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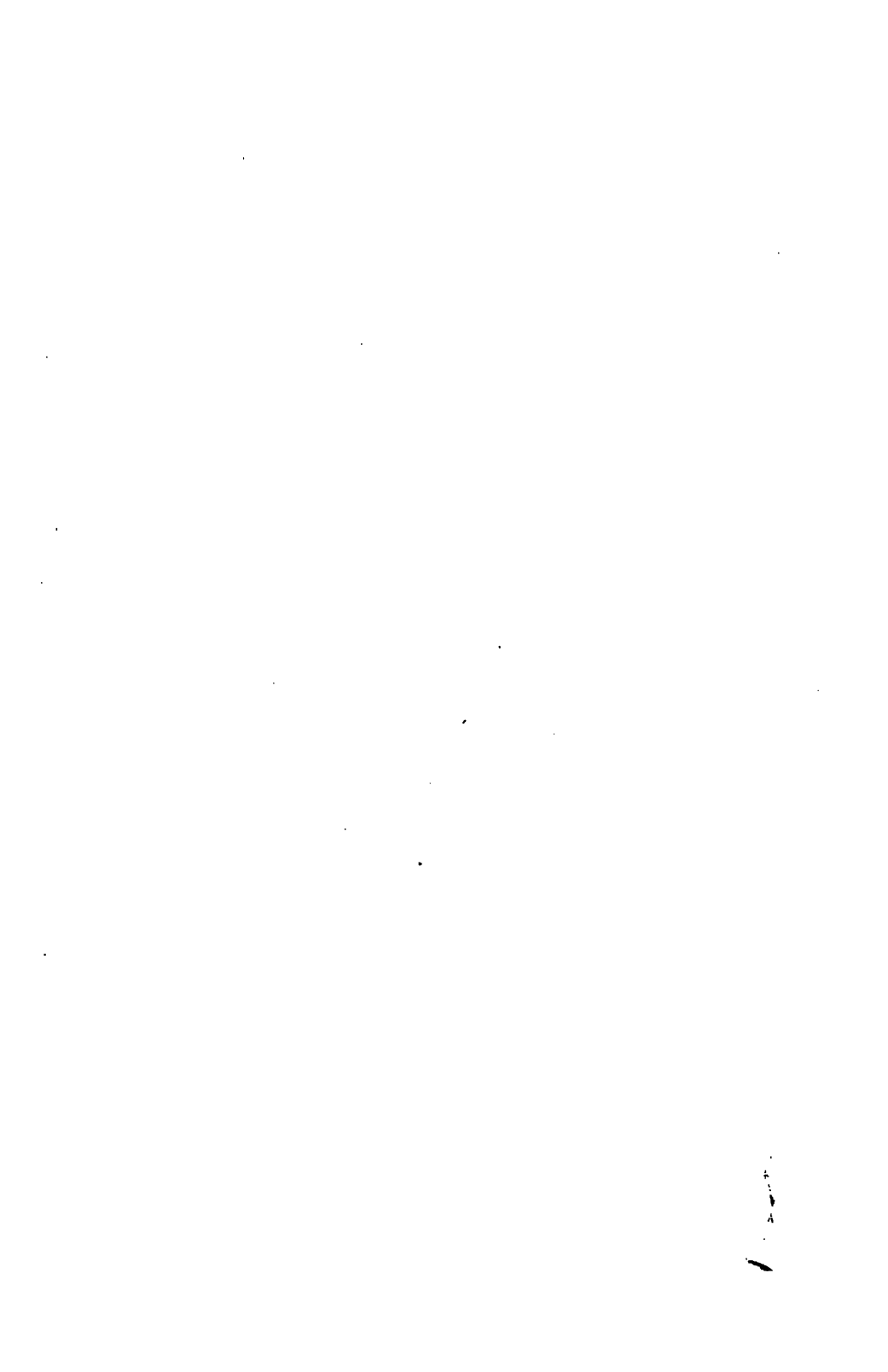
  
ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS







THE  
ANECDOTAGE OF GLASGOW



THE  
Anecdotalage of Glasgow

COMPRISING  
Anecdotes and Anecdotal Incidents

OF THE  
*CITY OF GLASGOW AND GLASGOW  
PERSONAGES*

BY  
ROBERT ALISON

*Author of "The Life of James Watson," Editor of "The Ballad  
Minstrelsy of Scotland," &c., &c.*

GLASGOW: THOMAS D. MORISON  
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1892

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P R E F A C E .

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THE present work is not intended to be in any sense a History of Glasgow; of which class, many works, of more or less excellence, have been published from time to time, beginning with good, quaint, old M'Ure, who wrote his *View of the City of Glasgow* in 1736.

Of such local histories, two of the latest have been issued by the publisher of the present work, and on this account we refrain from speaking of their merits. Both of them bring the history of the second city of the empire down to very recent years. We refer to MacGregor's *The History of Glasgow from the Earliest Period to the Present Time*, and Wallace's *A Popular Sketch of the History of Glasgow*. The first-mentioned work is an extremely comprehensive one in all respects, containing, as it does, between five and six hundred closely printed pages.

Nor does the present volume aim at producing a formal and detailed record of lives and achievements, industrial or otherwise, of the men who have made Glasgow in either ancient, mediæval, or modern times, although a biographical record of that nature would prove highly interesting and instructive. And no doubt in connection with such an immense city and enterprising people, there is ample scope and abundance of material for a work of such a nature.

The purpose in these pages is much less ambitious than those referred to. But it is hoped

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that the volume will prove even more entertaining and popular than the class of works mentioned. Its aim is to instruct while it amuses; and to amuse while it instructs. Every effort has been made to secure accuracy and reliability with regard to the Anecdotes. But as the object is purely popular and not literary, it has been thought best not to unnecessarily load the pages with references and uninteresting data.

The volume being of the nature of a new departure in Glasgow literature, it is not expected that it can have anything like exhausted such an immense field of literature as the Anecdotes of Glasgow must represent. A few Anecdotes have been purposely omitted for various reasons. But apart from that, it is earnestly desired to make the work as complete as possible. And anything tending towards that desired goal would be gladly welcomed as a favour by the publisher, with a view to the improvement and greater completeness of a subsequent edition.

All who, like the writer, are of Glasgow birth, or who have made this city, for good and cogent reasons, the home of their adoption, should be animated with a feeling of interest in what relates to the past or present of their natal or adopted home, which is, as the Apostle Paul said of the place of his birth, *no mean city*, but rather one quite the reverse. And it is hoped that the perusal of these pages will tend to increase interest in the associations of this great mercantile centre.

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The  
Anecdotalage of Glasgow.

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BOOK I.





# THE ANECDOTAGE OF GLASGOW.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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AN anecdote has been briefly, clearly, and pointedly defined by one distinguished collector and editor as—"The record of a striking event, a remarkable saying, or a brilliant action." Another collector, extending the scope of the delineation, describes an anecdote as—"A particular, or detached incident, or fact of an interesting nature, a biographical, historical, social, or topographical incident, story, or tale." Max O'Rell, the brilliant and racy French writer, has exemplified his ideal in *Friend Macdonald: Anecdotic Recollections of the Land o' Cakes*, in which he states:—

"Scotland is, perhaps, the only country whose anecdotes alone would suffice to give an exact idea of her inhabitants. Irish anecdotes are exceedingly droll, but they only tend to show the thoughtless side of the Irish character. They are very amusing bulls; but, while they divert, they do not instruct. In Scotland, on the contrary, you find in the anecdotes a picture of the Scotch manners and character as complete as it is faithful. Among the characteristics of his ancestors there are two which the Scot has preserved intact to the present day—*finesse* and matter-of-fact good-humour. You will find these two traits in every grade of Scotch life—in tradesman, mechanic, and peasant.

"Of all the inhabitants of the more-or-less United Kingdom, Friend Donald (or Sandy) is the most keen, sturdy, matter-of-fact, persevering, industrious, and witty. Yes, the most witty, with all due respect to the shade of

Sydney Smith. Add to these qualities a body healthy, bony, robust, and rendered impervious to fatigue by the practice of every healthful exercise, and you will understand why the Scotch succeed everywhere. His religion teaches him to trust in God, and to rely upon his own resources—an eminently practical religion, whose device is—*‘Help yourself, and Heaven will help you.’*”

This is the admirably-expressed opinion of a sharp-sighted and keen-witted Frenchman. Had the same flattering statements emanated from a Scotsman, it would, no doubt, have been set down to national egotism. But whatever John Bull may think or say, it is the plain, palpable and veritable truth, applicable to Scotland all over—from Maidenkirk to John o’ Groats—and especially so to Glasgow, with the district of which it is the centre.

Who were the people, and of what race of men were these dwellers in Strathclyde, who had the capacity, aptitude, and energy to take the utmost advantage of the natural resources of the district in coal and iron, and to triumph over the physical and political obstacles which obstructed their progress to success? The native race existing before, at, and after the time of the Roman dominion in Southern Britain were undoubtedly Britons of the same sturdy and indomitable race as the Welsh of the present day. At that period, or soon thereafter, their immediate neighbours were the Caledonians or Picts to the north-east, the Scots to the north-west, and the Angles to the east.

From these four races, with a Scandinavian addition, mixed up in varied proportions, the Scottish people of the present day have sprung. In Strathclyde the two chief elements seem to have been British and Anglian, with considerable addition in later times from the Scots or Scoto-Scandinavians of the West Highlands. An able local writer of our day, who has evidently studied the subject with great research, care, and judgment, writes as follows:—

“Nowadays, of course, our population is a mixed multitude. But the character of the place was fixed before any appreciable proportion of the population was drawn from a distance. In 1605, the first burgess roll was drawn up. It contains 576 burgesses, and nearly all have common Lowland names—there being only six Macs—whereas, in this

year's *Directory*, besides Buchanans, Stewarts, and other Highland names galore, there are sixty pages of Macs, or nearly one-tenth of the whole."

In its origin the city was purely Episcopal. In 1350, when the population numbered about 1500, Bishop Rae erected a bridge of stone in a line with Stockwell Street, in place of the bridge of wood which previously stood there, and which is twice referred to by Blind Harry, in his *Wallace*, as having been used by the patriot near the end of the previous century.

A great advance was made and a new element of prosperity introduced in 1451, when, at the instance of King James II., and under the Episcopate of William Turnbull, the University of Glasgow was established under a bull of Pope Nicholas, of date 7th January, 1450-51. The population of the city then numbered 2000.

In 1488, through the influence of King James IV., who was a canon of the Cathedral, Pope Alexander VI. issued a bull erecting the See of Glasgow into an Archbishopric. The Bishops of Dunkeld, Dunblane, Galloway, and of Argyle and the Isles, being made suffragans of the prelate of Glasgow. The early Provosts of Glasgow were nominated by its prelates, under the charters of Barony and Regality granted in their favour by the Crown.

In 1546, Glasgow was represented in the Scottish Parliament by its Provost, Andrew Hamilton, of Middop, and continued to be so represented by a person elected by the Town Council, who was always a member of that body, the Provost being frequently so chosen. This continued until the Scottish Parliament ceased to exist in 1707.

The Reformation did not entirely emancipate the city from Episcopal and outside control, as, for a considerable time after the Reformation, the Dukes or Earls of Lennox were supreme, and had a considerable say in the appointment of the Provosts.

During the sixteenth century most of the Trade Incorporations were formed; and in 1605, the offices of Dean of Guild, and of Deacon Convenor were created, which regulated the relations between merchant and trade burgesses. In the year 1600, the population of Glasgow numbered 7000, and in 1610 it was 7644. In 1638 the General Assembly, held in Glasgow, abolished Episcopacy—and for twenty-three years thereafter there were no Archbishops of Glasgow.



The city had been made a Royal Burgh by King Charles I., but the rights of the Archbishops and Dukes of Lennox were reserved. While they were in abeyance it is probable that the city authorities had the power to manage its affairs pretty much in their own way, and it would appear that they did so with success. Commissioner Thomas Tucker, in a report on the revenue of the Excise and Customs of Scotland, prepared for Cromwell's Government in 1656, gives a flattering account of the city and its trade to Ireland, France, Norway, the West Highlands, and even as far as Barbadoes. He states that—

“With the exception of the collegians, all the inhabitants are traders;” and he adds, “the mercantile genius of the people are strong signs of her increase and growth, were she not checked and kept under by the shallowness of their river, so that no vessel of any burden can come up nearer than within fourteen miles. There are twelve vessels belonging to the merchants of this port, from 12 to 150 tons, none of which come up to the town—total, 957 tons.” In 1660, the year of the Stuart Restoration, the population of the city had increased to 14,678, having thus in the course of fifty years, in spite of civil war, plague, fire, and famine, nearly doubled its population.

On the Restoration of Monarchy and Episcopacy in 1660, the city of Glasgow, and the surrounding district, came under the iron rule of Archbishop, High Commission Court, and Privy Council. The result was that the dawning prosperity of Glasgow was not merely checked, but actually began to droop, until it seemed ready to perish under the withering blight of Stuart despotism in Church and State. This is manifest from the fact that the population, in place of increasing, from 1660 to 1688 dwindled down to 11,948.

But when the obstructives, civil and Episcopal, were removed, the ebbing tide again began to flow, and Glasgow, probably for the first time, enjoyed the full and free exercise of its municipal rights as a Royal Burgh. In 1690, the new sovereigns, William and Mary, in their Royal Charter, stated—“Glasgow is among the most considerable of the Royal Burghs within the ancient Kingdom of Scotland, both for the number of inhabitants and their singular fitness and application to trade.”

About 1708, a year after the Union, which was highly unpopular in Glasgow, the highest rent paid for a house

was £100 Scots or £8 6s. 8d. sterling. A few years later rents had but little advanced. The highest rent paid for a shop at the first valuation in 1712 was £5 sterling, and the lowest 12s. The entire average rent for the 202 shops in the town was £623 15s. 4d. sterling, being considerably less than what is now paid for one large shop in any of our busiest quarters.

From the time above referred to, Glasgow shared with Rutherglen, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, the honour and privilege of returning one member to the Parliament of the United Kingdom. All of these places had been Royal Burghs prior to Glasgow. Rutherglen from 1126, Dumbarton from 1221, Renfrew from 1396, Glasgow only from 1636, and as we have seen, not even then fully and freely until 1690. More than once the encroachments of Rutherglen and Dumbarton upon the rising city had to be checked, but even in the days of worthy old M'Ure (1736), he could vaunt:—

“Glasgow, to thee thy neighbouring towns give place;  
'Bove them thou lifts thine head with comely grace.”

Alas! that we cannot now with truth, say with him:—

“More pure than amber is the River Clyde,  
Whose gentle streams do by thy borders glyde.”

When M'Ure wrote these vaunting lines, Glasgow, had done little beyond making up its leeway under the Restoration *regimé*, as in 1740, eighty years from the date of that event, the population of the city only numbered 17,043. In the year 1768, one hundred and twelve years after Tucker's report to Cromwell's Government, in which he refers to the increasing shallowness of the river as the great barrier to the commercial progress and prosperity of Glasgow, the work of improvement was taken up in earnest.

Mr. John Golborne, who was applied to, after due inspection and consideration, propounded a scheme and furnished an estimate, which amounted to the modest sum of £8,640. In 1769, James Watt, at the request of the magistrates, made an examination, and approved of Golborne's survey and scheme. The work was gone on with, and it has continued to progress ever since with the most marvellous success, so that the harbour, which in 1768 had only one foot of water at low tide, is now able to float the

largest ships. The revenue of the Clyde Trust, which in 1770 amounted to £147, has in consequence increased upwards of two thousandfold, and goes on increasing.

The incidents of the Jacobite rising of 1745-6, relating to Glasgow, will be found pretty fully represented in the text. But nothing has been there furnished with reference to the agitation for Reform about the year 1789, and some years after, when the French Revolution startled and disturbed the repose of the privileged classes all over Europe. At that time the system of parliamentary representation in this kingdom was a sham, as there were then only some 5000 parliamentary electors for the whole of Scotland.

Glasgow became the centre of a resolute demand for Reform, and had for its most prominent and zealous leader Thomas Muir, Esq., advocate, of Huntershill, who in 1764—like his contemporary, Thomas Campbell, the poet, another friend to freedom—was born in the High Street. The story of his life, from his indictment in 1792 until his death, reads like a romance. His position, merit, and ability, coupled with the unjust and shameful treatment he received, having procured for him the active interest of Washington and of Napoleon Bonaparte. But as none of its stirring incidents occurred in Glasgow, we pass on.

The political fever again raged high, as it usually does during a time of commercial depression and industrial distress such as existed from 1816 to 1820. Glasgow was then believed, by those in authority, to be the Scottish centre of the assumed revolutionary movement, as it certainly was of the political reformers, and unfortunately also of the dupes and victims of the infamous *Spy System*.

One Richmond, a weaver, from Pollokshaws, the burgh of the *queer folks*, wove the web of villainy which resulted in Bonnymuir, and brought Hardie, Baird, and Wilson to the scaffold and the block in 1820. Hence the vile name of Richmond all but rivals in infamy that of the detested false Menteith, the betrayer of the patriot Wallace.

By the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, Glasgow was not only restored to its ancient right of independent representation in Parliament, but was doubly blest, as, in consideration of its importance—having then a population of more than 200,000—it had the privilege granted it of returning two members. The first members elected to represent Glasgow in the reformed Parliament were James Ewing, Esq.

of Strathleven, Lord Provost, and James Oswald, Esq. of Shieldhall, whose monumental statue stands at the north-east corner of George Square.

Under the next Reform Act of 1868, Glasgow, which had then a population of about 450,000, was granted three members of Parliament; and under the same Act, the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen were granted the privilege of jointly returning one member to Parliament. The trio first returned as members for the city were Robert Dalglish, Esq.; William Graham, Esq.; and George Anderson, Esq. The first member for the University was the Right Hon. James Moncrieff, LL.D., Lord Advocate, afterwards Lord Moncrieff, Lord Justice-Clerk.

Space would fail us, and possibly, also, the patience of the reader, were we to enter on royal visits, Burns and Scott centenary celebrations, water supply from Loch Katrine, city improvement operations, transfer of the University to Gilmorehill, the exhibition in 1883, and many other affairs and events of more or less importance. Also as to the erection of various important and imposing edifices, the latest, most extensive, and important being the new Municipal Buildings. Let us, therefore, conclude this summary record of Glasgow's progress with the following recent interesting and gratifying statement from the pen of an able local writer previously quoted. He says:—

“Glasgow is possibly the seventh, or even the sixth city in Europe. The first five (as given by the latest statistics before us) are undoubtedly—London, 3,816,483; Paris, 2,269,023; Berlin, 1,122,330; Vienna, 1,103,857; and St. Petersburg, 876,575. Moscow comes sixth, with 750,867. Including what are reckoned her suburbs, Glasgow, in 1881, had 705,272, and is reckoned now (1891) to have 780,414.”

But let it not be thought that Glasgow is simply a huge industrial hive of money-grubbing capitalists, worshipping the golden calf, and of mere wage-earners; no indeed, the genius of the people is not simply and purely industrial and commercial. Such cannot be said or thought of the district and of the race, which at the darkest hour of Scotland's history, and in her time of direst need, produced the noble patriot and hero, Sir William Wallace, whose very name proclaims him to have sprung from the true old British stock which dwelt in the valley of Strathclyde. Nor was such heroic spirit extinct in 1571, as

the gallant capture of Dumbarton Castle by Captain Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill manifests. Witness, also, the brilliant careers of Major-General Monro, of Sir John Moore, and of Lord Clyde, in comparatively recent times; all three natives of Glasgow, and distinguished upholders of the honour, glory, and military renown of Great Britain.

These noble names, of men of noble deeds and heroic fame, proclaim with trumpet note that the men of Glasgow are not "dead to honour" in its nobler aspects, and do not only "burn for gold." Nor is it only of heroic *patriots*, who have toiled, fought, and in their country's cause bled nobly, that Glasgow has reason to be proud, as there is ample evidence that the city and district around it have ever been brimful of the stuff of which martyrs are made. It does not occupy the distinguished position in learning, literature, and art that Edinburgh can justly and proudly claim, but it is far from being barren and unfruitful in these respects, as it is hoped this volume will help to show by the many eminent names in these departments connected with Glasgow who are in these pages referred to, and the roll is very far from being herein exhausted.

But it is certainly in the application of science to the purposes and wants of everyday life, in a useful and practical manner beneficial to man, that Glasgow has specially distinguished itself. Its sons have been in the habit of keeping in view and of practising the industrial golden rule:—

"All that other folks can do,  
Why, with patience, should not you?  
Only keep this rule in view:  
Try, try, try again."

Yes and more than that, namely, to do it better if possible.

Originality is not to be expected in an *omnium gatherum* such as this. Consequently very many characteristic old Glasgow anecdotes which have stood the test of time will be here found reproduced. One special feature of this collection is that they are all local, and relate either to Glasgow or its suburban surroundings. Another feature, and it is hoped that it will prove one of some advantage, is that the anecdotes are arranged in chronological order.

---

## **Legendary Stories in the Life of St. Mungo, Founder of the City of Glasgow.**

"THE mist of ages" had obscured the actual life of the patron saint of Glasgow ere it was written, as we now have it, nearly six hundred years after he had finished his apostolic labours.

The life on which, with the exception of a fragment, all the others are now based, was written by order of Bishop Jocelin, who was appointed to the See of Glasgow in A.D. 1174.

It was compiled by a monk of Furness (who bore the same name as the bishop), not merely from the tradition, but from two prior manuscripts, giving accounts of the life and acts of the saint.

The oldest of these MS. appears to have been written in the native British language, and it is by some thought possible that the writer was St. Asaph, one of St. Mungo's own monks, and who was appointed by him to be his successor in North Wales.

Be this as it may, the life, as we now have it, is mixed with much that is purely legendary; yet, as these monkish stories not only relate to the reputed founder of our city, but figure so prominently in its armorial insignia, they must ever be of interest to those born and living in the city of St. Mungo.

Under these considerations, it is deemed appropriate to begin this volume of Glasgow Anecdotes with these, most certainly its very earliest stories.

---

### **Parentage of St. Mungo.**

THE saint is said to have been born about A.D. 527, and to have been the son of Ewen ap Urien, a prince of Strathclyde, his mother being Thenaw, a daughter of Loth, King of Northumbria, which kingdom then extended along the eastern coast, from the Firth of Forth, or Scots Sea, as it was long named, to the Firth of Tyne.

The mother of St. Thenaw is said to have been either an aunt or half-sister of the famous King Arthur. The

saint was thus cousin or niece to King Arthur, and sister to the "gentle Gawaine," so renowned as one of the chief knights of the Round Table.

---

### **Story of St. Thenaw, the Mother of St. Mungo.**

ST. THENAW, or Tennenoch (latterly corrupted into Enoch), is said to have been a believer in the Christian faith, but not baptised until after the birth of her famous son. Her earnest longing is said to have been to preserve her virginity, and to dedicate her life to the service of the Church, but her semi-Pagan father insisted on her marrying the Prince of Strathclyde.

Much obscurity rests on the early part of her history; but she seems to have incurred her father's dire displeasure, and to have fled, or been driven, from his court. She returned to it, and her enraged parent is stated to have ordered her to be stoned to death. As the courtiers, or servants, did not wish to lift a stone against the daughter of the king, they placed her in a two-wheeled cart, and hurled it over a precipice, in order that she might be dashed to death against the stones beneath; but the cart, so says the story, descended with "a gently gliding motion to the ground," and she escaped unhurt, to the great joy of many.

St. Enoch's Church, Square, and Burn, instead of being named after, and dedicated to the antediluvian patriarch, as many suppose, were, without doubt, so named in honour of the mother of St. Mungo.

It is also on record that the original name of Trongate was "St. Thenaw's Gate."

---

### **Birth of St. Mungo.**

KING LOTH, in common with the enemies of the Christian faith at and around his court, charged Thenaw with being a sorceress or witch, and he gave orders that she should be placed in a frail coracle or boat, and cast adrift at Aberlady

to the mercy of the winds and waves. After tossing about on the sea for some time, the boat was carried by the current, or as the legend has it, was borne by a shoal of fishes, first to the Isle of May, and from thence wafted into a bay on the north side of the Firth of Forth, where the town of Culross now stands.

There, by the embers of a fire on the beach, which had been left by some fishermen, the sainted mother gave birth to her sainted and famous son, as the legend says, amid the joyous song of angelic hosts around.

---

### **St. Serf becomes Foster-Father to St. Mungo.**

ST. SERF, who was in his cell near by, and at his morning devotions, is said to have heard the angelic strain which heralded the birth of the future saint, and when mother and son were soon after brought to him by a shepherd, he received them with honour, and "baptised in the sacred font" both mother and son, "giving to him the name of Kentigern, that is, lord-in-chief."

It is further told that St. Serf, who educated the boy with pious and tender care, and who was greatly loved by him, on account of the gentle and loving disposition of the lad, to whom he gave the pet name of "Mungo," which means "the dear one."

"In godly fear he learns to spend his days,  
And God's commandments studiously obeys."

---

### **Story of the Robin.**

THE other boys who were being brought up and educated along with St. Mungo by St. Serf are said to have been jealous of the love shown to him by their master, and to have done what they could to do him mischief. One story tells that a favourite tame robin of St. Serf was by accident killed by one or more of his youthful disciples, who laid the blame on Kentigern; whereon he took the bird in his hand,



and having made over it the sign of the cross, its life was instantly restored, and it flew chirping or carolling to its master.

This is the famous "bird that never flew" of the rhyme on the armorial insignia of the city of St. Mungo.

---

### Story of the Frozen Branches.

IN the refectory, it is stated, there was a fire which had been sent down thither from heaven, and which St. Serf's disciples watched by turns in the night, one after another, that it might not be suffered to go out. On a certain night, however, when the blessed Kentigern was watching the fire, he was overcome by sleep, during which the sacred fire died out, or, as is also said, was put out by some of his fellow disciples who were moved by envy towards him. "But the holy boy," when he awoke, broke off a frozen branch from a neighbouring hazel, and, breathing on it in the name of the Holy Trinity, blew it into a flame, with which he rekindled the sacred fire in the presence of his companions. The tree of the city arms has sprung out of this branch.

---

### St. Mungo goes forth from Culross.

AT the close of Kentigern's probation, St. Serf, at the instigation of the disciples, who were jealous of their favoured companion, called upon him to work a still more wonderful miracle, which, as the story tells, after earnest striving in prayer he was, by divine aid, enabled to perform.

During his devotions it was revealed to him that he should now go forth to fulfil his mission, which, to the great grief of St. Serf, he lost no time in doing. The going forth of the youthful saint is said to have been attended at the very outset with another marvel at the ford of the Forth, by which he crossed over to the southern shore, the account of his passage, in its earliest known form, being made to rival that of the Israelites in the passage of the Red Sea.

---

### **St. Mungo's Journey to Glasgow.**

HOLDING on his way, Kentigern, "on the same night in which he departed from St. Serf, was lodged, at a place supposed to be Carnwath, in the house of Fergus, an aged Christian, who, Simeon-like, is said to have received a "revelation that in the presence of the holy Kentigern he should pass away from the world. And when he was dead the blessed Kentigern . . . laid his body on a waggon, to which he yoked unbroken oxen, with no one to guide them : and so, following the waggon, he arrived at a place which is called Glasgow, where he buried the body, and where, serving God, he, by divine revelation, took up his abode."

The body of Fergus was buried beneath some ancient trees, near a forsaken cemetery that had been consecrated by St. Ninian. On that very spot it is said was afterwards reared the transept of our noble Cathedral, and the aisle or crypt of which was dedicated to Fergus.

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### **Story of**

### **St. Mungo and King Morken.**

MORKEN, who was then King of Cumbria, seems to have derived no benefit from the spiritual teaching of the holy man, as it is related that the brotherhood of whom St. Mungo was head, being scarce of corn, application was made by the saint to the king for a supply. But he impiously and mockingly replied to the holy man, in the language of Scripture : "Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee, since nothing is lacking to them that fear God, as thou hast been accustomed to teach others."

After further talk in a like strain of irony, and a suitable reply by the holy man, the king said : "If, trusting in thy God, and without human assistance, thou shalt be able to transfer to thine own mansion all the corn which thou seest contained in the barns, I willingly consent ; and as to the rest, I will devoutly comply with thy demands."

On hearing this, the saint, "with hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, poured out a prayer with tears to the Lord. And lo ! in the same hour the river Clyde, rushing from below, began suddenly to swell and overflow its banks, and

carried along with it the entire barns of the king, with the corn in them, up to the very place, Molendinar by name, where the saint was accustomed to reside."

Morken, though literally taken at his word, was so furious and mad with rage that he lifted his kingly foot and made the saint measure his length on the ground. But retribution was at hand, as the king was immediately after attacked with gout in the foot he had used in such a rash and undignified manner against the person of the saint, and from this disease, in a very acute form, he died in a short time after.

As the relatives of the deceased king denounced the saint as a sorcerer, and sought to lay violent hands on him, he retired for some time into Wales.

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### Story of the Mound of Dovehill.

DURING the sojourn of St. Mungo in Wales, which is said to have lasted for eleven years, civil war raged in the kingdom of Cumbria, or Strathclyde; but a decisive battle at Arthuret, on the borders of Dumfriesshire and Cumberland, or, as some think, at Airdrie, settled the dispute in favour of Roderick the Bountiful, who, it is said, had been baptised by St. Patrick in Ireland. One of the first acts of his reign was to send to St. Mungo in Wales, praying him most urgently to return. The saint complied with his request, and his re-entry was one of triumphal rejoicing.

Either at the time of his return, or shortly after it, St. Mungo was preaching to the people on a plain, but as he could not be seen or heard by a large portion of the multitude, he manifested his miraculous power by causing the ground on which he stood to rise up into a mound, and he then continued his remarks, to the better edification of his hearers. Tradition has it that the place where this event occurred was at what is now known as Dovehill, off the Gallowgate, a little to the east of Glasgow Cross, and that this incident gave rise to the motto of the city, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word."

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### Story of the Ring and the Salmon.

KING RODERICK had given to his consort, Queen Langueth, at the time of their marriage, a very precious and peculiar ring. This pledge of her husband's regard was, it is stated, given by the frail queen to one of the courtiers. One day, after a royal hunt in the forest of Clydesdale, the king, in passing, discovered this courtier sleeping off the fatigue of the chase underneath a tree, and on his finger he observed his royal nuptial gift.

The king adroitly slipped the ring off the finger of the sleeper without awakening him, and cast it into the river. He then went home in a jealous rage, and demanded from the queen the ring he had given her, on pain of death should she fail to produce it.

In the first instance she sent to the courtier, asking him to return the ring; but, of course, he was unable to comply with her urgent request, although how he had lost it, he did not know!

In her despair, the queen went to St. Mungo, confessed all, and implored his aid. The saint pitied his fair penitent, who may have been more foolish than guilty; at all events, he lost no time in assisting her out of her most sorry plight, as he ordered a line to be cast into the river, and to have the first fish caught brought alive to him; and on this being done, he took from its mouth the ring in question, which he handed to the queen, who returned it to her husband, who was satisfied, and they lived happily ever after. This is "the fish that never swam" of the popular rhyme.

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### Story of the Ram's Horn.

THIS story is connected with the visit of St. Columba to St. Mungo. Some of the followers of the western saint are stated to have laid hold of a fat wether belonging to the Glasgow bishop's flock, which they coveted and resolved to make their own. The shepherd adjured them to desist, but they paid no heed to his appeals, although he added that if they asked his master, he had no doubt that he would bestow it on them. As the faithful shepherd continued to resist the theft, he was knocked down, and one of the

marauders, seizing the ram by the horn, cut off its head, which, it is said, instantly petrified, and stuck to his hand beyond the power of man to remove.

In this fix he was forced to go and make confession of his sin to St. Mungo, from whom he not only obtained absolution and relief, but even a gift of the coveted ram. The scene of this marvel was afterwards known as the lands of Ramshorn, and on them St. David's or the Ramshorn Church now stands.

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### Story of St. Mungo's Bell.

JOCELIN, in his life of St. Kentigern, states that "the saint went seven times to Rome, and consulted the blessed Gregory concerning his state." He laid open, in their order, all the fortunes that had befallen him. But the holy pope, actuated by the spirit of counsel and discretion, as one who was full of the Holy Ghost, perceiving him to be a man of God, and full of the grace of the Holy Spirit, confirmed his election and consecration [to the See of Glasgow], because he knew that both of them had come from God. The holy bishop, Kentigern, returned home not only with the apostolical absolution and benediction, but also carrying along with him, as gifts, manuscripts of the canons, and numerous books of sacred Scripture.

No special mention is made of a bell, and it is surmised "that what became the traditional legend of the bell was, in all probability, of still later date than the work of Jocelin. But although we have no definite information as to the way in which the saint obtained it, . . . it came to be universally believed that Kentigern had brought his bell with him from Rome. . . . At anyrate, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, 'St. Mungo's Bell' had become a notable institution in Glasgow, the ears of whose citizens must have been very familiar with its doleful sound. Endowments, generally of small annual sums, but in considerable number, were bequeathed to it, on condition of its being tolled throughout the city on a specified day in each year, the object being to secure the prayers of the inhabitants for the souls of the donors and their friends. Thus, in A.D. 1454, 'John Stewart, the first provost that was in Glasgow,' left to the prior and convent of the 'Frores Pre-

chouris' (Dominicans or Black Friars) certain properties for this among other purposes. . . .

"The ultimate fate of St. Mungo's bell is, by us at least, unknown. The city treasurer's accounts for A.D. 1578 exhibit an entry of two shillings 'for ane tong to Sanct Mungous's bell;' and Camerarius, whose word is not worth much, writing about A.D. 1630, says that it still existed, and this, we suppose, is the last that has been heard of it."

The bell which appears on the early seals of our bishops, and also on one of the early seals of the community, is, without doubt, a representation of the bell of St. Mungo. It is a quadrangular bell—a form which denotes a very high antiquity. It was probably made of bronze, was used at the altar services, and was also rung through the streets for the souls of the departed, especially of those who had been beneficiaries of the Church. Prior to the Reformation, it was in the possession of the clerical dignitaries of the city, but after the spoliation of the Cathedral, it passed into the hands of the civic authorities.

On the 22nd October, 1640, an entry is recorded in the Town Council minutes, ordering a new bell. The minute runs as follows:—"Ordaines ye Dean of Gild to caus mak ane new deid bell to be rung for and before ye deid under hand."

Such is the story of the St. Mungo's bell, which so long often and solemnly rang in the city that he founded, although the line in the popular rhyme on the city arms has it—"There's the bell that never rang."

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## Pen Portrait and Characteristics of St. Mungo.

JOCELIN describes him as of full medium height, with fine features, graceful in form, gentle and kindly in manner. He wore a shirt of hair next his body, and over it a garment of goatskin. He also wore a narrow hood, an alb, and stole. His episcopal staff was of simple wood, devoid of ornament, and his Manual Book was almost ever in his hand. He was slow, emphatic, and impressive in his speech,

and it is stated that when he was at the altar his hearers frequently saw a white dove hovering over his head, while at other times a halo or *nimbus* encircled it. When he first came to Glasgow his abode was a cell on the banks of the Molendinar, and his couch was of stone in the form of a coffin. His food consisted chiefly of bread, and his drink of milk; and of even these he partook but sparingly, as he broke his fast once only every two or three days, while from flesh, wine, and all intoxicants he rigorously abstained.

"He would rise from his not too luxurious couch in the middle of the night, and rush, in all weathers, into the Molendinar, where he would remain until he had chanted or sung the whole of the hundred and fifty Psalms of David. When he had finished he would lay himself down on a stone on the hillside to dry. During Lent he would disappear from among his followers, and under pain of his malediction he forbade their endeavouring to find out where he went or what he did during that time. The people surmised, however, from some sermons he preached to them, that he betook himself to the woods, spent his time in devotion, living upon roots and whatever he could get around him. On Maundy Thursday he returned to his cell, on Good Friday he was crucified in spirit with Christ, on Saturday he spent the day in dejection and prayer, and on Easter Sunday he was hilariously joyful."

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### The Armorial Insignia of the City of Glasgow.

THE armorial ensigns still used by our great commercial metropolis have been traced back in all their main features to A.D. 1325, and anyone, without graduating at the College of Heralds, might construct them out of the legends.

(1) We have the miraculous mound which elevated itself beneath the saint to let him be seen and heard; (2) The tree, said to have been in the earlier blazon a mere branch or twig, of course represents the hazel bush (or branch) with which the holy boy miraculously rekindled the fire at Culross. In the tree are curiously arranged,—(3) St. Mungo's Bell; (4) The miraculous fish, whether pike or salmon, with

Queen Langueth's ring in its mouth; And (5) St. Serf's robin-redbreast.

It may be added that, looking to its founder, origin, and early history, the city motto is singularly appropriate: "LET GLASGOW FLOURISH BY THE PREACHING OF THE WORD."

The popular rhyme on the city arms, so well known to, and often repeated by, the youthful citizens of Glasgow, is as follows:—

"There's the tree that never grew,  
There's the bird that never flew,  
There's the bell that never rang,  
There's the fish that never swam."

This may simply refer to the various ensigns or pictorial representations, or it may be a post Reformation ditty impugning their reality.

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## Wallace Giving Name to Stockwell Street.

EVERY reader of Blind Harry's "Wallace," and most Glasgow folks, although they may not know that romantic national epic as a whole, are at least aware of "The Battle of the High Street," in which the Scottish hero defeated the warlike Bishop Beck and the valiant Percy.

They may also know the story of the hero's encounter with and slaying of Lord Percy's convoy at Cathcart, in retaliation for their violent outrage in seizing, during a time of truce, the sumpter horse of the good old Sir Ranald Crawford, Sheriff of Ayr, and uncle to Wallace, while he was on his way to Glasgow to attend a council there with the English lords. This is one of the early feats of Wallace as recorded by the Scottish minstrel, who further tells that Wallace, with his two companions Kerly and Grey, crossed the bridge of tree over the Clyde at Stockwell by night, and made their way to Dumbarton or Lennox, where Wallace was well received and aided by the Earl of Lennox.

Everyone born or living in Glasgow from the olden time until now must have known Stockwell Street, where, until very recent times, stood the Ratten Well, with its impure waters.



The tradition, however, at least in these modern days, is not so well known that this name arises out of the following incident, namely, that after a skirmish at that place between Wallace with a small party of Scots and the Southerners or English, the latter being defeated, the bodies of the slain were cast into this well by the victorious Scots, during which consignment Wallace is reported to have exclaimed: "Stock it well! stock it well!" from which expression the street received its name. So says tradition, at all events; and it was all along alleged and believed that the bad quality of the water arose from the putrefaction of the Englishmen's dead bodies.

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### Wallace Fights the Battle of the High Street.

ALL the chief writers regarding the history of Glasgow, as a matter of course, give an account of the Battle of the High Street; in which the patriot Wallace fought and defeated the Southerners at the Bell o' the Brae. Such accounts are derived, of necessity, with more or less accuracy, from the narrative given by Blind Harry in his national heroic poem of *Wallace*. MacGregor (*History of Glasgow*) furnishes two accounts, one from Brown's *History of Glasgow*, and the other from Carriek's *Life of Sir William Wallace*.

Both of these versions are in prose, whereas, of course, the original is in verse. Blind Harry's account is manifestly taken from tradition, and although it is probably right in the main, it is certainly mixed up with some apocryphal details. However, Wallace certainly captured the Bishop's Castle, or palace, in Glasgow in 1297, and King Edward I., with reference to Bishop Beck's flight, sneeringly wrote: "Anthony is on his travels." Blind Harry places the Battle of the High Street on the morning after the Burning of the Barns of Ayr.

The account which follows is from Blind Harry's original, here rendered into modern English:

"When Wallace men were all together met,  
'Good friends,' he said, 'you know an ayre was set,

That Clydesdale men to Glasgow should repair  
To Bishop Beck and the Lord Percy there.  
Then let us now in all haste thither go,  
Lest our friends there be done to death also.  
Then meat was brought, with which they broke their  
fast,

Before from Ayr to Glasgow on they pass'd.  
Horses they chose, from those Southrons had there,  
Of such there were both plenty and to spare.  
This company, three hundred men in all,  
Most eagerly obey'd their leader's call;  
And pass'd o'er Glasgow bridge, that was of tree,  
Before the Southrons could their coming see:  
But Percy thereof soon was made aware;  
And to oppose them quickly did prepare.  
He deem'd the leader must brave Wallace be,  
As no one else would dare such deed but he.  
The Bishop Beck, and Lord Percy so wight,  
Led out a thousand men in armour bright.  
Wallace saw well what number there did ride,  
And in two parties did his men divide;  
Marshall'd them well, without, at the town end,  
And for his uncle Auchinleck did send.  
'Uncle,' he said, 'ere we these men assail,  
Whither will ye bear up the bishop's tail;  
Or, right before him will ye gallop on,  
And thus receive the bishop's benison?'  
Quoth Auchinleck;—'Unbishop'd yet are ye,  
So you may take his blessing first for me;—  
For certainly, you earn'd it well this night;—  
His tail I will bear up with all my might.'  
Wallace then said:—'Since I must face that throng,  
Peril there is, if you bide from us long;  
For yon are men who will no parley make,  
From time we meet;—make haste then for God's sake!  
I would not Southrons should our parting know;  
Behind them come, in through the north-east row.  
Good men of war are all Northumberland,'  
So said, and parting took his uncle's hand;  
Who bravely said: 'We shall do best we may,  
I would like ill to bide too long away;  
A powerful band will soon between us be,  
Almighty God, watch over thee, and me!'

Adam Wallace with Auchinleck did ride  
With seven score men round by the Drygate side :  
Right fast they went, and soon were out of sight,  
Leaving the rest to face the foe's full might.  
Wallace with them did up the plain street go,  
So few they were, that it surprised the foe.  
The wacry rose upon the Percy side,  
Who forward rode with confidence and pride.  
A sore greeting was at that meeting seen,  
As fire from flint the conflict them between.  
The hardy Scots right stoutly there abade,  
And in the English ranks great gaps they made ;  
Pierced through mail'd armour with sharp points of  
steel,  
Till dead to earth full many foes did reel.  
Great clouds of dust, like dense smoke round them rose,  
Or, misty vapour, shrouding friends and foes ;  
To help himself each Scot had utmost need,  
As circling foes charged them with headlong speed.  
Yet each true Scot did strive to do his best,  
As if the fate of all on each did rest.  
The Percy's men in war had full great skill,  
And fiercely fought their foemen's blood to spill.  
Then Auchinleck appear'd upon the scene,  
And fiercer wax'd the combat them between.  
The English now in turn were rent in twain,  
And many fell, no more to rise again.  
The Scots got room, and many down did bear,  
Each fighting like a noble hero there :  
And on the English laid their blows so fast,  
That they began to give way at the last.  
Wallace press'd forward in the fearful throng,  
With his good sword, so heavy, sharp, and long ;  
At the Lord Percy such a stroke he drew,  
That helm and head at once were shorn in two.  
Four hundred men, when Lord Percy was dead,  
Out of harm's way the Bishop Beck they led ;  
And as they thought it was no time to bide  
By Friars Kirk, fled to a wood beside,  
Yet in that place, forsooth, they tarried not,  
But on to Bothwell with all speed they got.  
Wallace pursued with worthy men and wight,  
Though worn with war and travel all that night

Yet they slew many in the chase that day;  
 But Bishop Beck and some more got away.  
 The Scots began at ten of night at Ayr,  
 By nine next morning they at Glasgow were;  
 By one past noon they were at Bothwell gate,  
 So quickly pass'd events both dire and great.  
 The Scots then turn'd, and to Dundaff they made,  
 And there for needed rest awhile abade.  
 Wallace told Graham of all was done at Ayr,  
 Who made lament he was not with him there."

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### Rutherglen Castle, and Hamilton of Ellistoun, the Persecutor.

THE Castle of Rutherglen seems to have been at one time a place of considerable strength and importance. This structure, which was said to have been erected by Reuther, a king whose name is associated with the origin of the town, was, indeed, ranked among the fortresses of the country.

During the troubles which broke out in consequence of the contested claims of Bruce and Baliol, the usurper, Edward of England, took possession of this and other castles of Scotland.

According to Blind Harry, the biographer of Wallace, a peace was concluded here between England and Scotland in 1297. From the same authority we learn that it was also at this place that the *fause Menteith* engaged for English gold to consign his name to eternal infamy, by the betrayal of the peerless Knight of Ellerslie.

Robert the Bruce, when he raised the standard of his country's independence, determined to wrest this important place of strength from the English. He accordingly laid siege to it in the year 1309. On hearing of this, Edward sent his nephew, the young Earl of Gloucester (who was also related to Bruce), to relieve the garrison. What the result was is somewhat doubtful. In 1313, however, the Scottish king took possession of Rutherglen Castle, having driven the English from the country and made a descent upon England, carrying fire and sword into several of the

northern counties, which found it to their interest to purchase peace.

The castle continued in existence until the Battle of Langside, when it was burned to the ground by the Regent Murray, as an act of vengeance on the house of Hamilton, in whose hands it then was. One of the towers was afterwards repaired and fitted up as a residence by Hamilton of Ellistoun, who was then laird of Shawfield and other property in the vicinity.

On the decline of the family it was again suffered to fall into decay, and at length became entirely dilapidated, and was levelled with the ground. It may be mentioned that the ruin of the Hamilton family was generally ascribed, at the time, to the immediate judgment of heaven drawn down upon them by their persecuting spirit.

At the period when our covenanting forefathers made such a noble stand for liberty of conscience and the independence of the National Church, the minister of Rutherglen was a Rev. John Dickson. In consequence of an information lodged by Sir James Hamilton of Ellistoun, this good man was dragged from his church, and put in prison. We shall quote a passage from Wodrow's *History*, to show the sequel:—"Mr. Dickson was kept in durance till the Parliaments sat, when his church was vacated and he was brought into much trouble. We shall afterwards find him a prisoner in the Bass for near seven years; and yet he got through his troubles, and returned to his charge at Rutherglen, and for several years after the Revolution served his Master there, till his death in a good old age.

"While that family who pursued him is awhile extinct, and their house, as Mr. Douglas foretold, in the hearing of some yet alive, after it had become a habitation for owls, the foundation stones of it were digged up." Such is the story as given by good Mr. Wodrow, minister of Eastwood or Pollokshaws, and who wrote immediately after the event. He further says:—"The inhabitants there (that is, at Rutherglen), cannot but observe that the informers, accusers, and witnesses against Mr. Dickson, some of them then magistrates of the town, are brought so low that they are supported by the charity of the parish."

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## Cathcart Castle, and Sir Alan de Cathcart.

ABOUT three miles south of the river Clyde at Glasgow, and at a short distance from the ancient village of Cathcart, on a steep bank which rises over the Cart, are the ruins of Cathcart Castle, a massy square tower, which must at one period have possessed great value as a place of strength and security. The date of its erection and the name of its builder are alike lost in a dark antiquity. In the days of Wallace and Bruce it was in the possession of an Alan de Cathcart, who did good service in the cause of Scottish independence. Barbour, in his national, heroic, and historic poem, *The Bruce*, names Sir Alan de Cathcart as having told to him a most marvellous exploit of that rashly-daring hero, Edward Bruce, brother to King Robert.

At dawn of day, on a morning so misty that nothing could be seen beyond the distance of a bowshot, Edward Bruce, leaving his infantry drawn up in a secure position, sallied forth with fifty horsemen to reconnoitre. About mid-day the mist suddenly cleared away, and showed an English host, under St. John, fifteen hundred strong, close at hand. As retreat would probably have been fatal, Edward Bruce, with his usual fearless courage, led his small party, of whom Sir Alan de Cathcart was one, with a shout, swiftly to the charge, bearing down many of their foes. Again they repeated their attack on the puzzled and dismayed English, who supposed them to be merely an advanced party of a much larger force. The English, between surprise, doubt, and the loss they had suffered in these two charges, fell into disarray, which Edward Bruce and the Scots perceiving, were thus encouraged to charge a third time, upon which the foe, who saw them coming on, turned and fled in every direction. Barbour, at the close of his story, exclaims :

“Lo! oft-times those put to the smart  
Are perforce made to pluck up heart;  
So that unlikely things are done,  
And to a right good ending won.”

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the baron,

and castle of Cathcart passed out of the hands of the family by sale ; but, in 1801, were re-purchased by the late Earl of Cathcart, a lineal descendant of the old Scottish worthy—

“Who struggled for freedom with Bruce.”

The castle seems to be one of those stubborn fragments of the past which appear destined to bid an enduring defiance alike to the war of the elements and of time. Its walls are not less than ten feet in solid thickness ; but it is now roofless and chamberless, with the exception of a vault, wherein darkness is rendered visible by the light which enters at a narrow loophole. Here, probably, in *the good old times*, when the law of the land was the caprice of a lordling, the unhappy vassals who happened to displease their feudal superior were kept secure until it might be found convenient to dispose of them otherwise. The place has a damp, charnel-house smell, and the crumbling tower is in some parts thickly mantled with ivy, the haunt of the starling and sparrow, while the swift builds its nest and the wallflower waves in golden flowers in the loopholes and window places.

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### William Elphinstone, the Father of Glasgow Trade.

ABOUT, or soon after, the foundation of the University in 1457, William Elphinstone, a younger member of the aristocratic family of that name, came to the city, and became a merchant therein. He is mentioned as a curer of salmon and herrings for the French market, for which brandy and salt were brought back in return ; and from this fact it will be seen at once that it was not without good reason that the *Saut Herring* was promoted to the dignity of a *Glasgow Magistrate*. It was one of the first articles of Glasgow trade, and was thus certainly well entitled to the honour. William Elphinstone acquired the estates of Gorbals and Blythswood. His wife was Margaret Douglas of the house of Mains, in Dumbartonshire, and amongst the descendants of the family, the estate of Blythswood remains to this day.

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## The Burning of Two Glasgow Martyrs—1538.

ABOUT the year 1538, persecution raged in Scotland, and many faithful ones were consigned to the flames. So much was this the case, that emulation began to operate among those who sought to destroy the righteous. Cities vied with cities as to which was to have the most honour, as some thought, in burning heretics. Were Edinburgh and St. Andrews to have all the glory? the Archbishop of Glasgow seems to have enquired, and answering *No*, to have sought victims to render his city illustrious. He found two—Jerome Russell, a Cordelier friar, and Alexander Kennedy, who, it seems, though only 18 years of age, had, by his poetical effusions, distinguished himself as a child of genius.

They were brought to trial in Glasgow, before the bishop and his court, aided by some agents from Edinburgh more skilful than themselves, perhaps, in ensnaring, or more insensible than they to pity. Kennedy (and his youth must be his excuse) was faint-hearted; he would, it is said, have recanted the opinions which he had avowed, but his death was determined on, and for him there was no repentance. When he found there was no escape, his vigour of mind returned, the Spirit of God again gave happiness, enabling him to exclaim:

“O eternal God, how wondrous is that love and mercy Thou bearest to mankind, and unto me, the most miserable above all others; for even now, when I would have denied Thee and Thy Son, Thou hast pulled me from the very bottom of hell, and makest me to feel that heavenly comfort which takes from that ungodly fear wherewith before I was oppressed. Now I defy death; do what you please; I praise God, I am ready.”

Russell was superior to fear—he never quailed—but in words which should have been powerful over the minds of his murderers, he said:

“This is your hour and power of darkness; now sit ye as judges, and we stand wrongfully accused, and more wrongfully to be condemned; but the day shall come when our innocence shall appear, and that ye shall see your own



blindness to your everlasting confusion. Go forward and fulfil the measure of your iniquity!"

When they were being led to the place of execution, Russell, moved by the fragile frame and former weakness of his fellow-sufferer, comforted him thus:

"Brother, fear not; more potent is He that is in us, than he that is in the world; the pain that we shall suffer is short, and shall be light; but our joy and consolation shall never have an end; and, therefore, let us contend to enter unto our Master and Saviour by the same straight way which He has trod before us; death cannot destroy us, for it is already destroyed by Him for whose sake we suffer."

The flames raged around them, but they fainted not. The voice of praise only burst from their lips. They died; but others were stimulated to maintain and extend their doctrines.

### **Court Knowe of Mary Queen of Scots; and Battle of Langside, 1568.**

ABOUT a hundred yards or so east from the castle of Cathcart is the Court Knowe, where Mary Queen of Scots stood at the most critical moment of her life. A thorn-tree which threw its shadow over her, and was long called by her name, grew on the spot until the close of last century, when it fell into decay through age. An upright slab of stone, with a rude carving of the Scottish crown, and the letters, "M.R., 1568," now marks the spot. This interesting memento of the beauteous being who in a past age ascended to its site a queen with thousands of gallant men at her command, and in one little hour thereafter descended from it a hapless fugitive, has been appropriately shaded by a fine clump of trees. We find the speed-well, the king-cup, and the forget-me-not blooming in beauty on the velvet turf that had been dewed with the tears of beauteous royalty, and the emblematic

"Pansy that looks up  
Like a thought earth-planted."

It is indeed a lovely and a fitting place to muse on that fair, ill-fated lady, whose memory is inseparably linked to so many beauteous scenes, and whose story must ever touch the deepest sympathies of the pensive heart. The evening sun is bathing the landscape in mellow radiance while we linger, and the wild birds are singing their vespers as if misfortune and sorrow had never flung their shadows there; but the winds are murmuring a plaintive melody among the trembling leaves, and showering around us the fine gold of the laburnum, which is now becoming dim, as if Nature, entering into our feelings, meant to show the evanescence of earthly glory.

The landscape seen from this station is extensive and beautiful, including, as is well known, an excellent prospect of the battlefield of Langside. The little hamlet so named, now a portion of the great commercial metropolis of Scotland, has been rendered remarkable by the decisive battle which occurred in its vicinity between the troops of Queen Mary and those of the Regent Murray, on the 13th of May, 1568, and it is finely situated nearly on the ridge of a long hill to the south of the Queen's Park, near to the southern gate. At the top of the road from the east, now named Battlefield Road, up which the Queen's army charged in their effort to force their way westward, a handsome monumental pillar suitably inscribed and surmounted by the Scottish lion rampant now marks the scene of conflict.

The recently-erected Victoria Infirmary, and a handsome new church in connection with the Established Church of Scotland, are on the left or east side of the road passing from the park. Many relics of the battle have been found from time to time in the neighbourhood, including the site of the church when its foundation was being dug out.

The story of the battle, with its antecedents and ultimate consequences, is familiar to every student of Scottish history and need not be here repeated in detail. Suffice it to say that the Queen with her army was on the march from Hamilton to Dumbarton, when they were intercepted by the vigilant and energetic Regent Murray, who pushed out from Glasgow with all the forces he could command, and took up a favourable position at Camphill and Langside. With greater bravery than prudence the Queen's

party formed themselves into order of battle on the north side of Clincart Hill, from which they descended and rashly rushed up the hill on which the Regent's forces stood ready to receive them. The struggle was sanguinary but brief, the Queen's army was repulsed, and a skilful charge of cavalry directed against their flank turned their repulse and confusion into a complete route.

Nearly three hundred of the Queen's army fell on the field of battle, and four hundred were made prisoners, while the loss on the part of the Regent was very trifling. On returning to the city he caused thanks to be publicly offered to the Deity for the victory; and he rewarded the Corporation of Bakers, who had supplied his forces with bread, and had also distinguished themselves by their bravery in the conflict, by bestowing on them the lands of Partick, where their mills are now built, near to the south-west portion of the Kelvingrove Park.

Poor Mary, on seeing the overthrow of her friends, took to flight, and, it is said, scarcely closed an eye until she arrived at Dundrennan Abbey in Galloway, nearly sixty miles from the fatal scene. By what route she arrived there is not precisely known, but several spots in our vicinity are pointed out by tradition as marking the way she took. Between Cathcart and Rutherglen is a place called Mal's Mire, where it is said her horse almost stuck fast, in consequence of the muddy nature of the soil. On the same line, but nearer Rutherglen, is a place called the Pants, it is said from the panting which her steed made in hurrying past. A little to the east of this, at a place called Dins Dykes, two fellows who were cutting hay lifted their scythes and threatened to take her captive. Some of her friends, however, coming up, compelled the haymakers to clear the way, when she passed on; and we next hear of her in a Cambuslang tradition, crossing the Clyde a little below Carmyle, at a place called the Thief's Ford. Here we lose sight of her until, weary and worn, at the close of the day she arrived at Dundrennan.

It may be mentioned that the course of her flight led her to pass at a short distance on her right Castlemilk, at the base of the Cathkin Hills, about a mile and a half to the south-east of the Court Knowe, a stately structure of considerable antiquity, half-hidden among its old ancestral trees, in which mansion, it is said, the fair and hapless

Scottish Queen slept on the night preceding the battle which blasted all her hopes.

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### **Crossmyloof: said to have got its Name through Queen Mary.**

CROSSMYLOOF, now a part of Greater Glasgow, is located on and near the Pollokshaws Road. The singular name of Crossmyloof is accounted for by a popular myth which is yet current. It is said that, immediately before the battle of Langside, the forces of Queen Mary were drawn up on the site of the village.

A council of war was meanwhile held, at which it was debated whether they should, under the circumstances in which they were placed, risk a collision with the troops of Regent Murray. The Queen, always impetuous, was urgent that an attack should at once be made.

From this resolution several of her adherents attempted to dissuade her, representing to her the advantages likely to result from delay. Tired at last of their importunities, and eager to decide her fate, the Queen pulled an ebony crucifix from her breast, and laid it on her snowy palm, saying at the same time,—

“As surely as that cross lies on my loof, I will this day fight the Regent.”

From this circumstance, it is said, the spot received its name. Tradition in this, as in other instances that might be mentioned, has taken sad liberties with geography. The story is a pretty one nevertheless, and will continue, we daresay, to obtain credence at the winter evening hearth, in spite of the sneers of the prying student of history.

Such is the tradition as recorded by that prince of local writers, Hugh Macdonald, but in spite of his sceptical comment, the story may be true in all its main particulars, except as regards the alleged site of the encampment and council of war. This probability is strengthened by the fact that Miss Agnes Strickland, who records this interesting incident in her *Life of Mary*, omits these certainly erroneous details. As her historical rendering from

oral chroniclers is brief, it may be both pleasing and instructive to quote it here for comparison with the purely traditionary account given above.

This lady puts it on record that Maxwell, Laird of Pollok, one of Mary's adherents, was created a baronet in the course of the eventful day the Queen spent in his vicinity, and that this was the last exercise of her power. She then relates as follows:—

"Queen Mary, on being assured by the gentlemen about her—

"That in consequence of the position occupied by the rebel force, it would be impossible for her to get to Dumbarton," she placed her crucifix in the palm of her hand, and passionately exclaimed—

"By the cross in my loof, I will be there to-night in spite of you traitors!"

The explanation seems palpable by simply tracing the movements of the rival forces, as given by Hugh Macdonald, who writes:—

"Marching from Hamilton with the intention of proceeding to Dumbarton by the north-east side of Glasgow, the Queen's troops were confronted at Dalmarnock ford by the army of the Regent Murray, which was drawn up in order of battle in the vicinity of Barrowfield. Desirous of avoiding the impending engagement, Mary's adherents altered their route, and, passing by Rutherglen and Hangingshaw, endeavoured to accomplish their purpose of reaching Dumbarton by a forced march to the south-west of the city. Their course, however, was necessarily a circuitous one, and Murray having become aware of the alteration in their plans, at once pushed across Glasgow Green, forded the Clyde, and as we can see from the relative position of the places, was without difficulty able to intercept them in their progress." The council of war, and the dramatic incident recorded would, therefore, take place to the eastward of Langside, and immediately before the battle.

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## The Deacon of the Baxters, and the Partick Mills.

A LITTLE way above its meeting with the Clyde, the river Kelvin rushes dinsomely over a rocky bottom, and is in several places dammed up by artificial barriers for the service of the extensive Corporation Mills. The channel also is here spanned by a time-honoured bridge, which commands a picturesque prospect of the more ancient portion of the old-fashioned town, many of the houses around being evidently of no recent date.

The Mills of Partick, as is generally known, have for many years belonged to the Incorporation of Bakers in our city, to whom they were granted by the Regent Murray, after the victory of Langside. It is said the Glasgow *baxters* of that day, besides supplying his army with bread while it continued in the neighbourhood, actually sent an armed deputation of their number to assist the Regent in his encounter with the Queen's forces. This party, it seems, did good service on the occasion, and materially aided in the overthrow of the unfortunate Queen's adherents.

On his return to the city after this decisive battle, Murray publicly expressed his gratitude to the bakers for the important services which they had rendered; upon which Matthew Fawside, the Deacon, who seems to have estimated properly the value of mere word gratitude, shrewdly seized the golden opportunity, and humbly suggested that a gift of the Crown mills at Pertigue, by way of acknowledgment, would be highly acceptable to the Incorporation.

The Regent, who was naturally in high spirits at the time, acceded to the opportune request, and granted the mills to the sturdy craftsmen, in whose hands they continued to grow and flourish. The establishments went on gradually extending their productive powers, as the wants of the community increased, until they became of the most stately dimensions. Some years ago a destructive fire consumed a large portion of the buildings, on the site of which a most imposing and commanding fabric of the most substantial kind has been erected, and fitted up

in the best manner with the most recent and approved mechanical appliances. The Incorporation to whom they belong is one of the most wealthy in the city.

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### **Captain Crawford of Jordanhill, and his Gallant Capture of Dumbarton Castle.**

IN former times the estate of Jordanhill was held by a family named Crawford, one member of which achieved a name in his country's history by an exploit remarkable alike for coolness and bravery. This individual was Captain John Crawford of Jordanhill, who, in 1571, with a small band of followers, succeeded in taking, by an ingenious stratagem, the castle of Dumbarton. After the battle of Langside and Queen Mary's flight to England, this strong fortress, then deemed all but impregnable, was held in the interest of the royal exile and captive, by the Governor, Lord Fleming, who steadily refused to surrender it to the party then in power.

Crawford, who had been in the service of the unfortunate Darnley, was a bitter enemy to the Queen, and formed the resolution of wresting this fortress out of the hands of her friends. Accordingly, on the occasion alluded to, with a select party of his retainers he marched towards the castle after nightfall, provided with ropes and scaling ladders, and having in his company a man named Robertson, who was familiar with every step upon the rock. Arriving at the castle about midnight, and being completely screened from observation by a dense fog, they commenced operations. When they looked up at the dark precipice and compared their frail means with the end proposed, the soldiers could hardly regard it but as an act of madness.

"Now, my men," whispered Crawford, who observed them eyeing dubiously the height of the ramparts, "know ye not that the Lord Fleming and the archbishop have invited us to supper? Let us taste their cheer; and they who dislike the Governor's soup shall have the bishop's absolution."

"Pity," said one, "that the way to mess is not a little

smoother ; but never mind, guests who arrive by the steepest way are sure to contract the keenest appetites in the ascent."

"Thus I ascend in the King's name," said Crawford, placing at the same instant his foot upon the ladder, and followed by the others, who had pledged their lives in the cause. "Now," he added, "not a syllable till we stand on the summit."

The first ladder broke, but was replaced by another, and they mounted in profound silence, drawing the ladder after them, and re-fixing it at every spot of the rock where they could gain a footing. About midway up it was fastened to the roots of a tree, and at this place there was a small, flat surface, sufficient to afford footing to the whole party. But here an incident occurred which nearly proved fatal. One of the party, when half-way up, was seized with a convulsive fit. The situation was critical, but Crawford was equal to the emergency. He caused the man to be tied to the ladder, turned it, and those who had still to ascend mounted with ease. Alexander Ramsay, an ensign, and two others, soon reached the summit, and slew a sentinel, who was about to give the alarm. Crawford and the rest soon followed, and they rushed upon the sleeping garrison, shouting :

"A Darnley ! A Darnley !"

The surprise and triumph were instant and complete, as the garrison had trusted too much to the security of their castle to keep good watch. The exploit of Crawford may compare with anything of the kind in history ; perhaps its nearest parallel may be found in the capture of Edinburgh Castle by Randolph, the nephew of King Robert Bruce.

The Governor managed to make his escape, but Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was made prisoner, tried for participation in the murder of Darnley, convicted, and executed at Stirling ! Benefit of clergy had gone completely out of fashion, and the prelate was too obnoxious to the dominant party, both in his own person, and on account of the family whose name he bore, to escape the vengeance of his and their foes. The following wicked Latin couplet is said to have been written on the occasion :—

*"Vive din, felix arbor, sempergue vireto  
Frondibus, ut nobis talia poma feras."*



On the 1st October, 1577, Captain Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill, the hero of the above exploit, was appointed Lord Provost of Glasgow, in succession to Lord Boyd, and next year he was succeeded in that office by the Earl of Lennox. It was while Captain Crawford held this office that Glasgow Cathedral was threatened with destruction, and according to one story, it was this brave and wily chief magistrate who adroitly saved the venerable fabric. He is reported to have said to those who were eager for its demolition, and pressing him to give his assent thereto:—

“I am for pu’ing doon the auld kirk, but no till we ha’e first built a new ane.”

The monumental tomb of the gallant warrior stands in the shadow of the curious old kirk of Kilbirnie. It is a little quadrangular edifice of sandstone, nine feet long by six feet in height. In the east end there is a narrow aperture, through which, in the interior, are seen recumbent figures of the old soldier and his spouse, in an excellent state of preservation. On the northern wall is the following inscription, which can only be deciphered now by the keen eye of the antiquary:—

“GOD SCHAW  
THE RICHT.

Here lyis Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill, sext son to Lawrence Crawford of Kilbirnie, and Jonet Kerr his Spous, eldest dochter to Robert Ker of Kerrisland—1594.” In the central compartment is a shield with the arms of the Crawford and Ker families quartered, and an indistinct figure for the crest, which is supposed to represent the rock of Dumbarton. The gallant captain, by whom the structure was erected at the above date, died on the 3rd of January, 1603, about thirty-two years after his valorous midnight achievement.

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### A Fight in Glasgow Cathedral.

FROM the time of the Reformation to that of the Revolution, which placed William, Prince of Orange, and his wife, Mary, on the Throne, Glasgow was the theatre of frequent struggles between the two contending ecclesiastical parties.

## MEETING OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY AT GLASGOW 1638

as one instance of this unseemly strife the following incident may suffice:

About the end of the year 1637, the Duke of Montgomerie of Stirling was appointed Bishop of Glasgow. The provost and his brethren proceeded to the church in Stirling, and found the pulpit already occupied by Howieson of Camberlang, who refused to leave in favour of the Bishop. A dispute followed in the sacred edifice between the supporters of the king and parties, wherein some blood was shed. It ended with the reverend preacher being dragged from the rostrum, his coat being torn and several of his teeth

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## Meeting of the General Assembly at Glasgow.

ONE of the most notable events in the history of Scotland generally, was the meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1638. The sittings, which commenced on the 1st of November to the 26th December in that year, were held in the Cathedral.

The Marquis of Hamilton, the Duke of Argyll, the Lords of the Privy Council, the nobles, the ministers, and burgesses, all attended. "None had gowns, but many had swords and daggers, and the jostling and pushing was so great, that honest Baillie declared that he had never seen his house so rudely as they behaved themselves. They have turned them down."

The Assembly consisted of 110 members, 40 professors not ministers, 20 ministers, 10 presbyteries and burgesses. There were noblemen, nine were burgesses, 40 were proprietors, and forty were laymen. Some consideration. The Earl of Argyll, the Earl of L. Cassillis for Ayr, the Earl of H.

one end of the church a chair of state was provided for the Royal Commissioner. Round him were arranged the members of the Privy Council, the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Privy Seal, Argyle, Mar, Moray, Glencairn, Lauderdale, Angus, Wigton, Perth, and others, their peers in pride and lineage.

Right opposite to the commissioner was placed a small table for the moderator and clerk. Along the centre ran a long table, at which sat the nobles and barons who were members of the court, among whom might be discerned Rothes, Wemyss, Balmerino, Lindsay, Yester, Eglinton, Loudon, and many others, whose sole word was still law for large districts of Scotland. The ministers stood or sat behind. A gallery was assigned to young noblemen who were not members of the house; and in a gallery loftier still was a crowd of persons of humbler degree, among whom many ladies might be seen. It must have been one of the noblest, strangest, and most interesting spectacles that Scotland has ever seen. On the second day the commissioner asked to be allowed to read a paper, which had been handed to him by the bishops, before the moderator was chosen; but he was instantly assailed by shouts of,—

“No reading! No reading!”

Speeches and clamour were followed by protests, and these were multiplied with such industry that Baillie declares everyone was weary of them, except the clerk, who with every protest received a golden crown. At length the ground was cleared, and Alexander Henderson, minister of Leuchars, was almost unanimously chosen moderator of this memorable Assembly, which closed its labours on the 20th December. There is a tradition, though not very well authenticated, that Henderson, before leaving the chair, pronounced the words,—

“We have now cast down the walls of Jericho; let him that rebuildeth them beware of the curse of Hiel the Bethelite.”

A most important result of the meeting of the General Assembly in Glasgow was that at that time printing was first established in the city. Probably the first work printed in Glasgow is,—“The protestation of the Generall Assemblie of the Church of Scotland, and of the noblemen, barons, gentlemen, burrowes, ministers, and commons; subscribers of the covenant, lately renewed, made in the high

kirk, and at the mercate crosse of Glasgow, the 28, and 29, of November, 1638. Printed at Glasgow by George Anderson, in the yeare of grace, 1638.”

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## Tucker's Account of Glasgow Shipping Enterprise in 1651.

TUCKER—Cromwell's commissioner on Scotch trade—in his report, made in 1651, gives the following account of Glasgow shipping enterprise at that time.

