



WILLIE WHITE.

OLD REMINISCENCES

OF

GLASGOW

AND THE

WEST OF SCOTLAND.

BY

PETER MACKENZIE.

VOL. III.

GLASGOW:
JOHN TWEED, 11 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

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OLD REMINISCENCES OF GLASGOW

AND THE WEST OF SCOTLAND.

*I*ntroduction.

“There is life in the old dog yet.”—*Anon.*

“Is that you, Mr Peter Mackenzie?” inquired an iron broker standing the other day on the steps of the Royal Exchange. “Yes; as Paddy O’Rafferty once said, ’tis all that’s for me.” “An old friend, eh! with a new face,” retorted a rich retired muslin manufacturer, stepping forward and offering his hand. “Not exactly,” was the reply. “The face indeed may be somewhat old, but the lineaments remain true. What more can you have me to say?” “Oh, nothing to your disparagement,” observed the metal broker; “you are rather a favourite with some members of our family.” “Well, thank God, I am neither a Bull nor a Bear, ‘rigging the market,’ as the slang phrase of the day has it, to an infernal extent, which I hear has been often and flagrantly done within these six months last past, bringing discredit on the city, with ruin and destruction to not a few previously comfortable and happy families.” The broker got rather red in the face, turned his back, and went hurriedly away into the centre

of the crowded great inner room of the Exchange, to deal, of course, with his "scrip" as usual. We were beginning to descant a little further on this subject with two friends who accidentally appeared. "There never have been such bold, flagrant, gambling pig-iron transactions, Grand Trunk Railway schemes, and huge failures, of one kind or another, in this city, during these fifty years past." "Never," said G. R., the worthy old retired porter of the Royal Bank—"never in the creation: pigs and whistles!" and he moved his mouth with a genuine *pheew*, or whistle, reminding us of the days of old canny Robin Carrick and the ancient Ship Bank, at the corner of Glassford Street, who used to whistle at any great or small occurrence that troubled his fancy. "Castles in the air! My certes (continued the faithful porter), the honest decent trader now-a-days has little chance with these sporting billies and their big desperate stakes, or those mushroom upstarts or men of straw; or those other impudent braggarts setting up among us, who frighten away honesty from its usual quiet abodes, and make discounts, even in the Bank of England, by their machinations, to rise or fall according to the tricks of the day, or the success or non-success of their huge gambling transactions. The general axiom now-a-days is to *cheat* your neighbour if you can, and that to his very face in open daylight in the Exchange—the better the place the better the deed; yea, the cleverer the rogue is, the more is he thought of by some. 'He can smile, and smile,' as Shakspeare in Macbeth truly says, and 'murder,' or *rob*—which is sometimes worse than murder, 'while yet he smiles.' Why, in the days of good Nicol Jarvie, a failure to the small extent of £100 would have set the old Tontine coffee-room in an uproar; but disgraceful failures for hundreds of thousands of pounds

sterling, 'to rig the market,' in these modern times, only excite a small growl or a little palaver, inflamed, singular to say, by the want of a 'small private letter-book,' kept by a great bull or a greater bear, and put out of the way by a little urchin in his employment, of the name of Mackenzie, who strutted his little hour upon the stage—even in the purlieus of the Glasgow Police Office; but whither he has now fled, no one seems to be able or willing to tell. My conscience! (continued the old venerable Royal Bank porter) can no resolute Nicol Jarvie or honest David Dale now arise, or some intrepid Brougham, with a new besom in his hand, to sweep the city of these increasing and tremendous scandals? Can no code of mercantile law be adopted to lay roguery at once by the heels, or to place a burning brand on the forehead of the brazen-faced fellows guilty of avowed and wicked deception, whether on the highest or the lowest scale? In well regulated armies (our friend added), cowardly deserters are sometimes branded in presence of the corps, and drummed out to the tune of the 'Rogue's March.' Would commerce not be the better of some such code; for what is a fraudulent merchant but a cowardly deserter from the paths of rectitude?"

"Nonsense," replied a gingham manufacturer who had failed oftener than once; "commerce must be left free as kites to fly up in the open air." "And to come down again!" retorted a civic dignitary joining in the conversation; "to come down again with a vengeance unto the bowels of the earth, as old Mr Skirving, the esteemed auctioneer, was wont to say when engaged with the hammer in his hand—'Once, twice, thrice—going, gone!' But, soberly, who ever heard of 150,000 paper kites or more flying athwart the horizon of Glasgow, and flap-

ping, in their ascent and descent, the very boards of some of the best banks in the city?—kites, too, of another calibre in other directions, held by some with masks on their faces and guile in their hearts.” “You speak hyperbolically,” said another gentleman, approaching with a rather sleek face. “Ay, ay,” said Mr D. M’Pherson, an old member of the Highland Society, “I guess if the *Old Loyal Reformers’ Gazette* had been to the fore (here he took out his snuff-box and inhaled his pinch), it would have skelped the dreddums of some of these bulls and bears, and cleared the market of them in a jiffy, as Mr Coll M’Gregor, of blessed memory, was wont to say, “for the benefit of all the *bonam fidd’lies*.” “You mean *bona fides*—things of good repute.” “But never mind the Latin. Waes me the day (continued Mr M’Pherson), the *Gawzett* has gone to its final rest, with others of its ‘esteemed contempneronies,’ (*sic orig.*) of greater or smaller renown. Ohone! ohone-a-ree!” and he walked off with his staff in hand. We own we felt the poignancy of his last remark; and in a fit of humble resignation, simply uttered the word Amen—so let it be.

“What are ye doing *now*, Mr Mack?” inquired another old acquaintance who soon accosted us as we were proceeding quietly towards Mr John Muir’s old ram-stam book-shop near the Athenæum, where we sometimes pick up a rare article from that droll vendor, son of the late renowned Rev. Dr. Muir of St. James’s. “Doing! I really wish I had something of a substantial kind to do. I am only rummaging, as a Lord of Session once remarked, on the *pros* and *cons* of the day, or taking them to avizandum, or contrasting them according to justice with the things of other years.” “Oh then, I perceive you are bringing out some of your other *Old Reminiscences* again.”

“Yes,” we replied, with some glow of spirit—“they are now my limped stream of life.” “And taking wonderfully well, I hear?” “Yes, praise be blest: I have to thank the generous people of Glasgow on the whole for their kind consideration towards an old faithful servant, who never wronged them in thought, word, or deed; but has rather sacrificed the better portion of his life in doing things which some yet may be surprised to know.” “Yes,” added our friend, “from your own unflinching but truthful pen—thou loyal chap.”

“Stop these *Reminiscences* of yours,” said a purse-proud fellow with huge ugly bushy whiskers, which we never liked on any man; and we are not sure if many handsome pretty ladies, with their sweet rosy cheeks, will blame us for the observation. The fellow referred to came up to us very rudely indeed. “Stop your *Reminiscences*,” he said; “they shall never enter my house again. They are a mere catch-penny, not worth the paper forming the wrapper of them.” “Sir (recovering ourselves from this shock, the first of the kind in this shape we ever encountered, and looking at him steadily in the face), I never asked you to take them. I did not know you were getting them, and certainly they shall never enter your house, as you say, from my hands. But since you have spoken to me in this way about the *wrapper* of the book, I think you really deserve a good smart *rap* over the knuckles in an early number, for this rather insolent and ungracious approach. I saved your father, sir, as you ought to know, from transportation beyond seas; I gave your mother, after his disgrace, the first pound-note she ever drew; I got your brother and yourself into the charity school of my old friend the Rev. Andrew M’Ewan, near the Barony Church of Glasgow, who was afterwards rather cruelly

deposed from his living in the Church of Scotland for snaring a hare near his manse at Levern—(a fact); and this, sir, is the way you address me at this period. Get you gone, sir (we added). There are many—yes, very many excellent men in Glasgow not ashamed of their history, and eminently worthy of their wealth; but there are at the same time some sneaking, black-hearted, unfeeling, and very ungrateful wretches in the city, sweltering with puffed-up pride, miserable selfishness, and ungainly ends;—and you, sir, are one of the latter description—you ——.” Here he sneaked away without letting us finish another part of the sentence we intended for his insolent and arrogant ears.

“Very true,” said another friend, hearing somewhat of the above, and grasping us by the hand. “Lay on, Macduff, and ——.” We stop the quotation, but our readers, we dare say, know it very well.

“Can’t you intersperse your new book, Mr Mac, with some light, funny, original scraps, after the manner of Dean Ramsay of Edinburgh?” “Yes, I think I can,” was the plain answer; “and besides these, my friend, let me tell you that I have some scraps from Yankee Doodle papers of forty years standing, not, I think, collected or held in the same way by any other author from the Cross of Glasgow to Johnny Groat’s House; and that is saying a great deal for light reading of its kind, isn’t it?” “Yes, dear Peter,” catching us by the button-hole of the coat; “you have often tickled us by some of your own stereotyped couplets in the *Gazette*, headed with the lines—

‘A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.’”

“*Pardone moi*,” said a smart travelled friend advancing and participating in the above conversation. “None of

your 'light reading' for me, old boy. Give us substantial realities—true episodes—nick nacks worth the learning—and a bit of scandal sometimes if you please, provided only that it be justly deserved, for correction's sake."

"Exactly," said a fourth or a fifth old friend, also stepping forward and adjusting his great-coat—"please to continue, as nearly as possible in the old vein, just giving us some real stories about dear old Glasgow, polished up as you like, but sticking close to the truth, with other things, which may become, as the Rev. Dr Rankine of the ancient Ramshorn Church used to say, 'lights to our paths, and lamps to our eye-lids.'" He obviously bungled the quotation, and we were bowing and going away, yet he added, "Do, Mr Mackenzie—(and he said this in the blandest manner)—do try and dig out some other old Glasgow gems, which may afford to many of us some additional interest and no small gratification."

"I declare," said another very dear kind old friend, who here joined the group, and insisted we should tarry a minute or two longer on the spot, "you are, indeed, Mr Mackenzie, bringing back my own boyish days vividly before me. You are, as our exquisite departed friend, Cyril Thornton, of enduring memory, says in his book of that name, 'Cyril Thornton'—rich it is with Glasgow lore—you are 'refitting us with the silvery threads of time;' or, as I shall more plainly say, you are truly refreshing me with scenes which I thought had either fled, or withered away in memory's waste. Thank you, dear Peter; thank you." We really liked *that* last salute, and thanked him respectfully in return. "Yes," he added somewhat reverentially, for his years are more advanced than our own, "you have almost brought back from the depths of the very dust—ever precious to us all—and pre-

sented to my mind's eye many very dear departed and genuine companions, and awakened me to a sense of our own reveries in Glasgow, sometimes with a pang, and at other times with a laugh, mingled with a flow of mellowed tears. Oh, for the days of 'auld langsyne!' Surely we shall yet have a convivial tumbler over the heads of 'Major and Mary,' and 'Hirstling Kate,' 'Blind Alick,' and 'Jamie Blue'?" We signified our cordial assent to his proposal, whenever it was his pleasure to have it realised, and thus parted.

Next day, a smart young gentleman came to us with the following message as nearly as we can remember:—
"Mr Mackenzie, my mother sends me with her best compliments, and says that your *Old Reminiscences* have done her more good than she can really very well tell. She actually got out of bed the other day, to which she had been long confined, and showed us how to dance 'Babety Bowster,' which you had described in that funny story, which she laughingly devoured, about 'the two fuddled precentors,' both of whom she remembered perfectly at the very time my father was courting her at Kelvingrove. He has lately returned from the Philippine Islands, and is also much pleased with your *Reminiscences*, especially after dinner: some of your stories he says he remembers, but not the whole. And dear grandfather is also particularly well pleased when he lays his hands upon the book: it is really amusing to our young ones to hear him, after his nap on the sofa of an evening—he goes to bed early—entering with much animation, considering his great years, on some of the various heads, as he calls them, of your droll chapters; and even when he goes to dozing in his cozy arm-chair in the dining-room, he sometimes startles us by saying 'That's Peter! fetch me the new

number; it's worth the shilling, and a groat to the bringer of it to the bargain. I remember—,' and then he would start up from his calm slumber and rub his eyes, and desire to know when the next number was likely to be ready. My elder brother (continued the youth) was sent off in a hurry some weeks ago with his regiment (the 100th) to Canada, to do for the Fenians, e'en at the point of the bayonet; but he commissioned us to forward the book regularly to him at headquarters, for he liked much to hear of the 'Old Guards' of Glasgow; and, joking of you, he remarked—not ironically, but affectionately, I assure you—

‘That still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew!’

And so, Mr Mackenzie, to make my message short, mother has commissioned me to subscribe for *six* copies of the New Series this time—one for the Lieutenant, in Canada; one for brother, at Messrs Inglis, Ellice, & Co., Australia; one for cousin, in the Governor's office, Van Dieman's-land; one for mother's own sister, in Calcutta; and two for own use at home. Here's the cash."

We smiled, of course—who could be angry?—at this most agreeable young gentleman, and told him that he might yet become Lord Provost of Glasgow, as one of his ancestors really was.

In an hour or two afterwards, he unexpectedly returned. "Mr Mackenzie, please excuse me, but mother has been so pleased that I have seen you personally, in good health, considering all your many changes, that she has desired me to come back to you with her very best wishes, and begs you to come and take 'pot luck' with us this afternoon at half-past five, if you can." "I am just going," we replied, "to pay a promised visit to my old inestimable

friend, Mr L., at Hamilton ; therefore, cannot. He has refreshed me with some original stories in the old sheriff's office, in Nelson Street, worth telling about. There is not another man of my acquaintance alive like him. Therefore, please carry back my respectful excuse to your dear mother." "Then, sir, we shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you some other time in Bath Street ; but mother particularly requested me, if you could not come to-day, to beg of you to give some fresh stories about her early bosom friend, the beautiful Miss Logan, who should have been married, she says, to one of the former Dukes of Argyll ; and you are not to forget old Mr Alexander Watson, of Auchinleck, the ancient town-clerk of Port-Glasgow, whose case, she says, you brought to wonderful success in the House of Lords, when others in Scotland thought it a most desperate one." The young gentleman also mentioned several other things from a small memorandum he had in his hand, obviously dictated to him by his intelligent and highly respected mother, which we must not here notice. We promised, however, and promised truly, to take the matters he referred to into dutiful consideration, if spared so to do.

This sprightly young gentleman had scarcely left our office when an old, clever, and much-esteemed ex-magistrate of the city, of more than forty years' standing, approached us. "Hang it, Peter," said he, "you're a queer kettle of fish (I have been fishing at the Gairloch all last summer) ; but where in all the world do you get these stories ?" "Get them, dear Bailie ! Don't you recollect, I got some of them from yourself a long time ago, without, perhaps, suitable acknowledgment on my part." He stared. "Don't you recollect *Feea*, the poor Glasgow idiot boy, and the eloquent letter you yourself wrote me

about him, and the affecting scene in Charlotte Street?" His breast heaved; the fine feeling of the old magistrate revived; and there was a fervent shaking of hands; yea, and a glistening tear in the eyes of at least one of those two parties respecting the matter here hinted at, which may be revealed in the sequel, and which perhaps will bring tears to the eyes of those who may hear of it for the first time through these pages. It is here sorrowful to relate, that since these last few words were written the Magistrate referred to has "paid the last debt of nature."

We were wending our way in the course of that eventful afternoon up to the ancient College, and musing on its doomed and devoted walls, and from thence contemplating a visit to the Old Man's Institution, and to the Cathedral, and upwards or onwards to the beautiful Necropolis (favourite resorts these places have been to us for many long years past), when a voice whispered into our ears—"Whatever you have to write, Mr Mackenzie, write quickly; for the shades of evening approach. You are getting grey in the hairs, but still active, as you have been all your eventful life. Yet please remember and lay to heart the exquisite lines of the poet Tom Moore, which I have often heard sung very thrillingly under your own roof by one long since departed. It was the Canadians' boat song, and Mr R. A. Smith, the celebrated composer and musician of Paisley, who afterwards went and led the choir of St George's in Edinburgh, greatly to the delight of the famous Dr Andrew Thomson, one of the most talented men of his day in the Church of Scotland, joined, as you remember, in the chorus—

'Row brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight is past;

Uttowa's tide this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er its surges soon,' &c.

The humble writer hereof added—"Yes, my friend, I remember these circumstances very well—but 'the place which now knoweth us shall soon know us no more for ever.'"

It is an old saying *that*. Would that it were better attended to. Indeed, we earnestly desire to realise its significant but stern reality while we have yet another chance of doing so. We are therefore vigorously and briskly at work with the things we have all our lives been chiefly accustomed to employ, and that is pen, ink, and paper, for the revival of some olden things, besides the embodiment of a few queer old original memorandums which nobody else possesses in this city, for these have been treasured up in our own inmost recesses for many years. The unclouded glimpses of memory are yet sparkling around us. No black spot attaches to them. How long this may continue we cannot of course tell. We only know that we are blessed at this moment with good health and vigour of mind, which hoarded wealth niggardly amassed and held by others could not well purchase at any price; and if in our humble sphere, in spite of griefs, cares, and anxieties, by the continued blessing of God, we can in any measure contribute to the social gratification of our readers and fellow-citizens, or excite it may be the sympathy, or raise the merry laugh, or the virtuous indignation, or stimulate or restore the jaded memory of others, or bring something fresh to the knowledge of congenial, yea, or of querulous friends, whether at home or abroad—for this book, we understand, is likely to travel to remote quarters hardly possible for us to appreciate—

yet, whatever be its destiny, or whatever be our own final doom, our aspirations are, and ever shall be, for the prosperity of Glasgow in all its ramifications, civil or sacred—never forgetting the respect which is justly due to the exquisite new emblem of the city, lately improved and brought out by our accomplished friend, Andrew Macgeorge, Esq., with the co-operation of the Hon. John Blackie, ex-Lord Provost, and Mr Monro, Town-Clerk, and finally ratified and approved of by the Lord Lyon King of Arms. Whatever may be the exceptions taken to it in some quarters, every man of right heart in the city shall surely cherish the old memorable words, “Let Glasgow Flourish” — yes, we shall add, to latest generations.

Enough!—and really we had here intended to conclude this long, rambling—*rambling* is rather a good word to this fresh Introduction to our New Series. But the following interesting letter unexpectedly reached us from a gallant old officer formerly attached to the famed and noble Regiment we had previously written about, namely, the Scotch Greys, and we may be excused for now presenting it to our readers:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—Altho’ a stranger to you, I will offer no apology for thus addressing you, because I have been delighted with falling in with a copy of your *Glasgow Reminiscences*, lent to me at Cheltenham by an old friend of Mr Kingan’s. You have stirred up my old blood; it warms me towards you by those stirring articles you have given about Misses Hamilton and their gallant brother, my ever-cherished Commander, who fell at the head of the Greys at Waterloo. I have conned over your articles. I have wept over them, over and over, and over again. Excuse my frailty;—but I beg leave to convey to you an interesting circumstance which you have not noticed. When we were in the last decisive conflict with Napoleon’s Cuirassiers, our companions in arms, the Inniskilling Dragoons, were retiring to take up a new position beside us, and

their Colonel, saluting with his sword, exclaimed, 'Now, gallant Greys, we've *soaped* them (the French Cuirassiers); you'll now advance and *shave* them,'—and with that we went to the charge. You know the result. Our Colonel fell just about the time Serjeant Ewart clutched the French Eagle.

"I despair of seeing Glasgow again; but if I were within fifty miles of it, I would try and hobble thither to see you.

"I remain, my dear Sir, _____."

That letter, with many other things, and especially the laudatory notice taken of us by the Rev. Dr Norman M'Leod in his last September number of "*Good Words*," can only animate us with the glow which every author must more or less feel about his writings—crude as others may think them to be.

A different theme here thrusts itself upon us. Just as we had laid down our pen with these expressions, a respectable deputation waited on us to see if we could not introduce something in these pages about some old strikes and trades' unions in Glasgow, now becoming so prolific, if not dangerous; or at least setting society in many places at extreme variance with each other—very much, we think, to be deplored.

"Trades' strikes, and trades' unions! No indeed, gentlemen, I will have nothing to do with them. I may, however, refer you back to the opinion of Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., the Historian of Europe, about the memorable Glasgow Cotton-spinners' Strike in 1837-38, and to the foul and bloody murder connected with it then enacted on the streets of Glasgow, which occupied the grave consideration of the Lords of the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh for a lengthened period of several days, and so affected the health of the presiding judge (the then Lord Justice-Clerk Boyle) that he was excused from attending any other long trials for the rest of his

life in the Justiciary Court. Mr Alison was then plain Mr Archibald Alison, Sheriff-Depute of Lanarkshire. With a loftier title, he remains still the same good-hearted and accomplished gentleman. He addressed, as we very well remember, the Lords of Justiciary when they came next to Glasgow (Jan 9, 1838), pointing out to their lordships, as they requested him to do, and to the community at large, the pernicious, ruinous, and criminal nature of those strikes. The one alluded to of the cotton-spinners alone, in this city, at the period referred to, as the Sheriff and his then excellent Fiscal, Mr Geo. Salmond, clearly proved, entailed a loss to the community of Glasgow, one way or another, of not less than £500,000 within a very few months. And what, pray, did the cotton-spinners themselves make of it, we mean by that unhappy and tragical strike? Nothing but reduced wages, broken up establishments, weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Trades' strikes, and trades' unions! Such titles, no doubt, are high-sounding and pleasing enough to idle and ignoble ears; but in reality they are delusive, deceitful, and detrimental in the extreme. Strikes are but too often the instruments in the hands of a club of discontented parties, never at rest but when planning schemes of mischief. 'Unions' are truly the entanglements or snares for many simpletons gathering around them; or at best, they are but combinations for setting one class of society against the other, while the ring-leaders moving in those matters, as is pretty well known, generally contrive to plenish their own nests at the expense of their dupes, whom they mulct as long as they can by the clap-trap orations 'about the rights of labour,' and so forth. To what else can we ascribe the domineering displays not very long ago in this city, not

by all, but by too many of the working classes, stigmatizing their employers as tyrants, or other gross and offensive names, whereas they ought to have been addressed as considerate and thoughtful men, anxious to promote the prosperity of their country? In fact, the relation of master and servant ought to be regarded as somewhat analogous to that of parent and child. Has the child that browbeat his parent ever prospered? Can 'Labour,' we ask, with all its might, reverse the order of Nature, or control the gigantic mass of 'Capital' in these united kingdoms? No. The waves of the Atlantic itself may roll or dash furiously against the rocks of this sea-girt isle; but the rocks themselves significantly reply, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther.'" Perhaps we should not meddle with these things at all. They are, we admit, out of our latitude; but they are suggestive of an odd and amusing illustration which we read some years ago in an American paper, as follows:—

"A countryman drove his cart up to a grocer's door, and asked him what he gave for eggs? 'Only seventeen cents,' was the reply, 'for the grocers (the Unionists) have had a meeting, and voted to give no more.' Again the countryman came to market, and asked the grocer what he gave for eggs? 'Only twelve cents,' said the grocer, 'for the grocers have had another meeting, and voted not to give any more.' A third time the countryman came and made the same inquiry; and the grocer replied that the grocers had held a meeting again, and voted to give only ten cents. 'Have you any for sale?' continued the grocer. 'No,' says the countryman, '*the hens have had a meeting too*, and voted not to trouble themselves to lay eggs on the terms stated.'"

Let those who can draw edification even from the Fables of Æsop ponder on the above American story.

It is time, however, that we should now proceed, as indicated on the title page, to introduce our readers to a

group of remarkable Glasgow characters of bygone years, famous for their eccentric and peculiar habits, intermixed with social wit and innocent amusement, never since equalled or surpassed by any squad that have appeared on the surface of this great city. We shall take them up in their proper order; and while we endeavour to bring their very visages to the view of some of our old readers who can still recognise and remember them perfectly, we are not without hopes that they, at the same time, will afford some amusement to that class of our younger readers who like to hear for the first time of some of the diverting and traditional stories of dear old Glasgow, which their own relatives, now no more, probably witnessed to the life, sometimes with irresistible laughter, and at other times with deep emotion. It were a pity, we think, if the remarkable characters referred to were allowed to pass away into utter oblivion, or not recorded in some way or other, as they deserve to be. Several attempts, we are aware, have been already made to do so; but not in any precise, authentic, or tangible form. Hence we undertake the present work, with all its imperfections, on our own head.

But still we must be excused for deviating a little from the course we originally contemplated, in order that we may disclose to our readers the extraordinary case of umquhil Alexander Watson, the ancient Town-Clerk of Port-Glasgow, which, we think, is well worthy of appearing in print, for the first time, in this publication. The key for the opening of this marvellous case will be found from the following letter we had the honour of receiving more than thirty years ago from the late Wm. Barr, Esq., of Drums, who latterly received from the Crown the appointment of Sheriff-Clerk of the County of Renfrew:—

“ PAISLEY, 5th March, 1835.

“ My Dear Mackenzie,—I beg leave to introduce you to the bearer hereof—namely, Alexander Watson, or, as he is called amongst us, *Saunders Watson*, a poor old weaver from the village of Houston. He is very anxious to see you, because he learns, what others have done, that you have often brought hidden things from darkness unto light, and that you always are the poor man’s friend on the side of justice. I believe him to be a very honest man. I further believe on soul and conscience that he is the lawful heir, though distantly removed, to the late Mr Alexander Watson, Town-Clerk of Port-Glasgow, whom I very well knew, and consequently to his estate and property. This also I know is the opinion of Sir John Maxwell, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Sir William Napier, Mr Speirs of Elderslie, and our mutual friend Mr Wallace of Kelly, and indeed of all the county gentlemen of Renfrewshire: but the poor weaver has lost his case, and been defeated of his rights, by an unanimous judgment of the Court of Session against him, who have preferred another set of claimants altogether. The poor weaver is helpless, but not hopeless. If you take him by the hand, or devise any means to obtain justice for him, he says he will travel on the soles of his feet to see Lord *Brucham*, as he calls the Chancellor in the House of Lords; nor do I despair that you will yet make him one of the lairds of Renfrewshire. But, at all events, do me the favour to read his papers, and give me your candid opinion of the whole case.—Yours sincerely,

“ W. BARR.

“ P.S.—You will please understand that *Sandy*, the bearer, has not one farthing to rub upon another for his plea; but the Town-Clerk, dying intestate, has left nearly £30,000—and the weaver says he will divide the bakes with you. It is a singular case altogether; but I am rather dismayed by that unanimous judgment of the Court against him.

“ W. B.”

“ GLASGOW, 13th March, 1835.

“ Dear Mr Barr,—I have read the papers. I think the old weaver is in the right, and that the learned judges are in the wrong. I really think he has been circumvented by a parcel of perjured conspirators who are clutching the old Town-Clerk’s property,

and that the judges have been imposed upon; but the case, you know, is final here, and can only be opened up by an appeal to the House of Lords. I will dip deeper into the whole affair, and let you know by-and-bye.—Yours faithfully,

“PETER MACKENZIE.”

CHAPTER I.

THE ANCIENT TOWN-CLERK OF PORT-GLASGOW: A TRUE STORY OF MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO, WITH SOME MARVELLOUS EVENTS ON THE CLYDE.

“ We ne'er shall look upon his like again.”

Not many months ago the venerable Mr John Buchan, Town-Clerk of Port-Glasgow, departed this life, justly esteemed by all who knew him: and this, with the recollection of the above correspondence, leads us to notice now his remarkable predecessor in the same office—viz., Alexander Watson of Auchinleck, who died at Port-Glasgow, in a ripe old age, on the 11th of September, 1825.

In early life he was a brisk, jovial boon companion, and enjoyed the best society which Port-Glasgow and the neighbouring town of Greenock afforded. It may not be uninteresting here to remark, that towards the middle of the seventeenth century our own citizens of Glasgow began, for the first time in their history, to show an active spirit for domestic trade and foreign enterprise. The river Clyde, at the Broomielaw, might then be said to be a pure narrow, limpid stream, only capable of floating vessels of a very few tons burthen, coming from Rothesay or Campbelton with fresh or salted herrings; and therefore our olden sires, looking farther down the river, began to imagine that the water at the royal burgh

of Dumbarton, running up to the pretty Vale of Leven, would be an admirable haven for the extended traffic to and from Glasgow. Accordingly, it is matter of record that the magistrates of Glasgow proposed to the magistrates of Dumbarton to make an extensive harbour at the latter place for the mutual convenience of all. But, strange to say, the magistrates of Dumbarton took it into their heads that this proposed new harbour in that place would bring desolation on the burgh from the increased influx of strange mariners and other kinds of people, who, they solemnly declared, "would absorb all the usual provisions of the place," and thus leave the old burgesses to starve! The laws, certainly, whether of social science or mercantile enterprise, seem little to have been understood at that time in the quarter referred to. At a much more recent period, yea, within these last fifty or sixty years, we remember an old enterprising burgher of Dumbarton, whose name was James Lang. He was a grocer in the royal burgh, and albeit a member of the town council thereof, he kept stores of every conceivable kind—nails, tackets, and other nick-nacks, all, as he said, for the outward as well as the inner man; and his shop was so greatly plenished that he got the name of "Jamie a' things." He made a great deal of money in that shop in the High Street of Dumbarton; and, after doing so, he took a very foolish notion into his head, as some thought, that he could enlarge the harbour of the ancient burgh himself, on which the magistrates of Glasgow had previously set their hearts, but which his predecessors in office had foolishly resisted; and that he would, by his own means, bring renown on the royal burgh of Dumbarton, as Wallace with his mighty sword had done before.

With that view, this old rich grocer purchased some

swampy lands on the confines of the river Leven, not far from the Castle and the Parish Church, which church was then occupied by a very famous man—viz., the Rev. James Oliphant, who edited an edition of the Shorter Catechism, and whom we have often seen discoursing eloquently in the pulpit. He died in the year 1818, in the eighty-fourth year of his age and the fifty-fourth of his ministry. We may here observe that some of his unique sermons made a deep impression upon us in our early teens. On one occasion he was rather irritated at seeing some of his hearers from the country rising and leaving their seats before the close of the afternoon service. "Stop!" he exclaimed, thumping his Bible with great force; "stop, I tell you, for I learn that all the *sinner*s in this congregation abruptly leave their seats before the proper time; but I hope all the *saint*s will decently sit out the service." This, of course, had the desired effect. On another occasion he was lecturing on that wonderful event described in Holy Writ, namely, the Temptation in the Wilderness; and quoting and recurring once and again to the passage where the Devil says to our blessed Saviour, "All these things will I give unto thee, if thou fall down and worship me,"—the rev. orator solemnly paused, and then burst out with great vehemence and indignation as follows:—"Satan gie Christ all these things! Foul thief, great liar, Satan had not the breadth of his hand to give." Another time, lecturing on the apostle Peter's statement to our Saviour, in the text, "Lo we have left all and followed thee," he rubbed his venerable chin for a moment or two, as was his wont, and repeating the passage, he burst out with the exclamation, "A pair all for the apostle Peter to gie" (here our worthy grandmother hugged our young

ribs at the mention of the name), “a pair (poor) all for the apostle to gie, and to make a boast of it in that way, when he had only a wee bit cobble and a wheen auld nets to gie!” On a later occasion, a jolly, rollicking member of his congregation, a thriving farmer from the Murrochs, on the estate of Levenside, had made a breach against the Seventh Commandment, for which the cutty stool in those days was the prescribed penance in this and other parts of Scotland. The minister’s sight was getting rather dim by reason of his great age, so when he arose to administer the rebuke, on looking to the cutty stool underneath the pulpit, he saw no culprit there. He cried out—“Whaur is he? Whaur are ye, sir, from the Murrochs?” No response was made. The rev. orator was getting rather ruffled and displeased at the apparent contempt of his ecclesiastical authority, and one of his elders stepped up to the side of the pulpit and whispered into the minister’s ears, that “the offender was sitting quietly in his ain seat.” This fairly roused the wrath of the divine, and he broke out in this wise—“In his ain seat! Is he really sitting in his ain seat? But does he think I’m going to make a black stool in every corner o’ the kirk for him? Na, na; send him directly to the other end of the house (round the corner of the kirk),” and there the transgressor sheepishly went accordingly, and stood his rebuke. On many occasions the *viva voce* illustrations of the Rev. Mr Oliphant were rich, powerful and striking in the extreme both for young and old people. Some of these are noticed by Mr Irving in his History of Dumbartonshire; but we must here close with the above few specimens turned up from our own recollections, and we hope our readers will not be offended at any of them.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVAL SHIPPING PORTS OF GLASGOW, DUMBARTON,
AND PORT-GLASGOW.

“The varied fields of Science, ever new,
Opening and wider opening on her view,
She ventures onward with a prosperous force,
While no base fear impedes her in her course.”

MR JAS. LANG, referred to in the preceding chapter, was going on erecting at vast expense some solid embankments, as he conceived, for his new harbours in the royal burgh of Dumbarton, but the floods came and swept them away, involving him in utter ruin. But since his demise, long ago, a new order of events has arisen; for, whereas up to his day the ancient burgh could only boast of a few gabbarts and scows of paltry value, it has since launched, to all parts of the world, immense ships of thousands of tons burthen, amounting in value to millions of pounds sterling, and still on the increase, while “*Jamie a’ things*,” the pioneer of them all, is nearly forgotten, or left without any statue to record his name in that his native place. Passing from that remarkable man, it is curious to notice that our own ancient magistrates of Glasgow, nettled, as they had great reason to be, at the childish and absurd notions of the magistrates of Dumbarton refusing to allow them to erect a commodious

harbour as above stated, turned their attention to the opposite side of the river, and to what was called the then small "village of Newark," now the busy town of Port-Glasgow, which has seen many ups and downs in its day, as we shall rapidly notice. The magistrates of Glasgow, to the chagrin of the magistrates of Dumbarton, readily purchased, for less than a thousand pounds, some ten or fifteen acres of ground, near Newark, nineteen miles below Glasgow, from Sir Robert Maxwell, the then lord of the manor; and having got a plan for their new projected town, they proceeded to erect commodious harbours, which the nature of the place, as may be seen at this day, admirably afforded. Here it was that the first graving dock in Scotland was formed in the year 1760. The old Castle of Newark is still a very prominent object on the Clyde. It bears the arms of the Maxwell family, its original proprietors, with the following inscription on the main entrance:—"THE BLESSING OF GOD BE HEREON. ANNO MDXCVII." Such, then, is a brief account of the early rise and history of Port-Glasgow.

Here also it was that the very first steamer which ever existed and plied in Great Britain was actually built. We refer to the original celebrated steamer of Henry Bell, yeleft the "Comet," of twenty-five tons burthen, and three horse-power! Fortunately for Port-Glasgow, and fortunately, we shall say, for this empire, there was born in Port-Glasgow a much more important person than the Town-Clerk thereof, whose life we are now entering upon. We refer to the late Mr John Wood, who arose to become one of the most talented and successful shipbuilders in this kingdom. He was blessed with a delightful family. The Town-Clerk never had any family. He lived and died in a state of "single blessedness," as it has been

called—if, indeed, there be any blessedness in that state at all.

Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more.

Old Mr John Wood, to whom we have thus briefly referred, educated his two sons—viz., John and Charles,—for the shipbuilding trade, in the most superior manner. They soon became the brightest ornaments of their profession on the Clyde. Ample justice has never yet been done to their memory, and it is not for our feeble hands to do so; but a few brief passages concerning them may be excusable in this place.

John was born at Port-Glasgow, 10th October, 1788. Charles was born in the same place, 27th March, 1790.

On their father's death, in 1811, when they were yet comparatively young men, they succeeded to his business under the firm of John Wood & Co., shipbuilders, Port-Glasgow. They had the good fortune, by a singular accident—sailing over one summer Saturday afternoon in a small boat to the Baths of Helensburgh—to become there acquainted with Henry Bell, who had just recently taken up those famous baths, with his wife, as tenant. Henry Bell was then ransacking his own self-educated brains with the plans about his tiny little steamer; and the result was that John and Charles Wood took the measurement thereof, and agreed to build the projected steamer at Port-Glasgow in the way as is above and afterwards stated. About that period a Comet had appeared in the skies, dazzling the eyes and astonishing everybody who had viewed it from the earth; so the happy idea entered into the heads of these three worthies that they would call this vessel the "Comet:" and certainly she astonished the natives, when launched, as

Walsburygh Bath: 24 January 1813

Jan 30 April

£100 = u - ~~the~~

After months of test date I propose to pay
Messrs. John Wood & Co Ship builders in North Glasgow
as they order at the counter of house of Messrs. A & J
Noble & Co in Glasgow the sum of one
thousand pounds Messrs. of for value. —

Yours
Henry Bell

much almost as the real comet did when careering in the heavens.

It may be somewhat amusing now-a-days to give the dimensions of that wonderful vessel, as follows:—The “Comet,” then, was only 40 feet long, 12 feet beam, and of three-horse power, as before stated! We had the felicity of seeing her started on her first trip to Glasgow; and retain in our possession one of the first cabin tickets issued by the hands of Henry Bell himself.

The wonderful success of this first steamer soon led Messrs John and Charles Wood, at Port-Glasgow, to build five or six other steamers, the first of their kind ever seen in Great Britain, followed, as we now all see and know, by the most astonishing results. This, indeed, may be described as “the *New Era*” which has resulted in bridging the mighty Ocean literally with floating palaces, and bringing all the ends of the earth together. The following is a true copy of the original bill which Henry Bell granted to Messrs John Wood & Co. for the price of the celebrated “Comet,” a *fac simile* of which, as written in his own hand, will be given with the present volume:—

Due 30 April,
£100 : : stg.

HELENSBURGH BATHS, 27 January, 1813.

Three Months after date I Promas to pay Messrs John Wood & Co., shipbuilders in Port-Glasgow, on their order at the counting-house of Messrs A. & Jn. Newbigging & Co., in Glasgow, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling for valaw.

HENRY BELL.

We may tell a singular story about that bill by-and-bye. It was never paid. Payment of it, indeed, was never exacted. The genius of its granter only led him into perpetual monetary difficulties through his life long. He was horned and captioned on another bill for £52, as part

of the price of the engine of the "Comet," to old Mr John Robertson, of Glasgow, who still survives.

We may here further observe that we have several original letters of Henry Bell in our possession, written by him from the Baths of Helensburgh, about the old "Comet," which, from their style of composition and stenography, may astonish and amuse our readers as coming from such a singular man. In particular, we have letters from Mr Henry Bell to his good friend, Mr Archibald Wright, the old famous druggist in the Trongate of Glasgow, whom some yet in this city may remember, about the druggist treating for "twa shairs" (*sic orig.*) of the "Comet," at £50 each "shair," but beaten down for £45 ready cash; and acknowledged to be settled by a *chack* (*sic orig.*) on Messrs Carrick, Brown, & Co., of the Old Ship Bank of Glasgow. These we may also give under a different head at another time.

In the year 1813, John and Charles Wood built the *second* steamer on the Clyde, called the "Elizabeth"—fifteen feet larger than the "Comet," and of eight horse-power; and in the following year they built the *third* steamer, naming it as the "Clyde," ten feet larger, and of twelve horse-power—deemed to be, in these days, most wonderful progressions. But again, in the year 1816, they built the *fourth* steamer, which they called the "Glasgow," of fourteen horse-power—still, our readers will observe, increasing that power, though in small degrees compared with the marvellous or miraculous rates now existing. This steamer, the "Clyde," we may further remark, was the very first steamer then in existence that ventured so far out to sea as "the Island of Cumbrae;" and when the adventurous voyagers, as they were then regarded, viz., John and Charles Wood, left Port-Glasgow on this trip, their

friends gathered anxiously round them on the quay of Port-Glasgow and bade them farewell, as "tempting Providence" on a most perilous and dangerous voyage!

An incident here occurs, which we give on the authority of Mr Scott Russell. His venerable friend, Mr David Napier, then a very young man in Glasgow, hearing of this "tempting of Providence" on the part of Messrs Wood, determined that he would go to sea himself and learn what it meant. So the captain of the ship in which he embarked observed him between Greenock and the Cumbraes anxiously looking over the bow of the ship into the sea, and every now and then asking the captain—"Captain, do you call this a very heavy sea?" "No sir; it is only a fresh breeze," replied the captain. Then Mr Napier would go back to his place at the bow of the vessel. The breeze quickened. Mr Napier again hailed the captain—"Captain, do you call this a heavy sea?" At last the captain answered—"Well, young man, this is really the heaviest sea I have ever witnessed in this quarter all my life." "Oh, then," rejoined Napier, rubbing his hands, "*I'll manage it.*" And sure enough he did manage it, like the boldest Highlander that ever breathed; for he afterwards built the "Rob Roy" steamer, the first of its kind that ever crossed the sea from Glasgow to Belfast.

We cannot enumerate all the many vessels that Messrs Wood built at Port-Glasgow. But one other very striking one deserves notice. Seeing from their own daily observation that very many ships and vessels were often retarded by wind and weather on their voyages to and from the Clyde, they sketched out the plan for a new description of steamers altogether; and they called this other original

vessel the "Tug." Hence the now familiar name. Hence the swarm of *tug* steamers—lending such prodigious facility to the trade and commerce of the world. Nor is this all. Charles Wood, the younger brother, was actually the first that pointed out the practicability of building steam vessels to run from Leith to London! He it was that originally designed the first celebrated steamer for that station—appropriately called the "James Watt." In the year 1818 the elder brother, John Wood, suggested the plan of propelling steamers by the *screw*. He it was that drafted and built the then more splendid steamer, the "Europa"—the first that traversed the sea from Britain to America—the first in connection with the celebrated Cunard line of steamers, now assuming such gigantic proportions, and thus connecting the Old with the New World. In 1844 John Wood was awarded a silver medal from the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, in testimony of his great merits. But Charles, his brother, though not so rewarded, was a still more versatile genius. Not confining himself to shipbuilding alone, he sketched out a remarkable plan for traversing the world with *railways*! Through the kindness of his nephew, Mr David Gilkison, J.P., of Port-Glasgow, we have a plan, under the hands of Charles Wood, of date the 29th Sept., 1821, dotting the earth with railways. "Being," as he graphically states (we are now using his own words), "an attempt to *trace* something of the probable course of railways, which may possibly be formed in succeeding years, and brought on by the common course of things." The man, for so saying, was laughed at in his day. But he has become a philosopher at last. In another part of his plan he calculates the distance, *via* railway, from London to Canton, the capital of China, at 8000 miles; and at the

speed of 20 miles per hour, he says, the journey could be accomplished in eighteen days ; or, at the increased speed of 80 miles per hour (sometimes now done in England), it could be accomplished in four days and a half. From Constantinople to Calcutta—this sage and clever man, actually scoffed at in his lifetime—calculated the distance between these two places, by railway, at 5000 miles, and estimated the expense at about 75 millions sterling. He added the following most amusing and significant postscript to his plan, which may startle some of our readers :—

“As to the probability of events rendering it expedient to incur the expense—the object (says he) would be great, the divisions of interest few. The Grand Signor, the King of Persia—into whose dominions a branch of the railway running through that grand Pass, called by Tom Moore, the poet, ‘the gates of the world,’ would no doubt be one of the first measures,—the Khan of Tartary, the Emperor of China, and his master, Lord Palmerston—*these four gay young men (sic orig.)*—have only to take a fancy to visit Paris and London once or twice a month, and the thing (he adds) *must* be done.” Mr Charles Wood ironically adds this statement, which our readers may appreciate :—“In the Revolutionary wars,” says he, “France spent two hundred millions of money in one season ; and in our own times forty millions were never grudged in one season to support the great Wellington—and all right. Surely the money will be had from the great men of the earth ; but should they be awanting, the small men can do a great deal.”

Bravo, Charlie Wood ! Your words have already moved the electric wires, and the earth is nearly hemmed round as with a girdle, invented by men of genius like yourself.

From these observations, founded on perfect truth, it will at least, we think, be conceded that John and Charles Wood, in connection with Henry Bell, and coupled with the Napiers, were the first and greatest architects of steam naval power in this empire. Is it too late for us to express the hope that, although the bones of these two remarkable brothers have long since mouldered in the dust in the churchyard of Port-Glasgow, some monument or other will yet be reared to their memory by the engineers of the river Clyde, who have learned such lessons from their original example—their wondrous labours, and boundless progress through the world? We might state many other interesting circumstances about them, but we must now pass on to other matter, not, however, without remarking that, on the death of Charles Wood in 1846, and of John in 1861, they were survived by an only sister, who married the late David Gilkison, Esq., J.P., and from his son we have derived some of these particulars. Mrs Gilkison only died the other day, at the venerable age of 82. One of her daughters is married to David Ritchie, Esq., of London, who made a remarkable voyage with Charles Wood in the wonderful ship yclept the “Baron of Renfrew,” of upwards of 5000 tons burthen, which Charles Wood built in Canada. He had formed the idea in the year 1823 of building what he called *raft* ships for bringing home timber from Canada. The dimensions of his second “Baron,” for he actually built two, if not three, were—Length, 304 feet; breadth, 61 feet; depth, 34 feet; registered for 5294 tons! Another daughter of Mrs Gilkison married John Reid, Esq., the present respected Provost of Port-Glasgow; and on the death of John Wood, Mr Reid succeeded to his business, which he has carried on with great and

deserved success, not diminishing the fame of his ancient kinsmen.

We must pass on to the consideration of other matters in view—contenting ourselves with the observation, that while in life Henry Bell was careworn and toiled to death. Our River Trustees, after his death, were pleased to erect a monument to him on the prominence near Bowling Bay, where the old Roman Wall can still be traced; but nothing that we are aware of has been done for him in that way at Helensburgh, which, from being in his primeval days a very small Burgh of Barony, with not more than a few dozen of inhabitants, is now thanks to his original enterprise, teeming with its thousands on thousands, and rising yearly by its grandeur. Why, sixty years ago a railway carriage would have been deemed as incredible in that place, as was the “Comet” itself, when, to the consternation of the inhabitants, she first appeared with the smoke from her funnel, at the Broomielaw of Glasgow! Please, kind reader, just go back with us for a moment here. Consider that original bill of Henry Bell for £100. Think of the steamers on the Clyde and other places *now*: just think that for one steam vessel alone, for the British Navy, Messrs Robert Napier and Sons will draw their thousands and tens of thousands sterling, while the original price of the “Comet,” which we can tell was only at the rate of £4 per foot, has been increased in the aggregate by millions upon millions of pounds sterling.

“From small events what great beginnings rise!”

CHAPTER III.

THE JILTING OF THE TOWN-CLERK—HIS SORROWS AND
DOWNFALL.

“True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
 Virtue has raised above the things below,
 Who every hope and fear to Heaven resign’d,
 Shrinks not tho’ Fortune aim her deadliest blow!”

BUT we must now proceed with our grave story about the ancient Town-Clerk of the Port. He had, it was said, been *jilted* in early life by one of the fair belles of Greenock, whom he had eagerly courted, and this led him to vow that he would live and die—as we have already remarked he did—a full-fledged bachelor. It is narrated of him, as it has been of others, that after the lapse of a few years from the date of that courtship, and no brighter prospects offering for the Greenock beauty, she relented, and confessed to him that she had changed her mind in his favour. His answer was civil and decisive enough for a limb of the law—namely, that he had changed his mind also; and when his boon companions taunted him about the failure of his early love, he chaunted to them the lines—

“My love she’s but a lassie yet,
 My love she’s but a lassie yet;
 We’ll let her stand a year or twa,
 She’ll no be half sae saucy yet.”

“ Know then, tho’ you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are;
And tho’ the graces of your mind
With a resembling lustre shined,
Yet if you loved me not, you’d see
I’d value those as you do me.

“ Tho’ I a thousand times have sworn
My passion should transcend your scorn;
And that your bright triumphant eyes
Create a flame that never dies,
Yet if to me you proved untrue,
Those oaths should prove as false to you.”

We have sometimes heard it remarked that when any lawyer steps out of the true line of his own business, he rarely thrives in any other. This was literally true of the Town-Clerk. He began to dip deep into insurance business by sea—that is, for lucrative premiums paid to him he would insure the safety of vessels and their cargoes at so much per centage for the covenanted risk. That business for sometime was pretty prosperous with him. He amassed a good deal of wealth, and up to that period he lived well—in right, good, jovial hospitality with all his friends. He laid out some of his money on “undoubted heritable security;” nor was he slow to purchase heritages on his own account as he espied them in his neighbourhood, especially if he found he could make a good lucrative bargain by them. He was a far-seeing, very canny man in that way. Thus he purchased the pretty little estate of Auchinleck, on the rising grounds immediately above Port-Glasgow, affording a delightful view of the Clyde, and from that estate he derived his title—“the Laird of Auchinleck.” He also purchased about the same time, for less than a thousand pounds, a sort of despised property called the Bay of Quick, near Greenock, on

which some of the spacious docks in that quarter have recently been erected. That Bay of Quick did not yield him in his own lifetime more than £50 or £60 per annum. It was mere "shallow ground;" yet we are credibly informed one small portion of it realised the other day upwards of £20,000 sterling. Such is the marvellous rise in the value of property of that description in Greenock. But let that pass. The Town-Clerk did not live to enjoy the exceeding lucrative advantages thereof, nor his heirs, nor his agents either.

While he was thus in the meridian of his life—in the full plenitude apparently of worldly prosperity, fond of his bottle of Madeira, with genuine old rum and luscious tamarinds from Jamaica—liquors much in use at that time in the thriving Port during dinner, as well as in the habitations of its neighbours of Greenock and Glasgow—fond also of his quiet rubber of whist with his choice friends of an evening, none in truth living happier in Port-Glasgow than he—a succession of dire and unexpected misfortunes came upon him in his insurance business like a clap of thunder on a summer's day. One of his insurance ships after another became foundered or lost at sea. The very elements, he declared, seemed to have conspired against him in severe and awful majesty.

He became quite unable to meet the whole of his insurance engagements. He in truth fell, or what is worse, became utterly bankrupt. This occurred in or about the year 1808.

It was a dismal and a sorrowful period that for Port-Glasgow in many ways. The great mercantile house of Messrs John Crawford & Co., which had flourished in it ever since the town itself derived its name, and was considered to be one of the most extensive, flourishing, and

wealthy houses by far on the Clyde, was obliged to bend before the storm, and to become sequestered. One of the partners of that firm—viz., old Mr James Crawford, owned or built the large and elegant house of Broadfield, near Port-Glasgow, still to be seen to great advantage at the present day. He was also the proprietor of the delightful garrison or marine residence at Millport, now owned by the Dowager Countess of Glasgow.

In the house of Broadfield the lovely and accomplished Miss Jane Tucker Crawford, we believe, was born. She captivated the heart of old Mr James Ewing, M.P., and Lord Provost of Glasgow, and became his wedded wife, under a handsome dowry secured on his estate of Levenside, in the year 1836; but previously, and on the downfall of her father's house, as above stated, the domains of Broadfield were purchased by Mr John May, of Messrs Ewing, May & Co., grain merchants in Glasgow—a trig, sprightly, little gentleman. Some yet in Glasgow may remember him as one of the unquestionable leaders often of all the great balls, or assemblies, or theatrical displays when Madame Catalini came first to this city, and that is fully more than forty years ago. Mr John Douglas, the great city wag of his day, and the rival in some respects of the gentleman referred to, used to characterise him as

“The most delightful Mr Johnny May,
Who never turned his wig
Upon a rainy day.”

This allusion to the *wig* reminds us of an amusing if not ludicrous story which the late Rev. Dr Barr, of St Enoch's, himself, at one time, located in Port-Glasgow, used to tell with great glee. At one of the great meetings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh, a keen discussion arose about the law of

patronage, or some disputed settlement or other in the Highlands of Scotland. The debate was spun out by various speakers from noon till midnight, and from midnight till near four o'clock of the following morning. All were wearied with it, and impatient for the vote. At last a Highland minister connected with the district arose, and pointed to the Moderator's head, who by this time was considerably tired. The Moderator shook his head. Cries of "Order, order," "Vote, vote," resounded through the house; but the Highland minister kept his legs, and continued pointing with his finger to the Moderator's chair. A vehement discussion arose as to whether this rev. father should be heard or not; and after the discussion of another hour or more on this incidental point, it was moved and carried in the affirmative that he should be heard. Whereupon, looking with astonishment on all around him, he exclaimed, "Moderawtor, Moderawtor—dear Mr Moderawtor, what is all this din about; for when I first rose it was merely to tell you that your *wig* was a wee agee. Please adjust it." On that the house got convulsed with laughter at their own foolishness on such a contention, and the debate closed, much to the *eclat* of the Highland minister, who was ever afterwards well received by the General Assembly.

We go on now to remark, in our own way, that a little to the east of Broadfield, nearer to Dumbarton Castle, there still stands the ancient and more elegant and substantial mansion-house of Finlaystone, with its fine avenue of beech trees, equalled by few if any of the kind in Scotland. This estate of Finlaystone was once the property and favourite residence of the good Earls of Glencairn, renowned in Scottish history; but the cherished

title itself became extinct by the death of John, the *fifteenth* Earl, in the year 1796. He it was of all our Scottish nobility who first lent his helping hand to Robert Burns, when the poet was in deep distress, and the bard, in his verses, has immortalised him in consequence. The famous John Knox was also frequently entertained in Finlaystone House; and two silver cups, commemorative of his visit, were gifted by the Glencairn family to the Parish minister of Kilmalcom, in the neighbourhood, for sacramental occasions. That estate and fine old mansion-house, as we believe we mentioned in a previous number of our earlier Reminiscences, went entirely from the *male* line of the Glencairn family, and descended to a *female* branch, according to the destination in an old original deed of entail represented by Mr Cunningham Graham of Gartmore. One of the prodigal sons of that family, viz., Wm. Cunningham Graham of Gartmore, whom we shall ever have occasion to remember, from the lessons of dear-bought experience, on which we shall not tarry here, though they might require and well deserve a separate chapter at our hands;—that prodigal son succeeded to Finlaystone, with other estates in the counties of Dumbarton, Stirling, and Perth of great value, which, if preserved, would have made him one of the richest commoners in Scotland. He sat at one time in Parliament as member for the county of Dumbarton, while his revered father, old Robert Graham of Gartmore, the friend of Bruce, the traveller, and the patron of Hector M'Neil, the poet, sat at the same time in Parliament as member for the county of Stirling. Mr Wm. C. Graham above referred to, after sowing his wild oats, and selling much of his father's property when he succeeded to it, married, as his second wife, a very beautiful widow lady of good estate, connected with

this city, whose children by her first marriage have shed lustre on the literature of Glasgow. We have ample materials in our possession for writing a good novel or romance on that subject, but really we have no idea that we shall ever be able to overtake it. We may proceed, however, to remark that this Mr Cunningham Graham of Gartmore had the misfortune for himself in early life—we heard this from his own lips—of being frequently in company of the then dashing, dissipated, and extravagant Prince of Wales, afterwards King George the Fourth, with his companions, viz., George, Duke of Argyle, grand uncle of the present Duke; the then Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings; the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, the great Opposition leader of the House of Commons, and gambling with them and others in Carlton House, London, to an enormous extent—so enormous that in one single night upwards of £200,000 was lost or won at the gambling table. Yet that, by the bye, is little as compared with the present young Duke of Hamilton—who, it is said, has already, and within the space of two years, gambled away his fortune to the extent of more than a million sterling. So much, you see, for Baden-Baden and other hellish places, well deserving such a name. At one of his revelries, young Graham of Gartmore borrowed from Colonel Archibald Campbell £1000 of ready cash, offering, as an inducement for the loan, which went as other loans did at the gambling table, to give Finlaystone House and its appendages rent free for all the days and years of the Colonel's life. The thing was agreed to on the spur of the moment, and it is the fact that Colonel Campbell afterwards came and took up his permanent quarters in that fine residence, which he occupied on the above tenure for fully more than thirty

years. It was interest with a vengeance for a thousand pounds. Colonel Campbell died, leaving a considerable fortune, which he took good care to preserve for his only (natural) son, who is now one of our greatest landlords in the Highlands of Scotland.

Mr John Blair, writer to the Signet, now deceased, brother of Mr Horatius Blair, the present respected librarian and member of the Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow, acted as the agent to the Colonel in some of the Finlaystone transactions, but since Colonel Campbell's death and Gartmore's *flight*; for he fled from Scotland many years ago under flagrant circumstances, and forged or fabricated with great ingenuity bankers' drafts in Italy and other parts of the Continent, which the London *Times* thoroughly exposed, and in such an extraordinary way, that all the bankers in the kingdom got up a splendid testimonial to the *Times*, which stands engrafted on its famous history. Assuredly it was never believed of in the palmy days of Gartmore himself, that the strict deeds of entail of the estate of Finlaystone, made by the former good Earls of Glencairn, could be broken or set aside by mortal man, else he would have done it gladly, and converted the estate into *cash*, for his inveterate gambling purposes; but by a turn of most extraordinary events, with which we must not overload this chapter, certain it is that the old entail was actually broken, reduced, or set aside within these last few years, and the estate itself purchased by the present Colonel Carrick Buchanan of Drumpeller for upwards of £100,000 sterling.

Some of our readers will probably remember that a proposal was once made that the Government of Lord Palmerston should purchase that estate, and present it as a gift from the nation to the brave and gallant Sir Colin

Campbell—afterwards Lord Clyde—who was in no way related to the Colonel Campbell above mentioned; but that idea, if ever seriously entertained, was finally abandoned.

It is time, however, that we should resume the thread of our discourse anent the old Town-Clerk of Port-Glasgow. In consequence of his severe and tremendous losses at sea, demands were made upon him on dry land which all his ready money carefully hoarded by him could not sufficiently meet. He was absolutely ruined as if by one “fell swoop;” yet he met his misfortune with admirable composure, worthy of being now noticed—for, with honest dignity—with the true spirit of a man he set to work, resolving, if spared, to meet all his engagements most honourably. He stript himself of all his gaudy attire—broke up his domestic establishment; sold off his valuable household furniture, and betook himself to a small apartment in one of the back streets of Port-Glasgow—the furniture of which consisted simply of a small dinner table, which he used also as a writing-desk, two or three chairs, with a folding-down bed, mattress, and two or three pairs of plain Scottish blankets, with a few other necessary utensils, scarcely amounting to the value of £10 sterling.

This was nearly all the plenishing in the world of the once great but now reduced and still respected Town-Clerk. He refused the aid of any menial servant, though he might easily have procured one for fifty or sixty shillings in the year, if so inclined. He became not ashamed to brush his own shoes, to cook his own victuals—frequently consisting of potatoes and salt,—and actually stooped to wash his own linen, while on some particular, occasions he got an old female friend

to plait the cambric ruffles of his shirts, for, though much accustomed to writing, the elegant art of plaiting shirts was not within the grasp of his legal fingers at all; and thus he was fairly non-plussed at that point. In consequence of this strange mode of living, he excited the ridicule of many; while others who knew him in his best and brighter days commiserated him in his altered and reduced circumstances.

He, nevertheless, continued to discharge his functions of Town-Clerk with unabated fidelity and zeal. In truth, he was a good, high-minded, moral man in several other points of view. His clothing, necessarily, from its long process of tear and wear, became rather seedy at last; and his old hat in particular, which had encountered many breezes on the quays of Port-Glasgow, long before any steamboats were built or seen there, became like Sir Heildebrigg's stockings—so often darned—difficult of being identified whether originally of a black, or white, or brownish colour. By this most rigid and narrow mode of living—with the fees of his official office steadily flowing in to him, as if nothing disastrous had happened—he was, in the course of a few years, enabled to pay up some of the more pressing claimants who held his policies of insurance; while others of those claimants, more generous than the others, seeing his position and the struggles he was making to discharge them, handsomely intimated to him that he might take his own time for the remainder, as better days and more propitious skies might yet dawn upon him. We once heard the great Sir Robert Peel, in his place in the House of Commons, declare that “it was a sight worthy of the gods to see an honest man struggling with adversity.” How few in these modern times of greed, wealth, or aggrandisement appreciate that sentiment!

The majority of our worldly race rather give the cold shoulder to honest poverty, while, on the other hand, they fawn to the veriest knave that ever lived if possessed of teeming wealth, whether acquired by foul means or fair.

In truth it is, generally speaking, the reputed wealth of the man, and it alone—not his morals or his manners either—that admit him to strut as he pleases into all sorts of society. His morals may be of the most flagrant character, yet, if he has the name of being a wealthy man, every other consideration is reckoned to be of little moment; and this, we are afraid, will continue to be the case till the millennium itself arrives, if it ever arrives on this earth, as to which we confess we are becoming rather sceptical, and the disquisitions of the Rev. Dr Cumming adds little to our faith on this point. No doubt it has been said on the highest authority that “the love of money is the *root* of all evil,” but as the *per contra* to that, we once heard a reverend divine express an earnest wish that he could really catch a good slice of the said *root*, in order that he might transplant it, not for niggardly, but for liberal and laudable purposes. It must not be supposed for a moment that we include in the above category some of the real merchant princes of Glasgow who are known and esteemed for their benevolence and warm breadth of heart.

“Such men are not forgot as soon as cold:
Their fragrant memory will outlast their tomb,
Embalmed for ever in its own perfume.”

At last the old Town-Clerk became enabled not only to clear off nearly the whole of his policies of insurance, but to have the good round sum of £7000 sterling lying snugly at his credit in the Royal Bank of

Scotland. If misfortunes do not come singly, riches in like manner sometimes accumulate with wonderful rapidity. Thus there came to him unexpectedly, from his friend Mr Æneas Morrison, several hundreds of pounds, recovered by a strange agency from the wreck of one of his insurance ships named *La Gloire*. This made his old heart leap for joy, and on the head of it he gave a grand entertainment to a number of his old, faithful friends in Greenock and Port-Glasgow, in the shape of a substantial dinner, provided for them in the King's Arms Inn, Port-Glasgow, then kept by Mr James Fleck, who afterwards came to Glasgow and became tenant of the then celebrated Black Bull Hotel of this city, the property of the Highland Society of Glasgow, wherein Mr Fleck made a handsome fortune, as did his predecessor Mr George Burn, one of the jolliest Bailies that ever graced this city. This unexpected flow of luck and jollification became a turning point in the life of the Town-Clerk. He contrived occasionally to give substantial dinner parties in the King's Arms; and at stated periods he had his rubber of whist in that place, the only frivolity, if it be such, he ever indulged in with pleasure.

Yet after all he had become so accustomed to his own narrow residence—to his “butt and his ben” as he called it—that nothing could induce him to change or to leave it; and he died there a few years afterward, under what singular circumstances we shall soon show. We may remark that, a few years before his death, he had assumed as his partner in business in the law line at Port-Glasgow a young gentleman from Edinburgh of the name of Wm. M'Naught, who, in dress and personal appearance, afforded the most ludicrous contrast to the old, lean, lank Town-Clerk. Mr M'Naught was a tall, burly coxcomb,

with his gold rings, chains, and other trinkets, sufficient to buy the Town-Clerk and all his paraphernalia from head to foot twenty times over. But we have no occasion to dwell longer on this sapient young gentleman.

After this discursive statement, we proceed to resume the thread of our discourse about our ancient friend the Town-Clerk.

And a droll old king was he.

His mind was never languid. He amused himself, even in the midst of his misfortunes, with writing sentimental essays on various subjects—religious and moral—extending to upwards of 2000 pages of manuscript, closely written by his own hand; and so earnest did he become about them that he got them carefully revised by his venerable friend, the Rev. Mr Forrest, who, for nearly half a century, was the faithful Parish Minister of Port-Glasgow, as also by Mr Forrest's then young and able assistant, viz., Mr Peter Napier, who afterwards became Doctor of Divinity, and minister of the College Church of Glasgow. The result was that the Town-Clerk, fond as he was of money, and scraping it together with miserly care, came to the determination of spending nearly £1000 sterling for having his essays printed and published; and accordingly they were so printed and published, forty years ago, in Edinburgh, by Messrs Anderson & Bryce, for the celebrated Archd. Constable & Co., the first publishers of the *Edinburgh Review*. The publication extended to three octavo volumes.

It is now a rare work. We have a copy handsomely bound. Dr Napier corrected the punctuation of it; and he has often told us some amusing stories about it—how

he got his dinner from the Town-Clerk in the King's Arms every Monday afternoon while the proof sheets were correcting; and the praiseworthy nature of the work itself may be estimated from the following notice by the Town-Clerk:—

“The author publishes these essays at his own expense, with a perfect conviction that he will acquire no popular favour, especially from the rich and the learned; but if he could influence the poorer classes, that great portion of his brethren, on whose behalf he brings them forward, to become better members of society; fix their loyalty to that constitution of civil and religious government established through the goodness of Providence in their native country, more suited to rational freedom and happiness than any which human wisdom has yet possessed; draw their minds to and settle them upon the essentials of that faith which alone can assure their everlasting peace and felicity; effect a general reformation of manners amongst them, a habit of economy, sobriety, industry, with a regular attention to family and public duties—if he could accomplish these purposes, his labours would be more than rewarded.”

He broke out with the exclamation, at the end of the title page,

“Nor Whig nor Tory am I! Man's good, my country's weal
My only aim.”

He generously transmitted 500 copies, in all 1500 volumes of his work to every Presbytery in Scotland, with what fruits we of course cannot tell; but this shows that he was at least a well meaning man, notwithstanding his peculiar mode of living. On his death, in the month of September, 1825, a great sensation was produced in Port-Glasgow. As he had never been known to recognise any particular person in that locality, or any other, as his lawful heir, the wonder grew to whom could he have left his property by his will? But when

his repositories were searched, nothing of the kind could be found. This was the more remarkable because he was so strict and accurate in every business matter. We have a strong suspicion that he made a will, which was destroyed by some one or other after his death.

Be that as it may, his junior partner, Mr William M'Naught, immediately applied to the Lords of Council and Session to be appointed judicial factor on his estate. Nobody appeared to object thereto; and, in consequence, Mr M'Naught came for a time to have the sole management. He roused off the household furniture and looked after the money in the Royal Bank and other places. He soon had many thousands of pounds within his grasp. At the rousp of the furniture, miserable as it was, an amusing scene took place. Not a few good people in the Port were eager to purchase some tangible relic or other of the Town-Clerk. Some of the articles went at fabulous prices. Amongst the last of the lots the auctioneer, who was a wag of his kind, held up a small box tied with red tape, obviously, he said, by the hand of the Town-Clerk himself when in life. He, the auctioneer, could not well tell what it contained. It might be notes of the Greenock Bank, or valuable trinkets, for anything he knew; but he would give no guarantee on the subject. Up it first went for four shillings—mounting rapidly to five pounds, then to ten pounds, and so on. All were eager to catch it; and at last it was knocked down at thirteen guineas. Truly some have purchased, as the old saying is, “a pig in a poke.” So, when this esteemed parcel was eagerly opened by “the lucky man,” it contained two old packs of playing cards, well thumbed by the ancient Clerk, and an envelope addressed to himself, the history of which is worth noticing. It was his won't, twice or thrice in the

year, to visit Edinburgh on foot, sleeping at Airdrie for the first night, and reaching Edinburgh on the second or third day, with his great-coat and umbrella and paper parcel under his arm. He was admitted into the very best society in Edinburgh, albeit his droll appearance. On some occasions he stayed with his friend, Mr Kerr, Secretary of the General Post Office, a very able and excellent officer, long since dead. It is worth our while here to remark that there were two Post-Masters General for Scotland at that time, each with very large salaries, literally for doing nothing, except subscribing their names to the receipts for the same four times in the year. These were the days, too, for *franks* of members of Parliament. Every member could frank, *i.e.*, send, free of postage, to any part of the kingdom he pleased, the allotted number of fourteen letters per diem, and receive as many as might be without costing him a farthing. Hence it was an excellent thing for banks and other mercantile establishments to have a member of Parliament at their elbow writing franks for them, with his name and day or date, whereby they saved some hundreds of pounds per annum. The Secretary of the Post Office could grant as many favours in that respect as he pleased. He had only to sign his name with red ink on the back of the letter, and away it went, scot free. Our carle, the Town-Clerk, on his last journey to Edinburgh, had neglected to put his night shirt into his paper poke on his return home. The Secretary of the Post Office, on discovering this, was mightily amused with it, so he had it wrapped up in a fine sheet of foolscap, gilt at the edges, as all official paper then was, and addressed thus: "On his Majesty's service (*free.*) To Alex. Watson Esq., Town-Clerk, Port-Glasgow." The Town-Clerk was vastly

pleased with this unexpected and great honour done to his poor linen shirt ; and he often exhibited the envelope, but not the shirt itself to his friends in the Port.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE
PENNY POSTAGE.

Hail, joyous day ! The Postage Bill
Brings blessings great and many ;
And best of all, *say* what we will,
It only costs a *penny*.

From John o' Groat's to England's end,
From Norfolk to Kilkenny,
A letter now may reach a friend
And only cost a *penny*.

The dying miser writes, " Dear Son,
My days will not be many "—
The youth exclaims, " God's will be done,
This news is worth a penny !"

Dame Nature will her right pursue,
Fond Jack woo smiling Jenny,
A note brimful of love—if true—
Is surely worth a *penny*.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! may Rowland Hill
Ne'er want " the ready penny ;"
To him we owe the Postage Bill
And blessings great and many.

But while we cheer for Rowland Hill,
Let's toast the Laird of Kelly,
And shout the People's Champion still
Through every hill and valley.

In order to preserve the envelope, which had been sealed in red wax with the Royal Arms stamped thereon, he carefully placed it in the box above referred to ; and thus the document with the playing-cards kept good company together till the auctioneer rent them asunder or

knocked them down with his hammer at the above fabulous price, exceeding the value of all the Town-Clerk's paraphernalia put together.

Of course the purchaser of this stock knit his brows, and was heartily laughed at by the assembled company at the roup. But a more important matter occurred touching the great succession itself. The law-officers of the Crown stepped forward to claim the succession—namely, the whole fortune of the old man, on the supposition that he had died intestate without any lawful heir. On the other hand, every family in Renfrewshire and beyond it of the name of Watson cocked their ears to try whether they could not make out some degree of connection with him, so as to entitle them to claim his fortune. The Watsons of Bogside, the Watsons of Overnewton, and many others of that name, flocked to Port-Glasgow to try to make out their pedigree, but a poor old weaver of the same name—viz., Alexander Watson in the village of Houston, not far from Port-Glasgow, snuffed them all out. This is the person referred to in the letter originally addressed to us by Mr Barr of Paisley, and which leads us to proceed with this remarkable case, on the merits of which we now enter. Beyond all question the parents of the Town-Clerk were Greenock people—viz., Alex. Watson and Mary Marshall, lawful spouses. They had three children—sons, viz., John, James, and William. John married and had an only son—viz., Alexander, the Town-Clerk; James who became a writer or messenger-at-arms in Edinburgh, and died there in 1789, unmarried; William who, it was said, died young, and was buried in Greenock. The contention chiefly arose about the life or death of William in the singular way we shall now state. The weaver in Houston distinctly proved that

he was descended from a grand-uncle of the Town-Clerk; a very remote degree of relationship certainly, but if true it secured the purpose effectually. He further proved that the Town-Clerk visited him occasionally at Houston, spoke to him regarding the relationship, and slipped sometimes into his hand a *two-guinea* note of the Greenock Bank, for there were notes of that description in great circulation for many years, though they have all disappeared from the face of the land now. Old Mr Alex. Thomson, who died the other day in Greenock at the great age of upwards of eighty, subscribed many of these notes, as manager of the old Greenock Bank, in his fine sprightly hand. The weaver to secure his success contended that William Watson, one of the three brothers above mentioned, really died young and unmarried, and therefore, by thus extinguishing him, he, the weaver, through the remaining direct line of the grand-uncle referred to, became at once the nearest and lawful heir of the Town-Clerk. On the other hand different claimants of the name of Watson, strange to say, started up in *Perthshire*, and made the bold averment that the youth William Watson, born in Greenock, grew up to manhood, and went from Greenock to Moneddie, in the county of Perth, where he settled down, incredible as this may appear, as a *weaver*, and in that capacity married one Margaret Clink, residing in the neighbourhood, by whom he had a family of sons and daughters, and that Ann and Isabel Watson, two old damsels living in Perth, were descended from the eldest son of that family, and were consequently the *nearest* and lawful heirs of the Town-Clerk of Port-Glasgow.

On the very face of the thing, and in the circumstances already mentioned, it surely seemed strange that the

youth William Watson should emigrate from the seafaring town of Greenock, and become a weaver at Mon-eddie, in the county of Perth, so different from all the antecedents of his family. In order, however, to show this, the new claimants, Ann and Isabel Watson, produced what purported to be, *ex facie*, a tree of propinquity, distinctly tracing down their descent from Wm. Watson as above stated.

If that tree was a true one, it carried the whole fruits of the succession, amounting to nearly £30,000 sterling. Hence arose the keen and extraordinary competition we are about to develope. Alexander Watson of Houston took out, as he was advised to do, a brief from the Court of Chancery, and got himself served heir before a jury in the Royal Burgh of *Renfrew*, being the head burgh of the county where the succession lay. On the other hand, Ann and Isabel Watson of Perth also took out a brief from Chancery, and got themselves served heiresses before a jury at *Perth*, the head burgh of the county in which the supposed nearer heir was alleged to live; and they, getting themselves thus served in a more direct and nearer degree to the Town-Clerk than the Houston weaver, claimed the victory, and stood apparently in a position to defeat him utterly, and to clutch the whole succession to themselves. Now then comes the tug of legal warfare.

The law-officers of the Crown, who came, as we have observed, into the field to overthrow both sets of claimants, on the ground that neither of them were connected in any degree with the Town-Clerk, and therefore that his succession devolved on the Crown, were at least pleased to recede from the strife, leaving these claimants to fight their own battle before the judges in the Supreme Court at Edinburgh, whose decision would govern the

whole affair. This only whetted the appetite of these parties for law, and made the contention more bitter, fierce, and eager. The one party stigmatised the other as impostors.

The Houston weaver ever and anon vehemently denounced the Perth claimants. They in return denounced him. There was nothing for it now but a tremendous process of Reduction before the Lords of Council and Session of the one service as well as the other taken at Perth and Renfrew. The Court ordered further pleadings and proofs.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRANGE PEDIGREE.—THE CASE DECIDED AGAINST THE WEAVER IN THE COURT OF SESSION.—APPEAL TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—REVERSAL BY LORD BROUGHAM.

“Law is Law !”

THE Houston weaver manfully kept his ground by relying on a body of pure, unsophisticated evidence, written and parole, attesting his pedigree. The Perth claimants, in support of their's, relied on a body of much more direct and special evidence, artfully but falsely hatched for them at Perth, as it afterwards turned out to be, but bolstered up by secret deeds of agreement with other parties conniving with them for a division of the spoil if successful. It was for a time a very doubtful and puzzling process, affording much scope and ingenuity for the lawyers on both sides. But the Perth claimants steadily went on, inwardly rejoicing in the success of their schemes, not then detected. They artfully over-reached the Houston weaver by a mass of most plausible and apparently irresistible and convincing evidence, especially on the part of an old man of the name of Gloag, once deacon of one of the incorporations of the city of Perth, but who, while the process was going on, went and (conveniently enough for the plea) took up his residence in the Canongate of Edinburgh, where he died.

His deposition, was taken on oath by Duncan M'Neil, Esq., advocate, then Sheriff-Depute of the county of Perth, afterwards Lord-Advocate and Lord-President of the Court of Session, and who, to his great honour, as well as to the fame of his country, was recently created by Her Majesty a British Peer, and has taken his seat in the House of Lords by the title of Lord Colonsay. This deposition of the old man Gloag so taken, was, with other circumstances, deemed to be completely decisive in favour of the Perth claimants.

We need not go into all the particulars of his extraordinary evidence. Suffice it to state that he distinctly swore that he knew and was well acquainted with both the brothers William and James Watson, the uncles of the Town-Clerk; that William settled at Moneddie, and that James was a messenger-at-arms in Edinburgh; that the claimants were the legitimate and lawful descendants of William; that James in Edinburgh was never married, but left upwards of £15,000, part of which went to the Town-Clerk; that he, the witness, when once going to Edinburgh in the summer of 1789, carried a salmon, which had been caught in the Stormont pond near Perth, as a present from William to James, and that James then talked kindly to him about his relatives in Perth and Port-Glasgow, and so forth. Now, there is a maxim in logic and a theory in law that what proves "too much" proves nothing at all; and so it ultimately turned out in this case, for the story about the salmon was demonstrated to be false, because at the time the said salmon was alleged to be delivered to him in Edinburgh he was dead, and buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, of Edinburgh, and could not, therefore, have been speaking of his relations either at Perth or

Port-Glasgow, or anywhere else; but under this veil of evidence left unexplained, the judges thought there was enough to entitle them to decide at once in favour of the Perth claimants, and they unanimously did so.

The weaver sat greeting and clawing his head,—
“I'm helpless, I'm ruined beyond all remead.”

It was under these circumstances that the poor man came in an agonised spirit to us with his papers and the letter from Mr Barr already quoted, and we cheerfully undertook to probe his case in a way which none of his other agents had done. With that view we proceeded to Perth—to the very camp of his enemies, and ascertained the most astonishing circumstances respecting them, some of which we shall relate immediately; but before doing so we may observe that we became completely satisfied, from a thorough examination of the mass of papers in the case, and from the extrinsic as well as intrinsic evidence on both sides, that the moral weight of it lay decidedly in favour of the defeated Houston weaver. He was much elated with this opinion, and the more so when we indicated that we were willing to take him by the hand, and to pursue his case to the Court of last resort, namely, the House of Lords, which was the only course and the last chance left of getting the unanimous judgment of the First Division of the Court of Session against him reversed and altered. The expense, however, of making that attempt was frightful, and almost forbidding. We had a plentiful supply of money in those days at our command—more so perhaps than we can ever have again—and in a good and righteous cause we were never chary of spending it.

We then rather felt, we own, a glow of indignation that this poor man should be cheated out of his lawful inheri-

tance by a parcel of impostors or perjured conspirators, and therefore it was that we took up his case most resolutely and warmly; and this truly has been the governing motive which has actuated us in very many cases besides the present one. It is not egotism to say so, but the plain, unadorned truth. The weaver, in the exuberance of his reviving heart, spontaneously offered that, if we gained his plea for him in the House of Lords, he would divide with us the half of the estate, valued as we have already remarked at some £30,000; and many parties might have held him strictly to his word, but we were contented to run the whole risk, and to limit our claim to £4000 if we really succeeded in making him the Laird of Auchinleck. He cheerfully signed a written minute of agreement to that effect with consent of his eldest son and other friends, and thus we went to work right gladly on his behalf, as well, of course, for our own *eclat*, benefit, and advantage. There is no denying of these things. Well, the first step we took was to travel to Perth and reconnoiter there. We turned up all the historical records of Perthshire for the name of Watson. We alighted on the session records of the parish of Moneddie, kept in admirable order; and there, or in the parish of Redgorton, we found the following important and, as it ultimately turned out, decisive entry under date 14th September, 1720:—"Wm. Watson from Pittendreich, and Margaret Clink, his spouse, brought for themselves and their children a testificate"—meaning, we may remark, that they were persons of good character in the place they had left, and, according to the good old rule, were entitled to church privileges in the new parish to which they had come. Now, those Perth claimants whom we were combating had produced in the Courts, as we have already stated, a tree of

pedigree, in which they had set down their progenitor, Wm. Watson, as born at Port-Glasgow on 29th June, 1708; and they contended that he had emigrated in early life to Perthshire, and that they were his legitimate descendants; whereas the Houston weaver denied this, and produced strong evidence to show that the said William died in infancy, and never went to Perthshire at all. But here, again, Deacon Gloag's positive evidence told in their favour, because he spoke of William and James at a long subsequent date, and completely identified them about the story of the salmon and so forth, that is to say if his evidence could be believed. Thus standing the case, the tree in question, to which the Perth claimants adhered with desperate fidelity, became, at last, from the above discovery we made, a rope of sand, if we may so call it, or something worse. For we fastened them down with their own document from which it was utterly and physically impossible for them to escape; since it now proved, on the face of it, that Wm. Watson, born at Port-Glasgow in 1708, could not be transmogrified to Perthshire, and be married to Margaret Clink, and have a family of children there, as the session records of 1720 proved; he being then only ten or twelve years of age; and it was monstrous to suppose that a boy of ten or twelve years of age could be married and have several children from his own loins, of that date! The Perth claimants resorted, however, to an ingenious device to meet this, which we need not stop to describe. For we met them at another irresistible stage of the case. We discovered a venerable old lady in the neighbourhood of Perth, of the name of Clink, aged 92, the sister of Margaret Clink, admitted to be married to William Watson, and aunt therefore of the Perth claimants. She never till then had heard of the succession or fortune

of the town-clerk. Her nephews or nieces had carefully kept it concealed from her up till that date; at least, they had never spoken to her on the subject. And when the old lady was questioned by us, she held up her hands in astonishment, and replied that Wm. Watson was a Perthshire lad, born and bred, and never came from Port-Glasgow in all his life, and this she knew right well, from the fact that he had married her own sister, and they were all bairns brought up together. This, then, was a clencher, a knock-down blow to the Perth claimants. Yet, we must confess, we never were in a state of greater legal perturbation in all our lives as we were when the task afterwards devolved on us, at the eminent risk of her frail feeble life, of carrying her to Edinburgh, in a post chaise, by easy stages, and setting her down, as a living witness, in the Parliament House of Edinburgh, where she answered the questions put to her by Lord President Hope, with great solemnity and precision. If she had died in our hands on that long journey, in those non-railway days, from Perth to Edinburgh, the estate of Auchinleck would have been a poor and sorry reward to us for the peril. Armed with these facts, and fortified by this new and strange body of evidence, our intimate, and able relative and friend, the late Alexander M'Neil, Esq., advocate, then rising into great practice at the bar, drew up an admirable Appeal case to the House of Lords, on behalf of the Houston weaver. Mr M'Neil cordially entered into the whole of our new views about it, as did also the Right Honourable Sir Wm. Follet, the eminent Attorney-general, under the government of Sir Robert Peel,—a more able and eloquent lawyer never adorned the bar of England. He was afterwards cut off in the prime of life by hard mental labour,

ending in rapid consumption, universally lamented. It became our duty, as it was our privilege from the stake we held in the case, to accompany Mr M'Neil to London, at no small expense, to arrange for the hearing of the appeal at the bar of the House of Lords. Lord Brougham was the Chancellor presiding in that august court. Sir W. Follet opened the case, on 26th August, 1835. Dr Lushington replied to him. Alex. M'Neil arose with some trepidation, but glowing with ardour and full of confidence in the merits of his case. Lord Brougham had obviously fastened on all the salient points of it from the cogent opening speech of Sir Wm. Follet. His Lordship complacently bowed, and waved his hand to Mr M'Neil, signifying that he need not proceed; and turning himself on the woolsack, he said, "My Lords, I have looked carefully into this case. I differ from the judgment of the court below. I think it is a wrong judgment. *I am clear, indeed, that it is a wrong judgment.* It does not go upon the real evidence. The parties must have an issue to prove their propinquity as is properly craved by the appellant, Alex. Watson, of Houston." Judgment reversed by the Lords, and remitted back to the Court of Session accordingly.

CHAPTER V.

THE CASE BACK AGAIN TO THE COURT OF SESSION.—
LORD PRESIDENT HOPE, AND VERDICT OF THE JURY.—
THE WEAVER TRIUMPHANT.—THE ISSUE.

“ There’s many a slip ’twixt cup and lip.”

THE foregoing was a short, swift, but decisive finish in the House of Lords. It made us prouder at the moment than the King himself upon the throne, if we may so speak; and they who have stood at the bar of the House of Lords, anxiously waiting for judgment in any case, will not say that this is an exaggeration. We may remark that we have stood at that bar on other occasions, with less trepidation, but more dubious results; and it is known to many of our intimate friends, that within the last few years we pledged ourselves, in a letter addressed to the Lord President, to appear at that bar again in a personal case, involving the liberty of the press in Scotland; but circumstances, which we need not here mention, occurred to induce us to abandon that resolution—leaving it to younger men to combat the point, should it ever arise again in Scotland.

At last, the remit from the House of Lords, came to be applied in the Court of Session, and the then Lord President Hope and a special jury were appointed to try the case in Edinburgh, on an Issue respecting the true or false propinquities of the parties to the Town-Clerk. We, of

course, gathered together all the evidence in our power, on behalf of the Houston weaver. And although we have ever entertained very profound respect for nearly all our supreme judges in Scotland, we confess we had some misgivings at the time about the Lord President in this case, from the circumstance that he ruled the original decision against the Houston weaver, and perhaps might feel nettled that it had been reversed through our instrumentality in the House of Lords. It is due, however, to that very eminent man, long since dead—viz., the Right Honourable Charles Hope, of Granton, that after a long and anxious trial, from ten in the morning till twelve at night, he commenced his dignified charge to the jury, in the most solemn way, and nearly in the following words, by observing:—"Gentlemen of the Jury,—The finger of providence seems to have been directing the *truth* in this case. I must tell you at once quite frankly, Gentlemen, in the first place, you are to discard from your minds all that took place in another division of this Court, when the case occurred there; and you are to attach no value whatever to the opinion which I then delivered, with the approbation of my brother judges; but you are to look now to the evidence—the real evidence presented to you, and to it alone, on this trial," and then he went on expiscating the case, step by step, to our heart's content. Suffice it to say, that the Jury unanimously struck down the case of the Perth claimants, by returning a verdict against them, thus leaving the Houston weaver victorious in the field. The bar on that occasion was a strong and powerful one. Duncan M'Neil, Andrew Rutherford, and Hamilton Pyper, appeared for the Perth claimants. John Hope (the son of the Lord President), Patrick Robertson, and Alexander

M'Neil, appeared for the Houston weaver; and the weaver himself returned to Houston with drums beating and colours flying, for all the villages turned out in his favour, and when the news reached Port-Glasgow, the ships in the harbour hoisted their flags. Alas! the story must end in a very different manner.

The weaver was speedily caressed up and down the whole country-side for his great good fortune, but he soon fell into other hands. Our own arduous public duties at that time utterly prevented us from devoting any more attention to his matters. It was sufficient that we had carried our great point, by installing him against very many difficulties, and in the face of frightful odds, as the laird of Auchinleck; and on that being done, we were entitled to exact our bond for the whole £4000 stipulated to be paid to us as above stated—every plack and penny of it. Pity we did not do so. It would have been greatly better for ourselves, as things have happened, and greatly better perhaps for the weaver himself, had we really exacted full payment of the bond at the fitting moment, for he soon squandered away his money in other and different directions. He fell into the hands of one lawyer after another. Some of them fleeced him without much compunction. He imbibed a tremendous itch for law. He was indeed never out of it in his latter days. In a matter of the value of £80, affecting the estate of the old Town-Clerk, and which we believe could have been easily compromised for a very small sum, he preferred to enter into a fierce contention before the Sheriff of Renfrewshire, at Paisley, which he lost. He carried that contention before the Lord Ordinary. He lost it there. He carried it before the First Division of the Court. He also lost it there. Not satisfied with this—but elated probably with his

first great victory in the House of Lords, he also carried it thither at an enormous expense; but he was completely discomfited in the House of Lords, and justly we think for the previous decisions against him were affirmed with costs; and thus, in a matter which, if he had taken our advice, could have been easily compromised for less than £100, upwards of £3000 sterling were run up against him under the head of law expenses! We earnestly advised him to tie up his hands at the beginning, by a deed of interdict for the benefit of his family, and though he eagerly listened to our advice at first, he became stubborn as a mule at last; and like great simpletons for ourselves, we, in a fit of virtuous indignation, cancelled his obligation above noticed for £4000, by a payment of £750, from the wreck of his estate, which was finally broken up and frittered away, whereas if it had been carefully preserved in other hands, one small portion of it alone would have realized, as it did the other day at Greenock, upwards of £20,000 sterling.

Nor is this all. He was so thoroughly fleeced one way or another, that he was left without a sixpence, and actually cast into the Jail of Paisley, where he lay for nearly two years, at the instance of a relentless creditor, whom he had irritated and provoked by his foolish and stubborn conduct. He died in the Calton of Glasgow a few years ago, and was buried in the Gorbals church-yard. Notwithstanding all that had happened, he sent for us on his death-bed, and we stretched out our hands to him in pity, and saw him silently but reverentially interred in that place, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Six months after his death, a sequestration was applied for as the best means of winding up his estate, and seeing how it had been

applied. A keen competition arose for the office of trustee, between Mr Ross, one of the law-agents in Edinburgh, and Mr Walter Mackenzie, accountant in Glasgow. Mr Sheriff Bell, before whom the competition pended, shook his head oftener than once at some of the tremendous accounts reared up against the old man, and he decided, we are glad to say, in favour of Mr Walter Mackenzie, who honourably wound up the estate, in spite of many legal difficulties, and paid a small and final dividend, of one or two shillings in the pound.

Auchinleck is now held by an old and respected denizen of Port-Glasgow, viz., Andrew Hair, Esq., J.P., who purchased it some years ago, and who, we dare say, will not let it slip thriftlessly away from his family.

Thus ends our truthful story, disconnected as it may seem, about the old Town-Clerk and his affairs, leaving us to enter into other chapters of greater interest to the good people of Glasgow.

“ Ask what is life—the sire replies
With disappointment lowering in his eyes,
A painful passage, o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
A scene of fancied bliss and heartfelt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair.
The poor inured to drudgery and distress,
Act without aim, think little, and feel less,
And no where but in feign'd Arcadian scenes
Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means.
Riches are passed away from hand to hand,
As fortune, vice, or folly may command ;
As in a dance, the pair that take the lead,
Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed,
So shifting and so various is the plan,
By which heaven rules the mix'd affairs of man.”

Cowper.



HAWKIE.

CHAPTER VI.

HAWKIE.

The life long past is ours no more,
The flying hours are gone,
Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose images are kept in store,
By memory alone.

THE real name of the character we are about to describe under this title of "Hawkie," was William Cameron, born of very humble parents, at St Ninians, near Stirling, towards the end of the last century. He died in the Old Town's Hospital of Glasgow, in Clyde Street, in or about the month of September, 1851. He may be said to have been, for a period of thirty years, one of the greatest and wittiest beggars that ever infested the streets of Glasgow. In truth, he held the most extraordinary sway in it which any man of his calibre ever did, for he irresistibly attracted the attention of the rich as well as the poor—the young and the old, all ranks and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest station; aye, and of ladies also from the highest to the lowest grade; his speeches and appeals to them when he was in the humour, made them hold their sides and feel their pockets as they came near him, with his droll speeches and harangues, on the public streets. Those who heard

him were rivetted to the spot. "Hawkie" was the name first given to him soon after he made his public appearance in Glasgow. It is the name often given in country places to a good docile milch cow. Hawkie liked it very well. He at all times smilingly acknowledged it in Glasgow; and rarely, if ever, allowed himself to be called Willie Cameron from St Ninians.

He received a fair country education in early life. In fact, he had all the elements about him of no mean but rather of a good scholar, and his ready wit and correct grammatical pronunciation, sufficiently indicated that he was qualified for loftier duties by far, than that of a common beggar; but he was no common beggar, he was, in fact, a most *uncommon* one, as we shall soon show by some of his own remarkable words, well entitled we humbly think, to be kept in remembrance in Glasgow. Providence had brought him into the world with a lame or crooked leg, as it has done with mightier men. The celebrated John Clerk, Esq., of Edinburgh, advocate—one of the ablest lawyers that ever shone at the bar of Scotland, was lame in the same way; so was Sir Walter Scott, of world-wide fame, and many others we might mention, but it is enough to close any farther statement on this subject, by the remark which we once heard Mr Clerk himself make when going to the Parliament House. "There," said an old scribe, arm in arm with his country client, and pointing to Mr Clerk, "*there goes John Clerk, the lame lawyer.*" John, overhearing this, and turning round with his piercing eyes, which had even made judges on the bench to tremble, exclaimed, "You are wrong, sir; I am not a lame *lawyer*, I have only a lame leg, but it is better perhaps than your ain," and with that he hirpled away.

From the position of Hawkie's leg, however, it was thought by his parents and early friends, that the best trade suitable for him was that of a *tailor*, since it enabled him to sit and make the best use of his nimble hands. He was therefore bound under an indenture to a decent tailor near Bannockburn, for a space of three years, but Hawkie soon got tired of this profession. It did not suit his mental qualities at all, and so he tells us in one of his orations addressed to the Laird of Logan, to whom we shall often refer, "that one of the first jobs my master gied me, was to make a holder (a needle-cushion) for mysel', and to it I set. I threaded the best blunt needle—waxed the twist till it was like to stick in the passage. I stour'd awa, throwing my needle arm well out, so that my next neighbour, sitting beside me on the brod, was obliged to hirsel himself awa frae me to keep out o' harm's way. I stitched it, back-stitched it, cross-stitched it, and then fell'd and splaed it wi' black, blue, and red, grey, green, and yellow, till the ae colour fairly kill'd the ither. My master looked on, gaping at me; but the answer to any complaint he made, or to every advice he offered me was, that I kent weel enough what I was doing—did I never see my ain mither making a pussey? By the time I had finished the holder, in giving it its last stitch, my maister plainly hinted that it was no very likely that I would e'er make salt to my kail southering claith thegither, and that though the big shears were run through every stitch of the indenture, it would na, after what he had seen, breck his heart. Thinks I to mysel', there's a pair o' us, master, as the cow said to the cuddie, and my crutch can settle the indenture as weel as your shears, so I lifted my stilt and took the road hame."

At home, after this outbreak, he began a more genial calling, in teaching the colliers' children at the Plean Colliery, their A, B, C. He liked to exercise the *taws* upon them, but he did it gently. He tired however at this work, and having read the play of the "Gentle Shepherd," and the tragedy of "George Barnwell," he became much enrapt with them; and a band of strolling players having come to Stirling, Hawkie soon found the means of embracing them with his stilt, and he spoke so eloquently, and quoted some of his favourite lines so majestically—suiting the action to the word, and the word to the action, that they entered into a treaty with him, to accompany them in a tour of performances through the kingdom of Fife. He thus left his native place, finally, and for ever. The favourite piece committed to him in this tour of performances through Fife, was that of the *Priest*, in the tragedy of "Barnwell," for the long black gown necessary to be worn in the character, covered the palpable defect in Hawkie's limb, so that the "admiring audience" could see nothing wrong about it. But the strolling-players came to grief, for want, as Hawkie said, of the browns, *i.e.*, the coppers at the doors of admission, before the curtains of the plays or the tragedies drew up, and the scenes of Hawkie's life were again shifted.

He thereafter tried to become a manufacturer, but found that he had not the necessary capital for that purpose. Then he took to the trade of china-mending, which required little or no capital, and from this he formed a connexion with an itinerant vender of crockery ware, pots, and pans, through the country, but his stilt was not exactly the thing to enable him to keep upsides with his supple companion, and they departed. He

found ways and means to come to Glasgow, and he was wonderfully well pleased to behold the statue of King William at the Cross. He often took up his quarters in that locality. There were many queer ballad-singers and street-criers in those days—every piece of great news that came to Glasgow about the Peninsular war, the siege of Badajos, the battle of Salamanca, down to the battle of Waterloo, and many other previous and subsequent events, were sure to be cried through the streets by the ballad-mongers; and they made a good thing of it, *per* the small fragment of brownish paper, roughly printed, in two or three lines, at the small charge of one half-penny. The price of the newspapers when Hawkie came to Glasgow, was *seven pence half-penny each*. The *Courier*, the *Herald*, and the *Chronicle*, were then the chief or only papers in the city. The *Courier* was published by William Reid & Co., in the Gallowgate; the *Herald*, by Samuel Hunter & Co., in Bell Street; the *Chronicle*, by David Prentice & Co., in Nelson Street; none of these papers were published oftener than twice or thrice in the week—rarely in the morning before breakfast, oftener in the middle of the the day, or at the close of the afternoon, and a piece of news sent to them through the night was never dreamt of. Nor was it ever dreamt of, or propounded by any human being at that time in the city, that a *daily paper* at one penny, in place of sevenpence half-penny, the fixed price of it, could by any possibility succeed in Glasgow. What changes have we since seen in the newspaper world! In the days of yore therefore, when Hawkie began to star and hirple for himself through Glasgow, when any important piece of news as above stated came to the city, or was rumoured in it, and if none of the newspapers was published on that day, it being a *blank* day for them, the *ballad-venders*

had it all their own way, it was literally a God-send to them, and the *bawbees* circulated plenteously through all the corners of the streets. Nor did these gentry scruple much in roaring out the most tremendous lies their tongues could carry; indeed, the loudest bawler amongst them had the best run for the half-pence, and seeing this trade so popular and profitable, Hawkie, as just remarked, determined to have a spell in it for himself.

An *execution* in front of the jail, between the hours of two and four o'clock of the afternoon, for that was the time assigned for them, and not in the morning as now, put all the ballad-mongers in great glee; it afforded them a rich harvest; and those *executions* took place much too often, we are sorry to say, in former years—in fact, the Judges of Justiciary rarely came to Glasgow without leaving some culprit or other under sentence of death. We have seen as many as four or five doomed at one circuit. Hawkie took a very particular interest in such events. He handled “the full, true, and particular details” in the most insinuating way. His pronunciation and the flourish of his stilt, attracted more crowds around him than any of the other ballad-mongers, and he was the complete master of the situation on the streets for the time being. Often have we heard Hawkie and his other competitors crying in the Saltmarket, but more frequently at the Cross, on the afternoon of an execution, “Here you have a full, true, and particular account of the last speech, confession, and dying declaration of that unfortunate man newly executed, for the small charge of one half-penny,” and this too, ere Thomas Young, the hangman, had really done his work on the horrid gibbet, before the jail; for the competition amongst the ballad-mongers was so keen, that they would not wait till the strangula-

tion was completed, but hurried on with their cries as fast as their tongues or their legs enabled them to do. We say it not offensively, but truly, that the greater number of culprits executed in those days in Glasgow, were Irishmen; and Hawkie some way or other imbibed a strong antipathy to the Irish, and to their *howfs*, particularly in the Bridgegate, and foot of the Satlmarket. The first thing that brought him into great tribulation and no small danger, but very great repute in this city, was the execution of an Irishman. After selling his ballad, and being tormented by the crowd, Hawkie broke out with this unique peroration,—“Thae infernal Eerish,—thae infernal Eerish, (the execution had just taken place,) they’ll no allow us to hae the honest use o’ our ain gallows!” This put his vast audience into a roar, and paved the way for his future achievements. It is curious to observe, that Shakespeare, though giving us Greeks, Romans, Indians, Moors, Egyptians, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, English, Welsh, and Scotchmen, in no instance throughout his plays introduces an Irishman.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME OF HAWKIE'S CHOICE PIECES AND SELECTIONS.

“When weary wi’ toil, or when cankered wi’ care,
Remembrance takes wing like a bird of the air;
And free as a thought that ye canna confine,
It flees to the pleasures of bonnie langsyne.”—*Old Song.*

TRULY it was a great treat to hear Hawkie’s ready and pungent remarks on any public topic, coming to his shaggy ears. Innumerable sketches of these are given by the Laird o’ Logan. We shall here pick out a few for ourselves.

Hawkie used to tell the following story of relationship, in the shop of Mr Falconer, the Calton barber, with great glee. Mr Falconer frequently gave him a shave without the penny. A decent old woman from the country, had been coming to the city, and was accosted by two young sprigs. “How are ye, good woman—how have ye been this long time?” She looked with some surprise. “I dinna ken you, sirs.” “Not ken me?” “No.” “Why, I am the devil’s sister’s son.” “Indeed, she replied, do ye say sae. Weel, let me see, when I take a better look of you, vow man, but ye are unco like your uncle.”

“Do you believe,” said a would-be wag one day, accosting Mr Rees, a douce friend of Hawkie’s—“Do

you really believe what the Bible says about the Prodigal Son, and the Fatted Calf?" "Certainly, I do." "Well, can you tell me, whether the calf that was killed, was a male or a female calf?" "Yes, I can. It was a female calf." "How do you know that?" "Because," replied Hawkie, looking the fellow in the face, "I see the male is now alive, and standing before me."

Hawkie, though miserably dejected at times, had a high regard for the marriage state, and made himself rather popular, by vending the following lines, addressed to young ladies and young gentlemen:—

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Enough of beauty to secure affection,
 Enough of sprightliness to cure dejection,
 Of modest diffidence to claim protection,
 A docile mind, subservient to correction,
 Yet stored with sense, with reason and reflection,
 And every passion held in due subjection,
 Just faults enough to keep her from perfection,
 When such you find, do make her your selection.

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Of beauty, just enough to bear inspection,
 Of candour, sense, and wit, a good collection,
 Enough of love for one who needs protection,
 To scorn the words, I'll keep her in subjection,
 Wisdom to keep her right in each direction,
 Nor claim a weaker vessel's imperfection,
 Should ye e'er meet with such in your connection,
 Let him prepare and offer no objection.

"You may all wish my lads," said Hawkie, by way of parenthesis,—“you may all wish to get a wife *without a failing*, but what if the lady, after ye get her, happens

to be in want of a husband of the same character?" So here is a specimen of

A MARRIAGE CONTRACT IN GLASGOW.

It is agreed and ended,
Betwixt us, A and B,
And now in manner following
As both of us agree.

We have ere this accepted,
And now accept hereby
Each other for our spouses,
Till one of us shall die.

And both of us do promise
To solemnise the deed,
According to the general rules,
With all convenient speed.

And A hereby doth bind himself,
His heirs and his trustees,
To pay unto his promised spouse,
But not till his decease,

The sum of five and eighty pounds,
With interest thereon,
Exempt from all deductions,
And burdens thereupon.

Which sum she yearly shall receive,
Until the day she die,
Twice in the year, and by advance—
Her wants thus to supply.

The first term's payment to begin
Whenever A be dead,
For the half-year succeeding—
And so go on ahead.

