

About the beginning of the year 1822 a few of the more thoughtful of the village, seeing William's efforts in the teaching of its youth, met and instituted a

Sabbath morning school. Many of those who helped to establish this new Sabbath morning school would not have joined William Galbraith in either his Sabbath morning or evening class, nor acknowledge that his efforts had anything to do with suggesting their good work. Nevertheless, although unacknowledged, he was the pioneer of all Sabbath-school efforts in Partick. This united Sabbath morning school was at once a great success. It was held in what was then known as *Neil's School*, a small house opposite the weaving factory in Castlebank Street. Some time after its establishment a special sermon was preached, and a large collection was made for the purpose of purchasing prizes for the scholars; and more books for prizes being bought than was required, the surplus was lent to read to those scholars who said their lessons best, and to the best attenders. This boon was so much appreciated that another collection was made, with the proceeds of which more books were purchased, and thus was formed what was known as the Partick Sabbath Morning School Library, the first library ever established in Partick. At first the library was only accessible to teachers and scholars, who paid 1d. per quarter for the privilege; by-and-by other collections were made, more books bought, and many were also gifted, and the library was then made available to the whole of the villagers by paying 3d. per quarter. The Sabbath-school teachers took charge of the books, two of whom attended every Saturday evening to exchange and give out books to the readers. This library, like all libraries, was a blessing to the place, and was well patronized by the public. It contained many hundred

volumes; but after the breaking out of the Voluntary and other ecclesiastical squabbles, which grew both hot and bitter—each Church becoming absorbed in its individual advancement as a sect—that which was established for the good of all was overlooked, consequently the Partick Sabbath Morning School Library got out of use. Some of the books still exist in the Mission School, but only a fragment of what the library once was. During all these years, and even after the two churches were built and had each Sabbath evening schools, William Galbraith still continued his Sunday evening class, recruiting it from the poorest and roughest of the population. We left the village about 1832, and several years after, on making inquiries, we learned that age, and poverty to the extremity of want, overtook the good old man before he died; but he now enjoys the reward which this world did not bestow upon him, although it was his due. However, the work itself was to him such a pleasure, that we have no doubt he felt amply rewarded, even in this life, by being permitted to do it.

We remember that many years after the building of the two churches—Relief and Secession—a public soiree was held in honour of the Sunday schools and their teachers, to which all friendly to these institutions were invited. Speakers were brought from Glasgow, and great men proclaimed the praise of the teachers, and promised blessings upon their efforts; but at the close it was noticed that, as in the days of the preacher, the poor wise man, William Galbraith, had neither been invited nor remembered.

About the time of the formation of the Sabbath morning

school, or shortly afterwards, Sabbath evening services began to be held in this same school-room. This movement was upheld by the Independents, members of which body came from Glasgow and elsewhere and conducted public worship, among whom the celebrated M'Gavin, "THE PROTESTANT," occasionally came, and on these nights the room was crowded to suffocation. On one such occasion the expected preacher did not come. It was a cold winter's night, and, after waiting some time, devotional exercises were commenced by a villager named George M'Gregor, a weaver. He was, we believe, a good man, and was useful in the village. He had what the natives called a most sapient gift of prayer, loud and long, and easily poured the conventional phrases from his lips, and he embraced every opportunity of exercising his gift. The villagers, we fear, regarded this willing exercise of his gift as vanity and hypocrisy. We do not subscribe this opinion. Like all who feel themselves in possession of special gifts, he delighted in its exercise. Some call this weakness. George had pleasure in his, and we think he was a really good man. However, the villagers had a prejudice against him on this account. On this particular night an incident occurred which by many was regarded as a manifest token of Divine displeasure against George. After the preliminary services had been gone through, George gave out a text, and divided it in the usual conventional style, but immediately the light from the candles, which were suspended from the low ceiling, became very dim, which snuffing did not improve; then two or three females fainted, and the confusion and alarm became so general that the proceedings had to be brought to a

close. It was remarked that when the preacher stopped, and the females were being carried out, the candles burned as bright and clear as at the beginning. This was considered by many an evident proof of God's righteous displeasure at an ordinary, uneducated man assuming the office of a minister; and so strong was this belief in the minds of some that they would not again go to any more sermons in the school-room, except they were sure that the preacher was an ordained man. A little knowledge of chemistry would have explained the phenomena differently. However, this circumstance did not prevent the success of these meetings. It was then considered that sermons might be given during the day for the benefit of many who did not go to any church, and for church-goers on wet days.

At this time John Campbell, late of the Tabernacle, London, and famed for his successful agitation against the Bible monopoly, was a student in Glasgow. He came out and preached in the school-room during the day, with so much success that the school could not contain the congregation that collected to hear him. The building so long used as a power-loom factory was then unoccupied; indeed, the upper flat was not floored. Permission was obtained to meet in one of the flats, and there John Campbell gathered a large and appreciating congregation. A movement was then made to erect a permanent place of worship, and from this sprung up the rank tares of sect. To what party would this church belong? Samson's foxes, with their fire-brands, did not commit such havoc amongst the enemies' corn as did this question, let loose in the village, among

the amiable Christian feelings of the villagers. The Independent body, to which Mr. Campbell belonged, was too small a fraction in the village to have a voice in the matter. There being room for all who wished to go to the Parish Church, if they liked to worship there, was given as a reason why very little sympathy was had from that quarter. The Relief body was in a majority over the Secession; and although the individual members of the two bodies had hitherto met together, pleasantly and mutually, to worship in the empty factory, they would not have anything to do with each other in the capacity of a church; and thus there sprung up a bitter party feeling, extending from the pulpit to the weaver's shop. The whole village was in strife so contagious that many who never went to any church now took sides; private and public character was matter of common comment and discussion. The Relief party continued to occupy the mill, the Secession took the Mason's Lodge, and both continued their labours in these places till the churches were built and opened. These evils of party spirit gradually died away, but many of the good effects of emulation remained.

The Relief Church was constituted in September, 1823. The first pastor was the Rev. James C. Ewing, who was ordained on the 19th May, 1825. At the union of Relief and Secession it became the West U.P. Church.

The Secession Church was constituted in 1823. The church was opened for worship in 1824. Its first pastor was the Rev. John Skinner, who was ordained on the 10th of April, 1827. At the union of the Relief and Secession it became the East U.P. Church.