“With the exception of the Colleginers, all the inhabitants are traders ; some to Ireland with small smiddy coals in open boats from four to ten tons, from whence they bring hoops, rungs, barrel staves, meal, oats, and butter ; some to France with plaiding, coals, and herrings, from which the return is salt, pepper, raisins, and prunes ; some to Norway for timber. There have likewise been some who have ventured as far as Barbadoes, but the loss which they sustained by being obliged to come home late in the year, has made them discontinue going thither any more.

“The mercantile genius of the people is strong, if they were not checked and kept back by the shallowness of their river, every day more increasing and filling up, so that no vessel of any burden can come up nearer the town than within fourteen miles, where they must unload and send up their timber on rafts, and all other commodities by three or four tons of goods at a time, in small cobbles or boats of three, four, or five, and none above six tons a boat. There is in this place a collector, a cheque, and four writers. There are twelve vessels belonging to the merchants of this port, *viz.* three of 150 tons each, one of 140, two of 100, one of 50, three of 30, one of 15, and one of 12 ; none of which came up to the town—total, 957 tons.”

In 1718 the first Clyde-built vessel sailed from the Tail of the Bank for foreign parts, her destination being Virginia. This vessel was built at Crawford's Dyke, and was but 60 tons burthen.

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**Rev. Zachary Boyd's  
Writings and Bequests.**

ZACHARY BOYD, minister of the Barony Parish Church, is said to have been of the family of Boyd of Pinkhill, and was born in Ayrshire about the year 1590. He is believed to have been a cousin of Boyd of Trochrig, a former principal of the University, and consequently a nephew of Archbishop Boyd, the first of the Protestant prelates of Glasgow, and he would also have family connections with the noble houses of Boyd and Cassillis. His education was commenced at the University of Glasgow in 1605; and after finishing his course there, he went to Saumur, in France, where he studied under his cousin, who was at that time Professor of Divinity in the college there.

Zachary returned to Scotland in 1621, and was two years afterwards appointed minister of the Barony Parish of Glasgow. At first when the Covenanting struggle began in the country, Boyd was Royalist in his tendencies, addressing Charles I. in loyal terms when His Majesty visited Glasgow in 1633, and showing a reluctance to sign the Covenant in 1638. He became, however, a convert to the more advanced state of things. Like many of the Scottish Presbyterians, Boyd was averse to the ascendancy of the Independents after the execution of Charles I.; and he railed at Cromwell and his officers, to their faces, from the pulpit of the Cathedral, on the occasion of the Lord General's first visit to Glasgow in 1650. Cromwell, however, succeeded in so far winning him over.

Zachary was twice married, his second wife, who survived him, being Margaret Mure, third daughter of William Mure of Glanderston, near Neilston. By neither wife had he any family. There is a traditional anecdote, that, when he was dictating his last will, his wife made the modest request that he would bequeath something to the Rev. Mr. Durham, minister of the Cathedral High Kirk.

To his wife's request Zachary answered sarcastically:

"Na, na, Margaret, I'll lea' him what I canna keep frae him; I'll lea' him thy bonnie sel'."

Boyd died in the spring of 1653. He had just completed an extensive MS. work entitled *The Notable Places of*

*Scripture Expounded*, at the end of which he adds, in a tremulous and indistinct handwriting, "Heere the author was near his end, and was able to do no more, March 3, 1653."

He was Rector of the University, 1634-5 and '45. Zachary Boyd was a voluminous writer both in prose and verse. As a poet he does not rank high, though he has occasional passages of considerable merit; but his quaint Scriptural effusions have been frequently parodied and burlesqued. As a writer of prose he has greater merit, and may stand a comparison with any of his countrymen of the same age, and it has been said that his prose is more poetical than his verse.

He divided his estate, which amounted to £4,527, between his relict and the College of Glasgow. About £20,000 Scots (£1,666 13s. 4d. sterling) was realised by the College, besides his library and MS. compositions. As he seemed to anticipate, his relict became the wife of the Rev. James Durham of the Cathedral High Kirk.

### Rev. Zachary Boyd's Preaching versus

### Robin Hood and Davie Lindsay.

Of the Rev. Zachary Boyd's pulpit utterances many stories are told, of which the following may be taken as a fair sample:—Finding that several of his hearers left the church after the forenoon service, in order to escape further infliction, the preacher made use of this expression in his afternoon prayer.

"Now, Lord, thou sees that many people do go away from hearing the Word, but had we told them stories of Robin Hood or David Lindsay, they had stayed, and yet none of these *are near as good as the Word that I preach.*"

### Cromwell's first Visit to Glasgow.

In September, 1650, Cromwell defeated the Scottish Presbyterian or Royalist army, under General Leslie, at Dunbar. He soon after entered Edinburgh, and from thence went

"peaceably with his whole army and cannon, by way of Kilsyth to Glasgow." While on his journey he was informed by a messenger from the republicans of the city, that it was intended by the Presbyterians to destroy his army as it entered the city by the Stablegreen port. A vault beneath the archbishop's castle had been filled with gunpowder, so the story went, which it was intended to fire as the troops marched past. Some have regarded this as merely a practical joke, but Cromwell took it seriously and changed his route, by turning to the right. Entering the city by the Cowcaddens and the Cowloan, now known as Queen Street, he made his way to the Saltmarket, where he took up his lodging in what was known as Silvercraigs House, situated at the northern corner of Steel Street and nearly opposite the Bridgegate.

Arriving in Glasgow on Friday afternoon, 24th October, 1650, he found that the magistrates, ministers, and leading inhabitants had fled; but this was unnecessary, as that morning Cromwell, "at a rendezvous, gave a special charge to all the regiments of the army to carry themselves civilly and do no wrong to any." It is also stated "that the town of Glasgow, though not so big nor so rich, yet to all seems a much sweeter and more delightful place than Edinburgh, and would make a gallant headquarters were the Carlisle forces come up."

On his arrival, Cromwell sent for Patrick Gillespie, minister of the Outer High Kirk. This divine was well entertained, and when leaving, his august host treated him to such a long and unctuous prayer, that Gillespie was constrained next day to make known his impression, or conviction, that Cromwell was one of the elect.

On the Sunday following his entry into the city, Cromwell and his officers made a procession to the Cathedral to hear sermon. Zachary Boyd, minister of the Barony parish, was the preacher for the day, and as he was a man of great boldness, he did not hesitate to rail on them all to their very faces.

It has been found from a manuscript note upon the preacher's own Bible, that "the fantastic old gentleman," as Carlyle styles him, chose for his text Daniel, chapter viii., drawing a parallel between the rough he-goat and the Protector. So enraged was Thurlow, the secretary to Cromwell, that he asked leave—

"To pistol the old scoundrel."

"Tuts," replied the Protector, "you are a greater fool than himself. We'll pay him back in his own coin!"

He accordingly invited his reverend foe to dinner, which was of the scantiest and plainest kind, held pious converse with him during the evening, and wound up with a three hours' prayer, which lasted till 3 o'clock in the morning. Boyd left rather pleased than otherwise, although he does not seem to have become a partisan of the Protector, as Gillespie appears to have been.

Cromwell also visited the University, and being informed by Gillespie that King Charles I. had promised to give £200 for the Library and Fabric of the College of Glasgow, but had never paid it, he, after some delay, not only caused the £200 to be paid, but also, on his own part, made a grant of £500 for the same purpose. Cromwell and his army left Glasgow next day, and the same authority previously quoted states: "I do not hear of the least injury that the soldiers offered to any during our abode there. And they (the citizens) say, that if ever we come that way again, they will persuade their friends to abide at home."

Baillie, who succeeded Gillespie as Principal of the University, and who was evidently not very favourably disposed towards his predecessor, although he was one of those who fled from the city before the Protector's visit, has the justice to state:—

"Cromwell's courtesy indeed was great, for he took such measures with the soldiers that they did less displeasure at Glasgow than if they had been at London," and this, in spite of the hostility of Zachary Boyd and the other Presbyterian ministers who denounced him and his army as "sectaries and blasphemers."

## Cromwell and the Glasgow Shoemaker.

WHEN Cromwell with his officers attended divine service in the High Church, he and they were faithfully dealt with by sturdy old Zachary Boyd, who officiated on the occasion. Among the crowd that were assembled to gaze at the general, as he came out of the church, was a shoemaker, the son of one of James the Sixth's Scottish footmen.



This man had been born and bred in England, but after his father's death had settled in Glasgow.

Cromwell eyed him among the crowd, and immediately called him by his name. The man fled; but at Cromwell's command one of his retinue followed him, and brought him to the general's lodgings. A number of the inhabitants remained at the door, waiting the end of the extraordinary scene. The shoemaker soon came out in high spirits, and, showing some gold, declared he was going to drink Cromwell's health. Many attended him to hear the particulars of his interview, and among others the grandfather of the narrator.

The shoemaker said he had been a playfellow of Cromwell, when they were both boys, their parents residing in the same street; and that he had fled when the general first called him, thinking he might owe him some ill-will, on account of his father being in the service of the royal family. The shoemaker had been at service in the High Church (Cathedral), and had observed, during the tirade of the preacher, Thurlow, secretary to the general, rise and whisper to Cromwell, who seemed to give him a short and stern answer. Being curious to know what had passed, the shoemaker informed his auditors that Cromwell had been so very kind and familiar with him that he ventured to ask him what the officer had said to him in church.

"He proposed," said Cromwell, "to pull forth the minister by the ears; and I answered that the preacher was one fool and he another."

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**Francis Semple of Beltrees,  
and  
Cromwell's Captain.**

WHEN Cromwell's forces were garrisoned in Glasgow, A.D. 1650, the city was put under severe martial law, which, among other enactments, ordained: "That every person or persons coming into the city must send a particular account of themselves, and whatever they may bring with them, unto the commander of the forces in that place, under the penalty of imprisonment and confiscation, both of the

offender's goods and whatever chattels are in the house or houses wherein the offender or offenders may be lodged," etc.

At this awkward time Francis Semple of Beltrees, author of *Elegy on Habbie Simpson*, *Maggie Lauder*, etc., had occasion to come to Glasgow, and accordingly set out on his journey with his lady and a man-servant, going, as usual, to the house of his aunt on his father's side, an old maiden lady, who had a jointure of him, which he paid by half-yearly instalments.

When he came to his aunt's house, which was on the High Street, at the Bell of the Brae, and known as "The Duke of Montrose's Lodging, or Barrell's Ha'," his aunt told him that she must send an account of his arrival to the captain of Cromwell's forces, otherwise the soldiers would come and pound her movables. Francis Semple replied to his aunt:

"Never you mind that; let them come, and I'll speak to them."

"Na, na, I maun send an account o' your coming here," said the good lady; and seeing that maun be, must be, her nephew Francis said:

"Gi'e me a bit of paper, and I'll write it mysel';" then taking the pen, he wrote as follows:

"Glasgow, —"

"Low doon near by the city temple,  
There is ane lodged wi' auntie Semple,  
Francis Semple o' Beltrees,  
His consort also, if you please;  
There's twa o's horse, and ane o's men,  
That's quartered doon wi' Allen Glen.  
Thir lines I send to you for fear  
O' poindin' of auld auntie's gear,  
Whilk never ane before durst stear,  
It stinks for staleness I dare swear.

(Signed) FRANCIS SEMPLE."

Directed "To the Commander of the Guard in Glasgow."

When the captain received the rhyming epistle, he could not understand it, on account of its being written in the Scottish dialect. He considered it an insult put upon him, and, like a man beside himself with rage, he exclaimed:

"If I had the scoundrel who has had the audacity to send

me such an insulting, infamous, and impudent libel, I would make the villainous rascal suffer for his temerity."

He then ordered a party of his men to go and apprehend a Francis Semple, who was lodged with a woman of the name of Semple, near the High Church, and carry him to the provost. Mr. Semple was accordingly brought before the provost, and his accuser appeared against him, with the obnoxious document as evidence.

When the alleged libel was read, it was impossible for the provost to retain his gravity during its perusal, nay, the captain himself, after hearing an English translation of the epistle, could not resist joining in the laugh. From that moment he and Beltrees became intimate friends, and he often declared that he considered Semple to be one of the cleverest men in Scotland. Indeed, so great was his attachment, that on no account would he part with Beltrees during his residence in Glasgow.

The time, therefore, that Semple intended to have passed with the old lady, his aunt, was humorously spent with the captain and the other officers of Cromwell's forces, who kept him in Glasgow two weeks longer than he otherwise would have stayed.

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### Cromwell's Second Visit to Glasgow.

BAILLIE, in one of his letters, dated 22nd April, 1651, says that Cromwell came "to Hamilton on Friday late, and to Glasgow on Saturday with the body of his army sooner than with safety we could well have retired. On Sunday before noon he came unexpectedly to the High Inner Church, where he quietly heard Mr. Robert Ramsay preach a very good sermon pertinent to his case. In the afternoon he came as unexpectedly to the High Outer Church, where he heard Mr. John Carstairs lecture, and Mr. James Durham preach, graciously and well to the time, as could have been desired. Generally all who preached that day in the town gave a fair enough testimony against the sectaries.

"That night some of the army were trying if the ministers would be pleased of their own accord to confer with their general. When none had shown any willingness, on

Monday a gentleman from Cromwell came to most of the brethren severally, desiring, yea, requiring them and the rest of the ministry in town to come and speak with their general. All of us did meet to advise, and after some debate we were content all to go and hear what would be said. When we came, he spoke long and smoothly, showing the scandal himself and others had taken at the doctrine they had heard preached, especially that they were condemned—(1) as unjust invaders; (2) as contemners, and trampplers under foot of the ordinances; (3) as persecutors of the ministers of Ireland.

“That as they were unwilling to offend us by a publict contradicting in the church, so they would be willing to give them a reason when he craved it in private. We showed our willingness to give a reason either for these three or what else was excepted against in any of our sermons.”

One of Cromwell's officers gives the following account of this second visit to Glasgow, and of the conference and discussion with the ministers, from which it appears that, like most discussions, it ended in both parties being “of the same opinion still.”

“We came hither on Saturday last, April 19th. The ministers and town's men generally stayed at home, and did not quit their habitations as formerly. The ministers here have mostly deserted from the proceedings beyond the water [at Perth], yet they are equally dissatisfied with us. But though they preach against us in the pulpit to our faces, yet we permit them without disturbance, as willing to gain them by love. My Lord General sent to them to give us a friendly Christian meeting, to discourse of those things which they rail against us for; that so, if possible, all misunderstandings between us might be taken away. Which accordingly they gave us, on Wednesday last. There was no bitterness nor passion vented on either side; all was with moderation and tenderness. My Lord General and Major-General Lambert for the most part maintained the discourse: and on their part Mr. James Guthrie and Mr. Patrick Gillespie. We know not what satisfaction they have received. Sure I am there was no such weight in their arguments as might in the least discourage us from what we have undertaken; the chief thing on which they insisted being our invasion into Scotland.”

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## Glasgow, not Flourishing, but in Misfortune.

GIBSON in his *History of Glasgow*, published in 1777, chronicles the following wave after wave of misfortune, from which the city suffered from 1648 to 1652. He states:—

“The town of Glasgow about this time was almost destroyed by misfortunes. To the calamities attending civil war and division, were added those of pestilence and famine; the plague had raged for some time in the city and neighbourhood, the crops of corn had failed, the meal was sold at one shilling and ninepence sterling per peck; and to complete their misery, violent fire breaking out in June, 1652, had destroyed the greater part of the Saltmarket, Trongate, and High Street.” The fronts of the houses were then mostly of wood, so that they became an easy prey to the violence of the flames.

An account of the fire was supplied to Cromwell and his council by the magistrates of Glasgow, and certified by Colonels Overton and Blackmore. From this it appears that the fire broke out on Thursday the 17th June, “within a narrow alley upon the east side of the (High) street above the crosse, which within a short space burnt up six allies of houses, with diverse considerable buildings upon the fore-street.” While the inhabitants were doing their utmost to save their property and effects, “the wind blowing from the north-east carried such sparks of the flame as kindled unexpectedly some houses on the west side of the Saltmarket, where the fire so spread that it did overrun all from house to house, and consumed, in some few hours, what came in its way.

“This fire, by the hand of God, was carried so from the one side of the street to the other, that it was totally consumed on both sides, and in it the faire, best, and most considerable houses of the town, with all the shops and warehouses of the merchants which were therein, and from that street the flame was carried to the Trongate, Gallowgate, and Bridgestreet-gate, in all which streets a great many considerable houses and buildings, with the

best part of the movables and commodities of the inhabitants, were burnt to ashes.

"When some hundreds of families, in great distress and want, had, till the Saturday at night, laine in the open fields, and diverse of them were beginning to get some shelter with such of their neighbours as the Lord had spared, upon the Lord's Day, betwixt seven and eight in the morning, the fire broke out anew in the north side of the Trongate, and continued burning violently till near twelve o'clock in the forenoon. This new and sad stroke, upon the back of the other, not only destroyed diverse dwelling-houses, and occasioned the pulling downe of many more, but it so terrified the whole inhabitants, that all carried out of their houses whatever movables they had, and took themselves againe, for some nights, to the open fields; and in this feare, and removing of their goods from their houses to the streets, and from the streets to the fields, the loss by stealing and spoiling of goods was very great to all; and diverse, on whom the fire unexpectedly seized, were altogether ruined."

On the 14th of September, 1652, John Wilkie, a burges of the city, was sent to London to petition Parliament, in name of the town, for help in making up the loss occasioned by the fire.

Cromwell and his councillors, in a document dated 7th April, 1653, shortly review the account given them, saying that "in such places, so consumed, were fourscore byelanes and alleys with all the shops, besides eighty ware-houses, which alleys were the habitations of a thousand families; all which losses computed, amounts to one hundred thousand pounds sterling."

The document further recommended "the said poore inhabitants," as "an high object of charity, to such pious and well-disposed people as shall be willing to contribute towards the reliefe of" their "present and pressing necessities." Whether the city received anything more than a recommendation from Cromwell, and what the total sum subscribed amounted to, is unknown. A committee of the Town Council undertook the work of distribution, and in making their grants for the rebuilding of the property destroyed, they made a distinction. They gave more money to those who proposed erecting their houses entirely of stone, than to those who intended to keep by the old

system, having their windows and fronts *built with deals*. It is surprising that the Tolbooth, so near the place where the fire originated, was not involved in the general destruction of the district.

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**Rev. Robert Baillie, Student,  
Professor, and Principal of Glasgow College.**

THE Rev. Robert Baillie, who in his time occupied the various positions above set forth, was born in the Salt-market in the year 1599. His father was descended from the Baillies of Lamington, and therefore from Sir William Wallace, the Scottish hero, patriot, and martyr. He was author of several works, but the one of chief importance is his *Letters and Journals*, a work of great historical value.

When Principal Baillie was in declining health, he was visited by the new-made archbishop, Andrew Fairfoul, to whom he thus expressed himself:—

“Mr. Andrew, I will not now call you my lord. King Charles would have made me one of these lords; but I do not find in the New Testament that Christ had any lords in His house.”

Principal Baillie left a large family; one of his daughters became the wife of Walkinshaw of Barrowfield, and thus by a strange chance the ancestress of Miss Clementina Walkinshaw, well known from her connection with the history of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Henry Home, better known as Lord Kames, was great-grandson of the Principal through the same daughter. Baillie died in 1662.

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**George Hutcheson and  
Traditions of Partick Castle.**

THE formerly finely wooded vale of the Kelvin was one of the most favourite haunts conveniently accessible to our citizens; many of the older inhabitants, we have no doubt, must find its name a talisman capable of exciting their

sweetest langsyne memories. The former village of Partick was pleasantly and romantically situated on the western bank of the Kelvin, at its junction with the Clyde.

In the immediate vicinity of Partick, and also on the western bank of the Kelvin, until the past few years, there stood a ruinous edifice of no great extent, which by some was supposed to have been erected as a country residence at an early date, by one of the bishops of the See of Glasgow. Around the spot a number of fine old trees were scattered, and the scene altogether was just such a one as a dreamy poet or painter would have loved to linger by, peopling the deserted walls with the forms of other days.

The appearance of the venerable structure has been preserved by a loving pencil; and a goodly number of years ago a poem of considerable merit was addressed to it by some nameless bard in one of the local periodicals. The following verse of the production is all that we have been able to recover from the leaky memory of a friend who committed it to *heart* in his boyhood, and who thinks that it was in a number of the *Bee* or the *Glasgow Magazine* that he must have seen it originally:—

“Lo, Partick Castle, drear and lone,  
 Stands like a silent looker-on,  
     Where Clyde and Kelvin meet;  
 The long rank grass waves o'er its walls;  
 No sound is heard within its halls,  
 Save noise of distant waterfalls,  
     Where children lave their feet.”

The great antiquity of this building, we may mention' has been recently denied, on the authority of certain papers preserved by a descendant of Mr. George Hutcheson, one of the brothers who founded the hospital of that name in the city, and who, according to these papers, also erected the house in question. One of the documents alluded to is a contract with William Miller, mason in Kilwinning, for the erection of the stonework of the aforesaid house, wherein the standard of measurement is pawkily stated to be according to the length of

“Ye said George's ain fute.”

In corroboration of this statement also, we find in Hamilton of Wishaw's *Description of Lanarkshire* a pas-



sage to the following effect: "Above this, where Kelvin falls into Clyde, is the house of Pertique, a well-built and convenient house, well planted with barren timber and large gardens, which are enclosed with stone walls, and which formerly belonged to George Hutcheson in Glasgow, but now to John Crawford of Myltoun."

It would therefore seem that The Castle, as it was generally called, was not of so ancient a date as was traditionally supposed. It is certain, however, that the proud prelates of Glasgow had for many years a favourite rural residence in the vicinity of Partick; and nothing is more probable than that it was situated at this spot, which in those days must have been invested with a landscape beauty of no ordinary kind.

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### **The Drunken Privy Council Meeting at Glasgow.**

THE Restoration of Charles II. as King and so-called Defender of the Faith sounded the knell of Puritanism of all kinds in England, and of Presbyterianism in Scotland. The bishops were restored throughout the three kingdoms as the governors of the Church, and it was again a crime to be present at any service where the Common Prayer Book was not used. The new Scottish bishops, Sharp of St. Andrews; Hamilton of Galloway; Leighton of Dunblane; and Andrew Fairfoul, who had been appointed to Glasgow, were consecrated in Westminster Abbey by several English bishops in December, 1661.

The royal mandate had gone forth from the former Covenanted King, that all persons, especially those holding office in the Church, were to acknowledge the bishops, under pain of the King's displeasure. Heavy fines were levied throughout the kingdom on those who were believed to have had complicity with Cromwell, and among those fined in Glasgow were John Spreul, the late town-clerk; John Graham, late provost; and George Porterfield, late provost. No fewer than 439 persons in the Glasgow diocese were fined, the total sum taken from them being £350,490 Scots (£29,207 10s. sterling).

So far as Glasgow and the West of Scotland were concerned, these measures failed to procure honour to Archbishop Fairfoul and his suffragans, and this nonconformity resulted in a meeting of the Privy Council in Glasgow. It was held in the college fore-hall, and was according to Wodrow, "termed the drunken meeting of Glasgow, as it was affirmed that all present were flustered with drink, save Sir James Lockhart of Lee, who was the only dissentient."

This drunken meeting passed on 1st October, 1662, an Act of Conformity, and such as did not obey were to remove themselves and their families from their parishes within a month. The people were not to acknowledge such as their lawful pastors, by repairing to their sermons, under the pain of being punished as frequenters of conventicles. This was an act passed by men of whom it is said that afterwards they drank the devil's health at the Cross of Ayr about midnight, when they were in the midst of one of their debauches.

However, as a result of the Act, nearly four hundred ministers were cast from their charges, fourteen of them being of the Presbytery of Glasgow. The more prominent among them were Principal Gillespie, Robert Macwaird, John Carstairs, Donald Cargill, and Ralph Rogers. Three members of the same Presbytery conformed, their names being Hugh Blair and George Young of Glasgow, and Gabriel Cunningham of Kilsyth or Monieburgh.

Numerous complaints were made by the archbishop to the magistrates of Glasgow, that the citizens were not attending church as they ought to do, and that the collection for the poor was consequently diminishing. It was then intimated that the rate or contribution from the inhabitants would require to be increased. On the 21st February, 1663, the Town Council ordered John Bell, wright, and John Dunkieson, brass-smith, to be put in the stocks for their "uncivil, bais, contemptable, and vnchristian caraige" towards some ministers of the Gospel, and also for the indignities they had put upon the magistrates during Cromwell's visit to Glasgow. They were further to attend church, according to the Acts of the Privy Council, under pain of banishment from the city.

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### **Archbishop Burnet and the "Fanatics."**

FAIRFOUL was succeeded in the office of Archbishop of Glasgow, in 1664, by Alexander Burnet, then Bishop of Aberdeen. His feeling towards Presbyterians is stated to have been expressed in this sentence :—

"The only way to deal with a fanatic was to starve him." Among his earliest acts was to summon James Hamilton of Aitkenhead, in Cathcart parish, before the High Commission Court for failing to attend the church : and under this and a number of other charges, for the most part believed to have been trumped up, Aitkenhead had to pay heavy fines, and suffer several periods of imprisonment. On the 18th December, 1664, John Spreul, the late town-clerk of Glasgow, was, by an Act of the Privy Council, banished the country for his Presbyterianism ; while George Porterfield and John Graham, late provosts of the city, were similarly dealt with in 1665.

The Town Council, on the 22nd April, 1665, ordered the inhabitants of the city to bring their arms to the magistrates, to be kept in the Tolbooth, and those who failed to obey this disarming Act were to be held as disaffected. In his zeal for the advancement of Episcopacy, Burnet informed the city authorities that he intended to employ the King's militia to collect certain fines which had been imposed for nonconformity ; but the Council thought it better to do so by their own officials. At length his zeal so outran his prudence, that in a document which he and his synod issued, in September, 1669, he remonstrated against the indulgence granted to Presbyterians, in such a way as to be considered subversive of His Majesty's authority, and he was set aside in December, Robert Leighton, Bishop of Dunblane, being appointed commendator of the diocese.

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### **Weird Stories of Cowdon Mansion House.**

ABOUT a mile and a half to the north-east of Annisland, at the end of Great Western Road, there is a considerable eminence called Clober, or Cowdonhill, which commands an

extensive and beautiful prospect of the surrounding country. On the summit of this elevation, and overshadowed by a girdle of trees, stands the ancient mansion of Cowdon, a dreary, desolate, and woebegone-looking edifice. This structure is two storeys in height, and has at one time been of considerable extent.

It was in bygone years the seat of a family named Crawford. About the beginning of last century it passed by marriage, with the extensive estates attached to it, into the possession of John Sprewl, who thenceforth adopted the name of Sprewl-Crawford. From various dates, which are still legible on the walls, it would appear that the building has undergone extensive alterations at different periods. Over the doorway there is a heraldic carving, much defaced by time, but on which a bird and a star are still discernable. On one of the gables, which has been built with the old material, there is a star, with the date, 1666; and on the front of the tenement, in a sadly dilapidated condition, is a sun-dial, with the name of John Sprewl and Isabella Crawford inscribed on it, with date, 1707.

Strange stories are current in the countryside concerning this bleak house. A spot is pointed out in the neighbourhood where the grass will not grow, and which, according to tradition, was the scene of some dark deed in days of yore. Couple this fact with the circumstance that a quantity of human bones were, many years ago, found in a portion of the edifice, which was known as Cowdon's Den, and the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the house must be haunted.

Such, according to popular rumour, is indeed the case. People shake their heads when spoken to on the subject, and hint more than they are willing to express. One old lady of the Crawford family, we are informed, having hidden a pot of gold in a niche of the wall during her life, could

“Get nae rest in her grave”

afterwards, until she revealed the secret.

A story is also told of a certain wicked laird, a friend and associate of Claverhouse, the persecutor, who was an occasional visitor here. This worthy, on his death-bed, is said to have ordered the servants to keep immense

quantities of coals on the fire, that he might have a fore-taste of what was awaiting him in the state of existence upon which he was about to enter. Of course, such an uncanny end could forbode no good for the future ; and it is said the laird is still doomed to re-visit, "in his shirt of fire," the glimpses of the moon ! If such be really the case (and we are not by any means prepared to prove the reverse), it must certainly gall him sadly, if spirits care for such sublunary things, to witness the decay which has recently befallen his former dwelling.

Externally, it has indeed a most ghastly and doleful appearance, while the interior, *sic transit gloria mundi*, is inhabited, not by owls and bats, but by several families of colliers. A section of the edifice has been fitted up as a counting-house and store for a neighbouring colliery. We ask a decent-looking woman, whom we meet at the door of the venerable mansion, if she is not afraid to live in a house which bears such an ominous character ?

"Atweel, no," she replies ; "I've leaved here for the last four years, and never saw onything waur than mysel', unless maybe now and then a fou man. I'm thinkin'," she added, "the wee drap whisky's the warst speerit that noo-a-days enters the auld rickle o' a biggin'."

A curious relic of antiquity was for many generations in the possession of the family. This was a silver spoon, the mouthpiece of which was not less than three inches in diameter, and had the following legend inscribed on it:—

"This spoon I leave in legacie  
To the maist mouthed Crawford after me.  
1480."

At a subsequent date the following limping, but pithy, lines were also engraven on this gigantic table implement :—

"This spoon you see  
Is left in legacy,  
If any pawn't or sell't,  
Cursed let him be."

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## The New Port of Glasgow and the Wise Men of Dumbarton.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, the merchants of Glasgow, with an increasing trade, found the Clyde, with its then depth of water, quite unsuitable for their purposes. As early as 1653, they had their shipping port at Cunningham, in Ayrshire, but its great distance from Glasgow created expense and inconvenience.

To remedy this, the Council, on the 24th July, 1662, concluded "for many guid reasons—that ther be ane litle key builded at the Broomielaw." The magistrates also endeavoured to obtain from the burgh of Dumbarton ground on which to construct an extensive harbour; but the wise men of Dumbarton refused the offer, on the ground, as stated by their magistrates, that the great influx of mariners and others would raise the price of provisions to the inhabitants, also that there was something dirty in a seaport, and besides that, it would disturb their repose. Dupin says, "This is one of the very rare instances in which the Scotch had decided foolishly in their municipal interests." The authorities of Troon were next applied to, and also foolishly declined.

Ultimately, on the 4th of January, 1668, the provost, John Anderson, senior, reported to the Town Council of Glasgow, that he, and others with him, had "ane meiting yesternight with the lairds, elder and younger of Newark—and that the said lairds had subscriyvit a contract of feu this morning;" and "had set ane merk land, as a pairt of their lands of Newark, to the towne, in feu for payment yeirlie of four merks (4s. 5½d. sterling) feu dewtie." The laird of Newark was then Sir Robert Maxwell, and the ground thus acquired, about nineteen miles below the city, was laid out for a town and harbours, and there also was made the first dry or graving dock in Scotland.

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### Haggs Castle and its Story.

THIS ancient and time-worn edifice is situated about a mile to the west of Pollokshaws, and with its belt of trees forms a fine feature in the landscape for a considerable distance around. In its better days it has combined architectural elegance with a degree of strength necessary to the security of its inmates in those good old times when the strong hand was, to an inconvenient extent, the law of the land. The walls are in some places upwards of five feet in thickness, while the durability of the material of which they are composed is obvious from the excellent state of preservation in which the carvings on their exterior surface still exist.

Several vaults or chambers (we are puzzled to say which) are still quite entire ; in one of which, in the eastern gable, is an immense fireplace, redolent of hospitable associations, and which must have been capable of roasting at once a whole ox, supported by a couple of wethers, or a perfect host of minor culinary subjects. The place has now a dark, dismal, and chilly appearance, as if many, many years must have elapsed since the cheerful blaze illuminated its capacious jaws, or the jagged flames roared in its bat-haunted chimney. An elegant window and several finely carved ornaments still adorn the principal front of the edifice.

Over the main doorway, on a triangular stone, there is an antique inscription, now almost illegible, from which it appears that the castle was erected in 1585 by Sir John Maxwell and his spouse, Margaret Conyngham.

The legend is as follows:—

1585  
Ni Domin  
Ædes Strvxe  
Rit Frvstra Strvis.  
Sir John Maxwell of Pollok Knight  
And D. Margaret Conyngham  
His Wife Biggit this House.

The Latin portion of this inscription, from its arbitrary construction and curious abbreviations, has been a fruitful source of controversy to the Jonathan Oldbucks of the neighbourhood. Many and various have been the readings

which have been suggested and contested with a warmth peculiar to antiquarian discussion. The most abstruse meanings have been discovered and proclaimed with flourish of trumpet, but only to be exploded by the lore of succeeding *savants*. Not being prepared with a theory of our own, we shall with due deference to more learned authorities, give the most recent, and what seems to our non-professional intellect the most plausible translation, which is, that it is only a fanciful rendering of the passage from Psalms—"Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it."

Concerning the history of this interesting edifice extremely little is known. It seems to have been used as a jointure house by the family of Pollok, and, indeed, was probably built for that purpose. During the time of the persecution in Scotland it appears that the Knight of Pollok, who belonged to the Covenanting party, occasionally concealed within its walls the outlawed ministers who had been driven from their homes by fear of Claverhouse and his bloodthirsty myrmidons. Information was on one occasion lodged with the Episcopal Archbishop of the district that conventicles and prayer meetings were held at the castle of Haggs, under the auspices of its proprietors; and Wodrow mentions that in 1676 Mr. Jamieson, the ejected minister of Govan, "gave the Sacrament in the house of Haggs, within two miles of Glasgow, along with another clergyman." The family of Pollok suffered severely for the attachment which they thus exhibited to the cause of the Covenant.

By a decree of the Privy Council, dated December 2, 1684, a fine of £8,000 sterling was inflicted on Sir John Maxwell for the alleged crime of receiving into his house and holding converse with the Nonconformist ministers. On refusing to pay this enormous sum—for such in those days it really was—the worthy knight was condemned to imprisonment for sixteen months. The persecuted baronet alluded to does not seem to have lived long after this period, as we find that a Sir George Maxwell was the Lord of Pollok in 1688.

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### Bailie Hunkers, a Glasgow Civic of Restoration Times.

THE following, said to be *from a Manuscript History of the Burgh*, furnishes an account of a gentleman best known to his contemporaries by the cognomen of Bailie Hunkers—a nickname for which he was indebted to his obsequious and time-serving disposition. The circumstances connected with its first application to him have been thus related:—

The city of Glasgow, or, more properly speaking, the members of the Town Council, had authorised the provost, who was going to London on some business partly his own and partly connected with the affairs of the town, to purchase a portrait of His Majesty Charles II., and also that of his predecessor, Charles I., to be hung up in the Town Hall. It so happened that the pictures arrived during the absence of the provost, and the duty of seeing them properly placed devolved on Bailie Hunkers, as senior magistrate, who accordingly ordered them to be put up in the Town Hall.

During the time that the master of works and his men were employed in the operation, Bailie Hunkers, accompanied by Lord Hilton, Mr. Gilbert Burnet, sometime Archbishop of Glasgow and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, with several of the professors, came in to pay their respects to the shadows of sovereignty; and on seeing the master of works and his assistants working in the presence of these august semblances of royalty with their heads covered, and in the same irreverent manner as if they had been putting up the pictures of men of common mould, the wrath of the bailie burst forth in fiery indignation against the offenders.

Ordering in the town-officers, he commanded the workmen and their employers to get down on their knees, or hunkers, himself setting the example, and in this position to repeat after him a submissive acknowledgment of their offence, and their sincere contrition for the same. The companions of the bailie, not to be behindhand with him in loyalty in those dangerous times, also made similar obeisance, though secretly contemning in their hearts the time-serving sycophant who had set them the example. Such

general displeasure did his conduct on this occasion excite, that ever after the nickname of Bailie Hunkers became affixed to him in such a manner as in a great measure to supersede that of his own.

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### Bailie Hunkers of Glasgow, and the Bear.

ONE day, while Bailie Hunkers, in his official costume, was picking his steps through one of the dirtiest parts of the town, known by the name of the Old Vennel, his progress, when near the head of it, was interrupted by a crowd collected to witness the clumsy gambols of a bear belonging to an Italian vagrant, well known in most of the borough towns in Scotland by the name of Anty Dolly—his real name, Antonio Dallori, being too long for the everyday use of our countrymen.

Anty had completely blocked up the way, and though the spectators, on seeing the bailie, ran in different directions to make way for him, yet, as Bruin and his master did not show the same readiness, Bailie Hunkers, who was on his road to a civic feast, became impatient, and, drawing his sword, thrust it with considerable violence into the rump of the bear, on which the animal, maddened by the pain, made a sudden jerk, snapped the rope with which it was held, and catching the bailie in its rude embrace, continued to dance round its accustomed circle, growling in its usual manner, while the terror and seeming danger of the bailie excited the greatest consternation among the bystanders.

The complete control, however, which Anty Dolly possessed over his travelling companion was such that, though he could not make it quit hold of the unfortunate magistrate, yet effectually prevented it from doing him any serious injury.

The people, seeing the bear did not devour their bailie, again collected round, and some of the more thoughtless of the youths actually ventured to laugh at the strange faces and grotesque attitudes which the dignitary was forced at times to assume.

While Bailie Hunkers was thus engaged in the dance with a partner so little to his mind, an officious baker came running forward, and much against the entreaties of the Italian, who knew the temper of the animal, began to probe it with one of his barrel staves. This had the effect of making the bear run backwards, when it unfortunately lost footing on the brink of one of those sinks of pollution with which the Vennel, above mentioned, at that time abounded, and both bear and bailie were plunged in the midst of the filth.

All was now alarm. The timid ran from the scene, afraid of being implicated in the murder of the bailie; while the Italian, who had hitherto been of some use in restraining the ferocity of the bear, afraid of the consequences which might ensue from such treatment of one of the constituted authorities of such exalted civic dignity, betook himself to flight. The bakers, who were always active when any dangerous service was required, hastily collected with their peels and barrel staves, which they drove in between the legs and sides of the bear, and then pressing them outwards, by these means so far loosened the hold of Bruin, whose savage nature was by no means roused to that degree which might have been expected. The bailie, watching the favourable moment, jumped up and scrambled out of the puddle, in safety no doubt, but black and dripping all over, as if newly out of a dyer's vat.

That a circumstance of this kind, occurring to a magistrate of Glasgow, would be passed over without investigation, was not to be thought of. Anty Dolly, by flying, was considered as having taken guilt to himself of no ordinary degree; a reward was therefore offered for his apprehension. A council was afterwards summoned to decide on the degree of punishment due to the audacity of the bear, which was secured and brought in front of the Tolbooth, strictly guarded by the town-officers and a party of the Blues, who chanced to be passing through Glasgow on their way to Lanark for the purpose of being disbanded.

After due deliberation, the poor bear, though innocent of shedding a drop of civic blood, was condemned to be shot, and its skin hung up in the Town Hall, as a warning to all bears not to interfere with bailies, particularly when going to dine and drink claret for the *town's gude*. The above

sentence was put in execution the same day, when a large cavalcade accompanied the four-footed culprit to the Butts, where, after receiving a great many shots, she expired, grumbling, no doubt, as bears are in the habit of doing, at the hardness of her fate.

A few nights after this singular execution, Antonio Dallori himself was taken on the Cathkin Hills, above Rutherglen, where he had been concealed from the day of his flight. He was brought to Glasgow, in order to his being put to trial! That he would experience a greater degree of lenity than his companion, he did not expect. But lucky it was for him that in the course of his precognition it came out, that the day before his exhibition at the head of the Old Vennel, he had arrived from Linlithgow, where he had been showing off his bear for the amusement of those who had been celebrating the 29th of May, and also burning the Solemn League and Covenant.

This circumstance showed that the Italian was at least on the safe side of politics; and the council considered that in such ticklish times they might be suspected, if they punished with too much severity, one who had been active in amusing the loyal subjects of His Most Gracious Majesty, on such an occasion, and in such a way. Antonio was therefore sentenced to do an hour's penance in the jousts, with the skin of the bear about his shoulders. This seemed the hardest part of the matter, for the poor fellow, when he saw the rough coat of his dumb confederate, burst into tears, and continued sobbing, during the whole of his punishment, in such a manner as excited the compassion of all, so that not a missile of any description was attempted to be thrown at him. He was afterwards dismissed, with an injunction to betake himself to some employment attended with less danger to his neighbours.

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### Walter Gibson, one of the early Glasgow Foreign Merchants.

THE origin of the foreign trade in this great commercial emporium is extremely worthy of attention. A merchant of the name of Walter Gibson, by a trading venture, first

laid the foundation of its wealth. About the year 1668, he cured and exported, in a Dutch vessel, 300 lasts of herrings, each containing six barrels, which he sent to St. Martin's in France, where he got a barrel of brandy and a crown for each. The ship returned, laden with brandy and salt, which cargo was sold for a great sum.

He then launched further into business, bought the vessel and two large ships besides, with which he traded to different parts of Europe and to Virginia. He also first imported iron into Glasgow, for before that time it was received from Stirling and Borrowstownness, in exchange for dyed stuffs; and even the wine used in this city was brought from Edinburgh. Yet there is no statue, and no grateful inscription to record these worthy deeds, and to preserve the memory of Walter Gibson.

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### Archbishop Leighton's Preaching.

ALEXANDER LEIGHTON, Archbishop of Glasgow, 1670-4, has been termed the *Scottish Fenelon*; and he was also known among his contemporaries by the honourable designation of *The Good Bishop*. He was *good* in the largest and noblest sense of the epithet. He was *good* in the sense of being benevolent. The world has not been blessed with many finer copies of Him who was Love incarnate, and who went about doing good. Good-doing was emphatically the work of Leighton's life, and delight of his heart. Bishop Burnet declared that, during a strict intimacy of many years, he never saw him for any moment in any other temper than that in which he would wish to live and die.

In the troublous times in which he lived, contentions about different modes of Church government, and similar matters, were then at their height; but it was Leighton's great aim to win souls to Christ, and not to make them proselytes of a party. His brethren were ill-pleased with his silence on these matters, and in a synod he was publicly reprimanded for not "preaching up to the times."

"Who," he asked, "does preach up to the times?"

The reply was:—

"All the brethren do so."

"Then," said Leighton, "if all the brethren have preached

up the times, you may surely suffer one poor brother to preach up Christ Jesus and Eternity." And on another occasion he said :—

"I would rather convince a man that he has a soul to save, and induce him to live up to that belief, than bring him over to my opinion in whatever else beside."

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### Archbishop Leighton and the Two Fraudulent Liars.

ONE day as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane, there happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder. He was observed when at a considerable distance by two men of evil character. They had not courage to rob him ; but wishing to fall on some method to extort money from him, one said,

"I will lie down by the wayside as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me."

When the archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told the fabricated story ; the archbishop sympathised with the pretended survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion, he found him really lifeless ! Immediately he began to exclaim aloud,

"Oh, sir, he *is* dead ! Oh, sir, he is dead !" On this, the archbishop, discovering the fraud, left the man with this important reflection,

"It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgments of God !"

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### The Doings of the Highland Host in Glasgow, 1678.

THE good Archbishop Leighton demitted office in 1674, and retired to England. Gilbert Burnet, the former archbishop, was thereupon restored, and proceeded to act with his former rigour against all Nonconformists. In July, 1674, the Privy Council passed a decree against Glasgow, *fining*

the city in £100 sterling, for Andrew Morton and Donald Cargill having been allowed to hold a conventicle in it.

On the 30th November, 1676, James Dunlop of Househill, was fined 1000 merks (£55 11s. 1½d. sterling) for having failed as bailie-depute of the regality of Glasgow to suppress conventicles in Partick, Woodside, and other places, and he was declared incapable of holding office. So great was the exodus of Glasgow people to conventicles outside the city, that in this year Colonel Borthwick, commander of the garrison in Glasgow, was instructed to place a guard at each of the gates on Sabbath mornings to prevent attendance at the prohibited meetings.

The Highland chieftains had been called upon in December, 1677, to collect their forces at Stirling, in order to proceed from thence to suppress the numerous conventicles in the west of Scotland. About 5000 men were brought together, and this army is known in history as the Highland Host. A committee of the Privy Council was appointed to accompany this force, and obtain the signatures of all in authority, declaring that their families and tenants should not in any way recognise conventicles.

According to instructions, the Highland Host arrived in Glasgow on Sunday, 13th January, 1678, and while public worship was in progress a strict search was made for arms. Several persons were cast into prison. The soldiers took up their quarters upon the inhabitants, and they are alleged to have made their presence very disagreeable, and their absence very desirable.

The committee of the Council met during the last days of January, and the bond was signed by James Campbell, the provost, all the magistrates and council, together with a number of citizens, making a total of 153. After sitting for ten days in Glasgow receiving signatures to the bond, during which time the Highland Host plundered most shamefully, the whole force moved towards Ayrshire, the great covenanting stronghold. There they robbed and destroyed until the end of April, when they were recalled.

While the Highlanders were returning home laden with spoil, and were about to pass through the city, the students of the College and the youths of the city blocked the bridge of Glasgow against nearly two thousand of them. They would not permit them to pass until they delivered up the spoil they carried with them. Only forty of them were

allowed to pass at once, and they were escorted out at the west port, and not suffered to go through the town. The custom-house was nearly filled with pots, pans, bed-clothes, wearing clothes, rugg coats, gray cloaks, and such-like, taken from the military plunderers.

In terms of the bond, the magistrates of Glasgow gave orders for the suppression of the conventicles, but their commands seem to have been no more effectual than those of the Privy Council. On the 14th March, 1679, Sir William Fleming of Frame, Commissary of Glasgow, was fined 4000 merks (£222 4s. 5½d. sterling) on account of his lady having attended conventicles at Langside.

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## Cathcart Kirk-Yard :

### Martyrs' Grave and Story.

THE parish church of Cathcart, which was erected in 1831, on the site of an old barn-like structure, is an elegant building in the modern Gothic style of architecture. It is surrounded by a fine burial-ground, quiet and secluded, where beneath the flickering shadows of several umbrageous old ash trees—

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

Hugh Macdonald, the beau-ideal of rambles, who remembered the old barn-like edifice which gave place to the modern structure above referred to, describes the kirk-yard, and tells the story of the martyrs in his usual interesting and instructive manner. He says:—

“The pensive Rambler may here spend a profitable hour, as many a time and oft, in bygone days, we have, in meditations among the tombs. Many of the headstones are well worthy the attention of those who love to study the doleful literature of the dead. Among the more remarkable of these is one that marks the grave wherein are interred the ashes of three individuals, who suffered a violent death for their adherence to the principles of the Solemn League and Covenant, in the days when Claverhouse and his troopers rode roughshod over the consciences of the Scottish people.



“Many years ago we remember enacting *Old Mortality* on this stone, by removing with our gully the moss which had crept over it and all but obliterated the inscription. Since then a fresh application of the chisel has rendered it perfectly legible, so that we should have had no difficulty in transcribing it for our readers, although it had been effaced from our memory—which, however, from the strong impression it made on our youthful imagination, it has not. It is as follows :—

“ ‘ This is the stone tomb of Robert Thom, Thomas Cook, and John Urie, martyrs for owning the covenanted work of Reformation, the 11th of May, 1685.

The bloody murderers of these men  
Were Major Balfour and Captain Maitland ;  
With them others were not frie,  
Caused them to search in Polmadie.  
As soon as they had them out found,  
They murther'd them with shots of guns ;  
Scarce time had they to them allow  
Before their Maker their knees to bow.  
Many like in this land have been  
Whose blood for wingeance cries to Heaven.  
This cruel wickedness you see  
Was done in lon of Polmadie.  
This shall a standing witness be  
‘Twixt presbyterie and prelacie.’ ”

The circumstances of this tragedy are found briefly detailed in Wodrow's *History*. The martyrs were men of low degree, poor weavers and labourers. They resided in the village of Little Govan (now removed), and they were dragged from their cottages by the dragoons, and murdered in the immediate vicinity. The scene of their death is directly opposite the Flesher's Haugh of Glasgow Green.

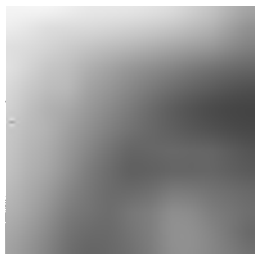
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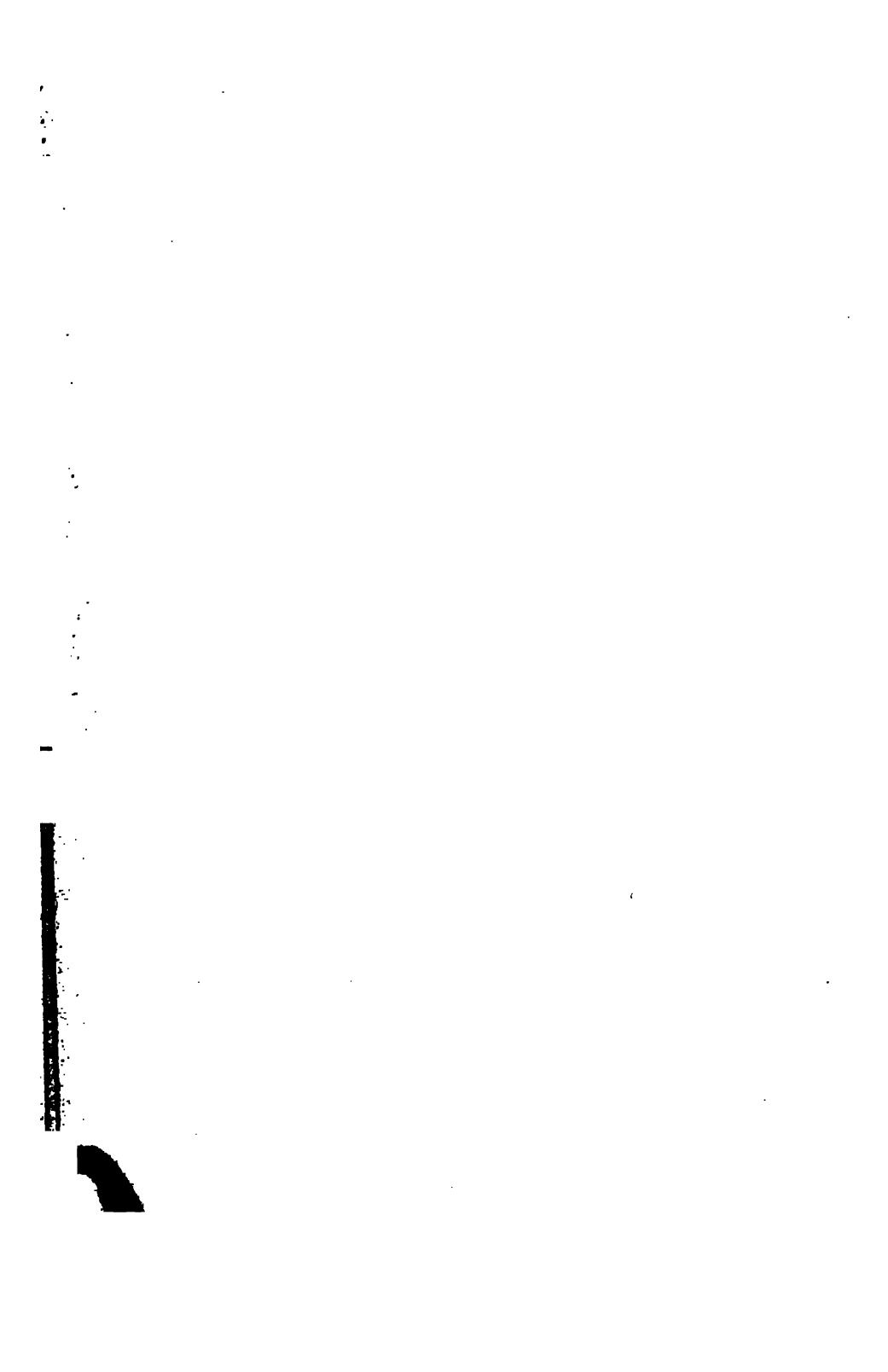


The  
Anecdotalage of Glasgow.



BOOK II.





**Sir George Maxwell of Pollok,  
"The Bewitched Baronet."**

SIR GEORGE MAXWELL, of Pollok (*Circa* 1688-97), having been seized with a severe and mysterious illness, for which the doctors could do nothing, his malady was ascribed to witchcraft.

Suspicion led to certainty. A young servant woman having heard of the dread surmise, undertook to discover the offenders. This she at once set about, and to the astonishment of all, she accused several of the most respectable tenants on the Pollok estate. These parties she had private reasons for hating; and by cunningly secreting images of clay stuck full of pins about their houses, and afterwards pretending to find them, she lent an air of probability to her foul accusations, which in those days were sufficient to consign her victims to the tar-barrel.

A special commission was ordered by Government to investigate the matter, consisting of several Justiciary lords and the leading gentlemen of Renfrewshire. The result was that the charges were found clearly proven, and no fewer than seven persons were actually sentenced to be strangled and burned—a sentence which, however monstrous it may now appear, was rigidly carried into effect. Full details of the melancholy event may be found in a work entitled *The Renfrewshire Witches*.

A clever modern ballad on the subject, by Mr. Peter M'Arthur, runs as follows :—

" The story is told, by legends old,  
And by withered dame and sire;  
When they sit secure from the winter's cold,  
All around the evening fire:  
How the faggots blazed on the Gallow green,  
Where they hung the witches high;  
And their smouldering forms were grimly seen,  
Till darken'd the lowering sky."

**Professor James Wodrow of  
Glasgow University  
Measuring His Grave.**

THE Rev. James Wodrow, who was called to take the Professorship of Theology in the University of Glasgow in 1692, was an eminently pious man. He lived for many years in the daily view of death and eternity, and waited and wished for it. Some considerable time before he died, he was sitting one morning in his fore-room, that was upon the street, when Mrs. Wodrow came in to him. The bell, commonly called the dead-bell, rang before the windows. After he had listened to the crier, and heard who was to be buried that day, he said to his wife:

“My dear, how sweet and pleasant would it be to me, were it possible, to hear that bell going through the streets for my death; but that is a foolish wish—the Lord’s time is best, and I wait for it.”

Principal Stirling’s lady came in one day to see him, the summer of that same one before he died. He happened to speak of death, as frequently he did, and he said to her:

“Mrs. Stirling, do you know the place in the new kirk-yard that is to be my grave; for in that burial-place the masters of the college have particular allotments made, and there is one for the Professor of Divinity?” She answered she did.

“Then,” said he, “the day is good, and I’ll go through the Principal’s garden into it, and take a look of it.”

Accordingly they went, and when they came to the place, as near as she could guess, she pointed it out to him—next to Principal Dunlop, and her own son and only child. Mr. Wodrow looked at it, lay down upon the grass, stretched himself most cheerfully on the place, and said, with the greatest composure:

“Oh, how satisfying would it be to me to lay down this body of mine in this place, and be delivered from my prison; but it will come in the Lord’s time.”

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**Rev. Robert Wodrow, Historian,  
and  
Minister of Eastwood.**

ROBERT WODROW was born at Glasgow in the year 1679. His father, the Rev. James Wodrow, became soon after Professor of Divinity in the University. In 1691, Robert was entered as a student at this seat of learning of his native city, and after a short period, in consequence of the extraordinary aptitude he displayed for historical and bibliographical researches, he was appointed to the office of librarian to the University. While in this situation, which he held for four years, he studied with the greatest earnestness the ecclesiastical and literary history of his native land.

At the termination of his academical career he resided for some time with his kinsman, Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, then one of the Lords of Session. While living at Pollok a vacancy occurred at Eastwood, and Mr. Wodrow was appointed, by the patronage of Sir John Maxwell, to the ministry of the parish.

Wodrow was a most eloquent preacher, and besides taking a prominent part in the public business of the Church, he composed a *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, which was published in three folio volumes, in 1721 and 1722: also several other works of a religious and literary nature. He seems likewise to have devoted a considerable portion of his leisure time to the study of antiquities and natural history. George Crawford, a contemporary and friend of Wodrow's, in his *History of Renfrewshire*, mentions a collection of fossil shells which he had made, and characterises him as "a gentleman well seen in the natural history of the country."

The excellence of the *History* was quickly acknowledged, and George I. gave an order to the Scottish Exchequer for the payment of an *honorarium* of one hundred guineas to the author, as a testimony of His Majesty's favourable opinion of its merits; while the esteem in which his memory is held by the literary antiquaries of Scotland may be inferred from the fact, that a society under his name was established at Edinburgh for the publication of old

works of an ecclesiastical nature, many of which have been issued, including some of Wodrow's previously in MS.

The churchyard of Eastwood contains an elegant monumental structure erected to his memory. It bears the following inscription :—

“Erected to the memory of the Rev. Robert Wodrow, minister of Eastwood, the faithful historian of the sufferings of the Church of Scotland from the year 1660 to 1688. He died on the 21st March, 1734, in the 55th year of his age, and the 31st of his ministry.

“‘He being dead yet speaketh.’”

### **Murder of Robert Park, Town-Clerk of Glasgow.**

THE Glasgow Burgh Records, under date 1694, state that “Mr. Robert Park, town-clerk, was stickit in the town-clerk's chamber in the month of October, by Major James Menzies, with a sword, in a fit of passion; and the same night the Major was shot in Renfield garden by one of three pursuers—*viz.*, John Anderson, late provost; John Gillespie, taylor; and Robert Stevenson, wright. He is said to have been killed by John Gillespie, as he would not be taken.”

In a list of the provosts of Glasgow, the name of John Anderson occurs, 1689-91, 1695-7, 1699-1701, 1703-5. Clelland states that Provost Anderson kept the town's books in the year 1694, for £15 per annum. What would Sir James Marwick and other corporation officials think of, or say to that?

### **Rev. Mr. Clark of Tron Church on the “Sorrowfu' Union” of 1707.**

THE readers of Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy* will be familiar with the sayings and doings of that egotistic “Gleska,” serving-man oddity and original, Andrew Fairservice, who habitually dated events from the time of the *Sorrowfu' Union*.

As is well known, the great mass of the Scottish people were bitterly opposed to the incorporative union of the two countries and parliaments of England and Scotland. So general and widespread was this antagonistic feeling, that the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland appointed a day of fasting and humiliation to implore Divine assistance from the impending calamity, and a sermon on the subject was accordingly preached in the Tron Church, Glasgow, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, whose closing appeal to the congregation was in these words:

“Wherefore up and be valiant for the city of our God,” on hearing which the congregation literally rose up in a body, and, headed by the preacher, proceeded to the Cross, nearly opposite, where they burned the proposed Articles of Union. This feeling had no small effect in bringing about the Jacobite Rising of 1715; and it did not subside till many years after the Union; when the rapid and steady increase of prosperity reconciled the citizens of Glasgow and the people of the Lowlands of Scotland to the loss of our separate nationality.

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### Andrew Fairservice on Glasgow Cathedral.

AH! it's a brave kirk—nane o' your whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and open steek hems aboot it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaisht a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd down the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth, and thereawa', to clense them o' Papery, and idolatry, and image-worship, and surplices, and sic rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills as if ane wisna braid enough for her hinder end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fine morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nicknackets.

But the townsmen o' Glasgow they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, and they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands wi' took o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year



(1579)—and a guid mason he was himsel', which made him the keener to keep up the auld biggin';—and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere.

It wisna for love o' Paperic—na, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow—sae they came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendiner burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the fleas are kamed aff her, and a' body was alike pleased. And I ha'e heard wise folk say that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just have been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England that naething will drived out o' my head, that the dog-kennel at Osbaldistone Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland.

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## Campbell of Shawfield

and

## Malt-Tax Riot in Glasgow.

DANIEL CAMPBELL of Shawfield, member of Parliament for the Glasgow district of burghs, voted for the modified tax of threepence per barrel of beer brewed, and the 23rd June, 1725, was the day fixed for its taking effect. The tax was highly unpopular, and in Glasgow the excise officers were prevented from executing their duties by the action of crowds of people strongly opposed to the measure. The excitement was greatly increased by the arrival in the evening of two companies of Lord Deloraine's Regiment of Foot under the command of Captain Bushell.

The magistrates gave orders to prepare the guard-house, then situated at the western corner of the Candleriggs and Trongate for the accommodation of the troops. But the populace made an attack on the town's-officers, turned them out of the guard-house, locked it up, and carried

away the keys. Campbell of Shawfield had his Glasgow house in the Trongate, facing to Stockwell, on ground afterwards taken to form Glassford Street. A rumour spread that he had sent for the troops, and a large crowd, armed with hatchets and weapons of various kinds, made a sudden attack on his city house. Provost Miller and the magistrates tried to persuade the rioters to desist, but the cry of "Down with Shawfield's house! No malt-tax!" put the mob into such a frenzy that the mansion was completely gutted.

The provost and magistrates met about midnight to deliberate, and Captain Bushell sent to ask if he should parade his men, but this was not thought advisable. Next day the troops took possession of the guard-house, but crowds assembled and threw stones at the sentinels. Captain Bushell, annoyed at this, ordered his men to form into a hollow square in the centre of the street, in which position they faced Trongate east, Trongate west, Candleriggs, and New or King Street. The crowd continued their stone-throwing, and the troops had orders to fire, which they did with fatal effect, without the sanction of the civil authority, and just as the magistrates were advancing in a body to assist the captain with their advice. They protested, but he replied that he and those under his command could not submit quietly to be knocked down with stones.

The fury of the populace at the slaughter got beyond all bounds; they broke open the doors of the town magazine, armed themselves, and rang the fire-bell to alarm the city. Provost Miller, seeing the troops threatened with annihilation, advised Captain Bushell to withdraw, which he did, retreating to Dumbarton Castle, pursued by the enraged people, upon whom the troops fired again with further fatal effect. In these conflicts nine were killed and seventeen were wounded. Two soldiers were captured, but one made his escape, and the other was rescued from abuse by the better disposed citizens.

The Government became alarmed, and on the 9th of July, General Wade marched on Glasgow with Deloraine's Regiment of Foot, six troops of the Royal Dragoons, a troop of the Earl of Stair's Dragoons, and a company of Highlanders. He had also with him one piece of artillery, and a large quantity of ammunition and stores. The Lord-Advocate, Duncan Forbes, accompanied this force. Nineteen persons

were apprehended and lodged in prison, and on the 16th July they were sent to Edinburgh under military escort. The Lord-Advocate also thought proper to issue warrants for the arrest of Provost Miller, Bailies John Stirling, Jas. Johnston, and James Mitchell, Dean of Guild John Stark, and Deacon Convener John Armour, all for alleged complicity in the riots. They were imprisoned in the Tolbooth, bail being refused; and they were on Saturday, 17th July, sent to Edinburgh under a guard of the Royal Dragoons; and both sets of prisoners were placed under the custody of the governor of Edinburgh Castle, on Monday, 19th July.

Next day (20th) the Lords of Justiciary unanimously granted the application of the magistrates to be admitted to bail, and on Wednesday, the 21st, two of them returned to Glasgow. About six miles from the city they were met by two hundred citizens on horseback, who formed themselves into a guard of honour, and the return to St. Mungo's freedom was triumphal in its character, bells being rung and every other demonstration of joy shown. At the subsequent trial of the rioters, a man and a woman were sentenced to perpetual banishment, eight were liberated, and some were whipped through the streets of Glasgow. Captain Bushell was charged with murder at the instance of the city magistrates, but the Solicitor-General, in the absence of the Lord-Advocate, refused his concurrence, and the case fell through. Campbell of Shawfield applied to Parliament for compensation, and received a grant of £6080, with which he purchased the Island of Islay, and so became Campbell of Islay. The money was raised by a tax on the ale and beer sold in the city, and the whole cost of the riot to the city was about £10,000.

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### **Col. W. Macdowall and Major J. Milliken, Founders of the Sugar Trade of Glasgow.**

EARLY efforts were made to establish a West India sugar trade in Glasgow, unsuccessful attempts in this direction being noticed by Tucker in 1651. It was not till the eighteenth century that the trade fairly took root in the

city of St. Mungo, and it was planted not by native Glasgow merchants, but by two Scottish officers in the King's army—Col. William Macdowall (a younger son of the ancient Galloway family of Macdowall of Garthland), and Major James Milliken, who, being quartered in St. Kitt's, woo'd and won two West Indian heiresses, the one Mary Tovie, and the other her mother, Mary Stephen, then Widow Tovie.

Returning to Scotland, Col. Macdowall, in 1727, bought Castle Sempill, the ancient patrimony of the Sempills, Barons Sempill; and Major Milliken, in 1733, bought the adjoining estate of Milliken, then called Johnston. They brought their business with them, making Glasgow the market for their sugar, and Port-Glasgow the headquarters of their ships. This was enough to materially help the West India trade of Glasgow and the Clyde. But this was only a small part of what they did for it. They founded the West India house of James Milliken & Co. (which in Gibson's History appears in the list of shipowners of 1735), and out of James Milliken & Co. grew the great West India house of Alexander Houston & Co., which would be regarded as a great house even now, and did business then on a scale that one would scarce believe possible for a house of last century.

The partners in 1795 were two sons of the founder, Alexander Houston, namely, Andrew Houston of Jordanhill, and his brother, Robert Houston-Rae of Little Govan, and two grandsons of Col. W. Macdowall, namely, William Macdowall of Castle Sempill, M.P., and his brother, James Macdowall, Provost of Glasgow. This great firm failed, and there had been no such crash since the Virginian collapse in 1775, and there has been no such crash since till the collapse of the Western and City Banks. Ultimately, after untold delay and confusion, every creditor was paid in full, principal and interest; for the assets, including the great estates of the partners, realised *over* £1,000,000 *sterling*, but the Houstons were utterly ruined, and the Macdowalls were left with but a fragment of a great fortune.

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### Romantic Story of Governor MacRae, donor of King William's Statue.

JAMES MACRAE, Esq., Governor of the Presidency of Madras, in the year 1734 gifted the equestrian statue of King William, which still stands at the Cross, to the city of Glasgow, of which he was then a burghess.

The story of the donor, and of the recipients of his immense fortune, is a most romantic one. It appears that during the reign of Charles II. there lived in a small cottage in the town of Ayr a decent washerwoman, whose name was Widow Macrae, but was commonly called Bell Gardner, her own name. The widow had a little son Jamie, who, by and by, went to sea, and nothing more was heard of him in his native place for some forty long years. Meanwhile he became Governor of the Madras Presidency in 1725, and amassed a great fortune.

On his return home he sought out his relatives, namely, a cousin, Bell Gardner, wife of an itinerant fiddler, named Hugh M'Guire, in whose house his mother had latterly lived and died. M'Guire, the fiddler, and his wife had four daughters, who, as the prospective heiresses of their mother's cousin, were educated and brought out in a style befitting their position. The eldest (Lizzie or Leezie) became the wife of William, thirteenth Earl of Glencairn, in 1744; and on the day of her marriage received as *tocher* the Barony of Ochiltree, which cost £25,000, as well as diamonds to the value of £45,000. Her second son, James, fourteenth Earl of Glencairn, was the patron and friend of Robert Burns.

The second daughter received the estate of Alva, and was married in 1749 to James Erskine, an advocate, who was raised to the bench as Lord Alva; the third daughter married James MacRae, a nephew (or, as some said, a natural son) of the Governor; her dowry being the estate of Houston in Dumfriesshire; the fourth daughter, who was the Governor's favourite, received the estate of Orangefield in Ayrshire, and was married to Charles Dalrymple, nephew of Charles Dalrymple of Langlands, and brother of the Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple, formerly minister of Ayr.

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**John Smith, Bookseller, Glasgow,  
and  
Burns the Poet.**

JOHN SMITH, founder in 1742 of the firm of John Smith & Son, booksellers, which firm still exists, was long known as the father of *The Trade* in Glasgow. When Burns, the poet, published the first Edinburgh edition of his *Poems*, in 1787 he engaged Mr. Smith to distribute the copies to subscribers in Glasgow and its vicinity, and to receive payment. On adjusting the accounts with the poet, Mr. Smith would only accept of five per cent. commission for his trouble. Burns, struck with, and surprised at such moderation, observed :

"Ye seem to be a very decent sort o' folk, you Glasgow booksellers, but oh, they're sair birkies in Edinburgh."

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**The Famous  
Cambuslang Revival Work  
in 1742.**

CAMBUSLANG lies about half a mile to the south of the river Clyde, almost due south from the Glasgow eastern districts of Shettleston and Tolleross.

A little to the east of the church there is a spacious natural amphitheatre, formed on the green side of a ravine which rises from the channel of the burn. This was the scene of an extraordinary religious excitement in 1742.

In the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, we find the following description of this curious affair, which is known as the *Cambuslang work*.

"The first prominent effects of these multiplied services occurred on the 8th of February. Soon after, the Sacrament was given twice in the space of five weeks, on the 11th of July and on the 15th of August. Rev. Mr. Whitefield had arrived from England in June, and many of the most popular preachers of the day hastened to join him at Cam-

buslang—such as Rev. Messrs. Willison of Dundee, Webster of Edinburgh, M'Knight of Irvine, M'Laurin of Glasgow, Currie of Kinglassie, etc. The Sacrament on the 15th August was very numerously attended. One tent was placed at the lower extremity of the amphitheatre above alluded to. A second tent was erected in the churchyard, and a third in a green field a little to the west of the first tent.

"Each of these tents was attended with great congregations, and it has been estimated that not less than 30,000 people attended on that occasion. Four ministers preached on the Fast Day, four on Saturday, fourteen or fifteen on Sunday, and five on Monday. There were 25 tables, 120 at each, in all 3,000 communicants. Many of these came from Glasgow, about 200 from Edinburgh, as many from Kilmar-nock, and from Irvine and Stewarton. Also some from England and Ireland. The number of persons converted at this period cannot be ascertained. Mr. M'Culloch, in a letter to Mr. Robb, dated 30th April, 1751, rates them at 400, of which number 70 were inhabitants of Cambuslang."

