THE SCOTTISH GENEALOGIST

JUNE 2022

The King's Jaunt

The Dunoon Outrage

An Old Scotch Gardener

QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE SCOTTISH GENEALOGY SOCIETY

Vol. LXX No. 2

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Scottish charity No. SC016718

This edition of *The Scottish Genealogist* was edited by Caroline Gerard, with the valued assistance of Chic Bower at Printing Services (Fife) Ltd and of all our regular and occasional contributors.

Front Cover:
The Society's Coat of Arms

Back Cover:
The Swanston Gardener, from a painting by J. Rutherford Patrick (1866-1943)
The R.L. Stevenson Originals by E.B. Simpson, 1912.

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Annual General Meeting 2022

This has been deferred until the Autumn session so that more members may attend in person.

Volunteers required!

To enable the Society's Library to resume its previous opening hours, new volunteers are needed. Full training supplied.

Please contact: enquiries@scotsgeneaology.com

Coronavirus Update

The Library is now open three days a week: Monday, Tuesday & Thursday, 10.30am to 4pm.

Booking is no longer required, although a maximum of 15 persons will be permitted at any one time.

Precautions: Wearing a face-mask is now optional, but users must still sign in or scan the QR code and observe hand hygiene.

Meetings were resumed in October.

Please continue to check our website www.scotsgenealogy.com for updates and changes.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Society is an academic and consultative body whose constitutional objects are to promote research into Scottish family history and to undertake the collection, exchange and publication of information and material relating to Scottish genealogy. Copies of our Constitution are available to members upon request. We assist members with modest enquiries, but do not carry out professional research. Private researchers are available, and we can also provide an ASGRA list upon request.

Meetings

Monthly meetings of the Society are held September to April in the Augustine United Church, 41 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh, at 7.30pm around the 15th of the month, unless otherwise stated.

Membership

Single UK membership £20; Family, Overseas and Institutional membership £25.

The Society is recognised by the Inland Revenue as a charity. Members who pay UK income tax are thus encouraged to pay subscriptions under the Gift Aid Scheme so that the Society may recover the tax paid on these sums. Details of arrangements for the scheme can be obtained from the UK Membership Secretary.

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The Scottish Genealogist

Relevant articles are welcomed by the Hon. Editor preferably submitted in MSWord or rtf format via email or on a CDRom. (Please, no formatting.) Illustrations are preferred in .jpeg format. Members' queries are also welcomed for inclusion in the magazine: a £2 per entry charge is made to non-members.

Email: **editor@scotsgenealogy.com**

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‘Digging up’ RLS: archaeological method as applied to literature

Mafalda Cipollone

Old is the tree and the fruit good,
Very old and thick the wood.
Woodman, is your courage stout?
Beware! the root is wrapped about
Your mother’s heart, your father’s bones;
And like the mandrake comes with groans.

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *The House of Eld*)

Studying literature could seem just a matter of editing and commenting, but in my personal experience I think that it can also show an affinity to the archaeological method, which I know well through my work at the Archaeological Museum of Perugia since 1986. In addition, in 2008 I obtained a diploma in “Archival and Paleographic Science”, and as a result I got used to reading and transcribing old handwriting and documents. A good understanding of a literary text and its author can involve, as it happens with archaeology, the study of manuscripts as artefacts, the cross-reference of archival data - or even getting out of libraries to go and decipher the inscription on a grave. As it happens with archaeology, we need a methodical collation of data, followed by an interpretation, but also the good fortune of an unexpected discovery and some skill in identifying it.

I first met RLS when I was a little girl, on *Treasure Island,* but I didn’t like it very much then. All changed when my dad gave me the old (and only) Italian edition of the *Fables* (1943), and that made me change my mind. Only much later I discovered that the book’s translator, signing as Marco Lombardi, was in fact the Jewish author Aldo Camerino, who edited under a false name to elude the fascist law and, hidden in a friend’s home by the Venetian lagoon, weathered the storm translating RLS. In his Preface to the *Fables* Aldo Camerino wrote:

> *Stevenson’s lyrical gifts make a great story-teller of him; his ability in investing himself each time in little or big stories, of greater or lesser account, always with that enthusiasm, not youthful but exquisitely childish, that has at its service one of the most beautiful authors we can imagine; actually, that we, necessarily, always need to imagine a little (like all true artists, whom we warmly associate).*

And I, too, feel humbly to have become one of Stevenson’s associates!

But now let me leave his Italian translator and, like the archaeologist who leaves behind the latest layers, carry on my personal excavation.

In 2005 I started to be interested in RLS’s rich epistolary, which I found by chance online, in one of the first English editions, the 4 volumes published by Sidney

Colvin in 1911, and since then the author's personality began more and more to show itself, revealing unknown aspects, totally different from the picture generally drawn by literature.

In recent years I have come into contact with the editors of the New Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's complete works. They were looking for online volunteers to help them in transcribing the original manuscripts, and thanks to my experience in reading 19th-century handwritings, for some years I have been collaborating for free with them.

A manuscript is an artefact as are the ones studied by the archaeologist: it includes a lot of information and needs a complex work of interpretation.

On that occasion I experienced manuscript transcription as a sort of voyage inside the author, his psyche, his time, his culture, and especially - most fascinating - his human nature. A sort of voyage in the past.