But B can claim, if payment
Does not regularly come,
A fifth part more of penalty
On each half-yearly sum;—

Declaring that if A should die,
And leave his wife behind,
With children few or many,
She thus herself doth bind :

That out of her annuity,
Ten pounds she shall apply,
Such child or children to maintain,
Tho' their rank be low or high ;

But if, again, B marry,
She's hereby also bound,
To take for her annuity
The sum of forty pound.

Yet notwithstanding, she shall pay
The stipulated sum,
Such child or children to support—
From it no part shall come :

And, further, A doth bind himself,
So long as B shall live,
In life-rent for her life-rent use,
In case she'll him survive,

The half of all his property,
Which he may e'er conquest,
To give to her, providing
The children get the rest :

When *she* dies, to this life-rent
The children then succeed,
And it shall manage as they please,
According to their need.

He also unto her shall leave
His household furniture,
Together with his plate and wines,
His glass and china-ware.

And till her said annuity
Be due, he doth declare—
That twenty pounds she shall receive,
For mourning and for fare.

And B, by her accepting this,
 Doth unto A convey
 All that she has or may acquire,
 No matter by what way.
 And we appoint C, D, and E,
 As tutors and trustees,
 With all the powers which do belong
 To such offices as these.
 And now, to registration
 We both give our consent,
 So that this deed to record,
 When needful, may be sent.
 In witness whereof, we do sign,
 In eighteen twenty years,
 Upon the first of January,
 In form as effeirs,—
 At Glasgow, before F and G,
 Two witnesses of age—
 And to prevent mistakes, do sign
 At foot of every page.

“A YOUNG 'UN.”

Hawkie got the following lines printed from the *Glasgow Herald*, and had a good sale of them on the streets, for a half-penny. The lines themselves were very much admired by the late Samuel Hunter :—

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

They're stepping off, the friends I know,
 They're going one by one,
 They're taking wives to tame their lives,
 Their jovial days are done.

I can't get one old crony now,
 To join me in a spree,
 They've all grown grand domestic men,
 They look askance on me.

I hate to see them sober'd down—
The merry boys and true,
I hate to hear them sneering now,
At pictures fancy drew.

I care not for their married cheer,
Their puddings and their soups,
And middle-aged relations round,
In formidable groups.

And though their wife perchance may have
A comely sort of face,
And at the table's upper end,
Conduct herself with grace—

I hate the prim reserve that reigns,
The caution and the state ;
I hate to see my friend go vain
Of furniture and plate.

O give me back the days again,
When we have wandered free,
And stole the dew from every flower,
The fruit from every tree.

The friends I loved—they will not come,
They've all deserted me,
They sit at home and toast their toes,
Look stupid, and sip tea.

By Jove—they go to bed at ten,
And rise at half-past nine,
And seldom do they now exceed,
A pint or so of wine.

They play at whist for sixpences,
They very rarely dance,
They never read a word of rhyme,
Nor open a romance.

They talk, good Lord, of politics,
Of taxes, and of crops ;
And very quietly with their wives,
They go about to shops.

They get quite skilled in groceries,
 And learn'd iu butcher meat,
 And know exactly what they pay,
 For every thing they eat.

And then they all get children too,
 To squall through thick and thin,
 And seem right proud to multiply,
 Small images of sin.

And yet you may depend upon't,
 Ere half their days are told,
 Their sons are better than themselves,
 And they are counted old.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,
 And for the friends I've lost,
 When no warm feeling of the heart,
 Was chilled by early post.

If these be Hymen's vaunted joys,
 I'd have him shun my door,
 Unless he quench his torch and live,
 Henceforth a Bachelor.

Hawkie, however, sometimes had a *Nota Bene* to these verses, as follows:—A respected lady who had a number of female servants, to each of whom she had, on one occasion, given a pair of her cast-off, worn-out shoes, had the following impromptu addressed to her:—

How careful should your mistress be,
 The narrow path to choose,
 When all the maids within the house,
 Are walking in her shoes.

Hawkie, we are sorry to state, was a most inveterate drinker of ardent spirits. This was his chief or greatest misfortune. Almost every penny he got went to the nearest whisky shop. He was never riotously or outrage-

ously drunk upon the public streets. He had only, he said, "a wee drap in his e'e." A gentleman one day accosted him,—“Weel, Hawkie, how many glasses have you had to-day?” “’Deed, friend,” he replied, “I never counted them, I just took what I got; and I am ower auld a bairn to be speaned noo. My mither, they said, weaned me when I was just four months auld, so ye needna wonder at my drouth noo.”

He called one morning on a shopkeeper in the Tron-gate, soliciting alms to pay for his night’s lodgings, as he often did in other places. “Surely,” said the grocer, “you have come little speed to-day, Hawkie, when you have not made so much as defray that small matter.” “That’s a’ ye ken,” said Hawkie, “my lodgings cost me mair than your’s does.” “How do you make that out?” replied the grocer. “In the first place, you see,” said Hawkie, “it costs me fifteenpence to make me decently tipsy, board an’ banes make up the bed and the contents thereof, and unless I were nearly drunk I couldna sleep a wink; the bed that I hae to lie down on would mak a dog yowl to look at; and then the landlady maun be paid, tho’ a week’s lodging would buy a’ the boards and bowls that’s in the house. I hae, indeed, made but little this day. I was out at the Cowcaddens, whar they hae little to themselves and less disposed to spare, an’ wearied out, I lay down at the roadside to rest me—a’ the laddies were saying, as they passed, that’s Hawkie, he’s drunk, *and vext was I that it wasna true.*”

“I am surprised,” said a friend one day, remonstrating with him on his unsteady and dissolute life, “I am really surprised, Hawkie, that a person of your knowledge and intellect could degrade yourself by drinking whisky until you are deprived of reason, and with whom the very

brute might justly dispute pre-eminence. I would cheerfully allow you two glasses per day, if you can't want it, but no more." "Now, that's fair," replied Hawkie, "but will ye lodge't in a public-house? Man, ye dinna ken what I hae to do. My forefathers and foremithers also were a' dour, dismal, awfu' queer set of sober folks; but ye see I must now just drink for them a'; sae whenever I see the sign, 'British Spirits sold here,' I become emboldened, yea elevated wi' a' my heart, and even my stiff leg gets life intilt and becomes a jolly good subject—God bless the king and a' the rest o' the royal family."

"Now, Hawkie, ye ne'er-do-weel," said a police officer to him one day, in the midst of one of his great harangues, "take the road, sir, and not obstruct the street." "Indeed," said Hawkie, "you are wrong wi' your police law—I may keep the street, but I hae no right to the road, for I never paid 'road money' in a' my life." And really, we may remark, in these latter days many persons pay road money in or near the city of Glasgow without knowing the why or the wherefore. Certainly, some of the roads in the neighbourhood of Glasgow are in the most abominable condition. Who pockets the metal?

On another occasion, a police officer accosting him—"Sir, be off and not disturb the street by collecting mobs as you are doing again in this way." "Me collecting mobs," said Hawkie, "I am only addressing a decent congregation."

"Get you off again," said another officer, "get off instantly, and not collect a crowd, obstructing the streets in this way." "Dear me," said Hawkie, "I have a number of hearers, but very few believers in my line."

Although he loved the gill stoup and the whisky bottle in his own person to excess, he had an unconquerable

aversion to see the liquid used, beyond the smallest quantity, by any female. A drunken woman on the streets was to him an abomination. He harangued tremendously against it.

One day we got our eyes upon him, surrounded by a number of females at the head of the Stockwell, and telling this story:—"You a' said ye ken Mrs Betty Buttersoles, in the Auld Wynd o' this city." "We ken her brawly," said one of the hearers. "She has a trick," said Hawkie, "very common, I fear, in mae Wynds than the Auld ane." "What's the trick?" inquired his interrogator. Smiling, and looking her in the face,—“She has the trick of turning up her hand, I mean her wee bit finger, at the whisky glass as often as she can get it; and her decent husband canna trust her wi' a penny to buy a salt herring for his dinner, so he gets her to keep pass-book wi' her grocer, where he marks down everything till the pay day comes.” Here one of the audience, understanding pretty well what Hawkie meant about “the wee finger” and the glass, took the hint to herself, and became perfectly enraged at him. “How dar ye, ye auld sinner, ye auld rickle o' banes and rags, to misca' ony decent woman on the public street in that way—if I had my will o' ye,” she added in a voice of thunder, “I wud gie ye another lame shank to prop up, or kick the legs from ye a' the gither.” Here Hawkie clutched his stilt as if preparing to defend himself in battle. He drew his breath, and then proceeded—“Friends,” said he, “do ye see her storming in that gate? She's just possessed of an evil conscience speaking out. I dinna ken the other woman ava'. I was just telling you about her, for I never saw the real character in my life: but I am as sure as the cow is of her cloots, that that's now her nainsel,

and, if you ripe her pouches, you'll find the veritable pass-book, for I declare I see the very corner of it sticking out." On that the loud roar was raised at the dame in question, and she sneaked away. Seeing this, Hawkie bawled out, brandishing his stilt, "See, my friends, she has taken leg bail for her honesty."

On some occasions, looking carefully at the appearance of the better sort of his audience, he could recite many remarkable passages—

"God made man—man made money;
 God made bees—bees made honey;
 God made Satan—Satan made sin;
 God made a pit to put Satan in."

Then excited with his subject—

"Some say the Deil's dead,
 And buried in Kirkcaldy;
 Some say he'll rise again,
 And dance the Highland laddie."

With a composed face, Hawkie could rise and talk of the dignity of man—

"A man of words and not of deeds,
 Is like a garden full of weeds;
 When the weeds begin to grow,
 It's like a garden full of snow;
 When the snow begins to melt,
 It's like a garden full of hemp;
 When the hemp begins to crack,
 It's like a whip upon the back;
 When the back begins to fail,
 It's like a ship upon the sail;
 When the ship begins to sink,
 It's like a bottle full of ink;
 When the ink begins to write,
 It's like a lady fair and bright."

Hawkie, moreover, 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,” quoth Hawkie, “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 raiseth his *celery* every year, and it is a bad year indeed that 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 own 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 or others never hurt him. He walks the better for the *gravel*, and thrives more even in a *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* whenever he pleases.”

“You,” said a clever, beautiful young lady, listening to those words, and leaning on the arm of her intended, and saluting Hawkie; “please, Hawkie, spell the word *yew* rightly, prove your oration if you can, and if you do, there's a penny for you.” He instantly took off his crumpled hat and threw it in respectful obeisance to the ground. “You and yours, my leddy,” twinkling his eye, “they're

just synonymous terms according to the reading of my learned and immortal friend, Dr Samuel Johnson, whose dictionary I consult about all short or long-nebbed words. But I tell you what, my leddy, I'll spell *yew* a far more difficult word, bedewed with sentiment, and one, I am persuaded you'll like better. It's the word 'honeymoon,' and if ye ettle on it, I can direct you to Mr Strang, the session-clerk's booking office, for the lawful cries in form as effeirs, that is, whether you have heirs or no heirs to you or yours." On this unexpected but agreeable sally, the blooming lady slipped a silver sixpence, besides the penny, into the hand of Hawkie, at which he gazed with rapture; while the captivated young gentleman, moved to the heart by Hawkie's words, slipped also into his hands a new shilling,—a contribution which completely overwhelmed Hawkie, for he was neither "to haud nor bin," using his own words the remainder of that day, and part of the neist, from Tam Harvey's whisky shop in Dunlop Street, all the way to the Gushet-house in Anderston, where, according to Mr Alexander Peden the prophet, the Cross of Glasgow will ultimately stand. And Mr Peden is not so far dim in his prophecy, seeing that the old College of Glasgow is rearing its new head in that direction, on the pretty domains of Gilmorehill, as we may all see in this year of grace, 1867. We wonder if there will be any other characters claiming Hawkie's mantle at another epoch? On parting with the lady and gentleman above noticed, Hawkie made a short parody on the first two lines of Patie and Roger, in the "Gentle Shepherd"—

" This sunny morning cheers my very blood,
And puts a' nature, yea, this stilt of mine,
Into a jovial mood."

THE ADVANTAGES OR DISADVANTAGES OF A WOODEN LEG.

Hawkie told the following story from an English paper, as a sort of solace to himself "for his ain leg." It was a breach of promise case—an action of damages, Miss Helen Stanley against the Honourable John Molyneux. It occurred at one of the English assizes, and Hawkie made a little sensation about it amongst his own clan in Glasgow. The famous Sergeant Best, afterwards Lord Wynford, was retained for the plaintiff. When the brief with the plea was laid before him, he anxiously inquired at the agent for the plaintiff, "whether the lady was good-looking." "Very handsome indeed," was the assurance of the attorney of Miss Stanley. "Well, sir," said the the counsel to the attorney, "I beg you will take especial care to have her seated in court in a place where she can be easily seen." The lady accordingly obtained a seat in a conspicuous place in court, prepared for the result. Sergeant Best, in addressing the jury, did not fail to insist with great warmth on "the abominable cruelty" which had been practised on "the confiding female before them," whose charms he vividly pictured; and he succeeded, as all thought, in working up the feelings of the jury to the highest pitch. The counsel, however, on the other side, viz.—Mr Sergeant Spankie, speedily broke the spell with which Sergeant Best had enchanted the jury, by observing, that "his learned and eloquent friend, in describing the graces and beauty of the plaintiff, had omitted the fact that the lady had positively *a wooden leg*." This convulsed the court with laughter, while Sergeant Best, who, up to that moment, was wholly ignorant of the circumstance, looked aghast; and the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had upon them found for the defendant.

“Now,” said Hawkie, “if any body complains of me, there’s my faithful stilt in clear day-light, which nobody can deny, and I claim the verdict.”

Hawkie, however, was very testy if any person really gave him any insolence about his stilt. Apropos of this, he told the story of his excellent friend, as he called him, “the Laird of Macnab,” with peculiar effect. One day as it happened, some say truly, at the Musselburgh races, which the Laird, with many other members of the Caledonian Hunt, frequently attended, the Laird had the misfortune to lose his horse, which came into the staggers and dropped down dead on Musselburgh Sands. At the races in the following year, a wag, or dashing fellow, who had witnessed the catastrophe, rode up to Macnab, who was handsomely mounted. “I say, Macnab, is that the same horse you had last year?” “No, by cot,” replied the Laird, “but this is the same whip,” and he was about to apply it to the shoulders of the querist, when he saved himself by a speedy retreat.

“Now,” said Hawkie, telling the story as above given. “Now, by jingo, this is the same stilt I have worn for the feck of thretty years, and by the hokey pokey, if any man or mother’s son shall dare to insult me when I am pursuing my lawful calling on the streets of Glasgow, I’ll claw his croon wi’ the best end o’t.”

“Get away, Hawkie,—there’s a penny to you—get away and have your beard shaven; it’s sae lang that ye might draw lint through’t for the heckler. I am perfectly ashamed to see you, hobbling about like a Jew, with such a shocking beard.” “’Deed, friend,” said Hawkie, “I’m muckle obliged to you for the penny; but you see it does not suit a beggar to be bare-faced.”

WEDDINGS, BURIALS, AND WEANS.

Hawkie was particularly tenacious of taking up his station at the Cross on Wednesdays, where the farmers from the country used to mingle, in place of St Enoch Square now. He was a favourite with all simpletons from the country, and many a good drink of butter milk they gave him, to slocken, as he said, his awfu' drouth. He told the following story of an old, bien, douce farmer, who, soon after his wife's death, wanted to marry a buxsome damsel much younger than himself. "Wae's me," said his eldest son, "have I done any thing to displease you, father, when you are for taking this new *steppy* to the house?" "No, Jamie, you have not displeased me at all; on the contrary, you have pleased me so much that I intend by the help of Providence to get some mair like you."

An old shoemaker in Glasgow was sitting by the bedside of his wife, who was dying. (This is given by Dean Ramsay, but Hawkie first invented it.) She took her husband by the hand,—“Weel, John, we're gaun to part. I hae been a guid wife to you, John.” “Oh, just middling—just middling,” quoth John to Jenny. “John,” says she, “ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Stra'ven, beside my mither. I could na rest in peace among the unco folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow.” “Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman,” said John soothingly, “we'll just put you in the Gorbals *first*, and gin ye dinna lie quiet, we'll try you sine in Stra'ven.”

A real boniface, who had been blessed with no fewer than *four* wives, in this city, and who all died “deeply regretted,” was contemplating a marriage for the *fifth* time, when a confidential friend he had consulted, ironically

stated that "he had made a good deal of *money* by his former wives." "Na, na," said the hoary-headed bridegroom; "they came to me wi' auld kists, but I sent them hame in new anes." Hawkie eloquently enlarged on that flexible but interesting subject on diverse occasions.

THE PER CONTRA.

Two old women were enumerating the whims and oddities of their deceased husbands. One of them observed:—"Ah, my poor husband was so fond of a good light when we went to bed. May the Lord grant him light everlasting." "Ah," said the other, "my dear departed was so fond of a good fire in the morning. May the Lord grant him fire everlasting."

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.

A queerish widow, who had lost her husband in the Candleriggs, was expatiating on his many virtues to a lot of her female comforters, whose sympathies she was awakening by one glass after another. "The greatest consolation I have," said the disconsolate *rib*, "is that he was sensible to the last; for just before he died, I was blaming him for giving me some fash about the painting of our parlour, and he got up on his elbow in the bed and told me in my very face, composed as I was for his sake, 'that I was an ill-tempered jade.'"

These are rather disjointed statements, we confess. Hawkie however turned them to some advantage with his promiscuous audience, when the humour was upon him.

A WHEEN WEANS.

Hawkie grunted out the following old Glasgow story, not far behind some of the above, though in a different

direction. It was communicated to us long ago, as a fact, by Mr James Balderston, the ancient deacon of the incorporation of bakers in this city. The dutiful and affectionate wife of 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 with Queen Mary at Langside)—this decent woman had once three children at a birth." When the first was born, the midwife came and told Joseph that "he had got a child." "I forgot," said the Deacon, "whether it was a son or a daughter." In a short time after, she came and told him of another—and in a little after, of another. Joseph was perplexed. He began to be afraid that there might be more coming, so he got himself dressed in his Sunday attire, and went to his minister, the Rev. Mr Lawrence Hill, of the Barony Church, Glasgow, to see about getting them baptized. Having knocked at the minister's door, and got admission, the rev. gentleman kindly asked for his welfare, when Joseph answering and scratching his head, said—"I have come, sir, to see if you would bapteeze a when weans to me." "A when what?" said the minister. "A when 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 mae is coming."

Mr David Laurie, an esteemed bachelor, of Glasgow, long since dead, occupied one of the fine self-contained houses in Carlton Place, and his brother was proprietor of the lands of Laurieston, called to this day after his name. Mr David kept a good retinue of female servants, and it was said of one of them, that she was his servant by day and companion by night. She at all events

insinuated to her master, that she was in the family-way to him, and to keep the matter quiet, he agreed to send her to the country, and to pay her £50 in full, of all demands, for the whilk he took a stamp receipt under her hands. It so happened that an eminent Glasgow merchant at that time, viz.—Francis Garden, resided not far from Mr Laurie, in Carlton Place, and he kept a black serving lad, from the West Indies, rather smart in his way. In process of time, David's servant was delivered of *black twins*, the very picture of Mr Garden's serving lad; and nothing could provoke or anger Mr Laurie so much, as to ask how his twins were coming on. Hawkie dwelt on that occurrence with great glee when he was housed in the Town's Hospital.

When traversing the Broomielaw one day, he saw an illiterate shopkeeper rolling out an empty cask which he wished to dispose of, and with a bit of chalk he wrote upon it, "for sail." Hawkie in re-passing wrote underneath, "for freight or passage apply at the bung-hole."

SABBATH OBSERVANCE AND MAKING DOWN WHISKY.

A quiet, sober, and respectable gentleman complained bitterly, in the days of Hawkie, of the rather inhuman treatment he had received, in not being able to get his breakfast on a Sunday morning in the Bowling Inn, the doors being locked in his face; he sent a letter to the Glasgow newspapers on the subject, which led to another complaint somewhat of a similar kind but more interesting. Down towards the classic Vale of Leven, things once on a day, either for meat or for drink, were not in that locked-up condition. A friend used to relate that himself and another having walked in that quarter a few miles on a hot Sunday forenoon, they found it as a

matter of real "necessity and mercy" to take a little refreshment, and entered a road-side public house, but being aware that the "speerits," in such places were not always the most genuine, gave positive order that only "the very best" whisky should be brought in. The simple country girl who waited in the house had the misfortune to blab, "'Deed, gentlemen, I canna gie ye ony this morning but the very best, as the mistress forgot to make it down, (*i.e.*, mix it with water,) before she gaed to the kirk." There is an old Joe Miller, but it has a biting moral. The shopkeeper called to his apprentice, "John, have you dusted the pepper?" "Yes, sir." "Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Have you mixed the meal and the tea?" "Yes, sir;" and "watered the rum?" "Yes, sir." "Then, John, come up to prayers." Now, said Hawkie, was not that a compound specimen of simplicity and candour, and even-down truth mixed with roguery and hypocrisy at the head and tail o't.

SELLING OFF—GREAT BARGAINS.

This *dodge* was rather new in the days of Hawkie: "Selling off—great bargains—great bargains," &c., &c. Hawkie got rather nettled at this, seeing it repeated "many times and oft," especially in the Trongate and Argyle Street. So one day he took up his position at one of the selling-off places, and collected a great crowd. "You see, my friends, that chiel there, (pointing to the shop,) was yesterday selling *off*, but now he is selling *on*!"

"What is the *height* of that place?" said a gentleman one day, stopping and saluting him in a particular locality. "What is the height of it from top to bottom, can you tell me, Hawkie?" "Weel," said he, "since

ye call me friend, I'll give you the exact height of it, provided you advance me the small sum of one sixpence." No sooner said than done. Hawkie eyeing the sixpence, smacked his lips. "Weel, my friend," said he, according to the best of my calculation, "it's just the very height of *impudence*."

Hawkie either lost, or had the misfortune to have an old-fashioned silver watch stolen from his fob one morning, and he was lamenting over it on 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 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 at this quack, and reviled him, perhaps properly enough, on every occasion. At present he turned the loud 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, and 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 and found it, and this was regarded to be an infallible proof of the quack's skill. "Now," said Hawkie, "without being either a believer or a follower of Quack Moat, it's just possible that I may tumble in with my watch, or recover the article in a sound and sober state, either in the *New Wynd*, or down yonder at the *Spoutmouth*."

He was often taken to the police-office. Indeed, he sometimes, of his own accord, resorted to it for shelter. He was always, from his innocent simplicity and droll conduct, a great favourite of the magistrates, and was never kept "in durance vile" longer than he liked. Hawkie, when *free* himself, was particularly fond of listening to the police cases on Monday morning, when Mr James Bogle, would sit as bailie; Mr Wm. Davie, as assessor; and Mr Wm. Haig, or John Burnet, as fiscal. Our old friend and reporter, Mr Robert Frame, was a capital hand for bringing out some of these cases for the newspapers, and Hawkie had a great respect for him, and liked his reports very much, as we did for many years ourselves. Mr Frame was the first, we think, who started an *omnibus* in Glasgow; and we remember his amazing address to the public, when so starting that *first omnibus*, namely, that he had laid down the *pen* to take up the *whip*. He is still alive, and occupies the situation of "Inspector of Cabs" in the city; but if fortune had smiled upon him, as it has done with others,

he ought to have been driving his own "four in hand" through the city at this day. We shall only give one or two of the Glasgow Police cases eyed at that time by Hawkie, taking them at random from our scrap-book.

TWO IRISH CASES IN THE GLASGOW POLICE OFFICE.

A little, dark-complexioned, low-browed, and villanous looking Irish labourer was placed at the bar on Monday morning, charged with various cases of theft and swindling, but he denied them all. In consequence of witnesses not being forward in time, the prisoner was about to be remanded, when the court recollected that there was a minor charge against him of swindling three bottles of whisky from a publican in the name of one of his fellow-workmen, who was in attendance as a witness. This charge was accordingly preferred against the prisoner and the witness was called in. He mounted the witness-box with some diffidence, and leaned his ponderous frame and carrotty head half way over to the bench, ere he spoke a word after taking the oath. He then began—"Plase yer honour, I'll explain all how it happened."—(A pause.) Bench—"Well, did this man (pointing to the prisoner,) falsely get three bottles of whisky in your name?" Witness—"Troth, your honour may say all that, for he indeed got the whisky in my *strength*."—(Laughter.) Bench—"And you did not know of it?" Witness—"Now, that's what I call another question,"—(Laughter.) Court—"What, sir, you said most solemnly when you was previously examined here last Saturday, that you did not know or give liberty to the prisoner to get whisky in your name, and therefore that he falsely and fraudulently obtained it." Witness—"Why, I did say so; but ye see, gintlemen,—here the witness attempted to look

very conscientiously—ye see, gintlemen, *it's one thing to prate a few words, and another thing to swear to them,*”—(Laughter.) Court—“You see, sir, what trouble you have caused for no purpose.” Witness—“Well, gintlemen, I am sorry for't, but I granted the whisky when I was drunk, and I denied it when I was sober, but I'll not swear a false oath at any time, at all, at all; not I, even for your honours, or disgrace the son of my father.” He left the court with a proud step, amidst loud laughter. Hawkie made up to him—“Feggs, Paddie, ye deserve half a mutchkin on the *strength* of the three bottles.”

IRISH IDENTIFICATION IN THE GLASGOW POLICE OFFICE.

A young Irish lad was brought up on suspicion of having stolen a silk handkerchief from some unknown gentleman. The prisoner stoutly declared that the handkerchief was his own; it was originally his father's, who lately died, “and left the handkerchief behind him.” To prove this statement, he called his mother, an old Irishwoman. Ere she had time to be sworn, she broke out in this manner,—“Me, now be on my blessed oath that the handkerchief belonged to my poor husband that's dead and gone—God rest his soul.” Court—“What colour had it? Had it more green than blue in it.” Witness—“O yes, yer honour, yer honour's right; it was almost all green.” Court—“Was there any other colour?” “O yes, yer honour, barring a little yellow round the sides of it.” Court—“You mean it had a yellow border?” Witness—“That's just it, yer honour—yellow all round, and blue and green in the middle.” Court—“And are you sure you can swear to it?” Witness—“Of course, I can. Haven't I washed it often

enough to know it anywhere." At this point, the handkerchief in question, of a red and black colour, was produced. Witness, immediately on seeing it, clasped her hands and exclaimed—"That's the one, yer honour." Court—"But where's the green and blue you talked about?" Witness, with the ready wit for which the Irish are proverbial, now said—"Och, yer honour, didn't I say it was green and blue when my husband first had it; sure the green and the blue have all been washed out since." Court—"Unfortunately for your story, the handkerchief is a new one, and never has been washed." Witness, looking imploringly at her boy—"Och, Tim, what will I say now?" and then suddenly brightening up, "Och, yer honour, there's a mark upon it, if your honour will give it me I'll show you the mark upon it." Court—"No, describe the mark, and the court will see if your story is correct." Witness—"Sure it's long since I've seen it, and I can't recollect it now, but it's there anyhow, and I can find it if you'll give it me." Court—"We are quite satisfied that the handkerchief never was in your possession. We do not believe a word of your story." Witness—"Well, well, yer honour knows best. I won't say another word about it—bad luck to it, but yer honour may depend the poor boy came honestly by it." The prisoner was removed, and his mother, as he left the bar, said—"Why did you not tell me the *colour* of it, ye spalpeen."

Hawkie made up to her and said, that she did her best in her son's case; but a Glasgow Bailie, he observed, "could never fail to know his own linen, nor hesitate to blaw his nose on a clean, decent, silk handkerchief, whether it was an English or an Eerish ane."

THE SCOTCH SERVANT LASSIE STEALING THE MILK.

We are not sure whether the following has been recorded by Dean Ramsay or the Laird of Logan, but Hawkie used to quote it as a warning to the servant girls of Glasgow. A strapping lassie, near to Harley's byres, in Sauchiehall Street, (it was a great establishment for cows and milk at one time in Glasgow, and strangers, even princes and lords, used to visit it as one of the living wonders of the city, when they came hither, from all parts of the world. The Emperor Alexander, of Russia, was once one of these visitors in early life, and drank a cup full of milk in Harley's byres,)—this servant girl referred to, was frequently, if not daily, sent by her respected mistress to the byres for a pint or two of warm milk for the children's porridge. They frequently complained of the stinted measure. The milk sometimes was placed in a small jug to serve the evening tea. The mistress latterly *jaloused* Tibbie, for that was the name of the servant, but no positive evidence could be found of her double dealing with the milk. One evening, unknown to the servant, a quantity of sheep blood was brought into the house to make puddings, and put into one resembling the jug in which the milk was usually put. Shortly after, Tibbie made her appearance in the parlour, and her mistress looking sternly at her in the face, said, "Now, Tibbie, you have just been at the milk again." "Me, mistress," said she rather indignantly. "Me, mistress!" "Yes, just you, Tibbie; and you need na deny it any longer, for the mark of it is round and round your very mouth." Tibbie put up her hand to her mouth, and to her astonishment brought it down covered with blood. "Weel, Tibbie," said the mistress,

“ye’re cheated you see for ance, for you’ve ta’en bluid instead o’ milk.” “Weel, mistress,” said she, “it was sae guid the first drink, that I aye gaed back an’ took anither.”

“Noo,” said Hawkie, improving the story; “The Lunan papers, under their miscellaneous head, tell us that that bonnie light-headed woman, Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon said, in the plainest broad Scotch, to King George IV., that harum-skarum birkie, when he was the prodigal Prince of Wales, ‘Will ye pree my mou (mouth), my bonnie bairn?’ The Prince at the time was petrified, for he couldna dip deep into our family language, but he understood it weel enough afterwards. And I say to you, my dear lassies,” addressing those listening to him in groups at the old washing-house in the Green of Glasgow, “refrain, I beseech you, from using your wee finger at the dram glass, as I accused Betty Buttersole doing, at my last lecture in the New Wynd; but if you will have the most delicious drink in a’ Glasgow, embrace with reverence and thankful hearts, ‘the Airns well,’ down yonder; and never stain your bonnie mous with sheep blood, or any thing o’ that sort, belonging to your mistress, as Tibbie did. Fair fa’ the limmer, they say ‘she’s o’er the border and awa’ wi’ Jock o’ Hazeldean.’” Hawkie could sometimes twist the prettiest songs in our language to his advantage, in the passing scene. On the present occasion, his “soap and sud” audience, tramping in their washing boynes, complimented him in the way he wanted, by a shower of copper money.

THE WASHING WOMEN IN THE GREEN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

It is a fact that nearly all the respectable families in

Glasgow went to the Green to wash and bleach their clothes. At least fifty years ago, "the Low Green," as it was called, extended from the present Jail to Nelson's Monument, was eight or ten feet lower in surface than now, and laid off in a smooth rich sward of grass. It was the bleaching and drying ground where, on a summer's day, the whole space caught the eye, covered with shining integuments, so innumerable as to baffle the pen of any writer to describe; and there also proceeding in all stages of the operation of purifying, from tramping, scouring, rubbing, wringing, and spreading out, to folding, clapping, and bundling on the return home. A celebrated English traveller described it long ago, with much *naiivete*. "Their way of washing linen," says he, "*is to tuck up their petticoats and tread them in a tub;*" but another English traveller is rather more graphic and delicate about it; but let the Bibliopole from Finsbury Square, London, tell his own story. It is worth hearing, before we come to let Hawkie diversify upon it. "Having (said this traveller) both read and heard much related of the manner of washing their linen—which I confess I could not credit, without having ocular demonstration—during my continuance at Glasgow curiosity led me to the mead (the Low Green) by the river side; for the poor women here, instead of the water coming to them, as in London, are obliged to travel with their linen to the water, where you may daily see great numbers wading in *their* way, which, if seen by some of our London prudes, would incline them to form very unjust and uncharitable ideas of the modesty of these Scottish lasses. I had walked (he continues) to and fro several times, and began to conclude that the custom of getting into the tubs and treading on the linen, either never had been practised, or

was come into disuse ; but I had not waited more than half-an-hour, when many of them jumped into the tubs, without shoes or stockings, with their shift and petticoats drawn up far above the knees, and stamped away with great composure in their countenances, and with all their strength, no Scotchman taking the least notice, or even looking towards them, constant habit having rendered the scene perfectly familiar. On conversing (said our traveller) with some of the distinguished gentlemen of Glasgow on this curious subject, they assured me that those laundresses, as they appeared to me, were strictly modest women, who only did what others of unblemished reputation had been accustomed to for a long series of years, far beyond the memory of man ; and added, that at any other time a purse of pure gold would not tempt them to draw the curtain so high." Thanks to Loch Katrine these tramping scenes are greatly improved, if not entirely superseded now ; but we may not overlook a characteristic story of the renowned washerwomen of Glasgow, as showing their different degrees of *temper*.

One day two of them quarrelled ; but the one damsel had an awful tongue compared with the other, and the latter quietly allowed her elderly neighbour to kick and rattle away as she pleased without condescending to take the least notice of her. Every word in the Billingsgate language was hurled by this termagant at the head of the younger lassie, who stood perfectly unmoved. On the termagant went, loud and furious, stamping and raging, the very froth foaming from her mouth. She made a last desperate assault or volley with her dreadful tongue. It fell harmlessly ; the decent lassie was tramping away with the most stoical composure in her own boyne. At last, the termagant, unable to sustain this

unanswered rage any longer, broke out with the exclamation,—“*Speak to me, ye bitch, or I'll burst.*”

“Now,” said Hawkie, coming up and saluting us with his stilt, on the Green, “There’s a model of the graces for ye, sir. See how, as Solomon says, ‘a soft word turneth away wrath,’ or, as my friend Shakespeare says, ‘The galled jade may wince, our withers are unwrung!’

Nivy, nivy, nick, nack,
Which hand will ye tak,
The right or the wrang,
Cheat me if ye can.

And he was dilating his rig-marole lines in that way, when he sagely observed:—“Man! if *Job* has ony dochters in Glasgow, that bonnie, calm, quiet lassie, after all this ripping up by that enraged randy, must be one of them, for she is just like *patience* on a monument smiling at grief. And *Job*, ye ken, had an awfu’ lot o’ patience in his ‘ain house at hame.’”

A WORSER AND A WORSER.—THE GLASGOW FAIR.

Hawkie was in his glory during the weeks of Glasgow Fair. We are indebted to a learned Sheriff for the following:—

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, &c. Wednesday was the great day for the rustics. 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 the horses, requiring less room, and creating less noise, save where a troublesome bull or a frisky stirk sought amusement in the bountiful distribution of the contents of "a sweet wife's stand," or made an inspection of the interior of a huxter 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, for all species of cattle, and probably the best conducted market in the world,) completely deprived the ancient streets referred to of their usual bustle during the Fair week. Then came the huge caravans from London, with their wild beasts; and Punch and Judy, &c., &c., from other places. The chief receptacle of the caravans was the dung depot, 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 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 of the country-bred, to see the animal. Anon, a gaunt Irishman made his appearance, and drove in a large sow. "Ladies and gentlemen, 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 countryman, drove this first hero of the piece from the arena to behind the curtain of the play, or the performance, which curtain was composed of sundry pin connected pieces of sacking, smelling villanously 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 in the plains of Memphis. In a loud Connaught brawl, the stage-manager of this performance proclaimed,—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you must all admit that this is a *worser*." Loud laughter proclaimed the success of the trick. With a stroke of his shillelah 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 "worsers," and crowd

after crowd filled the pavillion, and paid their pence to Paddy, greatly to his own astonishment and delight.

“Now,” said Hawkie, after these performances were over,—

“Sure the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat.”

We could relate many other stories about Hawkie, but we must not overload this chapter, and may intersperse some of them in a few subsequent pages, as we get along with the renowned departed characters of the city; but although these may appear futile and childish in the extreme, or even reprehensible in the eyes of the strait-laced, it must not be supposed that Hawkie was destitute of more exalted attainments. Sickness of a serious character drove him from the streets, and he found shelter in the Old Town's Hospital, in Clyde Street, where, notwithstanding all his well-known humour, he conducted Sacred Psalmody with the greatest decorum and edification to the rest of the poor, helpless inmates. On his recovery, however, from the first fit of sickness, he sallied out again to the public streets, where he was received with joy and gladness, by almost all classes in the city. He could not resist the lively temper of his poor frail tabernacle, nor forget the gratification which some of his stories afforded both the old and the new residents flocking around him. Standing at the head of the Stockwell, his stilt adjusted, and his eye glancing to the Tron Steeple, and thence along the Trongate and Argyle Street—the finest streets of their kind in Europe—Hawkie thus began his new oration to his audience. “Weel, my frien's, I dare say some of you may have been thinking that I was dead and buried, but that ye see is no true, for I am a living evidence to the contrary. I

have just been down in the Town's Hospital for some-time past, taking proper care o' mysel', for I hae nae notion of putting on a *fir jacket* (meaning a coffin,) as long as I can help it; but I fear I am no better in my other propensities than when I gaed in; and really, if I may believe my ain looking e'en, I am free to confess that there seems to be very little improvement on yourselves." This candid statement enabled Hawkie to hirple through the streets for sometime longer. Much attention was paid to him by the late Mr David Robertson, bookseller to Her Majesty, who often enjoyed his racy humour in his own shop, with numerous customers. Indeed, Hawkie wrote out a sketch of his life, and gave it to Mr Robertson, with whom we had the pleasure of being well acquainted, and probably we have purloined some of the particulars, for which we need offer no excuse, for we frequently visited Hawkie, when lying for weeks and months together on his narrow bed in the hospital, and he told us his whole history from his own lips, nearly as we have given it. He required on a second occasion to be taken into the hospital, and there we again found him the same queer old man, but with his thoughts elevated in the loftiest direction. The Bible was near his pillow, and the Poems of Cowper not far from it. The following lines—not from Cowper—were read by him with great sensibility, and in a tone almost equal to that of Mr Sheridan Knowles, who was also one of his best friends in Glasgow. With these we may close this chapter:—

THE TROUBLES OF LIFE.

The troubles of life—they come with their thrall,
And tell us that sorrow's the portion of all;

With clouds they o'ershadow our sunlight of joy,
And in every pleasure they mix an alloy;
And o'er skill of the hand and toil of the brain,
And impulse and effort, triumphant they reign.
Like waves in the ocean, for ever in strife,
On every hand are the troubles of life.

The troubles of life—how soon they begin,
To show us that all have a sorrow within!
Ere childhood can wake to its knowledge of right,
It takes up the burden (not then even light);
And when the first dawnings of beauty appear,
Their lustre is ever bedimmed with a tear;
And every stage has its share of the strife,
That comes to our lot with the troubles of life.

The troubles of life—they seem to impress,
The stamp of their presence on all we possess;
They rise with our hopes, and sink with our fears,
Encircle our smiles, and flow with our tears.
The vision that springs from our humblest thought,
With struggle and turmoil for ever is fraught;
And each step that we take in something is rife,
To swell up the sum of the troubles of life.

The troubles of life—they meet us at home,
And are found in the world wherever we roam;
If wealth be our portion, they come in its snares,
If lowly our lot, in its labours and cares.
The home of the smile is the home of the tear,
And joy even whispers that sorrow is near;
And never till Nature has ended her strife,
Will any be free from the troubles of life.



BLIND ALICK.

CHAPTER VIII.

BLIND ALICK.

Wha totters sae wearily up to the style
Wi' back sairly bent, and forfoughten wi' toil ;
Wi' age-wrinkled face, and the tear in his e'e—
I wonder wha this weary body can be.

THIS character, "Blind Alick," now to be noticed, was truly an innocent, well-behaved, and amiable creature—fond of his glass, but not so inveterately as his friend Hawkie, and thankful Alick always was "for the smallest mercies."

His real name was Alexander Macdonald—a Scottish name, certainly—but "Alick" was born at Kirkoswald, near Penrith, in England, in the year 1771. Many writers in Glasgow have erroneously scribbled about him,—some rather ignorant of his history and parentage ; but we can state the fact that his father was a true Highlander, born at Inverness, and became a sturdy soldier in the ranks of the Pretender in the rebellion of 1715. When, afterwards the rebel troops were scattered at Carlisle, Macdonald and his wife, who trudged after him in battle array, found it convenient to settle down near Penrith, where Alick was born in the year stated. It is alleged by some writers who have taken great liberties with his name, as we also intend to

do in the following chapters, in rather a new order, that Alick was born in a state of blindness ; but this is not true. He lost his eyesight, as many poor creatures did at that period of history, by a ruthless attack of the small-pox, not till after he had grown up to be a stripping boy, and had learned to read and to write well. He had also a good ear for the flute and the fiddle, and without these qualities he never could have become the extraordinary character in Glasgow he afterwards proved himself to be. We dismiss all talk about his journey from England to Glasgow. It is sufficient to know that he settled down in Glasgow in or about the year 1790, when he married a decent Glasgow lassie, Mary M'Pherson, who had been troubled with the same malady he himself unfortunately had ; but she had a good, brisk eye, and took precious care of Alick, as every affectionate wife ought to do of her lawful spouse. He became an admirable fiddler ; and whether the Fiddler's Close in the High Street be called after him or not, there can be no doubt that Alick had his original quarters in that ancient street, and was much employed with his fiddle for penny reels in Fraser's Hall, in King Street, one of the best places of its kind at that time in Glasgow. At weddings too, of the humbler, as well as some of the higher classes in the city, Alick was sure to play a conspicuous part, for he was engaged by the bridegroom or his "best man," and the stipulation was that Alick should be paid eighteenpence "for the first twa hours" of his fiddle, and a penny for every reel he played afterwards till "the bedding" took place, "a wee short hour ayont the twal," or so long as the dancing continued till clear day light in the morning ; besides his *gaudeamous*, or a due share in the refreshment line of every thing that

was going on or partaken by the company, and these were never mean or stinted at any Glasgow wedding in the olden time. But while Alick was fully occupied, and made rather a good living in that way in the evening, he preferred to walk about the streets in open day, when he was able, and to do a good screed of business for himself with his fiddle, which he dearly loved, and had a button hole made for it in his coat when he chose to rest it. The fiddle, indeed—his dear Cremona—was his never-failing companion by day or by night; and we have no doubt it induced him to learn many beautiful songs and tunes, as also to compose many scraps of original poetry in his own name, deserving to be remembered by Glasgow people. Poor fellow, he 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 whigmareelie things, determined, without his father's consent, to become a soldier; for, as in the tragedy of Douglas,

He had heard of battles, and he longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And heaven soon granted what his sire denied.

The fact is that 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, connected with one of the flourishing banks of the city, tells us 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. Our friend also informs us that, on the same occasion, he saw an old widow woman, who had a grocery in the Gallowgate, and had *three* sons newly enlisted in the same Regiment, convoying them away as Alick was doing with his son. 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, waiving 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 also fell dead in the same battle!

Instead of disheartening, this actually roused the energies of Blind Alick, and he dwelt on the glories of another Glasgow hero, viz., the illustrious Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna. We may here perhaps be excused from publishing the following original verses, not given by Dr Strang in his Clubs, though he devoted much attention to Hawkie, and called him the Horace of Glasgow, often in the *Scots Times*, and more frequently in his own book. We may observe that these verses were communicated to us some years ago by the late Gabriel Neil, Esq., who had the original manuscript of them from their author, the well-known Mr William Glen, a

native of this city, who died in 1824. They were written some time after the battle of Corunna in 1809, in which Sir John gloriously fell. Under the allegory of "Scotia" the poet bewails the untimely fate of the hero, and, in strains of tenderness, adverts to their boyish rambles, for they seem to have been companions together, in youthful intimate friendship; and it is to the gleam of information afforded in reference to the juvenile years of the hero that the poetry, even at this day, may be cherished by our Glasgow readers.

SCOTIA'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF LIEUT.-
GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE.

Sweet Scotia, now her tears may shower,
An' wail Corunna's fatal hour,
Her waukrife griefs she now may pour,
Like ony river,
Her fav'rite son, the Gallant Moore,
Is gone for ever.

I saw her weeping, lonely stray,
By unfrequented bank and brae,
Sighing the mournful tale of wae,
Low to hersel',
How by a dastard bloody fae,
Her hero fell.

My son, she sabb'd out, thou art dead,
And wi' thee all my hopes are fled,
But though thy cauld remains are laid,
Far frae thy hame,
Yet still thou liest in honour's bed,
Wi' spotless fame.

I mind those days when youth began,
As by Clyde's winding stream ye ran,
Glory was ever in the van,
To catch thy e'e,
Each virtue that adorns the man,
Shone bright in thee.

But now thou'rt set, "thou better sun,"
 Thy short but glorious course is run,
 I shouldna weep, though low, undone
 My hopes are laid,
 For thou a laurel wreath hast won,
 That ne'er will fade.

Glasgow, all hail! his native town,
 Thy sons his memory will crown,
 Their brother they will proudly own,
 Wi' gratefu' praise,
 An' hand his far-famed honours down,
 To latest days.

It is perhaps not out of place here to mention that, within the last ten years, we often saw and chatted with an old soldier of the 42nd Regiment, who was wounded at Corunna, and afterwards at Waterloo. His name was Hugh Young, and he resided with an aged daughter and some of his grandchildren, in the Little Dovehill. He was then upwards of 80 years of age. He was nearly at the side of the hero when he fell; and he recited with great animation and much solemnity, the immortal ode on his "burial."

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried."

That poor old veteran, Hugh Young, whom we have thus incidentally mentioned, and who has since gone to his own quiet grave, was the last surviving soldier of the 42nd Regiment, at Corunna. He had only a miserable pension for all his services, of ninepence per day. We tried to get it augmented at the War-office, but in vain! With the co-operation however, of the late Mr James Lockhart, brother of Mr Lockhart, the then respected

M.P. for Lanarkshire, we got £20 or £30 raised for him in Glasgow, which served all his latent purposes.

We cannot depart from this subject without saying, that we have in our possession the following original letter from Dr James Moore, the brother of the illustrious hero, with reference to the monument erected for him by the citizens of Glasgow, in St George's Square, in the year 1819, at a cost of £4000, from the studio of the celebrated Mr Flaxman.

London, Conduit Street, *July 28, 1809.*

GENTLEMEN AND FRIENDS,—

My mother, conscious that neither herself nor any of her family were competent to decide on subjects of sculpture, has most properly declined giving any opinion. We, of course, follow her example. We have, however, been flattered with the reference that has been made to us, and most sensibly affected with the interest that the citizens of Glasgow take upon a subject so dear to us.

It was the intention of my brothers, Graham and Frank, to have accompanied me in my long wished for visit to Glasgow. They are unluckily prevented by their public duties. I must therefore go alone. I am now busied in correcting a second edition of my work. The demand for it is pressing. I expect to be at liberty towards the end of next week. My mother and sister are in sad spirits. They have their feelings overpowered by the publication.

I need not say that all the Moores send their kindest regards to you,

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your most faithful friend and obedient Servant,

JAMES MOORE.

That surely is a letter worth the having at this day. If no other or better offer occurs for it, we shall probably present it to the Andersonian University.

Nor must we here overlook the fact that a monument is

also erected in the choir of our splendid Cathedral to the memory of the brave Cadogan, on which there is the following inscription :—

Sacred to the Memory
of
The HONOURABLE HENRY CADOGAN,
Lieut.-Col. of the 71st or Glasgow Regiment,
Honorary Burgess of this City,
Who gloriously fell at the head of his Battalion,
In the ever Memorable Battle of Vittoria,
June 21st, 1813.

This monument is erected by a few of his friends in the city and neighbourhood, to perpetuate the remembrance of his worth as a man, and his gallantry as a soldier.

Wm. Glen, who wrote the beautiful lines on the death of Sir John Moore, also commemorated in more stirring lines, the battle of Vittoria, which we shall introduce with another Glasgow character in a subsequent Chapter. After the war was over we often met with one of the most gallant soldiers in that Regiment, viz., Mr John Napier, one of the sons of old John Napier, Esq., the first celebrated engineer that came and settled in Glasgow.

DESCRIPTION OF ALICK.

But we must now proceed from the sublime almost to the ridiculous, and take up the case of Blind Alick himself.

“ See, there he goes, the auld beggar man.”

Mr Sheriff Strathearn, in an able address to the Archæological Society of Glasgow, sometime ago described him as follows, and we hope the honourable Sheriff will not blame us for quoting his correct judgment on this subject.

“The appearance of Alick was correspondent with his

instrumental melody and song. But it is well to *word-paint him yet*, while the glow of description is still fresh. Alick was rather below middle size. His coat had been green, but stains, soiling, and age, had nearly defied discovery of what tint the garment was. On a breast button, fastened by a leather thong, hung a straight, fair sized staff—never used as a support in walking, but pendulous it was suspended; and, as his urchin poked coat tails were ever and anon caught, whack! swung the staff behind to punish or scare the mischief-loving youth who were constantly on his track. Alick wore corduroy breeches of an ill chosen brownish colour. From the knees downwards his legs were covered by grey worsted stockings, and his feet were encased in a misshapen, badly contrived pair of shoes, fastened with whangs. His waistcoat was of brown cloth, and round his throat in winter he usually twisted a coarse, red woollen comforter. But his hat—the apex of the man—was a principal point of observation. It was a shocking bad hat—lacked nearly the whole brim, and every square inch of surface gave token of a dinge or clour—the crown being three-fourths detached; and frequently protruding from the openings, a cotton pocket handkerchief was seen peering out.

Leaving the description of the Sheriff, we may observe that the *red bandana* handkerchiefs, then newly introduced in this city by the genius of old Peter Papillone, the French dyer, into the Barrowfield Works of Messrs Henry Montearth & Co., came into great fashion. Alick delighted to waive one of them frequently. Nor is it out of place here to observe that these red bandana handkerchiefs—the precursors of Turkey red dyeing in Scotland—have been the means of making fortunes to more houses in Glasgow than one.

Having thus introduced "Alick," *per* his personal appearance, as given by the learned Sheriff, in which we entirely coincide from much older remembrance, we may now give a few of his own performances on the streets of Glasgow, some of which may be relished at this day. We do not undertake to be responsible for the whole of them. We only submit them to the consideration of our readers, *quantum valeat*—for what they are worth.

His first original sally, which we deem it right to notice, was this:—

"On the first of August last,
I left Inverness,
And travelled up to Glasgow town,
And arrived in great distress.
I've travelled all the world over,
And many a place beside,
But I never saw a more beautiful city,
Than this on the navigable river Clyde!"

Without noticing the transcendent compass, or magnificence of these lines, "I've travelled *all* the world over, and many a place beside," or dilating on the left-handed compliment he gives to our "beautiful city on the navigable river Clyde," we dip deep into the allusion he makes to "Inverness," because it almost justifies us in saying, as we have already hinted, that he was a real Scotchman, and not "a base born Englishman," as some previous writers have asserted. We claim him as the son of a Highlander, fighting at Culloden, and latterly as an adopted citizen of Glasgow. What would the poor blind fiddler do in going all the way to *Inverness*, but to gratify the traditions of his father?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is mine own, my native land."

Therefore, from this date henceforth and for ever, let no doubt be entertained of the lineage of Alexander Macdonald, our once amiable and most diverting friend, y'clept "Blind Alick," with whom, hundreds of times over, we have been amused, as thousands upon thousands have been on the streets of Glasgow.

Ere we first knew him, a favourite student in Cockie Young's class in the College, used to rehearse to us, and they have been often printed, the graphic lines of Alick on the great naval battle of Camperdown over the Dutch fleet.

" 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 knocked their topmasts down ;
But the particulars you will hear,
By the post in the afternoon."

For this battle, Admiral Duncan, who commanded the British Fleet, was created a British Peer, by George III., in 1797 ; and on the 21st November of that year, the Incorporation of Glasgow presented him with the freedom of the city, in a handsome gold box, "in testimony of the high sense the Magistrates and Council entertain of the services performed by him to his country, in his professional line." We had the pleasure of seeing his grandson in Glasgow not very long ago.

Alick also composed a sonnet on the death of the illustrious Sir Ralph Abercromby, on the field of battle in Egypt. It is rather long, but the following crude lines will suffice to give some knowledge of the strain :—

" Now my heroes be not disheartened,
But let us stand with courage bold,

Although our noble Abercromby,
 Lost his life upon Egyptian land.
 He commanded with known fame,
 Till his precious life was ta'en.
 And I hope all his British soldiers,
 Their conduct was all the same!"

King George III., created the widow of Sir Ralph Abercromby a Baroness in her own right, and the title of Lord Abercromby has descended to the present baron. It is curious to notice that the children of these two heroes thus immortalised by the doggrel lines of Blind Alick, married into the families of each other; thus George, second Baron Abercromby, married Julia, only daughter of Adam, second Earl of Camperdown, and the descent has been transmitted unimpaired to the present generation.

We should have stated that when Alick took his station on the streets and hummed and hawed manfully for a moment or two, he would at last throw himself into the attitude of a dignified orator, and frequently commenced with the following introductory effusion: "I am the author and composer of all I sing, *except the music*. If any of you has a relation—a son or a brother, or any friend in our noble army or navy that you wish to sing about, I'll make a song about them very reasonably; for, as I tell you,

"I am the real author of all I sing,
 Long live great George our King.
 Fal lal de ra."

And then he would give with a birr the first lines of the King's anthem, which, with due deference to his memory, he never did compose, but often quoted.

After the siege and battle of Badajoz, in which a gallant officer, a native of Glasgow, rendered conspicu-

ous service—the minstrel, as usual, announced the news with an extra flourish of his cremona.

“ True hearted, loyal citizens,
 Great news I've got to tell
 Of the wars of Spain and Portugal,
 And how the town of Badajoz fell.
 There was one Alick Pattison,
 A youth of great renown ;
 He was the first who mounted the breach,
 And the first that did tumble down.
 He was a very handsome, tall, young gentleman
 As ever my eyes did see ;
 A captain, colonel, or major
 He very soon will be.”

This hero was really connected with an old Glasgow family, the Pattisons of Kelvingrove, and he survived to encounter many other battles besides the siege of Badajoz, which led Alick to pen the above effusion, the prediction in which was truly realised, as he soon became Lieutenant-Colonel in the British army, and Commander of the troops in the Bahamas, where he died on the 11th of January, 1843, in the 48th year of his age, after serving his country with honour and fidelity for the period of twenty-eight years. There is a beautiful pedestal erected to his memory in the Necropolis.

Amongst the regiments the gallant 42nd Regiment of Highlanders was much favoured with the rhymes of Alick. After the heroic deeds performed by that distinguished regiment at Waterloo, Alick struck the cords of his violin afresh, and gave these lines—

“ The gallant *first* battalion
 It never was beat ;
 And the *second* battalion
 Was like unto it.”

He gloried also—as who didn't? at the matchless bravery of the Scotch Greys at Waterloo, and had this stanza for them. The ludicrous and rather indecent word in the last line may be excused, as Alick acted on the spur of the moment with all he said and did, and never cared whether he pleased friend or foe,—

“The tyrant Bonaparte,
And some of his French Imperial Guards,
Thought they had no more to do,
Than to cut down on their horses, those gallant Scotch lads.
But very soon on the contrary,
Our Royal Guards, they let them ken,
They might go and tell Bonaparte,
They cared not a f—ty for either him or his men!”

We must now go on to other matters of still greater importance and interest in this history of Blind Alick.

CHAPTER IX.

ALICK DESCANTING ON THE OLD GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS—COLONEL GEDDES, SAMUEL HUNTER, &c.

“Hurrah! for the bonnets o’ blue.”

ALICK was always a mighty favourite with all the Colonels or Commanding-Officers of the Volunteer Corps of Glasgow knit together before and after the year 1820. They could not but admire the loyalty and heroic sentiments of the poor old blind minstrel. Colonel Geddes, who erected or owned the famous Verreville Glass Works, at Anderston, was the Colonel-commandant of the Anderston Volunteer Corps, numbering 500 men rank and file. Verreville or Glass Town is a French name, euphonius and pretty, and this probably may have been the reason for its adoption; but the works, mansion-house, and grounds of Colonel Geddes, (now we think, occupied by Messrs Cochrane,) were planned, much more than half a century before the Crystal Palace was heard of. The venerable Colonel was a great opponent of Gallic ascendancy in the palmiest days of Bonaparte, and never absent from his regiment; but, strange to say, our own Government often annoyed and persecuted him with excise prosecutions about the measurement of his glass in the Verreville works. Conscious of his own rectitude, he beat the Government in their Exchequer Courts single-handed, with the aid of his old faithful agent, Mr Alexander M’Grigor, writer, who

flourished sixty years ago, as his house still does to a greater extent at this day. And it was the proud boast of John Geddes, that he did what no other man in Scotland, up to that time, was ever able to do under any excise prosecution whatever, by his advocates, the Hon. Henry Erskine and John Clerk, namely, turn the Government out of Court, with victory on his side. Mr Geddes strenuously contended that costs should be awarded to him, in these groundless, nimious, and oppressive proceedings which he had so overturned; but the Court in those days never awarded costs against the Crown in any case whatever. Colonel Geddes, however, zealously agitated for a reformation or reform in that respect, but although a deaf ear was long given to his request, it has been accomplished at last, thanks to the memory of the gallant Colonel, and to *justice* and perseverance. If Bonaparte had crossed Cranstonhill, as many young folks in those days expected he would do, all Europe would have heard of the bravery of the Anderston corps, with the redoubtable Colonel Geddes, on his black Arabian charger, at their head. The Colonel, we know, had a very particular regard for Alick, and Alick had a corresponding regard for him, as the following lines will show:—

“ Like the fiery god of war,
 See the brave Colonel Geddes doth advance,
 On a black horse called Copenhagen, that belonged
 To the murdered King of France.
 Fal lal de ra,” &c., &c.

Whether the splendid black Arabian above named, on which the Colonel rode, really belonged to “the murdered King of France” we cannot take it upon us to say, but certain it is that it had that repute, not only in the

village of Anderston, but in the city of Glasgow, thirty years ago, when it died; and the Colonel for many years, as we also know, for we often saw it in his snug stables at Verreville, tended it with the greatest possible care. It never wanted a cozy bed, plenty of hay, corn, and beans, green grass in its season, and a good bottle of porter occasionally. When a man is thus fond of his brute, whatever be its pedigree, it is a good sign of the man himself in other respects.

“Now Major Hunter cometh next,
In a kilt see he goes,
*Every inch he is a man,
From the head to the toes.*”

This description of Samuel Hunter by Alick is not bad. When this famous Major, afterwards the Colonel, was asked by one of his brother officers, in that Highland corps, which he then first commanded, how many yards of cloth it took to make the “kilt” for his herculean person, which “kilt” Alick here notices, the Colonel made an answer, which we cannot very well give; it was something in the style of Alick about Bonaparte, but it kept the city in a roar for many a day, and even long after Samuel, by promotion, had mounted his famous charger, as Colonel of the corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters, by whom he was beloved, and he often put them through their facings on the Green of Glasgow, in those exciting times, in the years especially 1819 and 1820, which we have already noticed in another place, and need not here repeat. We shall only give one instance of his ready wit and remarkable sagacity, his offended pride and righteous indignation at an occurrence which took place respecting his first Highland regiment. When it was about to be embodied,

during the French war, Samuel was anxious to enlist a fine-looking, sonsy, broad-shouldered man like himself, and to make him a corporal or a sergeant in his regiment. The person here referred to, was a man of no small consequence in other respects in Glasgow. He was Mr Daniel Campbell, deacon of the barbers, and his sign walloped on a long pole near the foot of Miller Street. Some yet in Glasgow may remember him. "A brawer Highlandman," many said, "never showed his straps in the city, since the '45;" and we might grant a certificate to that effect, with perfect safety. There was a commissioned officer in the corps under Samuel Hunter, who carried on a most extensive hat manufactory in Glasgow. He was, in truth a *hatter*, living in good style in St Andrew Square; but his pride became offended at the idea, that any *barber* like Campbell should join the corps, and he protested against it. "Hang me," said Samuel, adjusting his regimentals, and looking the *hatter* most sternly in the face. "Hang me, if I know much difference between the man who makes a wig, and the man who makes a hat. Egad, (quoth Samuel,) if there be any difference at all, I should give it in favour of the wig maker; because, not only can he make a wig, but he can clip the pow and shave the beard, which I doubt whether any *hatter* can do, and therefore I'll give my friend Daniel the barber promotion in the ranks right gladly." The knowledge of this affair, this sharp decision of Samuel's, brought the worthy Colonel into great repute with the Clan Campbell, and every Highlander in the city, some of whom were almost ready to wreak out their vengeance at the time, on "the d—d proud infernal *hatter*," as they called him; which last word, "you *hatter*," was banded about contemptuously through very many other

grades in the city for years afterwards. It became, in fact, a standard word.

But we must not blink other Colonels, besides our beloved one, the renowned Samuel, under whom we were drilled and fought in marching order as full privates—raw young recruits in the corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters in 1819.

Alick brought within the compass of his verses, other two Commanding-Officers, viz.,—Colonel Charles Walker, who commanded what was called the *Grocer Corps* of Volunteers, a very strong body, and the Colonel's shop was in the Gallowgate. This corps, from the Colonel's own profession, got the nick-name of the "Sugar-Alley Corps;" but Alick twisted it in the following strain:—

“ This gallant Colonel, Charlie Walker,
Will soon make Bonaparte tremble *like a Quaker*.”

Alick was less polite with the next Commanding-Officer, for he says bluntly:—

“ Now appears Major Patterson,
You will say he's rather slim,
An' 'twill be a clever ball,
That will hit the like o' him.”

We might go on with many other rhapsodies about these old Glasgow Volunteers. But, as Alick truly said at the close of one of his verses—(see Dr Strang),—

“ We are gentlemen of honour,
And we do receive no pay,
Colonel Corbet is our commander,
And with him we'll fight our way.”

CHAPTER X.

BLIND ALICK AND SANDY RODGER.

“Great Shakespeare in his witty page,
 Declares that all the world’s a stage,
 And we as players, a’ engage,
 To whistle o’er the lave o’t.” *Gray.*

OUR old faithful servant, as he was for several years,—say rather as we now prefer to call him, our highly gifted and much esteemed friend—Mr Alexander Rodger, better known by the name of “Sandy Rodger, the poet,” assisted Alick occasionally with some of his racy and original pieces, for Sandy had a warm side to Alick, and Alick had a great respect and liking for Rodger, who departed this life, 26th September, 1846, in the 62nd year of his age.

The following lines pretty aptly represent the state of Alick, besides others, on one of the memorable evenings therein referred to :—

“Last Monday night at sax o’clock,
 To Mirran Gibb’s I went man,
 To snuff an’ crack an’ toom the cap,
 It was my hale intent man.
 So down I sat and pree’d the yill,
 Syne luggit out my sneeshin mill,
 An’ took a pinch wi’ right good will,
 O beggar’s brown, (the best in town,)
 Then sent it roun’ about the room,
 To gie ilk ane a scent man.”

He goes on to describe at some length, and with much humour, this carousing match in Mirran Gibb's, and the loss of his hat "by a stiff breeze o' win' when returning hame, near the Drygate Bridge," giving this unfortunate result :—

“When I began to grape for't syne,*
 Thrang *poutrin'* wi' my staff, man,
 I coupit o'er a meikle stane,
 And skailed my pickle snuff, man.
 My staff out o' my hand did jump,
 And hit my snout a dreadfu' thump,
 Which raised a most confounded lump ;
 But whaur it flew, I never knew,
 Yet sair I rue, this mart sae blue,
 They say it looks sae waff man.”

And he closes his lamentation by the following rather excellent advice :—

“Now, wad ye profit by my loss ?
 Then tak advice frae me, man,
 An' ne'er let common sense tak wing,
 On fumes o' barley bree, man.
 For Drink can heeze a man sae high,
 As mak his head maist touch the sky ;
 But down he tumbles in a stye,
 Wi' sic a thud, mang stanes an' mud,
 That aft it's guid, if dirt an' bluid,
 Be a' he has to dree, man.”

There is deep philosophy, we take leave to say, in some of these lines worth the treasuring.

But, Rodger is not yet done with Alick, and so he gets Alick to treasure up and read the following original verses, which, though written nearly forty years ago,

* Namely the loss of his hat.

have, we think, an astonishing bearing on some of the political events in the present Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, especially the lines printed italic, as well also as on some minor things in and about the city of Glasgow and elsewhere. Alick tuned his fiddle to the verses, giving the words in hearty good will, almost as correctly as his own father could do in the Highland brogue, and therefore we will not allow any body to say that Alick was not a man of his "ain countrie," viz., the kingdom of Scotland. The lines, we think, on the whole are inimitable; and seeing Sandy writing them, and Alick reciting them, keeping tune with his fiddle, was to us and to many, a greater treat, we declare, than Paganini or Madame Cataloni afforded in Glasgow, with their Italian airs, in the Theatre Royal—price to the boxes, half a guinea, and to the pit, seven shillings and sixpence. Here it is for a trifle:—

MAISTER SHON M'NAB,—AS SUNG BY ALICK.

"Nainsel pe Maister Shon M'Nab,
 Pe aulds ta forty-five, man,
 And mony troll affairs she's seen,
 Since she was born alive, man.
 She's seen the warl' turn upside down,
 Ta shentleman turn poor man;
 And him was ance ta beggar born,
 Got knocker 'pun him's door, man.

*She's seen ta Whig ta Tory turn,
 Ta Tory turn ta Whig, man,
 But a' ta trole things she has seen,
 Wad teuk twa days ta tell, man.*

"Thae Glasgow folks be unco folk,
 Hae dealings wi' the Deil, man;
 Wi' fire they grind their tail o' woo;
 Wi' fire they card their meal, man.

- Wi' fire they spin, wi' fire they wean,
Wi' fire do ilka turn, man ;
Na, some of them will eat the fire,
And no him's belly burn, man.
- “ Oich ! sich a town as Glasgow town,
She never see before, man,
Ta houses tere be mile and mair,
Wi' names 'pon ilka door, man.
An' in their muckle windows there,
She'll saw't shure's death, for sale, man,
Praw shentleman's pe want ta head,
An' leddies want ta tail, man.
- “ She wonders what ta peoples do,
Wi' a' ta praw tings tere, man,
Gie her ta proze, ta kilt, and hose,
For tem she wadna care, man.
An' aye gie her te pickle sneesh,
An' wee drap parley bree, man,
For a' the braws in Glasgow town,
She no gie brown bawbee, man.”
Fal al de ral, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN, &c.

“The Deil cam fiddlin’ through the town
And danced awa’ wi’ the exciseman;
And ilka wife cried, ‘Auld Mahoun,
I wish ye luck o’ the prize, man!’”—*Burns.*

It is perhaps rather delicate for us to mention the following circumstance, but we are urged to give it. When the clever, self-taught artists, Messrs Thom & Anderson, from Ayrshire, came to Glasgow many years ago, to exhibit their celebrated figures, chisled out in 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 see “Satan” in his cold solid dress. Alick was, of course, duly elbowed to the exhibition, and this occurred, as we find it in print from the pen of our old trusty reporter, Mr Frame. “Sirs,” said he 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 about him according to the best o’ my judgment.” “Take a seat, Alick.” “O, let me just grip him as I stand.” No sooner said than

done. Alick commenced to grope first with his fingers about the head of the stone blind deil, just as if he was running the gamut on some piano, which indeed, he could well play. "Aye, aye," said Alick, "I see it's all true that Loyal Peter said in his critique about the Deil, in his *Gawzette* of last Saturday, except this, that ye 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," said 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 loup out o' their sockets. I dinna envy them at a'; and his hair, it's standing stiffer than the quills on the back of any Porcupine I ever heard of. May the Lord," said Alick, "give us grace to meet the ills we have, than fly to others which we know not of," and therein he spoke like a philosopher; but he could not resist scraping his fiddle and giving the address of Burns to the Deil, with which, we dare say, many of our readers are acquainted.

Alick knew right well how to draw sometimes on the sympathies or the feelings of his audience. For example, when he took up his station with his cremona, in some quarter of the Briggate, he would treat the natives thereof, as circumstances happened, to a taste first of the oily, and next to the rough side of his tongue; but if they gave him nothing but rebuffs, he would declare them to be the very scum of the earth; and that all the *hangings* that took place at the Jail, were of wretches there born and bred, or imported from Ireland, to the neighbouring closes and wynds. He happened one day to take up his station in a much more favourable locality, viz.,—at the spacious Star Inn, then at the head of Glassford Street, on the

site of which the buildings of the Bank of Scotland many years ago were erected. By the bye, we see the Bank is now rearing a handsome pile of buildings on the corner of St George Square, in the centre of which Square, now containing the splendid equestrian statues of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, Sir John Moore, Sir Robert Peel, and James Watt, we declare we have seen, nearly fifty years ago, nothing but rubbish and ponds for frogs, and holes dug deep for burying dead horses! How changed now! But the change is only redolent of the wealth and grandeur of Glasgow.

At this old Star Inn however, Alick, as if by a stroke of legerdemain, fairly aroused the attention of the inmates thereof in his favour, in order to secure the modicum of liquor which he prized, and then stood in need of, but which up to that moment the Star Inn people had stoically refused to give him, nay, told him peremptorily, to be off. He significantly pointed with his staff, down to the Black Bull Inn—the rival establishment of the Star, at the foot of Virginia Street, one of the very best establishments of its kind at that time in Glasgow, or in the kingdom of Scotland, and then Alick, drawing his long bow, composed this original dittay on the spur of the moment, the spirit thereunto moving him:—

“ First *they* (meaning the Black Bull people) gave me brandy,
And then *they* gave me gin;

(Here he smacked his lips, and strung his fiddle anew.)

But great success to you—the jolly royal waiters,
Of the Glasgow Star Inn.”

This had the desired effect. He got lots of cold beef and mutton crammed into his pockets, and a whole bottle of

brown stout soon went down his thrapple, as easy as cotton, he said, went down the heel of an old boot. He ever afterwards was a favourite at the Star, till Mrs Younghusband, who owned the Inn, left Glasgow.

After our queer old friend Alick had disburthened himself somewhat of his rigmazole effusions, only some of which are here noticed, he became much more sedate and dignified in his manners and mode of life. He became, in short, a new and renovated man, for he made it a point of duty to attend regularly at the Tron Church, on Thursday, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, when the renowned Dr Chalmers delivered his weekly sermons, to vast crowds of people on that particular day. His famous "astronomical discourses" which rivetted the attention of Europe—all of which we heard—were delivered in that church, and in St John's in the Gallowgate, built purposely for him by the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and City Council of Glasgow. And on these occasions, Blind Alick, better dressed than usual, took up his position, not neglectful of his fiddle, in some convenient spot or other, and he exercised his vocation with uncommon effect, so much so, that the respectable crowds in going to, or returning from the church, did not disdain to notice the poor old blind fiddler. In fact, he electrified them with the following lines of his own composition, echoed in the loudest strains by his cremona:—

“Of all our Min-is-ters there are not any
Like Thomas Chalmers from Kilmaney.”
Fal lal de raw.

Often and often again were these lines repeated by Alick, much to the amusement of Dr Chalmers himself, whom we have actually seen stopping and slipping into his hands, not dark or brown, but white pieces of money,

near that old ancient Tron steeple, which is still an ornament to Glasgow; nor is it ignoble to add, that the numerous penny pieces dropped into Alick's outside pockets on these occasions, by deacons and elders, ladies and gentlemen, of Dr Chalmers' flock, enabled him to garnish his own domestic *plate* at home, pretty well, indeed.

“Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door!
Whose days are dwindling to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE CLOSE OF ALICK'S LIFE.

“ Give me another creed, and let me dream
That the old faces will not pass away.”

THE ravages of time were now settling on his head. But he was playful to the last,—

“ 'Tis a very good world we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.”

So said he (as his previous lines announced) who had travelled *all* the world over,

“ *And many a place beside.*”

Rare traveller, certainly! Yet, like a good man, with all his faults, he prepared himself in his declining years for the important voyage across

“ That bourne,
Whence no traveller returns.”

Not trusting any more to his own verses, but rather forsaking them, he threw aside his fiddle, and rehearsed on his death-bed, for he was now on it, the following exquisite Paraphrase, worthy the attention of the gravest and the gayest in the world:—

Few are thy days and full of woe,
Oh, man of woman born !
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."
Behold the emblem of thy state,
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.

Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
Before thy Sovereign Lord ?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallow'd stream afford ?
Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The numbered hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Great God ! afflict not in thy wrath
The short allotted span
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.
All nature dies, and lives again ;
The flow'rs that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

Resign the honours of their form,
At winter's stormy blast ;
And leave the naked leafless plain,
A desolated waste.
Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs,
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah, never to return ;
Shall any foll'wing spring revive
The ashes of the urn ?

If there be light reading in some of these Reminiscences, as undoubtedly there is, no man of any candour, we hope, will deny that Blind Alick, from first to last, take him all in all, was an amiable, well meaning creature, and justly entitled to a *niche* in these crude sketches of the annals of Glasgow.

Our only regret is that from the circumscribed space allotted to us, we cannot give more of his effusions we are possessed of. But our readers, we hope, will bear with us as we proceed to other chapters respecting different but equally remarkable men, who strutted their little hour on the stage of this great city.

“ He that finds

One drop of heaven's sweet mercy in his cup
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content,
So he may wrap himself in honest rags
At his last gasp.”—*Cowper*.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD CITY BELLMAN, GEORGE GIBSON, *alias*
BELL GEORDIE.

“Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Hearts that care can never ding,
 Let Time pass—we’ll steal his glass,
 And pu’ a feather frae his wing!”

Old Song.

THIS truly was an old character worthy of being commemorated. He flourished in the city both in the end of the last and in the beginning of the present century. He succeeded a still more remarkable man—viz., Dugald Graham, who, we learn from authenticated accounts, was at the battle of Falkirk, and wrote many queer pieces of poetry, in which he seems to have excelled at the interesting and very important time when Prince Charlie, with his Highland Clans, invaded this city in the year 1745. A specimen of his verses we may here shortly give, simply remarking that this Dougald the bellman, who held considerable sway in the city at that memorable date, was a devoted Loyalist “for great George our King.” Dougald was very satirical on the appearance of the Highland army bivoucked in Glasgow, as we find from one of his droll ditties:—

THE HIGHLANDERS IN GLASGOW.

“Their count’nance fierce as a wild boar,
 Out o’ their eyes hang down their hair;



BELL GEORDIE

Their very thighs red tanned quite,
 But yet as nimble as they'd been white.
 Their beards were turned black and brown,
 The like was never seen in our town ;
 Some of them did barefooted run,
 Minded no mire nor stony groun ;
 But when shav'n, drest, and cloth'd again,
 They turned to be like other men.
 Eight days they did in Glasgow rest,
 Until they were all clothed and drest,
 And tho' they on the best o't fed,
 The town they under tribute laid,
 Ten thousand sterling made it pay
 For being of the Georgian way,
 Given in goods and ready cash
 Or else to stand a plundering lash ;
 And cause we did militia raise,
 We were esteemed as mortal faes,
 For being opposed to *Jacobites*,
 They plainly called us *Whiggonites* ;
 But for peace sake to get them clear
 Of everything they furnish'd were—
 A printing press and two workmen
 To print their journals *as they ran*.

Dugald's dry wipe at those who were "in the Georgian way" can only be excelled by the satirical humour of the Highlanders themselves in their apology for obtaining supplies in Glasgow and other places.

"Many of the crew, indeed, were greedy
 To fill their bellies when they were needy,
 They cocks and hens and churns and cheese
 Did kill and eat when they could seize ;
 And when the owners did exclaim—
Houp poup, hersel be far frae hame,
 You need not fash to say nothing,
 Hersel brings you a bra' new king.

We need not dwell longer on these doggrel but humour-

some verses pertaining to Glasgow in the year '45. Yet, after the passing away of a century and twenty-two years, what have we remaining as tangible relics to inform the present generation of the "Rebellion?" In a sense absolutely nothing of importance, unless the records of history be so considered. In bygone times, grandmothers and great-grandmothers would sit at their firesides and tell the youngsters how they had seen the Prince at the Saracen Head Inn, and walking up and down the Gallowgate; and the aged veterans of the Glasgow, Paisley, Stirling, and Dumbarton militia might be heard relating the stirring incidents of their campaign. But there is no gratification of this kind now. If the modern inquirer would wish to peruse a few of the martial features of this turbulent period, let him repair to the Tower of London, and to some of our feudal buildings and castles where guns and pikes, scythes, claymores, and Lochaber axes, and such like implements of war are deposited as memorials, and he will depart with the conviction that it was no fun at all to meet one of the "Highlan Teevils" in the furious combat. On places here and there ball marks and impressions of ordnance communicate their tales as effectually as the ruins of the exploded Church of St. Ninians. A chance person yet shows from his repository a dirk, pistol, "Andrea Ferrara" sword, or rusty charger as the emblems of weeping Culloden, while the young lady at the piano with a blithe heart, dissociated from the horrors of the scenes which gave birth to the effusions, sings us one of those touching lyrics the Jacobite songs which, as poetical embellishments, will ever preserve in remembrance the events of "the Rebellion."

We must now, however, digress to take up the qualities of the modern *Bellman* as we find and remember some of

them in the person of the aforesaid George Gibson *alias* Bell Geordie, now to be reviewed shortly in this chapter. These qualities, indeed, were of no small order. It was his duty, *primo loco*, to ring his bell, the age of which no one could tell; it had descended down through many generations. He proudly held the handle of it in his right hand at all meetings of the magistrates—he himself being dressed in red royal livery coat, with gilt buttons displaying the city arms, blue plush breeches, white stockings and buckled shoes, and a cocked hat on his head, like the *Trumpeters* who come yet to Glasgow with the Lords of Justiciary at the Assizes. For that duty Dugald had £10 a year allotted to him, not a bad salary in those days; but he had many *perquisites*, many fees appertaining to his office which increased it materially. Thus every movement of any consequence in the city behoved to be announced by the bellman, in his official costume, to the citizens throughout the ancient landmarks of the city for “one silver sixpence paid down to him in his loof”: every sale on every warrant of the magistrates entitled him to a fee of one shilling; and he reaped a great harvest of sixpences and shillings when the herring boats arrived in their season, generally about the 4th of June, the King’s birthday, with “the *brave caller herrings*” from the Gareloch, for that was the great place for the capture of myriads of herrings in these days; and the primary duty of the Bellman was to carry the very first string of them—namely, the *brave caller herrings*, for that was the singular designation they had then as they have still—to his honour the water Bailie. An important magistrate he certainly was at that period, though much more exalted and comprehensive now in respect of the vast and increasing magnitude of the river. We have actually seen

“Buckers,” as they were called, chasing shoals of herrings as far up the river as Bowling Bay. It is amusing here to notice, but the circumstance has been well attested to us by our late departed friend “Senex” and others, that the old bellman first above named—viz., Dugald Graham—towards the end of the year 1790, being then nearly eighty years of age, his voice began to fail him, and no wonder, and, therefore, says “Senex” (page 59 of Glasgow Past and Present) the magistrates and council resolved to elect an assistant and successor to him. Accordingly they advertised that candidates for the situation were to appear on a certain day to give a specimen of their abilities in the open air, so that the clearness and extent of their respective voices might be tested. The candidates were directed to cry the following Proclamation as proof of their being fit for the situation :

“Notice.—There has just arrived at the Broomielaw a boat-load of fine fresh herrings, selling at three a penny.” (Tingle, lingle, lingle.)

When the day of trial arrived—we give this on the authority of Senex (who, we have no doubt, was a juvenile witness of the exhibition)—various candidates appeared, and a number of our citizens also assembled to witness the exhibition. After several candidates had given specimens of their talents, it came to the turn of Geordie, who rung the bell with a good birr, and with a clear and powerful voice repeated the above proclamation, after which, turning round to his audience, he recited the following lines of his own poetry :—

“Now, my gude folks, this cry is all hum,
 For herrings in the boat are not *yet* come :
 Therefore you needna fash to gang awa
 To seek sic dainties at the Broomielaw :

But *if* they come, and I'm town-crier then,
I'll tinkle thrice my bell and let ye ken.

This practical effusion of Geordie's was received by the audience with loud laughter and clapping of hands, in which demonstration of approbation the magistrates and council themselves heartily joined, so that Geordie was unanimously elected assistant city bellman. This is humorous enough in its way. We wonder what would be thought of it now in the midst of bulls and bears and railway speculators of one kind or another going on in the city. But Geordie improved much his situation. Dr Strang assures us in his well-written account of the *Clubs* of Glasgow, that Geordie, who received now the indellible name of *Bell Geordie*, always secured a goodly audience, for no sooner was the triple clinket of his skellart heard than every house in the neighbourhood was sure to despatch a messenger to hear what he had honestly to communicate. "Of this well-known functionary," says Dr Strang, "who for so many years filled the public ear, and, what is more, who gratified it, not only by the news he had to tell, but by the clever and original manner in which he told his tale, it is perhaps enough to say that no individual ever paced the Trongate in his time who was better known or longer remembered." *That* certainly is no small certificate of character from the pen of the late justly-esteemed Chamberlain of the city of Glasgow. But alas! Geordie, favourite as he was, was abruptly *dismissed* from his situation by the magistrates in the way we shall soon state, but not till we give a few other samples of his abilities, not heretofore given that we are aware of in any previous publication, though disjointed bits of them may have been handed down from one person to another.

We give some of the following remarkable notices proclaimed through the streets by Geordie with his bell, as culled from a small scrap-book in our possession; and no doubt whatever need be entertained about the authenticity of them, because the most of them were actually printed in the old *Glasgow Mercury* and *Courier* newspaper at the time. The following shows how the magistrates and *ministers* of the city acted together staff in hand in these days in cases of suspected crime, which devolves now entirely on the head of the Fiscal:—

“*Whereas*,—A report hath been spread that John Graham, grocer, in this city, or some of his family had set fire to his shop, the magistrates and ministers, after making inquiries, find the report false—April, 1780.”

“*Whereas*,—It has been reported abroad that Emilia Inglis, who stood on the Tolbooth stair-head last Wednesday, was prosecuted by her master for no other crime than selling one gill of acquavitæ and a few confections, this is to inform the public that, after due enquiry, her master cannot be blamed.”

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAD.

Notice.—James Hodge, who lives in the first close above the Cross on the west side of the High Street, continues to sell burying crapes ready made, and his wife's neice, who lives with him, dresses dead corpses at as cheap a rate as was formerly done by her aunt, having been educated by her and perfected at Edinburgh, from whence she has lately arrived, and has brought with her all the newest and best fashions.

ANOTHER “DEAD SET” AT THE PUBLIC.

Notice.—Miss Christian Brown, at her shop west side

of Hutcheson Street, carries on the business of making *dead flannels*, and getting up burial crapes. Miss Brown also carries on the mantua making at her house in Duncan's Close, High Street, where a mangle is kept as formerly. She can likewise take in a boy (*query, beau*) to board and lodge.

MORE GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAD.

Notice.—Miss Christy Dunlop, Leopard Close, High Street, continues to dress the dead as usual. She has always crapes ready made.

Our readers may well startle at such announcements, but the fact is that “dressing the dead” was an important affair in the last century, and the materials of “their last dresses” were specified by several Acts of Parliament! Sometimes they were to be clothed in woollen, sometimes in linen, according as the one or other branch of manufacture needed help at a “dead lift.”

TAILORING FOR THE LIVING.

Notice.—(20th March, 1780.)—Archibald M'Alister, tailor, begs to say that he is to set out for London, by 1st May, and to reside some time there. He humbly thanks all his employers, and hopes they will renew their favour, if he is spared to return, and sets up to carry on the tailor trade again. He hopes those who have had any business with him will come forward before he goes, as he would wish no dispute for the future.

LADIES' DRESSES, &c.

The following will give our fair readers some notion of the style and price of dresses, in this city, in the year 1780:—

Notice.—Just arrived at Kirkland's, Fiddler's Close, High Street, Glasgow, Langley's rich and elegant assortment of India, London, and Manchester Goods, which will be sold remarkably low:—Muslins, plain and fancy, 2s 6d to 15s a yard; thread, satin, and shagreens, as low as 21s a gown-piece; worked and plain cherryderries and gingham sprigged, 22s a gown-piece; Turkey mantuas, 3s 6d a yard; gentlemen's vest pieces, beginning at 9s; silk velderino, for ladies' shoes or vests, 9s; gingham waistcoat fronts, 3s to 5s; gown chintzes, 25s to 52s 6d; real corded silk tabbies for gent's waistcoats and breeches; worked aprons; and other things too numerous to mention.

Then we have this announcement of a steady rival in trade:—

Notice.—John Inglis, haberdasher, will remove from his shop in the Gallowgate, to the elegant premises in the Trongate, near to the Tron Steeple.

Many yet in Glasgow, may remember this old trig haberdasher, in his powdered hair and velveteens, as also the shop of the Messrs Millers, nearly opposite. His son, our esteemed friend, Mr Peter Inglis, is now one of the most flourishing and extensive sheep farmers in Australia.

THE WIG TRADE.

This seems to have been a pretty flourishing trade in Glasgow at the period referred to; and we would almost infer from the following notices, that there were more *frosty pows* then in the city than are to be seen at the present time. Thus:—"John M'Kechnie, in the third story of the Old Coffee House, near the Cross of Glasgow, hereby intimates that he keeps a constant supply of all

kinds of wigs of the neatest fashion and best materials and workmanship, where likewise may be had the different kinds of hair used for wigs, either raw or curled."

His rival, Mr "Duncan Niven, wig maker, same street, hereby intimates that he has procured the best materials and most skilful hands. Good and fashionable wigs on a few days' warning. All kinds of hair and furniture for wigs. He would willingly overlook a late advertisement of John M'Kechnie's, (the one above given,) for Mr M'Kechnie can be but an indifferent judge of the newest fashions or neatest work."

This was certainly a neat left-handed fit from one wig maker to another.

BREECHES AND BUCKRAM MAKERS.

Notice.—George Tassie & Co., Glasgow, shammy, buck, and doe breeches makers, carry on their business at the new Golden Glove, head of King Street.

But Mr Basil Ronald, hoisted his sign-board, and exhibited the best patterns of his bucks-doe breeches, "newly arrived from London," and he in common with Mr Brown and others, had all the breeches to themselves at fabulous prices, so long as they remained in fashion. This introduced the saying amongst the Billies or Baillies of Glasgow. Does your wife wear the breeches?

DANCING SCHOOLS, BOARDING SCHOOLS, PERFUMERY, ETC.

"*Notice.*—(11th October, 1781.)—Mr Fraser will open his dancing school in M'Nair's Land, King Street, on the 15th inst. Terms easy." (This hall of Fraser's, still to the fore, was the most fashionable and celebrated of any at that time in Glasgow.)

"The Misses Logan respectfully intimate that they

have opened a boarding school for ladies, genteelly situated, up the second close in King Street, two stairs up."

"Robert Brown, perfumer, in the High Street, respectfully notifies that he sells the following articles:—Chevalier Ruspini's tincture and dentrifice; ladies' black sticking plaster *for patches*; *tongue scrapers*; white and black pins for dressing the hair; French chalk; powder machines; powder bags; silk and swandown puffs; craping, punching, and truffle irons; bath garters; soft and gluey pomatums. As Robert Brown makes all his own hair powder, the public may depend on having it genuine."

"Barry Parkhill, at the head of the New Wynd, Tron-gate, respectfully announces that he makes all kinds of silk and linen umbrellas, much cheaper than English ones, viz.,—from 12s to 32s, and ladies having old silk gowns, can have umbrellas made out of them."

THE GROCERY AND SPIRIT TRADE, ETC.

"*Notice.*—(June, 1785.)—John Miller, grocer, does not impose upon the public with a *hum*—he means, with a humbug article. He sells genuine coffee at 2s; chocolate at 3s and 4s a lb.; old rum at 10s, brandy, 12s a gallon; ferintosh at 5s 8d, and good aqua at 4s a gallon; porter, 3d and 4d a bottle."

ANOTHER NOTICE FROM A SWORN FRIEND OF THE PUBLIC.

"Robert Kalley, grocer, in the Gallowgate, hereby intimates that he has taken an oath not to adulterate *his* teas, so that the public may depend on a genuine article."

In consequence of additional taxes, the Glasgow Wine Merchants announce that they will raise the price of

genuine port to 28s a dozen; sherry to 29s and 31s; and old rum to 12s a gallon. Not a word about champagne. It does not seem to have been introduced in Glasgow, at that period.

BACON HAMS.

“*Notice.*—(30th June, 1803.)—Fine smoked beef and bacon for sale, at Samuel Ramsay’s cellar, Turner’s Court, Argyle Street. He requests his customers to supply themselves forthwith, *as Hamburgh is taken*, and no more to be got.”

FINE SUMMER LODGINGS AT HAND.

“A neat, well furnished house, at the west end of Rottenrow, pleasantly situated upon the common gardens.”

BETTER STILL—THE OLD MUNICIPAL PROPERTIES.

An advertisement (*mirabile dictu*) headed, “City Chamberlain’s Office, 5th April, 1785,” announces that there is to be set, a garden belonging to the City, *at the back of the High Church*; as also, the grass of *St Andrew’s Church-yard*, and that of the walks in the Green, are to be disposed of by public or private roup.

OUR EARLIEST GLASGOW RESTAURATERS.

“Charles Macfarlane, Buck’s Head Inn, respectfully announces that an *ordinary* is kept at his house every day, at three o’clock. Charge, eightpence a head.”

A FAVOURITE HOWFF.

“Mrs Lamont, of the Swans’ Tavern, head of Stockwell, entry by Argyle Street, respectfully announces that she has soups ready from 12 till 2 daily. *Hams at any time.*”

John Drinan, late waiter to the Tontine, announces that he has opened the Anacreonic Taproom, in the New Wynd. Whilst Alexander Mill, cook to Mr Reid, of the said Tontine Hotel, informs those who wish to learn *cookery* that he takes in scholars at a guinea a month.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED—THE FIRST QUACK IN
GLASGOW, TRUMPETED BY BELL GEORDIE.

“*Notice.*—The celebrated Mr Newham has arrived in Glasgow, and living at No. 161 Stockwell. He cures the afflicted, by touching them with a rag dipped in a little spirits. His faculty is a wonderful blessing, and was bestowed on him in a bye-way, where *doctors* never knew to walk. His fee for an examination is one guinea; but the poor will be considered.”

Following on the heels of the above, we find that Dr Katterfelto, M.D., F.R.S., announces his arrival. “He will give his first lecture on the 6th of March instant, (1787,) in the Black Bull Inn. Entry, 2s 6d. The doctor is accompanied by his wonderful Morocco black cat—an animal of much merit, which gained him at one time in London, £3000. The doctor shows his various occult secrets, which have much surprised the learned, and many kings and queens of Europe. He will exhibit his grand mechanical exhibition, and perpetual motion. Such a wonderful exhibition may not appear again in Glasgow for a century to come.”

A BRIGHTER GENIUS.

Pert on the above there arrives, 9th May of the same year, the Honourable Mr Nicholson, “a man (says the notice) possessed of an exclusive and peculiar power over the most irrational part of human nature, [what a

slap at Katterfelto, above given!] he having taught a turtle to fetch and carry; learnt a hare to beat a drum; perfected six turkey-cocks in a regular country dance; taught three cats to strike several tunes on the dulcimer with their paws, and imitate the Italian manner of singing; but above all, his conquering the natural obstinacy and stupidity of a *pig*, the greatest curiosity now in the kingdom. Now exhibiting at Mr Fraser's Dancing Hall, M'Nair's Land, King Street. Entry, 6d."

But Katterfelto was not to be done by the Honourable Mr Nicholson; so he trips up his heels in Fraser's Hall, takes it over his head, and makes the following glaring announcement:—"Dr Katterfelto, that great divine and moral philosopher, (*sic orig.*) is now about to exhibit again in this city." And in a subsequent notice, date, July 21st, he declares,—“He is positively certain that the Grand Signior, His Holiness the Pope, the Emperor of Germany, as well as many other kings, queens, and princes in Europe, have not seen such great wonders as many ladies and gentlemen have seen in Glasgow, *these six weeks past*, at Fraser's Hall, King Street, and such *wonders, wonders, wonders, and wonders!!!!* as may never be seen again, including his grand museum, value, £7000, and his famous *Morocco black cat*, which gained £3000 in London. Front seats, 1s; back, 6d.”

No wonder that we have since had so many biologists and *darling quacks* in Glasgow!

But we have now to introduce to our readers,

A BONA FIDE DENTIST IN GLASGOW—THE FIRST OF HIS
KIND FROM THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.

“*Notice.*—(May, 1802.)—Mr James Scott, surgeon-dentist, of 28 South Bridge, Edinburgh, intends to visit

Glasgow *annually*, and will be found at Mrs Paterson's lodgings, Garthland Street."

We can speak of this character from personal recollection. He succeeded so well in Glasgow, where there were so many toothaches to mend, that he took up his permanent abode at No. 6 Miller Street, in the year 1819, in the pretty house there built by Mr Macready, the father of the celebrated tragedian of that name, which was pulled down a few years ago to make way for the spacious offices of the Glasgow and Loch Katrine Waterworks. In that house we were very often entertained when first coming to Glasgow. It had mirrors of plated glass indented from top to bottom in its dining-room walls, the first of their kind seen in the same way in Glasgow; and *Doctor Scott*, for now he was so called, became the observed of all observers. Yet he was a very illiterate man, for, though he could pull a tooth with the greatest alacrity, he could scarcely put two lines together with anything like credit. He grew tremendously fat, and no wonder, for we have seen him pocket as many as fifteen and twenty guineas in a morning in the shape of dentist fees. He had then the emoluments of the tooth trade in Glasgow almost entirely in his own hands. He lived well—a jolly bachelor to the backbone. He had an only sister, no great beauty, well stricken in years; but somehow they acquired a great taste for riding through the city every afternoon, Sunday not excepted, from three till four o'clock, on two small handsome white and grey riding ponies, the smallest of their kind then seen in Glasgow, attended by a smart little boy also on his pony, attired in the most attractive livery. It was almost ludicrous to see the Doctor with his great haunch astride the back of the docile little pony. Some cried that he

would break its back—others said that it was a shame for him to besmear his carcass on the tender hide o' the puir dumb horsey; but the Doctor insisted that his pony, which was always well fed, could carry eighteen stone with the greatest ease. Occasionally he revisited Edinburgh, the place from whence he came; and there, as many know, he was made for a long while the laughing-stock in "Blackwood's Magazine" under the title of the "Oddontist" in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, from the pen of Professor John Wilson.

We are forgetting, however, our own dear Bell Geordie, an abler man by far than the "Oddontist," but with nothing like his emoluments for scraping and drawing teeth. We could give many others of Geordie's original squibs and advertisements preceded and followed by the tinkle of his famous bell, and illustrative of the good and bad cheer of Glasgow at the period he was one of its most active observers; but these we must trip over just now, because we are afraid we are already exhausting the patience of our readers: therefore we proceed now to give only a few farther specimens of what may be termed the mixture of his more racy and ludicrous and dignified effusions. The following is his hit addressed

TO ALL IDLERS AT THE CROSS OF GLASGOW.

"What is't ye do, ye leather-winged *bats*?
 Must I forsooth call forth the guards
 To push ye to your loomsteeds?
 Hence! nor pollute the Cross
 With ill-timed 'observations on the times'
 And Government's misconduct.
 They're known full well: nor need
 The testimony of your Corporation.
 Get home, lazy dogs!—shave your beards,
 Mend *brecks*—sew shoes—kill swine!"

Leaving him in that rather Shaksperian humour, he descends into a more *ludicrous* one by this

“ PETITION OF THE COWS ON THE GREEN OF GLASGOW.

“ At a meeting (we are quoting now from an old extract) of the Cows of the Green of Glasgow in common pasture assembled—the *Bull* in the chair; Bell Geordie was duly constituted the clerk of the meeting. The following *draft* of a petition was drawn up and unanimously adopted, and ordered to be presented by the Towns’ Herd to Queen Charlotte, the *spousa cara* of His Britannic Majesty King George the Third, protesting to Her Majesty against the continual parading of *Volunteers* on one of the best grass plots in Scotland, that has not been ploughed up since the glorious Revolution—a lapse of time during which three millions of Glasgow have been born or died, on a moderate computation.”

If anybody doubts the reality of that composition as here given, we desire them, on the authority of the late Dr Strang, to turn up the files of the *Glasgow Courier* newspaper (once a great paper in its day) under date 1st May, 1797, where they will find it. But Bell Geordie was no small wag in another way. He says—

“ The old world, was drowned—don’t you remember
Its weather was just like a Glasgow September—
An even-down pour! and all black about—
Which saps down our buildings, though never so stout,
In town or in country, its equal to stay,
The streets are all dirt, and the roads are all clay.”

We must come, however, to the close of his harangues, which fatally terminated his official, but hitherto jolly career in Glasgow. One day, in the Old Burgh Court Hall at the Cross, it was his misfortune to chaunt the

following lines rather too near the ears of some of the worshipful Bailies assembled in the place :—

“ If in our Courts a stranger keeks,
His eye meets neither squires nor bankers ;
But *judges* wha shape leather breeks,
And *justices* wha sowther tankers.”

This was deemed to be an unpardonable offence—a very gross insult to some of the magistrates whose ancestors had both “shaped leather breeches” and “sowther’d tankers,” and, therefore, according to the statement of “Senex” in his writings (page 60), the red coat was summarily stripped from the back of poor unsuspecting Geordie, the bell was taken from him, and he was thus ignominiously dismissed from the office of city bellman, to the great grief, we have no doubt, of all his cronies and himself.

“ It was really melancholy to see,” as our old venerable friend “Senex” remarks, “how chopfallen poor Geordie was when he next appeared on the streets of Glasgow. He could not recover his spirits, and so for some time, as has been often remarked in other cases of misfortune, he

“ Poured spirits down to keep spirits up.”

Occasionally he would venture out to the streets “in the gloaming,” and whistle up some of his old favourite tunes. He was, indeed, a great and celebrated whistler of his day, as another Glasgow character afterwards was ; and when he was recognised on the streets, he received a little assistance from the cold hand of charity, for he had nothing else to depend upon. It was thought the magistrates would relent and restore him to office, but they never did so. He latterly became totally blind. “*Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.*” And in that stricken and

helpless condition he was sometimes led by a pretty little girl, his granddaughter, to the "Arn's Well" in the Green of Glasgow to bathe his eyes, and to quaff the pure cordial from its delicious stream.

The strength of his *intellect* never deserted him, and, as he had often jingled with delight for others, he prepared at last to jingle quietly and soberly for himself to the anticipated sphere of another world. It is good to notice that he received his last final "Notice" with great resignation, and he was carried decently to the "Hie Kirk burying-ground"—

"Where servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes."

CHAPTER XIV.

JAMES DALL, THE FAMOUS CITY PORTER.

" I never flatter; praise but rare;
 I scorn a double part;
 An' when I speak I speak sincere
 The dictates o' my heart.
 I truly hate the dirty gate
 That mony a body taks,
 Wha paze ane, syne blaze ane,
 As soon's they turn their backs."

Tannahill.

IF in the latter part of our previous discourse about Bell Geordie we have spoken of him with some degree of gravity and circumspection, we are afraid we shall not be able to do so with reference to the extraordinary Glasgow character we are about to notice, because, although both of them held a strong hold on the attention of the citizens some forty or fifty years ago, they were totally dissimilar in their character and occupations. Both of them, indeed, had fair characters: nobody can deny that; but in personal appearance they were at the antipodes of each other. Geordie had a most pleasant countenance: his features were admirable; but DALL was utterly different, almost beyond description in another view. It is to his personal features mainly that the interest of this chapter attaches, if there be any interest about it, as to which our readers will best judge when we

close it ; but those, and there are some such yet in the city, who remember the once living man will not say that we have surcharged the description of him we are about respectfully to give.

We never could learn the exact place of his nativity, but we think we may claim him as a lusty boy, born in the Gorbals, now forming such a mighty unit in the history of Glasgow, and with the prospect, if we may rely on Mr Disraeli, of soon having an independent member of Parliament to itself. My conscience ! Nicol Jarvie never dreamt of anything of that sort in all his philosophy in former times about Glasgow, and the Gallowgate, and the Saltmarket thereof, &c., &c.

But we must eschew *politics* at this part of our chapter. When we knew DALL fifty years ago, for that was the name he invariably went by, he was stationed as a street messenger, or porter, at the foot of Nelson Street, and he maintained his position in that place eastwards to the statue of King William at the Cross without any rival. In fact, there were very few porters at that time in the city—not more than a dozen or two—and we remember when two or three of them congregated about the Black Bull in Argyle St., and one of them wended his way, or took up his station so far west as Buchanan Street ; he was regarded as a very foolish old fellow, ill off for a job. None but old men—discarded servants of the magistrates and Town Council, or others in authority, but discharged with a good character—were trusted as city porters in those days. Dall was the youngest but the stoutest of the lot. He got on through the favour of old Mr Joseph Bain, of Morriston, who farmed the ancient mail coaches of the city ; and the great Mail Coach Office, booking passengers to Edinburgh and London, and all places of

the world, consisted of a small room in the lower department of one of the tenements in Nelson Street, and a pie and porter shop stood nearly at the corner of it. "The King's Arms Inn," as it was called, "entered from a narrow close thirty yards or so from it. Old Mr Joseph Bain and his sons, John, and Joseph the advocate, were much tickled with the personal appearance of Dall, and more with his astonishing strength and prowess. He could lift the heaviest portmanteau, no matter what it contained, with the greatest ease: he could throw piles of luggage over his shoulders, as if his shoulders were made like caravans for the greatest loads; none could match Dall "for a lift"—none could run so quickly as he did. He was taken into great favour by Mr Bain and his sons and many others, and was dubbed, "Dall, the King of the City Porters."

All this is simple and natural enough; but it is nothing without the real description of his person, which, without trusting our own pen, was scribbled down to us many years ago by an esteemed friend from whose humour we have derived more gratification sometimes than if he had been penning the original memoirs of Don Quixote.