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### Two Weird Stories of Rutherglen in Days of Yore.

MR. HUGH MACDONALD, the popular author of *Rambles Round Glasgow*, who was born and lived in Bridgeton, and who married first one helpmeet, and on her death another, from the ancient burgh of Rutherglen on the opposite or south side of the river, records the following curious stories about the early relative connection between Glasgow and Rutherglen.

"Although now a comparatively small and insignificant member of the burgh family, Rutherglen boasts a greater antiquity than her extensive and opulent neighbour. Her territories, it is alleged, at one period even included the site of the present manufacturing capital of the west, and tradition yet tells that the architects who erected our venerable Cathedral were indebted for bed and board to the Ruglen folk of that day.

"According to a legend common in our boyhood among

the old wives of Glasgow, but, of course, banished by that general diffusion of philosophy which has given Jack-the-Giant-Killer his quietus, and blighted the wondrous beanstalk, it was said that the Hie Kirk was the work of a race of wee pecks (Picts) who had their domociles in Rutherglen."

These queer bits of bodies, it was added, constructed a subterranean passage between the two localities—a work which throws the famous Thames tunnel completely into the shade; and as they were stronger than ordinary men, they experienced no difficulty in transporting their building materials through this bowel of the earth without equestrian aid.

Had any of the juvenile listeners round the winter evening hearth dared to hint a doubt of the credibility of this story, he was forthwith silenced by the corroborative

### TALE OF THE HIGHLAND PIPER.

This worthy (who, as we have since learned, is made to do similar service for sundry other apocryphal passages of a kindred description) is said to have volunteered, a goodly number of years ago, with his pipes and his dog to explore this famous underground way.

According to the story, he entered one day playing a cheery tune and confident of a successful result, but, as the good old lady who narrated the circumstance to us was wont to say, with bated voice,—

"He was never seen nor heard tell o' again."

The sound of his pipes, however, was heard some hours afterwards in the vicinity of Dalmarnock, and to the ears of those who heard it, seemed to repeat, in a wailing key, something like the ominous words,—

"I doot, I doot, I'll ne'er get oot."

After this tragical event the mouth of the mysterious tunnel was very properly ordered to be closed up, and so effectually has the command been obeyed, that every after-search for it has proved utterly unavailing.

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## **An Ancient and Peculiar Rutherglen Custom: The Baking of St. Luke's Cakes.**

THE baking of sour cakes on St. Luke's Eve is an ancient custom peculiar to the burgh, and is supposed to have had an origin anterior to Christianity itself, but if so, it must have borne some other name, as the present one is decidedly post-Christian. Mr. Hugh Macdonald, author of *Rambles Round Glasgow*, who witnessed this curious spectacle fully forty years ago in the Thistle Inn of Rutherglen, describes it as follows:—

“This mystic baking requires for its proper execution the services of some six or eight elderly ladies. These, with each a small bake-board on her knee, are seated in a semi-circle on the floor of the apartment devoted to the purpose, and pass the cakes, which are formed of a kind of fermented dough, in succession from one to the other, until the requisite degree of tenacity is attained, when they are dexterously transferred to an individual called the queen, who with certain ceremonies performs the operation of toasting. These cakes, which we have often tasted, are generally given to strangers visiting St. Luke's Fair. They are somewhat like a wafer in thickness, of an agreeable, acidulous taste, and lend an additional relish to the drams usually in extra demand at such times—the more's the pity. The lover of old customs would regret the discontinuance of this curious ceremony, the observance of which forms an interesting link between the present age and an impenetrable antiquity.”

St. Luke's Fair in November, and the Beltane in May, are the two principal of the seven fairs which are held on the main street of the burgh annually, and which generally attract considerable crowds of buyers and sellers from all parts of the country. They are famed for the display of horse and cattle. The Clydesdale breed of horses, which has attained such a well-deserved celebrity for its excellent qualities, may be seen exposed in greater numbers and in greater perfection at the Rutherglen fairs than at any other market.

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## Rev. Dr. Alex. Carlyle's Notes on Glasgow Life, Learning, and Trade, in 1743-4.

DR. ALEXANDER CARLYLE, minister of Inveresk, gives in his *Autobiography* some very readable notes concerning the state of Glasgow during the years 1743 and 1744. He was for two years a student at the University, and mixed in the best society. Carlyle says that one difference he remarked between the University of Glasgow and that of Edinburgh, where he had previously been, was that although there appeared to be a marked superiority in the best scholars and most diligent students of Edinburgh, yet in Glasgow learning seemed to be an object of more importance, and the habit of application was much more general.

The chief branches of trade in the city were with Virginia in tobacco, and in sugar and rum with the West Indies. But there were not manufactures sufficient, either in the city or at Paisley, to make up a suitable cargo for Virginia, and for that purpose Glasgow merchants were obliged to have recourse to Manchester. Manufactures were in their infancy, the merchants, however, Carlyle adds, had industry and habits of business, and were ready to seize with eagerness, and prosecute with vigour, every new object in commerce or manufactures that promised success.

Few of them could be called learned men, but Provost Andrew Cochrane had founded a weekly club for the discussion of the nature and principles of trade in all its branches. Provost Cochrane was himself a man of high talent and education, and he was of great service to Adam Smith in collecting materials for *The Wealth of Nations*.

The people of Glasgow at that time were very far behind, not only in their manner of living, but also in their accomplishments and that taste which belonged to persons of opulence, much more to persons of education. Only a few families pretended to be gentry; the rest were shopkeepers and mechanics, or successful pedlars, who occupied large warerooms full of manufactured goods of all sorts for furnishing cargoes to Virginia.

It was usual for the sons of merchants to attend the college for one or two sessions, but very few of them completed their academical education. In this respect the

females were worse off, for at that time there was neither a teacher of French or music in the city, with the consequence that the young ladies were entirely without accomplishments, and in general had nothing to recommend them but good looks and fine clothes, for their manners were ungainly.

The manner of living in the city was coarse and vulgar. The wealthier portion did not know how to give good dinners. Not above half-a-dozen families kept men-servants; and there were neither post-chaises nor hackney coaches in town, but only two or three sedan chairs. The merchants usually took an early dinner at home, and then repaired in companies of four or five to a tavern, where they read the newspapers over a bottle of claret or a bowl of punch, always returning home at nine o'clock.

The students of the University had a club for receiving books and reading papers, which met weekly in Dugald's Tavern at the Cross; where they dined on beefsteak and pancakes to the value of 1s. or 1s. 6d. each. Among those then at Glasgow College were Walter, Lord Blantyre; Lord Cassillis; and Andrew Hamilton, afterwards Earl of Selkirk, who was so studious and so diligent in his habits that Carlyle remarks that he came before the world more fitted to be a professor than an earl.

As a conclusion to this summary of Carlyle's opinions of Glasgow, an amusing story which he relates may be re-told. He and some others paid a visit to Port-Glasgow in the month of March or April of 1744, and while in an inn there awaiting their dinner, they were alarmed with lamentations from the kitchen. Going to see what was the matter they found that Peden's *Prophecies* had got into the hands of one of the women, and she had read from it that the Clyde was to run with blood in 1744. Their consternation was great, but the visitors succeeded in pacifying them.

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### Prince Charlie's Army on Glasgow Green, 1745.

It was on that portion of the Green known as the Fleshers' Haugh that Prince Charles Edward, the "Young Chevalier" of Scottish song, reviewed his troops on the occasion of his

unwelcome visit to Glasgow, in the winter of 1745-6! Among the Whigs of Glasgow the Chevalier had few friends. Accordingly when returning from England, he arrived at our city on his way to the Highlands, he determined to make the most of the wealthy enemy. The Highlanders, after their lengthened and borderless campaign, were in a most deplorable condition. Their tartans were nearly worn out while many of them were without brogues, bonnets or shirts. On their way to the city every individual they met was speedily divested of shoes and other articles of dress: yet notwithstanding such windfalls, they presented a most miserable appearance.

But Glasgow "saw another sight" (and paid for it, too) before their departure. Charles, without ceremony, at once took up his residence at the best house in the city, and adopted the necessary measures for refitting his army. The magistrates were compelled to officiate as clothiers, to the tune of 12,000 shirts, 6,000 cloth coats, 6,000 pairs of shoes, 6,000 pairs of stockings, 6,000 waistcoats, and an equal number of bonnets.

"My conscience!" what would Bailie Nicol Jarvie have said to such an act of extortion? But whatever the honest bailie could have said, the described articles had to be produced, and it was in the pride of these borrowed plumes that the review we have mentioned was held.

"We marched out (says one of Charlie's English followers, in a manuscript journal) with drums beating, colours flying, bagpipes playing, and all the marks of a triumphant army, to the appointed ground, attended by multitudes of people who had come from all parts to see us, and especially the ladies, who, though formerly much against us, were now changed by the sight of the prince into the most enthusiastic loyalty." During the review Charles stood under a thorn-tree, on the declivity which forms the north-western boundary of the Fleshers' Haugh, about a hundred yards east of the "round seat."

One of the citizens, then a boy, many years afterwards said: "I managed to get so near him that I could have touched him with my hand, and the impression which he made upon my mind shall never fade as long as I live. He had a princely aspect, and its interest was much heightened by the dejection which appeared in his pale, fair countenance and downcast eye. He evidently wanted con-

fidence in his cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disaster which soon ruined the hopes of his family forever."

In the contemplation of the subsequent misfortunes of the Chevalier and his devoted Highlanders, their faults and failings are forgotten. And now every heart (including that of the Queen on the throne) thrills in sympathy with the pathetic lyrical expression of our townsman Glen :—

"Oh, waes me for Prince Charlie!"

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### "The Young Chevalier" in Glasgow.

REV. DR. THOM of Liverpool, who was a native of Glasgow, relates the following incident as told to him "by the late Mr. William Walker, originally a printer in Glasgow, afterwards a teller or accountant in the 'Glasgow Arms Bank.'"

"Well do I remember his taking me, in 1815, to a spot in the Saltmarket, two or three doors from my father's shop, and mentioning that under the then piazza, close to where we were, he had stood and seen the rebel army pass up from the review on the Green. The Pretender rode at their head. He was pale, and in Mr. Walker's apprehension, looked dejected."

Mr. Walker said "that he had a distinct recollection of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' after the lapse of seventy years. He saw the rebel forces, when they had reached the Cross, turn to the left, and march along the Trongate, on their way to Shawfield House, at the bottom of the present Glassford Street, then the residence and headquarters of the Chevalier."

Mr. Walker was then, he told me, about ten years of age.

The Rev. Dr. Thom also relates the following, as told to him by a veteran, namely, old Mr. Stewart of Fasnacloich, who died in 1819:

"I happened to be residing for a few weeks with my father's relation, the late William Stewart, Esq. of Ardvorlich, when old Fasnacloich paid him his annual visit. This was in September, 1818. The topic of the 'Forty-five'

was kindly introduced by Mr. Stewart, my relation. Old Fasnacloich's face positively brightened up at the mention of that stirring and romantic time. Anecdote after anecdote he gave us. All have been forgotten excepting one. He had been, it seems, at the time only a boy—a sort of henchman, or attendant, on an elder brother. In that capacity he had been present at the battle of Falkirk. His eyes kindled as he described the action. One expression of his, with the gesture and intonation which accompanied it, I shall not soon forget. 'There were the Glasgow shopkeepers,' said he, 'with their big bellies, at the bottom of the muir. And, by my faith, we did *paik* into them.'

As to "the St. Mungo volunteers, it is satisfactory to know from the records of the time, that they behaved creditably, and, indeed, in a manner which put the courage of many of the regulars to the blush."

Mrs. Campbell, great-grandmother to the Rev. Dr. Thom of Liverpool, stated that during the stay of the rebels in Glasgow—from Christmas, 1745, till 3rd January, 1746—two officers of considerable rank were quartered in her house (in the Gorbals)—that is, in the front lodging upstairs. One of these gentlemen the old dame described as decorous and respectable in his conduct, the other as light and giddy, and fully confident in the ultimate triumph of the cause of the grandson of James the Seventh.

Upon both, however, she appears to have won by her most benevolent disposition and demeanour. Although a sturdy Hanoverian, and making no secret of her disapproval of their enterprise, both gentlemen treated her with the most marked respect. She received from both officers a strong invitation to witness the review of the rebel forces, which took place during their stay on the Green; but even this she courteously but steadfastly declined.

During the sojourn of the rebels in the city, and on the Sunday after their arrival, her husband, Mr. Campbell (who was probably the most important functionary of the kind in the town or neighbourhood), was sent for, in his capacity of smith and farrier, to shoe the Pretender's horse. This, as a strict Presbyterian, he refused to do, as the act would involve, in his opinion, a profanation of the Sabbath. Some threats having been uttered, however, and the worthy man viewing the matter in the light of a work of necessity, he ultimately complied.

Another of the old lady's reminiscences was, that a brother of her husband (Mr. Campbell) having entered into one of the two regiments of volunteers, which the city of Glasgow raised to testify its loyalty, came running into her house one day in January, 1746, to say, that the regiment had been ordered off on immediate service. "It was about noon, and dinner was in the course of preparation, but so hurried was he that he could not wait its being regularly served up. He took from the pot, therefore, a ladleful of the soup, or broth, and hastily swallowing it, with a 'Farewell, sister,' quitted the house. She never saw him again. He was one of those who perished in the action at Falkirk."

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### Prince Charles in Glasgow, and Miss Clementina Walkinshaw.

WHEN Prince Charles Edward Stuart was in Glasgow, 1745-6, he is said to have been not only conciliatory in his conduct, but to have done his utmost to ingratiate himself with its citizens. He ate twice a day in front of Shawfield House, Trongate, in which he had taken up his residence. His dress was usually of fine silk tartan, with crimson velvet breeches, but sometimes he wore an English court coat, with the ribbon star and other insignia of the Order of the Garter.

But all his charms of person and of manner had little effect upon the people of Glasgow. He made great efforts to secure the partisanship of the ladies, but his influence among them was of no great extent; and as for the men, Provost Cochrane relates that the only recruit he got was—

"Ane drunken shoemaker, who must have fled his country for debt, if he had not for treason."

On the 3rd of January, 1746, after a stay of ten days, the Highland army left Glasgow, and resumed its northward march. The prince, it is said, admired the beauty and regularity with which the city was built, but he bitterly remarked that nowhere had he found so few friends.

There was, however, one notable exception. It was

while he was in Glasgow that Prince Charlie met with Clemintina Walkinshaw, who, after his escape to France, was sent for by him, and became his mistress. She was the youngest of the ten daughters of John Walkinshaw, Esq. of Camlachie and Barrowfield, and is said to have been a very beautiful woman. She was created Countess of Alberstorf by the King of France.

She had a daughter to the Prince, who was legitimised by a special deed recorded in the parliamentary register of Paris in 1757, and this daughter was named Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany. Robert Burns, who had a spice of Jacobitism, as well as of Jacobinism, celebrated her in his song, *The Bonnie Lass of Albany*. Miss Walkinshaw died at a good old age in 1802, fourteen years after her paramour, who died at Rome in 1788, and in his last days was addicted to intemperance.

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### The Laird of Garscadden, and the "Foul" Feathers.

THE Laird of Garscadden and a friend happened one day, after a keen run of sport, to visit unexpectedly the residence of a Water-of-Endrick farmer. The sportsmen were cordially received by the family, and, among other apologies, the gudeman regretted that dinner was over, as he had just finished some excellent chickens.

"Mak' nae apologies, George," said Garscadden; "I weel believe what you say, for I see the feathers" (alluding to some spots of pease brose) "still stickin' on your breast."

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### The Laird of Garscadden Dying in Harness.

In the early part of last century, the lairds of Kilpatrick, of which parish Garscadden forms a part, were famous for their devotion to the cup. The story of the *gabranich*, or drinking-bouts used to be termed in Scotland, in which the



Laird of Garscadden took his last draught, has been often told, but it will bear repetition. The scene occurred in the wee clachan of Law, where a considerable number of Kilpatrick lairds had congregated for the ostensible purpose of talking over some parish business. And well they talked, and better drank, each so intent on his own roystering enjoyment as to pay little heed to aught else ; but during the orgie, the Laird of Kilmardinny, who was one of the company, observed the Laird of Garscadden to fall suddenly quiet, while a strange expression passed over his countenance. The observer said nothing regarding the circumstance, however, and the merriment went on for some time as formerly. At length,

“ In the thrang o’ stories tellin’,  
Shakin’ hands and joking queer,”

another individual, fixing his eye on the laird, remarked :

“ Is na Garscadden looking unco gash the nicht ? ”

“ And so he may,” coolly replied the Laird of Kilmardinny, “ for he has been, to my knowledge, wi’ his Maker these twa hoors past ; I noticed him slipping awa’, puir fallow, but didna like to disturb the conviviality of the guid company by speaking o’t.” It was even so, the poor laird had died in harness.

The following epitaph on this notorious Bacchanalian plainly indicates that he was held in no great estimation among his neighbours :—

“ Beneath this stane lies auld Garscad,  
Wha loved a neibor very bad ;  
Now how he fends and how he fares,  
The deil ane kens, and deil ane cares.”

### **Dr. Adam Smith, and Glasgow University.**

THIS distinguished philosopher, in the year 1737, when entering on his fifteenth year, came to Glasgow University as a student. In 1751 he was appointed Professor of Logic in his Alma Mater, and about a year later he was elected to the Chair of Moral Philosophy. From a statement which

Dr. Smith drew up in 1755, it appears, that from the time he obtained a professorship in the University of Glasgow, he had been in the habit of teaching the same liberal policy with respect to the freedom of trade which he afterwards published in his *Wealth of Nations*.

To the formation of these views he was largely assisted by his observations of the commerce of Glasgow, the merchants in the city affording him considerable assistance. Many of the most eminent merchants imbibed his opinions, although they were in direct opposition to the principles upon which trade was then generally conducted. The Senate of Glasgow University, in 1762, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, in testimony of their respect for his universally acknowledged talents, and of the advantage resulting to the University from the ability with which he had expounded the principles of jurisprudence. In 1763, he resigned his Chair and went abroad for about three years. In 1787, he was elected Lord Rector of the University. Of this honour in a letter to Principal Davidson he wrote :—

“No preferment could have given me so much real satisfaction. No man can owe greater obligations to a society than I do to the University of Glasgow. They educated me; they sent me to Oxford. Soon after my return to Scotland, they elected me one of their own members; and afterwards preferred me to another office, to which the abilities and virtues of the never-to-be-forgotten Dr. Hutchison had given a superior degree of illustration. The period of thirteen years which I spent as a member of that society, I remember as by far the most useful, and, therefore, as by far the happiest and most honourable period of my life: and now, after three and twenty years' absence, to be remembered in so very agreeable manner by my old friends and protectors, gives me a heartfelt joy, which I cannot easily express to you.”

Various anecdotes are on record as to his remarkable absence of mind, but none of them are associated with his distinguished career in Glasgow, as student, professor, and lord rector of its famous and time-honoured University.

### Rutherglen a Sair Place for Ministers in the Olden Time.

THE inhabitants of Rutherglen, or some of them, in the olden times, are blamed for conduct, in matters ecclesiastical, anything but accordant with propriety, as will be abundantly evident from the following curious facts extracted from the records of the Presbytery of Glasgow.

"On 8th May, 1593, the Presbytery ordered their clerk to write a letter to my Lord Paisley, to repair the choir of Ruglen Kirk, and at the same time prohibiting the playing of pipes on Sunday from sun-rising to its going down, and forbade all pastimes on that day. 'This order to be read in all kirks, but *especially in that of Ruglen.*'"

On the 20th of May, 1595, we find the same reverend court complaining of the introduction of profane plays into the burgh on Sunday, and also of the drawing of salmon and the paying of accounts on that day.

From the same source we learn that on the 20th March, 1604, Sir Claud Hamilton of Shawfield interrupted the minister of Ruglen during sermon in a most barbarous manner. And that Andrew Pinkerton boasted that he had put away four ministers from Ruglen, and hoped he would put away Mr. Hamilton also. He afterwards drew a whinger and held it to the minister's breast, while David Spens said—

"He would stick twa ministers and would not give a fig for excommunication."

Two or three years subsequent to these outrageous proceedings, we find a certain James Riddel cutting grass in the kirkyard on Sunday, and sitting down to the communion table in spite of minister and session. Altogether, it would seem that in those days the parish of Rutherglen was not in a condition much superior to that of the notorious Dunkeld, the inhabitants of which, according to popular rhyme,—

"Hanged their minister,  
Drowned their precentor,  
Pu'd down the steeple,  
And brak the kirk bell."

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## Whitefield's Noble Aid to the Glasgow Highland Society.

THE first grand lift which the Highlanders of Glasgow received is thus described, under date of A.D. 1843.

"About eighty-five years ago, a number of gentlemen in Glasgow, interested in the Highlands of Scotland, proposed to form themselves into a society, to be called the Glasgow Highland Society, the object being to educate, clothe, and put out to trades the children of industrious Highland parents. At this time, I think about June, 1757, the celebrated George Whitefield came to Glasgow.

"The members of the proposed Highland Society waited on Mr. Whitefield, and, after explaining to him their object, they begged that he would preach a sermon, and then make a collection for behoof of the intended Society. Mr. Whitefield entered warmly into the measure, and readily agreed to preach a sermon (text, Mark vi. 34), and make a collection, but suggested it ought to be done in the High Church-yard; he further suggested the sanction of the authorities being obtained, that all the approaches to the churchyard should be put in the management of the Directors of the Highland Society.

"The sermon accordingly took place, and the multitude of hearers was immense. Mr. Whitefield, having finished his sermon, made a most splendid appeal to the assembled people in favour of the poor and uneducated children of the Highlanders; he even went so far as personally to point to various groups of ladies and gentlemen, who were listening to him from their seats on the gravestones, saying, that *they* thought nothing of giving half-a-crown to see a play, or go to a ball, and he told them that he could not let them off for less than that sum on this occasion. In the meantime all the doors of egress from the churchyard were taken possession of by the Directors of the Highland Society, who stood, hat in hand, receiving the collections. The sum collected was the largest that had ever hitherto been known to be forthcoming at any sermon in Glasgow.

"The money so collected, along with some other funds

raised by the Highland Society, was sufficient to enable them to erect the present [now, A.D. 1892, late] Black Bull [Hotel] Buildings."

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### **Professor Simson, Mathematician, Counting his Steps.**

DR. ROBERT SIMSON, Professor of Mathematics in Glasgow University (1711-68), had a strange habit of counting his steps as he walked; indeed, as a rule, he could tell the exact number of paces traversed in his going to or from any place.

One Saturday, while proceeding towards Anderston, counting his steps as was his wont, the professor was accosted by a person who seems to have been ignorant of this singular peculiarity. At the moment he was spoken to, the worthy geometrician knew that he was just five hundred and seventy-three paces from the college, on his way to the snug parlour which was anon to prove the rallying-point of the hen-broth amateurs; and when arrested in his progress, kept repeating the mystic number at stated intervals, as the only species of mnemonics then known.

"I beg your pardon, one word with you, if you please," were the words of a second appeal for the professor's attention; to which the instant answer was:—

"Most happy—573."

"Nay, merely *one* question," rejoined the gentleman.

"Well,—573!" added the professor.

"You are really too polite, but from your known acquaintance with the late Dr. B——, and for the purpose of deciding a bet, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that the doctor left five hundred pounds to each of his nieces?" inquired the stranger.

"Precisely!—573!" replied the professor.

"And there were only four nieces, were there not?" rejoined the querist.

"Exactly—573!" said the mathematician.

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## Professor Simson Helping and Pitying His Bogus Self.

DR. SIMSON, the celebrated mathematician, was exceedingly absent-minded, and practical jokes were not unfrequently played off upon him. On one occasion one of the college porters, dressed for the purpose, came to him asking charity, and in answer to the professor's questions, gave an account of his case closely resembling the professor's own history; who when he found so great a resemblance, cried out:

"What's your name?" and on the answer being given, "Robert Simson!" he exclaimed, with great animation, "hy, it must be myself!" which idea so impressed and moved him that he gave the *poor professor* a handsome gratuity, at the same time bewailing the fate of an unfortunate man of genius.

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## Andrew Hunter, and the Kirk Session of Shuttle Street.

THE erection of St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel in A.D. 1750, and which still stands facing the Green, called forth an act of narrow-minded prejudice and intolerance of the most ludicrous character, which to readers of this more liberal minded generation will appear hardly credible.

Andrew Hunter, one of the masons, happened to be a member of what was the oldest Burgher congregation here, then called the Shuttle Street Secession Congregation, (and latterly Greyfriars U.P. Church in North Albion Street).

The circumstances are set forth in the following minute copied from their records of session, 26th April, 1750.

"The session, understanding by the moderator and some members of the session, that they had conversed privately with Andrew Hunter, mason, a member of this congregation, who had engaged to build the Episcopal meeting-house in this place, and have been at great pains in convincing him

of the great sin and scandal of such a practice; and the session, understanding that notwithstanding thereof he has actually begun the work, they therefore appoint him to be cited to the session, at their meeting on Thursday, after sermon."

Andrew Hunter did go on with the "great sin" of building the Episcopal meeting-house, and the moderator and session having failed to open his eyes to "the scandal of such a practice," he was forthwith excommunicated.

### **Major-General Wolfe as a Presbyterian Worshipper.**

As an incident of Christian liberality of sentiment and of filial obedience in the middle of last century, it is pleasing to record the following manifestation of both in the life of the gallant Major-General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, who as Lieutenant-Colonel was stationed with his regiment at Glasgow, in the year 1749. In a letter to his mother from Glasgow, dated 13th August, 1749, he writes:—

"I have obeyed your instructions so rigidly that rather than want the Word I get the reputation of being a very good Presbyterian, by frequenting the Kirk of Scotland till our chapel opens."

It is probable that the chapel referred to in this letter was St. Andrew's Episcopal. In connection with its erection "the first meeting of the original subscribers and contributors called by advertisement in the *Glasgow Journal*, was held on the 15th of March, 1750." The chapel "was finished about a year after Wolfe left Glasgow," which was in October, 1749.

### **A North Woodside Adventure.**

THE following account is from the narrative of Lieutenant Spearing:—

"On Wednesday, September 13, 1769, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, I went into a little wood called North Woodside (situated between two and three miles to the north-west of Glasgow 'Cross'), with a design

to gather a few hazel-nuts. I think that I could not have been in the wood more than a quarter of an hour, nor have gathered more than ten nuts, before I unfortunately fell into an old coal pit, exactly seventeen yards deep, which had been made through a solid rock.

"I was some time insensible. Upon recovering my recollection, I found myself sitting nearly as a tailor does at his work, the blood flowing pretty fast from my mouth; and I thought that I had broken a blood-vessel, and had not long to live; but, to my great comfort, I soon discovered that the blood proceeded from a wound in my tongue, which, I suppose, I had bitten in my fall. Looking at my watch (it was ten minutes past four), and getting up, I surveyed my limbs, and to my inexpressible joy, found that not one was broken.

"I was soon reconciled to my situation, and I had not the least doubt of being relieved in the morning; for the wood being but small, and situated near a populous city, it is much frequented, especially in the nutting season, and there are several footpaths through it. Night now approached, when it began to rain, not in gentle showers, but in torrents of water, such as is generally experienced at the autumnal equinox.

"The pit I had fallen into was about five feet in diameter, but not having been worked for several years, the subterranean passages were choked up, so that I was exposed to the rain, which continued with very small intermissions till the day of my release; and, indeed, in a very short time I was wet through. In this comfortless condition, I endeavoured to take some repose. A forked stick that I found in the pit, and which I placed diagonally to the side of it, served alternately to support my head as a pillow, or my body occasionally, which was much bruised, but the whole time I remained here, I do not think I slept one hour altogether.

"Having passed a very disagreeable and tedious night, I was soon somewhat cheered with the appearance of daylight, and the melody of a robin-redbreast that had perched directly over the mouth of the pit; and this pretty little warbler continued to visit my quarters every morning during my confinement, which I construed into a happy omen of my future deliverance, and I sincerely believe the trust I had in Providence, and the company of this little bird,



contributed much to the serenity of mind which I constantly enjoyed to the last.

"At the distance of about a hundred yards in a direct line from the pit, there was a water-mill. The miller's house was nearer to me, and the road to the mill was still nearer. I could frequently hear the horses going this road to and from the mill; frequently I heard human voices; and I could distinctly hear the ducks and hens about the mill. I made the best use of my voice on every occasion, but it was to no manner of purpose; for the wind, which was constantly high, blew in a line from the mill to the pit, which easily accounts for what I heard; and, at the same time, my voice was carried the contrary way.

"I cannot say I suffered much from hunger. After two or three days that appetite ceased; but my thirst was intolerable; and though it almost constantly rained, yet I could not, till the third or fourth day, preserve a drop of it, as the earth at the bottom of the pit sucked it up as fast as it ran down. In this distress, I sucked my clothes, but from them I could extract but little moisture. The shock I received in my fall, together with the dislocation of one of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a continual fever. I cannot otherwise account for my suffering so much more from thirst than I did from hunger.

"At last I discovered the thigh bone of a bull (which I afterwards heard had fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me), almost covered with the earth. I dug it up, and the large end of it left a cavity which, I suppose, might contain a quart. This the water gradually drained into, but so slowly that it was a considerable time before I could dip a nut shell full at a time, which I emptied into the palm of my hand, and so drank it. The water now began to increase very fast, so that I was very glad to enlarge my reservoir, insomuch that on the fourth and fifth day I had a sufficient supply, and this water was certainly the preservation of my life.

"At the bottom of the pit there were great quantities of reptiles, such as frogs, toads, large black snails or slugs, etc. These noxious creatures would frequently crawl about me, and often got into my reservoir; nevertheless, I thought it the sweetest water I had ever tasted; and, at this distance of time, the remembrance of it is so sweet, that were it now possible to obtain any of it, I am sure I could swallow

it with avidity. I have frequently taken both frogs and toads out of my neck, where, I suppose, they took shelter while I slept. The toads I always destroyed, but the frogs I carefully preserved, as I did not know but I might be under the necessity of eating them, which I should not have scrupled to have done had I been very hungry.

"Saturday, the 16th, there fell but little rain, and I had the satisfaction to hear the voices of some boys in the wood. Immediately I called out with all my might, but it was all in vain, though I afterwards learned that they actually heard me; but, being prepossessed with an idle story of a wild man being in the wood, they ran away affrighted.

"Sunday, the 17th, was my birthday, when I completed my forty-first year; and I think it was the next day that some of my acquaintances, having accidentally heard that I had gone the way I did, sent two or three porters out purposely to search the pit for me. These men went to the miller's house, and made inquiry for me, but on account of the very great rain at the time, they never entered the wood, but cruelly returned to their employers, telling them they had searched the pit, and that I was not to be found. Many people in my dismal situation would no doubt have died of despair, but I thank God I enjoyed a perfect serenity of mind, so much so that on the Tuesday afternoon, and when I had been six nights in the pit, I very composedly (by way of amusement) combed my wig on my knee, humming a tune, and thinking of Archer in the 'Beau's Stratagem.'

"At length the morning, September 20th, the happy morning of my deliverance came—a day that, while my memory lasts, I will always celebrate with gratitude to heaven. Through the brambles and bushes that covered the mouth of the pit, I could discover the sun shining bright, and my pretty warbler was chanting his melodious strains, when my attention was roused by a confused noise of human voices, which seemed to be approaching fast towards the pit; immediately I called out, and most agreeably surprised several of my acquaintances who were in search of me.

"As soon as they heard my voice they all ran towards the pit, and I could distinguish a well-known voice exclaim,—

"'Good God, he is still living!'

"Another of them, though a very honest North Briton, be-

twixt his surprise and joy could not help asking me in the Hibernian style,—

“‘Are you really alive?’

“I told him,—

“‘Yes, and hearty too.’

“Fortunately at that juncture a collier from a working pit in the neighbourhood was passing along the road, and by his assistance, with a rope from the mill, I was soon landed on *terra firma*.

“Need I be ashamed to acknowledge that the first dictates of my heart prompted me to fall on my knees, and ejaculate a secret thanksgiving to the God of my deliverance.”

Unfortunately, the sufferings of Lieutenant Spearing did not end with his rescue from the pit, but were protracted and augmented by improper surgical treatment, which ended in the amputation of his left leg a little below the knee.

The narrative must have been written many years after the accident, as the lieutenant says at the close :—

“I bless God I do enjoy perfect health ; and I have since been the happy father of nine children.”

He concludes in a “P.S.” with the following moral :—

“The above narrative of plain simple facts affords a very useful lesson to mankind never to give way to despondency ; let them rely confidently on Almighty Providence, and I doubt not that their misfortunes will terminate as happily as mine.”

### A Washerwoman's North Woodside Adventure in 1773.

THE following particulars of a second accident in the same North Woodside coal pit into which Lieutenant Spearing fell in 1769, are condensed from an oral narrative of the sufferer. The incident happened in 1773. The sufferer was a washerwoman, who lived in the neighbourhood of North Woodside, whose Christian name was Janet, but her surname is unknown. She had received a quantity of linens and body habiliments from a lady in Glasgow, to be washed and to have the benefit of a few days' exposure to the sun upon the green fields of the country.

These being ready and made up into a goodly load, she returned to Glasgow with them on her back. The lady being well pleased with the washing and the white appearance of the linens, not only paid Janet her full demand for her labour, but also treated her to a dram and a *whang* from a kebbock or skim-milk cheese, which she enclosed between two pieces of oatmeal cake or bannock, the same being the best part of a whole *farle*. This turned out a lucky circumstance for Janet, who, with many thanks, after having secured her well-earned penny in her capacious leathern pouch hanging by her side, deposited the kebbock and the bannock in her apron, which she tucked up like a bag, and secured it behind her with a substantial brass pin. Thus equipped, Janet set out on her journey home.

It was in the month of September or October, 1773, and in the height of the nutting and brambleberry gathering season, and upon a Saturday evening, that the accident in question occurred. The road to Janet's dwelling skirted the wood referred to by Mr. Spearing, and Janet on her way home had plucked a few ripe brambleberries which here and there had sprung up wild by the wayside of her path, when she observed some hazel shrubs in the wood with clusters of ripe nuts on them. She had obtained only a very few of these nuts when a cluster of rich filberts hanging on a shrub in a thicket caught her attention.

Already had the brown tinge of autumn coloured the tips of their outer husks, and they seemed to droop their heads as if they tempted the hand of man to pluck them. Janet seeing the rich prize in view, and unconscious of her danger, stepped rashly forward and seized it; but alas! at this moment, while firmly grasping this forbidden fruit, she fell headlong into the very same coal pit so accurately described by Lieutenant Spearing.

"Janet was quite stunned with the fall, and for some time remained insensible; but, on recovering her recollection, she found herself lying at the bottom of the pit, with the fatal cluster of filberts still firmly grasped in her hand. Notwithstanding of the pit being about fifty feet deep, she had received no serious injury by her fall, and accordingly having gathered herself up, and given her clothes a little shaking, to put them to rights again, she began to examine consequences.

"Janet, with Scotch prudence, began, in the first

to examine her leather pouch, to see that none of her money had fallen out of it in the course of her descent, and to her great comfort she found it all safe and snug, not a half-penny of it having gone amissing.

"She then commenced calling loudly for assistance, in the hope that some passers-by might hear her cries; but her efforts were all in vain, for no one approached her dreary abode, or heard the often-repeated and lamentable sound of her voice. At length, wearied and fatigued with continual vociferation, she beheld darkness approach, and then she despaired of getting any deliverance for that night; so she calmly unfolded her apron, took a portion of the kebbok and bannock to her supper, and then quietly composed herself to sleep. Janet made no complaint with regard to toads, frogs, and other vile reptiles, for the truth was, that she cosily turned up her flannel petticoat over her head, then tucked it firmly under her chin, and so went to rest without fear or trembling.

"The next day was a Sunday, and Janet fondly hoped that some graceless weaver, or some blackguard collier, would be ransacking the wood for nuts, and would hear her cries; but in this she was again mistaken, for on that day she did not hear the tread of a single foot, or the voice of man; but ever and anon she distinctly heard the distant bells of Glasgow ringing their solemn tolls before church service began, and this brought to her mind a sad and melancholy foreboding that these might be her funeral knell. Still, however, bright hope never deserted her, and though she was not a religious woman, nevertheless she inwardly prayed for assistance from Him who is the dispenser of all good.

"Sunday passed over—a sad and melancholy day—without a glimpse of relief, so Janet at night had again to compose herself to sleep, in the hopes that Monday might luckily bring some person within the reach of her voice, for this she clamorously exerted at every rustling noise she heard, fondly hoping that such noise might be the approach of a deliverer. Janet never made a complaint of having undergone any inconvenience from the want of water during the time that she remained in this dismal abode. As for food, her kebbok and bannock, by good management, served to keep her from starving.

' Monday passed over her like Sunday without a footstep

being heard in the vicinity of the pit, so that poor Janet began to entertain the worst fears of her forlorn situation.

"On Tuesday, however, a labouring man happened to be passing, and fortunately heard the cries of Janet. On reaching the pit he called down to her, inquiring at her if any accident had happened? when Janet informed him how she had fallen into the pit, and begged him to procure assistance for her relief: this was immediately got, and Janet again brought into the bright light of day, not a whit the worse of her three nights' immurement.

"Not long after her deliverance, a match was struck up between Janet and her rescuer, and it would be well if the story, like most novels, had ended in a happy marriage; but unfortunately, Janet's husband turned out an idle, drunken fellow, who lived upon his wife's industry.

"Poor Janet, when excited by his miserable drunken habits, has been known in bitterness of heart to have exclaimed to him that—

"'The devil himself, had certainly had a hand in bringing them together at the mouth of the North Woodside coal pit.'"

### Dougal Graham, Skellat Bellman of Glasgow.

THIS somewhat remarkable individual, according to his own testimony, had "been an eye-witness to most of the movements of *the armies* (Highland and Royal, in 1745-6), from the rebels first crossing the ford of Frew (near Stirling), to their final defeat at Culloden." In 1746, he published at Glasgow the first edition of his *History of the Rebellion*, of which there was a second edition in 1752, and a third in 1774. He was also author of various Chap. books, long very popular.

The date of his appointment to the post of "Skellat" bellman of Glasgow is not quite certain, but it appears to have been about 1770. "Dougal was lame of one leg, and had a large hunch on his back, and another protuberance on his breast." A humorous story is on record as to the competition Dougal Graham had to face before he became bellman.

There were many applicants for the situation, and the magistrates decided that the merits of each should be put to a practical test. Accordingly all the candidates were instructed to be present on a certain day in the back-yard of the old Town's Hospital, then situated in what is now known as Great Clyde Street. The magistrates were present as judges, and there were with them, no doubt, many of the leading citizens to witness the interesting spectacle. All the other competitors having shown their skill with the bell, and demonstrated the quality of their vocal powers, Dougal's turn then came.

He entered into the spirit of the contest, and his odd physical peculiarities would greatly assist him. He rang the bell in a surprising manner, and called out in stentorian tones:—

“ Caller herring at the Broomielaw,  
Three a penny, three a penny ! ”

adding pawkily—

“ Indeed, my friends,  
But it's a' blewflum,  
For the herring's no catch'd,  
And the boat's no come.”

The victory was his, and the other competitors were out of the reckoning. He had shown himself every way suited for the office—as one endowed with that ready wit and strength of lungs always characteristic of the true Scottish bellman—so that he was forthwith invested with the official uniform, and with the magisterial authority to exercise his new calling.

Dougal died in 1779, and an elegy of considerable merit was published on the occasion.

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### General Fraser, Son of Lord Lovat, at Glasgow.

WHEN General Fraser was addressing his men in Gaelic, at Glasgow, in 1776, an old Highlander was leaning on his staff, gazing at him with great earnestness. When he had finished, the old man walked up to him, and with that easy

familiar intercourse which in those days subsisted between the Highlanders and their superiors, shook him by the hand, exclaiming—

“Simon, you are a good soldier, and speak like a man ; so long as you live, Simon of Lovat will never die,” alluding to the general's address and manner, which greatly resembled that of his father, Lord Lovat, whom the old Highlander knew perfectly.

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### Mr. William Cunninghame's Bold and Lucky Speculation.

MR. WILLIAM CUNNINGHAME, who about A.D. 1780 built the splendid mansion in Queen Street which now forms the interior portion of the Royal Exchange, rose to fortune in a most sudden and singular manner. At the time when the first American War broke out he was a junior partner in a very extensive Virginia house in Glasgow. This house at that time held the largest stock of tobacco of any house in the United Kingdom, and the cost of their stock, upon an average, was threepence per pound ! Immediately upon the declaration of American Independence, tobacco rose to sixpence per pound ; and upon the great rise taking place, a general meeting of all the partners of the house was called, in order to consult about the sale of their stock.

At this meeting every partner, with the exception of Mr. Cunninghame, was of opinion that the present opportunity should be taken advantage of ; and as their capital would be doubled by an immediate sale, it should be effected without delay. Upon hearing this resolution, Mr. Cunninghame turned round to each partner in succession and asked him :

“Do you offer to sell your share of the company's tobacco at sixpence per pound ?”

And upon every one of them answering in the affirmative, Mr. Cunninghame very coolly replied :

“Well, gentlemen, all your tobacco is sold at sixpence per pound.”

The partners stared at one another, and demanded of Mr. Cunninghame ;



"What do you mean by that statement?"

To which Mr. Cunninghame replied:

"I have bought the whole of it at sixpence per pound, and I will satisfy you as to the payment of it."

Tobacco continued from this time to rise, till at last it reached the enormous price of three shillings and sixpence per pound. Mr. Cunninghame, however, had sold the whole of his tobacco before it reached its ultimate highest price; but yet at a price by which he realised an immense fortune.

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### **The First Glasgow Umbrella.**

"DR. JAMIESON was the first person who introduced the umbrella into Glasgow: this was in the year 1782. He brought it from Paris, and when he commenced unfurling it on our streets, crowds of people followed him in amazement at the spectacle.

"About the year 1786 an attempt was made to manufacture umbrellas by Mr. John Gardner, father of the present (?) Mr. Gardner, optician.

"‘I have had in my hands,’ writes ‘Senex,’ ‘the first umbrella that was ever made in Glasgow. It was indeed a very clumsy article. The cloth was heavy oil or wax-glazed linen, and the ribs were formed of Indian cane, such as shortly before this time ladies were accustomed to use as hoops to extend their petticoats. The handle was massy and strong, and altogether it was a load to carry.’

"Mr. Gardner was obliged to give up his manufacture, as the Manchester people had been able to make a lighter article, and at a cheaper price."

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### **Pianofortes Introduced to Glasgow.**

MR. JOHN GARDNER, who made the abortive attempt about A.D. 1786 to manufacture umbrellas, also essayed to manufacture pianofortes, which then were coming into fashion in Glasgow, and displacing the old spinnets. But here Mr.

Gardner failed in his first trial, for the instrument he had made was so defective in some of its parts that he did not even complete it. And the importation of highly finished pianofortes from London made him despair of being able to compete successfully with the makers in the metropolis.

"When pianofortes came to be in common use in Glasgow it was curious to see the fate of the old spinnets and harpsichords. These I have seen," writes "Senex," "in great numbers knocked off by the hammer in auction rooms for a few shillings each, and were generally purchased by farmers, who made them answer the double purpose of musical instruments and of sideboard tables."

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### Scenes in and at the noted Old Saracen's Head Inn.

THE following particulars regarding this noted place of entertainment for man and beast may be found interesting. It was built, "all of good hewn stone," in 1755, on the north side of the Gallowgate, at the Great Dovehill. This edifice—(where the Laird of M'Nab held high jinks when he visited the city;—where Dr. Johnson, after his tour to the Hebrides with Boswell, thanked Providence that he at length felt himself an Englishman seated at a coal fire;—where the Lords of Justiciary, after holding dread state at the Cross Court-house during the day, treated the bailies and freeholders to a "poor man," *alias*, shoulder-blade of mutton, and oceans of claret at night;—where the first mail-coach from London drew up on 7th July, 1788)—the Old Saracen's Head—so celebrated as the fashionable hotel in the days of our fathers, still stands as stable externally as ever.

A worthy town councillor, who was a Gallowgate boy, loved to tell of the Saracen's Head Inn in all its glory. On the arrival of the mail especially, all the idlers of the city crowded round it, and at the door stood two waiters (who were specially selected for their handsome appearance) with embroidered coats, red plush breeches, and powdered hair, to welcome the passengers to the comforts inside.

When the judges, or the sporting Duke of Hamilton, &

were expected, the waiters got themselves up in a still more ornate style, and even mounted silk stockings; and on these occasions they were looked up to with awe, wonder, and respect, by all the urchins in the neighbourhood. Here was to be got the only post-chaises or gigs which the city could boast of.

The departure of a return chaise was a matter of import in those days, and as such publicly announced to the citizens; not by handbills and advertisements, but by sending round the bellman, a public duty which another Glasgow antiquary records as being frequently discharged by Dougal Graham.

Though this hoary relic of the past, "The Old Saracen's Head" building, "still stands" (1892), its glory has departed, as it now serves as a tenement of small houses for the humbler classes, with shops fronting to the Gallowgate, corner of Great Dovehill.

A large portion of the stones used in its construction were taken, by permission of the magistrates, from "The Bishop's Palace."

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### **Mr. Peter Blackburn, and Sunday Walking in the Olden Time.**

"A REMNANT of the old Puritan spirit long actuated our local authorities, and Sunday walking, especially during the hours of divine service, was reckoned a punishable offence. A band of functionaries, termed 'compurgators,' were employed to perambulate the streets and public walks during 'kirk hours' on Sundays, in order to compel 'stravaigers' either to go to church or betake themselves to their homes. Those who refused compliance were at once taken into custody.

"This system continued in force to a period subsequent to the middle of the last century, when Mr. Peter Blackburn (grandfather of Mr. Blackburn of Killearn) was placed in durance vile for walking in the Green on Sunday! This public-spirited gentleman immediately raised an action against the authorities for such an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. The case was finally decided in his favour in the Court of Session, and the system, of course, speedily fell into desuetude."

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## THE BROTHERS FOULIS' IMMACULATE "HORACE."

### The Brothers Foulis' Immaculate "Horace."

THE celebrated brothers Foulis, university printers, Glasgow (1743-76), who have been deservedly named "the Elzevirs of Scotland," published an edition of *Horace*, 1744, which they purposed should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy; and every precaution was taken to secure the desired result. Six experienced proof-readers were employed, who devoted hours to the reading of each page; and after it was thought to be perfect, it was posted up in the hall of the University with a notification that a reward of fifty pounds would be paid to any person who would discover any error.

Each page was allowed to remain two weeks in the place where it had been posted, before that portion of the work was printed; and the printers thought that they had attained the object for which they had been striving; but unfortunately, when the work was issued, it was discovered that there were at least as many errors as the number of proof-readers who had been employed; one of which errors was in the very first line of the first page!

The Foulis editions of classical and other works are still very much prized by scholars and book collectors.

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### The Brothers Robert and Andrew Foulis, University Printers, Glasgow.

ROBERT and Andrew Foulis were the sons of Robert Faulls (an old Glasgow surname), maltman in said city. Robert was originally apprenticed to a barber, but both brothers studied at the University. They were booksellers before they were printers. They also founded the Glasgow Academy of the Fine Arts for teaching painting, sculpture, and engraving. This was in 1759, nine years earlier than the founding of the Royal Academy. The University gave

them quarters, the Duke of Hamilton gave them the run of his galleries, and John Glassford, John Campbell (Clathie), and Provost Archibald Ingram gave them liberal help.

In spite of it all, the scheme was disastrous to the fortunes of the brothers Foulis; but the Academy produced some good students—William Cochrane, the portrait painter, David Allan, the “Scottish Hogarth,” and James Tassie, the modeller. We also owe to it some interesting and unique local views; one of which shows the students hard at work in the fore hall of the old college. Another shows the great *fête* held in the inner quadrangle on the coronation day of George III., Tuesday, 22nd September, 1761: the walls of the quadrangle are hung with pictures, and among these can be seen, hung to the east face of the tower, just above Zachary Boyd, the famous Rubens which Hamilton Palace has just recovered after a brief separation.

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## The Brothers Foulis

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### Book Auctioneers.

“THE two Foulises,” says Dr. Wodrow, “in spite of their poverty and birth, were *par nobile fratrum*. They seem to have been made for one another. Though similar in their good disposition, they were totally opposite in different turns of mind. Neither of them when separated from the other could have done much for himself or the world: but, like the members of the human body, they were admirably fitted by an all-directing Providence, by their conjunction and union, to do much in their station for the honour of their country, and the general improvement of society.”

Andrew had, during their long and celebrated career, laboured with the most slavish industry. After the establishment of the Academy of the Fine Arts in 1759, the superintendence of the printing, bookselling, and bookbinding departments of the business devolved upon him. Besides these occupations, they had every evening in winter an auction of books, when on many occasions the character of

Robert Foulis appeared in rather an amusing point of view. Andrew generally officiated as auctioneer, but if prevented from attending, his brother took his place.

On these occasions, when a book was presented to him for sale, he not only announced the title, but frequently continued an extemporaneous harangue upon its contents. His candour, however, prevented him from universally praising the book. When the *History of Tom Jones* was one night handed to him, he exclaimed with considerable warmth :

"How was this book presented ! It is improper for the perusal of young persons ;" and having said this he returned it to the clerk.

On another occasion, having observed a student whose appearance did not indicate a superabundance of the good things of this world, offer several times for a copy of Antoninus, he asked whether he was anxious to have it ? And being answered in the affirmative, he presented it to him. But such opportunities of his displaying his generosity were not often afforded him ; for his brother, aware of his propensities, hastened to disengage himself, and exerting, partly in jest and partly in earnest, an authority which on other occasions he rarely claimed, he would say :

"Robin, that place and that business are not for you." And thus was he dismissed from that employment.

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### Rev. Mr. Thom on the American War of Independence.

REV. MR. THOM, minister of Govan Parish Church, was always known as a steady and consistent opponent of the American War, with warm sympathies for the colonists. Accordingly, on the Government fasts he generally procured the services of a strange preacher, to avoid committing himself in the pulpit. On the conclusion of peace, however, when a day of thanksgiving was appointed, the eccentric minister was found officiating in person, and, referring to the cause of the solemnity, it is said that he addressed the congregation in something like these terms:—

"My friends, we have met here this day, by command of  
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the lawful authorities, to render thanks to the Almighty in the present crisis of national affairs. In such circumstances it is needful and becoming that we should clearly understand what it is we are to be thankful for ; but on this point, I am sorry to say, our rulers have left us entirely in the dark. We must conjecture for ourselves. Can it be for the loss of thirteen provinces to the empire? Surely no! Is it for so many millions of debt? It cannot be! and still less for the loss of thousands of precious lives. But, my friends, there's ae thing you and me may all be thankful for, and that is, that things are nae waur than they are." Then looking round upon his hearers, whose risibility had been excited, he addressed them thus:—

"I see, my friends, you are all laughing at me, and I am not surprised at it, for were I not standing where I am I would be laughing myself."

His church being in the vicinity of Glasgow, his well-known peculiarities generally attracted large audiences on these occasions.

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### Rev. Mr. Thom's Two-Edged Admonition.

BEFORE the disuse of public rebukes Mr. Thom was called to perform that disagreeable duty, in the case of a young man who had fallen into the sin which generally incurred this censure. It happened that the offender was employed in one of the large shops of Glasgow, and had a great many female acquaintances, whose tongues were busily employed on the occasion. Mr. Thom became aware that several glaikit girls had taken pains to ascertain the day of appearance, and set trysts to be witnesses of their friend's confusion. Resolving that such unseemly conduct should not go unpunished, he framed his expected admonition after the following fashion:—

"Poor young man, I'm vexed for you, or any other honest lad in your position. It's grievous to see a decent, wise-looking man like you brought to shame in this manner. But, oh, man, there's little wonder, for I think half the gypsies of Glasgow are after you this very day."

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### Rev. Mr. Thom as a Peacemaker.

THE late Dr. Hamilton of Lesmahagow (who knew Mr. Thom personally) gave this specimen of his antipathies and peculiar humour. The doctor was present at the time. There was under discussion in the Presbytery of Glasgow some matter of dispute between them and the University—a lawsuit being threatened either on the one side or the other. Having allowed most of the members to express their minds on the subject, Mr. Thom rose, with much apparent solemnity, and said:

“Moderator, I earnestly advise you against a plea with the University of Glasgow. Eh! sir, they are a learned body; ay, Moderator, and an *active* body: they *cheated* me out of a chaldar of meal.”

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### Rev. Mr. Thom as a Consoler.

A YOUNG man, having been rather warmly commended by the Presbytery for one of his trial discourses, was affected even to tears. His self-satisfaction found vent in the form of excessive modesty, and he whimpered out something in depreciation of the praise he had received.

“He was unworthy of it, for he owed everything to divine assistance.”

Mr. Thom, who hated cant of all kinds, hastily interrupted him, at the same time clapping him on the shoulder.

“Dinna greet, young man; your Maker has a heap to do for ye yet!”

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### Rev. Mr. Thom's Encouragement and Rebuke.

A FORMER chief magistrate of Glasgow had risen to great estate from small beginnings, and was notorious for his niggardly disposition. While Mr. Thom was one day talking with this gentleman (?) on the street, a beggar made up to them, and was rather roughly ordered off by Mr.



(Ingram ?). Thom could not lose the chance of a good hit ; and holding out twopence to the mendicant, accompanied it with the telling remark :

"Hae, man, ye may be Provost of Glasgow some day yet."

A footnote to the anecdote adds : "Archibald Ingram, provost in 1762 and 1763, for whom 'Ingram Street' was named."

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### Rev. Mr. Thom's Balance of Evils.

REV. MR. THOM was appointed by the Presbytery to assist at the induction of a young clergyman of whose talents he had a very mean opinion. Returning late in the evening, he met an aged member of his own session, near the entry to the manse, who inquired for his minister, and

"Whaur he had been ?"

Mr. Thom explained ; and was further asked :

"And did you ride your poor mare a' the way and back again ? You'll fell the trusty beast !"

To which Mr. Thom rejoined :

"An' if it should, John, it's only felling ae brute by settling anither."

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### Rev. Mr. Thom on Glasgow Pulpit Taste.

MR. THOM was requested to preach a sermon in the Tron Church of Glasgow on some very particular occasion, and he brought about half-a-dozen MS. sermons in his pocket, uncertain, as he said, which would best suit a Glasgow audience. He thought if he had the opinion of a few friends it might serve as a key to the taste of the Glaswegians. He accordingly asked a few acquaintances to join him in a pipe and tankard of ale in a favourite howff.

"I'm invited to preach a sermon to you great folks in Glasgow," said he ; "and really, I maun after this think myself a man of some consequence, when I have had such an honour conferred on me. But as I'm ignorant of what will please your wonderful nice preaching palates in this

big toun, I have brought a few sermons with me, which I'll read over to you, that I may judge which will be the most suitable."

He read them over one by one accordingly, until he came to the last, and with each they were equally well pleased; taking it up, he proceeded until he came to a passage that fairly gravelled his auditors.

"Stop," said they, "read that passage over again, Mr. Thom."

"Wait a wee till I get to the end," said Mr. Thom, and he continued until another halt was called for explanation.

"I'll no tax your patience any longer," said the orator; "this will suit ye exactly; for ye Glasgow folks admire most what ye least understand!"

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### **Rev Mr. Thom on a Mis-Deal.**

MR. THOM had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards were wrapped up in it: the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr. Thom could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage, so he exclaimed:

"Oh, man, man! surely your psalm-book has been ill bun'" (bound).

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### **Rev. Mr. Thom settles the Justice of the Peace.**

THE Rev. Mr. Thom, riding home from Paisley, on a particular occasion, came up with two gentlemen, heritors of his parish, who had lately been made justices of the peace. They, seeing him well mounted as usual, were determined to pass a joke on him, and one of them accosted him thus:—

"Well, Mr. Thom, you are very unlike your master, for He was content to ride on an ass." To which Mr. Thom rejoined:

"An ass ! there's no sic a beast to be gotten nowadays."

The justice then asked :

"Ay, Mr. Thom, how's that ?" To which the reverend wit replied :

"Because they now make them a' *justices of the peace*."

### Rev. Mr. Thom on Like to Like.

AT the placing of Mr. F—rl—ng, minister of the Chapel of Ease, Glasgow, of whose abilities Mr. Thom entertained no great opinion, when they came to that part of the ceremony where the hands are imposed, the other members of Presbytery were making room for Mr. Thom, that he might get forward his hand on the head of the new minister ; but Mr. Thom, keeping at a distance, said :

"Na, na, timmer to timmer will do weel enough," and, so saying, he stretched out his staff, and laid it on the head of the new divine.

### Dr. Samuel Johnson's Visit to Glasgow in 1773.

THE following is Boswell's account of Dr. Johnson's visit with him to Glasgow, on their return from *Tour to the Hebrides* :—

"On our arrival at the Saracen's Head Inn, at Glasgow, I was made happy by good accounts from home ; and Dr. Johnson, who had not received a single letter since we left Aberdeen, found here a great many, the perusal of which entertained him much. He enjoyed in imagination the comforts which we could now command, and seemed to be in high glee. I remember, he put a leg up on each side of the grate, and said, with a mock solemnity, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for me to hear it :

" ' Here am I, an Englishman, sitting by a coal fire.' "

"On Friday, October 29, the professors of the University being informed of our arrival, Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Reid, and Mr. Anderson breakfasted with us. Mr. Anderson accompanied us while Dr. Johnson viewed this beautiful city.

He told me, that one day in London, when Dr. Adam Smith was boasting of it, he turned to him and said :

"'Pray, sir, have you ever seen Brentford ?' This was surely a strong instance of his impatience and spirit of contradiction. I put him in mind of it to-day, while he expressed his admiration of the elegant buildings, and whispered to him, 'Don't you feel some remorse ?'

"We were received in the college by a number of the professors, who showed all due respect to Dr Johnson ; and then we paid a visit to the principal, Dr. Leechman, at his own house, where Dr. Johnson had the satisfaction of being told that his name had been gratefully celebrated in one of the parochial congregations in the Highlands, as the person to whose influence it was chiefly owing that the New Testament was allowed to be translated into the Erse language.

"It seems some political members of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, had opposed this pious undertaking, as tending to preserve the distinction between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders. Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter upon the subject to a friend (Mr. W. Drummond), which being shown to them, made them ashamed and afraid of being publicly exposed ; so they were forced to a compliance." [The letter, which appears in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, "is perhaps," says Boswell, "one of the best productions of his masterly pen."]

"Professors Reid and Anderson, and the two Messieurs Foulis, "the Elzevirs of Glasgow," dined and drank tea with us at our inn, after which the professors went away ; and I, having a letter to write, left my fellow-traveller with Messieurs Foulis. Though good and ingenious men, they had that unsettled speculative mode of conversation which is offensive to a man regularly taught at an English school and university. I found that instead of listening to the dictates of the sage, they had teased him with questions and doubtful disputations. He came in a flutter to me and desired I might come back again, for he could not bear these men.

"'O ho ! sir,' said I, 'you are flying to me for refuge !' He never, in any situation, was at a loss for a ready repartee. He answered with a quick vivacity :

"'It is of two evils choosing the least.' I was delighted at this flash bursting from the cloud which hung upon his

mind, closed my letter directly, and joined the company.

"We supped at Professor Anderson's. The general impression on my mind is, that we had not much conversation at Glasgow, where the professors, like their brethren at Aberdeen, did not venture to expose themselves much to the battery of cannon, which they knew might play on them. Dr. Johnson, who was fully conscious of his own superior powers, afterwards praised Principal Robertson (the historian) for his caution in this respect. He said to me:

"'Robertson, sir, was in the right. Robertson is a man of eminence, and the head of a college at Edinburgh. He had a character to maintain, and did well not to risk its being lessened.'"

On Saturday, October 30th, Dr. Johnson and Boswell set out towards Ayrshire.

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### **The Bloody Reuk at Carmyle.**

THE following traditionary tragic story was recorded by the famous Glasgow Rambler, Mr. Hugh Macdonald.

On visiting Carmyle for the first time, a goodly number of years since, we were conducted to a waste spot in the vicinity, which, in bygone days, was the scene of a melancholy tragedy. The story, as told to us, was briefly as follows:—In the olden time there lived—the one at Carmyle, the other at Kenmuir—two young men who had been from boyhood bosom friends. Similar in tastes and dispositions, nothing ever happened to mar the harmony of their intercourse; and, in weal or in woe, they seemed destined to be all in all to each other throughout life.

At length, however, a stranger maiden came to reside in the village, and, as fate would have it, the youths fell simultaneously in love with her. The friends were rivals. One was preferred: the other, of course, rejected. The unfortunate suitor, from an affectionate friend became all at once—"such power has slighted love"—transformed into the most bitter enemy. Meeting by accident one day at the spot alluded to, angry words passed between the two who lately would have died for each other. Swords were

ultimately drawn, and one fell mortally wounded. Filled with remorse at what, in his blind passion, he had done, the other, in a fit of anguish, laid violent hands upon himself, and both were found lying dead among the summer flowers, which were stained with their life-blood.

What afterwards befell the fair and innocent cause of all their woe tradition sayeth not; but the friends, who had been so unfortunately and fatally estranged, were laid by their mourning relatives at peace in one grave, dug at the place where they fell, which has ever since been known as the *Bluidy Neuk*. A ferruginous spring in the neighbourhood was long looked upon with horror by the good folks of the village, who saw in the red oxydised earth around it a mysterious connection with the blood that had been shed.

An old lady who was born in Carmyle informed us that the spot was reckoned "no canny," and that in her youth he would have been considered a bold individual who would have ventured there alone after nightfall. So regardless of such matters, however, have modern agriculturists become, that within the last few years the plough has been driven over the spot, and at the time of our visit (about forty years ago) there was a fine fresh braird waving green over the *Bluidy Neuk*.

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### How a Highland Chief Scared a Glasgow Creditor.

In former times, when the Highland chieftains were pretty much a law unto themselves, one of these magnates condescended to get into the debt of a low-country tradesman, presumably Glasgow, and as he seemed in no hurry to pay, the creditor made a journey in person to the laird's abode to seek and obtain payment. He arrived at night, during the alleged absence of the laird, had his supper and was put to bed. On getting up in the morning and looking out at his bedroom window, he observed, to his horror, a man dangling from a tree right opposite to the window.

On a servant appearing he asked the meaning of what he had seen, and was coolly told in reply :

"Oh! just a Glasgow merchant who had the impudence

to come here to dun and bother the laird about some bawbees he said were owing to him." The creditor took the hint and decamped without waiting to see the laird, or making mention of his account. The suspended figure which scared the creditor was, however, in reality only a made up semblance of humanity, got up for the purpose which it so effectually served.

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**Rev. Mr. Dickson,  
and the  
Orgies of Rutherglen Kirk.**

LIKE the famous Alloway Kirk, the sacred pile of Rutherglen seems occasionally to have been the scene of diabolical orgies. At least, we have the authority of a decent elderly woman for asserting that such was the case. According to her, when Mr. Dickson, who suffered sair during the persecution, was in the ministry in Ruglen, the reverend gentleman was riding up the main street of the burgh one night at the witching hour. While passing along the kirkyard wall he fancied, to his surprise, that he heard sounds of merriment issuing from his own church. Being a man of some courage, he at once dismounted from his steed, made his way into the graveyard, which was then, as now, elevated, with its time-honoured elms, a few feet above the level of the street, and looking into the sacred edifice, which was lighted up as if for a festival, beheld, to his horror and amazement, several of his own congregation, male and female, engaged in some mysterious ceremony, in company with a gentleman in black, whom he at once knew, from a well-known peculiarity of foot, as the enemy of mankind. Provoked beyond forbearance at the desecration of his church, and the evident backsliding of a portion of his flock, he roared out with the voice of a Stentor :

"Ye'll no deny this the morn, ye limmers !" and, turning on his heel, remounted his horse, and commenced making the best of his way home. Not having the benefit of a running stream, however, as the gudeman o' Shanter had, the worthy minister was soon overtaken ; and although the

powers of darkness durst not injure a hair of his head, yet, by their cantrips, they contrived to render both horse and rider as rigid as a couple of petrefactions.

Stock-still they were compelled to stand, unable to move hand or foot, nor would the band of warlocks and witches release them from their statuesque state but on condition that his reverence would give his solemn pledge never to divulge the names of those whom he had discovered in such questionable company. This, although with reluctance, he was ultimately fain to do; and so well did he keep his promise, that who the members of the diabolical orgie really were, has never yet been certainly discovered. The old lady added, however, that—

“There could be nae doot anent the truth o’ the circumstance, for it wasna very likely that Mr. Dickson, honest man, was gaun tae mak’ up a leein’ story, even against siccan deil’s buckies.”

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### James Watt's First Idea of the Steam-Engine.

It is a fact not generally known, that it was in Glasgow Green, near the site of the Humane Society House, that the idea of his great improvement on the steam-engine first flashed on the mind of our immortal James Watt.

The great engineer was at that period philosophical instrument maker to the University. In this capacity a small working model of Newcomen's atmospheric engine was sent to him for repair by Professor Anderson. While the machine was still in his possession for this purpose, he went out alone, on a Sunday afternoon, to take his customary walk on the Green.

His mind was naturally enough directed to the contemplation of the principles upon which the engine he had been repairing was constructed, and just as he was passing Arn's Well, the happy thought struck him, that by condensing the steam in a separate vessel instead of in the cylinder, as it had hitherto been done, an immense saving of fuel would be effected.

Had Watt been an ancient Greek he would probably, on such an occasion, have rushed across the Green, shouting



"Eureka! Eureka!" But canny Scot as he was, and probably in wholesome dread of the kirk session, he pursued his leisurely thoughtful walk, and (according to his own account of the matter, as related to a highly respectable gentleman of this city), had fully mastered the details of his great discovery before returning home.

Immediately thereafter, in concert with his apprentice, Mr. John Gardner, who was subsequently for many years a mathematical instrument maker in this city, he constructed a model of the steam-engine according to his new and improved method. This wrought admirably. The first experiment on a large scale took place at a coal mine near the Carron ironworks, when his expectations were fully justified, and he was induced to take out a patent for "saving steam and fuel in fire-engines."

Of the authenticity of the preceding statement there can be no doubt, as it came direct from the gentleman to whom Watt himself communicated the circumstance. May we not be proud of such an association in connection with our beautiful Green?

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### **Bob Dragon** **the Ugliest Man in Glasgow.**

At the beginning of the present century the eccentric Robert Dreghorn, Esq. of Ruchill, better known in Glasgow as Bob Dragon, was said to have been the ugliest man in Glasgow.

His body was of a tall, gaunt, and lean nature, with an inward bend in the small of the back; his head, which was of enormous dimensions, was admirably suited by a face of the strangest and most repulsive aspect. His nose was aquiline, and turned considerably to one side of the face, on which, indeed, it is said to have almost lain flat. He was blind of one eye, and squinted with the other, while his cheeks had been dreadfully ploughed and furrowed by the small-pox, some of the marks being as big as three-penny pieces.

He dressed generally in a single-breasted coat, which reached below his knees; his hair was powdered, and his queue, or pig-tail, was ornamented with a bow of black

ribbon. He always walked the street with a cane in his hand, and did not spare the rod on the persons of such little urchins as came in his way, so that to them he became quite a *bugbear*, and they would make off helter-skelter whenever they saw him appear. He also served as *bogie* to the matrons of Glasgow with which to frighten their little ones to rest.

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### Bob Dragon as General Admirer of the Glasgow Fair Sex.

As Bob Dragon was in himself superlatively ugly, so was he also in a marvellous degree an admirer of beauty in the persons of Eve's fair daughters, as they walked the streets of Glasgow in his day. His chief, if not his sole amusement, was to perambulate the then two chief thoroughfares of the city, Trongate and Argyle Street, and to follow every good-looking personage of the gentler and fairer sex who took his fancy in the course of his strolls; but if, in the course of his pursuit or shadowing, another whom he deemed fairer crossed his path, he would turn right about face and follow after the new object of attraction.

This extraordinary feature of his character was as well known to the general community of Glasgow as the strange features of his ugly visage; and to observe his wild goose chase movements was a source of no small amusement to any chance spectators. As a rule he kept at a respectable and respectful distance from his ruling stars, who might be gentle or simple, high or low, rich or poor, ladies, servant maids, or factory girls; many or most of whom were well aware that Bob Dragon followed in their wake, but like sensible girls, took it quite good-humouredly, as a good joke, or perhaps even regarded it as a marked compliment paid to their superior attractive power, at least in the case of those whom he continued to follow until they got housed.

The bachelor city residence of this very peculiar personage stood at the foot of Stockwell Street, and after his death in 1806, which was by his own rash act, the house had the reputation of being haunted, and it remained long untenanted, but after some time was occupied by another

peculiar personage, who was regarded as a *resurrectionist* or *burker*, and driven out of it by an infuriated mob, who wrecked the house, on Sunday, 17th February 1822.

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### Robert Dreghorn of Ruchill as a Typical Scot.

ONE day Mr. Dreghorn had invited a party of gentlemen to dinner, and on this occasion he was anxious to get a turkey for his head dish—turkeys being rather rare birds in Glasgow in those days. At the time in question, it was usual to serve up a turkey at table with its head (including the feathers thereon) ostentatiously displayed, so that the company might be satisfied that they were really getting a turkey, and not a dunhill cock.

