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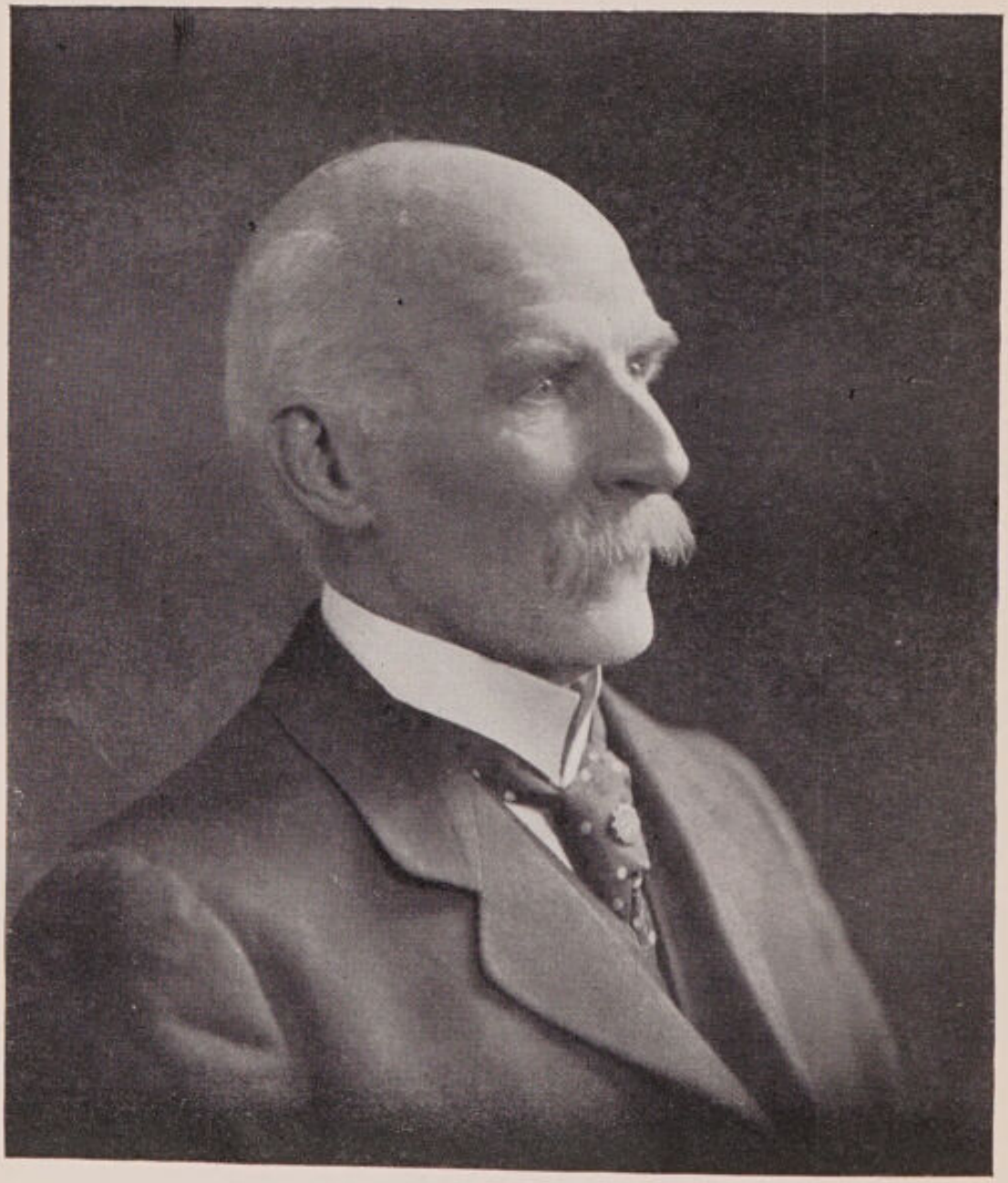


Lafayette.

Yours Sincerely
David Pride.

REMINISCENCES

OF A

COUNTRY DOCTOR

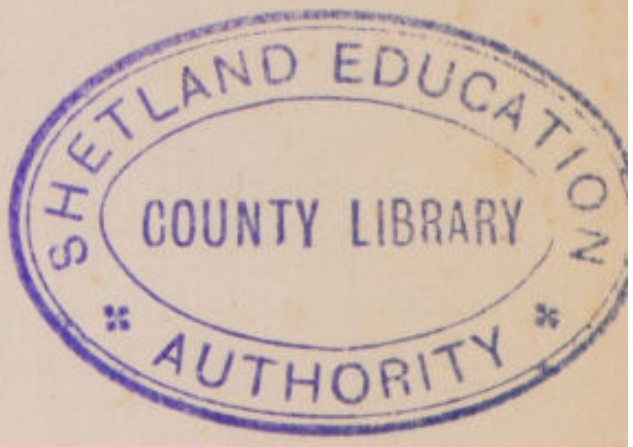
1840–1914

BY

DAVID PRIDE, M.D., J.P.—

NEILSTON

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF THE PARISH OF NEILSTON"



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PREFACE.

It was scarcely to be expected that one who had been so favourably received in his former literary efforts by those competent to judge should not again obtrude himself by a further appeal to their sympathies, more especially as it had been frequently suggested by perhaps too partial friends that he should put on record some account of his recollections of early times in the form of Memories or Reminiscences.

Acting on these promptings, I have collected together a number of incidents and experiences from my Diary, or *Omnium Gatherum*, all of them real, several historical, which, though presenting nothing of a sensational character, may still possess some interest to those students of the newer generation who evince a desire either to compare or contrast the present with the earlier customs, or consider the wonderful progress civilization presents, as revealed in the records the earlier peoples have left behind them.

The customs, for example, treated of as belonging to Dundee and its neighbourhood, many of them common enough elsewhere, as we know, at the period, are now gone and never likely to be repeated.

Nevertheless they are of real interest as pointing out the lines along which social and domestic usage —the bases of civilizations—have slowly advanced in our midst ere outside influences became dominant. And as regards such terrible experiences as the Bread Riot in Glasgow, it is difficult to conceive, if indeed it is at all thinkable, that circumstances could ever again occur that would admit of such appalling and distressful scenes recurring.

But should the writing fail of its primary or objective purpose, that of interesting or instructing the reader, it will not have been without its personal pleasure, for subjective stocktaking—recalling the memories of the past—is not without its advantages even to the writer.

To my friend, the Rev. Alexander Martin, M.A., B.D., of Broadlie, a native of Neilston, I desire to express my thanks for kindness in reading over the work.

DAVID PRIDE.

MAY, 1914.

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REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

THE BREAD RIOTS IN GLASGOW, 1848.

By the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832, with its sweeping enfranchisement of the people, the subsequent repeal of the Corn Laws, 1846, and introduction of Free Trade, 1848-9, it was hoped that prosperity would visit our country; that the suffering and panic incident to dull trade and partial famine, which from time to time had continued to visit us, would be at least mitigated if not entirely removed. Many things, however, contributed to delaying the fulfilment of these expectations. Concurrently with the passing of the latter of these measures, a great famine began in the land, due to the failure of the potato crop through disease in 1845. In Ireland, this disease had been already raging for some time, everywhere causing much distress, and even starvation was experienced by

masses of the Irish people, who were largely dependent on the potato for their support. This terrible blight upon what was an almost universal article of diet continued with more or less disastrous consequences until 1848, when the distress experienced with such severity in Ireland gradually extended to this country and came to be participated in by the labouring classes here, and also in other parts of the United Kingdom, aggravated in their case by bad harvests and destitution from want of work.

The disturbed state of Europe, moreover, which in this same year culminated in the second French Revolution, contributed largely to unsettle men's minds. Louis Philippe, the King, had just escaped to England with his Queen Consort, having arrived at Newhaven, 3rd March, 1848. The boulevards had been seized by the mob of Paris, who had marched with torches flaring, flags waving, singing and vociferating on their way to the Foreign Office, where, in consequence of some real or imaginary insult given to a Colonel stationed there, the troops were rashly ordered to fire on the crowd, when over half a hundred of them were killed. Great excitement immediately everywhere prevailed. The tocsin was rung from the bell of Notre Dame at midnight, and by 24th February, 1848, Paris was in arms and the capital in their hands. The news of this upheaval amongst our neighbours across the Channel had no doubt a disturbing influence upon some of our

communities at home. But the calmer and more stable judgment of our people saved us from scenes and consequences such as were witnessed on the Continent, our saner proceedings being further strengthened by the consciousness on our part that the hopes raised in France of increased prosperity had not followed the election of the composite Government under the revolutionary leaders so quickly as was expected. This Government consisted of Despont De L'Eure, President, with Lamartine the poet, Louis Blanc, socialist, Ledru-Rollin, statesman, and Arago, scientist, in his Cabinet. Great hopes were entertained by the French socialists from the experiment of establishing national workships, in which artizans were to be employed at the expense of the State. This it was thought would give work to all; yet the expected prosperity did not come. Still, though the calmer temperament of our race saved us from the excesses here referred to, terrible suffering and distress were being experienced in different parts of our country, and many local riots took place in England, and even Scotland did not escape during this trying period.

Glasgow, with its large and varied population, the centre of numerous artizan and labouring classes, had through this unsettled period experienced a protracted time of dull trade. The potato rot had cut off a staple article of diet; bread was dear, and, in consequence of bad harvests, scarce, and disease

haunted the homes of the poor, for that dread plague, Asiatic Cholera, that hangs on the skirts of insanitation, defective feeding, and slum crowding, had made its appearance in the city. Men were heart-stricken, daily witnessing their wives and little ones in destitution and suffering; children crying for bread, and "weeping ere their sorrow comes with years." The tendency in the columns of some of the press was to belittle the suffering and destitution said to exist at this period. But this was only the ostrich policy of some writers who, because the head was out of sight, imagined all was well, and tended to mischief rather than otherwise in the present instance; the destitution and the suffering being stern and real was not to be shaken off, and had already extended over a lengthened period.

In these circumstances, and within certain limits at the outset, the people resolved to rise above the law which had made no provision for them and their helpless ones, and help themselves. Accordingly, on Monday, 6th March, 1848, a crowd of men, women, and some boys, met in the Public Green of Glasgow to the number, it was said, of about 5,000, and having armed themselves so far by tearing up the railings at the Green, marched off in great excitement in different directions towards the centre of the city. At this stage of the movement, I got mixed up in it. I was then a lad of about ten years of age, and my object here is to

narrate what came under my personal observation and experience. I was busy watching some soldiers at drill in the square of the old Barracks, then in the Gallowgate, when some boys hurrying past gave the information that a crowd of people were smashing shop windows and breaking into shops down the street. I distinctly recollect that the news flashed through me like an electric shock, and I put off little time in hurrying to the scene of riot; and that when I arrived amongst the crowd, I was in a state of great open-eyed earnestness and excitement bordering almost on fear. The mob numbered possibly about two to three hundred, and was spread fully half way across the Gallowgate just opposite the foot of Kent Street, and I could see that the attention of the mass of the rioters was entirely taken up with what was going on in a shop on the north side of the street, the window of which, I observed, had been smashed, there being no glass in it, and the door burst open. Inside the shop I saw two or three men very busy throwing out loaves and breadstuffs of various kinds to the crowd gathered on the foot-path round the door, and that, in a very short time, the shop was looted and all disposed of. The shop belonged to J. & H. Black, bakers.

Next door to the baker's was a boot and shoe shop, belonging to Malcolm Martin, shoemaker. The door of this shop had been closed at the beginning of the disturbance, and the window shuttered. But

these afforded small protection, and were soon summarily disposed of by the rioters in front of the crowd, they being the only parties in possession of weapons at this early stage of the irruption. This shop was also entered and looted in a manner similar to the baker's. Boots and shoes were pitched out as loaves had been in the former case, and were as eagerly grasped at by the people around.

I was now on the outer edge of the crowd, an excited and timorous on-looker, and could see people hurrying away, some carrying loaves and others shoes, whilst others more fortunate had secured both loaves and shoes. These mostly seemed anxious to get off and out of sight, possibly home to their families, as if not belonging to the rioters, but drawn to the scene only in hope of getting share of the bread for the children; others, seemingly famishing, I observed hurrying away, having a loaf under their arm, from which they were tearing handfuls, and devouring eagerly as they went along, such seemed their hunger. The crowd was not specially a noisy one at this stage. It seemed too earnest for that. But many of them wore a haggard expression of countenance, such as I have since learned to associate with suffering, destitution, and partial starvation. There was, however, considerable excitement and evidently a good deal of suppressed feeling, which could have been readily enough, if occasion were given, turned into an element of great danger.

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By this time the crowd had assumed much larger proportions than when in the Gallowgate, and it was not so easy for me to follow what was going on amongst the ring-leaders. But when next I observed them, I could discern they were carrying guns and other firearms, which gave them a more formidable appearance. I have no recollection, however, of any wanton, defiant, or bravo shots being fired off, although I have since learned that such had been done by other sections of rioters. Having satisfied their wants at Musgrove's, the rioters now returned to the Cross, which was only a short distance off, and here again a pause took place, and there seemed to be some further deliberation as to future procedure. When next they began to move off I observed the mob—which had now got to be a very considerable one—divided, and whilst one section of it went along London Street towards the Green, the other turned down Saltmarket Street in the direction of the jail bridge, and I, still hanging on to the skirt of the crowd, a keenly interested spectator, went with the latter. Another gunsmith's shop, W. Paton's, was entered in Saltmarket Street, from which a further supply of fire-arms was obtained. The march was then continued on past the jail and across the bridge to Crown Street and Clyde Place, on the South side.

The rioters being now possessed of a large hammer or other similar weapon—how obtained I had no means of knowing, probably from some of

the ironmongers' premises they had been in—before interfering with any of the shops, went deliberately to work breaking down the spiked iron railing alongside the river with their hammer. They first snapped the iron balusters at their junction with the low stone coping, and then pulled them up out of the iron rail that held them together at the top. In this way the active members of the mob—and they were now getting more numerous and bolder—very soon became armed with formidable weapons. The shops and business places in Clyde Place and Crown Street had been all closed in anticipation of our arrival; but now with the pikes the men possessed, the doors and window shutters proved feeble defences and the shops were entered almost as easily as if they had been left open. Here again began a repetition of what I had before witnessed in Gallowgate—the shops were entered, dried fish, cod, and ling, loaves, etc., were thrown out and hurriedly carried off, those just outside the windows and doors throwing the articles to others further back in the crowd. At one shop, a grocer's, the intruder, having entered by the window, plunged into a basket of eggs, with the result that yolks were flowing in a golden stream to the footpath. In Clyde Place, Bishop's shipchandler's premises were entered and more fire-arms and some knives obtained, and from Yuill's jeweller's shop, Main Street, Gorbals, a quantity of watches and jewellery were carried off. This, however, and similar

jewellery robberies were not necessarily the work of the rioters, but appeared rather that of the regular thief availing himself of the opportunity the nature of the disturbance afforded him.

Hitherto the proceedings on the part of the rioters had been all one sided, the police having wisely refrained from any attempt at repression where the force was obviously inadequate. But now a change came over the aspect of affairs, and the attention of the surging mass became arrested by observing one of Menzies' 'buses, with its green tartan body, approaching from the direction of Jamaica Street or Broomielaw Bridge. On reaching the outskirts of our large crowd—now, however, beginning, as I thought, to get a little less dense as the 'bus neared us—several gentlemen were seen seated on the top near the driver. These, I could hear, were magistrates, and as soon as the horses were stopped, the hurried rub-a-dub of a kettle drum was heard, and immediately thereafter one of the magistrates stood up and read aloud what I afterwards learned was the "Riot Act," in which all well disposed persons are implored to betake themselves to their homes, etc., etc. This at once put us all, rioters and non-rioters, outside the protection of the law. The work of the rioters, however, still went on, though not so briskly or with so much zeal, and they seemed to shift their operations more into Gorbals and away from the river-side.

Up till this stage, I had been a much interested

young observer, but after what had taken place on the 'bus, I had somehow become aware that the procedure, though exciting, was not quite so innocent and safe as had at first been taken for granted, and consequently I began to move away in the direction of Jamaica Bridge, with the object of going home. But scarcely had I arrived at Carlton Place, then quite a superior residential quarter, when I became conscious of a jangle, jangling noise, accompanied by the tramping of numerous horses from the direction of Bridge Street, and before I could fully realise what was happening, or reach the corner to ascertain what it meant, my heart sank almost to my boots—if I had any on, which I am not quite sure of—on observing a large body of horse soldiers, the 3rd Dragoons, swing round Carlton Place corner in all their glitter and resplendent order, swords drawn, and quite filling the street, carrying all before them. It seemed to me as if the end not only of the riot but of the world had come upon us, and, observing some servant girls standing at the open entrance to one of the houses in Carlton Place, evidently out to admire the gallant troopers, the rioters not having been near their end of the street, I plunged in between them to their no small consternation, and was quite content to remain there till the horsemen were well out of the way.

Emerging from my place of hiding almost immediately afterwards, I ran with what haste I

could across to Jamaica Bridge, in hope of placing the river between us, but only to discover that there was no passage that way, that the ends of the bridge were guarded and all traffic stopped by the Old Pensioners, the "Foggies," as they were styled, who had been called out to aid in confining the rioters to the districts they were then in, and so limiting their movements. These old veterans, dressed in their unique uniform, broadhats, large greatcoats, and armed with gun and bayonet, presented such a stern front to me that if my condition at sight of the horsemen was bad, I am afraid it was not improved at the bridge by the appearance of the pensioners. Fortunately, my dilemma did not last long. The veterans, influenced doubtless by my very disconsolate appearance and my age, shortly after allowed me to pass, with the peremptory order "to go home at once," which I was only too pleased to do, and I witnessed no more of either the riot or the rioters.

The movement, however, soon collapsed. The troopers, pensioners, and other agencies quickly succeeded in breaking up the rioting party by limiting and restricting their movements, and though the destruction of property had been considerable, it was so far satisfactory that no lives were lost—on the south side of the river at least—among the crowd with which I had been associated.

Matters proceeded very differently, however, as I afterwards learned, with those rioters who left us at

the Cross to go by London Street for the Green. Getting ultimately into Bridgeton, the process of shop-wrecking went on with them as with the South-side body. But at John Street, the "Riot Act" having been read, through some ill-considered haste, the troops were ordered to fire upon the mob, with most deplorable consequences. Seven innocent persons were shot, the affair ending in six deaths.

Throughout the whole of this alarming day the spirit of the orderly citizen was admirable. Henry Dunlop, of Craigton, a prominent railway director of the period, afterwards Lord Provost of Glasgow —when he resided at Carlibar, Barrhead—with the object of limiting or, if possible, preventing the spread of information to other populous centres of what was being enacted in the city of St. Mungo, advised that no telegrams be allowed out of the city unless first signed by a magistrate. This wise expedient was the more easily managed at this period as the telegraph system was then entirely in the hands of the railway companies, not having been bought by the Government till 1868 by the "Electric Telegraph Act." The evening newspaper, now so usefully and universally established, was then, and for long after this, a thing of the future; yet by six o'clock in the evening of the same day, the position of affairs had become so well known in the city that large numbers of the general community came forward and were voluntarily sworn in as special constables, in front

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LOCHGOIN AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

It is a trite saying that people often go far afield in quest of places of interest, while localities and objects equally interesting and nearer home are overlooked or neglected. With this taunt in remembrance, we resolved on gratifying a long cherished desire of making a run to the south into our neighbouring district to visit the land of the covenanting martyrs of Fenwick, Eaglesham, and Mearns. It was autumn season, and so far as weather surroundings were contributing factors, the day of our pilgrimage was all that could be desired. Plumps of rain had fallen out locally in different quarters, we learned from cyclists at mine inn in Fenwick, but in the course of our journey we had been successful in giving them the go-bye. Our mode of travel was by horse and dog-cart, one of the pleasantest ways of enjoying a trip, and the early part of our journey had taken us past Lochlibo and Caldwell, with their beautiful environments. The umbrageous woods were putting on their finer bronze tints, and in sympathy with the special object of our mission, it was recalled to memory

that the ancestors of the Mures of Caldwell, whose ancient home and mansion we were now passing, had in the "killing time" of 1666, in the rising of Shutterflat, thrown in their lot with the covenanting fathers and suffered with them. In 1666, the exasperating condition of our country was such as to evoke the liveliest sympathy and interest towards the distressed in connection with the cruelties and suffering experienced by many of them. Civil and religious liberty were practically in abeyance; the conscience of the nation was being entirely overridden by unscrupulous persecution. In such circumstances it is not surprising that many gentlemen of Presbyterian principles cast in their lot for better or for worse with the sufferers. Of this number was William Mure, the then laird of Caldwell.

On 28th November of that year, he and a number of west country gentlemen—Ker of Kersland, Caldwell of that Ilk, Ralston of that Ilk, Cunningham of Bedland, Porterfield of Quarrelton, Maxwell of Blackstone (who became traitor, and gave evidence against his companions at their trial), Gabriel Maxwell, minister of Dundonald, and John Carstairs, minister of Glasgow (father of afterwards Principal Carstairs)—met at Shutterflat, in the parish of Beith, where they formed a squadron of cavalry of about fifty horse, mostly, we learn, from amongst the tenantry of Caldwell, the intention being to join Wallace of Auchens, and proceed to the

east, towards Edinburgh, where a great rising was expected. Whatever hopes they may have entertained at the outset from this course of action, were shattered by the disaster of Rullion Green in that year. The main body of the Covenanters, which it was their object to join, having been drawn into action by General Dalziel earlier than had been anticipated and entirely routed, nothing remained for these leaders, after their abortive rising, but to effect their escape from the country as best they could. Mure first fled to Ireland, but afterwards succeeded in making his way to Holland, where he died in exile, 9th February, 1670. General Thomas Dalziel, of Binns, the notorious leader at Rullion Green, received the confiscated estate of Caldwell as his share of the plunder, and in his family it remained until 1690, a period of twenty years, when it was again restored to the Mures by special Act of the Scottish Parliament. Lady Caldwell received much harsh treatment from the Government after the exile and death of her husband, among other things undergoing imprisonment for three years in Blackness Castle without trial.

But now leaving Caldwell with its many memories behind, we begin rapidly to approach Dunlop House, in the parish of Dunlop, the residence of Major Dalrymple Hay, but better known in times past as the residence of Mrs. Dunlop, one of the kindest, earliest, and most

sympathetic of Burns's correspondents and friends, and a lineal descendant, as the poet reminds us in one of his letters to that lady, of the great Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace of Elderslie. Here we leave the town of Stewarton to the west in passing through part of the parish, and Fenwick is soon reached by a cross-country road. We enter the quaint old town from the east by the "new line," as the main turnpike between Glasgow and Fenwick is named, and the village presents a clean and tidy appearance. Its population seems to be entirely agricultural, and though dating from 1642, when the parish was carved out of Kilmarnock, it appears to have been comparatively out of the general ken till the advent of the wheel and wheelmen brought it prominently into notice, the beautiful road between it and the great city of St. Mungo giving it an unique place in the estimation of the general cyclist. Its distance from Glasgow is about sixteen miles, and, as the new line is a road of easy gradients, the wheelman can make the run easily after business hours on a summer evening, and depend on having his creature comforts well attended to while he rests or has a look round at the objects of interest in the village.

Having been refreshed with the cup that cheers, etc., and arranged for "Bucephalus" being attended to, we set out to visit the venerable old church, the keys of which are readily procured through the kindness of the manse. The church, which occupies

the middle of the ancient "God's acre," has quite an old world aspect, surrounded as it is by the many Covenanting monuments. Its general figure is cruciform, having the galleries or "lofts" one each to the right and left of the pulpit and one in front, giving to the interior somewhat an appearance of transcepts. The Rowallan gallery is reached by an outside stone stair, the lintel over the doorway bearing the escutcheon of the family and the initials W. M.—William Mure, the Knight of Rowallan, with the date 1642. These Rowallan Mures were the ancestors of the Mures of Caldwell, and the ruins of their old castle still stand on the estate near Kilmarnock, recently purchased by Cameron Corbett, M.P., who has since erected a large modern mansion in their near neighbourhood, and who, since his elevation to the peerage, has taken his title of first Baron Rowallan from the estate. The shield of the Crawfordland family occupies the centre oak panel of the north or Crawfordland gallery. At the time of our visit, the interior of the church had quite recently passed from the hands of the painters, so that everything was shining, and had a span-new and delightfully fresh appearance. The pulpit has the choir seat in front with a small organ, and on the edge of the rail surrounding the seat is seen the ancient sermon-measurer in the form of a large sand-glass, a quaint and interesting object, which we are informed is turned every half-hour. Thus the members of

Fenwick church, like those of St. Stephen's when a division is called in the House of Commons, have stuck to the old time-measurer, and we think are to be commended for it. The venerable instrument is set agoing by the beadle turning the glass as soon as the sermon is begun, and the half-hours are measured off by the running sand.

A story is told of a late worthy clergyman, who in his zeal to impress the lessons of his discourse upon his auditors, quite lost sight of the sand-glass which, true to the law of gravitation and sand-glasses, had run down and was quite at a standstill while he was holding on "fifteenthly" in all earnestness. The irate beadle, unable to bear matters longer, got up and, seizing the glass, put it under his seat and waited development. In a short time he had the satisfaction of discovering that his tactics had been successful in arresting the preacher's attention. By the side of the entrance door in the south wall of the church, and hanging by a chain, is a set of jougs, those ancient instruments of ecclesiastical torture, the hinged iron collar for clasping the neck of the poor culprit bearing mute testimony as to how in former days the Fenwickians dealt with particular offenders. (It may be here mentioned for the information of those who take an interest in such antiquarian objects that a similar set of instruments is to be seen hanging on the remains of the old town hall in the main street of Kilmaurs.)

As has already been observed, the old graveyard contains many memorial stones of martyrs and heroes who died to uphold the cause of civil and religious liberty in our country, in particular, a cenotaph to the memory of Captain Paton, who suffered at Edinburgh for the part he had taken at the battle of Drumclog, when a comparatively few untrained and miserably armed countrymen scattered a body of regular troops trained to arms and led by one of the foremost soldiers of the day. It will be remembered that this heroic defender of religious freedom was executed at Edinburgh and buried there in Greyfriars' churchyard. Altogether the church is an unique structure which, with its surroundings and associations, amply repays the visitor the journey he may have had in going to see it.

But we leave the venerable place with its hallowed memories as, in the furtherance of our pilgrimage, we have resolved on visiting Lochgoin and the Monument erected there in 1896 to the memory of the Covenanters, on one of the round hills adjacent to the home of the Howies. So, bidding adieu to Fenwick, a run down the new line, a delightful road, brings us to the sheddings at the old King's Well Inn of stage-coach days. Here, turning into the moorland road leading to Ballygeich, in the parish of Eaglesham, we arrive at a bridge which informs us on one of its parapets that it separates Renfrewshire from the county of Ayr. The road to Lochgoin

turns off sharply to the right just before reaching this point—an ordinary country road, leading to the farm through an extensive moor, with wide yawning moss-hags on either side, giving evidence, as we proceed, of the havoc made by recent rains in filling them at the bottom with black slush, on which here and there traces of green sphagnum were floating. Lochgoin farm, near which the monument has been erected, occupies an elevated position among the hills, and is entirely surrounded by moorland; and as we neared the dwelling the massive obelisk was observed to the right of the road. The home of the Howies, which has been often described, is a single-storeyed house of the plainest description, and stands on the site of several earlier erections which had been burned down, as shown by the figures on the door lintel, which gives the dates 1178, 1710, 1816, in addition to the initials J.H. There is a tidy garden in front, and on our arrival we were fortunate in finding the owner of the honourable name at home. The Howies of Lochgoin, who have become quite a historic family in our country, are descended from a Waldensian stock of Protestants, their ancestors having settled here in the eleventh century. The lands they presently occupy, the property of the noble family of Eglinton, have been in their continuous possession for the long period of over eight hundred years, quite a venerable ancestry.