The movement in the village consequent upon the establishment of the Sabbath morning school, which was truly catholic both in object and work, produced some good effects both among teachers and taught. The teachers—who were some of them regular attenders, others occasional—were drawn closer by these mutual labours, and they became sensible of their need of fuller knowledge, so as to impart instruction to others; and, as a means of increasing this, they formed among themselves a fellowship meeting, not, however, confining it to teachers. These meetings numbered about twenty-two members, and were conducted as follows:—They met once a week, each member in turn becoming president or conductor for the evening, and opening and closing the meeting with prayer and praise. He also read and commented shortly upon that portion of Scripture which had been selected by him at the previous meeting; after him the members in rotation gave their views on the passage. These were very pleasant meetings, and calculated to do much good. They were continued until the party in whose house the meetings were held became affected with a sort of religious dyspepsia, after which everything done or said was faulty. This propensity for carping and fault-finding was so persistent and inopportune that, looking back upon it now, we can only regard it as a disease; however, it led to controversy, and ultimately, the fundamental doctrines of Christianity being subjected by him to the same doubtful disputations, many members withdrew, and as the views expressed by this disputer were neither followed nor sympathized with by those who remained, he withdrew the privilege of meeting in his premises. Thus, after

about two years, ended probably the first public fellowship meetings ever held in Partick. Close upon the commencement of these two years we became friendly with this person, and were through him permitted occasionally to attend the meetings, and were so pleased that we advised other boys to crave admission, which they did, until objection was made that to teach boys was not the object of the meetings. Being thus cast out, we boys, to the number of ten, met and resolved to form a fellowship meeting among ourselves on a similar basis, and we applied to the adult meeting for aid. They agreed that we were to select two of their number to join and guide us. We met in one of these two men's houses; our ages ran from twelve to sixteen years. One of our rules shows the spirit in which we wished to meet and meant to act. It stated that if any member heard another using bad words, telling lies, or discovered him cheating in any way, say in a game, an understood sign was to be given and words spoken in order that the party sinning might be checked, and know he was so without others than these two being aware of it. Our little society, however, was of short duration. Our meetings and our membership became known throughout the village, and the opinion of the people seemed to be that such good boys should neither play nor indulge in ordinary amusements like other children. All our words and actions were remarked upon by many foolish-thinking though otherwise excellent people, as well as by our playmates, and our efforts to be good were sometimes subjected to severe ridicule, which soon became too sore for us to bear, and, after a three months' existence, our meetings were dissolved. We daresay many of our remarks on Scrip-

ture and in little essays, as we wrote our speeches, were neither deep nor edifying; still it was an effort in the right direction, and by long experience we have found that such mutual improvement societies, whether for the attainment of religious or secular knowledge, are the best means that working lads can employ. For ourselves, we have received more substantial good from societies of this sort than from any other system.

Many of our readers may remember another worthy man, very different in outward bearing from William Galbraith, but yet a man of large-hearted sympathy, combined with strong good sense: we refer to Robin Craig, the hinge-maker. Robin had a rough manner about him, which to a stranger would have betokened an overbearing disposition. As we have already mentioned, the Craigs held a prominent position in all public affairs of the village, and Robin also took his part, and was forward in settling disputes and keeping in order the disorderly youth of the village with the threat of his whip. Children had a salutary fear of this whip; but with all this brusqueness, there beat in his breast one of the most kindly and sympathizing of hearts. The recital of a few incidents of his life, little matters which we happen to remember, will illustrate what we mean. He took a great interest in managing and attending the funerals of the poor, aiding them not only with advice but with material assistance. Old people were very sensitive about having a respectable funeral, and Robin did what he could to satisfy this desire, never being absent himself, and urging others to attend—sometimes letting his own workmen away from their work for the purpose of attending the funeral of

some very poor and friendless person. And we have heard of cases where a bottle of wine and a few biscuits were supplied by him: this was at the funeral of old and respected natives.

We remember one cold, wet evening, a poor woman with four children had entered the village. They were discovered squatted, huddled together in a close, and we boys watching them. Some of the villagers were for sending for the laird, to have them put out of the close; others threatened to have them sent to the Police Office in Glasgow; while others cautioned us children to keep back, as there was something wrong with one of her children. Robin, hearing the noise or seeing the crowd, came and questioned the woman as to how she came there, and what she wanted. The woman, trembling, replied that she was on her way to the city, but that hunger, cold, and fatigue had overmastered them. She was no beggar, she said. Robin had them conveyed to his barn, where there was plenty of straw, and afterwards sent them in a basin of warm brose and buttermilk. This was repeated in the morning, and the poor woman went off at an early hour, to escape the rudeness of the villagers.

A stranger, named Edington—a weaver, with his family—came to reside in the village in a house at foot of the Goat. The lower part of the house was used as a loom-shop (*See Sketch, Old Police Office*), and the family—which consisted of father, mother, son, and daughter—inhabited the house above. The son and daughter were both weavers with their father, but the son was a prodigal, and a heartbreak to his parents. The daughter, coming from Glasgow, was a little more polished and

dressy than the village girls, which was an offence to the females of Partick; and this, with the fact that the family were all strangers, led to them being looked upon with suspicion, and held at an outside. They had not been long in Partick when both the father and mother were laid in bed with sickness of some sort. The daughter waited on them, but the son did nothing. Weeks passed, and none but their immediate neighbour knew of their illness. One night a few of the villagers were sitting in Tam Lowrie's smiddy, which was a great gossip houf in the evenings. Edington's shop had formerly been Tam's smiddy, and Tam was not well pleased at their getting it; so, when he heard of the condition of the family, he was more pleased than sorry, considering it a righteous retribution, and in this spirit he informed Robin Craig, his employer, of the condition of Edington's family. Robin answered him, "That's all well enough, Tam, while you and Kate have the bit and the drap, but the strangers must not starve to please you." That night the sick family received a supply of necessaries. They soon recovered, but we question if they ever knew who was their benefactor.

One circumstance, slight in itself, produced in us at a very early age a high estimate of Robin's character, which never left us. He had in his employment a young man of the name of Jenkins. This Jenkins had been with the *Show-folk* for some time. At the Glasgow Fair of the year referred to Robin prepared a wooden barn he had upon the Kilbrae, to allow Jenkins to act "Punch and Judy," and other performances, for the amusement of the villagers. The price of admission was one penny. The first performance took place on the Fair Friday evening,

and Duncan Greenlees, the flesher of the village, kept the door. At the second performance that evening the house was not full; and Duncan, selecting all the children of the better class who were about the door, passed them in free. Next evening Robin himself kept the door, and, as it happened on the previous evening, at the second performance the house was not full. The same class of children who had been favoured by Duncan Greenlees were clamorous for admission. "Na, na," says Robin; "your fathers can pay the penny." Then calling on all those children who had ragged breeks to stand round, he made his selection accordingly. "Ay, you, Inglis; you, Napier; you, Gibson," &c., "your mithers have nae bawbees to spare for shows; gang you in." And thus we saw Jenkins' show, and conceived a lasting respect for Robin Craig.