Since 2014 I have been publishing an English blog, in which I edit Stevenson's letters (out of copyright), illustrating the text with a series of pictures and videos found on the internet. The text plus the pictures, mostly from Stevenson's time but also contemporary (for a sometimes jarring comparison with the past), are in such a way put together, allowing the reader to make a real time travel.

This analytical method (which I personally find exciting), weaving text and images, sometimes lets me make small discoveries, carrying out a real archaeological work, consisting of investigation, excavation, interpretation and reconstruction of little biographic fragments.

Six-year-old Louis used to walk along the Water of Leith with his dear nurse Alison Cunningham ('Cummy') from his second childhood home at Inverleith Terrace to Warriston Cemetery. In June 2019 I was in Edinburgh to retrace that path.

As an adult, in his unfinished essay 'Rosa Quo Locorum', probably written in 1890 and only posthumously published, Stevenson tells us how artistic awareness arises in children even before they learn to read. He does this by digging up into his own childhood memories:

> *I have some old fogged negatives in my collection that would seem to imply a prior stage 'The Lord is gone up with a shout, and God with the sound of a trumpet' - memorial version, I know not where to find the text - rings still in my ear from my first childhood, and perhaps with something of my nurses accent. There was possibly some sort of image written in my mind by these loud words, but I believe the words themselves were what I cherished... I must have been taught the love of beautiful sounds before I was breeched... the child thinks much in images, words are very live to him, phrases that imply a picture eloquent beyond their value. Rummaging in the dusty pigeon-holes of memory, I came once upon a graphic version of the famous Psalm, 'The Lord is my shepherd': and from the places employed in*

its illustration, which are all in the immediate neighbourhood of a house then occupied by my father, I am able, to date it before the seventh year of my age, although it was probably earlier in fact. The 'pastures green' were represented by a certain suburban stubble-field, where I had once walked with my nurse, under an autumnal sunset, on the banks of the Water of Leith: the place is long ago built up; no pastures now, no stubble-fields; only a maze of little streets and smoking chimneys and shrill children. Here, in the fleecy person of a sheep, I seemed to myself to follow something unseen, unrealised, and yet benignant; and close by the sheep in which I was incarnated - as if for greater security - rustled the skirt of my nurse.

And the Scottish metric adaptation of Psalm 23 ('The Lord is my Shepherd') came back to his memory:

'Death's dark vale' was a certain archway in the Warriston Cemetery: a formidable yet beloved spot, for children love to be afraid, - in measure as they love all experience of vitality. Here I beheld myself some paces ahead (seeing myself, I mean, from behind) utterly alone in that uncanny passage; on the one side of me a rude, knobby, shepherd's staff, such as cheers the heart of the cockney tourist, on the other a rod like a billiard cue, appeared to accompany my progress; the stiff sturdily upright, the billiard cue inclined confidentially, like one whispering, towards my ear. I was aware - I will never tell you how - that the presence of these articles afforded me encouragement.

In a letter written from South France, in 1883, Louis asked Cummy:

Do you remember, at Warriston, one autumn Sunday, when the beech nuts were on the ground, seeing Heaven open?

Swanston Cottage

In 1867, Thomas Stevenson (father of RLS) rented a "cottage" in Swanston, close to Swanston Village, where the family often took refuge, away from the city pollution. The cottage had been built by Edinburgh Town Council in 1761, in connection with its water supply. It was enlarged in 1820, embellished in 1867 and altered by Robert Lorimer in 1908. Cummy's brother William was resident at Swanston in a nearby house, and later in life she chose to remain there with him.

The Stevensons' garden at Swanston was tended by a Mr Robert Young, after whose death, in 1870, Louis would publish a memoir in a university magazine, a sort of funeral oration tinged with affection and irony, entitled "An Old Scotch Gardener" (now included in the collection of essays, *Memories and Portraits*). Here are some excerpts:

It is impossible to separate his spare form and old straw hat from the garden in the lap of the hill, with its rocks overgrown with clematis, its

Swanston Cottage in 2022

shadowy walks, and the splendid breadth of champaign that one saw from the north-west corner. The garden and gardener seem part and parcel of each other. When I take him from his right surroundings and try to make him appear for me on paper, he looks unreal and phantasmal: the best that I can say may convey some notion to those that never saw him, but to me it will be ever impotent.

... the sway that he exercised over your feelings he extended to your garden, and, through the garden, to your diet. He would trim a hedge, throw away a favourite plant, or fill the most favoured and fertile section of the garden with a vegetable that none of us could eat, in supreme contempt for our opinion…

... In flowers his taste was old-fashioned and catholic; affecting sunflowers and dahlias, wallflowers and roses and holding in supreme aversion whatsoever was fantastic, new-fashioned or wild. There was one exception to this sweeping ban. Foxgloves, though undoubtedly guilty on the last count, he not only spared, but loved; and when the shrubbery was being thinned, he stayed his hand and dexterously manipulated his bill in order to save every stately stem... Indeed, he was a man keenly alive to the beauty of all that was bygone... But however his sympathy with his old feelings might affect his liking for the foxgloves, the very truth was that he scorned all flowers together. They were but garnishings, childish toys, trifling

ornaments for ladies' chimney-shelves. It was towards his cauliflowers and peas and cabbage that his heart grew warm. His preference for the more useful growths was such that cabbages were found invading the flower-pots, and an outpost of savoys was once discovered in the centre of the lawn.

Photograph of Robert Young,
The R.L. Stevenson Originals by E.B. Simpson, 1912.

