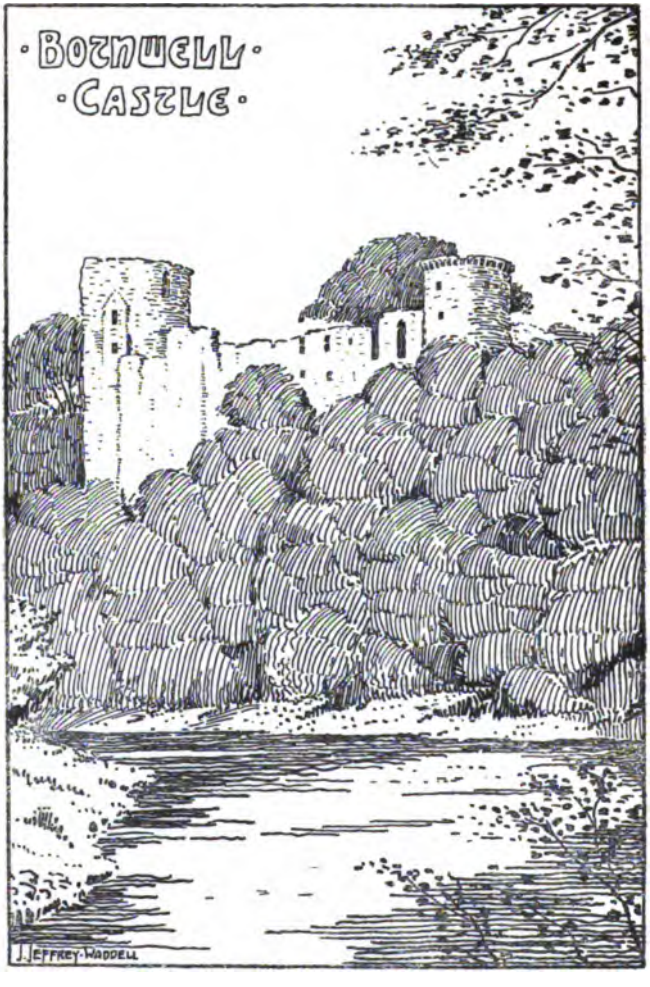
·BOTHWELL·
·CASTLE·
J. JEFFREY·WADDELL

BY BOTHWELL BANKS

Some Chapters on the History, Archæology, and Literary Associations of the Uddingston and Bothwell District.

BY

GEORGE HENDERSON

AND

J. JEFFREY WADDELL.

". . . . . *otium et oppidi*
Laudat rura sui." —HOR. i. 1.

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DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HOME, K.T.,

IN WHOSE HANDS

BOTHWELL BANK STILL BLOOMETH FAIR.

PREFACE.

NO apology, it seems to us, is necessary for the appearance of this work; indeed, it has often been remarked as most singular that a district which has so many interesting historical associations connected with it, besides possessing in its midst the ruins of what has been in its day the grandest castle in all Scotland, should have so long remained without an adequate record of its past.

In pursuing our subject we have therefore naturally chosen Bothwell Bank and its hoary pile as our starting-point, and have sought to show that Uddingston no less than Bothwell is associated with the old castle, representing in fact one side of the old life, the civil, as Bothwell does the other, the clerical. In emphasizing this we believe we have given Uddingston its proper place in history, of which it has hitherto been defrauded.

In dealing with the castle we have endeavoured to incorporate a brief connected history, along with

an accurate architectural description of it, which will serve to mark its leading features. In this connection we think we may fairly claim to have for the first time identified the builder in the person of Walter de Moravia.

In dealing with village life we have necessarily recorded many things in themselves trivial; but believing as we do that the essence of history is the every-day life of the people, we think no objection need be anticipated here.

In preparing these chapters we have, besides the usual historical sources, made occasional use of the Rev. J. H. Pagan's lecture on the antiquities of Bothwell, the only attempt, we believe, made before the present record to give a historical sketch of the district.

Our thanks are also due to many friends in the district who have given their aid in furnishing material, and especially to the Very Rev. Dr. Pagan for some details relating to the history of Bothwell Church, and to Mr. Weddell of Park Villa, who has placed his knowledge of the district at our disposal. To Mr. John Forrest, Main Street, we are also much indebted for permission to draw on an old lecture, "Uddingston Sixty Years Ago." We would also

express our acknowledgment to Mr. J. A. Downie, 57 Ingram Street, for assistance while the book was passing through the press.

In bringing our pleasant labour to a close we feel that, whatever opinion others may form regarding the result, we have ourselves been benefited by the work, while we may fairly claim to have at least added something new to the printed records of a district so closely identified with our Country's past.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

"And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast;
. . . . . And King Leodogran
Groan'd for the Roman legions here again,
And Cæsar's Eagle."—TENNYSON'S *Idylls of the King.*

ON the 26th March, 1885, two urns, belonging to the Bronze Period, and containing human bones, were dug up in the road opposite what is now No. 4 Kyle Park, Uddingston. Interesting as such discoveries are at any time, this one possesses the additional interest of being the earliest record of this district as the abode of man.* It is only a fair inference, therefore, that at a time previous to the Roman occupation of Strathclyde there was a settlement on the banks of our river at the point where it is crossed by the Caledonian Railway Bridge, and near the chalybeate spring known to the inhabitants of this locality until recent years as the "Pheesic Waal."

* Urns containing human bones were also discovered near Viewpark.

It is interesting to imagine the Kyle Park of that period, its houses, its inhabitants, their modes of living, their dress—if indeed tattoo and paint may be said to come under that designation. We know from the Dumbuck Crannog further down the river, that the people of this period lived in pile dwellings; but it is more than possible that the remote inhabitants of Clydeside lived on the mainland in huts constructed from the wood of the forest of ancient Caledonia. Like the other British tribes whose habits have been noted by the classic writers, hunting and fishing would occupy their days, varied only by such gentle relaxations as a tribal war. Then, as now, the Clyde would bear its waters to the sea, but amidst scenery vastly different from that which is now familiar to the eye. On either side its course would be between banks luxuriant with vegetation of almost tropical growth, overshadowed with gigantic trees, while its waters, as yet unsullied by civilization, would be as well stocked with the lordly salmon as any river of Canada. Could a present inhabitant of the district by any device roll back the tide of time and see the place of his abode as it then was, he would find nothing of man's making by which to recognise it. The eternal hills alone would be the same. He would recognise the long slope of Dechmont, Tinto, the Campsie Fells, with the more distant Ben Lomond and the faint line of the Grampians beyond.

As the place where the urns were found is also near the site of a chapel at a later date, we may quite reasonably infer that the ground was hallowed by

the varying customs of many forms of worship. This is all the more probable when we remember that the custom of the early church was, as far as practicable, to adapt itself to the peoples with whom it came in contact by grafting on the new religion to the old stock so as to carry on the feeling of veneration for custom or locality unbroken. Thus the Druids may have held their mystic rites here, while we know that until almost modern times fires burned on Dechmont on Beltane—the first of May. The meaning of the word Dechmont—hill of protection—also suggests the religious idea.

The simple life of this period was introduced to civilization by the Romans, who here, although not to the same extent as elsewhere in Strathclyde, have left the impress of their iron heel. The road—Watling Street—connecting Carstairs and New Kilpatrick passed immediately to the north-east of Uddingston and Bothwell, and traces of it may still be seen on the Golf Course and at the head of the Holm Brae, while the bridge still exists by which it crossed the South Calder Water. This bridge consists of a beautiful semi-circular arch of 39 feet span, rising to a height of about 22 feet above the normal level of the South Calder Water, and is about 9 feet 6 inches in breadth. The workmanship and state of preservation of the bridge are both alike remarkable It is only fair to add, however, that the bridge has been attributed to later times; and it is more than likely that, although occupying the same site as the


THE "ROMAN" BRIDGE
J. JEFFREY WADDELL

original Roman Bridge, this structure may belong to the mediæval period.*

No remains of a Roman settlement in the immediate vicinity are now to be seen, but vestiges of a Roman Camp could be traced near the old bridge some years ago. Thus the works of the great masters of the old world are silently yielding before the destroying hand of time and the iron ploughshare of man.

After the Roman Period, the history of this district, in common with other parts of the country, is again wrapped in oblivion. We know, of course, that it formed part of the Kingdom of Strathclyde, which extended to the Derwent in Cumberland, and had its Capital at Alcluyd—the modern Dumbarton. This district was not only the last rallying point of the Romanised Britons, but became in time the nucleus of that sturdy national spirit shown in the war of Independence, which has yielded only to the attack of modern commercialism—alas! more fatal to it than the onset of foreign foes.

The history of S. Kentigern, although written by Jocelyn a monk of Furness some centuries after the time, gives us nevertheless many glimpses into the condition of the Kingdom of Strathclyde in the sixth century. It may be interesting to recall a few facts of his life. S. Kentigern, also called Mungo—dear one —was born at Culross about 518, of noble descent, his mother, Thenaw, being the daughter of Loth (hence

* See Dr. Jas. M'Donald's paper Glasgow Archæological Society, Vol. II., Part 3.

Lothian). In early manhood, according to Jocelyn, the saint was miraculously brought with the body of Fergus in a little cart drawn by two unbroken bullocks "to Cathures, which is now called Glasgow," where he halted "near a certain cemetery, which had long before been consecrated by S. Ninian,"* and on which he founded a church in 543, where Glasgow Cathedral now stands. Forced to flee on account of the ascendency of the heathen party in the Kingdom of Strathclyde, he took refuge in Wales, where he founded S. Asaphs, but after a decisive battle at Arthuret, near Carlisle, Rydderick the bountiful became King of Strathclyde, and invited S. Kentigern to return. He acceded to this request, but remained some eight years at Hoddam, in Dumfriesshire, before he returned to Glasgow in 581. He died at Glasgow, 13th January, 603. Locally there are some points which make this history particularly interesting. Tannochside—the site of S. Thenaw—recalls the name of S. Kentigern's mother, while it is more than likely that the aged teacher may have passed through this district on his triumphal return to Glasgow. In addition to this, George Chalmers maintained that in the modern Airdrie we have the real situation of the battle of Arthuret, but later researches scarcely confirm this.†

* Metcalfe's "Ancient Lives of Scottish Saints." S. Ninian laboured in this vicinity and in Galloway, where he built *Candida Casa*, the first stone church in Scotland, before the Roman occupation came to an end. He died in 432.

† See George Chalmers' "Caledonia."

From documents such as the Inquest of David Lord of Cumbria, we see that dark days for the early church followed the mission of S. Kentigern. Turbulent tribes had overrun the land, united only in the one desire for plunder. Amidst this general confusion little or nothing could be looked for bearing on local lore; but the Inquest of David above referred to is interesting as recording among the possessions of the Church of Glasgow names of places familiar to us still, although not in the peculiar garb in which the ancient scribe has dressed them. From the twelfth century onward records become available, although little to help our present purpose.

At what time the Chapel to the Virgin was built at Meadowbank it is now impossible to ascertain, but probably it was in existence at this time—the twelfth century. Certainly it was built before 1300, for we read that Edward I. when at Bothwell Castle that year made an offering at the shrine of the Virgin. The inhabitants from the other side of the Clyde and from the priory would, of course, reach the Chapel by means of a ferry which probably plied over the same spot as the ferry does to-day. This chapel would much resemble that to S. Margaret in Edinburgh Castle—a tiny chamber not the size of a modern room, stone inside and out, in the Norman style, with a door, two little windows, and a small apse to contain the altar. Not a vestige of this Chapel remains. All that now marks the spot are the names of an eddy (Chapel Eddy) and of a rock (the Lady's Rock); but the place

which knew the sacred edifice, now knows it no more, as the land on which it stood, once known as Chapel-flats, has been changed to the less distinctive name of Meadowbank.

"The tufted grass lines Bothwell's ancient hall,
The fox peeps cautious from the crevic'd wall,
Where once proud Murray, Clydesdale's ancient Lord,
A mimic sovereign held his festive board."

—WILSON'S *Clyde*.

FROM the misty region of conjecture we now pass to a period of local history which is more firmly based on authentic records; and foremost among the subjects which invite attention is the old Castle of Bothwell, not only the most considerable relic of bygone times in our own vicinity, but, when complete, the largest and finest castle in all Scotland.

"Those rude, red, rugged towers
Have seen such days as we can only dream.
Those quiet walls, that willowy winding stream,
Have heard the clangour of contending powers."

But such days are now afar off, and as we spend one of the long voluptuous days of summer in contemplating the ruins, the prevailing sights and sounds, the rich foliage of the grand old trees, the chirp of the grasshopper, the drowsy hum of the bees, and the cawing of the rook tribe as they circle round the ruined towers, are suggestive not of war's alarum but of the halcyon days of peace.

Unlike most castles, this one appears to have been of greatest extent when first built—not growing from a small nucleus, but, so far as can be ascertained, designed and completed at one time. Thus the so-called restoration of the castle in the Douglas' times was really a patching and curtailing of the boundary walls by about one half, with a few necessary additions within the court-yard. The first references we have to the Barony of Bothwell show that during the greater portion of the 13th century it was owned by the Olifards; but at this date there is no reference to a castle. Of course there may have been a castle on this site; but, if so, it would probably be built of unhewn stone and wooden palisades. Needless to say, no traces of it remain. From an undated document (the date of which must have been between the years 1202 and 1214) we learn that Sir Walter de Moravia, or Moray, married a daughter of Walter Olifard, lord of the Barony of Bothwell. Walter the Justiciar and lord of the manor died in 1242. The lands thus passed by marriage into the hands of the Morays, and the present castle, with the exception of the Banqueting Hall and Chapel, was built by Walter

de Moravia between the years 1242 and 1278. The latter date is fixed by a document of Walter Moray's granting from the Castle a discharge to the monks of Dryburgh of the multures of certain lands in Roxburghshire; and, even assuming that the castle was commenced by Walter Olifard, it could not have been before 1230, as the great Chateau de Coucy—the finest castle in Christendom—on which Bothwell Castle is modelled was not completed till that year. What was the precise nature of the De Coucy connection with Bothwell, if any, it is now impossible to say. We know, of course, that the second wife of Alexander II., the mother of Alexander III., and the regent during his minority, was Marie, the sister of Enguerrand de Coucy, the builder of the French chateau which bears his name.* It is extremely probable that the architect of Bothwell Castle and quite a guild of craftsmen may have come over in her train, and worked for years in the building of this castle.† This is all the more likely when we take into account the strong influence which France has all along exercised on Scottish art and literature—an influence which certainly was far from its lowest ebb at this time, judging from the intercourse between the two nations which is revealed by the frequent application to the King of England for

* The motto of the proud family of De Coucy might be thus translated:—"Neither king nor prince am I, I am the Sire de Coucy."

† This castle much resembles that of Kildrummie in Aberdeenshire; but Bothwell is much larger, their approximate sizes being: Bothwell 240 by 200 feet, and Kildrummie 185 by 160 feet.

safe conducts for the royal family of Scotland. In any case, the workmanship is marvellous—much superior to the later (1400) work done by the Douglases.*

The Castle is situated on a rocky peninsula washed on two of its sides by the waters of the Clyde. Considerable care has been shown in choosing the site and so designing the castle as to make the most of the situation. The walls are ingeniously defended at every angle by towers which would render the enclosed area capable of withstanding a heavy siege. There is also a fine well in the basement of the donjon tower and in one of the smaller towers; so that, provided the commissariat were in a good state, its garrison should have been able to hold out as long as, if not for a longer period than, any other castle in Scotland. The very large space enclosed by the castle was no doubt used in times of siege to accommodate the entire population of the district with their flocks and herds. Within these walls there were, most probably, buildings leaning against the curtain walls, but as these would be of a more or less temporary nature they have left no traces behind.

Early in the year 1888 a plan was discovered which made it evident that the castle had originally been of greater extent than was then known, and, on excavating, the foundation of the castle as it was built by the Morays

* In the older portions of the castle nearly every stone bears the mark of the individual mason who was responsible for its being well and truly laid. In the newer portions of the castle no such marks remain, and the excellence of the craftsmanship appears to have declined with the individual responsibility.

was laid bare.* Some stone cannon balls, a horn of glazed earthenware, and some metal relics were also unearthed.

The principal entrance to the castle was in the north wall, more in the direction of Uddingston than of Bothwell. It was approached by a paved causeway, and was defended by a moat crossed by a drawbridge and flanked by two circular towers with a doorway between, guarded by a portcullis. By this gate, entrance was obtained to a large irregular pentagonal courtyard, surrounded by high walls and defended at each angle by towers, and at the western angle by the great donjon. The latter, when complete, must have been about 100 feet high, 60 feet in diameter, with walls 15 feet thick. It was circular externally and was cut off from the rest of the courtyard by a moat crossed by a draw-

* In the appendix to Vol. V. of Macgibbon and Ross' "Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland," they state that on the north-west side of the castle, at a short distance beyond the walls of the enceinte and parallel to them, there existed another wall which has been demolished at some distant time, probably 1337, and that the materials of this wall are still lying where thrown down, and were uncovered at the excavations. They explain that this probably formed an outer wall of defence, and at the same time acted as a retaining wall along this side where the ground is steep. On the east side a similar double defence has apparently been rendered by an earthen mound which is still visible.

The account of the castle given in Vol. I. of the above work is very interesting, but contains several serious errors. Of course the full extent of the castle at that time had not been revealed, so that only the restored portion is shown; but in the bird's eye restoration-view the donjon tower is shown complete together with the Douglas hall and chapel, which of course were not built till after the donjon had been destroyed. Chimneys are shown at the south end of the hall, where there never was a fireplace, the smoke escaping as at Doune Castle through a hole in the roof. Only eight of the ten clerestory windows are cusped.

bridge and defended by a portcullis. Its basement was used as a store and contained the well. The ground floor was the ancient hall, and, vaulted with its central shaft—like that of a Cathedral Chapter House—must have been a very noble apartment. Over this was the garrison room, from which access might be had to the walls of the castle, and over that again the private apartment of the lord and lady of the castle. The view up and down the valley from this chamber must have been very lovely ; indeed even to-day, in spite of some discordant modern notes, this stretch of the Clyde is one of the finest sights in all Scotland. Over this private aparment, and reached by a private staircase, would be the flat roof used by the garrison to defend the walls. From this point, protected by the parapet, they would be able—through openings termed machicolations—to hurl missiles of all kinds on any hostile force which dared to approach the walls. But although the donjon was the last refuge of the besieged, each tower was in itself a place of defence, and could be cut off by drawbridge, portcullis, or door from the rest of the castle. The drawbridge which gave access to the square tower in the east wall of the castle is of unique design in Scotland. It contained a counterpoise in a hollow of the wall which would thus render it an easy matter to raise or lower the bridge.

The basement of a small round tower at the western extremity of the south curtain was used as the prison, and is called to this day " Wallace's Beef Barrel "—an epithet for which there is no justification in any

historical record known, unless we regard it as a term of opprobrium arising from the fact that the tower was at times well filled with English prisoners. But to revert to the history of the castle.

By Walter de Moravia's marriage with a daughter of John Comyn—a sister of the John Comyn who was competitor for the Scottish throne—he had two sons: William who swore fealty to Edward I. in 1291, and the patriotic Andrew who stood by the side of Wallace in his heroic struggle, and fell at the battle of Stirling bridge. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Andrew Moray, who played a conspicuous part in the reigns of Robert I. and David II. The castle at this period seems to have been in the hands of the English, for, in 1299, the Scots laid siege to it, and after a year and nine weeks succeeded in carrying it by assault. But alas for services but ill requited! We find that Stephen de Brampton, the English warden who had defended the castle so well, "to his great loss and misfortune, as all his companions died in the castle except himself and the few with him who were taken by famine and assault," was forced after three years spent in Scottish prisons, to sue for some means of livelihood, or, failing that, to be taken into the king's household until something could be done for him. The king, it would seem, did not turn a deaf ear to his request, but ordered him at least to have his portion in the royal household.* In 1301 King Edward, the great

* See "Catalogue of Documents relating to Scotland" for this and other information bearing on this period.

Plantaganet, advanced into Scotland with a force of some 6,800 men on foot, and a few light horsemen. All were archers except twenty crossbow-men, twenty masons, and twenty miners. To each of the two last companies that rather sombre functionary was added—an executioner. Edward I. seems to have conducted this his fourth Scottish campaign, which he intended to be his final subjugation of Scotland, with that thoroughness which characterized all his proceedings. Even after all these years we can trace the details of his march, as he passed resistlessly on, by the successive pauses he made to pay or review his troops.*

He arrived before Bothwell early in September of 1301, and as the castle was in his hands by the middle of the same month, it would seem either that the garrison made but a poor resistance, or that Edward's attack was overwhelming. That there may have been a great deal in his mode of assault we may readily believe, for we know that Edward had with him ample means of reducing the castle in the shape of powerful engines which at that time seem to have been named on much the same principle as ships of the fleet in our day. One was named "Bothwell"; but the one we can trace as being brought specially for the siege of Bothwell was "Le Berefrey,"† which cost the king the wages of eight engineers and thirteen days of valuable time to transport afterwards to Stirling. These engines were

* See Appendix——Itinerary of Edward I.

† Probably Norman-French, "Noble Terror."

wonders in their day, and according to the chroniclers were able to throw masses of stone and lead weighing from two to three hundredweights. Prior to the capitulation of the castle, the king granted at Peebles by charter under his own hand "to his dear cousin and liege Aymer de Valence and his heirs, the castle and barony of Bothwell, and all other lands belonging to William de Moray in Scotland."

For three days—the 17th to the 20th September—Edward resided at the castle before consigning it to the keeping of the Earl of Pembroke, in whose hands, with but a slight intermission, it remained until it surrendered to Edward Bruce after the Battle of Bannockburn. Its English commander at that period, Sir Walter Gilbertson, appears to have been a kind of Mr. Facing-both-ways, for, as the old chronicle records, seeing the Scots prevail, he delivered up to them the castle and those English who had taken refuge there as in a sure place. He had a reward for his timely submission, for three years later he received from Robert I. the lands of Machan, part of the forfeited possessions of the Comyns, and became the ancestor of the famous house of Hamilton. It is interesting to note that we possess the complete list of the English garrison under this commander, and also an inquisition into their horses, so minute as to record the colour and special marks of each horse separately.* After Bannockburn Bothwell Castle again reverted to its rightful owner, Sir Andrew Moray, who after the Battle of Dupplin

* See Appendix—English Garrison.

(1332) was appointed Regent of Scotland. In 1336 the castle again fell into English hands, and, as it had been partly destroyed by the Scots, was repaired and strengthened.* Edward III. resided there from November 18th to December 6th, during which period he issued at least fifteen documents which are still preserved. One was a writ commanding his Council to assemble in London to devise plans for resisting the attacks of the French and Scots. As shortly afterwards Edward withdrew into England, we may assume that this was dictated by dire necessity, and that he felt the need of withdrawing from his position in Scotland for the purpose of consolidation. Sir Andrew Moray, after retaking Dunnottar and S. Andrews Castles, stormed his own castle walls (March 1337), and followed this up with an incursion into Cumberland.

Realizing that the true strength of the Scots lay not in fortresses, which were too apt to become really means of subjugation in the hands of a powerful aggressor, but in their own natural fastnesses, the Highlands, Sir Andrew levelled many of the towers of his own castle with the dust. To this we owe the fact that only one half of the donjon and little more than one half of the courtyard walls and corner towers remain. From this time till it passed by marriage to the Douglases, the castle was no longer capable of defence, and if it were inhabited would be little better than a ruin.

* Et dictum castrum (de Botevile) quod olim per Scotos destructum fuerat, reparavit et custodiam derelequit.—*Chronicon de Lanercost.*

"But where are now the martial throng,
The festive board, the midnight song?
The ivy binds the mouldering walls,
And ruin reigns in Bothwell halls.

Old Bothwell Castle ! ages gone
Have left thee mouldering and alone,
While noble Douglas still retains
Thy verdant groves and fair domains.

Oh deep and long have slumbered now
The cares that knit the soldier's brow,
The lovely grace, the manly power,
In gilded hall and lady's bower."

—WILLIAM CAMERON.

THE year after the castle was dismantled, the Regent died at Avoch, Ross-shire, and was interred in the church of Rosemarkie. He left two sons: John who succeeded him and died without issue, and Thomas who was one of the Commissioners appointed in 1357 to negotiate with the English for the liberation of David II. He was one of

the three great lords who were retained as pledges of the fulfilment of the conditions, and died of the plague in London, 1361. His only daughter Jean* became the wife of Archibald the Grim, Lord of Galloway—an illegitimate son of the "Good Sir James." As the earldom of Douglas had lapsed by the death, without issue, of the second earl at the Battle of Otterburn, it had been bestowed on Archibald, who, by a series of politic marriages, carried the Douglas power higher than ever. He married his eldest son to the eldest daughter of the Scottish king; while his only daughter, Marjory, became the wife of the ill-fated Duke of Rothesay, the heir-apparent to the crown; and, finally, by his own marriage he added the fair barony of Bothwell to his own domains.

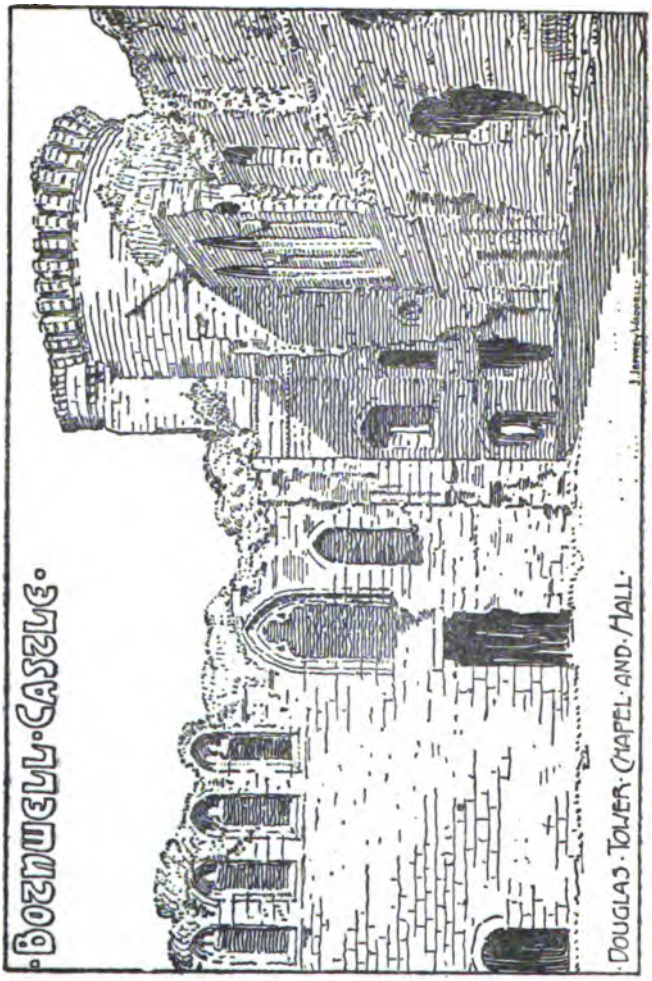
The arms of the families of Moray and Douglas have puzzled students of heraldry for years. They have each the three mullets, and if we withdraw the Douglas heart, which the first Earl of Douglas only assumed in 1343, they are almost identical.† What, then, distinguished the Moray from the Douglas arms previous to 1343? Home of Godscroft describes a seal which he had seen of William de Douglas in 1259 as three mullets in chief; and P. R. Stoddart says ‡: "The three mullets of Moray of Bothwell, in an escutcheon of pretence, is the earliest example in Scotland of the

*Sc. Jean=*Fr.* Jeanne=*Eng.* Joan. According to Joseph Bain, F.S.A., Scot., Douglas married the widow, not the daughter, of Moray. See dispensation July, 1361.

† See chapter heading. ‡ "Scottish Arms," p. 28, 29.

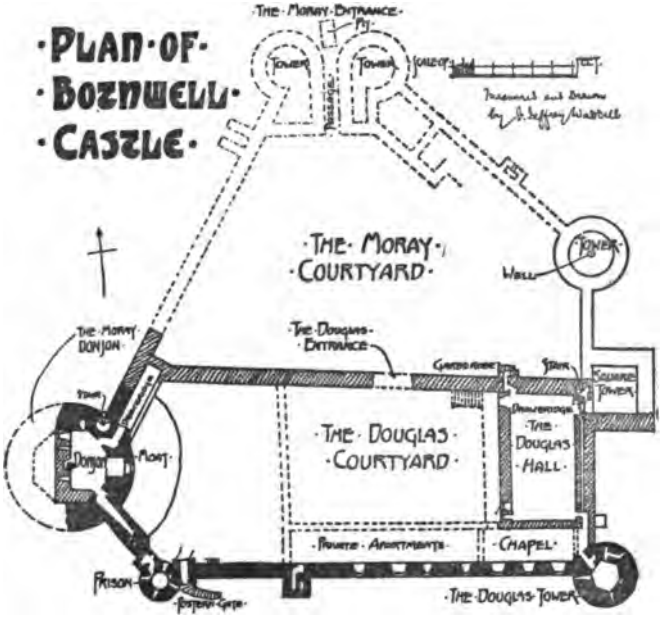
arms of an heiress so carried. It has been frequently repeated that Archibald Earl of Douglas married Johanna, daughter and heir of Thomas Moray, Lord of Bothwell, and in consequence added the three stars of Moray to his arms. This is not the case: the seal of William of Douglas without date has one mullet; the seal of Sir William in 1298 is three mullets on a chief."

As soon as he entered into possession of Bothwell Castle, Archibald seems to have resolved that it should be a castle worthy of his name. But, either through lack of workmen or resources, or because he had a latent distrust of stone defences (as witness the remark of one of his race, that he would rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak) he resolved to curtail the castle to about half its former extent. He built the present north wall, with the gap in its centre, which must have contained the main entrance—in fact, the remains of a room, which would be the customary one over the gateway, may still be seen in the thickness of the wall. He also built a wall across the diameter of the great donjon, actuated no doubt by this motive that while it would undoubtedly have added to the strength of the castle to restore the donjon, it would have added little to its convenience as a place of residence, and this, doubtless, was his primary desire. Within the courtyard thus formed, he built along the east wall a large hall, 65 feet long by 32 feet broad, and a chapel with kitchen and stores beneath. He also rebuilt a portion of the south-east tower (called to this


BOTHWELL CASTLE
DOUGLAS TOWER CHAPEL AND HALL

day the Douglas Tower) and of the south curtain, inside which he built the private apartments.

From this description and a short study of the plan, it will be seen that while the castle was rendered in



some respects more ornate than it had ever been before, it was neither so strong nor so well built. The masonry of the restored portion while good is far from being so fine as that of the original castle. Even to-day some of the oldest walls appear as perfect almost as when

the stone left the mason's hands, while in some cases the more modern walls have vanished completely, leaving only the toothings in the older work to tell us that a more modern wall had once stood there.*

Even shorn of half its courtyard and half its donjon tower, the castle—more especially the hall and chapel—must have presented a dignified appearance, quite worthy of the rising fortunes of the princely house of Douglas. The hall was entered by a doorway in the north-east angle of the courtyard, and was lit by a clerestory of ten pointed windows, eight of which are cusped. At the entrance or north end of the hall there has been a musicians' gallery, the corbels supporting which may still be seen. At the south end of the hall—the raised end—there is a fine large traceried window with two lights cusped and with a quatrefoil above. From this window the ladies of the castle could overlook the courtyard, could see the warriors mount for the chase, could wave their graceful signals of adieu, and welcome them when they returned with their spoil. Near this window there was also a small door which must have led to a balcony extending along the east side of the hall with the door to the chapel at its southern end. There was also another small door at the south-west corner of the hall which led to the Douglas tower, used as the women's quarters. The roof, which was a lofty one, was open to the ridge. The smoke from the fire, which blazed

* These remarks are necessary here because of the extravagant praise that has been bestowed by some writers on the Douglas restoration.

on the centre of the floor inside an octagonal kerb, found its way out through a hole in the roof. On each side of this would be the tables, with perhaps a smaller table at the upper end of the hall. This hall must have been the scene of many gay revels. Here, after his marriage in Bothwell Church, the ill-fated Duke of Rothesay would be toasted with royal honours. But what would this avail when his heart was elsewhere, for it must be confessed the match was purely one of state policy, made in defiance of the bridegroom's previous engagement to a daughter of the Earl of March.*

The chapel adjoins the hall and occupies the south-east angle of the courtyard. It has been three bays long, but only two of these remain. These are 32 feet long, while the chapel is 18 feet wide inside. It has been oriented, but both the east and west ends are gone, with the exception of a small portion of the east end which still shows the double piscina. The north or hall wall beside the door jamb still bears the remains of the holy water stoup and the almry, which had originally two little square doors separated by a mullion. This wall and the south curtain also still carry the remains of the vaulting shafts, and the line of the roof is still visible on the tower. At the time the chapel was built, a portion of the south curtain must have been renovated, for, besides the vaulting shafts, three very fine large pointed windows pierce this wall. These, with the possible addition of a window above the doorway in the north wall, would be

* See Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth."

the only windows in the chapel. A splayed bench stepped at the east end runs along the south wall, just underneath the windows. This break marks the chancel step. The vaulting of the two bays which remain was groined, but the west-end bay containing the doorway appears to have been a plain barrel vault.*

But to return to the history of the castle. The doings of Archibald the Grim alone would fill a volume, and are too well known to need repetition; for these the reader must be referred to Fraser's "Douglas." He left by his marriage with Joanna Moray, a daughter and two sons. This daughter Marjory was, as already stated, married to the ill-starred Duke of Rothesay (son of Robert III.) in Bothwell Church. Of the two sons, Archibald became the fourth earl, and is generally known as the "Tineman," or loser, an epithet, we should think, fairly justified by his history, as at the Battle of Homildon Hill he was wounded in five places. In addition, he lost an eye and was taken prisoner by Hotspur. He was created Duke of Touraine by Charles VII. of France, but died in the same year, 1425. Archibald the fifth earl distinguished himself as a young man, and on the assassination of James I. was

* At the time of the Morays the lord of the castle and garrison probably went to church at Bothwell—not, of course, to the existing old church, which was built by Archibald Douglas, but to the preceding edifice which was probably built by the founder of the castle, Walter de Moravia. An interesting parallel to this is afforded by the castle at Douglas. Our readers will remember how Douglas captured his own castle by a surprise attack made while the garrison was at church two miles away. (See Hume of Godscroft's "House of Douglas," or Scott's "Castle Dangerous," where the passage referred to is quoted in the prefatory matter.)

created Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. He lived much at Bothwell. His son, William the sixth earl, was but a youth of seventeen when he succeeded to the title. He became conspicuous by his haughtiness and extravagance, and, it is said, even affected the state of a petty king, sending no representative to the High Courts of Parliament, but acting in every way like a king with a Court and Parliament of his own.* But "pride goeth before destruction," and the course of events which would have made the young earl's father, had he lived, foremost in the kingdom, only lured the young man to his doom. Chancellor Crichton, then governor of Edinburgh Castle, by a great show of distinction and courtesy, invited the earl to visit the young king, then in Edinburgh Castle. The plot succeeded beyond all expectation, as the earl not only came himself, but brought his brother with him. While the two were enjoying the royal hospitalities in unsuspecting security, an attendant entered and placed a bull's head on the table, the symbolical announcement of their fate. After some form of trial they were both beheaded (1440). The estates now devolved partly on a sister of his—known as the "Fair maid of Galloway"; partly on a granduncle, who became seventh earl. Except that he bore the rather undignified title of "James the Fat," there is little recorded of him. His son William, who succeeded him in 1443, was a man of a different stamp. In order to reunite the family estates, he obtained a divorce from his wife,

* Burton's History of Scotland, Vol. II., chap. 28.

and by papal licence married his cousin, the "Fair Maid of Galloway." The Douglases were at this period, for the second time in their history, in an almost regal position. It is said that at tournaments the earl was able to appear with 5000 men at his back. As a specimen of his despotic temper and somewhat grim humour, the following may be interesting:—One M'Lellan, who had refused to appear when summoned to put in appearance, was seized and taken to Douglas Castle. His friends obtained a royal warrant for his release. When they came to Douglas with it, the earl said in effect, "hospitality first, business afterwards." In the meantime he gave whispered orders to put M'Lellan to death. Then, after carefully reading the warrant, replied, "I shall comply with this to the best of my ability, but unfortunately M'Lellan has somewhat changed his appearance since he entered the castle—in fact is headless."