It so happened, however, that the Rev. Robert Lothian, teacher of mathematics, had also, for the same day, invited a dinner party to his house; and he came first to the poultry shops in Gibson's Wynd, where there was just one turkey for sale, which bird Mr. Lothian forthwith purchased. Mr. Lothian had scarcely taken his departure when Mr. Dreghorn made his appearance among the poultry shops, and was sadly disappointed at learning that the solitary turkey had just been sold to Mr. Lothian, and that he had lost his chance only by a few minutes. Mr. Dreghorn, now finding that there was no other turkey for sale in Glasgow, as a *pis-aller*, was obliged to buy a goose, which, however, did not please him at all for a substitute.

Mr. Dreghorn, on leaving the poultry shops in Gibson's Wynd, came into the Trongate by way of King Street; and who did he see standing at the foot of Candleriggs, in conversation with Mr. David Allison, the grammar school teacher, but Mr. Lothian himself. Away then, and up to them, instantly went Mr. Dreghorn, and abruptly addressing Mr. Lothian, said :

"Mr. Lothian, you have been buying a turkey?"

"Yes, Mr. Dreghorn," said Mr. Lothian.

"Well, then," replied Mr. Dreghorn, "I have been buying a goose; will you give me your turkey for my goose?"

"Ah," said Mr. Lothian, "that's a serious affair, and must be taken to *avis-andum*" (*avis* is the Latin for a bird).

"No, no, Mr. Lothian," interruptingly exclaimed Mr. Allison, "I think Mr. Dreghorn's proposal is worthy of a present *answer*" (*anser* is the Latin for a goose).

"Be it so," replied Mr. Lothian; "then, Mr. Dreghorn, what will you give me to boot if I make the exchange?"

"Give you to boot!" hastily retorted Mr. Dreghorn, "I will give you nothing to boot, for my goose is heavier than your turkey, and you should rather give me something to boot."

"Ah, ah," said Mr. Lothian, "but even supposing that to be the case, Mr. Dreghorn, your answer (*anser*) is not of sufficient *weight* to induce me to make the exchange."

Upon which refusal Mr. Dreghorn, with his usual whistle, turned about on his heel and unceremoniously marched off, without understanding a word of the scholastic gentlemen's learned puns. It may be explained that Mr. Dreghorn, when conversing with his acquaintances upon our streets, had a peculiar manner of abruptly leaving them, by giving a droll sort of whistle, turning round upon his heel, and then quickly moving on without bidding them adieu. His departure was generally followed by a hearty laugh among the party so unceremoniously left behind.

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### Bob Dreghorn Helped in Time of Need.

THE late Robert, or, as he was more commonly styled, Bob Dreghorn or Dragon, a well-known character in Glasgow, though of a very parsimonious nature, was yet particularly curious in his wines; and while slovenly to excess in the economy of his table, always paid a special attention to his wine cellar.

On one occasion he had a large party at dinner, and as the evening advanced, both he and the majority of the guests got "pretty weel on," to use a common but expressive phrase.

The supply of wine having become exhausted, the forlorn appearance of the decanters was pointed out to the landlord, accompanied with a hint for their replenishment.

Bob made one or two attempts to rise, but in vain; as the old adage says,—

“His head was too heavy, his heels too light,”

and it was with difficulty that he could even make his friends understand that, as he was unable to move, they must content themselves with the libations they had already made.

One of the party, the late Mr. M’K—— of Garnkirk, who, from being a servant of Bob’s had now risen to be his guest, insinuated that there was no necessity for his quitting his chair, as he knew the road to the cellar, and would with pleasure perform the office of butler, if intrusted with the keys.

“No!” said Bob, glaring at him like a miser whose hoard someone had proposed to invade; “no! no! I’ll not trust you, sir—you ken the road to the cellar o’er weel, I’m thinking. I trust naebody wi’ the key; but I’ll tell ye what, if you are sober enough to carry me down the stair, I’ll bring up what wine’s wanted.”

With this extraordinary proposal Mr. M’K—— complied, took the *bacchi plenus* landlord on his shoulders, and after a short interval reappeared, his burden increased by the addition of sundry magnums of claret, which the redoubted Bob grasped like grim death.

The pair would have furnished a fine model for a painter who wished to depict the pious Æneas bearing his father—with this exception, that the household gods carried by the Glasgow senior were of a more *spiritual* nature than those of his Trojan counterpart.

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### Henry Bell and the Origin of Steam Navigation.

HENRY BELL, the originator of steam navigation, was a native of Torphichen, in Linlithgowshire, where he was born on the 7th of April, 1767. In 1790, Bell settled in Glasgow, where he wrought as a house carpenter, and in 1797 he became a member of the Incorporation of Wrights. It appears that in 1803 he laid his plans for steam navigation before the British Government, and receiving no encouragement, communicated them also to the principal

governments on the Continent, and to that of the United States. Robert Fulton, who, in 1807, made a successful experiment in the steam navigation of the Hudson, may thus have seen the plans of Bell, and the latter, it is well known, always asserted that such was the case.

But even in a successful experiment Fulton had not the priority, as one Symington was, in 1801, employed by Lord Dundas to construct a steamboat, and this vessel, when completed, was called the *Charlotte Dundas*. It was tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal, and attained a speed of six miles an hour. "The use of this vessel," says Dr. Macquarn Rankine, "was abandoned, not from any fault in her construction or working, but because the directors of the Forth and Clyde Canal feared that she would damage its banks."

### Henry Bell and the "Comet."

IN 1808, Bell removed to Helensburgh and became a builder, while his wife kept an inn and public baths.

Bell, who had kept his steam navigation project ever in view, in 1811 engaged Messrs. John Wood & Co., carpenters, Port-Glasgow, to build him a small vessel of some thirty tons burden; its length of keel was forty feet, its breadth of beam twelve feet; and it drew four feet of water.

The *Comet*, so-called, it is recorded, from the circumstance of a brilliant comet having appeared towards the end of 1811, was engined from designs by Bell himself. The engine made by John Robertson of Glasgow, and the boiler by David Napier, was of four-horse power. It was capable of carrying forty passengers, and its total cost was £192.

On the 12th January, 1812, it commenced to ply between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, and attracted great attention.

Such was the origin of steam navigation, an invention which has been productive of the most important benefits to the human race. Mr. Bell continued to reside at Helensburgh till the time of his death, which took place in March, 1830, when he had attained the ripe age of 63. His remains were laid in the beautiful and secluded churchyard of the parish. Many attempts have been made to deprive

Bell of the fame he had so nobly earned, but ultimately his claims were universally admitted, and full honour was rendered to his services. He received a pension from the Clyde Trust of Glasgow—which was continued to his wife after his decease—while a monument was erected to his memory at Dunglas, and his portrait fills the place of honour in the Hall of the Trust, Robertson Street, Glasgow.

As a memorial of the infancy of steam navigation, the following advertisement, inserted by Henry Bell in the newspapers of the period, may not be considered uninteresting :—

*Steam Passage-boat, THE COMET, between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, for passengers only.*

THE Subscriber having, at much expense, fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock—to sail by the power of wind, air, and steam—he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, about mid-day, or at such hour thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide—and to leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays in the morning, to suit the tide. The elegance, comfort, safety, and speed of this vessel require only to be proved, to meet the approbation of the public; and the proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement.

The terms are for the present fixed at 4s. for the best cabin, and 3s. the second; but, beyond these rates, nothing is to be allowed to servants, or any other person employed about the vessel. The subscriber continues his establishment at Helensburgh Baths, the same as for years past, and a vessel will be in readiness to convey passengers in the COMET from Greenock to Helensburgh. Passengers by the COMET will receive information of the hours of sailing, by applying at Mr. Houston's Office, Broomielaw; or Mr. Thomas Blackney's, East Quay Head, Greenock.

HENRY BELL.

Helensburgh, 5th August, 1812.

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## Minister Gawn by the Grip.

THE phrase of *Gawn by the grip*, is applied to children beginning to walk, supported by the hand: in its moral application, it means, not able to think or act for oneself. Mr. Bell, author of *System of Geography*, was once employed by a young clergyman as his amanuensis. "Volumes of sermons by various authors," said Mr. Bell, "were spread out before me at the table, and a bit for extract marked here, and another bit there," his instructions being:

"And you'll tak' nae mair here from this author; but gang to such another."

"Is that," said Mr. Bell to him, "the way you mean to mak' up your discourses?"

"Surely," quoth he.

"Man," said Mr. Bell, "you'll ye a poor soul in a pulpit! Your brains micht ha'e been as weel in the inside o' a sheep's heid! you'll just be *gawn by the grip* to the end of your days."

## Popular Preaching in Glasgow of Yore.

A REVEREND gentleman, who had a guid gift o' the gab, or, as the late James Bell of geographical and antiquarian celebrity used to phrase it, "the art of communicating naething," delivered a sermon in the neighbourhood of Glasgow for some public purpose, which delighted the mob as a tub does a whale.

The declaimer dealt with high Calvinistic points of doctrine to the almost exclusion of the practical bearings of the subject, and to the no small gratification, if not edification of his hearers, or of most of them. One bonneted abhorrer of legal preaching, in returning home, was overheard giving vent to his admiration thus:—

"Man, John, wasna yon preachin'! yon's something for a body to come awa' wi'—the way that he smashed down his text into sae mony heads and particulars, just a' to flinders. Nine heads and twenty particulars in ilka head—and sic'



mouthfu's o' grand words! an' every ane o' them fu' o' meaning, nae doubt, if we but kent them—but we ha'e ill-improved our precious opportunities; man, if we could just mind onything he said, it would be grand, and would do us guid."

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### Professor Moor's Powder.

DR. MOOR, Professor of Greek in Glasgow, was rather a natty as well as a learned man—that is to say, he was particular in the cut of his dress, and most particular to the curl and powder of his wig. Strutting about one day, as he was wont, apparently pleased with his own appearance, he was noticed by a young spark of an officer, not long in commission, who, thinking to annoy the professor, whispered to his companion in passing, loud enough, however, for the doctor to hear:

"He smells strongly of *powder*." Upon which the professor at once turned round, and said:

"Don't be alarmed, my brave young soldier, it is not *gun*-powder!"

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### Samuel Hunter and the Ultra Celt.

A MEMBER of the Glasgow Gaelic Club was so proud of his Celtic origin, as a Celt of the Celts, that he was continually boasting of it. On one occasion, he exclaimed in the hearing of Samuel Hunter, the famous and facetious editor of the *Glasgow Herald*:

"I thank God that there is not a single drop of Lowland blood in my veins!

"My friend," slyly and dryly rejoined Hunter, "I am glad to ken for a certainty that ye are thankfu' for sma' mercies!"

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### The Provost and the Soldier.

ONE, Jeremiah Armstrong, a soldier of the 72nd, came to Glasgow with his regiment (*circa* 1806-8). When present with his corps at divine service in the High Church one Sunday forenoon, instead of pulling out his Bible, he deliberately took out a pack of cards and spread them before him. This singular behaviour did not pass unnoticed by Dr. William Taylor, the officiating minister, and the sergeant, Peter M'Alister, of the company to which he belonged. The latter, in particular, commanded him to put up his cards; and, on his refusal, conducted him after service to the house of Provost James Mackenzie, in the neighbourhood, to answer for his conduct. He was remanded to the guard-house, and ordered to appear before the magistrates in the council chambers next morning.

"Well, soldier," said the provost, "what defence have you to make for this strange, scandalous conduct? If you have none, you deserve to be severely punished for it?"

"Please your lordship, will you allow me to speak?" asked the soldier.

"Certainly," said the provost, "by all means, let us hear what you have got to say."

"Well, please your lordship," said the soldier, "I have been eight days upon the march, with a bare allowance of only sixpence a day, which your honour will surely allow is scarcely sufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessaries, and, consequently, that he must be without a Bible, or a Prayer Book, or any other book. There is nothing for it, therefore, but to make the best use of my cards."

On saying this the soldier pulled out his pack of cards, and presenting an *ace* to the provost (who seemed somewhat taken aback with this liberty), he said with an air of dignity:

"Your lordship, permit me to explain—when I see an *ace*, it reminds me there is only one God, and when I look upon a *two* or *three*, the former puts me in mind of the Father and the Son; the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A *four*, please your lordship, calls to my remembrance the *four* evangelists; a *five*, the *five* wise virgins (there were ten, indeed, but *five*, your lordship will remember, were *wise*, and *five* were *foolish*); a *six* informs

me that in *six* days God created the heavens and the earth ; a *seven*, that on the *seventh* day He rested from his labours, and beheld all that He had made very good ; an *eight*, of the *eight* righteous persons preserved from the Deluge ; a *nine*, of the *nine* ungrateful lepers cleansed by our Saviour (ten were cleansed, but only one returned to offer his tribute of thanks) ; and a *ten* (scandalously called by some ‘the curse of Scotland’) should only dutifully remind us of the *Ten Commandments*.”

This discourse, so far as it went, astonished the worthy provost, who had never seen or heard the cards so handled before. The soldier then took out the *knave* from his pack, placed it beside him, and passed on to the *queen*, on which he observed as follows :

“The *queen*, your lordship, reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon ; as her companion the *king* does of the great King of Heaven, and of our own King George the Third, by the grace of God, King of Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.”

The provost at this point became greatly attracted, smiled, and said :

“Well, you have given me, perhaps, a very accurate description of all the cards except the *knave*.” To which the soldier replied :

“If your lordship will not be angry with me, I might answer that as well as any others in the pack !”

“Go on,” said the provost.

“Well,” said the soldier, “the greatest knave is the sergeant who has brought me before your lordship.”

The sergeant, on hearing this, was for drawing his sword, but the town’s officer interposed.

The provost, amazed at the man’s ability, as were all in the Council Chamber, bade the sergeant shake hands with him ; and the soldier, on this, begged the sergeant’s pardon, and said he would never liken him to a knave again.

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### Rev. Mr. Kinnear’s Spiritual Factory.

THE plain, unadorned, and, in general, barn-like architecture of old Scottish dissenting places of worship in former days was proverbial. A stranger in Glasgow, on passing one of

these ungainly and most unclerical-looking edifices asked a boy standing near:

"Whose *factory* is this?"

"Mr. Kinnear's," was the answer.

"And what does he make, my man?" was the next question.

"He makes sinners into saints, sir," was the reply; and a further conversation revealed the fact that Mr. Kinnear was a popular and very able preacher, and that the *factory* was his church!

### John Douglas, Esq., the Witty Laird of Barloch.

It would be an unpardonable neglect, in a volume issued in Glasgow, to overlook the shining abilities of the ingenious and witty John Douglas, Esq. of Barloch, whose convivial powers and readiness in repartee were highly appreciated by his contemporaries. A few brief examples are here strung together.

*Mathematical Question.*—When Mr. Robert Wallace, teacher of mathematics, had his establishment in George Square, he was met by Mr. Douglas, as he was passing along at some distance from home, in such a calculating mood, that he passed the wit without observing him, when Mr. Douglas roused him from his abstraction by jocosely asking him whether he was calculating the distance of the square or the square of the distance.

*Matter of Form.*—Mr. Douglas was one day seen emerging from a crowd, where a quarrel had arisen among some porters respecting a form on which they were accustomed to sit while waiting for employment. On being asked by a gentleman what was the matter, he replied:

"Oh, only a mere matter of form!"

*Chemical Joke.*—Chemists, natural philosophers, and mathematicians are all of the *genus irritabile*; the first class especially are remarkable for their acrimonious disputes. When Dr. Thomson's famous work on chemistry was published, a very severe review of it appeared in a London magazine: Dr. Thomson, in as severe a reply

ascribed the authorship to Dr. Ure. In allusion to which Mr. Douglas said:

"If this were the case, it was merely a very fine specimen of Uric acid."

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### **Douglas of Barloch;**

**or,**

### **Gravy and Grace.**

MR. DOUGLAS was one day dining at the house of a lady friend, and it fell to his lot to carve in place of the hostess, who occupied the seat next to him. The joint was rather tough, and in addition to the necessary art, some degree of strength was required to cut it up properly. In endeavouring to separate a ligament the knife slipped, and a quantity of gravy spurted over the dress of the lady, who said:

"Oh, Mr. Douglas, don't apologise, it is entirely my own fault—the meat should have been better prepared."

"Oh, ma'am, dunna say that," gallantly replied Mr. Douglas, "let me take the blame—let me be all the gravy, and let yours be all the grace."

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### **Douglas of Barloch's Pun:**

### **A Great Run upon the Banks.**

WHEN the popular walk on the banks of the river Clyde, which had been barred for a time by the erection of Harvie's Dyke, was again thrown open to the public by a decision of the Supreme Court, great numbers flocked thither, partly attracted by its being a favourite walk; and partly on account of curiosity arising out of the celebrity of the case.

Mr. Douglas of Barloch, happening soon after to meet the gentleman who had taken the most active part in conducting the plea on behalf of the public, waggishly declared to him, in the most serious manner, that he must surely be a dangerous person, as he had aimed a severe blow at the security of the mercantile world.

"How?" asked the gentleman, in the utmost astonishment.

"Because," said Mr. Douglas, "you have created a very great run upon the *banks*."

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### Samuel Hunter, the Genial Editor of the "*Glasgow Herald*."

SAMUEL HUNTER was the real founder of *The Glasgow Herald* newspaper as a prosperous commercial undertaking. His father was minister of the parish of Stoneykirk, Wigtonshire, and he was born in the manse on 19th March, 1769. He attended the classes in the University of Glasgow, being destined for the medical profession, and at the close of the century he served in Ireland as surgeon, and subsequently as captain in the North Lowland Fencibles, in the campaign for the suppression of the Rebellion of '98.

In the beginning of 1803 he became a proprietor, and at the same time editor, of *The Glasgow Herald and Advertiser*, and from that time to the year 1837 he conducted it with equal ability and success.

He was a man of wit, kindly, genial, moderate, clear-sighted, and of firm integrity; qualities which he impressed upon the journal under his charge, and to which it owed its success. His jokes and smart sayings were repeated at every table in Glasgow; and even yet are not quite forgotten.

With the exception of a temporary eclipse during the Reform Bill of 1831-2, when his effigy was several times burned at the Cross, and a *Stop-my-paper* crusade commenced, he was always popular with the people. He became a magistrate of the city, discharging his duties with shrewdness, dignity, and uprightness. He also became first major and then colonel of the Glasgow Highland Volunteers. In this capacity Blind Alick, the Glasgow Homer, celebrated him in his improvised verse, thus:

"Now Major Hunter cometh next,  
In a kilt see he goes;  
Every inch he is a man,  
From the head to the toes."

His broad, jolly face, redolent of sense and humour, looking askance from under his Highland bonnet, with his *garvie*, stately, and commanding person, nearly eighteen stone in weight, dressed "in the garb of Old Gaul," must have been a sight, which seen, would ever be remembered. He was subsequently colonel of the Glasgow corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters, by whom he was beloved; and, mounted on his favourite charger, he often put them through their facing on Glasgow Green. On one of these occasions he was thrown from his horse. He was immediately surrounded by a crowd of sympathising friends, who eagerly inquired if he had been hurt; but the colonel quickly allayed their anxiety by exclaiming:

"Oh, never mind, I was coming off at anyrate." The following anecdote, illustrative of his racy humour, from the pen of an eminent local antiquary, appeared in *The Herald* under date 1st January, 1869.

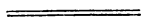
"With regard to *The Herald* office, I can recollect that about the year 1809 or 1810, their printing office was on the north side of Bell Street. Young Dr. William Dunlop was then a partner with Mr. Hunter, and assisted him in the conducting of *The Herald*. Very well I recollect a fire breaking out in their premises one evening, and I was there to see. We had then prodigious difficulty in obtaining water; but the fire, notwithstanding, was overcome. Dr. Dunlop was very active, and got access to the roof of the house by going into a garret, for the purpose of throwing buckets of water on the fire. Next day he told his friend Samuel, that, while he was on the roof, he lost his hold, and was sliding down, but was fortunately arrested by a rhone, otherwise he must have been killed by the fall.

"'Ay,' replied Samuel, 'I daresay; thae rhones kep a heap o' trash.'"

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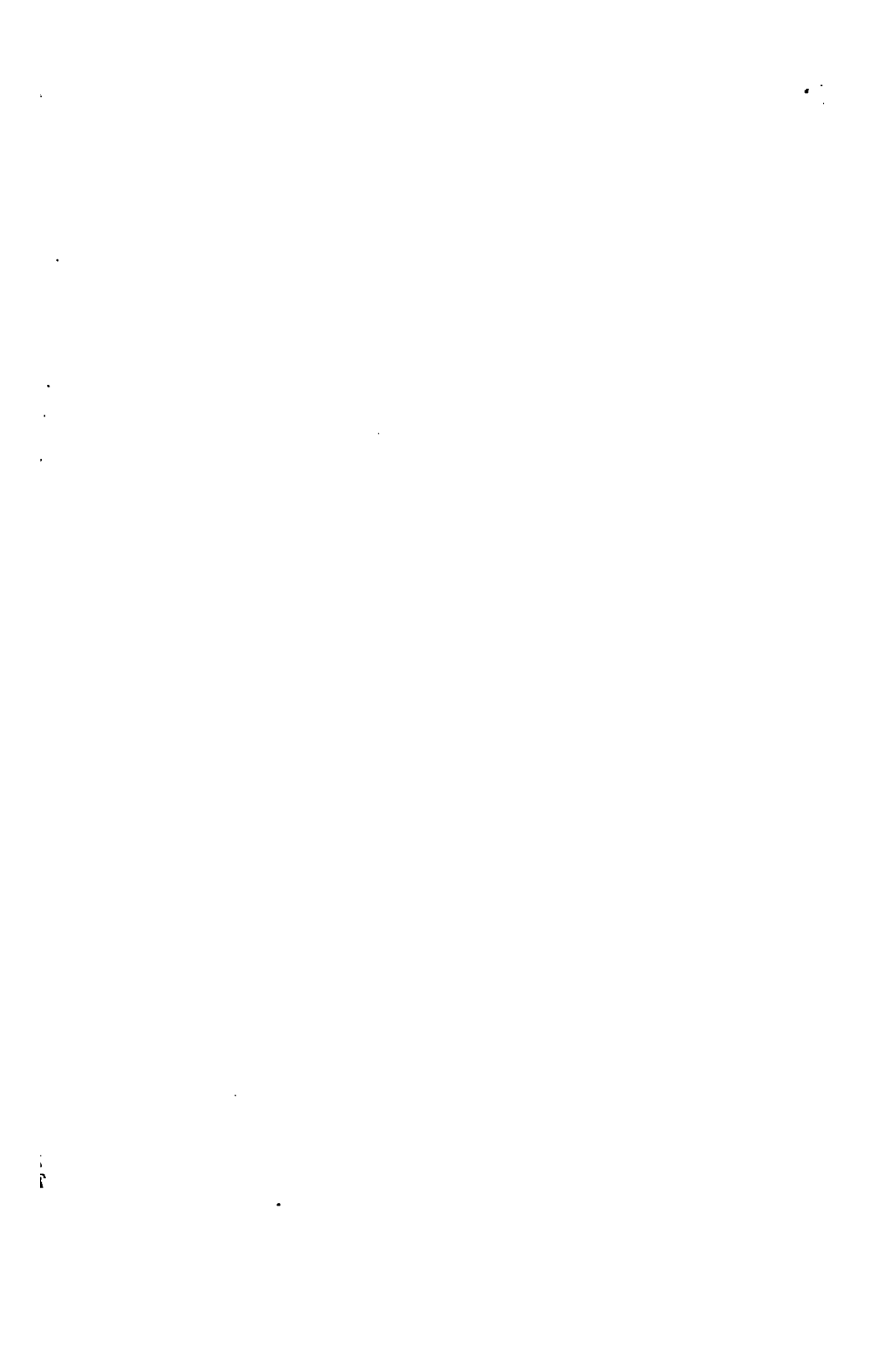
# The Anecdotalage of Glasgow.



BOOK III.







**Rev. Dr. Wm. Ritchie  
of St. Andrew's Church,  
and His Violin.**

THE Rev. Dr. William Ritchie of St. Andrew's Church, Glasgow, was exceedingly fond of music, and had taught his church to admire both vocal and instrumental music combined. They determined, if possible, to secure an organ, to assist in aiding the praise in public worship, but were not allowed to do so by the Presbytery, which was of the "opinion that the use of organs in the public worship of God is contrary to the law of the land and constitution of our Established Church."

This did not, however, prevent Dr. Ritchie cultivating his favourite art. He loved the violin especially, and had both a big and a small one, which he frequently used. Though popular with his own congregation, who were devoted to him, and admired his ministrations, he was not so well liked by his brethren, who thought he acted an unministerial part by playing on the violin. In the year 1807 he was waited upon by a deputation of ministers, to advise him to give up his performances on these instruments on a Saturday night, that he might be the better prepared in spirit for the sacred duties of the Sabbath day. When they arrived, Dr. Ritchie asked them to come in, and he would let them hear one of his favourite tunes, and then they could judge for themselves whether such music was calculated to produce evil or good results.

They consented to remain, and he begged them not to interrupt him in the performance till he was done, which would be, at most, in a few minutes. Taking the largest instrument into his hands, he played with care and feeling his own most favourite tune, the *Old Hundred*. The effect was marked. One of the chief divines was entranced, and could not refrain from saying,—

"Oh, 'tis a heavenly sound! please let us hear it again."

Dr. Ritchie, marking the favourable impression made, played several sacred pieces to the admiration of the deputation, some of whom declared themselves converts to the beneficial effect upon the mind of sweet sounds.

### **The Head Miller of Partick Mills, and His Batch of Weans.**

THE following is given as authentic, on the authority of Mr. James Balderston, a former worthy deacon of the Incorporation of Bakers in this city, by whom it was related long ago.

Joseph Edward, head miller at Partick Mills—(the property of the Incorporation of Glasgow Bakers, and gifted to them by the Regent Murray, after the battle of Langside)—was blessed with a dutiful and affectionate wife, who once made him more than happy, by presenting him with three pledges of their mutual love at a birth. When the first was born the midwife came and told Joseph that “he had got a child.” “I forget,” said the deacon, “whether a son or a daughter.” In a short time after she came and told him of another—and in a little after of a third. Joseph was perplexed. He began to be afraid there might be more coming, so he got himself dressed in his Sunday attire, and went to his minister, the Rev. Lawrence Hill, of the Barony Church, Glasgow, to see after getting them baptised. Having knocked at the minister’s door, and got admission, the reverend gentleman kindly asked for his welfare, when Joseph answering, and scratching his head, said :

“I have come, sir, to see if you would baptise a whene weans to me.”

“A whene what!” exclaimed the minister.

“A whene weans,” replied Joseph.

“How many have ye?” asked the minister.

“Sir,” said Joseph, “there were three when I cam’ awa’, but I dinna ken how mony mair might be coming by the time I gang back.”

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### **“Glasgow to Nelson”: a Practical Suggestion.**

WHEN Sir John Carr was in Glasgow, about the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on the Nelson monu-

ment, then just completed. Sir John recommended as a brief and appropriate epigraph,—

“Glasgow to Nelson.”

“Just so,” said one of the Glasgow bailies; “and as the toon o’ Nelson’s (Neilston ?) close at hand, might we no juist say, ‘Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles’ ? and so it might serve for a monument and a milestone too.”

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### The Black Dwarf's Legs in Glasgow.

BOWED DAVIE RITCHIE, as the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's *Black Dwarf* was called, died in 1811, and lies buried in Manor churchyard. All of him is not there, however, as many years ago the bones of his legs were exhibited in the farmhouse of Woodhouse, in the neighbourhood. These bones possess a history, besides having from their curvature acquired for their owner his descriptive *sobriquet*.

A rumour had gone abroad, in the resurrectionist times, that Davie's body had been disinterred soon after his death, and taken to Glasgow to be dissected; but when his sister died, 1821, the occasion of her burial was, naturally, considered a suitable opportunity for testing the truth of the rumour, which was then discovered to have had no foundation. The leg bones, being objects of curiosity, were not interred, but were detained above ground, and at length found their way in reality to Glasgow, where the proprietor of Woodhouse was then resident, but they were afterwards returned to that place.

In *Horæ Subsecivæ*, by Dr. John Brown, there is a curious account of the *Black Dwarf's* bones, with a figure of the *femur* and *tibia* of the left limb. Dr. Brown says:—“They were given to me many years ago by the late Andrew Ballantyne, Esq. of Woodhouse, and their genuineness is unquestionable.” A friend who furnished him with some particulars of Davie's life, stated that “his legs beat all power of description; they were bent in every direction, so that Mungo Park, then a surgeon in Peebles, who was called to operate upon him, said he could compare them to nothing but a pair of corkscrews.” His arms were of un-

common strength. This forlorn and misanthropic creature was introduced, in 1797, by Dr. Ferguson to Walter Scott, then a barrister of six-and-twenty years of age.

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### A Glasgow Minister's Turn to Tak' a Scunner.

ONCE on a time, as the prelude to old stories used to run, a pair of human turtles made their appearance before a Glasgow minister, and desired to be united in the bonds of sacred wedlock. Finding the preliminaries all satisfactory, the minister proceeded with the ceremony till he came to that part of it where the question is put to the bridegroom :

"Are you willing to take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" To this necessary query the man, after some considerable hesitation, answered :

"No."

"No!" said the minister, with a look of surprise; "for what reason?"

"Just," said the poor, embarrassed simpleton, looking round for the door, "because I've ta'en a *scunner* (disgust) at her."

On this, the ceremony, to the evident mortification of the fair one, was broken off, and the parties retired. A few days after, however, they again presented themselves before his reverence, and the fastidious bridegroom having declared that he had got over his objections, the ceremony was again commenced, and proceeded without interruption until the question was put to the bride :

"Are you willing to take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?" To which she answered :

"No!"

"What is the meaning of all this?" said the minister, evidently displeased at the fickle folly of the pair, and their silly trifling in a matter of such serious importance.

"Oh, naething ava," said the blushing damsel, tossing her head with an air of resentment, "only, I've just ta'en a *scunner* at him."

The two again retired to their lonely pillows; and lonely

indeed it would seem they had found them, for the reverend gentleman, on coming out of his house the following morning, met the foolish couple once more on their way to solicit his services.

"It's a' made up noo," said the smiling fair one.

"Oh yes," said her intended, "it's a' settled noo, and we want ye to marry us as soon as possible."

"I will do no such thing," was the grave and startling reply of the minister to this impatient request.

"What for?" cried the fickle pair, speaking together in a tone of mingled surprise and disappointment.

"Oh, naething ava," said his reverence, passing on his way, "but I've just ta'en a scunner at ye baith."

### **Two Douce Cameronians Self-Martyrs for Conscience Sake.**

Two humble but honest and devout Cameronians were in the habit of leaving their native village, and travelling to Glasgow, a distance of more than twenty miles, for the purpose of attending a church, and hearing a minister of their own persuasion. In the evening they travelled back half way; but were obliged to rest in a moorland cot until the succeeding morning would fit them for their journey. On one occasion being more than usually fatigued, one of them, awaking about the middle of the night, thus addressed his friend:

"John, I'll tell you ae thing and that's no twa, if thae kirk folk get to heaven at last, they'll get there a hantle easier than we do."

### **William Reid's Queer Customer.**

THAT once well-known local bibliopole of a former generation, William Reid, of Reid & Brash, booksellers, Glasgow, was exceedingly fond of a good joke, and having a fair

share of humour himself, he was the better able to be either the judge or the occasion of it in others.

One day an old woman from the clachan of Campsie entered the shop inquiring for—

“A Testament of a mair than ordinar’ roun’ teep.”

Accordingly one of the largest size was shown t<sup>o</sup> her, which she carefully examined, exacting a serious tribute on Mr. Reid’s patience.

“This ane will no do—it’s a pity, noo, for it’s a bonnie book—ha’e ye ony o’ the same size, but wi’ the print about twice as grit?” (large).

“There is no such Testament printed in Scotland,” was the reply.

“Weel, I’ll tell ye what ye may do, sin’ I ha’e gi’en ye a’ this trouble; I’m gaun wast the gate to Anderston, to see a brither’s bairn that I maun see afore I leave the toun, an’ ye can just put your stampin’-irons in the fire an’ cast ane aff to me by the time that I come back—we’ll no cast out about the price.”

### William Reid as a Rhymér.

WILLIAM REID, bookseller, Glasgow, composed many ludicrous little pieces in rhyme; one of these, during the Administration of Addington, ran thus:—

“For God’s sake, Mr. Addington,  
Look to the prices at Haddington.”

About a century ago, when a bookseller opened a shop in Wilson Street, with an extensive collection of divinity, Mr. Reid composed the following verse:—

“Ye that would mend your faith and hope,  
Repair to the new gospel shop:  
Whene’er your faith begins to coggle,  
Ye’ll be set right by Maurice Ogle.”

Mr. Reid has been highly commended for his felicitous additions to several popular Scottish songs.

He was born at Glasgow in 1764, and entered into partnership with Mr. Brash in 1790, the firm being Reid & Brash, booksellers. He died in 1831.

### William Reid on Dust and Drought.

MR. REID, when confidential shopman and clerk to Messrs. Dunlop & Wilson, booksellers in Glasgow, with whom he acquired the knowledge of his profession, was engaged at the annual balance in taking the stock of literature in quires stored in the warehouse, and had the assistance of a couple of bookbinders to collate the works, and to lay aside all imperfect copies. The work was heavy, and the dust, which had not been disturbed since the former balance, rose in clouds, and made lodgments in the crevices of Craig's close (throat) to such an extent that it created a demand on the part of Mr. Reid's assistants for something to wash it down.

Mr. Reid received the petition, and having a happy knack in improvising doggerels, forthwith memorialised the heads of the house as follows:—

“Now gentlemen, to tell the truth,  
We're like to choke wi' stour and drouth;  
Twa pints o' porter, if ye please,  
Would set our geyzened throats at ease.”

### Tron Church Burned (1793) through a Frolic of the Hell-Fire Club.

THE venerable Tron Church was destroyed by fire on the 15th February, 1793, and the Presbytery records, which had only a year before been rendered tolerably complete, were greatly injured. Then, as now, the Tron session-house was the meeting-place of the Presbytery of Glasgow; but it was also used for a very different purpose—that of being guard-house of the city night-guard, a body composed of the burgesses, who took duty by rotation. When the watch left the session-house at three o'clock on the morning of the 15th February all was safe; but by seven o'clock



the session-house and the church had been totally destroyed.

A local antiquary records that "the guard being out going their rounds, had left a fire as usual in the session-house, without anyone to take care of the premises, when some members of a society, who were the disciples of Thomas Paine, and who designated themselves the Hell-fire Club, being on their way home from the club, and excited with liquor, entered the session-house in a frolic.

While warming themselves at the fire, and indulging in jokes against one another as to their individual capacity to resist heat, with reference to an anticipated residence in the headquarters of the club, they placed what inflammable materials were at hand on the fire to increase it; and ultimately having, in bravado, wrenched off and placed some of the timbers of the session-house on the ignited mass, they could no longer endure the heat, and fled in dismay from the house, which contained much dry wood, as it was seated like a church.

It was soon a mass of fire, and the flames caught the church, which was totally destroyed in a terrific conflagration, so that on the north side of the Trongate, between it and Bell Street, where Antigua Place in Nelson Street now is, a quantity of hay in stack was with difficulty saved from the embers, which were wafted through the air from the blazing church." The steeple, built in 1637, was not, however, destroyed.

In the following year the present church was erected, James Adam, one of the architects of the infirmary, being entrusted with the plans. The remains of the records of the Presbytery and General Session were afterwards carefully collected; and a fairly accurate transcription was made of them. The clock dials were lighted by gas reflectors in the winter of 1821-22, and this is believed to have been the first steeple in the kingdom so illuminated. The inventor of this expedient was, says Clelland, "Mr. John Hart, an ingenious and scientific pastry baker of this city."

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## Early Police Duty Without Police in Glasgow.

PRIOR to the year 1800 there was no regular police force in Glasgow; but the manner in which the duties of watching and warding were performed in those early times is shown in a petition presented to the Town Council in 1707, the year of the *Sorrowfu' Union*. Each master of a family, was required to attend in turn, or send a sufficient substitute, to do guard duty. The guard was divided into companies, under a captain, each company being summoned by drum at two o'clock p.m., and kept on duty from three till the same hour next day. As there were then no public lights of any kind, on dark nights, in the absence of moonlight, the duty could neither be easy or agreeable.

In order to keep the peace and preserve decency and order, all women, boys, young men, and servants were prohibited from being upon the streets "after cloud of night," at least above a certain number, but it is possible, if not probable, that the danger of trouble and disturbance lay rather with the members of the community who were not thus restricted. The names of all strangers in the town, whether staying in public or private houses, had to be handed in to the captain of the guard by ten o'clock.

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## First Glasgow Police Force Organised in A.D. 1800.

THE following excerpts are from particulars furnished by Dr. John Aitken, a former respected member of the Town Council, who was present on the occasion of the Glasgow police force being first brigaded.

Our first start with a police force took place in 1800 in the Laigh Kirk session-house, which was the first office. There were sixty-eight watchmen and nine day officers. Greatcoats and staves were served out to each watchman. Each man's number was painted on the back of his greatcoat, between the shoulders, in white-coloured figures about six inches long. The staves were joiner made, about four

feet long, painted of a chocolate-brown colour, and numbered. A lantern and two candles were handed to each man—one lighted and one in reserve. Before going out for the first time, the men exercised their lungs and showed their proficiency in calling the hours, as was long the custom. The uniform consisted of blue cloth coats, with blue vests and blue knee breeches, but the seams were welted over with red stripes, and the sergeants, nine in number, wore shoulder-knots of red and blue mingled worsted thread.

The second police office was up one stair in the locality long known as the *Herald Office Close*, north-west corner of Bell Street, with a front to Candleriggs, and the third in the last named street.

In those early times, the sergeants and watchmen had a good deal left to their own discretion or personal inclination, and it was no uncommon thing for a watchman to take a man to the office and lock him up for a few hours, without any charge being entered, or any record kept of what had been done. For instance, the story is told of one, a stern old pensioner, named Jaikey Burns, who had a mortal antipathy to Irishmen, and, whenever, in the case of any disturbance, he heard the brogue uttered, he was sure to take the unhappy owner of it into custody, whether he was the assaulting or assaulted party, holding it to be a sufficient evidence of guilt that the man was from the Emerald Isle.

Each watchman had a wooden box, called a sentry-box, for resting in when fatigued, or when the weather was cold or rainy. The wild youths of the town used often to lock Dogberry in his nest, and sometimes they even tumbled the box over on its face, in which position the poor fellow lay till relieved by one or other of his fellow-watchmen. One result of the establishment of a regular police force in the city was the driving of most of the bad and criminal class into the suburbs, to the no small peril and discomfort of their then denizens.

The Glasgow police force has now the reputation of being the heaviest and most powerful body of men in the world.

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## **Matthew Gilmour, Writer, Glasgow, and His Practical Jokes.**

ABOUT the end of last and beginning of the present century there was one, Matthew Gilmour, a writer, in Glasgow, who was very much addicted to practical joking. One day observing a pretty conspicuous sign in front of a house at the Bell o' the Brae, on which was painted:

"R. CARRICK, SHOEMAKER,"

Mr. Gilmour had it removed during the night and placed on the Ship Bank, and in the morning the people were not a little surprised to find that Robert Carrick, the manager, had added to his many other occupations the business of a cobbler.

On another occasion (on his way, one morning early, to the Morning and Evening Club), Mr. Gilmour discovered a ladder on the street, and by means of it ascended the statue of King William at the Cross, where he seated himself on the horse immediately behind the hero of the Boyne. There were very few people on the streets at that early hour, but presently a passenger came along who cried:

"What are you doing up there?"

"Oh!" replied Mr. Gilmour, I am looking at a most wonderful sight, such as I never saw in all my life before, and if you will only come up you will see it too."

The stranger, without thought, took advantage of the ladder, and mounted to the top of the pedestal.

"Stop there till I get down and you will get up," said Gilmour, and so he slipped down and the stranger ascended to the vacant seat. Mr. Gilmour then counselled him to look steadfastly down the Gallowgate, and while he was thus employed, the ladder was removed and Mr. Gilmour with it, leaving the poor man elevated to a position from which he could not very well get down without assistance from some other early straggler. Many were the rough, practical jokes of this description that were played about the time referred to.

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### Auld Robin Carrick of the Ship Bank, and His Housekeeper.

THIS worthy was the son of the Rev. Robert Carrick, minister of Houston parish, and was born in the manse there about 1760. His father had previously been tutor in the family of Provost Buchanan of Drumpellier, and had received his appointment to the parish of Houston through the family influence. When young Robin was about fifteen he entered the then well known, and through his energy, zeal, and tact, afterwards better known Ship Bank, subsequently merged in the Union Bank.

Robin, of whom some curious and characteristic stories are related elsewhere in this volume, was well known for his keen, saving, and economical habits, but his favourite niece and housekeeper, Miss Paisley, a scraggy old maid, was even still more notorious for these not over estimable or exalted qualities.

They lived in the upper flat of the bank premises, and while Robin was busy doing his utmost to make money in the flat below, his niece and housekeeper was doing her best to save it in the flat above. She would prig or higgie with the shopkeepers in King Street, then the chief provision place in the city, and try to beat them down a farthing on the price of beef, mutton, or veal.

Peter Mackenzie relates in his *Reminiscences*, that he had seen her "hurrying from the markets with a sheep's head and trotters in her basket, and a string of flounders or caller herring in her hand." If auld Robin gave a dinner, she used to bargain with the greengrocer that if any apples or pears were left over they should be taken back and deducted from the account.

The bank itself was a dark, dingy place, well and securely guarded from the public gaze by means of a high wooden partition or screen with a shelf on the top of it, on which money was placed, and the customer had to stand upon tip-toe and bawl out what he wanted, so that very little was known of what passed inside. But Robin was a *siccar chiel*, and knew what he was about.

In the year 1793, three of the Glasgow banks failed, and the Royal Bank itself trembled. William Simpson and

Gilbert Innes from Edinburgh, and David Dale and Scott Moncrieff from Glasgow, used to meet once a week half-way between the two cities, and discuss the position of affairs. But amidst the general panic, the Ship Bank stood like a rock, and Robin, hard and miserly at the best, put an extra button on his pocket during the crisis, and narrowed the discounts almost to a point. He remained a grim old bachelor, and died in 1821, at the age of 81, leaving about a million sterling.

The Ship Banking Company was established in 1750. It was the first institution of its kind belonging to Glasgow. Its office for twenty-six years was in the Bridgegate. In 1776, it was removed to the west wing of the once famous Shawfield Mansion, Argyle Street, corner of Glassford Street, and next door to the Black Bull Inn.

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### A Glasgow Banker and the Smell of Dram Drinking.

ROBIN CARRICK, equally well-known for his wealth and his miserly habits, was addicted to taking a dram of whisky in the morning, and another at mid-day—in Scotch phrase, his morning and meridian. His business bringing him at all times into contact with people of consideration, he felt that the practice, sure to be detected by the odour of his breath, might seriously injure his respectability. He therefore consulted with a kindred spirit, who pledged himself to discover some effectual antidote to the spirituous aroma. Meeting the banker one morning a few days afterwards, he accosted him:

"I've found out at last a grand cure for the smell of whisky."

"I'm glad to hear that," quoth the man of discount, "for the smell's unco strong upon me just now, and I'm on my way to the counting-house."

"But will ye gie me a half-mutchkin o' good Jamaica rum if I tell you?" After many demurrers and attempts to beat down his friend's demand to a gill, he consented to the proposal. Away then they went to the nearest tavern, and the half-mutchkin of rum was set on the table. The

possessor of the invaluable secret, after first liberally helping himself, poured out a glassful, saying :

"Noo, tak' you that, and I'se warrant it will cure you o' a' smell o' whisky."

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### **Garrick the Banker and the Power of Wit.**

A COUNTRYMAN having applied to Mr. Carrick to discount a bill which had three months and seventeen days to run, the banker, after carefully looking at both sides of it, as was his invariable custom, said that—

"It was not usual to take bills of a longer date than three months." Upon which the applicant, scratching his head and looking slyly at Mr. Carrick, said :

"That may be your usual way, sir, but ye ken the days are unco short at this time of the year!" The bill was discounted.

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### **Robin Garrick the Banker's Puzzle: Can He Stand?**

ROBIN CARRICK was waited upon one day by a spruce young customer, who handed him a number of bills which he wished to have discounted. The banker eyed them carefully on both sides as was his wont, and approved of them all but one, and that the largest in amount, over which he pondered thoughtfully, and shook his head.

"Oh, you need not hesitate about him, Mr. Carrick," said the intending discounter, "for he has started, and keeps his carriage."

"Ou, ay," replied the banker, "that may be ; but the question wi' me is, can he keep his feet?"

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## A Glasgow Manufacturer's Benevolent Diplomacy.

ROBERT, or Robin Carrick, who went as a boy to, and rose to be manager and cashier of the Ship Bank of Glasgow, (afterwards merged into the Union Bank of Scotland), had the reputation of being a close-fisted old screw.

A good story is told of how he was sweated on one occasion for the benefit of the Royal Infirmary.

Two or three respectable citizens collecting subscriptions for that benevolent institution, knowing Mr. Carrick's great wealth, honoured him with their first call, expecting their list to be headed with a good round sum, which would have a good effect on those who were called on afterwards. To their surprise and mortification, Robin simply put down his name for two guineas. There next call was on old Mr. John M'Ilquham, manufacturer, who on seeing the list so headed, exclaimed :

" Bless me ! has Mr. Carrick only given you twa guineas for such a benevolent purpose ? "

" No more," was the reply, " he said he could not afford to give any more."

" What's that you say ? " said the manufacturer ; " bide a wee," and so saying, he rose from his stool and bade his faithful cash-keeper and confidant, Mr. Davidson, afterwards of Ruchill, to go with a cheque for £10,000 or more, the amount at his credit in the Ship Bank. When the cheque was presented for payment, Robin the banker stared and looked quite dumfounded

" Go back," said he, " young man, to Mr. M'Ilquham with my compliments, and tell him he has surely committed some mistake." Mr. Davidson returned with the message, but was sent back to demand payment in the most peremptory manner. The niggardly banker on this became rather *shaky*, and thought it best to go and have a personal interview with the manufacturer. Upon entering he said to his customer :

" What's wrong wi' ye the day, Mr. M'Ilquham ? " to which the instant reply was :

" Nothing in the least wrong wi' me, praise be blessed ! but I fear there's something very far wrong wi' you and



your bank, for my friends here have just assured me that you could only afford *two guineas* in aid of the worthy charity they represent, and so I thought it high time to shift my money to some safer quarter."

This led to the desired result, as Robin, although with great reluctance, put down his name for *fifty guineas*; whereon Mr. M'Illquham cancelled his cheque, and the depuration from the Royal Infirmary went off perfectly delighted.

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### Queer Pranks by the Wits of the Gegg Club, Glasgow.

ABOUT the beginning of the century there lived and flourished one Bean Findlay, who flattered himself greatly with the idea that he possessed the most splendid whiskers and most finished headgear in Glasgow. One night after a late spree of the Gegg Club, of which he was a member, the wits of the company shore off his darling headgear and highly cultivated whiskers, blackened his face, and sent him home in that pitiful condition to his trusty maid-servant, who, not knowing her own master, saluted him with,—

"Get down the stair, you dirty blackguard."

Another member of the humorous club had the door of his house built up while he was enjoying himself till midnight at his customary orgies in the well-known tavern near the Cross, where the meetings were held, and when he arrived, with a

"Wee drappie in his e'e,"

he was surprised and bewildered that he could not find out his own domicile. The members of the club were close at hand enjoying the fun; but it was not till four in the morning, when he began to get sober, and when perhaps the light of the early dawn assisted him, that he discovered the trick which his boon companions had played upon him. Such are a few snatches of the ways of the Glasgow bodies some ninety years ago, and these anecdotes may serve to give our readers a glimpse of the social life of the city at the time referred to.

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### **Murder of Buchanan, the Glasgow Carrier.**

THE perpetrator of this foul deed was one James M'Kean, a master shoemaker in easy circumstances, who had his dwelling-house and workshop in the flat of a house near to the old University in High Street. The victim, Mr. Buchanan, carrier between Glasgow and Lanark, was a good-looking man of large size, and much esteemed by the public. The murder appears to have been preconcerted, and the circumstances, as derived from Mrs. M'Kean, are as follows:—

The city bells had rung the usual peal at 6 p.m., while M'Kean, with his wife and daughter, were seated in their parlour at tea, when the knocker was heard, and M'Kean, who had not mentioned that he expected a visitor, but who seemed to be watching for something, started towards the outer door, opened it, admitted his victim to the principal apartment, which fronted the street, and had a closet, concealed by a door, entering from it.

M'Kean had been absent from the parlour a few minutes only, when he appeared in the kitchen, took a cloth or towel, and, in haste, retired, shutting the door of the room after him; almost immediately he again appeared in the parlour, and hurriedly gathered to him the crumbcloth off the carpet and from under the table, at which his wife and daughter were seated. Mrs. M'Kean now became alarmed and inquired why he acted so. He testily replied:

"I have a drunk man with me," and hurried again to the room with the cloth, followed by his wife into the lobby, but he slammed the door on her and fixed it with the bolt inside; on this his wife, opening the house door, went to the stair, clapping her hands and shrieking that murder was in her dwelling.

M'Kean, on hearing the alarm thus given by his wife, came forth into the lobby, where were hanging his hat and greatcoat, when, putting on the hat and having the coat on his arm, he ran downstairs, having, as he passed his wife, shaken his clenched fist at her, saying:

"Woman, you have done for me now!"

Bailie Wardlaw and other authorities were soon at the

fatal spot, and sent Mrs. M'Kean and daughter to a place of security ; but their innocence being evident, they were soon liberated. On inspection of the premises it was seen that the murderer had prepared for his guest, not a friendly repast, but a razor, the blade of which was fixed to its handle so as to prevent the one from moving on the other. Mr. Buchanan had been seated in an arm-chair when M'Kean from behind, with the razor, nearly severed the head from the body. The murderer then abstracted from the person of his victim about £120 in bank notes, and a watch, which were found on him when made a prisoner at Lamlash, in Arran, on his way to Ireland.

The razor and M'Kean's watch were seen as left by him in the room ; and the body, heavy though it was, had been dragged by the murderer from the fatal chair to the closet, and there deposited by him, with the head downwards, and the feet laid up against the wall, all which had been done prior to the first appearance of the murderer for the cloth or towel. M'Kean exonerated his wife and all others, admitted his guilt, and expedited punishment by forcing on the trial at Edinburgh ; and on 25th January, 1797, he was executed at Glasgow, where his skeleton is still to be seen in the University.

This great criminal was of sober and quiet habits, and professedly religious ; but, as was stated by his wife, had been noted for being extremely covetous. It was also reported that he was of cruel disposition, having when a youth put to death his mother's cat by boiling it in a caldron ; also, he was suspected of having been implicated in the death of his mother, who was found drowned in the canal, by whose decease he inherited a small property.

While under sentence of death he was, with all delicacy, interrogated by a clergyman who attended him as to the truth of the reports which had been in circulation against him as to his mother's death ; but the answer obtained from M'Kean was,—

“ Doctor, can you keep a secret ? ” and an answer in the affirmative being given, the culprit replied,—

“ So can I.”

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### The MacRab on His High Horse.

THAT remarkable personage, the Laird of Macnab, was perfectly furious on the subject of family rank.

"There were, questionless, mony *Maister* Macnabs; but the auld black chiel may ha'e my saul if I ken but *ae Macnab*."

It was quite enough to put him in a frenzy, to dignify with the title of chieftain anyone, however high in title or fortune, whom he thought had no claim to that super-imperial rank. It is not to be supposed that this was ever done for the pleasure of beholding the laird in one of those passions, which resembled one of his mountain storms.

No; he was by no means the man to hazard such a joke upon, and could he have suspected for a moment (a supposition, indeed, almost impossible) that any person whatever attempted to play upon him, miserable would have been the fate of the unhappy wight who made the experiment. The narrator of this anecdote had a narrow escape from the overwhelming indignation of this genuine Gaelic worthy.

It occurred after dinner, the good laird being a little mellow—for as to being drunk, oceans of liquor would have failed to produce that effect—at least to the length of prostration. The party on whose account the chief's bile was so powerfully excited was indeed blessed with a more lofty and sonorous cognomen than himself. If it did not indisputably stamp the owner as an ancient feudal baron, an ignorant Lowlander might well be excused for thinking so. We shall suppose it to be Macloran of Dronascandlich—a name trying enough, certes, for the utterance of any common pair of jaws.

Thus commenced the unlucky querist:—

"Macnab, are you acquainted with Macloran, who has lately purchased so many thousand acres in —shire?"

This was more than sufficient to set the laird off in furious tilt on his genealogical steed.

"Ken wha? the puddock-stool of a creature they ca' Dronascandlich, wha no far bygane daured (deil tak' him!) to offer siller, sir, for an auld ancient estate, sir; an estate as auld as the Flude, sir—a gude deal aulder, sir—siller, sir, scrapit thegither by the miserable deevil in India, sir; not

in an offisher or gentleman-like way, sir—but (Satan burst him!) making cart wheels and trams, sir, and barrows, and the like o' that wretched handywark.

"Ken him, sir? I ken the creature weel, and wha he comes frae, sir; and so I ken that dumb tyke, sir—a better brute by a half than a score o' him!"

"Mercy on us! Macnab, you surprise me; I thought from the sublime sound of his name and title, he had been a chief of at least ten centuries standing."

The instant this remark was made, the visage of the laird grew ghastly with rage; he snorted in the true Gaelic style; his eyes caught fire; he alternately raised and depressed the skin of his awful front, while every muscle of the whole man quivered with indignation. A fearful tornado was naturally expected; but restraining himself with a convulsive effort, thus he cried, or rather bellowed out:

"By the saul o' the Macnabs, sir, naething but yere deabolical Lowland ignorance can excuse ye for sic shamefu' profanation! Hear ye me, sir:—it's fifty year and mair bygane, ae time I was at Glasgow, wanting some tyking, or Osenbrugs, or what the fiend ca' ye them, what ye mak' pillows and bowsters o'?

"Weel, sir, I was recommendit to an auld decent creature o' a wabster wha picket up a meeserable subsistence in the Gallowgate.

"I gaed up a pair o' stairs,—two, three, syne four pair o' stairs,—a perfit Toor o' Babel in meenature, sir.

"At last I quat the regions of stane and lime, and cam' to *timmer*, sir, about twenty or thretty rotten boords, that were a perfit temptation o' Providence to venture the foot o' a five year auld bairn on.

"I gaed in at a hole—door it couldna be ca'd, sir, and there I found a meeserable deevil, the perfit picture of famine, sir, wi' a face as white as a clout, an auld red Kilmarnock on his puir auld grey pow, and treddle, tred-dling awa' wi' his pitifu' wizend trotters.

"Wha think ye, sir, was this abortion of a creature—this threadbare, penniless, and parritchless scrap o' an antediluvian wabster?

"This was Macloran's grandfather, sir (in a voice of thunder). That was the origin o' Dronascandlich, sir (in a lower tone, accompanied with a truly diabolical *girn*),

and a bonnie origin for a Highland chief, by the L—d.”

Well may the reader exclaim in the words of the Ettrick Shepherd:

“Ay! that was Macnab in the height of his pride!”

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### A Glasgow Banker Ninety Years Ago.

ABOUT ninety years ago St. Andrew's Square was in its hey-day both for gentility and business.

The Royal Bank had then its office and manager's dwelling-house in the two tenements on the south-east corner of the square; and the two large freestones on which were placed the sentry-boxes for the soldiers who, with loaded musket and bayonet, guarded the treasures within, still remain inserted in the pavement. In these days the late well-known Mr. John More was manager of the bank, and being a man of dignified presence, he represented the moneyed interest in a style which has not been equalled since.

On Saturdays and holidays a splendid equipage, with a black servant in the rumble, drove up to the bank to convey the manager to his rural home at Wellshot, which he had erected, and surrounded with vinery, flower garden, romantic walks, and bowling-green, at an expense of £17,000, *sic transit*, etc. Mr. More became unfortunate, and this splendid house, the grounds of which were feued at £4 per acre, long stood in the market at £2,000, and was latterly sold for much less.

A respectable citizen, recently in the magistracy (Mr. R. Smith), occupied Wellshot House not long since, at a rent of, we believe, £80 per annum; but it would require a man of princely fortune to occupy it as Mr. More did, the style of whose housekeeping may be learned from the fact, that he possessed upwards of 1,200 ounces of silver plate.

### “Picture Gordon.”

MR. ALEXANDER GORDON, of the eminent firm of Stirling, Gordon & Co., from his well-known taste for the fine arts, was familiarly known by the name of “Picture Gordon.” He had a house built for him about the year A.D. 1804 or 1805, on the site now occupied by the Royal Bank, the background of which extended over a portion of what is now Royal Exchange Square. The stable stood upon the site of the South Arch at Royal Exchange Place, and several of Mr. Gordon’s young friends, who long survived to tell the tale, spent many a happy evening in a part of it which the kindly and genial-hearted gentleman had fitted up as a theatre for their amusement. In it some of the youngsters performed such plays as the tragedy of *Douglas*, the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and other popular pieces, to the great delight of all.

To preserve the amenity of his mansion, Mr. Gordon purchased the then vacant ground on the opposite side, which was subsequently formed into Gordon Street, and hence its name. A venerable Glasgow antiquary states, that “to the north of the house in question, and separated from it by a passage of some eight feet in width, stood another dwelling-house, which had been erected in 1794 by Mr. Robert Muirhead, a respectable merchant, but which, at the time in question, was occupied by Mr. Gordon’s relative, Mrs. Buchanan.” The locality was then an entirely rural one; and, as a proof of it, we may mention that in the autumn of 1803, when one of this lady’s sons was looking out of the window he observed a covey of partridges to alight upon the spot long occupied as premises by the late Councillor Forrester and his son, upon which he took his gun, went out, and immediately returned with a brace of them.

“In these days, however, it was no unusual thing to kill game in the locality; and a venerable and respected member of the Faculty of Procurators records that he has shot many a hare in the cabbage gardens, the site of which is now taken up by the fashionable Buchanan Street shops. Indeed all the space around was occupied by garden ground, and the families, who then resided in the thinly built Buchanan Street, used to pay a guinea per annum for the

privilege of walking through the parterres to the Grammar School, then situated in George Street.

Mr. Gordon was the father of the first corps of light-horse raised in Glasgow during the Revolutionary War, and he was the last remaining member of the old race of Glasgow West India merchants. He was also the first of our Glasgow merchants who possessed a fine collection of paintings, the value of which was estimated at no less than £30,000; but, unfortunately, some of them were burned in London, where Mr. Gordon had gone to reside, after his removal from Glasgow.

Various interesting particulars regarding how the collection was formed, with descriptions of two very fine Guidos, which had long formed the boast and ornament of the Sala Palace at Rome; of a small but brilliant Rubens, formerly in the Collona Palace at Rome; and a statement, on good authority, "that Mr. Gordon was offered by a great London collector £5,000" for these three pictures, appeared under the signature of "Mercator" in the *Reformers' Gazette*.

Mr. Alexander Gordon died in 1850, in Upper Canada, at the advanced age of 95.

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### The Firm of Hamilton and Brandon as Security.

ANDREW HOUSTON, Esq. of Jordanhill, got into embarrassments in consequence of his having, in partnership with some others, entered into an immense speculation in slaves, when the total abolition of the slave trade was at first seriously agitated, and seemed likely to be immediately accomplished; but, as the measure was delayed, the loss occasioned by the fall in price of negroes, by the expense of keeping them, and by deaths amongst them, brought ruin to the speculators.

In these circumstances Mr. Houston applied to Government for the loan of £100,000, which was agreed to be granted upon his giving satisfactory security.

Accordingly, Mr. Houston having gone to the Government to name his security, gave in the name of "Hamilton and Brandon," upon which the official on duty answered:



"Sir, we never take a firm for security."

Whereon Mr. Houston replied :

"It is not a firm which is offered, but Douglas, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon."

The security, of course, was then readily accepted.

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### **Patrick Falconer, Esq., and the Marshal.**

MR. FALCONER, partner of the firm of Monteith & Falconer, and afterwards of the distinguished firm of Dalglish, Falconer, & Co., was asked by his enterprising senior partner, Mr. Monteith, during the French Revolutionary War, about 1805, to go over to Germany, in order to extend the connections of the firm in that country.

Mr. Falconer, who had a knowledge of the French language, and a smattering of the German, accordingly proceeded to Holland, with the intention of getting into Germany by the most favourable route he could find. But when he arrived in Holland, he found it under the control of France, and that for entire safety he would require to take a northern course, or risk a shorter route by the banks of the Rhine. Mr. Falconer courageously chose the latter course; but he had not gone far on his way when he was arrested by a French patrol under the suspicion of being an English spy.

Mr. Falconer was at once taken to the headquarters of the French General commanding in that part of the country, to be interrogated as to who and what he was, and also as to his object in travelling through the district in question during a time of war?

The General cross-questioned Mr. Falconer with reference to his business, local places and persons, and in reply, Mr. Falconer named Mr. David Dale and other well-known Glasgow notables.

The General, interrupting him in his course of enumeration, exclaimed :

"Hé bien ! hé bien !" And then with a smile upon his countenance, and to the no small astonishment of Mr. Falconer, said, in good broad Scotch :

"But, my fren', do you ken auld James Monteith o' Anderston?"

Mr. Falconer, though thus taken by surprise, answered the General in his own sprightly style, by saying:

"Ou ay, General, I ken him brawly, for he's my ain pairtner's faither."

The General, after a hearty laugh, then spoke to Mr. Falconer in fluent English, and informed him that he had spent three years of his life in Glasgow as a student at the University, and was well acquainted with Mr. James Monteith, from whom he had received much kindness and hospitality.

After making kindly inquiries regarding Mr. Monteith, his family, and other old Glasgow friends, Marshal Mortier, with a hearty shake of the hand, permitted Mr. Falconer to pass on his way without further trouble.

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### David Dale, a Model Old Glasgow Worthy.

Two of our Glasgow streets, Dale Street, Bridgeton, and Dale Street, Tradeston, derive their name from the estimable gentleman above named, whose multifarious activities, mercantile, manufacturing, financial, municipal, benevolent and religious, both "here about and far away," were truly astonishing! He was the father of the cotton trade of Glasgow, or it may even be said of Scotland. In 1783 he took an active part in forming the Chamber of Commerce; was one of its first directors, and was twice chosen chairman. In the terrible years between 1782 and 1799, when meal rose to 21s. 4d. a boll, he chartered ships and imported great quantities of grain, not for gain to himself, but to sell it cheap to the poor starving people.

Mr. Dale was also for many years a magistrate of Glasgow, and in this capacity won the golden opinions of his fellow-citizens, as he tempered justice with mercy. Hence, the poor blessed him, and affectionately distinguished him by the title of the "benevolent magistrate." In person he was short and corpulent, and the complete *beau ideal* of a

Glasgow bailie, in living and genuine reality, and not merely ideal like the famous Bailie Nicol Jarvie.

It is also recorded that in connection with his mills at New Lanark he set himself to provide his workpeople with good houses, good sanitation, good schooling, and good training, intellectual, moral, and religious. He always tried to make business yield something better than profit; and outside of his own business connections he was a zealous friend and helper "in every good word and work." Originally a member of the Church of Scotland, he became a founder of the "Old Scotch Independents;" he travelled all about to counsel and comfort their scattered congregations; for thirty-seven years he officiated as pastor, and preached regularly on Sundays to his own congregation in Greyfriars Wynd; yea, so earnest was he, that to help his pulpit work he had taught himself to read the Scriptures in the original Hebrew and Greek. He also sought like his Lord and Master to seek and save those who were counted lost, as he visited Bridewell to preach to the prisoners.

To crown all he was no sour, gloomy zealot, but a genial, humorous man, given to hospitality, and he both could and would sing a good old Scotch song with such feeling as to bring tears to the eyes. Yet, strange to say, all these good and noble qualities did not save him from fanatical persecution and insult, because his true and genuine Christianity did not run in the regular popular channel. His taking on him the work of the Christian ministry grated against the prejudices of his Presbyterian fellow-citizens, by whom he was denounced as a Nadab or Abihu, and he was hooted and pelted on his way to his labours, in what was sneeringly called the *Candle Kirk*, which edifice was actually attacked by the mob of would-be orthodox believers or professors.

But none of these things moved him; he lived down the scath and the scorn; for when he rested from his labours on 17th March, 1806, in his 68th year, all the city mourned; and he was laid in the Ramshorn kirkyard with a great following of gentle and simple. He lies beneath a plain stone let into the east wall, bearing on it—

THIS BURYING GROUND  
IS THE PROPERTY  
OF DAVID DALE,  
MERCHANT IN GLASGOW.  
1780.

By his wife Ann Campbell, he left five daughters, of whom the eldest was married to the well-known Robert Owen. His portrait is preserved for us in Kay's *Morning Walk* (reproduced in Stuart). His offices and warehouses on the east side of St. Andrew's Square, also his town house at the south-west corner of Charlotte Street: and his country house, Rosebank, near Cambuslang, are all still to the fore.

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### MR. DAVID DALE as Adviser and Partner.

MR. DALE, who was regarded with esteem and confidence by all classes of the community, was on one occasion applied to by a widow named Mrs. Mary Black for his advice under the following circumstances:—

Her husband had been a shoemaker in pretty extensive business, and at his death she was at a loss how to dispose of his stock to advantage. Mr. Dale advised her to work up the raw materials into shoes suitable for the West India market, and then to consign the whole to a respectable house for sale there. Mary objected that this was too great a venture for her to engage in; but Mr. Dale kindly told her:

"If you are pleased with my proposal, I am willing to run *halves* with you in the adventure."

Mary at once jumped at the offer, and accordingly the whole of Mr. Brown's finished stock was shipped to the West Indies, upon joint account, with instructions that the produce of the sales should be remitted in cotton.

When the cotton arrived, Mr. Dale proposed to put it into the hands of a cotton broker for sale; but Mary did not approve of this plan, saying that she would sell it herself, and thereby save the broker's commission.

Mrs. Brown was very successful in selling the cotton at a good price, and was so pleased with her success, that immediately thereafter she commenced the business of a cotton broker.

But, like many others in similar circumstances, "who make haste to be rich," she was carried away with a zeal for speculation, and in 1794 her name appears in the *Edinburgh Gazette* as a bankrupt.

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### Mr. David Dale's Grand Dinner under Difficulties.

THIS celebrity of old Glasgow, who was yarn merchant, cotton spinner, banker, and pastor to "The Old Independent" congregation, had his city residence in Charlotte Street, and to it he had invited a large party of wealthy guests to dinner on the 18th day of November, 1795.

Among those expected were William Simpson, cashier of the Royal Bank; Gilbert Innes of Stowe, the great millionaire; and the whole *posse* of the Royal Bank Directory from Edinburgh to meet with Scott Moncrieff, George MacIntosh, and other Glasgow magnates. On the morning of that important and memorable day, all was bustle and hurry-burry in preparation for the sumptuous feast.

All went on as well as could be wished until near the appointed hour; when lo! the waters of the Clyde began to ooze slowly but surely through the chinks of the kitchen floor, and ere long the servants were wading about with the water above their ankles. At length the Monkland Canal burst its banks, and like a mighty avalanche the waters came thundering down by the Molendinar Burn, carrying all before it, and filling the low-lying districts of the city in Gallowgate, Saltmarket, Bridgegate, and under portions of St. Andrew's Square with a muddy stream. The Camlachie Burn also, which ran close by Mr. Dale's house, rose to an unusual height, and burst with a fearful crash into Mr. Dale's kitchen, putting out all the fires, and forcing the servants to run for their lives.

Then came the question—What could or should be done in this unhappy dilemma? The dinner hour was fast approaching, and the invited guests would soon be there! In this distressing predicament, Mr. Dale applied to his opposite neighbour, William Wardlaw, Esq. (father of Rev. Dr. Ralph Wardlaw), and to Mr. Archibald Patterson, another neighbour, for the loan of their respective kitchens, both of whom not only granted the use of their kitchens, but also the help of their servants. But here the further question arose—How were the wines, spirits, and ales to be got from the cellar, which now stood four feet deep in water?

After some negotiation a porter was hired and, being suitably attired for the occasion, he received instructions to go down into the cell and bring up the drinkables required. Here again another problem had now to be met and solved—How was the porter to distinguish the respective bins of port, sherry, and Madeira from those of the rum, brandy, porter, and ale? This difficulty was got over by Miss Dale, then thirteen years of age, perching on the porter's back and acting as the spiritual guide and director. After he received his instructions, the porter returned with his fair burden to the lobby of the house; and then went back for the various liquors, which he brought up and delivered to Mr. Dale in good order and condition.

All things then went on in a satisfactory manner. The dinner was cooked, placed on the table, and served in the best style, to the great gratification of the Edinburgh visitors and Glasgow magnates, who passed the evening with much mirth and hilarity, which received fresh zest from the peculiar and unforeseen circumstances which had arisen.

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### Glasgow Illustration of a Curious Christening Custom of Scotland.

THE following anecdote is recorded on good authority of a curious custom, strictly Scottish, which used to be connected with the preliminaries of the baptism service, and which may occasionally be found in the present day. A young unmarried woman takes the child to church, and she carries in her hand a slice of bread and cheese, wrapped up and pinned with a pin out of the child's dress, which she is bound to give to the first male person she meets, and which the said person is equally bound to receive, as the amusing incident about to be recorded indicates.

An English duke had arrived in Glasgow on a Sunday, and was wandering in the streets during the time of afternoon service. To his astonishment, a young woman came up to him with a child in her arms, and presented a piece of bread and cheese. In vain he protested that he did not

know what she meant—that he had nothing to do with her or her child—that he was an entire stranger—that he had never been in Scotland before—that he knew nothing of the usages of the Presbyterian Kirk, being of the Church of England—and that she should give the *piece* to somebody else.

