

SKETCHES IN CITIES.—No. I.

GLASGOW—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

LONDON is not inaptly dubbed a wilderness of brick. Glasgow may be called by a name more wonderful—a mighty maze of Portland stone. At Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott constructed a romance of stone and lime. The merchant princes of Glasgow have built up a great fact of ashlar and mortar.* Substantiality is the extraordinary feature in the greatness of our Scotch cities. There is no city in the world

* Glasgow, even at the close of last century, enjoyed the distinction of being pronounced by the fastidious Pennant "the best built of any second-rate city I ever saw; the houses of stone, and, in general, well built, plain, and unaffected."—*Pennant's Tour*.

like Edinburgh, save only St. Petersburg,* where the polished marble of the ranges of palaces transcends the beauty of the granular blocks of Craigleith quarry. The time is not far distant when there was nothing in Glasgow like the modern parts of Edinburgh, excepting Blytheswood Square. Woodside Crescent was not as yet. "Will you go to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!" was certainly a popular air,

* Riding up the Newski Perspective, the most magnificent street in that magnificent city, I felt the stories of its splendour were not exaggerated, and that this was indeed entitled to the proud appellation of the "Palmyra of the North."—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel*.

but never, at that time, executed on a keyed bugle from the top of the Royal Crescent omnibus. The sacred seclusion of that classic grove, and, eke, its pear-tree well, uninvaded by the petrifying approach of its elegant rival, "Ring Grove" (a handsome stone crescent), was only accessible by the dangerous pass of a rickety old wooden bridge, crumbling into visible decay. Now, things are greatly altered. The Great Western Road, traversing, like a huge Roman Way, the lands of Woodside; and spanning, with massive arch, the blue stream of the Kelvin, sends off, in radiations, its incipient lines of architectural splendour. The New Parliamentary Road, stretching its interminable length with more plebeian pretensions in an opposite direction, adds mass upon mass to the municipal structures. Railways penetrate on gigantic viaducts, or through subterranean passages, towards the great civic centre; whilst canals, as if conscious of their slow-going qualities being in arrear of the age, peer in about the suburbs.* At the centre of the city itself, an absolutely new frontage is rapidly superseding the old familiar aspect of Old Glasgow—if aught in Glasgow be subject to be termed old, save the Cathedral and the College. The latter edifice, with its quaint monastic-like quadrangles—not excepting the magnificent Grecian pile of the Hunterian Museum—is about to be numbered with the things that were, by a transference of the College to the lands of Woodside, and the conversion of its area, by Act of Parliament, into a railway terminus! The boast of Augustus, that he had found Rome built of brick and left it of marble, will, in short, ere long, be paralleled in Glasgow. But rebuilding, like knowledge, would seem to be a pursuit sometimes attended with difficulties. We have heard of a foreign wren which, to elude the mischievous pranks of the monkey, builds its pendant nest downwards from the bough of a tree. We actually observed a tall thin tenement in the Trognate of Glasgow in process of being built *downwards*, in the same fashion, in the gap betwixt other two houses, to please, we presume, the Lord Dean of Guild! Those who have known Glasgow only from the novel of "Rob Roy," who have never perused the broadsheet of expanded masonry it now outspreads over many square miles of a densely crowded area—who have heard but of the Salt-Market, the Briggate, the Goosedubs, and the Gorbals, as its leading localities—will hardly imagine that there can be such a region as a fashionable west-end in Glasgow, with its Clarendon Places, and its Apsley Places, where, till recently, the suburban squalor of the Cowcaddens was alone

—but not in its glory. We can hardly hope to satisfy such persons that the real Glasgow of which we speak is the Glasgow of their imaginations, so unparalleled has been its progression in beauty and in bounds.

Unhappily, the architectural advances of cities do not cure the evils they conceal. On the contrary, the houses abandoned by the affluent for abodes of greater magnificence, are immediately parcelled out into single rooms amongst the swelling herds of the poor. Whilst the splendour of palaces alone *appears* to be adding grandeur to the new extent, another addition of fearful magnitude is silently accumulating at a city's core unseen! Think, that for every single edifice whose aspect ornaments the magical extension of the New Parliamentary Boundary of Glasgow,* a house of misery, it may be a den of thieves, a haunt of midnight revelry, a *houff* of vice, is somewhere or other within the pent-up precincts of the city, added *also* to its evils! Think, and exclaim with Cowper—

"God made the country, and man made the town!"

Such is Glasgow, seen at a bird's eye glance. But, in the ancient times—so little distant, that their antiquity is nearly an anomaly—it was far different. We have only to go back to the twelfth century, and consider what Glasgow was then;—an ecclesiastical hamlet, hanging on the verge of the romantic Molendinar, in clustered repose, at the base of the gigantic Cathedral. Perhaps there might have been a row of fishermen's huts along the Broomielaw—for clerks in cathedral stalls were fond as cats of fish! The rich ruddy salmon of the Clyde were certain to have hugely tickled their palates,

"On Fridays when they fasted."