We now approach the subject of this worthy old TROJAN with feelings somewhat of admiration and awe. His name, though short and queer, is full of interest. The very mention of it calls up visions of an open countenance, open even to excess. Dall was contemporary with Hirstling Kate, Major and Mary, illustrious characters of their own kind in the city, which we intend to describe by and bye. They exchanged the most friendly greetings with each other when they foregathered at the foot of Nelson Street, or nearer to the Tron Steeple. Dall was of middle stature, inclining to buffyness. His face was

round like a large wooden platter, rather plookey, and of a cadaverous hue. His eyes were grey, cod-like, and startling. It was impossible to look upon them without emotion. The proboscis resolved itself into a peculiar sort of thickish bulb, shaky and snuffy towards the extremity, and it quivered much in the action of walking or running, especially in the latter course. In character, it was neither Greek nor Roman, but approached that of the negro—only it was not black but purple. Some long-tongued people compared the nasal organ of Dall to an over-ripe, woody, jargonel pear, which had been dabbled by the sparrows, but rejected as unwholesome, and had lain at the bottom of the tree uncared for, except by snails crawling over it till Martinmas. Be that as it may, *it* was not the reigning feature of our friend's visage. Oh dear, no. The nose might be all well enough, but it was completely eclipsed by another organ—emphatically the *mouth*, yes the mouth. It is no vain boast for Glasgow to say, and say with perfect confidence, that such another mouth was probably never seen in Europe since the dawn of civilisation. Now, although it is admitted on all hands that such a convenience is absolutely necessary in the animal economy, yet there are reasonable limits to it. Like honey, a person may have too much of it. This was exactly Dall's predicament. Nature had been over liberal, and had bestowed on him an opening for the admission of nourishment greatly beyond what ordinary mortals required. It reached crosswise nearly from the one ear to the other, and might have entitled him to rank with the *skato* family. There presided over it a very remarkable upper lip hugely resembling the hump of a young dromedary. This protuberance was flabby, and had a liver-like look. People unacquainted with our

hero's quiet and pacific habits might have rashly concluded from a cursory glance at Dall's *mums* that the proprietor of such a lip must have been lately engaged in a sparring match either with Jack Carter who taught the young Glasgowegians of that day "the noble art," as it has been most improperly called, of self-defence in some taverns in King Street, or with Molyneaux, the great big burly African black who breakfasted on beefsteaks and grapes, and fought with poor Fuller on the Stocky-muir five-and-thirty years prior to that date. But honest Dall was not of the fancy. The fact is, that his lip came along with him exactly as it was from his cradle.

But, reverting to the mouth—the blae bulby nose already described, hovered over it like a presiding genius, occasionally moistening it in the kindest manner with tricklings from the two wynd-like nostrils, up which the *rappee* was vehemently driven by Dall's right thumb, fresh from his round tin snuff-box, when the spirit moved him. How this wonderful man contrived to shave the huge protuberance himself, or how any member of the barber craft, who were then persecuted for Sunday shaving, could venture to scrape it without taking off a considerable slice, or making a deep incision, are questions which can only be answered by a barber's committee, aided by the practical pen of such a member of their cleanly fraternity, as the great and learned Hugh Strap, who served his apprenticeship in the High Street, during the days of Nathaniel Jones, who published the first Glasgow Directory.

In contemplating Dall's "fine open countenance," the effect depended very much on the precise condition it happened to be in at the time. If the mouth was shut, and in a state of repose, then the spectator might pass

on safely ; but if Dall happened to laugh, such a fearful chasm was revealed, that people instinctively fell back a pace or two in alarm. If he sneezed, the explosion and the combined action of the snout, lip, and mouth, were awful. But, if he happened to yawn, as he sometimes did, when in a lazy fit, people ran off the pavement to the crown of the causeway, so as to be at a safe distance, lest, peradventure they might be swallowed up by the crocodilian gape of this Trongate phenomenon. The curious sometimes go to a menagerie at feeding time, and pay a shilling extra to see the wild beasts at supper. But that was nothing compared with our friend, devouring a penny pie or a triangular scone, fresh from the baker's. One grand bite, and all was over. Down the whole concern went at a bound. The nose shook, the lip soaked in grease, or powdered with scone flour, paused while the tremendous cavern underneath gaped wide for more ; and a *rift* from its innermost recesses, came forth with a gust almost sufficient to blow your hat off.

Whistling was rather inconvenient, from the peculiar configuration of Dall's alimentary organ. It was therefore, not often indulged in. But when the phrenological bump of *tune* was excited, probably after a draught of small-beer, or a mug of twopenny ale, the mouth assumed the aspect of the entrance of a tunnel, such for instance, as that of the Mollindinar Burn, which then discharged its sweet limped waters into the Clyde, while the strains which issued from the unparalleled dallian cylinder were enough to make a horse laugh. The tunes themselves however, we must say, were selected by the whistler with great good taste, from the more genteel melodies of Caledonia, such as — "Tallyho the Grinder," "Hey

Cocky-bendie," "Babbety Bowster," "Jenny dang the Weaver," and other lightsome but popular airs.

Dall's raiment consisted of a queerish coat, corduroy knee'd breeks, rig-and-fur stockings, quarter boots, well dozed with tackets, and laced with leather whangs; a red comforter; the whole surmounted by a hat, generally a good deal bashed from concussions caught in the exercise of his profession, with trunks and other luggage of the mail coach travellers. A coil of ropes, thick enough to have hanged Pritchard, was arranged gracefully across his chest, and gathered into a bunch at his left haunch, ready for action. He wore a star of the same material as a barber's basin on his breast, the emblem of *his* order.

The best place to see Dall, in the middle of the day, was at the Old Mail Coach Office, already described, or between King William and the Old French Horn Close. When the coach was away, and time hung rather heavy on his hand, he might be seen with the Grammar School boys, or other urchins of the city, trying his powers at "leap frog," over the well-known row of the old twenty-four pounder cannons that stood on end along the edge of "the plainstones" opposite the Tontine—a feat that required great agility. When successful in jumping over them all, our hero "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," which made the youngest to look upon him with awe and amazement.

But the better place by far to see Dall in his glory, was when the mail coach was either ready to start from the foot of Nelson Street for London, or when she arrived. In the former case, the coach was as clean as a new pin, with its old-fashioned chocolate coloured pannelings and bright red wheels, all well washed and trig from the Old Saracen's Head Inn, Gallowgate; its high mettled horses

and guard with scarlet coat, cockade, and pistols; Dall, all the while, in spite of his mouth, bustling amongst the gaping crowd, with parcels, portmanteaus, and sweetmeats, &c., &c., to the astonishment and concern of the passengers. Then, when all was ready, the guard blew his horn, the horses pranced as Jehu's long whip gently touched the leaders, and off went the coach, down the queer old Gallowgate, "like winking."

On the other hand, when it was about the hour of the mail's arrival, Dall was eagerly on the look-out, his neck stretched like an ostrich, and his mouth and lip in an agony of expectation. This was probably the most dangerous period to approach him. There was no saying what the mouth might do. But when the "toot tootin" of the guard's horn reached his ears, as the coach dashed past St Andrew's Lane, honest Dall gave a decided jump, and rubbed his "hackit" hands together, then bolting into "the offish," declared "she's there." Up the mail accordingly drove briskly to the door, bespattered with mud, and the horses with foam; the usual crowd gathered; down came the war-like guard with his precious leather bags from London, and forward Dall sprang to open the coach door. The inside stranger passengers were apt to pause at the extraordinary appearance of our friend's visage, and to hesitate about coming out till they assured themselves there was no danger. All this was during the war time. Now, Dall in common with the rest of the reading portion of the public, had a strong itch for politics. If the Mail brought news of some great battle, the eager desire of Dall for "the latest intelligence" made him thrust his head into the coach, which caused the travellers instinctively to draw up their legs in case of a sudden evolution. Well do we

remember the day when the news arrived of the battle of Waterloo. The Mail had a large flag with "Victory" in big letters, the guard, driver, and horses were decorated with ribbons, and an immense crowd surrounded the coach. Dall was there, of course; and when the news reached his ears that "*Boney was licked,*" and the allies in full cry towards Paris, the worthy man's mouth became quite unmanageable. It flew open like a barn door—the upper lip shook like a mass of stranded whale blubber—and then there came forth such a huzza as has seldom proceeded from mortal man, and which caused not only the cock on the Tron Steeple to chitter with the reverberation, but the gust nearly *coupit* our amiable friend Blind Alick with his fiddle, to whom we have paid every respect in one of our preceding chapters.

Having thus described, with the aid of our excellent friend referred to, the personal appearance of Dall by no means surcharged in any way, as those, we repeat, who are still spared to recollect him may safely attest, it now only remains for us to note down a few other incidental particulars regarding him which may be regarded with some interest now by those who do not know, because they were not then born, and by others who yet remember the stirring events which then occurred in Glasgow. We say nothing further here,—we have perhaps sufficiently exhausted the subject already anent the Trial of Queen Caroline, the illuminations on her victory, the Radical Rebellion, as it was called, of 1819-20, the military scouring the streets of Glasgow, the reading of the Riot Act, &c., &c. At that epoch—viz., 1819-20—many, we are sure, will remember that Glasgow became like a great military arsenal crammed with troops of all descriptions. The gentlemen's corps of sharpshooters was then formed

comprising the *elite* of the city, and mustering nearly a thousand strong. It was the pride almost of the whole city, and of the Commander-in-chief in Scotland, and the Lord President came west to see it often paraded in the Green. We well remember its enthusiastic strains, but the tear almost startles to our eye when we reflect that at the period we now write there are not more than fifty or sixty of that splendid group now alive in the land of living men !

Besides the sharpshooters there were the Glasgow Yeomanry and the Glasgow "Armed Association," which last consisted chiefly of decent tradesmen and their employers ; nor were the city porters denied a niche in this strange military movement—on the contrary, they were welcomed to it by the magistrates. Dall was the moving star of the porters. He had such legs and arms of strength that many declared he himself was equal to a whole company of volunteers together ; but when, in the sight of others, he appeared in his "philibeg and tartan trews," brandishing a huge oak cudgel in place of a rifle in his hand, the loud guffaws of women, as well as men, became perfectly irresistible. He soon settled, however, the "Armed Associates." They were named, from his desperate strength, the "Armed Assassins ;" the sharpshooters got the name of "the Dandy Corps," and the Yeomanry that of "the Sour Milk Cavalry." Happily the Radical Rebellion soon blew over—not without taking off the heads, in the most shocking way, of poor Hardie and Baird at Stirling. This was indeed a sorry episode, and we pass it over without saying another word in this place.

It was amusing to meet with Dall when he was playing "the soldier laddie" on some of these great occasions. It must not be supposed that although we have described

him in the most ludicrous style that he wanted good brains in his head, or correct and ready judgment. He knew perfectly well the why and the wherefore, and he was never at a loss to show his erudition on points that might have baffled some of the most learned. As a judge of horse flesh, none could cope with him; and he could tell the qualities of a pointer dog, or the dexterity of a greyhound, as he often led them on a string to the Mail Coach Office. He could even "cut capers" when he pleased with "the College-bred;" for he was a mighty favourite with every one of the learned professors, and ran messages for them most correctly when their own *Beadalus* happened to be out of the way, or otherwise engaged. Dall could be hailed in a jiffy from the east to the west of the city, and bankers entrusted to him their parcels without fear. He was equal to six ordinary porters on any emergency, at any time. Somehow we got particularly attached to him towards the close of his career, and never left him without good humour. He had many things from Joe Miller at his finger ends. This was one of them—

"If *ifs* and *ans*
Were pots and pans,
There would be nae need for tinklers."

Dall, at times, was particularly racy on the sharpshooters: many of them were his best employers. We give the following, whether it was his own or not, on the Armed Association:—

IMPORTANCE OF THE REAR RANK.

"Says a man in the front to a man in the rear,
Hold your peace with your insolent chat;
You cowardly dog, what's the use of you here,
They might as well give a gun to a bat."

REPLY.

“ You pretend not to know what’s the use of us here,
They knew it who give us our pay ;
Such hero’s as we, sir, are clap’t in the rear,
To prevent you from running away.”

But Dall was humorsome in many ways. He pretended that he had secured the friendship of the great Duke of Athole, the great great-grandfather of the present Duke, and so he did in this wise. When the ancient Duke, whom we often saw in Glasgow, came hither, as he did pretty regularly, almost every year, and put up at the Black Bull Inn, Argyle Street, preparatory to his embarkation in some schooner at the Broomielaw bound for the Isle of Man, of which island his Grace was then the absolute proprietor and Governor, Dall had the honour of being commissioned by his Grace to see after some portions of his heavy luggage from the Bull to the Broomielaw. The Duke liked the sonsy appearance of Dall, whom he took to be a stalwart Highlander, and Dall did not deny the paternity whether it was genuine or not. He received more than one glass of Glenlivet from the hands of the Duke, and told the following story with great glee, which happened about the year 1820, with one of his Jacobite relatives, Mr Donald Cameron, near Dunkeld. Donald, an aged man, had been out for Prince Charlie in the '45, and the Duke was questioning him keenly about his youthful recollections of that date. He quaffed off one glass and next another, and the Duke was tempting him with a third in honour of the king. “ Fat king, please your Grace ? ” said Donald. “ King George, our present glorious king,” said the Duke. “ Weel, weel,” replied Donald (true to his early allegiance to Prince

Charlie), "if that be *the king's* you like, Donald's no dry," and he declined the whisky. There is sometimes much meaning in a Highlandman's response.

GLASGOW PUNCH.

Our friend Dall could define the quality of a *Punch Drinker* in Glasgow in an admirable way. "You may know," says Dall, "a punch drinker by half a dozen different signs. Take him into a fruiterer's shop, and he will begin to handle the lemons, though all the riches of Paradise besides were piled on the counter. Walk past a china shop with him, and a bowl in the window brings him to a dead stand. If in a ramble to the country you happen to pass by a spring well, he wishes to goodness it were within a dozen of yards of a puncheon of rum. Talk to a wine merchant, and though you were praising his Burgundy and claret, he will ask next what do you think of his *rum*? Watch him after his own dinner, and he can hardly sit in his chair for the fidgets till he gets the bowl, the cold water from the "airns well," the sugar, the lemons, and the rums. That is what they call the *Nectar* of Glasgow. And Dall was not far wrong in his description, for no gentleman did without it in his day at any social party. "Take off your heel-taps," said Dall; "hip, hip, hurrah!" These times, however, are greatly altered—some say to the better—but in a warm, sultry day, or summer's evening, what can be more refreshing than the lemon juice springled moderately with the old genuine rum? The nasty biting whisky now-a-days is utterly loathsome compared with the fragrance of the lemon and the limes. Such is our opinion—from a good deal of experience, we confess—and we hope the teetotallers will not cruelly malign us for saying so.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

Dall gloried, notwithstanding the character of his mouth in reciting the lines of his friend and patron Wm. Glen, the Glasgow Poet, on the battle of Vittoria. Perhaps we ought to have given them with better effect in a previous chapter. But they cannot, even at this distant day, be reviewed by Glasgow people, young or old, without a thrill of admiration.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

Sing a' ye bards wi' loud acclaim,
 High glory gi'e to gallant Grahame,
 Heap laurels on our Marshall's fame,
 Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
 Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
 An' raised her stately form again,
 Whan the British Lion shook his mane
 On the mountains o' Vittoria.

The English Rose was ne'er sae red,
 The Shamrock waved whare glory led,
 And the Scottish Thistle raised its head,
 An' smiled upon Vittoria.
 Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
 Whare thousands fought and mony fell;
 But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
 At the battle of Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
 Let a' their trophies for them wave,
 An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
 Upon thy field, Vittoria!
 Then let eternal laurels bloom,
 While maidens mourn his early doom,
 An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb
 Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,
Barossa heard your Highlan' lay,
An' the gallant Scot show'd there that day,
 A prelude to Vittoria.
Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,
To them wha made poor Spain rejoice ;
Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys,
 Barossa an' Vittoria !

This song when first sung, soon after the battle, in the old Theatre Royal in Queen Street, electrified the audience ; and it was encored over and over again for many nights. We had the felicity of hearing the poor but talented author singing it over and over again ; but to the deep disgrace of some of his rich relations, they have allowed his remains to moulder away without so much as a stone to mark them in the High Church of Glasgow.

But again we fear we must descend from the sublime to the ludicrous. Peter Macmartin, an old carrier and friend of Dall's, intimated that " he would leave the city with his waggon for Ayr, if goods offered, every Tuesday morning, God willing : but on Wednesday *whether or no.*" This has been told of another carrier in a different direction ; but Dall claimed it both for the Ayr and the Falkirk carrier. It is curious here to remark that so late as the year 1819 there was only one carrier once or twice in the week from this city to the now great mineral district of Airdrie : and only four times a-week as far as Dumbarton !

We have been speaking of the Anderston Volunteers, and now we have to tell Dall's story about another corps located in the east towards Camlachie. " Mither," said a young recruit, " I've got my arms." " Airms, laddie ! gif the French comes the length o' Tollcross, ye'll hae mair need o' your heels."

He was annoyed one day by a crying cherub in its mother's arms in the mail coach. "Man," said Dall to the outside guard, "I verily believe the woman who can compose a baby is far cleverer than him who can compose a book."

The following lines, which about that time appeared, tickled the fancy of Dall amazingly. He thought they were levelled at himself:—

SNUFF, AND SNUFF TAKERS.

"What a moment! what a doubt!
 All my nose inside out—
 All my thrilling, trickling caustic,
 Pyramid rhinocerostic
 Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!
 Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
 Now with rapturous torment wrings me.
 Now says, "Sneeze, you fool! get through it,"
Shee-shee, oh! 'tis most del-ishi,
Ishi—ishi, most del-ishi,
 Hang it, I shall sneeze to spring,
 Snuff's a most delicious thing."

As we never snuffed nor chewed tobacco, we shall offer no opinion about it; but in rummaging over some old papers the other day we alighted on a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr Zachary Boyd in this city more than 200 years ago. His figure may be yet seen in the Old Court of the College, on the east side, near the spire thereof. He had been lecturing on some of the frivolities of that age, and thus bounces out in the following original words:—

"Some also bee who foolishly
 Tobacco still must have;
 They live on smoke, and still they bee
Unto clay pipes a slave."

AN EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATOR.

Dall was much taken up one day in devouring the *Gateshead Observer* newspaper. He had always plenty of papers at his command in the Mail Coach Office. A quack in Gateshead, who enjoyed a considerable reputation as a bone setter, curing the lieges in cases which had been given up by the Faculty, was consulted by a native of South Durham. In the course of conversation, the quack related some of his wonderful cures, to the great astonishment of his visitor, who ejaculated his astonishment ever and anon to the evident satisfaction of the narrator. "Look, sir," said the patient, "ye have had some queer cases in your time, sure enough." "Ah," replied the setter, "but these is nought to the one I had at Calderhoot. That was a case. If ever I did think I was to be beat, that was the time. It was a man whose shoulder-blade had slipped down till the very edge of his left hip." "Lack a-daisy, sir," exclaimed the gaping listener; "I'se never heer'd o' sic a thing in a' my born days." "Very likely not," replied the quack; "it puzzled all the doctors in the neighbourhood before he came to me; *but thanks to a stout heart and a rolling pin, I hitched it up to its place in a twinkling, for the small fee of three guineas.*"

We could fetch many other droll stories out of the mouth of Dall, for though dead, he yet speaketh; but we must not overdoze our readers at this period. At what particular time the illustrious Dall quitted this transitory planet of ours, is quite uncertain. We rather think it would be about the year 1842.

It is to be lamented that no good portrait of him was ever taken in order that the lineaments might have been

transmitted as a model to all gaping posterity. Penny likenesses of him and some other notable individuals no doubt appeared in the picture shops in the Trongate, and the old Trades Land at the head of Saltmarket; but it is to be feared these may not have been preserved in any of the Museums. It is, however, so far fortunate that a striking resemblance is yet to be seen in a piece of sculpture near the Cross of Glasgow. The curious on this point are invited to examine, if they have not done it already, but this is really the legitimate opportunity of doing so, those noble looking countenances which preside over the *third* arch from the east end of the Tontine Piazza. It belongs to the *immortal ten*, well-known to recruiting sergeants, cab-drivers, vendors of hot pies and ginger-bread cakes, and other intelligent persons daily frequenting the flanks of King William's Charger, and recognised in the annals of the city as "the Tontine Faces." In contemplating that specimens of Mungo Naismith's art in sculpturing the likenesses of great men, the stranger cannot fail to be impressed with the peculiar air of repose, calm dignity, yet sweetness of expression which the stoney portrait No. 3, the one farthest off in the eastern direction, so strikingly exhibits; while on the other hand, the spectator who remembers Dall in all his glory will be at no loss there to recognise his intelligent features. The only want is the Dallian lip, and *that* is a great want. But of course Naismith is not to blame; for, with all fertility of his genius in chiselling those ten Tontine faces, neither he, nor anybody else could have ever dreamt of a lip adorning any human countenance like Dall's.

We are not joking, but seriously and respectfully recommending all our Glasgow readers who have not

yet seen these Tontine faces at the place stated to repair thither forthwith and judge for themselves; and if they do so, we are humbly persuaded that this Chapter shall not have been written in vain, nor will they deny that we have established at least one droll character once upon a time in the City of Glasgow.

CHAPTER XV.

FEEA, THE POOR GLASGOW IDIOT BOY.

“Behold and pause—see him, and reflect.”

Dr Chalmers.

“This one, I grant it, in the generous breast
Will stand advanced a step above the rest.”

Cowper.

FIFTY years ago, the streets of Glasgow were more frequented by *outré* characters than they are now. The police-officers of those days did not consider it worth while to meddle with poor, harmless creatures, but tacitly allowed them to roam about the city as they liked best. A few words here about those ancient police-officers, with their blue coats and red collars. The peace of the city at that time was sufficiently preserved during the day by about half-a-dozen of these amiable functionaries. They were certainly objects of *fear* to the rising generation, with whom they frequently came in contact during the mischievous pranks of the former in many stone battles between the Glasgow and the Gorbals boys, who were rivals, as we learn, almost from the earliest period of Glasgow history, and hard hits, cracked crowns, and sometimes broken lozens were the order of the day, besides pitched battles in single combat “o’er the bonnet” on the pavement, as also various other *shines* that cannot

well be described by any pen. Two of these ancient municipal lynxes were, sometime ago, minutely described to us by an esteemed friend, still alive, who has written much about the history and manners of Glasgow in bygone years. One of those characters was called "Willie Balorneck," from having been at one time a servant at the fine old place of that name to the north, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. He was a lank, good-natured, sparely man: his clothes hung loosely on him, and he was but an indifferent walker, and a worse runner. He would give the youngsters a *cuff* when he captured them in any fray, and then allow them to depart. The second hero was of very different mettle from the other. He went by the name of "Rowley Powelly Black Jock." He was a short-necked, thick-set mortal, somewhat beyond middle age, round shouldered, bandy-legged, and, as the old women alleged, a "very crabbed carle." He wore corduroy knee breeches, grey rig and fur worsted stockings, which showed off his brawny calves: a little hat, not overtroubled with nap, was cocked proudly on his head, and he carried a tremendous cudgel. The most objectionable quality which the Glasgow and Gorbals boys recognised in this last officer of the law was, that he was a very expert, capital runner for his years, and exercised an uncourteous fashion of throwing his cudgel at the boys' heels if, during a chase, he fancied he could not overtake or capture them.

It was in these times, and under such circumstances, in the year 1812, that the object of our present notice came into play. Poor Feea! poor, dear Feea! we can never think of him without emotion. He was born in the lower part of the Stockwell, of the poorest but most honest and virtuous of parents in that locality, and, ere he was four

or five years of age, he lost his father, and soon afterwards his mother; and this had such an effect upon him, that his intellect became impaired, and he was thrown as a weary, wandering, orphan boy upon the streets of Glasgow.

It is a pity to state, but it must be stated, that he was suffered to grow up in this city like a wild Arabian colt in all the frivolities of nature. Few cared about him in early life—he ran hither and thither just as he pleased. Every dark, lone close in Glasgow might have been claimed by him as his habitation: and some old deserted stables, with a tift of rotten straw left in them, were regarded by him as a sort of palace in a stormy, winter night. How he was clad, it is difficult to tell; we only know that he had, when we first saw him, a coarse, round corduroy jacket, with pockets under the arms, which he delighted to show—a scanty blue kilt which barely covered his knees, nothing in the shape of shoes or stockings, and no hat or cap, and an utter stranger to the qualities of soap, or to the benefits of brush or comb. Yet under these sad disadvantages he had a very sweet and winning appearance. At the age of fifteen, he was one of the most nimble and best-shaped youths in the city—none could run like him to any distance. He was remarkably fond of mixing with other boys about his own age, wholly different from him in education and comfort; for Feea had no education whatever, and almost as little comfort, yet here also he seemed to be the happiest amongst the happy, and somehow his very appearance, ever mild and docile, made him a favourite with many of the younger aristocracy of our city, if we may so call them; and here we are glad to mention that they generally treated him with peculiar but great kindness. But alas! his own

mode of living was utterly revolting. Whether the sad pangs of hunger in his earlier orphan years had gnawed and distracted him in a way which none can tell and as little describe, or whether tempted or impelled by some extraordinary instinct, never occurring in the history of any other human being in this city so far as we know, certain it is that during the heaviest showers of rain that fell in the city—in particular, during the loudest peals of thunder and the most vivid flashings of lightning, while many intelligent people were alarmed, and others stood aghast with fear and trembling, this poor idiot boy was sure to be seen running about and clapping his hands, and shouting and laughing with joy. He truly realised the emphatic line of the poet—

“In darkness and in storm he found delight.”

For in his tattered clothes, drenched to the skin, he might be seen busily occupied in performing feats for his own comfort, the mere mention of which, we dare to say, may well excite a thrill of horror on the part of our kind readers who live well and dine luxuriantly, enjoying, probably, every good wish to their heart's content. The occupation of Feea here alluded to was this,—On these occasions when the streets were deluged with rain, and the gutters running down the sides of the streets were in some places completely overflowed, Feea would be seen eagerly gathering up all the creeping and crawling worms gambling in the pools and swallowing them alive one after another so soon as he could lay his fingers upon them! This certainly was a shocking practice; but shocking as it was, it became, strange to say, the very thing which distinguished Feea above all others in Glasgow! On these wet days, the boys from the Grammar

school, or others descending from the College, would seize upon Feea, and tempting him with his favourite beverage, they shouted, "A worm for Feea," and in his innocent simplicity he would laugh and gobble it down with the greatest adroitness: nay, relish it perhaps more a good deal than any alderman of London ever did his *turtle* soup. Feea frequently filled his jacket-pocket, of which he seemed to be very proud, with worms and snails, or other creeping things; but a dead mouse or a dead rat he abhorred, and would never look at such with anything like satisfaction. It was the *worms* on a rainy day that he preferred above any other morsel. Yet he had no bad taste in other respects, and accordingly many of the boys who romped after him would treat him to lumps of black man, or lickery stick, or sugar alley, and also to peppermint lozenges, and cakes spread with butter and parley snaps, or other sweetmeats, for which the poor creature always indicated his gratitude by first kissing his hand, and then bowing his head; but on a wet day, or, as we have stated, in showers of rain from the heavens, these last-mentioned luxuries were despised by Feea in comparison with the worms which he caught in the gutters, and obviously relished, we do declare, as much if not more so, than any of our respected magistrates could do a fine caller herring, nicely dressed with pepper and salt, or other condiments. It may, perhaps, not be out of place here to mention that a very excellent and humane lady of this city—now no more—was much shocked one day when in King Street at seeing a butcher there sharpening his knife to kill a young bleating lamb. "You monster," she said, "are ye going to kill the little innocent in that way?" He replied coolly—"Why, my lady, would you wish to eat it *alive*?"

But apart from his noxious mode of living, for which, perhaps, the pangs of hunger in his early life might be his best excuse, he was, in his open countenance, the very picture of innocence itself. We never beheld a milder looking creature straggling on the streets of Glasgow; and when he got an old pair of *calshies* (trousers), or a shirt, or a vest, or a jacket, as he occasionally did from some of the other boys who liked him well, he would dance, as they bade him to do, or run a race from the one end of Argyle Street to the other in less than two minutes. He was peculiarly attached to the canine tribe. A little dog, when he could seize one in his arms, became with him a mighty favourite: and although dogs in some places are said to have a natural instinct against all people in the shape of beggars, the undoubted fact is that every dog in Glasgow at that period was known to Feea, and, instead of barking at him, they would run after him, wagging their tails and fawning to him as they went along. But a neighing horse was to him a noble animal. And if he went to the head of Queen Street to behold the crows' nests then building, as they did every year and for many years, in the well-known "Rookery," which many yet may remember, surrounding the elegant mansion of the late James Ewing, Esq., of Levenside, since demolished to make way for the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, Feea might be seen often waiving his arms and attempting to leap up in the air to catch them. But his chief *howf* latterly was in Glassford Street, near the then new Trades' Hall (founded in 1791 at an expense of £5000 sterling). It became, as Feea grew up and was emerging from his *teens*, the favourite fashionable dancing place for the young scions and belles of Glasgow. Near it he would squat down on the pavement, rubbing his

hands, and muttering and chatting to himself; for the poor idiot boy often held communings with his own inward estate, and then he would start up from his reveries, and give his favourite loup. It was a great one: for at one bound, or at most two, he could leap from the pavement at the Trades' Hall to the opposite pavement leading to Garthland Street, and back again in the easiest manner. We question whether any boy in all Glasgow could be found at this day to accomplish such a feat. On another occasion, after Nelson's Monument on the Green of Glasgow had been struck at the top with lightning, 5th August, 1810, Feea, amazed at the circumstance, not of the lightning, at which he gloried, but at the strange and shattered appearance of the Monument, threw up a hand-ball which he possessed over the head of it—a height of more than 140 feet, and smiled as he ran after his ball and caught it descending near the Old Herd's House on the Green, no trace of which is now to be seen. These surely were not *silly* feats; but whether silly or not, no writer that we are aware of has yet recorded them, and we beg to do so with the most cherished and rational respect for his unblemished memory.

We were almost forgetting to state that one day Feea, with all his natural modesty, ventured to enter within the precincts of the Trades' Hall: it was on a "Practising Saturday," when all the boys and girls were wont to display their agility in *dancing*. Let us attempt to describe it shortly from the words of an old favourite pupil, still to the fore, and using his legs, we are happy to say, remarkably well. The large Hall was filled with the pupils, including the misses from two of the most fashionable boarding-schools, who sat in rows on the front forms at opposite ends of the Hall, glittering with spangles and

bugles and gumflowers in their hair, each with her little blue or red silk bag and sash, and presided over by prim duennas. The master, in honour of *his* patrons and the occasion, was in full dress, consisting of a long swallow-tailed blue coat (not overly well made), with satin tights and silks, a profusion of ruffles, knee and shoe buckles, a huge bunch of seals suspended from a chain thick enough for a terrier, a curly brown wig nearly as good as new—his whole person being perfumed with rose water, and a peppermint lozenge or two in his mouth to disguise his breath, whose fragrance otherwise might have been traced to the rum bottle. On the other hand, the trig boys were expected and required to show their very best manners, by politely handing their fair partners to a seat, and then going through the trying ordeal of walking tip-toe across the great hall, assuming the first, second, and third positions, and then, with a profound bow, beseeching the young beauty's acceptance of an orange newly arrived from Lisbon, and a few curley-anders—going through the same ceremony as they came back to the master, who graciously received the duplicate orange, and, at the first convenient opportunity, slyly slipped it into a large empty basket lying *perdu* near the fiddlers for private use. In short, everything was as prim, pernickety, and blythesome to the little blue-jackets as possible. The dance going on was *Shantruse*; and a famous dance it was. The music was playing cheerfully, the affectionate parents admiring their lovely children engaged in the dance, while the prim boarding-school mistresses, sitting like mummies, watching the demeanour of the misses *learning manners* under their charge, biting their lips if anything went wrong, and the little misses themselves, with red cheeks and bonnie white frocks, lilting gracefully on the

spacious floor of the said hall, when all of a sudden who should bang in amongst them with a hop-step-and-jump but honest "Feea," who rivetted the attention of them all.

Cries of "A new scholar, a new scholar," issued with acclaim from some of the joyous, waggish boys with clapping of hands and ruffing of feet. But the amazement of the master and the mistresses, the fathers and the mothers, as well as the fiddlers, was only equalled by that of the uncombed, unbreeched, shoeless, stockingless visitor himself. The music stopped abruptly: the boy dancers giggled with *he hee hees*: some of the misses *screched* at the uncommon visage of the rude intruder; but others of the knowing boys, up to the manners of Feea, shouted out, "Feea, Feea, a *ham* for Feea"—meaning a worm—on which the enraged master of ceremonies ran for his cane: and on seeing it Feea took the significant hint—he was not blind to signs or wonders—and he bolted down the stairs as fast as his heels could carry him, and nestled down in some of his more favourite haunts.

Charlotte Street, as we very well remember, was a great place for him amongst the gentry; many of the best citizens resided there, and amongst them the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, of the College Church, a most amiable man, the father of the renowned John Gibson Lockhart, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and also of Mr Wm. Lockhart, afterwards M.P. for Lanarkshire, and Mr Laurence Lockhart, minister of Inchinan, &c., &c. Old Dr Lockhart had always a warm side to poor Feea, and tried frequently to instruct him: he never allowed him to go away from his door without something; and on the opposite side of that street, almost facing Dr Lockhart's house, stood the residence of the parents of the lovely Miss Roxburgh, who

had the good fortune to marry the late esteemed and inestimable citizen, viz., Wm. Campbell, Esq., of Tilli-chewan, whose first warehouse, in partnership with his brother, Sir James Campbell, was then at No. 5 Salt-market. We remember the wedding day of Wm. Campbell perfectly. It was a great day in Glasgow, for he had the spirit to start with his bride in an elegant chaise and four splendid grey horses, which rattled through the Gallowgate with more animation and *eclat* considerably than was once done in Cheapside, if we can believe all accounts, by another very renowned citizen of London. This we know, for we saw him, that "Feea" was clad on that wedding day from head to foot with a braw suit of new clothes ordered to be provided for him by Wm. Campbell, which created the loftiest marks of approbation throughout the city, and we rather think this was one of the first considerate and humane deeds of charity commencing with the married life of Wm. Campbell, and led him onwards and for ever afterwards, with a smile on his lips, to dispense favours to fellow-mortals, many of which, we doubt not, are already registered in heaven.

How very different are the *feelings* of men! We shall here give a very striking instance of this: for in the very street referred to, viz., Charlotte Street, called after Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III., there lived a haughty and domineering commissioner of police, who had no bowels of compassion towards poor Feea, or any other poor needy creature approaching his doors. On the contrary, he seems to have borne a mortal antipathy to all such, and had a heart harder than adamant towards them. It was the practice of Feea, when in that part of the city, to scrape up bits of cold potatoes, of which he was fond, from the very receptacles of ashes or dung-

steads, then placed at a convenient distance behind the front mansion. In order to get at them, he required to leap over some pretty large stone walls; and the servants in those houses never disturbed him, for they knew him well, and rather pitied his abject taste. But on one of these occasions, the infuriated owner of one of these houses above referred to rushed out from his parlour with a large horse whip in his hands, seized hold of Feea, and lashed him furiously on his bare head and feet, and other parts of his body, till the blood issued in great profusion. The poor idiot boy screamed out most piteously. "No kill Feea! no kill Feea!" these were his very words. In an agony the poor creature, not conscious that he had done anything wrong, fell down on his knees, and cried again most piteously, "No kill Feea!—no kill Feea!" But the cruel monster continued to lash him till a young gentleman in the Gallowgate, attracted by the cries, rushed to the spot and rescued Feea. The poor bleeding creature, thus extricated, clung to the side of that young gentleman,—tears running rapidly down Feea's innocent cheeks, nor would he let go the trembling desperate hold which he took of his rescuer's coat, till he averted his eyes at some distance from the fiend who had so cruelly assailed him. This savage encounter, in such a quarter of Glasgow, created the deepest indignation in the heart of that young gentleman, and led to fierce and angry words between the two—to such a degree that the one threatened to prosecute the other; and we know to a certainty that our humane friend would have prosecuted the barbarian though it should have cost him a hundred pounds, but, on taking the advice of the old respected Robert Davidson, Esq., who was then the Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow, he was informed that

he could maintain no action of damages in the name of Feea, for the assault and wanton outrage committed upon him, because he was *non compos mentis*, and behoved to have tutors and curators appointed for him on the nearest side of his paternity, but none such could be found, and therefore the threatened proceedings were dropped. It remains for us now to give the name of that excellent young gentleman here referred to. He was none other than the late Wm. Gilmour, Esq., who years afterwards became one of the most racy and popular magistrates that ever wielded authority since the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill. Some of his appearances in the police courts of this city can never be forgotten so long as the files of some of our newspapers are in existence. We had the pleasure of enjoying his intimate and uninterrupted friendship for the long period of more than 40 years. He wrote us a most touching and affecting letter about Feea some years ago, and we had his permission to publish it again, for he was aware how much we were devoted to old Glasgow stories; but within the last six months he, too, has paid the debt of nature, and, therefore, it is perhaps expedient that we should draw a veil over his antagonist who lashed Feea with such cruelty. It is, however, very significant to add on this point that the house in Charlotte Street, and the appurtenances thereof, wherein Feea encountered such treatment, have long since been levelled to the ground, and there is not another person of the same name in that locality, or in the city of Glasgow—a circumstance not entitling us to say that the wicked have always their deserts in this world; but the mercy we entertain for some descendants still alive, at a great distance from Charlotte Street, prompts us to say nothing more on this subject.

We rather conclude by telling what is more amazing, that at all the ancient games of the city amongst the youngsters of that age—some of which are still kept up, such as playing at pitch and toss, bools plunked against bools into round holes in some convenient place on the pavements, the knuckle down by the loser to receive his punishment from the winner's hands with his successful bool, or the scudding of the "peerie" on the pavement, the game of "pall-all" on the same place, or the nobler game for exercise of "hide-and-seeck," high spy it was oftener called, not speaking of the "shinty" on the Green of Glasgow—none at some of these games could fairly match "Feea." Especially at the game of "high spy" he was the most adroit creature in the world, and might be said to be the King of the Cannibal Islands in more respects than one. But no king in all the earth, whether civilised or not, could cope with him in his joyous commands to his cronies when hiding in the game of high spy—

"Keep in, keep in, wherever you be,
The gleeed, the glad, is seeking thee."

And again—

*"Neevy, neevy, nick nack,
Which hand do ye tak?
The richt or the wrang,
Cheat me if you can."*

But we must now close with these scenes in the short life of Feea. We lament to say that, although insane and peaceable, and while from his years he was getting on to attain the majestic symmetry of a man, he suddenly disappeared from the streets of Glasgow. It was rumoured that he was found dead one bitter frosty morning in a cold cellar on the sunken floor of one of the old tenements in the Goosedubs, and quietly buried over in the Gorbals.

Others alleged that he had tumbled over the old wooden bridge crossing the Clyde near the foot of the Saltmarket, and there drowned, never more to be seen. But many alleged, and this last story in these days was more easy of belief—namely, that he was actually *smothered* in one of his quiet retreats at midnight by the *Resurrectionists*, who, there can be little doubt, prowled about the city in the darkest nights of those days, and carried their unfortunate and unhappy victims to their dissecting tables not far from the College, as was notoriously done in Edinburgh about the same time by these hellish miscreants, Burke and Hare, with other poor idiot boys or helpless creatures in that quarter of the kingdom. But, whatever befel “Feea,” we have often mourned over the remembrance of his sweet and serene countenance, and thought that, if he had been properly attended to in early life, instead of being the poor jaded idiot, he might have been a perfect Adonis in the city of Glasgow.

CHAPTER XVI.

MAJOR AND MARY.

“ Sure such a pair was never seen.”

It will be more amusing, we dare say, to many of our readers, and more agreeable certainly to ourselves to pass from some of the rather sad episodes in the life of Feea, which we have finished, in the meantime at least, in the foregoing Chapter, and to enter on more amusing or laughable matter, respecting two very distinguished characters, as we venture to call them, the one of the masculine and the other of the feminine gender, who long enjoyed the sunny smiles of “a discerning public” in this city, and who, we humbly think, should not be allowed to pass away into the dim caverns of forgetfulness without some special notice.

We therefore intend to bring them somewhat shortly, but perhaps vividly, before the mind’s eye of our readers in this Chapter. Circumstances render it convenient for us to defer describing the lady till we first describe the gentleman; but this seemingly ungallant arrangement is assuredly not meant to place this remarkable female one iota lower in public estimation than her birth and accomplishments warrant.

One of the oldest, most excellent, and esteemed friends, under the shadow of whose wings we have often written, brushes up our fancy as well as our recollection a good



MAJOR

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deal when he reminds us of these two favourite characters about to be introduced to our readers, under the names of Major and Mary—the only names by which they were ever heard of, or recognised in this city, and therefore we need not bother ourselves or trouble our readers by enquiring into their birth, parentage, education, and so forth.

“Who,” says our friend, “that knew Glasgow in all its aspects and agencies more than thirty years ago, did not also know MAJOR—if not personally—at least through the twang of their visual organs?” Wedded to the streets of good St Mungo, he was seldom from their sides. Indeed, no bridegroom could be more attentive. He belonged to that *genus* known to Dean Swift by the convenient and significant term *Yahoo*. The Major wanted the agility of poor Feea, and the poetical talent of Blind Alick, yet he did possess qualities which stamped him as an original.

The most striking was his physical appearance. His figure was almost indescribable. Round shouldered, twisted, knock-kneed, splae-footed, his head projecting from the nape of his neck, like a duck choking with a rebellious potato half-way down its gibbie, the skin of his face crumpled, haddock-eyed, and with a mouth which, for size or expression, resembled a guernsey cow chewing its cud. Major certainly could not be called good looking, or calculated to win a female heart. But he nevertheless was attractive, especially to the boys of the city, who greatly admired his singing and dancing. This was perhaps natural enough, for assuredly his performances were quite different from those taught in any school, whether in London or Paris, and we say this advisedly. His voice was a deep, cracked bass, singularly allied in tone to the grunt of a Tipperary boar.

The song was generally the same, probably from the fine sentiment embodied in the words, which had charms for this remarkable vocalist beyond other men. The tune was "Jenny's Bawbee" (a fine Scottish air), and the ballad short but expressive. It was neither more nor less than this which our hero reiterated, often and again, with boar-like cadence—

" Jenny put the kettle on,
Molly took it aff again ;
Jenny put the kettle on,
For a bawbee !"

Who these two ladies, Jenny and Molly were, was never explained, nor the reason which caused them to disagree on the point whether the culinary utensil mentioned in the song should or should not be placed on the fire. Without some precise knowledge of this, it would probably be rash to allege that the dispute was a foolish one, and that they could not reasonably expect to be rewarded with the coin they both aimed at for counteracting each other's treatment of their "kettle." But passing from too severe criticism on this poetical effusion, it seems enough to say, that the Major dwelt with far more emphasis on the last line of the effusion than on any of the other three, probably because it brought out so concisely and effectively the sole object which induced him to sing it at all. In other words, the expectation of the "bawbee" lay at the root of the whole of his extraordinary musical exhibitions.

Major enforced the views thus hinted at by calling to his aid a peculiar sort of instrument, fashioned by his own dark coloured paws. Its simplicity harmonised rather sweetly with the ballad itself, and this blending together as it were of tune, words, and original musical

instrument had a fine and wonderful effect. The beauty of the instrument was its perfect simplicity. It consisted merely of two sticks, used *a la violin*—the thickest being not unfrequently the fragment of a stob, snatched by Major from the skirts of the Green of Glasgow, and the other belonged to the staves of some sugar barrel, well licked by the Major's mouth; and these formed the veritable fiddle of the gallant Major, while an unserviceable porridge spurtle, or other light gear, did for the bow of the said fiddle. This primitive instrument so constructed was certainly inferior in some respects to a real Cremona, but it answered the Major's purpose equally well, and was of course less expensive. A few of his fellow citizens—the middle wags of their day—were so much struck with the whole scope and spirit of the Major's performances that they wiled him one morning into the "Herb Ale" shop of Mrs Wingate, in the Trongate. "Herb Ale" was a favourite liquor in these days, especially in the mornings before breakfast; it was thought, indeed, to be conducive to the appetite, but whether it was so or not, Major largely partook of it when he could get it "free for nothing gratis."

"It was good, he declared,
For the cough and the cold,
And shortness of breath."

The young or middle aged wags on the occasion referred to, notwithstanding of the Major's singular modesty, soon arrayed him with sundry parti-coloured additions to his ordinary attire, and on a sheet of virgin-white paper they painted the following words, and placed it with his perfect consent, around his remarkable *chapeau*—

"BEHOLD OUR SCOTTISH PAGANINI."

With this encomium so conspicuously placed on the worthy musician's pericranium, he perambulated the city, drawing tears—not surely of laughter—from every eye that beheld him. And truly the compliment meant to be conveyed was well merited, inasmuch as Paganini, the great Italian violinist prided himself on and delighted his numerous audiences with his performance with only one string to his fiddle; by-the-bye, he drew vast crowds with his instrument to the Theatre Royal, then in Queen Street, burned to the ground, and this Paganini pocketed more than a thousand pounds in Glasgow alone, for two or three nights' performances on his string. We saw him, and he was certainly one of the most ghastly objects we ever witnessed with an instrument in his hand, which delighted, however, all the Crownheads then in Europe, and enabled him to realise a magnificent fortune; but he was a wretch so sordid as almost to deny himself the common necessaries of life. Be that, however, as it may, and as already just observed, whereas this great Paganini drew vast crowds with only one string to his instrument, here was a Glasgow man, in the person of our friend the Major, who never had been in Italy, or probably never heard of such a country,—here he was, we repeat, visibly amongst us, performing also on his violin, which had no string at all, and with this extraordinary advantage in his favour, namely, that our Glasgow musician was self-taught, and acquired the art of playing on the public streets without the aid of any music book at all! If this did not evince great natural genius far superior to Paganini or any other cat-gut scraper in ancient or modern times, we are Dutchmen, and there is no music in us; and we will say of Major what has been said of others, that a prophet any more

than a musician seldom derives much profit in his own country.

KING CHARLES, THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN, AND
"BROSE AND BUTTER."

Talking of Paganini, it reminds us of a capital story founded on fact, which a favourite author of ours tells of the times of Charles the Second, and which probably our readers will excuse us for here relating, though it has nothing to do with Glasgow music or Glasgow characters at all; but still it is diverting.

When the King came to Scotland before the to him fatal battle of Worcester, in 1651, one of his chief confidants and associates was the Laird of Cockpen, immortalised by Sir Walter Scott, but who, in the nick-naming manners of earlier times, was called "Blythe Cockpen." When Charles was driven from the Throne and went into exile, Cockpen followed him to Holland, and his sagacity and wit much delighted "the merry monarch" in his retreat. Charles's favourite tune, which he heard first in Scotland, was the ancient one of "Brose and Butter," not yet forgotten, we hope, in Scotland. It was frequently played to the King when he went to bed, and he desired to be awakened by it in the morning. At the Restoration of Charles, in 1660, the Laird seemed to be entirely forgotten by his royal master, and he wandered upon the extensive lands which he once owned in Scotland, poor and friendless. Cockpen wrote often to the King, but his letters were not presented, or entirely overlooked. Wearied, heartbroken, and incensed, he travelled to London, and placed himself in all public places, thinking the eye of his Majesty might yet fall upon him. But he was never noticed, and his mean

garb did not suit the rich and embroidered doublets of Court; so he was frequently insulted and pushed away from approaching the King's presence. Cockpen at last attempted by cunning what he could not accomplish by plain dealing. He ingratiated himself into favour with the King's *organist*, who became so enchanted with Cockpen's wit and powers of music, that he requested him to play on the organ before the King one day, at divine service, in St James's Palace. Cockpen eagerly consented, and played with exquisite skill, yet never attracted his Majesty's eye. But at the close of the service, instead of playing the common tune on such occasions, he, in a state of desperation, ventured to play up "Brose and Butter" with all its energy and characteristic merriment.

The organist in a moment was ordered into the King's presence. "My liege, it was not me," he cried, and dropped down upon his knees, supplicating for pardon. "My liege, it was not me." "You!" said his Majesty, in a delirium of rapture; "you, sir, could never play it in all your life. Where's the player? let me see him instantly," and thereupon Cockpen presented himself on bended knee. "Ah," said the King, "is that you? L—d man, I was like to dance coming out of the chapel." "I once danced, too," said Cockpen; "but that was when I had land of my own to dance on." "Come with me," said the King, taking him by the hand. "You shall dance to 'Brose and Butter' on your own lands again in Scotland to the nineteenth generation," and his Majesty was as good as his word.

But to return to our friend the gallant Major, he too had another great quality, highly characteristic of himself, and that was *his* inimitable powers of *dancing*,

without being taught any lesson therein. It was chiefly of that description called amongst the most brilliant of our modern artistes, "*a caper.*" The body and limbs of our famous friend were thrown into violent attitudes, *à la grotesque*; and the heels were used rather more freely than the toes. The inward tendency of the Major's knees, and the outward pitching of his *kuits*, as the boys called them, had an effect which the most learned mathematician would have been apt to say, was a fair representation of an isolated triangle gone mad. The dance itself was generally a *pas seul*; but it sometimes became a *pas de deux*—the other performer being the angelic creature, whom we shall now quietly introduce to our readers, after making our dutiful bow to them, in the person of

COAL MARY.

This elegant and accomplished female has been incidentally alluded to in the foregoing faint yet truthful sketch of Major's life and conversation. She was rather diminutive in stature, and so far as could be seen in the absence of soap, her beauty had been a good deal interfered with by the ravages of the small pox. Some people of a light or poetical cast of mind ventured to compare Mary's visage to a plateful of coldish porridge, through which some strayed hen had sauntered with its legs. Mary's dress consisted of a polka, called in those vulgar days, "a short gown," and a rather clumsy petticoat. Whether her father had been a sailor or not is uncertain; but the colour of her pretty simple attire was a dark blue, and continued so till the day of her death. The material was what Highland scratchers call "drugget"—a very comfortable defence it is "'gainst summer's heat and

winter's cold," while the van of her person was adorned with a genteel-looking worsted flapper, stripped blue on the original white, but afterwards very dingy, with parallel lines attached to the body by sundry strings, gathered into a knot *a posteriori*. This adjunct of the female dress was known amongst the goosedub people by the Scotch word "brat," and was really very becoming. Mary rarely if ever washed her face, which added much to her picturesque appearance. Her head was rather *towsy*—the hair being, as she said very properly, left to shift for itself; still it was not luxuriant in the best sense of that term. Solomon, however, has asserted that a woman's hair is her glory; but our friend Mary seems to have been quite of a different opinion, for either herself or some kind friend for her, had *rumped* the raven tresses close round by the lower lobe of her small rat-like ears, and the fashion in that respect became perpetual with this remarkable virgin. As for a mutch or a cockernony of any kind, she despised it, with all curls to the bargain. She carried about with her half a dozen or more of *reticales*, yclept "pokes" in the Bridgegate tongue, for the accommodation of bones, wandered potatoes, bashed apples, orange skins, and other curiosities honestly picked up in her unwearied travels over the city.

Destined in early life to assist the Glasgowegians in getting their fuel properly transferred up stairs from the street to the bunker-hole of the kitchen, the lady for many years was seen to engage in this wholesome, cleanly, and withal elevating occupation. But having at last been introduced to the pleasure of Major's acquaintance, who was no doubt deeply smitten with her charms, she became captivated—poor, gentle thing—

with his music, and she threw down for ever the wooden tripod and wattled vessel which carried the coals, and thenceforward became a daughter of Terpsichore, frisking and leaping, like a young hart, upon the causeway to the inspiring strains of her beloved Major, "Jenny put the kettle on" as before recorded.

It is only fair, however, here to remark that Mary did more a good deal to the performance than "him of the rueful countenance." There was far more grace and spirit in her dancing. The fingers and thumbs were snapped briskly, and the dancers might be described as in a circle, whirling and turning like a collie dog after his tail, or an Irish pig afflicted by the dance of St Vitus. A chirruping sound was kept up also as intended for the tune, which marvellously resembled the music of a piet expecting thunder, or the incipient whistle of a worn-out cuddie before getting into the heavier part of his melodious performances. Nothing could be finer of its kind; and this worthy daughter of Eve merited and received rapturous shouts of applause from both a gaping and discerning public. We are not offending, we hope, our fellow-citizens when we fancy her apostrophe to the Major as follows:—

"My lodging is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare;
 But that which troubles me most is
 The coyness of my dear.
 Yet still I cry, O come love,
 And I pray thee love, come to me;
 For thou art the man I long for,
 And sweet is the remedy."

But this was not all. The benevolent creature we have thus noticed was a conspicuous and ardent patroness of

insect life. This high quality manifested itself particularly towards several of those families that, from the earliest ages, seem to have formed a remarkable attachment to the human race. These were most kindly allowed by our heroine a quiet, comfortable domicile in the recesses of her upper garments, and in the jungle of her iron-grey hair, with full liberty to gambol and amuse themselves just as they pleased to their heart's content. Indeed, one class of them had a kindred taste with their benefactress, and leaped and danced fully more nimbly, we do declare, than she herself did, without either fiddle, or bag-pipe, or Paganini to animate them. Like the bold barons of old, the illustrious maid—our friend Mary—had the absolute power of pit and gallows, fire and brimstone in her own hands, and maintained a lively and enlightened sway over the *flea-tine republic*—tempering justice with mercy; but at the same time inflicting sudden and mortal punishment on such of the more thoughtless members as wounded her feelings by carrying their freedom beyond the bounds of ordinary civilised endurance.

Such, then, is a faint description of the brave Major and his agreeable acquaintance and subsequent help-mate, the renowned Mary, to whom he was now fairly introduced.

Major at first was rather shy—perhaps regulated by the feelings of another swain who sang,—

“Persuade me that there is a grace
Coming from Mary's sylvan voice,
And in her charming face.

Music which tunes the soul to love,
And stirs up fond desires,

Does but the glowing flame improve,
Which powerful beauty first inspires.
And whilst with art she plays and sings,
I near her standing by,
Inscribe the music of my strings
To her sweet melody."

After several other interesting exhibitions to test the qualities of their respective powers, ending to their mutual satisfaction, it was arranged, according to the expedients of the present day, that a joint partnership under the head "Limited Liability" should be formed, whereby the high contracting parties faithfully undertook to exert their talents for the gratification of the citizens, the actor and actress being to divide the profits between themselves in equal proportions. The contract, we believe, was never reduced to writing on stamped paper, as much more ignoble contracts have been. It did not require that solemnity. Mary only kept the heads of it in her own pocket, and Major nodded his assent. Disputes, however, soon arose. The amiable lady was not quite satisfied with the mode in which the Major kept the cash, and threatened to dissolve the partnership *a mensa et thoro*.

Like many other cases, however, the misunderstanding was overcome by the liberal proposition of Major, who was never a close-fisted fellow, that he should get all the *barbees*, while Mary should enjoy the *pennies*. This was the positive arrangement come to between the amiable partners in the year 1825, more than forty years ago, long before any limited liability associates was ever thought of in this city. Whether this renowned virgin was a gainer at the end of the next year or not by the above arrangement has never, we confess, been authorita-

tively ascertained; and as they kept no books of any kind, not even a blotter, posterity must just be content to remain in ignorance—

“ Since Providence, who formed the pair,
 In such a charming skin,
 Their outside made their only care,
 And never looked within.”

Mary, however, continued to bloom in all the graces of mature womanhood, according to her station in life, only begrimmed, we are sorry to say, with some patches of *loom*, which was not to be wondered at, considering that for more than fifty years she had never handled a piece of either brown, white, or red soap. At length her dancing days came to an end, and Major's fiddle soon ceased. If they were happy in their lives, as we do believe they were, in death they were not divided. They were both swept off by the ravages of cholera in this city, within forty-eight hours of each other, in the memorable year 1832, as the following “dirge” bluntly attests:—

A SOLEMN DIRGE FOR MAJOR AND MARY, AND THEIR
 GLASGOW FRIENDS.

“ Frae the Gushet to the Calton Cross,
 Let nought but grief your minds engross,
 The city has sustained a loss,
 Past a' remeid;
 For, 'mang the grave-yard's clammy dross,
 Lies Major, dead.

Nae mair he'll cry 'the bonnie tummel,'
 Nae mair he'll on the causeway rummel,
 At blackguard boys nae mair he'll grummel,
 An idiot creed:
 Nae mair he'll pennies, bawbees, mummel,
 For now he's dead.

Nae mair he will wi' rattlin' birr,
Sing to his soul-inspirin' girr,
The dormant Gothamites to stir,
His powers to heed ;
For, snug he lies, enclosed wi' fir,
Cauld, stiff, and dead.

Cholera ! thou malignant evil,
To us ye nicht hae been mair civil,
Than at puir Major thus to level,
Thy direful greed ;
But cruel and unfeeding deevil,
Ye've laid him dead.

Besides to him, ye've done the same
Unto his mate and Dougal Graham,
And monie ithers, I could name,
Ye've sent wi' speed,
For ever to their last, lang, hame,
Amang the dead.

I dinna mean your ears to diddle,
In sayin', Major's twa girr striddle
Surpass'd great Paganini's fiddle,
The Italian weed ;
But now, the muse he'll nae mair meddle,
The dormant dead.

Sic powers as his were very rare,
For no to be a man o' lair,
But now, alack, ye'll see nae mair
Him raise his head,
To say wi' zeal the Camlachie prayer—
Waes me, he's dead.

It to my heart gies muckle pain,
Sic worth on paper thus to stain,
In life he was surpassed by nane,
Now a' tak' heed,
His like ye'll never see again.
Since Major's dead.

That scourge which aff did Major carry,
Soon landed him at Charon's ferry,
To dwell for ever wi' his Mary,

Angelic fair!

*Gude kens, they are where'er they tarry,
A splendid pair."*





HIRSTLING KATE

CHAPTER XVII.

HIRSTLING KATE.

“Happy trifles! can you bear
Sighs of fondness for the fair?”

Old Song.

THIS engaging creature was in her prime about the year 1812. So says the worthy, kind-hearted, well-informed venerable gentleman under whose auspices we have been inspired with some of these old Glasgow stories. We wish we had his authority to publish his name, but he modestly and peremptorily denies the request. We must, therefore, proceed on our own hook. Be it known, then, that in those ancient days the Trongate was the fashionable promenade, and there, accordingly, Kate was sure to be daily seen. But no lady of her time, or probably our own, had such peculiar attractions. Her dress and gait, her manners and conversation, were equally remarkable. The former, like Joseph's coat, as we read in the life of Josephus, was of many colours; and certes, very considerable ingenuity must have been exercised by her milliner in the dove-tailing process, whereby so many originally distinct and independent portions of female attire were so nicely arranged, stitched, and blended into one grand harmonious whole. We read, we think, the other day of a grand counterpane to be raffled for in some bazaar or lottery as a prize, worth the value of fifty

guineas ; but Kate's dress if seen now, though it was then scarcely worth the value of eighteenpence, would have thrown it, for its varied colours, completely in the shade. So much for the change of times and fashions ! Our esteemed Kate—we are not speaking for ourselves, but for others of our respected citizens in the olden time—our popular Kate, we say, had a mortal aversion to “tight-lacing,” then so much in vogue, justly conceiving that it did not give fair scope to the person, but rather injured the lovely form : and, therefore, she treated all new-fangled “boddices,” prepared by foreign or domestic mantua-makers, with ineffable disdain. The ancient short-gown, and the trig petticoat, now thrown aside, or very ill-used in our degenerate days, were the chief articles of dress which constituted Miss Katherine's particular regard. She was not very particular with some other things ; but the above did not interfere, but rather aided, her peculiar habit of locomotion, soon to be noticed. In person, she might be called rather lean. Her nose was masculine ; her chin was adorned with sundry little tufts, marvellously resembling a Jew's beard ; her eyes were deep-set and piercing, not unlike a howlet creeping to its nest with a mouse in its claws ; and her own claws could not be said to be inferior to those of Nebuchadnezzar. Her hair, which was thick and wiry, inclining to grey, hung rather gracefully in natural luxuriance over her shoulders down to the small of her back ; and a few bunches fluttered over her face, impossible to be described, but not unlike the appearance of a Highland sheltie newly arrived at the Broomielaw from Mull to see the world.

But what attracted the attention of naturalists, and the generality of the public most, was this charming woman's locomotion. We say *locomotion* ; for while the Trongate

belles skipped along “the plainstones— that is, the streets, or the pavements thereof—and while Feea partook of his vermicular repasts, and

“Major and Mary capered and flung,
And Alick scraped cat-gut and sang,”

our heroine did neither the one nor the other. In fact, she cared for none of those things. She struck out an entirely new path for herself;—in a word, she *hirstled*.

Now, it must be remembered that at that particular epoch steamboats and locomotives were almost unknown. Much has been said and written about the conflicting claims of Glasgow and America for the invention of propelling vessels by steam; but it is singular that the case of this remarkable Glasgow female has never been referred to. The fact of the matter is, *she* was earlier in the field, at least, on the public streets, than either Mr Fulton, or our eminent friend Henry Bell, in the art of propulsion; and she conducted the experiment with her own hands not only most successfully, but at little or no expense. We say again she “*hirstled*.” For the sake of science past, present, and to come, the process may be thus described. Squatting down flat on the pavement *à posteriori*, our friend Miss Katy placed her right hand within that wreck of the Cobbler’s art commonly called “a *bauchel*”—an old shoe scarcely worth any other experiment—and then giving herself a *jerk*, the old “*bauchel*” became positively animated with life—the life from Katy’s own hands—directing it sideways or *paddleways* with her right, the left hand revolving in the air, whereby the necessary result was that this human machine was sent forward according to Kate’s pleasure, with a velocity wholly unprecedented on the streets of Glasgow. In that way she “*hirstled*” herself into the reaping of

many "bawbees" between the Cross and the Gushet-House in Anderston, crying out with a melodious voice—

"Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell."

But Kate carried some other useful points in *her train*. She was not a selfish mortal. For while her invention by the "bauchel" enabled her to move her own person "to kirk and market" totally unsupported, according to the old Scotch law, in order to make any deed of importance valid, she combined therewith the properties of "a street-sweeping machine." Here we must pause a little for edification and improvement as regards the present race of Glasgow ladies, whose beauty is as undoubted as their sway is absolute, and who, every one of them, as we most readily admit, have sprung from a much loftier race by far than fell to the lot of Hirstling Kate, whose vagaries we are describing as simply curious in their own way; yet still they enable us to make an important observation ere we proceed much farther, and which, we hope, will be listened to in some quarters at least with tolerable respect.

If in Kate's primitive days the weather was wet and unpropitious—as it now is, we are sorry to remark, at the period we write, in the summer of 1867, so far as it has yet gone—the considerate creature would adjust her lower garments of coarse flannel druggot so nicely at her heels as to sweep every thing before them in the shape of glaur on the pavement. This saved the shoes and the polished boots of many a gentleman from many a stain, and consequently it diminished the price of shoe-blackening. There were, we may remark, as a matter of history, no young urchins then in the city representing a squadron of shoe-blacks so numerous now, and likely to be on the

increase; and we are not ashamed here to notify that we sometimes patronise these polite, laborious little fellows with their blacking and shoe brushes, in order, it may be, to teach the young idea how to shoot.

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.”

Without, however, being guilty of any attempt at burlesque here, we are candidly of opinion that a clean shoe is not a bad accompaniment to a clean shirt. We hate to look on any bandy-legged, foppish fellow with dirty boots, and a-beslaved shirt: it ill becomes any gentleman to appear on the streets of Glasgow in that way; and we are sure no elegant lady, eyeing him from head to foot, could receive him with much complacency in any decent drawing-room.

If *that* be, as we hope it is, the candid, unsophisticated opinion of the better portion of the ladies of Glasgow, we trust they will not be offended if we now proceed to turn it to a little account for themselves. There is nothing sometimes like the *argumentum ad hominem*, well and conveniently applied to the person. Plain speaking, with apt illustration, is the best remedy to correct faults. Now, we declare we have been very much shocked of late years at seeing many of the most beautiful ladies of Glasgow moving in the very highest and most respectable circles in the city, dragging themselves through the dirt on the streets in broad daylight almost as glaringly as Hirstling Kate did in her day. Yes, we say it as an absolute fact, incapable of denial, that in these latter times of fancied *gentility* in Glasgow, the fine silken dresses of the best quality in the city are wilfully and wantonly, we could almost say *maliciously*, dragged through the dirt by ladies with their own hands at their own heels. This is not a

libel: it is the *truth*; and the worst part of it is, that the prettier the dress, the more conspicuous becomes the *glaur*, the vile street sweepings, moving and fixing upon it. We are, we confess, becoming warm and indignant on this topic. It is a scandalous reproach, we say, to all lovers of cleanliness; and *cleanliness*, we are well assured on the very highest authority, is next to godliness. We have often wondered, surely it must be, at the cuckoldom of many husbands, and at the cupidity of brothers and friends, in allowing their wives and sisters or kindred dear to drag their gowns and petticoats through the very dirt, the positive *dirt*, in such a manner; for there is really no other way of describing it, except with another aggravation—namely, that it must add to the *waste*—yes to the waste, the wanton waste, we repeat, in many domestic circles. Can there, in the name of goodness, be any justification of such a wanton, silly, and dirty practice? Is it not revolting, on the mere statement of the matter, that any pliable, rich, well-to-do husband should accompany his wedded wife or stripping daughters into the finest haberdashery establishments of the city, and behold yards upon yards, piles upon piles, of the finest silk selected, and the cash for it lavishly or handsomely paid down upon the counter, and next week, or the one following that again, to see it carelessly sweeping, in a long, dangling train, the nasty pavements, or the worse gutters of the city? Can there be, we repeat, any satisfactory justification or excuse for this in any clean, well-regulated family who now reflect upon it for a moment? We are almost provoked to say that there might be found *one* justification or excuse for it—namely, that the ladies, so using their gowns and petticoats, had some deformed or ugly portion of their lower garments necessary to be concealed, and hence that they didn't mind much about

the glaur; but that is an excuse which it would be unpardonable in us farther to dwell upon, since many of the ladies themselves, we are sure, would scornfully repudiate it at once: for we are glad to be able to do the justice to them to say that there are many exquisite and lovely forms in this city, many, very many, handsome limbs worth beholding, and why then should they be tarnished with mud or glaur for one other day? We take leave to admonish the sprightly young gentleman in quest of a wife—the future partner of his bosom—to look well at the way his intended walks in her outer garments. If she thinks nothing about *draigling* them through the dirt, but allows her valuable dress to float at her heels, listlessly dragging it through quagmire, dub, or pond in dry or in wet weather, the chances are ten to one that she is a *tawdry*, and will prove a sorry helpmate, and not a very clean, active mother. Eschew her, we warn you, if she tosses her head and treats this lecture in this plain chapter with surly disdain or silent contempt. And thus we shall draw a very good moral, although we said not another word, about “Hirstling Kate.”

Is it not, however, rather odd, ere we quit the subject, to remark, as we do from positive observation, that it is chiefly the ladies in the *upper* circles now-a-days who *lower* their petticoats, or allow them to sweep the pavements in the way we have been protesting against? A comely young lady, in the middle ranks of life, will rarely be seen wittingly to do so. She has more regard for the cleanly preservation of her dress: even the servant girls themselves have some judgment and circumspection in that way, *uppish* as many of them obviously wish to become; for we notice that whereas it was rare to see a parasol amongst them in the days of “Hirstling Kate,” they toss their

heads now as if they were Madame herself. We must drop this point, however, for future consideration, and, we hope, improvement.

And, therefore, coming back to "Hirstling Kate," we observe that her ignorant, and debased, or unfortunate position brought her frequently into close contact with the pavement, and in that way also brought a great many curiosities under her notice. Orange skins, the perfume of which she relished greatly,—pea-shaups, potato peelings, grozets, neeps, and other fruits in their seasons, whether in or out of the *syver*, were all seized and safely lodged in her pouches for subsequent conversion into hotch-potch, or to be discussed raw, according to the judgment of the finder, which she had a perfect right to do. But laying eatables aside, nothing delighted our female friend more than to fall in with *preens*. She hiccuped with perfect ecstacy at the sight of a stray specimen. It was greedily picked up, and it did not signify whether it was crooked or straight, big or small, wanted the head, or laboured under any other defect, provided always it was *de facto* a preen. The consequence was that she had always on hand "a large and valuable assortment," as other ware-mongers state, of this necessary auxiliary to feminine comfort stuck in parallel rows all over the front of her dark-coloured apparel: so that when the sun sent forth its rays, she sparkled almost as brilliantly as the Queen of Sheba when she went to pay her celebrated visit to the father of Rehoboam. We heard our friend the Major (already delineated) whispering into the ear of his beloved Mary one day that she ought to look sharp like Hirstling Kate, as "a preen in the day was a groat in the year." Listen to that, ye contemners of preens; even beggars can sometimes teach wisdom.

But the principal amusement of this crooked old virgin was "Hunting and catch the Ten." Her name, however, never appeared in the annual list of game certificates, nor did she keep any pointer dog. The fact is, by some unaccountable overlook on the part of the framers of the Act of Parliament, the class of animals which she pursued and slew was not included in the statutory schedule. It is but justice to Kate to declare that she never poached. No; she was above that. The hunting chase uniformly took place on her own natural patrimonial estate. She may, and there is no doubt that in the heat of pursuit she frequently did break through strings and fences; but then these were her own, and easily repaired from the crop of preens before mentioned, without detriment to her neighbours. It was curious, too, and affords another proof of this remarkable woman's ingenuity, that she played "catch the ten," and that most successfully, without any pack of cards. Her partners seldom "got out," so clever was she at the game. The individuals with whom the "Hirstler" played in this exciting pastime are supposed by some antiquaries to have been of Egyptian origin, and that their ancestors were of the same stock that so grievously plagued Pharoah in the days of yore. Others following up that idea allege that they may have come to Britain in the train of Julius Cæsar, who lost his heart with Cleopatra, the last of the Ptolemies, and may have brought a colony of them with him from Memphis to the West. But there are good grounds for believing that the friends of Kate were located in this country long before Cæsar was born, and that their presence in the British islands is coeval with the first arrival of these swarms of the human race who ferried over from the Continent to people our coasts, and who kindly accommodated the centipides in

question under their bear-skin dresses, and treated them to a sail. Be that, however, as it may, one thing is certain, that if Kate had paid a visit to the Court of Pharoah at the time he was so much beset, her consummate practical skill and address would have enabled her to route his tormentors by thousands, and must have secured for her a comfortable annuity. Nay, who knows but her superior dexterity and remarkable comeliness may have touched the heart of some of the magicians, and induced them to wheel her to the altar. To be serious, however, Kate never was in Egypt. She was not addicted to foreign travel. Her explorations did not extend much beyond the Havanah, Bun's Wynd, Calton Mouth, Balaam's Passage, the old Dumbarton Bottlework at the foot of Jamaica Street, where she often got her hands and feet warmed, the Fiddler's Close, the Old Vennel, and other "gulfs, bays, and straits" in and about the city of her habitation.

It has been already mentioned that the adult part of the Glasgow population and the police thereof regarded the movements of Hirstling Kate with peculiar approbation, and the juvenile sects were not one whit behind. The boys, especially, were very attentive. Groups of them often seized and surrounded her, and many queer questions and as droll answers were exchanged. Justice requires it to be said that her temper occasionally was not the most refined or gentle, if, for example, she received a *jag* from one of her own preens, or if her hair got a *pook* from some young rascal behind, she would suddenly wheel on her pivot, and woe betide the unlucky wight who fell into her claws. She fastened on him like a wild cat springing on its prey. It may be yet fresh in the recollection of some of our elderly readers that in Kate's days

the Old West-port Well, near the door of the Black Bull Inn, Argyle Street, was then in its glory, with its lofty wooden case, and semi-circular top painted blue, facing east and west, and flanked on the north and south by two huge pendulum "handles" with a great round bulb at the lower end of each, which swung to and fro from east to west when water was drawn. There was the "muckle spout," too, nicely carved, and with a wee round hole in it for the convenience of drinkers clapping the hand below the spout to "kepp" the water which then squirted through the wee hole, and enabled the drouthy bystanders to slocken themselves with great complacency and benign composure.

This "Old West-port Well" was a favourite haunt of the boys of 1812, for they got a drink of the finest pure water—we shall not say it was purer than Loch Katrine—to their penny bap, and a good swing besides on the long well handles. Thither also Kate was wont to hirstle, especially in the dog-days of summer. If the opportunity appeared favourable, she would civilly ask for a drink in a voice like that of a hoodie-craw taking up its position near some ancient poplar. But, as it was difficult and rather awkward lifting up Miss Katherine to the spout, she complacently held up her famous *bauchel*, which was soon filled with water from "the crystal well," and handed to her ladyship as she languishly reclined on the edge of the syver adjoining the same. This, in a very hot day, was repeated often and often again, for her thirst was great; and Doctor Moses Gairdner, from the Gallowgate, sometimes told her that she drank as much on such occasions as these as would serve the purposes of any four-legged camel preparing for a journey across the Desert.

Kate was never married; but if all stories be true, this was not from want of sundry offers. It has been alleged that one Theophilus Brownlee, a "beagle's" concurrent in the Bridgegate, actually paid his addresses and offered his hand to her, not probably his heart, in the belief that she had amassed a good deal of "pin money;" but she wanted to restrict him to his *jus marite*, or *jus relict*i, or, rather, to his due and legitimate proportions as our distinguished friend, Mr Archibaldus Cornelianus Bayne, writer in Glasgow, whom she consulted on the subject, very properly called it; but somehow "the swine ran through the match," as these vile brutes have often done on other more important occasions, and Kate, like Queen Elizabeth, if we may believe some of the most interesting portions of history, remained a virgin all the days and years of her natural life. After, however, the rupture with this Mr Brownlee, if that was his name, she continued to ply her favourite occupation of gathering "preens" and collecting "bawbees" on the streets of Glasgow. She could stand this routine, however, not much longer. Her "hirstling" powers became weak and defenceless. Mightier ladies and mightier men, in all climes and countries—yea kings of the earth and beggars on the dunghill—must succumb, one way or other, at last, and Kate, with great resignation and almost without a sigh, clutched her faithful bauchel, and begged that it might be interred with her mortal remains in that corner of "the Hie Kirk of Glasgow," to the north of the "Auld Bell Tower," which was decently done. She remembered affectionately the dulcena of her old friend the Major, with Coal Mary, already entwined in these pages, and accordingly Mary came to inherit the plenshing or paraphernalia of Hirstling Kate, which made the

latter remarkably proud towards the close of her own days, none of them embittered by any thing like crime, and that is saying something for the credit of Glasgow, ludicrous as these stories may seem to be.

“Inspired by Hope and fraught with Truth,
The rudest mind
In softest notes complains ;
Wit oft in savages we find,
And eloquence in swains.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPUNK KATE AND RABY NATION—THE GREY MARE
 THE BETTER HORSE—AND THE OLD HAT *versus*
 THE OLD BAUCHEL, &c., &c.

“First when Maggie was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
 Now we’re married—speir na mair;
 But whistle o’er the lave o’t.”

THIS is rather a strange compound for the present chapter; but we shall make it as brief as possible, mixing it up, however, with two old notable stories which may not be the worse of being told over again.

Spunk Kate was a Glasgow woman, hale and hearty forty or fifty years ago, of a round, plump complexion, more captivating by far than her namesake, Hirstling Kate, with her bauchel,—which bauchel, by the bye, we shall soon transmogrify into a shape deserving of greater attention than has yet been paid to it, and more winning, on the whole, than Coal Mary with her gallant, dear Major already delineated. Our new but old original friend, Spunk Kate, went about the streets with her basket, as many of her pedigree have done, selling her “braw caller herring” in the summer months; but at other times, and especially in the depth of winter, she was chiefly occupied in selling her new “lucifer matches,” which began about that period to be vended for the first

time in Glasgow. They were deemed to be very extraordinary articles indeed when first introduced, putting the oil and the old cruise lamps to open shame by night and by day : and so they at first got the name of spunks, or *spunkie* ; and it is an old-fashioned saying in some parts of Scotland to this day—namely, Aye, there is some *spunk* in the chiel, or there is some *smeddum* in the lass, as the case might be.

Kate for months and years had almost a complete monopoly of the lucifer match trade in her own basket on the streets of Glasgow ; but, like her friend Mary, she behoved to have an helpmate, and she found one in the person of one of the drollest carters that ever whipped any *nag* through these streets. He was called by the nickname of Raby Nation, for this reason, that he said he was the best carter in any nation—a wide word, certainly—yet he was, for his age, the smallest wee bit bandy-legged totum of a creature, as Hawkie described him, that ever held the halter of a horse ; and when the question was put in those days, as it frequently is still, “ On how many feet does the horse *stand* on his hinder legs,” Raby could cannily answer it by creeping beneath the horse’s belly, and then give, in his own way, a real horse laugh. What he wanted in *height*, however, was most bountifully supplied by his hands : they toppled the size of his body, and he could throw them around and about him with a potency equal to the stoutest smith with his tremendous sledge hammer in any smithy. It is singular how varied and capricious sometimes are the tastes of poor mortals, male and female, in this nether world. Spunk Kate was wooed by many, who sighed after her for better or for worse, but she preferred Raby Nation to them all. He wore a large Kilmarnock cowl ; and he gave her a lift sometimes with

her basket as he was toddling with his horse and cart to and from the Broomielaw, and this instilled into her bosom in the first instance a degree of gratitude towards him, ending in a mutual flame—pleasant enough at the beginning, but not always finally ending as it should do. He tormented the life of Kate at last, and she tormented the life of him. He blamed her with taking up with another man, and she blamed him with taking up with another randy. Perhaps there were faults on both sides; but this is the fact, she really took up with some *tinkers* in the Bridgegate, and the profits of her spunks were too often consumed in the whisky shops in the evening, so that frequently in the morning she had no spunks ready for the market at all. It is astonishing sometimes how devices are made to supply the *desideratum*. Her husband, Raby Nation, was peculiarly close-fisted. He never countenanced any of her rambles with the tinkers; but he could go into some of Tam Harvey's whisky shops by himself and swallow *aqua vitæ* till it nipped his tongue, and he could scarcely stammer out the words, "Wee, wo, wynd, Katie." He could scarcely be called a good or even a tolerable husband in any proper sense of that expression. He was far, indeed, from being kind to her in many of his rambles, for his very nature does not appear to have made him in the least degree kind to his own brutes, as he imbibed the strangest habit of going from place to place and buying up every lame and diseased horse at the lowest possible trifle, and then starving them to death for the sake of their skins, including the iron shoes on their hoofs. This became a perfect passion with him, and he made money by it, illustrating in one way the doggerel lines in one of the English scrap-books—

“ ‘ Will you lend me your mare a mile ? ’
Says Ralph, ‘ She’s lame—she’s leaping a style.’
‘ But if to me you will her spare,
You shall have money for your mare.’
‘ Oho,’ says Ralph, ‘ if you say so,
Money will make the mare to go.’ ”

Kate, in order to get a good supply of *spunks*, fell upon the following daring and extraordinary stratagem with one of her friends, the rough cadgered tinkers. The fellow had a sleek Irish brogue. It was the practice in those days that, when any poor person died and the relatives were unable to purchase a coffin, they had only to call upon the Preceptor at the old Town’s Hospital in Clyde Street, and he would give them a line to get one from the *wright* of the establishment, who had always a goodly number on hand, made of Scotch fir (wood) for his pauper customers ; and it was not an unusual, but rather a very common sight to see every day, between the hours of twelve and one, a hearse with a black sleeky horse moving from the Town’s Hospital, up through the Stockwell, and onwards to the High Kirk burying-ground, with coffins upon coffins, followed by about half-a-dozen or so of the inmates of the Hospital, clad in long black coats much worn and very threadbare, then acting the part of chief mourners. It was a doleful sight certainly ; but better arrangements have been made since. Now, the fir that made the coffins—Hawkie, it may be remembered, in one of his speeches described them as “ fir jackets ”—was just the very thing that became essential to the making of *spunks*. The tinker referred to, acting in league with Kate, boldly went to the house of the then Preceptor of the Hospital, viz., the late William Gilmour, Esq., of Oatlands, and made a piteous story, representing

that his wife and two young children had just died in sore distress in the Bridgegate—that he wanted no money from his honour, but just a line for a big and two smaller coffins. The good, easy Preceptor at once granted the line, and away the tinker went and got the coffins to his wish. On the morning of the following day, the worthy and amiable Preceptor, touched with the story which the tinker had told him, and disposed to extend to him some further relief from the funds of the Hospital, found out, after a good deal of search, his lodgings in the Bridgegate; but what was his consternation when he found on entering that the mendacious tinker, in company with Kate and two or three others, were busily engaged cutting up the coffins for spunks, and swigging off porter, ale, and whisky on the head of the work! We could tell many other tricks practised on the Town's Hospital, but this is not the place to do so.

It was more laughable to hear Kate interrogated with her lord, Raby Nation, and he interrogated with her, by some of the school boys of the city, when the singular pair were seen “half seas over”—that is, muddled in their brains with whisky. For example: “I say, Raby Nation,” said one of these imps, “can you tell me how many beans make five?”—“How many *banes* in a custock?”—“How many een has a parten at the Broomielaw?”—“Did you ever see a sow dance *Shantruse*?” While to Kate the question would be put whether there was more sugar in a pea-shaup or in a turnip? But she was tormented by the question, “How far is it from Crossmyloof to the first change-house in the moon?”

When challenged one day to give his name, he broke out with this soliloquy:—

“Raby Nation is my name,
Scotland is my nation,
Glasgow is my dwelling-place
And pleasing habitation.”

All, however, admitted “that Kate, the grey mare, was the better horse;” and as that is a very slang phrase, often repeated at this day, we may as well give the following description of its origin, which may instruct all loving, dutiful husbands and wives a thousand times above the pedigree of Kate or Raby Nation.

THE GREY MARE THE BETTER HORSE.

A good while ago, before Kate or Raby Nation was born, an English gentleman of good estate married a fascinating young lady of considerable fortune and many other charms; but after the honeymoon was over, he discovered to his great grief that she had a most violent, domineering temper, always contending to be mistress of him and his whole household. Accordingly, he resolved to separate himself from her; but, before doing so, he went to her father and told him the complaint about her temper, and that if he would take her home again to his own mansion he would gladly return every part of her fortune. The old gentleman, having inquired into some of the particulars of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted about it than any other man, since it was the common case nearly with all married men, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered the marriage state. The young gentleman replied that “He thought himself more unhappy than any other married man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and such as no man who had a sense of what was due to himself could submit to.” “Son,” said the old man,

“you are but little acquainted with the world, or its ways, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all exactly by the same method. However, to end all disputes on this subject, I will put what I have said to this proof, if you are willing to try it.” “I shall,” said the supposed aggrieved husband. “Well,” said the old gentleman, “I have five good horses in my stable: you shall harness these to a waggon, in which I will put a basket containing an hundred eggs, and go through the country making strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion. You will leave a horse at the house of every man who you find is master of the house himself, and an egg only where you find the wife governs; and then, perhaps, you will find your hundred eggs gone before the five horses. If so, I hope you will then think your case not so uncommon after all, and be contented to return home and regard your wife as no worse than any of your neighbours. But if, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will not only take back my daughter as you ask me to do, but I shall allow you to retain every penny of her fortune.” “Agreed,” said the son-in-law, who was rubbing his hands with satisfaction at the prospect of speedily getting rid of his troublesome wife. At the very first house he came to, he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice calling to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg without making any further inquiry. At the next house he met with something of the same sort, and almost at every house, in short, until his eggs were nearly all gone, when he arrived at the house of a gentleman of superior family and good position in the country. He knocked at the door, and enquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was in bed, not stirring; but if he pleased to walk in, his

lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to be seated; and said if his business was very urgent she would go and wake her husband and let him know, but she had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can solve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me. You will doubtless think it odd, and may deem it impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable stake depends upon it, and it may be of some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse." "O certainly," said the lady. "Well, madam, it is to desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you?" "Indeed, sir," said the lady, smiling, "the question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I have always been proud to obey my husband in all things. But if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me himself, for I see he is coming." The husband at that instant entered the room, and after some apologies, on being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour, upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present. A fine black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side saddle. Her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them; but his wife still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What!" said she to her husband, "and will you not take it then?"

I say, sir, you shall take it; for *I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse.*” “Well, my dear,” replied the husband, “if it must be so, it must be so.” On which the young gentleman, starting to his legs, exclaimed—“You must now take the egg; and I must just take all my horses back again to my father-in-law, and try to live happily with my wife, his daughter.”

This, then, is the explanation of the grey mare being the better horse.

THE OLD HAT *versus* THE OLD BAUCHEL.—J. D. CARRICK,
AND SOME INCIDENTS WORTH NOTICING.

In the chapter already given, about “Hirstling Kate,” we referred specially to her old *Bauchel*, which kept her in great renown in the city. The description, perhaps, was not distinctly enough given; but in illustration of it we may be excused for giving the following rich story from the pen of our old departed friend and favourite, Mr J. D. Carrick, a native of this city, born in 1789, and died here fully more than thirty years ago. His was a most eventful and checkered life. He wrote many racy articles for the *Glasgow Scots Times* newspaper, in its prime and glory, governed by the penetrating eye of Mr Robert Malcolm, its first and last editor. Mr Carrick afterwards went to Perth, and conducted for a short period the *Perth Advertiser*; he latterly edited the *Kilmarnock Journal*, but returned to Glasgow in broken health, yet managed by his pen to grace the lively pages of *Whistlebinkie*, and to enrich the humour of the *Laird of Logan*. In personal appearance—as we have been describing some persons of a different caste—we may mention that Mr Carrick may be said to be a very quiet, demure gentleman, of small stature, and nobody at the first glance of him

would suppose there was much refined intellect about him; but when he relished his company, and had his feelings fairly aroused on any topic, he was altogether charming and irresistible; and many an encore he received at the dinner table ere the first bowl of punch or the second tumbler of toddy were consumed. It was our good fortune, though much his junior in years, to meet with him pretty frequently, amongst some of the choice spirits then in the city, such as William Motherwell, Tommy Atkinson, Dr William Young, Andrew Henderson, David Robertson, Dr James Brown, Alexander Malcolm, and others; and Carrick, at story telling, was the tongue of the trump on many of these occasions.

In the garb of an old wife, in which he was sometimes tempted to appear, none could equal him; and his mimicking powers in that respect were so droll and irresistible that many highly respectable and esteemed ladies of the city sought for an opportunity to be introduced to him, to witness his performances. But Carrick though often proud and delighted at seeing his fair friends and admirers, lived and died an inflexible old batchelor—the only thing in his life we can probably take exception to. In reperusing the other day a very able and interesting account of his life, prefixed to a new edition of *Whistle-binkie*, we observe it stated “that in the year 1811, Mr Carrick opened a large establishment in Hutchesontown, for the sale of stoneware, china,” &c., which business, it is said, “he continued with various success for nearly fourteen years, when he was overwhelmed by some involvements with a house in the foreign trade, which gave rise to a protracted and offensive litigation in the Supreme Court, leading him to observe at a later period of his life, ‘There’s nae place like hame, quo the Deil, when he

found himself in the Court o' Session.'” We may not demur to the rather amusing part of the last quotation; but we demur very pointedly to the previous part of the article just quoted. It was not Mr John D. Carrick himself of whom we are here writing, but his aged father of the same name, who had the china shop in Hutcheson Street. And the plea referred to was not one in which the gifted author was concerned at all; but one in which Messrs. James Martin & Co., then very eminent West India merchants, in North Albion Street, Glasgow, were pursuers, and Mr William Carrick, merchant, in Trinidad, then temporarily residing in Glasgow, was defender. This William Martin was the brother of John's father. It was rather an extraordinary and most interesting plea, as we well remember at the time it occurred; and we beg leave to give the outlines of it for the first time in this place, which may or may not prove interesting to our friends or mercantile readers of the present day.

THE WEST INDIA PLEA—MARTIN AND CO. *versus* CARRICK.

William Carrick had large consignments of goods, printed calicoes and what not, sent out to him in the West Indies by the above James Martin & Co., of Glasgow. His credit at the time was considered to be undoubted in Glasgow, because his brother John, the china merchant in Hutcheson Street, was supposed to be the nearest or at least one of the nearest and lawful heirs of old ROBIN CARRICK, the famous rich banker in Glasgow, who held the chief interest in the old renowned Ship Bank, and died immensely rich. William Carrick, the West India merchant, came home to pay a temporary visit to his friends in Glasgow; but by that time James Martin & Co. discovered, or thought they had discovered, from

information imparted to them, that he had been underselling their goods in the West Indies, and trumping up false bills of sale to deceive them. They taxed him with the supposed perfidy to his face in Glasgow. He indignantly denied it, and literally spat in the face of old Mr James Martin. The latter, a quiet gentlemanly man—he was afterwards Dean of Guild and chief Magistrate of Gorbals—took legal advice on the subject; made affidavit to an enormous debt owing to his firm on the head of consignments to Mr William Carrick, and presented a petition and complaint against him to the Magistrates of Glasgow, alleging that he was *in meditatione fugæ*, about to take his flight from the city, and praying that he should be detained in Glasgow as a prisoner—aye, and until he found sufficient caution to meet and answer all their just and lawful demands against him. The Magistrates, on the advice of Mr Reddie, their learned Assessor, granted the warrant as craved on the evidence produced; and Mr Carrick, not finding caution, was incarcerated as a prisoner in the jail of Glasgow. He became incensed, indignant, and almost wild at Martin & Co., and presented a Bill of Suspension and Liberation to the Lords of Council and Session, complaining of their conduct as cruel and unfounded, malicious and oppressive, &c., &c. The proceedings on both sides,—the accusation and defence,—the statements and the counter statements flatly contradicting each other,—became ponderous and furious, and created intense interest as well as violent altercation by the respective friends of both parties in the old Exchange Coffee Room, where all the merchants of the city then congregated. After prolonged pleadings, and a keen debate by the ablest lawyers then at the bar, lasting for several days, three out of the five Judges then in the

Second Division of the Court of Session gave their opinions decidedly in favour of Martin & Co.—whereas two of them, including the then Lord Justice Clerk Boyle, gave theirs in favour of Mr Carrick.* He, with the aid of his friends, appealed his case to the House of Lords; but, after a lapse of other two or three years, the House of Lords, acting on the advice of the renowned Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor in the days of George III. and George IV., finally decided against Mr Carrick with costs.

There happened to be a great mercantile crash in Glasgow at that period, which we may afterwards notice as leading to some very extraordinary results still visible, as we could point out, in these modern times, and worthy perhaps of being remembered; but we trip them over for the present by simply observing that the house of Messrs James Martin & Co. went to the wall. Afterwards old Mr James Martin, being assisted by a few friends, started into a new line of business by becoming a shipping agent for traders between Glasgow and Liverpool. James Martin himself did all the business in Glasgow without the assistance of any clerk save one, and a little office boy; Thomas, his brother, did all the business in Liverpool on a corresponding scale, resulting, strange to say, in the establishment of the firm of Messrs Martin & Burns, now towering into the vast establishment of Messrs G. & J. Burns, with the immense Cunard line of steamers traversing so many parts of the world. We may enlarge on this topic a little way in our own line, if we are spared to take it up, because we have some original memorandums about it, which might be interesting to others rising up in the next generation, or looking back as we have done to the remarkable strides already accomplished.

It is an old saying, rather a coarse one we admit, but

a true one nevertheless, namely, that the tail of the fat sow is generally the best "*creeshed*"—the better reading of it perhaps is, that the richer a man becomes he is sure to be the better attended to,—as so he ought; but the opposite of this is strikingly exemplified in the case of the *poor* man stricken down with misfortunes, probably from no fault of his own. For then he is generally shunned or forsaken, sometimes maligned and trampled on, by some of his former friends or associates whom he had helped to lift into life, but now tossing their heads full high from the lucky circumstance that they have contrived to make wealth, whether by fair means or foul. "It is easier," says the Bible, "for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." We have, we confess, been rather troubled and perplexed, yea even sceptical sometimes, with that astounding statement; but we may discourse upon it for a few moments, taking our text from two singular circumstances which actually fell, not many years ago, under our own notice. Our facetious friend, the late Mr David Bell of Blackhall, who, with all his faults, was a warm friend for 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 at his command in the Royal Bank, more than he expected, he shut his books and closed his mercantile affairs, and long afterwards enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate*. He was questioned one day at a convivial party by the late John Henderson, Esq., of Park, who has left such an immense fortune for many important

purposes—we may not subscribe to the whole of them, but we have no right to quarrel with any of them. Mr Henderson became rather curious to know the reason why Mr Bell retired so soon from business, when, if he had continued in it, he might have made a much larger fortune. David shook his head, and begged to be excused from giving his reason. This only made Mr Henderson the more eager to get it. “Well, well,” says David, “I have a very good reason to give, if you press me for it, Mr Henderson.” The latter smilingly responded. “Well, well,” says David, “do you know that wonderful passage in the Bible?” (above quoted) and he gave it from his lips with animation and force. The company were a little startled. “Now,” said David, “I just took the hint from the camel, and hope to enjoy the promised reward.”

“To contemplation’s sober eye,
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep and they that fly
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro’ life’s little day,
In Fortune’s varying colours drest;
Brush’d by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill’d by Age their airy dance,
They leave, in dust to rest.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LATE WILLIAM DUNN, ESQ., OF DUNTOCHER—
THE BEAUTIFUL MISS LOGAN—LORD JOHN CAMP-
BELL AND THE OLD BANKER, ROBIN CARRICK.

“To meditation’s musing mind
Still moral pictures rise.”

Hector M’Neil.

Not irrelevant to the foregoing story about our late friend Mr David Bell, although we are now bouncing away from the connected chapter previously announced and entered upon, we may here pause for another moment or two, and ask who in this city of forty or fifty years’ standing does not recollect the late William Dunn, Esq., of Duntocher, who 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, nearly opposite the Western Club (since demolished to make way for the City of Glasgow Insurance office, the West of England Insurance, and other offices); and he gave the best of dinners, with the most delicious wines he could procure, in place of the porridge and sour milk to which he had been previously accustomed in a rural district of the country not very far distant. At one of these grand dinners the late Lord Robertson, one of the

Judges of the Supreme Court—a great wag, and very intimate with Mr Dunn—acted as flunkey, and at other times as cook, and wiped even the kitchen plates with his apron down stairs. This certainly was a small specimen of high life below stairs. But in his mature years Mr Dunn, thus living in luxury and driving in his carriage, became captivated with the beautiful Miss Logan, daughter of Walter Logan, Esq., of Fingalstone, an esteemed merchant of the city. Mr Dunn had almost made up his mind to offer his hand to that lovely creature in marriage, with a goodly jointure; and it was thought she might and would have taken him, for they were often in company together, and he ever paid her the greatest possible attention, making no secret of his regard. Whether it was mutual or not, is a question which we, of course, cannot solve, nor perhaps can any one else; but certain it is that Lord John Campbell, from Ardincapel, stepped into the field, and before Mr Dunn had popped the question, his Lordship wooed and won Miss Logan's hand, and she was regarded by all the city as the future Duchess of Argyle. The story has been already told that Lord John, after *firting* with Miss Logan, married another lady, who brought him no inconsiderable fortune. Miss Logan had little or none, except her own beauty and accomplishments; but Lord John paid the penalty for this in a sum of £10,000 or £20,000 sterling to the jilted beauty. We shall repeat the observation that, without a doubt, she was one of the greatest beauties that ever shone in Glasgow during the last half century. Miss Douglas of Mains, born in the Briggate, once a great place in its day, and who, there can be no doubt, had captivated under very extraordinary circumstances the lonely and secluded Duke of Douglas and became his wedded wife,

bearing for a short time the proud title—the Duchess of Douglas—was, from all accounts, not to be compared to the lovely Miss Logan. We can best show how lovely she was from the fact, which we witnessed with our own eyes oftener than once, that whenever she appeared, as she did many times, with a select circle in some of the front boxes of the splendid Theatre Royal, then in Queen Street, the enrapt audience would no sooner get their eyes upon her than, as if by a spell of enchantment, they sprang from their seats, and cheered and loudly cheered to the echo, from the pit to the boxes, three tiers of them, and from the boxes to the first gallery, yea to the second and the third; for it was a most capacious and magnificent house, never eclipsed by any since in Glasgow. We remember very well that, when the elder Kean came first to Glasgow, the doors of that fine old Theatre, unfortunately destroyed by fire, but now embracing the elegant pile of modern buildings on the north side of the Royal Exchange, were besieged by eager crowds in Queen Street so early as four o'clock afternoon—the doors to be opened at six; and what a galaxy of talent on the boards of that Theatre, never since surpassed: John Kemble, Edward Kean, William Macready, Henry Johnstone, Mrs Siddons, Miss O'Neil (afterwards Lady Barron), Madame Vestris, and Miss Stephens (afterwards the Countess of Essex), &c., &c. We might, but we must not, pursue these and other great theatrical stars in Glasgow any further. We quietly return to the thread of our discourse about Mr Dunn; and, in order that we may follow up the text that made such an impression on Mr David Bell, we proceed to show how very differently it affected this great *millionaire*, Mr Dunn. We have given him nearly all the credit he deserves; but he had his own peculiar tastes

and distastes. One of them was an excessive liking for *law pleas*, and so 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 depth and purity of some flowing water from the Cochno Glen, at or near his possessions at Duntocher. He threw both of these individuals into great expense, some alleged, about the merest trifles; and he had this peculiar feature about him, that whilst he was strict and parsimonious in regard to many other things, he was exceedingly 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 the other text, viz., that where the carcase 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 bed-room of the sick man, the latter stretched forth his hands to him, and said, “Come away, rev. sir; I am glad to see you, for I have at last conquered my greatest enemy.” The clergyman concluded that he had conquered “the Prince of the

power of the air," as the arch-enemy of the human race has frequently been designated; and he put up "a suitable prayer" in consequence. In going out and accosting some other friends of Mr Dunn on the streets, he told them he had just left him in a most composed and agreeable state of mind for his great approaching change, in that he had affectionately assured him he had conquered his greatest enemy. "His greatest enemy," quoth the civilian; "he has conquered Lord Blantyre and the Duntocher dam." This was a settler to our friend the rev. divine for his next visit.

Mr Dunn, as we have said, 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. Now, then, for the application of David Bell's text. 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!" They beseeched him to double or treble it. One of the deputation said that he *ought* to sign for at least fifty guineas. "Not another penny, gentlemen, not another penny." One of them, more rude probably than he should have been, quoted the text of Mr Bell, that it was "easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven;" and he expounded it pretty strongly by saying that he, Mr Dunn, 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.*” He bowed them out of his apartment.

We tell these things not with a bad, but rather with a good, intention. They are thrown together in this jumbling disconnected state without meaning any disparagement to those rich gentlemen or their relatives, mixed up though these statements are in this publication, with other far more inferior or ignoble characters of the city. But the king, as we have been told on high authority, has sometimes fared with the beggar; and in the dust they are all levelled by the same decree at last.

We shall only say one other word here about the great *Robin Carrick*, the Glasgow banker, with reference to the case already alluded to, of Martin & Co. and Carrick. Instead of befriending his kinsman from the West Indies, Mr Carrick absolutely allowed him to rot almost in jail; and Mr J. D. Carrick's father, the poor old China warehouseman in Glassford Street, received little or none of the great favours anticipated from the wealthy banker; while the accomplished author himself, J. D. Carrick, never received the value of a single guinea from him, so far as we can learn, even when in a state of the utmost necessity. If wealth has been *righteously* distributed in this world, we fear we should seek out and learn another text for it; at the sametime, we do believe that a calm, humble, and contented state of mind is of more value than any other mine of wealth whatsoever.

But, by writing in this manner, we are transgressing perhaps the bounds of prudence in the estimation of some. Our task is nearly over respecting the two droll Glasgow characters first enumerated on the title of this chapter; and, indeed, we have run on with the chapter itself by

leaping and jumping at a greater length than we had intended when we put pen to paper with the first introductory paragraph. The *bauchel*, however, has yet to be commemorated, and there is some philosophy, we take leave to say, about it,—some traits of Scottish character near our own doors in Glasgow, which may possibly recommend it to the kind favour of our readers, begging them to keep the name of Johny Carrick in remembrance with it, and to assure them that the sketch of Spunk Kate and Raby Nation, with some others which we have given, can be attested at the present day by our surviving and esteemed friend, Mr William Morrison, the oldest hatter in Glasgow.

THE STORY OF THE BAUCHEL AND THE OLD HAT.