But the nemesis which seems to dog the footsteps of arrogant pride overtook him also. He was stabbed by James II. in Stirling Castle, 1451. James, brother of the foregoing, the ninth earl, was the last of the Black Douglases. In 1454 his estates were forfeited because of his revolt against the Crown.

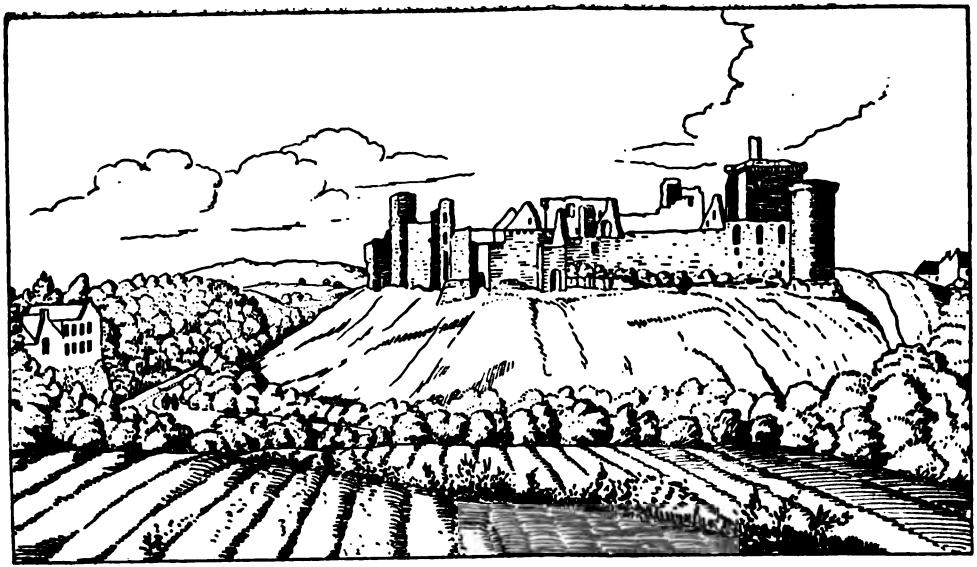
Bothwell was now given by James III. to James, second Lord Crichton. He died in 1469 and was succeeded by his son William. He joined Albany's rebellion against the king, and the castle was again forfeited to the Crown.

The castle was now bestowed on Sir John Ramsay—

the only favourite spared hanging at the Bridge of Lauder; but facts, which were not known fully to his contemporaries, show that he deserved the fate as much as the others. His estates were forfeited by Act of Parliament* in 1488, on account of his conspiring with the English king against the liberties of his country. Of this there is ample proof in his letters to Henry VII. The castle was then conferred on Patrick Lord Hailes for services rendered at Sauchie. He was also granted several other favours, and was made Lord High Admiral of Scotland. But for political reasons, he had the castles of the Earl of Angus bestowed upon him, while that earl was transferred to Bothwell, the castle thus again passing into the hands of the Douglases, but on this occasion to the line known as the Red Douglases, the Earls of Angus, in the person of Archibald, known from the historical incident at Lauder Bridge as "Bell the Cat." Of this earl Hume of Godscroft says:—"He was in every way accomplished both in mind and body, of stature tall, and strong made; his countenance was full of majesty, and such as bred reverence in the beholders; wise, and eloquent of speech, valiant, courageous, he was beloved and respected by all men." He was succeeded in 1514 by his grandson, the sixth earl, who married Margaret Queen Dowager of Scotland.

About 1665, however, Bothwell was given to Archibald, Earl of Forfar, who built part of the present

* Act Parl. Scot. II. 401.



Prospectus Arcis BOTHWELIÆ. *The prospect of* BOTHWELL *Castle.* 51.

mansion,* using the old castle as his quarry. Archibald, the seventh earl, who died (unmarried) from wounds received at Sheriffmuir,† ended this branch of the family. Thereafter the lengthy litigation known as the "Douglas Cause" occupied the law courts of the land. Finally, the House of Lords decided in favour of Archibald Stewart (son of Lady Jane Douglas and Sir John Stewart of Grandtully), who was created a peer under the title of Baron Douglas of Douglas. This title became extinct in 1857 by the death of James, fourth Lord Douglas. The estates then passed to his niece, the Countess of Home, the mother of the present earl.

The view on the opposite page, reproduced from Slezer's "Theatrum Scotiae,"‡ shows the full extent of the castle from the donjon to the Douglas tower as it appeared in 1693. The view is evidently taken from the bank of the Clyde opposite the castle, above the priory, so we must imagine the Clyde flowing to the left between the spectator and the castle. The priory is shown at the extreme left of the picture, and a road gently sloping up to the castle. The large square tower with its turret stair towering up above the parapet was evidently still standing when this view

* See the ancient view of the castle on the opposite page. A distant view of the "mansion" is shown at the extreme right of the picture.

† An interesting letter, written by one Richard Henderson, describing the manner of the Earl of Forfar's death is found in "Analecta Scotica."

‡ We are indebted to the Rev. James Gardiner, M.A., of Uddingston, for the original engraving of above.

was taken. To the extreme right of the picture a house is shown on the site of the modern mansion. It must be confessed, however, that the drawing is not very accurate, and that the landscape is to a great extent imaginary.

Such is a brief record of the ancient castle of Bothwell, which, hoary with antiquity, stands to-day like a warden of the flood overlooking the river as it flows through a landscape which day by day is losing touch with the past. How many generations have lived and lain down and been at rest for ever under its shadow! What countless changes, industrial and social, have the years witnessed since Bothwell bank first echoed to the mason's chisel, and the great fabric rose slowly and majestically above its verdant slopes! Such changes we may in part know, although it is difficult for us to realize how wide the breach is between the present and the past; and yet in these times of peace, when we look upon the grand old ruin and contemplate its stormy past, there are few surely but are able to understand the mood of the Glasgow poet when he wrote—

"No Saxon foe may storm thy walls,
Or riot in thy regal halls,
Long, long hath slept brave Wallace' shade,
And broken now his battle blade.

The tears that fell from beauty's eye,
The broken heart, the bitter sigh,
And deadly feuds, have passed away,
Still thou art lovely in decay."

"Lonely mansion of the dead,
Who shall tell thy varied story?
All thy ancient line have fled,
Leaving thee in ruin hoary."

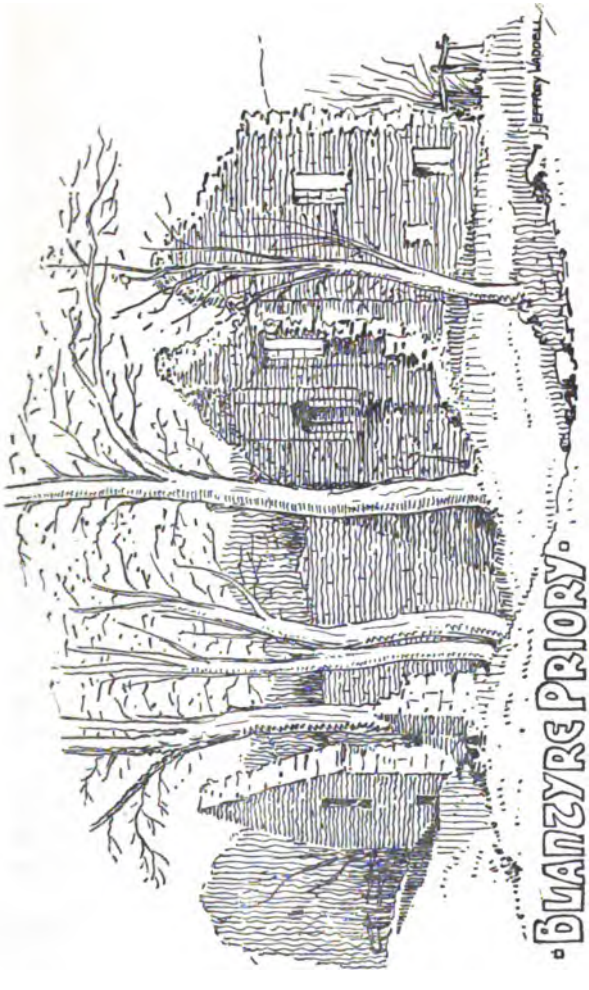
"Blantyre's auld monk-haunted pile."

ON the summit of the rock known as the Craig of Blantyre, and immediately opposite to Bothwell Castle, stands the ruined priory of Blantyre, its red-stone ruined walls almost covered with a profusion of ivy, and hidden by trees. "It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other," wrote Dorothy Wordsworth; "the river Clyde flows on smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times than if it had roared over a rocky channel forcing its sound upon the ear."

Although now in almost the last stage of decay, it is still possible to identify the main portions of the

building. Approaching from the west by a pathway —the banks of which are graced by a wealth of flowers delightful alike to botanists and the uninitiated who love flowers without any very pronounced desire to call them hard names—we naturally enter the ruined cloister courtyard by the north-west door. Traces of buildings—the gatehouse and guest house probably—may still be seen on the north wall. Crossing the courtyard, we enter what must have been the prior's house, the gables of which still stand. There are also the remains of a stair, and, on the upper floor on the east gable, of a fine stone fireplace. To the south of this are other buildings and heaps of stones, while farther on in the same direction the church probably stood. Beneath, a semi-circular vaulted chamber still remains, where, in that long distant day, vintages, which had ripened in the sunny land of France, were stored against the visit of some distinguished guest, or for those occasions when the prior permitted the brethren to relax the iron discipline. Then the day's duty done, whether garden toil, study, or devotion, we can imagine them holding the glasses fondly to the light as they watched the imprisoned sunlight of a southern clime flash forth from its liquid prison.

Indulging thus our fancy for a little, we are again brought back to reality when we grope among the moss-grown stones mingled in dire confusion. But among them the ancient stoup or basin for holding the holy water, ornamented with a simple cross, may still be seen — a pathetic reminder of the many



BLANTYRE PRIORY.

buried generations who have passed it with bared heads in true devotion in the years gone by. This, with the exception of a loophole and a few windows, which have at one time been guarded with iron bars, is all that is left of what must at one time have been a very extensive building.* Before leaving the architectural features of the building, it may be remarked that the red sandstone of which the priory is built is interesting geologically. It is simply the top of the rock on which the buildings stand, and belongs, in common with the other sandstone used in this district, to a unique strata popularly known as the Bothwell sandstone.

If the architectural remains of the priory are scanty, still more so are the records of its past, and what annals there are take us to Jedburgh Abbey as the parent monastery. Jedburgh itself was founded by David I. in 1118, and was colonized by a band of Augustine monks from S. Quentin's Abbey, Beauvais, France. It would, therefore, be a colony of this order which established the station at Blantyre as a cell or retreat, during the somewhat troublous times of the closing years of Alexander II. and the earlier period of the reign of Alexander III. What need there was for that we may infer from the fact that Jedburgh Abbey itself was frequently battered and burned, and even in decay still shows the mark of the enemy's fire ; while in its archi-

* Mr. Donald informs us that until quite recently there were to be seen remains of buildings extending to the south of the existing courtyard, and on the probable site of the church referred to above.

tecture four different periods of restoration are traceable. The name "Blantyre" itself presents some difficulty, and the attempt has been made to read in it a hint of past history. Mr. Wright, in the "Annals of Blantyre," dissents from the general interpretation of the name "warm retreat," and hazards the new reading "field of the holy men." His objection to the received meaning is that it does not mark any distinctive local peculiarity —warmth, in his opinion, not being a special feature of the spot. As regards our present purpose, even taking the later meaning, the suggestion of sacredness implied by the name would refer to a period before the foundation of the priory—the name being Celtic—and might rather fit in to our previous speculation as to this portion of the Clyde district, having inherited the repute of sanctity from a long distant past.*

Leaving this part of the subject, and passing to the foundation of the priory, we find the date generally given is sometime in the reign of Alexander II.—that is before 1249. Whatever the exact date was, we know definitely that the priory was in the enjoyment of all its privileges in the year 1289, as in one of the old statute books a prior of Blantyre is mentioned as being present at a Parliament held at Briggeham, while a Frère William, Prior de Blantyre, is likewise alluded to as a subscriber to Bagimond's Roll,† where

* See Appendix—"Place Names."

† Bagimond's Roll was a valuation of Scottish benefices, which formed the basis of taxation from the thirteenth century to the Reformation. It was named after an Italian ecclesiastic, Boiamond or Bagimont.

the priory is taxed on the valuation of £66 13s. 4d. On 28th August, 1296, a prior of Blantyre swore fealty to Edward I. at Berwick, while on 5th March, 1303–4, Edward I., by writ issued from Wemyss, in Fife, commands the sheriff of Lanark to cause Robert de Barde (Baird), who was distraining the pledges for the ransom of Friar William de Cokeburyne, Warden of Blantyre Priory, to desist, as this was in violation of the conditions on which John Comyn the Regent and his adherents had surrendered to the king. It is evident this friar had been an adherent of Comyn, and Baird had made him prisoner on the king's behalf, and was holding him to ransom. Strange to say, the sheriff of Lanark at that time was no other than Robert Bruce.* At a later date (1346) we find "Prior Walter" of Blantyre appointed one of the Scottish Commissioners to negotiate the ransom of King David Bruce, taken prisoner in the Battle of Durham. Such are all the records we have of a political nature in which former priors are recorded as taking an active part.

Before the Reformation it would seem that the right of presentation to the priorship belonged to the Archbishop of Glasgow, and during the vacancy in that See the right was exercised by the Crown. This may be the reason why Spottiswood mentions it as a cell attached to Holyrood. On 24th September, 1547, John Roull, prior of Pittenweem, was appointed to the vacancy caused by the death of John Moncrieff, while

* "Catalogue of Documents relating to Scotland," Vol. II., p. 383, and Wright's "Annals of Blantyre," p. 155.

on 6th October, 1549, John, son of David Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, received the appointment direct from the hands of Queen Mary, on the priorship again becoming vacant by the resignation of John Roull. John Hamilton for some reason or other resigned the post, and was succeeded on 3rd September, 1552, by William Chirnside, who exchanged the provostship of the Collegiate Church at Bothwell for the priorship of Blantyre. This Chirnside is worthy of remembrance, for in him we have the link between the old regime and the new. He declared for the Reformation principles, and thus the last Catholic prior of Blantyre became the first Protestant minister of the parish. While the transition from the old to the new seemed to be effected in Blantyre with the minimum of friction, so far at least as the Church office was concerned, it was not so with regard to the temporalities of the priory. The aristocracy of Scotland, for the most part, took part with the Reformation, rather because of a desire for the loaves and fishes in the shape of church lands than from any great love for the reformed doctrines. And so Blantyre went the way of the others. It ceased to be used as a religious house, and the benefice, never a large one, was given by James VI. to Walter Stewart, the first Lord Blantyre, son of Sir John Stuart of Minto, "provost of Glasgow and commandant of the castle of that town. He was educated along with James VI. by the famous historian, George Buchanan; and no doubt it was as a memento of their happy school days at 'The Moss' in Dumbartonshire that he received the priory of Blantyre."

For a time the priory was used as a private residence, and was notable for the fine orchards surrounding it; but the process of desertion set in early in the 18th century, so that the building must have dwindled down to its present state of decay within the last hundred and fifty years. It still remains the property of Lord Blantyre, although at present leased to the Earl of Home.*

It must be confessed that the foregoing details leave unsolved the great question of the nature of the relationship between the castle and the priory. Both were built about the same time, and in a position, as we have already seen, which forces the conclusion home upon us that it was chosen by deliberate design, and yet history gives us no hint of that close connexion which we should expect. In any case each would be affected by the fortune of the other, alike in war and in peace. With the castle, the priory yielded to the strong tide of invasion, and in the hour of victory for the national cause the strains of triumph would float

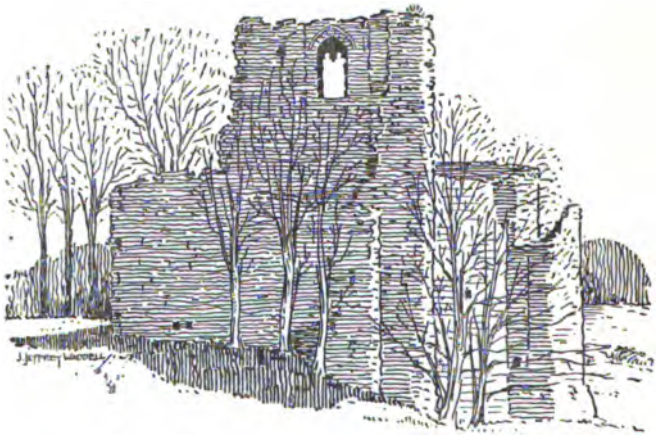
> "O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
> While many a minstrel answered loud;
> When Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
> And Bothwell bards flung back their praise."

* It is interesting to recall the fact that the ancient barony of Blantyre was one of the possessions of the celebrated Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, nephew of King Robert the Bruce, and through him descended to the Dunbar family, who held the Earldom of March, the great rivals of the Douglases. As the famous Scottish poet, William Dunbar, was a scion of this family, it links the district in a slight way with the greatest of the old "makaras." For full details of the history of the parish of Blantyre the reader is referred to Mr. Wright's work already referred to (p. 38, Note).

Tradition has supplied the missing link by creating an underground passage between the castle and the priory, which has been turned to account in the domain of fiction by Jane Porter in her "Scottish Chiefs." While this has been generally scouted, it is as well to remember that no systematic exploration has been made of the priory, and until that has been done it is as well to avoid any dogmatic statement on the subject.* Besides the tradition of the subaqueous passage, there is one to the effect that the Scottish patriot, William Wallace, once took refuge here from his pursuers. His hiding place was suspected, the priory was surrounded on at least two of its sides, and Wallace was compelled to leap from the rocky precipice on which the priory stands. Until recent years, a hollow from which a spring issued, bearing a rude resemblance to a gigantic human foot, was pointed out as the spot where he had alighted. This legend may have some foundation in fact. It is probable that the great patriot in his wanderings may have taken refuge here, and may have escaped either by means of a rope or some equally practical method. This is rendered more probable by the fact that the proprietor of Bothwell Castle, Sir Andrew Moray, was one of the

* The fact that an old popular belief such as this counts for something has been proved at S. Andrews, where the old story of a connecting passage from the castle to the town has proved correct, as the passage has been discovered recently. But in the present instance, apart from the difficulty of making such a passage, we should imagine that the priory and castle inhabitants would require a very powerful modern steam pump to keep the passage clear.

Even yet the element of the weird and ghostlike is not wholly wanting from the scene, and any one not hopelessly prosaic looking from the priory across to the donjon tower, when the old ruin is bathed in the silvery light of the moon, might very well imagine he saw the figure of a man and woman standing side by side in the ruined window of the tower.



Mr. Wright, in his "Annals of Blantyre," informs us that the old village of Blantyre was situated in the narrow peninsula between the Calder and Clyde, not far distant from the priory, "but of this old village not one stone now remains, only a few green hillocks tell of the huts where the humble people lived, and some scattered fragments of tombstones betoken their last

resting-places, when their simple lives had ended." Farther up the river stood Blantyre Mills, originally established by David Dale, the father-in-law of Robert Owen. They subsequently passed into the possession of the brothers Monteith, afterwards known as the wealthy firm of Henry Monteith & Co. But a later age is more concerned with the fact that it was in this establishment that David Livingstone found his initiation into the work of the world, while in the village (called Low Blantyre to distinguish it from the village proper, High Blantyre) which grew up around the works his humble birthplace may still be seen. There, in a little room up a spiral stair, in a three-storeyed block of buildings, the great traveller first saw the light; and in the village school near by he received the rudiments of education. But, like Hugh Miller, David Livingstone, while not neglecting any opportunities of self-improvement which were available, early realized that a man's life, truly lived, will not lack fitting schools or school-masters in the constant battle with circumstances. It is because David Livingstone realized this, the true import of life, that his name now does not belong to Blantyre but to the world, which holds his memory a precious thing.

Blantyre also was the residence for some time towards the end of his life of William Miller, "the laureate of the nursery," one of the sweetest of Scotland's vernacular writers. In "The Poet's Last Song" he penned lines which may have been suggested by the old ruins nigh.

"God of the sky—
How oft at eventide,
When thou to rest wert sinking gloriously,
Have I beside
Some ruin gray
Knelt down and worshipped Thee.

Where life meets death
My song is done—away!
Open the lattice that the summer's breath
May coolly play
Upon my brow.
Life now throbs—fitfully—
By starts 'tis calm, as if it lingered—now
On wings I fly
To love and home—
I see them vividly.
* * * * * *
Now let me die."

"Where Bothwell Bridge connects the margin steep,
And Clyde below runs silent, strong, and deep,
The hardy peasant by oppression driven
To battle deemed his cause the cause of heaven;
Unskilled in arms, with useless courage stood,
While gentle Monmouth grieved to shed his blood,
Clyde's shining silver with their blood was stained,
His paradise with corpses red profaned."

—WILSON'S *Clyde*.

The man who decides on *any* cause without hearing *both sides* of the question, though he may reach *just conclusions*, is not therefore just." —SENECA.

IN a letter to Gavin Hamilton, Mauchline, Burns wrote:—"For my own affairs, I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas á Kempis or John Bunyan, and you may expect my birthday inserted among the wonderful events in 'Poor Robin's' or 'Aberdeen Almanacs,' along with Black Monday and the battle of Bothwell Bridge." These words suggest a ready answer to the query that naturally arises in our minds as to the reason for the paucity of

materials relating to the bridge itself, the date of its construction, and the vicissitudes in its history. The fact is that the stirring events which have been associated with it have made the bridge itself not so much a concrete fact as the symbol of a cause, that faction has been so busy with the significance of the battle as to have no time or inclination to give a thought to the structure itself. Thus the history and beauty of construction of the bridge have been overlooked by most, while it stands to-day a rebuke to man's past intolerance, an aid and not a hindrance to man's progress.

This point in the Clyde's course must have been of great importance from time immemorial. Before the days of the mills, there was a ford at Blantyre where the dam is at present called the East Ford, the West Ford being at the point crossed at Uddingston by the Red Bridge, but neither of these would have the importance which the site of this bridge possesses.*

The date of erection of the present bridge is unknown, but it must have been built, judging by its style, somewhere about 1400, although the first mention of it is in an act of 1647, anent necessary repairs to the structure, but this, of course, is conclusive of nothing, except that it had already existed for many years before that.† It has been suggested that it may

* Prior to 1650, there was no bridge on the Clyde with the exception of this, from Bothwell to the source of the river.

† At one period the pontages were levied on behalf of the town of Hamilton.

have been one of Archbishop Beaton's bridges,* a hypothesis which is in substantial agreement with what we know to have been the policy of the Church in the early times. Thus in Piers Plowman, Truth bids the wealthy merchants do several things of the highest importance for their salvation, such as to "amenden mesondieux" (hospitals), to repair "wikked wayes" (bad roads), and also

> "Brygges to broke by the heye-wayes,
> Amend in some manere wise."

Or (and this would agree better with the probable age of the bridge) it is possible that it may be one of the works of munificence we owe to Archibald the Grim, the restorer of Bothwell Castle, and the builder of the present Church of S. Bride. But enough of conjecture. In appearance, the bridge much resembles that over the Avon just above Hamilton, which seems to be about the same date. Originally, if we may judge from the old plates, the bridge seems to have been of five spans, although at present there are only four. This, of course, may be due to the last span in the southern side having been replaced by an abutment of solid masonry. The causeway, which was 12 feet broad, sloped steeply up towards the centre of the bridge, on which there was a gatehouse, where the dues were collected. The arches, which were rather less than semi-circular, were ribbed, the piers large and protected from the waters by "starlings" or

* See Pagan's "Antiquities of Bothwell," p. 39 (note).

pointed buttresses. It is worthy of note that the arches are not all alike, for while the third and fourth are faced the same, the first and second are different, and the arch nearest Bothwell looks as if it had been taken down, or, as has been suggested, blown up in 1745 to prevent the passage of the Jacobites. It is possible, however, it may have been rebuilt when the road was raised.

The bridge has been considerably altered since the date of the battle for ever associated with it. The gatehouse, which would be seriously in the way of modern traffic, has been removed altogether, and the bridge itself has been widened by the addition of iron cantilevers, which support the pavement on each side of the bridge. While the structure is thus substantially the same, the alterations are of such a nature as to change its appearance entirely. So much is this the case that it is to be feared that, were any of our forefathers to return to the bridge, they would hardly recognise it as the Bothwell Bridge near which they drew up in array under the banners of the Covenant on 22nd June, 1679.*

For the event which led more directly to this battle we must look to the successful skirmish of Drumclog on Sunday, June 11th of the same year.† "This may

* Quite recently a monument has been erected by public subscription to commemorate the battle. Unfortunately it is on the wrong side of the river, and does not mark the site of the battle itself, but only the Royalist position.

† Burton's "History of Scotland," Vol. VII.; also Louis Barbè's article on the battle, in the "Glasgow Herald," June 20th, 1903.

be counted the beginning of the rebellion, in my opinion," Claverhouse wrote,* when making his report of the battle; and, in a sense, he was right. It certainly marked the new resolve of the Presbyterian party to resist the dispersal of their conventicles by opposing force to force. To this action on their part there can only be two objections, either that the State has absolute power over its members, or that active resistance in the name of religion is opposed to the spirit of religion. These it does not enter into our province to discuss at present, except that while few will maintain the former contention, an increasing number support the latter. The victory at Drumclog acted as a bugle call to the upholders of the Covenant in the west, so that from a few hundreds their number rose quickly to five thousand, while some contemporary writers actually fix the maximum at ten. They marched through Hamilton and thence to Glasgow, where they contented themselves "with collecting and burying the heads and limbs of the sufferers for the cause there stuck on spikes in conspicuous places"—a fact which surely marks a very great difference between this and other insurgent crowds. The nominal leader of the band was Robert Hamilton—a man moulded wholly on the earlier books of the Old

* It is generally taken for granted that Claverhouse had at this time served a long apprenticeship in conventicle hunting. As a matter of fact, Loudon Hill or Drumclog was his first experience, if we except an incident at Galashiels, where he had simply to take down the names of some women.

Testament, of a type common enough in the Parliamentary army during the great civil war, and still found among the Boers of South Africa. His character is self-explanatory. He was not given to mercy. "He was much perturbed in spirit by finding that quarter had been given to five men, and he reckoned this among the first steppings aside."* But the mercy he refused to others he did not ask for himself. "I desire," he said, "to bless God's holy name, that since ever He helped me, to set my face to His work, I never had or would take a favour from enemies, either a right or left hand."† Another of the leaders—there were many—was John Welch, a great-grandson of Knox. He was not one of the men who sanctify a cause; although were we to be led in our judgments by heredity alone, we should not expect to find a trimmer, such as he was, in the person of one with the blood of Knox in his veins. Alarmed at the approach of Monmouth, who had been appointed to the command of the royal army, the Covenanters retreated from Glasgow, and, by a night march, crossed the bridge at Bothwell, and settled on Hamilton Moss. For a vivid picture of the wild state of confusion in the camp we need go no further than Scott's "Old Mortality," for, with the exception of some anachronisms of little importance, it would be impossible to find an author who was at the same time more steeped in the

* Burton's "History of Scotland," Vol. VII.
† "Faithful Contendings," p. 201.

literature of the period, and better fitted by genius to give it vivid expression.*

Meantime the Duke of Monmouth drew near the north end of the bridge on Sunday, 22nd June, 1679. Some peace overtures on the part of the moderate party came to nothing, as their demands were such as Monmouth had no liberty to grant. While events were thus shaping, the leader of the Covenanters seemed to be bent on nothing save emulating the example of Haman by erecting a huge gallows, with appropriate rope furniture, for royalist prisoners, whom he had not yet taken. His leadership, however, was purely nominal, as steps seem to have been taken quite independent of him for the defence of the bridge by some more capable of active effort. The gatehouse of the bridge, which, as we have seen, was situated on the raised central portion of the structure, was barricaded by Hackston of Rathillet, and, so long as his ammunition held out, he succeeded in holding the passage against the advancing royalists. But this resistance was no part of any organised scheme of defence, as the various factions were more bent on proving one another wrong, than on taking combined action against the foe. It is certain, at any rate, that Hamilton either could not, or would not,

*It is customary for many warm upholders of the Covenanters to depreciate Scott's portraiture of them as wholly distorted. As a matter of fact, it will be found as time goes on, that Scott is, in the main, just. He certainly wrote from a full knowledge of the period, and—Episcopalian though he was—with sympathy.

send help, especially in the shape of ammunition, and that he actually recalled Hackston from his position, thus leaving the passage undefended. Monmouth then led his army across the river, his guns passing first over the narrow defile—surely a most rash undertaking in the face of a foe numerically strong; for, although the Covenanters had only one gun, a vigorous attack on the force while crossing, would, in all likelihood, have ended in disaster to the Government troops.

But the army of the Covenanters was in a condition of paralysis, and therefore quite incapable of attack, or the result would have been vastly different. It may be, of course, Monmouth knew the condition of the insurgents, and that his apparent rashness was born of certain knowledge. In any case it was justified by complete success. The defeat became a rout, and the pursuit a massacre; but the merciful nature of Monmouth is shown by the large number of prisoners taken, about 1200. It is said that on being upbraided by Charles for troubling him with prisoners, he retorted, "If you wished otherwise, you should have sent a butcher." *

These captives were taken to Edinburgh and confined within the churchyard of Grey Friars like cattle in a pen. Two ministers, Kid and King, were executed. To the others were put the following questions. First, "Would you call the rising at Bothwell a rebellion";

* A tradition lingers that a child of Bothwell village strayed into the royal camp when it lay in the heart of the village, and was at length found by the anxious parents contentedly sitting on the knee of the kindly duke. Pagan's "Antiquities of Bothwell," p. 39 (note).

and second, "Would you call the death of Archbishop Sharp a murder"? At first they refused to answer. Among them was Alexander Stephen of Bothwell, but he, along with the other fourteen, ultimately yielded, the remainder with one more refused to compromise themselves, and were put to death on Magus Muir. Their names—Thomas Brown, James Wood, Andrew Sword, John Waddell, and John Clyde—stand recorded on a tombstone there. Of the rest, all who promised to keep the peace were set at liberty; the others were shipped off to the plantations of America. An attempt was made to drown this company off the Orkneys. Among those confined to the hold who perished with the ship was William Breckenridge of Bothwell. Another parishioner named More escaped.

Thus ended in disaster a battle which has a meaning for us to-day, although, perhaps, not quite in the sense it is generally understood. We must leave out of account the peculiar tenets of the Covenanters, and bear in mind that religious liberty, in the sense that we understand it, they did not fight for; for the simple reason that few, if any, in that age knew what it meant.

Yet, in so far as they asserted by their action the paramount duty of every man to put his conscience before the claims of the State, and to oppose by passive, if not active, resistance every invasion of this, man's inviolable right, the battle is worthy of everlasting remembrance. In this sense, even in defeat, they won a battle for the human race; and, while admitting that

they themselves did not see the larger issues involved, they were true to their consciences, and thus, eventually, were true to the sacred cause of righteousness and truth.

"Who sains the house to-night?
They that sains it ilka night—
Saint Bryde and her brat,
Saint Colme and his hat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep this house from the wear."
—*Old Invocation.*

"Strange! that thy name grim Earl should now be linked
With temple sacred to the Prince of Peace.
* * * * * * *
And now, O Douglas, true and tender, still
Thy name is foremost 'mid our country's fame,
And not the less that in that distant day
Thy thoughts, forsaking earth, sought to fulfil
Thy manhood's truest end, and in God's name
Reared this fair temple to His name alway."—G. H.

THE most notable landmark in our district is the Parish Church at Bothwell. As all roads, of old, led to Rome, so all roads in the parish seem to lead the

eye to the familiar square tower, and no matter where we may bend our steps in the district, it is not long before some turn in the road brings us within sight of the sacred building nestling amidst its woody surroundings. Not less imposing is its appearance when seen at closer quarters, such as the beautiful view we have of it from the bend of the road near the castle gate, or, better still, when we approach it from the back Sweethope road, where, seen across the miniature valley, it has all the appearance of an English cathedral.

Probable grave-slab of Walter de Moravia.

So much is Bothwell associated with the church that it seems strange to think of a time when it was not; and, as if to foster this feeling, the dearth of records of the period prior to the War of Independence

makes its origin fade away into what seems a past gone beyond recall. Prior to the foundation of the existing church of S. Bride by Archibald the Grim, there existed another structure of which the only remains are two monumental stones, still preserved in the sacristy of the old church.* The one is a slab ornamented with a foliated cross, a shield with three stars—the Moray arms—and a sword to indicate that it is the tomb of a warrior. From the fact that the tomb has been so carefully preserved in the later church it has been supposed that this is the founder of the older thirteenth century church,† and the builder of the Castle of Bothwell—Walter de Moravia. The other is a fragment only, with the name in Gothic letters, "Magister Thomas Trayl," commonly, but erroneously, given as "Tron."

A parson of this earlier church, David de Moravia, appears in "Ragman Roll"‡ in 1296§—that charter

* Two carved fragments, evidently capitals of responds, were also found built in the wall when it was being pierced for the pipes for the new heating apparatus. One was broken on being taken out and has disappeared, the other remains whole and is evidently of early date. It doubtless occupied a prominent place in the church of the Morays.

† P. Macgregor Chalmers' "A Scot's Mediæval Architect," p. 24, footnote 5.

‡ The origin of modern word "rigmarole."

§ "Catalogue of Documents relating to Scotland."

of antiquity if not of patriotism—but the existence of a writ, dated June, 1298, commanding the Chancellor to present a certain Ralph de Manton to the vacant church of Bothwell, would seem to show that Edward considered it safer to have the church influence in English hands. This Ralph de Manton—named the Cofferer, because he was paymaster of the forces—was slain at the Battle of Roslin, 1302.

In 1327 John Fleming was rector of the church, a fact interesting in so far as it shows that it was then a simple parish church, and did not occupy the more influential position, which it held subsequent to the building of the existing church by Archibald Earl of Douglas.

In the English records mention is made of a chapel at Bothwell, where, on the 8th September, 1300, Edward is represented as making an offering in honour of the nativity of the blessed Virgin.† Whether this refers to a chapel at Bothwell, or to the one at Uddingston already referred to, or to a portable shrine carried with him by Edward I. in his various campaigns, we cannot say with certainty. The last is, perhaps, the most likely, as the pronoun used implies a personal emphasis, which Edward would scarcely use in reference to a chapel in a country held

* "Catalogue of Documents relating to Scotland." The passage referred to is:—"Octavo die Septembris [1300] in oblacionibus regis in capella sua apud Botheville in honore nativitatis beatae Marie."

by the uncertain tenure of conquest. In any case, with the erection of Saint Bride's Church, it became, as already stated, a collegiate church, under a provost and eight prebends.*

The first provost of Bothwell Church was Thomas Barry. As we should expect, he was a strong adherent of the Douglases, and a kind of poet laureate in his way. There is extant, in Fordun's "Scoto Chronicon," a Latin poem written by him, commemorating the Battle of Otterburne, in which the Earl and his father played so conspicuous a part, and in which the elder Douglas fell. As has often been the case, it is not in the ambitious production, but in the lines of the simple ballad that we find the true memorial of a great event. Perhaps the eight lines of the ballad, which it will be remembered, were often on the lips of Scott, confer sufficient immortality.

"My wound is deep! I fain would sleep,
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the bracken bush,
That grows in yonder lily lea.

O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier:
Let never living mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies here."

* The prebends were Strathavon, Overtoun, Newton, Netherfield, Cruikburn, Stonehouse, Hesseldean, and Kittiemuir. Hawyk, making a ninth, was added in the fifteenth century. A collegiate church, it may be explained here, differs from a cathedral in that the chapter is not presided over by a bishop, or, at least, is not the residence, or See, of a bishop.