The young woman was deaf to all his arguments, and continued to hold out authoritatively the bread and cheese. Thinking, probably, that she did not give him credit for what he said, and that he would overawe and silence her by a statement of his dignity and importance, he told her in perfect simplicity that he was an English duke, and stating his name with that of the hotel at which he had just arrived. The answer shut his mouth and forced him to hold out his hand for the proffered dole, namely:

“Though you were the king on the throne, sir, *ye maun tak’ that bread and cheese!*”

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Rev. Dr. Ranken,

and

Rev. Mr. Peat of Stirling’s Library.

THE Rev. Dr. Ranken, who was minister of the north-west parish of Glasgow (1785-1827), was an able preacher, and author of several works, the chief being *History of France* and *Institutes of Theology*. Like many, perhaps most authors, the doctor liked his most rickety progeny the best; and being anxious to discover what the world thought of his work, it struck him to apply to the librarian of Stirling’s Libraries.

With this object in view he entered the Physicians’ and Surgeons’ Hall, St. Enoch Square, and accosted the then librarian, Rev. Mr. Peat, a man of dry, sarcastic disposition, with the following query:

“Pray, Mr. Peat, is Dr. Ranken’s *History of France* in?”

To which the caustic librarian replied curtly:

“It never was out!”

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## Captain Archibald Paton.

**THIS** city worthy and character was a son of Dr David Paton, a physician in Glasgow, who left to his son the tenement in which he lived for many years preceding his decease, called *Paton's Land*, opposite the Old Exchange at the Cross (but lately removed to make way for the Fenchurch Station of the City and Central Railway). The broad pavement,—or *plainstones*, as it is called, in front of the house, formed the daily parade-ground of the veteran.

The captain held a commission in a regiment that had been raised in Scotland for the Dutch service, and after he had left the tented field, lived with two maiden sisters and Nelly, the servant, who had, from long and faithful servitude, become an indispensable member of the household. The captain was considered a very skilful fencer, and excelled in small sword exercise, an accomplishment he was rather proud of, and often handled his rattan as if it had been the lethal instrument which he used to wield against the foe.

The wags of the day got up a caricature of the captain parrying the horned thrusts of a belligerent bull in the Glasgow Green. He died on the 30th July, 1807, at the age of 68, and was buried in the sepulchre of his father in the Cathedral, or High Church burying grounds. Captain Paton forms the subject of Lockhart's celebrated serio comic Lament, which was first published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1819.

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## Lament for Captain Paton.

BY JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

TOUCH once more a sober measure,  
And let punch and tears be shed,  
For a prince of good old fellows,  
That, luck-a-day ! is dead ;  
For a prince of worthy fellows,  
And a pretty man also,  
That has left the Saltmarket,  
In sorrow, grief, and wo' !

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo' !



His waistcoat and breeches  
 Were all cut off the same web,  
 Of a beautiful snuff-colour,  
 Or a modest gentle drab ;  
 The blue stripe in his stocking,  
 Round his neat slim leg did go,  
 And his ruffles of the cambric fine,  
 They were whiter than the snow.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo' !

His hair was curl'd in order,  
 At the rising of the sun,  
 In comely rows and buckles smart,  
 That about his ears did run ;  
 And before there was a toupée  
 That some inches up did go,  
 And behind there was a long queue  
 That did o'er his shoulders flow.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo' !

And whenever we foregathered,  
 He took off his wee *three-cockit*,  
 And he proffered you his snuff-box,  
 Which he drew from his side pocket ;  
 And on Burdett or Bonaparte  
 He would make a remark or so,  
 And then along the plainstones  
 Like a provost he would go.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo' !

In dirty days he picked well  
 His footsteps with his rattan ;  
 Oh ! you ne'er could see the least speck  
 On the shoes of Captain Paton ;  
 And on entering the *coffee-room*  
 About *two*, all men did know  
 They would see him with his *Courier*  
 In the middle of the row.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo' !

Now and then upon a Sunday  
 He invited me to dine  
 On a herring and a mutton chop,  
 Which his maid dressed very fine ;

There was also a little Malmsey,  
And a bottle of Bordeaux,  
Which between me and the Captain  
Pass'd nimbly to and fro.  
Oh ! I ne'er shall take *pot-luck* with Captain Paton no mo' !

Or if a bowl was mentioned,  
The Captain he would ring,  
And bid Nelly to the West Port,  
And a stoup of water bring ;  
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,  
As they made it long ago,  
With limes that on his property  
In Trinidad did grow.  
Oh ! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's *punch*  
no mo' !

And then all the time he would discourse  
So sensible and courteous ;  
Perhaps talking of the last sermon  
He had heard from Dr. Porteous,  
Or some little bit of scandal  
About Mrs. So-and-so,  
Which he scarce could credit, having heard  
The *con* but not the *pro*.  
Oh ! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo' !

Or when the candles were brought forth,  
And the night was fairly setting in,  
He would tell some fine old stories  
About Minden-field or Dettingen—  
How he fought with a French major,  
And despatched him at a blow,  
While his blood ran out like water  
On the soft grass below.  
Oh ! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo' !

But at last the Captain sickened  
And grew worse from day to day,  
And all missed him in the coffee-room  
From which now he stayed away ;  
On Sabbaths, too, the Wee Kirk  
Made a melancholy show,

All for wanting of the presence  
Of a venerable beau.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo' !

And in spite of all that Cleghorn  
And Corkindale could do,  
It was plain from twenty symptoms  
That death was in his view ;  
So the Captain made his testament  
And submitted to his foe,  
And we laid him by the Ramshorn Kirk—  
'Tis the way we all must go.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo' !

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,  
And let punch and tears be shed,  
For this, the prince of all good fellows,  
That, alack-a-day ! is dead :  
For this, the prince of worthy fellows,  
And a pretty man also,  
That has left the Saltmarket  
In sorrow, grief, and wo' !

For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo' !

### Rev. John Aitken, Green Preacher of Former Days.

MR. AITKEN selected as his favourite stations for holding forth on the week-days, Stockwell Bridge, or the old timber one at the foot of the Saltmarket, the Barrowfield Toll, or the head of Burnt-barns, opposite the eastern mouth of Balaam's passage. On Sundays, he never failed to be in the Green, sometimes creeping up as far as Nelson's Monument, to catch, as he said, "stravaigers in those parts."

His preaching *apparatus* was extremely simple. It consisted of a three-legged stool with a pewter plate temptingly placed thereon, and an old fir chair, somewhat frail, but bound up with old garters to hold it together. The Rev. John's sole official factotum was a tall, handsome, good-looking woman, considerably under his own age, who ever

and anon cast a bewitching eye at him as he was groping for his collections in the pewter plate. She dutifully read out the line when John commanded her so to do, and she faithfully attended him in all his discourses down to the day of his death.

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### Rev. John Aitken's Laconic Discourse on the Life of Man.

THE following discourse was delivered in the Green of Glasgow by this original local character.

Well, my dear friends, many editions of the following able discourse on the Life of Man may be found scattered here and there; but I select and give you this as one of the best in my round of duty and labour of love: Please take the text, as near as may be, from Job chap. v. verse 7, and attend to these words—*Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward*, and also Job chap. i. verse 21. In discoursing, my beloved hearers, from these words, I shall carefully observe the following things:—

Firstly, Man's ingress into the world.

Secondly, His progress through the world.

Thirdly, His egress out of the world.

To explain, my brethren—

1st, Man's ingress into the world

*Is naked and bare;*

2nd, His progress through the world

*Is trouble and care;*

3rd, His egress out of the world

*Is nobody knows where;*

To conclude—

We shall all do well there, if we but do well here;

I could tell you no more, did I preach a whole year.

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### Glasgow Bailie Thanked for His Cowardice.

A WEALTHY tobacco lord, who, like Captain Paton of unique and immortal memory, had been in early life a soldier, and present at the battle of Dettingen, but was then a bailie in

the city of St. Mungo, was one day pacing the *plainstones* of said city, when he was accosted by a poor woman. Turning to her disdainfully, he said :

"Don't speak to me here, woman ; I gi'e nae charity on the street."

"It wasna charity, Sir Bailie, that I was seeking," said the woman ; "I was only wanting to thank you for the great service that you did to my laddie." Somewhat mollified by the unexpected praise, the scarlet-cloaked aristocrat or plutocrat stopped, and said :

"And what did I do for him, good woman ?"

"Oh, Sir Bailie," she replied, "when you were with your company at the battle of Dettingen, and ran awa,' my son, who was next to you, ran after you, and so saved his life !"

## James Monteith of Anderston,

and

## His Son Henry—afterwards Provost.

THESE successive Glasgow worthies, James Monteith, Esq., manufacturer, Anderston, born 1734, and his son Henry, Lc'd Provost of Glasgow (1814-16 and 1818-20), were descended from a Highland laird in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil who had been often harried, and at last ruined, by the raids of Rob Roy and the clan Gregor, on account of his sturdy and stubborn refusal to pay *black-mail* to MacGregor Mohr.

Mrs. James Monteith's house was situated in Bishop Street—one of those low-roofed old-fashioned but commodious houses so common at that period, full of comfort and kindly associations. It was the invariable custom in the family, even after they had separated and had got homes of their own, to meet in the Bishop Street mansion every Saturday afternoon to dine with the old folks, and renew the old household intercourse. At these meetings the conversation often took a political tone when the stirring events of the time, especially those connected with the revolt of the American colonies, were warmly discussed. On that and other matters the old man strongly denounced

the policy of the British Government, and his views were warmly supported by all his sons, with the exception of Henry, subsequently one of Glasgow's most honoured men.

Henry defended the action of the Government with much energy and talent, greatly to the annoyance of his worthy father. One day when the discussion among the young folk had been more than usually warm and protracted the old man rose, and thus addressed his ambitious, and, as he judged, mistaken son :

"Oh ! Harry, Harry, a' things will be set right, man, when ye're made Lord Provost o' Glasgow, and, maybe, member o' Parliament as weel !" The good old father did not live to see his bantering forecast realised, but it was remembered when his talented son had attained the highest honours that his fellow-citizens could confer upon him.

### Mrs. Monteith, the excellent Wife of James, and Mother of Henry Monteith.

THE following gossiping story sheds a pleasant lustre over the homely life of the old Bishop Street residence of the family. Mrs. Monteith was one of those busy, bustling housewives, whose whole *but and ben* was a model of orderliness, comfort, and cleanliness. As, however, there were around her fireside many hungry lads to feed, and her house was at a considerable distance from the Bell Street and Princes Street markets, she prudently provided that on the approach of winter the pickle-tub should be duly replenished with the yearly *mart*; and, of course, the manufacture of those dearly-prized kitchen ornaments, so *bien* in appearance and so delicate in flavour, the rows of puddings, white and black, were her own peculiar care and pride.

It was her practice every Sunday morning, when fully arrayed for church with best Sunday peaked bonnet, to take a housewifely look into the kitchen ; for these *glaiiket taupies*, Peggy and Nannie, frequently left the place in such a state of *tapselteeriness* as sorely unfitted her for pro-

fitting by the admonitions of the minister of the little Anderston Relief Kirk, of which her husband had been the chief founder in 1770.

One Sunday morning the usual inspection revealed some slight disarrangement in the ornamental ranks that hung so gracefully from the low roof. To mount upon a stool and set the whole in a sightly fashion only required a minute's time, and then the good lady followed her husband, who, douce man, had slowly plodded before her on his way to the Wee Kirk.

Ere she could overtake him he had bestowed his usual nod on the elder, and dropped his usual offering in the plate; when hurrying after him, she was surprised by a tap on the shoulder from Davie of the plate, who thus addressed her:

"Ye'll excuse me, mem, but there's a black puddin' stick-in' on ye're bannet!"

Sure enough, the unique ornament had dropped upon her head unobserved, and she had carried it through the streets, and was only prevented displaying it to the eyes of the great congregation by the timely warning of the obliging elder at the plate. We are not informed how it was finally disposed of, but we may safely conclude that it found its way to the Bishop Street frying-pan, from its temporary place in the capacious side-pouch of Mrs. Monteith, in the goodly company of the newly-introduced *Hymns and Spiritual Songs agreed upon by the Presbytery of Relief*.

This *Relief Hymn Book* had been collected and an able introduction written to it by the then minister of the Anderston Relief Kirk, Mr. James Stuart, a reputed son of *Royal Charlie*.

### Major-General Thomas Monroe, Governor of Madras.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS MONROE was born in Glasgow in 1761, brought up in the Stockwell, and educated in the city. During the summer months his parents resided in North Woodside House, a venerable pile, beautifully situated near the bend of the river Kelvin, which long stood *a little to the northward of the Great Western Road*

bridge, but which has now vanished from the scene, in the westward march of city extension and improvement. The days he spent in Woodside seem to have been, in his estimation, the happiest in his life; "youth's morning march" being ever the most delightful of our earthly pilgrimage. His biographer, the Rev. Mr. Gleig, says:

"Young Monroe appeared to enter upon a new state of being as often as he visited Woodside. If he read, it was either seated upon a rustic bench which stood beneath a tall tree in the garden, or perched among the highest branches of the tree itself. If a fit of idleness took him, he indulged it by rambling, sometimes from sunrise to nightfall, among the woods; or he would fish the Kelvin with his brothers or companions, and when weary of that amusement, would refresh himself by swimming in the dam."

In after years, when pursuing the "bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth," he makes frequent allusions in his correspondence to the haunts of his youth.

"Were I to go home to-morrow," he says in an epistle to his mother, "one of my first excursions would be to Woodside, to swim down Jackson's mill stream."

And when, in 1808, after an absence of nearly thirty years, he who had gone out to the far east an unfriended cadet returned laden with honours, wealth, and fame, one of the first places he turned his steps to was the Kelvin. In a beautiful letter to his sister, who had invited him to visit her at Ammondell, the following fine passage occurs:

"A solitary walk is almost the only thing in which I have any enjoyment. I have been twice at North Woodside, and though it rained without ceasing on both days, it did not prevent me from rambling up and down the river, from Clayslap to the aqueduct bridge. I stood above an hour at Jackson's dam looking at the water rushing over, while the rain and withered leaves were descending thick about me; and while I recalled the days that were past, the wind whistling through the trees, and the water tumbling over the dam, had still the same sound as before; but the darkness of the day, and the little smart box perched on the opposite bank, destroyed much of the illusion, and made me feel that former times were gone.

"I don't know how it is, but when I look back to early years, I always associate sunshine with them. When I think of North Woodside, I always think of a fine day.



with the sunbeams streaming down upon Kelvin and its woody banks. I mean to devote the first sunny day to another visit to Kelvin, which, whatever you may say, is worth ten such paltry streams as your Ammon."

Again and again he visited the spot, bathed in the dam, wandered through the woods, and, it is even said, climbed the aged tree on which he was wont to sit when a boy.

When he was in Glasgow, Sir Thomas paid a visit to an old schoolfellow, a worthy candlemaker of the name of Harvie, who had a shop in Stockwell Street.

"Well, Mr. Harvie," said Monroe, "do you remember me?" Harvie gazed for some time at the tall, gaunt figure before him, striving to recall his features. At last he said:

"Are ye Millie Monroe?"

"I am just Millie Monroe," was the reply; and the quondam schoolfellows then had a long chat about the days o' langsyne. Sir Thomas was represented by his school companion as having been a hero of a hundred fights or battles of one kind or another; in short, the bully of his class, in which, from his proficiency in *milling*, he received the above nickname.

Afterwards he returned to India, where still higher honours awaited him, and where he remained in active service until 1819. In 1826 he received the honour of knighthood, and had the governorship of Madras conferred upon him. This distinguished position, however, he was not destined long to enjoy. He died of cholera at a place called Puttecondah, in the East India Company's territories, on the 5th July, in the following year.

Among the numerous distinguished warriors and statesmen who have attained distinction in the vast Eastern Empire of Britain, there are few who deserve, or will obtain, more honourable mention on the page of history than Sir Thomas Monroe. George Canning, the celebrated statesman, said of him, "Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier."

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### Pollok Mansion, and the Baronial Maxwells.

THIS baronial seat is situated in a delightful position on the north bank of the Cart, a little to the south-west of the town of Pollokshaws. It is, therefore, in the immediate vicinity of the 20th and 21st wards of Greater Glasgow.

The house is a spacious edifice, four storeys in height, and of the plainest architectural appearance, comfort and commodiousness, rather than ornamental grandeur, having been obviously attended to in its construction. It was erected in 1752 by Sir John Maxwell, the then baronet, who died a few weeks after its completion.

The offices of the present mansion, to the eastward, now occupy the site of its more warlike predecessor, the castle, previously occupied by the family, but shortly afterwards entirely demolished, with the exception of a small portion, apparently the remains of a massive tower, embedded in the garden wall.

On an eminence in the vicinity, which commands a magnificent prospect of the country for many miles around, a still older castle formerly stood, but no vestige of it remains to mark its whereabouts. Desolation as complete has fallen upon it as that predicted for his own mansion by Thomas the Rhymer, when he said in bitterness of spirit,

“The hare shall kittle on my heath-stane.”

The gardens and pleasure grounds of Pollok are on a princely scale of magnificence. The Cart, which is spanned by an elegant bridge in the vicinity of the house, winds beautifully through the park, which is finely sprinkled with clumps of wood and picturesque sylvan individualities (to make use of a Johnsonian phrase) every here and there, standing “alone in their glory,” and exhibiting to the practised eye the distinguishing peculiarities of their various species. Seldom, indeed, can finer woodland studies be witnessed than are to be found in the spacious park of Pollok. Old Evelyn would have travelled a long summer day, and reckoned himself amply repaid for his labours, by the sight of a single group of wych-elms which grow on the bank of the river a little to the east of the mansion.

These fine trees were described in Mr. Strutt's *Sylva Britannica* published in 1826, a splendid but expensive work, the Scottish division of which was dedicated to the late Sir John, then Mr. Maxwell, younger of Pollok.

The principal member of the group was measured a few years since for Mr. Loudon's work on trees, and was found to be ninety feet in height, and four feet in diameter at a yard and a half from the ground. Nor is it only in modern times that the grounds of Pollok have been shadowed by sylvan giants.

Several years ago an immense trunk of oak was discovered in the bed of the Cart at this place. With great difficulty it was excavated from its gravelly bank, when it was found to be not less than twenty feet in circumference. This immense mass of primeval timber was scooped out, and formed into a summer-house in the garden.

The ancient and honourable family of the Maxwells of Pollok, to whom the greater portion of the parish of Eastwood or Pollokshaws belongs, is descended from the Maxwells of Carlaverock, and has been located here since the end of the thirteenth century. On the escape of Queen Mary from Loch Leven, and her arrival at Hamilton, she sent to her attached adherent the following royal missive, which is still carefully preserved at Pollok.

"To our Traist Friend,

"Ye Laird of Nether Pollok.

"Traist friend, we greet you weill. We dowl not bot ye know that God of His goodness has put us at libertie; quhome we thank maist heartilie. Qubairfore desires you wt all possible diligence faill not to be heir at us in Hamylton wt all your folks friends and servants bodin in feir of weir as ye wil do us acceptable service and pleasure. Because we know yor constance. We need not at this put to mak langer Lyr, but will byd you fairweill.

(Signed) "MAIRE R.

"Off Hamylton, ye V. of May, 1568."

The summons was obeyed, and the "Laird of Nether Pollok," who had adhered faithfully to the cause of the fair but ill-fated monarch through all her misfortunes, is said to have been knighted by her on the fated day which saw her hopes perish at Langside. A fine portrait of the *beauteous* Queen of Scots is preserved at Pollok House, as

also authentic portraits of her not less ill-fated grandson, Charles the First, and the Infanta of Spain, who, it will be remembered, was at one period destined to be his bride.

Another interesting relic of the hapless queen, also preserved at Pollok House, is a model of Crookston Castle, formed from a portion of the timber of a beautiful old yew-tree, which stood in the garden to the east of the castle, and which tradition alleged to have been a favourite haunt of Queen Mary and Darnley during the brief courtship which preceded their ill-assorted and ultimately tragical union. Crookston Castle and lands came into the possession of Sir John Maxwell in 1757, and it was by the late Sir John that the remains of the fine old tree referred to were removed in 1817.

Besides the letter of Queen Mary above quoted, a number of other papers of considerable antiquity are preserved in the family archives, among which is a letter from James VI. to the Laird of Pollok, requesting provision for the prince's baptism—a curious trait of the times; and the original of the Solemn League and Covenant, with the signatures of the King and Council, dated 1587. Sir John Maxwell, the fifteenth baronet, was a strenuous supporter of the persecuted Covenanters, and on that account he was condemned to imprisonment for sixteen months towards the close of his life, and as it also turned out of the Stuart *régime*.

For many generations a Maxwell of Pollok constantly filled the rector's chair in the University of Glasgow. In 1859 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales visited the late Sir John Maxwell at Pollok. In 1866 the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell, of Cadder and Keir, sometime member of Parliament for Perthshire, and of some celebrity as a literary man, succeeded to Pollok through his mother, Elizabeth Maxwell, sister of Sir John Maxwell, and wife of the late Archibald Stirling of Keir, and on doing so added the name of Maxwell to his own original name of Stirling.

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### Glasgow Post-Office in the Olden Time, and Fight for Letters by City Magnates.

TOWARDS the end of last, and early in the present century, the Cross was the great business centre of the city. There the Exchange was situated, where the newspapers were read and the war news discussed by the Virginia Dons who strutted about in wigs and scarlet cloaks. Not far from the Cross, in Gibson's Wynd (now Princes Street, City), some hundred years ago, the Glasgow post-office was situated. It consisted of three apartments: the front one measured twelve feet square, the other two were mere pigeon-holes, each ten feet by six or thereby. The rent of the premises was £6 or £8 a year. The delivery hole, or wicket, was a hole broken through the wall of the close.

At this time the West India mail arrived only once a month, and upon the arrival of this mail, the pressure that took place at the delivery of letters was quite overpowering. So anxious were our merchants to get their letters that they attended personally, and were wont to push and scramble at the little wicket window in the close for first delivery of their expected remittances.

Upon one of these occasions a *fracas* took place between Henry Monteith, Esq., and Robert Watson, Esq., banker. From high words they proceeded to downright *fisty-cuffs*, and had a regular set-to in Princes Street. So long as the contest was confined to words, the future Lord Provost and M.P. had the best of it, but when it came to blows, the banker showed himself the better man. Their friends, however, interfered and separated them, and they are said to have been afterwards fast friends.

About the year 1800 the post-office was removed to St. Andrew Square, where the rent was £12, but the accommodation little better than before. About the year 1803 it was removed to No. 114 Trongate, where the rent was £20, but still with no great improvement in accommodation. Then, in 1810, Mr. Dugald Bannatyne (father of the late Andrew Bannatyne, Dean of the Faculty of Procurators) was appointed postmaster, and he built a more suitable and

commodious post-office on the east side of Nelson Street, and Government was so liberal as to pay Mr. Bannatyne a rental of £30 a year for it.

After his death the post-office was removed in 1840 to Glassford Street, on the site where Messrs. Wilson & Matheson's warehouse now stands; and then in 1856, it was removed to South Hanover Street. The foundation stone of a new and enlarged post-office, fronting to George Square, was laid by the Prince of Wales on the 17th of October, 1876, who, with the Princess and the princes Albert Victor and George of Wales, had been for some days the guest of Colonel Campbell at Blythwood House, Renfrew. A further extension is now in course of erection, with a frontage to Ingram Street. When it is finished, nearly the whole square or block, bounded by George Square, South Frederick Street, Ingram Street and South Hanover Street, will be occupied and in use for post-office purposes.

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### **Rev. James Robertson on Napoleon Bonaparte.**

IN the course of a sermon which he preached before the Associate Synod at Glasgow, the witty and learned Rev. James Robertson, who was for nearly half a century minister of the Secession Church in Kilmarnock, introduced the possibility of a French invasion as a punishment for national sin; and while admitting the immoral character of the infliction, he assured his hearers that—

“Providence was not always nice in the choice of instruments for punishing the wickedness of men. Tak,” he continued, “an example frae among yoursel’s. Your magistrates dinna ask certificates o’ character for their public executioners. They generally select sic clamjamphrie as ha’e rabbit shouthers wi’ the gallows themsel’s. And as for this Bonaparte,” he added, “I’ve tell’d ye, my freens, what was the beginning o’ that man, and I’ll tell ye what will be the end o’ him. He’ll come doon like a pockfu’ o’ goats’ horns at the Broomielaw!”

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**Sir John Moore,  
Grammar School Boy and Amateur Clerk,  
Glasgow.**

SIR JOHN MOORE was the son of Dr. John Moore, a medical practitioner in Glasgow, who was famous as a novelist in his day, and one of the most esteemed literary correspondents of the poet Burns. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Professor John Simson of Glasgow University, and his paternal grandmother was a daughter of the famous provost, John Anderson, whose name occurs as Provost of Glasgow during several terms of office towards the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries.

The future military hero was born on the 13th November, 1761, in Donald's Land, north side of the Trongate, a little to the east of the Candleriggs. He attended the Grammar School in Greyfriars Wynd, was appointed an ensign at the early age of fifteen, and along with his father, Dr. Moore, who became tutor to the young Duke of Hamilton, he made the tour of Europe. The duchess—Elizabeth Gunning, famed for her beauty—took quite a fancy for the handsome young ensign, and specially desired him to go as companion to her son.

In four years after his return he was made captain and paymaster to the 82nd regiment, and as he considered himself deficient in accounts, he obtained leave of absence, came to Glasgow, and worked for some time as an amateur clerk in the counting-house of a friend, in order that he might make good his deficiency, and be able to discharge his financial duties properly. His brilliant career, and glorious death in the arms of victory at Corunna, January 16th, 1809, are matters of history.

The news of the death of Sir John Moore deeply affected the whole nation, and in a special degree his native city. The people of Glasgow, who were justly proud of him, had followed his patriotic and heroic progress with the greatest interest. As a token of their deep regret for his loss, and to erect a suitable memorial in his honour, a sum amounting to upwards of £4000 was raised in Glasgow by subscription,

His monumental statue was the first erected in the local open-air Pantheon, as George Square has become.

The monumental statue of Burns (his father's correspondent) stands a little way to the right and behind; while that of Lord Clyde, who formed one of the burial party, whose work has been immortalised in the famous *Elegy*, stands in line, as a fitting companion, to the left. The *Glasgow Herald*, of 20th August, 1819, contained the following account of—

“SIR JOHN MOORE'S MONUMENT.

“On Monday, the workmen finished the erection in George Square of the monument of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K.B., on which is the following inscription:—

TO COMMEMORATE  
THE MILITARY SERVICES OF  
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE, K.B.,  
NATIVE OF GLASGOW,  
HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS HAVE ERECTED  
THIS MONUMENT.  
1819.

“It consists of a full-length bronze statue of the hero, about eight and a half feet high, dressed in military costume, having a cloak thrown round, the left hand leaning on the sword, and the right placed in easy position across the breast. It is supported by a pedestal of Aberdeen granite, about ten feet high. The statue is chiefly made from brass cannons. The whole cost is between three and four thousand pounds. The weight of the statue is upwards of three tons, and that of the pedestal ten. The whole confers the utmost credit on the taste and execution of Flaxman the artist. The monument has a grand appearance, and is placed on the south side of the square fronting Miller Street.”

To this it may be added that, standing by the monument and looking south, down Miller Street, across Argyle Street, and down Dunlop Street, the scene of the hero's early years may be seen, where he played and sported as a boy, but of course very much changed in its aspect and surroundings. By order of Parliament another monument was erected to Moore's memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, and Marshal Soult also raised one over his grave in the citadel of Corunna,

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**The Rev. Principal Taylor  
and  
the English Nobleman.**

AN English nobleman arrived at an inn in Glasgow, and desired the waiter to send for the principal tailor. After a short time his lordship was waited upon by a venerable, respectable-looking gentleman, whose appearance did not comport with the description of personage whose services he required. Howsoever, he proceeded to business, and explained his wishes. The gentleman was at first amazed, but soon cleared up the mistake by informing his lordship he was the Rev. Principal Taylor of the University, and that he understood he had been sent for. The blunder led to the commencement of an agreeable acquaintance. The reverend gentleman was Principal from 1803 to 1823.

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**An Honest Hawkie  
in Right of Hypothec.**

A WORTHY Highlander, who acquired his slender stock of mongrel English on the "Braes o' Balquidder," and who owned a property in the Calton, had the mortification to find that a female tenant of his, a cowfeeder, had sold off all the stock and made a moonlight fitting, in order to evade that special palladium of landlord privilege, the law of hypothec.

The landlord, hearing of his tenant's decampment, hastened to the spot to see if anything had been left whereby he might indemnify himself, but behold! all the rowters were off and the byre cleaned out. Just as he was preparing to leave the premises, one of the cows, through absence of memory or force of habit, made her appearance at the byre door, and claimed admittance, to the delight of the bereaved landlord, who welcomed her in these kindly terms:

"Hawkie, my own latie, come awa', I'm ferry glad to saw you once more; you're a far more honest woman than your mistress."

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### Head-Piece of Honour Bought in Glasgow by an American.

AN American traveller in Scotland, some time after the battle of Waterloo, wrote as follows :—

“ Before leaving Glasgow I purchased a Highland cap, or bonnet, as it is called, for the convenience of wearing in travelling. It is frequently seen in the Lowlands, and is more comfortable in a carriage than a round hat. It excited, however, more attention than I could have wished. It so happened that the 42nd and 92nd Highland Regiments were ordered to Ireland by way of Port-Patrick. The former were on the point of leaving Glasgow at the time that we did, and the latter had actually marched from Edinburgh several days before.

“ My bonnet accordingly, which at another time would have passed unobserved, has led many to suppose me to belong to the army. While on my route from Glasgow, I heard several times the expression, as I was passing,—*There goes a Waterloo cap.*” The landlord at Port-Patrick at first took me for a Highland officer ; and on the morning I embarked, I was several times asked if I was attached to the body of military which was expected to cross over that day.

“ A similar mistake prevailed on my reaching the opposite shore, and many questions were put concerning the movements of the two regiments. It was not in every instance that I cared about undeceiving the inquirer ; for, in the first place, it did no good ; and, in the second, a positive benefit was otherwise gained ; for such is the high character which these troops have obtained by their brave and gallant conduct, that they are everywhere welcomed with demonstrations of respect.”

### Rev. Mr. Pringle of Pollokshaws and his Dram-Drinking Member.

THE late Rev. Mr. Pringle of Pollokshaws was a clergyman of mild but firm manners in dealing with members of his congregation. One of these was much addicted to dram

drinking, and, though seldom going great lengths in public, went so far as to become the object of serious advice, remonstrance, reproof, and threat from the kirk session, all of which had been tried in turn, and for a time had their effect.

Exclusion, at last, from the privileges of the church was threatened if another instance of indulgence was proven against him, and the defaulter promised implicit obedience in future, and did keep his promise for some time, which gladdened the benevolent heart of Mr. Pringle, who hoped that he had been the means of reclaiming the unfortunate man from vicious indulgence, and of restoring his usefulness to his family.

One day Mr. Pringle was passing along the main street of the then village, when whom should he see exhibiting unequivocal symptoms of intoxication but his irreclaimable member, describing his course of regular angles, and making towards him as rapidly as the frequent adjustment of the centre of gravity permitted. The offender noticed his minister, who could not be avoided, and made a lurch, somewhat lengthening the limb of the angle, into a recess, and put his back against the wall till Mr. Pringle came up to him. And when he did so, took the first word, quoting, with knowing emphasis, standard authority as his apology for his failings, namely :

"No mere man since the fall is able perfectly to keep the commandments, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed."

### Early Glasgow Radicals and Pursuit of Reform under Difficulties.

ABOUT the years 1816-20, a remarkable political agitation took place amongst the working-classes in the west of Scotland, the city of Glasgow forming the centre of the disturbance. This movement, known as the *Radical Reform* movement, was set in motion by a few choice spirits—such as John Russell, a respectable manufacturer in Glasgow; John Ogilvie, china merchant in Jamaica Street; John M'Arthur, ironmonger in Argyle Street; Benjamin Gray,

shoemaker in Nelson Street; William Watson, manufacturer in George Street; William Lang, printer in Bell Street; and John M'Leod, cotton spinner in Turren Street; all moving in the respectable middle ranks of society.

These men, moved by a sense of the inequalities of the political system of representation, and by the abuses that existed in Parliament, convened a great public meeting to be held in Glasgow in the month of October, 1816. This event, so common in our own day, is said to have put His Majesty's (George III.) ministers in great alarm; and to show the difficulties under which our reforming fathers had to contend we are told that Mr. James Black, then Lord Provost, positively prohibited the meeting being held upon the Green, and threatened, if they persisted in holding it there, he would turn out the 42nd Regiment to scatter the malcontents and prevent the meeting going on.

The leaders of the Reform movement then applied for the use of the Trades' Hall, but it was peremptorily refused. They next applied to Mr. Daniel Caldwell of the Eagle Inn, who was known to be a bit of a *black-neb*, as the Reformers were then called. Mr. Caldwell heartily assented to give them the use of his stable-yard in Maxwell Street, and large placards were put out announcing the meeting. But the provost and magistrates, backed up by the landlord of the property, so worked upon the fears of the poor inn-keeper, charging him with being an abettor of most wicked sedition, that he was compelled to cancel the agreement, although no objection was made to allow Maule of Panmure and Provost Dixon of Dumbarton to fight a main of cocks for a thousand guineas, in the same yard, a week or two afterwards.

In the emergency that had now arisen, James Turner, a citizen who made a fortune and a position to himself as a retailer of snuff and tobacco in a small shop in High Street, came fearlessly forward, and offered the use of one of his fields at Thrushgrove, within the boundaries of the city, as a place of meeting. Accordingly, on the 20th October, 1816, the meeting was held in Thrushgrove Park, and so great had been the notoriety created by the abortive attempts to prevent it, that no fewer than 40,000 individuals were gathered together; so that the opposition was not only defeated, but became the very best means adapted for furthering the cause of the Reformers.

It is said that not a creature was injured, not a sixpence stolen, among that vast crowd, which was the greatest that had ever been held up to that date, not only in Glasgow, but in the kingdom. And yet the magistrates were trembling with fear during the time it was held. The 42nd Regiment was drawn up in arms within the barrack square in Gallowgate, while the dragoons in their barracks at Port-Eglinton were ready, saddled and bridled, to gallop over Glasgow if the signal were given from the flagstaff on the top of the jail.

For thus granting the use of Thrushgrove Park as a place of meeting for such an obnoxious purpose, and for other suspicious complications with the *black-nebs*, Mr. Turner was afterwards sent a prisoner to the Bridewell of Glasgow, where he lay for some time under the capital charge of high treason, although it is gratifying to learn that he outlived all his persecutions, and became in the end one of the most active magistrates of the city.

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### The Glasgow Club of the Gegg College.

THIS Glasgow recreation signifies nothing more than the thrusting of absurdities, wholesale and retail, down the throat of some too credulous gaper. Whether the *gegg* come in the shape of a compliment to the geggee, some egregious piece of butter which would at once be rejected by any mouth more sensitive than that for whose well-known swallow it is intended, or as some wonderful story gravely told with every circumstance of apparent seriousness, but evidently involving some sheer impossibility in the eyes of all but the obtuse individual who is made to suck it in with the eagerness of a starved weanlin, or in whatever other way the *gegg* may be disguised, the principle of the joke is the same in its essence.

A few individuals particularly skilled in this elegant exercise erected themselves into a club, the sole object of which was the more sedulous and constant cultivation of their peculiar pranks. The club took the name of the *Gegg College*, and some of the very first men in the city

did not disdain to be matriculated in its paltry album. The site of this enlightened university was an obscure tavern, or oyster-house; and here its eminent professors were always to be found at the appointed hours, engaged in communicating their precious lore to a set of willing disciples. Failing the required supply of gullable flats, the members sharpened their wits in more secret conclave among themselves, sparring, as it were, in their gloves. But these sportive exercises lacked the zest of credulous swallow.

But when an uninitiated victim was secured, the solemn triumph of the gegger, and the grim glee of the silent witnesses of his dexterity, whose applause was visible in their sparkling eyes, need not be dilated upon, but had better be left to the imagination of the reader. If the club had a patron saint, it is to be presumed such would be the renowned *Baron Munchausen*.

### Khull the Printer's Advice to His Apprentice.

MR. KHULL, long a respectable printer in Glasgow, was greatly annoyed by a stupid apprentice who would not or could not learn to spell, despite all the efforts made to drive this very necessary branch of education into his head. At length came a climax. One day he presented such a *dirty*, inaccurate proof that his master could stand it no longer. Taking his spectacles from his nose, he thus addressed the offending *devil*—

“Laddie, ye’ll just gang hame the night, and tell your mother to boil down Fulton and Knight’s Dictionary in sweet milk, and take it to your supper; for it seems to me there’s nae other way o’ driving spelling into you!”

### Rev. James Lapslie’s Fight with a Collier.

THE Rev. James Lapslie, minister of Campsie, was a man of great muscular power, and of a disposition not easily intimidated. He was also, during Radical times, a most zealous

supporter of the powers that were, and a determined enemy of the *black-nebs*, as the friends of political reform were nick-named. Returning home one evening from a party, he was insulted by a band of colliers, one of whom swore that, if it were not for his black coat, he would thrash him. Lapslie, who was in no mood to be trifled with, was not at all disposed to stand on ceremony, or to shield himself under cover of his clerical garb, so he immediately doffed his sable upper garment, saying, as he threw it on the ground—

“Lie you there, Divinity!—here stands Jamie Lapslie!”

The belligerents instantly set to work, and the result was that the church militant became the church triumphant, and the collier was most severely punished.

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### Doctrine versus Practice.

A MEMBER belonging to the congregation of the Secession, under the late Rev. Mr. Pringle of Pollokshaws, went on a visit to some old acquaintances who resided in the village of Kippen, Stirlingshire—one of those privileged places, of which proverb says,—

“Out of the world and into Kippen.”

The Rev. Mr. Anderson, then clergyman of the parish, a gentleman of amiable manners, and assiduous in his attentions to the best interests of his parishioners, gave two or three sermons, during the brief sojourn of the seceder from the Shaws, which pleased him exceedingly, as they happened to turn on high, weighty, and knotty doctrinal points. Speaking of these discourses to Mr. Pringle, on his return, he said:

“Yon’s the preacher, Mr. Pringle—nane o’ your fushionless legal trash;—eh! but he’s a terrible enemy to guid warks.”

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### Rev. Dr. Wardlaw of Glasgow:

#### Braw and Bonny.

THE late Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, when a young man, was fair to look upon; and like the early fathers of the Congregational denomination, he now and again went on a tour through

the country to preach the Gospel. In the summer of 1811, the young preacher, Mr. Wardlaw, visited Banff on a tour through the North of Scotland, and was by no means strictly clerical in his costume, but wore topped boots and other articles of dress corresponding to the necessities of a journey on horseback.

This circumstance, added to the remarkably elegant appearance of the preacher, rather stumbled the faith of a lady, one of the old school. She looked wonders as she saw the young minister ascend the pulpit stairs; but as he entered on his subject she was seen to become most grave and attentive. When he had finished his discourse she looked round to another lady—a person of an exceedingly different cast of mind—and exclaimed:

"Oh, woman! was na' that a great sermon for sic a young man? But oh, he's o'er braw and bonny!"

"O'er braw!" replied the lady addressed; "fat signifies a man's claes, if there be plenty o' furniture in's mind? And to find faut with the dear, young man because he's bonny is something like a reflection on the Creator Himself,"—a rebuke both reverent and sensible.

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### Blind Alick: The "Glasgow Homer."

THIS worthy—Alexander Macdonald by name—was termed by the late Sheriff Strathern the "Glasgow Homer;" as in this city he sang his own lays, and was famous as a street vocalist and fiddler in the early part of the present century. He was born in Cumberland, but judging from both his Christian and surname, and also from his own choice of location, he must have been of Scottish parentage.

He it was who first circulated in Glasgow, among the street public, news of the victory of Camperdown, and the stanza in which the announcement was made will not soon be forgotten:—

"Good news I have got, my lads,  
For country and for town;  
We have gained a mighty fight  
On the sea at Camperdown.





“ Our cannon they did rattle, lads,  
And we knock'd their topmasts down ;  
But the particulars you will hear  
By the post in the *afternoon*.”

His skill lay not so much in the violin performance as in his improvised verses. He seized events of public moment as they rose, or incidents of local importance, and, inspired partly by natural genius and partly by whisky, he converted the themes into rhyme, which he sang to the melody of his violin to the amusement of passing bystanders. It would be unjust to Alick's memory to say that he suffered his poetry to gush forth in untrained or untutored flow ; he aimed at better finish, and rehearsed. A gentleman who knew him well when serving his apprenticeship as a lawyer, observes :

“ My master's office was then in Hutcheson Street, adjoining the Waterloo Hotel ; behind was a very retired court, into which the minstrel, when under inspiration, wandered. And there, screwing up his fiddle, he tortured from the instrument, and expressed by the voice, certain excruciating notes which might, upon rehearsal, have been tolerable, but in their crudeness were ear-piercing and brain-dementing. Many a time and oft was peace purchased, but it was a panic peace, for ere two hours further had elapsed, the bard's necessity, and the tempting quiet of the court, invited back the faithless Alick to complete the theme.”

Then to the Trongate did the now prepared minstrel proceed, to salute the ears of a passing auditory ; and as a native bard has expressed it, the performance must have been soul-delighting—

“ Oh ! let the tuneful cadence, loud and strong,  
Run like the sounds from thrilling fiddle-string  
That Alick rubs, to charm a listening throng  
That gather round to hear him as he sings  
His own made martial song, till street or alley rings.”

*Waterloo* was a frequent subject of his muse ; and as during the French war the public mind was greatly excited, he earned a tolerable harvest by his poetry. Among the *earliest of his subjects* was the death of Sir Ralph Aber-

cromby. The song was long, but these lines will suffice to exhibit the strain :

"Now, my heroes, be not disheartened,  
But with courage bold let us stand,  
Although our noble Abercromby  
Lost his life upon Egyptian land."

The 42nd Regiment of Highlanders was a corps much favoured by the minstrel. After the ever-to-be-remembered deeds of daring performed by that distinguished regiment at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, Alick struck his violin afresh, and declared—

"The gallant first battalion,  
It never was beat ;  
And the second battalion  
Was like unto it."

After the battle of Badajos, in which a gallant officer, a native of Glasgow, rendered conspicuous service, the minstrel, as usual, advanced the news with an extra flourish of his fiddle-stick, and thus he proceeded :

"True-hearted, loyal citizens,  
Great news I've got to tell  
Of the wars of Spain and Portugal,  
And how the town of Badajos fell.

"There was one Alick Pattison,  
A man of great renown ;  
He was the first who mounted the breach,  
And the first that did tumble down."

Another famous regiment was alike the favoured subject of Alick's regard—*viz.*, the gallant Scots Greys, and the admiration he manifested was richly deserved. Many other effusions of the minstrel might be mentioned, such as the well-known lines on the volunteers reviewed on Glasgow Green by Earl Moira, in which Colonel Geddes and Majors Hunter and Paterson figure. Also his lines on Colonel Corbet and his sharpshooters, and his noted stanza—

"I've wandered the world all over,  
*And many a place beside ;*  
But never saw a more beautiful city,  
Than this on the river Clyde."

Blind Alick likewise, to his credit be it said, gallantly espoused the cause of Queen Caroline against her royal husband, and invoked the Divine protection and aid on her behalf.

This sketch will give a fair notion of the topics which Alick handled, and it is certain that, whatever opinion may in these days of School Boards be formed, his poetry was highly satisfactory to his street patrons. The style of delivery—the crash of the fiddle, accommodating the music to his hobbly lines—the upturned opaque eye of the artist—his simple, cheerful, contented look and smile—and his meekness when conversed with—all prepossessed the public in his favour. And although now and then his life-long failing for whisky brought him into disgrace with friends who wished to help him and his wife, yet he contrived by an arch simplicity to excuse the failing, and generally to disarm resentment. He died on the 9th of February, 1830, in the 59th year of his age, and was interred in the High Church burying-ground; but “no sculptured urn or animated bust” marks the spot.

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### **Blind Alick's Visit to Messrs. Thom and Anderson's Statuary.**

WHEN the clever, self-taught artists, Messrs. Thom and Anderson, from Ayrshire, came to Glasgow many years ago, to exhibit their celebrated figures, chiselled out of solid stone, representing Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, and the Deil's Awa wi' the Exciseman, they created uncommon satisfaction, for they were the first figures of their kind ever seen in Scotland, or anywhere else. Blind Alick, strange as it may seem, expressed an anxious desire to examine *Satan* in his cold solid dress, and the following account of his visit to the exhibition was duly chronicled in the *Reformers' Gazette*, from the pen of its trusty reporter, Mr. Frame:—

“Sirs,” said Alick to the attendants, when entering the room, “I’ve come, with your leave to inspect His Majesty the Deil. I cannot say that I have any great regard for him myself—quite otherwise, but I’ve come to handle and

thumb his lineaments, and make up my mind according to the best o' my judgment."

"Take a seat, Alick," said one.

"Oh, let me just grip him as I stand," said Alick, and it was no sooner said than done. Alick commenced to grope with his fingers first about the head of the stone-blind doll, just as if he was running his gamut on some piano, which indeed, he could well play.

"Aye, aye," said Alick, "I see or rather find, it's all true that Loyal Peter said in his critique about the Deil, in his *Gawzette* of last Saturday, except this, that you have made his majesty's nose rather crooked, like unto the nose of the conquering hero, His Grace the Duke of Wellington. But as for the gauger, vow me," continued Alick, handling him from head to foot, "he's the very image of terror, pourtrayed with a vengeance. His eyes, as I discern them, are like to leap out o' their sockets. I dinna envy them at a'; and his hair, it's standing stiffer than the quills upon any porcupine I ever heard of. May the Lord," concluded Alick piously, "give us grace to meet the ills we have, rather than fly to others which we know not of," and therein he spoke like a philosopher. As a *finale*, Alick could not resist scraping his fiddle and giving Burns' *Address to the Deil*, with which, no doubt, most of our readers are acquainted.

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### Blind Alick's Soldier Son.

BLIND ALICK, the "Glasgow Homer," had three sons, two of whom died in early life. But his third, and favourite son, delighted perhaps with his father's stories about the battle of Culloden and other whigmaleerie things, determined, without his father's consent, to become a soldier. And so Alick Macdonald, the younger, enlisted into the 71st Regiment, then stationed in Glasgow, under the command of the Honourable Colonel Cadogan. The war was at that time raging fiercely between this country and France on many bloody fields, and the brave and illustrious Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, was careering with the British troops in Spain.

An esteemed citizen of Glasgow, connected with one of the flourishing banks of the city, told Mr. Peter Mackenzie,

of the *Reformers' Gazette*, who recorded it, that he saw the 71st Regiment leave the barracks, in the Gallowgate of Glasgow, to reinforce Wellington in Spain, and that Blind Alick convoyed his smart young boy all the way to the Gallowgate toll, where they parted never to meet again. The same gentleman also saw, on that occasion, an old widow woman, who had a grocery in the Gallowgate, conveying her three sons, all newly enlisted in the same regiment. She had a clean linen mutch (or cap) upon her head, with a significant black ribbon tied around it.

We may here tell the famous but true story over again, namely, that at the great battle of Fuento D'Honore, in Spain, the brunt fell on the 71st Regiment, which has, ever since, been appropriately called the Glasgow Regiment. It was at the commencement of the awful and decisive *bayonet charge*, on that occasion, that the gallant Colonel Cadogan, waving his hat, addressed the regiment:

"Now, my lads, charge them down the Gallowgate!" at which thrilling words the Glasgow heroes undoubtedly carried everything before them. But, alas! the son of Alick fell; and, sadder still, the three sons of that poor widow fell dead in the same battle.

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### Trial of the Rev. Neil Douglas.

THAT eccentric divine, the Rev. Neil Douglas, rented with the money of his wife the old *Andersonian Institution*, No. 2 Upper John Street; and therein, about A.D. 1817, commenced a series of discourses on the Prophecies of Daniel, in the course of which he had the temerity to liken King George the Third, then an invalid in Windsor Castle, to *Nebuchadnezzar*, nay, as even worse in his mental and corporal capacity. And as for his son George, Prince Regent, he was termed the *prodigal son*, and characterised as a drunken debauchee, etc.

The authorities, hearing a *sough* of these discourses, which created a great sensation in the city, deputed *three spies* to go next Sunday to the *Andersonian Institution*, and to take notes with a view to future action.

But, unfortunately for the success of their mission, their

wives began to blab about it to some of their neighbours, and in this way it came to the ears of some of the reverend gentleman's admirers, who, thereupon, gave him a hint to be careful as to what he might say in his next lecture, telling him their reason for so doing.

Accordingly, on the following Sunday, the preacher was on the lookout for his professional auditors, whom he espied on their entrance, and who, either in their zeal to be near enough to hear him distinctly, or because the place of meeting was crowded, came forward and squatted themselves down on the pulpit stair.

The preacher began the services with calm and cold serenity, but ere long he cleared his throat, and eyeing the three spies fiercely, from his vantage ground in the pulpit, began to pitch in and give it to them hot and heavy.

He denounced them as—

“A parcel of infernal scamps, or spies, sent, not by Nebuchadnezzar, but by Beelzebub, from the Council Chambers to entrap him.”

The officers, at the beginning of the tirade, began to scribble down their notes, but the vehement wrath of the preacher and the dagger-like looks of many in the congregation so alarmed and *nonplussed* them that they were glad to desist, and to trust to their unaided memories for the rest of the lecture, which turned out to be the spiciest and most fiery part of it.

They subsequently drew up a written report, or declaration, giving the awful words of the Rev. Neil Douglas, time and place above mentioned. This precognition was duly forwarded to Lord Advocate M'Conochie, in Edinburgh; and within a few days orders were sent to Glasgow from the Crown counsel to seize—

“The person of the said Rev. Neil Douglas, as guilty of the crime of high treason, or sedition, and to imprison him in the jail of Glasgow till liberated in due course of law.”

He was next indicted to appear before the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, on the 26th of May, 1817, on the modified charge of “sedition,” or of “wicked sedition,” in his pulpit as aforesaid.

The three town officers who had been sent by the official scribes, were, of course, to appear as the chief witnesses against the accused on his trial, which the law officers of the Crown felt confident, and the friends of the accused in

Glasgow feared, would end in the conviction and transportation of the reverend old man, who was then in the 70th year of his age.

But, luckily for the accused, when the day of trial came, the *trio* were found to vary seriously as to what the preacher really did say. All that they could remember distinctly and agree about were the emphatic use by him of the words,—“Nebuchadnezzar and Beelzebub,” but as to the application of the lecture they were all three hopelessly at sea.

An attempt was made to have their memories refreshed by a perusal of their precognition to the fiscal in Glasgow, but at this stage, Francis Jeffrey, the eloquent counsel for the accused, interposed, and said :

“No, no, these precognitions must not be shown ; they cannot bear any faith in judgment.”

The learned counsel argued powerfully against the competency of the precognition, and contended that it was to the facts then spoken to, under their oaths that the Court or the jury could attend on that trial.

In this view the Court concurred, so that the case against the reverend old prisoner broke down completely, and he was again a free man amid the cordial congratulations of his eminent counsel, and to the great joy of his many friends.

In conclusion, it may be stated that ere he left the court, the venerated divine made a voluntary promise, couched in the most respectful language, to the Lord Justice-Clerk, that he would never more lecture about Nebuchadnezzar, nor speak in a derogatory way of His Majesty the King ; and it is believed that he kept his word.

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### The Rev. Neil Douglas' Pulpit Eccentricities.

THE late Rev. Neil Douglas, preacher of the Universal Restoration, Glasgow, was a singular man. His discourses contained a mixture of religion and politics, anecdote and sarcasm.

Although differing so widely from the orthodox on

Redemption, he entertained all the old Presbyterian hatred to the successor of St. Peter, whom he styled "His poor, pitiful holiness, the Pope of Rome."

He prayed for kings, but it was for their reformation. In praying for the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.), it was commonly with a clause that he might see the error of his ways, and repent of his wicked life. This is a way of speaking little followed by the clergy; and even Jeremy Taylor, who is much talked of for sanctity, calls Charles II. the best king, and the Church of England the best Church in the world!

Mr. Douglas had great powers of imagination, which he indulged in a way that led him into ludicrous consequences.

One day, while preaching in Anderson's Institution, he spoke of the wickedness of publicans in corrupting their spirits, and said:

"It is worse than fornication; it is adulteration!"

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### **Rev. Neil Douglas and the Fate of the Tory Ministry.**

THAT eccentric radical divine, the Rev. Neil Douglas, of Glasgow, while engaged one sultry day denouncing, in hot and fiery terms, Lord Sidmouth and the Tory ministry of the time, during his discourse was very much tormented with flies, which kept buzzing around him. At length he wound up a grand outpouring of invective and prophecy of evil to come, with the exclamation:

"Yes, assuredly, they will all perish and go to perdition, just as surely as I catch this fly!"

And, so saying, he made an adroit effort to catch one of the buzzers with his hand, but, on carefully opening it to look, he ejaculated:

"Fegs, I've missed; there is a chance for them yet!"

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### **Last Whipping through Glasgow by the Last Glasgow Hangman.**

ON the afternoon of Sunday, 17th February, 1822, a most extraordinary riot took place in the city.

It was directed against Mr. George Provand, oil and colour merchant, who then occupied the handsome house in Clyde Street, not far from the jail, which had been the residence of the well-known city magnate, Robert Dreg-horn, Esq., Laird of Ruchill, near to Maryhill and Possil, an estate recently purchased by the Corporation of Glasgow for a public park.

The house referred to had the reputation of being *haunted*; and in addition thereto, the mob had become possessed with the idea that its then occupant, Mr. Provand, a bold, tall, and vigorous man, was that obnoxious character, a resurrectionist; and it might be even worse, a burker!

As set forth in a proclamation issued by the lord provost and magistrates, the house was broken into and entered by a riotous and tumultuous assemblage of persons, who, besides breaking the windows and destroying many articles of furniture in the house, were guilty of stealing and carrying away therefrom a number of gold, silver, and copper coins, silver plate, etc. Others of them who had not an eye to plunder, indulged their propensity for devastation and destruction, furniture being smashed, burned, or carried out and thrown into the river, which flowed past quite handy for the purpose. The police of the city were overpowered, pelted with stones, and forced to run for their lives; while about four o'clock, when the worshippers in the churches were coming out, the whole city was in a ferment. The magistrates, and Mr. James Hardie, master of police, and some well-known citizens, in vain sought to throw oil on the troubled waters. They were hooted, pelted, and driven away; Mr. Lawrence Craigie, acting-chief magistrate, having a most narrow escape for his life. In these circumstances he rushed over to the Cavalry Barracks, then in Laurieston; while one or other of his colleagues ran to the Infantry Barracks, then in the Gallowgate, for military aid.

Mr. Craigie, mounted on a dragoon horse, soon appeared

at full gallop over the old Jamaica Bridge, heading the cavalry, while the infantry soon also came forward in double quick order. The Riot Act was read; the dragoons charged with drawn sabres; and the infantry advanced with fixed bayonets; on which the mob, innocent and guilty, took to their heels and fled. Next morning the lord provost and magistrates offered—

“ A reward of two hundred guineas ”

to any persons, who, within one month, should give such information as would lead to the apprehension and conviction of the offenders.

In consequence of said proclamation and reward, various persons were apprehended, five of whom were brought to trial before the Circuit Court of Justiciary in April following. They were convicted; and one, Richard Campbell, weaver, who had been a police officer, in addition to the sentence of transportation beyond seas, which all received, was further adjudged to be scourged through the city, by the hangman, on the 8th day of May following.

Accordingly, on the day specified, at twelve o'clock a strong detachment of the 4th Dragoon Guards paraded in front of the jail; while, at the same time, a large force of police and civil officers attended. The culprit was brought out of the jail, and bound to the cart; parties of the dragoons were placed in front and rear to keep off the crowd; and when all was ready the cavalcade moved on to the respective places of punishment. The *first* halt was made on the south side of the jail; where the culprit's back was laid bare by the hangman, who there gave him his first twenty lashes with a formidable “ cat o' nine tails.”

The *second* act was gone through with at the foot of Stockwell Street; the *third* at the head of the same street; while the *fourth*, and last, making eighty lashes in all, were given at the Cross—the prisoner groaning and lamenting his hard fate. The executioner was old Thomas Young, the last permanent finisher of the law maintained by the magistrates of Glasgow, his house being within the jail, from which he but seldom issued forth.

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### **Dr. James Jeffrey's Ghastly Galvanic Experiment.**

AT the Glasgow Circuit Court in October, 1819, a collier of the name of Matthew Clydesdale was condemned to death for murder, and the judge, in passing sentence, as was the custom, ordered that, after the execution, the body should be given to Dr. James Jeffrey, the lecturer on anatomy in the University, "to be publicly dissected and anatomised." The execution took place on the 4th of November following, and the body of the murderer was taken to the college dissecting theatre, where a large number of students and many of the general public were gathered to witness an experiment it was proposed to make upon it.

The intention was that a newly invented galvanic battery should be tried with the body, and the greatest interest had accordingly been excited. The corpse of the murderer was placed in a sitting posture in a chair, and the handles of the instrument put into the hands. Hardly had the battery been set working than the auditory observed the chest of the dead man heave, and he rose to his feet. Some of them swooned for fear, others cheered at what was deemed a triumph of science. But the professor, alarmed at the aspect of affairs, put his lancet in the throat of the murderer, and he dropped back into his seat. For a long time the community discussed the question, whether or not the man was really dead when the battery was applied? Most probably he was not. For in those days, death on the scaffold was slow—there was no *long drop* to break the spinal cord,—it was simply a case of strangulation.

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### **Harvie's Dyke Warfare, and Popular Triumph.**

THE famous "Harvie's Dyke" was erected about seventy years ago by Thomas Harvie, then proprietor of Westburn, for the purpose of blocking up the footpath along the margin of the Clyde, from Glasgow to Carmyle, which had previously been in possession of the public from time im-

memorial. Great indignation was, of course, excited at the time by the encroachment upon popular rights. Indignant articles, letters, and pasquinades appeared in the local journals, and at length, in the summer of 1823, the ire of the citizens was roused to such a degree that a numerous party, principally composed of weavers and other operatives from Bridgeton and Parkhead, armed with pickaxes and crow-bars, laid siege to the obnoxious barrier and levelled it with the dust.

Passing afterwards in triumph to the opposite extremity of the Westburn estate, which was likewise defended by a strong wooden palisade, they continued the work of destruction by setting it on fire. While engaged in this patriotic, though certainly illegal operation, intelligence was brought to the excited crowd that a party of dragoons, who had been sent for, were approaching, when an immediate dispersion ensued. Several of the ringleaders were afterwards apprehended and sentenced to various periods of imprisonment for their share in the transaction. The wall was speedily rebuilt, and for several years thereafter the thoroughfare was completely suspended.

Thanks, however, to the public spirit of certain gentlemen connected with the city, among whom were the late Mr. George Rodger, of Barrowfield Printworks, Sandy Rodger, the poet, and Mr. Adam Ferrie (who subsequently went to Canada), the warfare was resumed in the courts of law. Subscriptions in support of the popular cause were liberally forwarded by all classes of citizens; and, after a lengthened litigation, the case was finally terminated by a decision of the House of Lords in favour of the right of passage. The estate afterwards passed into other hands, and as no attempt at let or hindrance has since been made, the public continue to enjoy the right of passage along the beautiful bank by which the arable portion of the land is encompassed.

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### **Andrew M'Farlane, an East End Weaver, and His Wife.**

At the time Andrew M'Farlane lived and drove the shuttle, handloom weaving was the most lucrative of the handicrafts, the result of four days' labour sufficing to keep a family

for a week, and, with those who were provident, it left something over and above. Andrew was rather particular in his living; animal food was generally present on his table at dinner; on Sabbath it was never absent, and, if possible, of a superior quality.

"I like," said Andrew, "to comfort myself and family on the day of rest, and to see the kail-pot prinkling on the head as if launner-beeds had been sawn on't; my stamack is aye mair thankfui' after a platefu' or twa o' them—no sae wi' your thin, blue ruin-looking kail that look just like meltit whunstane."

Mrs. M'Farlane was not so particular; she looked more to the sum total in the expenditure, and the saving that could be effected, than the quality of the butcher's wares. One day the thought struck her, and, like many a rib since the days of Eve, she broke out into an exclamation against Andrew, because, forsooth, he had not thought of the thing that had not previously occurred to herself.

"Man, Andrew, I wonder at you—you an eident, carefu' man, that are aye sae particular about the meat you get, and dinna think o' the price—if it please ye—winna ye gang to Ruglen and buy a mart—cow or ox?—the verra brock o' the beast wad sair our family for a haill month."

"Weel, guidewife," said Andrew, "I'se tak' your bidding for ance, and see what gude comes o't."

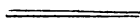
Some time afterwards, Andrew was passing his butcher's stall, and was hailed by the man of the cleaver, who naturally inquired what had become of his customer.

"It's nae fau't o' mine, I can assure ye," replied Andrew. "To tell you the truth, I was advised by a frien' to gang to Ruglen and buy a mart for mysel', so I gaed out and coft a carcass wi' a hide on't; nae doubt I got a living beast, but when my mart was hung up and hidid ye micht ha'e read Josephus through the ribs o't."

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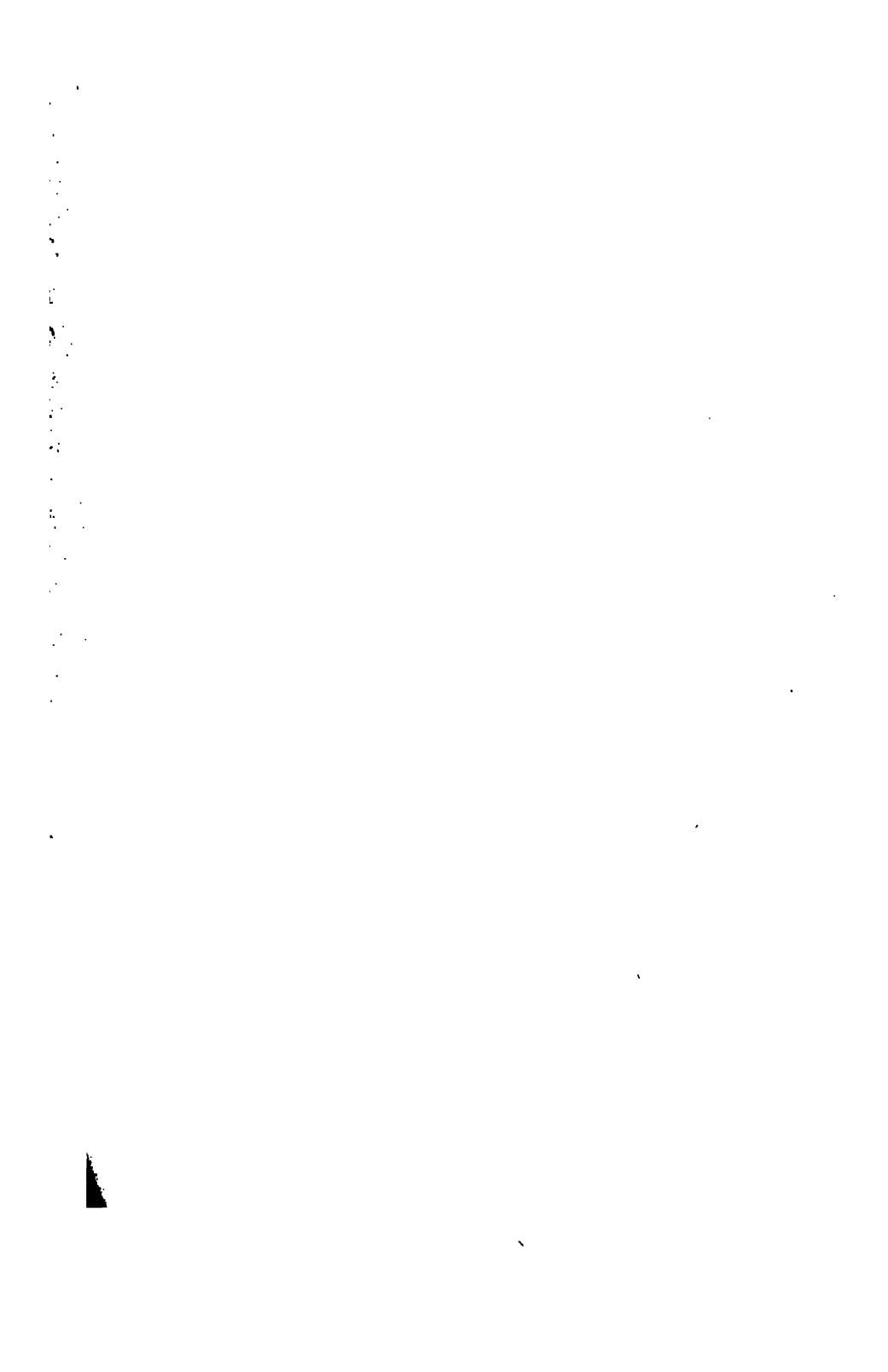


# The Anecdotalage of Glasgow.



BOOK IV.





## **Rev. Dr. Chalmers' First Impressions of Glasgow.**

ON the translation of the Rev. Dr. M'Gill, Glasgow, to the divinity chair in the University, the Town Council made overtures to Dr. Chalmers, then minister of Kilmany in Fifeshire, and in the prime vigour of his early manhood, and already famous for his powerful eloquence as a preacher. He loved the quiet pastoral beauties of his rural parish, and dreaded the turmoil, bustle, and exacting duties that would devolve upon him in the commercial metropolis of the west ; but these fears and scruples were overcome, and he was transferred to his new and larger field of usefulness, being inducted to his new charge on Friday, 21st July, 1815, by Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff, and on the afternoon of the Sabbath following he preached his first sermon to a crowded congregation.

Dr. Chalmers, before the removal of his family to Glasgow, lived in lodgings in the Rottenrow : his first place of abode with his family was in Charlotte Street, and his subsequent residence in Kensington Place. He did not take to Glasgow at first. Writing to a friend eight days after his induction, he says :—

“ I can give you no satisfaction whatever as to my liking or not liking Glasgow. Were I to judge by my present feelings, I would say I dislike it most violently ; but the present state of my mind is not a fair criterion—at a distance from my family, and in a land of strangers ; and though beset with polite attentions, feeling that there is positively nothing in them all to replace those warmer and kindlier enjoyments which friendship brings along with it. I have got about a hundred calls in the course of this week, and I foresee a deal of very strange work in the business of a Glasgow minister. What think you of my putting my name to two applications for licences to sell spirits, and two certificates of being qualified to follow out the calling of pedlars, in the course of yesterday ? ”

In a subsequent letter to the same friend, he says :—  
“ This, sir, is a wonderful place, and I am half-entertained and half-provoked by some of the peculiarities of its people.



The peculiarity which bears hardest upon me is the incessant demand they have upon all occasions for the personal attendance of the ministers. They must have four to every funeral, or they do not think it has been genteelly gone through. They must have one or more to all the committees of all the societies. They (the ministers) must fall in at every procession. They must attend examinations innumerable, and eat of the dinners consequent upon these examinations. There seems to be a superstitious charm in the very sight of them, and such is the manifold officiality with which they are covered, that they must be paraded among all the meetings and all the institutions. I gave in to all this at first, but I am beginning to keep a suspicious eye upon these repeated demands ever since. I sat nearly an hour in grave deliberation with a number of others upon a subject connected with the property of the Corporation, and that subject was a *gutter*, and the question was whether it should be bought and covered up, or let alone, and left to be open. I am gradually separating myself from all this trash."

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### Rev. Dr. Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses in Tron Church.

IN the early part of this century it was the custom that the clergymen of Glasgow should preach in rotation on Thursday in the Tron Church. On Thursday, the 23rd of November, 1815, this week-day service devolved on Dr. Chalmers. The entire novelty of the discourse delivered upon this occasion, and the promise held out by the preacher that a series of similar discourses would follow, excited the liveliest interest, not in his own congregation alone, but throughout the whole community. He had presented to his hearers a sketch of the recent discoveries of astronomy, distinct in outline, and drawn with all the ease of one who was himself a master in the science, yet gorgeously magnificent in many of its details, displaying amid the brilliant glow of a blazing eloquence, the sublime poetry of the heavens.

In his subsequent discourses, Dr. Chalmers proposed to

discuss the argument, or rather prejudice, against the Christian revelation which grounds itself on the vastness and variety of those unnumbered worlds which lie scattered over the immeasurable fields of space. This discussion occupied all the Thursday services allotted to him during the year 1816. The spectacle which presented itself in the Trongate upon the day of the delivery of each new astronomical discourse was a most singular one.

Long ere the bell began to toll, a stream of people might be seen pouring through the passage which led into the Tron Church. Across the street and immediately opposite to this passage was the old reading-room where all the Glasgow merchants met. So soon, however, as the gathering and quickening stream upon the opposite side of the street gave the accustomed warning, out flowed the occupants of the coffee-room. The pages of the *Herald* or the *Courier* were for a while forsaken, and during two of the best business hours of the day the old reading-room wore a strange aspect of desolation.

The busiest merchants of the city were wont, indeed, upon those memorable days, to leave their desks, and kind masters allowed their clerks and apprentices to follow their example. Out of the very heart of the great tumult an hour or two stood redeemed for the highest exercise of the spirit, and the low traffic of earth forgotten. Heaven and its high economy and its human sympathies and eternal interests engrossed for a while the mind and fancy of congregated thousands.