“I think I’ll no be lang on this yirth,” said an elderly person, whose moan was overheard in another room by one over his cups, and rather overdone with his toddy. “What’s the matter wi’ ye noo, Robin? If, as ye say, ye’re no to be lang on this yirth, will ye jist tell me where you’re gaun? and, gif it’s a better place, I’ll maybe gang wi’ ye, my man.” “Dinna joke aboot it, Willie, for it’s true. I had an awfu’ dream.” “Dream! ye doited fool! wha cares aboot dreams?” “Aye, but this is a real true dream.” “How do ye ken it’s true? Heggs, ye may hae been clashing with some ghaist or ither that could stan’ six gills o’ whisky wi’ yoursel’ at ae sittin’.” “Oh, Willie dear, will ye jist haud your tongue, and I’ll tell ye a’ aboot it. I dreamt, ye see, that I was in a kirkyard, and I saw a great, big, open grave—open, I declare, from the yirth.” “Man,” said Willie, “that’s frichtsme, Robin; but say awa’.” “An’ there was an auld big *hat* lying at the bottom o’ the grave, an’ an auld

bauchel at the mouth o't; an' the twa were lecturin' an' crackin' to ane anither." "Hout, tout, tout—havers an' blethers! Hoo, in the name o' wonder, could a *bauchel* speak to a hat, or a hat to a *bauchel*? We a' ken weel eneuch that there are tongues in heads; but, guidness gracious, I never heard o' ony in *bauchels* afore! But whiles there are lang enough tongues aneath *mutches*, as ye weel eneuch ken, Willie, in your ain house, wi' your ain rib at hame." "It's a dream, ye stupid blockhead! Will ye no keep your ain tongue atween your ain teeth till I tell ye a' about it? Weel, then, ye see, the *bauchel*, as I was sayin', was jist looking doon, as I thoct, mair ways than ane on the *puir hat*, an' it said, 'Hech, sirs, dear me, freend, you're low eneuch i' the world noo. Changed days wi' you!—wha like you could be compared wi' your sleeky hair, when ye were covetin' Bailie Alston's braw new cocked hat.' (The Bailie, we may observe, was a great reality in Glasgow,—immortalized he will be in the Old Man's Institution.) 'Atweel,' said the auld hat, 'it's changed days, certes, wi' me noo.' 'But what brocht ye to sic a plight?' said the auld *bauchel*. 'Weel,' replied the other, with some dignity, 'when the Bailie first brocht me hame my skin, as he observed, was as sleekit as ony otter's skin seized in the water neb o' Paisley could be; an' the servants, an' the ladies, an' the Bailie himsel' (praise be blessed!) were sae carefu' about me, at the first ye observe, that they would scarcely let sun or win' licht on me, but put big silk umbrellas above me when the least smurrin' o' rain cam on. And when the Bailie, worthy man, was seated on the bench in the police office to dispense justice, in the days o' Marshall Graham, there micht I be seen lyin' snugly beside him on the velvet cushion, carefully attended to by the constables o'

the Coort. But, ye see, in process o' time I got completely oot o' fashion—thae abominable fashions!—and anither stylish hat was got and brocht hame in my place; and then they would scarcely gie me, after all I had done, so much as a nail or a tacket to hang by in the lobby. They turned me deliberately oot at nichts in the very warst weather; and the heavier the rain fell on the outside, the less feelin' had they for me in the inside. At last they had the assurance to tell me that this was done in honour of their new customer; and, from less to mair, they actually sold me to an Eerish broker for one shillin' an' a penny. He sune disposed o' me to a thievish loon, and I fell into the han's o' anither, sair dejected an' doon in the mouth for his bit scrapings; and so he took me to the peat-bog beyond Nelson's Monument and filled me wi' sand frae the banks o' the Clyde, fit for cleanin' lark's nests and scourin' kitchen grates. But I became so much bashed and done for, that in a fit o' rage, when he saw he could mak little mair oot o' me, he threw me into a middenhead at the Havannah; and a dirty, wee, busy, mischievous callan, howkin' for worms in that vile place to catch eels at Ruglen Brig, picked me up, and, for his ain diversion, he tied me to a dug's tail, wha went awa' wi' me yowllin' to the Hie Kirk, and there I got rest at last. Wae's me!

“‘But, *bauchel*,’ said the hat, ‘ye seem to be sairly dejected yoursel.’ ‘Yes,’ retorted the *bauchel*; ‘ye were ance greatly above me in the world, but noo ye’re low eneuch. Time aboot is fair play, so I’ll tell ye *my* sorrowfu’ tale: it’s something like your ain in many respects. But let us shake han’s in this ruesome place, and try to put up wi’ oor misfortunes the best way possible. We may rise yet in dignity.’ ‘Go on, *bauchel*; go on.’

‘Weel, ye see,’ said the bauchel, ‘when I cam oot o’ the shaemaker’s han’s in my original state o’ simplicity and innocence, nane, I thocht, were like unto me for dignity and elegance. I declare, the best gentlemen in all the city micht hae shaven their beards, or tied their cravats, standing doon looking at me, I was so finely polished up by Day & Martin’s blacking. Some thocht I possessed the charms o’ a real *Cordovan* slipper—others declared I was like *Cinderella* from the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments; and my esteemed mistress, when she first took me home to her house near the Barony Glebe, would only walk on carpets wi’ me under her feet, and sometimes as proudly as if she were stepping on real Turkey carpets at the drawing room o’ King George IV. in Holyrood House.’ Old hat—‘I mind that event: it was a *toom* day, indeed, ay, for twa or three days for Glasgow.’ ‘It emptied the town completely,’ said the bauchel; ‘but we may tak up the event and moralise upon it at anither time. My mistress, ye ken, was a great lady patroness for balls and routs in the Assembly Rooms, and she put me on wi’ very particular care when I went wi’ her on sic occasions. We were ta’en, for perfection’s sake, in a sedan chair, carried by Jamie Blue and his freend Dall, the great city porter belonging to the mail coach office. But, hech sirs, I dwindled doon to Highland reels and country strathspeys, and mony a kick I got wi’ thae things. At last my mistress got nettled and lost conceit o’ me; and one day, when something offended her, she very unceremoniously kicked me doon stairs, and I was soon thrown into the dunghill; and I jist became an auld bauchel, as ye see me in this awfu’ place.’

“At the hinner end o’ my dream I thocht I saw the witches and warlocks dancin’ near Blackadder’s aisle, and

ruggin' and tuggin' at each ither's hair; and then I saw an awfu', ill-faured fellow takin' oot a big gulley knife frae his pouch and rippin' up——." "Whist, Willie, whist!" "I declare he looked like a *bear*; and an awfu' enraged *bull*, wi' a terrible head o' horns, cam roarin' into the place, and a butcher, wi' his cleaver besmeared wi' bluid, running up frae the auld Bell Street Market, had to hough him by the heels, ye ken, to prevent further mischief. Vow, vow! It's an awfu' world for ups and downs—for bauchels and auld hats."

"Yes, yes," said the College bedral; "but even dreams, in the worst fit of the night-mare, may point a moral and adorn a tale."

Shakespeare himself declares that "all the world's a stage;" and, if so, the hat and the old bauchel may illustrate it in their own places, whether in the pit or the gallery, or the upper or the lower boxes.

We here make our bow, and draw the curtain on this isolated chapter, hoping that better entertainment awaits the next.

"Life's a dream, and man's a bubble,
Compass'd round with caré and trouble;
Then, since life is but a day,
Make the most of it we may—
Brisk, yet tranquil, let us be,
Still resigned to Fate's decree."

CHAPTER XX.

THE REVEREND JOHN AITKEN.

“Remembrance is rapture—nay, smile if you please,
As you point to his thin locks of grey ;
But think not a heart with emotions like his
Can droop, or be blasted away.”

WITH something like filial awe, mingled with jocund glee, we now approach this character, the once well known and *Reverend* John Aitken of this city—different from all the others already delineated in some previous chapters ; but fraught, perhaps, with terse observation and screeds of drollery not damaging to his cloth, nor soiled, we should say, with some good draughts of divinity, seasoned with lumps of genuine wit, deserving, we humbly think, of this original notice from our feeble hands, aided, as we are again, by the old, amiable, and inestimable friend to whom we have been so much indebted for valuable aid in the course of these chapters, now rapidly drawing to a close. For it cannot be expected that we should continue them in the same style much longer ; and really we are afraid that we have already continued them long enough for any benefit to ourselves, or the least edification to our readers, to whom, indeed, we should tender more than one apology.

It has, however, been justly remarked, by a more

attentive observer of men and manners in this city than we can pretend to be, that in passing along our crowded thoroughfares the eye of the passenger is constantly arrested by sights which are calculated to excite, with more or less intensity, pleasurable or painful emotion. He must be in a very abstracted mood, or much intent on his own particular concerns, who, in the ever-moving throng, notes not the characteristics indicated by all these varieties of costume, condition, and demeanour which present themselves, and which, let him go into the street as often as he may, are reproduced continually like the changes in a kaleidoscope, varied occasionally by the obtrusion of some new phase or element, soon to be followed up and displaced by others, and so on in endless succession. It is true that habit begets indifference, and that many things pass before our eyes which are scarcely the objects of perception. It is only when we recal and muse upon them that the light and shade appear, and then the image assumes such a distinctness as suggests reflections corresponding to the events.

We remember perfectly of being in St. George's Church on the occasion of the sermon preached by the immortal Dr Chalmers previous to the foundation-stone being laid of the monument to John Knox in the Necropolis. The eloquent preacher was led to expatiate on the veneration with which we ought to regard the memories of the illustrious dead, "whose works do follow them" in monuments far more enduring than any raised by the hand of man. When proceeding in his unrivalled style of illustration, and inverting the usual order of antiquity, he exclaimed, "We, my friends, are the ancients. Yes, *we are the ancients*, as living in this the latest period of the world's history, and thus we are privileged to con-

template the doings of the men of other times of earlier and bygone generations." Such a train of thought prompts us to proceed with the present chapter—droll as it may appear to be in the course of its progress.

We therefore, with all humility, now proceed to present our ancient friend, long since departed—viz., the Rev. John Aitken, to the kind notice of our readers as he appeared nearly half a century ago in this great city. It is scarcely possible, however, that we or anybody else can depict his personal appearance exactly as it should be, or give some of his *utterances* with the unction pertaining to them as they fell from his unrivalled lips. The very recollection of his image makes our eyes to startle, and the pen itself to dirl in our fingers; but certainly we shall nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice, respecting this extraordinary citizen.

Know then, all ye who desire some amusing and dignified instruction in the same chapter, that the Rev. Mr Aitken might be about the same age as Hirstling Kate, already delineated, who was one of his faithful hearers. And, although we are quite aware that it is a delicate, if not an ungallant, thing to allude, even in this indirect fashion, to any unmarried lady's age, more particularly those advanced in life, but who, by a wise provision of nature, seldom get beyond five-and-forty, resembling in this respect the traveller in certain distant sands, who, for every step of advance, slips two backward, yet, as Kate's claws are now powerless, we venture, in mixing up her age with that of her pastor, to measure it at threescore, or upwards.

In person, Mr Aitken was *sparely* (a significant Scotch word), and remarkably lean; or, as was finely expressed by our old venerable friend, Jamie Bluethooms, the

celebrated Shaws poet, who died at a great age the other day in the Govan Poorhouse,

“ A leanness that made John to be thoct almost
The image o’ a toom kirk-year’d ghost.”

We thought that Jamie, just referred to, who wrote and said many droll things in his day, had really died a good many years ago, and we had carefully preserved some of his original screeds worthy of being seen in print; but our friend Mr Belch, of Drumoyne, having informed us within the last six months that Jamie was “still to the fore,” and might be seen in the above place in Eglinton Street, we fixed a special diet with Mr Belch, and walked over with him to “the Alms-house,” and saw and recognised Jamie, and had a good, long, diverting chat with him, ending in a promise made at his own earnest request that we would visit him, “and *kittle up* his old memory” about the Shaws and other things and places, but within a very few days afterwards he gave up the ghost and died; but, if we are spared, we intend to devote a few pages respecting him, because we verily believe that he was one of the most diverting characters that the Shaws or Pollokshaws district ever produced in course of the past or present century. The father of the late esteemed Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollok, had a great relish for Jamie; and at the first Paisley election, Sir John beseeched us to note down some remarkable things we heard from the poet, which we accordingly did: and they may take with some fresh flavour at present. It is nothing surely to the disparagement of the memory of the old Baronet that he was remarkably fond of a quid of tobacco in his mouth, and we have seen him often sharing his quid with Jamie; while our friend, Mr Belch, of Drumoyne, will not, we hope, be offended

when we state, by way of our usual parenthesis in this place, that he kindly took something more than a quid of tobacco to poor old Jamie on the last visit made to him as above noticed. The very sight of it aroused the old dignified pauper from his pillow, and, with a face furrowed o'er with years, but beaming with gratitude, he used the remarkable words, so soon to be realised, that "it would serve him a' the rest o' his days." "God bless you, kind, dear gentlemen," he said, as we finally parted with him; nor are we ashamed, nay, we feel rather gratified in noting down these precise words as they came from the pauper's mouth: because we believe there was no guile whatever about them; and the words even of a beggar tottering to his grave are more precious, in our estimation, than the words of the carping critic or of the deceitful rich man sweltering in his pride of place.

We are really not certain of the fact, but we believe we are safe in saying that our lovite, Mr Aitken, was born in or about the Calton of Glasgow, which was a great place in its day for the most thriving and flourishing *weavers*—a trade now sadly diminished, almost spitten on and despised; but, when John was born, it towered almost above all the other trades of the city. Is it not Sir Walter Scott who wrote, or made Nicol Jarvie sing, nearly the following lines:—

"Wha the diel ever craw'd sae crouse in his day
As an honest Saltmarket *weaver!*"

This reminds us, by the bye, of an action brought, in the year 1821, in the Court of Common Pleas, London, about the infringement of a patent in the weaving trade. The question was, Whether the plaintiff's mode of weaving in a particular way was or was not new? A principal

witness stated that, so far from being anything new in the plaintiff's "new mode of doubling the thread," for which he obtained the patent, he, the witness, could state, with some confidence, that it had been known and practised more than 2000 years ago! The Court seemed to be quite struck and much amused at this statement of the witness, and said to him that surely must be

.. When Adam delved, and Eve span."

The learned counsel for the plaintiff, by whom the witness was severely cross-examined, began to be extremely jocular at the expense of the witness, who maintained all his gravity. "I wish to know," said the limb of the law, "how you, sir, can have derived this knowledge 2000 years ago?" "Well," said the witness, "I lately examined the casement of an Egyptian mummy duly authenticated in the British Museum, and found that the "thread" of which it was composed, and I here produce a correct specimen of it, was spun and twisted exactly in the same manner as the plaintiff has described in his patent, and therefore his patent, in the nature of things, cannot be *new*. The plaintiff on this was nonsuited, and his patent reduced, or set aside, as many patents ought to be, if stolen from the genius of others, not acknowledged and rarely rewarded, but too often very ill requited.

Recurring to our narrative, John's father being a thrifty weaver of his own web—having several apprentices and journeymen "chaps" under him—and his mother being a trig, careful woman, and John their only son, the great domestic question came to be as he grew up, whether they would make him a weaver or a minister. There can be no doubt that he received a pretty good education. And it is not to be denied that there were some *harum-scarum*

traits in his character in early life ; but his mother, with the affectionate solicitude which all mothers more or less entertain for the firstborn son, intimated her longing desire to his father that she might see “ oor Jock wagging his pow in the poopit ”—in other words, she was intent that he should become a minister. In derision of that wish, and long before John’s time, in the laughter-loving splores of Hallowe’en commemorated by Robert Burns, and even after that period, who does not remember the words skirled by boys and girls in early life :

“ Hallowe’en, ae nicht at e’en,
 I heard an unco squeaking,
 Din Doups has got a wean,
 They ca’ him Johnny Aitken.”

Really, with all our desire, we have not yet been able to trace out the fact whether the Rev. John entered the Divinity Hall of Glasgow as a student or not, or whether he was licensed by the Presbytery of Glasgow or not ; but certain it is that he became a minister on a great scale on his own account in the city of Glasgow, and had most delighted audiences near the wicket of the old gate leading to the Green, about thirty yards north-east from the present jail. It has always been—at least ever since we knew it—a great place for preaching, or, as John himself called them, of *preachments*, of one kind or another ; but no preacher of any sect or denomination could, we venture to say, match our rev. friend, John Aitken, in his own way.

Before going further, let us, by the further aid of our faithful friend, try to describe him as follows. His arms, when we first saw him in that place above alluded to, which we have often reconnoitered for more than fifty

years, actually hung down, if we may so compare them, like those of an ourang-outang, nearly to his bended knees, while his legs belonged to the class well known by the name of "spindle-shanks," without calves, thin and shanky. This is a real Glasgow description. He was hen-toed and knool-kneed, which vastly improved his carriage. He had a wonderful long face, and, when necessary, he could add considerably to that feature, especially when expounding. The hue of his countenance—oh tell it not in places of high living!—resembled that of a patient recovering from an awful confinement of the jaundice. Yet sundry small protuberances, belonging, it was said, originally to the tacket family, adorned and added to the *sweetness* of John's visage. His eyes were peculiarly striking. They were not exactly of the same colour: one of them being of a sort of muddled brown, the other a broken grey, as if Nature had suddenly changed her mind, and, in the hurry, forgotten to wipe off the wrong hue. The expression of these mis-matched luminaries was certainly very queer. If John was "in his ordinary"—that is, *off* his clerical duty, they had a certain significant look which uncharitable people were apt to designate as "sly or pawky"; while, on the other hand, if he was "serious," and holding forth to his hearers from Habakkuk or Tobit, the first brown keeper just noticed pretty frequently looked askance on its second grey companion, and the latter immediately rolled itself up in its own orbit, leaving only the white portion thereof perceptible, like a star emerging from the clouds in wintry weather; but, in plainer or less dignified terms, the expression, being interpreted, amounted to this, that the rev. gentleman considered what he was "laying down" in some of his discourses to be "all in his eye and Betty

Martin, O." His eyebrows unfortunately had been singed off in early life when he was poutering the ribs of his mother's kitchen fire for a birstled potato—a fact—and the said eyebrows failed to sprout up again. Whiskers he never had: his chin apparently forbade the growth of them; but his beard, after he became a man of nearly thirty-five, was generally in a state of stubble, left, if we may so compare it, by the reaper in harvest. A razor from Brummagem or Sheffield (vile place for its recent shocking Trades' Union disclosures) never shone on his chin, and the head of this wonderful preacher would undoubtedly have been thought a curious one by the eminent men of that day, attracting the notice of the Edinburgh Reviewers—viz., Messrs Gall and Spurzheim. It was remarkably narrow in the front, and a narrow head measured in modern times does not, we suspect, afford any good index to the brain which it contains. We note this from some observation.

If, as has been said from well authenticated sources, the garment of "eminent old divines were usually of a dark or dusty hue," so also were those of Mr John Aitken in his primitive estate; but as he innocently differed from most members of "the cloth" in more ways than one, it need not be disputed that when we first beheld him from head to foot he had some strange points of divergence. For the sake of the fashions, which are always changing, it may be here remarked that, after the death of his parents, he wore a very long swallow-tailed black coat, reaching nearly to his heels. It had been kindly bequeathed to him by one of his hearers, whom he had attended while under sentence of death in the Jail of Glasgow, and John on that account, without commenting much on the nature of the crime for which his friend was

doomed to the gallows, respected it very much as being one of no ordinary nature. Some of the buttons had disappeared from behind, and those in front were apparently taking the same road, but, in other respects, the habiliments of John were pretty respectable, and tolerably comfortable. He wore a pair of dark green corduroy breeches, somewhat greasy, rig-and-fur worsted stockings, which kindly admitted some daylight at their heels, and a pair of stout shoes, "coft," as he said, from one of the cobbler's stalls which used to adorn the south side of the Trongate, directly opposite to King William, on the Wednesdays. Finally, as it was the misfortune of our friend to be much afflicted with the toothache, especially in frosty weather, and as this climate of ours in Scotland is often very capricious and changeable, John, like a wise man, properly protected "his chafts," as he called them, with a piece of stout flannel, or when that failed he had the hoggar of an old worsted stocking filled with warm salt fastened across his chafts, and fixed at the crown of his head by one of Hirstling Kate's large preens, for which he stood largely indebted to her, as well as to Major and Mary on many occasions, for assuaging his toothache. At the end of all this description, true as the needle to the pole, we must pause and draw breath for a moment or two ere we try to describe the wonderful nature of this man's eloquence as it emanated from his own cadaverous throat. It would be no libel on him, if he were alive, to allege that it transcended the grunt of that remarkable animal which Hawkie brought into repute at one of the raree-shows at one of the fairs of Glasgow in the olden name, under the appellation of "a worser and a worser." If our readers go back for a moment to Hawkie, they will notice this—but whether they do so or

not, we take the liberty of stating, that whatever exception might be taken to the mode or manner of John's delivery, the subject matter, the real stamina of his numerous speeches, lectures, and discourses were in many instances "beyond all praise," and we shall soon give our readers an opportunity of judging on that topic for themselves.

Whatever may have been the original bent of his mind, whether in the Divinity Hall or out of it, there can be little doubt of the fact that at a later period of his eventful career he studied history not in the Blackstone chair up yonder in the old College, but in the black-eyed pavements of our devious streets, where, we are sorry to say, he was tempted to join a very numerous body, still existing, named *The Cauld Whisky Drinkeronsians*, whose principles, we suspect, may be traced back almost to the days of Noah. But singular it is that one reigning feature with this "denomination" is a mortal abhorrence to the vintage of Adam, and a corresponding devotion to the cause of Mr John Barleycorn. This, indeed, was carried, and to such lengths that none of the true *Whisky-tonians*, as they were called in the days of John, allowed water to enter their gullets, in which respect they exceeded in strictness the rapacious Leith Carters, who, till lately, had a law expressly forbidding any of their number tasting Adam's wine, if, by "hook or by crook," as some voices from Cumbrae were lately heard to declare, they could obtain a caulker of cauld straik.

Nevertheless, John had no despicable library of his own when he chose to shut himself up in it, whenever he was in the fit of "sublime admiration." By mere chance we laid our hands, not long ago, on the original inventory or catalogue of John's books, deposited in the shop of umquhil Mr Daniel M'Vean, the well-known bookseller in

bygone years in the said shop as it stood No. 70 High Street, directly opposite the College, where law and divinity, and other things besides, had free scope and were glorified in worse times than the present.

In qualifying himself to become an orator and "rousin' preacher," the rev. gentleman did not bother himself with the precepts of Cicero, or the rules laid down by the elegant Quintilian, or the proprieties of Chesterfield, or the rhetorical maxims of our own admirable Blair. No. The two first were "from among the heathen," and, in regard to the others, they were unco wersh and fushionless for him : and he stamped the whole four as being sorely deficient in grace. This only makes a peep at his own select library the more interesting, and we daresay our readers will be curious to read it as follows :—

THE CATALOGUE OF JOHN'S ESTEEMED BOOKS.

Imprimus : Boston's Fourfold State ; The Crook in the Lot ; The whole Marrow of Divinity (duodecimo) ; The Sinner's Breastplate to Kill the Beggar ; Glass on Outpouring, or Hints to the Gaizened ; Stark on Boking ; A Loupin-on-stane from the Snares of the Tempter ; Craig on Drouth (calf bound) ; Astonishing Anthology from Attractive Authors ; Broken Bits from Big Men's Brains (a choice copy) ; Eggs of Elegance from Eminent Essayists (superscribed by Lord Kames) ; Gems of Genius Gloriously Garnished (a very rare copy) ; Jewels of Judgment and Jests of Jocularity (a present from Mrs Meg Merrilees to her friend the Rev. John Aitken) ; Magnificent Morsels from Mighty Minds (written on the margin, the like never seen in Glasgow) ; Rare Remarks Ridiculously Depicted (anonymous) ; Tremendous Thoughts on Thundering Topics (bought at the sale of Dr Franklin's

works in America); Valuable Views in Various Voices (a gem from Mr Braham the singer); Utterances from the Uppermost Use and Genuine Unction; Fragrant Flowers from fields of Fancy; The Life and Adventures of worthy Saunders Peden, who blew Paul Jones out of the Frith of Forth by the power of his own gift, &c., &c.

We need not go on to multiply the unique catalogue. It speaks for itself. Who would not buy John's library if it were exposed for sale next week by Hutchison & Dixon? Such an admirable catalogue, pointing to such a marvellous and sublime course of study, could not fail to bring our respected friend to the pitch of perfection, so that, by the time he had reached the period of our earliest recollection, few indeed could hold either the candle or the stoup to him in all this renowned city.

Like the Druids of old, our friend preferred the open air for the best of his discourses. He had, somehow, an aversion to stone tabernacles and steeples; but he used to cock his ears when he heard the organ from the Whistling Kirk—viz., the English Episcopal Chapel at the head of the Green, wherein our eminent friend, the Rev. Dr Gordon, D.D., presides at this day. We are sure the rev. doctor, who loves old stories about Glasgow characters, and who is at this moment engaged in exploring others high in the history of Scotland, will not take offence at us for thus lugging in his name by way of parenthesis in this place.

Mr Aitken selected as his favourite stations for "holding forth" on the week days the Stockwell Bridge, or the old timber one at the foot of 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 these parts." His preaching *apparatus*, we must say, whatever we may have said about his person, was extremely simple. It consisted of a three-legged stool, with a pewter plate temptingly placed thereon, and an old fir chair, which laboured under an infirmity arising from sundry combats with "the enemy," but it was bound up with sundry ancient garters and other suffering remnants to prevent a break down "during the service." It added much to the interest of John on these occasions that he was invariably accompanied by a tall, handsome, good-looking damsel, 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. We say nothing to her disparagement, but rather in her praise, when we mention the fact that 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, and he, in return, bequeathed to her all his "bawbees," for, indeed, he had nobody else whom he cared about in the world.

He had often used tremendous screeds of fire and brimstone in some of his discourses. The regions of Pluto,—the aspect of the awful Lake,—the various employments of the residents therein, and other kindred topics, were graphically described and commented on by our orator, showing no ordinary acquaintance with subterranean geography and politics, while the pictures he drew of the roaring lion were matchless. Sir Edwin Landseer by his chisel could not surpass John with his tongue.

But we must close this long rambling delineation of his person in order that we may introduce him to our readers in more loftier aspects than they probably have any idea

of. Certainly these previous delineations, sketched so rudely, may take them by surprise in what follows.

SOME REMARKABLE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE REV.
JOHN AITKEN, OF GLASGOW. INTRODUCED BY P. M.

“ Now let us cheerfu’ acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less
By pining at our state ;
And even should misfortunes come
I here, wha sit, hae met wi’ some,
An’s thankfu’ for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth,
They let us ken oursel’ ;
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.”

Burns.

Although we have been rather ludicrous, as some may think, in describing the personal appearance of the Rev. Mr Aitken, yet light reading, anent the gravest of divines, is sometimes “*heartsome*,” and that is a pretty emphatic and good-natured virtuous old world, which we beg at once to recommend to the kind notice of our readers. But we must allow Mr Aitken’s own words, which for years we have collected with some labour and expense, to speak for themselves.

The foundation of all his discourses was meant for the edification of mankind. The *first* of them, which we here select, may be taken as a tolerably good example of the whole :—

A SHORT POINTED SERMON.

Now, my friends (quoth John), many a discourse of an hour’s length is not half so impressive as the following : but look at the text—Titus ii. 9, “Be sober, grave, temperate.”

These are three companions, you see, with whom you should always keep on good terms. Firstly,

1st. Your wife.

2ndly. Your stomach.

3rdly. Your conscience.

Secondly. And let me tell you, if you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance; for whatever ye may remark on myself, whether ye may see me sometimes in the ways I should not go—stravaigen, for instance, with Messrs John Barleycorn & Co.—yet consider that intemperance produces—

1. Domestic misery.

2. Premature death.

3. Infidelity.

To make these points clear, I refer you *thirdly* and in the last place,

1st. To the Newgate Calendar.

2nd. To the hospitals for incurables, and to Inchfad, the Drunken Isle on Loch Lomond.

3rd. To your own experience of what you have seen, read, and suffered in mind, body, and estate.

Now, my friends, decide thereupon, and may Providence send you a goodly deliverance.

That surely was a short sermon, better than a hundred long winded temperance leagues.

But John had a remarkable talent of dipping deeper into some of his discourses, and showing matters in another "new light," by going back to some of our own ancient divines in Glasgow. He was particularly attached to the Rev. Mr Zachary Boyd, whose figure, as we have, we think, already mentioned, adorns the inner court directly under the steeple of Glasgow College. Some of the manuscripts of Zachary's sermons were lent to John

by the late Mr Gabriel Neil ; and we give the following from an article in our possession with no small pleasure, premising that the Rev. Zachary was evidently a friend to a good glass of wine, as well as to "sampling the stock of acquavitæ held by Mrs Kristen M'Kenn in her house in the Hie Street," which house or tavern was not far from the College gates nearly 200 years ago. Had Mr Boyd lived in John's latter days, he might have been a member of a temperance, not of an *abstinence* society, believing, in his large common sense, as St Paul did, that "every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving." A pupil of the same school, who was an eminent divine of the last century, viz., the Rev. Laurence Hill, of the Barony, usually, we are told, in his New'r-day sermon, thus laconically exhorted his hearers—"If you find a full glass does you harm, take only a half glass." But having had a specimen of the prose elocution of the Rev. Zachary on "strong drink," we may now give his original metrical account of "The wine *pynt*," as he calls it, in illustration of his times, and how he used it himself in his day and generation in this city—further remarking, as we take the liberty of doing in this place, that the Rev. Zachary was evidently a droll, but always a sensible, poet, which is more than can be said for many of that tribe. The wine referred to in the following piece from his hand must have been of a more salutary kind than that which he stigmatises as "*biting* as doeth the drunkard's best claret wine," which last was probably a mixture of different sorts, along with hot spices, then specially used for jollification. Here, then, are the old original verses of the famous Rev. Zachary Boyd, not offensive in any way, we hope, to the memory of the Rev. Mr John Aitken :—

“ The Lord these trees made of each sort
 By wisdom that’s divine,
 But none to them bring such comfort
 As doth the noble VINE.

Its sacred liquor doth comfort
If temperately ta’en,
 Revives the sprites and cheers the heart,
 And purifies the brain.

It in those that are worn with age
 Increaseth kindly heat ;
 It dumpish thoughts doth well assuage,
 And als digests our meate.

It also doth within our veins
 The purest blood beget ;
 It us refresheth after paines,
 And sharpenes well our wit.

The stomach it doth strengthen, and
 It als our colour mends :
 Our reines it purgeth from all sand,
 And doth our bladder cleanse.

Maugre the tempests of this life
 It frees the mind of care,
 While deadly cares, debate, and strife
 Would drive us to despair.

Strong drink is fit for those that bee
 In danger, grief, and smart ;
 Wine is for those that wee doe see
 To be of heavy heart.

The heart with courage it fills soe
 That men all fear of scar,
 Darre boldly to the battle goe
 In a most bloody warre.

To those who drink it soberly
 It serveth for good use ;
 But God above most fearfully
 Will punish its abuse.”

But we are somewhat pleased with the following discourse for its obvious ability, whether it came from the studies of John or not :—

A LACONIC DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

(Delivered in the Green of Glasgow.)

Well, my dear friends, assembled composedly here, many editions of the following able discourse on the life of man may be found scattered in various publications one may have seen for more than half a century past. 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. 5, ver. 7, and attend to these words—“*Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward;*” and also,

Job chap. i. ver. 21—“*Naked came I out of my mother’s womb, and naked shall I return thither.*”

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 return, 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 do well there if we do well here,

And I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year.

More dignified, perhaps, was John, when he quoted

from the works of his friend, the Rev. Mr Mark, of Teignmouth, as follows :—

“ Say—what is man ? A fading flower,
Which blooms a short and fleeting hour :
To-day in brightest hues arrayed,
To-morrow—drooping—withered—dead !

“ And yet, although the flower be but feeble and frail,
And may soon be destroyed like the flower in the vale,
If it bloom in the shade of the spirit of love,
It will blossom for ever in regions above.

“ In spring—he breathes his rich perfume,
In summer—ripens for the tomb ;
In autumn—bends his silvery head ;
In winter—slumbers with the dead.

“ But there is a field of delight in the skies,
Where the zephyrs of spring ever murmur their sighs ;
Where no autumn can wither—no winter can flight,
But the flower ever gleams in the fountain of light.”

JOHN ON DEAN SWIFT, &c., &c.

The clever and witty Dean was one of John's especial favourites ; and he delighted to refer to some of his texts and sermons when the spirit moved him on great occasions on the Green of Glasgow.

Proverbs chap. 19 ver. 17—“ He that hath pity upon
the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which
he hath given will he pay him again.”

“ Now,” said the preacher, “ you have heard distinctly
the terms of the loan. Down with the dust.”

The Dean was requested to preach on some important occasion before the incorporation of tailors. Not being very well pleased with some of their arrangements, and in order to give them a left-handed hit, he chose for his text Romans chap. ix. ver. 27—“ A remnant shall be saved.”

This highly displeased that ancient fraternity; but he made it worse by choosing for the afternoon service the sentiment from Exodus—"There shall be lice in all your borders."

On the very next day after the Dean's marriage, John informed us that he preached from the text Luke chap. v. 5—"We have toiled all the night and have taken nothing;" but he observed that it was a case nearly as lamentable as that of his Rev. English friend, Mr Ennfield, who, the next Sunday after his wedding, chose his text from Job 19th chap. 21st verse—"Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me."

But John got canty when he handled one of the famous sermons of our own Dr Blair, as it may be found in the doctor's third volume of sermons preached in ancient times before Queen Anne, Proverbs 4th chap. 8th verse—"Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her;" while his friend, the Rev. Mr Coloy, at the close of a very excellent sermon, informed his hearers that, after 40 years' study, he had found out and "vends for the public good *a powder to cure the gripes.*"

We have seen and heard worse sermons than these. But we are not yet done with our catalogue. We take John in a new direction.

THE BIBLE DISSECTED, AND THE CARDS SPIRITUALISED.

Startle not, kind reader, at this strange title: do not be alarmed. There is no design, as John said, to infringe on your faith, nor to dictate erroneous practice; but simply to show you, as a curiosity, the unparalleled labour bestowed on a book, not unfelicitously described as "the

first Book, the *best* Book, and the *oldest* Book in all the world." We have some notion that our venerable friend, Mr Sheriff Barclay, of Perth, tested the faith of it some years ago, and found it to be, on the whole, wonderfully correct. It took several years to compile it; and this much may be said of the author, whoever he was, that it displays great powers of erudition and calculation. For our friend declares that you will find in the

OLD TESTAMENT.		NEW TESTAMENT.	Total.
Books, 39	27	66
Chapters, 929	260	1,189
Verses, 23,214	7,959	31,173
Words, 592,439	181,253	773,692
Letters, 2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

That surely is a piece of *statistics*, worthy of being entwined in the history of more eminent divines than Mr Aitken pretended to be, and worth a great deal more than one shilling for this chapter.

But let us have a touch of him at Shakespeare—yes at SHAKESPEARE. For John was learned in more ways than one, as we shall soon show to our readers.

THE GREAT SHAKESPEARE AND THE WONDERFUL JOHN AITKEN.

You must know, my beloved friends and adherents, that few men in all human probability—let others sneer at him in this respect as they may—have read their Bibles with more attention than the great, the immortal bard; and I, John Aitken, will here stand up for him with all my ailments, imperfections, and numerous sins on my devoted head. Behold Shakespeare! yes, behold him in this new aspect; for some of his most glorious thoughts are copied, I do declare, from the Bible, true as

the everlasting hills. Take for illustration the following—*Bible*—The apostle says, “But though I be rude in speech” (2nd Corinthians xi. 6); *Othello* replies, “Rude am I in speech.” *Bible*: “Shew his eyes, and grieve thy heart” (1st Samuel ii. 23); *Macbeth* replies: “Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart.” *Bible*: “Thou hast brought me into the dust of death” (Psalms); *Macbeth* replies: “Lighted fools the way to dusty death.” *Bible*: “Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun has looked upon me” (Song of Solomon i. 6); *Merchant of Venice* replies: “Mislike me not for my complexion—the shadowy livery of the burnished sun.” *Bible*: “I smote him—I caught him by his beard and smote him, and slew him” (1st Samuel xvii. 35); *Othello* replies: “I took by the throat the uncircumcised dog and smote him.” *Bible*: “What is man that thou art mindful of him; thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownest him with glory and honour, and did’st set him over the works of Thy hands” (Psalm viii. 4—Hebrews ii. 6); *Hamlet* replies: “What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason—how infinite in faculties: in form and moving how express and admirable: in action how like an angel: in apprehension how like a God—the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.” *Bible*: “Nicanor lay dead in his harness” (Micah xviii. 12); *Macbeth* replies: “We’ll die with harness on our backs.”

Is not that a delineation worthy of being attended to by all lovers of sacred and profane writ?

But we are swelling with pride at the bumps and nasal organs of John, as we follow him, to see the pack of playing cards in his hands; yes, the devil’s own books, as some call them, actually spiritualised as follows:—

THE SOLDIER AND HIS CARDS BROUGHT BEFORE THE LORD
PROVOST AND MAGISTRATES OF GLASGOW IN THE ANCIENT
TIMES—A REMARKABLE STORY.

It has been said that divinity doth hedge a king. We shall, in the following singular chapter, show how a pack of cards saved the back of a soldier in this city, and led him into distinguished promotion. If our reverend friend had told no other story than this, he deserved to have had a pair of gold epaulettes on his shoulders, in place of the soiled drab he was compelled, from dire necessity, to wear.

One Jeremiah Armstrong, a soldier and an Englishman, came to Glasgow with his regiment, the 72nd, in the course of the last or beginning of the present century, and attended divine service with the rest of his corps one Sunday forenoon in the High Church. Instead of pulling out his Bible, if he had one, to find the ministers' text, he deliberately took out a pack of cards, and spread them on the seat before him. This singular behaviour did not pass unnoticed by Dr Wm. Taylor, the officiating clergyman, and the sergeant, Peter M'Alester, 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 the service to the house of Provost James Mackenzie, in the neighbourhood, to answer for his conduct. He was remanded to the Guardhouse, 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 Worship, will you allow me to speak?" "Certainly," said the Provost, "by all means let us hear what you

have got to say." "Well, please your Worship," said the soldier—who by this style of address was evidently up more to English than Scotch manners—"Please your Worship, 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 good book." On saying this the soldier pulled out his pack of cards and presented one of the *aces* therein to the Provost. The Provost was rather struck at first with this liberty; but the soldier, in a strain of dignity, thus proceeded:—"When I see an ace, please your Worship, it reminds me there is only one God; and when I look upon a two or a 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 Worship, calls to my remembrance the *four* evangelists: a *five*, the five wise virgins who were ordered to trim their lamps (there were *ten*, indeed, but *five*, your Worship will remember, were *wise* and five *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 lepers cleansed by our Saviour (there were *ten*, 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 the cards so handled before. The soldier then took out the *knave* from the pack, placed it

beside him, and passed on to the *Queen*, on which he observed as follows:—"This Queen, your Worship, 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 Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith."

The Provost at this point became rather attracted and smiled. "Well," said the Provost, "you have given me perhaps a very accurate description of all the cards except the *knave*." The soldier replied that if his Worship would not be angry with him, he might answer that question 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 Worship." The sergeant on this was for drawing his sword and running it through the soldier; but the towns' officer in attendance interposed, and silence and duty being restored, the case proceeded. It became interesting to its conclusion.

"Please your Worship, when I count the number of *dots* in a pack of cards (*piquet*), there are 365, so many days there are in the year; when I count how many cards there are in a pack I find 52, so many weeks there are in a year; when I reckon how many tricks are won by a pack, I find there are 13, so many months are there in the year: so, please your Worship, this pack of cards is both Bible, almanack, and prayer-book to me."

The Provost, amazed at the man's ability, as all were in the Council Chamber, bade the sergeant to shake hands with him; and the soldier on this begged the sergeant's pardon, and said he would never liken him to the *knave*

again. The Provost smilingly admonished him never to take out his pack again during divine service in the Cathedral of Scotland, or anywhere else in Scotland, as it was utterly repugnant to all Christian rules in this favoured land. The soldier circumspectly placed his hands on his sides as if wrapt in dutiful "attention," and then he politely raised his right hand to the front of his head, as much as to say, I thank your Honour for this goodly advice and deliverance; and the sergeant having reported the case to his colonel, and the colonel, after going and speaking with the Lord Provost and the other magistrates of the city in the Council Chambers, invited them to dine with him next day in the barracks at four of the afternoon. The soldier was there again put through his facings with his pack, and so well did he acquit himself that he was made corporal, and soon paymaster-sergeant of the regiment.

Our rev. friend, Mr Aitken, enjoyed the above story very much when he delivered it in his own way to his *corps de esprit*, waiting to hear his text or word of command on the Green of Glasgow, ending in this wise:—

"A story in which native humour reigns
Is often useful—sometimes entertains;
A graver fact enlisted on your side
May furnish illustration well applied."

A QUESTION TO JOHN.

"Please, Mr Aitken, please"—said a clever urchin from the college—"will you favour your audience in attendance with your candid opinion whether Adam or Eve deserved most blame for the Fall?"

John, adjusting his cravat, "Weel a wat, young frien', my candid opinion is, that Adam was the worse, for he turned King's evidence, as many birkies in Glasgow have

done in our Justiciary Court"—pointing to it with his finger—"and worse, I declare, for he listened to his wife like a fool, and betrayed her like a knave."

THE FAITH OF THE YELLOW STICK.

John told the following story as related to him by his mother, who came from a distant part of the Highlands.

The inhabitants of the Island of Rum, of the parish of the Small Isles, were Roman Catholics. "You must know," said John, "that the Laird of Cole, the proprietor, went along with the first Protestant minister who was appointed to preach to the benighted bodies in the place. All came to meet the Laird, who was a great favourite of my mother's, and welcome him to the Island of Rum; but they would not go to hear the *ministèir chaisge* (John could squirt out two or three words of the Gaelic language occasionally, and if we have accurately printed the words just given in italic, they represent the designation of a Protestant clergyman). The Laird, said John, wielded his *yellow stick* (walking staff), and drove them all before him to hear the minister. And they all thenceforth became sturdy Protestants in the Island of Rum. I wish, said John, I had a glass of good *Jamaica Rum* to drink their healths this hot summer day in the Saltmarket."

He referred to another *conversion*, but in a different manner, in a remote quarter of the Highlands. "You see," said John, "another minister—a distant friend of my own—came to be settled in his parish, in whilk all the parishioners were Papists except one; most awful," said John, "a whole parish with only one soul of a Protestant amongst them! and that one," said John, "was the *beadle*, whom the minister took from his own native place,

and became his only hearer positivevly for two or three Sabbaths. But praise be blest," continued John, "I have a vast natural flock feeding after me on the Green of Glasgow. As my distinguished Highland friend and minister was going to his kirk on the fourth or the fifth Sabbath with only his ain beadle or bellman trodging at his heels, 'Come,' said the minister, in his desolation, 'we shall go and join the other congregation on the hillside.' 'What,' said the beadle—the worthy, excellent beadle, so John described him—'will you have the audacity to leave the church of your fathers to join idolators? Nothing daunted, the minister, greatly to the vexation of the beadle, resolved to go. He joined in the Gaelic with them, and in the Gaelic told the wonderful story of Joseph and his brethren, which they for the first time had heard in any language. Do you know, said John, what a powerful effect this had on the heathen? Like a flock of lost sheep, they went next Sabbath and heard the parish priest in his mother tongue, which was his own, and they became converted to the right path." Here he rubbed his hands with apparent satisfaction. But John went on to tell the fate of another Highland parish—"one gruesome parish," he called it—where the flock, after a long vacancy, would receive no pastor but one who would promise to send them such weather as they desired for their own benefit and advantage sake. "Noo," said John, "they at last got one in every way to their own mind in that respect; for he was a douce, far-seeing, pawky chiel, a real Highlander, looking to all weathers from June to Januar and a bittock beyond the same. On the first Sabbath after his ordination, not a thousand miles from Ardnamurich, he was waited on by 'a deputation of his parishioners;' and after the exchange of compliments

and shneezings of snuff, one sought for dry weather to dry the peats—another for wet weather to help on the potatoes, and so forth. Friends here (said John) standing around me, if I could have predicted the weather in this here city of Glasgow, where the learned animalculæ dwell, depend upon it, I never would have allowed the lightning to alight on the very head of Nelson's Monument. (The audience saluted John with a clap of hands at that parenthesis of his, and it added to the comfort of his plate in the afternoon.) But let me tell you," said John, "the true progress of my Highland friend amongst his flock. 'My good people,' said he unto them, 'you see plainly that *all* kinds of weather cannot be given at once; but go home and settle amongst yourselves whether you want rain, wind, or sunshine, and let me know your resolves by Tyseday come eight days.'" They got quite wild and on the bicker with each other, and not agreeing, nor having the possibility of agreeing, on the same day, whether for sunshine or for storm, for thunder or for lightning, for snow or for hard freezing, they bowed at the warnings of their minister about their own state of everlasting peace; and he died in a good old age, lauded to the skies by Mrs Grant, of Laggan, the distinguished authoress of the Cottagers of Glenburnie.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WAGGERY OF JOHN.

“Come awa', my auld friend! take the cloak aff your back,
Draw your breath, tak your mouthfu, then gie us your crack.”

Malone.

ALTHOUGH the Rev. John was sometimes stern and stubborn, he could, when he had “a wee drappy in his e'e,” tell some playful anecdotes and stories, a few of which we may here cull from an old memorandum book. We do not know whether Dean Ramsay has any duplicate of them or not:—

THE CRAPS AND THE KIRK, OR THE KIRK AND THE CRAPS.

“I was doun in the Border lately,” said John, “and I was treated in the house of a decent kirk family, not thretty miles from Gretna Green. The weather was bad, and we were talking about it of course. ‘Our minister stablished here, sir,’ said ane, addressing himself to me, ‘our minister, a weel a wat, is nae hypocrite—he never prays about the weather.’ ‘Now,’ said John, ‘I never liked a coward in a red coat, nor a hypocrite in a black one, and I asked what inference did they draw from that?’ ‘Oh, is that a' ye ken about it?’ they replied. ‘The waur the weather is, dive ye see, the waur the harvest: and the waur the harvest, the dearer the corn: and the

dearer the corn, the higher the cha'der, and the stipend o' this parish is a' paid in grain.' "

"I was up at the Shotts the other day," said John, "seeing General Hamilton, and my respected friend, the minister there, is no just so famed for his exertions in the poopit as he should be. He had been complaining to one of his parishioners of the quality of the grain he had sent to him as part of his stipend; and the parishioner reported the minister's complaint as he went home to his farm servant David—'Did ye ever hear the like o' that,' said the latter, 'after the sort of stuff he gives us in return?'"

"Whatever fault," said John, "they may have had to the minister o' Shotts, I was out at Cambuslang the other day, and heard a thundering sermon from Mr Meek. Every one in the kirk was deeply affected and greeting but one man; and when he was questioned by one of the elders for his *stolidity*, he had the impudence to say to the elder's face that he belonged to another parish."

"That's not so bad," continued John, "as the deplorable state of sin and misery and ignorance, learning and wisdom all combined, which I heard the other day out at Ruglen. The minister met a stalwart Irish collier at Stonelaw, who had never entered a kirk door—he was black enough below—and gently reprov'd him on that account. The minister asked him 'if, since he did not work on Sunday, he didn't read his Bible at home?' 'No,' said the collier, 'I can't read.' 'Then,' said the minister, 'perhaps you don't know who made you?' 'Not I, in troth,' said the collier. On this a little country boy herding cows came up. 'Who made you, my little fellow?' said the minister. 'God, sir,' answered the boy. 'Are you not ashamed?' said the minister turning

to the collier—‘are you not ashamed to hear a child tell who made him, when you, a big burly old man, cannot do so?’ ‘Och,’ said the collier, ‘it’s no wonder he should remember : he was but made here the other day—it’s a great while, sir, since I was made in Ireland.’ ”

THE DEIST NONPLUSSED.

Whether John retailed the following discourse or not at second hand, it deserves to have a niche amongst his other sayings here:—“ My brethren, a dear departed friend of mine, who was once a Doctor of Divinity in the College, was accosted by a presumptuous Doctor of Medicine in the city, and asked, ‘if he really followed preaching to save souls?’ ‘Yes I do,’ said the divine. ‘Then,’ said the Doctor of Medicine, ‘did you ever, my dear sir, *see* a soul?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you ever *hear* a soul?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you ever *taste* a soul?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you ever *smell* a soul?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you ever *feel* a soul?’ ‘Yes,’ replied the divine, with considerable animation, ‘I *do* feel a soul within me.’ ‘Nonsense,’ said the Doctor of Medicine, ‘for, according to your own confession, there are *four* out of the five senses against you on the important question.’ The Doctor of Divinity then asked the other ‘if he was really a Doctor of Medicine?’ ‘Yes I am,’ said the Doctor. ‘Well, my dear sir, did you ever *see* a pain?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you ever *taste* a pain?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you ever *hear* a pain?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you ever *smell* a pain?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you ever *feel* a pain?’ ‘Yes I have,’ replied the Doctor; ‘I have often felt very severe pains.’ ‘Well, then,’ said the Doctor of Divinity to the Doctor of Medicine—taking the latter on his own prescribed grounds—‘there are, you see and admit, *four* senses against one on the question whether there be pain

or not ; and yet, sir, you know there is a pain, and from the same principles I feel and know there is a *soul*.'

'Now, said John,' improving in his own way upon the above, 'I think, notwithstanding my own drouthy propensities, that *temperance* is the best physic : that a clear conscience is the best law : that honesty is the best policy : that a virtuous life is the best philosophy, and that a firm faith is the best divinity.'

But it was not always that John gave the best of a story to the minister ; for he used to tell with great glee the story of the St Kibox minister who had gone out for his afternoon walk. On his way home he fell in with the son of one of his parishioners, sitting making what looked like a "stour pie." He asked the youngster what he was doing, and he quickly answered that he was making a kirk. "And what part is that?" asked the minister pointing to a "humpluck" of wet sand in the inside of a square dyke of the same material. "O, that's the pulpit." "And that?" said the minister, pointing to the only other little hillock in the inclosure. "That's the precentor." "And whaur's the minister?" was the next question. "I tried to mak him tae, but I couldna get enough o' dirt."

THREE REPROOFS.

1st. *The auld minister to the young minister* :—

"Indeed," said John, "we are all selfishly inclined in this world : and my respected friends in the kirk are no a bit behind their lay and civil neighbours in that respect ; for do ye know once on a time one of my departed friends, the minister of Leith, who enjoyed about the best stipend of any of his brethren in all broad Scotland, fell sick, and was thought to be at the point of death, but he marvel-

lously recovered. A young clergyman frequently preached and prayed for him ; but in the interim the former tried to gain the influence of the Duke of Buccleuch to secure him the presentation 'when it fell in.' On his recovery, the old divine hearing of this waxed mighty wroth, and he upbraided the young clergymen with wishing to supplant him, and, in place of pretending to pray for his recovery, only wanted his death. 'No, my dear sir,' replied the young apostle, 'I assure you I only wanted your living.'"

2nd. *The reproof of the country wife to the young minister.*

"An old aunty of mine, Mrs M'Grouther," said John, "became unco anxious to hear a son of her neighbour's, Mrs Widow Girzey Macfarlane, preach one of his first original sermons. He had only been lately licensed by the Presbytery of Dunblane ; and away Girzey trotted, with her clean mutch and red-dapple cloak, to the parish church six or seven miles distant to hear the rev. probationer who was to preach his second or third discourse on that day. He had for his text, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' He repeated the text so often without much variation that the old woman became perfectly impassioned. Perhaps it was the best part of his discourse. He was at it for the thirtieth or the fortieth time when up Mrs Widow Grizzle Macfarlane arose from her seat near the pulpit, and clapping her hands, exclaimed, 'My troth, lad, you're no very blate to come here and tell the like o' that, when I ken, and its weel known to all the country-side, that your father had just a bit but-and-a-ben, and a bit thack on the garret aboon : that's the many mansions for you. I think ye've been licensed wi' a good stock of impudence.'"

“Now,” said John, “it does not always do to have too many *repeats*: too many doors and windows in the same sermon.

3rd. *The reproof of the grave-digger to his minister* :—

“This is a fact,” said John, “and it conveys a grave warning. My friend, the late Mr Lapslie, minister of Campsie, happened to step into the old sequestered churchyard one day while the beadle was busily employed neck-deep in a grave throwing up the mould and bones to make way for another person. ‘Weel Saunders, my man,’ said the minister, ‘that’s a work ye’re employed in well calculated to make an old sinner like you deeply thoughtful, and to repent on the evil of your ways in the clachan.’ The worthy old rustic, who was better some thought than the minister himself, made a pause, and resting himself on the head of his spade, and taking a pinch of snuff replied, ‘I thought, Mr Lapslie, you kent well enough, for ye have been telling the parishioners “that there was no repentance in the grave whither we all hasten.”’ ”

The fourth reproof was infinitely more humorous. It was the baker lad to his minister at Kilbarchan.

He was beseeching his hearers, and especially the young ones of his flock, never to call one another liars, or foul liars, or infernal liars, as they were too much in the practice of doing; but when anything was said not exactly true, they should just *whistle* at it. One Sunday soon afterwards he preached a sermon on the loaves and fishes, and, being rather at a loss to explain it, he said “that the loaves then were not exactly like the loaves now-a-days—they were as big in the days of the apostles as the Pad at Neilston, or some of the big hills in Scotland!” He had scarcely uttered these last words

when he heard a loud whistle in the gallery of the kirk. "Who is that," said the minister, "that ca's me a liar?" "It's me," said Willie Colquhoun, the baker; "it's me." "Well Willie, my man," said the minister looking up to him, "what objection have you to what I have been describing to you?" "O none," replied the clever baker; "but I would like to know what sort of ovens they had to bake such loaves in?"

"Now," said John, "that was a *bap* for the minister, and a lesson on a grand scale for all the bakers in the world."

JOHN UPON BEEF TEA.

A worse story than this has been told about the Rev. John and his dish of beef tea. He was one week taken seriously ill, and he sent for his friend Dr Corkindale—a famous Glasgow physician in his day, whose shop was No. 1 Princes Street. That shop is occupied in a very different way now—

"To what strange purposes must we come at last, Horatio!"

John had a careful eye to his "bawbees," hid in huggers underneath his bed; and when the doctor came John earnestly admonished him not to bluid him overly, or make out, and afterwards cut him deeply with a long bill for his attendance, as he, John, couldna afford it ava'. The doctor, who was a nice playful gentleman, and had enjoyed many a good laugh at some of John's discourses, told him that he need not distress himself in the least on that account, as he would visit him from labours of love and sincere affection. John adjusted his nightcap with great composure on that assurance. The doctor, after carefully feeling his pulse, examining his tongue, and

tapping his chest, &c., pronounced this deliverance: "There's nothing bodily wrong with you, Mr Aitken, but ye are starving yourself on stinted fare." "Lord, doctor," said John, "ye'r a witch, doctor; for Jenny, the limmer, herried the house, and left me twa days since without a bit to my gab—not even a neefu' of pease brose." Poor John was evidently in a state of ghastly starvation, and the doctor prescribed an immediate supply of good beef tea. "Lord, doctor, I hae nae tea nor beef in the house, what's to come o' me in this state?" The doctor, seeing the apparent poverty of the place, went home and soon sent his servant with a kettle of excellent beef tea for John. The kind-hearted doctor, after making his official visits to the old Jail—for he was the physician thereof for several years—called upon John in his bed early next forenoon. "Weel, *minister*," said the doctor to John (aware of his weak side, that he always liked to be called the *minister*), "weel, minister, how are ye to-day?" "Lord," says John, "this beef tea has awfully physicked me. I've had nae rest wi' it since I took it. I'm awfu' bad: it wouldna stay wi' me in the stomach ava." "That's strange," said the doctor, "let me taste the remainder of it in the kettle:" so the doctor stirred it about and warmed it, and declared it was excellent, as so it was. "Lord, man," said the minister, "is that the way ye sup it, doctor? It may be gude enough that way, doctor, but try it wi' the cream and sugar, and traikle which Elspeth M'Murich brought me, and stirred it up in twa-three cupfuls, which she enticed me to drink last night."

"Cream, sugar, and traikle in beef tea!" exclaimed the doctor; no wonder, minister, that ye have been boking and got the gripes, but we'll try to cure you: and so the good doctor got real beefsteaks, port wine, and brandy for

John, and he speedily recovered his powers of speech, and pursued his street or open day ministrations in Glasgow. In fact, our hero became so well that he soon soared in another quarter.

JOHN IN HIS OTHER AVOCATIONS—CALLS AND NO CALLS—
TIMBER TO TIMBER, &C.

It is singular that, with all his peculiarities, he entertained the cherished hope that his natural abilities would secure him a parish kirk in some quarter or other of this kingdom of Scotland. He had a sort of cankered jealousy against every young man who received a call "afore him in the vineyard." It is really nauseating, if we may use that strong word, to see how these "calls" are sometimes treated by ministers themselves and their friends in several quarters of the kingdom. For instance, it is quite common to hear them invoking the name of the Deity even in the most violent of their translations or contentions; and there is evidently an utter want of candour, nay, a great deal of hypocrisy and downright dishonesty, we are sorry to observe, in some of these "calls." Not many years ago—but it was before the Disruption—a *quoad sacra* preacher, not fifty miles from Hope Street in this city, had the effrontery to announce to his flock, and call God to witness, that he was going to leave them *with a sore, sore heart*. He came over these expressions several times, and attempted to *sob* over them, while the fact was perfectly notorious that he was moving heaven and earth to get quit of them, and to procure a presentation from the Crown, which he obtained, to a parish yielding him a stipend much larger a good deal than the one he was leaving, as he declared, "with a sore, sore heart." Exhibitions of that sort

deserve to be rebuked ; but there is a shaft of *irony* in the one we are about to relate which pleased John mightily. A friend of his, settled in a quiet parish to the north-east of the city, staggered his kirk session by announcing to them one day, much to their surprise, for they really loved the man, that he had received “a call from the Lord to go to Glasgow:” and he had resolved to accept it.

“Ye have received no such call in no such way,” said one of his bold and intrepid elders, who could think and judge for himself. “Ye may, peradventure, have received the promise of a call from *the Lord Provost and Councillors*, but dinna invert the name of the Deity in that way.”

John was well acquainted with one Dougal Arnott, a wright in the Havannah, who, like himself, was possessed of a considerable degree of mother wit when he chose to exercise it. Dougal was employed to make some repairs on the old Ramshorn Church: and in tottering one day down the High Street with a large piece of wood on his shoulder, he was accosted by Dr Rankine, the minister thereof. “Well, John, what is this you have got?” John doffed his bonnet, newly imported from Kilmarnock, and said, “It is one of the *supports*, sir, of the house of God.” The good Doctor was rather surprised at this answer, thinking it was done in an irreverent style, and admonished him thus: “John, John, that is not a fit thing for a jest.” “No indeed,” said John, “its no a *jeest* (joist), but its meant to stand in your ain kirk, ye see, *for a pillar*.”

At an ordination in the city a great many years ago, when the facetious Mr Thom of Govan was in his glory, it was the duty, according to the good old rule, for every member of the Presbytery in attendance to come forward

and lay their right hand on the minister's head immediately after his induction on token of their approbation of him. The Rev. Mr Thom had evidently some doubts of the qualifications of the presentee, but he kept these to himself: and so he stepped forward leaning on his staff, and took up his place at a respectable distance from the presentee, and then he lifted his staff and laid it on with a good thwack on the head of the presentee. "That's not the right way," exclaimed the Moderator, and other members of the Presbytery. "Please excuse me," said Mr Thom—"its only *timber to timber!*" "Now," said our friend John, exulting at Thom's staff, which he often surveyed, "this establishes the doctrine that you may take a horse to the water, but you cannot compel him to drink unless he pleases."

We could here have told many other original nicknacks of Mr Thom and others from an old manuscript confided to us many years ago by the Rev. Dr Moffatt, then chaplain of the old Town's Hospital, Clyde Street; but a drunken rascal of the name of Sinclair, whom we had for a short time in our employment, deliberately stole it, with other valuable things, and we are, therefore, not surprised that some of his kidney are now sneering at our works; but we have a rod in pickle for them by and bye.

WATCHING THE BIRKIES.

This story, we are aware, has already been told, perhaps from the very theft of the manuscript just noticed, but we beg to give it in our own way, because it amused John exceedingly, and, as already remarked, he liked either to pick out a hole in the coat, or to get a hair in the neck of his imperious—he sometimes called them his jalousing brethren. We do not exactly approve of his

prelections in that respect, but the story, even under this hackneyed title, is perhaps worth the telling.

An aged pastor, near the close of his days, frequently solicited some young probationers—he preferred giving them the singular name of young birkies—to preach for him; and, as he was a widower, reputed to be of considerable wealth, with two grown-up daughters, anxious, as the saying is, to exchange their estate for better or for worse, he rarely found much, if any difficulty, to get supplies from amongst them for his pulpit. One day, while seated in his own pew with his accomplished daughters, he was much captivated with the personal appearance of one of these new “birkies” in his pulpit; but after composing himself, and casting his venerable eyes around and about him, he became *entranced*—wonderfully well pleased, if we may illustrate the word—as he espied an old woman of his flock, who had been sitting under him for half a century, listening with uncommon attention to the young man’s discourse, which was really good of its kind. The old divine himself was the more surprised at this, for at other times he had frequently noticed her slumbering and snoring at some of the best bits of his own sermons. It is astonishing what a minister as well as an uncircumcised author must feel at these *somnambulising* fits either in the church or out of it. The more the old divine revolved the old woman’s appearance in his mind, the more did he himself become interested, and he determined that at the skailing of the kirk he would make up to her and question her anent the discourse. “Weel Janet,” said he, after lifting his hat, for he was a man of polite and dignified manners, “what was it that pleased you so much with the young lad’s discourse?” “’Deed, sir, I’m sure I dinna ken onything that pleased me in particular

wi't." "It'll no do to tell me that, Janet," replied the minister, "for I saw you sitting wi' your een perfectly rivetted on him all the time he was preaching. Noo, Janet, ye maun confess and just tell me, your auld minister, what it was you were so particularly pleased with." Janet still hesitated; but when again earnestly questioned, she at last answered, "Weel, weel, my auld respected minister, since I must confess every thing to you, as ye say I sude, the truth is just this: that if I do haud doon my head, an sometimes fa' asleep in the pew when ye're preaching, its just because I ken were aye safe enough, an' that ye'll sae naething but what's right whether I'm hearin' ye or no; but when ye let thae young birkies gang into your poopit, we maun watch the like o' them wi' our een wide open."

THE CAT'S IN THE AWMRIE.

This is rather a good one; we can safely speak to it without being indebted to John, or any of his compeers. In early life, and especially in the summer months, we were privileged to walk from Glasgow to the house of an esteemed elder of the Church of Scotland in the country, and to remain there from Saturday till Monday. He was notable through all the country round for his long screed of prayers; he commenced them regularly in the morning at six o'clock, and on Sabbath evening his allotted period was from seven till nine. We sin not when we say that some of the younger members of this elder's family, with whom we were well acquainted, became rather impatient at this long stereotyped exercise always in the same vein, and one of them, snoring on his bended knee, but rubbing up and keeking at his next neighbour, touched us gently on the shins to rouse us up on one occasion, for he saw us

getting into the yawning, which is next door to the *snoring* mood. To our astonishment that evening, in the middle of one of his most earnest and serious services, our revered friend the elder broke out in this manner,—his own wife kneeling by his side, “Rise, Janet, rise!—rise, I command ye, in the name of God, rise at this instant: THE CAT’S IN THE AWMRIE devouring the beef!” And sure enough the black cat of the household was at that moment in the awmrie, namely, the snug press of the dining room, not devouring the beef, but doing execution on a delightful piece of cold salmon and two chuckies reserved for supper.

This leads us, without any improper *animus* we hope, to note down the following as communicated to us by the late Gabriel Neil, Esq., of this city, who was a great collector of curiosities in his day, and left the munificent sum of £1000 to the Old Man’s Institution in the Drygate, one of the noblest institutions of its kind in Glasgow or anywhere else. Mr John Reekie, a talented teacher in Glasgow in bygone years, was once in a large company, “and grace before meat” was as usual expected; but none of the clergy who were expected being present, all eyes were directed to Mr Reekie, and he was requested to do the agreeable. He hesitated for a little, but did the task in the following laconic words:—“As there are none of the respected clergy here, we thank thee, O Lord, for these mercies.” But it afterwards fell to the lot of the said Mr Reekie to be invited to a Presbytery dinner in Glasgow, and he was requested to say *grace*, and after having done so, he challenged the rev. brethren present for one more comprehensive than the one he had delivered, which was, “O Lord, bless us, and *this* to us, for Christ’s sake, amen.” Mr Neil also told us of an Ayrshire

wabster, who, having been called upon to ask a blessing for the mercies dispensed at a funeral occasion, was so much pleased with the way he did it, that he coolly stepped into the middle of the room and defied "*anither blue bonnet in a' Kilmarnock to do the like.*"

But these are exceptionable matters, not meant to be offensive ones in any degree. It is possible, however, that we may be blackballed for giving them. Truth, we all know, has often been regarded as a libel, but our faith is not diminished thereby to the extent of one iota.

A DISTURBER OF A DIFFERENT STAMP IN CHURCH—A TRUE
GLASGOW STORY.

Ere our friend the Rev. John Aitken doffed his mortal coil on earth, a tremendous uproar took place among certain parties in this city, as is done at this day by some of their descendants for shutting up the Royal Exchange on Sunday, for closing the post-office at all hours, and for the punishment of *barbers* who exercised their craft of shaving on Sunday morning, as had been done by Deacon Campbell and others in this city beyond the memory of man. Now, we beg it may be distinctly understood that we have, we hope, the greatest respect for the sanctity of the Sabbath day. It is the most blessed day for man or beast that occurs on the rolling paths of fleeting time. We have ever said so, and ever, we trust, will say so, till time itself in this valley of tears, of burthens and disquietudes, shall pass away as a scroll, and be no more. But there is a decency, a moderation, and a propriety in all things. An excess on the one side or the other—a cold, frigid rule, admitting of no excuse and no palliation under any circumstances, becomes absolutely disagreeable to human nature, and exhibits bigotry in a light by no means

enviable. An illustration of this meets us at this point. An eminent and wealthy insurance broker of this city, long since dead, who went by the name of Richard the Third, made it his duty for many years to visit the old Exchange rooms as soon as they opened for a few minutes on Sunday morning, and to glance at the underwriters' letters, and note down the arrivals of the outward and the inward bound fleet of vessels from the Cloch to Greenock, and upwards to the Broomielaw; and at the old post-office then in Nelson Street he was amongst the first who, when the back windows were opened, bawled out lustily for his letters and papers, and read the contents thereof on the road to his own house, situated at the far west corner of Sauchiehall Street. A puny place Sauchiehall Street then was, remarkable only for the celebrity of Wm. Harley's famous byres, where he fed about 100 cows, every one of which knew him as if by natural instinct, and when he made up to them saying, "Proochy-leddie, proochy-leddie," they licked his hands, as much as to say, thank ye, Mr Harley, for your kindness in speering. We had, we are not sorry to say, a considerable respect in early life for the Glasgow underwriter above alluded to—he was so correct and agreeable in many of his movements towards the young men around him, whether they belonged to the lay or clerical body, or to the lawyer tribe, some of which last he instructed in the rules of navigation, the variations of the compass, the laws of abandonment at sea, and the claims of salvage, &c., &c.

To the astonishment of many of his best friends, who knew and appreciated his exact habits in the way we have here indicated, he became all at once a most furious advocate, not only for shutting up the Exchange rooms absolutely and entirely on Sunday, but for prohibiting the

Postmaster to receive or give out a single letter under any circumstances whatever on the Sabbath day : no matter whether they were marked on the outside "important," "immediate," "*in haste*," "in great haste," as we have frequently seen them to be so marked—indeed, it was quite a customary feature with many letters in the olden time—but all the "haste" bestowed on them was a slow delivery between the hours of seven and eleven o'clock on the week-day mornings, performed by ten or twelve deliverers, dressed in the most fantastic manner, according to their own whims. They had no official dress at all at that time in this city. The present official dress was a new innovation after Victoria came to the throne; and at the period referred to there was no such thing as an afternoon or evening delivery from the post-office : there was only, as we have said, the morning delivery, and it was quite customary for the merchants and the manufacturers, the lawyers, and the Scribes and Pharisees of all degrees, gentle and simple, to take up their position at the known hours referred to on the streets, and to accost the post-man, "Have ye any letters for me the day, John?" He would rummage through the squad he had in his hands, and probably make this answer—"Ou aye, here is yane frae Lunnan : it's a double ane, I observe, marked two shillings and twopence-halfpenny for postage." The single one from London and Glasgow, we may remark, cost exactly one shilling and twopence in those days, and from Edinburgh sevenpence-halfpenny, and so on ; but it was sometimes, nay, very often, a most perplexing thing for *Posty* to collect his *makes*, as he called them, on the streets, and hold just count and reckoning with old Mr Matthew Halyburton, the treasurer, when he returned to the office in Nelson Street.

Fancy the queer old jog-trog rate of doing business in the post-office department in Glasgow at the period referred to in comparison with what it is now ; and when one connected with the old school, which we have been feebly depicting, casts his eyes for a moment on the electric wires flashing to all parts of the world, a feeling of profound astonishment and reverential awe should at the same time direct his thoughts to the Great Governor of the Universe, who, in the sublime language of our favourite Poet,

“ Can lend His lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheel His throne upon the passing worlds.”

Probably we will strike our Glasgow readers more effectively on this head by stating the fact, if we have not done it already, that in the year when the penny postage came into operation, viz., 10th January, 1840, about 70,000 or 80,000 letters per week went through Glasgow, whereas we learn, on pretty good authority, that no fewer than 240,000 went through the same post-office the other week since we commenced this new series of our reminiscences. “Prodigious!” certainly, as Dominie Sampson might well say to his friend Nicol Jarvie, if alive.

But we are running away as usual—not we hope, however, without edification—from our friend the insurance broker, previously but recently introduced. He soon felt the egregious mistake he had committed with his narrow-minded views, and he was *glad* to fly from them in the singular and rather laughable way we are going to state. He was a regular sitter with his wife and family in one of the front pews of St Enoch's Church, and for a long while it got the name of “the genteel church;” for there is no doubt of the fact that ere there was a stone in St Vincent

Street at all, most of the genteel people of the city were domiciled in or around St Enoch's Square and the neighbourhood thereof, including Jamaica Street, which contained many fine old mansions in its day now demolished. It happened that there was a severe squall of wind, with heavy fall of rain, in Glasgow on a Saturday about the period referred to. It continued on the Sunday morning, and increased to a tremendous hurricane in the afternoon. The church, however, was pretty well filled at both diets. Our friend the underwriter was observed to be particularly uneasy in his seat in the forenoon; but he became much worse in the afternoon, for at every blast of wind dunting on the great window behind the pulpit, which still exists, he was observed to lift his hand and knock it down very vehemently, so as to disturb the attention and actually to increase the alarm of not a few of the congregation. When the sermon was over, and some of the congregation were standing under the piazzas of the church to see whether the storm was likely to abate or not, one of the elders made up to our friend the underwriter and civilly asked what was the matter with him in the church? "The matter with me!—hang it," says he, "I've been thinking of this hurricane all day, but if I had gone quietly to the post-office this morning and got my letters as usual, or got a peep at the underwriters' news, I could have sat in my seat with my hands in my pouches as usual, and heard the sermons with edification, and composure, and tranquillity; but every blast of wind made me think of the Peggy and the Jenny at sea, and other great leviathans on the mighty deep which I have covered with policies of insurance to the uttermost extent of my means and substance. How, then, in the name of goodness, could I sit still when I meditated on my rashness in not going to

the post-office and *choking up my usual channels of communication*. I doubt," he added, "there will be sad news of this from the Cloch Lighthouse early enough for me to-morrow morning." The elder shook hands and parted with him, telling him still to trust in Providence. His wife, holding his arm, reciprocated that sentiment, as all should do. But he opened out upon her in a perfect storm of anger—"Meg (says he), this is all your fault. It is you that has been egging me up to all these new-fangled notions; but by the hokey-pokey I'll resume the tenor of my own ways next Sunday morning, and then I may enter the house of God with an easy conscience, free from care and tormenting anxiety, and not like a poor drookit underwriter, tossed to and fro, perfectly unable to follow the sermon, and swooning with his hands in his own pew, as if to keep his own head above the water. Na, na, Meg, ye may go to as many Sabbatarian meetings as you like; but you'll no hinder me from taking my own lawful and discreet course hereafter."

They walked home discreetly enough arm in arm under their own umbrella, and our friend was never seen to thump his hands again in a state of wild fury in his own pew in St Enoch's, either in sunshine or in storm. When he drew his bottle of port, which he generally did after sermon on Sunday afternoon, he remembered the minister, and gave the toast—

"The world to the worthy."

CHAPTER XXII.

A NEW HITCH IN THE LIFE OF OUR UMQUHIL FRIEND
THE REV. JOHN AITKEN. HE TRIES TO STAND
FOR THE ISLAND OF ORKNEY!

“For points of faith let senseless bigots fight,
That man can ne'er be wrong
Whose life is in the right.”

SOME doubt the truth of that quotation. We are rather inclined to subscribe to it. But it is time we should present the Rev. Mr Aitken in a new light to our readers if they will have patience with us to hear us going on with some of these droll old Glasgow stories which we have raked up from the depths of oblivion in order to try to please them “a leetle bit,” as Blind Alick used to say.

John often commented on the text that a prophet hath no honour in his own country; and, indeed, he often said that although some of his best preachings, so he modestly called them, were shamefully despised by the proud, haughty folks of Glasgow, he had a presentiment that they were heard of and relished by the sublime people, as he designated them, in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. There can be no doubt of the fact that he commanded some influence in that quarter, notwithstanding his Glasgow “chafts” and “three legged stool,” already recorded and commented upon; for the great Sir Thomas Dundas, who flourished in Scotland, and was chief pro-

prietor of these islands, came frequently to Glasgow on his way to Kerse, in the county of Stirling, and knew the Aitken family. It was this Sir Thomas Dundas who projected the great viaduct over the Kelvin at Maryhill, near Glasgow, opened in 1787, which was once the wonder of the world ; he also projected the canal at Port Dundas, and the road leading thereto within the bounds of the municipality of Glasgow is called Dundas Street in honour of Sir Thomas Dundas, who, in the days of King George the Third, was created a British Peer by the title of Lord Dundas. That Peerage still exists under the more exalted title of the Earl of Zetland, as any one may see who turns up the Edinburgh Almanac of the present year ; and we notice the following fact incidentally, yet we hope to the interest of the good people of Glasgow, that old Mr Archd. Speirs, of Elderslie, the grandfather of Captain Speirs, the present young popular M.P. for Renfrewshire, married the Honourable Margaret Dundas, eldest daughter of the first Lord Dundas, who did much for Glasgow, getting Mr Pitt, the Prime Minister of George the Third, to advance upwards of £50,000 for the completion of those canals without interest. We state this on the authority of the renowned Dr Clelland, formerly Chamberlain of the city. But sure we are, for we often saw him, that old Mr Archd. Speirs, of Elderslie, was one of the staunchest and most influential Whigs or Reformers in the West of Scotland. He was a fine looking old man down to the day of his death, which happened very suddenly. He sat in Parliament for many years for his native county of Renfrew, but he was in reality a Glasgow man, a native of this city, as his fathers were before him. They amassed great wealth in Glasgow in the Virginia tobacco trade, strange to say, long before

the first American war broke out, which led to the independence of America in the days of Washington. It has been ascertained from undoubted evidence that in 1772 upwards of 90,000 hogsheads of tobacco were imported into Great Britain from America, and of these Glasgow received more than the half, viz., 49,000 hogsheads. The lion's share came into the hands of the renowned firm of Messrs. Alex. Speirs & Co., who got 6,035 hogsheads; the next on the list was the equally renowned firm of John Glassford & Co., who got 4,500 hogsheads; and the last on the list of the renowned 48 tobacco lords in Glasgow, for that was the exact number of them at the period stated, was Mr James Baird, senr., who is set down for eight hogsheads. The tobacco trade at that time in Glasgow seems to have been infinitely better than the calico trade, nor is it extravagant to say that it perhaps inspired the natives with as much *gusto* as the seeking for gold in Australia and California, and other parts of the world has done in later times. Be that as it may, the Speirs family honourably derived their wealth; and although a quid of tobacco is not exactly the thing we have relished at any period of our career, we are glad to mention that the Speirs of Elderslie, like some of the nobles of England deriving their wealth and titles from mercantile pursuits, have not neglected the city of their habitation in earliest times, for they have left some substantial proofs of their munificence to be attested in the Merchants' House of Glasgow—a house endowed with many noble deeds by princely merchants now no more, but whose memories will resound through the vaults of High Heaven by the heartfelt acclaims of widows and orphans and decayed men, who have tasted, amongst many sorrows, the sweets of their bountiful and generous consideration.

As we write without any rigid, narrow rule, and entirely as the spirit moves us, clinging to our memory as well as we can, somewhat like the old lady smiling contentedly when knitting her new stockings with her needles and thread, so we may here put in a fresh *steek* anent an occurrence which may prove both laughable and interesting to our readers. It occurred on the spacious lawn opposite Elderslie House, near Renfrew, in the summer of 1831. We were witnesses of the scene, and perhaps there are few now alive who can rehearse the same story. The first Great Reform Bill of Earl Grey, Prime Minister of King William the Fourth was then in its infancy; but it had thousands and tens of thousands, yea millions of enthusiastic and determined admirers. You may talk of your Beales & Co. now as you please, and we have seen greater men than Beales, from Henry Hunt down to Fergus O'Connor mounted on their high horse and tickling "the people" with their blarney—say rather deluding "the swinish multitude," as Lord Castlereagh once called them—deluding them as the FENIANS have actually been doing at a more recent date, and so we are afraid it will always be in this transitory world—the greatest bulley is often the greatest hero amongst the rabble. But at the period referred to, touching the Reform Bill of Earl Grey, there was an honest hearty glow of enthusiasm in favour of it from the one end of the kingdom to the other—not tarnished by bloody trades' unions as have lately been developing themselves at Sheffield and other places; but the nation, the entire nation, were sound at the heart's core for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill of the great and good Earl Grey, who was justly designated the Father of Reform.

Now old Mr Archd. Speirs, of Elderslie, was a personal

friend and ardent admirer of the noble Premier, and we have occasion to know that he might have obtained a British Peerage if he wanted it. He invited a great meeting of Reformers from Glasgow, Paisley, Renfrew, Kilbarchan, and other places, to be held on his lawn at *Elderslie*, the title which once accrued to the immortal name of Sir William Wallace. To prepare for that meeting, which was attended by enormous numbers, Mr Speirs erected, at no small expense, a fine and substantial awning of hustings; and he first mounted them, considering his advanced age, with great animation and agility, attended by some choice spirits who surrounded him, and cheered to the echo by the admiring throng with their thrilling bands of martial music, playing tunes of one kind or another ever dear to the hearts of all leal Scotsmen.

The entire proceedings, which we need not enumerate, were conducted with the greatest unanimity and enthusiasm. We think we see the amiable and patriotic gentleman at this moment taking off his hat and waiving it on those hustings with a heroism which some historians tell us can only be best appreciated by those who behold the hero either at the commencement or the close of his victory. But on the present occasion he became perfectly enraptured with his subject, and was truly eloquent. He made a most remarkable and astonishing bound towards the close of his speech. It would require the pencil of a Hogarth to describe it adequately. He was wiping his fine manly old face with his pocket handkerchief to afford him relief from the perspiration trickling downwards, and at the same moment he threw open his fine white vest to embrace a gentle breeze from the direction of Killealan, one of his other estates, not far distant, when he paused for a moment or two and then resumed, and made this

astonishing statement, which electrified the vast multitude in a way which probably Demosthenes himself could not have excelled when addressing his hearers at Athens. "Gentlemen and countrymen, fellow reformers, beloved brethren and friends (said Mr Speirs) we are all embarked in the same glorious cause. (Tremendous cheering, and waiving of hats and bonnets for two or three minutes.) Now keep quiet and restrain your cheers, and be silent that ye may hear. (Cheers and counter cheers impossible to be restrained.) Well, then, I have erected these hustings, and by God *you are welcome to them to all eternity.*"

This finish of the good man's speech sent hats and bonnets high up in the air in token of delight ; and such cheering as then ensued we venture to assert was never heard on the lawn of Elderslie, and perhaps may not be surpassed again, even should the young laird bring home his bonnie bride to that place, at no distant day, as we hear is likely to be the case.

But the above wonderful declaration of old Mr Speirs about the hustings did not escape notice in other directions. Every Tory paper in the land commented upon it, as did our old fierce but able political opponent, the late Mr Wm. Motherwell, editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, and afterwards of the *Glasgow Courier*. Keen Tory papers these were in their day, but, like others on the opposite side, they are now *functis officio*. Mr Motherwell, in particular, levelled many squibs at Mr Speirs for his hustings' speech, and designated him for many a day as Mr *Eternity* Speirs. That was rather a bold title, and we are not ashamed to avow that we took up the cudgels in our own way and retaliated on Motherwell with some doggrel lines, commencing in this way :—

“Cockie-leeri-law, Willie,
Cockie-leeri-law.

But is your heart so sad, Willie,
And is your head so sair,
And is your neb now black wi' ink
And frightened stands your hair?

(Ironically) Get up and waur them a', Willie,
Get up and waur them a';
Cockie-leeri-law, Willie,
Cockie-leeri-law.”

We need not quote the whole lines of that rhapsody in this place, for they might turn the laughter against ourselves; they originally appeared in the old loyal *Reformers' Gazette*, and were relished at the time: and by none more than Mr Speirs himself, who often sent his respected factor, old Mr Archd. Wilson, of Renfrew, when anything in the shape of “Cockie-leeri-law, Willie,” came from our pen, then infinitely more nimble and swift than it is or can be now.

“Dear lingering traces, shade of joys that sleep
'Neath summer's bloom and winter's leafless tree,
O sink not year by year more dim and deep.
But this is not our lot—it is a thing
Denied to mortals, ceded unto none:
So let us ply the oar on memories' wing,
And tell our stories as they jingle on.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN INSTRUCTIVE AND MOST AMUSING LETTER FOUND
IN JOHN'S REPOSITORIES.

"His spirit revived like a flower on the dew."

Old Song.

IN the preceding pages, we think we have stated enough, and more than enough, to satisfy our readers that our remarkable friend, the Rev. John Aitken, had some glimmering of a claim on the favour of Lord Dundas (coming so often to Glasgow) for his church patronage either in the Orkney or Shetland Islands, whither John earnestly wished to be transported. He went about for a long time extolling his high expectations in the Orkneys especially; and there is little doubt of the fact that several woovers, in the shape of maidenly ladies, cleekit with him in Glasgow in the hope that he would soon have fine Shetland hose on his shanks, besides other comfortable things in his own manse when he got it.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

So poets say: and John himself became fairly *aroused* as he descanted on the promised land. His hearers in Glasgow increased at the prospect of losing him, and this is pretty often the case with worse men than John. No tangible invitation, however, reached him either from the Orkney or the Shetland Islands; and some began to

taunt John that "it was all in his eye and Betty Martin," an expression which, somehow or other, has been held in great repute in Glasgow long before and after the days of our friend. Undoubtedly, in more dignified terms, the Poet says that

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

And so, to shorten our tale, John was soon doomed to another disappointment. The cup was literally dashed from his lips by a rival candidate in the favour of Lord Dundas, whom we shall immediately introduce to our readers in a most remarkable but agreeable way. The Right Honourable Hew Dalrymple, afterwards Sir Hew Dalrymple, Baronet of North Berwick, wrote a special letter to Lord Dundas in favour of a young gentleman who had already been in the Orkney Islands, and was well acquainted therein. That letter was written long ago. It made a very deep impression on Lord Dundas, as we think it may well make on our readers of the present day. It cannot indeed be read without interest. We must declare for ourselves that it is one of the richest and most extraordinary epistles of its kind we have ever read; and it is well entitled, we think, to the highest place in ecclesiastical lore. A copy of it was found in John's repositories after his death, and here it now is:—

FROM THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HEW DALRYMPLE TO THOMAS
LORD DUNDAS.

"Dalzell, near Glasgow, May the 24th.

"My Dear Lord,—

"Having spent a long life in pursuit of pleasure and health, I am now retired from the world in poverty and with the gout, so, joining with Solomon, that

‘all is vanity and vexation of spirit,’ I go to church and say my prayers. I assure you that most of us religious people reap some little satisfaction in hoping that you wealthy voluptuaries have a fair chance of being damned to all eternity, and that Dives shall call out for a drop of water to Lazarus, one drop of which he seldom tasted when he had the twelve apostles, with twelve hogsheads of claret in his cellar.

“Now, that doctrine being laid down, I wish to give you, my friend, a loophole to creep through. Going to church last Sunday as usual, I saw an unknown face in the pulpit, and rising up to prayers, as others do upon like occasions, I began to look around the church, to find out if there were any pretty girls there, when my attention was attracted by the foreign accent of the parson. I gave him my attention, and had my devotion awakened by the most pathetic prayer I ever heard. This made me all attention to the sermon. A finer discourse never came from the lips of a man. I returned in the afternoon, and heard the same preacher exceed his morning’s work by the finest chain of reasoning, conveyed by the most eloquent expressions. I immediately thought of what Agrippa said to Paul—‘Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.’ I sent to ask the man of God to honour my roof and dine with me. He came. I asked him of his country and what not. I even asked him if his sermons were his own composition, which he affirmed they were. I assured him I believed it, for never man had spoke or wrote so well. ‘My name is Dishington,’ said he. ‘I am assistant to an old minister in the Orkneys, who enjoys a fruitful benefice of £50 a year, out of which I am allowed £20 for teaching and instructing 1200 people, who live in two separate islands, out of which

I pay £1 5s to the boatman who transports me from the one island to the other. I should be happy could I continue in that terrestrial paradise; but we have a great lord who has many little people soliciting him for many little things that he can do: and if my minister dies, his succession is too great a prize not to raise up many powerful rivals to baulk my hopes of preferment.' I asked him if he possessed any other wealth? 'Yes,' said he, 'I married the prettiest girl in the island: she has blessed me with three children, and, as we are both young, we may expect more; besides, I am so beloved in the island that I have all my peats brought home carriage free.'

"This, my lord, is my story—now to the prayer of my petition. I never before envied you the possession of the Orkneys which I now do, only to provide for this eloquent, innocent apostle. The sun, I am told, has refused your barren islands his kindly assistance—do not deprive them of so pleasant a preacher—let not so great a treasure be for ever lost to that damn'd, inhospitable country; for I assure you were the Archbishop of Canterbury to hear him, or hear of him, he would not do less than make him an archdeacon. The man has but one weakness, that of preferring the Orkneys to all the earth.

"This way, my lord, and no other, you have a chance for salvation. Do this man good, and he will pray for you; this will be a better purchase than your Irish estate or the Orkneys. I think it will help me forward too, since I am the man who told you of the man so worthy and deserving, so pious, so eloquent, and whose prayers may do so much good. Till I hear from you on this head, I remain, my dear lord, yours in all meekness, love, and benevolence,

"H. DALRYMPLE."

P.S. Think what an unspeakable pleasure it will be to look down from Heaven and see Rigby, Masterton, and all the Campbells and Nabobs swimming in fire and brimstone, while you are sitting with Whitefield and all his old women, looking beautiful, frisking, and singing,—all which you may have by settling this man after the death of the present incumbent. H. D.”

Is not that a rare and exquisite epistle? Let none doubt its authenticity. And although many of our Glasgow readers may have felt interested about the fate of John, and wished him settled cannily in the Orkney Islands, none, we think, will deny that it was better, infinitely better, that his crack-brained effusions should be postponed *sine die* to give way to the elegant accomplishments of Mr Dishington, who actually became the accepted minister of the Orkney and the Shetland Islands—passing rich on £50 a year!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EVENING OF JOHN'S LIFE.

“ Gay-hearted I began my playful theme,
 But with a heavy heart I end my song ;
 For I am sick of life's delirious dream,
 Sick of this world and all its weight of wrong.
 Ev'n now when I again attempt to stream
 My merry verse as I was wont along,
 'Tween every sportive thought there now and then
 Flows a sad, serious tear upon my playful pen.”

Anster Fair.

NOT exactly so. We have other things yet to tell of John, and as this is the very first original article that has yet been published in this shape about his life and conversation, so far as we know, our kind readers, if we are not already straining their patience, as we fear we are doing, will probably excuse us for publishing the following short appendix.

He had, whatever his frailties or his follies may have been in other respects, an uncommon gift of *patience*, and *that*, we take leave to say, is a most commendable quality, which we have appreciated long before we fastened on the lines of the poet—

“ *See patience on a monument smiling at grief.*”

But his patience, tried and tormented as it was in this city, bore him up in many trials. He eschewed the

preaching, or the *preachments* as he called them, in his declining years, because he confessed, with the disappointments he had received, they were not conducive to the comforts of the inner man; and he began to tell stories after the manner, he said, of Solomon in all his glory, for John never lowered himself in his own estimation. Some of his stories, we must confess, took better than his sermons. We shall only give *three* of them for the judgment of our readers:—

THE THREE LUCKY ONES.

Whether this was his own composition or not, we cannot take it upon ourselves to say; but certain it is that he, or some other body for him, delivered himself in Daniel M'Vean's shop, opposite the College, already referred to, in this wise, and we say so because Mr M'Vean himself showed us the MS.

“Once upon a time,” said Mr Aitken, “a father down at Greenock sent for his three sons, John, James, and Robert, and gave to the eldest a cock, to the second a scythe, and to the third a cat. ‘I am now getting old,’ said the father—‘my end is approaching, but I would fain provide for you ere I die. Money I have none, and what I now give you may seem of little worth; yet it rests with yourselves alone under the Providence of God to turn my gifts to good account—only seek out for a land where what you have is yet unknown, and your fortune, I guess, is made.’

“After the death of the sagacious father, the eldest son set out with his cock; but wherever he went in every town he saw from afar off a cock, or something representing a cock sitting upon the church steeple, and turning round and round with the wind. In the villages he always

heard plenty of them crowing, and his bird was therefore nothing new, so there did not seem much chance of his making a fortune. At length it happened that he came to an island where the people who lived there had never heard of a cock, and knew not even how to reckon the time. They knew, indeed, whether it was morning or evening, but at night, if they lay awake, they had no means of knowing how time went. 'Behold,' said he to them, 'what a noble bird this is! How like a gallant knight he is!—he carries a bright red crest on his head, and spurs upon his heels—he crows three times every night at stated hours, and at the third time just as the sun is about to rise. But this is not all; sometimes he screams in broad daylight, and then you may take warning, for the weather is surely about to change. This pleased the natives mightily: they kept awake one whole night, and heard to their great joy how gloriously the cock called the hour at two, four, and six o'clock of the morning. Then they asked our adventurer—the son of the old gentleman from Greenock—whether he was willing to sell the bird, and how much he asked for it? His answer was curious: 'I'll sell it for about as much gold as an ass can carry,' and they agreed to give him his price.

“When he returned home with his wealth in gold, his brothers wondered greatly; and the second brother said, 'I will now go forth likewise, and see whether I can turn the *scythe* which my father gave to me to as good an account.' There did not, however, seem much likelihood of this, for go where he would, he was met by peasants who had as good scythes on their shoulders as he had. But at last, as good luck would have it, he came to an island where the people had never seen or heard of a

scythe ; their practice was, so soon as the corn was ripe, to go into the fields and pluck it up, but this was very slow and irksome work. The adventurer then set to work with his *scythe*, and mowed down their whole corps so quickly that the natives of the island stood gaping and glowering at him with wonder. They were willing to give him what he asked for such a marvellous thing ; but he only took a horse laden with as much gold as it could carry.

“Now it came to the turn of the third brother, and he had a great longing to go and see what he could make of his *Cat* which his worthy father had allotted for him. So he set out, and at first it happened to him as it had to the others. So long as he kept on the mainland, he met with no luck : there were plenty of cats everywhere—indeed too many—so that the young ones were for the most part, so soon as they came into the world, drowned in the water. At last he passed over into an island where, as it chanced most luckily for him, nobody had ever seen a cat. The islanders were overrun with mice to such a degree that the little wretches danced upon the tables and chairs, whether the master or the mistress of the house were at home or not. The natives complained loudly of this grievance. The king of the island himself knew not how to get rid of the mice in his own palace : in every corner mice were squeaking, and they gnawed everything their teeth could lay hold of. Here was a fine field for *Puss*. She soon began her chase, and had cleared two rooms of the mice almost in the twinkling of an eye. The natives, therefore, beseeched their king to buy this wonderful animal the cat, for the good of the province at any price. The king willingly gave what was asked, a mule laden with gold and jewels ; and thus the third brother

went home with a richer prize than either of the two others."

"You may tell that story to the Marines," said a young urchin, "but will the sailors believe it?" Whether they believe it or no, more marvellous stories have been told in *Robinson Crusoe*, which we have no reason to doubt.

It is time we should now wind up our departed friend the Rev. John Aitken, with all due circumspection and humility. It is impossible, however, to obliterate some of the amusing scenes that attended him towards the close of his long chequered life. At "Halloween," so racily commented on and commemorated in enduring language by Robert Burns, and kept up in many parts of Scotland to this day, John, with his cabbage stock or kail runt in his hand, pulled by him, or somebody for him, by the roots from the capacious garden and kitchen ground of old Mr James Wilson, deacon of the Ancient Craft of Gardeners, and father of *sonsy* Mr James Wilson, writer, in Cromwell's close in the Saltmarket, whom some yet in Glasgow may remember in his other capacity as Lieutenant in the corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters in 1819—and a queer lieutenant he made in the "Light Company"—but the gardens of his father the deacon before him were situated some of them in the Cowcaddens, while the chief portion of them at Lodgemeloons, near the site of the present plant of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, stretching towards Cowlairs, and thence keeking eastwards to the gigantic stalk of St Rollox—a description which cannot, we should think, be mistaken by any ordinary Glasgow reader of forty years' standing. At "Halloween," we repeat, John, at that annual epoch, as surely as it came round, got into a state of extraordinary excitement far beyond his ordinary, because many of the

urchins of the city convened themselves together, as if by common instinct, and serenaded him underneath the low window of his lodgings in the Little Dovehill, with the lines already quoted—

“Halloween, a night at e'en,
We heard an unco squeaking,” &c.

Those doggerel verses resounded, at that particular period of the year, through other parts of Scotland besides Glasgow; but this was the “head centre” of them.

Unfortunately, in opposition to the very tenor of these lines, our worthy friend left no legitimate descendants of his own body. We could never trace out the real lineage of “Din Doups” therein characterised; but whether she belonged to another line of Glasgow progenitors or not, our sincere hope is that we have not tainted the honest character of John in any way—devious and disjointed, we admit, as has been our method of depicting it in these pages.

He had a lair in the Ramshorn Church-yard, where many choice spirits of Glasgow have also been interred.

“No longer seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.”

CHAPTER XXV.

JAMIE BLUE.

“The cock of good fellows,
And the wale of good men.”

Burns.

THERE was nothing in the least degree offensive, so far as we know, in the character of this singular man, some of whose exploits we can lay before our readers from a long personal knowledge of him. We had, however, missed him for nearly a quarter of a century, and thought he had gone the way of all living; but within the last six months we were informed by an old friend “that he was still to the fore”—an inmate, a pauper, or pensioner in the Parish of Govan Poor’s House, situated in the old Cavalry Barracks in Eglinton Street, on the other side of the water—not on the other side of the water or by any means so far away as this short description might lead some to infer, but within a respectable part of the municipal domains of the city of Glasgow, now increasing with the most amazing strides, and leading old people to imagine that if the city goes on at the rate it has been doing for the last few years it may soon be conjoined with Paisley, and claim partnership with Dumbarton Castle and other kindred places. Be that as it may, we cannot claim Jamie as a citizen of Glasgow. “He came,” he said, “from ‘the Shaws,’ or the neighbourhood thereof,”



JAMIE BLUE

once called "the village of Pollokshaws," on the estate of Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollok; but he spent many of his best days in Glasgow and Paisley singing the finest of Robert Burns' songs, intermingled pretty often with those of his early friend Robert Tannahill, whom Jamie adored; and certainly some of the songs of Tannahill are the sweetest of any in the Scottish language; for example, his "Jessie the flower of Dunblane," set to music by his friend R. A. Smith, of Paisley, whom we have already noticed. Can there be anything finer than the introduction to it?

"The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene;
 While lanely I stray in the calm, summer gloaming,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane."

Or, the other isolated lines of the Poet:—

"Come Fancy, thou hast ever been
 In life's low vale my ready frien',
 To cheer the clouded hour:
 Tho' unfledg'd with scholastic law,
 Some visionary picture draw
 With all thy magic power.

"Now to the intellectual eye
 The glowing prospects rise,
 Far towering 'mid the skies,
 Where vernal, eternally,
 Rich leafy laurels grow,
 With bloomy bays through endless days,
 To crown the Poet's brow."

This was indeed the Poet's own fancied condition in early life. But it is melancholy to remark that in a fit of despondency he ended his days in the thirty-sixth year of his age, not without leaving some gems to his memory, which may be thus summed up in his own lines—

“Great was his soul! Soft be his bed of rest
Whose only wish was to make others blest.”

In reading from an early edition of his works the other day, we were also struck with the following verses:—

“Tired with the painful sight of human ills,
Hail Caledonia!—hail my native hills!
Here exiled virtue rears her humble cell
With nature’s jocund, honest sons to dwell;
And hospitality with open door
Invites the stranger and the wandering poor.
Though winter scowls along our northern sky,
In hardships reared we learn humanity;
Nor dare deceit here paint her rankling dart,
A Scotchman’s eye’s the window of his heart.”

That last line is worth more than gold.

And while we are here for a moment or two glancing back to the days of Tannahill and to his songs, every one of which we remember, we may, perhaps, be excused for noting down at random a few of his maxims thus:—

“Of all the ills with which mankind are curst,
An envious discontented mind’s the worst.”

“Man owns so little of true happiness
That curst be he who makes that little less.”

“In judging, still let moderation guide,
O’erheated zeal is certain to mislead;
First bow to God in heart-warm gratitude,
Next do your utmost for the general good;
In spite of all the forms which men devise
’Tis there where real solid wisdom lies;
And impious is the man who claims dominion
To damn his neighbour differing in opinion.
When wealth with arrogance exalts his brow,
And reckons poverty a wretch most low,
Still to thy lot be virtuously resigned,
Above all treasures prize thy peace of mind.”

“Go, passenger, revere this truth,
 A life well spent in doing good
 Soothes joyless age and sprightly youth
 When drooping o'er the cold green sod.”

“Now since life is but a day,
 Make the most of it we may :
 Still resigned to Fate's decree.
 Let not poortith sink us low ;
 Let not wealth exalt our brow ;
 Let's be grateful, virtuous, wise,
 There's where all our greatness lies :
 Doing all the good we can
 Is all that Heaven requires of man.
 The feeling heart that bears a part
 In other's joys and woes,
 May still depend to find a friend,
 Howe'er the tempest blows.”

“Gude kens we a' hae fauts anew,
 'Tis friendship's task to cure 'em ;
 But still she spurns the critic view,
 And bids us to look o'er 'em.”

“But lest the critics' birsie besom
 Sweep off this cant of egotism,
 I'll sidelins hint—nay, bauldly tell,
 I whyles think something o' mysel ;
 Else wha the deil would fash to scribble,
 Expecting scorn for a' his trouble ?

We could follow up these quotations from Tannahill, and not a few of our readers might relish them, but we call to mind the words of our departed friend, Alex. Rodger, and often rehearsed by him at our desk in Glasgow:—

“Historians may neglect him if they will
 But age to age will tell the worth of Tannahill.”

We must descend now to speak of Jamie Blue, for we have put him along with others on the title-page of this work, but scarcely know how to salute him in his cold and silent grave. When we grasped his hand, as we have already stated, not many months ago, in the Govan Poor's House, the sweet and expressive lineaments of his old face reminded us of the things of other years, and lying on the breadth of his back in the cell or department allotted for him with other paupers, a second nature seemed to breathe upon him, illustrating the lines of Gray the Poet, who wrote the elegy on the country church-yard:—

“ Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless footsteps strayed,
A stranger then to pain.
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
I breathe a second spring.”

Jamie was in his glory at the *first* Paisley Election of a member to Parliament on the passing of the Reform Bill, when the then Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollok, was triumphantly elected. He wrote many poetical effusions in favour of Sir John. But the old baronet got sick of the Parliament,—new to him as it was. He preferred his country pursuits, to which all his life long he had been accustomed. He voted in favour of the *first* Coercion Bill for Ireland, which occasioned a vast deal of acrimonious disputation in this country; and learning that his single vote on this subject had created much dissatisfaction at Paisley, he embraced the opportunity of throwing up his seat in Parliament: and a *new* writ, the first of its

kind, was ordered for Paisley, much to the surprise of the people thereof, and to the Reformers of Glasgow, by whom Sir John and his son after him, the late baronet, was much beloved. Then it was that Mr John Crawford, who had previously been rejected at the first Glasgow Election, with Mr John Douglas, and Sir D. K. Sandford, made their appearance in Paisley, claiming the honour of being returned for that town. It is certainly not a little remarkable, looking back upon it now, that those *three* rejected candidates in Glasgow should appear together eagerly contesting for the one vacated seat in Paisley. But so it was. Sandford, whose cause we espoused, for he was a most able and brilliant man, became the favourite, and carried the prize at Paisley; and then it also was that we became acquainted with Jamie Blue, who was universally known as the Shaws' Poet, and went often by the name of Jamie Cock-up, for he sometimes wore a tremendous Kilmarnock cowl, which, when the spirit moved him, he "cocked up on the crown of his head," and brandished it at other times with great animation. At one of the excited meetings at that time in Paisley a ring was formed, and James Cockup was brought into the middle of it.

"Come, gies a sang the poet cried,
 And lay your disputes all aside;
 What signifies for folks to chide
 For what's been done before them?
 For Whig and Tory baith agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Whig and Tory now agree,
 Wi' a' their variorum."

These lines, though written and published under our own eye more than thirty years ago, are not inapplicable in some respects to the present condition of parties in this kingdom.

“Hech, sirs,” said Jamie (we print this from an old memorandum in our possession), “Hech, sirs,” wiping his brows with his bonnet, “ye’re in a great bizzzy here this day. Little did my honoured patron, Sir John Maxwell, think o’ this contested election wark sax months since; but Solomon himsel’ said that there was naething but perplexity and ups and downs in this world. But, sirs, if there was a live poet this day in a’ Paisley worth his lugs, or that could stand at the sax mile house in comparison wi’ me frae the Shaws, he would have kittled up a sang this blessed day in honour of Sir John, to the tune

‘I’ll clout my Johnny’s auld grey breeks
For a’ the ill he’s done me yet.’