Hugh Gibson was what was termed a customer weaver—that is, he wove only for private customers. This term, at that time, also meant that he wove by throwing the shuttle from hand to hand. Thoroughly conservative in this respect, he never gave in to the new fashion of using a box *lay*, and driving the shuttle by a handle called the fly-pin, and cords. His dwelling-house and weaving-shop, which were his own, were on the Cooper's Well Road; the shop and house being a *but and ben*. It is difficult, without becoming tedious, to give a correct impression of Hugh, his character being so full of little corners never all seen at one time, and having as it were no direct relation with each other. He had been for some time in the Fencibles, and had been on duty in Ireland, of which time he told many stories. An out-and-out Tory, he gloried in the punishment of the Radicals of

1822. Essentially a weak-minded man, he had a morbid feeling, and delighted in scenes of horror and cruelty. The hanging of old James Wilson was a source of pleasure to Hugh, and he walked from Partick to Stirling to witness the execution of Hardy and Baird. His wife Mary was also singular. She was a tall stout woman, and full of complaints, especially of weakness of appetite, which was not apparent either in person or at meals. At the time to which we refer they had a daughter named after her mother, but whom the villagers, on account of certain sayings of the mother, and her father's watchfulness over her, nicknamed "*The Virgin*." When she died, which was at the age of about twenty-two, her father Hugh, as we have already mentioned in another part of this book, sat nightly for three weeks watching by her grave against the body-lifters. In his youth Hugh had been a great beau among the young women. Those for whom he had felt a regard he had duly registered in a book he kept. The names of those who had inspired him with the deepest affection were written there with blood drawn from his arm. They were indeed a goodly list, and were shown only to his special favourites; and on these occasions he displayed considerable vanity. This book was probably the cause why Mary was so jealous of Hugh, she seldom permitting him to leave home alone; and when he had to be away all day, as when he had to carry home a web into the city, if he forgot himself and came home late, or it might be at early morning, Hugh was sentenced to sleep on the floor for a certain number of nights, often for eight days. On such occasions there was of course a severe storm of

words between the pair, and Hugh, in high dudgeon, would make a vow neither to eat or drink in the house for a specified time. This decision he would fulfil to the letter, carrying out his brose or kail, to which he was prescribed by Mary, to a stone at the back door, and partaking of them there till the expiry of his vow. This worthy couple kept a large number of hens and ducks, with whom they conversed, firmly convinced that their *protégés* understood them. Hugh had expressly forbidden his hens to mingle with Saunders Shearer's hens. Saunders lived in the small thatched cottage at the corner turning from the Knowe to the Cooper's Well Road, and his back garden was near to Hugh's; and both Hugh and Mary kept close watch that no fraternizing would take place until they were convinced that their flock understood them and might be trusted to obey. The eggs of a favourite hen were set, and the chickens in due time came forth, to the great delight of Hugh and Mary; but, alas! in a few weeks one after another of the chickens died. Many were the surmises as to the cause, till one day Hugh beheld, to his intense disgust, his well-beloved and trusted cock strutting friendly and communistically in the midst of Saunders Shearer's hens. Mary was brought out to see the faithless biped, and judgment was there and then passed upon him, and the sentence speedily followed; the cock was caught, and, with wings and legs tied, he was buried alive in the garden, and so departed this life. This is one example of a morbid cruelty which exhibited itself in Hugh in many ways, as we have already hinted. Hugh was also a poet, and had a large amount of poetry collected.

His manuscripts were borrowed by some of the village *literati*, by whom they were never returned, but in a very ungentlemanly manner made use of in a sketch of Hugh which appeared in the public papers of the day. We remember hearing some of the poems read, but do not now recollect any of them with sufficient clearness to quote. The eccentricities of Hugh were innumerable, frequently very amusing, but too often tinged with the cruelty we have already mentioned. As might be expected, a person of this stamp would likely be made the subject of many a practical joke; and so it was. Mary, the daughter, was an excellent singer, and rather a comely lass, but an ever-watchful eye was kept upon her in the matter of sweethearts. A suspicious tap on door or window would cause Hugh to jump off his loom to see who it was, and woe betide the loon whom he caught fooling him. One autumn evening a few young men were lounging about the Parliament Close, a close nearly opposite the Knowehead, and leading to the back shops behind Allan Craig's, and receiving its name because of the groups of weavers meeting there to discuss politica. At the side of this close was a midden from eighteen inches to two feet deep. It had recently been emptied, and was now filled with water. "Wait a wee," said one of the youths, and made for Hugh's house. He tapped in the gentlest manner, and, as anticipated, Hugh opened rapidly, demanding what was wanted, and he received in lieu of answer a smart slap with the open hand upon the cheek. This was too much, and a chase was the result. Hugh was boastful of his running powers. The youth kept two or three yards in advance, and made direct for the midden, which Hugh,

in his haste and passion, overlooked. By a quick dodge, the youth turned himself out of the path, and Hugh landed full length in the water. Hugh was quickly rescued, while a universal cry of "Shame, shame," rung out from all, in which the culprit himself joined, and innocently inquired how the misfortune had occurred. An adjournment was quickly made to Peter M'Gregor's, and Hugh got himself dried. Old Mary was sent for, and then young Mary; the night was spent in singing and jollity, and Hugh forgot the trick that had been played upon him. Towards the close of his life Hugh became much less conservative: he took an active part in Church disputes; but owing to his conservative policy in the manner of weaving, and probably from many of his customers dying, and not being able to get others, his work left him. His wife died, and then Hugh, comfortless and poor, followed.