... As far as the Bible goes, he was deeply read... All day long he had dreamed of the Hebrew stories, and his head had been full of Hebrew poetry and Gospel ethics... so that he rarely spoke without some antique idiom or Scripture mannerism... But the influence of the Bible did not stop here. There was more in Robert than quaint phrase and ready store of reference. He was imbued with a spirit of peace and love... One thing was noticeable about Robert's religion: it was neither dogmatic nor sectarian. He never expatiated (at least, in my hearing) on the doctrines of his creed, and he never condemned anybody else... But I could go on for ever chronicling his golden sayings or telling of his innocent and living piety. I had meant to tell of his cottage, with the German pipe hung reverently above the fire, and the shell box that he had made for his son, and of which he would say pathetically: "He was real pleased wi' it at first, but I think he's got a kind o' tired o' it now" - the son being then a man of about forty. But I will let all these pass. 'Tis more significant: he's dead.

On 27 July 1877, in a letter to Robert Young's son (named Robert too), in which he paid his respects to the death of that gentleman's mother, Louis wrote:

> *My father is from home on business and does not return till Saturday evening; so it will be impossible for him to attend the funeral of your mother. I know he will regret this very much, for we all liked and respected Mrs Young. You may be sure that we sympathise with you on your loss. Swanston has never looked itself since your good father was taken hence; and now here is another link gone. But at least it is agreeable to think that husband and wife are now reunited after a very brief separation.*

[The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, Volume Two, April 1874 – July 1879, edited by Bradford A. Booth and Ernest Mehew, Yale University Press, 1994]

The grave

Until recently, we didn't know where the gardener was buried, with his wife. We knew that he had died in Swanston in 1870 but his grave hadn't yet been found. Chance (and a stroke of luck too) brought me to meet the Friends of Warriston Cemetery. After learning of my devout pilgrimage to Stevenson's places, I was informed that there were two fallen gravestones, commemorating the family of Robert Young, our Swanston gardener. So, we could confirm that Robert Young had died in Swanston but had been interred in Warriston.

Robert Young's grave at Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh. Photograph by the author.

We also know that the Stevensons probably attended Robert Young's funeral in 1870.

> *The earth, that he had digged so much in his life, was dug out by another for himself; and the flowers that he had tended drew their life still from him, but in a new and nearer way. A bird flew about the open grave, as if it too wished to honour the obsequies of one who had so often quoted Scripture in favour of its kind. "Are not two sparrows sold for one farthing, and yet not one of them falleth to the ground."*
>
> *Yes, he is dead. But the kings did not rise in the place of death to greet him "with taunting proverbs" as they rose to greet the haughty Babylonian; for in his life he was lowly, and a peacemaker and a servant of God.*

Finally: it was an actual chance discovery for me, made possible by a chance meeting, and also by a little insistence from me: in fact, I had been there the previous week, when the cemetery was completely deserted.

By doing so, going to Warriston looking for RLS, I ended up finding his gardener! In this way I've just wished to prove how, by means of an investigative method, typical of an archaeologist you can interpret, just by cross-referencing, some literary, archival and epigraphic data.

Robert Young

Robert Young was born to James Young, Miller, and Marion Nicol, on 26 August 1798 at Eddlestone, Peebles-shire. In June 1823 he married Margaret Dickson, and they had at least nine children, including Agnes and Robert, the two youngest.

For some years Robert Young was Gardener at Whim Hall, Newlands, built by the Duke of Argyll in the 1730s. It was owned and occupied for some years, however, by the Montgomery family. Archibald Montgomery died on 16 December 1844, and the occupancy (although not the ownership) changed. Robert Young and his family were still resident there in 1841 and 1851, but it may have been the change of The Whim's occupant which prompted the removal to Swanston and the subsequent literary immortality.

The youngest daughter, Agnes, became a Domestic Servant and died of Enteric Fever, aged 25, at 28 Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, on 26 February 1867. She was the first family member to be interred, two days later, in the grave at Warriston Cemetery. The lair may have been purchased by her brother Robert, an Ironmonger then at 3 Glen Street, Edinburgh.

Robert Young died 22 February 1870 at Swanston, followed by his wife Margaret Dickson who died at their son's home on 25 July 1877. Robert's death was certified by Dr George William Balfour (1823 – 1903), later Physician-in-Ordinary to His Majesty the King in Scotland, who was a maternal uncle of RLS and resident at Colinton near his childhood home, the Manse.

When the son Robert died on 3 November 1910, *The Scotsman* wrote:-

> *The late Mr Robert Young, Edinburgh*
>
> *Mr Robert Young, ironmonger, Morrison Street, a well-known citizen of Edinburgh, died yesterday morning at his residence, 39 Leamington Terrace. The deceased gentleman, who was in his sixty-sixth year, took some interest in municipal affairs, and had agreed to contest the vacancy in Haymarket ward, created in April of last year by the death of Bailie Martin, but had to retire on account of ill-health. He was a member of West St Giles' Parish Church, and was much respected. He leaves a widow and grown-up family. Mr Young had the unusual hobby of collecting old horse-shoes, and he possessed ancient and modern specimens of peculiar interest.*

His funeral took place at Warriston at 2.30pm on Saturday 5th November.

In 1871 he had married Elizabeth Johnstone, who died in 1887. In 1899 he married secondly Jessie Sanderson, who lived until 1933.