But, sirs, I’se no allow the opportunity to slip awa’ without giving you a real sentimental stave in honour o’ Sir John:—

‘May choicest blessings still attend
The kind, warm-hearted, poor man’s friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a’ that’s guid watch o’er him;
And may he never leave the Shaws
To vote again for Irish laws.’

(Tremendous cheers.)

We could quote many other screeds at that Paisley Election, but this is not the place to do so. We have a bundle of nick-nacks about our own first Glasgow Election, and some of its successive ones, which may yet see the light; but, according to our programme, we follow Jamie into a different direction. He had a happy knack of telling stories when “he toddled on his shanks’ naiggy into Glasgow,” as he often did, and drew crowds after him. We shall only select a few of them, from an old scrap-book.

The following is a humorsome if not an interesting description, chiefly of Scottish songs, addressed to his friend Sandy Rodger:—

“Puddock’s Hole, the 8th of Jan., 1836.

“Dear Sandy,—

“After getting some ‘Cauld Kail in Aberdeen’ with ‘John Roy Stewart,’ I accompanied him to ‘The House below the Hill,’ where ‘Green grows the Rashes,’ and where two or three of ‘The merry lads o’ Ayr’ were taking their ‘Bottle of Punch,’ having lately come from ‘Doonside.’ The landlord was ‘Johnny M’Gill,’ who, you know, brewed ‘Buns and Yill,’ and married ‘The Soutar’s Daughter.’ She gave us a hearty welcome, for ‘Blythe was she but and ben;’ and when ‘She came ben she hobbit,’ and introduced us to ‘Maggy Lauder,’ ‘Mary Gray,’ &c.—not forgetting the ‘Bonny wee Thing.’ They were all waiting the arrival of ‘Lucy Campbell’ from ‘Within a mile of Edinboro’ toun;’ for you must know Lucy is to be married to ‘The ranting, roaring Highlandman.’ So down we sat to ‘Cakes and Ale,’ and we were very happy when up flew the door and in started ‘A Soldier Laddie.’ I thought it had been ‘Johnny Cummin,’ but na faith, says ‘Peggy Band,’ that’s ‘John Anderson, my jo,’ from ‘Bonny Dundee,’ for he would be a soldier. As most of his kind, he was ‘A brisk young lad,’ so we invited him to a seat. He took out his fiddle, and was beginning to touch ‘The Bush aboon Traquair,’ but was stopped by ‘Duncan Gray,’ who begged he would first favour us with ‘God save the King.’ Hang the king, said ‘Charlie Stewart,’ who was instantly knocked down by ‘Jack the brisk young drummer,’ who is a ‘Bonny bold soldier.’ We all thought

'Lewie Gordon' would have interfered, who was standing in a nook whistling 'Johnny Cope,' when in came 'The Wandering Sailor,' singing 'Hearts of Oak' with 'Black eyed Susan' in the one hand, and 'The Oak Stick' in the other; and poor Lewie did not like 'A' that, an' a' that,' but slunk away as pale as 'Gregorie's Ghost.' 'Duncan Davidson' was beginning to cry 'Kick the rogues out,' when, in the midst of the scuffle, we had notice by 'Roy's Wife of Alvalloch' of the arrival of the young couple from 'Wauking o' the Fauld,' then the cry was 'Busk ye busk ye,' and 'Fy let us a' to the Bridal.' By this you will understand that 'Johnny's made a wedding o't.' We were just going when 'Jenny Nettles' hinted that 'Ale and her barrels' must be paid, on which we bid 'The guidwife count her lawin.' So each of us had saxpence under our thumb, and 'Jenny's bawbee' made up the sum. On coming to 'The Back of the Changehouse,' where the wedding was near 'The Mill, Mill, O,' we were met by 'The lads o' Dunse' gallanting 'The lasses o' Stewarton.' The best man was 'Rattling, roaring Willie,' and I assure you 'Willie is a wanton wag.' The best maid was 'Katherine Ogie,' who is 'The bonniest lass in a' the world,' except 'My jo, Janet.' Our dinner consisted of 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' 'Lumps o' Puddin,' 'Brandy Snaps,' 'The Haggis of Dunbar,' with the 'Kail Brose of Auld Scotland,' and 'Bannocks o' Barley Meal, &c., &c. As for myself, there were 'Six Eggs in the Pan,' and 'More To-morrow.' Neist day 'Dainty Davie' gave us 'The Sow's Tail,' with 'A horn o' Irish whisky.' The whole cry was 'Fill the stoup and haud it clinking,' and by no means drink 'Hooly and Fairly.' Then comes 'Gies a sang the Lady cried,' so 'Patie came up frae the Glen,' and 'Whistled

o'er the lave o't,' and sang 'Maggie's Tocher.' O if you had seen 'Auld Bob Morris' laughing at 'The auld wife ayont the fire,' singing 'O I was kiss't yestreen.' We were now growing 'Sae merry as we twa hae been,' and some of them began to 'Trip upon trinchers.' So the dancing commenced. 'The Bride cam in frae the Byre,' and led down wi' one of 'The braw lads of Gala Water' to the tune of 'The Campbells are coming.' 'The glancing of her apron,' 'Silken snood,' and the 'Gowd in her garters' made my heart 'Gae pitty patty.' I danced a reel with 'The Maid o' the Mill' and the 'Shepherd's Wife' to the tune 'I'll make ye be fair.' 'Andrew wi' his Cutty Gun' was at 'Kiss me sweetly,' and 'Bess the Gawkie' whistling a' the time 'Come and Kiss me in a Corner. In short, we all danced heartily, but I observed 'Jenny dang the Weaver,' and 'Scoffed and scorned at him,' saying, 'O gin ye were ane and twenty, Tam.' After this we had 'Good night and joy be wi' ye a'.' I came 'Toddlin hame,' 'Not drunk, nor yet sober,' and expected 'A bonny wee house and a canty wee fire;' but I could not 'Open the door' when there, nor waken 'Sleeping Maggie.' At last 'My ain kind dautie' heard me, and 'She rose and let me in.' By this time I was 'A sleeping body,' and got to bed by the light of 'The bonny grey-eyed morn.'—Yours truly,
"JAMIE COCK-UP."

We are quite aware that other authors have infringed on the above; but we claim it for Jamie. He took a peculiar delight in reading a remarkable 'Eating House Bill,' published in Paisley more than forty years ago, a copy of which is now upon our table, and which we present to our readers exactly as we have it, premising that an expert Englishman of the name of Joseph Howell

took up his quarters in Paisley, and openèd what is most expressively called in Scotch language an ‘eating house,’ *anglice*, an hotel, or tavern, and he boasted that he could cook beefsteaks and furnish sausages in a new and first-rate style. There is an old herring and potato club of nearly 100 years standing, and still existing, we think, in Paisley down to this day; but this Englishman, Mr Joseph Howell, fairly eclipsed it for a season with his beefsteaks and sausages. He got on so well that he resolved to print an advertisement of his success, but though he was a splendid cook, he was a desperate poor scribbler; nevertheless he composed his own advertisement, and sent it to Mr Hay, or Mr Nelson, printers in Paisley, to get it done for him in the best shape. One or other of them took the liberty of correcting some parts of the original manuscript, to make it read, as they thought, according to the rules of that troublesome and arbitrary bravet of knowledge called orthography, which we confess we have often violated in our own way—as who has not?—but Mr Howell waxed mighty wroth, and insisted that the printers should attend to it exactly as he had given it, whereupon this was produced, and it tickled the jaws of Jamie Blue:—

“ NOTIS.

“ JOSEPH HOWELL,

“ *Hed of the waterwind oposit the keall markit*

“ Onst more returns is great full thanks to the ledis and gentlemen of paisley and nebroad for thar kind incurigment hee like wis informs the gentlemen of paisley that hee as got a privet rume abuve is ^{one} kichin where hee in tends to meake ready thru the ^A sumer Beef steks the refind sosegs and minsed Colops evry day evry strict a

tension will be given to all horders the ^{familyse} might depend
 on the best qolity of meat anand the strict ^Aist clanlyness
 Brad the flesher ^{to} prevent hoing complaints of dry-
 sosegs or stell meet he byse is ^{fresh} meat every day Cuts no
 more down then is reglar sel will a lowofas the familyse
 may have it in reall perfection the re refind sosegs as
 bene a proved of by Paisley gentellmen and gentlemen
 and sum gentle men from glascoo and hedenbrogh and
 lonon and forin ^{gentlemen} to be the furst soseges that
 herr was henterdust for seele orders from the toun and
 from the cuntry will bee greatefull receved and bpunctall
 excited."

"Eating in Paisley," said Jamie—"My sang, I learn from Dr Birbeck, who was in the Andersonian University of Glasgow, that every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and not content with eating all day long, 'twice it slays the slain,' and eats its dinner o'er again. A whale swallows 10,000,000 of living scrimps at a draught; a nursling canary bird eats its own bulk in a day; and a caterpillar eats 500 times its own weight before it lies down to rise a butterfly. The mite and the maggot eat the very world in which they live—they nestle and build in their roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and the whale is not subject to sciatica. Nor,' said Jamie, 'do I learn from Captain Lyon, who once visited the Shaws, that an Esquimax is troubled with the toothache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal and drinks a gallon of oil at one meal."

"Again, my friends, I'll give ye a word of WEATHER

WISDOM"—for Jamie had a sort of natural instinct, and was a keen observer of the weather in our peculiar climate. "A rainbow in the morning gives the shepherd warning—that is, if the wind be easterly, because it shows that the rain cloud is approaching the observer. A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight, if the wind be westerly, because it shows that the rain clouds are passing away. Evening red and next morning grey, are certain signs of a beautiful day. If the cock crows going to bed, he'll certainly rise with a watery head. When the peacock loudly calls, soon we'll have both rain and squalls. If the moon shows like a silver shield, be not afraid to reap your field; but if she rises haloed round, soon we'll tread on deluged ground. When the crows fly high in air, it shows that windy storms are near.

'These are scraps from Jamie Blue,
Worthy of being noted down by you.'

LONDON AND PAISLEY SAUSAGES.

But if Jamie wrote striking words about the weather, a few specimens of which we have given, and more may follow, he was particularly elated with the following case reported in the London papers, which he held up in juxtaposition to Joseph Howell's Bill of Sausages in Paisley. We give it exactly as we have read it ourselves:—

MARYLEBONE POLICE OFFICE.

Thomas Batcheldor, a vendor of water cresses, was brought up before Mr Rawlinson, the sitting magistrate, to answer at the instance of Elizabeth Tomlinson, who had obtained a warrant against him.

Magistrate to Complainer: Now what have you got to say against Batcheldor?

Complainant : Your worship, my husband's a journeyman butcher, and we keep a lot of fine pigs ; as for me, I take in washing and—

Magistrate : Never mind about that, I want to know what you have brought the defendant here for.

Complainant : A short time ago, sir, one of my pigs became unruly, got out of the sty and made its way into Mister Batcheldor's kitchen, and, I believe, broke some of his plates and dishes : in consequence of that he's always coming to my place and kicking up a row at the door.

Magistrate : Has he done this recently ?

Complainant : Yes, sir, and my pigs are in danger of their lives from him. (Laughter.)

Magistrate : How so ?

Complainant : Because he swears he'll poison every one of them, and I do think he is in real earnest in what he says.

Magistrate (to defendant) : Now, let's hear your version of the matter.

Defendant : I will, your Worship. This good lady here keeps pigs, as she says, but I don't think they ought to be suffered, for all that, to demolish my property, and eat me out of house and home.

Magistrate : Explain what you mean.

Defendant : She's got a great old sow that's half starved, and one day while my wife was ill in bed the animal broke into my room, and stole from the cupboard a large piece of bread and meat, but the worst part of the business is this, my cat was made away with also.

Magistrate : By what means ?

Defendant : The sow, sir, killed it while it was lying quietly down, and ate every bit of it up except the tail, which was left behind. (Renewed laughter.)

Magistrate: What! ate up the cat? Well, you have certainly had abundant reason to complain if all you say is true.

Defendant: It is every bit of it true, and I will swear to it, and I could say something more about *sausages*.

(Defendant discharged).

NOTA BENE.—This was one of the English cases which, as we have remarked, tickled the fancy of Jamie, and made him refer, with a twinkle in his eye, to the bill of Mr Howell in Paisley, and “the refined sausages as has been a proved of by Paisley gentellmen and gentlemen and sum gentle men from glashoo and hedenbrogh and lonon”—the wag evidently implying that there were swine in Paisley that could easily enough be slain for making sausages for Mr Howell.

The *wipe* he had at the “Shaws’ folks”—his own neighbourhood—has been imputed to others; but we give it as marked in our memorandum book under the head of Jamie Blue, as follows:—

QUEER FOLKS AT THE SHAWS.

- “Who ne’er unto the Shaws has been
Has surely missed a treat;
For wonders there are to be seen
Which nothing else can beat.
- “The folks are green, its oft been said,
Of that you’ll find no trace;
There’s seasoned wood in every head,
And brass in every face.
- “Look smart, and keep your eyes about,
Their tricks will make you grin;
The Barrhead coach will take you out,
The folks will take you in.”

But apart from ribaldry, Jamie could delineate the

paths of life like a philosopher. Here is one of the proofs of it:—

THE MORALE OF LIFE.

“ Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down ;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
Here we go round, round, round.”

[*And so forth.*]

“ For what is life,” said Jamie, “ but a scene of ups and downs? All begin at the base of a hill. Some start on the road in carriages, some on horseback, and some on foot. The part of the road travelled by those on foot is more rugged and steep than the parts travelled by those in carriages or on horseback, but there are numbers of conveyances on the way, and Mr Wm. Lyon has plenty of them running between Glasgow and Paisley and other places. Sometimes a fellow called *Luck* assails a foot passenger and elbows him, or, rather, thrusts him out of the road, and then drives away furiously to what he calls the hill of eminence—the mint of money. I once knew,” said Jamie, “ a young man plodding up that hill—he suddenly procured a horse, sprang on it, and ran a splendid career for a short time, but he got a fall, and rolled down into a deep ditch. Another of his companions procured a beautiful team of strong horses at a great price, and promised fair to reach the acclivity sought after; but to gain it he took short cuts, which were rather steep and unusual, and so he exhausted his horses, which fell down lifeless, and in getting from the vehicle the owner himself got his legs broken.” “ A decent, steady couple,” said Jamie, “ which I long knew at the Shaws, began steadily at the foot of the road and helped each other on. When the road was rather rugged in some places they cannily

persevered, and heeded not the jibes and jeers of those galloping before them, and that couple became comfortable and happy at the end of their journey." "I once had a friend," said Jamie, "a beloved friend"—but here the manuscript abruptly stops, and, therefore, we cannot pursue it.

He sang, as we have noted down, with exquisite *taste* the following:—

ON THE TROUBLES OF LIFE.

"The troubles of life: they come with their thrall,
And tell us that sorrow's the portion of all:
With clouds they o'ershadow our sunlit of joy,
And in every pleasure they mix an alloy;
And o'er skill of the hand and toil of the brain
And impulse and effort triumphant they reign:—
Like waves in the ocean, for ever in strife,
On every hand are the troubles of life.

"The troubles of life: how soon they begin
To show us that all have a sorrow within!
Ere childhood can make to its knowledge of right
It takes up the burden (not then even light);
And when the first dawns of beauty appear,
Their lustre is oft bedimmed with a tear,
And every stage has its share of the strife
That comes to our lot with the troubles of life.

"The troubles of life: they seem to impress
The stamp of their presence on all we possess;
They rise with our hopes, and sink with our fears,
Encircle our smiles, and flow with our tears;
The vision that springs from our humblest thought
With struggle and turmoil for ever is fraught,
And each step we take in something is rife
To swell up the sum of the troubles of life.

The troubles of life: they meet us at home,
And are found in the world wherever we roam;

If wealth be our portion, they come in its snares—
 If lowly our lot, in its labours and cares ;
 The home of the smile is the home of the tear,
 And joy ever whispers that sorrow is near :—
 And never till nature has ended her strife
 Will any be free from the troubles of life."

LIGHT BREAD AND TIT FOR TAT.

As there has been a great but righteous-outcry in Glasgow and other places of late about *light bread*, the same thing occurred at one time, but, of course, on a lesser scale, in the Shaws, where Jamie was located, and we may be excused for telling the following story :—An o'e, or nephew of his—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 of the usual weight—that it was less than the fair and usual one. "Never you mind that," said the master baker, "you will have the less to carry." "True," replied the young weaver, and throwing three-halfpence down upon the counter, he ran away. The baker ran after him crying out that he had not left money enough. "Never mind that," said the urchin, "you have the less to count."

A young Irish boy, at that time also located in the Shaws, mournfully complained of the harsh treatment he had received from his father. "He treats me," said the youth, "as if I was his own son by another father and mother."

An Irishman, small in stature, applied to one of Sir John Maxwell's farmers to be taken into his employment at the reaping time. "No," said the farmer, "ye're too wee for me, my man." "Arrah now," said Paddy to the farmer, "do you really cut your corn here *at the top*?"

Another Irishman, of majestic stature, was brought before Provost Baird of the Shaws, charged with marrying six wives, and the Provost, as in duty bound, was for remitting him to the Procurator Fiscal at Paisley—"not without speering at him," said Jamie, "how he could become so hardened a villain?" "Why, plase your Honour," said Paddy, "I was trying to get a good one. Four have been transported, and the fifth ran away from me: so, being robbed by all of them, I hope your Honour won't send me after them."

"I once knew," said Jamie, "a jolly set of Irishmen in the Shaws, and they afterwards went and lodged together in Gordon's Loan, Prussia Street, Paisley (a fact). They were boon companions, and sworn brothers; but they finally made up their minds to wend their way to *Ameriky*. They were five in number, as I remember well," said Jamie—"two Paddies, one Murphy, one Dennis, and one Teague. It so happened that the vessel they were to go on in from Hamilton, Brothers, & Co., shipbrokers at the Broomielaw, could only take four of them. At length honest Teague exclaimed, 'Arrah, I have it. We'll cast lots to see who shall remain.' But one of the Paddies swore it was not *jointeel* to do that sort of thing at all, at all. 'You know, Teague,' said he, 'that I am an *arathamatician*, and I can work it out by the rule of *substration*, which is a great deal better. But you must all agree to abide by the figures.' All having pledged themselves to do so, Pat proceeded: 'Well, then, take Paddy from Paddy you can't; but take Dennis from Murphy, and Teague remains. By my soul, Teague, my jewel, and its *you* that can't go.'"

If Jamie could narrate these stories of Irish wit falling within the compass of his own knowledge, he was far

more brilliant with some English and Scotch ones, which he had gathered somehow in his noddle. For example, a quarrel occurred between two neighbours in the Shaws, and a death taking place in the family of one of them a short time afterwards, the offenders were not asked to the funeral. "Never mind," said Janet, as the *cortege* moved by her door, we'll have a corpse of our ain at hame by and bye, and see then who'll be invited."

A worthy tobacconist in Paisley was complaining one day of a book which a very erudite doctor had once published. "It's a bad one," said he. "How?" said his friend, "I always thought Dr F. had been a worthy, good man." "It's the worst book I ken," said the shopkeeper, "its owre big for a pennyworth o' snuff, and its no big enough for three-bawbees' worth."

An old Renfrewshire lady, much troubled in her dreams, and rather superstitious withal, informed Dr Fleming, of Neilston, the parson of her parish, that on a night previous she dreamed that she saw her grandmother, who had been dead for upwards of twenty years. The doctor asked what she had been eating? "Oh, only the haif of a mince pie?" "Well," said he, "if you had devoured the other half, you might probably have seen your grandfather too."

A sly rogue solicited charity on pretence of being deaf and dumb. An elderly lady, imbued with simplicity and humanity, approached and kindly asked him how long he had been deaf and dumb. The knave, thrown off his guard, answered, "From birth, madam." "Poor, dear fellow," said she, presenting him with a shilling.

"Rise, Geordie," said an industrious farmer in the neighbourhood of Paisley to his herd boy one summer morning—"rise, Geordie, for the sun's up." "It's time

till him," said the boy yawning and rubbing his eyes, "for he wasna up a' yesterday."

"I was at Aberdeen," said Jamie, thretty years ago, and a very decent old lady coming with me from a lecture on temperance, in which the evils of alcohol were dwelt upon by the lecturer with great effect, put the question, "Fat does he mean by that thing which he ca's *ilka-hole*?"

We declare we once saw a grocer's shop in the Calton emblazoned with these words in his window—"All the tobacco sold here is warranted free from adulteration and honest weight."

"What is *nonsense*?" said Hawkie to his friend Jamie one day on the streets of Glasgow, when they were confabulating with each other. "Nonsense," said Jamie, "*nonsense*—why its perfect nonsense to bolt a door in the Saltmarket with a boiled carrot."

"Goodness gracious!" said Jamie, after he heard some tremendous stories by an Englishman one day in the Eagle Inn, Glasgow, "I'll match ye, my English friend, with a Scotch story. I happened to be carrying the fishing rod and creel of Sir John when he was in the Highlands, near Loch Awe, last year. The first thing I saw in the morning after the second day's fishing when I looked out o' my bed-room window was a salmon—I'll warrant he was 50lbs. weight: so tame that he was gaun picken about the stable yard wi' the cocks and hens!"

"Was he indeed!" said the Englishman?" "Yes," said Jamie, "put that in your pirn and hook it."

"But," said Jamie, "I was done for myself once on a time at Ardrossan, when the pier there of my Lord Eglinton was building. A pawky mason from the auld town of Ayr offered to beat a guinea note of Robin Car-

rick's Bank that he had the hardest name of all the company in the place. I knew," said Jamie, "that his name was *Stone*, and I thought myself safe; but another fellow stepped forward and swore that his name was 'Harder:' so," said Jamie, "I lost the guinea, but I did not mind it much, for I had then three of them in my own pocket for hurling potash and the spirits of alum at Cowglen, for my esteemed master, Wm. Wilson, Esq.—none worthier in all Scotland."

Our friend had a happy knack of picking up curious epitaphs from church yards, which he frequently visited. We shall only give two or three of them as follows:—

AT WEST KILBRIDE—ON THE HEADSTONE OF THOMAS TYRE.

"Here lies the banes of Thomas Tyre,
 Who lang had drudged through dub and mire,
 In carrying bundles and such like,
 His task performing with small fyke;
 To deal his snuff Tam aye was free,
 And served his friend for little fee,
 His life obscure was nothing new,
 Yet we must own his faults were few.
 Altho' at yule he supp'd a drap,
 And in the kirk whiles took a nap,
 True to his word in every case,
 Tam scorn'd to cheat for lucre base:
 Now he is gone to taste the fare
 Which none but honest men will share."

ON A WORTHY BAILIE.

"Approach and read, not with your hats on,
 For here lies Bailie William Watson,
 Inclosed within a Grave that's narrow,
 The Earth scarce ever saw his marrow
 For piety and painful thinking,
 And moderation in his Drinking:

And finding Him both wise and wily,
The Town of Him did make a Bailie."

ON A DECENT WHEELWRIGHT.

"Here lies the body of Dougald White,
Who was by his trade an honest wheelwright;
Life wheel'd him in, and Death wheel'd him out—
So that's the way that men are wheel'd about."

We have a large bundle of curious epitaphs collected by Jamie and others, which we may give at some other time, but the above, taken almost at random, may suffice for the present.

We have stumbled, however, on the following original *Ballad*, which came into our possession some years ago in a way we need not mention; and we give it in this place as not altogether irrelevant to the history of Jamie Blue, though it greatly transcends his genius. Indeed, there are some passages in it of uncommon but refined simplicity and good taste—nay, of the most significant eloquence, which lovers of the dumb creation may well prize:—

OLD POULTER'S MARE.

"Old Poulter was a carrier,
That went from door to door:
With mare and baskets by her side,
And fowls and eggs good store;
And he would bring from Paisley town
To each cottage as he came
The letter for the maiden,
And the parcel for the dame.

"Old Poulter's mare was docile,
She ne'er required the whip,
How cheerfully she jogged along,
She never made a slip.

Before the proper time to start
She never moved a jot :
And when she knew she ought to walk
She never feign'd a trot.

“ The little children petted her
As she were kith and kin,
And when the baskets empty were
They gleefully crept in.
The little ones crept in
With mirth and joyous glee,
And the kindly mare turn'd round her head,
Glad of their companie.

“ At length old age came on her,
And she grew faint and poor :
Her master he fell out with her,
And turned her to the door—
Saying, ‘ If thou wilt not labour,
I tell thee go thy way,
And never let me see thy face
Until thy dying day.’

“ These words she took unkind,
And on her way she went,
For to fulfil her master's will
Always was her intent.
The Cowal hills were high,
The valleys rather bare,
The summer it was hot and dry,
It starved old Poulter's mare.

“ Old Poulter he grew sorrowful,
And said to his cousin Will,
‘ I'll have thee go and seek the mare
O'er valley and o'er hill.
So go, go, go,’ says Poulter,
‘ And make haste back again ;
For until thou find the mare
In grief I shall remain.’

“ Away went Will quite willingly,
And all day long he sought,

Till when it grew towards the night
 He in his mind bethought
 He would go home and rest him
 And try again to-morrow :
 For if he could not find the mare
 His heart would break with sorrow.

He went a little farther,
 He turned his head aside,
 And just by old Dargavel's gate
 Oh then the mare he spied.
 He asked her how she did,
She stared him in the face :
Then down she laid her head again,
She was in wretched case.

“ In wretched case Will also was,
 And so the mare he tended :
 He brought her home to Poulter's door,
 And for a time she mended ;
 But death shall soon o'ertake us all,
 For the mare awhile death tarried :
 At length the dust reclaimed its own,
 And in her skin she's buried.”

Some may think that that is wretched rubbish ; but there is a spice in it equal to that of Auld Robin Gray, and Wm. Motherwell we think, if alive, would not be ashamed of it in some of his lyrics. Our readers are left to comprehend its own merits or demerits. They will likely never have such another Ballad quoted by us again.

It is time we should now close this chapter on Jamie Blue.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BAULDY BAYNE.

“Come sit down my cronies,
And tell us your cracks.”

Old Song.

WE tell with sober truth that some of the happiest hours of our life were spent with “Bauldy Bayne”—whose real patronymic was Archibald Campbell Bayne, writer in Glasgow, a man of short stature, but of great natural powers and accomplishments, which he could turn to advantage or disadvantage as the humour suited him; but with all his frivolities, which we have enlarged upon at sufficient length in some of our earlier chapters in the *olden* volumes, for they are now becoming old and perhaps rather stale, he was blessed with a remarkable fund of good nature; and when Bauldy laughed in any company, none present could resist the infection which he thereby created. He was bred in the office of Wm. Lindsay, Esq., writer in Glasgow, who, fifty or sixty years ago, was one of the leading men in the profession, and built the beautiful villa of Oatlands still adorning the road from Glasgow to Rutherglen, skirting the banks of the Clyde to the right of Nelson’s Monument on the Green of Glasgow. We have always admired that place, though it is

nearly smothered now with smoke and coal dust. Bauldy expected that Mr Lindsay, getting up in years, would have made him his junior partner in business, and so he would ; but the old scribe, who was "a very canny douce man," made the discovery that his protegee was playing the part of Old King Coul in the famous club of that name in Princes Street, Glasgow, and this was sufficient in the estimation of Mr Lindsay to shut the door against Bauldy's promotion with him in the law, although we must here take the liberty of remarking that the very position which Bauldy acquired in the club was proof positive of his diversified talents and accomplishments. He became King of the Coul not from hereditary descent, but solely from his own merits, well entitling him to rule either the roast, or the race he represented in this favoured city.

"Old King Coul was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he :
He called for his song, and he called for his glass,
And he ruled his kingdoms three."

This Coul Club forty years ago was certainly a very famous one in Glasgow. Many of the choicest spirits of the city were members of it. Dr Strang, the late Chamberlain of the city, has already recorded it with acclaim in his book entitled "Glasgow and its Clubs." He himself was for several years a member of it ; and nobody was admitted unless he had qualities of a social and civil nature recommended to the King of the Coul, who, if satisfied, descended from his throne of state, and brandishing his official sword, created him a *knight* of the most noble order of the Coul. Some may think there is ridicule in this ; but there was actually a throne or chair of state—a crown with jewels and ermine—an orb, a

sceptre, and other paraphernalia by no means ignoble or worthless, and just as dazzling to the sight as is the highest order of Freemasonry at this day. All the proceedings of the club were conducted with the greatest order and hilarity from eight to ten in the evening, at which last hour his Majesty punctually left his throne, broke up his council, and dismissed his knights for the time being, not without enjoying "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" for these two hours of the evening were chiefly occupied in descanting on the proceedings of Parliament or on public events, giving recitations from the most favourite authors or poets, and occasionally in singing some original or choice songs of the period. His Majesty, however, could *command* what he pleased in the social circle, the bounds of which he never transgressed; for example, if it was his pleasure to request a round of Scotch proverbs from his knights, they were all on their mettle trying to give the best they recollected on the spur of the moment: and it was really diverting to see how so many of the proverbs often jingled admirably together, making his Majesty hold his sides for the laughter thence aroused; or again his Majesty would take it into his head to single out some well-known knight for a song or a recitation, and he dare not disobey, under the penalty of providing a Welsh rabbit at his own expense for all the members present. We need not say what that was, or what it sometimes amounted to; yet the expense rarely exceeded a sixpence or a shilling per evening, and the *treat* was worth the money to any stranger who visited the club, not without a special introduction to the king himself. It was most amusing of itself to hear the roll of knights called over at some special sederunt or levee of the Coull, with the king saluting or nodding to them in his Coull of State. We

should have mentioned that there was this peculiarity in the affair that every member, when admitted or dubbed as a Knight, behoved to make choice of his own title by which he was distinctly recognised and addressed at all meetings of the club; for example, Mr James Sheridan Knowles, the author of *Virginius*, &c., who was a member, took the title of Sir Jeremiah Jingle; Mr. Archd. M'Lellan, who founded the M'Lellan Galleries, took the title of Sir Benjamin Bangup; Wm. Glen, the clever Glasgow poet, took the title of Sir Will the Wanderer; Archibald Cochrane, the famed jeweller, took the title of Sir Bauldy Brooch; Robert Chapman, who published the picture of Glasgow in 1818, took the title of Sir Faustus Type; others took the title of Sir Harry Hotspur, Jack the Giant Killer, Humphrey Clinker, Rab the Ranter, Nivy Nick Nack, Dominie Sampson, Rob Roy, Dandie Dinmont, Pees-weep, Robin Replies, Robin Duplies, Roderic Random, Wide Awake, Timothy Tickler, Babety Bowster, and so forth. We might devote pages to the list, such numbers were on it—many of whom we remember well; for we are not ashamed to mention that, as one of the youngest members of that club, we were unanimously appointed to be its “Secretary of State:” and we held that office for several years, jotting down all its sederunts and all its minutes with considerable care and attention in one or two manuscript volumes, which we furnished to Dr Strang while he was engaged writing his book of clubs, but somehow these have since fallen aside, we cannot tell how, nor do we know what we could give to have the possession of them again at this moment. He truly states at page 383 of his well-written book, and our *modesty*, as some may twit us for it, cannot make us withhold the following extract from it:—“As the Coul

Club (says Dr Strang) was looked upon by the citizens with pretty general favour, it was immediately patronised, and within a few months after its inauguration could count many members. It soon, in fact, became a fraternity in which genius and conviviality were long united and long flourished. The minute books of this rather famous fraternity (continues the doctor) mixed up as their current acts necessarily were with the ruling topics of the day, contain likewise many poetical gems of sparkling humour and powerful imagination." Let the works of our after life be criticised or condemned as they may, we can now look back on some of our earliest effusions in the Coul Club—now apparently lost, but thus incidentally referred to by Dr Strang—with some degree of satisfaction.

We are glad to know that he has preserved and given in his published work the following lines from the pen of Mr Andrew Macgeorge, father of the accomplished gentleman of the same name who takes so much pleasure in all the antiquarian lore of Glasgow; and these lines, as Dr Strang states, graphically describe "the feelings and sentiments of the whole club," now no more:—

"Let proud politicians, in vain disputation,
Contend about matters they don't understand:
Fall out about peace, and run mad about reason,
And pant to spread liberty with a high hand.
Through the bye-paths of life I will wander at leisure,
And cherish the softer desires of the soul;
By contentment and honour my steps I will measure,
While pleasure supplies me at night with a Coul.

"I leave to the great the pursuits of ambition,
Nor envy the miser's enjoyment of gain:
The simple delights of a humble condition
Produce a sweet peace, less embittered by pain.

Could they snugly sit down with a group of good fellows,
 United the ills of their lot to control,
 They would feel their mistake, if the truth they would tell us,
 And eagerly range themselves under the Coul.

“ Then dear to my heart be the social connexion .
 Which freedom, good humour, and harmony guide ;
 There, with freedom and mirth, in the bonds of affection,
 Down Time’s smoothest current securely I’ll glide.
 And when the long shadows of evening grow dreary,
 And life’s stormy winter around me shall howl,
 In the peace of my soul I will smile and be cheery,
 And friendship will bind my old head with a Coul.

These verses, we take leave to remark, are worthy of any club in Glasgow, or on the face of the earth.

But at the risk of cramming our readers with too much poetry, we must beg their excuse for introducing to them a very remarkable and highly accomplished gentleman who lived in this city at the beginning of the present century, whose state and condition in life, exemplifying the manners of “ our forbears ” at that particular period, has been given with exquisite taste and fidelity by one of the most talented sons that Glasgow ever produced in the walk of literature—John Gibson Lockhart, Esq., advocate, latterly editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and son-in-law of the illustrious Sir Walter Scott. Mr Lockhart, we think, was born in or near this city. His father, the Rev. Dr John Lockhart, of the College Church, was originally minister at Cambusnethan. He was translated to Glasgow in the year 1796, and it is singular to remark that the parish of Cambusnethan has furnished Glasgow with two or three eminent preachers who arose to the degree of doctors in divinity—viz., Dr Lockhart, Dr Wm. Craig, and Dr Alexander Rankin, of the Ramshorn. Of Dr Lockhart, we may observe that he was one of the mildest men we

ever saw. He succeeded to the estate of Germiston and some other valuable property near Glasgow; but his favourite residence was in one of the old self-contained houses on the east side of Charlotte Street, and there he dispensed his bounties with no unsparing hand. It was said of him that when he sallied out to take his evening or his morning walk in the Green or the suburbs thereof, occasionally stepping up to the High Street and from thence to the Bell o' the Brae, he filled his pockets to the brim with silver, and never returned to Charlotte Street till he had them fairly emptied; and such was the respect paid to him that all passengers on the streets, gentle or simple, rich or poor, paid their profound obeisance to him. He was truly a good man in every sense of that word. His wealth enabled him to give his sons the highest education; and hence John became an advocate at the Scottish bar with a sufficient competency, and William became member of Parliament for this great county of Lanark, while Lawrence, following his father's profession, became minister of the sweet parish of Inchinan, under the patronage of the late Mr Campbell of Blythswood, from which he retired lately to make way for the Rev. Dr Gillan of St John's, and to inherit the beautiful estate of Milton Lockhart, held by his brother, the deceased and lamented M.P., who was designated Wm. Lockhart, Esq., of Milton Lockhart. It is pleasing to notice that Mr Lockhart, though a decided Tory, was one of the most candid, active, and liberal-minded of men in the House of Commons, respected by all parties; and we see no occasion to conceal the fact that he frequently corresponded with us on matters touching some of the best interests of the West of Scotland: and what is more, he singled us out to Her Majesty's Government, on a

memorable occasion, which some yet in Glasgow may remember, as the only reliable witness from this quarter to give evidence before a Special Committee of the House of Commons, presided over by the late Mr Scholefield, M.P. for Manchester, and to expose before that committee, as we had previously done in the High Court of Justiciary, the gross, flagrant, and abominable frauds committed in Glasgow in the adulteration of meal to a vast extent in Glasgow, for the poor, destitute Highlanders, then supposed to be approaching to a state of absolute starvation. This affair may, or may not, occasion a separate chapter at our hands; but when people are bragging of their merits now-a-days, and when others are for knocking honest people down for telling the plain, unadorned truth, we see no occasion to disguise the fact that we alone brought that monstrous fraud publicly to light in Glasgow, and frustrated it at vast trouble, some risk, and no small expense to ourselves, but it conduced to a saving of nearly £10,000 to the Highland Relief Committee in Glasgow alone, presided over by the late Alex. Hastie, Esq., Lord Provost and M.P. for the city. And although, strange to say, the Committee no doubt voted us their *thanks* at the time for our services on the occasion, they left us to pay the piper, or, rather, they left us in the lurch to the tune of nearly £150 of expenses for keeping some of them to their own proper duty, which others of them had shamefully neglected, while others of them had scandalously endeavoured to conceal the fraud for the benefit of their own peculiar Clan. It is a strange world this, even in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. We could mark some passages of it at this moment for further edification; but, instead of getting the least credit for so doing, we believe there are some parties

yet alive who could see us smothered in a spoonful of cold water for telling the truth on them and theirs.

No wonder, therefore, that we sometimes get into a *rambling*, but never in a dispirited mood. We push on irrespective of fear or favour; and if our composition be not refined, according to the ginger-bread school, it is at least genuine, homely, and meant to be well pointed, as we can assure our numerous critics, some of whom, for the truth's sake, can only earn our sincere respect and heartfelt gratitude, if that be of the least value. "From the fulness of the heart the mouth sometimes speaketh."

Goodness gracious! we find we must go back again, as usual, to notice a little further in this place Mr J. G. Lockhart, the early distinguished native of this city, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, &c. He passed the Faculty of Advocates in the year 1816, in company with Duncan M'Neil, afterwards Lord President, now Lord Colonsay in the British Peerage, James Ivory, afterwards Lord Ivory, and John Hope, afterwards Solicitor-general and Lord Justice Clerk, with other able and eminent men now no more. When Lockhart came to Glasgow at his first maiden circuit, as we well remember, in 1817, he was so tremulous that he shied several cases that would have been committed to him; and when, on the following year, he was persuaded to go to the Inverary Circuit to try, if we may so speak, his "prentice hand" there, he fairly broke down, and could scarcely articulate two or three consecutive sentences in favour of his "unfortunate client"—a sheep stealer, we think, or some other rogue within the boundaries of Argyleshire. Yet wanting this power of speech in these legal courts, he had the power and brilliancy of speech, and the wit and the tact also to woo and win the favourite daughter of Sir Walter Scott, and to

give utterance in print to some of the finest articles that ever adorned the English language. Stop, we must not refer thus exclusively to the *English* language, for there is a broad mark of distinction in many respects between it and the *Scottish* language. And, therefore, we now come with a sort of peculiar pleasure to notice some of Mr Lockhart's earliest effusions in our own real, homely, *Glasgow* language—the language, we think, which shall ever prevail amongst us so long as the name of Robert Burns shall endure, or Nicol Jarvie be remembered—and so long, too, as Sir Walter Scott's sketches of Rob Roy and the Clachan of Aberfoyle shall be readable to the naked eye, or appreciated by the glowing Scottish heart.

Lockhart was a great wag in his younger days. He knew almost every congenial soul in Glasgow. He was particularly attached to the famous Captain Paton, who flourished in this city more than fifty years ago, and may be taken as a pattern of the best society then existing within it. This Captain Paton was the son of an eminent physician in Glasgow 100 years ago. He lived in his father's land, called "Paton's Land," directly opposite the Old Exchange at the Cross of Glasgow; and, after seeing a good deal of service abroad in the Dutch and other wars, he returned to this his native city, and perambulated the piazzas, some call them the "plain-stanes," of the Old Tontine Coffee Room, with all the air of a renowned veteran, coming to survey and receive approbation from the scene of his youthful exploits. Young Lockhart, then the cleverest lad in the College of Glasgow, became an especial favourite of this old veteran; and the love or friendship was not lost on either side. But at last the captain died in a green old age, Anno Domino 1807, and young Lockhart commemorated his

death in the following verses, the first of the kind, we believe, he ever wrote. They were delightfully amusing and interesting to the young as well as to the old school of Glasgow, when they were first read and seen some few years after the captain's death. They were, in fact, relished so much when they also made their appearance in a tangible shape in one of the earlier numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which Lockhart, by the bye, also became one of the most powerful and brilliant contributors, and besides many other quarters they became one of the standard effusions of the Coul Club; and nobody in Glasgow could recite the lines better, or give tongue to the words of the song, if song or music was requested for them, than our inimitable friend Bauldy Bayne, when arrayed in his glory as Old King Coul. So much was this the case that when Mr Lockhart himself came out to Glasgow to attend the circuit, as he often did, more for amusement than anything else, for he hated the dry lineaments of the law, he visited the Coul Club in Princes Street—a street now so dejected and spiritless!—and he relished the performance of Bauldy the King perhaps with as much gusto as did his illustrious father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, when witnessing the performances of Mr Mackay, the famous Bailie in the part of the Deacon in Rob Roy.

But it is time to let the lines of Lockhart speak once more for themselves in the estimation of all Glasgow citizens of the present day. We are aware that they have already been published in "Whistle Binkie" and other places, but the fraternity of them with Bauldy Bayne in the Coul Club has never yet been proclaimed that we are aware of.

LAMENT FOR CAPTAIN PATON.

“ Touch once more a sober measure,
 And let punch and tears be shed,
 For a prince of good old fellows,
 That, alack-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, coat, and breeches
 Were all cut off the same web,
 Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
 Or a modest genty 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 curled 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 plain stanes
 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 Bourdeaux,
 Which between me and the Captain
 Passed 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 Tron Kirk
 Made a melancholy show,
 All for wanting of the presence
 Of our venerable beau.
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

" And in spite of all that Drs Cleghorn
 And Corkindale could do,
 It was plain, from twenty symptoms,
 That death was in his view;
 So the Captain made his test'ment,
 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 prince of good old fellows,
 That, alack a-day! is dead;
 For this 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!

We here add with truth that the celebrated tragedian, Edmund Kean, when he came first to Glasgow, performing in the Queen Street Theatre Royal for £100 per night, also, with other eminent people, resorted to the Coul Club after some of his most brilliant performances were over, such as Othello and Richard the Third, and enjoyed his tumbler of whisky toddy with great relish while Bauldy was chaunting out the lines of the Captain, and concluding them with all the honours, Hip! hip! hurrah! Indeed, Kean became so pleased with Glasgow people, and delighted with the beauties of the Clyde, that he often went sailing down to Rothesay, and feued and built the beautiful cottage at Loch Fad, wherein we heard him utter the lines—

“ ’Tis pleasing through the loop holes of retreat
To gaze on such a world! ”

It was our good fortune, and it is now our pleasing privilege to mention—why should we conceal the fact, mingled though it be with some sighs for the olden time?—that we were one of “the harum scarum young fellows,” so they were called, and there is only another one of them now alive to tell the same tale, that were honoured with special invitations from the great tragedian to his festive board in the Bucks’ Head Hotel, as often as he came on his tour to this city. He latterly had his faults, as who has them not? and he was much maligned, yet so long as tragedy is appreciated on the British stage, he will be regarded as one of the greatest actors that ever lived.

We could extend some of these original sketches of old Glasgow characters to greater length from ample materials in our possession—from memorandums and manuscripts which have never seen the light in any publication—

but we are much afraid that we are only surfeiting our readers too much with them already ; and, therefore, leaving these old characters to sleep or slumber as they best may, we intend to turn the attention of our kind readers, in a few succeeding chapters, to other topics, not destitute, we hope, of some interest to the sons and daughters of St Mungo, and their kinsfolk elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“Though the furrows are deep in this time-stricken cheek,
And the life-blood rolls languidly on ;
Yet the voice of the Past has not ceased to speak
With the feelings of years that are gone.”

THE VISIT OF KING GEORGE THE FOURTH TO SCOTLAND.

“Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.”

ALL Scotland was in Edinburgh in the year 1822. It pleased His Majesty King George the Fourth to signify, early in the spring of that year, that he would visit Scotland, and appear in Edinburgh, the capital thereof, sometime in the month of August. As this was the first royal visit promulgated since the overthrow of Prince Charlie in the '45, and the first since the accession of the Hanoverian family to the throne of these realms, uncommon interest was attached to it, whether by Whig or Tory, Jacobite or Radical. No doubt George the Fourth was exceedingly unpopular in many quarters of this realm from his loose and extravagant habits, but more particularly from the refined cruelty, if we may so call it, which he displayed towards his unfortunate wife, Queen Caroline of Brunswick, in whose behalf it is not too much to say that we perilled our own lives by penning, in her behalf, the

Address from this city, which some thought bordered on high treason against the King. That Address, looking back upon it now with some complacency at the distance of more than 40 years, aroused the citizens at large to the highest pitch of excitement in favour of the poor, persecuted, struggling Queen; and on her subsequent acquittal by the House of Peers, greatly to the chagrin of George the Fourth, the city itself, following the example of London and other places, burst out into a joyous state of illumination, some accounts of which we have previously published in separate chapters, and to these, if necessary, we need here only refer. But whatever estimate was then, or might yet be taken now of the character of George the Fourth, and different views have been taken of it by many writers—the simple fact of his condescending to visit Scotland as the first monarch of his line, elevated him vastly in the estimation of almost the whole of his northern subjects. In truth Scotland got almost into a delirium of joy on the subject, and nothing was heard of for many a day but preparations for the visit of King George. Certainly it is much better to condone offences, whether great or small, if the opportunity for so doing fairly offers itself, instead of brooding over them with hatred and revenge, and on that account it is pleasing to note that some of the most hardened radicals in the land, dwelling in the city of Glasgow, opened up their bowels of loyalty towards the king. Yes,

“ Our loyalty is still the same
Whether we lose or win the game ;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon.”

These, we remember, were the words uttered about

that time by one of the Earls of Fife in his place in the House of Commons, when the same King, George the Fourth, dismissed the Earl from his situation as one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, because he would not vote according to the wishes of the king's ministers—viz., Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh.

On the 6th of August, 1822, the king prorogued Parliament in person. On the 10th, he embarked in his yacht at Woolwich, and the Royal Squadron arrived at Leith roads, on the 14th of that month, rather a long voyage, certainly, in comparison with what may be done now; but there were no railroads then in existence, and a steam voyage, even from London to Leith, was a very rare, and deemed to be a very dangerous experiment. We shall say nothing of what was done by the magistrates and good people of Modern Athens for the King's reception; but we have now a few words to put in print of what was done by the magistrates and good people of St Mungo on the same occasion, which may prove interesting to our readers, accustomed though they since have been with many royal visits under circumstances vastly different, in many respects, from the days of George the Fourth.

It is not too much to say that every vehicle in Glasgow, of whatsoever description, was put in requisition for many days previous by the citizens to carry their wives, sweethearts, and children to Edinburgh—

“Scotia's darling seat!

All hail thy palaces and towers:

Where once beneath a monarch's feet

Sat legislation's sov'reign powers.”

Hundreds, nay thousands, of the citizens went on the

soles of their feet to Airdrie, thence to Mid-Calder, Bathgate, and so on, till they reached Edinburgh, while others of them went by the Kirk o' Shotts, Falkirk, Linlithgow, &c., &c. And the canal boats making the passage from Port-Dundas to Edinburgh at the rate of twelve hours, and deemed to be a most expeditious passage, were crammed to excess. The old rickety stage coaches were so crowded for days together that they had not an inch to spare: and he was the lucky citizen that had secured seats in the mail coach twelve days before starting. Need we say how the railway scuds along now! It would have made the hair stand on the head of our forefathers had they seen it snorting in the same place forty or fifty years ago.

In short, we do not exaggerate when we say that Glasgow emptied itself for Edinburgh in August 1822, and that is saying more than Edinburgh ever did for Glasgow, much as she is indebted to it in more ways than one. Almost every counting-house, shop, and warehouse in this city were shut up and deserted for Edinburgh: no house of any note had its inmates at home: they were all fled to Edinburgh in their best attire to see the King. And such a sight it was! It would be vain for us to attempt to describe it, and we have no intention of doing so; but we may note down a few choice facts furnished to us long ago in a small scrap of printed paper from the hands of the then celebrated Dr Clelland, who had previously published his "Annals of Glasgow," and who, in his official capacity, managed all things for the magistrates on this royal visit, as he did for many years with almost every thing else pertaining to the city. We value this old scrap very highly, because there were only some twenty or thirty copies of it printed by Dr Clelland for the exclusive

use of the magistrates, and the very title of it, folded like a card on the back, is rather quaint and amusing. We give the following as a genuine *fac simile* of the title:—

THE KING'S

Visit to Scotland,

IN THE YEAR, 1822,

IN AS FAR AS

THE CITY OF GLASGOW

WAS CONCERNED.

“In as far as the city of Glasgow was concerned.” Marvellous title! The worthy doctor, we dare say, had no conception that we, of all other men, from the scenes we had with him, would resuscitate, or bring it to light in the year of grace 1867. We ought here to remark that many laughable squibs were written at that period touching the conduct of the magistrates and their friends at this royal visit; and some of them in our possession were published which afforded great amusement to the citizens at the time. We shall only give one of them in the sequel, that was palmed off as coming from the pen of a well known and celebrated character which only a few now living can remember. He was called by the name of “*Warrander B’Gerney*—a rare but true name certainly—and *Warrander* was the *bona fide* beadle of St George’s Church in the days of Dr Wm. Muir, and afterwards in the days of Dr John Smith; while *B’Gerney* also kept a tavern at No. 10 in the New Wynd, where he sold a drop

of good ale and a glass of bitters in the morning. Nobody need doubt that fact for a moment, and when some of "the royal squibs," as they were called, were palmed off on this famous beadle, the aforesaid Warrander B'Gerney, he did not deny the soft impeachment, but rather smiled at the idea that he was the author of them all as laid to his charge! The Lord Provost of Glasgow, at the date referred to, was Mr John Thomas Alston, a fine tall, handsome looking man, who, when in his court dress of velveteens, knee breeches, and black silk stockings, with the cocked hat on his head, a sword by his side, and brilliant buckles on his shoes, looked, they said, more handsome than the king himself, who was often designated as "the first gentleman in Europe." Mr Alston, as Lord Provost, had his house in Clairmont Place, Clyde Street, nearly fronting the present suspension bridge, which bridge was not then, nor for many years afterwards, in existence. The idea now of a Provost of Glasgow living in Clyde Street seems almost chimerical, but so the fact undoubtedly was; and this is one amongst the many other instances of the prodigious changes in this city during the last half century, some of which we have been noting down, lest others passing away may come to forget them. The Lord Provost and Magistrates, in the end of July, or beginning of August, 1822, sent an address to the king beseeching him to extend his royal visit to the city of Glasgow; but his Majesty replied through Sir Robert Peel, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, intimating his Majesty's great regret that his time "*would be so limited* in Scotland that he could not extend his visit to his loyal city of Glasgow." How little was it then imagined, by any one nearest his Majesty's throne, that the day would by and by arrive

when one of his Majesty's successors, amiable for so many virtues, would not only come to Scotland, but delight to spend much of her time in her royal home at Balmoral. Those who remember the days of George the Fourth, and contrast them with the days of Victoria the First, may here well make a pause, and think, yes think, and hold up their hands to high heaven

“In wonder, love, and praise.”

We can state, however, the following fact, and if the records of the city of Glasgow are examined towards the period referred to, it will be found to be true, namely, that the King was so pleased with the attention proffered to him by the city of Glasgow, that he ordered the famous Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint his Majesty's portrait, and to send it to the City Hall of Glasgow—viz., the Old Town Hall at the Cross; and our eyes fail us if we have not read a letter from Lord Sidmouth to the Lord Provost of Glasgow to that effect. Why, then, was not this done? And why was a portrait not secured of William the Fourth—the sovereign who, by the Reform Bill of 1832, brought the present municipality into power? We leave others to answer those questions as they please, not without expressing our own humble regret that our reformed or reforming rulers did not adorn their own place of meeting with the portrait of Robert Graham, of Whitehill, the *first* Lord Provost of Glasgow under the new dynasty, followed by the portrait of the whole of his successor's down to the present day. Is it too late yet for some of our civic rulers to think of this? The expense of the whole would, we are persuaded, be a mere bagatelle, while posterity, many years hence, might look on the well-known faces with a smile of refreshing interest. Our

frigid Reformers at first, as we well remember, were stigmatised for their " candle-ends and cheese pairings." They banished the cocked hats : no great harm, probably, in that ; but some of them actually proposed to *melt* the golden chains of the Lord Provost and Magistrates, and to carry the value of them in rags, or in pounds sterling, to the credit forsooth of the Incorporation accounts ; but it was a mercy that that was not done, for it could only have reflected deep degradation on the city, and stript it of one of its most noble inheritances, worthy the ambition of all leal and upright citizens. We say this from the most sincere conviction that none but the most crabbed or morbid creatures in our city could deny the adornment of the Civic Hall with the portraits of all the Provosts of Glasgow from the memorable epoch we have referred to down to the present date and in time coming, while the expense at the end of every three years, rarely oftener, for that is the term of the Provost's reign, would be a mere unit, but a very noble and praiseworthy one surely amongst the other varied items of the Incorporation accounts. Who amongst us shall gainsay this statement, which we only throw out by way of parenthesis in these humble but genuine effusions regarding Glasgow matters ? Moreover, it might act as a stimulus in relation to the progress of the fine arts in Glasgow, and draw forth our future M'Nees, Graham Gilberts, and so on.

On the 2d August, 1822, the Lord Provost and Magistrates and Council, and the Merchants' and Trades' Houses, were convened in their respective Chambers, and unanimously voted dutiful and loyal addresses, to be presented by deputations of their members to His Majesty in person at his Court in Holyrood Palace. We need not quote these addresses, which were no doubt prepared with the

most anxious care and solicitude by the ablest heads in the city. The Magistrates and Council, without a dissentient voice, unanimously voted the sum of £1000 from the Incorporation funds to defray their share of the expense; and a spacious and elegant house, at No. 66 Queen Street, Edinburgh, adjoining the Mansion of the then Earl of Wemyss, grandfather, we think, of the present Lord Elcho, was specially engaged for them, with stabling for not fewer than eighteen horses, the finest of their kind that could be secured in Glasgow. This gave rise to one of the squibs often repeated since that day, namely, that "they all lived at Heck and Manger."

On Thursday the 15th of August, the King, as we have said, landed at Leith. The morning was wet and lowering. The Lord Provost and other magnates of the metropolis, including Sir Walter Scott, went out in barges to salute His Majesty, in his royal yacht, and we can tell the following anecdote on pretty good authority, whether it has ever yet been in print or not, that when the King stretched forth his hand and enquired at Sir Walter Scott what was his opinion of the weather, Sir Walter respectfully but playfully answered His Majesty in this wise: "Please your Majesty, I must reply in the words of the honest innkeeper at Arrochar, that I'm perfectly ashamed of it." Be that as it may, the morning brightened up, the sun glittered in all his meridian splendour: and the king proceeded in grand procession to Holyrood, and from thence in his private carriage to Dalkeith Palace, the young Duke of Buccleuch, its owner, being then a young man of about sixteen years of age.

On Friday, the city of Edinburgh was illuminated in honour of the king.

On Saturday, he held his first levee in the Palace of

Holyrood ; and there the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow, with the other deputations, were presented in State. It would be unpardonable, we think, if we did not mention, or here record, the names of all the notables on this great occasion. They were as follows :—The Hon. J. T. Alston, Lord Provost, Laurence Craigie, jun., James A. Brown, Wm. Graham, jun., Wm. M'Tyer, and Wm. Snell, Esqs., Bailies of the city. There were only five Bailies at that time in place of eight now—with Stewart Smith, Esq., Bailie of the River and Frith of Clyde (no depute in that day), Jas. Reddie, Esq., advocate legal assessor, Robert Thomson, Esq., Town-Clerk, Joseph Reid, Esq., Depute Town-Clerk, James Spreull, Esq., City Chamberlain, James Clelland, Esq., Superintendent of Public Works, with James Brown, Esq., James Lumsden, jun., Esq. (father of our present Lord Provost), and Archd. M'Lellan, jun., Esq., City Councillors ; and Wm. Lang, Esq., Chief Magistrate of Gorbals. These formed the deputation of the magistrates. The only two other officials connected with the city left at home to attend to its routine business were Wm. Davie, Esq., joint Depute Town-Clerk, and Andrew Simpson, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal. We remember the whole of these gentlemen perfectly. Not one of them survives to tell the tale. We can most accurately describe, from the unique scrap entrusted to us by Dr Clelland, the very dresses or other paraphernalia of our civic authorities and their attendants on this grand occasion, which may be interesting to the young folks of the present generation. The deputation then from the Magistrates and Council appeared in full court magisterial costume (black), with bags, chapeaux, lace ruffles, and frills, pale cream coloured kid gloves, swords, shoe, and knee buckles. The dress of the Lord Provost

was of the richest black velvet. The magistrates wore their chains double with medals displayed. The Deputation went to Holyrood in four splendid carriages. The State coach (we wonder if it is still preserved) had the arms of the city painted on the door and side panels, the hammercloth was green, with double rows of variegated rosettes and Scotch thistles. The liveries (says Dr Clelland in the queer old epistle before us) were much admired. The coachman himself was dressed in green plush breeches, white cassimere waistcoat, green coat turned up with white, silver loop ornaments, a silver epaulette on each shoulder, and a rich silver aiguillete on his left arm, white silk stockings, pale cream-coloured gloves, shoe and knee buckles, a white wig, and a large cocked hat, silver bound, slouched behind with black cockade. The postillion was dressed in boots and buckskins, white cassimere vest, and green jacket turned up with white, and richly ornamented on the breast, skirts, and back with silver ornaments, cream-coloured gloves, white hair fillet, silver bound with silver band and buckle and black cockade. The three footmen were dressed in green plush breeches, white cassimere waistcoat, green coat turned up with white silver loop ornaments, a silver epaulette on the left shoulder, white silk stockings, shoe and knee buckles, cream-coloured gloves, hair powered, and a cocked hat, silver bound and black cockade. These three footmen, while on the back of the Lord Provost's carriage, carried cream-coloured staves with silver heads, and crampets, &c.

We think we see the whole in our mind's eye at this moment, for we beheld them at the time with some juvenile pride in the city of Edinburgh. And if some of these relics had been preserved, we are not sure but they might have proved an object of interest in some place or other

of this city to the sons of Nicol Jarvie at the present day.

“ But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You pluck the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowflake on the river,
A moment white, then gone for ever;
Or like the rainbow’s lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.”

Following out our sketch. On Sunday the 18th, the King remained in private in Dalkeith Palace. On Monday the 19th, he received addresses from the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, the five Universities, and, as Dr Clelland calls it, “the Episcopal Communion.” On Tuesday the 20th, he held a Drawing Room, brilliantly attended by all the rank and beauty of Scotland. On Wednesday the 21st, he remained in seclusion in Dalkeith. On Thursday, the King, accompanied by his nobles and all the clans of Scotland, went in grand procession from Holyrood to the Castle of Edinburgh; and on this occasion the Scotch Regalia was carried by the great officers of State. It thrilled the hearts of all the hundreds and thousands of those who beheld it. But alas! they are now few and far between. On Friday the 23rd, there was a Grand Review on Portobello Sands, at which the troop of Glasgow Volunteer Light Horse, first embodied in the year 1796, commanded by James Oswald, Esq., of Shieldhall, afterwards M.P. for the city, appeared in a conspicuous manner, and received His Majesty’s highest approbation. The last survivor of that troop in the year 1860 was, we think, our old veteran friend “Senex” (Mr Robert Reid): and in that year he wrote out with his own hand and committed to us the roll of that once brilliant troop, he dying soon afterwards at the great age of 93. We preserve the document, with some memoranda about

“the old guards of Glasgow.” In the evening of that memorable day of review at Portobello, the Edinburgh troop of Midlothian Yeomanry Cavalry, commanded by the then Lord Elcho, gave a grand dinner in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, to Captain Oswald and the Glasgow troop, while on that same evening the Peers of Scotland gave a grand ball, attended by the King, in the Assembly Rooms of the metropolis, and the Lord Provost of Glasgow had the honour of a special invitation. On the following day the Lord Provost had also the honour of being a guest at the Grand Banquet given to the King by the City of Edinburgh in the Parliament House. On Sunday the 25th, His Majesty attended divine service in the High Church, when a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr Lamont, Moderator of the General Assembly. The Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow had seats specially allotted to them on this occasion. On Monday the 26th, the Caledonian Hunt gave a grand ball to His Majesty. On Tuesday the 27th, His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, grandfather to the present foolish Duke, who we hope has sown his wild oats never to reap them in any rash manner again—that fine old Duke Archibald who was Grand Master Mason of Scotland, laid the foundation stone of the National Monument on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh. In the evening the King honoured the Theatre Royal with his presence, delighted with the performances of our friend Mackay in the character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie of Glasgow! “My conscience!”

The King left Scotland, finally and forever, sailing from Port Hopetoun, near Edinburgh, on Thursday, the 29th of August, 1822; and the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow returned home—some of them wending their way, in the first instance, to the Dunblane Wells to

drink its then famous waters, which came into repute long before the Airthrey Wells, at the Bridge of Allan, were heard of. Indeed, the Bridge of Allan at that time, as its name imported, had only one or two small thatched houses around it. See what it is now! whereas the *city* of *Dunblane* and its waters were all the fashionable go; and yet few now think of going to Dunblane for such a purpose. Behold, indeed, the vicissitudes of life as exemplified in this very chapter.

But we have a few amusing details to give ere we conclude it. There can be no doubt of the fact that King George the Fourth was so much pleased with the Deputation from Glasgow that he offered to confer the honour of knighthood on Provost Alston; but the Provost, "in the politest manner," as Dr Clelland in his queer pamphlet informs us, with "grateful acknowledgments declined to accept" (*sic orig.*) Neither can there be any doubt of the fact that *before* the royal visit was made, and in order to prepare themselves for it, the Lord Provost and Magistrates "and brethren in Council" went through their facings in the old Towns' Hall at the Cross under the eye of Dr Clelland, just as an expert drill sergeant trains his officers and men for the coming review. It is no disparagement to our departed civic authorities to tell this. We shall leave, however, our old lovite, Mr Warrander B'Gerney, to tell it himself in the lines imputed to him, which we shall soon produce from our own repositories. But this singular incident occurred, which may now make the said lines to be relished all the more, namely, that when the crowds of our citizens returned from Edinburgh they huddled together on the streets to tell their cronies the wondrous things they had seen in Edinburgh. Some vowed that they had actually kissed the king's big toe in

his own yacht lying in Leith Roads, which was infinitely more honourable in their estimation than that of lordly travellers going to Rome to kiss the toe of his Holiness the Pope. The streets of Glasgow, especially the Tron-gate and Argyle Street, were positively interrupted for some days after this royal visit by groups of lively passengers telling all their tales of so many varied and interesting hues seen by them in Modern Athens. It is impossible, of course, for us to recount a tithe of the number, and even if we had "Hawkie" this moment at our elbow, we should fail in the comprehensive task. Suffice it, therefore, to state that in order to get quit of these crowds, and keep the streets free and easy, the then Commissioners of this city, and a queer squad some of them were, issued an Injunction to all the citizens "*to keep the right hand to the wall.*" We leave our young friends to discover, as they may easily do, what that means. It was a good Injunction at the time: and we do not say that it is a bad one now. But see what the aforesaid Warrander B'Gerney made of it in the original squib or decalogue imputed to him, and which we now present to our readers:—

OUR WORTHY GLASGOW MAGISTRATES DRILLING FOR THE
ROYAL VISIT OF KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, BEING THEIR
VERY FIRST ESSAY ON THAT ROYAL SUBJECT.

James Clelland, Esquire, acting as representative of
Majesty.

Enter in at "The Towns' Hall at the Cross." (Silence
I command ye). And then he goes on:—

"When awkward men fill up the civic post,
On them all earthly etiquette is lost:

Mayhap they'll flourish at a city feast
 Where they can gormandise in skate at least :
 Can swig like fish, some politics advance,
 Then stagger home, blest in their ignorance ;
 But a far different thing it is to see
 The awe-inspiring form of Majesty :
 So think our magistrates, and they all feel
 The strong necessity of constant drill.

“ C—— was called, with no dissentient word,
 To ape the manners of Britannia's Lord :
 So in the Towns' Hall in a Chair of State
 Was seated high the kingly delegate,
 Our sapient Magistrates then bent the knee
 Unto his no less sapient Majesty.
 ‘ Most gracious Sovereign ! may no harm assail ye,’
 So prays the Provost and each worthy bailie ;
 But here cut short, by one who eyed aslant
 The scene, and acted as their adjutant :
 Who in dark line the civic squadron dressed,
 Cock'd hat in left hand, and the right on breast,
 The speaker then resumed, ‘ Most gracious King,
 When red-plum'd treason was upon the wing,
 Thy loyal city, to her Master true,
 Rose up and crush'd the wild rebellious crew,
 And always will our gracious Sovereign find
 That Glasgow's sons will never be behind :
 Those the most loyal, and I say't with pride,
 True patriot fervour sweeps along the Clyde.’
 To which replied the cab'net-making king,
 ‘ I thank you for the fair address you bring,
 My second city, opulent and fair,
 No traitor can expect to flourish there.
 The *Glasgow Annals* I with care have read
 (The man who wrote it must have a long head),
 And if the half of its contents be true,
 Such a grand place before I never knew ;
 But yet we think your people worse than Turks,
 Who sneer upon the “ Master of your works ;”
 By Jove ! his king will not so vilely slight him,

Spite of his native modesty we'll Knight him.
 Farewell! we've seen you, we have had our wish,
 A Glasgow magistrate's a curious fish:
 Remember this, we tell you one and all,
 Through life still keep *The right hand to the wall.*'

“First rose the Provost, with low congee kiss'd
 Most reverentially indeed the royal fist:
 Then backwards marching ('tis no joke I tell ye),
 He tumbled o'er the oldest kneeling Bailie:
 Who fell on him behind, and there for yards
 Our rulers lay like a huge pack of cards!!
*But we'll excuse them this their first essay,
 They will be perfect on some future day.*”

And so they were. These last two lines, whatever may be thought of the previous ones, were indeed prophetic and to the purpose, because our civic rulers, without any drilling in the old Towns' Hall, or anywhere else, know perfectly what it is, and how it is, to appear before the Queen's Majesty, whether in Windsor Castle, or St James' or Buckingham Palace, yea, in our own city of Glasgow, or at the pure waters of Loch Katrine, where some of them were drenched to the skin, but bore it all with distinguished philanthropy and noble spirit.

We meant, we confess, to have interlarded this chapter with some other droll *verses* of the olden time, but the above must suffice, because our prescribed limits for this publication are drawing to a close; and we have a desire to overtake some modern matter wholly in our own hands and keeping, but which might never be disclosed if we did not publish it while the spirit coincident with the memory which is moving us at the present time.

“Candid and just, with no false aim in view,
 To take for truth what cannot but be true.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FRESH CHAPTER ON OLD EVENTS.

“As the shades of evening close,
Beckoning thee to long repose—
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease ;
There ruminatè, with sober thought,
On all thou’st seen, and heard, and wrought.”—*R. Burns.*

THE death of George the Fourth, succeeded by his good and amiable brother, Wm. the Fourth, 26th June, 1830, produced, as we all know, a remarkable change of tone, manners, and feeling in this country, and incalculable benefit to the community whether at home or abroad. He was called “the Patriot King” from the fact that he first sanctioned the great Reform Bill of Earl Grey. But his wife, Queen Adelaide, wore the breeches—that is the true Scottish way of describing it, and every Scotchman, bond or free, well knows what it means. Latterly her Majesty brought his Majesty into no small perplexity, and hazarded his pristine popularity about “the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill ;” for that was the description given of it by every radical reformer in the land. She bore him two daughters, the first named Charlotte after his mother Queen Charlotte, wife of George the Third, and the second named Elizabeth after the famous Queen of that name, who so long ruled the

destinies of England. Had either of them survived our present gracious Queen, Victoria the First would never have reigned ; but they were snatched away in infancy by the fiat of the King of kings, and perhaps we ought all to feel thankful at the present day for such events. We are not going to enter into any political disquisition here. We pass over the memorable Reform Bill of 1832 simply by saying that it saved this country from *Revolution*. It may, indeed, be regarded as the *Magna Charta* of all our civil rights and privileges. Glasgow bore a distinguished part in all the great public movements of that period ; and we have preserved a choice *bureau* of some of them, which may see the light at another time, much to the amusement and astonishment of those who may follow after us perhaps in another century,

There can be no doubt of the fact that the advent of the Great Reform Bill of 1832 had the further advantage, or the greater disadvantage, as some may think, of enabling people to breath their sentiments freely, and without the fear of bloody penalties under the head of sedition or of treason. We can speak certainly from our own feelings at that early and important period, some proofs of which we shall now present for the consideration of our readers. We have given *other* proofs of them already in the previous chapters of this fleeting work ; but without being chargeable with egotism, or any thing in the shape of vainglory, as some have imputed to us, we may surely take occasion to show, whether in the great battles of Reform, or of Freedom, or of righteous Government, or of Justice as between man and man, we have been cowardly soldiers, or bold, resolute, and faithful ones in almost every point of view.

We published the following in the first number of the *Loyal Reformer*, 7th May, 1831 :—

“ Stand and surround the King !
 Through perils at home and abroad,
 Close to the patriot Monarch cling,
 Who will not be led or awed
 To do or to suffer wrong,
 Shout with a voice as strong
 As the seas when 'tis rocked by the storm,
 Long life to the Chief of the Great Reform.

“ Stand and support the King,
 Who will desert him now ?—
 Who is so false or so mean a thing
 As to tyrant rank to bow ?
 Who will be bought and sold
 For a morsel of rascally gold ?
 Who will not cry, with his heart all warm,
 Long life to the Chief of the Great Reform,
 Who reigns in his people's love.”

Many old wives connected with the boroughmongers in times bygone used to look upon us positively with dread and horror. Some of them regarded us as *Imps* from the devil ; but all our writings, every page of them, though collected and burned at the Cross of Glasgow, as witches and warlocks have often been in other places, would only attest our fidelity to the glorious constitution of these Realms.

Our motto at the beginning, taken from De Foe, was a splendid one, which we wore uninterruptedly for many years, and now bequeath, with heartfelt satisfaction, to all writers in this city, or anywhere else, small or great :—

“ If” (says De Foe) I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves upon the dangerous precipice of telling *unbiased*

truth, let him proclaim War with mankind *a la mode le pais de Pole*—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells their virtues when they have any, then the *mob* attacks him with slander, but if he regard truth, let him expect *martyrdom* on both sides, and then he may go on fearless: and this is the course I take myself.”

We repeat, and are not ashamed to repeat and avow, although this should be the last sentence we ever write in the world, that these noble sentiments have sustained us at all times, and under all circumstances, whether in sunshine or in storm, in adversity or in prosperity; and we are glad to be yet spared to record this avowal in the truest acceptance of these words.

“ ‘Adieu,’ Vinoscæ cries, ere yet he sips
The purple bumper trembling at his lips;
Without good works, whatever some may boast,
Mere folly and delusion. ‘Sir, your toast;
My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
That heaven will weigh man’s virtues and his crimes
With nice attention to a righteous scale,
And save or damn as these or those prevail.’ ”

Cowper.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RIOT ACT, AND CHARGE OF THE DRAGOONS AT
LANARK.

“*Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse.*”

Old Ballad.

HAILING as we did with enthusiastic fervour the advent of the great Reform Bill already spoken of, we rode with great glee on horseback from Glasgow to Lanark on the morning of Friday, the 13th of May, 1831, to witness the *last* Election of the paper freeholders of that county under the old *regimé* which the Reform Bill was intended and calculated to explode. The Election took place in the *Parish Church*: and a queer place we thought it was for such a purpose at the time. It may astonish some of our readers to be told afresh—some of them may have heard it already—that there were only 175 freeholders or electors at that time present or answering to their names upon the roll for the whole of the great county of Lanark. We knew every one of them by headmark, and some of them were very eminent and distinguished men on both sides of politics, such, for instance, as the Whig or Reform side—viz., Sir Henry Stewart, of Allanton; Gen. Sir Wm. Maxwell, of Calderwood; the Hon. Admiral Fleming, of Cumbernauld; Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, of Greenock; Archd. Speirs, of Elderslie, and Alex. Speirs,

younger of Elderslie; the Hon. Mont Stewart Elphinstone, Governor of Madras; the Hon. Chas. Augustus Murray, second son of the Earl of Dunmore; James Miller, of Millheugh, professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow, &c., &c. While upon the other side, the Tory or the Anti-Reform side (Goodness gracious! is it really fitting, we may here well ask in parenthesis, whether we should give such titles now, seeing that the Tories, in this year of grace 1867, have become Whigs, and the Whigs Tories, or, what is better or worse, the Tories have become Radicals, and the Radicals have become Tories: say ye not so Messrs. Gladstone and Disraeli?) yes, on the other side, following up this article, there were ranged the equally eminent and distinguished names of General Sir Jas. Denham, of Coltness; Sir Wm. Rae, Lord Advocate; Lieut.-General Chas. Pye, of the King's Own Regiment of Dragoons; Sir Francis Walker Drummond, of Hawthornden; Sir Chas. M'Donald Lockhart, of Lee; the Right Hon. Sir Wm. Alexander, Lord Chief Baron of England; Duncan M'Neil, Esq., Advocate, &c., &c.

Is it possible, our readers will remark, that the *Riot Act* could be read on such an occasion amongst these gentlemen? But stay a bit. The crowd in Lanark, eager to witness the proceedings and learn the result, was truly immense. They came for that purpose from all parts of the country. The popular candidate on the Reform side was Mr John Maxwell, afterwards Sir John Maxwell, of Pollok, Bart. The Anti-Reform candidate was the Hon. Chas. Douglas, who afterwards became Lord Douglas of Douglas and Bothwell Castle. There voted for Douglas 93 freeholders, and for Maxwell 82 freeholders: so that Douglas was declared elected by a majority of 11 votes.

Pending the proceedings in the interior of the church, the utmost excitement prevailed. The cheering, the yelling, and the hooting was tremendous and indescribable. The like of it, we venture to say, was never heard or seen before or since in that church, or in any other in this great county. While the Hon. Charles Douglas was standing on his legs, addressing the assembled freeholders with a dignity and politeness of speech rarely equalled, and with a smile beaming on his handsome countenance which might have won any heart, some miscreant or other in the gallery aimed at him a deadly missile, the effects of which were soon visible; for Mr Douglas drew his white handkerchief from his pocket, and held it to his bleeding head, to the consternation of his numerous friends, and to the indignation of many of his opponents. The Sheriff of the County present on the occasion was Wm. Rose Robinson, Esq., advocate, to whom the late lamented Sir Archibald Alison succeeded. Whether the Sheriff was alarmed by this incident or not, and was afraid of some further uproar or riot at the Election, certain it is that he soon had a troop of Dragoons within his reach; and now we are coming to the most interesting part of our statement.

At the close of the Election, and about six o'clock of the evening, Mr Maxwell with about 100 of his friends and supporters sat down to an excellent dinner, which he had specially ordered for them, in the old Town Hall of Lanark. We had the honour to be of that party. Is it arrogance to mention the fact? The Hon. Mr Douglas entertained another party of his friends, we think, in the Salutation Hotel of Lanark. The town apparently was then quiet and peaceable. True, there were groups of people standing on the streets, and naturally enough discussing the proceedings of the Election, for all Scotland was

excited with other Elections besides this very important one at that time ; but ere Mr Maxwell's party were half finished with their dinner, an alarmed deputation rushed into the room to announce that the Sheriff was actually reading the Riot Act on the steps of the Salutation Inn, and giving orders to the Dragoons to make ready with their swords and clear the streets ! We leaped from our seat as others did, and going out we beheld the Sheriff on horseback at the head of the Dragoons, charging at a gallop with flashing swords through the streets of Lanark, to the consternation of men, women, and children who were flying helter skelter for their lives. We boldly advanced to the Sheriff with hat in hand, and touched the bridle of his horse—not the first time that we have done so at other charges and in previous times on the streets of Glasgow. We were in the act of getting the broadsword of one of the dragoons on our own shoulders, and some, we daresay, thought we deserved it ; but we parried the stroke, and exchanged some warm words, yet words of civility with his lordship the Sheriff. The Dragoons pulled up. No riot ensued : no riot had taken place ; and all the Reform party, and none more than Mr Maxwell himself, besides Wallace of Kelly, Campbell of Shawfield, and Admiral Fleming were boiling over with indignation at this monstrous and uncalled-for charge by the dragoons on the quiet streets of Lanark. The construction put upon it by many was that the Tory Sheriff or the Tory party wanted to coerce the people or frighten them from the Reform Bill by military and dragoons. We shall cast no such imputation upon them now since we live in more blessed times. But this is the fact that the news of this charge by the dragoons fled like lightning to Hamilton, and from thence to Glasgow, and when we reached the

city jaded on horseback next morning, we did not tarry till we wrote and sent a strong representation on the subject to His Majesty's Government. A keen controversy subsequently arose on the subject, in Parliament and out of it. Some of the freeholders blamed the Sheriff, others defended him; but in the course of a short time we were requested by the Right Hon. Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland, to attend him in his house, Moray Place, Edinburgh. We did so, and communicated to his Lordship the facts as here stated. The result was that the Sheriff was admonished to be more careful of his hand for the future, and never to let loose the Dragoons on his Majesty's leal subjects unless some gross outrage occurred detrimental to the public peace and the public safety. It is worthy of remark, and it is somewhat pleasing to add, that in place of being irritated with us for challenging him for his furious charge with the Dragoons at Lanark, as some Sheriffs mounted on their high horse might be, he became ever afterwards exceedingly affable and polite, as every accomplished gentleman should be who sees and acknowledges his error in judgment. It has been our lot now to witness the appointment of no fewer than *four* or *five* different Sheriff's Deputes in Glasgow: and at all times, and under many difficult and trying scenes, we cannot doubt that they felt the responsibility of their situation, and acted as they thought, wisely and well; while, in no rabid spirit, but rather in the most respectful one, we make our dutiful bow to each and all of them, to the living as well as the dead.

“Right, says our Ensign; and for aught I see,
Your faith and mine substantially agree:
The best of every man's performance here,
Is to discharge the duties of his sphere;
The Sheriff's dealing should be just and fair,
His brightness shines with great advantage there.”—*Cowper*.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DRAGOONS AND SOMMERVILLE OF THE
SCOTS GREYS.

“So now, and with important tone demand,
On what foundation virtue is to stand.”

If the Dragoons were brought into action at Lanark in the way above stated, it will be remembered by many yet alive that an extraordinary sensation was about that period produced over the whole kingdom by the statement that Alexander Sommerville, an intelligent private in the gallant regiment of Scots Greys, then stationed near Birmingham, had been taken up and tried by some of his Tory officers, and sentenced to receive, tied up on the halberts, 200 lashes on his bare back, because he had written a letter to the *London Weekly Despatch* newspaper expressing his opinion in favour of the Reform Bill, and intimating that the soldiers of the British army would never draw their swords against their fellow countrymen calmly seeking their just rights under the banners of the King himself. We wrote with some animation on that flagrant and cruel affair so soon as the news of it reached our ears in Glasgow, and prepared a petition from the Political Union to the House of Commons, entrusted to Jos. Hume, Esq., praying for inquiry and redress. The House listened to that petition and others on the subject, and an inquiry

was made, resulting in this, that the King, through his Judge-Advocate, the Right Honourable Robert Grant, severely censured the commanding officer of the Greys for his unmerited treatment of the soldier. This was not enough: Sommerville was rescued from the hands of his tyrannical officers—he obtained his discharge from the regiment, and subscriptions were opened up for him to pursue some independent calling. We had the pleasure of remitting, through the Royal Bank of Glasgow, the sum of £33 5s to Mr Hume in London, which we had collected in pence and sixpences for the soldier, and Mr Hume, one of the most distinguished and popular men in the kingdom, acknowledged it as follows:—

“London, 14th August, 1832.

“My Dear Sir,

“I have this day received the draft of the Royal Bank on Messrs Coutts & Co. for £33 5s, payable on 3rd September, and shall communicate with the Editor of the *Weekly Despatch* how to apply that amount best for Sommerville’s advantage as soon as he shall be discharged. The manner in which the public have taken up the punishment of Sommerville will assist us greatly in putting an end to that degrading and disgusting punishment of flogging in both the army and navy.

“Yours sincerely,

“JOSEPH HUME.

“To Peter Mackenzie, Esq.”

Soon afterwards we saw Sommerville himself in Glasgow, and he addressed to us the following letter, which we publish for a reason which will presently be stated.

“Glasgow, 16th October, 1832.

“Sir,

“Since I came to Glasgow I have seen many of the able articles which you have ‘at different times written about me, and I must say that I am much gratified, and even surprised,—for my very peculiar situation, and my distance from Glasgow, prevented me from ever seeing or knowing anything of the *Loyal Gazette*; and it was not till I came to Greenock, a few days ago, that I knew of its existence. But now that I do know, I feel it is my bounden duty to acknowledge— (He goes on with some other complimentary remarks, and furnishes us with an inkling of the condition of the army at that period, which we need not give; and he closes by saying:—) Meantime, I would most sincerely say, that to the liberal press and the generous public I believe myself to be indebted for my freedom and my life; for, as Mr Cobbett told me, their wish was to hang me if they could until I was dead, dead, dead.

“I am, Sir,

“Your obliged and very humble Servant,

“A. SOMMERVILLE,

“Late of the Scots Greys.”

We encountered, we must say, a good deal of malignity from some rabid scribes for thus exerting ourselves in favour of the oppressed soldier, which only shows, amongst many other instances, that some of the best acts of one’s life may be perverted against him. We treated the flogged soldier for several days in Glasgow with all the respect we could show to him, because we found him to be a most intelligent person. He was the son of a respectable farmer in East Lothian, and had received a good education; but he longed to be a soldier in the gallant Greys, and this was

his fate in that regiment—a fate which won for him, we believe, the sympathy and regard more or less of every regiment in the British service, and the knowledge of that fact formed no inconsiderable element, we further believe, in favour of the passing of the Reform Bill. Besides, it was a fortunate coincidence in one sense that he was so treated, because in his leisure hours and while under our own roof, he wrote some brilliant letters against the accursed corn laws then in existence and grinding the best interests of the country, which letters he subscribed not in his own name, or as a discharged soldier, but he subscribed them as “*One who has whistled at the Plough.*” Those letters were published in the *London Times*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and other papers, and commanded great attention from the sweet and powerful reasoning contained in them. We gladly laboured with him at the same oar in Glasgow. We say this the more especially, because, long before Mr Cobden or Mr Bright came into the field, the real pioneer for the repeal of the Corn Laws, we must say, was Lieut.-Col. Peyronet Thompson, who sat in Parliament for Bradford. He published what he called “the Reformer’s Catechism for the Repeal of the Corn Laws”—a work which grounded the faith of many Corn law repealers in this empire. We humbly assisted, we do not hesitate to say, to prepare the good ground for it in Glasgow, as many of our earliest writings could testify, thankfully acknowledged often and again by Colonel Thompson; but we will not stuff our readers with any extracts from them at this time. We are contented to eat our own humble pie, not grudging cheap bread for others. If any man on earth should have been rewarded in the first instance for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, it was the venerable Colonel Thompson—long before either Cobden or Bright came

into the field; but it is not the first time in the annals of history that the laurels of the bravest warrior have been plucked from him by others, less deserving.

“ Old in the dimness of the dust
Of our daily toils and cares ;
Old in the wrecks of love and trust,
Which our burthened memory bears,
Each form may wear to the gaping gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten the latter days
Which the morning never met.
But the many changes we have seen
In the far and winding way ;
The grass in our path that has grown green,
And the locks that have grown grey !
The winter still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold ;
But we see their snows upon brighter hair,
Ah ! friends, we are growing old.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CHAPTER ABOUT THREE OR FOUR INTERESTING
WILL CASES BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY P.M.

“Skill to direct and strength
To strike the blow.”

NEW besoms, they say, sweep clean. Somehow or other, on and after the passing of the Reform Bill, almost everybody who had a complaint to make, or a grievance to complain of, came rushing to us to get it redressed, or to put it in print in the “*Gawzett.*” We are sure that we have listened to thousands and tens of thousands of such complaints and grievances in our day on every conceivable subject without putting a farthing in our pocket by any one of them. But there were some subjects of no small importance, beneficial to the best interests of the public at large, which we confess we originally handled with peculiar interest and some success. These related to the wills or settlements of deceased parties connected with this city either attempted to be concealed altogether, or to be kept up, or perverted, or misapplied in a way the generous donors of them never intended or suspected would be done. We shall only single out three or four of such cases from the many we have in store, all of which

we pursued, we take leave to say, with unfaltering zeal in spite of obstacles and very bitter hatred.

(1) The first was that of James Murdoch, Esquire, a most upright and intelligent merchant of this city, who died in March, 1826, leaving upwards of £25,000. We discovered that he had left a special provision of £5000 for the establishment of a school for *Boys* for reading, writing, and arithmetic, to be under the management of the magistrates of the city and ministers of the Established Church. But nothing was known, or publicly said or done about it for seven long years after his death. We brought it directly under the notice of the magistrates in the month of February, 1834, and some of them were pleased to compliment us for so doing. The magistrates, in fact, had never heard of it before. The £5000 was soon afterwards paid up.

(2) Some of our readers may have heard of *Dr Bell's Bequest*. It may be told in a few words. An eminent physician of that name in London, indebted for some of his education in early life to this city, bequeathed about 40 years ago "to the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of Glasgow, the dividends or interest of £9700 to be for ever applied by them and their successors in office to the support and maintenance from time to time of a school or schools to be founded in the city of Glasgow on the principles of mutual instruction and moral discipline as exemplified in the Madras school." The doctor had been at Madras, and had done much for education in that distant quarter of the world, and other places nearer home: and hence his gift in the words we have given to the city of Glasgow. It remained dormant, or grossly misapplied for many years. At last we came to write not a few pointed and special articles about it, resulting in a

law plea in the Court of Session and an appeal to the House of Lords, but the valuable dividends left by the good doctor were ultimately secured and paid over, we think, to the kirk sessions of Glasgow. How they have since been applied we cannot at present tell.

(3) But another settlement in another direction fell under our notice of considerable importance to the community; and we may tell rather an amusing story in regard to one of the makers of it before we give the settlement itself, as follows:—

OLD WADDEL OF STONEFIELD AND HIS WIFE—THE SUIT OF
BLACK CLOTHES—AND REV. DR M'LEAN, OF THE GORBALS,
ETC., ETC.

This really is a good and a true story, which we may, perhaps, be excused for telling. We may premise that this old Mr Waddel, of Stonefield, we are about to describe, was once an humble mason in the city of Glasgow. He became, towards the end of the last century, and he continued to be for several years after the commencement of the present century, one of the most enterprising master masons that Glasgow could boast of in those days. Up at his work at six in the morning, with a potato and salt herring for his dinner, and eager for every job that came to his hands. There were few masons at that time in the city compared with what they are now; but that may be easily accounted for from the progress of the city itself. In the year 1787 (a long while ago), we find that Mr Alex. Waddel was elected Deacon of the Masons,—again in 1791 he was elected to the same office,—and again, and for the third time, he was elected deacon in 1794: so that he must have been very much respected and esteemed in those days. He was the veritable mason who, under the

firm of Waddel and Park, erected St George's Church in this city in the year 1807; and he was also the mason who three years afterwards, viz., in 1810, contracted to build the Court Offices and the Jail at the foot of the Saltmarket, both of which edifices display at this day no small specimens of his handywork. He made, as he long afterwards admitted, "a good lump of money from both jobs;" but, besides these, he erected many other buildings in Glasgow which we need not particularise at this time. When we first knew him, 40 years ago and a bittock, he was one of the most commanding men in appearance in the city. His grey locks and sonsy face, long blue coat and yellow buttons, some of them turned up at his sleeves, with dark corduroy knee breeches, and white rig and fur worsted stockings, with shoes as strong as shoes could then be made, and a hat nearly as broad as any Quaker's, left no one to doubt the personal identity of old Deacon Waddel. He built for his own residence, on the other side of the water, nearly opposite to Nelson's Monument, that fine house, prominent at this day, which he called *Stonefield*, as showing, perhaps, how well he had succeeded in building with his *stones*, for he was then accounted to be very rich, but rather miserly in some of his business transactions; and his old wife, Mrs Elizabeth Macfarlane, assuredly did not waste any of his substance, but rather helped to increase it with a firm hand. We were often in their dwelling. It might have held, with one room and another, a retinue for 50 people; but the Deacon and his wife in one small apartment, and one or two elderly female servants down in the kitchen, were all its usual inmates. The other rooms were crammed with corn, wheat, and potatoes, or other produce, from the farm of Polmadie in the immediate neighbourhood. This venerable couple, with all their pecu-

liarities, were not flinty hearted towards the poor. True, the Deacon and his wife would scarcely part with a penny to them; but if they espied any poor beggar, or if any one approached their door with humble and apparent honest supplication, they were sure to get some potatoes and meal worth more than many pennies. Having no family of their own, and their wealth being very great for people in their situation, we need scarcely add that much attention was paid to the old couple by their neighbours and acquaintances, and by none more than "the respected minister" of their district—viz., the venerable Dr James M'Lean, of the Gorbals, who all his life long was very tenacious of money in any shape or form—a failing, we fear, which does not always lean to virtue's side so often at least as it might or should do. The rev. doctor, we may further observe, and all who remember him will probably attest the fact,—was a good divine in the pulpit, but a great wag out of it; and he had this singular peculiarity about him, that he was constantly at law, for many years, with his "heritors" on some point or other. Whether he was in the right and they in the wrong, we shall not take it upon us to say; but, if the heritors at any time smote him on the left cheek, he assuredly had not the humility to allow them to do so on his right one. He fought them manfully with gown and wig in the Court of Session. In the Presbytery of Glasgow, Dr M'Lean, of Gorbals, was, as many called him, "the cock of the walk." There were some disquisitions then about "organs;" but he floored the Rev. J. Lockerby of Cadder about "servant maids," as the records of the Presbytery may testify at this day. It happened that one of the old servant maids of Deacon Waddel the mason fell sick, and the Rev. Dr M'Lean, with a *physical* gentleman of note in the Gorbals, was summoned to

attend her. The poor woman soon died, greatly to the distress of the Deacon and his wife, who had paid her the utmost attention; and *after* the funeral, old Waddel, in the fulness of his heart, and to show his sense, as he called it, of the rev. doctor's attention and devotion to his faithful old servant, Maggie M'Geoch, who had departed this life after a service of seventeen years and a half in Stonefield House, ordered the doctor to go to his clothiers, Messrs. Ewing & Wingate, who long flourished in the Trongate of Glasgow, and to get a suit of the very best black clothes they could make for him. That was no small present in those days for attending a funeral. We have known gentlemen about the same period sending a pipe of wine for a wedding; but Dr M'Lean soon got his measure made for his new suit of clothes, and they were sent home to him at his house, near the old Gorbals toll, or, rather, they were circumspectly or reverentially taken to him by one of the foremen of Messrs Ewing & Wingate, to see if they were properly "fitted" on the venerable person of the doctor himself. He did not try on the trousers with his brawny legs: he had no need for doing so; but the doctor stripped and threw aside his old greasy coat to try on the new vest thus arrived from the clothiers for the stronger part of his body. His son "James," a fine, plump, tall lad, as we very well remember, was in the room, envying his father's good luck with this braw new suit of clothes; but the doctor, musing to himself, became rather bamboozled about the *vest*. He pretended that it was not big enough for him, but that it might do very well, and just fit "*his lusty boy James*," standing beside him, for so he called the smiling youth; and on the hint, the attending foreman placed the "vest" on the body of the sonsy James, who was exceedingly well pleased with it: and the doctor

laughingly said it just fitted him to a T,—a mode of expression still used by many, not in a dull but a merry mood. The rev. doctor, therefore, slyly remarked to the accommodating foreman that he had just better take his measure afresh, and get a new vest made to fit his own *corpus*, but that it should be made of “black silk velvet,”—rather a fashionable affair, then coming into great repute; and really we must say that a fine black velvet vest, with a pure, clean white linen shirt, ruffles, and cravat, were admirable embellishments some thirty or forty years ago, and we do not despair of seeing them again in fashion, since fashions are constantly changing, and some of the old ones are, after all, the best. Well, the rev. doctor in a few days afterwards received the velvet vest he panted for. He was proud of it as he afterwards sallied forth to some great visits in the Gorbals: such as dinner parties at Bailie Edmonstone’s, or Bailie Pollok’s, or Lady Janet Buchanan’s in Carlton Place, for he was ever well received in any company he entered. In process of time the clothier’s *account* for the aforesaid new suit of clothes for the rev. divine came to be rendered to old Deacon Waddel, as the latter desired it should be, at Stonefield House. He examined it at first very carefully, but he said nothing. His next servant, Jeanie M’Morland, took unwell, and again Dr M’Lean was sent for. She, too, died in Stonefield House. But before that event Deacon Waddel often fingered, and perused, and re-perused the account rendered for the “new suit of clothes per the Rev. Dr M’Lean,” and groaned at this item, “to an extra *silk vest* for the doctor himself, £1 17s 6d.” Some folks are rather afraid to challenge the acts or deeds of any minister. Old Waddel felt that it would not be decent for him to challenge this “burial” account in the first instance, and, therefore, he paid it;

but he could not get that item "for the silk vest" out of his head for a long while. The foreman of the upright tailors, however, found an opportunity of explaining to him all about it, and the Deacon enjoyed it with something like a real masonic smile; while his wife, with a sort of rueful countenance, denounced it as a perfect shame—a most unwarrantable and exorbitant charge, never before heard of in the Gorbals of Glasgow. She would scarcely consent to open the door to Dr M'Lean when he next visited the house of Stonefield; but old Waddel himself was more pliable. After this *second* funeral of this *second* servant, the worthy doctor returned to the house and made what has been called "family worship." "Noo," said old Waddel, rising from his knees, "Is'e give ye another suit of black clothes, dear Doctor, but remember, *nae silks this time*. Nae silks, Doctor—nae silks, dear Doctor."

This story got wind in the Presbytery of Glasgow, and at their next Goudeamous meeting they fined the rev. doctor in five shillings on the head of this affair, which he paid. We heard this from one of the members of Presbytery.

We come, however, to the real business about the will itself, &c.

Under the title of "Alex. Waddel, Esq., of Stonefield," this old Glasgow stonemason was enrolled amongst the proud nobles and gentry of the land as one of the freeholders of the county of Lanark. He stood No. 57 on the roll, next to the then Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart., in the year 1828, as any one may see who turns up the Edinburgh Almanack of that year. Such was his affection for his wife, about the same age as himself, that he executed a deed of settlement in the year 1818, which, besides containing many other provisions, left to her own

absolute disposal the sum of £10,000 sterling. She in the most praiseworthy manner, by another regular deed, ordered £2000 out of that amount to be laid out "within six months after her decease" for the purpose of founding and maintaining a school in Gorbals for teaching a competent number of girls reading and writing and sewing, and the principles of religion, to be called (after her own name) the Macfarlane School;" and not forgetting the early history of her faithful husband, she provided that £400 should also be applied for the benefit "of old decayed journeymen masons belonging to the city or suburbs of Glasgow," and another sum of £400 "for old women of decent character in said city or suburbs, of the name of Macfarlane." She died with these laudable endowments attaching to her memory in the month of July, 1829. The trustees appointed by her for carrying the above provisions into effect were her respected husband the Deacon, with old Mr Samuel Wilson, the well-known sugar refiner then in Alston Street, and the Rev. Dr M'Lean himself, who at that period became once more ingratiated in the smiles and favour of the amiable old lady. The old Deacon himself soon died, and so did Samuel Wilson, and, therefore, the rev. doctor became the sole surviving and responsible trustee. We should be sorry to tax his memory with wilful perfidy, or anything of that sort; but there can be little doubt of the fact that, like the unjust steward which we read of elsewhere, he hid the talents committed to him in a napkin, or something else; for in place of putting them to good account as Mrs Waddell had positively enjoined should be done "within six months after her death," he quietly retained them in his own hands for several years, and it was not till we beat the drum ecclesiastic against him—not till we

assailed him in his stewardship, as we did in pointed language oftener than once, that he began to scratch his head and think of erecting the school according to his own plans, and to pay over the money for the decayed old masons and the destitute old women. We had the felicity to see these objects carried into effect in the year 1833. Some alleged that we killed Dr M'Lean by the severity of our strictures; but that is not true. We only discharged our duty faithfully at the time, as we were urged to do for the public weal; and we can look back upon it now with some satisfaction and no qualms.

“For he whom even, in life's last stage,
Endeavours laudable engage,
Is paid at least in peace of mind,
And sense of having well designed;
And if, ere he attain his end,
His sun precipitate descend,
A brighter prize than that he meant
Shall recompense his mere intent:
No virtuous wist can bear a date,
Either too early or too late.”

Wm. Cowper.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SIERRA LONE CASE—A FORLORN GLASGOW LAD
RISING INTO FAME—THE GENERAL COMMANDING-
IN-CHIEF, &c.

“Yes, there is bliss prepared in yonder sky,
And glory for the virtuous when they die.”

ANOTHER case equally interesting deserves to be brought to light, for if we did not do it now, there is little chance that we would receive the least credit for it after we wing our flight to another world; and it is well, perhaps, that some things pertaining to the benefit of the public should be faithfully recorded by our own hands while we have the opportunity of doing so. If they did not pertain to the benefit of the *public*, and not to our own vain glorification as some may call it, we should certainly not have written a syllable on the subject; but it may be of advantage to show how wrongs may be redressed and truth vindicated, even in a great city where everybody's business too often, as the saying, is nobody's; and surely the man who prides himself in doing a good turn for his fellows on many occasions should never be despised. He should rather be respected like the poor starling bird belonging to the humble shoemaker in Perth who, among other things, taught it to whistle “A man's a man for a' that.” The

Rev. Dr Norman M'Leod has told that story with admirable effect in some of the recent Nos. of his "Good Words," and it is a true story, which we can depone to if necessary.

Now for our present chapter.

A young man named Michael M'Millan was born in this city towards the end of last century. He was understood and believed to be the natural son of one of the greatest rakes that ever infested this city in times past or present; but he was immensely rich, the richest by far of any in the city, and a man in that situation can do almost anything he pleases. There is an old Spanish proverb, we think, which says, "Plate sin with gold, and all the people will say Amen." His mother's name was Euphemia Murray M'Millan. She was once a beautiful creature, and when we last saw her, we think, in the year 1815, she was much bowed down, but had evidently all the remains of early beauty about her. She soon afterwards died, and this was her first and last and only child. He took the name of M'Millan from his mother. He was taught to loathe the name of his father. His education was chiefly imparted to him by his mother; but an old sergeant-major of the name of MacFadyean, discharged from the Buffs, who took up his residence in the Drygate of Glasgow, taught young M'Millan many good lessons. He was a clever, good boy, and the sergeant often diverted him by telling stories of "*the drummer boys*," and other men of the regiment. M'Millan thus came to have a fancy for "drummer boys," and the sergeant lamented that few of them could read, and fewer of them could write in those days. Early impressions, they say, are generally the best. The ignorant condition of these boys only induced M'Millan to learn his own lessons with the greater

alacrity; and when the payment of the old sergeant's pension came round quarterly in the old Excise office then in Virginia St., the sergeant did not fail to buy young Michael some book or other with pictures in it from James Duncan's shop in the Saltmarket. As he advanced in years, our young strapping M'Millan also advanced in education, intelligence, and prosperity; but the "drummer boy," or the soldier boy, was frequently the burthen of his song. Not, however, choosing the military life for himself, he entered into the Tambouring line—then becoming very profitable in this city—and from less to more he became a *cork*—that is, a master manufacturer in Glasgow for himself. He throve amazingly in the business, and had made a good many hundreds, if not thousands of pounds at it, when, strange to say, he took a notion into his head that he would start for Africa, and try to trace the footsteps of the lamented Mungo Park, the African traveller, who was born and trained in early life near the Ochil Hills, at Alloa. Mr M'Millan reached Sierra Leone in safety in or about the year 1811, and he became a sort of missionary for the first time to the natives, trafficking with them for their ebony and gold leaf, &c.; and goods of various kinds, suitable for the climate, were sent out to him from Glasgow, which he turned to excellent account in the shape of profit. He was now a very rich man, comparatively speaking, but still "the drummer boys" never went out of his head, the best proof of which is the fact that he wrote a Settlement, from which we are now quoting, leaving £1500 to his mother, and nearly a similar sum to his distant friends of the name of M'Millan; but he specially directed "that the remainder of his means and estate shall be founded for the erection and endowing of a school to be built in Glasgow *for the education of soldiers' children*, capable of containing one hundred children, in the

following manner—they to receive a complete suit of clothes with a good dinner every year on the 7th day of July, my birthday; also to be furnished with books and any other necessary free of expenses for completing a good education, and that the teachers have good and independent salaries; that the management of the school be under the following persons—viz., two of the magistrates of Glasgow, two of the ministers of the city, two of the Merchants' House, one of the Trades' House, two of the burgher clergymen, and two of the field officers with the commanding officer of the district, five of whom shall make a quorum."

Was not that a most excellent and admirable provision, worthy of all praise? Michael M'Millan died at Sierra Leone on the 11th of May, 1815, in the faith and peace of his blessed Redeemer.

