intended learning in the work. This was technically called an entry. Seven and ten guineas were usually exacted, and in my father's case, who began his apprenticeship in Dawsholm as a pattern designer early in 1818, my grandfather had to pay some thirteen guineas. These heavy exactions so crippled families, hanging like a millstone about their necks, that it was sometimes years before they could get their heads above water. Had this money been put to any good or useful purpose, such as a sick fund, or to meet the entry of orphans into these trades, or any others, or a sum of money been given to the widows of members at death, there might have been some excuse for the uncompromising manner compliance with these payments was so rigidly insisted on; but it was mostly always spent in a guzzle with lots of drink, setting some of the more thirsty and thoughtless members on the spree (or the fuddle as it was generally called) for a day or two and even longer.

At that time all the apprentices were regularly indentured (my late

father's indentures is now in my possession). I have heard him frequently tell how that on one occasion a number of young apprentices had been entered to the block-printing, and there were nearly £80 to be spent. It all went in drink, some of the printers carrying home their share of whiskey, rum, &c., in stoups and cans. This style of things was simply disgraceful. Here were clear cases of "man's inhumanity to man." But the exactions did not stop with the paying of the entry-money; there were continual demands made for additional fees and all for one object—to be consumed in drink. If a block-printer, he had to pay a pint of whiskey when he printed his first handkerchief and grounded it; another for his first garment pieces; another for his first furniture piece; for his first shave; for his first long-tailed coat; and other reasons which must be nameless, and to think these demands were made by men (some of them married and even elderly men) on young lads was shocking in the extreme. But the worst of the matter was that the drinking of these pints, as they were called, was frequently carried on in the workshop. Here was an example and training that one can only characterise as most deplorable. A particular friend of mine, long resident in Maryhill, but who has passed away to the silent tomb within the last six years or so, learned in early life the trade of print-cutting at Dawsholm, told me that from first to last the dues he had to pay amounted to fully £19, and every penny of it was spent on whiskey and porter. The drink was always at hand—being sold at the store inside the works. In fact it became a regular institution with a number in the work to have their meridian regularly. My friend, the late Mr Andrew Blair, who learned the block-printing at Dawsholm, used to tell that he worked in those days in one of the printing shops called the "Kirk" because the most of the men working in it were old or in middle life, and some of them elders. Well, every day at 12 o'clock the biggest of the tear-boys was sent down to the store for a quantity of whiskey in a piggin; this was brought up to the printing shop, a quantity of sugar was put in and well stirred, then all the men gathered round the table on which stood the piggin of whiskey, and each got his bucket, "crackit a wee, an' awa' tae the wark again." These were sober, steady, exemplary men—according to their light and the customs of those days—but many of the young men acquired habits of drinking that ultimately ruined them. A story is told of a young man, a block-printer, coming home one night pretty tipsy. His father, a decent, sober-living man, vexed and angry to see his son in this state, began to scold and upbraid him for

his conduct. A daughter who was present and also sorry, but desiring peace and quietness, said, "Oh, faither, dinna flyte ony mair on him, see, he's sick like an' gaun tae spew." "Is he?" said the old man, "hang him, he likes it ower weel."

Another block-printer employed in Dawsholm in those days, and who then and for years afterwards gained much notoriety by what the Yankees would call his smartness, which was a tricky and unprincipled style of acting towards any with whom he might have any dealings, was Peter Malloch, more frequently called Pate Malloch. He got his provisions from old Robert M'Luckie, who kept a grocery and spirit shop—first at the corner of what is now Main Street and Kelvin Street (No. 18 Main Street), and latterly in that property in which Mr James Robertson now has a grocery and provision shop, No. 116 Main Street. At that time the workers were paid just once a month. Pate, wife, and family used to live as the saying is "at heck and manger," the first and second weeks after the pay-day; the third and fourth weeks the entries in Pate's pass-book for goods were considerably fewer and of much less value; the score off, as it was called, was generally on the Wednesday or Thursday before pay-day, which was on Saturday. On the score off nights Pate would pay old Robin a visit, call for a gill of whiskey, and produce his pass-book. With a few round oaths he would make complaint to Robin about the carelessness o' the wife in no lookin' after the weans. "See," he would say, "what a like book they've made o't—a wheen o' the leaves torn oot [of course the missing ones were those with the more numerous and heavy items], but I've been lookin' ower't," he would say, "an' I see for the last twa weeks we hae run so much," naming the sum, "an' I was just thinkin', Robin, the best way would be to double't an' that would mak up the month." As Robin kept no day book, but just entered the goods in the pass-book, he had no check, and would at once acquiesce in Pate's proposal, exclaiming "Gad, ye're an' honest [chiel, Malloch, we'll hae anither gill." Robin was a most indolent man, and when any of his customers entered his shop, be it old or young, if it was bread, butter, potatoes, and such goods asked for, he would tell them to help themselves, while he sat still in his chair in the back shop enjoying his pipe and remarking, as he often did, "they printers, confoond them, would eat the deevil, an' drink the nor' loch." On one occasion Malloch entered the shop—"Come awa ben, Peter," who, entering the back premises as desired, remarked to Robin, "Man, there's your cat eatin' yin o' the rolls o' butter." "Oh! the b—ch,"

he said, "wait till I get my pipe filled an' I'll cuff her lugs for her." I have been told that when he began business in Kelvindock he was worth some £1800, and in a very few years he had lost all—and no wonder!

But to return to Malloch, Mr Weir, Mr Shortridge's partner at Dawsholm had two brothers, farmers. The one was tenant of Kayston, the other occupied Millochan. On one occasion there was to be a sale of fat cattle at Millochan, about Martinmas time of the year, a number of the workmen in the printfield attended the sale, and two or three would club together and buy a mart as it was called. At this sale, Pate Malloch and another block-printer, a very decent man named John Farquhar, bought a stot, "a guid yin," and at the close of the sale, the auctioneer intimated that purchasers might if they choose allow the animal they had bought to graze for a month longer without any charge being made. The cattle were to be paid for not the first pay-day but the succeeding one. There had been a stiff dram gaun at the sale, for the jar circulated freely, and on the way home to the "Dock" old Farquhar observed to Malloch, "Od man, Peter, that's a grand offer they hae gien us wi' these stots, an' my opinion is that we should jist let our ane gang the hale month langer, it'll improve wonnerfu'—an firm the fat o't. What dae ye think?" "Aweel, John, it may be a' true what you say, an' I've nae objections that you let your hauf gang the month langer on the grass, but I intend to hae my hauf hame the day after the morn, an' maist o't sauted in the barrel." What could John do, but bow to Pate's decision. It was then fill and fetch mair with Peter for a few weeks, and whoever brought a bottle of whiskey to his house got a grand fry off the stot. He then thought he would move to fresh fields and pastures new, and bestow his questionable patronage on merchants and grocers in the new locality of his selection, and so he bade adieu to Dawsholm. His innate modesty and retiring nature prevented him from squaring up for the hauf of the stot.

On one occasion Pate was on the tramp from Kilmarnock with another block-printer. The day was bright and warm, the road rather dusty, Pate and his chum pretty thirsty, in short awfu' muckle in need o' a cawker o' Ferintosh. But neither of them happened to be in possession of a single specimen of the current coin of the realm, not even one of the smallest in circulation. They were approaching a part where a few houses skirted the road, "This'll no dae," Pate remarked, "an' I'm determined to gang nae farther

than these hooses till I get a dram." "But hoo can ye get that?" his comrade observed. "We hae nae siller, and forby there's no a public hoose here." "Ye dae as I tell you. I'll tak a fit and fa', an' whan the folk comes out, ye maun say the only thing to bring me tae again is a wee draig o' speerits." So when they reached what seemed a geyan bien dwellin', doon fa's Pate to all appearance in a fit. Out rushed the people and gathered round the prostrate form of Pate. Oh! what's to be done, said some. Its awfu' said others. The chum answered that the only thing that would dae him ony guid, the doctor aye said, was jist a wee draig o' whiskey. One of the women ran to her house and returned immediately with a teacup nearly full of whiskey. Pate's head was gently raised and a little poured into his mouth, he swallowed it, the kind Samaritans encouraged by this, gave him a little more, which also disappeared down his throat, and so on till the whole of the whiskey was consumed. Pate then gradually opened his eyes, and looked up then to the richt and next to the left. Oh! dear, what's wrang, he said, and tried to get up which, with the assistance of the people he managed to do, and said he thocht he could gang on noo, and thanking and blessing them all for their kindness he moved away. His chum then tackled him for not sharing the cupful of whiskey with him. "I was needin't a'," said Pate, "tak a fit for yoursell an' I'll help you."

Another story is told of Pate. During the suspension of business at Dawsholm, or continued slackness in some other printwork where he was usually employed, he happened to be "idling" (or as the Yankees call it "loafing") near the jail at the foot of the Saltmarket. His pockets being in that state in which, as the saying is, "the deil micht dance a hornpipe in them an' no hurt his cloots against a single copper." An acquaintance, in exactly the same condition, put in an appearance, and there they crackit an' better crackit till at length Pate said, "you'll no ha'e gotten ony dinner?" "No," said the man. "If you like to come I'll ga'e you share o' mine," said Pate. The man, delighted at the invitation, started off with him. They entered Glasgow Green opposite the prison, and walked along toward Nelson's Monument, passed the Humane Society's building or Dead House as it was called. Marching through the Fleshers' Haugh they reached Allan's Pen and then Rutherglen Bridge. Turning sharply to the left, they were in Main Street, Bridgeton, proceeding along this they reached Barrowfield Toll. By this time the man was wondering at what part the kail, tauties, and beef were

to be produced; but Pate journeyed on along Canning Street, past Craignestock, along Great Hamilton Street, turning into London Street, proceeded along it to the Saltmarket, marched down that street to the spot from which they had started at the jail an hour and-a-half previous. Here Pate stopped, and looking his companion straight in the face, said, "Noo, that's my dinner; hoo do you like Chuckystane Soup?"

For many years he resided at Barrhead and became a crippled and decrepit old man from severe rheumatic attacks. He used to take his place at the gate of Fereneze Printworks (Messrs Thomas Boyd & Co.), and many of the workers in leaving the works on pay-night would pitch Pate a few coppers, and sometimes when two or three would be tossing him coppers at the same time, and he as deftly as he could be picking them up would remark, with all his old leering quaintness "ca' canny chaps, or as sure's death you'll hae me in for 'Income Tax.'" Within the last 25 or 30 years he has also passed to the land of forgetfulness.

Another employee at Dawsholm in those days that I have often heard spoken of was Mr William Lawson, pattern designer, a great reader and most intelligent man. When the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution was founded, Mr Lawson was one of its most enthusiastic supporters, and walked regularly from Maryhill to Glasgow to attend the lectures. He was subsequently made a life member and presented with a ticket admitting him to all lectures, &c. It was a niece of his, "Elizabeth Bogie," whose remains were the first to be interred in Maryhill Churchyard, and in the course of time old William was laid there also.

Another worker in Dawsholm in these old times used invariably to go to Mr Gilchrist's house (which was in the work), on the 1st April, and on Mr Gilchrist coming to the door to see him, the old man would earnestly enquire—"Was ye wantin' me, Maister Gilchrist?" leading the governor to infer that he had been made the victim of a gowk's errand. Daniel had a shrewd notion what the real state of the case was, and always closed the interview by calling the house-keeper, and telling her to give the old boy a dram, which was just what he had in view when he made the visit.

A number of other old worthies were about Dawsholm, such as the old gatekeeper, Philip Smith, or as he used to call himself when in a frolicking humour, "Teddy Folly from Youghal," the boy that loves pleasure in the middle of the road and both sides, d'ye see. Old Piper Ewart and his son Daniel, who had been a soldier (a seven

years' man) in the 79th Regiment, "The Cameron Highlanders. He was engaged at the battle of Waterloo, and came off without a scratch. There was also Allan M'Master, another old soldier, who served in the 92nd Regiment, "The Gordon Highlanders," and fought under its celebrated commander—Colonel Cameron of Fassefern—who was killed at the battle of Waterloo. William Stobbo, the carter; old William Blair, the huntsman; George Johnston, the night watchman, and a few more.

There was also a class of men employed in print-works in those days (that is prior to 1831)—I mean excise officers. The Government imposed a duty of $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. per square yard on all printed linen or calico, and not a piece (which were all of a uniform length of 25 yards) durst be printed without being previously stamped by the excise officers. The inducements to smuggling were pretty strong, and it was well-known at that time that large lots of goods were frequently marked by a counterfeit stamp, copied most minutely from the official stamp. Sometimes the real stamp was used, as when the officers (for there were always two of them) were induced to leave the stamp to be washed, instead of doing it themselves, or standing by till it was done, but who were generally hurried off to the master's or manager's to have breakfast (for it was generally morning when the stamping took place), and there, in addition to the usual items constituting a good breakfast, the whisky and brandy bottles were passed round pretty rapidly, which soon made them oblivious to their duties as Government officers. Thus serious irregularities were carried on in some of the print-works, and Dawsholm was, to say the least, in a doubtful position, seeing that two, if not three, excise officers were suspended from duty while stationed at the print-works, and ultimately their appointments cancelled by the Board of Excise. One at least of these broken officers (Mr Edgar) was employed at the works in taking charge of the starching and finishing of the goods at something less than £1 per week, which position he was kept in till he died.

About 1831, the duty on printed linens and calicoes of $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. per square yard was repealed. It had been a vexatious impost to the master printers, and seriously crippled and impeded them in carrying on their business. No matter when or how they got returns for their goods, the duty had to be paid to the collector at the excise office in Glasgow every six weeks. Bills or other negotiable paper was for no use here, as nothing would be taken but hard cash. The repeal of the duty gave a fresh impetus to calico printing, for

one of the steps towards free-trade had been conceded by the Government. But, very shortly after, fresh obstacles of a protectionist order were enacted by the working block-printers, who laid down a number of rules and regulations which they insisted on the masters agreeing to. Amongst them was a rule, that in all print works there should be three journeymen to one apprentice, and for any infringement of this rule the offending employer was to pay a fine to the block-printers' trade fund, and discharge the junior apprentices in excess of the proportion approved by the trade. The prices to be paid by the masters for printing shawls, handkerchiefs, dresses, garments, &c., &c., were all arranged and tabulated by the Workmen's Trade Committee in what was called the Statement, no matter what price the employers might be offered by the merchant according to the briskness or dullness of trade. The dissatisfaction engendered by this dictatorial system soon caused a breach between employer and employed, confidence in each other was shaken, and distrust and dislike soon became pronounced and open. A number of the masters refused to be tied down and dictated to by workmen manifesting such a spirit of arrogance and selfishness. The block-printers next resolved to force the refractory masters to accept their terms, and as a first step they arranged that in two printworks the men should cease work and come out on strike—the printers employed in the other printworks contributing so much per week towards the support of them and their families. (This was in 1833.) The two printfields thus selected, where the men were to cease work, were Kincaid, at Milton of Campsie, occupied by D. & H. Inglis, the other was Meadowside, Partick, then occupied by Sharp & Thomson (my late uncle and my late father). This plan if carried out meant simply ruin to both firms. The calico printing masters met and their tactics were soon announced. A number of them had indentured apprentices; these they could retain and compel to work, but all the others, journeymen and unbound apprentices, were dismissed. This was taking the bull by the horns and no mistake. The next step was to advertise for men—young or a little up in life—to come forward and be taught the block printing, and a great many responded to the employers' invitation. These were called "nobs"—a number of them having previously learned the hand-loom weaving, which by that time was, as the saying is, "considerably in the back hauf o' the day." Women and young girls were also employed and taught grounding as it is called. I think nowhere in broad Scotland was there such

bitterness and bad feeling displayed as at Dawsholm during the progress of the "Block-Printers' Strike."

The regular apprentice printers worked all manner of mischief, damaging lots of goods and *material*; in short, as the Yankees say, "*raising Cain all round*." One flat of the old printing shop was known as the "Gawky Shop," and here most of those turbulent spirits worked. In the shops where the nobs were employed the cases inside the tubs were cut, sieves torn or hidden, a shellful of colour dropped on some of the pieces they were printing or had just printed, and which involved the washing of it out, thereby losing the value of all the time they had spent on it; piggins of colour upset; blankets torn or cut; the hooks drawn out of the printing tables. And one day a great pile of blocks were built up in the sill of a window which faced towards the gate; on Mr Gilchrist entering the work in his gig, on his return in the afternoon from Glasgow, and driving up to his house the window was forced out, and blocks, window frame and glass, fell with a crash within a dozen yards of him. There was an investigation at once, but none of them knew anything about it, some adding that the blocks "*maun jist ha'e tumb'lt oot themsel's*." The molestation the "nobs" were subjected to increased, and some of the offenders were sent to prison. At length a number of soldiers had to be got from Glasgow Barracks and took up their quarters in Dawsholm Printworks. Sentries were placed at the gate and elsewhere, and for a time the food of the "nobs" was cooked inside the works.

This bitter strife at length culminated in *murder*. One evening in Botany—now Bridge Street—and nearly opposite Bridge Place, George Miller, a block-printer, was stabbed, it was alleged by a "nob" who rejoiced in the by-name of "Clay Davie." There were rather queer doings and sayings and recantations in the precognitions taken, they were supplemented, considered, altered, and thrown aside, and new enquiries and precognitions entered upon. Current gossip related (and I believe there was some truth in it) how certain parties used golden ointment for the palms of some witnesses' hands, which had a wonderful effect in blunting their memory and casting a thick haze over their recollection of the incidents attending the murder. The accused was accordingly discharged. George Miller was buried in Maryhill Church-yard, on the left hand side as you enter from the gate to the church door. A monument was erected over his remains—an "iron pillar with simple ornamental capital,"

—and a brass plate inserted near the base has the following inscription engraved on it—

TO THE MEMORY

OF

GEORGE MILLER,

who was mortally stabbed at the age of Nineteen, on the 24th February, 1834, by one of those put to the Calico Printing Trade for the purpose of destroying a Union of the regular workmen, formed to protect their wages.

[THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY HIS FELLOW-OPERATIVES.]

The block-printers struggled for a time against the masters, and spent whatever funds they had accumulated in connection with their trade. The print-cutters' society lent them some £400 to carry on the contest. All went, and the print-cutters never got a "rory back." The masters set themselves earnestly to work to develop machine printing, in which they were successful, and the cylinder gradually took the place of blocks and surfaces—and after a few years the original printers and the "nobs" began to hob-nob together, and by-and-by the dividing line was obliterated and their animosities forgotten. The price paid for most goods fell, and block-printing has gradually since then declined; there have been occasional gleams of sunshine for it, but only to be succeeded by greater depression, gloom, and poverty.

The old printing shop at Dawsholm was burned in January, 1841, and shortly after a large well-lighted and fitted printing shop of three stories was built of stone. It was the only building left standing for a few years and has been utilised by the Glasgow Corporation. But it like all the other buildings which once formed Dawsholm Print-works have been swept away. About the time this printing shop was erected, or shortly before it, there was introduced at Dawsholm printing by large blocks the entire width of the cloth at once; excellent work was done in this way, and for some years the printers and women grounders were kept very constantly employed at fair wages. Marriages occasionally took place between printers and grounders, the offspring being a pure thoroughbred "auld field" tearer—sharp, active, wide-awake, and "fly as a jailer"—considered about equal to the celebrated tearers raised and trained in other parts of Dumbar-tonshire. With regard to these little workers, every block-printer required one, and could not really go on with his work without a tearer. There is no doubt they were the hardest-worked employees

inside a print-field, and the worst paid. I have been connected with printworks one way and another, and going about them since I was a little boy, and I do not remember of the tearers ever being paid more or less than 2s. 6d. per week. The various services they had to render daily, and the physical strain they successfully and without a murmur endured, was really marvellous. It would be a puzzle to myself to enumerate the various labours they had to encounter from the time they would leave home in the morning, say at a quarter-past 5 o'clock, till they left the printing-shop near 7 o'clock in the evening. In general they soon became precocious, learned to play cards, and were up to "catch the ten," "all fours," and "birkie;" could play a game at draughts or dominoes, "rin the cutter" and successfully dodge the gate-keeper, foreman printer (or whip as he was called); and many of them soon became adepts in flippant chaff and banter as well as questionable slang. I remember on one occasion of a soiree being given at Dawsholm by the firm (F. & B.) to the workers. Mr M'Kinlay, the colourmaker, and I made arrangements for giving every one, old and young, a sandwich nearly two inches thick, besides tea-breads, fruit, and confections. On the conclusion of the tea and sandwich part of the performance, a goodly number of the tearers were seated close to the platform. I overheard them discussing the quality of the entertainment. One whom the printers called "Topsey," a lisping little girl, with luxuriant black hair, red cheeks, dark hazel eyes, and a vast amount of gab, in answer to some of the others, said—"My word, Mister Thamson kens what a 'soiree' should be. It's ta'en the runkles oot o' our bellies this nicht, ony way."

SECTION II.

PUBLIC WORKS AND INDUSTRIES.

1851-1894.

" Let not ambition mock their humble toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."—*Gray*.

IN 1851 the first great Exhibition was held in Hyde Park, London ; all the country was astir in consequence, and important results were anticipated from this "world's" show, as it was designated. 1852 and 1853 were years in which calico printing was considerably depressed. The styles principally produced at Dawsholm, or the "Auld-field," as it was called, were for the Indian markets ; such as Batavia, Sourabaya, and Samarang in the island of Java, Penang and Singapore, besides some classes of goods for Colombo in the island of Ceylon. These markets were not so much glutted, but there was great difficulty in getting anything like remunerative returns for goods consigned ; the natives as a rule being very poor. The consequence was that, at this time and for a year or two afterwards, the earnings of the block-printers did not average 10s. per week. When I entered the employment of Daniel Gilchrist & Co., Dawsholm, in January, 1854, Mr Gilchrist's brother, Mr David, was manager of the print-works. He was then in his prime, I think scarcely 50 years of age, thin, wiry, and active. A gentleman in the highest acceptation of that term. He took a deep interest in the welfare of all employed in the work, and in the education and training of the young in the village. Many an agreeable and pleasant chat we had ; and although we held opposite opinions on some things, that never for a moment marred our respect and esteem for each other. He was not only an active and faithful elder in the Parish Church, but an earnest and devoted worker in the Sabbath School and Parochial Society. He was very fond of music, was a good performer on the violin, and

possessed a splendid toned instrument. The winter of 1854-55 was pretty severe, and of course there was plenty of ice. A few of us in the printworks were fond enough of curling, but we had our respective duties to attend to and discharge during the day, so that all our games at curling took place at night, by the light of lanterns. Many a good game we had on the ice on Mr Perrat's quarry at Stockingfield. Mr David Gilchrist used to join in a game occasionally with us, and to make it a little more interesting we would play for a ton of coals, which was divided amongst the poor. I have known a boll of oatmeal played for sometimes instead of coals, and distributed in the same way. That same winter he gave two or three lectures in elementary chemistry and natural philosophy to the young, in the Parish School, which were largely attended by both old and young. I had great pleasure and instruction also in assisting him in preparing some of his experiments, in all of which he was successful. The expenses necessary in carrying these lectures through were paid out of his own pocket. I remember, about the month of March that same year (1855), when Collier Stewart, as he was called by all (although his real name was Alexander Kelso, Stewart being his stepfather's name), to gratify a feeling of revenge and pay off a grudge he entertained against old John Walsh, who was acting as watchman on a Sunday at a coal pit near to "Jean's Brig," as it was called—it spans the Canal near to where the lead and colour works of Messrs Alexander & Co. now stand, and on the road leading to the mansion house of Ruchill—Stewart attacked the old man with a miner's pick, and inflicted such wounds and injuries on his neck and head that he died the following morning. Stewart absconded and was not apprehended for a few weeks. Caught at length and lodged in prison, he was indicted for murder. A few years previously he had attended Mr David's class in the Sabbath School, and expressed to the prison authorities a wish to see Mr Gilchrist, who went and saw Stewart in the north prison on Monday morning, the day before the Glasgow Spring Circuit was opened. In the afternoon Mr David came into my room and sat down; he seemed rather sad and downcast; after chatting a little, he said, "Well, Mr Thomson," I have seen that unfortunate young man; what he said to me I will tell you all after his trial; and"—added with a sigh—"I spoke to him as to a dying man." The trial took place on the Wednesday; Stewart was found guilty and sentenced to be executed on the 23rd May, 1855. Mr David entered my room the next forenoon, saying he did not feel well. I advised him to take a sweat and some medicine. He

promised to do so, and then said, "So that young man is sentenced to die." I answered, so I saw from the newspapers. He was at that moment called for by some one, and no more was said. Next day when I saw him he said he felt a little better. I looked at him a moment and remarked that I did not like the appearance of his eyes, and thought he should be in bed. He was busy all that day, and also on Saturday, and we had no opportunity for a conversation. He entered my room for a minute or so on Saturday to pay me his annual subscription to the Horticultural Society, for which I was secretary and treasurer, passed out, and I never saw him again. He was laid down next day from typhus fever—the infection having been caught while visiting some families in his capacity of elder of their district. He lay a fortnight, and died on Sunday, the 20th May. Collier Stewart was executed on Wednesday morning, the 23rd, and all that was mortal of excellent Mr David Gilchrist was laid that same day in the narrow house appointed for all living. The secret of what passed between him and Stewart he was thus prevented from telling me. But my own opinion was that Stewart confessed his guilt to Mr Gilchrist.

My old friend, the late ex-Bailie M'Innes, of Shaw & M'Innes, Firhill Iron Works, was long colour-maker and assistant manager under Mr David Gilchrist, but had left and entered on another business before I went to Dawsholm. He was succeeded by one whom he had reared in the colour shop from a boy, I mean the late Mr William M'Kinlay—a sterling man, and one of my very intimate friends—of first-rate abilities, possessing a thorough knowledge of practical calico printing and chemistry as applied thereto. He rose to the first rank, and became manager of Foxhill Bank Printworks, near Accrington, and afterwards of the Seedly Printworks, near Pendleton, Manchester, where he died about 14 years ago in the prime of life—his early death deplored by a large circle of friends, and by all who knew the rare abilities he possessed. Poor William!

An aged worker in Dawsholm that I often had long conversations with, was Alexander Colter, who had been calenderman for 40 years—but no longer able for that duty, he worked in the white warehouse when I became acquainted with him. He came to Dawsholm when Mr Walter Weir became tenant, which I have said was about 1809. At that time there were so few houses in Drydock, as it was then called, that he could not get lodgings, but for some time made up his bed in the work with grey cloth and printers' blankets. Ultimately he got lodgings with Mrs Robert Craig—Jean Craig she was generally

called, and often Jean Bung. She kept a grocery and public-house in that building, now 162 Main Street, erected by her husband, Robert Craig (on the feu, an excerpt from which I have already given), while he was employed in Dawsholm Paper Work. It was this same Jean Craig who used to remark, "I won'er in a' the worl' hoo folk can tak suppers at nicht afore gaun tae their bed, it's a thing I never cou'd dae; a two-penny loaf, a piece cheese, an' a bottle o' porter does me weel eneuch for a bit bite at bedtime." Sandy Colter (for that was the familiar name he was called by all) was a native of Donegal in the North of Ireland, and in his younger days had been employed at the manufacturing of flax; but in the early part of the present century he left Ireland and was landed near Portpatrick. He used to tell me how he and a companion frequently saw the press-gang on the prowl looking out for likely individuals to man the warships of His Majesty George III., then fiercely engaged fighting the French Emperor, Napoleon I. He and his companion however escaped being captured. I have heard him tell it was while working in Glasgow, and shortly before he came to Dawsholm, that a determined fight took place between a band of smugglers and a party of excise officers, just where the branch toll-house now stands. The excise had got notice that a party of smugglers with a cargo of whiskey would likely make for Glasgow on a certain night. At that time a considerable quantity of whins and broom grew on the rising ground, long known as the sheep-mount, and what is now Agnes Street. Here the officers lay in wait for the contrabandists, and attacked them when they came forward. A determined fight ensued, and it was while an officer and a smuggler were struggling, that another exciseman treacherously stabbed the smuggler in the back or side. The poor fellow staggered across the road and expired. A small cairn of stones marked the spot where he died, and could be seen till within the last ten or twelve years, when the Canal Company put up a high fence enclosing that part of their property, so that the smuggler's cairn is no longer visible to the passer-by.

Sandy Colter was a most exemplary man in every respect. He walked, so long as he was able, to St. George's Church, Glasgow, of which he was a member. His dress—a neat blue jacket, most fashionably made, light vest, ruffled shirt, and rich silk neckerchief, blue trousers, close-fitting round the waist (for he never wore braces), a smart shining black hat on his head, a staff in his hand, and thus arrayed, he trudged on Sunday to Glasgow. He was most exact in all his arrangements, and fastidious in many things. I have

heard the late Mr David Manwell, the contractor, who for a time lodged along with him in Jean Craig's, declare, he had seen him use seven or eight razors before he got himself shaved. He was fond of snuff, and carried a box, but he would only use the most expensive snuffs—such as Lundyfoot Dutch, or French Carrot, and would buy them nowhere but in "Duncan's," Buchanan Street. Good old Sandy was upwards of ninety years when he died—something more than thirty years ago.

Another old man I became acquainted with in Dawsholm was Robert M'Innes (father of ex-Bailie M'Innes whom I have already mentioned). He had charge of the dye-stuffs and madder dye-house. There was not a day for three or four years but what he visited me in my room at the works, and we had ten or fifteen minutes crack; one of the most genial and cheerful men I have been acquainted with. I often used to say to him in joke, I believed his heart was born twenty years after his body. There was ever such a kindliness and happy humour beaming on his face; and many anecdotes and stories we used to tell each other. He has long since passed away, but I can recall his features and appearance still, and in my heart the memory of the good old man is cherished with respect and esteem.

Another elderly man, but of a different stamp from the last two, was Allan Douglas. He for a good many years drove Mr Gilchrist's dog-cart to Glasgow, acted as messenger when at the warehouse in town, and when Mr Gilchrist went out shooting, Allan accompanied him, carrying the bag. On one occasion he got into a terrible scrape. Mr Shortridge and Mr Gilchrist had got a day's shooting on an estate up at Monkland. Returning home with the dog-cart at night, Mr Gilchrist was driving, Mr Shortridge sitting beside him, and Allan behind with the dogs. I fancy Allan had polished off a few extra half-yins, and was not so sharp in looking after the two dogs as he should have been. The consequence was that when they reached Maryhill it was discovered that one of the dogs had fallen over the foot-board, and was hanging as dead's a herrin'. Gilchrist was so enraged at the loss of a good pointer dog, worth a good number of pounds, that he could scarcely restrain himself from taking personal satisfaction out of poor Allan.

He was pretty cute at times, and above all most anxious to maintain the good name of the firm. A notice was handed in at the warehouse in Glasgow, on a Saturday, that a bill for some £300 or so was lying in one of the banks and fell to be retired that day.

Mr Gilchrist and Mr Shortridge were both from home. Allan was in great distress about the bill. He, however, went to two or three merchant friends of the firm, and explained matters. He managed to raise as much money as would meet the bill, and one of the friends accompanied Allan to the bank, which closed at twelve o'clock on Saturday, and it was long past that time. They, however found the porter and gained admission, but no bill was there, nothing more could be done. It was impossible for the bank to protest the bill when they could not produce it. On Monday when Mr Gilchrist returned the matter was soon explained. He knew the bill reached maturity on Saturday; but, on Friday before setting out on his excursion, he called at the bank, paid the cash, and lifted the bill. Allan got a good-conduct stripe for his attention on this occasion. At the time I went to Dawsholm, Allan no longer drove the gig, but worked at one of the coppers in the dye-house. He was vain, jealous, and had a very fiery temper, the consequence was he was scarcely ever out of squabbles. And then he frequently indulged in strong water—"Lagga-Vouilin"—for instance, and down he would come to the work to tell Mr David Gilchrist, the manager, "He thoct some of the workers might be telling he was the waur o' drink, an' I've jist come doon" he would say, "to let you see." "Yes," Mr David would say, "that you are the worse of drink." On one occasion, to punish Allan a bit for appearing in the work in this state, Mr David sent him to the lime kiln to fill a barrow full of lime and wheel it across the lead to the colour shop. He got the barrow filled, and started to wheel it. There was only a single plank by which he could cross the lead, and he was far from being steady, so when half across, he, barrow and lime, all went splash into the water. Mr David and all the bleaching and dye-house workers were watching the performance; out they rushed and fished him out of the lead at the heck, considerably sobered by the cold water application. He was at one time jealous that the landlady with whom he lodged was stealing his sugar, tea, bread, butter, and whiskey too, when he had a drap in. He told me about it and said he would soon sort matters. In a day or two I saw him again, he told me he had put a stop to the stealing now. I asked how. He said he had taken a lot of his clothes out of a chest and had put the tea, sugar, butter, etc., all into the chest, locked it, and hung the key behind the window shutter. He had never for a moment reflected that the landlady could get the key and open the chest if so disposed. I mentioned this to him, but instead of

acknowledging his own stupidity, he anathematized the poor landlady, who, I verily believe, was a decent honest person. Poor Allan showed symptoms of softening of the brain towards the close of his days, and died about the end of 1858.

A well known blockprinter who had been about Dawsholm from boyhood was Jack Logue, an impulsive, half-shy, happy-go-lucky mortal. His hair was black and curly, and he generally wore it pretty long, but on one occasion thinking it rather too long he resolved to have it made a very little shorter. A shopmate named Dan Noon, who frequently acted as barber in the printing shop, agreed to cut Jack's hair; down he sat with a grey piece about his shoulders and Dan commenced. It was not long till one side of Jack's head was as bare as scissors and comb would make it; the other half had not been touched, when Noon suddenly dropped the scissors and comb, saying "O, hang't, there's the maister." Jack crept in below one of the printing tables to avoid being seen, while Dan bolted off and down stairs. It was a false alarm, the affair had been planned. This Jack soon knew by the shouts of laughter at his comical appearance. Enraged at the trick, he also rushed down the stair, and made for Mr Gilchrist's house, he pled hard with Jenny M'Arthur, the housekeeper, to lend him the maister's gun, which if Jack had got there would doubtless have been a barbarous end to Dan Noon.

One night Jack was nearly frightened out of his wits. He was sitting at his kitchen fire enjoying a smoke, when suddenly a yirrin', spittin', and jumpin' commenced ben the room; his een stood in his head. The wife opened the door a wee bit to see what was wrang, but the jumpin', growling and clattering went on. Jack keekit ower the wife's head, "It's Auld Nick, Leezy, close the door." Off he ran for a neighbour, a shopmate, who followed Jack into the house, and having got a couple of candles lighted, they opened the door of the room, and the state of matters was soon made clear. Jack had been out fishing in the canal for pike, and had baited the hook with a piece of herring, but not catching anything, he on going home put the fishing rod in a corner of the room. This same neighbour's cat having slipped in, commenced to eat the herring and got the hook fixed in its mouth, and it was in trying to get clear of the hook poor baudrons made the spitting and caterwauling which made Jack think it was Auld Nick in the room.

I have heard Jack tell in his startled and weird-like way, how at the holidays one new-year, there had been what most will consider

a cruel sort of sport set a-going by some parties in a field across the Canal, and just below where Collina Cottage now stands. This was tying a game-cock by the leg to a peg knocked into the ground, and on payment of a small sum any one got a shot at the unfortunate rooster at a certain number of yards distance. At the close of the proceedings in the evening, a few roosters having been knocked over Jack was presented with two of them to take home, which he did. There had been a good drop of "Tam-Bowie" gaun, and Jack was pretty tightly screwed. When he got home he found that one of the game-cocks had evidently been shot dead, the other shewed some little life but had been severely wounded by the shot. Jack thought it better to put it out of pain, and proceeded to draw its neck and pluck the feathers off, but getting, as he himself phrased it, "geyan smeekit," he pitched both birds in below the bed, and scrambled into it himself. Next morning he awakened pretty dry, and tryin' to mind whether there was a "healer" in the house or no, he heard a sort o' fisslin on the floor. "What's that, Leezy?" he says to the wife. She, only partly awake, answered, "What div I ken." The noise continuing, Jack got up on his elbow and looked out of the bed. He declared to me, "So help me if the twa game yins wisna sparrin' and tryin' to dig the spurs into yin anither." This was after being shot, their necks drawn, and partly pookit.

Poor Jack, often loose and inconsiderate enough in speech, had a charitable and kindly heart, and I knew of some of his kind and good-hearted acts. In his last illness, when on his death-bed, he expressed a strong wish to be buried in front of the Parish Church, as his old shopmates going past the church gate in their evening walks, might stand and look in at his grave, and have a few words to say about him. His wish was carried out and he lies on your right in passing from the gate to the church door, and nearly in a line with the Blockprinters' Monument, erected over the remains of George Miller.

Another employee that had been in Dawsholm from boyhood, and who, when I went there, was one of the print-cutters. He acted as mender or repairer of blocks, pumiced and faced them, pitched and squared all new ones, and tried them to see they fitted properly. In his sphere he was a most useful man, careful and accurate. Many, many old stories did I hear from John Campbell, for he was of a cheerful, jocular disposition. In his capacity of repairer of the blocks, he, of course, was constantly brought in contact with the tear-boys and girls, and there they would take their stand at his

side waiting their turn. At his left elbow there was a vice fixed to the bench, and the tearer for whom he at the moment happened to be working would chat and gossip away to him, and all the time keep turning the vice handle, opening and closing it. The bolt was not very long, and two or three turns sufficed to take it out of the socket. Whenever this occurred they endeavoured to return it to its proper place, but getting agitated at the mischief they fancied they had done, would almost invariably turn it to the left instead of the right. John, of course, had his eye on the delinquent at once, and taking the handle and bolt, on which were two iron rings or washers, from the boy or girl as the case might be, he would exclaim, "Bless me! What's this you've dune?" At the same time pitching the bolt on the stone floor beside the stove, the rings flying off and trundling across the shop. He would then catch the front part of the vice, throw it down at a right angle to the part fixed on the bench, exclaiming, "Look at this noo, did you ever see sic a smash as this? You surely didna intend to break it? What wages hae ye?" "Eh! Half-a-crown a week. It'll tak a lang time to pay the damage at that figure." He would then add, "Whisht! dinna greet, I'm sure you couldna help it, but it'll tak a heep o' siller to mend it. It'll need to be sent into Glasgow to the Mechanics' Institution." If I happened to be in the cutting shop at the time taking my walk round to see how the men were getting on with their work, he would appeal to me to allow it to be paid for by instalments, all the time stroking and patting the little one's head, who almost invariably broke down and would sob and cry, which was all John wanted. He would then lift up the front part of the vice and examine the spring, remarking to the tearer that he "thocht he could mend that part wi' some chewed bread." He would then put the rings or washers on the bolt, enter it into the socket and screw the vice close up, declaring that it was better and stronger than it had been before, and finish by asking them how they had managed it so well. Many a temporary sore heart did John cause, and I am certain both men and women are living at this moment in Maryhill who have broken John's vice "an' had a guid greet ower the disaster."

There is a one-storey house, slate roof, with its back to Main Street, and just opposite the old Burgh Buildings, it is the property of the Canal Company. In old times this was a public house, a most important one, and occupied for many years by Mr Thomas Morrison. He was succeeded by Mr Moncur, who was tenant for some years.

Many cosy little dinner and supper parties were held here, and as there was no stint or restriction in those days as to time, the social gatherings never broke up till an early hour. In fact the "Cock micht craw, the hens an' a'," but they "wouldn't go home till morn-ing, till daylight did appear." And when that period did arrive, the host was often met by the modest request—

"Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl
Until it does run over ;
Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl
Until it does run over,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be—
To-morrow we'll be sober.

"Weel ! I would say maybe aye an' maybe no ! Just whiles."

"He who sits and shares the bowl,
And drinks till he gets mellow ;
He who sits and shares the bowl,
And drinks till he gets mellow—
He lives as he ought to do,
He lives as he ought to do,
He lives as he ought to do—
And dies a merry fellow."

"Weel ! I dinna believe ae word o't. I'm geyan sure it's no true."

There was a special condition on which the Canal Company let the premises. The tenant was bound to open at all times during the night to supply haulers or others employed on the Canal with whatever refreshment might be wanted. Of course there was no "Forbes M'Kenzie Act" in force in those days. John Campbell used to tell how one night he and a few of the young fellows employed at Daws-holm were out spreeing a bit. They wanted to get some more whiskey ere going home, but the shops were all closed, and none of the publicans would open to give them any. By this time it might be one o'clock in the morning and they were determined not to be beat. The father of one of the young fellows owned an auld mare ca'd "Nanny;" they went to the stable, opened the door, and taking out the mare proceeded to this public house, and leading it to the front gave it a bit prog in the ribs and kittled it in the flank causing it to throw up its feet and make a clatter on the causeway. They rapped at the door, which was opened at once, and getting a bottle of whiskey away they went. Being afraid to take the auld mare back to the stable again for fear of being heard, they led it to a small field

where the infant school now stands and coupit it ower the dyke into the field, and set off and finished the bottle of whiskey. This young fellow who had been leader in taking his father's mare out of the stable was an apprentice at the print-cutting in Dawsholm. Entering the cutting shop one morning bustling and rather excited, John asked what was up. "Aw, no muckle," he said, "but I've cast'en out wi' my faither an' flitted a' I aucht wi' me." The flittin' consisted of a three-pint can, a bitch and nine pups.

John used also to tell how "Lulty Crawford, an apprentice block-printer, slipped into Baker Walker's shop on the new-year week to chizzel a currant bun. He succeeded, as he thought, but on examining the booty along with two or three chums, it turned out to their great disgust to be, not a currant bun, but the baker's family bible."

Some of the workers in the printfield who might be suffering from toothache, and the tooth perhaps a little loose, used to get John to pull it out for them. His only instrument was a pair of good-sized flat plyers, which he used for setting pitch pins; a deal coarser it was than a dentist with a pair of neat fitting forceps would have performed the operation. On one occasion a block-printer showed him a tooth that was annoying him very much and wished it taken out. It was in the upper jaw and pretty far back in the mouth; John said he could not get a proper hold of it with his plyers, but thought he might try and take it out by tying a strong bit of small twine round it, which was done. He then put the two ends of the string into the vice, the patient bending down pretty close; the vice was screwed up tight, then John, who had previously unknown to the sufferer made an additional preparation, turned to the stove and drew out the poker red hot, and bringing it suddenly to within an inch of the man's nose, he instantly jerked back his head to avoid being burned, and left twine and tooth hanging in the vice.

But John, with his quaint stories, anecdotes and jokes, about Dawsholm, Kelvindock, and Maryhill, in old times, has gone over to the great majority, and his remains lie in Maryhill churchyard near those of many former friends and acquaintances with whom he associated.

Dawsholm Paper Work was started as such by William Macarthur in 1790. Previous to this it had been a meal mill. Within the first decade of this century he was succeeded by his son James, and the works were continued under the firm of James Macarthur & Co. till about 1878, when they were acquired by John Craig & Sons, who carried them on till 1889, when Messrs Craig sold them to Messrs

Jebb & Sons by whom they are now carried on. It is entirely machine-made paper which is now and for many years has been produced; but for more than 50 years after the works were first started, it was wholly hand-made paper which was manufactured. The late Hugh Niven, senior, came to work in it in 1802, and was employed there for more than 70 years, an amiable, kindly old man, with whom I had often pleasant cracks about old times. He died at Dawsholm in 1874, nearly 90 years of age. His son Hugh was many years manager of the paper works; he also has passed away.

There was a snuff mill adjoining the paper works. A family named Paterson carried on this manufacture, but no snuff has been made there during the past 50 years. Till about 1830 the public road coming past the Castle farm turned down the brae in front of this old snuff mill and passed straight through the paper works, turned to the right along the bridge spanning the Kelvin, then to the left and went nearly straight up through where is now a plantain of trees enclosed by a wall, and joined the Garscube Road near to where the East Lodge of Garscube now stands. The upper flat of what has long been the "Salle" or parcelling room of the paper works, close to the bridge, was occupied as a dwelling-house for a number of years. So scarce were houses in Maryhill when the late Rev. Mr Wilson became minister of Maryhill Church in 1826, that he lodged in this dwelling for some time. In front of the bridge an immense mass of freestone rock rises to the height of some 60 feet above the level of the river, and extends along its margin from north to south about from 400 to 500 feet, a narrow cart road running between it and the river leading to Belgreen. What miners call an "In-gaun-ee" working for coal was made in olden times in the lower part of it; the opening still exists, but where the coal workings were now forms a subterranean reservoir, and iron pipes are laid to draw off the water for use in the paperworks. This large formation of rock is known as the "Bel-Craig." The upper surface is nearly all covered with soil, and a large number of trees grew on it 40 years ago, but nearly all have now disappeared. A son of the Emerald Isle, employed in the paperworks some 20 years ago, and who had been for a short time in America, was one meal-hour enjoying a smoke with two or three more of the workmen, and telling some of the wonderful things he had seen in that country. He said the elephants there were by far the largest in the whole world. "Oh! bedad, it would about take the breath out of yez to see the monstrous size of them iliphants." One of the workman, a bit of a wag, who was listening to

the wonderful statements, remarked, "I suppose one of these elephants would be as big as the Bel-Craig." The Hibernian's eyes kindled up as he roared out "Bel-H—, sure it wouldn't make a nose for one of them." This is about on a par with the statement of a worker in another establishment, who had also been in America, and who declared that in the work where he was employed a number of lions were kept as watch-dogs. There was also a paper work and snuff mill at the Balgray; it was entirely hand-made paper which was manufactured. These works were acquired about 50 years ago by Edward Collins & Sons, who have from time to time largely extended them and changed the name to Kelvindale. They also carried on for a long time Dyewood Mills, for the chipping, grinding, and rasping of logwood, sapan, lima, and other woods, and making liquors from these. This part of their business they gave up some years ago, and, I believe, confine themselves wholly to the manufacture of paper. Fifty years ago there were some other industries in the neighbourhood in operation, viz :—Bleachworks. One at Bellgreen on the opposite bank of the Kelvin from Dawsholm paper works was carried on by a family of the name of Ure, but not for the past 40 years at least. The last of the family—Miss Ure—died in Helensburgh about 1888, aged 103.

Another bleachwork was "Bellshaugh," a little below Kelvindale. This work was occupied by the late John Perrat till 1830. He had purchased Stockingfield two years previously, and having built additions to it and fitted up machinery, he removed there as I have said in 1830. He was succeeded by his son Robert, who carried on the work till his death in 1889. It is now no longer a bleachwork. John Perrat was succeeded in Bellshaugh by a Mr Archibald, and shortly after he gave place to a Mr Mitchell, who likewise carried on business for only a short time, and by 1834 it was occupied by the late Mr James M'Connell, who carried on a very successful business, and left it somewhere about 1850, and removed to Hazleden in Mearns parish.

There was also a bleachwork at Kirklee, not one stone of which is standing. Seventy years ago bleaching was carried on in it by the late John Walker, sen., who bought Castlebank works at Partick, and removed there somewhere between 1826 and 1828. He was succeeded by a Mr Cameron, who occupied them for some years. The last tenants who carried on bleaching in it were Hugh & John M'Connell, who left it I think about 1856 or 1857, and went to Netherkirton. There was also a weaving factory carried on for

many years by Reid & Whiteman, at the foot of what is now Kelvin Street, behind that row of houses called "Botany," and adjoining another row of houses in Kelvin Street, long since removed, called "The Cages." At the upper end of Botany and The Cages was Tammy Whitelaw's house and garden, where Morrison Street is now made and Matthew Wingate's property stands. Behind Whitelaw's property there was a green, and the young fellows used to gather on it on Sundays, loll or tumble about, smoke, tell stories, and, if all be true, take a bit hand at the cards. This sluggard's rendezvous bore the name of "nae-place." This was years before a church was built. Another favourite howff for the young lads was the lime kiln, which stood in what is now Bridge Square, and adjoining the 4th basin on the Canal, next to Will Dawson's lock. His father was appointed to this lock when the Canal was opened 1790. Will succeeded him, and worked the lock till his death in 1862.

Where Robert Jeffrey & Sons built their large factory for weaving linen goods, but now occupied by the Messrs M'Lauchlin as the Castle Brewery, at Wyndford, there stood (but a bit further back from the road), many, many years ago, a small weaving factory carried on by the late Donald M'Donald, better known to many by the appellation of the "Turk." I cannot tell why he was so called, for he was a quiet inoffensive man, a wee lang-headed at making a bargain, and would either gi'e or tak' a tumbler o' toddy, and enjoy baith it an' a crack.

The late Mr John Barr, who was pattern designer with George Yuille, Shortridge & Co., at Dawsholm from 1821, built the first portion of the Maryhill printworks about 1830. He was a good designer, and the drawing of his patterns was remarkably neat and careful—in fact many of them were worthy of being framed. He was an upright and worthy man, and an elder, if I mistake not, of the first session of Maryhill Church. It was, I think, wholly block-printing he carried on; if there was any machine-printing it was by the flat-press used principally for handkerchiefs.

Shortly after he had begun business he was called on one day by a native of the Emerald Isle, resident in "Botany." He worked as a day labourer himself, but was desirous his son should learn a trade. He was not at all particular what the trade was—whether a print-cutter, block-printer, bleacher, or dyer. He applied to Mr Barr to accept his son as an apprentice to any of the trades I have just mentioned, and, by the way of inducing Mr Barr to view his application favourably, he told him his son "was a right good

boy, and would be a credit to the printwork. He could spar a *good* spar, was a rare boxer for his size, or take a han' at the cards, and was up to all the theatrical touches." Mr Barr gradually extended the works and carried them on for a few years, but was obliged ultimately to retire.

Messrs Reid & Whiteman then became possessors, and carried on the calico-printing for a number of years; still further extending the works by adding cylinder printing.