The Warriston gravestone records also that one child by his second marriage is interred in North Merchiston Cemetery, Edinburgh, and that another son, George Sanders Handley Young, was killed at Gallipoli on 12 July 1915. George previously had been employed in banking, a member of the Cadet Corps, a footballer with the 3rd Watsonian Team, and associated with the Portobello Amateur Rowing Club.

Dear is the place where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost but gone before.

This tribute at the foot of the gravestone is from an 1828 hymn by Benjamin Clark, reflecting the senior Robert Young's religious beliefs.

With thanks to Neil Macara Brown, to Alan McIntosh and to Peter Gentleman of the City of Edinburgh Council's Bereavement Services for their assistance.

The Friends of Warriston Cemetery are planting foxgloves by Robert Young's grave. The temptation to plant cabbages was resisted.

Reminiscences of Calton, Glasgow Part II

Lachlan McGown (1836-1896), Nepanee, Ontario
Published in the *Scottish Canadian* in 1893
Transcribed by Elizabeth Reynolds Moye

In the summer time in the Saturday afternoons, when the webs in the warehouse and the weavers had returned from the town with a new supply of yarn, they would sit on the midden dyke and read aloud and discuss the Glasgow *Saturday Post* or Peter McKenzie's *Gazette*. Often I have listened to critical remarks on the Corn Laws, the Chartist Movement, and other questions of the day, and though I knew it not then, I learned long afterwards that they were discussed with an amount of intelligence and acumen that would have dignified the halls of St. Stephen. When far removed from scenes of our Close, and when time and opportunity had developed, or changed, the crude conceptions of youth, I have often marveled on the general accuracy of the observations I had so often listened to. Since then they have enabled me to understand the work and character of public men whose names were wont to ring in our Close like a bugle call to battle. Among them were Russell, Peel, Palmerston, Cobden, Bright, Hume and many others whose names flit across memory. Some had unqualified praise, while others were blamed, but brave manly British hearts were they all

A favourite resort of the old men of Calton of that time was the round-seat in the Green, near the Fleshers' Haugh. It was a large spreading tree encircled (resting on its knarlie root) by a substantial oak seat. On the warm summer days there would gather the old worthies of the burgh, dressed in knee britches and long blue coats, to chat over the past, while they sent round each other's snuff- boxes. I remember one characteristic feature they had that today under like circumstances would be impossible. They said very little about their own personal ailments. They mourned over the departed glories of the past, and the decadence of the present. In their opinion "there were giants in those days", but they were a puir lot o' whimpering spindle-shanks now. Few of them were younger than ninety, and one or two were said to be centenarians, who in all likelihood when they were boys, stood near this spot witnessing "Bonnie Prince Charlie" review his Highland army on the occasion of his unwelcome visit to Glasgow in 1745. The men of the Calton at that time were anything but friendly to Charlie; but no doubt the boys like the boys now, were clean daft in love with his gallant Highlandmen – a sentiment which has awakened in the breast of many a Lowland youth an unquenchable love for the tartan and made him proud to sustain throughout the world the unfading record of old Scotland's invincible renown.

It is a matter of history that Charlie and his men showed scant courtesy to the Whigs of Glasgow, for they were mulcted in the amount of 12,000 shirts, 6,000 coats, 6,000 pairs of shoes, 6,000 pairs of stockings, 6,000 waistcoats, 6,000 bonnets, and oatmeal and herring without limit, besides a general looting by way of exchanging their old brogues for new shoes. No wonder Charlie was

mad at Glasgow, for while other places, such as Edinburgh, were openly and secretly aiding him with men and money, Glasgow remained loyal to the House of Hanover, and sent a Volunteer Regiment into the field against him, Calton, being true-blue Protestant and Whiggish, furnishing a considerable quota. At the Battle of Falkirk they took a prominent part in that miserable disgrace to British arms and were among the few who stood manfully to the last redeeming with their lives the all but total rout. It is said that the Highlanders showed no mercy to the Volunteers, as they thought the quarrel was none of their business. In a doggerel of the time, written by Dugald Graham, bellman of Glasgow-

The volunteers, who zealous
Kept firing close, till near surrounded
And by the flying horse confounded;
They suffer'd sair into this place.
No Highlander pitied their case,
'You cursed militia,' they did swear
'What the devil did bring you here.'

Had my old friends of the round seat lived in an age of interviewing like the present the world might have been enriched with much interesting information; but except as a pleasant memory with some old Caltonian who, like myself, was wont to accompany an aged relative on his usual sunny-day ramble, the round seat is as forgotten as the men who sat there more than fifty years ago. I am informed that every trace of it is removed, as well as the tree that stood near it, called "Charlie's Tree," which, it is said, he stood under as his gallant lads passed before him. Pity that some one cognizant of all the [—] had not made an appeal to public sentiment and tried to save from utter oblivion such time honoured relics.