On our way up the winding road among the

moss-hags we had met two ladies; one a stately matron, with stick in hand, whose erect carriage had arrested attention; the other a young lady, her companion, the wife and daughter of the family, as we now learned, on their way to visit their son and brother in the adjoining Moor farm, another daughter, an accomplished young lady, having been engaged in mission work for a number of years in the far off field of China.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Howie (a courtesy extended to all comers), we were privileged to see the interesting relics of the Covenanting fathers preserved in his small museum. For example, the drum, at tuck of which the resolute peasants mustered and marched to victory at Drumclog in midsummer, 1679; the white flag of the Covenant, the rallying centre during the heat of action, with its singular but significant motto, "For God, ——, and Country," the name of the King (Charles II.) being left out, as that of a backslider who had deserted his Covenant promise, given at Spey, where on his landing he had signed the Covenant, June 23, 1651, and previously given at Scone, January 1, 1651; the basket-hilted sword of Captain Paton; also his Bible handed by him to his wife, from the scaffold in Edinburgh, when about to seal with his life the belief and faith he had fought so valiantly to maintain. The small library was also looked over which had belonged to the Howie, grandfather of our guide, who in 1774 gave to the

world the *Scots Worthies*. We were shown besides a number of large silver coins in a state of good preservation, which had been buried in time of stress in one of the fields near the house by some of the early Covenanters, and were tossed up by an excited or antiquarian cow, digging in the field with her horns. It was a tradition of the family, Mr. Howie informed us, that money had been hidden somewhere in the moor by the persecuted Covenanters, though the spot had never been discovered until some years ago, when one of the cows pawing in a field and tossing up the earth with her horns—as they are apt to do when let out to the grass in spring after their long confinement in the byre through winter—threw out several of the coins. A regular search was then instituted, when about forty pieces were discovered, all of foreign coinage, Spanish mostly. Since then, however, they have grown fewer—many of them having been given to museums, and several taken to America by friends for similar purposes.

The Huguenots of Spain are known to have fled from that country to France to escape persecution; but on the fearful outbreak of St. Bartholomew's Eve, August 24-25, 1572, they afterwards escaped to Holland, England, and Scotland, throwing in their lot with the Non-conforming and Covenanting brethren of these countries. These relics recall to us what has already been stated, that the battle of

Drumclog, 1679, was no ordinary affair of arms. It should be remembered the Covenanters had not met on the moor for battle, but for prayer and praise. Such, however, had been the persecution they had been subjected to, that they deemed it prudent to be armed for any emergency. The skirmish begun at first in self-defence, soon became one of life and death by the tactics of the enemy, and it is marvellous to find that a body of untrained Scottish peasantry should, in the end, scatter an army of regular troops led by a commander of great experience in warfare of that description.

We now crossed the field to view the Monument, and as it is only a short distance from the house, Mr. Howie was good enough to accompany us. As previously stated, the memorial stands on a commanding knoll, Prospecthill, from which such a view of the country can be obtained as would be of great service and advantage, enabling the persecuted people to watch the movements of any enemy and give alarm while they were yet at some distance, a strategical position, therefore, of great importance. The structure is an obelisk of grey granite, consisting of rough and dressed courses alternately, as if to indicate the troubled lives of the persecuted men it was erected to commemorate. The monument was erected in 1896, and was the outcome of the Tercentenary Services held at Lochgoin, Bothwell Bridge, and other places, in which

Dr. Kerr, Reformed Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, Mr. A. B. Todd, the Covenanters' historian, and Mr. W. Pollock, editor of the *Christian Leader*, took an active part jointly with many American sympathisers, visitors to our country, who venerated the cause in which the martyrs died and the memory of their early biographer. The memorial itself is a massive and substantial structure, the obelisk rising from a broad and strong granite base such as would be necessary to resist the storms that from time to time must visit its elevated position. It is undressed except for a smooth broad band which stretches round the structure, on which the following names of those who aided or suffered in the cause it commemorates are inscribed.

The names on the north side are—

PEDEN. ARGYLL.
RUTHERFORD. JOHN BROWN.
BLACKADDER.

South side—

M'KAIL LOUDOUN.
PATON. NISBET.
GILLESPIE. GUTHERIE.

East side—

KNOX. HENDERSON.
CARGILL. RENWICK.
CAMERON.

On the west side the inscription runs—

IN
MEMORY OF
JOHN HOWIE,
AUTHOR OF
"THE SCOTTISH WORTHIES."
BORN 1735.
DIED 1793.

"I have considered the days of old."—PSALM 77, 5.

ERECTED 1896.

John Howie was buried in the churchyard of Fenwick, already referred to. But the history of the men whose names are here recorded, and many others who equally with them endured persecution, has been preserved for us in those later days in his memorable writings. There had grown up a disposition on the part of some writers to underestimate or even make light of the heroism of the brave worthies—men who, through suffering in the field and on the scaffold, had sealed with their death the testimony of their lives; a spirit which possibly had its inception in the somewhat twisted views in the writings of our own great Sir Walter Scott.

But the memorial before us, erected after long years of waiting, shows that the martyr's spirit never dies; that liberty of conscience, for which

these men suffered—perhaps our greatest inheritance next to letters—is still a living influencing force among us, as is borne tangible testimony to by the erection of this massive structure, and a pilgrimage to it and Lochgoin and their surroundings will amply repay such as revere the memory of those who in times of stress and storm upheld and maintained the cause of spiritual and civil liberty in our land.

Since these lines were written, Mr. John Howie, grandson of the author of the *Scottish Worthies* (through whose kindness we were privileged to examine the relics in the little Museum at Lochgoin), has passed away, 11th October, 1912, when within a month of the eightieth year of his age. To the great regret of the many who respected him, his remains could not be laid to rest in the old churchyard with the last of his ancestors, it being no longer available for interments. He, therefore, became the first of the family to be laid to rest in the New Cemetery of Fenwick.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

A REGISTRATION ESCAPADE.

It speaks volumes for the accuracy with which the several Registers of our country are kept, that so few errors creep into them in the initial stage, and that, where mistakes inadvertently do get in, that such careful provision is made for their being corrected, an arrangement by which the utmost confidence can be placed in their ultimate accuracy.

A somewhat amusing case of birth registration came within the writer's experience many years ago, which is sufficiently singular, and gave rise to so much trouble at the time as to justify its narration, were it only as a warning to thoughtless would-be jokers.

The advent of the little stranger was being hopefully looked forward to, and the high priestess had arrived who was to undertake the very important duties of nursing. There had been banterings as to the sex of the expected new-comer, it would appear, and the paternal head of the house, who was a good-natured fellow, had left parties in no

doubt as to his wishes in the matter, as in one of his humorous moods he had threatened he would evict the whole company if it was other than a son. It was their first child. Time went on, "and the days were accomplished that she should be delivered," and the mother was delighted and thankful on the arrival of her little—daughter, as it happened. But what of papa, who for weeks had threatened the establishment? Well, nurse thought herself equal to the occasion, and immediately on the father presenting himself, she at once congratulated him on the arrival of a "beautiful son," with a total disregard to consequences, thinking, as she said, there would be ample time to correct the misstatement afterwards, as it was only a joke.

The father, a genial and kindly man, was holder of a licensed property, and not above tasting his own special blend. Being now satisfied that all was going on well in the nursery, he left in the best of spirits to attend his place of business, and had just reached the front door of his shop when he met his ancient and excellent friend the Registrar, whom he heartily saluted:

"Good morning, John!"

"Good morning, Alick!"

"Nothing new this morning?" queried the Registrar.

"Oh yes! I'm pleased to tell you we've got a nice little son upstairs this morning."

"O, ho!" said John, "that's good news. Allow me to congratulate you. Is the wife gaen weel?"

"Yes, she is very well, I believe."

So pulling out his watch and looking at it, the happy "father," addressing his friend, said:

"I see it's just about twal hours, John. If ye care to come in, I'll give you an opportunity of wishing the little stranger length of happy days."

John, after a preliminary cough, sagely remarked:

"Well, I wadna like to tak' awa' the wean's luck."

So they both went inside and got seated, and John did not take away the good luck of the child, so far as toasting a good bumper to its health could prevent it from being taken away. Now John and the landlord were old cronies, and each knew the other's besetting weakness, especially where a dram was in the question. So after having duly honoured the toast of the "little stranger," John, as Registrar of the district, and looking to possibilities, suggested to his friend that he could not do better than come up with him just now to the office and have the child's birth registered while he had all the facts fresh on his memory; and as this seemed a very reasonable suggestion, both friends sallied forth to satisfy the law's demands, so far as regards registration.

The book having been produced, the special schedule was obtained, and all the particulars of

the birth of a son duly chronicled. The happy father now returned to business with his mind freed of all anxiety as to that part of his duty.

Time and events moved on, and our friend was somewhat out of evidence for a short time after his interview with the Registrar, and by the time he had recovered his *status quo ante,* his good lady had resumed very much the even tenor of her way. Not being aware of her husband's visit to the Registrar, though conscious that such a duty required to be attended to, she remarked to him that "the twenty-one days of grace within which registration must be done expired to-morrow, and added, "I don't think you've attended to it so far as I'm aware."

Though a little hazy on the subject at first, he subsequently said "he had a notion that it had been done." He told her of having met Johnny just about midday after baby was born, and of having gone up to the office with him and registering the birth then.

"Well, you'll have the certificate of registration about you if you did so, for I have not seen it. And what name did you give the wean?"

"Alexander, of course. But I must admit I'm a little hazy on that."

"Alexander? Alexander, and it a lassie. That's a strange name for a girl! It would be Alexandrina, you mean?"

Astonished at this discovery, he exclaimed:

GLEN HALLS AND PART OF MAIN STREET, NEILSTON.

"A lassie? It's no a lassie. Nurse told me when she had it that it was a son, and as a son I registered him, for I recollect all about the matter now."

The mother, recalling to memory the nurse's joke about the son, began to feel uneasy at the turn matters were taking, but the nurse had left. So search was made through the pockets of the coat worn on the occasion of visiting the Registrar and the certificate was duly found; and, sure enough, there it was in black and white—the little girl registered as a boy and given the name of Alexander.

Consternation prevailed. What was to be done? The first impulse was to see the Registrar, of course, Accordingly, the father called at the office and finding that official at home, the matter was attended to at once.

"Johnny," began the now thoroughly in earnest parent, "did I register the birth o' the wean when I came to the office wi' you the other day? And is this certificate correct?" at the same time producing the document.

"Quite correct," replied John; "you came up wi' me that very day, which was so far fortunate, and it is all right enough."

"By the Piper," exclaimed the excited father, "if this certificate is correct as to registration, then the whole thing is fundamentally wrong, for the wean's a girl, and I have registered a boy. Look your books, John."

"You've what?" shouted John in amazement. "Registered the wean a boy and it a girl? Great Scot! what do you mean? Are ye jokin', or do you really mean what you say?"

"Faith, I mean what I say, and sorry I am at having to say it; and I've just come up to see what's to be done."

The Registrar was a very particular man as regards his books, and at the same time a very hasty man as regards his temper, so this set him off in a full-throated burst, in which he soon became as red in the face as a boiled lobster.

"Done? 'What's to be done,' say ye? Naething can be done; we dare na middle wi' a letter o't."

Meanwhile he was busying himself gathering out the particular register, and on it being opened up, there it was in all the verisimilitude of truth, and in John's clear, plain handwriting, as indubitable as black and white could make it:—"the wife of Alexander B———, a son."

By this time, the Registrar—who, though not very tall, was very much an all-round man—was nearly blue in his countenance, and demanded how this came about, and fired off such a host of similar questions that for a time it was quite impossible to give even a single word of explanation.

Seizing a lull in the storm—

"Could you no change it to Alexandra, or something like that?" queried the anxious father.

"No! no! we can ca't naething but what it is

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on the part of the nurse, the error was duly rectified and all put right. And it may be safely averred of each and every one of us, that we returned home a happier and a wiser party than when we set out in the morning with the ponderous registration tome for the learned Sheriff in Paisley.

THE NIGHT JOURNEY TO FANNY'S HUT.

BETWEEN the hours of two and three o'clock in the morning of a very dark and stormy winter night, my door bell was rung with some energy, a kind of ring I had, through long years of experience, learned to associate with hurry and anxiety on the part of the ringer. I generally answered the night bell myself in order that I might, among other things, be sure of where I was to go, and find out if possible something of the nature of the illness I was being called to, that I might be in some measure prepared for the emergency. On opening the door, a young man was there, who gave me a message to come to "Fanny's Hut," as one of the inmates, a young lad, was very seriously ill. The hut, I may remark—for I knew its locality without further explanation—was situated in the middle of a wide moor consisting mostly of rough heather-covered moss, from which peat was daily wrought for use in a distillery at a neighbouring burgh. The structure was rather a peculiar erection, and built as a lean-to against an old face from

which peat had been cut to the depth of several feet at an earlier working.

The young man left, and I immediately set about getting myself and horse (for motors were then things of the future) ready for the journey, as the hut was several miles off. Whilst thus engaged, the young man came back again very shortly to say, if I intended driving to the hut the priest would feel obliged if he might accompany me. I expressed the pleasure his company would afford me, and went on with my preparations, and by the time I was ready to start, my reverend friend had arrived.

The night was a wild one—quite a hurricane indeed, not so much of rain as of squally winds accompanied with very sharp small hail, which came from the hills in fitful gusts, and was driven into one's very teeth by the north-wester. It was impossible to keep up conversation as we drove along, and only with difficulty could we hold our wraps together in the dog-cart. I have often had occasion to observe that stormy nights, especially of high winds such as this was, have a distinctly depressing and alarming effect upon people in extreme debility —doubtless due to a sense of fear or dread produced by the violent atmospheric disturbance on a diseased and shattered nervous system. The pony I was driving—a hardy native of Tobermory, Island of Mull—seemed to pay little attention to the violence of the storm by which it was being buffeted, having doubtless graduated in cyclonic experience in its

early home, but went steadily on with its work, slowly climbing up the hillside to reach the elevated tableland north of our town, on which were the moor and hut, the objective of our mission.

In due time we so far reached our destination as to get to the middle of the bog by a short road that passed through it. But here we were at a stand-still. How were we to reach the hut? for though aware of its position, I had never been in at it, and had doubts now of venturing, especially with the trap. But whilst we were thus puzzling over our situation, a voice from out the darkness, indistinctly heard on account of the wind, spoke to us, and at first the sound seemed a long way off. But almost directly a man, whom hitherto it was impossible to see, was observed approaching my horse's head. Taking hold of the animal by the reins he said he would lead us in. We neither of us very much enjoyed the prospect, as I particularly knew the moor was little better than a quagmire, from which the surface peat had been removed, and that the slightest diversion to either side of the narrow way would probably land us in the soft mossy slush with the trap on top of us. In these circumstances, it will not be surprising that we preferred coming out and walking behind the dog-cart, carrying our wraps with us to prevent them being blown away, the man meanwhile leading the horse on before us. No mishap occurred, our guide being on familiar ground even by night, and in a very short time we

were all, man, horse, and trap safely brought to a stand in front of the hut.

On first entering the singular structure, the contrast between the storm and almost Egyptian darkness outside and the comparative light within gave the place an apparent aspect of brightness and comfort which it was very far from really possessing, and we were not long inside before we began to realize this. In one end of the apartment a large peat fire was burning cheerfully, over which I observed a pot hung from a hook in the chimney, and to judge from the noise it was making from its brisk ebullition, it was evident the creature comforts of the inmates was being attended to. One might have thought they were preparing for a mid-day meal. At the other end was a low truckle-bed, and on it lay a young lad of about fifteen or sixteen years of age; comfortable enough to all outward appearance, so far, that is, as bed and coverings were concerned. But a closer inspection of the poor boy discovered such an emaciated and haggard aspect as at once indicated the inroad of some grave disease upon his young constitution.

My reverend friend was engaged in a *sotto voce* conversation beside the fire with the hostess of the hut as to the patient's history; whilst I sat down beside the poor lad to carefully examine into his condition. My investigation left no room for doubt as to the diagnosis, and equally as little dubiety as to the progress of the disease. Great emaciation,

hacking cough, copious expectoration, occasionally sputum tinged with blood, exhausting perspiration at night especially, the glistening bright eyes, the pale eager, anxious, yet innocent face with hectic flush; the revelations of the stethoscope and thermometer made up such a combination of conditions as pointed to one conclusion only—the white man's scourge, Phthisis Pulmonalis; whilst the rapid, feeble, tremulous action of the heart equally clearly indicated that the time was not far distant when "the silver cord would be loosed and the pitcher broken at the fountain."

His history was soon told. A good lad, the son of a friend and relative of one of the men who used the hut as a place of smuggling, had been advised to the country for a change of surroundings, and the boy's father, having often heard from his friend of the moor and heather, the singing of birds, and the sunshine in summer, and the acres of open space with dwellings far apart, considered that no better change could be made than to take him to the hut in the moor—and in point of fact this very idea has since then led to a sanatorium being erected in the near vicinity of the site of the hut. Accordingly, the patient had been brought there during the summer. For a short time after his removal, he appeared to do well, and the easily roused hopes of the invalid were buoyant. But with the advent of winter, the absence of sunshine, the rain, and surrounding dampness had made rapid inroad on what

little strength remained, and now the end was near, being greatly accelerated by the steamy heat of the hut through evaporation of moisture from the mossy floor and surroundings.

Having advised as to the relief of the poor sufferer's immediate distress, and strongly urged his early removal from the hut to drier and therefore healthier surroundings, I bade him good-bye, and never again beheld his innocent, child-like face. He was removed next day. While he was having the last comforts and consolations of his Church administered to him by my reverend friend, I went outside to ascertain how the weather looked for our return journey.

Our duties being now over, we were preparing for our departure when Fanny, seemingly anxious to show her hospitality, enquired if either of us would partake of a little refreshment before leaving. We seemed both at first, as I thought, disposed to decline the proffered kindness. But the priest suddenly asked, "What's in the pot?" "Soup, your reverence, for the boy. But there is plenty of it (The soup, I have no doubt, was for other and stronger boys also). Will your reverence have a little of it before going out into the storm?" He replied that he would take a little, and it was soon provided. On being questioned if I would not have a little also, I stated I would prefer something to drink, and she at once proceeded to procure this for me, and we immediately made a discovery.

To our no small surprise, she went straight to the back wall of the hut, which represented the cut face of the outside moss, and taking hold of it removed a part, disclosing a low opening into what seemed a closet, but which in reality, as I observed, gave entrance to a passage. From this dark passage —which, I had no doubt, led through to the men's quarters where the still was in operation, though beyond our sight—she brought the refreshment.

Here I may say it was more than generally suspected that from this moorland hut there was sent forth many a noggin—

> That was brewed in the starlight,
> Where kings dinna ken.

The business had been continued for a considerable time, but police surveillance became finally too strict and persistent to admit of it flourishing, and it became with Fanny, as we are told it was with Othello in times of peace—her occupation was gone. The hut is long ago removed, and the breezy moor has for many years again been given over to the plaintive cry of the peesweep, whaup, and other moor-fowl.

Fully twelve months after this episode—and in the meantime the small cottar holding to which the moor belonged had changed hands—I learned from the new tenant that he was very much surprised one Sunday morning, as daylight was breaking (about three o'clock), to discover a horse and cart

out on the moor, and two or three men beside it evidently endeavourng to lift some heavy article out of the moss, as they had a good big hole dug, just where, as he afterwards learned, the hut had been. Having dressed, he said, he slowly sauntered out to where the men were, when, to his surprise, he found they had got a large still half out of the ground. Addressing them, he remarked, "You seem to have been very busy men? What are you for doing wi' the still?" Taking no notice of the second part of the question, and admitting the first by silence, they observed that "he was surely an early riser on Sunday morning." The upshot of the proceedings with the still was that, having at length got it out of the moss where it had been in hiding during the interval, and put on the cart, it was taken away, doubtless to some *terra nova* already prepared for it by this enterprising company of illicit distillers, limited.

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES;

OR,

BUYING A BRIDEGROOM.

During the working for ironstone at the pits at Clachan, west of our parish, now many years by past, a somewhat peculiar—certainly unusual—incident transpired in the writer's experience. The daughter of one of the miners, a very respectable family, and as it happened an only daughter, was about to be married. In anticipation of the happy event, the company had assembled. Everything was in readiness, and they were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the carriage to convey them to chapel, that the event might be duly solemnized.

As not uncommonly occurs in these circumstances, little jests were being bandied about from one to another, and all went merry as the proverbial marriage bell, when suddenly a somewhat peremptory knock was heard at the outside door. Quietness immediately prevailed, as all felt sure this must be the advent of the carriage. But on the door being opened, to the astonishment of the inmates of the

kitchen, a police constable presented himself and began making enquiry for the bridegroom. This was at the outer door of the house, which was one of two apartments, and in the kitchen nothing but dismay prevailed; whilst in the room, which opened off the kitchen, a no less surprising procedure was in progress. The groom was there, and hearing himself enquired for, glanced through the partially opened door, and, seeing a constable there, immediately sprang to his feet, rushed to the back window, banged up the bottom half of it, and went out into the dark at a bound. The house being a one storied cottage, the leap from the window landed him in the back garden, with ample scope to run, and it being winter, he speedily disappeared in the darkness. Nothing but consternation now possessed the company; and by the time the police officer had got into the kitchen and made his message intelligible to the inmates, the person he was in quest of was well out of reach.

It would appear the bridegroom was wanted as a deserter. Some neighbour, not too charitably disposed and in possession of this knowledge, had informed the constable of the matter, and the fact of the young man being in the place then—he did not reside at Clachan—accounted for the appearance of that official at the marriage party. Sympathy with the bride in these strange surroundings, denunciation of the villainous informer, and feelings anything but complimentary

to the policeman were the dominant sentiments of the whole company; and at this moment of exasperation, had the constable revealed who his informer had been, the neighbours would probably have been saved the trouble of boycotting him, and an Americanism in the way of lynching the scoundrel might have been grafted on to the practices then prevalent at Clachan.

As matters now were, there was no help for it, that night at any rate, but to disperse with the best grace possible; so each accordingly took off his or her way, wondering at the strange denouement to the marriage assembly, a messenger having been previously dispatched to the clergyman to intimate how matters stood.

Having a professional connection with the district as medical officer for the works, next day brought me into the neighbourhood, when I was called in to see the poor bride, now prostrate with grief and shock. The pitiful story of the previous night was rehearsed to me by the bride's mother, and, needless to say, my whole sympathies went out towards the poor girl. It was obvious at a glance that mental distress was the chief feature of the ailment I had to deal with, and that the young woman was helpless as regards ministering to herself.

On enquiry, I learned that she had known something of the lad having been a soldier at one time, but had no knowledge of how or why he had left the army, and in particular knew nothing whatever of

his being a deserter. I explained to her that more than likely she would hear from the runaway as soon as he had got into safe quarters, and that if she would learn from him the particulars of the regiment he had deserted from and the name, if other than his own, he had enlisted under, I would see what could be done to help to get him off altogether. Ah! as I had anticipated, immediately the element of hope came to my assistance. She began to manifest interest in my proposal, and I was pleased at being able for the time being to leave her in a comparatively happier, because a more hopeful, frame of mind, with something to take up her attention in which she could help me.

In the course of a day or two, when at the works again, I called to see my young friend. As expected, I found she had been in correspondence with the unhappy bridegroom, and that she was now in possession of the particulars as to the enlistment and desertion. He had enlisted in his mother's name into a foot regiment then in the city of Glasgow, and, after serving for fully a year, had deserted—absenting himself one night when stationed in Edinburgh Castle. Examination of the Army List showed me where the regiment he had deserted from was then stationed and supplied me with the name of the officer commanding, so I immediately got into communication with him as to the conditions and terms on which the deserter might be got off, at the same time narrating to him the painful circum-

stances with which the reader is already acquainted. The Colonel commanding who, from his reply was evidently a gentleman of generous and kindly feelings, having first soldier-like denounced the fellow for his desertion, stated the conditions usually meted out to deserters before they could be bought off, viz., surrender themselves and undergo such punishment as the offence merited. But in consideration of the special circumstances of the present case—probably influenced too by the feeling that the man would not likely settle as a soldier in any case—he would dispense with the personal aspect of the affair, and grant his discharge on payment of the sum specified in his communication, that the discharge would be forwarded on filling up and returning the printed schedule accompanying his letter, which required giving all particulars of name, places of enlistment and desertion, regimental number, present residence, etc., and enclosing the purchase money with it.

In a short time the money was forthcoming, and a cheque for the amount, with the schedule duly completed, forwarded. The regiment was then stationed in Ayr. But, as it turned out, the commanding officer did money transactions only through Cox & Co., London, and the cheque being crossed and made payable through a Scotch bank, was practically of no use to him. On Saturday, therefore, he was good enough to send an orderly officer to me, returning the cheque and requesting that it

be exchanged for money, when I would also receive the soldier's discharge from the messenger.

The orderly, not being conversant with the topography of the district he was coming to, but aware the party resided at Clachan, on reaching that station, left the train, thus landing five miles distant from my residence. Discovering his mistake, and there being no other train for some time, he immediately made enquiry for the home of the bride's parents, to ascertain what could be done in the circumstances.

Now, as misfortune would have it, while the commanding officer had been considering the difficulty of the cheque and his reply to my letter, a day or two had passed, during which the girl had acquainted the lad with particulars of how matters were progressing as to his discharge, of the letter from the Colonel, and of a cheque for the amount having been sent. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that, with a light heart and concluding the course was now clear, he too had come to Clachan that same Saturday evening to arrange for having the ceremony carried out that had previously been so rudely and unceremoniously broken in upon. And as the fates would have it, he was in the cottage at the particular moment when the orderly arrived at the outer door to enquire as to how he was to reach me.

All unconscious of the approaching officer, the would-be married one was again seated in the room

at the back of the house, and as the door had been left a little ajar, when the outer door was opened in response to the orderly's knocking, he immediately espied the regimentals, formerly familiar to him, but which he had deserted, and concluding at once that the correspondence with me had been a ruse used as a trap to discover his whereabouts, he sprang to the window as before, and was out in the shelter of the darkness ere a word could be uttered by anyone.

What a situation. The bride, perceiving the soldier, shrieked and, throwing out her arms, fell on the floor as dead. In a minute the whole house was in confusion and uproar, as the soldier in full uniform entered the kitchen. There could be but one conclusion only, that to which the deserter had himself arrived so rapidly—they had been deceived by the correspondence and were now undone. The orderly, a trained and experienced man, was quick to discern that some serious misunderstanding had occurred, and having heard the bang of the window and just got a glimpse of the man disappearing through it, grasped the situation, and rushing to the girl, unconscious on the floor, exclaimed, "Good God! keep up, girl. I have not come to harm you. See, here is the man's discharge," at the same time fluttering the now opened paper in his hand, and endeavouring to assist the others to revive the sorely stricken girl. But the scene was of short duration, and by the time the

young woman was in some measure restored, the orderly had explained the situation as regards the cheque to her mother, and his mistake in leaving the train, and wanted to know how he could reach the doctor, as he required to be back in Ayr that night.

In these happier surroundings, scouts were at once dispatched in quest of the runaway bridegroom, who happily was soon found, and having been assured of how matters stood, returned to the cottage, not, however, without some trepidation. And now a reaction ensued. The joy of discovering that the bridegroom was practically a free man at once gave strength to the poor girl's heart, and dissipated the terrible experience through which they had all just passed.

There was no immediate train for Neilston, so the orderly joined the now united family party at tea, and during the conversation enquired of the bride's mother what part of County Waterford she belonged to. "Waterford!" she exclaimed. "How do you know that I belong to Waterford at all?" "Oh!" he replied, with a jaunty smile, "do you think I don't know the brogue when I hear it?" Mutual explanations were entered into, and it turned out they were both natives of the same county and of quite adjacent towns, a discovery that put all on quite friendly terms, and happy in proportion.

Late in the evening I had a visit from the party, which included the bride, bridegroom, orderly, and

one of the bride's brothers, and by this time they were all cheek by jowl as happy as could be, and it was easy to see that the male portion of the company had not failed to cement the friendship with a modicum of the national beverage.

The letter presented to me from the Colonel enclosed the cheque, with the request as before stated, that I would send the money instead by the bearer, who would deliver to me the deserter's discharge. I am pleased to say the money was procured (yea, and was all duly paid back), and that I had the happiness of presenting the young bride (for she was a bit under twenty) with the discharge of her future husband, and was pleased to know that, notwithstanding the delay at the Clachan with all its consequences, the orderly got his business dispatched in time to admit of his reaching Ayr as he desired to do that same night.

