



The  
God's Acres of Dumbarton,

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

Some of those who Sleep therein.

BY

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*Gough and the Dumbarton*



*The Author*

DEDICATES THIS BOOK

TO

THE REVERED MEMORY OF

**William Denny,**

OF

**LEVEN SHIPYARD,**

A CULTURED GENTLEMAN, A NOBLE WORKER,

A KIND EMPLOYER, A GENUINE PHILANTHROPIST,

A TRUE FRIEND,

AND A MOST LOVING AND DUTIFUL

SON, BROTHER, HUSBAND, AND FATHER,

ONE WHOSE LOSS IS DEPLORED

BY A VERY LARGE CIRCLE OF RELATIVES AND

FRIENDS, AS WELL AS BY THE WHOLE

COMMUNITY OF DUMBARTON.

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# The God's Acres of Dumbarton.

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## Section I.

### DUMBARTON CEMETERY.

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#### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

AS there is no history in existence of the various God's Acres of Dumbarton, I have set myself the task of supplying that want. I shall begin my work by giving a history and general description of the Cemetery, and an account of the state of matters which led up to the formation of a company for securing ground for interment purposes outside the populous part of the burgh. After that biographical sketches will be given of the more or less illustrious dead, as well as descriptions of the monuments, in our Graveyards. I would rescue the names of our departed ones from the thick darkness of forgetfulness which falls so soon over the memory of all but the very greatest. The doing of this will in some cases throw a light upon their contemporaneous history, and bring before the reader's notice obsolete customs and social states and conditions which have no counterpart in these days of unrest, change, and hurry. My strong desire is to tread "the God's Acres" of Dumbarton with a fitting reverence, for there one stands on holy ground. My

fervent wish is to speak of the dead who repose therein in the spirit of broadest charity, not in that of censoriousness. Far be such a spirit from me. The work I have undertaken is delicate and difficult, but may it be mine to execute my self-imposed task in such a manner that, when it is ended and the book in the hands of the public, I may learn that no one's feelings have been hurt in any degree by any remarks contained within its pages.

I may state that the inception of this work is due to my old friend, Mr Joseph Irving, F.S.A., Scot., the historian of Dumbartonshire. He suggested its execution in the most kindly manner, as literary labour congenial to my nature, for which in his possibly too favourable opinion I was for many reasons well qualified. I hope that his opinion may be endorsed by the bulk of the readers of this volume. In justice to myself, I must say I know my subject. I have from childhood been familiar with the Auld Kirkyairds of the parish. I knew more or less intimately the major portion of the people interred in the Cemetery, and a few of those who sleep in our older burying-places, concerning whom I shall have something to say. I was also one of the original shareholders, and a director of the Cemetery Company; and, further, I hope I am possessed of sufficient literary gifts and graces to place my knowledge in an attractive form before the public. Some of the dwellers in these cities of the dead, of whom I have to speak, were dear to me as my own soul, and the mere mention of their names, let alone dwelling upon their virtues, will open once more the fountain of tears within my breast; but it is sometimes blessed to let these gush forth and water the cherished memories of our dear ones and keep them green. It is good for us betimes in the stern battle of life to turn aside for a little to the place of graves, and think of those

who have fallen before us in the fight, and conjure them up in our mind's eye as anxiously awaiting our arrival in the goodly land and the pleasant beyond death and the grave. Such contemplations quicken our spiritual growth and enlarge our spiritual vision, and they thereby become to our souls very precious.

Before closing these prefatory remarks, I would seek to return my warmest thanks to the many friends and well-wishers who have furnished me so cheerfully with valuable information, lacking which these pages would be shorn of much of their interest. I am also indebted in a very special manner to the columns of the *Dumbarton Herald* for valuable material, and I desire to give the proprietors of that journal my heartiest thanks for kindly permitting me to use the same in the production of this book. I will now let the work speak for itself, merely asking for it kindly consideration on the part of the reader, as its production is the fruit of by-hours snatched from business. In the past my literary ventures have ever received the most gratifying reception at the hands of my fellow-townsmen, and I hope, although now I am getting into somewhat of the sere and yellow leaf stage of existence, they will still lend me their ear while I say a word or two about the places of the dead of the dear old burgh in which I have spent most of the years of my life. If that wish be granted, I will feel amply rewarded for all my labour in connection with the production of this book.





## CHAPTER I.

### HISTORY OF THE FORMATION OF THE CEMETERY.

THE garden Cemetery of Dumbarton is dear to the general community on account of its beauty and the charm of its surroundings. But it is doubly dear to many bereaved ones, because of the manifold, tender, ever-increasing associations which bind their heart-strings to it in a life-long bond. This place, in which grim death is robbed of half his terrors, is situated on the lands of Stoneyflat, and has its main entrance gate and lodge right opposite the head of the Roundredding Road, where it joins that of Dumbuck and Bonhill. This burying ground forms the lowermost slope of the gently swelling braes which rise in beauty sweep after sweep for five or six hundred feet, until they bear upon their shoulders the grey stern Lang Craigs, companions of the mist and clouds. The Cemetery extends to 11 acres, 7 poles, imperial measure. However, only about one-half of that acreage is as yet laid out for sepulture. The rest is held in reserve against the time when the enlargement of the burying-ground will be imperatively demanded. In the meantime it is used for gardening

purposes, and in its north-western corner there stands the Fever Hospital of the burgh, which was erected a good many years ago, when small-pox was alarmingly prevalent in the town and neighbourhood. The Cemetery ground was feued in 1853 by a company from the late Alexander Smollett, of Bonhill, at the rate of £52 10s 9d per annum. The capital of the company was £1050. The scheme was floated on purely public and patriotic grounds, and not with a view to the aggrandisement of the proprietors. The lands were laid out under the superintendence of and in accordance with plans prepared by Mr Stewart Murray, landscape gardener, and the result is considered by competent judges to be in every respect highly satisfactory. The ground, taken as a whole, is well adapted for interment purposes, being principally sandy, having as a drawback thin beds of clay running through it at long intervals. It has been drained and re-drained, until now it is quite dry. Gravelled walks give access to each separate tomb. While most of the lairs in the ground are either sold already or are to be disposed of in perpetuity, yet a goodly number are reserved for disposal to parties who may be content that the remains of their departed friends shall not be disturbed for ten years, and that then the ground may go to others. The burying-ground was formally opened on the 4th October, 1854, but by special arrangement the remains of William Denny, of the Woodyard, in whose active, teeming brain the idea of the formation of the Cemetery was conceived, were interred on one of the early days of the July of that year, his death having taken place on the first of that month. Mr William Denny launched his project at an accidental meeting of a few friends over a pipe of tobacco, in the office of his brother Archibald's shipbuilding yard at the Church, now embraced in Messrs Archd. M'Millan & Son's Dockyard.

Mr Peter Denny, however, became ultimately the largest shareholder of the company, which was established at a public meeting convened by him when he was Provost of the Burgh, at the request of several leading members of the community. It was called by placards, which ran to the following effect:—

“Public Meeting.—To Peter Denny, Jun., Esq. (old Peter Denny of Castlegreen was then living, hence the Jun..) Provost of Dumbarton.—Sir,—As it seems to be admitted on all hands that the present burying-ground of this town and parish is quite inadequate in extent, and daily becoming more so on account of the rapid increase in the population, and is otherwise objectionable, a very general desire has been expressed for a new burying ground in some eligible situation, within the parish if such can be conveniently obtained; and we request, therefore, that you will call a meeting of the inhabitants for the purpose of taking this important matter into consideration. We are, your most obedient servants. (Respectfully signed). Dumbarton, 23rd April, 1853.” “In compliance with the foregoing requisition, I hereby call a public meeting of the inhabitants of Dumbarton, to be held within the Court-Hall, Dumbarton, on Wednesday, the 4th prox., at 1 P.M.—P. Denny, Jun., Chief Magistrate. Dumbarton, 25th April, 1853.”

I was present at that meeting, and agreed to take an interest in the proposed undertaking to the extent of a share or two. The parties present were principally connected with the progressive party in the burgh, who had to fight a stiff battle to emancipate it from the thralldom of ancient custom and *laissez-faire*. This they did whole-heartedly and gallantly, as every inch of ground attempted to be covered by them was contested stoutly by their opponents, the older burgesses, who were quite bewildered by the changed and ever-changing aspect of affairs in the old but re-invigorated town. The adoption of the Lindsay Act, the introduction of water from the Lang Craigs, the devoting of the harbour revenues to harbour purposes, the erection of the new Burgh Academy and

Hall, and many other essentially necessary schemes for the welfare of the burgh, were strenuously opposed by numbers of these staid burghers. Considering these facts, it is no wonder the great majority of them kept aloof from the meeting referred to. Shortly after the public gathering convened by the Provost, the Cemetery Company was duly constituted. I do not know whether all the shares were ever taken up, but I rather think they were not. The major portion of them, however, were subscribed for. The original estimated cost of laying out the Cemetery was £700; but the total expenses came to £300 more than that sum. The interments in the new burying ground for some years after its opening were few in number, on account of the old one being still open. The living, as a rule, would persist in burying their dead in the Old Kirkyard, although it was quite too full. Feeling that that sort of thing would go on *ad infinitum* (despite the dangers arising from it) on account of the strong instinct implanted in humanity, which leads them to wish that their bones should lie with those of their forebears, it was considered by some ratepayers to be necessary to check that by taking legal steps to get the Parish Churchyard shut up. On account of all the individuals who moved the Sheriff by petition in this matter being shareholders of the Cemetery Company, and that undertaking not having arrived at the dividend paying state, but being, on the contrary, carried on at an annual loss, parties who held lairs in the Old Churchyard and others interested, numbering 200, mustered speedily and determinedly to oppose the granting of the petition. They were under the impression that the shutting up of the old ground was not wished for by the petitioners on purely public grounds, but was entirely a selfish move on their part, as Cemetery proprietors, to render their property a productive



instead of an unproductive one. In holding these views they did an injustice to the honourable intentions of the gentlemen to whose action they were opposed. But one cannot wonder that their purity of motive was not believed in by their antagonists, who thought it a case of

“ When self the wav’ring balance shakes,  
’Tis rarely right adjusted.”

The tug-of-war began on 24th January, 1856, when the petition to the Sheriff was lodged by fifteen persons assessed for the relief of the poor within the parish of Dumbarton, asking the honourable the Sheriff of the Sheriffdom of Dumbarton and Bute to order the shutting up of the Parish Churchyard on account of its crowded state and limited area, being dangerous to health, offensive and contrary to decency, on which petition his Lordship pronounced the following interlocutor :—

Dumbarton, 25th January, 1856.—The Sheriff, having considered the foregoing petition, fixes Wednesday, the thirteenth day of February next, at eleven o’clock forenoon, within the Court House, Dumbarton, as the time and place for enquiring into the allegations contained therein, and hearing all parties having interest ; and in terms of the statute referred to in the petition, appoints intimation of the petition, and of this deliverance, to be made by advertisement in the *Edinburgh Gazette* of Tuesday, the twenty-ninth current, and in the following newspapers, viz.:— In the *North British Advertiser* of Saturday, the second February next; the *Glasgow Herald* of Wednesday, sixth day of February next; and in the *Dumbarton Herald* of Thursday, the thirty-first day of January current, and Thursday, the seventh day of February next.

(Signed) ROBERT HUNTER.

All these preliminary forms and conditions required by the statute having been duly complied with, the enquiry was accordingly opened before the Sheriff, in the Court House,

Dumbarton, on Wednesday, the 18th of February, 1856, when there appeared for the petitioners—Mr John Denny, writer, Dumbarton, agent ; Mr J. Millar, advocate, Edinburgh, counsel. On behalf of nearly 200 lair-holders and others, objectors to the closing of the Graveyard—Mr Lowe, writer, Dumbarton, and Mr Alex. Strathearn, writer (afterwards Sheriff), Glasgow. Mr Wm. M'Kinlay, writer, Dumbarton, appeared on behalf of the interests of Mr Robert Napier, shipbuilder and engineer, Glasgow. The proceedings extended over the period of ten days, and the evidence led was of a most conflicting nature, although it was felt by most parties interested that the preponderance of it was in favour of shutting up the Graveyard. Twenty-six witnesses were examined on the part of the petitioners, and thirty-four on that of the objectors. On Friday, March 28th, the legal gentlemen employed on each side made their addresses. The Court House was crowded by a deeply-interested auditory, who listened attentively to the speeches of counsel, which took up five and a half hours. At the close of these addresses the Sheriff said:—This is not only a new case, but it is also a very important one. The investigation has been most ably conducted, and as ably advocated on both sides. I will give the whole my best consideration, and will weigh the evidence, and take into consideration the Parliamentary reports, and other papers referred to in the course of the enquiry. All this will take time ; but as it is not expected that I should come to a conclusion without due reflection and deliberation, I have only to say that I will do so with as little delay as possible, and with a due regard to careful consideration of the whole circumstances of the case, which I therefore take to *avizandum*. After his Lordship had thus spoken, the mass of excited people who crowded the hall

of judgment dispersed, many of their number nursing their wrath to keep it warm against the day—aye, and far beyond the day—when a deliverance on the subject would be given. Here is the Sheriff's interlocutor :—

Edinburgh, 28th May, 1856.—The Sheriff having considered the petition of James Blair Risk, and others—setting forth that the burial-ground of the parish of Dumbarton is dangerous to health, and offensive and contrary to decency—presented in terms of the statute eighteenth and nineteenth Victoria, chapter sixty-eight, together with the objections thereto for Daniel Rankin and others, and having enquired into the said allegations and objections, and taken evidence and heard parties thereupon : finds that the burial-ground of the parish of Dumbarton is dangerous to health, and offensive or contrary to decency.

(Signed) ROBERT HUNTER.

This interlocutor of the Sheriff was followed by a lengthened note, giving a vidimus of the evidence and his opinions thereon. The burying-places of Mr Robert Napier, and Sheriff Campbell of Barnhill, were not included in the order, these being in ground detached from the graveyard, although communicating therewith by gates. The Churchyard was shut against interments at the end of the year 1856. Thus ended this hotly-contested battle, during the progress of which the seeds of bitter animosity were sown broadcast in the community. These sprung up luxuriantly, and can hardly be said to have yet died out utterly even after the lapse of thirty-two years.

It fell to Provost Denny to pay the large expenses that were incurred by the petitioners in this enquiry. After the settlement of this important question, of course the fortunes of the Cemetery were considered to be in the ascendant, but for all that its proprietors, being moved entirely by a desire to promote to the best interests of the public in the best

possible way, in regard to funeral arrangements, approached the Town Council of the Burgh, some time in 1856, with a view to their interest in it, and also their responsibilities, which amounted to £276 0s 1½d, being taken over by that public body.

That action stirred up once more the fiercest opposition from the anti-cemeteryites. They said that it was a white elephant that the town was offered a present of, and figuratively moved heaven and earth to defeat the object. Town Councillors were interviewed, and all available machinery was put in motion, including the columns of a newspaper called the *Dumbarton Chronicle* (that they had started during the heat of the Churchyard controversy), with a view to the proposal being ignominiously kicked out of court. Fortunately for the burgh, the opponents of the transfer of the Cemetery to the town were unsuccessful. It changed hands in the year 1857, and shortly thereafter the feu-duty was redeemed by a payment of £1182 1s 10½d. This money was got from the bank, and was gradually repaid from assessments and sale of lairs.

The Council found, when they got the property into their possession, that a good many improvements were required to bring it into a satisfactory state, and they time after time, down to 1878, effected some of these on a small scale. Since that date, however, under the intelligent supervision and constant care of Bailie James Robb and his Cemetery Committee, backed up by the Town Council, great improvements have been effected, which have brought the place into first-class order—making the Cemetery one of the most beautiful and attractive burying-places in the West of Scotland.

I hope I have not wearied the patience of my readers

in giving the foregoing details. If I have erred in that way, the failing has leant to virtue's side, as it arose entirely from a desire on my part to lay all matters affecting the Cemetery before its proprietors—the general community of Dumbarton—in such a clear and distinct manner as they might be able to understand them in all their bearings, financially and otherwise. In conclusion, it may here with propriety be asserted, that the taking over of the Cemetery by the Council has been an unmixed benefit to the town. For a number of years, say about sixteen, there was certainly a tax levied upon the ratepayers, amounting to, on the average,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d per £ per annum, but by that tax and the sale of lairs the debt incurred for its purchase, borrowed from the Commercial Bank, has long ago been repaid, and the property is now not only free of burdens and very valuable, but there is (1887) on hand at its credit the handsome sum of £704 17s 8d.

The story of the formation of the Cemetery being now told to this generation of Dumbartonians for the first time, it is to be hoped the recital of it will stir up in their minds feelings of gratitude to the public-spirited men who so promptly, and in the face of so much obloquy, scorn, and misrepresentation, made such eminently satisfactory arrangements for the decent interment of our dead. If the matter had to be undertaken now, or at any time during the last score of years, it would have been at a greatly increased cost for possibly much less suitable ground. The town of Dumbarton, during its more recent history, has never lacked enterprising, far-seeing, generous men equal to the task of meeting its every want. To show the imperative need there was in the town for increased accommodation for burial purposes, I ask my readers to carefully scan the following valuable tabulated statement, furnished, at my request, by Mr Archibald Lang,

the diligent keeper of the Cemetery, whom I most heartily thank for his courtesy and labour in connection with this very suggestive compilation.

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER OF INTERMENTS IN DUMBARTON CEMETERY FROM OPENING IN JULY, 1854, TILL DECEMBER, 1887, AND THE AGES OF THOSE INTERRED:—

Year.	Under 5 years of age.	Between 5 & 10 years.	Between 10 & 20 years.	Between 20 & 30 years.	Between 30 & 40 years.	Between 40 & 50 years.	Between 50 & 60 years.	Between 60 & 70 years.	Over 70 yrs.	Total.
From July 5, 1854, to Decr. 31,	5	2	2	1	6	2	..	2	1	21
1855	8	2	1	1	2	1	1	4	3	23
1857	92	5	4	8	14	5	6	7	14	155
1858	76	7	12	10	6	4	8	12	14	149
1859	63	4	5	6	11	10	5	7	17	128
1860	115	12	9	11	6	6	9	8	10	186
1861	68	4	6	14	5	4	7	11	10	129
1862	68	12	5	11	6	8	9	7	10	136
1863	105	10	10	13	15	10	7	19	13	202
1864	165	11	5	18	16	15	11	19	11	271
1865	113	8	8	34	16	9	14	10	12	224
1866	110	11	8	16	16	20	10	9	12	212
1867	163	18	13	12	20	6	13	20	13	278
1868	137	12	10	21	25	14	13	15	14	261
1869	119	8	15	19	8	11	5	21	14	220
1870	141	8	10	15	19	17	14	20	21	265
1871	112	6	14	14	24	10	12	21	12	225
1872	168	9	20	12	23	18	22	11	25	308
1873	156	18	15	26	16	22	15	18	36	322
1874	211	51	33	39	18	18	16	22	27	435
1875	151	14	17	26	24	27	21	24	18	322
1876	120	12	19	22	16	14	11	16	21	251
1877	149	10	12	13	12	25	18	20	28	287
1878	145	9	19	24	14	12	26	26	25	300
1879	120	8	15	17	23	14	18	16	33	264
1880	158	12	17	22	18	21	21	24	29	322
1881	121	17	17	23	12	21	29	23	19	282
1882	148	14	15	25	19	25	26	27	16	315
1883	163	15	29	21	20	19	23	22	26	338
1884	173	16	29	21	27	32	21	31	32	382
1885	163	12	16	17	24	16	29	31	25	333
1886	161	9	27	23	23	23	26	37	26	360
1887	169	13	23	23	23	19	33	25	27	360
Totals,	4136	379	460	583	532	478	499	585	614	8266

N.B.—The oldest person buried in the Cemetery was Margaret M'Coll (mother of the late John M'Coll, manager of the Dumbarton Steamboats, and grandmother of the wife of Edward M'Rory), interred on December 22, 1876, her age at death being given as 102 years. The second oldest was Margaret Purphy, interred on April 9, 1864, her age at death being 100 years.



## CHAPTER II.

### MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS.

ON a choice April day, when the place of graves was visited by me with a view to publishing particulars concerning it, the sun shone with June-like splendour from early morn, and at noon the whole landscape was refulgent with his imperial glory. The showers which had fallen over-night and during the two preceding days imparted to budding tree, plant, and flower, a fulness, freshness, and vigour more characteristic of May than early April. The soft south wind bore on its wings the drowsy sounds of the humble bee as it flitted along to pree the nectar of the opening flowers. The Barwood and Cemetery grounds were vocal with the song of a hundred feathered choristers chaunting in leafy cathedrals their Maker's praise. The delight which seemed to permeate earth and sea and sky left not my own soul untouched, but a sense of my mission in God's Acre gave unto my spirit a fitting touch of pensiveness, which brought it into a frame of subdued holy joy, becoming the feelings of one who visits a city of the dead with a view to treat of it and its inhabitants. As I stood on the verdant slope which crowns the high part

of the Cemetery, and gazed around, the feeling was borne in upon me strongly that here we have no continuing city or place of abode. We all do fade as a leaf; our life is as a vapour. Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever? All around me stood memorial stones, with their wan faces, telling each its melancholy story to the passers-by that the poor inhabitant below was born, and died, and that this is his earthly record, as it was that of the patriarchs in the world's prime. In many of the plots in which relics of mortality have been laid by loving hands in the glorious hope of a blessed resurrection, there sprung up in fresh beauty the pale snowdrop, the flaming crocus, and the pensive primrose, earliest and fairest daughters of the spring, emblems of immortality to the heart-sick mourner who bends over the bed of decay whence they start up in all their loveliness.

In contrast to the scenes of beauty and evidences of tender care by which I was surrounded, memory conjured up visits I had erstwhile paid to old and neglected graveyards given over to rank grass, noxious weed, wild shrub, blasted tree, and uncared for graves, among which the denizens of dismal and forsaken quarters held unbroken carnival;—places in which the sound of innocent mirth or the gleeful prattle of children would have startled one by its incongruity as being singularly out of keeping with the dismal surroundings. The hooting of owls, or the eerie croak of the corbie crow, would accord better far with such a scene, in which in very truth “all the dead forgotten lie,” and where

“ Their memory and their name is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.”

This passing thought made me appreciate in a tenfold degree the charms and amenities of the place in which I stood alone,



with the blue heavens above my head and the dead beneath my feet. Everything around me betokened a desire that the place of the dead should not be regarded as a region of shadowy horrors, to be visited only under the dread compulsion of family bereavement, but as a place where it would be both humanizing and profitable to wend one's way betimes and meditate on the mutability of sublunary things, and drop a tear over the grave of dear ones who are not lost but gone before. Such actions need not interfere with our quitting us like men, and being strong in the battle of life; but, quite the contrary, they ought to nerve us for the fray.

“ Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.”

I have no patience with those austere, sour disciples of gloom who sigh and whine about the “worthlessness of life,” and the desirableness of being “under the churchyard mould.” As a rule, those who wish to be brother to the clod are either diseased in mind or body, or in both; or, mayhap, they are whining hypocrites, full of cant and humbug. Long life is a blessing set before us in the blessed book of God as a reward for certain services rendered unto Him through the discharge of duties to those with whom, according to His arrangement, we are connected. The wise cultivate such views of life as lead them to do their best to prolong it, and make the right use of it for their own and others' welfare, and view the grave as a place of blissful rest and the vestibule of heaven. To such the grave is robbed of its terrors. To these, an evening stroll along the walks, beside which lover, friend, and companion are laid in the bosom of mother earth, is fraught with blessing.

Throughout the Cemetery, every here and there, there are not awanting indications of the tender regard which the living still cherish for the dear departed. This is seen in the frequent love tokens, in the shape of flowers, &c., which have been placed over the soil which hides the dead from mortal vision. The monuments, imposing or plain, which rise in these grounds in hundreds to the memory of those who have through this channel gone over to the great majority, also speak of its existence. At the base of one of the humbler of these monuments, which tells its pathetic story of sudden decease ere yet the sun of life had reached its noon, were placed twin flowers in chastely-tinted earthen pots, and a wreath of immortelles under a globular cover of glass—recently renewed tokens of a lively sorrow and a memory fondly cherished. But why multiply instances? for all over the Cemetery similar tokens of undying affection are to be found, indicating careful watching and delicate attention not stipulated for in the indenture of the Cemetery gardener. To me these things eloquently speak of the improved state of feeling that now exists in regard to the dead compared with what obtained in our fathers' time. I hazard the opinion, that the refinement of a community might not inaptly be gauged by the condition of its burying-places. If these be uncared for, then ten chances to one the people who ought to take an interest in them are coarse and unfeeling. If they be carefully tended, then it may be safely assumed that the people who thus show their interest in the last home of their kith and kin have a good deal of fine feeling and fine poetic sympathy and taste in their constitution, which impels them to manifest the presence of such properties in their soul by the labours of love alluded to. If what I have laid down be anything like a fair criterion, then I think

we may reasonably claim that, as a community, we have emerged from the former, and are now entered upon the latter state.

The natural beauties of our Cemetery, its choice adornment by flowers, shrubs, and memorial stones (many of which are gems of art), must exercise a benign influence on the minds of those who frequent its sacred precincts. Almost weekly some new stone is erected to the memory of another who has gone over to the great majority, admonishing the living of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, thus pressing the beholder to be diligent to make his calling and election sure while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

During the period spent in musing among the tombs, the sun had westered towards its setting behind the hills which line the southern banks of the Clyde, and the Leven Shipyard and the Dockyard steam whistles blew with might and main to announce that another day's work was ended. These admonished me that there was a certain gudewife dwelling in a certain cottage on the Roundredding Road who would be wondering what had become of her gudeman that he had not come home for tea at his wonted hour. As I rather pride myself on punctuality, I hastened towards the gate of the Cemetery, and quickly reached home, after exchanging a greeting with my very old friend and acquaintance, Archie Lang, the much-esteemed, hard-working, tasteful keeper of the grounds, who has held that position most creditably for twenty-seven years, and has in his time buried a number of people equal to half the present population of the burgh. Reader, I trust that these musings may prove acceptable to you, and not unworthy of the space they fill in this volume.



### CHAPTER III.

#### DANIEL M'AUSLAND.

THE first monument which attracts your attention as you enter the Cemetery is that erected to the memory of Daniel M'Ausland, ropemaker, who is buried in the Old Churchyard of the parish. This work of art, erected by public subscription, was originally placed in proximity to the North Free Church, but was a good many years ago re-erected on its present site according to the desire of the subscribers to its execution. The Town Council, in the granting of this liberty, wished to show their regard for one who, when in the flesh, was a most valuable member of their body, as well as an ornament to the general community. The monument, which is oblong in shape, is of grey sandstone, and stands about six feet high, supported on each side by an almost nude cherub beautifully chiselled. In the erection of this stone of remembrance the subscribers not only did honour to an honourable man, but they did honour to themselves. It hath been said that a prophet hath no honour in his own country. That may be so as a rule, but in this good town it is otherwise. Honour is here given to whom honour is due. The

very dust of our saintly dead is dear to us, and their memory very precious. On the marble tablet of the monument there is the following inscription, from the pen of the late Rev. James Smith:—

IN MEMORY OF  
**DANIEL M'AUSLAND,**  
 LATE ROPEMAKER, DUMBARTON.  
 A COUNCILLOR AND TREASURER OF THE BURGH,  
 FROM YOUTH HE FEARED GOD ABOVE MANY ;  
 CLEAR IN DISCERNMENT, WISE IN COUNSEL,  
 DETERMINED IN PURPOSE, WARM IN HEART,  
 FEARLESS IN DUTY AND IN REPROVING SIN,  
 HE STROVE DAILY TO WALK WITH GOD.  
 HE ZEALOUSLY SET HIMSELF,  
 IN THE DAY OF NEED, TO PROMOTE  
 THE CAUSE OF GOD IN THIS PLACE ;  
 AND BY DEVOTED ATTENTION  
 TO THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH, RAISED UP  
 MANY AS A SEED TO SERVE HIM.  
 AS A CHRISTIAN AND AN ELDER,  
 HE CONTENDED FOR THE CHURCH'S LIBERTIES,  
 AND JOINED THE FREE CHURCH IN 1843.  
 WHEN PLANNING  
 YET FURTHER SCHEMES OF USEFULNESS,  
 HE WAS, AT THE END OF FORTY YEARS' LABOUR  
 IN HIS MASTER'S VINEYARD,  
 SUDDENLY CUT OFF FROM HIS FRIENDS  
 BY THE VISITATION OF CHOLERA,  
 OCTOBER 12, 1849.  
 AGED 63,

Of this inscription I say, it is of a verity true. It is no lying eulogy. The deceased was a man whose memory, in common with hundreds, I personally cherish as very dear. I was a unit in the class which he taught in the parish Sabbath School that met half-a-century ago in the old Burgh Academy, which stood in Church Street, on the site of the parsonage of St Augustine's Church. The valuable instruction then received from his lips, though covered over in late youth and early manhood by the pride of life and the dross of passion, has now, I trust and believe, borne the fruit in

my life and conversation which he so earnestly desiderated. I well remember his meeting me one evening in the High Street of the burgh, when I had reached man's estate, and pressing upon me the necessity of my living a godly life if I would avoid the torments of an accusing conscience and the frown of an angry God. He could, when occasion demanded it, be stern as one of the prophets of old in his denunciation of sin, and yet to the sinner be full of the milk of human kindness. Having said this much regarding my personal connection with the subject of this memoir, I will proceed with a sketch of his honourable, most useful, and exemplary life.

Daniel M'Ausland was born in Greenock on the 10th of April, 1787. His parents were John M'Ausland and Catherine Douglas, who were married 21st February, 1775, and had issue four sons and three daughters. The subject of my biographical sketch was the second youngest of the sons. His father and mother were decent, humble, God-fearing people, who brought up their family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The educational advantages enjoyed by these were limited to the three R's with, as ballast to the soul, a good deal of catechism intermixed. Daniel was early in life apprenticed in Greenock to a ropemaker. In his twenty-first year he espoused Agnes Connell, the date of his marriage being 1st February, 1808. Of this marriage there were born eight daughters and one son. John, the third youngest of the family, the date of whose birth is 16th April, 1821, has had an eminently prosperous career. Many years ago he married Christian Denny, daughter of William Denny, shipbuilder, Dumbarton, and entered into partnership with his brothers-in-law, Peter Denny, and the late John Tulloch, as an engineer and boilermaker. A few years ago he retired

from the firm of Denny & Co. with an ample fortune, living at Kirktonhill, and dispensing there a generous hospitality. He was for several years Provost of the burgh, and has been for a long period Chairman of the local School Board, and still holds that honourable position with credit to himself and profit to the community; and to that board he has gifted the handsome sum of £4000 to wipe off debt incurred in connection with the reconstruction of the Burgh Academy. However, it is not with his life, but his father's, that I have to do, and so to it I must return.

After two children had been born in Greenock to him who is the theme of my story, he came to reside in Dumbarton on 1st March, 1811, to fill the post of superintendent of the Ropework (owned by the deceased Provost Denny of Castle-green), and resided in a cottage at the foot of the Castle. In the lapse of years he became sole proprietor of the Ropewalk, which was situated on the old Castle Road, stretching from it to Gruggie's Burn. He in that capacity shone as a considerate employer, and a strictly honest manufacturer. For a good many years he lived in the High Street, in the property now owned by Bailie Blair (then possessed by Miss Rankin), and latterly known as the new Post Office property. For a few years before and up to his death his house and shop were in the land immediately to the east of the entrance to the North Free Church, and there with alarming suddenness he died of cholera, on 12th October, 1849, aged 63 years, greatly mourned. His wife did not long survive him, for she died on 28th August, 1851, aged 66 years.

A funeral sermon, "to improve" the awful visitation, was, nine days after his decease, delivered by the Rev. James Smith, minister of the Free Church, in which communion Mr M'Ausland was an elder, as he had also been for a con-

siderable period in the Established Church, down to the Disruption. This sermon—which was preached from the text, “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith,” 1st John v. 4—was shortly after its delivery published, and met with a large sale. The preacher, in treating the subject, dwelt during the first half of his discourse upon the matter in a general way, bringing out in a forcible manner the vital principles folded up in the text. The remainder of his impressive sermon was devoted to the showing forth of the beautiful, saintly, eminently-useful life and sad death of him whom they all mourned as a prince and a leader in Israel, who lived in faith, and thereby overcame the world, and hath now gained the victory, being eternally crowned and beautified with the image of Christ. “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.” The congregation who listened to the discourse were deeply moved.

As is mentioned on his memorial stone, for many years the deceased was a Councillor and Treasurer of the burgh, and in the latter capacity he was engaged with the annual statement of his intromissions with the town’s funds for the year, when the last enemy laid him low. On the day following, it would have been his duty to have rendered up this account of his stewardship to man, but ere its advent he had to render up an account of his life’s stewardship to God. His accounts in connection with the burgh, when examined, were found to be absolutely correct. I incidentally mentioned, in one of the opening paragraphs of this memoir, that the worthy man of whom I write was my Sabbath School teacher. He also performed that duty to many hundreds. He was engaged in that blessed work for the long period of thirty-two years, and it is only at the great day of accounts that the result of this wide sowing of spiritual seed will be known.



He was, in fact, one of the most active and successful Sunday School teachers in the West of Scotland. He not infrequently addressed the adults of the burgh in the Baptist Chapel, which had as its unpaid minister, Joseph M'Gregor, bookseller and stationer. This modest place of worship was situated near the Leven side, having its entrance from the High Street. There many a time and oft he pled upon sinners to close with the offers of Christ's mercy ere it be too late—ere the door be shut and they be handed over to His justice. And there, doubtless, many souls experienced the new birth. Mr M'Ausland was not only mighty in the application of Scripture in his oral addresses, but he was gifted likewise in his written ones, and also in his correspondence.

My labour of love in connection with the limning of the character and work of my dear old teacher must now draw towards a close. And I would conclude by saying that Daniel M'Ausland was one of nature's noblemen; one who stamped the impress of his character on many of his fellow-townsmen; one who had the courage of his opinions, and one who, in the discharge of his duty, never quailed before the face of man. Such men as he have made old Scotland what she is. The remembrance of Mr M'Ausland's noble, self-sacrificing life is a rich inheritance to those of us who had the privilege of knowing him. He sowed to the spirit, and in the spirit he doubtless now reaps life everlasting. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

To render this book more useful, I have in the immediately succeeding chapters grouped shipbuilders, members of the learned professions, Town Councillors, journalists, and captains, and sketches of these will be given in the above order.



## CHAPTER IV.

### SHIPBUILDERS AND ENGINEERS.

DUMBARTON for centuries many has been the field of shipbuilding operations. These operations, which were carried on in a small way by the State and also by private enterprise in past ages, have become in the lapse of centuries intimately associated with the town. Very small in its beginnings, the shipbuilding industry has grown in this latter half of the nineteenth century to be of transcendant importance to the inhabitants of this place. By it we live, and by it we have thriven and enlarged our borders, and made an honourable name for ourselves which has been blown by the trumpet of fame to all the ends of the earth. Early in this century, Archibald M'Lachlan and William and John Denny of the Woodyard, James Lang and Archibald M'Millan & Son of the Dockyard, and later on Charles Wood and Denny & Rankin of the Castlegreen Yard, kept up the prestige of the burgh as a seat of shipbuilding. Nearer our own times, when the firm of William Denny & Brothers took the field and the firm of Archibald M'Millan & Son enlarged their premises, and other firms began operations, shipbuilding has

been carried on on such an extensive scale as has to a large extent put in the shade former efforts in that direction. Biographies of William Denny and John Denny of the Woodyard, and of Archd. M'Millan of the Dockyard, appear in the subsequent portion of this book, which treats of the Old Churchyard of the parish. This and the immediately subsequent chapter contains sketches of various members of the Denny family, beginning with that of William, fourth son of his father William, and the next in order treats of the remainder of the shipbuilders.

#### WILLIAM DENNY, SECOND OF THE WOODYARD.

In the year 1845, or about that period, when the darkness of despair, consequent on the stoppage of the Dumbarton Glass and Bottle Works, had settled down on this erstwhile flourishing burgh, a man called William Denny, who had gone down to the sea in ships and had done business in the great waters as a carpenter, was in early manhood laid aside from active duty by a diseased limb. In the intervals of pain, to while away the lagging hours, he had recourse to the making of ship models as a pastime. As time wore on, his skill in their construction grew so great that for their beautiful execution and graceful lines they were eagerly bought up at good prices. My boyish eyes had oft feasted on these products of William Denny's nimble brain and deft fingers, for my father's house was next door to that wherein the model maker's widowed mother dwelt with her large family, and between the respective households there were some comings and goings. When the days of discipline and trial alluded to were over, the man William Denny had become master of the secret as to where his strength lay, and went forth to the world a master draughtsman, and became ultimately, in God's good providence, the good genius of his

native town. For a few years he was principal manager in the yard of the late Robert Napier, shipbuilder, Govan, one of Dumbarton's noblest sons, and one to whom Mr Denny was distantly related by blood. It came about, however, in the lapse of time, that he felt that his relations with the head manager of the engineering part of the business were more strained than comfortable, and accordingly, to free himself from the disagreeablenesses incident to that state of matters, he cut his connection with the managership of Mr Napier's shipbuilding establishment, and forthwith went to America. He had not remained long in that country until he had formulated in his teeming brain a scheme for beginning in his native town the business of iron shipbuilding, in conjunction with two of his brothers. He, actuated by that idea, returned to this country and started iron shipbuilding at the Churchyard, in the year 1844, in company with his brothers Alexander and Peter. By this action, it is not putting it too strong to say, they breathed upon the dry bones of the old decayed burgh, and it became instinct with lusty life.

A few years later their brother James, who had also been in America, came home, and was assumed as a partner in the firm of Denny Brothers. In 1845 the firm acquired also the Woodyard, and in it, after a few years, they concentrated all their business, and carried it on, after Alexander left it in 1849, under the title of William Denny & Brothers. Their young brother Archibald began shipbuilding in the firm's first place of business at the Churchyard when they left it. Down to Mr William Denny's death his firm did a very extensive and lucrative stroke of work. Since that lamented occurrence the annual out-put of tonnage of his time has been greatly exceeded.

On account of the rapid development of the shipbuilding

industry in the town, by reason of the activity in Messrs Denny's and Messrs M'Millan's yards, there was a great scarcity of houses in the burgh, and the people were huddled together in a very dangerous fashion. To remedy that state of matters the late William Denny, ever solicitous for the welfare of his work people, projected the building of Dennystown, which gives accommodation of a superior description to one thousand people. At the laying of the foundation stone by Provost Peter Denny, with Masonic honours, the burgh was *en fete*.

Every movement which had for its object the advancement of the town had in Mr Denny a true friend. The inhabitants loved him ; his work people adored him. He was so modest and unassuming ; he wore his honours and successes so gracefully ; he was such a true, genuine friend—one that never forgot any kindness done at any time to him or his—that it would take long to tell the tale of all the virtues which, so far as their exercise is concerned, went down to the grave with him. His life when measured by years was a short one—humanly speaking, we would say, alas ! too short—but when measured by results it was in truth a long one. All honour to this man of genius and patriotism, whose body was the first seed sown in the sweet, calm, garden Cemetery of which he was the first projector. Others of his townsmen have done well, but in his time William Denny did more excellently than them all.

Mr Denny married Mary Cumming of this town, and had issue two sons and two daughters. Two of these are at this writing alive—James, and Mrs M'Adam. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that Mr Denny is buried on the spot where stood the farm steading of Stoneyflat, which was occupied at one time by one of his female ancestresses, a

Margaret Denny, who married Peter Brock, farmer there. A granite obelisk of conspicuous height was erected by the working men of Dumbarton to mark the spot where their friend and benefactor sleeps his last sleep soundly. On it there is the following inscription, from the elegant pen of the late W. S. Daniel of this town, a man of fine taste and high culture:—

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
 WILLIAM DENNY,  
 IRON SHIPBUILDER, DUMBARTON,  
 WHO, BY HIS SURPASSING SKILL AS A MARINE ARCHITECT, BY HIS ENERGY  
 AND INDOMITABLE PERSEVERENCE, RESTORED THE DROOPING  
 FORTUNES OF THE ANCIENT TOWN OF WHICH HE WAS A  
 NATIVE.  
 IN PROUD THOUGH SORROWFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS GENIUS AND  
 EXECUTIVE ABILITY; OF HIS LIBERALITY AND KINDNESS AS A  
 MASTER; OF HIS UPRIGHT AND GENEROUS CHARACTER  
 AS A MAN;  
 THE WORKING MEN OF DUMBARTON,  
 IN THE WARMTH OF DISINTERESTED APPRECIATION,  
 HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT.  
 GENIUS AND WORTH SLEEP IN THIS HONOURED GRAVE;  
 HERE THE QUICK BRAIN—THE ACTIVE FINGERS LIE;  
 BUT HIS MIND'S OFFSPRING PROUDLY BREAST THE WAVE,  
 ON EVERY SEA WHERE BRITAIN'S COLOURS FLY.  
 BORN AT DUMBARTON, 6TH JUNE, 1815;  
 DIED 1ST JULY, 1854.”

The working men of the town also erected a marble votive tablet, having a suitable inscription, to his memory in the wall of the south staircase of Dumbarton Parish Church, of which church the deceased was an attached member. After the lapse of fully thirty years, his memory is still warmly and fondly cherished in the breasts of all those who had the privilege of knowing him.

“ ’Tis only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

## ALEXANDER DENNY.

Alexander Denny, engineer, iron shipbuilder, and iron forger, fifth son of William Denny of the Woodyard, was born at Dumbarton in 1818. He received his education, which was a fairly good one, at the Burgh Grammar School. Like all his older brothers, he was apprenticed to the ship carpenter business with his father in the Woodyard. In early manhood he was, as I recollect him, one of the finest looking men I ever saw. He was lithe, well-built, of good stature and countenance, and had jet black curly hair, which he wore longish. In his working hours he sported a red flannel shirt, and other suitable attire, in which he looked a remarkably captivating fellow. As a young man he was most exemplary in his conduct. After working as a journeyman shipwright for some time in his native place, he figured as a ship draughtsman of eminence in Greenock and Paisley. While with Messrs Barr & M'Nab in the latter place, he designed for them the clipper steamers "Lady Brisbane" and "Lady Kelburne." He also drafted the lines of many other of the fastest steamers of that era for various builders. In fact, he was intimately identified with the great developement of the iron shipbuilding industry which began fully forty-five years ago. In 1844 he, along with his brothers William and Peter, started business in Dumbarton under the style or title of Denny Brothers, iron shipbuilders, in which he remained till 1849, when he left it to start business on his own account in company with his youngest brother Archibald, the firm being Alexander Denny & Brother. He carried on engineering and iron shipbuilding on a scale of considerable magnitude down to 1859, two years after the collapse of the Western Bank, when he was forced by circumstances to relinquish business. His brother Archibald had only

remained in partnership with him for a short time when he started shipbuilding on his own account at the Church-yard. Alexander Denny's vessels were much admired for their beautiful lines. One of these, the "Cleopatra," of 1552 tons, was considered a perfect beauty. Another, the "Rob Roy" screw steamer, which still plies on Loch Katrine, is a little gem, and is as good apparently as she was thirty-three years ago, showing that the builder's work had nothing of the "shoddy" element about it. In 1851 Mr Denny was enterprising enough to build the passenger paddle steamer "Tourist," and fit her up in the most luxurious fashion, for exhibition in the Thames during the period of the first International Exhibition. The number of vessels (principally screw) which Alexander Denny built from first to last was fifty-nine, ranging in tonnage from 14 up to 1552, the aggregate nominal horse-power of engines being 39,732. He was for a short time a member of the Town Council, but I do not know that he showed to advantage in that capacity. He married Miss Jowett, daughter of the celebrated Sheffield tool-maker of that name. After giving up business he resided in a villa which he owned in Innellan, and there lived quietly. While visiting his father-in-law in Sheffield, he died suddenly on 20th January, 1865, in the 47th year of his age, and was buried in that town. Alexander Denny was of a frank, generous, impulsive nature. He was beloved by a large circle of friends. He left what remained of his at one time large fortune to Dumbarton for scholastic purposes.

ARCHIBALD DENNY,

Youngest son of William Denny of the Woodyard, was born in Dumbarton in the year 1825. He was educated in the Burgh School and at Hamilton. In boyhood I was one of his companions. He and I being about an age, and dwelling



for a few years in close proximity to each other, brought that about. There is nothing in my mind's eye in regard to his character as a boy that differentiated him from the average middle-class *gamin* of his time. He loved play as much and study as little as the rest of us. After his boyish days were over, then quickly followed at their heels shipbuilding, marrying, and burying days, and these I proceed to describe.

About 1850 Alexander Denny assumed his youngest brother Archibald as a partner in his shipbuilding, engineering, and iron forging concern at the Townhead. The co-partnery did not last long, for in 1853 Archibald Denny, in co-partnery with John M'Lean, began business as an iron shipbuilder at the Churchyard premises, which had been originally occupied by the firm of Denny Brothers, and in these he continued to do work until his lamented demise in 1866. From 1853 to 1859 (inclusive) Mr Denny's firm built sixteen iron vessels—four being paddle and the rest screw steamers—ranging in tonnage from 20 to 783 gross N.M., with an aggregate nominal horse-power of engines amounting to 1642. Archibald Denny, in the year 1853, married Janet Leslie, sister of Mrs Peter Denny of Helenslee, and at his decease he left a widow, two daughters, Violet Nicol (Mrs Nasmyth) and Catherine Crum, and a large circle of friends to mourn his departure from their midst. There is in the Cemetery a stone of remembrance raised

"IN MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD DENNY, SHIPBUILDER, WHO DIED 28TH SEPTEMBER, 1866, AGED 41 YEARS; AND OF HIS DAUGHTERS, JANET, WHO DIED 22ND SEPTEMBER, 1860, AGED 5 YEARS; SUSAN, WHO DIED 1ST OCTOBER, 1861, AGED 11 MONTHS."

This monument, which was designed by Mr John MacLeod, architect, is of columnar form. It is all square on plan, with corners taken off at the shaft part, and relieved with dog-tooth ornament. The style is Gothic. The design consists

of pedestal, shaft, with carved capital and cross finial. The height is nineteen feet ; the pedestal three feet square, resting on a base and two steps. Cusped gablets are placed at the bottom of the shaft, which has a moulded band at the centre, a carved capital and cross forming the finish at top. It is a handsome pillar, and reflects considerable credit on Mr MacLeod's architectural skill.

Archibald Denny did not fill such a large space in the eye of the public as his brothers did. That was not on account of his lack of ability, but because of his comparatively retiring disposition. Although taking no public part in the management of burgh affairs, yet he in an indirect way made his influence felt in matters affecting the weal of the town. A little parliament sat almost every evening in his office, by whom local matters of great pith and moment were thoroughly discussed ; and their views received in the proper quarter the consideration that was their due. Mr Archibald Denny was a warm friend of the Established Church, the church of his fathers, and to it he in his lifetime gifted a noble geometrical stained glass window costing well on to £100 sterling.

**JAMES DENNY,**

Iron shipbuilder, was second son of William Denny of the Woodyard. He was educated at the Burgh Grammar School, and served his apprenticeship to the ship carpentering business with his father. For a short time after his father's death (in 1833) he managed the business, but in 1834 he left this country and went to America to push his fortune. He was some time in New York, and other places I know not by name on that continent, and then went to Texas. While abroad he married an English lady, Lavinia Upson by name. In 1846 Mr Denny returned to this country, and joined the

firm of Denny Brothers, iron shipbuilders, which was then composed of his brothers William, Alexander, Peter, and himself. The firm, on the withdrawal from it of Alexander in 1849, was changed to William Denny & Brothers, as it stands now. James Denny, a good many years before his death, built Levenford House, West Bridgend, a picturesque pile in the old Scotch baronial style, and there he lived in affluence till his decease. He had born unto him five sons (William, James, John, Alexander, and Peter), and three daughters (Agnes, Clara, and Amy.) He was a humourist, and could tell stories appertaining to Yankeedom most admirably. He was of a frank, sociable nature, and much liked by all.

The James Denny monument is of grey granite, in the form of an obelisk, two feet two inches square, placed on a plinth, with moulded base and cornice. Height, about seventeen feet; four feet square at base. It is raised

"IN MEMORY OF JAMES DENNY, SHIPBUILDER, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 1ST JUNE, 1864, AGED 56 YEARS, AND LAVINIA UPSON, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED 12TH NOVEMBER, 1865, AGED 43 YEARS; ALSO, THEIR INFANT SON JOHN, WHO DIED 18TH APRIL, 1852; AND THEIR SON WILLIAM, WHO WAS BORN IN OCTOBER, 1847, AND DIED IN MAY, 1871."