Though it is true that, generally speaking, the Calton was a nest of weavers, we were not by any means deficient in the advantages of grace and culture derived from having a goodly number of residenters with means and leisure. One notable feature the Calton magnate had over his more aristocratic brother in the big city was that he never seemed to lose sight of his natural kinship to his less-favoured compeer. I am certain the itch for building grand houses at a distance from the old haunts was longer in reaching the Calton than any other portion of Scotland. On every street we had a few well-to-do lairds who owned a number of laans with the usual four-loom shops, and who lived in cozy comfort with their tenants. Then if we went up some lane or out-of-the-way place, amoung red-tiled houses, we would find a family mansion of the genuine manor style, surrounded by its ancient garden and conservatory. Sometimes the owner had been in India or America and had, in the usual way, come home rich to spend his days with his old neighbours. But more often it was the old family home endeared by a thousand charms to the many generations born there, and endeared to all who knew it because of the brave men and gentle women who lived and passed away from under its roof-tree. It is pleasing to an old Calton boy to recall the unclouded

amenities of the early days and he may be pardoned if in these days of caste shams and mammon worship he loves to dwell on the glories of the dear old burgh, when we were "a' John Tamson's bairns," when rich women were Lady Bountifuls, and poor women were not paupers, and when rich men's sons went to school with weavers' sons, fought with them, lived with them, and stood by them through thick and thin, for the honour of the Calton against the big city and the world in arms.

There were schools in the Calton, and school-masters too. Of the former I remember little, though I went to three of them. The standing of any of them was to me a matter of indifference, the curriculum was the same in all and no doubt I managed to get through an average share of answers in the "Shorter Catechism," the stated number of verses in the New Testament, and recitations from the "Third Collection," and plunked the skule as often as chance permitted; but I am altogether oblivious of the facts. But the schoolmasters, "how bright they shine on memory. I think I see them yet," and feel them too. With the exception of one they were a lot of cruel tyrants. Dante died at the wrong time. Had he gone to school in the Calton with me he would have got a few new points for his "inferno." One teacher became a great preacher. I never went to hear him preach. When his name was mentioned my flesh creeped. He was a professional with the cudgel. If he is dead I am sure he is in heaven, for one devil is enough in hell.

But to refer to my immediate contemporaries. The boys of our laan, and inferentially, the boys of the Calton. Though it may be said that weaving seemed to be the predestined groove for our boys to run in, yet I don't remember one of them who followed weaving, at least beyond early manhood. They usually drifted into other callings. One or two seemed unfit for anything else because of a weak constitution or sedentary habits. Poet Tam, for example, was apparently "doomed to warble at the loom." His quiet and inoffensive nature, combined with a feeble body, ill-adapted him to stand the rude buffetings of the world; so with his books before him he seemed content to work in the loom-shop with his father and uncle. With the boys Tam's poetry was reckoned second only to Burns. Certainly we were preferential critics, but it was honest judgment. It was a genuine pleasure for us to be his confidential listeners to the outpourings of his genial nature; and how we did rail at the unfeeling newspaper men for returning "with thanks" so many of his model effusions. But we were proud one Saturday afternoon when we heard our men read out the "Poet's Corner" in the Post lines by Calton Callant. They wondered who could be the author and for once they forgot to discuss politics; they were unstinted in their praise, and it was with unjealous pride they hailed the advent of a new poet "in our laan." But amid the congratulations poor Tam, with two or three of his chums, sought the quiet seclusion of the beam shop, where he unfolded with diffident voice his plans for the future. I felt a genuine sympathy with him at that time, without perhaps fully understanding his feelings. It was the magnetism of boyhood's best dream, the love of a bosom chum. So his happiness was mine; but I have often thought

since then that, if some gifted editor (a firm believer in the conventionalism of the sanctum) had that evening seen in the beam shop the kindling glow that overspread that little party, he might have caught a glimmer of the power and incentive to high hopes and noble thoughts that kindly word and friendly recognition can awaken in the breast of a modest child of nature. "Oh why has worth so short a span?" Our young friend's history is soon told. Press recognition of his merits became frequent. His father, being a free burgess, had him placed in the school of the Hutchison foundation, where he studied hard, and at the end of two years he stood dux of the school. It was a proud day for the boys of our laan when, on the annual procession of the schools, we stood at St. Andrew's Church door and saw Tam enter with the gold medal on his breast. There was joy in our laan that evening when Tam came home to rest, a rest we little thought of at the time, but for the flowers that were then in bloom, in a few brief weeks lay withered on his grave.

Another of the boys, who also left a strong impression on the rest of us, was Dan - or "Dan the Imp" as he was best known by. If there was any mischief-doing, such as tying doors or cats' tails, stopping chimneys with sods, or key holes with mud, Dan was sure to be blamed for it, and generally the blame was placed right. Many a dire forecast of his future was thrown at his devoted head by the old women of the neighbourhood. But what did Dan care? His poor old grandmother (his only relative) spoke well of him, and better than all, he was the pride of the boys, not only in our laan, but of those of the Calton. Though he was as young as most of us he stood a head taller than the tallest. He was a born leader, and many a strange adventure he led us into. He had a wonderful fascination over us. It may be strange to speak thus of a boy about ten years of age, and his fellows; but sure it is "the boy is father to the man." Dan was a manly boy. He never shirked responsibility, and whatever scrapes he got into he always took the blame. He left the laan earlier than the most of us [——] of him for many years; but I hea[—] [—]isted. It was gratifying news to me (as I am sure it was to every one who remembered and loved "Dan the Imp") when I read in Canada that he had been in the Crimea where he had behaved just as we knew the gallant fellow would and had come home a commissioned officer to receive from Her Majesty the honour of the Victoria Cross.