We may relate here another practical but rather reprehensible joke practised by the same class of young men, which shows the thoughtlessness with which these things are often done. It took place at the marriage of the village drummer's daughter. The drummer being a public man, this marriage caused great excitement; and as it was known that one or two well-to-do people from Glasgow were at the wedding, something was expected by the children in the way of powder-money. The marriage party had returned home, and the supper was proceeding, the party occupying both room and kitchen. The youths outside filled a number of straws with powder, and tied the door with a rope, so that it could not be opened from the inside. The straws were then placed under the door; a train of

powder leading to them, with a *peoy* at the end, was kindled, giving the guilty party time to be out of the way. The straws then went hissing like fiery serpents among the wedding party; a general uproar took place, women leaping on chairs and screaming. The bride's dress was set on fire, which, however, was soon extinguished. The noise brought out some of the neighbours, who cut the rope and let the imprisoned parties out, but the evening's amusements were spoiled. Five pounds reward was offered for the discovery of the guilty parties, but no one peached; however, the general public was morally certain who the youths were—not boys, but youths who regarded their station as rather above that of the working man, their fathers being shop-keepers or petty lairds. The same group of young men, whom we do not name—they numbered only some half-dozen—met with their reward some time after this. They had taken lessons in the noble art of self-defence, also in fencing; consequently, confident in their superior skill, they were very anxious to have their science put into practice, and became rather overbearing and eager for a quarrel. Generally they went together, and we boys were delighted to see them practising their sparring and fencing. One evening they had been west the Dumbarton Road, and, returning, met three Highland drovers, with whom they began to quarrel. The drovers had no desire to fight, and wished to pass on; but insult after insult warmed their blood, and they turned upon their assailants. The encounter did not last long, but sufficed to convince the self-conceited young bullies that they had *wakened* the wrong men. Some of them carried about marks of their defeat for

weeks, and it was found that this medicine acted wholesomely upon the whole group, and to the general quietude of the village.

Although we have not been able to do more than mention the fact that Hugh Gibson had exercised the poetic gift to some extent, we have been more fortunate with regard to two other natives of Partick who possessed the gift of poesy. These were George and James M'Indoe, two brothers. Their father was laird of and lived in a house nearly opposite to that of Hugh Gibson, where the two brothers were born. George was the greatest genius of the two. In 1805 he published a volume of poems, in one of which—a sort of fragment—he describes his early years; which, although not very sublime as poetry, is still full of local associations to an old native. It runs thus:—

“ In seventeen hundred seventy-one,
The breath o' life I first began
To draw, in Partick near the Knowe,
Frae Allan Craig's a door or two—
Same house where now lives Willie Dick—
An auld stane beild: the roof to thack,
Since I hae mind, cam' Robin Hill,
Wi' lang wheat strae new frae the flail.

“ My father (honest aye reputed,
Nor should I like that this were doubted),
Though placed but in a humble station,
Was lang a member o' the Session—*
How lang? if ye're inclined to speer,
Nae less than twa-an'-thirty year—
By weaving earn'd his daily bread,
While life remained—but now he's dead.

* He was a member of the Relief Church Session, Anderston.

His children a' the fear o' God
 By precept taught, by practice show'd.
 We durstna minch the sma'est oath:
 If any aye said *faith*, or *troth*,
 Or *deil*, or *bitch*, or *siclike* words,
 Or *harried* nests o' naked birds,
 Or *lingering* death *gie'd* mice or rats,
 Or *tortur'd* cats for being cats,
 Or *blew* up *puddocks* till they bursted,
 Or *smails* before the sun had roasted;
 Or up through *flees* had *stappit* prins,
Steal'd growing wheat or peas or beans,
Sneer'd at *hunch-back* or *limpin'* legs,
Threw up to *beggar* boys their rage,
 Or *cheated*, or *did* ought *unfair*,
 Or *ca'* our *neebour's* wean a *liar*,
 Or *played* the *truan*, or *made* a *squint*,
 Or *blam'd* our *brother* innocent,
 Or *aslept* or *laugh't* time o' the *reading*,
 Or *had* *refus'd* our *mother's* bidding;
 Or, when *reproved*, *had* *thrawn* our *face*,
 Or *sippit* *kale* without a *grace*—
 He always kept in close connection
Reproving words and *due* correction.
 A *gude* advice he often *flang* us,
 As lang as he was *spared* amang us;
 And, though we should gang a' to *Clooty*,
Gude, *honest* man! he *did* his *duty*.

"When *scrimply* twa years auld, I fell
Headlong into the *Cooper's* Well—
 Was only *half* *drown'd* (*Gude* be *thankit*);
 They took me *hame* row'd in a *blanket*.
 Soon after, *frae* the *door* chased *ben*
 By *Lucky* *Gibson's* *clocking* *hen*,
 Or *e'er* I *wish'd*, *twa* *dabs* she *gae* me,
 And took my *parritch* *luggie* *frae* me.
 Next *raise* a *bile* upon my *leg*,
 Full *bigger* than an *erock's* *egg*;
 'Twas lang o' *coming* to a *heid*,
 And then it *brak*"——

So ends the narrative. George was brought up to his father's trade (weaving), and evidently possessed genius in that line. Mr. James Lemon, late of the Post-office, and author of several pieces of considerable poetic power, became personally acquainted with George M'Indoe in his latter days; and in his "Lays of St. Mungo," published in 1845, Mr. Lemon says of him—"Independent of his poetical talents, he possessed talents of a varied kind. He acquired, by dint of self-teaching, the art of playing on several musical instruments, and fitted himself for taking part at concerts and in the orchestras of provincial theatres. He also invented a machine for figuring on muslin, for which he received a premium of ten pounds from the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and thirty guineas from the Board of Trustees in Edinburgh. He was engaged twenty-one years as an innkeeper in Glasgow." Mr. Lemon adds, in the poet's own words—"Yet," says he, with his own characteristic humour, "I retired without realizing a fortune, becoming bankrupt, or my moveables being brought to the mello; and now, at the age of seventy-four, I live neither by stealing, begging, or singing ballads."

We wish it had been in our power to say that he died in comfortable circumstances; but in a letter we had lately from Mr. Lemon, he says that the last time he saw him, he and his wife of the second marriage lived in an apartment of the low flat of a house in Canon Street, in very reduced circumstances, he and his wife living by winding yarn. This was shortly before his death. It was probably the possession of musical talents that brought him so closely into friend-

ship with Mr. James Chambers, father of the brothers William and Robert Chambers. In a letter which Mr. Robert Chambers wrote to the poet in 1836, in the possession of Mr. Lemon, he says:—"We are glad to be considered by you as friends, being, as you surmise, the children of the old friend who lived with you in Anderston. A copy of the first volume of your poems, which my father had obtained as a subscriber, was one of the first books of the kind we ever read. And we felt the more interest in it in consequence of my father telling us that he had been on intimate terms with the author, and often played the flute with him; and because he was actually the hero of one of the poems, while our maternal uncle, William Gibson, figured in another." The poem in which the Messrs. Chambers' father is the hero is the song of "The Burn Trout":—

"THE BURN TROUT.

" Brither Jamie cam' west wi' a braw burn trout,
 An' speer'd how acquaintance were greeing;
 He brought it frae Peebles tied up in a clout,
 An' said it would just be a preeing, a preeing,
 And said it would just be a preeing.

" In the burn that rins by his grandmother's door,
 This trout had lang been a dweller;
 Ae night fell asleep a wee piece frae the shore,
 An' was killed wi' a stane by the miller, the miller—
 Was killed wi' a stane by the miller.