It may be interesting to the reader to learn that the marriage took place very shortly afterwards without any further hitch or mishap, and that, although the man had not made a good soldier, he turned out a good and kind husband, and they prospered. And I have to own that, in after years, when called in to see their little children, I did not fail occasionally to tease Mary—who made an excellent wife—by telling her that I bought her her husband, when I received in return a very grateful little smile.

SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF GLASGOW.

THE mere act of looking backward to the City of St. Mungo as it was when I knew it first as a boy in the middle fifties—to be precise, in 1848—is to look upon an entirely different city to that of the present day. Whole streets of old landmarks have been removed; many mansions, prominent structures in the city's early life, round which gathered many strange associations, have been cleared away by city improvement, whilst miles of new streets, stretching out in every direction, have been added to it. The beautiful public parks of the present day, with their palatial surroundings, were then farm lands on which milch cattle browsed, and the only public resort of this character was the dear old Glasgow Green of many memories.

Prince Charles' thorn, near which he reviewed his Highland braves of the '45, Airn's Well, Fleshers' Haugh, now filled over with excavations of the underground railway, the spring boards for bathers where the new bridge for Polmadie now spans the river, the ferry boats for Higginbottom & Sommerville's mill workers, superceded by the suspension

bridge near the dead-house, were all features of the landscape in the people's park at that period. And when memory recalls such places as were familiarly known by the names of Tontine Close, Fiddler's Close, Blackboy Close, Elephant and Comb Close; Havannah, Drygate from Cathedral Square; Rottenrow from the same place; the Wynds, Old and New, Spoutmouth, the How o' the Gallowgate, Saltmarket, large sections of High Street and other notable quarters, all radiating round the old Cross, and all gone now or so altered as to be unrecognisable, it may well be spoken of as Old Glasgow.

Till this period, the old Stockwell Bridge had been doing duty over the Clyde, and from its southern end I have watched drivers take their horses and carts down the Horse Brae, a sloping bank so called, that led into the river from nearly opposite Clyde Place, that the animals might drink after their day's work was over, and that their feet and the cart wheels might be washed at the same time. By this brae also sand was frequently carted from the bed of the river. At this period the retaining wall at the south end of the bridge did not exist as now, it having been erected to raise the approach to the level of the new Victoria Bridge. The Auld Brig, as it was familiarly spoken of, was the earliest stone bridge thrown across the Clyde, and owed its existence to Bishop Rae, at whose instance it was constructed in 1345. Originally it consisted of

eight arches, was only twelve feet wide, raised in the middle, and lower at each end where it joined the level of the river's banks, as may be seen from old prints of it that still exist. In 1775, it had been widened to meet the increased traffic by having a footpath added to each side supported by iron frame work, from plans by Telford, the celebrated engineer. The old bridge was taken down in 1850, many people having walking sticks and other articles made from its wood, and in 1855 the present handsome Victoria Bridge, erected in its place at a cost of £40,000, was opened for traffic. Small toll boxes stood at the ends of most of the bridges at this period, and toll was demanded for all animal and vehicular traffic, and in some instances for foot passengers.

The Fiddler's Close.

This ancient close entered from the west side of High Street, just above Bell Street, the site being now occupied by Bow's Emporium, and opened, on emerging from under the front tenement, into a somewhat quaint court of some size, the surrounding properties being mostly adorned with high pointed gables, in which, in common with many of the oldest closes of the city, the upper storied dwellings were fronted with timber, and reached by outside stairs.

When a student at the old University in High Street, and connected with the out-department of

the Maternity Hospital in Rotten Row (Route en Roi, the King's Way), I have vivid recollections of spending most of a night in one of the rooms high up in the building on the north side of this court, presiding over the parturient difficulties of one of the poor inmates, and a dismal place the room was in all conscience. But let me hasten to add that though surrounded with every evidence of poverty, squalor, and destitution, and the inmates social outcasts, mere "flotsam and jetsam," I was civilly and complimentally treated by them as the "doctor." Fixed to one of the outside stairs in the court was an iron well of the kind erected at the period by the old "Glasgow Water Company" in many of the closes of the city. These wells were about three feet in height, were of cast-iron, and usually fixed against a wall. The water was turned on by a brass key, and flowed from a pipe projecting near the head of the well. Needless to say, these wells, which belonged to a purely commercial enterprise, long ante-date the happy inspiration that led to bringing the water supply of the city from Loch Katrine, a pure Highland lake situated amid the lofty mountains that surround its shores, and constitute its unpolluted gathering ground.

The Buckshead Hotel.

This property occupied the east corner of Dunlop and Argyle Streets, and in its palmy days presented quite an imposing appearance. Its fine front, with

wide pediment and double flight of stairs rising from the pavement in front of the basement flat to the first floor, at once arrested the visitor's attention, if seen during the day; while the two lamps, one at each corner of the double stair railing in front of the entrance hall, flared out upon the street and were equally attractive at night. This property, now taken down and replaced by the present more commodious erection, was built by Provost Murdoch as his Mansion House, and at the time of erection was situated in quite rural surroundings, having a farm opposite on the north, and no buildings to the back between it and the Clyde—*circa* 1750.

The Blackbull Hotel.

This hotel was for very many years contemporaneous with the Buckshead. It was situated on the north side of Argyle Street, between Virginia Street and Glassford Street, in premises now occupied by Mann Byars' warehouse. The building which was erected in 1758 was named from an older hostelry of the same name which stood on the south side of Argyle Street, a little west of Stockwell Street, the owner of which crossed to the new building, taking the name with him. The Blackbull as a hotel was given up in 1849.

The reference to Glassford Street recalls the circumstance that in the fifties a large stone-built square pump stood at the south-west corner of the street. The well from which it derived water was,

we learn, originally an open dipping well in what is now Argyle Street, and in front of the Blackbull, and when covered over, the water was led in pipes to supply the pump in Glassford Street. A similar built pump which had stood for years was at the south end of Macfarlane Street, Gallowgate, and there were others of a like character throughout the city. These wells, being supplied from springs, were always favourites with the people for drinking uses, and the water from them being sparkling and cold, was carried considerable distances for this purpose. Nothing, however, is more deceptive in certain circumstances than waters possessing some of these properties when applied to domestic use, as they often, nay generally, indicate subsoil organic contamination.

Dixon's Ironworks, or Dixon's Bleezes.

In the early period here referred to, those large and important works were situated in quite rural surroundings, and to all appearance it looked as they might long remain so. But St. Mungo's city, true to its traditions, has flourished, and Dixon's Bleezes have been for many years within the skirts of its outspread population. They present now, however, a very tame and commonplace appearance compared with the glaring aspect they nightly assumed in the fifties and even for long after, and the appropriateness of the Dixon's Bleezes epithet might now be fairly questioned. In their former condition the

gaseous products that rose from the vast open furnaces were flaunted across the sky in great lurid flames, which served the double purpose of illuminating the houses of the southern half of the city, and acting as a barometer for the people within a radius of many miles beyond it by their reflection in the sky at night indicating the proximity of rain. But since those days, the science of chemistry has made great strides in the economic uses of these gases, and now they are no longer thrown to waste in producing flames, but are collected and controlled in vast cylinders in such a manner as to yield a useful and valuable product of commerce.

The Old Barracks.

The old buildings which formerly occupied the north side of Gallowgate, the scene of many military functions, are now no longer to the fore. In the fifties it was different. They were then full of lusty life and varied activities. Within the barrack square many brilliant spectacular movements were witnessed in the arrival and departure of different regiments, and even some of sadness in time of war. As a boy I have often marched with the troops, drawn thereto by the strains of their splendid bands when on parade through the streets of the city, which they did from time to time at this period, the streets being much less congested then than now, admitted of those shows quite readily. And frequently, when the regiment in residence was

leaving for some fresh station, I have witnessed how the men brisked up to the dashing strains of "The Girl I've Left Behind Me."

But the old passes and the new succeeds, and so the social fabric moves on, and now the Barracks are at Maryhill, a change, from a health point of view, that must have been greatly in favour of the men.

Darnley's Cottage.

This small historic structure was situated on the south side of Cathedral Square, and was passed by me daily when attending the Royal Infirmary as a student. The house had nothing to recommend it to the attention save the pathetic story that had hung round it for ages. It was a plain one-storied cottage, divided at this period into two dwellings, covered with thatch, and had two out-shot attic windows in the roof, with tiles in front. Attached to its west gable was a squat and much smaller cottage with craw-stepped gable looking to the square. The tradition of it having been the home of Darnley during his illness from small-pox, and the house where Queen Mary, of sad memory, visited him immediately prior to his departure for Edinburgh, where he was murdered by the Kirk o' Field explosion, though sufficient to preserve it for centuries, was no protection to it against the march of civic improvement, and it has been removed for many years; while its venerable

neighbour, Provand's Lordship, on the west side of Cathedral Square, in which Queen Mary resided on her visit to Darnley, with possibly more authentic history attached to it, has quite recently been thoroughly renovated and become the home of a Club and Museum, thus starting on a new career of usefulness.

The Old College in High Street.

The venerable pile, that for centuries occupied the east side of High Street with its sombre front, high pedimented dormer windows, ornamental gate-way, sacred halls, and secluded quadrangles, was here in the full tide of its usefulness in the fifties. But now it is remembered only as a thing of the past, and the site of the once famous seat of learning, with all the associations that attach to it, is devoted to railway purposes, the only thing remaining to remind the visitor that the ancient University once stood here being the name by which the station is known, College Station.

Fortunately, there were at least two conspicuous relics of the familiar structure saved from the wreck, the grand old gate-way that adorned the main entrance from High Street, and the ancient and somewhat dilapidated stair, with its quaint lions, which led from the first quadrangle to the Prinpal's residence and the common Hall. And could the venerable *scala* disclose with what heart-sinkings and trepidations hundreds of students had climbed

its steps during its long service to the same examination hall or descended from it in joy or misery, according as the fates had revealed the several results of examinations, it would unfold a very varied tale. These relics, so happily preserved, are now erected at Gilmourhill in connection with the new University.

The University of Glasgow—the second university to be erected in Scotland—dates from 1451, 7th January of that year, when Bishop Turnbull of the Cathedral was granted a Bull (the name given to Papal rescripts granting a privilege or order, from the lead seal usually appended to them) by Pope Nicholas V., authorising him to institute a *Studium Generale* (the technical name in that age for a university) in Glasgow, on the model of that in Bologna. The building in which the University was first established was situated in Rotten Row, and named the "Pedagogium"—a very humble home for its beginning. Rotten Row was at this period quite a superior street, however, in fact a principal thoroughfare leading right down from the Bishop's Palace, situated about where the Royal Infirmary now stands, and had in it the residences of the chief gentry and noblemen of the West of Scotland, and was the scene of many ecclesiastical processions by the prebendaries of the Cathedral.

In 1459, the University left the Pedagogium and went to High Street to a property there, which, with a grant of land, they had received from Lord

Hamilton. In 1475, they had a further grant of land from Sir Thomas Arthurlie, and in 1563, Queen Mary of Scots gave them a grant of property at Dovehill, north side of Gallowgate, and thirteen acres of land. Other grants followed.

And now began the erection of the buildings in High Street, which took many years for completion. Lecture rooms were provided for professors round the old quadrangles, with dwelling-houses within the professors' square, and when the dormitories were completed, students were received in residence within her precincts (a custom departed from long years ago), till ultimately the grand old pile assumed the form, dingy through age, with which we were familiar as "The College," where was carried on the highest educational purposes for the West of Scotland during a period extending over several hundred years, and wherein was witnessed, among other activities, many stirring incidents during Rectorial elections in the good old Greek class-room of those days, and on other occasions.

A Class-room Incident.

I am here reminded of an incident begun in a simple and thoughtless manner in another class-room that might have ended in serious consequences had not the party concerned acted with more wisdom in the end than had characterised his action at the outset of the disturbance.

At the period referred to, 1861, the Chair of

Botany was occupied by Professor ——— ———, a most distinguished botanist, and as the College seemed to be scant of lecture rooms, the botany class met in one of the halls at the Botanic Gardens. This was at the time considered a highly advantageous arrangement, as fresh specimens could the more easily be procured there than at the College when wanted for purposes of demonstration. The class was met on a beautiful afternoon in summer, the professor was pursuing his learned prelection on some botanical marvel to a quiet and attentive audience, when, the better to impress the lesson engaged in, he produced several fine pictures, beautiful as works of art, which were received by the students with assumed or questionable expressions of wonder and long drawn exclamations of O—h! O—h! O—h! which the earnest man, all absorbed in his subject, seemed to consider genuine, and to cap the matter he now informed the young fellows that the pictures they so much admired were the handiwork of his daughter. This brought down the house. A rumbling noise with feet, and a subdued burst of acclamation followed the announcement, which the kindly old professor received with a mixture of surprise and approving smiles, in which he was moved almost to tears.

Taking advantage of this somewhat lachrymose condition of the professor, when he looked anything but heroic, a follow student, Mr. M'L——n, at my right hand had been busy with his pencil on a leaf

of his note-book. Now, it should be observed, that my friend had a very facile pencil, especially for anything of a ludicrous or comic character, and in a short time after this burst of enthusiasm had passed over, he handed to me a most ridiculous caricature, struck off during the soft-hearted display of the professor. Everything was exaggerated, which only tended to make matters worse; but there it was to the life, and a slopperingly, preposterous picture it made. I had no feeling for sending it along the class, so handed it back to its author—who, as if coming from me, handed it on to the gentleman next on his right, and now it was off. In the course of a very short time it reached the front bench, having left a trail of suppressed smirkings in its wake. Here a venturesome wag wrote on it:—"To the venerable professor—this," or words to that effect, and handed it to him on the rostrum.

What seemed a long pause ensued, during which the professor gazed at the astounding picture occasionally, with flushed countenance, casting a furtive glance over his glasses at the class in front of him, now in a state of solemn silence. Generally speaking, he might be described as a man of soft tissue and habits, but kindly and sympathetic in disposition, and he seemed quite dumfoundered. To those of the class not in the know of the picture, the position seemed an amazing puzzle—What possessed the professor?

But at length his deliberations came to a close, and, putting down the caricature sketch, he said in a tone more of vexation than wrath, which at once caught the sympathy of the class:—"Gentlemen, I am not aware of anything on my part that could have provoked you to send me such a picture as this, which I am disposed to look upon as a personal insult. I never received such a thing before. I have therefore to request that the gentleman whose work it is stand up and acknowledge it, and so clear his fellow class mates."

This was too much. The thing was never intended to reach him, but meant only for a laugh in the class, as many a sketch had done before, and M'L——n sat still. I tried to nudge him into action with my elbow, but he paid no attention.

Another pause followed, and the professor then said:—"Gentlemen, I have no desire to characterize the conduct of the gentleman who made that sketch, but in the circumstances we will close the class to-day, as I don't think its continuance will tend to edification in our present frame of mind, and the next lecture will be announced after I have consulted on the matter. Meantime I retain this picture." He now hastily closed his portfolio and walked to his room.

The porter began to remove the specimens from the bench, and all was glum. An unsatisfactory feeling seemed to pervade the whole class, and as we made our way to the outside, the question with many

was, What was it? Who had done it? as quite a number of the students, all those on the benches behind where M'L——n was sitting, knew nothing of what was on the paper handed to the professor. A meeting was held immediately on the gravel in front of the class-room, and the culprit was at once pounced upon by those in the knowledge of the objectionable picture, that he should here and now own up and end the matter with an apology, as desired. This he was at first very averse to doing. I knew Mac very well, and soon learned that what he dreaded by acknowledging his culpability was that, though pardoned now, he would still rank as a marked man, and suffer accordingly when up for his final examination. Such an idea I contended would be quite foreign to the professor's nature, and strongly urged him to end the unpleasant matter, being convinced that the doctor would be as pleased to see him as he could be to have the business over.

It was obvious that the professor was now on the horns of a dilemma—he must either succumb and go on with the lectures, or, what was more probable, appeal to the Senatus in the case, which he viewed as personal, when in all probability the decision would be that Mac should be rusticated and expelled the University, a finding infinitely worse than the fix he was now in, which could be settled by at once climbing down and shouldering his folly.

The meeting was unanimous: there was no use

parting until the difficulty was settled, as delay was only going to aggravate the evil. Addressing poor Mac, who seemed now in a state of hesitancy, I said, "Come along and have done with it." "Will you accompany me?" he enquired. I replied, "I would." This appeared to have the approval of the assembled class, and away we set back into the class-room to try the fates.

The porter had not left, and, on learning the professor was still in his room, we desired him to say we wished to see him if convenient for him. There was no delay. The kindly old gentleman emerged from his sanctum almost immediately. He seemed to me to guess our errand almost instinctively, as he approached with a benevolent smile. Remembering the virtue of having the first word in a scold, according to the Scotch proverb, I at once took up the parable by apologizing for troubling him in his retirement after the class had been disbanded, at the same time intimating that I had called with my friend, who wished to express his great regret and sorrow at having so far forgotten his position as to make the caricature which had given him so much pain; that it had never been intended he should see it; that it would be a lesson.

"It was you, Mr. M'L——n, was it?" he said, at the same time extending his hand to him, as poor Mac began to stutter out his regrets and respectful apologies, which, however, he never got finished.

"Oh! yes, yes," the kind-hearted professor hastened to say, as if anxious to anticipate Mac's difficulty, "young gentlemen will be young gentlemen. I am very pleased you have called on reconsideration, and there need be no more about it. The class will meet at the usual hour to-morrow," he said, as he extended his hand to shake ours in a spirit of generous forgiveness.

We now beat a hasty retreat to our friends on the gravel outside the lecture room, and announced the results of our mission, where they were received with three cheers, and I am sure had it not been broad day light, which somehow does not conduce to such displays, we would have sung, "He was a right good fellow," which none of us was then in a frame of mind to deny. The company dispersed immediately, and with feelings very different to what would have been the case had we separated without coming to terms with our esteemed and dear old professor. I have no doubt my friend M'L——n never forgot the lesson in caricature sketching received that day in the Botany Class-room in the Botanic Gardens.

By removal to the palatial buildings on Gilmore-hill, formally opened in 1870, the University entered upon a new and greatly enhanced career of usefulness. In the course of her historic progress, however, she had experienced difficulties from time to time, as from insufficient funds, sparsity of students; especially was this so during the great upheaval of

the Reformation. But with the eighteenth century began a brighter and more prosperous course, which has continued a distinguishing feature till the present day.

As a seat of learning, her influence has always been of the greatest importance to the community, men famous in the annals, not only of our own country, but of every country of the world, have either filled her professional chairs as teachers or her classes as students, subsequently to carry her fame into every sphere of intellectual life or human knowledge. Her roll of Alumni and professors includes many of the foremost men of the world. George Buchanan, the first Latinist of his age, was educated within her walls, as were also Hooker, the famous botanist, Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, Lord Kelvin, afterwards one of her famous professors, a man of world-wide reputation, Lord Lister, one of her professors, a benefactor of the human race, Adam Smith, the philosopher of the *Wealth of Nations*, Campbell the poet, Professor Allen Thomson, the celebrated embryologist, are a few only of her famous names; whilst within her walls and under her ægis James Watt, the celebrated engineer completed the great invention of the steam-engine, destined to revolutionize all after mechanical movements.

CIVIC LIFE AND OLD CUSTOMS OF GLASGOW.

The civic life of Glasgow was as earnest in the fifties as now, in upbuilding and providing for the great activities that characterize the municipality of the present day, though outwardly it presented a somewhat different aspect, in its minor details at least.

The Police.

In the early fifties, the policeman, in his quaint dress, blue claw-hammer coat, stove-pipe hat stiffened by leather bands at the sides, his chin stuck up on a glazed leather neck-collar, and walking stick in hand, formed quite a picturesque contrast to his comfortably attired representative of the present day. Then the night watchman was a formidable officer, wrapped up in a very great overcoat, and having hanging from a leather waist-belt a pair of great wooden clappers with which to alarm the night, besides the inevitable bull's-eye. This functionary came round the closes at certain hours of the morning, and in a singing sound of voice proclaimed the hour and the character of the weather to the

dwellers therein, wakening workers, for which he usually received a small gratuity from them at certain times.

The Old Fire Brigade.

At the early period here referred to, the old hand-wrought or manual fire engines were in full swing in the city. These engines differed variously in size, weight, and power, and, whilst usually hauled by horses, they could, if emergency required, be hauled by men. They looked primitive enough, but it was surprising what jets of water they could discharge, and how high they could throw it when energetically used. I remember witnessing, I think in 1848, a great fire in a mill off the north side of Gallowgate. The destroying element seemed to have got a thorough hold of the building, and by the time the firemen and engines reached the burning structure, the flames were issuing from the upper windows and through the roof. The old manual pumps were used on this occasion, when eight or ten men ranged on each side wrought a long horizontal handle up and down in regular strokes. This was a very exacting and laborious job, and frequent relays of men were required to keep it up, the men for this purpose being drawn as volunteers from the willing crowd, and, though I have no positive knowledge of the matter, were probably paid for their labour.

The gravitation water supply of the city was then

a private commercial undertaking, and wanted head power for force, so that the old water-buts were requisitioned and followed up, drawn by such horses as could be most conveniently pressed into the service, generally arriving on the scene in a state of great exhaustion, consequent on the unusual speed at which they had been driven. Yet, notwithstanding all the disadvantages, it was matter for surprise how successfully the firemen of those days grappled with the large undertakings they had frequently to deal with. How different from the expeditious motor arrangements of the present day, the great pumping capacity of the modern fire engine, the motor tender with ladders and fire escape. But while all must admit the greater efficiency of the fire brigade by the use of motor power, we cannot fail to observe how much the "turn-out" has been shorn of its picturesqueness and sensational interest —when the sound of the firemen's whistles brought the whole street to a stand-still—tramcars, carts, and all vehicular traffic being immediately arrested, whilst the onlooker gazed with subdued excitement as the mettled chargers bounded over the causey with their load of helmeted firemen as if imbued with the very spirit of their fiery mission.

The Waits.

As Christmas-tide came round with its many memories, a privileged band of musicians from the Blind Asylum mostly, and under the patronage of

the City Fathers, would perambulate the streets about midnight, stopping from time to time as they did so to discourse sweet music. This was a very ancient practice in our country. It existed in the fourteenth century, and was quite an established institution by the seventeenth. In Glasgow, in the "fifties," it was quite an annual custom. After the traffic of the city was mostly off the streets, and the household had possibly an hour or two earlier retired to rest, the soft music of the waits was heard sounding out of the solemn stillness that everywhere prevailed. The strains had a somewhat weird effect upon the listener, pleasing, however, rather than otherwise as he lay awake in the surrounding darkness, or possibly consumed the midnight oil. But this, like some other customs, has been obliged to give way to advancing conditions, and would appear to have mostly, if not entirely, fallen into a state of desuetude—the night traffic of tram cars and motors having probably rendered it unsafe.

The Streets.

Many of the old streets, too, possessed a peculiar interest. King Street, for example, off Trongate, was, on Saturday nights especially, a kind of market, lined with a row of barrows on either side, on which bacon, dried fish, butcher meat, and many commodities of varied description were exposed for sale, all lighted up with flaming naphtha lamps.

And strangely enough, instead of injuring the shopkeepers in the street, they seemed to have helped them by bringing more customers to the locality, as they petitioned against their removal when it was first proposed.

And then—"My conscience!"—the Saltmarket, with its narrow throughgoing closes and courts, sale rooms, eating houses, jostling crowds, and all manner of scenes, was at night, especially on Saturday night, a bustling quarter. Young children and old men and women filled the air with their various cries as they shouted out the different articles they were vending. "Matches, three boxes a penny; blackenen, a bawbee the packet." Whilst further down at the corner of Saltmarket and Greendyke Street was Mumford's Geggie and marrionette show, evidently doing a roaring business, at least to judge by the noise that came from that quarter—David Prince Millar's Adelphi Theatre, and the large theatre belonging to Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," in which in 1847 the great Prima Donna Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, made her appearance, by engagement of Edmund Glover, when he cleared £3000 from the transaction, and subsequently acquired a large hall in West Nile Street, and had it converted into the Prince's Theatre on his own account. The mere mention of Mumford's place recalls some lines of a doggerel song frequently on the lips of the children of that day. I am not

aware if they had any special reference. They were:—

"First, to the Adelphi Theatre,
Then into Mumford's show;
When Paddy comes home from the army
We'll tip him 'old rosin the bow.'"

Then Paddy's Market at the north end of the jail—on the street—with its stalls and barrows, its motley crowd of customers and loud merchants formed a no less strange assembly, and Glasgow Fair, what time July came round, saw the Jail Square filled with "the shows," of many descriptions. But of all the memories that crowd in upon me, as associated with this period of the city's life —and they include the visit of the late Queen Victoria with her husband, Prince Albert, and the royal children, 14th August, 1849—the greatest and most outstanding event was certainly the Bread Riot of 1848, which occurred just the year before, and is referred to elsewhere.

A VISIT TO PETWORTH IN SUSSEX.

"I'll sing you a good old song
Made by a good old pate
Of a brave old English gentleman
Who had an old estate,
And kept up his old mansion
At a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate,
Like a brave old English gentleman
All of the olden time."

—*Old Song.*

By the kind invitation of Lord and Lady Leconfield, we had the great pleasure of visiting Petworth House in August, 1892, during a holiday in the South of England. I should premise that the noble lord (who died in 1901) was brother of the Honourable Mrs. Mure, widow of the late Colonel Mure of Caldwell, M.P., whilst Lady Leconfield is younger sister of Earl Rosebery and Midlothian, ex-Prime Minister, K.G., K.T., etc., both ladies being happily still with us.

In a family like the Wyndhams, dating from the Norman period and mentioned in the Doomsday

Book, which can only be paralleled by the ducal house of Hamilton in Scotland (many of whose art treasures were scattered by sale many years ago), as might be expected, the collection of historical objects—articles of virtu, statuary, and paintings—is large and of the richest in their several departments. The manor house, the front of which looks into the great deer park, is a large oblong, severely plain structure in its exterior, but internally presents the greatest elegance. There are over six hundred family and historical paintings in the various rooms, and they represent more than two hundred of the great masters, ancient and modern. Many of these pictures, of the highest intrinsic value as works of art, possess additional interest and value as being historical family portraits. The grand entrance hall and staircase are magnificently embellished with great fresco paintings, the ceiling representing the story of Pandora and Prometheus of mythology, the work of Louis La Guerre. There are many remarkable landscapes by Turner, and one of the first Clauds in the world. Probably, says a modern writer, no house in England can boast of more genuine Vandykes than Petworth; and Holbein's great masterpiece, the length portrait of Henry VIII., is here, while Tenniers, Kneller, Coreggio, Titians, Raphael, Reynolds, are all fully represented in the several rooms. The carved drawing-room, so named from the marvellous wood carving it contains by Grinling Gibbons, is one of the most

notable rooms. The room, which is a very spacious one, sixty feet long by twenty-four feet wide, with ceiling twenty feet high, opens on the great park by an ample doorway. Walpole, writing of this room in 1749, says, "It is flounced all round with full length pictures and with much the finest carving by Gibbons that ever my eyes beheld. There are birds absolutely feathered, also festoons of flowers as perfect and beautiful as if they were carved by a Grecian artist."

The north gallery is filled with very imposing statuary. One beautiful sculpture in white marble of the dying Gladiator vividly recalls the terrible sports of those stern Romans, whose fierce and savage nature could find pleasure only when blood was being shed and life was in danger. In the noble lines of Byron, with what terrible vengeance did the Goths finally exact retribution from their persecutors. The lines are so appropriate and beautiful, so full of that deep insight that characterised the poet's finest work, I cannot refrain from quoting them:—

"I see before me the gladiator lie.
He leans upon his hand, his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him, he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not, his eyes
Were with his heart, and it was far away.
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay
There were his young barbarians all at play,
Their was their Dacian mother, he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood; shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto iv., stanza cxl.

In the room of antiquities—a treasure house of historic relics—we observed a beautifully illuminated manuscript copy of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, of the fifteenth century, on the last page of which are inscribed by the author the words, "Here endeth the book of the Tales of Canterbury, compiled by Geoffrey Chaucer, on whose soul Jesu Christ have mercy." In this same room also were the globes on which, while a prisoner in the Tower, Sir Walter Raleigh marked his geographical discoveries, and the sword of Harry Hotspur, heir to Petworth, the then baron's eldest son, which was used at the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403, when Shakespeare represents Hotspur as exclaiming:—

"Here draw I
A sword whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood I meet withal."

(*Henry IV.*).