#### HELENSLEE FAMILY MONUMENT.

Immediately to the west of the monument to William Denny of the Woodyard there is one of an exceedingly beautiful character, a pillar of fine proportions, springing from a square base, which tells the following tale:—

#### "PETER AND HELEN DENNY,

IN MEMORY OF THEIR CHILDREN,

JAMES LESLIE, BORN 6TH SEPTEMBER, 1851, DIED 2ND APRIL, 1852;  
VIOLET NICOL, BORN 28TH FEBRUARY, 1849, DIED 1ST JULY, 1855;  
HELEN LESLIE, BORN 28TH JANUARY, 1857, DIED 31ST MARCH, 1859;  
ROBERT ALEXANDER, BORN 14TH JULY, 1863, DIED 13TH JULY, 1866;  
EDWARD BLACKMORE, BORN 6TH JUNE, 1865, DIED 2ND MAY, 1870;  
SUSAN, BORN 18TH SEPTEMBER, 1866, DIED 27TH JUNE, 1870;  
RUTH BOUVERIE, BORN 25TH AUGUST, 1869, DIED 6TH FEB., 1871."

This family monument consists of an octagonal granite column, standing on a square freestone pedestal. A freestone finial and cross form the finish at the top. The style of architecture is Gothic. The height is twenty-six feet six inches. The pedestal is four feet square, with angle shafts, and rests on a base and three steps, the lowest step being eight feet square. There are small gables on four sides over the pedestal, the front one containing the family crest. The granite octagon shaft is two feet one inch in diameter, by six feet seven inches high, with a carved freestone moulding at the centre. A richly-carved capital finishes the shaft, and it again carries the ornamental finial and cross. This monument has been erected from the design of Mr John MacLeod, architect.





## CHAPTER V.

### WILLIAM DENNY, OF THE LEVEN SHIPYARD.

**W**ILLIAM DENNY is a name that has been borne in three successive generations by Dumbarton men of one family, each one of whom achieved in his time an honourable and a distinguished position in the shipbuilding world. The first of the trio lies in the old burying-ground of the parish, and a sketch of his career will be found in the second section of this work. The second of the illustrious three lies in the Cemetery; and a few feet to the east of his tomb, lies the third of the name, whose biography I will only give briefly in this volume, because in one of my recent works ("Dumbarton, Vale of Leven, and Lochlomond") I at considerable length dwell upon the story of his life.

The subject of this memoir was born at Dumbarton on 25th May, 1847, and was eldest son of Peter and Helen Denny of Helenslee. In 1874 he was married to Lelia Mathilda Serena, daughter of the late Leon Serena, of London, and by that union he had two sons (Peter Robert and Leon Serena) and two daughters (Caroline and Helen), all of whom survive.

Mr Denny's early instruction was received in his native

town, his more advanced education at the High School of Edinburgh, and at Jersey. Afterwards, in order still further to increase his store of knowledge, he made a lengthened tour abroad. During his student days, and down to his lamented demise, his thirst for knowledge was insatiable. He was not only a keen reader of books, but thoroughly digested them, and thereby made them of himself incorporate. His scholastic training was entirely classical. His theoretical knowledge was wholly acquired during the course of his business career. The extent and accuracy of that knowledge may in some measure be divined by a consideration of the list of honours which were conferred upon him time after time. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a Member of the Council of the Institution of Naval Architects, a Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a Member of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, a Member of the Iron and Steel Institute, a Member of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders of Scotland, and latterly he was appointed by the Board of Trade to act as a Member of the Load Line Committee. In 1875 he was awarded a gold medal by the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders of Scotland for his most valuable paper on "The Difficulties of Speed Calculations."

About eighteen years ago, after he had mastered the practical details of shipbuilding by serving a regular apprenticeship to it, he was assumed as a partner in the firm of William Denny & Brothers, of which his father was at that time sole partner, sharing afterwards in the partnership of the separate engineering business of Denny & Company. Mr Denny showed such aptitude for business, that shortly after his assumption as a partner into the shipbuilding concern he was entrusted with its management. And never was trust

put into more trustworthy or more skilful hands. The Leven Shipyard, under his perseverance, care, and planning, grew up to be one of the best equipped private yards in Britain. In all he did he was methodical to the last degree; and thus it came about that the gigantic establishment which was under his control was wrought with an exactness almost unparalleled. He was quick to adopt any practical scheme which had for its object the expediting or adding to the efficiency of work, with the result that within the borders of the Leven Shipyard are to be seen in active operation the most advanced machinery, tools, and appliances of the age.

Mr Denny introduced the system of piece-work (or payment by results, as he was pleased to term it) into almost every department of the works. He also instituted a system of awarding premiums to workmen who invented any tool or appliance which on investigation proved to be in advance of any thing of a similar nature which was in use in the shipyard. Improvements on existing plant or machinery made by any worker also met with reward. This system of awards, since it was instituted, has had a wonderful influence in stimulating the reflective faculties of the men, and as the fruit of that, many marked improvements have been made by them on tools, machinery, and shipbuilding appliances.

Ever considerate for all classes of the community, and for both sexes, Mr Denny saw with regret that there were few outlets in the town for female labour of a high class. He accordingly, to meet that want, set a large number of educated girls to work as tracers in the drawing department of the yard, and a great boon that has proved to the burgh at large.

William Denny's relations with his numerous employ  s were of the most satisfactory description. He had their entire confidence, and richly he deserved it, for he took his

men into his confidence at conferences which he from time to time held for the discussion of matters affecting their mutual interest. He treated his workers as responsible, reasonable creatures ought to be treated; and, verily, he had his reward in their love and esteem. No despot was he to issue edicts to his men and keep himself aloof from their presence. His was a more excellent way. Come and let us reason together, he said to them, and let us meet as brother meets brother. Such practical exhibitions of kindly consideration on his part were of more value by far than flimsy, cheap talk in bridging over the gulph that too frequently separates master from man

Mr Denny's frame, while never robust, was yet a well-knit and handsome one, and one endowed with a marvellous amount of vitality and capacity for hard work. A few years ago he suffered from an attack of typhoid fever, which made a serious inroad on his constitution, and his health was never thereafter thoroughly re-established. The first time I met him after recovery from his severe illness, I shook hands with him and congratulated him on his recovery, and suggested to him the necessity of his "ca'in' canny if he wad ca' lang," as not only his family, but the town at large, had an interest in his longevity. His answer was—"Well, MacLeod, I know you proffer the advice in the kindest spirit, but the fact is, I believe that reining myself in would cause a greater friction to my system than allowing myself to go at full speed would produce. Besides, I have got a lot of work to do, and I don't believe I have got much time to do it in. It is, therefore, incumbent upon me to work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

In the spring of 1886 he went to the River Plate, partly



on business, but principally for health. But our friend forgot self entirely, and plunged into business with such avidity and unresting devotion that he utterly broke down under the terrible strain, and passed suddenly to his rest at Buenos Ayres, on the 17th day of March, 1887, leaving a widow, four children, and a host of friends to mourn his untimely fall. What a fall was there. The news shook the whole of this community to its centre; it caused tears to well from eyes unused to the melting mood; it formed almost the whole topic of conversation within the burgh for weeks many. And no wonder. Mr Denny touched the vital interests of Dumbarton at many points, and in doing so he strengthened, enobled, and refined them. From him virtue went out; worthiness was glad before him, worthlessness afraid.

In illustration of Mr Denny's innate warmth of heart and impulsive readiness to assist the weak, I shall mention a circumstance that occurred in the High Street of Dumbarton:—A wee bit ragged lassie, when wheeling a barrow full of coals to her domicile in Walker's Close, was beat in her efforts to get the wheel of the barrow up from off the street on to the pavement. Time after time she made the attempt, and time after time she failed; and at the utter failure of her attempts she wept bitterly. At that stage Mr William Denny, who was hurrying along the street to business, saw the plight the little maiden was in, and without a moment's consideration took hold of the trams of the barrow and pushed it on to the pavement, to the great wonderment of the puir bairn, who glowered after her benefactor quite dumbfounded. It doubtless never entered into the brain of the tiny waif that it would be possible for a gentleman like Mr Denny to care for such a tattered specimen of humanity as she was.

As a writer, William Denny's diction was terse, and had a

fine swing about it. As a platform orator he was most powerful. As an enlightened Christian philanthropist he shone conspicuously. He loved not wealth for its own sake, but for the good it enabled him to do to others. As a son, it was beautiful to see the reverence he invariably paid to his parents. As a husband and father he was tender and true. As a friend he was sincere. In all the relations of life he showed an example well worthy of closest imitation. A born leader and inspirer of men fell where he breathed his last. Touching allusions were made to his death in all the churches in town on the first Sunday after the sad news was received.

Some of my readers may at this stage wonder if there were no little weaknesses or failings to put down against Mr Denny's nobility of character. As a man of woman born, he must in some measure have possessed both. In regard to failings, using the word in the Scottish sense, I never saw or heard that he had any. He from his earliest youth possessed in a high degree those virtues which go far to make a blameless life. In regard to weakness, I hazard the opinion, paradoxical as it may appear, that his principal one lay hidden in his strength. His strength of will, his inflexible, unswerving determination at all hazards and at any cost to carry through anything that he set before himself to accomplish, proved ultimately a snare to him. He forgot how work, pursued with such devotion, was bound to tell upon a constitution so finely organised as his was. Had he been able to curb his ardour and possess his soul more in patience, he would have realised this fact and acted accordingly. But it hath ever been so with the world's pioneers, benefactors, and great men—they forgot self in their mission. If it be weakness so to do, it savoureth of nobility. Eminently

clever, able, and far-seeing beyond most of his fellows as Mr Denny was, yet he made no claim to infallibility in judgment, conduct, or opinion. He was too modest and truthful for that. Time after time he acknowledged to myself that in certain matters which he strongly advocated he had been wrong, and I know that he took the first opportunity of letting his change of view be known in the right quarter. It is only great men who can afford to act thus. Now all this nobility of purpose, high endeavour, and transparent honesty is quenched at its fountain head; but if "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," as singeth the poet, then William Denny in his ethereal essence shall live on as a spiritual power in our midst, not only until the heart of the last Dumbartonian of his era shall cease to beat, but long after.

William Denny's remains, having been brought from Buenos Ayres, were, on 20th May, 1887, interred in Dumbarton Cemetery beside his dear departed friends whom he loved with such fondness and devotion. On the day when he was buried, the bells of all the churches tolled mournfully, the window blinds of the dwelling houses were drawn down, the shops in the town were all shut for several hours, the flags on public works floated half-mast high, the shipyards and other industrial establishments were idle, and a general and genuine sadness pervaded the entire community. Although the funeral was called a private one, on account of no invitations to it having been issued to any but relatives and friends, yet there were many hundreds of all classes attended it from Helenslee House to the place of graves, to show their last mark of respect to one who had been cut down in the midst of his usefulness and in the meridian of his years.

As a fitting termination to this sincere tribute to departed greatness, I append an extract from an *in memoriam* poem

of a peculiarly affecting nature which appeared in the *Dumbarton Herald* of date May 25th, 1887 :—

Aged and youthful, strong men and gentle women,  
The widow and the orphan weep for thee.  
The manly form, the frank and genial smile,  
The frown reserved for scamping shams alone ;  
The voice that thrilled the heart in social converse,  
And flung around us sweetest light of life,  
And pierced through problems dark as night,  
And brought us strength and hope in evil days,  
We miss and mourn for with a breaking heart.  
In the vast scene of toil, the pride and monument  
Of ceaseless care, in all the welfare of thy native place,  
In lofty science circles, and in council grave,  
To guard with naval might our British Isles  
And far off interests of our growing empire,  
Men miss thee. We seek in vain thy potent voice  
As Hampden's in our ancient Parliament.  
What man remains so trusted and so true  
To grasp the hand of brother man, and close  
In mutual right the feud of Rich and Poor ?  
We dare not tread on sorrow's holy ground,  
And tell of keener loss where loved ones dwell.  
The gap is there, larger than lonesome grave,  
Yet lighted by the love of Him who moaned  
And wept of old with sorrow-stricken love.

For the guidance of parties who may wish to visit the tombs of the Dennys, I may state that they are to be found in the fourth terrace from the entrance gate of the Cemetery, in a position equally as commanding as that filled by their occupants when alive. William of the Leven Shipyard, whose life story I have just told, sleeps in the eastmost portion of the crescented plot ; then in succession, going west, their lie his uncles Archibald and William, then several of his brothers and sisters, and furthest west of all his uncle James.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE M'MILLAN FAMILY MONUMENT.

CONSPICUOUSLY situated about the centre of one of the lower terraces of the Cemetery, is a monument erected by John M'Millan, Esq. of College Park, to the memory of his wife and some members of his family. This work of art, designed by Mr John M'Leod, architect, Dumbarton, and executed by Messrs Mossman & Wishart, Glasgow, is one of the finest that can be seen in this or in any other Cemetery. Its situation is commanding, so much so, indeed, that it is the observed of all observers. The M'Millan monument is of grey granite, finely dressed, having some of its parts polished. It consists of double base pedestal, with short fluted pilasters at upper corners, surmounted on four sides by plain frieze and pedimental cornice. A square block above the cornice, with ornaments at corners and along the sides, supports a small, highly-polished dome, which shines resplendent when the sun beams on it, producing a brilliant effect. Between the pilasters at the upper corners of pedestal, on the front face of the monument, are carved the M'Millan crest and motto, *Miseris Succurrere Disco*. A panel occupies

the similar position on the three other sides. The general character of the architectural style of the mouldings and ornaments of this memorial stone is Greek. The surface ornaments on the cornice and round the base of the dome are of a delicate nature, the granite being first polished, the ground being afterwards struck out, leaving the ornament in slight relief. The pedestal, or body of the monument, is three feet seven inches square; the total height of it is about fifteen feet; the lowest step or base is six feet six inches square. The proportions are very perfect, and the impressions left on the mind by a close inspection, as well as by a general survey, of the monument, are very favourable indeed, leading one to accord the highest credit to the taste of the gentleman to whose order it was erected, as well as to the taste and skill of both the designer and the sculptor. The inscription on the monument reads to the following effect:—

“JOHN AND JANE M'MILLAN. SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS DUNLOP DOUGLAS, THEIR SON, BORN MARCH, 1850, DIED AUG. 1870; ARCHIBALD, THEIR SON, BORN NOV. 1842, DIED JAN. 1875; JANE GOW, THEIR MOTHER (WIFE OF JOHN M'MILLAN, COLLEGE PARK, DUMBARTON), BORN 25TH MAY, 1816, DIED 4TH DEC., 1884; JANE GOW AND ISABELLA GALBRAITH, WHO DIED IN INFANCY.”

MRS JOHN M'MILLAN,

Whose maiden name was Jane Gow, was a daughter of Mr Robert Gow, Renton, by his wife, Margaret M'Allister, of the old family of the M'Allisters of Auchencarroch. She was born in 1816, and married John M'Millan, of the Dock-yard, on 1st June, 1840. The marriage was one of the happiest conceivable, the late Mrs M'Millan proving a devoted wife and a fond mother, and her husband was worthy of such a treasure.

Mr M'Millan, in the early years of his career as a ship-builder, having few to whom he could go for advice, found

a most judicious counsellor in his wife. She, by her clear, quick intelligence and sound judgment, assisted him to determine on such courses of business as led invariably to success. Her powers of observation were large, and she could grasp details and reach conclusions with great exactness. She was of a most retiring disposition ; but the poor and needy of the town had no more generous, warm-hearted helper and friend.

The issue of the marriage was five sons and five daughters—Archibald, Robert, John, Thomas, and James ; Mrs Clark, Mrs Robert Latta, Mrs George M'Lellan, and two daughters who died in infancy. Two sons have also pre-deceased her, viz., Archibald and Thomas. The former leaving issue by his marriage with Janet Adam, one son, John, now aged fifteen years.

There was very general regret felt over the whole community at Mrs M'Millan's removal by death from our midst. This feeling found a voice in an admirable funeral sermon preached by her minister, the Rev. Wm. Watson, M.A., on Dec. 4th, 1884, in the West Bridgend U.P. Church, of which the deceased was for fifty years a most devoted and attached member. His text was taken from Colossians iii. 4—"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." I give a small portion of the peroration of the discourse, as it with great vividness and truth exemplifies the few words I have said in regard to the character of the deceased:—"Her life was her preparation for the great change. She entered into the solitude bravely, hopefully, and passed away tranquilly. Like a wearied child, she slept softly in God's arms, and with the faint whisper of affectionate recognition and farewell on her lips, she died. It was a fitting end to such a life." After forty-five years of wedded

life, lived in the love of her family, the love of her neighbours, and in the fear of God, she rests from her labours and her works do follow her. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

JOHN MACLEAN.

John Maclean, iron shipbuilder, the son of a farmer, was born in Kilmalcolm. He was educated in Greenock, along with his near relative, John Tulloch (of Tulloch & Denny). Mr Maclean at the age of nineteen years went to a situation in Demerara. After a residence there of a few years, he was offered but declined a partnership in the firm which he served. At the request of Mr Tulloch he came back to this country, and shortly afterwards (namely in 1853) he became a partner in the firm of Archibald Denny, iron shipbuilder, Dumbarton. Mr Maclean died in June, 1866, at the age of 41 (three months before his partner), leaving a widow and four children, of whom the widow, two daughters, and one son still survive. John Maclean's remains are buried by the border of the west carriage drive. A large flat monument, having three bases, die with marble tablet, cornice, block, and draped urn, and two side wings, is there

"ERECTED BY JESSIE NEWLANDS, IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, JOHN MACLEAN, IRON SHIPBUILDER, WHO DIED AT STRATHLEVEN VILLA, 8TH JULY, 1866, AGED 41 YEARS; ALSO, ALFRED AND JOHN, TWO OF THEIR SONS, WHO DIED IN INFANCY; ALBERT, DIED 30TH NOV., 1869, AGED 7 YEARS AND 10 MONTHS."

Mr Maclean was of a retiring, contemplative nature. He had advanced views on many subjects affecting the town's weal, one of these was the drainage of the common lands of the burgh on the Dutch method by the aid of windmills, and he made a proposal to the Town Council to lease the lands so as to work out his scheme, but it was not entertained. It looks as if his scheme would require yet to be put in force if the meadow is to be thoroughly reclaimed.



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**JOHN TULLOCH,**

Engineer, was born in Greenock. After his schoolboy days were over he was apprenticed to Messrs Caird & Co, to learn the engineering business. He came to Dumbarton in 1851 to join Messrs Peter Denny and John M'Ausland in founding the firm of Tulloch & Denny, now Denny & Co., engineers and boilermakers. About 1855 he married Janet, daughter of Daniel M'Ausland, ropemaker, and had issue one son and three daughters. Two of the latter are married to two brothers, Major J. M. Denny and Captain Archd. Denny, of this town. Two or three years before his death, Mr Tulloch, on account of failing health, retired from business, and spent the few remaining years of his life at Bellfield House, in this town. He passed into the silent land very quietly. Mr Tulloch was a very smart business man, and an engineer of great ability. He was also a Town Councillor, and a most excellent one. He was first returned to the Town Council in 1853. In 1864 he was again chosen as Councillor, and topped the pole. At the expiry of his term of office he did not seek re-election. His remains are interred on the south corner of the cross walk which strikes off westward from Provost Bennett's monument. There a memorial stone of unique design (as far as Dumbarton Cemetery is concerned) is erected to his memory. It may be described thus:—It is a Gothic sarcophagus in shape, with red granite carved capitaled columns at corners of die; corniced and roofed in to base of cross which forms gables, the large cross which forms the apex rising out of them. On this massive structure there is inscribed :

**"JOHN TULLOCH, ENGINEER ; DIED 16TH JULY, 1868, AGED 42 YEARS."**

He went early to rest ; but his life being no idle one, he in his time accomplished much. He did not court society, but those of its members who had the pleasure of being his

intimates speak well of him as a genial, eminently clever, lovable man. His widow and all the issue of the marriage still survive.

JOHN SPENCE,

Shipbuilder, born at Woodyard, Dumbarton, 8th September, 1831, son of Captain Spence and Agnes Denny, his spouse, third daughter of William Denny, shipbuilder. John Spence was educated in Dumbarton and Dieppe. He was a capital mathematical, classical, and French scholar. After the completion of his education, he entered his uncle Alexander's office, and stayed in his employment for a year or two, and then joined his uncle Archibald's shipbuilding establishment, where he learned draughting. At Mr Archibald Denny's death in 1856, John Spence and John Henderson took up and carried on the business, building several barges and a few screw steamers, and were getting along well until Mr Spence's health broke down, and he being the practical member of the firm, this led up to its dissolution. John Spence was married in 1862 to Jeannie Lang, eldest daughter of Capt. Alexander Lang, having issue one son, who predeceased his father. Mr and Mrs Spence left this country to try what effect travel would have on the invalid, visiting in their travels New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, Egypt, and France, landing at home on 12th May, 1870. The voyaging did harm rather than good to Mr Spence. He came home worse than when he left, and day by day declined in health until the end quietly came on 10th Jany., 1871. His remains are interred in the plot of ground which belongs to the Denny family. John Spence was a most genial, unostentatious man. He, as a shipbuilder, according to the estimate of his uncle Archibald—no mean judge—had few superiors. Many besides his wife and near relatives mourned him dead.

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**THE JOHN WARD FAMILY MONUMENT.**

At the point where the central cross carriage drive strikes off from the east drive there is a triangular piece of sloping ground, and occupying the upper portion of this commanding position there is a polished red Peterhead granite obelisk, erected by Mr John Ward, of the firm of William Denny & Brothers, which may be described thus :—On an unpolished square step is a polished base, supporting a polished pedestal, with panel on four sides for inscription. Above this is a moulded cap carrying the obelisk, which is ornamented at bottom with a carving of the Greek honeysuckle incised on the polished work, the volute of which terminates in a band going all round the four sides. The work has been carried out by Mr Robert Gray, sculptor, Glasgow, from designs by Mr J. M. Crawford, architect, Dumbarton. From base to apex of obelisk the height is 16 feet 6 inches. There are one or two members of Mr John Ward's family interred here, and their names are inscribed on the monument. May it be a far distant day when its death register is augmented, for we grieve when the golden links of friendship, love, and esteem are broken by the last enemy. But even in that supreme hour may we be consoled by the thought that "God giveth his beloved sleep."

**DANIEL RANKIN.**

Mr Daniel Rankin's father was a ship carpenter, who also carried on the business of a vintner in Quay Street. The son, after receiving a fairly good education, was also trained to the shipbuilding business, ultimately becoming skipper of the schooner "John," belonging to the Dumbarton Glasswork Coy., which he commanded for a good many years. In the year 1839 or 1840, Daniel Rankin began shipbuilding in the Woodyard (vacated in 1838 on account of John Denny's

death) in company with Peter Denny of Castlegreen. In 1843 the firm, on the relinquishment of the Castlegreen Yard by Chas. Wood, removed to it, and in it did a large business for many years in the constructing of both wooden and iron vessels, the models of which were considered very fine, and the workmanship unimpeachable. Mr Rankin married one of the Misses Glen, who carried on possibly the most respectable "change house" in town. In it the Glenhoulachan Midge Club, composed of the leading gentlemen of the burgh, met periodically to moisten their clay and crack their joke. The issue of the marriage was three sons, William, James, and Archibald, and one daughter, Mary, now Mrs Hamilton, of Greenock, and the sole survivor of the family. Well on for 200 vessels had been built by the firm of Denny & Rankin when, through deaths and other causes, they ceased to carry on business, and their premises were absorbed into the Leven Shipyard. Mr Daniel Rankin was a very corpulent man, but for all that he was active and most attentive to business. He was in all his movements steady as a clock. He was a good husband, father, employer, and citizen, and altogether the kind of man that a community is somewhat proud of.

JAMES RANKIN,

Youngest son of Daniel Rankin, I knew well. He and I were schoolfellows and playfellows. Even in boyhood Mr Rankin was of a somewhat moody, irritable temperament, and these properties of his nature became intensified with years. After his schoolboy period and his preparatory days of instruction in shipbuilding were over, he was assumed as a partner in his father's firm, and after the decease of the senior partners of same he carried on the business for a short period on his own account. In 1855, and again in 1858, he was elected to the honourable position of Town Councillor

of this burgh. About this period he married a Liverpool lady, and by this union had issue two sons, one of whom survives. Mr Rankin had not been married many years when his wife died. James Rankin's career after this period was not one fraught with happiness ; it was an erratic one ; and its end was startlingly and unexpectedly sudden. As a very old friend I was invited to his funeral, which was a strictly private one, and as we lowered his remains into their last resting-place I could not help feeling very sad for the sake o' auld lang syne, when he and I were boys together. James Rankin was a very smart, active, able man, and an honest, eminently clever, good shipbuilder ; no shoddy work was allowed to proceed from his yard. His vessels were considered to be very fine models, and good sailers and carriers. The monument erected over the remains of the Rankins is one of the finest in the Cemetery ; it stands on the margin of one of the side walks of the west carriage drive in the upper part of the ground. The headstone is a tripartite one. A tall, central, polished grey granite slab, resting on a base of the same beautiful and enduring material, on which are engraved the names of the occupants of the ground it crowns, is flanked by two exquisitely-shaped and most beautifully chiselled funeral urns of white marble, resting on grey polished granite bases. The initials D.R. are on the one urn, and C.R. on the other. I give the inscription, and from it my readers will learn what the ages of Mr Daniel and Mr James Rankin were when they died, and the dates when these events occurred :—

“ IN MEMORY OF DANIEL RANKIN, WHO DIED 13TH JUNE, 1862, AGED 75 YEARS ; ALSO CHRISTIAN GLEN, HISWIFE, WHO DIED 27TH SEPTEMBER, 1862, AGED 75 YEARS ; THEIR SON, JAMES RANKIN, SHIPBUILDER, WHO DIED 23RD AUGUST, 1878, AGED 57 YEARS.’



## CHAPTER VII.

### MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

**D**URING one period, and that a pretty long one, in the history of Scotland, the clergy were not very far short of being omnipotent. They meddled with many matters outside of their legitimate sphere, and in doing so they muddled not a few of the things in which they meddled. Wiser grown, they now operate within a more limited area. Within that province they meet us at many important turnings in the journey of life. They admit us, by the sprinkling of water, in life's very earliest morn into the visible Church. They watch over us tenderly during the impressionable period of youth. They receive us into the membership of the Church of Christ, and put into our hands the sacred memorials of His broken body and shed blood. They unite us in the holy bonds of matrimony. They care for our children as they cared for us. They joy with us in our joy and sorrow with us in our sorrow. Their kindly ministrations are not ended with us until they consign "dust to dust and ashes to ashes," and then their prayers are fervently offered up to the Most High for the sorrowing survivors. Well do the clergy of Scotland deserve at the hands of her sons the highest praise.

Although shorn of much of their ancient power, they are not shorn at all of the respect in which for centuries they have been held by the great mass of the intelligent, God-fearing people of this ancient realm. Long may that state of feeling exist in our midst. It will be ill with the country when they cease to be honoured. Having said this much in a general way about the clergy, I will now proceed to give a few particulars about the ministers of religion whose remains are interred within the bounds of the Cemetery. As is most meet, I head the list with the name of that venerable pastor, the

REVEREND ANDREW GRAY,  
MINISTER OF THE PARISH OF DUMBARTON,

Whose body is interred in the centre of the north margin of the second cross road from the entrance gate. The monument which is there erected over his place of rest is a handsome freestone one, twelve feet high, having Greek ornaments on its cornice, and a draped urn as its apex. On this tombstone there is engraved the following inscription :—

“ REV. ANDREW GRAY,  
IN MEMORY OF  
MARGARET STEWART,  
HIS WIFE,  
WHO DIED 23RD NOVEMBER, 1854,  
AGED 43 YEARS.  
WHILE LIVING SHE WAS HAPPY IN THE  
LOVE OF HER HUSBAND, HER HOME  
AND ITS BEAUTIFUL DUTIES, WITHOUT  
ASKING THE WORLD FOR ITS SMILES  
OR ITS FAVOURS.  
AND NOW HER WITNESS IS ON HIGH,  
AND NOW HER RECORD'S IN THE SKY.  
HERE ALSO LIES  
THE REVEREND ANDREW GRAY,  
FOR THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS  
MINISTER OF THE PARISH OF DUMBARTON  
DIED 3RD AUGUST, 1881  
IN THE 75TH YEAR OF HIS AGE AND  
THE 47TH OF HIS MINISTRY.”

Of the Reverend Andrew Gray's wife I can say but little; I had not the pleasure of her acquaintance. This much, however, I can confidently say, that she was a modest, unassuming, kindly lady, who was beloved by her husband and family, as well as by all those who knew her, and these were not few. She had a heart brimming over with the milk of human kindness, which found a channel in the direction of ministering to the wants of needy parishioners. Her soothing influence on her husband's mind amid the turmoil and anxieties in connection with discharging adequately the duties of his sacred office in such a populous place as Dumbarton, was something marvellous. On her withdrawal from our midst by the numbing hand of death, after a ten years sojourn, the husband lost a wife most loving, whose counsels ran ever in the right direction, and whose influence nerved him for duty and, if need be, for trial also. Her two daughters, Jessie and Eliza, and son, George, on her demise lost a tender mother, ever solicitous for their welfare; and the general community had a friend the fewer when Mrs Gray went to her rest. But it is with her husband, the late Reverend Andrew Gray, that I have principally to do in this notice, and to the sketching of his life I must now apply myself. The Rev. Andrew Gray was born in the parish of Bothwell in 1806. His parents removing to Glasgow a few years thereafter, in that city he received all his education except that which he acquired at Edinburgh University during the last year of his preparation for the ministry. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Glasgow in 1828, when in his twenty-second year, and shortly after was appointed missionary in the parish of Old Monkland. His success there was so great that a chapel was built by subscription to accommodate the people he had gathered round him, to which charge he



was unanimously appointed, and was ordained as pastor in 1835. During the eight years of his ministrations in this place he received many substantial tokens of the esteem and attachment of his people, was five different times requested to stand as a candidate for vacant churches, and, in every instance, had the highest number of votes. As an instance of the respect in which he was held, I may mention that at the Disruption only three or four of his congregation threatened to leave the church, but these continued with him as long as he remained at Crosshill. When he left this church, he left it in an eminently thriving state. At ordinary diets of worship it was crowded to the door by a highly respectable congregation. At the Disruption Mr Gray had the offer of several desirable charges, but acting on the advice of his brethren, he accepted that of Dumbarton, succeeding the Rev. Jas. Smith, who seceded in 1843. The Magistrates and Town Council were patrons of the living, but they asked the congregation to elect a pastor and they would appoint him to the charge. Mr Gray's election was unanimous, and his call the most numerously signed one that had ever been laid on the Presbytery table. In 1845 he was appointed by the Presbytery to supply the Luss pulpit, then vacant. In less than eight days after he had preached in it, a memorial, signed by nearly the whole parishioners, was presented to the patron, Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., praying him to present Mr Gray to the living, but it had been at a prior date promised to another. The reverend gentleman filled many places of honour in the Church. He was moderator of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, and with great dignity and ability fulfilled the duties appertaining to the position. He was frequently moderator of the Presbytery of Dumbarton. He was one of the fathers of that august body, and his advice was freely

asked by members of that court, and frankly given on matters of ecclesiastical law and difficult cases. For many years he was chaplain of the County Prison and of the Castle. He was an ardent Freemason, and for a long time held the office of chaplain to Lodge No. 18 (Kilwinning). He was also chaplain to the Dumbarton Artillery Corps. He was a member of the Dumbarton (Landward) School Board. In the earlier years of his ministry here he occasionally delivered lectures to the Local Mechanics' Institution, which were very highly appreciated. The Reverend Andrew Gray was a sound, evangelical, earnest preacher. His reading of the Scriptures and the psalms was a treat to listen to. As long as his health and strength permitted he was most attentive to the sick and to all the other multifarious duties which appertained to his sacred office. He was a man of goodly presence and gentlemanly bearing, a very pattern of a parochial clergyman. He in every respect conducted himself with great dignity and scrupulous propriety. His people, even when failing health rendered him less able for duty, stuck to him affectionately, and thereby cheered the old man's heart. On two or three occasions he received tangible tokens of the esteem in which he was held by his people; and since his death a fine painted glass memorial window has been erected to his memory on the south side of the Parish Church by the parishioners. In politics Mr Gray was a consistent but tolerant Conservative. His death took place at Stanley Lodge, Ardpeaton, near Cove, on August 3rd, 1881. Funeral sermons of a deeply affecting nature were preached in connection with the sad event on Sunday, 14th August—in the forenoon by the Rev. Mr Kidd, of Alexandria, and in the afternoon by the Rev. Mr Turnbull, of Gladsmuir, two very old and esteemed friends of the deceased. The pulpit was

draped in black cloth, and most of the congregation wore mournings as a last mark of respect for their dear old minister.

#### THE REV, JOHN JARDINE.

This divine was born at Castle-Douglas, and finished his education at Glasgow University, which he left with the degree of M.A. He was ordained to the pastorate of the Dumbarton High Street U.P. Church as colleague to the venerable Rev. W. M. Halley, D.D. (whom he latterly succeeded in the charge), in the month of November, 1882. The appointment was an eminently harmonious one, and fraught with the best issues. Mr Jardine was a faithful, earnest preacher, and a most devoted pastor. He, in consequence, was much beloved by his flock. During his ministry a good deal of vigour had been infused by him into the congregation. They, for instance, erected, convenient to the church, a most commodious and substantial church hall, with adjacent rooms, which must prove of great advantage in the working of the different organisations of the church. He also issued quarterly to his people a four-page magazine, dealing with the affairs of the congregation. In the care of the young of the church he took a special interest. In assisting in all movements for the evangelisation of the masses he took great delight. He was an ardent exponent of temperance principles, and had large sympathies and broad views in regard to all religious matters. While visiting at the burgh hospital a servant of his who had been laid down with typhoid fever, he unfortunately caught small-pox, of which he died, after a short illness of four days. His death, on 8th January, 1886, cast a deep gloom over the town. At his demise he was only 31 years of age. By his withdrawal the town is the poorer for the loss of the rich promise which

his young life contained. His funeral procession was a very large one. A funeral service was held in his church, attended by the congregation and friends. This was conducted by the Rev. Mr Lindsay, Balfron, moderator of U.P. Presbytery ; the Rev. George Alpine, B.D., Dumbarton Parish Church ; and the Rev. John Tait, Dumbarton Free High Church. Feeling allusions were made to the sad event on the following Sunday, from the pulpit of the High Street U.P. Church by the Rev. Dr Halley, and from the pulpit of the West Bridgend U.P. Church by the Rev. Wm. Watson, M.A. Very mysterious are the ways of God. Here was one of His ministers, and a faithful one, cut down in the meridian of his days because he was kindly-hearted enough to visit a humble servant of his who was laid aside from duty by reason of illness. Many people visited the hospital in which she lay as well as he, but as far as I know this servant of God was the only one who was smitten down by so doing. We must, in such afflictions, just bow our heads in humble submission to the will of the Most High, and say—Just and true are Thy ways, thou King of Saints. Although Thou slay me yet will I trust Thee, and extol Thy great and glorious name. Where we cannot unriddle we'll learn to trust in Thy wisdom and Thy goodness. It may not be out of place to mention here that the Rev. Mr Jardine was succeeded in the ministry of the High Street U.P. Church by the Rev. Hugh Morton, who, however, only lived to minister to the congregation for the period of about twelve months, and who is interred in the Southern Necropolis, Glasgow. Shortly after all that was mortal of the Rev. Mr Jardine was consigned to the darkness of the tomb, a movement was set on foot for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory, which was crowned with abundant success. This memorial stone assumed the shape of a grey

granite obelisk of fine proportions, which is placed on the southmost portion of the Cemetery on the walk immediately to the left as you enter its gates, and on the stone there is the following inscription :—

“ERECTED BY THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION OF HIGH STREET, DUMBARTON, IN MEMORY OF THEIR JUNIOR MINISTER, THE REV. JOHN JARDINE, M.A.; BORN AT CASTLE-DOUGLAS 10TH JUNE, 1854, ORDAINED 22ND NOVEMBER, 1881, DIED AT DUMBARTON, AFTER A SHORT ILLNESS, 8TH JANUARY, 1886. HE WAS A FAITHFUL PASTOR AND TRUE FRIEND. HIS HIGH CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE AND EARNEST WORDS WILL EVER BE HELD IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE BY HIS BEREAVED FLOCK.”

“I WILL SING A NEW SONG UNTO THEE, O GOD.”—*Psalms 144, 9.*

“HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.”—*Hebrews 11, 4.*

REV. ISAAC BARRETT,  
FREE CHURCH MINISTER OF SKIRLING.

Near the top of the west drive, on its east side, there is to be observed a very effective monument, erected to the memory of the Rev. Isaac Barrett. This reverend gentleman, who was a son-in-law of the late James White, Esq., of Overtoun, was well known here, he having appeared frequently in the pulpit of the Free High Church. He was a man of deep religious feelings, and his visits to Dumbarton were hailed with pleasure and fraught with blessings. The monument which marks his place of rest is a fine, substantial circular-topped slab of grey granite, standing on a base of the same enduring material, and having a rope moulding round it. Milne & Wishart were the sculptors of this fitting tribute to the memory of the deceased divine. I append the inscription on the monument:—

“IN MEMORY OF THE REV. ISAAC BARRETT, MINISTER OF THE FREE CHURCH, SKIRLING, FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS; DIED AT BRAEMAR, 18TH JULY, 1877, AGED 58 YEARS. ‘I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.’—*John 11, 25.*”

REV. WILLIAM BENNETT.

This divine, while well known by a limited circle here, did not fill a sufficiently large space in the public eye to

warrant me in devoting much room to the setting forth of his life story. It may be stated, however, that he was at one time a journalist, and filled with much ability the post of sub-editor of the *Glasgow Morning Journal*. By the perusal of the memoir of his brother Thomas, further information may be gathered up in regard to him which, when added to what I now give, will enable my readers to in some measure understand the man. As there is as yet no monument erected to his memory, I may state that he lies next to his brother Thomas in the north carriage drive of the Cemetery, so that while they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they are not divided. After Mr Bennett became a Unitarian preacher, he ministered with much acceptance to one or two congregations before he undertook the charge of the station in Heywood, Lancashire, in the incumbency of which he died, to the great regret of his flock. His death took place in January, 1882. Mr Bennett was a radical politician, a social reformer, and, in his own estimate, also a religious reformer. He was likewise a poet of no mean order. Several of his pieces were published in *Good Words*, and in the columns of the *Dumbarton Herald*. Further, he was one of the most gentle, lovable men I ever knew.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

AS an introduction to this portion of my work, I have pleasure in submitting to my readers the following lines from the graceful pen of Dr W. A. MacLachlan of this town. It was at my request that he composed them, in honour of his deceased professional brethren, and I think the production does credit both to the head and heart of its author, and leads up most suitably to the subject matter of this chapter:—

Pause, stranger, here ; this is a hallowed spot,  
Where droops the willow, falls the yew tree's shade,  
Here five physicians, Æsculapius' sons,  
Each in his narrow bed is lowly laid.

No more will they with art or kindly smile  
Sooth the worn sufferer racked by aching pain,  
Guide the wild fever, calm the throbbing heart,  
Or bring sweet slumber to the weary brain.

No more will anxious parents wait their call,  
Scan every feature, list whene'er they speak :  
Ah ! no ; nor will the night-bell's rattling peal  
Awake them now from balmy, quiet sleep.

No longer is it theirs—when hope hath fled,  
And skill is baffled, and death comes to reap—  
To seem all calm, though deeply they are moved,  
As sad tears trickle down the mourners' cheek.

No longer is it theirs to happy feel  
When some sweet babe, who pined from day to day,  
Revives, and o'er its face the hue of health  
Returns like bloom upon the flowers in May.

The welcome look, more eloquent than words,  
From grateful patient are for them no more ;  
They've done their day's work, found the better land,  
And, waiting, beckon us upon its distant shore.

The first of the medicos to be noticed are

DOCTORS STUART AND GRAHAM.

Nigh unto the Bennett monument, and on the north margin of the cross walk which proceeds eastward from thence, a fine granite obelisk, with a base of about two feet six inches square, and a total height of about fifteen feet, has been erected by his widow in memory of the late Dr William Graham, who, as the inscription reminds us, died 21st January, 1877, aged 44 years. He is buried beside his father-in-law, Dr W. S. Stuart, who lived and practised amongst us for many years. On reading the records on their respective monuments, we cannot but regret that Dr Graham's high professional acquirements, aptitude, and energy were so early lost to the town. The sculptor in this case is Wagget, Glasgow. Dr Graham, while a little brusque in his manner, had behind it a most kindly heart. I know of many instances in which he not only gave his professional services to the poor for nothing, but also supplied them with wines and other necessary cordials which their slenderly-lined purses could not command. He was a native of one of the suburbs



of Glasgow (Springburn, I think). He was educated at Glasgow University. In Dumbarton and neighbourhood he had a most extensive practice. He had the entire confidence of his patients, and deserved it. He is survived by a widow, a daughter, and several sons. I give the inscriptions which appear on the tombstones of Dr W. S. Stuart and Dr William Graham:—

“IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM SWAN STUART, SURGEON, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 1ST JULY, 1858, AGED 58 YEARS; JOHN STUART, HIS SON, DIED 22ND NOVEMBER, 1864, AGED 32 YEARS; HELEN ADAM, WIFE OF JOHN STUART, DIED 3RD DECEMBER, 1879, AGED 45 YEARS.”

“ERECTED BY MARGARET M'CORKINDALE STUART, IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, WILLIAM GRAHAM, F.F.P.S.G., WHO DIED 21ST JANUARY, 1877, AGED 44 YEARS; AND THEIR DAUGHTER, HELEN STUART, WHO DIED 3RD SEPTEMBER, 1863, AGED 1 YEAR.”

#### DOCTOR BUCHANAN.

Not far from the Proudfoot statue, and on the same border of the north carriage drive, I found a sarcophagus raised to the memory of the late Dr Buchanan of Knoxland. The monument consists of a solid die stone, six feet by one foot six inches by one foot six inches, supported on a moulded base and two steps, and surmounted by a cornice and sloping top. It is of grey granite, and on it there is this inscription:—

“ERECTED BY A FEW FRIENDS IN MEMORY OF ROBERT BUCHANAN, ESQ., OF KNOXLAND, M.D., WHO DIED 10TH SEPTEMBER, 1871; ALSO, MARY DIXON, HIS SPOUSE, WHO DIED 1ST JANUARY, 1873.”

This memorial stone, although somewhat unpretentious in appearance, was a costly one. The gentleman in whose honour it was erected belonged to Glasgow, but came early in life to this town to practice his profession. After he married Miss Dixon of Levensgrove, he set up house at Springbank, Dalreoch, formerly occupied by Mr William Dixon, but now occupied by my worthy old friend Mr David Wilson as an inn. After the death of Mrs Major Alexander,

he bought the Knoxland mansion house and grounds on the Glasgow Road, and there he lived universally esteemed, and there he died universally regretted. He, in addition to enjoying the fruits of a large and lucrative medical practice, had the benefit of being local agent for the Western Bank of Scotland, and after its failure he held the same honourable post on behalf of the Union Bank of Scotland. He held stock to considerable amount in the Western, and was a heavy sufferer by its collapse. He bore bravely up against his misfortunes, and kept his honour and credit inviolate.

As a medical practitioner, Dr Buchanan possessed in a very high degree the esteem and confidence of his patients. His gentle and sympathetic manner won their regard, and his high professional knowledge, large experience, and successful practice secured their confidence. By his professional brethren he was regarded with much esteem and respect, and some of my readers may remember that a good many years ago, when the doctor had completed fifty years of practice in his profession, his professional brethren presented a congratulatory address to him at a complimentary public dinner.

For the long period of forty years Dr Buchanan was a county magistrate, and ever took an active part in the discharge of the duties which effier to the position. It is almost unnecessary to say that the doctor moved in the highest social circles of the county. He was a genial and accomplished gentleman, and a self-sacrificing friend. One daughter survives him. The University of Glasgow has seldom trained a more successful medical practitioner.

**DOCTOR BENJAMIN MAULE RICHARD.**

Beyond Dr Buchanan's burying-place, on the same side of the north carriage drive, there is a handsome obelisk, which was raised by the late Dr Richard to the memory of his son,

Dr John Glen Richard, who died a year or two after making a most promising start in his profession, and is buried here. Here also are laid the remains of Dr Benjamin Maule Richard. This gentleman was born 3rd June, 1807, at the farm stead of Coilesholm, Tarbolton, Ayrshire. He practised for a year or two in that county, after receiving his diploma at Glasgow University. In the cholera year (1832) he came to reside and practice in Dumbarton. His advent here was hailed with great joy, as the resident doctors were all too few to cope with the dread malady which was then decimating the population. He was a man of fine presence, gentlemanly bearing, good social qualities, and of considerable skill in his profession. He held, among other appointments of a public nature, that of medical officer to the Parochial Board of Dumbarton and to the Combination Poorhouse. After a short illness he died at his house of Rockville, Kirktonhill, in June, 1874, and his wife, Janet Glen, whom he married in 1837 (daughter of Mr John Glen, tanner, and historian of this town), died within a few days after her husband's lamented decease. Dr B. M. Richard of Dumbarton is the only survivor of the issue of the marriage, which was three sons. A freestone obelisk of exceptionally fine proportions marks out the Richard burying-place. On the stone a serpent twined round a cup is beautifully carved, being, as I understand, the surgeons' crest. The base of the monument contains this inscription:—

“BENJAMIN MAULE RICHARD, IN MEMORY OF HIS SON, DR JOHN GLEN RICHARD, WHO DIED AT STRATHLEVEN PLACE, DUMBARTON, 1ST MAY, 1868, AGED 28 YEARS. ‘NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE.’ BENJAMIN MAULE RICHARD, SURGEON, WHO DIED 13TH JUNE, 1874, AGED 67 YEARS; JANET BROWN GLEN, HIS SPOUSE, WHO DIED 20TH JUNE, 1874, AGED 53 YEARS; THEIR SON, JAMES BENNETT RICHARD, DIED AT ROCKVILLE, GIFFNOCK, 24TH JUNE, 1886, AGED 39 YEARS.”



## CHAPTER IX.

### SHERIFFS, SHERIFF-CLERKS, PROCURATOR-FISCAL, AND CHIEF-CONSTABLE OF THE COUNTY.

A MAN who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client. That saying is generally accepted as sound. It is now considered far from sound to represent the members of the honourable profession of the law, or any considerable portion of them, as harpies preying on poor weak humanity. To their credit be it spoken, lawyers, as a rule, are as trustworthy as they are learned. The deceitful law agent who betrays his clients' interests is, thank Providence, scarce. How many family secrets are the legal fraternity possessed of? and yet how reticent and silent as the grave are they of these. No vain babblers are they, who, by their foolish talk, bring disgrace, scandal, or suspicion upon families. The family lawyer is the family friend. Then, what shall I say in regard to the sheriffs, who are a terror to evil-doers and a praise and protection to such as do well? I will say that we have reason to thank God that the administration of justice in our midst at their hands is pure, and that all men are equal in the eye of these administrators of the law. We

have been so long familiar with that happy state of affairs that we have, as I opine, ceased to be sufficiently thankful for that crowning mercy.

This chapter shall be devoted to the setting forth of the lives of the Sheriffs, Sheriff-Clerks, Procurator-Fiscal, and Chief-Constable, who (save the latter) rest from their labours within the precincts of the Cemetery; and the chapter following shall treat of the writers who quietly repose here beneath the green sod, the world forgetting, by the world forgot.

#### THE THREE SHERIFFS CAMPBELL.

The grand monument which is reared over their resting-place is designed in the classical style of architecture, and consists of a centre part in the form of a dome, open on three sides, the back or fourth side having an inscription panel. This dome is flanked on each side by inscription panels divided by pilasters, and these pilasters throughout form an order with moulded base and entablature. The dome or centre part is formed with four moulded piers treated in unison with the pilasters. From these piers spring four moulded arches, with panelled spandrels, surmounted by a cornice. Above this rises the dome, finished on top with a carved finial in the shape of a vase. The dome or centre part is eight feet square on plan, and seventeen feet high. The side parts are each eleven feet long by ten feet high. The total length of the monument is thirty feet. This construction is a most satisfactory one in every respect. It reflects credit upon the family who reared it, and upon Mr John MacLeod, the able architect who planned it, and also upon the builders who erected it.

#### SHERIFF CAMPBELL OF BARNHILL.

Having given a somewhat lengthened notice of this learned judge in my book on "The Clyde District of Dumbartonshire,"

I shall confine myself on this occasion to the giving of a very brief sketch of his life. The late Alexander Campbell of Barnhill, Sheriff of Renfrewshire, was born at Dumbarton in 1776. After passing through classes at the University of Glasgow, he went to Edinburgh, where he served his apprenticeship with a Writer to the Signet, and studied law under Baron Hume. In 1802 Mr Campbell was appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Renfrewshire, and discharged the onerous duties of that office in a most painstaking and effective manner for the long period of nearly forty-five years. When the Sheriff retired from office, in 1847, the county of Renfrew, at one of the largest meetings ever held of a similar nature in that county, voted a costly testimonial of their sense of his great services. The gift assumed the form of a superb solid silver model of the celebrated Warwick vase. It was presented to him at a public dinner, in name of the county, by the Lord-Lieutenant of Renfrewshire. After his retirement from official life, he took up his permanent residence at Barnhill, the mansion house of the estate which he had inherited from his maternal uncle, Mr Colquhoun. The Sheriff died 2nd October, 1862, aged 86 years, leaving two sons and six daughters.