Since the days of lang syne time has wrought many changes amoung the boys of our laan. The greater number of them are dead. Few of them died at home with their own people. Some are sepulchered in ocean's depths. More than one fell in their country's quarrel, and form now part of the dust of Crimean steppe or Indian plain. One went to China, a soldier of the cross and remained there unheard of by his kindred for ten years, and came home then with his mind stored with a richness of knowledge of which millions yet unborn shall reap the advantage. After a brief stay in his native land he returned to his self-imposed duty and wandered into the far interior, and now men speak of the Bible translated into the many difficult inflexions of the Chinese tongue, and that was his life-

work. Adventurous travelers tell of the lowly undecked grave where rests the devoted missionary whose daring spirit and unflinching obedience to the call of duty had led him, like another Livingstone, to leave home and all that made life dear to discover and open up a path to the unknown. Though his life's work was a grand and noble one, and his death glorious, to one who knew him when life was young, a natural sadness follows the thought that a being so lovable, and with a disposition fitted so admirable for kindly social intercourse, should pass away like a homeless stranger, unknown and unfriended, save by the native servant or the few wandering mongrels his warm nature had endeared him to.

Our boys, in common with those of the world over, then, had few of the advantages boys now possess for acquiring knowledge by easy and simple methods. To learn anything we had to grind in the mill for it. We did not have the advantage of having the paths to knowledge made smooth and pleasing. They were rather made purposely rugged. I referred to some of our Calton schoolmasters as too fond of the lash but the men were not to blame - it was the system. I have had to spend in mortal terror hours over a sum in arithmetic that would only take a boy a few seconds to solve to-day, because of the easier and better method. School books of the higher and scientific grades were scarce and very dear. Books, generally speaking, were the same. The common school books were the New Testament, the Shorter Catechism, with annotations, and the First to the Fifth Reader. Our historical knowledge was derived from the unintelligible compendiums built on the ponderous foundations laid by Clarendon and Hume. Out of school, on the book shelves of our elders, we had a few thick leather-covered volumes, such as "Josephus," "Rollin," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "The Scots Worthies," and "The Lives of Wallace and Bruce." Of books of travel and adventure we had the boy's book of books to all time - "Robinson Crusoe" that prince of travelers, in whom we believed and wished to emulate. Then we had our old and ever new friends, "Gulliver," and "Sinbad," also a few of the most noted buccaneers and pirates. Strange as it may seem, those who were the most sanguinary, and had caused the greatest number of unfortunates to walk the plank, were sure to have our sympathy. In poetry we were sadly deficient for except a few chap book copies of some of the songs and minor poems of Burns, Tannahill and the Ettrick Shepherd, all we knew about the inexhaustible wealth of Scotia's muse was learned by listening to the lilting of the women as they turned the wheel or in the croonings of the men at the loom.

The times I speak of were just about the close of the evil days for Scottish poetry. It would appear to-day as a strange perversion of a certainly deep-rooted national sentiment for nothing has done more to develop, or has left a more lasting impression on Scottish character, than has poetry. Yet I remember when the poet ranked [—] in the scale with play-actors, fiddlers and [-]inklers.

The famous "Essays and Reviews" and the "Tractarian Movement" were then recent and the men of our laan, true to their polemical instincts, seemed to think that they knew as much about the questions raised as the learned theologians

Entry of George IV into Edinburgh from the C
Permission to reproduce requested from the City Art Centre, Market Stre

alton Hill 1822 by J.W. Ewbank (c1799-1847).
eet, Edinburgh. This painting will be on display there again this summer.

John Peter Grant of Rothiemurchus 1774-1848

Evelyn Whitfield

On 15 August 1822, George IV landed at Leith to commence "The King's Jaunt", the first Royal Visit by a reigning monarch since 1651, thereby kicking off the "one-and-twenty daft days". As ever with such celebratory events, opportunities arose for those in the right place at the right time.

In Edinburgh's Dean Cemetery is a monument to John Peter Grant of Rothiemurchus, who was born in 1774 at London, and who died in 1848, on a sea journey from India. This memorial can be found in the Old Ground, against the north wall.

He was educated privately and attended Edinburgh University in 1790. He married Jane Ironside in 1896 and they had five children. Their eldest daughter Elizabeth who was born at Bute House, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, became a well-known diarist and writer. Her autobiography *Memoirs of a Highland Lady* had a wide circulation.

His other children were William Patrick Grant (10th Laird of Rothiemurchus, also buried in Dean Cemetery, in the rose garden area), Jane Grant, Mary Frances Grant and John Peter Grant (11th Laird of Rothiemurchus).

John Peter Grant (senior) sat in the House of Commons from 1812-1826, serving as Member of Parliament for Grimsby from 1812 to 1818, then for Tavistock from 1819 to 1826. He was subsequently knighted on 30 June 1827. Being an MP at that time was an honorary (ie unpaid) position and John Peter Grant reputedly had a penchant for living beyond his means. Being an MP also required the spending of money that his financial situation could not sustain. His fortunes were about to change, however, as history unfolded.

There had been some turbulent times between Scotland and England, following the Act of Union in 1707 and the Jacobite Rebellions of 1715 and 1745. The last reigning monarch to visit Scotland had been King Charles II when he was being crowned at Scone in 1651.

By 1822 George IV was on the throne and was proving to be an unpopular monarch, so when his advisors suggested a royal visit to Scotland, he was understandably a little nervous at the prospect. However, our own Sir Walter Scott had met King George and established a friendly relationship with him. Sir Walter willingly stepped up to the challenge of arranging the royal visit.