And when this son of the House of Petworth falls on the field of rebellion, Prince Harry of Wales says of him:—

"Brave Percy, fare thee well, brave heart,
When that this thy body did contain a spirit
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman."

(*Henry IV.*).

The sword is a cross-handled one, and has the lion of the Percies on its hilt. This sword figures no less conspicuously in the ballad poetry of Scotland than it does in Shakespeare—as in the memorable battle of Otterburn or Chevy-Chase between Lord Percy and Lord Douglas of Scotland, and between Percy and Montgomery, as it is said—

"This deed was done at Otterburn
About the breakin' o' the day,
Earl Douglas was buried by the bracken bush,
And Percy led captive away."

The Montgomery here alluded to was Laird of Eaglesham, and the Castle of Polnoon, now a complete ruin, the ancient home of the family prior to their marriage into the family of Eglinton, was said to have been built by the tribute or ransom money paid for the release of the Percy from this captivity. The beautiful simplicity of the above poem, we are told, used to fire the soul even of the gentle Addison. Percy and Douglas were each respectively the Keepers of the Marches for his own country. A beautiful sewed screen, the handwork of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, the six weeks' queen, is also among the treasures.

Altogether, the collection is such as would make the heart of any Jonathon Olbuck leap for very joy, and which, if destroyed by any chance, the world could never replace. Nor in the midst of these treasures are the wants of poorer neighbours overlooked by this munificent family, for we find an hospital has been erected and endowed for the infirm, schools established for boys, girls, and infants, long before the legislature took any cognisance of the educational wants of the people; and provision made by endowment for the aged, all in the village of Petworth, adjacent to the mansion. The whole art treasure is thrown open two days weekly to all visitors, and servants are kept to conduct them round and give descriptions, and refreshments are provided for them before they take their departure.

Many royal visits have been made to Petworth since Edward I. visited it in 1299, the last being by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, who visited it in 1846.

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query being in the negative, "Ah then," said he, "I must just take a walk up myself, as I understand twins have been born there to M'In——ty, and I have heard no word of their baptism. Do you know anything of it?" I informed him that I did not, as I had heard of nothing of the kind.

Before narrating the incident of the visit to Kingston, it is proper that I should say a word or so of my reverend friend that he may not be misunderstood, as I came into contact with the same gentleman in several other adventures. He was a native of Ireland, and had in him a good deal of the humour that characterises many of her sons. To a slightly austere outward appearance he joined a kindly disposition, and, whilst on the best of terms with his Protestant neighbours in the district, he was ever most zealous in the discharge of the duties of his office and calling, and thoughtful and watchful of the interest of his flock. After being stationed for a number of years in our town, he was translated to Pollokshaws, where he was subsequently elevated to the dignity of a Canon of the Cathedral of St. Andrew in Glasgow. He died at Pollokshaws, much grieved over by his people, after a comparatively short illness. I mention these circumstances to show what manner of man my friend was, as I purpose narrating several incidents that befel us in the course of professional intercourse in which both were concerned, to show from his standing and character that he could afford

to enjoy a joke even when partly involved in it himself as in the following story.

After our late interview regarding the twins, I did not again meet the reverend gentleman for several days—it might be a week or even more. But in the interval, as I subsequently learned, he had made the journey to Kingston and had seen the defaulting parents relative to the twins and their baptism, so that when next we met, I was prepared for the subject being brought up again, and I could see by his humorous countenance that he had something special to communicate.

"Oh! by the way," he began, "you remember I spoke to you last time I saw you about going up to Kingston? I think I enquired of you something about twins there?"

"You did," I replied. "But I have not had occasion to go there since."

"Well, I have been there since myself, and it was an experience. On calling at the house, I found Mrs. M'In——ty going about her work, as I was pleased to observe, in apparently the best of good health. So I enquired if Patrick was about, and she replied he was in the garden behind working the ground. I went out to the garden accordingly, and found Patrick as busy as could be, turning up the soil. Seeing me coming down the walk, he straightened up, and I thought sure enough he had a flushed and culpable look about him. I said, 'You seem to be very busy.' He said he was

making the ground ready for some paraties he had to put in. 'You have all been keeping well, I understand from your wife. How are the children?' 'They're in good health, thank God.' Having failed to observe any evidence of infants when in the house, I next enquired the age of the youngest child, and it turned out to be over two years old. 'And is that your youngest child?' 'It is, your reverence.' 'And what about the twins? How are they?' 'The twins—the twins, sur?' he remarked, looking at me in great earnestness, as if surprised at my enquiry. 'Oh! they're doing well enough,' he at last replied, 'and thriving rightly.' 'And have they been baptized?' I enquired, thinking I had now got on the proper track. 'Baptized, your reverence?' 'Yes, you don't mean to tell me that you have had twins in your family, and neglected your duty to them, so long as since I heard the rumour of them first?' 'Oh, oh! what confusion of botheration is this at all, at all! But I see now. 'Twas a couple of kids the goat had a week or two ago. Them is the twins I thought you meant and were enquiring after.' 'The goat!' I remarked, at the same time feeling rather taken aback. 'Yes, sur, I was thinking you must mean the kids the goat had, as other people had been speaking about them as well.' "

Nothwithstanding the control my friend had over his risible faculties under ordinary circumstances, the grand climax the interview over the twins had

now reached seemed too much for both parties, and a broad grin spread over their countenances at the dilemma. The visit shortly terminated, and though the priest left Pat with the consciousness of having discharged his duties in the light of the information he possessed, he could still enjoy the humour of the muddle the development of events had led to as he trudged his way home.

THE FARMER AND THE LADDER.

THE readiness or promptitude with which some people are struck by the humorous side of even the most ordinary concerns of life where there is any little peculiarity is well illustrated in the following incident:—

One of the farmers in our neighbourhood, a quaint, dry-humoured old man, of small stature, thin, and somewhat crined in appearance, and very quick-spoken, was passing through the village on an occasion when he observed an old acquaintance busily engaged in repairing the injury done by a recent wind storm to the thatch roof of his property. After an interchange of views regarding the weather and the prospects of crops, the old farmer seemed to have had his attention suddenly arrested by the peculiar shape or rather shapelessness of the ladder his friend was standing on to reach the torn thatch at which he was working, and, pawkily turning to him, he remarked, "Well, John, I've jist been thinkin', after inspectin' that lether you're on, that it's the queerest shape o' a thing o' the kind I ever saw, to

be able to stan' up as it's doin'. And in my opinion ony body micht fall down and worship it without the least fear o' breaken' the second or ony o' the commandments, for it bears no resemblance or likeness to ony image o' onything that is in the heavens above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth as far as I ever heard o'. Or as Burns puts it—

> "Micht be worshipped on the bended knee
> And still the second dread command be free."
> ("The Twa Brigs").

Nebuchadnezzar.

The same farmer on another occasion had been to church during the Sabbath where he had heard a sermon of warning preached from the story of Nebuchadnezzar, the famous King of Babylon, "who was driven from among men and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven till his hairs were grown like eagle's feathers and his nails like birds' claws" (Daniel, iv., 33). In the afternoon of the same day, after coming from church, he had gone out for a leisurely walk across some of his own fields, and it chanced that the part of the farm he was passing over had a somewhat rocky bottom and shallow soil, and consequently that the grass crop was bare and backward to appearance. Immediately the terrible fate of the Babylonian king flashed across his mind in relation to the punishment of pasturing.

Meeting a friend next day who had also been to sermon, he was enquired at as to how he had enjoyed the discourse yesterday. "Ah! weel, James," he replied, "I was lookin' o'er a park or twa I have on a knowe yon'er a bit above the house, in a dauner I had in the afternoon yesterday, an' I was just thinkin' to mysel' that, if auld Nebekudnezar had been sent to graze on ony o' yon parks o' mine, he wad hae had gey hard wark afore he fattened ony."

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also for the stimulus they impart in many instances to the intellectual expansion and culture of generations that follow.

The truly great men of nearly all generations are many-sided. This is observed whether the examples are drawn from ancient history or modern experience. The genius of Cæsar showed no less brilliantly through his historical writings and his oratory than through his military achievements; the lustre of Michael Angelo's genius was equally marvellous, whether his work is viewed as a sculptor or architect; while doubts are entertained whether the great Florentine Leonardo da Vinci excelled most in sculpture or painting; and in modern instance, our great national poet, Burns, is said, by those who had opportunities and were competent of judging—Professor Dougal Stewart and others—to have excelled even more in conversation than in poetry.

Whatever, therefore, throws light upon the more reserved motives of human action, and discloses to us new aspects of character or capacity, in the relations, for example, that subsist between friend and friend behind and beyond what is observed or discoverable in the ordinary phases of social life, is rightly held to be important, as giving insight into the deeper, truer, and tenderer sympathies of the human heart. This applies equally in every relation of life. The stern, almost remorseless character, for instance, of Lord Chancellor Wedderburn, not otherwise to be admired, is relieved, and the

man himself rises in our estimation by the visit he made in his retired age to the old Mint Close, Edinburgh, carried in a sedan chair to view once again the holes in the pavement where he had played marbles in the long years ago of innocence and boyhood, ere yet he became self-exiled from the Scottish Court of Session and entered upon that career of chicane and audacity, joined to unquestioned capacity, which raised him to the exalted position of Lord Chancellor of England and the Earldom of Rosslyn. And who again, for example, that had known the Rev. Dr. Chalmers by his pulpit and platform appearances—profound in thought, lofty in exposition, logical and convincing in argument—is not drawn nearer in sympathy to the great divine on the grounds of common humanity by the glimpse into his inner life, disclosed to us by the following simple story.

The writer's friend, who narrated the incident, was engaged as a clerk in Glasgow when the reverend doctor was resident in that city, 1820, and was a member of his church. Calling at the Manse on one occasion of some business, he was happy in finding the minister at home and disengaged, and without ceremony or special announcement, was ushered into the study. He, no doubt, had his own ideas and trepidation at the meeting as he entered the sanctum of the great man. But whatever they were, they all at once toppled down as a house of sand in amazement when the door opened and he

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have been selected for the charge—a man of culture and generous refinement, with a heart full of all charitableness and sympathy, that led him to see only the kindest side of all actions. In short, a most amiable, gentle, and lovable man, he early engratiated himself into the good graces of the people, more especially of the labouring classes, in whose welfare he took the deepest interest, organising with his wife and lady friends varied schemes to lessen the intensity of their distress during several winters of more than ordinary severity, when outside labour was practically suspended by prolonged frost and heavy snow.

In these circumstances, as might be anticipated, when it became known among the people that the minister was seriously ill, a feeling of sympathy and anxiety went out from the whole community towards the Manse for him, his wife, and their little ones. As it happened, the minister had never suffered from whooping-cough in his early youth, and, this disease appearing in the district, he was seized of it, and such was the violence of cough-spasm—amounting to convulsions at times—that cardiac complications supervened, which, after a protracted illness, proved fatal—the period of his ministry scarcely extending to six years. During the lengthened illness, his thoughts were often with his people, and great solicitude was manifested as to pulpit ministrations. Throughout this period, the respect and esteem in which he was held by the

most eminent members of his church brought many of the more distinguished of them to the Manse to sustain and if possible help to cheer him by their visits.

Of this number were the brothers Caird, the Rev. John Caird, D.D., sometime professor but at this period Principal of the University, Gilmourhill, a gentleman who had adorned the most responsible positions in the ministry, the greatest pulpit orator of his day; who had enjoyed the respect and confidence of his sovereign (and at whose invitation the sufferer had only recently preached in the University Chapel), and his equally gifted brother, Edward Caird, the no less distinguished professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow University, afterwards the honoured Master of Balliol College, Oxford, one of the most profound thinkers of his age.

During one of their visits, they had not failed to observe the sufferer's anxiety as to pulpit supply, and they had been consulted as to his duty in relation to his charge. Probably because he perceived the end near, and the question one that could stand over, when bidding good-bye, the venerable Principal, with a heart-cheering countenance, said, "Now, Miller, don't allow the matter of pulpit supply to worry you. I will see to that. Leave that with me. Why, I will give you some days myself, and that, you know, is more than brother Ned here could do. He is only a sticket minister!"

The influence of such generous promptings and kindly expressions under the depressing surroundings, and from such a man, came as a burst of sunny radiance out of overshadowing darkness, which brightened the eye, and called up a grateful smile from their prostrate friend. They separated, and the parting was final. The friends never again met, for ere there was time for the great preacher to redeem his generous promise, "the silver cord was loosed, the pitcher was broken at the fountain," and the learned and venerable Principal discharged the last sacred offices at his friend's funeral.

In the church service on the Sunday following, the Rev. John Service, D.D., minister of Hyndlands Church, Glasgow, at the close of a most impressive and appreciative sermon, paid his friend, the deceased minister, the high tribute of declaring that "God never made a better man than Tom Miller."

Since then for principal, professor, and preacher alike, "the mourners have gone about the streets." But the noble sympathy and generous purpose of the venerable Principal still lives as a happy memory, exemplifying the great truth that in the midst of intellectual greatness there may be, and quite compatible with it, the child-like heart that finds its chief happiness in mitigating the sorrows of the distressed, and making lighter the burden of the suffering, rising to the highest promptings of a

noble nature in the exercise of love, charity, sympathy, feelings common to all the truly great through all the ages.

The following lines appeared in a local newspaper at the time of his death.

IN MEMORIAM OF THE

REV. THOMAS MILLER,

MINISTER OF NEILSTON,

WHO DIED 21ST SEPTEMBER, 1878.

Ah! bitterly do we weep,
And wonder at Providence' ways,
As we think of him who has fallen asleep
In the midst of useful days.

To think of the work he did,
How he spent in the Master's cause,
And taught by a living example of love
How we should honour His laws.

Yea! wonder we still the more
Why a worker so brave and true
Should be called from the sphere of his labours here
While so much remained to do.

But questioning now must cease,
The Master knows what is right,
And the Pastor now called to his Father's peace
Still lives as a guiding light.

Whilst with us he taught and wrought,
Week after week toiling on;
We ne'er fully knew how our love for him grew,
Or how we would miss him when gone;

How affections round him clung,
  As the ivy round the oak,
And how we would grieve, though in Jesus he slept,
  And lament o'er the fatal stroke.

As a shot-star through the sky
  May pass with little remark,
And be seen, and known, and felt by few,
  As it faintly 'lumes the dark,

So the av'rage, earnest man,
  Through an uneventful life,
May do his allotted earthly work,
  Yet leave no mark in the strife;

But, other, the comet's blaze,
  As it spreads its lurid flame,
And flares through the darkling vault of heaven,
  'Mid the midnight starry frame,

All eyes in amazement turn,
  In rapturous upward gaze,
And are drawn to think of the God who rules,
  Through the power His work displays.

And so with the friend we mourn,
  He lived a centre of love;
And the Father now draws our attention home,
  By calling His servant above.

No loss to him, but gain,
  He lives, whom dead we weep,
And beckons us from the eternal spheres
  To follow him up the steep.

Sleep on, brave heart and true,
  The work you loved so well
Will steadily move through the countless years,
  Till all with the Father dwell.

AN UNRECORDED BURNS EPISODE:

A STORY OF ROBERT BURNS, SECUNDUS, OF DUMFRIES.

THE following story, which exemplifies the generous and kindly disposition of our National Bard's eldest son, was told at a Burns' Supper here in January, and, as it seemed to interest the many members present, it has been thought it might have an interest for a wider circle of the bard's admirers, hence its inclusion here.

Before narrating the incident to be referred to, it is perhaps proper to explain that Jean Armour's nephew, Robert Armour, or, as he was generally called, Robin Armour, was married to Elizabeth Wallace, sister of William Wallace, farmer in the Mains, Mauchline, and that the daughter of the last-named, the person concerned in the incident, became the wife of the writer in later life. Both families, the Armours and the Wallaces, were natives of Mauchline. Mr. Wallace's father had occupied the Mains before him, and through the relationship of this marriage the families were mutually on quite friendly terms, and frequently interchanged friendly visits.

As regards Mr. Burns, it is matter of history, that he attended the arts classes for two sessions at Glasgow University, and one at Edinburgh, that he was a superior classical scholar, and that, through the interest of Sir James Shaw, a native of Kilmarnock (whose statue stands at the Cross of that town, and who became afterwards Lord Mayor of London), he was appointed in 1804 to a clerkship in Somerset House by Mr. Addington, then Prime Minister and subsequently Lord Sidmouth; that, after spending nearly thirty-three years in this situation, he was obliged to retire in 1833 in consequence of weak or defective eyesight, when he returned to Dumfries, where he resided mostly afterwards with his mother, the poet's widow. But he had an aunt residing in Mauchline, a sister of his mother's, to whom he made visits from time to time, and with whom he occasionally resided for longer or shorter periods, and it was during one of those visits to his Mauchline aunt, when he called at Mains farm, then occupied by the writer's father-in-law, that the incident to be narrated occurred.

Miss Wallace was then a young girl at that time under the able mastership of Mr. Kilgour of the Academy, Mauchline, and as part of her home lessons she had been given an essay to write on "Spring." The subject would seem to have been sufficiently puzzling to her at first, for, though familiar all her life with the seasons as they passed in succession of farm experience, there was

difficulty in getting a start made to putting a description of the season into words. The girl had sat for some time in this dilemma with the paper before her, cudgelling her brain to small purpose apparently, and had just turned round and questioned her father as to how she should begin the essay (we all know the sort of thing either as questioner or questioned) when the door of the apartment, the farmer's spacious kitchen, was opened, and Mr. Burns entered. Her father having first greeted his visitor, then in reply to his daughter's question, said, "O! there is Mr. Burns; he'll tell you all about Spring better than I can do and how to begin your essay." And he did so.

Taking a seat near the girl, he enquired in the kindliest manner, "Well, Jeanie, what are your difficulties with Spring?" On being informed, he at once began to guide her ideas as to what she had been all her life witnessing in that delightful season, and gradually, as he continued to speak, her difficulties seemed to vanish and pass away, and the subject matter of the essay began slowly to assume form in her mind.

To begin with, he advised that the following lines from Paraphrase viii., verse 8, should be placed at the top of the essay, as they would, he said, "give the key to what was to follow":—

> "Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
> Anew shall deck the plain,
> The woods shall hear the voice of spring
> And flourish green again."

And then added, "Now you have quite a good understanding of what is wanted, and if you follow the thoughts we have gone over together, you will do well enough," which she accordingly did.

But the influence of the episode did not end with the essay. There was a deeper and more abiding impression left than that of the mere assistance with the difficulties of a school task. The gentle guidance, the generous sympathy, and kindness had sunk so deep into the young mind, apart from whose son he was, as to lead her often in her after life to refer with evident pleasure to the memorable lesson she had received in her girlhood from Mr. Burns, eldest son of Scotland's greatest poet.

JOHN —— AND THE GOOSEBERRY BUSH.

In the following pithy remark we have an excellent example of that dry, pawky, telling humour often associated with, if not indeed peculiar and characteristic of, a certain class of elderly Scottish people under certain conditions. The lady concerned in the present instance was one of the oldest inhabitants in the village of ———, a native of the place, and much respected for her genuine worth. Having been visited on an occasion by an esteemed friend, though not a relative (it is proper to make this distinction to prevent misunderstanding, it being one of the peculiar idioms of the Scottish tongue that when a person is spoken of as being a friend of the family, ten to one what is meant by the observation is that the person is a blood relation, which may not necessarily be the case as in this instance), after tea the party, consisting of the mother, son, daughter, and friend, went into the garden to have a walk round and examine the flowers and fruit.

The son, it should be remarked, had been of rather unsettled disposition in his earlier years, and as a

marine engineer had seen a good deal of the world and its ways, including for a time the experience of the rough life on a privateer employed running the blockade on the river La Plata during the Paraguaian War, and had only shortly before returned home somewhat shattered and broken down in health, but welcomed all the same by his aged mother and sister.

The party, having perambulated the garden, was returning to the house again when the attention of the friend seemed to have been specially arrested by the peculiar growth of one of the gooseberry bushes, and halting in front of it, she drew the attention of her hostess to the paucity of its fruit in proportion to the great spread of its growth. "Aye!" quietly remarked the elderly matron, "that bush has often reminded me o' oor John. It has covered a great deal o' grun' for its years, as ye remark, but it has produced very little fruit."

John's opinion of the sage reflection is left to be inferred.

THE DEVIL IN KILTS.

THERE are two classes of persons from amongst whom the victims of the disease here referred to are drawn; but they are not equally liable to seizure from it. There is the periodic inebriate, who has educated his nerve centres, by indulging in intoxicants in youth and early manhood, into an almost irresistible craving for them at certain intervals in after life. Such persons are spoken of as "not being able to take it and let it alone." They must be, and usually are, abstainers for longer or shorter periods, but after an uncertain interval—weeks or months it may be—the demon appetite asserts itself with such force as to be practically irrepressible, and the indulgence once yielded to, under what pretext soever—and they are legion—it goes on as long as the person can possibly bear out. But a period is reached when the saturated brain and shattered system can tolerate no longer, and begins to resent the further continuance of the poison, and when in this state, with the insomnia it generally entails, there may be demoniac visitations. The more usual termination,

however, with this class is sickness, nerve prostration, a struggle between the desire to go on, to still indulge, and the inability to do so; and very ludicrous and pitiable scenes are sometimes enacted in these circumstances.

This class of inebriates is, however, less liable to fits of delirium than the second class, and is also not so subject to alcoholic liver or renal disease for the reason that, in the intervals between the bursts of excess, Nature—ever watchful to help the poor victim where she is given a chance—has had some time to so far throw off the effects of the gross indulgence.

With the second class, the habitual user, it is quite different. He is never a day without more or less of his favourite beverage—and usually more rather than less. For a long period a sound constitution—and both classes have usually strong constitutions to begin with—is often tolerant of much abuse in this respect, for in many instances the habit may extend over a series of years. Men of this class, too, are often of more than ordinary intelligence, and capable of sustained mental effort and business push for many years. But meanwhile the poison is slowly getting possession of the nerve centres, especially those of the brain, whilst the other organs, hepatic and renal, are becoming less able to perform their functions and eliminate the waste products from the system; and after a lengthened period a stage of saturation is reached when they cease to

perform healthy functions. Mental aberrations then supervene, which manifest their presence in many ways. Frequently they assume some form of delusion or hallucination, that, developing rapidly, suddenly startles a whole household into a state of apprehension. Many such cases come under the medical practitioner's observation, and where they are not of a serious type are often very droll.

Now this more or less medical disquisition leads me to narrate two supposititious instances of the disease, illustrative of the class which from time to time come under the observation of the medical practitioners—if haply they may have a deterrent influence. The gentleman in the first instance was at the head of a licensed and hiring establishment, and, being of a genial nature, was in the course of business thrown a good deal in the way of what Burns, in one of his letters to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, calls "giving his entertainers a swatch of his constitution," with the result that this night he had reached a grand climax, and was very peculiar in his comportment. On entering his room he was found sitting on the edge of his bed, his legs dangling over, and in his nightshirt only, with a somewhat dazed yet ferrety appearance as to his eyes. As soon as he saw me, brightening up a little, he remarked:—

"Oh! it's you: come away. How are you?"

I told him I was fairly well, and sorry to learn he had been complaining.

"Oh! there's nothing much the matter with me. Sit down."

And scarcely had I done so, taking a chair to his bedside for that purpose, when suddenly he drew my attention to another part of the room by pointing with a raised hand and out-stretched finger, at the same time looking at me for a moment with an excited, timorous gaze to impress caution, then quietly lifting a pillow with his other hand, and slowly rising from the bed, he began stealthily to cross the floor on tip-toe in the direction of a wash-hand basin-stand, and, when almost at it, he suddenly banged the pillow under it, falling at the same time on his knees to hold it down with both his hands, shouted as he did so in an excited crescendo voice—

"I have him! I have him!"

"Well," I observed, "that is so far satisfactory. Keep him there till we see what can be done with him."

But he almost immediately after got up, and on pulling out the pillow, seemed rather surprised at finding there was nothing there.

"He's got out," he quietly remarked. "I did not know there was a hole there. But he'll be in the other room," and stooping down, he carefully scrutinised under the basin-stand for the supposed way of escape.

"What was he like?" I enquired. "Did you know him?"

"No, I could not say I knew him. But he had a queer appearance. A kind o' blue-looking character. I dinna richt ken what he was like, but he was aye pointin' at me. He and anither hae been aff an' on at it a' night."

"Well," I observed, as we got the poor fellow back into bed again, "I'll see what can be done to exorcise him from about the house altogether, and from troubling you, which is what is wanted, I suppose."

There was an apparent sense of terror about him which began to gradually pass off now, and he appeared slowly to forget all about his demoniac visitation in the chatterings of some other hallucination.

That night, after a proper potion, he had a good and protracted sleep, and by careful nourishing and watching, and the removal of the cause of the illness, his convalescence was, happily, soon established.

Another instance and I have done with this melancholy subject. This gentleman had been ailing for some time, and was confind to bed. He seemed, however, to be very happy, quite elevated in his ideas, and apparently "O'er a' the ills o' life victorious," even in his hapless condition.

In his earlier life, he had travelled a good deal, and spent many years in South America, in the neighbourhood of Monte Video, trading, and on coming home, some years before the incident I am about to narrate, had acquired a licensed

property through the death of a relative. Well informed through travel and observation, and fairly well read, he was rather an intelligent man for his position. I knew him very well, and, whilst I cannot say I ever saw him quite incapacitated by liquor, yet I don't think I am beyond substantial fact when I say he never passed a day without having more or less of his favourite beverage. In this way he had spent a number of years, so that he came to be as one living on the verge of a volcano, unconscious as to when an irruption might take place. His cerebral nerve centres had become so saturated with alcohol that the potentiality for evil was there, ready to be called into activity at any moment, and the special indulgence on this occasion had evoked the latent power in a form at once alarming and serious.

On entering his room, I appeared to have arrested his attention from the particular delusion he was for the moment engaged with, for he recognised me, enquiring if I had been sent for. On saying I had, he remarked:—

"That is right; take a seat."

I did so, and he seemed almost immediately to forget all about my presence, as he began chattering to some imaginary person, whose company he was enjoying. During the interval, I sat watching without speaking to him. He was obviously getting quite excited, and all of a sudden, bouncing up in bed, he exclaimed loudly—

"Do you see him? There he goes! there he goes! Good! good! Well done! Do you see him?"

"See whom?" I enquired.

"That fellow, that little devil there. See, he's in kilts too. Look how he dances along that rail, his elbows out, and playing the pipes to himself."

This referred to a brass rail along the foot of the iron bed-stead the patient occupied.

"That beats tight-rope dancing!" he shouted.

"What is he like?" I enquired.

"Oh! he's all done up in fine tartan, and he can dance to some purpose. Look at him, look at him," and his frenzy at this moment overmastering him, he burst into a fit of roaring, uncontrolled laughter, at the same time clapping his hands, and for a moment or two,

> "The intellectual power through words and things
> Went sounding on its dim and perilous way."
>
> (Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, Book I.)

To the credit of his Satanic Majesty be it said, however—for even in this matter let us "give the deil his due"—he did not seem actuated by any specially malignant purpose towards my poor patient; on the contrary, he appeared to exercise his great dancing agility in provoking mirth and laughter; and though he seemed to be out in the tartan for the occasion, one would hesitate to accept it as a proof that there is a Clan Mephistopheles. But I dare say my teetotal friends may think it

indicates a clan sufficiently large as it is. Fortunately, the observations of my patient compromised no one, as they disclosed nothing of what the tartan was or the clan to which it belonged, so that this special exhibition of Calisthenics still leaves the question of clan relationship entirely unsettled. I am pleased, however, to be able to say, even of this bad case, that, after some care and attention,

> "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"
>
> (Young, *Night Thoughts*)

came to my poor patient's rescue, and he made a good rally, and was able to go about again. But I never heard of him having any further adventures with the Devil in Kilts.

THE SHIPWRECKED DOCTOR.

THE apothem—"A black beginning maks aye a black end" (Hogg: *Storms*) did not apply to the shipwrecked doctor.