This series of discourses was published on the 28th January, 1817. In ten weeks six thousand copies had been disposed of, the demand showing no symptoms of decline. Nine editions were called for within a year, and nearly twenty thousand copies were in circulation. Never previously, nor since, has any volume of sermons met with such immediate and general acceptance. The *Tales of My Landlord* had a month's start in the date of publication, and even with such a competitor it ran an almost equal race. Not a few curious observers were struck with the novel competition, and watched with lively curiosity how the great Scottish preacher, and the great Scottish novelist, kept for a whole year so nearly abreast of one another.

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### Rev. Dr. Chalmers and His Gallowgate Wife-Critic.

WHILE preaching one of his astronomical discourses in Glasgow, Dr. Chalmers observed among his audience a plain, honest, godly woman, who lived in a close of the Gallowgate, and with whom he was well acquainted. The doctor felt an irresistible desire to know what Janet thought of the sermon, as he was quite sure it was above her reach, and he knew that he would not require to ask her opinion, for, being a frank out-spoken *body*, she would not fail to give it of her own accord.

Accordingly, a day or two after, he put himself in her way, and had not long to wait ere he heard what he was in quest of.

"Weel, sir," she said, "I was hearing ye in the Laigh Kirk the ither day; I canna say that I liket ye sae weel as in our ain bit placey here (a mission-house where weekly meetings were held). I canna say that I understood ye a' thegither; but eh, sir, there was something unco suitable and satisfyin' in the Psalms."

### Rev. Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Thomas Smith of Glasgow.

It is interesting to note that one of the earliest Glasgow experiences of this eminent man, whose capacious mind grappled with some of the greatest religious, moral, social, and scientific problems of the age, was a singular attachment to a youthful citizen, who was one of the trophies of Dr. Chalmers' ministry in Glasgow. This was Mr. Thomas Smith, the son of the father of the Glasgow bookselling trade. This young man was qualifying himself for the profession of a writer or attorney, and the friendship between him and Dr. Chalmers was of the most affectionate nature. Scarcely a day passed without their seeing each other, and, in addition to that, scarcely a day passed without one or more letters being sent by the pastor to his young convert.

A trysting-place was appointed on the banks of the

Monkland Canal, where each day at a set hour they met, and here "the general conversation of ordinary friendship soon flowed in that new channel into which it was directed by a heart yearning for the spiritual and eternal welfare of its object." Mr. Smith was unfortunately in delicate health, and died within a year of Dr. Chalmers' induction; and doubtless the premonitions of this event would give an earnestness and a pathos of a peculiar and touching description to the friendship between him and his pastor. But we are so apt to connect the name of Dr. Chalmers with large schemes of public and national interest that it is refreshing to get such a glimpse into the heart of the man, and to learn that a deep and undying love to the human soul was the root principle out of which all his public zeal and enterprise grew.

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### **Rev. Dr. Chalmers' Worshippers in Glasgow.**

It is well known that the genius and eloquence of this popular clergyman, during his ministry in Glasgow, attracted immense crowds to his church, and the feeling of disappointment when a stranger entered the pulpit was but too visible for anyone to mistake it.

On one occasion the Rev. Dr. Islay having made an exchange with Dr. Chalmers, was, on entering the pulpit, so struck, annoyed, and irritated with the reluctant advance of the assembling auditory, and the quick retreat of many from the pews, that he stood up, and addressing the congregation, said:

"We will not begin the public worship of God till the chaff blows off."

We need not say that these words had the desired effect, and that the audience became stationary under this severe rebuke.

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### **Rev. Dr. Chalmers and the Deistical Cobbler.**

THE Rev. Dr. Chalmers, when minister in Glasgow, was one of the most exemplary clergymen in parochial visitation who has ever been entrusted with the oversight of any flock in connection with the Church of Scotland.

Going the round of his visitations he called upon a poor cobbler, who was industriously engaged with awl and ends fastening sole and upper. The cobbler, who kept fast hold of the shoe between his knees, perforating the stubborn bend and passing through the bristled lines right and left, scarcely noticed the clerical intruder; but the glance that he gave showed evident recognition; then rosining the fibrous lines, he made them whisk out on either side with increased energy, showing a disinclination to hold a parley.

"I am," said the doctor, "visiting my parishioners at present, and am to have a meeting of those resident in this locality in the vestry, when I shall be happy to have your presence along with your neighbours."

Old Lapstone kept his spine at the souter's angle, and, making the thread rasp with the force of the pull, coolly remarked:

"Ay, step your way ben to the wife and the weans; as for me, I'm a wee in the deistical line, doctor."

With that intuitive perception of character and tact in addressing himself to the variety of dispositions and characters in society which distinguished the doctor, he entered into conversation with the cobbler, asking questions about his profession, and the weekly amount of his earnings, sympathising with him on the exceedingly limited amount of his income, compared with the outlay necessary for food, clothing, house-rent, etc. Then taking up one tool after another, he got explanations of their different uses, and following up the conversation by a chain of moral reasoning, from cause to effect, led the cobbler away from his *last*, and obtained a patient hearing, which ended in the cobbler becoming a steady church-goer.

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### MR. GARRICK and the Black Coat.

THE late Mr. Carrick of renowned local celebrity as a literary man and a wit, author of *The Life of Sir William Wallace*, was exceedingly ready in giving a humorous turn to conversation, and in making his inferences tell with the happiest effect on the arguments of an adversary. Mr.

Carrick happened to be present at a dining party, where a recent importation from Sam Slick's country was holding large discourse on the advantages—political, moral, social, natural, and intellectual—of America.

"Ay," says one, "your liberty, too—how universal! no preference. Noah's descendants, of all shades, blend so delightfully."

"Ah, what of that black population; they are only fit for 'hewers of wood and drawers of water'; or, as so many of them are, raisers of tobacco, cotton, and sugar; and, hark ye, I had rather be a marble-headed negro in the Virginian or other Southern States than one of your Paisley weavers."

"Ye would," remarked Mr. Carrick; "aye be sure of a black coat to your back, at ony rate."

Of course the reader is aware that the blot on the American escutcheon hit at in the above anecdote was wiped out in the late Civil War, at the cost of seas of blood, and heaps of money.

### Andrew Henderson on the Freedom of the Table.

ANDREW HENDERSON, author of *Scottish Proverbs*, at an evening party in the house of Mr. Wm. Whyte, cabinet-maker, Glasgow, got into a very animated debate, a situation frequent with him. Forgetting to pay respect to the glossy French polish of the dining table, he shook and spilled the contents of his tumbler, when Mr. Whyte, who was a very particular polisher of the Honduras log, addressed him:

"Andrew, mind the table, ye'll gi'e the servants something to do."

"Tables!" replied the proverbialist, "I wadna gi'e a custock for a table if I couldna stracht a nail on't."

### Andrew Henderson on the Radical Turn-Coat.

HENDERSON, who always seated himself on the cross-benches when any person appeared to claim more than his share of political knowledge or talent, was at an evening party where one of the guests, a recent convert from Radicalism, was abusing, in no measured language, the party with whom he had lately associated. Andrew, eyeing him askance, said :

"Just let him alane, lads, till he come till himsel'—he's ill wi' the *spaining-brash*,"—i.e., milk-fever, a fit of illness to which children are subject when weaning, induced by the change of food.

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### Andrew Henderson's Gallant Request to a Lady.

ANDREW HENDERSON, who, along with Motherwell and Carrick, formed the trio of editors of *The Laird of Logan*, although a stout defender of the state of single blessedness, was ever genial, gallant, witty, and agreeable.

He was one evening at a dinner party where the company were so numerous that they could not be all accommodated at the table, and some had to make their knees the substitute. Andrew was one of these, and after having picked the bones of the portion of fowl served to him by the host, was about to return his plate, when he proffered to hand in, at the same time, that of the lady who sat next to him, and couched his request in the following felicitous terms :

"My dear miss, will you let me lay my banes aside yours?"

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### Andrew Henderson Thanks God for Single Bliss!

IN the spring of 1826, during a time of great depression of trade in the city of Glasgow, Henderson, the portrait painter, collector of *Scottish Proverbs*, and contributor to the *Laird*

of Logan, was accosted by a friend who had recently got married, and who kindly advised him to follow the example.

"Na, na," said Henderson, "saft's your horn, my friend, as the man said when he took haud o' a cuddie's lug instead of a cow's horn in the dark. Single blessedness is the thing; they wad need a stouter heart than mine is that wad marry at sic time as this. Na, na; I can put on my hat, and thank God that it covers my haill (whole) family."

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### **Andrew Henderson's Language of the Feet.**

HENDERSON had a most peculiar mode of indicating his wants; indeed, everything he said or did partook of the character of the man. When dining, and after certain dishes had been partaken of, which, according to good old Northern custom, qualify for a dram, such as fish, cheese, etc., generally solids, and when the ardent solvent seemed tardy in forthcoming, he would address himself to some familiar friend, and complain:

"Man, Davit, if ye be wanting a dram, can ye no just seek it, instead o' kicking my shins that way."

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### **Henderson Introduces Robertson to a Lady Friend.**

HENDERSON had a peculiar knack of giving a humorous turn to everything he said or did. In the ceremony of introducing his friends to new acquaintances, usually so stiff and formal, Mr. Henderson, by his off-hand way, made the parties on as easy terms in three minutes as if they had been acquainted for as many months. The proverbialist introduced the publisher at Mrs. S——'s, North Woodside, thus:

"My frien' Mr. David Robertson."

"I am glad at all times to see you, and any friend of yours," replied Mrs. S——.



"Weel, my lady," continued Mr. Henderson, "just see, when you're on your feet, if there's onything in the bottle; the day's gey and warm."

"It's at your service; but whether will you have whisky, rum, or brandy?" inquired Mrs. S——, with characteristic frankness.

"Just bring the first that comes to your hand,—onything out o' a bottle 'grees wi' me; and when you're at the press at onyrate, bring the bread and cheese in your ither han', as my frien' Davit here is a wee like the Kilbarchan calves, wha aye like to drink wi' a rip in their mouth."

### Campbell the Poet's University Escapade.

WHEN Campbell, at the age of seventeen, was attending the University of Glasgow in 1795, a respectable apothecary named Fife had a shop in the Trongate; and in his window had printed in large letters this notice:—

"EARS PIERCED BY A. FIFE;"

the meaning of which was, that the operation to which young ladies submit for the sake of wearing ear-rings was there performd.

Mr. Fife's next door neighbour was a citizen of the name of Drum, a spirit-dealer, whose windows exhibited various samples of the liquors which he sold. These worthy shop-keepers, though so near to each other, were very far from being on good terms, a circumstance that added zest to a practical joke which struck the youthful fancy of Thomas Campbell, and which he and two of his college chums lost no time in carrying out.

During the darkness of night (and this happened long before the streets of Glasgow were lighted with gas), Campbell and his two associates, having procured a long fir deal, had it extended from window to window of the two contiguous shops, after the youthful poet had painted on it, in flaming capitals, this inscription from Othello:—

"The spirit-stirring Drum,  
The ear-piercing Fife."



Hitherto, observes Campbell's biographer, the two neighbours had pursued very distinct callings, as well as being on Jew and Samaritan terms; but here, to their utter surprise, a sudden co-partnership had been formed during the night, and Fife and Drum were now united in the same martial line.

A great sensation was produced in the morning, when, of course, the new co-partnery was suddenly dissolved, no *Gazette* intimation being made of either its formation or dissolution. Campbell, after some inquiry, was found to have been the sign painter, and he was threatened with pains and penalties, which were, however, commuted into a severe reprimand; suggesting to the poet the words of Parolles—

“I'll no more drumming; a plague of all Drums.”

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### Thomas Campbell, Lord Rector of Glasgow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL held the honoured position of Lord Rector in the University of his native city,—his own Alma Mater,—for the term 1826-9. The poet Southey tells the following story of an incident in the life of Campbell, his brother poet, which occurred at that period, and in which his position as Lord Rector of Glasgow University figures prominently:—

Taking a walk with Campbell, one day, up Regent Street (London), we were accosted by a wretched-looking woman, with a sick infant in her arms, and another starved little thing at her mother's side. The woman begged for a copper. I had no change, and Campbell had nothing but a sovereign. The woman stuck fast to the poet, as if she read his heart in his face; and I could feel his arm beginning to tremble. At length, saying something about its being his duty to assist poor creatures, he told the woman to wait; and, hastening into a mercer's shop, asked, rather impatiently for change.

You know what an excitable person he was, and how he fancied all business must give way till the change was

supplied. The shopman thought otherwise ; the poet insisted ; and in a minute or two the mercer jumped over the counter and collared him, telling us he would turn us both out ; that he believed we came there to kick up a row for some dishonest purpose. So here was a pretty dilemma. We defied him, but said we would go out instantly on his apologising for his gross insult.

All was uproar, and Campbell called out :

"Thrash the fellow ! thrash him !"

"You will not go out, then !" said the mercer.

"No, never, till you apologise."

"Well, we shall soon see. John, go to Vine Street, and fetch the police."

In a few minutes two policemen appeared ; one went close up to Campbell, the other to myself. The poet was now in such breathless indignation, that he could not articulate a sentence. I told the policeman the object he had in asking change ; and that the shopman had most unwarrantably insulted us.

"This gentleman," I added, by way of a climax, "is Mr. Thomas Campbell, the distinguished poet, a man who would not hurt a fly, much less act with the dishonest intention that person has insinuated." The moment I uttered the name, the policeman backed away two or three paces, as if awe-struck, and said :

"Gudeness, is that Maister Cammell, the Lord Rector o' Glasgow ?"

"Yes, my friend, he is, as this card may convince you," handing it to him ; "all this commotion has been caused by a mistake."

By this time the mercer had cooled down to a moderate temperature, and in the end made every reparation in his power, saying he—

"Was very busy at the time, and had he but known the gentleman" he "would have changed fifty sovereigns for him."

"My dear fellow," said the poet, who had recovered his speech, "I am not at all offended," and it was really laughable to see them shaking hands long and vigorously, each with perfect sincerity and mutual forgiveness.

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## **Campbell the Poet and Christopher North.**

CAMPBELL, says his biographer, Dr. Beattie, went to Paisley races, got prodigiously interested in the first race, and betted on the success of one horse to the amount of fifty pounds with Professor Wilson (Christopher North). At the end of the race he thought he had lost the bet, and said to Wilson :

"I owe you fifty pounds ; but really, when I reflect that you are a Professor of Moral Philosophy, and that betting is a sort of gambling only fit for blacklegs, I cannot bring my conscience to pay the bet."

"Oh," said Wilson, "I very much approve of your principles, and mean to act upon them. In point of fact, Yellow Cap, on whom you betted, has won the race ; and, but for conscience, I ought to pay you the fifty pounds ; but you will excuse me."

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## **Thomas Campbell's Re-Election as Lord Rector of Glasgow University.**

THE election of Campbell, who was Lord Brougham's successor, was carried under circumstances peculiarly flattering to the illustrious poet. The name set up against his was no less than that of George Canning, but the bard of Hope gained the election by a vast majority. The election of Lord Rector, originally instituted for the protection of the rights of the students, had become a sinecure honour. And Mr. Campbell's predecessors had, from time immemorial, contented themselves with coming for a few days to Glasgow and making a speech on their installation.

Campbell set the first remembered example of a Lord Rector attending with scrupulous punctuality to the duties which his oath implied. He spent several weeks in examining the statutes, accounts, and whole management of the University.

During the first and second years of his rectorship, however, Royal Commissioners were employed in a similar inspection, and with their proceedings he found it beyond his power to interfere. But so much satisfaction had been diffused among the students by his known good intentions, that they resolved to confer upon him the honour, unprecedented for a century, of electing him for a third year.

To this proceeding the professors objected, and setting up Sir Walter Scott as a candidate, gained over a large body of the students, and, in fact, the nomination of Sir Walter was carried by what the Campbellites considered an unfair election. A deputation of them, therefore, went off to Edinburgh, and, waiting on Sir Walter Scott, expressed themselves to that effect. This illustrious individual accordingly sent word to the professors that he declined the proffered honour. Campbell immediately left London for Glasgow, insisted on a new election, and carried it triumphantly. Such was the joy of the students on the occasion that they founded the *Campbell Club* in honour of the poet.

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### Leigh Hunt on Thomas Campbell.

THE poet Campbell, whose monumental statue stands as a companion to that of Robert Burns in George Square of this, the first-named bard's native city, has been appreciatively and felicitously described by Leigh Hunt in the following terms:—

"They who knew Mr. Campbell only as the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and the *Pleasures of Hope*, would not have suspected him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and anything but fastidious. The Scotch poets have always something in reserve. It is the only point in which the major part of them resemble their countrymen. Campbell was one of the few men whom I could at any time have walked half-a-dozen miles through the snow to spend an evening with.

"No man felt more kindly towards his fellow-creatures, or took less credit for it. When he indulged in doubt and sarcasm, and spoke contemptuously of things in general, he did it partly out of actual dissatisfaction, but more, perhaps,

than he suspected, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive, which is a blind that the best men very commonly practice.

"When I first saw this eminent person, he gave me the idea of a French Virgil. I found him as handsome as the Abbé Delille is said to have been ugly. But he seemed to me to embody a Frenchman's ideal of the Latin poet: something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature, as in a drawing-room mirror.

"This fancy was strengthened, in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had (at the time) a volume of the French poet in his hand.

"Campbell's skull was sharply cut and fine, with a full share, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs; and his poetry will bear them out. His face and person were rather on a small scale, his features regular, his eye lively and penetrating, and, when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle Puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male."

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### Robert Pollok's Trial Discourse.

ROBERT POLLOK, author of the *Course of Time*, while a student of theology, once delivered a trial discourse before the Secession Divinity Hall, Glasgow, the subject of which was Sin. His manner of treating it, in the opinion of his fellow-students, was rather turgid, and, at those passages which they considered to be particularly outrageous, they did not scruple to give audible symptoms of the amusement they derived from Mr. Pollok's high-flown phrases. At last one flight was so extravagant that the professor (Dugald Stewart) himself was fairly obliged to give way, and smiled. At this moment the young preacher was just upon the point of a climax, expressing the dreadful evils which sin

brought into the world, and he closed it with the following remark :

“ And had it not been for sin, the smile of folly had never been seen on the brow of wisdom.”

This anecdote is related upon the authority of a person who was present, and it is stated that Pollok was not popular among his prosaic fellow-students, who seem to have been too eager to have a catch at him.

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### **Lady Betty Cunningham and Bailie Anderson, Glasgow.**

LADY BETTY CUNNINGHAM and Bailie Anderson both resided in Glasgow early in the present century. The bailie happened to be an elder and Lady Betty a hearer in St. Enoch's Church. One of her ladyship's servants had fallen into decayed circumstances, and applied to the bailie for parochial relief ; but Mr. Anderson being of opinion that Lady Betty should relieve her servants herself, declined to accede to her request.

When this was told to the lady she retaliated by going to church on the following Sunday with the firm determination of putting nothing in the plate ; and the bailie, happening to be officiating at the church-door, she made the most profound curtsy to him, and sailed up the centre of the church. The worthy magistrate and elder was at first struck so much by this excess of manners that he was somewhat dumfounded. However, in a few moments, he recovered himself, and instantly resolved to be even with her ladyship. He accordingly entered the church, and addressed her, but in so loud a tone that the whole congregation heard him.

“ Gi'e us,” said he, “ less o' your manners, my leddy, and mair o' your siller.”

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## **The Mains Beadle and Glasgow Cathedral.**

REV. DR. ROBERTSON, before being appointed minister of the Cathedral in Glasgow, was located in the village of Mains. After his removal, Walter Nicoll, the beadle of the latter place, paid him a visit and attended worship in the Cathedral, which, with its noble columns, lofty arches, and stained glass windows, is one of the most imposing and stately places of worship in Scotland.

"This is a much finer church than the Mains, Walter," said Dr. Robertson, after service, to his visitor.

"I'm no sae sure o' that, doctor," was the rejoinder.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the doctor, "surely you have no fault to find with our noble Cathedral?"

After a pause, as if Walter did not want to hurt the feelings of his reverend friend more than was necessary, he replied:

"Weel, sir, nae great faut, but she's useless big; she's got nae laft, and she's sair fashed wi' a' thae muckle pillars about her."

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## **Lord Eskgrove's Judicial Climax at Glasgow Circuit.**

LORD ESKGROVE, at the Glasgow Circuit Court, had to condemn two prisoners to death for breaking into the house of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, assaulting him, and robbing him of a large sum of money. He first, as was his constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes—assault, robbery, and hamesucken, of which last (Scottish law term) he gave the explanation—namely, the crime of beating or assaulting a person within his own house. He next reminded them that they had attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, and then came to this climax:

"All this you did; and, God preserve us! just when they were sitten down to their denner!"

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### **Glasgow Suburban Lapsed Masses of a Former Generation.**

A GENTLEMAN in the neighbourhood of Glasgow having at a great expense erected a silk factory, and attached to it a schoolroom for the benefit of the young people connected with the works, considered that the whole matter was not complete without accommodation for them and their parents at church. He, therefore, rented a number of pews, and going to each man, individually, informed him of what he had done.

By some, much thankfulness was expressed; while others, by the great indifference exhibited, were something similar to the men, who, upon their master promising them that they would be paid their wages the same as another day if they attended church on a Fast Day, would not consent unless they were paid for it as over hours; or the valet who hoped, if he attended prayers, his master would consider it in his wages. Addressing one of them, the employer said:

"John, I have taken seats in the church here for myself and the people attending the factory; and I shall be glad to see you there as often as possible."

"Oh yes, sir," said John, "I'll tak' my turn o't wi' the rest o' the men."

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### **Hawkie's Trial Discourse.**

THE real name of the singularly gifted waif, long familiarly known to almost every denizen of Glasgow by the above nickname, was William Cameron. He was born at Plean, in the parish of St. Ninians, and shire of Stirling, some time between 1770 and 1780, but the precise year is uncertain. He states that he first saw Glasgow in the year 1796 or 1797, and he worked for some weeks as a journeyman with M'Luckey, a tailor at the Cross.

Taking a stroll in Glasgow Green on a Sabbath morning in company with another journeyman tailor, they stood and listened to a field preacher holding forth to a large audience.

Hawkie thought him but a lame brother, and said to his companion :

"I could beat him myself."

Next day it was talked about at the work, and one of the men said :

"So you think you could beat the preacher ?"

To which Hawkie replied :

"Yes, I could."

On the Saturday night it was arranged that his trial discourse should be preached the next day ; and as Hawkie had no black clothes, the other journeyman went to the "cork" (master) and asked him for the loan of his black suit, pretending that it was for the purpose of attending a funeral. The next day about forty journeymen tailors attended in their trade house of call, in the Pipe Close, High Street, and there Hawkie was dressed in the borrowed black suit—to hold forth in his new profession. They arranged to go to Westmuir, on the road leading to Airdrie ; and, accordingly, about twelve o'clock they set out, some forty or fifty strong, picking up recruits on the way, and when they got to Westmuir, Hawkie had quite a large congregation. A man named Donald Bell, journeyman to Mr. Lockhart, tailor above the King's Arms in the Trongate, was chosen as precentor.

Hawkie's parents were Burghers, and possessed the works of the Rev. Ralph Erskine of Dunfermline, whose sermons he had often read to his mother, who took great delight in them. Hawkie, who had a good memory, preached one of Ralph Erskine's sermons from the text St. John xiii. 7 ; and his voice and elocution being then at their best, he made a good impression on the congregation, and, as he honestly stated afterwards :

"No thanks to me, for Erskine has handled the subject well."

At the close of the discourse an elder was chosen to go round with the "hat" for the collection, into which the "dust" (money) fell thick and fast. At the conclusion, Hawkie thanked them for their kindness, and told them, to quote his own words :

"I was sent by the Haldane Society on an itinerating mission to the west of Scotland, with little more to depend on than the generosity of the Christian public."

At the close of which pathetic appeal a lash of more

"blunt" (money) was pitched into the hat. He and his boon companions then went on to Camlachie, where they counted the collection, and found that it amounted to thirteen shillings and some odd coppers. How it was spent is plainly and bluntly told by Hawkie in these words:

"That night we spent every *ring*."

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### How Hawkie came by the Name.

A FALSE prophet of the name of Ross had been gulling the rabble who collected round him on the street with a pretended prediction of the destruction of the Briggate by a great flood, to which the floods of 1782 and 1795 no doubt gave him the cue.

Cameron, not to be outdone by Ross, and by way of ridicule on the prophetic pretensions of the latter, wrote, published, cried, and sold a Chap-book under the title of *The Prophecies of "Hawkie": A Cow*, who prophesied in Fife of a prophet who appeared in Glasgow and converted numbers. The Cow Hawkie, frae Aberdour, in the kingdom of Fife, was represented as sister-german to Ross, and its prediction as to the Briggate was as follows:—

"It is to be destroyed by a flood o' whisky, and the wives will be ferrying in washing-tubs frae ae door to anither, and mony o' their lives will be lost that otherwise micht ha'e been saved by their louting ower their tubs to try the flood whether it was sky blue or the real Ferntosh."

*The Prophecies of "Hawkie"* so enraged the Glasgow prophet, Ross, who was by trade a weaver, that one night when Cameron was calling and selling his Chap-book in the Calton, where Ross resided, he rushed out and attacked the vendor like a mad bull; and as Cameron, *alias* Hawkie, states:

"Had it not been for the people in the street, I would have suffered persecution (like the rest of the prophets) from the hands of Ross."

"By this book," he adds, "I got the name of Hawkie, which has from that time stuck to me. I 'called' this book first in Glasgow, where every person knew the meaning of it, but when I went to Edinburgh and 'cried' it they did not know the meaning, and, not knowing my name, they called me 'Hawkie,' after the book."

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## Hawkie "Like His Profession."

HAWKIE seems to have been at all times rather fond of our national beverage, whisky, and he was too honest to deny his liking for it. Food and clothing were secondary considerations, but whisky was a *sine qua non*.

A Highland benefactress of the street orator thus addressed him on one occasion :

"Oich man, Willie, but it's a perfect vext to see you going about with a coat all broken out at every corner—deed is it. I'm sure there's plenty shentlemans in oor big toun o' Glasgow here that will get you a gooder coat nor that—waur they couldna gi'e you—ay, just for a word to them."

To which Hawkie replied :

"Weel, lady, it wouldna be discreet if I didna thank you for the hint; and I think there's scores in Glasgow would gi'e Hawkie a coat—and they ha'e done't too—they're no to blame; but a coat that's worth a gill canna be a day on my back, and I'm no sure if I could succeed in my calling sae weel in a better coat—it behoves a man aye to be like his profession."

## Hawkie on Trial by Jury: Justice and Judgment.

YOUR jurymen, at least the maist o' them that I ha'e seen—and I'm thanifu' I was never before ony—nicht ha'e been born and brocht up in a cabbage bed; ye may see, ony day, as mony sensible-looking kail stocks, wi' their curly heads looking ower the creels in the green market—and your special jury are nae better—they only differ in the length o' their shanks. Every man worth twa hunner pounds is fit to sit on a man and murder, transport him, or put him to gang up a wooden turnpike for a month, and get nae far'er up than twa or three steps; for though he's gaun up a' the time, he gets na oot o' the bit, which maks a perfect fule o' a reasonable creature.

It's no the rent o' a house that a man lives in that should qualify him for the jury, for there's mony a twa-legged calf that owns a castle; it's no the number o' his acres, for

mony o' your lairds are of as muckle value to the community aneath the earth as aboon it. They cam' oot o' yerd—a' they were worth was yerd—they gaed to yerd at last when death had done his darg wi' them.

It's no the claith that covers the carcass; the tailor wi' his shears, needle, and goose can thus qualify for office, for if this be a' that's necessary, a cuddy ass can carry claes; nor is't being able to jabber Greek and Latin—being brocht up at college; for they come oot wi' heads as naked as a sheep aff the shears. I wad advise a' thae numskulls to be made writers o', if they can sign their ain name; they'll tak' care o' themsel's—and there's nae animal that I ken grips the grass sae near the grund as a goose.

So it's nane o' thae possessions or adornments that, wi' justice and humanity to poor criminals, should ever determine between guilt and innocence; but it's the man that has a heart an' head, that kens his ain heart, and what crimes are there, though uncommitted—depend on't it's no his faut that they wer'na—a man wha's tongue keeps within the teeth when he does guid to his neighbour—happin' the naked, an' fillin' the mouth o' the hungry—and instead o' wishing puir wretches on the tread-mill, or to let hangie put a runnin' knot roun' their neck, would help to hide the puir wretch if they thoct that he wouldna do't again.

Were such like folk set up as judges o' richt an' wrang, innocence and guilt, in our kintra, from the Lord Chancellor, wha's head is whiles nae better filled than his seat, to a magistrate o' the Sautmarket—wi' some feasibility it might be said that justice and judgment had their place among us.

### Hawkie Sober, and Sorry for it.

HAWKIE called on a shopkeeper in the Trongate one night, soliciting alms to pay his lodgings.

"Surely," said the shopkeeper, "you have come little speed to-day, Hawkie, when you have not raised as much as would defray that small matter."

"That's a' ye ken," replied Hawkie; "my lodging costs me mair than yours does you."

"How do you make that out?" asked the shopkeeper.

"In the first place," said Hawkie, "it costs me fifteen pence to mak' me decently drunk—boards and banes mak' up the bed and contents, an' unless I were drunk I couldna sleep a wink—the bed that I ha'e to lie down on would mak' a dog yowl to look at it, and then the landlady maun be paid, tho' a week's lodging-money would buy a' the boards and bowls that's in the house. I ha'e, indeed, made but little this day. I was up at the Cowcaddens, whar they ha'e little to themselves, and less disposition to spare onything; an' wearied out, I lay down at the road-side to rest me—a' the laddies were saying as they passed, 'Hawkie's drunk,' and sorry was I that it wasna true."

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### Hawkie's Model Gardener.

HAWKIE could sketch almost any trade or profession when he was in the humour to do so. Here is one he often gave on the qualities of a rural gardener:—

"There is no man that has more business upon earth than my friend, the gardener. He, the said gardener, always chooses good *ground* for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of his *mint*, and fingers *penny royal*. He raises his *celery* every year, and it is a bad year indeed that he does not produce a *plum*. He meets with more *boughs* (bows) than a minister of State; he possesses more *beds* than the French King, and has in them more *painted ladies*, and more genuine *roses* and *lilies* than are to be found at any of our country weddings.

"He makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, as many gentlemen in this city do; but he makes it an advantage to his health and prosperity, which few others do. He can boast of more *rapes* than any other *rake* in the kingdom. His wife, notwithstanding, has enough of *lad's love* and *heart's ease*, and never wishes for *weeds* (blessed woman!). Distempers fatal on others never hurt him. He walks the better for the *gravel*, and thrives more even in *consumption*. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than any lady, and more *laurels* (if possible) than the most renowned hero. But his greatest pride and the world's envy is, he can have *yew* or want *yew* just as he pleases."

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### Hawkie Paying for His Forebears.

A GENTLEMAN, remonstrating with Hawkie on his dissolute life, said :

"I am surprised that a person of your knowledge and intellect can degrade himself by drinking whisky until you are deprived of reason, and sink yourself beneath the level of the brute creation ; I would allow you two glasses per day, if you cannot want it, but no more."

"Now, that's a fair offer," replied the wit, "but will you lodge the money in a public house? Man, ye dinna ken what I feel bound to do. My forefaithers and foremithers too—for I suppose if you and me hadna had baith, we couldna ha'e been here ; so as mine were a' sober folk, I ha'e now to drink for them a'. Ye see, they ran in debt to the British Government and left me to pay it, and as I couldna do it a' at a slump, I get an easy settlement with the folks o' the Exchequer by paying up in instalments. Whenever I see a house wi' reading aboon the door or in the window, 'British spirits sold here,' I do my best to pay in my dividend, and nae doubt it finds its way to head-quarters. God save the Queen and a' the rest o' the royal family."

### Hawkie's Lost Watch, and "Quack Roat's" Pills.

HAWKIE either lost or had the misfortune to have an old-fashioned silver watch stolen from his fob, and he was lamenting over it the following morning, giving this soliloquy :

"May the evening's diversion  
Prove the morning's derision."

But, he added, in the words of a distinguished statesman of the day :

"Our judgments, like our watches, none  
Go just alike ; but each believes his own."

However, Hawkie could easily go from the sublime to the

ridiculous at any time ; and while he was thus lamenting the loss of his watch in these dignified strains, he saw a notorious quack, of the name of Moat, dashing through the streets in a splendid equipage. This quack, like many others, pretended to be from the British College of Health, and that his quack pills (of gamboge and aloes), which he sold in great quantities in Glasgow and other places, could cure all diseases incident to the human frame. Hawkie took a tremendous grudge against this quack, and reviled him, perhaps properly enough, on every occasion. In that instance he turned the laugh on him by telling, with the gravest face, the following story :—

“ You see, my friends, there was a simple loon in the country who lost his cuddy ass. He went to the quack in his grand country house at Govan, told him his misfortune, and asked him if by his infallible means he could restore or tell him where to find his cuddy.

“ ‘ Oh yes,’ said the quack, and he gave him twelve pills for a shilling, and told him to ‘ take them at night and he would find his ass next day.’ The sumph took the pills, and going in quest of his ass next morning, was constrained by the quack’s art to leap over a hedge, where he espied his ass, which he recovered, and this was regarded to be an infallible proof of the quack’s skill.

“ Now,” said Hawkie, “ without being either a believer or follower of Quack Moat, it’s just possible that I may tumble in with my watch, or recover the article in a sound, sober state, either in the New Wynd, or down yonder at the Spoutmouth.”

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### Hawkie's Retorts to the Glasgow Police.

“ Now, Hawkie, ye ne'er-do-weel, take the road, sir, and not obstruct the street ;” said a police officer to him one day, in the midst of one of his great harangues.

“ Indeed,” said Hawkie, “ you are wrong with your police law. I may keep the street, but I ha'e no right to the road, for I never paid ‘ road money ’ in a' my life.”

On another occasion, Hawkie was thus ordered by a custodier of the peace ;



"Sir, be off, and not disturb the street, and obstruct traffic by collecting mobs in this way."

"Me collecting mobs," said Hawkie, "I am only addressing a decent congregation, and if ye will blame, don't blame me, but them; for, if there's a pow'r o' hearers, there seems to be very few believers!"

### **Paddy's Advice and Hawkie's Retort.**

ON one occasion, a native of the Emerald Isle, observing Hawkie draining off a glass of aqua, said to him:

"Don't take any more of that vile stuff, Hawkie, it will kill ye, man; every glass of it is just another nail to your Norway jacket, and the carpenter will be takin' yer length very soon, at any rate." To which Hawkie retorted:

"Hech, man, Paddy, your coffin would be as thick set wi' thae nails, if ye had the bawbee's to pay for them, as the scales on a herrin'. Gae hame wi' you; our hangman can scarcely get time to tak' his denner for you bairns o' the Bog. Confound you, we canna get the use o' oor ain gallows for you nooadays."

### **Hawkie as Collector of Clerical Duty on Kirk-Skulkers.**

HAWKIE, on one of the Glasgow half-yearly sacramental fasts (now numbered with the things that were), took his beat on the Dumbarton Road, between Glasgow and Partick. As the day happened to be fine, not commonly the case on these misnamed days, the "collector of poor rates," as he called himself, justly calculated that this beautiful approach to Glasgow from the west, in these later days more beautiful than ever, would be well frequented.

To these numerous passers-by, the ever-fertile Hawkie made proclamation as follows:—

"I am sent out here this afternoon by the clergy in Glas-

gow to put a tax on a' you gentry that ha'e mista'en the kintra for the kirk."

There can be little doubt that this ingenious method of raising the wind would land a good cargo of coppers in Hawkie's pocket. The ultimate recipients, however, would not be the dispensers of spiritual, but rather the vendors of spirituous, consolation.

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### Hawkie and the Wonders of Glasgow Fair.

THE following graphic account of Glasgow Fair in the olden time is from the pen of a late local learned sheriff:—

This ancient civic saturnalia was, in the beginning of the present century, held in the Stockwell and Glassford Streets. On Wednesday, horses, their tails nicely tied up with straw ropes, lined these streets, and were run out in the other streets which struck off at right angles with these main arteries. Great Clyde Street, as it was then called, was the hippodrome where jockeys showed off their equestrian abilities, etc.

Friday was the festive day of the civic community, and servant girls claimed the afternoon as their peculiar own. Cows on the latter day took the place of horses, requiring less room, and creating less noise, save when a troublesome bull or a frisky stirk sought amusement in the beautiful distribution of the contents of a sweetie-wife's stand, or made the inspection of the interior of a huckster's shop invitingly opened on their line of march.

The withdrawal of the bestial to the market-place, off the Gallowgate, in the far east (now of such interesting proportions, and probably the best conducted market in the world), for all species of cattle, completely deprived the ancient streets referred to of their usual bustle during the Fair week. Then came the caravans from London with their wild beasts, and Punch and Judy, etc. etc., from other places. The chief receptacle of the caravans was the dung depôt, which then occupied the bank of the river between the Stockwell Bridge and the ancient Slaughter House, where the Gallows also was securely deposited, as it has been to a recent date.

Pollito was the man of the wild beasts; Minch and Cardona had a monopoly of the Olympic; a giant, a dwarf, a fat woman, and a fat pig filled up the polite attractions of the happy week. Sometimes cellars and stables were secured for the more aristocratic purposes of the amphitheatre. On one occasion, above a stable door, near Guildry Court, stood the following mysterious announcement, which attracted the attention of Hawkie, and led him to bring it into a great but ridiculous repute.

"A WORSER."

"What in the name of goodness," cried Hawkie, "what can that be?" There's no such an animal ever afore heard of in the history of zoology, according to, the very best of my reading."

So crowds rushed in, especially the country-bred, to see the animal. Anon a gaunt Irishman made his appearance, and drove in a large sow.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "you all see this fine animal; you never saw a better of its kind; this you must all admit." Astonished at this unexpected appeal, an assent was given by the rapt audience in a grumph which would have done credit to the porker itself; and which, in compliment, the sensible animal acknowledged *sou marte*, which means its own way. Paddy, after exhibiting the paces and dimensions of his apoplectic fellow native, drove his first star of the piece from the arena to behind a curtain of the play, or the performance, which curtain was composed of sundry pin-connected pieces of sacking, smelling villainously of salted fish.

The audience were kept in suspense for a while; their patience was nearly out at the elbows, and their expectation on stilts; at last, the wonderful curtain was slowly drawn, and now entered a living mass of bones, the very ghost of a sow, which the lean kine of Pharaoh would in all probability have refused to recognise on any terms had they met together on the plains of Memphis. In a loud Connaught brawl, the stage-manager of this performance exclaimed:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you must all admit that this is a *worsen*." Loud laughter proclaimed the success of the trick. With a stroke of his shillalah on the mass of bones, drawing forth the whisper of a squeak and an

apology for a grunt, both man and beast disappeared behind the curtain. The audience, thus cheated, were delighted in their turn to be instrumental in cheating others, and so they lauded to the gaping multitude without, the wonderful qualities of the *worser*, and crowd after crowd filled the pavilion, and paid their pence to Paddy, greatly to his own astonishment and delight.

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### Glasgow Man with a Flood on the Brain.

AN inhabitant of an upper flat in the highest part of the city of Glasgow, who had probably been reading the *Prophecy of Hawkie*, is said to have been in company one evening where a good deal of conversation of a sensational kind passed on the subject of the Clyde overflowing its banks, and inundating the lower part of the houses of the Bridgegate, near to the river.

Next morning, when he awoke, it being quite dark, and the former night's discussion still swimming in his mind, the first step he made out of bed was into a tub of water, which had accidentally been placed at the side of the bed. The association of ideas prompted him at once piously to ejaculate:

"If the water is at this height up here, Heaven ha'e mercy upon the folks in the Briggate."

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### Glasgow Resurrectionists all but Ricked and Conquicted.

WHEN the resurrection craze was at its height, the Ramshorn and Cathedral churchyards were being robbed of their silent inhabitants almost nightly, and the greatest excitement prevailed, in consequence, throughout the city. Two deaths from what were considered peculiar causes occurred in Glasgow about the beginning of December, 1813. On the afternoon of the 13th of that month both the bodies were interred, one in the Ramshorn and the other in the

Cathedral churchyard. The expedition to the Cathedral was highly successful, for, in addition to the corpse they went specially for, the young anatomists put another in their sacks, and made a safe journey to their rooms.

In the case of the Ramshorn yard, however, the work had been gone about rather noisily, and the attention of a policeman stationed in the vicinity having been attracted, he raised the alarm. The students escaped, but they were seen to disappear in the neighbourhood of the College. The search was stopped for the night, but next day the news spread throughout the whole community. Intense alarm prevailed, and the chief constable, James Mitchell, was besieged with enquiries. Many persons visited the graves of their friends to see if all were right.

The brother, or some other relative of the woman—Mrs. M'Allister by name—who had been lifted from the Ramshorn, quickly found that her body had been stolen. No sooner was this discovery made than a large crowd rushed to the College, and gave vent to their feelings by breaking the windows of the house occupied by Dr. James Jeffrey, then professor of anatomy in the University. The police had to be called to suppress the tumult. At last the magistrates, forced to action by the strength of public opinion, issued a search-warrant empowering the officers of the law to enter, by force if necessary, every suspected place, in order to find the body of Mrs. M'Allister, or of any other person.

The officers were accompanied by Mr. James Alexander, surgeon-dentist, who had attended the lady on the day of her death, and also by two of her most intimate friends. In the course of their search they visited the rooms of Dr. Pattison, in College Street, where they found the doctor and several of his assistants. They were shown over the apartments with all apparent freedom, but they discovered nothing. They had left the house, when Mr. Alexander thought they should have examined a tub, seemingly filled with water, which stood in the middle of the floor of one of the rooms. They returned accordingly, and the water was emptied out. At the bottom of the tub were found a jaw-bone, with several teeth attached, some fingers, and other parts of a human body. The dentist identified the teeth as those he had himself fitted into Mrs. M'Allister's mouth, and one of the relatives picked out a finger which he said was

the very finger on which Mrs. M'Allister wore her wedding ring. Dr. Pattison and his companions were immediately taken into custody.

They were removed to jail amid the execrations of the mob, who were with difficulty restrained from executing summary vengeance upon them. This done, the officers dug up the flooring of the rooms, and underneath they found the remains of several bodies, among them portions of what was believed to be the corpse of Mrs. M'Allister. The parts were carefully sealed up in glass receptacles for preservation as productions against the accused at their trial.

On Monday, 6th June, 1814, Dr. Granville Sharp Pattison, Andrew Russell, his lecturer on surgery, and Messrs. Robert Munro and John M'Lean, students, were arraigned before Lord Justice Boyle, and Lords Harmand, Meadowbank, Gillies, and Pitmilley, in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, charged under an indictment which set forth, particularly, that the grave of Mrs. M'Allister, in the Ramshorn churchyard, Glasgow, "had been ruthlessly or feloniously violated by the prisoners, and her body taken to their dissecting rooms, where it was found and identified."

The prisoners were defended by two eminent men, John Clerk and Henry Cockburn. The evidence of the prosecution was clearly against the accused, but the counsel of the defence brought forward proof which as clearly showed that some mistake had been made with the productions. They proved to the satisfaction of the law, at least, that the body, or portions of the body, produced in court, and which were libelled in the indictment, were not portions of the body of Mrs. M'Allister. This lady had been married and borne children; the productions were portions of the body of a woman who had never borne children. The result was an acquittal. So strong, however, did public feeling run, that Dr. Pattison had to emigrate to America, where he attained to an eminence his abilities deserved. This put an end, for a time, to the resurrectionist fever in Glasgow.

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### A Scared Glasgow Resurrectionist.

ABOUT the time of the Burke and Hare murders, when resurrections throughout the country were becoming very common, a person of respectability was interred in the High

Church burying-ground of Glasgow. The relatives, who were persons of property, hired two hungry weavers, who generally at that time were *atomies* ready-made, to watch the grave of their deceased relative. And as they were one night on the watch duty, they perceived some persons entering the churchyard: the weavers concealed themselves to watch operations, and ere long they saw the intruders open a grave, take out a corpse, and put it in a sack, which they left in the grave and went off to reconnoitre if the way was clear for their exit.

One of the weavers, who was somewhat droll, said to his companion:

"Take out the corpse, and I'll go into the sack, but do you follow and see what comes of it."

In a little time the resurrectionists returned, and one of them getting the sack on his back marched off; but when they got into the street, the sack-bearer inquired:

"Which way will we take?" upon which the weaver, putting out his head and gripping him by the hair, bawled out:

"Down the Rotten Raw, ye scoundrel." The sack was instantly dropped, and it is said the bearer of it went mad with fright.

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### Two Glasgow Student Resurrectionists and their "Sick Friend!"

DURING the time of the excessive demand for bodies as subjects for dissection, which led to the resurrection outrages and Burke and Hare murders of some two generations ago, two Glasgow medical students, having heard of an interesting case of illness and death at the Mearns, a few miles to the south of the city, determined to obtain possession of the body, in order to find out what it was that had baffled the skill of two such eminent practitioners as Drs. Cleghorn and Balmanno.

Knowing that their expedition might be spoiled by the numerous watchers, they took the most ample precautions against discovery. They purchased a suit of old clothing in the Saltmarket, and with it they drove out to the Mearns. The body they desired was easily raised, and was

carefully dressed in the suit they had provided. Then they placed it between them in the gig, and returned gaily towards the city. The keeper of the Gorbals toll-bar, through which they had to pass, was a suspicious old man, and they thought they might have some difficulty with him. When they came to the bar they halted promptly, and while one was producing the toll-money, the other was attending with the utmost solicitude to what he called his "sick friend," who was, of course, none other than the dead man. The tollman, noticing his efforts, looked at the "sick friend," and remarked sympathetically :

"Oh ! puir auld bodie, he looks unco ill in the face ; drive cannily hame, lads, drive cannily."

Once over the bridge, the students lost no time in conveying to their den the prize they had so ingeniously secured.

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### Fatal Mishap of Resurrectionist at Blackfriars Churchyard.

DURING resurrection times, in addition to watchers of graves and churchyards, trap-guns were set to scare the violaters of the so-called last resting-places of the dead ; but in spite of all dangers the outrages were numerous. One instance is recorded of a student in Glasgow being killed by stumbling over one of these guns. He and two companions were in search of a body in the Blackfriars churchyard at the time of the fatal mishap. When he dropped dead, his fellow-students were horrified, but the fear of discovery forced them to adopt an extraordinary method of taking away the body of their unfortunate friend.

They carried it to the outside of the churchyard, and placed it on its feet against the wall ; then they each tied a leg to one of theirs, and taking the corpse by the arms, they passed slowly along the street towards their lodgings, shouting and singing as if they were three roysterers returning from a carouse. Once safely home, the dead man was put to bed, and next morning the story was circulated that during the night the poor fellow had committed



suicide. The fatal adventure was thus kept quiet, and it was not until many years afterwards that the true version of the night's proceedings was made known.

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### **Singular Case of the Pursuit of Science under Difficulties.**


As the following singular case occurred at a time when the whole of Scotland was struck with terror at the wholesale pillage of churchyards, and the frequent mysterious disappearance of the living, it consequently caused a terrible sensation in Glasgow. In the month of August, 1828, a poor woman in that city was delivered of a child, and on the same evening some female neighbours observed, through a hole in the partition wall of the apartment in which she resided, that her medical attendant made a parcel of the newly-born infant, and placed it below his coat.

When he left the house, they raised the hue and cry after him, calling out, "Stop, thief!" and telling all that they met that the man had a dead child in his possession. An immense crowd soon gathered. The man was attacked; the body taken from him, and only the opportune arrival of the police saved him from being torn to pieces by the mob. The officers took him and the body to the station-house, the people hooting and howling around them. An examination of the body of the infant was made by several practitioners in the city, at the instance of the authorities, and they certified that it had been still-born. The explanation was:—That the young man was a medical student finishing his course, and that the mother had agreed with him that if he attended her during her illness, he should have the body of the dead child for the purpose of using it as he thought proper.

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### **Mrs. Hare Lynched in Glasgow, and Rescued by the Police.**

THE *Glasgow Chronicle* of Tuesday, 10th February, 1829, announced that, on that day, Mrs. Hare, wife of Burke's associate murderer, had been rescued by the police from



the fury of a Glasgow mob. She must have travelled on foot from Edinburgh with her female child in her arms—a weary, miserable pilgrimage—avoiding discovery, and often sleeping by roadsides and hay-ricks, with the inevitable feeling of a misspent, if not a criminal life. The *Chronicle* stated that the Glasgow Calton police had to lodge her in a police cell to save her and her child from an infuriated populace. Her statement was that she had been lodging in the Calton for four nights, as she said, “with her infant and her bit dude,” and that those with whom she resided were not aware of her identity. She had managed so well thus far that she had hoped to be able to leave Glasgow without detection. In order to ensure this, she had been in the habit of keeping the house during the day, and occasionally in the early morning or in the twilight she had ventured to the Broomielaw to see when a vessel would be ready to sail for Ireland, whither she hoped to be taken. Hitherto she had been disappointed. She had gone out that morning with the same object, and while returning to her lodgings by way of Clyde Street, she was recognised by a drunken woman, who shouted out, “Hare’s wife!—burke her!” and set the example to the large crowd that rapidly gathered by throwing a large stone at the unfortunate woman. The people were not slow to set upon Mrs. Hare, and heaped upon her every indignity they could imagine. She escaped from her persecutors, and fled into the Calton, but she was pursued there, and was experiencing very rough treatment when the police rescued her.

In the station-house she seemed to be completely overcome, and occasionally bursting into tears she bewailed her unhappy situation, which she declared had been brought about by Hare’s profligacy. All she desired, she told her listeners, was to get across the channel to Ireland, where she hoped to end her days in some remote spot near her native place, where she would live in retirement and penitence. As for Hare, she would never live with him again.

Owing to the threatening attitude of the populace, the authorities saw they must themselves devise means for Mrs. Hare’s safe removal to Ireland. On the afternoon of her rescue an immense crowd surrounded the police office, expecting to see her depart, but it was feared that the spirit

of riot might again break forth with renewed vigour. She was detained in custody until Thursday, the 12th of February, when she sailed from the Broomielaw in the steamer *Fingal*, for Belfast, which port was not far from her native place. While the *Fingal* lay in Greenock to take in cargo, Mrs. Hare was under the guardianship of the local police, and it was to but a few that she was known to have been in or at the town until after her departure.

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### Glasgow Circuit Court Trial: An Audible Witness.

SOME years ago a Lord of Justiciary was presiding at a circuit trial in Glasgow where several females were in succession examined as witnesses. Whether it arose from their unusual exposure in the witness-box (a square structure in the centre of the old Court Hall, elevated considerably above the floor), from fear of their expressions being laughed at, or from whatever other cause, certain it is they spoke so inaudibly and indistinctly that the jury again and again complained, and his lordship as often admonished them to speak out; but, notwithstanding repeated admonitions, they again and again resumed their undertone till of new reminded;—on this account the patience of the judge was most severely tried, and by the time the examination was finished he was visibly suppressing great irritation.

At this juncture there approached through the crowd towards the witness-box a tall, stout fellow, with a fustian sleeved jacket, capacious corduroy inexpressibles, blue rig-and-fur hose, and strong clambers of shoes, well supplied with tacketts—who, with pavier-like thumps, tramped up the wooden steps into the box, laid his bonnet on the seat, and sousing himself down on it, stared about with seeming indifference, as if he had nothing more to do. This uncommon nonchalance his lordship eyed with surprise, and having promptly ordered him to stand up, he administered the oath, and then with a fearful scowl and gruff manner addressed the occupant of the box:—

“Witness, let me tell you that my brother (meaning the

other judge) and I have this day been put to a great trouble examining witnesses who would not, or could not, speak above their breath. Now, sir, I see you are a strong young man, and, being a carter, as I understand, and accustomed to speak out to your horses, you can have no such apology; and therefore let me tell you once for all, that if you speak not at the top of your voice, you shall be sent down to jail in an instant."

Ere this judicial volley was well over, the witness, unconscious of any wrong done by him to call for such a threat, changed colour, stared wildly around, hitched up the waistband of his small clothes, and betrayed such strange symptoms that his lordship, imputing them to disrespect or indifference, called out:

"Stand still, sir; mind what I have said to you."

This acted like an electric shock on the witness, for he instantly grasped the bar before him, stood stock-still, and gaped like one petrified. His lordship then resumed his seat, and called out to the witness:

"What's your name?"

"Bauldy M'Luckie," was instantly roared out in a voice more resembling the discharge of a piece of artillery than the ordinary action of the vocal organs. The amazement of the audience was succeeded by a burst of irrepressible laughter, and the lengthened bawl of—

"Si—lence," by the macer, while the effect of it on his lordship was such that, instinctively dropping his pen, clapping both hands to his ears, and looking at Bauldy, he exclaimed:

"What's the meaning of that, sir?"

Bauldy, who thought his lordship now meant to quarrel with him for not speaking loud enough, immediately answered in the same tone:

"I never spoke louder to the brutes in my life." A perfect explosion of laughter succeeded, which, for some time, defied every effort of the macer and the court to suppress it; even his lordship, whose kindness of heart was well known, smilingly observed:

"Surely you don't consider us your brutes, sir; you should know there's a difference between roaring and speaking. Remember where you are standing, sir."

This memento wrought on Bauldy prodigiously; his hands clenched convulsively the bar in front, the perspiration

broke in drops on his face, his eyes seemed fixed, and his whole frame fearfully agitated. In vain were questions put to him from both sides of the bar—fruitless were expostulations or threats—his answers were all of the *non mi ricordo* class, except two, to which no importance seemed to be attached by anyone unless Bauldy, namely:

“That he staid wi’ his mither in the Briggate; and he kent she was aulder than himsel’.”

Seeing, therefore, that nothing further could be elicited from Bauldy, his lordship, imputing it to Bauldy’s wish to conceal the truth, in a surly manner ordered him to get away. This operated like a charm. Bauldy and bonnet were instantly in motion. His precipitate tramp down the narrow steps, however, ended rather ungracefully, for, having tripped himself, down he came, full length, on the top of a man whose rueful gestures, under the weight and desperate grasp of Bauldy, found no consolation or apology other than the convulsive laughter of the audience, and the hasty remark of Bauldy at striding away.

“Did ye ere see sic a cankry buffer as that?”

On getting outside, Bauldy met his mother and some cronies, to whom he related his trials, and his awful “fear that they might knock the bottom frae ’neath” his “feet, and send” him “below in an instant, as his lordship said.”

## Shaws Baker and Boly;

or,

## Tit for Tat.

As there was often in days of yore a great but righteous outcry in Glasgow and other places about *light bread*, the same thing occurred at one time, but of course on a lesser scale, in the Shaws, as the following story, told by Jamie Blue, who was a native of that place, and, in his day, a well-known speech-crier in and around Glasgow, shows.

An o’e, or nephew, of Jamie Blue—a smart little fellow bred to the weaving—was sent to a baker’s shop for a twopenny loaf. The young urchin, surveying the loaf and weighing it in his hand, bluntly told the man of dough—

*viz.*, the baker—that he did not believe it was right weight, but less than the fair and usual one.

"Never you mind that, you will have the less to carry," said the master baker.

"True," replied the young weaver, and throwing three half-pence down on the counter he ran away, loaf in hand. The baker ran after him, crying out that he had not left money enough.

"Never mind that, you have the less to count," archly replied the urchin.

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### Rev. Mr. Bell's "Words in Season."

THE late Rev. Mr. Bell, minister of one of the dissenting churches in Glasgow, was a man of vigorous intellect, very peculiar in the style of his expressions, and fearless in his exposures of vice or the semblance of sanctity, nor could any excel him in taking the wind out of the sail of clerical foplings. Instead of eulogising indiscriminately the sermons of those who might occasionally occupy his pulpit, he would mount the rostrum after the service was concluded, and point out what he considered defects, expose errors, and give additional emphasis to passages that met with his approbation.

Mr. Bell was one day lecturing his audience on improper indulgencies in their social entertainments, in the course of which he remarked:

"Nay, my friends, to such a height has indulgence in inebriating liquors gone in our time, that it is a common boast with many how much liquor they can carry without affecting their reason. This is a boast, my friends, that might come well from the mouth of a brewer's horse."

Mr. Bell took for lecture one forenoon the passage from Luke on the birth of our Saviour, quoting with emphasis the words:

"Because there was no room in the inn" (Luke, chap. ii. v. 7.).

He said: "My brethren, I may be allowed to remark, in passing, that there is in the inns as little room for Him yet as ever there was."

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### William Dunn of Duntocher and His only Regret.

THE late William Dunn, Esq. of Duntocher, grew up from a state of poverty in early life to be a man of vast wealth, as his works testify! Nor was he niggardly with his means. He lived luxuriously in his handsome mansion in St. Vincent Place, since demolished to make way for the West of England Insurance and other offices. He gave the best of dinners with the most delicious wines he could procure; certainly a great change to one who had been brought up on porridge and sour milk in a rural district not very far distant. At one of these grand dinners the late facetious Lord Robertson, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court—a great wag, and very intimate with Mr. Dunn—acted as flunkey, and another time as cook, even wiping the kitchen plates with his apron in this practical exemplification of *High Life Below Stairs*.

Mr. Dunn had many good qualities, and in subscriptions for charitable purposes he was rarely behind any of his neighbours. If the genial fit was upon him he would give more liberally perhaps than any other man within call; but if any stubborn or ill-natured fit was upon him, it was quite needless to say a word to him. One day he was waited on by a douce deputation, who, after making their profound bow, handed him the subscription paper. He signed his name for *two guineas*.

"Two guineas, Mr. Dunn, only two guineas for such a noble, philanthropic purpose!" exclaimed a member of the deputation, in astonishment! Another said:

"Mr. Dunn, you *ought* to sign for at least fifty guineas." Others more modestly besought him to treble or even to double it, but his decided reply was:

"Not another penny, gentlemen, not another penny." One of them, annoyed, and probably more rude than he should have been, quoted the text:

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." And he expounded it pretty strongly by telling Mr. Dunn that he ought to give of his means liberally while he was yet spared upon the earth, as he could take none of his money with him to the other world.

"I know that perfectly well," replied Mr. Dunn; "it is the only thing I am vexed about."

Saying this, he bowed them out of his apartment.

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### William Dunn's Conquest over His "Greatest Enemy."

WILLIAM DUNN of Duntocher had an excessive liking for law pleas, and consequently he was constantly in the Court of Session with his neighbours, particularly the late Lord Blantyre and Mr. Hamilton of Cochno, either about some mill-dam or other, or the straightening of some march dyke, or the breadth and purity of some flowing water from the Cochno Glen at or near the possessions of Duntocher. He threw both of these gentlemen into great expense, some alleged, about the merest trifles; and he had this peculiar feature about him, that while he was strict and parsimonious in regard to many other matters, he was exceeding liberal to every one of his many law agents, and paid them every plack and penny of their accounts, whenever rendered, without the least grudge.

He made the rather sensible remark on this score, that if a man wanted to be successful in his law plea, even though it should run down his opponent, it was best to keep the wheels of the agent well greased for the work. Late in life he was laid up in his Glasgow house in St. Vincent Street, for the first time, by severe indisposition, and his life was despaired of. More than one or two ministers of the city paid the most marked attention to him in their oft repeated visits. We shall not upbraid them by any personal application of the text, that—Where the carcass is, there the eagles fly.

But one fine morning, when in bed, Mr. Dunn received an agreeable letter from his law agents, informing him that he had gained one of his cases with Lord Blantyre. So, when one of the clergymen in a few minutes afterwards entered the bedroom of the sick man, the latter stretched forth his hands to him, and said:

"Come away, reverend sir, I am glad to see you, for I have conquered my greatest enemy!"



The clergyman concluded that he had conquered the prince of the power of the air! as the arch-enemy of mankind is designated by the apostle; and he put up a suitable prayer in consequence.

On going forth, the divine met a civilian friend of Mr. Dunn, and in the fulness of his heart told what a blessed and happy state of mind he had just left Mr. Dunn in, as he was now quite prepared for his great approaching change, and had stated exultingly, that he had "at last conquered his greatest enemy."

"His greatest enemy!" quoth the civilian. "He has conquered Lord Blantyre and the Duntocher dam."

An interpretation of the words which opened the eyes of the clergyman to the true state of the matter, and caused him to depart a sadder, and in this particular at least, "a wiser man."

### John Neilson, Glasgow Waiter : A True, Unyielding Scot.

THE late John Neilson of the Claremont Tavern, Glasgow, when waiter with Mrs. Pollock, Princes Street, was ordered by a party of conceited puppies to bring them some London porter; on presenting which he was taken to task by the lords of the parlour for the time being, one of whom, backed by the others, haughtily exclaimed:

"That is not London porter, sir; take it away—some of your home-brewed stuff that has been in the house for an age."

"I say it is London porter," replied John; "but maybe you're not verra guid judges."

"Take it away, sir, and none of your insolence," was the retort.

Jock stuck to his point till Mrs. Pollock, attracted by the disturbance, entered the room. Order was soon restored, each party relating, and looking to her for a decision in favour of their respective case. She asked John where he took it from; he answered; she said that was where it stood, but that a bottle of Scotch porter might have been placed there by mistake, and she ordered him to bring another. He brought it; and, at his mistress's earnest solici-

tation, offered an apology for his conduct. John lingered, however, behind his mistress in the room, under pretence of doing something, and when he thought her fairly out of hearing, he again resumed the discussion, saying :

"Ye see, gentlemen, I had to say yon to please my mistress; yet, for my own sake, I maun say it was London porter for a' that."

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### Lord Provost Aird's Epitaph, By a Glasgow Hostess.

THE death of Provost Aird occurred about fourteen years after the erection of the Ramshorn Church, which was built under his dictatorship. The provost, with his brethren of the council, were wont to assemble at the house of Neps Denny, at the head of Saltmarket, who kept one of the most comfortable hostelries which Glasgow could at that time boast of. At one of the meetings, shortly after the worthy man's decease, it was proposed that an epitaph should be composed by one of the members of the club; but whether it was that the magistrates of those days were less poetical than their successors, or that this is an office not easily assimilated to the ordinary duties of a civic functionary, it was found that the assistance of the buxom landlady was necessary.

Perfectly familiar with her subject, and under no fear of severe criticism, Neps produced the following lines :—

"Here lies our late Provost Aird,  
He was neither a merchant nor great laird;  
At bigging o' kirks he had right gude skill;  
He was twice Lord Provost, and thrice Dean o' Gill."

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### Jock Paterson on "Souter Johnny."

EVERYBODY who had lived in Glasgow for any length of time, about two generations ago, could scarcely fail to have known Jock Paterson, who for more than forty years was in the habit of attending and walking along with

Hutcheson's Hospital boys upon all occasions of a public nature. Not a Sabbath passed but Jock was to be seen at the head of the blue-coat scholars, marching with them to church, and keeping a sharp look-out in case any of his "callants," as he called them, should be guilty of any impropriety either by the way or in the church.

And at the annual procession, when all the children belonging to the public charities were paraded to the church in their new clothes, no man in Glasgow felt so proud on that day as Jock, when, decked out in his new suit, he took his place at the head of his "callants," and walked with them through the public streets of the city. Jock, however, with all his innocence and simplicity, was as fond of a glass of whisky or a sap of yill as any guzzler in the Goosedubs; and not a day passed but by some means or other he managed to get his craving for a dram satisfied.

During the time that Mr. Thorn's celebrated figures of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny were exhibiting in Glasgow, the proprietor very generously invited all the public schools in town to a gratuitous view of his figures upon a certain day, and there was Jock among the rest, along with his "callants." So tickled was he at the grotesque appearance of the "twa drouthy cronies," that he could not contain himself, but burst into a loud laugh, which attracted the attention of the tutor (Rev. Mr. Ferrie, afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Academy of Belfast), who coming up to Jock, clapped him on the shoulder, and good-naturedly inquired:

"Weel, what do you think of these queer chaps?"

"Think!" said Jock; "sir, I think gif I was that ane there (pointing to Souter Johnny), I wadna sit sae lang wi' the cap in my hand without drinking."

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### More Smoke than Fire at Pollok House.

A PERSON of weak intellect was a hanger-on in Sir John Maxwell of Pollok's household—and what great house is there where there is not a Jock or other to turn the spit? On one occasion a violent dispute had arisen between the

cook and Jock ; and cooky, not content with discharging a goodly portion of vituperative language against the spit-turner, struck him with a shovel that she happened to have in her hand.

The enraged Jock seized hold of a large three-pronged fork, and the disher of dainties took to her locomotives, pursued by the infuriated turn-spit with the fork hard at her heels. Round and round the park in front of the mansion-house did the pursuer follow the cook, till she was fairly out of breath, when she turned round, and, putting her hands on her sides, smilingly said :

"Man, Jock, that's been a race!" To which Jock, grounding his arms, thereupon replied :

"Hech, ye may say't !"

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### **Thomas Atkinson, the "Flying Stationer," and Glasgow Newspaper Enterprise.**

ABOUT 1832 the mail to Glasgow took on an average forty-four hours to the journey, and 180 horses were used in all—four in hand.

The following incident of unprecedented expedition in bringing to Glasgow the news of the second reading in the House of Peers of the Reform in Parliament Bill is worthy of record. Their lordships divided at twenty-five minutes to seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 14th of April, 1832, when it appeared there were—contents, 184 ; non-contents, 175 ; majority for the bill, 9. Mr. Young, the editor of the *Sun* newspaper (old *Sun*), left the Strand (London) at twenty minutes to eight o'clock, and arrived in Miller Street, Glasgow, on Sunday evening at half-past seven o'clock, at the house of his agent, Mr. Thomas Atkinson, of 84 Trongate, who was succeeded in business there by Mr. Andrew Rutherglen, subsequently in Buchanan Street, near to where Mr. David Bryce now is.

Mr. Young travelled in a post-chaise and four, with copies of his paper containing no less than twenty-two and a half columns of the debate, little more than an hour being occupied in setting up the types and in correcting and

printing the paper. The journey, including all stoppages, was accomplished in thirty-five hours and fifty minutes. When it is considered that the usual time taken for the mail was then forty-four hours, although horses were always in readiness for it, while with expresses delays were inevitable, and that in this instance newspapers were given out at every town on the way, the feat is all the more remarkable.

The journey of the editor spoke volumes for the Whiggism and the enterprise of the proprietors of the *Sun* and their editor. The record sayeth not whether the editor was met on the way by the fleet-mounted Mr. Atkinson, according to his habit in riding out to meet the mail, a zeal and enterprise which earned for him from the poet Motherwell the sobriquet of the *Flying Stationer*.

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### Motherwell and the Reform Bill.

DURING the heat of the contest about the Reform Bill of 1831-2, an article appeared in the *Glasgow Courier*, then conducted by Mr. Motherwell, denouncing the ministry—i.e. Brougham, Grey, etc.—as fools and dunces, who were flattered by idiots and petty scribblers.

A writer of the other party published the following verses in reply, contrasting the little editor with the great chancellor:—

- “ A tomtit once, a little bird,  
But full of high conceit,  
Attacked an eagle of the sun,  
A bird of claws and weight.
- “ Quoth Tom, ‘ The eagle is a fool,  
And stupid eke is he ;  
He wears a wig, he cannot sing,  
Nor twitter tweedle-dee.
- “ ‘ He sits upon a pack of wool—  
I perch upon a tree ;  
Tho’ petty scribblers sound his praise  
He’ll never match with me.’ ”
-

### Flying Kite and Flying Stationer.

DURING the exciting period when the country was anxiously awaiting the result of the discussion on the Reform Bill of 1831-2, the late Thomas Atkinson, bookseller, and Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford, Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, made themselves conspicuous by frequently riding out to meet the mail, in order that they might communicate the news a little sooner to the *quidnuncs* in the Exchange.

In reference to this, the late William Motherwell remarked—

“That the public were amused by the sight of a *flying kite* and a *flying stationer*.”

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### James Bell, and the Preacher on the Walls of Jericho.

A MINISTER, who, like many others, was rather fond of metaphor and so-called spiritual meanings taken from temporal incidents, preached a sermon on the taking of Jericho under Joshua. Mr. Bell, the geographer, who knew him, queried him thus :

“Weel, what meaning will ye screw out o’ your text, frien’?”

“My brethren,” said the preacher, “you are not to imagine that no more is meant than the Jericho that Israel invested ; it has another and a spiritual meaning ; it is to adumbrate or shadow forth New Testament times. It has also a hidden and allegorical meaning, and refers to the human heart, and the wall that encircles it is the wall of sin, which is around every heart.”

“And then the minister went on,” said Mr. Bell, paraphrasing in his own way :

“And the *touting* (blowing) o’ the tup’s horns, at the sound o’ which the stanes o’ the wa’s cam’ rattling down, is the sound o’ the minister’s preaching the Gospel, and the noise brings down the wa’s about the sinner’s heart.”

### James Bell's Advice to a Young Preacher.

JAMES BELL, the geographer, who died about 1833, was the son of Rev. Thomas Bell, Secession minister, Glasgow. He was possessed of a vein of rich and deep sarcasm, which he sometimes exercised against the clericals. He had been much in their company in his father's house, and had thus plenty of opportunities of observing their habits and failings. In giving a satirical advice to a young preacher how to prepare himself for making an impression on a public audience, he said :

"Noo, frien', when you are preparing to wag your pow in a pulpit, just get in the first place a' the leading doctrines o' your creed firmly fixed in your memory, and three or four lang-winded introductions to discourses—the langer nebbed the words the better—it will gar the kirk ring wi' your lair. Then you can just gi'e the doctrines a bit stir about, and quote ane here and anither there, but aye be sure to have a different text, and ye may preach the same sermon a' the year through. Four gude lengthy introductions should sair you to work wi' a' your days, if ye manage richt. It disna need much sense to enable ye to tak' a bit out o' the ane, and a bit out o' the ither, and to piece them weel.