SHERIFF HUMPHREY WALTER CAMPBELL OF CROSSLET, Second son of Neil Campbell, Sheriff-Substitute of Dumbartonshire, was born at Dumbarton 4th March, 1782. He received his earlier education at the Grammar School of his native town, and his latter at Edinburgh. During a conversation I once had with him, he stated that for a time the pupils of the Burgh School, and he amongst the rest, met to be taught in a chamber in the base of the tower of the prior-to-1811 Parish Church, the cause of this being either the rebuilding, extension, or alteration of the Grammar

School. He began his professional career as Parliament House clerk to Lord Stonefield, a Lord of Session. Admitted Procurator in Dumbarton 21st August, 1802. He had the management of Lord Stonefield's estate of Levenside. Received the appointment of Registrar of Sasines for the Counties of Argyll and Dumbarton in 1810. Created Sheriff-Substitute for Dumbartonshire in 1820 on the death of Sheriff Gray. Married Jane Isabella, eldest daughter of John Dixon, Esq., of Levenside, who died in 1837 without issue. He did not again marry. In 1839 Mr Campbell resigned the Sheriffship, of which he had discharged the arduous duties most admirably for close upon a score of years. His residence was first at College Park House, and then at Crosslet House, where he died 15th May, 1864, aged 82 years. The Sheriff mingled in the best County society. He was a genial, sociable, well-read man, and had a fine fund of choice anecdotes, which he told with great effect.

SHERIFF NEIL COLQUHOUN CAMPBELL, OF BARNHILL,  
SHERIFF OF AYRSHIRE.

This gentleman, eldest son of Sheriff Alexander Campbell, Barnhill, was born October 17th, 1813. After undergoing a most thorough legal training, he, in course of time, received the honourable appointment of Sheriff of Ayrshire, and discharged the important duties appertaining thereto with great fidelity. He married Annie, daughter of William Orr Paterson, Esq., of Montgomerie, Ayrshire, having surviving issue a daughter, Annie Colquhoun Campbell, who, on the death of her father on 3rd April, 1883, succeeded to Barnhill, the beautiful patrimonial estate of her forefathers. The Sheriff was not extensively known in the town of Dumbarton. When resident at Barnhill, at certain times of the year, he drove into the burgh with his wife and daughter a-marketing,

but he did not seem to pay any marked attention to any person or thing during these visits. He appeared always as if he were absorbed in thought. He had a shy, reserved look, and smiling seemed to be foreign to his nature ; for all that he had a pleasant, amiable countenance, and no doubt he was a most worthy man, who served his day and generation well. On the Campbell and MacKenzie monument there are the following inscriptions:—

On centre tablet—

“ IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, OF BARNHILL, SHERIFF-SUBSTITUTE OF RENFREWSHIRE FOR 45 YEARS ; BORN 4TH MAY, 1776, DIED 2ND OCTOBER, 1862. SUSAN CAMPBELL, BORN JANUARY, 1778, DIED 22ND OCTOBER, 1871. NEIL COLQUHOUN CAMPBELL, OF BARNHILL, SHERIFF OF AYRSHIRE, BORN 17TH OCTOBER, 1813, DIED 3RD APRIL, 1883.”

On left tablet (outside)—

“ IN MEMORY OF SUSAN CAMPBELL, WIFE OF ROBERT DUNCANSON M’KENZIE, OF CALDARVON ; AND THEIR INFANT SON, DIED MARCH, 1856. ELIZABETH ANSTRUTHER CAMPBELL, WIFE OF ROBERT M’KENZIE, OF CALDARVON, DIED 25TH APRIL, 1872, AGED 80 YEARS.”

On right inside tablet—

“ IN MEMORY OF ELIZABETH FANNY, DAUGHTER OF WALTER M’KENZIE, OF EDINBARNET, DIED 29TH JULY, 1858, AGED 4 YEARS ; FANNY ORR M’KENZIE, DIED 29TH JULY, 1861, AGED 2 YEARS ; ALEX. CAMPBELL M’KENZIE, DIED 17TH FEBRUARY, 1872, AGED 14 YEARS.”

“ KATHERINE ELLIS M’KENZIE, WIFE OF ROBERT CAMPBELL M’KENZIE, JR., OF EDINBARNET, BORN IN MARCH, 1863, DIED AT MOUNTBLOW 15TH JUNE, 1885 ; AND THEIR BABE.”

On right outside tablet—

“ IN MEMORY OF HUMPHREY WALTER CAMPBELL, OF CROSSLET, SHERIFF-SUBSTITUTE OF DUMBARTONSHIRE FOR 19 YEARS, BORN 4TH MARCH, 1782, DIED 15TH MAY, 1864. FRANCIS ELIZABETH MURRAY CAMPBELL, BORN AT MADRAS 15TH AUGUST, 1863, DIED AT BARNHILL 28TH JUNE, 1865.”

#### SHERIFF WILLIAM CUNINGHAME STEELE

Was born in the latter end of last century, his father being the Rev. Robert Steele, minister of the West Parish of Greenock, one of the best livings in the Church. In 1824 Mr



Steele passed the bar as advocate. In 1839, on the resignation of Sheriff H. W. Campbell, of Corslet, he was appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Dumbartonshire. When Dumbartonshire was disjoined from Buteshire and was joined to Stirlingshire, then he became Sheriff-Substitute of Stirling and Dumbarton. He was an exceedingly painstaking and conscientious judge. He was never of robust constitution, yet for all that, the amount of health he was blessed with was so uniform in its nature, and stood him in such good stead, that he was never known to be absent from the bench when it was his duty to be there. When any case before him was of sufficient importance, and the necessities of the case sufficiently urgent to require it, then his Lordship has time after time been known to sit, almost without a break, most patiently from eleven in the forenoon to nine o'clock in the evening, hearing proof and listening to the arguments of counsel. The Sheriff was the author of a most excellent book entitled "A Summary of the Powers and Duties of Juries in Criminal Trials," which has met with the highest commendations from the most eminent men in the legal profession. The learned judge was always on the best terms with his bar, and on the gentlemen who composed it he looked with peculiar pride. At the time of his death he was surrounded by a bar of the third generation of legal gentlemen he had presided over since his appointment to the Sheriffship. His Lordship was married to a daughter of the late Mr Fleming, writer, Glasgow. His wife pre-deceased him by nearly twenty years. The Sheriff at his demise left one daughter and three sons. For a good many years before his decease he took little interest in public matters, but in the earlier years of his connection with the burgh he took a deep interest in everything appertaining to it. He then appeared

frequently before the public, either as a lecturer or as giving support by his presence and betimes also by his voice, at meetings convened for furthering the interests of local institutions having an elevating tendency. He was generous to the poor. In him they had a good friend. At his death he was the senior member of the Session of Dumbarton Parish Church. He was an ardent churchman, and took a deep concern in the general welfare of our National Zion. For many successive years he was one of the representative elders of the Dumbarton Presbytery in the General Assembly, and in that high Court his influence was considerable. In arranging county matters, as became his exalted position, he took a prominent part. In Free Masonry for many years he held the important office of Substitute-Master of the Dumbarton Province. When the Volunteer movement began in the country, now close on thirty years ago, he favoured it in many ways. The Sheriff died at his residence, Westonlee House, on Tuesday, 28th December, 1880, aged 82 years. He may be said to have literally died in harness, as he, on the day before his lamented decease, was present in the Court-House taking the declaration of certain prisoners. In going home he got chilled, pulmonary disease ensued, and in a few hours he was cut down as a shock of corn fully ripe. After his wife's death he lived a somewhat retired life, but any one who imagined that he was therefore a sour, austere man, was wrong in his imaginings, for there ran through his reserved, courtly manner, a fine vein of quiet humour, which ever and anon revealed itself, and irradiated his conversation. The spirit of the just judge, the loving tender father, the godly elder of the Kirk, has now appeared in the more immediate presence of the Judge of all the earth, and has doubtless heard the Master's voice saying "Well

done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord."

The memorial stone which marks the resting-place of the deceased Sheriff and other members of his family is situated on the margin of the inner walk of the upper portion of the west carriage drive. It is a freestone obelisk of magnificent size and beautiful proportions, which on the various sides of its square base has the following inscriptions :—

"IN MEMORY OF AGNESS MORRIS FLEMING, WIFE OF WILLIAM CUNINGHAME STEELE, ADVOCATE, WHO DIED ON THE 1ST OF AUGUST, 1863, 'GOOD AND FAITHFUL—ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THY LORD.' ALSO IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM CUNINGHAME STEELE, ADVOCATE, SHERIFF-SUBSTITUTE OF STIRLING AND DUMBARTON, BORN AT THE OLD MANSE, GREENOCK, 27TH JUNE, 1798, DIED AT WESTONLEE HOUSE, DUMBARTON, 28TH DECEMBER, 1880. IN MEMORY OF MARION STEELE, DAUGHTER OF THE REV. ROBERT STEELE, MINISTER OF THE WEST CHURCH AND PARISH OF GREENOCK; AND MARION BOYD CUNINGHAME, OF CURLUNG, HIS SPOUSE, WHO DIED ON THE 11TH FEBRUARY, 1842, AND WAS INTERRED IN THE OLD BURYING GROUND OF THE PARISH OF DUMBARTON. ALSO IN MEMORY OF JANE WILSON NEILL, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE REV. ROBERT STEELE, WHO DIED AT WESTONLEE HOUSE, DUMBARTON, ON THE 16TH OF JULY, 1876."

#### PHINEAS DANIEL, W.S.

Phineas Daniel was appointed Sheriff-Clerk of Dumbartonshire on 18th July, 1834, and sworn in on 27th July, 1837; died 6th January, 1867, and is buried at the west corner of cross mid drive; and his only son, William Shand Daniel, who was appointed depute to his father on 25th November, 1841, and died in 1858, lies beside his parent; but no "storied urn" or sculptured stone marks their resting-place. It may well be considered a strange matter that the elder Daniel should have been so long in getting himself sworn in to the Sheriff-Clerkship of the county; but the reason of it was, that he expected far greater things at the hands of the

Whigs, to whom he had done yeoman service, but nothing better being offered during the three years which lapsed between the appointment and his acceptance of it, he reluctantly took the position.

Phineas Daniel was for many years Sheriff-Clerk of Dumbartonshire. He had practised for some years as W.S. in Edinburgh; but, being an ardent Whig, he had devoted both time and legal talents to politics, and found his first reward in being appointed secretary to the Municipal Corporation (Scotland) Commission of 1825. In a memoir of Cosmo Innes, antiquarian and historian, honourable mention is made (p. 66) of the services Mr Daniel rendered in the drawing up of the general report of this commission, said to be full of sound constitutional knowledge. Higher honours were expected for Mr Daniel, but the Whigs, being compelled to leave office, had no better vacant berth to offer at the time than the Sheriff-Clerkship of our county; and Lord Cockburn, who was an intimate personal friend, begged Mr Daniel to accept it. And so he was settled amongst us, and held the Sheriff-Clerkship, to which was added the office of Commissary Clerk, both of which he held until within a year of his death, at the age of 78, in January, 1867.

Though rejoicing in the double Hebrew name, and sometimes (*e.g.*, in London) taken for a Jew, from his nomenclature, he used in the leisure hours of age to jocosely deny any affinity with the lost tribes, and stoutly to assert that he was *Scotus-Scotorum*. Born in Fraserburgh in 1789, he came to Edinburgh as a boy to learn the law. It was in the days of the press-gang, and he would tell the story of the trading sloop in which he voyaged being seized in the Forth, and some of the sailors carried off to man the ships of war that were to fight Buonaparte. The first issue of the *Scotsman*

newspaper was another epoch in his life, and he would tell how many hours he, amid a motley crowd in the old High Street of the capital, waited for the first *Scotsman's* appearance, which it duly made from a window of its printing office amid many cheers, to which Phineas Daniel lustily contributed. From his legal and political connections, he met some of the eminent men of that time and place, such as Lords Cockburn and Jeffrey, and Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, of whom he had some good stories. A voyage from London with Dr Chalmers, and the sermon which the doctor preached to passengers and crew, was another of the old man's reminiscences. He had also the acquaintance of Bishop Jolly in Fraserburgh, a character of rare quaintness and saintliness, who married him to Miss Shand of Craigellie, and baptized his only son,

#### WILLIAM SHAND DANIEL.

William was a youth of more than average abilities, and at one period of his life he gave promise of great literary power. Educated at Glasgow University, and then at Oxford, he competed with the late Dean Stanley for the Newdigate prize poem, the Oxford blue ribbon of the year. Stanley was successful, although Hogg, reading and comparing the two poems, gave the palm to the Scottish Daniel, which much pleased the fond father. After travelling in Greece, and elsewhere on the continent, William settled in Dumbarton as assistant to his father, and occasionally favoured our Mechanics' Institute with scholarly and polished lectures. From time to time he wrote minor poems, some of which evinced genuine poetic power, and have found a place in collections of poetry. But for the *vis inertia* which disabled him for studious application of his powers, he would have taken no mean place among Scotland's minor bards. He was

married, and had six children by the marriage. At the age of 45 he died, and was buried in 1858, to be followed nine years after by his aged father, and now by three of his sons in succession. The Daniels belonged to the Scottish Episcopal Church.

It is matter of regret that Mr W. S. Daniel's poetical and other works have not been published in book form. Amply sufficient material of a very high-class character exists to fill a goodly-sized volume. If I recollect aright, Mr Joseph Irving, the historian of Dumbartonshire, once entertained the idea of editing and superintending the pushing of such a work through the press. Surely it is not too late even yet for that to be attempted. It is a pity so much valuable literary work should be swallowed up in the womb of chaos and old night.

**CHARLES WILLIAMSON KEMP, SHERIFF-CLERK.**

Admitted as Sheriff-Clerk of the County 27th October, 1865. He was married, and had a family. He went over the journey of life all too rapidly, and sank early to rest on 24th July, 1871. He was of small stature, had a pleasant though somewhat reserved manner, and upon the whole was a well-liked man. He is buried on the border of the inner walk of east carriage drive at the end of the third terrace.

**ROBERT GLASSFORD MITCHELL, PROCURATOR-FISCAL.**

At the extreme end of the north drive stands a very effective granite slab, on a base of the same material, raised to the memory of the late Robert Glassford Mitchell, writer and Procurator-Fiscal for the County of Dumbarton. It reaches a height of about seven feet. Milne & Wishart were its sculptors. There is an utter absence of unnecessary ornamentation on this monument, and its proportions are worthy of the highest praise. R. G. Mitchell was the only

son of Bailie P. H. Mitchell, writer in this town. He was carefully educated at the Burgh Academy, and attended the law classes in Glasgow, in which city he was also a law clerk. He was admitted Procurator 25th April, 1844, and appointed Fiscal 3rd October, 1854. Was also for a number of years Inspector of Poor and Heritors' Clerk. He married Miss Agnes Hodge, of Paisley, in 1843, had issue three sons and two daughters, all surviving except the second son James, who died in the West Indies. In 1855 he was elected as a Councillor of the Burgh, being second highest at the poll. The late Procurator-Fiscal inherited a good deal of his father's pawky humour. He was capital company. He, after his father's death in 1843, became Secretary of the Salmon Club, and well did he discharge the duties effeiring to the office. He was essentially a family man, but when he went into company he enjoyed it much. He was an elder in the Established Church ; was a man of gentlemanly appearance and manner, and highly respected. He died on 21st September, 1874. This is the inscription that appears on Mr Mitchell's monument :—

“ IN MEMORY OF ROBERT GLASSFORD MITCHELL, WRITER IN DUMBARTON, PROCURATOR-FISCAL OF DUMBARTONSHIRE; DIED 21ST SEPTEMBER, 1874, AGED 55 YEARS ; AND OF AGNES HODGE, HIS WIFE, DIED 6TH DECEMBER, 1872, AGED 54 YEARS ; JAMES HODGE MITCHELL, THEIR SECOND SON, DIED AT PORT AU PRINCE, HAYTI, WEST INDIES, ON 28TH APRIL, 1882, AGED 33 YEARS.”

JOSEPH JENKINS, CHIEF-CONSTABLE OF DUMBARTONSHIRE. The Captain's father, named William Jenkins, was a farmer at a place called Fovern, where Mr Jenkins was born, about ten miles or so out of the town of Aberdeen. His father got mixed up with a party of smugglers, who did a big business in those days on the east coast, and harboured the smuggled goods on his lands. He was found out, but escaped in a French cutter, and was never afterwards heard of.

Joseph Jenkins was a mere child at that time, when the Government confiscated his father's goods, gear, and effects, and left his mother in straitened circumstances. In early manhood he went to Aberdeen and became a grocer's assistant. He shortly thereafter joined the Banffshire police as a common constable, and through sheer ability, in the course of about fifteen months, was promoted to Banff as criminal officer, and held that position until June, 1859, when he came to Dumbarton as chief constable of the county. Captain Jenkins was married oftener than once, and has of surviving issue five sons, James, Joseph, Alexander, William, and Andrew. He was a man of soldierly presence, who had a proper command of the men under his charge. He was of keen perception, a good judge of character, and had great tact in the management of delicate and difficult professional cases. He was most attentive to duty, and never allowed pleasure to interfere with business. He was thoroughly honest and reliable. He had fine social qualities, and had hosts of attached friends both in the county town and in the county. When he retired from active service in 1885 the county gentlemen voted him as retiring allowance the sum of £1250. Immediately after his retiral he went to live at Coldingham, in Berwickshire, and there he died on the Christmas Day of 1885, aged 60 years, and there he is buried. His sons have erected on their ground—which is in the centre of the left hand side of the east carriage drive—a neat freestone monument to his memory, bearing the following inscription:—


**"IN MEMORY OF JOSEPH JENKINS, FOR 25 YEARS CHIEF CONSTABLE OF DUMBARTONSHIRE, WHO DIED 25TH DECEMBER, 1885, AT COLDINGHAM, AND IS BURIED THERE. AGED 60. AND HIS WIFE, HELEN CRUICKSHANKS, WHO DIED 3RD DECEMBER, 1869, AND IS BURIED HERE. AGED 37."**





## CHAPTER X.

### WRITERS.

 **STONE** is erected on one of the lowermost crescents or terraces of the Cemetery to the memory of

**JOHN PATERSON AND WILLIAM PATERSON, WRITERS.**

This exceptionally fine monument is of freestone. It is massive, square, and well-proportioned. The design is Egyptian, having rich carvings on its cornice and other parts, the whole being surmounted by a draped urn. The inscription on it runs thus:—

“IN MEMORY OF JOHN PATERSON, WRITER, IN DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 16TH JULY, 1855, AGED 65 YEARS; ALSO, JEAN GLEN, HIS SPOUSE, WHO DIED 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1868, AGED 75 YEARS; MARY PATERSON, WHO DIED 15TH FEBRUARY, 1873, AGED 42 YEARS, WILLIAM PATERSON, WRITER AND BANK AGENT, WHO DIED 7TH OCTOBER, 1875, AGED 46 YEARS.”

In regard to old John Paterson, the honest writer, as he in my boyhood was familiarly called, I will only say a few words, reserving space for a notice of his (by this generation) better known son. John Paterson was a native of Littlemill, near Bowling, and served his law apprenticeship to Robert

Colquhoun, Writer and Sheriff-Clerk, Dumbarton. In 1818 he was admitted as a Procurator, and settled in Dumbarton as a writer—Duncan M'Farlane, the auctioneer, occupying one of the chambers of his office in High Street. Mr Paterson had a large practice in the then sense of the word large. He was considered a sound lawyer, and thoroughly straightforward in all his dealings. He was one of the old school, and when any very old client called upon him on business, his general practice was to adjourn with him, after the bearings of the case had been talked over, to Jamie Wilson's for a dram and a crack, during the progress of which a further elucidation of the subject matter which had brought them together was usually obtained. He was about the last of the writers who carried out that primitive arrangement. A new race has arisen which knoweth nothing of that mode of conducting business. However, it suited the free and easy style of the time in which it was practised. The times having now altered, so have the lawyers and other men. Men in every occupation thirty or forty years ago, after the completion of business matters of any moment, adjourned for refreshments, and as a natural consequence nobody, or almost nobody, thought anything the less of parties who so acted, for it was so very common. Mr Paterson was for many years, and down to his death, Clerk to the Trades and Merchants' Guild of the burgh. Mr Walter Buchanan, writer and bank agent of this town, was trained in his office, and after Mr John Paterson's death was assumed as a partner by his only son, also a writer.

WILLIAM PATERSON

Was a Dumbarton man. He was educated at the Burgh Academy. He received his legal training in his father's office. When the business devolved upon him after his father's death, he allowed his partner, Mr Buchanan, to have the

principal management and charge of it. Mr William Paterson succeeded his father in the clerkship to the Trades and Merchants' Guild, and held it till the Guild ceased to exist about the year 1865. He, over a score of years ago, became local agent of the new branch office which the Clydesdale Banking Company then opened in this town, and to the promotion of its interests he assiduously devoted his energies. Under his care it prospered exceedingly. He was very popular in the town because of his geniality, warmth of heart, and obliging disposition. He was somewhat shy and reserved in manner in general society, but in the social circle he shook himself free from his constitutional diffidence, and became an open, pleasant, chatty companion. He was returned in 1861 to the Town Council, being second highest at the poll. At the expiry of his term of office he retired into private life. He took a lively interest in all matters affecting the welfare of his native town. He was very kind to the poor, more especially to poor old Dumbartonians. The local Old Men and Women's Society had in him a hearty friend. In politics he was a Whig. In church matters he was a member, and a devoted one, of the Established Church. He died after a few days' illness. By his will he left instructions that after paying a few personal legacies, amounting in all to £300, and paying to the Home Mission of the Church of Scotland £200, to the Dumbarton Town Mission £200, and to the Dumbarton Old Men and Women's Society £300, his trustees should pay over the residue of his estate to the Minister and Kirk Session of the Parish of Dumbarton. The residue came to fully £8600, and the interest of that sum, according to the terms of the will, is divided as follows:—One-half in augmentation of minister's stipend, one-fourth to the deserving poor members of the congregation, and one-fourth

to the maintenance of an organ and an efficient choir. The fund has proved an unmixed blessing to the church, and will long keep his memory green within its borders.

**JOHN WARDLAW LOWE, WRITER,**

Second son of Mr Robert Lowe, writer, Kinross, was born about 1824. He served his apprenticeship to his father in the profession of the law. He was for a short period in a law office in Dumfries, then he entered on an engagement in the Sheriff-Clerk's office in Edinburgh. From there he went to Coupar-Angus; his next move being to Dumbarton in 1853, where he started business on his own account. In 1855 he was joined by his elder brother, R. W. Lowe. On 18th November, 1856, Mr J. W. Lowe died. He is survived by one son. Mr J. W. Lowe was too short a time amongst us to have made any special mark in his profession or otherwise.

**ROBERT WILLIAM LOWE, WRITER,**

Elder brother of the above, likewise served his apprenticeship to the profession of law in his father's office. When that probationary period was past, he went to a law office in Glasgow. From it he came to Dumbarton, and entered into the employment of Mr Scott, Procurator-Fiscal, as law clerk. He left this town for Dumfries, where he followed his profession for a brief space of time. His next move was to Edinburgh, where he got a good position in the office of Maurice Lothian, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal for Mid-Lothian, ultimately becoming his deputy. After a residence of ten years in the metropolis, he in 1855 came to Dumbarton and joined his brother's firm, and after his death carried on the business until his own death on 1st January, 1871. Mr R. W. Lowe in 1849 married Mary, youngest daughter of the late Deacon James Young, master tailor, of Dumbarton,

and had issue three sons, William, James, and John. The two latter of these and his widow survive. Mr Lowe was well known and highly esteemed by many of the inhabitants, not only for his professional ability, but for his fine social qualities. He was a worthy elder in the Parish Church of Dumbarton, and a good citizen. The two brothers, J. W. and R. W. Lowe, lie side by side on the margin of the inner walk of the west carriage drive, and a neat freestone monument, with suitable inscriptions, marks their narrow bed. In life the brothers were closely allied, and in death they are not divided.

**JAMES MACKIBBIN, WRITER,**

Served his apprenticeship to the profession of law at Dunblane, where he practised for some time on his own account. He came to Dumbarton and was admitted a procurator of its Sheriff Court on 28th August, 1855, and remained here in business down to his death on 25th April, 1860, aged 43 years. He was married, but had no issue. His widow, Helena English, erected a chastely-carved Maltese cross to his memory, near the top of the west margin of the inner walk of the west carriage drive. Unfortunately, the part of the front portion on which the inscription was has scaled off, and now lies on the ground, barely legible.

**ALEXANDER GLEN, JUN., WRITER,**

Son of Alexander Glen, plumber, Dumbarton, was born about 1843. He received a good education at the Burgh Grammar School, where he was an apt pupil. Was apprenticed to John Colquhoun, writer, Dumbarton. Was afterwards law clerk in the office of Messrs Lamond, Glasgow. Was admitted procurator before the Sheriff Court of Dumbarton on 2nd February, 1867. Practised in Glasgow as a lawyer. Rendered himself somewhat notorious by interdicting the

Caledonian Railway Company from paying a declared dividend. In that matter it was well understood that he only acted on behalf of another party who did not wish his name to be associated with the transaction. After being in business on his own account for a few years, he died in 1875, at the comparatively early age of 32 years. His body is laid beside that of his father, in ground immediately to the north of the Proudfoot statue.

ROBERT ALEXANDER MACOME, WRITER,  
Eldest son of Robert Macome, writer, Dumbarton, was educated at the Burgh School, and having served his apprenticeship with his father, was admitted procurator before the Dumbarton Sheriff Court on 17th February, 1857. Was in business in Glasgow. Died with startling suddenness. Was universally beloved for his amiability of character and sterling worth. He died unmarried. His remains are interred in the east margin of the north carriage drive, near its head. A handsome light grey granite obelisk of charming proportions marks the place of his rest. On it there is the following inscription:—

"ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT ALEXANDER MACOME,  
WRITER, GLASGOW, WHO DIED SUDDENLY, MARCH 21ST, 1861, AGED 27  
YEARS. 'THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.'"

ROBERT MACOME, WRITER,  
Was a native of Paisley (where his father was a teacher). He duly served his apprenticeship to the profession of law in the office of Robert Walkingshaw, writer, Paisley. On 21st September, 1832, he was admitted as a procurator before the Dumbarton Sheriff Court. He was local agent to Sir James Colquhoun, of Colquhoun and Luss, Bart., in succession to Robert Grieve, Town-Clerk, with whom Mr Macome was in partnership. He was an ardent Free Churchman, and was a man of active, bustling temperament, who took a

leading part in many local matters. His place of abode was Clerkhill. His family consisted, as far as I recollect, of two sons and two daughters. He died in the north of Scotland, but his remains were taken to Dumbarton and placed beside those of his son on the margin of the north carriage drive, near its top. Over his dust there stands the light grey granite obelisk of beautiful proportions which was erected to the memory of his son.

JOHN COLQUHOUN, WRITER,

Was eldest son of Archibald Colquhoun, writer, Dumbarton, and, along with his brothers Robert and Daniel, was educated at the Burgh Academy. He was indentured law apprentice to Robert Grieve, writer and Town Clerk. Was admitted as a procurator before the Sheriff Court of Dumbarton on 15th December, 1842. Married Miss Bell (daughter of Robert Bell, of Bowling Inn), and by her had a family, only one of whom (namely Robert) survives. John Colquhoun was a man of very marked ability, but lacked steadiness of purpose. He ought to have risen to the top of his profession, but fell very far short of it. The rapidity with which he could grasp the leading details of any law case in which he was engaged was something wonderful. He trusted too much to that property of his mind. His practice was, therefore, extensive rather than select. After a somewhat chequered career, he died in May, 1876, and is buried in the north margin of the cross road which Provost Bennett's monument stands in front of.

JOHN DENNY, TOWN CLERK.

On the north margin of the cross walk immediately behind the monument erected to the memory of the Rev. Andrew Gray, parish minister, there stands a handsome grey granite stone (by Mossman of Glasgow), about seventeen feet high,

having its four sides panelled and highly polished, the apex being a beautifully-modelled, enwreathed funeral urn, the effect of the combined whole reflecting credit on the taste and skill of the sculptor. This headstone was erected

"IN MEMORY OF JOHN DENNY, TOWN CLERK OF DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 15TH JANUARY, 1877, AGED 70 YEARS; AND HIS WIFE, CHRISTINA COCHRAN, DIED 1ST JANUARY, 1878, AGED 69 YEARS; ALSO THEIR CHILDREN, ROBERT, DIED 12TH OCTOBER, 1866, AGED 18 YEARS; JOHN, DIED 23RD JULY, 1869, AGED 27 YEARS; ISABELLA, DIED 22ND AUGUST, 1871, AGED 24 YEARS; MARY ANN, DIED 29TH AUGUST, 1872, AGED 27 YEARS; CATHERINE CRUM, DIED 14TH MAY, 1879, AGED 36 YEARS."

As may be seen by the inscription on the tombstone, Mr Denny's union with Miss Cochran was a prolific one. But death, alas, has plucked the fruit untimely. There only remain out of the number, William D. Denny, ship broker, Glasgow; Peter Denny, Canada, and Margaret Denny (wife of Mr Alexander Allan, Town Clerk of the burgh). The late Town Clerk was a native of this town, and received his earlier education at its Academy. He served his apprenticeship to John MacAulay, writer, Dumbarton, and graduated at Glasgow University. After a brief period spent in the office of an eminent legal firm in Edinburgh, he passed as a procurator at the local bar, and began business here on 13th November, 1832. Shortly after that date he was invested with the office of Burgh Fiscal. In 1843, on the death of Robert Grieve, he received the honourable appointment of Town Clerk of the royal burgh of Dumbarton. In 1857 he was chosen Clerk of the Peace for Dumbartonshire. He subsequently became Assessor in the Police Court and Clerk to the Police Commissioners of Dumbarton upon the adoption of the General Police Act by the burgh. For many years he acted as Collector of the County Rates. He was also Clerk to the Burgh School Board. At his death he was the oldest



member of the bar in Dumbarton Sheriff Court, and held the office of Dean of Faculty. He was a careful, sound, and judicious lawyer, and had a large practice. He was one of the original shareholders of the Lochlomond Steamboat Company, and was for the long period of thirty years their secretary and law agent. Constitutionally, the late Town Clerk was of a shy, reserved disposition; but yet he was kindly and genial withal. He was an attached member of the Established Church, and set a good example to his family and towns-folk in the way of regular attendance on the services of the sanctuary. His love for the place of his nativity was with him a passion. He considered Dumbarton and its surroundings to be in the very front rank for attractiveness, and its inhabitants second to none for enterprize. If any one suggested to him that the climate was too damp, and that the ground lay too low to be altogether favourable for enjoyment or longevity, he scouted the idea as being altogether wrong, as the climate was in his estimation good and enjoyable, and the town for its size could furnish as large a contingent of old people as any town in Scotland which had similar industrial establishments. When the town prospered he was glad; when its industries were depressed he was sad. A true lover of Dumbarton and all its institutions was John Denny.

**ALEXANDER DENNY, TOWN CLERK,**

Eldest son of John Denny, writer and Town Clerk, was born in Dumbarton on 10th March, 1839. He was educated at the Burgh Academy, and served his apprenticeship to his father. Afterwards was law clerk in the office of Messrs Marshall, Hill & Hill, writers, Glasgow, during which period he attended the usual law classes, and graduated in the University of that city. On 12th May, 1865, he was admitted pro-

curator. In 1869 he joined his father's firm as a partner, which then became J. & A. Denny. In June, 1870, he married Marion, eldest daughter of Mr R. G. Mitchell, Procurator-Fiscal of the county, and had issue three sons and one daughter. At his father's decease he, on 26th January, 1877, along with Mr Alexander Allan (who had been for many years principal clerk in the Town Clerk's office), was appointed joint Town Clerk. The legal business was on and after that date carried on under the style and title of Denny & Allan, as it remains at present. Alexander Denny, who never had what may be termed a robust constitution, died, after a brief illness, on 19th July, 1879, in his 41st year. His partner and brother-in-law, Mr Allan, is now Town Clerk, and he has recently assumed Mr Alexander Roberts, writer, as business partner. Mr Denny's remains are interred about the centre of the east margin of the north carriage drive. The late Town Clerk was a pleasant, quiet, sociable, well-liked man.





## CHAPTER XI.

### MUNICIPAL DIGNITARIES OF THE ROYAL BURGH. PROVOSTS, BAILIES, AND TREASURERS.

**T**HIS and the following chapter is devoted to the setting forth of the story of the lives of those of our municipal rulers who lie in the dust of death within the borders of the Cemetery. They for a season more or less brief guided the destinies of our local state. They, upon the whole, did so intelligently, and with advantage to the community. Therefore, though they be dead, their works still testify favourably of them. Every one of the Provosts, Bailies, Treasurers, Deans of Guild, Masters of Works, and Councillors of the burgh whose history is treated of in this and the following chapter was known to me. I have sat in Council with a good few of their number, and with a goodly portion of them I was intimate. I hope, therefore, that my limning of the deceased municipal dignitaries may prove true to the life.

#### PROVOST PETER DENNY OF CASTLEGREEN.

This at one time well-known and highly-influential gentleman was grandson of David Denny of Corslet, and son of Provost John Denny of Dumbarton—Dennys of the same

stock as the Braehead Dennys, iron shipbuilders. Provost Denny was a man of enterprise. He was an extensive grain merchant. His own vessels used to land cargoes of corn, &c., for him at his wharf, north of the Quay, where Windsor Cottage now stands. He was a ropemaker, and was also the Denny of the firm of Denny & Rankin, shipbuilders, well known in their time at the Woodyard, and latterly at the Castlegreen yard, for turning out both wooden and iron sailing vessels of a very high type. He was a bachelor, but not of the austere sort. He looked stern, but looks are not always to be relied on. While strictly attentive to business, he was fond of hilarity, given to hospitality, and had no particular aversion to the fair sex. He went monthly round the Vale of Leven on his favourite white pony to uplift money from his numerous customers, and he rode too and fro right cannily. He evidently held both himself and his beast well in hand. There were no heroic measures for the town's advancement carried out in the time of his provostship, as it was the day of small things, but what he had to do in connection with the governance of the town he did well, and filled the chief seat at the Council board with great dignity. In my schoolboy days he frequently was present as chief magistrate at the annual examinations, and his name as Provost appears on all the prizes which were then given. Uniformly after the distribution of these took place, the teachers of the Burgh Academy, and the more prominent of the gentlemen who were present at the examination, were entertained to a grand dinner at the Provost's mansion house of Castlegreen. And very enjoyable symposiums these were; wit and wine flowed freely at them. Provost Denny held the reins of government from 1834 to 1844, and from 1848 to 1851. His remains are interred in

the east side of the north carriage drive, near its top. After his death, his niece (Elizabeth Denny) and his nephew (James Denny) enjoyed the annual proceeds of his estate, which after their demise went to a grand-niece of Provost Denny's resident in Australia, who has since sold it to ex-Provost Peter Denny of Helenslee and others. On the Castlegreen Dennys' memorial stone there is inscribed the following:—

“IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER DENNY, MERCHANT, GLASGOW, WHO DIED 14TH SEPTEMBER, 1855, AGED 70 YEARS; PETER DENNY OF CASTLEGREEN, WHO DIED 1ST FEBRUARY, 1856, AGED 68 YEARS, SONS OF THE LATE JOHN DENNY OF CASTLEGREEN; JAMES DENNY, HIS GRANDSON, WHO DIED 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1858, AGED 44 YEARS; ELIZABETH DENNY, HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, WHO DIED 4TH JANUARY, 1872, AGED 60 YEARS.”

#### PROVOST WILLIAM RISK.

Passing along the upper or north carriage drive, at the north-eastern corner of the Cemetery, I came to the burying-place of the Risk family, which within the past half century gave to the burgh two Provosts (William Risk and James Blair Risk, father and son), and which—such are the vicissitudes of life—is now without direct representation. Their monument, which extends the whole length of the ground in which they lie, is of Gothic design, in free-stone, consisting of five panels formed with shafts, with carved capitals and moulded cusped arches, the whole surmounted by a cornice and gable in centre with a cross. The panels rest on a moulded plinth and base. Dimensions:—Thirteen feet four inches long; seven feet four inches high to top of cornice, and twelve feet to top of cross. A carved circular panel with monogram occupies the centre gable, and there are also small carved circular panels at the sides. The design was furnished by our able townsman, Mr John MacLeod, architect, and it was most efficiently carried out by Mr Grasby, sculptor, Glasgow. With much fine work,

reminding us of the mural tablets in cathedrals, this erection, fine though it is, would, in its present most commanding position, be comparatively ineffective were it not that it flanks and harmonises with the more imposing structure erected at the adjoining burying-places of the Campbells of Barnhill and Crosslet, the M'Kenzies of Caldarvon, &c. But possibly, nay, very likely, the design was made as it is with a view to what was to flank it on the left. The inscriptions on the Risk monument run as follows :—

On centre tablet—

“THE BURYING-GROUND OF JAMES BLAIR RISK OF MEADOWBANK.”

On inside tablet (left side)—

“JAMES BLAIR RISK, MERCHANT IN DUMBARTON, J.P. FOR DUMBARTONSHIRE; PROVOST OF DUMBARTON, MARCH 1ST, 1854, TILL NOV. 9TH, 1860; BORN APRIL 6TH, 1818, DIED APRIL 29TH, 1878.”

On inside tablet (right side)—

“MARGARET BRUCE, HIS WIFE, BORN OCTOBER 10TH, 1822, DIED FEBRUARY 2ND, 1860.”

On outside tablet (right side)—

“WILLIAM RISK, HIS SON, BORN JULY 25TH, 1857, DIED DEC. 30TH, 1876; ELIZABETH BRUCE RISK (“BESSIE”), HIS DAUGHTER, BORN JULY 1ST, 1858, DIED OCTOBER 20TH, 1859.”

On outside tablet (left side)—

“WILLIAM RISK, HIS FATHER, MERCHANT, DUMBARTON, PROVOST OF DUMBARTON, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1845, TILL NOVEMBER 14TH, 1848; J.P. FOR DUMBARTONSHIRE, BORN JULY 1ST, 1785, DIED OCTOBER 7TH, 1864; JANET BLAIR, HIS MOTHER, BORN JANUARY 6TH, 1794, DIED JUNE, 1819, AND WAS BURIED IN PARISH CHURCHYARD, DUMBARTON.”

Provost William Risk was born at Kilmaronock. In early manhood he went to Dundee, where he was employed in the seed trade. In 1810 he began trading in Dumbarton as a seedsman. Shortly after that date he added wines and spirits to his business, which latterly was conducted at 65 High Street, in the premises now occupied by Mr M'Pherson,

vintner. Mr Risk did a considerable wholesale, as well as a large retail trade, latterly with his son in company. When Messrs W. Risk & Son gave up business in 1853, my very old friend Bailie M'Lean took it up, and carried it on most successfully. In September, 1829 William Risk was first elected a member of Town Council as one of the five merchant Councillors who in part constituted that body under the old *regime*. In November, 1833, at the first election under the Municipal Reform Act, he was again chosen as a Councillor, and was at that time elected as the Senior Bailie of the burgh. In the November of 1845 he was created Provost of the town, and after holding office for three years, he finally retired from the Council. He was the first Liberal in politics who was elevated to the provostship of the burgh since the passing of the Reform Bill. Those who preceded him in that office since the period referred to were Conservatives. In 1847, during Provost William Risk's reign, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, her illustrious consort Prince Albert, and several members of their family, visited the castle. William Risk was one of four gentlemen who took an active part in the formation of the Associate Secession Church here (now U.P., Rev. Dr Halley's), of whom he was the last survivor. He was a very extensive house proprietor in the burgh, and took a deep interest in the affairs of the town up to the last. He was of a modest, retiring nature, a man of few words, not brilliant but reliable, very attentive to business, and a shrewd money maker. He married Miss Blair, daughter of Captain Blair, and had issue one son, James Blair Risk, who also sat in the Provost's chair of the burgh. Old Provost Risk, after a long illness, died at his residence, Meadowbank, here, on 7th October, 1864 in his 80th year.

## PROVOST JAMES BLAIR RISK,

Son of William Risk by his marriage with Miss Blair, daughter of Captain Blair of this town, was born in Dumbarton, and in it he was reared. In early manhood he was a partner in the drapery concern of France & Risk of this burgh, to which the late Henry Adams succeeded. Further on in life he was a partner in his father's business, and also carried on business as a brewer in the Dumbarton Brewery. When comparatively a young man he was elected a member of the Town Council, and took a very active and intelligent interest in everything affecting the weal of the town. In 1854 he was elected Provost of the burgh, and held the office down to 1860. During his civic reign the town was supplied for the first time with water from the Lang Craigs on the gravitation principle. The Broad Meadow also was embanked, and several other important municipal works were achieved. J. B. Risk was long connected with the Parochial Board of Dumbarton, of which (and also of the Combination Poorhouse Committee) he was for many years chairman, and he did most excellent work in both of these offices for the public. To him in a very special manner we are indebted for the existence of the Combination Poorhouse. He was a Justice of the Peace for the county. He was Liberal in politics, and a dissenter of the strictest kind. He was of a reserved manner, and although very well educated and decidedly clever, he did not understand how to do things in a handsome manner; therefore he never was very popular either as a citizen or as a Provost. He married Miss Bruce, daughter of the Rev. Mr Bruce, Ardoch Cottage, but she did not long survive. He left issue one son, William, who died before reaching his majority. Provost Risk's latter years were spent in travelling. His headquarters were now Edinburgh and



then London. On the death of his father he became one of the largest house proprietors in the burgh. His large means went principally to the Bruce family. He died in London on April 29th, 1878, but is interred in Dumbarton Cemetery.

PROVOST THOMAS MACINTOSH

Was born at Milton of Daviot on May 10th, 1809. His father was a farmer. Early in life he was sent to his uncle, John MacIntosh, general manager of Dalquhurn Works, Renton, to live with him in family and finish his education. That being accomplished, he came to Dumbarton and was apprenticed to the Messrs M'Ewan, who were then among the leading grocers of the town. As far as I recollect, Thomas MacIntosh began business as a grocer on his own account in Dumbarton either in the year 1837 or '38, and he so conducted it as to win the esteem and entire confidence of his customers. He was a shareholder of the Dumbarton Steamboat Company, and for a short time its managing director. In politics he was a Whig. In ecclesiastical matters he was attached to the United Secession (now U.P.) Church, High Street, of which he was for many years a highly esteemed elder. He took a lively interest in the affairs of the burgh. In 1852, and again in 1860, he was returned to the Town Council. In the latter year he was created Provost, and filled the office with great dignity and ability for two years. During his reign, by the sale of the Grain Mill and of the Leven and Clyde fishings, the burgh was freed from the incubus of debt which had for many generations weighed heavily upon it. The Mill and Waulkmill lands brought £1300, and the fishings £2500. About this period Mr MacIntosh married Miss Janet Gordon of Huntly Lodge, Kirn, having issue two daughters, now dead, and one son, William, now in America. A few years after Provost MacIntosh's marriage he was seized

by an illness of such a deadly nature that he succumbed to it within eight days, dying at his residence, Comely Bank, on 7th December, 1863. He was a man of gentlemanly presence, great force of character, capital business qualifications, and a born leader of men. There was very widespread lamentation at his unlooked for demise. His widow erected to his memory a handsome granite headstone on the east margin of the upper portion of west carriage drive, which bears the following inscription :—

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS MACINTOSH, MERCHANT, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 7TH DEC., 1863, AND HIS DAUGHTERS, LILLIAS GORDON, WHO DIED 10TH MARCH, 1868, AGED 7 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS ; MARJORY CATHERINE, WHO DIED 18TH MARCH, 1868, AGED 5 YEARS AND 9 MONTHS.”

#### PROVOST THOMAS MACNEIL.

The Provost was a native of Maybole, Ayrshire, but came to Dumbarton, and was so long resident here that he was looked upon by almost everybody as a native. He at one time was the foremost man in this place in his business of merchant tailor. His first wife was a Miss MacDonald, and his second a Miss MacAulay, by both of whom he had a family. He left at his demise five daughters and three sons. He was in politics a Liberal of the liberals. He was an attached member of the West Bridgend Relief, now U.P. Church. In political, religious, and social circles, he was well esteemed. When, comparatively speaking, a young man he was elected to a seat at the Town Council Board, and, with one or two short intervals, was a member of our local parliament down to 1869. In fact he sat as a member of it at one time and another for about a quarter of a century. In 1848, and again in 1861, he was elected to a Bailiership. In 1866 he succeeded Provost M'Ausland in the Chief Magistrates' chair, and held the office of Provost down to 1869,

when he finally withdrew from public life. During his civic reign there was no scheme of any moment inaugurated, but there was a good deal of important work completed. Altogether, in connection with his Town Councillorship, he did capital service for the town. The Provost also took a very deep interest in matters relating to the management of the poor of the parish, was for a considerable period Chairman of the Parochial Board, and as such did good work for the community. When the Glasswork property was brought to the hammer in the year 1849 or 1850, Mr M'Neil had the command of sufficient cash to purchase a considerable acreage of it which lies to the north side of the High Street, and that at such a very low price that when trade became prosperous a few years afterwards he found himself a wealthy man. On the ground then purchased he built several ranges of substantial three storey lands of houses, suitable for the better portion of the working classes. These tenements having shops of a superior description on the ground flat, and houses above which are in general demand, still further strengthend the Provost's financial position, and amply rewarded him for his enterprising spirit and for the confidence he thus displayed in the increasing prosperity of the burgh. I had the pleasure of sitting with him both at the Parochial and Council Boards for some years, and always found him agreeable. Possibly he had too little of the iron element in his constitution to make a potential leader of men. He was too soft of heart for that, but in spite of it he discharged the duties of the Provostship, &c., efficiently. He was of a frank, affable, humorous disposition, and enjoyed much a meeting with old friends to talk of old times and old familiar faces. His demise was much regretted, not only by his widow and family, but by a large circle of

warmly attached friends. His death took place on 28th March, 1878. He is buried near the head of the north drive. The following is inscribed on his tombstone:—

“IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF THOMAS M'NEIL, MERCHANT, PROVOST OF DUMBARTON FROM 1866 TILL 1869; BORN AT MAYBOLE 2ND FEBRUARY, 1806, DIED AT DUMBARTON, 28TH MARCH, 1878; MARGARET MACAULAY, HIS BELOVED WIFE, BORN AT DUMBARTON 26TH JANUARY, 1816; DIED AT DUMBARTON 5TH MARCH, 1882.”

“THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS DONE IN HEAVEN.”

PROVOST BENNETT.

Of this erstwhile potent ruler of the town I have written at length in my history of “The Castle and Town of Dumbarton,” two thousand copies of which are in circulation. Under these circumstances, I do not deem it necessary to say much concerning him in this volume. I will only give an outline of his life. He was born at Saltcoats on 12th August, 1815. In 1835 he removed to Glasgow. In that city he plied for a period his trade of tailor. He was then for a time a missionary and divinity student within its borders. In 1844 he married his cousin, Matilda Bennett, and had issue four daughters and three sons. In 1847 he joined the staff of the *Sentinel*—the Glasgow Radical organ—and became a pressman for life. In 1851 he instituted the *Dumbarton Herald*, and ten years later the *Lennox Herald*. In the years 1862, 1870, and 1873 he was returned to the Council Board. He in 1871 was appointed Provost, and held that office until his death in 1876. In 1873, and again in 1876, he was elected a member of the School Board of the burgh, and was appointed its chairman. He was an ardent Volunteer, and an enthusiastic Free Mason. The Provost was R. W. Master of his lodge (No. 18) for one year. He never was of a robust constitution, and the large share he took of public work, together with the cares incident to carrying on his considerable business, and the thousand

and one annoyances and worries inseparable from discharging the duties appertaining to the public offices which he held, had a very prejudicial effect upon his health, and hastened his death. He was instrumental in carrying through some good measures in the town's interest; but his Castle Pier scheme has been a huge white elephant to the community. It devours large money from the Gas Corporation and taxation, and gives little in exchange. The Provost died literally in harness.

Provost Bennett's admirers erected to his memory a red, polished, Gothic obelisk with bases, having body and shaft octagon, needle shape, rising out of gables, on the front one of which there is a good bronze medallion likeness of Provost Bennett. The finish on top is a carved granite crown with finial. There are two side wings for names being inscribed on, which finish with white granite urns. This public monument was executed by the Messrs Young of this town. On it is the following inscription:—

"IN MEMORY OF SAMUEL BENNETT, NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR; PROVOST OF DUMBARTON 1871-76; BORN AT SALTCOATS, 12TH AUGUST, 1815, DIED AT DUMBARTON, 30TH OCTOBER, 1876.

"THIS MONUMENT HAS BEEN ERECTED BY HIS MANY FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS TO MARK THEIR HIGH APPRECIATION OF HIS CHARACTER AND VALUABLE PUBLIC SERVICES. HE ORIGINATED AND SUCCESSFULLY PROMOTED MANY SCHEMES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF HIS ADOPTED BURGH, AND SUPPORTED EVERY MOVEMENT FOR INCREASING THE PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS OF ITS INHABITANTS.