There were three of them of the same name, my class-mates in the dear old University in the High Street of Glasgow in the late fifties, when life was young and hope was high—good fellows all of them, and distinguished students. Each rejoiced in the name of William, and they had each the same surname. In calling the class roll, this identity of names was apt to cause some little confusion, so the learned professor distinguished them by the addition of the Latin ordinals as an affix to their names respectively, and they came accordingly to be thus individulized as Primus, Secundus, and Tertius. At the close of our studies, and having each received the degree of Medicus Doctor, we left our "Alma Mater," and, for a time at least, lost sight of each other. Not long after, however, I became aware that Tertius had settled down in practice in a suburban district of a great and prosperous city, and was gathering around him a considerable clientele as his merits entitled him to

anticipate he might do. Primus, I learned, had entered the army, and some years afterwards had met a soldier's death in the rear of the fighting line in one of our foreign wars, when bravely discharging his professional duties to wounded comrades brought from the immediate front, a true doctor and a brave man. Secundus I entirely lost sight of, and all that enquiry could elicit was the fact that he had gone to sea as medical officer aboard a steamer bound for South America several years before, and that nothing had since been seen or heard of either the ship or the doctor. In these circumstances, the apparently inevitable conclusion began to be accepted that he had been lost, and slowly he began to pass out of memory. But his old acquaintances agreed in thinking that his strenuous efforts had deserved a better fate. He was a son of the profession, his father having been a much respected medical practitioner through a long life-time in a country district in Ayrshire.

Time rolled on, and it was not till possibly thirty years afterwards that I was visited by my old classfellow Tertius, who drove up to my door in his dog-cart. From time to time, I should premise, my friend Tertius and I had been in the habit of interchanging visits with one another, when "the pleasing memories of the past" were generally brought under review. But on this occasion he had a gentleman with him, a stranger apparently. I immediately recognised my friend from the window

as he pulled up at the gate of my front garden, and hastened out to receive him, when he introduced me to the friend who accompanied him. But either he pronounced the name in a very slip-shod manner or my attention was pre-occupied when he did so, as I quite failed to catch the stranger's name. This, however, was matter of small consequence at the time, and as I was anxious to prolong the pleasure of the visit, I insisted that he should put up his horse in my stable for a time, which ultimately he agreed to do, and, after seeing that everything was right there, I returned to the company.

It was early in the evening, and in the meantime my wife had been busy and supper was on the table when I entered. On sitting down, and that I might join in conversation with the stranger, I informed Tertius that I had failed, on introduction, to catch the name of his friend, when he immediately rejoined, "Do you not know him?" In answering in the negative, I further enquired if I should know him, and was told, "I think you should." In these circumstances, I instituted a more deliberate scrutiny of the stranger, and from a glimpse I got as he slowly turned his face towards me at request, I began to recognise the features of my long lost friend, and exclaiming, "Secundus," I at the same time reached over the table and shook him heartily by the hand. The pleasure of our meeting was mutual, nay, I might safely say the happiness of the reunion was common to all three.

Later in the evening he narrated to us the adventures of his remarkable voyage and singular career in his new home. The rumour we had heard at the time of his disappearance—that he had gone to sea—had been correct. His steamer sailed from the port of London with a mixed cargo and a number of passengers for South America. When about ten days out, they passed Teneriffe, and a few days later reached the Cape de Verd Archipelago, but had no occasion to call at either place. The voyage south across the Atlantic being in short quite uneventful, the first call was at Bohia, for the double purpose of landing several passengers and discharging cargo; and "subsequently," he remarked, "we reached into Rio de Janeiro for a similar purpose. We then made track for Uruguay, that being our destination. In this run we were caught with little warning in a tremendous hurricane. The danger of our situation was immediately realized by all on board, and a most valiant endeavour was made to keep out to sea, but in spite of our most strenuous efforts, we got driven quite out of our track, and as night came down upon us we struck with great violence upon an iron-bound coast, where we broke up and became a total wreck. Of what all took place then I had only the most hazy recollections.

"When I came to myself it was now daylight, and I discovered I had been thrown among a lot of broken rocks at the foot of a tall cliff, by the violence

of the sea rather than by anything I could have done for myself, and that though the storm had largely abated by this time, the waves were still running high on a wild sea. I could see no one around me, and though I shouted as best I could, I got no answer. It appeared as if I was the sole survivor of the terrible disaster. Some spars had been washed in near to where I lay, but the ship itself had entirely disappeared, and with her the hands that were aboard, for the passengers, I began to recollect, had mostly left us at the two ports where we had called. But oh! the misery of my lonely position as I lay there, bruised and sore, more dead than alive, reflecting on my dilemma, conscious that my whole earthly belongings were on my back, such as they were. Memories of the past crowded upon me—my university days, the hopes by which I was then actuated and upheld, the voyage that had just ended so disastrously from which I had expected much, my home, my parents, and friends. Still I was grateful for the escape I had made and thankful for having my life spared to me.

"As morning advanced, the heat of the sun made me feel more comfortable, but I was sick and, on trying to get up, I found I was too giddy to stand, and was fain to lean back and remain where I lay. I had no conception of where I was, or of any way of escape, and had almost begun to abandon myself to despair. The news of the wreck had apparently spread, however, or was possibly looked for or

expected after such a gale, for as the day advanced, I began to hear people talking, some of them, I observed, in my own tongue on the cliff above me. I then shouted and called out with what power I could, and shortly after had the happiness of seeing several men endeavouring to reach where I lay by descending the steep rocky mountain slope that surrounded me. By these men I was carefully carried to a comfortable home and put to rest, and with kind attention was soon restored to such a degree of strength as enabled me to walk about again, and bye and bye, thanks to a good constitution, I soon recovered my usual energy. Of course, I had to acquaint my kind friends with all about the wreck and myself, who I was, and my station aboard the ship, the home port we had left, and our ports of call since, and what passengers we had after our last call. All that I could remember of the last was that there were few if any. Ere long I was admitted to very kind relationship not only with my more immediate protectors but also with the neighbouring families, for I found I had become an object of general interest with them all. It was a little peculiar how this came about. It turned out that, inland from where I had been thrown ashore, several English and Scottish better class families resided. They were not quite close together, but still were a kind of colony by themselves, with each a considerable tract of land, and were all

engaged in carrying on eustancias, with herds of cattle and droves of sheep and horses.

I had now got thoroughly restored again, and was quite able to take long walks and enjoy riding about the district, and was beginning to think of how I might reach Rio or Monte Video with a view, if possible, of arranging for my return back again to Britain. But at this juncture, my good friends, who had evidently been talking over the matter among themselves, approached me with a very kind offer, which ultimately had the effect of changing all my plans. It appeared from time to time the colony, as I may call it, had experienced very great difficulty when illness had overtaken any of them or their families in procuring medical aid of any kind, the only available doctors being so far off, and their offer to me, which I considered generous, was that, if I would stay where I was, amongst them, and take up my quarters in a house they would provide for me, and become medical attendant to the families around the district, they would guarantee me a reasonable income for my services, and I might possibly find other outlets for any spare time I had on hand. As already said, I considered their offer a generous one, and accordingly concluded to cast in my lot with the new friends my disaster had thrown me amongst, for a time at least.

"I thus began medical practice practically as poor as Lazarus, in a tract of country sparsely peopled

by an intelligent, resolute, and industrious race in Uruguay, South America. My friends provided me with a horse, a tough willowy native of the country, and I had plenty of scope in which to exercise him. The principal eustantia was held by a gentleman, an Englishman, who had shortly before my unexpected arrival, the misfortune to lose his wife. He interested himself much in my welfare, and, as a friend, I was a frequent visitor at his house—a very happy home indeed.

"For several years I thus went on the even tenor of my way. My work was not heavy, my neighbours were agreeable and generous, and the money given me was more than my circumstances required, and I was comfortable. But in the course of nature, my kind friend became severely stricken with cerebral disease, apoplectic in character, and passed away at a comparatively early age, leaving three children; and his testamentary settlement disclosed the fact that I had been appointed his sole executor, with ample allowance for management of the ranch, of which, from personal observation and frequent conversations with my friend, I had acquired a fairly practical knowledge and acquaintance. For a period of years, accordingly, I became responsible for the management of a large ranch, occupied chiefly by sheep, but also having horses and cattle upon it. During these years, I associated the sons of the family as much as possible with me in this management; and the elder son, a young man

of capacity, early began to manifest a deep interest in what had been his father's affairs, and on coming of age, he, jointly with his sister and brother—who were neither of them destitute of parts—was able to take over the control and supervision of the estate for themselves. For myself, thus relieved of much of my responsibility, I was happy in acquiring a considerable tract of land on favourable terms, on which I began ranching on my own account; while, at the same time, I continued to be adviser in chief to my young wards in their business. I need scarcely remark my medical practice now received less attention than formerly, as my time was pretty well taken up with what I was engaged in. But it is pleasing to be able to say that the concern proved a prosperous one, and that my business over in the old country just now is to endeavour to establish agencies throughout the kingdom, in the large centres of population, by which I may be able to reach the English and Scottish markets, feeling sure that I can place frozen meats in this country at a price that cannot be touched by the home producer.

"There now," he observed, "you have my story, from which, I dare say, you may possibly be disposed to think, and, if so, I quite agree with you in so thinking, that I have had no occasion to regret, however painful at the time, being cast ashore even in ship-wreck upon the sea board of far off Uruguay."

Let me add that, before leaving the old country again for the home of his adoption, Secundus visited the village in the Cunninghame division of Ayrshire in which he had been born and reared, and where his father's memory was still green though he had been deceased for years; and the result was the erection at the village cross of a handsome life-sized statue to the doctor who had served the village and district around it so faithfully and well through a long series of years, where it is still to be seen.

Whilst listening to this interesting narrative, time had hurried on, and we had now reached the "Hour o' nicht's dark-arch the key-stane," and my friends having a good long way to drive before they reached home, resolved on departing. The horse was accordingly brought round, and, having got well wrapped up in the dog-cart, we shook hands with a hearty good-bye as they started on their journey. Since then we have never all met again. But the affairs of Secundus continue to prosper, and he is now a man of large means and influence, so successful has been the rather romantic career of the shipwrecked doctor in his far off southern home.

While this article is passing through the press, it is pleasing to learn that he has cabled from Buenos Ayres his willingness to grant a free site and £2,000 towards building a public hall in the town of his nativity.

CRAIG NEVSKIY;

OR,

THE RUSSIAN MERCHANT.

Craig Nevskiy was the son of a farmer in Neilston Parish, and had grown up to manhood's estate, when an opportunity was given him of proceeding to St. Peterburg to manage or superintend some large cotton mills that were being erected there under the ægis of the Russian Government and auspices of the then Emperor of all the Russias. In early life he had been associated with his uncle, a gentleman known in the neighbourhood by the subriquet of the "Lang Laird," in consequence of his great stature, who then owned the cotton mills of Broadlie at Neilston. Here he early manifested a special aptitude for mechanics, and acquired an intimate knowledge of and acquaintance with the several departments of cotton spinning, as carried on in the Levern Valley, then a special seat of the cotton industry, and where the second cotton mill in Scotland, Levern Mill, had been erected in 1780.

The success of his appointment he always attributed to his sister, who, having casually observed

in a newspaper—not so common in those days as now—an advertisement that a manager was wanted at St. Petersburg, urged that he should make application for the position, which, though rather reluctantly at first, he was ultimately prevailed upon to do, when he received the appointment.

It will be remembered that the middle of the eighteenth century was characterized by a great outburst of inventive genius in mechanical appliances in our country, especially in their adaptation to the cotton industry, Watt's steam-engine, Hargreave's spinning-jenny, Arkwright's water-frame, and Compton's mule, a combination of the last two, 1763-1772, which gave an immense impetus to British commerce by the remarkable development of the cotton industry that followed, an impetus which, indeed, had not escaped the notice of Continental nations. The Peninsular victories had closed the gigantic struggle of Wellington in Spain; the capture of Paris by the Allied Armies had terminated the great French campaign in Germany; Napoleon, having abdicated, was for the time a prisoner in Elba; and the Peace of Paris, May, 1814, having restored the Bourbons to the throne of France, in the person of Louis XVIII., the greatly distracted European nations were looking forward to a much desired rest. In these conditions, the allied sovereigns of Europe, conscious of the great part our country had borne in the recent wars, and out of complement to our

sovereign and people, in July, 1814, visited Britain, and became the guests of our King, George III., or rather the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.

Among the royal guests on this occasion was that remarkable sovereign and great man, Alexander, Emperor of Russia, our ally then and afterwards whose name was borne by our late Queen Victoria. On the occasion of his stay in our country at this period, he visited and was greatly impressed by the cotton mills at New Lanark, which had been founded by David Dale, and were then at the height of their fame as the scene of the great socialist experiment conducted by his son-in-law, Robert Owen. On the Emperor returning to Russia, the authorities at St. Petersburg began to direct attention to the great cotton industry as they had witnessed it carried on in this country. But ere there was time to realize the happy anticipations looked forward to as the outcome of the settlement in France, an event occurred that, bursting rudely upon the European arrangemants then in progress, dissipated all hope of a permanent peace. Napoleon had escaped from his island prison in the Mediterranean, had landed in France, and was marching on Paris at the head of a still formidable army of veteran troops. European war was again declared, not so much against France as against Napoleon, and it was not until "The Hundred Days" of the Emperor's final campaign were closed by Wellington's stupendous

victory at Waterloo, 1815, and Napoleon was again a prisoner, this time at St. Helena, that a permanent peace was established, and made such a thing possible, that the erection of the mills of Nevskiy could be proceeded with at their pile founded capital on the banks of the Neva.

The great Powers, Russia in particular, had not failed to observe the astounding evidence of Britain's industry and consequent wealth in the way she had been able to pour out money in the final struggle with Napoleon, not merely enough to pay her own large navy and army at the time, but enough to keep Austrians, Prussians, and Russians in the field as well during the German campaign. Hitherto, St. Petersburg had been much less of a manufacturing city than Moscow; but after the Emperor Alexander's visit to Britain we learn this was changed. Moscow was then in ruins from the great fire that followed Napoleon's occupation of that Capital in 1812 by the Grand Army, and extensive improvements were introduced into St. Petersburg, amongst which was the cotton industry, especially the mills on the Neva, of which Craig Nevskiy had been appointed manager.

Having once entered upon his duties, the new manager threw all the indomitable energy of an ardent and resolute Scot, whose love was in his work, into the new undertaking, and under his level-headed, shrewd guidance, the concern early began

to give evidence of success, and this success continued to characterize the enterprise throughout the life-time of the Emperor, to whom its existence was owing. At his decease, the concern had become quite an established business, competent to rest on its own merits without any extraneous bolstering from the Government. So much was this the case that, on the accession to the throne of the new monarch, it would appear he became anxious that the whole mills should pass into entirely private management, and cease altogether to have State connection. The offer of taking over the business at a valuation was made, and on conditions accepted by an enterprising firm, including the Baron ——— and others associated in the company, with especially Craig Nevskiy, now a well-tried and successful business man, as managing partner.

The prosperity of the early management continued to attend the new company, which rapidly became a money-making concern, and tales of Craig Nevskiy's rising fortune found their way across the wilderness of sea and reached the valley of his birth. The management, indomitable as ever, was credited with not being too sensitive under certain circumstances, and rumour had it that, after his visit to the first great International Exhibition, the "Crystal Palace" in Hyde Park, 1851, most of the approved new patents in cotton-working machinery

were to be seen in operation at the St. Petersburg mills on the Neva, without the Patent Office having been troubled in the matter.

As years advanced, and with more leisure at his disposal, Craig Nevskiy, now a very successful and wealthy man, from time to time came on holiday to his native country, when he would visit his early home and relatives, especially his aged mother at Neilston, who was his particular care. These occasions were taken advantage of too, as was alleged, for investing surplus capital in British stocks. On the occasion of his last visit, and when in London alone, as it happened, he was taken suddenly ill and dropped down in the street, whence he was removed to Westminster Hospital, where he died the same day.

Thus the "grim king of terrors," the great social leveller, had come when least expected, and equally with the poor the rich man dies in a public charity. At first altogether unknown in the institution, a search soon discovered his name and position, and in due course his relatives in Neilston were communicated with. The settlement of his affairs disclosed the fact that he was a man of great means, and, as he had never been married, the bulk of his fortune (though much was said to have been left in Russia) came to be distributed among his relatives, sisters mostly, and their families, in his native parish. Since his demise, I may here remark, the mills of Craig Nevskiy have passed into new

hands and another company, and are presently associated with the great thread industry of our country, and the prosperity that signalized the early movements of the undertaking still continues to characterize their present operations.

It has been matter of frequent observation that the maker of the fortune not infrequently does not live to reap the advantages of the fruits of his long years of toil and strain; and that the wealth he has amassed is perhaps more frequently enjoyed by his successors, an aphorism which may appear to have been verified in this instance. But enjoyment, as here implied, is a purely relative term, and the picture has another side; for the person who has by his own industry accumulated the wealth, may merely in the process of doing so, in overcoming obstacles, winning, and slowly gathering as he goes along, have had as much genuine pleasure and happiness as can ever be obtained by merely spending it.

But be this as it may, among the relatives who succeeded to the Russian merchant's estate, a large share came to a lady only recently removed from our midst, Mrs. Glen of Carlibar. Mrs. Glen's parents were farmers on their own property in Mearns, but on the southern uplands of this parish, where she was born, her mother being a sister of Craig Nevskiy. She was educated as became her station at the Parish School and in Paisley, and on her marriage to Mr. Robert Corse Glen, afterwards Captain Glen,

V.D., continued in business for a number of years previous to falling into her fortune. In this way, Mrs. Glen acquired in her time a practical knowledge of both sides of life, but she had no family. To a tall and graceful appearance, Mrs. Glen added a cheerful disposition and gracious manner, qualities which endeared her to all who knew her equally before as after she attained her ample means. The death of Captain Glen took place comparatively early in life, and, during her long subsequent widowhood of over forty years, she exercised a generous liberality in the district and among the people where her lot was placed, helping forward many social improvements and relieving distress in many homes; whilst the esteem and respect in which she was held by the community found expression in the well-merited designation of "Lady Glen," the patent for the title being drawn from the general heart of the people. She died 2nd June, 1913, in the eighty-ninth year of her age.

THE MISSING WILL.

THE lady primarly concerned in this case was one of a class of Scottish ladies fast passing away from our midst, if indeed they are not already like the ancient Dodo, an extinct race. She was tall in figure, large boned, erect and dignified in bearing and movement; with sharp cut features, and eyes piercing like an eagle's, yet pawky, and possessed of a resolute will; kindly disposed to all, and always anxious to be helpful; quite an imposing yet amiable personality, especially when one was on her smooth side, but also capable of evincing much aloofness when the opposite applied. She had come of an old mercantile stock, had married about middle life, but had no family. There was, however, her husband's son by a former marriage, a gentleman for whom she entertained the greatest respect, who was married and resided near London.

I first made the lady's acquaintance about fifty years ago in a medical capacity, at which time she had been a widow for a number of years, but still

retained her dignified comportment. She enjoyed the revenue of a considerable estate, in which she was life-rented. Her residence was a seventeenth century mansion, which stood in its own grounds, was still strong and comfortable, and situated among trees at the end of an avenue of old plantation. The principal rooms occupied the whole breadth of the house, and the outlook from the front was very agreeable, stretching across an open lawn over an undulating valley.

Of her household, the old housekeeper had seen a long term of service in the family, and was looked upon by her as a permanent part of the establishment, to be provided for in the course of events. This important personage had, however, contracted some peculiarities of habit and disposition, to which reference will be made later on. The old gardener, though his term of service was of much shorter duration, seemed to enjoy a fair share of his mistress's confidence, which, I am sorry to say, he was not above occasionally taking advantage of and abusing. Moles having found their way into a favourite garden, were doing much mischief, to the great annoyance of the lady; so to stimulate zeal in their capture—for she was assured there were several—she informed him he would receive a shilling for each mole he caught. The gardener was at length sufficiently fortunate to catch a mole, which was duly presented to his mistress, who as duly rewarded him for his industry and

added a refreshment to the reward. He retired very well satisfied with the result, taking the mole with him; and rumour had it that the same mole did yeomen service on subsequent occasions as evidence of the old gardener's success in mole catching.

Time went on, and the aged servant in her advancing years became troubled with gouty and rheumatic attacks, to relieve the pains of which she had recourse to the use of sedatives, and thus slowly acquired a pernicious habit. At times they brightened her disposition and made her quite agreeable, but they more frequently made her peevish and fretful, and when the supply was short positively irritable and bad tempered, bordering occasionally on rudeness, even to her mistress—a state of matters which often generated such heat and friction as ended in explosions of temper that led to anything but harmony in the household. This condition of matters extended over a number of years, and did not improve as age advanced.

Now the question might in fairness be reasonably asked, "Why did the mistress keep such a firebrand in her service?" Well, this much may be said in explanation. She was looked upon as part of the family, agreeable and serviceable when not in these fits of temper, and as the lady had no certain knowledge of her acquired habits, she was tolerant of much, and ascribed the irritability to what she called inward rheumatism, from which the cook suffered, and in addition she had regard to her long service.

Still the continuance of these "tiffs" put the old lady so much out, becoming as they were more frequent and bitter as ultimately to lead to my being sent for, partly to advise with her and partly also to see and talk with the old servant as to her very ungrateful behaviour.

From threatening expressions I from time to time heard on these occasions, I had no doubt provision had been made for the servant in her mistress's will, and that this provision was in danger of being cut off if these scenes continued. "Yes, doctor, I will have that altered. She has no grounds for acting as she does to me in those terrible fits of temper. Why, she is like one beside heself." I, therefore, in the first place had little doubt that a will existed, and in the second place that provision of some sort was made in it for the servant.

As years passed, the lady, now bordering on a venerable age, became subject to cardiac seizures of such a type as might terminate fatally at any time, and on these occasions her relations were summoned around her by the old housekeeper. But as some of the relations lived at a considerable distance from her—the principal one in London for instance, her step-daughter—a visit often entailed great inconveniece and loss of much time; and, as she had hitherto always rallied from these attacks, notwithstanding their alarming character, an arrangement was come to with her approval that such messages were for the future to be sent by me only,

and as thought necessary. Some time after this, and following upon a very severe heart seizure, she seemed nearing her end, and I accordingly telegraphed for her daughter-in-law in London, and in reply was informed she would be with us next morning.

With the object of affording my patient more breathing space, I had given directions some time before this that she should be removed from the comparatively small bedroom she then occupied to a much larger room, at the same time well cautioning the servants and nurse—only a handy woman, as these were the days before the inception of the great and blessed institution of Victoria or specially trained nurses—as to the great care to be exercised in lifting the patient in maintaining the recumbent position. But from this not having been sufficiently attended to, a partial syncope occurred during the removal, and on the patient recovering somewhat, and not quite recognising her new surroundings, she enquired at the servant, "Where am I?" This expression was put down by the attendants as evidence that she was not in her proper mind, a contention strongly brought to the front in a litigation that subsequently took place. When I saw my patient in the evening she had quite recovered, and I was informed of the incident at the removal.

Next morning brought her step-daughter from London. Their meeting was of the most cordial

and agreeable character, and the recognition complete. This was in the winter season, and whilst Mrs. ——, the daughter-in-law, was taking off her travelling wraps and warming herself at the hall stove before seeing the patient, I entered the room and informed the elder lady of her step-daughter's arrival, when she exclaimed, "Oh! how delightful," and on Mrs. —— entering and approaching her bed, their mutual salute was of the most affectionate character. I remained for a little, lest the slight excitement of the arrival might cause some disturbance to my patient, and before I took my departure I distinctly heard her request her step-daughter to bring her a certain small work-box which she told her she would find in the room she had left; for she had now quite realized the change that had been made as regards the rooms. Mrs. —— remarked, "Oh! we can see about that after a little, can we not, granny?" But the patient insisting, she went and brought the box to her; and on receiving it, she immediately handed it back with the observation as she did so, "This is for you."

In course of a few days after this, the lady had another relapse, in which she passed quietly to her rest. The last sad services were scarcely over when rumour began to spread that an unknown heiress had turned up, who laid claim to whatever was heritable of the estate. This caused not only surprise but considerable confusion in the final

arrangement. And now followed one of those strange positions in affairs that often lead to puzzling issues. The most diligent and careful search on the part of the banker and law-agent was entirely baffled in discovering any will or testament. That such an instrument had existed, her banker, who knew her affairs well, entertained not the slightest doubt about; and personally I had no dubiety in the matter from remarks I had frequently heard her express. Still there was the puzzle. If such had ever existed, what had become of it? Who made it? Now comes the further question—

But first of all let me say:—Only a day or so before the arrival of Mrs. —— from London, and when the lady had been removed into the larger room, this very box had been brought to me with the remark that it was the mistress's private box, which it was thought I should keep till Mrs. ——'s arrival. On examining it, however, I found it was unlocked, and was informed that the key was inside. In these circumstances I told the servant I thought she had better retain the box in her possession, and give it to Mrs. —— herself. The box, I afterwards learned, on being given to Mrs. ——, was locked and the key was produced, but it contained no will; and no will ever turned up.

Query:—What had become of the will, assuming that such had existed? Many conjectures and surmises were afloat at the time, especially after the

unknown heiress came on the scene, but no further light was ever thrown on the subject of the missing will.

An important question immediately took shape, however. The contents of the box included, amongst other things, a deposit receipt for several hundreds of pounds, payable to either or survivor of the depositors, the deceased and Mrs. ——, and Mrs. —— in the meantime had been duly paid the money by the banker. But the heiress made claim to this sum; and ultimately, to enforce her claim, had recourse to proceedure in the Court of Session, where the case was tried before the eminent Scots judge, the late Lord Fraser. During the investigation instituted in this enquiry, an endeavour was made to show that the deceased was not in a mental condition to know what she was doing when she gave up the box, a contention based upon her state on being removed to the larger room, of not quite recognising where she was on her partial recovery from the syncope. At the conclusion of the case, however, and after making avizandum, his lordship at some length referred to the evidence, with the result that he was satisfied there was sufficient corroboration to entitle him to hold that there had been here a donation *mortes causa*, so that the gift of the box witnessed to saved the position at law, and the box with jewellery and the deposit receipt became the property of Mrs. ——. The expenses of

the action fell to be paid by the elderly heiress, whose circumstances were known to be limited, and these Mrs. ——, by subsequent mutual arrangement, agreed to defray on being allowed to retain certain small heirlooms belonging to the family; nor did her consideration end here, for with marked generosity she further made provision for the aged servant.

THE BOER WAR AND NEILSTON VOLUNTEERS.

It is not my purpose in this narrative to attempt in any way to deal with the several factors that are believed to have led up to and ultimately eventuated in hostilities in South Africa. They were numerous, varied, and many of them of long standing—dating from the earlier Dutch settlements—and, therefore, quite beyond the scope of this article. But two of the later happenings which certainly lent impetus to the smouldering discontent, and hurried on the crisis, may be referred to. They were, firstly, on the part of the British, the niggardly and oppressive treatment meted out to the Uitlander by the Transvaal Government, and the rankling and humiliating memories of Majuba Hill; whilst, secondly, on the part of the Boer, were the alarm and apprehension, and the subsequent harbouring of suspicion and distrust consequent upon the ill considered and unfortunate raid of Sir Leander Storr Jameson, 29th December, 1895.

The aim or view of this paper is rather to put on record certain incidents or episodes of the war as

they affected our parish and people, using mostly for that purpose the communications received from the several soldiers themselves who were engaged in the war; so that they may obtain—as in the writer's opinion their personal courage and patriotism certainly merit—some more permanent form of preservation than the passing pages of a weekly newspaper. Such a record the writer is persuaded will be prized and appreciated by friends and descendants of the soldiers long years after the events that led to the letters being written have mostly lapsed to memory.

That such a bitter and protracted campaign, trying and disastrous to both combatants as the Boer war proved to be, should have culminated in a peace so happy and friendly, and a final settlement so likely to prove lasting and advantageous to both peoples, speaks volumes for the generous, frank, ungrudging, and open-minded dealings of both Briton and Boer.

First of all, let me give a rapid survey of the incidents leading up to the period at which our soldiers left for the front, and communications were beginning to be received from them as to their personal experiences there.