" This trout it was gutted an' dried on a nail
 That grannie had reisted her ham on;
 Weel rubbed wi' sant frae the head to the tail,
 An' kipper'd as 't had been a sa'mon, a sa'mon,
 An' kipper'd as 't had been a sa'mon.

“ This trout it was boiled an’ set ben on a plate—
 Nae fewer than ten made a feast o’t;
 The banes an’ the tail they were gi’en to the cat,
 But we lickit our lips at the rest, the rest o’t,
 We lickit our lips at the rest o’t.

“ When this trout it was eaten we were a’ like to rive,
 Sae ye maunna think it was a wee ane;
 May ilk trout in the burn grow muckle an’ thrive,
 An’ Jamie bring west aye a preeing, a preeing,
 An’ Jamie bring west aye a preeing.”

This song was very popular in Partick in our young days; and, as sung by a “jolly miller”—the lessee of the Wee Mill—it was parodied to give it a local bearing. Thus, the first verse ran—

“ In the lade that runs past John Thamson’s door,
 This trout it had lang been a dweller;
 Ae nicht fell asleep a wee bit frae the shore,
 And was killed wi’ a stane by Wan’s miller, Wan’s miller,
 Was killed wi’ a stane by Wan’s miller.”

Curling has been a favourite game in Partick from time immemorial, and is so still. Our readers will therefore excuse us giving another of M’Indoe’s poems, being the description of a game of curling:—

“ When on the rink we take our stand,
 Each with a broom kowe in his hand,
 We fix our cramps, our stanes we clean,
 We bend our knees and raise our chin.
 Then frae the other end we hear
 A voice (perhaps not very clear):
 ‘ Johnnie, direct yoursal’ for me,
 Notice my kowe, look, here’s the tee;
 Be straight, low-ice, and dinna ride,
 Nor sell your stane by playing wide,
 Ye’re well set on man, but your roarin,
 Whatna way’s that to play a forehan?’

“ Another fills the cramps, and he
Lays down his stane plump on the tee:
‘ A fair pat-lid, od there’s a snuff,
I’m hang’d but that deserves a ruff.’

“ ‘ Just break an egg on’t—gie him days,
Supe, supe him up,’ another says.

“ ‘ Now risk a hog to guard that stane;
This end, I think, will be our ain.’

“ When mony a straight-drawn shot’s been played,
And mony a bonny guard’s been laid,
And mony a nice outweik’s been ta’en,
Egg broken upon mony a stane.

“ And now the game draws near an end,
Another shot and ’twill be kend
Wha pays the greens and wha the drink,
Wha carries laurels frae the rink.
A fou killhead, the winner guarded,
Is what our hin-haun never fear’d yet.
Tak’ ye the goose a gouff o’ cheek,
And if you get a right in-weik,
Then down the port like a king’s cutter,
Your stane ’ll slide into the whitter.
He’s a’ the curle—the game is ended,
And that is all that was intended.”

At the end of the volume published by George M’Indoe are two poems by his brother James, which, we think, have more of the poetic ring about them than most of George’s. One is a prologue, spoken before the acting of the “Gentle Shepherd,” in Kirkintilloch, by some of the inhabitants, for the benefit of the poor in that town. The other is addressed to a gentleman who was in the habit of behaving himself unseemly in church. We give the first and last verse of this as a specimen:—

“Attend a wee, dear sir, and hear
 A friend’s plain coarse advice like,
 For fouks about ye, far and near,
 Think ye’re no vera wise-like,
 Ay whispering in your lady’s ear,
 And, as ye play’d the dice like,
 Gar sweets rattle.

* * * * *

“Wad that the speaker roar ye out,
 To a’ that sit beside ye,
 (An’ ’twould be but his right to do’t,
 In wise-like gates to guide ye),
 Before the hail assembled rout,
 Wi’ scornfu’ huff deride ye,
 S’with get some blanket or a clout
 Raised on a stick to hide ye
 Frae sight this day.”

We have not learned anything further about James M’Indoe.

Some time about 1824 we met upon the Knowe a horse and cart with a flitting. A woman was sitting a-top, and two men were with the horse; all were tipsy. We were accosted, and the following dialogue ensued:—

“I say, callan, can ye tell us where John Hunt stops?”

“No; there’s no sic a man leeves in the toon.”

“Noo, don’t tell lees; I’m in the toon, and my name’s John Hunt, and I’m living; but I want to ken where his house is?”

“What part o’ the toon is your house?”

“How can I tell, when I’m just coming to the toon.”

“Do you ken the laird’s name?”

“How can I ken, when it was my wife took the house, and she’s up there sleeping.”

We directed the party to James Craig, as the pro-

bable laird; and a few days after we found Johnny, as he was afterwards called, located at the foot of the Goat. This worthy had been through the Peninsular war, but was in receipt of no pension. However, at pension times there was always some old friend made John happy for a day or two; and on these occasions he used to get the boys round him and tell them stories of his campaigns. Shortly after, another old soldier came to the town: he had lost both his legs, and had a good pension. The boys nicknamed him *Timmer-toe*, because of his two wooden legs. Johnny Hunt and he were boon companions, and at pension times it was amusing to watch the two walking arm-in-arm, like two brothers. When any of the youngsters called out *Timmer-toe*, Johnny would stand still, and say, with earnest gravity, "O, callans, cry Johnny Hunt as lang as ye like, I'll no be angry wi' ye, but don't cry *Timmer-toe*; he lost his legs fechting for you, and if you cry it any more I'll thrash you." This speech insured a repetition of the cry, when Johnny would conduct his friend to the wall—for he had not his two staffs with him that he walked with—and set him up as he would a log of wood, and give chase to the boys, while his friend *Timmer-toe* looked on, swearing. *Timmer-toe's* store of affection was not all spent upon Johnny; he courted and won a bouncing Irish woman. The wedding was held in her brother-in-law's house—a garret opposite the Weaving Factory. *Timmer-toe's* house was in Society Buildings, then just erected. After the festivities on the occasion were ended, *Timmer-toe* was incapable of walking home. In these circumstances his friends fell upon the following expedient. His two

legs were unstrapped from the trunk, and his brother-in-law took it upon his back, while the newly-married wife took the two legs in her apron. Thus they marched home between twelve and one in the morning, very few witnessing this most unique home-coming. Notwithstanding the marriage, John Hunt and *Timmer-toe* enjoyed their social glass at pension, and frequently at sundry intervening times—such as when Johnny's web was out, for he was a weaver. With all their failings, they were loveable, simple-minded men. Both, we think, were removed by cholera in 1831.