He eloquently roused the population of Edinburgh to turn out in large numbers to line the streets and cheer their king. Being a "mover and shaker" of his times, he made ambitious plans for the visit which was to last for the fourteen days between the 15th and 29th August. He even persuaded a friend who was a theatrical impresario to help him stage-manage some of the events which included a procession up the Royal Mile, a service at St Giles Cathedral, a visit to Hopetoun

House, a theatre performance of his own popular story of Rob Roy and a spectacular banquet, followed by the Caledonian Hunt Ball where many of the dancers were kilted. The king was said to have been very excited by the strathspeys and reels and the whole tartan pageantry of his visit. In anticipation of his visit and hoping to curry favour with his Scottish subjects, the king had ordered a kilt to be made by a London tailor and he wore it with evident pride. It was unfortunate that it had been made rather short in length and the king, who was of short stature and decidedly portly, insisted on wearing pink tights or pantaloons underneath it. The overall effect was mocked by the caricaturists of the time but the king was undaunted and seemed pleased with his efforts to gain the affection and esteem of the populace.

John Peter Grant re-enters the story here, as he had been invited to attend the banquet, along with all the other worthies. During the course of the evening he supplied the king with some whisky. According to the diaries of his daughter, this was some rare Glenlivet and 100 Ptarmigan. The king was most impressed by its quality. John Peter Grant seized the opportunity to send post-haste to his estate at Rothiemurchus for more whisky to be brought at great speed to the Capital while the king was still in residence there. This was successfully achieved and the king was suitably delighted.

John Peter Grant continued to have financial difficulties but in 1827 he was offered a post as a judge in India - in Bombay 1827-30, then in Bengal 1833-48. His daughter liked to think that the king's gratitude for the unexpected gift of the whisky at the 1822 banquet was a contributory factor in this appointment. It was a very lucrative post which John Peter Grant eagerly accepted, calling it his "splendid exile" and hoping it would end all his financial worries and set him up for the future (a hope that did not entirely come to fruition!)

August 2022 will be the bi-centennial anniversary of the momentous occasion of King George IV's visit to Edinburgh.

In *Memoirs of a Highland Lady*, Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus wrote:-

This Autumn King George the 4th, then, I think, only Regent, visited Scotland. The whole country went mad. Every body strained every point to get to Edinburgh to receive him. Sir Walter Scott and the town Council were overwhelming themselves with the preparations. My Mother did not feel well enough for the bustle, neither was I at all fit for it, so we staid at home with Aunt Mary. My father, my two sisters and William, with lace, feathers, pearls, the old landau, the old horses, and the old liveries, all went to add to the Show, which they said was delightful. The Countess of Lauderdale presented my two sisters and the

two Misses Grant of Congalton, a group allowed to be the prettiest there. The Clan Grant had quite a triumph, no equipage was as handsome as that of Colonel Francis Grant, our acting Chief, in their red and green and gold. There were processions, a Review, a Levée, a Drawing room, and a Ball, at which last Jane was one of the young ladies selected to dance in the reel before the Regent, with, I think, poor Captain Murray of Abercairney, a young naval officer, for her partner. A great mistake was made by the Stage Managers – one that offended all the southron Scots; the King wore at the Levée the highland dress. I daresay he thought the country all highland, expected no fertile plains, did not know the difference between the Saxon and the Celt. However, all else went off well, this little slur on the Saxon was overlooked, and it gave occasion for a good laugh at one of Lady Saltoun's witty speeches. Some one objecting to this dress, particularly on so large a man, whose nudities were no longer attractive, "Nay,' said she, we should take it very kind of him; since his stay will be so short, the more we see of him the better.' Sir William Curtis was kilted too, and standing near the King, many persons mistook them, amongst others John Hamilton Dundas, who kneeled to kiss the fat Alderman's hand, when, finding out his mistake, he called out, 'Wrong, by Jove,' and rising, moved on undaunted to the larger presence.

One incident connected with this bustling time made me very cross. Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, was looking everywhere for pure *Glenlivet* whiskey – the King drank nothing else – it was not to be had out of the highlands. My father sent word to me, I was the Cellarer, to empty my pet bin, where there was whiskey long in wood, long in uncorked bottles, mild as milk, and the true contraband *goût* in it. Much as I grudged this treasure it made our fortunes afterwards, shewing on what trifles great events sometimes depend. The whiskey, and fifty brace of ptarmigan all shot by one man in one day, went up to Holyrood House, and were graciously received and made much of, and a reminder of this attention at a proper moment by the gentlemanly Chamberlain ensured to my father the Indian Judgeship.