The Boers began the war with this country by the invasion of Natal, 12th October, 1899, on the expiry of their ultimatum on 11th October, 1899; and from the date when the Expeditionary Forces were sent out from our shores for the Cape, the inhabitants

of Neilston, in common with every other place, manifested the liveliest interest in their various movements. On it becoming known that fighting had fairly begun, that Jack Orr of our town had been shot down in action at the battle of Elandslaagte, 21st October of the same year, an action in which the enemy had been beaten, our interest become more intensified. Mr. John Orr, being in the Transvaal when the rupture between that country and Britain took place, he at once joined the British forces as a volunteer. Before going to South Africa, Jack Orr, the name by which he had been best known, was an officer in Neilston Company of Volunteers, while acting as assistant manager in his father's work, Alexander's Thread Works, and was therefore well known and deservedly popular; so that when the information that he was seriously wounded reached home, it excited the keenest interest in the fate of the young soldier, and led to the movements of General Sir George White, to whose forces he was attached, being watched with much eagerness. This occurred in the very beginning of the campaign, when the newspaper descriptions of the battles possessed a kind of fascination for readers at home.

How much the staying powers and state of preparedness of the Transvaal had been under-rated by our country at the outset of the war, is now matter of history, and as the resources of our arms became strained while the struggle advanced, this

initial error was more and more felt. No doubt the despatch of a force such as left our shores in so short a time was in itself a marvellous display of power and resource. Such a striking force had never before sailed from our country, and when it is considered that the scene of action was situated eight thousand miles from the base of operations, the wonder becomes even greater, and it is questionable if any other nation in the world could have performed the unprecedented task. The difficulties experienced by our troops all through the early stages of the campaign, arose chiefly from the geographical disposition of certain mountain ranges in the line of their advance; especially did this apply to the commands under Generals Buller, Methuen, and Gatacre. Want of success, however, in their earlier efforts did not fail to discover many noble acts of self abnegation and gallantry, on the part of officers and men alike, which merited and in many cases received the coveted decoration of the Victoria Cross.

But these difficulties, perhaps unlooked for, and the valiant attempts made to overcome them, though not so successful as the valour merited, did not retard our military enterprise from being carried forward with vigour at home. Fresh divisions of the army were mobilised. The First Army Reserve Corps were called out. This brought home with more than ordinary significance to our small community, the gravity of the terrible war, many men

of the corps being at the time resident in our town, employed in the construction of the Lanarkshire and Ayrshire Railway. But events moved rapidly. Her Majesty Queen Victoria made calls for men from her Volunteer forces for active service at the front, and almost immediately the 4th Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Renfrewshire Militia) was ordered out for garrison duty, consequent on the depletion of the country of her regular troops. The Militia, first stationed in Dublin, did not long remain satisfied with their position there; and this fine body of men volunteered *en masse* for active service at the front. Mr. James Orr, Cowdenhall, also volunteered with the Imperial Yeomanry, a corps then being organised. By these various movements, we had now twenty-five members of our community in the field on active service, and our interest in the progress of the war became proportionately intensified, every scrap of information from the Veldt being eagerly scanned.

But let us return to the send-off given to our own brave Volunteers. The accepted members of the Active Service Corps (for there were more men volunteered than were accepted) became stationed for several weeks at Stirling Castle, undergoing training, and during the stay there each man was presented, February, 1900, with the Freedom and Liberty of that ancient burgh. At the same time, friends and Volunteer comrades of the young men resolved to invite them to an "At Home" before

their departure. The Commandant at Stirling, on being approached, kindly granted them the privilege of returning for this purpose. The meeting was held in the Glen Hall, provided by Matthew Locke, Esq., of Netherkirkton, which was filled by an enthusiastic company. A number of gentlemen occupied the platform with the present writer, who presided. Towards the close of a happy night, each Volunteer was made the recipient of several presents, including for each a purse of money. On the company dispersing, the men were carried shoulder high through the town, amidst great enthusiasm. Next morning the soldiers received a grand send off on their return to Stirling Castle, and at the close of their training there, they joined the transport at Southampton for their destination in South Africa. This was in February, 1900. In the month of June following, the writer had the happiness to receive the subjoined letter from the first batch of Volunteers. As it gives a graphic description of their long march through the country to Bloemfontein, it is given in full:—

"3rd Renfrew Active Service Corps,
"Bloemfontein,
"Sunday, 15th April, 1900.

"Dear Doctor,—We had a very enjoyable voyage from Southampton to Cape Town, although coming through the Bay of Biscay it was rather rough. We made one stop at Teneriffe and got some fruit, and

after some six hours' delay coaling we started on the voyage again, and after fifteen days' sailing we arrived on Sunday at Cape Town, but did not disembark till Monday afternoon. We were marched out to Greenpoint Camp on Monday night, about a mile from Cape Town. We lay there for four days, but were allowed to go into the town every day from four till nine-thirty P.M. Cape Town is a nice place and clean, but much scattered, and at present the bay is full of transports. We were at two concerts which the good town's people got up for the soldiers, and when we were leaving, the Scotsmen at Cape Town gave each man a case of cigars, matches, biscuits, and fruits. We left at eleven o'clock on Friday morning, and it took us two days and nights in a train to reach Naauwpoort. We lay there till the following Sunday, and then proceeded by train to Norval's Point, where the bridge across the Orange River was blown up. There we lay three days. Our 4th Battalion (Paisley Militia) was stationed on the Free State side of the river, and we saw the Neilston men all looking well. We started on our march for Bloemfontein, and the first stop was at Dookers-poort, a distance of nine miles, where we camped for the night. We left at six A.M. next morning for Bethulie Kop, but somehow lost our way, which entailed a return march of about seventeen miles; nearly half the men dropped out of the ranks. Here the Volunteers beat the Regulars in marching.

During this march we had our great coat and blanket on; after that they took our coat away as it was too much to carry. The following day we marched to Priars, about six miles, and camped there for the night, and next morning started again at six o'clock for Springfontein and camped there. Next morning we started for Jagersfontein Road at 5.30 A.M., where we camped four days. The first night we were there, the colour-sergeant came round about 12.30 A.M., and told us to get our rifles and our belts and lie down with them, as the enemy was about. Next night we were on outpost duty, two miles from camp, and the two following nights we were lying in the trenches, it being reported that the Boers were coming. But as they never appeared, we got orders to strike camp and proceed up country to Edenburg, where we camped. We next started for Bethany, where we were joined by artillery and cavalry, making us about 5,000 strong. The following morning we set out for Kaffir Road and camped there. Here we were put on half rations, rendered necessary by the rapid concentration of troops. Next morning we started for Krails Spruit, our last stop before arriving at Bloemfontein. The last night of our bivouac it rained hard. We were up nearly all night, clothes wet, and glad when morning came, as it is very cold at night. Next day we arrived at Bloemfontein at 11 A.M., and when about a mile and a half from the town were met by the brass and pipe bands to welcome us

into camp. We have thus marched through the Free State to Bloemfontein, one hundred and twenty miles, and joined the regiment now. We expect the next march will be to Pretoria. The Boers are reported to be about twenty-two miles from here, and we may march at anytime. We get about one hour's notice to get ready. On Saturday 14th, we were inspected by General Hector Macdonald and reported as fit and well. Bloemfontein is a beautiful place, lies in a hollow, and is surrounded by kopjes. There are about fifty thousand troops of all arms here just now. We will conclude. Excuse pencil as there is no ink.

"We are, yours obediently,

"Sergeant Mutrie.
Private J. M. C. Campbell.
,, J. Cassidy."

Regarding the 4th Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who had volunteered from Dublin, we have in this letter the first intimation of them since reaching the country, and we learn that they are stationed on the Free State side of the Orange River, and apparently well. They were, however, destined to see a good deal of rough service later on, and we find one of their officers, Captain (afterwards Colonel) Mure twice mentioned in despatches for distinguished service during the campaign. Major General Knox, C.B., command-

ing at Kroonstad, writes:—"I should like to bring under notice the excellent work done by the 4th Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders mounted infantry under Captain Mure. The mounted infantry of the regiment leave nothing to be desired as reliable troops in action, and when employed on reconnoitering duties are particularly bold scouts."

Since these stirring events, this distinguished soldier has passed away, dying at Hall of Caldwell, 14th June, 1912, in the forty-fourth year of his age, from the effects of an injury, due to an accident sustained on the Home Farm—beloved by all who knew him intimately, greatly respected by a wide circle of friends. He was kindly of disposition in all his dealings, and actuated by the most generous impulses as a landlord towards his tenants. On returning from South Africa at the end of the war, Colonel Mure devoted his attention to stock rearing and improving, and was stricken down at a time when his skill and knowledge in agricultural matters and cattle improving especially had already begun to be recognised. Since his decease, through the combined influenec of the six societies in Neilston and Uplawmoor districts, viz., the Agricultural Society, inaugurating the movement, the Horticultural Society, the Red Cross Society, the Curlers' Club, the Nursing Association, Women Unionists Association, and numerous friends, this feeling has found expression in the establishment in the Agri-

cultural College, Glasgow, of a number of small foundations to be known as the William Mure Bursaries, with the object of encouraging students in the prosecution of this subject—developing stock rearing on the lines so successfully followed under his guidance on the Home Farm, Caldwell, with also a hall to be known as the "William Mure Hall" at Uplawmoor.

As already indicated, before the first call was made for Queen's Volunteers, the First Reserve Corps had been at the front for a time, and several of them had passed through some rather rough service. Private Conolly, for example, a native of our town, had been with the Highland Brigade from his arrival in the country, and attached mostly to General Lord Methuen's Division. He had taken part in the engagement at Modder River, 28th November, 1899, where the Boers numbered 11,000 and the battle lasted a whole day. On 11th December of the same year he was again engaged in the desperate struggle at Magersfontein, in which General Wauchope was killed, and the British casualties amounted to 1,000 men. He also took part in the capture of Cronje at Paardeberg, 27th February, 1900, and was engaged in the assualt at Tugela River. The following is his descriptive letter of the battle of Magersfontein. The verses may be somewhat rough, but they present a stirring and, one can believe, a fairly accurate description of the terrible affair:—

THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

"Tell you a tale of the battle? Well, there aint
so much to tell:
Nine hundred were lead to the slaughter, and
nearly four hundred fell;
Wire and the Mauser rifle, thirst and a burning
sun,
Brought us down by the hundred ere that black
day was done.
You don't read all in the papers, you folks that
read them at home,
You don't get the truth of the battle, so please
leave our actions alone;
Tell you how the thing happened? Tell you the
way it was done?
Well, listen, I'll tell you the story of how a hard
fight wasn't won.

"Cold was the night, wet and stormy, chilled were
the men to the bone,
Bivouacked there in the open, thinking maybe of
their home;
Midnight they came round to wake us, forming us
up in the dark,
Officers whispered their orders, never a light nor
a spark.
Onward we went till the dawning showed in the
east grey and clear,
Whilst in the front of us looming the kopjes, bold,
sky-lined, showed near;

Away on the left of the kopjes we noticed a light
burning bright,
And just as the column had halted it suddenly
vanished from sight.

"Then ere we knew what had happened, two shots
on our left ringing out
To the Boers in their trenches gave warning, and
rifle balls answered our shout;
Some one yelled, 'Charge!' and we started, rose
and rushed out on the fire,
Meaning to give them the bayonet, but checked
and stopped by barb wire;
Bullets or shells ne'er appalled us, trenches nor
boulder strewn hill,
But just a few strands of wire fencing brought us
nonplussed standing still.

"'Over the wire, men, or through it—drive the
charge home to the hilt!'
Vain were the struggles and climbing, deep stuck
the barbs in the kilt.
Strong grew the light of the morning, hotter the
lead on us rained,
Still we remained there before them, holding the
ground we had gained.
'Down on your face and seek cover,' nothing
could live in that fire;
'Off to the right, men, and flank them'—'For-
ward!' 'Lie down, men.' 'Retire.'

"Then we looked back and we cursed them; took
home the truth with a groan;
Rest of brigade were retiring now, we must stick
out alone.
'Form a line here, men, we'll hold them,' Mac-
farlane spoke standing erect,
And volley on volley we gave them till their fierce
fire we had checked;
Then around the Adjutant we rallied—remnants
of different corps,
Some of the Black Watch and Argylls, and also
the brave Seaforths.

"All the day long in position, watching the lyddite
shells burst,
Lying with dead men and dying, lips swollen blue
black with thirst.
Not thirty yards from the trenches brave General
Wauchope lay dead,
The Colonel, and Bruce and Edmunds, their lives
by the Boer bullets sped.
Then with the dusk came retirement, weary and
thirsty and sore,
Gathered together in regiments all that was left
by the Boers.

"Such was the day for our brigade—dread the
revenge we will take;
Dearly we paid for the blunder—someone had
made a mistake.

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Such is the tale of the battle, easy for tongue to
tell—
Nine hundred men in a death trap, and nearly
four hundred fell."

Our last communication from the Volunteers left them safely arrived and in excellent spirits at Bloemfontein, and still together. The next communication, the subjoined letter, from Private James Cassidy, after the capture of Pretoria, the Boers' capital, by the forces under the command of Field-Marshall Earl Roberts, shows our Neilston Volunteers have got split up:—

"3rd Renfrew Active Service Corps.

"DAVID PRIDE, M.D.

"DEAR DOCTOR,—There were only 105 Highlanders at the taking of Pretoria, the capital of the Boer Republic, and at Johannesburg, the principal town of South Africa, and you will be pleased to learn that I had the honour of being one of that number. J. Campbell of our town was also there, but the remainder are still with the regiment on the Free State side of the Vaal River. It may interest you to know how it is that we got separated from the regiment, and our movements since coming to this country, and I will try briefly to give you a sketch of our march.

"We were taken by train to Norval's Point, where we wrought for a week, helping to repair the

bridge over the Orange River. From there we marched to Bloemfontein to join our regiment, and were well received by the Regulars. From Bloemfontein we marched twenty-four miles in one day to the Waterworks, where the Boers had been trying to cut off the water supply of the town. Whilst there, we had a reconnaissance up country towards Thabancha. When the whole Highland Brigade (Black Watch, Seaforths, Highland Light Infantry, and the Argylls) had concentrated here, we marched to Winburg. This was a very trying march, being on half rations all the time, and we also had our task of fighting then, but being escort to the heavy 4.7 guns we were pretty well in the rear.

"After one day at Winburg, I was sent, along with forty-nine other Volunteers, as an escort to a convoy of commandeered ammunition and mails, etc., to the General's camp at Smaldeel. Here we were attached to the Guards' Brigade, and marched with them to the Zand River where the Boers offered some resistance to our advance, and then on to Kroonstad, the capital of the Orange Free State. Here Sergeant Mutrie, who was with us, was sent down country with some Boer prisoners, and I have not seen him since.

"After lying some time here, our lot, which was now reduced to twenty-five men, was sent, along with eighty of the Black Watch, who were also on convoy duty, to escort a convoy of provisions to Heilbron. When half-way on this march, a mounted

messenger brought word to us to stop proceeding to Heilbron, and go due west and join the railway, which we did at Sirfontein. We then followed up behind the Guards, and, although they had a day's start and a shorter distance to go, we met up with them at the Vaal River, which we crossed at Verening. We then marched to Johannesburg, where no opposition was offered, and then on to Pretoria.

"On the morning of the battle, we roused at four o'clock. It was bitterly cold. We had some coffee and a biscuit, and marched off at half-past five. We walked on till eleven, and got into action amongst the first. Before the 4.7 Naval guns, which it was our duty to protect, could be got into action, the commander and one of the bluejackets were wounded by shell fire, which was bursting pretty freely over us. On all sides of us, our artillery were shelling away at the forts and entrenchments, and the rattle of the heavy guns, 12 pounders, and pom poms was simply deafening. The Boers do not love the 4.7 guns, and they came in for a good deal of attention from their snipers and artillery, but we had some good cover behind some rocks, where we blazed away ammunition for hours, and although there were many narrow escapes, luckily none of us were injured in any way. The cannonading continued till sunset, and it must have made Johnny Boer feel very small to see his splendid forts and entrenchments, which were to

have defied the British Army for six months, being knocked to smithereens before his eyes, and to feel that the Boer Republic would soon be a thing of the past. It was beautiful to watch the practice of the Naval gunners; with bullets flying round them, their rapidity and accuracy of fire was simply marvellous, and every man seemed cooler than his neighbour.

"In the afternoon the infantry advanced on our right and left and cleared out the Boers, and the fighting was kept up until darkness came down. We had to go back two miles before we could get water for a cup of tea, and then had to take our turn of sentry-go during the night. In the morning it was discovered that the Boers had retired eastwards, and we marched through the town, past our great General, Lord Roberts, and got a great reception from the loyal Dutch and Britisher. The little band of Highlanders came in for a great amount of extra cheering, which made us forget the hardships of the march.

"The Boers who had given up their arms and prisoners which we took were all gathered at the square with a guard over them. They are a mixed looking lot, and they have no fixed fighting dress. Some were fine looking men of great stature, but the bulk of them were a low looking type, and looked upon us in a very sullen and unfriendly manner, but that can hardly be wondered at. Some of them asked us if we were all that was left of the

Highland Brigade. Our dress seemed to startle the blacks very much, but all knew us for Scots. The Dutch women put their hands before their faces as we passed. I suppose they thought that we were indecently dressed, but I think the younger ones were keeking through their fingers.

"Pretoria is not much of a place. It is not much bigger than Barrhead, and is very scattered and primitive in its appearance. Tiny shanties and fine mansions are found side by side, the streets are not paved, and are thick with rich sand of a deep terra-cotta colour; and one could hardly imagine it to be the capital of a country that could go to war with Britain, and even hold her in check for some time. Johannesburg, on the other hand, is quite up-to-date; and some idea of its size may be gained by the fact that it took us five and a half hours to march through a small part of the rand and some of the principal streets.

"We camped on the east side of the town; and the following day, the Boers, just to show, I suppose, that though beaten they were not subdued, began shelling our camp from a distance of 7,000 yards with a 6-inch gun which throws a 96-lb. shell. Our camping ground being sandy, the shells sunk deep down before bursting, and luckily no one was injured. But the sensation that 96 lbs. of metal and explosives are coming in your direction, making a horrible noise all the time, is not a pleasant one. We quickly hauled a Naval gun into position with

ropes, and it soon silenced the Boer gun. An enterprising Scotsman was present at the time, and took a kinematograph photo. of us as we were hauling up the gun. We had been lying eight or nine miles to the east of the town for three days, protecting the left flank in the great battle which took place on our right, and they say that the guns did good work here also.

"Sickness is to be dreaded almost as much as Johnny Boer in this country. The sudden change in temperature—from the warm sun during the day to the hoar frost or freezing winds at night—combined with short rations and hard marching, have killed more men in this war than will ever be known. I am thankful that I have retained my health, as also my companion, J. Campbell. We have marched over 600 miles now, as you can trace on the map, and our feet are as hard as iron; the only thing that bothers us is the scarcity of food and tobacco. When one is in good health here he could eat his whole day's rations for his breakfast, the appetite is so keen; so you can understand what it is when on the march with half rations. Full rations consists of 1 lb. (5 usually) of whole meal biscuits—almost as hard as ship biscuit—1 lb. of corned beef and 1 pint of coffee. On many occasions two biscuits and no beef has been our share; but there is no complaining, and that is the secret of the British success. They push on when others would not have ventured. We carry two blankets,

150 rounds of ammunition, rifle and bayonet and straps and haversack—total weight, 50 lb.; and our usual day's march was from 14 to 20 miles. We have never seen a tent for two months. The veldt is our bed, and a hard day's march makes it feel as good as feathers. We will get any amount of good feeding now—I will come home as stout and strong as ever. Our officer says we will get the star for the march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, and also the bar for Pretoria. Whilst on ground behind the guns the other day, Lord Roberts came over with his whole staff and said to us, 'Argylls, you will be glad to hear that Buller has taken Laings Neck, and the Boers are cleared out of this part of the country. In fact,' says he, 'I think you have frightened them all away.' I take it that he meant this as a compliment to us as Volunteers, and it was very kind indeed of him to pay us this attention.

"I would feel obliged if you would let any of my friends know how I am getting on, and, trusting that you are enjoying the best of health,

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"James Cassidy.

"Three cheers for the Queen; good old Volunteers—Hip, hip, hurrah."

On the day on which Pretoria was occupied by the British forces, Provost Heys sent a congratulatory telegram to Lord Roberts. The Provost received

the following reply. The reply itself is a printed one, but it is signed by "Bobs'" own hand:—

"Headquarters of the
"Army in South Africa,
"PRETORIA, July 10, 1900.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received the telegram of congratulation you sent me, and on my own behalf, as well as on behalf of the splendid forces I have the honour to command, I tender you my grateful thanks for your kindness. I regret that, owing to my time being so fully occupied, I am compelled to adopt this form of acknowledgment.

"Believe me, to be yours faithfully,

"ROBERTS, F.M.

"Z. J. HEYS, Esq., Provost, Barrhead."

The close of the interesting letter from Private Cassidy shows our Volunteers in the best of spirits and exuberant loyalty. His comrade, Private Campbell, though present at the action, appeared not to have been with him at the time of writing; and we learn no more of him until December, when his parents—and the people of Neilston for that matter, for we were all as one in the deep interest we took in our citizen soldiers—received the very painful intelligence that Private Campbell had been treacherously shot near Rustenburg on 1st October. A special telegram, 3rd December (delayed), states

that an execrable murder had been committed by the Boers, the victims being two unarmed Highlanders, our townsman one, the other a young Volunteer from Greenock. They had been sent on foraging duty, and whilst engaged in cutting wood in a plantation, unarmed, got surrounded by a small party of Boers. They were at once ordered "hands up," and having surrendered their axes, were immediately and deliberately shot. This came as sad news, for of all who had gone to the front from Neilston, she had reason to be proud of her Volunteers. At the very first appeal they had responded with alacrity to the call of the Queen, and, as already stated, in greater numbers than were required; and though this brave son of the muster will be wrapped in the garb of ancient Scotland beneath a southern sky on the skirts of the far off mountain of Rustenburg, his memory will be warmly cherished at home.

Another of our young men, William Mitchell Anderson, who had joined the South African Mounted Constabulary, in an interesting letter, gives an account of his personal experience in the action at Rooivaal:—

"As you are aware, we have been on column since the end of February, under Colonel Greenfell (Colonel Kekewich in command). We have been always knocking around picking up stray Boers, cattle, etc., etc., and on 10th April, we passed the place where Major Crookston had his scrape with

the Boers the week before. There were any amount of dead horses, mules, etc., and some graves, but we never dreamt that our turn was so near. As it turned out, Von Dunop camped that night about three miles ahead of us, while Rawlinson's column was on our left flank.

"Next morning we pushed out about six o'clock, and had just come up past Dunop's column between eight and nine o'clock when we heard the bang of rifles. The Boers had hid themselves in a large mealie patch, and allowed our advance screen to go past them. Then they attacked the main body and convoy. We (the South African Constabulary) were on the right flank; Scottish Horse with main body and mounted infantry on the left flank. We were acting as escort to a big gun. The Boers, leaving the mealie field, made a desperate rush to try to capture this gun. We were ordered to form front troops and extend, which we did at once, lying down on our stomach. We put a proper rifle fire into the enemy, and kept it up for an hour, during which the place looked like a wee hell at times. Two 15 pounders and pom poms opened out, and pelted into them.

"I was hit about half an hour after the fight commenced, the bullet passing through the flesh of my shoulder. I manged, however, to fire six or seven rounds after it, but my arm becoming powerless I handed my rifle to my mate, who could not get the bolt of his to work. I was hit again by a

slanting shot on the breast bone, and a third bullet went through the rim of my hat. You may know how close we were to the Boers as two lay quite near me when I was getting my wounds dressed, one at my back and the other in front of me, whilst Commander Potgieter lay dead only a few yards from me. Between killed and wounded, there were forty-three Boers all in a heap in one place. As I lay, I watched the Boers turn and fly with our men after them, the chase being kept up for twenty miles, twenty-one prisoners being brought back; but you will have got full accounts of the affair in the newspapers, with also a list of the casualties.

"After getting my wounds dressed, and whilst waiting for the ambulance to come up, Colonel Kekewich came along and asked me where I was hit. When I told him, he ordered me to lie perfectly still, and directed his orderly to put a coat under my head. He then said—'I am sorry for you, old chap, being smashed so, for you have all done remarkably well,' and with a joke and laugh about Johnny Boer, he rode off. But he came again at night to see us and also next morning. You could not wish to serve under a better leader. It was very rough work for all of us the next week, as we had to travel six days in the ambulance before reaching Klerksdorp. This will give you some idea of how far we were out on the veldt. After a three days' stay in Klerksdorp hospital, we were sent off to our own respective hospitals. I am thankful to say my

wounds are nearly healed up, and I expect soon to be going about again. Cameron [this applies to another Neilston Volunteer] all right, without a scratch.

"Yours, etc.,

"WM. M. ANDERSON."

Meanwhile the war was dragging on in a manner equally exhausting and unsatisfactory to both combatants. All hope of achieving success on the lines foreshadowed by the Boers at the outset of the campaign must have been abandoned by even the most sanguine long before this period. Yet the opposition was carried on in the most optimistic spirit, and the guerilla commanders continued to baffle the block-house scheme devised by General Kitchener to limit and confine their operations or suppress their energy. Drive after drive was carried out in different districts of the country by various generals against different commanders, Botha, Delary, De Wet, and others, but it almost seemed as if the terrible struggle might be protracted indefinitely, while the suffering endured by both sides still went on.

Meantime, two more of our gallant Volunteers had been killed, one Private Clannachan in a railway wreck at Kaalspruit, the other Private Williams at Klerksdorp through some misunderstanding of signals.

SOUTH AFRICAN VOLUNTEERS' MEMORIAL.

An appeal had been made by Dr. Pride when Private Campbell was shot, in a notice of that event to the local newspaper, that some memorial of a permanent character should be erected at the close of the war as a tribute to the memory of the men who had fallen in South Africa; and now a beautiful Celtic cross of light grey granite has been erected with this object, in front of the Church, bearing the following inscription:—

In
Loving Memory
of

JOHN M'CORKINDALE CAMPBELL,
Born 23rd June, 1878,
Died near Rustenburg, 1st Oct., 1900;

JOHN CLANNACHAN,
Born 24th Aug., 1883,
Died at Kaal Spruit, 14th March, 1902;

GEORGE WILLIAMS,
Born 2nd July, 1883,
Died at Klerksdorp, 3rd March, 1902;

These three Volunteers from the Parish
who fell in the South African Campaign,
1900—1902.

Erected by
The Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and
Men and Friends.

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A HOLIDAY IN LONDON.

The late Earl of Derby, when Prime Minister, is credited with having said that the man who cannot see his way to afford a holiday must make up his mind to have an illness. Having no desire to be impaled upon the latter horn of this dilemma, we went with the holiday seekers, London being our objective.

The night ride to the metropolis presents few attractions. But there is novelty to the unaccustomed traveller, and some excitement, in being rushed along at the speed with which the Scotch Express travels. The night was everything that could be desired in the month of August, the stars sparkling in the sky overhead and the moon shining with a lustre peculiarly its own, whilst conspicuous in the south-west were the planets Mars and Jupiter, which continued our *compagnons de voyage* throughout the journey. Truly could I say with the poet—

"O sweet and beautiful is night when the silver moon
is high,
And countless stars like clustering gems hang sparkling in the sky."

During the semi-darkness the surrounding country presented few attractions. But with the approach of dawn, "Merry England," with its broad acres of wheat and corn fields, assumed a brighter aspect, and ere the hour for the morning meal had arrived, we were rattling through the northern suburbs of London, and had reached St. Pancras Station, the great terminus of the Midland Railway.

Amid the plethora of interesting objects to be found in the City of London, every variety of taste can find scope for its gratification; and the two or three subjects dealt with in this article will, I hope, serve to whet the appetite of the reader with a desire to see the many objects for himself.

Trafalgar Square.

One can scarcely pass through this fine square without admiring its many amenities and grand proportions. In its centre, and much the most conspicuous object, is Nelson's Monument, a very tall fluted column, with a statue of that hero on the top. This column rests on a square base, with indented panels round the podium, which are filled in with sculptures from scenes in the life of the great sailor. The four corners of the base are carried out into elongated platforms, and on each of these is placed one of the four noble lions of Landseer. These sculptures alone are well deserving of a visit. Their size, full proportions, and noble bearing cannot fail to give satisfaction to even the most fastidious.