It was probably under this provost that the marriage between Earl Archibald's daughter Marjory and the ill-fated Duke of Rothesay was celebrated, and some months later, when the Earl died, as would be fitting, it would be Barry who would read the last service over the dead.

The second and third holders of the position of provost, William Foulis and William Pont, were subsequently promoted to be Keepers of the Privy Seal, while the fourth, John Ralston, attained still higher rank as Lord High Treasurer of Scotland. The fact that the Bothwell Church was a stepping stone to high office in the State, is confirmatory of the powerful position which the Douglases held at this time in the government of the country, a circumstance which we have dwelt on elsewhere. John Ralston was succeeded by Gavin Hamilton, a scion of the house of Hamilton when still Lords of Cadzow, and in turn gave place to George Hepburn, son of the second Earl of Bothwell. In these days church offices by no means implied exclusive devotion to spiritual things, as we have seen in the career of former provosts, who held high office in the State; but George Hepburn distinguished himself not only as a statesman, but as a soldier, and fell along with the flower of the Scottish nobility on the fatal field of Flodden.

Following Hepburn came Joseph Beaton, uncle of the famous cardinal, who in many respects might be said to have been the Laud of the Scottish Church. It was of the nephew that Sir David Lindsay wrote

the well-known lines, referring to the cardinal's murder:—

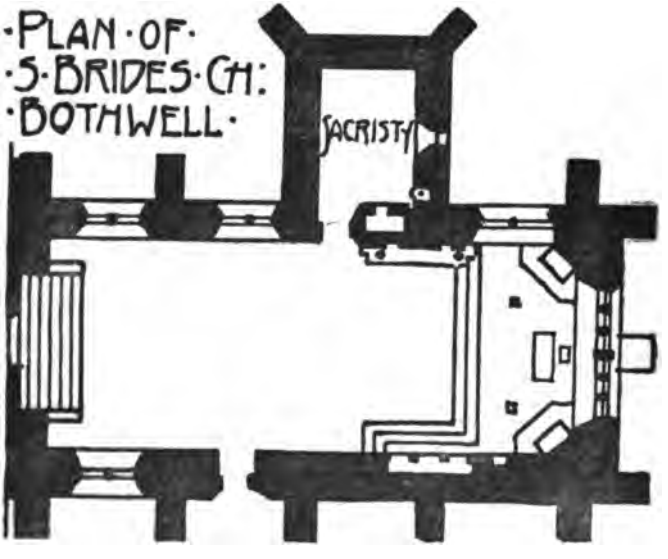
"As for the Cardinal, I grant
He was a man we well could want,
And we'll forget him sune;
And yet I think, the truth to say,
Although the loon is well away,
The deed was foully done."

Of the Bothwell churchman Knox says, "He was more careful of the world than he was to preach Christ, or yet to advance any religion, but for the fashion only, and, as he sought the world, it fled him not, for it was well known that at once he was Archbishop of S. Andrews, Abbot of Dunfermline, Aberbrothock, Kilwinning, and Chancellor of Scotland."* The adage of the wise man—"better is the end of a thing than the beginning"—seems to apply with peculiar force to the provosts of Bothwell Church, for the seventh was William Chirnside, who in 1552 exchanged with John Hamilton for the priorship of Blantyre, each in his new sphere becoming the first Protestant minister of Blantyre and Bothwell respectively. At this stage modern ecclesiastical history begins, which is dealt with in a subsequent chapter.

The old church is an oblong structure measuring 53 feet by 21 feet 8 inches, divided by deep buttresses into four bays, and having a window in each, with the exception of that in the north side, second from the east end, from which the sacristy projects. The

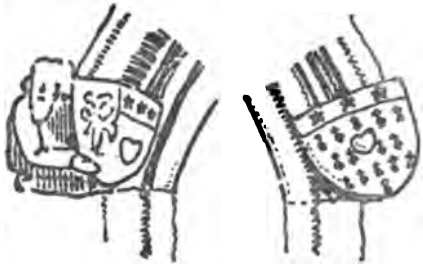
* "History of the Reformation."

doorway, which is richly moulded and elliptical arched, is in the second bay from the west on the south side of the church. It has a window over it similar to the others, but with a higher sill. The buttresses on



each side of this door are enriched with small niches, which would contain figures possibly of S. Bride and the Virgin or Christ. On the right hand side on entering there are remains of what was formerly a holy water stoup. At this point also those who had to

do penance for their sins would require to kneel. At the east end there is a large pointed window with the Douglas and Moray arms at the terminations of the



hood mould.* The tracery of this window has lately been restored, and magnificent stained glass, designed by Sir E. Burne Jones and executed by Morris & Co., inserted. The subject is the Nativity, the central figures being Mary and the Infant Jesus. Overhead are attendant angels, while to the right and left of the picture earth's homage is shown in the adoration of the shepherds, and in the visit of the wise men with their gifts of frankincense and gold. More cannot be said of this beautiful work than that it harmonizes with the surroundings; and as the sunlight falls through it into the church in subdued radiance we are reminded of the "high embowéd roof" of Milton, and the

> "Storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light."

* Variations of these are to be seen at the terminations of the hood-mould on the inside of this window.

On each side of this window, in the inside corners of the east end, are monuments to the two Archibald Douglases, Earls of Forfar, of whom the second, as we have recorded elsewhere, died of wounds received at Sheriffmuir in 1715. These are pedestals, crowned with pyramidal forms, and decorated with the coats of arms of the respective branches. On the one to the north there is the distinctive "lock-heart" of the Lockharts. The one to the south is screened off from the rest of the church by a very good example of mediæval wrought-iron railing. On the inside of the north wall, between the east end and the sacristy doorway, there is a large and elaborate monument to the Hamiltons. It is made of Caen stone, with a base of white and black marble, finely sculptured, with trophies, coats of arms, and cherubs, crowned with the Hamilton arms, and supported with two "candy rock" columns. The monument was made in Paris, and this may account for the fact that there is a mistake in the inscription—it being inscribed to the second instead of the third duke. This monument formerly stood in the chapel in the High Parks, but when this was removed, and the new mausoleum erected, this monument found its fitting place in the old church of the Douglases. On the second bay from the east end, next the Hamilton monument, is the door leading to the sacristy, a groined vaulted chamber 13 feet 4 inches by 9 feet 10 inches, with one small square-headed window towards the east, and a small aumry which would probably contain the Communion vessels. There

is also a piscina. In this chamber are kept the two fragments of the tombs in the earlier church referred to. On the south wall of the church, near the east end, are the three canopied sedilia for the clergy, and the piscina with its drain for the holy water, which, passing thence to the foundations, was supposed to consecrate the building.

But one of the main features of the old church is its roof, one of the few examples of its kind in Scotland. It is vaulted with a pointed barrel vault, with six moulded ribs supported on moulded corbels, with the exception of the two carrying the rib nearest the east end which are terminated with gargoyle-like carving, one being an angel playing a musical instrument like a lute, the other is too far decayed to be deciphered. The roof is of large stone slabs, so wrought as to throw the water away from the joints. It has proved an excellent roof, requiring little or no repair, while imparting a dignity and individuality to the structure which no other covering would have given.

From two holes in the wall on each side opposite one another in a relatively sloping position, and from the fact that under one which is over a window a relieving arch has been formed to receive weight, we are led to infer that this church has possessed a gallery in pre-Reformation times.* The joist holes of the

* We are informed by the curator, Mr. Crow, that a staircase formerly existed on the north side of the church, which would doubtless lead to the gallery.

post-Reformation ceiling are still visible about the level of the rib corbels.

The church, which was in a sad state of disrepair has been restored in recent years by Sir Rowand Anderson, architect, the tracery of the south windows and the great east window inserted,* and the floor tiles and the steps at the east end restored as, in all probability, they formerly were. A Communion table, reading desk, chair of oak, and a fine little organ, over the west arch into the tower, have been gifted to the church.

To the west of the old Collegiate Church, forming its nave, is the Parish Church, built in 1833. Internally it has galleries round three of its sides, in the typical early nineteenth century style. The windows are fitted with stained glass, after cartoons by Sir J. E. Millais, which appeared originally in "Good Words." The architect of the building was Hamilton, who built the Glasgow Royal Exchange. The special feature of the building is its tower, 120 feet high, a very fine erection, taking the date into account—the period of the early Gothic revival when Gothic was hardly understood. The masks at the terminations of the hood moulds of the nave windows are said to be portraits of village worthies.

Taking the old church as choir with the modern nave and transepts, and the tower at the crossing,

* The tracery of the windows in the north wall was inserted when the tower and modern church were built in 1833.

the whole building forms, as already noted, quite a cathedral group, forming a fitting centre to the parish of Bothwell with its many links with a far distant past.

BOTHWELL CHURCHYARD.

"O to us
The fools of habit, sweeter seems
To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God."—TENNYSON.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."—GRAY.

WHEN our forefathers spoke of the burial place as "God's acre," we may be sure the name was not idly chosen, but that it embodied something of the living faith of a bygone time. In the same way the more common word "churchyard" emphasizes the same idea. It is the church's yard or garden, where, to quote Klopstock's beautiful lines,

"Wieder aufzublühn, werd' ich gesaet,
Der Herr der Ernte geht
Und sammelt Garben,
Uns ein! uns ein! die starben."*

* "Sown again will I bloom in glory,
The Lord of the harvest comes,
And gathers as his sheaves
Us! us! who died."


BOTHWELL CHURCH

The use of the word in this sense may not be so obvious in the west country, but it lingers in the east, especially among the older inhabitants, with whom it is a word in common use. It is this feeling of local attachment to the spot consecrated by immemorial usage as the place where the dead repose—latent in most except where the city spirit has destroyed the sense of locality—which is at the root of the feeling of pensive melancholy with which we pass through an old churchyard. The dead there are not, as in a modern cemetery, brought together from all quarters, but are those who, having been friends and neighbours in a former village life, in death are not divided. Such thoughts are suggested especially in a churchyard like that of Bothwell, where the old church of S. Bride reminds us of the generations who in past days have worshipped within it, lived their uneventful lives, and in due time found rest in their nameless graves under the shadow of its walls. But the past is not altogether predominant. The present age too is in evidence; and while here and there we find discordant notes—suggestive more of the vanity of the living than of the quiet rest of the dead, the changes in the surroundings of the church are decided improvements in every way.

One of the most praiseworthy acts in this district, undoubtedly, was the removal of the nondescript buildings which formerly blocked the entrance to the old church, and the erection in the space so obtained of a monument to commemorate the Bothwell poetess, Joanna Baillie. It is of Doulton ware, with four

mosaic panels, one on each face, and is exceedingly dainty—a fitting monument to a lady. It has also this additional advantage, that it will last, this terra-cotta being practically imperishable; and, although it looks somewhat new at present, it will mellow under the influence of the years. On one face—that next the road—there is a portrait of the poetess. On the others there are Bothwell Castle, the Clyde fruit trees, and two children, supposed to represent the poetess and her sister Agnes as they romped about "Bothwell's bonny braes." Leaving this monument, and keeping to the south side of the church we notice in passing some others built into and against the walls of the old church. These are some of the modern additions which perhaps would be better away, with the possible exception of the tomb of Dr. MacCulloch, a former minister of the parish, which is an interesting link with the past. A perusal of Dr. MacCulloch's epitaph is somewhat disconcerting, as in the long catalogue of virtues we are apt to think of him as leaving his parishioners far behind, but we may, perhaps, come nearer to the man himself if we read along with this his character as humorously drawn by another minister:—

"There lies interred beneath this sod,
A sycophantish man of God,
Who taught an easy way to Heaven,
Which to the rich was always given.
If he gets in he'll look and stare,
To find some out that he put there."

In the churchyard itself there are no pre-Reformation stones, so that with the exception of the two memorial stones in the sacristy of the old church, we have no sepulchral stones anterior to, or for over two centuries after, the building of the church.

Towards the eastern side of the churchyard are three stones marking the lairs of the Cullen family. The explanatory lines are in every case a rhyming couplet, and show considerable ingenuity on the part of the writers in getting a rhyme for their respective farms. They are as follows :—

1728.

"Here I stand and set up be,
For Wm. Cullen in Kirklee."

1728.

"Here I stand in this rank,
For John Cullen in Craigbank."

1732.

"Here I do stand in earth, clay, or fiel',
For John Cullen in Kennyhill."

Another stone of about the same date has the head of a dog, with a shuttle in its mouth, carved on the stone. The story accounting for this is said to be well authenticated. It is that a certain weaver, who had his loom at a considerable distance from his home, was wont to use his dog as an intermediary between the weaving shop and his home—the intelligent animal taking the empty pirns back to be refilled, and in return bringing others to his master full. It is

pleasant to find the faithful animal thus enjoying what perpetuity of fame there is along with his master.

On some of the stones there are the usual emblems of mortality—an hour glass, skull, or cross bones. In one all three appear, with the simple initials and date on the reverse:—

J A
J A
1694.

Another feature common to many of the tombstones is the representation of the trade of the deceased, by the characteristic tools, such as the iron and shears of the tailor, the hammer of the blacksmith, the shovel of the miller, and the square and straight edge of the mason. This, of course, is characteristic of old churchyards, and but reminds us that a great many of the names we bear are but symbols of the occupation of some remote ancestor. But the quaintest inscription in the churchyard is the one over the grave of the worthy blacksmith of Gowkthrapple:—

"My sledge and hammer lies declined,
My bellow's pipe have lost its wind,
My forge 's extinct, my fire 's decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My coals is spent, my iron is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done."

Our blacksmith was by no means original, for with slight variations the same epitaph is to be found elsewhere.

Perhaps the earliest version of all occurs in the churchyard at Blidworth, Notts., and is dated 1713:—

"My tongs and hammer lies declined,
My bellows has quite lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
My vice is in the dust all laid.
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails is drove, my work is done."

This epitaph occurs also at Caresbrook, Feltham, in Essex; Rochdale, Lancashire; Westham, in Essex; at Lincoln; and at Belchford, Lincolnshire. It is said to have been written by the poet Hayley. If it is "Epitaph Hayley," the friend of Cowper, then there is something wrong, as the Notts. inscription quoted above is dated 1713, while Hayley was born 1745. It is possible, of course, that he may simply have been charmed with the quaintness of an old inscription, and attempted to alter it.

Continuing our walk round the north side of the church, we again arrive at the Joanna Baillie monument; and, as we linger a little amid the beautiful parterres before departing, our thoughts are not earth borne by the testimonies to man's mortality, but partake of a sadness without gloom when we put side by side with the "hic jacet" of the grave the "resurgam" of a more confident hope.

JOANNA BAILLIE

"Emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice one hundred years roll'd o'er,
When she, the bold Enchantress, came
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakespeare lived again."
—*Marmion, Canto 3—Introduction.*

WE have already referred to the beautiful monument to Joanna Baillie in front of the Parish Church at Bothwell, a view of which we give above; but we should be poor interpreters of the inward significance of the memorial if we contented ourselves with a description of the symbol, and neglected the essential part—the life and works of the poet.

Alike on her father's and mother's side she was well born, if we accept the intellectual and moral worth of ancestry as a determining factor in the

formation of character. On her father's side, she was connected with the distinguished Scottish family—the Baillies of Jerviswood—who claimed descent from Sir William Wallace, and in a later day in the person of Robert Baillie, manfully withstood the Stuart tyranny at its worst. He while adjudged a traitor in his day now stands forth in the clearer light of a more liberal age as one of those patriots who saw one path only—the path of duty—and aspiring to be steadfast therein, seeking neither fame nor private gain for himself, pursued it to the bitter end—a traitor's doom. On her mother's side, she had as uncles the famous anatomists, William and John Hunter, who were natives of Long Calderwood, East Kilbride. Joanna's father was Dr. Baillie, formerly of Shotts Parish, but at the time of her birth—11th September, 1762—he was minister of Bothwell Parish. Her birthplace was the old manse, now replaced by the modern building. When our poet had reached the age of seven, her father was promoted to the charge of the Collegiate Church at Hamilton, so that her connection with Bothwell ceased at a very early age. In 1776, when she was only fourteen, a further removal of the family to Glasgow was necessitated by Dr. Baillie's appointment to the chair of Divinity in Glasgow University. Joanna Baillie's schooling was late in beginning, occasioned by a somewhat delicate state of health in her earlier years, and a mental backwardness, perhaps resulting therefrom—one more example that youthful precocity is by no means to be taken for genius,

although there was discernible in her early years a certain skill in the use of dialogue, which showed the latent dramatic instinct even at that time. The intellectual development, which was slow in beginning, was rapid in maturing, although the fruit was not shown for many years. Only two years after the removal of the family to Glasgow, Dr. Baillie died. This occasioned another removal, on this occasion back to Mrs. Baillie's natal village, Long Calderwood, where the family strongly influenced a young boy then growing up in Forefaulds Cottage—John Struthers—afterwards to be known as the author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath," "Dychmount," and other poems. In his autobiography we have a charming glimpse of the quiet life in his native village. (He writes of himself in the third person.) "Miss Joanna Baillie, since so highly distinguished for her poetical powers, had him frequently brought in to her, conversed familiarly with him, told him amusing stories, made him frequently read to her, and frequently read to him herself; while the young ladies delighted him at times with music from a spinnet, upon which they were both performers, or made themselves merry with his premature gravity and his, no doubt, over-fond and childish imaginings."

This idyllic life was broken up by the removal, in 1784, of Mrs. Baillie and her family to London, where, in 1783, her son, Dr. Matthew Baillie, had succeeded to the house and valuable collection of his uncle, Dr. John Hunter, the younger of the two brothers of Mrs. Baillie. Joanna stayed with her brother until

his marriage with Miss Denman, daughter of the Lord Chief Justice, when she took up house, along with her mother and sister Agnes, at Red Lion House, Hampstead. On her mother's death, she removed to Bolton House, "an unpretentious red-brick house of ancient date on the summit of a steep hill, which lifts the visitors to the breezy tableland of the heath." There she lived and wrote, and received her many visitors, which included most of the distinguished writers of the time, such as Crabbe the author of "The Borough," Campbell of "Pleasures of Hope" fame, Rogers, the author of "Italy," whose associations with Ruskin and Turner are well known, Sotheby, Jeffrey, John Richardson, and, last and most honoured, Sir Walter Scott, one of her most valued friends with whom she corresponded up to his death, which drew from her some lines perhaps more remarkable as showing the depth of her personal feeling towards that great writer, than her own powers at their best.

Richardson, who lived near her, records a visit he paid to his old house after having been away from the district for many years. It is interesting as showing the close relations existing between the distinguished neighbours. The occupant of the house had observed him leaning wistfully over the garden gate, and courteously asked him to take a turn round the garden with him. Once in, Richardson had to give vent to his recollections. "That (pointing to a bush) is from Sydenham, and was given me by the author of 'The

Pleasures of Hope'—that sweet william is from the garden of Joanna Baillie." At this the owner of the house was seen to be visible affected, but when he pointed out a certain rose bush as from the garden at Abbotsford, he was completely overpowered.

On the 23rd February, 1851, the poetess passed away at the ripe age of eighty-nine, while her sister Agnes survived her for ten years when she died at the remarkable age of a hundred. She was buried in Hampstead Churchyard, where the grave may be easily distinguished—an altar tomb surrounded by railings. Such then are the simple annals of her life, varied only by visits of her many friends, and by the appearance of her various volumes. Joanna Baillie's genius, as we have already said, was by no means precocious. Unlike Pope, she did not lisp in numbers, and her first volume, "Fugitive Verses," did not appear until 1790, when she was twenty-eight years of age.

But a wider horizon was opening before her. In 1798, "whilst surprised by the heat of a summer afternoon, and seated by her mother's side engaged in needlework, the thought of essaying dramatic composition burst upon her." Thus originated "The Plays of the Passions"—a series of plays in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, such as love and hatred. The first volume appeared in the above year, and others appeared from time to time up to 1836. The first instalment of this work was issued anonymously, and it was with reference to it that Mrs. Piozzi (Mrs. Thrale) wrote in her

memoirs :—"I well remember when her "Plays of the Passions" first came out, with a metaphysical preface. All the world wondered and stared at me who pronounced them the work of a woman, although the remark was made every day and everywhere that it was a masculine performance. No sooner, however, did an unknown girl own the work than the value so fell—her booksellers complained they could not get themselves paid for what they did, nor did their merits ever again swell the throat of public applause."

But we do not require to accept the moral which is so ingeniously drawn by Mrs. Piozzi. She was more bent on smartness than renowned for accuracy, and we have undoubted evidence that the work was fairly well received. Byron said of the author that she was the only woman who could write a tragedy, while Scott himself placed her on a pinnacle near "The Swan of Avon." Of course we must qualify this. She wrote dramas which were psychological studies, rather than embodiments of human nature as we know it. Her tragedies are related to Shakespeare's, as Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" is related to "The Merchant of Venice." In the one we have a dominant passion in the guise of human nature, in the other human nature dominated by the passion but still asserting itself. For this and other technical reasons they are too ponderous for the stage, although they had some success at the time. Of her plays, "De Montfort" was the most popular as a work, and was put on the stage by Kemble. Both Byron and Scott were present at

the performance, and did what they could to make it a success. But perhaps the most popular as a play was "Constantine Palaelogus" which was acted in the three capitals and even in Europe. The staging of "The Family Legend" in Edinburgh under Scott's auspices in 1810 was also a brilliant success, so far as theatrical representation was concerned, but for this Scott worked as though for dear life itself. He thus wrote to Morritt regarding the first evening:—"We wept till our eyes were sore, and applauded till our hands were blistered—what could we do more—and this in a crowded theatre." In 1821 an attempt was made to revive her plays, but Kean then pronounced against it, "for while," he said, "the plays are good poetry, they will not act." Strange to say, even this merit does not tend to save them from neglect. The verse in which they are written—blank verse—is, perhaps, the most difficult of all to wield successfully, because those who best can appreciate the harmony of this measure, have already been accustomed to the majestic march of the verse of Milton and Shakespeare, and are apt to be unjust to a poet of considerable power although of lesser rank. But there is room on the slopes of Parnassus for many poets, and "even the words of Mercury," god though he is, "sound harsh after the songs of Apollo."

But Joanna Baillie's title to fame perhaps rests more securely on the wayward productions of her genius—such as she contributed to various miscellanies, Thomson and Cunningham's Collections, and Struthers'

"Harp of Caledonia." In these her playful humour has full play, and this combined with the use of the old vernacular makes this section of her work more popular in Scotland than her more ambitious works can ever be.

When we proceed to select by way of example the task is by no means easy. The following lines from "The Kitten" show her native humour at its best, outside her vernacular poetry:—

> "Backward coil'd and crouching low,
> With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
> The housewife's spindle whirling round,
> Or thread and straw that on the ground
> Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
> Held out to lure the roving eye;
> Then stealing onward, fiercely spring
> Upon the tempting, faithless thing.
> Now wheeling round with bootless skill,
> Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
> As still beyond thy curving side
> Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
> Thou sidelong veer'st with rump in air,
> Erected still and gait awry,
> Like madam in her tantrums high,
> Though ne'er a madam of them all.
> Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
> More varied tricks and whims displays
> To catch the admiring strangers' gaze."

But when she deals with the vernacular we feel that she is one of that large band of gifted minstrels whom Scotland has produced, whose memory the country will continue to cherish so long as there is a shred of national feeling left. Joanna Baillie's contributions of this nature may not be numerous but they are gems in their way. "Poverty Pairts Gude Company," "Saw

ye Johnnie Comin'," "Woo'd and Marrit and A'," and "Tam o' the Lin," are perhaps the best. As the last is probably not so well known as the others we give it in full.

"Tam o' the Lin was fu' o' pride,
And his weapon he girt to his valorous side—
A scabbard o' leather, wi' deel haet within—
'Attack me wha daur,' quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he bought a mear,
She cost him five shillings, she was na dear;
Her back stuck up and her sides fell in—
'A fiery jaud,' quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he courted a may,
She stared at him sourly, and said him nay;
But he stroked down his jerkin and cocked up his chin
'She aims at the laird, then,' quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he gaed to the fair,
Yet he looked wi' disdain on the chapman's ware,
Then chucked out a saxpence—the saxpence was tin—
'There's coin for the fiddlers,' quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin wad show his lare,
And he scanned o'er the book wi' a wiselike air,
He muttered confusedly, but did na begin—
'This is dominie's business,' quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin had a cow wi' ae horn,
That liket to feed on the neighbours' corn;
The stanes he threw at her fell short o' her skin—
'She's a lucky auld reiver,' quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he married a wife,
And she was the torment, the plague o' his life!
'She lays sae about her, and maks sic a din,
She frightens the baillie,' quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin grew dowie and douce,
And he sat on a stane at the end o' his house,
'What ails thee, auld chield?' He looks haggard and thin—
'I'm no' vera cheery,' quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin lay doon to dee,
And his friends whispered softly and woefully,
'We'll buy some masses to scour away sin,'—
'And drink at my latewake,' quo' Tam o' the Lin."

Of Joanna Baillie's appearance and characteristics, we have many interesting glimpses from independent sources. She has been described as under the middle size but not diminutive, her countenance indicating high talent, worth, and decision. Of her Crabbe Robinson wrote in his diary: "Met Joanna Baillie and accompanied her home. She is small in figure, her gait is mean and shuffling, but her manners are those of a well-bred lady. She has none of the unpleasant airs too common to literary ladies. Her conversation is sensible. She possesses considerable information, is prompt without being forward, and has a fixed judgment of her own without any disposition to force it on others." Wordsworth wrote of her with warmth: "If I had to present to a foreigner any one as a model of an English gentlewoman it would be Joanna Baillie." The reference to our poet's gait as being mean and shuffling does not seem to agree with the verdict of Miss Sedgwick, an American lady; and as ladies are said to be quick to mark imperfections in ladies, we must assume the following description to be very accurate:—"Miss Baillie has a well-preserved appearance, her face has nothing of the vexed or sorrowful expression that is often so deeply stamped by a long experience of life. It indicates a strong mind, great sensibility, and the benevolence that I believe always

proceeds from it, if the mental constitution be a sound one, as it eminently is in Miss Baillie's case. She has a pleasing figure, what we call ladylike—that is delicate, erect and graceful; not the large boned muscular frame of most English woman. She wears her own grey hair—a general fashion, by the way, here, which I wish we elderly ladies of America may have the courage and taste to imitate; and she wears the prettiest of brown silk gowns and bonnets, fitting the beau ideal of an old lady—an ideal she might inspire if it had no pre-existence. You would of course expect her to be free from pedantry and all modes of affectation, but I think you would be surprised to find yourself forgetting, in a domestic and confiding feeling, that you were talking with the woman whose name is best established among the female writers of her country; in short, forgetting everything but that you were in the society of a most charming private gentlewoman."

In character she possessed that reticence or repression of all signs of emotion, which is perhaps one of the most typical characteristics of the Scottish race. This was shown in characteristic fashion on one occasion in the earlier stage of her literary career. She had been visiting Mrs. Barbauld, who was praising "The Plays of the Passions," just published, quite ignorant of the fact that she was pouring her praises into the ears of the author herself. All the time she listened unmoved and betrayed by no outward sign the trial to which she was being subjected. Agnes Baillie, eager as always to save her sister from any false position, did all in her

power to change the conversation, but from what we know of her sister's power of control, there was little chance of her betraying her secret. Another incident of like nature occurred on another occasion when on a visit to Scotland. "Marmion" was then newly published, and Joanna was reading the introduction to the third canto to some friends when all at once she came to the beautiful passage referring to herself, beginning "When she the bold enchantress came." She continued reading without betraying excitement, and her voice only gave way when the emotion of her listeners became uncontrollable. This thorough control of herself was also shown in another way—a disinclination to accept anything like dictation from others. Even Scott himself felt this, for we find him writing to Lady Louisa Stuart that Mrs. Siddons had pointed out to him an imperfection in one of the plays on which she wished Scott to give an opinion. Scott thus wrote, "If I speak truth, and 'tis my occupation to be plain, I fear I shall hurt an honoured friend or perhaps even offend her, and if I do not, I suffer her to commit her well-earned fame as well as her feelings to a certain risk." We find this rather positive feature in her character observable in her relations with Lady Byron. Thoroughly convinced of the right being wholly on the side of the injured lady, she writes to Scott remonstrating with him on his attitude towards Byron not being decided enough. We may detect in her letters on this subject just the slightest symptom of masterfulness which is somewhat reflected in Scott's

reply. But we should err to lay too much stress on this feature of her character. Loyalty to her friends, and a deep-rooted benevolence, which earned for her the title of the "Lady Bountiful," lay at the root of all her actions, and where she pressed her own opinion strongly we may be sure that the motive was ruled by a loving heart.

A writer of books Joanna Baillie was by no means a bookworm. She found her information in a study of the human heart, and the needed fire her own powerful genius supplied. None the less, she rejoiced in the thoughts of great minds, and many of those writers whom a later age delights to honour, she was privileged to number among her friends. If she had been asked what was the greatest benefit she received from her works, doubtless her reply would have been her friendship with Sir Walter Scott. Beginning with the publication of her first volume of plays it ended only when the "sleep that knows no waking" sealed the eyes of the great writer whom Scotland will for ever love. It was to her he made confession, in playful mood, that although profuse in his advice to others to visit Melrose by pale moonlight, he had never thus sought it himself. How high he ranked her we have already had occasion to remark, but one more example may be given. On being asked to say whether Campbell or Burns was the greater poet, he said there was no comparison, but, "if you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country." A later generation has not confirmed this

verdict of Scott, which, indeed, was, like many of his literary judgments, dictated by his own warm heart. None the less there is much in Joanna Baillie's work that will live, and whatever may happen as regards the opinion of the world at large, it would ill become her natal parish to let the life and work of her own poetic nursling fade into oblivion.

"Here, Gilbertfield, was subject meet
For thy bright genius soft and sweet,
Which might have rivalled through thy skill
Grongar or even Cooper's Hill.
Peace to thy spirit! On my ear
Even the light summer breeze sounds drear
Around thy ruin'd castle walls,
And through thy lone deserted halls,
Where cheerfulness should laughing stray
The Muses and the Graces play."

—JOHN STRUTHERS, *Dychmont.*

THE lands of Gilbertfield, on which the castle of Gilbertfield is situated, formed part of the barony of Cambuslang, and were feued out by the Earls of Douglas prior to 1752, when they disposed of the barony.* From the fact that Sir Robert Cunningham acquired the lands before the year 1594 and died at this castle in 1628† we may infer that he built it, the date on one of the dormer

* Description of the Sheriffdom of Lanark and Renfrew—"Maitland Club, 1831," p. 21.

† "Scottish Antiquary," January, 1894, Vol. VIII., p. 138. He was Captain of Dumbarton under John, Lord Hamilton, from 1585 to 1591.

pediments being 1607. The monogram on one of the other dormers appears to be "R. C." intertwined with the letter "H," probably for his wife Dame Janet Hamilton.

The castle is situated near the base of Dechmont Hill, about a mile and a half from Newton and two miles from Uddingston. It is L shaped on plan and is four storeys high. The entrance doorway, which is lintelled, is in the angle, and is commanded by a shot-hole from the kitchen and also from above. There has been a carved panel immediately above the lintel of the door. The castle is a very good example of the period of transition from the more ancient keep to the modern mansion. The windows, especially on the ground floor, are small, and all are barred with iron. The walls are about 3ft. 4in. thick. Although manifestly not built to withstand a regular siege, it is quite evident from what we see of its construction that it could have given a hostile party a very warm reception. But this does not interfere with its picturesqueness. It is very dignified in appearance, yet at the same time quaint and homely, the little corner turrets and crow-stepped gables, all well-proportioned, uniting to give the whole building a very pleasing outline.

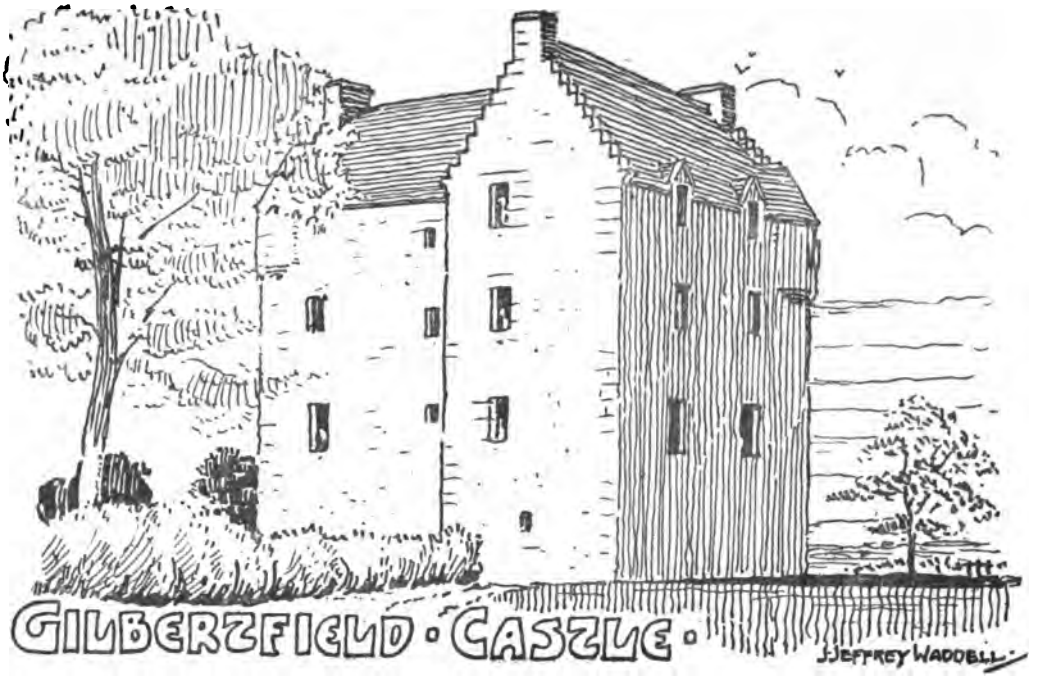
Entering into the interior through the door in the angle referred to, we again note in passing how the doorway could have been commanded by the fire of the inmates, one of the loopholes indeed being so near the entrance as to make it absolutely impossible

for any hostile person to damage or even to approach the door. On the ground floor are the kitchen, larder, and a room which may have been an armoury. These rooms and the entrance lobby are barrel-vaulted, the height being about 10ft. 8in. The kitchen fireplace is large, measuring 14ft. by 5ft., and has a fine round arch with an ingle seat at one end and an oven at the other. A stone sink with a drain occupies a recess in the wall. Large rusty iron cleeks still remain in the ceiling, testifying to a lavish hospitality long since passed away. There is a small service-stair from the larder to the dining-room, which is immediately overhead. This is a large room, 27ft. by 17ft., with a ceiling 14ft. 3in. high. It had a large fire-place which, however, has been contracted in modern times.

Proceeding along a short passage a smaller room is reached. This is called "Queen Mary's Room," as she is said to have slept here. Unfortunately for this story the date on the dormer already referred to is some twenty years after Mary's execution, and while it might still be maintained that the dated portion represented a later addition to the castle, it is more than likely that we must relegate this tradition to a place in the great mass of legendary history which a pitying interest in Mary's sad career has gathered round her name. In the thickness of this parlour wall a small closet with a loop-hole commands the entrance, whence in the good old days the master of the house could give rather a sharp welcome to any hostile intruder on his privacy. The second floor has been modernised, but has been

originally used as bedrooms only. The attic floor is similar, with the addition of two very fine little oriels. These, while they may have been used by the lady of the house as bowers, could also be utilised to command the base of the walls; but taken by themselves there is certainly nothing half so charming in the modern villa as this old Scottish feature. In elevation these features harmonise with the crow-stepped gables, and together with the dormer windows, which are ornamented with crescent finials, monograms, dates, etc., give character to the castle. The walls are of grey sandstone, rough cast in places; the flooring-joists and rafters are of oak (jointed with oak pins), and the slates are also fixed with oak trenails. The ridge is of sandstone.