"Never begin twa days following in the same strain, and if ye should happen to be at a loss, try to get up a bit greet. If you can do that, your fortune's made. Another thing especially never forget in the pulpit, for it will, like charity, cover a multitude of sins—find fau't wi' the translation o' the Scriptures; tear't in bits, and you'll be considered a second Solomon. If you are lecturing, spin out your discourse o'er the first verse or twa, and say at the conclusion :

"'We could add a heap mair did our time permit, but this, and the illustration of what follows, we must leave over till another opportunity,' and dinna tak' up the subject again if ye can help it.

"Ye micht, wi' advantage, find out a hidden meaning in your text; it will, maybe, be easier for you to do that than to find out the real one. I ha'e heard o' a minister that

screwed the pair Catholics out o' every passage that he took up. Amang a' the books in the Bible, there's ane ta'en up by a heap o' fools, and that is the book of Revelation; be cautious about meddling wi' it, for ye may mak' a fool o' yoursel'; too mony a ane o' our commentators on the Revelations have outlived their own prophetic expositions. If ye maun meddle wi' it, just tak a trot up and down amang the seven kirks o' Asia, but dinna gang ayont them."

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### Glasgow Consumers of Laudanum in Large Dozes.

THE following facts are recorded by Daniel Frazer, Esq., Buchanan Street, as incidents of the laudanum drinking capacity of two early customers of his firm.

"The earliest was that of a then well-known glazier in Glasgow, who had for some years been a purchaser of laudanum through my brother, when assistant in the Glasgow Apothecaries' Hall. When I knew him (about 1831) he was in the habit of drinking, in our presence, a full wine glassful (equal to four table spoonfuls), quite undiluted. He also regularly purchased about two pints at a time, supplied to him in metal flasks. These he was in the habit of carrying with him when travelling about the country in connection with his extensive business.

"The origin of this habit of laudanum drinking was the taking of it under medical advice for severe rheumatism in the head. The dose had gradually been increased till a wine glassful was substituted for the twenty or thirty drops taken at first. Anxious, at times, to wean himself of taking this huge doze, this gentleman dropped a bit of putty into the bottom of the wine glass used for the laudanum. Succeeding with this, he gradually added more, till the top of the glass was nearly reached, endeavouring, by this method, to get rid of the habit altogether. But just as this hope had, on several occasions, dawned upon him, a return of rheumatism, or the recurrence of some domestic affliction, induced a renewal of the craving, the putty was removed, and the full dose resumed. He was quite a *gash* old-fashioned Scotchman, and was in the habit of telling the



number of puncheons (!) of laudanum that he had swallowed in his day.

"Another instance occurred a good many years later—probably about thirty years ago. In this case the quantity taken at once was from two to three table spoonfuls, and was also swallowed by the unfortunate victim without dilution. So far as I know, this was not a daily habit with the gentleman in question, although a very frequent one. I often asked this gentleman if he had ever tried to give up the habit, and he replied :

" 'Yes, very frequently, but could not overcome it. I often put off taking it,' he used to say, 'to the last, till the inward sinking and exhaustion that I felt made me fear that my brain would give way unless I had recourse to it.' "

"Even the largest dose referred to had, he stated, no perceptible effect upon his system than that of arresting the feeling of inward sinking and exhaustion that called for its use."

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### Rev. Edward Irving and the Glasgow Shoemaker.

WHEN the Rev. Edward Irving was in Glasgow, as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, in the parish of St. John's (1819-22), he emulated that great and good divine in his faithful and zealous visitation of their parishioners. In the course of these ministrations Irving called upon a certain shoemaker, a home workman, radical and infidel, silent and sullen, who gave the cold shoulder to such visitors. Coming up to the cobbler, one day, when he was seated at his bench and busy working, Irving took up a piece of patent leather, then a recent invention, and began to pass some remark about it; but his auditor stitched or hammered away for some time, as if he heard him not, until, roused by the continued speech and pretence of knowledge on the part of a cleric, the cobbler asked with contempt:

"What do ye ken about leather?"

This was just the opportunity that Irving had been waiting, longing, and working for, as, although himself a minister and a scholar, he was the son of a tanner, and was able to speak about leather in such a way as showed to the

cobbler that he knew very well what he was speaking about. As Irving went on with his discourse, his auditor became more and more interested, and his heart softened as his interest increased, as it did more particularly during his visitor's learned account of some process of making shoes by machinery, which he had seen, and now described.

At last the shoemaker so far forgot his antipathy or prejudice as to suspend his work and raise his eyes to the tall, soldier-like person who was bending over him ; and as the spell went on, the cobbler, quite overcome, threw down his arms, namely his knife or awl, and exclaimed :

"Od, you're a decent kind o' fellow !—do you preach ?"

Irving told the man of leather that he did preach, and where ; but was too prudent to press his advantage too far with such a ticklish customer. The shoemaker, however, grew more and more curious to hear how a man who knew so much, and could speak so well about leather, would acquit himself in his proper vocation as a preacher. Accordingly the next Sunday saw the shoemaker present with mixed emotions, partly curious, somewhat shy, and, it may be, a little defiant, as a hearer of his late visitor, in St. John's Parish Church.

Next day Irving met the shoemaker in the Gallowgate, and hailed him as a friend, walked beside him, with his hand laid familiarly on the shirt sleeve of the son of St. Crispin, with whose frail shrunken frame his own tall, military figure strangely contrasted ; and as they walked, conversed with him in an easy, natural, and agreeable manner.

By the time they had reached the end of their mutual way, not a spark of *dour* resistance was left in the knight of the awl. His children henceforth went to the parish school, and his wife not only went to the kirk in peace, but he himself got a suit of Sunday "blacks," so dear to the heart of every decent kirk-going Scotsman of the working class, and became, at least, a regular church-goer, if not a burning and a shining light ; while his acknowledgment of Irving's victory was naïvely expressed, in a semi-apologetic way, in these terms :

"He's a sensible man yon ; he kens about leather."

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### **Rev. Edward Irving Bearing a Poor Man's Burden.**

WHEN this remarkable man was officiating as assistant to Dr. Chalmers, although not a member of the Presbytery, he set off one day on foot to attend some special meeting in the country. The ministers who were members were conveyed to their destination in carriages, and on the way the brethren overtook a tall, military-looking figure, which they would have taken at once to be Dr. Chalmers' helper but for the fact that he bore a pedlar's pack upon his stalwart shoulders, and was accompanied by the well-pleased owner of the same, who was trudging by his side.

To the laughter and jokes that hailed him, Irving presented a rather affronted and indignant aspect. He could see no occasion for laughter or remark with regard to his thus literally fulfilling the law of Christ. The pedlar was a poor Irishman worn out with his burden, and, as Irving explained, "His countrymen were kind to me," thus recalling and alluding to those days when, sick at heart, he retired to Ulster, and found comfort in his wanderings among its cabins. He knew and felt he was in the path of duty and of right, and so he held on with the pack until its owner was well rested and ready to resume it.

It was while he was in Ulster, in the year 1819, and in the twenty-seventh year of his age, that he received Dr. Chalmers' letter inviting him to Glasgow.

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### **Rev. Edward Irving Prays for the Rude Scoffer.**

WHEN Edward Irving was in Glasgow, he attended a social party at the house of one of the members of St. John's Parish Church. A young man was present who had permitted himself to talk profanely, in a manner now unknown, and which would not be tolerated in any party nowadays. After expending all his little stock of wit upon priestcraft and its inventions, this youth, getting bold by degrees, at last attacked Irving—who had hitherto taken no notice of

him—directly, as one of the world-deluding order of clerics. Irving heard him out in silence, and then turning to the other listeners, he said :

“My friends, I will make no reply to this unhappy youth, who hath attacked the Lord in the person of his servant, but let us pray that this sin be not laid to his charge.”

And with a solemn motion of his hand, which the awe-struck diners-out instinctively obeyed, Irving rose up to his full majestic height, and solemnly commended the offender to the forgiveness of God.

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### Rev. Edward Irving's Dying Hours.

In December, 1834, Edward Irving re-entered Glasgow with uplifted hands and words of thanksgiving and blessing in his heart and on his lips. He thought he had a great work to accomplish in that centre of life and wickedness and sorrow, and so he had, but it was no longer to labour or battle that God had called his servant. He had come not to work, not to fight, but to die. Never death-bed appealed with more moving power to the heart. His mother and sister had come to see him, and his lifelong Kirkcaldy friends watched him in the last struggle.

With fluctuations of despairing hope, Dr. Martin, his father-in-law, and his son, wrote to the anxious sisters. Sometimes there were better symptoms—gleams of appetite, alleviation of pain; but throughout all a burning fever, which nothing could subdue, consumed away the fainting life.

“Your mother and I are at Mr. Taylor’s,” writes Dr. Martin on the 4th December; “he is a most devout believer in the reality of the gifts of Mr. Irving’s divine commission, etc., and has hardly ever faltered in his faith that Edward is still to recover strength. Till this morning, Isabella has never had a doubt of it.” This was on Thursday. As the week waned, the frame which enclosed that spirit, now almost wholly abstracted with its God, died hourly. He

grew delirious in those solemn evenings, and "wandered" in his mind. Such wanderings!

"So long as his articulation continued so distinct that we could make anything of his words, it was of spiritual things he spoke, praying for himself, his church, and his relations." Sometimes he imagined himself back among his congregation in London, and in the hush of his death-chamber, amid its awe-stricken attendants, the faltering voice rose unbroken breathings of prayer. "Sometimes he gave counsel to individuals; and Isabella, who knew something of the cases, could understand" what he meant. Human language has no words, but those which are common to all mental weakness, for such a divine abstraction of the soul, thus hovering at the gates of heaven. Once in this wonderful monologue he was heard murmuring to himself sonorous syllables of some unknown tongue.

Listening to these mysterious sounds, Dr. Martin found them to be the Hebrew measures of the 23rd Psalms.—*The Lord is my Shepherd*, into the latter verses of which the dying voice swelled as the watcher took up and echoed the wonderful strain—*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil*. As the current of life grew feebler and feebler, a last debate seemed to rise in that soul which was now hidden with God. They heard him murmuring to himself in inarticulate argument, confusedly struggling in his weakness to account for this visible death which, at last, his human faculties could no longer refuse to believe in, perhaps touched with ineffable trouble that his Master had seemed to fail of His word and promise. At last that self argument came to a sublime conclusion in a trust more strong than life or death.

As the gloomy December Sunday sank into the night shadows, his last audible words on earth fell from his pale lips. The last thing like a sentence we could make out was,—

"If I die, I die unto the Lord, Amen." And so, at the wintry midnight hour, which ended that last Sabbath on earth, the last bonds of mortal trouble dropped asunder, and the saint entered into the rest of his Lord.

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### Legal Acumen of a Glasgow Bailie.

A BOY was brought before a Glasgow magistrate, charged with stealing a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment having been read, the bailie, addressing the boy, said :

"I ha'e nae doot ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en out of my ain pouch this vera week, sae ye maun gang to the jail for sixty days."

The assessor here interposed, stating that the case had not yet been proved against the boy.

"Oh then, in that case," said the worthy bailie, "I'll just gi'e ye thirty days."

But on being again informed that even this sentence was contrary to law, he finally disposed of the case by saying :

"Weel, my lad, the evidence seems a wee bit jimp this time, so I'll let ye aff; but see and no do it again!"

### Lord Hermand on a Glasgow Drunken Homicide.

Two young gentlemen, great friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out about their separating or not separating, in the course of which, by some rashness, if not accident, one of them was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and, very properly, he was sentenced to only a short term of imprisonment.

Lord Hermand, who was renowned as a booby, felt that discredit had been brought on the name of the law—then so common and fashionable, even in society. And he had no sympathy with the temperate brethren on the judicial bench, who were so vehement for transportation.

"We are told, my laards," said he, "that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! and yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night, and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! My laards! if he will do this when he is drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"

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### First Appearance of a Stage-Struck Hero.

THE following is derived from the narrative of the hero of the story:

"A stage-struck youth, who had got the part of Hamlet letter perfect, applied to the manager of a small theatre in what he terms Threadyton (evidently Paisley), for an engagement. His desire was gratified, and the performance was duly announced, the play-bill intimating:—

#### THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET

*By a Gentleman*

His First Appearance on any Stage.

But when the *New Hamlet* faced the audience he was suddenly struck dumb, and could make no utterance. Cold drops of sweat ran down his back, his head felt on fire, his knees grew shaky, his eyes glassy, and the sea of human heads before him seemed converted into one great petrified face—and oh! how terribly hard it looked at him, seeming to read his soul.

In vain the prompter prompted; the *New Hamlet* could do nothing else but stare with a helpless, vacant stare. He *felt* what he had to say, but could not speak it. The audience got impatient and began to hiss, upon which the would-be Hamlet, gazing at his sombre dress with a woe-begone look, said to himself, as *he* thought, "What would my mother say to this if she saw me making such a terrible fool of myself?"

Roars of laughter from the audience, again and again repeated, broke the dream-like spell, and brought the stage-

struck hero to his senses, and awake to the fact that he had really uttered the words he imagined he had only thought. When he awoke to this consciousness, and heard the audience shouting with wild and gleeful mirth at the tragedy turned into a comedy—although to *him* it was the former and not the latter—the next and last act was to look first one way and then another, ending the performance with a horror-struck rush from the stage, amid a renewed shout from the audience and of the theatrical company.

And so ended the first appearance of this gentleman on a stage.

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**“Alexander the Great”  
of  
the Glasgow Theatre Royal.**

AFTER some rustication, the chagrin and mortification caused by the sorry failure of the “First Appearance of a Stage-Struck Hero,” if not entirely got over, became greatly abated; and as it ebbed, the tide of the former ruling passion again rose. The result was an application for employment to the theatrical magnate and star, styled above “Alexander the Great,” and whose actual name was John Henry Alexander, proprietor and manager for a series of years of theatres, not only in Glasgow, where he erected his temple of entertainment in the year 1822, in Dunlop Street, but also of others in Carlisle, Dumfries, and Edinburgh. The applicant, whose theatrical name was Frederick George Capelton, in reply received an offer of fourteen shillings a week to begin. He describes his *first* appearance there as follows:—

“In due time my arrival was announced at the temple of the drama in Dunlop Street, and I was ushered into the sanctum of the great man.

“‘Ah, Mr. —, what’s your name? How do you do? and what is your business with me?’ said Mr. Alexander.

“‘My name is Capelton, and this is a note I received from you to join your company,’ was my reply.

“‘Yes, young man, I recollect; and no doubt you think like other young stagers, that you are fit for all the parts of the drama—eh?’



"'Once I thought that, sir, but I have been tamed down a little.'

"'Oh, well, you seem to have some modesty, which is commendable in a young man; but no doubt you have already done great things. Did you ever try Hamlet?'

"I saw at once that he had heard of my adventure at Threadyton, so I laughingly replied:

"'That I did at one time attempt that character, and—'

"'Failed in it, and served you right, sir,' said he, and added: 'Do as I did; work your way from before the mast, and get on by degrees—that is the certain way to success—and you may consider yourself fortunate in having me to help you. Look at me, sir; I have created this great establishment—this *theature*—out of nothing, and I am proud of the fact, sir. It's the finest *theature* out of London. You must work hard, Mr. Capelton, and you will get on. Don't be above doing anything you can get to do; that is the road to success, sir, in every profession.'

"I could not do less than thank him for his advice; and calling upon his stage-manager, he said:

"'This is Mr. Capelton, for the second utility. You can give him the *Second Actor, Bernardo*, and the *Second Gravedigger* for to-morrow night, and he can come on in the mobs. Sir, I am not above doing that myself, although I am manager here, and proprietor as well. Good-morning, sir.'

"And stroking his long chin, the great man 'booed' me out of his presence."

Such (says Mr. Capelton) was my introduction to Alexander the Great, as some of his friends called him, from the fact of his having fought and gained so many theatrical campaigns.

## "Alexander the Great" and

## "Auld Glocly."

THE following is one of many anecdotes long current regarding this theatrical worthy, who, "after life's fitful fever, sleeps" in Glasgow Necropolis.

For many years a queer-looking old man who rejoiced in

the euphonious cognomen of "Auld Clocky" took the money at the gallery door of "Alick's" theatre; and he was, in his way, nearly as great an original as his master, to whom, indeed, he is said to have stood in the relation of father. One night, so many boys went out between the play and farce that "Auld Clocky" was compelled to resort to the singular expedient of chalking their backs, his checks being all given away. The loungers outside were not long in ascertaining the circumstance, and lo, in a short time, lots of little boys crowded past "Auld Clocky," each one bearing on his back the white cross of St. Andrew. On finding that more were coming up than went down, "Clocky" seized upon a little boy at random and turned him downstairs, after appropriating his bonnet. The boy, who had really paid his sixpence, immediately went home and complained to his father, a tailor, named Weir, who lived opposite the theatre. This person determined to appeal to Mr. Alexander for redress of his son's wrongs, and with that object forthwith proceeded to the stage door of the theatre, and asked for the manager, who quickly made his appearance dressed as a sailor, with a drawn cutlass in his hand and pistols in his belt.

"Well, sir, what is it?" inquired the manager in no very gentle tones.

"The old man at the gallery stairs has taken my son's bonnet, and turned him out of the theatre," said the snip, in a tremulous voice, evidently not a little awed by the warlike figure before him.

"Taken your son's bonnet, and turned him out of the theatre!" repeated Alick. And then added: "Just go to the gallery door, sir, and I'll be with you directly."

Obedient to this direction, the tailor reached the post of "Auld Clocky," just as the manager, still armed to the teeth, made his appearance from another quarter; and eyeing the culprit with the look of a hyena, he exclaimed:

"So, sir, you have been stealing the boys' bonnets, and chalking their backs. Gracious goodness! that accounts for the two tons of chalk going amissing from the painting-room. Give the boy back his bonnet, 'ye hoary-headed old villain,' or I will cut you into minced collops!" and, as he said so, "Alick" flourished the cutlass in a manner that indicated a desire to bring the career of the aged "Clocky" to an immediate and tragical termination.

It is almost needless to say that the command was quickly obeyed, and that the tailor's son was re-admitted to the gallery to witness the remainder of the evening's entertainment.

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### **"Alexander the Great" in a Fix.**

MR. CAPELTON relates the following ludicrous incident as having happened, about 1830, at Dunlop Street theatre, one night that he was present.

On that occasion the manager personated a hunter in a piece, the name of which the narrator had forgotten. In the course of its action "Alick" had to discharge his gun at a bird, a stuffed effigy of which should have dropped from the flats. But no bird was forthcoming, and terrible was the rage of "Alick" thereat. Shaking his fist at the propertyman above, he ground out between his teeth :

"Doon wi' the doo, confound ye, doon wi' the doo!" The words are stated to have been perfectly audible to the people in front of the pit, and a roar of laughter accompanied the descent of the "doo," *i.e.* pigeon.

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### **A Glasgow Merchant Quizzing a Cockney Waiter.**

JAMES LINDSAY (*The Viscount*), a Glasgow merchant and wag of former days, visited London in company with two friends, and put up at the city coffee-house, where one of the waiters was such a pure and unsophisticated Cockney that they resolved to play a practical joke upon him.

"John," said Mr. Lindsay to him, "bring three tumblers of toddy."

"Toddy, sir ; "yes, sir," answered John ; "would you like it hef-and-hef, sir ?"

"Na, na, that would be ower strong," said Mr. Lindsay, "just mak' it sax waters, John."

"Saxe waters, sir ; yes, sir," said John, and away he went, but what to do, or what to bring, was to him a

mystery ; and in a short time he returned with a look of regret on his face, and said :

"I am very sorry, sir, that the Saxe waters are all done, sir, and we have no other German waters at present, sir."

The friends had enough to do to preserve their gravity, as Mr. Lindsay said to the waiter :

"That's a pity, John ; weel, we maun do without it, and try a substitute ; bring me the whisky, John, and the boiling water."

"Boiling water, sir ; yes, sir," said John, and off he set. On returning with the creature comforts, Mr. Lindsay took them, and said to the waiter :

"Now, John, I'll gi'e ye a lesson ; when onybody asks ye for toddy and sax waters, just you gi'e them a big glass o' brandy or whisky, and a half-a-dozen glasses o' boiling water, wi' a wee taste o' sugar in't, and they'll no ken the difference ; indeed, John," he added with a sly wink to his companions, "I'm no sure but they'll like it just as weel, and, at onyrate, it's far better for them than a' your German waters." John, apparently thoroughly impressed with the value of the information he had received, thanked Mr. Lindsay, and was retiring, when Mr. Lindsay said :

"Oh, John, before ye gang awa', can ye send me a wee tate o' oo' (wool) to stap in the neb o' my shoon ; they're unco shauchlin, and aiblins may gar me coup i' the glaur, when I gang agate." John was completely dumfounded at this order, but, true to his professional instinct, soon recovered himself, and replied :

"Yes, sir," as he hurried from the room. In a minute or two he returned with a glass of *cold* water, which he presented with some trepidation to Mr. Lindsay, as if in compliance with his incomprehensible order, and without a moment's delay bolted from the room, before a word could be spoken, leaving Mr. Lindsay and his two friends laughing till they nearly tumbled off their chairs.

So much was John impressed with the superior wisdom and surprising knowledge of his guests, that next morning he confidentially asked Mr. Lindsay if—

"There were any waiters in Scotland, and whether London or Scotland was the larger city."

### Glasgow Medical Geggors : Story of the Ropemaker.

A FEW medical gentlemen, some or all of whom seem to have been graduates of Gegg College, met one evening in a hotel in Glasgow. As they had known each other in their youth, and the majority had been abroad, each entertained the others by telling some wonderful cure, bordering on the miraculous, that he had performed. The incredulous laugh and jest of the party followed each narrator. There was, however, one of the company who seemed to believe each, and ended the doubts of the rest by saying :

"Well, and it might be true."

Each was individually pleased with him for believing his story, although all thought him exceedingly simple for believing the stories of the others. When it came to this individual's turn to tell his own story, he began :

"When I was on board the *Invincible*, lying off Kinburn, we cast anchor before the Russian fort, and set to action. After the action was finished, as I was going my round, attending to the wounded, I came to a man shot through the middle by a chain bullet. My attendant said to me :

"'What shall I do with this man?'

"'Put him into a sack,' said I, intending to have the burial service read over him, and to have him lowered into the deep by and by. I forgot the matter till going my rounds next day, when I came to the sack.

"'What have you got there?' I said to my attendant.

"'The man,' he said, 'that you told me to put into the sack.'

"He opened the sack, and judge my surprise—the man was actually alive. Well, I administered to him the best and most nutritious aliment that the ship could afford. He seemed delicate; I therefore thought it safest not to take him out of the sack. About three months afterwards, when the ship arrived in England, I was ordered by the Board of Admiralty to show my wounded, that they might decide on the pensions to be given. Among the rest was placed this man before the Board. He was ordered to walk. What was our surprise,—he walked backwards. The stupid fellow of an attendant had not taken sufficient care, but put

the under half of his body to look one way, and the upper half to look another.

"The Board was a little puzzled at first what to do with the man. He was no longer of use as a sailor. After some deliberation it was agreed to make him a ropemaker, and now he is the best ropemaker in all England, for he walks forward all the time that he looks to the rope."

"Where is that man to be seen?" was asked. The reply was:

"He is at present employed in the Government rope-works at Portsmouth, where he has nine shillings a week more than any other man, besides his pension."

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### David Bell of Blackhall takes a Hint from the Camel.

"It is easier," says the Book, "for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." The late facetious Mr. David Bell of Blackhall, who, with all his faults, was a warm friend to the prosperity of Glasgow, took it into his head, when he was comparatively a young man, to retire from business in the manufacturing line, which he had pursued with considerable success in this city.

The text of Scripture above quoted took hold of his mind, and so he took stock, and, having found that he had some thousands of pounds more at his command in the Royal Bank than he expected, he shut his books, closed his mercantile affairs, quietly retired, and settled down to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. He was questioned one day at a convivial party by the late John Henderson, Esq. of Park—who gave and left so much of his large fortune for many important religious and benevolent purposes—to this effect:

"Pray, Mr. Bell, what induced you to retire so soon from business, when, by continuing in it, you might have made a much larger fortune?"

David shook his head, and begged to be excused for giving his reason. This only made Mr. Henderson the more eager to know it, and to press for an answer.

"Well, well," said David, "I have a very good reason to give if you urge me for it, Mr. Henderson."

The latter smilingly responded, and Mr. Bell explained :

"Well, well, you will know that wonderful passage in the Bible"—(above quoted, and which he repeated with animation and force). The company were a little startled by his quotation, and David capped it by adding :

"Now, I just took the hint from the camel, and hope to be rewarded for my forbearance."


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### Isaac M'Gregor, Garter, and the College Boilings.

ISAAC M'GREGOR was a simple-minded rustic of a most obliging disposition, with a vein of sarcastic humour, which he could work with very decided effect when occasion required. He rented a small patch of ground that fringed the Muir of Kippen, part of the estate of Stirling of Carden. Isaac had never seen much of the great world. With a couple of horses, which he owned, he contrived to keep the thatch over his head and the wheels of life in working condition by carrying whisky for the far-famed Kepp distillery, the proprietor of which, the late Mr. Cassils, was distantly related to him.

Isaac had an inveterate prejudice against the medical profession, and only in cases of the last extremity would he permit them to be called in. The prejudice arose from a belief that when subjects could not be procured by means of exhumation, the living were drafted on for the necessary supplies, and artful stratagems employed to inveigle and secure their victims. Any person appearing to be a stranger on the street was marked, and in some quiet place, whither the victim was followed, a plaster was stuck over the aperture for breath ; or perhaps he was induced on some plausible pretext to adjourn to a tavern and partake of some refreshments, when the liquids offered were sure to be drugged.

Or, if the person were so regardless as to venture with his seducers within the precincts of the college, he was led into a small apartment which was hung round with attractive pictures, the whole floor of which was one trap-door or hatchway so contrived that, on touching a secret spring, the



unsuspecting victim was in a moment precipitated into a boiling cauldron in the vaults beneath.

Possessed with a strong belief in these practices, Isaac kept a sharp look-out in passing the college, which he was obliged to do every night when he was in Glasgow, as his quarters lay in that direction. On one occasion, as he passed the gateway of the college rather late, he affirmed that,—

"He heard the clinking of a chain come skelping ower the lintel o' the college entry, and that the cleeks verra nearly grippit him by his haunch buttons."

At another time Isaac had to visit a friend in Castlepen's Close, a little above Blackfriar's Wynd, now part of College Station, about the hour of dismissal of one of the medical classes, and some of his friends, who knew his misgivings, said:

"There's a boiling this nicht!" at which Isaac cocked his ears, well knowing its import.

"Just step east the wynd there, Isaac," said one of the youngsters, "and satisfy yoursel'; just haud your lug close to the wa' o' the college garden, and come back and tell us what sort o' sound ye heard frae the inside." Isaac was down the stair in a moment, and made his way to the spot, his imagination heated, and quite prepared to hear what he believed to be going on within the wall. When he returned he looked aghast, exclaiming:

"Preserve us a'! gi'e me a bed wi' you this nicht—I canna gang up the street, for there's the black man [servant to one of the college professors] awa' up to the boiling; it's very becomin', I maun say, to ha'e a black-amoor in that den. Gi'e me a licht to my bed, lads, I wish I may boo (close) an e'e the nicht."

The young wags, bent on practical mischief, put into the bedroom a black image, set carefully on the head of a clothes-press in such a position that it was sure to catch Isaac's eye on the dawn of the morning. Just as the day began to break they heard Isaac muttering in horror:

"Ye black-looking savage, your maister can get naebody in this kintra wi' a white skin on his face to do his wark, but maun send to the West Indies for the like o' you—an e'e o' the generation o' worrie-cows, wi' the coom o' your kintra on your face. Come doon and I'll fecht ye; but fling awa' your plaisters." The object remained fixed without sign or motion of consent or otherwise, and so Isaac, in a half-dreaming state, cried out:



“Weel, weel, it’s needless for me to strike ye, for ane that could come through a key-hole, as ye’ve done, could cast ane o’ your brimstone scones on my mouth afore I could say *Jack Robinson*, or come within arm’s length o’ ye; but if I’m to be chokit, whan ye’re done wi’ my body, gi’e my banes to my brither Jock to be buried at Kippen.”

With reference to the *Boilings*, it may be explained that a belief prevailed that human bodies served for medicinal as well as surgical purposes.

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# The Anecdotalage of Glasgow.

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BOOK V.





## **The Earl of Errol and the Principal of Glasgow University.**

WHEN the late Earl of Errol, was the Commissioner to the General Assembly, the University of Glasgow thought fit to send an address of congratulation to his lordship on his having obtained so high an office. Their envoy was their Principal, an eminent divine, who had been well used to assemblies and commissioners for more than half a century. On this occasion, however, his long experience seems to have been of little use to him, for he committed a sad blunder in the mode of delivering his address, or rather by pouring forth his oratory at the wrong shrine.

The gorgeous array of bailies, it is to be supposed, caught his eye on first entering the presence-room, and dazzled it so much that it would have required some time for him to recover his power of discrimination. Of this gorgeous array the centre star was one Bailie Anderson, powdered with a particular display of splendour; and the Principal, never doubting that he was the Commissioner, stepped close to him, and rolled out the well-poised periods of his address with an air of unquestioning submission that quite convulsed the whole of those who were up to the joke.

The bailie himself, however, was too much thunderstruck to be able to stop him, and the true dignitary enjoyed the humour of the thing too much to deprive his double of any part of the compliment. In a word, it was not till the doctor had made an end of speaking, and stood in smiling anticipation of his grace's reply, that some kind friend whispered to him he was in the wrong box, and had made a mistake in identity. The Principal then looked around and saw in an opposite position a personage, not indeed so fat, and perhaps not quite so fine looking as his bailie, but possessing a native grace and majesty of port and lineament which spoke but too plainly where the incense should have been offered.

### **A Glasgow Suburban Bellman's Homeopathic Cure.**

JOHN WILSON was the bellman of a certain village not far from Glasgow, and not over sober in his habits. One Saturday evening he happened to get rather much of the barley-bree, and left his house early the next morning to be out of the way of Bell, his wife,

"Whose tongue," he said, "ne'er lay still, but was aye wag, wagging."


Bell gave him only a short screed on Saturday evening, deferring her long lecture till the next morning; but behold, when she awoke, John was gone! However, she quickly put on her clothes and went straight to the steeple, where she found John, it being his constant place of resort on Sunday mornings. John heard her lecture with patience for some time, but seeing there was no sign of an end to her clattering, he commenced ringing the bell with such a tremendous fury that it put the whole village in an uproar. A great concourse of the villagers having come to the church, whence the sound proceeded, asked John why he had rung the bell so loud and so early.

"I'll tell ye the truth," said John, "I tried if the tongue o' the kirk bell would drown the sound o' the lang tongue o' my ain Bell; besides, I thought that some o' ye might like to hear a morning lecture."

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### **Journey of an Old Perth Couple to Glasgow.**

A COMFORTABLE old couple who had never been in a railway train in all their lives before took seats in one leaving Perth for Glasgow for the purpose of visiting their son in the latter city. They became highly excited and interested at their rapid flight, and nothing would satisfy the old gentleman but that at every station he must needs get



out to gaze around in admiration and wonder. His more cautious spouse, Janet, was, however, too uneasy and afraid of mistake or accident to leave her seat.

The train at length, at one of the stations, moved off, leaving the old man on the platform gazing helplessly at the receding train and at the face of his wife, projected from the carriage window now, and thus parted from him by a power over which he nor she had any control. When Janet saw her frantic guidman thus foolishly left behind, she called to him from her post of outlook at the carriage window, with somewhat of a note of triumph at her superior wisdom :

"There, noo, Saunders, ye've done for yoursel' at last wi' yer thrawnness. Weel, weel," she exclaimed, sitting down in her seat, "I'm kind o' glad o't tae, for he's aye been craikin' a' alang,—'Jenny, haste ye here, an' haste ye there; ye'll be late for the kirk, or ye'll no catch the train;' and noo he's gone and left himsel'; stuck up there like a stirk in a sta'. Oh! I'm glad o't. It's a lesson he'll no forget, and that at ony rate I winna let him forget in a hurry!"

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## A Bankrupt Glasgow Shopkeeper's Lyrical Dividend.

AN unfortunate Glasgow shopkeeper having got into commercial difficulties was compelled to seek refuge in bankruptcy. On his affairs being examined, it was found that, at the very outside, there would not be as much cash realised as would pay one shilling in the pound, and the wrath of the creditors became very fierce. One of them, however, felt keenly and kindly for the poor debtor, and spoke warmly in his behalf.

"Ye ken, gentlemen," said he, "that John has aye been a very decent man, and it's no through ony fau't o' his ain that he's fa'en ahint. Maybe some o' oursel's would be in the same fix if we hadna friends to look to, and something in our purses to fall back on. Noo, what's a shilling in the pound? It's naething. It's waur than naething; it's an insult to our generosity, and I vote that we dinna tak it."

"But what can we do?" said another; "there s nae mair to tak'."

"Weel, I'll tell ye what ye should do," replied the first speaker; "ye a' ken that John's a grand singer, and I propose that we gi'e him a tripe supper this very nicht in Lucky Paterson's ower by, an' let him aff a' th'gither wi' a bit lilt o' a sang?"

The novelty of the proposal took the fancy of the assembled creditors, and the result was that it was agreed to *mem. con.*

The agreeable invitation was conveyed to the grateful debtor, and he was only too willing to perform his share of the bargain. The supper came off, and after John had sung *Auld Langsyne*, with the choral aid of the meeting, and with hands linked in hands, as usual, his friend, who had proved himself a friend indeed, shook hands with him across the table, and said to him:

"There noo, John, ye may thank goodness that wee lots a' dichtet aff!"

John became a man again, and throve in business so well that in a few years he was able to "dicht aff the wee lot" in another and more tangible form, by paying his old creditors twenty shillings in the pound, and interest into the bargain.

### Lord Provost Mills and the Highland Policeman.

ON one of the Saturdays in May, 1835, Lord Provost William Mills of Glasgow was seen near the Royal Exchange talking to a man, who, from his outward appearance, seemed to be a chimney-sweeper. The provost and the sweep appeared to be deeply engaged on some interesting subject, and were seen describing with the point of an old nail the inclinations and curvatures of certain *vents* or flues which might be swept by means of the newly invented machine which was to supersede the *climbing boys*, as the unlucky urchins who had to ascend the chimneys were called.

A crowd very soon collected round the provost and the sweep, wondering, no doubt, what the ill-matched pair had

to do with one another. But so intent was his lordship on the subject under discussion, that he seemed to be quite unconscious of any person being present save the man with whom he was talking, until a policeman came forward, and in the true Celtic twang rudely ordered his lordship to "Dismiss!"

"What!" said the provost, surprised, "do you know to whom you speak?"

"No, she'll did not," answered Donald, "neither did she'll care. Her orders was not to let peoples stand upon the plainstane causey, causing a crowd, and if she wadna gang awa', she wad put ta offish upon her—shust in a minute."

It is needless to say that the provost, good-naturedly yielding to a law of his own sanctioning, walked of, glad, no doubt, to find that the police establishment was filled with such uncompromising and faithful servants.

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### A Glasgow Shopkeeper—Narrow but Straight.

DURING the erection of a Unitarian chapel in Glasgow, one of the tradesmen engaged run short of nails, and proceeded to an ironmonger's to procure a fresh supply. The shopkeeper, surprised at the large quantity ordered, said:

"That's nails enuch to big a city kirk."

"'Deed," said the customer, "that's just what they're for, although it's no for a town's kirk."

"It's maybe for a meeting-house?" queried the ironmonger.

"Na," answered the other, "they're just for the woodwork of the new Unitarian chapel."

"Say ye that!" exclaimed the indignant seller of nails; "and had ye the daring impudence, since I maun say sae, to try and get them frae me? Tak' back your siller and gi'e me my nails. I'll ne'er hae't said that I sell't a pin to prop up a pillar o' Satan's!"

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### Sir Robert Peel at Blythswood House.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON in his autobiography, referring to the visit of Sir Robert Peel to Glasgow in 1837 to deliver his inaugural address as Lord Rector, mentions :

Sir Robert was extremely amused with an anecdote related at table at Blythswood of a Presbyterian minister in one of the Cumbræ, islands in the estuary of the Clyde, who every Sunday prayed for—

“The greater and lesser Cumbræ, and the adjoining islands of Great Britain and Ireland.”

He laughed heartily at this characteristic trait, and was hardly less interested by an observation which I made :

“That the name of Cumræ, or Cumbræ, was the same as Cambria and Cumberland, and all these were derived from the *Krupi*, who, before the siege of Troy, made their appearance in the Straits of the Hellespont, and raised over their fallen chiefs the pyramidal mounds which were afterwards adopted as the sepulchres of Achilles and Ajax on those classic shores.”

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### Bishopbriggs Weaver and his Son on Wife and Mother.

SIMON BEVERIDGE, a poor handloom weaver in Bishopbriggs, had the misfortune to be allied to a very bad wife—in fact a perfect randy. In all his troubles, however, he had always the sympathies of his only son Jamie, and many a conversation the two had on the evil habits and temper of wife and mother.

“Father,” the son would say, when any extra row occurred, “dinna vex yoursel’ aboot that mither o’ mine.”

One day Mrs. Beveridge went “ower the tow” altogether, and Simon, nearly broken-hearted, said to his friend and comforter :

“Jamie, Jamie, what think ye o’ that wife o’ mine this morning ? is she no an awfu’ heavy handfu’ for onybody to ha’e, let alane puir me ?”

“’Deed is she, father,” said Jamie. “Is’t no a pity, man,

that ye didna marry Jenny Trams, when ye could ha'e gotten her for the asking? Sic a mither she would ha'e been!"

"Ou, ay, Jamie, my man," replied the unhappy Simon, "it wad ha'e been better a' ways, but what maun be, maun be."

"Weel, weel, father," said the sympathising son, "gin ye say that, we must *jouk and let the jaw gae by*; but, between oursels, I really think we happened on a bad bargain when we got her."

## Colin M'Liver: the High School Boy who became Lord Clyde.

THE real name of the illustrious hero, Lord Clyde, was Colin M'Liver, he being the eldest son of John M'Liver and Agnes Campbell. He was born 28th October, 1792, at 63 High John Street, opposite the north-east corner of the Municipal Buildings. His parents were both natives of Islay, one of the Hebride islands. Young Colin was educated at the High School. At the age of ten he was removed from Glasgow by his maternal uncle, Colonel John Campbell; and, when fifteen years of age, received his commission as ensign, on the 26th May, 1808, in the 9th Regiment of Foot. It was then that the change of name from M'Liver to Campbell took place, and it arose out of an erroneous impression of the Duke of York, commander-in-chief, who, on Colonel Campbell introducing his nephew to the Duke, was greeted by His Royal Highness with the exclamation:

"What! another of the clan?"

On this assumption that he was of the same name as his uncle, a note of it was made as Colin Campbell. The colonel, who noticed his nephew about to correct the mistake, checked him in an undertone, and remarked:

"Campbell is a first-rate name to serve and fight."

And thus it was the Duke of York who, upon being informed, changed the name of the young ensign. His first lesson under the command of Colonel Cameron, who gave him the first lesson in how to stand fire at the battle of Waterloo. He was in the army that fought under his fellow-countryman, the Duke of Wellington.

Sir John Moore, at Corunna, and young Campbell was one of the party who buried the hero at dead of night, and

“Left him alone in his glory.”

His career in India, and the honours which awaited him, are historical. The veteran hero died in peace, 14th August, 1863. His monument stands in George Square.

### **Lord Glyde and his Aide-de-Camp, Frederick Montague Alison.**

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, the hero of Balaclava, visited Scotland in 1856, soon after the close of the Crimean War. In company with him one evening, Lady Alison, wife of Sir Archibald Alison, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, whose second son, Frederick Montague Alison, was aide-de-camp to Sir Colin, expressed her wish that he would get something for her son to do, as she was afraid he would run wild on leave of absence; to which the gallant veteran smilingly replied:

“My dear lady, an aide-de-camp has but one thing to do in peace, and that is to make love to his general's wife; now, I have no wife, therefore my advice to him is, instead, to make love to every pretty girl he sees, an advice which, I have no doubt, he will be happy to follow.”

### **Rev. Mr. Balfour's Tit for Tat.**

THE practice of “giving out the line,” as it is called in our churches, has been quite abandoned. But in old times the precentor, or leader of psalmody in the kirk, paused at the end of every line, or second line, and read out an equal portion to be joined in by the congregation, so as to accommodate the blind and those who could not read for themselves. Yet this innovation on the usage of the good old times was not effected without many sorrowful complaints from those not fond of change. That excellent man, and, in his day, most popular preacher, Rev. Dr. Balfour of Glasgow, had his own share of complaints among his flock. One day, on retiring from his weekly labours, he accosted an

old female well known to him, in his usual kindly way, saying:

"Margaret, I hope you are well to-day."

"Oh yes, doctor," said Margaret, "I'm very weel; but, dear sirs, I dinna like this way the precentor has got into of no gi'eing out the line."

"What fault have you to it?" said the doctor, in a soothing tone.

"Oh, sir," replied Margaret, "I just like to gust my gab twice wi't."

This was a matter of taste or liking, with regard to which argument was useless, and so the doctor made no attempt to gainsay or to combat Margaret's prejudice: but, some time afterwards, he met the same person, and again asked kindly after her health, and received a satisfactory reply, followed by another complaint or grumble against what Margaret called "these repeats," or singing one line more than once.

"Oh," says the worthy doctor, "I thought, Margaret, you 'liked to gust your gab twice wi't!'"

Poor Margaret was caught in her own trap, and, like most people so caught, she felt not a little awkward, and was glad to move away, without staying to compliment the doctor on the use he had made of her own weapon, he having thus silenced her grumbling with this tit for tat.

### **Carmunnock: a Model Suburban Village and Parish.**

CARMUNNOCK is a pleasant little village, with some score or so of houses, situated at the western extremity of the Cathkin hills, about five miles south of Glasgow Cross. Mr. Hugh Macdonald, who visited and described it, in his famous *Rambles Round Glasgow*, fully forty years ago, waxes eloquent over it, and depicts it then, as we have no doubt it is still, as quite a little social elysium. He states:

"The population of the parish, consisting principally of agriculturists and weavers, numbered at the late census 717, being an increase of only ten individuals within the last decade. It has an old-fashioned barn-like church, which stands about the centre of the village, and an exceedingly

commodious and well-built school, from which, as we pass, the juvenile Carmunnockians are pouring forth with that dinsome glee which is only heard at the *skailing o' the schule*, and which at once calls back to the memory of us *children of a larger growth* the joys of other years."

In the Statistical Account of Carmunnock published about 1840, there is a fact stated which must fill with envy the assessment-crushed unfortunates of our city parishes. There has hitherto been no levy for poor-rates, and the worthy minister, with justifiable complacency, expresses his belief that such a thing as a compulsory assessment for the support of the poor is not at all likely ever to be required. What a delightful little city of refuge this must appear to the pauper-ridden denizens of St. Mungo; what an oasis in the desert, far away from the persecuting tax-gatherer, who, on some pretence or other, is eternally prying into our books, and making town's talk of our most secret affairs!

The minister likewise boasts that no individual belonging to the parish was ever convicted of a capital crime. Why, the golden age would seem to be lingering at the south-west end of the Cathkin braes, and we should not be surprised, if the knowledge of these good matters once gets wind, that the next census will show an infinite addition to the ratio of increase in the population of this really pleasant and picturesque, as well as almost pauperless and felonless, parish.

A reference to the Scottish Educational Blue Book of 1890-91 shows the population of the parish in 1881 as 1,379; one school, with accommodation for 164, and an average attendance of 88.

### A Glasgow Politician on the Suicide of an Opponent.

No particulars are recorded with regard to the following anecdote, so that each reader is at full liberty to surmise or to assign the suicide and his critic respectively to whatever political party they may think proper. Be this as it may, one thing is clearly and strikingly manifest—namely, the

bitterness of spirit which animated the rival parties, and which, unfortunately, is not yet dead :

A keen politician in the city of Glasgow heard one day of the death of a party opponent, who, in a fit of mental aberration, had shot himself.

"Ay," said he, "gane awa' that way by himself, has he ? I wish that he had ta'en twa or three day's shooting amang his friends before he went !"

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### A Sharp Young Rutherglen Culprit.

THE precocious cuteness and sharpness of the young Glasgow city arabs is proverbial, but the following incident will show that the neighbouring royal burgh on the south side of the Clyde is little, if anything, behind in that respect.

An active-looking boy, aged about twelve years, was brought up before Provost Baker, at the Rutherglen Burgh Court, charged with breaking into gardens and stealing fruit therefrom. The charge having been substantiated, the magistrate, addressing the juvenile offender, said in his gravest manner :

"If you had a garden, and pilfering boys were to break into it and steal your property, in what way would you like to have them punished ?"

"Aweel, sir," replied the prisoner, "I think I would let them awa' for the first time."

It is needless to add that the worthy magistrate was mollified, and that the little fellow was dismissed with an admonition, and a warning that if he was brought up a *second* time it would be all the worse for him.

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### Courageous Arrest of Would-be Assassins at Glasgow by Sheriff Alison.

DURING the commercial crisis and panic of 1837 which swept over the country, Glasgow, as a great mercantile and industrious centre, suffered severely. Prices of all kinds of

manufactured goods sunk to nearly one half ; many workers were thrown idle, and the wages of those still employed were reduced, which reduction again led to general and foolish strikes, at the instance of their trades unions ; first, of the operative cotton-spinners in and around Glasgow, and soon after of the whole colliers and iron miners in Lanarkshire. The effect of these two strikes was to let loose, upon an already over-distressed community, above 80,000 persons, all in a state of utter destitution, and yielding implicit obedience to their trade leaders. To cope with this formidable and well-organised body there was, in and around Glasgow, a police force of only 280 men. Bands of 800 to 1000 men traversed the streets, with banners flying and drums beating ; and the colliers assembled in such numbers as to render any attempt to disperse them, except by military force, out of the question. Many violent assaults were made on the nobbs or new hands, who took the place of the men out on strike, and at length, on the 22nd July of that year, a new hand was shot dead on one of the streets of Glasgow.

The masters met and offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of the persons implicated in the murder ; and three days afterwards two informers met Sheriff Alison by appointment in a vault under the old college, to which the informers were admitted by a back door through the college green. They disclosed to the sheriff a plot "to assassinate the new hands and master-manufacturers in Glasgow, one after another, till the demands of the combined workmen were complied with," that the man shot three days before had been selected as the first victim, and that Mr. Arthur, master-manufacturer, was to be the next victim. The informers told the sheriff that the next meeting of committee would be held on the evening of Saturday, 29th July, in the Black Boy Tavern, Gallowgate, Glasgow. At nine o'clock at night the sheriff left his office, with no arms but his walking-stick, accompanied by Mr. Salmond, the procurator-fiscal, and Mr. Nish, the principal sheriff officer. They met Captain Miller of the police force, with twenty constables, at the mouth of the Black Boy Close, a vile den in the Gallowgate, near to the Cross. Four constables were stationed at the entrance to the close, with instructions to let no one out or in ; twelve of the others were stationed round the tavern at the front, and four at the back, with orders to seize anyone attempting to escape.

Sheriff Alison, Mr. Salmond, Captain Miller, and Mr. Nish, then entered the tavern. They at once passed by a trap-door, in the chief room, and to which they ascended by a movable wooden stair or ladder, into the room above, Captain Miller first, the sheriff second, Mr. Salmond and Mr. Nish following in rotation. They found the whole committee, sixteen in number, seated round a table in consultation, with a lot of money spread out before them, and only one light, from a gas pendant descending from the roof, lighting the apartment. The sheriff brought up eight of the police, whom he stationed in the room below, re-entered the upper room, and took up his position under the gas-light to prevent it from being put out. He then looked round and saw that the committee were so panic-struck that no resistance would be offered, though they were in the room four to one. Captain Miller next called out the name of each member of the committee, and as each was named, beckoned him to go out, and they were thus one by one secured by the police in the room below. Not a blow was struck, so coolly, quietly, and firmly did the sheriff and other officials go about their work.

On Monday following (31st July), the cotton-spinners met on Glasgow Green, and by a great majority resolved to resume their work on the masters' terms; and on Tuesday the courageous sheriff had the delight of seeing the whole of the tall chimneys in Calton and Bridgeton sending forth their wonted smoke, after a stoppage of three months. The trial of the cotton-spinners came on at Edinburgh on the 8th January, 1838; and resulted in the whole of the would-be assassins receiving sentence of transportation for seven years.

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### A Good Glasgow Salesman and His Apt Country Customer.

A VENDOR of buttons, buckles, pins, and other small wares, or, as our American friends would phrase it, who kept a variety store, in a small shop at the head of the Saltmarket, which has been rendered world famous as the abode of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, one day observed a country loot standing at his window, with an undecided wanting-to-buy expression on his face. At last he screwed up his courage



to the buying point, entered the shop, and inquired at its owner for something he did not happen to keep, the question being:

"Ha'e ye ony pistols to sell?"

The shopman, who had long studied, and was an adept at the counter logic, or art of getting a costumer to buy what may be on hand for sale rather than what the customer asks for, thus responded to the question:

"Man, what would be the use o' a pistol to you?—You wad just shoot yoursel', or maybe some ither body w'it! You should rather buy a flute; see there's ane, an' it's no sae dear as a pistol; just stop and open finger about they sax wee holes, and blaw in at the big ane, an' ye can ha'e ony tune ye like after a wee while's practice. Besides ye'll maybe blaw a tune into the heart o' some blythe bonny lassie, that will bring to you the warth o' a thousand pistols or German flutes either."

"Man," said the simple, good-natured customer, "I'm glad that I've met wi' you the day—just tie it up;" and paying down the price asked, he bade the shopkeeper good-day, with a significant nod of the head, remarking:

"It will no be my fault if ye getna a chance o' riding the broost at my weddin', since ye ha'e set me on the way to be my ain piper."

### Robert Kettle on the Wrang Side o' the Head for Tracts.

THE late Robert Kettle, Esq., manufacturer, Glasgow, who was a warm advocate of temperance, or rather of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, left a few tracts, advocating such principles, with a young lady friend. Calling at the same house a few days afterwards, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl-papers on the head of the fair damsel to whom he had given them.

"Weel, my lassie," he remarked, "I see you have made use of the tracts I left with ye; but," he added, in time to turn confusion into merriment, "ye have put them on the wrang side of your head, my woman."

### Glasgow Experiments in Prison Diet.

IN 1840, some experiments were instituted in the Glasgow prison on the diet of a selected number of the inmates. The different sets of persons were fed on the following respective fares :—

1. For breakfast, each had eight ounces of oatmeal made into porridge, with a pint of buttermilk; for dinner, three pounds of boiled potatoes with salt; for supper, five ounces of oatmeal porridge, with one half-pint of buttermilk. At the end of two months they were all in good health, each person had gained four pounds weight, and they liked the diet, the cost of which, including the cooking, was twopence three-farthings per day.

2. Other ten were fed for the same time solely on boiled potatoes and salt; each had two pounds for breakfast, three pounds for dinner, and one pound for supper. They gained three and a half pounds each; and they declared that they preferred this fare to the ordinary diet of the prison.

3. Twelve others were fed on the same allowance of porridge and milk and supper to the first ten, but for dinner they had soup, containing two pounds of potatoes to each, and a quarter of a pound of meat. At the end of two months they had lost in weight one and a quarter pounds each, and they all disliked this diet. The expense of each, daily, was threepence seven-eighths.

4. Twenty others had the same breakfast and supper with one pound of potatoes for dinner, and half a pound of meat. They preserved good health but decreased in weight, and preferred the ordinary diet of the prison. The expense was fourpence seven-eighths each.

In these cases, perhaps, the previous habits and tastes of the prisoners had some influence, yet it appears that the six pounds of potatoes daily was a better diet than the smaller quantities of soup or animal food.

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### **Rev. Dr. Gillan, the Witty Minister of St. John's.**

THIS genial, witty, and humorous divine for some time occupied the position in the parish church of St. John's, formerly so ably, eloquently, and zealously filled by Dr. Chalmers. As specimens of his ready wit the following may be given :—

When the late Rev. Dr. Cumming, minister of Crown Court Presbyterian Church, London, was at the zenith of his popularity as a preacher, some forty to fifty years ago, he paid a visit to Glasgow, and was both much talked about as well as run after in order to see and hear him. One evening, at that time, Dr. Gillan was present at a party, where a lady was asked to discourse some music for the delectation of the guests. She pled that she did not know what to play, upon which Dr. Gillan, who was near her, remarked :

“ Oh ! just play ‘ Saw ye Johnnie coming,’ as that seems to be all the rage just now.”

When the doctor proposed to his second wife, she said :

“ I am not able to fill the late Mrs. Gillan's shoes.”

“ I ken that fine,” replied the Doctor, “ but ye maun just do your best.”

When he removed from the parish of St. John's to that of Inchinnan, his predecessor, Dr. Lockhart, left behind him at the manse, among other things, a number of MSS. sermons and lectures, intending to remove them when he returned from a continental tour. In a letter to Gillan he expressed a hope that the MSS. were kept free from damp. Dr. Gillan, in reply, assured him that—

“ The MSS. were all very dry, especially the sermons.”

### **Rev. Dr. Gillan and His Sunday- Selling Member.**

BEFORE the passing of the Forbes Mackenzie Act, one of Dr. Gillan's members kept a public-house in the Gallowgate, which did a roaring trade on Sabbath evenings, greatly to

the annoyance of the worthy doctor, who passed the shop every Sabbath evening on his way to his Bible Class. Resolving to show his displeasure, he one Sabbath evening walked into the public-house, and found the publican's wife, Mrs. A——, serving at the counter. In his usual quick, peremptory way, he called for a gill and a bake. The woman was dumfounded, and could scarcely believe her own ears. She managed, however, to go into a back parlour where her husband was engaged in conversation with a friend.

"Here's the minister," she said, "an' he's ca'ing for a gill." Equally astonished, Mr. A—— went to the bar, and on presenting himself, the doctor repeated his demand :

"I want a gill and a bake." No movement being made to comply with the request, the doctor sharply observed :

"If you are ashamed to serve your own minister with a gill at the counter on a Sunday night, you should feel ashamed to sell it to others ;" and so saying he turned on his heel and left the shop. Mr. A—— afterwards told a friend that he was so rebuked by Dr. Gillan's little but effective stratagem, that he never afterwards opened his shop on Sundays.

### Rev. Dr. Gillan Improves the Occasion and Meets His Match.

THE Rev. Dr. Gillan was one day standing at the piazza at the Tontine, near to the Cross, to get shelter from a shower of rain, when he observed a working-man vigorously puffing away at a clay pipe during his meal hour. Desirous of improving the occasion, the doctor walked up to him, and the following ensued :—

*Doctor* :—"That's a good going pipe, mister."

*Young man* :—"Yes."

*Doctor* :—"You'll go through a good deal of tobacco?"

*Young man* :—"Oh, no much; sometimes three and sometimes four ounces a week."

*Doctor* :—"Well, my young man, see what a lot of money you could save by giving up that filthy habit. Four shillings in the week comes to one shilling, and as there are 52 weeks in the year, that's two pounds two shillings."

might save in the course of a twelvemonth, which would be a grand nest egg in the savings bank, or might buy you a splendid suit of clothes every year."

*Young man* :—"Doubtless, doubtless, sir; but as you have all the appearance of a well-to-do gentleman, I suppose you'll take a glass of wine to dinner?"

*Doctor* :—"Yes, I generally have a couple of glasses of wine during the day."

*Young man* :—"And no doubt you'll have a glass of toddy before going to bed?"

*Doctor* :—"I do generally indulge to that extent each night."

*Young man* :—"Well, that's one shilling a day at a very low estimate, and as there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, that's eighteen pounds five shillings you might easily save every year by giving up that nasty habit!" It is needless to remark that the doctor made no further attempt to improve the occasion.

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### A Glasgow Lady's Lamentation for the Kirk o' Scotland.

At a soiree got up by one of the churches in Glasgow, the band of a dragoon regiment was present to discourse sweet music. The idea of a regimental band in the sacred edifice proved too much for the sensitive mind of an old lady, and she exclaimed with some nervous tremor:

"Eh, sirs me, isn't this awfu'. The Kirk o' Scotland has come to a waefu' pass. Just to think o' folk haldin' a tea-party in't; and e'en that thay're no content wi', but they maun e'en ha'e sodgers wi' brass trumpets and skirlin' whistles to help them to tak' their tea! Hech me, it's a wonder the roof doesna fa' on us!"

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## London versus Glasgow; Or, Right Hand to the Wall.

It is hoped and believed that after the frequent efforts made by our magistrates to train up and educate the people of Glasgow in the way they should go, by placarding the walls of our streets with the intimation—

“RIGHT HAND TO THE WALL,”

that things are, if not yet quite what they should be, at least very much better than they used to be two generations or so ago, as indicated by an observing spectator, as follows:—

“I soon made an observe, that the crowd in London are far more considerate than with us in Glasgow—the folk going one way keep methodically after one another; and those coming the other way do the same, by a natural instinct of civilisation, so that no confusion ensues, and none of that dinging, and bumping, and driving that happens in the Trongate, especially on a Wednesday, enough to make the soberest man wud at the misleart stupidity of the folks, and particularly of the farmers and their kintra wives that have creels with eggs and butter in their arms.”

A word to the wise is enough, so as to save the need of asking, “Wha are ye shoving?” as the midge said to the elephant.

## Rev. Dr. R. Macleod of St. Columba's, and the Wig.

THE late venerable Dr. Norman Macleod, long minister of St. Columba's Gaelic Church, Hope Street, Glasgow, and father of the late minister of the Barony Parish Church, was proceeding to open a new place of worship, and as he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with a peculiar kind of wig—bright, smooth, and of a reddish-brown—accosted him:—

“Doctor, if you please I wish to speak to you.”

“Well, Duncan,” said the genial doctor, “can ye not wait till after worship?”

"No, doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience."

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time presses."

"The matter is this, doctor. Ye see the clock yonder on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there—nothing but the face of the clock. There is no truth in it but only once in the twelve hours. Now it is, in my mind, very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of God."

"Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well. You are not young now. I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!"

"Eh, doctor, you are joking now, it is long since I had my own hair."

"Oh, Duncan, Duncan, can it be that you are going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?"

This settled the question, and the doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

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### A Soft-Hearted Glasgow Bailie.

A POOR man made his appearance at the bar of the Gorbals police court, Glasgow, charged with being drunk and disorderly on the streets, when, after a patient hearing, the presiding bailie, who seems to have possessed little of that firmness and dignity required for the magisterial office, ordered him to pay a fine of fifteen shillings, upon which the following dramatic colloquy occurred:—

"Fifteen shillings!" vociferated the man, with more points of admiration in his tone than we can spare room for—"fifteen shillings! Bailie, ye're surely no in earnest. Bless ye, when will I win fifteen shillings to gi'e ye?"

"Well," said the bailie, yielding, "I'll make it half-a-guinea, and not a farthing less!"

"Half-a-guinea, bailie! If ye fine me in half-a-guinea, what's to come o' my puir wife and weans for a month to come! We must just starve, there's nae ither way for it," said the offender in a most lugubrious tone; "we must starve or beg."

"Well," said the relenting bailie, "I'll make it seven and sixpence, and not a farthing less!"

"Seven and sixpence!" says the still unsatisfied offender; "that's just the half o' my week's wages, an there's no a grain o' meal in the house, nor a bit o' coal to make it ready wi', even though there were. Oh! bailie, think what a sum seven and sixpence is to a working man!"

"Well, well," said the good-natured magistrate, "I'll make it five shillings, and not a farthing less; though ye were the king on the throne I'll not make it less!"

"Weel, weel, bailie, Mary and me and the weans maun just submit," said the knavish culprit, affecting to weep; at the same time saying, as if to himself, yet so loud as the bailie could hear him—"Blessed is he that wisely doth the poor man's case consider."

The bailie could not stand the silent appeal of tears, nor the apt quotation he had made.

"Well, well," again says the bailie, "I'll make it half-a-crown, and, though ye were my ain brither, I couldna make it less!"

## A Literary Glasgow Provost;

### Or, What's in a Name.

A SHORT time prior to the French Revolution of 1848, and while Louis Philippe, the citizen king, was still on the throne of France, Glasgow was honoured with a lord provost who, although anything but literary himself, was somewhat in the literary line, as one branch of his extensive and prosperous business consisted in publishing. This wise dignitary was, in his day, a benefactor of one or more of our public charities, and as such has been honoured with a monument; as his son, who succeeded him in business, and also became lord provost, was with the honour of knighthood.

The worthy senior went as one of a deputation from Glasgow to Paris for the purpose of presenting an address to Louis Philippe; and after the ceremony was concluded, he was taken by the King (who had probably heard of his connection with literature), into the royal library, where His Majesty pointed to a splendid copy of the works of Edmund



Burke, whom he pronounced to be one of his favourite authors.

"Indeed, your majesty!" quoth the worthy Glasgow civic, "I mind fine o' his being tried wi' Hare at Edinburgh for horrid murders, and o' his being hanged, but I didna ken he had written ony books!"

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### No Friendship in Trade.

THIS excellent general business maxim was exemplified in the person of Neil M'Liver, merchant—no matter about the locality,—Highland folks take things so readily to themselves. Neil required to come to Glasgow for goods to supply customers for the winter; and the master of the steamer, going to and from there, calculated on him and a few friends of his as passengers. They lay under obligations to him for sundry services, rendered to them in those days of high postage, in the shape of frauds on the Post-office, of the kind that enabled Master Hill to make out his case for the Postage Reduction Bill. His obligants, however, took no berth with him, either in steerage or cabin.

Meeting the parties in Glasgow, he expressed his astonishment that they had not come with him. To which Neil, hesitating, and scarcely knowing how to excuse himself, replied:

"You see, it was—you see—yes—that captain—yes, I'll thocht now—it was more money you'll took for our passage, nor we'll got down for with another friend of Duncan's there, who has a poat of her nown—too—yes, more nor two shillings for each of us both—that is Duncan and me."

"Man," quoth the master of paddles, "I'd have given you your passage for nothing rather than have an old friend to go by an opponent! You should have come with me."

"Weel, weel," said Neil, "it's never weel to do too late—and since you are so decent with us, we will every one of us all go with you home on that very reasonable term—yes, yes, captain, you see a whistle more buys the penny."

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## Glasgow Riots of 1848: Facts from Eye-Witnesses.

"IN the year 1848," states Mr. Daniel Frazer, "I witnessed from the doorway of No. 113 [Buchanan Street], a procession of a large body of ill-fed, ill-clad, and half-armed Chartists, men, women, and boys, enter Buchanan Street by Royal Bank Place. After marching from the Green and Gallowgate, by East George Street and Queen Street without much interruption, the procession turned sharp down the street, and when passing Gordon Street fired two shots in the air. At this moment I saw a Glasgow gentleman, a medical man, if my memory serves me right, rush into the procession and disarm one or two of the men who had fired the shots, and who were thus trying to overawe our civic authorities.

"Happily for law and order, nothing tended more to restore both than the speedy enrolment of a large force of special constables, composed greatly of our merchant princes. These gentlemen were all provided with substantial batons, and were for a time subjected to daily drill. They were stationed in the Royal Exchange and elsewhere during the night."

An old Glasgow merchant and Sabbath school teacher, who himself acted as a special constable, and underwent daily drill as such, communicated to Mr. D. Frazer the following particulars:—

"This outbreak soon assumed an alarming aspect. The mob had rapidly increased while passing towards the west of the city; the streets got blocked, and shops were entered and robbed by the hungry people. Among others the premises of a gunsmith in Exchange Square were entered, and guns and ammunition carried off. The shots fired in Buchanan Street greatly alarmed the inhabitants, who hurriedly shut the doors of their shops. Many windows were broken, and their contents carried off. A set of silver-plated dish covers, and an epergne were taken from the window of Findlay & Field, jewellers, 72 Buchanan Street. A porter's hand-barrow—stolen from a grocer's door in George Street—was drawn in the procession by a young woman well-known to the police for her lawless habits as *Biddy*. On it was a sack of meal,

a box of tea, some loaves of bread, etc. The silver plate was at once put on the top of this heap, and carried off in triumph by Biddy, till she and her booty were lost sight of in Argyle Street.

"Through the enrolment of hundreds of our merchant princes as special constables, order was soon re-established in the western districts; not so in the east, and it was only after (the military including) the old pensioners and the militia had been called into requisition, that disorder was ultimately repressed there, and only after some lives had been lost in a fatal encounter between the pensioners and the mob. I was," continues Mr. Frazer's informant, "one of the special constables who escorted the wounded up the High Street to the Royal Infirmary. I was also afterwards applied to, as the Sabbath school teacher in St. Enoch's Wynd district, to assist the police in finding out Biddy's plunder. Knowing her to be of weak mind, and that she must have been used as a tool by others, I only consented to aid the police in the matter on getting their assurance that she should not be punished.

"Armed with this assurance I entered Biddy's home, in a building well known as the *Ark* in St. Enoch's Wynd, and which had once been used as a malt-barn. Here, in a miserable attic room, I found Biddy's mother. She at first stoutly denied her daughter's complicity in the robbery, but on getting my assurance that no punishment would follow the acknowledgment of the crime, I was asked to look out a skylight window, and, on doing so, I saw the tea, the silver plate, etc., spread out on the roof. These were duly returned to their owners, and Biddy was allowed to go free."

The present writer, who was then a lad, has a vivid recollection of much that is above related and more, as in company with the late Mr. Robert S. Shearer, bookseller, Stirling, who was then a lad with Mr. David Bryce, bookseller, Buchanan Street, he walked down the street named, and along Argyle Street, where we fell in with the infantry, police, and special constables,—Bailie, afterwards Sir Andrew Orr, whom we well knew, being at the head of the military. Nothing occurred to obstruct the onward march until the head of the Saltmarket had been reached, and there it was found that a barricade of furniture, etc., had been erected. This was coolly, quietly, and deliberately cleared away, but

ere this had been done, the rioters who had been there had vanished with their stolen guns. The conflict between the east-end rioters and the pensioners occurred on the second day. A special police assessment was levied to make good the damage and loss.

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### Glasgow Folk Grandfatherless.

AN old Scottish landed proprietor, or *laird*, who piqued himself much upon his pedigree, and had a sovereign contempt for men who had come to fortune through successful industry, was one night in a company where a young lady from Glasgow happened to descant upon what her father, her grandfathers, and her great-grandfathers, had done as civil rulers in the city.

After enduring this for a little, the laird at last tapped the fair speaker gently on the shoulder, and said to her in an emphatic, but good-humoured tone:

"Wheest, my woman; nae Glasgow folk ever had grand-faithers."

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### Queen Victoria

and

### "Wae's Me for Prince Charlie."

DURING an early visit of Her Majesty to the North, the popular song of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," written by Mr. William Glen, a native of Glasgow, received a signal mark of royal favour which would have gladdened the heart of its unfortunate author had he been then alive.

While Her Majesty was at Taymouth Castle, the Marquis of Breadalbane engaged Mr. Wilson, the famous Scottish vocalist, to sing before her. A list of the songs Mr. Wilson was in the habit of singing was submitted to the Queen that she might signify her choice. The royal selection was as follows:—"Lochaber no More;" "The Flowers of the Forest;" "The Lass o' Gowrie;" "John Anderson, my Jo;" "Cam' ye by Athole;" and, "The Laird o' Cockpen."

Mr. Glen's song was not in Mr. Wilson's list, but Her Majesty herself asked if he could sing—

"Wae's me for Prince Charlie?"

This, fortunately, Mr. Wilson was able to do.

Mr. Glen was the son of an eminent merchant of Glasgow, in which city he was himself born. He died in 1824.

### Episodes in the Trial of Miss Madeline H. Smith.

THE High Court of Justiciary met at ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, June 30th, 1857, for the trial of Miss Madeline Hamilton Smith, a young lady of about twenty years of age, who had been residing with her parents in their house at 7 Blythswood Square, Glasgow. The judges were the Lord Justice-Clerk, Lord Ivory, and Lord Handyside.

The indictment charged Madeline Hamilton Smith with wickedly and feloniously administering arsenic, or some other poison, in some article of food or drink, to Pierre Emile L'Angelier, then in the employment of W. B. Huggins & Co., merchants, Bothwell Street, Glasgow, as a clerk : (1st) on 19th or 20th Feb. ; (2nd) on 22nd or 23rd Feb. ; and (3rd) on 22nd or 23rd March, with intent to murder, and, under the third charge, with murder, as he thereof died on the forenoon of Monday, 23rd March.

The panel pled not guilty ; and on account of her sex, youth, beauty, standing in society, and the romantic incidents in the case, great excitement prevailed, not only in Glasgow and Edinburgh, but throughout the whole country, during the course of the trial, which extended over a period of nine days ; termed by the Lord Advocate on the 7th day,—"An investigation which, for the length, has proved unexampled."

The vital part of the evidence, in which the *third charge* of murder was involved, may be briefly summarised as follows:—

L'Angelier, who was in bad health, left his lodgings at ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, 19th March, 1857, for Bridge of Allan, to which he travelled by way of Edinburgh, at which last named place he made anxious inquiry for a letter, which he seemed to expect but did not receive. He appeared much disappointed, but made no stay, and went on to his ultimate destination.