How lovely must have been that scene, at the close of that century, when St. Kentigern's was newly rebuilt, after its destruction by fire. Looming through the thin mists that struggled with the early sunshine of summer, might be descried the huge bulk of the long nave and choir, surmounted by the centre tower and spire characteristic of the Gothic structures of the period, emerging on the eye in the full bold definition of its bulk.† The Molendinar, lovely mill-stream of

* By a recent Act of Parliament, the City of Glasgow now embraces, in one united municipality, the whole sixteen city districts lying on either side of the Clyde; but which may, in general terms, be described as extending from the bends of the Clyde upon the east to the course of the Kelvin on the west, and as including, along with Glasgow proper, the suburbs of Calton and Milend, Port Dundas, and Anderston, on the north of the river; with Hutchesontown, Gorbals, Laurieston, Tradeston, and Kingston, on the south—all under the government of a "local parliament," or municipal council of 48, and one general system of police, over which the election of a superintendent is pending. Glasgow is now, therefore, owing to the existence of separate municipal governments in and around London, the largest municipality in the three kingdoms, considerably exceeding Manchester, both in population and extent.

† John Murdo, the great Scotch master-mason, who had "Melros in keeping," is said to have been the builder of the pile dedicated by John Achaus to St. Mungo, in 1196. It stands 100 feet above the level of the river, is 319 feet long from west to east, 63 feet broad, 90 feet high in the choir, and 68 in the nave; is supported by 147 pillars;

* The subsisting railways comprehend only the Garnkirk (Wishaw and Coltness), the Ayrshire and the Greenock, the Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Pollock and Govan, and some other coal lines; although a multitude more, including the Neilston and Barrhead Direct, the Caledonian, and the General Terminus lines are advancing, and about to come into operation. The Canals include the Union Canal, a branch of the Forth and Clyde Canal; the Monkland Canal; and the Paisley and Johnstone Canal.

yore! whatever it may be now (and be that nameless), swept by, over beds of pearl, bewtixt overhanging cliffs, romantically precipitous. Woods upon the heights, already vocal with the murmurs of feathered nature, concerted with the unsophisticated, hydraulic strains amidst the pebbles below! They had a decided taste for the picturesque, those polished minions of ancient priestcraft! And it will always be a sufficient answer to every one who denies (as some do) the existence of a site of beauty in or around Glasgow, that they selected this for the site of a cathedral dome, out of all the lovely spots that lie along the vale of Clyde, from Stonebyres to Kelvin.

The literal signification of the word or words, "Glas-gow"—*the Grey Smith*—has given rise to the belief that the name originated with some son of Vulcan, who *blazed* away upon the spot prior to its becoming the site of any church. Upon the principles, probably, which served to transamogrify the initial letters of "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle" into a Roman inscription, the site of the Grey Smith's forge, near that of the Bishop's Castle, has even been traced by the antiquary! The very natural interpretation of "a dark glen" from the British language, and, even from the Celtic, the not improbable one of "the greyhound ferry," have also been given the words, "Glas-gow." There is evidently scope here for traditional legends; but if any ever hung on the name of Glasgow, they are irrecoverably lost.

The history of Glasgow commences with the fact of its having been one of the stations on the Clyde of the Roman province of Valentia, till A.D. 426, when the Romans finally retired from this island to defend their own imperial city from the inroads of the Goths. Two centuries after their removal, Saint Mungo, or, to speak more politely, Saint Kentigern is said (by Spottiswood) to have founded here "a stately church,"

lighted by 157 windows; but never assumed the perfect crucial form from the south transept (as happened in the neighbouring instance of Paisley Abbey Church), never having been completed, although founded. The altitude of the exquisite central tower is 225 feet. The roofing of the cathedral with lead, by Bishop Spottiswood, previous to 1615, has been the means of retaining it in excellent preservation; although one portion of the unfinished transept is characteristically known as "the dripping aisle." Government having, some time ago, proposed to contribute £10,000, provided a like sum should be contributed by the citizens of Glasgow, for the restoration and preservation of this ancient fabric, to which the community evinced so fervent an attachment as to save it from destruction at the Reformation, the most judicious repairs have, for a length of time past, been proceeding for the renovation of the massive pile. The castle, or residence of the Bishop, adjoined the cathedral; but its remains were removed about fifty years since, and the Glasgow Royal Infirmary erected on the site. Sir Walter Scott's description of the cathedral crypt, the reputed burial-place of St. Mungo, the founder of the cathedral, is too well known to be here repeated. This crypt is a dense colonnade of 65 pillars, some of which are 18 feet in circumference; and, although 18 feet in height, are buried some five or six feet in mortal mould, so that its extensive range of low-browed, dark and twilight vaults are exactly such as are used for sepulchres. Whilst used as a church, for two centuries and a half after the Reformation, this must have continued to be one of the most singular places of worship in Europe, recalling the churches in the catacombs of ancient Rome and early Christianity. Pennant observes, that the congregation might truly say, *Clamavi ex profundis*.