But Gilbertfield does not claim our attention on architectural grounds only. It was for many years the residence of Lieutenant William Hamilton, the correspondent of Allan Ramsay and the inspirer of Burns' youthful muse. William Hamilton, always spoken of as "of Gilbertfield"—to distinguish him from his namesake, William Hamilton of Bangour, the author of "The Braes of Yarrow"—was the son of Captain William Hamilton and Janet, daughter of John Brisbane of Brisbane, and was born about 1665—the exact year is not known. His father resided at Ladybank, in Ayrshire, and was connected with the Hamiltons of Torrance, and through them with Sir John Hamilton. As became the son of a military sire who had fallen in battle, young Hamilton joined


GILBERTFIELD · CASTLE ·
J. JEFFREY WADDELL

the Army at an early age, but retired on half-pay, after some foreign service, with the rank of lieutenant only. His career seems to have been a fairly honourable one, but the truth was that he probably felt himself more fitted to play the rôle of a country gentleman than pose as a votary of Mars. He was fond of field sports and not averse to the pleasures of the table, a characteristic feature of men of letters of the eighteenth century. It was probably this convivial side of his nature, as well as the charms of poetry, which drew him to the "Joyous Ramsay." Amidst all the affectation of good comradeship which runs through Hamilton's poetical correspondence it would be unfair to him not to note the sound sense underlying it all. He valued the acquaintance of men of intellectual eminence, and aspired to a higher reputation than that of a mere boon companion.

Judging from an entry in the Cambuslang Church Records it would seem that William Hamilton's predecessor in Gilbertfield had not been particularly noted for strict adherence to the lines laid down by the church, as we find the old laird of Gilbertfield minuted for "his constant absenting himself from the church." This is all the more strange as only the year before he had been appointed, along with the minister, to exhort "Robert Miller of Chappell. . . . to exercise in family, and afterward to report." When Lieutenant Hamilton therefore entered into possession of the lands—by purchase in all likelihood—we may be sure that his military training would make him

less amenable to the rigid rules of the church and more inclined to that *camaraderie*, which, notwithstanding church discipline, was part of the spirit of the age.

It was in the summer of 1719 that Hamilton addressed his first complimentary epistle to Allan Ramsay:—

"O fam'd and celebrated Allan,
Renowned Ramsay! canty callan,
There's neither Hielandman nor Lowlan'
In poetrie
But may as soon ding doon Tantallon
As match wi' thee.
For ten times ten, and that's a hunner,
I hae been made to gaze and wonner
When frae Parnassus thou didst thunner
Wi' wit and skill,
Wherefore I'll soberly knock unner,
And quat my quill."

In his reply Allan pays a neat compliment to Hamilton:—

"When I begoud first to cun verse,
An' cou'd your Ardry Whins rehearse,
Where bonny Heck ran fast and fierce,
It warmed my breast,
Then emulation did me pierce,
Whilk since ne'er ceast.
* * * * * * * *
Ye'll quat your quill! that were ill-willy,
Ye's sing some mair yet, nill ye, will ye,
O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,
And gar ye sour,
Then up and war them a' yet, Willy,
'T is in your power."

Bonny Heck, referred to by Ramsay, is a lament on a famous greyhound contributed by Hamilton to a work

called "Watson's Choice Collection." The stanza used has been traced to Semple of Beltrees—the "Standard Habbie" of Ramsay, because it was used in the piece known as "Habbie Simpson, the Piper of Kilbarchan." But Burns' "Elegy on Mailie Deid" may with great advantage as to structure and matter be compared with Hamilton's "Bonny Heck."

Whether Allan Ramsay ever assisted Hamilton to practise the advice he gave him at his fine large ingle-neuk at Gilbertfield it is impossible to say. In all likelihood it saw the two foregather in the old style of comradeship, not without a spice of devil-may-care, when they sought to

> "Be blythe, an' let the world e'en shog as it think fit."

And

> "Left about the bumper whirl an' toom the horn,
> Grip fast the hours which hasty hurl,
> The morn's the morn."

This poetical correspondence ends with the acknowledgment by Ramsay of a barrel of Lochfyne herrings sent him by Hamilton:—

> "Your herrings, sir, came hale and feer,
> In healsome brine, a' soumin
> In fat they are, and gusty gear,
> As e'er I laid my thumb on."

And so ended this correspondence, but not the friendship of the two poets.

Hamilton ultimately sold Gilbertfield to the neighbouring laird of Westburn and removed to Latterick, the other seat of his family, situated on the southern

slope of Dechmont, where he died on 24th May, 1751. He had married a lady of his own name, by whom he had one daughter, Anna.

Of the influence of Hamilton on Burns, Burns himself is the best authority; but we know in addition to direct testimony that the tide of Scottish prejudice which Burns said would boil in his breast until the flood-gates of his being closed in eternal rest was largely due to Hamilton's abridgment of Blind Harry's "Wallace," and if those who now read Blind Harry prefer the original, Hamilton has at least served his day.

There is a striking resemblance between Hamilton's "Epistles to Ramsay," especially the verse already quoted, "O famed and celebrated Allan," and Burns' poem on "Pastoral Poetry," notably the verse:—

> "Yes! there is ane! a Scottish callan,
> There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan,
> Thou needna jouk behind the hallan,
> A chiel sae clever.
> The teeth of Time may gnaw Tantallon,
> But thou's for ever."

Hamilton's works are "Bonny Heck" and the "Epistles to Ramsay," both already referred to, and "Willie was a Wanton Wag," but his name now rests on his association with Ramsay and Burns.

It seems strange to us of a later day when we read the well-known lines of the younger poet, where he expresses his desire to speil

> "Wi' Allan and wi' Gilbertfield
> The braes of fame,"

and it is not overstraining our imagination to think of the younger poet from his sure position among the immortals asking us to rescue the inspirer of his youthful muse from the destroying hand of Time.

But the castle is now in a far different condition from what it was in the days when Hamilton dispensed his hospitality to his friends. It has been sub-divided to form dwellings for several families of miners, and is, it is to be feared, doomed to extinction in the near future if nothing is done for it. It was this fear which haunted Struthers when he wrote the following lines —it was used then, as in quite recent years, for purely farmyard purposes :—

> "Can, Hamilton, thy polished taste
> See thus the poet's house lie waste
> Or housing cattle;—he whose fame
> Is wreathed with thine own noble name
> And whose bright genius, gift divine!
> Illustrates even thy princely line?

But let us hope something will yet be done to preserve this interesting relic from an unworthy fate.

UDDINGSTON:

Its Name and Early Historical Notices.

Lady Mode—Bring me a book for I have an exposition of sleep coming upon me.
Page—What shall I bring you?
Lady Mode—Oh! Some odd volume of sermons or a local history.
—From *Old manners ever knew,*
[an old play not attributed to Bacon.]

IN a former chapter we dealt with a period in our local history, of which little is known, what little there is serving but to accentuate how complete the separation is between the period of recorded history and that which we not inaptly call the dark ages. For there is shut up in these unrecorded years the answer to many a question which a student of the past would gladly solve, not simply from idle curiosity, but from the innate desire in man to learn something of his environment, its past history, and what meaning there may be in the local names which come so tritely to his lips. For we may be sure such names were not idly given, but arose naturally out of circumstances known at the time, so that if they seem meaningless to us now, it is due either to changes in the orthography, or other circumstances, the ignorance of which has

obscured for us the original significance of the name. Emerson's definition of words as "fossil poetry" applies with particular force to place names, which are not only fossil poetry, but fossil history and topography as well.

In seeking to arrive at the meaning of a name such as that of the village of Uddingston, several things require to be taken into account—the oldest form of spelling, the situation of the place, and the local pronunciation of the name. In order to get at the first of these, we must take the spelling found in the earliest documents available. So far as we have been able to trace, these are references in English records to Scottish affairs — the earliest Scottish governmental records prior to the War of Independence being, for reasons already stated, very sparse. The first reference occurs in Ragman Roll, where Wautier le fiz, Roger de Odistoun is recorded as taking the oath of fealty to Edward I. Then followed, as we know, the brief period of Scottish ascendancy under Wallace, which enables us to understand the next reference, which is an injunction to the "vice comite de Lanarke (Sheriff of Lanark) to restore the lands of 'Eddistone' (note variation of spelling) to the forementioned 'Walterus filius Rogeri.'" This Walter Rogerson—if we may take the liberty to put the stiff Norman into modern dress—was still in possession in the reign of King Robert the Bruce, for there is a charter under the great seal granting to Patrick de Moravia "totam terram de Ediston quae fuit quondam Walti filii Rogi in valle de Clude"; that

is, "the whole land of Ediston, in the vale of Clyde, at one time in possession of Walter Rogerson."

The next reference is in a charter of James III., dated 1475, where the spelling is Odingstonne, while various Latin documents in the Registrum Episcopatus Glasguensis give the various yet similar spellings Wddynston, Wdynston, Udynstonn, Uddinstonn. In another document, dated 1710, we have Udiston, which leads up to the more extended modern form Uddingston. Taking now (phonetically) the local pronunciation which we may write as "Aidiston"; it will be noticed how near this approaches to the oldest written form of the name, a fact which leads us to the conclusion that the name is simply the record of the name of a leader of a band of settlers now lost. The "ton," of course, is the Saxon "tun"—a township—of that there is no doubt. This, taken in conjunction with the fact that there is an "Udston" near Hamilton, leads us to identify the name as something like Ade or Ud. As a further support to this idea, we have the direct testimony of Bede that "ing" or "inga" may imply derivation from an ancestor. This "ing" is represented in the older documents by the "i" or "yn," and reappears again in the modern name. Taking this view of it, Udston means the township of Ud; Uddingston, the township of the descendants of Ud. It is rather remarkable that in a list of the Bothwell Castle garrison in 1311, the name Ade frequently occurs as a first name. We have there Ade de Cambrou, Ade

Fayrey, Ade filii Hugonis, Adi filii Aquetis, which, to say the least of it, lends considerable likelihood to the solution given above. There is, of course, the older meaning—Odin's town—to which several of the spellings give considerable colour, but which scarcely agrees either with the local pronunciation or the more ancient spelling. In itself it is a very likely meaning, for it is quite probable that the Norsemen in one of their many daring incursions into the Clyde—which was navigable for such boats as theirs farther up than at present—might have formed a settlement on the banks of the Clyde, and perceiving that it already had sacred associations annexed it, gods and all, naming it Odin's town in compliment to their own deity.

Leaving now the question of the name and passing to the village itself, we have to consider the relationship between the Ediston land and the castle. Now while there are frequent references to Bothwell in these early documents, it is more than likely that the reference is primarily to the castle itself, for even before the present castle there would be the residence of the lord of the manor, so that we must look for the meaning of the name in the situation of the castle and not of the village itself. Thus the name Bothwell—if we take it as meaning the dwelling by the river or in an angle of the river—plainly applies with greater force to the castle than to the village of the same name. We may therefore take Bothwell Castle or Manor House as the central point, and Bothwell village as the ecclesiastical appendage to

it, while "Ediston" represents the district where the retainers were settled, on whose strong arms the lords of the barony depended for aid when danger threatened. Considerable colour is given to this theory by the fact that the old village lies towards what we know to have been the old entrance to the castle, and even yet we have the old name "Gallowsmuir" clinging to the spot where through many centuries rough but speedy justice of the "Jeddart" order was served out to those who had come under the wrath of the baron.

In the register of Glasgow church already referred to we have a series of Latin documents which are interesting as shedding light on this period. The first of these is the record of a grant of three stones of wax to Glasgow Cathedral made by Joanna Moray—the last of the castle Morays,—which was at once to be a tribute of respect to her husband's memory and a provision for her own salvation. The Archbishop of Glasgow accepted the gift, and as long as the Douglases held sway it was regularly paid. In the year 1475 James III. reminded the farmers that although Bothwell lands had been forfeited to the Crown by the treason of the Douglases, the wax must be paid as heretofore—two and a half stones to light S. Kentigern's tomb, and half a stone for his mother, S. Thenaw's. The local farmers seem to have treated the royal letter to very discourteous neglect, for in 1496 Richard Fergus, an official of Glasgow Presbytery, by "apostolic authority notary public" he styles

himself, charged "John Cauldwell of Uddingstonn" and others with carelessness as to the performance of their spiritual duties. If our village magnates were not frightened for the king it was scarcely to be expected they would yield to a humble presbyter. The result was an angry letter from the Archbishop to the legal adviser of the church, in which he affirmed that "John Cauldwell, John Scot, Robert Scot, John Wylkynson, James Pettigrew, John Scot, Gilbert Jak, John Braidwood, Jr., Patrick Silverton, Robert Scot, Jas. Wilson, John Crosby, and the widows of Patrick Braidwood and John Scot had imperilled their own souls, to say nothing of the robbery, injury, and dishonour inflicted on the Cathedral of Glasgow and the Chapel of the blessed S. Thenaw."

The man of law promptly acted on this appeal, and sent the culprits the usual final notice: "John Cauldwell and his accomplices we condemn, and we straitly forewarn them that if they fail to pay the debt in wax of seven years' standing within twelve days, they shall be cast forth, and deemed publicly denounced, and this denunciation shall not cease until this order has been cancelled." The sentence of excommunication was duly carried out, as it is endorsed: "This letter was publicly executed by me, William Kirkton, on 3rd June, 1496, according to its tenor, and before the parishioners, and signed by the following witnesses—Johann Nesbeht de Dalzell, Jacobo Belhe de Carfyn, Johanne Hamilton de Vodhall et Johanne Baptister."

Whether the spiritual thunders made the Uddingston farmers quail we have no means now of finding out, for the record ends here. It is significant that for the eight years preceding this the country had been in a most unsettled condition, which was largely brought about by the defeat and death of James III. at Sauchie Burn and the capture of the young king by the unruly nobles. The woe pronounced on the land whose king is a child was felt in all its force in Scotland then, and our neighbourhood was no exception. At that time Bothwell Parish was under the supervision of Earl Lennox, Lord Lyle, and Matthew Stewart. Their duty was to arrest the spread of "theft and rieving," and "other enormities," "to serch and seik quhar ony sic trespassours are fund or knawin within thare bounds." Whether this objection to pay was due to this spirit of rebellion, or to the entrance of a higher principle, we cannot say. It is significant of the change that came over the country during the next two centuries that a John Scot, father and son, and others in the parish, declined to sign the bond and test in 1683, and had to pay their fines accordingly. We thus find rebels against an ecclesiastical court in one age rebels two centuries later, but from a higher motive and in a nobler cause. For while the one seemed to be dictated by a desire to escape from an inconvenient tax, the other was inspired by the nobler principle of conscientious duty, and in faithfulness to it the loss of goods was willingly borne.

As bearing on the history of the Covenanting period, and at the same time as an example of a tradition existing in this district, the following story may not be out of place:—At the time when the Covenanters were driven from place to place, one of the faithful band was forced to look for shelter in a harvest field. His pursuers being at his heels, he had only time to creep under a stook before the band of troopers came along and began to search. As they saw a robin sitting singing on one of the first which came in their way—which happened to be the one under which the man was hiding — they neglected it, thinking that the presence of the bird was conclusive proof that the fugitive was not there. Thus they passed on their way, after thoroughly searching and overturning every stook in the field but the one under which the man had taken shelter.

UDDINGSTON:

A Glance at its Topography.

"Plague take the rascally Scots and their roads," said the leader of the small band of horsemen, as his horse plunged up to the girth in mud.

"By our lady of Ediston," retorted his companion, smiling, as he reined in his horse to allow the other to scramble on to the centre of the road, which was here virtually a bridle path between two ditches, "the Scots from what I know of them do not construct their roads to facilitate an English retreat."—*Bothwell Castle: A Tale of Bannockburn.*

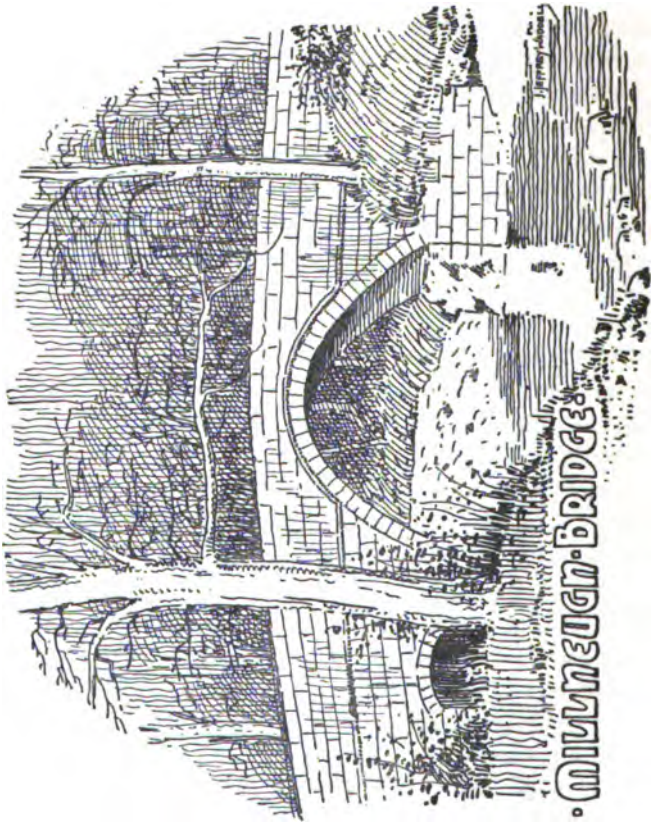
IT has been stated that the Roman roads are generally to be found skirting the edge of some breezy upland, while beneath, nestling in the hollow is to be seen the distant village with its houses clustering round the village church.* This observation is certainly just in the present instance, for the local features in our own district exactly correspond to this description, even to the minutest detail. As regards the road itself—to the traces of which in this neighbourhood we have already referred—it is of the first importance in considering the question of topography that we should bear it in mind, as it would be the natural highway of the country up to modern times.

* See Prof. Baldwin Brown's "The Art of Early England."

This road, which might be called a continuation of Watling Street, after traversing England to Carlisle, proceeded to Dumfries and thence followed the course of the Clyde to Carstairs and on past Bothwell and Uddingston to Glasgow, where it divided, one fork leading to Dumbarton (Theodosia), the other crossing the Clyde to Paisley (Vanduara).* A branch road from Carstairs proceeded almost due north to the Roman Wall near Castlecary. This wall, known as Antonine's, extended by Kilpatrick, Kirkintilloch, and Falkirk from Clyde to Forth. This district was therefore within the Roman boundary, and was thus protected from the barbarous hordes beyond the wall. With the exception of the Roman road, we have no trace of any other until quite recent times. Even in the 17th century roads were mere tracks worn by the feet of travellers, while the land being uninclosed, any one was at perfect liberty to take what seemed to him a shorter path. As regards even the most frequented highways up to and some time after the beginning of the 19th century, there is a danger of us forgetting that they were even then in a lamentable condition, and, in wet weather, were perfect quagmires, and not suitable for rapid transit. In Blane's map, published

* Alex. Galloway, in a paper read before the Archæological Society of Glasgow, in December, 1864, is evidently of a different opinion. He says it passed by Bothwell, "crossing the Clyde at Bothwell Castle, and proceeded by Drumsargard Castle, Cambuslang, Rutherglen, Langside, and Three-mile house, to the great camp at Paisley, opposite the west end of Antonine's Wall." There is no direct evidence against this, but no traces of the road remain, and it is more probable that the Clyde was crossed at Glasgow and not at Bothwell Castle.

in 1654 (one of our earliest maps), no roads are shown in Lanarkshire, although there must have been some kind of road by Bothwell Bridge connecting Hamilton and Glasgow. Even as late as 1731 no road is shown in John Adair's map of the Firth. In his book, "The Battle of Langside," A. M. Scott, F.S.A., in the chapter on the road from Hamilton to Dumbarton, says:—"There is a historical circumstance which points to the road having followed the north side of the river, in addition to the fact that by following that side fords were avoided—the road crossing Bothwell Bridge after leaving Hamilton, and continuing by a pretty straight course to Glasgow, through Tollcross and on to Dumbarton, along the line of the old Roman road. It would be along this road that the Covenanters marched in 1679 in their attack on Glasgow; and, after their repulse, they returned by the same way." Still earlier, it was by this way that Moray expected Mary's army to reach Glasgow, when he lay encamped on Glasgow Moor awaiting it. But Mary's leaders being advised of this, turned the Regent's position by taking the road to the south, passing through Blantyre, Cambuslang, and Rutherglen. This road is shown in a map by Robert Ogilvy, dated 1741, and its course is still marked by the ancient Priors' Bridge spanning the Rotten Calder. It was probably built, as the name implies, by one of the priors of Blantyre, but is now much modernized. A better example of the mediæval bridge is to be found in the Millheugh Bridge a few hundred yards farther up the stream.

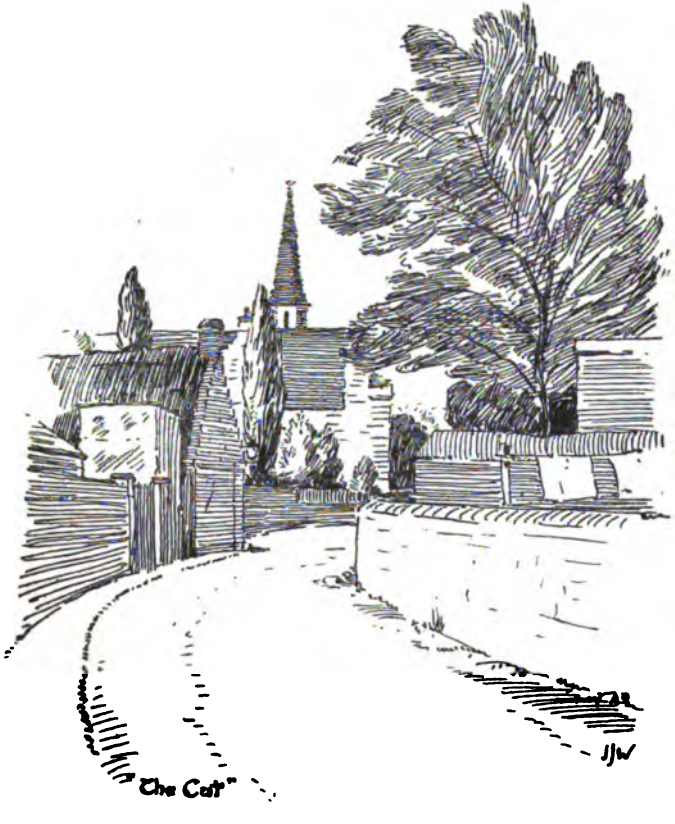

MILLMEUGH·BRIDGE

While the north road on these occasions was undoubtedly the old Roman road, there gradually came into use the road by the river, which became the coach road for Glasgow, Hamilton, and the South. But do not let us confuse this with the present Glasgow Road, which was formed in 1836. The line of the old road began at the Bank and followed the present Old Glasgow Road until the back entrance to Knowehead was reached, which it entered, passing the front of Knowehead House, and emerging again where the front gate to Knowehead is at present.* From here it continued, but nearer the river than at present, past Clydeneuk, then called Threeneuk, where a tannery was situated, along Clydeside Avenue, and across the North Calder by the narrow stone bridge —the remains of which may still be seen—joining what is now the main road at Daldowie Gate, where the toll house was situated for the Old Edinburgh Road, *i.e.*, the old Roman road. The Sheepburn Road commenced at Point Park as now, and ran by the Bogg Farm until it joined the old Roman road. This road was up till living memory in part paved with large stones.

The main roads were, therefore, the old Roman road and, in more modern times, the Old Hamilton Road, with various connecting "loans," of which some exist, and some were shut up by common agreement between the proprietors on the turnpike road being formed. These loans were sometimes farm roads

* The milestone can still be seen standing among the grass

merely, sometimes bridle paths leading to the mill, for in those days mills, like wells, had a local importance which they lack to-day. With regard to the former, the one which served the inhabitants of Uddingston was Bredisholme Meal Mill on Calder banks, and was approached by the Old Mill Road. This seems to have been owned originally by the Douglases, as there was an enactment that the villagers should have their corn ground only after the castle was supplied. There was also a meal mill on the Rotten Calder, ruins of which still remain. In all likelihood it would serve the inhabitants on the left bank of the river, and, doubtless, supplied the priory in pre-Reformation times. One of the many loans was the Hole Road, which ran from the Old Glasgow Road over the same ground as is covered by the present avenue of Gardenside, and, crossing Greenrig at the Gardenside entrance, continued until it joined the Old Mill Road near where the Catholic Chapel now stands. This road is supposed to have been used by the castle people when they wished to ride with a small quantity of grain to the mill. The Old Mill Road proper began at Easter Farm, and joined the Old Mill Road, as known at present, by the road which is still represented by "the Cut." The portion of this road between "the Cut" and the Bellshill Road was known as Cowford Road. The Bellshill Road was another parish road, and was by no means a model thoroughfare. A ditch ran along the left side of the road, which, near the Free Church School, crossed to the


"The Cott"
JJW

right side, and continued until it was merged in the burn. This road was by no means a desirable path in wet weather, and we need not wonder at this when we reflect that the parish roads had only one roadman to look after them, while the stones used for repairs were brought by the weavers from the Clyde during spells of dull trade, and broken and sold to the parish.

The village was well supplied with spring wells for common use, of which one of the best known was Jacob's Well, a very popular spring, and a favourite resort of the school children in its day, now, alas, buried under some of the railway embankments at Viewpark Colliery. Other wells were Docken Well, Porters' Well, Kiln Well, Miguel,* and Lady Well. The real significance of these names can scarcely be conjectured now, and on this head even the testimony of the oldest inhabitant must be received with caution. Judging from the analogy supplied by other villages in the county, it would seem wells very frequently took their names from local proprietors, and occasionally from the quality of the water, as in the name "Tea Well," which was used locally of one; but to push the analogy further, and assume that "Porterswell" implied a suitability for making porter would, perhaps, be going too far. Another old road of considerable importance for us in seeking to determine the roads of the past is the undoubted continuation of the Porterswell Road to the

* The site of the present Baptist Church.

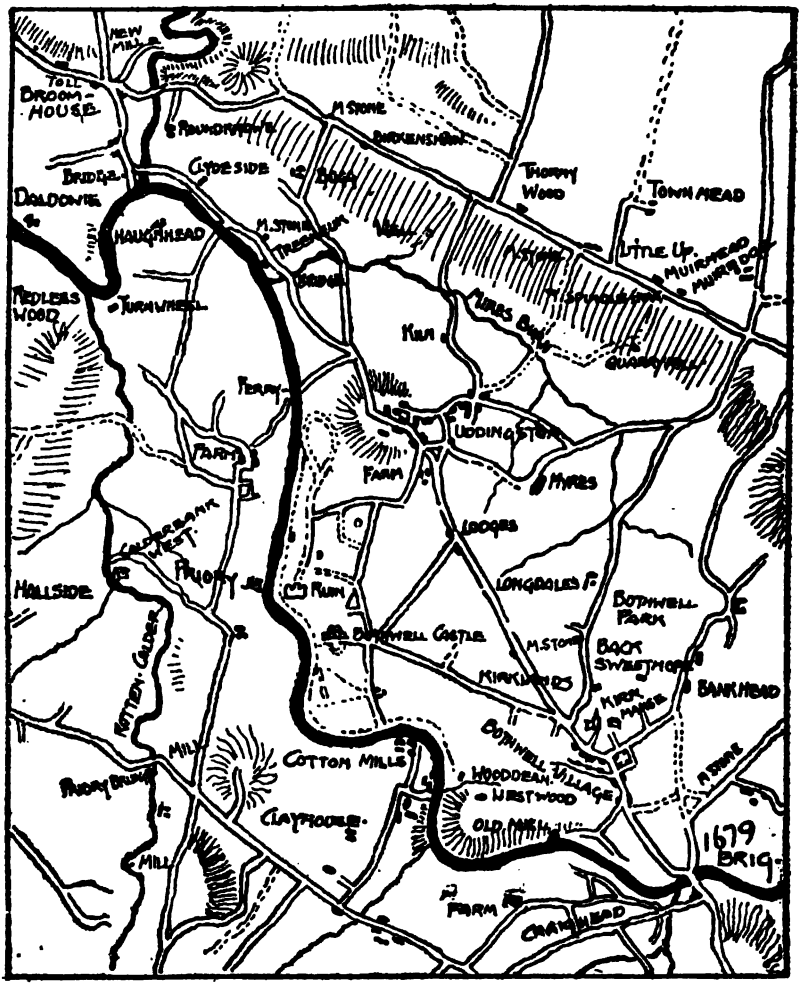
castle; while we have an idea that, a road would lead to the castle from that portion of ground behind the Iron or "Wee Foundry," known as Gallowsmuir, which, marking as it does the site of the ancient gallows, would be an indispensable adjunct to the castle, as in these days the baron always had such a grim ornament placed before his gates.

But we must disabuse our minds of the modern idea about roads. All the roads of a hundred years ago were badly kept, in fact, were hardly kept at all, while the "driving loans" were paths like those we still find existing at the side of many a field. It is for this reason we moderns think of a right-of-way as an ancient, but an inferior, kind of road, when, as a matter of fact, they are simply relics of what roads there were, the others being all closed up through the supineness of the old inhabitants. What was everbody's business became nobody's business, and thus public rights were lost.

From William Forrest's Survey of Lanarkshire published in 1816, which is here reproduced, it will be seen that Uddingston then had neither railways nor Main Street, and, in fact, is represented in plan by a very few black dots—its houses. The Clyde was not then spanned by the Red Bridge,* but this point was known as the West Ford.† A little lower down

* Built some sixty-five years ago.

† Perhaps this should rather be called the East Ford, and the lower—more a ford of a private nature to West Haughhead Farm—the West Ford.



PLAN OF UDDINGSTON DISTRICT.

(Reproduced from William Forrest's Survey of Lanarkshire, published in 1816.)

the river another ford is indicated at the mouth of the North Calder, which would then, of course, be quite near the higher main road—*i.e.*, the old Roman road. The river may still be forded at this place.

In seeking to gain some idea of the site of our village, we must forget much of what we see at present. We must consider the present Main Street as non-existent, shut our eyes to the railways and coal pits, which more than anything else have changed the configuration of the ground, and instead of approaching the village by the Caledonian Railway, across the valley, or by the North British Railway midway between the high or old Roman road and the more modern or Old Glasgow Road, we should imagine ourselves seated in a "diligence" or "noddy" making our way round the bend of the Clyde on a rough, uneven roadway—in one of those "diligencies," so called, which aroused the sarcastic ire of Monkbarns when he waited in vain for this swift conveyance at Mrs. Macleuchar's door. But what our ancestors lost in speed and comfort was compensated for by the beauty which then was a feature of the landscape too common to be valued. In whatever way they approached the hamlet, whether by the old Roman highway, or by the lower road from Hamilton, it would be through a pure and smokeless air, across streams where the translucent water showed the trout darting to and fro, inviting the schoolboy to nature's studies in the free and easy way that boys love, instead of to a day spent in conning a book in the little but and ben, which in these days stood for

the temple of knowledge. Changes have been rife since then, and what was once the little hamlet can now only by a little playful humour be called a "village." With this disappearance of the old village characteristics have vanished many of the ancient charms of the place. The surface of the land "deep scars of thunder have entrenched," and our streams still flow, but no longer pure, although between the same banks, which by their verdure suggest the limpid waters which we shall not find.

UDDINGSTON:

The Village and its Inhabitants.

"How pleasant it is . . . to learn to know and to love the people about us with all their peculiarities, just as we learn to know and to love the nooks and turns of the shady lanes and sunny commons that we pass every day . . . . Will you walk with me through our village, courteous reader, the journey is not long?"

—MISS MITFORD'S *Village*.

WE have already claimed for the village of Uddingston a very remote antiquity, and have sought to show how in the far distant past it would grow up like the neighbouring village of Bothwell, dependent on the lord of the manor. Originally a farming township, there would naturally spring up in it, in the first place, the crafts—such as those of the wright and smith—which were necessary to the husbandman and his work; and, although it might be objected to this, that within a hundred years ago weaving was the staple industry, this can easily be accounted for by the necessity laid upon every village in an earlier day of being as far as possible self-supporting, on account of the bad roads and imperfect and slow means of conveyance. In any case local names such as Green Rig, Croft Bank,

Croft Head, etc., point to the cultivation of the land in rigs under different ownership, with common grazing rights. The larger farms would be occupied by the representatives of the ancient feudal retainers of the castle, and the steady persistence of certain names through the years would seem to confirm this. In "Origines Parochiales," written early in the eighteenth century, Bothwell is mentioned as a "little hamlet consisting of forty or fifty houses," while "Udiston" is called a little village of about sixty families, a statement which, showing as it does that Uddingston was even then equal in size to Bothwell, would seem to dispose of any claim on the part of Bothwell to greater antiquity. In 1795 the population of Uddingston and out farms was 287, while Bothwell, including the castle, had a population of 425. In 1836, when Uddingston and the castle were taken together, the population was 644, while Bothwell had risen to 725.

The houses of old Uddingston yet remaining resolve themselves into two groups, those known as "Wee Ireland,"* and those round Porterswell. Both groups have changed greatly, and are yearly changing, some being already marked for removal. Considerable doubt exists as to which is the oldest house in the village. Certainly the oldest date remaining is that on the lintel of one of the windows in a house in the vicinity of the Old Mill Road, but this stone almost

* This name is, of course, of modern origin, and dates from the Irish immigration consequent on the opening up of the district.


·WEE·IRELAND·
J. JEFFREY WADDELL

certainly belongs to an older building than that of which it forms a part at present. The house in the lane—"Wee Ireland"—has the following over the window, formerly the lintel of an old doorway, now partially built up:—

T C + 1684 + B H

But the oldest date *in situ*, so far as we are aware, is that on the club skew of a crow-stepped gable opposite the tennis court in the Old Glasgow Road. The date is 1667. The typical house of this village a hundred years ago was of one storey, built of rough ruble, roofed with tree branches, and thatched. The

floors were generally earthen, and as a rule were roughly levelled once a year. They were either single-end houses or with a weaver's shop attached. The sanitary arrangements of these houses were generally far removed from what would satisfy a modern inspector. Ashpits were at each door, and the pig was generally kept so near that it could be fed from the back door without the necessity of leaving the dwelling. A row of houses of this class formed a group some sixty years ago in the vicinity of the Old Glasgow Road near Gardenside. They were known collectively as "Johnnie Rae's Throat." The rent of these houses, it may be interesting to note, was three pounds and three days' shearing. There were a few larger houses, such as that still standing to the right after entering Porterswell. This house belonged to Merchant Eglinton, where, besides having a ten-loom weaving shop, he sold groceries and home-woven cloth. Near it, but at the left-hand corner of the lane on entering, was a grocer's shop formerly kept by Andrew Jack, the entrance, however, was from the Old Glasgow Road. It was an unofficial post office where letters were left, but the post office proper was then at Bothwell. On the opposite side of Porterswell from Merchant Eglinton's shop there was a public-house, perhaps the most prominent in the village. This was the call-house of the Carlisle-to-Glasgow carriers, and we are informed that at times as many as twenty carriers' carts might have been seen standing at the door. At Loanhead there was what

was known as a "loupin'-on stane,"* used in the days when the ladies rode in front of the gentlemen. In this quarter, too, the mail stables were situated.

Another interesting monument of the past has vanished in the "Plague Stane." This formerly stood by the old quarry at Uddingston West Station, and is probably underneath the railway embankment. It marked the site of an old graveyard where those who had died of the plague were interred. Whether this was a place set apart from time immemorial for those who died of the black death, or was of more modern origin, it is now impossible to ascertain with certainty.