"FOR THE SOCIAL WELL-BEING, POLITICAL RIGHTS, AND MORAL ELEVATION OF THE PEOPLE, HE EVER FAITHFULLY AND BRAVELY CONTENDED, AND, FEARLESS IN HIS DISCHARGE OF DUTY, HE TAUGHT HIS TOWNSMEN AND COUNTRYMEN TO VALUE A RIGHT

'THE GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE OF BEING INDEPENDENT.'

BAILIE JOHN EWING.

On the border of the inner walk of the west drive (north of the Denny monuments) we find, at the point where a walk branches off from it, a silver granite obelisk raised to

perpetuate the memory of the late John Ewing, who was for many years a member of the Town Council, and was for a considerable period of that time a Bailie of the burgh. The memorial stone stands about twelve feet high, and its sculptor is Gray, Glasgow. The following inscription appears upon the tombstone:—

"MARGARET EWING, IN MEMORY OF JOHN EWING, HER FATHER, DIED 2ND AUGUST, 1874, AGED 86 YEARS; ELIZABETH PATERSON, HER MOTHER, DIED 26TH SEPTEMBER, 1874, AGED 83 YEARS; JOHN EWING, HER BROTHER, DIED 23RD OCTOBER, 1844, AGED 21 YEARS."

Bailie Ewing early in life was a glass crate maker, but when that occupation was gone, on account of the collapse of the Dumbarton Glass and Bottle Work Company, he became a wholesale dealer in salt, importing shiploads of it. He was a distinguished cultivator of flowers, and took great delight in the keeping of his garden at Strathleven Place in charming order. In his early days in the Council, matters were discussed in a very free and easy style. It is reported that, on the occasion of the delivery of a set maiden speech by a young and aspiring man who was elected to serve in the Council, along with men who for age might easily be his father, one of these ancients angrily and gruffly tried to shut him up by saying, "Haud yer tongue, Johnnie; we kent that before ye was born." But this is by the way; and I close my remarks about Bailie Ewing by saying that he was a decent, honourable, well-doing, thriving burgess, who had many friends and few enemies.

#### BAILIE JAMES M'ALESTER,

Second son of James M'Alester, wright, and Catherine Lang, was born in Dumbarton in 1800, August 2nd. After receiving as good an education as could be imparted to him at the Burgh Academy, he was apprenticed to the drapery business,

and ultimately began on his own account. His business was conducted on the most honourable, straightforward principles, and he was successful in securing an extensive patronage from the very best people in the town and neighbourhood. He was elected several times to the Town Council of the burgh, and was a Bailie for some years. He was a very just and painstaking magistrate, a man of few words, always calm and collected, and secured by his Christian walk and conversation the entire confidence and esteem of the whole community. He never was married. He held the honourable position of elder in the Free Church. He died on April 3rd, 1876. His remains are interred on the margin of the second inner north walk. A headstone of good style and material marks out his place of rest. He left by his will a sum of money for the Burgh Academy, the interest of which is given annually, in the shape of a bursary, to the eldest son of a journeyman joiner who excels in his lessons.

**BAILIE JAMES CALLEN,**

Son of a Glasgow rope and sail maker, was born in that city. In 1856 he succeeded to the proprietorship of the Dumbarton Ropework, in succession to Mr J. M'Ausland. In 1842 he married Agnes Cook, a Dumbarton lady, and had issue one daughter. Both of these survive. A most devoted husband and father he was. His place of residence was Braehead House. He was an attached member of the Independent Church, and Sunday after Sunday, year after year, drove to Helensburgh to worship. He was elected to a seat at the Town Council Board in 1867, and was created a Bailie of the burgh. This office he filled with considerable dignity. He was seemingly of a somewhat reserved, frigid turn. You felt you could not get near him; but that was evidently more apparent than real, for he had a large number

of friends, with whom he enjoyed many a social hour. After an illness of lengthened duration, he died in 1873, aged about 46 years. His remains are interred near the centre of the west margin of the west carriage drive, under the shade of of a weeping willow.

**TREASURER JOHN LATTA.**

The tombstone which marks out the resting-place of Mr Latta is a large, grey, Aberdeen granite one of good design, having two bases and body and cornice, on the front of which is cut a rich incised ornament. It was designed and executed by our townsman, Mr William Young, and is a good specimen of his workmanship. Its position is on the east inner walk, immediately behind Provost M'Neil's monument, on the east carriage drive. On the front of Mr Latta's stone is lettered the following:—

"IN MEMORY OF JOHN LATTA, TANNER, DUMBARTON, DIED 28TH JANUARY, 1874, AGED 86; JANET LANG, HIS WIFE, DIED 13TH APRIL, 1886, AGED 85 YEARS."

John Latta was a native of Dumbarton, and belonged to a family which had for generations many been connected with the good old burgh. He in early manhood was a contractor; then he became a tanner, succeeding Bailie Davidson in that business a few years after his death in 1836. It is now fifty-four years since Mr Latta entered the Town Council of this burgh, sitting for the first few years as Councillor, and latterly for many years as Treasurer of the burgh. Whilst others, and myself among the rest, may have had occasion at times to disagree with him on certain points in regard to the municipal government of the town, yet I believe that none of those who differed from him in opinion ever thought of questioning the honesty and disinterestedness of his conduct. His religious sentiments were of a very decided type, and



were not a mere idle profession. He invariably endeavoured to reduce his opinions to practice, no matter how great the effort or unpopular the manner of his doing so. I may state that for a considerable period it was his wont to walk to Glasgow and back again (a distance of 30 miles) on occasional Sundays, and while at the city he listened to two and sometimes three sermons—pretty good work that was, all to be done in one day, and that called a day of rest. He was then connected with the congregation of the late Dr William Anderson, of Glasgow, of whom he was an ardent admirer. He was on these occasions sometimes accompanied by Mr Peter M'Kinlay, a like-minded friend, who will no doubt be remembered by some of the older of my readers. This mode of spending the Sabbath day may appear to some extravagant, but it indicated a resolution and zeal which would not be overcome by any obstacles.

Treasurer Latta was always an ardent reformer, as well in the ecclesiastical as in the political world. It was in his name for many years all the exceptions were taken against certain Tory individuals being placed upon the roll of voters. He was one of the jurors at the trial of the Duntocher Radicals in 1819 for rising against the constituted authorities, when the case for the Crown broke down, and the prisoners were discharged *en masse*. The treasurership of the burgh was more of an honourable than an onerous nature in his time. My father for many years, in the one-policeman era, was hatter to the Corporation. I on more than one occasion was sent to the tan works, over which the worthy Treasurer presided, to present for payment the account for the constable's annual *chapeau*, amounting to ten shillings and sixpence sterling, and more than once I was met by the reply, "Nothing in the bag, sir, nothing in the bag; call

again," at the same time flourishing that limp article in my face by way of emphasizing and proving his assertion. As a husband, father, and citizen, Mr Latta was most exemplary, and, take him all in all, he in his time was a man of note, and a power in the community. He was blessed with a very robust bodily constitution, and a most equable mental temperament, and these properties being backed up by the most temperate habits, account in some measure for his longevity. The Treasurer is survived by three sons and two daughters.

#### TREASURER PETER PATERSON.

Very pleasant was thy companionship, O thou most genial of Treasurers ! How fondly I look back upon the years I spent with thee at the Council Board of the burgh. Thou wert there, as everywhere else, a perfect Nathaniel without guile. Then, in regard to the joyous days spent in thy company on the inspection of the Water Works, when the Commissioners held high jinks, are they not set down as red letter days in memory's calendar ? With what fine feeling thou leddest the singing of that sublime psalm, " Old Hundred," at " the bonnie wee well on the brier o' the brae," while we, thy municipal brothers, stood around thee reverently, with uncovered heads, singing to the Lord with cheerful voice. Those pleasant times are now clean gone bye for ever ; but the memory thereof will form part of my being as long as reason holds its sway. What a fine vein of quiet humour ran through thy modest, unassuming nature. Thy jokes, and quips, and cranks, and funny sayings are now all over, and we, thy old friends, are all the sadder for it.

Treasurer Paterson was a native of Dumbarton, and for the greater part of his life carried on a successful business within its borders as a house joiner, and held a considerable amount

of heritable property in the place. Mr Paterson had been for upwards of twenty years a member of the Town Council. In 1857 he succeeded Treasurer Latta in the Treasurership of the burgh, and held that office continuously down to his death. After an illness of short duration, he died, on 22nd June, 1866, at the age of 70. So highly was he esteemed, that his remains were followed to their last resting-place by the Corporation and the general public. He left the following legacies of a public character, viz.:—£100 to be mortified by the Town Council, and the interest thereof given to the poor of the burgh; £100 to be added to the legacy of £500 left by the late James Ewing, Esq., of Strathleven for the erection of an hospital in this town, and £20 to the Dorcas Society. Treasurer Paterson was a highly-esteemed member of the Established Church, and a man of unblemished walk and conversation.

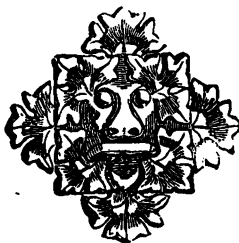
The Treasurer is buried on the right-hand side at the top of the lower inner walk of the west carriage drive, and there stands a massive grey granite monument, with polished tablets on its four sides, the front one of which tells the tale as to when the worthy Treasurer Paterson died, and at what age, and also does the same office for his help-meet. A huge auracaria grows in the middle of their lairs, and almost hides the monument from the gaze of the passers-by. On the stone there is inscribed the following:—

“IN MEMORY OF PETER PATERSON, WRIGHT, DUMBARTON, AND FOR MANY YEARS TREASURER OF THE BURGH, WHO DIED 22ND JUNE, 1866, AGED 70; AND HIS WIFE, JANET BUNTIN, WHO DIED 8TH OCTOBER, 1871, AGED 75.”

#### TREASURER HENRY ADAMS

Was born in Liberton, in the vicinity of Edinburgh; was brought up in Dalkeith; served his apprenticeship to the drapery business in Burntisland; came to Dumbarton in

1834 to be shopman to Messrs France & Risk, drapers, Heggie's Buildings, and to their business he ultimately succeeded. He was a remarkably clever salesman—he could almost wile a bird off a tree wi' his pawky tongue. For many years he did a very large drapery, millinery, dress-making, and clothing trade. In 1845 he married Agnes, one of the daughters of William Galbraith, miller, and had issue four sons and three daughters. In 1874 he retired from business, leaving it in the hands of his eldest son, David, who has in turn given it up, and thus the oldest drapery business in town has ceased to be. As far back as 1851 Mr Adams was returned as a Councillor of the burgh. In 1854 he was again returned, as he also was in 1858 and 1865. He was a clear-headed man of decidedly progressive proclivities, and was a great acquisition to the Council. He held for a period the honourable post of Burgh Treasurer. He died on 25th July, 1880, aged 63, and is interred in ground on one of the lower terraces, a little to the east of the M'Millan monument.





## CHAPTER XII.

### MUNICIPAL DIGNITARIES OF THE ROYAL BURGH. COUNCILLORS.

#### DEAN OF GUILD WILLIAM BABTIE,

**S**ON of Alexander Babbie, calico printer, born in Dumbarton, 1789; educated at the Burgh Academy. In course of time he began business in the burgh as a grocer. Married and had issue, four sons and five daughters. Two sons (William Babbie, Esq., Dean of the Faculty of Writers and Procurator-Fiscal for the county, and John Babbie, Esq., Provost of the burgh) and all the daughters survive. Early in life he began to take an active part in Municipal and Imperial politics. He was an ardent Reformer, as were most of his friends and neighbours. He was one of the original partners of the new Dumbarton Steamboat Company, and its treasurer. He was for many years an active member of the Town Council, and Dean of Guild and Treasurer of the burgh. Was a member of the Established Church. He bought the house that he occupied for 54 years from his grand-uncle's heir. He died in it with startling suddenness in December 1865, aged 76. He is interred at the west end of the north carriage

drive, where a fine stone obelisk is erected to his memory. Mr Babbie was a man of sterling integrity, and although a little reserved in manner, never ceased to take an active and intelligent interest in municipal life. He was one of the last of the race of bein merchant burgesses, who in their time lived quietly and simply, and who were known and appreciated for their strict honesty and manly independence. On his monument is inscribed :—

**WILLIAM BABTIE.**

"IN MEMORY OF MARGARET TAYLOR, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED 2ND OCTOBER, 1858, IN THE FIFTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF HER AGE; WILLIAM BABTIE, DIED 2ND DECEMBER, 1865, AGED 76 YEARS; ALEXANDER BABTIE, THEIR SECOND SON, DIED 8TH MAY, 1868, AGED 38 YEARS; JAMES TURNER BABTIE, THEIR FOURTH SON, DIED 11TH MAY, 1869, AGED 32 YEARS."

**DEAN OF GUILD WILLIAM BUCHANAN**

Was a native of Kilmaronock. He came to Dumbarton in 1828, and remained there down to his death on December 22nd, 1879, aged 82 years. He carried on business on his own account as a cartwright in Church Street, and was well known and highly esteemed for honourable, upright conduct. He was for 48 years an elder in the Relief (now U.P.) Church, West Bridgend. Mr Buchanan was also many times returned as a member of the Town Council, in which he held the office of Master of Works, and then that of Dean of Guild. In Council he was a sagacious adviser. He had a most sweet temper. To look at his face was to know that he was pervaded by the soul of goodness. I never knew his temper to be ruffled. He was incapable of doing a mean act. He is survived by his widow (now in her 85th year) and by his daughter, Mrs George Henderson. The Dean's remains are interred in one of the lower terraces of the Cemetery in ground to the east of the monument erected to

the memory of John and William Paterson, writers. The following lines on Mr Buchanan are taken from a poem of which the late Ebenezer Sturrock of this town was author :—

“ Through lengthening years, beyond three-score-and-ten,  
He walked with God, though dwelling here with men ;  
His life was like a book, where one could read  
Beatitudes enshrined in Christian’s creed ;  
I’ve seen him stand beside the bed of pain,  
If prayers avail then his were not in vain ;  
Like grateful incense wafted to the skies,  
They rose to Heaven’s Court, accepted sacrifice.  
When hoary hairs bore witness of decay  
His Saviour’s hand did smooth his rugged way,  
Until the earth received the pilgrim’s load,  
And now he dwells in presence of his God.”

DEAN OF GUILD PETER MACGREGOR.

Abutting on one of the inner western walks, a little to the north-west of the Denny ground, there is an exceedingly graceful memorial stone, which has on its base an admirably carved female figure in bas relief hanging despondingly over a funeral urn. This monument marks the narrow bed of one whom I was wont to call friend. For thirty years he and I wrought together in the furtherance of many worthy local institutions. My dear old companion, Peter MacGregor, was born in Kilmaronock. In early life he was engaged along with his father in tending the Ross Priory grounds. Later on he was apprenticed to James Nairn, joiner, Bonhill. Shortly after he became journeyman he came to Dumbarton, and was employed by Mr Archibald Denny in his shipyard. Mr MacGregor’s next move was to the Woodyard, where he entered the service of William Denny & Brothers as journeyman wright. After the lapse of two or three years he was appointed foreman joiner in succession to Archibald Liddle,

holding that important position down to his death in 1882, with honour to himself and credit to his employers. In early manhood he married Margaret M'Ghie, of an old Dumbarton family, and had issue a large family, of whom only survive George and Annie. In 1876 Mr MacGregor became Councillor MacGregor, and shortly thereafter he was appointed Dean of Guild of the burgh, in which office he died. In politics the Dean was a staunch Conservative, and did good service to his party. In religious matters he held that it was good for a country to uphold and support a National Church, but for all that he was a member of the Rev. Dr Halley's U.P. Congregation. That was brought about by his admiration for the doctor's abilities as a preacher. During Mr M'Gregor's life-time he received many substantial tokens of the esteem in which he was held by his employers and by many other persons. For a year or two before his death he suffered severely from a malady in his legs which rendered locomotion difficult. His end came very suddenly, and I in common with many hundreds mourn his demise. Peter Macgregor's tombstone contains the names of four of his children, and it is also—

“ SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MARGARET M'GHIE, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED 15TH FEBRUARY, 1879, AGED 60 YEARS ; PETER MACGREGOR, WHO DIED 5TH JUNE, 1882, AGED 61 YEARS ; PETER MACGREGOR, THEIR SECOND SON, WHO DIED AT SINGAPORE 16TH FEBRUARY, 1887, AGED 35 YEARS AND 7 MONTHS.”

“ ERECTED BY PETER MACGREGOR, JOINER, DUMBARTON, 1857.”

MASTER OF WORKS ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Robert Chambers was born in Leith, son of a brother of the father of the Messrs Chambers, the eminent Edinburgh publishers. Half-a-century ago he came to Dumbarton to fill the post of foreman glass-cutter in the Glass and Bottle Works. When these works were stopped, Robert Chambers started business in the burgh on his own account as a glazier and dealer in china and earthenware, and being backed up



in this venture by a clever, prudent, industrious wife, he prospered exceedingly. He was a hard worker, had no extravagant habits, and was quite content and happy to live in a comparatively humble yet comfortable style. For the major portion of his life he was a strict teetotaler. In fact, stimulants would have been wasted on him, for he was constitutionally of a most ardent, impulsive temperament, which required the curb rather than the spur. In 1859 Robert Chambers was first returned to the Town Council as one of its members, and sat at that board (with the exception of one year) down to 1868. He was upon the whole a useful Councillor, and held the appointment for a short time of Master of Works. Beyond that he never could get, for he was too much of a free lance to be further promoted by either of the two parties who then composed the Council. In the family circle Mr Chambers was seen at his best. His warm-heartedness and sunny temperament made his dwelling-place pleasant and attractive. In the year 1862 the severest blow my old *confrere* ever met with was sustained in the loss of the wife of his youth, who was unto him a good angel. Although surrounded by loving sons and daughters, who did all they could to cheer and sustain him in his affliction, yet he never was the same after it. He departed this life in September, 1877, and is buried in the Cemetery.

#### MASTER OF WORKS JOHN KIRKPATRICK

Was a native of Dumbarton. He was a blockmaker to trade, but gave it up many years ago, and devoted himself to the management of a property of his own in College Park Street, and to the factoring of the great Dennystown property, which then belonged to the heirs of the late William Denny second of the Woodyard. Mr Kirkpatrick was one of the

old school, and looked with no favour upon the go-a-head party in the burgh, as he thought they were driving it to destruction. It is reported of him that he said he "never knew the Toon Council o' Dumbarton do what was right, no, not even by accident." However, in 1871 he entered that body which he so lightly esteemed, and was created Master of Works. He was returned three times in succession for the first ward of the burgh, and on two of these occasions he was returned unopposed. I do not know that he shone in any distinguished way in our local parliament. He was what is usually called a safe man, who would not be easily led to adventure too much; and yet Provost Bennett got Mr Kirkpatrick, and a good many others of the same stamp, to go in for projects that more adventurous men would have declined to have anything to do with. Mr Kirkpatrick's remains are interred near the top of the inner walk of the west carriage drive.

#### COUNCILLOR WILLIAM ADAM.

On the upper margin of the cross walk which starts from the head of the inner walk of the lower west carriage drive, there is an imposing freestone monument of about fifteen feet in height, having draped urn on summit, and on its pediment a circular wreath beautifully cut, under which is inscribed:—

"HELEN BROCK, IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, WILLIAM ADAM, WHO DIED 22ND FEBRUARY, 1867, AGED 62 YEARS; WILLIAM, THEIR SON, DIED 10TH OCTOBER, 1841, AGED 4 YEARS; MARGARET, THEIR DAUGHTER, DIED 10TH NOVEMBER, 1855, AGED 10 YEARS; ALSO HER MOTHER, HELEN DAVIDSON, BORN 14TH DECEMBER, 1781, DIED 23RD FEBRUARY, 1872, AGED 91 YEARS; ALSO HELEN BROCK, WHO DIED 30TH JUNE, 1886, AGED 74 YEARS."

William Adam was a native of Govan. After his education was over, he was apprenticed to the grocery business,

and in process of time came to Dumbarton and started trading on his own account in 1831, in succession to Brock & Gardner, grocers and grain merchants. He married Helen Brock in 1833, and left issue two sons (James and William) and three daughters (Helen, Janet, and Ann). Mr Adam was in his time a most enterprising business man. He imported grain and meal direct, and sent these and other commodities as far as Perthshire and Stirlingshire, besides doing a large wholesale trade in this town and surrounding district. In trading he was very successful, and deservedly so, for he carried it on very pluckily. He was one of the shareholders of the Dumbarton Steamboat Company, and also of the Gas Work Company of the burgh. He was for a few years from November 2nd, 1841, one of the Councillors of the town. He was a good citizen, and a good husband and father. In politics he was Conservative, and he was a devoted member of the Established Church.

**COUNCILLOR WILLIAM HUDSON,**

Son of William Hudson, grocer and candlemaker, Alexandria, was born in Dumbarton in February, 1800. He received his education at the Burgh Academy, and was apprenticed to Alexander Denny, cooper and turner, of this town. He began business in this town as a hoopmaker and turner in 1820, at which date he was admitted as a burgess of the town. In 1826 he married Janet M'Gown, a native of Loch Lomondside, and had issue two sons and several daughters, of whom only one son (Mr William Hudson, hoop and shaft maker), survives. Mr Hudson, sen., was for a good many years a member of the Town Council of the burgh. He was also a member of the Kirk Session of Dumbarton for about a score of years, and for fully that period was an active member of the Committee of Management of the Parochial

Board. William Hudson was an exemplary man, of a quiet, modest, retiring disposition, who did not push himself forward in either public or private matters; but the public knew his worth, and promoted him to honour. His dust reposes at the head of the north carriage drive, where a well-proportioned freestone obelisk is raised to his memory. He died on Christmas Day, 1870, in his 71st year, cut down like a shock of corn fully ripe. The following appears on William Hudson's monument:—

“ IN MEMORY OF MARY, HIS DAUGHTER, WHO DIED 9TH MAY, 1847, AGED 20 YEARS; ALSO ISABELLA, HIS DAUGHTER, WHO DIED 5TH JULY, 1860, AGED 26 YEARS; WILLIAM HUDSON, BORN 20TH FEB., 1800, DIED 25TH DECEMBER, 1870; JANET M'GOWN, HIS WIFE, BORN 8TH JANUARY, 1801, DIED 23RD AUGUST, 1879; ALSO FOUR OF HIS CHILDREN WHO DIED IN INFANCY; JOHN, HIS SON, WHO DIED 30TH MARCH, 1863, AGED 24 YEARS; ALSO AGNES GUTHRIE, HIS DAUGHTER, WHO DIED 8TH JUNE, 1863, IN HER 22ND YEAR

‘ LIFE IS SHORT, AND DEATH IS SURE;  
SINS THE WOUND, AND CHRIST THE CURE.’ ”

COUNCILLOR ARCHIBALD M'FARLANE,

Son of Archibald M'Farlane, grocer, was educated at the Burgh School. He was for a short time in the office of his uncle, Robert Colquhoun, Town Clerk of the burgh. In early manhood he went to the office of a Mr M'Adam, cotton broker, Liverpool, and after being in it for a few years, his employer died, and, having no heirs, divided his fortune among his clerks, Mr M'Farlane's share being several thousands of pounds. With this windfall he came home to Dumbarton, where he carried on for a short time his father's business of grocer. Was for some years a member of Town Council. Was of a social turn, and enjoyed society very much. Was a member of the Salmon and other clubs of the town. He died when about 60 years of age, on 3rd March, 1867, and is buried in the margin of the second inner north walk, where an elegant freestone pillar

monument is erected to his memory, on which the following inscription appears :—

“ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD M'FARLANE, Esq.,  
DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 3RD MARCH, 1867.”

COUNCILLOR ALEXANDER GLEN.

Mr Glen, a native of Glasgow, came to Dumbarton when a young man, about the year 1830, and began business on his own account as a plumber. Some years thereafter he married one of Mr Archibald M'Farlane's daughters, and by her had four sons, two of whom (Robert and John Paul) survive. In early life, and, in fact, almost to the end of it, he dressed wonderfully smart, and was an exceedingly stylish, dapper, well-made man. He was horsey a bit, and drove for many years the most wonderful, fast-trotting ponies. In 1837 he owned a blood mare called “Jessie,” which he ran at Dumbarton races, and by it he won a prize, the County Silver Cup. In the race there was an entire horse, over which, when it had passed the winning post, its rider lost all control, and away it flew along the Bankend Road and down the High Street nearly to the church before its mad career was checked. The Dumbartonians in the days of old looked upon strangers who came to tarry among them with suspicion, and it will, therefore, not be wondered at that when Mr Glen made his advent in the town he was looked upon with disfavour by the natives, not only on account of his being an “incomer,” but also because of his dressing well and carrying a high head. One venerable, propertied old crone that I knew well gave a laddie a bawbee to coax him to ask Glen “whaur his property was.” In her narrow estimation, and in the estimation of very many of her compeers, “incomers” should walk humbly before them with fear and trembling, and not assume the grand airs which were alone fitted for

those who were of the real "Pumpfield clay," and owned property. In the course of time Mr Glen lost his wife, and after a good many years of widowerhood he married Miss M'Kechie, who still survives. He sat in the Town Council for several years before 1851. He was very methodical in all his actions. At certain hours of the day you knew where to find him, and could tell what he would be engaged in. After enjoying many years of leisure, free from all business cares, and having sufficient means to keep his mind easy in regard to pecuniary matters, he was called away somewhat suddenly from this sublunary scene upon 4th April, 1876, aged 64, and his body is interred in the margin of the north carriage drive, immediately to the north of the Proudfoot statue.

#### COUNCILLOR ROBERT LANG.

Leaving the inner walk of the west carriage drive, and going northwards in the direction of the Proudfoot statue, the very handsome freestone monument is to be seen which was erected to the memory of the late Robert Lang, shoemaker in Dumbarton. This memorial stone, which stands about ten feet high, is tastefully corniced, has very pretty carved work about it, and has for its apex a beautifully-modelled vase, the whole reflecting great credit upon the Messrs Young of this town, who executed it. The late Mr Lang, whose memory it perpetuates, was on various occasions a member of the Town Council, and was also for a long period a member and an office-bearer of the Free Church, and a highly-respected burgess of Dumbarton, of which town he was a native, and a residenter all his life. He left a widow, one son, several daughters, and a large circle of friends to grieve over his departure. It will be seen from what follows that the leal, warm-hearted, cheery wife of his youth

has now rejoined her faithful, loving husband. Copy of lettering on stone:—

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT LANG, BOOTMAKER, WHO DIED 22ND SEPTEMBER, 1878, AGED 70 YEARS; THREE OF HIS SONS, ROBERT, WILLIAM, AND GEORGE WILLIAM, WHO DIED IN INFANCY; HIS DAUGHTER, MARGARET, WHO DIED 26TH OCTOBER, 1878; HIS WIFE, ELIZABETH LANG, WHO DIED 9TH NOVEMBER, 1887, AGED 78 YEARS; ELIZABETH LANG BRYSON, WHO DIED 31ST JANUARY, 1872, AGED 1 YEAR AND 4 MONTHS.

‘IF WE BELIEVE THAT JESUS DIED AND ROSE AGAIN, EVEN SO THEM ALSO THAT SLEEP IN JESUS WILL GOD BRING WITH HIM.’”

COUNCILLOR JOHN COLQUHOUN.

In close proximity to the Robert Lang monument, there stands a grey granite slab, erected by Catherine Jarvie to the memory of her husband, John Colquhoun, baker, Dumbarton, who died 26th March, 1875. R. Gray, Glasgow, is the sculptor, and he has succeeded in making a very chaste, well-proportioned memorial stone. It reaches a height of about seven feet, and is surmounted by a cabinet, also in granite. The borders and ornamentation are highly florid. The late John Colquhoun, master baker in the burgh, of which he was a native, was on several occasions a Town Councillor, and in Council and out of it proved himself to be a good, useful, high-principled citizen. For many years he was a much-respected member and an office-bearer of the Parish Church, but in his later years his preference for Wesleyan Methodism, for which he had a penchant in early youth, led him to associate himself with the West Bridgend Wesleyan Church, to the erection and maintenance of which he was a liberal contributor. For a few years before his death Mr Colquhoun was the senior partner of the firm of Colquhoun & Sharp, ironfounders, Alexandria, and when about to leave his place of business there on a Saturday, he was smitten by a paralytic stroke, departing this life the day

following. He is survived by a son and daughter by his first marriage, and by a widow, three sons, and two daughters by his second marriage. The following is the inscription on Mr Colquhoun's tombstone:—

"CATHERINE JARVIE, IN LOVING MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, JOHN COLQUHOUN, LATE BAKER, DUMBARTON, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON SUNDAY, 26TH MARCH, 1875, IN HIS 56TH YEAR; ALSO OF THEIR BELOVED DAUGHTER, CATHERINE JARVIE, ON SUNDAY, 14TH JULY, 1878, AGED 23 YEARS: AND OF THEIR YOUNGEST SON, JAMES GILLESPIE, ON 28TH JANUARY, 1868, IN HIS 5TH YEAR; HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, PETER COLQUHOUN, ON 20TH JANUARY, 1868, AGED 58 YEARS.

'HE WILL SWALLOW UP DEATH IN VICTORY.'—*Isaiah*, 25, 8."

#### COUNCILLOR WILLIAM WHYTE.

On the west margin of the upper west carriage drive, there stands one of the most elegant of the monuments which grace this city of the dead. It is in the form of a grey granite obelisk of about three feet square at base, and twenty feet in height, erected in memory of William Whyte, ship owner. The proportions are admirable, and the relief ornamentations of the shaft are very effective and in good taste. Miller & Wishart, Aberdeen and Glasgow, are the sculptors. The following is inscribed on the stone:—

"IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM WHYTE, SHIP-OWNER, DUMBARTON, DIED 15TH JULY, 1872, AGED 55 YEARS; AND OF HIS CHILDREN, ELIZABETH, BORN 29TH OCTOBER, 1852, DIED 24TH SEPTEMBER, 1854; MARGARET, BORN 4TH NOVEMBER, 1859, DIED 16TH NOVEMBER, 1859; CATHERINE ELIZA, BORN 7TH NOVEMBER, 1861, DIED 3RD MARCH, 1862; ANNIE MARIA, BORN 23RD JANUARY, 1865, DIED 13TH FEBRUARY, 1865; ELIZABETH LANG, HIS AUNT, DIED 24TH SEPTEMBER, 1869, AGED 78."

William Whyte was son of Archibald Whyte, master mariner, Greenock, by his wife, a sister of John Lang, distiller, Dumbarton. William Whyte was born in Dumbarton, and educated and reared there under the careful supervision of his Aunts Lang of the Townhead. His first appointment



was that of clerk to his uncle, Alexander Lang, brewer, here; and thereafter he was ship owner, steamboat owner and manager, property owner, and one or two other things to boot. He married Catherine Lang (who still survives), daughter of John Lang, distiller, and had surviving issue four sons and one daughter. William Whyte was for several years an active member of the Town Council. He was a good husband, father, citizen, and man of business.

COUNCILLOR JAMES WILSON,

Son of Mr Wilson, gardener, Dumbarton, was a sawyer to trade. Was afterwards for many years a vintner in the burgh. His house was frequented by many of the best people in the town; in fact, it was a famous rendezvous for such. He was a steamboat owner. He was also a Town Councillor for many years, and did good service as such. He was married, but had no family. He died in 1857 at Townend, in his own property, which had previously been possessed by Mr Duncan M'Farlane, auctioneer. On one occasion I met him on the High Street, and he asked me to remember to urge upon the Council, if ever I was in a position to do so, the necessity of sweeping away the property at the east corner of Bridge and High Streets, so as to improve the approach to the Bridge, by making it bell-mouthed at that point. I take this opportunity of handing down this wish of his to posterity, in the hope that it may ripen to fruition some day or other. Councillor Wilson's remains are buried on the east side of the west carriage drive, near its top. To mark out the place, there is a well-proportioned, beautifully-chiselled monument, sculptured by Young, which may be described thus:—It is a round-topped freestone one, with a scroll covering front panel, on which is cut the inscription. On each side of it there is an inverted torch, the

whole surmounted by a small sarcophagus. The inscription runs as follows :—

"IN MEMORY OF JAMES WILSON, MERCHANT, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 9TH OCTOBER, 1857, AGED 58, AND AGNES GUTHRIE, HIS SPOUSE, WHO DIED 16TH AUGUST, 1874, AGED 74; CATHERINE LANG, SPOUSE OF JOHN WILSON, STEAMBOAT MASTER, DUMBARTON, DIED 9TH MAY, 1863, AGED 47; MARGARET WILSON, SISTER OF THE ABOVE NAMED JAMES AND JOHN WILSON, DIED 23RD AUGUST, 1876, AGED 74; THE SAID JOHN WILSON, DIED 3RD NOVEMBER, 1877, AGED 64, MUCH RESPECTED AND DEEPLY REGRETTED."

COUNCILLOR DAVID M'MURRAY.

A little to the west of the MacLeod monument, and on the same line with it, on the crescent-shaped walk which runs on the north of the ground of the Denny family, there stands a freestone monument erected to the memory of David M'Murray, late Town Councillor of the burgh. The monument is of slab form, the tablet for the inscription being raised out of the solid. Across the top of the tablet there runs a neat cornice, over which is a pediment, on which is cut in bas-relief clasped hands, and also the motto on a scroll, "None but Christ." The whole is surmounted by a draped vase. Mr M'Murray was foreman blacksmith to Messrs M. Paul & Co, by whom, and by the men under him, he was highly esteemed. In 1868, when he was first returned to the Council, he was second highest on the poll. He was one of the first working men candidates returned after the Reform Bill giving household suffrage—Bailie George Bell being returned at the same time. He was a sagacious, although not a showy Councillor. He was thoroughly honest and straightforward in all his actions in every position, whether of a public or of a private nature. The inscription on Councillor M'Murray's stone runs as follows :—

"DAVID M'MURRAY, IN MEMORY OF HIS DAUGHTER JANE AND SON PETER; DAVID M'MURRAY, WHO DIED 20TH JULY, 1877, AGED 56; HIS SON, ALEXANDER D. M'MURRAY, DIED 1ST SEPT., 1882, AGED 22 YEARS AND 8 MONTHS."

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**COUNCILLOR GEORGE MILLER.**

On the side walk which runs to the east of the west carriage drive, and almost in line with the Denny memorial pillars, there stands a freestone monument erected to the memory of George Miller, draper. The headstone is about twelve feet in height, is well-proportioned, and has a neatly-chiselled vase on top. Young of Dumbarton is the sculptor. George Miller was a native of Dumbarton; there he was educated, and there he learned his trade of tailor. In 1846 he started business on his own account, and being a pushing, thoroughly honourable man, and a good tradesman, he prospered in his calling. He married Agnes Crum Montgomery in 1850, and had issue three sons and three daughters, of whom one son and all the daughters survive. Councillor Miller died (in his 58th year) on November 6th, 1866, the exact day when his term of office as Councillor expired. He sat in Council for five years. His funeral was attended by the Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the burgh, and by a large number of the inhabitants. He was for the most part of his life, if not for the whole of it, a total abstainer, and was from the disruption time a Free Churchman, latterly holding the office of deacon in the Free High Church. His manner of life was quiet and unostentatious. When he fell a prey to the last enemy, his loss was much mourned.

**COUNCILLOR JAMES RANKINE MACLEOD**

Was a native of Dumbarton, and son of John MacLeod, gardener, Glasgow Road. After receiving a fairly good education, he, along with other brothers, assisted his father in gardening operations, and ultimately in the cultivation of the farm of the High Mains of Dumbuck. He in later years, in company with his brother Allan, opened a seed and fruit shop in the burgh. A good many years ago he married

Marion Allan, daughter of the late James Allan, candle-maker, and by her (who still survives) he had a family of two daughters and one son. On his marriage he started business on his own account as a seedsman and general grocer in the High Street, and carried on that concern successfully down to his death. In 1877 Mr MacLeod was returned to the Town Council as one of the representatives of the Second Ward. In 1880 he was re-elected, but died a few weeks thereafter. Mr MacLeod was an office-bearer in the West Bridgend U.P. Church, and a much-esteemed citizen. He is interred about the centre of the west margin of the lower west carriage drive, and there his widow has erected to his memory a well-proportioned freestone monument, having a draped urn as finial, and bearing this inscription:—

“MARION ALLAN, IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, JAMES R.  
MACLEOD, WHO DIED 23RD NOV., 1880, AGED 51 YEARS.”

#### COUNCILLOR JAMES WHYTE.

James Whyte, whose forbears by the mother's side were for long connected with Dumbarton, was a clerk in the Dennystown Forge for a few years. He after that transferred his services to Messrs Wm. MacLeod & Son, saw-millers, and became their cashier, and retained the post down to his death, in May, 1878—fourteen years in all. Was married, and left a widow and three sons. He is buried in the Cemetery. Mr Whyte was returned to the Town Council as one of the Second Ward representatives in the year 1872, and again in 1875, a year after Provost Bennett had routed his municipal foes, and obtained the reins of government. The new Councillor was an anti-Bennettite, and delighted in provoking and annoying that gentleman by trying to cross his purposes in every conceivable way. This conduct on his part made him a great favourite

with many people who had no sympathy with the governing party. Councillor Whyte was what is usually termed a good fellow—fond of social intercourse. He was a member of the Burns Club, and also of the Last Man Club, all the members of which have died out save four—and very suggestive to these that fact must be.

COUNCILLOR ANDREW M'GAAN.

A native of Mauchline, Ayrshire, in which place he was brought up. He was for a time an Officer of Inland Revenue. In 1854 he came to Dumbarton and joined the co-partnery of the Dennystown Forge Company, of which he was managing partner. He was most energetic in pushing the business of his firm, and under his management it was very prosperous. The partners of the forge when it was started were: Messrs. Alexander Tolmie, James Denny, John Tulloch and Andrew M'Gaan. After a number of years Mr M'Gaan broke his connection with the firm and continued to reside at Annfield House, Bonhill Road, down to his death. Shortly before that event he bought the Sandpoint Sawmill, and ran it on his own account. Mr M'Gaan was twice married: by his first marriage he had surviving issue two daughters; by his second, one son. His widow still lives. Mr M'Gaan was a Town Councillor for a few years; but it must be said that he was, although a clever, yet a very erratic one. His death was sudden. His body is buried on the east border of the west carriage drive, near its northern extremity. Over it there is a monument in the shape of a freestone Gothic pillar, surmounted by a draped female figure in an attitude of woe. On the memorial-stone there is inscribed:—

“ANDREW M'GAAN, IN MEMORY OF ANNIE MACKENZIE, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED 11TH JUNE, 1864, AGED 27 YEARS; JOHN, HIS SON, WHO DIED 24TH JULY, 1882, AGED 7 YEARS; ANDREW M'GAAN, DIED 4TH JUNE, 1883, AGED 59 YEARS.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### JOURNALISTS.

THE three gentlemen whose lives are given in this chapter were as pure in life as they were gifted in intellect. Mr Thomas Bennett I knew intimately, and to know him was to love him. Mr Sutherland I also knew, but only slightly. Mr M'Rae I knew not ; but what I say of him is gleaned from authentic sources. These virtuous, honourable, high-spirited journalists pursued the even tenor of their way unbiased by passion, prejudice, or self-seeking ; therefore their memories are worthy of highest regard. The world owes much to such men. Fancy what a state of matters might obtain were the press in the hands of unscrupulous, unprincipled conductors ! These by its agency might pollute our moral atmosphere, and poison the wells of knowledge, and thereby make the press a curse rather than a blessing. Those who are conscious of the temptations many which beset the path of the active journalist, can ungrudgingly award the warmest praise to the pressmen who have scornfully brushed aside the allurements that would cripple or destroy.

## THOMAS BENNETT.

The subject of this sketch was born at Saltcoats on 12th January, 1828. He was the youngest of a large family. In his infant years he had the misfortune to lose his father, and was thrown, along with other of the younger members of the household, upon the care of the elder brothers Robert and Samuel. Thomas at this period of his life was removed from his native Ayrshire to Glasgow, where he got doled out to him for the next few years what scanty schooling the limited means of the family would allow. At the age of nine years it was found necessary to convert him into one of the bread-winners, and an opening was found for him in the workshop of a bookbinder. At this time all the brothers were engaged in manual labour—Samuel working with Robert as a tailor, an intermediate brother (William) engaged like Thomas in bookbinding, and a fifth roaming over the world as a sailor. Robert and the sailor brother early disappeared from off this mortal stage of existence. The three surviving brothers had higher aspirations than that of continuing life as craftsmen. The career of Samuel having been already given in the immediately-preceding part of this work, it only remains to treat here incidentally of William and at length of Thomas, who, by means chiefly of self-culture, became well-qualified teachers, and while still young men started and conducted The Secular School, a model establishment in many respects, for in it punishment was as far as possible avoided, and the pupils, who were encouraged rather than forced to learn, became in after years the living monuments of the excellency of the system under which they had been trained. When their brother Samuel started the *Dumbarton Herald* in 1851, a congenial field was opened up for the literary workmanship of his younger brothers. Thomas was from the first more or

less intimately connected with the venture, and in a few years had rendered himself so indispensable that he was brought to Dumbarton and made a leading member of the staff. Immediately before coming here, he held the appointment of secretary and librarian of the Glasgow Athenæum. His powers as a journalist were of a very high order, for his mind was clear, his judgment impartial, and his educational acquirements remarkable for solidity and thoroughness. On a wider area his originality of thought and terse reasoning would have given him a high place among the political and philosophic writers of the day; but the fates and his own too modest nature kept him from soaring too high, and led him to devote all his talents and all his energy to the cultivation of his own little vineyard, in which he laboured zealously for more than a quarter of a century, and with no insignificant results.

In all the movements for the political and social improvement of the people in which his brother Samuel took part, Thomas was his assiduous assistant and enthusiastic champion. For men of such diverse dispositions such unison was strange, for while they were both Radicals of an almost revolutionary stamp, Thomas was always mild—occasionally almost too apologetic—in his mode of advocacy, while Samuel was bold, and at times even aggressive. The combination of two such spirits led, as a rule, to excellent results; for while the softening influence of the one had a restraining effect on the other, there was a continual counter action, without which Thomas might never have been nerved up to make his greatest efforts. For a time the militant force of the elder brother became so rampant as to cause the natural modesty of the younger to shrink, like the sensitive plant that he was; but when Samuel died, in the heat of his hard fight, there



was none could tell of his worth or sing his praises with more fidelity, or continue his work with more earnestness, than Thomas.

In the columns of the *Dumbarton Herald*, Thomas Bennett, under the *nom de plume* of Alpha, published a series of most admirable essays on social subjects which were highly appreciated. He also published in pamphlet form his views on various educational and political matters. In addition to his literary work in connection with the *Dumbarton* and *Lennox Heralds*, he was ever assiduous in promoting the interests of every good cause in the town. He was an originator of the Benevolent Society, and for several years its devoted secretary. He was one of the original members, and a President of the Philosophical and Literary Society. He took a deep interest in the Mechanics' Institute, and was for some years its secretary. He was, from conscientious convictions, a teetotaler; but while holding strong opinions on the subject he did not force them obtrusively on those who differed from him. He, like his brother William, was not content to take his religious views at the hands of any man or body of men without thorough examination. After passing through more than one religious communion, both brothers seemed to find rest in Unitarianism. By what process of reasoning the twain reached that goal I know not; but this I know, that few purer, more truth-loving spirits than theirs ever gave an account of their earthly mission at the bar of God. "Greatest minds," the poet tells us, "are often those of whom the world knows least." I am confident that the world would have recognised Thomas Bennett as a greater mind if he had let it know him better; while those who did know him would recognise his greatness more if they only knew the littleness

of many of those whom the world calls great. His intellectual worth will, perhaps, only be appreciated by the few ; but his human excellencies, his unbounded sympathy, his ever thoughtful consideration for others, his simple, child-like manners, and woman-like heart made him the beloved, as he was the loving, friend of all who knew him. His life was peaceful, and so was his end. He had gone to bed, as he said, for "two or three days' rest." His rest gradually deepened into peaceful sleep, and he gently glided into dreamless death. When the Angel of Death put his seal upon our friend, his features, always handsome, became more beautiful, more clearly cut and noble than they were when he dwelt amongst men, "ere the God was quenched within him and he had rejoined the stars." His passage to the tomb was smoothed by the tender ministrations of his wife—a sister of the late George Langlands, postmaster—by his sister-in-law, Mrs Samuel Bennett, and by his brother William and other relatives. There were a large number of people, belonging not only to Dumbarton but to other parts of the country, attended his funeral, each and all of whom felt that society was the poorer by the withdrawal from its midst of one whose voice and pen were ever used to promote its highest interests. The sad countenances of the assembled multitude of mourners testified in an unmistakable manner that no common calamity had befallen them. Thomas Bennett's life was almost a blameless one. His memory well deserves a niche in our heart of hearts.

A short time after his death a movement was set on foot for the erection by his admirers of a suitable monument to mark his resting-place. This was crowned with abundant success. Accordingly, a beautiful and costly monument, sculptured by Messrs Young & Son from the design of

Mr John MacLeod, architect, was speedily placed at the head of Thomas Bennett's remains, bearing the following inscription :—

“THOMAS BENNETT,  
BORN IN SALTCOATS, 12TH JANUARY, 1828,  
DIED IN DUMBARTON, 28TH MAY, 1880.  
FOR MANY YEARS EDITOR OF THE ‘DUMBARTON HERALD,’  
AND THE ARDENT PROMOTER AND SUPPORTER OF THE  
SOCIAL, BENEVOLENT, AND LITERARY INSTITUTIONS  
OF THE BURGH.  
THIS MEMORIAL,  
BY MANY FRIENDS WHO LONG PRIZED HIS HONEST WORK,  
REVERED HIS SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE, AND NOW  
TREASURE THE MEMORY OF HIS HELPFUL,  
UNSELFISH LIFE,  
IS HERE GRATEFULLY ERECTED.”

The monument on which the above appears consists of one panel four feet by two feet two inches, contained in a moulded cusped arch, supported on columns with carved cups, a moulded plinth and step forming the base. An enriched cornice and gable, with smaller side gables, are placed over the arch, and carry a carved finial. Height, thirteen feet ; width at base, five feet two inches.

#### JAMES SUTHERLAND.

Mr James Sutherland, son of Alexander Sutherland, ship carver, was born in North Leith, September 26th, 1835, but his boyhood was spent in Glasgow, and he was educated at Hutcheson's School there. He selected journalism as his profession, and had his first experience of newspaper work on the staff of a Glasgow paper. In 1855 he was engaged on the *Dumbarton Herald*, and shortly afterwards accepted the editorship of the *Dumbarton Chronicle*, a post which he held till 1857, when he joined the *Glasgow Courier*. In 1858 he married Miss Jane M'Neil, second daughter of Provost M'Neil of Dumbarton. The *Courier* having changed hands in 1860, Mr Sutherland transferred his services to the *Bristol Times*,

under the proprietorship of Mr Stewart M'Liver. By this time his ability had begun to attract attention in the journalistic world, and in 1861 he was appointed foreign editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, one of the most important of British provincial newspapers. He filled this position with conspicuous success for six years, and in 1867 he removed to London, where for a short time he was engaged in leader-writing on the *Daily News*, and in contributing to many of the principal magazines and reviews. In 1868 he went to Madras as editor of the *Madras Times*, the leading paper of South India, and three years later he became lessee as well as editor. In 1875 he travelled extensively in North India, and was at Delhi when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, perhaps the most magnificent and impressive spectacle that India has ever witnessed under British rule. The reputation and prosperity of the *Times* increased greatly in Mr Sutherland's hands, but, his system demanding rest and change, in 1876 he returned to England, leaving an editor in charge. In 1878 he established a weekly paper in London, the *Citizen*, which soon developed into a valuable and influential property. His health, however, though somewhat restored, was not sufficiently so to undergo the strain involved by modern journalistic management, so he parted with the *Citizen* two years after its foundation. In the winter of 1880-81 he paid a short visit to India in the interests of the *Madras Times*. This was the last duty he performed. Returning to London, he died there on 25th May, 1881, and is buried in Dumbarton Cemetery, in the west margin of the north carriage drive, near its top.

Mr Sutherland's early death was a distinct loss to literature, and few public men have been mourned more sincerely, or by a wider circle of attached friends. A considerable number

of home and Indian newspapers had articles upon the deceased of a highly sympathetic and laudatory nature, his eminent qualities as a journalist being specially dwelt upon. His widow still survives to cherish the memory of a brilliant luminary in the literary firmament, and a most loving husband. The large, well-proportioned, grey granite, flat monument which is erected over Mr Sutherland's remains is one of three bases and inscription tablet, having a raised wreath in front of cornice. On the stone there is this inscription:—

“JANE M'NEIL SUTHERLAND, IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF HER BELOVED HUSBAND, JAMES SUTHERLAND, JOURNALIST IN MADRAS AND LONDON, WHO DIED AT LONDON ON 25TH MAY, 1881, AGED 45, AND IS INTERRED HERE. AT REST.”