There is also a number of esquestrian and other statues in the square; and immediately behind are two large fountain basins, with the fountains in full play, the water by which they are supplied being drawn from Artesian wells over four hundred feet deep, from what is known geologically as the great London basin. These wells are made by borings being carried down through the overlying London clays into the gravel and sandy beds beneath, in which the water is retained by the clay, and where there is sufficient depth, as in the London basin the confined waters rise by pressure up the borehole and overflows the surface as at these fountains. The name Artesian is given to wells so supplied by water from the fact that they were first used in the Province of Artois in France. There is a well of this description at Granoble, a suburb of Paris, 1,798 feet deep.

The part of the square on which these objects stand has apparently been excavated out of the sloping side of the rising ground around it, which has led to the street on the northern side being raised several feet above the fountains, so as to overlook them, and on this elevation the National Gallery is placed.

The National Gallery of Paintings.

This great gallery, situated on the north side of the above street, looks down into the square—a glorious site for such an institution. But to our

thinking the building does not rise to the noble and imposing proportions such a structure and site might seem to demand. This is the nation's chief collection of paintings, and contains altogether, we are informed, over a thousand and four hundred, which are being continually added to. The collection contains pictures by some of the greatest masters of the art, ancient and modern—the British school alone being represented by, amongst others, such names as Turner, Wilkie, Landseer, Leslie, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, West, Lawrence, Eastlake, etc. The question of having such a national establishment was long in contemplation, and it was only on the pictures belonging to J. J. Augerstein coming into the market that the project rapidly developed, the collection which bears the owner's name being purchased by the nation at a cost of £57,000, to form a nucleus of the future gallery. Since then it has been continuously added to by bequests and purchases. For example, in 1856, Turner bequeathed his splendid and invaluable collection of oil and water colour paintings, containing no fewer than one hundred and five by his own hand. His example has been followed by many others. Mr. R. Vernon presented one hundred and forty portraits by various artists, which are known as the Vernon collection. While, to enable the Commissioners to add to the collection, such pictures of merit and value as occasion may present at sales or otherwise, and so secure the proper up-

keep of the gallery, the sum of £10,000 is voted by Parliament annually. It is, of course, quite impossible to give any idea of the aggregate value of the art treasures contained in these galleries, but many of the pictures are singly of great merit and value. To mention a few only:—"The Holy Family," by Murillo, cost £3,000; "The Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastian, cost 3,500 guineas; "Ecce Homo," with "Mercury" and "Cupid," by Corregio, cost £10,000; "St. Catherine," by Raphael, cost £5,000; whilst "The Family of Darius," by Paul Veronese, cost £14,000. As works of art, giving embodiment to the highest conceptions, by the most original geniuses the artistic world has ever beheld, there can be no question as to the position these pictures occupy, when considered from the standpoint of pure technique, colour, expression, and manipulation. But when composition — the objects introduced and the methods of their relative bearing—is considered, not a few of them seem to be somewhat incongruous. For example—"Apostolic Fishers on Galilee," by Raphael—copies of cartoons. Here several men are represented standing in a boat that is smaller than any one of its occupants. Again, when religious subjects are dealt with, and such personages are grouped into the picture as the Saviour, His mother, the Pope, saints and cardinals, there seems evinced what might be considered a fulsome desire on the part of the artist to flatter the powers then reigning,

either by position or association, or perhaps both, the Popes and saints, male or female, not always giving place to the God-man.

The British Museum.

This is another of our great national establishments. The collection of antiquities gathered here is enormous, and represents, so far as known, every phase of civilization that has ever been upon the face of this earth—Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Chinese, Indian, Grecian, Roman, are all represented here, either in their social and domestic works or their works of art, or in the actual remains of their kings and gods resurrected from tombs or catacombs by the labours of the explorer; and also the weapons and tools in stone, bronze, and iron, of the peoples whose occupation of the world long antedates the growth of these great nations—when as yet the rude and primitive inhabitants were only groping their way towards light and civilization. A large collection of beautiful seals is shown, quite wonderful as specimens of engravings on hard stones and gems belonging to the earliest ages; and also numerous tablets covered with hieroglyphs—that strange picture language seemingly used by all the ancient peoples—Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Ninevah—long ere alphabetical letters, as we know them, had been introduced by the Phœnicians to the Greeks, who, from this, thought them to be and called them the inventors of letters. This assump-

tion on the part of the Greeks has now, however, been proved an error by the discovery of a papyrus in an Egyptian tomb of the Dynasty XI., written in characters pronounced by competent authorities as the prototype of those copied by the Greeks from the Phœnicians. So that it is to the ingenuity of the Egyptians we owe our alphabet—the most valuable of all our inheritances (M. Prisse d'Avennes in Bibliothique Nationale, Paris). Up till 1798, these hieroglyphs were a sealed book to all modern nations; every attempt to decipher them having been baffled. But in that year, M. Boussard, a French officer engaged at Fort St. Julian, near Rosetta, at the western mouth of the Nile delta, discovered a rude black stone which, as it turned out, became more precious than any jewel. This stone has engraved on it three languages, two in Egyptian hieroglyphs—the writing of the priests and demotic writings, that of the people—and also one in Greek, being a decree of the priests of Memphis conferring divine honours on Ptolemy V. Epiphanes, King of Egypt, B.C. 195. By means of the Greek language, the other two languages were deciphered, thereby providing a key with which to unlock the secrets of all hieroglyphic inscriptions. This feat was accomplished by the two famous Egyptologists, Champollion and Thomas Young. This stone, known as the Rosetta Stone, from the place where it was found, is now in this Museum.

In one of the lower halls are some fine statuary of the Greek and Roman periods, and in another some gigantic statues of gods and Pharaohs and winged bulls from Ninevah. As one walked under the shadow of these colossal yet life-like figures, which in their day had all been objects of worship, devotion, and adoration, and which have been gathered from the tombs and shrines of temples and cities whose very places on earth have been almost forgotten, we seem mere figures; and as they stare down upon us in their sombre surroundings with fixed and stony gaze, the feeling akin to awe that creeps over one enables us in some small measure to realise why people, ignorant of better knowledge should have been impressed with such dread in their helplessness as to bow down in worship.

In another room are many human mummies from Egypt and mummy cases, some of them dating back to the earliest dynasties—one, as we learn from the inscription attached to it, being presumably the mummified remains of Men-Kau-Ra—a king of the IV. dynasty, B.C. 3633—found by Colonel Howard Vyse in 1837 beside the larger stone sarcophagus, or stone coffin, of this king. He was the builder of the Third Pyramid of Gizeh.

But the thousand and one objects of this great collection, which dates from the year 1753, when the British Museum was established by an Act of Parliament, passed for the purchase of Sir Hans Sloane's Museum as a nucleus, must be seen to be

at all appreciated, for its many-sided interests are beyond description.

The Obelisk, or Cleopatra's Needle.

This wonderful Egyptian monolith or single-stone column, now standing on the Thames Embankment, in its early days stood one of six similar columns arranged in pairs in front of the great "Temple of the Sun," in the city of Heliopolis, spoken of in Scripture as the city of On. It consists of red or rose granite, is seventy feet high, seven feet ten inch wide at the base, gradually tapering to four and a half feet at the top, weighs two hundred tons, and is over three thousand years old. Each of its four sides presents three columns of hieroglyphic inscriptions in praise of the gods and certain monarchs of the Egyptians. The scene on the pyramidion or bruncated top represents King Thothmes III., who reigned B.C. 1600, in the form of a human-handed sphynx making offering to the gods Ra and Atum, the chief dieties of the Sun City. These characters and scenes, as already shown, were an inscrutable mystery until the labours of Champollion and Young deciphered their meaning—showing them to be, not as had been supposed expressive of objects, but really alphabetical letters of the Egyptian language, in which the initial letters of the names of the animals or articles in the hieroglyph spell out the words implied.

Of the companions of this obelisk, one went to

Rome, taken there by Cæsar at a very early period, where it now stands in the colonnade in front of the great church of St. Peter's; another was removed to Constantinople; a similar column was taken to Paris, and is reared in the Place de la Concord, in front of what is now the Tuileries gardens, but where formerly stood the Palace of the Tuileries. The companion to the French column still stands at Luxor in Egypt; while the companion of our column was taken to New York, where it was set up in 1880.

The obelisk was presented to the British Government by Mohammed Ali, Sultan of Turkey, but lay in the sands at Alexandria for many years along with that which was taken to America, until they got practically silted over. In 1878, Sir Erasmus Wilson, an eminent London physician, offered at his own expense to bring it to England. The project having been approved of, its removal was entrusted to Mr. Dixon, C.E., whose skill and ingenuity proved, fortunately, quite equal, in the apparatus provided, to the great strain which they were to be exposed to, as matters turned out. A pontoon or cylinder barge was constructed so that it could be taken over in pieces to where the column lay in the sand. Here it was put together, built round the monolith in short, and made air tight, so as to float. A canal was now cut to where the column lay, and it was floated out into the waters of the Mediterranean. The pontoon, with the

obelisk safely enclosed, and with one man only on its deck to steer it, was now taken in tow by a steamer and its voyage to Britain began. In the Bay of Biscay, however, it experienced such terrible storms that, in order to save the steamer, they were obliged to cut the pontoon adrift, the solitary seaman having been previously lost. For a time it was doubtful whether the barge had gone down as it was not seen, and no word was heard of it. At length a Spanish ship, homeward bound, picked up the strange looking derelict, and, taking it in tow, brought it to a port in Spain. On this becoming known, it was immediately claimed by Sir Erasmus Wilson, and then arose the difficult question of salvage. This was, however, settled ultimately by payment to the finders of the sum for which, previous to its removal, it had been insured in London. Once more the voyage to Britain was resumed, and on this occasion, after a prosperous passage, the pontoon with the great monument was, amidst rejoicings, gun firing, and a great display of bunting, safely moored in the Thames, on the north bank of which it now stands, presumably at the termination of its strange career.

But who can tell what it may yet witness? Think of what of the world's story it has already seen. It saw the mighty power of the Pharaohs of Egypt overshadow the world fifteen hundred years before Christ was born, and its mighty rival, ancient Babylon. It saw the nations of Israel rise and

flourish, and it saw them ended. It saw Greece rise and spread its intellectual refinement over the nations for two thousand years. In its advanced age, it saw Rome built, saw it over-run the world by the greatness of its military power, and saw it perish and pass away. It has seen all the modern nations of the old world grow up. It has witnessed the discoveries of new worlds and new races of men—America, Australia, New Zealand—and now in its old age it rears its wrinkled and weather-beaten brow on the banks of the river of modern "Babylon." May it also outlive our decay? May Macaulay's prophetic Zulu, when he sits on the broken piers of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, include in that sketch the obelisk of Heliopolis? Ay! there's the rub. How passing strange, after all these centuries of years, that the mummied remains of the mighty Egyptian monarch, Thothmes III., and this remarkable column, coming from the centre of the greatest kingdom the world then knew, should again meet in the heart of the greatest kingdom the world knows now!

AN
ANECDOTE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In course of a conversation some years ago with Mr. Buchanan, a gentleman at one time connected with the Western Bank of Scotland (this Bank suspended payment in 1858), on the ever fertile subject of Sir Walter Scott's writings, he informed me he had met Sir Walter, and that he had quite a vivid recollection of his appearance and manner. Mr. Buchanan, at the time of meeting the "Great Unknown," was a young lawyer just finished with his studies, and before he could enter upon any professional duties or practice, it was necessary to being admitted that he should take oath under the ægis of the Court of Session. With this object in view, he had gone to Edinburgh to attend the Court. But it happened that that august body was not in Session when the young lawyer presented himself, and that the only person present connected with the Court was Sir Walter, then Clerk of Session.

What could have prompted Sir Walter's remark at the conclusion of the oath taking, Mr. Buchanan

could never quite understand. He thought it possible he might have approached the solemn duty with more than usual anxiety and trepidation which, Sir Walter observing, had made the observation with a view to putting him more at his ease. But be that as it may, the oath was duly administered by the Clerk of Court, and part of it required that he should "Abjure the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender," a somewhat formidable combination; but he got through it.

It was the custom of Court at the conclusion of this ceremony to welcome the entrant into the profession by shaking him by the hand. Accordingly, Sir Walter came forward and, with a smile, cordially welcomed him with a good shake of the hand, at the same time remarking, in reference to the triad he had just denounced, "I have no doubt that you do, sir."

Mr. Buchanan spoke of Sir Walter as having, throughout the proceedings, which occupied only a very short time, acted with generous kindness and sympathy towards him in his novitiate.

JOHN CARSWELL AND PAISLEY RACES.

The motives actuating the individual members of any large assembly will, I dare say, vary nearly as much as do the individuals assembled. The promptings, for example, that gather together the enormous concourse of people that assembles on a race course would show the greatest diversity if we could only know them. One great if not the dominant object of a considerable number would of course be enjoying the excitement incident to the striving of the several horses and their various riders in the race. But how many other motives find scope in such a heterogeneous crowd—the speculation of the better and bookie, the adventures of the pick-pocket and common thief, the deception of the swindler and thimble rigger, the delusion of the auction man and his dupes, etc. But I am persuaded that, however large may be the crowd assembled at race or football or any other large gathering, there would be very few influenced by the prompting which led Johnny Carswell, the grave-digger, to attend Paisley races at the period referred to.

Aware that John was not a betting man, or in any way given to adventures of chance, I was rather surprised at meeting him on St. James' Race day, "bound for Paisley to the races," as he informed me.

I remarked that "I wasn't aware that he was a sporting man."

"Oh no! nor am I," he answered. "But do you know—well, I needn't ask that for I'm sure you don't know, and would never guess my reasons for going to St. James' Day Races."

"If the reason is so very undiscoverable as all that," I remarked, "perhaps you will take me into your confidence by enlightening me on the subject."

"Well, you see, it's like this:—In the course of my duty through the long years I have acted as grave-digger, I have in my life-time laid to rest in their narrow bed so many thousands of individuals (and he stated the number of thousands), and having a strong desire to see what such a gathering would be like, it occurred to me I might possibly get some idea of it at Paisley Races."

At the period referred to, football did not exist as at the present day, or John might have had a better opportunity of gratifying his curious desire by witnessing the enormous gatherings that assemble at these meetings when special matches are being played. So he was doing the next best.

AN INCIDENT BY THE WAY.

It is sometimes amusing to observe the strange confusion of ideas and language that occur when persons in a state of excitement or alarm are endeavouring to express themselves hurriedly in a language they had only imperfectly picked up after having passed the middle period of life and are not familiar with. Especially is this the case with elderly persons coming from the Highlands, for example, who have spoken nothing but the Gaelic tongue from their youth till middle age. I remember such an incident occurring long years ago now. I was very hurriedly sent for on a Saturday night to see an elderly woman who was said to have broken her leg by a fall down a stair in a three-story land. I hastened down to see the poor woman, and sure enough, there she was lying at the foot of a turnpike stair, muttering to herself and bemoaning her unfortunate condition. I knew her immediately—she belonged to the West Highlands, and wrought in one of our bleachfields. She was unmarried, and not a teetotaler, but a decent elderly woman not-

withstanding. An examination disclosed an intra-capsular fracture of her leg.

On my questioning her as to how the fall had occurred, she replied, in the midst of her broken sobbings and moanings, "Oh! I was up visiting my freen at the top of the land (another aged Highland woman, who, with a candle, had been showing her out), and M'Tavish blowed out the stair and I could not see the light and tumbled down the close." Some wag present in the crowd that had gathered round interjected "and tumbled down the candle."

Another of the Same.

On another occasion I was similarly summoned in great haste to visit a poor woman of Irish extraction, who had fractured her arm by falling down a wooden attic stair inside of a three-story building. It was at night, and she had evidently been having a small refreshment in the house she was leaving, a clever woman for all that, and a widow. On enquiring how the accident had befallen her, she answered, "Och! dochter dear, I was leaving to go home, but when I stepped off the top of the stair, I was like the dove in the 'covenant,' I could find nowhere to put me fut, and I rouled to the bottom—Oh! bad luck to it!" The old lady had evidently got somewhat mixed in her metaphors, but all the same, she gave quite a graphic account of how she came down the stair and broke her arm.

THE EFFECTS OF A MONOPLANE ON A FARMER'S POULTRY YARD:

A Note in Natural History.

An incident in natural history sufficiently notable in the development of the flying machine to be put on record occurred at the farm of Crumyards, in the parish of Neilston, on 3rd August, 1911. On that date, two aeroplanes (Valentine's and Hamel's), on their way south from Paisley, in the course of the prize flight from Edinburgh, passed over this district. At the farm above named, a number of poultry, varying from eighty to a hundred, of different kinds, but mostly ordinary barn-yard fowl, were at the time spread in the farm-yard, adjoining fields, and stack-yard, busily engaged scraping about in their ordinary manner. The machines in their approach were flying comparatively low, and the beating of the propellers was very distinctly heard. This noise did not, however, apparently disturb the fowls as they went on with their scraping and feeding operations as if nothing was impending. Nor need this be matter for surprise. The throbbing noise made by the flyers' propellers is

very similar to that produced by the farmer's reaper, with which the fowls were quite familiar. But the moment the airmen got above the yard, and the fowls beheld the gigantic bird-like form of the machine hovering over them, they became suddenly and simultaneously thrown into a state of the greatest excitement and alarm, when, with wings extended and trailing, and giving utterance to a loud screeching noise, they rushed headlong to the nearest places of shelter and hiding, beneath hedge-rows, into sheds, under carts, anywhere they could get themselves into cover and out of sight.

The whole rush and noise was immediately followed by an absolute calm; and for a considerable time not a single fowl was to be seen or heard. After remaining in their hiding places in this state of complete quiet for from twenty to thirty minutes, during which time the airmen had got well out of both sight and sound, the fowls began slowly and very cautiously at first to emerge from the different places of concealment, and re-appear again, many of them with head set to one side, glancing upwards as if to assure themselves that the suspected enemy was really gone. Satisfied in this respect apparently, some of them gave utterance to a peculiar clucking noise, which had the effect of informing and assuring the other and more timorous of their number which had not as yet put in an appearance, that the danger was past, and the course clear, for they also, slowly to begin with, and with evident circumspection,

began to leave their several places of concealment and look about them with an air of what looked like surprise and consternation as to what it had all been about as nothing unusual was to be seen. An identical experience had taken place at the Rifle Range, Darnley, where the fowls kept by the Range Keeper were thrown into an equal state of panic and alarm by one of the monoplanes passing overhead a few days earlier.

The Owl and the Fowls.

These happenings recall a somewhat analogous episode that occurred in the writer's experience very many years ago (but not from the flight of the aeroplane, which was then unknown), which may serve in some degree to elucidate the principle of instinctive guidance which seemed to actuate the fowls in both the above instances, a thing quite apart from acquired experience or education. The fowls in this case had the liberty of moving about the stable yard, where they were also fed. But as the yard was separated from an adjoining field or paddock by only a thorn hedge, they not infrequently found their way into the field also. About two hundred yards from the hen's run was the village smithy, where one of the young blacksmiths kept an owl which he had reared from the nest. The owl had ample scope for flying about inside the roomy smithy, among the smoky joists under the roof, and it did not usually venture out-

side. But on the occasion referred to, the bird had evidently escaped, and in course of its swift and absolutely noiseless flight, had come round the end of the dwelling house and passed over the stable-yard and adjoining paddock, where the fowls were busily scraping about. There had been absolutely no warning of the owl's approach, yet the very moment it glided over them—and it could only have been momentarily visible to them till it disappeared round the gable of the dwelling—the fowls, screaming and with outstretched wings, rushed under cover wherever found, and, as in the case of the monoplanes, remained concealed and maintained complete silence for a period.

A notable feature in this experience was the fact that one of the hens was, at the appearance of the owl, scraping about with a large brood of chickens only a few days old, not one of which could ever have seen an owl or have had the least experience of the habits of such birds—nor had the hen, their guardian, for that matter of it—yet the momentary glimpse she got of the rapacious bird sufficed to inform her of the danger impending, and led her to announce it to her brood by the wild screech of warning she uttered as she dashed into cover. The chicks, too, without a moment's hesitation, followed her example, crying in alarm and fear as they did so, not however as in ordinary circumstances all following beside her, but scattered, and taking refuge in any cover that offered immediate shelter and protection. This general

commotion, as in the case of the monoplanes, was followed by perfect quietness, and the general comportment of the fowls and chicks as they began to re-appear was very similar to that of the birds scared by the airmen.

Have we not in this adventure of the fowls with the owl the key to that of the fowls with the airmen? The disparity of size would not seem to affect the argument, the apparent imminence of peril being equal in all the three instances, whilst the conclusions arrived at and acted on so instantaneously would seem almost to preclude any process of deduction or ratiocination. Yet with no previous experience for guidance, and actuated or impelled only by the intuitive impulse of instinct, the fowls seemed to grasp at once the whole position, completely and correctly in the case of the owl and its predatory habits, but mistakenly in the case of the machine, where on account of resemblance in absence of better knowledge or more highly educated instinct through experience, the fowls were unable to distinguish between the real and the apparent danger. They, so far as their knowledge went from experience, were not afraid of the noise of the approaching machine (they were familiar with that sound in the reaper), but of the overhanging bird-like, yet harmless monster, they had no means of forming a true judgment, and so acted on the guiding instinct that led them rightly to fly from the rapacious owl.

OLD CUSTOMS AND EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

Some of my earliest recollections are associated with my childhood in the neighbourhood of the ancient town of Dundee, between the years 1841 and 1847. It is needless to say the great City and County of Dundee now presents a very different aspect socially and commercially to what it did at the earlier period here referred to. Its population then was little over 65,000; its present population (1901) exceeds 161,000, carrying with it all the responsibilities that vast expansion implies.

At the earlier of these dates, the town had no outside railway connection with the south. Two lines came into the town, one from Arbroath, the other from Strathmore valley, the latter by Newtyle through the Law and was worked by rope haulage. The depressing effects of the great commercial crisis which our country experienced in common with most other countries of Europe since 1836, had not entirely passed away at the earlier of these dates. But the flax trade, the staple industry of the town, was so far re-established that the large mills that had been erected were again in operation, and doing

an ever increasing business. At this period Dundee carried on, in addition to the flax trade a large industry in linen manufacture, employing from 3,000 to 5,000 hand-loom weavers (Report Assistant Hand-loom Weavers' Commissioners, 27th March, 1839).

My experiences and recollections of Dundee will, of course, have reference only to the social and economic conditions of the town as they came under my early observation, verified since by fuller information. During my youthful residence, the trade of the town, in sympathy with the improved conditions generally, was beginning to rally from this depression, but a great amount of suffering still prevailed, due partly to the unsettled state of business and partly to lack of bread from bad harvests, when Indian corn meal, among the poorer classes of operatives especially, was a common and and in many instances the principal, if not only article of diet in the family.

The defect of railway connection with the south here specified was made up by such accommodation as the stage coaches afforded, which were then in full career, but I have no experience of them to fall back upon. What I vaguely remember is approaching the Tay from Colinsburg, 1841, not by coach, but seated under the awning or arched cover in front of a carrier's van, a quite common mode of travelling at the period, being then in the fourth year of my age. The river crossing was

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inadequate, and though there were wells in the streets, and especially a fine large built well at the head of Seagate, the water was considered of questionable character. But to compensate in some measure for this defect, there were a number of very superior springs and spouts in the suburbs, which enjoyed at least a popular reputation. And the water from these sources was brought into the town in large barrels set on the bodies of carts; and as the horse slowly perambulated the streets, the driver, walking alongside, kept shouting from time to time the name or source of the water he had for sale. A favourite water was that from "Logie Spout," and the cry of the water vendor was "The real Logie Spout," the cry being varied according to the source of the water. This practice continued for quite a number of years.

The sanitary arrangements of the town were then in what might be considered the intermediate stage of sanitation, when offal and waste were carried to the front street by an early hour in the morning, whence it was removed by municipal carts; and, if late in being put out, had to remain till next morning. About this period, too, the now very common and serviceable article, the domestic match, had either not reached the town or was a very scarce commodity. The common fire lights were the flat splits of wood done up in bundles, known as "doll's legs," one end being dipped in liquid brimstone or sulphur, and sold under the name of "spunks."

They were ignited by the use of the tinder box, with flint and steel. The introduction of the "Congreve Lucifer Match" took place about this time also. This match was invented in 1827 by John Walker, a chemist in Stockton-on-Tees, and named after Sir William Congreve, Bart., military engineer, and inventor of the "Congreve Rocket." But from whatever cause, its introduction to the North seems to have been delayed; and whatever it may have been to the general community, it was a source of great joy to us boys, as by inserting the phosphorus end of the match into the open hinge of a clasp or pocket knife, and suddenly springing the blade out again, the phosphorus ignited and gave quite a loud shot by its explosion, to the intense delight of the lucky boy who owned it.

The dear old Meadows, the common play-ground, now covered with many spacious and elegant buildings and streets, and adorned with artistic statues, was open ground, which, what time the annual "Fair" came round its yearly visit, was filled up with all manner of shows, merry-go-rounds, circuses, wild beast menageries, sweetie barrows, and stalls; and as the shades of night began to fall, and these places were illumined by torch and lamp, the place, though noisy, assumed a very gay appearance. The crowds mustered to witness the brave goings on outside the shows, for in those days the performance of "tumblers," jugglers, and acrobats on the out-

side stage in front of the show was often quite as good as the display within.

The spacious Commercial Street had no existence for long years after this period; and the way to the Meadows was either from the bottom of or through some of the closes of Murray Street or by Reform Street.

In 1844, the late Queen Victoria, in her second tour to the north of Scotland, visited Dundee. Her first visit north was in 1842. I well remember being taken as a boy to the pierhead at the harbour to witness her entrance to the Tay; and of seeing the stately ships come sailing up the river. Great enthusiasm prevailed among the large gathering of spectators as she neared the landing, and when she entered her carriage with her husband, "Albert the Good," Prince Consort, by her side, and their two eldest children, the Princess Royal, late Empress of Germany, and the Prince of Wales, late King Edward VII., the Peacemaker, and drove off under the grand triumphal arch with its brave display of bunting and banners, the very welkins rang with the loyal bursts of welcome and huzzas. I was privileged again to see them as they passed the Houf in their drive through the town. The triumphal arch referred to, which adorns the quay, was at first erected of wood, but has since then been built of stone, and bears on an entablature an account of the Royal visit.

About this time I was sent to reside with two paternal relatives, who dwelt on the skirts of the burgh, in what was then a small clachan beyond Bonnethill. A most delightful couple they were, careful, thrifty, diligent, and in charming surroundings. They had no children, so that I was a good deal made of during my stay. Here I had many opportunities of witnessing the old customs prevalent in the country generally a hundred years ago, and still lingering at the time of my visit among this primitive people. Hand-loom weaving was the principal industry for both men and women. But many women found employment besides in sewing up sacks for the mills in Dundee. This applied especially to families where there were more women than looms. Outside every door in the clachan, hooks were placed in the wall, to which one end of the seam was fixed, while the other was tightened by the hand, and here the women would sit, especially in summer time, sewing up the bottoms and sides of the sacks that had been brought to them, while at the same time a running conversation was kept up with their neighbours at adjoining doors or across the narrow street. Carts came round at intervals from the mills and left the sacks in bundles folded up and ready for sewing, and at the same time removed those the girls had ready for taking away. The invention of the sewing machine, by Elias Howe, of Massachusetts, had actually taken place before this—1843-5, but the

possibilities of its great future or its immediate utility had not been recognised, and it was not till after 1847, when the inventor had sold his rights in England for £50, that it gradually came into use, until now it is almost ubiquitous, and the above work is done at the mills by machines driven by mechanical power.

I found on closer acquaintance with the rural population of the clachan that they were practically all actuated by the same ideas of thrift and industry, which formed so conspicuous a feature in the habits of my relatives. Customs of long standing in rural districts die hard, and the good people of the clachan had not then relinquished the custom, as autumn came round, and "Martinmas dowie had wound up the year," of providing the "Mart." This frugal provision, once very common in rural Scotland, has now largely fallen into disuetude—doubtless from the present day arrangements of vans, carts, and motors swarming out to all suburban places, having rendered it no longer necessary.

In the purchase of the mart several neighbours were concerned, four, six, or eight, as the case might be, clubbing together. A good fat bullock having been bought, arrangements were made with the country butcher for having it slaughtered and divided among the several purchasers. The shares were then cured into hams, rounds, or as otherwise desired, and by this means the families concerned were provided with butcher meat during the winter.