Nearly twenty years afterwards—viz., in the month of February, 1832—an old lady, who had been a friend of his mother's, and knew the boy himself, waited on us and stated these facts, with this staggering addition, that many hundreds and thousands of pounds of Mr M'Millan's money had been remitted home to Glasgow to meet the purposes of his deed of settlement, and that these had gone into the hands of a certain wily lawyer in this city (now out of it), who would afford no satisfaction on the subject: so far from this that when she had recently waited on him, he told her snappishly to go about her business, for that M'Millan's affairs were settled long ago. We knew the cunning *Fox* referred to—we must not yet name him exactly—and we knew further, that this was not the first time he had meddled with dead people's money; but we traced him to the Commissary Clerk's Office—a most invaluable institution for finding out

probates and wills—and its then excellent officer, the late C. D. Donald, Esq., told us that under date the 26th Nov., 1823—*eight years*, be it observed, after the death of Mr M'Millan—a sum of upwards of £7000 sterling was acknowledged as given up *per* inventory of his estate. With a copy of that credential in our hands we approached the wily lawyer. He coolly denied almost everything about it! He had the insolence to threaten to kick the poor old lady who went with us out of his office, as some rascals have done with better men; but we determined to fix the *bayonets* of our own pens upon him, and with that view we wisely, we think, at once addressed a letter to Lord Hill, the General Commanding-in-chief at the Horse Guards, London, informing his lordship of the whole circumstances; and conceiving that this matter was important to the best interests of the children of some soldiers in the British army, we humbly suggested that it was the peculiar province of his lordship, from his eminent position, to direct enquiry to be made into the affair, and to take action accordingly.

We had the honour of receiving the following note from Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who was then the military secretary of Lord Hill as he had been of the Duke of Wellington:—

“*Horse Guards, 5th March, 1832.*

“Sir,—I have the commands of the General Commanding-in-chief to acknowledge your letter of the 25th ult., with a printed paper enclosed, purporting to be the disposition of a will made in 1811 by Mr Michael M'Millan, formerly of Glasgow, under which a sum of money, estimated in that paper to amount to upwards of £11,000, should be appropriated for Soldiers' Children in the manner set forth in the will. And in conveying to

you Lord Hill's thanks for the communication, I have to acquaint you that your letter and printed paper have been transmitted to the Secretary at War in order that the necessary inquiry may be instituted on the subject.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FITZROY SOMERSET.

“To Peter Mackenzie, Esq., Glasgow.”

It will be remembered that Lord Fitzroy Somerset died gloriously in the Crimea as Lord Raglan.

Soon afterwards, we had the honour to receive the following official letter from the Right Hon. L. Sullivan, Deputy Secretary of War, and brother-in-law of Lord Palmerston:—

“War Office, 12th April, 1832.

“Sir, — The General Commanding-in-chief having referred to the Secretary at War your letter of the 25th February with its enclosures on the subject of a residue of property left by Mr Michael M'Millan for the erection and endowment of a school in Glasgow for the Education of Soldiers' Children, which legacy has not been forthcoming for that purpose, and the Inspecting Field Officer at Glasgow having been desired to make inquiry into the circumstances, I now transmit copies of Colonel Tidy's letter, and of the Executor's statement therein alluded to; and I am at the sametime to acquaint you that the Secretary at War will be ready to attend to any observations you may make on the subject, and will pursue the matter further if necessary.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

L. SULLIVAN.

“To Peter Mackenzie, Esq., Glasgow.”

We had frequent interviews with Colonel Tidy in Glas-

gow as we have had with many Inspecting Field Officers in this city—ever on the best terms with all of them. But the crafty lawyer attempted for sometime to throw dust in the Colonel's eyes, and to blindfold him in the business, which led us to publish the following short pithy paragraph same month and year—"We shall probe this affair a little more closely than it has ever been. Some additional facts have come to light. But we shall not rest till we make the Executors of M'Millan's settlement *disgorge* the money in their hands, which they ought to have done twelve years ago for the praiseworthy purposes of the settlement.—P. M."

To make a long tale short. These are old events going backwards for more than thirty years; but after many windings and turnings, many quirks and quibbles during the whole of that period, we are spared to have the felicity of informing our readers that some months ago—shortly before his death—the late Wm. Auld, Esq., of Messrs M'Ewen & Auld, the eminent accountants of this city, shook hands with us in the Royal Exchange, and intimated that the Lords of the First or Second Division of the Court of Session had appointed him to be judicial Factor on the Estate of Mr Michael M'Millan, and that a sum of upwards of £6000 was recovered, and would soon be applied for the purposes of this noble charity.

Our hearts are getting warm, but our lips shall say nothing more on the subject at present.

*"Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and some knowledge hand in hand."*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DR. BLACK'S BEQUEST.

“ Business or vain amusement, care or mirth,
Divide the frail inhabitants of earth :
Is duty a mere sport, or an employ ?
Life an intrusted talent, or a toy ?
Is there, as reason, conscience, Scripture say,
Cause to provide for a great future day,
When, earth's assigned duration at an end,
Man shall be summoned, and the dead attend ? ”

ABOVE all cases perhaps, in lasting importance, as regards the comfort of many poor, helpless, but deserving creatures in this city, past, present, and to come, we crave permission to say a few words about the last will and settlement of Dr James Black, which occasioned us much trouble and deep anxiety in bringing to light ; but we are repaid by the sweet sensations it has created within us from the lips of grateful people, some of whom had not one sixpence to rub upon another ; but the poverty of any creature who had a righteous case never made us turn them aside during the whole course of our long career.

We cannot say that we had the pleasure of knowing Dr Black personally. He was, we believe, a native of this city. He went from it in early life to practice as a surgeon in Jamaica, which his education here had qualified him to do. He made a pretty good fortune in Jamaica, and he returned as a bachelor to *spend* or extend that fortune in

Glasgow. Pardon us for the supposition just made. His own acts will best show the man whom we now delight to honour. Whether the climate of the West Indies agreed with his constitution or not, we cannot say—it has agreed with very many of our friends as we can vouch—but when Dr Black returned to this country, and we were first introduced to him, he seemed to be in a frail outward tabernacle of skin and bone; but he had a noble soul within him: his intelligent head was bowed down almost to his breast, and when he walked, as he pretty often did in the Royal Exchange, his feet, notwithstanding the frail appearance of his upper person, moved nimbly along—they skipped on the floor as if he had been sliding on the ice in some lake. He had a most ardent desire for reading and devouring newspapers in the Exchange—half-a-dozen of which he would have in reserve under his seat at the head of the room; but that was not so bad as his friend old Mr Thomas Falconer, the commissary of the ancient Commissariat Court of Glasgow, who would hide within the folds of his greatcoat of an evening every fresh newspaper he could lay his hands on, and sit demurely till Mr Allison, the then keeper of the rooms, “doused the glims,” as he called them—that is, extinguished the gaslights exactly at ten o’clock. It is known that Mr Falconer was a very parsimonious old bachelor, and left a considerable fortune, passing over a very amiable gentleman in the city who was understood to be one of his nearest heirs; but he left him not a rap. Some of Mr Falconer’s queer old decisions in the Commissary Court would afford much cachination to the young scribes of the present day, but we don’t think we can overtake any of them; still a bundle of condensed “remarkable decisions” in the ancient Burgh Court, which was in its glory 50

years ago, and of the Sheriff Court when Mr Daniel Hamilton alone presided in it, and of the Commissary Court when Mr Falconer held it in his own house up three pair of stairs at the corner of the Stockwell, lately demolished for the large granite warehouse in that quarter. Such decisions, rarely and carefully collected, would, we think, be a desideratum in more ways than one.

We now proceed to hold up Dr James Black, by his last will and testament, to the admiration of all the citizens of Glasgow, and to the especial notice of rich men—bachelors like himself—who may be thinking of the righteous distribution of their own means after they go to “the land of the leal.”

He had no immediate relations for whom he cared much, still he left between £7000 and £8000 to some *distant* relations; but he made this remarkable proviso to his deed of date 31st May, 1827, to which we now beg to direct attention. “Lastly, I hereby direct my said trustees to apply the rest and residue of my estate and effects to *such benevolent and charitable purposes as they think proper*; and if the same shall amount to £600 sterling or upwards, I recommend them to execute a deed vesting the same in themselves, and to apply the annual proceeds thereof, after deducting expenses on yearly payments (mark the following words) to *faithful domestic servants settled in Glasgow or the neighbourhood, who can produce testimonials of good character and morals from their masters or mistresses after ten years’ service*; no person to be entitled to more than £10 yearly, but as much less as my said trustees may think proper; but if the free residue of my estate shall not amount to the sum of £600, I authorise my trustees to distribute the same to such charitable and benevolent purposes as they think proper.”

Now the worthy old gentleman took a very moderate estimate of the amount of his own means. He was no rigid, niggardly miser. He evidently doubted whether, after paying the legacies, the residue of his estate would amount to £600; but in place of £600, it amounted to a vast deal more. He left upwards of £18,000 sterling, so that, after deducting between £7000 and £8000 of legacies, there remained for this noble servants' bequest the sum of £10,000 sterling, which sum, laid out at 5 per cent. of interest, would yield £500 per annum: and at £10 a piece no fewer than fifty poor meritorious creatures who had faithfully served in Glasgow or the suburbs became entitled to that handsome allowance, or at £5 a year in the discretion of the trustees one hundred poor servants of good character and morals were provided for during their lives. Meritorious bequest! worthy, we say, of all praise; but the devil can sometimes tempt people away from the best possible intentions in this world, as we shall immediately show.

The amiable and self-confiding doctor appointed two trustees to see the ends and purposes of his settlement faithfully carried out. Both of them were very excellent and honourable men—we cannot yet name them—but one of them had a very different disposition from that of the other. The one we are now about to complain of in a few strictures, imagined that he was the nearest heir at law to the deceased; and when he found that the surplus of the doctor's estate had turned out to be so large, he grudged in his heart to give the proceeds to any poor faithful servants: whereas the other trustee honourably insisted that they were entitled to every plack and penny of it. Thus the two trustees were at variance, and a thumping law plea, to reduce and regulate the will, or

set it wholly aside *quoad* the servants, was started in the Court of Session many years ago. We watched it with some anxiety, and during its tardy progress, we smote the rebellious trustee hip and thigh through the Press for daring to resist the noble provisions of the deceased Dr Black. Very many old servants in Glasgow approached us with their applications, and on hearing how the matter really stood, not a few of them uttered their imprecations loud and deep on the head of that trustee, while others prophesied, and the prophesy became true, that the man could never thrive who thus acted—who thus attempted to filch from them the annuity provided for them by their amiable benefactor then in his grave. Much to our joy the Court of Session sustained the will, and greater was that joy when some years afterwards the House of Lords affirmed the decision.

In this situation of matters, these two trustees could hardly meet together in an harmonious spirit ; but as the will was established triumphantly and finally, so they were obliged to act or surrender their charge altogether. For the first year or so after the decision of the House of Lords, they did not or would not agree on the merits of some of the claims presented to them by old servants, male and female. Thus the one trustee preferred some particular servant, while the other preferred a totally different one. Now this was a most disagreeable predicament respecting any charitable trust, since the one trustee absolutely neutralised the vote of the other, but they ultimately and quietly agreed, strange to say, to make us the referee between them in cases wherein they differed about some of the applicants ; and we cheerfully undertook the task, extracting at last the candid admission from the stubborn trustee, who wanted to reduce the will

as above stated, that we had brought him to a proper sense of his duty, and to a repentant frame of mind. He sighed, indeed, that he had been instrumental in any degree for keeping the poor old servants so long out of their just rights. If, on the other hand, he had gained the whole of Dr Black's bequest, or squeezed it to himself, to their utter exclusion on the fund, it would really have done him little or no good, for he was overwhelmed with the misfortunes of the Western Bank, and is now no more. The other trustee is also gone; and it may be our duty at another time to enlarge, if not to animadvert, on the present state of this admirable bequest, affording as it does needful sustenance to nearly 200 poor creatures every year; but we have said enough, we think, to show that our services have neither been few nor small to our fellow citizens, and why, therefore, should we *hide* them?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TURKEY-RED DYEING.—THE CASE OF POOR PETER
JAMES PAPILLON AND HIS WIDOW IN GLASGOW.—
JUSTICE AVENGED.

“*Honour thy father and thy mother.*”

Fifth Commandment.

THE following is a true and very remarkable case, not inferior, we think, in some respects to the thrilling and astonishing case of the unfortunate sisters of the brave and heroic Colonel James Inglis Hamilton, a native of this city, who fell at the head of his regiment, the gallant Scots Greys, at the memorable battle of Waterloo, as delineated in one of our earlier numbers.

“Fairest and foremost of the train that wait
On man’s most dignified and happiest state,
Whether we name thee *Charity*, or *Love*,
Chief grace below, and all in all above,
Prosper (I press thee with a powerful plea),
A task I venture on impelled by thee.”

There came to this city about the commencement of the first and last great war between this country and France, in the days of Napoleon the First, the uncle of the present Emperor, Napoleon the Third—a most remarkable man, almost unknown to his own country, but renowned in this, and nowhere more than in or to the

city of Glasgow, whose prosperity, we hesitate not to say, he by his genius has vastly increased—making fortunes for families and firms amongst us which, but for him, might have been mouldering in the clay, and never heard of. The name of this remarkable Frenchman, an exile from his own country, was Peter Papillon, from Rouen; and if his merits had been appreciated in France, as they were afterwards known here, we venture to hazard the statement that he would have been rewarded as a civilian more than any of the Marshals of France have been rewarded for their chivalry on the field of battle.

This Peter Papillon was a chemist. He brought with him a secret from France. It was the art of Turkey-red dyeing—never then known or heard of in this kingdom—certainly never put into operation before his day within the realms of Great Britain. This said Frenchman, Peter Papillon, communicated his secret in Glasgow to Dr Black, the then celebrated Professor of Chemistry in our University, author of the ingenious and philosophic theory of latent heat—on which it is believed by many that the illustrious James Watt founded his invention of the steam-engine. With reference to this event, so important in our manufacturing history—namely, the introduction of the Turkey-red dye—Mr Pagan, in his History of Glasgow, briefly remarks—“That Messrs Henry Monteith, Bogle, & Co., now Henry Monteith & Co., established a manufactory for bandana handkerchiefs in the year 1802, and the superior manufacture of the article itself, and their successful application of the Turkey-red dye, have given to the Glasgow bandanas a fame almost as wide as the world itself.”

No doubt of it: nor can there be any doubt of the fact on which we are now going to enlarge in a few brief pages,

that this poor friendless and penniless French stranger coming amongst us at that early period, soon amassed, by the application of his own genius, a very considerable fortune in this city, not less than £20,000 or £30,000 sterling, which might be considered a great fortune in his day, as so it was. He built what was then also considered to be a splendid tenement of warehouses on the west side of Brunswick Street, now occupied by Mr Knox, the respected Chairman of the City Parochial Board; and Peter Papillon was living in the greatest comfort and affluence a domiciled citizen of Glasgow, as in the year 1799 we find he obtained, through his influence and merits, an act of Parliament declaring him to be "a naturalised subject of Great Britain."

He was twice married. By his first wife he had two sons, of whom we shall speak immediately. By his second marriage, in the year 1808, he had one daughter. Soon after this second marriage he retired from business, entrusting the future management of it to his sons with a sum of fully more than £20,000 at their disposal. They turned out to be great spendthrifts, and very worthless fellows. They soon ruined their father, to his great grief and dismay, and plunged him into abject poverty. The misfortunes of a well-meaning father, from the hands of upright and virtuous sons, themselves overtaken by misfortunes, may be severe enough and hard enough to bear, yet there is something like a sustaining smile of comfort, or at least of pious resignation, about it; but the misfortunes brought on an innocent family by blacklegs and scoundrels and their associates, are fraught with pangs sometimes beyond endurance. One of the sons of Peter Papillon married a virtuous woman in this city, and had a family by her. We shall only note down the eldest

son of that family, who richly deserves what we shall soon say about him. We shall dismiss all the rest with the oblivion that may be cast upon them. But this man we are about to notice deserves, as an example to others, all the chastisement we have in store for him, as a warning to others who cruelly and shamefully violate the fifth commandment.

Ruined by his sons in the way stated, this poor old Frenchman, then between sixty and seventy years of age, wrote a petition to King George the Fourth, a true copy of which, in his own handwriting, is now in our possession, and from which we make the following extracts, well worthy of being known in Glasgow:—

“ TO THE KING.

“ That your Petitioner left France in the year 1783, and shortly afterwards came to reside in this country, where he has remained ever since.

“ That your Petitioner being in the sole possession of a secret which he brought with him from France of dyeing Turkey-red or cotton, never before known in this country, your Petitioner at considerable expense, and by unwearied labour and perseverance, established a manufactory at Glasgow for the making and dyeing of a Turkey-red on cotton.

“ That in consequence of such discovery, and the universal adoption thereof in the manufacture of cotton in all its various branches, your petitioner has been the means of giving employment to many thousands of persons daily throughout Great Britain and Ireland in the manufactory of Turkey-red on cotton, and thereby materially assisted in the commerce of this kingdom, and the manufactory of cotton.

(He then pathetically describes his unfortunate embarrassments with his sons, which we have already noticed, and goes on to state)

“That your Petitioner is upwards of sixty years of age, and in consequence of the failure of his two sons, your Petitioner is reduced to extreme indigence, and unable to obtain employ or follow his said business, and he is precluded (by reason of the war) from returning to France to exercise his art, or any other business to gain a livelihood.

“That your Petitioner hath in all respects and on all occasions conducted himself as a good and loyal subject.

“Your Petitioner, therefore, most humbly prays your Majesty to take into your consideration the circumstances of your Petitioner’s case, and grant your Petitioner any small place or pension, or such other relief and assistance as in your Majesty’s humanity and wisdom your Majesty may consider him deserving of, or entitled to, and your Petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

“(Signed) PETER J. PAPILLON.”

The poor old man was removed by the hand of death ere anything was done for him on that petition: and thus his widow and daughter were reduced almost to the last stage of destitution.

Personally we knew nothing of these circumstances, but old Mr Alexander Rodger, the manager of the works of Messrs Henry Monteith & Co., at Barrowfield, some forty or fifty years ago, used to divert us and many others by telling stories about the ingenious Frenchman, who had several streets named after him in Bridgeton; and it was a great treat and privilege to be permitted to enter the works at Barrowfield, near Rutherglen Bridge, to see the art of Turkey-red dyeing going on. Strangers from

all parts of the world have been to see these works, and none left them without astonishment.

Now for our own story :—

It was our province some few years ago to publish some remarks about the streets of Glasgow and the works at Barrowfield, and to refer incidentally and in accents of praise to the history and fame of the deceased Frenchman, Peter Papillon. At that date we knew nothing whatever about his widow or his daughter; indeed, we did not so much as know that he had left any widow or any daughter, far less that they were alive in the city of Glasgow or its neighbourhood. Therefore, very much to our surprise, there came one day knocking at our door a venerable old lady, clad in the remains of deep soiled mourning, and curtseying most politely. She introduced herself nearly as follows: "Sir, I am the widow of Mr Papillon, whom you have so kindly noticed in your paper."

We started from our chair and looked at her with some amazement, thinking it scarcely possible that any widow of his, from the lapse of years, could be in existence. "Oh sir! I am indeed his widow by his *second* marriage, and I have been sadly and cruelly treated by some of the members of his first family, who are now in a state of affluence in this city. I have struggled till I can struggle no longer; but, blessed be God, I hope, sir, I will find an advocate in you."

That was enough to command our respect, and to thrill us with some emotion as we listened to her sad story. We shall not encumber our readers with all the details of it. Sufficient here to observe that, with some other memorandums, we took down the name of one of her deceased husband's relations, whom we knew very well as a sub-

scriber to the Royal Exchange, and one of the most consequential rich personages, holding his head with mighty fine airs in this city, but under a different name from that of Papillon. He called himself *J. P. Jamieson*, for what reason we know not; but up to that date we had no conception whatever that *he* was one of the direct descendants of the old Frenchman, Peter J. Papillon, through one of his sons that had ruined the old man without redemption as already stated. We deem it right to state here before we go much farther, and in order to prevent mistakes, that this Mr J. P. Jamieson, whom we are about to handle, was not connected, either by the ties of affinity or blood, with any of the highly respectable families of that name still doing honour to our city. He assumed the name of Jamieson without any legitimate right to it, so far as we can discover; but let that pass. We simply wish our readers to view him in the light we have already presented, namely, as that of a haughty, purse-proud fellow, putting on all the airs, and more than the airs, of a Glasgow magistrate, for, generally speaking, our Glasgow magistrates are sprung from nature's true nobility, and do not disdain but rather delight to tell the history of their forefathers; but this gentleman, if he be entitled to the name, seemed disposed, if we may judge from the circumstances which we learned, to smother or conceal his direct paternity to the unfortunate but noble old Frenchman, P. J. Papillon, and hence he adopted the name of J. P. Jamieson. Whatever might be his motives for so doing, be they good or bad, and they must be adjudicated in a higher sphere, if they be not so already, we hesitated not to wait upon him immediately after the visit of the poor old lady above stated. We at once communicated to him her pitiable story, as she had told

it to us, namely, that she was in a state of absolute poverty and destitution, and we plainly told him to his face that it was most scandalous and disgraceful that the widow of such a man as Peter J. Papillon, who had done so much for the city of Glasgow, should be so situated. The name of *Papillon*, the old Frenchman, on which we dwelt with some emphasis, seemed to touch him. We saw, indeed, that his face blushed with some sense of pride and shame—probably mixed together; and so we began to lecture him about his disregard of the poor old widow. “She’s a d——d strumpet, sir!—a pest of society—I won’t give her a sixpence :” and he told us, with a most imperative air, that we had a d——d deal of presumption to call upon him on such a subject.

This was a reception which, of course, we did not very well relish. We felt it pretty keenly at the time, and that is perhaps one of the reasons why we are recording it now, and as a lesson to those who, like him, have violated the sacred duty prescribed in the fifth commandment; for although, as some may think, we write very idle tales, and string together some very poor Reminiscences, there is a *moral*, we shall say, intended at least, about some of them which may stand the test of loftier examination hereafter, or perhaps twinkle yet as a beacon of truth, instruction, wisdom, and warning to others to come.

We immediately went in quest of the poor old widow in Bridgeton, and found her out in a miserable abode of one small room and kitchen, with very little furniture—scarcely a blanket—but differing much from the abode of the Misses Hamilton previously described, in this respect that it was remarkably clean and tidy. In this state of feeling we approached the old lady. She was somewhat surprised, but by no means disconcerted at first with our

visit. We hope we have never had the semblance or the substance of rude and cruel manners about us. We can tell our minds, as no doubt some think, pretty plainly, if not boldly, and we are doing so in the present chapter; but God forgive us if in all our lives long we ever trampled on a lowly penitent, or ever despised a lowly tale.

The widow of Peter Papillon demanded and received our regard. We told her of the reception we had received from her relative, Mr J. P. Jamieson, and repeated to her his very words, rude and unfeeling as these were. We thought it best to be plain and candid with her, whatever the result, and of that we had then no notion. We were merely endeavouring to expiscate the truth, on the side of poverty and for the sake of justice. If ever injured innocence, if ever virtuous indignation, came to be evinced in this world, aye and to be avenged, we have proofs of it in the very case we are now about to present to our readers. When we told the old lady of the accusation which her grandson had made against her, she started from her seat, clasped her hands, the tears came trickling down her once lovely face—"I'm innocent, Mr Mackenzie, I'm innocent;" and she solemnly repeated the words—"God in heaven knows, sir, that I am innocent of the vile accusations that man has been making against me in many quarters. Please, sir, examine my papers in that little casket, and you will find my character, and the truth of all I have told you."

We did sit down and examine the casket, and found some interesting documents worthy of being here quoted as incidental to no small portion of Glasgow history now opening up to the light of the living day.

The first document to which we attached importance was that of the genuine certificate of her lawful marriage

to Peter James Papillon, at St George the Martyrs, Southwark, London, 30th April, 1808. This put it out of the power of any one to *deny* her marriage, and it completely disproved the disgraceful insinuations which we found Mr Jamieson had made in many other quarters against her to dry up the springs of charity which we are persuaded would otherwise have flowed towards her, that she was but the d——d mistress or strumpet of Mr Papillon. Our readers must excuse us for repeating those scandalous and unworthy expressions. We have to mention now the deplorable fact that her only daughter, born to supposed affluence and educated with all the characteristics of a high and noble-minded lady, was cut off in the 25th year of her age by a lingering consumption brought on by grief and excessive fatigue at needlework to secure a miserable existence for herself and her poor aged mother in that wretched dwelling in Bridgeton, where the celebrated Papillon himself would scarcely have kept his pointer dogs, or any of his dye-stuffs. We ascertained the fact that Miss Papillon who, if her father's fortunes had gone well with him, might have won the hand of the best merchant in the city, was buried as a pauper in the churchyard of Rutherglen. Such are the wheels of fortune in this vale of tears and woe!

In that casket already alluded to, we found letters and papers from the highest mercantile houses in the Empire, such as that of Yates, Peel & Co., of Manchester, founded by the father of the great Sir Robert Peel attesting to the merits of old Peter Papillon; but, indeed, his merits were notorious and unquestionable, and, therefore, we need say nothing more about them. But we must give two or three short documents bearing well upon our present story. The first is an official reply from the Board of

Trade in answer to a humble memorial and petition which the poor widow in her distress had transmitted to that quarter. It is signed, strange to say, by Mr John M'Gregor, who then acted as Secretary of the Board of Trade, and became one of the members in Parliament for the city of Glasgow.

“ Office of Committee of Privy Council for Trade,
“ Whitehall, 25th March, 1843.

“ Madam,—

“ The Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade have received your Memorial forwarded to this office by Mr Oswald, M.P., praying that my Lords would award you such remuneration as may appear just and proper for your late husband's discoveries in making and dyeing of Turkey-red upon cotton : and I am directed to state to you in reply that my Lords are not aware of any fund applicable for such a purpose as that indicated ; and as an objection to any resort to the public purse, *they feel that there must be in such a community as that of Glasgow ample means both of appreciating and of rewarding services which have borne directly on the prosperity of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain.*—I am, madam, your obedient servant,

(Signed) J. MACGREGOR.

“ To Mrs Jane Papillon, Glasgow.”

The force of the lines which we have printed in italics may now be felt at this day. But we must not omit to state that Mr Oswald had previously exerted himself for this poor woman. For in the month of December, 1835, we find he presented a petition to the then Lords of the Treasury in her behalf, and the following is the answer he received from the Right Honourable Thomas Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle :—

“Downing Street, Dec. 22, 1835.

“My Dear Sir,—

I have great pleasure in informing you that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has authorised the issue of £50 out of the Royal Bounty Fund to Mrs Papillon. She will receive it on application to Mr Stanley.—Yours faithfully,

T. SPRING RICE.

“To James Oswald, Esq., M.P.”

This £50, as she assured us, was a God-send at the time to the afflicted woman and her dying daughter: and we state the fact in honour to the memory of Mr Oswald himself.

Nor is this all. She applied to be admitted on the funds of Hutcheson's Hospital, one of the most invaluable institutions of this city, and a most blessed resort it has been to thousands now no more, and may be of thousands yet to come, stricken with misfortunes, and she had a grant of £10 per annum therefrom.

We publish the following certificate in her favour, which tells its own tale:—

“The Petitioner, Mrs Jane Muir or Papillon, depends on her own industry for her support. Has nothing from any society or institution; health very much impaired: has a daughter dependent on her. Her husband, Mr Papillon, was at one time in good circumstances, having realised a considerable fortune; but from the mismanagement of his two sons he was entirely ruined.

“Certified and recommended by (signed)
Alex. Garden (formerly Lord Provost of Glasgow;
Henry Monteith, of Carstairs, his father-in-law, and also
Lord Provost of the city.

James Clelland, Superintendent of Public Works.

Chas. M'Intosh, of Dunchatan and Campsie.

John Hamilton, of North Park, formerly Lord Provost of Glasgow."

But the following very special one from the late Wm. Bogle, Esq., writer in Glasgow, whom some yet in the city may remember from his mild manners and genuine worth, may be read yet with peculiar interest :—

"The subscriber knew, and was well acquainted with, the late Peter James Papillon, Turkey-red dyer in Glasgow. He was in great business here : built a large tenement in Brunswick Street, which was wholly occupied as his warehouse. He realised what he considered a competent fortune, and went to reside in London. He left the business to his two sons, who became bankrupt, and ruined their father, who died in poverty. He left the widow, who is a resident in this city, and is in poor circumstances.

(Signed) WILL. BOGLE.

"Glasgow, 18th August, 1846."

These certificates, in our possession to this day, clearly attest the character and circumstances of poor Mrs Papillon. Yet the aggravating circumstance has now to be told that, in the face thereof, Mr J. P. Jamieson persisted in going about telling and propagating the false, wicked, and calumnious statements against the poor woman—his own grandmother-in-law—ruined by his own father as these certificates plainly show; and these statements had such an effect in some quarters of the city that the injured lady told us she was actually hooted and threatened to be sent to jail as a bad woman seeking charity to which she was not entitled!

Gathering up these facts, we opened out upon him, and made him tremble from head to heel. We dashed away by the stroke of our then ready pens the cruel phillipics he had propogated against his own grandmother, for so she was *de facto* and *de jure*,—in point of fact as well as law. We published her interesting but deplorable tale. It raised such a storm of indignation against him, ending in favour of the poor old injured and maligned lady, that he was literally hooted from the Royal Exchange; and within a week some of the leading merchants of the city, headed by Wm. Connell, Esq., then Lord Dean of Guild—a most worthy and kind-hearted man—enabled us to secure an annuity for her of £75 sterling per annum during all the rest of her days. We committed the collection and distribution of that money to Mr Wm. Meikle, the excellent and judicious manager of the National Security Bank in this city, who is still alive, and he will bear us out, we think, in this statement. He generously undertook the duty; and he performed it till the day of the death of the old lady some years afterwards, during which period, overpowered as she was with old age, she came many a time to our office to pour out her blessings, and extend them also to Mr Meikle and her generous benefactors. We laid her head in the silent grave without a word about it. We refer to this now in no vain spirit of glorification. Some may think that we are only making it the trumpet of our own praise. We have no such end in view: we deny it. Others may assail us for digging up departed matter, and assailing the once proud name of J. P. Jamieson. There may be some force, if not truth, in the latter charge, and to it we would plead guilty. But we have higher objects in view, and with the mention of these we shall draw this tale to a

close. We told Mr Jamieson to his face, and we prophesied in one of our papers that the man who could malign his father or his mother, or treat them cruelly and undeservedly in their old days could never prosper in this world, and that righteous judgment would overtake him at last. And so it happened, and this is the burthen of our tale. The rich, haughty Mr P. J. Jamieson, who never gave a sixpence to his old grandmother, nor so much as recognised her in the way he *ought* to have done, became deeply involved with his hundreds and thousands of pounds sterling in the railway mania of 1846, and lost it all, or became utterly ruined; while very soon afterwards he drooped his head, and went to his great account in another world. It is not for us to say anything more except this—and it is our sole justification and great relief—that we have written this chapter in order to show that merit and virtue may and will be protected by the public press, and that arrogance and villany towards needful relations may flourish for a time, but will be checked by a benignant Providence at last.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A KEEN STRUGGLE FOR THE PROVOSTSHIP OF GLASGOW.—A BLACK JOB AND AN UGLY LAW PLEA.—THE DEACON CONVENER AGAINST PETER MACKENZIE, &c., &c.

“Queer Facts.” “Indeed they are,” quoth Gruer M’Gruer.

ONE of the keenest contests that ever took place in this city within the memory of man, and the keenest perhaps that will occur for the next fifty years to come, was that for the high and distinguished office of Lord Provost of the city in the year 1837. Party politics then ran exceedingly high on both sides, Whig as well as Tory, mixed, we are sorry to observe, with a bitterness of feeling—looking back upon it now as we do with some calmness that was utterly and absolutely inexcusable. We level this soft impeachment in no small degree against ourselves, and we say this in a spirit of candour which we hope none will upbraid us for doing, especially as we played a very prominent part on the arena of that day under some very singular and extraordinary circumstances, as the sequel will show, and worthy, perhaps, of being narrated at this time by our own hand, for they set the city in an uproar for many a day, and a review of them now may prove, if not edifying, at least interesting to some portion of the community.

There was much twaddle and interminable long speeches at the council board of that day; and "The Liberals," as they were called, represented by John Douglas and his friend John Boyle Gray, fairly exhausted the patience of more moderate men. We do not say that a sprinkling of this twaddle no longer exists at our present council board. We rather think it does, but to a degree infinitely small as compared with the long yarns of the Scribes referred to. It is, on the whole, pleasing to notice that business is now conducted in the Council Chamber with regularity and despatch; palavering for palaverings' sake is scarcely to be endured, and there are few, if any, "bear-garden scenes" such as these we have seen enacted in days of yore, not merely in the Council Chambers, but actually at the old Board of the Commissioners of Police, where, instead of peace and quietness, there were shaking of fists and denouncements of blood and battery amongst its members. Business is business now, and manners also are greatly improving.

There were two candidates for the office of Lord Provost on the occasion referred to—viz., John Fleming, Esq., of Clairmont, and Henry Dunlop, Esq., of Craigton, both very able and excellent men, and leading merchants of the city. Mr Fleming died a good many years ago. Mr Dunlop only died the other day; and both competitors being dead, we hope we can speak with the greatest circumspection about both of them. Beyond all question, Mr Fleming was the popular man, and had the ear of nine-tenths of the citizens of Glasgow. Mr Dunlop had rather trimmed his early Reform sails, and gained the support of the Tories, who were then a powerful party in this city, as they are still. But why should we speak of Tories now? They are all gone. The last vestige of

them is rooted out. They are transmogrified by the hands of Derby and Disraeli in this present Parliament, and have become good thorough-going Radicals; yes indeed they have, and are now decorated in nearly the very vestments which consigned men to the scaffold in our own early day; while, on the other hand, some of the barking Whigs have become Tories, at least wonderfully akin to them, as they existed a few years ago, and, like the Chameleon of old, we scarcely know which is what!

Mr John Fleming, with Allan Fullarton and James M'Hardy, gave the first impetus to the erection of these splendid houses which now adorn Woodside Crescent, and the other splendid mansions skirting the lovely West-End Park. Mr Fleming's own house, of Clairmont, from which he derived his title, was conspicuous amongst them all, and it is now the residence of the ex-Lord Dean of Guild, A. O. Ewing, Esq. The old Glasgow Observatory, then on the brow of the hill, stood near it; but all traces of it are now evanished, leaving, however, the new Observatory to appear in its glory in the quarter where, we think, it will exist for ages.

John Fleming, with Mr Kirkman Finlay, and a few other choice spirits—we care not now whether they were Whig or Tory—laboured incessantly to break down the East India Directors' Monopoly, and they were successful. To them, more than to any other class of merchants in the world, the citizens of Glasgow, in particular, are mainly indebted for the opening up of free trade to India. But Mr Fleming, though constantly dwelling in Glasgow, was a far-seeing man in regard to other portions of the world now rising into the most gigantic importance. He it was, above all other men in the kingdom, who first directed the attention of Government to the vast plains

of New Zealand, and got it established as a colony under the British Crown. We could prove this by some very interesting documents in our possession, and, amongst others, by the original resolutions of the first public meeting held in this city on the subject in the Athenæum Rooms, on Friday, the 15th of May, 1840, promoted chiefly by Mr Fleming, Sheriff Alison, the old Rev. Dr Norman M'Leod, Dr Perry, James Lumsden, of Yoker Lodge, Alex. Johnstone, of Shieldhall, Lawrence Hill, John Crawford, Andrew Tennent, and others, which resolutions were unanimously adopted, and *inter alia* state as follows:—"That since the discovery of the Islands of New Zealand by our countryman Captain Cook in 1769, and the taking formal possession of them in the name of His Majesty King George the Third, the right of the British Crown to New Zealand is indisputable: and therefore in the present circumstances of this country, when there prevails so general a spirit for emigration, the British colonisation of New Zealand is an object worthy of National regard as opening up a new field for the employment of British capital and labour—creating employment for our shipping, and a new market for our goods, and all undertakings on the part of individuals or companies, if wisely and judiciously planned, and calculated to advance this object, deserve the encouragement of the British Government. That a great number of intelligent, industrious, and well-behaved men in various parts of Scotland, with their wives and families, are ready to go (emigrate) during the present year; but the circumstance of the French making pretensions to New Zealand, and threatening to establish a penal colony there, has naturally alarmed them as well as others, and, therefore, this meeting deem it

necessary to call on the British Legislature to take immediate steps for preventing any such aggression by the French, or any other foreign power, and for preserving inviolate the rights of the British Crown. That those of our countrymen who have gone, and those who are anxious to follow as settlers in New Zealand, ought to be encouraged and protected in the great and patriotic enterprise in which they have so worthily engaged, and it is the opinion of this meeting that it is incumbent on the British Government at once to erect New Zealand into a British colony, independent of New South Wales, so as to extend British law and protection in the fullest manner to the colonists. And that petitions to Her Majesty and both Houses of Parliament founded on these resolutions be forthwith made out and signed; and that the petition to Her Majesty be presented by the Duke of Wellington, that to the House of Lords by Earl Durham, and that to the House of Commons by James Oswald, Esq., member for the city."

We notice that Bailie John Mitchell, in the absence of the Lord Provost, took the chair at that meeting; and the thanks of the meeting, as the papers bear, were "unanimously tendered to him by acclamation." We may here remark that this is not the first time that Bailie Mitchell has been of signal service to the citizens of Glasgow. We think, in point of seniority, that he may be termed the Father of the present civic council; certainly he is one of the oldest living members of it, and one, too, of the original founders, if he be not at the same time one of the very oldest living shareholders of the flourishing Clydesdale Bank. There are other things on that subject we may mention at another time.

Fancy however such resolutions, and marvel at such a

change as has taken place in New Zealand within the last thirty years ! It is almost incredible.

But now we must go back to the month of November, 1837, when Messrs Fleming and Dunlop, or Dunlop and Fleming, were in everybody's mouth as the future Lord Provost of the city. We have stated concisely the claims of Mr John Fleming, and we do not for one moment disparage those of Mr Henry Dunlop. We come therefore to the Election itself, on which our tale chiefly depends. So keen was the excitement about it that on the day previous to the Election no human being could tell with certainty how it would go ; and on the morning of the memorable day which was to decide it, some of the *quid nuncs* connected with the Chambers whispered outside the crowded doors that it would be a neck-and-neck race, and so it was. Fifteen of the Council voted in favour of Mr Fleming ; fifteen voted in favour of Mr Dunlop. Therefore they were alike in numbers. The question came to be which was the Provost ? Who should give the casting vote to turn the Election and decide the prize ? The retiring Lord Provost, Wm. Mills, insisted that he had the right, and many were inclined to that opinion. It was certainly the popular opinion at the time, and Mr Mills, beyond all doubt, would have decided in favour of his friend Mr Fleming : whereas, on the other hand, it was insisted by Bailie Henry Paul that he was the senior acting chief magistrate, and had not demitted his office as Provost Mills behoved to do :—therefore that he was best entitled to turn the scale, and he decided accordingly in favour of his friend Henry Dunlop. Both gentlemen attempted to take the chair ; both actually sat in it. Provost Mills, without any hesitation, took the gold chain, the insignia of office, from his own neck and placed it around

the neck or the shoulders of Mr Fleming, congratulating him on the result amidst loud cheering, and counter cheering, and vast excitement. This was a famous case for the lawyers. O the glorious uncertainty of the law. There were Bills of Suspension and Interdict to and from the Lords of Council and Session, discussions innumerable, appeals to the House of Lords, dinners and debates, protests and counter protests, and other things which we cannot very well state in this place; but to make a long tale short, the House of Lords, affirming a judgment of the Court of Session, found that the casting vote lay legally with Henry Paul, acting chief magistrate: wherefore it was declared that Mr Henry Dunlop was Lord Provost of Glasgow, and that Mr John Fleming must demit the chair which he did with the dignity of a man. Nor are we in the least degree reluctant to state the fact; on the contrary, we do it with much pleasure that Mr Henry Dunlop discharged his high functions nearly for two years with consummate tact and suavity of manners.

This affair, however, occasioned us a vast deal of risk and trouble; but what is worse it occasioned us personally a vast deal of *expense* in a way which some little dream of; and, therefore, we may now proceed to tell our own story, fraught as it is with no little interest in more ways than one:—

It happened that the Deacon Convener, attached at that time by virtue of his office to the Town Council of Glasgow, was Mr Thomas Neilson, *butcher* in Glasgow. Many yet may have occasion to remember him. He was a violent Tory. The most of them, proud of the Tory name, were gentlemen we must say of cultivated and polished manners; but Deacon Nelson possessed no such qualities. He was rude in the extreme, and the knife at his belt was

no ornament to the Council Chambers. We had no grudge at the man—none earthly; and, but for his own public conduct, we might never have opened our lips, far less directed our pens against him. He was furious against Mr Fleming—damned and swore at him in all directions; and one day, immediately prior to the important election for the Provostship, he had the insolence to insinuate in his place in the Council that the supporters of Mr Dunlop were all men of honour, leaving the inuendo that the supporters of Mr Fleming were not of that character: in fact, he flagrantly insulted Mr Fleming, and Mr Fleming, one of the most honourable men that Glasgow ever produced, became naturally and justly indignant, as did many of his personal friends both in the Council and out of it. We hesitate not to say that we were very keen advocates, or partisans if you please, of that gentleman.

A remarkable story was vouched to us just at the very time the Deacon was brandishing his knife or his steel, and boasting of his honour, and insulting, both by word and gesture, the unoffending Mr Fleming, his colleagues and friends. It is, indeed, a very remarkable story. It landed us in the Court of Session; it landed us, moreover, before a special jury—not in Glasgow, where all the parties were best known—but in Edinburgh, where few of them were at all known; though we have no occasion, after all, to complain of the result, as we now proceed to give it with some lingering animation about us yet.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DEACON VERSUS PETER AND THE OLD LOYAL
"REFORMERS' GAZETTE."

(Continuation.)

THERE happened to be at the above period, as we are glad to be enabled to state there is still, another *Thomas Neilson*—of the same name as the Deacon—but a very different person indeed. We refer to Mr Thos. Neilson, who was then entered in the Glasgow Directory as Thos. Neilson, manufacturer, No. 18 Hutcheson Street—a street in which he continues to do business down to the present day, and, therefore, he can keep us right if we should unwittingly go wrong in our present statement, so important as we think we shall show it to be to every merchant and manufacturer, to every lady and gentleman in all the city, and to every one who thinks he is entitled to confide in the integrity of the post-office, and to rely on the prompt and righteous payment of a *bona fide* banker's draft.

Wherefore our readers will be pleased to keep in view as showing the interest of the story about to be told that these two *Thomas Neilsons* at that time in Glasgow, were published distinctly in the Directory: one the butcher, the other the manufacturer, and any child may understand that the business of the one was totally *different* from that of the other.

Our friend the *manufacturer* did a good deal of business with the highly respectable firm of Harvies & Co., linen drapers and manufacturers in *Dublin*, one of the largest concerns of its kind then in that city. They remitted him regularly, and with the greatest exactness, every month, a banker's draft on the Union Bank of Scotland in Glasgow, or an order on their friends, Messrs J. & W. Campbell (well known in this city, as they may be for generations to come) for the payment of his goods transmitted to them.

Much to his disappointment and surprise the manufacturer in Glasgow did not receive from Messrs Harvies & Co. any bank draft or order, with their wonted regularity, in payment of some of his previous parcels of goods. He, therefore, naturally and properly wrote them a civil letter reminding them of it. In direct course of post he received a letter from them expressing their surprise at the non-receipt of their draft on the Union Bank, as they had carefully transmitted it to him through the post-office nearly two months previously, and they suggested that he should immediately go to the bank and look after it. They further informed him that they had transmitted a subsequent order for the amount of his last invoice on Messrs J. & W. Campbell, and he had better inquire after it also if he had not by that time received it. This communication led Mr Neilson the manufacturer to do what every merchant in Glasgow would do: he went directly to the bank and showed his *Dublin* letter. The old worthy teller of the bank, viz., Mr Jedebiagh Stocks, scratched his head and took the pen from the side of his ear—a favourite place with many then to hold it—and smiling in the face of “the bearer thereof,” viz., the veritable manufacturer standing at the bank table in

propria persona, "O yes," said Jedebiagh (queerish name, but genuine), "I remember the draft perfectly; it was presented by Mr Thomas Neilson, the Deacon Convener, sometime ago. I thought it rather strange that *he* should cash it. I thought it was yours as usual; but as he boldly endorsed it, or wrote his name on the back of it, I thought, after consulting with the manager, I had no alternative but to pay him the money." "Did you, indeed," said the manufacturer, "and has he got my money in that way?" Away the teller went to the Deacon Convener. He soon lifted his desk and paid the contents; "And, by the bye," said the Deacon, "there is an order lying beside me here, from Dublin, on the Messrs Campbell in the Candleriggs; you had better take it away and give it to the man who wants it." All this was pretty cool on the part of the butcher; but the matter did not end here.

The indignant manufacturer, filched so long out of his money, went and insisted that the Deacon should write him some letter of apology for the satisfaction of Messrs Harvies & Co. of Dublin, and that he should pay up the interest on the draft from the time he improperly obtained it, and applied it as he had done to his own purposes; but the Deacon, who ought to have been very glad to have had a quiet opportunity afforded him of doing these things, waxed mighty valiant. Was he, the Deacon Convener of Glasgow, to make any such apology? No, no, he would be d——d if he would do such a thing, and he point blank refused to pay one farthing of interest. He literally insulted our aggrieved friend in his own shop; and now we are to put the pinchers upon him—or rather, to knock him down with his own cleaver in a very remarkable way.

When we were apprised of the foregoing circumstances,

and when Mr Neilson himself, the *bona fide* manufacturer, waited on us, as he was pleased to do, for our advice, we suggested that he should write a sharp note to the Deacon demanding the apology and also demanding the interest. He did so; but the haughty Deacon disdained to return any answer to it. We advised him to write to the Deacon a second time. He did so, but still no answer of any kind. Then a note was sent to the Deacon informing him that since he had acted in the manner he had done, and stoically refused to make any apology or any concession, "the matter was now placed in the hands of Mr Peter Mackenzie, the editor of the *Loyal Reformer's Gazette*, to expose it or deal with it as he thought proper in his newspaper."

This note put the Deacon on the horns of a dilemma. It enraged him, as some of his neighbours first said, like a mad bull; but he became remarkably quiet and docile ere the shades of the evening of that day closed in upon him. We had sharpened our pens, and had actually written a strong, pointed narration of the whole proceedings—not forgetting his insolent conduct to Mr Fleming, whom we always recognised as the Lord Provost of Glasgow. Nor did we fail to take the precaution to write to Messrs. Harvies & Co., of Dublin, who directly wrote us in reply that he richly deserved a thorough exposure at our hands.

On the evening of Friday the 30th December, 1837, who should walk quietly into our office in Argyle Street but the Deacon Convener, accompanied by his friend and law agent Mr Andrew Cross, who afterwards became sheriff substitute at Dunblane. We knew Mr Cross very well: and an excellent agent and judge he was. "He came," he said, "to make an explanation to us, and with the olive branch in his hand." Those who know

the drudgery of a printing office,—the cares, the manifold cares and anxieties of an editor on a publishing night, responsible under very heavy penalties for everything contained in his publication, may easily suppose that this interview, under the exciting circumstances that had transpired, was by no means an insignificant one. It was truly one to us of considerable consequence, and it involved the *status* of the Deacon himself.

If ever we were cool, yet civil and determined, in all our life, it was on that occasion; and it is well that we were so. We must dwell on this more particularly than some may think we ought to do, inasmuch as it led to some very extraordinary circumstances, and to a scheme which we happily detected and baffled.

“Please take a seat, Deacon, and you also Mr Cross. You have come, you say, to make some explanations to me. I fear it is too late; but be seated.”

The editor rings his bell, and calls into his room Mr Dobbie, his foreman, with Mr Miller, one of his clerks and shorthand writers. They enter. “Now, you see, this is the Deacon Convener, Mr Thomas Neilson: and this is his law agent, Mr Andrew Cross. They have come, they say, to make ‘some explanations.’ Answer me directly the question, and take care to answer it correctly—“Is the severe and leading article on the Deacon, which I wrote this forenoon, set up?” “Yes, sir.” “Is the first edition of the paper printed?” “Yes, sir, and despatched to post, and the *third* edition, for the city, will be ready at the usual time,—*six* in the morning.”

Very well. Then turning, perhaps with some little dignity, in our editorial chair, which saw many visitors, we addressed the Deacon and his agent thus—“You see,

gentlemen, that whatever your explanation may be it is now too late. You ought to have called earlier: the paper is at press."

On that the Deacon became greatly agitated, and sobbed and said he would be a ruined man without the explanation.

"What, then, is your explanation, Deacon, late as it may be?" "I assure you, dear sir," he said, "that I thought it was a remittance to me from Mr Harvie, a ship captain at Cork, to whom I transmitted salt beef for his voyage to the amount of the draft, £21 sterling."

"Did you indeed, Deacon?" "Yes, sir, upon my honour," he replied. "Now, Deacon, never mind your honour just now; we have heard enough about that already in the Town Council. Do you mean seriously to tell me that you truly expected a bank draft from a ship's captain in Ireland for salt beef you had sent to him from Glasgow? This is really like sending coals to Newcastle;" and we smilingly added, "but there are wonderful *stots* in Ireland." He felt the rebuff, but he replied with an oath that it was as he had stated. "But you see, Deacon, whether your explanation be true or not, it is, as I have already told you, too late. This is entirely your own fault. You should have attended earlier to the warning which Mr Neilson gave you."

"I should, I should," he said. This glimpse of contrition, we own, rather pleased us, and positively we began to entertain some bowels of mercy towards him. "I'm ruined, Mr Mackenzie," he said, "for ever if you publish that article about me in Glasgow to-morrow morning." He had read the article, for we put a copy of it into his hands for the purpose, wishing to be quite frank, plain, and explicit with him.

Bang went the press—the large machine was throwing off its hundreds and its thousands of copies. Oh stop the press, Mr Mackenzie!—*I'll buy it up*: I'll buy up the whole Glasgow edition rather than it should appear in the morning without my explanation."

We smiled at the man now apparently so repentant. "Deacon," we said, "the buying up of the impression for to-morrow morning will cost you a great deal of money—ten times more than the amount of the draft you uplifted from the Union Bank; but I tell you what, Deacon, after listening to your explanation, late as it has been made to me, if you will go just now with my manager standing here to your own place of business and point out any entry to him in your own books—I shall not limit you to Dublin or to Cork, but I will give you the whole range of Ireland, leading you therefrom to believe that this draft was really meant for you; why, instead of selling you the impression of the paper as you propose, I will this moment stop the press, and burn the paper, and save you the money it would cost, and I will apologise to the readers of the 'Gazette' for its non-appearance at the usual time in the morning, but that a later and corrected edition shall appear in the afternoon."

That surely was a pretty liberal and candid proposition on our part. It struck him like a pointed arrow which he could not evade. He indeed well knew at the moment that he could point out no such evidence in his own books, though he *afterwards*, as we shall show, cunningly and dexterously contrived to trim his books for the purpose, in order to meet the very interview we had with him as above stated. He, therefore, slunk away from our office like some detected thief trying to elude the officers of justice.

Loud and deep was the excitement in Glasgow when the faithful publication made its appearance in its wonted style next morning. It shook the Deacon from post to pillar. The Fleming party chuckled at it, for it afforded them some revenge, and revenge, they say, is sweet on some occasions. The Dunlop party either held aloof or maintained a discreet or a sulky silence; and the Deacon himself doffed his chair of office at the next election, and ceased thenceforth and for ever to grace the Council board with his presence.

But our tale, in a more serious and even in a somewhat *comical* view, is yet only commencing.

The Deacon (infatuated man) was actually urged, not by Mr Cross, but by another keen agent, to bring *two* huge actions of damages against us before the Lords of Council and Session, alleging that we had falsely, and wickedly, and calumniously attacked and defamed him: and in each of these actions he demanded £2000 of damages, in all, £4000, with £1000 sterling, less or more, of expenses. Not only did he bring such actions against ourselves, but, strange to say, he had the folly, or, as we shall call it, the brazen-faced audacity to bring similar actions of damages against the respectable house of Messrs Harvies & Co., of Dublin, simply because, like honourable gentlemen and correct merchants, they had furnished us with the true information about the drafts in question.

We at once pled the *veritas*—in other words, our defence was that we had published nothing whatever against the Deacon that was not strictly true and justifiable: in short, that he richly deserved the lectures and exposé he received.

The case went on pretty keenly in Edinburgh for a long period. At last it came to be remitted for public trial in

the Jury Court, Edinburgh, and deep concern was now felt about the result in Glasgow. We hied to Edinburgh with a good number of witnesses, and brought Messrs Harvies over from Dublin.

“Midst thy wanderings let honour for aye be thy guide,
O'er thy actions let honesty ever preside ;
Then, tho' hardships assail thee, in virtue thoul't smile,
For light is the heart that's untainted with guile.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A SCENE IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

“Avaunt thee, conscience!

What folks are these with masks upon their faces?”

OUR excellent agent in Edinburgh, Alex. Hamilton, Esq., W.S., had retained Thomas Maitland, Esq., of Dundrenan, advocate, afterwards Solicitor-General of Scotland and Lord of Session, with a pretty large fee as our chief or leading counsel. Messrs Harvies had on their side Duncan M'Neil, Esq., now the Right Honourable Lord Colonsay. The Deacon had John Hope, Esq., Dean of Faculty, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk, with Patrick Robertson, Esq., afterwards Lord Robertson: so that this was a brilliant bar on both sides. We never felt any doubt about the case from the beginning. Our facts, we thought, were irrefragable, and, as Burns says,

*“Facts are chieils that winna ding,
And canna be disputed.”*

But to our horror and deep amazement, on the morning of the day of trial, our counsel Mr Maitland came up to us in the Great Outer Hall of the Parliament House, and, shaking hands, said, “I am glad to tell you, Mr Mackenzie, that *I have settled the case.*” “Indeed, I am very glad to hear it, Mr Maitland, but pray on what

terms?" "Oh, you know the Deacon seeks £4000 of damages, and from the temper of the court, which will be dead set against you for your infernal Radical principles, I have agreed with the Dean that you should pay his client the Deacon £50 of damages, with all expenses, and make an apology expressing your regret for having made the publications!"

"Ay, Mr Maitland," looking amazed and somewhat sternly at him in the face, "have you really done that for me?" "Yes I have." "Then, sir, let me ask by whose *authority* have you made it?" He answered, "that it was in the exercise of his own discretion as counsel." "Have you taken my fees, Mr Maitland, to plead the cause this day for me in this court?" "Yes, to be sure I have," he replied. "Then, Mr Maitland, with all the respect I have for you, permit me to tell you that I will never sanction any such compromise; never. I indignantly repudiate and reject it. I will rather, sir, put this hand into the ribs of the fire in this Parliament House, and allow it to be burned off by the socket—I will rather allow my types and everything I have to be confiscated and sold at the Cross of Glasgow than pay any such sum, or make any such apology to any such man; and I tell you, Mr Maitland, that if you don't go on to plead my case as you had agreed to do at the consultations held with you, I will go forward to the bar and beg the Lord Justice Clerk to postpone the trial till I can engage some other counsel; or, if that fails, I will plead the case myself to the gentlemen of the jury."

This colloquy—and it was an impassioned one—was heard by many, and it made some sensation. The learned Dean of Faculty, peeping at us through his eye-glass, on being made acquainted with it, serenely smiled, and said,

“He seems to be a terrible fellow that Peter Mackenzie to come here and badger his own counsel in that way.”

“Yes,” said Maitland, “he is a very determined fellow. I never got such a *mauling* from any man before; but I have no alternative,—*we must go on.*”

“Very well,” said the learned Dean, “If your client must to Cupar, let him to Cupar.” “Yes,” said Maitland, “and take the consequences to himself. You will,” said he, turning round to us, “be punished at least in a thousand pounds of damages.” “Never mind, Mr Maitland, please go on and do your duty, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and, if you do so, I am ready to stand the consequences, whatever these may be.”

It has too often been the case, we may here remark—at least it was so in former years—for the leading counsel on both sides to lay their ears together after they had taken their client’s fees, and to compromise the case in their own way, sometimes contrary to the interest and express wishes of their clients. We helped, we do not hesitate to say, to explode that practice in the very instance referred to; and, in truth, it ran like wildfire through the Parliament House, some lauding, some damning us, for presuming to interfere with the high prerogatives of counsel learned in the law. The result will show whether we were wise or not.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE PROCEEDINGS GO ON.

“ Now comes the tug of war.”

THE jury were balloted, and the case proceeded in a crowded court. We shall not fatigue our readers much farther with the details; but there are some salient points about it yet deserving of notice. We had previously got an inkling in Glasgow of what the Deacon had been artfully contriving, in order to rescue himself from the dilemma in which we had placed him, about any entry in his books leading him to appropriate the bank draft unto himself. He knew right well that we could prove the interview he had with us in our own office when he came to it, with all that then took place, so fatal and damaging to himself. But now he ingeniously pretended, after he had time to think over the subject, that we were not *entitled* to see his books at all, and neither we were, we admit; but remember we only sought them as a test for proving his own honesty on the spot when he so waited on us, and whether entitled to see his books or no, this certainly neither justified him or any other man in *fabricating* a new set of books to cloak a transaction so questionable, suspicious, and challengeable. That he really did so can scarcely be doubted, we are sorry to remark,

from the facts and circumstances which subsequently, by a strange turn of events, transpired. In conformity with a strict rule of court then in operation, whether it is so now we need not and cannot tell, it was imperative on every pursuer or defender in a Jury case to lodge in the hands of the clerk of court, eight days at least before the trial, all books, letters or documents, or other papers, on which he or they intended to found on the day of the trial itself. Now, as the Deacon had lodged none of his books within the time specified, we naturally inferred that he had abandoned any such intention if ever he entertained it—that, in short, he had either no books to produce, or would not venture to produce any, and, therefore, that the witnesses we had in reserve for him at this trial would come down pell mell upon him, and cover him with shame and confusion of face.

But lo! a great big ledger, handsomely bound, was brought now for the first time into court by one of the Deacon's servants and principal witnesses, and he was in the act of opening it up at the page directed. "Stop a bit," said Maitland, springing to his legs, and now evidently on his mettle, "my Lord, I object to this book, no matter what it contains. We have never seen it, we have never been allowed an opportunity of seeing it, and it was imperative on the pursuer, as your lordship knows, if he meant to found on it judicially on this trial, to have lodged it with the clerk of court eight days ago." Here a long, interesting *viva voce* discussion occurred between the counsel on both sides of the bar. But his lordship ruled that, as some reference had been made to the book on the record, it was admissible.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE TABLES TURNED.—A NEW VISTA.

“The loaded press beneath her labour groans,
And printers’ devils shake their weary bones.”—*Byron.*

THAT decision of the Lord Justice Clerk (Boyle) *admitting* the book was supposed to be a complete knock down blow to us. Maitland tendered a bill of exceptions to it which his lordship readily noted down. The pursuer’s counsel were now jubilant with joy, for this was a vast point, the turning scale, as some thought, in his favour. Egad! he’ll prove by his ledger, said some of the members of the court in our hearing—he’ll prove that the draft was intended for him after all, and so down goes “the loyal chap” with a vengeance. Yea, our own able counsel—and a finer looking man in personal appearance was scarcely ever seen in the Parliament House—became rather chopfallen at this particular point, and, nudging us on the ribs, for we sat quite close to him, he said, “You see now what you have made by your stubborn conduct in not allowing me to settle the case on the terms proposed. You are finished, Mr Mackenzie, beyond redemption.”

We own we had then, for the first time, some fears and misgivings about the result. It is singular enough that points will sometimes start up to bamboozle people

in the clearest of cases, and to smother the *truth*. Nor is the poet far wrong when he says,

“*That the best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft aje.*”

This interesting book, the ledger, on which all eyes connected with the case were keenly fixed, was then handed up to the Lord Justice Clerk on the bench at his Lordship's request. Whether the circumstance of the recent discussion and the bill of exception had any effect in his Lordship's own mind or not, we cannot, of course, say; but this is certain, that to our agreeable surprise he turned some of the pages of the book over and over again. He held them steadily up between him and the light; he shook his head, and, looking sharply at the witness, said, “Where, sir, is the *index* to this book? let me see it.” The astonished witness, expecting no such question and no such request, was not at all prepared for it—he muttered out something to himself. “Where is the *index*, sir, I again ask you to this ledger?” The witness hesitated, and hung his head. The question was repeated. The audience became excited. At last the witness blurted out, “We have no *index* til't, my Lord.” “What,” said his Lordship, evidently surprised, “no *index* to a ledger! How can any proper ledger want an *index*? The *index*,” said his Lordship, “is the true guide to the book. I never saw the like of this.”

Our good, jolly counsel brightened up amazingly at this important niche of the case, and the significant observation of the judge. Mr Maitland, therefore, immediately commenced “to tackle on the witness” with his admirable line of cross-examination, and looking at the witness said, “Do you mean to swear that this is the

Deacon's ledger?" "O yes, sir, it is the Deacon's ledger so far as I know." "Very good," said Maitland, "and it wants the *index*?" "O yes, sir, it wants the *index*." "I see there has been no *index* made for it." (Sensation.) "Do you mean to say, sir, that this ledger wanting the *index* is the only book of the pursuer's transactions?" "Yes, sir." (Another question was about to be put anent the books, but the pursuer's counsel objected, and the objection was repelled.) Justice Clerk: "Go on, Mr Maitland, with your cross-examination." Maitland was now like a foxhound on *the deep scent* of his game. "You have said, sir, that this ledger was the Deacon's only book; but surely he keeps a *day-book*." "O yes," said the witness. "And when did you see the *day-book* last?" "I saw it *yesterday*, sir, in the Deacon's own shop." "And why," said Maitland, in a voice of thunder, looking round to the pursuer's seat—why is that book not here?" No answer. "Why, my Lord, I appeal to your lordship, and say that the *day-book* now traced up, is, or ought to be, the foundation of the ledger if it be a true and correct ledger?—(His Lordship nodded assent)—and why, I again ask, is it not here? Why does the pursuer foist in this particular book, which he calls his ledger, wanting the *index*, and studiously withholds the *day-book* which the witness saw in his own shop no later gone than yesterday? My Lord, this is quite enough; I have no more questions."

This episode fairly staggered the court and the jury: it nonplussed the pursuer, and utterly shattered the credit which might otherwise have been due to the ledger; and thus the notable book on which the Deacon and his friends so confidently relied, became worse than a rope of sand for them at the last important moment.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE FARTHER IN THE DEEPER.

“*Breakers a-head.*”—Cook.

TRICKERY frequently carries with it its own antidote. Another incident in this remarkable case probably deserves notice. Some of the Deacon's witnesses—whom we by no means blame—even some of his witnesses from the Bank positively swore that the draft in question had no explanatory statement or memorandum attached to it, but was simply a draft purporting to be drawn in favour of Mr Thomas Neilson: wherefore the inference was that it belonged to the Deacon, or at least that he honestly believed that it belonged to him, and hence that he endorsed it and drew the money. This, we will have the candour to say, was the strong and plausible way of stating the pursuer's case in place of the cock and bull story which he had told us, namely, that he thought it was sent to him from Ireland by some ship's captain in return for salted beef. Nay, in good sooth we may admit that the witnesses themselves were somewhat justified in entertaining that opinion. But it transpired that the Deacon had dexterously or ingeniously cut off from the bottom of the sheet of paper on which the draft was written the important explanatory words annexed to it by Messrs Harvies & Co. in Dublin as follows:

For Goods, Harvies & Co., 15th Sept., 1837,	£21 11 5
Off	0 1 5

£21 10 0

Being, it will be observed, the nett amount of the draft. And therefore it required a wonderful stretch of understanding, and a strong stomach indeed, to allege that goods sent by a manufacturer in Glasgow to Dublin were absolutely *salted beef* sent to Cork and transmogrified into a draft from that quarter. “Tell *that* to the marines,” as the saying is, “but would the sailors believe it?” At anyrate, this turned out to be rather a salt case for the deacon himself in Glasgow; and a pretty salt and tough one for ourselves, we must say, as the sequel will now very soon show.

Mr Maitland, with whom we had the warm wrangle in the morning of the day of trial, now came to adjust his gown in our defence towards the afternoon, on the whole case. We knew perfectly well that he had splendid talents for any Jury if he would only display them now in this matter so momentous to ourselves. He had often told us on other occasions that we were bold devils: and, indeed, any man may be sometimes bold as a lion if he has the *truth* vividly on his side. We had a very short private consultation with him and Mr M’Neil, and our agents, ere he commenced his address to the jury; and we naturally imagined that he would examine at least two or three important and abiding witnesses for us, and amongst these Mr Harvie, of Dublin, and the real *Simon Pure* as he was literally called in the case—viz., Mr Thomas Neilson, the manufacturer, who, we are glad to know, is still to the fore in a more extensive line of business in that same street, viz., Hutcheson Street; and

this case, whatever may be said about it by others, does him at least no injury. At the above last and final consultation, Mr Maitland rather *nettled* us, and cut us short by saying, "Now, Mr Mackenzie, I shan't examine one single witness for you—no, not one of any kind." We stared at him. "You must just leave me," he said, "to *skin* the Deacon as well as I can within the four corners of his own car-case." That was a *pun*, if we may use the expression, significant enough. "Very well, Mr Maitland, since you say so—and if, as the Dean of Faculty said in the morning, 'I must to Cupar, I shall to Cupar'—permit me to assure you that as you have been at the beginning, the middle, and now approaching the end, or the *tail* of the case, just grapple with it as you please." He smiled, and in a few minutes afterwards we had the felicity of seeing him addressing the gentlemen of the Jury in the most captivating manner, evidently showing that his heart after all lay on the right side of the case he had espoused, which does not always happen with some lawyers. He went on cutting up the Deacon right and left; and it is not saying too much of this able advocate, whose head was afterwards crowned with nearly all the laurels the Parliament House could bestow, that he literally (pardon us for the plain expression) made "mince-meat" of the Deacon, and his draft and ledger, &c., &c. It was easy to perceive that he was carrying the Jury completely along with him in some of his sallies and pointed strictures; but when he came to quote, with matchless irony, some of the lines of doggrel poetry, if we may so call them, which were written by our friend Sandy Rodger, and published in the *Gazette*, he fairly convulsed the court with laughter. Perhaps we may be excused for giving a few stanzas of them, as follows:—

“The Deacon Convener, he’s great and he’s good,
He never takes up with the flesh-mauling brood;
But should a bit *draft* come his way by mistake,
The Deacon, good man, his own use o’t can make.

“Shame, shame that a man of such accurate dealings,
Such taste, such discernment, such exquisite feelings,
Should ever be blamed if he’d kittle his hawze
With a *leetle* of Harvie & Co.’s Irish sauce.

(Great laughter.)

“Or why should the Deacon give up any letters,
(Oh no! he’s above all such trifling matters)
When through all the city ’tis very well known
He’s the *one* Thomas Neilson—unrivalled, alone.

“Why might not Scotch beef unto Dublin be sent
To supersede fish during Catholic lent?

(Roars of laughter.)

Or Harvie, by means of a patent balloon,
Forward a remittance each month from the moon?

Then *Tam*, darling Deacon, when thou get’s a canny bank
order,

(Here the learned counsel, with exquisite effect, pointed
his finger to the seat in Court whereon the Deacon
himself was sitting,)

What signifies bits of accounts on its border,
The date, the amount, or the discount might fash,
But mind not such trifles—just pocket the cash!

(Laughter renewed.)

Ah Peter, ah Peter, a roasting thou’lt get

(Here our own counsel, with inimitable gravity, turned
the tables on ourselves, but we bowed complacently
to the tirade.)

At auld Cloutie’s ingle sae cursedly het;
’Mang the chief o’ great sinners thou wilt be thrust ben,
For exposing the flaws of this purest of men.”

(Roars of laughter, renewed and renewed.)

Ay, indeed, they produced roars of laughter at the time ; but they were no laughter-moving lines for us in reality. The jury in one of the cases unanimously returned a verdict in favour of Messrs Harvies & Co., including ourselves ; but in the other case they amerced us to the Deacon in the sum of *one shilling* of damages, because it seems our foreman had published a placard that the Deacon was *caught* pilfering, whereas the bank draft was only *traced* into his possession.

“ Strange such a difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.”

After the case was thus decided, Mr Maitland heartily shook us by the hand and apologised for the rash compromise he was about to tumble into in the morning. “ This verdict,” he said, “ was a great victory to us, since it substantially vindicated the potent arm of the public press. No banker’s draft,” said he, “ shall assuredly go astray again in Glasgow with this example proclaimed. No man shall presume to pilfer a draft belonging to another.” We respectfully bowed our acknowledgments to him, and thanked him for his brilliant speech, the best, it was said, he ever made in the jury court. Our winding up—and it is now high time—shall be very short. The story already told is indeed much too long ; but we have a reason for giving it at such length and with all these minute details which can only be revealed at another time—if indeed that time shall ever arrive—but it may not be of the least consequence to any of our present readers. It is sufficient here to notice that in place of the large sum of £4000 which the Deacon demanded in the shape of damages, he might as well have sought the National Debt—or, in place

of the £50 which our own counsel had proposed to give—and which we could then have very well afforded to pay—it became diminished to the paltry sum of *one shilling*, paid to him in coppers. But that one shilling entailed upon us an expense of upwards of £500 sterling for telling the truth; and we should like to know who at the present day would like to fight such another battle in the jury court again?

We might give two or three other cases of greater importance to the public interest—one with a farthing of damages, and another with no damages at all; and we could only be prompted to give them in order to show the perils of the press when labouring vigilantly in the days that are past on the side of truth, humanity, and justice.

We are perfectly sensible that in thus writing at the present day we are only exposing ourselves to much obloquy and a good deal of malignity in some quarters. But Oliver Cromwell, we think, once declared that the man was not worth thinking about for a moment who could not evoke the wrath of the enemy; and he is no man at all that would shrink from his duty when once he fairly undertakes it with his eyes wide open, and his nerves firm in the proper place. We beg pardon for this digression, and conclude with the Latin line—

“Fiat justitia ruat cælum,”

which means, as some transcribe it, “Let justice be done though the dome of heaven itself should shake.”

CHAPTER XL.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—THE EXECUTION OF AN INNOCENT MAN IN GLASGOW.—A REMARKABLE STORY.

“There is blood upon this mantle.”—Scipio.

At the meetings of the British Association lately held in Dundee, which seem to have gone off with eminent success, we notice that the health of the justiciary judges then on the circuit—viz., Lord Deas and Lord Neaves—was given and received as it ought to be, with great approbation and respect. The Duke of Buccleuch, president of the Association, in speaking subsequently, took occasion to refer to the remarks of their Lordships, and in doing so said, “From my recollection of what used to be in olden times, I don’t think the presence of the justiciary judges was hailed with much pleasure in those olden times. (Laughter and cheers.) I have not heard that it was so in this part of the world; but I have heard that what they called justice was not always tempered with mercy. At all events, they were determined to rid the world of evil doers, by what was called in former days ‘pit and gallows.’ They used to say, ‘If he’s hanged, poor fellow, he may be innocent, but then he may be deserved to be hanged after all.’ Now (said his Grace), it is to be hoped that the justiciary judges of our day

may be seen coming as the terror of evil doers, and that they may have no other vocation than to be the praise and glory of those who do well. (Loud applause.)”

These remarks of the Duke’s forcibly remind us of many strange scenes we have witnessed in the Justiciary Court in Glasgow for the last fifty years and more. It has fallen to our lot to witness and be personally present at the opening of every circuit court in Glasgow in the Court Hall thereof for fifty years at least without missing any one of them; and, as we formerly noticed, *that* is a statement which few, if any other man now alive in this great city can tell in a similar way. We are now going to speak—and the observations of his grace as above given prompt us to speak—of a very remarkable case which occurred in Glasgow in the month of September, 1826; and that is more than 40 years ago, which we have scarcely been able to get out of our heads during that long period, because we believed at the time, and we believe still, that it led to the execution of *an innocent man*, whose case we shall now disclose to our readers in a few brief pages.

At the period referred to, and for sometime preceding, it was a rare thing to see a *Frenchman* in Glasgow. We can remember well enough the period when, during the raging of the war, anterior to the battle of Waterloo, he was regarded as a sort of *nondescript*, a monster of his species deserving of every execration! Children were taught to regard him with horror; and the very name of Bonaparte (“wae’s me he’s coming—coming with his legions from Boulogne to invade and kill us,”) made many young hearts to quake with fear: and disobedient children fled to their mothers’ arms when the servant lassie either told them or threatened them about Bonaparte.

This is no joke: it was actually the case, as we can speak from some experience and vivid recollection. Blessed be God we live in better and more refined times, when we can embrace Frenchmen, and Frenchmen can embrace Britons with the liveliest felicity.

An *Italian*, however, in those days was regarded with infinitely more favour—for this reason, that the first few Italians who visited this country either brought with them, or manufactured amongst us, some noble images or specimens of art, which pleased the eyes of the young as well as the old. We remember their first specimens of King George the Third, and the beautiful Princess Charlotte of Wales, the lamented wife of Leopold the first king of Belgium, who himself died lately: with other figures, such as those of Milton and Shakespeare, and little cupids of various shapes and sizes, &c., &c.

The first, at least one of the very first *Italians* that came and settled amongst us in Glasgow was named Fillipo Testi—a mild, fine-looking young man, who scarcely understood the Scotch language; but he could mutter something or other, and understood well enough how to point to his own images with the prices thereof. Then, as now, those images, or specimens or models of art were carried on a board on the head of the Italian: and sometimes to enjoy a little rest he would stand with them on some favourite corner or other of our streets. This was the position of the unfortunate Italian we have named when we first saw or knew him in Glasgow; and we state it so minutely, because it concerns a very bloody and tragical affair we are bringing to view.

It is here proper we should also bring into view the position of a poor weaver lad belonging to the Calton or Bridgeton of Glasgow, whose name was Andrew Stewart.

He was much calumniated at the time ; but we ascertained beyond all manner of doubt that his character was perfectly irreproachable. He had never been accused or convicted of any offence, but was living quietly and inoffensively with his parents in Bridgeton, who were acknowledged by their neighbours, and all who knew them, to be an honest, worthy couple, living happily under the same roof with their son above named.

On a Saturday, in the month of May, 1826, this poor weaver lad, Andrew Stewart, came in to Glasgow with his *web* to receive payment for it from his employer, and to take home the proceeds to his poor parents in Bridgeton, as was his wont to do. He tarried in the city longer than he should have done, and went to the Theatre Royal ; and on coming out of it he forgathered with some companions, and went with them to enjoy some ale and speldings in the Boot Tavern in the Saltmarket—a great howf it then was for “gentle and semple.” On parting with his companions in that place, he was wending his way through the Gallowgate for his residence in Bridgeton, when, near East Nile Street, across which the Mollendinar burn used to flow, he was accosted by this Fillipo the Italian, who had lost his way to his lodgings, somewhere about Bell Street, and the Italian, in broken language, solicited Stewart to direct him to the place. Stewart could not understand him : he rather thought he was mocking him, and he did not know at the moment that he was a foreigner in a strange city naturally seeking the place of his lodgings. The foreigner became impetuous with his tongue, and laid his hand on Stewart’s shoulders. The latter shoved him off ; but the foreigner became more eager in his *giverish* or questions, and, thinking himself insulted, Stewart in a fit of sudden

anger lifted his hand and knocked him down. Seeing this, the policeman near the spot sprang his rattles, and Stewart took to his heels and fled onwards to Charlotte Street, and from thence to the Green of Glasgow. Had he remained on the spot, and assisted in helping up the poor bleeding Italian, who was at the moment lying insensible from his fall on the curbstone of the pavement, his own blood would not have been afterwards shed for it in the way it was upon the scaffold. While the foreigner was thus prostrate and insensible on the pavement, some street blackguards prowling about, as they too often do on the Saturday night or Sabbath morning, took advantage of his helpless state, and robbed him of his watch and between two and three pounds sterling of money. The policeman, seeing Stewart *running away*, ran after him, and pursued him down nearly to the foot of Charlotte Street. Some of our old Glasgow readers may remember that there stood a large iron gate in that street which was locked by the police when they came upon their station of an evening to prevent improper access or egress to the Green. Stewart, who was a clever fellow, and conscious that he had done wrong by smiting the Italian in the way he did, yet eager to elude the grasp of the police, sprang with a bound over the iron gate, but not till the police officer distinctly recognised the features of his face.

On going home at that early hour on Sabbath morning, Stewart told his parents truly, at least his mother, who was waiting up for him, how he had been spending his time, and the chase he had with the police, confessing quite frankly that he was afraid he was in a scrape by knocking down the man whom he did not know in the way stated. He gave his mother the exact balance of the price of his web.

On Sabbath afternoon, he went out to walk. On Monday morning, he arose up to his work as usual; and, when sitting at his breakfast on Tuesday or Wednesday morning, the police officer, with other officers of the law, entered and took him into custody on a charge of assault and street robbery, which was then a capital crime. Meanwhile, the police had secured two fellows of the names of George Buckley and Jas. Dickson, on one of whom the watch of the poor Italian was found; and these two had been quarreling with another fellow of the name of David Miller, and a woman of the town about a division of the spoil taken from the pockets of the poor Italian.

From the moment of his apprehension down to the day of his trial Andrew Stewart told the same plain unvarnished story, and never denied it, namely, that he had knocked down the Italian because he thought he was insulting him; but from first to last he strenuously denied that he took his watch, or money, or anything whatever that belonged to him.

He was Indicted along with Buckley and Dickson, whom he had never known, as guilty accessory art and part of the crime of assault and street robbery; and the trial took place before the Lord Justice Clerk Boyle and Lord Pitmilley, at the Circuit Court in this city, in the month of September, 1826. We happened to be present at it, and, as already stated, and from what followed, it made an impression upon us, which we are afraid can never be obliterated.

Nothing of the slightest consequence was established against Stewart beyond what we have already mentioned. One of the witnesses for the crown—a fellow of the name of David Miller above noticed—who was on the streets on the occasion in question, and believed to have pocketed

some of the spoil, prevaricated so much that the Lord Justice Clerk summarily doomed him to be committed to prison for two months, and fed during the whole of that space "on nothing but bread and water." We notice the circumstance for two reasons—1st, that if a witness for the crown prevaricated in any way he ought not to be much relied on; and 2ndly, that the punishment meted out for perjury on the spot is rarely if ever heard of now, though we think it is a great pity that perjury too often escapes from the just punishment it deserves. The pillory in the olden time had a most wholesome effect in many ways, and it might be a good thing for some *bulls* and *bears* of the present day.

We state this fact in favour of Andrew Stewart that he examined two respectable witnesses—viz., James Britain and Andrew Todd, manufacturer—who knew him from his infancy, and both deponed that he bore a good character—that they never heard any offence imputed to him other than that which brought him to trial; and certainly the police admitted that they never before had him in custody: nor could they lay anything to his charge except this which we have mentioned, respecting which he from the first honestly confessed without the slightest evasion or prevarication.

The Lord Justice Clerk charged the jury that, inasmuch as he gave the blow, he was answerable for the consequences, and became accessory art and part in the assault and street robbery. That may be strict *law*. We doubt however whether, in some cases, it should not bend to circumstances. But to our tale, or, rather, the conclusion of it. The jury were very much divided in opinion. They had only a very narrow cave to meet in in those days: they had no retiring closets, only a small pantry for wiping their faces,

or washing their hands, and the judges themselves had only a retiring press, indented in a thick wall, on the left hand side of the bench, which neither flowed with milk nor honey, or anything approaching thereunto. No wonder, therefore, that the judges when they came to Glasgow often scowled at the miserable accommodation in that court, wherein we have seen the jury, from sheer exhaustion, actually sleeping in their seats, and one of the judges *nipping* the other to keep him awake! Better things, however, exist now.

The jury, strange to say, by a narrow majority, condemned the man they ought to have acquitted, and acquitted the man they ought to have condemned. There were *three* prisoners. By a majority, we think of eight to seven, the jury found the libel against George Buckley (a well known street prowler) not proven. He was, therefore, dismissed from the bar, and exulted in his escape. But, by a similar majority, they found James Dick guilty of the robbery; and Andrew Stewart guilty of the *assault* and robbery, or accessory art and part. They well knew what the result of that verdict would be as regarded Stewart, whose case was the only one we were really interested about, but they coupled it with a recommendation to mercy. Dick was sentenced to be transported for life; Stewart was doomed to be *executed* on Wednesday, the 1st of November, 1826, between the hours of ten and four of the afternoon.

Stewart heard the *verdict* of the jury with some amazement. He heard the *sentence* of the judge with considerable emotion and grief. The Lord Justice Clerk severely commented on the atrocity of street robbery and assault: that it was necessary to make a terrible example, especially in the case of this poor foreigner; and Stewart

uttered the words, "So it is, but I am not guilty in the way imputed to me."

He was soon placed in the condemned cell, and fell upon his knees beseeching the jailor to send for his parents and allow him to see them. This could only be done on a written order of the magistrates, but the order was not wanting, neither was the religious admonition and services of the Rev. Dr Rankin, minister of the Ramshorn (or St David's) Church, with other pious gentlemen, who frequently visited the unfortunate man in his iron cell. In the same cell, or an adjoining one, there was caged with him one Edward Kelly, an Irishman, convicted for robbing an old gentleman in the Bridgegate of £108, and sentenced to be executed on the same day as Stewart; but there was no community of feeling between the two prisoners—Stewart was a Protestant, Kelly was a Catholic—nevertheless the mention of these two cases, with many others which we might quote, sufficiently shows the extreme rigour of the law in the times referred to. Rarely did the justiciary judges leave Glasgow without consigning several wretches to the gallows on the same day: some perhaps deserving enough, as in cases of foul murder, but others for passing a forged bank note, or stealing a few bottles of wine. 'Twas horrible and bloody indeed.

We shall not moralise upon this theme any further. It is pitiable, however, to add, as we may now do, that the recommendation to mercy in the case of Stewart was utterly disregarded. A petition for mercy was sent up to the Home Office; and if ever a petition for mercy in this world deserved to be attended to, it was surely in the case of this man, because, as we have remarked, this was his first and only offence—done without malice—and which

from the first he honestly acknowledged, and never once denied, all as we have already stated plainly enough in these pages. No answer—not even so much as the scrape of a dry acknowledgment was returned to that petition and recommendation to mercy; and our readers may fancy, but no pen can describe, the dreadful state of suspense, the agony and distraction of mind that poor Stewart and his parents must have endured in consequence.

The morning of the day of execution dawned. Up even to that last morning, a reprieve or a favourable commutation of his sentence was anxiously expected by the authorities. The Post-office in Nelson Street was eagerly surrounded for the arrival of the London Mail. The letters and despatches were assorted with more than usual rapidity; but none were found for the magistrates with any reprieve. The fate of Stewart was, therefore, irrevocably sealed in this world. The Rev. Dr Rankine broke the sad non-intelligence to him in the morning. His poor father and mother, clinging with hope to the last, were finally admitted to see him, as they had been before. Ever and anon he asserted his innocence. The only sorrow he expressed was that he had unwittingly lifted his hand and transgressed the propriety that was due on his part to the serenity of a quiet Sabbath morning. His father and his mother were sustained by the perfect conviction in their own minds of the innocence of their son. They attended him in his last moments. It was a sorrowful sight; but, having listened to the whole of his trial, we became, we confess, somewhat anxious and uneasy to see how he would conduct himself on the scaffold. His arms were closely pinioned by Thomas Young, the executioner: so were those of Kelly,

the other culprit, who was attended by Bishop Scott and another Catholic clergyman. Both looked deadly pale, as might have been expected, from their long confinement; but Stewart, who was really a fine looking lad, without any trace of ferocity about him, made a silent but respectful bow to the magistrates, and David Hardie, the old sheriff officer, soon led the way to the outskirts of the prison, where a vast crowd had assembled as usual on these occasions. We could scarcely keep our eyes away from Stewart; but we were struck dumb with astonishment when we beheld his poor afflicted mother sitting down quietly near the steps of the scaffold; and when she beheld the mournful conclave ascending the top, she said, "My son! my son! my innocent son! may the God of Heaven receive you into His everlasting arms." Soon the *click* was heard, and the execution was over; and these reflections upon it only enable us to bless God and congratulate the community that we have lived to see many great changes in the criminal law of Scotland on the side of humanity since the date of this case of Andrew Stewart.

"The scene of Death is closed—the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear;
Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains,
And *Justice*, overwhelm'd, starts back with fear."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE DEPLORABLE CASE OF A PAISLEY WEAVER.—
ATROCITY IN THE OLD GORBALS POLICE OFFICE.

“Shun not the crowded alley : prompt descend
Into the half-sunk cell, darksome and damp ;
Nor seem impatient to be gone : inquire,
Console, instruct, encourage, soothe, assist.”

Grahame on the Sabbath.

ONE fine summer's Saturday evening, about forty years ago, while sitting quietly in our own snug dining room, Portland Street, Laurieston, next door neighbours with the Rev. Dr Wm. Anderson,—we heard tremendous groans as if coming from the Baronial Hall, not far distant on the opposite side of the street, underneath which hall a place was assigned for the Gorbals Police Office, with some cells for the reception of prisoners. We may remark that there were *four* resident *Gorbals* magistrates in those days, and *seventeen* resident commissioners of police, as they were called, with most of whom we were very well acquainted. We were at first much struck with the groans so heard. They became awful and pitiful, and we could not rest till we went over to the police office to enquire about them. There was, we may further remark, a newspaper reading-room at that time adjoining the same establishment, so that we were perfectly cognisant of the whole locality. The master of the police was Mr J. Clark—a stern disci-

plinarian—rigid in the extreme on the Sabbath day, for which some people greatly esteemed him. On entering the police office, as we have said, to inquire into the matter, we were gruffly told that it was only some drunken rascal kicking in his cell to get out; but he would be tamed and quiet enough ere the morning. On that we came away and tumbled into our own comfortable bed; but the groans and the moans increased; at intervals they were dying away like some faint echo, yet so pitiable withal that we leaped out of bed, put on our clothes, and determined to ascertain what this really was in the Gorbals Police Office. We no sooner entered the lobby of that place than we felt an uncommon stench as of fire and burning. “Never mind,” said the turnkey in attendance, “he (meaning the prisoner within), he’s just trying to put out the fire, but he cannot succeed from the stenchels around it; he’s kicking and moaning just to try to excite our sympathy to let him out; but we’ll keep him on bread and water till the Bailie tries him on Monday morning. We begged that he would just open the cell door to let us see the moaning prisoner. He peremptorily refused to do so, saying, and saying truly, that we had nothing to do with the prisoner, and that it was none of our business to come there and disturb any officer on duty. We felt the force of the objection at the moment, but the renewed moans of the prisoner, now getting feeble but distinct, were heard, “O my God! open, I’m burning, dying, and bleeding to death; for the love of God and my poor wife and family, open the door and relieve me!” The turnkey was inflexible; he refused to do anything of the kind. We ran up to the top of the building, in which, as we knew, Mr Clark the *master* of police had his habitation, and started him out of his bed. He, with some reluct-

ance, put on his clothes and condescended to go down with us to examine the cell and know all about it. The turnkey now became obedient enough in the presence of his master. He produced his prison key, and unlocked the door. In a moment we found ourselves in the centre of the horrid cell besmeared with smoke, and, on peeping into the dull and flickering fireplace, there was seen lying between the front of that fireplace and the iron stenchels which protected it, the quivering body of a human being with his clothes burned off, leaving him almost in a state of nudity. If the spectacle was shocking as it was on this the first approach, it became exceedingly worse and awfully revolting as the master of police, followed by his turnkey, ran out to a neighbouring place and brought buckets full of water, which they at once threw on the quivering body—the very ribs of which were laid bare and streamed with blood, which the water only intensified. The poor, helpless wretch—for he had been utterly unable to extricate himself from the position in which he was found—eagerly swallowed with trembling hand a mouthful of water presented to his lips, and he revived sufficiently to be able to tell his own name, with a few other particulars, which will form the subject of a very thrilling story as we proceed. We own we were glad to leave the police office that evening, and return to our own comfortable abode, much shocked with the sight we had seen, but not without an assurance that the wretched creature would now be properly attended to if he survived.

On the following evening or afternoon, being Sunday, we crossed over to the police office, solely with the view of seeing how he did, and that surely was no wanton piece of desecration on the Sabbath day,—civilly to inquire

after a groaning prisoner so terribly afflicted, whether from his own wickedness or not. Instead of meeting us in a corresponding spirit of meekness and civility, the master of police and his turnkeys now insolently repelled us by saying that we had no business to question them, or inquire about any prisoner whatever on the Sabbath day, and they refused point blank to afford us the satisfaction of knowing whether the man was dead or not, or what they had done with him after we had left them on the previous night. Provoked with this reception, we did not hesitate to chide them for their barbarity, and stated that we would yet make them answerable for their conduct, since it was plain to us that if they had promptly attended to their duty and visited the cell when we had first asked them to do so, the *tragedy* which followed might not have taken place. For saying this, and nothing more, we were subjected to one of the most unmerited and savage assaults that ever disgraced the Gorbals Police Office or any other; but the telling of it only makes the subsequent story the more interesting in its consequences. They actually seized and made us *prisoner* for daring to interfere with them in their own office; and they threw us into one of their wretched criminal cells, and locked it resolutely upon us, they well knowing that our own proper residence was not very far distant, where they could easily have summoned or found us out if we had really been guilty of any offence whatever against their police laws or regulations. It may easily be supposed that this was not a very pleasant state of matters for us on a Sabbath evening or any other, especially in the very happy domestic position we then enjoyed, blessed with an amiable partner and sweet young children. Prisoner, forsooth, in the Gorbals Police Office, and detained there on its hard boards all night for

such an offence—the rescue or the simple inquiry after an unhappy fellow creature burned almost to death in the same place! But so it was—enabling us now, painful as these scenes were, and the worst of them are yet to be told, to make the proud statement that this was the first and the last and the only time we were ever committed as a prisoner for one single moment in any police office whatever. This flagrant procedure, which we are not ashamed to tell as concerning ourselves, created “a tremendous sensation,” according as the phrase hath it. The master of police and his satellites had time to repent of it ere daylight dawned in the morning; and they opened the cell doors and bade us to go away. We looked at them with indignation and contempt, telling them that out of that place we should not stir till we were brought before a magistrate and liberated on his judgment. We knew very well at the time that it was the rule of the magistrates of Gorbals in those days for one or other of them to sit regularly in the Gorbals Office at ten o’clock on Monday morning, and, therefore, we consoled ourselves with the belief that the sitting magistrate when he arrived would soon relieve us, and punish those inhuman Dogberrys who had so infamously transgressed their duty.

The magistrate came and went away. He had not the least idea of what had taken place. They kept it all concealed from him, which only showed that they now felt the danger of their own wickedness. At last hunger and starvation and the dread of spending *another night* in that horrid cell, combined with a sense of the gross injustice and oppression under which we lay, impelled us to demand from our jailors, at their highest peril, pen, ink, and paper, which they fawningly brought; and we addressed a hurried note to George Salmond, Esq.,

Procurator Fiscal of the city of Glasgow and county of Lanark, informing him of the situation in which we were placed, and beseeching him forthwith to inquire into the circumstances, and to come and visit us for our immediate relief. We have the pleasure to remark that Mr Salmond was ever a faithful public officer. He was staggered with this note, and showed it to W. R. Robinson, Esq., the then shrewd and active sheriff depute. This immediately got wind. The magistrates of Gorbals, every one of them, became astonished and alarmed. They waited on us the one after the other, and unanimously expressed their deep sense of the indignity and unmerited treatment we had received; and whilst we were liberated with marks of their favour and approbation, the master of police and his turnkeys were suspended from their functions, to be punished afterwards in a more signal manner, as we shall show in our next chapter, revealing a story of a most marvellous kind, almost exceeding belief, but it is true notwithstanding.

“Hark! the barrier’s burst,
The die is cast.”

CHAPTER XLII.

THE POOR BURNED PRISONER IN THE GORBALS
POLICE OFFICE.

“Horrible! O horrible!”

THE story above told is of no earthly consequence as regards ourselves, and to that extent we may dismiss it; but it opens up a very sad and interesting story in another direction.

What became, it may now be asked, of the poor sufferer we had been inquiring after in the Gorbals Police Office? His case, as we shall soon show, has some resemblance to, but is infinitely more tragical than the case of poor Andrew Stewart, the Bridgeton weaver, who was *hanged* (innocently) for his affray with the Italian sculptor in the Gallowgate of Glasgow, already given.

There came into this city from the neighbouring town of Paisley, at the period we have been describing, and that is more than 40 years ago, a decent young weaver, newly married, whose name, we think, was John Cameron. We are not so sure of the name, as we have mislaid some of our original papers on the subject; but that is of no consequence to the story itself, which we can tell with unerring truth. He came hither with his *web*, as Stewart did, to receive from his manufacturer in the city the price of it, and to return home. But the Paisley weaver, like

Stewart, foregathered with some acquaintances, and they adjourned to a public-house, where they had "buns, whisky, and ale." The Paisley weaver had fairly and honestly intended to return home *via* the Paisley canal, starting from its station at Port Eglinton, within the district of the old Gorbals Police Office; but his head became confused with the drink he had taken, and he staggered and fell down near the middle of the street. In that helpless condition his pockets were soon rifled by some of the street *keelies*, as they were called, and his silver watch and money abstracted, and made away with by parties never discovered. He called out "Murder! murder!" The police came up and oxtered him away to their office. He had sense enough to tell them of his loss, and where he came from, and whither he was going; and when he came to understand that the last of the canal boats for Paisley had been despatched that evening, and none could be had till Monday morning, he became quite frantic and *kicked* the police officers—no doubt fancying that this would be a terrible disappointment to his young wife and family, as so it was, and as the dread result will more strikingly show. They in Paisley—poor, innocent, and unsuspecting creatures—had watched the arrival of the last Paisley canal boat from Glasgow with bitter disappointment. They sat up all night, thinking every moment he would make his appearance with the needful supplies. Some of them went so far as the "Half-way House" to anticipate his journey, which, they conjectured, he might make weary and heavily laden by the highroad—the King's highway, as it was then universally called—but no appearance of the home-bound weaver. His family spent a miserable day on Sunday, worse on Monday, and it continued throughout the week, and for

weeks afterwards. The warehouse of his employers in Glasgow, Messrs Hutcheson & Co., was resorted to, but there it was only ascertained that he got the price of his web on Saturday afternoon, and went away rejoicingly. The canal at Port-Eglington was searched, thinking that he might have tumbled in there and been drowned. Every police office in Glasgow was ransacked, *and, amongst others, the Gorbals Police Office*; but no information or trace of him could be found. We say the Gorbals Police Office was ransacked without avail. They in that office denied all knowledge of him, although, in truth, he was yelling, and moaning, and burning in that very office in the way we have described on Saturday night. Now for the lamentable part and extraordinary nature of our story. We, too, had been trying to discover what became of this unfortunate man. Not a vestige of information was imparted to us—not a glimpse of it could be found either in Glasgow or Paisley, or any other place. His sorrowing family regarded him by this time to be a dead man, and so he was—yet taken from them by some mysterious decree of Providence which they could not fathom or comprehend. They, therefore, brooded silently over their grief; and we began to drive it from our own minds, never thinking it would be revealed in the extraordinary manner we are now to relate.

There was an able publication started about that time in Glasgow, entitled, "*The Glasgow Medical Journal*," edited by Dr Wm. Mackenzie, oculist to her Majesty, who still survives; and we had a warm personal regard and attachment to not a few of its earliest contributors, such as Dr Wm. Young, Dr James Brown, Dr M'Conochay, Dr Gibson, Dr Laurie, Dr John Couper, and others, men of eminent talent in their profession now no more, yet

others allied with them in that profession still exist crowned with grey hairs and full of honour. We may be excused for mentioning only one of them in this place—for with his name we will close this chapter—we refer to Dr A. D. Anderson, of St Vincent Street, trusting he will not be offended at us for making this reference to him in a way we dare say he never expected when he wrote one of his first interesting essays in that famed journal forty years ago, or sketched out the original outlines of a case peculiar in itself, and drifting now, by a strange process of ratiocination into these Old Reminiscences of Glasgow from our poor feeble hands.

It is, indeed, very remarkable oftentimes how the dead body of a victim may be traced out or identified long after all expectations in that way had been given up in absolute despair. Murder, they say, is sure to be found out sooner or later. There was no *murder* in this case, yet there was a cruel and a lingering destiny about it, worse than bloody murder itself. We shall show this presently.

Seated quietly again at our own fireside one evening about the period stated, long ago, with no bloody thoughts hovering around us—for such, indeed, we never harboured at any time for a single moment—but comfortable and happy, we took up to read, by the merest chance, the first published number of that “Glasgow Medical Journal,” in the month of February, 1828. We own we were much startled and petrified by the following article from the pen of Dr Anderson, which we present to our readers exactly as we find it at this day, with this simple preliminary remark that the learned doctor was then illustrating the influence of *cotton* (strange to say) for curing cases of burning, as these were treated for the first time under the doctor’s own eye in the Glasgow Royal Infir-

mary, whereof he has been for many years one of its most skilful and distinguished physicians. This article we are now extracting from the magazine speaks for itself, and strikingly discloses some of the details, nay, the very foundation of the case we have been giving in the Gorbals Police Office, and that, too, in a way we never expected to learn in this world. Truth, they say, is sometimes stranger than fiction; but let our readers just bear with us for another moment or two:—

“A young man was carried to the Gorbals Police Office in a state of extreme intoxication. Here he fell upon the fire, and seemed to have remained in contact with it for some time; for the whole of the inner surface of the right arm, from the axilla and shoulder down to the fore-arm, were very deeply burnt. The whole skin was converted into a hard leather-like and insensible surface. The eschar produced so much pressure on the vessels from its hardness and contraction, that excessive swelling and tension of the fore-arm and hand took place. These were but little relieved by the free application of leeches and by bandaging. On the ninth day, when the slough began to separate, some arterial hæmorrhage took place near the axilla, but no considerable artery was discovered. On the twelfth day, however, a very profuse hæmorrhage took place, from an aperture in the slough, about two inches above the elbow. This was restrained by pressure above the clavicle, and nearly the whole of the dead parts, including much muscle, being removed, and the point of hæmorrhage ascertained, a ligature was passed around the humeral artery, about half an inch above the aperture. Owing to the freedom of anastomosis at the elbow, no abatement whatever took place in the bleeding. Another ligature was therefore imme-

diately applied below the bleeding point, by which the hæmorrhage was at once checked. Poultices were applied until the sloughs had all separated. The ligatures soon came away, there was no return of bleeding, and he seemed to be doing well under the calamine ointment and adhesive straps, with nourishing diet and wine. The discharge, however, was very profuse, he gradually lost ground, became hectic, and died."

The above article, immediately on reading it, flashed irresistibly across our minds, with painful emotion. What! we then thought to ourselves, can this really be the case of the poor, helpless, and unknown weaver whom we found in the Gorbals Police Office? Can this be the sad *finale* of that unhappy man for whom the Paisley canal and other places were anxiously searched, but all in vain, by his sorrowful relations, and denied so shamefully to us in that same Gorbals Police Office. Dead in the Royal Infirmary with such wounds! and no one coming to care for him from Paisley, for, in truth, nobody there ever dreamt or suspected for a moment that he had been burned almost to death in the Gorbals Office, and sent privately from thence to the Infirmary—the police wilfully ignoring that fact—denying like demons that they knew anything whatever about the man! Do we blame Dr Anderson, or any of the Glasgow Infirmary officials about this? Not in the slightest. On the contrary, their treatment of the unhappy creature seems to have been most humane and attentive in the highest degree. But our own blood, always pretty warm, now got into a fever heat of real indignation towards the parties in the Gorbals Office, whom we found had actually been reinstated in office by some of the magistrates. We accused them again, in more bitter words than ever, of their perfidy, cruel

neglect, and culpable conduct thus strangely brought to light against them in that medical journal; and without any delay we went to Paisley, found out the poor widow of the dead sufferer, and made her aware for the first time of his dread fate, till then never divulged, and which, amidst thousands of her wildest and despairing conjectures, she could never account for. This intelligence, of course, overwhelmed her with astonishment and fresh anguish. Any *Jury*, of ordinary feeling, we are persuaded, would have *souced* the magistrates of Gorbals, and those for whom they were responsible, in exemplary damages and expenses; but, after some proceedings or threatened proceedings at law, the matter was compromised by those who afterwards took charge of it for a sum of £300 for the benefit of the widow and her children. It is only but doing scrimp justice to ourselves to remark that we never put one farthing of money into our pockets thereby—on the contrary, it rather occasioned us much trouble and no little expense, as this statement indeed may sufficiently indicate; but it helped us, in co-operation with others, to bring about some great and important results beneficial to the public at large—for example, to sweep away the local dominant powers of the magistrates of Gorbals, to root out *their* master of police, and to concentrate the whole civil and criminal power in the hands of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow, with their head master of police represented now for many years in the person of the present “Chief Constable,” our good old friend Mr Smart, who, by the by, once did duty in the Gorbals himself. It is pleasing to add that, whether we made our voices or our pens potent or not either in this or any other description of cases, we have, from that day to this, experienced nothing

but marked attention and extreme civility from the police in all directions; and we do not grudge the captivity we underwent in that Gorbals Police Office on that Sabbath night considering the results.

We were thinking of giving the long anxious journey we undertook to rescue the mate and crew of the memorable ship James Campbell, of Glasgow, confined in Exeter Castle at the instigation of a wicked and cruel captain, on a false and malicious charge of mutiny on the high seas, which false charge imperilled some of their very lives on the gibbet; and also of giving some original details of the memorable Sunday Soup Kitchen in Glasgow, which we established at a period when gnawing poverty, combined with typhus fever, was hewing down its hundreds and its thousands in this city. These can only be the crude outlines from the pen of an old faithful servant who has lived to see very many changes, and still bears an affectionate regard, excusable enough perhaps, for some of the battles he has fought and won.

CHAPTER XLIII.