When Mr Whiteman retired about 1855, the firm became Reid & Ewing. This company added very considerably to the work, remodelling a number of the departments, and very largely increasing the production of printed goods. This firm gave up business, and the works were bought by Andrew Blair & Co., in 1866; they continued to carry them on till about 1875, when becoming by that time unremunerative, the whole of the machinery and utensils were sold and removed. It is now occupied by Messrs William Cumming & Co. as a manufactory for ironmoulders blacking.

The manager of the work while Reid & Whiteman were proprietors, was the late Mr Hugh Niven, a rough out-spoken mortal, "wi' a geyan ill-scrapit tongue." He was usually designated "Swearin'" Hugh, and frequently a more emphatic word was used. This was done to distinguish him from Mr Hugh Niven, Junr., who for a great many years was manager of Dawsholm paperworks. For all "Printfield" Hugh's rough rudeness, he had a warm, kind, and generous heart. He resided for a number of years near Old Kilpatrick, where he died about the year 1880. When the firm became Reid & Ewing, he was succeeded as manager by the late Mr Matthew Craig, an active, able man who thoroughly understood and carried on successfully, for his employers, the practical part of calico printing. I knew him well, and many a pleasant night we spent together. He died in 1859.

Mr John Martin, who succeeded Mr Craig as manager, had worked himself forward by his own industry and abilities. He left in 1867 to be manager of the extensive Alcantara Printworks, near Lisbon, Portugal, and continued to fill that important position for fully 20 years, when he retired from active duty.

Another industry, and a most important one, has been carried on in and around Maryhill, from the year 1790, and how long before then I cannot say. But from that time and for many years afterwards the Collieries on the Garbraid and Garscube Estates were

carried on by the late Andrew Walker, who resided in the closing years of last century and beginning of the present at Stockingfield, from which he removed when he had built the mansion house of Bonville, where he remained for a number of years, until evil days overtook the old man. He was possessed of considerable means, in fact comparatively wealthy, but having become surety for some parties to a very large amount, he lost all, and from affluence he was reduced to great poverty. He had a large family, and some of them struggled for a considerable time to carry on a colliery at Sandyflat. The coal was of the very best quality, but the pit was very wet, and the expense of pumping, &c., so great that it was simply ruinous to carry it on, and the affair was abandoned. Within the last 36 years the remains of the engine-house and a number of miners' houses, roofless, were to be seen at the Acre. Sixty years ago there were also some miners' houses standing between Sandyflat Road and Garscube Bridge, and in that field on the east side of Garscube Road as you approach the bridge there were at least two coal pits in operation. The openings to these shafts have long since been planked over, covered with soil, and laid down in grass.

A hundred and fifty yards or so on the south or Maryhill side of the road leading to the "Acre House," there is a magazine for holding broken whinstone, or road metal as it is called. Behind this is a portion of the Acre wood or plantain; the ground is a bit lower than Garscube Road, and I believe was even lower at one time than it is now. Seventy-five or seventy-six years ago it was rather marshy, and I have often heard my father tell of his having sometimes seen at this place the "*Ignis Fatuus*" (deceiving fire), a luminous appearance, or flame seen at night in moist or boggy places. It is caused by the liberation of phosphorous from decaying moist matter, and is commonly known in England as "Jack-o'-Lantern" or "Will-o'-the Wisp;" and in Scotland as "Spunkie." It is a sure indication of unhealthy exhalations arising from the spot about which it appears.

An industry was introduced into Maryhill about 55 or 56 years ago which has gradually extended and become the most important now I may say in the Burgh. I mean iron foundries. I think it was about the year 1838, I saw one evening what I thought a building on fire near Stockingfield. A cousin of mine and I had walked up from Partick (where I then resided) to Horselethill and Bellshaugh. Seeing the blazing house as we thought at Stockingfield, we walked up to the place and discovered that it was a foundry newly started. This work was Messrs Aitken & Allan's, a part of which is now

occupied by Clarkson & Beckett's Engineering Works, and another portion by Messrs Walls' Oil Works. Mr Aitken has long since passed away, and Mr Allan within the last thirteen years has also gone to his rest. But what an expansion of the iron trade has taken place in Maryhill since I saw that first blaze from the small cupola at Stockingfield 56 years ago.

At Netherton, a little west of Maryhill, there were erected in 1841 by the Messrs Barclay two large blast furnaces for smelting iron; at a cost of between thirty and forty thousand pounds. They were worked by this firm for a few years but they did not pay. They were next leased by the late Matthew Montgomerie of Kelvinside, and worked for some time, but he also lost money by the business, and the works were closed about the year 1857, Mr Montgomerie paying the rent till the expiry of his lease—it being a lighter burden to do so than go on manufacturing iron at the price then obtained in the market. I was told at the time that with the wages and other charges then paid, iron would require to fetch fully 50s. per ton before it could be made at a profit in these works, which were called the Garscube Iron Works. The reason why they could not compete successfully with similar works at Gartsherrie, Monkland, Wishaw, &c., was that at Netherton, and all around, there were abundant seams of rich ironstone and lime, but no coal suitable for the making of iron. The coal used in these works had to be brought from the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire by the Canal, which greatly increased the cost of production. There were, however, two or three coal pits worked at Netherton, of which my friend, the late John Davidson, was for a number of years manager. The extensive quarry of freestone was worked 60 years ago by the late William Peters, who was also tenant of Temple Farm. I have already mentioned the small graving or dry dock between the second basin on the Canal and Kelvin Street for the building and repairing of vessels. Some years prior to 1816, Mr Thomas Morrison (or as he was familiarly called "Tammy Morrison") was tenant of this dock and carpenters' yard and carried on the building and repairing of vessels. He was also tenant of the one-storey dwelling adjoining it, also the property of the Canal Co., where he resided and kept a public house. His wife took the principal share of the labour in superintending this part of their business, and a shrewd, active, industrious woman Mrs Morrison was. They had a considerable family, and after the old man's death, the ship carpenter's business was carried on by his eldest son, John, for some years. He had a son, who may be re-

membered by a number still, as Captain John Morrison of the ship "Grampian," and latterly of the ship "Cheviot;" he died in Calcutta I think fully 30 years ago. There were also three daughters, the eldest became the wife of ex-Provost Swan, the second was married to his brother, the late Mr William Swan, and the third is the wife of the Rev. David Imrie of Dunfermline.

I think it was about 1837 or 1838 that Mr David Swan succeeded Mr John Morrison in the ship-carpenter business, and in a few years he was joined by his brother, Mr William Swan. They extended their business by erecting a saw-mill about 1843 or 1844, which was carried on successfully for some years, but under serious disadvantages from the extreme smallness of the premises.

This want of accommodation for additional and more modern machinery to enable them to compete with other saw-mills which had been established made the business unremunerative, and the work was closed. Extensive saw-mills are now carried on by Daniel M'Farlane & Son on the lands of Ruchill. Nearly thirty years ago Messrs John and Robert Swan, brothers of David and William Swan, started iron-shipbuilding on the south side of the canal—nearly opposite the "Bull Inn." Here a number of vessels were built and launched in two and sometimes three sections, each of these had bulkheads, which permitted the floating of them through the locks and down the canal to Bowling, the stern part first and the bow portion last. (Some wag boasted that the longest vessels in *creation* were built here, the bow being in Maryhill and the stern in Bowling.) The sections were put upon the slip and drawn together, the riveting of them to each other proceeded with, and the vessel completed.

After a very few years the inconvenience and expense of carrying on shipbuilding in this style caused it to be given up, and all the machinery was taken away to Dumbarton and fitted up there. Industries of various kinds are now in operation in the houses and ground where the iron shipbuilding was carried on. The repairing of vessels still goes on at the graving-dock, but the most of these are built of iron. In old times, when the vessels were constructed of wood, a large number of carpenters were employed here, some of them swanky young fellows, and others regular blow-hard looking old *chips*. It was astonishing what neat, well-finished work some old boys could produce with nothing finer in the shape of tools than an adze and a jack-plane.

They had occasional balls and merry-makings, besides other social gatherings, which were always conducted in an orderly and

creditable manner. Plain and blunt of speech many of these old tarry-breeks were, and their better halves equally so.

A neighbour was one day extolling the virtue of cleanliness to one of these elderly matrons, and maintaining that every article of dress, was always improved and made better by washing. "Na! na! dinna tell *me* that," said the old dame. "See there's a drugget coat, I wore't for mair than three years, warm and comfortable it was; the langer I wore't, it got jist like a cauf's lug. A frien' perswadded me tae wash't, I did it, confoond her, but I'll never wash anither. Just leuk at it noo, its no worth a dawm!"

Engineering as a distinct business was first started by John Smith about 1859 in premises erected close by the "Smuggler's Cairn," now No. 16 Garbraid Street. Many other industries have been established since that date, including lead and colour works, flint-glass and bottle works, rubber works, chemical works, &c., &c., and also a number of additional foundries. But print-works, bleaching-works, and weaving factories, have all disappeared from Maryhill, and the workers once employed in them are fast passing away to the silent land.

SECTION III.

ESTABLISHED CHURCHES.

1824-1894.

"But deep this thought impressed my mind,
Through all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God."—*BURNS.*

IN old times, that is in the second decade of the present century, religious services were occasionally conducted in the Dry Dock Shed. The saw-pit beside the dock was covered over with planks. This was the minister's rostrum, and his audience were seated or stood under the tile-roofed building which still skirts this part of Main Street. An uncle of mine who has seen public worship conducted in this place now and again, in the years 1819 and 1820, always speaks of it to me as the "Maryhill Cathedral." I acknowledge the correctness of the title as regards its antiquity, and maintain that a "tile-roofed cathedral," with perhaps the mast of a "smack" or "gabbart" for a steeple, is better than no cathedral at all. At this period the village of Maryhill, or as it was then generally called "Kelvindock," was in the Barony Parish, which extended as far north as Garscube Bridge. The population had been steadily increasing, and numbered nearly 1000. Those belonging to the Established Church travelled regularly on Sabbath to the Barony Church, Glasgow, of which the Rev. Dr John Burns was minister; while some went to New Kilpatrick Parish Church, of which the Rev. Mr Sym was minister; and a few travelled to the Relief Church, Anderston, of which the Rev. Mr Stewart and the Rev. Gavin Struthers, helper and successor, were the ministers. To remedy this state of matters, and provide suitable church accommodation in the village, the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, on the 25th May, 1824, approved of the erection of a Chapel of Ease, and granted it a constitution. The district assigned to the Chapel was

about the following:—Starting at Garscube Bridge it proceeded up the centre of the Kelvin to where the burn flows into it nearly opposite Killermont House, which forms the boundary of Cadder Parish, continuing along the line of said Parish it enclosed the lands of Lambhill, Ruchill, and North Woodside, passing up the Kelvin to the point of departure at Garscube Bridge. From this time services were regularly conducted in the old School House on the west side of Garscube Road, now No. 285 Main Street. The chapel (or church) was erected by voluntary subscriptions, the site on which it stands being granted by Miss Lilius Graham, of Gairbraid, superior of the land. She and a relation, Miss Allan, who resided with her, took a keen and active interest in the building of the church, which was finished in 1826. The next step was the choosing of a minister. Three candidates were heard, from which number the seat-holders were to make their choice. These were Mr M'Naught, Mr Wilson, and Mr John Julius Wood, and for every five sittings one vote was allowed; two or more individuals holding that number of sittings in the same pew decided amongst themselves who should record the vote. I have heard, from those resident in the place at the time, that Mr M'Naught was the popular favourite, but Mr Wilson was the favourite of Miss Graham. And, in order to secure his election, she rented every unlet sitting in the church in the names of parties resident in Glasgow and other places, even in Edinburgh, swamping the resident seat-holders, and Mr Wilson was declared elected on 29th June, 1826. A gentleman, a native of Maryhill, and who had opportunities of acquiring some accurate information regarding the building of the church, stated in a public address he gave a few years ago—"That it is a little *curious* that in the proceedings before the Church Courts, and in the various documents "connected with the establishment of the chapel, the name Maryhill "never occurs. The General Assembly and Presbytery agreed to "the erection of a chapel at Kelvindock, and it is to Kelvindock "that a minister is called." This statement of facts is not only *curious* but rather astounding, because in an old feu contract I had the privilege of examining, and which was entered into more than thirty years before the church was proposed to be built, it is stated the feu was one according to a plan which had been in existence for a considerable time, and which was the plan for the building of a town between Glasgow and Garscube Bridge, to be in all time coming called Maryhill. The feu contract is signed by Mary Hill and her husband, Robert Graham, and was written by their daughter,

Lilias Graham, who at the time was above thirty years of age. She succeeded her mother as proprietrix of Gairbraid Estate, and granted the ground on which the church is erected. It is a mystery how she apparently silently acquiesces in the name Kelvindock being given to the Chapel of Ease, instead of her mother's name, Mary Hill, which it had long been stipulated was the name by which the place was to be known.

A considerable portion of ground surrounding the church was enclosed by a wall and set apart as a church-yard, the control and revenues from which were retained in the hands of the proprietor of Gairbraid. However, in the year 1860, the control and revenues were handed over to the minister and kirk-session of the Parish. The Rev. Robert M'Nair Wilson having been thus elected was ordained minister of the Chapel of Ease on 17th August, 1826. He was zealous and most attentive to all the duties of his office. The congregation soon increased, and by 1835 became so numerous that galleries were erected in the church, thereby increasing its capacity to 940 sittings. In 1836 Miss Graham, proprietrix of Gairbraid, died. She had always been a staunch supporter of the church, and had taken a deep interest in the welfare of the congregation. Shortly afterwards a chaste marble tablet was built into the inside wall of the church, I think on the south side, bearing the following inscription :

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
MISS LILIAS GRAHAM
OF GAIRBRAID,
WHO DIED 6TH DECEMBER, 1836,
AGED 74 YEARS.
ERECTED BY HER AFFECTIONATE FRIEND
ELIZABETH JANET ALLAN.

This memorial tablet is now in the Free Church. Why it was removed from the edifice with which Miss Graham was long and prominently identified, and by whose orders it was taken away, I cannot tell; this much I know, that Miss Graham had nothing earthly to do with the building to which it was removed, and in one of the walls of which it is now built.

The Rev. Mr Wilson continued in connection with the Established Church of Scotland till May, 1843, when he joined the ranks of the non-intrusion party as they were called, and assisted in forming the Free Church. He and his adherents, who formed the large majority

of the Congregation, continued to hold the church and conduct worship regularly therein—but in connection with the Free Church from 1843 till 1846 or 1847.

During those years the minority (not very numerous) who adhered to the Established Church either went to New Kilpatrick Parish Church—the Rev. Dr Sym; or to St. George's in the Fields—the Rev. Dr Napier was, I think, minister then. After a time those adherents met and resolved to rent the Oddfellows' Hall, and have public worship conducted regularly. This arrangement was carried out for some time—the Rev. Dr Black of the Barony taking a very active interest in the movement. At length through the energetic efforts of the late Mr David Gilchrist, Dawsholm, Mr Charles Collins, Kelvindale, Mr James Paxton, Mr John Moir, Mr David Bryan, and a few more staunch supporters and adherents of the Kirk of Scotland, steps were taken to claim the Maryhill Chapel of Ease and continue it in connection and communion with the Establishment. These gentlemen likewise offered to take the responsibility of all debt and obligations in regard to the building, for which the Rev. Mr Wilson, his session, and managers were liable, and for which (as they had entered another communion) they could not longer act in the interests of the Kirk of Scotland. There was considerable squabbling, bitterness, angry words, and threats by the majority in possession of the Chapel of Ease that they would sell it. Much uncharitableness of speech and a good deal of self-righteousness were exhibited, and I fear practised also by some, from whom something very different might have been expected. In short, humility and kindred graces were for a considerable time forgotten, and the glorious Sermon on the Mount seemed to be persistently ignored.

After a deal of wrangling, legal action was taken, and an interdict served on those retaining possession of the church, prohibiting them from continuing services in connection with the Free Church in a building within the jurisdiction and under the superintendence of the Kirk of Scotland. The church was accordingly closed, and if I mistake not, the doors were kept locked for some time. In the long run, however, the necessary arrangements were completed, all obstacles removed, and public worship resumed under the Presbytery of Glasgow. Immediately after this, steps were taken by the gentlemen I have already named, and a few others, to have a minister appointed. Towards the end of 1847 or beginning of 1848, the Rev. Robert Thomson Johnstone was ordained, and proved an able

popular, and enthusiastic minister. The congregation rapidly increased, and in 1850 the necessary steps were taken to have Maryhill erected into a Parish. The following extracts from the Decreet of Disjunction and Erection of the Parish of Maryhill may be interesting in shewing who were the active promoters of this very important movement, and what are the boundaries of the Parish. The advocate retained by the promoters was Mr John Inglis, afterwards Lord Glencouse and Lord Justice Clerk, and ultimately for many years Lord President of the Court of Session.

“At Edinburgh, the 10th day of July, 1850, anent the summons
“and action of Disjunction and Erection raised and pursued before
“the Lords of Council and Session Commissioners appointed for
“plantation of kirks and valuation of teinds at the instance of Robert
“Vallance Reid, Esq., Manufacturer in Glasgow; David Gilchrist,
“Esq., Calico Printer, Dawsholm; Charles Collins, Esq., Paper
“Manufacturer, Kelvindale; James Paxton, Esq., Maryhill; and
“James Lyon, Esq., Feuair, Maryhill, Managers of the Chapel of
“Ease, situated within the Barony Parish of Glasgow, commonly
“called Maryhill Church or Chapel, with consent and concurrence
“of the Presbytery of Glasgow, against the officers of State represent-
“ing the Crown as patron and titular of the Barony Parish, the kirk-
“session of the said Parish and the Moderator and remanent mem-
“bers of the Presbytery of Glasgow.

“The foresaid summons, minute for the pursuers, and defences for
“the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, &c., and writs produced
“being all at length read, heard, seen, and considered by the said
“Lords, and they therewith and with the whole steps and procedure
“being well and ripely advised, the Lords of Council and Session
“Commissioners foresaid, have separated and disjoined and hereby
“separate and disjoin from the Barony Parish of Glasgow the whole
“district comprehending the villages of Maryhill, Lambhill, part of
“Springburn, Keppochhill, Oakbank, Springbank, Cowlairs, and two
“rows of buildings in the lands of Burnbank, viz.:—Clarendon Place
“and Lansdowne Terrace, and other houses on the property of said
“lands, and the line of boundary of which is as follows—On the north-
“west beginning at the boundary of Barony Parish with New Kil-
“patrick at Garscube Bridge, following the Kelvin northwards to
“that point where the boundary of the Parish of Cadder and Barony
“begins, then pursuing that boundary north and north-east embrac-
“ing the estate of Lambhill, till it meets the great canal, when it

"runs along the canal, here forming the boundary of the Parishes of
 "Barony and Cadder, then leaving the canal at the drawbridge and
 "continuing to follow the boundary of the Parish of Cadder east-
 "ward till it reaches the Robroyston Road leading to Provan Mill,
 "then along the centre of the said Robroyston Road till it reaches
 "the Provan Mill Road ; then west along the centre of the Provan
 "Mill Road till it reaches the road east of Broomfield; then along
 "the centre of the said road east of Broomfield, north and west,
 "including Barmulloch, Ballornock, Cockmuir, Stobhill, Sighthill, and
 "Mosesfield, till it reaches the road that leads south to Springvale;
 "then south along the centre of the said road leading to Springvale, to
 "the point where the line which separates Royalty from Barony crosses
 "said road; then west and south along said road till opposite the foot-
 "path that leads to Flemington on Stirling Road; then east along the
 "centre of this footpath till it joins said Stirling Road; then south along
 "the centre of the said Stirling Road to the point where the said road
 "crosses Monkland Canal; then west along the said Canal to the aque-
 "duct, under which is the public road or highway to Possil; then south
 "from the Canal along the centre of the said road or highway till the
 "said highway joins the Garscubeat Round Toll on the Garscube Road,
 "then turning northwards and along the centre of the Garscube Road
 "including Oakbank and Springbank to the point where the Well
 "Road branches off from the said Garscube Road; then along the
 "centre of the Well Road till it joins the New (City) Road; then
 "along the centre of the New (City) Road in a southerly direction to
 "the southern point of Clarendon Place, where it meets the Great
 "Western Road; then along the centre of the Great Western Road
 "and embracing the lands of Burnbank and North Woodside till it
 "reaches a bridge which crosses the Kelvin, the boundary of Govan
 "and Barony Parishes, and then along the Kelvin northwards to the
 "Garscube Bridge the point where it began. And have erected and
 "hereby erect the said district above described into a separate and
 "distinct Parish to be called in all time coming the Parish of Mary-
 "hill. Reserving always the existing management of the poor and
 "poor's funds and the rights of the existing session-clerk of the said
 "Barony Parish, which notwithstanding this Disjunction and Erec-
 "shall continue as at present in virtue of the provision to that effect
 "contained in the Act 7th and 8th Victoria. And found and
 "declared and hereby find and declare the said Church at Maryhill
 "to be the Parish Church of the said Parish of Maryhill ; and have
 "decreed and ordained and hereby decree and ordain that the whole

"inhabitants of the said district of Maryhill now disjoined and
 "erected as aforesaid shall and may repair to the said church of
 "Maryhill as their proper Parish Church for the hearing of the Word
 "of God, receiving the sacraments, and partaking in all other public
 "acts of Divine worship, and shall and may subject themselves to
 "the minister of the said Church and Parish of Maryhill now erected
 "as aforesaid as proper parishioners thereof in all time coming; and
 "have declared and hereby declare the patronage of the said Parish
 "of Maryhill and the right of presentation to the Kirk thereof to be
 "vested in the Crown, the patron and titular of the said Barony
 "Parish; the patronage of the said Barony Parish being reserved
 "entire to the patron thereof, and have decerned and hereby decern
 "accordingly. . . Modify, decern, and ordain the constant stipend
 "and provision of the said Kirk and Parish of Maryhill to have been
 "for crop and year 1849, yearly and in time coming such a quantity
 "of victual half meal, half barley in imperial weight and measure as
 "shall be equal to twelve and a half chalders of the oats standard
 "weight and measure of Scotland, payable in money according to
 "the highest fiars prices of the county annually, and that for stipend
 "with ten pounds sterling for furnishing communion elements, and
 "decern and ordain the same to be yearly paid to the Rev. Robert
 "Thomson Johnstone, the present minister of the said Parish and
 "his successors in office, ministers serving the care of the said Kirk
 "and Parish of Maryhill by the titulars and tacksmen of the tiends,
 "heritors, and possessors of the lands and others intromitters with
 "the rents and tiends of the said Parish out of the first and readiest
 "of the tiends, parsonage, and vicarage of the same, beginning the
 "first payment thereof for the said crop and year 1849, between
 "Yule and Candlemas, after the separation of the crop from the
 "ground, or as soon thereafter as the fiars prices of the county are
 "struck, and so forth yearly and termly in all time coming."

Thus the Rev. Robert Thomson Johnstone became the first Parish
 Minister of Maryhill. A poem published in the *Scottish American
 Journal*, with the signature of the letter "S." and dated Wilkinson-
 ville, Massachusetts, May, 1878, describes Maryhill at the period to
 which I have just been referring. A copy of it was sent from America
 to a gentleman, a native of Maryhill, who was for some time one of
 the Commissioners of Police and a member of the Maryhill School
 Board. Having had it reprinted for distribution amongst his friends,
 he mentioned, in giving me a copy, that he could not make out who
 the party was who had written it. Sometime afterwards it occurred

to me that the author was Mr Phillip Smith, who I know emigrated to America considerably more than 39 years since. His father, John Smith, or as he was familiarly called "Jack Smith," I remember residing in Maryhill 39 years ago. His grandfather (old Phillip Smith, as I mentioned in the second section of these notes) was in old times long gate-keeper at Dawsholm Printworks.

LANG SYNE.

Sweet Maryhill, dear Maryhill, I lo'e your sun-lit braes,
Where aften times, lang syne, oor mithers bleached oor weel worn claes;
And in the gloamin's weird licht, I sadly sit and mourn,
When I think upo' the wee well, and Wyndford's singin' burn.

The infant schule, where first Miss Caird inspired my openin' mind,
Wi' rhymes and sangs, and lessons tae, of hands up and behind,
Is still as fresh within my soul as echoings of the horn
Of hunter blyth, 'mid heathery fells, upon a harvest morn.

The auld kirk wi' its sombre face, where saintly Wilson preached,
And fervid Johnstone in his prayers for sinners long beseeched,
And Robin Walker frae his desk, in voice of clearest tone,
On sacramental days oft sang his favourite "Orlinton."

And elders Moir and Gilchrist, wha aften at the plate
On Sabbath mornin's always stood, sae modest and sedate,
Are golden threads o' spanglin' licht that dazzle a' my een,
And make me wonder if I am upon this present scene.

Nae mair the cushie croodles sweet his cooin' amorous sang,
Nor tempts his mate to come wi' him the leafy boughs amang,
In Bellmadeery's oft trod woods, known to my school-boy days,
Where wi' my playmates picked ha'e I the hips, an' haws, an' slaes.

They tell me noo the iron horse speeds o'er the Kelvin's stream,
Breakin' the spell an' charm tae o' my loved poetic dream,
Exposin' tae the gaze o' a' the spots I held sae dear,
Where aft' I pu'ed the rowans red frae bushes broon an' sere.

In flush o' summer's golden prime I've sought for nests and bees,
And often sat for hours ensconced among the spreadin' trees,
On Bellcraig's tap, in Dawsholm's nooks, an' Garscube's woods sae fine,
But noo these joyous days are gane wi' auld lang syne.

But buried never can they be, while life and licht impart
Their rainbow tinges o'er the soul, and gowden joys the heart;
And as the runnel in the waste, that makes its echoes wide,
So they shall licht up memory's cell, and fairy-like abide.

S.

There were also erected between 1850 and 1852 a new Parish School (now the Parish Church School) and the Manse. In the

midst of his labours, I might almost say in the morning of them, the Rev. Mr Johnstone was seized with typhus fever, and died on the 21st October, 1853. He was held in the highest esteem by all who came in contact with him. Genial and big-hearted, with not a tinge of sectarianism or bigotry, and not a vestige of superciliousness or arrogance to mar his influence and usefulness in the Parish.

An ornamental memorial stone, with marble tablet, was built into the east wall of the church on the right of the pulpit, which bears the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
REV. ROBERT THOMSON JOHNSTONE,
MINISTER OF THIS PARISH,

*Who died on the 21st October, 1853, in the 34th year of his age, and
6th of his ministry, and whose remains are interred in his native
Parish of Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire.*

ERECTED BY

*His sorrowing congregation in testimony of his Christian virtues and
unwearied exertions in promoting their spiritual welfare.*

Her Majesty the Queen being Patron of the Parish, the congregation, shortly after Mr Johnstone's death, presented a memorial asking a leet of ministers or probationers to be appointed to conduct public worship, so that the members might be in a position to make choice of a successor. Viscount Palmerston was at that time Home Secretary, and I am not very sure if "Jaunty old Pam" even acknowledged receipt of the application. I rather think the first communication received from his Lordship was an intimation—"That Her Majesty had presented the Rev. John Colvin, then Minister in Berwick, to the Parish of Maryhill."

The rumour was current that the influence of the late Professor Robertson, of Edinburgh, secured the appointment. Mr Colvin entered on his duties about the beginning of February, 1854, and I remember being present (on the invitation of the late Mr David Gilchrist) at a congregational meeting that same month. A large platform was erected in the area of the church, on which were seated the new minister, kirk-session, managers, &c. In calling to mind that meeting, of all those who sat on the platform that evening not one connected with the kirk-session or managers are now living. The last of the office-bearers to pass away, some six or seven years ago, were the venerable Mr David Bryan and Mr John Russell,

registrar and session-clerk, and formerly parochial teacher. Mr Colvin began his work in the Parish by altering the names and rules of some of the auxiliary societies and associations in connection with the church, and which had for their aim the furthering of parochial work, and consolidating the influence and usefulness of the Kirk of Scotland throughout the Parish. These had been inaugurated and carried on by the Rev. Mr Johnstone with marked success. Although no formal objection was made by the office-bearers in the church, so far as I am aware, a good deal of dissatisfaction was felt by many in the congregation at these alterations. Some insinuated that the new minister was evidently more bent on identifying parochial work with his own name, and consigning their late revered minister's tested and approved plans to oblivion. This policy of Mr Colvin's soon caused a chilliness to pervade the congregation, which was gradually succeeded by coldness and apathy. The copestone was put on all this high-handed work by him and his session nominating a few of the church members to fill vacancies in the kirk-session. The names of the gentlemen having been formally read out to the congregation, and no objections being lodged, they were shortly thereafter ordained elders. I believe the minister and session had the power to proceed in this way, but prudence and a little quiet reflection might have suggested to them the propriety of allowing the members of the church to make choice of and nominate such office-bearers.

He was pleasant and agreeable enough in conversation, so long as you were on equal terms, but the moment an opportunity occurred for shewing his prerogative, you would speedily discover who was master, or at least desired to be.

His sermons and lectures were carefully prepared and written out, often elegant and superior as specimens of composition; but on the whole, more fitted for a class-room of students than a congregation of ordinary men and women desirous of having their aspirations, duties and obligations defined and illustrated in clear but plain language. He worked hard personally to forward the interests of the church and schools, but failed to enlist the earnest co-operation of the bulk of the congregation.

The church attendance was not increased in the slightest during the five years he was minister of the Parish; in fact, I am certain there was a considerable falling off.

About the month of March, 1859, he was presented to the Parish of Kirmabreck, in the Presbytery of Wigton and Synod of Galloway.

Rumour again said Professor Robertson was the moving and influential spirit in securing the Rev. Mr Colvin's promotion.

On the vacancy thus caused in the Parish being intimated to the "Crown Authorities," an application was forwarded to them asking for a leet of ministers or probationers to fill the pulpit on consecutive Sundays with a view to the congregation making a selection from said leet. This application was complied with, and the Honourable Spencer Walpole, who was at the time Home Secretary, sent a leet of four names. After hearing the different gentlemen conduct public worship on successive Sabbaths, the congregation made choice of the Rev. William Speirs Shanks to be minister of the Parish of Maryhill.

He was at that time a probationer, twenty-four years of age, and assistant to the Rev. Mr Steven, of Stewarton. He was ordained early in July, 1859, and was formally introduced to his charge on the first Sabbath thereafter by the Rev. Mr Steven, who preached in the forenoon. In the interval, I saw one of the office-bearers (a native of Ayrshire), who asked if I was pleased with the sermon. I said I was. "Man," he remarked, "That's a son o' the calf's." I looked at him enquiringly, and he added, "It was his father Robert Burns heard preach in Mauchline Kirk." Of course I remembered the story of Burns calling at Mr Gavin Hamilton's house on his way home from church, and Mr Hamilton asking the poet where the text was and what were the heads of the sermon. And Burns repeated the poem, as it now appears in his works, entitled "The Calf." The text is Malachi, fourth chapter, and second verse, last clause of the verse. The Rev. W. S. Shanks occupied the pulpit in the afternoon, and gave an eloquent and thoroughly practical discourse, without using notes or any writing whatever, nor did he ever in all the years of his ministry require the aid of notes in preaching. His kind, benevolent face, and bright expressive eyes, with the few elocutionary movements of the hands and arms, made his language all the more impressive, and secured the earnest attention of every listener. His illustrations, often homely, but all the more forcible on that very account, went straight to the hearts of his congregation, and were such that the dullest mind could appreciate and remember. He frequently enriched his discourses with apt quotations from [some of the better known poets, thereby fixing on the memory of his hearers more indelibly the particular point he at the moment was expounding. I have heard him frequently quote lines from various poems of Burns, Scott, Campbell, Byron, Moore,

&c., and the deep feeling and solemn pathos with which he would repeat

“This world is all a fleeting show,
For man’s illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful show,
There’s nothing true but Heaven,”

were such that the majority of those who have heard him will not, I am certain, readily forget. I remember of hearing him one day lecture on the Lord’s Prayer; on coming to the passage “Give us this day our daily bread,” he remarked, this embraces much more than the supplying of bread and other suitable sustenance for our bodies. It includes, he said, the prayer that our Heavenly Father would also supply us with the necessary health and appetite to relish and digest the food that through His goodness had been provided, so that our bodies might be nourished and strengthened. What, he asked, was the choicest food, the daintiest and most expensive articles of diet, to the person who had no appetite, no relish for any kind of food whatever, and who turned away from it with aversion? He then quoted the first two lines of Burns’ “Selkirk Grace,” remarking, yes, true it is, that—

“Some hae meat, and canna eat;
And some could eat, that want it.”

When Mr Shanks began his ministry, there were a few hundreds of pounds of debt hanging over the church, school, and manse. The congregation rapidly increased under his pastorate, and in a short time the debt was all cleared off; and by 1861 a few hundred pounds were expended in putting into the church a new dais, pulpit, stained glass window, etc., and thoroughly renovating the entire building. His genial, affable manner, and the kindly considerate way he treated all he came in contact with, procured for him a host of attached friends. In walking along the road if he chanced to meet some small boy or girl returning from a grocer’s shop with purchases they had been sent by their mothers to make; if they happened to have their hands inconveniently filled with sundry articles, and might be afraid of letting some of them fall, the minister would at once assist them, and carry a basket, a pound of butter, a jug or can of milk, and have a few bright words to say to them as they jogged along side by side. He was always a favourite with the young, and he delighted to be in their company and share their little joys and happiness. Such little ones as received the minister’s assistance

were rather more fortunate than the youngster sent to a shop for some article, and to bring also a jug of milk from the dairy. He loitered a bit by the way, and when he suddenly remembered that the "parritch would be gettin' cauld," and he late for school, started to run, fell, spilled the milk, and broke his mother's favourite jug; then what a crying and shedding of tears. A companion came forward, "What's wrang wi' yi, Geordie?" "Oh! I've skail'd a' the milk, an' broken the jug, an' my mither 'll gi'e me an awfu' lickin'." "Hae ye no a grannie at hame?" "No—what's a grannie?" "Man, it's an auld wife that sits in a big chair at the fireside, wi' her yae haun' grippin' the ither, an' twirlin' her thooms." "Hae ye a grannie, Willie?" "Aye! I hae a grannie, an' suppose I broke a' the jugs an' bowls my mither has, grannie widna let her meddle me. Geordie! get you a grannie." With which sage advice, Willie left him.

As an instance of Mr Shanks' genuine kindness of heart and good Samaritanism, I may mention the following, which occurred about a year-and-a-half after he became minister and settled in the manse. He was one night sitting alone in his study, either reading or writing, his sister, who was house-keeper, and the servant had retired to their bedrooms. When about a quarter to twelve o'clock he heard a slight rapping at the front door, he rose, went with a light and opened the door. There stood a well-dressed young man, a little shaky and unsteady on his limbs. "Well," said Mr Shanks, "what is the matter?" The young man gazed a moment, uttering "Whaur am I?" By this time the minister recognised him as an assistant to a shopkeeper in Maryhill, but who resided nearly a couple of miles north from the manse. Mr Shanks took his hand and led him into the house, he seemed more bewildered and drowsy than overcome by liquor. The minister removed his boots, necktie, and coat, made him lie down on a couch, and brought in blankets, happed him up comfortably, saying he would rouse him in sufficient time in the morning to go to the shop. By half-past six o'clock Mr Shanks awakened him; he was much agitated and ashamed when he saw who was standing beside him, and had no recollection whatever of being at the manse door or seeing the minister. He had been at some little social gathering with a few others of his own age, and whether some of them, by way of a practical joke, had slightly hoccussed his liquor, he did not know. He got dressed, the minister saying a few words of admonition and warning as to the companions he should associate with, rigidly avoiding all loose or dissolute young

men. Mr Shanks quietly opened the front door, assuring him he would not speak of the circumstances which brought him to the manse, getting a night's lodgings, and advised him also to be silent, and no one would know anything about it but themselves. I firmly believe the minister kept his word, and never spoke of the matter. But the young man failed to be equally reticent, he was much agitated and ashamed of the position in which he had placed himself, and told one or two about it. The story was soon known to a round dozen or so of individuals, but always told in a half confidential way, and certainly never became what is known as "causeway talk." He had a great aversion to all disparaging gossip and tale-bearing, and if he happened to be an unwilling listener to such garrulous chatterers, he silently consigned their utterances to oblivion, and never turned them over again. As an instance of his quiet way. It was about 1862, a neighbour and I were at a small party, and returning in the early morning at daybreak with our fiddles, and accompanied by four friends as a convoy, we were about to part at the top of Dawsholm Road, and some of them suggested we should play a tune. I demurred, but was overruled. At that time there was a magazine just below the manse, partly filled with broken road metal and a few cartloads of whinstone lying ready to be broken. Down we sat on the whinstone, my neighbour with the big "gaucy, sonsie, fiddle," and I with the "wee sinfu' ane." I dashed off with "Tullochgorum," and then "Loch Earn;" changed the key, and started "Miss Drummond of Perth," then the "Mullin Dhu," and finished up with "Hoolochan" at express speed, the four friends joining in a dance. We shook hands and parted, and my neighbour and I were in our own dwellings in less than five minutes. Two evenings after this I was at the railway station to see a friend off by a train, Mr Shanks came in with a friend also. When we had seen our friends off by the train, and he and I walking up the road, I remarked, smiling, it is said that confession is good for the soul. Yes, he observed. Then, I said, I may as well tell you a friend and I were serenading you the ither mornin'. Weel, he whispered with his kindly smile, I didna hear you, I wish I had, but I heard about it. Some busybody had told him, and he would have been as silent as the grave regarding the matter if I had not myself spoken about it.

In the month of October, 1859, the Maryhill Company of the Dumbartonshire Rifle Volunteers was formed, and Mr Shanks was unanimously elected Honorary Chaplain, which position he held till 5th March, 1886, when he resigned on account of the pressure of

other duties. After the completion of the barracks and the establishment of a military garrison at Maryhill, Mr Shanks was appointed by the War Office Garrison Chaplain to the Presbyterian troops stationed there from time to time.

He was fond of a good story, if a bit ludicrous or half comical so much the better. It was I think in the winter of 1861, a course of lectures were delivered in the Parish Church by different gentlemen in aid of the funds of the public library. One of the lecturers was the late Rev. Dr William Anderson, John Street U.P. Church, Glasgow. It was my duty to take the chair that evening. I was busy from 6.30 p.m. in the Industrial School (the use of which Mr Shanks had kindly given) drilling some volunteer recruits for our Maryhill Company. It was getting well on to 8 o'clock before I got them dismissed; there was no time for me to put off my uniform and assume ordinary clothing, so I walked to the church as the audience were assembling, and went round to the session-house where I found Mr Shanks, Dr Anderson, Mr Robert Renwick, and some other friends. When I entered, the conversation they were engaged in was about a number of the quaint sayings, &c., of the late Rev. Walter Dunlop of Dumfries, regarding whom the late Dean Ramsay gives a number of anecdotes. My entrance and introduction to the Rev. Dr. interrupted for a minute or two the story he was just beginning to tell. "Well," he said, "Mr Dunlop was walking along a road one day and met a man in charge of two horses rather restive, plunging and rearing. He had been trying his best to calm and pacify them, but not succeeding, and losing his temper just as the minister came forward, he gave the halters a violent tug and shake, shouting at the same time 'to h—— wi' ye.' The minister paused a moment, looked at the man, and passed on. About a quarter of a mile farther on the road he came up to two men in a hot quarrel, one said you may go to h——, the other retorted and so may you. Mr Dunlop stopped and looking at them said, 'Weel it's a great pity indeed.' The men paused in their quarrel, and looking at him, one said, 'What's a pity?' 'Oh,' said the minister, 'there was a man back the road a bit when I passed was sending twa horses there, and I was just thinking if ye had been a wee sooner you wad hae gotten a ride a' the road.'" There was a general laugh at the finish of the story, and the Rev. Dr laughed as hearty as if he had been a listener instead of the teller of the anecdote. By the time he had finished it was 8 o'clock, and I asked Mr Shanks if he would take the chair as I was in volunteer uniform; he said no, no, and Dr Anderson added—

certainly not; man, he said, I never had a chairman dressed in military garb in my life, and you'll just take the chair yourself. But, he added, and pointing to the sword hanging at my side, you can leave that in the session-house. I unbuckled my sword, and laying it on the table, led the way into the church, where the worthy Doctor gave, as he was well able to do, a thrilling lecture on "Patriotism."

Mr Shanks, as Parish Minister, officiated at a large proportion of the marriages which were celebrated in the place. On Glasgow Fair Friday and Hogmanay, marriages became epidemic. In a number of cases the parties would come to the manse at different hours, and the ceremony would be gone through with each successive couple; this no doubt was a little fatiguing, and was only a prelude to what had to follow in the evening. Carriages and cabs were driven to this place and that, the minister whirled from one dwelling to another as rapidly as he could go through the interesting ceremony. On one occasion, when he had a number of marriages to attend, just as he emerged from a dwelling, two men who were waiting for him on the pavement, apologised for the cab not being forward as ordered and promised. He stood a minute or so with them and then said, "Oh, I am not particular whether I drive or not." Then addressing the one who had been expressing his annoyance at the cab not being forward, he said, "I can walk to the place, it is not so far, and as I have still other two marriages to attend to-night, we will go at once, and your friend can wait here till the cab arrives and come on with it." "Ah!" said the friend, "I'll hae tae gang wi' you as weel as him, for it's me that's to be marri'd." I remember of Mr Shanks telling me that one hogmanay he had such a number of marriages on his list that by the time he had got through them all and returned to the manse it struck 12 o'clock as he reached the door, and added, with his bright smile, I was my own first-foot.

Three or four years after he became minister of the Parish he was waited on one evening in the manse by a young man employed in one of the public works. Dull a bit in intellect, with a rather defective way of expressing himself, in fact his language was more like a child learning to speak and put words together to form a sentence. Steady and well-behaved this young person was, and a friend who was engaged to be married had asked him to discharge the onerous duties of best-man on the occasion, and his visit to the minister was to bespeak his services at the marriage, which was to take place on Glasgow Fair Friday. Mr Shanks cheerfully agreed,

and entered the names, date, and the hour, in his diary, remarking now that is all right. The young man said "An' you wait an' tak' some supper wi' us." "Oh thank you," said the minister, "but I have a number of marriages that evening and will be unable to stay." "Ach! Shanks, you wait, man, an' get your supper, there's a 'oast o' beef, a 'oast o' mutton, an' lots o' champit tawties, you get a glorious fill up, ach! aye, you wait." At the appointed time Mr Shanks attended and discharged his duties as parish minister; but other engagements prevented him from sharing in the "glorious fill up," which the best-man had so temptingly detailed, and of which he earnestly desired the minister to be a partaker.

Mr Shanks had always a kind word and a cheerful welcome to offer every one who might call upon him for counsel and advice, or to bespeak his influence and support, no matter what their station in life might be. And he would always as readily, if asked, render a service to members or adherents of other denominations as he did to any of his own congregation. I have heard him say from the pulpit "What is a minister? It is simply another word for servant," and he shewed by his activity, faithfulness, and modest unassuming manner, how deeply he was impressed by the conviction that this was indeed the true relation in which a minister and his congregation should stand to each other. He moved amongst his parishioners like a courteous gentleman, which he certainly was, taking a genuine interest in their joys and griefs, prosperity and adversity; with a thorough absence of offensive prying and inquisitiveness—things he from the bottom of his heart rigidly detested.

He was no half-animated iceberg drifting about the Parish with a cold supercilious frown on his countenance, and a frigid condescension in speaking to any one, more especially if that one did not belong to his congregation, or pass them with a nod of arctic temperature. A pastor of this stamp, if by chance meeting one well-to-do wealthy, how rapidly the frozen countenance would become veneered with smiles and pleasantness, and what a cordial shake of the hand at parting. And yet, twenty yards further on, meet another in every way worthy as a man, but devoid of wealth or position; stop for a moment, extend two of his clerical fingers by way of hand-shaking, ask, all well? then a lofty chilling bow and pass on. Neither was he a vitalized stick or bit of carved ornamental timber, with deeply indented marks of self-sufficiency, conceit, and affectation, and exhibiting perhaps the most decided and glaring incompetency as to attainments, when in the pulpit; but ever shewing a keen and

earnest watchfulness to grasp, grip, "an' haud siccar," as much as possible for self.

Not a vestige of any of these disfiguring features could be detected by the most vigilant observer in Mr Shanks; the reception he accorded to each and all, shewed how brimful his big heart was filled with the truest charity, and his lips ready to utter in solid sincerity, the poet's words:—

"I would that all were friends on earth,
As angels are above;
That man to man would nobly prove
A friend, a brother's love;
That no mean boast of wealth or birth
'Twixt honest hearts should stand;
Then all alike would well deserve
The grasp of friendship's hand."

Mr Shanks had no sympathy with clergymen who looked upon a walk in the Sabbath evening as very reprehensible, if not in fact a sin. He was decidedly opposed to such a view of the matter, and I have heard him declare from the pulpit that it gave him the greatest pleasure to see a man with his family, taking a walk on the Sabbath evening, and he considered it highly commendable to be so engaged. He set the example himself, by taking a walk when his numerous duties gave him an opportunity. I remember when a young man, of staying for a few weeks now and again with a friend in a rural part of Stirlingshire. A minister in the neighbourhood, who Sabbath after Sabbath inveighed against what he called the flagrant desecration of the Sabbath, which in reality amounted to the taking a walk or quiet stroll. One Sabbath evening he was proceeding along a by-road, to discharge some duty pertaining to his office, when he came up to one of his congregation (an elderly woman), sitting reading, while her cow was feeding on the grass that skirted the roadside. "Well, Janet," he said, "I see you are very laudibly employed, while your cow is grazing; yes, you will see from that volume you are reading what trials He underwent for us, and what sorrows and sufferings He had to endure." "Aye, 'deed aye sir, it's extr'ordinar' hoo mony won'rful things he gaed through, an' hoo he swam the Water o' Forth wi' his swurd in his teeth." The minister stared, wheeled about, and marched off without uttering a word. He thought it was the New Testament the elderly dame was so earnestly reading, whereas it was the life of the great Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace.

In 1862 Mr Shanks married Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Mr Thomas Allan of Springbank Ironworks. The union was indeed a happy one, but unfortunately not of long duration. Mrs Shanks died in August, 1865, leaving two children by the marriage, a daughter and a son. Mr Shanks's sister then came to the manse to superintend the household, in which she was ably assisted by the attached and faithful Mary Bell, who had been in the service of Mr and Mrs Shanks for some time. On 21st July, 1875, death again entered the manse, and his daughter Jessie, aged 12, a bright, cheerful, kindly girl, died, leaving another gap in the affectionate and happy family. I often felt a little surprised when listening to him conducting public worship after the heavy bereavements and sorrows he had sustained. How calmly and earnestly his sermons were delivered, and his prayers engaged in without any hesitation from emotion, or any breaking down in the flow of his language. He had wonderful self-command in suppressing any outward sign of the deep sorrow with which his heart was filled. I think it was the second or third Sabbath after his daughter's death I called on him at the manse about 5 o'clock, thinking he would have dined by that time. An old friend well-known to both of us had died, and I wished the minister to go next day and break the intelligence to one very nearly related to the deceased. The servant shewed me into his study. Mr Shanks must have seen me from the dining room window coming up the avenue, for he entered the study in less than a minute, his cheeks wet and his eyes swimming in tears. I felt so distressed at seeing him in such deep sorrow, that I could scarcely move to take the hand he so frankly extended; and as he firmly grasped mine, he whispered with a faint smile, "We were haein' a wee bit greet about Jessie." I felt such emotion myself, that it was a minute or two before I could trust myself to speak. This incident revealed to me what a depth of tender feeling and intense affection he possessed, and the rare and extraordinary self-command he exhibited in his pulpit ministrations when the acutest sorrow pressed heavily on his heart.

When Mr Shanks was ordained Minister of the Parish, the schools were under the charge of kirk-sessions and presbyteries, and he entered into this part of his labours with conspicuous diligence and energy. In educational work he had acquired some experience between the time he finished his University curriculum, which was at the age of 20, and being licensed by the Presbytery of Hamilton, having for a considerable time discharged the duties of tutor in the Coatbridge

district. The late Daniel Gilchrist, Calico Printer, Dawsholm, died in April, 1859, and in his will bequeathed £2000 for educational purposes. The trustees were to expend annually the interest accruing from said sum in educating the children of parents whose circumstances prevented them from providing sufficient schooling for their young ones. Mr Shanks became principal trustee in administering the "Gilchrist Bequest," and much valuable time he devoted to this duty, which he considered rather a pleasure than a labour. In 1873 the Educational Act for Scotland, prepared by Lord Young, at that time Lord Advocate, came into operation, and in April of that year the first School Board for Maryhill was elected, and Mr Shanks returned at the top of the poll. When the Bequest came to be administered by the School Board he continued to take as deep an interest as ever. He remained a member of the Board till 1882, when he retired, and did not seek re-election till 1885, when he was again returned.