Where is it now? The Danes, probably, destroyed it; for of its subsequent fate we know nothing more than the name of Baldred of Inchinnan, the next ecclesiastic in it after Saint Mungo. No matter; it appears that Saint Mungo was canonised as a cathedral saint, in consequence of having instituted this church. At the Culdee era of 560, at which he flourished, this holy man was, perhaps, not so much amiss. Except that his extraction was not particularly reputable—being the bastard of Thametis, the Pictish King Loth's daughter—we have nothing to allege against him. It is a wise child, they say, that knows its own papa. Whatever may have been Saint Mungo's wisdom, he must have entertained very grave doubts on this particular subject. His paternity was imputed to Eugenius III., king of the Scots. Fleeing from a father's wrath, the Saint's unhappy mother was driven, by the winds and waves, upon the Fife coast at Culross, and gave birth to the Saint in that town of coal. Saint Mungo was committed to the care and tuition of Saint Servanus, or Saint Serf, the hermit of Culross (afterwards Bishop of Orkney), the oldest Caledonian pedagogue on record; and, appropriately enough, at an annual "feast," long maintained at Culross, in honour of St. Serf, the chief *insignia* of the procession consisted of branches of scholastic birch! Saint Mungo seems to have retained, through life, a wholesome sense of personal discipline; for, amongst the relics removed to Paris by the last Archbishop, Beaton, left by him to the Scots College and Carthusian Monastery of Paris, to be restored to the people of Glasgow on their return to the bosom of the Church of Rome, and awaiting that consummation since 1839, in the Roman Catholic College of Blairs, Aberdeenshire!—there is, "in a square silver coffin, part of the *scourges* of St. Kentigern, our patron." He probably felt that this discipline "mended his manners," and hence did not "mind the pain." His holy life must, doubtless, have assisted to correct such frailties of his age as that to which he himself traced his being. His solitary asceticism, and his foundation of monasteries in Wales, are less open to approval. His return to Glasgow, establishment of its church, and production of some disciples of celebrity, more immediately concern our present purpose: yet not *much* more immediately. His burial spot, and even his monument, have been pretentiously indicated in the crypt of the Cathedral; but over his grave a gloom, protracted throughout a space of five hundred years, settles down, impenetrable to the antiquarian gaze. Of the character of Saint Mungo* there is not much recorded, even

* Alexander Rodger, a poet, whose powers, if not in the sublime, were at least in the pathetic and ridiculous equally manifested, has taken the liberty to insinuate that Saint Mungo was not a member of the temperance society:—

"Saint Mungo wals ane famous Sanct,
And ane cantyie carle wals hee;
Hee drank o' ye Molemdinar Burne
Quhan bettere hee couldna prie."—&c.

The poor bard himself has lately passed into that land "from whose bourne no traveller returns." It is paying, perhaps, a poor tribute to his memory to say that the carol

by the *versacious* chroniclers who, in the indolence of lettered ease, have favoured the world with those marvellous relations of the Scottish Breviary, that fully equal the thousand and one nights' recitations which Shahrazád, the Wezeer's daughter, made unto King Shahriyár. The only trace that has descended to us of his being a miracle-worker is couched in St. Mungo's enigma, in the far-famed emblazonry of the Glasgow Civic Arms, thus celebrated in the flowing verse of Zachary Boyd: *—

"This is the tree that never grow;
This is the bird that never flew;
This is the bell that never rang;
This is the fish that never swam." †

To the churchmen of that elegant and artistical era, the twelfth century, must be assigned the merit of imparting to Glasgow its first impulse towards civic honours. To do these venerable voluptuaries justice, in taking care of their own particular ease and comfort, they carried with them, and spread around them, wherever they settled, the arts of peace. With an instinctive taste for the most beautiful localities, they snatched the loveliest spots of our native land from the jaws of desolation, which extraneous feud and intestine faction kept for ever distended to devour and to destroy. Hence the busy mill clacked incessantly below the ancient chimes of matin and of even song, in constant and inseparable concord. Industry found protection beneath the wing of the church alone. Thus, the Molendinar, or mill stream,

of "Sanct Mungo" is one of his happiest effusions. Yet we suspect that, upon the principle that they who have the ballads of a country to make, need not care who write its history, the whimsical anachronisms, imputing to the Saint the fact of being frequently "prymed with barley bree," and staining "his whyte vesture wi' dribblings o' ye still," will serve to mar Saint Mungo's popular reputation.

* Zachary Boyd was a Protestant benefactor of Glasgow College, who, entertaining a lofty opinion of his own rhyming powers, coupled his bequest in favour of that institution, with the condition that the Senatus should undertake the printing of a metrical version of the Bible, of which he was the author. The College authorities evaded the conditions to a certain extent, by producing only two or three copies of Zachary Boyd's Bible, one of which, whereof scraps and quotations float traditionally amongst the students, is preserved in the library. The image of Zachary himself adorns one of the old College quadrangles.