DAVID HARDIE, THE OLD BAR OFFICER OF THE
SHERIFF COURT.

“Come forth, Dogberry—honest chiel.”

Watty Wagtail.

WE have been deciphering sundry queer characters that strutted their little hour upon the stage in this city some forty or fifty years ago. Let us now select one of a more recent date whose lineaments may be remembered by many scribes in this city, then young men, but now grown grey in the service of the law, for we must make the observation that the science of the law has, like all other professional sciences, undergone most astonishing changes within the last twenty or thirty years. Everything was conducted by written pleadings on stamped paper some forty years ago, drawn out in many cases to an enormous extent, to hundreds upon hundreds of folio pages; and all that the *Judge* had to do, whether he read the pleadings or not, which, in many cases, was rather proverbial, if not exceedingly doubtful, was simply to write out the words “Decern as libelled” in favour of the pursuer, or “Assoilze the defender” as craved in his defences. But the worst of this was that the *Judge* before whom the process came to depend could play with it as he pleased, or toss it about from place to place upon his table with a pile of others, exactly as the humour at the moment suited him.

He was under no compulsion whatever to pronounce his judgment at or within any given time, and the result too often was that confusion worse confounded took place. Not unfrequently the Sheriff kept up a process in his own house for weeks and months together without deigning to look at it, or, if he did look at it, he might throw it aside in some corner till it became besmeared with dust or cobwebs—this is no fiction: it is reality—or, on the other hand, if a swift fit of expedition came into the mind of his lordship, he would startle the procurators of his court with the significant words *assoilzie* or *decern* some fine morning when they least expected it. They had all to keep their eyes on *The Act Book*—the summary or the ordinary process roll in the Sheriff Clerk's Office, which, at the period we are noticing, was up two pairs of stairs in the front land of Antigua Place, Nelson Street, now occupied as shoemaker's premises, and other things not necessary to be stated. And if the agent or the procurator was a sleepy or an indolent one, and his process clerk not much better, many tricks occurred, and many advantages were secured by the opposite or more attentive and lively side—all owing to the utter uncertainty and irregularity which then prevailed.

One anomalous feature in this may be stated before we bring "our lovite" David Hardie into play. When a process was kept up by one agent longer than the agent on the other side thought he should do—and in many cases delay was the chief aim, to jog along, as the saying was, "on the long sands:" the lands of legal chicanery—he behaved to intimate and take out "a caption," as it was called, against that agent for the return of the process, the price of which caption involved a fee of half-a-crown—viz., a sixpence to the Extractor of Court for the in-

timation, a shilling for the extract or warrant itself, and a shilling to the officer for putting it in execution, which execution was sometimes of a very stringent nature, for the officer with the caption could carry the agent to limbo, and keep him there, namely, in the Tolbooth—aye and until he returned the process in question.

It was in this condition of legal matters, very imperfectly described, but now happily reformed, that our friend Mr David Hardie was hailed from Forres or Aberdeen, by our valued friend, Mr James M'Hardy, then the active and esteemed Sheriff-Clerk Depute under the venerable Mr Wm. Drysdale, who still survives. Mr Drysdale, we should think, has held office for more than fifty years, and is, we are glad to learn, from all accounts, active, hale, and hearty.

David was elevated in his new billet of "Bar and Sheriff Officer" without much preparation; but, if he had from nature been born for the birth, he could not have discharged it better than the way he did for many long years. He all at once became a favourite with the Sheriff, and the sheriff clerks, and the agents, and their attending clerks, and the parties *pro* and *con* almost in every case. His native humour was genuine; and he was so shrewd withal, that David's opinion in many cases was sought after and reckoned to be extremely sound—sounder, indeed, in some instances, than those of his lordship's himself, from whom, however, he generally took care not to differ much, or, at least, as seldom as possible, and always very circumspectly, occasionally supplying a good reason of his own to strengthen or sustain the judgment of his liege lord. The rich tone of David's Forres or Aberdeenawa voice—so new and rare in the courts of this city—gave an unction to all he advanced; and when the

Sheriff's Small Debt Court came first to be instituted, some 30 or 40 years ago, David, in the exercise of his calling mood or gender sense, might be said to be the Lord Lyon King-at-Arms. Mr Rose Robinson was the Sheriff-Depute; Mr Walter Moir was the Sheriff-Substitute. *Viva voce* pleading was quite a new thing in those days. Parties themselves appearing without agents face to face in the Sheriff's Court had never up to that period been seen or heard of. The clitter-clatter at first of the unlettered crew becoming fierce at each other was tremendous—the powers of Babel were literally rampant; and David, as the chief and only bar officer of the times, had to still the stormy waves, and bring them, if possible, under due subjection. He succeeded admirably—more so, indeed, than any skilled blacksmith could do when shoeing for the first time some rough, restless colt, whether brought from Paddy's land or the native Highlands of Scotland. "Come awa', wifeckie," he would say, "you represent your husband—speak low, and just look up to his lordship the Sherra. Are you owing the money?" "No indeed I am not," and then the skirle would commence in right earnest—David carefully placing the belligerents to the right and left hand side of the bar in the old Justiciary Court to be disposed of by his lordship. "Donald Fletcher against Feargus O'Donoghey;—come awa' Feargus, my honey—are you owing the money?" (Laughter.) "Not a bit of it." "O you daring man," replied the pursuer, "can you stand there and deny your own pass-book with the whisky intilt?" "But," said David (whispering) "the whisky's no actionable." "Actionable!" said the astonished pursuer turning round, "what do you mean?" "You must know," said Sheriff Moir now (taking his pinch of snuff), "it's not *recoverable*." "But its *drinkable*, my Lord: it was

strong drink, and the vagabond carried away three gallons and a half of it from my store on false pretences." "The more's the pity," said David. "Strike out the whisky," said his lordship, "strike it out from the pass-book; we cannot look at it sitting here." (Sensation.) Away went Paddy rejoicing, at the expense of the jilted pursuer. This decision against the *whisky* settled a great number of cases in those early days in the Sheriffs' Small Debt Court. It took both vendors and consumers of whisky completely by surprise; and many ingenious expedients and devices were in consequence resorted to by our friend, the celebrated Mr John Barleycorn, to give him a legal title to sue for his liquor. We shall only give one illustration of this, which fell under our own observation many years ago. We happened to go on a fishing excursion with a few chosen friends. The weather unexpectedly became wet, stormy, and boisterous. We found, however, good quarters in a snug inn. The landlady, decent woman, had no *licence* to sell wines or British spirits; but she said she would just give us "a wee drappy out of her ain bottle if we wouldna let on till the gauger": that is, inform against her to the *Excise*. She required no assurance of that kind from us, but she got it, whereupon she produced a splendid bottle of port wine, which she hinted she had preserved "for the feck of nearly twenty years—ever since the gudeman had given up his licence." It was soon consumed with another and another, till she declared we had, with our jolly companions, drank her "*quite dry*," and she had not another drop in all the house. On the second or the third day we called for the bill. She scratched her head and said, "she didna ken very weel *hoo* to make it oot." She evidently had some misgivings about charging for the wine or the liquor, and

the want of the licence, and the fear of the Excise no doubt had entered into her cogitations. But next morning she did produce the bill, and by one ingenious word of her own selection, it settled all her fears, and set us all into roars of laughter. The document began thus :

To *cordial* for gentlemens, 3s 6d ;

To more cordial for gentlemens, 3s 6d ;

To fresh cordial for ditto, 3s 6d ;

To ditto, ditto—all done, 3s 6d.

The ingenuity of that document in a country inn speaks for itself. It is queer how one single word can sometimes cover what was never meant. The word *cordial* in this case, without the explanation, might have baffled physicians or lawyers. But let us betake ourselves once more to our old friend David in the Sheriff Court. Whenever he thought any of the parties at the bar were “gaverishing” too much as he called it, or were provoking the patience of his lordship on the bench, he would pull the tails of their coat behind, as much as to say, “Enough, be off with you, and abide by his lordship’s judgment.” “Silence, I say, up in that window of the court”—for sometimes the soles of the windows in the old crowded court were places of refuge for parties waiting on till their turn came on the long roll. “Woman ! you there : take out that screechin wain : it *dins* the ears of his lordship : it disturbs the streams of justice.” (Laughter.) “Silence all, I command ye, at yer highest peril ;” and whether they understood what *that* meant or no, David, from his very manners and appearance, had the most *mesmeratic* influence, if we may so call it, over them—more so, perhaps, than Dr Darling had with some of his disciples on biology. And thus, by his conduct and example and ready rapertee, Mr David Hardie originally

brought the Sheriff Small Debt Court from a state of chaos into a state of regularity and legal order. Any one could see, from the twinkle of David's eye, where the truth and justice of any case lay—whether on the side of the pursuer or the defender. It is not perhaps out of place here to mention that when Sir Archibald Alison came first to Glasgow to succeed the deceased Sheriff, Mr Rose Robinson, David one day felt some compunctions respecting one of his lordship's judgments against a poor widow woman of the name, we think, of O'Neil, or M'Neil, observing which the Sheriff, after the court was over, hailed his bar officer, for whom he entertained the greatest respect, and no wonder, for David, with all his drollity, was a man of sterling worth, with uprightness of purpose rarely excelled in his situation, and without being guilty of anything like *infra dig*, the amiable Sheriff candidly confessed his fear that he had committed an error in judgment in that particular case, and therefore he quietly commissioned David to go and pay that afternoon to the lamenting widow against whom his judgment had gone forth, which judgment, according to the statute, he had no power left to recall, the entire amount, with the expenses contained in his own decree, without letting her know how this had been done. We mention this simply as one instance of the Sheriff's amiable disposition; but it would be a precedent annoying enough to other judges, and far better to be avoided.

In the *Caption* line against the Scribes and Pharisees of the Court, David in his day had no equal—certainly no superior in that respect. He could, as hath been said of some *sportsmen* elsewhere, run with the hounds, or hide with the hare, as suited him. This writ of caption itself, though small in size, resembling in outward appearance some

pawnbroker's ticket, was big with fate to many against whom it was directed. For example—"Give me that process," says David to Mr Meikleham, the writer in Virginia Street, for whom he had no liking; "give it to me, sir, directly—the process Dick against Donald—or I take you prisoner by the cuff of the neck for jail." And the process was surely got. David away with it under his oxters to Mr M'Hardy or Mr Leslie, and whistling at the payment of his half-crown. Many half-crowns in that way did he collect. Or, on the other hand, if David held a caption against some favourite of his own, such as Mr Alexander M'Pherson, or Mr Hugh M'Lachlan, or latterly Mr William Steele—bred in their office, who afterwards became a most able Sheriff-substitute—he could exercise all the *suaviter in modo*, or the *fortiter in re*—he could be mild, civil, and obliging. "O David, you must really suspend the caption—we cannot give you the process just now, for Alick is busy copying the 31st page of a memorial on the import of the proof, and there may be other 30 pages to add to it by this time to-morrow." "Very weel, gentlemen, just take your own time: they readily gave him his fee, and perhaps he would not trouble them for other eight days."

He had a great nack of pushing on the sheriff-substitute, Mr Moir—the only sheriff-substitute, be it remarked, at that period in Glasgow, who was an amiable, well-meaning man, but deemed to be rather "a slow coach" in the advising or interlocutory line. David always carried the processes tied on his back with leather straps to the house of Mr Moir, then in St Andrew's Lane, adjoining the so-called Whistling Kirk, and threw them down on the Sheriff's desk or sofa. "You've a good heap to-day, David," said the Sheriff. "Yes, my Lord," and there is

one here requiring considerable despatch." David had got the hint to bring it specially under his lordship's notice. "Which one is it, David?" "O it's that awful case about the traikle and molasses consumed in James M'Nair's sugar stores in Queen Street; and there is another one—John & James Justice against the Partick Building Society." The Sheriff, good easy man, took his fresh pinch, set to work, and speedily gave judgment in both cases. There was a very striking adage quoted at that time by Sir Francis Burdett and other eminent men in Parliament, namely, "That there was a power *béhind* the Throne greater than the Throne itself." That adage was eventually applied to David in the Sheriff Court, Glasgow. He was mightily pleased with it, and it did no wrong; while he was ever and anon on the best possible terms with the Sheriffs, as indeed all faithful officers should be.

"Come away, David, you have another great *humpluck* of processes on your back to-day." "Yes, please your Lordship, but there is one lying in a corner of your Lordship's table very much wanted, I do assure your Lordship in Mr M'Hardy's office." The Sheriff kindly unties the new string, goes to his recess, and opens up the old process referred to. "*Its asleep, David.*" The sagacious officer very well knew what that meant; but we may explain to our readers that if any process or law plea lay before the Sheriff for more than one year and one day, or if no movement had taken place in the said process within that period, it "fell asleep," as it was really called in law, and a new summons, or a summons of wakening, behoved to be raised ere another step could be taken in relation to it.

A summons of *wakening*!—what a curious title that is

to the uninitiated in legal lore, as if to bring the *dead* in such actions again to life! Yet there were plenty of such processes sound asleep in more Sheriff's chambers than one at that period in Scotland, greatly to the loss and damage of many parties, some of whose well paid agents, from sheer timidity, were really afraid to arouse the worthy Sheriff from his sluggish slumbers by a sharp word roared into his ears. Happily, our modern agents are all wide-awake now—thanks to the vigilance of Sir Robert Peel when Secretary of State for the Home Department, and to the knocks at their doors of Robert Wallace, of Kelly, M.P. for Greenock, and others.

A summons of wakening!—here, for example, is one. Miss Jessie M'D— brings a summons of damages before the Sheriff against Hector M'G—, Esq., for breach of promise of marriage. Hector stoutly denies the promise; Jessie's tender feelings are wounded. She pines for a time, gets married to a much better man, and the process falls "soundly asleep." By and bye the said defender succeeds to a considerable estate with a great lump of money. The lawyers engaged in the process for the pursuer are now itching to lay their paws upon him for exemplary damages and expenses; and the happy husband, for he was happy with his wife, has no objections thereunto. On, therefore, the process wags: but it again falls asleep, and again it is wakened, and again it falls asleep, sounder than ever in the Sheriff's premises. At last the contention became fast and furious. The lady however dies: the faithful husband soon follows her. Their eldest son, now reaching his majority, attempts to waken up the process. Can he succeed? "'Fat," says David, "what the Deil does he mean?" And the question was gravely raised, "Can this young man really step into his

mother's shoes, and maintain this precious action of damages for breach of promise of marriage?"

Our old friend, the Rev. John Aitken, whom we have already discussed in previous chapters, heard of this strange process: and he also heard of the ejaculation of David about the Deil as above given. With a degree of alacrity often displayed by him, John quoted these memorable words, "Our old adversary the devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." David the officer urged John to preach from that text next Sabbath on the entry of the Sheriff Court—viz., the steps of the Old Jail—which John consented to do: and a most ingenious and remarkable sermon he made of it, as we shall presently show. We had really forgotten this when we were giving some specimens of John's remarkable sermons on previous occasions, which edified, we believe, not a few of our readers; but, as we carry so many stories in our noddle, it is scarcely possible for us to give them exactly at once in their proper order, and, therefore, we must stand excused for winding up with the following one in this place, of which we are recently reminded by a kind friend. It is rich and rare—too good to be lost; whether it is calculated for edification, instruction, or improvement in some quarters is another question not for us to answer. We must leave that to the judgment of our readers.

Mounting his rostrum, and his three-legged stool close beside him, blessed or animated with a tolerably large audience—for John had always something new to give them, not could kail het again, as is too often the case—but, after some preliminary remarks, and turning up the white of his eyes, he propounds the text as follows: "Our old adversary the devil goeth about seeking whom he may devour." (Hem); and adjusting his flannel

cravat, and turning up the white of his eyes, he in regular form divided his subject into four distinct heads nearly as follows :—

1stly, my brethren, *who* the devil our old adversary was ?
2ndly, *where* the devil our old adversary was going ?
3rdly, *what* the devil our old adversary was doing ? and
4thly, *why* the devil our old adversary was wakening himself up in the Sheriff Court ?

John was highly complimented on these original heads of his discourse, and he put into his pocket something more than *brass* for them that afternoon. David Hardie patronised John very often. He said John had sometimes the real *stingo* about him, and so he had in his own remarkable way.

But the real story about “the process of wakening” remains to be finished. After that discourse, and pending the awakened and roaring law plea, the newly sisted pursuer, who had become a fine, tall, handsome, sprightly fellow, well educated, and well behaved—the image of his mother all over—actually courted, wooed and won, and married the eldest daughter and heiress of the old original defender ; and they truly “fell asleep” in each other’s bosoms, leaving a most honourable family in one of the finest counties of this kingdom.

CHAPTER XLIV.

FRACAS WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE FIFTEENTH REGIMENT OF HUSSARS IN GLASGOW.—GALLOPING THROUGH THE ARCADE, &c.

“They run a race—’tis for a thousand pounds.”

John Gilpin.

THERE is no laughable reading in this story: it is rather a grave, *military* one; and, as we punished, or were the means of actually punishing, a long while ago, his then Majesty’s 15th Regiment of Hussars stationed in this city, and commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Badcock, afterwards by Walter Scott, the eldest son and heir of the immortal Sir Walter Scott, whom we often saw in Edinburgh in early life, we may, perhaps, be excused for giving it in this place; for it will show, if anything else were wanting to do so, that we have never been remiss in any exigency that occurred of doing our duty for a long series of years towards the citizens of Glasgow, whom we still love, cherish, and obey, whatever waspish creatures may say against us to the contrary.

That 15th Regiment of Hussars, we may remark, was oftener than once quartered in Glasgow. It certainly was one of the best and bravest regiments of its kind in the service of the British Crown. It fought right gallantly with the gallant Scotch Greys and other Scottish regiments at the battle of Waterloo, and for that reason we

had not a cold but a very warm side to it. Many years after that battle was fought and won, and in the year 1838 the Hussars came here to Glasgow, and were quartered in what was then called "the Cavalry Barracks" in Port Eglinton Street, the original building of which we well remember. These premises have latterly been occupied as the head-quarters of the Govan Parochial Board, or for the *paupers* connected with that establishment, about which so much has been said in this city of late, as if the Barracks which held this crack regiment of Hussars thirty years ago were not comfortable enough now for the paupers of Govan or Gorbals. We offer no opinion on that head, but, as the Rev. Dr Chalmers once said in one of his sermons, we just place the two incidents in juxtaposition with each other—viz., the Barracks for the Hussars, and the same premises for the Paupers of the present day.

We do not mean to inculcate the once gallant Colonel of this regiment in what follows, for, in truth, he was a most polite and gentlemanly officer, as we found him to be from personal observation and experience; but there were, we must say, some young unfledged aristocratic scamps amongst the lieutenants and cornets in that regiment who had infinitely more money in their pockets than genuine brains in their heads, as is still too often the case in other quarters.

These young officers—and we may be excused for not giving all their names, since they have long ago sown their wild oats in this country, and gathered wisdom, we hope, by experience in foreign climes—had a strong liking, when here, of getting up brutal battles with bulldogs congregated near the Barracks, especially on Sunday afternoon, which was their favourite pastime; and living, as we have pre-

viously remarked, not very far at that time from these Barracks, we felt, in common with many others, some degree of indignation at such conduct, and complained of it to the Colonel, who at once set his face against it. Some may sneer at us for such interference; but a brutal bulldog fight on the Sabbath day can only be patronised by a gang of ruffians, whether in the garb of officers or not, and so we do not hesitate to term them.

Satiated with their exploits in that way, two or three of these young officers of the 15th Hussars took up a *bet* for a large sum of money on a very different but most daring subject, unprecedented in this city or anywhere else. It was what was called "a racing bet:" and the bet was this, that one of them, whom we may now name, as the rest of the chapter turns upon him—viz., Lieut. Knox—would gallop on horseback, fully accoutred, from the Barracks at Port Eglinton, *and right through the Arcade of Glasgow*, entering the Arcade from Buchanan Street, and emerging from it in Argyle Street, within the space of five minutes. The Arcade, we may remark, was then recently built and opened up by the enterprising and respectable firm of Messrs Robertson, Reid, & Brothers. It has been an excellent speculation for them. Crowds upon crowds patronised it at first, and crowds vastly improved frequent it still: so that Messrs Robertson, Reid, & Brothers, or their heirs, are entitled to the great merit of erecting on their own plans the Glasgow Arcade. It is unnecessary for us to tell our Glasgow readers that this beautiful Arcade, which is yet one of the wonders of the city, was never intended for carriages or horses, but solely for ladies and gentlemen, or other pedestrians gently walking on foot, looking around them for such purchases as they might be inclined to make within the precincts of it,

consequently this daring bet was not advertised, but kept as a profound secret amongst the officers themselves till after it came off: as, if it had been announced, there is little doubt that the gates of the Arcade would have been sternly guarded against the furious galloping Hussars. To the consternation of its quiet tenantry and crowded visitors, on a Tuesday afternoon in the month of October, 1838, between the hours of three and four o'clock, the very period, be it remarked, when it is most crowded, Lieut. Knox, spurring on his affrighted but spirited and galloping horse, forced his way into the Arcade, and dashed through it and gained his Bet, though he only gained it to the affright and eminent risk of many individuals, some screaming and others perfectly distracted. It has been remarked, we believe, as showing the noble disposition of the animal, that no well-trained horse will trample on any human body if it can possibly avoid it, and really it was a miracle that none were killed by that daring feat. Fancy any madman or daring fool galloping through it now! Who, indeed, would be answerable for the consequences a single moment? The citizens of Glasgow, we take leave to say, if aroused, would seize and tar and feather him on the spot for the sake of their innocent friends or relations so grossly outraged in this quiet place of amusement: would they not? And, therefore, it is not at all surprising that Mr John Robertson Reid, one of the chief proprietors of the Arcade, when made acquainted with this feat, or, rather, with this daring outrage as we have called it, became indignant and justly enraged about it. He instantly despatched a letter to the Colonel of the regiment, demanding an apology; but the haughty offender, proud of his feat and laughing at it, returned no answer. We had, we may say, the pleasure of serving with Mr

Robertson Reid in the corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters in this city so long back as the year 1819, and, this being a *military* affair, he waited upon us. The idea of fighting a *Duel* with Lieut. Knox was out of the question, though Duels were much in vogue in those days. Lieut. Knox was, therefore, summarily convened before the sitting magistrate in the Glasgow Police Office—viz., Alexander Johnstone, Esq., of Sheildhall—and a very able and independent magistrate he was in more ways than one. He afterwards represented the Ayrshire District Burghs in Parliament. Mr Johnstone severely censured the Lieutenant for his conduct, and fined him in the sum of £5—regretting that that was “the highest punishment he could impose upon him under the then Police Act.” The Lieutenant, of course, paid the fine in a moment and left the court.

We took upon us to think that this was by no means adequate to the offence—that a gross insult or outrage had been committed by these Hussar officers on the citizens of Glasgow—and that the apology so properly demanded had been so contemptuously refused. Not only did we attack the officers through the Press—which we then wielded in reprobation of their conduct—but we sent a copy of the paper containing our attack to Lord Hill, the Commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards, London, with a special letter calling the attention of his lordship thereunto, “not doubting that he would evince his regard for the citizens of Glasgow, and teach these officers a lesson they required.” We always went bang up with our accusations, when we had any to make, to head-quarters. We are here reminded of the article we then wrote as follows: “Had any person in this crowded Arcade—and there are men, women, and children in it at all hours of

the day, who never suspect that *animals* of any sort are permitted to enter—had any person, we say, been killed by the premeditated, furious, and unjustifiable galloping of this officer, we are not sure but he would have been liable to the pains of law under the capital charge of murder. As it is, we beg to warn these officers individually and collectively that although they hold Her Majesty's commission, they are bound to act like others Her Majesty's subjects, and if they cannot do so, why, then, we hope the General commanding in chief will speedily remove them to *foreign service*. They may rest assured that unless they mend their manners they will not be tolerated in this city much longer. For our part, we shall take care to bring this article under the immediate notice of Lord Hill himself. We have received many civilities from his lordship in reference to communications made to him from this quarter, and, opposed as we are to him in *politics*, there is no wrong committed in the army that he is not ready to redress if fairly brought under his notice."

And Lord Hill did promptly reply to our communication. He directed Lord Greenock, at that time Commander of the Forces in Scotland at Edinburgh, forthwith to proceed to Glasgow with Lord Robert Kerr, the Adjutant-general, and with the aid and co-operation of Colonel Fleming, the Inspecting Field Officer of the District in Glasgow, to institute a rigid inquiry into the matters complained of. Lord Hill at the sametime desired that these his instructions should be communicated at once to the Lord Provost of Glasgow, not omitting the author of these Reminiscences, who was specially named.

This communication from the Horse Guards staggered and alarmed the guilty officers of the 15th Hussars.

They would now have gladly made any apology to Mr Robertson Reid about the Arcade; but it was too late. The military tribunal, in full regimentals, assembled in the George Hotel of this city on 26th Oct., 1838. We were politely requested to attend it by the following note:

“Lord Robert Kerr and Colonel Fleming present their compliments to Mr Mackenzie, and, if convenient, request he will have the goodness to attend at the George Hotel here to-morrow morning at 10 o’clock, on the subject of his letter to Lord Hill, dated the 13th instant.

“George Hotel, Glasgow, 26th Oct., 1838.”

Of course we did attend, and throughout the whole inquiry, which lasted for several days; and we had the satisfaction of proving every syllable of the accusations we had made—resulting in this, that the punishment we had predicted for them was actually carried into effect; for the General Commander-in-chief ordered the 15th Hussars to be removed from Glasgow for *foreign service* at Madras, in the East Indies, and no officer’s outrageous *capers* have since been seen in the Glasgow Arcade, or probably ever will be.

So much for the pen and the press with reference to *their* duties.

“But now, with pleasant pace, a wider road
I mean to tread. I feel myself at large—
Courageous, and refreshed for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers pall.”

Couper.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE SUNDAY SOUP KITCHEN IN GLASGOW A LONG
TIME AGO.

“Fairest and foremost of the train that wait
On man’s most dignified and happiest state,
Whether we name thee Charity or Love,
Chief grace below, and all in all above,
Prosper (I press thee with a powerful plea),
A task I venture on impell’d by thee.”

Cowper.

IMPORTANT events issue from this story. On a cold winter’s afternoon, and on the Sabbath day, in the month of January, 1847, coming from St Enoch’s Church, which we are not ashamed to say we then regularly attended with our family, we beheld a most dismal sight, sufficient to touch the heart of a stone; but it led to a most singular chain of events in this city, chiefly, if not entirely, through our own humble agency, which, assuredly, we never dreamt of, and, therefore, we hope we may be excused for giving it now in our own way.

It was, as we have remarked, a day of intense cold—more piercing than any we ever remembered in Glasgow. The streets were covered with snow, frozen, too, with thick ice in many places; and the bitter, scowling east wind, mingled at intervals with gusts of sleet and rain, made it altogether a most dreary and dismal day. At the corner

of St Enoch's Square, and near to the entrance of the old House of Refuge, we beheld, with these living eyes of ours, seven young, helpless children, the eldest apparently under ten years of age, huddled together on the cold, stony pavement, with a poor, shivering mother miserably clad sitting beside them, whose countenance solemnly indicated that she was in the last stage of consumption. In vain she was attempting to suckle an infant at her breast, whose helpless condition and feeble cries, coupled with the sobs and shivering contortions of the other children, some of them benumbed with cold and almost in a state of nudity—all without shirts, shoes, or stockings; while there was seen standing beside them the other parent—the father—whose mute but dejected countenance sufficiently attested the mental and bodily misery he was enduring. On making inquiry, we soon found that this was an *Irish* family, swarms of whom, we are sorry to remark, were coming to Glasgow at that period. The shades of evening were rapidly advancing on this deplorable group; the still more dreary and piercing night was at hand. They, it seems, had been denied access to the old House of Refuge, which was then situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the place where we had thus seen them. It was crammed absolutely to suffocation by old and young—paupers of every description—but chiefly *Irish*, clothed with rags.

Daniel O'Connell, "the *Irish* patriot," was then in his glory, ringing his changes for "the Repeal" of the *Irish* Union, and extracting every penny he could get for his "Rent"; while many of the *Irish* landlords, to save their own pockets from pauper assessments, were shipping off whole cargoes of their population by steamers to Glasgow to live or die as beggars amongst us in Scotland.

Repeal the Union forsooth! Yes, we say, repeal the Union, as we wrote more than thirty years ago: "And see what the Irish themselves would make by it. Why, without England and without Scotland, they could hardly exist for twelve months together, or, if left to themselves, nothing but *anarchy* and squalid misery would overtake and devour them." These, in truth, are the very words we wrote and published long, long ago.

Rut whatever might be our sentiments then or now about *Irish* affairs—and we dismiss that subject without further remark in this place—it was utterly impossible for us to avert our eyes from that scene to which we have alluded on the public streets of Glasgow on a Sabbath afternoon. We had really no choice. The instincts of poor human nature touched us to the quick, and, therefore, we involuntarily put our hands into our pockets and took out half-a-crown, which we offered to this poor, beggarly Irishman, the head of his helpless, famishing family. He looked at the money with perfect amazement. "Ah your honour, God bless your honour (an Irishman, with all his faults, has often much politeness about him); but what's this lump of money to me, sir, when I cannot procure a bit of bread or a mouthful of warm soup on this blessed day for my poor dying wife and starving children?" He dropped down upon his knees, kissed the half-crown, crossed his breast, took off and threw his tattered coat over the shoulders of his dying wife and baby, uttering the words,

*"Christ Jesus! for his mother's sake
Have mercy on us."*

Some of our own family, we confess, were perfectly appalled at this distressing exhibition, the like of which

they had never seen. It has long since passed away beyond the limits of their recollection in this world, but it still lingers in our own. We broke away from them on the spot that Sabbath afternoon, and proceeded to the Central Police Office in Albion Street, and there found a good Samaritan in the person of old Mr John Walker, the orderly officer of the Glasgow Police establishment, as to whom we must be permitted to say a very few words. John in early life had enlisted into the gallant 71st Glasgow Regiment, famed through the world. He fought in many of its arduous but brilliant battles, and wore the Waterloo medal conspicuously on his breast. By his excellent and steady conduct he was promoted to the rank of sergeant-major, and discharged with a pension and some honourable certificates. He was taken into the Glasgow Police Establishment, and became, as we have stated, "*the orderly officer.*" He served under many Masters of Police—such, for instance, as Capt. Graham, Capt. Denovan, Capt. James Watson, Capt. Archibald Wilson, Capt. Pierce, Capt. Henry Miller, all of whom we have seen, and last, though not least, Capt. James Smart. By all of them John was very much respected, as well as by every magistrate of the city who came in contact with him, and these were many, for his manners were most insinuating and obliging. He was clean, neat and tidy in personal appearance, and he walked with all the airs of a true British soldier. We offend, we are sure, nobody that knew or remembers John Walker "the orderly" by this short incidental description of him. No sooner did we approach and tell him of the scene we had just witnessed near St Enoch's Square than he came away with us "in double quick time," as he called it in military phrase, to behold the scene itself. He lifted up

the dying woman from the pavement, threw his greatcoat over the shivering children, and, without saying another word, instantly sounded his alarm whistle, which speedily brought some other officers of police to his assistance at the spot, and they conducted this miserable family on that miserable evening to the police office, and placed them near a good blazing fire in the place. But alas! it was too late. The poor consumptive woman died in a few hours afterwards, and the baby at her emaciated breast had already closed its little eyes—frozen in death. But we must now close this sad scene—not without stating some of the extraordinary results of it.

“Oh God!” said John, when we next soon saw him, “is it not vexing to think, Mr Mackenzie, that in this great and flourishing city of ours, where we have so many institutions of one kind or another, not one of them can be found open on the Sabbath day—the most precious of any of the week—to dole out so much as a spoonful of warm soup to poor, destitute, miserable creatures? Every institution is coldly barricaded against them on that day, on the pretext that this is the true and the best way to sanctify the holy Sabbath!” John waxed warm with his “unadorned eloquence,” as we may term it, on the subject: and we confess we reciprocated his sentiments very much indeed. Seeing this, he proceeded—lowering his voice, but not his feelings in the Police Office—“Is it not really a great and crying shame, Mr Mackenzie, that the gentlemen *bigots* amongst us in this city who relish their own warm dinners every Sunday, and never go without them, should sternly deny the same privilege, even on the most lowly scale, to the poor and needy, on the plea that, as regards them, it would be sinful, and amount to Sabbath desecration?” Here we clutched

honest John heartily by the hand. He whispered, "Do, Mr Mackenzie, for God's sake, take up your cudgels in the *Gawzett*, and give them a drubbing for the sake even of *humanity* itself."

On that hint we soon spake, thanks to John, loudly and boldly indeed. We published the plain outlines of this harrowing case, and warmly advocated the necessity and mercy of instituting a Sunday soup kitchen in Glasgow—not so much for the sake of the Irish as for the sake of the poor and lowly Scottish people at our own doors in this city, who were pinching with poverty, and absolutely dying in hundreds every week from typhus fever, with few if any to care about them in their own miserable hovels. Those who recur to the vital statistics of this city at the period referred to will find that the deaths from typhus fever, aggravated by hunger and starvation, were greater and more appalling than the deaths from cholera itself. Deplorable as this state of matters undoubtedly was, we do not hesitate to say that happily we struck a blow at "the rigidly righteous," which recoiled against them, and had the most blessed effect in many quarters; and with pride or egotism, as some may call it, we proceed to tell it in a few concise passages in this book of Glasgow Reminiscences.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE VISION OF JOHN WALKER, THE ORDERLY
OFFICER, REALISED.

“Oh memory be still! why throng upon the thought
Those scenes deep-stained with Sorrow's sable dye?
Hast thou in store no joy—illumined draught
To cheer bewildered fancy's tearful eye?”

AN amiable lady—we do not scruple to name her in this place—viz., Miss Whyte, of Largs, was the *first* individual that *was* pleased to send us through her agent, Mr Alexander Balderston, of the Royal Bank, Argyle Street, the handsome sum of £20 to help us, she said, “to begin the Sunday soup kitchen,” informing us that she relished her own dinner on that day better than any other, and she wished us all manner of success in our proposed undertaking. We were, of course, much pleased and gratified with that candid and generous communication, and with another from Mr Alex. Millar, merchant in Glasgow (still alive), who gave a similar sum. In fact, to our agreeable surprise, letters enclosing money came pouring in to us from all quarters, some of the letters in such glowing and cheering terms as might have turned the head of any stoic. We had now upwards of £100 sterling actually impressed into our hands “to begin the Sunday soup kitchen.” This was rather a new sort of work for our hands—a thing we had never contemplated; but the Irish *groans* on that Sabbath day, with others

equally distressing, still rang in our ears ; and we buckled up our sleeves, threw aside any false delicacy, and went to work right vigilantly, yet not without some anxious meditation and arrangement about our plans and line of action. Our kind-hearted readers, we hope, will have patience while we proceed to explain these in a few words.

“ *Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow.* ”

The *first* thing we did was to secure the large unoccupied area which fronted the old Town's Hospital, near the Catholic Chapel in Great Clyde Street, as the best field for our operations. It could easily contain 5,000 people. The *second* thing was to secure boilers large enough for making the soup in that place. We soon found out and secured a sufficient number of those from Messrs Anderson, kind-hearted chandlers in the Stockwell, capable of producing at least 1,500 basins of soup at one diet. The *third* and the most essential thing was to secure the beef, barley, and greens, with other necessaries, for making the soup. The money we had in store easily managed that. But another thing that rather bothered us was *where* to get the cooks to manufacture the huge quantity of soup, and *how* to dole it out, with the bread we meant to accompany it, with due order, circumspection, and regularity on the Sabbath day.

“ Wherever there is a will there is a way ”—a Scottish proverb which has sustained us many a time. A happy idea then struck us. The gallant 74th Regiment, commanded by Colonel Fordyce, was in Glasgow at that period. We at once respectfully waited on him at the Barracks in the Gallowgate to communicate the nature of our projected campaign for the poor in this city on the Sabbath day. He was mightily pleased with it. He was

afterwards killed, we lament to say, at the head of his brave regiment when fighting with the rebellious Caffres at the Cape; but it is no disparagement to his glorious memory to record the fact that he aided us materially, and above all other men in the city, in dealing out the soup in this city on Sunday to those who were literally perishing for the want of it. Indeed, without Colonel Fordyce we would have been nearly helpless in this arduous undertaking. What did he do? He placed three of his best sergeants, with twelve of the very best men of his regiment at our service, not only to prepare and cook the soup on Saturday afternoon, but to stand sentry, and aid and assist us in dealing it out on the Sunday. He very often came *incog.*, and reconnoitered the place, smiling at those labours. In short, we had our whole plans matured and completed for feeding the poor in a way, we venture to assert, never witnessed in this city before.

It was truly a bold experiment, but it began and it ended right earnestly and well. Some of our own particular friends, when they first heard of it, cried out, Mackenzie is *mad!* Is he really going to risk his own life by the pestilence at hand? Others less friendly hesitated not to say, "Is he really going to extend the ravages of typhus fever by collecting a *mob* about him on Sunday; while others on the narrow side of bigotry, and far from the side of charity, became angry, literally enraged, and averred through some portions of the press which they had at their command, that "the fellow is deliberately going to violate the sanctity of the Lord's day with his dishes of soup to ignorant, worthless wretches"—and so forth.

If we were indeed *mad*, as some thus thought at that

important stage of our history, there was, we must say, a considerable dash of method and some good points about it. We had sense enough to perceive that if we were scowling at *bigotry* on Sunday, as we were really doing with all our might, we must, at the sametime, take care not to wound the sides of *religion*, but rather to evince our respect for it on that day.

“Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thy abundance blest ;
Invite the wanderer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.

“Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warm'd and clad ;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.”

Animated by these considerations, we wisely resolved that the services at the Hospital on Sunday would begin and end between the hours of divine service in the city churches—namely, at *one* o'clock of the afternoon, and close whenever the church bells began to ring at two o'clock, which would refute the imputation already levelled at us, that we had detained any human being from going to church who had a mind to do so. A still happier thought struck us. We had in these days been often branded as atheists, infidels, and sinners, and we know best whether the accusation, with many others, be true or not ; but at a late hour on Saturday evening, we waited on our esteemed friend, the Rev. Dr Peter Napier, of the College Church. He had then just received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University : so that, while he was one of the oldest ministers, he was, by that event, the youngest doctor of divinity in the city. We simply requested to know whether he had any objections to come

and grace the opening of the Sunday soup kitchen with his presence on the following day? He at once willingly and gladly consented to do so, and this we regarded as one of the first and best knock-down blows to *bigotry* in Glasgow. We have heard some of the best divines in Scotland declare that the *prayers* of Dr Napier were of the highest order and most impressive stamp, and we are surprised that since his death none of them have been published.

*“Most earnest was his voice! most mild his look!
As with uplifted hands he blessed this starving flock.”*

It was, as may be supposed, an anxious and earnest Sabbath day that for us in Glasgow. We almost trembled for the first experiment of it, simply on the score of the regularity and good order which we wished to see observed; but, like Lot's wife, we dare not look back. Nor must it be supposed that we had left anything to chance or caprice, or that we were recklessly and prodigally going to deal out bread and soup to unworthy or undeserving creatures. There were then, we must remark, seventeen district surgeons in the city connected with the Town's Hospital, which hospital was then newly fitted up in the spacious premises of the old Lunatic Asylum, where it still stands, on the Parliamentary Road, and the whole of these surgeons, out-doors and in-doors, were overwhelmed with distressing and fatal cases of typhus fever. Not a few of the surgeons were carried off by it, and sad was the lamentation when it was made known that Mr Wm. Thomson, the Chief Inspector of the Hospital, and his amiable son, with Mr M'Intosh, the humane Governor of the Night Asylum, were suddenly snatched away by the fell disease within a few hours of each other.

One of the district surgeons certified to us that in one

single close in the High Street there were no fewer than forty-four cases of raging typhus fever! In truth, we can hardly overstate the dread mortality throughout Glasgow at that period. Traces of it may still be found in deserted homes and desolate families. We ought to have stated that we got *tickets* previously printed in large numbers bearing on the back of them the most blessed of all sermons which the Saviour of mankind delivered on the Mount—viz., the fifth chapter of St Matthew's Gospel—and, as we declared at the time, "in thus giving soup we are disseminating Christianity itself in its best form amongst the poor—it may be amongst the very heathen—for their conversion and improvement. These tickets (we remarked in print) are, of course, the passport for the soup and the bread. In the distribution of them we pledge ourselves that none but the most needy and deserving objects will be the recipients of them. We have, in the meantime (*vide* Saturday, 27th Feb. 1847), placed at the disposal of Captain Wilson of the Police 100 tickets for these miserable wretches crying and pining for want on Sunday, that being their *only* crime." It is the fact that many poor wretches deliberately broke windows on Saturday night in order that they might be chased and taken to the Police Office for shelter. "We have," we continued, "also transmitted in a circular letter to each of the 17 district surgeons six tickets—in all to them, 102—for the sick and destitute in their localities, offering to increase the number of tickets if requisite. In many a poor sick chamber of this city, warm and nutritious soup is not to be had on Sunday, though it was the thing perhaps essentially necessary for the suffering patient. This ticket on Sunday opens the door and provides the cordial."

In so declaring, we intimated that we would, in all probability, continue the kitchen till the approach of summer—viz., Sunday 2nd of May in that year—and we added the following *note*: “We are thus on the eve now of a great, and, as we fondly hope, of a most laudable experiment. We say this, some will think, with a great degree of vanity and presumption; but we protest there is no affectation or hollow-hearted hypocrisy at all about it. We have hewn out for ourselves very arduous and most troublesome labours. We neither desire or expect to receive any recompense whatever for the performance of them beyond the approving smiles of our own conscience. If this is vanity, we are indeed excessively vain of it, yet wish that others would come forward and share it with us, or entirely supersede us in the right way, or in the proper duty.”

Such were our closing words to the citizens on Saturday preliminary to Sunday, the 28th of February, 1847: and we can look back upon them now with singular satisfaction after the lapse of more than 20 years. Precisely at one o'clock the doors were thrown open, and such a scene! We rang our little bell, and called SILENCE! Every head stood uncovered in the vast throng. You might have heard a pin fall. We adjured them, in a few short, pithy sentences, to preserve order and regularity for their own sakes, as, if they did so, all of them would be served, and none of them should go away empty. In the midst of the most profound silence we introduced the Rev. Dr Napier in his clerical robes.

We really cannot trust ourselves with any farther description of it in this place; but, as a matter of historical consequence, not unworthy, we hope, of being mentioned either in the annals or the reminiscences of

this city, we may, perhaps, be excused for giving two short abridged extracts from two of the newspapers of the day, one of them, we may remark, strongly opposed to us on *political*, but no other grounds :—

(*From the Constitutional, by Mr James M'Nab.*)

“ On Sunday last, Mr. Mackenzie, editor of the *Reformers' Gazette*, opened a soup kitchen in the back premises of the old Town's Hospital : and the flow of the most distressed and hungry-looking creatures, men, women, and children, towards it betwixt sermons showed that it was wanted, and a boon of no ordinary description to them. We shall not (says the *Constitutional*) attempt to create a *sensation* by even a dry recital of what we then saw ; but such a mass of misery and rags, and trembling, famishing people, down to the merest infants, we never saw before. All the objects of pity we daily see on the streets, and whose deplorable cases we have frequently noticed, were there—men and women gazing at the preparations to feed them with the keen eye of hunger—and naked children, unable to bear the pangs of want, having their cries suppressed by their famishing parents. Many gentlemen were present assisting Mr Mackenzie in his good work, and all seemed deeply impressed with what was going on. Indeed (continues the *Constitutional*), we should not envy the feelings of any one who could have witnessed the scene without deep emotion. Everything was managed with quietness and order, and the Rev. Dr Napier, of the College Church (himself one of the most charitable of men), asked the blessing. Then commenced the distribution of the bread and soup—excellent and nutritive in appearance it was—and by two o'clock nearly 800 persons were supplied. The cooks, who belonged to the 74th Regiment, were first-rate, and there seemed to be a blessing in the pot, as it was always full notwithstanding the great drain distributed with so liberal a hand. Many of those who got it carried it home ; but the poorest of the poor, who had no vessels, were served on the spot, and gave their blessings and best wishes for the generous originator of the scheme. We (adds the *Constitutional*) make no doubt whatever, after the exhibition of last Sunday, that Mr Mackenzie will receive such a degree of pecuniary support as will enable him to carry on nobly until we have better times.”

THE SUNDAY SOUP KITCHEN.

(From the "Argus" of Monday.)

"If there be a single sceptic as to the necessity of this benevolent movement on the part of Mr Mackenzie, we only wish he had been present yesterday for half an hour during the distribution of the soup to have seen the hungry wretches, who must have pined, at least, till Monday without food, and the whole of his unbelief and doubts as to its propriety would have been entirely dissipated. The whole arrangements were most complete, and the result was perfectly satisfactory. The gate was thrown open at one, and in a few minutes several hundred persons, principally women and children, were admitted. Dr Napier, of the College Church, asked a blessing in beautifully appropriate terms. The distribution then commenced, and between seven and eight hundred rations of bread and soup were quietly served in the course of an hour. It would have been easy (says the *Argus*) to have gathered the particulars of individual cases of real want and misery to justify the proceeding and call forth the enlarged liberality of the public, but it is enough to say that the scene was so affecting that it actually brought tears into the eyes of many present, and afforded the most unmixed satisfaction to all; and we have no doubt but the pleasing consciousness of having so far succeeded in his humane object will encourage Mr Mackenzie to persevere in his good work."

And, by the blessing of God, we *did* persevere for many other Sundays, stating this remarkable fact—which was particularly noticed and commented on at the time—namely, that although we had carefully taken the precaution to erect canvass awnings in the area of the Hospital in order to protect the poor recipients from the wintry blasts usual at such seasons, or from any heavy fall of snow or rain while getting their meals; yet not one flake of snow, not so much as one drop of rain, fell on their poor heads in that place during the whole period of service. On the contrary, the sun broke brilliantly through the heavens *on every Sabbath day for three*

months while those services lasted, which made some of the poorest Catholic creatures actually cross their breasts, and clasp their hands, and look upwards with exultation. We draw no other observation from the above fact except this, that it became quite a common thing for many of the higher classes in Glasgow—for the best of ladies and the best of gentlemen to say, “Oh it will likely be a fine day to-morrow; and it will be a good thing—let us go and see Peter Mackenzie and his soldiers feeding the poor at his soup kitchen in the old Hospital.” This actually had such an effect upon visitors—it was so startling and remarkable to many, that we declare, and we say it with some pride, we drew higher collections from our visitors on Sundays than had ever appeared at any ordinary collection in their church plates! The Lord Provost of the city—viz., the late Alexander Hastie, Esq., M.P.,—and the Sheriff of the County and Historian of Europe, the late Sir Archibald Alison, personally and warmly countenanced us in the whole of these proceedings, besides very many of the leading gentlemen of Glasgow whose names and designations would occupy many pages, but are embalmed on our memory at this moment; and although we were necessitated, from the very position we had taken up, to come directly in contact with thousands upon thousands, yea, tens of thousands, of miserable starving creatures on these occasions—some of them eagerly struggling to enter the Hospital gates for their supplies—we have the satisfaction to state this other most remarkable fact, which tells yet, after the lapse of years, infinitely in their favour, namely, that no one of them ever said a *rude* word in our presence, nor had we the least occasion at any time to commit any one of them, old or young, to the charge of the police for improper conduct.

Yet, though all this was the case, some spiteful, surly, malignant *bigots*, so they were, made the vile insinuation, or propagated the falsehood that the *bread* was bad and the *soup* was tainted; but, indeed, there are creatures always to be found who will carp at the very best intentions under heaven. We make no doubt, whatever, that at the present moment, while we are in the act of writing these Reminiscences, some spiteful devils still exist who will sneer at them with all the venom and animosity they possess. We neither owe them our pity or our revenge. But we go on to inform the better portion of our readers, forming, we trust, the greater majority, that in order to dispel the wicked calumny, we received and published the following documents, rarely, we think, to be found in any place.

The *first* is from the lamented George Watson, Esq., who was then President of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow:—

“ 54 West Nile Street, 2nd March, 1847.

“ My Dear Sir,—

“ At your request I visited the soup kitchen (old Town’s Hospital), Clyde Street, and carefully examined the soup. I found it nutritious in quality, agreeable in flavour, and very carefully prepared.

“ Yours truly,

“ (Signed) GEORGE WATSON.

“ To Peter Mackenzie, Esq.”

The *second* is from Dr R. D. Thomson, the son of the eminent Professor of Chemistry in the University.

“ 8 Brandon Place, 4th March, 1847.

“ I have examined the flour scones baked by Mr James Wilson for Mr Mackenzie’s Sunday Soup Kitchen, and

consider them good specimens of baking, and well suited to form a substantial meal for the poor.

“(Signed) R. D. THOMSON, M.D.

The *third* is from our esteemed friend Dr George Robertson, who still survives; and this was our first intercourse with him, but very often renewed since without alloy.

“62 Glassford Street, 1st March, 1847.

“Sir,—

“As one of the district surgeons of this city, I beg leave to return you my best thanks for the six tickets for soup on Sunday which you were kind enough to send me on the 27th ult., and which, in compliance with your request, I have distributed amongst the sick and destitute in my district, who very thankfully received them.

“So far from declining the trouble of carrying your bounty to the starving poor, I shall be most happy to receive from you one hundred similar tickets for distribution in the same way next Sunday.—I am respectfully, sir, your obedient servant, G. ROBERTSON, M.D.,

“Surgeon to the 10th District of City Poor.”

We might quote other letters received in similar strains from the other city surgeons, but it is unnecessary. We attached, however, some value to the following, which we had the honour to receive from the City Chamberlain:—

“Chamberlain’s Office, Glasgow, March 8, 1847.

“Dear Sir,—

“I have the pleasure of acquainting you that at a meeting of the Lord Provost and Magistrates held this forenoon, it was unanimously resolved to bestow towards the support of the Soup Kitchen established by

you for the poor on Sunday ten pounds, which I am ready to pay you. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

“JOHN STRANG.

“To Peter Mackenzie, Esq.”

These documents (may we not be proud of them?) effectually silenced our calumniators, and we went on gloriously. The gentlemen of the Royal Stock Exchange, per A. Miller, Esq., sent us £20. The recruiting soldiers at the Cross of Glasgow sent £2. Every soldier in Glasgow would have shouldered his knapsack for us at that time: and we found ourselves in the possession of more than £100 for the first week of the Sunday Soup Kitchen. The *second* week was even more prosperous. The Rev. Dr Barr, of St Enoch's Church, graced it with his presence. His lady, Mrs Barr, was one of our most enthusiastic supporters on Sunday, and she brought many ladies with her, and distributed hundreds of tickets with her own hands. We distributed 230 in place of 102 tickets amongst the district surgeons this *second* week, and on Saturday night, after going over our muster roll, we found we had distributed upwards of 1,500 tickets for the morrow, thus affording rations of bread and soup for nearly 3,000 people. We had a fresh relay of soldiers from the Barracks, and right gladly did they go to work. The very sight of them inspired the attention and respect of all visitors.

One of the best men that ever breathed in the Church of Scotland—viz., the very Rev. Dr Duncan M'Farlane, minister of the High Church and Principal of the University of Glasgow—was so pleased with these labours that he volunteered to come and grace the proceedings on the *third* Sunday with his presence, which he did in the

most solemn and impressive manner. It was, indeed, a sight to see that fine-looking, venerable old man, who was much beloved in Glasgow, and had often paid homage in the palaces of kings, as he did successively in those of George the Third, George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and Victoria herself—standing uncovered on a winter's day amongst thousands of the poorest creatures in Glasgow, and offering them his benediction to the God of Heaven! The voluntary collection at the plate this day amounted to £6 17s 11½d: so that it will easily be seen what a numerous congregation of *visitors* we really had. And now we had upwards of £150 to carry us on! But we were nearly overwhelmed with applications for fresh tickets. The ravages of disease and misery were increasing. The Captain of Police solicited and obtained 300 extra tickets; the District Surgeons got 500; and on the Sunday when Principal Macfarlane presided, not less than 2,400 *pints* of soup and 2,500 rations of bread—calculated to serve nearly 6,000 human beings—were dealt out almost in the incredible space of one short hour!

“ 'Tis truth divine exhibited on earth
Gives charity her being and her birth.”

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE QUEEN'S PROCLAMATION FOR A FAST.

“ Attend ye tribes that dwell remote,
Ye tribes at hand give ear ;
The upright in heart alone have hope,
The false in heart have fear.”

21st Paraphrase.

So serious and alarming were the ravages of disease and misery at that period in this land, that on the 9th day of March, 1847, Her Majesty, by and with the advice of her Privy Council, issued a Proclamation setting forth that, “taking into most serious consideration the heavy judgments with which Almighty God is pleased to visit the iniquities of this land by a grievous scarcity and dearth of diverse articles of sustenance and necessaries of life, and trusting in the mercy of Almighty God that, notwithstanding the sore punishment which He hath laid upon us and our people, He will, if we turn to Him in due contrition and penitence of heart, withdraw His afflicting hand ; and, therefore, we have resolved, and hereby order and command, that a Public Fast and Humiliation be observed throughout that part of our United Kingdom called *Scotland*, on Wednesday, the 26th day of March current,” &c., &c.

On that *Fast* Wednesday we *fed*, we do believe, the greatest number of afflicted starving creatures that were

ever congregated together in any part of Her Majesty's dominions. Upwards of 3,200 basins of soup were dealt out, with not less than 8,000 loaves of bread; and we began to quail at the numbers, and the ghastly faces of those who had just escaped the last stage of typhus fever. 300 paupers alone were buried that month in the High Church-yard at the public expense, not speaking of those in the other quarters of the city! The Rev. Dr John Macfarlane, of the U.P. Church, now of London, graced the services with his presence on this occasion, and a most thrilling address he made in the midst of quiet listening thousands. We stated at the time that we hoped this was the first and the *last* Proclamation of the kind that Her Majesty would require to make in the course of her virtuous reign: and so we think it will be.

“Long may she reign over us—happy and glorious:
God save the Queen!”

In Ireland, the famine at that period was dreadful. Soup kitchens were there attempted, but, as we then read in the Dublin papers, it took upwards of six or seven hours to dole out 500 rations of soup amidst uproar, quarrelling, and fighting. Surprised and somewhat indignant at this in “the Green Isle,” we took what some may consider a very bold and impertinent step—sat down and wrote a letter to Her Majesty's Prime Minister—viz., Lord John Russell—pointing out how we had managed matters so quietly and expeditiously in Glasgow; and if he would only direct Mr Labouchere, the Chief Secretary of Ireland, to get a few of the commanding officers in Ireland to do as Col. Fordyce had done in Glasgow, all might go well for the end in view. We took the liberty of transmitting that letter to the Premier under cover to

John Dennistoun, Esq., M.P., one of the honourable and excellent representatives of this city then in Parliament, to the end that he might deliver it or not as he thought proper: thus there was no undue arrogance on our part on the subject. It led to the following very agreeable result:—

“From John Dennistoun, Esq., M.P.

“London, 26th March, 1847.

“My Dear Sir,—I have read with very great pleasure and interest your letter addressed to Lord John Russell, which I have just forwarded to his lordship, with a few lines added. Wishing you every success in your most laudable undertaking, I have much pleasure in sending you on the other side a small contribution from yours very faithfully,

“JOHN DENNISTOUN.”

The contribution referred to was a draft on his esteemed house in Glasgow for the handsome sum of £10 to aid the Soup Kitchen.

But within two days afterwards we had the honour to receive the following:—

“London, 26th March, 1847.

“My Dear Sir,—I have at present merely to hand you Lord John Russell’s acknowledgment of the receipt of your letter, and of his having, as suggested, referred it to the Irish Government.—Ever yours faithfully,

“JOHN DENNISTOUN.”

“P.S.—Since writing you two days ago, I have heard from Glasgow of the very beneficial effect of your Soup Kitchen, and of the great satisfaction it has given to the public generally. J. D.

“To Peter Mackenzie, Esq.”

“From the Right Honourable C. Grey, Secretary of the Premier,
to Mr Dennistoun.

“Downing Street, 25th March.

“Sir,—Lord John Russell has desired me to thank you for the letter from Mr Mackenzie you sent him this morning, and to say that he has given it to Mr Labouchere. I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

G. GREY.

“To John Dennistoun, Esq., M.P.”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN EXTRAORDINARY VISIT.

“He that finds
One drop of Heaven’s sweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish well-content.”

Cowper.

WITHIN a few days after the receipt of the preceding letter, we were very much struck by a visit from James Smith, Esq., of Deanston, C.E., with two English gentlemen, informing us that they had been commissioned by Government to come to Glasgow and notice our proceedings, and see how it was possible we could deal out so many pints of soup and bread to so many human beings within the space of one short given hour. We soon instructed them on that subject to their most agreeable surprise. It is not for us to say what they really saw in Glasgow and afterwards introduced to Ireland and other places at that clamant season; but if there be any sceptics still amongst us, we would respectfully direct them to the files of some of the Glasgow papers, and in particular to those of the Glasgow *Examiner*, the editor of which records the fact that on one of those occasions he counted not less than 10,000 human beings in that very place served in a way which baffles all description from our pens,—all quiet, sober, thankful, and grateful.

We shall not exhaust the patience of our readers by

pursuing this theme much farther. Probably we have said too much about it; but we cannot altogether dismiss it without saying that it had obviously a most blessed effect in more ways than one. It enabled us to inculcate on these poor creatures the propriety of washing and cleansing themselves ere they came for their rations on the Sabbath day; and whereas their first appearance in many instances was revolting in the extreme, we had the felicity of hearing it acknowledged by many faithful visitors that a remarkable change soon took place upon them for the better. We devoted three days in the week, with a numerous staff, parcelled out in divisions, to visit almost the whole of their hovels or their dwellings in the worst parts of the city—for be it understood that all their names and designations were carefully written down in pass-books prepared for the purpose—so that the business was grappled with and probed not heedlessly, but earnestly; and, in order to accomplish this, we gladly state the fact that the whole of the district surgeons, with their assistants: the whole of the city missionaries, with few if any exceptions: the whole of the clerks and most of the runners of the Glasgow Post-Office, with the hearty approbation of the Postmaster—J. W. Sebright, Esq.—gladly put themselves under our directions when done with their other duties, especially on Sunday: and thus the machinery, though we say it, became most perfect and efficient for the purpose in view. And to show that there was no *sectarian* spirit whatever about it, we invited every one of the ministers of religion in Glasgow, without exception, to come and see and judge for themselves, and aid us if they so pleased on Sunday. We are happy to state that many of them did so—such, for example, as the Rev. Dr Boyd of the Tron, Dr Michael

Willis of Renfield (Free), Dr A. O. Beattie of the United Secession, the Rev. Mr D'Orsey of the High School, the Rev. Dr Wm. Anderson of the Relief, the Rev. David Russell of the Independents, &c., &c.

Towards the conclusion of those services, it became known that the Right Rev. Dr Murdoch, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Glasgow, would officiate, and crowds in great numbers flocked to the place. We must do that departed Prelate and all his coadjutors the justice to say, that in the midst of the deepest misery and fellest disease they exerted themselves most heroically. Perhaps we ought to refrain from publishing the following communication we had the honour to receive from the Bishop, it is so excessively flattering and undeserved for aught we did; but, as it was published in another quarter at the time, we do not see that any false delicacy should exclude it from these pages, with the remark that we enjoyed his uninterrupted friendship for many years: and only a very few days before his death he wrote us another letter, amongst the last, it is believed, he ever wrote, predicting his own death, but expressing the gratification he felt that we had been spared to write these Reminiscences, and our publisher may tell, if he pleases, how much the Bishop relished them, often and again.

“FROM THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP MURDOCH TO PETER MACKENZIE.

“Glasgow, 21st April, 1847.

“My Dear Sir,—I regret exceedingly to be under the necessity of intimating to you that I am obliged to start to-day for London on business connected with the projected Dunlop Street Railway Terminus. Only an urgency of the kind could, I assure you, induce me to deny myself the honour of acting on next Sunday as chaplain to you and your multitudinous family.

“The noble manner in which, by the establishment of the Sunday Soup Kitchen, you have stepped forth and taken your stand on the

broad principle of comprehensive, universal charity, has exalted you in the estimation of every right-thinking Christian. You have for many years been known as a gentleman of much public spirit and genuine philanthropy; but the beautiful example you have lately given has presented you to the world in a character that will entitle you to the high appellation of 'the Friend of the Poor of every creed and country,' and which, I doubt not, will embalm your memory with future generations long after you have been gathered to your fathers.

"In so far as I am personally concerned, permit me to say that you have put me under a heavy debt of gratitude by the handsome supply of tickets every Saturday forwarded to me from your office for distribution amongst the poor of my flock.

"In one word, your whole conduct in the affair of the Sunday Soup Kitchen has established in my bosom a claim on your part to feelings of the highest respect and admiration—feelings which, if I know myself rightly, will only cease to warm my heart in your regard when its vital spark has fled. I regret much that the numerous other demands upon my limited means have prevented me from encouraging and supporting your charity according to my wishes.

"After the brief expression of my sentiments, allow me to conclude with an earnest supplication, that in reward of your benevolence Heaven may shower down its choicest blessings upon you and yours: and to assure you that I am, my dear sir, with unfeigned feelings of esteem and regard, yours sincerely,

"JOHN MURDOCH, R.C.B.

"To Peter Mackenzie, Esq."

The Bishop's friend and coadjutor—viz., the Rev. Dr Wm. Gordon, now of Greenock—supplied the Bishop's place on that remarkable Sunday; and we daresay Dr Gordon, if appealed to, would readily confirm all that we have here stated.

We close the above encomiums (greatly surcharged, we must say) on our *Protestant* labours by the remark that the *final* services in the Sunday Soup Kitchen were closed on Sunday, the 2nd of May, 1847, and graced by the

presence of the Rev. Dr Norman M'Leod, of St Columba, who, as his worthy and distinguished son now is, was then one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland: and thus we make it apparent, we think, that no movement in this city was so singular, and, at the sametime, so comprehensive, under the wide words of charity and mercy, as that which we have at such great length been giving.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE FINALE.

“By thee inspired, O Virtue, age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue;
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow.”

It is further most gratifying to be enabled to state that the collection on Sunday never amounted to less than £5, and sometimes to £10 and £15 sterling, independent of the sums freely and voluntarily remitted to us from all quarters, even from England and America, amounting to nearly £500 sterling. The accounts were examined and docketted every week by two or more of the following gentlemen—Messrs Henry Brock, Wm. Morrison, Alex. Miller, Robert Buntine (ex-chief magistrate of Gorbals), Alex. Anderson, James Robb, Captain Wilson of the Police, Mr Robert Watson, then manager of the Savings' Bank, and others; and after the work was over on Sunday by the burning—yes, the *burning* of the pauper's tickets to prevent infection, but always ready with *new* ones on Monday morning—we do not scruple to mention that we took a drive into the country with some of the above, our friends, to enjoy a mouthful of fresh air from the *stew* and real fatigue of that soup kitchen, in order to make us relish all the more our own warm dinner in the afternoon, no ways offensive, we hope, in the eye of

Heaven, yet we incurred desperate spleen and malignity about these labours in some other quarters notwithstanding.

After defraying all expenses, and at the end of this arduous and perilous campaign in the month of May, 1847, we found that we had then a clear sum of £200 snugly deposited in the Clydesdale Bank under a strange and very unusual title in this city or any other—viz., “*The Sunday Soup Kitchen, per Peter Mackenzie*”—which sum of £200 sterling we offered, in writing, to place at the disposal of the Directors of the Glasgow Night Asylum, if they would open and deal out provisions in their own premises for the destitute poor on the Sabbath. They were pleased to *decline* the proposal as not suitable for their other arrangements on that day: and we do not mean to convey the slightest reproach against them for so doing. But what were we to do with that surplus money on hand? To return it to the generous donors was out of the question, because some of them we really did not know—while others of them were scattered far and wide. But with the tacit consent and approbation of all of them in Glasgow—at least no one of them here situated made the slightest objection to it—we intimated that we would follow out the purpose of our original intention, not exactly by giving out warm soup—for the fine summer weather was then setting in, and the decade of the fever then happily abating, rendered that the less necessary—but that we would continue to supply the hungry with *milk* and bread every Sunday, beginning now at eight till nine o'clock A.M. in the Hospital, so long as the generous surplus money lasted. And we did so for many weeks and months, down, indeed, till the month of September, 1847, denying ourselves some social recreations—which

few, perhaps, would have sacrificed at that period of the year—but enjoying the pleasing thought that hunger was thereby appeased and bigotry overthrown—that fever was happily arrested, and that cleanliness, in place of *dirt*, became conspicuous in some of the very worst dens of the city. It is, perhaps, better to narrate this than dwell, as in some novels, on any frivolous story. It was certainly an era in the history of Glasgow in one memorable year not yet forgotten, wherein it was ascertained that no fewer than *two thousand* human beings were swept off by the ravages of typhus alone—an amount, we believe, never known in any previous period of Glasgow history, and we trust never will occur from the same malady again; therefore, in the midst of it all, our unfeigned thanks and gratitude are surely due to Almighty God that, while so many in our own day and generation have perished, we, poor miserable drudges, are yet spared to pen these Reminiscences in no vain-glorious mood, as some may be apt to suppose, but simply to show what any man may do who has the disposition or the willingness, combined with the fortitude, to exert himself for the benefit of his fellow-mortals, echoing the words of the Poet—

“Let good intentions dignify the soul,
And conscious rectitude will crown the whole.”

CHAPTER L.

THE ADULTERATION OF MEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE
HIGHLANDERS, AND ALLEGED MUTINY ON THE
HIGH SEAS—TWO REMARKABLE GLASGOW CASES
IN 1847.

*“ Can such things overtake us like a sammer’s cloud
Without our special wonder ? ”*

WHILE we were thus earnestly engaged, as stated in the preceding chapters, of dealing out nutritious soup and wholesome bread to the hungry, the destitute, and the diseased in Glasgow in that deplorable year, 1847, two other very remarkable events occurred, as the above title indicates, about the same time. They also demanded and received our anxious and very earnest attention ; and both created an uncommon amount of sensation at the time, from startling facts, not only in this city, but we may truly say, over the whole kingdom and even abroad. The brunt of these two cases, on which we are about to enter—or the *fire* springing from them, if we may so speak, again fell, in the first instance, almost exclusively on our own poor devoted heads, as, we are sorry to remark, was too often the case in other instances long before and after that period—engaging much of our time, besides entailing upon us an amount of expense, which we did

not then grudge, but which few, perhaps, now alive will give us the least credit for.

“ Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.”

The cases themselves now referred to are not yet destitute of public interest. We say this in no spirit of arrogance. They were, indeed, memorable cases at the moment—discussed and debated almost in every house and vestry of the city—wherefore we may be excused for briefly narrating them in this place, perhaps for the instruction and amusement of our younger readers, who may ultimately become venerable citizens in their own useful sphere under the guiding eye of Divine Providence.

In that year to which we have referred—namely, in 1847—fraught with so many personal incidents referable to ourselves, upwards of £20,000 had been subscribed in this city alone for the relief of the poor destitute individuals in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, said to be dying in groups from sheer want of the common necessities of life. We could speak, as we have already done, from actual observation of the miserable *dens* of Glasgow at that period; but we could not carry either our flights of fancy or our footsteps to the remote glens or Highlands of Scotland. But the tales coming therefrom were truly awful. The late revered Dr Norman Macleod, of St Columba Church, one of the best and most philanthropic of Highlanders, advocated their cause in this city and other places with all the fervid and genuine eloquence at his command; and, in consequence chiefly of his appeals, a vast sum of money—not less than £100,000—was raised throughout the Empire, headed by Her Majesty the Queen, in order to send provisions for the relief of the destitute Highlanders. Glasgow, this favourite city of

Glasgow, affected as it was with poverty and disease of its own, was made, by universal consent, the rendezvous or the head-quarters of the Highland Relief Committee, if we may so speak, for here meal and other wholesome provisions could be easily purchased and sent quickly by steamers from the Broomielaw to Portree, Tobermory, and other places in the Highlands, that were said to be in the last stage of forlorn hope.

We are not exaggerating the picture at all. The records of the day will amply testify to it. But without imputing any blame, much less any unmerited reflection, on the memory of the good men composing that Highland Relief Committee in Glasgow, there can, we are afraid, be little or no doubt of the fact that *gross jobbery*, under the shadow of some of their names, took place in the management of it. We all know, with sad regret, that within a very few years afterwards, during the time of the *Crimean War*, gross jobbery revolting to humanity took place—that contracts were deliberately violated, provisions infamously adulterated, and that even the oats, the hay, and the straw intended for dumb animals, were wickedly corrupted, by many unscrupulous agents and avaricious contractors in order to enrich themselves at the public expense. And so, we are afraid, it ever will be in this busy world; for Mammon, the chief god of some men's idolatry, "goeth about," as has been often remarked, "like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." We must leave the claws of that lion, if he be a reality, to be stirred up for a little while now amongst the *bulls* and the *bears* still traversing the city of Glasgow.

We come now to the Highland Relief Committee. It was their duty, since they undertook the task, to secure, with the ample means at their command, good, cheap,

wholesome provisions to assuage the cravings of nature in the Highlands. At that time there was a very eminent and well-known grain merchant in the city—doing a good deal of business. We must now name him—“Alexander Bannatyne, Esq., grain and provision merchant, Hope Street.” He is not there now—he is dead and gone; but for that reason we shall say nothing that was not strictly true of him while he was alive. Mr Bannatyne, from his position, soon ingratiated himself with the Highland Relief Committee, with some members of which he was intimately acquainted, if not connected in business. He offered to the Relief Committee to supply them with 1000 loads or bolls of oatmeal per sample at 58s per boll, cash; another 1000 loads, at 57s cash; 500 of pease-meal, at 42s; 1000 of wheatmeal, at 40s; 300 of barley-meal, at 42s; and 500 barrels of Indian corn meal, at 33s per barrel—all cash. This was, therefore, a pretty good quantity, and amounted to a pretty large sum of money. Mr Bannatyne was to have the first 1000 bolls of *oatmeal* ready for shipment by the *Aurora* steamer, belonging to Messrs G. & J. Burns, within a few days afterwards, bound for Oban, Portree, or Tobermory. Altogether, his proposed contract amounted to upwards of £11,000 Sterling.

The Highland Relief Committee very properly took samples from Mr Bannatyne of these his provisions, with which they were well satisfied; and luckily for them, and *providentially* for ourselves, as we shall soon show, these samples were docquetted, and carefully sealed up, and deposited with the late Mr C. R. Baird, writer in Glasgow, who acted as one of the Secretaries of the Relief Committee.

Much to our surprise, Mr Alexander Lauder, a decent

and respectable citizen, waited on us, and represented that Mr Bannatyne, with his servants, were busy, under cloud of night, *adulterating* the meal for the destitute Highlanders with bran, thirds, sawdust, or other scandalous ingredients, which we need not describe. We could scarcely believe his statements; but, to make assurance doubly sure, Mr Lauder put his averments in writing, and subscribed them with his own hand. Still we were sceptical, because we knew Mr Bannatyne, and thought it hardly possible that he would resort to such flagrant and diabolical conduct—to *cheat* the Relief Committee on the one hand; but what was worse, to *injure*, on the other hand, the poor, innocent, starving Highlanders, perishing for the bread of life, and this for the base and inhuman purpose of profiting or enriching himself by such means, for that was the only conclusion we could arrive at if the story was really true. We may here take the opportunity of observing, whatever our enemies may allege against us to the contrary, that we have never once, in the whole course of our lives, attacked any man, or anybody, except on clear and proper grounds: and so in this case we went cautiously to work on this staggering communication.

“Meet me (says Mr Lauder) *at the Unitarian Chapel* in Union Street this very night at twelve o’clock, and you will see, with your own eyes, the work of adulteration actually going on *there* under cloud of night.” “Merciful goodness!” some of our readers may be apt to exclaim—“it cannot be possible in such a place.” Let us explain. Underneath the old Unitarian Chapel—now transmogrified, strange to say, into the handsome and capacious offices of the North British Daily Mail—there were certain *vaults* or stores, let out for the accommodation of cotton merchants as well as *grain* merchants, whose

business was then on a very limited scale compared with what it is now. We may remark, in passing, that we remember the whole of the pastors of the Unitarian Chapel since it was first built in Union Street—and an out-of-the-way place it was deemed to be—viz., Messrs Yates, Marden, Blythe, Clarke, and Croskey; and without saying anything whatever about their *tenets*, which we have no right to do, for, as the greatest of all authorities has said, “Let every one be persuaded in his own mind,” yet we may be pardoned for making the remark that, in spite of some early prejudices in this city, these Unitarian clergymen, somehow or other, never lagged, but, on the contrary, were always found labouring in the front ranks with the advocates of civil and religious liberty. In saying this, do not let it be supposed for a moment that we are doing any detriment to the good sturdy body of Dissenters amongst us, far less to our attached friends of the Established Church of Scotland, in whose faith we have lived and hope to die. But as a great divine once said, “There is room enough for all and to spare.”

*“He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all our slaves beside.”*

We met Mr Alex. Lauder, as he proposed by appointment, at the Unitarian Chapel at midnight. Few editors, we dare to say, would venture out of their own snug quarters to enter any chapel for such a purpose at such a time. Robert Burns has thrillingly described the rich scene in Alloway Kirk. We must now endeavour to describe, in rude, blunt, prose version, a very different but important scene, which we witnessed in the vaults underneath the chapel referred to. Somehow Mr Lauder had been furnished with a pass-key to the vaults, or he had been in

league with the *devils*, as we must call them, engaged thereon.

Rap! tap! at the door of the meal operations. "Who goes there?" "It's me, Archie!" and with that the door is cannily thrown open. Such a sight! Dozens of men and boys—"dusty millers" they were called—were seen with dirty white nightcaps on their heads, and others with masks on their faces and over their mouths, obviously to prevent the dust from choking them; while others, with shovels and rakes, were turning over the *meal* ingredients—one shovelful of good meal with two or three of adulterated stuff—and filling the first thousand bags as quickly as they could do for shipment at the Broomielaw. It was a most suffocating sight—the stour and the stuff and the villanous ingredients had a direct tendency almost to choke the breath; but there was liquor plenty to clear the throat, and stimulate the arms of those engaged at the work: for, at the end of every ten bags made up for the Highland Relief Committee, they got, as they admitted, a good caulker of Highland whiskey, with plenty of porter and ale, bread and cheese, to encourage them on throughout the night—for this was night-work, dark night-work, in reality. We soon saw sufficient, and more than sufficient reason to satisfy us that the representation originally made to us by our informant, Mr Lauder, was too true—too glaring, too infamous, wicked, and abominable. Can anybody justify it on any ground whatever? We have said that the work, as we saw it going on, was of a most *suffocating* nature, and so it was; but to explain it better and much more forcibly to our readers, we may here be pardoned for relating to them a most extraordinary *tragedy*, not exactly bearing on the present case except in one particular, but it actually

occurred about the same period in one of the mills belonging to the Incorporation of Bakers in Glasgow, situated at Partick.

A fine, well-behaved young man, son of one of the chief millers in that place, fell desperately in love with a pretty girl in the neighbourhood, much of his own rank. He courted, and won her hand and her heart. Their marriage day was fixed. On the eve of it, and on a fine summer's evening, he took his betrothed into one of the mills to let her see how they drove the fanners, and made the meal, and assorted the flour, &c. There was no guile, no duplicity, no thoughts of wickedness of any sort about him. In the lightness of his gay heart, he swirled round his affianced bride in his right arm: they were then romping and dancing on the floor of one of the upper apartments in the mill, when of a sudden she slipped her foot, and tumbled down into one of the heaps of flour that had been gathered in the place. She was completely immersed in it all over from head to heel. She made a desperate struggle to get out of it. She arose in a mantle of Death, panting at the moment for breath, and imploring water, *water*, but no water could then be had. Her lover stood laughing at first, thinking it was a fine accidental freak. In renewed agony, and gasping afresh for breath, she fell dead at his feet, being literally *suffocated* to death. If that was the case with the finest and purest of flour, no wonder we held our nostrils and shut our mouths as we beheld, under the dim glare of the gaslight in the Unitarian Chapel, the myrmidons of Mr Alex. Bannatyne polluting and corrupting the meal for the destitute Highlanders like demons in the lower regions.

CHAPTER LI.

WHAT NEXT?

“Awake a louder and a loftier strain.”

Byron.

WITH these astounding and flagrant facts in view, we at once called upon the Highland Relief Committee to do their duty to investigate the matter, and particularly the Oatmeal of Mr Alexander Bannatyne. A singular incident occurred, which soon reached our ears. So anxious was Mr Bannatyne to get the meal shipped on board the Aurora at the Broomielaw on the following night, that a retinue of carters were employed by him to whip their horses at the utmost speed till they got it safely under the shades of the Broomielaw. In doing this, and from the jolting of some of the carts, several of the bags containing the spurious meal burst asunder, and the streets leading to the Broomielaw were found strewed with it early on the following morning. The night watchman at the Broomielaw took up some handfuls of it and pocketed it, thinking it would be a good thing to take home to his wife to make his own porridge in the morning. They soon, however, made an analysis of it in broad daylight as carefully as our friend Dr Penny could do with his chemical apparatus in the Andersonian University. They discovered the

particles of *bran*, food for horses, and the sawdust, &c.—neither fit as food for man or beast. They learned for whom this *meal* was intended, and, as they afterwards artlessly stated, “they shuddered at the thought” that it should be eaten by the poor Highlanders. Meanwhile the *Aurora*, with the 1000 bags on board, was despatched from the Broomielaw; and Mr Bannatyne, smiling in his sleeve, doubtless, imagined that all was right. He had no conception that we were cognisant of his operations. It is the fact that a section of the Highland Relief Committee, in the first instance, set their faces against any investigation whatever. They were arm in glove with Mr Bannatyne; he was incapable, they said, of adulterating his meal. Some of them scowled at us very angrily for presuming to interfere “with their arrangements.” We boldly challenged them, however, to do their duty, or we would regard them as his abettors, and so publish them to the world. They at last called a *pro re nata*, or special meeting: and we were glad to learn that the Lord Provost of the city (Mr Alex. Hastie)—a real, even-down, honourable man, now no more—stepped forward and took the chair. By the narrowest possible majority, by the casting vote, we believe, of the Lord Provost, it was carried that “an investigation should take place, and that Mr Peter Mackenzie be required to produce his evidence.” We instantly despatched messengers (at some expense) in pursuit of the *Aurora* to Oban, Tobermory, and other places, whither she had gone with her cargo; and we did so with the avowed purpose of putting the authorities in these places on their guard about the *adulterated* meal for the destitute Highlanders. It might have affected, if not poisoned, not a few of them, if greedily served out, without careful preparation. Be that as it may, the strictures

we made on this subject created a strong feeling of indignation in Glasgow. We were very precise and circumstantial in all our details. The Highland Relief Committee *must* proceed. They had no longer any other alternative, with a due regard to their own character as public men. The messengers we had despatched to Oban and other places quickly returned overland to Glasgow, bringing samples of the adulterated meal found on board the Aurora, utterly different from the original and genuine samples which Mr Bannatyne had given to the Committee in Glasgow, and in virtue of which that Committee had covenanted with him for his enormous supplies. We were thus armed with irrefragable evidence. Mr Bannatyne at first faced the Committee, boldly denying our accusations, and asserting that the meal was genuine in every way. We soon confronted him with his own friend, Mr Alex. Lauder—for they had previously been doing business together—and also with not a few of Mr Bannatyne's own *hired* servants. From nine o'clock in the morning, and sometimes till ten at night, we attended the Lord Provost and the Committee in their rooms in Gordon Street; and we had a special shorthand writer in attendance to note all that occurred, greatly to the mortification of some parties, who moved that he should be excluded; but we retained him steadily at his post, with the best and most salutary effect. The *Press*, indeed, is a most potent organ in places even above and beyond the Highlands of Scotland. Mr Bannatyne, after attending the Committee for some days with his law agents, at last *deserted* it. The evidence, indeed, was becoming rather cogent and overwhelming for his nerves. He threatened us with an action of damages in the Court of Session. He repeated his threats, and we snapped our

fingers at him in defiance ; but, well knowing, from dear-bought experience, what actions of damages sometimes were in the most audacious of cases, we sent a communication to our vigilant and respected agent in Edinburgh—viz., Alexander Hamilton, Esq., W.S.—and his reply is as follows :—

“Edinburgh, 7th April, 1847.

“My Dear Sir,—I am favoured with yours of yesterday’s date, and, in terms of your request, have sent retainers for you to the Lord Advocate, the Solicitor-General, and the Dean of Faculty, in any action of damages to be brought against you at the instance of Alexander Bannatyne, grain merchant in Glasgow, or others, in regard to the adulteration of meal for the destitute Highlands.—I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

“ALEX. HAMILTON.

“To Peter Mackenzie, Esq.”

That letter may serve to show the spirit in which we were arming ourselves for the threatened encounter in the Supreme Court, and the pains we were taking to protect the Highlanders on public grounds.

At last we were requested to attend a special meeting of the Lord Provost and the acting members of the Relief Committee to sum up the evidence and conclude the whole case before them. We readily did so : and the shorthand writer’s notes still before us enable us to make the following excerpt :—

“Highland Relief Destitute Fund

“Committee Rooms,

“Glasgow, Saturday morning, April 3, 1847.

“Present

“The Hon. Alexander Hastie, Lord Provost of Glas-

gow ; Bailie Honyman, Glasgow ; Harry Rainy, Esq., M.D., Glasgow ; the Rev. Dr Norman Macleod ; Dr Auldcorn, of Oban ; Hugh M'Lachlan, Esq., Glasgow ; Mr MacDougall ; Arthur Forbes, Esq., Town-Clerk of Glasgow ; C. R. Baird, Esq., Acting Secretary ; with Mr Peter Mackenzie and Mr Alex. Lauder in attendance.

“ Mr Mackenzie went over the whole evidence at great length, and concluded as follows :—

“ And now, my Lord Provost and Gentlemen, I cannot conclude without earnestly, but respectfully, observing that this is a matter of the most grave and serious importance. It is of importance to the country. Your Lordship and this Committee, together with men of exalted rank in this kingdom, have been entrusted with the management and distribution of large and munificent funds for the relief of the poor, destitute Highlanders. A generous Nation, from the Queen herself upon the throne down to the humblest of her subjects, have responded to the earnest appeals made in their behalf. In the sacred name of *Justice*, I therefore now call upon you to pronounce a true and righteous deliverance in this matter : a deliverance which, however painful it may be to others, shall give satisfaction to the generous donors, and not injure but rather conduce and give confidence to any further subscriptions ; while you will thereby prove to the destitute Highlanders themselves that, although stricken with poverty and affliction, they will be protected from imposition in the common necessaries of life—that the meal and the bread which goes to them in this the season of their great calamity, is not tainted, and not corrupted—that it is, or ought to be, as genuine as the charity itself which wafted it to them under the eye of Heaven—and that, if a foul and daring wrong has been perpetrated, it will be signally exposed, promptly redressed, and effectually punished. With these observations, I must thank the Committee for their attention, and now retire.”

“ Lord Provost : Although you retire, Mr Mackenzie, I must beg of you—and I think the Committee would wish you—to remain in one of the adjoining rooms for a few minutes till we deliberate amongst ourselves.

“ Mr Mackenzie bowed in acquiescence, and withdrew.”

CHAPTER LII.

THE VERDICT OF THE COMMITTEE.

“Ring the alarum bell.”

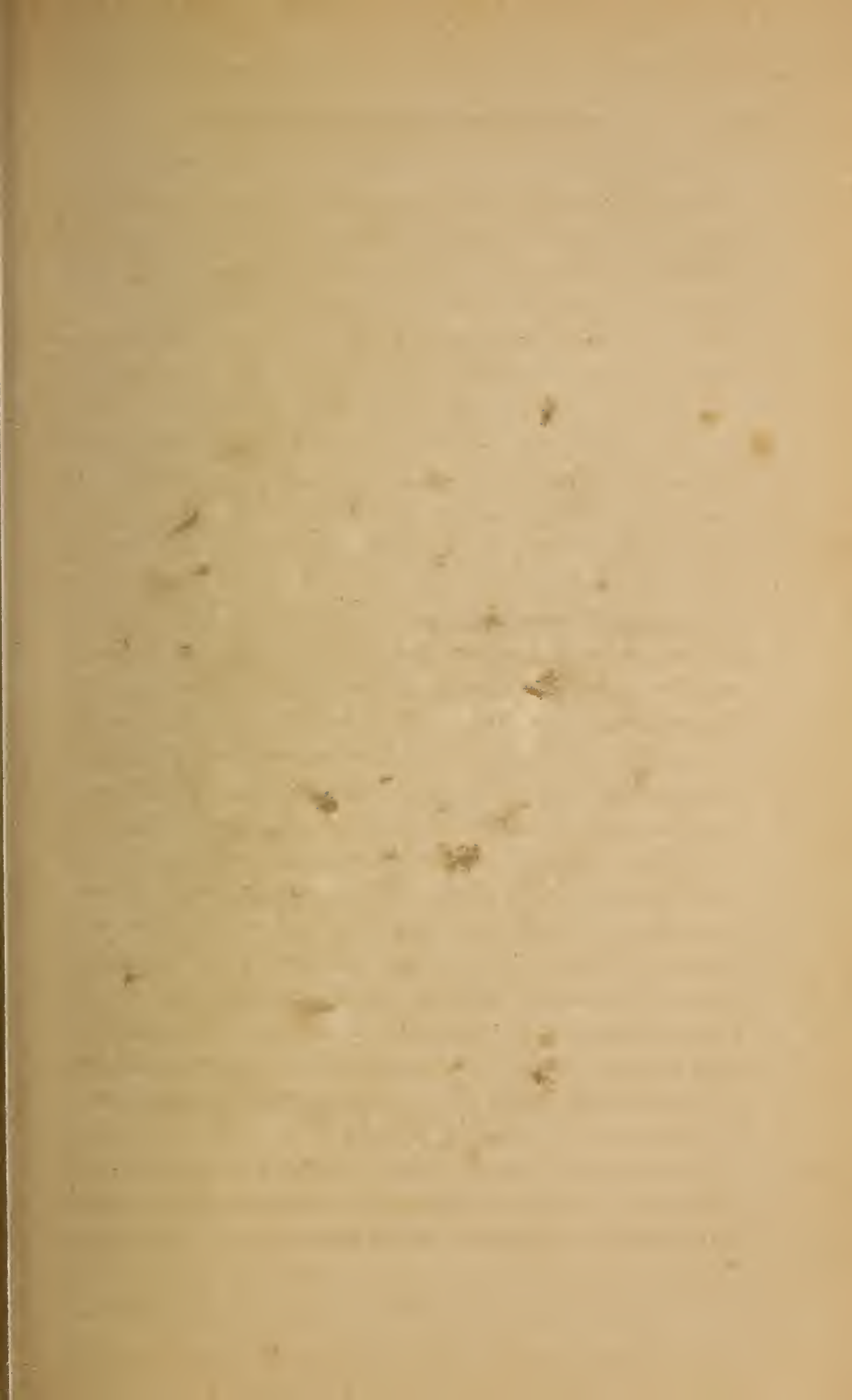
Old Timothy.

“AFTER remaining in deliberation for about twenty minutes (we are still copying from the exact notes of the shorthand writer) the doors of the Committee Rooms were thrown open, and Mr Mackenzie was directed to re-appear.

“The Lord Provost (rising from his chair) — Mr Mackenzie, the members of this Committee have now formed their opinion. We find the charges *proven*, as regards the statements published by you in the *Gazette*, and, therefore, it is unnecessary for us to prolong the inquiry in this place, or examine additional witnesses, which you say you have in attendance. We think it is the better way to leave the case as it now stands *with the Procurator Fiscal*, to take such further action in the matter as the law requires: for we, as a *Committee*, can go no further. I think I state the views of every member of this Committee when I say that you, Mr Mackenzie, have acted from pure motives, and for the public good in this case, and that the Committee are now all satisfied with the manner in which you have conducted the evidence now brought to a close.”

We are surely not improperly trumpeting our own praises by quoting these judicial remarks of the Lord Provost of Glasgow. They certainly afforded us great relief at the time. But Mr Bannatyne, if not chop-fallen, became furious. He tried to *dragoon* Mr George Salmond, the Procurator Fiscal; but Mr Salmond was too cool and collected for him, and so was the Sheriff of the County, acting by his respected deputy, Mr Henry Glassford Bell, now elevated to his high position. Mr Bannatyne was speedily apprehended by Mr Anthony Nish, messenger-at-arms, on a criminal warrant for adulterating the meal; but he was liberated on bail, while the case was reported to the law officers of the Crown in Edinburgh. The *sensation*, in consequence of this last event, increased greatly. Every artifice was made, not only to destroy the evidence we had collected, but to muzzle our lips, and knock the very legs from under us. Mr Lauder was tempted with offers to emigrate to America; some of the illiterate labourers who mixed the meal were hied away from Glasgow; but what was worse than all this, the Highland Relief Committee, per their Select *Finance* Committee, in the face of all that had taken place, paid down to Mr Bannatyne the full value of his meal, with a trifling deduction, thereby enabling him to say to the Crown lawyers, now looking at the case, that his conduct, after all was pure and immaculate in their eyes, and that he was sought to be the victim by his rivals in trade, hounded on by a reckless press!

From first to last, it was no other than a case of cool and deliberate fraud, ending eventually in a way which may astonish our readers as we proceed.





WEE JAMIE WALLACE

CHAPTER LIII.

THE INDICTMENT OF MR BANNATYNE.

“’Twas a potent instrument, and well directed indeed.”

Hume on Crimes.

It pleased the Lord Advocate of the day—viz., Andw. Rutherford, Esq., Her Majesty’s Advocate for Her Majesty’s interest—to indict Mr Bannatyne to stand his trial before the Lords of Justiciary in Glasgow at the Autumn Circuit, in the month of September, 1847. It was a momentous trial for him. It was also, in one view, a very momentous trial for ourselves: for, if he had been *acquitted*, we must, in another view, have been *condemned*; and the action of damages which he threatened might have crushed us to the ground. Law is law—who doubts it? Mr Bannatyne seemed to be perfectly confident of an acquittal in the *Justiciary Court*. To attain that end he had engaged as his counsel two of the ablest gentlemen then at the bar—viz., Mr John Inglis, now the Lord President of the Supreme Court, and Mr Robert Macfarlane, now Lord Ormadale. Little did either of them, we dare to say, think at that period that, when coming to Glasgow on a special retainer in an adulterated meal case, they would afterwards soar to the highest pinnacles of their profession in this kingdom. But so it is: and, amidst many other remarkable scenes

which we have witnessed in the legal profession, we record the above fact with singular satisfaction.

When the trial itself came on, the Justiciary Court in Glasgow was crowded, as much so as in any case ever tried there before or since. We had, we must observe, no right to interfere or to say a single word on that trial, yet we were imperilled in the result very seriously, as our readers may easily perceive from the preceding narrative, which has been faithfully given, perhaps at greater length than it should be done. We will not fatigue our readers with many of the additional details. Suffice it to say that the prosecution on behalf of the Crown was very ably conducted by James Crawford, Esq., of Ardmillan, Advocate-Depute—then a young man—now also elevated to the Bench by that title. Very extraordinary evidence indeed was led by Mr Bannatyne. No longer being able, from the force of the evidence for the Crown, to *deny* the adulteration, he led evidence to show that it was quite a common thing in Glasgow to mix meal with bran and thirds; and one celebrated miller acknowledged on his oath that he did it pretty extensively—aye, declaring unblushingly that it was “quite a common thing in the trade:” and the plea was thus raised that Mr Bannatyne only followed “the practice of the trade in Glasgow,” and, therefore, that he ought to be acquitted!!

This led to the exclamation, which we have often since heard repeated, “Rogues in grain truly.” Have we any of them still in Glasgow?

The trial lasted a whole day. The Lord Justice Clerk—viz., the Right Hon. John Hope, now no more, but he was an admirable criminal judge—presided at this trial, with his friend Lord Wood, also now no more, one of the best lawyers probably of the present century. The

Lord Justice Clerk soon expiscated the whole case in one of the most masterly charges ever addressed to a Jury in Glasgow. "What!" said his Lordship, in one of his brilliant sallies, "have we been sitting in this Court for these last eight or ten hours to try the question whether bran and thirds—the avowed food for horses—is genuine oatmeal, for human beings?" *That* was a settler, as we thought at the moment, against the adulteration of the meal. It might as well have been said that the leaves of the blackberry or the sloe mixed together were good genuine *tea* from Hong-Kong. His Lordship concluded his charge to the Jury strongly against the prisoner, indicated his approbation of what had been published in the *Reformers' Gazette*, and marvelled that the Highland Relief Committee, pending these proceedings, had really paid Mr Bannatyne for the full price of his meal as shipped in the Aurora for Oban.

The Jury returned the verdict immediately to be quoted. Proper it was in one sense, but very extraordinary in another.

"*Avaunt thee, conscience!*"

CHAPTER LIV.

VERDICT IN THE JUSTICIARY COURT AGAINST MR
BANNATYNE.

“Hush and be mute, or else our spell is marr’d.”

Shakespeare’s Tempest.

PREVIOUS to returning their verdict, the Lord Justice Clerk addressed the crowded audience, and intimated that whatever the verdict might be, no improper feeling should be manifested—that silence would remain under the view of the Macers of the Court, who would take any offending party into immediate custody. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, the Jury, amidst breathless silence, re-entered their box, and delivered the following verdict:—
“My Lords, the Jury *unanimously* find the prisoner *guilty* as libelled, with the exception of mixing with *bran*: but recommend him to the utmost leniency of the Court, *on account of its being the practice of some other parties in the trade.*”

That strange verdict was received between the hours of eleven and twelve o’clock on Wednesday night, the 29th of September, 1847. The Justiciary Court rarely sits so long now.

The Lord Justice Clerk, looking rather surprised at the latter part of the verdict, intimated that the sentence

of the Court would be pronounced on the following morning. Mr Bannatyne was removed in custody.

On the following morning, the Court was besieged at an early hour. Mr Bannatyne was placed in the dock,—a very altered man in appearance. His Counsel offered nothing in mitigation of judgment relying on that (strange) recommendation of the Jury, “to the utmost leniency of the Court.” The Lord Justice Clerk showed his regard for it by the following sentence, heartily concurred in by Lord Wood. He denounced the prisoner’s conduct in the most severe terms,—that he was guilty, beyond all doubt, of gross falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition, and the Court decerned and adjudged him to be imprisoned in the Bridewell or Prison of Glasgow for the period of four calendar months; to pay a fine of £300 sterling to Her Majesty the Queen; and to be imprisoned other four months if that fine, after the expiration of the first period, was not paid.” Thus the case terminated in the Justiciary Court; but the end of it is not yet. The Highland Relief Committee paid him for his adulterated stuff between £3000 and £4000 sterling. They should not have paid him one sixpence, and, if we had not interposed by arresting his course in the manner done, he might have gone on and pocketed between £10,000 and £12,000 by his adulteration; yet the Highland Relief Committee, knowing well the pains and trouble, besides the serious expense we had incurred in this business, as their own first judgment already quoted sufficiently shows, never once offered to indemnify us of that expense to the extent of one single farthing, although they lavished pretty handsome sums on their favourite secretaries and agents.

Mr Bannatyne was committed to prison.

CHAPTER LV.

THE SCANDALOUS INTERFERENCE OF THE HOME
SECRETARY OF STATE, &c.

*“If laws were made for every degree,
Sure we would have better company
On Tyburn tree.”*

The Beggar's Opera.

THERE can be little doubt that the above sentence of the Justiciary Court grieved many of Mr Bannatyne's friends—some of whom moved in the best position—and great influence was used to get it quashed by the power who alone could do it—viz., the Secretary of State for the Home Department. At that time Mr John M'Gregor was chosen to represent this city in Parliament, defeating Mr John Dennistoun in a way that ought never to have been; for Mr Dennistoun had served the citizens most faithfully for several years, and his esteemed and most honourable family, both in the past and present century, conduced to the prosperity of Glasgow more perhaps than any other family within its bounds. None can deny that old Mr James Dennistoun originally founded the Glasgow Bank, now the gigantic Union Bank of Scotland; and a feeling of gratitude, were there nothing else in the case, should have sustained Mr John Dennistoun on that occasion; but public gratitude is not always enduring: it is sometimes very loose and fickle. Many of Mr Banna-

tyne's friends were the chosen champions of Mr John M'Gregor in Glasgow; but at anyrate, or by some means or other, Mr M'Gregor had influence enough at the Home Office to supersede the sentence of the High Court of Justiciary, and within a very few weeks after the above sentence had been pronounced under the circumstances above stated, Mr Alexander Bannatyne obtained his liberation from the Bridewell of Glasgow without paying one farthing of his fine. It was remitted simpliciter! We hesitated not to declare at the time that this was a gross scandal on the administration of *justice*—a premium to *iniquity*, and a reproach to truth. It *scunnered*, if we may use that good Scottish word—it literally disgusted many of the best friends of the Whig Government in Scotland—as other cases under their management at the Home Office have subsequently done—and with all our well-known attachment to the Whig Government, from which we never sought and never received the smallest favour, we are pleased to observe that a real genuine Highlander, and a true, high-minded gentleman, in the person of J. S. Gordon, a native of Inverness, now holds the position of Lord Advocate of Scotland.

We cannot quit this subject without remarking that sometime afterwards the House of Commons appointed a Select Committee to inquire into the adulteration of food or other provisions for human life, which had been notoriously great and scandalous over the kingdom. This case in Glasgow attracted the attention of Mr Lockhart, of Milton-Lockhart, then the representative of this great county of Lanark in Parliament. We had a good deal of correspondence with him on the subject, which we need not publish, for this article is already longer than we intended it to be; but Mr Lockhart stag-

gered the Committee of the House of Commons with this great adulterating *meal* case in Glasgow, and the Chairman of that Committee—viz., Mr Scholfield, the late colleague of Mr John Bright in the representation of Birmingham—earnestly requested us to proceed to London and give evidence before the Committee which we did. That Committee, we may remark, consisted of the following members, viz. :—Mr Scholfield, Lord Ebrington, Alderman Cubit, Mr Sheridan, Mr Moffat, Lord Claude Hamilton, Mr Wise, Mr Gregson, Lord Viscount Goderich, Mr Peacock, Mr Otway, Mr Kinnaird.

We were examined before them at considerable length, and Mr Scholfield, the Chairman, warmly thanked us for all we had done in this business : and here we must now leave it to rest.

From the London Globe of 30th April, 1860.

“HOUSE OF COMMONS—ADULTERATION OF FOOD COMMITTEE.

“Mr M'Kenzie, of the *Reformers' Gazette*, Glasgow, was examined by the Committee, and gave some interesting evidence in relation to the adulteration of oatmeal for the destitute Highlanders in the year 1848, which led to an important trial and conviction before the Justiciary Court in that city.”

CHAPTER LVI.

THE MATE AND CREW OF THE SHIP JAMES CAMPBELL OF GLASGOW.—ALLEGED MUTINY AT SEA.—A STRANGE STORY.

“Up, proud heart—why do I start?”

Hector M'Neil.

AT the very time we were busily engaged in dealing out nutritious provender to our poor destitute fellow-creatures in Glasgow, and probing this flagrant adulterated meal case for the destitute Highlanders, a strange cry reached us from the *sea*—yes, from the deep and dark blue ocean, which surprised and confounded us not a little.

A new, splendid barque, of about 300 tons burthen, had been recently built and launched on the Clyde, and called “James Campbell,” after the Lord Provost of Glasgow—viz., the venerable Sir James Campbell—still alive. She was to be bound on her first voyage to Batavia and Singapore, with a rich cargo, valued and insured at not less than £100,000 sterling. Her commander was Wm. Graham, of whom more anon. He was a Glasgow man, and part owner; and if he had not been a part owner, he should never have set his foot in that barque or any other. Her chief mate was George Rose, the only son of a very remarkable man at that time in Glasgow—viz., the Rev. George Rose, a *black mulatto*—who was

born originally in a state of slavery in the West Indies, but escaped to England, where, as Cowper informs us :

“ *Slaves cannot breathe in England : if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free.*”

This Mr Rose was taken as a *trumpeter* into one of our British regiments. He had a fine ear for music, and he actually became the favourite trumpeter on the staff of Sir Thomas Graham—the hero of Barossa. During the Peninsular war, and after the war was over, he educated himself with wonderful precision, and became a popular Methodist minister in Suffolk Street, Glasgow : and all the other ministers of the city respected him for his character and talents. The crew, twelve in number, besides three apprentice boys, belonged chiefly to Glasgow, and “ a finer set of fellows,” as was said at the time, with the exception of the captain, “ never set sail from the river Clyde.” This barque, the James Campbell, left the Broomielaw for her voyage, as above stated, on the 5th of March, 1847. Within a month thereafter, the astounding news reached Glasgow that the mate and crew of this vessel had risen up in *mutiny* against the captain, placed him in irons, plundered the cargo, and became *pirates* at sea ! Nothing could be more astounding in this city amongst mercantile men and shipping agents, underwriters, and all classes ; for it was the first case of mutiny, and certainly the very first case of *piracy*, that had ever been reported against British seaman sailing from the Clyde. After the lapse of some days, it was currently reported that the barque had been caught and brought safely into Plymouth with her cargo, and that the *mutinous* crew were committed to Exeter Castle for the trial of their lives on a capital charge. This only added

to the deep sensation in Glasgow. In a few days thereafter, the London post brought us a letter dated from Plymouth Jail, which astonished us greatly. It was a long letter, written by the mate, and subscribed by himself and all the crew, conveying to us a very different story indeed, and imploring us to take up their case and publish it, and rescue them not merely from the odium which they saw was cast upon them by the other newspapers of the day, but, if possible, to rescue them from the cruel fangs of tyranny and oppression which they were then undergoing in a strange place without a friend. They represented that they had scarcely left the Clyde when Graham, the captain, grossly maltreated some of them: that his passion became so great, and his cursing and swearing so awful, and gradually increased to such a pitch that he ran about the deck with a naked cutlass threatening like a madman to cut them down: that he stopped their rations, though every one of them were faithfully doing their duty: that they became terrified for their lives from his ferocity: and one day, when brandishing his cutlass at one of their heads, they in self-preservation seized him and put him in irons—refusing to proceed any longer with such a tyrant on the voyage, but unanimously resolved to return home to the first port in England, and seek the protection of the British laws. Hence they brought the ship and cargo safely to Plymouth; but no sooner did they get there than Graham the captain charged them with mutiny and attempted piracy, and, on his evidence alone, they were all made prisoners, and charged with *felony* on the high seas. This letter bore intrinsic evidence of its *truth*; and it was confirmed to us in one very important point, from the personal inquiries we instantly made, that this Graham the

captain was a brutal and a bloody man, and that once, if not twice, he had actually been tried before the Central Criminal Court of London for gross cruelty to previous crews who had gone with him on voyages, found *guilty*, and imprisoned for six months in Newgate: whereas the character of the men who had addressed us were, from the other inquiries we made, in the highest degree satisfactory in regard to each and all of them, the three apprentice boys included.