Mr Shanks was initiated a Freemason in Lodge Maryhill, 510, on 21st May, 1873, and was duly installed chaplain. He preached a masonic sermon annually, generally on the Sabbath afternoon, but sometimes in the evening. The members, and often a large number of visiting brethren, assembled in the lodge room, when the lodge was duly opened, then all marched up to the Parish Church in full masonic costume, a collection being made on entering for the benefit of the poor. The minister himself appeared in the pulpit in masonic dress, and his jewel of office resting on his breast; the church was always extra filled on such occasions. There was one sermon I heard him deliver in 1882, and which I have not forgotten, from the text, "Faithful unto death," and he gave it with particular clearness and energy. Of course it was addressed to all assembled in the church, but to the brethren of the "mystic tie" it had a special force and value the uninitiated could not realise. I remember one evening in October, 1882, the late Mr James Millar, Head-Master of Maryhill School, called for me to go down to the lodge, he at that time being junior warden, and I senior warden. We stepped into a car to take us more rapidly to the Masonic Hall at Wyndford. Before it started, Mr Shanks came in, shook hands, and said, "Whaur awa' th' nicht, you twa?" Mr Millar answered, down to the lodge. So am I, said the minister. I often regret, he remarked, I cannot get attending more frequently than I do. Who acts as chaplain in my absence, he asked? Mr Millar pointed to me. Oh, indeed, he said, I am very glad of that. I said, "Aye, by the by, Mr Shanks, I

was always intending to ask you what share o' the steepen' I was to get for acting as your assistant?" Weel, he answered, I'll tell you a story a brother of mine relates. Two men robbed a traveller on a rather lonely road, and making off across the country entered a solitary little public house; ordering some liquor, they were shewn into a room, and served. The landlord scarcely liked their appearance, and was suspicious of them; listening at key-hole of the door he soon heard what they had been about, and arranging to divide the spoil. The landlord opened the door, told them he was now aware they had just robbed a man, and that he would inform on them unless they shared the plunder with him. This they agreed to do, but shortly afterwards the two robbers were apprehended and identified as the men who had robbed the solitary traveller. They informed on the publican as being an accessory after the robbery. All three were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. On the morning of execution they were conducted to the scaffold, and when about to mount its steps one of the robbers was observed to be laughing. He was asked why he shewed such levity at the awful moment he was about to be launched into eternity. Oh, he remarked, "I am lauchin' at the publican, he wanted his share, an' he's gaun tae get it." Mr Shanks was also an honorary member of the Order of Foresters, and took a deep interest in benefit societies generally—in fact in every movement which had for its object the moral and social elevation of the community, and more particularly the aiding and assisting the poor to improve and better their condition.

He was a member of the Kelvindock Curling Club, and I have frequently seen him proceeding to the ice, with his "broom besom" in his hand, to join in a game, of which he was very fond, and at which he was a good player.

He was also a member of the Maryhill Bowling Club, joining with great zest in a game, at which he was an expert player. In matches, at either curling or bowling, he took an active interest; more particularly if the poor were to be sharers in the games, by having coals or coin distributed amongst them.

On 22nd March, 1884, his sister, Agnes, who had, from 1865, charge of his household, and who in all these long years had been a sunbeam in his dwelling, sharing his brief joys and deep sorrows, according him an affectionate and devoted sister's sympathy in his heavy afflictions and bereavements—died. The loss pressed heavily upon him, his old elasticity and vigour seemed to have departed, and

his health became impaired. In 1886, his son married, and with his young wife departed for New Zealand. Thus, solitary and desolate, his heart filled with grief and sorrow, all earthly joys extinguished, his healthy and once robust frame became frail and feeble. I called on him at the manse towards the end of October, 1887, and had a half-hour's conversation; he spoke of having been very poorly, and described the symptoms, said he felt a little better, and spoke hopefully of his health being restored. He was in my house on the 4th November, having driven from the manse to Partick in a close comfortable carriage. He stayed about an hour, and seemed quite cheerful; two or three times a few words of pleasant banter gleamed forth as of yore. He left by the same conveyance, on his return to the manse. While getting him well wrapped up, I noticed with sadness how little strength he possessed; and that he was in reality more frail and aged like than I had supposed. The old kindly smile lighted up his countenance as he expressed the hope to be able to call again before long; and so we shook hands and parted, destined never to meet again on this side of the grave. He attended a funeral on the following day (Saturday), driving to it in his own open waggonette; it was a cold raw day, and he got chilled. His illness rapidly assumed a serious dropsical form; and within a week thereafter, very slender hopes were entertained of his recovery. With the fortitude and resignation of a genuine Christian, he calmly contemplated his approaching dissolution; and specially requested that his remains should be laid beside those of his beloved wife in Maryhill Parish Churchyard. He appeared to suffer severely for some days, but the pains began to abate on Thursday and Friday, and latterly he seemed quite free from suffering. At seven o'clock on Saturday morning, 19th November, 1887, after a calm sleep of considerable duration, he opened his eyes, looking with an expression of pleased and conscious recognition upon his sorrowing friends, as if he would have said—

“When cold and shrouded on the morrow,
 Weep not for me;
 Though fond love one tear would borrow,
 Weep not for me.
 Let not sorrow cloud your spirit,
 When my soul full joys inherit,
 Through the dear Redeemer's merit,
 Weep not for me.

The silver cord was loosed, and his gentle spirit passed away from earth.

The remains of the Rev. Mr Shanks were interred in Maryhill Parish Churchyard on Thursday, 24th November, with military and masonic honours. The Glasgow Presbytery, the Kirk-Session of Maryhill Church, and a few others met in the Manse at 1 o'clock, when a service was conducted by the Rev. Mr Bell of Milngavie Parish Church. The brethren of Lodge Maryhill, 510, met in the Masonic Hall, Wyndford Street, the Lodge being duly opened by the Right Worshipful Master Alex. Main, Brother the Rev. John Watt, B.D., of Anderston Parish, joint-Chaplain of Glasgow Provincial Grand Lodge, acting as Chaplain of 510. The H company of the 1st Dumbartonshire Volunteers, Captain Swan, a detachment of the 15th (King's) Hussars, and of S. Battery 4th Brigade from Maryhill Barracks, joined the Volunteers. These with the Regiment of the Royal Scots, headed by their band and pipers under command of Major Morrison, marched from Wyndford Street to the Manse, the Freemasons bringing up the rear. On arriving at the Manse gate, the firing party (63 men of the Royal Scots) marched up to the Manse, and lined each side of the avenue up to the door, the main body of the Royal Scots lined Garscube Road from the Manse gate to the church. The Freemasons brought out the coffin containing the remains of their late Chaplain, shoulder-high, (the firing party presenting arms) and the funeral cortege was formed in the following order:—Military band and firing party, coffin in charge of Freemasons, relations, kirk-session and managers, Presbytery, Magistrates and Commissioners of Maryhill, School Board, congregation and public, military and volunteers. The Freemasons carried the coffin all the way. On reaching the entrance to the church, the firing party filed on each side, (again presenting arms), the band also formed up, and the procession passed into the church, where the coffin was laid on the dais in front of the pulpit. The church was crowded, hundreds being unable to gain admission. The Rev. John Henderson, St. James' Parish, Moderator of the Glasgow Presbytery, and the Rev. J. W. King, New Kilpatrick Parish, together entered the pulpit, and Mr Henderson began the service with praise and prayer. Mr King then read the 14th chapter of Job. At the request of the Moderator, the Rev. John Girvan of Maryhill Free Church then entered the pulpit and engaged in prayer. I have rarely, if ever, heard a more fervent and deeply touching prayer offered up in public. The tears and emotion of a large portion of the audience testified how intensely they were impressed by the eloquent utterances of Mr Girvan. A hymn was sung, the bene-

diction pronounced, and the Freemasons carried the coffin shoulder high to the grave in rear of the church. The Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D., joint-Chaplain of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Glasgow, conducted a funeral service according to the masonic ritual, the brethren then filed right and left past the grave, each dropping a small sprig of accassia into the resting place of their deceased brother. The firing party, drawn up in double file with guns pointing towards the east, fired three volleys over the grave, the pipers of the Regiment playing a few notes of a lament between each volley. The band of the Regiment who were posted in rear of the firing party then played the Dead March; the whole of the military were then formed up, and marched off to the barracks. Thus ended the most memorable and solemn ceremony ever conducted in Maryhill or perhaps in the West of Scotland.

In the grave, by the side of the wife who had twenty-two years previously preceded him, and whose memory he had devotedly cherished, and in his heart of hearts sorrowed for silently and mourned her early death, the Rev. William Speirs Shanks was laid to rest until the day break and the shadows flee away, "To wauken on yon bricht Sabbath mornin'."

At the close of the proceedings the presbytery met in the church, and appointed the Rev. Mr Laidlaw, of St. George's-in-the-Fields, moderator of the kirk-session during the vacancy.

On Sabbath, the 27th November, funeral services were conducted in the Parish Church, the pulpit and front of the gallery were draped in black. The Rev. Mr Leiper, of Gorbals Parish, occupied the pulpit in the forenoon, and paid a high tribute of respect to the memory of the late Rev. W. S. Shanks. He said he had never witnessed such general sorrow manifested for the death of a minister, rich and poor alike seemed to mourn because of the removal of a beloved brother. The Rev. Hugh Park, Cumbernauld, occupied the pulpit in the afternoon; the church was crowded, every available space being occupied. He spoke of the late Rev. W. S. Shanks as one who laboured long, lovingly, and successfully as their pastor, and whose loss they were met to deplore; one who was on the most friendly terms with the whole community, genial and kindly to all; said his heart was tender and his hand was open, he gave help freely, and many many poor will sadly mourn his death.

The reverend gentleman then read the edict declaring the church vacant.

After hearing various reverend gentlemen preach as candidates

for filling the vacant charge, and as the Crown was no longer patron, patronage in the Church of Scotland having been abolished, the congregation met in the month of April, 1888, and elected the Rev. John Oliver, M.A., Minister of the *quoad sacra* Parish of Belhaven, in the Presbytery of Dunbar, to be minister of Maryhill Parish. His induction took place on 17th May, 1888; the services were conducted in the Parish Church, by the Rev. James Collier, M.A., of Chalmers' Church, who acted as Moderator of the Glasgow Presbytery, a number of members of that body being present, also the kirk-session, managers, and a numerous congregation.

On Sabbath, the 20th May, he was introduced to his charge by the Rev. Thomas Stirling Marjoribanks, B.D., of Prestonkirk, who officiated in the forenoon. The Rev. Mr Oliver occupied the pulpit in the afternoon, the church being crowded. One who heard him preach, says he has a freshness of expression and a well regulated activity of action, which made his pulpit ministrations thoroughly attractive.

He was initiated a Freemason in Lodge Maryhill, 510, and installed chaplain. I was present at the latter ceremony, when we met for the first time, and were formally introduced to each other. I can only express the wish, which I do sincerely, that he may secure and enjoy the respect and esteem of his congregation and extensive parish by a courteous and considerate kindliness to all; with a thorough absence of that pecuniary hunger for self, a feature which seems year by year to become more persistent and engrossing in clerical circles.

On July 27th, 1889, a tablet of pure white statuary marble was put up in the east wall of the church, on the left of the pulpit, which bears the following inscription:—

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF THE

REV. WILLIAM SPEIRS SHANKS,

For 28 years the faithful and beloved Minister of this Parish, who died on 19th November, 1887, aged 52 years. Endeared to his people by his courteous and sympathetic nature, he was the friend of all, but more especially the friend of the poor.

Erected by his sorrowing congregation and friends.

A bronze bust of him was also erected near to the south-west

corner of the church; on the pedestal (surmounted by the bust) is cut the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF THE

REV. WILLIAM SPEIRS SHANKS,

For 28 years Minister of Maryhill Parish, who died 19th November, 1887, aged 52 years. Beloved by all, and friend of the poor.

Erected by his congregation and friends.

In 1876 an elegant church with spire was erected in Kelvinside Avenue to provide suitable accommodation for the Parishioners of Maryhill resident in Kelvinside and at East Park. The Rev. John Anderson was elected minister, and ordained in 1877. The congregation rapidly increased under the active and attentive discharge of his duties as pastor. He was appointed honorary chaplain to the "H" or Maryhill Company of the 1st Dumbartonshire Rifle Volunteers when the Rev. W. S. Shanks resigned 5th March, 1886. On the 30th January, 1888, Kelvinside was erected into a Parish, *quoad sacra*, by the Court of Session, the Rev. Mr Anderson being minister of the Parish. The boundaries of the district assigned by the Court are as follows:—"Starting at the Ruchill Drawbridge, and passing "along the centre of the Canal to a point opposite the Well Road in "Springbank, then along said road and Raeberry Street in a straight "line to the Kelvin, then up the Kelvin to the old Bowling Green, "then in a straight line from it to the Ruchill Drawbridge."

A church was erected for the eastern part of Maryhill Parish, at Possil Park, to accommodate the members and adherents of the Church of Scotland in that rapidly rising locality. In 1879 the Rev. Mr M'Master was elected and ordained minister, and it is probable steps will be taken to have it erected into a *quoad sacra* Parish, and a district assigned to it, having the following boundaries:—"Starting "at the Bridge adjoining Possil Railway Station, and take a straight "line to the Canal at Messrs Shaw & M'Innes's Foundry, then along "the Canal to the old Glasgow boundary, along said boundary to "Cowlairs, then along the Railway to the Bridge adjoining Possil "Station, the point of departure." Very much was done to accomplish both these additions to the Kirk of Scotland by the energy, tact, and earnest labours of the late Rev. W. S. Shanks, of Maryhill Parish.

SECTION IV.

CHURCHES OF OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

"A kindly look, a soothing word,
To ilka creature gie;
We're a' one Maker's handiwork,
Whatever our degree.
We're a' the children of His care,
Nae matter white or black;
Then still to a' such usage gie,
As ye would like to tak'."—*Alex. Rodger.*

HAVING in Section III. traced the Established Church from 1824 when it was commenced to be built as a Chapel of Ease under the Barony Church of Glasgow; the election of the Rev. Robert M'Nair Wilson as minister in 1826; his labours in connection with it till 1843, when he and a large majority of his congregation entered the communion of the Free Church, but retaining possession of the Established Church or Chapel of Ease until May, 1847, when the interdict was served on the Rev. Mr Wilson, his session and managers, prohibiting them from using the Chapel of Ease or Church for services in connection with the Free Church Communion. They accordingly locked it up until the necessary legal steps were taken, relieving them of all pecuniary obligations and responsibility; when the keys were handed over to the minority, who had remained steadfastly attached to the Kirk of Scotland. While the church was locked up, the Rev. Mr Wilson conducted the services of the Free Church in the Sawmill of Messrs David Swan, Jun., & Co., for some time, moving afterwards to the Oddfellows' Hall, now the property of Mr John Millen, but divided into and occupied as dwelling-houses.

Meanwhile the building of the Free Church, School, and Manse, were proceeded with from designs by the late Mr Charles Wilson, Architect, Glasgow. The church was duly opened with special services in the spring of 1848, and the school and manse were completed the same year and occupied. The steeple appeared in the original design of the building, but was not erected for a number of

years after the church was opened for service. The Rev. Mr Wilson continued zealously to discharge all the duties of pastor of the congregation, besides acting for some years as clerk to the Free Church Presbytery of Glasgow; and died somewhat suddenly from a paralytic stroke, on the 3rd April, 1874, in the 75th year of his age and 48th of his ministry, and was interred in Maryhill Churchyard. He was most attentive to his congregation, and knew them all, old and young, intimately; while they were much attached to him. His prejudices were pretty strong, and in some things amounted almost to bigotry; he had little or no sympathy with any other evangelical body, and was in fact thoroughly sectarian. With him the "Free Church" was the church, and to belong to any other was a grave mistake.

To hold opinions of some of the interpretations of scripture at variance with those he believed was to ensure a very cold and frigid reception in meeting with him, and to view the revelations of science through different spectacles from those he approved was a serious error and dangerous to the highest interests of such eager investigators. I used to think he was not unlike a numerous and active body of teachers, spread pretty extensively throughout the world, who will sometimes concede you the liberty to read and investigate theological, moral, and scientific problems, provided that after you are done, you will think as they think and say so.

He and I got along on the whole tolerably well when we happened to be brought together in arranging and carrying out lectures, and other work of a like nature in connection with the public library. One thing I admired in the Rev. Mr Wilson was his stern consistency. None with a doubtful reputation for moral purity, no matter how abundant their share of wealth, and the good things of this world might be, could ever induce him to sit at their table, or accept their hospitality. "Dour" he certainly was, and sometimes I esteemed him all the more for this peculiarity of disposition. While he was minister in the Established Church or Chapel of Ease, his father, Mr John Wilson, Teacher and Session-Clerk of the parish of Gorbals, Glasgow, came regularly to Maryhill on sacramental occasions, and assisted as an elder in dispensing the communion.

This gentleman was also a masonic brother, and in 1785 was a member of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton, Ayrshire, of which lodge our great national poet Robert Burns was likewise a member. If I mistake not, William Wallace, Esq., the Sheriff of Ayrshire, was Right Worshipful Master; Burns was Depute Master; and Mr John

Wilson, teacher in the village, was Secretary. The Sheriff, it may be presumed, was rarely present at the lodge meetings, and the duty of presiding devolved on Burns. I have read the testimony of an elderly Freemason, who had been acquainted with an aged brother, and heard him tell that he was initiated by Burns, and remarked—"Man, it wad ha'e made the hair on your heid stan' up on en' tae hear 'im makin' a Mason." There is little doubt the poet would perform the impressive ceremony with that deep feeling, earnestness, and solemnity with which he was so wonderfully and rarely gifted. In the lodge one evening, the Secretary, addressing the brethren, made an intimation, but adding some superfluous remarks which Burns, acting R.W.M., considered absurd and quite irrelevant, in rather severe and sarcastic terms desired him to be seated. Very shortly after this incident Mr Wilson left Tarbolton, and settled in Glasgow. He was a successful teacher for many years, and, as I have already stated, Session Clerk of the Parish of Gorbals. He died about 1839, upwards of 80 years of age. In speaking of Burns, I believe he remarked that he could not understand what made Mr Burns attack him, seeing they were always the best of friends, and never had any quarrel or difference. The good and worthy old gentleman seemingly failed to realise the fact that the poet bore not a particle of personal malice or ill-will towards him. But it was the touch of vanity and egotism with which he seems to have been tinged in those early years, and to which he unguardedly gave expression, that wakened up the poetic fancy of the "Lad that was born in Kyle," and caused him to admonish his masonic brother in rather caustic terms. And yet, not very long after this episode, the poet, with "melting heart and brimful eye," bids farewell to the brethren of St. James's Lodge in these words—

" Let freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design ;
 Beneath the omniscient eye above,
 The glorious architect divine.
 That ye may keep the unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law ;
 Till order bright supremely shine,
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'."

Shortly after the Rev. Mr Wilson's death, steps were taken by the congregation to have a successor appointed. After hearing different candidates, the Rev. John Girvan, then minister of the Free Church, Tillybody, and who was ordained there in 1869, was chosen to fill

the vacant pulpit, and was inducted in Maryhill Free Church on 25th March, 1875. Since that time he has discharged his duties as minister most faithfully and with much acceptance to his congregation. He has done much to foster and encourage a spirit for self-improvement and literary effort amongst the young men of the place. Many of them have now reached manhood, and cherish with gratitude the recollection of the words of wisdom and high moral principles with which he so earnestly and affectionately desired each and all to be imbued, and so become the exemplary and sterling men of the future. Being naturally of a quiet, retiring disposition, he has never taken any part in public or political affairs, but has devoted his time and labours to the onerous and really legitimate duties of a faithful clergyman. I have little doubt many of the community will commend this course of action, and consider it more in keeping with a clergyman's position and obligations than expounding from a platform politics, no matter what the colour may be. I have always found the Rev. Mr Girvan a pleasant, affable gentleman, and I remember still, with much satisfaction, how we unexpectedly met in a steamer on a loch at the coast a few years ago, and the cheerful and agreeable conversation we had there and during the homeward railway journey of twenty miles.

In 1875 a church was erected in Gower Street, Kelvinside (North) in memory of the late Rev. Robert M'Nair Wilson, of Maryhill Free Church, and named the "Wilson Memorial Church;" and the same year the Rev. John White, M.A., was ordained the minister. By 1886 the congregation had increased so much that the church, which I shall call No. 1, was found to be too small. Steps were accordingly taken to acquire ground adjoining it on which a new and much larger church (No. 2) was erected in 1886-87; and church (No. 1) has been fitted and arranged as a hall for church meetings, Sabbath school, &c. The erection of the "Wilson Memorial Church," while providing a more central place of worship for the adherents of the Free Church communion resident in East Park and Kelvinside, has, it may be supposed, diminished to a certain extent the congregation of the Free Church, Maryhill.

A short time after the building of the Free Church, the Roman Catholic Chapel was erected on what was called in old times "Geordie Knox's Row," on the east side of Garscube Road (now Main Street), and nearly opposite the old Parish School. During the time it was being built, services in accordance with the Church of Rome were conducted in the Oddfellows' Hall, and the chapel on

its completion was formally opened and consecrated by the name of the "Church of the Immaculate Conception." This name was given in honour of the dogma which had a short time previously been promulgated by Pope Pius IX. and ordained by him to be accepted as a doctrine of the Church of Rome, viz.:—"The Immaculate Conception of Mary the Mother of Jesus."

When I came to reside in Maryhill in January 1854, the Rev. Dr. Kenny was curate, a little man, stout built, active, and energetic and who kept a strict supervision over his flock. It is no unusual thing for an Irishman when having a drop of whiskey, to take a little more than is really good for him, and when he has done so, it is astonishing how rapidly his dormant combative qualities are developed.

I remember on one occasion of two sons of "Erin's Isle" with their coats and vests off, trying to settle some disputed point; or possibly they fancied each other getting "blue-mouldy" for want of a beating, and were eagerly endeavouring to remove any such deteriorating marks, if they really existed, by pounding each other with their fists. This exhibition took place on the elevated bit of ground in front of what was then called "Geordie Boot's High Land." The ground has been cleared away for some years, and shops have been erected along that part of Main Street, with "Boot's Land" still standing in rear of the shops. It so happened that at the very time the two warriors were pommelling each other, the omnibus from Glasgow passed; his reverence Dr. Kenny was seated on the top and got his eye on the "boys" at work. He was off the "bus" in a twinkling, leaped up the steps leading to the ground on which they were, and with his stout walking-stick firmly grasped he made for them at the double quick. Before he reached the spot, they got their eyes upon him, bolted in at a door and tried to get up stairs to a garret; the "Doctor" overtook them, and it is more than probable they awakened next morning with shirts full of sore bones.

I think Dr Kenny removed from Maryhill to an appointment in Ireland about 1858, and was succeeded by the Rev. Jas. Cameron, who, in two or three years, received another appointment in Glasgow, when the Rev. Mr M'Intosh became curate. After a short time the Rev. Mr Cameron was re-appointed to Maryhill, where he has since continued, respected and esteemed by all classes of the community. He subsequently received the appointment of "Dean" over a considerable district, including Maryhill, and more recently he has been elevated to the dignity of "Canon."

When the chapel was erected, a residence or chapel-house was also

built for the curate, and shortly afterwards a school. A few years later the chapel was considerably enlarged, bringing the front of it to the building-line in Main Street, and making a decided architectural adornment to this part of Maryhill. An organ was also put into the chapel, and the harmonium which had so long done duty in the services was removed; the school was also enlarged to fully the double of its former capacity. In 1882 a large addition was made to the chapel-house, the vacant ground next Endrick Place being all built upon, with shops underneath this new part of the clergyman's residence.

The hall in which the Oddfellows had formerly held their lodge, and in which services in connection with the Established Church had been conducted, and afterwards occupied for the services of the Free Church, and which had subsequently been used for services by the Roman Catholic Church was rented to form a mission station by the congregation of the Rev. Dr Robertson, U.P. Church, Shamrock Street, Glasgow, in February, 1855. The Rev. Robert Niven was selected to conduct the services, superintend the station, and endeavour to form a congregation.

This gentleman had been a number of years engaged as a missionary in Caffraria, South Africa, in connection with the Relief Church, but more particularly with the late Dr Gavin Struthers's congregation in Anderston, who contributed principally to maintaining him in the Caffrarian Mission. I remember him being home on a visit in 1845 or 1846, and conducting services and giving statements regarding his African labours, in Dr Struthers's church.

In 1846 the Relief and United Secession Churches amalgamated, forming what is now the "United Presbyterian Church," and the Rev. Mr Niven returned to Caffraria to prosecute his missionary work—the Anderston congregation continuing to contribute mainly to his support there. About 1850 or 1851 Sir Harry Smith was appointed Governor of South Africa. Before very long, differences arose between the governor and the settlers on the one side and the Caffres on the other. Matters went rapidly from bad to worse, for the governor lacked the ability to deal with that brave race in a manner calculated to secure their attachment and confidence. Neither had he the perception, firmness, or decision necessary to put a stop to the opportunities some possessed of fomenting dissatisfaction amongst the more turbulent tribes, and which ended ultimately in open hostilities and bloodshed.

Sir Harry Smith was recalled, and Sir George Cathcart appointed

governor in his stead. He set to work promptly and energetically to restore confidence between the government and the Caffre chiefs; and amongst the earliest steps he took was to issue an order for the Rev. Mr Niven to clear out and leave the colony within twenty-four hours. Sir George was a brave man and a gentleman, and the position and exigencies of affairs at the Cape demanded strong and decided action. He must have had good reasons for acting as he did, for I do not remember ever hearing the step he took called in question. I have heard the Rev. Mr Niven lecture on "Caffraria" different times in 1855 and 1856, and state that he had hoped to devote his life to missionary work in that country, and his remains be laid there at death; but, he added, it has been otherwise ordered. He never mentioned the name nor uttered a word against the gallant and devoted general—Sir George Cathcart, who fell on the 5th November, 1854, in the terrible Crimean battle of Inkerman.

In 1858 the congregation which Mr Niven had by that time formed, feued the piece of ground on which the U.P. Church and Manse now stand. At that time the Water Commissioners of Glasgow were busy erecting the necessary works between Loch Katrine and the city for providing a supply of water; a serious impediment to the laying of the water-pipes through Maryhill was the structure known as the Pen Bridge. Negotiations were entered into by the Water Commissioners and the Garscube Road Trust with the Canal Company to have the bridge removed and a new one erected, the Water Commissioners and the Road Trust paying the entire cost of the new structure. While these negotiations were in progress, the signing of the feu contract by the proprietor, the late John Dunlop, of Garbraid, was delayed, as the proposed church would require to be erected nearer to where the public hall and police office now stand, if the new aqueduct was to be built. After a good deal of correspondence and much time and patience had been spent, the scheme had to be abandoned owing to the unreasonable demands of the Canal Company, who interposed every obstacle, and obstinately opposed the carrying out of this much needed improvement. The water-pipes had to be carried under the canal by a tunnel a little north of the bridge; powerful valves were placed here, and provision made for carrying through an additional pipe at some future time if required. The site to be occupied by the proposed new U.P. Church and Manse were then fixed, and the building proceeded with.

In the original plans an elegant spire was intended to be erected at the north-east corner, which would have greatly improved the

appearance of the church; as it stands it is a most uncouth and disproportionate looking edifice, and certainly not an architectural adornment in the locality. The church having been finished, was opened with special services, and Mr Niven continued to discharge all the duties of minister till the year 1871, when steps were taken by the congregation to have a colleague and successor appointed. After hearing candidates, the Rev. J. M. Rae was elected and ordained in March, 1872. By and by it was found the work of the congregation divided between two ministers was not being carried on in so satisfactory a manner as could be desired. Arrangements were then made to have the duties and services wholly superintended and carried out by Mr Rae, and Mr Niven was given a retiring allowance, and relieved of all labour as pastor of the church, retaining however his status as a minister on the roll of the U.P. Presbytery of Glasgow. He accordingly retired from both church and manse and went to reside at Hillhead. He died in Gourrock, 12th October, 1877, aged 71, and in the 43rd year of his ministry.

For fully 20 years he was connected with Maryhill as a minister, and took an active interest in the public library; he likewise contributed to various courses of lectures delivered during successive winters in some of the churches or schools. He was also a member of the first School Board of Maryhill, elected in 1873.

I do not know whether his lengthened residence amongst the "Caffres," and his daily intercourse with them did not tend in some degree to make him more of the Scottish dominie of old times than the modern minister.

He and I got along occasionally just so so. He was disposed to be dictatorial frequently when he had any opinion to give, and decidedly impatient when a different view was taken from what he enunciated. Sometimes when a point was being discussed, he would repeatedly interrupt a speaker who might be quite in order and respectful in both manner and language. This I have seen often and experienced it myself, obliging me reluctantly to give him a gentle but firm hint that common courtesy ought to secure a hearing although the opinions stated might not coincide with his. In short, the late rev. gentleman exhibited often a lack of that calm dignity so becoming in a clergyman, and was, I sometimes thought, fussy, and distinctly tinged with affectation. He was disposed to be aggressive and injudiciously meddling, causing estrangement on the part of adherents of the United Presbyterian Church, and in some

instances ending in complete separation, and the formation of new attachments to other denominations.

The Rev. James M. Rae, was ordained in March, 1872, as colleague and successor to the Rev. Mr Niven, and on the retiral of that gentleman in a couple of years or so thereafter, Mr Rae became sole pastor of the congregation.

He was diligent and most attentive in discharging all his duties as minister, and the church attendance increased considerably. He also took an active interest in the young connected with his church, and did much to organise and direct them in obtaining useful and profitable instruction and training, and so qualify them for taking the position of faithful and worthy members of any community amongst whom their lot might be cast.

In my meetings with him, I always found he had the same frank and genial manner, and at all times a cheerful and pleasant word to offer, making him the plain, unassuming gentleman.

Never possessing a very strong constitution or robust frame, being rather of a slender make, he enjoyed fairly good health until about 1880, when it began to give way, and gradually declined. He died on the 21st February, 1882, having almost completed the tenth year of his ministry. His early death was regretted, I am certain, by every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

After the Rev. James M. Rae's death, the congregation took steps to have a successor appointed, and after hearing a number of candidates conduct public worship, they elected the Rev. Mr Duncan, of the U.P. Church, Mid-Calder, who had been ordained to that charge in 1874. He was inducted minister of the U.P. Church, Maryhill, on 21st November, 1882. Since he became pastor, a hall for meetings and a Sabbath School has been erected between the church and the canal bank. This addition, which is one storey in height, a neat little building with a few ornamental details, modifies to some extent the ungainly appearance of the church.

In 1882 a small church of galvanised iron, with corrugated roof and small bellfry, was erected on the south side of Church Street, and nearly opposite the Free Church. This new place of worship is in connection with the Scottish Episcopal Church, and named St. George's, the services being conducted by the Rev. Mr Hill, who officiates as curate. The erection of a new church, built of stone, which will supersede the iron one, was commenced in 1891, on the north side of Church Street, and quite near to the Free Church manse, and is now nearly completed.

To the clergymen of the various denominations, within the extensive Parish of Maryhill, I wish every success in their endeavours to benefit all within the sphere of their influence ; and that the inhabitants may attain a marked prominence for sterling worth, and every moral and social excellence.

SECTION V.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL MASTERS.

"When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule;
An' o' sac merry pranks we played,
When we were at the schule.
Though noo the frosty pow is seen,
Whaur ance wav'd gowden hair,
An' mony a blythsome heart is cauld,
Since first we sported there."—*Thomas C. Latto.*

THE first school in Maryhill was conducted in the tile-roofed row called "Botany," which was built by Mr William Robb, tenant of Dawsholm Printfield in 1778, on the north side of what is now Bridge Street. [But all pulled down and cleared away, 1890.] At the east end of this row, the second floor was occupied as a school in 1793, and probably two or three years prior to that date. An outside stair with wood railing gave access to the school-room, which could not have been very capacious with its low ceiling, and four very small windows making it but a dimly lighted apartment. So far as I can ascertain, a Mr Boyd was the first teacher in this school; the branches taught being the "Three R's," viz. :—reading, writing, and arithmetic. An old gentleman, long since deceased, used to tell me it was in this school he received his education, in the latter years of the last and early years of the present century. He was a good reader, arithmetician and book-keeper, and wrote a clear and beautiful hand when 75 years of age. I am unable to say what year it was that Mr Boyd left, but the next teacher I can find trace of was a Mr Toward, who had lost one of his legs. He carried on the school for a few years, and then went to reside and teach in "Cock-my-lane," a one-storey thatch house that stood where Mr O'Hear's Pawnbroking Office now stands, No. 261 Main Street. When Mr Toward left "Botany School" about 1821, it was next occupied by Mr David Thomson, who taught in it for a considerable time, and when he left it to start business as a grocer, grain merchant, &c., in the property he had built, now Nos. 239 and 241 Main Street,

the school-room in "Botany" was divided and converted into dwelling-houses.

In 1809 and 1810 a school-room and teacher's house were erected by private subscription, on a piece of ground fronting Garscube Road (now Main Street) and near to Walker Street; it is still standing, but converted into dwelling-houses. In January, 1813, the building was taken over by the heritors of the Barony parish and became the parish school.

The following copy of the conveyance of the ground on which the school was erected, may to many be interesting :—

"Be it known to all men by these presents that I Lillias Graham
 "eldest daughter of the deceased Robert Graham of Lambhill, and we
 "William Mure of Caldwell, the Honourable Archibald Campbell
 "younger of Succoth, one of the Senators of the College Justice,
 "David Boyle Esq. Advocate, His Majesty's Solicitor General for
 "Scotland, James Ferguson Esq. of Trocbrigg, &c., and trust
 "disponees of John Dunlop eldest son of the marriage between
 "Alexander Dunlop Merchant in Greenock, and the deceased Janet
 "Graham youngest daughter of the said Robert Graham heir-at-law
 "of the said Janet Graham, and four of the said trustees being a
 "quorum rentable proprietors of the lands after-mentioned with the
 "special advice and consent of the said Alexander Dunlop for all
 "right or title or interest he has in the lands, and also with consent
 "of Sir Ilay Campbell, Baronet of Succoth, superior of the said land
 "with effect after-mentioned, have disposed and conveyed, and
 "hereby do dispoise and convey and make over in fee form per-
 "petually, let and demit to and in favour of the Reverend Doctor John
 "Burns minister of the Barony parish of Glasgow, Robert Pinkerton
 "&c. (then follows a long list of elders' names) elders of the said Barony
 "parish, members of the kirk-session thereof, and to their successors
 "in office as trustees for behoof of said parish mutably and irredeem-
 "ably, all and in whole that steading of ground (here follows the
 "measurement) that real present are granted and the said bit of
 "ground disposed in trust for the purpose of the said steading being
 "used and employed as a site for a school and school master's house,
 "for the north quarter of the said Barony parish of Glasgow in all
 "time coming and for no other purpose whatever, and we really assign
 "and convey in favour of the said minister and elders and the fore-
 "said as trustees foresaid, the rent mails and duties of the said lands
 "from and after the term of Whitsunday, Eighteen hundred and nine
 "and the writings and title deeds of the said lands and all action,

"instance and execution competent by law for the payment of the
 "said rent and for intimation, delivery and implement of the
 "said writings. And I the said Lillias Graham bind me and my
 "heirs and successors, and we the said trustees bind us and our
 "successors to warrant these presents from first said deed only and
 "also to infest and seise the said minister and elders and their fore-
 "sails as trustees to be holden immediately of and under us and our
 "heirs and successors in fee blench for payment of a Penny Scots
 "upon the ground of the said lands at the term of Whitsunday
 "yearly, if asked only. And it is declared that the consent of the
 "said Sir Ilay Campbell is adhibited to these presents for the pur-
 "pose of freeing and relieving the said piece ground before disposed
 "in trust for the purpose foresaid from the feu duties and casualties
 "of superiors payable for the said lands of Gairbraid to the said Sir
 "Ilay Campbell his heirs and successors as long as the premises are
 "employed for the purposes of the foresaid trust, consenting to the
 "registration being in the books of council and session or others
 "competent for preservation and that letters of warning on a charge
 "of six days and all other legal execution only if necessary hereon
 "pass in common form and thereto desire and require you and each
 "of you our bailies, that upon sight hereof ye possess the ground of
 "the said lands and then give and deliver to the said Reverend
 "Doctor John Burns (and elders) and to their successors in office as
 "trustees foresaid heritable estate and seisen real actual and corporal
 "possession of all and whole one lot of ground before disposed."

Then follow the names of witnesses, &c., &c.

Mr William Leckie was the first teacher in this school, and during
 the many years he held that position imparted instruction to pupils
 of all degrees of mental calibre. A kindly, agreeable, social man—
 perhaps a little fond of news and gossip. When the church was
 being built in 1824 and 1825, any trifling incident, tittle-tattle, or
 gossip amongst the workmen, &c., employed about the building were
 carefully collected and communicated to him by another gossipier
 residing in Kelvindock or the "Dock" as the place was then named.
 This person had a year or two previously bought all the wood-work
 and doors of an old building which was taken down in the neighbour-
 hood. He carefully pulled out all the nails which had been left in
 the joisting, flooring, and other wood fittings he had purchased,
 parcelling them up for future use, or for sale to any one who might
 be disposed to buy any of the lots. This prudent thrift procured for
 him from a number of his neighbours the sobriquet or nick-name

of "Rusty Nails;" but more generally he was called "Nails." While the church was being built, and he daily going about it, watching and noting the progress made by the workmen, and keeping a vigilant eye on the material put into it, whether stone, lime, brick, wood-work, &c., that all was of sound quality, his neighbours rather irreverently dubbed him "Holy Sprigs." In his frequent visits to note the progress made in the erection of the church, he often in returning called on Mr Leckie at the school to report any item of news he had managed to pick up. Mr Leckie might at the moment be busy with his duties teaching, perhaps hearing a class of youngsters spelling and reading, all the same he was anxious to hear any little gossiping news his friend had to tell. Those young Kelvindock callants all knew the nick-names this visitor went by, and while the "Maister" stood at the door listening to the gossip with one ear, he listened with the other to the spelling the class was proceeding with. The young scamps went on with the spelling, but not from the words in the book; one urchin would spell in a loud voice—R-U-S-T-Y N-A-I-L-S, Mr Leckie would cry into the class "Rusty Nails;" another would then spell—H-O-L-Y S-P-R-I-G-S, Mr Leckie again shouting into the boys "Holy Sprigs," never for a moment reflecting that such words were not in the book from which they were getting their spelling lesson. The young sorrows knew what they were about, and thoroughly enjoyed Mr Leckie crying out his visitor's nick-names in his very face. The worthy schoolmaster had not the slightest conception that he was contributing to the mirth of the young "Dockites" by calling his visitor to his face "Rusty Nails" and "Holy Sprigs."

Mr Leckie had for a considerable time charge of the village post office; the labours connected with it must have been decidedly light, as letter writing it may be supposed was rarely indulged in by the inhabitants, the postal charges being in those days so excessively high. He had a particular specific for a severe cold which he at all times strongly recommended to any friend or acquaintance who might be suffering from cold in the head or chest. I give it in the homely doric which he was in the habit of using when detailing his special prescription, and exactly as it was related to me by those who knew the worthy old schoolmaster well—

"For a sair cauld or a crichlin' in the breast, ye'll get hauf a mutchkin o' the dooble strong whiskey, an' a chappin bottle o' strong yill; put the yill in a pan an' warm't—dinna let it boil—when its nice an' warm put a guid big spoonfu' o' sugar in till't, or if ye grudge

the sugar, a spoonfu' o' treacle, steer't weel up an' then plunk in the hauf mutchkin o' whiskey. Drink the hale o't, slip aff your claes, an' intae your bed; you'll maybe fin' your heid a wee licht, but ye'll be a' right in the mornin'." An excellent old gentleman, and much respected by his old pupils and the inhabitants generally. Amongst those who received their education in this old parish school were Sir William M'Onie, Ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow, and Mr Hugh Kennedy, Ex-Provost of Partick and Ex-Deacon Convener of the Trades' House, Glasgow. Mr Leckie conducted the school till about 1836 or 1837, when Mr Cuthbertson was appointed assistant, but retired from that position shortly thereafter, when Mr John Russell from Kilmarnock was appointed assistant, and entered on his duties in May, 1838. Mr Leckie died in 1842, and Mr Russell became head teacher in the Old Parish School, and took up his residence in the school master's house.

About 1813 or so a school-house was built by Mr Charles Irvine, or for him by some friends, in what is now Whitelaw Street. The building was two storeys in height, the ground floor being set apart for the school, with residence in the upper flat; it has not, however, been used as a school during the past forty-five or fifty years, being now converted into dwelling-houses, and numbered 16 and 18 Whitelaw Street. Mr Irvine worked as a miner or collier, as such workmen were called in those days, previous to starting the school as a teacher. He soon had a large number of pupils, nearly all young, but to give the young lads who were at work an opportunity of acquiring a little more schooling, he opened evening classes about 1816, which he conducted for many years during the winter months. I have heard some of those who attended his night-school speak with gratitude of the care and attention he bestowed on each and all in his earnest endeavours to improve and extend the slender stock of education they had acquired when younger and attending the day-school. In his day-classes Mr Irvine had the usual variety of mental quality generally found in country schools at that time. Some pupils earnest and diligent at their lessons, others careless and indifferent, with a sprinkling of the dour, canna-be-fash'd pupils, and dunces; also a fluctuating number of the "mind naething but mischief" class, and truants. By way of punishment, the careless were made to stand on a stool, dressed in an old yellow wig. The obstinate and refractory were placed down in the "black-hole;" this was under the school-room floor, and was a cellar some four feet deep, the same size as the school, the entrance to it being by a hatch in the school floor,

and was used by Mr Irvine for storing the potatoes when dug out of his garden in autumn. The quarrelsome and truant offenders were sent to the garden behind the school to cut and bring in a "sauch" wand or two, with which they got a tanning more or less severe, according to the flagrancy of their offences. Some of the former pupils who have now seen the "winter's sun twice forty times return," quietly laugh still as they recall to mind and tell of the careless callants dressed up with the old yellow wig; the restless, tricky mischiefs consigned to the "black-hole" beside the tawties, and the dingin' the stoor oot o' the jackets an' breeks o' the weel skelpit, daring truants in good old Charles Irvine's school, lang lang syne.

There was also between 1824 and 1830 an evening class conducted by a young working man, named M'Kay, in his father's dwelling house in "Geordie Knox's Row," where the Roman Catholic Chapel now stands. The kitchen was the school, and a couple of tables were used as desks for writing and arithmetical exercises. My friend, the late Mr Robert Perrat, of Stockingfield, was for a winter or two in the night school of young Mr M'Kay, whose trade was (if I rightly remember) that of an operative mason.

Miss Walker had a school in a building which stood on the ground now occupied as a stone magazine, opposite where "Mary's Place" is now erected. It was a girl's school—reading, needlework, and knitting were, I think, the branches taught by Miss Walker.

In 1827 or 1828 the late John Campbell Colquhoun, Esq., of Killermont, who always took a deep interest in the moral and social welfare of the inhabitants of Maryhill, made an important addition to the educational institutions in the place by building an infant school. This, I think, was amongst the earliest (if not the very first) of such institutions inaugurated in Scotland. If I mistake not, Miss Caird was the first teacher, and was succeeded by the Misses Erskine. The Rev. John E. Campbell Colquhoun, of Killermont, son of the founder of the school, continues to support the institution, and has within the last few years greatly improved and extended it by building a new class-room, &c.

By 1841 the old parish school was quite filled with pupils, in fact overcrowded. A strenuous effort was made to have a more commodious school-house erected in the following year. But in 1842 the non-intrusion conflict in the Church of Scotland waxed fierce "frae Maidenkirke tae John o' Groats," and the erection of a new and larger school had to be abandoned. In 1847 the Presbytery of Glasgow having again obtained possession of the Maryhill Chapel of

Ease, a minister was ordained, and by 1850 a large district was disjoined from the Barony Parish, and erected into the Parish of Maryhill. Steps were taken at the same time to build a new parish school. The steading of ground on which the old parish school stands had to be reconveyed or disposed to the proprietors of Gairbraid by the Rev. Dr William Black, Minister of the Barony Parish, and the kirk-session, the trustees of the old school. In the disposition or reconveying of the ground of the old school by the said minister and kirk-session to John Dunlop, Esq., and Miss Janet Graham Dunlop, in 1850, there occurs the following curious statement :—

“All and whole that steading of ground measuring nearly 26 falls “6 ells or thereby Scots measure, or 1025 square yards Imperial “measure or thereby being lot second of the ground laid out for the “building of the village of Garbraid, now called Maryhill, bounded “by the highway leading from Glasgow to Garscube Bridge, on the “east, by other parts of the lands of Garbraid now feued on the “north-west and south,” &c. This is the first and only time I ever saw or heard tell of the name “Gairbraid” being applied, or proposed to be applied to what is now the town of Maryhill.

In the last century the proprietor of Gairbraid Estate had a plan prepared for the building of a town between Glasgow and Garscube Bridge, and the contract for feus given off distinctly stipulated that the name of the proposed town was to be in all time coming called Maryhill.

The following copy of the conveyance of the new steading of ground is interesting, as it records the names of those gentlemen who accomplished the erection of the new parish school in 1850—

“We, John Dunlop Esq. of Gairbraid presently residing in London, “and Miss Janet Graham Dunlop his sister presently residing in “Edinburgh, under the authority of an Act passed in the fifth year “of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, entitled—An Act to “afford further facilities for the conveyance and endowment of sites “for schools, and of the Act of the eighth year of the reign of Her “present Majesty explaining the same, do hereby freely and “voluntarily and in consideration of the minister and members of the “kirk-session of the Barony Parish of Glasgow giving up and recon- “veying to us the site of the present school and school-master’s house “at Maryhill in the north quarter of the said parish formerly granted “by our predecessors to the said minister and kirk-session, grant and “convey unto the Reverend Robert Thomson Johnstone, minister of

"the said parish of Maryhill being now disjoined from the said
 "Barony Parish, and David Gilchrist, Calico Printer at Dawsholm ;
 "Charles Collins, Papermaker, Kelvindale ; Malcolm M'Intyre, Shoe-
 "maker at Maryhill ; John Moir, Slater and Plasterer, at Maryhill ;
 "and David Bryan, Saddler, in Maryhill, elders thereof, and as such
 "members of the kirk-session, and their successors in office, any
 "three of them being a quorum, all that piece of ground lying on
 "the east side of the road leading from Glasgow to Garscube, con-
 "sisting of 1025 square yards or thereby imperial measure or twenty-
 "six falls and nine-tenth parts of a fall or thereby Scots measure, as
 "lately measured and marked off by Andrew Laughlan, Land
 "Measurer in Glasgow. Bounded the said piece of ground on the
 "north by unfenced ground belonging to us along which the ground
 "hereby conveyed extends 150 feet or thereby, on the east also by
 "unfenced ground belonging to us along which the ground hereby
 "conveyed extends 61 feet 6 inches or thereby on the south by the
 "steading of ground feued by us to James Scott, Mason at Maryhill
 "in life-rent, and James Scott, Junior, his son in fee, along which
 "the ground hereby conveyed extends 150 feet or thereby, and on
 "the west by the said road leading from Glasgow to Garscube, along
 "which the said ground hereby conveyed extends 61 feet 6 inches or
 "thereby, and which piece of ground hereby conveyed forms part
 "and portion of our lands and estate of Gairbraid lying within the
 "Barony Parish of Glasgow and shire of Lanark ; together with all
 "easements appurtenances and hereditaments corporeal or incorporeal
 "belonging to the said piece of ground or connected therewith, and
 "all our estate, right, title, and interest, to the same to enclose the
 "said piece of ground hereby conveyed with a sufficient stone dyke
 "of eight feet in height on each side thereof, and to keep up and
 "maintain such dyke in all time coming ; to hold the said premises
 "of and under us and our heirs and successors as immediate lawful
 "superiors thereof in fee blench for payment of a Penny Scots on
 "the ground of the said lands at Whitsunday yearly, if asked only,
 "unto and to the use of the said minister and members of kirk-session
 "and their successors in office for the purposes of the said Act, and
 "upon trust to permit the said premises and all buildings thereon
 "erected or to be erected to be for ever hereafter appropriated
 "and used as and for a school for the education of children
 "and adults, or children only of the labouring, manufacturing
 "and other poorer classes in the said Parish of Maryhill or
 "north quarter of Barony Parish of Glasgow aforesaid, and as a

“residence for the school-master and for no other purpose, and
 “to be at all times open to the inspection of the inspector or
 “inspectors of schools in Scotland for the time being appointed or
 “to be appointed by Her Majesty or her successors, and it is hereby
 “declared that the instruction of the said school shall comprise at
 “least the following branches of school learning, namely:—reading,
 “writing, arithmetic, geography, and scripture history; and it is
 “hereby further declared that it shall be a fundamental regulation
 “and practice of the said school that the bible be daily read therein
 “by the children, and that instruction in the church catechism and
 “in the doctrines and principles of the Church of Scotland shall at
 “suitable times be regularly given to all the children in the said
 “school whose parents or guardians shall not on religious grounds
 “object thereto; such religious instructions to be under the superin-
 “tendence of the minister for the time being of the parish, provided
 “always that no child shall be required to receive or be present at
 “such religious instruction whose parents or guardians shall object
 “thereto on religious grounds, and that no child shall in any case be
 “required [to learn any catechism or other religious formality, or to
 “attend any Sunday school or place of worship to which respectively
 “his or her parents or guardians shall on religious grounds object,
 “but the selection of such Sunday school and place of worship shall
 “in all cases be left to the free choice of such parents or guardians
 “without the child’s thereby incurring any loss of the benefits or
 “privileges of the school, the trusts whereof are hereby declared, and
 “we do hereby for ourselves, our heirs, executors, and successors
 “covenant with the said minister and members of the Kirk Session
 “and their successors that, notwithstanding any act or default of us or
 “any of our ancestors, we have good right to assure the said premises
 “to the said minister and members of kirk session and their successors
 “in manner foresaid, and that the said premises shall at all times
 “hereafter be held and enjoyed upon the trust and in manner foresaid
 “without interruption from and free from all incumbrances by us or
 “our heirs or any person lawfully claiming under or in trust for us or
 “them or any of our ancestors, and that we and our heirs and all
 “persons claiming under or in trust for us or them or any of our
 “ancestors shall upon every request and at the expense of the said
 “minister and members of kirk-session and their successors make
 “and perfect all such further assurances of the premises as may be
 “required by them for conveying the same to the use of the said

“minister and members of kirk-session and their successors in
“manner foresaid. In witness whereof, &c.”

By the end of 1850, or early in 1851, Mr Russell vacated the old Parish School and occupied the new one, taking up his residence in the school master's house attached to it. He conducted the school till about 1869 or so, when Mr James Millar became his assistant.