As regards the inhabitants of the village before the introduction of railways, they were, like those of other small villages, a little world by themselves. The advent of a stranger was an event; so much so that the visit of two artists to the locality many years ago, in order to make several sketches of the picturesque spots there, lingers still as a tradition. In the village itself the staple industry was weaving, and the inhabitants earned in good times as much as five shillings a day, but employment was uncertain. The weavers, however, were capable of turning their hands to many things—an interesting fact to note, as bearing upon the proposal nowadays to resort to apprenticeship to more than one trade, in order to counteract the baneful influence on the mind of mechanical labour, combined with modern

* One of these stones may be seen *in situ* in the village square at East Kilbride.

division of labour. We have already recorded that they provided stones for the road. They also built the wall along the main road marking the castle boundaries, which took some three years to build, on account of the intermittent character of the workers. Blacksmiths, it is said, got twenty-one shillings, and out labourers ten shillings per week. The fact that this was paid quarterly is a fair evidence of their sobriety. The following contemporary note about the language, dress, and manners of the parish gives us a glimpse of the eighteenth century:—"The language spoken here is English, with the Scotch dialect. Like their neighbours, within the last twenty years they are much improved in their dress. The women wear a black silk coat and hat. The men appear in English cloth and a hat. Their appearance in public and at church is decent and elegant; but the taste for show and finery is at once the cause of their demand for higher wages, and why so much less money is allowed to accumulate than formerly, when they had scarcely more than half of their present allowance."* Dr. MacCulloch, in his statistical account at the end of the eighteenth century, says parishioners were sober in their habits, which he attributes to the small number of ale-houses. From what has been pointed out to us as sites of old-time public-houses, exception might be taken to this; but if the later statistical account (1836) is accurate in its statement that there were only three paupers in Uddingston quarter at that period, the

* Old Statistical Account (1795). Article—Bothwell Parish.

state of the village on that head must have been decidedly satisfactory.

Due allowance must be made for such an exciting thing as an election contest in the days before the bribery acts were passed, for it is said that when Lord Charles Douglas was returned over Maxwell of Pollock, liquor flowed freely at the cross, and after it ceased being dispensed in the open-air, was given gratis in two adjoining public-houses. A verse of an election ballad of this period still survives:—

"Bothwell Castle Charlie dumb
Wi' bribery in his hand,
He offered meal to every man
Would join the Tory band."

Judging from the two last lines of the ballad, it would seem that the Tories got credit in those days for being strong on the *free food question*. While electioneering methods in this free and enlightened age may bear a strong family likeness to many of the tricks of the past, it must, at least, be conceded that the outward habits are now more decorous. Public order then was maintained by "baton" men, as they were called, who were some sixty years ago Laird Jack, Merchant Eglinton, Thomas Scott, and Andrew Forrest. Their duties were by no means nominal, as fierce fights broke out at times between east and west, smiths and weavers, Bothwell and Uddingston—even then was the contentious spirit abroad.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Uddingston was rendered famous by the invention of a new

type of plough by John Wilkie, an agricultural implement maker then.* At first it was mounted with a wooden framework, but latterly was made wholly of iron. Wilkie's plough was soon in use in all quarters of the globe, as many as ten thousand having been made and sent out of the Uddingston work between 1800 and 1840. John Wilkie also invented an adjusting brake and cultivator as an auxiliary to the plough. His son James was a worthy successor in every way, and added to his father's inventions a horse hoe, a drill harrow of great utility, and also a new turnwrest plough, which, at the time, gained a premium from the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. The trade in these implements has been revolutionised since that day; but all honour to him who, in his day, proved a worthy captain of industry. John Wilkie's house may still be seen in the two-storey building almost opposite the E.U. Church in the Old Mill Road. Following Wilkie, there was Gray's implement work, but it, too, must now be numbered among the things that were. With a mention of the short-lived British Water Gas Company, and of Russell's Foundry, we have exhausted all the industries that have existed in the village to any extent. The extraordinary development of coal mining has completely changed the character of the district in many ways; but the erection of Halton's works of recent years once more introduces something new into our local industries.

Before 1840 the post office was at Bothwell, where

* A model of this plough may be seen in the museum at Edinburgh.

letters had to be called for, an extra charge being made for delivery. If postal business happened to be very important, a visit had to be made to Hamilton, and it is stated that Mr. Wilkie had even to go to Edinburgh with reference to his foreign correspondence. The inhabitants of the village had, in those days, an easy style of familiar address, christian names, such as Jock and Jean, being quite sufficient for ordinary intercourse. There were only a few exceptions to this, such as Laird Jack, Laird Cross, and Merchant Eglinton. Merchant Eglinton's house we have already referred to. Laird Cross resided at Clydeside, while Laird Jack resided at the big house which is now Easter farm.

Some sixty years ago the great holiday in the village was the 25th March—Lord Archibald Douglas' birthday—when the village was *en fête*. When at play, the village indulged in table the duck, quoits, hand-ball, and shinty (played along the main road). Curling was played in winter with great gusto. A very good story is told of how the better half in one household cured her husband of an excessive zeal for curling. In his desire for the pleasures of the "roarin' game," he forgot that the household pot had to be kept boiling, but always, nevertheless, expected to find his dinner waiting him at the appointed time. One day he came home at dinner time, and was more than usually well pleased when his wife put before him a covered bowl. Thinking there was a treat in store for him, he took off the cover, and lo!—a curling stone! He took the hint.

This readiness of wit on the part of the Uddingston dame is borne out by another report. We do not give the name, as it adds nothing to the humour of the situation. In the household in question, the position of bread-winner and head was filled by the lady, not on account of the demise, but because of the uselessness, of the nominal head. This anomalous state of affairs was brought out in rather an extraordinary fashion on the occasion of making one of the earlier census returns. When the schedule was left, the good lady unquestioningly wrote down her own name as head of the house, and then added quite correctly the names and occupations of the other inmates. But, when finished, she suddenly bethought herself of her useless husband, and, puzzled as to where to insert his name, added at the foot:—"Ther's Jock tae, but he jist daunders aboot an' daes naething."

In these days there was a dramatic club in the village, which drew together crowded barns in the height of its fame. There seems to have been considerable histrionic ability in the village then as now, for our informant relates that some of the castle people visited one of the performances, and were so pleased with the ability shown, as to pay the expenses of the performers to London to give a performance there. There was a singing class, too, in these early days of last century, but, if we take the cynical report of one who knew it, as conclusive, we cannot chronicle it as a conspicuous success, for he is reported to have made the remark that they could not tell the difference between a string of

onions and a bar of music. Our Uddingston worthies of an earlier time seem to have been nothing if not incisive in their speech, if we may judge by the remark of one of the local lawyers, who had been pestered by continual queries as to his rights by one who dwelt near the Clyde shores. On one occasion his query "Have I not a right to this?" was met by the very conclusive rejoinder, "Yes; everything between Heaven and Hell is yours."

But Uddingston villagers had societies which reflected the more serious side of their nature. In 1836 there existed a burial society, of which the schoolmaster William Hair—of whom we shall have more to say later on—was secretary. On 16th March of that year the minutes record:—"A motion having been made that the society take an estimate for coffins, it was carried by a large majority that estimates should be received for them. A motion having been made that the mort cloths of Bothwell parish are too dear, they have appointed William Hair, one of the members, to report to the heritors and session of Bothwell that unless they lower them, that they, in conjunction with their funeral society, will establish a mort cloth society." So far as the threat was concerned, it produced a salutary effect. In the minutes of 19th November, 1836, it is recorded:—"William Hair, according to his instructions from a previous meeting, laid before the session the complaint that mort cloths in the parish were charged too high. The session at once agreed that they were so, and lowered them accordingly

to a moderate price." Then follows a sentence which shows the capability of the Uddingston tradesman to look after his interests:—"The committee of society found that no tradesman was willing to give estimates for coffins, unless the whole society bound themselves to take them." The following minute of 5th May, 1838, is at first sight alarming, but we may be reassured when we are reminded that the dominie had here simply taken unwarranted liberties with an English word:—"The society met to take into consideration the case of one of their members who had neglected to pay the instalments last June, and before he was offered another opportunity, he was DISMEMBERED, as more than six months elapsed before another instalment was required . . . and they further agree that if any member neglect to lodge his instalment he shall be DISMEMBERED."

At that time the village was ministered to in spiritual and physical matters from the outside. As regards physical ailments, Dr. Miller of Hamilton called at Uddingston on Fridays on his way to the infirmary. His charge for a visit on that day was one shilling and sixpence, but five shillings when specially sent for. Andrew Jack's shop in Portershwell was the house of call. It is related that Andrew Jack, besides supplying groceries and many other wares, could also let a little blood if necessary. As regards religious services, the churches were Old Monkland, Bellshill, and Bothwell, but services were held on Sunday in the school-room in the old School

Road, off the Bellshill Road, and opposite the Old Mill Road. It is said that there was a certain resident, "Pappy" Allan by name, who could treat the Uddingston people to a good sermon. He had a most retentive memory, and could repeat a sermon from memory after he had heard it once. But he did more than merely repeat it; it is said he was splendid at "gie'in' it aff."

Of many of the old inhabitants of the village towards the last quarter of the nineteenth century the names still linger here and there, coupled with some of their little idiosyncrasies. Such was Jean Fowler, an original in her way no doubt, but famous especially as being the mother of a son who has descended to us as "Crumps." Why "Crumps" we have not learned. We only know he was a weaver, afterwards employed by Wilkie, but the name itself is connected with a story, which is worth recording. It is well known to all students of boys' natures that such nicknames which exist are always known to boys, if indeed they do not originate with them. This was so as Crumps knew to his cost, for "Crumps, Crumps, Crumps," was the refrain when he passed a group of urchins. Like a philosopher Crumps endured this on most occasions, but there were limits. There was a magpie belonging to a certain Bobby Andy, which led a privileged existence, hopping about picking up any little tit bits of colloquial English available, and among others it had mastered the word "Crumps." One day when passing the Rowan Tree Inn, the worthy man was accosted by a

hoarse call of "Crumps! Crumps! Crumps!" Looking round for the inevitable small boy, he slowly realised the situation, and then determined in his mind to put an end to the birds of the air taking up his nickname, rushed into the inn, as he said, "to get a gun to shoot the beast." Another son of Jean Fowler was the "auld butcher," who seems to have been an unofficial news reporter in his day. Of that class who eke out life in a mysterious way there were then, as now, some representatives. Such was "Laird Lapsley M'Gowan," a drunken navvy, who worked on the railway. We are afraid his name was due to his lack of possessions, and was intended to imply gentle irony on the part of the originator of it. It would perhaps be unfair to class "Baggy Wull" under this category, for he laboured at odd jobs, but he was, at the best, a "peculiar" sort of body, which means he had some originality in his way. Two familiar figures in the village street then were "Auld Gib" (Gibraltar), and "Saunty" (S. Helena), two remnants of the Peninsular war. Old Saunty, when the boys called "Saunty" after him, simply brought his staff down with a thud on the road, and with great vigour exclaimed, "Aye well paid for it tae, one and eight a day." Quite another type of character was Meg Allan (alias Witch Meg). As the name implies she enjoyed a notoriety which in an earlier age might have been dangerous, but at the period we are dealing with it simply meant the neighbours did not seek her acquaintance. She did not, however, on her side take up with any one, as

few looked near her except when they beamed her web. Her house was in "Johnnie Rae's Throat," and we can well understand that when her eldritch figure was seen out gathering sticks, the boys of the neighbourhood kept at a respectful distance.

Such are some characteristics of village life gleaned from the past—a past which is vanishing beyond recall. What the future holds in it no mortal can say; but of Uddingston, it may be said, that a few more years will see it completely transformed into a Glasgow suburb, with scarcely the faintest echo of an old village life, although there will survive here and there some remnants of the old stock, who will shake their head as they see the last lingering traces of the old life pass away, and mournfully recall that things have been quite different since ever the Glasgow folk invaded their quiet village.

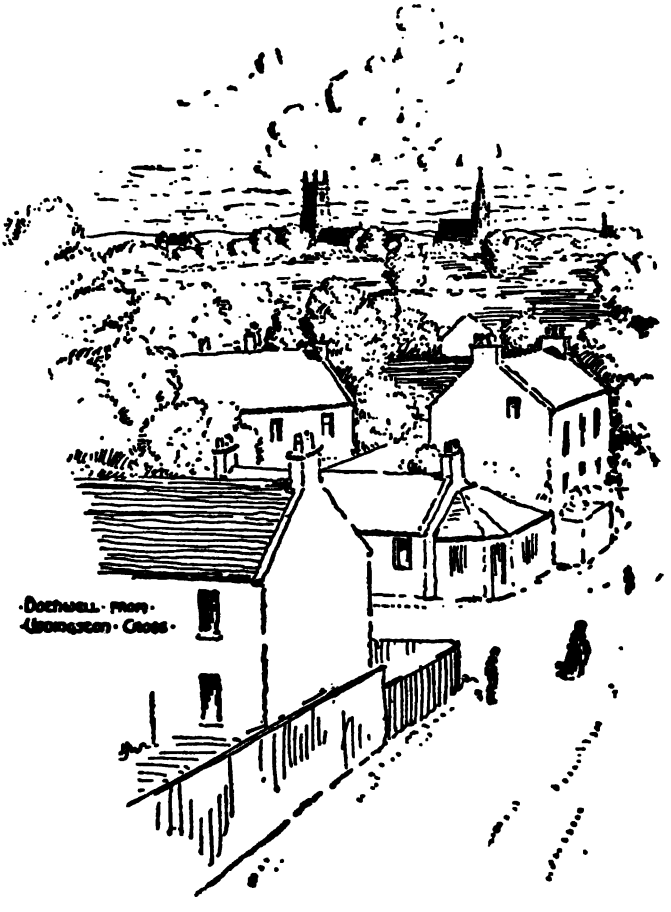
UDDINGSTON:

Some Village Vistas.

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain.
. . . . . .
How often have I loiter'd o'er the green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill.
. . . . . .
These were thy charms—nor all these charms have fled."

—GOLDSMITH (slightly altered).

IN former chapters we have dwelt at times somewhat regretfully on the many changes which have taken place in our village, but it would be a mistake were we to suggest that the experience of the years is all loss with no gain to match. The rural features of the district have indeed suffered, and streams formerly clear as crystal are now offensive both to nose and eye, while many a lovely spot has been sadly marred by that sworn enemy to natural beauty—the coal pit and its surroundings. Yet with these drawbacks our surroundings are lovely still, and the village itself, although the "auld toun" is rapidly disappearing, is


Bothwell from
Uddingston Cross

cleaner and prettier than before, although there is still lacking the softening influence of trees, which does so much when present to make even the humblest architecture pleasing. This is mostly felt in the Main Street, where the buildings, with some outstanding exceptions, give a dignified appearance to the street, but have not the effect which would have been produced by a due mingling with them of nature's greens. This feature we should expect to find more in evidence in modern villages, for in these days of projected garden cities we are apt to forget that if we do not realise this first of all in the village, we are not likely to have it in the town. New Uddingston, let it be confessed, is a suburb of Glasgow, and the principal buildings are necessarily the villas of those who in their inmost heart always hear the voice of the city calling, calling, and who generally yield to the voice of the charmer in the course of the years. This accounts for some peculiarities of village organizations, one very marked feature of these being that while the Glasgow section give them but scant recognition, the village party leave them very much alone, a very unfortunate characteristic for those who have some idea of local patriotism. There are exceptions, of course—the village library, for instance, was founded in 1868, and still exists in a spasmodic sort of way; while the literary society has all but completed thirty years of existence.

As regards public buildings, there is little to record. There are the public halls, near the Caledonian

Station Square, which are largely used for entertainments of a kind, but there is still lacking a central institute which would form a kindly home to little organizations and clubs which have as their aim intellectual stimulus and recreation of the purest kind.

With churches the village is well supplied, the principal denominations now being represented. First as regards seniority is the old U.P. Church, now sinking its name but not its strenuous individuality in the less distinctive name of Park U.F. Church. It has many claims to consideration, having been the first regular church in the village, while by its clock—a gift from the village people—it asserts its right to give the time to the district. On the opposite side, but nearer the Caledonian Station, stands her sister church,

Chalmers' U.F. Church, still known as the Free Church, and, even in her name, showing a disinclination to sink her individuality in the new regime. Standing near the junction of the Old and New Glasgow Roads there is the Established Church, not wholly on nor yet wholly off the busy ways of men, and with one pathway leading to the castle and another to the busy highway, it would seem as though it stood at the meeting place of past and present. Farther along the Bothwell Road, one of the prettiest buildings in the village is the S. Andrew's Episcopal Church. Unassuming on the outside, it has already with its green garb of ivy the mellowed effect of years, and perhaps comes nearest, so far as appearance goes, to the ideal village church. On the Old Mill Road is situated the Congregational Church, which has taken her full share of past work in the village, and is still strong for service. Recent years have seen an addition to the denominations in the shape of a new Baptist Church; while the opening of the new Roman Catholic Chapel marks a new departure in the village so far as this church is concerned.

As regards schools, the village is able to show an unbroken chain of scholastic architecture—evolution with no missing link—from the little room in School Road off Bellshill Road, and the Free Church and Parish Schools in Bellshill Road, to the latest developments in the Grammar School and Muiredge School; but to the question of education itself we must devote a separate chapter.

We have already referred to the appearance of the village, but the more pleasing vistas are to be had from surrounding points, which perhaps even the inhabitants themselves do not realise as they ought. One of the finest views of Uddingston and its surroundings is to be had from the golf course. From this eminence, looking across the Clyde towards Dechmont Hill, Uddingston lies to the left, and looks compact and new. In the centre of the valley the Clyde flows in a fine sweep from the Red Bridge in the foreground, past the turrets of the picturesque Clydeneuk to the mellowed outlines of the Caledonian Railway bridge, beyond which rises clump upon clump of bosky foliage crowned with the ruined castle tower, and backed by the faint blue line of the hills. The whole forms a landscape that Turner would have loved to immortalise. True there are some modern blemishes; coal pits obtrude themselves here and there, belching forth black smoke into the clear atmosphere, while the railway with its white pennon, in a less objectionable way, marks the invasion of the landscape. Viewed in an evening light with the sun setting in gold and crimson behind Cathkin Braes, the scene is one to be remembered.

Another fine view of the neighbourhood is to be had from the ridge along which the old Roman road once ran. From various points from the golf course on to Bellshill the valley may be seen stretching out—an immense basin, thickly dotted with red-stone houses surrounded with green trees. Above these may be

seen the distinctive tower of Bothwell Church—a landmark for miles around—and the ruins of the old castle. To the south the grey outline of Tinto may be seen, and still further off the outline of Arran peaks. It is indeed a noble valley, and viewed from the height after dark the scattered lights of Uddingston and Bothwell lie beneath us like one great city slumbering peacefully in the hollow. Not less pleasing, although less extended, is the impression of Uddingston given on approaching the village by way of the Glasgow Road. We have first the stately row of houses on the left, and then the wide prospect towards Dechmont and Bothwell Castle, forming a picture which is very impressive to a stranger, but by the inhabitants, being a common thing, it is little heeded.

A charming vignette view of the village may be had from the pathway running up the hill from the boat house on the farther bank of the Clyde There the whole village seems to resolve itself into a cluster of houses seemingly within an enclosure, like a manor house with out-houses within its grounds. When first seen—and to be correctly viewed it must be looked at from a particular spot—it has all the charm of a new discovery.

One other approach to the village is very beautiful. Walking from Fallside to Uddingston along the Bellshill Road, the village is seen at one portion of the road free from all discordant blots, which are completely hidden for the time by the undulations of the ground. On a clear summer evening towards sunset the effect


The
Boat
House

is very fine, the church spires and the gables of the houses stand out in relief against the pale tints of the sky, and suggest the feeling of rest and repose. Such are some of the every day sights which, because they are

common, are passed unnoticed. There are also many charming little glimpses, which reward the eyes which lie in wait for beauty. The Old Glasgow Road is peculiarly rich in little pictures, such as the glimpse of the fields at the end of Porterswell, Knowehead Park, and the view from the bend of the same road

when the long line of the Campsies meets the eyes. But it is impossible to describe what is ever varying. The pageantry of summer, the rich and varied tints of autumn, and the sober hues of winter, with the added beauty of the white crests and streaks on the distant hills, invite our eyes to view scenes the same yet ever new; and the eyes of the inhabitants of this district must be, indeed, holden if they cannot thus find at their very doors scenes of ever varying beauty.

UDDINGSTON:

Its Newspapers and Literary Society.

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise;
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are past away."

HOMER.—*Pope's Translation.*

THE literary annals of Uddingston are at once short and simple, for amidst what traditions of the past exist, there is nothing on which we may base any claim to native genius, and thus while the surrounding villages have their representatives in Scotland's roll of fame, our village alone can claim no such distinction. True, there may have been here, as elsewhere, some "mute, inglorious Miltons," but it is to be feared their song, if any exists, remains buried in files of old country newspapers, and it would be something not unlike sacrilege, to seek to reveal what has been so long concealed. In "Songs and Ballads of Upper Clydesdale" there are some stanzas by "M. C.," Uddingston, on "Welcome for Lord and Lady Douglas to Bothwell Castle." We give some of

the verses, because they are reminiscent of the earlier Uddingston to which we have referred in former chapters, and not for any literary merit they have:—

"This happy hour makes rich amends
For many a silent year,
Through which fair Bothwell's noble halls
Deserted did appear.

No joyous mirth, no revelry,
As once full sway held here;
And high-born dames with gallant knights
That revelry did share.

Yet oftimes in my youthful days
Glad birthdays I have seen,
When old and young assembled were,
And danced upon the green.

And all abundantly supplied
With bounteous good cheer,
The Douglas birthdays were a talk
To all both far and near.

For Home's young lord brings home his bride
To Bothwell's fair domains;
Long life and happiness attend
Those names so dear to fame."

Glendale, Uddingston, is notable for the fact that it was the residence for four years of David Robertson, the Cumbrae naturalist. In the memory of some of the natives of the district there still lingers the recollection of him as a figure seated at the window of his house intently bent on microscopical work and oblivious of all else. But his residence at this period was not his first acquaintance with the district. Some sixty years before this time (1882), he, along with a friend had bound the sheaves on Spindlehow Farm.

Then, nothing in his circumstances seemed to point to the fact that he would, before the close of his life, earn for himself a distinguished position in the field of natural science, but the strong determination of a powerful nature was there, to control, and not be controlled, by the more untoward events of life.

His life is an example of a twofold success rarely achieved. Entering on a business career as a means to attain a competence, he attained his end, and then quietly resigned the conduct of his business to other hands so as to be free to devote himself to what was the real work of his life—scientific research. After the four years spent in Uddingston he finally retired to Millport where the remainder of his life was spent. The little seaside town—always to him a beloved spot—now possesses in the well-equipped Marine Biological Station there a fitting memorial of a remarkable man, one of that type of students which is so peculiarly Scottish, on whom the adverse circumstances of life seem to act but as a stimulus to perfect the work given them to do "while it is yet day."

But while admitting dearth of native genius in the past, our village has not been without some expression of the literary instinct. About thirty years ago a little sheet called "The Hedgehog" ran its brief course of two numbers. It was mostly in the humorous vein, and was nothing if not personal in its jokes, some of which are still retailed with great gusto, although only one or two fortunate individuals now possess copies of the paper. It is to be feared

that the liberties then taken would require to be backed by a very substantial capital in these days when actions for slander are not unknown, but the village life of some three decades ago seem to have borne with great equanimity such personal wit.

Outside of this, the most ambitious attempt was the old "Traders' Circular," conducted by the late William Myles. It was not originally printed in the village, was published weekly, and was by no means remarkable for correctness, as articles were generally printed straight from the manuscript and no proof given. Some of us can well remember apprentice work done in these earlier days, but as it was anonymous, printers' liberties could be viewed with indifference. This paper was taken over and continued by Peter Fraser, but in his hands it took an upward movement, being wholly printed in the "Uddingston Press," and now that the monthly has become a weekly under the name of the "Uddingston Standard," we can only express the hope that it will take deep root in the village, and grow with its growth.

With the exception of these the literary life has most distinctly manifested itself in the life of various societies, and principally in that of the Literary Society, never more vigorous than it is at present.

It was founded as a simple Young Men's Improvement Society, on the 4th October, 1875, and amidst many changes of personnel, and the ups and downs which always attend human affairs, it has presented a yearly syllabus without a break since that time.

A few present at its opening are still honoured members of the society, but as regards the rest, some are scattered far and wide, while others have passed into the silent land.

At first ladies were rigidly excluded from the society, but after a severe struggle, the right of membership was extended to them, and strange to say, the member who had most zealously fought the battle of exclusion was the one who read the first two papers contributed by lady members. One thing we can say of the society that during its career it has always taken a leading part in village life, both collectively and in the person of its members. Of such was the late John Downie, Sheriff-Clerk of Lanarkshire, one of the past presidents of the society, who served it in his day well and faithfully. In a later day there was S. J. P. Tearle, well known as an authority in marine engineering, and the author of some books connected therewith. But perhaps he is best remembered for his genial versatility, which rendered no debate dull in which he took a part. In these days, too, a part was very frequently taken in the yearly syllabus by Louis Barbé, whose recent monographs on "Kirkcaldy of Grange" and "Viscount Dundee," have made his name known to a wider circle. But these are but the ultimate results of a line of research which he had chosen for his own, and which was evidenced by the many contributions to the society's syllabus dealing with the by-paths of Scottish history. Then, as now, certain subjects were

voted "dry," and it is not without its consolation to budding genius to reflect that even such an authority did not fill the hall. Another member was the late Duncan Keith, known not only as a bibliophile, but also as one who well knew the contents of books, as his "History of Scotland" will testify. The late Dr. Smith, of whom we shall have more to write in another chapter, also contributed to the society's syllabus, a very interesting paper on "Education" having been read by him not long before his death. His son, Dr. James, did not identify himself much with the society, although he attended occasionally, along with his wife, Mrs. Furley Smith, who always took a warm interest in the society's work. She was not only an occasional lecturer, but attended the meetings very frequently, and took part in the debates. Her lectures were always racy, and abounded in fine touches of wit and humour, which rendered her night *the* night of the session. As a litterateur she was known to a wider circle as a writer of poetry and prose fiction, and also as a contributor to some of the leading reviews on social questions. As an example of her poetry the following entitled "The Bairnies a' are Gane," may be acceptable:—

"It doesna seem sae lang ago
Since roond my feet they played,
And whiles I grumbled at the wark
My three young laddies made;
But noo I've only you, guidman,
They've left us a' oor lane,
And silent is the empty hoose,—
The bairnies a' are gane.

Maybe—I ken it's aften sae—
The mither spoiled the wife.
And looking back I see that whiles
Ye had nae easy life;
But ye are patient aye, and noo
My time is a' your ain;
My thocht, my care, my love are yours,—
The bairnies a' are gane.

There's Alick, married noo hissel'
This twice twa years and mair,
Is finding oot that wife and weans
Bring their ain load o' care;
And Willie's lying in the mools,
Yet he's far mair my ain
Than Jamie in America—
The bairnies a' are gane.

I dinna doot they loe us weel,
I dinna doot they'd share
A' that they hae to fend us twa
Frae either want or care;
I ken we may be prood o' them,
And thinkna I complain;
But mithers dinna like tae feel
The bairnies a' are gane.

But still the years maun pass awa,
And laddies grow to men,
And hae ambitions o' their ain
That auld folk dinna ken;
So we maun just the closer cling,
In pleasure and in pain,
We've nane but ane anither noo,—
The bairnies a' are gane."

It is to be feared that the behaviour of the Literary Society audiences was not always beyond reproach, as we find on one occasion the conduct of same minuted, and taken notice of by the chairman at a subsequent meeting. On another occasion a rebellious feeling was manifested, two gentlemen refusing to sign the

rules, not, as they said, because they really objected to them, but because, on the quaker principle, they objected to be bound over. Looking over the old minute books, a gleam of unconscious humour at times breaks through the usually matter-of-fact records. One secretary records with regard to one subject, "A Man's Education of Himself"—"a subject which should be much appreciated in a village such as this, but the very reverse seems to be the case." He seems to have thought that the self-education of the village was in a bad way, and that it did not take advantage of its opportunities. On another occasion, at a committee meeting, it was intimated that an artist member of the society had offered instead of a paper, to paint a head in oil before the audience, in an hour and a quarter. The committee did not see its way to close with the offer, but, with true Scottish prudence, decided to approach him with regard to a design for the syllabus. In past years there was an annual sermon preached in one or other of the churches under the auspices of the society, but this has now been dropped. On some of those occasions the society got undoubted value in texts, as at one time we find the subject chosen to have been the first ten chapters of Esther, while on another the reverend gentleman who officiated seemed to have been determined to have it out with the society, as he spoke on the words "Shun profane and vain babblings." Occasionally we find the society gained something financially by these services, but latterly it had only the luxury of paying for the

advertising. For this and other reasons it had latterly ceased to provide wandering stars for the Uddingston pulpit.

Of former ministers in the district the late Rev. Ivie Maclachlan enjoyed considerable repute in his day as a fervid orator, the monument to whose memory is a prominent feature in the new cemetery; another occupant of the same pulpit, the Rev. William Clow who now occupies a distinguished position in the church at large, has still a warm place in the hearts of those who enjoyed his ministry. Prospect House, Glasgow Road, is notable as having been the residence of Rev. William Anderson of John Street U.P. Church, Glasgow. He was a popular preacher in his day, and author of a book on "Regeneration." His eccentric sayings and doings are still remembered by those who knew him in the heyday of his fame.

Among the memories clustering round this eccentric personality, a few of the older residents still recall a certain Sunday when he overturned the water glass on the pulpit desk to the great discomfort of the precentor seated, as was wont in these pre-organ days, immediately underneath; or else recount one of the many evidences of his absence of mind, such as when he made an awkward pause in the midst of the service to search for his "glasses" which all the time were fixed high up on his forehead. But his many acts of kindness and of love done by stealth have not been told: these the great day alone will declare. But fame dependent on mere personality, however

powerful, is but shortlived, so that the popular minister of one generation is, to the next, if remembered at all, little more than a tale that is told. For the charms of personality pass away with their possessor; and of the gift of oratory, it may be said with truth that "the art and artist have one common grave."

UDDINGSTON:

Educational—Dominie Hair; Dr. Smith.

"There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew!
* * * * * * * * * * *
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew.
* * * * * * * * * * *
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

—GOLDSMITH.

IN almost every village there linger memories of the dominie of the last generation. He was generally a person of some strength of character, as befitted one who occupied the proud position of being next to the parish minister in importance. He therefore relatively filled a much more important place in the life of the village than he does to-day, for the very sufficient reason that he was then more than a teacher—he was, as occasion required, village measurer, and many other things besides.

In olden times, of course, Uddingston would be dependent for what education its youth got on the

parish schoolmaster in Bothwell; but in the nineteenth century it can claim for itself two characteristic specimens of the old type—the first, Dominie Hair, belonging wholly to the old regime; the other, Dr. Smith, spared through a long career to inaugurate under his headmastership the modern Grammar School. The building which is associated with Dominie Hair is still existing, but is not likely to be mistaken for a former abode of learning by any who are not in the secret. It is situated in the School Road off Bellshill Road, on the right hand side walking towards Bothwell, just opposite what is known as the "little foundry." The room is entered by a door underneath an outside stair. Inside there was an earthen floor which at times, owing to the uneven nature of the surface, had pools of water here and there. There was a fireplace at each end, and the roof was so low that scholars standing on the forms could reach the roof, thus enabling embryo black and white artists to adorn the roof in their own way. Over the school Dominie Hair ruled with despotic sway — a power which was considerably intensified by his commanding height, some one or two inches over six feet; but whether or not it was due to the low roof of the school, it was noted that he habitually stooped in his walk. He wore moleskin trousers, survivors record, and one side was so much polished by rubbing the strap on it that you could almost see your face on the surface as in a mirror. The books used were the "wee spell," the "big spell,"

·ENTRANCE·TO·UDDINGSTONS·FIRST·ACADEMY·

the Book of Proverbs, Scotch Lessons, Bible and Catechism, with Gray's Arithmetic—then found in most of the schools in Scotland, east or west. The fees were one shilling a month without writing, one shilling and twopence with writing, one shilling and fourpence including grammar. Out of these fees the schoolmaster had to pay his rent—his house being over the school-room—so that there was little chance of him even becoming "passing rich on forty pounds a year." At Christmas time it was customary to bring the "maister" presents, each giving at least sixpence, while the boy that gave two shillings and sixpence, and the girl who managed two shillings, were respectively named "king" and "queen" of the school. In return the scholars got two oranges each.

Dr. Smith is not associated with this old school. He was the third in succession of the teachers appointed to take charge of the Free Church School erected in the Bellshill Road in the year after the Disruption. The building still stands, although slightly altered, but is now used as a laundry. The building adjoining it, now known as the "Recreation Rooms," is the one which was erected about the same time to succeed Hair's old school. The last teacher of it was Mr. Bruce. In their day "Bruce's school" and "Smith's school" were keen rivals, and this rivalry afforded the schoolboys of that period sufficient opportunity for warfare, for boys then were wonderfully like what we know them to be now, only the boys then are the parents of the present generation, and someway look at things differently.

Bruce's school could boast of a bell, while the Free Church school could not. In the latter case this was remedied by the dominie coming out and standing at the front gate. The report then ran through all the leafy lanes "the maister's oot," and soon the youth came flocking like bees to the hive. Some laggards there were, even as now, who did not get back in

time, and it is said a not infrequent excuse was, "Please, Sir, I didna see ye."

James Smith (not doctor to the earlier generation) began life, we understand, at the anvil. He was, besides, handicapped in the battle of life by bad health in his youth; but his early struggle, though severe, served but to bring out his indomitable perseverance. But even perseverance could not have obtained for Dr. Smith the position it did, had his resolution not been coupled with the power to do—talent for his work.

He came to Uddingston about 1844, and of course was a devoted adherent of the then infant Free Church, represented by the church in Bothwell, for then there was no church of that denomination in the village, the present building having been erected only some twenty years ago. While not unwilling to move with the times in the matter of knowledge, he was strongly conservative in his ecclesiastical views. He opposed the introduction. of instrumental music, was not a believer in hymn singing, and generally speaking was not inclined to favour any of the beautifying tendencies in church services. He walked to Bothwell Church every Sunday—once only, for he is said to have regarded the second service as unscriptural—until towards the close of his life, when he used a conveyance. He was the ruling spirit in the church, filling the offices of elder, session-clerk, and clerk to the deacons' court. Regarding Sabbath Schools, he held the very decided opinion that they were not a blessing but the reverse, and as he had ample means of observation during the course of his long career, and could not be accused of lack of sympathy on the religious side, his opinions are still entitled to consideration.

But of course his chief field of labour was the educational work of the village. He took a keen interest in the passing of the Scottish Education Act, for which he gave evidence in London. He was a fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland, and was for many years secretary to that body, and when the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him

by Glasgow University it was felt to be a fitting recognition of a long career spent in the cause of education. To some it might seem that at times he seemed to know his worth to the full, and to be able to assert it. But regarding this it must be said that he had to contend against cabals formed against him on more than one occasion, and on occasions such as these it is necessary for a strong man to know his own value. But the memory of old conflicts did not sour him, and nothing delighted him better than to fight his early battles o'er again before a sympathetic listener, or before his senior class, when the lesson gave an opportunity of tapping the springs of memory. In this way his scholars learned much worldly wisdom, culled from a varied past. For the truth is that it is these asides, when the teacher, as in this case, is a man of strong individuality, which remain most deeply fixed in the memory, as many a scholar can testify. He was fond of dilating at times on what the boys might become, as possibly containing among them future M.P.'s or Prime Ministers. On one occasion when the girls hinted at the possibilities of their careers he said, "Well, girls, I cannot say any one of you will be an M.P. or a Prime Minister, but possibly you might be the wife of an M.P. or of a Prime Minister." In this way he soothed their juvenile vanity. At times, too, he would take a metaphysical turn, saying, "You have never seen me, nor I you. Take away an arm or a leg, you are not destroying me. I am not there. For neither the arm nor leg is 'me.'"

On one occasion when a boy complained of a girl striking him he set the whole class laughing by saying, "Oh, surely not; she would only be patting you." He did not drop into the Doric himself, nor did he allow the scholars to do so. His constant instruction was: "Speak as you read."

In appearance he was broadly built, but under the medium height, with a head of the leonine type. As regards his face, the features were strongly marked, with clean shaven lips, and beard all round underneath the chin from ear to ear, in the old fashion. He wore a black cap, and almost invariably carried a short knotty cane, which he could use to some purpose, as many can testify to this day. He was not, however, a strict disciplinarian in the modern sense of the word, for sometimes his class was rather unruly; but behind this there was a genuine respect and love for the master on the part of the pupils who came under his tuition.