We lost no time in transmitting the following letter:—

“ *Gazette Office,*

“ Glasgow, April 24, 1847.

“ *To the Mate and Crew of the Barque ‘James Campbell’ of Glasgow, Prisoners in Plymouth Jail.*

“ Sirs,—I have received your letter dated the 18th inst., and I have deemed it my duty to publish it in the *Scotch Reformers’ Gazette* of this date, a copy of which paper is herewith transmitted to you.

“ If the statement contained in your letter to me be true (and I see no reason to doubt it), I can have no hesitation in declaring it as my opinion that you have had the misfortune to be engaged with an improper if not a very brutal captain; and I trust the laws of England will protect you, and lay the penalty on his more guilty head.

“ I shall be glad to hear from you, as to whether any and what arrangements have been made for defending you at the trial, and expiscating the truth?

“ If you have no Counsel engaged, I feel persuaded that the enlightened Judges of England will assign one or more to you if you make a respectful application to them for that purpose—I remain, your faithful servant,

“ PETER MACKENZIE.”

“ *To the Mate and Crew of the ‘James Campbell.’*

“ *Gazette Office,*

“ Glasgow, Saturday.

“ Sirs,—In the hurry of writing you this afternoon, I omitted to state to you that the Lord Chief Justice of England, viz., my Lord Denman, is one of the most upright and humane judges that ever breathed. If you are friendless, and have no counsel to defend you

in a strange place, under such extraordinary circumstances, I recommend you to apply to the Governor of the Jail of Plymouth, or the visiting Magistrates, to forward an application to his lordship, beseeching him to direct the Judge on Circuit to assign counsel to you for your defence; and to enclose this note to his lordship, wherein I take it upon me to certify, from personal knowledge and inquiries, that your relatives here are honest and respectable, and that I believe you are innocent of the foul charge imputed to you. The law of England has terrors for the guilty, but it has a shield for the innocent; and, if your statement to me be true (and I doubt it not), you will soon be extricated from your present misfortunes. I remain, with best wishes, your obedient servant,

“PETER MACKENZIE.”

“Thursday, 29th April, 1847,
“Exeter Gaol.

“Honoured Sir,—We received your most kind and heart-cheering letter of the 24th ult. The only return we can make is to be ever and always grateful to you for your kindness towards us.

“We have no counsellor as yet; we gave our watches to our attorney in Plymouth to defend us there, and have made all our goods over to him (chests and clothes) to aid to carry on our defence in any Court of Justice. He and ourselves are relying upon some friend or other making subscriptions to assist us. If you would advise us, we shall be happy to abide by your advice to the very letter. With your leave I will state to you further all that transpired with myself and others previous to the 28th, and after our clothes and papers were taken from our chests, &c., &c. If you will allow me to trouble you with a true statement of it I am ready to do so. Waiting your pleasure, I remain, in behalf of the crew, your very humble and obedient servant,

“GEORGE ROSE.

“To Mr Mackenzie, *Gazette Office*, Glasgow.”

Still great prejudice was entertained against these poor fellows in this city; and to overcome it, and proclaim the *truth* far and wide, we undertook to publish the following Notice:—

 J U S T I C E !

A PUBLIC MEETING of the CITIZENS of GLASGOW will be held in the CITY HALL, Candleriggs Street, on MONDAY Evening first, the 28th June current, at Eight o'clock, to take into consideration the extraordinary case of the Mate and Crew of the Barque "JAMES CAMPBELL," of Glasgow, imprisoned in Exeter Jail on a charge of *Mutiny* and *Piracy* made against them by a tyrannical Captain, formerly convicted of cruelty; and to devise proper means to aid them in their defence.

Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock precisely, by the Old Veteran,
JAMES TURNER, OF THRUSHGROVE.

As our readers have seen much of our original *writings*, perhaps too much of them some may think, others of our indulgent readers may not be offended if we now exhibit only one small specimen of the many *extempore speeches* we have made in this city in bygone days, and we select it firstly in this case, which warmly interested us at the time, and involved, as we then thought, the very lives of ten or twelve innocent men. We take what follows from the old *Glasgow Reformers' Gazette*—no longer in existence to tell its own battles:—

“GREAT PUBLIC MEETING.

“THE CASE OF THE MATE AND CREW OF THE BARQUE JAMES CAMPBELL.

“A public meeting was held in the City Hall on Monday night, to take into consideration the case of these poor fellows imprisoned in Exeter Jail on the charge of mutiny and piracy, &c., with the view of expiscating the *truth*, and aiding them in their defence, &c. The hall was crowded to excess.

“On the motion of Andrew Paton, Esq., James Turner, Esq., of Thrushgrove, was unanimously called to the chair.

“ The CHAIRMAN—I am proud of the honour you have conferred on me, and am always glad to be at my post to do my duty. (Cheers.) I beg to introduce to you my friend Mr Mackenzie of the *Gazette*. (Cheers.) He and I are old friends : we have often stood in the public ranks together ; and in the call of humanity I am confident he will do his duty. (Great cheering.)

“ MR MACKENZIE, on rising, was loudly cheered.—Gentlemen,—Although it has often been my lot to attend public meetings of my fellow-citizens, on various important topics, this is the first occasion I have appeared on this platform to address such a vast and respectable audience, composed of all classes, as that which I have now the honour to do. I feel the weight of the responsibility devolving upon me at this time. But I at once throw myself on your kind consideration and generous indulgence. (Cheers.) Gentlemen—You will please understand, and I think it is but candid to tell you at the outset, that I do not intend to open my lips to say one single word to you on the subject of *Politics* this evening. I appear here for a far different purpose. I have come to you on an errand of Mercy—of Truth—and Justice. I have come to you on behalf of the innocent and the oppressed—at least I believe them to be so—and in their names, and on their behalf, I have to entreat, and I cannot doubt that you will afford me a patient hearing. (Great cheering.) But if it were necessary that I should assign any other reason for appearing before you on the present occasion, I might state that I have from my youth upwards been warmly devoted to the interest of the British sailor. The only brother I ever had in this world was trained to the sea, and he was rising to the very top of his profession, and about to assume the command of a

gallant ship in the service of the Honourable East India Company, when he lost his life in a foreign land. By his spirit—now aloft! I can never forget his brave comrades; and I trust you yourselves will ever cherish the sentiment, ‘May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age!’ (Applause.) With these few remarks, I proceed at once to the business engaging your attention. Yet, ere doing so, I think it necessary to state, in order to guard against any further misapprehension, that I have not come hither to stir up strife between any class of seamen on the one hand, or their employers on the other. (Cheers.) Neither have I come here to assert anything whatever against the lawful rights of owners of vessels. I am not here to deny the just authority of the captain of any vessel whatever, or to dispute his lawful commands, or the exercise of his sound and rational judgment. (Hear, hear.) I would rather vindicate and defend these, if necessary. But, on the other hand, I am here boldly to assert this principle, and to maintain it, that, in the British empire, whether upon land or sea, no man dare trample upon another with impunity; no man can play the part of a systematic tyrant with safety to himself; or if he does so for a time, when dressed ‘in a little brief authority;’ or if, indeed, he plays

“Such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep,”

he can still be brought before the lawful tribunals of his country to answer for his conduct—(loud cheers)—or, if that fail, he can be brought before the bar of public opinion—that tribunal before which tyrants of every degree have often quailed and trembled. (Cheers.) Gentlemen,—The barque *James Campbell*, as you are aware, sailed from Glasgow on the 5th day of March

last. She was a trig little vessel, about 300 tons burden—almost new. I may state to you, what I believe is the fact, that she was called after one of the “merchant princes of Glasgow”—after a very honourable man, who, by dint of his own good fortune, has raised himself to the highest position in society—I mean Sir James Campbell, who, I hope, will soon take some interest in this case. (Cheers.) She sailed from Glasgow, as I have just told you, on the 5th day of March last. She was bound for Batavia, and thence to Singapore. She had a valuable cargo on board. It has been estimated—some say it was worth £100,000 or £120,000. Gentlemen, the name of the commander of this barque was Wm. Graham. (Hisses.) Stop your hisses I beg of you. I should be sorry to say anything to injure the feelings of his relations, who, I understand, are highly upright and respectable people. But, gentlemen, I have a duty to perform, and I think I may safely assure you that I will not say anything whatever against Captain Graham that is not fully warranted by his own conduct. (Applause.) I shall speak of him more particularly by-and-by. But you will bear with me when I proceed to state to you that, with respect to the crew shipped on board the James Campbell, they were as upright and honest, and gallant a set of sailors as ever embarked in any barque or vessel from Glasgow or Greenock—ay, I will add, or from any port in her Majesty’s dominions. (Great cheering.) Gentlemen, the crew took leave of their friends as all of you, I presume, would do under similar circumstances, with the best wishes. Rose, the mate, was a respectable young married man. Here is his father sitting beside me—a man whose colour attests that he was born in foreign climes; but you will not withhold your sympathy

from him on that account. He has helped to break the fetters from the slave. He is now a respected minister of religion in Glasgow; and, by the blessing of God, I trust you will now help him to break the fetters from his son. (Enthusiastic cheers.) I think I can fancy to my mind's eye the parting of this good man with his dutiful and affectionate son—the parting of those other excellent men with their wives and children, for several of them are married men connected with this city. I think I see them saluting each other with the glistening tear and the throbbing heart. I think I can also see them after the word “Farewell” was spoken, taking out their handkerchiefs and waving to them from our own Broomielaw, conveying a language not precisely spoken, but a language which always touches a sailor's heart. (Great cheers.) And I fancy I can hear the honest responses made that night in some of their families—“May God grant them a prosperous voyage, and send them home again to us in happiness and safety.” (Cheers.) Gentlemen, within a month after this—within little more than one short month after this—the news reached Glasgow that they had become daring Pirates and Mutineers. PIRATES and MUTINEERS!! Why, gentlemen, if the news had come to us that the barque James Campbell had been struck with lightning, or had foundered at sea, and that all hands had perished, it could not have astounded the public so much as that intelligence. What! a Glasgow ship, manned by Glasgow seamen, and by Greenock seamen—a Clyde ship, manned by Scotchmen, whose fame upon the ocean has never been questioned—(great cheering)—to say that these men, these Scotchmen, had become PIRATES, was a thing almost as bad, and nearly as shocking, as to say that they had become TRAITORS to their

country, and that they had for ever alienated themselves from their homes—their wives and their children—that they had for ever snapped asunder the dearest of all domestic ties on land, and had for ever stained their own name upon the wild and raging waters. (Great cheering.) It is as false as the charge made against our own venerable chairman at one period of Glasgow history, upon the evidence of Spies and Informers, that he was guilty of Sedition and Treason. (Great cheering.) Gentlemen, the thing is incredible—it is not true. I say to you that the charge of mutiny and piracy is *False*. I am here to show that it is *False*: and it is for you to say whether you will aid us in doing so? (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, this false accusation, however, was and is made—and ten or twelve of our countrymen, I grieve to say it, have been committed as *Felons* in the Jail of Plymouth and now in the Castle of Exeter, since the month of April last, on the capital charge of mutiny and piracy. You will easily suppose that such a charge, publicly made and publicly printed, naturally threw all the friends and relatives of these unfortunate men into a state of the greatest consternation and grief. I verily believe that some of them would far rather have heard of their *deaths*, than have heard that they had returned branded to England with the name of *Pirates*, if that charge be really true. (Cheers.) But they are *not* pirates. I will show you that they are as innocent as you yourselves can be of that charge. I will show you, ere I am done, that they are the same true and honest fellows they ever were; that they have done nothing to tarnish the name or the fame of the seamen of the Clyde; that, in short, they were engaged with something like a **FIEND**, whom we hope to bring to justice on their account—

(great cheering)—and although they are now in captivity, and looking with sorrowful hearts through the iron bars of their prison house, and musing, perhaps, on this meeting—for they will hear of it—I pledge myself, if you will but aid us, to bring them home in triumph; and on the day of their return to Glasgow, I will ask you to hoist the British jack in this Hall, or at Nelson's Monument—(great cheers)—or at the highest pinnacle of the Broomielaw—and won't you do it? (Loud cries—"We will, we will," and great cheering.) Well, then, gentlemen, for the facts of the case. I told you a little ago of the sailing of the vessel from the Clyde. I have to tell you now that she returned to Plymouth on the 8th of April last, and that the charge of piracy and mutiny was immediately trumped up against the mate and crew. Gentlemen, the men lay under this accusation for weeks. No voice was heard in their favour. At last, to my own astonishment but agreeable surprise, I received a letter from them, dated "Plymouth Jail, Sunday, the 18th of April." I hold the original letter in my hands, and with your permission I will now read it to you (which he did).

Gentlemen, having received this imploring and pathetic letter, I did not hesitate one moment about it. I had no fear of the influence of owners. I was not to be intimidated by tyrannical captains; and I immediately hoisted my own sails, and trimmed my own helm, and got ready my own ammunition, if necessary, to bear down upon the enemy, and to raise the standard of British justice for the oppressed. (Great laughter, and loud cheering again and again renewed.) And, gentlemen, I beg here to tender my warmest acknowledgments to the editor of *John Bull*—to the editor of the *London Shipping Gazette*—and last, though not least, to my excellent friend the editor of the

Exeter Times, where the men are imprisoned, for pouring forth their broadsides on behalf of these poor fellows. (Loud cheers.) I will include Mr Smith of the *Examiner*, now beside me on the platform, who had an able article on this subject in his paper on Saturday last; and I will also include all that other portion of the Glasgow press which has assisted us. (Cheering.) And now, gentlemen, to make a long tale short, I find that this man Graham is a tyrant. There is no other name for him. I say this, because I find that, not in one, but in several and repeated instances, he has been guilty of the most unwarrantable cruelty and ferocity to his crew. I find that he has been guilty of the horrid crime of cutting and slashing at his unoffending crew with the naked cutlass and other weapons, and it is enough for me to state, in order to stamp his character with something like infamy, that he was tried and convicted before the Central Criminal Court in London not many months before he got the command of the *James Campbell*, for a species of cruelty towards some of his crew, and that he had sentence of six months' imprisonment. Why, gentlemen, if he had been transported beyond seas for the whole term of his natural life—or if he had been hung up by the yard-arm, as some have been for far more trivial offences—(sensation)—I do not say that he would have been served right, but this I say, that the mate and crew of the *James Campbell* would have been saved from his fangs, and never had occasion to rue the day they sailed with him. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, it is in order to protect this man, and to shield his own iniquity, that the charge of mutiny and attempted piracy, forsooth, has been made against these unfortunate men. Why, gentlemen, on the face of the matter you will perceive, and common sense will, I am sure, at once

point out to you, that, if the mate and crew of this vessel had really committed mutiny, or intended to commit *piracy*, they never would have returned home with their vessel to the nearest port in England to put themselves, as they state in their letter to me, "*under the protection of their country's laws.*" They indeed returned to England, I cannot doubt in truth and reality, "to put themselves under the protection of their country's laws;" and yet Capt. Graham, or his powerful and wealthy friends, have had the influence to turn this against them, and to accuse them of these disgraceful and serious crimes! Why, gentlemen, instead of being accused, the men should have been applauded. Do you blame them for putting this tyrant in irons? Do you blame them for snatching the naked cutlass from him? (Cries of "who would stand that?") You are right. No man with blood in his veins would stand it. Do you blame them for not laying down their necks quietly to be hewed by him as he thought fit, in order to gratify his unruly temper, his fiendish or blood-thirsty propensities? Do you blame them for returning to England, not as pirates, but as the victims of oppression? Why, gentleman, it has been said, and nature attests it, that if you trample on an insect it will turn upon you; and has the British sailor not the feelings of a man? (Enthusiastic cheers.) But these men, I beg you to observe, returned to England, as the expression in their own artless letter (which I cannot too often repeat) shows, "*to put themselves under the protection of their country's laws.*" Gentlemen, if instead of receiving "protection" from these laws, they shall be convicted or condemned—if foul play, if false or perjured evidence shall be got up amongst them, then, indeed, I should tremble for the safety of the British sailor.

“Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the seas.”

Gentlemen, the British seaman braves dangers. He will bare his bosom against every foreign enemy. He will honour his Queen, and respond to the righteous laws of his country. He will plough the mighty deep, and encounter tempests and storms. He will work under a scorching sun, or under a piercing cold. He will do these things and many others, but he will not submit, he never will submit, to insulting tyranny, to refined oppression, to heartless cruelty, to wanton and savage wrongs on the part of any commander. (Loud cheering.) Gentlemen, This case, I think, is one of the greatest importance. It is of importance, I shall say, to the best interests of British shipping. Every honourable owner — every humane and enlightened captain who hears it must feel an interest in it. It is of importance, also, for the weal or the woe of every British seaman, from the mate down to the apprentice boy. They returned “*to seek protection from their country’s laws.*” If they now seek that “protection” in vain; if they find that, instead of meeting with its “*protection,*” the dread artillery of the Law is turned against them, and that innocence is to be sacrificed at the shrine of gross oppression, then better would it have been for them if they had committed piracy in reality, since they would have been punished in the one case perhaps as much as the other, and there would have been here no false mockery of justice. (Cheers.) If men so innocent as these are, or with such irresistible presumptions of innocence in their favour, shall really be found *Guilty*, and doomed to punishment on the evidence of this captain,—if his blood-thirsty disposition or ruffian feelings shall receive favour and countenance from the

law, then, I should say, as my friend of the *Examiner* said on Saturday, that it would perhaps be better if the seamen of the Clyde should pitch some future tyrant like him overboard at once; and better for them to carry their vessel to some foreign land, and there to dispose of it instead of returning home, if this is to be their reward. Better, I say, would it be for them to commit piracy, and take their chance of escape, than return home as innocent, and yet be pronounced guilty. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I am exhausted and nearly done; but I have to tell you, in conclusion, that the trial of these unfortunate men is to take place at Exeter, in England, early next month. I understand that Captain Graham and his friends have already engaged highly eminent and potent counsel against them. The expense will be great and serious. The poor men themselves have not a shilling. Their very clothes and watches have been taken from them, as they state in their letter to me, and disposed of already. But if you enable me, and a trifle from each of you will do it—if you but enable us, we will secure equally eminent and potent counsel for their defence. We will send up to England witnesses on their behalf who will disclose the tyrannical conduct of Graham. We will make the defence of these poor fellows ring throughout England, and also make it to ring throughout Scotland. (Great cheers.) We will send it home as a knell to the heart of every petty tyrant; and, gentlemen, we may point to it as a balm for the wound of every oppressed seaman. We may raise it as *a beacon for the river Clyde*, and show to future captains, as well as mariners, the true path of their duty in all time hereafter. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I have done—I thank you for your attention, and beg pardon for detaining you so long. I hope I have

endeavoured, at least, to do my humble duty, and I trust you will not flinch from the performance of yours in such a case. I need only appeal once more to your own powerful hands, and to your warm and generous hearts. Arise, then, and do your duty! (Here the whole audience started from their seats.) Fill the subscription sheets for the mate and crew of the barque James Campbell; and may God grant them a speedy and a righteous deliverance! (Loud and long continued cheering.)

The following motion was made and seconded, and unanimously carried, after being enforced in eloquent speeches by the Rev. Dr Anderson, Mr Andw. Paton, the Rev. Mr Rae, Mr Tracey, and others, viz.—“That, without prejudging the case for or against the crew of the barque James Campbell of Glasgow, imprisoned in Exeter jail, on a charge of mutiny and piracy, &c., this meeting is of opinion, in consideration of the extraordinary circumstances attending it, steps should be taken to engage counsel and agents to be heard in their defence, in order that the whole truth may be elicited, and justice obtained; and that the following gentlemen be appointed as a committee to take charge of the subscriptions, and arrange for the defence: Rev. Mr Anderson; Rev. Mr Rose; Mr Mackenzie; Mr Smith, *Examiner* office; Mr David Smith, Trongate; Mr Andrew Paton; Mr Andw. Gemmell; and Mr William Smeal.—Mr Mackenzie, Convener.”

Thus, with our kind friends, we were fairly embarked in this case. Subscriptions came pouring in to us. Sir James Campbell himself kindly sent £10 to prepare for the defence of the prisoners; Mr Dennistoun, M.P., and Mr Wm. Dixon, his companion for the representation of the city, also sent us for the same purpose £10 each: as

also Mr Tennant, of St Rollox, Mr Dalglish, Mr Wilson, of Dundyvan, and others, while the blue jackets at the Broomielaw, and the blue jackets at Greenock, as also at Liverpool and other places, made their contributions. Nearly £300 was raised in that manner: much more was required, because, as we understood, a retaining fee of 500 guineas had been sent by Captain Graham and his friends for the prosecution to Mr Cockburn, Q.C., now the Right Hon. Sir Alex. Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, and one of £150 guineas to Mr Collier, now Sir R. P. Collier, and Solicitor-General under the late exploded administration of Lord Palmerston. But whatever was the amount of those fees, be it smaller or larger, we at once remitted £200 to our old friend Alex. Dobbie, Esq., the distinguished solicitor in London, and law agent, as he has been for at least 40 years, of the *London Times*, the most powerful journal, as all confess, in Europe, in order that he might select and retain such counsel at the English bar as he thought best to proceed to Exeter and defend the prisoners at the Exeter Assizes then approaching. He warmly entered into our views, and selected Mr Slade, afterwards Sir George Slade, Bart., about whose marriage and estates some important procedure lately took place in England, and along with Mr Slade he associated Mr Stone, Mr Poulden, Mr Jerwood, Mr Rowe, and Mr Cox, who have also since risen into importance at the English bar.

Leaving many other public engagements in Glasgow, and throwing aside some domestic arrangements, but seeing that the lives of these eleven men who had appealed to us were in peril

“*In the imminent deadly breach,*”

we resolved to do what few editors, probably, either in

this or any other city, would do, namely, to proceed personally to Exeter, some 500 or 600 miles from Glasgow, to see and succour the prisoners in Exeter Castle. On our way thither we had a splendid meeting with the blue jackets—viz., the sailors at Liverpool. On reaching Exeter, we went directly to the Governor of the Castle, tendered our card, and introduced ourselves to him accordingly. He looked at us for a moment very earnestly. “Are you sir,” he asked, “the Mr Mackenzie of Glasgow who wrote such a very proper letter to the prisoners, which it was my duty to read to them about the Lord Chief Justice?” “The same,” we replied. On that he gave us a right good English salute, showing that any man who goes on an errand of mercy, and conducts himself properly, has no reason to be afraid. The Governor invited us into his own apartments in the Castle, and heard our own tale from Glasgow. He was much struck with it, for the impression in England was that they were a band of daring *pirates*! “Well, well,” he said, “if they are pirates, they are the best behaved and mildest set I have ever seen. You shall see them all, Mr Mackenzie, as you wish, in a few minutes. And on that he ordered his turnkeys to go and inform them that their friend from Glasgow had arrived, and to marshal them in the corridor of the Castle till we embraced that opportunity. We shall not describe the scene of the rattling of the chains, nor the tears which trickled down some of their cheeks as we shook hands with each and all of them through the iron staunchles of that capacious castle. On the morning of the day of trial, the court was crowded. Seated on the bench with the Lord Justice were the High Sheriff of the County of Devon, with Lord Courtney and Sir T. Acland, the two members for the County in Parliament. All eyes

were intent on viewing “the ruffians of pirates”—as they were called by many in Exeter and other places who knew nothing about them—but their mild and respectable appearance soon dispelled that notion; and when their counsel told the artless tale for them which we have already indicated at such length, a burst of approbation was heard in their behalf in the crowded court. We shall not exhaust the patience of our readers by describing it much farther. Suffice it to say that their leading counsel, Mr Slade, made such a thrilling, impressive, and eloquent defence for them, cutting up the cruel captain, who had been the cause of all their woes, in language more severe than if the cat-o’-nine-tails had been laid on his bare back, that the gentlemen of the Jury, when one of the other counsel arose to follow in a speech for another section of the crew, whose cases had been made separate, intimated that this was not necessary, that their minds had been made up from the testimony of the captain himself, who was severely handled and cross-examined in the witness-box: so the Jury unanimously returned a verdict of *not guilty*, received now with shouts of applause: and many of the best citizens of Exeter pressed forward and stretched out their hands to congratulate the poor fellows on their escape so honourably from the fangs of cruelty and oppression, now made manifest to all who heard the interesting trial itself. The London *Times* had (Mr Dennison) a special reporter at Exeter to watch it: and in an eloquent leader the *Times* also had a special article commenting on the trial, condemning the captain, and applauding the verdict, &c., &c.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE CREW IN GLASGOW.—THEIR
APPEARANCE IN THE CITY HALL.

“They come, in all the glory of our victory.”

Anon.

It was a proud day for us in Glasgow—we shall not say it was the proudest of our lives—when we brought the now liberated prisoners to the City Hall, and presented them in *triumph* before our fellow-citizens, as we predicted we would do at the great previous meeting. There was no *organ* at that time in the place. Mr Lambeth, who presides over it now with such distinguished success, was either then in his infancy, or not heard of at all. There were no galleries in the Hall as we see now, and the platform was represented by a few raised steps running along the south side of the wall. What strange meetings of various kinds have since taken place in that City Hall! But no *sailor's* meeting like this one ever assembled in it, and never again can do under the circumstances. Talking of the City Hall, we may observe, by the bye, that we remember “the bowling green,” on the site of which it was built in the Candleriggs, frequented as that bowling-green was by all the nabobs of the city; is it uninteresting to remark, as we learn from some of

the ancient records of the city, so far back as the year 1695, that the then Magistrates and Town Council disposed of a piece of ground to one Mr Mungo Cochran for a bowling-green, with the express provision that it should be kept as such in all time coming. (See Dr Cleland, vol. 1 p. 21.) Fancy "a bowling-green" now in the Candleriggs where the Bazaar stands; yet for keeping it there "*in all time coming*," as the quotation just given shows, only leads us to raise the observation that our forefathers could in these days have scarcely imagined that that bowling-green would be transplanted for totally different purposes, and that thousands and tens of thousands of voices would resound from the building to be reared upon it—far less that the "bowling-greens," more spacious by far, would settle down, where they are in numerous gradations, to the east, west, north and south of the city, while the Candleriggs one is now smothered with smoke, and not a yard of the old green sward to be seen. Old Bailie Robert Hood's Cooperage in the Candleriggs, which some yet may remember, had a bonfire blazing on it when the first stone of the foundation of the City Hall was laid down towards the year 1815. But, reverting to the case on hand, it must not be supposed that this sailors' meeting in the City Hall was a mere parade of vain-glorious show, ending at the moment. Important resolutions were passed at it, which had a most salutary and abiding effect. Those resolutions in substance were, that the maritime law of this great country should be better arranged; that seamen should not be left to the mercy of brutal captains unfit to command vessels, but that every captain should be duly examined by a competent board of officers, and, if qualified, receive licence to command, with a proviso that he should be superseded,

and his licence taken from him, and otherwise punished, if he should be proved guilty of any dereliction of duty, whether on land or sea. Those resolutions so adopted in Glasgow were communicated to Her Majesty's Commissioners at the Board of Trade; and the Merchant Seamen's Act was subsequently passed by the Legislature, the provisions of which we need not describe. Yet this case, interesting as it was at the time, and great as were the subscriptions obtained for it, involved ourselves in serious loss, because, as was distinctly stated at the public meeting, after all the accounts were carefully examined and docketed, and subscribed by Mr Paton as Chairman of the Committee, we were upwards of £120 out of pocket, hard enough to be stated here, and we only state it to show, what many do not credit us for doing, that we neither grudged our time nor our money when we had it to spare, in any righteous cause. Let others in our walk say the same, to an equal extent, if they can. We should probably drop our anchor, or send it down to the depths of oblivion at this point; but not without the observation that, if we had from selfish motives or personal gain attended more rigidly than we did to our own interest in this great city, as many have done, and we do not at all blame them for so doing, we are not sure but we would have been better thought of as regards worldly circumstances at the present day; for we have seen enough of the world to observe that cold, calculating, niggardly-minded personages, with little or no talents except to hoard money and grow rich, advance through society with smiles and fawning salutes, while others, born to trouble "as the sparks fly upwards," and taxing their brains to the uttermost, which may be their only stock-in-trade, for the public weal, are left on the cold, bleak

shore to rebukes and buffetings ill to be borne, yet with much solace in their own bosoms.

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Oft I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!”

And singularly, notwithstanding of these things the Almighty has informed the world that *Lazarus*, even in his rags, was happier by far than the rich man who cried in vain for a drop of cold water. We are moralising some may think; but do not let it be supposed that there is any bitter gall either on our lips or in our pen when writing these words. We are well aware that there are many, very many, amiable ladies and gentlemen in this city as elsewhere who have hearts to spend and be spent on laudable projects. We separate them with great pleasure from the selfish, sordid crew on the opposite side. Whether any of the once rescued crew in this case are in the land of the living now we really cannot tell. We are simply pursuing another and a different voyage for ourselves, and preparing to cast our sheet *anchor* safely and calmly, we hope, in “the haven of rest.” Be that as it may, we have often piped our whistle when patrolling, in our minds’ eye, the deck of the barque James Campbell: and methinks we hear some of the crew at this moment saying, “Cheer up, old boy—Jack’s alive, whose afraid?” Our response only shall be,

“*Good-night, and joy be with you all.*”

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE STRAW MOVED IN THE MILLS AND PROVISION
STORES OF GLASGOW.

“The town has tinged the country. And the stain
Appears a spot upon a vestal’s robe.”

NOR were the results of this sailors’ case, on which we have been speaking at such length, of less importance than those which subsequently occurred in the *meal* adulterating case, and which we had forgotten to state in the proper place of these Reminiscences; but it is not too late to do so in a short chapter here. We had given such currency to the case of Bannatyne, and written so sharply and severely against it, that for days and weeks afterwards our office was literally besieged by numberless persons complaining how they had been imposed upon in the purchase of their provisions; that the very bread, cheese and butter were corrupted, the sugar and the tea, the pepper, the salt, and the sweetmeats, with the plaster of paris, and other shameful ingredients—nay, we were positively informed, from a most reliable source, that the very bones of human beings, collected from the churchyards and other places, together with the bones of dead animals, horses, and dogs, were likewise collected at that period and pounded together, and then mixed with the meal and the flour for human food. Oh, shocking! In

short, everything in the shape of provisions was corrupted except the eggs and the potatoes, and the reason why that was not done with these articles will be sufficiently obvious to our readers. We represented many of these things to the then Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city in order that they might urge the action of the Procurator Fiscal of the city (Mr John Burnett) against the delinquents, and, to make this all the more effectual to cure the accumulated frauds, it was suggested that we should call a public meeting of the citizens at large to denounce it openly in the City Hall. Many of the present day may doubt this; but we wrote and published at the time the following short article, which we can look back upon with some satisfaction (30th Nov. 1847):—"Notwithstanding the exposure and punishment in the case of Mr Alexander Bannatyne, the nefarious and fraudulent mixing and adulteration of meal and other provisions is, we regret to learn, still carried on to a great and almost incredible extent in this city. In truth, we have merely scotched the snake in Bannatyne's case. There are huge cormorants behind him. The *mixing* process, with a brisk trade and expeditious sales, is a very profitable and lucrative process in the way of making *money*, and hence there are so many adventurers at this moment in the adulterating market," &c., &c.

We gave the Magistracy a further *wipe* as follows: "But we must beg pardon for this digression, and turn to the original purpose of this article, which was to say that if we have an active magistracy, and a vigilant police, they, after what transpired in that case, should have issued a *Proclamation* against the adulteration of meal and other provisions in this city. Is it yet too late for them to do so?"

And in a vein, we must confess, of some further *irony*, we made this thrust, which pierced deeply—"They issue, as we all know, *Proclamations* about rabid dogs in summer. You will then see plenty of police officers running after the innocent animals on the public streets with twitches in their hands, or at the ends of their sticks or staffs, the better to secure the dumb animals, unwittingly transgressing the letter of the *Proclamations*, which they do not understand, and taking them to the police office, where, as we have heard, sad havoc is made amongst them without judge or jury. Winter is approaching. Dogs may die, but people should live, and poor people especially should not be dozed, or taken advantage of, or wickedly and fraudulently cheated by rogues in grain, as we formerly called them, in the course especially of a dear and inclement season.

"Is it again, we ask, too late to issue a *Proclamation* against such? We have Inspectors of Weights and Measures. We cannot say that they are altogether so vigilant in their duty as they ought to be. But, in addition to the *Proclamation* here proposed, why should we not have an Inspector of *Food* appointed by the magistrates? There is an Inspector of Cabs or Carriages, is there not? Shall the poor, nay, shall the middle or the higher ranks themselves, who all relish genuine oatmeal, which is the staff of life in this country of ours, not be protected by some means or other against the vile and rascally adulteration now carried on?"

And we closed with this remark—"We are confident the *honest* retailers, the artless and the honest shopkeepers of our city would like to see such an Inspector appointed. They cannot compete with the adulterator. They vend, we hope, a good article; but the adulterator,

or those dealing with him, undermine or undersell him, and carry off the custom through ignorant, thoughtless, or confiding people. Hence the honest shopkeeper has no chance with the mixing rogne.”

The Magistrates, we are glad to remark, were speedily brought to a consideration of their duty by these rather unusual but pungent remarks at that time made. We had many interviews with them, besides much written correspondence on the subject with their legal assessors in this particular business—viz., the late Wm. Davie, Esq., and Arthur Forbes, Esq. It might be interesting to publish some of it now, but we must be excused for not doing so, because our space is nearly exhausted. Suffice it to say that a public meeting was soon held in the City Hall, and perhaps we cannot do better than record in this place the Resolutions adopted at it, which were advertised and published in the Glasgow newspapers at the time:—

ADULTERATION OF MEAL AND PROVISIONS.

AT a Crowded Meeting of the Citizens of Glasgow, held in the City Hall on Monday, the 8th day of November, 1847, at Eight o'clock Evening—

The Honourable ALEX. HASTIE, M.P., Lord Provost, in the Chair.

1st. Moved by the Rev. Mr George Jeffrey, seconded by Mr James Turner, of Thrushgrove, and carried unanimously—

“That we, the inhabitants of this large and populous City, in Public Meeting assembled, deem it our duty to express our unqualified abhorrence at the extensive artifice practised on the population, by Grain Merchants, Meal-Millers, and Provision Dealers, fraudulently mixing and adulterating the common necessaries of life.”

Moved by the Rev. Mr Wm. Anderson, seconded by Mr Alex. Kellar, (city councillor), and carried unanimously—

“That the recent disclosures brought out in evidence in the Juristic Court, on the 29th of September last, in the case of Alex-

ander Bannatyne, whereby both crown and exculpatory witnesses have brought to light a system of fraud, subversive of morals, injurious to health, and a disingenuous imposition on the consumer, which calls for an immediate investigation and legislative protection."

3rd. Moved by Mr Matthew Cullen, seconded by Mr John Smith, and carried unanimously—

"That, for the future protection of the fair dealer and consumer, against such unhallowed and pernicious practices, a numerous committee be appointed by this meeting, with power to add to their number, to advise with and to act in concert with the local authorities in arresting the wide-spread evil, and, if found necessary, to forward petitions to the Legislature, craving them to adopt measures for appointing Government inspectors over granaries, provision stores, and grinding mills, in every part of the country."

4th. Moved by Mr James Wilkinson, and seconded by Mr William Brown, and carried—

"That the Lord Provost, the Magistrates, and Town Council, the Clergy, of all the various denominations within the precincts of the City of Glasgow, and the following gentlemen ;—The Editors of the *Gazette*, *Examiner*, and *Evening Post*, with

Messrs James Turner,
James Moir,
James Lang,
Thomas Ancott,
John Stephen,
George Ross,
William Caird,
Eben. Anderson,
Charles Hutchison,
James Howey,
John Nimmo,
Andw. Glendinning,
Donald Ferguson,
David Johnstone,
James Martin,

Messrs George Adams,
George Good,
John Wilson,
Robert Reid,
James Dunn,
Malcom M'Farlane,
James Russell,
George Ferguson,
Matthew Cullen,
John Riddell,
Gavin M'Allister,
James Adam,
Andrew Harley,
Alex. Cumming,

Be appointed a Committee to investigate the whole matter—Mr Peter Mackenzie, convener."

The thanks of the Meeting were unanimously and with acclamation voted to the Lord Provost for calling the Meeting, and for his excellent conduct in presiding over it.

(Signed)

ALEX. HASTIE, Lord Provost.

Of the Town Council who supported us on that occasion, none were more energetic than Mr John Mitchell, now beyond all doubt the *Father* in point of age and services of the present Town Council of Glasgow, with Mr Alexander Harvey, John Honeyman, Thos. Callander, and David Smith, still alive. Others of them, such as Wm. Campbell, of Tillichewan, Hugh Tennent, of Wellpark, John Fleming, of Clairmont, Archd. Edmestone, George Ord, Wm. Dixon, Wm. Bankier, and others, gave us their undivided support.

THE MEAL FRAUD, &c.

ANOTHER PUBLIC MEETING of the CITIZENS of GLASGOW will take place in the CITY HALL, on WEDNESDAY EVENING next, the 17th current, at Eight o'clock, Bailie Dreghorn in the Chair, when the Committee appointed at last Meeting will make a Report, and disclose some highly useful and important information to the Public.—By Order of the Committee,

PETER MACKENZIE, Convener.

Glasgow, Friday, Nov. 12, 1847.

This led to the following :—

PROCLAMATION

BY THE

LORD PROVOST AND MAGISTRATES OF GLASGOW.

WHEREAS, it is represented that a Practice has prevailed in this district of Adulterating Meal, Flour, Bread, and other articles of Human Food, and selling these as Genuine, though mixed with other ingredients; and, whereas, such practice is Fraudulent and Punishable both by the Common Law and the Statute Law of the Land: the Lord Provost and Magistrates deem it proper thus publicly to direct the attention of all persons engaged in the Manufacture, Preparation, or Sale of such articles, to the following sections of the Act 6 and 7 Wm. 4th, chap. 37, and which,

when called upon, it will be the duty of the Magistrates strictly to enforce within their jurisdiction.

Council Chambers,
Glasgow, 18th Nov., 1847.

We lament to say that of all the numerous members composing the above Committee, and who aided us actively and energetically in these proceedings, not more than half-a-dozen of them, if so many, are now alive. And it would be the merest affectation not to say that the labours on our shoulders at that time were neither few nor insignificant. The Rev. Dr Taylor, who is still alive, in moving a special vote of thanks to us, was pleased to say (*vide* Glasgow newspapers), "that it was to the powerful exertions of Mr Mackenzie alone that the public were indebted for exposing the nefarious practice of adulterating the peoples' food, besides swindling transactions of various other kinds against the community. Indeed (said the rev. doctor, and we smile almost at the remark), the name of Peter Mackenzie is now known throughout the British Empire for doing good and important services to the public. But the present was his great and crowning triumph. He obviously displayed great moral courage in the whole proceedings. He cordially wished Mr Mackenzie all success. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Should we hide these things in a napkin?—or who would tell them if we did not do so while alive? Out of the countless letters we received on the subject, we shall only give two—viz., the following from the Rev. Dr Ralph Wardlaw, who was sadly traduced, but many yet in the city will love and respect his memory as being one of the most amiable and best of men:—

"Garthamloch, Nov. 11, 1847.

"My Dear Sir,—I yesterday received your circular, inviting me to

attend a Committee meeting in the evening, on "the Meal Fraud." Even had the present state of my health admitted of my attendance at such meetings, I could not, from the time of my receiving the note, have been present. Laid aside, however, as I for the present am from public engagements, I cannot refrain from expressing my indignant detestation and scorn of the nefarious system of imposition on account of which the public meeting was held, and the large Committee of investigation appointed; my sense of the obligation under which the community lies to yourself for its detection and exposure;—and my earnest hope that, by a searching scrutiny, every vestige of the unjust and cruel abomination may at once be brought to light, and swept away, and the perpetrators visited with the punishment and the disgrace which are their due.—I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

“RALPH WARDLAW.

“To Peter Mackenzie, Esq.”

The other is from the late revered Robert Wallace, Esq., of Kelly, who first sat in Parliament under the Reform Bill for the town of Greenock. He was a great *law* reformer, and often made his voice potentially heard in the House of Commons; and it was to him more than any man else, whether Statesman, Peer, or Commoner, that the people of Great Britain are indebted for the blessings of *penny postage*. Mr Wallace, as we think we have previously mentioned, was the *Chairman* of the Committee of the House of Committee relative to that great subject: and it was by his casting vote as Chairman that the penny postage came into existence, and is now in such stupendous operation. Blessings on his memory; and we say this with all the greater fervour because we enjoyed his unbounded friendship for many eventful years of our political life.

“Skibo Castle, 27th Nov., 1847.

“My Dear Sir,—Distant though I am now located from the society and scenes in which I passed nearly all my lifetime, I have not ceased to take a deep interest in all that concerns those I am

so far separated from ; and, in this feeling, have watched, with no common anxiety, the progress and results of your most meritorious labours in behalf of just dealings between the comparatively rich and the positively poor ;—and I have rejoiced from the bottom of my heart at the signal success which has attended your exposure of the adulteration of meal in and around Glasgow, and therefore tender you my warmest thanks for the fearless part you have acted on this most momentous occasion, and I earnestly trust the triumph you have now obtained will be no small consolation to your family and yourself for the heartless manner you have been on former similar occasions but too often left to fight, alone and single-handed, the battles of the poor, and have been allowed to stand the brunt, and forced to take the consequences in the most extraordinary and capricious law court, probably, in Europe—viz., the Scotch Jury Court.

“ Having, in all sincerity, thus offered you my best thanks, and, as I myself had a hand in Parliament to get the Small Debt Courts improved and extended, I beg leave to call your special attention to that clause in the Act 6 and 7 William IV. c. 37, which so clearly points out the several courts in Scotland where offenders against its provisions may be tried. I do this in order to prevail on you to inform, in plain language, the uninitiated of the public, and especially the readers of the *Gazette*—who, I rejoice to know, are to be found from John o’Groats to Maidenkirke—that the Small Debt Act is open to them ; and that, under its most salutary appliance, any person whatever who, in towns and villages, shall cheat their customers by selling adulterated provisions, at small cost in time and money, besides being fined, may be subjected to that condign punishment which public exposure *by name* always is, even to the worst of rogues.

“ As one who solemnly believes in the Divine truth which says, that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, so I no less believe that he who taketh from the poor robbeth the Lord.—I remain, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

“ ROBERT WALLACE.

“ To Peter Matkenzie, Esq., Glasgow.”

CHAPTER LIX.

GROANING OF THE POOR LAWS IN GLASGOW IN THE
PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

“What has he got to say now?”

Bertram.

WE are old enough to remember that almost the whole of the machinery in Glasgow for managing the Poor laws, and the application of the funds thereof in this city, was carried on by one single man—viz., Mr Alex. Buchanan, a tall, lean, lank personage, not unlike a Methodist minister, of whom we desire to speak with all respect. Probably we best identify him by remarking that he was the father-in-law of Mr Wm. Waddell, writer, who was the tallest member of the Faculty of Procurators in this city some forty years ago; and the said William was the son of old Deacon Robert Waddell, cabinetmaker in the Stockwell, who flourished there long before that period, and became one of the respected Bailies of the city, coincident with the days of the more celebrated Nicol Jarvie. There was another son, named Archibald, who flourished in this city during the time of “the Radical war,” as it was called, in 1819. He was Sergeant Archd. Waddell of the 6th Company of Glasgow Sharpshooters. He was an exquisite vocal singer, but, from his appearance, was called “the Handsome Blackimore.” Old Mr Alexander Buchanan, above named, was called “Buff the Beg-

gars"—a title which has attached to not a few in Glasgow both before and after his day. He was remarkably rigid in his life, walk, and conversation. A laugh or a joke from him was out of the question. He dressed neatly in a suit of black clothes, with black leggings up and over his knees; and he had a vest of the most capacious dimensions, the pockets of which might have held a good singed sheep's head, with trotters. It was necessary that it should be capacious for the work he had in hand. This venerable gentleman had a vast deal of inner and outer work to do. He disdained to have any clerk or fellow-labourer to assist him. He trudged about from house to house, from office to office within the bounds of the city with his assessment schedules in his hand "for the relief of the poor;" and he had a small inkhorn tied to one of the buttons of his coat, and a ready pen behind his right or his left ear, with which he jotted down the amount collected—not amounting in the whole year to more than £2000 sterling, although we have lived to see the day when, by the most complex and extensive machinery, the Poor rates in this city have risen to upwards of £70,000 sterling per annum! The great duty of administering the Poors' rates in those days devolved on the eight Established Kirk Sessions of the city, with the ministers thereof and their elders. That respected body met generally once a week, every Friday forenoon at eleven o'clock in the old Town's Hospital in Clyde Street—of which we have been writing so much lately about the Sunday Soup Kitchen—and this they did in order to consider the cases brought before them, and to revise the roll of paupers. If any doubt or difficulty occurred about the claims of any one of these paupers, the duty devolved on old Mr Buchanan to clear it up;

for he had a most comprehensive view of the whole city, and his sober word was as good as a law on the subject. Dr Clelland has informed us in his annals that, at an investigation in the year 1815, it was found there were 1270 total paupers on the funds of the Sessions, located as follows, and this may prove interesting, even at the present day, viz. —

In the Middle, or St Andrew's Parish,	212
South-west, or Tron, - - -	209
North, or Inner High, - - -	204
South, or College, - - -	191
East, or Outer High, - - -	144
West, or St George's, - - -	129
St Enoch's, - - -	111
North West, - - -	70

In all, - 1270 Paupers.

The lowest average sum paid to a pauper in those days was 2s 3d, and the highest 3s 6d per month. "Sometimes," says Dr Clelland, "a man and his wife got 8 lbs. of meal weekly, and 5s additional per quarter if very frail. A widow, with two children, got 8 lb. of meal weekly: if three children, 10 lb., if four children, 12 lb., and an additional sum of money according to circumstances, from 5s, 10s, 15s, to 20s per quarter. At the death of a pauper, the friends apply to the Elder of the deceased for a certificate, which is presented to the sitting magistrates in the Council Chambers. who fills up an order for a gratis coffin. The order contains printed instructions regarding the funeral, by which much time and trouble is saved to the applicant. The use of a mortcloth, hand-

spokes, &c., is had gratis, and a grave is provided for the sum of one shilling to the grave-digger, which is usually paid by the Elder from the Session funds." These are strange circumstances certainly, but this other remarkable event took place. In the year 1801, the Kirk Sessions and Managers of the Town's Hospital, under the auspices of their preceptor, Wm. Craig Esq., agreed to receive *infants* into the Hospital from any person who should send £25 along with them, and that no questions should be asked regarding the history of the infants, nor the persons who sent them. "The infants," says Dr Clelland, "were put out to wet-nurse at the rate of 20s per quarter, and are afterwards maintained and educated in the Hospital. When they have completed their education, they are put out to some useful employment: the boys to apprenticeships, and the girls to menial service." Alas! we have the doleful fact stated by Dr Clelland that out of 162 infants then sent to the Hospital 95 of them died: only eight were "put out to apprenticeships, or service, and, on 22nd Nov., 1816, there remained in the Hospital 59, thus accounting for the above numbers of 162. Happily we have no such state of matters in regard to "infants" now; but we have a very few words to say in regard to the Hospital itself. There were, as we very well remember, some very fine old portraits or paintings in it. Mr Denholm, in his earliest History of Glasgow, published in 1798, states—"The lower part of the Hospital is occupied by the mess-room and other culinary apartments, such as bakehouse, brewhouse, &c. Here is also the apartment where the Committee of Management met, adorned with the portraits of several of the benefactors of the House. Above stairs are the several rooms appropriated for the reception of the poor, which are always

kept clean and well aired. To the north of the Hospital, and from which it is separated by a broad area, is another building, in the first storey of which, called the *cells*, are confined lunatics and disorderly persons, and on the second is an infirmary belonging to the Hospital.

We could here dwell on some harrowing details fresh in our memory on the subject of those "*cells*;" but it is better, perhaps, to pass them over *sub silentio*. We must refer, however, for a moment or two to the old portraits, incidentally noticed by Mr Denholm in the above quotation, which adorned the walls of the Hospital. When that venerable building, with its appurtenances, was pulled down, some twenty years ago or more, to make way for the station then projected of the Caledonian Railway Company, we were astonished and grieved to see that these old portraits "of several of the benefactors of the House" were turned over amongst a heap of ruins, and picked up by some old clothes' dealers in the Bridgegate and Saltmarket, who, without knowing anything of their intrinsic merit, or hallowed recollections, actually perforated them with nails whereon to hang their utensils or trinkets for sale! This is a sad impeachment to the then Directors of that Hospital, but worse impeachments, derogatory to the hottentots of modern times, have since taken place in this city. Where, now, is the old Bishop's Castle at Partick? Where the tower of the old Hie Kirk? Where the original organ of James Watt, made with his own illustrious hands in this city of Glasgow? We must really pass over these things and some others to give us the more pleasing duty of remarking (still, of course, as some will think, to trumpet our own praises) that we recovered the most of those precious old portraits from the wreck and ruin in which they were placed, and

they adorn at this moment one of the departments of the *new Town's Hospital*, where we beheld them with considerable emotion a short time ago. We have often thought of writing a particular description of them : but we fear we are now fading with the vestiges of our own pencil ; yet, in unison with this, it is satisfactory to mention that only a few years ago we subsequently placed in the hands of Mr Adamson, the Inspector of the *Town's Hospital*—and a better officer, we may remark, has never represented it in our day and generation—we placed in his hands, recorded on vellum, the names of all the old departed benefactors of the *Hospital*—the good old merchant princes of *Glasgow* who left to it munificent sums : for such they were considered to be some hundred years ago, when neither bulls nor bears trod the *Exchange*, and when harmony and good feeling reigned around. We hope Mr Adamson will not be offended—he cannot, indeed well be at this passing notice.

“ True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below ;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resigned,
Shrinks not, tho' Fortune aims her deadliest blow.

Dr Beattie.

CHAPTER LX.

THE ASTONISHING INCREASE OF POORS' RATES IN
GLASGOW.

“ Their name is Legion.”

Revelations.

LEAVING our old friend Mr Alex. Buchanan, who was gathered to his fathers many years ago, we may startle some of our readers with this fact, namely (and we are now coming down to a very recent date), that whereas the poors' rates in Glasgow in the year 1837 or 1838 amounted to £10,241—a sum which, for its magnitude, would have staggered the nerves of the above old worthy with his solitary inkhorn—they increased within ten years afterwards, viz., in the year 1848, to the prodigious amount of £70,000 sterling. And it is in that frightful year of excess that we must now crave pardon for telling a few words of historical interest, on which, perhaps, some future historians may dwell with better effect.

The Poor Laws of Scotland underwent a complete *revolution*, if we may so speak, by the Act of Parliament passed in the year 1846, commonly called the Poor Law Amendment Act, and is the 8th and 9th of Queen Victoria, cap. 83. It is a dry subject, but we shall make it somewhat interesting, we think, to our readers in the sequel. By that act, *three* new modes of assessment were devised for the support of the poor throughout Scotland. The

first of these modes was by an assessment on *rental*—the one half payable by the landlord, the other half by the tenant. The second mode was, that the one half of the assessment necessary for the poor should be laid on the proprietors of heritable property, and the other half on the whole inhabitants, according to their means and substance; and the third and last mode was that the assessment shall be imposed on the *estimated* annual income of the whole inhabitants, according to their means, and substance, &c.

The old Board of Directors on 9th April, 1847, *unanimously* adopted this last or third mode of assessment: and hence it derived the name of the Means and Substance Assessment; but it soon set the citizens by the ears, and plunged the city into a state of uproar and contention, almost leading to a civil war amongst us, some of the details of which are rather amusing as we glance back upon them at the present day.

One word of comment here. It has been truly said, by a high authority, that no human system is perfect in this world: and a higher authority still has declared in His infallible word that “the poor will be with us always.” We subscribe generally to the doctrine that every man should provide for the poor according to his means and substance, or as Providence has prospered him in this land of probationary trial. These are wholesome truths, which few or none can deny. But in a vast city like Glasgow, teeming with its thousands and tens of thousands, and ever on the increase, how, pray, is every man’s income, or means and substance to be accurately ascertained? This was the grand problem to be wrought. The old Board or Directors, headed by Mr Archibald M’Lellan—who founded the M’Lellan Galleries, and a

most able man he was—vainly imagined that they had nothing to do but to issue, through their string of officers enlisted for the purpose, their assessment schedules to every gentleman and lady in the city they could reach—to householders, clerks, and workmen of every denomination, requiring them under their hands to state in those schedules the exact amount of their means and substance, or yearly income, in order that they might be assessed for the poor accordingly. If truth and honesty were predominant in all quarters, and in every tenement and crevice of the city, such schedules might, no doubt, be faithfully returned, and the means for the end accomplished: but far different was the result. People began to think that it was a piece of impertinence for this new Parochial Board under this new Act of Parliament to pry into their incomes in this way like a set of *inquisitors* interfering with other people's lawful business, and the consequence was that some returned their schedules empty: others refused to return them at all, or take the least notice of them at the outset, while no inconsiderable number returned them with fictitious figures, as is frequently done to escape the tax. Very few, comparatively speaking, made a *bona fide* return: every one had some excuse or other for filling up the schedule according to the whim he entertained about it at the moment. We are not exaggerating this in any way. It is the perfect truth. But the aggravating thing came to be known, and it inflamed the citizens that if these schedules were not returned to the Poor-law Board in Glasgow within the time therein specified, namely, ten days, the Directors of that Board, or their assessors sitting in judgment with them, had the power to fill up the income of the party scheduled at any figure they pleased, and to grant war-

rant for its recovery by pointing or otherwise. We now come to a most intolerable and frightful state of matters, and the only wonder we have is, that it was endured so long in an enlightened city of moral courage, teeming, at the same time, with wealth and enterprise. Mr M'Lellan was the *despot* of the day in that affair. He literally ruled the city with a rod of iron in all matters connected with the administration of the poor law. We say this from no disrespect to his memory. We ever and anon esteemed him for his great talents; he was within an ace, at one time, of being Lord Provost of the city. He judged, we daresay, honestly and fairly on public grounds, that he was in the right, and that all others who differed from him in opinion were in the wrong. He clung to "the means and substance assessment" with the most desperate fidelity; and if he had the power, as he had the inclination, we are not sure but he would have put many of the citizens to the sword if he could have done so with impunity, just because they were becoming irritated and protesting loudly and deep against his favourite mode of assesment. He had tools of his own to work it exactly as he pleased. Messrs Anderson and Drummond were his hired lieutenants for that duty. It is the fact that they sat often in their secret chambers in John Street and put the screw on most arbitrarily and capriciously, whether for the highest or lowest rate of assessment, on any citizen they pleased. There was nothing like rule or principle about them in that business. For example, if any favourite compeared before them they frequently let him off on his own story, but, on the other hand, if any stranger appeared before them for whom they cared nothing, they squeezed him to his last penny: or, if they had any lurking antipathy to any citizen brought before

them with his assessment schedule, he had little chance of escape from their clutches; on the contrary, they dragooned him so far as to compel him to lay open his business books before them: to examine all the items of his last balance-sheet: to see whether he was square with his bankers or not, or to discover whether he had any "nest egg," as they called it, lying past on which they could pounce with their tyrannical assessment. And it was tyrannical in the extreme, because, although some of the most honourable and upright merchants of the city had made a faithful return on their assessment schedules, yet these *Inquisitors*, as we must continue to call them, doubted their word, shook their heads at the return, and again demanded the exhibition of their books. We saw this done in very many cases, so that these Directors or Inquisitors, under the pretext of doing their duty, could get an insight or obtain a knowledge of the success or non-success, it might be, of their *rivals* in trade, and so further their own ends accordingly. We saw one very flagrant instance of this in a case which was sufficient to set the whole city in a blaze. One of the most amiable citizens that ever lived in Glasgow: who was an honour to it in the truest sense of that word: who was amongst the first and foremost in every philanthropic subscription: whose word, till then, never was doubted: whose warm heart never froze if properly appealed to: whose very appearance on the streets of Glasgow commanded respect—we could name him, and the mention of his name, though he has long since passed away from amongst us, would only raise a grateful glow of emotion at this moment in many who still remember him; but we must leave the *name* to conjecture, and not to praise, from our poor feeble pens. This most amiable and honourable

man, we say, was actually compelled to exhibit his books containing statements of all the varied sources of his income to these petty tyrants, under the threat that they would assess him to double or treble the amount he had honestly specified in his return: in other words, they acted as if they meant to disregard his solemn declaration, and prove him, for the first time in his honourable life, a *liar*, and, at the same time, gratify their prurient curiosity by ascertaining, under this screw, the length of his purse, which they called his "means and substance." Many other aggravating cases occurred, and, in truth, it was quite a common thing for these Inquisitors of the Parochial Board coolly to impose 5, 10, 20, and frequently as much as 50 per cent. higher than the returns of the individuals assessed warranted them to do. We publicly challenged them with this gross and partial misconduct at the time, nor was it denied, nor could they attempt to deny this other scandalous feature in the business—viz., that these very assessors pocketed one and a half per cent. on the amount of assessment, which, as we have said, reached sometimes beyond £70,000 per annum: so that they made an excellent thing of it for themselves, and had thus a manifest interest to keep up the assessments to the highest pitch, which not only amounted in the year we have stated to £70,000 per annum, but there was laid on in the selfsame year a supplemental or additional assessment on the citizens of £20,000, making the Poores' rates of that year to amount to the enormous and unprecedented sum of £90,000 sterling. And they would probably have gone on increasing the amount if they had not been thoroughly exposed and firmly checked in the way we shall soon show. Their conduct was not only loose, reprehensible, and grossly and manifestly unjust in

their mode of imposing the assessment, but it was reckless, scandalous, and abominable in the way of disposing of that large sum of money squeezed by them by foul means or fair from the citizens of Glasgow. For example, we discovered that upwards of 400 gallons of whisky—yes, four hundred gallons of whisky—besides rum and brandy, with dozens of port and sherry wines, porter and ales, tobacco and snuff, and other luxuries, never intended nor fit for paupers, were charged in the course of one year to the Hospital, where hot dinners in splendid style were frequently prepared for the clique of directors themselves! Nor was this the worst part of the business. We further ascertained that in that prodigal year of expenditure, with the £70,000 or £90,000, there were upwards of 1000 idle vagabonds in the House—the refuse of all the blackguardism in the city—living in the most abominable state of filth, polluting the very walls of the establishment, yet not wanting their tobacco and snuff when they chose to ask for such articles.

It was under these circumstances that we were solicited, with a few other individuals, to step forward and make the attempt to clear out this *Augean stable*. It was, we confess, a very sickening and disgusting task; but we never refused any share of public duty required of us. The ratepayers themselves, who had the power of election in their own hands, were now fairly aroused almost into a state of mutiny or rebellion against this wicked and abominable system, corrupting and debasing the whole city. They, therefore, determined to overthrow the old Board of Inquisitors or Directors at the next annual Election, which took place in November, 1847. The new candidates, on whom they concentrated their votes, were Messrs David Anderson (brother of the then Lord Provost,

Sir Jas. Anderson) ; Mr Charles Risk, manufacturer (now dead) ; Mr Wm. Balfour, merchant (now dead) ; Mr D. N. Chambers, bookseller (now in London, brother of Messrs Chambers, of Edinburgh) ; Mr Andrew Kelly, jeweller ; Mr James Gourlay (now manager of the Bank of Scotland, Laurieston) ; Mr Wm. Martin, manufacturer ; Mr David M'Clure, printer (now dead) ; Mr Hunter Finlay, merchant ; Mr Wm. M'Lean, of Plantation (now dead) ; Mr Peter Aitken, jeweller (now dead) ; and Mr Peter Mackenzie, who is still spared to write these Reminiscences. The city, we may observe, was divided into *Five* distinct *Districts* in the matter of these Elections. We shall only give the result of the Election in the *Fourth* and *Fifth* Districts, because these embraced the Royal Exchange and the most influential part of the city : and it was there where the chief contest lay—where the decisive battle of Poors' rates and Reformation was to be lost or won.

“Come, then, a still small whisper in your ear,
He has no hope that never had a fear.”

CHAPTER LXI.

THE STATE OF THE POLL.

“Great was their fall,
But greater still the victory.”—*Anon.*

ON a scrutiny of votes, Dr Adams, the then Inspector of the Board, whose duty it was under the Act of Parliament to declare the result, intimated as follows:—

20TH NOVEMBER, 1848.

FOURTH WARD.

FOR REFORMATION OF THE SYSTEM.

David Anderson, Manufacturer,	1479
Peter Mackenzie, Publisher,	1463
David N. Chambers, Publisher,	1369
David M'Lure, Printer,	1341
Andrew Kelly, Jeweller,	1291

FOR CONTINUANCE OF THE MODE OF ASSESSMENT.

David Yuille, Wine Merchant,	884
Archibald M'Lellan, Coach Builder,	500
Andrew Miller, Wood Merchant,	408
Allan Carswell, Builder,	339
Alexander Smith, Slater,	188

FIFTH WARD.

FOR REFORMATION OF THE SYSTEM.

James Gourlay, Accountant,	1893
Peter Aiken, Jeweller,	1782
William Balfour, Merchant,	1625
William Martin, Manufacturer,	1503
Joseph Taylor, Writer,	1343

FOR CONTINUANCE OF THE MODE OF ASSESSMENT.

Allan Cuthbertson, Accountant,...	777
John M'Indoe, Builder,	474
Andrew Rutherglen, Bookseller,	469
John Main, Perfumer,	385
William Robertson, Builder,	377

Thus there were 15,089 electors voted in favour of the reformation of the system; and only 4701 for the continuance as it stood of the mode of assessment.

This result, apparently so decisive, enraged Mr M'Lellan and his friends to the highest pitch of fury. They presented a petition and complaint to the Sheriff to annul the election, and to interdict the new members, and in particular David Anderson, James Gourlay, Hunter Finlay, Peter Mackenzie, David M'Clure, Andrew Kelly, and Charles Risk from taking their seats or acting at the new Board. Four or five different complaints, on various grounds, were levelled at ourselves personally; and we must now confess that we should not have been sorry if the Sheriff had sustained one or other of them, for they would have saved us a world of trouble. But *quoad* David Anderson, James Gourlay, Hunter Finlay, and Peter Mackenzie, the Sheriff, after a long discussion which lasted for several weeks, dismissed the complaints, and found these parties duly elected: whereas, on some technical grounds or other, his Lordship was pleased to sustain the complaints, and find Messrs David M'Clure, Andrew Kelly and Charles Risk not duly elected. Mr M'Lellan, by this decision, went back to the Board (rejoicing) in the place of Mr David M'Clure. But Mr M'Lellan became no longer *Chairman* of that Board. Mr David Anderson was elected in his place, and a most patient, attentive, and excellent *Chairman* he made for

several years, and under many very trying circumstances, which would have perplexed any ordinary man. Still Mr M'Lellan had a strong and powerful party at his back in the other wards—forming chiefly the remnant members of the old Board—whom, strange to say, he could almost command by the wag of his little finger, and make them to vote exactly as he wished, for not one of them ever dissented from him at that Board on any important occasion. Let us now, however, dive for a few moments into some of the proceedings which occurred, resulting in matters of great and permanent importance, we hope, to the citizens of Glasgow. Some people may not be able to appreciate these now, and the less, perhaps, that we have had some share in them; but, if we are to say anything on the subject at all, it is scarcely possible to avoid naming ourselves much oftener in these pages than we could really wish to do.

“But the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.”

CHAPTER LXII.

STRIKING THE BLOW AGAINST FRAUD AND
IMPOSITION.

*“Candid and just, with no false aim in view,
To take for truth what cannot but be true.”*

THIS chapter will soon show whether we have really been practical, or rational, or reasonable *Reformers* in matters pertaining to this city of great public magnitude.

No sooner were we placed in that new Parochial Board in the Town's Hospital, than, as may be seen from the newspapers of the day, the following “Notices of Motions were given by Mr Peter Mackenzie” :—

“*First.*—That this Board, adverting to the enormous and increasing amount of Pooors'-rate Assessment in this city, as contrasted with previous and recent years, will, at its next or at an early meeting, resolve itself into a Committee of the whole Board, for the purpose of considering the system of management presently adopted, with a view to its thorough correction and improvement.

“*Second.*—That this Board, being aware of many loud and grievous complaints on the part of the citizens, and desirous of performing its onerous and painful duties faithfully and impartially, will also, at its next or at an early meeting, resolve itself into a Committee of the whole Board for the purpose of duly and deliberating consider-

ing the Mode of Assessment now in operation towards the inhabitants, and of adopting or recommending such alterations as may appear to be equitable and proper, with a view on the one hand of meeting the just claims of the really necessitous and deserving poor, with those at present unavoidably imposed upon them by law; and on the other of protecting the citizens from iniquitous, unnecessary, and oppressive assessments; and that this Board shall take such energetic steps as may appear to be necessary on the whole subject, and communicate with her Majesty's Government and the Board of Supervision at Edinburgh, through the Chairman of this Board or any Committee to be appointed for all or any of these important purposes."

On the 20th of March, 1849, a special meeting of the Board was called to consider and decide on these important motions. We are not at all ashamed to say that we prepared ourselves for the encounter with considerable care and no small anxiety, for we knew very well that we had a most able antagonist to contend with in the person of Mr Archd. M'Lellan, who was, perhaps, one of the most subtle yet powerful and eloquent debaters that ever occupied the attention of any audience in Glasgow. We endeavoured to show the gross abominations of the system, which, as already stated, were indeed flagrant and apparent; and we fortified ourselves with this strong and staggering fact, which we ascertained by irrefragable evidence, namely, that out of 12,283 assessed schedules served on parties in Glasgow, not fewer than 5100 of those parties had protested and appealed against the obnoxious system—a fact which of itself was sufficient to show that we were well warranted in characterising it in the manner done: but the 400 gallons of whisky to this

Poors' Hospital in one year, with the other etceteras, etceteras, which we must not here dwell upon, fairly inflamed the bile of the old reprehensible gang: it stuck in the gizzards of some of them: they could hardly, with the least decency, gulp it down all at once in one sederunt; but we *walloped* them—we think *that* is the right word for it—yes, we walloped them right and left for squandering upwards of £70,000 sterling in the course of one year under these and other items “of most monstrous mein.” We thought some of the precious Directors would have treated us with physical force, real personal violence, so terrible was their rage for showing them off calmly and truly in the way done; nor is there the least doubt in our own minds at this moment that one or two of them would have smothered or absolutely *strangled* us on the spot if they could have done so with safety to themselves. So violent, indeed, was the uproar amongst them, so coarse were the insults we received at some of their hands, that the Chairman at one period could scarcely secure anything like order; and the Rev. Dr Jamieson, of St Paul's, one of the ex-officio members of the Board—to whom, we think, we may now confidently appeal—started from his chair to leave the room, saying he never saw such disgraceful conduct at any meeting in all his life: it was like a “Bear Garden”—he could stand it no longer. Before leaving, we beseeched the rev. doctor to say whether he left the meeting in consequence of anything we had either said or done. He replied, “Not at all, Mr. Mackenzie, you have acted like a gentleman: it is of the others I complain;” and so he left the room.

After the uproar had somewhat subsided, the vote was called, when there voted for our Motion the respected Chairman (David Anderson, Esq.), with Messrs Finlay,

Black, M'Lean, Chambers, Gourlay, Aitken, Martin, and Mackenzie—9 *bona fide* members. Against it, Messrs M'Lellan, Henderson, Rennie, Paterson, Goodwin, More, Ross, Cochran, Webster, Jeffrey, Dickson, Yuille, Cuthbertson, M'Indoe, and Wilson—16, all of whom, we think, with two solitary exceptions, are dead. But although the motion was thus lost by a majority of seven votes, we had the happiness to see it afterwards triumphantly carried in more peaceful times; and all admitted, whether friends or foes, that with the co-operation of our trusty friends, we were, in truth, the *Pioneers* who first struck the blow against the accursed system which then prevailed, and reduced the expenditure from £70,000 to nearly the one half of that amount. In the present year (1867), with all the increase in our population, it amounts to £45,000.

But the great credit of bringing about that remarkable change is essentially due, above and beyond all others, to Messrs David Anderson, James Gourlay, and Hunter Finlay, who are still blessed with every social comfort in this city, and long may they be so. Day after day, and night after night, did they attend meetings of Committee, and from a state of perplexity and chaos, from an almost unfathomable roll of pauperism, from imposition peeping out in rags, and barefaced audacity elbowing out and trampling on the more worthy and virtuous, those gentlemen brought the Hospital itself into something like a state of discipline and good order. We need not disguise the fact—there is no reason why we should do so—that we never failed to attend upwards of 130 meetings of Committee in that one year, commencing sometimes as early as seven in the morning, and lasting, with short intervals, often till midnight, or grey dawn of the morn-

ing. It was, we shall say, a most Herculean task, let others sneer at it as they now may.

Everything was done by the rampant majority of the old Board to thwart or baffle us in our zeal for reformation in that horrid sink of prodigality and corruption. In the open chase in the hunting fields it has sometimes been remarked that a red herring drawn across the road sometimes distracts the scent of the hounds, and enables Reynard to escape. But we were wide awake against all sorts of cajolery. Often did the old *clique*, for they were a clique banded together, plan their meetings for such days and hours, especially on Friday, when, as they well knew from our other avocations, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for us to attend them. We smelt their *ruse* in some of these transactions, and pointedly guarded ourselves against it; and it was sometimes amusing enough to learn that when "the secret select" had assembled in the snug parlour of the Hospital, and found us at the moment absent, they chuckled delightfully amongst themselves, and were about to carry some of their favourite projects *nem. con.*, when lo! we stumbled in upon them when they least expected it, and parried off, arrested or amended some of their gross and objectionable designs. The minutes of the old House Committee may yet show how often we attended it both in summer and in wintry weather.

The chagrin of the old Board, who still formed the majority, was great when they saw the *new* members carefully watching over them at all their meetings. But the hated name of Peter Mackenzie was peculiarly obnoxious to them, simply for this reason, that he spoke out the blunt truth directly to their faces. Some of our faithful colleagues of the new Board were rather shy at first, yet they

never flinched on any important occasion, though their unavoidable absence on other occasions was neither missed nor animadverted upon by the majority. It was "the infernal Peter Mackenzie" that greatly bothered them, and so they characterised him with the worst words of their mouths; but not one of them could cozen him out of his punctual and careful attendance at almost every meeting, no matter where or when it was called by them. Any other member would have been excused on any ground; but this obnoxious member, who dared to aim the first blow at their assessments, was gall and wormwood to the majority of them, reminding us of a good story told of some of "the old Civic Guards of Edinburgh" many years ago. They generally mustered every morning at St Giles'. Some of them, however, got rather drowsy and sleepy at their posts, but sent excuses to the sergeant on duty, who called the muster roll somewhat as follows:—

"'Dougal M'Vitie—is Dougal here?' 'No,' some one would answer for him. 'Please, sergeant, to excuse Dougal; his uncle from Drumquazel has come to visit him, and he wants to show him Arthur's Seat this morning.' 'He's a kind and obliging lad,' replied the sergeant, 'and we'll excuse him proudly.' The next or so upon the roll was Humphrey M'Lintock. 'Where is Humphrey?' said the sergeant, 'Oh,' said one of his comrades in the rear rank, 'his wife is just at the down, lying in the Canongate, and he's away rousing up Dr Cockey Hamilton to attend her.' 'Very good,' said the sergeant, 'he's a fine *lad* Humphrey to be so attentive to his own lawful wife; he's excused upon my honour,' said the sergeant. The next on the list was Alister M'Alister. 'Where is Alister?' said the sergeant. 'Oh,' said one of his comrades, 'you must know, sergeant, that he was

carousing and playing the fiddle till a late hour last night with Neil Gow in Barrie's Hotel, and I heard him sing,

“Up in the morning's no for me, up in the morning early:

I'd rather gang supperless to my bed than rise in the morning early.”

‘Did he really sing that song?’ said the sergeant. ‘Yes he did.’ ‘Then,’ said the sergeant, ‘he shall be locked up in the guard-house to-morrow night, and get nothing but brose and butter.’ (Sensation among the squad.) ‘Hector Buchanan—where is my faithful Hector?’ said the sergeant. ‘Oh! he’s got into an awful scrape with one Mrs Adonis in Princes Street, and he cannot be here this morning.’ ‘*Mrs Adonis!*’ exclaimed the sergeant: ‘I know her very well, and she’s to be married to my distinguished friend, Lieut.-General the Earl of Hyndford, on Tuesday week. What can Hector have been doing with her? I must,’ said the sergeant, ‘hold a court of inquiry on that subject ere the bugles sound from the ramparts of Edinburgh Castle this night.’ The next on the list was Ronald M'Donald—they were nearly all Highland names, but a gallant chiel was he—‘Where is Ronald?’ roared the sergeant; ‘can none here answer for Ronald?’ ‘O yes, dear sergeant, Ronald, you see, has gone away on an excursion to watch Paul Jones on the Frith of Forth.’ On that the sergeant took out his snuff-mill and wished Ronald great success. The next on the roll or thereabouts was one Peter Mackenzie (a true story). The said Peter, on his name being called out, answered with loud lungs, ‘*Hear, hear!*’ ‘Sir,’ said the sergeant, looking at him sternly in the face, ‘you eternally cry *hear hear* whether you are *hear* or no *hear*: but I’ll fine you for your impudence, and mark you absent.”

We are not printing this as a piece of mere idle invention. The substance of it was stated to us in reality by the late James Mackenzie, Esq., jeweller in Edinburgh, whose old shop stood at the back of St Giles', fronting nearly the statue of King Charles the 2nd in the Parliament Square: and some old citizens of Edinburgh may yet remember him in his glory.

But some of the scenes in that Parochial Board of Glasgow were dolorous and marvellous indeed. For example, the old Board, prodigal as was their expenditure, actually refused to accept of £500 sterling, which the Government, through the Board of Supervision at Edinburgh, was willing to pay to them every year on account of the medical expenditure in Glasgow. The Glasgow Board, forsooth, would not accept the money on account of some crotchet or other which they took into their heads of the most childish nature. For three long years they absolutely resisted it, and thereby lost £1500 to the citizens. We tried to coax them into the receipt of it, but they were stubborn as mules; yet, although they rejected it, they at the very same time attempted to saddle the public with £300 or £400 per annum to one of their own favourites of the name of Anderson, whom they wanted to palm upon the public as an *assistant* Inspector over the head of Dr Adams, who then did the duty. This new officer for their favourite assistant or additional inspector was utterly superfluous, absolutely illegal, yet, by systematic majorities, and in defiance of all reason, they voted for it, and mocked us in derision for objecting to it. In common with our firm friends at the Board, though sadly in the *minority*, this matter, with other things, was brought under the special notice of the Right Honourable Sir John M'Neil, and the then Chief

Commissioners of the Board of Supervision in Edinburgh, and a Petition and Complaint at their instance, with concurrence of the Lord Advocate, was soon served on the rampant Board in Glasgow, which made them *wild* for a short time; but it brought them to their senses, and they were obliged to abandon their design with that job. Bitter was the storm which then passed over our heads at that Glasgow Board. Every meeting at it was of the most vociferous description—actual fighting almost between Archibald M'Lellan and Peter Mackenzie, and the crowds outside would inquire “whether Bauldy or Peter” had the best or the worst of it. Still, we have a very pleasing fact to notice, which is this, that while *inside* the Board we were flaming with fire or piercing each other as with a two-edged sword, yet outside its walls we met each other in peace and concord in the most affable and gentlemanly manner: and so much did this astonish the public, who had read of these battles in the newspapers of the day, that we remember well on a day after one of these stirring meetings in the Hospital we foregathered accidentally in Queen Street with Mr M'Lellan himself, shook hands, and were chatting away most affably and agreeably when the crowds began to gather. “Goodness gracious!” said an elderly lady to her astonished husband, “did you ever see the like of that, the lion and the lamb?” “No,” said he, “the lion and the wolf, after all their fights up yonder, embracing each other on the streets of Glasgow!” Mr Gourlay, however, we think tells a better story than this. He had proceeded with Mr M'Lellan on some mission to the Board of Supervision in Edinburgh, and, on their return in the evening, they went into some hotel or other to get a little bit of refreshment. “Come away,” said Boniface to Mr Gourlay, saluting him, “I'm glad to

see you, Mr Gourlay, and glad to see that you are supporting Peter at the Board against that terrible man, Archy M'Lellan"—or, rather, the language of Boniface was much stronger than this. He really did not know Mr M'Lellan personally, who was standing by his side at the moment; but when the discovery was made, it was felt to be both pungent and severe, and perhaps beneficial to all parties.

Another member of that Board, without one tithe of the talent of Mr M'Lellan, but always sticking to his side, was a very pompous person, who drove his carriage, and had a great and lucrative establishment not far from the city; but he murdered the Queen's English in many of his long windy speeches at this Board, never ending but always beginning, and with no tangible aim or object in view. He set us on a goose chase for many days out in the Lunatic Asylum at Gartnavel, which provoked us exceedingly, owing to the loss of valuable time consumed at it for his whims; but we made this discovery applicable to himself, namely, that beyond subscribing his own name, he could scarcely write two sentences without the most ludicrous mistakes in spelling. He was obviously aware of this himself, and we sometimes chided him with it. When he made his long-winded speeches about something or other he knew not what, we often requested that he should write down what he wanted in some distinctive proposition or motion, and lay it down on the table of the Board for consideration at next meeting. But he would never do this. He fumbled away at the table of the Board in quest of a good pen, and though many good pens lay there for the use of all members, our learned friend the doctor, as we may call him, never could find one to his liking. He would throw them from him down

upon the table with perfect disdain, looking unutterable things at the inkstands and the blotting paper. We came to know his weak side, and we fairly finished him with the rest of his motions. One day he was tremendously prosy. "Now, dear Doctor (after he was done), please put your motion in writing." He fumbled away again as usual at the pens on the table. No pen could yet please him. We saw a bunch of good quills lying on the table never used, took out our penknife, made one, as we thought, to perfection, and offering it to the Doctor, said, "Here, dear Doctor, here is a real good one, which will enable you both to write and to SPELL." On the utterance of that last word, we literally threw the whole table into an uproar of laughter, with the exception of the Doctor himself, who looked at us as with drawn daggers.

Another queer member of the Board, blessed with "dull stupidity," but got through the world wondrous well, was ardently attached to "the means and substance" system, because he found, as others did in his sphere, that it could save his own pockets, and draw his *rents* without any reduction whatever for poor-rates. That was the *charm* which guided most of them at that Board—as it does many other Boards at this day—"their own pockets." Need we quote the well-known couplet again in this place, viz.—

*"When self the trembling balance shakes,
'Tis rarely right adjusted."*

It was the duty of every member of the Board to walk through its premises, and examine and report in a minute-book kept for that purpose. Even our learned friend, the Doctor above alluded to, could not evade that task, or blink it for the want of any good pen. His effusions were

short on that subject; but the member we have in our eye eclipsed him completely, even in the spelling mood and gender. Our friend and coadjutor Mr Chambers called our attention one day to the following original entry from the pen of the member referred to—"I have carefully gone over this House this day, and found it *aw* (all) richt."

What report could be more unique or decisive than that "*aw richt*?" We are sure that our friend, now enjoying a high sphere of usefulness in London, will smile at this episode if he sees it in print.

But we must drop these Reminiscences, though we are in the vein at this moment of telling many singular stories starting to our mind's eye, redolent not of bad but rather of some good points, which we cannot overtake in these hurried Reminiscences drawing to a close in this form, dear and cherished as some of them are to our inmost souls. If we had breathing time, and vouchsafed with a longer tenure of life, which we can hardly expect, we do not know but we might make others of them in reserve still more polished and interesting. But here, in the words of Uncle Toby to his servant, we may exclaim,

"Tie up the knocker,
Say I'm sick, I'm dead!"

CHAPTER LXIII.

W I N D I N G U P .

“Ambition here displays no gilded toy.”

THE following documents, long ago published, may here be left to speak for themselves:—

ADDRESS BY PETER MACKENZIE TO THE RATEPAYERS OF THE
FOURTH DISTRICT OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW.

“Glasgow, 19th Oct., 1849.

“Gentlemen,—You were pleased spontaneously, and by an overwhelming majority, to elect me as one of your representatives to the Parochial Board of this city in the month of November last.

“I now beg leave respectfully to intimate to you that it is my fixed determination to retire from the Board at next Election; and assuredly I have no intention whatever of asking you to re-elect me.

“My reasons chiefly for this determination are expressed in a letter which I addressed to Mr Smythe, the Secretary of the Board of Supervision in Edinburgh, so long ago as the month of March last. That letter is subjoined, together with the reply of Mr Smythe; and to these I now refer.

“Since the date of that letter, and in consequence of

the concluding paragraph in the communication made to me by the Secretary of the Honourable Board of Supervision, I have continued—I will say most faithfully and zealously—to protect your interests to the best of my poor ability and judgment at this Glasgow Board. I have struggled to correct abuses—to diminish the enormous expenditure, without injuring meritorious servants connected with the establishment, some of whom, I am sorry to see, are about to be victimised; and, above all, I have used every exertion in my power, publicly and privately, to reform or alter the present vicious mode of assessment for Poors'-rates in Glasgow, believing, as I solemnly do, and as I have seen from daily experience, that it is fraught with the grossest injustice and oppression, and, if not checked, will soon become utterly intolerable to the great majority of the citizens, if not disastrous to the city itself.

“In regard to these services you will pardon me, I hope, for making the statement, which few perhaps can do, namely, that I have never been absent from any one meeting of the Board, and rarely, if ever, absent from any legitimate meeting of its various Committees; and you may form some idea of these, and perhaps be somewhat surprised when I tell you that I have within the last ten months attended upwards of *one hundred meetings*, of one kind or another, connected with the business of this Board; and in the Relief Committee I have stood from seven o'clock in the morning till a late hour in the evening investigating the manifold cases there brought forward.

“In return for all this personal, and sometimes very painful *drudgery*, I have received little thanks, less gratitude, but a vast deal of personal animosity. Even the paltry advertisements of the Board, given to others, are

insultingly denied me ; so true it is, that they who work for the public, work after all to thankless masters. I bow to this 'self-denying ordinance' of the Board, as it has been called, without a murmur. I only wish that some other parties had observed it so well.

“ But I will not bow to the rampant majority of this Board, who seem to proceed in the most reckless, and, I will venture to add, in the most lawless career in some important matters, which I will not at present stop to notice. And, on the other hand, I will not continue to toil like a slave for the public in this way any longer. I have other duties to perform which require my unremitting attention ; and it is for you, gentlemen, to look out for another representative at this Board to share the labour. I give you this timeous notice that you may not slumber at your posts ; and I warn you most respectfully, but emphatically, that if you wish the present mode of assessment altered ; if you desire to be relieved of the grievous burthens afflicting the community ;—in a word, if you desire to effect a thorough *reformation* at this Board, as I hope you do, then assuredly you will take care to return men, at the approaching election, who will strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of the *minority* still remaining at this Board, with whom I have had the honour to be associated, and for whom I shall ever entertain the greatest respect.—I remain, gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant,

“ PETER MACKENZIE.”

PETER MACKENZIE TO WM. SMYTHE, ESQ., SECRETARY OF
THE BOARD OF SUPERVISION, EDINBURGH.

“ Glasgow, March 7, 1849.

“ Sir,—At the earnest request of some of the most

respectable citizens of Glasgow, I reluctantly consented, in November last, to allow myself to be elected as one of the members of the Parochial Board of this city, and since that period I have attended every meeting of the Board, including many meetings of Committee, besides attending to innumerable matters in connection therewith; and, in short, I may with great truth declare that I have been labouring assiduously, and with the best possible intentions, to perform the duties of the office with a righteous regard to the interests of all classes. But I am sorry to be obliged to state to you that I am now so thoroughly disgusted and absolutely appalled by the proceedings which have occurred and fallen under my notice, that I am anxious to resign or retire from this office or Board altogether: and I would do so without another moment's hesitation, but on referring to the Act of Parliament, I do not observe that there is any proviso made, whereby the ratepayers who elected me have it in their power to elect again some other member in my stead. And while, as already stated, I am most anxious to retire, I should at the same time be sorry to deprive my constituents of my vote, if it points to any change for the better. And, therefore, I beg you will have the goodness to inform me, at your earliest convenience, whether there is any power under the statute, or any rule of the Board of Supervision, whereby, in the event of the resignation of a member of the Parochial Board, his place can be filled up again by his constituents, at any time prior to the next annual election.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) "PETER MACKENZIE."

“ Board of Supervision,
“ Edinburgh, 8th March, 1849.

“ Sir,—I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter of yesterday’s date.

“ I consider that, in the event of a vacancy occurring among the managers of the poor, in a burghal parish, the statute of 8 and 9 Vict., c. 83, does not provide any means by which such vacancy may be supplied.

“ I regret much that the proceedings which have occurred and fallen under your notice, should have been such as to impress you with the feelings which you describe ; but I would rather urge upon you, that the existence of such a state of things as you mention renders it the more imperative upon yourself, and those who adopt your views, to endeavour to check and reform abuses, by your presence at the meetings of the Parochial Board, however irksome such attendance may be.

“ I am, &c.,

(Signed) “ W. SMYTHE, Sec.

“ Peter Mackenzie, Esq., Glasgow.”

We acted on the recommendation of Mr Smythe’s letter, and had the pleasure of seeing, within a year or two afterwards, the whole of this arduous but beneficial reformation effected—thanks, eternal thanks, we shall say to the renewed energy of Messrs David Anderson, James Gourlay, and Hunter Finlay, as well as to the new Board of Directors which then came into the field, consisting chiefly of Alexander Morrison of Ballanakiel, Dean of the Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow ; James Hannan, Esq., Lord Dean of Guild (who ought to have been Lord Provost of Glasgow about that period) ; and Bailie David Smith ;

with other patriotic names ; and at the downfall of the accursed system we say, with all sincerity, they should have been feted in the City Hall, and their names recorded on some pedestal or other of the city itself. For look to this astonishing fact, which cannot, we think, be too often noticed, namely, that from £70,000 sterling per annum they have been the means, directly and indirectly, of bringing down the assessment, as we have already stated, to less than £45,000 per annum ; and thus nearly £25,000 per annum has been saved to the citizens, or released from plunder. For whilk, in so far as our own poor share was concerned, we received—as was pretty often the case—nothing but “kicks and cuffs.” Nor is this all. Instead of being a mass of iniquity, or a den of confusion, or “a Bear Garden,” as the Rev. Dr Jamieson and many others called it, this Town’s Hospital has become a place of serene quietude and exemplary regularity. No whisper of discontent is heard within its walls ; no rude speech ; no vulgar slang corrupt the lips of any of the present Directors ; they do business without any palaver or idle harangue ; they do it more efficiently within the short space of one hour in the morning than was done years ago during a whole week, with time frittered away by speeches of intolerable length ending in sound and fury, and totally foreign to the real business on hand—a remark not inapplicable to some of the proceedings of our Town Council in former times ; while the vigilant Inspector, now on duty, without any detriment, we shall say, to those who preceded him in that office, has his arrangements, multifarious as they are, so admirably made that he can lay his finger on any document, or answer any question, or proceed with any inquiry almost on a moment’s notice. And thus the vast civic machinery, if we may so call it, of the

Glasgow Town's Hospital, extricated from confusion, and now so well and happily guided at the present day, has placed CHARITY itself on a pure and virtuous basis, on which alone, we trust, it will be transmitted to future generations.

“ What is Life ?

A twisted yarn—a 'tangled skein—
A mingled web of joy and pain—
A glancing sunbeam, warm and bright—
A hanging cloud more dark than night—
A beauteous flower of sweetest scent—
A musky cave where poison's pent—
A golden cup, with nectar sweet—
A blackened bowl where bitters meet—
The lightest feather that can rise—
A heavy weight represssing sighs—
A lucid stream with rapid flow—
A stagnant pool where dark weeds grow—
A summer breeze that cools the air—
A hurricane that makes earth bare—
A gift enjoyed with grateful heart—
A load with which we long to part :
And such is Life !”

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE GREAT MEAL FRAUD.

“Let some retreating cynic find
These oft-turned scrolls I leave behind.”

WE have stumbled on the following documents, which we may be excused for publishing, as referable to no unimportant movements, we humbly think, in the city of Glasgow during the present century:—

FROM JOHN BURNETT, ESQ., THEN PROCURATOR-FISCAL OF
THE CITY OF GLASGOW, TO PETER MACKENZIE.

“72 Hutcheson Street,
“Glasgow, 21st December, 1847.

“Dear Sir,—Your communication to Mr Forbes, Town-Clerk, with extracts from the minutes of the Magistrates thereon, having been transmitted to me for the consideration of the Police and Statute Labour Committee, I submitted them to the ordinary weekly meeting of that Committee, held yesterday; and I beg to transmit to you, as Convener of the Committee of Inhabitants for Detecting the Fraudulent Adulteration of Meal, extract from the minutes of yesterday’s meeting. You will see that the Police Committee at once agreed to direct the attention of their Inspector of Markets to the

important object referred to ; and I have no doubt that the effect of this will be to secure attention to it. And, farther, if the whole duties now devolving on this officer shall be found too heavy for him to discharge satisfactorily, that assistance will be provided for him, until the evil complained of shall be effectually removed.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

“JOHN BURNET.

“To Peter Mackenzie.

“*Gazette Office.*”

Extract from the Minutes of a Meeting of the Police and Statute Labour Committee of the Town Council of Glasgow, held 20th Dec., 1847.

The Hon. the LORD PROVOST in the Chair.

“Remitted to the Committee on Watching, Extract from the Minutes of the Magistrates, on the subject of an application made to them by a Committee of Inhabitants to appoint an Inspector for the Detection of Adulterated Meal, along with a statement and two letters by the Convener of the said Committee, Mr Mackenzie, for consideration ; with instructions to call the Inspector of Markets before them ; to point out his duties under the 105th section of the Act 6 and 7 Victoria, cap. 99 ; to require from him the most prompt and vigilant attention to them ; and to report whether any, and if so, what farther steps are necessary to carry out the purposes of the Act. Extracted from the Minutes, by

“JOHN BURNET, Clerk.

R E P L Y .

“Glasgow, December 23, 1847.

“Dear Sir,—I had the honour to receive your letter of the 21st current, which I submitted to a numerous

meeting of the Committee of Citizens yesterday evening, and they unanimously directed me to acquaint you, for the information of the Lord Provost and Magistrates, and members of the Police and Statute Labour Board (an extract from whose minutes you have been so obliging as to enclose to me), that the Committee have received this communication with much satisfaction, and confidently trust that the Inspector will be immediately instructed to do the duty expected at his hands, under the authority of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Commissioners or Members of the Police Board, in terms of the Statutes now brought to bear on the subject. In this view, the Committee feel that their labours are now about satisfactorily to close; but they will be prepared and happy at all times to co-operate with the Magistrates and Police Commissioners, if necessary; not doubting that the Magistrates, in proved cases, will give effect to the solemn decision of the Supreme Judges of the land, or call for efficient statutory powers to meet the fraud and evil complained of.—I remain, dear sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

“PETER MACKENZIE,

“Convener of Committee.

“To John Burnet, Esq.”

What was good *law* at that period ought to be good law still; and we point out these things for the benefit of the citizens of Glasgow, and in order to show how transgressors may yet be exposed and punished who mix up the meal, the qualities of which, when genuine, are so conducive to the health and happiness of mankind.

“O for the kail brose of old Scotland,
O for the Scottish kail brose.”

CHAPTER LXV.

THE SAD STORY OF ANOTHER GLASGOW LADY.

“ Oh blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine ;
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease.”

Goldsmith.

WE could write, we think, many *laughable* stories which fell under the vision of our own eyes in Glasgow during these last fifty years ; but we are more inclined at present to close these ten promised numbers with one of grave, historical interest, not inferior to, but rather surpassing, in some respects, the case of the unfortunate Misses Hamilton, which we previously delineated in truthful language, and not behind the case of poor Mrs Peter Papillon, yet ringing in *some* ears in this city and somewhere beyond it, for we understand that her once greatest enemy is still alive, though morally dead to the world. We shall tell our present story, if we have not told some portions of it already in these Reminiscences, making this frank admission, that we rarely turn back on what we have written except to correct accidental mistakes kindly pointed out to us ; and we all know that “ mistakes ” of one kind or another will occur in the best regulated families. Do they not ? The Bible itself has some typographical blunders in it ; but these do not

detract from its cardinal elements. There is no perfection in this world. Even the Pope himself is not infallible, and we scarcely expect to be within five thousand miles as the crow flies of kissing his big toe, though many Peters, Johns, and Andrews, &c., &c., from many quarters of the globe, we dare to say, have done so since we began to write these Reminiscences. This, some may think, is a profane libel on the introductory part of this chapter; but we write as the spirit moves us, without much regard to any capricious method.

“Princes and kings may flourish or may fade :
 A breath can make them as a breath has made
 But a bold Peasantry——

We leave our readers to complete the quotation if they please, while we are eager to introduce them to a bold *Peasant* indeed, who became one of the most eminent scholars in this kingdom, and bequeathed to the British Empire one of the most valuable books for scientific or historical interest that ever was penned, and penned, too, chiefly in the city of Glasgow, as we shall presently show.

We go on with our narrative in plain, unadorned, but indisputable language.

There lodged in this city, some sixty or seventy years ago, a very humble individual of that period, viz., Mr *Robert Watt*—not related to the illustrious *James Watt*, who developed his first immortal labours in the High Street of Glasgow—but this *Robert Watt* was the son of a small farmer in the parish of Stewarton, Ayrshire. Like Hugh Miller in after times, Robert Watt was originally bred a stonemason, but he had higher and nobler aims in view, and, from the bent of his natural genius, he threw aside the stone mallet, and resolved to

handle the sharp *lancet* and become a member of the medical profession—a strange flight certainly. He came to Glasgow towards the year 1793, with little or nothing in his pocket, got into the apothecary shop of old Moses Gardner—which some in Glasgow may yet remember—and from thence he passed into the College, and became, in another capacity, one of the favourite students of the celebrated Professor Richardson. He went regularly through some of the other classes in the University with great distinction, down to the year 1797. He also attended two sessions in the Divinity Hall; and thus qualified, he obtained his medical diploma in the year 1799, and went first to practise as a surgeon in the town of Paisley, where his father had some friends: and there, for a period of nearly ten years, Dr Robert Watt was greatly esteemed. Some of the old residenters of Paisley may still remember him. He was earnestly solicited, for his fame rapidly spread, to come and take up his residence and pursue his practice in this city, where some of his latent attachments lay, and he agreed to do so. In the year 1812, he occupied one of the then elegant self-contained houses in Queen Street, since demolished. “His success in Glasgow (says Mr Robert Chambers in his *Lives of Eminent Scotsmen*) was immediate and complete. As a physician, he suddenly acquired a most respectable and extensive practice, and, as a lecturer, his popularity was equally gratifying.” He became, we gladly add, *President* of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of this city—a position which of itself is sufficient to attest the estimation in which he was held. He published several treatises on Medical Science, which, we believe, were hailed with much approbation by his contemporaries at the time. But his great and crowning

work was that of the "Bibleotheca Britanica," in four quarto volumes, which, we take leave to say, became one of the most useful, instructive, and valuable works ever perhaps published in the English or any other language, embracing almost every conceivable subject, and every author of note then in the known world—more laborious and comprehensive by far than Dr Samuel Johnson's celebrated Dictionary, and that is surely saying a great deal. In fact, Dr Watt's "Bibleotheca Britanica" has since acquired an European fame; it is daily and hourly consulted in the British Museum; it guides the Library of the House of Lords, and also the Library of the House of Commons; but it cost Dr Watt his own precious life, for, in consequence of the herculean labour he bestowed upon it for several years, he undermined his constitution, never robust, and he died of consumption at Crossmyloof, near this city, on the 12th of March, 1819, at the early age, comparatively, of 45, and was buried in the High Churchyard of this city, leaving a young family of three sons and six daughters, all of whom are dead. It is with reference chiefly to his last, beautiful, and unfortunate daughter that we are now to tell the moving part of this remarkable story, with some incidents appertaining to it.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ROBBERY AND EXECUTION OF THE ROBBERS—
POVERTY OF MISS WATT.

ON a Sabbath morning, early in the month of December, 1819—being only about seven months after the melancholy death of this most amiable and distinguished man, Dr Robert Watt, whose fame by his book referred to will probably live so long as the History of England itself endures, for it is essentially engrafted on that history—on the Sabbath morning referred to, while his young, amiable, and accomplished widow was quietly sleeping with her young children, and their attendant servants, in their secluded mansion at Crossmyloof, an armed band of four or five Irish ruffians, intent on robbery, and with their faces blackened to avoid recognition, invaded that innocent and mournful dwelling-house, broke open its recesses, plundered its drawers of all the money and silver plate therein contained, and even wrenched off, from her trembling fingers, with a loaded pistol at her head, the gold marriage rings which her husband had given to her in his best and brilliant days! It was, altogether, a most savage and cruel assault and robbery. But the culprits were secured and convicted. They were arraigned, as we well remember (probably we have told the story already), at the bar of the Circuit Court of Justiciary in

this city in the month of October, 1820. The Judges were the Lord Justice Clerk Boyle and Lord Hermand. The trial created uncommon interest in consequence of this interesting family being under their sad bereavement of the head or parent of their house, and the barbarous treatment they had received from such midnight ruffians. The whole kingdom was inflamed against the barbarians. We remember the poor agonised, widowed lady as she gave her evidence, slowly but correctly, and sometimes with convulsive sobs, impossible to be described. It was a terrible scene: and more terrible, for, when the Jury without hesitation brought in a verdict on the clearest evidence against all the culprits, and when the Lord Justice-Clerk put on his black cap to pronounce sentence of death against them, which was justly their due, they broke out into a loud volley of cursing and swearing, and actually attempted to kick some of the witnesses and officers of justice near them at the bar. Never was such a scene exhibited before or since at any Assize in this city. But the day of execution approached, and the four convicted ruffians—whose names were Grant, Crosbie, O'Connor, and M'Colgin—were thrown off together by Thomas Young, the hangman, in front of the Jail, at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the 8th of Nov., 1820. Turning up some of the old files of the newspapers of that date, we observe it stated—"They were thrown off at fifteen minutes past three, and hung forty minutes: they struggled dreadfully." But there was this remarkable statement in some of these old newspapers, which may be consulted at the present day, namely, "On Tuesday last *the condemned sermon* was preached in the chapel of the jail by the Rev. Mr Marshall of the Outer High, in presence of the Lord Provost, several of the

Magistrates and Town Council, and the prisoners, debtors, and criminals.”

What a commentary that is on the proceedings of modern times! No such thing could happen now, for the present Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council care precious little for any ragamuffins whose lives are justly forfeited to the outraged laws of their country.

Soon after the execution of these four atrocious criminals the agonized widow of Dr Robert Watt removed with her young family from Crossmyloof, doleful now to her, as may be easily imagined, and came to reside in Hutchesontown of Glasgow.

Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come singly. Thus it happened with poor Mrs Watt. Not only did she lose her amiable and distinguished husband, but within the course of one short year her house was invaded and robbed in the way described. But what was worse to her and her young family than that last was, that a sum of between £2000 and £3000 of her husband's means was swept away from her by an unfortunate bankruptcy. Still she had an allowance of £45 per annum in right of a pension from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. Her children, probably by grief, rapidly died off, one after another; and she herself “doffed this mortal coil” some fifteen years ago, leaving her youngest daughter, Mary Watt, who had received a most accomplished education, and was then bordering on thirty-five years of age. She ought, and would have been, married to a distinguished member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons; but he was cut off by typhus fever, and with him her earthly hopes fled.

We close by saying that attempts were made to get this angelic creature placed on the Royal Bounty Fund, ener-

getically supported by Mr H. C. Ewing, M.P. for Paisley, Mr Walter Buchanan and Mr Robert Dalglish, M.P.'s for Glasgow, besides many others. These attempts were on the point of being successful, after much procrastination, which we must say is far too often the case at head-quarters, through red tape and other things, when the unhappy object of all the well-meant endeavours closed her eyes in death, in the Govan Parish Lunatic Asylum, on the 17th of April, 1864.

We paid a visit to that Asylum the other day, our object being to seek some relics of her amiable and accomplished father. We are rejoiced to say that we found what we sought; and they are indeed precious relics. We sincerely trust that the Govan Parochial Board, who are now the lawful custodiers of them, will listen to the respectful petition which we intend to present to them on that subject in the course of a few days.

FINIS.