Lord Young's Education Act for Scotland came into operation in 1873, and the Parish School which had been under the supervision of the minister and kirk session, became the Maryhill Public School, under the control of a School Board elected by the Parish of Maryhill. Mr Russell then retired on an annual allowance after 35 years' active service, and Mr Millar succeeded him as head-master. The Free Church School built in 1848, and of which Mr James Rennie, M.A., was head-master, was also taken over by the School Board and called Church Street Public School. They also built a new public school at East Park, a plain unpretentious looking building as seen from Gairbraid Street, the School Board of that time being evidently in a cheeseparing mood. Mr Rennie was appointed head master, Mr James Vincent succeeding him in Church Street School. The Board likewise built a school close by the Helensburgh Railway at Possilpark Station to accommodatè pupils residing at Lambhill and Possilpark—Mr William Findlay being appointed head-master. The school connected with the Roman Catholic Chapel was considerably enlarged and rearranged, but its management and supervision was retained by that body, constituting it thereby a strictly denominational school.

In November, 1882, Mr James Millar, the head-master of Maryhill Public School, was unfortunately killed by a fall from the steps of a tramway car in Union Street, Glasgow. The general opinion was that his foot had slipped on one of the steps in descending from the top of the car and was thereby thrown on the street. My impression is that it was a sudden spasm of the heart, checking its action and rendering him unconscious, if not at the same moment depriving him of life. He had suffered severely several times from acute rheumatic attacks, and, as a consequence, the function of the heart was impaired, and this vital organ rendered irregular and defective. He and I were frequently together during the last two years of his life, and spent many a pleasant hour in reading and discussing a number of the literary productions of the day. We were regular attenders at the meetings of Lodge Maryhill 510, he being junior and I senior warden. At an emergency meeting of the Lodge called

for the purpose of initiating, passing, and raising a candidate who was about to depart from Scotland, Mr Millar and I took part in the solemn and impressive masonic ceremony, which was not finished till near 11 o'clock. It was a fine clear night, and we walked from Wyndford to our homes, stood and chatted for a short time at the railway bridge, shook hands, parted, and we never met again. He was dead in less than a week thereafter. His interment took place in New Kilpatrick Cemetery, and the young pupil teachers carried his remains from the hearse to the grave. He left a widow and three children, and a short time after his death a beautiful illuminated memorial was presented to Mrs Millar by the members of Lodge Maryhill 510 to mark their sympathy with her in the great bereavement she had sustained, and as a token of the esteem in which he was held by his masonic brethren.

On the death of Mr Millar, Mr Findlay was transferred from Possil Park Public School to Maryhill School, and Mr Vincent from Church Street School to Possil Park, and Mr Ross was appointed to Church Street School. Maryhill Public School, which the Board had at considerable expense enlarged to the full extent of the feu on the east, and rearranged its internal fittings, was found by 1883 to be too small and unsuitable for both teachers and pupils. A site for a new school was secured on Gilshochill, and a large and rather palatial looking edifice was erected, with ample accommodation for the numerous pupils and staff of teachers. When it was finished and ready for occupation, Mr Rennie was appointed head-master of this new Maryhill Public School, and Mr Findlay became head-master of East Park Public School.

On the 14th April, 1886, the venerable Mr John Russell died, aged 81 years, and was interred in the north-east corner of Maryhill Churchyard. When the Registration Act for Scotland came into operation in January, 1855, he was appointed Registrar for Maryhill, and superintended within his district the taking of the population census in 1861, 1871, and 1881. He continued to discharge the onerous duties of Registrar till towards the close of his life, when for a year or so he had the aid of a young relation as assistant. He and I were always good and agreeable friends, and many a pleasant hour we passed together. He had been a student under Sir Daniel K. Sandford, Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, and used to tell the great treat it was to hear Sir Daniel read or recite passages from various Greek authors. Mr Russell was all his life a martyr to bilious attacks, sometimes exceedingly severe, and these painful and

distressing ailments of the liver depressed his spirits and often made him rather irritable in temper. A strict and prompt disciplinarian at all times in school, many of his pupils in after years when grown to manhood could say of him what the poet Oliver Goldsmith records of his teacher—

“ A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Or swift the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.

He was session-clerk of Maryhill Parish till within a short time of his death, and his aged widow still occupies the dwelling-house attached to the old school. Their youngest son, the Rev. Andrew Russell, M.A., has been for some years minister of the Parish of Leslie.

What had been from its erection in 1850 the Parish School, and from 1873 till 1883 Maryhill Public School, again became the property of the Parish Church and is used for Sunday School, Congregational Meetings, &c., and is now named Maryhill Old Parish School. Since 1887 East Park Public School has to a large extent been re-built and re-modelled, which gives it now a comparatively massive and handsome appearance—Mr Findlay continuing head-master with a suitable staff of male and female assistant teachers. Mr Findlay died in July, 1894, and Mr Ross was appointed head master.

In carrying out these extensive additions, alterations and improvements, for the accommodation of the yearly increasing number of scholars in the different schools, much was due to the energy and perseverance of William Wilson, Esq., J.P., for a number of years chairman of the Maryhill School Board—a gentleman who all his life has identified himself with every movement having for its object the training and education of the young in Maryhill, and the instruction, elevation, and well-being of every resident in the place. His brother Mr David Wilson is now chairman of the School Board, and an additional school is being built or almost completed to provide accommodation for the rapidly increasing population in the eastern portion of Maryhill Parish.

SECTION VI.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

"A kind man is the Doctor,
As mony puir folk ken;
He spares nae toil by day or nicht
Tae sooth an' ease their pain."—*Alex. Smart.*

IN 1817 there resided at East Chapelton, on the Milngavie and Strathblane Road, between Canniesburn Toll and Kilmardinny, Dr. Rolland. This gentleman had been for a considerable time resident in India, but whether in the British Army or in the honourable East India Company's service, I cannot say; but he was frequently consulted by many of the inhabitants of (Kelvindock) Maryhill, to whom he gave advice and prescribed for them. By 1820 or so he removed from Chapelton and took up his residence in Cherrybank, which is the first dwelling on the left after passing the Pen Bridge going along Main Street towards Garscube; it is built close to and faces the Canal, with its back to Main Street, and is marked No. 49. He was the first medical practitioner who dwelt in (Kelvindock) Maryhill; a little eccentric, I have been told, by those who knew him, and had a quaint, joking, kindly way with his patients. In those days a very common medicine was "Epsom Salts" (Sulphate of Magnesia), and in many cases the people used to take "Glauber's Salts" (Sulphate of Soda), a medicine used now only for horses and cattle.

Dr. Rolland had a most determined objection to salts being used in any form as a medicine; his experience, he said, taught him to use only two medicines, no matter what the complaint was, the one being "Calomel," which he called his plough, and the other "Jalap," which he named his harrow. The only difference he pursued in treating his patients was to reverse his ordinary mode of procedure occasionally; to use his own words: "I harrow first, and then plough them, instead of ploughing and then harrowing them." After two or three years he removed to the Cowcaddens and took up his residence

near to where that thoroughfare joins Buchanan Street, and continued in active practice till his death a few years afterwards.

The next medical gentleman who began practice in (Kelvindock) Maryhill was Dr James Carlaw, he resided in the west end of the top flat of that property in which is the Bull Inn, at that time tenanted by my venerable friend the late Mr James Sim. The doctor, being of a frank, social disposition, soon made many friends, and acquired a large practice. The late Miss Graham of Gairbraid, speaking to him one day of the amount of labour he had, asked if he did not think there was work for two medical men. The doctor admitted frankly that there was ample work for two, but barely pay for one. Shortly after Dr Carlaw came to (Kelvindock) Maryhill in 1825, the inhabitants not only of that district but of a large part of Scotland were agitated and shocked by the discovery of an extensive traffic in dead bodies that was being carried on to provide subjects to be used for dissection by the students of anatomy in the various medical colleges and schools. I do not believe there was a burying ground in Glasgow, nor for a number of miles around it, but was visited, graves opened and bodies stolen, sometimes by medical students who loved a bit of adventure and excitement, but more frequently by professional body-snatchers or resurrectionists as they were called. These generally went on their nocturnal expeditions in pairs; sometimes there might be three—one being detailed to watch the "down," as it was called; which was to give a timely signal to his associates of the approach of anything likely to lead to their detection.

An eminent physician and surgeon, long well-known in Glasgow, (but who is now no more) when a young man visited along with some other youthful "sawbones" (as Sam Weller called them) Govan churchyard; after selecting a grave they began work and had got down to the coffin when an alarm was given—all bolted off and escaped capture; but the gentleman I have just indicated had to swim the River Clyde opposite the Govan Church to avoid being caught.

About this period of body-snatching, there was a story extensively whispered and pretty generally believed, that a well-known doctor residing in Glasgow, and who conducted a private school for practical anatomy, had gone with two or three assistants to the High Church burying-ground to open a grave and exhume a body. This was the remains of a person who had died from some complaint which had baffled the skill of the medical attendants to make a satisfactory

diagnosis of it. The relations objected to any "post-mortem" examination being made by the medical gentlemen who had so assiduously attended the deceased, although they pointed out the great importance and value such an investigation would be to the profession. The relations remained obdurate, and the body was buried. They had been advised not to leave the grave without a guard for even a single hour by day or night. They accordingly arranged for a succession of watches, and the very first night at dusk provided a lantern with only one piece of glass through which the light shone, the rest of it being all dark. The guard took up their quarters, armed with loaded guns, at some little distance from the grave, and placed the lantern on it, with the light shining towards them, and this they intently watched. The doctor had made up his mind he would have the body, with the aid of his assistants, and add the portion he desired so much to examine to his pathological collection. During the night the light from the lantern was observed to quiver and slightly oscillate. One of the watchers advanced a little and fired his gun, the light was immediately extinguished, a bustling movement was heard, and the sound of retreating footsteps, then all was again silent. After some little time, the lantern was got and relighted, but no person was seen. It was found that the would-be grave robbers had moved the lantern away from the spot where the watchers had placed it, and in the act of moving it still further from the grave, so as to permit them to proceed with the opening of it, the lantern came in contact with a stone. This had caused the oscillation of the light, and revealed the presence of the resurrectionists. In a few days it was announced to the public that this doctor (say A.B.) was in a critical state, having punctured himself whilst dissecting a subject, and the effects of the poison it was feared would be fatal. Unfortunately, death was the result, and Glasgow lost a most promising and talented young medical teacher. Much sympathy was felt and expressed for his aged father, a well-known Glasgow divine.

The Ramshorn (that is St. David's) burying-ground at the top of Candleriggs Street, Glasgow, a very public place, was entered, and bodies stolen from it, and I remember of seeing, when a boy, open graves which had been plundered in John Street burying-ground, Bridgeton, and also in the burying-ground in Clyde Street, Calton. When such public places as these were visited and robbed, it is no wonder that New Kilpatrick Church-yard, lying in such a quiet sequestered situation, was also visited and despoiled. Maryhill

Church-yard, in which at that time there had not been very many interments, was also entered by the resurrectionists, and the body of old Mrs Purdon carried off in the beginning of 1827 from the "Purdon's Lair," still marked by a head-stone near the south-east corner of the church. I am not sure whether it was the day after the funeral, or the first Sabbath after it, that the relations paid a visit to the grave. Some snow had fallen, and one of the party was indicating the position of the grave with a staff or umbrella, when the point of it caught, and turned over a bit of cloth. A daughter, who was one of the visitors, observing it, exclaimed—"That's the napkin was round my mither's head." The alarm was given, and the grave examined, but the body was gone and never recovered. Sometime after this the body of a child, which had also been lifted from Maryhill Church-yard, was found in a field on "Gilshochill, the body snatchers not having found a suitable opportunity to transfer it to the dissecting room. I believe it oozed out afterwards, from unguarded words that fell now and again from Dr Carlaw whilst mellow "wi' a wee drappie o't," that old granny Purdon's body had also been concealed on Gilshochill for a couple of days before being finally deposited in the practical anatomy class-room. Suspicion fell on a Kelvindock resident, bold and reckless often enough, and whose habitual contempt for the eighth commandment was well known, but nothing definite was ever discovered regarding the violators of old Mrs Purdon's grave. A few months after this the suspected party made a flagrant breach in the laws of *meum et tuum* in the Maryhill district, was captured, and detained in the "palace of justice," which fronts the Green of Glasgow, to await the arrival of the gentlemen in "wig and gown" from Parliament Square, Edinburgh. One morning, to the consternation of the officials in charge, the door was found open, and fifteen birds flown from the cage, one of them being charged with a breach of the sixth commandment, the Kelvindock notable being the bold and successful leader in the daring exploit. In a short time all were recaptured and lodged in their old quarters (but under vigilant supervision), except the one charged with homicide. He could not be got, and a reward of £50 was offered for such information as would lead to his apprehension. At his own request his sister gave the necessary information to the criminal officers, in order that she might get the £50 reward, and be in a position to engage the best counsel possible to defend him at his trial.

In due course, two Senators of the College of Justice visited

Glasgow, he was arraigned before them, pled not guilty, was tried, convicted of murder, and sentenced to be executed. In six weeks thereafter he passed through the hands of the veteran "Tam Young," on 12th December, 1827, and was dressed in white clothes bound with black braid when he was hanged, which was at a quarter past two o'clock afternoon. This criminal was "Jamie Glen," a hauler on the canal, who drowned his illegitimate child, near to where Messrs Shaw & M'Innes have their foundry at Firhill. When the body was found in the canal some inquiries were made regarding it, but no information being forthcoming, it was interred in Maryhill churchyard, and to all appearance there was an end to the matter. It was not so. The mother of the child, who resided at Glenhead, Duntocher, and worked in Dunn's factory there, had at the urgent request of "Glen" given up the child to him, on his representing to her that he had got a suitable party to take charge of it. Very shortly after this she applied to him for the address of the person in whose care he had placed the child; he put her off by saying the "Wean was a' richt." After a little time she again spoke to him about it, and got an equally unsatisfactory answer. She visited (Kelvindock) Maryhill to make enquiries regarding her child, and try if possible to discover some trace of it, and there heard of a child's body having been found in the canal at Firhill, and of its burial in the churchyard. She did not rest after this till the necessary steps were taken authorising the opening of the grave, which was done and the body produced, which she at once identified as the remains of her child by the printed frock in which it was dressed. As to the leader of the prison breakers, their Lordships sent him 14 years to the "Gates of Hercules" to have his wild and reckless nature toned down. He soon gained the confidence of those under whose charge he was placed, by his smartness and intelligence, and conducted himself during his lengthened stay there in a becoming and orderly manner. On the expiry of his term of expatriation, he returned with the old leaven completely subdued, and was long employed in Glasgow, proving a steady and reliable workman. When old age overtook him, he returned to Maryhill to stay with a relation, where he died within the last 16 or 18 years. Douce and snod-like, with his shoulders a little raised and a slight stoop in his wiry-like frame, I have often seen him in the last years of his life taking a walk in the summer and autumn evenings, accompanied by a young friend or two, and carrying on an animated and earnest conversation. There is little doubt but Dr Carlaw was informed of all the incidents

attending the plundering of the "Purdon's Lair" by some of the actors in the robbery, or possibly by the teacher of anatomy who purchased the body. Those midnight robberies of the burying grounds in various parts of Scotland, outraged the feelings of the people and intensified the desire of all to secure the graves of the departed from desecration. The closing hours of the dying were often embittered by the thought that their bodies might be carried off from the tomb, and pass under the scalpel of the anatomist, and their skeletons perhaps fill a niche in a museum.

Shocking as this body-snatching was to the feelings of the people, it was for a time cast completely in the shade, and the inhabitants of Edinburgh horrified by the discovery toward the end of 1828 of a series of cold-blooded murders perpetrated in Edinburgh.

A person named Burke who committed these atrocities at his dwelling house at the Westport, near the Grassmarket, assisted by a relation named Hare, disposed of the bodies of his victims to Dr Knox, who kept a school for teaching practical anatomy in Surgeon's Square, Edinburgh. I believe Knox never appeared personally, the arranging of such purchases being always entrusted to some of his assistants, who received the subjects and paid the money to the heartless monsters—of course asking no questions. The first body sold was that of an old soldier who lodged with Hare, and died in his debt. Burke remarked that he might soon pay himself all the old man owed and a good bit more by selling the body for dissection. This suggestion was acted on, and the remains taken to the class-rooms of Dr Knox in the evening, and, if I remember rightly, they received £10 from one of his assistants. Here was an easy way of earning money they thought, and straightway proceeded to decoy and entrap homeless persons by offering shelter in Burke's house, treating them to spirits till they got drowsy and lay down to sleep. Burke, watching his opportunity, sprang on the unsuspecting slumberers and smothered them; in some cases he required the assistance of Hare, as when they suffocated Daft Jamie. In a short time sixteen unfortunate victims, including men, women, and one boy, were choked to death by these diabolical fiends, and the bodies disposed of at the dissecting rooms. The murder of Mary Paterson, a common Cyprian, led to their detection, and they were lodged in prison. The Crown authorities, in order to make sure of convicting one wholesale murderer, rather than risk the escape of both from insufficient evidence, admitted Hare as a witness against his confederate. Burke was tried, convicted, and hanged in January, 1829, and

Hare was never again seen in Edinburgh. Dr Knox also left it for a time, but ultimately returned after the popular excitement and rage had abated. I remember the words we school boys used to shout when running about at that time were "Hang Burke, shoot Hare, and burn Knox in Surgeon's Square."

Many dark stories were current of numerous individuals (old and young) in various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland being "burked" (for the name of the Westport murderer gave a new verb to our language), a synonym for stifling or smothering. I have little doubt that many were murdered in the large cities and towns, by fiends in human shape, for the few paltry sovereigns that could easily be got for the bodies of their hapless victims, without question or explanation.

The robbing of burying-grounds, or "susie-lifting," as this species of plundering came to be designated, went on as briskly after the revelations of the Edinburgh tragedies as ever. Watch-houses were erected in every grave-yard, and in a number of places societies were formed, and funds subscribed to provide for the watching of graves for six weeks after burial. In 1824 the Bridgeton Grave Protecting Society was formed, and Alexander Rodger, the poet, wrote the following song, which was sung at a concert given in aid of its funds that same year:—

YE WHO MOURN DEAR FRIENDS DEPARTED.

Air—"Scenes of Woe and Scenes of Pleasure."

Ye who mourn dear friends departed,
By the hand of death laid low;
Ye who lone and broken-hearted
Secretly indulge your woe:
'Mid your plaintive sighs and wailings,
One sad comfort, now, you have,
Shock'd no more shall be your feelings
O'er a plundered, empty grave.

Midnight prowlers bent on robbing,
Shall no more your dead molest;
Now, "the wicked cease from troubling,"
Now, "the weary are at rest,"
Soundly sleeps your sire or mother,
Faithful husband, virtuous wife,
Son or daughter, sister, brother,
Safe from the dissector's knife.

O'er the hallowed green turf kneeling,
Shedding fond affection's tear,
Soothed will be your every feeling,
With thy dear loved dust lies here;
Here, too, shalt thou long repose thee,
In the calm and peaceful tomb,
Till the archangel's trump shall rouse thee
Radiant with immortal bloom,

A watch-house was built in Maryhill Church-yard at the south-west corner, but no society was formed, so far as I am aware. The duty of watching was generally undertaken by a number of young men, who divided themselves into parties of two or three, each party having their allotted night for being on guard. The more rollicking youths contrived to be on duty together, when a little practical mischief could be carried out without any interference. It was currently reported at the time (in fact a bow o' meal widna near han' hae stappit the mouths o' the folk wha said) that the adjacent farmers' potato pits, hen roosts, and duck-houses were laid under contribution to supply the select kirk-yard watchers with eatables. When the supper was cooked, a general "join" was made to buy the wee drap o' tambowie and some porter to synd the "cheukies an' deuks" doon their throats, and promote digestion. Those brave guardians of the dead (mostly sturdy young fellows) were accorded the sympathy and gratitude of the inhabitants more advanced in years, with the addition sometimes of a few shillings, which were spent of course in augmenting the stock of liquids. Another cheering feature during their supposed dismal midnight watch over the graves of the departed, varied by an occasional patrol round the church, was the presence frequently of volunteer assistant watchers, some of them of the gentler sex, so that sometimes the meetings were not unlike a Hogmanay nicht, a bottling, or Paddy M'Dade's wake. In short, instead of their midnight vigil being solitary and sad, their motto seemed rather to be "Taste life's glad moments whilst the wasting taper glows," with a decided tendency on their way home in the early morning to croon a bit verse of "Happy we've been a' thegither."

By 1831 the robberies of grave-yards became less frequent. This arose partly from the vigilance of the watchers, a number of whom were organised and detailed for this duty in nearly every grave-yard in Scotland. The fitting of iron "mort safes" (as they were called) on many of the graves of those newly interred was another means which effectually secured them from spoliation. There was still another reason for the church yards being less frequently plundered, this was the receiving of a pretty constant supply of "subjects" by the steamers plying between the sister isle and the city of St. Mungo. The discovery that such a traffic was being carried on was made accidentally. A box or case, insufficiently nailed, gave way whilst transferring it from the steamer to a cart or hurrly-barrow. Through the end of the partially burst or broken box a human foot and part

of the leg protruded. The police were called, the box placed in their charge, and, accompanied by a score or so of excited men and boys, it was taken to the police office. An investigation took place, but no reliable information could be got as to the party who had sent the box, or to whom it was consigned, being marked "to be called for." The body was therefore quietly and decently interred.

The raids of the resurrectionists in the graveyards created a feeling of dislike and repugnance on the part of the working classes to the students of anatomy, and a decided antipathy was shewn and felt more particularly towards the young medical gentlemen commencing or who had recently began practice. In the autumn of 1831, the country was thrown into a state of excitement by the appearance, for the first time in Scotland, of that dreadful scourge "Asiatic Cholera." The first case I remember hearing of occurred in Kirkintilloch; the disease spread with fatal rapidity, and soon reached (Kelvindock) Maryhill, attacking many of the inhabitants, death being the result in a large number of instances. It generally came on without any premonitory warning whatever, and the patient was a corpse in a few hours. Cold perspiration, with prostration of strength, vomiting and purging; then came the dreadful cramps, seizing on the calves of the legs, the thighs, the fingers, the toes and all muscular parts; the body was bent, the limbs twisted; the face became cadaverous and corpse-like; sunken eyes, with a dark circle round them, blue lips, and a tongue of a leaden hue; a wild and pitiful look, with hurried and difficult breathing, the form seeming to shrink and dwindle visibly; the pulse at first small and weak, became rapidly more so until its feeble beatings could scarcely, if at all, be detected; the body lost its natural warmth as the face became more withered and ghastly; the arms and hands wrinkled like those of a washerwoman, with livid finger nails, fell helplessly at the side, and the weak wailing voice sank to a whisper in its frequent calls for drink to quench the intolerable thirst. To the last there appeared to be a wandering kind of consciousness, but no power to express a wish or will, nor ray of pleasant recognition to light up the eye when it rested on familiar faces. Then came the perfect insensibility of collapse, and soon the feeble flickering light of life was quenched. Such were some of the phases usually exhibited by the hapless victims of this awful pestilence, which for a time swept over the land, a desolating whirlwind of death. A panic seemed to possess the people almost everywhere, and the medical men became the objects of aversion and distrust; they were suspected of trying experiments with various medicines

and compounds, in their endeavours to discover some prescription potent enough to neutralize the attack of the deadly malady, at the same time indifferent whether the poor patient lived or not. I am not aware of any acts of personal violence being offered to medical practitioners, but I remember of some of the younger members of the profession being scowled at and saluted with partially suppressed mutterings and groans on their visits to a large hospital, which was established in Dalmarnock Road, for the special treatment of cholera stricken patients.

In (Kelvindock) Maryhill during the prevalence of the terrible epidemic, Dr Carlaw stuck nobly to his post, and being the only medical practitioner in the place his labours and anxieties were incessant, for he toiled day and night visiting and prescribing for all who had the misfortune to be seized and prostrated by this fearful complaint. Many who were attacked by the cholera and survived, were largely indebted for their returning health and strength to the devoted attendance and self-denying labours of Dr Carlaw. When death was in the cup, and the vital spark had fled the frail tenement of clay, friends and acquaintances scared from attending or visiting the stricken patient when living, exhibited sometimes greater terror at their death, and could not be induced to assist in dressing the remains and placing them in the coffin in which they were to be carried to their last resting place. Amidst all the repugnance and terror which for a time pervaded the greater portion of the community one name stands out conspicuous for kindness, attention, and courage—this was John Andrew, more familiarly called “Jock Andrew,” a joiner, son of Francis Andrew, a master joiner (or wright as the trade was then called) who had his workshop near the top of what is now Bridge Street. I do not think there was a death from cholera in (Kelvindock) Maryhill, but John Andrew assisted at the burial in some way or other; the funerals in general by the doctor’s orders taking place a few hours after death. In many cases he not only made the shells, but had to put the victims of cholera into the coffins himself; the relatives and friends being too frightened to touch the body or assist. With earnest and persevering self-denial he moved amongst the dying and dead, and by his calmness and courage did much towards keeping the popular excitement within bounds, and instilling a little firmness into the nervous and timid. Towards the end of 1831 the epidemic of cholera had nearly disappeared, and the health of the community assumed almost its ordinary condition. The resurrectionists again went forth on their

nocturnal expeditions to replenish their own pockets and supply material for the dissecting room.

The watchers of Maryhill Churchyard were again guarding the graves of the dead. I think it was about this time (that is the end of 1831 or the beginning of 1832) that two worthies were on duty one night. J. L. was of a rather timorous and impulsive disposition, the other, J. D., decidedly tricky and deliberate. About 12 o'clock the impulsive one took a walk round the church with a gun in his hand loaded with ordinary "sparrow hail" to see that all was quiet and no susie-lifters moving about. While marching round the church the deliberate one slipped out of the watch-house and crept under the large flat stone placed over "John Peters' Lair" in front of the church and near where the block-printers' monument stands. When the patroller came round to the front of the church, the tricky one began mewing, spitting, and growling, moving his feet and legs about, they being partly exposed and projecting from under the stone. The impulsive one heard the "yirrin sooch an' daudin' o' the feet," and raising the gun to his shoulder with the remark, "Be ye deevil or ghost, here's at ye," fired off the gun, threw it on the ground, bolted out at the churchyard gate, and ran along Main Street to the Pen Bridge. It was very dark, there being no lamps to light the place in those days, he was afraid to pass through the bridge, and stood shouting the name of an intimate friend who lived close to the bridge, but on the Wyndford side of it. While standing and crying the name he heard the sound of footsteps approaching, and being excited thought it might be some one pursuing him from the churchyard; buttoning his coat and mustering up courage, he bent down his head and started to run through the bridge. Before he got halfway through he came in contact with a big blacksmith on his way from Glasgow, and who lived at Cannisburn; the impulsive youth's head being bowed down, gave the smith a butt in the chest (or as Bell's Life would classically call it, "gave him one on the bread-basket") and sent the Cannisburn "burn'e win'" sprawling in the middle of the road. He immediately gathered himself up and gave chase to the "confoondit blagyerd" that had knockit him ow'r," but the other was too nimble, and eluded capture. After a bit he got his friend roused, and the two set off to the churchyard to see what was up. When they reached it, they found the tricky and deliberate youth with his trousers riddled, and his legs pock-marked and fern-speckled by the sparrow hail fired from the gun.

From the beginning of 1829, that is from the period of Burke and

Hare's wholesale murders, there had been much agitation throughout the country by a large portion of the inhabitants, but more particularly by those taking an interest in medical science. The Government (the leader of which was the Duke of Wellington) had been again and again urged to take steps to regulate the teaching and practice of anatomy in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and make suitable provision for supplying colleges and anatomical schools with the necessary "subjects" to be used in dissection, but had done nothing in the matter. The Government had another question more pressing still, the settlement of which could not be longer delayed, as it involved to some extent the very existence of the legislative institutions of our country. This was the "Reform Bill," its object being to reform the representation of the people in the House of Commons and adjust it in accordance with the increased population; to extend the franchise so as to embrace a much larger portion of the people than had hitherto been permitted to exercise that privilege. Up to 1830 the slightest measure of parliamentary reform had been resolutely denied. The Duke of Wellington, who was prime minister when the parliament met October 26th, 1830, which was elected on the death of George IV., affirmed in allusion to something which Earl Grey had said—"That the legislature and the system of representation possess the full and entire confidence of the country, and deservedly possess that confidence." But the second Revolution in France, which had just occurred, had given a great impulse to questions of political reform. A new reign and a new parliament had commenced under these influences, and the country generally being in a disturbed and excited state, the Duke was compelled to yield, and resigned office. William IV. sent for Earl Grey, who formed a new cabinet, and announced that "peace, retrenchment, and reform would be the objects of his policy."

On the 1st March, 1831, Lord John Russell, as the organ of the cabinet, introduced the first reform bill into the House of Commons, but the ministry were beaten on the third reading on the 20th April. Two days afterwards parliament was dissolved with the avowed design of ascertaining the sense of the people on the measure thus defeated. The new parliament met on the 14th June, and the second reform bill was introduced in the House of Commons and carried through all the readings by large majorities; the measure, however, was defeated in the House of Lords on the second reading.

Various demonstrations and processions of the people took place throughout the country during the consideration of both the first and

second reform bills in parliament, and when the second bill was carried by the Commons a general illumination took place all over the country, and every window facing a street, whether tenanted by gentle or simple, had a number of candles fitted and lighted up. The third reform bill was introduced in the House of Commons on 12th December, 1831, and carried through the third reading on the 19th March, 1832. Another illumination took place, with great display of fireworks, at "Nelson's Monument," on Glasgow Green; numerous bonfires blazed on prominent points in the country, and more processions took place. The workmen of the various trades and occupations, joined enthusiastically in those demonstrations, and vied with each other as to who could display flags and banners of the most elegant design, and devices and models of most ingenious skill and workmanship.

The bill being sent to the House of Lords, passed the first and second readings successfully, but the ministry were defeated on a vital clause, on the third reading on the 7th May, when they at once resigned. Then came a "jolly row" as the saying is. When the news reached Glasgow, which at that time it took some two or three days to do, the excitement was intense, the patience of the people exhausted, and their temper fairly roused by the foolish obstinacy of the House of Peers. Another procession and demonstration was speedily organised, and I remember of seeing the mustering of the "trades" on Glasgow Green that day, which was named "Black Saturday," from the fact that many of the flags and banners carried in previous processions were now trimmed with crape, and on numerous new ones were inscribed fierce mottoes against the titled obstructors of national progress. The workmen of Barrowfield Printworks had a conspicuous flag with the "Death or Glory" emblem (that is a skull and crossed bones) displayed on a back ground, and above it in large white letters the words, "Earl Grey's Bill, or." The flag was carried by one of the apprentices, who is, I am glad to say, still hale and hearty, an active and efficient workman although approaching four-score years, and a staunch radical reformer as of yore. Thousands marched in procession from the surrounding districts of Glasgow on that memorable day, and entered the "Green," the bands playing "March to the Battlefield." The men of (Kelvindock) Maryhill, like those of other places around, took part in all the processions and demonstrations. They had also formed an instrumental band, the members of which were mostly all employed in Dawsholm printworks.

Many beautiful and valuable flags bearing mottoes of loyalty to the Crown, and expressions of admiration for the "Sailor King," as William IV. was often called, were publicly burned on that "Black Saturday," the people believing that he was not sincere in his professed approval of the Reform Bill.

The special flag carried that day by the workmen of Dawsholm printfield was painted by my friend, the late Mr James Lauder, a clever and talented man, who was at that time pattern designer in the works. It was a portrait of the King (William IV.), one half of the face was a correct likeness, and the other half was painted plain black, indicating what they deemed the two-faced policy of the King. For nearly a fortnight His Majesty was without a ministry, and the country on the brink of a revolution; by the 17th May, Earl Grey and his friends were again in power, the most stringent methods are now understood to have been employed, with the consent of the King to keep back the refractory Peers; and on the 4th of June, the House of Lords passed the Bill by a large majority (106 for and 22 against). It received the Royal assent and became law three days after.

During the spring months of 1832 Cholera almost entirely disappeared from the district, and it was fondly hoped that the ravages of the disease were at an end. This hope was not realized. By the month of June the pestilence again broke out with renewed virulence—numbers dying after only a few hours illness. Again Dr Carlaw battled with the dreadful scourge, using every means that medical science and skill could devise to stay its progress, and save its hapless victims from death. As in the autumn of the preceding year some were attacked and survived, so on this occasion, a number after being brought to the gates of death were, by the judicious treatment and attention bestowed on them by the doctor, gradually restored to dear friends who had almost ceased to hope. Again John Andrew with earnest and devoted self-denial moved amongst the dying and dead, repeating all his brave actions of the previous year; seeming in fact to possess a charmed life, as he calmly pursued his good Samaritan labours, and faced the "Grim King of Terrors" in his desolating ravages in Maryhill, soothing the last hour of many a cholera-stricken victim.

By the month of October, 1832, the terrible plague of Asiatic Cholera had passed away from our country entirely. A number of the inhabitants, to mark their appreciation of the services rendered by John Andrew and his apprentice, William Denholm, during the

epidemic, subscribed for and presented a silver watch to Andrew, and a brace and set of bits to Denholm, Dr Carlaw occupying the chair and making the presentation, about the first week in November. There were not many present on the occasion, and the doctor as chairman made the toddy; being always fond of a practical joke, he made it of the quality known as "Heelan' Toddy."

This compound is made by "toomin' a tappit hen into the bowl an plunkin' in as many bits o' sugar as jist sweetin' it, then fill up the bowl wi' boiled whiskey." The consequence was that all got as "fou as wheelks" with three exceptions, these were the doctor, John Andrew, and a particular friend of mine, the late Mr Robert A. M'Indoe, for a number of years Treasurer and Collector for the Burgh of Maryhill, and who would not till the close of his life try a "drap o' Heelan' Toddy or Cauld Straik" either. At the beginning of this same month (November), the classes in the Colleges and Medical Schools were opened for the winter session, and the plundering of the graveyards was to some extent also resumed. The government of Earl Grey, after they had disposed of the question of the extension of the franchise by passing the Reform Bill, introduced a Bill into Parliament dealing with, and regulating the teaching of Practical Anatomy in all Colleges and Schools. This was the Act 2nd and 3rd, William IV., Cap. 75, commonly called the Anatomy Act. By it, the Home Secretary for Great Britain, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, are empowered to grant to any duly qualified Medical Practitioner or Student of Anatomy on written application by him, with certification by two J.P.'s, a licence to practice anatomy. The act also provides for inspectors being appointed and supported for the purpose of seeing its provisions carried out, and failure to comply with these provisions involves a penalty not exceeding £50, or in lieu of that three months imprisonment. The act was to come into force on the 1st January, 1833. This act was amended 25th May, 1871, and empowers the Secretary of State to vary the period for transmission of certificates of interment to district inspectors.

About a week or ten days after the presentation to John Andrew and William Denholm, a "symposium" or jollification was held in Robert Crawford the barber's house, who resided in Geordie White-law's land, Main Street, near the corner of Kelvin Street, the spree being in honour of the "hame comin'" of the barber and his wife, after their marriage. There were only a few present, and amongst the number was Dr. Carlaw, who was pretty boisterous that evening, and when the party broke up, shortly before twelve o'clock, the

doctor proceeded to his house, which was in the west-end of the top flat of that property, in which is the well-known "Bull Inn," at that time tenanted by the late Mr James Sim. In the room of the dwelling occupied by the doctor there are two windows; one faces Main Street, the other in the gable of the tenement faces the lane or entrance to "Peters's Court." His house-keeper, the late Agnes Gilchrist, told me she heard the doctor going into his room, which must have been about twelve o'clock, or very shortly after it. From that hour till five or a quarter-past five o'clock the following morning she heard nothing of the doctor, and believed he was in bed. Shortly after five o'clock, she was aroused by hurried rapping at the door, on opening which she was told that the doctor was lying dead on the footpath, having evidently fallen over the window. The body was found by Jean, a daughter of Mr James Yuille, the saddler, who also resided in the property. The remains of the unfortunate doctor were carried up stairs, and the statement given forth was that, during the dark November night or early morning, he had stepped or fallen over his bedroom window, striking the corner of the stone porch at the door of the saddler's shop, which at that time had pillars, &c. similar to what still forms the entrance to the Bull Inn, and was thus instantly killed. There was another version of the tragic end of the doctor in circulation and much discussed, but *sotto voce*. In fact the whisper was credited by many that he had, after leaving the barber's and going home, quietly left his house again, to meet by appointment two or three young medical students, who had arranged to exhume a body that night from New Kilpatrick Churchyard, and that while engaged plundering the grave, they were fired upon by the parties watching the burying-ground. Dr. Carlaw was either then and there killed or mortally wounded, and died before his friends could drive to Maryhill, that when they reached his residence, they quietly lifted the body out and laid it on the footpath, thus inducing the belief that he had fallen over the window. One thing which caused a doubt in the minds of some residents in the place, as to the truth of the theory that he fell over the window, was the secrecy with which the body was dressed and coffined. The fact that no acquaintances were afforded an opportunity of seeing the remains of the unfortunate doctor only served to confirm the belief of a number, that he met his death while in the company of those students (who may have had the assistance of a professional resurrectionist,) but that he could have had no other inducement to join such a party, but the excitement and novelty of the expedition. What subsequently transpired

and helped to strengthen this opinion was the circumstance that New Kilpatrick churchyard was visited during that night by a grave-robbing party, and the men on duty as watchers did really fire at the plundering gang. Besides, the doctor had shown to a few of his acquaintances once or twice some "susie lifting" tools, and notably a beautifully finished spade, the blade made to unscrew from the handle, so as to be conveniently carried in the pockets of an overcoat. The true cause of Dr Carlaw's death I believe to be this—He had at the social gathering taken a good drop more toddy and raw whiskey also than he ought to have done, which caused him to be rather hilarious and a shade reckless. So I was told by one or two who were present on the occasion. After returning to his house and going to his room, he had become sick, and that no trace of his sickness might be seen in his room, he lifted up the window in order to vomit, and in leaning forward lost his balance and fell to the ground from the third storey, causing instant death. He was buried in Maryhill churchyard, not far from the north-west corner, and on a free-stone tablet built into the wall, the following inscription is carved :—

ERECTED
By the Inhabitants of Maryhill and neighbourhood
 IN MEMORY OF
 JAMES CARLAW, SURGEON,
 WHO DIED 21ST NOVEMBER 1832,
 AGED 30.

And so at this early age closed the life and labours of the second medical practitioner who resided in (Kelvindock) Maryhill.

I may as well note at this point that John Andrew, who rendered such valuable services during the prevalence of cholera, and assisted so ably in carrying out Dr. Carlaw's instructions, met also with a violent death. He was at the time in the employment of Messrs James M'Arthur & Co., Dawsholm Paperworks, and working as joiner and millwright. A machine had been recently introduced into some paperworks called the "willows," which was an arrangement of pointed teeth, working close to and passing clear of each other, for the purpose of teasing or tearing the fragments of cloth or rags into shreds, in order to facilitate their more rapid conversion into pulp, preparatory to being made into paper. One of these "willow" machines had been made in the paperworks, was fitted up and about to be tried for the first time, and was to be driven by a belt. The

water was being shut off from the water wheel, and John Andrew standing by with the belt in his hand imprudently passed it on to the pulley before the shaft was sufficiently slowed ; a part of the belt caught his foot. He put his hand down to release the foot, the arm was also caught, and he was instantly whirled round the shaft and dashed round the machine several times before it could be stopped. His arm and leg were shattered, crushed, and all but torn from their sockets ; it was a fearful sight, for he had literally to be cut out of the entanglements of the belt and his own clothes. Poor John Andrew was placed on a stretcher, and carried home to his mother's house, near the top of what is now Kelvin Street; the room window had to be taken out in order to get his terribly mangled body into the house. There, with his mother at his side, he breathed his last on the 12th August, 1834, aged 28 years. Dr Provan was in attendance immediately after the accident, and did everything that could be done under the circumstances, but the skill and ability of all the members of the Royal College of Surgeons could not have prolonged his life one hour. His remains lie in the family lair near the south-east corner of Maryhill Parish Church. The memory of this native of Maryhill ought to be ever kept green in the hearts of the inhabitants, and his name and noble actions recited with satisfaction and pride. John Andrew, a genuine, true, and brave man, endowed with big-hearted sympathies for suffering humanity, and a noble and heroic soul that feared no danger.

After the death of Dr Carlaw, four medical gentlemen arrived in Maryhill, and, taking up their abode in different parts of the village, prepared to commence practice, and each, as the poet has it, "ready to bleed and blister, or pull a tooth out of your head, or spread a plaster." Their names were Dr Provan, Dr Miller, Dr Scott, and Dr Stewart. Of these, Dr Scott soon left the place; Dr Miller continued in practice for a considerable time, and resided in the house at present occupied by Mrs William Lennie, Endrick Place. He ultimately retired from practice, went to Glasgow, and became a partner with his father in an extensive business as joiners, which they carried on successfully for some years. Dr Provan took up his residence in that house, now occupied by the Royal Bank of Scotland, where he continued to practice for some years, and died there. Dr Stewart, who came to Maryhill at the same time as the other gentlemen I have just named, resided, I think, first in Whitelaw's Land at the corner of Main Street and Kelvin Street. When Dr Miller left the place, Dr Stewart became tenant of the house he had occupied

in Mr Lennie's property, Endrick Place; and when Dr Provan died, Dr Stewart succeeded him as tenant in the Bank House.

When I went to reside in Maryhill in January, 1854, there was considerable mortality amongst the children in the place, principally from measles and scarlatina; this was succeeded shortly after by an outbreak of Asiatic Cholera, which carried off a good many inhabitants after a very brief illness. I was not acquainted with Dr Stewart then, but knew him by sight. He was pretty hard worked at this time, both day and night, and for a number of weeks had to get an assistant. When death occurred from cholera, the doctor's orders were to have the remains buried as speedily as possible, and so prevent the infection spreading, and I have seen interments made in Maryhill Church-yard at 10 and 11 o'clock at night. The gravedigger at that time was Geordie Rann, and for a while he had pretty hard and constant work. During the time the deaths amongst the children were so numerous, some one said to Geordie, "Ye'll be makin' a wee fortune wi sae mony funerals." "Tuts," he said, "no worth speakin' about; a wheen sprats." I remember during the cholera epidemic that a woman in middle life died from it, and the doctor ordered the body to be interred at once. It was between 8 and 9 o'clock at night, and dark, when her son came looking for Geordie, who had been very hard worked that day, had swallowed a good many "cau'kers," and was then sitting in Grannie M'Murray's back-shop, three quarters screwed, polishing off "anither gill as a nicht cap an' tassel before stoitin' awa' hame." The man told him what was wanted. "Auch," said Geordie, "it can stan', man, I'm sair tired out, I couldna haun'le a spade or a shovel th' nicht;" but, said the man, Dr Stewart's order was the body must be buried to-night. "Ou aye, the doctor's unco smart wi' his orders, but never let on tae 'im; jist wait till the morn, Jamie, an', man, I'll howk a snappin' grave for your mither."

Dr Stewart continued to reside in that property, where the Royal Bank now carry on business, until his death in the summer of 1859. He had gone into the Canal, near Clover Hill Locks, to bathe, was seized with cramp (a complaint he was subject to), and unfortunately drowned. An able and skilful practitioner he was, clever and expert as a surgical operator, and during the last two years or so of his life we were on the most intimate and friendly terms.

In my younger years I had a strong wish to become a surgeon, and read up a good deal on medical science; assisting occasionally at operations and dissections. It was this, I believe, that caused us to

draw towards each other, and made him select me to assist him in difficult operations and *post-mortem* examinations, and he would deliberately rouse me out of my bed at one or two o'clock in the morning to accompany and assist him in relieving some one in their hour of sorrow and suffering. He was rather dogmatic and plain and blunt of speech, partaking a little of the style of the well-known Glasgow physician—the late Dr Balmanno, of whom he used to tell the following story. When Dr Balmanno was acting as consulting physician at the Royal Infirmary, all who came for advice at the regular fixed hours were shewn into a large room with seats all round. When the doctor entered he spoke to the first patient, say on his right; asked the nature of their complaint; heard their statement; intimated the treatment or application necessary, then passed to the next patient, and so on round the room till all had been attended to. On one occasion a female, much better dressed than any of the other patients who had come for medical advice that day, on being shewn into the room, glanced round at the array of poorly clad persons present, and took a seat as far away as she could get from them. When Dr Balmanno entered the room this rather nobby dressed patient was amongst the first he spoke to—"Well!" he said, in his rather gruff way, "What is the matter with you?" "I would rather speak to you in private," she whispered. "Oh!" said the doctor, "there is no time for that." "What is the matter?" She had partly pulled off one of her gloves, and still hesitated to speak. "What is wrong?" he said, raising his voice. "I have not time to put off this way." She then pulled off the glove, and before she could say a word the doctor's eyes were on her hand, and exclaiming "Itch, by —! Brimstone and butter," naming the disease and the cure in the one breath, passed to the next patient, leaving the dandy-dressed victim of this infectious disease to retire amidst the smiles of the other poorly clad but cleanly applicants for advice from the skilful but rough Dr Balmanno.

I remember some thirty-five years ago of a resident in Maryhill, and who was also a native of it (but long since passed away), having a sore foot. It troubled him for a considerable period, and Dr Stewart was the medical attendant. After some little time Jamie, or rather his wife, and the doctor differed a bit in consequence of them not carrying out the treatment he prescribed. The doctor ceased visiting altogether, and they went on applying some nostrums of their own to the diseased foot. An acquaintance seeing Jamie seated outside, near the door of his house, asked how the the foot was keep-

ing. "It-th a wee thocht better," he said. "Well, and what does the doctor say about it?" his friend remarked. "Mary'th thort'nt herthel noo; (Jamie observed) We've gien up Dr Stewart a' thegither; feth, if we'd haen him muckle langer he wid hae made a han' o't."

Dr Stewart for all his brusque manner and gruffness of speech at times had a warm heart and sympathetic nature. Many a time have I known him visit patients both by night and by day when he well knew there was little likelihood of ever getting a fee. I have accompanied him on some of those visits, and have seen him give money to purchase suitable sustenance for patients in straitened circumstances, in addition to advice and medicine; none ever heard him put the question, who is to pay me? when requested to visit anyone reckoned rather poor. He went promptly, with a heart in his noble profession, and did his best to combat disease and relieve suffering, and not as an avaricious money grub stipulating as to the certainty of receiving a fee before moving a step. Kind-hearted Dr Stewart! peace to his ashes!

Dr Johnston, an elderly gentleman, was in practice when I went to reside in Maryhill, and lived in M'Intyre's Land, Main Street. The dwelling occupied by the doctor was a few years ago altered and converted into a shop. He was of a very quiet and retiring disposition, pleasant and genial in conversation, his practice, however, was rather limited. He had a son also in the medical profession who was in practice in some part of England. Dr Johnston died in Maryhill nearly thirty years ago.

Dr Douglas Speirs was also in practice in Maryhill in 1853 and resided in Mr Lennie's property, in the house formerly occupied first by Dr Miller and afterwards by Dr Stewart. Dr Spiers' surgery and consulting room was in Peters's Land, Main Street (now Watson's), and occupied as the post office. His practice was tolerably fair, but by 1856 it had fallen off to some extent, and he removed to Milton Street, Cowcaddens. He was a notable specimen of the grip-siccar disciples of Esculapius, with a cute, ever-watchful eye to the interests of self. Whether attending those basking in the sunshine of prosperity, or those battling with clouded fortune and slender means in the shade of adversity, his guiding integer was No. 1; for there was never any generous gradation of charges.

I think it was in the spring of 1856 that Dr William Young came to Maryhill and began practice. He took up his residence in Peters's Land (now Watson's), Main Street. On the death of Dr Stewart in

the autumn of 1859, Dr Young succeeded to his practice, and in May, 1860, he removed to the house which Dr Stewart had occupied. Here his practice soon extended, and he gradually came to be better liked and more esteemed by the inhabitants, for he had sometimes a sharp imperative way of speaking when prescribing for a patient, but more frequently when giving his orders to a nurse or attendant, so as to insure his instructions being faithfully carried out. A more particular, exact, and attentive medical man I have rarely met.

In August, 1863, I was seized with that painful and often fatal complaint erysipelas in the face and head. Dr Young attended and prescribed for me. I was very bad indeed. In fact I felt as if my face had been placed within a foot of a large glowing fire, in the most approved position for roasting. I remember one day, when the complaint was near its height, I wished to write a short note to a particular friend. I got propped up on the sofa, my writing desk was opened and set before me. I certainly felt very weak. However, I set to work, but, "my conscience," bonny like writin'; it was for all the world as if an unfortunate spider had tumbled into the ink bottle, managed to crawl out again, and had then started to march and counter-march across the note paper. After half-an-hour's labour, I had managed to scratch a dozen irregular lines or so, closed the note, and sank back on the couch exhausted. My good-wife had endeavoured to dissuade me from sitting up or trying to write. In less than half-an-hour afterwards, in comes the doctor. He looked at me, felt my pulse, then came the question, "What has he been doing? He is much worse." She told him frankly how I had been engaged. Well, he recited the "Riot Act," and no mistake, and gave me a proper wiggling, but I was so feeble I heard it only partially, and I have but a dim recollection of the wind-up of the scolding. He was perfectly astounded that I should have attempted to sit up and try to write. "Had I lost my senses entirely? Were it any other person he would have excused them, not knowing, perhaps, the danger they incurred. But you, who know as well as I do, the nature of the complaint, and the serious risk you run; such folly; why, its perfect madness," &c., &c. Well, I lay, as Sam Weller said, "as dumb as a drum with a hole in it," and could only make a sign that I had acted far wrong, and that for the future I would be his most obedient patient. By and by the erysipalic attack passed away, and left me exceedingly weak. He then tried me with a preparation of iron, by way of a strengthening process, but it would not do with me at all, and, after swallowing it punctually for a number of days, he stopped

it and prescribed whiskey as the alternative medicine. The prescription was three or four haufs o' either Laggavoulin, Glenlivet, Lochnagar, or Tambowie every day, with chicken soup or beef tea (palatable medicines, I fancy, some will say). Well, such were the doctor's orders, and a teetotal doctor too. He was one of the most staunch total abstainers I have been acquainted with, and some of my friends, a few months after I got better, used to poke fun at him, and ask if it was really the case that he had ordered me to drink whiskey. The doctor said certainly, that I required it, and in fact it was the proper thing for me to take; but added that, by and by, he would countermand the order, as I would not require it. I remember of clapping his shoulder, and telling him that I would give him the hint as to the time he should issue the order for me to cease "takin a toothfu' o' skreich." Dr Young was right. The time came round when I found that spirits of no kind would agree with me (not even a teaspoonful) any more than the prescription of iron he had tried me with. I accordingly became an abstainer, and have been so for 24 years. The doctor, however, did not live to see me a total abstainer.