ALEXANDER DINGWALL M'RAE

Served his apprenticeship as compositor to Messrs Bennett Brothers, of the *Dumbarton Herald*. During its currency he improved his general education, but more particularly did he apply himself to the study of phonography, and, being an adept at it, he was soon put on the reporting staff of the paper. After the lapse of a few years he removed to Glasgow, where he attended various classes for a short time, and was fortunate enough to secure an appointment as “reader” in the office of the *Star* newspaper. He was associated both in Dumbarton and Glasgow with teetotal societies. In Glasgow he, in spite of Conservative leanings, was made one of the vice-presidents of its Young Men's Temperance Association. At the end of April, 1872, he sailed for New York, in which place he filled the post of sub-editor of the *Scottish American Journal*, a paper of considerable sectional influence. The summer and winter that followed his landing were of the most trying description, and cut up his never robust constitution so badly that he had to return home in the April of

1873. The voyage home, and the influence of his native air, set him up so much that he was hopeful all would yet be well with him, but as winter came on he relapsed, and at Dumbarton succumbed to the last enemy on 31st December, 1873, aged 24 years. The deceased was of a poetical temperament, and produced several pieces of merit, but in a fit of despondency destroyed them all. On the second inner north walk there is a handsome freestone obelisk raised to his memory, bearing the following inscription:—

“ERECTED BY FRIENDS AT HOME AND ABROAD IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF ALEXANDER DINGWALL M'RAE, LATE SUB-EDITOR, 'SCOTTISH AMERICAN JOURNAL,' WHO DIED AT DUMBARTON, 31ST DECEMBER, 1873, AGED 24 YEARS.

“A TOTAL ABSTAINER FROM HIS EARLIEST YEARS, AND POSSESSING GREAT NATURAL GIFTS, HE SEEMED DESTINED, HAD HIS YEARS BEEN PROLONGED, TO TAKE A PROMINENT POSITION AS AN EARNEST AND POWERFUL ADVOCATE, BOTH ON THE PLATFORM AND BY HIS PEN, OF ALL MORAL AND SOCIAL REFORMS. HIS DEMISE IS REGRETTED BY ALL WHO SHARED HIS FRIENDSHIP.”





## CHAPTER XIV.

### CAPTAINS OF DUMBARTON STEAMERS.

**B**IOGRAPHIES of Captains Alexander Lang, Robert Lang, John Wilson, and John Price, are given in this chapter. Active, pushing, genial, potential men they were one and all, men who filled a large space in the public eye. From boyhood I knew them well. These leaders and commanders who said to one man, Come, and he cometh, and to another, Go, and he goeth, have had to obey a voice more potent than theirs and lie down in the dust of death, the virtue clean gone out of them. The first memoir of the number to be given is that of—

#### CAPTAIN ALEXANDER LANG,

Second son of William Lang, master mariner, Dumbarton, who was born there 13th June, 1807, and educated in the Academy of Dumbarton under the popular teacher, Mr Steel. In his youth he served an apprenticeship to the ship-carpenter trade under his uncle, James Lang, Shipbuilder, Dockyard, of which yard he afterwards became manager. In 1831 he married Mary, daughter of William Galbraith, of the Dumbarton Grain Mills, and had issue four sons and four daughters. In 1839 he became Captain Alexander Lang of

the "Maid of Leven" steamer, and in succession commanded the following steamers, viz. :—"Luna," "Waterwitch," "Merlin," "Maid of Bute," "Pilot," "Plover," "Craignish Castle," "Eva," and "Rotary." The latter was the *opposition* boat sailing between Dumbarton and Glasgow, the arrival and departure of which caused quite a sensation amongst most of the merchants of the Royal Burgh, who mustered on these occasions on the quay to partake of any little cheap entertainment which might then be going. Latterly he was captain of the steamer "Leven," belonging to the new Dumbarton Steamboat Company. Captain Lang was commodore of the Burns' fleet of river steamers when the Queen visited Glasgow, and he on that occasion, in the crack steamer "Plover," sailed in the wake of Her Majesty's yacht with the Messrs Burns and a select company on board. After a stirring life of a quarter of a century as captain of river steamers, our old friend retired from that post about 1866, and shortly thereafter entered on a new career as "mine host" of the Elephant Hotel in the old burgh of his nativity. In that capacity he remained till 1883, when he retired from active life with a competency, and went to spend the evening of his days at Levensgrove, Helensburgh, where he died in June, 1885, at the ripe age of 78 years. Captain Lang was held in high esteem by all who knew him, on account of the honourable way in which he discharged the duties appertaining to the various posts he held during his long and busy life. In disposition he was hopeful and ardent. You felt that his cheery countenance was an antidote to melancholy. When he went over to the majority, his wife, family and friends lost one who was deserving of all the love and honour in which he was held by them. Captain Lang's remains are interred in the border of the inner



walk of the north carriage drive, where a neat grey granite monument is erected to his memory and to the memory of various members of his family who are there buried.

**CAPTAIN ROBERT LANG,**

Third son of Willam Lang, master mariner, of Dumbarton, was born in that town 10th April, 1809, in which place he was also educated. He served his apprenticeship to the blacksmith trade under Robert Reid in the Quay Lane. In course of time he relinquished his trade and became Captain of the steamer "Vale of Leven," second iron steamer that plied on the Clyde. He was in succession master of the steamers "Premier" and "Lochlomond," engaged in the trade between Glasgow and Dumbarton and Glasgow and Arrochar, belonging to the Dumbarton Steamboat Coy., of which he was a partner. The "Lochlomond" was the first steamer built by Denny Bros. of this town, and she was one of the fastest steamers which ever ran on the Clyde. She made the run between Glasgow and Dumbarton in one hour. She carried the flag of defiance at her mast head for many a day. Captain Robert Lang and his brother, Captain Alexander, were engaged in commanding steamers which ran in opposition. Captain Robert Lang carried a piper on board his craft. One day when the rival steamers were racing quite close to each other Captain Robert's piper stepped on to the paddle-box of Captain Alexander's steamer and skirled on his pipes in ear-splitting, derisive style. Captain Alexander, who was a great wag, gave a quiet hint to his pilot to sheer off from the other vessel, and so he captured his brother's piper, at which he laughed consumedly. Captain Robert Lang married in 1850, retired from command of steamers in 1860, and died in August, 1869, leaving two sons, three daughters, and a widow. He is buried at the junction of the

west carriage drive with the cross drive. He had many friends, and made a good husband and father.

CAPTAIN JOHN WILSON,

Son of Robert Wilson, was born in Dumbarton. My first recollection of him was as pilot of the Dumbarton steamer "Lochlomond," commanded by Captain James Lang. Afterwards he became captain of the "Premier," which was started as an opposition steamer to those possessed by the old Dumbarton Steamboat Company. Later still he was appointed master of the favourite steamer "Chancellor," which plied on the Glasgow and Arrochar run. Captain Wilson married Catherine Lang, sister of Captains Alexander and Robert Lang, but had no issue. When his brother James died, he succeeded to his Townend property. Captain Wilson died on 3rd November, 1877, aged 64 years. His body is buried in the east margin of the west carriage drive, near its top, beside the remains of his wife, brother, and other near relatives. The captain was highly respected, and his death much regretted. He was an able, affable commander, and a good man all round. By dint of sobriety, perseverance, and ability, he rose from a humble position in the Dumbarton steamers to that of master.

CAPTAIN JOHN PRICE.

On the northern margin of the third cross walk, above the Denny monuments, there is a flat freestone monument of elegant design, having two bases, a die with inscription scroll, and an ornamental circular top, flanked by two wings having honeysuckle ornaments engraved on them, erected

"IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM PRICE, WHO DIED 13TH JANUARY, 1858, AGED 64 YEARS; ALSO HIS WIFE, MARGARET RANKIN, WHO DIED 15TH JANUARY, 1864, AGED 65 YEARS; ALSO THEIR DAUGHTERS, MARY, DIED 10TH AUGUST, 1861, AGED 34 YEARS; ELIZABETH, DIED IN INFANCY."

Captain John Price is also interred here, although his name as yet does not appear on the headstone. He was fourth son of William Price, master mariner, by his wife, a sister of Daniel Rankin, shipbuilder. John Price was born in Dumbarton in 1830, and after receiving a fair average education, he when a lad entered into the service of the Dumbarton Steamboat Company, and steadily pushed himself forward from one post to another until in succession he became master of the following steamers, viz.:— the “Premier,” “Loch Lomond,” and “Lennox.” In 1868, after the Dumbarton steamers were withdrawn from plying here, he became master of the smart little steamer “Ardgowan.” In 1875 he bought up the interests of Messrs John M'Millan and William Paterson in the goods steamer “Lochfyne,” which they owned, and assuming Mr Donald M'Farlane, carrier, as a partner, ran the vessel successfully in the trade between this and Glasgow, making also occasional runs to Greenock. Captain John Price died on 13th April, 1881, aged 51 years. For a year or two before his decease he was in ailing health. He was a universal favourite on account of his genial, affable, and unassuming manner.





## CHAPTER XV.

### MISCELLANEOUS BIOGRAPHIES.

THIS and the remaining chapters in this section of my work are devoted to the giving of brief sketches of people who figured in various walks of life other than those already described. The order in which these sketches appear is to a large extent the order in which those mentioned lie in the Cemetery. No attempt, however, is made at classification into rich or poor, great or small, wise or unwise, young or old.

“Sceptre and crown must tumble down,  
And in the dust be lowly laid  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.”

#### MISS ANN THOMSON AND MRS JOHN THOMSON.

On the high side of the southmost carriage drive there is an exceedingly fine monument (a replica of that raised to the memory of Mr Daniel Rankin, shipbuilder, on the higher portion of the Cemetery grounds) erected by Mr John Thomson, long plumber, tinsmith, and ironmonger in Dumbarton, but now spending the evening of his life in the beautiful and charmingly-situated cottage of Ardoch, midway

between this town and Cardross village. The monument, which is of the tablet description, is of dark grey polished granite, on a base of the same material, and rises to a height of ten feet. It is flanked by very handsome funeral urns, also of polished granite, supported by bases of the same description. The sculptors are Messrs Milne & Wishart, Glasgow and Aberdeen. On its face is lettered the following inscription:—

“JOHN THOMSON, IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER, JOHN THOMSON, WHO DIED 23RD MAY, 1826; HIS MOTHER, JANE SUTHERLAND, DIED 30TH NOVEMBER, 1847, AND ARE INTERRED IN THE OLD BURYING-GROUND OF THE PARISH OF DUMBARTON; HIS SISTER, ANN THOMSON, DIED 6TH MAY, 1869, AGED 62 YEARS; HIS LOVING WIFE, JANET GREIG THOMSON, DIED 3RD FEBRUARY, 1886, AGED 55 YEARS.”

Ann Thomson was for many years associated with her brother John in the conducting of his business, and most excellent help she gave him—help of such a nature that pushed him rapidly up the ladder of fortune. Of Mrs Thomson I know little; but this I know, that her husband deplores her loss very deeply, so that she must have been a good wife.

ALEXANDER DENNY, COOPER.

This worthy old man's remains lie on the north margin of the walk which runs east and west, immediately behind the Rev. Andrew Gray's memorial stone. A neatly-chiselled free-stone monument, in the extreme west of the walk alluded to, is erected

“IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER DENNY, COOPER, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 8TH MAY, 1853, AGED 69 YEARS; ALSO OF CATHERINE CRUM, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED 5TH JUNE, 1874, AGED 85 YEARS.”

Alexander Denny was the fourth son of John Denny and Agnes Lang, his spouse, of the Townend. He, after receiving a fairly good education in the Burgh Academy, was apprenticed to the cooper trade, and early in life started business on his own account. For years many his cooperage was in the back part of the property which he owned in the High

Street, No. 108. He dwelt in the front portion of it, right above the shop where for many years old Mr M'Symon the baker dispensed his staff of life to support the people in their earthly pilgrimage. The worthy old cooper married early in life Catherine Crum, and had issue one son, John, late Town Clerk of the burgh. The union was an eminently happy one. Alexander Denny's life was uneventful. He was a quiet-living man, of spare habit of body, who attended to his business very strictly, and left matters outside of it severely alone. Although never robust in constitution, he enjoyed fairly good health, lived to a good old age, and died regretted by all who knew him. Readers of this book might wonder how Mr Denny came to be interred in the Cemetery, seeing that he died in 1853 and the Cemetery was not open for interments until 1856; but the reason is this: his body was first laid in the Churchyard of the parish, and then transferred to where it now lies shortly after the opening of the new burial ground.

JOHN M'KECHNIE, R.W.M. OF No. 18 MASONIC LODGE.

At the west side of the terraced ground above that in which lie the remains of Alexander Denny, cooper, John Denny, Town Clerk, and others, there stands a monument of a semi-public nature, erected to the memory of John M'Kechnie. This fine work of art is by W. Young & Son, and takes the form of a freestone Gothic obelisk of a triangular shape, having as ornamentation emblems of the Masonic craft, such as compass and square, and plumb and rule. On one of the two marble pannels which are inserted into it, there is the following inscription:—

“ERECTED BY THE MEMBERS OF DUMBARTON KILWINNING LODGE OF FREEMASONS, NO. 18, IN MEMORY OF THEIR RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MASTER, BROTHER JOHN M'KECHNIE, WHO DIED WHILE IN OFFICE, 16TH APRIL, 1863, AGED 46 YEARS.”

On the other panel there is inscribed the following:—

“AGNES MAXWELL, WIFE OF JOHN M'KECHNIE, DIED 29TH  
APRIL, 1887, AGED 61 YEARS.”

A worthy, modest, quiet, unassuming lady was Mrs M'Kechnie, a most faithful spouse, a keeper at home, a tender mother, and much beloved by all who knew her. Of Mr M'Kechnie it may be said that he belonged to the parish of Drymen, where his father was a farmer. John M'Kechnie began business here in 1850. In 1857 he succeeded old James Wilson, of happy memory, in the tenancy of one of the best conducted and one of the most respectably frequented houses of entertainment in the town; and well did he keep up its olden high reputation. There numbers of the best people in the town met of an evening “to oil the wheels of life.” After a brief illness John M'Kechnie died, much regretted, leaving issue two daughters and a son.

In the terrace above that in which lie the remains of the Patersons, &c., and on the south border of the walk which leads to the tombs of the Dennys, there is a neat freestone monument erected to the memory of

WILLIAM GRAY,

Who died 12th December, 1883, in his 60th year. He was a cabinetmaker to trade, and for many years was employed in that capacity by the Messrs Denny of this town. For some short time before his death he was physically unable to work at his craft, but he was able to do a little clerking in the office of his relative, ex-Bailie William Brown, harbour-master of the burgh. For a long period of time William Gray was managing secretary of the local Loyal Dixon Lodge of Oddfellows, and most carefully, faithfully, and ably did he execute the important duties of that office. He was one of the most scrupulously honest and upright men I ever knew.

A little further west, in the same border,

THE SMITHS OF AUCHENCARROCH, BONHILL,  
Lie interred. To their memory a neat, circular-topped, ornamental freestone monument has been raised, having suitable inscriptions.

RODERICK M'KENZIE.

Still further on in the same division there is a really chaste cast metal monument, surmounted by a dove, which was

"ERECTED BY THE REVEREND ALEXANDER AND ELIZABETH M'LAULAY, TO THE REVERED MEMORY OF RODERICK M'KENZIE, AN OLD DISCIPLE, WHO, AFTER MUCH TRIBULATION, ENTERED INTO REST ON 2ND APRIL, 1865, AGED 82. HE SERVED IN THE PENINSULAR WAR, AND IN 1815 HE FOUGHT AT WATERLOO. DURING THE LATTER HALF OF HIS LONG LIFE, HE BECAME PRE-EMINENTLY A MAN JUST AND DEVOUT, AND THE HOLY GHOST WAS UPON HIM. HATH NOT GOD CHOSEN THE POOR OF THIS WORLD, RICH IN FAITH, AND HEIRS OF THE KINGDOM WHICH HE HAS PROMISED TO THEM THAT LOVE HIM."

THE PATRICK M'KAY MONUMENT.

This freestone monument is of Gothic design, having an inscription panel of polished red granite. On the pediment of the erection there is a finely-chiselled head in profile of our Saviour crowned with thorns, and aloft over all there is a Latin cross, with "I.H.S." graven on it. The combined whole is very effective and in capital taste. This stone has been raised by Mr Patrick M'Kay, of Westonlee House, to the memory of two sons and a daughter. On the base of the monument is carved those words which have eased many a smart—"Jesus said, 'Suffer them to come unto Me.'" This is the inscription which is on the monument:—

"PATRICK M'KAY, IN MEMORY OF HIS INFANT SONS, DANIEL, DIED SEPT. 16, 1872, AGED 1 MONTH; PATRICK, DIED NOV., 1872, AGED 1 YEAR AND 4 MONTHS; ALSO HIS INFANT DAUGHTER, ANNE MARIA JOSEPHINE, WHO DIED FEB. 21, 1877, AGED 8 MONTHS."

GEORGE CHAPMAN, VINTNER.

On the west side of the lower portion of the west carriage drive there is a monument that strikes one as being of a



peculiarly tasteful description. It is pointed Gothic in character, with dog tooth ornament running round the inscription tablet. Crowning all there is a richly-carved finial. This headstone, of which Young is sculptor, has inscribed on it as follows:—

“GEORGE AND CATHERINE CHAPMAN, IN MEMORY OF THEIR SON, PETER PATERSON, WHO DIED 7TH JANY., 1874, AGED 3 YEARS; THEIR DAUGHTER, MARGARET WALKER, WHO DIED 12TH JUNE, 1878, IN HER 17TH YEAR; GEORGE CHAPMAN, WHO DIED 15TH JULY, 1880, AGED 44 YEARS.”

George Chapman belonged to the Vale of Leven, but a good many years ago he settled in Dumbarton, and opened the Railway Restaurant, head of College Street; and being backed up in the management of it by a most excellent helpmate, he in it flourished. The deceased was a very smart man, fond of flowers and bowling and curling. He was secretary and treasurer of the Horticultural Society for many years, as he also was of the Dumbarton Curling Club, and earned golden opinions from their members for the energetic way in which he executed the duties of these offices. He has left a widow, two daughters, and four sons to mourn his loss.

#### FERDINAND MAX BREITHAAPT.

On the right hand side going up the west carriage drive, and not far from the bottom of it, there stands a floriated Latin cross upon a Gothic pillar and base, the whole being about six feet high. This neat, modest, yet withal effective monument was

“ERECTED IN MEMORY OF FERDINAND MAX BREITHAAPT, BORN AT WITTSTOCK, PRUSSIA, 27TH NOV., 1849; DIED AT DUMBARTON, 30TH MARCH, 1881.”

On the moulding at top of base is inscribed, 1st John i. 7, and on the base the following appears in both German and English, side by side:—

“ERECTED BY HIS COMRADES AND FRIENDS IN THE DRAWING OFFICES OF WM. DENNY & BROS. AND DENNY & CO.”

Such an act as this dignifies humanity. This young foreign gentleman fell in the battle of life far from home and kindred, and yet loving hands lowered him into his narrow bed, and kind hearts caused a stone of remembrance to be raised over his head. The gold of humanity hath not yet become altogether dim.

THOMAS WRIGHT, SPRINGBANK INN.

Near the bottom of the inner walk of the west carriage drive, and on its east side, there is a handsome freestone monument of ten or twelve feet in height, having draped urn on pedestal,

"ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS WRIGHT, WHO DIED JUNE 23RD, 1875, AGED 62 YEARS; HIS WIFE, AGNES M'LENNAN, WHO DIED OCT. 15TH, 1875, AGED 57 YEARS; THEIR SON, THOMAS, WHO DIED MAY 9, 1873, AGED 27 YEARS; THEIR GRANDSON, JOHN W. LESLIE, DIED SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1876, AGED 5 MONTHS; THEIR SON, DAVID, WHO DIED 6TH MAY, 1881, AGED 39 YEARS; THEIR SON, JOHN, WHO DIED 1ST FEBY., 1882, AGED 38 YEARS."

"THEY WERE LOVELY IN THEIR LIVES, AND IN DEATH THEY ARE NOT DIVIDED."

Thomas Wright in early life was a calico printer with old Patrick Mitchell, of Milton Print Works, and, like his 'prentice master, Mr Wright was a member of the United Secession, now U.P. Church, High Street. He was best known, however, to this generation as "mine host" of the Springbank Inn, Dalreoch. If it is an advantage to have a house of entertainment kept in quite an exceptionally clean, tidy, comfortable condition, and to have presented to you comestibles and liquors of unquestionable purity and goodness, then Mr Wright's memory should be honoured for having yielded these advantages to visitors at his house. The presence o' his bit dainty, trig, sweet-faced, active wifey gave a touch o' poetry to his hostelry, and made you feel as if you were breathing a purer moral atmosphere than sometimes appertains to such places. Mr Wright was a strictly sober man, of high character, who dignified his business. He for

many years acted as under factor on the Ardoch and Leven-grove Estates, and altogether in his time was a man of mark in the community. The only surviving members of his family are Mrs Captain. P. R. D. Leslie and Miss Wright.

There is quite a colony of Wrights, all of one family, lying side by side in this quarter of the grounds, but I have chosen to give a sketch of Mr Thomas Wright as the representative and best known man of the family.

#### THE DONALD MACLEOD FAMILY MONUMENT.

To the north side of the eastern junction of the footpaths which run before and behind the burying place of the Dennys, there stands a stone in which I am more interested than in any other in this place of tombs. Under its shadow, until the day breaks and the shadows flee away, repose those who were my solace, my delight, and my pride, and there I hope to lie beneath the quiet daisies when my earthly pilgrimage is o'er. The following is a description of the monument which I reared to the memory of the deceased members of my family, and the inscription which it contains:—The memorial stone, which stands about seven feet high, is of fine grained freestone, having a base and die. It is rounded at top, where the ends of two full leaved beautifully carved branches meet crosswise and form an apex, falling gracefully over the shoulders of the monument. Near its top there is the representation of two clasped hands, underneath which is the motto "We shall meet again." The inscription on this headstone is as follows:—

"ERECTED BY DONALD MACLEOD, MERCHANT, DUMBARTON, IN MEMORY OF HIS LOVED ONES, WHO ARE NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE, CATHERINE MACALESTER, HIS SPOUSE, DIED 7TH JUNE, 1860, AGED 28 YEARS; HIS INFANT DAUGHTER, DIED 18TH NOVEMBER, 1856; WILLIAM MACALESTER, HIS SON, DIED 17TH JULY, 1862, AGED 2½ YEARS; JANE, HIS ADOPTED DAUGHTER, DIED 3RD JULY, 1871, AGED 13 YEARS."

## ALEXANDER BRYCE, CASHIER.

When proceeding along the cross mid drive, we find in the inner walk a handsome monument erected to the memory of the late Alexander Bryce, who was for over twenty years cashier to Messrs William Denny & Brothers. The monument is of freestone, and is the work of the Messrs Young, Dumbarton. It stands about ten feet high, has neat cornicings, and tastefully-executed mouldings. It is surmounted by an ornament, also in freestone, and has placed on each side of the tablet inverted torches, emblems of the extinguishment of life. The late Mr Bryce was a native of Laurieston, near Falkirk. He came to Dumbarton in the year 1853, and entered the office of Messrs William Denny & Brothers as a clerk. On the retirement of Mr Gillespie he was promoted to the position of cashier to the firm, which he held till his death. He was a man possessed of many sterling qualities. Though of a retiring disposition, he was an extremely good conversationalist. He was honest, kind, and good, trusted and beloved by his employers, his fellow workmen, and by all who knew him. He has left a widow and family. For many years he was an elder and treasurer of the High Street U.P. Church (Rev. Dr Halley's), and few men have in recent times left a more sweet-smelling savour of good deeds behind them to perfume their memory. This is the inscription on the monument :—

“IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER BRYCE, CASHIER, DUMBARTON, WHO  
DIED 18TH AUGUST, 1878, AGED 52 YEARS.”

The stone also contains the names of three of his deceased children, and that of his brother-in-law.

## THOMAS THOMSON, SHIP CARPENTER.

On the eastern margin of the inner walk of the east carriage drive, there is a neat freestone monument, consist-

ing of a base and pedimented die, which contains the following inscription :—

“ IN MEMORY OF THOMAS THOMSON, SHIP CARPENTER OF DUMBAR-  
TON, DIED 20TH JANUARY, 1884, AGED 74 YEARS. RESTING IN HOPE.”

The ground in which he is buried, and the tombstone over his remains, were paid for by the late William Denny of the Leven Shipyard. Thomas Thomson was a Dumbartonian, son of an old pensioner who in the cholera year (1832) had the post assigned him of preventing beggars from entering the town, he being stationed for that purpose at the East Bridge. On account of holding that post he was called “ Bang the Beggars.” Thomson’s mother was the at one time well known but not highly esteemed “ Mall Nairn.” Tommy Thomson, as he was familiarly called, was for many years in the employment of Messrs William Denny & Brothers, and when unable for duty was by them pensioned off. When he died, and was on the eve of being buried, Mr William Denny dressed for the funeral at Helenslee House, and was so very particular that he should in every respect be fittingly attired, that Mr Beveridge, who waited on him, expressed surprise at his being so scrupulously exact in his dressing for a poor man’s funeral. Mr Denny made reply—“ Beveridge, death levels all distinctions; I will dress as carefully for poor Thomson’s funeral as I would for that of a duke.”

#### ANCIENT SHEPHERDS’ MONUMENT.

On the north margin of the mid cross carriage drive, there rears its tall head a freestone pillar of quite exceptional excellence, erected by the Order of Ancient Shepherds’ Friendly Society of the burgh. The stone may be described thus:—It is a Gothic obelisk with three bases, the second base having “ Resurgam ” cut out on it in bold letters, while the third base has “ Christus Noster Pastor,” the motto of

the Order, cut in panel. The body has columns at corners, and an inscription is cut on that portion of the stone

“TO COMMEMORATE THE OPENING AT DUMBARTON OF THE ‘PRIDE OF LEVEN’ LODGE OF ANCIENT SHEPHERDS, A.U., THE MOTHER LODGE OF SCOTLAND, ON 4TH MAY, 1868, AND THE INTRODUCTION OF SHEPHERDRY INTO SCOTLAND BY BROTHER DAVID M’CULLOCH, P.P.C.S., WHO DIED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1871, AGED 32 YEARS, AND TO WHOSE MEMORY THIS STONE HAS ALSO BEEN GRATEFULLY RAISED BY THE BRETHREN. ERECTED A.D. 1882.

On the front pediment of cornice there is the representation of an open Bible and a cutting, “Feed My lambs; feed My sheep.” There are also society emblems on sides of stone. The shaft is a quatrefoil, having capital or cornice with shepherds’ crooks, etc., the whole surmounted by a carved urn; Galloway, sculptor. The late Mr W. Denny made a most impressive speech at the inauguration of the monument.

WILLIAM YOUNG, SCULPTOR.

At the east end of the north carriage drive there is an imposing monument erected to the memory of William Young, sculptor, which the eye of the most casual observer cannot help being arrested by. The memorial stone alluded to is a large double one, with under and second bases, bodies, and cornices, having a niche or recess between, in which stands a “warning angel,” with one hand pointing upwards and with the other holding a scroll. The figure is of Carrara marble, and is between five and six feet in height. On the top of the cornices of this structure rises a large pediment, on front of which is a bronze medallion likeness of Mr Young, the finish being a cross with halo. William Young was a native of Stevenston, Ayrshire, but went to Greenock, and there served his apprenticeship as a sculptor, and in the lovely Cemetery of that town he erected the first monument. After a few years spent in prosecuting his calling, he went to Australia, where he had a year or two of “digger’s life.”

Coming home again, he began business in Dumbarton in the year 1857, where he died suddenly on 15th May, 1882, aged 54 years. For many years Mr Young had no rival in this town in his calling. He was a man of active habits, honourable in his dealings, thoughtful in turn of mind, and of a cheerful disposition. He is survived by a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

THE GILLESPIE FAMILY MONUMENT.

Near the eastern extremity of the north carriage drive, a very massive silver granite monument of beautiful proportions and exquisite finish, by J. & G. Mossman, Glasgow, meets the eye and gratifies it. This stone of remembrance has been raised by

"ALEXANDER GILLESPIE AND HELEN BROWN, IN MEMORY OF HELEN, THEIR DAUGHTER, DIED 12TH NOVEMBER, 1864, AGED 1 YEAR; WILLIAM BROWN, THEIR SON, DIED 6TH JULY, 1886, AGED 16 YEARS."

The memorial stone may be described thus:—The style is classic, and the monument is made up of eight separate stones, comprising four bases, dado, frieze, cornice, and a draped urn surmounting the whole. The material is from the silver grey granite quarries at Fell Hill, near Creetown. It is a close-grained rock of regular texture, and can be worked up very finely, enabling small, delicate mouldings to be produced satisfactorily. None of the parts of the Gillespie monument are polished, because in the estimation of its builders the Fell rock is injured in colour by polishing. It is a granite which retains its colour well, and does not seem to change to any perceptible extent by long exposure. The monument just described testifies abundantly to the suitability of the Fell rock for monumental purposes.

JOHN CRAIG, VINTNER.

A short distance to the northward of Provost Bennett's

monument, on the north carriage drive, there stands an exceedingly well-proportioned, massive, polished, grey granite headstone, standing about ten feet high, erected by—

“JANE LAIRD, IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, JOHN CRAIG, WHO DIED 16TH JULY, 1853, AGED 38 YEARS (AND WAS BURIED IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD, DUMBARTON); ALSO AGNES, THEIR DAUGHTER, DIED 10TH OCT., 1879, AGED 28 YEARS.”

It is thirty-five years since Mr Craig deceased. He was a quiet, sober-living, thoroughly honourable man, who carried on business as a vintner in the burgh of Dumbarton. One day he went to pay a visit to his father, who was the tenant of Corslet Farm, and while there he lent a hand at haymaking, and overheating himself, died of inflammation after a very short illness, leaving a widow, four daughters, two sons, and many other relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

#### THE GEORGE BELL FAMILY MONUMENT.

Recently there was erected on the south border of the north carriage drive, and nearly opposite the Proudfoot Statue, an attractive, well-designed, neatly-executed, polished, dark grey granite monument surmounted by a draped vase. This headstone was raised by ex-Bailie George Bell and Elizabeth, his wife, in memory of their children, Jane and Isabella, whose remains are interred in the Old Churchyard of the parish at the east end of the south walk. The two following expressive lines are engraved on the foot of the memorial stone:—

“Years since have rolled, and time hath lent its balm to nature’s  
smart,  
But none hath filled their first fond place within their parents’  
heart.”

But by their advent these sweet cherubs shed a heavenly radiance in the dwelling-place of their parents, and even when they were withdrawn from it to the abode of their heavenly



father they left a trail of glory, and a perfume of sweet memories behind them, making their parents realise when the bitterness of parting was over that "Twas better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Inscrutable are the ways of Providence. What we know not now in regard to these dispensations we shall know hereafter in the land where death divided friends shall meet to part no more.

GEORGE LANGLANDS, POSTMASTER.

To the south of Provost Bennett's monument there is a white marble one of chaste design and beautiful execution, erected to the memory of George Langlands and his first wife. He was born in Dundee on October 25th, 1839, and was educated at the High School of the burgh. After receiving a superior education, he was apprenticed in that town to the engineering trade. In 1864, shortly after he became journeyman, he came to Dumbarton and wrought at his trade with Messrs Matthew Paul & Co. In 1869 he was married to Hannah, eldest daughter of Provost Bennett. In 1870 he started business on his own account in Dumbarton as a stationer and news agent. In 1871 he was appointed to the responsible position of postmaster of the town, and discharged the duties appertaining to it till within a short time of his lamented decease. His first wife having died in 1877, he was married in 1881 to Jane Neilson, of Glasgow. By his first marriage he had issue four sons, and by his second marriage one daughter. He died in 1884, October 3rd, aged 45. He was a sober, quiet, clever, unassuming, well-read man, with a good deal of caustic although not unkindly humour in his composition. His comparatively early death caused a blank in a large circle of relatives and friends.

## JOHN PROUDFOOT.

The Proudfoot statue, which we have now reached in our pilgrimage through the place where death reigns king until the consummation of all things, is the only one of its class in our local "God's Acre." This fine example of the sculptor's art in its highest department is by the celebrated Sir John Steell, R.S.A., Edinburgh, and has been erected in memory of the late John Proudfoot, who was born in Dumbartonshire in 1811, and afterwards went to South America. On his return to this country, after a long absence, he lived for a number of years at Dunglass Castle, in our near neighbourhood, and died at Liverpool on his return from Portugal, where he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was a gentleman of great excellence and benevolence; but notwithstanding his exalted character and position, it was preferred by him that in his memorial he should be represented as a working man of the country where he had spent most of his days. Accordingly, his counterfeit presentment exhibits him as having at the close of the day thrown his jacket over his shoulder and pulled down his shirt sleeves, and holding the South American spade in such a way as to show that his work is completed, and expressive of contentment and satisfaction that his labour is over and his course finished with honour. The statue, which is of pure bronze, was cast in Sir John's foundry, Edinburgh, is eight feet high, and is placed on a moulded pedestal of Binnie freestone, seven feet in height, supplied by Mr Robert Thomson, Edinburgh. The statue was conveyed here and its erection superintended by the sculptor's workmen, assisted by Mr Barlas, builder, of this town. It was commissioned by John Proudfoot Dick, Esq., of Lansdowne Park, Helensburgh.

The Proudfoot Statue since its erection has excited very

great admiration. The site is very fine, being on the north side of the north carriage drive, and on the highest bank of ground in the cemetery, so that it is seen to great advantage. That its merits are of a very high order there is no doubt, and the idea of representing the deceased merchant as not ashamed of the struggles of his early days in South America, whatever else may be said of it, has, fortunately, resulted in the production of a statue as notable for its originality as for its other high qualities. The sculptor has given admirable expression in his work to the idea he had to carry out, and has taken full benefit of his more than usual freedom from the artistic difficulties offered by modern dress. If he has not been free to introduce the graceful drapery of the Roman and Greek costumes, he has not, at least, had to contend with a coat and buttons and a dress hat. The *pose* of the figure is easy and manly, and the proportions seem to be perfect. The statue is worthy of one of the foremost sculptors of the day, and the people of Dumbarton may well feel pleased to have it in their cemetery. The following is a copy of the inscription on the pedestal :—

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN PROUDFOOT, MERCHANT,  
LIVERPOOL, RIO GRANDE DO SUL AND MONTE VIDEO, WHO DIED AT  
LIVERPOOL ON THE 7TH OF MARCH, 1875, AGED 64 YEARS.”

In front of this noble work of art there is laid on the turf a memorial stone cross over the remains of a sister of John Proudfoot, bearing this inscription :—

“IN LOVING MEMORY OF JANE PROUDFOOT, WHO DIED AT TAYNISH  
HOUSE, ARGYLLSHIRE, 22ND NOVEMBER, 1880, AGED 79 YEARS.”

EBENEZER STURROCK, FOREMAN FITTER.

On the south side of the north carriage drive, nearly opposite the Proudfoot statue, there lie the remains of Ebenezer Sturrock, an iron fitter to trade. He well deserves a notice at my hands, for he did not allow the iron to enter

into his soul and kill all its higher aspirations. He was one of our local bards, and a man of mark. He was born in the East Bridgend of Dumbarton on 10th January, 1835. Early in life he was taken by his parents to Renton, where he was brought up. He was left in a state of orphanage when twelve years of age. He married in 1854, and settled in Dumbarton in 1859, and died in it on 1st January, 1885. After a few probationary years spent as journeyman, he latterly (for three years) ably filled the post of head foreman fitter to Messrs Burrell & Sons, shipbuilders, Lower Wood-yard, Dumbarton. His death was sudden, and he left a widow, a grown-up family, and many warm friends to mourn his loss. He was a prominent Free Mason, and held in No. 18 local Kilwinning Lodge the honourable post of Bible Bearer. He was buried with Masonic honours. He was a most intelligent, scrupulously honest, and highly upright, obliging man. As I have already hinted, he toyed with the muses, and many of his poetic productions were much admired. A goodly number of these appeared in the columns of the *Dumbarton Herald* newspaper, and to give my readers a specimen of his work, I append a few of his "Lines to a Skylark:"—

“ Methinks, when first thy song was heard,  
At fair creation's birth,  
The angels leaned from heaven to hear  
The music of the earth ;  
Oh ! then might golden harps be hushed,  
When the beams of early morning flushed  
The first abode of man,  
As from Eden's sod,  
With a cry to God,  
Your anthem first began !

---

“ And through a thousand years of morn  
Is heard thine anthem still ;  
As soon as Phœbus smiles upon  
The meadows and the rill.  
But ere he quaffs from cups of gold  
The dews which Flora’s maidens hold  
With balmy breathing sighs,  
You are singing aloud  
In the fleecy cloud  
To hail the bright sunrise.

“ Oh, spirit bird ! thy melody  
Is like to rend thy breast !  
Thou lessening speck of ecstasy,  
Thou art divinely blest !  
My faith in God can ne’er grow dim,  
While with joy I hear thy morning hymn—  
Like thee aloft I’ll soar—  
A spirit ascending,  
Unto day unending,  
To sing for evermore.”

GEORGE BURNS, HONORARY SHERIFF-SUBSTITUTE OF  
DUMBARTONSHIRE.

This venerable gentleman, who was long a landmark in the burgh of Dumbarton, was born in Renton in 1799. He was a nephew of James Lang, shipbuilder, of this town, and was for some time in his employment. He afterwards carried on for a short period the business of ironmonger, but for over half a century before his death he lived at his ease upon the proceeds of his considerable properties in the burgh, and other investments. In regard to his investments in bank stock, he was most unfortunate. He was a shareholder in the Western Bank when it came to grief in 1857, and he

was in the same position in regard to the City of Glasgow Bank when it collapsed in 1878. And between these two unfortunate concerns he lost a considerable fortune. This loss, while it somewhat crippled him financially, did not by any means make him a poor man. He was a Justice of the Peace, and one of the Honorary Sheriff-Substitutes of the county of Dumbarton. In politics he was Conservative. In religious matters he was an attached member of the Established Church. He married his cousin, Agnes Melville Burns, but had no issue. He was a man of fine tastes, a lover of music, of painting, and of articles of *vertu*. He was possessed of a kindly heart, and was a shrewd observer of human character. He was predeceased by his wife by one year. At his death he left the following bequests of a public nature:—£1000 to the minister and Kirk Session of Dumbarton for behoof of the church of the parish, and the residue of his fortune, which it is supposed may reach £8000, to be divided in any way his trustees see fit for religious and charitable (or religious or charitable) purposes in connection with the Established Church, giving preference to the churches of the town. The inscription on the Burns monument runs as follows:—

“GEORGE BURNS, IN MEMORY OF HIS BELOVED WIFE, AGNES MELVILLE BURNS, WHO DIED AT DUMBARTON, JULY 9TH, 1883, IN THE 62ND YEAR OF HER AGE; ALSO THE ABOVE GEORGE BURNS, FOR MANY YEARS JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND ASSISTANT SHERIFF FOR THE COUNTY OF DUMBARTON, WHO DIED AT DUMBARTON, JUNE 12TH, 1884, AGED 85 YEARS.”

Mr Young is the sculptor of this lovely monument. It is an obelisk of goodly height and fine proportions, wrought out of dark grey granite, highly polished and finely ornamented. It stands on an attractive rusticated base, out of the crevices of which tiny ferns flaunt their feathery forms.

## JOHN URE, OF SHANGHAI ARSENAL.

About the centre of the north margin of the north carriage drive, there stands a finely proportioned freestone monument of twelve feet in height, having one base, a die, an enriched cornice and pediment, surmounted by an urn. On the inscription tablet, which is flanked on each side by an inverted torch, there is engraved —

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN URE, ELDEST AND BELOVED  
SON OF JAMES URE, DALREOCH, WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, DEC.  
2ND, 1875, IN THE 30TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

‘HE, THE YOUNG AND STRONG, WHO CHERISHED  
NOBLE LONGINGS FOR THE STRIFE,  
BY THE WAYSIDE FELL AND PERISHED,  
WEARY WITH THE MARCH OF LIFE.’”

John Ure was born in Dumbarton, and there he was educated, and brought up in his father's works as an iron founder. He had not been long a journeyman when he applied for the vacant post of foreman of the foundry department in the Imperial Arsenal of Shanghai, and got it. In the execution of the important duties appertaining to the post, he gave the most entire satisfaction, improving much the quality of marine engine and other castings. In course of time he got entire charge of both the iron and brass casting department. He had engaged with the Government officials for another term of three years, but soon after that was arranged he fell into bad health, and had to come home to Dumbarton. The Chinese Government sent after him a document relieving him of his engagement, and conferring upon him the honorary title of Mandarin of the Chinese Empire; but it came too late—before its arrival John Ure had entered into rest. He was greatly esteemed, and his early death much deplored.

## MRS GEORGE ALPINE.

On the east side of the north carriage drive, and near the centre of its margin, there stands a massive, polished, red

granite monument of fine proportions, by Mossman of Glasgow, which has inscribed on its face the following :—

“REV. GEORGE ALPINE, IN MEMORY OF HIS BELOVED WIFE,  
MARY RUSSELL TURNER WILSON, DIED 29TH NOVEMBER, 1884,  
AGED 35 YEARS. ‘HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME I WILL IN NO WISE  
CAST OUT.’”

Mrs Alpine was the eldest daughter of the late Dr Robert Wilson, J.P., Coatbridge, and was educated at Glasgow and at Lausanne, Switzerland. She was married on 17th June, 1879, and has left issue two daughters. A few months before her lamented decease she was seized by a malady which defied human skill to cure, and day by day she sank under its ravages; but day by day, as her mortal life faded, her spiritual life appeared to be quickened, until she was visibly made meet for glory before the eyes of her attendant loved ones ere her spirit winged its flight into the realms of bliss. On the first Sunday after the remains of Mrs Alpine were consigned to the darkness and silence of the tomb, funeral sermons of a very affecting nature were delivered to deeply moved congregations in the Parish Church. The Rev. P. Cameron Black, minister of Old Monkland, officiated in the forenoon, and the Rev. William Watson, M.A., of West Bridgend U.P. Church, in the afternoon. Mr Black, towards the end of his discourse, gave an account of the closing scenes in the life of the deceased lady by stating that—“Her relatives and friends have the alleviation of the knowledge that the close of her life was in conformity with its continuance. It must be a precious remembrance to all to recollect that when she had intimation made to her of the fatal gravity of her case, an instant acquiescence in the will of God was given, and she professed her readiness to bear the cross that her Father laid upon her, for the sake of Him who bore a heavier cross than hers. Oh! it must be a triply sweet and



precious alleviation of the bereaved one's trial to recollect that when she was languid, and weary, and sore distressed, a sweet smile brightened on her face, even in the very article of her dying, as the call was sung to her to come to the Redeemer and be at rest."

As a member of the Kirk Session of Dumbarton, of which her husband is the esteemed moderator, it was my good fortune, along with other members of the court, to meet Mrs Alpine from time to time at the manse. I shall never forget her most gracious reception of her husband's "elders." Although she had come so recently a stranger amongst us, she made us feel as if we had known her all our days. Her sweet smile, her winning manner, her most admirable tact, and her constant care for the welfare of others, are all traits of character to be retained in our hearts as cherished memories. Her removal from our midst ere the sun of her life had reached its meridian makes one think of the words of the poet—"The good die first, and they whose hearts are dry as summer dust burn to the socket."

**JAMES GORDON, IRON FOUNDER.**

On the north carriage drive, and near its upper end, there is a massive, well-proportioned, polished, grey granite monument of goodly height to be seen, bearing the subjoined inscription:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES GORDON, WHO DIED AT VIEWPARK, DUMBARTON, ON 2ND JUNE, 1864, AGED 64 YEARS; AND NANCY MATILDA ROBSON, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED THERE ON 20TH MAY, 1884, AGED 67 YEARS."

Mr Gordon was born in Edinburgh, and was educated at the High School, and afterwards at the University of that city, and remained in Edinburgh till 1840. In that year he removed to Halbeath, in Fife, and stayed there till 1852. After a year's residence at Lasswade, he came to Dumbarton.

in 1853, and joined the late Mr Hardie in starting the prosperous business of the Levenbank Foundry under the firm of Hardie & Gordon—Mr Hardie being the practical man and his partner the business one. The original promoters of the concern are now represented by their respective eldest sons. One generation cometh and another goeth. Mr Gordon, on 1st June, 1848, married Nancy Matilda, daughter of John Robson, Esq., of Oban, and left issue at his death two sons and three daughters. Mr Gordon was quiet and gentlemanly in his demeanour, attended to his business and his household, and did not trouble himself about public affairs. He was affable, kind, and much liked.

**JAMES A. HARDIE, IRON FOUNDER.**

On the margin of the inner walk of the west carriage drive, and at the point where a fork road leads to it past the Rankin monument, there stands a stately, grey granite tombstone, with polished tablet, erected to the memory of Mr Hardie. He was born at Greenock in 1814, and served his apprenticeship in the ironfounding trade to Messrs Scott & Co., Greenock Foundry. In 1853 he, in company with Mr James Gordon, began business at the Levenbank Foundry, Dalreoch, Dumbarton. Mr Hardie married Euphemia Moffat in 1850, and had issue five sons and two daughters, of whom there survive four sons and one daughter. James A. Hardie was an elder of the West Bridgend U.P. Church, and also was a director and liberal supporter of the Town Mission from its origin down to his lamented decease. He was of a modest, retiring, amiable disposition, and was much beloved by all who knew him for his consistent walk and conversation. He died 14th June, 1876, aged 62 years.

**PETER FORBES, FLESHER.**

Near the top of the north carriage drive there is a well-

proportioned grey granite monument, which was erected by P. & W. Forbes to the memory of their mother and other relatives, and Peter's name is now inscribed on its register. Peter, eldest son of William Forbes, feuar, Doune, Perthshire, was educated in its parish school, and there he received a liberal education. In very early manhood he, on account of an accident which befel his father, incapacitating him from carrying on his business affairs, had to enter the active arena of life by carrying on his father's fleshing and grazing concern. This he did most efficiently down to 1837, when, in partnership with his brother William, he began trading here under the title of P. & W. Forbes, fleshers. Peter Forbes was noted for his great knowledge of cattle. He was a keen curler and bowler. He never married. He was one of the most honest, straightforward men that ever lived. Some few years before his death he retired from the firm and began farming in Ireland, but did not long remain there. He came back to Dumbarton and took up his abode once more with his brother William, going daily about the shop as was his wont, and that continued almost down to the day of his death. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him. On the face of the stone of memorial there is inscribed the following:—

“P. & W. FORBES, IN MEMORY OF THEIR FATHER, WILLIAM FORBES, WHO DIED AT DOUNE, PERTSHIRE, 17TH MAY, 1840, AGED 54 YEARS; ALSO THEIR MOTHER, CATHERINE HIGGINS MACANSH, WHO DIED AT DUMBARTON, 21ST JULY, 1865, AGED 79 YEARS; ALSO THEIR BROTHER, JAMES FORBES, SURGEON, WHO DIED AT DOUNE, 24TH SEPTEMBER, 1834, AGED 20 YEARS; JANET M'LACHLAN, WIFE OF WILLIAM FORBES, WHO DIED 24TH SEPTEMBER, 1874, AGED 54 YEARS; PETER FORBES, WHO DIED 14TH JUNE, 1880, AGED 68 YEARS; THEIR BROTHER, JOHN FORBES, DIED AT HOTHAM, MELBOURNE, 14TH FEBRUARY, 1884, AGED 58 YEARS.”

MRS AGNES LANG OR MATHIE,  
Daughter of Robert Lang, wright, West Bridgend, Dumbarton,

was born, educated, and reared in this town. When she had passed the meridian of life she married William Mathie, draper, Port-Glasgow. After his death (now many years ago) his widow took up her residence in Acre Cottage, Boghead, Dumbarton, where she died, from the result of an accident, on November 30th, 1886, at the ripe age of 97 years, being at that time the oldest inhabitant of the burgh. She was a tall, slender woman of reserved manner, and somewhat sad cast of countenance. She was of exceedingly active habits, and retained the possession of all her mental faculties up to the very last stage of her existence. Mrs Mathie was descended from an old Covenanting family, and for many years she Sunday after Sunday crossed the West Ferry to attend divine worship at Kilmalcolm. During the winter season it was no uncommon thing for her to take off her shoes and stockings and wade out through ice and water to embark in and disembark from the ferry-boat, which at low tide could not closely approach either side of the Clyde. The venerable old lady died possessed of a considerable amount of heritable and moveable property, the great bulk of which she devised to her cousins, Sir Charles Umpherstone Aitchison, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., L.L.D., Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, India, and a brother and sister of his. A stately grey granite monument, which had been erected by her near the end of the north carriage drive to the memory of her husband, now records simply when she was born and when she died. Of a verity, a brief record of a very long life.

#### ANDREW MUTER OF MILTON.

On the west side of the north carriage drive, first lair south of the Hudson monuments, there lie the remains of Andrew Muter, late calico printer, Milton, by Bowling.