There was another man of a stamp of lower grade. We merely mention him, not for any personal qualities, but as representing a class, and we are glad to say a very small class, at that time belonging to the village. This was Matthew Semple, whom some of the older natives may still remember. He was a shoemaker, and (as already mentioned) was the last person who lifted the pontage at the old bridge for cattle passing during the Dumbarton and Moss of Balloch Fairs. Matthew married a widow, Girzy Boose, proprietress of the "Ark." (*See Sketch.*) Matthew was simply her husband, having little or no power in the house, and deserving little, for he was an idle, foul-mouthed, swearing old wretch when we knew him. He had, however, a few companions who seemed to enjoy his society. These drank and snuffed together as often as they had the means and opportunity. Seated on a form at the side of the door, these drouthy cronies spent many an hour gossiping together, in which position we have frequently seen and heard them.

While we had several old soldiers that belonged to

the village, we had very few who belonged to the navy. An old sailor was not very common. There is one native, however, whom we remember, although he might not be called an old sailor, for when we first remember him he was only about forty years of age. He had been several years at sea, he said, on board a man-of-war; but many in the village questioned this, saying that he had only been in a merchant ship. Be this as it may, he always spoke of having been in the King's service. Geordie was a plucky little man, full of life and vigour. His wife was an industrious woman, both in working and catering for her family. Geordie was a weaver to trade, but at the time we first remember him he was employed as a labourer. Many of the weavers were at that time working at outdoor work, given them by Mr. Oswald of Scotstoun and Mr. Smith of Jordanhill. To improve matters a little, Geordie, and Meg his wife, set up a public establishment in a house opposite the weaving factory. He began the business of a barber, shaving and cutting hair; and she went into Glasgow and bought up stale bread from the bakers, and sold it at a reduced rate to the villagers. She also made broth, which she supplied to any one along with the bread, and to many it was a boon, although any effort of this sort by a native was not encouraged, from many causes; but in this case it certainly was not for want of it being well known, for one of their boys put the whole business into rhyme, which was sung through the village by all the other boys. It ran thus—

“ A bawbee shave and a penny cove,
A penny's worth of kail and a mooly row.”

This speculation only lasted a few weeks.

George, like most old sailors, could spin a yarn, and sometimes it was thought that he made himself the hero of stories he had heard from others, so that often, while earnestly listened to, he was not at all times believed. We remember a story of this sort. The conversation had turned upon sharks. "Sharks!" said George, "By the man (his general form of oath), I had my ain experience o' sharks. One day when our vessel was lying becalmed, and the weather was very warm, it was proposed to have a swimming match. No sooner said than done. We had our clothes off and overboard as soon as one could say Jack Robinson. I had far outstripped the others, when I heard the cry, 'A shark! a shark, Wallace!' I thought at first it was to frighten me; but, on turning round, I saw my shipmates in the small-boat making great haste towards me, and at a little distance I saw the track of Mr. Shark making his way to me, and preparing himself for a feast. To escape him by swimming was out of the question, so I faced about, took out my knife, and just as the monster turned upon his back—which they must do, you know before they can bite—I dived underneath him, and in passing plunged my knife to the hilt in his guts. He whumbled clean o'er, and my shipmates in the small-boat hooked him, and drew us both into the boat."

"Where did you take your knife from to kill the shark?" said one of the audience.

"From my pouch, to be sure."

"I thought that you said that you had stripped off your clothes?"

“You’re d—d particular in your way; a body has no credit in telling anything to *some* folk.”

Colin M’Auslane, who lived in the Old Toll Road, and Kate, his wife, were what we call a quiet, decent pair. They had no family. Colin was an old pensioner, and at pension time he had a short blow-out, to the sore grief of Kate, and often to her great affliction. On these occasions Kate was always seized with a stomach complaint. Not having to cook dinners, on account of Colin’s failing, she would content herself with some cold potatoes, and this always brought on a colic. Poor Kate would sit rocking herself by the fireside, pressing her hands on her sides whenever any person came in, crying, “O! my stomach; O! my stomach.” Kind neighbours, who knew Kate’s constitution, prescribed the remedy; and Kate, in her distress, took it—took it till she had sometimes to be assisted to bed, it acted so powerfully upon her weak stomach. But as Colin sobered, and remained at home, Kate’s health was restored till next pension-time came round.

In August, 1829, great preparations were being made for the grand procession in connection with the laying of the foundation-stone of the Hutcheson Bridge. The Partick Lodge of Freemasons had great difficulty in procuring an instrumental band for the occasion; however, at last they succeeded in securing the Condorat Band. A few of the village youth thought of raising a band of their own, and six of us agreed to have a flute band. The intention got noised about, and before many days thirteen had come forward urging admission. The idea of a flute band was then abandoned for a regimental band. Under the guidance of Mr. John Miller, an old

military bandman, a set of instruments was obtained upon credit from Mr. M'Fadyen, music-seller in Glasgow. We gave him our names, and arranged jointly to pay him two pounds per month until the whole was paid. The value of instruments and music was sixty pounds. Our first meeting was held in the Cross-Keys, Bridge Street, on the 13th September, 1829; and by the New-year we could play several tunes together, and our membership had increased to seventeen. In 1830 began the agitation for the Reform Bill. Public meetings and processions, attended by instrumental music, became the order of the day throughout all parts of the country; and, assisted by the remuneration we received for attending these meetings and processions, we paid off the price of the instruments and music in less than two years. The band kept in existence for about seven years, when it broke up. This was the first Partick Band, which for a time was very popular. We may mention a circumstance in connection with the band which took place during the cholera visitation in 1831. There was a general gloom over the whole village; every visage wore a look of thoughtful melancholy, and anything like public amusement was considered out of place. One night we were met for practice, when it was suggested that we should play through the town, which we did, to the great horror of many in the village. However, being encouraged by a few of the more intelligent, we went through playing every second evening. Whether this had any effect or not we will not say, but the disease began to decline, and shortly after disappeared.

In a field on Dowanhill Estate, a little east from

Dowanhill House, and about fifty yards from Byres Road, there were several large stones lying lengthways, half covered with earth. Their gray surfaces were seen from the road. These were termed the *sow-back* stones, probably from the resemblance they presented to swine lying among the grass; but there was a general fear to go near them, the cause of this fear being a tradition that during the visitation of the plague several persons who died of it were buried in this field, and that these stones marked their graves. The children were made to believe that any person removing these stones would be seized with the plague, and that it was even dangerous to play near them. We find several references to the plague or pest having been in Glasgow about the middle of the seventeenth century, and in 1645 Govan was visited by it. Whether many died there at that time we do not know; but there is a stone in Laigh Craighton marking the grave of one whose name is engraved on the stone, and it is mentioned also that he died of the plague in that year. It is quite probable that the disease was also in Partick at the same time, and that these *sow-backed* stones marked the graves of those who died and were buried in that field. There were no names nor markings upon the stones, so far as we remember.