At the close of the year 1864 there was a good deal of typhus fever in the district. Dr Logan, the then medical practitioner in Milngavie, was seized with this malady, and died. While lying ill, Dr Young attended a large number of Dr Logan's patients, and continued to do so after his death. In short, Dr Young overworked himself, and, never having been very robust, he was seized with fever. It ran a course of 21 days, and he got the turn, but two or three days thereafter he died rather suddenly and unexpectedly, leaving a widow and three children. He was interred in Maryhill Church-yard, near the north-east corner, and over his grave a free-stone monument has been placed, bearing the following inscription:—

ERECTED BY THE INHABITANTS OF MARYHILL

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM YOUNG, M.D.,

*As a tribute of respect to his memory and as a mark of sympathy with
his bereaved*

WIDOW AND FAMILY.

HE DIED 10TH FEBRUARY, 1865, AGED 30 YEARS.

At this early age the grave closed over a most active, earnest, and conscientious medical practitioner; careless inattention to his instructions, or an obstinate neglect of them, would, as the saying is, "set

up his birse at once." He weighed less than nine stones, but he would have spoken in as decided and peremptory a manner to Samson or Goliath of Gath, had they been his patients and wilfully neglected to take the medicine he prescribed and carry out his orders to the letter; as he would to old Ricky M'Hale, or frail old John Twigg. I was truly sorry at his death, for we were getting to understand each other's tastes and sympathies better, becoming more intimate day by day, and dreaming of a warm and genuine friendship that would link us together for many years; but it was not to be.

Another gentleman who began practice in Maryhill about 1856 was Dr James Anderson, brother-in-law to Dr Stewart. Dr Anderson had been in practice for some time at Duntocher where he got married; his wife, unfortunately, died before very long, and after continuing in practice for awhile he left the place and went on a voyage or two to Australia or New Zealand as surgeon of an emigrant ship. It was after his return from these voyages that he took up his residence with Dr Stewart and for a time acted as his assistant: by and by the two differed, in fact quarrelled. Dr Anderson had become rather addicted to imbibing more of "John Barleycorn's Essence" than was good for him or any other man, and whenever he allowed the "maut to get aboon the meal," prudence and good sense departed from him, and the sad sight of an intellectual and highly educated scholar was then too frequently seen moving in the streets of Maryhill with steps unsteady and speech incoherent—"Droukit daft," as the Rev. Dr Hately Waddell expressively calls inebriety in his version of the book of psalms in the Scottish language. Two or three times he managed to retrieve his position to a certain extent, and strengthened and encouraged by friends and acquaintances who really desired to see him succeed, he managed for a time to resist the tempting cup, and clothed in his right mind he attended earnestly to his duties as a medical man. Then came the irresistible craving, and the lack of what the poet Burns calls "The stalk o' carl hemp in man" (resolution), his course was again backward and downward, and each effort of the poor dipsomaniac to regain a position in the community was followed by a deeper and more hideous degradation. But "the end of these things is death," and the poor infatuated, homeless, houseless wanderer was accidentally drowned in the Forth and Clyde Canal near Temple Bridge. Such was the deplorable close of poor Dr Anderson's career, first prizeman in the classes when a student, whose great attainments were acknowledged

by the professors under whom he studied, and whose talents and skill I have heard medical practitioners speak of as very superior.

“Then at the balance let's be mute,
We rarely can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.”

The two medical gentlemen at present in practice in Maryhill are, I believe, both masonic brothers, although I have never had the pleasure of meeting either in “Maryhill, 510,” and seeing them wear the badge of a freemason amongst the brethren assembled at labour. Dr William M'Donald, who had been in practice in Chryston for some time, began practice in Maryhill about September, 1859, some six or eight weeks after the death of Dr Stewart, so that he has now been resident in the place nearly thirty-five years. In his extensive practice he has had the aid of one or two experienced assistants these few years past. Dr Alexander Hay, who had been acting as assistant to a medical gentleman in the North of England, began practice a couple of weeks or so after the death of Dr Young, in February, 1865. He acquired the fittings and stock of medicines in that gentleman's surgery, and to a large extent succeeded to his practice. He has, therefore, been now a resident in Maryhill for twenty-nine years. For a good number of years past he also has had a duly qualified assistant.

Having known both these medical gentlemen during the many years they have respectively resided in Maryhill, I wish them and their assistants health, length of days, and all the success and rewards with which an earnest and diligent attention to professional duties deserves to be crowned.

SECTION VII.

LANDED ESTATES AND THEIR PROPRIETORS.

"A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, an' a' that;
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that."

Dr C. Mackay.

IN giving a few jottings about the lands on which the town of Maryhill is built, and adjoining estates, with some notices of the proprietors or superiors of them, I note first Gairbraid.

In ancient times the lands of Gairbraid, which were formerly church lands held by rentallers under the Archbishopric of Glasgow, belonged to a family named Hutchison. A charter is extant in favour of John Hutchison, described as then in "Gairbraid," by Robert Montgomery, Archbishop of Glasgow, dated 19th November, 1582, while Queen Mary was a prisoner in England. I believe it has been generally stated that the Hutchisons of Gairbraid were ancestors of the founder of the Hospital, which is quite a mistake, as the names spell differently. George, the hospital founder, wrote his surname "Hutcheson," and the two families were not directly related to each other. The parents of the benevolent founder of the noble charity were Thomas Hutcheson of Hutchesontown and Lambhill, and Helen Herbertson, spouses. This Hutchesontown property formed part of the lands of Nether Carmyle, immediately to the eastward of what is now Clyde Ironworks.

George Hutcheson purchased Gairbraid in the year 1600 from the other family "Hutchison," already referred to, but neither he nor his brother Thomas had any family. In 1639 and 1641 respectively they mortified a portion of their means to endow the Hospital, and this mortification was in the latter year confirmed by their three widowed sisters, viz. :—Mrs Duncan, Mrs Pollock, and Mrs Ninian Hill. Ninian, the son of the last named, succeeded to the heritable estates; and Lambhill was sold by him in 1696 to the ancestor of the recent proprietor, William Graham, Esq. Ninian was succeeded

in Gairbraid by his son Hew Hill, who at his death left an only daughter, Mary, who succeeded to the estate.

Mary Hill, of Gairbraid, married in 1761 or 1762 Robert Graham, who is styled of Dalsholm, and was generally spoken of as Captain Graham. He had been captured by the pirates of Algiers, was their prisoner for some time, and treated by them as a slave. On his return home there was considerable interest manifested in the stirring adventures he had passed through, and much sympathy was accorded him. It was said that Miss Mary Hill, of Gairbraid, was so deeply impressed by the romantic story of his adventures and treatment as an Algerine slave that she chose him for her husband. His father, John Graham, a cadet of the old family of Dougalston, was proprietor of the estate of Kilmardinny. When Robert Graham married the heiress of Gairbraid, the lands possessed by them must have been pretty extensive. Nearly 40 years ago some of the older inhabitants then in Maryhill, who knew Robert Graham personally, told me that he used to ride on horseback to attend the services in the Barony Church, Glasgow. He had been often heard to say that he could have ridden all the way to the Barony Church, if he chose, on ground forming part of the estate of Gairbraid. His wife, Mary Hill, and he had a feuing plan prepared, some few years after their marriage, for the building of a town on the lands of Gairbraid between Glasgow and Garscube Bridge, and which proposed town was to be in all time coming called Maryhill. In the contracts granting feus in accordance with this plan the name the place is to be known by is distinctly stated as one of the conditions; another is, the right to all minerals in such feus and power to work them, no matter what kind of buildings might be erected.

He expended large sums in sinking coal pits and in developing and extending the coal trade of the district. So far as I could learn he was a bold and energetic speculator, who seems to have had a craze for "shanking" coal pits and multiplying them without prudent discrimination, partaking a little of the reckless determination displayed by a contemporary, the late Dr N——, in his endeavours to work the coal-field immediately to the east of Glasgow. He sank a number of shafts, and, I have heard, adopted some ingenious but expensive plans in his endeavours to reach the coal; but was not successful. He was remonstrated with by some friends, who considered it useless for him to squander so much money; as he evidently would not succeed in getting down to the seams of coal. He answered roughly that he would continue the pit-sinking if it

should be to H——, “an’ if he didna get coals, he would get cinders.” I have heard it stated, that from first to last, Dr N—— expended not less than £60,000 in his coal-hunting exploits.

The old mansion of Gairbraid was built about 1688; and near it was erected, by Mary Hill and her husband, Robert Graham, in 1788 and 1789, the present House of Gairbraid; this was while the branch of the Forth and Clyde Canal was being made between Stockingfield and Bowling. I have been told, long ago, by two or three of the aged residents then in Maryhill, who knew Captain Graham (as he was generally called), that he used to say he was a square man, and had built a square house. It certainly has that appearance, being large and plain, without any architectural adornments. By his numerous coal-pit speculations, etc., he seriously crippled himself financially; and various portions of the estate of Gairbraid were disposed of to adjoining proprietors. The farm of Sandyflat he sold to Mr Colquhoun of Killermont, but reserved all the minerals and coals, likewise one acre of ground on which he could “big collier’s houses;” the remains of some of these one-storey dwellings were standing roofless 40 years ago. The mansion of John Watt, Esq., is built on this acre of Gairbraid Estate, hence the name of the house. I am uncertain as to the dates when Mary Hill and her husband, Robert Graham, died. They were alive in the closing years of the last century, and both had passed away prior to 1808. They had two daughters, Lillias and Janet; Lillias succeeded to the Estate, and Janet married Alexander Dunlop, Esq., of Keppoch, Merchant in Greenock. Miss Graham, a clever, good woman, took a deep interest in the gradual growth of the village of Kelvindock (Maryhill); and, as I have stated in previous sections of these “Notes and Recollections,” granted ground for the erection of the School in 1809 and 1810, and also for the erection of what is now Maryhill Parish Church in 1824. She was a lady of the good old Scottish type—kind, generous, and hospitable; friends and acquaintances, resident in Lanarkshire, Dumbartonshire, Stirlingshire, etc., were frequently her guests, as well as several local gentlemen. I was told by a gentleman, who had often the honour of being invited to Gairbraid and partaking of her hospitality, that her dinners were of the most substantial kind, with wines, and spirits for those who preferred “Ferintosh.” Miss Graham, of course, presided at the dinner table, and when the cloth was removed, and fruit, etc., set upon the table, a large ancient looking china punch-bowl was placed before the hostess. She proceeded to manufacture the punch—rum, sugar, with

the juice of limes or lemons squeezed into it, and the bowl filled up with hot water ; my informant said she was an adept at the making of this beverage, and never "droon'd the miller ;" in plain English : never put too much water in the bowl. The consequence was, that by the time the guests rose from the table to depart for their respective homes, a number of them were, as my friend phrased it, "Half Jack." On one occasion a certain Glasgow notability of that day, whose reputation did not stand very high and had his country residence certainly not 50 miles from the village of "Mulguy," had the following rebuff administered by Miss Graham, who was certainly without personal attractions. Being a guest one evening in Gairbraid House, and assuming the great man, he said: "Come, Miss Graham, I will give you a toast, 'Honest Men and Bonnie Lasses.'" "Very well, B—l—h," was the prompt answer, "but that is neither you nor me."

When Miss Graham succeeded to the Gairbraid Estate, she found her affairs considerably embarrassed through the heavy losses her late father had sustained in his speculations and coal-pit sinking. Her brother-in-law, Alexander Dunlop, was pressing for his wife's (Janet Graham) portion ; and Sir Ilay Campbell, of Garscube (the first Baronet), came to Miss Graham's relief, and assisted her in paying off these claims.

Alexander Dunlop, of Keppoch, Merchant in Greenock, and his wife, Janet Graham, had, with other issue, John (their eldest son), who became a Writer in Greenock, and ultimately succeeded his aunt Lillias Graham in the Estate of Gairbraid. A gentleman—a native of Maryhill—stated in a public address he delivered a few years ago, that in 1827 and 1828, a temperance movement originated in America, and caused great excitement in that country, adding : "No sooner had a report of the American doings crossed the Atlantic than the subject attracted the attention of Mr John Dunlop, Writer, in Greenock. In a recent visit to France, Mr Dunlop had been struck with the sobriety which seemed to prevail there amongst all classes ; and he could not help contrasting this state of matters with the painful scenes that might be witnessed daily among his own countrymen. It seemed to him that by the formation of temperance societies, much might be done to break down the inveterate drinking habits of British society. He endeavoured, by pamphlets and public meetings, to spread his views over the country, but for a time met with much ridicule and little success. At last, on the 1st October, 1829, being on a visit to Gairbraid, he formed the first

"temperance society, drew up a form of pledge, and obtained several "signatures, of which the first appears to have been his aunt, Miss "Graham, of Gairbraid, and Miss Allan, a lady who for many years "resided with Miss Graham. In the course of a few months more "temperance societies had spread all over Scotland; and by the "middle of the following year the movement had extended to Eng- "land. There is still extant a small volume containing a pledge, "dated 17th November, 1829, to which nearly 100 signatures are "attached; the first being that of the minister of Maryhill, and the "second of Mr Dunlop. This pledge is signed exclusively by men; "what has become of that signed by ladies, which it would appear "was of a somewhat earlier date, cannot now be ascertained. Thus "the first temperance society in Great Britain was formed in Mary- "hill, and its founder was Mary Hill's grandson."

The gentleman in the address, from which the foregoing state-ments are taken, does not give the terms or form of the pledge entrants were required to sign before being recognised as members of the "Kelvindock" (or Maryhill) Temperance Society. I was a youngster at the time, attending school, and not resident in Maryhill, but east of Glasgow; but I remember of hearing some of my older relatives, and others, discussing the merits of this temperance move-ment. My recollection of the terms of the pledge I heard talked about were that those signing it agreed to abstain entirely from drinking any spirits such as whiskey, brandy, rum, or gin, but might at any time take a little wine.

When I went to reside in Maryhill, fully twenty years after Mr John Dunlop's various temperance meetings, I learned from a number of the inhabitants, who had attended those meetings, that Mr Dunlop had often spoken approvingly of out-door amusements and recreations as a means of drawing many away from the allure-ments of the dram-shop. They also assured me they had heard him repeatedly declare, that if spared to become proprietor of the lands of Gairbraid, he would give suitable recreation grounds to the inhabitants of Maryhill. His aunt, Miss Lillias Graham, died on 6th December, 1836, aged 74 years, and he succeeded to the estate of Gairbraid, but he never implemented the promise he had publicly made. In granting feus he distinctly stipulated that no portion of the buildings to be erected should ever be used for the sale of spirits or other excisable liquors. A feu contract in those terms, signed by him, I saw and read in 1858.

After his aunt's death he let Gairbraid House to successive tenants,

and never resided in the place, but took up his abode in London, or its vicinity. He never identified himself with any of the institutions or associations in Maryhill afterwards, or contributed to their support, so far as I could learn; and his public promise of the gift of a recreation ground he forgot to remember, or possibly remembered to forget. Had he even erected a simple water-tap, or the very plainest fountain, and arranged to supply it with water, there would at least have been something tangible for the inhabitants of the place and pedestrians passing through it, to remember and mention the name of Mary Hill's grandson with gratitude. He died some years ago, and Gairbraid passed to his family, the estate being now owned by Miss Janet Graham Dunlop, Alexander Graham Dunlop (who was in 1880 Her Majesty's Consul General and Royal Commissioner at the Havanna), and William Carstairs Dunlop.

Since writing the foregoing notes, I learn from the public press that the Glasgow Town Council, at its meeting on 7th July, 1892, agreed to purchase $5\frac{1}{2}$ acres of the estate of Gairbraid at £375 an acre, to be used as a space for recreation in Maryhill. The inhabitants have reason to rejoice that this long desired and much needed recreation ground has at length been acquired, although at a cost of more than £2000. As regards the gushing speeches and promises of former years, they may console themselves by quietly repeating the old Scottish proverb—"Muckle din an' little 'oo, quo' the deil, when he clippet the soo."

In ancient times Garscube was included in the large district which formed the Earldom of Lennox. About 1250 Umphredus de Kilpatrick obtained a grant from Maldoven, Earl of Lennox, of the lands of "Colquhoune," in the parish of Kilpatrick [Chartulary of Lennox], and Garscube also was early in the hands of the same family. Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, who died prior to 1536, had a son, James, who is styled "of Garscube," and the estate remained in the Colquhoun family till it was acquired in the reign of King Charles II. by John Campbell of Succoth. The Barony of Succoth is a small estate in the parish of Cardross; and George Campbell, a Burgess of Dumbarton in 1601, and afterwards a Bailie, had a son, Robert Campbell, who acquired Succoth in 1616. He was succeeded by his son, William Campbell, in 1641, who became Provost of Dumbarton, and also Sheriff-Depute of Dumbartonshire. He was succeeded by his son, John Campbell, Writer to the Signet, Director Depute of Chancery, M.P. for Argyleshire, who purchased the estate of Garscube in 1681. John Campbell, of Succoth and Garscube,

was the legal adviser and friend of his unfortunate chief and kinsman, Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyle. It is stated in the "Statistical account of Kilpatrick," "that John Campbell was present with the "Earl on the scaffold at his execution on 30th June, 1685, and "received from him a 'silver Kylevine pen case,' which is still preserved in the family." From inquiries I have made, I am disposed to think the "Kylevine" gift is still at Garscube. John Campbell sold the estate of Succoth, but retained a right or claim to use the name of this estate. He died in 1703, and was succeeded by his son, William Campbell, a Commissioner of Supply for Dumbartonshire, who died in 1764. He was succeeded by his son, Archibald Campbell, Writer to the Signet, Principal of the Commissariat of Glasgow, Deputy Keeper of the Great Seal, and Principal Clerk of Session. He married in 1730 the beautiful Helen Wallace, heiress of Elderslie in Renfrewshire, descended from the family of the great Scottish patriot. They sold the estate of Elderslie to Mr Speirs about 1766. A fine portrait of this lady, who died at Garscube in 1767, is preserved there. I have seen it stated that he became blind, and have been informed that such was really the case, and, although deprived of sight, he was present at the important ceremony of opening the Forth and Clyde Canal between Stockingfield and Bowling, July, 1790. He died the same year at Garscube. They had two sons, Ilay, the celebrated Advocate and Judge; and James, who entered the Hon. East India Company's service, and rose to the rank of colonel. Ilay Campbell, who succeeded his father, was born in Edinburgh in 1734, and admitted an advocate in 1757, and displayed remarkable talents as counsel for the pursuer or claimant in the great Douglas Peerage Case. In 1783 he was appointed Solicitor General, and in 1784 Lord Advocate. In the latter year he was returned Member of Parliament for the Glasgow district of Burghs (at that time Glasgow, Rutherglen, Renfrew, and Dumbarton joined in returning one member to the House of Commons.) The University of Glasgow at the same time conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and he was elected by the students to the office of Lord Rector. Burns, in his poem, "The author's earnest cry and prayer to the Scottish representatives in the House of Commons," written about 1785 or 1786, says in one of the stanzas:—

" Erskine, a spunkie norlan' billie,
True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay,
An' Livingston, the bauld Sir Willie,
An' mony ithers
Wham auld Demosthenes and Tully
Micht own for brithers."

The Frederick mentioned by Burns was Lord Frederick Campbell, Lord Registrar for Scotland, Representative in Parliament for Argyleshire, and one of His Majesty's Privy Council, and third son of John Campbell, fourth Duke of Argyle, who was Colonel of the regiment of horse called the "Scots Greys" (now the Royal Scots Greys), General in the Army, Governor of Milford Haven and Limerick, one of the 16 Representative Peers for Scotland, Lord of Privy Council, and Knight of the Noble and Ancient Order of the Thistle. The "Ilay" named by Burns was Ilay Campbell, younger, of Garscube, Lord Advocate for Scotland. In November, 1789, on the death of Sir Thomas Miller, Ilay Campbell was appointed Lord President of the Court of Session; and in 1794, was placed at the head of the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, issued for the trial of those accused of high treason. He married, in 1766, Susan Mary, daughter of Archibald Murray, Esq., of Cringalty (subsequently raised to the Bench as Lord Henderland). There was issue of the marriage two sons and six daughters; the eldest son, Archibald, was an Advocate; the other son, Alexander, was a Writer to the Signet, and died unmarried in 1799; and of the six daughters, the eldest daughter, Jane, married John M'Neil, Esq., of Gigha; the second, Margaret, married Sir John Connell; the third, Annie, married F. Sitwell, Esq., Banmoor Castle; the fourth, Susan, married Crawford Tait, Esq., of Harvieston and Castle Campbell; the fifth, Mary, died unmarried in Edinburgh in 1870; the sixth, Elizabeth, married William Dalziel Colquhoun, Esq., Garscadden. In 1808, he resigned his office of Lord President, and on the 17th September of that year, he was created a Baronet, styled Sir Ilay Campbell, of Succoth. After his retirement from the Bench, he resided chiefly on his paternal estate of Garscube, engaged in the management of it and the performance of his duties as a country gentleman. Lord Cockburn says of him that "he lived like "a patriarch, in a house overflowing with company, beloved by troops "of relations, and courted for his character and hospitality by many "friends." I have heard relatives of my own, resident in Maryhill when the worthy Baronet was an octogenarian, speak of him as a man of short stature, with a kind, benevolent countenance. At that time the inhabitants of Kelvindock (Maryhill) were not debarred or interfered with for strolling through the grounds of Garscube; of course they avoided going near the house, the main entrance to which was then by the North Lodge, near Garscube Mills. A relation of mine, still living, delights to tell, how one day, when a "wee laddie" of some 5 years or so, he followed an elder brother into the policies,

but soon lost trace of him. He commenced crying, and in the midst of his weeping the good old Baronet came up to him, stopped, spoke some kindly words, stroked his head, and gave him a sixpence. As a matter of course, the silver clasp effectually mended the distressed and half-broken heart, and the kind-hearted old gentleman convoyed him to the public road at Dalsholm Paper Works, where, seeing the wife of one of the workmen, he asked her to be so good as see the little wanderer safely on to the village, which she did, after giving him some bread and milk. The "wee pedestrian" returned home rejoicing, and says he has as vivid a recollection of the incident now (1894) as when it happened in 1820. Sir Ilay Campbell, Baronet of Succoth, died at Garscube, 28th March, 1823, aged 89 years.

He was succeeded by his son Archibald, second Baronet, born 1st August, 1769, who also became an Advocate; and married August, 1795, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Balfour, Esq., of Balbirnie, in the county of Fife. He was appointed, in 1809, one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, and a Senator of the College of Justice under the title of Lord Succoth, and retired from the Bench on a pension in 1824. Sir Archibald Campbell, second Baronet of Succoth, had issue of his marriage five sons and four daughters; first son, Archibald, died unmarried in 1812; second son, John, who married, 12th July, 1824, his cousin Jane, daughter of F. Sitwell, Esq., was M.P. for Dumbartonshire, and Captain of Yeomanry, died in 1830, aged 32, leaving issue of his marriage two sons, Archibald Islay and George. The third son, George, was long in the Honourable East India Company's Civil Service; married Miss Lindsay of Holy-mount, leaving issue of his marriage two sons, Archibald Lindsay Spencer and James. The fourth son, James, also entered the Indian Civil Service, and became latterly an extensive wine importer; died unmarried. The fifth son, Andrew Ramsay, was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, Rector of Aston, and latterly also chaplain to his cousin, Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury; married Miss Thomson of Charters Hall, and left issue two sons and one daughter. Sir Archibald, the second Baronet's daughters were: first, Susan, married — Grant Esq., of Congleton; second, Elizabeth, married the Earl of Leven and Melville; third, Catherine, married Herbert Stepney, Esq.; fourth, Mary, died young, unmarried.

The date of the building of the original house on the estate is unknown; but Sir Archibald, the second Baronet, had plans prepared and a new house designed by Mr Burn, architect, in 1825, which incorporated within it the old house. The modern Garscube House

is a very fine building in the old English manor style; a massive square tower stands in the north front of the house, rising to the height of three storeys, with richly carved minarets at the corners. Under the tower is the main door of the house, and a carriage way is formed east and west, over which the tower is arched, giving shelter to carriages drawn up at the door. There is also an elegant front to the south; and at the south-west front a beautiful conservatory. The entire building was finished in 1827. Between that time and 1833 a stone bridge was erected across the Kelvin, at the east end of the house—a richly adorned structure, but sadly spoilt by being built at too low a level, and its beauty marred by its narrowness between the parapets. Sir Archibald also caused a new avenue to be made from this bridge through the policies in an easterly direction, until it joined the Garscube Road a short distance from Maryhill. A massive ornamental gate-way was formed, and a new lodge erected, which was called the East Lodge of Garscube. Some years later the old lodge at the south entrance was replaced by a new lodge and gun-room; and a short distance from the lodge—which was occupied by the head game-keeper—was the kennel. The south portion of the policies, including Bellmadeery, was connected with the north-eastern part by a narrow suspension bridge over the Kelvin. This bridge was originally erected to cross the Kelvin at the east end of the house a number of years before the new mansion of Garscube was built; and when the stone bridge was erected, the suspension bridge was removed further down the river and placed in the position it now occupies. When first constructed it was considered a novel and very ingenious structure, being often inspected by strangers visiting Maryhill, many of whom came from a considerable distance. Sir Archibald Campbell, the second Baronet, was an excellent specimen of the hospitable, generous, country gentleman—"all of the olden time." I remember, when a youngster, of hearing him spoken of as having been very severe while he sat on the bench as a criminal judge. I was not residing in Maryhill at that time, neither were those I heard criticising him as a judge.

When some years afterwards, I resided in Maryhill, I became acquainted with many who had known Sir Archibald, and had often conversations regarding him; and the conclusion I came to was, that his position as a criminal judge was distasteful to him, his heart was too good and kind to be stern and severe with any one. In his time, the judges attended the different courts in pairs, the two sat together

in the Court and heard the various cases; and almost invariably Lord Succoth's companion judge, who might possibly have a bit of the Braxfield or Deas temper, would sum up, address the jury, and on a verdict of Guilty being brought in, would pronounce sentence, Lord Succoth merely adding, "I concur with my learned brother." His wife, Lady Campbell, was conspicuous for her benevolence and charity, and many in Maryhill were the recipients of her bounty; some she pensioned to a small amount weekly, and this they continued to receive long years after excellent Lady Campbell had passed away to the silent land. A favourite occupation of her ladyship was planting flowers in available places throughout the policies; open spaces amongst the trees, and sheltered little nooks and corners were planted with such flowers as were best suited for the respective spots she selected. Accompanied by one of the workmen, and the favourite grey pony "Cumloddan" attached to a small cart, in which were the flower plants and gardening implements, bulbs and flowers were put in the grounds, and so arranged that a succession of flowers might be in bloom, from the crocus and snowdrop of early spring to the stately fox-glove and monkshood of autumn. I know it was to me a pleasure to have the privilege of taking a quiet stroll through the Garscube policies and gazing on the numerous parts adorned and made really beautiful by good Lady Campbell.

Many of the retainers about the House, and workers on the Estate, had been long, and grown grey, in the service of the Garscube family. It was said of Sandy Brown that he had been in their service beyond the memory of man. He used to ride to the Post Office in Maryhill on the pony "Cumloddan," but called by Sandy "Craræ" after the fishing village of that name (from whence it came), and where the extensive granite quarries are worked on the Estate of Cumloddan, at Lochfyne, the property of the Garscube family.

Sandy was known by the name of "Governor." The late Rev. Andrew Ramsay Campbell records of him, "that he was a faithful, "trustworthy creature, but with the too common Scots failing for "whiskey; very irascible withal. He had the peculiar faculty of "acquitting himself in delivering messages, which was a part of his "vocation, as well when the worse of liquor as when sober. And "when reasoned with on the score of his unfortunate love of drink, "he would cut short the remonstrance by a confident appeal to the "remonstrant, whether he had ever dune his wark the waur for "that?" Sandy in his ride up every morning to the Post Office

invariably called at John Hart's public-house, which was in that building in Main Street generally called "Dublin."

The pony, as a matter of course, always made for the public-house door, and John made his appearance with a piece of oat-cake for "Cumlodden," and a "stiff cauker" for Sandy. One day Sir Archibald had occasion to go to Maryhill, and instead of walking rode up from Garscube on the pony, and as usual, on approaching John Hart's, it made for the door. In vain the worthy old Baronet shook the reins, and touched up the pony with the heels of his boots, exclaiming "Go on, go on, Cumlodden," but not a move; out came John with a lump of oat-cake, which the pony snapped up. Sir Archibald roared and laughed, "Ho, ho, I understand it all now, John," and "Cumlodden" proceeded on the journey munching the oat-cake. The Rev. A. R. Campbell relates the following dialogue between Sandy Brown and one of the lady members of the Garscube family. "Sandy, do you say your prayers and read a chapter in the morning?" His irascible temper roused, replied "Dae ye?" "To be sure, I do." "Aye, before a guid fire at 10 o'clock in the mornin'." "I wonner hoo many chapters ye'd read if you had three horses to clean before breakfast." The young ladies used occasionally to tease him a little on his return from the Post Office, and when dismounting from the pony in front of the house, they would gather round him, some saying, "Oh, governor, have you any letter for me?" Another would exclaim, "I'm sure, governor, you must have one for me?" He would curtly reply, "Wait till your betters are sair'd," which of course meant Sir Archibald himself. Faithful, crisp-tempered, but sterling old Sandy Brown died at Garscube about 1836.

Another prominent servant for many years in Garscube House was Mrs Hallan, the house-keeper; a bit stern and imperious in temper, but careful and saving. The "kitchen-fee" or dripping from the roast meats being one of her perquisites, she, by prudent thrift, accumulated a few hundreds of pounds, and feud a steading of ground in Main Street, Maryhill, from Sir A. Campbell about 1829 or 1830, and erected a three storey-building upon it.

A well-known person on Garscube Estate at that time was Mr George Robertson, the land griever, who superintended the home farm and other work carried out on the Estate, paid the various employees their wages, and also all accounts, which were rendered monthly. Amongst the latter, was the monthly account for coals supplied to Garscube House, Home Farm, etc., by the late Mr John

Walker, Coalmaster, Maryhill. When the property Mrs Hallan was getting built was nearly finished, Mr G. Robertson called on Mr Walker to pay the account which had been rendered for the previous month; they adjourned to David Thomson's for pen and ink, and a bit "hauf yin or twa," to settle the account. During the "crack ow'r the wee drappie o't" Mr Robertson remarked: "I see they've near haun feenished wi' that house o' Mrs Hallan's, it'll hae tae get a name: what should it be?" "Oh!" said Mr Walker, "it should jist be ca'd 'Kitchen-Fee Place.'" Mr Robertson laughed heartily, and on his return to Garscube in the afternoon, told one or two about the naming of Mrs Hallan's new house in Maryhill. The joke spread rapidly, and there was much merriment amongst the numerous workers and servants on the Estate; it soon reached Mrs Hallan's ears, who was in a towering rage at the naming of her nearly completed property. She managed to conceal her anger, remaining grimly silent; but all the time "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," and maturing her plan of revenge on Mr Walker for audaciously presuming to give a name to her new building—and such a name. She complained to Sir Archibald that the coals sent were very inferior, and had been so for some time, each month getting worse and worse. They were now so bad that she found it impossible to cook joints, or prepare the necessary dishes to be placed day by day on the dinner table in a creditable manner. She felt very much the position in which she was so unfortunately placed. The good old Baronet stared in astonishment, and remarked, "I don't see any difference in the coal we burn in the dining-room and drawing-room from what we have been getting for a long time, and Drumpellier (this was Colonel David Carrick Buchanan, Esq., of Drumpellier, whose coal fields supplied the best coal of that day) was dining here last week, and said John Walker was receiving boat loads of that coal as usual. But I shall go up to Maryhill and talk to John about this matter." He sent for George Robertson, the grieve, and they walked away to Maryhill. On the way up, Sir Archibald told George he was going to see John about the coals he had been sending to Garscube House, for Mrs Hallan declared they were useless in the kitchen, and it was impossible to cook with them. George Robertson of couse saw that this was Mrs Hallan's scheme of vengeance against Mr Walker, but he was unable at the moment to send word to Mr Walker, and prepare him for the impending storm. When Sir Archibald and George arrived at Mr Walker's Coal-Ree (now occupied by Mr Robert Bayne) they found him busy soopin'

wi' the besom, and makin' the ree snod. "Well, John," said the Baronet, "I see you are busy." "Oh, guid mornin', Sir Archibald, I hope you're weel." "Yes, thank you." At this point George Robertson said, "By the by, Sir Archibald, Hilly (this was the late Mr Bryce, then tenant in Gilshochill Farm, a part of Garscube Estate) was speaking about getting some stabbs, I'll better gang up and see about them. "Very well, George," and off the grieve marched. "Well, John," Sir Archibald said, "Mrs Hallan has been making serious complaints about the coals you are sending to Garscube now, that they are very inferior; says she cannot cook with them, and not at all like what used to be received." "Weel, Sir Archibald, they are the same quality ye hae aye got since ever I started the ree—Drumpellier best house coal." "Well, John, I do not see anything different about the coal we burn in the dining-room or drawing-room, and Drumpellier was dining with us at Garscube a week ago, and he spoke about you and said you were getting boat loads of coal regularly from him." By this time Mr Walker shrewdly guessed what was the real cause of Mrs Hallan's complaint, so he frankly said, "You see, Sir Archibald, you are very kind in sendin' up the bits o' bawbees when I send doon the account at the end o' the month, and then I'm able to pay Drumpellier regular, an' keep the shank in the mell." "Certainly, John, and I hope George pays you the account promptly." "He does that, Sir Archibald; George is mindfu' and punctual." "I am pleased to hear it, John." "But I'll tell you, Sir Archibald, what I jalouse is the real cause o' Mrs Hallan complainin' and grumblin' about the coals. When George cam up the end o' last month to pay the account we gaed in tae Dauvit Thamson's an got a bit mouthfu' o' yill. George said, 'I see Mrs Hallan's new house is about feenish'd; it'll hae tae get a name;' and I said surely, 'I think we'll ca't Kitchen-fee Place.' Ye ken, Sir Archibald, she has made a bit guid penny aff the kitchen-fee she saves frae the roasts in your kitchen at Garscube." The Baronet laughed heartily at the joke, ha! ha! ha-ah! I see it all now John, ho! ho! nothing wrong with the coals; I could see nothing the matter with them myself, but I understand now why Mrs Hallan was unable to cook with the coals, ho! ho! ho-oh! John, you just send down the coals as usual, they are very good." Looking around he said, "But where is George?" "I think, Sir Archibald, he said he was gaun up to see 'Hilly' about some stabbs." "Oh, yes, so he did; well, John, just tell him if he calls that I am away back to Garscube. Good morning, John, and mind you send down the coals as usual. I'll dae that, an' guid

mornin', Sir Archibald." George Robertson, who had a great aversion to being present at what he feared might be a regular rippet, had walked a little way up Gilshochill, and as there were neither church, manse, or school built there at that time, nor tenement of houses in that part of Main Street, he had a clear and distinct view of the coal-ree, and saw Sir Archibald and Mr Walker in conversation. When he beheld the baronet laughing so heartily, he knew matters must have been put right; and after Sir Archibald had left the ree and was on his way back to Garscube, George ventured down to see Mr Walker. The two as a matter of course adjourned for a bit hauf yin and laughed merrily over the failure of Mrs Hallan's spiteful scheme to close all business transactions between Sir Archibald Campbell and honest plain spoken Mr John Walker. Mr George Robertson died at Garscube in 1837, and was succeeded by Mr M'Lachlan who continued land grieve on the estate for some years. Another well-known member of Garscube household was Mr James Glasgow, the butler. The late Rev. A. R. Campbell says of him "that he had been a protege of the Garscube family from his boyhood," and for many years held the position of butler to Colonel Campbell ("the Colonel" as he was always called) who was brother to Sir Ilay, the first baronet. On the death of the Colonel, a fine old Scoto-Indian gentleman, in 1836, at the age of 84, Mr Glasgow became butler to Sir Archibald, and Mr David Robb was appointed as assistant. Some of the other employees on Garscube estate I will notice a little further on. Sir Archibald Campbell, second baronet (Lord Succoth) died at Garscube in 1846, aged 75; his wife, Lady Campbell, predeceased him, having died at Garscube in 1844.

He was succeeded in the title and estates by his grandson, Archibald Islay, eldest son of John Campbell, Esq., second son of the second Baronet. Sir Archibald Ilay Campbell, third Baronet, was born at Garscube, 1825; educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford; appointed Captain in the Queen's Own Glasgow Yeomanry in 1849, and elected M.P. for Argyleshire, 1851. If I mistake not, Sir Archibald, by the provisions of his grandfather's will, did not get control of the estates till 25 years of age, which was in 1850. At this period, and for many years previously, a firm of Writers to the Signet in Edinburgh, were the factors for the Garscube Estates. A year or two after getting full possession of the Estates, Sir Archibald closed the old established and well known Garscube Inn at the bridge, and had the building renovate^d and made suitable for a private residence. He then appointed a new factor, who occupied

what had long been the Inn, but now named Garscube Cottage. Mr Andrew Buist was the gentleman appointed to superintend and manage the Estates, a man of considerable experience and ability. When I went to reside in Maryhill, in January, 1854, Garscube Road was being greatly improved by removing the irregular fence on its east side, between the Acre Road and Garscube Cottage. The road was made straight and of a uniform breadth, with a substantial wall in place of the rugged fence, and Garscube bridge was also improved and made more level. Most of these improvements were due to the energy and perseverance of Sir Archibald, assisted by Mr Buist. The worthy Baronet took an active interest in the Maryhill Agricultural Society, Horticultural Society, Public Library, etc., and contributed liberally to their funds. In February, 1856, a terrible gale swept over the district, causing immense damage to property, chimneys and other buildings in some of the public works were blown down. Fortunately no lives were lost as the storm blew its fiercest during the night; great damage was done in the policies and plantings around Garscube, a large number of trees being uprooted and levelled with the ground. In the beginning of 1857, Mr Buist, the factor, got into difficulties in his intromissions with the funds of Garscube Estates; Sir Archibald had repeated meetings with him, a clear statement of how matters stood he promised to prepare, but failed to fulfil. At length Mr Buist confessed he was unable to produce the money, having himself spent it; the defalcation had to be made up by his cautioners and the Guarantee Association. The plenishing of his dwelling, Garscube Cottage, was sold, he and his wife (there being no family) having previously departed from the district. I was sorry for Mr and Mrs Buist, who were pleasant and agreeable persons, and I believe she had no idea of the serious position in which her husband had placed himself, till the crash came. He was a genial active plain-spoken man, but too fond of horse-racing, coursing, and sports of a kindred character. Betting on these landed him in a quagmire, and in lavishing out more money to retrieve himself, sank the deeper, and brought ruin and hardship on his own as well as the heads of others. I believe when filling an appointment in the East of Scotland, he had been a prominent attender on the race course and at coursing meets, but on receiving the appointment of factor on the Garscube Estates, he had promised his friends to abandon all connection with the sporting fraternity. This promise he had failed to keep, and continued his speculations on the turf as keenly as ever but with great secrecy. None of us in Maryhill who met with him

occasionally suspected he was interested in horse racing and other sporting matters, or betting and speculating on their results. I never heard him speak of or make the slightest reference to sporting affairs, so that his lapse from strict integrity was all the more astounding when it became public. He went to America, and the last I heard of him, more than 30 years ago, he was in business in New York.

Mr Andrew Brown was the next Factor appointed, not a very bright genius, I would say, nor particularly active or sociable, and decidedly obstinate and morose in temper. I think it was about this time that Mr Lockhart, of Milton Lockhart, M.P. for Lanarkshire, died. He was a staunch Conservative, and had represented the county for 20 years. Mr Bailie Cochrane, of Lamington, came forward as Conservative candidate for the vacant seat; the Liberals did not oppose him, seeing that a general election would take place in the autumn of the same year—1857. When Parliament was dissolved, Sir Edward Thomas Colebrooke, Bart., of Abington, came forward as the Liberal, and Mr Bailie Cochrane, of Lamington, as the Conservative, to represent Lanarkshire; the qualification for a county election at that time being a £50 rental. There was keen canvassing in Maryhill, as in other parts of the County, the late Mr William Swan, Shipbuilder, being an active member of Sir Edward's committee; and the late Mr John Walker, Coalmaster, who, although he did not possess the electoral qualification himself, had considerable influence with a number of the electors in the district. In 1837, when the late Mr Lockhart, of Milton-Lockhart, was returned for Lanarkshire, Mr Walker rendered valuable services on the Conservative side, and did a good deal towards securing the seat for Mr Lockhart. At the general election of 1857, Mr Walker resolved to favour the candidature of Sir E. T. Colebrooke; and when the election campaign opened, Sir Archibald Islay Campbell called one forenoon on Mr Walker, who at that time resided in Mr Lennie's property, Endrick Place. "Good morning, Mr Walker," said the Baronet, as he entered the parlour. "Oh, guid mornin', Sir Archibald," he said, rising from his chair, "I hope you're weel." "Yes, thank you, Mr Walker, I hope you also are well." "Oh, aboot the best, thank ye," and the two shook hands cordially. "Gran' wather tae for the time o' the year." "Yes, very pleasant," said the Baronet. He then remarked: "You are aware, Mr Walker, of the keen political contest that is about to begin between Mr Bailie Cochrane, Conservative, and Sir Edward T. Colebrooke, Liberal, as to which shall be repre-

sentative for Lanarkshire." "Weel, Sir Archibald, I ken naething aboot their politics, an' besides, I've nae vote." "I am quite aware of that, but you have a good deal of influence in Maryhill, and might obtain considerable support in favour of Mr Baillie Cochrane." "I'm tell'd," said Mr Walker, "he's a play-actor." "A what!" said Sir Archibald, "a play-actor?" "Aye," said Mr Walker, "he play-acts in some thaytre plays, it's said, up by in Hamilton Pailace." The Baronet stared, and Mr Walker added: "I understaun' unco little aboot Whigs an' Tories, but the late Sir Archibald Campbell (this was his visitor's grandfather) tell'd me I was aye tae canvass against the Duke o' Hamilton, an' I was shure to be richt; I've aye dune't, an' beat him, an' I'll beat this yin tae." Sir Archibald smiled, and remarked: "But this Duke has changed his coat from the former one." "Then," said Mr Walker, "that gars me change my coat tae." The Baronet laughed heartily at Mr Walker's quaint method of intimating that his influence would be used to secure the return of Sir Edward. They shook hands, and parted good friends, which they ever were; and Mr Walker's forecast of the election proved correct, for Sir Edward T. Colebrooke, Bart., was returned member. He represented the County of Lanarkshire, and latterly the North Division of it for 27 years; and Mr Baillie Cochrane, a few years after he contested Lanarkshire, was raised to the Peerage as Baron Lamington, of Lamington.

The amusing thing about Mr Walker's reference to the series of private theatricals the Duke of Hamilton arranged at Hamilton Palace was the fact that Sir Archibald himself took part in the performances, as well as Mr Baillie Cochrane, and other noblemen and gentlemen.

Sir Archibald Islay Campbell, Bart., married, in 1858, Lady Agnes Grosvenor, daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, a very pleasant, estimable lady, who did not, however, enjoy very robust health. On the day the newly-wedded couple were to arrive at Garscube, the Provost, Magistrates, Commissioners of Police, and Town Clerk of Maryhill proceeded in the afternoon to present an address to Sir Archibald and Lady Agnes Campbell at Garscube, a considerable number of the inhabitants accompanying them. On reaching the East Lodge, Mr Andrew Brown, the Factor, refused to allow the gates to be opened, or permit the deputation to proceed to Garscube House. In less than fifteen minutes the carriage arrived with the Baronet and his bride, and the address was read and presented to them on the public road in front of the gate. Suitable arrangements

had been made by Mr Robb, the House Steward, for the reading and presentation of the address in front of Garscube House, and Sir Archibald was greatly displeased at the treatment accorded to the deputation and inhabitants of Maryhill by the stupid obstinacy of his factor. I rather think he got a proper drilling the following day from the Baronet, which he did not forget for some time.

In 1859 that great patriotic movement began, the formation of Volunteer Corps throughout the country. The earliest company formed in Lanarkshire was the 1st Western Rifle Volunteers of Glasgow, and Sir Archibald was chosen Captain. He devoted much time and subscribed liberally in developing this popular force of citizen soldiers. A few more companies were quickly enrolled and formed into a battalion—the 1st Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers, and Sir Archibald Campbell was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. Each company of the battalion exercised their own taste in choosing the colour of their uniform; some corps adopted a light brownish grey, trimmed with blue, others a dark steel grey, trimmed with crimson, and some green, trimmed with scarlet braid, and some in addition wore leggings. When paraded, the worthy Baronet's battalion had certainly a variegated and rather incongruous appearance as regarded their clothing. In October the same year a corps of rifle volunteers was enrolled in Maryhill, but in connection with Dumbartonshire, being the 2nd company 1st Battalion Dumbartonshire Rifle Volunteers. Sir Archibald was an honorary member of this company, and gave a handsome annual donation to its funds. As a County Magistrate he administered the oath of allegiance to us when we mustered for the first time after getting our uniforms, which were a steel grey colour, crimson braid, and brown leather shoulder and waist belts. At that time each member of our company had to provide his own uniform, pay 2/6 on enrolment, and contribute 10/ annually to the funds. A number of the corps enrolled in Glasgow provided their own rifles as well, and it was not till early in 1860 the Government supplied rifles to all corps. We in Maryhill had to rent a suitable place for an armoury, pay our drill instructor, and provide our own targets at the shooting range. Through the kindness of Messrs Reid & Ewing, Maryhill Print Works, we were granted free use of one of their large warehouses for drill instruction in the evenings. Archibald Campbell Colquhoun, Esq., younger, of Killermont, was our Captain; John Leckie Ewing, Esq., Beechbank, Maryhill, Lieutenant; and Hugh Kirkwood, Esq., Factor, Killermont, Ensign. I remember our first march-out was about April,

1860—the Government had supplied us with rifles (long Enfields), and we had received some drilling in the handling of them. Having mustered in our drill room, Maryhill Print Works, I, the colour-sergeant, received the present of a sword and waist-belt from the members of the corps. We marched off with the Maryhill Brass Band in front to Killermont, our Ensign, Hugh Kirkwood, Esq., having invited us to partake of his hospitality. We did ample justice to the good things provided, and after an hour's strolling about the grounds and policies we re-formed company and marched back to Maryhill, all greatly pleased with this our first outing. By the beginning of April a company of Artillery Volunteers had been formed, and provided themselves with uniforms, the Government supplying them carbines and two 32-pounder cannon for drill purposes; and ranked as the 11th Company, Lanarkshire Artillery Volunteers. Edward Collins, Esq., Kelvindale, was Captain; William Swan, Esq., Collina, Maryhill, 1st Lieutenant; and J. M. Taylor, Esq., 2nd Lieutenant. To the funds of this Company Sir Archibald likewise contributed; he was, in fact, a thoroughly earnest Volunteer.

Her Majesty's Birthday was observed as a holiday in Glasgow and suburbs that year (1860) on the 20th May, and the soldiers in barracks were, as usual, to be reviewed on Glasgow Green. The 1st Battalion Lanarkshire R.V., under Lieut.-Colonel Sir A. J. Campbell, Bart., assembled there also; and the 1st Battalion Dumbartonshire R.V., under Lieut.-Colonel Gartshore, were represented by the 2nd Company (Maryhill), 6th Company (Dumbarton), and the 10th Company (Kirkintilloch). The ground was kept clear from any pressure of the large crowd of spectators by the 13th Light Dragoons from Hamilton, and the Queen's Own Glasgow Yeomanry. It was quite a success; and we were all thankful when we had marched back to Maryhill in the afternoon, for it was a blazing hot day. In the end of July it was announced that the Queen would review the Scottish Volunteers in the Park at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, on the August. The people of Scotland were greatly elated when this intimation was made; and the Volunteers highly jubilant at the prospect of being reviewed by Her Majesty. I was moved by the enthusiasm thus evoked, and wrote the following song, dedicating it to the officers and members of the 2nd Company (Maryhill) of the 1st Battalion Dumbartonshire Rifle Volunteers:—

REVIEW SONG.

Air—Cheer, Boys, Cheer.

Cheer, boys, cheer ! to Holyrood we go, boys !
 Cheer, cheer our Queen, with loud resounding cheers ;
 As monarch, wife, and mother, she is the best that's reign'd, boys,
 Well guarded she shall be by her Scottish Volunteers.
 With loyal hearts we go, and we'll proudly gaze upon her—
 Descendant of our Scottish kings, who centuries ago
 At Largs and Bannockburn, maintained Old Scotland's honour,
 And independent kept her 'gainst each invading foe.

Chorus—

Cheer, boys, cheer ! to Holyrood we go, boys !
 Cheer, boys, cheer ! we there shall meet our Queen ;
 Cheer, boys, cheer ! long and happy may her rule be,
 Britannia's reigning monarch is the best that e'er has been.