† Mr. Andrew Park, a modern Glasgow poet, dissatisfied with the perpetual infringement on the public dignity of Glasgow, occasioned by the appropriation of the air of "Callier Herrin" to give eclat to the healths of the Magistrates, on festive occasions, has produced a much more elegant and really appropriate version of this rhythmical legend, adapted to the popular air of "Maggie Picken":—

"Let Glasgow flourish by the Word,
And might of every merchant lord,
And institutions, which afford
Good homes the poor to nourish!
A place of commerce, peace, and power,
With wealth and wisdom as her dower,
May still her task majestic tower:
Hurra! let Glasgow Flourish!
Here's to the TALK that never sprung;
Here's to the BELL that never rung;
Here's to the BIRD that never sung;
And here's to the CALLER SALMON."—&c.

"Let Glasgow flourish—by the preaching of the Word," is the modern motto superinduced upon the city arms. The words of the air "Callier Herrin" unfortunately refer to "bonnie fish," "new drawn frae the Forth." We regard the substitution of "caller salmon," therefore, which, singular to relate, continue to this day to be drawn from some of the best portions of the Clyde, below the Broomielaw, as exceedingly apposite—besides that the heraldic fish is decidedly a salmon in size and proportion!

is the only name by which the flood that laves the banks of the Cathedral grounds, and of the modern Necropolis,* (anciently the Fir Park) is known to fame. The pitch of prosperity and grandeur to which the ecclesiastics of Glasgow raised the place, may be judged of by the circumstance of Bishop Cameron, after building himself a castle, causing each of the thirty-two rectors under him to embellish the town with a manse. The town, notwithstanding, was, till long after the Reformation, confined to the ridge extending from the cathedral; for, in promoting the power and wealth of the see, the ecclesiastics were by no means ambitious to diffuse the enjoyment of its enormous revenues far beyond their own immediate circle. Their spiritual jurisdiction extended into Dumbartonshire, Renfrewshire, Stirlingshire, Lanarkshire, and Ayrshire. The bishops and (after 1500) archbishops were temporal as well as spiritual lords of the royalties and barony of Glasgow, and held, besides, eighteen baronies in Lanarkshire, Dumbartonshire, Ayrshire, Renfrewshire, Peeblesshire, Selkirkshire, Roxburghshire, and the Stewartries of Dumfries and Annandale, extending over two hundred and forty parishes. Their possessions in Cumberland were termed "the spiritual dukedom." Buchanan, however, tells the story of the check which, at the summit of their pride and power, was, shortly after 1426, put upon John Cameron, the bishop (who is described as a good and great

* There is a contrast betwixt these adjoining cities of the dead, parted, as remarked in a local publication, by this Lethæ, the Molendinar, which evinces, in a striking manner, the change of public sentiment respecting these last abodes of humanity. The cathedral churchyard is literally flagged over with flat monumental stones, and "though roofed off by the heavens," "its precincts," as Sir Walter Scott says, "resemble the floor of one of our old English churches, where the floor is covered with sepulchral inscriptions;" reminding him of the roll of the prophet, which was "written within and without, and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and woe." This is not exactly conform to the specimen Pennant gives of the inscriptions:—

Stay, passenger, and view this stone,
For under it lies such a one,
Who cured many while he lived;
So gracious he no man grieved:
Yes, when his physick's force of failed,
His pleasant purpose then prevailed,
For of his God he got the grace
To live in mirth and die in peace.
Heaven has his soule, his corpse this stone,
Sigh, passenger, and then be gone.

Doctor Peter Lou, 1612.

It is within the cathedral that fragments of the more ancient tombs vainly invite the passenger in obsolete language to the obsolete act of prayer for the souls of the departed. The only rich tomb spared at the Reformation was that belonging to the ancient family of Stewart of Minto, who, from the period of James I. downwards, enjoyed the dignity of the Provostship of Glasgow. The modern Necropolis, on the opposite bank of the Molendinar, approached by a handsome stone bridge, not improperly designated "the Bridge of Sighs," is laid out in the style of *Pere la Chaise*, and surprises the wanderer amongst the tombs at every step with monumental sculpture, creditable to the state of British art. Amongst the tombs are the public monuments to John Knox, the Reformer, and William M'Gavin, the Protestant, surmounted by full-length statues; the burial-place of the Jews, with a column copied from the tomb of Absalom in the valley of Jehosaphat, and the inscription from Byron,

"Oh! weep for those who wept by Babel's stream." &c.

the monuments of William Motherwell and Dugald Moore, the Glasgow poets, with busts by Fillans, &c. &c.

man). While reposing, on a judicial circuit, at a distance of seven miles from Glasgow, he heard the mighty voice of one invisible call him before the tribunal of Christ. His servants, roused from sleep, were struck with sudden terror at the voice they had heard, and the light which shone around them. The bishop, having afterwards taken a book in his hand and begun to read, again the same voice was heard by all around, and transfixed their minds with stupor. When it had resounded long, vehemently, and horribly, the bishop, uttering a huge groan, made an effort to speak, but was found dead in bed. This is so palpable an instance, says Buchanan, of Divine vengeance, that the mind is neither prepared to affirm nor refute the fact; nor is it possible to overlook it, when reported by others, and constantly rumoured by tradition.