It was decreed by the Council of Glasgow that none dying of the pest were to be buried in churchyards, lest in opening the graves the plague would again spread. They were buried in fields outside the town.

We find mention made in one of the histories of Glasgow that in 1712 there was a great flood in the upper reaches of the Kelvin, and that a man and woman

were lost in the flood, and that if the Laird of Bardowie had not sent his boat from his loch to the water of Kelvin many more people would have been lost. A much higher flood in the lower portions of Kelvin occurred in 1782. In "Old Glasgow" there is a statement that at this time a woman in Partick refused to leave her house, thinking herself safe therein; but that she had afterwards to be removed by her neighbours, and died in half-an-hour afterwards. This circumstance was a well-known tradition in our young days. The house she inhabited has long since been removed. It stood in a line facing the Kelvin, behind the small slated cottage west side of the Knowe. According to tradition she was an old woman of peculiar habits and temper; and while her neighbours fled from their houses, she took to her bed, and refused to move. The water rose up to her bed, and the furniture was floating through the house. In order to get her out the neighbours had to cut a hole through the thatch of the roof, and take her out by it. As stated in "Old Glasgow," she died shortly after. Floods in the Kelvin were in our day sources of great discomfort to those living at the foot of the Knowe. Scarcely a year passed but most of them were flooded out. The street at foot of Knowe is now much higher than it was then. Spring tides, without any freshet in the river, flowed up to the causeway at foot of Knowe; and at such times, if there was any fresh water in the Kelvin, the water would be welling up in the floors of some of the houses. A spate in Kelvin is not now so fraught with disasters, as it seldom reaches the houses, no doubt owing to the deepening of the Clyde; but when the Clyde was

shallow, and a flood coming down both rivers, it was dammed back by the different inches or islands existing in the Clyde below the mouth of the Kelvin, and this, with a rising tide, caused the water to flow back upon the low-lying places. The map of Clyde shows the situation of the different inches, and will give some idea how far the river spread towards the north at Whiteinch, spreading up above the present Dumbarton Road; and at a date further back than that of this map we think the Clyde had flowed over Meadowside grounds. In 1851 there was an old canoe found in this district. The spot where it was found was about thirty yards inland from the old margin of the Clyde, and about eighty yards west from the river Kelvin; that is, somewhere within the area now occupied by Messrs. Tod & M'Gregor's shipbuilding yard. It was imbedded in a seam of sand contiguous to blue clay. The length was 12 feet; breadth, 2 feet; depth, 1 foot 10 inches, at the most perfect portion. About five feet of the end next the prow was damaged, but the prow itself was in a state of good preservation. The stern had been open, for the mark of a transverse groove to receive the vertical board was quite perceptible. What a contrast between the old canoe and the vessels now being built upon the spot where it was found! We remember that while playing at the mouth of the Kelvin, and digging into the soft banking at Meadowside, we were attracted by its appearance. Looking at it sectionally, it was composed of layers of decayed leaves and twigs about a quarter of an inch thick, alternating with sand about half-an-inch in thickness. On digging into the bank we found that these alternate layers gradually dipped towards the field;

and from this circumstance we afterwards formed an impression that this at one time had formed the sloping bank of a lake, probably connected with the Clyde, and had been surrounded by trees—that these layers were the annual deposits of leaves collected on the sloping margin and covered by sand during the floods and storms of winter. It is not necessary, we think, to suppose that the canoe had been used by the people of the immediate neighbourhood in which it was found, as it may have drifted from a great distance, and been left in this pool or lake to be covered up in the course of years. Its dilapidated condition, we think, favours this view.

Although the weavers—weaving was the trade followed by the major portion of the village—were great politicians, and held almost daily discussions on the current topics connected with Church and State, there was nevertheless a vast amount of popular ignorance of the effects which certain political changes would produce. We remember one instance of this. About the year 1820 there was a prospect of a Catholic Emancipation Bill passing. We children were scared with the dread things we heard our elders affirm would take place if such a bill passed. It would give the Catholics power, so that in a short time we would be forced to become Catholics, or suffer death at the stake; and the sufferings of the martyrs were recited to us at home, and we were earnestly exhorted, in view of the evil days which seemed to be coming, to stand firm in the faith we had been taught. At that time there was only one Roman Catholic in the village, a very quiet man; but his quietness was ascribed to cunning, and

it was believed he was ready to cut our throats if he had the power. When the Glasgow bells were heard ringing a merry peal on the news arriving that the bill was thrown out, we have a lively remembrance of the feeling of security we enjoyed, and the earnest thanksgivings that were offered up. However, among the Radicals of the village such fears were laughed at. Partick was suspected to have a good many of the *Reds* amongst its inhabitants; and, in 1822, we remember a party of horsemen patrolling the village for several days lest a rising should take place, and also to prevent public meetings on political matters being held. In less than ten years after we had the honour of playing a welcome into the village to Joseph Hume to organize meetings for the purpose of demanding the same political rights that nine years before it was a crime to speak about.

The circumstance that the city of Glasgow and Senatus have erected the College on Gilmorehill, and the fact that these grounds, although in Partick, are not now belonging to Partick burgh—the city having obtained or bought a right to annex it to their municipality (the first encroachment on the north and west side of the River Kelvin)—gives to Gilmorehill a special interest. We quote the following from the recently published history of Glasgow (“*Glasghu Facies*”):—

“During the Protectorate of Cromwell, the Duke of Lennox granted a charter of Gilmorehill in favour of John Hamilton. After several intervening owners, these lands became the property, in 1720, of Walter Gibson, formerly Provost of Glasgow. In 1742 Gilmorehill was purchased

by Hugh Cathcart, a leading Glasgow merchant. After his death his eldest son sold Gilmorehill and other lands in the vicinity, in 1771, to Thomas Dunsmore of Kelvinside, another Glasgow merchant, whose son nine years later conveyed Gilmorehill to Dr. Thomas Letham, who was also of Kelvinside. Finally, Gilmorehill was purchased by Robert Bogle in 1800."

Of the nature and appearance of Gilmorehill shortly before it got into the hands of Mr. Bogle, we quote the following advertisement given by the late Robert Reid ("Senex"), 6th January, 1789:—

"LAND AND PRINTWORK FOR SALE.