On Thursday forenoon a letter from the panel, addressed to L'Angelier, at his lodgings, 11 Franklin Place, Great Western Road, was received and forwarded to him that same evening by M. Thanau, his friend, fellow employé, and lodger. This letter could not be found, but on Friday, 19th, L'Angelier wrote to a Miss Perry, who was the confidante of both the panel and the deceased, stating—

“I should have come to see someone last night, but the letter came too late, so we were both disappointed.”

Another letter from the panel, also addressed to his lodgings, bearing the post-mark of Saturday 22nd, was received, posted by M. Thanau that afternoon, and delivered to L'Angelier on Sunday morning. Here is the letter :—

“Why, my beloved, did you not come to me? Oh, my beloved, are you ill? Come to me, sweet one. I waited and longed for you, but you came not. I shall wait again to-morrow night—same hour and arrangements. Oh, come sweet love, my own dear love of a sweetheart. Come beloved, and clasp me to your heart; come, and we shall be happy. A kiss, fond love. Adieu, with tender embraces. Ever believe me to be your own, ever dear, fond Mimi.”

After the receipt of this letter, L'Angelier walked to Stirling, got the Sunday mail train to Coatbridge, and walked from there to Glasgow. He arrived at his lodgings in Great Western Road a little while after eight o'clock in the evening, took tea, and went out about nine. He was seen in the direction of Blythswood Square about twenty minutes past nine; called for a friend in Terrace Street, not far off, about half-past nine, but his friend was out.

“Here,” said the Lord Advocate, in summing up the evidence for the Crown, “my clue fails me. When and how do we see him next? He was found at his own door by the landlady, without strength to open it, about two o'clock in the morning.” And he died that same forenoon, *viz.* Monday, 23rd March, 1857.

**The Story of  
Miss Madeline H. Smith and L'Angelier,  
as told by the Lord Advocate.**

THE first six days of the trial of Madeline H. Smith for the alleged poisoning of P. Emile L'Angelier were taken up with the hearing and examination of evidence. There were fifty-seven witnesses for the Crown, and thirty-one for the defence. The *Inventory* of papers, etc., numbered two hundred and fourteen—inclusive of letters. On the morning of the seventh day of the trial, the Lord Advocate (Moncreiff—afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk) entered upon his pleading of the case for the Crown, and after some preliminary remarks, he said:—

“My story is short. This young lady returned from a London boarding-school in 1853. She met L'Angelier somewhere about the end of the year following in the city of Glasgow. L'Angelier's history has not been very clearly brought out. It is plain, unquestionably, that in 1851 he was in very poor and destitute circumstances in Edinburgh. By his energy he had worked his way up to a position which was at least respectable. It is no part of my case to maintain the character of the unhappy deceased. The facts of this case make it impossible to speak of him in any terms but those of very strong condemnation. Nor am I inclined to say that from first to last his conduct was that of a man of honour.

“These two persons met; they were introduced, I assume, clandestinely. After a time, it seems an attachment commenced which was forbidden by her parents. It is only right to say that the earlier letters of the prisoner at that time show good feeling, proper affection, and a proper sense of duty. Time went on; the intercourse was again renewed, and in the course of 1856, as found from the letters, it assumed a criminal aspect.

“But her affection began to cool. Another suitor appeared, He was more attractive. She promised to marry him in the month of June. She endeavoured to break off her connection with L'Angelier by coldness, and asked him to return her letters. He refused, and threatened to put them into the hands of her father. It was then she saw the position

she was in—she knew what letters she had written to L'Angelier—she knew what he could reveal—she knew that, if the letters were sent to her father, not only would her marriage with Mr. Minnoch be broken off, but that she could not hold up her head again. She writes in despair to him to give her back her letters ; he refuses."

The Lord Advocate went on to relate how one interview, then another, and again a third followed, and that then her letters, instead of being cold—instead of demands for the recovery of her letters being contained in them—again assume all the warmth of affection of the year before. On the 12th of March she has been with Mr. Minnoch making arrangements for her marriage in June—on the 21st she invites L'Angelier, with all the ardour of passion, to come to see her—she buys arsenic on the 18th—and L'Angelier dies of poison on the morning of the 23rd. A strange story gentlemen (of the jury)! such as the imagination of novelist or dramatist never painted—so strange in its horror as almost to be incredible, if it were not proved to be true. No one can wonder that such a story has carried a thrill of horror into every family in the land. His lordship then entered upon the evidence in detail with the view of proving the accused guilty as charged in the indictment. At the close of the Lord Advocate's address to the jury, the Lord Justice-Clerk suggested to the Dean of Faculty (Inglis) that he should delay his address to the jury for the defence until the following day, and this being agreed to, the Lord Justice-Clerk warned the jury that they should avoid drawing any conclusion in the present state of the case, seeing that they had heard counsel only on one side.

The Court then adjourned.

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### Defence of Madeline H. Smith by the Dean of Faculty.

THE excitement, if it were possible, became greater on the eight day of the trial, when the Dean of Faculty came to make his appeal to the jury on her behalf. The look, the tone, the action—these no reporter could convey. For the time he fairly carried everything before him—as, with



quivering voice, he painted the anguish and despair of the unhappy girl in her attempt to recover those fearful letters containing such damning evidence of her shame—as he indignantly denounced the man who refused to listen to those passionate appeals, and who determined to keep the letters as *an engine of terror and oppression*. After reading to the jury the letter posted by the panel on the morning of the 22nd March, he asked :

“When was it that she *waited and longed* ? It was upon Thursday evening—that was the tryst. The letter (of L’Angelier) to Miss Perry proves conclusively that it was on the Thursday she waited, expecting him to come in answer to her previous invitation. When, then, do you think that she should write her next summons ? I should think that, in all human probability it was on the following evening—that is, on Friday.

“She almost always wrote her letters in the evening, and I think I am not going too far when I say, that when she did not write them in the evening, she almost always put the hour to them at which they were written ; and when she wrote her letters in the evening they were invariably posted next morning, and not that evening, for very obvious reasons. Now then, is it not clear to you that this all-important letter, written upon the Friday evening, was posted on the Saturday morning, while she believed that he was in Glasgow with Mrs. Jenkins, making the appointment for Saturday evening, and not for the Sunday.”

The Dean of Faculty next lucidly pointed out that *inference* was made by the Crown Advocate to take the place of proven fact, with reference to the motive and object of L’Angelier’s Sunday journey from Bridge of Allan to Glasgow, and more particularly as to what was assumed to have taken place from the eventful time that the *clue failed*, at half-past nine, on Sunday evening, till about two o’clock next morning, which effort to set up *inference* as a basis of conviction he exposed and denounced as “an entire and startling novelty.”

Towards the close of his eloquent address and appeal to the jury, the learned counsel for the panel said :—

“I do venture to submit to you that if the case for the Crown is a failure—as it unquestionably is—upon the *first* and the *second charges*, it is a far more signal and radical failure as regards the *third*. The one fact which is

absolutely indispensable to bring guilt home to the prisoner remains not only not proved—I mean the act of administration—but the whole evidence connected with the proceedings of that day seems to go to negative such an assumption.

“No man probably will, or ever can, tell how L’Angelier met with his death. But whether he met his death by suicide, or whether he met his death by accident, or in what way soever he met his death, the question for you is—Is this murder proved? You are not in the least degree bound to account for his death. The question you have got to try is—Whether the poison was administered by the hands of the prisoner? I pray you to remember that you are asked to affirm on your oaths as a fact that the arsenic which was found in that man’s stomach was presented to him by the hands of the prisoner.”

Finally, as the learned counsel painted, with the hand of a master, the horror and remorse which must forever haunt the jury if they were to convict her, and her perfect innocence should be afterwards established—more than one of the jury, as well as many of the audience, were dissolved in tears.

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### Madeline H. Smith’s Acquittal and Closing Scenes in Court.

THE charge of the Lord Justice-Clerk, which was begun on the eighth day of the trial, after the address of the Dean of Faculty for the defence, was resumed and finished on the ninth day. It was characterised by great impartiality, being a clear and lucid exposition of the evidence on both sides, and of the points of law discussed in the pleadings for the prosecution and defence.

The jury retired at the close of his lordship’s charge, and, during their absence to determine the issue of life or of death, the prisoner sat, to all outward appearance, the most unconcerned person in court. They came back after an interval of half-an-hour, and, amid the most profound silence, their foreman, Mr. Moffat, mathematical teacher in the High School of Edinburgh, read the following verdict:

“The jury find the panel not guilty of the first charge in the indictment by a majority; of the second charge, not

proven; and, by a majority, find the third charge also not proven."

The prisoner, who listened to the verdict with the same calmness which she had manifested throughout the whole nine days' proceedings, was then dismissed from the bar.

When the verdict was read there arose a burst of cheering from the densely packed audience in court, which the officers in vain attempted to suppress, and, on the result being announced to a crowd of many thousands outside, a similar expression of opinion took place.

The eminent counsel, who had the chief rôle on both sides, subsequently occupied the two highest positions in the Scottish Court of Session. The Dean of Faculty (John Inglis) became Lord President, and the Lord Advocate (Moncreiff) Lord Justice-Clerk. The Dean of Faculty, who so eloquently and successfully pled for the panel, is reported to have said to her after her acquittal:

"I have saved your neck from the gallows, but I cannot save your soul from perdition."

She is said to have got married, and to have settled in England, and the present writer was informed by the late Rev. Professor Eadie, that, some years afterwards, he met her at the house of a friend at Polmont, where she was then on a visit, and that she had a child, to which she seemed as affectionately attached as it was possible for any mother to be. Her maternal grandfather was the architect of one of the most admired public edifices in Glasgow. William Harper Minnoch, Esq., to whom she was engaged to be married, as mentioned by the Lord Advocate in his narrative of the case, was a partner in the eminent firm of John Houldsworth & Co., merchants in Glasgow. It is hardly necessary to add that it was not he who subsequently married her. It has been stated, on what seems good authority, that the mother of L'Angelier was the illegitimate daughter of a Fifeshire baronet and a miner's daughter.

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### The Pencil Manufacturer and the Glasgow Barber.

THE late Mr. Donn, whose name was long considered an excellent passport for the quality of pencils, was, during his

periodical visits to Glasgow, in the habit of putting up at the Black Boy Tavern, Gallowgate, where a sectarian barber used to officiate. One Sabbath morning a young man made his appearance to do the needful for the chins of the customers, and Mr. Donn, his muzzle being rough and somewhat irritable, felt reluctant to entrust it to the hands of so young a practitioner, in case he should take a portion of the soil with the crop. Accordingly he asked :

"Why did the old gentleman not come himself?"

"Oh," said the youngster, with a serious face, "this is Sabbath morning, and my master never shaves on Sabbath, sir."

"Very well, my little fellow," said the maker of pencils, "go on." The operation being performed as well as could be expected—

"Now," said Mr. Donn, putting his accustomed fee into his hand, "when you go home, be sure and make my compliments to your master, and tell him that if he does not wish to go to perdition himself, he ought not to send his boy there."

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### Clan Jaffrey versus Clan Campbell.

JAFFREY'S Close enters from the Goosedubs in Glasgow, and contains a very considerable number of inhabitants, many of whom are of questionable character. The waggish gentleman from whom this close derived its name was once in company with a Highlandman of the name of Campbell, who was lording it over some of the Macs, etc., in the company, and boasting of the antiquity, great names, and numbers belonging to his clan. Mr. Jaffrey at once offered to take a bet with the Celt that the clan to which *he* belonged was more numerous than his.

"Your clan! *your* clan! who ever heard before now of the Clan Jaffrey?"

"Donald, I'll let your friends here be the judges."

"Very well, then, five pounds to a shilling."

"I belong to the *Clan Jaufrie*, so down wi' your dust." The name Jaffrey is vulgarly pronounced "Jauphrie."

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### A Glasgow Suburban Presentee's Fair Offer.

A MINISTER was presented to a living in the vicinity of Glasgow, who had a protuberance between his shoulders, arising from diseased spine, and a corresponding protrusion of the chest. The parishioners were opposed to a person of such ungainly appearance occupying their pulpit. The presentee heard of the dissatisfaction, and, being a personage of some humour and tact, convened a meeting of the malcontents in order to ascertain their objections.

"I have heard," said he, "that my settlement amongst you is not likely to be agreeable. Now, as I am not aware of any objection to my opinions or practice—my slender abilities for such a charge I admit—I should like, as we are all friends and brethren, and have only one object to serve, that you would state your objections."

One glanced to another, which was as significantly returned almost round the vetoists, but silence prevailed for some time.

"Speak out," said the presentee, "don't be afraid; I am not ready to take offence," upon which encouraging assurance one ventured to stammer out:

"Sir, you see! we—you see—sir—since I maun speak for my brethren here—dinna like your bodily appearance."

"Neither do I," was the reply of the presentee, "and if ye can get it repaired, I'll be at half the expense myself."

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### Mr. Cleghorn of Glasgow and the Herd Boy's Diet.

THE late Dr. Cleghorn resided for a few years preceding his decease in his beautiful villa in the immediate neighbourhood of Rutherglen, and drove into Glasgow, the scene of his labours, every morning. As he passed, the doctor noticed a remarkably fine healthy-looking boy, with a sunny cheerfulness of aspect, regularly attending a single cow by the road-side, which animal appeared not to be in such good condition as her guardian.

The doctor chose one beautiful morning to walk into the city, which he did in state, with gold-headed cane, and rose stuck in coat lapel—which emblem of the bloom of health constantly adorned the breast of the man of prescriptions, and reader of the sands in the dial of life. On coming up with the boy, whom he had been in the habit of observing, he entered into conversation with him, as follows:—

“Well, my good lad, you seem always to be remarkably cheerful; do you ever weary in such monotonous employment?”

“Weary!” replied the youth, “what guid wad wearying do to me? I maun wait till the cow’s time to gang hame, weary or no!”

“What,” continued the doctor, “do you get for breakfast that gives you such a rosy face?”

“Get,” said the boy, “what should I get but parritch, to be sure?”

“Ay,” said the doctor, “and what for dinner?”

“Parritch! sin’ ye maun hae’t, just parritch!” said the boy.

“Some change for supper, surely, my little hero?” quoth the doctor.

“Oh no, parritch too,” replied the boy, “and glad to see them a’ times o’ the day.”

“Is it possible,” remarked the doctor, “that you feed on nothing but parritch, morning, noon, and night?”

At this point of the conversation, an acquaintance of “the rustic parritch fed” hove in sight, to whom the patron of oatmeal called out:

“Losh man, Jock, here’s a man thinks every day a New’r Day!”

### A Glasgow Landlady and Her Lodger's Dog.

MRS. MACFARLANE was a lodging-house keeper in Glasgow, and, as a matter of course, a widow. Mr. Thomas Macfarlane was a lodger in her house, but, although bearing the same name, he was not related to his landlady. An elderly gentleman became a fellow-lodger, and Mrs. M.’s attention to Mr. M.’s comfort decreased from his appearance in the house. Certain articles, also, in the shape of estables, began

mysteriously to disappear. When this occurred, his press or cupboard was systematically ransacked, but, as may be imagined, the search was vain. One day Mr. M. came home to enjoy a nice little chop he had left safe in the cupboard when he left for his office in the morning. But, alas, the chop was gone! The landlady was summoned, and a conversation took place which is here reproduced *verbatim*.

Mr. M.—“Mrs. Macfarlane, where’s the chop I left in the press this morning?”

Mrs. M.—“If the chop’s no whaur ye left it, sir, the dowg maun ha’e took it; as for me, I ken naething about ony chop in the hoose this day!”

Mr. M.—“Is the dog in?”

Mrs. M.—“I’se warrant he is, unless he’s out amang the cuts at the back.”

Mr. M.—“Bring him in, then, and I’ll ask him about the chop myself.”

The dog, which belonged to Mr. Macfarlane, was accordingly hunted up, and brought into the room.

“Towser,” said the lodger, “did you steal the chop out of the press this morning?”

Towser looked first at his master, and then at the landlady, with an eye which neither lacked lustre nor intelligence.

The latter at once accused the dog of being the thief, by saying:

“Ye needna look that way, because ye ken ye stole the chop; and mair than that, ye ken ye stole a big beefsteak out o’ the same press yesterday, you thief-looking tyke.”

It so happened that Mr. Macfarlane’s press did not contain such an article on the preceding day, but that the fellow-lodger had met with such a loss, and duly informed Mr. M. of the fact. The result was that both lodgers gave immediate notice to quit their apartments, perfectly satisfied that the dog was not the culprit, and that Glasgow landladies were as bad, if not worse, than English ones. The widow was thus left, meanwhile, to chew the cud of disappointment, and to look out for fresh temporary victims.

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## Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod of the Barony on Religious Decision.

"I ONCE attended an old man on his death-bed," said the Rev. Dr. Macleod of the Barony. "He was very lonely and very poor, and more than fourscore years of age. He was naturally very shy and timid, and suffering from many unbelieving doubts and fears. It was sad to see an old man so far from peace with his Father; yet he had been a church member, and had led what is termed a quiet, inoffensive life. I found him, however, very earnest, inquiring, and thoughtful, but very weak in his faith as to the goodwill of God towards him, and in the freeness of the Gospel offers of pardon and grace to *him*.

"I felt much interested in him one afternoon I was passing his door. I had seen him the day before. His illness seemed to be the lingering weakness of old age. It was within a few moments of my dinner hour, and I had been labouring since morning. A strong impulse seized me to enter the sick man's house; but the flesh argued for delay, and pleaded fatigue and want of time, and to-morrow, etc. Yet the words, 'What thy hand findeth to do, do it,' rung in my mind. I entered, and found the old man very weak.

"'Oh, sir,' he exclaimed, alluding to a previous conversation, 'is the Lord willing to receive a poor sinner like me?'

"I again pressed a few truths upon his mind, and, when parting, I strongly urged the importance of believing in the love of God to him through Jesus Christ. In bidding him farewell, I said,—'As freely as I offer you my hand, and with infinitely more love, does Jesus Christ offer, as *your* Saviour, every possible good, and Himself as the greatest good of all. Believe, and *thou* shalt be saved!' He seized my hand, eagerly, saying:

"'I believe it!' and promised, according to my request, to resign himself and all his concerns in earnest prayer into Christ's hands the moment I left his poor and lonely room.

"'You will pray for me, sir?' he asked, as I was departing.

"'Yes,' I replied,



“‘To-day, sir?’ said he.

“‘This hour,’ was my promise, ‘but,’ I added, ‘no delay—no not a minute!—remember you are to pray immediately to Jesus, and to tell Him all your cares, sins, and sorrows, and to commit your soul to His keeping now and forever. Farewell!’ I sent for a person to sit by the old man, as he seemed weaker than usual. In about half-an-hour after parting from him, the woman whom I had requested to attend him came running to my door with the intelligence that *she had found him dead.*”

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### Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod's Account of the Execution of Dr. Pritchard.

ON the 3rd of July, 1865, Dr. Edward William Pritchard, a medical man of previously good reputation in the city of Glasgow, was placed at the bar of the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, charged with the murder by poisoning of his wife and mother-in-law, within or near the dwelling-house, Clarence Place, Sauchiehall Street. The evidence discovered him to be a polished, hypocritical, and callous criminal of the deepest and blackest kind.

A special feature of the trial, which extended over five days, was the amount and excellence of the medical evidence led for the prosecution and the defence. In this respect it is one of the most noteworthy cases in Scottish criminal annals. Pritchard was found guilty, and sentenced to be executed at Glasgow in front of the south prison at the Green, on the 28th July, 1865. The following account of the last scene was written by Dr. Norman Macleod of the Barony Church, in a letter to his wife.

“*Friday.*—Please do not excite yourself when you see by the papers that I have been with Pritchard to the last. I thought it rather cowardly to let Oldham of St. Mary's Episcopal Church do this work alone when we had shared the previous portion of it. So I offered to go, and I am glad I did. I saw it all from first to last; was with him in his cell, and walked at his back till he reached the scaffold. As to his behaviour, strange to say, no patriot dying for his country, no martyr dying for his faith, could have behaved

with greater calmness, dignity, and solemnity! He was kind and courteous (as he always was) to all; prayed with us with apparent deep earnestness; told Oldham to tell his sister that he repented of a life of transgression, was glad the second confession was suppressed, etc. He said before the magistrates, with a low bow and a most solemn voice:

“‘I acknowledge the justice of my sentence.’ He had told those about him on leaving his cell:

“‘I want no one to support me,’ and so he marched to the scaffold with a deadly pale face but erect head, as if he marched to the sound of music. He stood upright as a bronze statue, with the cap over his face and the rope round his neck. When the drop fell, all was quiet. Marvellous and complex character! Think of a man so firm as to say to Oldham:

“‘I am glad you have come with your gown and bands!’”

Dr. Macleod adds—“Strange to say, I felt no excitement whatever, but calm and solemn. I gazed at him while praying for his poor soul till the last. But I won’t indulge in sensation sketches. May God forgive all my poor sinful services, and accept of me and mine as lost sinners redeemed through Jesus Christ!

“I am forever set against all public executions. They brutalise the people, and have no more meaning to them than bull-baiting or a gladiatorial combat. And then the fuss, the babble and foam of gossip, the reporting for the press, etc., over that black sea of crime and death!”

Certain it is that this was the last criminal execution in public in the city of Glasgow.

## Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod Working and Rev. Dr. Watson Praying.

THE Rev. Dr. Macleod of the Barony Church, and the late Rev. Dr. Watson of Dundee were travelling in the north-west on some special mission, and had to cross an arm of the sea from one island to another. During the passage the weather became stormy and the sea so rough that there was the greatest danger of the boat being swamped. In

these perilous circumstances, Dr. Watson suggested that one of them should engage in prayer to the Great Ruler of the elements. One of the two boatmen who had been toiling at the oars till they were almost worn out, looked over at Dr. Watson, who was a man of small stature, and said :

" You may pray if ye like, sir, but this ane," pointing to Dr. Macleod, " maun tak an oar." Anyone who knew the worthy Dr. Norman Macleod, or who knows of him, can imagine what a hearty laugh he would take to himself at this practical remark, so much in harmony was it with his own ideas of praying and working.

### Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod's Story of the "Starling."

THE story of the *Starling* was suggested to Dr. Macleod by the following note which he received from the former editor of the *Reformers' Gazette* in Glasgow :—

"Suffer me to give you the following story which I heard in Perth upwards of forty years ago. A very rigid clergyman of that city had a very decent shoemaker for an elder, who had an extreme liking for birds of all kinds, not a few of which he kept in cages, and they cheered him in his daily work. He taught one of them in particular (a starling) to whistle some of our finest old Scottish tunes. It happened on a fine Sunday morning the starling was in fine feather, and as the minister was passing by he heard the starling singing with great glee in the cage outside his door, *Ower the water to Charlie!* The worthy minister was so shocked at this on the Sabbath morning that on Monday he insisted the shoemaker would either wring the bird's neck, or demit the office of elder. This was a cruel alternative, but the decent shoemaker clung to his favourite bird and prospered. If he had murdered the innocent, would the Sabbath have been sanctified to him?—Yours faithfully,  
PETER MACKENZIE."

From this brief narrative the tale was written; and as a literary production, it is remarkable as being without any love-plot. In his journal the author recorded :—

"I am writing the *Starling* for *Good Words*, to illustrate

the one-sidedness and consequent untruth of hard, logical *principle* when in conflict with genuine moral feeling, true faith *versus* apparent *truth* of reasoning."

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### Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod as a Sermon Reader.

THE reverend brother and biographer of the late minister of the Barony Parish Church states that, "Although at one period he occasionally wrote his sermon seven times before he preached it, there were years during which he seldom wrote any discourse fully out, but preached from notes in which the sequence of ideas was clearly marked. These notes, though often jotted on Saturday afternoon, were the result of constant cogitation during the week." The following anecdote is appended as a note:—

"He was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which a minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman, overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbour:

"Did ye ever hear onything sae gran'? Wasna *that* a sermon?" But all her expressions of admiration being met with a stolid silence, she shouted:

"Speak, woman! wasna *that* a sermon?"

"Ou aye," replied her friend sulkily, "but he read it."

"Read it!" cried the other with indignant emphasis, "I wadna hae cared if he had *whustled* it!"

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### Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod's Last Hours.

ON the morning of Sunday, the 16th of June, 1872, Dr. Macleod of the Barony was so much better that his brother left him in comparative comfort, and when Professor Andrew Buchanan saw him some hours afterwards, he was surprised at the great improvement which had taken place. He felt so refreshed after taking some food.

about seven in the morning, that he asked his wife to sit beside him, while he told her the deeper thoughts that were possessing his soul.

"I believe I will get better," he said, "but I wish you to record for my good, and for our good afterwards, that in this hurricane I have had deep thoughts of God. I feel as if He said,—‘We know one another; I love you; I forgive you; I put my hands round you;—just as I would with my son, Norman,’" and here he laid his hand tenderly on his wife's head, adding,—“I have had few religious exercises for the last ten days. If my son were ill I would not be angry with him for not sending me a letter. But I have had constant joy, and the happy thought continually whispered, ‘Thou art with me.’ Not many would understand me. They would put down much that I have felt to the delirium of weakness, but I have had deep spiritual insight”

When he was speaking of God's dealings, the expression of his face and his accents were as if he were addressing One actually present. Still more intimately, it seemed, than ever, his fellowship was with the Father and the Son. He again repeated that he believed he would get better, and that his latter days would be more useful than any former ones.

"I have neglected many things. I have not felt as I ought how awfully good God is; how generous and long-suffering; how He has *put up* with all my rubbish. It is enough to crush me when I think of all His mercies" (as he said this he was melted in tears); "mercy, mercy, from beginning to end. You and I have passed through many lifestorms, but we can say, with peace, it has been all right." He added something she could not follow as to what he would wish to do in his latter days, and as to how he—

"Would teach his darling children to know and realise God's presence."

Some hours afterwards two of his daughters came to kiss him before going to church. "He took my hands in both of his," one of them writes, "and told me I must come to see him oftener."

"If I had strength," he said, "I could tell you many things that would do you good through all your life. I am an old man, and have passed through many experiences,

but now all is perfect peace and perfect calm. I have glimpses of heaven that no tongue, or pen, or words can describe." The daughter who communicated this, states :—"I kissed him on his dear forehead and went away crying, only because he was so ill. When I next saw him he was, indeed, in perfect peace and perfect calm."

The church bells had for some time ceased to ring, and the quiet of the Lord's Day rested on the city. His wife and one of his sons were with him in the drawing-room, where he remained chiefly sitting on the sofa. About twelve o'clock Mrs. Macleod went to the door to give some direction about food. The sudden cry,—

"Mother, mother!" startled her, and when she hurried in she saw his head had fallen back. There was a soft sigh, and gently, as one sinking into sleep, his spirit entered into rest.

### The Tennants of St. Rollox, and their Great Chemical Work.

WHO, in and around Glasgow, does not know that characteristic local landmark, Tennant's Stalk, which is now of fifty years' standing, as the centre of an immense chemical industry? Yes, the gigantic chimney, familiar by its name to the ears and in the mouth of every denizen of Glasgow, and familiar also, as an ever conspicuous object, to their eyes,—just as truly, although not so majestic and sightly, as the dome and cross on St. Paul's Cathedral is to those of a Londoner.

Some forty years ago, or more, it was, if the writer remembers rightly, the subject of a genuine Glasgow prize conundrum, read, and voted on, at a competition got up by Anderson, the Wizard of the North, with the view of drawing a crowd to his legerdemain entertainment.

The conundrum referred to, was:

"Why is Tennant's Stalk like a swell?" and this was the answer to it:

"Because it wears rings and smokes!"

Charles Tennant, the founder of the great work of which the stalk is the prominent feature, when in his seventeenth

year, was thus referred to by our national bard, Robert Burns, in a friendly, rhyming *Letter to James Tennant of Glenconner*, the forebear of the family. The lines are:—

“And no forgetting wabster Charlie,  
I’m told he offers very fairly.”

After serving his apprenticeship in Kilwinning, Charles Tennant wrought for some time at the loom; but towards the end of last century had established himself as a bleacher at Darnley, in the parish of Eastwood, while yet a young man. An important episode in the life of Mr. Tennant, at this period, has been thus recorded on good authority:—

“At the time he first established his bleachfield at Darnley, in company with his friend, Mr. Cochrane of Paisley, one of his neighbours was the late Mr. Wilson of Hurlet, whose house overlooked the bleachingfield. Mr. Wilson was then understood to occupy a prominent place in that distinguished circle or *caste*, out of which the mere trader or dealer was rigidly excluded; but being himself a gentleman of great business energy, he took no pains to conceal his admiration for any who might be imbued with a kindred spirit.

“For some time the new industry was regarded with little favour by the grand neighbour. As the old man, in his younger days, however, had acquired a habit of early rising, he observed one summer morning, a smart, good-looking, young man, long before the usual hours, wandering in the green field with his large watering-can, dispensing its refreshing showers over the snowy croft carpet; next morning there he was again, before the lark had left its nest; and the next and next.

“On inquiry, he learned that this industrious young man was no less a person than the proprietor and vigorous manager of the new work. His sympathies were at once attracted to this enterprising neighbour, who was forthwith invited to visit the big house, and on further acquaintance he fairly won the confidence of the old man. Not only so, but Mr. Wilson’s fair daughter also was captivated by her new acquaintance, and, in a reasonable time, after going through the usual preliminaries, Miss Wilson became Mrs. Tennant, and this formed an important link in the chain that still binds the honourable name of Tennant to the fortune and progress of our good town.”

Mr. Tennant set himself to solve the great problem of how to apply the properties of chlorine gas to bleaching purposes; and his practical knowledge of the substances necessary for the process of bleaching as it then existed, led him at last to the discovery that the common substance lime possessed a wonderful affinity for the noxious gas, and hence could imprison it, so to speak, till its useful qualities could be applied in the most efficient, economical, and harmless manner.

The advantages of the discovery were at once appreciated. Here was a process that enabled the manufacturer to do the work of months in a few hours. The economy of the discovery, too, was immediately felt. It has been calculated that in the first year that the invention came into use (1789), no less a sum than £166,800 was saved by the process in Ireland alone. Mr. George Macintosh the younger mentions that the trustees for the promotion of the Irish linen and hemp manufacture voted a sum of money to the inventor; but he adds—"This proved truly a *Hibernian vote*; not one penny of the money ever reached the inventor's hands, who was paid with a cock and bull story, in the usual style of official honesty."

The Chemical Works were established in Glasgow at the beginning of the century, and assumed great dimensions. Messrs Charles Macintosh, James Knox, Alexander Dunlop, and Dr. William Couper—all gentlemen of substance and talent—became partners in the concern.

A new patent, more carefully framed, was obtained for the manufacture of bleaching powder, as it was called, the former patent having reference to the impregnated substance in a liquid form.

After a busy life, full of good to the city of his adoption, in which he enjoyed the privilege of being respected by all classes of the community, Mr. Tennant died suddenly at his own residence, Abercrombie Place, Glasgow, in 1838, in the seventy-first year of his age. His friend Mr. Henry Ashworth of Manchester, thus gracefully and lovingly estimates his character and worth: "Mr. Tennant was an earnest and indefatigable promoter of economical and educational improvement—an uncompromising friend of civil and religious liberty; while his own inborn energy of character and clear intellect placed him among the foremost of those men who, by uniting science to manufactures, have at once extended



their field of action, and entitled their occupations to be classed among the ranks of the liberal professions."

On the death of Mr. Charles Tennant, his son John carried on the works. He also was a gentleman of uncommon energy and ability; universally esteemed as one of the most honourable, upright, and benevolent of the merchants and citizens of Glasgow; "and every movement for the social, commercial, or educational advancement of his native city found a ready claim to his support. He died in 1878, aged 82 years."

His son, Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., of the Glen, Peeblesshire, a gentleman who in all the varied relations of life is nobly true to the honourable traditions and distinguished enterprise of the family, is the principal partner of the existing and flourishing firm of Charles Tennant & Co.

### **A Glasgow Rev. Doctor and a Tipsy Man in a Tramway Car.**

A TIPSY man one day got into a tramway car in Glasgow, and became very troublesome to the other passengers, who were so much annoyed that it was proposed to eject him. A kind hearted divine, who was also a passenger, however, interposed for him, and soothed him into good behaviour for the rest of the journey. Before leaving, however, he looked around with a scowl of contempt upon, and muttered some angry words with regard to the other passengers; but shook hands warmly with the reverend doctor, to whom he paid a rather left-handed compliment in his parting words:

"Good-day, my friend; I see you ken what it is to be drunk!"

### **A New-Made Glasgow Bailie on Stooping to Rise.**

A GLASGOW councillor being promoted to the coveted position of a bailie, gave a grand supper in honour of the event to his friends and supporters. Of course his health was duly



proposed in connection with his new dignity, and in the course of his reply he said :

"I canna but say, my friends, but that I'm proud o' the honour of being made a bailie of this great city, and I am even, I think, entitled to the honour, for I've gone through a' the various stages o' degradation that a bailie has to do to reach it!"

### A Glasgow Leader of Psalmody on Repeating Tunes.

At a meeting some years ago, for the practice of sacred music, in a leading United Presbyterian church in Glasgow, *the leader of psalmody*, as those formerly called *precentors* are now termed, in the course of some observations on Church psalmody, called attention to the want of good taste in the selection of tunes, which in most cases will not bear to be sung to any other words than those for which they have been specially composed. In one of them the last line of the verse, which had to be repeated, was, "And bow before the throne"; but, as sung with the repeat, it was, "Bow-wow-wow before the throne."

Another was equally ridiculous; the words were, "And for His sheep He doth us take," which, from a similar peculiarity in the repeat, was rendered in the singing, "And for His *sheep he'd*," "And for His *sheep he'd*," "And for His sheep He doth us take!"

In a third the repeat was, "O send down *sal*," "O send down *sal*," "O send down salvation to us"; while in a fourth hymn the females had a repeat to themselves, which, it is to be presumed, the spinsters would sing with heart and soul, "O for a *man*," "O for a *man*," "O for a mansion in the skies!"

Of course the effect of such outrageous solecisms on good taste, not to speak of the apparent blasphemy and indecency of them in many cases, can have no other effect than to destroy that propriety of feeling and conduct which should always exist among those engaged in such a solemn exercise. Our leaders of psalmody, therefore, ought to be more careful in their selection of tunes, and see that they are suitable to

the words. Above all, let them avoid *repeat tunes*, unless they are certain that incongruities can be avoided ; otherwise the consequences are inevitable, and the services, instead of having that solemnising effect which they ought to have, will only make the foolish laugh, and the judicious grieve.

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### Max O'Rell's

#### Visit to and Account of Glasgow.

THE following not over complimentary, and in some points rather burlesque description of Glasgow, from the pen of the racy Frenchman, Max O'Rell, here somewhat condensed, is from *Friend Macdonald*.

"At the time of the Reformation, Glasgow was but an insignificant little town with five thousand inhabitants. At the commencement of this century it contained about eighty thousand. To-day it is the most important city of Scotland, a city which holds, including the suburbs, very nearly a million souls, tortured by the passion for wealth, or by misery and hunger.

"If the importance of the place is recent, the place itself dates back more than thirteen centuries. It was indeed in 560 that Saint Mungo founded a bishopric there. Glasgow is the home of iron and coal. Coal underground, coal in the air, coal on people's faces, coal everywhere ! There rise thousands of high chimneys, vomiting flames and great clouds of smoke, which settles down on the town, and, mixing with the humidity of the streets, form a black, sticky mud that clogs your footsteps.

"The neighbourhood of the sea and the Clyde has been, and still is, a source of prosperity and opulence to the town. And here it behoves me to speak of the Scotch energy which has made of this stream a river capable of giving anchorage to vessels drawing twenty-four feet of water.

"In 1769, the illustrious James Watt was directed to examine the river. At that time a small craft could scarcely enter the river even at high water. Watt indeed found that at low tide the rivulet—for it was nothing else—had but a depth of one foot two inches, and at high tide never more than three feet three inches.

"To-day you may see the largest ironclads afloat there. This gigantic enterprise cost no less than £10,300,000.

"It was on the Clyde that Henry Bell, in 1812, launched the first steamboat. Since then the banks of the Clyde have been lined with vast shipbuilding yards, which turn out from four to five hundred vessels a year.

"Glasgow always had a taste for smoke. Before the war of American Independence, this town had the monopoly of the tobacco commerce. Colossal fortunes were realised over the importation of the Virginian weed in the end of last century. At present Glasgow trades in coal, machinery, iron goods, printed calico, etc. The Glasgow man is influenced by his surroundings.

"And now let us take a walk. The most striking feature of Glasgow is George Square. It is large, and literally crowded with statues, a regular carnival. It looks as if the Glasgow folk had said, 'We must have some statues, but do not for all that let us encumber the streets with them; let us keep them out of the way in a place to themselves. If a visitor likes to go and look at them, much good may it do him.' At a certain distance the effect is that of a cemetery, or picture to yourself Madame Tassaud's *à la belle étoile*. When I say *à la belle étoile*, it is but a figure of speech in Glasgow.

"In this exhibition of sculpture, I discover Scott, Burns, David Livingstone, James Watt, Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, [Sir John Moore, Lord Clyde], Thomas Campbell, Sir Robert Peel, [Thomas Graham, and James Oswald]. Some are on foot and some on horseback; [while] Scott in the centre of this Kensal Green is perched on the summit of a column eighty feet high. By dint of a little squeezing, it would be easy to make room for a dozen more statues.

"In Queen Street, quite close to George Square, we find the Royal Exchange—an elegant building in the Corinthian style—in front of which stands an equestrian statue of gigantic dimensions. It is Wellington—the inevitable, the everlasting Wellington. This statue was erected at the expense of the town for a sum of £10,000.

"Let us go up George Street, turn to the left by High Street, towards the north-east, and we shall come to the Cathedral, the only one which the frantic vandalism of the Puritans spared. I was told in Scotland that this is how it escaped. The Puritans had come to Glasgow in 1567 to

destroy the Cathedral of Saint Mungo. But a gardener, a practical Scot, of the neighbourhood reasoned with them in the following manner :

“My friends, you are come with the meritorious intention of destroying this temple of Popery. But why destroy the edifice ? It will cost a mint of money to build such another. Could not you use this one and worship God in it after our own manner ?’ The Puritans, who were Scots too, saw the force of the argument, and the Cathedral was saved. The edifice is Gothic, and very handsome. I recommend especially the crypt under the choir. The windows are most remarkable.

“Around the Cathedral is a graveyard containing fine monuments. I read on a tablet, put up in commemoration of the execution of nine Covenanters (1666-1684) the following inscription, which shows once more how they forgive in Scotland. Here is the hint to the persecutors :

“‘They’ll hear at resurrection day  
To murder saints was no sweet play.’

“Let us return down High Street as far as [Trongate and] Argyle Street, the great artery of Glasgow. After a few minutes’ walking, we come to Buchanan Street, the fashionable street of Glasgow—I mean the one which contains the fashionable shops, the Regent Street of this great manufacturing city. The houses are well-built, I do not say tastefully, but solidly. This might be said indeed of the whole town.

“Let us push on to Sauchiehall Street, and there turn to the west. We presently come to the park of Kelvingrove, undulating, well laid out, and surrounded with pretty houses. Among the well-kept paths, flower-beds, and ponds, you forget the coal-smoke for a time. At the end of the park runs the Kelvin, a little stream which you cross to get to Gilmourhill, on the summit of which stand the buildings of the University. The interior of these buildings is magnificent. The Bute Hall is one of the finest halls I ever saw : 108 feet long, 75 broad, and 70 high. A splendid library and all the comfortable accessories, which they are careful to supply studious youth with in this country. The University cost more than half a million. With the exception of a few other parks there is nothing more to be seen in Glasgow,

"I have seen poverty and vice in Paris, in London, in Dublin, and Brussels, but they are nothing to compare to the spectacle that Glasgow presents. It is the living illustration of some unwritten page of Dante. But there is money in Glasgow."

After the perusal of this, and this last in particular, well may we exclaim in the words of our national bard :—

"To see ourselves as ithers see us,  
It wou'd frae mony a blunder free us."

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### Max O'Rell at a Glasgow Church and on Scotch Religion.

THE racy Frenchman who lectures and writes under the *nom de plume* of Max O'Rell, in his *Friend Macdonald*, states :—

"Religion is still sterner in Scotland than in England. It is arid, like the soil of the country; angular, like the bodies of the inhabitants; thorny, like the national emblem of Scotland.

"One Sunday I went to a church in Glasgow. The preacher chose for his text the passage from St. Matthew's Gospel, commencing with 'No man can serve two masters,' and ending, 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.'

"About three thousand worshippers, careworn and devoured by the thirst for lucre, listened unmoved to the diatribes of the worthy pastor, and were preparing, by a day of rest, for the headlong race after wealth that they were going to resume on the morrow.

"What a never-ending theme is the contempt for riches! What sermons in the desert, preached by bishops with princely pay, or poor curates who treat fortune as Master Reynard treated certain grapes that hung out of reach.

"I was never more edified than on that Sunday in Glasgow, especially when the assembly struck up—

"O Paradise! O Paradise!  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see him near,

“ ‘ O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
 I greatly long to see  
 The special place my dearest Lord,  
 In love prepares for me ! ’

“ ‘ Ah ! my dear Caledonians,’ thought I, seeing them in such a hurry, ‘ it is better to suffer, even in Glasgow, than to die ! ’

“ ‘ *Mieux vaut souffrir que mourir*  
*C’est la devise des hommes.*’

“ By-the-bye, dear reader, how do you like the expression *special place* ? Do I exaggerate when I tell you the Scotch expect to find places specially reserved for them in Heaven ? If the Englishman has knocked down to himself the kingdom of Heaven, which he looks upon as a British possession, the Scotchman has discerned to himself all the best places therein.”

With reference to a similar sermon heard by him elsewhere,—the locus is of no particular importance, as it would apply equally well to almost any part of Scotland,—Max O’Rell writes :—

“ I had been to morning service with a Scotchman, and there again had heard a sermon on the worthlessness of riches. The minister had preached from the text, ‘ And again I say unto you : it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven.’

“ In my innocence, or, rather, in my ignorance, I had always seen in these words of our Lord a condemnation of riches—a condemnation without appeal, and looked upon the man who sought to be rich, and did not scatter his wealth, as persons who willingly forfeited all chance of entering Heaven.

“ On leaving the church, my companion and I began to talk of the sermon. The Scotch discuss a sermon on their way home from church, as we French people discuss the merits of a new play that we have just seen at the theatre. As we went along, I communicated my views to my friend. He turned on me a glance full of compassion.

“ ‘ It is easy to see, my dear sir,’ he said, ‘ that you have been brought up in a religion that does not encourage discussion. The result is that you swallow without resistance theories which would make our children start with indigna-

tion. If Christ's phrase could be interpreted in your fashion, it would be neither more nor less than an absurdity. He meant to say that it was more difficult for a rich man than a poor one to be saved, but not that it was impossible.' " 'But,' I began, 'it is impossible for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.'

"Here my companion's smile became more sarcastic. I foresaw that his explanation was going to stagger me, and so it did.

" 'You seem to be in earnest,' said he; 'let me enlighten you. There existed at Jerusalem, in our Saviour's time, a gateway called the *Needle's Eye*. Although one of the principal entrances to the city, this gateway was so narrow that a camel could only get through it with difficulty (particularly if laden). So Christ meant to say—'

" 'Enough, I cried, 'my ignorance is terrible, I never felt it as much as at this moment.'

" 'You see,' he added in a rather bantering tone, 'in Scotch churches there is no incense—but there is common-sense.'

"Nothing mystic in the religion of the Scotch. The Old and New Testaments are submitted to the finest sifting. Every passage is explained. They are served up as an intellectual food. Here people do not see because they believe; they believe because they see. Faith is based upon reason."

### **The Duke of Argyll and Mr. Darwin— as Told in Glasgow.**

THE Duke of Argyll, in a lecture he delivered under the auspices of the Glasgow Young Men's Institute, on *What is Science?* said he never thought the theory of development due to Mr. Darwin in the least degree inconsistent with Divine purpose and design; but many scientific men in the world are more Darwinian than Darwin himself was.

"I have seen some letters published in scientific journals from which it was quite obvious that the writers rejoiced in Darwin, simply because they thought that Darwin had dispensed with God, and that he had discovered some process entirely independent of design, which eliminated altogether the idea of a personal Creator of the universe. Now it so



happens that I have some means of knowing that this was not the attitude of Mr. Darwin's own mind. In the last year of his life Mr. Darwin did me the honour of calling upon me in my house in London, and I had a long and very interesting conversation with that distinguished observer of Nature. Darwin was above all things an observer. He did not profess to be a theologian or a metaphysician; it was his work in the world to record facts, so far as he could see them, faithfully and honestly, and to connect them with theories and hypotheses, which were constructed, at all events, for a temporary convenience, as all hypotheses in science must be before being proved.

"But in the course of that conversation I said to Mr. Darwin, with reference to some of his own remarkable works on *Fertilisation of Orchids*, and upon *The Earth-worms*, and various other observations he had made of the wonderful contrivances for certain purposes of Nature—I said it was impossible to look at these without seeing that they were the effect of mind. I shall never forget Mr. Darwin's answer. He looked at me very hard, and said:

"‘Well, that often comes with overwhelming force; but at other times,’ and he shook his head vaguely, adding, ‘it seems to go away.’”

This is exactly the language which we have expressed in a remarkable passage in the book of Job, in which that truth is expressed which every Christian holds—that in Nature we cannot see the Creator face to face, and that there are difficulties and veils between Him and the visible methods through which He works. *Behold I go forward, but He is not there*; backward, but I cannot perceive Him; on the left hand where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him; He hideth Himself on the right hand that I cannot see Him.

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### Rev. Dr. William Anderson and the Widow's Friend.

THE following characteristic story of this popular divine who was minister of John Street U.P. Church from 1822 till his death in 1872, is told on the authority of his ome-

time colleague, Rev. Dr. A. Macleod, afterwards of Birkenhead:—

In the course of reading the 15th Psalm he paused at the words, "He putteth not out his money to usury," and said:

"There was once in this church a poor widow, and she wanted £20 to begin a small shop. Having no friends, she came to me (her minister); and I happened to know a man, not of the church, who could advance the money to the poor widow. So we went to the man, the widow and I, and the man said he would be happy to help the widow. And he drew out a bill for £20, and the widow signed it and I signed it too. Then he put the signed paper in his desk, and took out the money and gave it to the widow. But the widow, counting it, said:

" 'Sir, there is only £15 here.'

" 'It is all right,' said the man, 'that is the interest I charge.' And as we had no redress we came away. But the widow prospered. And she brought the £20 to me, and I took it myself to the office of the man who had lent it, and said to him:

" 'Sir, there is the £20 from the widow.'

"And he said, 'Here is the paper you signed, and if you know any other poor widow I will be happy to help her in the same way.'

"I said to him, 'You help the widow! Sir, you have robbed this widow, and you will be damned, if you do not repent!'"

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### Rev. Dr. William Anderson and the Cameronian Elder.

THE Rev. Dr. William Anderson used to tell the following incident with much interest:—

"I had just," he said, "been licensed to preach, and was despatched to Kirkintilloch to officiate on the coming Sabbath. The mode of conveyance was by the night canal boat, leaving Glasgow at nine o'clock. The cabin of these vessels was so narrow that the knees of passengers sitting opposite touched. In the centre was a long narrow table, at the stern end of which sat a fiddler, whose business it

was to fill up the gaps between the political and theological discussions, which often made pleasant those otherwise weary night voyages.

"Opposite me sat an old grey-headed man, the whole make up of whom indicated a Cameronian elder of the 'straitest sect,' and on my right sat a young man, going to the same place, the twinkle of whose eye seemed to say, let me have some fun; and hardly had the boat left the wharf till he looked over to his old friend, and said:

"'Ay, David, man, say ye ha'e been in Glaskie, ha'e ye? It's nae a journey that everybody taks; and abune a', wha wid ha'e expected tae see you there!'

"'Weel, ye see,' replied David, 'ma dochter got married tae a lad there, and they wad ha'e me to gang there and see them.'

"'Weel, David, an' what think ye o' Glaskie?'

"'Oh, man, it's an awfu' place; it's abune a' ma thochts. I had nae idea o't, an' I'm jist gled to get awa' hame again.'

"'Weel, David, an' wha did ye hear preachin'?''

"'Oh, ye ken I gaed tae oor ain place, o' course; we ha'e a kirk in Glaskie, ye see.'

"'But ye dinna mean to tell me, David, that ye didna gang to hear Thomas Chalmers, do ye?'

"'Aweel, aweel (scratching his head as if in a dilemma), I's no say that I didna, but then, do ye see, it was on a Thursday nicht, an' I didna think there wad be meikle sin when it wisna the Sabbath Day; but, man, he's an awfu' man that! I never heard a man like him, for I was sittin', whan, and before I kent whar I was, I got up on my verra feet, streetchin' o'er the buikboard, wi' my e'en wide starin', an' my mouth wide open, feared I wad lose a word. But ca' ye yon preachin'? Na, na, it was rank, black prelacy; man, he read ilka word o't; na, na, nane o' that abomination for me—na, na.'

"I thought," says Dr. Anderson, "I might have a little banter with the old man also, and so I said:

"'David, you need not be so hard against prelacy, or read sermons, for ye know it is a fact, which you cannot deny, that ye read prayers yourself every morning.'

"With a smile of contempt, mixed with pity, the old man fixed his eyes on me, and, in a solemn tone, said:

"'Laddie, ye'll no ken wha I am, or ye wadna speak that way; for onybody that kens me, that has been an

elder o' the Cameronian Kirk o' Kirkintilloch for abune thirty years, wadna set sic a sin to my door; na, na.'

"'But, David, I have good ground for what I have said, and I know that you do read prayers every morning.'

"At this reiterated charge the old man's wrath began to wax warm, and rising to his feet he exclaimed in a passion:

"'It's a lee! It's a lee! Whaever told ye that I carena, but it's a black lee.'

"Feeling that I had, perhaps, led him far enough, I said:

"'Be calm, David, and answer me a question. Do ye not read the Psalms of David every morning?'

"'To be sure I do; but what has that to dae wi' the lee?'

"'Weel, David, are not David's Psalms the best prayers ever written?'

"The face of the old Cameronian relaxed into a smile, as he sat down and exclaimed:

"'Ay, laddie, but ye ha'e caught me noo; ye ha'e caught me noo.'

"'But, David,' I continued, 'I am afraid that, from the way you have been talking, you do not know what a sermon means.'

"'I shud think,' he rejoined, 'I shud think that a man who has been an elder o' the Cameronian Kirk abune thirty years shud ken what a sermon means, if onybody kens.'

"'Well, David, let me tell you that a sermon is a proclamation. Now you know that when the King makes a proclamation, it is written on paper and read at the Cross, and that it is not a proclamation unless it is read. Now you know that the Gospel is the proclamation of the King of kings. Therefore, as all proclamations must be read, so a sermon, being a proclamation, must be read, or it is not a sermon.'

"David looked dumfounded. The boat had reached our destination, and the old Cameronian, on stepping out, exclaimed:

"'Tuts, tuts, laddie, ye ha'e ower muckle Latin for me.'"

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### Rev. Dr. William Anderson on Ministers' Stipends.

"WILLIE ANDERSON," as the Rev. Dr. William Anderson of Glasgow was familiarly and good-humouredly called, was a great favourite on the platform, and, by his pawkie straightforwardness, carried all before him. He was once addressing a crowded meeting in the City Hall on some church finance business or other, when he had occasion to speak of ministers' stipends—at that time a more delicate subject for a minister to speak on than now—and he hit it off in his own racy, Andersonian style, as follows:—

"If a doctor comes to see you when you are dying he will drug you, and drug you, and, in gratitude to him, you will add a codicil to your will to the effect that he receives a considerable sum over and above his bill of fees. If a lawyer come to see you and make out your will, you will instruct your immediate attendants to give him a beautiful statuette, or a gold ring, in recognition of his services, for which services he will take care to be well paid besides. But for the minister, who, perhaps, of all three, does you any real service, who visits you daily, and pours out his sympathy and instruction unto your soul, you not only have no acknowledgment of service to make, but you often do not bequeath to him the poor reward of thanks."

One would think that courage could hardly venture further than this. But this was not all. The audience, by this time, were on fire with the justice of this droll exposure of unequal treatment for ministers, and the excitement blazed up to its full height when Anderson burst out in one of his good-natured furies into this further appeal:—

"And why should we be singled out for this unthankful treatment? I will ask this assembly of Glasgow merchants and professional men—Are we less gifted as a class? Have we less intellect or scholarship? I appeal to yourselves. We beat you in the classes of your boyhood. We took the best prizes out of your hands at college. And we could have distanced you in your own line of things if we had become merchants, or doctors, or lawyers."

When he had got to this point he was able to do anything with his audience, so he adroitly struck in forcibly with the business in hand, and carried his resolution *mem. con.*

## Napier of Shandon; or, From Blacksmith to Shipbuilder.

THE late Mr. Napier of Shandon, the well-known ship-builder, was one evening entertaining at his hospitable board a mixed company, which embraced distinguished representatives of the aristocracies of birth, wealth, and culture. An old gentleman, who happened to be present, alluded to the circumstance of the party being assembled on the fortieth anniversary of his wedding. His host politely corrected him, alleging that the previous day was the actual anniversary, and confirming his statement by a series of questions.

"You may remember," he said, "that, after the ceremony, you left Glasgow in a chariot-and-four by the road leading to Rutherglen, and, about a mile beyond the boundaries of the city, after passing through a toll-bar, one of your leaders cast a shoe. Fortunately, a blacksmith's shop (*Scotticé*, "smiddy") was close at hand, and a youthful Vulcan came to the rescue, put on a fresh shoe, and you gave him half-a-crown."

"Possibly you may be right," the old gentleman replied, "but I have forgotten the incident."

"Not so I," rejoined the honest shipbuilder, "for I was the young blacksmith."

## A Glasgow Patient's Last Doctor's Fee.

A WEALTHY citizen of Glasgow, who had the misfortune to require the frequent services of his medical man, was in the habit of having the gold always ready in his hand wherewith to electrify the doctor when he felt his pulse.

One day, on the doctor making his stated visit, the servant, with a rueful countenance, said to him mournfully: "All is over!"

"Over!" re-echoed the doctor with sad surprise, as the vision of his accustomed fee flashed before his mind's eye; and he then added:

"Impossible ! let me see him ; surely he cannot be dead yet ; some trance or heavy sleep perhaps."

Accordingly the doctor was ushered in to the sable apartment, lifted the hand of the pale corpse, applied the finger to that artery which once ebbed and flowed with life, gave a sorrowful shake of his head, while, with dexterous legerdemain, he relieved from the grasp of death two guineas, *the last fee*, which in truth had been destined for him. Then turning to those present, he said : " Ay, ay, good folks, he is dead ; there is a destiny in all things."

And, full of shrewd professional sagacity, turned on his heel.

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### **Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod's Translation to Glasgow.**

THE translation of the Rev. Donald Macleod from Linlithgow to Glasgow was deeply resented by the beadle, who also held the office of sexton, in which capacity his arrangement for the proper and final disposal of the reverend gentleman had been quite upset. When Mr. Macleod first went to Linlithgow, the beadle kindly took him into the graveyard, and showing him the resting-places of his predecessors, said :

" There's where Dr. Bell lies ; and there's where Dr. Dobie lies ; and there's where you will lie, if you are spared ! "

But when he found himself balked of this last arranged deposit, he said to Mr. Macleod on his taking his departure for Glasgow :

" Well, sir, ye are the first minister that was ever lifted out of Linlithgow, except to the grave."

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### **Rev. Professor Eadie's Sheep and Glasgow University Sermon.**

THE late Rev. Professor Eadie of Glasgow, member of the New Testament Revision Committee which held its sittings in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, was not

more distinguished for his erudition than he was, among those who knew him personally, for his genial humour and his ready wit. The well-known story of his famous Sheep Sermon, preached in the summer of 1860 in the little chapel at St. Mary's Loch, to a congregation chiefly of shepherds of the neighbourhood, gathered together by Tibby Shiels of the hostelry there, and which had for its text, "How much, then, is a man better than a sheep?" need not be repeated here in detail.

The oddity in this instance was simply in the text, which was evidently selected in order to rouse the attention and excite the curiosity of his special hearers on that occasion. The sermon was a good one, able, serious, and earnest; and, as it was popular, it was preached on various occasions elsewhere, the last time, presumably, being some ten or eleven years after its first delivery, when it was preached in the Glasgow University chapel to a crowded audience, the text in that case being, "What is man?"

The morning after it was preached, Professor Eadie left for London to attend one of the sittings of the New Testament Revision Committee, and soon after his return to Glasgow was met by the writer, who mentioned that he had heard him preach his old sheep sermon in the University chapel. The doctor said:

"You are quite right, but I must make that the last, as I think I have killed that sheep often enough now."

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### Rev. Professor Eadie on a Gynic's Couplet.

AFTER fully a quarter of a century of ministerial labour as pastor of Cambridge Street U.P. Church, the doctor was called to Lansdowne Church, which had been erected in Great Western Road, at the north-east end of Kelvin Bridge, by some of the Hillhead and West End members of his first charge, at a cost of £12,000. Some bitterness seems to have been felt on the part of some of those left behind, or, if not, in an ebullition of spleen, someone or other wrote on the wall of the handsome new edifice,—



"This church was not built for the poor and needy,  
But for the rich and Dr. Eadie."

Upon being told of which, the doctor smilingly remarked with a broad Scottish pronunciation :

"That is not for *eadification*."

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### Rev. Professor Eadie on Instrumental Music and Hymns.

THIS reverend divine was no musician, and made no pretence with respect to it, but with his usual breadth and liberality gave his voice and vote for liberty of use or no use in the matter of instrumental music in the case of each congregation. He did so at a time when such views were quite the reverse of popular, particularly among Presbyterian dissenters, to which section of the church he belonged. The feeling may be judged of from the ridicule heaped upon the plea for such liberty in a discussion on the question in one of the Church courts by the late Rev. Dr. Mackerrrow of the Bridge of Teith, who contended that if the organ were allowed to the churches in the Lowlands, those in the Highlands might prefer and claim the use of the bagpipes.

Dr. Eadie, speaking on behalf of liberty, mentioned the fact that he had preached to a congregation in England, on an occasion in which the psalmody was led or accompanied by a *fiddle*, and that he regarded the services as quite as devout and spiritual as any in which he had ever taken part. After his return from his tour to Egypt and Palestine, during the course of a discussion in the Glasgow U.P. Presbytery on the proposal to compile and issue a new Hymn Book, he made a lively and trenchant speech, in the course of which he criticised many popular hymns then in use as objectionable on the score of taste, doctrine, and fact. With reference to the last, he mentioned the popular hymn of Bishop Heber, which begins—

"By cool Siloam's shady rill!"

"The fact being," said the professor, "that there is neither shade nor rill!"

This is on a par with a criticism of Burns on a line of a Scottish song by a contemporary poet, John Tait, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh. As it was first published in 1775, it read:

"And sweetly the nightingale sang from the tree."

Regarding which Burns remarked:

"*First*, The nightingale never sings from a tree, but from a low bush; and, *Second*, There is not a nightingale to be seen or heard in all Scotland!"

The author, on seeing or hearing of this criticism, altered the line, thirty years after its first appearance, to:

"And sweetly the wood pigeon coo'd from the tree!"

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### Colonel Shaw and Joseph Barker : Christian Love Triumphant over Unbelief.

JOSEPH BARKER, who was once an infidel and lecturer against the Bible and Christianity, gives the following in his work, *Teachings of Experience*. He says:—

"A gentleman whose conduct left a very favourable impression upon my mind was Colonel Shaw of Ayr, Scotland. He was a retired officer, but being a real Christian, and a good speaker, he employed a considerable portion of his time in preaching the Gospel. How it came to pass I do not exactly remember, but it was arranged that he and I should have a public discussion on the divine authority of the Bible. The discussion took place in the City Hall, Glasgow.

"The colonel was so very kind and gentlemanly that I found my task exceedingly difficult. It was very unpleasant to speak lightly of the faith of so good and true a man, or to say anything calculated to hurt the feelings of one so guileless and so affectionate; and many a time I wished myself employed about some other business, or engaged to contest with some other man. At the end of the second night's debate we were to rest two days, and the colonel

was so kind as to invite me, and even to press me, to spend those days with him at his residence near Ayr. The colonel had given his good lady so favourable an account of my behaviour in the debate, that she wrote to me enforcing her good husband's invitation.

"I went. I could do no other. The colonel and his venerable father met me at the station with a carriage, and I was soon in the midst of the colonel's truly Christian and happy family. Neither the colonel nor any of his household attempted to draw me into any controversy. Not a word was spoken that was calculated to make me feel uneasy. There seemed no effort on the part of anyone, yet everything was said and done in a way to make me feel myself perfectly at home. Love, true Christian love, under the guidance of the highest culture, was the moving spirit in the colonel's family circle. A visit to the birthplace of Burns, and to the banks of Bonnie Doon was proposed, and a most delightful stroll we had, made all the more pleasant by the colonel's remarks on the various objects of interest that came in view, and his apt and ready quotations of passages from the works of the poet referring to the scenery amidst which we were moving.

"On our return home I was made to feel at ease again with regard to everything but myself. I felt sorry that I should be at variance with my kind and accomplished host, on a subject of so much interest and importance as religion and the Bible. The thought that on the evening of the coming day I should have to appear on the platform again as his opponent was really annoying. To talk with such a man privately, in a free and friendly way seemed proper enough, but to appear in public as his antagonist seemed too bad.

"When we started from Ayr to Glasgow in the same train, and in the same carriage, I felt as if I would much rather have travelled in some other direction, or on a different errand. But an agreement had been made, and it must be kept; so two more nights were spent in discussion—fair and friendly discussion—and not quarrelling. Neither he nor I gave utterance to an unkind or reproachful word. When the discussion was over, the colonel shook me by the hand in a most hearty manner in the presence of an excited audience, and presented me with a book as an expression of his respect and good feeling.

"I made the best return I could, unwilling to be outdone by my gallant and Christian friend. The audience, divided as they were on matters of religion, after gazing some time on the spectacle presented on the platform, as if at a loss what to do, or which of the disputants they should applaud, dropped their differences, and all united in applauding both, and the disputants and the audience separated with the heartiest demonstrations of satisfaction and mutual goodwill.

"The events of those days, and the impression I received of my opponent's exalted character, never faded from my memory, and though they had not all the effect they ought to have had, their influence on my mind was truly salutary. I have never thought of Colonel Shaw and his good, kind Christian family without affection, gratitude, and delight. He wrote to me repeatedly after my return to America, and the letters which reached us when we were living among the wilds of Nebraska were among our pleasantest visitants, and must be reckoned among the means of my recovery from the horrors of unbelief."

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**David Livingstone,  
The Christian Hero and Philanthropist,  
Welcomed.**

WHEN David Livingstone, former student of Andersonian University, returned to his native country for the second time, he was everywhere greeted with applause, as a token of the high esteem in which he was held for his noble courage, enterprise, and humanity. But amid all the exciting and flattering scenes through which he passed, he was ever the same retiring and modest Scotsman. He went with his daughter Agnes to see the launching of a Turkish frigate from Mr. Napier's shipbuilding yard, Glasgow, and after the vessel of eight thousand tons weight had been plunged into the Clyde, sending a wave of water over to the other side, they were of the party of invited guests to Shandon.

The Turkish ambassador, Musurus Pasha, who was also one of the party, travelled in the same carriage as Living-

stone. At one of the stations there was great cheering on the part of the volunteers who were there drawn up.

"The cheers are for you," Livingstone said to the ambassador, with a smile.

"No," said the Turk, "I am only what my master made me; you are what you have made yourself."

When the party reached the Queen's Hotel, a working-man rushed across the road, seized Livingstone's hand, and said:

"I must shake your hand," then clapped him on the back, and rushed back again.

"You'll not deny, now," said the ambassador, "that that's for you."

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### James Baird of Cambusdoon and His Brothers.

IN a review of "Memoirs and Portraits of One Hundred Glasgow Men," which appeared in the *Scottish News*, some of the following interesting particulars regarding this remarkable and wonderfully successful family are given.

"Iron has been, if not our chief trade, at least one of our leading industries, and there is a remarkably good paper on the great house of William Baird & Co. It reads like a romance how these seven sons of the sturdy Lanarkshire farmer, with no aid but their own brains and pluck, built up, in one life-time, the greatest business in the West of Scotland, and many colossal fortunes. They came of a sturdy stock, that, for more than two hundred years, had been tenants of the same lands in the cold, upland parish of Old Monkland.

"In the class to which their ancestors belonged are found, in the fullest perfection, all the special virtues of the Scotch character—perseverance, self-respect, integrity, foresight, prudence, resolution, thrift, with a dour determination to have their rights, that makes any attempt to wrong or browbeat them a perilous business. Like many others, they owed much to their mother's training.

"By all accounts she was a typical Scotch housewife, high principled, shrewd, humorous, thrifty, of untiring spirit, industry, and resource, a strict but devoted mother. She

might have sat to Solomon for his portrayal of the excellent woman. She looked well to the ways of her household, and neither ate the bread of idleness nor would let others eat it, and her children rose up to call her blessed. She lived to see them rich and powerful, but she had her reward not so much in this as in the tender and loyal love and duty they yielded her to the last."

The respective members of the family were:—Alexander Baird of Ury, born in 1799, and dying in 1862, who had been a member of the town council of Glasgow, and river bailie; Robert Baird of Auchmedden, born in 1806, and dying in 1856, who had been lord dean of guild in Glasgow in 1855-6; Douglas Baird of Closeburn, born 1808, and died 1854; William Baird of Elie, born 1796, and died 1864; James Baird of Cambusdoon, born in 1803, who was member of Parliament for the Falkirk district of burghs from 1851 to 1857. His great interest in the Church of Scotland was shown by his having, in July, 1873, instituted the Baird Trust, and devoted the sum of £500,000 for the promotion of the spread of the Gospel in connection with that Church. His death took place at Cambusdoon, near Ayr, on the 20th June, 1876.

An amusing anecdote, relating to this munificent gift, was current at the time, and even recently found its way into the columns of a London evening paper, but for its accuracy we are not prepared to vouch. The story is that the worthy donor and ex-M.P. was met soon after by another eminent ironmaster, who also sat in Parliament for the same district of burghs, and was specially noted for his sporting proclivities. Addressing Mr. Baird, he said:

"Man, for all the money you have given to the Kirk, I take ye a bet of five pounds that you cannot repeat the Lord's Prayer."

The bet was at once accepted, and Mr. Baird, after some little consideration and scratching of his head, began to repeat:

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green: He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by."

Upon which the challenger, utterly ignorant of the fact that this is the first verse of the Scottish version of the

twenty-third psalm, pulled a five pound note out of his pocket-book, and handed it over to Mr. Baird, with the remark :

"Man, I did not think you could have said it. Well, you certainly have paid by far the largest premium as a policy of insurance against fire that I have ever either known or heard of."

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### **The Millionaire ironmaster on Riches and Happiness.**

ONE of the worthiest and wealthiest ironmasters in the West of Scotland once travelled in a railway carriage with two young *hopefuls*, the bulk of whose conversation was the felicity of the rich, and their desire to be of the lucky and happy number. At length, one wishing to make known the moderation of his wishes, complacently remarked :

"Well, for my part I should be perfectly happy if I had a thousand a year."

"Na, ye wadna," unceremoniously interjected the possessor of millions.

"Well, if I had two thousands," said young hopeful, doubling his desire.

"Na, ye wadna," was again the response; which caused the young wisher after riches to go on adding to the amount of his aspirations, and ever receiving the same response until a pretty considerable sum total had been reached; on which the millionaire vouchsafed his experience in these words:

"I ha'e tried them a', and a great deal mair, and I'm no happy yet. Indeed, my young friends, I'm no sae happy noo as whan I was workin' at the forge, wi' my shirt-sleeves tucked up, for aughty punds a year!"

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### **The Millionaire ironmaster on Literature and Binding.**

A STORY is told of a West of Scotland M.P. and millionaire, whose literary education had been neglected, and whose

stock of scientific knowledge was altogether of a practical character, whom it would be invidious to name, but whose name, nevertheless, will be pretty well known in connection with the following incident to most readers belonging to Glasgow or the West of Scotland. It had dawned upon him, or had been suggested to him, that a *library* would be a right and proper thing for him to have to complete the outfit of his mansion, and, as it may be supposed, rather for show than use.

Be that as it may, a substantial and somewhat wholesale order is said to have been given to the Glasgow bookseller favoured with his patronage, in a way which showed that however great and profitable his knowledge of pig-iron might be, his knowledge of poetry and polite literature generally was all but *nil*. He is stated to have entered and said:

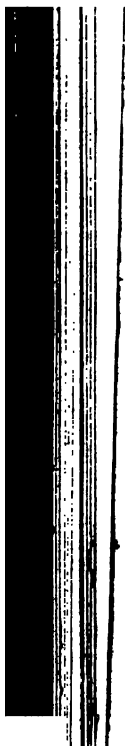
"I want a lot o' potry: there's a chap ca'ed Tennyson, and anither ca'ed Longfelly—gi'e me plenty o' them! I'll tak' sax dizzen o' them, and ony ither like them. Ye'll ken best yoursel' what to pit in!" History, fiction, etc., having been similarly dealt with, the bookseller inquired, with reference to the binding, whether he would like the volumes bound in russia or morocco?

"To blazes wi' Rooshie and Morokay baith! I want them bund in Gleskae, and as weel as ye are able to dae them!"

It is needless to add that the order was gladly and promptly attended to, and that the volumes would in due time be displayed like articles of furniture, similar to those in the library of a titled dunce, whom the inspired excise-man, Robert Burns, called for, and in a volume of whose handsome and elegantly bound Shakespeare he left the following lines:—

"Through and through the inspired leaves  
Ye maggots, mak' your windings;  
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,  
And spare the golden bindings!"









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