Cheer, boys, cheer ! we are brother Volunteers, boys,
 Artillery or Rifles, our mission is the same :
 To guard our Queen and country, and peaceful homes from danger,
 And rank as patriot sons, truly worthy of the name.
 Base despots vile may tremble, and their treacherous plots forego now ;
 Our Rampant Lion, as of yore, his fierce head boldly rears.
 The foe that would invade this land of liberty, we'll shew how
 To fight, and die for Scotland, like our ancient Volunteers.
 Cheer, boys, cheer ! &c.

As at first written, I had introduced the word "defiant" in one of the lines. Sir Archibald objected to the word, and also Lord Leigh, who was at the time a guest at Garscube House. They were certainly right, as Defence, not Defiance, was the foundation of the Volunteer movement ; and I altered the line, deleting the objectionable word. Two hundred copies were printed and distributed amongst the members of the Company and friends ; and was sung right merrily that morning of the review as we journeyed to Edinburgh by the North British Railway, each member of our corps wearing a sprig of heather in his cap. A small band of fifes and drums, which had been organised by our officers, accompanied us. We left the train at Haymarket Station, and the first "ken'd" face I saw was Sir Archibald Campbell, mounted on his charger, and forming up his battalion for the march along Maitland and Princes Streets to take up its position in the Park. The city was all commotion and excitement, such an army of Volunteers came marching in ; nearly every County in Scotland being represented, "frae Maidenkirke tae John o' Groats." Not such an army of variegated uniforms had trod the streets of "Auld Reekie" since Prince Charlie and his Highland host

took possession of it in 1745, on their way to meet "Johnnie Cope" at Prestonpans. Arthur's Seat was clad with spectators, and on its summit waved the Standard of Scotland; and there, in the ancient Park of Holyrood, Her Majesty, accompanied by His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, reviewed her army of 20,000 Scottish Volunteers. Appropriate music was played as each battalion marched past the saluting point by the band of the 78th Regiment (Seaforth Highlanders), who had just arrived from India after the Mutiny had been quelled. The Review was a great success, and elicited the praise of the whole Scottish Press; but whether from envy or spite, the "London Times" recorded not a word as to the great patriotic meeting which gathered round Queen Victoria in the Capital of Scotland. The outcome of this right Royal Review was the rapid extension of the Volunteer movement in Scotland. A large number of new corps were enrolled in Glasgow and neighbourhood, and new battalions formed; some additional Companies were likewise added to the Dumbartonshire Battalion. The members of the Maryhill Company resolved to increase the membership of their Band; and to assist in providing uniforms and instruments for the new members, I wrote two lectures: "Six Days' Furlough in the French Capital;" being notes of a visit I had made to Paris a few years previously, describing its palaces, churches, public buildings, gardens, etc., with notices of historical and interesting events in the past with which they were associated. To illustrate the lectures, I prepared a large plan of the city, six feet square, shewing the line of its fortifications, and the relative position of the various important buildings, and incidents connected therewith, to which I referred in the course of the lectures. They were delivered in Maryhill Parish Church, in February, 1861. The Rev. W. S. Shanks, Chaplain to the Company, took the chair at the first lecture; and Hugh Kirkwood, Esq., Ensign, was chairman at the second lecture. From this source the band fund was augmented by a number of pounds sterling, and the membership of the band increased.

Sir Archibald and Lady Agnes Campbell generally spent most of the winter months in the south of England or on the Continent, the delicate state of her ladyship's health precluded the entertaining of much company at all times, and during summer and autumn it was generally their relatives who visited and made a brief stay at Garscube—the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, Lord Ebury, Sir Michael and Lady Octavia Shaw Stewart, Archibald Campbell Tait, at that time Bishop of London, etc., etc. After a

couple of years or so, her Ladyship's health improved considerably, and she became stronger; then for a season or two at the close of autumn, a ball was given to the servants and employees on the estate, and to which two or three acquaintances in Maryhill were invited. Pleasant and agreeable meetings they were, and Sir Archibald and Lady Agnes enjoyed themselves thoroughly—Mr Robb, House Steward, Mr Graham, Head Gardener, Mr Williamson, East Lodge, Mr A. M'Onie, etc., contributing much towards making them merry meetings in reality. The old standard country dances—Triumph, Flowers of Edinburgh, Meg Merrilees, Haymakers, etc., interspersed with reels and everlasting jigs, made them genuine Scottish balls, in which all present could join. The Baronet and her ladyship retired before the "wee short hour," but the company went on with the programme of dances. When finished, and the party breaking up two or three hours later, there was but one feeling and one expression—"happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again."

In the spring and summer months Sir Archibald attended zealously to his duties as Lieut.-Colonel of the volunteer battalion he commanded, but by the end of 1865 his health began to give way. During the spring and summer of the following year his health and strength continued still further to decline, and he died at Garscube, September, 1866, without issue. He was buried in the family vault in East Kilpatrick Churchyard, where the remains of the first and second Baronets are also interred. The funeral was attended by a large number of his relations and tenantry, also the battalion of volunteers he had commanded; the Maryhill Company of the Dumbartonshire Battalion, marching out in advance, formed a guard at the entrance gate to the churchyard. With reversed arms and bowed heads we stood as the remains of our late honorary member was carried past us to be laid in the silent tomb. It had been the wish of the deceased, and also of Lady Agnes, that there should be no firing party to give a last salute, and the wish was respected. So passed away Sir Archibald Islay Campbell, third Baronet of Succoth, a frank, generous, unassuming gentleman, and a kind, attentive, and considerate landlord.

He was succeeded by his brother in the title and estates. Sir George Campbell, fourth Baronet, was born at Garscube, 1829. Adopting the military service, he entered the army, and held a captaincy in the 1st Royal Dragoons at the outbreak of the war with Russia in 1854. Having proceeded to the Crimea with his regiment, he was present in the memorable charge of the heavy cavalry brigade,

consisting of the 1st Royal Dragoons, Royal Scots Greys, and Inniskilling Dragoons, led by General Scarlett at the battle of Balaclava. Captain Campbell was dangerously wounded in the left shoulder by a bullet. I remember when the news arrived of the victory at Balaclava, and the serious nature of the Captain's wound, his mother and brother were greatly alarmed and distressed. Sir Archibald secured the services of Doctor, the late Sir George H. B. M'Leod, who proceeded to the Crimea as medical attendant, and to accompany Captain Campbell home. On reaching London, Sir William Ferguson and other eminent surgeons were consulted, but the left arm was permanently disabled at and below the shoulder. After a time he had full use of the elbow and hand, and although the arm was much attenuated, he could, when mounted, guide and control the movements of his horse. He retired from the army, but enrolled as a Captain in the Queen's Own Glasgow Yeomanry, and took considerable interest in that corps. He married, in 1858, Margaret, daughter of Sir Edward Borough, Bart. ; and on succeeding to the Baronetcy and Estates of Garscube, he was appointed Lieut.-Colonel of the 1st Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers.

During his brother's illness, the Factor, Mr A. Brown, seemed to get more careless and negligent regarding the management of the Estate ; urgent and important matters he silently put aside, and left them, as the saying is, "tae hing as they grew." At the time, Captain George Campbell had remarked : "We always knew he was slow, but the fool has now stuck altogether."

Immediately after succeeding to the Estates, Sir George Campbell dismissed Mr A. Brown, and appointed Mr Hugh Kirkwood, who had been for some years Factor to J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., on the Killermont and Garscadden Estates. Mr Kirkwood assumed his brother Allan as partner, and they jointly managed Garscube, Killermont, and Garscadden Estates, besides some others in Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire. Sir George, as might have been expected, was a most attentive and enthusiastic officer in the Volunteer force. He took an interest in, and supported liberally, those local institutions his late brother, Sir Archibald, had assisted to establish and develop, besides additional and benevolent movements, in which he was ably assisted by Lady Campbell. I think about 1867, Sir George came forward as Conservative candidate to represent the city of Glasgow in Parliament, but was not successful. Shortly after the election the Conservatives in the city, to mark their approval of the Baronet's candidature and the creditable manner in which he conducted the

contest, commissioned Sir Daniel M'Nee to paint his portrait. As a matter of course, this talented artist produced a splendid likeness of Sir George Campbell, which, after the ceremony of presentation in Glasgow, was placed in Garscube House—a tribute to a brave officer and estimable citizen. Shortly after this, Sir George was walking into Glasgow, which he frequently preferred to taking his carriage or train from Maryhill. In Wyndford Street he met Major Hamilton of Dalziell (now Lord Hamilton) walking out from Glasgow, his wife, Lady Emily Hamilton (a daughter of the Earl of Leven and Melville, and cousin to Sir George), following in an hour or so by a carriage, on a visit to the Baronet and Lady Campbell at Garscube House. After a hearty hand-shaking, Sir George remarked: "I think, Major, you will now be the better for some refreshment after your walk from town," and led the way to a public-house close by. "Well, landlord, have you any good spirits?" "I have," he said. "Then please give us a gill." The stoup was filled and placed on the counter with a glass and tumblers. Sir George lifted the gill-stoup and filling up the glass, said: "Will you please taste with us, landlord?" "Oh, I'll dae that," he said, and raising the glass, said: "Your healths, gentlemen," emptied its contents down his capacious throat. Sir George smiled, remarking: "I think, Major, after that, we're quite safe to try it." Lifting the stoup, he refilled the glass and emptied it into the Major's tumbler. This finished the gill, and the Baronet had to order an additional glass for his own tumbler. The landlord "nichered" and laughed merrily as he told me of the incident how he had caused Sir George to pay for three glasses of whisky instead of a gill. I had, before this, heard some of the landlord's customers tell, that when a gill was ordered at the counter, he would lift the stoup and help himself to the first of it, remarking: "I'll tak' the push'n aff't."

In the following year (1868) Sir George and Lady Campbell gave a ball to the servants and employees on the estate—two or three acquaintances in Maryhill being also invited. The visitors then staying in Garscube House were Lady Campbell's father, Sir Edward Borough, Bart., and three daughters, Major and Lady Emily Hamilton, of Dalziell, Captain Brownrigg, etc. All was arranged in genuine apple-pie order by Mr Robb, the house steward; and the hall decorated by Mr Graham, the gardener, and assistants. A right merry meeting it was, each and all enjoying the dancing. At intervals there were songs, Mr Williamson giving "Scotland Yet;" and Mr A. M'Onie gave "Auld Johnny Borthwick." Sir George pressed me to

sing a favourite song of his, "When we were Boys together." As I rose up at the end of the hall, he came and stood by my side and joined heartily in singing the chorus. Later on, the "Reel o' Hoolochan" appeared on the dance programme, and when I rose to take a place in it, with Lady Emily Hamilton as my partner, Sir George, with Miss Borough, placed themselves *vis-a-vis* to us, and I confess I did not feel quite happy. In this Highland dance, the gentlemen, in performing the figure, face each other at intervals, dancing, then swing round about, first right arm hooked in right arm, then left arm in left arm. I was in terror when we swung by the left arm in case Sir George's arm, which had been so seriously wounded, might be in any way strained and cause him pain; and being considerably heavier than he, I let him swing me as he liked, whilst I refrained from adding in the slightest to the speed or risk of the whirl. After we had swung and danced for a time, "Well," he said, "this is pretty hard work;" his brow wet with sweat, which began to trickle down his nose. Good Sir George! it was with all his heart he engaged in every work and duty. At a tolerably advanced hour in the morning the happy assembly in Garscube House broke up after singing the Scottish National Hymn, "Auld Langsyne." A couple of months or so after this, Sir Edward Borough visited Dawsholm Print Works. Dr. Finlay, the Manager, escorted him through the establishment, explaining, in the various departments, the processes of calico printing and dyeing. When they entered the drawing shop the Manager said: "This is Sir Edward Borough; Sir Edward, this is Mr Thomson, our Designer." I rose and bowed to the Baronet, who advanced and shook hands. Looking keenly into my face, he said: "We have met before." I replied that we had. "Yes, but where?" I said at the ball recently given by Sir George and Lady Campbell in Garscube. "Ah! to be sure, I knew your face again, but could not at the moment remember where we had met;" adding, "What a jolly night that was, never enjoyed myself so much in my life." "Well," he said, "are you coming down to Garscube on Saturday? There will be a large turn-out of the Volunteers—a regular sham fight." I promised to come. He explained that the battalion was to be divided; the one portion was to defend the bridge at Garscube House, the other to make the attack from the east end of it. "I have persuaded Sir George to give me one of the companies of the attacking force, with which I will cross the river by the wire suspension bridge; march by the south avenue, pass round the the west end of the house, attack the defending force in rear, and

make every soul of them prisoners. But never say anything about it," he remarked, laughing ; and I promised the energetic and genial old Baronet that I would be silent. I was present to witness the sham fight, and had a splendid view from the top of the tower, in the north front of Garscube House. A signal was given, and the attacking force opened fire on the defenders of the bridge, who at once replied by a smart volley. The engagement was continued for some time by a rapid and continuous fire from assailants and defenders. While watching the obstinate fight for possession of the bridge, I kept my weather eye on the approach at the west end of the house. In a short time a volley was discharged from that quarter, and with a loud cheer the company led by Sir Edward came on at the double, taking the defenders of the bridge in rear, who, of course had to surrender, and so closed the engagement. The battalion, after executing a few evolutions, and partaking of Sir George and Lady Campbell's hospitality, formed up and marched back to Glasgow.

In 1869, Sir George's mother, Mrs Campbell, died in Edinburgh, where she had taken up her residence for some time. Although of a rather aristocratic manner and a trifle quick in temper, she had a warm and generous heart, and always took a kindly interest in the old employees about Garscube House and on the Estate. Of her two sons, Sir George was the favourite, and he had a strong affection for his mother. In autumn each year, members of the Sabbath Schools in connection with Maryhill Parish Church—which included those at Lambhill and Springbank—were invited to Garscube by Sir George and Lady Campbell. The children assembled at the Parish Church early on a Saturday afternoon, with their respective teachers, under the superintendence of the Rev. W. S. Shanks, the Parish Minister ; the boys bearing a considerable display of flags, and headed generally by a fife and drum band, all marched off—Bob Miller, the beadle, following with an enormous bundle of tinned jugs slung over his shoulders, for the distribution of the tea or milk amongst the children, many of whom, however, carried jugs of their own. Having reached Garscube, all were regaled with tea or milk and cookies. Adjourning to one of the large open spaces within the policies, Sir George, Lady Campbell, and any visitors they might have staying with them, then set the youngsters to a series of games, and started others to run races. One form of race was, three boys stood up side by side, the centre one had his right leg tied to the left leg of the boy on his right, his left leg being tied to the right leg of the boy on his left. After a few of these triplets had been prepared, Sir George

himself always taking an active part in tying the lots ; all being ready, the signal was given, and the comical race started, to the great amusement of all who witnessed it—many of the children's parents and others from Maryhill being present to see the pleasing recreations. Prizes having been distributed to the successful competitors, in both boys' and girls' classes, and hearty cheers given for Sir George and Lady Campbell, the joyous band of Sunday scholars marched back to Maryhill.

The Baronet at times suffered great pain in the arm, which had been so severely wounded in the Crimean battle, and was more sensitive to the winter's cold ; consequently he and her ladyship passed the winter either in the south of England or on the Continent. In the summer and autumn he became less able to move about while residing at Garscube, or on his estate Cumlodden at Lochfyne. By 1873 his medical attendants advised that he should pass the winter in the island of Malta. He and Lady Campbell proceeded there. He was tolerably cheerful, and for a time could move about, but the mild, genial climate of the island did not improve his condition or increase his strength, and he died in Malta, 17th February, 1874, without issue. In a British possession, but far away from his native Garscube, good and generous-hearted Sir George Campbell, fourth Baronet of Succoth, breathed his last, his closing hours soothed by the solicitude and tenderness of his affectionate wife, Lady Campbell. Thus early in middle life closed the career of a gallant officer and exemplary gentleman, who was indeed what Burns wrote of his great grandfather, the first Baronet, "a true Campbell." His remains were brought from Malta, and placed in the family vault in East Kilpatrick Churchyard.

He was succeeded in the title by his cousin, Archibald Spencer Lindsay, eldest son of the late George Campbell ; third son of the second Baronet. He has studied for the Scottish Bar, and passed as advocate in 1880. His only brother, James, entered the army, and is now major in the old 85th regiment. Sir Archibald Spencer Lindsay Campbell, fifth Baronet of Succoth, married Harriet Kathrine, fourth daughter of Col. Regnall Pack, C.B., of Avisford, Sussex, and has issue. Sir George by his will life-rented Lady Campbell in the Garscube Estates, and shortly after his death she built in memory of him a Cottage Home for Convalescents, immediately to the north of Maryhill Manse. Those resident in the district, whose lack of accommodation in their dwellings might retard their acquisition of health and strength when just recovering from sickness or accident,

are provided for in this comfortable home, each being visited when necessary by the medical gentleman who had attended them during their illness.

Alexander M'Onie, or "Sandy" as he was called by all, had been many years an employee about Garscube House. Amongst other duties, he carried the letter-bag to and from Maryhill Post Office each morning and afternoon, but had not the slightest tinge of the irascible temper of his predecessor "Old Sandy Brown." On the contrary, M'Onie was of a cheerful, sociable disposition, and any one given to hatching little plots of mischief, or speaking "backspangilie," he would say with a smile, "Aye, they're settin' their types." The death of his wife and some of his family pressed heavily on him, and he was induced at the end of autumn, 1874, to emigrate to New Zealand, where some of his family had settled. He received a substantial pecuniary gift from Lady Campbell, and a present of a silver snuff box and parcel of handkerchiefs from friends and acquaintances in Maryhill. A pleasant meeting it was at the presentation, mingled with a shade of sadness at thoughts of parting with a kind and old familiar face. Two days thereafter Sandy M'Onie bade adieu to Garscube, where he had passed the best years of his life, with sincere wishes from all for long life and happiness in his new and distant home. When Mr Clark, Sir George's favourite groom, left to fill another situation, and Mr Graham, principal gardener, also left some time afterwards to start business on his own account, they were each the recipients of handsome parting gifts from Lady Campbell for long and faithful service while at Garscube.

Another old employee on the estate, with whom I was very intimate and passed many pleasant and cheerful evenings, was Mr James Williamson, draughtsman and mason at Garscube. Plans and specifications for alterations or additions to any of the farm steadings, or other buildings on the estate, were prepared by him, and the work inspected while in progress, whether on the estate of Garscube or Cumlodden. He was a native of Biggar, in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, and served an apprenticeship to the trade of an operative mason. An intimate acquaintance of his at that time in Biggar was the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, who afterwards gained a world-wide name as the author of "Scotland Yet!" It was Mr Williamson's favourite, and he always sang it with a fervour and animation such as I have rarely ever heard. In 1821 he worked at the extensive repairs and renovations carried out at that time on St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, and he used to tell of being at the

head of Leith Walk in 1822 to witness the entry of King George IV. into the city. Amongst other notabilities assembled at that point awaiting His Majesty's arrival, he saw Sir Walter Scott, whom he described as having a particularly animated countenance and of a rather swarthy complexion.

Mr Williamson was afterwards employed under Mr Ramsay, a contractor, at the building of Ratho House, near Edinburgh, also at the building of Carstairs House, Lanarkshire; and in 1826 he came to Garscube, under the same employer, and worked at the re-building of the present house. Having married two or three years previously, he resided in a dwelling at Garscube Bridge (now removed), but which stood between Garscube Cottage and the Kelvin. After the completion of Garscube House, he proceeded with the same employer to Perthshire, and worked at the building of Dupplin Castle, for the Earl of Kinnoull. About 1831, or so, he returned to Garscube and was engaged building the East Lodge and gateway, the pillars of which are surmounted by casquets, cut in stone, the handiwork of Mr Williamson. When the lodge was nearly completed, Sir Archibald, the second Baronet, asked Mr Williamson to take up his abode in it, and act as resident draughtsman and mason on the Estate. In 1833, the lodge being finished, Mr and Mrs Williamson took up their residence there, but had no family; by and by he became known on the estate and in the neighbourhood as "The Cork," an old Scottish term in many trades for the foreman. He was a man who had read extensively in history and general literature; in poetry his favourite authors were Burns, Byron, Scott and Moore; and being gifted with a good memory, he could recite lengthy passages from all of these, besides many of the minor Scottish poets, poems and songs. During the first dozen years or so after he settled in Maryhill, he took an active interest, along with Mr William Dykes, in the public library, both acting for a long time as joint librarians, and doing much to increase the number of volumes it contained and add to its list of readers. He was a keen curler, and took an active part in that exciting game; being a good player he frequently came off the successful competitor. In 1856 he received a valuable silver watch, which bore the following inscription: "Presented to Mr James Williamson by a few intimate friends as a small expression of their esteem for him as a man of social and moral worth, November, 1856;" and from a particular friend a beautiful gold watch-guard and neck-chain. It was 1858 before we began to get acquainted, although I had been then resident in

Maryhill for four years. We had met a few times in company, but did not gravitate towards each other. He was a little blunt of speech, and rather sarcastic, especially when he had imbibed two or three "half-yins o' Laggavoulin." Often a bit dour and obstinate, he spoke his mind without fear or favour, and at times with almost a touch of rudeness. As a mutual friend told him, "he was geyan hard i' the mouth," and the stern old Scotsman laughed heartily. By and by we got to understand each other better, becoming intimate friends, and as time rolled on our friendship became the stronger. For some years he suffered much from rheumatism, but was able to move about the estate; at times, however, it was with pain and difficulty, aided by a staff in each hand, which we called his "pownies." At length Sir George, with his usual generosity, allowed Mr Williamson a sufficient weekly wage, work or no work, which he continued to receive till his death in August, 1875, aged nearly 74. From my boyhood I had a particular fondness for the aged, and enjoyed real pleasure in associating with them, so that when my old companion was laid to rest in Maryhill Churchyard, I missed his society a good deal. Mrs Williamson, after the death of her husband, removed to Glasgow, and resided with a worthy matron, who had in former years been an employee at Garscube. Lady Campbell took an active interest in Mrs Williamson's welfare, generously contributing to make her declining years as comfortable as possible. She died in December, 1887, in her 86th year, and was interred in the grave of her husband in Maryhill; and in remembrance of my old departed friends, Lady Campbell gave me a gift of the watch and chain which had been presented to Mr Williamson. In Maryhill, Netherton, and adjacent districts around Garscube, the deserving poor are ever the constant care of Lady Campbell, and the recipients of her generous bounty; her name having become a household one, as the patroness and supporter of every benevolent and worthy object. The earnest wish of each and all, I am sure, must be, that she may long be spared to occupy the high position her grace and genuine nobility has so much adorned.

KILLERMONT.

The greater part of this estate is situated in the Parish of New Kilpatrick and County of Dumbarton. At a short distance from the river Kelvin stands the mansion-house, a massive building, and immediately east of which are some magnificent beech trees, an avenue winding amongst them. There is, however, a portion of the estate

on the south bank of the Kelvin in the Parish of Maryhill and County of Lanark, comprising the lands of Sandyflat. Early in the seventeenth century Killermont was in the possession of the Cunninghams of Drumquhassil, a considerable family, frequently mentioned in connection with Dumbartonshire and Stirlingshire affairs. In 1628 John Cunningham, of this family, sold Killermont to John Stark for 12,000 merks, and in his family it remained for a considerable time. John Stark, "younger, of Killermont," was among those who held conventicles and refused to conform to the Episcopal form of church government in 1685. Although John Stark is styled in the proclamations "younger, of Killermont," the estate was really sold a year or two previously to James Hunter, of Muirhouse. After changing hands it was bought in 1747 by Lawrence Colquhoun, second son of Andrew Colquhoun of Garscadden. Agnes, the only daughter and child of Lawrence Colquhoun of Killermont, married John Campbell of Clathic, Perthshire. This gentleman, who was a Glasgow merchant, and provost in 1784, had previously changed his name from Coats to Campbell on succeeding to Clathic. Agnes Colquhoun of Killermont, and John Coats Campbell of Clathic, spouses, had one son and four daughters. This son, Archibald Campbell Colquhoun—which name he assumed on succeeding his mother in Killermont—became successively Sheriff of Perthshire, Lord Advocate, and Lord Clerk Register, and for some years Member of Parliament for Dumbartonshire. By his wife, Mary Anne Erskine, he had two sons and two daughters. The elder son, John Campbell Colquhoun, succeeded to Killermont and Garscadden; and the younger, William Lawrence Campbell Colquhoun, to Clathic. John Campbell Colquhoun had by his wife, Henrietta L'Poer, two sons, Archibald Campbell Colquhoun, and John Erskine Campbell Colquhoun. Archibald entered the Civil Service, but died shortly afterwards; John became a clergyman in the Church of England, and on his father's death succeeded to Killermont Estate. The Rev. John Erskine Campbell Colquhoun has, like his father, taken an active and benevolent interest in the training and education of the young; and in Maryhill, has liberally extended the Infant School founded by his father. The lodge and entrance gate to the avenue which leads to Killermont House, is at the north end of Garscube Bridge; the ground on which the lodge is built being formerly part of Garscube Estate.

When I took up my abode in Maryhill, nearly forty-one years ago, there was a tradition which I often heard related by some of the older inhabitants, that a difference or quarrel had arisen between the Laird

of Garscube and the Laird of Killermont. I never could get any definite statement as to the names of the Lairds who had got to "sixes and sevens," the causes for it, or the exact time when it occurred. At the period in question, Garscube Estate extended east from Garscube Bridge along the Kelvin from 60 to 100 yards; the march line crossing the avenue leading to Killermont House, and also a separate avenue or road which led to the garden and home farm. The tradition I heard was, that when the difference between the two proprietors got very intense, the Laird of Garscube caused a strong paling of large stobs to be erected across both avenues on the line of his march. The consequence was that access to Killermont House or home farm could only be got by the road to the farm of Kessington, which branches off the Strathblane Road half a mile or so above Canniesburn. The tradition continued, that after a time the quarrel of the two lairds was smoothed over, and afterwards, when they came to be in better "baby clouts," the bit of ground belonging to Garscube became the property of Killermont by excambion.

An intimate acquaintance I often visited at Killermont was Mr John Cruikshank, who was head gardener there for some sixty years. Another employee long resident on the estate was Mr Donald Robertson, head gamekeeper. Both have, however, passed away to the silent grave a number of years ago. On the Killermont Estate, adjoining the policies, is the farm of Kessington, the northern boundary of which is the road that runs close to the line of the old Roman wall over Ferguston Moor. At a point on the farm where the road bends north before crossing the line of the wall, there is a part called Moss Knappie, in a sheltered nook of which for many years there stood a small hut. Its roof was but a few feet above the surrounding ground, and the lintel of the doorway so low, that anyone desiring to get inside had to stoop very much or get in on all fours; the height of the interior being little more than six feet. In this rude hovel, forty years ago, dwelt a hermit who had "squatted" on the spot and was known for miles in the surrounding district as "String Jamie" or "Besom Jamie"—his ostensible occupation being the making of "broom besoms and heather reenges"—a work he did not, however, prosecute with much industry, and was more intent in his rambles about the country to get food of every description and in any quantity cooked or uncooked, which he stowed into a bag he always carried. Beef, mutton, pork, veal, ham, puddings (black or white), butter, cheese, lard, loaf-bread, oatcakes, pease bannocks, bean scones, and all the etceteras with which farmers' store-rooms are generally fur-

nished ; vegetables and fruit of every description went into his seemingly bottomless haversack. For articles of clothing he was for ever on the "cadge," coats, jackets, vests, trousers, drawers, stockings, sox, boots and shoes, as well as old blankets, horse-haps, rugs, "auld meal sacks and tawtie bags," in short, he had a "crap for a' corn," and would accept anything, as the saying is, "from a needle to an anchor." He was especially vigilant to secure, if possible, a few coppers ; and if some one happened to tender him a sixpence, the only evidence of delight in his stolid countenance was a rapid twinkle of the grey eyes. The heterogeneous mass of eatables and diversified assortment of clothing and clouts were carried to his lonely hut, the meat salted, and everything stowed away for future use by the covetous, miserly old "gangrel." When he had been successful in adding to the contents of his larder, he would devote a day to making an immense pot of broth—"kail" he called them ; and after supping a "guid bowlfu' or twa," would put the large lot remaining in a convenient corner for use on future days. At intervals of a couple of days or so, he would resume the "suppin' o' the kail," until the lot was finished—in about two weeks after having been made. He told a friend of mine who called at his hut one day, "that the kail was far better for suppin' whan a while made, but thoct three weeks was lang enouch to keep them, for after that they werena jist sae guid." He often visited Maryhill, calling on some of the shopkeepers he knew, getting from them for "awmous" small parcels of tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, salt, candles, matches, etc. One thing I never knew him ask any of them for—soap, and am of opinion that one ounce of it would have lasted him ten years. Wherever he went he was always on the look-out for strings, bits of cord, or small ropes, to be used in making the "besoms and reenges" he hawked about the country ; his large blue bonnet was the depository for the strings, and I have seen it so well filled that the crown of the bonnet was bulged six or eight inches above his head, surmounted by a big blue "toorie," and being short and squat of build, he was an odd-looking character. One day I met him in Main Street, Maryhill, it was the month of July, and he dunned me for his "fairin'," saying : "I've been makin' nae bawbees ava for a lang while." Over his left shoulder was slung the bag (certainly not empty) and a few "reenges." In his right hand he carried a three-pint can about three-fourths filled with milk, and to my astonishment, four long candles stuck amongst the milk and resting against the side of the can, he evidently placed them there for safety lest they might be injured or broken on his journey to Moss

Knappie. That Jamie was possessed of some money was the current belief in the district; and unfortunately, one night, two or three marauding blackguards broke in the door of his hut, threatened to cut his throat, and forcibly plundered him of nearly twenty pounds. The perpetrators of this crime of "stouthrief," as I believe it is called in Scottish law, were never discovered. They had not, however, got hold of all Jamie's hoardings, there being still a considerable sum hidden, which he was persuaded to lodge in the bank at Maryhill. In his youth he had been remarkable for his obesity, and being engaged by a travelling showman, was exhibited throughout the country as "The Fat Boy;" but as he grew a bit older his bulk became less, and his exhibition ceased to draw the gaping multitude. At what time he was first seen about New Kilpatrick I could not learn, and no one ever heard of him having any relations, so I "'spects he grow'd." Some time after placing his savings in the bank, and to which additions were made occasionally, two or three gentlemen, if I mistake not, resident in New Kilpatrick Parish, persuaded the aged "wanderer" to make a will bequeathing his means for behoof of the poor in that parish; and "String Jamie," nearly twenty years ago, passed away on that journey from which no traveller is ever seen returning.

GARSCADDEN.

This estate, which adjoins those of Garscube and Killermont, is situated west of them, and in the Parish of New Kilpatrick, and County of Dumbarton. In the fourteenth century the lands of Garscadden belonged to the Flemings of Biggar, from whom it passed by excambion to Robert de Erskine of that ilk, Knight. The Galbraiths, who were a great Dumbarton and Stirlingshire family, afterwards held it, and from them it was acquired in 1655 by William Colquhoun, Writer in Glasgow, who was descended from a younger son of Robert Colquhoun of Camstradden, living in 1540. He was succeeded in Garscadden by his son, Andrew Colquhoun, Merchant in Glasgow, the estate continuing in this the elder branch of the family, one of whom was William Dalziel Colquhoun, who married Elizabeth, sixth daughter of Sir Ilay Campbell, Bart., Garscube. The estate passed to the younger branch of the family in the person of Archibald Campbell Colquhoun, who had succeeded his mother in Killermont, and to whom I have already referred in my notes on that estate, and the Rev. John Erskine Campbell Colquhoun, of Killermont, is now also proprietor of Garscadden. The mansion-house is not very large, but of pleasing design, and the gateway

giving entrance to the avenue from the public road is flanked by two square embattled towers, arranged as a dwelling for the gate-keeper. Tradition has it that at one time there were curious sculptured figures about the towers, but whether representing natural or fabulous creatures I never could ascertain, and that small cannon were mounted on the towers to defend the place from French or other invading foes who might venture up the Clyde, and endeavour to plunder Garscadden. There is, however, neither cannon nor carved figures of any kind now about the towers, which are excellent specimens of substantial mason-work. Tradition also said that the laird then in possession had some strange notions and rather peculiar ideas, and was a man of considerable energy and influence in the parish, but what his name was, or the exact period of his lairdship, I have not learned.

In New Kilpatrick Churchyard, a little to the left of the entrance-gate, is the Garscadden place of interment; it is enclosed by a stone wall, the entrance being by a door in the north front, within the Churchyard. But the unusual thing about the tomb is that there is another door in the wall facing the south, and three or four large stone steps from it down to the road, adjoining the entrance-gate to the Churchyard. For a great many years there was a public house at the top of the road leading to the church, and near to where it joined the New Kilpatrick and Drymen road. Lairds and farmers, their families and servants, attending the Church on Sabbath, adjourned to this public house during the interval in the church services, and got buns and yill or whiskey; it was also the rendezvous where "dredgies" were drank after a funeral, such meetings being often "geyan driech." Tradition says it was the same Laird of Garscadden with the odd notions, I have referred to, that caused the back door, in the south wall of the tomb to be made, and the steps leading from it, his reasons for doing so being "that he didna want to be taigl'd when the general risin' happen'd at the resurrection, but could slip oot canny by the back door, an' straucht up tae the public house, tak' his seat at the heid o' the table, an' be first tae get a dram." It is recorded by different writers that in former days the Kilpatrick Lairds were famous for their convivial meetings, and it is told that on one of these occasions, after a long course of hard drinking, some one observed, "Is na Garscadden lookin' unco gash?" "Deil mean him," said a brother-laird;" "he's been wi' his Maker this last hour, I saw him slip awa', but didna like tae disturb guid company by sayin' oucht aboot it." Whether this was the same

eccentric laird with the queer ideas, which I have previously described, I am unable to say, and tradition is silent. But I have seen a portrait in Killermont House, many years ago, of a gentlemanly looking person, dressed in a red coat nicely trimmed, similar to those I have read of as being worn by the Glasgow tobacco lords last century, when strutting on the plainstones in front of the Tontine Buildings in Trongate. I was told that the portrait I was then looking at was the likeness of the redoubtable Laird of Garscadden, who had died in harness at the drinking bout I have just mentioned.

For many years Mr Robert Brown was factor on Killermont and Garscadden Estates, a kindly, cheery, portly gentleman; and, when he resigned that appointment, leased the farm of Sandyflat, which he held for a good number of years. He was succeeded as factor on the estates by his nephew, Mr Hugh Kirkwood, who had been for some time assistant to his uncle, and receiving the necessary training to qualify him for such a situation. He was of medium height, wiry and active. I used to think him not unlike the first Napoleon in the promptness, push, and energy he applied to whatever he took in hand. He was succeeded by his brother, Allan, who had for some years been his partner and joint-factor; a pleasant and agreeable gentleman, diligent and attentive to business. On his death he was succeeded by Mr Lawson, the present factor, who had been many years in the office of the Messrs Kirkwood.

RUCHILL.

This estate is situated in the Parish of Maryhill, and County of Lanark. Early in the 17th century, the Peadies were a considerable family in Glasgow; and about the middle of it, James Peadie was the proprietor of Ruchill or "Roughill" as it was then called. He was a leading merchant in Glasgow, Dean of Guild in 1691, Provost in 1692 and 1697, and died 1717 in the 78th year of his age. He was succeeded by his son, James Peadie, who was Dean of Guild in 1720 and 1726, and Provost in 1727. In 1718 he acquired from Lawrence Crawford of Jordanhill part of the lands of Garrioch and Easter and Wester Garbraid. These lands had been sold previously by Ninian Hill, of Garbraid and Lambhill, with consent of Mary Crawford, his wife, to Lawrence Crawford. James Peadie died before 1730, and was succeeded by his son, John Peadie, who was in possession about six years only, having died in 1736. Provost James Peadie had another son who was drowned in a well near the house of Ruchill the child was stretching over it to look into a bird's nest on the other

side, when, losing his balance, he fell in. John Peadie was succeeded by his son, James Peadie, a boy six years old, but this Laird of Ruchill did not long enjoy it, he died in 1740, in the 10th year of his age. On the death of this boy, Ruchill passed to his five aunts as heiresses portioners, and in 1749, Allan Dreghorn, Merchant, Glasgow, bought it from them. He died in 1765, and Robert Dreghorn, his nephew, succeeded. This noted character in Glasgow in those old days was known by the name of "Bob Dragon," and many droll stories are told of him, he being rather a singular looking man. An excellent likeness of him is given in Kay's curious print of "The Morning Walk," published in 1793. The key of the old wine cellar at Ruchill was a rather ponderous article, about one foot long, and Robert Dreghorn was exceedingly careful not to allow it out of his custody. When he and his guests had an extra "dreich sittin'" after dinner, and additional supplies of wine, etc., were required to continue the "symposium," he might be still "gey an gleg an' clear i' the heid," but his legs got whiles "sae unco dwibble, that he couldna gang an ell." At such times the butler got him on his back, and Bob, with the wonderful key in his hand, would be carried down to the cellar and point out the bin from which the wine, etc., was to be taken; the quantity required being set out, he locked the cellar door, and be carried back to the dining room and placed in his chair. His town residence—20 Great Clyde Street—is hidden now in a furniture store; but I remember when a boy, seeing it often and hearing its former occupant spoken of with a shake of the head as a "gey queer ane." If I mistake not, it was for a number of years tenantless, the current belief being that it was haunted, "Bob Dragon" having committed suicide within it. After Robert Dreghorn's death, his sister Elizabeth succeeded, and on her death in 1824, Ruchill became the property of her niece, Isabella Bryson Dennistoun or Hamilton Dundas. This lady was the eldest daughter of James Dennistoun of Colgrain, by his wife, Margaret Dreghorn, sister of Robert and Elizabeth Dreghorn, successively of Ruchill. She had married, in 1804, Gabriel Hamilton Dundas, of Westburn and Duddingston. In 1835, the Hamilton Dundases sold the Estate to James Davidson, Merchant in Glasgow; and on his death it became the property of his son, William James Davidson, the present laird. He feued to Government, about 1870, a considerable part of the Garrioch portion of Ruchill Estate, on which has been erected extensive barracks, with quarters for artillery, cavalry, and infantry. The Government feu extends from Kelvindale Road on the north, where

the artillery and cavalry entrance is placed, to Garrioch Road on the south ; and from Gairbraid Street on the east, where the infantry entrance is placed, to the river Kelvin on the west. The Central Company's Railway, now under construction, passes along this bank of the river to the canal, tunneling which it will for the present terminate in Maryhill, near where classic Botany once stood. Near the south wall of the barracks another branch of this railway, also under construction, passes under Garrioch Road and Gairbraid Street, proceeding north-east tunnels under the Forth and Clyde Canal and Tam's Hill, joining the Caledonian lines on the east. When these lines are finished, Maryhill Barracks will be in direct railway communication with every part of England and Scotland. The original house of Ruchill is supposed to have been built about 1700 and fronted the west. About the beginning of this century a large addition was built to the end of it, and the house then faced south. When Mr Davidson bought the Estate, he re-faced the old house and built at the back ; since then, there have been no alterations. The amenity of the mansion and approach to it have been considerably interfered with by pits being sunk for working the coal and minerals on the estate, and giving off feus for public works of various kinds along the bank of the Forth and Clyde Canal, and the house has been let to successive tenants for many years past. Recently a considerable portion of the estate lying to the east, and contiguous to the Possil Road, has been purchased by the Corporation of Glasgow to form a north-west park for the inhabitants resident in that quarter of the now extended city.

KELVINSIDE.

The lands of Kelvinside are situated in the Parish of Maryhill and County of Lanark, on the bank of the river Kelvin, opposite the Botanic Gardens, Pear-tree Well and Kirklee, south and west ; and along Gairbraid Street on the east. The ancient name of the property was "Bankhead," and it constituted part of the Estate of Ruchill, which belonged about two centuries ago to James Peadie, merchant, and Provost of Glasgow. He had five daughters, one of whom married William Maxwell, younger, of Calderwood, and had Bankhead conveyed to her, but in 1749 sold it to Thomas Dunmore, Merchant in Glasgow, one of the old Virginia dons or Tobacco lords. In the year following, Mr Dunmore built the house and originated the ornamental woods and plantings which added so much to the picturesqueness of the locality. At the same period he changed the name from Bankhead to "Kelvinside," and twenty-seven

years later he conveyed the house and lands to his son, Robert, who had married the only daughter of John Napier of Ballikrain. In 1785 Robert Dunmore sold Kelvinside to Dr Thomas Lithan, of the East India Company's Service in the Bengal Presidency, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Mr Mowbray, merchant, Leith. Dr Lithan died in 1807, and under his deed of settlement Kelvinside became her property. Her second husband was Archibald Cuthill, writer in Glasgow, then a widower, and who after this marriage assumed the additional surname of Lithan, so that he was generally known as Mr Lithan Cuthill of Kelvinside. In 1839 the trustees of Mrs Cuthill sold Kelvinside to Matthew Montgomerie and his partner, John Park Fleming, both well-known lawyers in Glasgow, under the firm of Montgomerie & Fleming. Mr Montgomerie resided in the House of Kelvinside many years, and died there in June, 1868, aged 85. Mr Fleming also died there the following year, aged 79; and under trustees, if I mistake not, his son, James Brown Fleming, writer, succeeded to the estate. Shortly after this a considerable part of the lands was acquired or feued by the trustees of the late John Ewing Walker, who laid out their portion for the erection of house property, giving off feus for the building of villas, terraces, etc., and after a time Kelvinside House was pulled down, and the present Montgomery Street passes close by the spot where it stood. Walker's trustees also erected an iron bridge across the Kelvin near to the old Garrioch Mill, giving communication with the south bank of the river and access to the Great Western Road. This "Walker's Bridge," as it was called, is, I should reckon, a standing memorial of the extraordinary lack of perception and forethought in those who authorised its construction, being built at a level so low that there is a "geyan stey brae" leading to it on both banks of the Kelvin. This structure is, I believe, now called "Queen Margaret's Bridge." Why this name has been adopted, and that of a well-known Glasgow citizen in recent years consigned to oblivion, I am unable to tell. This craze for changing the names of places may also be noted in the alterations made by the proprietor of Kelvinside, who is likewise in possession of the lands standing west from Kirklee and the Pear-tree Well, till they march with Garscube Estate on the boundary line of the Counties of Lanark and Dumbarton. From ancient times these lands were called Balgray, and a portion was named Horselet Hill; but these old familiar names are all obliterated through the radical zeal and home-ruling spirit of their present owner. They are now designated "Kelvinside South," and the true Kelvinside in the

Parish of Maryhill, is named "Kelvinside North." The very ancient road from Glasgow to Drymen, Aberfoyle, and the north, which passes the Garrioch Mill, crossed the Kelvin by a ford at the Pear-tree Well and continued on by Balgray Hill to the north. Adjoining the ford there was a wooden foot bridge resting on stone piers which was erected a few generations ago, it was said, by Dr Thomas Letham, the then proprietor of Kelvinside. The public were accorded the free and constant use of it at all times, which was always felt to be a very great convenience. The radical reforming laird's feuars by and by improved the cart road from the ford out of existence by making it a "free coup" when digging the foundations for their villas; and one night about the same period, the foot-bridge mysteriously took a plunge into the river, and failed to resume its former position, thereby greatly inconveniencing the public. After a time the laird erected an iron foot-bridge, with turn-stile, one half-penny being charged by an attendant as pontage for passing along the bridge, and modestly applied to the Police Commissioners of Maryhill to light it and the pathway from the bridge. They agreed to light the east end of the bridge, and intimated he would require to light the west end of it and pathway leading up to Kirklee Avenue at his own expense as it was beyond the jurisdiction of Maryhill. It must be exceedingly gratifying to the numerous and highly appreciative community of the district to have resident amongst them an ardent radical reformer and shining beacon in the field like the laird, who so unselfishly devotes much valuable time in maintaining the amenity of the lands, and making them a really pleasant abiding place.

NORTH WOODSIDE.

This estate is situated in Maryhill Parish and County of Lanark. More than two hundred years ago it belonged to Robert Campbell, Dean of Guild, in 1679. He was second son of Colin Campbell, the first of Blythswood, and was twice married; his first wife was a daughter of John Napier of Kilmahew, Dumbartonshire, and sister of the Countess of Glencairn. The second wife of Robert Campbell was eldest daughter of the first James Dunlop of Garnkirk, and grand-daughter of Lord Bedlay. By his second marriage he had only one daughter, Janet, who became the wife of Thomas Haliburton, Advocate, proprietor of Dryburgh Abbey and Newmains, Berwickshire. Robert Campbell died in 1694, aged 47, and was succeeded in North Woodside and other lands by his daughter Janet, under a special deed. In 1698, while she was in minority, a Crown charter

was carried through in her favour, embracing North Woodside, Hillhead, Byres of Partick and Keppoch. After her marriage to Mr Haliburton she sold all these lands and removed to her husband's estates in Berwickshire. One interesting circumstance is perhaps worth recording at this part of these notes. Robert Campbell's second wife survived him, and in the third year of her widowhood married Patrick Coutts from Montrose, then a "Merchand Burgess of Edinburgh." She had several children to Mr Coutts, the eldest of whom, John, was Provost of Edinburgh in 1742, and his sons founded the celebrated banking houses of Coutts & Co. in that city and in London. In the former, Sir William Forbes and Sir James Hunter were fellow-apprentices, and succeeded to the business of Coutts & Co. of Edinburgh, which they carried on some years under that title, but changed it in 1773 to the well-known firm of Sir William Forbes, J. Hunter & Co. Their former partner, Thomas Coutts (youngest son of Provost John), carried on the London firm of Coutts & Co. independently, which is still extant, the chief partner now being his daughter. Thus the widow of Robert Campbell of North Woodside, etc., whose jointure lands were Hillhead, was grandmother of Thomas Coutts, the millionaire London banker, and the munificent Baroness Burdett Coutts is her great granddaughter. North Woodside was subsequently acquired by Mr Stirling of Keir, and still later by James Lapsley, a retired West India merchant, resident in the then fashionable Stockwell. Archibald Stirling feued portions of the estate to various parties between the years 1765 and 1778, and Mr Lapsley on acquiring it followed the same course. In this way North Woodside Estate was split into sections, and has continued so to some extent ever since. A plain family mansion, something in the manse style, was erected by one of these early feuars, a merchant in Glasgow, on a small wooded terrace overlooking the Kelvin, and formed the summer residence for some time of Alexander Munro, an American merchant of note, who was interested in this property, and whose town residence was in "Munro's Close," Stockwell. This was the father of Sir Thomas Munro, Governor of Madras, one of the most distinguished Indian officers and diplomatists. When a boy he was in the same class in the Grammar School with Sir John Moore; the former was known among his companions, from his courage and pugilistic skill, by the sobriquet of "Millie Munro." North Woodside was a great favourite of the future hero. His biographer relates that, when he returned from India in 1808, high in military rank, for a short respite from duty,

after an absence of twenty-seven years, among the first things he did on reaching Glasgow was to revisit the scenes of his youth in the Stockwell, all the "jinkin' closes" in which remained fresh in his memory. He also went to North Woodside, where he lingered a whole day amongst the woods and other well remembered spots of youthful attraction, bathed once more in the old mill dam, and climbed an aged, gnarled tree, which he recognised as one among whose branches he used to con over his books when an early student. What a change even then he must have observed on Glasgow itself from the time he left the counting-house of Somervell & Gordon, and sailed for India as a cadet in 1779! Then the Merchants' House and centre of business were in the Bridgegate, and Stockwell was the furthest west street in the city, except Virginia and Miller Streets, then only partially built.

The North Woodside feus became centered by purchase about 1790, in the person of William Gillespie, calico printer in Anderston, and cotton spinner at South Woodside; and his three sons, Colin, Richard, and James, were, like their father, enterprising and well-known merchants and proprietors. The first was an eminent American merchant; and in 1802 his father conveyed to him the portions of North Woodside estate already referred to; and Mr Colin Gillespie added considerably to these by acquiring adjacent lots, and greatly improved and ornamented the whole. The quaint old family house of Sir Thomas Munro's father's time was rather inconveniently situated in connection with the rest of the grounds; the parish road to Garrioch, Pear-tree Well, etc., passed close at the back of the house, which faced south. Mr C. Gillespie enlarged and improved the interesting old edifice, formed large gardens surrounded by walls, on the north or opposite side of the Garrioch Road, and connected these with the back part of the house by a handsome ornamental iron bridge. He sold the house and grounds in 1822 to Mr John Thomson, cashier of the Royal Bank, Glasgow; and in 1828 he parted with the property to Mr Henry Paul, accountant in Glasgow. In 1845, Mr Paul sold the North Woodside House and grounds to Mr John Bain of Morriston, near Cambuslang; and lastly this well-known gentleman conveyed the property to the City of Glasgow Bank. The bank having laid off these beautiful grounds for feuing, they are now nearly all covered by streets, lined with substantial dwelling-houses. They also built a massive stone bridge (generally called Belmont Bridge), leading to the Great Western Road, the north abutment of which occupies nearly the site of old North Woodside House,

which was removed in 1869. It is to be regretted that greater unanimity did not exist between the proprietors of North Woodside and the proprietors of Kelvinside adjoining it, so that something like a uniform level might have been observed at the line of demarcation between the estates. There is little doubt but an effort will be made to rectify this inequality some day—"aye, but when?"

SECTION VIII.

SOME PROMINENT INHABITANTS.

" See yon aged hawthorn that bends o'er the burn,
Its wide-scattered blossoms can never return ;
They are swept to the sea, o'er the wild roarin' linn,
Like my frien's wha hae flourished, an' died ane by ane."

Anonymous.