Andrew Muter was born at Glasgow about the end of the first decade of this century. He was second son of the late Rev. Robert Muter, D.D., of Duke Street anti-Burgher Church, Glasgow. He was educated at the Grammar School and University of Glasgow. In 1827 he joined his uncle, Patrick Mitchell, in the calico printing establishment at Milton, and was taught the business in all its branches. He afterwards underwent a laboratory course of training in chemistry in Glasgow, and secured a gold medal for his acquirements in that science. Mr Muter married a Miss Forbes, and had issue one daughter. He lived at Milton House, by Bowling, for the long period of sixty years, and there, full of years and much beloved and regretted, he died on October 25th, 1887. After Mr Mitchell's death, on 15th January, 1848, the Milton Print Works were carried on successfully by two of his nephews, under the title of Muter & Millar, down to 1864, when they were discontinued, and lay idle for a few years. Now they have been converted into a paper work.

MONUMENT ERECTED BY WILLIAM BARTIE, PROCURATOR-  
FISCAL FOR THE COUNTY OF DUMBARTON.

This monument, designed by Mr John MacLeod, is erected near the extreme western portion of the north carriage drive, on its southern side. It consists of an upright block of freestone, flanked by columns with carved cups; a carved plinth and base; a carved and ornamental cornice and gable with finial forming the top part. The gable contains a circular panel with monogram. Height, eleven feet six inches; base five feet six inches by three feet. The following is inscribed on the tombstone:—

"IN MEMORY OF ELIZA CADENHEAD, WIFE OF WILLIAM BARTIE, WRITER, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 12TH NOVEMBER, 1857, AGED 35 YEARS; OF WILLIAM ALEXANDER BARTIE, THEIR ONLY SON, WHO DIED 5TH FEBRUARY, 1876, AGED 25 YEARS."

## HUMPHREY CAMPBELL DIXON, AUCTIONEER.

Opposite the top of the west carriage drive, at the point where it forms a junction with the north drive, there stands an imposing monument reared to the memories of Humphrey Campbell Dixon, a well-known public man, and several of his relatives. The monument consists of a plinth block two feet four inches square, supported on a plinth with double base, cornice and blocking, a low pediment cornice and square block with vase forming the finial at top. Dimensions:—Four feet square at base; height about fifteen feet. On it there is inscribed what follows:—

On front—

“JOHN DIXON, BORN AT ROCK, NORTHUMBERLANDSHIRE, 18TH AUGUST, 1785, DIED AT DUMBARTON, 27TH OCTOBER, 1833. IN MEMORY OF ALLAN DIXON, WHO DIED AT DUNBRITTON, POLLOKSHIELDS, 23RD JANUARY, 1871, AGED 19 YEARS, FROM THE EFFECTS OF A SHOCK TO HIS SYSTEM RECEIVED IN SAVING A GIRL FROM DROWNING. BY HIS GENIAL DISPOSITION, LOVE OF TRUTH, AND MANLY BEARING, HE HAD ENDEARED HIMSELF TO A NUMEROUS CIRCLE OF FRIENDS. HUMPHREY CAMPBELL DIXON, AUCTIONEER, GLASGOW, BORN AT DUMBARTON, 17TH FEBRUARY, 1820, DIED AT DUNBRITTON, POLLOKSHIELDS, 3RD DECEMBER, 1873, AGED 53.”

On left side of monument—

“HELEN ALLAN, RELICT OF JOHN MITCHELL, TANNER, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 27TH DECEMBER, 1874, AGED 82 YEARS.”

On back of monument—

“H. C. DIXON, IN MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER, GIRZEL ROCHEAD, WIFE OF JOHN DIXON, WHO DIED 1847, AGED 57; MARY ANN AND ANN, HIS SISTERS; JAMES AND JOHN, HIS BROTHERS; ALSO HIS INFANT CHILDREN, HELEN, HUMPHREY, AND HELEN ALLAN, ALL INTERRED IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD, DUMBARTON.”

On right side of monument—

“DUGALD M'COLL, SADDLER, DUMBARTON, DIED 2ND JUNE, 1862; ALSO AGNES DIXON, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED AT BURNFOOT COTTAGE, CARDROSS, 2ND FEBRUARY, 1886, AGED 69 YEARS.”

H. C. Dixon was a native of Dumbarton, son of John Dixon, of the Argyll and Dumbarton Sasine Office. He was

born in 1820. After receiving a good education at the Dumbarton Burgh Academy, he entered as apprentice the law office of William M'Kinlay, writer, here. The probationary period over, Humphrey Campbell Dixon went to Glasgow and entered the law office of Messrs John Monteith & Co., and rose rapidly to be their principal clerk. This situation he held until he joined Mr Hutchison in the auctioneering and valuating business in 1843, from which Mr Hutchison retired in the May of 1873, leaving the prosperous concern in the hands of Mr Dixon and his son John, who had been assumed as a partner a few years prior to that date. H. C. Dixon was a remarkably shrewd and energetic man, whose advice on many matters of great pith and moment was eagerly sought and almost invariably acted on. He had often been requested to allow himself to be nominated for the Town Council of Glasgow, but invariably declined. In his later years, however, he took a great interest in church matters, and was for a considerable time an elder of Maxwell Parish Church, of which he was one of the founders. He was also twice elected by the Town Council of Dumbarton as its representative elder in the General Assembly. At his demise he was one of the oldest members of the Dumbarton Salmon Club.

Some time before Mr H. C. Dixon's lamented death, one of his sons (Allan) gallantly risked his life to save a young woman from drowning in the Paisley Canal, by which his system was so greatly exhausted that he, shortly after this heroic act, died on 23rd January, 1871. He was only 19 years of age, and was learning the business of marine engineering, for which he had a strong predilection, with Messrs Elder & Co. He was a quiet, reflective lad, had received a liberal education, which was completed by a two years' residence in Germany, and passed his evenings either

in literary pursuits or at his turning-lathe ; and found a never-failing source of amusement in playing on his harmonium. He had got half through his apprenticeship, and had bright prospects before him in his profession. By his genial disposition, willingness at all times to oblige, his love of truth, and manly bearing, he had endeared himself to a numerous circle of friends, by all of whom his premature departure was sincerely mourned.

The death of this son seemed to depress his father very much, but the immediate cause of his death, on 3rd December, 1873, was liver complaint. He had only been confined to bed two or three weeks before the end came. He was 53 years of age, and had been in business thirty years. He left a widow (who was a Miss Mitchell of this town) and family, and a very large circle of friends, to mourn his loss.

DUGALD M'COLL, SADDLER,

Was a native of Kilbride, parish of Kilmore, Argyllshire. He was born in 1818. After receiving a fairly good education at the school of his parish he was apprenticed to the saddlery trade. He worked in Glasgow at his craft for a year or two, afterwards coming to Dumbarton, where he was engaged by the Messrs Rothead as one of their workmen. After their death he carried on business on his own account. He married Agnes, daughter of John Dixon, messenger-at-arms and clerk in the Sasine Office, Dumbarton, and by this alliance had issue two sons, David R. M'Coll and John D. M'Coll, both of "The Mart," West Nile Street, Glasgow. Dugald M'Coll was a stout, hearty, true Highlander, who attended most faithfully to his business, and had a snuff, a joke, and a pleasant word to give to every one who drew near him. His remains are interred in a portion of the ground which was taken off by his brother-in-law, H. C.



Dixon, at the west end of the north drive. Dugald M'Coll died on 2nd June, 1862, aged 44 years. His wife is buried beside him.

**JAMES DAVIE, CASHIER, DOCKYARD,**

Son of John Davie, shipmaster, was born at Dumbarton, and there educated and trained. In early life he entered Messrs A. M'Millan & Son's office as clerk, ultimately becoming their cashier. He married a sister of Mrs John M'Millan, of College Park, and left issue one daughter, who is married to Mr David R. M'Coll, the well-known auctioneer of Hutchison & Dixon, Glasgow. Mr Davie was a plodding, persevering man, most faithful in the discharge of duty, and one who acted fairly between his employers and the employees of their firm, and thereby secured the esteem of both of these parties. His body is buried at the north end of the inner walk of the north carriage drive, and on the freestone obelisk which is there erected to his memory there is inscribed :—

“AGNES GOW, IN MEMORY OF JAMES DAVIE, HER HUSBAND, WHO DIED JANUARY 28TH, 1859, AGED 33; AGNES GOW, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED JANUARY 15, 1862, AGED 33; ALSO THEIR TWO CHILDREN, WHO DIED IN INFANCY.”

**JANET RANKIN.**

In a commanding position at the west end of the north carriage drive there stands a remarkably fine, elaborately got up monument, which may be described as a miniature spire in the French Gothic style of architecture. It is constructed of freestone, with the exception of the inscription panel and shafts, which are marble. The lower part of the monument is square on plan, with buttresses at the four angles, which are relieved with gablets. The corners above the buttresses have angle beads and carved foliated capitals, which carry four pinnacles formed with small shafts at corners, and

surmounted by ornamental tops. Moulded arches, with gables ornamented with crockets, spring on four sides from the corners mentioned, supported by marble shafts. Between these shafts, on each face, are panels, and on the front one the inscription is placed. The spire part of the monument, octagonal in plan, rises from behind the gables and pinnacles. It is ornamented with bands of scale work, and finished on the top with an ornamental cross. The height of the monument is 28 feet, and it is 10 feet square at the bottom. Mr John MacLeod is architect of this monument, as he also is of many of the more attractive ones in the Cemetery. There is a sum of money placed in the hands of the Kirk-Session of Dumbarton, the annual interest of which is to be devoted to the keeping of the monument in proper repair—a very wise provision, failing which, in this most trying climate, such a highly ornamental fabric would soon present a neglected, uncared for and ragged aspect. Miss Rankin, to whose memory this costly pile was erected, was born in Dumbarton in 1789, and died there on the 1st Feb., 1867. Her life was a comparatively uneventful one. She inherited considerable means, and being freed from all care in regard to pecuniary matters, appeared to put in a happy existence, whether moving about among her own town's-folk or in travelling abroad. She contributed of her means in a moderate degree to all deserving local institutions. She bequeathed a large portion of her money for religious and charitable purposes. Among her other legacies were the following :—To the six original schemes of the Church of Scotland equally, £200 ; the Glasgow Branch Royal Life Boat, £50 ; Glasgow Royal Infirmary, £50 ; to the minister and Kirk-Session of the Established Church, Dumbarton, £400—to be invested, and the annual interest paid to all

necessitous and deserving unmarried females above fifty years of age, who are natives of the parish of Dumbarton, have been resident there for ten years, and are in full communion with the Established Church or Churches in Dumbarton parish, and are not in receipt of Parochial aid. After payment of the above, and certain other legacies to the relatives and friends of the deceased lady, she instructed her trustees to distribute the residue of her estate (about £10,000) among such Protestant religious and charitable institutions, in such proportions, at such times, and in such manner as her trustees shall think proper. The Glasgow Royal Infirmary got a large portion of this money, securing thereby certain privileges for the town of Dumbarton. This is inscribed on her monument :—

“IN MEMORY OF JANET RANKIN, DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM RANKIN, SHIPOWNER IN DUMBARTON, BORN 29TH MARCH, 1789, DIED 1ST FEBRUARY, 1867.”

JOHN HETHERTON, CANDLEMAKER.

Moving along down the west drive, and on its east side, a highly-polished, massy, red granite chapter stone, six feet long by two and a-half feet broad, resting on a base of grey granite, is come to, erected to the memory of Mr John Hetherton, candlemaker, Dumbarton. This attractive monument, the product of Mr Young's chisel, is fenced in by an iron railing of beautiful fern leaf design. The deceased was a plain, blunt, but honest, industrious man, well liked by all who knew him. He always greeted his friends with a smile and a pinch of snuff. He was an advanced Radical. He took a considerable interest in municipal matters, although never offering himself as a candidate for membership of the Town Council. He was a member of the Established Church. He was Councillor Hetherton's father. John Hetherton was a native of Bo'ness, on the Forth, but came from Greenock

to Dumbarton to start business on his own account in the year 1857. The following is the inscription on his tombstone:—

“JOHN HETHERTON, CANDLEMAKER, DUMBARTON, DIED 3RD SEPTEMBER, 1876, AGED 66 YEARS; THOMAS, HIS SON, DIED 1875, AGED 43 YEARS.”

MRS JAMES MURRAY.

Passing along, and when down a little from the extreme end of the west drive, a fine freestone monument is come to, on the left hand side, which was erected by Mr Murray, chamberlain to the Duke of Montrose. It has a tablet for inscription, placed on which there is a pillar of fifteen feet in height, surmounted by an elegant urn. The sculptor in this instance is Mr Barlas, Alexandria. On the tablet there is the following inscription:—

“ERECTED BY JAMES MURRAY, IN MEMORY OF HIS SON, JAMES WHITEFORD, WHO DIED AT MAINSHILL, AYRSHIRE, 6TH MAY. 1860, AGED 6 YEARS; HIS SON JOHN, WHO DIED AT REDBURN COTTAGE, BONHILL, 14TH NOVEMBER, 1863, AGED 6 YEARS; AND HIS WIFE, SARAH SMITH, WHO DIED AT CATTER HOUSE, DRYMEN, 4TH JULY, 1883, AGED 61 YEARS.”

THE EDWARDS MONUMENT.

On the east margin of the west carriage drive, and on its upper section, Mr Robert M. Edwards, engineer, has erected a beautiful freestone cross on a small base, having panels to match, in memory of his dead child,

“ROBERT WM. EDWARDS, BORN APRIL 27TH, DIED DECEMBER 9TH, 1883, AGED 8 MONTHS.”

On the monument there is engraven the simple yet beautifully suggestive words, from 2d Kings, iv. 26—

“IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD? IT IS WELL.”

And—

“ERE SIN COULD BLIGHT, OR SORROW FADE,  
DEATH CAME WITH KINDLY CARE,  
THE OPENING BUD TO HEAVEN CONVEYED,  
AND BADE IT BLOSSOM THERE.”

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**BAILIE ROBB'S FAMILY MONUMENT.**

Near the top of the west carriage drive, and on its east side, there stands a well-proportioned freestone monument, composed of three bases, flat body, cornice, and draped urn. Inscribed on this stone there is what follows:—

“ERECTED BY JAMES ROBB, IN MEMORY OF ELIZABETH LAIRD, HIS BELOVED WIFE, DIED 29TH JULY, 1881, AGED 53 YEARS; ALSO THEIR FAMILY, CHARLES, DIED 2ND JULY, 1864, AGED 6 MONTHS; ARTHUR SCOTT, ACCIDENTALLY KILLED AT ADEN, ON BOARD THE S.S. ‘SUMATRA,’ 3RD DECEMBER, 1876, AGED 23. ‘BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD.’—*Rev.* 14. 13.”

Bailie Robb's son Arthur was a smart, well-behaved, well-liked young fellow, full of promise. The cause of his death was his accidental falling into the hold of the ship of which he was one of the engineers.

**ROBERT WILLIAM LANDERS, MERCHANT.**

On the west carriage drive, nearly opposite the tall monument erected to Mrs Murray's memory, a grey granite, circular topped monument has been erected to mark the spot where lie the remains of Robert William Landers, who was a Liverpool colonial merchant. He was married to one of the daughters of the late John Lang, Esq., distiller, here, and she brought the remains of her husband to her native town for interment, and over them placed this stone as a stone of remembrance, having the following inscription —

“IN LOVING MEMORY OF ROBERT WILLIAM LANDERS, OF LIVERPOOL, WHO DIED 4TH MARCH, 1877, AGED 41 YEARS, AND IS INTERRED HERE. ‘BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.’”

**ROBERT AND MRS BANNATYNE.**

Passing into the inner walk of the west drive, we find a neat granite obelisk, rising from a base of the same material, the whole being about twelve feet in height, well proportioned, and richly ornamented. This attractive monument was erected by Mrs William Forbes to the memory of her

father, mother, and brother, all of whom were well known in the town, and deservedly esteemed for kindness of disposition. The inscription on the stone runs thus:—

“ERECTED BY MARION FORBES, IN MEMORY OF HER FATHER, ROBERT BANNATYNE, WHO DIED 27TH JULY, 1853, AGED 54 YEARS; ALSO HER MOTHER, ISABELLA LANG, WHO DIED 8TH JUNE, 1874, AGED 74 YEARS; ALSO HER BROTHER, ROBERT BANNATYNE, WHO DIED 24TH DECEMBER, 1849, AGED 24 YEARS.”

Robert Bannatyne, jun., was a most promising young man. His death resulted from a foul instrument having been used in the extraction of one of his teeth. His death was a sad and painful one.

CHARLES M'LACHLAN, BAKER.

On the east side of one of the inner walks of the west carriage drive, there is erected a neat monument to the memory of Charles M'Lachlan, baker, and his grandson, John M'Harrie. The former (son of a farmer) was a native of Kilfinnan, Argyllshire. He served his apprenticeship to John Lang, baker, Port-Glasgow. In 1814 Charles M'Lachlan began business on his own account in Dumbarton, in succession to John M'Walter, and at once secured a large custom, and was famous far and near for the most excellent ship biscuits which he baked. He married Margaret Houston, of Port-Glasgow, and had issue three sons and three daughters, of whom there survive the eldest and youngest daughters (Mrs A. P. Millar and Miss Elizabeth M'Lachlan). Charles M'Lachlan's wife died 22nd September, 1826, aged 31 years, and is interred in the Old Churchyard. Mr M'Lachlan was in politics Liberal. He was pressed on one election occasion to vote Tory, but declined. The party who asked him to “change his coat” met him a day or two after the election was over, and complained that his bread for the last few days had been bad. Charles made reply—“Deed, sir, I rather

think that it wasna my breid that was bad, but my vote ; had it been richt, accordin' to your notion o' what's richt, there wad ha'e been naething wrang wi' my breid." This old worthy died in December, 1857, aged 72 years.

BAILIE JOHN JOHNSTON'S FAMILY MONUMENT.

On the border of one of the lower cross walks which strike off from the inner walk of the west carriage drive, there is a well-designed and carefully-executed freestone monument of three bases, flat slab body, and an enriched cornice, the whole surmounted by a miniature sarcophagus, which has been erected by John Johnston—

"IN MEMORY OF THREE OF HIS CHILDREN WHO DIED YOUNG ; HIS WIFE, JANET MUNN, DIED 15TH JULY, 1881, AGED 62 YEARS ; JOHN, DROWNED AT NASH SANDS OFF THE WRECK OF THE SHIP 'BEN-Y-GLOE,' 15TH OCTOBER, 1886, AGED 24 YEARS."

The death of the latter was a very sad one. He had only left home a few days when the ship he was carpenter of was caught in a terrible gale and totally wrecked. The gallant young sailor was washed off the vessel and perished. His remains were brought home by rail, and his funeral was largely attended. I was present at it to testify my regard for the early lost seaman, whose conduct all through life was most exemplary. Much sympathy was felt for his father and other members of his family in their sore bereavement.





## CHAPTER XVI.

### MISCELLANEOUS BIOGRAPHIES.

JAMES WHITE OF OVERTOUN.

**A** LITTLE to the east of the west carriage drive, and bordering on two of the inner walks near the high end of the Cemetery, there stands a polished Peterhead granite sarcophagus of classical design, magnificent in size, and admirably proportioned, executed from plans prepared by Mr John MacLeod, architect. The die part, panelled in front and back, is a solid block seven feet three inches by four feet one and a-half inches. At each end are semi-circular pieces. A heavily moulded base and three steps, circled at ends, support the die. A moulded cornice, with ogee top and a carved circular moulding, forms the finish. The monument measures sixteen feet nine inches by eleven feet at lowest step, and is eight feet six inches high. The following is transcribed from the monument:—



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"JAMES WHITE OF OVERTOUN, DIED AT OVERTOUN, 8TH MARCH, 1884, AGED 71. 'VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU, HE THAT BELIEVETH ON ME HATH EVERLASTING LIFE.'—*John 7, 47; Matt. 25, 21.* JANE CAMPBELL WHITE, DIED AT HAYFIELD, 28TH JULY, 1862, AGED 15 YEARS; ELIZABETH CAMPBELL WHITE, DIED AT OVERTOUN, 9TH SEPTEMBER, 1871, AGED 17 YEARS; ISABELLA BELL, A FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED NURSE FOR 35 YEARS, DIED AT OVERTOUN, 25TH NOVEMBER, 1876, AGED 68."

What a touching tribute the White family have paid to the fidelity and lovability of their nurse, Isabella Bell (one of Bailie George Bell's sisters), by laying her remains beside those of their own dear dead. Were there more of such kindly consideration shown by superiors to subordinates, society would be all the better for it. This preliminary matter over, I now apply myself to the giving of a rapid sketch of Mr White's successful career.

James White, first of Overtoun, born in 1812, was second son of Dr White, an eminent physician, of Paisley. He was educated at the Glasgow Grammar School and at its famous University. After passing through the Art Classes he applied himself diligently to the study and practice of law, firstly in Glasgow and then for a brief period in Edinburgh. Returning to Glasgow he entered the law office of Messrs Dow & Couper, and was soon assumed as a partner in the firm. For the period of seventeen years he carried on business as a member of the firm of Couper & White, and earned a high reputation as a shrewd, sound, well-read lawyer. In 1830 he married Fanny Campbell, daughter of Sheriff Campbell, of Barnhill. In 1851 he relinquished his connection with the law, and went into partnership with his father and elder brother John, in the carrying on of the Shawfield general chemical works. Since 1840 bi-chromate of potash had become almost the sole manufacture, and in it the company achieved a brilliant success. In 1881 John White, of Arddarroch, the

then senior partner of the firm, died, and from that time down to James White's death, in 1884, the works were carried on by him in conjunction with his son and partner, J. Campbell White, and his nephew William Chrystal, who had been assumed as a partner. In 1859 Mr White bought the beautiful estate of Overtoun, on which he erected a picturesque mansion house. Later on he bought the adjoining lands of Corslet and Silvertownhill. The deceased gentleman was for long one of the best known and most highly appreciated men in Glasgow. He was a bountiful subscriber to every fund which had for its object the alleviation of distress in all its manifold forms. He was for a considerable time a director and deputy-chairman of the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company. In 1866 he did admirable service as chairman of the committee appointed to investigate into the financial condition of the North British Railway Company. He was chairman of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, director of the Merchants' House, director of the Ferguson Bequest Fund, chairman of the directors of the Glasgow Royal Exchange, chairman of the Glasgow Deaf and Dumb Institution, and chairman of the National Bible Society of Scotland. He was a J.P. for and Deputy-Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire. In politics he was Liberal, in religion he belonged to the Free Church. He was a man of refined tastes. Of a somewhat shy temperament, he nevertheless delighted to surround himself with troops of friends to whom he dispensed a liberal hospitality. James White left a widow, a son, and three daughters.

#### MRS SOMERVILLE.

On a triangular plot immediately behind the sarcophagus erected to the memory of James White of Overtoun, in the upper portion of the Cemetery, there shoots up an exceed-

ingly well-proportioned, polished, red granite obelisk, erected to the memory of—

“MARGARET CAMPBELL WHITE, DEARLY BELOVED WIFE OF REV. J. E. SOMERVILLE, BORN 7TH MARCH, 1849, DIED 26TH SEPT., 1884, ‘THE SON OF GOD LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME.’—*Gal. 2, 20.* ‘FATHER, I WILL THAT THEY ALSO WHOM THOU HAST GIVEN ME BE WITH ME WHERE I AM.’—*John 17, 24.*”

The sculptors of this handsome monument are Bower & Florence of Aberdeen.

Margaret Campbell White was born at Hayfield, near Rutherglen. She was married to Rev. James E. Somerville (second son of Dr A. N. Somerville), April 15, 1874. Mr Somerville was then Free Church minister of Langholm, Dumfriesshire. After being there for some two years they went to Broughty Ferry, where Mr Somerville became minister of the East Free Church. He, however, had to demit his charge on account of ill health in May, 1884. In the same year Mrs Somerville died without issue in Edinburgh. Her father, James White, also died in that year. Mrs Somerville was of a particularly amiable and bright disposition, and greatly aided her husband in his work. She was much blessed in her efforts to win young ladies for Christ. Before her marriage, and while residing at Overtoun, she took a deep interest in the carrying on of Christian work in the neighbourhood. The Christian graces have seldom shone with more resplendent lustre than they did in the person and character of Mrs Somerville. She was as beautiful as she was good. Our loss is Heaven's gain. God's will be done.

JAMES BUCHANAN, BAKER.

On the walk which lies to the south of the central carriage drive, there stands a stately, grey granite Ionic cross, a *fac-simile*, as far as I recollect, of the historic cross of Saint Martin which stands, hoary with age, before the cathedral of

Iona. I have no hesitation in placing the cross erected to Mr Buchanan's memory in the very front rank of the memorial stones which adorn and give interest to our Cemetery. Year by year, in my eyes, the cross alluded to is increasing in beauty. Nature's deft, wonder-working fingers have toned down the white of the granite by weaving lichens of the most delicate green around and within the many artistic projections and indented figures which grace the erection from basement to summit. Verily, a monument after my own heart is that erected to my worthy deceased brother elder, who died 29th May, 1882, aged 62 years. Mr Buchanan was a native of Glasgow, but was brought up in Paisley, and came to Dumbarton and started business in 1862. He was married, and left a widow, six sons, and two daughters to grieve over his withdrawal from their midst. Mr Buchanan took a warm interest in the Church of the Parish, and while eminently a peaceful man, yet, when he took up a position, he defended it with great pluck. As a husband, father, and man of business, his conduct was not only irreproachable, but worthy of all praise.

#### THE BLAIR AND ALLAN FAMILY MONUMENTS.

At the western extremity of the south border of the cross central carriage drive, there stand two neat freestone obelisks. One was erected by Bailie Blair, and the other by his brother-in-law, Peter Allan. On the Blair stone there is the following inscription:—

“ROBERT BLAIR, IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF JANET ALLAN (BELOVED DAUGHTER OF ROBERT BLAIR AND JANET ALLAN, HIS WIFE), WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON SABBATH, 17TH JULY, 1870, AGED 18 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS. ‘TIS FINISHED. OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING? OH, GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?”

Janet Allan Blair, familiarly known to myself and many others as Jessie Blair, was a sweet, pretty girl. She was,

in fact, amiability personified. In early womanhood she faded like a flower blighted by frost. She was the only child of her parents, and her loss left an aching void in their hearts that nothing earthly can fill. The fragrance of her memory is most precious. On the Allan monument there is inscribed as follows:—

“PETER ALLAN, IN MEMORY OF HIS AUNT, CATHERINE ALLAN, WHO DIED 2ND NOVEMBER, 1862, AGED 63 YEARS; AND HIS AUNT, MARY ALLAN, WHO DIED 28TH DECEMBER, 1865, AGED 64 YEARS; DAVID BRYCE ALLAN, DIED 27TH OCTOBER, 1873, AGED 1 YEAR; THE ABOVE PETER ALLAN, DIED 5TH JANUARY, 1885, AGED 55 YEARS.”

Peter Allan was one of my old school and play-fellows. He was only son of James Allan, candlemaker, Dumbarton. He was bred to the law in Fiscal Baird's office, and after leaving it was employed as clerk in the office of the Caledonian and Dumbartonshire Railway Company. He became a bookseller and stationer in Partick. He afterwards came back to his native place, and bought John Thomson's ironmongery business, which he carried on until within a year or two of his death. He was of an enterprising turn of mind. He built Allan Place and a portion of Poindfauld Terrace, and also two cottages in the Round-redding Road. In early manhood he married Miss Buntin of Dalmoak, and had a numerous family, most of whom and the widow still survive.

ALEXANDER M'AUSLAN, CASHIER, DENNY & CO.'S.,

Was eldest son of James M'Auslan, painter, Dumbarton, and was educated at the Burgh Academy. He served his law apprenticeship to John Denny, Town Clerk of this burgh. Was law clerk for a short time in the office of Mr Ritchie, writer, Glasgow. In the November of 1853 he left law pursuits and joined the office of Tulloch & Denny, engineers, Dumbarton, as clerk, in succession to my esteemed friend

Archibald Thomson, who had then died. Alexander M'Auslan, for some years prior to his death, was cashier to the firm just mentioned. In 1865 he married Janet Brock, and had issue a son and three daughters. The son and one daughter survive. Alexander M'Auslan died on 13th Sept., 1875, and his remains are buried in the margin of the inner north walk, where a beautifully-designed and well-chiselled freestone monument, having a draped vase as apex, is erected, having this inscription:—

“JAMES AND JANET M'AUSLAN, IN MEMORY OF THEIR MOTHER, JANET BROCK, WHO DIED 5TH OCTOBER, 1874, AGED 40 YEARS; THEIR SISTER, JANE, WHO DIED 12TH JULY, 1875, AGED 11 MONTHS; AND THEIR FATHER, ALEXANDER M'AUSLAN, WHO DIED 13TH SEPT., 1875, AGED 43 YEARS.”

Alexander M'Auslan was a quiet, pleasant, amiable man, who was fond of a joke, a crack, and a little social intercourse with old friends. He was an attached member of the “Auld Kirk,” and a general favourite with all who knew him.

ALEXANDER LATTA, SHIP CARPENTER.

On the border of the inner walk of the north carriage drive, a neat headstone marks out the sleeping place of a worthy ship carpenter of the olden time, and a townsman highly esteemed, who died on 6th July, 1882, in the 80th year of his age. He had been engaged as a shipwright since 1814, when he was only 12 years of age, and then had a hand in the erection of the “Trusty,” the “Margery,” which was the first steamer that plied on the Thames; the “Rob Roy,” the first steamer placed on the Glasgow and Belfast run; the “Trinidad,” the first steamer despatched from this country to the West Indies; and the little steamer “Marion,” which plied for a brief period on Lochlomond, and was the first of her class that ploughed its limpid waters. These were the days when the building of steamers was as

yet in its infancy, as will be easily understood when the fact is taken into consideration that the first steamer, the "Comet," was launched in 1812, only two years before our old friend began to learn his trade, under the eye of Mr William Denny (father of Mr Peter Denny, the eminent shipbuilder and engineer of this town). The before-named vessels were built by Mr Denny, who was quite a leading man in the then shipbuilding world. There was no shipyard on the Clyde above Dumbarton when Mr Denny began business on his own account in this burgh, and engaged the ship carpenter of the olden time, whose little history I am narrating, as one of his "hands," and from that date he spent the most part of his long and exemplary life in the employment of the Denny family, down to shortly before his death, when he was compelled by the infirmities of advancing years to give up work. He was for some years in mid life Messrs Denny & Rankin's foreman carpenter. For the long period of 40 years Mr Latta had been a teetotaller, and his having become so was brought about in this wise. He and three other brother craftsmen went into a change-house in the burgh and drank half a mutchkin of whisky between them—not a formidable quantity, of a verity ; but, either from its newness or some vile adulteration, when the participants went to the open air they fell prone in the dust, utterly discomfited. Alec resolved that it would be the last time John Barleycorn would get the better of him, and he solemnly entered into his father's "big ha' Bible" the pledge that he would never taste whisky again, unless under medical advice. He was true to his vow, and was so healthy that he never required to take the "cratur"—not even medicinally. As giving some idea of the recent enormous development of the shipbuilding trade, it may be stated that when Mr Latta was

apprentice carpenter, the number of hands employed in the Woodyard was from twelve to fifteen journeymen and two or three apprentices, who were paid monthly. The monthly pay for the yard would in all probability not exceed the modest sum of £70. In the last years of Mr Latta's life, the firm of William Denny & Brothers employed 2000 hands, and the pay fortnightly came to £5000. The population of the town in his time increased from 3000 to 15,000. What a prodigious stride to be made in the lifetime of one man.

**ROBERT MACARTHUR, SCHOOLMASTER.**

Robert MacArthur, born at Dumbarton in 1797, was a son of James MacArthur, watch and clock maker, Dumbarton. He was educated under Mr Steel, of the Burgh Academy, for the profession of schoolmaster. When his education was completed he went to Old Kilpatrick, and opened a school there. He then returned to Dumbarton and was appointed parochial teacher, which appointment he held till 1850. Being a good penman, he devoted his spare time to lithographing, and for many years had the only lithographic business in the county. Early in 1853 he entered the employ of Mr Alexander Denny, shipbuilder, as a commercial clerk, which profession he followed until within about eight years of his death. He was ordained an elder of the Dumbarton Established Church in 1836, and in 1843, when the great majority of the members went over to the Free Church, he and only one other of the session (namely, James M'Lintock, candlemaker), stood true to the principles of Establishment. He was an intelligent, smart, agreeable, most courteous man, who secured the esteem of all who knew him, and these were not few. He died in 1883. Surviving issue, two sons (James and John) and two daughters (Mary and Sussanah). On the margin of the first inner walk



off north carriage drive, there is a monument of large, flat design, having three bases, die, cornice—which has rich incised work on it—block, and large urn, all ornamented same as cornice. On this imposing memorial stone there is inscribed the following:—

“MACARTHUR FAMILY, IN MEMORY OF THEIR PARENTS, ROBERT MACARTHUR, DIED 20TH SEPT., 1883, AGED 87 YEARS; SUSSANAH CAMPBELL, DIED 3RD NOV., 1881, AGED 72 YEARS; AND FIVE OF THEIR CHILDREN.”

MASTER-GUNNER WILLIAM SWANSON, ROYAL ARTILLERY.

This fine old military gentleman—for gentleman he was—was born at Chatham in barracks (his father being a native of Thurso, Caithness-shire), while his father's regiment was quartered there. He enlisted in 1803, when a mere boy. In 1806, when quite a youngster, he was sent out in the capacity of drummer with troops to take the Cape of Good Hope. They effected a landing there under cover of the man-o'-war's guns, which were fired over their heads. During the operation of landing, some men were wounded, and one boat, with forty men of the 93rd Regiment, was sunk, and every man in it perished. The troops having made good their landing, the Commander-General, Sir David Baird, quickly formed them into line, and then made for and speedily beat the enemy. This accomplished, the Dutch colours were hauled down, the British flag run up, and another jewel was added to the crown of Britain. After seeing a good deal of service abroad, he in 1829 was quartered in Dumbarton Castle for a number of years, and then, and during his subsequent residence in the burgh, became so well known to its inhabitants that most people thought he was a native. In the course of time he achieved the honourable position of Master-Gunner in the service of his country. He was a soldier for fully half a century, and was always in

high spirits when talking about army matters. Soldiering with him was a passion, and seemed to run in the blood, as he appears to have transmitted a love for it to his family. Four of his sons I remember when they were at school in the old Dumbarton Academy, every one of whom joined the army. One died at Hyderabad, East Indies, in 1863. He was joined to the 28th Regiment. The others served in the Crimean War. These have now been discharged the service on pension. All the surviving brothers brought home with them medals for long service and good conduct, making, in addition to war medals, four long service medals in one family. Master-Gunner Samuel Swanson, now janitor of the County Buildings, is the only one of the family who has settled down in Dumbarton. His mother, who lives in family with him, is now in her '88th year. Old Master-Gunner Swanson was capital company. His campaigning stories, and his reminiscences of Dumbarton, which included his experiences as a watcher in its Old Churchyard at the resurrectionist time, were most interesting, and he narrated them with great gusto. Now the old warrior rests, his battling days over, in the margin of the inner walk of the east carriage drive, almost opposite the Proudfoot statue. A neat freestone monument marks his sleeping place. On the stone is inscribed that the venerable, much-respected Master-Gunner "died in November, 1873, aged 84 years." The names of nine of his deceased children also appear on the headstone.

**A HERO OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE FIGHTS.**

At the east end of the second crescented cross walk, behind the Dennys' ground, there is a modest little freestone monument of one base, a die, cornice, and pediment, raised to mark

**"THE BURYING PLACE OF JAMES, ANN, AND WILLIAM CONOLLY.  
JAMES CONOLLY, WHO DIED 16TH DECEMBER, 1857, AGED 63 YEARS,  
ONE OF WELLINGTON'S WARRIORS OF THE PENINSULA, WAS 150 TIMES  
IN ACTION, AND IN 9 GENERAL BATTLES."**

The ground wherein this genial old soldier sleeps his long sleep is enclosed by a neat iron chain, suspended from four freestone pauls. Mr Conolly was a very pleasant, decent, industrious Hibernian, who carried on business for some years in the burgh as a news-agent, bookseller, and bookbinder. The execution of the latter work was done by himself, and if at times it was not very artistically done, it was at all events done strongly. Bailie Blair took up and carried on the old soldier's business at his demise.

#### THE JAMES KIRK FAMILY MONUMENT.

In the central space of the upper portion of the Cemetery there rises an imposing family monument erected by our townsman, Mr James Kirk. It is possibly the most elaborately-decorated of all the monuments that grace this place of graves. The headstone is Gothic in its character. It is composed of three bases, a die surmounted by carved capitals, which in turn are surmounted by an octagonal, finely-proportioned spire, having as finial a Gothic cross bearing a crown of thorns. On portions of the monument are to be seen sculptured representations of the head of Christ crowned with thorns, the Virgin and Child, and sundry emblematic carvings. Mr James M'Lean is its sculptor. The names inscribed on this monument are ten, but the only one of the number in which the public can be supposed to be interested is that of an old public servant,

#### ROBERT KIRK, GAS MANAGER,

Who was born at Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland, on 12th May, 1804. His forebears for many generations had been tenants of His Grace the Duke of Abercorn, and some of his family still hold farms on the same estate. After reaching man's estate, Robert Kirk came annually for a few years over to Scotland to do harvest work, and in this country he

finally settled in 1826. His first job when he came here was at brick making at the back of the old College of Glasgow. He next wrought in the first Glasgow Gas Work. His next move was to Dalmonach Print Work, where he acted as gas-man, and remained there till 16th February, 1835, when he came to Dumbarton Gas Works, under an agreement that he should give six months' notice of his intention to leave. He was connected with these works until prostrated by a paralytic shock in 1874. Up till 1850 he was general factotum, and built and repaired retorts, benches, etc., made gas, laid pipes, took index of meters, cleaned and repaired them, and collected the gas money. After 1850, on account of the town extending so much, the company had to employ more men, and he then became manager. His management was so careful and satisfactory in every way that when he left the works the original £5 and the 1853 £6 shares were found to be worth £15. Robert Kirk was a good-natured man, fond of fun, and liked a lot of youngsters about him. Few things pleased him better than a game at draughts, or a bout with the boxing gloves. He kept a game cock and a good dog. Some of these amusements, though considered quite respectable then, are not so considered now. Robert Kirk was also fond of flowers, and had a fine show of them about the Gas Works. He was a man of mark in his day, and much esteemed for his honourable, upright conduct. He was married, and had a family of nine sons, all of whom have died except James, who has been for a considerable period a member of the School Board of the Burgh. I have pleasant recollections of the cheery old man. Robert Kirk died on 10th April, 1876, aged 74 years.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### MISCELLANEOUS BIOGRAPHIES.

#### THE DAVIDSON FAMILY.

THE handsome monument erected in memory of members of this family is situated on the upper inner walk of the top section of the west carriage drive, and stands about twelve feet high. Its base is formed of light grey granite, and from it springs a dark grey polished slab of the same material, having a well-cut rope ornament at its sides. It is crowned by an urn beautified by Greek ornaments. The same style of ornament adorns the cornice. The stone contains the following long list of names:—

“ IN MEMORY OF JAMES DAVIDSON, TANNER, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 2ND JUNE, 1836; JANET LANG, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED 19TH FEB., 1847; AND THEIR CHILDREN—

ROBERT,	BORN, 7TH NOV., 1796,	DIED, 3RD JUNE, 1857;
JAMES,	„ 30TH JULY, 1798,	„ 14TH MAY, 1826;
JANET,	„ 29TH AUG., 1800,	„ 24TH JUNE, 1816;
JOHN,	„ 17TH MAY, 1802,	„ 24TH MAY, 1832;
WILLIAM,	„ 30TH MAY, 1804,	„ 13TH MAY, 1824;
GEORGE,	„ 6TH MAY, 1807,	„ 22ND MAR., 1865;
WALTER,	„ 7TH AUG., 1812,	„ 8TH JAN., 1845;
CATHERINE JANET,	„ 7TH JUNE, 1818,	„ 1ST APRIL 1831;
EDWARD,	„ 11TH JUNE, 1820,	„ 21ST DEC., 1821;
MARGARET,	„ 30TH MAR., 1809,	„ 24TH APRIL, 1884.”

Bailie James Davidson, tanner, was a well-known burghess of Dumbarton, and one of its leading men for many years. He married a wife out of the Lang family of Townend, one of the oldest and most respectable families in the burgh. He repeatedly sat in Council as a representative of the merchant burghesses. In 1830, when he was senior Bailie, there was an election of a Member of Parliament for the Glasgow group of burghs, of which Dumbarton formed a unit. The casting vote lay with Dumbarton should there be a parity of votes between rival candidates. That contingency having taken place, Bailie Davidson, in whom, in the absence of the Provost, the privilege of giving the vote was vested, gave it in favour of Archibald Campbell of Blythswood, and thereby returned him as M.P. James, one of the Bailie's sons, was postmaster of the town for a short period down to his death in 1826. His sister Margaret succeeded him at that date in the office, and held it down to 1853, when she withdrew from it after a faithful service of twenty-seven years. I recollect of another son, Robert, very well, his place of business having been next to that of my father. He was a member of the local yeomanry cavalry corps, as most of our spirited young gentlemen were sixty years or so ago. He married a Miss Marshall, a Paisley lady, and by her had a good many children. The two eldest sons and I were companions. The eldest (William) was for many years a banker in China, but he has now retired from active service, and lives in London. The second eldest (Robert) holds the honourable and highly-responsible position of London manager of the Bank of Scotland. The sole survivors of Bailie James Davidson's large family are Thomas Davidson, of Craigend, and his sister Jane, who live together and enjoy the evening of their days at Craigend House, nigh unto the burgh of their nativity.

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**THOMAS BELL, DRAPER,**

Fourth son of John Bell, flesher, Dumbarton, and Mary Lang his wife, was born in this town in 1817; was educated at the Burgh Academy; was apprenticed to James Harris, draper, of this place; began business in Port-Glasgow, in company with his brother George, under the firm of G. & T. Bell, drapers, in the year 1835, and remained there till 1851, when Thomas left the Port-Glasgow business and began a drapery concern in Dumbarton. He never was married. He was an esteemed elder of the Established Church of Dumbarton, and was a most honourable man in all his dealings. He was a smart, pushing, business man, who for many years did a big trade, and did it to some purpose. In 1872 he assumed Andrew Blair as a partner, the firm being then changed to Bell & Blair, as it stands at present, Mr Blair being now sole partner. Thomas Bell died on 26th January, 1873, aged 56 years, and left a large sum of money, which went to his nearest relatives. I venerate his memory. I ever found him tender and true, a thorough Christian gentleman of modest, unobtrusive habits; in fact, few gentler spirits than his ever dwelt in tabernacles of clay. His dust lies on the border of the inner north walk, and on the handsome headstone, having draped vase as apex, which is reared to the memory of himself and others of his house, there is the following inscription:—

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MARY LANG, WIDOW OF JOHN BELL, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 24TH DEC., 1859, AGED 81 YEARS; AND OF GEORGE, THEIR SON, WHO DIED ON BOARD SHIP ‘THREE BELLS,’ NEAR THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, 25TH SEPTEMBER, 1864, AGED 55 YEARS; THOMAS, THEIR SON, WHO DIED AT MARYVILLE, DUMBARTON, 26TH JANUARY, 1873, AGED 56 YEARS.”

**WALTER LANG, OF CHAPELTON.**

On the margin of the inner north walk, a monument of goodly size and appearance testifies that here lies Walter

Lang of Chapelton, who died 28th May, 1887, aged 83. The following notice regarding him appeared in the columns of the *Dumbarton Herald* immediately after his death:—"The deceased gentleman died at his residence, Townend, here, after a brief bronchial attack, at the good old age of 83. He was well-known in Dumbarton, where he had spent all his long life. He was descended from an old Townend family, his father, the late James Lang, and some others of his forbears, being engaged as maltmen—a trade then very common amongst the best people in the old burgh. The Langs added bit of land after bit of land as opportunity occurred, which, like other similar gatherings in the shire, blossomed out at length into a goodly inheritance. The late Walter Lang was infetted in the lands of Chapelton in 1842, and he also possessed a goodly portion of the Townend district. Up till within a few years ago he farmed his own land, and was fairly successful, being not only a good husbandman, but a capital judge of all kinds of stock. Some years ago he retired to a cottage in the Townend, where he spent the few remaining years of his life quietly. Mr Lang, besides his land, was left a goodly sum of money by his father, and doubtless by his carefulness and thrift has added somewhat to the total; but it is feared through unfortunate money transactions he has lost heavily within late years. He was a thoroughly honest gentleman, possessing many good parts and very few bad ones. He has left behind him a widow and two children—a son and a daughter."

ROBERT M'LINTOCK, DRAPER.

On the west side of the inner walk of the west carriage drive there is a humble freestone monument, having a circular wreath carved on pediment, erected to the memory of Robert M'Lintock, draper, who died 8th October, 1857,



aged 72 years. He succeeded his brother John as a draper in this town. During his declining years and declining trade his place of business was in the Land in the High Street yeleft Holy. "Bob" M'Lintock was a "character," and the boys of the burgh used to take a delight in watching and annoying him. More especially was that the case when "Bob" was engaged locking up his shop. On these occasions he would make the lock play plunk, plunk, many times before he left his place of business, and after he had done so he would go from it and to it half-a-dozen times to make sure whether it were really locked or not. He was engaged in Sabbath School work, and even then the irrepressible boys played upon his weakness by obtaining prize books from him in exchange for an insufficient number of tickets, promising to give the remainder soon, which promises, like pie crusts, were made to be broken. Robert M'Lintock was a decent, well-meaning little man of small enterprize and no force of character, who died poor; but such as he was, Charles Dickens could have made capital out of him.

PETER GLEN, PORTIONER, TOWNEND.

This old Dumbartonian, who died on November 22nd, 1885, aged 85 years, was in many respects a remarkable man. He was son of Robert Glen, weaver, Townend. His early life was spent in this burgh. For a considerable number of years he was a grocer and provision merchant in Glasgow, where he amassed a competency by dint of carefulness and industry. The major portion of his hard won earnings were, however, swept away in the disastrous year 1845, on account of his being a shareholder in a Glasgow company which then collapsed. For many years prior to his death, Peter Glen resided in a self-contained cottage in the Townend, which he had built, and he occupied his time in the cultivation of the

ground which is connected therewith. He was a plain, blunt, gossipy old man, who had an immense fund of local anecdotes and stories, and who knew all the tender bits in the history of the older families of the town, and used that knowledge betimes in a not too kindly manner. He was of the old immovable school, and was for a long series of years a thorn in the side of the progressive party in the burgh. On one occasion he, at a public meeting, was requested to allow himself to be nominated as a Town Councillor, to which request he indignantly replied — “Na, na, I’m for nane o’ that ; I like to choose my company.” In early manhood the subject of this sketch married Beatrice York, but had no issue. His widow, who still survives, has erected a monument to his memory at the top of the inner walk of the east carriage drive, where he is buried.

ROBERT EWING, JOINER,

Son of Robert Ewing, weaver, Townend of Dumbarton, after receiving a good ordinary education, was apprenticed to learn the trade of wright, ultimately becoming a master joiner, who, besides doing house work, fitted up the cabins of several of the Messrs M’Millan’s early vessels. Mr Ewing was a careful, well-doing man, who made money and built property which his heirs inherit. He was an extreme teetotaler, and held ultra views on many social, religious, and scientific subjects, which he delighted to propound to the youth of the burgh as opportunity offered. He was married to a most estimable Christian woman, who brought up her family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Of the union there survive a daughter (Mrs Clawson) and a son (Robert, now in California). Robert Ewing died, October, 1863, aged 69 years, and to his memory his son has erected, on the margin of the upper inner walk of the west carriage drive,

an exceedingly handsome freestone monument, having a pediment, with a graceful festooned carved wreath hanging from its shoulders, and on its top a corniced capital and a draped vase. This is the inscription which is on the headstone:—

“EWING.—ROBERT EWING, BORN JUNE, 1794, DIED OCT., 1863;  
JANE WATSON EWING, BORN JUNE, 1795, DIED JULY, 1869.”

**JAMES BOYD, MERCHANT.**

This worthy old townsman, whose memory is still fragrant in our midst, was a native of Ayrshire. In early life he came to Dumbarton, and after a short residence began business in West Bridgend as a grocer, in the conducting of which business, and in his general deportment, he earned the esteem of all who knew him for honourable, upright dealing and general probity. He had been repeatedly requested to allow himself to be proposed for municipal and parochial honours, but invariably declined. He was a man of a quiet, retiring disposition, and preferred to such appointments the attending to his own business and his own household. Shortly after Mr Boyd came to reside in this town he was chosen as an elder of Dumbarton Parish Church, an office which he adorned by his walk and conversation down to his lamented decease in May, 1870, aged 67. He left a widow, who died 16th May, 1888, aged 88, and a numerous family. His widow erected, on the east border of the west carriage drive of the Cemetery, a plain, neat, freestone monument to the memory of her husband as a mark of her affection.