Dr. Smith in his day took a lively interest in the village and its affairs; and at the end, when his remains were conveyed to the beautiful old churchyard at Bothwell, a large concourse gathered to pay their last tribute of respect, while following the cortege afar off there might be discerned here and there a lady, whom the reserve of Scottish burial customs prevented from mingling with the rest of the mourners, but who yet felt impelled in this way to show due honour to the mortal remains of him whom she had learned to revere as her teacher in the days of her childhood.

"I shall have a peep at Bothwell Castle, if it is only for half-an-hour. It is a place of many recollections to me, for I cannot but think how changed I am from the same Walter Scott who was so passionately ambitious of fame when I wrote the song of young Lochinvar at Bothwell; and if I could recall the same feelings, where was I to find an audience so kind and patient, and whose applause at the same time was so well worth having, as Lady Dalkeith and Lady Douglas?"

—SCOTT, *to Lord Montague, June* 28, 1825.

IN former chapters we have dealt with the old Castle of Bothwell, its architecture and history, in the present we shall confine ourselves to the modern mansion and grounds. Here the beauties of nature are so prodigally displayed that a visitor must needs be strangely constituted who is not enraptured with its charms. We have already referred to the circumstances under which the present boundary wall was built. The lodge was completed at the same time

—about eighty years ago—replacing a round thatched house in about the same situation. It is reported that the workman who cut the arms above the doorway came all the way from Edinburgh to do the work; but if our information is correct he was a peculiarly organized genius, as he could only work when well under the influence of John Barleycorn, and some idea of the extent of his indulgence in the "barley bree" may be gathered from the fact that while he received seventy pounds in all for the work, the net sum in his pocket at his departure amounted to fourpence.

Entering by the doorway we find ourselves in the main avenue to the house, and, after passing through open ground with charming glimpses all around, we enter on a portion which is enclosed by trees on both sides. On approaching the house we may turn to the left and linger in the rosary with its many pleasant seats, which tempt us to pass a long day of slumberous content, or from there we may pass to the gardens and see the flowers and fruit, which in their profusion suggest the Garden of Eden. But the garden differs from its eastern prototype in this, that here all the trees are forbidden, and not one only. If we choose we may continue our walk still further, until we find ourselves in a narrow pathway through a forest of brackens which brings us by this rough yet beautiful road in the direction of Blantyre. Thence we may return by a road further up from the river and more open.

The mansion itself is a somewhat plain and severely

unpretentious house, built of the same sandstone as the old castle, in what is generally known as the "Queen Anne style." It was built by Archibald Earl of Forfar about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and consists of a central block, entrance to which is obtained through a pillared porch, and two side wings, with the necessary offices attached. Within, the principal public apartments are imposing by their spaciousness and simplicity, for we need only to approach one of the windows to see how little art is needed to embellish when the principal windows frame scenes of marvellous natural beauty. While the principal apartments are well furnished, the leading feature is restraint, and the absence of anything like elaborate upholstering. Throughout the various apartments there are many fine portraits of great historical interest, of which some are said to be by Vandyke. But the chief interest attaches to a genealogical tree, painted on silk, which occupies a large frame on one wall of the hall. From this we may trace the history of the Douglas family from the dusky skin-clad prehistoric warrior with his club through the various branches of this famous family.

Passing over any attempt at further description of the contents of the house which might render connoisseurs in old furniture somewhat envious, we cannot but linger over two apartments, which suggest relations with Sir Walter Scott. These are the library and Lady Douglas' boudoir. The former is a noble room, lined with bookcases, in which are many lordly tomes, but our attention

was more particularly arrested by a large folio edition of Dr. Johnson's dictionary. It is dated 1784, the year of his death, and is marked "fifth edition," which gives some idea of the popularity of the work, especially when we take into account the population of the country at that time, and the fact that bookselling, so far as the appeal to the body of the people was concerned, was then practically in its infancy. On seeing the ponderous volume we could not but feel that in the book itself there was some suggestion of the author—his huge, ungainly frame, and his ponderous weight of learning. On the same side of the room, there is a row of books—a set of large paper editions of Scott's poetry, "Marmion" and others—which suggest not only Scott himself, of course, but his warm friend and correspondent Lady Louisa Stuart,* for some time resident at the castle. Her gossipy letters help to bring before us glimpses of the home life in the castle in the earlier portion of the nineteenth century. Nowhere were Scott's works more eagerly awaited and discussed than in Bothwell Castle. We can imagine the scene of many of these conversations to have been the boudoir, a room situated in the south part of the building, one window looking into the gorge of the Clyde, a scene of matchless beauty, another looking across the lawn to the ruin of the old castle. But the

*Lady Louisa Stuart, youngest daughter of John fourth Earl of Bute, and grand-daughter of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montague. She was one of Scott's most intimate friends, and a confidante in his anonymous publications. She died in 1851 at the age of 94.

suggestion of one hour's talk is best given in an excerpt from Lady Louisa Stuart's letter to Scott:— "I could say much more, but must speak of the 'Bridal of Triermain,' and, as a faithful spy, will give you a strict account of all I have heard, good and bad. Lady Douglas read it aloud to Lady H. Ancrum, the young ladies, and me—the Scotts* were gone. It produced exclamations of surprise and delight, and all was approved excepting one part, the ridicule of Lucy's lovers, and from page 103 to 109 inclusive. You are the only author I ever yet knew to whom one might speak plain about the faults found about his works. If this were yours,† I could fairly own the disapprobation of that part was very decided. I ventured to say the poem seemed meant as an imitation of your style, and you sometimes had careless lines. 'No,' replied Lady Douglas, 'but Walter Scott never wrote anything in such bad taste as this; it is quite unlike him, and I cannot understand how it could come from a person capable of writing the remainder, which, really, is beautiful.'" Screened behind his anonymity, we can understand Scott's amusement at the report of his faithful spy, especially when disclosing the fallibility of educated criticism, which declared that Scott could

*Lady Douglas was Lady Frances Scott, daughter of Henry Duke of Buccleuch. Scott, ever loyal to his clan, was warmly attached to all members of this family.

†It is to be remembered here that "The Bridle of Triermain" was published anonymously. Scott had a failing for experiments of this nature.

not have written something which he actually did write.

Scott visited Lord and Lady Douglas in the autumn of 1798. Lady Douglas, *née* Lady Frances Scott, sister to Henry Duke of Buccleuch, had at that time staying under her roof the Lady Louisa Stuart referred to above, and we may be sure the presence of these illustrious ladies, so well qualified by sympathy and exceptional talents to estimate the latent power of Scott's genius, would do much to render his visit a most agreeable one. When we look to the apparent result of this visit—the composition of "Young Lochinvar," and the fragment of a ballad—we cannot but feel keen disappointment that the lovely scenery around should lack the position in Scott's work we should expect it to have, knowing his love for old feudal remains. This, of course, is, in part, compensated for by part of the scene of "Old Mortality" being laid at our doors, thus bringing the immortal "Cuddie Headrigg" within our borders. But even this cannot allay our feeling of regret that the ballad referred to is only a fragment, as it has all the ease of Scott's best work. The opening verses are exceedingly beautiful, and make our regret the keener, that this, which might have been one of Scott's finest ballads, "unfinished must remain." Has our great romanticist not caught the spirit of the place in these lines?

"When fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers
  Are mellowing in the noon;
When sighs round Pembroke's ruin'd towers
  The sultry breath of June:

If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes
A wanderer thou hast been,
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze
In Blantyre's bowers of green,

Full where the copsewood opens wild,
Thy pilgrim step hath staid,
Where Bothwell's towers in ruins piled,
O'erlook the verdant glade."

The view from the flat roof of the mansion-house is one to be remembered. On all sides we see the familiar landmarks lying beneath as in a bird's-eye view, with distant Tinto majestically marking the beginning of the Southern Highlands. We need not be surprised that some have found a seat in this lofty eyry to be a lovely position for a warm summer afternoon, but certainly not to read, for the eye would refuse to be confined to the narrow limits of a printed book, and would seek in preference the beautifully illuminated pages of Nature's wondrous volume.

William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, along with the poet Coleridge, visited the castle in the course of their tour in Scotland. Dorothy then expresses the opinion that the house is too near the ruins, for the majestic pile demands solitude so that art may not mar the wild grandeur of the scene. Entering their names in the visitors' book at the lodge gate, they drove up to the house, where, she tells us, they had to unyoke the horse, "but as there was no one there to help, William had to do it himself." She evidently felt there was something almost tragic in

the great poet having to act as groom, but there was no help for it. On their return to the stables after viewing the castle, with which they were greatly impressed, they found an inferior groom who helped William to yoke the horse again. It is a relief to find he was very civil. After leaving the castle, and travelling some distance, probably three miles, they came to an inn, where Coleridge, feeling hungry—even poets get prosaic at such a time—got off and tried to arrange a dinner, but they could get nothing but eggs. As they say there was nothing noteworthy between the castle and this halting place, we may be sure that our village did not appeal to the æsthetic tastes of the trio.

But we must not omit to note the many pleasant spots to be found between the castle and the back entrance from Uddingston. The very portion on which the castle is situated is the "Bothwell Bank thou bloomest fair" of Scottish song, only, unfortunately, the refrain is all we have of this old ballad, the version still remaining being a modern version by John Pinkerton, the well-known historian of Scottish literature. The story is well known of how a Scottish maid was heard by a traveller in Syria singing, "Bothwell Bank thou bloomest fair," and that in this way he came to speech with his countrywoman, an early exemplification of the home feeling so characteristic of the Scottish race. Not far from the castle on the margin of the Clyde is a seat known as "Madeline's Bower," so called from the discoverer,

who had made it her favourite haunt. A commemoration tablet, with some lines beginning

"Where Bothwell woods o'erhang the rapid Clyde,"

marks the spot. But years have passed since then, and many a foot has trod the path with the light foot of childhood, and sought it again with the heavier tread of age since Madeline's time, but still the Clyde flows on with its swift tide while man lives his brief day on its shores.

Turning homeward, we pass the summer-house known as "Lady Mary's Cottage." The name is responsible for awakening the Queen Mary legend—where has this unfortunate queen not slept or rested?—and some natives will have it that it is associated with her, but such is not the case. The cottage, with its surroundings, forms a very picturesque group, although the garden and house are now neglected, and lack the crowning feature of human habitation, or even the appearance of it.

The path to Uddingston, or rather paths, for we may vary our walks, opens up many beautiful vistas of wood, field, and river, and when we finally emerge from the grounds we reach the village by a road which maintains the restful quiet of the policies we have just left. At length the busy, modern village claims us, and then we can scarcely realise that in all our ramble we have been but a short distance from our home.

BELLSHILL:

A Glance at its Past—William Thomson.

"Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them;
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead,
And the maker buried." —R. L. STEVENSON.

BELLSHILL is a creation of modern industrialism. There is no trace of the name in any of the old documents, and even in Dr. MacCulloch's statistical account (1795) the name is not mentioned, but Orbiston upper and lower are returned as having a population of 526, which had increased to 1161 in 1831. In Dr. Gardiner's return East Bellshill, Parkhead, and Low Orbiston are credited with a population of 975, which, however, does not include quite the same area as in the former return. The village being built on part of the lands of Orbiston was originally called the new lands of Orbiston. The name Bellshill is generally thought to have taken its rise from the farm of Belziehill, at one time occupied by a Mr. Bell; and in the absence of any better explanation this may be considered satisfactory. In 1775 houses were erected at Blackmoss,

and one of the oldest buildings, Peggieston or Pyper's Row, bore the date of 1782.

Like its neighbours, the main industry during the early part of the nineteenth century was hand-loom weaving—there were as many as two hundred weavers in the village alone—which was carried on in houses like those already described as existing in old Uddingston, the usual but and ben, with clay floors and thatched roof. Then, as now, the houses (what were of them) were situated on the main road, which, however, it must be remembered at that early period was the old Roman road running past Tannochside, and not that which is called the New Edinburgh Road, which joins the old road near Bellshill. Along this road, or at least within a hundred yards of it, the Edinburgh and Glasgow stage coach passed once a day, as did also a conveyance carrying the mails. There was an additional connection with Glasgow in the shape of the carrier's cart, which went once a week. The coaches stopped at the inn, a thatched building at Crossgates.

Some time before 1840 hand-loom weaving commenced to decline, marking the beginning of the great industrial upheaval characteristic of last century, and, as a local industry, was soon completely displaced by the opening of the coal fields and the starting of the Mossend iron works, the beginning of that great change in the county which has altered it so much for the worse, so far as its æsthetic features are concerned. Nevertheless Bellshill, with all its evidence of the nearness of the "black country," merits very

particular notice for two reasons—first, because it was the cradle of dissent in this district; and secondly, because it was the residence for many years of William Thomson, the author of "The Maister and the Bairns," one of Scotland's sweetest poets, if we judge him by his best work.

As regards the first point, there had been considerable dissatisfaction with the settlement of Dr. Baillie in the Parish Church. Those were the days of patronage, and Dr. Baillie's appointment was made by the tutors of the Duke of Hamilton. The parishioners resented this, only some eight assenting to the call. Induction was delayed with a view to settlement of differences, but in vain. The result was the foundation of the Relief Church, which formerly stood where its successor, the modern United Presbyterian (United Free) Church now stands, on land gifted by Mr. James Laurie of Shirrel. The Rev. Thomas Gillespie, the founder of the Relief Synod, was a frequent preacher in those early days. The first minister of the church was the Rev. Alexander Simpson, who was ordained on 27th October, 1763. "For a short time after his ordination he resided at Uddingston, and rode up to Bellshill on the Sabbath morning with his wife seated behind him; but he was not required to submit long to this inconvenience. Immediately on the erection of the church the people set about building a manse."*

* For this information we are indebted to a little book published in 1847, entitled "Narrative of the Origin and Progress of the Relief Church, Bellshill." The writer was the Rev. John Wilson, who for more than fifty years was a minister of the church.

Since then there have been churches built to suit the various tastes of a Scottish village, the oldest next to the Relief being the Congregational Church, founded in 1842. Shortly after 1877 the Established Church was built, and about the same time it was formed into a quoad sacra Parish Church. The Primitive Methodist Church, erected in 1872, marks the presence in the population of a sect not so commonly to be found in the surrounding villages. The old Free Church have their church and manse in the centre of the village, while at the extreme east the Roman Catholic Chapel provides for the spiritual welfare of its quota of the community.

The old churchyard of Bellshill clusters round the U.P. Church, but the new cemetery in the Fallside direction is now the burying place for the parish. It is noteworthy that the first interment in the old churchyard was a black servant from one of the neighbouring mansion-houses. Here also lie the remains of William Thomson, already referred to; but the chapter would be singularly incomplete without a more detailed reference. He was born at Glasgow in 1860, but his father's folk belonged to Strathaven, where the poet's grandfather followed the occupation of a weaver. From weaving to books seems a strange transition, and yet it was very natural, for there was no class to whom literature appealed more powerfully than the hand-loom weavers of those days. He was soon a great authority as a bookseller, and received the nickname of "Tasso" from his village

friends. The poet's father, when newly married in 1849, emigrated to America, but ill health drove him back to the old land. Afterwards Thomson conducted business both at Glasgow and Bellshill, but lost his capital by depression of trade consequent on the City of Glasgow Bank failure, and by bad debts. Like most men who have attained to anything, our poet William Thomson owed much to his mother. A native of Douglasdale, Marion Douglas brought as an endowment to her son a knowledge of old border minstrelsy, and also a zeal for learning, for passing to the school at the age of six he was so far advanced—thanks to his mother's teaching — that the initiatory books were passed in quick succession — a triumphant progress only stayed by the fifth reader, or "Tenpenny Spell," which arrested him temporarily by its big words.

His home was in the "dull grey city" until he was eight years of age, when the family removed to Bellshill, where for a time at any rate William attended school. In 1873 the greatest grief which could have befallen him was endured by the death of his mother, who had been to him indeed a mother beloved. The time spent here was profitably employed. He roamed the country round, and soon knew the wild creatures of the fields in their natural haunts. He sought nature in the true loving spirit, at once finding the satisfaction of exact knowledge and the poetry which is at the heart of things. About this time his verses began to appear in the "People's Friend" and also in the poets' corner of various newspapers. In 1878 the

family removed back to Glasgow, and William sought to do all in his power to help his father by seeking to keep up the country trade It was an uphill fight, and both father and son put "the stout heart to the stey brae," but, alas! to little purpose. To our poet the muse was his comforter and friend. He contributed to various publications, and at odd times spent spare moments in the friendly shades of the Mitchell Library. He had attended the High School evening classes for French in 1881-2, and put this to considerable use in his various attempts at translation — some of very considerable merit. But his crowning achievement at this period was his winning the "People's Journal" Christmas competition by the ballad of "Leddy May" —a poem which has much of the power of the old ballad poetry. Ill health had now seized our poet's frame, and a group of friends sought to help him in his disablement by getting an edition of his poems struck off. A thousand copies were printed and sold, while a second edition was printed but not wholly disposed of at the time of his death, which occurred not long after. Thomson's poems are, like those of other poets, of unequal merit, and in this he is in the best of company. Some are rhymes only, some are musical, while others have the true poetic touch—"the true ring of words, when the right man rings them," as Stevenson expresses it. No one with any appreciation of poetry could begin to read "Leddy May" without reading to the end. The beginning has that abruptness so characteristic of ballad poetry, which generally plunges

at once into the heart of the story — content by suggestion merely to fill in the blanks.

"The gowans glint fu' bonnilie beside the castle wa';
The summer sun, wi' lammer licht, shines through the castle ha';
A leddy stan's wi' tearfu' e'e, an' she is sabbin' sair—
It's oh! an' oh! Lord Gregory, ye may return nae mair."

But William Thomson's most perfect poem is "The Maister and the Bairns," which must be given in full:—

"The Maister sat in a wee cot hoose,
Tae the Jordan's waters near,
An' the fisher fowk crushed an' crooded roun'
The Maister's words tae hear.

An' even the bairns frae the near-haun' streets
War mixin' in wi' the thrang;
Laddies an' lassies, wi' wee bare feet,
Jinkin' the crood amang.

An' ane o' the Twal' at the Maister's side
Rase up an' cried alood:
'Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for you,
Rin awa' hame oot the crood.'

But the Maister said, as they turned awa':
'Let the wee bairns come tae me!'
An' He gaithered them roun' Him whaur He sat,
An' lifted ane up on His knee.

Ay, He gaithered them roun' Him whaur He sat,
An' straikit their curly hair,
An' He read tae the won'erin' fisher fowk
That crooded aroun' Him there:

'Sen'na the bairns awa' frae Me,
But raither this lesson learn—
That nane 'll won in at Heaven's yett
That isna as pure as a bairn!'

An' He that wisna oor kith an' kin,
But a Prince o' the Far Awa',
Gaithered the wee anes in His airms,
An' blessed them ane an' a'.

O Thou who watchest the ways o' men,
Keep our feet in the heavenly airt,
An' bring us at last to Thy hame abune
As pure as the bairns in he'rt."

In short, to conclude with the words of a short memoir attached to William Thomson's poems, to which we have been indebted for the foregoing facts of his life—"Although the poet, who had seen only twenty-two years, had written nothing but this, and his other ballads, he has written that which his fellow countrymen all the world over will come to know, and continue to know, while skylarks sing, bluebells nod, and bonnie purple heather blooms in the land of song."

ORBISTON:

Its Antiquities—Mary Rae's Well.

"Along the banks of winding Ayr,
There roamed a loving, youthful pair;
She was a maiden bright and fair,
With glorious wealth of golden hair;
Her brilliant eyes of deepest blue,
Her lips of the vermilion hue;
Sweet as the blossoms of the May,
The village belle was Mary Rae."

—WILLIAM THOMSON.

"Ay, me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
* * * * * * * * * *
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THE lands of Osberniston are mentioned repeatedly in old documents relating to Bothwell Parish, and comprise in the main what is now known as the Orbiston Estate. Originally, as we should expect, they were attached to the Collegiate Church of Bothwell, and formed the revenue of the provost of that church. At Osberniston there also stood in olden time a chapel dedicated to S. Catherine of Sienna, endowed by the same Walter Olifard whom we have already referred to as the first known lord of the manor of Bothwell

with an annual endowment of ten pounds to be paid by the Mill of Bothwell. In 1253 Walter de Moravia challenged this gift, with the result that an arrangement was come to whereby Walter was to farm the church lands from the chaplains (of whom one had to be on duty at Glasgow Cathedral and the other at Osberniston), he paying to the chaplain of Osberniston nine marks yearly, and to the chaplain at Glasgow one hundred shillings, until such an annual rental be assigned them from the fief of Bothwell, or elsewhere in the diocese at sight of the bishop.

Orbiston House, pertaining to this estate, was formerly named Douglas Park House, but on the estates of Douglas Park and Orbiston being joined the present name was substituted for the old one. The house is a fine, compact, substantial building, with the main part flanked with wings, and an entrance porch formed by four massive pillars. The surroundings are very beautiful. Not far off is the Calder with its beautifully wooded banks, and the ancient bridge known far and wide, on perhaps insufficient authority, as the Roman Bridge. Our local poet, William Thomson, thus apostrophises the structure:—

"What memories of the olden times dost thou recall, old arch!
An ancient monument thou art of Rome's triumphant march;
For over thee Agricola's and Adrian's armies vast,
And Urbicus the conq'ror, with his warlike legions, passed.
And thou hast seen the native chief, Galgacus, put to flight,
And then upreared thy rugged head through centuries of night;
Perchance thy hoary summit S. Columba may have paced,
When with his holy mission he our savage island graced."

This is, perhaps, a larger flight of the imagination than is warranted; but to the poet—who could not be expected to have read the latest archæological reports—all things are possible. But not only is there all the charm of wild nature here, art also has lent its aid, and the gardens show something of the skill of man. Near the gardens there is an old lifeless trunk called "Wallace's Oak," with what basis of truth no one can now say, and perhaps it is safer to attribute it to the living place which Wallace holds in the hearts of his countrymen than to any solid foundation of actual fact. On the Calder's banks there is also a cave which bears the name of Scotland's hero. In the same estate there is another spot known as "Mary Rae's Well," which is claimed by tradition, and probably with good cause, as associated with the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. The story is at any rate a beautiful one, and is worthy of a place here. The well is situated on the farm of Brownhill, "within a circle bright and green." Mary Rae, the heroine of the story, was an Ayrshire maiden, the belle of her own native village. Gentle, winning, and queenly in her ways, is it to be wondered at that we should have to record the old, old story of human love? Her eyes, which danced so merrily, and the witchery of her smiles, played sad havoc with the heart of an Ayrshire Robin of that earlier date—Robert Lambie. But "the course of true love never did run smooth," and Mary Rae's experience was no exception—not but that their love for one another was warmly returned, for never did two hearts beat more fondly in

unison than did those of this rustic pair. But troublous times came. It was during that period when the soldiery of the government of the day, acting on their pitiless instructions, sought to stamp out by force the rising of the peasantry on behalf of what they believed to be the cause of God. Robert Lambie heard the call come to him as it did to other true-hearted men, and sought to do his duty to his country. His sentiments, perhaps, could not be expressed better than by the lines of Lovelace:—

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more."

And so he followed the ranks of the covenant to Bothwell, and left Mary, with her beautiful eyes bedimmed with tears, in her Ayrshire home. They had parted with considerable misgivings, on Mary's part especially, for she had felt the shadow of impending evil weighing her down. Made restless by this feeling, she followed her lover at no long interval, and came upon the scene of battle when the bloody fight had ended. With all haste she sped over the scene of battle, and found her Robin all but dead. But although too late to save, it was not too late for the last offices of love. Taking up her dying lover she bore him up the slopes from the scene of butchery to a little spring which bubbled upwards from its source, as though by its peaceful sound it rebuked the vain strife of man. There bathing her lover's face and washing the blood from his hair, she did what she could, but in vain. He

died in that quiet spot, and she, who had shown once more what the true heart of a woman is, like a flower torn from the soil pined and perished at his side. And so they, united in life by the silken ties of love, in death were not divided, for the simple country people then, unlearned although they may have been, were quick to understand a true love story, and so they buried the pair where they died, and there

> "Unto this day there may be seen,
> Within a circle bright and green,
> A little stone-protected mound,
> 'T was here the faithful pair were found;
> And often travellers pause awhile
> Beside the little rustic stile
> Which guards the grave of Mary Rae
> And him who fell on that sad day."

The well is now covered with a stone slab, now broken, bearing the inscription: "Mary Rae's Well, covered by Mr. Douglas of Douglas Park, 1827." It may also be remarked here that tradition finds another memorial of the battle in a large stone which stands among the trees near Woodhead. Some would identify this with the grave of the brave but violent Balfour of Burley, so powerfully pictured by Scott in "Old Mortality"; but this is impossible, as he died in exile. It may, nevertheless, be some memorial of an unknown hero of the cause.

Between the farm steadings of Bankhead and Orbiston stood at one time the Bankslap Smiddy. Here the first iron plough manufactured in Scotland was produced, the beginning of an industry which in

other hands made the name of Uddingston, as we have already seen, well known throughout the world for the excellence of the agricultural implements produced there. This interesting relic at one time belonged to Blackie of Bellshill, but afterwards it fell into the hands successively of Wilkie and Gray & Co., where a few of the older residents speak of having seen it. Suitably labelled, it has now found, perhaps, a more secure home in the museum of Edinburgh. In its day it was frequently exhibited at agricultural exhibitions, and formed an interesting example of one stage—and that a most important one—of the evolution of the plough.

ORBISTON:

Robert Owen and his Social Experiments.

"No man's labour for good is in vain,
Tho' he win not the crown but the cross;
Every wish for man's good is a gain,
Every doubt of man's gain is a loss."

—*Anon.*

"O, human soul! as long as thou can'st so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam.
Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home."

—ARNOLD.

IN previous chapters we have dealt with local scenes which conjure up before us a past which has almost wholly vanished, and which we would not seek to recall even if it were in our power; but now we pass to the consideration of an interesting experiment in sociology of which Orbiston was the scene, which future years may look back upon as the pioneer work of a noble man much maligned and misunderstood. But this, after all, is the lot of the seer: the very power which lifts him above his fellows, isolates him, and it is well for him if he find consolation for his many disappointments in the brightness of the inward

vision, for it is all the comfort generally vouchsafed. Those most fitted by education to understand him, misrepresent his motives, while the humbler classes, for whom he sacrifices all, meet his efforts by dull, stupid opposition. Such was the experience of Robert Owen; and although the Orbiston experiment, outwardly must be classed as a failure, we should like to show what sort of man the moving spirit was, and what were the motives which actuated him.

Robert Owen, the son of a small saddler and ironmonger, was born in Newton, Montgomeryshire. Life did not open brightly for him. At the age of nine he left school and was employed locally until at the age of ten he went to Stamford, where he was apprenticed to a draper for three or four years. After a short time in a London shop, he came to Manchester, where his career was one of brilliant success. At the age of nineteen he was manager of a cotton mill, and that under circumstances which would have damped the spirits of any youth. The place had been but poorly managed, and was in a wretched condition, but Owen placed it on a sound business footing—an achievement not of a dreamer, but of a man of fine business habits. We next find him a partner in and manager of the Chorlton Twist Company, which he made a very successful concern. Acting under his advice, his firm purchased the Mill of New Lanark, owned by Dale & Arkwright—a transaction which was of great importance, not only to his head, but to his heart. In the business arrangements he had been brought into

contact with David Dale, one of the original partners of the New Lanark concern, at whose house in Charlotte Street, Glasgow, he was soon a welcome guest. But there was more than business talked. On one occasion he met Miss Dale going for a walk on Glasgow Green, and volunteered to accompany her. Love in gentle hearts is quickly learned, and Robert Owen, while arranging other partnerships of more or less uncertain duration, in this case carried out one to end only with life. The marriage took place in Mr. Dale's house, and was of the simplest character possible, so simple, indeed, as not to satisfy modern craving after a ritual sufficiently long as to justify elaborate toilettes. The ceremony, if such it can be called, was performed by the Rev. Mr. Balfour, an old friend of Mr. Dale, although he was of the Established Church, while Mr. Dale belonged to some small sect. The account is given in the words of the biographer—"When we were all met on the morning of our marriage, waiting for the ceremony to commence, Mr. Dale being there to give his daughter to me, and the younger sisters of Miss Dale acting as bridesmaids, Mr. Balfour requested Miss Dale and me to stand up, and asked us if we were willing to take each other for husband and wife. Each simply nodding assent, he said, without one word more, 'then you are married, and may sit down,' and the ceremony was over." Mr. Balfour, however, it may be explained, afterwards told him that he had left out any exhortation as he knew Mr. Dale's daughter did not need it.

Robert Owen now took up his residence at New Lanark, and set about his scheme of reform. Dale & Arkwright, the former firm, had been, as affairs went then, good to the workers. The children especially had been well treated by Mr. Dale, but the general condition of the people was far from satisfactory. Many of them were the lowest of the population, the respectable country people refusing to submit to the long hours and drudgery of the factory system. Theft, drunkenness, and other vices were common. Education and other things, such as sanitation, were in a very backward condition. To meet these, Robert Owen now bent all his energies. He began at the root of the matter, educating the children, on the sound basis that education is the result of the many impressions of a child's environment. He therefore sought to meet this view by making the surroundings of the child such as to aid the work of the teacher. He was thus the precursor by many years of the most enlightened method of infant teaching. To quote from an authority:—"He greatly improved the houses of the workers by the unsparing and benevolent exertion of his personal influence, and trained them to habits of order, cleanliness, and thrift. He opened a store where people could buy goods of the soundest quality at little more than cost price, and the sale of drink was placed under the strictest supervision." The result of this, coupled with the new system of education, was remarkable. "The manners of the children brought up under his system were beautifully

graceful, genial and unconstrained, health, plenty, and contentment prevailed, drunkenness was almost unknown, and illegitimacy was extremely rare." We need not go into all the details of Owen's career. His experiment at New Lanark was an unqualified success. He was consulted by all the leading statesmen of the day, and pilgrims from far and near flocked to New Lanark to see and study his methods, among whom was no less a personage than the future Emperor Nicholas of Russia. He had now the ear of the Government; but, unfortunately for the cause he had at heart, he introduced the question of theology, with the result that his by no means orthodox views gradually sapped his influence in the country. In his report to the Committee of the House of Commons Owen pointed out "that the permanent cause of the distress was to be found in the competition of human labour with machinery, and that the only effective remedy was the united action of men and the subordination of machinery." He was thus led to form plans for independent settlements, of which that at Orbiston was one. His object was "to remoralise the lower orders, to reduce the poor rates, gradually to abolish pauperism with all its degrading consequences, and to relieve the country from its present distress."

The settlement on the steep banks of the Calder near Bellshill was founded in 1825, not by Owen, but by a warm believer in his methods, Abraham Combe. It was planned on a large scale. When complete, the building was intended to take the form of a parallelo-

gram. The following was the estimated cost of the whole establishment, as given in the statistical account:

1200 acres of land, at £30 per acre, ...	£36,000	0	0
Apartment for 1200 persons, ...	17,000	0	0
Three public buildings within the square, ...	11,000	0	0
Manufactory, slaughter-house, and washing-house, ...	8,000	0	0
Furnishing 300 lodging-rooms, at £8 each, ...	2,400	0	0
Furnishing kitchen, schools, and dormitories,	3,000	0	0
Two farming establishments, with corn-mill, malting, and brewing appendages, ...	5,000	0	0
Making the interior of the square, roads, etc.,	3,000	0	0
Stock for the farm under spade cultivation,	4,000	0	0
Contingencies and extras, ...	6,600	0	0
	£96,000	0	0

Scarcely a fourth part of this was completed, and that at a cost much exceeding the original estimate. It consisted of a central building with a spacious wing of freestone four storeys high and garrets. Each flat was bisected by a passage running from one end to the other, and on each side of the passage there were eighteen rooms of comfortable dimensions. Within this building the population at one time would be about sixty adults and one hundred and twenty children. Let it be confessed, the colony formed by no means a uniform assembly—many worthy people of the highest aims being mingled with vagrant adventurers and wrong-headed enthusiasts. The inmates dined together in a public room, but not at a uniform rate. At the first table the charge for breakfast, dinner, and supper was 14s. per week; at the second, 10s.; at the third, 7s.; at the fourth, 7s. 6d. A theatre (part of the walls of which are still standing), lecture, and school-room were attached to the establishment. The children slept in dormitories apart from their parents.

The irregularities of the life of the new settlers have, as we might expect, been much exaggerated. Dr. Gardiner's account (to which we have been indebted for some of the foregoing details) is plainly written with a strong clerical bias. They did not observe the Sunday, but it is to be remembered the founders were not Scottish Presbyterians, and many of the objections are such as we would expect from a population looking on at an alien civilization. We therefore need not wonder at the amazement caused in a Scottish parish, when some seventy years ago a casual stroller near the establishment on a Sunday morning might have heard the shrill sounds of the pipe leading the song and dance. It was thus the building earned the nick-name of Babylon. The cause of failure lay in the introduction of the religious question, the treatment of which repelled many whom Owen's views were otherwise attracting; for, as we have already shown, given a fair field, Owen was no visionary, but a practical and successful man of business. After struggling for a time with unsurmountable difficulties, it became necessary to dissolve the society, and dispose of the property. The buildings, which originally cost £12,000, were estimated to the purchaser at £2,000, and now only a few traces of this building remain to tell of a great experiment. The stone used in its construction was carted off and used for building purposes.*

It may also be recorded here that when the ruinous

* The dull-grey stone, with iron markings, may be recognised in some of the buildings at Bellahill, and in Bothwell at the Bridge House, Cumberland Cottage, and a portion of Forelaw.

condition of the Old Parish Church necessitated building operations, Dr. Gardner, for some time conducted services in the desolate hall of the settlement. Thus ended this famous experiment, which, under the direct supervision of Owen, and at a latter time, might have done something for the bettering of mankind. But all settlements were not alike failures; for it it said that the one at Ralahine in Ireland was a distinct success, and only failed through the proprietor of the land having been forced to realise the property for gambling debts. But no man however great can multiply himself sufficiently to give all his varied efforts the first chances of success. If Owen had only been content with the well-earned success of the New Lanark scheme, his name would have gone down to posterity as a practical social reformer. As it is, the man was infinitely greater than what he achieved. He was disinterested, a lover of his fellowmen in the highest and best sense, for he sought the amelioration of the social system, not by a tinkering of present conditions, but by root and branch reform, while he gave unselfishly his all for the cause in which he believed. But no one need measure success by outward appearance. Owen's influence still works deep, but unseen; and when, as we trust soon, society shall set itself in earnest to battle with the social problem, earnest reformers will recognise as the foremost worker of his time the person of Robert Owen.

BOTHWELLHAUGH.

"But who o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,
Rides headlong with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;
Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare
As one, some vision'd sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh."

—SCOTT.

BOTHWELLHAUGH, the haugh or plain through which the Clyde flows before entering on the narrow defile which begins at Bothwell Bridge, is notable for two events which occupy an important place in Scottish history. On one of these occasions—the Battle of Bothwell Bridge—the haugh marked the position of the Royal army, when the opposing forces lay in sight of one another on opposite sides of the river; but as we have already dealt with this incident in a former chapter, nothing need be said here on this subject. The other occasion takes us back to an earlier stage of the religious controversy, when, after the troublous times of the early work of the Reformation, the fabric seemed firmly established in the person of the Regent Murray. But no *régime* has a secure foundation which rests on the uncertain element of human life; and the plot which ended in the death of the Earl of Murray threatened to undo all the work of his years. The doer of the deed, James

Hamilton, was named of Bothwellhaugh from a house and property which, according to Innes' "Origines Parochiales," was standing then—early in the eighteenth century. Needless to say, there is no trace of the house itself, although the site is marked by the farm steading of Bothwellhaugh. Tradition has done so much in the way of embellishing this incident that it is difficult now to get at the real facts. In the first place, some doubt has been expressed as to whether James Hamilton ever really possessed the property of Bothwellhaugh, although possession would seem to be proved by an incident which is dealt with further on. Those who maintain the former view, point out that the estate was found peaceably in possession of another member of the same family after Hamilton's exile, which would scarcely have been the case had the property been Hamilton's, as it would then, in ordinary course, have been forfeited to the Government. In order to explain this, some think that Bothwellhaugh was simply a title, such as a younger son was allowed by courtesy to take from an estate held by the elder branch of the family. When we pass to what is given as the motive of the crime, which is used with such good effect in Scott's ballad of "Cadzow Castle," we are on still more uncertain ground. We know that James Hamilton had espoused the cause of Mary, that he had fallen into the hands of Murray after the battle of Langside, and had been spared by express command of the Regent. So far there is no heroic cause for the dreadful deed; but here

tradition steps in and weaves a tissue of romantic fable. It is said that on account of his espousal of Mary's cause not only Hamilton's own estate had been involved, but that his wife's estate of Woodhouselea, Midlothian—of which she was joint owner with her sister—had been seized and given to a rapacious adherent of the Regent, while Hamilton's wife, then in that condition which should appeal to the sympathy of any man, was turned adrift on a cold winter night with her little infant in her arms, until death came as a welcome relief to her sufferings. Unfortunately for this romantic reason for the deed, an Act of Parliament, dated 1609, which deals with the restoration of the estate of Woodhouselea to the sisters Isobel and Alison Sinclair, places it beyond doubt that the injured wife who perished in the snow was alive and endowed with her estate thirty-nine years after.* Having divested it of the element of romance, it is impossible to look on this deed otherwise than as one of those terrible acts of party spirit for which the history of the time supplies us with only too many parallels. Such at any rate was the way Mary took it, for she wrote in a letter to Archbishop Beaton, "that while Bothwellhaugh did not do the deed by her orders, she is all the more indebted to him for doing it." †

*Probably the estate was simply transferred to another for the purpose of protecting the property.