Throughout the five hundred years of gloom that obscures the history of the see of Glasgow, the country was devastated by the successive and long protracted conflicts of the Picts, Scots, Britons, Saxons, and Danes. The bishopric had been reduced to the verge of decay when John Achaius arose, in whose person it was confirmed. This eminent man was the preceptor, friend, and chaplain of David I., whose zeal for the church procured him canonization, much to the discontent of one of his royal successors, James I., whose income David's devout liberality had impaired, and who, therefore, always spoke of him with more of the impetuous freedom of a poet than of the dignity of a king, as "a sair saunct for the crown." A portion of the diocese of Durham, situated betwixt the Tweed and the border mountains, which had been stripped, in his displeasure, by Henry I. of England, from Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, in 1100, was, by the care of David, then Prince of Cumberland, first annexed to the Bishopric of Glasgow in the reign of Alexander I. of Scotland.

Sixty years afterwards Ingelram, Bishop-elect, and Solomon, Dean of Glasgow, did some service to the cause of their country's independence, being of the number of select deputies who were escorted to Norham Castle to announce to Roger, Archbishop of York (rival of Thomas à Becket) the unanimous denial, by the Scottish clergy, of Roger's pretensions to the office of Roman Legate for Scotland, an appointment gained by misrepresentation, and at variance with the privilege always enjoyed by the Scottish Church, of having the papal representative chosen from amongst themselves. Solomon the Dean was one of those whose eloquence and ability were engaged in this debate in defence of the national privileges. The Archbishop of York was not prevailed upon to lay aside his pretensions. But a bull from Pope Alexander III. soon afterwards decided the Scotch Church to be independent of all save the Roman See. Robert Wiseheart, Bishop of Glasgow, when attending at Norham, Edward the First's arbitrement of the claims of Bruce and Baliol, as a lord of the Scottish regency, appointed on the deaths of Alexander III. and the Maiden of Norway—again withstood the English king's preten-

sions to the superiority of Scotland, and told him that their ancestors had always defended themselves against the Romans, Picts, Britons, Saxons, Danes, and all others who had attempted to usurp their liberties. These things may be regarded as forming the prelude to that celebrated epistle of independence which Robert Bruce and his parliament at Aberbrothock penned to the Pope in 1330.

The building of the cathedral was accomplished by John Achaius in 1188, and the origin of the commercial greatness of the community sheltered beneath its wing may be traced, about forty years subsequently, in the charters of William the Lion. One of these charters authorises the Bishop to hold "a weekly mercat;" the other grants the privilege of an annual fair (still kept up in the second week of July) "from the 8th of the Apostle Peter, (29th June, O. S.) and for eight days complete." William the Lion, moreover, placed Glasgow upon the independent footing of a Royal Burgh by another charter, which seems, however, to have been ineffectual to protect the rights of the future "queen of the west" against the exertions of the more ancient and powerful burghs of Rutherglen and Renfrew; for, however insignificant these little villages may now appear, Glasgow, in 1242, required for its protection a new charter of independence from Alexander II.

The last five hundred years have never witnessed a time when the scenes of the exploits of the patriot Wallace were indifferent to the common mass of the Scottish people. The spot called the Bell of the Brae, in the High Street of Glasgow,* is therefore consecrated to popular story. It recalls one of the boldest acts of a man sprung from the middle ranks of society, who struck many a vigorous blow for his country's independence when her greatest barons, corrupted by English munificence, dismayed by the feebleness and poverty of their native land, or jealous of the popular champion's influence and renown, were sunk or lost in treachery or in apathy.

* Even after the formation of streets had proceeded some length in Glasgow, the boundary of the town extended but a short space around the minister church; if we may judge from the position of the *Rottenrow*, or street of processions—a sort of street to be met with in most ecclesiastical towns, and which usually obtained its name in Catholic times from the numerous processions connected with the Romish ritual passing through it as the extreme limit available for the purposes of that ostentatious parade to which it was addicted. The walled town was also, for reasons of defence, confined for a long time to the summit of the hill. It appears that, in 1300, the town reached somewhat lower—from the terrible rencontre betwixt Percy and Wallace having occurred in High Street, below "The Bell of the Brae." This ancient portion of the town continued until within the last thirty years to present an array of the most antique dwellings in Glasgow; all now replaced by the every-day aspect of plain matter-of-fact six-storey houses. Traces of antiquity yet linger in the old street called the *Drygate*, as well as in the *Rottenrow*. But, as the town dwellings of our ancestors were mostly built of wood, besides their unhealthy fashion of packing them away in narrow lanes and closes off the main streets, which, in the case of Glasgow, undoubtedly provoked four visitations of the plague during the 14th, and five during the 17th century, perpetuating also the disease of leprosy down at least to 1689, when lepers were still contained in the Lazar-house of Gorbals—it is the less to be wondered at that so few of the Dutch-built wooden houses of old, with their quaint gables, piazzas, and galleries, now remain.