At the same time, the thrifty goodwife "had puddins to make," which were hung on a perch along the ceiling, where they firmed up as a gusty treat, ready for subsequent use as occasion required. Under this arrangement, in the proper season, an ample supply of potatoes was also stored up, bought either from some farmer in the neighbourhood, or grown upon potato land hired from the farmer, and wrought by the people themselves. To complete the provision, a load or two of good oat-meal was similarly stored up. Then, however markets might rise or fall, or trade fluctuate and vary, these provident people were practically provided for through the greater part of the year.

Gas was introduced into Dundee in 1825, when the streets, most of the shops, and mills, and a number of dwelling houses were lighted by it. But the illuminant amongst the people of the clachan was oil, a plentiful commodity in the town on the return of the whaler's ships from the Greenland fisheries. The lamp used was the ancient cruizy, the wick for which was not the cotton lamp-wick of later times, but the white corky pith obtained from the inside of the common field rush (*juncus communis*) after peeling off the green husk or covering. Quantities of the rush were gathered when quite ripe and peeled, and afterwards hung up for use as required, like bunches of tapers of a later day.

Amongst this frugal, comfortable people, there existed another custom that I have often looked back

upon with pleasing recollections as fraught with much happiness. On a winter afternoon, the house having been put into order and the work done up, instead of sitting down to spin at home, as was the prevailing practice, my old aunt would busk herself up a little by putting on a clean piped mutch and cloak, and then, having got her spinning wheel under her arm and distaff in hand, she would set off to spend the afternoon with some friendly neighbour, when I usually had the privilege of accompanying her. These little gatherings, I could observe, were not always the mere occasions of accident, but seemed rather the result of some small previous arrangement or verbal invitation — "word o' mouth," as it was called—at casual meetings, possibly when returning from church or otherwise. On reaching the neighbour's house, as like as not some other friend was there before us, or would come in after us, until in the course of a short time a company of three or four would assemble. Meanwhile the spinning-wheels were put in order, and during the time of spinning, and under cover of its hum, a general friendly conversation went on till tea-time. Darkness having now come down upon us, the cruizy or rush-lamp was lighted and hung up, and we had tea. The rush lamp did little more than make the darkness visible, but between it and the light from the fire the purpose was served fairly well. Later on in the evening, when the day's work among the men outside, or at the loom, was over

the husbands of the women began to gather in for the purpose, as was alleged, of accompanying them home and carrying their wheels. But before the departure took place, the goodman of the house would prepare a small bowl of whisky punch with which to welcome and entertain his visitors, and a very happy and friendly meeting for an hour or two was the result. But there was no second brewing, and after each of the men had been thus refreshed, for I have no recollection of the women partaking of the punch, the company prepared for their departure, the men carrying the spinning wheels of their wives, respectively. This kind of social meeting was spoken of as a "Rocking," from the fact, I suppose, that it was mainly one of "distaffs" or "rocks."

As has already been pointed out, there was no railway connection between Dundee and the south at the early dates here referred to. But before I left, a new line had been brought into the town from Perth by Magdalen Green and Yeaman Shore. But it was not till 1878 that direct railway communication was established between Dundee and the south by the construction of the Tay Bridge. This bridge was a single line, two miles and seventy-five yards long, and was blown down in the storm, 28th December, 1879. A great part of the bridge and a passenger train passing over it were thrown into the river. It was, however, replaced by a new bridge, which was opened for traffic in 1887.

In the year of my departure, 1848, the town had just added to its criminal annals the conviction and sentence of a miscreant wife poisoner, and by the time the extreme penalty of the law was carried into execution, I had become resident in Glasgow, where, in the same year I had witnessed the Bread Riots, described in another part of this book.

THE *COMET* STEAMER AND THE JOHN ROBERTSON MEMORIAL, NEILSTON.

It is a trite saying that the emergency and the men to deal with it come together when it is ripe for solution. Many instances pointing the truth of this aphorism might be quoted, but no more appropriate illustration of the pithy saying could be found than is supplied in the career of the two great soldiers—the Emperor Napoleon I. and the Duke of Wellington.

The French Revolution of 1789, after struggling in a sweltering chaos for a number of years, had culminated in a war that set all Europe ablaze. During these years, those great men, who were to become the most famous captains of their own or any age—who had been born twenty years earlier, the former in the island of Corsica, 1769, the latter in Ireland in the same year—were, all unconscious to each other, preparing for the arduous parts they were respectively to sustain in the great upheaval. Nations were being obliterated; the whole social

fabric seemed on the eve of demolition. The hour struck, and these men became the military arbiters on whose conduct on the field of Waterloo the destinies of Europe hung. The man of destiny for the first time encountered in battle the British army, and Wellington, its commander-in-chief, personally, the only man who had made headway against his legions.

These two great minds had—each from his own standpoint—been working for years at the solution of the same problem, the mastery of the European nations and the shaping of the future civilization and liberty of man; and the little kingdom of Belgium was to become the scene of the momentous contest that was to solve the problem, and bring the marvellous career of Napoleon to a close.

But many other examples might be adduced illustrative of the dual action of mental operations, showing how two minds often widely apart may be working towards one common goal, independently of each other. Thus Priestly in England and Schule of Sweden each discovered oxygen gas in 1774; Mon. Cogniard de la Tour of France and Schwaun of Germany discovered the plant life of yeast in 1835. In like manner, Adams in England and Laverrier in France detected the planet Neptune in 1846; while more recent examples are the discovery and enunciation of the Origin of Species by Darwin and Wallace in 1859, and the discovery by Pasteur in France and Lister in Britain of the specific

microbe, 1860, which gave to humanity the world-wide blessing of antiseptic treatment of surgical disease. So towards the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, the idea of applying steam power to propelling vessels seems to have dawned almost simultaneously upon quite a number of minds, largely independently of each other, mainly in Britain but also in America. With Newcomen's old single stroke atmospheric engine such a thing was impossible, but with the complete success that attended Watt's great discovery (1765, patented 1769) of the double stroke engine by separate steam condensation, what had previously been unattainable was now within the sphere of practical engineering, and no doubt a powerful stimulus was hereby given in the direction of applying steam power, which ultimately determined the success of the undertaking.

Amongst the earliest of pioneers in this investigation was John Fitch, who, in 1787, constructed a small steamer on the river Delaware in America, which seems to have sailed for hire. In 1785, paddle-wheels were invented by Patrick Millar of Dalswinton, and patented in 1787. In 1786, James Symington exhibited in Edinburgh a small locomotive engine of his own make. In 1788, a small steamboat was constructed by these two gentlemen, with engine and paddle-wheels, which sailed on Dalswinton Loch at the rate of five miles an hour. In 1802, Symington started a steamboat on the

Forth and Clyde Canal, which did towing duty; but the company, fearing that the banks of the canal would be injured through it, ordered its discontinuance. 1807 saw Robert Fulton with a steamboat, the *Clermont,* 133 feet long, on the river Hudson, plying between Albany and New York. This gentleman had previously (1803) started a small steamboat on the river Seine, Paris, which, we are informed, attracted the notice of Napoleon I.

But these varied ventures, as matters turned out, were merely of the nature of experiments with the newly discovered power, and though some of them were more and some less successful than others, they all seem to have lapsed into early disuse. The number of experimenters, however, engaged in the investigation at this early period serves fully to disclose how ripe the times were for the discovery. In 1812, the steamboat *Comet* was established by Henry Bell of Helensburgh, on the river Clyde for regular traffic there and in the outside open seas. It is thus seen that this little steamer, in purpose and scope, differed from any of its predecessors, being made for trade; and the success that attended the event showed that for all time coming the question of practical steam navigation had been solved, that the newly discovered power had come to stay as the great means of water transit in the world. The *Comet* was smaller in its dimensions than some of those engaged in the earlier experiments. Its dimensions were:—length of deck, 43 feet 6 inches,

on water line, 43 feet—total 50 feet: breadth, 11 feet, 15 feet over the paddle-boxes; from top of keel to deck, 6 feet; measurements, 25 tons; and 4 horse power. It was built by John Wood of Port-Glasgow, and launched on 24th July, 1812. Her boiler and the necessary castings were made by David Napier, the famous Clyde engineer and ship-builder. The boiler was set in brick work, and her funnel, which was a very long one, served the double purpose of smoke stack and mast, and had a large square sail attached to it for use in favourable winds. When first launched, the little steamer had four paddle-wheels, two on each side, but as experience disclosed, they were a hindrance rather than a help, especially in turning, and two of them were removed at a later period with advantage, and without in any way retarding her speed.

The engine of this remarkable little craft was designed, constructed, and erected by John Robertson, engineer, Dempster Street, off North Frederick Street, Glasgow. We are informed that the engine was not primarily constructed for marine purposes, but for work on shore. On Henry Bell examining it, however, he became convinced of its suitability for his requirements, and the engineer appears to have experienced no difficulty in adapting it to its new purpose as a marine engine.

The incidents connected with the Jubilee Centenary Celebrations of the *Comet* recalled the fact that John Robertson here mentioned was a native

of Neilston, having been born there on 10th December, 1782. He belonged to a family of cotton-mill mechanics, long connected with the cotton-mills of Crofthead, and was spoken of by those who knew him as a "very heady man,"—a man of resource, that is, never at a loss in any mechanical difficulty. These mills were burned down many years ago, and subsequently the present thread works of Messrs. R. F. & J. Alexander & Co., now belonging to the English Sewing Co., were erected on their site. Robertson removed to Glasgow, where he began business on his own account, and would appear, as already stated, to have been in Dempster Street at the period of his transaction with Henry Bell. He was a man possessed of much general knowledge, as we learn, and as an engineer was in advance of his times. He died in Glasgow, 19th November, 1868, aged eighty-six years, and was interred in the Southern Necropolis there, and during the *Comet* celebrations in Glasgow, especially on the Clyde, in 1912, a granite slab, having as an inset a medallion head of Robertson cast in bronze, was erected as the Centenary Memorial of his labours. But the people of Neilston were not satisfied with this Clydeside mark of appreciation of their fellow townsman and parishioner, as will be seen from the fact that at this time a letter to the *Glasgow Herald* from the Rev. R. Barr, M.A., drawing attention to the Robertson Cenotaph in Neilston Churchyard, was followed by a committee being formed to con-

sider how Robertson's connection with his native town and parish might be most suitably perpetuated. The movement resulted in the erection of a handsome gray granite obelisk on a vacant piece of ground in the town, adjacent to the Glen Halls, which bears, indented in it in lead, the design of the engine, with the following inscription under it:—

"To the Memory of

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Born in Neilston, 10th December, 1782. The designer and erector of the engine of the 'Comet,' which was the first steamboat that regularly traded in Europe."

The memorial was unveiled by Mrs. Margaret Pollock Glen, of Carlibar, who had taken a deep interest in the movement, and generously provided the site free of costs, on 24th August, 1912, in presence of a large concourse of spectators, among whom were several of Robertson's relatives. A. A. Haggart Speirs, Esq., of Elderslie, occupied the chair.

As is generally known, the *Comet,* after beginning her historic career on the river Clyde—where, as Lord Kelvin at his own Jubilee, 1896, informed us, his father, Professor Thomson, walking from Greenock to Glasgow as a student, saw above the hedge a moving chimney, and on climbing an

eminence, beheld the little steamer on one of her memorable voyages—got pushed out of the waters in which she had led the way by the larger steamers that came immediately after her success had been demonstrated, which led to her services being extended to the West Highland ports, as disclosed by the following interesting advertisement from the *Glasgow Courier* of 31st August, 1819:—

"CHEAP CONVEYANCE TO FORT-WILLIAM.

"THE COMET STEAM BOAT

IS appointed to sail from GLASGOW to GREENOCK, GOUROCK, ROTHSAY, TARBERT, LOCHGILP, CRINAN, EASDALE, OBAN, PORT APPIN, and FORT-WILLIAM, on Thursday first, the 2d of September, for the above places, at Nine o'clock morning, and to continue, during the Season, every Thursday from Glasgow, and Fort-William on Monday. The hour of Sailing will be seen on the Boards at each of these places. A Table of the Fares is hereto annexed.

"FROM GLASGOW.

	Cabin.	*Steerage.*
To Greenock, - - - -	4s. 0d.	2s. 6d.
— Rothsay, - - - -	7s. 0d.	5s. 0d.
— Tarbert and Lochgilp	8s. 0d.	6s. 0d.
— Crinan, - - - -	10s. 0d.	8s. 0d.
— Easdale, - - - -	13s. 0d.	10s. 0d.
— Oban, - - - - -	16s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
— Appin, - - - - -	18s. 0d.	13s. 6d.
— Fort-William, - -	22s. 0d.	15s. 0d.

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stalled by many years the admirable service of David M'Brayne's splendid fleet of steamers on the same coast. The engine salved from the wreck became ultimately the property of Robert Napier, of the famous Lancefield Shipbuilding Yard on the Clyde, and by him was presented to the South Kensington or Victoria and Albert Museum, where it was erected by John Robertson himself, at the instance of Napier, and where it may still be seen.

From this very small but eminently successful beginning, the evolution in steamship building immediately started. The year that saw the *Comet* launched saw also the steamer *Elizabeth* appear; she was 57 feet in length, and had a speed of nine miles an hour. In 1813, the *Clyde,* 68 feet, and the *Glasgow*, 73 feet, were launched; and 1814 saw the *Inveraray Castle* added to the growing fleet. With the advent of 1819, the *Savannah* made her appearance, 130 feet long, with engine power and other proportions corresponding. This steamer became famous by making the record voyage of being the first to cross the Atlantic by steam and sail power, a feat surpassed, however, in 1831 by the *Royal William,* being the first to cross to America by steam power alone, while in 1825 Captain Johnson received £10,000 for accomplishing the first steam voyage to India, which he did on the *Enterprise.*

The marked success that has everywhere, since this earliest period, now a hundred years past, attended

steamship building shows that the lines laid down for the *Comet* were the true lines for steamer construction, having since admitted of indefinite expansion. The *Comet* was built of wood, as were all vessels, steamers, and sailing ships alike for many years after her, and although in the present day the mighty leviathans that cross the Atlantic and all warships are constructed of steel, there is no material departure from Henry Bell's methods in construction; and so with the marvellous present day advances in marine engines, they still bear testimony to the soundness of the principles of the simple yet efficient engine adapted by John Robertson for the *Comet*. By leaps and bounds, steamship building has spread to many lands since those early years. But in the rush for eminence, the mother river of all steamers, the Clyde, is second to none on the roll of fame. She has a third of the total output of the United Kingdom, and a fifth of the total production of the whole world, and the measured mile on the Firth of Clyde is the best on the British coast.

LONG MAY GLASGOW FLOURISH!

JOHN ROBERTSON MEMORIAL.

A
RETROSPECT AND A COMPARISON.

The Past.

Gazing backward from the second decade of the twentieth century, as from a coigne of vantage, along the road traversed since the earliest date mentioned in these reminiscences as that at which I begin my personal recollections, there is nothing more astonishing than the great achievements accomplished in every direction and department of life, having for their purpose the improvement of the amenities of the toiling millions and the elevation of the whole social fabric. Inventions, scientific discoveries, political enfranchisement, a copious and cheap literature, State education, and greatly improved laws, have laid the foundations broad and deep upon which it has since become possible to rear the superstructure of enhanced work conditions, spread more widely the fields of commercial enterprise, greatly increase the power of national production, and generally advance civilization.

In the earlier period here indicated, village life, from absence of means of communication, was isolated from the larger industrial centres; thus there was little social intercourse with outsiders, and each small community became a microcosm in itself. From the nature and character too of the several industries carried on in the small towns and villages—hand-loom weaving, blacksmith work, tailoring, joinering, shoemaking, with perhaps small agricultural holdings—the people were largely their own employers, having a certain amount of independence, with command of their own time and leisure at their own disposal. The younger members of the families went to work just as their elders had done before them, so soon as they were found to be of any use, regardless of education or age, and in many instances years before children are now allowed to leave school—as draw-boys to weavers and trap-boys to miners, and very frequently in the service of their parents. These customs, as old as the occupations themselves, had come down to them from their forefathers, and were clung to tenaciously by the people—innovation in rural industries being slow in operation, more especially, as was generally the case, where there were few opportunities of witnessing the advantages or otherwise of the contemplated change.

By degrees, however, as mechanical inventions were more extensively applied to industrial production, these customs became modified, until finally,

as concentration took place in large factories and workshops, they became permanently altered. At first hope held out the illusory promise that labour-saving machinery would surely lighten the burden of the toiler—so it was represented and so anticipation pointed it would be. But it soon became apparent that in this they were too sanguine; the flying spindle and whirling machine necessitated strenuous attention, and the worker must keep pace with its speed. As the factory movement developed, evils unseen at the outset arose from the new environment—factories became overcrowded and often insanitary, hours of labour were unrestricted, in many cases women working from five o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night. Deficiency of money in the country led to workers being underpaid; harvests were poor, food scarce, and often of questionable character, and as the health of the toiler began to fail, disappointment ensued and discontent followed, so that when the dread plague—Cholera—made its appearance, as from time to time it then did, it found many victims prepared for it among the shattered constitutions of the toilers.

To these evils were further added, in many places of employment, what was known as the Truck System, an arrangement by which the workers were so expoited that instances were not infrequent where, after the labours of a month—the interval at which wages were then paid—men and women alike had no wages to uplift, and were in some instances made

out to be even in debt to the generous employer. The worker under this scheme obtained a "line" or order at the office of the work for part of his wages in advance, as money was sometimes required in the long interval of monthy pays—6s., 8s., or 10s., according as he had earned. This "line" was taken to some grocer who had previously arranged with the employer to get the "lines," who gave the bearer goods to the amount certified. In some cases, however, a shilling or two might be wanted in cash from the grocer, and from this sum a commission of perhaps two pence was deducted, and each shilling was paid with ten pence, under pretence that the "line" was for goods only. In this way, the store-keeper's private plunder often amounted to a considerable sum in large works, while there was a further divide between grocer and employer at the end of each month, when the "lines" were returned to the office to have the amounts retained from the wages of the worker. Thus man's cupidity turned what should have been a blessing, as the result of his inventive genius, to what was little better than a curse, by which the toilers were kept in a state of social serfdom. Happily these matters were not allowed to continue. The wise intervention of the legislature with the several Factory Acts came to the rescue and for ever abolished these degrading conditions.

Whilst this was the plight in affairs in the early days of factory employment and amongst workers

other than tradesmen, the condition of the journeyman tradesmen under the rules of their several Trades Societies was then equally unsatisfactory, and destructive as regards the worker. At this period, the older Trades Societies had no provision made by which their members could receive home benefit when out of employment, as in the present day. To receive benefit at all it was required of every member when unemployed that he should go on tramp in search of work. For this purpose, England and Scotland were divided into provinces, which were again sub-divided into districts. In each principal town in the district there was a club-house belonging to the particular trade, which was often, in fact generally, unfortunately for the man, connected with a public house or tavern. To this, accordingly the man and those dependent on him went on their arrival in the town, and here he received his trade's benefit—a variable sum—and was entitled to bed and accommodation for the night; and much depended on how he spent the night as to his fitness for resuming the journey next morning. The tramp might go by the east coast towns where it was known his trade was carried on and return by the west; or go by the west and return by the east, as was most convenient for him at setting out; but he must not go over the same route again within a period of about six months. He was not required to walk on Sundays, and was paid benefit for that day. All this tramping had to be

done on foot. Railways were only beginning to be built, and the stage coach was an expensive luxury beyond his reach.

The system, the policy of which seems so strange in the light of present day experience, appears to have been actuated by the dread of the Society managers that the unemployed man might be tempted, if he remained in town, to accept work in non-union shops or at lower wages. In the course of his journey, if not successful in obtaining employment, the tramp, on reaching London—the chief provincial centre—became entitled to special benefit, viz., 2s. a day for himself, 1s. for his wife, and 6d. for every child he had—for they frequently tramped *en famille*—and was allowed the further sum of 12s. as bonus, with also six days' accommodation, in order that he might have time and opportunity to search for work in the great city.

Subjoined I append a transcript of such an itinerary, copied from the diary of the workman who made the journey, a man of marked intelligence, who, jointly with another, was subsequently elected by a general ballot of his trade to represent Scotland at a Trades Conference held in London in the early fifties. The names of the towns passed through are given with the distance in miles respectively between them which he required to walk. The journey was begun from Neath, in Wales, 29th April, 1841, as shown by the annexed dates, and extended over nine months:—

Date.	Name of Town.	Miles.
1841.		
April 29,	In Neath, and began journey for—	
„ 30,	Bridgend, - - -	16
May 1, 2,	Cardiff, - - -	19
„ 4,	Chepstow, - - -	28
„ 5, 6, 7,	Bristol, - - -	15
„ 8, 9,	Bath, - - - -	12
„ 10,	Devizes, - - -	21
„ 11,	Through Marlbro' to Hungerford,	23
„ 12,	Through Newbury to Reading,	26
„ 13,	Staines, - - -	23
„ 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19,	London, - - -	17
„ 20,	Dartford, - - -	14
„ 21,	Rochester, - - -	17
„ 22, 23,	Brentwood, - - -	25
„ 24,	Chelmsford, - - -	12
„ 25,	Coggeshall, - - -	6
„ 26,	Sudbury, - - -	15
„ 27,	Bury St. Edmunds, -	15
„ 28,	Sturton, - - -	21
„ 29, 30, 31,	Norwich, - - -	22
June 1,	Through West Dereham to Fransham, - - -	21
„ 2,	Lynn, - - - -	25
„ 3,	Wisbeach, - - -	14
„ 4,	Peterborough, - -	21
„ 5,	St. Ives, - - -	24
„ 6,	Cambridge, - - -	12
„ 7,	Buntingford, - -	21
„ 8,	St. Alban's, - - -	21
„ 9,	High Wycomb, - -	24

Date.	Name of Town.	Miles.
June 10,	Oxford, - - -	25
„ 11,	Witney, - - -	11
„ 12, 13,	Cirencester, - - -	24
„ 14,	Dursley, - - -	21
„ 15,	Gloucester, - - -	14
„ 16,	Worcester, - - -	26
„ 17, 18,	Birmingham, - -	26
„ 19, 20,	Wolverhampton, - -	14
„ 21,	Stafford, - - -	16
„ 22,	Newcastle, - - -	16
„ 23,	Macclesfield, - -	21
„ 24, 25,	Manchester, - - -	21
„ 26, 27, 28,	Bolton, - - -	12
„ 29,	Preston, - - -	20
„ 30,	Lancaster, - - -	21
July 2,	Kendal, - - -	21
„ 3, 4,	Penrith, - - -	27
„ 5,	Carlisle, - - -	18
„ 7,	Dumfries, - - -	30
„ 8,	Thornhill, - - -	14
„ 9,	Paid to Kilmarnock.	
„ 10, 11,	Kilmarnock, - - -	44
„ 13,	Glasgow, - - -	22
„ 15,	Falkirk, - - -	24
„ 16, 17, 18, 19,	Edinburgh, - - -	24
„ 20,	Lauder, - - -	24
„ 21,	Kelso, - - - -	18
„ 22, 23, 24,	Through Morpeth and Wooler to Newcastle-on-Tyne,	72
Aug. 5,	Darlington, - -	33
„ 13,	York, - - - -	—
„ 14, 15,	Leeds, - - - -	24

Date.	Name of Town.	Miles.
Aug. 20,	Gainsborough, - -	—
„ 22,	Newark, - - -	25
„ 23,	Nottingham, - -	20
	Through Derby.	
„ 24,	Burton-on-Trent, - -	27
	Through Ashby-de-la-Zouch to—	
„ 26, 27,	Leicester, - - -	26
„ 28, 29,	Atherston, - - -	21
„ 30,	Coventry, - - -	13
Sep. 6,	Birmingham, - -	17
„ 7,	Kidderminster, - -	17
Dec. 14,	Birmingham, - -	17
„ 15,	Wolverhampton, - -	14
„ 16,	Stafford, - - -	16
„ 17,	Newcastle, - - -	17
„ 18,	Macclesfield, - -	21
„ 19,	Manchester, - - -	21
„ 20, 21, 22, 23,	Bolton, - - -	12
„ 24, 25, 26,	Preston, - - -	20
„ 27,	Lancaster, - - -	21
„ 28, 29,	Kendal, - - -	21
„ 30,	Shap, - - - -	16
„ 31,	Penrith, - - -	11
1842.		
Jany. 1, 2,	Carlisle, - - -	18
„ 3,	Annan, - - -	—
„ 4,	Dumfries, - - -	16
„ 5,	Thornhill, - - -	14
„ 6,	New Cumnock, - -	24
„ 7, 8, 9, 10,	Kilmarnock, - - -	20
„ 11,	Glasgow, - - -	22
„ 12, 13, 14,	Stirling, - - -	27

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man himself has been undergoing a change for the worse since these times. In the earlier periods, apprenticeships of seven years were served to most trades, during which the youth was trained in all the branches of his business; whereas at present, by the extent to which division of labour is carried, he acquires a knowledge of only one part of his trade, and is no longer an accomplished tradesman. This is an unfortunate exploitation, which all the toying in advanced schools will never succeed in overtaking. Indeed, by the present day application of division of labour, and use of labour-saving machines, the worker's position is completely overturned, and large workshops are everywhere pouring out finished products with such extraordinary speed that men and women have practically ceased to be makers of goods, and have become waiters-on only of machinery in every department of trade. Even in agriculture, the farmer has replaced the scythe and sickle by the mower and reaper, and the flail, "the weary flinging tree" of the poet Burns, has been supplanted by the horse or steam engine.

Still, since those days, with all their strain and stress, great strides have been made—an advance has indeed taken place along the whole social line, steadily and silently, yet in effect equal to a revolution, and the outlook of the present, with all it portends, forms a contrast rather than a comparison to the chequered events of the past, which we have just been considering.

Conditions To-day.

Local self-government, county and parochial, now rests with the electors; all health arrangements are under the several Councils they elect. Our best modern factories are palatial structures with ample cubic space for all workers; while sanitation of every description, private buildings, dwelling houses, workshop, shed, or mine is matter of special inspection, where every safeguard and provision that foresight can supply is provided for the preservation of the worker's health and his protection from injury.

Schools are now spacious erections, and amply arranged for; and the education of children—formerly so grossly neglected that distant members of a family who desired to communicate with each other or their parents were fain to beg some more fortunate member of the community to write their letters for them—is now provided for by the State.

"Labour Exchanges" have been established throughout the kingdom, affording for employer and employed alike the maximum of facility with the minimum of trouble where employment is wanted or to be obtained. What a blessing when compared with the tramping system of an earlier day.

The ends of the world have been drawn together by means of the railway and steamer; and time has been almost annihilated by the marvellous application of electricity, telegraphy, wireless telegraph,

and telephone, in the benefits of which all can equally participate.

Concurrently with these comes the National Insurance Act of 1912, with its far-reaching purposes, so that if overtaken by ill-health and unable to work for his maintenance, the sufferer is guaranteed a certain income for a time and assured of medical care and attendance, and when years and decrepitude have rendered him unfit for further toil, provision is made for him by the Old Age Pension Act, 1908.

Thus by labour-saving invention and latter-day legislation, the workman has been elevated bodily to a higher plane, whilst the wave of expansion has for ever swept away and submerged, as a hideous nightmare, the painful environments of the past. Crawford, in his recent work, *Thinking Black*, informs us that, on returning to the coast, he found an entirely new civilization had sprang into being since he left it twenty-two years before to enter upon his long labours in Central Africa: and the reader cannot fail to discover that in the present day conditions, as contrasted with those of the earlier period here referred to, we too have traversed the Sahara and are now enjoying the benefits of an entirely new civilization.

But the forces at work are still in progress—the end is not yet; and the line of demarcation pointing to a pause either nowhere shows itself or is difficult of discernment. The enfranchised has discovered

that, though powerless of himself and singly, to break away from the toils that thirled him to the past, in combination he is different, as exemplified in the great object lessons of the recent railway and miners' strikes of 1911, and the unique political national strike in Belgium in 1913, when it was sought to paralyse the industry of the whole nation, in which trade unionism and labour federation are opposed to syndicates and federation of capital. But whither we are drifting under the haphazard guidance of haste and opportunism, as the pessimist may contend, or developing under the operation of well considered schemes of legislation, as the optimist is sure to assert, the future looms out in large and shadowy proportions, in which the good ship of the State, with a principal constitutional safeguard suspended, seems entering upon a wider and more hazardous sea, and losing touch with, what hitherto has been deemed by many, the land marks of stability and safety.


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