† "Ce que Bothwellhach a faict a este sous mon commandement de quoy ye luy scay aussi bon gre et meilleur que si j'eusse este du conseil j'attend les memoires qui me doiveut etre envoyez de la recepte de mon douaire ponr faire mon estat, ou je n'oublieray la pension du dict Bothwellhaugh."

The occasion of the tragic event was this:—The Regent, Earl of Murray, in the course of a tour through a portion of the country, was returning to Edinburgh by way of Stirling, his footsteps dogged by James Hamilton, who, supported by the Hamilton family, had undertaken to remove the Regent by death. On the 22nd February, 1570, his opportunity came when the Regent was to ride in state through Linlithgow. The irregular disposition of an old Scottish town such as this peculiarly favoured the purposes of the murderer, as the long row of houses fronting the street had the gardens belonging to them radiating outwards towards the back. His plans were carefully laid. No difficulty was found in obtaining a house, as Archbishop Hamilton it would seem very naturally put his house at the disposal of his kinsman, who was anxious to see the pageant. Every precaution was taken to screen the assassin. The back of the room running along the street frontage was hung with black so as to prevent the shadow of Hamilton being seen, while a feather bed, placed on the floor, prevented his steps being heard.* At the back door in the garden, a horse stood saddled and ready, while the strong Hamilton influence had secured the way, as far as possible, for an open retreat. Secret as the preparations were, some hint had evidently reached Murray, but his brave nature rebelled against any very open change of plan. He therefore decided to pass through the town at a

* Historie of King James the Sext (perhaps not a very reliable authority).

quicker rate, but in this purpose he was defeated, as the size of his retinue, combined with the crowd which then as now delighted in a procession, prevented it being carried into effect. This was not the day of weapons of precision and deliberate aim was necessary, for which, unfortunately for the Regent, every opportunity was given by his slow progress. The clumsy hackbut* did its work only too well, and the Regent was shot through the body below the waist and thigh, the shot even killing a horse at his side. At first it seemed as though the wound would not be mortal, for the Regent was able to walk to a house near by, where he expired, as Pitscottie says, at "alevin houres of the nycht. The murderer syne ran to the horse quhich was hodden at the back zett be his boy, and lap on him and raid his way to Hammiltowne, and the Regente's men followit, bot they culd nocht overtake him, for he had convoy of the leave of the Hammiltouns at sundrie partis of the geit for to reskew him."† In all haste Hamilton galloped to Cadzow Castle, then as now in the possession of the Hamiltons, where he rested for a little. At one part of the road he was so hotly followed by his pursuers that "after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger and strocke his horse behind, which caused his horse to leap a very broad stanke, by which means he escapit and gat away from all the rest of the horse."‡ All the details of this ride are given by Scott

* Still preserved by Lord Hamilton in Dalzell House.

† Lindsay of Pitscottie, vol. ii., p. 222. ‡ Birrel's Diary.

with vivid picturesque force in, perhaps, his finest ballad, "Cadzow Castle," to which the reader is referred. Hamilton spent the night before his departure for France in Lauchope House,* situated in the eastern part of the parish. It is interesting to note here, as bearing on the story of Hamilton's injured wife, that when the warrant for arrest arrived at Bothwellhaugh, the officer of the Parliament, naturally, did not find him in residence, although he found his wife, who, like a prudent woman, neither acknowledged nor accepted delivery of the document.

Revenge was, however, taken on the proprietor of Lauchope—a brother-in-law of Hamilton—who was fined heavily, while his house was burned to the ground. Lauchope House is still an old tower-house with walls of great thickness, the main entrance being by a porch supported on pillars. It was the seat of the Muirheads and their ancestors for centuries—possession dating back to 1165.

*Tradition has it that the name owes its origin to the following incident:—"Bartram, a noted brigand in the time of Robert II., was slain by the Laird of Muirhead, and in his dying moments, the bandit giving a spasmodic laugh, Muirhead exclaimed, 'Will ye laugh up yet.' As a reward, the laird received the lands since known as Lauchope." The incident is alluded to in the history of the Scottish borders:—

"Afore the king, in order strode,
The stout laird of Muirhead,
Wi' that same twa-hand muckle sword
That Bartram felled stark dead."

This etymology, like other local attempts of this nature, bears unmistakable evidence of being made to order, but is given here as part of the tradition.

BOTHWELL.

Village Life—A Glance at its Past.

"It was on a delightful summer evening that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which terminated in view of the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle and the River Clyde. . . . Bothwell Bridge was at a little distance, and also in sight. . . . To complete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl of about five years old was fetching water in a pitcher from a beautiful fountain of the purest transparency. . . . The stranger reigned up his horse and called to the nymph, . . . 'I wish to know the way to Fairy Knowe?'

"'Mammie, mammie, come and speak to the gentleman!'"

—*Old Mortality.*

AS we have already pointed out, it by no means follows that the references to Bothwell in the oldest records refer to the village itself, as they may with at least equal propriety be applied to the lordship represented by the manor house or castle. Indeed, if we take the name as signifying the house on the river, it must be confessed that it applies first to the old castle, and that it can be understood of the village only in a reflected sense when considered as an offshoot of the castle. In this sense Uddingston and Bothwell may be considered to have the same origin—the one representing the secular side of the barony and the

other the spiritual; for these settlements were a natural outcome of the time when the spiritual grew up side by side with the temporal power, partly from a superstitious desire to enlist the unknown powers on behalf of the feudal lord, partly from genuine religious feeling, and partly also from state policy, which regarded the inculcation of a firm basis of morality as a necessity at a time when civilization needed a stronger authority even than mere physical force to sustain it. Add to this the fact that the Church in these days represented all that there was in the way of education, and it can easily be understood how castle, church, and retainers formed the nucleus of our ancient villages. But whatever may be the actual fact as regards the origin of Bothwell, there can be no doubt about its antiquity, although it is somewhat strange that in the village itself there should be so few evidences of a far distant past. It is true there is still the old church standing in the centre of the village, but this is all of first importance, unless we include the bridge. The name Westport, which still clings to one of the feus at the entrance to the village, undoubtedly marks the site of one of the old village gates, of which it need scarcely be said nothing now remains but the name. Adjoining Westport there stood up to the year 1795 the houses of the Canons of the Collegiate Church and their choral vicars—the site retaining the names of the prebend yards and the vicar yards.

Old prints and maps show houses irregularly right down to the river, one row of single-storey thatched

houses running from Westport to the brow of the hill overlooking the bridge, while another row ran from the Cross to the village green. This street still bears the

name Green Street, but the old houses are rapidly disappearing. Judging of what remains of the type, Joanna Baillie seems to have idealised considerably when she wrote of them :—

"Even now, methinks,
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
Like to a hillock moved by labouring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clambering up its walls,
Roses and every gay and fragrant plant
Before my fancy stands a fairy bower:
Ay, and within it, too, do fairies dwell;
Peep through its wreathed window, if, indeed,
The flowers grow not too close; and there within
Thou'lt see some half-a-dozen rosy brats
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk—
These are my mountain elves."*

Important in its own way to the village was the Old Mill—situated between the bridge and East Ford—which still remains. It was reached by the Old Mill Road, which left the main road to the right at Westport, but is now cut up by the North British Railway line. At Silverwells there was formerly a malt kiln, changed subsequently into a weaving establishment. This was by no means a place of good repute in its day, and enjoyed a most unenviable reputation as a resort of the lawless. Of the larger class of houses, Bothwell Park was built at the close of the eighteenth century, and contains an interesting reminiscence of former fiscal expedients in the numerous blind windows, which were so constructed in order to evade the window tax, for in those days it would seem the legislature looked upon over-indulgence in light as a luxury which had to be checked. Sweethope, in its beautiful miniature dell, is an older house, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that

* Orra, Act III., Sc. ii.

the Battle of Bothwell Bridge may have been seen from its windows. It is in all probability the Fairy Knowe of Scott's "Old Mortality," and lovers of Scott will always find a peculiar fascination in the charming glimpses to be had in the Back Sweethope Road. At the beginning of the century the adjoining manse was a thatched dwelling-house, one storey in height, with garrets. Its outhouses were built in 1802 by Dr. MacCulloch, who was noted for his horticultural tastes. He greatly improved the glebe and orchard. In his statistical account he thus writes of his neighbourhood:—"The woody banks of the Clyde and Calder are frequented by the usual tenants of the groves of Caledonia, particularly the thrush and the blackbird. The village and manse, on account of the planting, are highly favoured with the music of these melodious birds, especially the last." His disinterested love of garden work is well brought out in the following pleasant little incident:—"One afternoon a student of Glasgow found the minister engaged in garden work. 'Tell me,' said the young fellow, 'why do you take such a lively interest in your orchard?' 'It gives me pleasure,' said the worthy old pastor, 'and it may be that in after time some needy incumbent will thank me for it.'" The student and Dr. MacCulloch became fast friends—a friendship which grew all the more as they had become neighbours. In process of time the young student was licensed, and having become a favourite with the Hamilton family, he was promised the first vacancy that was in their gift. This came

about on the death of Dr. MacCulloch, so that the young student was thus the future incumbent who benefited by the horticultural labours of the reverend doctor.

Like her sister village Uddingston, Bothwell was plentifully supplied with spring water. For common use there were the Malt Kiln Well, the Dyke Well, the Minister's Well, the Tansy Well, the Lady Well (named for the Virgin),* and the Corsill Well—this last taking its name from the hill up which the village mourners bore their dead to their last resting-place. It would be one of these fountains at which Scott's imagination saw the little nymph of the house of Headrigg fill her pitcher on the day when Morton came back like a ghost to the scenes he had left some years before. But then, as now, water was not the only liquid indulged in, and Meg Steel—Cleanly Meg—the hostess of the Douglas Arms at the beginning of last century, was known far and wide. Her features have been preserved for us in one of the heads carved on the hood terminations to the windows of the new church.

The staple industry in the village was weaving, and at the beginning of last century there were no fewer than ninety-two looms going. In 1811 there was a great strike, which lasted for fourteen weeks, and ended, as many since have done, in the strikers actually taking less than they had before. In this case they accepted "five bawbees a yard" less than the old price.

* This is also the origin of Motherwell.

There were of course agricultural and other workers resident in the village as well. "A principal ploughman had," we are told, "ten pounds to twelve pounds, with board; a young man next to him, who drives the

plough, had from five pounds to eight pounds; a man-servant in the house, from three to four or five pounds; a common day-labourer, formerly tenpence or a shilling, came to receive sixteenpence, and in hay time twenty pence or two shillings, while the women had eightpence; a mason got twenty or twenty-twopence; a tailor a shilling, with board."

One drawback to farming operations around Bothwell was the floods, due to the Clyde overflowing its banks, and on these occasions great destruction was wrought. The most disastrous of these took place on the 12th March, 1782, and the high-water mark of the river is cut in the rock of the bank within the castle policies. On the above date the river began to rise in the afternoon, and by night-fall the ground was twelve feet under water, while at Glasgow the Clyde was twenty feet above its ordinary level, and completely interrupted communication in many places. The farm of Auchenraith especially very frequently suffered from such floods. The name Auchenraith—plain of the bracken—taken in conjunction with the nature of the growth at the Blantyre end of the castle policies, calls up before us a glimpse of the place before the plough had done its work; but Auchenraith more immediately brings us into touch with Scott, who is said to have written a large portion of "Old Mortality" there.

The 12th of November was the day appointed by Royal Charter to be held as the Fair Day in Bothwell, but from about the beginning of the nineteenth century the date was changed to 10th July, the birthday of

Lord Douglas. It was held on the village green, and Green Street must then have presented an appearance of life which even in these modern days the village would by no means suggest. The Gardeners of Bothwell—a society of considerable antiquity, numbering in membership about five hundred, and possessing funds amounting to the respectable sum of seven hundred pounds—turned out in all their splendour and made their way in grand procession to the green. First came the box or ark with the papers of the lodge, having on the front the figures of Adam and Eve, with the serpent between, and the inscription:—

"From Adam we our airt did get,
In friendship we combine
Our distressed members to support,
Come, brethren all, us join."

When the green was reached a country dance crowned the day's proceeding. It was customary on this occasion to compete for the best-made flower trophy, and one of the old inhabitants was wont to recall his triumph on this head, how, after he had carried off the prize at Bothwell, he took the trophy to Edinburgh, and there, after marching in procession amid the plaudits of the crowds of "Auld Reekie," he was again awarded a prize over all competitors.

Another custom which obtained on Hogmanay is very interesting. The villagers were wont to gather in an old building somewhere about the site of the Fairy Knowe and there witness dramatic performances. At these a comedy and a tragedy were generally

represented in turn, the most popular being Home's "Douglas" and Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," a fact interesting so far as it shows that local audiences were at least quite abreast of the time in their favourites. The histrionic talent was purely local, and both rehearsals and performances were looked forward to with great delight. Needless to say a crowded house, or rather barn—perhaps the proper name for the long low building—encouraged the performers to the full use of their powers. The early part of the nineteenth century also witnessed the rejoicing at the overthrow of Napoleon, and in that epoch Bothwell too expressed its participation in the national joy. Locally there was an additional reason for this. It marked the close of a season of much privation, as well as the end of a great tension in the country's foreign relations. The eminence of Hill Park was chosen as the site of the beacon, and thither fuel was carted by all the farmers around. There the beacon flung back Tinto's fiery signal of rejoicing, and invited the parish to a participation in the general festivities. Elsewhere the landed gentry drank the healths of the King and Duke of Wellington, and confusion to Napoleon. But in those days reporting was not a fine art, and it is, perhaps, as well that the curtain of oblivion has been drawn over the fiery orations of our local patriots.

Bothwell Parish Schoolmasters: Glimpses of a Bygone Time.

"O weel I mind our hingin' lugs,
Our het and tinglin' paws;
O weel I mind his solemn look,
An' weel I mind the tawse.

* * * * * * * *

Ay, laddies, ye may wink awa'!
Truth maunna aye be tauld!
I fear the schules o' modern days
Are just siclike's the auld;
An' arena we but laddies yet
Wha get the name o' men?
How sweet at ane's fireside to live
The happier days again."

—Thos. Carstair Latta.

IT has been well said that if Scotland were behind many of the southern countries in fine arts at the time of the Reformation, she could still boast of "men who excelled in their respective rank and profession, who had received a liberal education, travelled into foreign countries, conversed with the best company, and, in addition to their acquaintance with ancient learning, could speak the most polite language of modern Europe." This state of matters, it must be noted, was largely brought about by the stimulus to thought given by the Reformation movement; and although

at times the stream of thought from this source was confined to a narrow channel, it was at least deep, and prepared the nation for a renaissance of literature and art at a more fitting season. It is due to the memory of the greatest Scotsman of that time—John Knox—to note that his scheme for efficient parish work embraced also parish education, which had for its ideal the possible attainment of a university training by any youth of ability, whatever his position in life might be.

Thus in Bothwell Parish it is no mere accident to find the minister and the schoolmaster closely related, with, of course, the due subordination of the lay to the spiritual. This relationship is suggested in Bothwell by the situation, if by nothing else; for the former schoolhouse still stands near the church on the site of an earlier building, only that the windows in the latter case, somewhat significantly, faced the manse. In 1783, the highest fee was 1s. 6d. per quarter, and 2s. if writing and art were taken. Some nineteen years earlier, poor scholars were relieved to the extent of 3s. a year, while in the later period, education could be had for 1s. a quarter. It was of this period that Dr. MacCulloch recorded his opinion that education was not so capably given as formerly*—in short, that in classical and religious teaching the times were out of joint, so far as the parish was concerned. The course of training in such schools has already been described. It was by no means elaborate; yet, limited as its scope undoubtedly was, it had its successes in many a scholar finding

* Statistical Account (1795).

his way to the great seats of learning from very humble surroundings; and proud, indeed, was the village dominie when he could number among his scholars some "lad o' pairts."

Bothwell does not seem to have been very notable for its schoolmasters, except in the way of friction between the dominie and the minister. Thus in 1713 Aird had to be dismissed from his office for "habitual drunkenness, speech not to be named among Christians, and of contradicting the morality of the Lord's Day." The Presbytery ordered that he should receive a public rebuke before the congregation of Bothwell, and be laid under the sentence of lesser excommunication for his scandalous sins. The minutes of the heritors give a curious glimpse into the principles of parochial management. James Pollock, for example, offered himself for the post of schoolmaster, but, not satisfied with his attainments in the various branches of learning which he was expected to profess, as the phrase went, they ordained "that he should apply to writting, Arithmetick, Book-keepping, and the Rudiments of the Latin Tongue for the space of a year, and if then the Presbytrie shall be satisfied with his qualifications, he shall be Declared Schoolmaster." This seems a fair programme for one year's study, and it is creditable to Pollock that he rose to the occasion, and satisfied the Presbytery. He filled the office for the long period of thirty years with acceptance. In his later days, he was granted an assistant, "it being understood that the assistant should act as

presentor, without drawing any emolument therefor."

In 1789, William Allan was appointed schoolmaster for the heritors with a salary of £5 11s. 1d. His name is identified with considerable litigation, and the petition of William Allan and others to the Court of Session was quite a *cause celebre* in its way. On 17th June, 1790, a meeting of heritors was called. They met in the Church as the minutes record "to take into account the election of a schoolmaster." Allan had been *locum tenens* during the illness of the previous holder of the office. The meeting elected Allan, but not unanimously. Dr. MacCulloch (who was not present at the meeting) objected, first on technical grounds that the meeting had not been called finally to elect. The heritors, however, thought otherwise, and maintained that the minutes bore "to elect," and that they were quite justified in their action. The whole case is a curious commentary on the position of the parish minister in those days as the autocrat of village affairs. Dr. MacCulloch did not object to Allan's qualifications, at least Allan records as much, but it is evident that Dr. MacCulloch had the firm opinion that he was not good enough for Bothwell's requirements; for he affirmed that the school could not be said "to accord with the respectability of the parish, which has long suffered for the want of a proper schoolmaster." He maintained that this had checked the genius and improvement of the people. Dr. MacCulloch's attitude led to the Presbytery taking action and finally in an appeal to the Civil Court, the whole course of the subse-

quent proceedings pointing to a strong personal and antagonistic feeling between minister and schoolmaster. Allan reveals the genesis of this when he attributes the attitude of the learned doctor to the fact that he himself had in the Session asserted his own opinion too positively, without, however, giving the lie direct. As the breach between the two widened, faults—which were evidently not very pronounced at first—grew more manifest. Allan charges Dr. MacCulloch with "applying to an expert arithmetician for difficult questions in vulgar and decimal fractions, that he might puzzle the petitioner in his trial before the Presbytery," a charge which is apt to bring a smile to our lips in these days of advanced views in educational matters. Among other matters, a charge of cruel punishment was made against Allan; and the evidence is somewhat amusing when we find witnesses discussing whether punishment merely caused inflammation of the skin or effusion of blood. On the main plea it was decided by the Court of Session that it was competent to the Lords of Session, and not the superior Church Courts, to review the judgments of the Presbytery in the exercise of their power in regard to parochial schoolmasters. This, however, was reversed on appeal to the House of Lords, so that the victory finally lay with the Presbytery.

We have dwelt on this case for the side lights which it gives on life in the village more than a century ago, but the position of both minister and schoolmaster has greatly changed since then, and education, become the

heritage of all, has removed the gulf which formerly separated these dignitaries from the rest of the people. The schoolmaster then had many functions to perform. He was the measurer of the village, and had to calculate the contents of manure heaps, and, in many ways, show the beauty of applied knowledge to the wondering rustics, among whom, doubtless, "the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew." His salary was made up of pickings from various sources. Thus, besides his official salary—by no means large—he had his share in the proclamation of marriages. The heritors fixed this at 4s., and of that 2s. went to the parish, 1s. 6d. to the schoolmaster, and 6d. to the bellman.

Into the various details of schooling in the early nineteenth century we need not go here. Some survivors can still testify of the "wee spell" and the "big spell," and the other classes in the simple curriculum of that time, while those born in an ampler time may feel inclined to pity their forefathers for the slender opportunities enjoyed at an average parish school of the olden time. But all depends on the use of opportunity; and the present age with all its advantages will pronounce its own condemnation if it cannot produce better scholars—by no means an easy task—than at times emerged from many a humble home throughout our land.

Bothwell Church and Parish since the Reformation.

"And aye, an' while we nearer draw,
To whaur the kirkton lies alaw,
Mair neebours, comin' saft and slaw,
Frae here and there;
The thicker thrang the gate and ca'
The stour in air.

* * * * * * * * * *

Thus, on the day o' solemn things,
The bell that in the steeple swings
To fauld a scattered family rings
Its welcome screed;
And just a wee thing nearer brings
The quick an' deid."

—R. L. Stevenson.

THE Parish of Bothwell, for which the Collegiate Church was erected, was not co-terminus with the present parish, but included also what is now known as the Parish of Shotts, and in fact extended over a third of the distance between Glasgow and Edinburgh. The Shotts portion, known then as Bertram Shotts or Bothwell-muir, was disjoined at the Reformation, and then became a separate parish. The first minister of the parish after the Reformation was John Hamilton, prior of Blantyre, who exchanged with William Chirnside for the Parish of Bothwell,

3rd September, 1552. As he had conformed to the Protestant faith he continued at his post, having charge of Bothwell, Schottis, and Monkland, with a stipend, in 1567, of one hundred pounds. After November, 1569, he was allowed an increase of "twenty pounds mair," as the old record has it. After the Reformation he seems to have taken his fair share of the Assembly work consequent on the reconstruction of the national church, while in 1586 he was elected as one of the commissioners for taking trial "of slander in life, doctrine or conversation betwixt and nixt assemblie, for such as may be accused in the said bounds." He died 19th October, 1597. Gavin Hamilton, M.A., succeeded, and like his predecessor held the important position of Commissioner of the General Assembly. He was succeeded in 1606 by David Scharpe, M.A., who was transferred to the Parish of Kilbride two years later. In 1608 Robert Boyd, M.A., succeeded to the post. The uneventful nature of the parish annals in those early years of the seventeenth century was somewhat altered during his ministry, as he has gained for himself the rather unfortunate reputation of introducing the element of discord into the parish history. Among other things of which he was accused was the rather novel charge of "railing against his parishioners." But Boyd's unpopularity did not fall upon his successor, although the troublous nature of the times during the war of the Commonwealth could not but be felt here as elsewhere. In 1647 the inhabitants of the

lower part of Bothwell Parish petitioned Parliament to make good the thirty-five thousand pounds (Scots) which they had lost in the troubles of the time. The Estates were pleased to vote them eight thousand pounds out of the money paid them for surrendering King Charles. During this period, under Cromwell's iron rule, our county, along with other portions of the land, enjoyed repose. Interesting side lights on the domestic and religious side of the district during this period are furnished by the diary of Hay of Craignethan, recently published by the Scottish Historical Society. In 1660 the country shook itself free from the Cromwellian power, but found in the course of a few years that it had exchanged an inconvenient good for a decided evil; for hardly had Charles regained the throne of his father before the "Recovery Act" was passed and the beginning made of the unfortunate but necessary religious struggles which have made this period of our history such painful reading. By the Parliament of 1662 it was decreed that all ministers entering on their parishes on or after 1649 should be "declared to have no right to benefice, stipend, manse, or glebe for the year 1662 or hereafter; but their kirkes to be vacant unless they receive presentation from the patron or collation from the Bishop." One of the victims of the Act was Matthew MacKaile, who was appointed minister of Bothwell in that very year. He is generally described as "a true Nathaniel and a very plain dealer." Although turned out of his church by the Privy Council, they were powerless to deprive

him of the repute he had won by his pulpit oratory, so that when the people flocked even out from Glasgow to hear him, the Council were forced to go one step further, with the result that they filed an indictment against him for "turbulent and seditious carriage," and compelled him to remain within the walls of Edinburgh.

Like many others then, however, MacKaile's spirit rose as his foes increased, and he soon succeeded in escaping. He then entered upon a series of perilous adventures in the west, only ended by his recapture and imprisonment for two years. He was in the seventieth year of his age when an accidental fall from a stair in Edinburgh proved fatal to him. He was a good example of the stern but sterling type of men which the time produced, for in those days as a powerful force was necessary to overcome the obstacles of the religious life, depth of character was of more importance than breadth. Matthew MacKaile not only suffered in his own person, but also in his family. His son Hugh was put to death after torture for his participation in the rising at Pentland. He is thought to be represented in some points by Ephraim MacBriar of Scott's "Old Mortality," although young MacKaile was not present at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. This incident, which marks an epoch in the religious history of Scotland, we have dealt with elsewhere. The incumbents from MacKaile's deposition to the revolution were adherents of the Episcopal party. The first was Robert Douglas, M.A., afterwards Bishop of

Dunkeld. He was succeeded in 1669 by Thomas Hamilton, M.A., who in turn was followed by Alexander Kineer, M.A. The last of these "tulchan" bishops was Robert Douglas, son of the Robert Douglas mentioned above. He was appointed in 1687, and resigned at the Revolution of 1688, when he became keeper of the Leighton Library, Dunblane. During this time the parish was in an unsettled condition, for the sympathies of the parishioners, as we have already seen, were not with the ruling powers. The following extracts may be taken as examples. The first is from the minute book of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, 1681:—"Presented a supplication by Parochiners of Bothwell with reasons for the transporting of Mr. William Russell from Stobo to them, and the Synod having heard and considered the case, grant the supplication, of quhich contained a desire that the Synod should write a letter in the Paroch of Bothwel's favaur to the Synod of Lothian, entreating them to take Bothwel's case into their compassionate consideration."

The second, from the Presbytery books of Hamilton, dated 6th September, 1687, is:—"The Parishioners of Bothwell, of the Presbyterian persuasion, give a call to Mr. Robert Muir, who is at the same time called to three or four other places." January 24th, 1688:—"They call Mr. Russell, who, like Mr. Muir, refuses to come." June 27th, 1688:—"They call Mr. John Orr, and are opposed by another parish, though Mr. Orr was not yet licensed. He was ordained at Hollowtown (Holytown), 16th September, 1688, in face of the congrega-

tion. Mr. William Cullen, of Saughs (a name well known in the annals of the Covenant), grandfather of Dr. Cullen, was one of the elders."

"The first call after the Revolution on the United Presbytery of Hamilton and Lanark, for a Presbyterial visitation to inspect a church and manse, was by the church of Bothwell, 26th August, 1688, which the Presbytery refused on the ground that they cannot legally visit. In compliance, however, of the desire of the gentlemen Commissioners from the parish, they appoint Mr. Robert Muir (who was settled at Kilbride), Mr. Alexander Young (of Hamilton), and Mr. Archibald Hamilton, to meet with the gentlemen of the parish on Wednesday, the 27th August, the day following, 'to give them their advice,' which they did accordingly." *

For nearly thirty years this "advice" was tendered, until in 1718 the Presbytery resolved to add to the west end of the old choir a plain building with considerable accommodation at an estimated cost of three thousand merks. From the above excerpts bearing on the Revolution period it is evident how great were the difficulties the Church had to contend with in the shape of scarcity of ministers for the various parishes, and how complete was the disorganisation which followed a period of usurped and alien power in the government of the church.

But with the Revolution came days of prosperity and peace. The country settled down to habits of order and population commenced to increase as

* Dr. Gardiner's "Statistical Account."

industry again began to spring into life. With greater life came greater needs, which led to the aforementioned petition for the visitation of the Presbytery to take into account the defective church accommodation of the parish.

John Orr, who was subsequently translated to Edinburgh, was succeeded by William Hamilton in 1709. He was of that famous old family the Hamiltons of Preston, and a lineal descendant of Captain James Hamilton who led the Covenanters at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and what is of more account, the ancestor of a direct line of men who made their mark in the academic world. His son Robert was appointed to the chair of anatomy in Glasgow University, and subsequently became professor of the practice of medicine. The foregoing was succeeded in the chair of anatomy by his brother Thomas — a warm friend of that brilliant Glasgow group, Adam Smith the author of "The Wealth of Nations," John and William Hunter of East Kilbride, the famous anatomists, and John Moore the father of the hero of Corunna. On the death of Thomas his son William was appointed to his father's chair, and after having occupied it for twenty-five years died, leaving behind him a son William, afterwards Sir William Hamilton the illustrious professor of logic and metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Thus from the manse of Bothwell came an unbroken line of four professors all of the name of Hamilton and within the comparatively short period of sixty years.

James Hamilton, the sixth minister in Bothwell of the name of Hamilton, succeeded his father in 1749. One of his first acts was to provide fitting plate for the Communion service. "Two Communion flagons, marked 'Bothwell K 1720,'" were then in use, and are still preserved, but in 1752 the heritors were informed that the two Communion cups were worn away. On their instruction Mr. Hamilton visited a goldsmith, "who weighted the old cupps, and valued them at six pounds five shillings, and on a calculation found that twelve pounds or thereby will purchase two new cupps." The purchase was duly made, with the addition of two other cups. Four Communion cups are thus preserved, two of them bearing the inscription:—"For the Kirk of Bothwell, 1752." In the following year a baptismal basin and laver were bequeathed to the church, on each of which was inscribed:—"Daniel Campbell of Shawfield, Esquire, Bestowed this upon the Parish and Kirk Session of Bothwell at his Death, Anno 1753." The last addition to the old church plate was made in 1759, when two Communion chargers and two flagons were purchased by the heritors, each being simply marked "Bothwell K, 1759."* The heritors' minutes of this period, which we have already made use of and shall find occassion to quote from time to time, give many an example of unconscious humour. Thus the minute of May, 1759, "Ordains the old Communion table cloths shall be used 1st for covering the collection stools, and 2nd

* J. H. Pagan's "Antiquities of Bothwell."

for winding sheets for the poor. Appoint 10s. to purchase two new flagons [referred to previously] if they can be got for that sum, and if not, to buy two tin chargers, and engrave the name on them."

In February, 1761, we find the heritors bent on making due provision for the temporal wants of strange ministers, "the meeting taking into consideration the necessity of providing the ministers that are to preach at the church in lodgings, they appoint John Naismith innkeeper in Bothwell to give them all denairs that they call for, and the meeting shall pay the same always."

In August, 1762, the heritors were forced to consider the church bell, which the clerk reported "must have a new wheel before she can be got rung. Appoint a tradesman to right the same." This year Mr. Hamilton died, and was succeeded by Dr. James Baillie.

Dr. Baillie's appointment, as has already been noticed, was not unanimous. Translated from the Parish of Shotts in 1762 to the Parish of Bothwell by the powerful influence of the Hamilton family, his call was by no means agreeable to the parishioners. Various means were taken by delay of the induction and otherwise to allay the feeling of irritation; but whether it was that Dr. Baillie lacked tact, or on account of the natural growth of dissent, it was during his ministry that some of the parishioners ceased to attend the Parish Church, and ultimately formed themselves into the Relief Church at Bellshill.

He did not remain long in Bothwell, being appointed to the second charge of Hamilton in 1766, and subsequently to the professorship of divinity in Glasgow University. He died in 1778. He is perhaps best known through his daughter Joanna Baillie, the poetess, the friend and correspondent of Scott, and his son Dr. Matthew Baillie, first physician of George III.

During his ministry—23rd February, 1764—the heritors' minutes record:—"Mr. Baillie reported that he had counted all the lozens of the church windows that were broke, and that the whole extended to 38 great and small, most of which were filled with lead, and the meeting considered the said report of Dr. Baillie, and the necessity of these lozens being repaired; and also, that in respect of the doors of the church being in such disrepair that even dogs can get in at the foot of them, and that there is a drop from the roof which falls in the middle of the floor before the pulpit, appoint the Clerk [Mr. Pollock] to employ a proper person to make the repairs." This and other passages point to the fact that the question of a new church was even then a clamant one, but the heritors did not seem to be in a frame of mind to face the question.

Dr. Michael MacCulloch succeeded Dr. Baillie in 1767. He was an energetic minister, somewhat opinionative, and if an old satire can be trusted, somewhat given to being a respecter of persons. He was an enthusiast in garden work, and did much for the improvement of the manse garden. The litigation

to which he was a party along with the Presbytery anent the case of William Allan, schoolmaster, is notable in so far as it was decided on appeal to the House of Lords that the Church of Scotland had jurisdiction in regard to the qualifications and trials of teachers in the old parish schools. The heritors' minutes of this period show the same tinkering at the old church:—"April, 1770—It was agreed to pave the church. Minority protested 'neither authorised by law nor the custom of the law.'"

The following extract shows that rowdyism after all existed in the good old days as well as now. Thus on 18th July, 1776, we find the entry:—"Whereas the windows of the church have been broken by children, and other disorderly persons playing at ball and other diversions in the churchyard, the meeting therefore appoints intimation to be read from the pulpit to the inhabitants of the town of Bothwell, to parents and children, to take care and not go into the churchyard," and certifying that "if they were found therein after the intimation, they shall be prosecuted by the Procurator Fiscal of the Court of Hamilton." Dr. MacCulloch with characteristic energy seems to have set about repairing the manse, and the frequent sums granted by the heritors show that he had an effective way of managing that body. In April, 1774, an additional £24 6s. 10d. is granted on condition that he gets the manse declared sufficient. This was done by the month of February, 1776. In 1801 Dr. MacCulloch died, and was buried at the south-west corner of the church.

In 1802 his successor was appointed in the person of Dr. Matthew Gardiner. Elected Moderator of the General Assembly by two hundred and sixty-two votes to fifty-nine over Dr. (afterwards Principal) Lee, he died in 1865 at the advanced age of ninety.

The question of a new church was still the clamant one, but it was destined to remain in abeyance for another twenty years. In 1811 it is recorded that "a memorial was presented from more than 100 examinable persons in and about the lands of Orbiston complaining of the want of seats in the church, whereby we are 'always at an uncertainty where to go, and when we step into a seat partly empty in the morning or afternoon we are sometimes put out, even in the time of divine worship, consequently put in a non plus where to go, the seats by that time being mostly full, and can we [say they] attend upon the Lord without distraction?'" An entry in the heritors' minutes of February, 1804, "that the preaching and Communion tents be put into repair," reminds us that Bothwell, too, had its outdoor Communion scenes to correspond with similar gatherings in other parishes. As might be expected, the large numbers which assembled from all corners of such a large parish could not be accommodated in the church, and for that reason rendered special accommodation necessary. An interesting sketch by John Gibson Lockhart exists which gives a lively idea of one of these gatherings. Mr. Bower, the minister of Monkland, somewhat portly of form, occupies the pulpit, and amongst his audience are Dr. Lockhart of Glasgow,

Dr. Begg of New Monkland, Dr. Hodgson of Blantyre. Mr. Livingstone of Cambusnethan, Mr. Mushat of Shettleston, Mr. Clason of Dalziel, Mr. Macbeth of Glassford, and Dr. Gardiner of Bothwell. Like the gatherings satirised by Burns in his "Holy Fair," the nearness of the tavern life to the devotional meeting soon brought about a mingling of the two which did not make for decorum. This feature was taken advantage of by a local satirist, who was not slow to find the vulnerable points. This poem still lingers (by tradition) in a mutilated fashion, but many of its verses are scarcely quotable, as they bristle with local allusions which render the sense obscure to modern readers. We give a few verses:—

"The morn was wet, the thunder loud,
Yet without dread or care
From many quarters folk did crood
To Bothwell Holy Fair.