With indomitable energy and terrible resolution, a spirit which the love of country rendered audacious, and a sense of her wrongs relentless; with the chivalry of knighthood mellowing in his heart the ferocity engendered by oppression—Wallace was one who, whilst he could weep his country's woes, could bleed to avenge them. Living under the union of the hostile crowns, how can we conceive the bitter animosity which must have rankled at the core of Scottish society under the military despotism of England? How can we expect to catch so much as a glimpse of that ardent enthusiasm with which the devoted patriots of that forty years' war rallied round the champion Wallace? The presence of the hero has consecrated every spot to which it can be traced. His trees at Elderslie, both mouldering oak and tough old yew; the house in which he is alleged to have been born; the stave with its W. W. W. built into the neighbouring church wall; the place where young Selby fell in his pride at Dundee; Wallace's dizzy track on horseback over Kinnoull Cliff, whence he swam his steed across the Tay, and found a refuge at Lindores; the site of the "burnt barns of Ayr;" the "Bell of the Brae" in Glasgow; as many caves in various parts of Scotland echoing to his name, as there are caverns in the Scottish Highlands resounding to the fabled name of Fingal; and last, not least, his gigantic sword (long as it seems, wanting still nine inches off the point!) in Dumbarton Castle, and the chamber or guard-house in which he was immured betwixt the clefts of Dumbarton Rock, associated with the lasting infamy of Menteith, the traitor;—such are the memorials that preserve in Scotland the fame of him to whom the country, that owes a monument, never yet paid a single tribute. The possession of a historic site connected with the name of Wallace must be classed amongst the chief boasts of the city of Glasgow.

The exploits of Wallace, in consequence of the loss of the Latin memoir of his chaplain, Blair, are chiefly recorded in the Scots Metre of Blind Harry, a wandering minstrel of the era of 1460. This rhymester deserves to be regarded as the Homer of his country. Hamilton of Gilbertfield's modernised Scotch version of Blind Harry's Wallace has long animated the spirit of the Scottish peasant. This was the book that enkindled the early genius of Robert Burns. The blind bard's strains, however debased by vulgar innovations on their original sturdy vigour, have, under every modification, evinced the ardour of a poetic, and even the graces of a polished, mind. Certain embellishments bestowed upon his narrative, such as the terrible apparition of the slaughtered Faudoun holding his bloody head in his hand amidst the flames of the burning castle of Gask, have excited an unreasonable prejudice against his veracity. Harry is also reputed to have been blind from infancy, so that he could never have consulted for himself the original Latin memoir of Blair, if such a work ever existed. On the other hand, it is alleged that he was a monk of the Cluniac

monastery of Paisley, the most accomplished community of the age, to whom we are indebted for the major part of Scottish history contained in the celebrated Black Book of Paisley.* However it may have been that the minstrel ultimately became blind, that he could at one time see to write, is manifested once and again in the course of his poem of Wallace.† Who, then, can doubt that the minstrel drew his materials directly from Blair's authentic memoir, when he winds up his poem with this explicit avowal:—

"Thus in defence the hero ends his days
Of Scotland's right to his immortal praise,
Whose valiant acts were all recorded fair—
Written in Latin by the famous Blair."

Not only has the truth of Blind Harry's statements met with general confirmation in contemporary history, but even where that "old almanac" is silent upon the subject of Wallace's visit to France, any documents since recovered support Blind Harry's account of Wallace's exploits. We offer these reasons out of many and even stronger sentiments of reliance upon Blind Harry's account of the battle of "the Bell of the Brae." We deem the apology for appealing to such an authority by no means a lame one, nor yet quite uncalled for, since, as unfortunately happens with too many of Wallace's transactions, there is no other authority to cite.

The English had made truce with Wallace as Governor of Scotland for one year, commencing in February, 1300; but in breach of it, proclaimed in June of the same year a Justice-Air, which they converted to the purpose of entrapping and presently executing the friends of Wallace under colour of justice, but without form of trial, as they singly and successively entered a barn prepared for the purpose, with a high baulk for a gibbet. This fate was more expressly intended for Wallace himself, and he narrowly escaped it by coming later than the rest to the place of rendezvous. Warned by a woman on his way of the murderous deeds thus perpetrated, Wallace did not enter the town of Ayr till after nightfall, when, with the aid of what force he could hurriedly collect, he burned 5000 Englishmen in the houses, the doors of which the same woman had marked with chalk, where they were mostly all asleep. He also gained possession of the castle by an ambush, upon the terrified garrison issuing forth to extinguish the conflagration.