"To be sold by public roup, on the 4th February next, &c.: All and whole the lands of that hill called Gilmorehill, being part of the thirty-three shilling and fourpenny lands of old extent, lying on the east side of the village of Partick, in the parish of Govan and sheriffdom of Lanark. These lands consist of about thirty acres, and are within a mile-and-half of the town of Glasgow, and are all enclosed and subdivided into six enclosures with thriving hedges, belts of planting, and a stone dyke. The situation is most delightful, and commands a most extensive and pleasant prospect—a very eligible situation for setting down a house, the avenue to which is already formed, and the planting on each side thereof in great forwardness. The water of the Kelvin runs alongside of the lands on the east and south, and from near the summit of the hill a long stretch of the river of Clyde to the west is in view, and also the towns of Glasgow and Paisley, and country adjacent. About 24 acres of the land are at present in labour, the tack whereof, which was for 19 years, expires in Martinmas, 1791, and the remaining part of the lands, which consists of nearly 7 acres, is occupied by a printfield, and

whereon there are every necessary and convenient houses for carrying on that business to great extent, besides several dwelling-houses, the tack whereof, which was also for 19 years, expires at Martimas, 1789, and for the houses and yards at Candlemas and first of May, 1790. The lands are full of coal, and which can be wrought at an easy and cheap rate."*

The lands immediately adjoining Gilmorehill to the west, now incorporated with Gilmorehill estate, are called Donaldshill, but known in former times, and denominated in the feu-charter to the Commendator of Blantyre, as Brewlands. These lands seem to have been at one time of great importance, stretching down to the Kelvin, and probably farther west than they do now, and from which we have the name Brewster Burn. They carried the right of salmon-fishing in the river and the cruives on the damhead. Towards the end of last century the Brewlands were in the possession of William Robb, bleacher and printer at Meadowside and Dasholm. This William Robb is one of three who granted the land for building the common-school in the Goat. Robert Bogle purchased Donaldshill in 1803, and incorporated it with Gilmorehill. Gilmorehill property seems to have remained in the possession of the Bogles until 1845, when it was sold to a joint-stock company, to be

* Glasgow has long acquired a name in the markets of the world for her printed handkerchiefs and shawls. The first handkerchiefs printed were at Gilmourholm, in 1754; and, not many years after this, Turkey-red was dyed in another field on the Kelvin Meadowside, by Papiion; but whether it was the first place where this colour was dyed in this country, we cannot say, although we have heard it so stated.

laid out as a cemetery. The scheme did not succeed, and the house and grounds were let out until 1865, when it was purchased by the College authorities. The municipal authorities of Glasgow afterwards bought a portion of the grounds from the College authorities, who, however, retained about twenty-one acres, including the summit on which the University is built. A great part of the lands of Donaldshill was quarried during its possession by Mr. Bogle.

About forty years ago, when the workmen were baring the surface of the stone in a part of the quarry, where Church Street now is, they found seven clay urns about three feet under the surface, all lying within a few feet of each other. The largest was fourteen inches high, ten inches diameter, and four inches at bottom. The smaller ones were of the same shape. They contained fragments of bone, and small portions of hair. Dr. Leishman, in his "Statistical Account of the Parish of Govan," seems to infer that they were Roman, as that people had a practice of burning the slain in distant war, because the natives dug up their enemies. We have not seen the urns referred to, but we have seen similar, both in size, material, and shape, which were called Caledonian urns, and we think it most probable that these seven were also Caledonian, and not Roman. Quarrying has been continued at intervals both on Donaldshill and Gilmorehill, and has revealed some most interesting facts in reference to their formation, which it may not be out of place to refer to here. Our extracts are from a paper by Mr. John Young, of the Hunterian Museum, who stands second to none in his knowledge of practical geology:—

“The chief interest of the section in the Gilmorehill quarry, beyond that of any other in this neighbourhood, consists in the frequent alternation of its strata, there being no fewer than thirty-three beds exposed in descending series. These consist of five beds of white sandstone, seven seams of coal, one thin seam of blackband ironstone, with accompanying beds of bituminous shale, clay shale, and fire-clay. In the working of the upper bed of sandstone the quarrymen came upon the erect stumps of five or six large fossil trees, which measured from twenty inches to two feet diameter. They seem to have been broken, or to have decayed to within a few inches of the ground, and were composed of shaly sandstone similar to the surrounding rock. The trees stood some three or four feet apart, and the roots of one were seen in some cases interlacing with the others. Similar fossil trees have been found in different parts of the neighbourhood of Partick, extending for three miles, all on the same geological horizon, being the same extensive forests in the coal period.

“In former years the gas coal in the Gilmorehill section seems to have been worked to some extent. In the adjoining grounds to the eastward they came upon some of the old workings in the bores. The worked-out seam was from forty to fifty feet from the surface.”

This quite agrees with the tradition that coal-pits were in these grounds, and we have referred to an accident that took place in one of them. The gas coal would not be the best for household purposes, but we remember when the greater portion of the coal used by the poor in the village was the Radical coal got at Hillhead, close to, or part of, Gilmorehill. Another interesting fact in

connection with the geology of Gilmorehill is the overlying clay.

“The boulder-clay that overlies the strata and the quarry, and copes the crown of the hill, belongs to that great widespread deposit which covered the country around Glasgow at Gilmorehill. It increases in thickness from the quarry to the crown of the hill, where it has been bored to the depth of seventy feet, the valley of the Kelvin between the hill and the adjoining West-End Park being scooped out for nearly its whole depth in the till. On removing the till from the upper bed of the sandstone in the quarry, its surface was seen to be finely striated, the striæ running from a few points south of west to north of east—which is nearly the average direction in which the great ice sheet passed over the Glasgow district. In these boulders examples may be selected of nearly all the typical rocks known to exist in the west and north-west of Scotland.” “During the last year,” says Mr. Young (1868), “I have formed a collection of two hundred of the most distinct varieties found on the crown of the hill, and forms a sort of memorial of the great variety of travelled rocks found on the site. The whole appearance of the boulders suggests the idea of their having been water-worn, either scattered over the face of the country or in river beds, before they were transported by ice agency into this district.”

We remember, when digging the found for Cuprum House, foot of Partickhill, finding a good many boulders similar to those described by Mr. Young, some of them weighing several hundredweights, and of considerable variety, both granites and traps, and several pieces

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of clay-band ironstone. Mr. Young's paper carries us back to a period when all these hills round Partick were covered with water, and, as the water subsided, they would form a cluster of small islands, probably in the firth of some river of vast extent—a fertile subject of thought for the imaginative reader. With this we finish for the present our Notes and Reminiscences of Partick.