**THE JAMES COCHRANE MONUMENT.**

On the west side of the inner walk of the west carriage drive, and near its top, there is to be seen a very suggestive freestone monument in the shape of a round broken pillar, standing on a well-proportioned base of several feet in height, having as a finish to the whole an admirable representation

of a dove. The entire height of the structure is sixteen feet Young, sculptor. This stone was

"ERECTED BY JAMES AND SARAH COCHRANE, IN MEMORY OF THEIR FAMILY, ELIZABETH BRUCE, BORN SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1856, DIED OCTOBER 11TH, 1858, AGED 2 YEARS AND 1 MONTH; ANGUS CAMERON, BORN JAN. 17TH, 1862, DIED AUGUST 15TH, 1867, AGED 5 YEARS AND 7 MONTHS; WILLIAM COCHRANE, BORN JUNE 12TH, 1854, WHO WAS ACCIDENTALLY DROWNED WHILE BATHING IN THE RIVER LEVEN, JUNE 18TH, 1872, AGED 18 YEARS AND 6 DAYS; JANET WALLACE, BORN MARCH 13TH, 1866, DIED AUGUST 8TH, 1872, AGED 6 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS."

This memorial records the names of a household of young folks, all their silvery peals of laughter, the musical patter of their feet, and the sound of their merry romps, clean gone by for ever from their parents' childless abode. To such mourners how sweet must the words of the paraphrase be which says—

"Take comfort, Christians, when your friends  
In Jesus fall asleep;  
Their better being never ends—  
Why, then, dejected weep?"

JAMES LESLIE, SUPERVISOR OF EXCISE.

On the eastern border of the west carriage drive, immediately to the south of the point where one of the cross walks forks off, there shoots up a tall, freestone obelisk, with massive base,

"ERECTED BY CAPTAIN PETER R. D. LESLIE, IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER, JAMES LESLIE, WHO DIED 17TH MARCH, 1865, AGED 67 YEARS."

Mr Leslie, son of a farmer, was born at Rothes. He married Violet Lockhart Nicol, daughter of a farmer in the parish of Carnwath, upper ward of Lanarkshire. Of the union there sprung up a numerous family of sons and daughters, several of whom occupy distinguished positions in our midst. Mr Leslie was a gentleman of great firmness of character, who discharged faithfully his duties to the State and to his family.



## Section II.

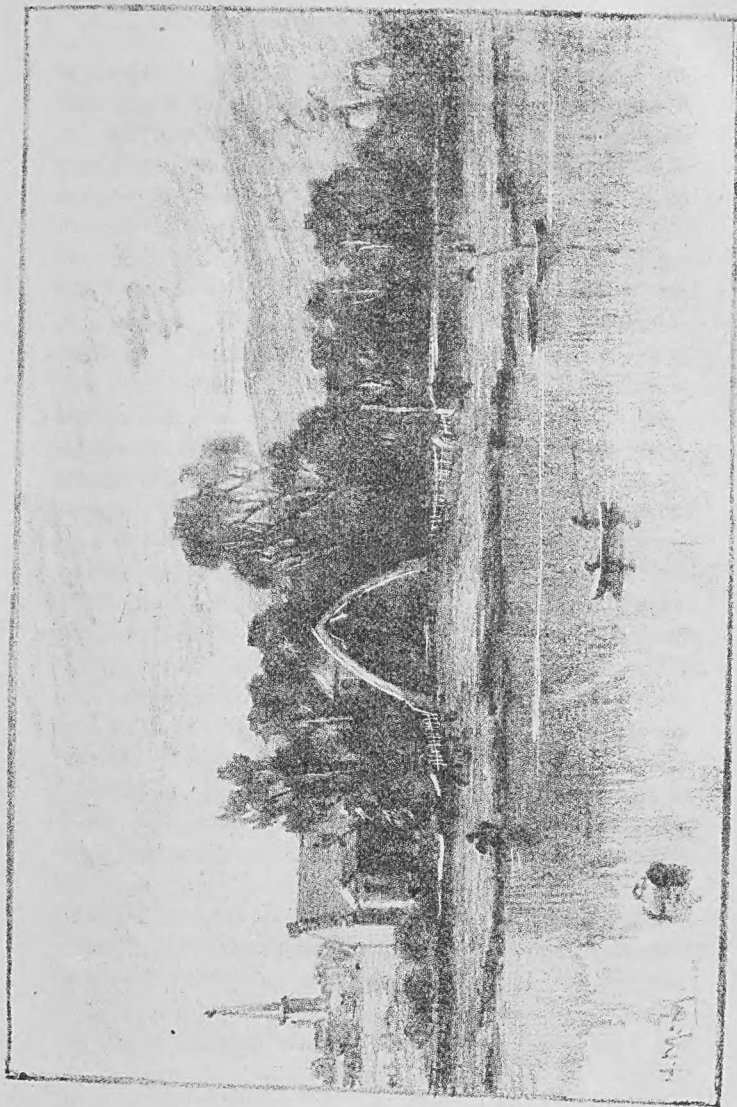
### CHURCHYARD AND CHAPEL OF OUR LADY, AND OLD CARDROSS KIRK AND KIRKYARD.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CHURCHYARD AND CHAPEL OF OUR LADY.

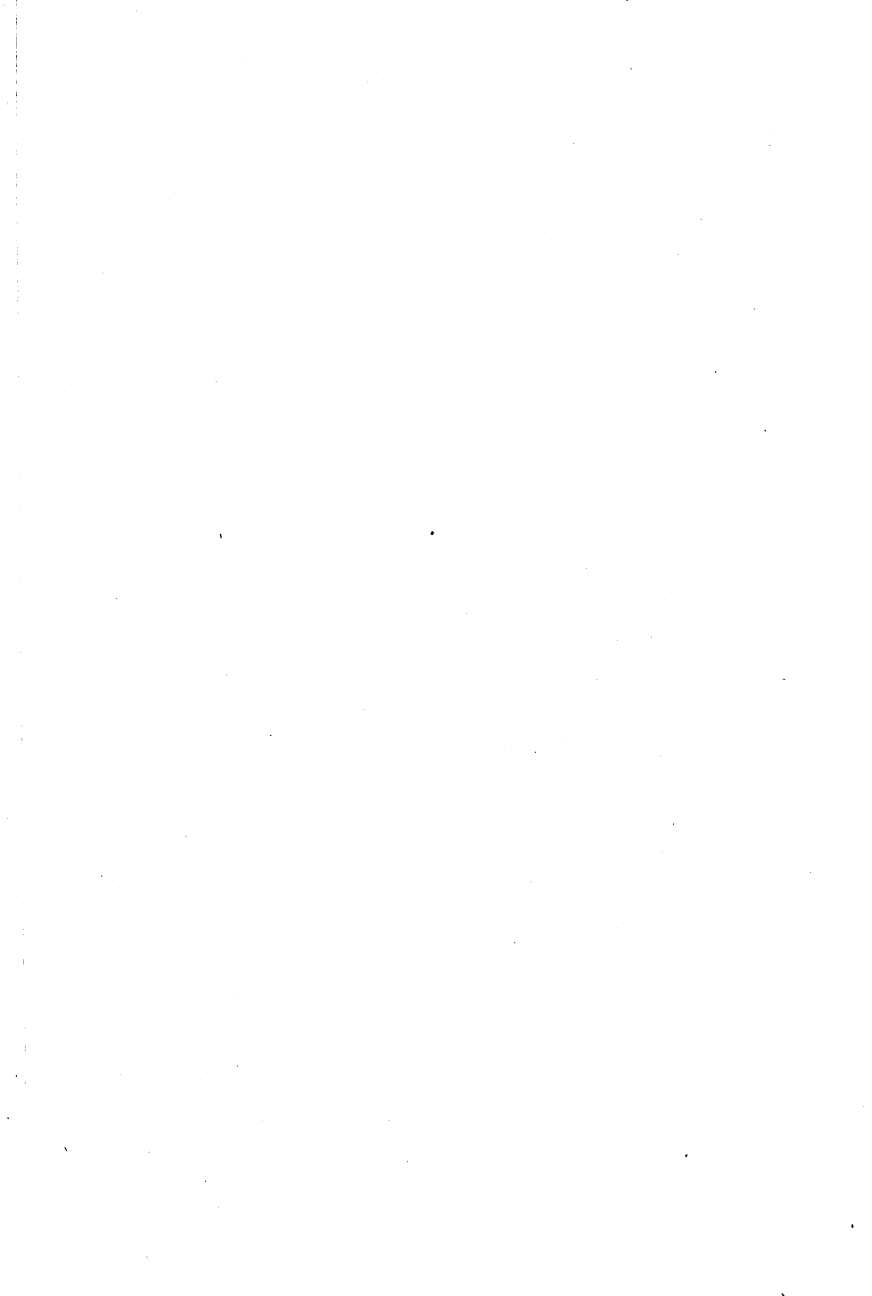
**I**N regard to the existence of Our Lady or "Colledge" burying ground tradition is silent, and so far as I know history is dumb. Its existence, however, has been proved by human bones having been exhumed from the College Park grounds, south of the Railway Station (now the property of John M'Millan, Esq.), during trenching operations. The Collegiate Church of St Mary was built by Isabella, Duchess of Albany and Countess of Lennox, in the year 1450, and endowed by the same lady for the due and proper maintenance of the provost and six canons who were to minister at its altars, and repeat prayers, and offer up solemn masses for the repose of the souls of "her dearest husband, her father, and her sons," who had been ruthlessly slain by their near relative, James I. of Scotland, he being under the impression that they had been to blame in some



## THE COLLEGE BOW,

ONE OF THE PIER ARCHES OF OUR LADY COLLEGE.

(Drawn by HAMILTON J. MACMILLAN from Sketch taken by the Author 50 years ago.)



degree for his long imprisonment in England. After the Reformation the "Colledge" was allowed to go to wreck and ruin, none so poor as do it reverence. Its sacred courts were desecrated ; builders of houses used its hallowed walls as a quarry ; the authorities of the burgh drew from them material to fill up holes in the streets ; man and the elements soon made sad havoc with the holy and beautiful house which had been by pious hands reared to the honour and glory of God. In 1858 the last remnant of the at one time goodly pile, namely, one of the pier arches, was removed from its position on a grassy knoll, where the Railway Station now stands, and re-erected in Church Street, forming the entrance to St Augustine's Parsonage. I am happy to state that I am in a position to give a view of the old College Bow on its original beautiful site overlooking the Broad Meadow, which twice a day in pre-embankment times assumed the form of a lovely little lake, due north from which stretched away the song-haunted valley of the Leven, dominated in the extreme distance by the lofty Benlomond and its grim, rugged brotherhood of mountains. As far as I am aware, the sketch spoken of is unique. I took it close upon half a century ago from Braehead, now the residence of Councillor Archibald Denny, and my young friend, Hamilton J. MacMillan, has in the copying of it added so many artistic touches to the scene that old Dumbartonians, and, I hope, young ones also, will be proud to possess it as a memorial of a bygone age. For centuries the eminence on which the College Bow stood was the favourite haunt of the children, youth, and young men of the town. It was their park, and they were wondrously well pleased with it. Many a game in my time I have had there at leap frog, and many a time and oft, in common with my companions, I clambered over



the old arch, to the great annoyance of worthy old Sheriff H. W. Campbell, who occupied College Park House, which he had built. Now, what a change has taken place, over which I can only cry "Ichabod." The Jugernaut car of progress will crush everything beautiful or otherwise that impedes its way, whether you will or no.

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#### OLD CARDROSS KIRK AND KIRKYARD, LEVENGROVE PUBLIC PARK.

The date of the establishment of a place of worship on the Sandypoint of Cardross is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is supposed that St Servanus, Serf, Serran, Sair, or Seres—for by all these names was his saintship known—did in the fifth century visit this part of Scotland, and reared therein a place of worship, most likely of wood and wattles, baptizing his converts in a holy well contiguous to the Church, since called in his honour St Shear's Well, which is, according to Mr David Murray, M.A., L.L.D., F.S.A., Cardross, a corruption of St Seres' Well. As far back as 1225 we have distinct mention in history of the Kirk of Cardross. For three hundred years the Bishops of Glasgow and their Deans and Chapters held Cardross Church, and for three centuries after the reformation of religion the right of patronage of that place of worship was vested in the Crown. The edifice was a small, plain, oblong one, measuring forty feet in length by twenty feet in breadth, having a neat tower at its west end. All that remains of it now are the eastern gable and the lowermost parts of the other walls. Windows, doorways, and every architectural feature have perished save a portion of a

small pointed doorway at the gable (visible from outside of building) which likely led from the vestry to the Church. Judging from the ruins, the chancel of the Church was not divided from the nave. Around the sacred edifice the parishioners were buried, and near it stood the manse, and the clachan of Under Kirkton of Cardross. According to a copy of an old print in my possession, the Church stood on the side of a public road, which probably led by Clydeside and Garelochside on to the Western Highlands. Alexander Ewing, now living in the village of Cardross, was born in one of the cottages which stood near the ruins of the Church, and he recollects of interments taking place in the old burying ground of Cardross. When John Dixon first of Levensgrove came into possession of the estate, or a few years thereafter, he caused the tombstones that guarded the dead to be uplifted, and the ploughshare to be driven through their sleeping-place, embracing that "God's Acre" in his wide-spreading pleasure grounds.

There are two ancient, large, flat memorial stones still to be seen at the ruined Kirk of Cardross—one outside the walls without legible inscription, but having a shield and cross-bones carved on its face by way of ornamentation. The other stone is inside the walls, and has an ionic cross covering its whole extent. On the end of the stone there is inscribed—"The XII OF APREL," and at the other end "HEIR LYES, 17"—and that is all that can be deciphered from that dead stone, but it is quite enough for the living to cogitate upon if they be given to such mental exercises.

The burying place of the Levensgrove Dixons is within the area of the ruined Church, which is railed in to protect it from rash assaults; it is also beautifully fringed with tall trees of ancient growth.

There were several marble tablets within my own recollection which stood fastened into the east gable of the Kirk. Those were placed there in memory of the dead Dixons who lie within the sacred enclosure. Many years ago, during the period when the family only lived occasionally in the Levensgrove Mansion House, children got access to the ruined Church and destroyed the tablets, breaking them in small pieces to play at games with. Three years ago, however, Major Robert Dixon, J.P., Laird of Levensgrove, caused a very handsome polished red granite gothic slab to be erected within the central arch of the three which are placed in bas-relief against the east gable. On the top of the slab there is set within an oval an ionic cross having the sacred initials I. H. S. in its centre. Under this there is carved the Dixon crest—an upraised arm with cymitar in hand preparing to strike—having underneath on a scroll the family motto, “Fortes Fortuna Juvat.” Then follows the inscription :—

“1885, ERECTED BY ROBERT DIXON, OF LEVENSGROVE, TO THE SACRED MEMORY OF HIS FATHER, ROBERT DIXON, LATE OF LEVENSGROVE, WHO DIED IN OCTOBER, 1862, AGED 32 YEARS, AND WHOSE REMAINS, WITH THOSE OF OTHER MEMBERS OF THE DIXON FAMILY, WERE INTERRED WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THESE RUINS.”

Within that area are also to be seen five very small headstones, one with J. D., 1832, engraven on its top, another with J. D., 1838, and yet another having A. K., 1851. Two of the number are of marble, evidently portions of the broken tablets alluded to above, and these bear no inscriptions. I may state that I have ascertained that the small headstone with A. K. engraven on it marks the lowly bed of Ann Knox, a near relative of the Dixons, after whom, or after whose forbears, an at one time outlying but now inlying portion of the town was called Knoxland.

The history of the succession of the Dixons in the

Levensgrove estate is as follows:—John Dixon, merchant, Dumbarton, purchased the property from Richard Dennistoun, merchant, Glasgow, in 1805, the new laird dying on 13th February, 1822. His eldest son, John, succeeded, and died unmarried on 6th October, 1828. His brother Robert succeeded, and died 25th July, 1833. He had married his cousin, Louisa, daughter of Provost Jacob Dixon, and had issue two sons, John and Robert. John died before the succession opened up to him, and his brother Robert reigned in his stead. Robert was a Councillor of this royal burgh from 1860 to his death in October, 1862, when his son, also called Robert (a minor), succeeded to the family estate. He for health reasons resides in the south of England, but nevertheless takes a deep interest in Dumbarton, and is a liberal supporter of its best institutions.

Since 1862, when Major Robert Dixon, J.P., succeeded to the estate, great changes have been effected on it. The old mansion house—in which the poet Robert Burns received a cordial reception from Mr M'Aulay, lawyer, of this town, and his charming daughters, its then occupants—is swept away: its vineries, conservatories, pleasant gardens, and fair bowers have been demolished: no longer does the family coach of the Dixons rumble along the extensive wood-clad avenue which led to their abode: changes many and important have been at work, and the old order of things in this lovely spot have passed away. The avenue is now on its eastern side lined by a long row of three and two-storeyed houses of a superior class, with well-kept flower plots in front. On its western side Major Dixon, J.P., has at his own expense covered the slopes of the road which leads to Helenslee, &c., with shrubs and trees. He has also done the same to the margin of the Levensgrove Quarry, and thereby made that waste

place rejoice and blossom as the rose. The spot where the mansion house stood surrounded by gardens fair is now embraced in the Levensgrove Public Park, the gift to the town in 1885 of Messrs John M'Millan and Peter Denny at a cost to them of £20,000. The extent of this park is thirty-two imperial acres, of which twenty are set apart for games and two or three for flower gardens and shrubberies. The ruins of the venerable kirk of old Cardross, which are situated in a prominent position in the Public Park, instead of being open to the inroads of visitors only too intent on destruction, are now carefully enclosed and beautified by shrub and flower. Altogether the Sandypoint of Cardross, on which the ruined church stands, is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever (thanks to the donors) to the toiling population of Dumbarton.





## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE PARISH CHURCHYARD OF DUMBARTON.

THIS spot of ground has been for centuries many used as a place of sepulture. A multitude that no man can number sleep there the sleep that knows no waking. Down to 1844 the graveyard was on the south bounded by the river, which at its full lapped the low wall of the place of graves. The southern margin was fringed with trees of noble growth that had battered on the dead of many generations ; and on those trees from time immemorial a colony of crows had their abode. The burial ground was for many generations a rendezvous for the oldsters and youngsters of the burgh. The former sat on table stones and cracked about things in general, or enjoyed the charming prospect that was spread out before them—the historic rock of Dumbarton, the lower reaches of the classic Leven, and a goodly stretch of the busy Clyde being within the range of their vision. The youngsters who frequented the Churchyard enjoyed themselves in it in various ways. One common practice was making the round of the burial ground without touching grass. That was accomplished by stepping off one flat-lying

tombstone on to another, and so on until the feat was achieved. Now that cannot be done, because many of the horizontal lying stones have disappeared. In this place, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," the Burgh Academy boys also in olden times used to settle their quarrels by fisticuffs. The combats, as a rule, took place under the shelter of the Session House and the Beggar Row houses, which bounded the Churchyard at Castle Street. These fights were conducted according to fixed rules, to violate any of which was held to be mean and contemptible. Not only was the graveyard a field of fight for the boys, but it was also a field of sport. "Hounds and hares," "foot and a half," and many other such games, were indulged in within its borders. Small respect seems to have been paid at that time, or for a long time before it, to the last resting place of the dead in this good old town. I have just ascertained that many years ago the Churchyard was frequently the scene of cock fighting exhibitions. On one of these occasions, when one of the combatant cocks displayed great mettle by gaining two or three supreme victories without crowing too crouselly over them, a good many members of the Presbytery of Dumbarton were interested spectators. One of these assembled divines declared the conquering cock to be a "gallant bird, and one possessed of a high sense of honour."

The area of the burying ground is now, or at all events was down to a few years ago,  $3715\frac{3}{4}$  square yards, but even at that it is considerably curtailed from what it was in past ages, for then it extended further northwards at Church Place by ten or twelve feet. In 1759 a small house at the west end of Church Place, used as a smithy, which confined that portion of the street to fourteen feet, was removed.

Time after time the widening of Church Place has gone on by operating principally on the Churchyard at its northern border. In 1811, when the present church was built, the Churchyard wall, south side of Church Place, was taken down and rebuilt three feet further back. In the February of 1880 this wall was again torn down, and several additional feet of the burial ground was wrested from the dead for the use of the living.

Down to the seventeenth century it was customary when a residenter died to send the public crier through the town with the "skellat" or dead bell, to ring at certain intervals so as to draw the people around him as he made the announcement that Grizzel this or Geordie that had deceased, and that all their friends and acquaintances were hereby warned to attend her or his funeral obsequies at a given hour. Here is a specimen of one of the announcements taken from the late John Glen's history of Dumbarton :—"Brethren and sisters! Brethren and sisters! I do you to wit! I do you to wit! that Thomas Ferguson, taylor, in the Cross Vennel, died on Monday morning last, and he will be buried this afternoon at five o'clock, and all his friends and acquaintances are hereby invited to attend." The skellat bell alluded to above is of a very ancient type, and is still in the custody of the Town Council. At the far back funerals of people whose surviving relatives were anyway well off, there were three services of bread, wine, and spirits, or what was termed three rounds, one of rum, one of whisky, and one of wine. However, in my early time one service of wine had to do duty in lieu of the more abundant outpouring of spirit that took place in earlier years. Now, the correct thing is to offer not even a glass of wine.

Down to the year 1624 it was usual for women to form



part of the funeral processions, but on the 20th June of that year the Kirk Session of the parish put a partial stop to this on account of the doleful cryings and great lamentations which they made—like the “mourning women” of old—in passing along the street. Here is the prohibition of the Kirk Session as extracted from their old records:—“This said daye, becaus of the misbehavior of certain persones by unmannerlie crying out and shoutting in their weipping at the burieing of thos that are neir to them, as their husbands, children, brothers, &c., it is hereby ordainitt that thei sall not accompanie the foresaid persones neir unto them to the grave and burying place, but sall abide at home in their own housis the said space, and behave themselvs there after a Christian manner.” In all probability these women of old, when prohibited from attending the burials of their own dead, would by-and-bye cease from attending the interment of others, and thus the present state of matters would be speedily brought about. But at present there are not wanting indications that a change in public sentiment anent women attending the funerals of their beloved ones is taking place, and that shortly their doing so will be not uncommon, nor disapproved of by Kirk Session or any other body or individual.

In my boyhood the dead were conveyed to their long home in coffins similar to those in use at the present day, but uniformly covered by a mort cloth. These were carried as a rule on spokes by eight men. If the journey was long, the bearers were relieved by turns. The funerals were generally public ones, and the interments of the better-known inhabitants were attended by hundreds of their compatriots. In my early manhood I have attended as many as three or four funerals in a week. The grandest funeral that I have any

recollection of, in connection with the Old Churchyard, was that of Provost Dixon and the Bailie, his son, glassmakers, who were buried on one day at the end of September, 1831. Their bodies were conveyed from their homes at Townhead to the graveyard on the shoulders of the principal workmen in the Dumbarton Glass and Bottle Works. The funeral procession was preceded by "saulies." Almost the whole adult male population of the burgh followed the remains of the Dixons to the grave. That day the town mourned greatly, for its two leading men had been cut down suddenly, and were consigned to the silent dust of death, and the look-out for the future welfare of the burgh was bad. The Provost was buried near the east end of the south walk, which bounds the church. Over his remains lie a quaintly-carved stone without any lettering. The Bailie was buried a few yards to the south of his father, but no stone marks his resting-place.

The parish burying ground was under the administration of the Kirk Session of Dumbarton. When lairs "became vacant" through the extinction of the family of the proprietors, they were sold to others. The sexton was appointed and paid by the rulers of the church, and he with the aid of assistants virtually managed the burial ground according to their own notions of what they thought best. In the lapse of time the management became one of extreme difficulty, on account of the crowded state of the graveyard. Iron rods had then to be used for piercing the ground to find out where there was room to stow in another relic of frail humanity. Well do I remember the last of the long line of sextons, old William Wallace—decent, sonsy, steady, happy-looking man—and his assistant grave-diggers of graver mein, old Sandy Craig and Johnny Holden. They had a busy time of it, and

not unprosperous. Their being brought into intimate contact with the wrecks of poor mortality did not for long quench their equable flow of spirits. Should anything of an extra disagreeable nature occur, then a well-filled pipe of good pigtail tobacco was set agoing to regale their nostrils, and a good stiff glass of whisky was swallowed to fortify their hearts, and speedily all the offensiveness was got over, and anything contrary to decency was remembered no more. The office they performed for hundreds has long since been done for them: they rest from their labours. The erstwhile field of their operations—instead of being overrun by dockens and other foul weeds, and having at its south-eastern extremity considerable portions of old coffins rotting in the face of day, and other evidences of lack of taste, not to say of decency—is now beautifully levelled, trigly kept, and adorned with shrubs and flowers, a pleasure to all beholders. The Kirk Session of the parish, out of the funds at their disposal, defrayed all the costs in connection with these important improvements. A good many silver and copper coins were secured by the workmen who were engaged in these operations, most if not all of these being now in my possession. One of these is a badly battered silver sixpence of William III.'s reign, 1697, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, D.F. There are also among the lot a Queen Anne halfpenny, halfpennies and farthings of the reign of the early Georges, and one or two copper coins which are so badly corroded that to an imaginative mind they might represent bawbees which had been dropped in the kirkyaird by one or other of the early kings of the Strathclyde Britons instead of having been dropped into the church plate. A few discs are also among the number, about the size of sixpenny pieces, half silver and half copper, having no stamp.

on the silver side, but some slight figuring on the copper one. Possibly these were buttons, and not coins.

At the south side of the burying ground there stands the small but substantially built Mort House. It was the place where the watchers of the dead, in the times when graves were freely rifled of their contents, had their quarters—and dismal enough these were on a winter night, when the fugitive winds howled horribly among the branches of the mighty trees by which it was encompassed, and sighed and moaned through the auld kirkyaird like tortured spirits. But tobacco and usquebaugh were by these watchmen also pressed into the service of humanity, and by their alleviating power and the aid of a roaring fire, they put in fairly well the leaden-footed hours of watch and ward.

The watching of the dead referred to above began about 1830, and was continued for seven or eight years. All the adult inhabitants of the town, which then had a population of 3000, were liable to be drawn for that duty. Their names were placed in a box, which was well shaken, and two names were drawn out day by day until all were exhausted. Day by day the names so drawn by ballot were put into a second box, which, when full, became in turn that from which the balloting took place. However, it was not imperative that the men should personally act whose names were drawn—they were entitled to secure substitutes if they saw fit. That liberty was frequently used. One stout, whisky-loving Irishman, yeleft John Gray, but who was better known by his “tee name” of “Butt of Ireland,” was always open to execute the job for a consideration. He might be found almost nightly on duty all the year round. The business of watching began about seven o’clock at night and ended when the inhabitants were astir. Dumbarton was not alone among

the towns and parishes of the land in carrying out such arrangements, for they were acted on over the whole country. But what more immediately moved the people here to action was an attempt that was made on a dark night in 1829 to rifle a grave which had just been closed over the remains of a young and beautiful woman who had died suddenly. The operators were scared while at their unholy work, and they scampered off, but left their tools behind to testify as to the kind of labour they were engaged in. For a few years subsequent to 1838 private watching of the Churchyard was betimes done, but ultimately it also entirely ceased.

On the west side of the Mort or Watch-house there is still to be seen a slit in the wall, which was intended for the use of the charitable in conveying their contributions of coin into a box which lay beneath it. The money so gathered was ostensibly to provide fuel for heating the place, and heavy great coats or cloaks for heating the men who were on duty, but I suspect a goodly proportion of it went to heat them in another way, which shall be nameless. Occasional pranks were played on the occupants of the watch-house. Once, at the midnight hour, old Robert Colquhoun, the church beadle, and another worthy who lived at the townfoot, made it up that they would go into the yard and see what the watchers were about and give them a wakening up. They found them negligent of duty—toasting themselves at a roaring fire, and by way of further solacement a bottle of aqua vitae circulated gayly atween them twa. The beadle entered with an alarmed look (having first arranged with his friend how he should act), rebuked them for their inattention to duty, and stated that he had seen a Resurrectionist at his work in the middle of the yard. Out the three sallied, armed with stout

cudgels to attack the intruder, who threw down the crowbar he was pretending to use with a rattle, and made his way to one of the back windows of a house in the Beggar Row, into which he cannily slipped and disappeared. The men on duty thought they had done a good night's work, but they were disabused of that idea when the truth leaked out that they had been hoaxed. But graves were really rifled in the Churchyard. In the year 1830 the body of a granduncle of a well-known townsman was lifted and taken away. The Resurrectionists made their entrance to the graveyard by the low wall which bounded it on the south, and made their exit with their spoil by a gate in the north wall. The man whose body they stole had been a patient in the Glasgow Infirmary, and was there treated for a very unusual disease, and there he died. It is supposed that a number of medical students who had been interested in the case, and had accompanied the remains to Dumbarton, took the opportunity when the midnight hour arrived of securing the body for dissecting purposes. The mode which the young medicos adopted to enable them to recognise the spot where their prey was laid was rather ingenious. Before dark they strewed herring scales upon the grave, and when they went to their ghoul-like work the phosphorescent glow guided them to the correct place. Another case of body-lifting was that of a woman named M'Kean, eighty years of age, who had also died in the Infirmary of Glasgow. It was six years after her burial before the desecration was found out, when the grave was opened to receive another tenant, and only an empty coffin was found in it. The Glasgow students also got the discredit of stealing this corpse. There were many more graves rifled of their contents at that period than what is generally believed.

It has been often a matter of wonderment that there were

so few very ancient tombstones in the Parish Churchyard. Sad havoc appears to have been made with them from time to time. To account for this it may be stated that as a rule, whenever lairs changed ownership, the stone which was erected on the ground was chiselled smooth, so that the new proprietor might carve on it whatever suited his purpose ; but when the tombstone did not meet with approbation it was broken to pieces and buried. It is alleged that an elaborate tombstone erected to the memory of Bishop Scroggie of Argyll and the Isles, which was taken down in 1810, when the present church was being built, got into the hands of the late Sheriff Campbell of Crosslet, and now forms a portion of the modern antique tower or keep which the late laird of Overtoun built on the side of a ravine near his residence.

No stone is now visible to mark the last resting-place of the MacAulays of Levensgrove, who in their time were great people in the town. One of their number entertained the poet Burns on his homeward journey from his Highland tour. The poet in his journal expressed the pleasure he experienced in his short sojourn at the fair mansion house of Levensgrove, dwelling specially upon the courtesy of his host and the beauty and accomplishments of his daughters. One of the daughters of the House of Levensgrove married Provost Jacob Dixon. The MacAulays were lawyers in the town, and held several public appointments. I understand that a male descendant of this family is still alive in the north of Scotland.

The oldest tombstone now visible in the Churchyard is the one that is built into the south-east corner of the Session House. It is a slab fully six feet long by about two and a half feet broad, having on its surface a rudely graven cross with a two-handed sword depending from one of its arms. This stone was recovered in my presence about a dozen years

ago, when the church was undergoing some alterations and repairs. It was lying near the position where the high altar of the pre-Reformation church would stand, and evidently formed a portion of a well-worn flagged passage that ran before that place of adoration. The stone lay two feet below the present surface. An antiquarian informed me that it most likely covered the remains of a crusader, or the son or near relative of one, and it therefore is, in all probability, very many centuries old. I think the next oldest visible tombstone in the Churchyard is one that was found under the floor of the Parish Church when it was being re-floored in 1885. It is three feet long by one foot and a half in breadth, formed of a thick slab of sandstone, hard as metal, and sound as if it had only been executed yesterday. On it there is engraved legibly what follows:—

“HEER LYES  
JAMES SMOLL  
ET, SON TO  
TOBIAS SMOL  
ET; OF BONLL  
WHO DEPAIR  
TED THIS LIFE  
THE 23 IVNE  
1698.”

There is a plain moulding round the above inscription. The James Smollett alluded to was only son to Tobias Smollett, eldest son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill. Tobias was a captain in Lord Strathmore's regiment, Sheriff-Deputy of Dumbarton, and Provost of the burgh from 1696 to 1704. Had his son James lived he would have heired the lands of Bonhill. To judge from the bones found under his stone, the lad must have been eight or ten years of age when he died. I got these relics together carefully, and had them put into a bag and buried in front of the stone which



is now built into the east wall of the Churchyard, to the immediate north of the entrance to the Napier burying-place. There are a good many quaint, upright, grey old tombstones scattered through the Churchyard, having as ornamentation death's-heads and cross-bones, hour-glasses, hideously ugly winged cherubic heads—one of the number being further adorned with a tailor's goose and scissors. These stones date principally from the early part of the eighteenth century.

As a fitting conclusion to this chapter, I give the following extract from a poem composed by me upon "The Crusader's Tombstone :"—

" Oh ! ancient tombstone, canst thou tell  
Who was the wight who erst did dwell  
In darkness 'neath thy sculptured shade ?  
When lived he ? What his rank or trade ? "

" Seven hundred years have passed away  
Since he I guarded turned to clay.  
A cross upon his shield he bore,  
A sword upon his thigh he wore ;  
And so, these graven on my face,  
Mark the Crusader's resting-place.  
And when the holy monks him bore  
To his long sleep 'neath chancel floor,  
Oh, sweetly sad the hymns they sang,  
The prayers they said, the bells they rang.  
Here masses for his soul were said—  
Here countless thousands mourned him dead.  
Since then I did in silence dwell :  
Now all is changed. A-well ! a-well ! "

Having now presented all the older and more general information I am possessed of regarding the Auld Kirkyard of the Parish, the subsequent chapter will be devoted to the setting forth of the lives of many of the dead who repose within its borders, beginning with the clergy.



## CHAPTER XX.

### MISCELLANEOUS BIOGRAPHIES.

REV. JOHN FREEBAIRN, M.A.

TOWARDS the close of the Rev. Archibald Sydserf's incumbency of the Parish of Dumbarton, he became very frail, and an assistant in the person of John Freebairn was provided. Mr Sydserf having died in 1756, after labouring in the parish about thirty years, the Rev. Mr Freebairn, who was a graduate of Glasgow University, was presented to the living. This appointment turned out in every way satisfactory, for the new minister did his duty nobly in the parish. He figured prominently in the Courts of the Church. Henry MacKenzie describes Mr Freebairn as "a country clergyman of infinite native humour, whose talent for enlivening a debate by pleasantry, or turning the laugh against his adversary by sarcasm, not rude, but keen, I have seldom heard equalled by any debater whatsoever." He was buried in Dumbarton Churchyard, but no stone marks his resting-place. The Freebairns of the Sutherland Arms Hotel, Bowling, are great-great-grand-children of his. And so also are three Captains Monteith in the British army. Two of these captains greatly distinguished themselves during the Afghan war. Mr MacKenzie of Caldarvan, Convener of the County, and

Walter, his brother, of Edinbarnet, are connected with the Rev. Mr Freebairn by his wife Miss Molison, who was a daughter of the Rev. John Molison, minister of Saint Cyrus. The Freebairn blood is still having free course and asserting itself in an entirely satisfactory manner. The following extract from Dr Hew Scott's "*Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ*" throws more light upon Mr Freebairn's history than any other authority known to me does:—"1757—John Freebairn, A.M., a native of the parish of Dumbarton, appointed schoolmaster of Ecclesgreig, 16th November, 1743; licensed by the Presbytery of Fordoun, 20th March, 1751; graduated 29th March, 1744; presented by the Town Council (of Dumbarton) in April, and ordained 23rd June, 1757; died 10th July, 1773, aged about 49, in the 17th year of his ministry. The leader of the popular party in the church. His talents he uniformly applied in the General Assembly against the rigorous exercise of Church Patronage. He married, 24th August, 1757, Barbara Molison, who died 28th May, 1783, and had a son, Thomas, minister of New Monkland."

REV. JAMES OLIPHANT.

This divine began his preparation for the ministry by attending the classes of the Secession body as a student. In 1761 he left that communion, joined the Established Church, and officiated in the Gorbals Kirk, Glasgow. In 1762 he was appointed to the more important charge of Kilmarnock. While there he was bitterly satirised by Robert Burns for the ultra-Calvinistic views which he held and expressed. In 1773 Mr Oliphant undertook the spiritual supervision of Dumbarton. A goodly number of the parishioners who were opposed to his induction engaged a few strong-lunged fellows to offer for sale in the streets of the burgh "the whole works o' the Rev. James Oliphant, presentee to the parish, for the

sma' sum o' a bawbee." The book alluded to was "The Mother's Catechism," a book which before long, by dint of its merits, was taught in almost every parish school in Scotland, and in hundreds of households. Mr Oliphant married Janet, daughter of Humphrey Colquhoun of Barnhill by his second wife Margaret Williamson, and had issue. For a few years prior to his death he was almost blind. His manse was where the Commercial Bank now stands. Although sour and puritanic in the pulpit, out of it he was an enjoyer of the good things of this life, and a relisher of spicy jokes. There are as many enjoyable anecdotes of him afloat as would, if well told, fill a small volume. I regret that I cannot give any of them: my limited space forbids. The Rev. Mr Oliphant, after a long, active life, died in 1818, and is buried in front of the Parish Church. On his table tombstone there is the following inscription:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. JAMES OLIPHANT, MINISTER OF DUMBARTON, WHO DIED ON THE TENTH DAY OF APRIL, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN YEARS, IN THE 84TH YEAR OF HIS AGE AND THE 54TH OF HIS MINISTRY. HE WAS LICENSED TO PREACH THE GOSPEL BY THE PRESBYTERY OF KINTYRE, IN ISLAY, 19TH MAY, 1760; ORDAINED NEARLY A YEAR IN GORBALS OF GLASGOW; WAS ORDAINED BY THE PRESBYTERY OF IRVINE AT KILMARNOCK, AND REMAINED THERE UNTIL 23RD DECEMBER, 1773, WHEN HE WAS ORDAINED MINISTER OF THE CHURCH AND PARISH OF DUMBARTON, WHERE HE CONTINUED TO LABOUR UNTIL REMOVED BY DEATH."

#### REV. WILLIAM JAFFRAY,

A native of St Ninians, after undergoing the usual training, and being duly licensed to preach the Gospel, became assistant to the Rev. James Oliphant, minister of Dumbarton. In 1819, after Mr Oliphant's decease, Mr Jaffray was presented to the living, in which he laboured faithfully and with great ability down to his death in 1840. He was married to one of Provost Jacob Dixon's daughters, and by her had a numerous family of sons. For the greater period of Mr

Jaffray's incumbency there was no manse for him to inhabit—a very unfortunate state of matters—which necessitated his frequent removals from one house to another. For a short time, indeed, he lived in Glasgow. Some of our oldest parishioners yet tell of a notable sacramental occasion when Mr Jaffray, on account of discontent, conducted the whole sacramental services on Fast-Day, Saturday, Sunday (including the serving of five or six tables), and Monday. A general impression prevailed that this extraordinary effort had a prejudicial effect upon his health, but this does not really appear to have been the case. His wife, however, died shortly after the above notable achievement, and the minister was getting on remarkably well in his sacred work, endearing himself more and more day by day to his parishioners, when in the midst of his usefulness he was cut down on 7th December, 1840, after four days illness, dying in the Manse, into the occupancy of which he had entered only a year or so before. Apoplexy was the cause of death. Mr John Dewar, of Strathleven Place, one of Mr Jaffray's "elders," was present when his minister breathed his last. A fine freestone monument has been erected in the western portion of the Churchyard to Mr Jaffray's memory, bearing this inscription:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. WILLIAM JAFFRAY, FOR  
20 YEARS MINISTER OF THIS PARISH, WHO DIED 7TH DECEMBER, 1840,  
AGED 50 YEARS."

GILBERT TURNER, RECTOR OF THE BURGH ACADEMY.

This distinguished educationist and most lovable man was a native of Ayrshire. He was appointed to the Rectorship of our Grammar School, and entered on the duties of it in the year 1834, July 1st, in succession to Messrs Govan and Smith. Mr Turner by his urbanity of manner and kindness of heart firmly secured the affections of his numerous

pupils, of whom I was one. Our dear teacher was no Boanergian, unflinching martinet, who delighted in "leathering" the young folks who were committed to his care, as was the all too prevalent custom in his time. His was the more excellent way—he ruled by love. Doubtless at an odd time he thought it his duty to punish graver offences by an administration of tawse, but, even when smarting under the infliction, we saw that in our afflictions he was afflicted, and that he smote us in love. The school in his time was opened daily by prayer, and strong doses of Shorter Catechism were then also administered—spiritual pabulum all too indigestible by young minds. Long screeds of psalms, paraphrases, and secular poetry, had also at that time to be committed to memory and recited by us at stated intervals. Possibly in spite of, but perhaps because of these exercises, my dear old teacher sent forth to the world many pupils who have made their mark in it. More especially was he instrumental in turning out most admirable writers and arithmeticians. Mr Turner married one of the daughters of Mr Duncan M'Farlane, auctioneer and messenger-at-arms of this town, and had issue two daughters. Shortly before Mr Turner's connection with the Academy was formed the following notice appeared in the *Dumbarton Argus* newspaper of date January 31st, 1833, viz. :—"It is understood that the ancient practice of the scholars giving sums of money to the teachers in the Parish School as Candlemas offerings is now to be abandoned; and in lieu thereof the wages paid for English reading is to be raised from 3s to 3s 6d per quarter, and the other branches advanced in like manner." I was in school before the abolition of Candlemas offerings, and recollect of their being given. The boy and girl respectively who gave the largest offering was for a year king

and queen of the school. Gilbert Turner was not only a favourite with his pupils, but was highly esteemed by the general community. During his rectorship the academy was examined periodically by the Presbytery of Dumbarton. He died at Townend, Dumbarton, after a short illness, on 8th August, 1849, and was interred at the end of the walk which runs along the south-side of the Parish Church, and there some of his old pupils in 1857 erected over his comparatively early grave an exceedingly neat freestone monument, on which there is carved a Bible open at St John, chapter xv., and the following inscription :—

“ERECTED BY A FEW FRIENDS TO THE MEMORY OF GILBERT TURNER, RECTOR OF THE DUMBARTON ACADEMY, WHO DIED 8TH AUGUST, 1849, AGED 39 YEARS ; AGNES M'FARLANE, HIS WIFE, DIED 3RD OCTOBER, 1849, AGED 28 YEARS.”

WILLIAM M'ALESTER, WRITER,

Eldest son of James M'Alester, wright, and Catherine Lang, is interred in the centre of the Churchyard beneath a table stone, on which is carved :—

“WILLIAM M'ALESTER, WRITER, DIED 21ST DECEMBER, 1847, AGED 49 YEARS ; HIS WIFE, ISABELLA COCHRAN (DAUGHTER OF ALEXANDER COCHRAN, SHIPMASTER), DIED 20TH OCTOBER, 1836, AGED 31 YEARS.”

At his death, which took place at Croftbank House (which he built), he left three daughters—Christina, Catherine (Mrs D. MacLeod), and Isabella—all of whom, saving the eldest, have died. Mr M'Alester was educated at the Burgh Academy, and served his law apprenticeship with the late Sheriff H. W. Campbell when he was only a writer in the town. Mr M'Alester was admitted a procurator at the Dumbarton Sheriff Court in the year 1821, and held the office of distributor of stamps for a good many years prior to his death. He was esteemed as a sound lawyer and also as a good citizen. He took a deep interest in the cattle shows, which

were then held in the county town. He was the local law agent of the late James Ewing, Esq., of Strathleven, who left him by his will the sum of £500 as a mark of esteem.

**PETER H. MITCHELL, WRITER, AND BAILIE OF THE BURGH,** Member of an old Dumbarton family, was born in 1793, and educated at the Burgh Grammar School. Was for a few years writer in Glasgow. Was admitted in 1824 as procurator before the Sheriff Court of Dumbarton. Was twice married. By his second marriage he had issue one son, Robert Glassford Mitchell. P. H. Mitchell died on 5th February, 1843, aged 50 years, and is interred in the eastern portion of the Old Parish Churchyard, where a neat freestone monument is erected to his memory. He was for a considerable number of years a Bailie of the town, and the life and soul of social circles, and one of the best known and best liked men in the community. His early manhood was the era of clubs. He was a member and secretary of the Anderston King Coul Club, Glasgow, and contributed largely to its minute book. He was also a member and secretary of the Dumbarton Midge and Salmon Clubs, and his happy style of keeping the minutes of these clubs was simply inimitable. In 1843, as has been stated above, Bailie Mitchell sank to rest, and after that event his son, R. G. Mitchell, was created in his stead secretary of the Salmon Club. When R. G. Mitchell died in 1874 his son, Robert P. Mitchell, was appointed to the vacant post, so that the secretaryship of the Dumbarton Salmon Club has been in one family for the long period of fifty-nine years.

**PROVOSTS JACOB AND ANTHONY DIXON.**

Provost Jacob Dixon was a son of John Dixon, Esq., coal-master, Knightwood, Maryhill, and brother to John Dixon, Esq. of Levengrove. The Dixon family were connected with



the Dumbarton Glass and Bottle Works from their origin in 1777. They also were interested in bottle works at Glasgow and Greenock. Provost Jacob Dixon was married to Miss MacAulay of the Levensgrove family of that name, and had issue several sons and daughters. He was Provost of Dumbarton from 1822 to 1830, and Provost of Helensburgh (in which he owned the marine residence of Rockbank) from 1810 to 1828. He seems to have been a good business man in spite of his sporting proclivities. He kept a large number of game cocks at Helensburgh, as well as in Dumbarton and neighbourhood. He fought a main of cocks with Maule of Panmure in the stableyard of the Eagle Inn, Maxwell Street, Glasgow, for one thousand guineas. He was a lover of pleasure, and drained its sparkling, seductive cup to the very dregs. He and his eldest son, Bailie Jacob Dixon, died in the end of September, 1831, within a day of each other. They were buried on the same day. The Bailie was married, and had issue two sons and two daughters. Anthony Dixon was Provost of the burgh from 1831 to 1832. He was a gentlemanly looking man of spare habit of body, who had no push, go, or enterprise in him. He therefore, after his father's death, quickly fell from his high estate, and had to mingle with men of low degree. He was married, and left a son and daughter. The son, Joseph Anthony, now deceased, became an eminent lawyer in Glasgow. The Dixons are buried to the south of the eastern end of the Parish Church.

WILLIAM DENNY, FIRST OF THE WOODYARD.

The family with which he was connected by descent can be traced as far back as 1375. In an entry of that date, contained in Volume II. of the Exchequer Rolls of Scotland, there is mentioned the name of Gilmor de Denny as one of the bailies of Dumbarton. It is a far cry to 1375, but nearer

our own times the Denny family owned the lands of Braehead, West Faulds, etc., and cultivated their own paternal acres. In the march of centuries their lands have to a considerable extent got into the hands of others, but still there is a remnant of them saved. But it is not as landed proprietors the Denny family now shines. They have for seventy-five years been devoted to the building of vessels. The first of the family to take to this business was William Denny (father of Mr Peter Denny and Mrs John M'Ausland of Kirktonhill). This man, most eminent in his day as a shipbuilder, was the third son of John Denny, Townend, who married Agnes Lang, of an old Dumbarton family. William Denny, after receiving as good an education as could be imparted at our old Grammar School, was sent to learn the craft of ship carpenter. For some years he was manager of Mr M'Lachlan's (of Banachra) shipbuilding establishment at the Woodyard. Early in life William Denny married Christian M'Intyre, and had issue seven sons (John, James, Robert, William, Alexander, Peter, and Archibald) and four daughters (Mrs Connell, Mrs Captain Spence, Mrs John M'Ausland, and Mrs Strang).

In 1813 Mr Denny began business on his own account at the Brewery Lane, where he built a considerable number of vessels, including the steamers "Trusty" and "Marjory," of date 1814. In 1817 he built the "Marion," first steamer that plied on Lochlomond. In 1818 the mail steamer "Rob Roy" was also built by him. This steamship was the first sea-going one that had ever been built. As a passenger ship she ran firstly between Glasgow and Belfast, and latterly between Dover and Calais. Mr David Napier engined this vessel. Her capacity was 90 tons burthen, and her engines were 30 horse-power. The first steamer that proceeded to the

West Indies was also turned out by Mr Denny. She was named the "Trinidad," and was in her time considered a crack vessel. She was a full-rigged ship, and could spread a large quantity of canvas to the breeze to assist her onward movement, and thereby compensate in some degree for her comparatively small horse-power. William Denny also built the passenger steamer "Helensburgh" in the year 1826 for the trade between Glasgow, Greenock, Helensburgh, and Garelochhead. This craft was considered a clipper in her time. She was commanded by an uncle of mine, Captain Alexander MacLeod. At her launch the merry carpenters received £20 sterling as a launching bowl, and Mrs Currie's King's Arms Hotel that night was the scene of great festivity. In 1827 Mr Denny purchased the Woodyard property from Mr Bontine of Ardoch, and removing to it, continued in its occupancy as a shipbuilder down to the period of his death in 1833 ; and during these six years there were many vessels consigned "to their native element" from his yard. When we take into consideration that Mr Denny was launching steam vessels in 1814—two years after the advent of the "Comet," the first to churn European waters—we may well claim for him the honour of being one of the pioneer steam shipbuilders of the world.