Mounting 300 cavalry on horses taken from the English, he instantly set out for Glasgow, which he reached at 10 a.m., just in time to prevent the

* *Liber Niger Pasleti*: British Museum.

† Thus, in his opening anathema against

"Picts, Danes, and Saxons, Scotland's very pest," he says, in reference to

"—illustrious patriots and bold,
Who boldly did maintain our rights of old,
Of such, I say, I'll brag and vaunt so long
As I have power to use my pen or tongue."

—Hamilton's Version.

And in concluding the first book, he says—
"This ends the first book—here I draw my score."
As also, in concluding the second—
"Here ends my second book, I say no more,
But quietly I draw a second score."

horrors of another "Justice-Air" being inflicted by Bishop Beik and Lord Henry Percy* on the gentlemen of Clydesdale. Wallace and his company succeeded in passing the bridge over the Clyde ere the English were apprised of their approach. Percy immediately drew out his force, consisting of 1,000 men in armour, in order of battle, under his own and the Bishop's command, and prepared to dispute with Wallace the passage of the High Street. Wallace, having reconnoitred the foe, ascertained their strength; and, in consequence, divided his company into two squadrons. One of these he despatched, under command of his uncle, Adam Wallace, and Alexander Auchinleck, to outflank the enemy. They took the route by St. Mungo's Lane, and gained the north-east of the town, behind the Drygate, unperceived. By this means they were enabled to attack the enemy in the rear, or, as Wallace jeeringly expressed it, "to bear up the Bishop's tail"—an expression which was caught up, and bandied about throughout the day, as the watchword of the Scottish onset. Wallace, in person, along with Robert Boyd, led on the remaining squadron against the van of Percy's Northumbrians. The English were astonished when they beheld a mere handful of horsemen advance up the street to attack them. But the narrowness of the space counterbalanced the advantage of numbers; and one of the fiercest encounters ever witnessed betwixt parties belonging to the contending nations ensued, upon the Ensign who was with Percy and the Bishop demanding of the Scots—who and what they were? Sparks flew from the clashing swords as if the collision had been that of flint and steel. Beneath the desperate blows of the Scots heaps of slain began to strew the street. Their sword points frequently pierced the very steel plates with which the Southern warriors were clad. The dust of the conflict arose in clouds fit to darken the sun. Bent on acquiring honour, each Scotman put forth his greatest energies; and, though pressed by numbers, fought gallantly, and pushed forward amongst the enemy. On the other hand, Percy's men, expert in war, fought fiercely, and never flinched a foot. But Adam Wallace and Auchinleck having effected their circuitous movement, entered, sword in hand, amidst the heat of the contest. Some of the English bravely faced about, and charged the Scots resolutely and impetuously. They were ultimately compelled to give way, as the newcomers, being fresh, fought keenly and eagerly, making such gaps amongst the foe as gave them ample elbow-room. In the thick of the carnage, Wallace, with his tremendous sword, drew such a stroke at the head of Percy as actually shred the skull, sending the bone in one direction, whilst the brain was scattered in another. Bishop

Beik's men, perceiving the death of Percy, speedily retreated, by the Rotten-row, to the Friars' Church, and out through the wood; of which, however, they durst not long venture to retain possession, but hurriedly fled from thence to Bothwell. Wallace followed up his advantage by a pursuit, which, notwithstanding the exhaustion of himself and his followers, he protracted till dawn, cutting down many of the fugitives.—Thus ended one of the most glorious achievements of Wallace, in which fell seven hundred Englishmen, with their valiant leader, Lord Henry Percy. Those who found refuge along with Bishop Beik and Sir Aymer de Vallance, in the stronghold of Bothwell, did not exceed three hundred men.*

The foundation of the University in 1450 by Bishop Turnbull, who obtained for the purpose a charter from King James II., and a bull from Pope Nicholas V. — must not be omitted as amongst the chief things which contributed to the extension of Glasgow.

During the regency of Arran, in the minority of Queen Mary, the Castle was the scene of a bloody siege and massacre of the surrendering garrison, under the Earl of Lennox, who had defended it with brass guns; and a place called "the Butts," near the present Infantry barracks, where the "Weaponschaw" used to be held, was signalised by a sanguinary engagement between Arran and the Earl of Glencairn. The citizens took part with Glencairn, and Arran being again triumphant, gave their city up to plunder. The battle of Langside, which decided the fate of the unfortunate Mary, was fought in the immediate neighbourhood, a mile and a half south of the city, the citizens taking part with the Regent Murray, in retaliation for the sacking of the town after "the Battle of the Butts." The mills of Partick, on the Kelvin, still belonging to the incorporation of bakers, were given them on this occasion, for supplying the army with bread.