Some cam tae hear the Word laid doon,
Some drink wi' Meg or Askin;
There's godly folk frae Holytoon,
And colliers frae the Faskin.

* * * * * * * * * *

As for oor ancient Bothwell toon,
We've nae sauncts worth the namin'
Unless we put the auld laird doon—
An' oh! he's but a lame ane.

* * * * * * * * * *

The day did lower, and munny a shower,
Richt sair the sauncts were drookit;
But when at last the tent dismissed,
A' hame in droves they flockit.

The puir precentor's drooth was great,
He'd sang sae lood and shrill,
Thocht noo the time was come to trate
His lass wi' buns and yill."

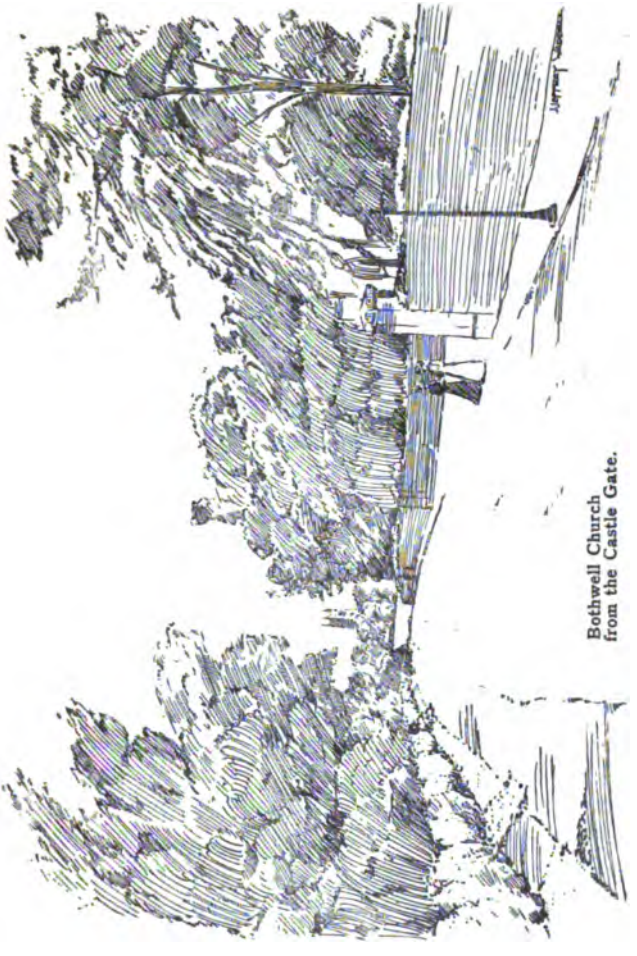
As might have been expected, the satire caused a great commotion in the parish, but in spite of the indignation of both session and minister the author was not discovered.

The most important memorial of Dr. Gardiner's ministry was the erection of the new church, which was opened for public worship in 1833, and forms, together with the old Douglas Chapel to S. Bride, such a beautiful feature in the landscape. Of the church "the old villagers can still recall the crowded and uncomfortable building with the 'castle loft' for the Douglas family and the 'common loft' for the common people, the old pulpit that stood at the north-west corner, the old doorway by which they entered; and the old square seats for which they made, each with his stool upon his arm."

"The figureheads which still are seen upon its walls were, in the main, old Bothwell celebrities, whom a cunning carver reproduced, Meg Steel ("Cleanly Meg"), the far-famed hostess of the Douglas Arms Inn; William Allan, the village dominie, on whose features his old pupils still can look with mingled feelings; Jamie Redd, who loved the cup and the jest —his face in life was one broad and constant grin, and being dead he yet grinneth."*

With the death of Dr. Gardiner in 1865 the pastorate of Dr. Pagan begins, and continues to this day. In 1899 his worth was recognised by the General Assembly of the Church when they appointed him to

* J. H. Pagan's "Antiquities of Bothwell."



Bothwell Church
from the Castle Gate.

the highest office in the Church, that of Moderator of the General Assembly. Since his induction his life has been one long labour for the parish, of which the restoration of the old church is at once the crown and memorial. On the 22nd April, 1902, he celebrated the centenary of the induction of Dr. Gardiner to the Parish of Bothwell, thus completing one hundred years of parish work between himself and his predecessor—surely a most unique circumstance in parish history. Those who have a knowledge of his labours, whether by repute or co-operation, and those who have experienced his unfailing courtesy, all alike join in the fervent prayer that his already long and honourable career may be crowned by many years of service for the cause and church he has served so well.

The parish records, numbering some thirty volumes, and extending back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, show the watchful if at times rigid supervision exercised by the Kirk Session over the morals of the parish. Thus in 1739 we meet with the record, "That considering the lamentable growth of profanity of all kinds in this land and congregation, they earnestly recommend it to all heritors or proprietors of lands and houses, masters of families within the congregation, to oblidge their intrant tenants and servants and all others to beware of letting houses or coat seats to vagrant or scandalous persons, and appoints this their Act to be publicly read from the pulpit that none may pretend ignorance." It is to be feared that most of the records are lamentable reading, being a record

of discipline for acts of immorality, which it were wise to bury in oblivion.

In the old records there are evidences of periodic dearths which caused great suffering among the poor. Although these periods of distress have continued up to the early years of the nineteenth century, when aid was given at times by special relief works of which the wall enclosing Bothwell policies was one, the condition of the villagers improved greatly in the last twenty years of the eighteenth century.

On 3rd February, 1756, a minute bore:—"That whereas John Scott, an infant rated on the list for half year at £2 sterling, is offered to be maintained this year for £1 10s. sterling, the meeting therefor appoints the infant to be delivered to Margaret Culloch, the woman thus offering, and appoints their collector to retain as much of the last half year's moiety for the maintenance, as at the sight of Ann Hamilton and Betsy Baxter shall be thought necessary for putting his clothes in good order."

In 1737 the old Communion cloths were given to the very poor as winding sheets — rather a grim charity, which Charles Dickens would have dealt with in characteristic fashion.

In 1815 the heritors' minutes record that an orphan boy of the name of Daniel Lockhart was bound as an apprentice to Alexander Chapman weaver at Bellshill. They do not, however, simply content themselves with getting him off their hands, but stipulate that he is "to learn his trade of weaver, his master to furnish

him in bed, board and washing, with clothes to consist of at least two suits, one for daily wear and the other to go to church, and to give him two months of two hours a day at school in every year during his apprenticeship, and to furnish him with a good loom, with £5 sterling, at the expiry of his indenture."

Thus we find weaving to have been so late as this period the staple industry of the district, and it was amidst this class that distress was generally most felt; but the opening up of the mineral wealth of the county has now altered all that, and the conditions of life have completely changed. In these altered conditions there is undoubtedly much gain, but much loss also must be admitted in the decay to some extent of the spirit of independence, which led its possessors to seek a sure means of livelihood not from any motives of idle ostentation but for

". . . . the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

The "stent" or funds for poor relief was about £40 in the half year, one half to be paid by the heritors according to their valuations, and the other half by the householders according to their circumstances. The administration of the poor funds was characterised by a desire to help without pauperising, and thus showed that which it is difficult to incorporate into legal methods, both kindness and economy. "The latter half was gathered by two of the elders or by overseers appointed for the purpose. In 1759 £49 8s. 8d. was gathered for the poor from 289 in the parish, of

whom 46 lived in Bothwell and paid sums ranging from a penny to ten shillings, 40 in Uddingston, 18 in Bellshill, 37 in Cleland, Carfin, and Stevenston, 20 in Carnbrae, 13 in Back of the Muir, 18 in Riccart Johnstone, 30 in Orbiston, 32 in Larkhall, and 35 in Woodhall." These figures it is not uninteresting to contrast with the present.

In 1816 a minute directed "That if any of the parishioners should be out of work, and in immediate want, but did not like to take meal in the name of charity, they were to receive it, and pay for it when they found work and it was in their power. And in 1819:—"The able-bodied working at Bothwell Bridge were to be paid 7s., and the boys 3s. to 5s. per week as subsistence money, and at the end of the job, if the labour done by the whole should be of more value than the above rates, the balance was to be distributed among the workmen according to their deserts."

DECHMONT AND DRUMSARGARD.

"'Tis gone! a weary length of years,
Perplex'd with care, bedim'd with tears,
Since Dychmont I in Nature's joy
A poor, untutor'd, aimless boy,
With tentless steps was wont to roam
The labyrinths of waving broom,
To pore upon thy brawling springs
With endless wild imaginings,
Or on thy hoary top to be,
And see it stretch'd from sky to sky,
Its hills so rude, its vales so bland—
My dearly lov'd, my native land."

—JOHN STRUTHERS.

DECHMONT HILL—perhaps the most familiar feature in our landscape—is the highest (being 600 feet above sea level) of a chain of hills running almost due east and west. It was here that tradition says the Beltane fires were wont to be lighted, while the existence of ruins of buildings at the close of the eighteenth century possibly connect it with the Celtic period.

The following, from the old Statistical Account (*circa* 1793) is an interesting record of the nature of these remains on Dechmont:—"The ruins of buildings were considerable about ten years ago (*i.e.*, 1783), but since that time the stones and rubbish have been removed for making dykes and repairing roads. The present

owner, when digging a few years ago on the summit of the hill, discovered the foundation of a circular building, about 24 feet in diameter. The stones had been carefully joined together, but no sign of mortar could be observed. They were freestones, and must have been carried with much labour from a distance, as the stones which are found in great abundance on the hill are all whin. From the figure of the building, and the place where it stood, it is conjectured to have been a *turris speculatoria*, or watch-tower, and for such an edifice, a better situation could not have been chosen. From it one could see and be seen in almost all directions more than fifteen miles, and in some more than fifty."

It is surely, therefore, not taking any far-fetched meaning out of the name to connect it with these known facts, and interpret Dechmont as "the hill of protection." What pleasure the view from the summit affords can be best tested from actual experience, and those who know the bracing atmosphere of these local highlands of ours, count it not the least among the delights of a country life. But Dechmont appeals to us on other than antiquarian grounds. It may be said to be our local Parnassus. William Hamilton lived at Gilbertfield on one of its slopes, and died on the opposite side. John Struthers, the author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath," knew every foot of its braes, and in imagination spent many a day on its summit, doubtless, when the cold grey city had claimed him for its own. But his best tribute to the locality is his poem on Dechmont Hill, where he gives us charming glimpses of a landscape

free from the pollution of our civilisation. Joanna Baillie's girlish eyes, too, would rest on its long familiar line, when she romped about the Bothwell Banks that bloomed so fair then. And to go a little further afield to John Struthers' birthplace—East Kilbride—we come upon another singer in the person of Watt, the author of the well-known song, "Kate Dalrymple."

Near by is Hallside House, which brings us into touch with George Jardine, Professor of Logic in Glasgow University, and with his celebrated pupil Christopher North—Professor Wilson, who hovered between this spot and the Hunters' mansion at Long Calderwood. His "Trials of Margaret Lyndsay" has for the heroine a portrait of a young lady who resided towards the close of last century at Calder Bank. Wilson's sojourn in this parish (Cambuslang) was the halcyon time of his youth. Along the banks of the Clyde and Calder, or in our solemn and ever glorious glen (the "Borgie"), were all his favourite walks; and at Dechmont Farm, where there dwelt an "orphant maid of high talent and mental graces" the young student began that friendship which gradually ripened into love—"life deep and passionate on the one side; on the other sincere and tender, but tranquil and self-contained, as if presaging with woman's instinct the envious barriers that were to keep their two lives from flowing into one." Need it be stated that the lady was the fair Margaret, she to whom he dictated his early verses? *

* J. T. T. Brown's "Cambuslang."

About a mile from Cambuslang Church there is a small ridge formerly terminated by a circular mound. We have said *formerly*, for successive farmers have by their industry almost wholly effaced the traces of a spot which possessed many features of antiquarian interest. This spot in all likelihood a "moot" hill or place of assembly in the early times when the tribe was the controlling power, was in comparatively later days the site of Drumsargard Castle, at one time part of the possessions of the Lords of Bothwell. It had been like the castle inherited by the Douglases through the Morays from Walter Olifard Justiciar of Lothian, and remained in their possession until 1452, when James Earl of Douglas parted with it to James Lord Hamilton. In 1455, on the forfeiture of the Douglas' estates, the Hamilton family acquired the superiority of the barony from James II. for their fealty in refusing to oppose the royal standard.

Dr. Meek, in the Statistical Account from which we have already quoted, says:—"There is a small ridge, terminated on the west by a circular mount, level on the top, about twenty feet in height, and one hundred and forty feet in diameter. This mount, from its regularity, is plainly a work of art, and resembles those artificial mounts on which the Briton and Saxon built their fortresses. When the South of Scotland was possessed by the Briton and Saxon, it is probable that one of their fortresses might stand on this mount; but however it may be, it is certain that the castle of

Drumsargard stood upon it. A great barony was annexed to the castle, which must have been a place of considerable strength, as it was surrounded by a wet and marshy ground that could be easily flooded, except on the east side, where it is said to have been defended by a drawbridge. The situation was doubtless well chosen for a place of security in disorderly times, and

though only sixty or seventy feet higher than the adjacent ground, the prospect from it would always be extensive and commanding, but it is now highly rich and beautiful. About twenty years ago there were some remains of the ancient castle, but now no vestige of it is to be seen. The stones were employed in building the farmhouse of 'Hallside,' so called because it stood in the neighbourhood of the great Hall. The tenant who is now in possession of it has dug from its ruins many carts of stones, some of which were hewn and had iron crooks in them upon which doors had been hung. Among the rubbish, too, bones have been found: once a pewter plate, and on many occasions pieces of coin, but of what reign is not known."*

During the seventeenth century, the name of Drumsargard was changed to Cambuslang. We have referred to the barony here from its close connection with Bothwell Castle, but a closer examination of the history of this district lies outside the scope of our present work.

* "Statistical Account" (1793).

CARMYLE, KENMURE, AND DALDOWIE.

"How fair appears the rural scene,
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong!
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy sheltering rocks among."

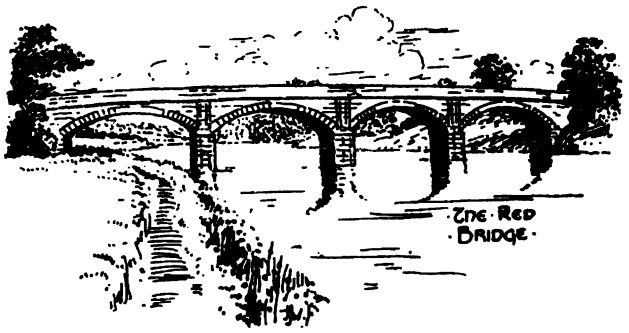
—WORDSWORTH.

"Sweet Calder! on thy thorny braes
At ease were spent my infant days."

—JOHN STRUTHERS.

THERE are possibly very many residents in this district who are quite unaware of the many beautiful stretches of river scenery to be had in the neighbourhood. The more common aspects are known; but how many go out of their way to look for the little glimpses of nature which reward the observant eye here and there on our own romantic river? Thus following the onward sweep of the river as it emerges from the beautiful wooded stretch between Bothwell Bridge and the Boathouse at Uddingston, we may walk beyond Newton to Cambuslang, cross the river and return homewards by Kenmure Wood, Carmyle, and Daldowie. And we must be hard to please if we are not charmed by

the varying aspect of the river, now rushing over its shaly bed, now in deep shadow, reflecting its high banks in its mirrored surface, now past some low-lying fields, and again giving some charming glimpses of woodland scenery as in the Daldowie policies. Or while following the left bank we may strike up from the mouth of the Rotten Calder into one of the



very few glens in the neighbourhood. How this water got its name it is difficult to say, unless we suppose it to have some connection with the German *roth* red. Certainly the popular meaning attached to this word is not the correct one, for this is the cleanest of the three Calders. Lately, however, this glen has been appropriated by the miner, and we are sorry to see it and the banks of the Clyde generally used by groups of gamblers on all days of the week, but especially on Sundays. Between

Daldowie and Clydeside the North Calder enters the Clyde. The waters of this river are polluted, but, judging by the number of water-hens and other birds that nest on its banks, given fair play, this should be one of the most picturesque streams in our neighbourhood. It skirts the golf course at the foot of the hill.

One of the most delightful spots along the Clyde, and about three miles below Uddingston, is Carmyle with its picturesque old mills backed by all that remains of Kenmure Wood. Many memories cluster around this spot. It forms the subject of one of Hugh Macdonald's finest papers in his "Rambles Around Glasgow," and to him it was then a place of memories. Amidst its trees also he and Alexander Smith, the author of "The Life Drama" and that charming volume of essays, "Dreamthorpe," spent many a summer day. In Macdonald's day the wood presented "a wild and bosky scene, covered with a profusion of timber, and was the habitat of flowers innumerable." It was the favourite haunt of the botanist and herbalist, for at times so plentiful was the bloom it was literally true "you scarce could see the grass for flowers." Amidst such surroundings near the "marriage well"* we recall through Hugh Macdonald's pages two former frequenters of the spot, botanists in a humble way, but well known in their day, George Allan and Tom Murphy, who, unlike

* Situated at the foot of Kenmure Hill, near the river, and originally so called from a couple of curiously united trees which overshadowed it.

modern visitors, did not despoil but enrich, for many a rare flower was planted there by Tom's hands; but, alas!

"By Kenmure steep, or sweet Carmyle,
Or Blantyre's auld monk-haunted pile,
Awooing Flora's early smile,
Nae mair he'll tread!
Nature's lone pilgrim's left his toil—
Tom Murphy's dead!

But soon this peaceful abode became the theatre of a miniature civil war. The question of the right-of-way along the banks arose and was fiercely contested. At times the issue was doubtful, but the populace clung to their rights and won, and a monument opposite the old mill commemorates the fact that the right-of-way has been established along the banks of the Clyde. Like many another famous victory the scars remain, for amidst the vindictive strife the proprietor used the axe rather freely in the classic grove. It is with mingled feelings therefore we think of the strife, and like Kaspar in Southey's ballad say rather doubtfully as we see the glory of the place somewhat faded: "Yes, 't was a famous victory!"

It would be interesting to recall how many of the tuneful throng which frequented David Robertson's bookselling shop in the Trongate have bent their steps thither. Many of the Whistle Binkie brotherhood, doubtless in their day, found here the soothing balm of nature to sensitive souls. Auld Sandy Rodger, the most tuneful of them all, perhaps might have

paced this way as he escaped for a little from the smoke of the village of Bridgeton and the worry of politics, humming to himself "Robin Tamson's Smiddy" or "Behave Yourself Afore Folk," while the sunlight flickered through the leaves. Near Carmyle in Macdonald's time was a waste spot called the "bloody neuk," which was asserted then to have been the scene of a melancholy tragedy. The story is told by Macdonald, and although the ploughshare has now obliterated the bloody neuk, it is not uninteresting to recall the story as told by Hugh Macdonald:—"In the olden time there lived—the one at Carmyle, the other at Kenmure—two young men who had been from boyhood bosom friends. Similar in tastes and dispositions, nothing ever happened to mar the harmony of their intercourse; and, in weal or in woe, they seemed destined to continue all in all to each other throughout life. At length, however, a strange maiden came to reside in the village, and, as fate would have it, the youths fell simultaneously in love with her. The friends were rivals. One was preferred; the other, of course, rejected. The unfortunate suitor from being an affectionate friend became all at once—'such power has slighted love'—transformed into the most bitter of enemies. Meeting by accident one day at the spot referred to, angry words passed between the two who lately would have died for each other. Swords were ultimately drawn, and one fell mortally wounded. Filled with remorse at what in his blind

passion he had done, the other in a fit of anguish laid violent hands upon himself, and both were found lying dead side by side among the summer flowers, which were stained by their mingled life-blood. What afterwards befel the fair and innocent cause of all their woe tradition sayeth not; but the friends who had been so unfortunately and fatally estranged were laid by their mourning relatives at peace in one grave, dug at the place where they fell, which has ever since been known as the 'Bluidy Neuk.'"

But Carmyle has another association, and an interesting one. All know the red glare of the Clyde Iron Works—literally a fiery cloud seen for many a mile. A witty poet of the west thus addressed one of the former proprietors of the establishment:—

"The moon does fu' weel, when the moon's in the lift,
But, oh, the loose limmer takes mony a shift!
Whiles here and whiles there, and whiles under a hap—
But yours is the steady licht, Colin Dunlap!

Na mair—like true friendship, the murkier the nicht,
The mair you let out your vast volume o' licht;
When sackcloth and sadness the heavens enwrap,
'T is then you're maist kind to us, Colin Dunlap!"

One of the family, John Dunlop—born at his father's house in the village—embraced the career of a merchant, and ultimately became Lord Provost of Glasgow. He was a man of an excellent disposition, with fine conversational and social qualities, and could not only sing the songs of his country but also write one, as the following will testify:—

"Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee—
Troth I dar'na tell;
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee,
Ask it o' yersel'.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
Oh! gin ye look sae sair at me,
I dar'na look at you!

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
And bonnier lasses see,
Oh dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind na me!

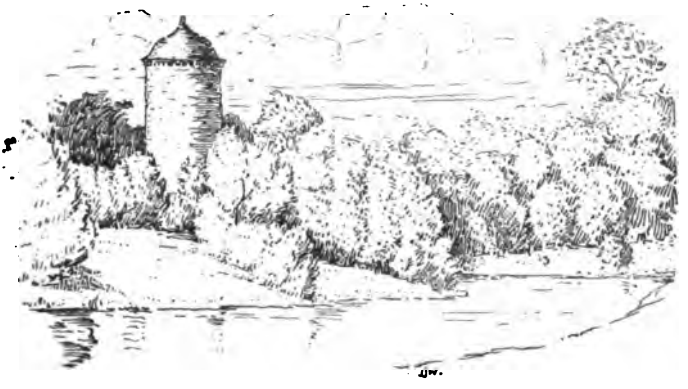
For I could never bide the lass
That you'd lo'e mair than me;
But, oh! I'm sure my heart would break
Gin ye'd prove false to me!"

But what is the most marvellous thing of all, he left some volumes of unpublished poetry, remarkable in one who could write so well.

Leaving the banks of the river at Carmyle Mill, we may by a little detour and special permission continue the walk through Daldowie estate. The walk is one to be remembered. There are some fine trees, mostly of the saugh order, which bend towards the stream. The old round tower dovecot of Daldowie estate approaches the size of a mediæval keep, and, indeed, has prompted before now the query by the uninitiated—What castle is that?* Continuing our way we come upon the vestiges of the old bridge over the Calder, marking the former coach road already referred to in a

* There is another similar structure further down the river on the opposite bank, near Cambuslang.

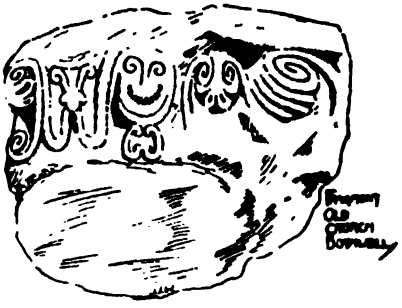
preceding chapter, and skirting the stream we at length emerge by the lodge gate on the modern road. Setting our face towards Uddingston we are rewarded at the junction of the Old Edinburgh Road and the main road by one of the finest views of the district to be had. Below us lies the Clyde



as it gracefully sweeps from its leafy seclusion at Bothwell Bank past the boathouse and Clydeneuk, along the way we have come; and when we look on the distant village with the red stone of its houses illuminated by the light of the sun, we feel that with all the blemishes which the pursuit of wealth has brought in its train, our own romantic river still bears its water to the sea through scenes of beauty on which our eyes may daily rest with

pleasure. And even although, as some will have it, our age does not respond fully to the imagination, there are not wanting those to whom the refrain of the old ballad becomes the fitting expression of their thoughts as they look down on the scene:—

"Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair."



APPENDIX I.

ITINERARY OF EDWARD I.

No student of this period can fail to be struck with the thoroughness which characterised the methods of the great Plantagenet. Wherever he went he carried the machinery of his government with him, so that his movements can be determined by the place and date of a constant succession of documents given under his hand. We take the following calendar from an interesting work by Henry Gough, published by Alexander Gardner, Paisley, showing Edward's onward march towards Bothwell Castle :—

Aug. 14, M.—Peebles.
" 15, T.—"Torres."
" 16, W.— "
" 17, T.—Lanark.
" 18, F.—Peebles.
" 19, S.—Cambusnethan.
" 20, Sun.—Osbernstone.
" Mon., 21st, to Fri., 25th—Glasgow.
" 26, S.—Lanark.
" 27, Sun.—
" 28, M.—Lanark.
" 29, T.—Glasgow.
" 30, W— "
" 31, T.—Osbernstone.
Sept. 1, F.— "
" 2, S.—Lanark.
" 3, Sun.—Glasgow.
" 4, M.—Glasgow : Bothwell.
" 5, T.—Bothwell.
" 6, W.— "
" 7, T.— "
" 8, F.—Bothwell : Glasgow.
" Sat., 9th, to Fri., 22nd—Bothwell.
" 23, S.—
" 24, Sun.—
" 25, M.—
" 26, T.—
" 27. W.—Dunipace (Donypas).

APPENDIX II.

GARRISON AT BOTHWELL CASTLE, A.D. 1311-2.*

WALTERO filio Gilberti, assignato per dominum regem ad custodiendum castrum de Botheville, capienti per diem xijd, pro vadiis suis Johannis de Moravia, Leonis filii Gilberti, Johannis Mareschali, Alani del Isdle, Johannis Flemange, Willelmi Flemange, Nigelli de Dounlopy, Nigelli de Dounlopy filii, Radulphi de Cambron, Ade de Cambron, Willelmi de Cambron, Walteri de Eskyn, Patricii filii Johannis, Rogeri Wyther, Petri de Knokkes, Roberti Crok, Colemanni le Mareschal, David de Laudonia, Johannis de la More, Thome Marescalli, Willelmi del Spense, Simonis filii Annabille, Duncani de Senewaghre, Willelmi de Bonkhulle, Fynlawy de Dounouen, Nicholai le Taillour, Hugonis filii Elye, et Willelmi filii Fergusii, sociorum suorum scutiferorum ad arma, commorancium in municione praedicta quolibet capienti per diem xijd; Ade Fayrey, Willelmi de Castro, Alexandri de Kenny, Johannis Steel, Alani de Danielestone, Johannis Colemannesone, Willelmi del Isdle, Reginaldo Wode, Johannis Longe, Hugonis de Twedyn, Willelmi Fourbour, Ade filii Hugonis, Henrici filii Roberti, Roberti le Taillour, Bricii de la More, Patricii filii Arnaldii, Ricardi filii Agnetis, Ade filii Agnetis, Maymundi, Willelmi Corveyser, Skoti Lorimer, Edgari de Inverkip, Thome Brandon, Alanii Laverok, Thome filii Alanii, Patricii filii Alanii, Alanii filii Stephanii, Alexandri Redhevid, Galfridi Lange, et Roberti Littele, sagittariorum suorum, commorancium municione praedicta quolibet capienti per diem ijd. Ab octavo die Julii anno presenti vto usque in vij diem Julii, anno eodem finiente utroque computato per ccc lxvj dies quia bisextus dcxl li. x s.

* From "Calendar of Documents Relating to Scotland," Vol. iii., p. 480.

[NOTE.—This authority, quoted elsewhere in text as "Catalogue of Documents, &c.," should be as above.]

It may be interesting to some to add a list of the horses possessed by the garrison at this time, with the owners' names and also the price and colour of each horse :—

Walterus filius Gilberti	habet	unum	equum,	nigrum, ...	xx li
Johannis de Moravia	"	"	"	badium, ...	x li
Leo filio Gilberti	"	"	"	nigrum, ...	x Marc
Johannis Mareschal	"	"	"	brunum badium,	c s̃
David Mareschal	"	"	"	sorum cum stella,	c s̃
Alanus del Yle	"	"	"	nigrum cum stella,	vij Marc
Johannis Flemyng	"	"	"	ferandum pomele,	x "
Willelmus Flemyng	"	"	"	album, ...	vj "
Nigellus de Dounlopy	"	"	"	nigrum, ...	x "
" " filius	"	"	"	nigrum bausanum	vij Marc
Rudulphus Cambroun	"	"	"	sorum badium ...	c s̃
Adam Cambroun	"	"	"	clarum badium ...	c s
Willelmus de Cambroun	"	"	"	nigrum liardum	vij Marc
Walterus de Eskyn	"	"	"	badium	c s̃
Patricius filius Johannis	"	"	"	ferandum pomele	viij Marc
Rogerus Wyther	"	"	"	sorum	vj li
Petrus de Knokkes	"	"	"	liardum	viij Marc
Robertus Croke	"	"	"	badium	c s̃
Colemannis le Mareschal	"	"	"	doyn	vj Marc
David de Laudon	"	"	"	liardum pyole ...	vij Marc
Johannis de la More	"	"	"	powis	vij "
Thomas Mareschal	"	"	"	badium	c s̃
Willelmus del Spense	"	"	"	nigrum	c s̃
Symon filius Anabille	"	"	"	badium	vij Marc
Duncanus de Seneware	"	"	"	nigrum badium ...	x "
Willelmus de Bonkhulle	"	"	"	album ferandum	vij "
Finlaus de Dounouen	"	"	"	badium	vj "
Nicolaus le Taillour	"	"	"	brunum badium	c s̃
Hugo filius Elys	"	"	"	sorum liardum ...	c s̃
Willelmus filius Fergusii	"	"	"	brunum badium	x Marc

APPENDIX III.

PLACE NAMES OF THE DISTRICT.

THE various interpretations given to the principal place names in this district are somewhat bewildering in their variety.

With regard to Bothwell, it is evident from a study of the oldest spellings that the ending "ville" in the documents of the English occupation is a Normanized form of an existing Celtic termination, probably representing the Celtic *ail* or *hyl*, a river. Compare the old form Botheuil with Bothel in Wigtonshire referred to by Barbour, and there mistaken by some for Bothwell. If we are right in our contention that the meaning of the name is to be sought for in the situation of the castle, then the meaning which this would give—"the house on the river"—is highly appropriate. If again we compare this with Carmyle it becomes more probable still, for Carmyle is found in the Inquest of David in the form Caruil. Compare this with the oldest form of Bothwell —Botheuil,—and we have the one "the fort on the river," the other "the house on the river," both fully justified by situation.

Blantyre, which is given in the "New Statistical Account" as *Bla'an-ter*—warm retreat,—is interpretated by Mr. Wright as meaning "the field of the holy men." Perhaps Mr. Johnstone's interpretation of it as simply *Blaenter* (Welsh), a promontory, is fully justified by the close resemblance of the spelling and by the situation, viz., the projecting rock on which the old priory is situated.

Uddingston we have already fully dealt with in the text. As in the case of Bothwell and Lauchope, there is also a

rough-and-ready popular interpretation which need not be given. All of these are undoubtedly modern, for it is evident that they have been evolved from the words, not the words from them.

Orbiston = Osberniston, *i.e.* town of the Osborns. Norse *Asen—björn*, viz., "town of the bear of the gods" (Johnstone), a title which the Osborns had evidently assumed away back in their Norse homeland.

Broomhouse is of course "the house on the broomland," from the old English "brom," the same root as bramble.

Daldowie, probably "dark field," may be contrasted with Dalzel, Daleel, or Dalyell, probably "*dail-ial*" (Gaelic), "field of the sungleam" (Johnstone).

Cambuslang is one of the places of which many interpretations are available. "Creek of the ship" (Johnstone) is perhaps the most likely meaning. *Long* (Gaelic) has been taken by many for the Scottish *lang* and translated "the long bend," but this hybrid termination is out of the question.

Dechmont is connected by Johnstone with the Decantae tribe, but "dyke-mount," viz., mount of the fortification, seems much simpler and more justified by known facts.

Letterick is probably *leiter* (Gaelic), which in combination with the "ick," viz. "eck," from an old Celtic root, denoting water, would make the meaning something like the "sloping glen by the water."

Drumsargard, viz., *Drum-searg-aird*, the "back like ridge." *Drum* invariably refers to a back like ridge. Latin—dorsum.

Calder—*Coille dobhar* or *dŵr* (Gaelic)—wood by the water or stream. Wooded banks are characteristic of all the Calders.

Aitkenhead is probably Gaelic—*atchuinge h'ait*, "prayer place." This is rendered all the more likely when we take it in conjunction with "Monkland" and Tannochside; the latter being, as we have already remarked in the text, equivalent to S. Thenaw's site.

Nackerty is probably "*cnac-airde*" (Gaelic), height of the fissure (Johnstone). This meaning is not very obvious.

Some of the land names are interesting. Birkenshaw being the old Scottish form of "birch grove," while Ashley Grange is "ash tree farm." Loanhead is head of the loan (Scotch), *i.e.* country lane. Muirhead, head of the muir. This with Muir-edge, edge of the muir, gives an interesting insight into the nature of the intervening tract of country at a period now considerably removed.

It is said that an old woman who dwelt in what was known as "the red tiled cottage," Muiredge, declared that "there widna be a clean steek dried in Uddingston after they cut down the whins on the muir." We are afraid the prophecy is exceedingly doubtful, but the reference to the locality is interesting.

APPENDIX IV.

BELLSHILL.

ALTHOUGH compared with other villages Bellshill is comparatively modern, it has been long remarkable for a development of the rhyming faculty. In addition to William Thomson, referred to in a preceding chapter, George Murie and William Hogg also cultivated the muses to some purpose, while Andrew Wingate was connected by ties with the village. No poetry was published in book form by William Hogg, but since his death a selection from his writings has been made and published under the title, "That Hielan' Coo, and other Poems," a volume which forms a fitting companion to William Thomson's "Leddy May, and other Poems," referred to in the text With such a record it is quite in accordance with the fitness of things that Bellshill alone should possess a rhymed chronicle. It was published in 1868 under the title of "The Origin and Progress and Personal Condition of Bellshill, by one of its Oldest Inhabitants."

As regards the name of the village, it is here recorded how after the purchasers had decided to secede from Bothwell Church they fixed on a site for a church:—

"In the midst of the parish, a piece of waste ground,
With sweet-scented heather bells blooming around,
Was the place they made choice of—they named it Bellshill,
From the ancient farm-house on the top of the hill."

Here is a sketch on the road to church:—

"'T was delightful, indeed, on a fine summer morn,
When the bright shining dewdrops bespangled the corn;
To lift up your eyes and behold all around
The people in crowds coming over the ground!

Turnpike roads and toll-bars there was then scarce one,
And hedges and fences were almost unknown.
With joy in their looks and in comely attire,
With beauty that might even a hermit inspire,
The maidens moved on in advance of their mothers,
But kindly attended by sweethearts and brothers.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The bien country farmer got on with more speed:
Well mounted he sat on his favourite steed;
Behind him his wife, clad in silks like a lady,
With her arms round her husband to keep herself steady."

Then came the inn:—

"A house was then built, it was called the "Red Lion,"
To the people on Sabbath refreshment supplying.
Bread and cheese was the fare, with a jtankard of ale;
Sometimes in cold weather was added a gill.
For a moderate dram was not then viewed with scorn,
And Forbes Mackenzie as yet was unborn."

But for the full details we must refer the reader to the little pamphlet itself.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Madeline's Bower (p. 173).—So called from Madeline Murray, niece of the wife of Lord James Douglas, related to Colonel Murray, Polmaise Castle, Stirling.

"Colliers frae the Faskin" (p. 231).—Opposite Meg Steel's "Douglas Arms" there was another public-house kept by one Thomas Askin. Its patrons were not of the most reputable order, and at times expected credit. It is said that when any approached Meg on this point she said, "Try Thomas Askin: he can vrite, I canna vrite."

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