IN giving some jottings regarding a few of the inhabitants in Maryhill in former days, I would say the most prominent was Andrew Walker, Esq., of Bonville. He had come to the district a young man prior to 1790, and carried on extensive colliery operations on Gairbraid Estate, residing at Stockingfield till early in the present century. Within its first decade he feued some land on Gairbraid Estate, and built a large substantial mansion, which he named Bonville ; this he occupied for a good many years, and had by his wife, Agnes Hart, a large family. He also feued from the Canal Company a stripe of land skirting the canal at lock No. 22, and built a two-storey house and offices, which were occupied for some years as a grocery and public-house by his brother-in-law, John Hart. Andrew Walker, Esq., possessed much energy and perseverance, and developed a considerable trade with the North of Ireland, despatching smacks, etc., laden with coal, which returned with cargoes of limestone. He erected a lime kiln adjoining the canal in what is now Bridge Street, for burning the lime ; another kiln being built adjoining the canal between the Pen Bridge at Stockingfield and the road leading to Lochburn Farm. An additional pit was sunk a little east of the present Acre House, at which a powerful engine was erected, which he named the " Duke of Wellington ;" but working the coal seams in the lands of Sandyflat proved an expensive undertaking. By 1826 he was financially in serious difficulties, and sold Bonville and the property on the canal feu to Sir Archibald Campbell, second Baronet, Garscube, and removed to Garscadden House, which he occupied for a time. He had been previously comparatively wealthy, but becoming surety for some parties he was obliged to make good the large

amount for which he was caution. He was unable to retrieve himself by diligent attention to his collieries, the expense of working them being very great ; he left Garscadden House and returned to Maryhill. Grim adversity had overtaken the old man, he lost all, and from affluence he was reduced to comparative indigence. Some of his sons battled manfully to carry on the colliery on Sandyflat, but had ultimately to abandon it. The coal was of the very best quality, but water accumulated so rapidly in the workings, and the expenses of pumping, etc., being so great, it was simply hopeless to prolong the struggle. They had spent what little means they possessed, and the aid tendered by friends and acquaintances, in an earnest attempt to gain at least a livelihood. The Walker family were thus broken up, and each had to make a fresh start in the battle of life, hopeful that by industry, integrity, and perseverance, their efforts might be crowned with success. Mr Walker, the father, lived two or three years in rather straitened circumstances in a small house adjoining the bridge at Dawsholm Paper Works, where he died in 1835, aged 66 years. His wife pre-deceased him, having died in Bonville in 1822, aged 51, a few years before the dark cloud of adversity overtook her husband. One son went abroad, I think to India ; another settled in Warrington and started a small brewery, which he gradually extended, and having patented a number of improvements and new processes of brewing, his ales commanded a high price. After a time the name and fame of Peter Walker & Son's Warrington Ales became known in every part of Lancashire, but more particularly in Liverpool. This sterling unassuming gentleman died about 1879, leaving a personality of £160,000. A few years previous to his death he purchased the estate of Balrazie, in Gallowayshire. His second son, Andrew, carries on the business in Warrington, Liverpool, etc., and has been twice Mayor of Liverpool, where he built and presented to that city an Art Gallery at a cost little short of £40,000. It is indeed a beautiful building the "Walker Art Gallery," occupying a fine situation, and contains many valuable paintings and specimens of sculpture. Her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on Andrew Barclay Walker, as a recognition of his munificence to the citizens of Liverpool. Since then he has added considerably to the Liverpool College, thereby greatly increasing its usefulness, and Her Majesty shortly thereafter conferred on him a Baronetcy. Sir Andrew's elder brother, Peter, was twice Mayor of Wrexham, Denbighshire, North Wales, where he and his brother John established a large brewery, with extensive connections in Liverpool, Chester, Shrewsbury, and many other towns.

Mr Peter Walker, of Wrexham, was a particularly cheery and genial gentleman, and many pleasant hours I have spent with him. He died a few years ago at his Scottish residence, Auchenflower, Ayrshire. His brother John, a quiet, kind-hearted gentleman, continues to carry on the extensive business of Peter Walker & Co., Brewers, Wrexham. Of the other sons of Andrew Walker, Esq., of Bonville, William went to Ayrshire, engaged in the coal trade, was successful, and in good circumstances when he died a number of years ago. David and Robert went to Lancashire, where David became manager of extensive collieries near St. Helens, and died a few years ago a wealthy old bachelor. Robert also became connected with collieries near Rainhill, and patented a number of improvements and methods of treating coal; the best known, perhaps, being his patent riddle; he also died some years ago, possessed of considerable means. Thus five sons of old Andrew Walker, Esq., left what had been to them the scene of prosperous sunshine, followed by the chilling gloom of adversity, and each were successful in catching "Dame Fortune's golden smile" in their several lines of business. The eldest son, John, remained in Maryhill, and started about 1830, a small business as coal merchant, which he gradually extended and carried on with much success for many years. I have often heard him tell that when he received the first scow-load of coals he had but one shilling, which he gave to the scow-men—Mr Bryce, of Gilshochill Farm, being cautioner for the price of the coals. He rapidly established a prosperous trade by his prompt attention, sterling integrity, and the excellent quality of the coal he supplied. Mr Walker was thoroughly patriotic, and during the war with France, enrolled as a member of a Volunteer company, in which he held the rank of an officer. In 1819, during the "Radical time," as it is called, there was a troop of yeomanry embodied in connection with Dumbartonshire; John Campbell, Esq., eldest surviving son of Lord Succoth, and grandson of Sir Islay Campbell, Bart., Garscube, was appointed captain. Mr Walker was an active member of this corps, James Douglas of Burnbrae, Walter Weir, Dawsholm Print Works, and afterwards in his stead, Daniel Gilchrist, one or two from Littlemill, near Bowling, Donald Fletcher, merchant, Dumbarton, and many others resident in various parts of the county. The troop generally assembled for drill at Dumbarton, and in going to or returning from this duty some of them used to work queer pranks and practical jokes. A number of boys used to follow the troop as they rode to the drill-ground, shouting now and again, "Donald Fletcher she'll be unicorn."

Donald's speech smacked strongly of the "Tartan," and he had uttered that word instead of "uniform" on different occasions. Some of the members had given the boys coppers on the quiet to cry out the words and tease the Dumbarton merchant, who remarked : " Ah ! Shock Wa'ker an' Shimie Dooglas, you twa be mak' the ploy." " Na, na, Donald, ye're wrang," said Mr Walker, " but we'll dae a' we can tae stop the callants frae cryin' after ye, but ye maun stan' a wheen o' us a breakfast in the Elephant Inn" (occupied at that time by Mrs Currie). " Weel, yes, I'll do that," he said. " An' is there to be ony brandy ?" Mr Walker asked. " Aye, to be surely." " Vera weel, Donald, that's a' richt." The following morning nearly a dozen of the troop met for breakfast in the inn. Donald, of course, acted as host. A "towser" of a spread it was, and more brandy consumed than tea or coffee, the result being that out of the breakfast party only Mr Walker and Mr Douglas appeared at the forenoon drill. Captain Campbell had heard of the breakfast, and strongly suspected that these two had a hand in rendering the absent members *hors de combat* for the time being. By way of punishment, at the commencement of drill, he placed the one on the right flank, the other on the left, and gave them such an amount of wheeling that their legs and bodies were strained and stiff at its close, the horses also being a bit tired. On one occasion a few of the members of the corps were returning from Dumbarton after a spell of drilling and stopped at Bowling Inn for some refreshments. Mr Walker was not disposed to have his dram outside, neither was he inclined to dismount as the others had done, so he rode in at the door, up the stair and into the dining room, had his refreshment along with them, backed his horse down the stair, and rode home to Maryhill. A small portion of one of the steps of the stair (which was of freestone) was chipped off by the horse's feet, but this was all the damage. I have seen the stair and had refreshments in the same room many years since ; but the damaged step had been replaced by a new one long before I visited the place. This Dumbartonshire troop of yeomanry went occasionally to Stirling for a week or ten days' drilling ; some practical joking being, as usual, carried out, the moving spirits in these ploys being Mr Walker and Mr Douglas. One member of the corps who resided a few miles west of Maryhill, was noted for being "geyan stingey an' near the bane." Instead of allowing the oats for his horse to be supplied by the proprietor of the inn and his ostlers, like the other members of the troop, he brought the corn necessary for his "naig" in a sack from his own stable. The other members felt rather dis-

pleased at the narrow spirit of the man, and resolved to give him a lesson. A night or two after arriving in Stirling they held a social conclave and stood him treat. A good drop of toddy was disposed of, the symposium being prolonged "ayont the wee short hour," and during the hilarious sederunt the corn was quietly transferred from the sack to the "feedin' trochs" in the pig-house. The penurious member having imbibed fully more than his share, slept longer than usual, and when he did get out of bed, what a hurry-scurry to get on his uniform, mount the horse, and ride to be present at parade by the appointed time. When about to take his place, Captain Campbell ordered him to retire from the parade, he having forgot to put on his waist-belt and sword. On returning to the inn, he discovered the sack empty, and the "grumphies" eating with evident relish the residue of his corn. He took the hint and had his charger's provender served like the other members of the corps. On those occasions of drilling at Stirling, Mr Walker allowed himself twenty shillings per day for expenses. He used to say "I chang'd yin o' Robin Carrick's (the Glasgow banker) notes every morning, an' whan it was dune, I was dune tae," and I believe no one could possibly have induced him to exceed his self-imposed limit.

Shortly after starting business as coal merchant he married Margaret Bunting, a native of Maryhill. They had two sons, Andrew and John. Andrew, when he had completed his educational course, went to learn the profession of mining engineering, under his Uncle David, at St. Helen's, Lancashire. He pursued this occupation for some time, but gradually became dissatisfied with the duties of the situation, and retired. His father then established him in Liverpool as a wine merchant, which business he carried on successfully, and from time to time extended. The other son, John, on finishing his attendance at school, went to Liverpool, and was for some time assistant to his brother, but returned to Maryhill to assist in his father's coal business. In 1855 a number of Mr Walker's friends and acquaintances resolved to have his portrait painted, and commissioned Sir Donald M'Nee (then Mr M'Nee) to execute the work. When it was finished, Mr Walker paid a visit to the artist's studio, along with Mr David Swan, Mr Hugh Kirkwood, and one or two others, to inspect the picture. Mr Kirkwood was enthusiastic in praising the portrait—"Such a splendid likeness of our old friend, sitting on a rustic seat; it seems as if it was himself in reality, and not a painting on canvas." The others endorsed all Mr Kirkwood's praise, Mr Swan alone remaining silent. On being appealed to for

his opinion, he said, "I dinna think it's jist sae like him after a', but if Mr M'Nee had put anither bottle o' brandy in his face it wad hae been far liker him," There was a roar of laughter, amid which could be heard Mr Walker telling Mr Swan, "Awa' ye pest an' dinna plague me." Nearly twenty years after this scene, I happened to be in Sir Daniel's studio to see the portrait of Mr Kirkwood, which had just been finished. In the course of a lengthy crack with the gifted artist, I spoke of Mr Walker's portrait and the visit made by him, Mr Swan, Mr Kirkwood, etc. He said he had as vivid a recollection of the incident as if it had occurred the previous week, and laughed heartily at Mr Swan's ludicrous teasing and waggery. Mr Walker was formally presented with his portrait at a dinner in the Tontine Hotel, Glasgow. Mr Kirkwood and Mr William Swan prepared a neat little speech, which concluded with his stereotyped form of returning thanks when his health was proposed at social meetings. In a part of the speech he read, reference was made to him being now "in the sere and yellow leaf of life;" his voice became tremulous from emotion, the eyes swam in tears, and he stood silent. Mr John Harvey, the horse dealer, was sitting near him, and looking up cried out, "Noo, Walker, ye deevil, if you greet, I'll greet tae." This sally stiffened him up a bit, and he resumed, finishing with his standard reply, "Mr Chairman an' gentlemen, I thank ye kindly for drinkin' my health, and God bless ye a'." At this time, although I had resided in Maryhill for nearly two years, Mr Walker and I had not got acquainted; I knew him by sight, and my father had a slight acquaintance with him and Mrs Walker, although they had not met for many years. After the portrait had been placed in his own dwelling, he invited an acquaintance to call one afternoon to see it, "an' tae be shure an' bring me alang wi' him;" we went, got a cheery reception, and were greatly pleased with the admirable likeness. After having a long chat and a "bit hauf yin or twa," we left; and from that day till the end of his life, he and I became firm friends and associates, each succeeding year bringing us more closely and frequently into each other's society. In 1859 his son Andrew acquired a feu in Main Street, on which stood an old building; he removed this and erected a large self-contained house for his father and mother's residence, which was named Burlington House. The following year he purchased from Sir Archibald Islay Campbell, Bart., Garscube, the house nearly opposite, which had been built by his grandfather, Andrew Walker, Esq., Bonville, being desirous that it should be again owned by an Andrew Walker. Unfortunately, he

did not long enjoy possession of the property, his health failed, and generous-hearted, open-handed Andrew Walker, died at his Liverpool residence on the 9th October, 1861, aged 30; his remains being brought to Glasgow and interred in the family lair at the Cathedral. His father and mother felt acutely the death of their elder son. Mr Walker bore up wonderfully but grew much thinner, continuing, however, tolerably active and attentive to business, shewing occasionally a little of his old enthusiasm in the progress of Maryhill. By the end of January, 1863, his health began to give way, he gradually lost strength, and by the beginning of March was confined to bed. On the 10th the marriage of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra was celebrated. He sent for Mr William Swan and Mr Paxton and caused a bottle of champagne to be opened, and drank long life and happiness to the Prince and Princess, from a small glassful of the wine; and I saw him for the last time some eight or ten days afterwards. As I stood at his bedside he took hold of my hand and said he would like "a mouthfu' o' lemonade;" I poured out a little into a glass, he put his arms round my neck to raise him a little, and he took a mouthful of it. I laid him back on the pillow, and he said "that's a' I can tak' noo, but it's the Lord's will, an' He's been kind tae me." I felt distressed at seeing my venerable friend so feeble, we pressed each other's hands, and in silence bade adieu. He died on the 23rd March, 1863, aged 74, and was interred in the family lair, No. 67, on the north side of Glasgow Cathedral.

For nearly sixty years Mr Walker took an active interest in the rise and progress of Maryhill, and every movement, whether political, social, or sanitary, received his energetic and substantial support. He had a warm and generous heart, remarkably frank of speech, invariably calling a spade a spade, frequently adding a few expletives by way of sharpening the comprehension of any who might be disposed to be careless or inattentive to what he had to say. I have heard him make a running commentary, loaded with round shot, while being told of the overbearing tyranny of some petty oppressor causing hardship and distress, his voice all the time tremulous from emotion, and the sympathetic tear glistening in his kindly hazel eye. He was constantly on the alert to find out families or individuals "honest an' weel-behaved," but who might be in very straitened circumstances; a cart or half-cart of coals would be sent them, as he might consider necessary; to others perhaps a drugget coat or shawl. I was very frequently his commissioner in procuring information regarding needful and deserving cases; my inquiries being always con-

ducted in a quiet discreet manner, no one suspected I had any definite object in view, but fancied it was only a little friendly gossip. I felt a little amused sometimes on being told in a half secret and confidential way by the recipients of his bounty, how kind Mr Walker had been in sending them a present of coals, they never thinking I knew all about it. A month or two after his son Andrew's death, Mr Walker, as an "In Memoriam," distributed 123 carts of coals amongst the deserving poor, the clergymen of each denomination sending in a list of names they deemed eligible. There were a few poor persons who travelled about the district selling boot-laces, shoe-ties, thread, etc.; each had their day of call on Mr Walker, some got a penny and some twopence per week. For many years he was in the habit of going to Lancashire and Yorkshire for his holiday, being generally away five or six weeks, he always on his return squared up with his pensioners for the time he had been absent. To some of the "schule laddies" he often gave "bawbees tae gang doon tae Mrs Kay an' get scones an' treacle on them; noo be shure an' come back an' let me see ye eatin' them." He would be seated on a chair outside his office door at the canal when the "wee callants" returned with their scones and treacle, and standing in front of the chair they ate the scones, each youngster soon shewing a bright treacle moustache, Mr Walker laughing heartily at their comical faces. Even the sparrows were partakers of his generosity, for each day at breakfast time, he broke into crumbs two slices of bread to feed them, and his cry of "cheuck, cheuck," was instantly responded to by a muster of the little birds. He was wont to tell some of his Glasgow friends "tae come oot by tae Maryhill an' he would let them see twa dizen o' the brawest sparrows in the parish." Genial, cheery, tender-hearted Mr Walker, conspicuous for sterling worth, integrity, and industry; an out-spoken foe to idle thriftlessness, shams, arrogant pretence, and snivelling hollow-hearted selfishness. It is nearly thirty-two years since he passed away to the silent land, and the big gap his death caused in Maryhill has not yet been filled up.

Mr James Paxton, a well-known resident for more than forty years, was a native of Cromarty, and when a youth learned the trade of an operative mason. He had for a fellow-apprentice, Hugh Miller, who afterwards became famous as a geologist, and as the author of the "Footprints of the Creator," "The Old Red Sandstone," "My Schools and Schoolmasters," etc., etc. Mr Paxton, after completing his apprenticeship, came to Glasgow, and worked at various buildings, amongst others, at the erection of the Ramshorn Church (St. David's)

in Ingram Street. He came to Maryhill about 1829, and started business as a grocer and spirit merchant in that two storey building adjoining the Canal, which was erected by Andrew Walker, Esq., of Bonville—John Hart, who had been long tenant of it, having removed a little further north to smaller premises in that property long known as “Dublin,” where for some years he carried on business as a spirit merchant. Mr Paxton’s business proved highly successful, his goods being always of the very best quality; and for many years he discharged the duties of postmaster in the district. He was an active promoter of the Maryhill Gas Light Co., and treasurer and overseer for a considerable number of years. The price charged at the time I went to reside was 6s. 8d. per 1000 cubic feet, and 2s. per year for use of a meter. These charges caused considerable dissatisfaction amongst the consumers, more particularly the charge for a meter, and a few of us used to chaff and tease the treasurer a bit, suggesting that he should charge a penny for the use of the gill-stoup, and three “bawbees” for the half-mutchkin one, in which he served out our dram. After some years the gas-work was extended and additional shares issued, when one or two of the directors, it was said, became rather fussy, interfering and dictating to the manager of the work as to the making of the gas, and the extension of the pipes for its distribution. Mr Paxton resigned his position as treasurer and general overseer of the gas-work, and then we had gas of very diversified illuminating power, certainly never too bright. The poet says, “Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,” so in Maryhill for a time there was the advent of a few directors who knew considerably less about gas-making than a Shetland pony knows of a coffee breakfast.

In the early part of 1848, when trade was greatly depressed all over the country, serious riots occurred in Glasgow, a number of the shops being pillaged. In Maryhill there were some turbulent characters, who would willingly have taken part in any “ruction” that might probably end in plundering a shop or two, or lead to a few acts of personal violence. A number of the orderly and well-disposed inhabitants had themselves duly sworn as special constables to aid in maintaining law and order in the place. Shortly afterwards two constables were engaged, and a subscription raised to meet the expenses thus incurred—Mr Paxton being appointed treasurer—and to have supervision of the constables. These duties he discharged faithfully, and to the great satisfaction of the law-abiding portion of the community. He took an active interest in all the local institu-

tions and societies, giving to each substantial support, according to the extent and usefulness of its operations. He was latterly for some years a Commissioner of Police, and was presented with a valuable gold watch, chain, etc., by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, as a small recognition of the many services he had rendered to Maryhill. Mr Paxton died on 20th November, 1871, aged 72 years, and was interred in Maryhill churchyard.

Mr Malcolm M'Intyre, boot and shoemaker, another well-known inhabitant, long resident in Maryhill, was a native of the West Highlands, and retained all his life the strong sonorous tone of that race when he spoke. Industrious and rigidly attentive to business himself, he also employed some workmen to assist him in executing the numerous orders he received. He saved, after a few years, sufficient to build a two storey property in Main Street, and after a time erected additional houses adjoining it. Later on he feued ground in White-law Street, and built a two storey property there also. Two or three years after I went to Maryhill his wife died; his own family being married and not residing in the place, a niece came to take charge of his dwelling. He gave up the boot and shoemaking entirely, and devoted his time principally to managing his properties. We began to get acquainted after this and met frequently. I found him a little dour and obstinate in disposition, and decidedly fiery in temper; he and I, however, always continued good friends. On one occasion an acquaintance of mine who had known Mr M'Intyre many years previously, wished to call, and asked me to accompany him; the two had a very pleasant chat on by-gone days. At length my acquaintance asked about a relation of Mr M'Intyre's with whom I knew he was at loggerheads; he sat grimly silent for a minute, then with kindling eyes, said, "Aye, he's one of H——'s disciples." I promptly changed the current of the conversation, which after a little flowed on pleasant enough, my acquaintance guessing that he had somehow inadvertently put his foot in it. Some time afterwards Mr M'Intyre sent word one night he wished particularly to see me; I went along to his house and found him sitting in "great tribulation." He had been out walking the previous day, and his foot slipping, had fallen, and got a thorough black eye. He had been summoned as a jurymen to attend the Circuit Court of Justiciary which opened in Glasgow the following morning; and although considerably beyond the statutory age, he had neglected to have his name removed from the Jury Roll. A mutual friend had advised him to send for me, as he was sure I could make the eye all right for him to appear in court next day. I agreed,

and Mr M'Intyre promised to be dressed ready for going to town the following morning at eight o'clock. I called at that hour and painted over the discolouration round the eye and top of the cheek, making it like the surroundings of the uninjured optic. Scanning himself in a small mirror, he remarked: "Ah! man, but that's grand." I warned him not to attempt to wipe his face or it would be a black look-out for him, and leaving some of the colouring material for his niece to touch up the eye on following days, we bade good-bye, he starting for Glasgow in great spirits. He attended the Court and sat as a jurymen on two of the cases tried that day, none of his brother jurors suspecting that he really and truly appeared amongst them as "fresh as paint." I was the only one who durst tell a "Heilan' story" in his presence, to which he would listen with a quiet smile; but if any other attempted a story or joke in the same line they roused his temper and were accorded some angry remarks for their pains. But Malcolm M'Intyre has also passed away, and rests in Maryhill churchyard, having died 12th August, 1877. On the tombstone his age is recorded as being eighty-six years, which I consider an error; my impression is that he was not more than eighty years.

Another well-known resident in Maryhill for nearly fifty years was Mr William Swan, shipbuilder, with whom I got acquainted shortly after I went to Maryhill, and soon became very intimate friends. His parents being desirous that he should adopt one of the learned professions, he for some time attended Anderson's College, where David Livingstone, the great African traveller, was at the same time a student. Mr Swan's mind was more bent on mechanics than studying for the ministry or the law, and about 1842 he joined his elder brother, David, and assisted in establishing the Kelvindock Sawmills, under the firm of David Swan, Junr., & Co. Early in 1856 he had promised to deliver a lecture on the steam engine, and to illustrate it I made a number of large drawings of the engines invented by Hero of Alexandria, 300 years B.C., the Marquis of Worcester, Captain Savary, and William Newcomen. He had also some models of high pressure and condensing engines, which were set a working, the steam being generated in a small portable boiler. The lecture was a most interesting and instructive one, all the models working with exactness and regularity; it was, in fact, the most lucid and satisfactory popular explanation of the steam engine I ever listened to. After this, Mr Walker, Mr Swan, and I gravitated more towards each other, our friendship growing stronger year by year.

About 1858 Mr Swan, his brother John, and Mr Walker set off for a tour in Ireland; Mr James Robertson, merchant, being also one of the party. After viewing the Lakes of Killarney, Blarney Castle, and many other interesting places, they visited Tipperary on their way north. Here it seems the butter-milk is brought to town in the churn, which is placed on a cart drawn by a horse or donkey, the owner standing up in the cart, ladle in hand, proclaiming the rare quality of the milk, and now and again lifting a ladleful, letting it pour back into the churn, just to shew its density and richness. In one of the carts the churn was leaking a little; it was a very warm day, and a deal of dust lying on the road, but a few geese followed the cart gobbling up the milk as it trickled amongst the dust. The owner tried to stop the leak in his rather frail churn, but the staves collapsed, and all the rich butter-milk flowed on to the road. Mr Walker, describing the scene, said, "Man, it cow'd a', to see the laddies doon on their han's and knees sookin' up the soor milk amang the stour, an' a wheen pigs, deuks, an' geese grumphin' an' dingin' yin anither aboot, swattlin' up what they could get o' the soor dook;" and Mr Swan declared it was as comical a sight as he had ever beheld.

In 1860, Mr Walker and Mr Swan visited Germany and France, sailing from Granton by steamer to Hamburg. It came on a terrible storm during the passage, and to save the vessel from foundering one of the masts had to be cut away—a very difficult job, as she was fitted with wire rigging. There was also great danger of the mast and rigging fouling the propeller of the steamer when thrown overboard. They succeeded in avoiding this danger and the ship became more buoyant after the removal of the mast. Mr Swan had been actively assisting on deck to lighten the steamer, while Mr Walker was in the cabin holding on like a vice by the sofa on which he was seated, shouting out now and again, "Mr William, what's adae?" as the vessel tossed and rolled in the storm. When Mr Swan got down to the cabin after his hard work on deck, he was saluted with "Come awa', Mr William, this is shurely an awfu' storm." "It is that, Mr Walker, the steamer has been in great danger of going down, but we have cut away one of the masts and have now a better chance of getting into port; at present we are just off Heligoland." "Guid help us a', Mr William, if it's the Lord's will we're tae be droon'd, we'll dee like gentlemen." They reached Hamburg safely, and having spent a couple of days in that city, proceeded to Potsdam and Berlin. Mr Walker was greatly pleased with the appearance of the then Crown

Prince of Prussia, afterwards William I., Emperor of Germany, whom he used to describe as a "smart, guid-lookin' auld chap." They sailed down the Rhine from Mayence, and in the steamer met a Mr Keogh, an Irish gentleman, who, entering into pleasant conversation with them, asked if either had ever visited Ireland. Mr Swan replied they had both been there; Mr Walker remarking, "man, they're a droll lot aboot Tipperary, waterin' the streets wi' soor milk." On Mr Swan explaining the incident, Mr Keogh laughed heartily, and looking at Mr Walker, said: "You seem the heart of a good fellow; can you drink toddy?" "Aye man, fine." "How many tumblers can you manage?" Mr Walker: "Saxteen, and never return thanks," Mr Keogh: "Well, by the powers, I'm bate entirely; always reckoned myself a rare hand at toddy, but bedad I can do nothing like that." After a most enjoyable sail to Strasburg, they proceeded to Paris, with which city they were very much pleased, visiting most of the important places of interest. One day Mr Swan entered a shop to make some purchases, and Mr Walker strolled along the street until coming to an open space he found an elderly gentleman busy feeding some sparrows. The man held a piece of bread in his hand from which he broke off crumbs, throwing them up in the air, the sparrows flying about and catching the bits of bread before they fell to the ground. Mr Walker watched the proceedings with delight, but fancying they might only act thus with this particular person, resolved to have a trial himself. Purchasing some bread, he broke off a few crumbs and threw them up, crying as usual, "cheuk, cheuk;" the sparrows fluttering and diving about seizing the bits of bread. "Clever, clever wee things," he muttered, "I'll try if there's as muckle smeddum in my Scotch yins as sune's I get hame." He had just concluded his interview with the sparrows when a voice behind him cried: "How are you, Mr Walker?" He wheeled about, "Guid gosh, Mr Baird, is this you?" (this was Mr Frank Baird, the well-known brewer of Glasgow), then a hearty shaking of hands. "Well, how do you like living in Paris?" "Oh! about the best, man I can leeve here a week for what it costs me for gills in Paxton's." Mr Swan and Mr Walker went next to London, and after spending a few days in that city, returned safely to Maryhill, having been absent nearly four weeks. The Scotch sparrows, after repeated attempts to induce them to perform the crumb-catching exploits while flying, proved a failure, Mr Walker declaring "they hadna the gumption an' cleverness o' their French cuisins." In 1861 Mr Swan delivered a lecture on chemistry in aid of the funds of the Public Library. He

selected "The Gases" as his subject, and gave an admirable explanation of them, every experiment he worked in illustrating his lecture being highly successful. After Mr Walker's death in 1863, Mr Swan and I kept up our intimacy and had frequent meetings, quietly discussing philosophic and scientific subjects. Our deceased friend and his sterling qualities were sometimes the subject of conversation. One little incident often referred to by Mr Swan seemed to remain vividly on his memory. Some eight or nine months prior to Mr Walker's death, and while in his ordinary health, Mr Swan and I were sitting conversing with him one night in his own house; he looked for a moment intently at me and said, "Noo, Mr Thomson, I dinna want ye tae sing ony sangs or play the fiddle for sax weeks after I'm dead." We felt rather surprised at the injunction, seeing that the current of our conversation had no relation whatever to music, and I at once promised that should I survive him, his request would certainly be observed; which promise I faithfully acted on for two months after his decease. The conclusion Mr Swan and I came to was, that after his son Andrew's death, his thoughts were very often occupied in contemplating his own departure from this world; and it is highly probable this had been his line of thought before we called, which would account for what at the moment seem to us a peculiar request made in the middle of a cheerful conversation. For a number of years Mr Swan was a martyr to those nervous attacks in the face and forehead called "tic doloieux," now generally called "neuralgia," causing excruciating pain. After 1870 our meetings became less frequent, his business cares and anxieties and my rather arduous daily duties in Glasgow rendered our opportunities for associating together few and far between. When we did chance to meet, our conversation became more retrospective; by-gone days and their pleasant memories, never to be forgotten friends and acquaintances gone to the "land o' the leal." In 1878 he was elected one of the Commissioners of Police for the Burgh, but retired in 1879; and from that time till 1886, we saw each other at considerable intervals. The last time we did meet was at that solemn and impressive assemblage—the funeral of the Rev. W. S. Shanks. Mr Swan's health had become much impaired, and he seemed more frail. He died at Collina, Maryhill, 19th May, 1891, in his 74th year, and was interred in Maryhill churchyard.

In the winter of 1854 I became acquainted with Mr Alexander Bennie M'Luckie, who had just completed his apprenticeship as an engineer with the then well-known firm of Norman & Clinkskill,

Dobbie's Loan, Glasgow. I found him to be a sterling, reliable, young Scotsman, and an enthusiastic admirer of Scottish music, especially strathspeys and reels, and many pleasant evenings we spent with our fiddles, practising these and other gems of our native Caledonia. I also discovered, after a year or two, he was possessed of what Burns calls "ae spunk o' nature's fire," and wrote many creditable pieces of poetry, generally in English, but now and again in the good old doric of Scotland. He continued in the employment of the firm under whom he had served his apprenticeship till 1857, when he left, and made one or two voyages to Quebec and Montreal as one of the engineers of a steamer called the "Victoria." After this, he again entered the employment of Norman & Clinkskill, and was appointed foreman of one of the departments of their work. We now and again spent an evening with Mr William Swan, and occasionally took our fiddles with us to give him some strathspeys and reels, or as I, in joke, called them Neil Gow's polkas and Dunkeld waltzes. In the autumn of 1859, Mr Murdoch, one of the superintending engineers in the Royal Navy, called on Mr M'Luckie, and offered him a commission as a second class assistant engineer in the Navy. He accepted the offer, and proceeded to Portsmouth, where he was appointed to H.M.S. "Asia," and in the spring of 1860 received the appointment of second class assistant engineer to Her Majesty's Yacht "Victoria and Albert." In the Royal Yacht he had frequently time for writing poetical pieces and songs, most of which appeared in the *Portsmouth Times*, with his name attached to them; sometimes, however, he wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Rab the Rhymer." We kept up a constant correspondence all the time he was in the Royal Navy, and one amusing stipulation of his was that I should always write my letters to him in "guid plain Scots." This I did, generally signing my name in Gaelic. The surname M'Luckie, he alleged, was adopted by some of the Clan M'Gregor when their name was proscribed after the fight with the Colquhouns in Glenfruin about 1603, and I sometimes, therefore, in joke, addressed his letters Benzie M'Gregor, Esq., to his residence in Portsea, but never to the Royal Yacht. He had a deep affection for his step-mother and sisters, and a strong attachment to old friends and acquaintances in and around Maryhill. All seemed to be ever present in his mind, as may be seen in the following song written some time after he had been appointed to the "Victoria and Albert,"

THE OLD FARMER.

The farm-house stands upon the hill,
 The farmer's loved with right good will,
 Aye laughing, smoking, joking still
 Is he, the old, old farmer.

Go when I may he's always kind,
 None more so I shall ever find,
 He flings his cares all to the wind,
 Does he, the old, old farmer.

Each morn he rises with the sun,
 At early dawn his work's begun,
 At even, when his toils are done,
 I meet the old, old farmer.

And then we smoke, and joke, and laugh,
 While well brew'd punch and milk we quaff.
 I find the time too short by half
 When with the old, old farmer.

His age is nigh fourscore and three,
 Yet sings he merry songs with glee,
 O! what a happy man is he,
 This honest old, old farmer.

May heaven bless his hoary head,
 Till pleased to lay him with the dead,
 Then to his mem'ry tears I'll shed,
 I love the old, old farmer,

Possibly a few still resident in Maryhill may remember the worthy old gentleman here described. His age, however, was, I think, not quite fourscore when the song was written.

In November, 1861, a friend in Stirlingshire sent me a written copy of some verses he had picked up somewhere, describing Gaelic as the language spoken by Adam and Eve, and stated he had been informed the verses were written by the minister of a rural parish in Perthshire. I thought the song incomplete, and perhaps rather presumptuously altered some of the clergyman's verses, and wrote a chorus and some additional verses. I sent a copy of this revised and, as I thought, amended song on the "Antiquity of Gaelic" to Mr M'Luckie, at Portsmouth, that he might sing it to his friends at the Burns Anniversary in that town on the 25th January, and marked the parish minister's lines with inverted commas. The Gaelic words I spelt as they are pronounced, or as nearly so as I could. He wrote me I would require to come to Portsmouth, and sing it myself, or send a native of Mull, as he felt unable to give it the proper smack of the tartan.

SONG—THE GAELIC TONGUE.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

"Should Gaelic speech be e'er forgot,
 And never brocht to min',
 For she'll be spoke in paradise,
 In the days o' lang syne."

Chorus—The Gaelic speech is braw my friens,
 The Gaelic tongue is fine;
 In Eden's clachan first 'twas spoke,
 In the days o' lang syne.

"When Eve all fresh in beauty's charms,
 First met fond Adam's view,
 The first words that he'll spoke to her,
 Was chimerah haween dhoo."

She smiled while blushes quickly tinged
 Her cheeks a rosy hue;
 But frankly spokit out at wance,
 O! hachky maheen dhoo.

They walked 'mang flowers and heatherblooms,
 Then to his bower they cam';
 Nheen vouich! you'll noo was teuk a rest,
 An' taste a wee drap dram.

There's Laggavoulin, best wee still,
 No gauger ere was seen;
 Quo' she, O Looach coomta haing,
 Hamee cha crutshin sheen.

Nheel slanght! quo he, droomachky she,
 Syne toom'd their quaichs o' dew;
 Will you be mine? he said. Quo' she
 I'm yours shoost even noo.

And thus a helpmate Adam found,
 To share his leafy ha';
 Quo' he, we're noo one beef an' bone,
 O! Looachin! sae braw.

"When Adam frae his leafy bower,
 Cam' oot at break o' day;
 He always for his mornin' teuk
 A quaich o' Usquebae."

When mid-day cam', the happy pair
 Would then sit doon an' dine
 Off brochan, haggis, or poontauts
 An' scattans frae Lochfyne.

“ An’ in his flowery fragrant hame,
 Whan e’er the day did close,
 For supper he was always teuk
 A cog o’ Atholl brose.”

Thus o’er their heads frae day to day
 The hours wi’ pleasure flew ;
 He howkin’ peats amang the moss,
 She spinnin’ tarry woo’.

“ For whan they faund the want o’ claes,
 As win’s blew snell an’ gleg,
 A tartan wab row’d ’bout their hochs
 Was mak’ the philabeg.”

“ An’ whan wi’ Eve he’ll sit an’ crack,
 He teuk his sneeshin’ horn ;
 An’ on its tap you weel nicht mark
 A braw big Cairngorm.”

“ An’ music first on earth was heard
 In Gaelic accents deep ;
 Whan Jubal ’neath his oxter squeez’d
 The blether o’ a sheep.”

Strathspey an’ reel, he played them weel,
 The march an’ pibroch fine ;
 An’ Ghillie Callum an’ Hoolochan
 Was bonnie danc’d lang syne.

Whan Tubal Cain his bellows blew,
 He’ll mak’ the good claymore ;
 Lochaber axe an’ tairges too
 Skean bheck an’ skean mhor.

So there’s my sneeshin’ mull, my frien’,
 An’ gie me haud o’ thine ;
 We’ll teuk a smoke o’ sneeshin’ yet,
 For auld lang syne.

Then, here’s tae brochan, haggis, brogues,
 Sneesh, quaichs, an’ Athole brose ;
 Poontauts an’ scattans, skean dhus,
 Spoorans, philabegs, an’ hose.

Chorus—For Adam spoke the Gaelic weel,
 An’ Eve could sing her fine ;
 So, deuch-an-dhorus noo we’ll drink
 For auld lang syne.

In the autumn of 1861, the Empress of Austria, being in very delicate health, was recommended by her physicians to pass the winter in a milder and more genial climate, and Madeira was fixed upon as the most suitable for a winter residence. Her Majesty the Queen,

sent the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert" to Triest to convey the Empress to Madeira; and in the spring of 1862 the yacht was despatched from Portsmouth to the Island of Madeira when the Empress embarked on her return to Austria, landing at Trieste. These were most enjoyable voyages to the officers and crew of the royal yacht, and afforded them the opportunity of seeing many beautiful and interesting places. So it was not always stay at home in Portsmouth or at Cowes in the Isle of Wight, when Her Majesty was residing at Osborne, with only a run now and again across the channel to Cherbourg or Antwerp; but the yacht has even been sent out to Gibraltar with despatches from the Admiralty. On one occasion when orders came from the Admiralty for the yacht to proceed to Gibraltar, I received the following verses from Mr M'Luckie, and an intimation that he expected me to compose a melody for the song, and sing it to him on his next visit to Maryhill, which I had the pleasure of doing.

We are off to the sea again,
Duty calls us away—good-bye!
We go for a cruise on the main,
And the hour that we sail is nigh.
Though we love well our native shore,
Where the homes of our boyhood be;
Yet we love where the billows roar,
On the heaving breast of the sea.
Chorus—We are off to the sea, etc.

And we love on the deck to tread,
When by steam wafted o'er the deep
We fly without canvas ahead,
Let the storm be awake or asleep.
We wait not the favouring gale,
We hasten all times o'er the sea,
We leave far behind every sail—
They lag with the breeze, never we.
We are off to the sea, etc.

On the 14th December, 1861, the Prince Consort died, and while the body lay in state, the following paragraph appeared in a number of newspapers:—

"Previous to the closing of the coffin which contains the mortal remains of the late lamented Prince Consort, a wreath of flowers, affectionately made by the Princess Alice, was placed over the corpse. The wreath was composed of cypress and the everlasting flower known as 'Aphilexis Humilis.'"—*Vide* London papers, December 21st, 1861.

Mr M'Luckie wrote a poem on this incident, entitled "Affection's Wreath of Flowers," the music being composed by G. W. H. Dickinson, and which was published by J. H. Jewell, music-seller, London.

AFFECTION'S WREATH OF FLOWERS.

The last sad look I fondly take
Of him who was my life;
He sleeps, alas, no more to wake,
Removed from mortal strife.
But ere they hide him from my sight,
Who happy made my hours,
I'll place this on his breast to-night—
"Affection's wreath of flowers."

O! language could not tell the tale
Of all my bosom's grief;
Because its strongest words would fail,
And time would be too brief.
But ah! this simple emblem here
Speaks love's indwelling powers;
'Tis moistened with the burning tear
"Affection's wreath of flowers."

Specially printed copies of poem and music were presented to and accepted by the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family ; and H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Prussia (the Princess Royal of Britain), now the Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, during her voyage back to Antwerp in the royal yacht after her father's funeral, sent for Mr M'Luckie, and personally thanked him for the copy of "Affection's Wreath of Flowers" which she had received.

In the spring of 1862 he wrote me he had resumed practice at the fiddle, and expressing the wish that we lived sufficiently near each other to meet for practice, as in former years, when he resided in Maryhill. In answer to this I wrote : "Man, I'm unco proud ye've taen tae the catgut again, an' I wad rather than the price o' a 'tappit hen' we could hae twa or three screeds thegither on oor 'Norlan' harps.' Here's the tunes we wad kittle up tae put smeddum an' mettle in the heels o' Scotsmen :—

James Hall o' Ayr, an' Pretty Peggy,
John o' Badenyon ;
Hielan' Whiskey, Speed the Plough,
Monymusk an' Miller o' Dron.

Hielans o' Banffshire, Caber-fey,
Doonside, an' Brechin Castle ;
East Neuk o' Fife, an' Keep it up,
Athol Brose, an' Willie Wastle.

The Braes o' Mar, an' Tullymet,
The Deil amang the Tailors ;
Grey Day-licht, the Source o' Spey,
An' Sma' Coals for Nailors.

Tullochgorum, 'Ferintosh,
Lochiel's awa' tae France ;
John Roy Stewart, Dalhousie's Reel,
Neil Gow, the Fairy Dance.

Craigellachie Brig', an' Jessie Smith,
The Hielan'man kiss'd his Mither ;
Lord Lynedoch, Struan Robertson's Rant
An' Braes o' Balquither.

Clydeside Lasses, Tintock Tap,
The Braes o' Ochertyre ;
Fecht aboot the Fireside, an' the
Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.

The Carrick Rant, the Mullin Dhu,
An' Lady Mary Ramsay ;
Back o' the Change-house, Off she goes,
Pea-strae, an' Merrimay-tansie.

Donald Clairach, Jenny Latin,
Peter Baillie, an' Miss Hope ;
Miss Drummond o' Perth, Meg Merrilees,
Willie Cameron, Johnny Cope.

North o' the Grampians, Lady Baird,
The Merry Lads o' Ayr ;
Lord M'Donald, the Duke o' Perth,
Greig's Pipes, an' Cawdor Fair.

Rothiemurchie's Rant, an' Mary Gray,
The Gin-tow, an' Loch Earn ;
Miss M'Leod, the Leas o' Luncarty,
An' Braes o' Fettercairn.

Captain Keiller, Lady Loudon,
The Wind that shakes the Barley ;
Cameron's got his Wife again,
Up in the Mornin' Early.

Lady Montgomery, Harvest Hame,
Hoolochan, Dribbles o' Brandy ;
The Duke o' Gordon's Birth-day,
An' Lick the Ladle, Sandy.

There's a dainty string o' Neil Gow's polkas, Dunkeld waltzes, an' Athole quadrilles for you, my cantie auld cronie ; lilt up ony o' them tae a Scotchman, an' I'll bet a Kilmarnock bonnet wi' a cherry

toorie tae a grosset that ye'll see his feet a' yeukin for a bit dance." In the autumn of 1862 he spent as usual most of his holidays in Maryhill, and, according to use and wont, a most enjoyable night or two with Mr William Swan. Shortly after he had returned to his duties in the royal yacht at Portsmouth, he wrote a poetical epistle to that gentleman, and towards its close says—

But tae conclude, my worthy frien',
Thegither we hae aften been,
An' ne'er could part till late at e'en
Or mornin' early.
Whan Tamson join'd us we hae seen
It daylight fairly.

For then the time awa' did flee
Wi' his redundant wit an' glee,
Or scrapin' catgut aften we
Did lilt it lang ;
Sometimes 'twould Neil Gow's polkas be,
Sometimes a sang.

Yes! many happy evenings we spent in each other's society, the recollection of them being to me very pleasant memories.

In 1863 Mr M'Luckie received his commission as 1st class assistant engineer, and was re-appointed to the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert." During the winter, while the ship lay in dock at Portsmouth, he diligently pursued his studies under the well-known Dr Wooley, and after a time passed his examination for chief engineer, receiving his certificate of competency with the commendation of the examiner. In 1864 he spent his annual holiday as usual in Maryhill we, of course, being frequently together. He seemed not quite so robust as formerly, and the following year one of his lungs became affected—decided symptoms of consumption having appeared. He evidently felt that his lease of life was not going to be a long one, for he sent me on his birth-day, 21st October, 1865, the following verses he had written, composing also the music—the symphonies and accompaniments being composed by A. C. Fowles, and published by J. H. Jewell, music-seller, London.

A PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER.

I have a little flower,
Such a pretty little flower,
And it blooms in the garden alone,
It blooms in the garden alone.
And this little flower's so fair,
With its many colours rare,
I'll be sad when this little flower's gone,
I'll be sad when this little flower's gone.

When night its course has run,
And up gets the morning sun,
This pretty little flower lifts its head,
This little flower lifts up its head,
Then it basks in golden beams,
While each colour brightly gleams;
I will mourn when this little flower's dead,
I will mourn when this little flower's dead.

This little flower will die,
Alas! and so must I,
We bloom but a fleeting season here,
We bloom but a fleeting season here,
But happy he who's sure,
When his earthly season's o'er,
He will bloom in an immortal sphere,
He will bloom in an immortal sphere.

Y

In 1866 Her Majesty visited Germany, landing from the royal yacht at Antwerp; the ship remained there for a short time and then returned to Portsmouth, but Mr M'Luckie did not regain health, although prescribed for by some eminent physicians. At this time he received his commission as engineer, and was re-appointed to the royal yacht, but during the summer his strength was considerably diminished—both lungs being seriously affected. His sister went to Portsea to attend him, and in November they returned to Maryhill, he not being fatigued by the long railway journey. The following day, when I saw him, he seemed quite cheerful, and so glad he was again with his step-mother and sisters. He had composed the following little poem before leaving Portsmouth, a printer's proof being sent on to him, and a few evenings after his arrival home I sat at his bedside and made some corrections and alterations as he dictated them.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST.

I little thought two years ago,
 Life long would be sustained;
 Its lamp was burning then so low,
 Slight hope with me remained.
 Two summers since have passed away,
 With all their good and ill;
 While, with a feeble golden ray,
 Life's lamp is burning still.
 Two years ago health fled away,
 With pleasure in its track;
 Those blessings which no wealth can stay
 Or, when once gone, bring back.
 For their return some future day
 I'll hope on with a will;
 Though with a feeble golden ray,
 Life's lamp is burning still.
 Reflecting o'er those two years gone—
 Much sympathy I've had;
 Unmotivated sympathy alone,
 Which makes the heart feel glad.
 It oft has cheer'd me when with woe
 My heart felt sad and ill;
 And by its hope-inspiring glow
 Life's lamp keeps burning still.

Still undeniably true it is,
 A sad, sad truth withal—
 There are some bosoms where there is
 No sympathy at all.
 'Tis well that feelings vain and vile
 Do but few bosom's fill;
 To me a liberal heart give, while
 Life's lamp is burning still.
 How many, many friends well-known,
 Whose life-lamps shone so bright
 Two years ago—alas, are gone
 For ever from our sight.
 While with me, with a struggling light,
 A passing breath might kill,
 And leave me in eternal night—
 Life's lamp is burning still.
 Till death extinguishes at length
 The feeble flick'ring flame,
 That burns with deviating strength
 Within this sickly frame.
 Resigned to the Almighty's will,
 Without a fear or doubt,
 I'll praise Him for His goodness till
 Life's lamp at last goes out.

He lived only ten days after his removal from Portsmouth to Maryhill, and genial, affectionate, sterling-hearted Alexander Bennie M'Luckie, R.N., died on 10th December, 1866, aged 33 years; having been fully seven years and a half an engineer officer in the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert," and was interred in the family lair in Maryhill Churchyard.

SECTION IX.

INSTITUTIONS AND SOCIETIES.

For thus the Royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began;
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be;
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
An' none but he!"

Burns.

THE KELVINDOCK CURLING CLUB.

This, the oldest of the societies in Maryhill, was instituted in 1813, and admitted into the Royal Caledonian Curling Club in 1841. There were always amongst its members a goodly number of enthusiastic curlers, such as Mr John Walker, James Paxton, James Williamson, John Shaw, Robert Perrat, Robert Scott, Archibald Kinloch, Robert Malcolm, James Scott, William M'Luckie, etc., etc. When the frost was crisp and keen, and the ice in good condition, games would be organised, sides picked, and skips chosen. To increase the interest in the game a load of oatmeal or a couple of tons of coal frequently formed the prize competed for. At the conclusion of the contest what a cheering, waving of brooms, and shaking of hands by the members who formed the winning side. Then the oatmeal or coals were very quietly distributed amongst widows with small families, and others with families and "unco wee wages," all being highly delighted with the day's proceedings—the curlers with their cheerful and invigorating game, and the recipients of their bounty with the substantial boon resulting from it. For many years, in long past times, the members met annually to elect office-bearers for the ensuing year; a considerable number of the members thereafter sat down to a standard curler's dinner—"Corned beef and greens, with a goodly number of etceteras." Then followed plenty o' reekin' toddy, songs, toasts, aud stories, and the festive band "toddled hame between the key-stone o' nicht and the wee short hour, unco happy."