The zeal of the Reformation nowhere broke out with greater fervour than in Glasgow; but such was the attachment of the citizens to the cathedral fabric, that though urged to its destruction as an idolatrous monument by Mr. Andrew Melville, the Principal of the college, and a day set for the purpose, when the men of Renfrew and Rutherglen, headed by their preachers, repaired to the spot at tuck of drum; the men of Glasgow rose up in its defence, and only yielded to a compromise for the destruction of the monumental and other images, preserving the building itself entire. The Cathedral of Glasgow thus remains, with exception of that of St. Magnus of Kirkwall in Orkney, the only entire Minster fabric in Scotland.

Glasgow is memorable in the Ecclesiastical Annals of Scotland as the seat of the Great As-

* Not as vulgarly supposed the "Hotspur" of Shakspeare, who flourished half or three quarters of a century later, but probably another son or brother of the Earl of Northumberland, bearing the same name—a name likewise borne by the Earl of this period; but there is reason to suppose that the Earl himself, though invested with the English command, was absent in another part of the country.

* Andrew Brown, in his History of Glasgow, 1797, has fallen into an error, the more unaccountable as he endeavours, like us, to follow Blind Harry. He states that it was Wallace who, at the close of the fight, was unable to keep the wood, and sought refuge in Bothwell! Exactly the reverse was the case. Bothwell was then in the hands of the English. Wallace pursued them thither: he afterwards rode to Dundee ere he partook of rest; and, reciting the occurrences at Ayr and Glasgow, abode there five days with Sir John the Graham.

sembly of 1638, which established the independence of the Presbyterian Kirk, rejected the service-book of Archbishop Laud, refused to be dissolved by the Royal Commissioner, and, countenanced by the presence of the Earl of Argyle, tried, deposed, and excommunicated the Bishops, abjured Episcopacy, and adopted the Covenant.

Glasgow was visited, in the course of the civil wars, by two very opposite characters—Montrose and Cromwell. The stay of Montrose was brief; for the plague raged in the town; but he did not spare the citizens. Cromwell received his levees in Silvercraigs House, Saltmarket, nearly opposite to the Briggate, and acted a sanctimonious part to admiration, giving the ministers who waited upon him invariably a prayer. He attended the preaching of Zachary Boyd, in the Cathedral Church. Honest Zacharias railed sternly at the man of blood. "Shall I pistol the scoundrel?" whispered Secretary Thurlow to Cromwell. "No, no," answered Oliver, "we shall manage him in another way." The clergy supped with him in the evening. Their entertainment was a prayer, which lasted till three in the morning! It is worthy of remark that a number of Cromwell's soldiers settled in Glasgow, who having originally been English tradesmen, contributed somewhat to improve the trade of the place.

The principal streets—Saltmarket, Trongate, and High Street—were destroyed by fire in 1652; and rebuilt of stone, having previously been built or faced with wood. The inhabitants encamped in the open fields, and the loss was computed at £100,000. Another fire destroyed one hundred and thirty houses in 1677.

The Committee of Privy Council, after the Restoration, having ejected 400 ministers from their parishes, brought down "the Highland Host" of ten thousand upon Glasgow in 1678, and compelled the signature of a bond preventing intercourse with the exiled ministers. As the Highlanders were departing with their plunder, the students of the College kept the bridge against two thousand of them, and permitting only forty

to pass at once, eased them of their burdens. The Covenanters made an unsuccessful attempt to take Glasgow from the Royal troops after the battle of Drumlog. On the landing of the Prince of Orange in 1689, the city levied, equipped, and marched to Edinburgh in a single day a complete regiment, under the Earl of Argyle, to guard the Convention of Estates, deliberating on the settlement of the Crown upon William and Mary. In the effervescence of a similar spirit, anti-popish riots broke out in Glasgow in 1780, akin to those of Lord George Gordon in London, with whom eighty-five Glasgow Societies, numbering 12,000 members, had kept up a correspondence.

We have not attempted, amidst these old-world details, to touch upon the great features of local importance in Glasgow—her commerce, shipping, manufactures, iron and other trades, public works and institutions—to which we must avail ourselves of a future opportunity to recur. The few peculiarities which a society so cosmopolite in its character as that of Glasgow can possibly be found to possess, even though we should descend to the stray humours of its idiosyncrasy, have been amply and aptly illustrated, so far, at least, as concerns the last thirty years, by local publications. And we are not sure that the traits there unfolded would be altogether unacceptable to the general reader. We particularly refer to the publications of an eminent Glasgow bookseller, who having had the ballads of the city to write, need care little who writes its history. To say truth, we pretend not either to the one avocation or the other. But our sketch will scarcely bear more than an allusion to the humours of the days of the Glasgow Loyal Volunteers—of Captain Hunter and his merry men—of the civic signs, a mass of gilded literature overspreading the walls—of their baneful effects in distracting from their duty the attention of the rustic Yeomanry Cavalry from the neighbourhood—of that fine old beau, Captain Paton—of the city Homer, Blind Alick—and the city Demosthenes, Hawkie.