William Denny's children's children are now fathers and mothers in our midst, so that there is no likelihood of the good old stock of Braehead Dennys dying out in the land in which they took root so many centuries ago. In this connection it may be stated that the Woodyard property is now possessed by William Denny, a minor, the fourth of the same name who in succession has held it. The young laird is the great grandson of old William Denny, the founder of the race of shipbuilding Dennys, a prouder distinction than that

of being the founder of a race of tillers of the soil even supposing the ground they cultivated was their own.

Of recent years, on the south-side of the carriage way which leads up to the Parish Church, a neat freestone monument has been erected, which bears the following inscription :—

“IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM DENNY, SHIPBUILDER, WHO DIED 27TH DECEMBER, 1833, AGED 54 YEARS; CHRISTIAN M'INTYRE, HIS WIFE, DIED 9TH MARCH, 1838, AGED 57 YEARS; AND OF THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS, WILLIAM, DIED 24TH JULY, 1814, AGED 10 MONTHS; JOHN, DIED 26TH NOVEMBER, 1838, AGED 36 YEARS; ROBERT, DIED AT SEA 31ST MAY, 1854, AGED 33 YEARS; ALEXANDER, DIED AT SHEFFIELD, 20TH JANUARY, 1865, AGED 47 YEARS; AGNES, DIED 16TH JUNE, 1808, AGED 2½ YEARS; SUSAN, WIFE OF WILLIAM CONNEL, DIED 24TH APRIL, 1833, AGED 29 YEARS.”

I will now give a brief sketch of the life of William Denny's eldest son, one who in his time was a well known and highly esteemed townsman and employer of labour.

JOHN DENNY, SHIPBUILDER, WOODYARD.

John Denny, born in 1802, was William Denny's eldest son. After receiving as good an education as the Dumbarton Burgh School could yield, he in due course was apprenticed to his father as a ship carpenter. A year or two after his father's decease he began the construction of vessels in company with his brother-in-law, Mr Archibald M'Farlane, and turned out a large amount of tonnage for those times. He married Miss M'Farlane, daughter of Mr Archibald M'Farlane, grocer, and niece of Dr Colquhoun and Town Clerk Colquhoun of this place, having issue several children, only two of whom (Miss Cathcart and Mr Archibald Denny) survive. I recollect of John Denny well. He dressed very smartly, affecting greatly lightish blue jackets and coats with gilt buttons; he was exceedingly active, and of a cheerful, bustling, temperament. He was dark haired, had a longish pale face, was of height a little above the medium, and was a true Denny in gait, appearance, speech, and action. On the occasion of

the Queen's accession to the throne of her ancestors, Mr Denny invented something in the cannon way, but made of wood, and charged with combustibles and explosives, which he set off from the Woodyard with great and startling effect. He died 26th November, 1838, aged 36 years, deeply mourned.

**ARCHIBALD M'MILLAN, SHIPBUILDER.**

At the north-east end of the Churchyard there is erected to the memory of Mr Archibald M'Millan, shipbuilder, a handsome grey granite monument of about ten feet in height, surmounted by a beautifully-carved casket adorned with Greek ornaments. On the front of the stone is the following inscription:—

“ARCHIBALD M'MILLAN, SHIPBUILDER, WHO DIED 27TH DEC., 1854, AGED 61 YEARS. ERECTED BY HIS WIDOW, CATHERINE SMITH. AND OF THEIR CHILDREN, PETER, DIED 21ST JAN., 1828, AGED 2 YEARS AND 3 MONTHS; PETER, DIED 20TH MAY, 1833, AGED 5 YEARS.”

Mr M'Millan left surviving issue three sons and three daughters. He, in company with his eldest son John, founded the well-known firm of Archibald M'Millan & Son in 1834. His wife, Catherine Smith, belonged to Luss, Lochlomond. Her remains lie in the Bridgend Churchyard. Her grandfather (who was a well-known engineer in his day) and grandmother were resident in Dumbarton, and lived in a house which stood in the grounds of College Park, now the property of their great-grandson, John M'Millan of the Dockyard.

**ROBERT NAPIER, ENGINEER AND SHIPBUILDER (AND FAMILY).**

The mortal remains of this eminent Dumbarton man are interred in private ground at the east end of the Churchyard. This ground, and that to the south of it belonging to the heirs of the late Sheriff Alexander Campbell of Barnhill, are the only portions of the Churchyard which are still open for interments. The gate which leads to Mr Napier's tomb

is a most elaborate brazen one of beautiful design and very costly. The doorway into which it is fitted is in the pointed Gothic style of architecture. As you enter the enclosure sacred to the dead, you find that it is hemmed in by high walls of wrought masonry, and that all of these are divided into Gothic compartments of elegant design. On those which front you are the following inscriptions:—  
On the one furthest to the left is inscribed—

“ROBERT NAPIER, SON OF JOHN NAPIER, DIED AT DUMBARTON IN THE YEAR 1805, IN THE 80TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

“JEAN DENNY, HIS WIFE (A GREAT-GRAND-AUNT OF MR PETER DENNY OF HELENSLEE), DIED AT DUMBARTON IN THE YEAR 1800, IN THE 79TH YEAR OF HER AGE. BOTH WERE BURIED IN THE KIRKYAIRD; THEIR REMAINS WERE TRANSFERRED HERE AT THE TIME OF THEIR DAUGHTER-IN-LAW JEAN EWING'S BURIAL.

“JAMES, YOUNGEST SON OF ROBERT NAPIER AND JEAN DENNY, BORN AT CARDROSS, DIED AT DUMBARTON IN THE YEAR 1848, IN THE 85TH YEAR OF HIS AGE,”

James Napier was a most worthy burgess and a capital blacksmith. His smithy was at 98 High Street, in his own property, where he lived respected and died regretted.

“JEAN EWING, HIS WIFE, SECOND DAUGHTER OF PATRICK EWING, BORN AT ROSNEATH, DIED IN DUMBARTON IN THE YEAR 1846, IN THE 85TH YEAR OF HER AGE.”

To the right of the compartment on which the preceding inscription appears there is a blank one, and next to it, to the south, is the central and most imposing one of the five compartments which compose the east wall, and on it the subjoined appears:—

“ROBERT NAPIER, SECOND SON OF JAMES NAPIER AND JEAN EWING, DIED AT WEST SHANDON, ON THE GARELOCH, IN THE YEAR 1876, IN THE 86TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

“ISABELLA NAPIER, HIS WIFE, DIED AT WEST SHANDON IN THE YEAR 1875, IN THE 83RD YEAR OF HER AGE.

“DAVID, THEIR FOURTH SON, DIED AT ROW IN THE YEAR 1883, IN THE SECOND YEAR OF HIS AGE, AND WAS BURIED THERE.

“ROBERT, THEIR THIRD SON, DIED AT WEST SHANDON IN THE YEAR 1848, IN THE 20TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.”

On the division immediately to the right of that on which the above appears there is what follows:—

“JAMES R. NAPIER, F.R.S., ELDEST SON OF ROBERT NAPIER AND ISABELLA NAPIER, OF WEST SHANDON, BORN 12TH SEPTEMBER, 1821, DIED 13TH DECEMBER, 1879, AGED 58 YEARS.”

James R. Napier was an eminently clever and learned, although a somewhat peculiar man. Two of his sons are partners in the firm of Napier, Shanks & Bell, shipbuilders, Yoker.

Robert Napier's life was a splendid exhibition of the possibilities that are bound up in human nature. He was born in Dumbarton in 1791, son of James Napier, blacksmith—his birth being in a humble though respectable sphere. After receiving as good an education as could be imparted to him at the Grammar School of his native town, he was apprenticed to his father. He wrought in Edinburgh and Glasgow for a period as journeyman, and in the latter city began business as an engineer on his own account in the year 1815. In the year 1842 he started iron shipbuilding, and did a large amount of work for the principal home and foreign shipbuilding firms, as well as for the Government. He received many marks of the esteem in which he was held both at home and abroad for his eminent achievements as an engineer and naval architect. The latter years of Mr Napier's life were spent in well-earned ease at his palatial residence of West Shandon, Garelochside, and there he breathed his last on Friday, 23rd June, 1876. There were several thousands of people attended his funeral to Dumbarton Parish Churchyard. True Dumbartonians count it as an honour that Robert Napier was their townsman. He threw a lustre on the place of his nativity, which he loved with ardent devotion.

**THE BARNHILL PRIVATE BURYING GROUND.**

In this enclosure, which is to the south of that wherein

lie the remains of the Napier family, there are several Gothic tablets built into its four square walls. On one of these, which faces the east, there is inscribed the following :—

“ IN MEMORY OF ALEXA GRACE CAMPBELL, THE BELOVED WIFE OF ANDREW JAMESON, ADVOCATE, WHO DIED ON THE 26TH DECEMBER, 1848, AGED 28 YEARS. ‘ BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART, FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD.’ ALSO OF THEIR SECOND SON, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL JAMESON, WHO DIED ON THE 19TH SEPTEMBER, 1849, AGED 2 YEARS. ‘ SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.’ ”

#### CAPTAIN ALEXANDER COCHRAN.

At the east end of the graveyard there is a well-designed, freestone monument of three bases, body, enriched cornice, and elegant pediment, surmounted by a sarcophagus, erected

“ IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER COCHRAN, SHIPMASTER, DUMBARTON, DROWNED AT SEA 20TH NOVEMBER, 1820, AGED 57 YEARS; AND CHRISTIAN MACFARLANE, HIS SPOUSE, DIED 9TH MARCH, 1841, AGED 72 YEARS. ALSO THEIR SONS—DANIEL, DIED 22ND MARCH, 1818, AGED 2 YEARS; JOHN, DIED 22ND NOVEMBER, 1817, AGED 26 YEARS; DUNCAN, DROWNED AT NEW YORK, 3RD JUNE, 1827, AGED 30 YEARS.”

Captain Cochran, a native of Row, owned and commanded a vessel called the “ Mary.” After his death by drowning his son Alexander continued for some years to sail the ship. He then retired from a seafaring life, and went into partnership with his younger brother Robert as a glass manufacturer at St Rollox, Glasgow, under the title of A. & R. Cochran, which business is still carried on by Alexander’s two sons, Archibald and John. In 1845 Robert Cochran joined Mr R. A. Kidston in the Verreville Pottery, which he, after some years, acquired for himself. This pottery is now carried on by his second son Robert under the old title of Robert Cochran & Co. In 1865 Robert Cochran, sen., built the Britannia Pottery at St Rollox, and made it in many respects a model one. The partners of the Britannia Works now are his eldest son Alexander Cochran and James Fleming. These works are also carried on under the old style or title of Robert



Cochran & Co. The founders of the glassmaking and pottery firms have been dead for a good many years. In addition to these and other sons, Captain Cochran had of daughters—Mary (Mrs John Sage), Isabella (Mrs William M'Alester), and Christian (Mrs John Denny). That entire generation now sleep with their fathers, but still the race moves on, vigorous and enterprising as ever.

JAMES LANG, STEAMBOAT MASTER.

A small, unpretentious freestone monument at the south-east corner of the Old Churchyard is erected by

“AGNES LANG, IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, CAPTAIN JAMES LANG, WHO DIED 15TH JUNE, 1850, AGED 45 YEARS; ALSO THEIR DAUGHTER, MARION HOUSTON, WHO DIED 22ND JANUARY, 1842, AGED 2 YEARS AND 3 MONTHS.”

James Lang, son of John Lang, of the Chapelton family, was born at Dumbarton in 1805, and there was educated. When a lad he entered the Town Clerk's office as a law clerk. After clerking for a few years, he joined the steamers, and in 1830 became captain of one of the Dumbarton Steamboat Company's vessels. In succession he commanded the old “Dumbarton,” the “Leven,” the “Prince Albert,” the “Lochlomond,” and the “Queen.” In 1835 he married Agnes MacCallum, a Greenock lady, daughter of the late Peter MacCallum, founder of the firm of P. MacCallum & Sons, iron and steel merchants, Greenock. Surviving issue one son, John, now head of the above-named firm, and three daughters, Margaret, Agnes, and Janet. The widow also survives. Captain James Lang, at the start of his career as skipper, used to communicate his instructions to his engineer by a certain number of knocks with the heel of his boot upon the wooden cover of the steeple engine, to the great profit of his bootmaker. His pilot, Alexander Livingstone, improved upon this primitive method by using

a wooden baton in lieu of a boot-heel to knock on the engine cover with, and that continued in practice until, at the suggestion of Captain Lang, the late William Denny, second of the Woodyard, supplied with an iron indicator the Dumbarton paddle steamer "Lochlomond" (the first vessel which his firm of Denny Brothers had built), and placed it in such a position that it could be used by either the captain or pilot in communicating their instructions to the engineer. This was considered a great advance upon former methods, and it was speedily adopted by owners of steamers both at home and abroad. Now that mode in its turn has become antiquated. Captain James Lang having been first master of the "Lochlomond," the steamer was named by Mrs Lang. The Captain was a very pleasant man, and a great favourite with the travelling public. He was also beloved by the school children of the town, for he used to give them every now and again free trips "doon the watter." His conduct was irreproachable, either in a public or a private capacity. Few men have shuffled off this mortal coil leaving a purer name behind than his is. He died at Castleroad House after an illness of a few months duration. In addition to being a partner of the Dumbarton Steamboat Company, Captain Lang for many years was practically its managing director. In 1845, when in the command of the "Prince Albert" steamer, he was publicly presented by a number of his friends with a fine gold watch and appendages, also a silver kettle and various other pieces of plate, "in token of their estimate of his abilities and his uniform kind and gentlemanly conduct to passengers."

Captain Lang's family have for over 30 years been resident in Greenock, of which important sea port Bailie John Lang, his son, after graduating through nearly all its Public Trusts, and having been Burgh Treasurer, has now the honour of

being Second Magistrate. About the centre of the fine Cemetery of Greenock, in one of its main avenues, visitors from Dumbarton may for 20 years back have noticed a neatly designed stone monument of considerable size, surrounded by shrubbery, and bearing this inscription :—

“ IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN JAMES LANG, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED  
THERE, 15TH JUNE, 1850.”

JOHN BELL, FLESHER,

A native of Bampton, Cumberland, born November 23rd, 1770, was in early youth taken along with his brother William to Dumbarton and reared by his father to the fleshing business. In 1787 he became a guild brother and burgess of the town. In process of time he married a daughter of the House of Lang, of Chapelton, which furnished wives to many of our foremost townsmen. This marriage was a fruitful one, five sons, John, William, George, Thomas, and Finlay, and one daughter, Margaret Lang, survived their father, of whom only the eldest son John and the youngest son Finlay now survive. In the course of business Mr Bell had to attend a cattle fair at Kilmichael, Lochgilphead, and when coming back from it by the ill-fated steamer “Comet,” second of the name, he was drowned along with other seventy passengers, when the vessel was sunk by colliding with the steamship “Ayr” on the morning of Friday, 21st October, 1825. His body was recovered the day after the disastrous occurrence and taken to Dumbarton and interred in the centre of the southern portion of the Churchyard. A neat freestone monument is there erected to his memory, which bears the following inscription, which my readers will possibly observe is wrong, singular to say, in regard to the day when he died :—

“ SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BELL, FLESHER IN DUMBARTON  
WHO DIED ON THE 19TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1825, IN THE 55TH YEAR OF  
HIS AGE.”

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**ROBERT LANG, FARMER, MURROCH,**

Was born at Murroch, parish of Dumbarton, in 1745, the year of Prince Charlie's rebellion. The forefathers of Mr Lang had for four or five generations tilled the ground of the same farm which he afterwards cultivated. The Murroch farm was then of far greater extent than it is now, for it included, in addition to its present acreage, considerable lands in the Townend district, which are now the property of the heirs of Walter Lang and others. All the lands in these quarters were at one time town's property, but alas! alas! mismanagement, incompetency, and possibly wilful spoliation on the part of the authorities have deprived us of all of it except "the drowned lands," which I presume these ancients did not think were of any money value; but this is by the way. Robert Lang's landlord was Campbell of Stonefield and Levenside. In his father's time the rent of the farm was £85 per annum, and in his own time it was raised to £120. He in course of time married a wife, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Paul, and had issue five sons and five daughters. He was a most devout man; he held family worship in his house morning and evening every day in the week. He was also a rigid Sabbatarian. Everything required for the use of man and beast was prepared, as far as possible, on the Saturday night, so that the sacred day of rest might not be profaned by unnecessary labour. Robert Lang was an elder in the Established Church for the long period of half a century, and seldom missed a diet of worship. He died in 1830 at the ripe age of 85 years, and his remains are interred within the borders of the Auld Kirkyaird of the parish, where he sleeps in the odour of sanctity.

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THOMAS WATSON, TOWN'S CRIER.

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Tammas Watson was a tailor to trade, and for many years dwelt in Walker's Close, and as he occasionally got a "leettle elevated," I have betimes heard nice little rippets between him and his better half when "the maut got abune the meal." Tam was a dapper, spruce little man, and looked remarkably well in the uniform which he for many years sported as town's crier. He went about that work with great gravity, and invested it with an air of dignity. Before the advent of the penny newspaper Tam Watson filled an important post in the economy of the burgh. The arrival of a Highland wherry at the Quay with a cargo of potatoes or herrings was duly announced by him by tuck of drum or sound of bell, and so were scores of other things. Not unfrequently he carried with him samples of herrings, &c., about the town to show their quality. Trout was by him quoted in his professional peregrinations of fully half a century ago as low as 3d a pound weight. The samples alluded to were a perquisite of the Dean of Guild of the burgh, to whom they were ultimately delivered. Tam Watson was one of the halbardiers who Sunday after Sunday marched at the head of the procession of Magistrates and Town Council of the burgh from the Old Tolbuith, near the Cross, to the Church of the Parish. Tam was a grand hand at a crack, and he used to tell with gusto of the time within his recollection when the town contained only one Irishman and one pig. Thomas Watson's body is buried in the Old Churchyard of the Parish, but in what spot I know not.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### WEST BRIDGEND BURYING GROUND.

THIS place of sepulture dates from 1796, when the ground was feued for that purpose and for the building thereon of a church and manse for the Relief body. I should think that there is an acre in the feu, the major portion of which is embraced in the Churchyard. This place, although near a densely-populated portion of the town, is very secluded and quiet. The ground has a gentle rise towards its western boundary, where the red sandstone of the district crops out and shoots up straight as a wall. The general effect of the appearance of the ground and the memorial stones which adorn it is pleasing. The whole place is evidently tended with care. Marks of affection for dear ones torn by the last enemy from the midst of sorrowing friends are seen here and there over the lowly graves of the departed, and these make one feel that here all the dead do not forgotten lie. This God's Acre contains the dust of some of my nearest and dearest relatives and closest friends, and in my early years there was no spot more familiar to me than it was, so that my description of the place and of some of the sleepers

therein has been to me a labour of love not untinged by sadness. I give the clergy precedence in the following biographical sketches. No regular order is aimed at in the giving of those that follow.

REV. JAMES GRIMMOND.

Near the entrance to the graveyard there is a neatly designed freestone monument, having a die flanked by two pilasters supporting cornice and pediment. On the tablet there is inscribed:—

“1828.—ERECTED BY THE RELIEF CHURCH OF THIS PLACE TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. JAMES GRIMMOND, FORMERLY THEIR PASTOR. HIS ATTAINMENTS IN LEARNING WERE RESPECTABLE, HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THEOLOGY ACCURATE, HIS PREACHING EVANGELICAL, AND HIS LIFE BLAMELESS. HE DIED SUDDENLY ON THE 26TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1825, IN THE 70TH YEAR OF HIS AGE AND 34TH OF HIS MINISTRY.”

This divine was a native of Coupar-Angus. During the ministry of his successor, the Rev. John M'Farlane, and about the year 1830, the fortunes of the Relief Church had fallen to such a low ebb that a resolution had been passed by the congregation that they would sell their place of worship to the Roman Catholic body, who were at that time contemplating the building or buying of a chapel. However, the late Alexander MacDonald, coal merchant (father of Alexander MacDonald, present treasurer of the congregation), and one or two other warm supporters of the church, “o'er a wee drappie o't” within the Black Bull public house, adjacent to the place of worship, concocted financial and other measures to relieve the congregation from the pressure that was like to squeeze the life out of it, and these, being crowned with success, saved the “meeting-house” from extinction, and it is now one of the most flourishing churches of the burgh, so flourishing that the members have just built a superb Gothic church (adjacent

to the old one), to hold about one thousand people. This has been brought about, to a large extent, by the popularity of its present minister, the Rev. William Watson, M.A. The church cost £6000. The architect is Mr John M'Leod of this town.

REV. W. S. THOMSON.

Standing close by the centre of the south wall of the graveyard there are two headstones, each having two bases, a die, a cornice, and pediment, in the centre of which there is the representation of an effulgent star. On the westmost of the two, which was erected at the expense of the Rev. John Lindsay, minister of Helensburgh, brother-in-law of the Rev. Mr Thomson, there is inscribed—

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. WYVILLE SMYTH THOMSON, WHO FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS WAS MINISTER OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WEST BRIDGEND, DUMBARTON; BORN AUGUST 15TH, 1812; DIED JUNE 10TH, 1873. ‘HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.’”

A marble slab is also erected within the walls of the old church to his memory at the cost of the congregation. On the other of the two memorial stones alluded to above there is engraved—

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HELEN LINDSAY, THE BELOVED WIFE OF THE REV. W. S. THOMSON. AFTER A SHORT BUT SEVERE ILLNESS SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE 7TH NOVEMBER, 1850, AGED 29 YEARS. ‘AND JESUS SAID, WEEP NOT, SHE IS NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPETH.’”

The Rev. Mr Thomson, born in 1812, was the son of the late Rev. Thos. Thomson, Relief minister of James Place congregation, New Town of Edinburgh. He received his education at the High School and at the University of Edinburgh. At the University he particularly distinguished himself in the Moral Philosophy Class under Professor John Wilson (Christopher North), in which class he carried off one of the highest prizes. In 1838 he was appointed to the charge of



the West Bridgend U.P. Church. In 1839 he married Helen Lindsay, a most sweet, amiable lady, youngest daughter of the Rev. David Lindsay, of Clackmannan, and had issue six sons and one daughter. Mr Thomson was greatly beloved by his flock. He was a smart, active, little man, of a somewhat shy, reserved temperament. He was very attentive to the discharge of the duties appertaining to his sacred office. He lived at peace with all men. He had not an ill word to say of any one, and was entirely free from all bitterness and malice. On one of the early days of June, 1873, while in the act of discoursing to his congregation, the reverend gentleman was struck down with alarming suddenness by a paralytic stroke, and had to be carried out of the pulpit, to the great consternation of all present. A few days thereafter he was numbered with the dead. The funeral of the deceased clergyman was largely attended. Besides relatives and intimate friends, there were present at it many members of the Paisley and Greenock Presbytery, in which Dumbarton, for U.P. Church purposes, was included at that time. There were also present at the obsequies many members and adherents of the church, and a large deputation from the No. 18 Dumbarton Kilwinning Lodge of Free Masons, of which for many years the deceased had been the revered chaplain. The coffin was borne from the Manse to the tomb on the shoulders of Messrs J. A. Hardie, James M'Adam, James Ure, and John M'Intyre, four of the elders of the church. Deceased's funeral sermon was preached on Sunday, 22nd June, 1873, by the Rev. Mr Beckett, Rutherglen ; text, St Matthew's Gospel xxiv. 42.

WILLIAM MACKINLAY, WRITER.

This at one time active public man, who took a warm interest in everything which affected the weal of the town,

was a near relative of the late Robert Napier, engineer and shipbuilder. Mr MacKinlay was admitted procurator before the Sheriff Court in 1822. In 1848 he received the appointment of distributor of stamps, which he demitted in 1862. He was one of the agents of the Liberal party. He was Dean of the Faculty of writers and assistant Sheriff-Substitute. He was likewise secretary to the Dumbarton Steamboat Company. He was a member of one of the smaller dissenting bodies of Christians. He married Christian Glen, one of John Glen the tanner's sisters, and by her had a numerous family. Mr MacKinlay was an amiable, pleasant, social, cultivated gentleman, much beloved. His remains are interred near the south wall of the Churchyard, and his place of burial is marked by a circular-topped freestone monument of three bases and die, which contains the following inscription :—

“ERECTED BY WILLIAM MACKINLAY, WRITER, DUMBARTON, IN MEMORY OF JANE BENNETT, HIS DAUGHTER, WHO DIED 18TH SEPT., 1859, IN HER 22ND YEAR; AND HIS SON WILLIAM, WHO DIED 12TH AUGUST, 1861, AGED 21 YEARS; ALSO THE SAID WILLIAM MACKINLAY, WHO DIED 29TH APRIL, 1862, AGED 61 YEARS; ALSO CHRISTIAN GLEN, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED 20TH MAY, 1864, AGED 63 YEARS.”

DEAN OF GUILD JOHN M' AUSLAN, TIMBER MERCHANT.

The monument erected to the memory of this at one time well-known and highly respected townsman is at the south end of the Churchyard. It is a grey granite flat tombstone of large size, having first and second bases, from which springs the body running to a pediment at the top. A boldly cut moulding runs round the entire outline of stone, and adds much to its appearance. Mr Young is the sculptor of this massive monument. On the face of it there is engraved the following :—

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"ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN M'AUSLAN, TIMBER MERCHANT, DUMBARTON, BORN 4TH APRIL, 1804, DIED 17TH FEBRUARY, 1875; JANET LEITCH, HIS MOTHER, BORN MARCH, 1771, DIED 10TH JANUARY, 1847, AND OF HIS FAMILY; ALBERT, BORN 8TH MAY, 1868, DIED 13TH FEBRUARY, 1869; ANDREW, BORN 11TH FEBRUARY, 1857, DIED 28TH SEPTEMBER, 1876. 'MARK THE PERFECT MAN AND BEHOLD THE UPRIGHT, FOR THE END OF THAT MAN IS PEACE.' PSALM XXXVII.-37."

John M'Auslan, son of James M'Auslan, farmer, Hawthornhill, parish of Cardross, was born there on the 4th April, 1804. He was educated at a school in West Bridgend, which was instituted in connection with the Relief body, his schoolmaster being a Mr Lang, father of ex-Provost Lang, of Port-Glasgow. John M'Auslan served his apprenticeship to the wright or joiner business with Daniel Taylor of this town, beginning the same in 1821. About 1834 he began business as a joiner and timber merchant, and was also for a short time a shipbuilder, his yard being in the West Bridgend, on the upper side of the bridge, where Messrs Paul's boilerworks now stand. After being a few years in business, he assumed his brother-in-law, William MacLeod, as a partner, and this partnership continued down to 1851, when Mr M'Auslan bought the property whereon the Dumbarton Glass and Bottle Works stood, and built on their site the valuable properties known as Woodside Crescent and Woodside Saw Mills. In 1843 he married Margaret, the daughter of John Ure, ironfounder here, and by her had fourteen of a family. Mr M'Auslan was a Justice of the Peace for Dumbartonshire, and was for many years a Councillor and Dean of Guild of the burgh, and very acceptable to the community his services were in these capacities. He was conspicuously wise in counsel. He was a solid, thoughtful, reliable man. He was all his life a warmly attached member of the West Bridgend Relief (latterly

United Presbyterian) Congregation, and was for many years an esteemed member of its session, and for forty years its treasurer. He died as he had lived, an honourable, upright, highly esteemed, God fearing man. His death took place on 17th February, 1875, in the seventieth year of his age. His widow and most of the members of his numerous family still survive.

JOHN URE, IRONFOUNDER.

On the south side of the burying ground, and at its boundary wall, there is a large Gothic flat monument of grey granite, on the body of which there is a large incised cross rising from the base, which divides the stone into two panels. The cross has a halo with stars cut round it. The body of the stone finishes in a pediment with side gables. Upon the left panel of the stone there is engraven :—

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN URE, IRONFOUNDER, DUMBAR-  
TON, WHO DIED 20TH NOVEMBER, 1875, IN HIS 85TH YEAR. ‘AS HE LIVED  
SO HE DIED CHERISHING A HUMBLE AND TRUSTING FAITH IN HIS GOD  
AND SAVIOUR.’ BARBARA DALZIEL, HIS WIFE, DIED IN LIKE PRECIOUS  
FAITH ON 16TH DECEMBER, 1877, AGED 90 YEARS.”

On the left panel of stone there is inscribed as follows :—

“CHRISTINA G. MACKINLAY, WIFE OF ANDREW URE, WHO  
DIED 21ST APRIL, 1856, AGED 24 YEARS; HIS CHILDREN, JOHN AND  
BARBARA, WHO DIED IN INFANCY; WILLIAM, WHO DIED 26TH  
MARCH, 1876, AGED 15 YEARS; BETHIA BUCHANAN, WIFE OF  
ANDREW URE, WHO DIED 5TH AUGUST, 1879; HIS SON ANDREW,  
DIED APRIL, 1882. ‘BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT, FOR THEIRS IS  
THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.’”

John Ure was a native of Old Monkland, and served his apprenticeship as an ironmoulder with the Clyde Iron Works Company. He married Barbara Dalziel, and had issue five sons and four daughters, of whom survive four sons, James, Robert, Andrew, and William, and three daughters, Janet (Mrs Robert Inglis), Margaret (Mrs John M'Auslan), and

Elizabeth (Mrs Peter Johnston). John Ure began business as an ironfounder in the West Brigend, Dumbarton, in the year 1835, in company with James Ure (son), James Law, and James Andrew. The last named only remained in the firm two years, and Mr Law left it in 1845, at which date Mr Andrew Ure was assumed as a partner, still continuing to do business under the old title of John Ure & Coy. In 1875, when the senior partner died, he had been connected with the concern for the long period of forty years. His life was a model one. It was an exemplification of everything that is most winning in the Christian character.

CAPTAIN JAMES DAVIE.

This at one time well-known and highly respected inhabitant of the burgh was a native of Dumbarton ; born on 22nd December, 1802, son of James Davie, boatman. After receiving a fairly good education, he sailed with his father in his craft as a "hand" for a short time, then he was apprenticed to William Denny of the Woodyard to learn the trade of ship carpenter. James Davie, shortly after he became journeyman, was offered the command of one of the Dumbarton Glasswork Company's vessels, which offer he accepted, and remained in that employment for several years. On 15th June, 1827, he married Catherine Buchanan. In 1839 the Captain, in conjunction with Peter Denny of Castlegreen and other two persons, got a vessel, called the "Thistle," built by Denny & Rankin at the Woodyard. Captain Davie sailed as master of this ship, and in 1841, when his vessel was lying at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he was hastily summoned home to Dumbarton to see his wife ere she breathed her last. He left his schooner in the hands of his mate, whom he promoted to the captaincy, and two or three days thereafter, when the vessel was not far from port on her outward

voyage, she was lost, with all hands. Mysterious are the ways of Providence. The fatal illness of Captain Davie's wife seemingly saved him from a watery grave. In 1843 Captain Davie again entered into the bonds of matrimony by marrying Christina Meikle, who still survives. By the Captain's first marriage he had issue three sons and three daughters; by his second he had four daughters and two sons. Captain Davie was an exceptionally fine man; he was a universal favourite. He was held in high esteem by Messrs Wm. Denny & Bros. for his skill and carefulness as a navigator, and betimes he commanded vessels of theirs. My father and he were to each other as very brothers. I have pleasant recollections of the worthy skipper. The memorial stone which marks the Captain's resting-place is a square freestone one, composed of two bases, body and cornice, finishing with a large marble draped urn. On the tablet of this monument there is inscribed as follows :—

"IN MEMORY OF JAMES DAVIE, SHIPOWNER, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 11TH MARCH, 1858, AGED 56 YEARS; CATHERINE BUCHANAN, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED 19TH OCTOBER, 1841, AGED 38 YEARS; CATHERINE, THEIR DAUGHTER, WHO DIED 4TH MAY, 1837, AGED 1 YEAR; JOHN, THEIR SON, DIED AT WENTWORTH, AUSTRALIA, 16TH JULY, 1871, AGED 41 YEARS; JAMES, THEIR SON, DIED AT LIVERPOOL, 5TH FEBRUARY, 1884, AGED 56 YEARS."

Facing the north there is engraved on the stone :—

"JAMES DAVIE AND CHRISTINA MEIKLE, IN MEMORY OF JANET, THEIR DAUGHTER, WHO DIED 20TH FEBRUARY, 1853, AGED 3 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS; ALEXANDER DENNY, THEIR SON, ACCIDENTALLY DROWNED IN THE RIVER LEVEN, 6TH AUGUST, 1863, AGED 11 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS; CATHERINE HELENA RENNER, THEIR DAUGHTER, WHO DIED 2ND JULY, 1870, AGED 14 YEARS."

JOHN DOUGLAS, FOREMAN CARPENTER.

John Douglas, son of John Douglas, sawyer, was born in Dumbarton in 1808. He served his apprenticeship as a ship carpenter with old William Denny in the shipyard which existed where the High Free Church now stands. He was

foreman to Denny & Rankine in Castlegreen Yard for five or six years. He left that firm and joined as foreman with Denny Bros. when they began iron shipbuilding at the Churchyard in 1844, and was about two years in this yard and then went with the Company across to the Woodyard. When the firm began iron shipbuilding in the yard at the Kirk they had great difficulty with the boilermakers from Glasgow, who were almost perpetually on strike. This led up to William Denny and his foreman, John Douglas, training the ship carpenters to the iron work, and when that was done they had peace. John Douglas married Ann Reid, daughter of David Reid, blacksmith, on June 11th, 1839, and six children were born of the marriage, five daughters and one son. The widow, one son and two daughters still survive. Mr Douglas died of inflammation induced by a chill which he got in making secure a raft of wood during a storm on a Hallowe'en night. The firm of William Denny & Bros. erected a handsome freestone monument to his memory composed of two bases, a body, a cornice and draped urn, executed by Shanks of Glasgow, on which there is the following inscription :—

“ERECTED BY WILLIAM DENNY & BROTHERS TO THE MEMORY  
OF JOHN DOUGLAS, SHIP CARPENTER, FOR ABOUT 9 YEARS THEIR  
FAITHFUL AND DILIGENT FOREMAN; HE DIED 10TH FEBRUARY, 1854,  
AGED 46 YEARS.”

The above will show in what esteem Mr Douglas was held by his employers, and now in conclusion I would put it on record that he was held in equal esteem by the men who were under his charge, for they presented him with a massive valuable gold watch, appendages, and chain. On the watch there is inscribed :—“Presented to Mr John Douglas, foreman to William Denny & Brothers, shipbuilders, Dumbarton, by

the workmen in their employment as a token of respect.  
6th May, 1851."

**EDWARD M'INTYRE, GLUEMAKER.**

Near the centre of the burying place there is a small circular-topped freestone monument of two bases and die, which has inscribed on its face the following :—

"IN MEMORY OF EDWARD M'INTYRE, WHO DIED IN DUMBARTON ON THE 5TH MAY, 1884, AT THE AGE OF 61 YEARS; A NATIVE OF THE BURGH AND A DEVOTED FRIEND OF ALL EFFORTS FOR ITS WELFARE, HIS HONEST AND FEARLESS LIFE, SPENT IN THE SERVICE OF FREEDOM AND FOR THE GOOD OF OTHERS, WON FOR HIM THE CONFIDENCE AND ESTEEM OF HIS FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN."

Young is the sculptor of this very pretty tombstone, which tells the tale of a most useful life in a very succinct manner. This stone of remembrance was erected at the cost of the late William Denny of the Leven Shipyard, and the inscription is his composition. He could understand and appreciate a true man, whether clad in hodden grey or imperial purple. Edward M'Intyre was for the long period of 40 years in the employment of Bailie Buchanan, and, like his friend the Bailie, was an ardent Reformer in politics, a staunch teetotaller, and a dissenter from the Established Church. Mr M'Intyre was in his later years first janitor of the College Street Public School, and then janitor of the Burgh Academy and Burgh Hall keeper, which posts he held when he died.

**JOHN MACLEOD, HATTER.**

Facing the walk that runs immediately at the back of the church there is a pretty little flat freestone monument, having a Gothic top, decorated with sculptured ferns. On the stone there is inscribed as follows :—

"IN MEMORY OF JOHN MACLEOD, HATTER, DUMBARTON, WHO DIED 18TH MARCH, 1853, AGED 57 YEARS; ISABELLA BUGLASS, HIS WIFE, WHO DIED 19TH JUNE, 1857, AGED 55 YEARS, AND THEIR CHILDREN, WILLIAM, DIED 20TH JULY, 1839, AGED 5 YEARS; MARGARET, DIED 20TH JULY, 1839, AGED 8 MONTHS; ISABELLA, DIED 3RD NOVEMBER, 1858, AGED 27 YEARS."



John MacLeod was born in Aberdeen on 1st January, 1796. (His twin brother, Gabriel, being still alive, having a few months ago entered his 93rd year.) He was son of Donald MacLeod and Isabella M'Auslan, both natives of Row parish. His father was sergeant-major in the Argyllshire Fencibles raised by the Duke of Argyll. The sergeant was encamped at Aberdeen, where his wife also was, when their son John first saw the light, he being the sixth son of his parents. His father having been murderously assaulted in Ireland during the 1798 disturbances, he some months after succumbed to the injuries then received, dying at Row. The widow with her sons then made their abode at Rosneath under the sheltering wings of the great MacCailean Mohr, and there the boys received a fairly good education, and there they grew up to be hardy lads. My father was apprenticed to a Greenock firm to learn the hatting trade. In course of time he removed to Edinburgh, and while working there as a journeyman in 1825 married Isabella Buglass, a native of Coldingham, Berwickshire. In 1830 he came to Dumbarton and started business, and with varying fortunes carried it on down to his death. In politics he was Liberal, yea, almost Radical, and it almost goes without saying that in ecclesiastical matters he was a dissenter from the church as by law established. He was of a frank, jovial, jocular disposition, and his company was more sought after than was good for him. Of the marriage there were born three sons and three daughters, of whom Donald, John, and Jessie survive. His wife (my mother) was a model of all that is excellent in woman.

**MRS ROBERT BUCHANAN.**

Bailie Robert Buchanan, J.P. for Dumbartonshire, has erected to the memory of his most estimable wife, near the

centre of the burying ground, a square grey granite monument of two bases, body, pediment, and cornice, having plain urn as a finish. M'Lean, sculptor. The proportions and general effect of this stone of memorial are very good, and reflect great credit upon all parties concerned in its erection. On the stone there is inscribed the following :—

"ERECTED BY ROBERT BUCHANAN IN MEMORY OF HIS BELOVED WIFE, MARY M'ALPIN, WHO DIED 7TH SEPTEMBER, 1884, AGED 73 YEARS, ALSO THEIR CHILDREN; DAVID, DIED 14TH MARCH 1843, AGED 5 YEARS; COLIN, DIED 31ST MARCH, 1843, AGED 7 YEARS; ROBERT, DIED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1863, AGED 23 YEARS."

The late Mrs Buchanan was born at Dumbarton in the year 1811, and was the eldest daughter of David M'Alpin, deacon of the tailors, and Mary Walker, his wife, who both died in 1832 and are buried in the Old Churchyard of Dumbarton. Robert Buchanan and Mary M'Alpin were married at Dumbarton on the 17th August, 1835. Their family consisted of eight sons and two daughters. On the 7th Sept., 1884, Mrs Buchanan died very unexpectedly. Having sat down to read, she without a struggle and without a sigh suddenly expired. Her medical adviser was promptly summoned, but could do no good, life having fled. The doctor gave it as his opinion that death was caused by spasms of the heart. The deceased had reached the ripe age of 73 years. She was of a very retiring and gentle disposition, and was possessed of a most kindly heart. The deceased lady was a judicious adviser of her husband during his long public and business career. Mrs Buchanan's remains repose beside those of her three eldest sons.

**JOHN LANG, DISTILLER,**

Was second son of William Lang, master mariner, of this town, and of Marion Lang, his spouse, a daughter of John Lang, farmer, Gooseholm. John Lang was born at Town-

head, Dumbarton, in January, 1790, and was educated at the Academy of Dumbarton, his masters being Messrs Steele and Reid. He spent a few of his early years as an apprentice to the joiner trade, and afterwards entering as an officer of Excise, he held appointments in Stranraer and Annan. In the year 1826 Mr Lang began business as a distiller in the West Bridgend of Dumbarton, and successfully carried on the same down to 1857, when he retired from active life and sold his premises. In 1820 John Lang married Margaret Cadenhead, daughter of George Cadenhead, supervisor of excise. She died in 1841, and of the issue of this marriage one son and five daughters survived their father. In 1847 Mr Lang married Margaret Ritchie, daughter of Dugald Ritchie, ship-owner, Port-Glasgow, who still survives. Mr Lang during his business career was created a Justice of the Peace for Dumbartonshire. On retiring from business he went to live at Rothesay, removing from thence to Dunoon a few years before his death, which occurred at the latter place in 1872. Mr Lang was a man of good presence, capital business capacity, and amiable disposition. His walk and conversation were irreproachable. Happy are the children who can call such a man father.

“ A wit’s a feather, and a chief a rod ;  
An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

Mr Lang’s mortal remains are interred in the centre of the burying ground attached to the church in which he was a fervent worshipper, and a stone of remembrance has been there raised to his memory, which may be described as follows :—It is a massive freestone monument of three bases, body, cornice with carved moulding, having three steps on top, on which stands a draped urn of elegant shape. Young, sculptor. There is inscribed on the stone :—

"IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF JOHN LANG, DISTILLER, DUMBARTON, BORN, 30TH JANUARY, 1790, DIED 12TH MAY, 1872, AND HIS WIFE, MARGARET CADENHEAD, BORN 4TH JUNE, 1800, DIED 23RD MARCH, 1841, AND OF THEIR CHILDREN; GEORGE, BORN 5TH JANUARY, 1824, DIED 5TH NOVEMBER, 1825; MARION, BORN 19TH AUGUST, 1826, DIED 10TH JANUARY, 1876; JOHN, BORN 6TH NOVEMBER, 1833, DIED 15TH NOVEMBER, 1839; JOHN, BORN 1ST MARCH, 1841, DIED 17TH JANUARY, 1863; ALSO OF WILLIAM ROBSON, M.D., HUSBAND OF THE ABOVE MARION LANG, AND THEIR SON, WILLIAM JOHN ROBSON, BORN JUNE, 1846, DIED AT RANGOON 5TH SEPTEMBER, 1875, AND IS INTERRED THERE."

MRS ROBERT ROY AND ARCHIBALD M'SYMON.

Ex-Dean of Guild Robert Roy has, in this Churchyard, raised to the memory of his deceased wife a large, flat freestone monument, with wreath and twining ornament on front of cornice, finishing with a large draped urn, the whole being alike creditable to Mr Young, its sculptor, and to the others concerned in its erection. On it is inscribed as follows:—

"ERECTED BY ROBERT ROY, IN MEMORY OF AGNES M'SYMON, HIS BELOVED WIFE, WHO DIED 28TH MAY, 1877, AGED 69 YEARS; ALSO THEIR CHILDREN, ROBERT, DIED 16TH SEPTEMBER, 1842, AGED 13 MONTHS; JOHN M'SYMON, DIED JUNE, 1846, AGED 3½ YEARS; ARCHIBALD M'SYMON, HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, DIED 27TH NOVEMBER, 1884, AGED 86 YEARS."

Mrs Roy, daughter of John M'Symon, baker, and Margaret Livingstone, his spouse, was born in Dumbarton in 1808. After receiving a good education, she in early womanhood took an active interest in the conducting of her father's business. Her father and his forefolks for many generations back belonged to this old burgh. Mrs Roy was born, brought up, married to Mr Robert Roy, baker, and bore her family of five children in the same dwelling-house in High Street, then the property of Cooper Denny. Mrs Roy is survived by her husband and by three of her children. Mary (Mrs Rogerson), Margaret (Mrs Anderson), and Robert,

now of Carron Iron Works. If "the heart's aye, the pairt aye that mak's us richt or wrang," as singeth the poet Burns, then Mrs Roy's life must have been in an eminent degree praiseworthy. To the poor and distressed, and those who had no comforter and were ready to perish, she was a ministering angel. As a wife she was a true, loving helpmeet, as a mother she was tender and self-sacrificing, as a member of society she was most useful, and in fine, she was a clever, able woman of capital parts, as sound in head as she was warm at heart, whose memory, even yet, "smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."

Archibald M'Symon was his sister's senior by about ten years, but, for all that, he, even before her marriage, left the management of the business entirely in her hands. After that event matters remained undisturbed as far as he was concerned. He was content to attend to the baking department in conjunction with his brother-in-law, and there never were two more faithful or more cheerful workers. They did not eat the bread of idleness. Mr M'Symon owned property in Castle Street, and his leisure hours, to a certain extent, were utilised in executing repairs thereon. He was of a very quiet, unobtrusive, shy nature, and remained a bachelor. His sister's place of abode was his. He seldom slept a night out of Dumbarton. The great travelling event of his life was a journey he made in company with the late George Lang, engineer, to Ireland. Half a century ago M'Symon's bakehouse, in "Jess Rankin's" Close, was a favourite "houff" for boys on a Saturday night. There and then pies were discussed, as they sat upon "furmes," and I am afraid that our old friend did not pocket a penny for every pie that he baked. I am forced to confess that the boys of that era were more addicted to pies than piety.

## MRS WILLIAM M'LEOD.

A plain freestone monument of one base, a die, cornice and pediment, which stands on the north side of the graveyard has inscribed on it :—

"1857.—WILLIAM M'LEOD, IN MEMORY OF HIS WIFE, MARY M'AUSLANE, WHO DIED 18TH SEPTEMBER, 1850, AGED 44, AND THEIR SON, NORMAN, WHO DIED, 24TH MARCH, 1843, AGED 13; ALSO OF HIS MOTHER, CHRISTINA M'CALLAM, WHO DIED 27TH DECEMBER, 1847, AGED 81, AND FATHER, NORMAN M'LEOD, WHO DIED 8TH JUNE, 1849, AGED 83."

Mrs M'Leod, born in 1806 at West Bridgend, Dumbarton, was daughter of James M'Auslane, farmer, Hawthornhill, Cardross. She was brought up in the town, and in 1830 was married to William M'Leod, wright and timber merchant, Dumbarton, having issue four sons and three daughters, of whom survive three sons, James, John, and William, and three daughters, Janet (Mrs Provost Babbie), Mary (Mrs Robert M'Millan), and Christina. Mrs William M'Leod was of a modest, retiring disposition, and devoted herself most heartily to the care of her family and the duties of her household. Her memory is fragrant of all that is sweet in the character of wife and mother.

## ANDREW HEGGIE, FLESHER.

Imbedded into the north wall of the Churchyard there is a neatly designed and well executed freestone monument—

"ERECTED BY JANE GOW IN MEMORY OF HER BELOVED HUSBAND, ANDREW HEGGIE, WHO DIED 23RD FEBRUARY, 1849, AGED 58 YEARS: ALSO IN MEMORY OF THEIR TWO CHILDREN, ANDREW AND HELLEN, WHO DIED IN INFANCY.

'REMEMBER, MAN, AS THOU GOEST BY,  
AS THOU ART NOW, SO ONCE WAS I;  
MY GLASS IS RUN AND THINE IS RUNNING,  
REMEMBER DEATH, FOR JUDGEMENT'S COMING.'

Andrew Heggie was a native of St Ninians; he carried on an extensive and lucrative business in Argyle Street,

Glasgow, down to 1836, when he retired in favour of William Bell of Dumbarton, who in 1837 assumed his brother Finlay as a partner, last year being the latter's jubilee year in business. About 1830 he bought the old gaol of Dumbarton and erected a handsome three storied house on its site, and called the building by his own name. For many years he lived at Clydebank, Cardross parish, but in his later years he built a cottage in West Bridgend, and there spent the evening of his days, and there he died. Heggie was a clear-headed, smart business man, a capital judge of cattle, and a lover of a good joke and good company. He left issue one daughter, married first to a Mr Black, of Greenock, and second to a Mr Gibb, of Glasgow. By her first marriage she had several sons, but by her second no issue.

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### A FEW PARTING WORDS.

I WOULD address a few valedictory words to you, my readers, ere I lay my pen aside and cease from my labours in connection with the writing of this book. I hope, after having carefully perused this volume, you have come to the conclusion that I have treated my subjects in a spirit of fairness and broadest charity, and thereby redeemed the promise made in my opening pages. Should your finding be otherwise I would be grieved. That there will be disappointment expressed in certain quarters on account of the omission from this record of names in which some persons are more immediately interested is to be expected. I could not in such a volume as this, were it possible or

advisable, notice individually the mighty army of the dead which lies encamped in our graveyards awaiting the sound of the last trumpet, which is to call its leaders and rank and file forth to victory or defeat eternal. I could only dwell, and that briefly, on the life history of a few of the host. I hope the selection given may be considered, by the bulk of my readers, a fairly good representative one. I now lay aside the divining rod of retrospection, by the aid of which I conjured up the images of the departed from the vasty deep of the land of silence and forgetfulness, and break the spell which constrained these counterfeit presentments to tarry in the halls of my memory until I limned their more characteristic features. That being accomplished, I bid them fly forth on the leaves of this book to find, if possible, welcome lodgement in your minds, my readers, to whom I now must say—FAREWELL.