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The public library was formed in 1823, with 93 volumes on its shelves. The active promoters of this institution were James Lochhead and Hugh Niven, paper-makers, Dawsholm; and William Lawson, pattern designer, Dawsholm print-works; and one or other of these gentlemen acted in turn as librarian; accommodation for the books being provided for in the old Parish School (now 185 Main Street), Mr William Leckie being then the teacher. In this place it remained for many years, various gentlemen acting successively as librarians, prominent amongst whom were Mr William Dykes and Mr James Williamson, and under their fostering care many volumes were added, some being donations, but the greater number by purchase. When the new Parish School was built in 1850, accommodation was got for the library in a single apartment, which was rented at No. 1 Walker Street. By this time the public library consisted of fully 600 volumes; subsequently it seems to have made little or no progress, the duties of librarian (gratuitous of course) being discharged in a rather perfunctory manner by the gentleman who had agreed to act in that capacity. In the beginning of 1854, when I took up my abode in Maryhill, I learned that in consequence of the neglect in punctually attending to exchange volumes for the readers they had fallen off very much, and the public generally ceased to interest themselves in the institution. Donations to its funds were received annually from Sir Archibald Islay Campbell, Bart., Garscube, and John Campbell Colquhoun, Esq., Killermont. Now and again in winter a course of lectures in aid of its funds always realised a few pounds; these, with the subscriptions of the much decreased number of readers, formed the income, the expenditure being for rent, insurance, gas, repairing books, &c., left very little wherewith to purchase new volumes. In 1856 and 1857 a number of the employees in some of the public works bestirred themselves to have the institution put in proper order, and made available for the use of the inhabitants. It was found that a good many of the volumes had gone amissing, a number of them beyond recovery. Mr William M'Kinlay, Mr John Martin, and I took turn about as librarians, and kept the place open three nights each week. We repaired the tattered volumes on the shelves, re-placed the lost volumes by purchasing new or second-hand ones; the committee now and again increasing the number of books by additional purchases. The number of readers soon largely increased; courses of lectures were arranged in winter, and by way of inducing some gentlemen to come forward and lecture I made large coloured

drawings, sometimes several feet square, to illustrate their subjects of lecture. J. P. Nichol, LL.D., professor of astronomy in Glasgow University, lectured on the "stellar universe" in one of the courses. The lectures were well attended by the inhabitants, and a considerable sum realised, with which the committee were able to make considerable additions to the institution in the different branches of literature, history, biography, poetry, philosophy, works of fiction (by first-class authors only), and miscellaneous books. The committee also prepared and got a new catalogue printed, and altogether the institution was in a flourishing state. A few who had for some years ceased to interest themselves in the library when it was in its moribund state, now came forward and got elected members of committee, attending without fail at any meeting of that body when new books were to be voted in. They sometimes succeeded in adding a few volumes which looked well on the library shelves, and increased the number of books in the catalogue, but were rarely or never asked for by the large majority of the readers. The other departments of literature were much more largely increased, to the great satisfaction of the readers. Then a member of committee wrote privately to one of the annual donors that the library was not in a satisfactory state, the volumes added to it from time to time being such as would not benefit the inhabitants. The gentleman merely acknowledged receiving the letter, but sent the letter itself to the parish minister, who called on me, as I was president of the institution. We sent the gentleman a copy of the catalogue and a written list with the numbers and names of the books which had been added to the library since the catalogue was printed, in order that he might judge for himself the real state of the institution; no exception was ever taken by him to a single volume in the catalogue, and he continued his annual donation. I called a meeting of the committee, and the member who had gone behind our backs to write the annual donor had a rather uncomfortable half hour or so at the meeting. The next move was by another member, an intimate associate of the writer of the letter, who produced an "Index Expurgatorius" of several books in the library, such as George Combe's "Constitution of Man," and "Moral Philosophy," "The Vestiges of Creation," Darwin's "Origin of Species," and one or two others. I had retired from being president, and was secretary. A motion was made at a meeting of committee that these volumes be withdrawn from circulation. I protested it was *ultra vires* for the committee to do such a thing, all the same the motion was carried by a small majority. In a fortnight or so the president called a

meeting of committee, and I as secretary was asked why notice had not been sent to the librarian not to give out to readers any of the books named. I said nothing would induce me to write such an intimation, and that I there and then resigned all official connection with the library, and laid the minute-book and all papers on the table. So closed my labours for an institution I had very much at heart, and had assisted in increasing the number of volumes on its shelves from 600 to about 1300.

ODDFELLOWS' LODGE.

In 1840 a Lodge of Oddfellows in connection with the Manchester Unity was opened in Kelvindock, and a considerable number of the inhabitants became members of this friendly society. It proved a reliable source of support to several when overtaken by illness and unable to work, an adequate sum being also paid by the lodge on the death of a member or his wife. It ceased, however, to exist in less than ten years after its institution. Shortly afterwards, yearly friendly societies were established in nearly all the public works to provide for cases of sickness or death amongst the workers. At the close of each year a statement of the income and expenditure was submitted, and the balance in the treasurer's hands divided amongst the members. A society for the succeeding year being again set agoing by each member paying a small sum of entry-money.

THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This society was instituted in January 1852, the principal promoters of it being Mr Andrew Renwick, Gairbraid Farm; Mr John Walker, coal master, Maryhill; Mr Hugh Kirkwood, factor, Killermont; Mr Robert Brown, Sandyflat; Mr William Imrie, Blackhill; Mr James Rennie, Kessington; Mr Alex. Graham, Summerston, and a few others. Mr Renwick was elected president, and Mr Hugh Kirkwood, treasurer and secretary. The members decided to make the Maryhill Cattle Show open to all Scotland, so that breeders and owners of stock could come forward and compete on the same terms as those resident in the Maryhill district. The first cattle show was held in a small field adjoining Bonville House and the road leading to Daws-holm Paper Works. The number of cattle and horses exhibited in the different classes were not very many, but all superior animals. The awards of the judges gave unmixed satisfaction to the various competitors, and the committee had every reason to be delighted with the success of the first Maryhill Open Cattle Show. Each succeeding year the number of classes was increased, with more numer-

ous sub-divisions, so that in six or seven years the Ayrshire breed was exhibited, from the aged milch cow to the one-year-old stirk. Horses for agricultural purposes, city cart and lorry horses in elegant harness, roadsters, sweet-milk cart, and Shetland ponies, butter, sweet and powdered, sheep, swine, and poultry of various kinds. I remember on one occasion—about 1861 or 1862—of a donkey being brought to the show by its owner; it was very gaily dressed up, and was really a nice looking animal. Mr John Harvey, Glasgow, was judge of the roadsters and ponies, and when his task was about completed, Mr Hugh Kirkwood and two or three members of committee quietly retired; the ponies passed out of the ring and Mr Harvey was left with the finely caparisoned donkey standing a dozen yards or so from him. There was a loud shout of laughter at the ludicrous position of the judge and the visitor from Glasgow; Mr Harvey saw it was a pre-concerted scene, and laughed as heartily as any one present. At the show dinner held in the Parish School in the afternoon, Sir Archibald Islay Campbell, Bart., Garscube, was chairman, and in proposing the health of the judges, said he thought they had discharged their onerous duties in a way that gave satisfaction to the different competitors in the various classes, from the fine Ayrshire cattle till the appearance of the elegantly decked out animal before Mr Harvey, with whose name he begged to couple the toast. This was merrily pledged with bumpers and "He's a jolly good fellow," etc. Mr Harvey replied for the judges, and said they all felt pleased that their awards had given such general satisfaction; for himself he was always delighted to be present at a Maryhill Cattle Show, and as to the animal appearing last in the ring, he could only say it was not a "regular" included in the show list, but only a volunteer. The peals of laughter which burst forth at this speech was something to be remembered, and no one enjoyed the fun or laughed more heartily than the worthy Baronet who occupied the chair. Sir Archibald at the time being the popular Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers. In 1860, Mr Andrew Renwick, the model farmer of Gairbraid, died, and Mr Hugh Kirkwood, Killermont, was elected president; and his brother Allan, treasurer and secretary. A very few years after this the cattle plague or kinderpest swept over the country, and cattle were prohibited from being moved from one place to another. The Maryhill Show became one for horses, ponies, etc., with short distance trotting matches, leaping hurdles, etc.; and a very different class of visitors attended; the meetings being largely increased from the city by those having horsey proclivities. Then

the show fell into abeyance for a few years, but was afterwards resuscitated, and meetings have been held for some years past with varying success. A fairly creditable and successful show was held this year (1894) on something like the old lines, having a good display of cattle, and I sincerely express the wish that it may flourish for many years.

THE MARYHILL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This society was instituted in the spring of 1852 by a few amateur flower growers in Maryhill — Mr Matthew Craig, Mr Robert Buchanan, Mr Alexander Horsburgh, Mr Robert Perrat, etc. The gardeners in the district who joined the society, and lent their valuable aid, were Mr John Cowan, Bonville; Mr James Graham, Garscube; Mr John Cruickshank, Killermont; and Mr John Dick, Gairbraid. Two exhibitions were held annually, the first in July, and the second in September. The first show I had the pleasure of visiting was in September, 1853. When I removed to Maryhill in January, 1854, I became a member of the society through my fondness for flowers, for there was not an inch of ground for a garden attached to the dwelling I occupied. In a short time I was elected treasurer and secretary, and worked hard to get in subscriptions and annual donations to augment its income, and in this I had considerable success. After a year or two a list of extra prizes was added for special flowers, devices, and vegetables. Various gentlemen in Maryhill, and some in Glasgow, were the donors of these prizes. The interest taken in the society's shows by the general public became greater, and the value of the prizes in the ordinary gardener and amateur competitions became considerably increased. In another couple of years or so the members decided to extend the boundaries of the society, and include Milngavie, Bearsden, etc., and the name was changed to "The Maryhill and East Kilpatrick Horticultural Society." The membership was increased, and the usefulness of the society marked by a friendly spirit of emulation on the part of the competitors. A few years after this I had other and more pressing duties to attend to, and retired from official connection with the institution. Some years later it dwindled down and fell into abeyance. A considerable time thereafter two or three gentlemen who had taken up their abode in Maryhill made a move to get an annual flower show instituted. One of them spoke to me about the proposal, I asked if it was a resuscitation of the old "Maryhill and East Kilpatrick Society," but he seemed to be unaware of the existence of a former society. I shewed him a lot of the former society's

bills for a number of consecutive years from 1854, and he looked rather surprised and taken aback. The movement for the new annual flower show proceeded, but having other duties to attend to, I could take no part in carrying it on. It was fairly successful for two or three years, then fell into a moribund condition, from which state it has not been galvanised into an active existence again, so far as I know.

THE BOWLING CLUB.

This club was formed early in 1862. The late Captain Anderson, with his usual energy, being the real active promoter of this excellent association. The bowling green was formed in Watt Street, and formally opened in the summer of 1863, with a considerable roll of members, and soon became a favourite resort for a goodly number of enthusiastic bowlers. It still continues to flourish, and in December, 1894, the members held their annual re-union under the presidency of Councillor Cleland of Bonville.

MASONIC LODGE.

In the autumn of 1870 a petition was presented to the Grand Lodge of Scotland by the following freemasons resident in the Burgh of Maryhill, viz.:—James Wallace, William M'Donald, James Paton, William Swan, John Lockhart, Peter Kirkman, Thomas Campbell, James Bairnsfather, and John M'Donald craving that a charter might be issued constituting a lodge in that burgh. On the 6th November a charter was granted constituting the lodge "Maryhill, 510," on the roll of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The Right Honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, M.W., grandmaster; Sir Michael Shaw Stewart., Bart., Ardgowan, D.G.M.; Henry Inglis, of Torrsonce, S.G.M.; William Mann, S.G.W.; Colonel Archibald Campbell of Blythswood, J.G.W.; A. J. Stewart, W.S., grand secretary. The lodge has been most successful and prosperous, and since the Maryhill barracks were erected, various corps and regiments have been stationed successively in the garrison, including royal engineers, cavalry, infantry and commissariat, and in each of these branches of the service there have always been a few brethren of the craft. Many soldiers have been initiated in "510," and the lodge has a particularly gay and brilliant appearance on the evening of a provincial grand visitation from the varied display of uniforms. Many enjoyable and instructive evenings have I spent in it, and can truthfully say with our great poet Burns,

"Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft honoured with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light."

Z

My sincere desire and hope is that "Maryhill, 510" (my Mother Lodge), may continue to flourish and extend its usefulness

"Beneath the omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine."

SECTION X.

THE BURGH.

"For a' that, an' a' that,
'Tis heart an' soul, an' a' that;
That maks the king a gentleman,
And not his crown, an' a' that.
Then man wi' man, though rich or poor,
The best is he for a' that,
Who stands erect in self respect,
And acts the man for a' that."

Dr C. Mackay.

IN 1856 a considerable addition to the population of Maryhill took place in consequence of the formation of the Helensburgh Railway, and the operations in the district for supplying the city of Glasgow with water from Loch Katrine. The greater portion of these temporary inhabitants were lodgers, and before long some of them were associated with the more turbulent residents in raising "Cain" (as the Yankees phrase it) in the streets and thoroughfares of the place. The absence of street lamps made it all the more risky to any person walking, especially along what is now Main Street, to escape being assaulted in some form or other. The "cowardly, slounging, and slinking" ruffians had their favourite meeting place at the top of what is now Kelvin Street; and from this spot pedestrians would be saluted with a shower of stones, or receive a blow from a half brick shied at them. I remember one Saturday afternoon of an elderly big navvy who had got a little drop extra of whiskey, giving a wild whoop—"Wirr-irr-oo," and an upward jump, then stamp his "illegant hob-nail boots," and screech out "Ach boys! don't yez feel the dock shaking." Shebeens were soon established, and a big trade in very doubtful whiskey carried on, especially on Saturday and Sunday. A number of the inhabitants after quietly discussing the matter, resolved that this state of disorderly rowdyism should be stamped out, and law and order maintained in the place. A general Police Act for Scotland had been passed by the Government in 1850; and a petition signed by the requisite number of inhabitants was presented to the Sheriff of Lanarkshire, praying him to erect Maryhill into a Police

Burgh, under the Act of 1850. His lordship appointed a public meeting to be held in the Infant School, on the 6th June, 1856, with the view of adopting the Act and fixing the boundaries of the proposed Burgh. The meeting was accordingly held, Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., Sheriff of Lanarkshire, presiding, and Mr J. M. Taylor, writer, Glasgow, acting as clerk. Only residents within the proposed boundaries whose yearly rent was £10 and upwards were entitled to vote. A few of those present were opposed to the formation of a burgh, and one gentleman with a sheet of paper and pen and ink in his hands, endeavoured to get those dissenting to put down their names, demanding a poll. None present would adhibit their names, and Mr Matthew Montgomerie, of Kelvinside, near whom I happened to be seated, also opposed the adoption of the Act, but declined to write down his name, stating, however, that he would give £5 to assist in defraying any expenses incurred. The gentleman with the pen and paper, meeting with nothing but refusals to sign, threw the pen and paper from him in disgust, and sat down; the Sheriff looking on in silence, but with the faintest trace of an amused smile at the collapse of the opposition. The General Police Act of 1850 was accordingly adopted, the number of Police Commissioners to be six, three of whom would be magistrates. The boundaries of the Burgh to be as follows: "Starting from Garscube Bridge, along the centre of the river Kelvin to the burn forming the boundary of the parishes of Cadder and Maryhill, along said burn in a south-easterly direction, past Lochburn to the Forth and Clyde Canal; then nearly south by Tam's Hill, Ruchill, and Firhill, to the Garscube Road near its junction with the New City Road; then in a straight line south to the Kelvin, near North Woodside House; then up the centre of the Kelvin to the point of departure at Garscube Bridge." The population within this area was estimated at between 5000 and 6000. In calling to mind this meeting in the Infant School in 1856, and thinking of those who were present on the occasion, there are, so far as I can remember now (January, 1894), only three living who attended the meeting, viz.: Mr David Swan, Mr J. M. Taylor, and myself. The Police Commissioners elected were Mr David Swan, Mr John Horne, Mr Andrew Renwick, Mr Alexander M'Arthur, Mr Andrew Buist, and Mr Archibald Gow. Temporary premises were acquired for a Police Office, Court-room, etc.—Messrs Swan, Horne, and Renwick, being elected Magistrates. In July, Mr George Anderson was appointed Superintendent of Police and Fiscal; a few public lamps were erected, plans for a Burgh building were pre-

pared, which provided the necessary Police accommodation, commissioners' room, collector's office, etc., on the ground floor; and a court-hall, witnesses-room, and dwelling for the superintendent of police on the upper flat—the building of which was at once proceeded with. George Anderson, who for about thirty years was Superintendent of Police and Fiscal in the Burgh of Maryhill, was a native of Brechin. When a very young lad he met with a serious accident to his foot and ankle, which confined him to the house for months—in fact, some of the surgeons proposed to have the foot amputated. One surgeon opposed this operation, and after long months of careful treatment the foot got pretty well, although all his life it and the ankle were the weak parts of that limb. Being thus incapacitated from following the heavy and varied service of an agricultural life, he went to Edinburgh and entered the police force of that city. After a time he joined the County Constabulary of Stirlingshire, and was stationed in the town of Denny. His district was a large one, extending to Dennyloanhead and Banknock. A farmer, resident near the latter place, told Mr Anderson that year after year his potatoe bings were plundered and large quantities carried off, his suspicions resting on some of the workers at Banknock collieries. After listening to the farmer's complaint, Mr Anderson advised him to purchase a quantity of the pigment colour, "Spanish brown," and as he proceeded with the pitting of his potatoes, to sprinkle the colour pretty liberally over each cartful as it was added to the bing. A few weeks after the finish of the "tawtie howkin," the farmer reported that one of his bings had been broken open and a large quantity of potatoes stolen. Mr Anderson visited the district where a number of the Banknock workers resided, and in passing one of the dwellings—the door of which stood open—he saw a large pot on the hearthstone filled with potatoes and their "jackets on," just lifted from the fire, and the water poured off. In steps Mr Anderson (in plain clothes, of course) and asked if he might get a light for his pipe. "Ye'se get that," said the guid-wife, and pointed to a chair for him to take a seat. Getting out his tobacco, cutting it, and filling his pipe, he remarked "these seem fine potatoes you have in the pot, may I take one?" "Oh! surely." "It's not many of them I use," he said, "but I like one or two now and again." So instead of smoking he ate the potatoe with a daub of salt and pepper. "I think I never tasted a potatoe equal to that, and if you tell me where I could buy a dozen or so of them you would oblige me very much." "If ye only need a dizzen or sae o' them, I'll sune gie ye that;" and lifting the curtain in front of the kitchen bed, shewed

the whole space from floor to bed-bearers filled with potatoes—a cart load at least. Mr Anderson spread his handkerchief on the floor and put into it nearly a score of the potatoes, which he observed were beautifully covered with “Spanish brown” pigment. Thanking the “guid-wife” for her gift, she refusing to accept any money for the “twa-re tawties,” he returned to his lodgings in Denny highly satisfied with the result of his visit to Banknock. In the afternoon he called on the farmer and told him to be at Mowat’s, the coach proprietors at the Cross of Denny, next morning before nine o’clock, with one of his farm servants, and they would drive to Stirling. At a later hour, Mr Anderson and two assistants called at the house where he had got the potatoes and saw the guidman for the first time, and told him that he and some of his neighbours were blamed for plundering the potatoe pits on the adjacent farm. With one or two of his neighbours he accompanied Mr Anderson to Denny, taking up their quarters in “Mowat’s,” where they sat and played cards and drank “hauf yins” till far into the morning, then a short snooze, breakfast, and off in the coach to Stirling. When the case came before Sheriff Sconce, he had a quiet dry laugh at the charge against the prisoner, as no one had seen the bings being broken open, and potatoes being so much alike, how was the farmer to prove the potatoes in the prisoner’s house had been stolen from his bings? Then Mr Anderson produced the potatoes in his handkerchief, and the farmer and his servant turned out a parcel of the potatoes taken from the bing which had been plundered, both lots being well marked with the “Spanish brown.” The Banknock man saw he was fairly in the trap and pled guilty; offering to pay for the potatoes he had taken if the sheriff would let him off for a fine and not send him to prison. The farmer backed up the prisoner’s petition; the sheriff acquiesced, and imposed a comparatively small fine in addition to the price of the potatoes, and had a hearty laugh at Mr Anderson’s astuteness, and complimented him for his shrewdness and the kind but firm manner he had managed the case. He was next stationed at Milngavie, Stirlingshire, and was afterwards for some time in the Glasgow Detective Department, at that time under Alexander M’Call, Mr James Smart being superintendent of police. While in the detective force he came now and again into the company of some titled persons, pretty high up in the peerage, who had got into trouble in certain houses of rendezvous (certainly not ten miles from the county buildings), and matters were generally smoothed over by discreetness and a little diplomacy on Mr

A.'s part. It is not necessary for me to mention the names of the parties, as they have all passed to the silent land years ago. While in the detective force, Captain Smart called him into his room one day, where he found the captain in conversation with a stout-built, elderly-looking gentleman, and he was told to show the stranger the way to the south prison. They started, Anderson carrying the stranger's black leather portmanteau; and chatted pleasantly during their walk to the jail; the visitor passed into the prison, Anderson returning to the Central Police Office. The following afternoon Captain Smart sent him with a message for some of the officials in the jail; and while there he met his companion of the previous day in one of the apartments, who had ropes, belts, and straps, arranged on a table before which he was standing. Anderson stared, and the stout-built personage said with a smile, "Well, young man, who do you think I am?" "You are the hangman," he replied, and made off as quickly as possible. It was indeed the veteran finisher of the law—Calcraft from London; and I saw him perform his odious work the following morning at eight o'clock, when Hans Smith M'Farlane and Helen Blackwood were executed for the murder of Alexander Boyd, in the New Vennel, High Street, Glasgow.

When Maryhill had been constituted a burgh, and Captain Anderson duly installed superintendent of police, and had taken up his residence in the new burgh chambers, the inhabitants began to see something like law and order maintained in the place. It was currently reported that the temporary residents had formed an association to pay any fine which their more rowdy and disorderly members incurred before the police court, and to the funds of which most of them subscribed a shilling or so weekly. Amongst the earliest cases brought before the court was one of a wanton assault by a leading ruffian of the gang. Provost Swan occupied the bench, heard the evidence, and found the culprit guilty. One or two of his companions were present, and stood with a bunch of pound notes in hand, ready to pay any fine up to five pounds, which was the highest the magistrate could at that time impose. Great was the consternation of the prisoner and his confederates when the provost, after some firm remarks on the cowardly ruffianism of the prisoner, intimated that so long as he was a magistrate in the burgh he would not impose a fine for an unprovoked assault, and sentenced him to imprisonment for sixty days with hard labour. This resolute administration of the law struck terror into the "blackguard brigade." There were a few

ruffians of a migratory disposition who, after committing an assault, used to go off for a month or two and find employment in some of the towns in the middle Ward of Lanarkshire or Renfrewshire. When they fancied their cowardly, rowdy exploit had faded from the minds of the Maryhill folk, they quietly returned, got employment, and settled down demurely until the next "ruction" occurred, when it was "Hiroo bhoys, Tenderagee for a game-cock," and the same "ould batens" were dealt out to inoffensive individuals by those cowardly scoundrels. If remonstrated with for such conduct, their remark was "sure there's no bad faylin', its only a bit of a frolic." As one of the gang observed to a confederate on one occasion, "Ach! but it's a raal dull hole this Maryhill, never a bit of a dead body lyin' about the streets at all at all; in our town in the ould counthry when ye'd rise av a mornin' there were lumps of skulls and tufts of hair lying about; ach! but it was the rare spot for a night's diversion." Although the assaults committed by those ruffians had been forgotten by many of the inhabitants, after the lapse of a few months and the absence of the culprit; there was one gentleman who waited and watched silently for the return of the offender. This was Captain Anderson, who, provided with a warrant in the one pocket and a pistol in the other, proceeded to the lodgings of the returned rowdy, accompanied by a constable, about the "wee short hour ayont the twal" on a Sunday morning; gaining admission, he awakened the fugitive and ordered him to dress. Any attempt to be nasty on his part or on the part of his fellow-lodgers was quickly neutralized by the appearance of the pistol and warrant. He was soon placed in one of the police cells and accommodated with a wood mattress and a timber pillow. On Monday morning the sitting magistrate prescribed the standard dose—sixty days with hard labour in the extensive Temperance Hotel, Duke Street, Glasgow; and warned that if brought to the police office again, charged with a similar piece of blackguardism, he would be sent to be dealt with by the sheriff.

Mr Anderson, or as he was familiarly called by every person "The Captain," was a vigilant and active officer, a staunch and reliable friend to all who had the good of the Burgh at heart, and due respect for the Police Act and its administration in Maryhill, be they rich or poor. Those who sneered at the constituted authorities, and tried to throw ridicule on the police force, he sternly met with grim silence, if not contempt. Within the first few years of the Burgh's existence, it was his duty as fiscal to prosecute some of these scorners for police offences committed through folly and a desire to disparage and ridi-

cule the Commissioners and police officials. Convictions followed, and in one case the culprit was fined £5—many of the inhabitants considering the offender was very leniently dealt with, and that 60 days with hard labour would have been a more adequate sentence.

The 25th January, 1858, was a notable evening in Maryhill. A large number of the inhabitants met in the newly erected Burgh Hall, Main Street, on the invitation of Provost Swan, to partake of cake and wine, in honour of the marriage that day of the Princess Royal of Great Britain with Prince Frederick of Prussia, eldest son of the Crown Prince William. An enjoyable couple of hours were spent, and then a select few adjourned to Mr Paxton's where a more enjoyable hour or two were spent; for on that evening Forbes M'Kenzie never got through the Pen Brig to see when the public houses were closed. The next big "red letter" day was the centenary of the birth of our national poet Robert Burns, 25th January, 1859. A few of the ratepayers formed themselves into a small committee, with Mr William Swan as chairman, to make the necessary arrangements for celebrating in a suitable manner the one hundredth birthday of the "Lad that was born in Kyle." The Provost, Magistrates, and Commissioners of Police entered heartily into the movement, and Sir Archibald Islay Campbell, Bart., Garscube, agreed to be chairman. The Burgh Hall was decked out on the eventful day with flags, evergreens, &c., and about 100 gentlemen sat down to dinner; the size of the hall precluding the possibility of accommodating more. The Baronet presided, Provost Swan being croupier, with Mr Paxton and Mr Robertson acting in that capacity at the other tables. After dinner the lists of toasts and songs was entered on, and Mr Alexander B. M'Luckie recited a poem he had composed for the occasion. A number of songs were sung by various gentlemen appropriate to the toasts and speeches delivered, and the programme finished by the singing of the following song I had composed for this centenary meeting. Each guest being provided with a copy of the words joined heartily in singing the chorus.

SONG.

Composed for the Maryhill Festival in honour of Burns' Centenary.

As auld acquaintance here we're met,
An' heart an' han' we join
Tae honour Burns, th' immortal bard
O' auld lang syne.

Chorus—"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

AA

The happy days when we were bairns,
 Sae fresh he brings tae min';
 The gowanie braes an' burnie tae,
 We paidl'd in lang syne.

Chorus—"For auld lang syne."

His worth ye'll cherish in your heart,
 An' sae will I in mine;
 An' we'll toast our minstrel's memory,
 For auld lang syne.

Chorus—"For auld lang syne."

Till time's nae mair his name shall live,
 An' fame still brichter shine;
 An' ages hence, auld Scotia's sons
 Shall sing o' lang syne.

Chorus—"For auld lang syne."

This 25th of January was always reckoned and spoken of as the great red letter day in the Burgh, and the few still surviving (1894) who were present at the banquet that evening look back with pleasing memories of the bright and happy social meeting. The rowdy portion of the residents, principally amongst those employed at making the Helensburgh Railway, became more orderly in their behaviour; having a wholesome dread of a few weeks lodgings in what was jocularly called "Stirling's Castle," Duke Street (John Stirling being at that time governor). Sometimes, however, a ruction did get up on a Saturday night, when a few of the bhoys got some shebeen whiskey. If the fighting resulted in black eyes and broken noses amongst themselves they got off for a fine at the Police Court. The lighting of the streets in the Burgh was very deficient, and as the saying is, "You might as well have whistled a jig to a mile-stone" as get the authorities to move in the matter of erecting a few lamps in places where they were positively necessary for the convenience and safety of the inhabitants. In short, there was just a little too much of the autocratic conclave about the Commissioners of that time, and for a few years afterwards—the great bulk of the householders having no voice in their election, the qualification being a ten pound rental.

The next notable red letter day in the Burgh was the 10th March, 1863, when the Prince of Wales was married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. A large number of the inhabitants assembled in the white warehouse of Messrs Finlay & Blair, Dawsholm printworks, on the invitation of the Magistrates and Commissioners of the Burgh. The Rev. William Speirs Shanks, minister of Maryhill parish, occupied the chair, and a service of pies and porter, cookies, buns, etc., took place; the guests being informed

they were to retain possession of the plates, spoons and jugs as a souvenir of the bright and pleasant meeting. At night there was a general illumination, and a ball took place in the very small Burgh hall, organised by a few of the gayer and more enthusiastic inhabitants.

In several of the succeeding years there were contested elections on the 6th June (the whole Burgh forming just one ward). For many years the late Sheriff Strathearn presided on these occasions, and at one election the defeated candidate protested against his opponent being declared elected Commissioner of Police, and appealed to the Court of Session, Edinburgh. In due course the case came before a well known judge and senator of the college of justice, who still adorns the bench. The Counsel for the appellant made a long and rather verbose speech in stating the case to the court; evidently his lordship was tired of the lengthened harangue, and lay back in his chair, his elbows resting on the arms of it, the fingers and hands pressed together and gazing up at the ceiling of the apartment, but listening to all that was being uttered by the advocate for the appellant. That gentleman rattled away very eloquently on the great importance of the position of a Commissioner of Police in the Burgh of Maryhill, to which he maintained his client had been duly elected. At this point the counsel for the respondent who was seated close to the bench, overheard his lordship remark (*sotto voce*) "I think it must be a matter of the smallest possible importance to either God or man who is a Commissioner of Police in Maryhill." His lordship decided in favour of the respondent. At almost every sitting of the Justiciary Court in Glasgow, the "Captain" had some case or other to come before it. I remember about 1860, of a case of highway robbery which occurred near Garscube bridge; by patient investigation and shrewd watchfulness, he captured the two parties implicated in Glasgow, and in due course they were tried and sentenced, the one to two years imprisonment, the other, who was leading ruffian, got four years penal servitude. It was, I think, about November, 1862, a clothier's shop in Main Street was broken into and plundered. In Glasgow there had been a number of shops broken into and robbed within a couple of weeks previously, and the detectives of the city force were unable to find any trace of the stolen property. They visited the usual haunts of the thieving fraternity, conversed with a number of them, but they all declared they knew nothing of these shop robberies. Captain Anderson, I remember, set off to Glasgow on a Saturday evening,

and after some enquiries he got hold of a female confederate, and had her taken to the Cowcaddens Police Office. By judicious questions and making a pretence that the burglars had told a good deal, she got roused in temper at what she thought their treachery, and told where the dwelling was in which they lived—not far from the old round toll on the Garscube Road—and confessed that the sealskin jacket she wore and some other articles of dress had been stolen from a shop in Trongate. The Captain proceeded to the house she had indicated with a constable, the door was locked, and after knocking two or three times, they managed to unlock it; but the nest was flown. The kitchen window was up, the residents having taken their departure by that opening, quietly sliding down by the metal rhone to the back court and vanished. The captain took a keen look round the apartment, and found as much plunder in the shape of rolls of tobacco, bottles of brandy, whisky, cloth, clothing, and a miscellaneous collection of sundries, amply sufficient to stock a good sized shop. They did not interfere in any way with this large assortment of goods, but re-locked the door and departed. About two o'clock the following morning (Sunday), Captain Anderson returned, and having stationed several constables in the back court, quietly ascended the stair with a detective or two, quickly opened the door and arrested the two men he found in the house, and brought them to Maryhill Police Office, where I saw them the same afternoon in the charge-room. Dempsy and Pender were the names they gave—the one a new importation to Glasgow and a chum of the other, who was a soldier on a month's furlough from his regiment. They were brought to trial at the circuit court, Glasgow, with nearly a cart load of productions in proof of their industry as expert and audacious burglars, and were sent to penal servitude for a term of years.

The captain's Maryhill friends were greatly pleased at his success in so quickly tracing and arresting the two shopbreakers. The late Mr John Walker, coalmaster, Maryhill, was so delighted at Mr Anderson's exploit that he commissioned me to purchase a beautiful silver mounted meerschaum pipe as a present to the captain for his cleverness in "catchin' blank thieves." The intended presentation was kept quiet, but seven select friends met on a Monday evening in Mr Paxton's. At Mr Walker's request Mr William Swan was chairman and called on me to make the presentation, which I did, the inscription on the morocco case being—"Presented to Mr George Anderson, Superintendent of Police, as a token of esteem, from John

Walker, Maryhill," and concluded my very short speech by expressing the hope, in which all present joined, that the captain might live long enough to smoke a ton of tobacco with the elegant pipe he had just received ; and that we trusted he might always be successful in keeping the pipe in "guid gaun order," and equally successful in putting out the pipes of blackguards and thieves. I never saw the captain so taken aback and agitated ; he tried to return thanks for the beautiful gift he had received, but could only utter a few words, stammered, hesitated, and had to sit down. We ruffed and cheered him heartily, and Mr Walker declared, "Man, captain, ye've dune fine." I remember another instance of the captain's astuteness a few years later on. A Glasgow friend had called on him, and he conveyed the gentleman to Wyndford on his way back to the city, and while standing chatting on the footpath before parting, a man passed walking on the street going north. Mr Anderson scanned him sharply and remarked, "that's a confounded prig, I think." "Oh, come, come," said his friend, laughing, "you fancy every one not dressed in police clothing must belong to the thief class." "Certainly not," said the captain, "but I want to have a crack with that fellow, so good-bye." Mr Anderson lengthened his step, passed the man, and got to the police office before the pedestrian, who still walked in the middle of the street. "Come here a minute," said the captain standing on the office steps." The man crossed over. "Have you walked out from Glasgow?" "Yes," he answered. "I suppose you will have a bit farther to go?" The man said he had. "Do you smoke?" said Mr Anderson. "Yes," he replied. Come away in then, and have a rest and a smoke," and led the way into the charge room. They got seated by the fire, the captain producing plenty of tobacco ; having got their pipes lighted, they puffed away conversing about the weather, state of trade, &c. At length Mr Anderson asked him what occupation he had, and replied a jobbing gardener. "Shew me your hands," said the captain. "What the h——have you got to do with my hands?" "Oh-ho is that it: here, constable" he called to the policeman waiting in the muster room, "search that man." He made little or no resistance, and was then put into one of the cells. Among the few articles found in the possession of the prisoner was a strong table knife, half the usual length, and ground slanting from the back to a sharp point. The captain sat for a little quietly studying this instrument, at length he concluded it was just the very tool for cutting sheet lead on the roofs of houses, and called to mind that a week or two previously a large portion of

the lead had been stripped from the roof of East Chapleton House, north of Cannisburn Toll. Next morning he drove with his prisoner to East Kilpatrick, calling at various places in that quarter, but failed to have the man identified; then brought him before one of the Maryhill Magistrates, and got him remanded for a week. He next took him to Glasgow, but at none of the police offices was he known. At length the captain discovered some sheet lead in a broker's shop in the Cowcaddens, and the letters "Hen" at the edge where it had been cut, the remainder of the lead still on the ridge of East Chapleton House having the letters "derson"—the name of the plumber who had supplied the lead at the building of the property being Henderson, Glasgow. The captain again brought the prisoner before the broker and his assistants, who after a little identified him as the person from whom they had bought the lead, and admitted they now recognised him as having had dealings with them on different occasions. Their difficulty in identifying him arose from the different kind of clothes he wore—never having appeared twice in the same dress. Then the Dumbartonshire authorities heard of the apprehension of the fellow and came to have a look at him; after a few days he was identified as having a short time previously broken into a joiners' work-shop in Duntocher and stolen a large number of valuable tools. Next the Renfrewshire police heard of the capture of this burglar, and they set to work to see if he had anything to do with the stealing of a lot of valuables from a large house near Paisley. After a week or two he was identified as having been seen in the vicinity of the house just before the robbery, and the parties with whom he had pawned the stolen valuables also identified him. Three indictments were served on him by the Crown authorities, so that they might be more certain of a conviction, in case any of the charges should break down. He was tried for the housebreaking near Paisley as being the most flagrant of the three offences, unanimously found guilty by the jury, and sentenced to ten years penal servitude. So that Captain Anderson's estimate of the man, as he passed along Wyndford Street, "that he was a confounded prig" (a thief) was remarkably shrewd and accurate.

There had always been a few pig-houses in the vacant ground fronting the tile-roofed row of dwelling houses called "Botany," but by 1866 the number had greatly increased, for a few of the residents did a considerable business in the breeding of pigs, and rearing them for the Glasgow market. The wood houses for these animals were erected without any regularity, and not by any means kept tidy.

The Captain, as sanitary inspector, had his eye on them, and insisted they should be better arranged, kept more cleanly, and little drains suitably placed to keep the surface dry. The leading pig-owners, Andy Lehann, Micky Welsh, etc., went at the work with right good will, assisted by their wives in accomplishing the sanitary improvement; in Reid Street, Whitelaw Street, and other places, the piggeries were put into a cleaner and more tidy state. When the improvements had been nearly completed, the Captain was tackled by the men and their wives about the supper and ball he had so often spoken of, and when was it to come off. He saw he was fairly cornered, and must keep faith with them. Calling on me, he explained the fix he had got into. I promised to be his right hand man, and do all I could to make the meeting a success. Andrew Blair & Co. had just built and finished a large white cloth warehouse in the Maryhill Print Works, and kindly granted the use of it for the banquet. One evening in September, 1866, the supper took place—Mr Robert Osbourne, baker, being purveyor; and amongst the big number of dishes placed on the tables were three or four young pigs roasted. Mr William M'Luckie, spirit merchant, had a special licence for supplying the drinkables, and Michael Welsh was to be chairman. As the time drew near for him to do so, and he did not appear, a messenger was sent to his house, who found Micky sitting undressed, his courage all gone, and the idea of taking the chair put him almost into fits. I wanted the Captain to take the chair, but he declined, and he and the Rev. Mr Cameron insisted I should be chairman; so down I sat, supported right and left by the Reverend Father, the Captain, and a number of other friends. After partaking of the fine supper, the list of toasts and songs was entered on, and when that was finished the tables were cleared away from a large part of the warehouse, and the programme of dances proceeded with, interspersed with songs. Not a single case of inebriety, or anything approaching to it, occurred, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." The joyous meeting finished at an advanced hour in the morning, and the Captain always declared that this pig-dealers' supper and ball effectually extinguished the religious and political bitterness which had previously too often marked the behaviour of this portion of the community.

In 1867 the wave of Fenianism passed over the country, causing the Government to take prompt action to check this secret movement of lawlessness. In Glasgow a very large number of the citizens were sworn in special constables, and in Maryhill nearly three

hundred of the inhabitants came forward, and were sworn in, all being within a week or two thereafter supplied with batons. Fortunately, no necessity arose for them being called out for active service, all the same they were a' ready for duty, and I spent a good many evenings drilling my division of 120 or so in marching, counter-marching, wheeling, forming fours, etc.

In 1871 Mr James Shaw, Shawfield, Kelvinside, succeeded Mr David Swan as Provost of the Burgh, he having occupied that position for fifteen years. He continued, however, to sit as a Commissioner of Police. The population of the Burgh was steadily increasing, and H.M. Inspector of Police for Scotland insisted on the Commissioners taking steps to provide more suitable and commodious premises for police purposes. They accordingly feued a portion of ground at the junction of Gairbraid Avenue and Wyndford Street. Plans were prepared, which included the necessary police accommodation, court room, etc., and a public hall to seat 900 was included in the design. The building was proceeded with, but during its progress Provost Shaw resigned the chair, and retired from the Commission, and Mr James Robertson, Rosebank, was elected Provost. An application was also made to the Sheriff of Lanarkshire to divide the Burgh into wards, and increase the number of Commissioners to twelve. His lordship acquiesced, and after a personal visit to the Burgh fixed the boundaries of the four wards. The new Burgh Buildings at Gairbraid Avenue were formally opened on Friday, 26th April, 1878, with a service of cake and wine in the afternoon—Provost Robertson and ex-Provost Shaw being each presented with a handsome silver fish-slice, the handles of which formed a key for the formal opening of the door of the new Burgh Buildings. There was a ball in the evening—a very gay turn-out of ladies and gentlemen—the programme of dances being opened by Provost Robertson, Bailie Murray, and their wives, with a Scot's reel. Twenty-four fiddlers and pipers of the 79th regiment (the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders) took turn about in supplying the music. It was indeed a first-class ball, and dancing was kept up till two o'clock in the morning—another red letter day in the Burgh. On the 31st May, the following gentlemen were nominated as Commissioners for the respective wards of the Burgh, as defined by the Sheriff:—first ward, Alexander Moir, Archibald M'Innis, Laurance Thomson; second ward, Thomas Cameron, William Swan, Alexander Thomson; third ward, David C. Dick, John Lockhart, James Robertson; fourth ward, John Kerr, William M'Adam, John Murray.

There was no opposition, and on the 6th June they met for the first time in the Commissioners' Room, new Burgh Buildings, at twelve noon, and were declared duly elected by Provost Robertson. Finance, Watching and Lighting, Sanitary, Works, and Halls Committees of the Commissioners were formed, a convener for each being appointed. The business of the Burgh was thus put into something like systematic order, instead of the "happy-go-lucky, let things hang as they grow" state of matters, which rather frequently marked the action of the Commissioners during the previous twenty-two years. Reporters for the newspapers were now also present at the meetings, another innovation not quite palatable to some who sat at the Board. In 1880 I was the retiring Commissioner for the second ward; another candidate opposed me, and at the election on 6th June I was defeated. A considerable number of the electors in that ward had not paid their assessments; I was present in the polling room and saw several come forward to record their votes, and which I knew were to be in favour of my opponent. The polling clerk informed them their names were not on the register; they retired rather disappointed, but in ten minutes or so returned and laid the amount of their assessments on the ballot box; being told to go to the collector's room, they went, paid their assessment, and got the usual receipt. Returning to the polling room they shewed this, and the polling clerk gave them a voting paper, which they duly marked and deposited in the ballot box. At the close of the poll the voting papers were counted, and I was in a minority of seven. I refused to demand a scrutiny of the votes; had I done so, every one of the dilatory rate-payers' votes would have been rejected, and I would have been declared elected by a majority. But I felt so disgusted at the ingratitude of a number of those who had voted for my opponent, and the deceit of two or three who did not reside in the second ward, that nothing would induce me to claim the seat. I have still in my possession a list of the names of the rate-payers, and the amount of assessment each paid that day; where the money came from so promptly to pay those long past due rates that day could only be surmised with a shrug of the shoulders; all the same, Mr M'Indoe, the collector's exchequer, was a few pounds richer than in the morning. In the end of 1881, one of the commissioners for the third ward died, and in a week or two thereafter I was waited on by a deputation of the committee for that ward, who intimated they had unanimously agreed to recommend to the commissioners to fill the vacancy, and pressed me to accept the position. I agreed, and a

memorial to the Commission Board was presented by a deputation of the ward committee at the first monthly meeting, and I was unanimously appointed to the vacant seat, and also to all the committees the deceased had been a member of. By this time, Mr John Murray, Rockview House, East Park, was Provost of the Burgh; and at the annual election, 6th June, 1882, I was elected one of the commissioners for the third ward by the rate-payers. At the first meeting I was appointed Convener of the Watching and Lighting, Convener of the Halls Committee, and a member of the Finance Committee; so that with all these to attend to, I had my hands pretty full of Burgh work. I found it terrible up-hill work to get additional gas lamps erected in various parts of the Burgh, where they were urgently required. By adopting a slightly smaller burner in most of the lamps, I saved nearly £70 without in the least interfering with the efficient lighting of the public streets and roads; this arrangement enabled me to erect a number of additional lamps without increasing the annual charge for gas. In the spring of 1885, at the request of the Commissioners, I designed armorial bearings for the Burgh, and which was adopted as the Burgh Seal of Maryhill; all documents, letters, or notepaper and envelopes bore the impress of it, some in colour.

Accompanying the design I wrote the following explanation of the various parts of the device:—



In the centre of the shield is an heraldic representation of the aqueduct which carries the canal across the river Kelvin, a part of the river being shewn passing under one of the arches. Mr John Smeaton, the celebrated engineer, designer of the famous Eddystone lighthouse, surveyed and laid out the line of the great canal connecting the eastern and western shores of Scotland, from the Forth to the Clyde, and superintended the execution of the greater part of it. So the design of this massive structure was the work of the most eminent engineer of the time, and is said to have cost £8500. By the year 1783 Mr Smeaton was in declining health, and died from an attack

of paralysis on 28th October, 1792. The aqueduct was finished before his death, and the canal completed, for on the parapet wall where it bends to the road leading to Kelvindale the words are cut, "Forth and Clyde Canal, 1790." During the years of Mr Smeaton's failing health, the work was carried on by Mr Robert Whitworth, who superintended the completion of the great engineer's gigantic design; and in July, 1790, the Forth and Clyde canal was opened for traffic.

The upper portion of the shield, representing the steam traffic on the canal, is really not of recent date. In 1801 the "Charlotte Dundas" was built at Grangemouth, and fitted with an engine in 1802, by Mr William Symington, in memory of whom a monument was erected at his birth-place, Leadhills, in 1891. Thus the first real and successful attempt to make steam available for the propulsion of a vessel for passenger and goods traffic was made on the Forth and Clyde Canal; and the "Charlotte Dundas" was the pioneer (a paddle steamer). Fulton's steamer—the "Clermont"—was not tried on the river Hudson in America till 1807; and Henry Bell's "Comet" was put on the Clyde in 1812.

The under portion of the shield is divided into three parts. In the centre space is a representation of an iron-founder's smelting furnace; this important industry was introduced into Maryhill about 1838 by Messrs Aitken & Allan. In the space on the right is a circular saw; in 1841 or 1842, Messrs David Swan, Jun., & Co., started the Kelvindock Saw Mills in addition to the shipbuilding and repairing of vessels they had carried on for some years previously. In the space on the left is a large spur wheel representing engineering, which was first started as a distinct business in the Burgh about 1859, by Mr John Smith, in premises close by the Smugglers' Cairn, now 10 or 12 Gairbraid Street.

It is impossible to introduce emblems of all the industries in the place, or even the earliest of them. Linen and calico printing was first started about 1750 at Dawsholm, by Messrs William Stirling & Sons, now of Cordale, Vale of Leven. Extensive colliery operations were carried on in Gairbraid and Garscube Estates, towards the close of the last and during the first quarter of the present century, by Mr Andrew Walker, grandfather of Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, Bart., who has built and presented to the City of Liverpool an Art Gallery, and made extensive additions to the educational equipment of its college, at a cost of some £60,000. Paper making and snuff making were carried on at upper Dalsholm from 1790, and also at

Balgray (now Kelvindale). Some of these industries have disappeared, but many new ones have taken their places; and there are now a lead and colour work, rubber work, flint glass and bottle works, chemical works, a brewery, etc., etc. A fuller and more particular account of the origin, rise, and progress of Drydock, the Dock, Kelvindock, and Maryhill, might be given; for by all these names it has successively been called in years long gone by.

The foregoing description and explanation of the Burgh seal was engrossed in the Minutes of the Commissioners; and very shortly thereafter on the suggestion of Captain Munro, H.M. Inspector of Police for Scotland, I designed an ornament for the police helmets. From the Burgh seal I adopted the upper part of the aqueduct, with the steamer and the word Maryhill above it; the device was oval in shape, with an edging in form of a cable tied in a knot underneath, and surmounted by a crown. The Commissioners approved of the design, and in due course the ornaments were prepared of bronze and affixed to the helmets. In the spring of 1886 I was again in poor health, and had a deal of worry and anxiety in getting the fire brigade put on a more efficient footing, and a fire engine was ordered. At the statutory meeting of the Commissioners in June, Mr John Craig, Dalsholm paper works, was elected Provost, and Mr James Stirrat a junior magistrate. On the 2nd July, Mr George Anderson, Superintendent of Police and Fiscal, died, having been in very frail health since November, 1885; an active and energetic official in the Burgh for thirty years. He was interred in Maryhill churchyard, where as yet (1894) no public memorial marks the resting-place of "the Captain." In August, Mr James Beddie, Inspector, was promoted to be Superintendent of Police and Fiscal, and Mr George Burt to the position of Inspector. In the same month, being still in very poor health, I resigned the convenership of the Watching and Lighting and the Halls, but continuing a member of the Committees. Bailie Stirrat, an excellent working Commissioner, was appointed convener; he energetically pushed on and completed the reconstruction of the fire brigade, and in a short time had the new fire engine with a large addition of hose-piping placed at the Burgh Buildings. By the spring of 1887 I had decided to remove to Partick, as being more convenient for my family, my own business arrangements, and get relieved of all public duties. I sent a letter to the Police Commissioners at their meeting on the second Monday of May, resigning my seat as a Commissioner for the third ward; but no acknowledgment ever reached me that my letter had been

received. I had served as a Commissioner for seven years, and during that time there were various changes in the membership of the commission, which like many other councils and boards, consisted of a number of able and well qualified gentlemen, having the welfare and progress of the Burgh really at heart; two or three members with an astonishingly high opinion of their own mediocre abilities, rather disposed to thwart and delay any proposals that did not emanate from them; and a very few possessed of no discoverable qualifications for the position to which the ratepayers had elected them. On the 18th May I took up my residence in Partick, from which I had removed thirty-four years previously. Bailie James Stirrat, Derby Crescent, Kelvinside, some time afterwards succeeded Mr John Craig as Provost of Maryhill, and continued to fill the chair until the Burgh was annexed to the City of Glasgow in 1891, and became the twenty-fourth ward, with three representatives sitting in the City Council. I trust that in the years to come Maryhill may amply fulfill its motto:

“VIRE ACQUIRIT EUNDO.”

I had just completed the foregoing notes on the Burgh, when intimation reached me that Ex-Provost David Swan, J.P., had died on 28th May, 1894, at 15 Walmer Crescent, Govan, in his 87th year; also that Mr John M'Farlane, for many years local reporter for the *Glasgow Herald*, had died on 30th May, at 1158 Main Street, Maryhill, aged 64. A worthy old acquaintance of mine, with a keen love for stories and reminiscences about Maryhill in by-past times. He was born in Springbank, Garscube Road, and took up his residence in Maryhill about 1859.

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