The Dunoon Outrage

Outrage near Glasgow

The following is from the *Glasgow Daily Mail* –

On the evening of Saturday a young woman named Elizabeth Munro, who is a domestic servant with Mr Roderick Morrison, Gordon Cottage, near to Kirn, at the western entrance to Holy Loch, had occasion to visit Dunoon to make some purchases, and she willingly accepted the offer of a sail thither in a small rowing boat from a man named Hugh Murray, who is a mason by trade, and who resides with his wife at Dunoon, but has been engaged for some time back in erecting a sea wall at Kirn, and where the young woman had got slightly acquainted with him from his working so close to the residence of her master. The two left Kirn about six o'clock, Murray pulling the boat, which was a light craft, with a pair of oars. Instead of proceeding to Dunoon, however, he shaped his course towards the opposite shore, contrary to the young woman's entreaties. When about half-way across he made improper advances to his companion, and when she resisted he became violent, and threatened to throw her overboard: and soon after the ruffian carried his diabolical threat into execution, seizing her by the wrists and dropping her over the gunwale of the boat until it nearly swamped, the water flowing occasionally into the boat. She screamed loudly and vainly for help, crying 'Murder' at the top of her voice. At length he took her into the boat, and pulled direct for McInroy's Point, some distance above the Cloch Light, and opposite to which is a planting. He got on shore there and endeavoured to persuade her to follow him, but she was terrified, and would not go. He took the oars ashore with him, and said he would set the boat adrift with her if she would not follow him; but she preferred even being exposed to the sea in a small oarless boat, in a dark night, to encountering the ruffian's violence on shore. Finding his threats of no avail, he re-embarked in the boat, and pulled away across the river. When about a mile from the shore he resumed his violence, when she again as stoutly resisted, and he again threw her into the river. She again cried long and lustily for help, and her cried were heard in Dunoon, and at the Cloch Ferry-House. The wonder is that the boat was not swamped, and both drowned. The night was happily quite calm, and her shrieks for help at length arrested the attention of the crew of the smack *Janet Taylor*, of Greenock, Edward Taylor, master, which was coming slowly up the river from Rothesay. Two men put off from the smack, and pulled with all speed towards the boat whence the cries were heard to proceed. By this time it was about ten o'clock at night. Murray, on seeing that they were observed, deviated from his murderous purpose, and took his victim into the boat, and tried to quell her alarm. On the smack's boat coming up to him those on board hailed and asked Murray what he had been doing to the woman and he said he was doing nothing. She implored them to come to her rescue and take her with them, but as they pulled near the boat for the purpose of doing so Murray threatened them to keep off, saying he

had a loaded pistol on him, and would shoot them if they dared to approach. They pressed upon him, and he pulled strong and tried to evade them, until he became exhausted, when the pursuers managed to board the boat with some difficulty, and to take the poor affrighted woman, completely saturated with water, leaving Murray to proceed on his way to Dunoon. She was taken on board the smack, and on the arrival of the vessel in the Bay of Quick, about four o'clock on Sunday morning, the woman and her rescuers proceeded at once to Mr Blair, the procurator-fiscal for the county, and reported the whole affair. Two criminal officers were despatched along with her to Dunoon in quest of Murray, in whose house they found his wife in a state of alarm and grief, evidently aware of the position of her husband. The boat, which belonged to himself and some other workmen, and was used principally in conveying them to and from their work, was found dragged up on the beach and turned over. It seems that Murray had arrived home about twelve o'clock at night, and, having shifted his clothes, disappeared no one knew whither; but the police are on his track, and he is not likely to be long at large. Murray has been long resident in Dunoon and district, engaged in his trade as a mason.

Jackson's Oxford Journal – Saturday, October 18, 1856

A reward of £50 is offered for the apprehension of Hugh Murray who committed the shameful outrage on a girl between Kirn and Cloch. His wife and family have removed from Dunoon to Glasgow, and it is supposed that he is still in Scotland.

Dundee Courier, 29 October 1856

Apprehension of Hugh Murray

About two months ago, it will be recollected, that a mason named Hugh Murray, residing at Dunoon, enticed a young woman into a boat with him one evening, and when out in the Firth between the Cloch and that place, committed an assault upon her, and went so far as to throw her into the water more than once in order to frighten her into submission to his bad usage. Foiled in his object, and calculating, apparently, that he would be called upon to answer for his barbarous conduct, he took the boat to the Renfrewshire side of the Firth, left his victim there, and never again appeared in Dunoon. A reward was offered for his apprehension, but for some time it seemed as if he would elude the pursuit of justice; but at length the able and indefatigable Superintendant of the Renfrewshire Police, Mr Robert Hunter, got upon his track, and after several counties in Scotland had been searched, succeeded in apprehending him in an out-of-the-way place amongst the Northumberland hills on Thursday last. Mr Hunter arrived with his prisoner in Glasgow yesterday evening, who will no doubt be kept in prison till tried for his offence. Murray is an Irishman, and appears to be about 27 years of age.

The Paisley Herald and Renfrewshire Advertiser, Saturday 13 December 1856

The trial of Hugh Murray, dykebuilder, Dunoon, for an assault on a servant girls in a boat between Dunoon and Cloch, has been fixed to take place before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh on Monday the 16th inst.

The Glasgow Herald, 4 February 1857

The attempted rape at Dunoon

Tom or *Thomas Murray*, alias *Hugh Murray*, alias *Hugh Trainer*, alias *Tom* or *Thomas Trainer*, was charged with assault and intent &c., in so far as, on 4th October 1856, in a boat sailing or floating on the River or Frith [*sic*] of Clyde, and at or near a part or parts of said river or frith, situated betwixt, or nearly betwixt, Kirn, in the united parishes of Dunoon and Kilmun, and county of Argyll, and Cloch, in the parish of Inverkip, and county of Renfrew, the said Tom or Thomas Murray, *alias* Hugh Murray, *alias* Tom or Thomas Trainer, did, wickedly and feloniously, attack and assault Elizabeth Munro, then or lately before servant to, and residing with Roderick Morrison, at or near Gordon Cottage, sometimes called Huntly Cottage, at or near Kirn aforesaid, and now or lately residing with the said Roderick Morrison, in or near South Apsley Place of Glasgow, with intent to ravish, and did, then and there, several or one or more times, seize hold of the person of the said Elizabeth Munro, and did throw or force her person over the side or over the stern of said boat into water of great depth, and holding her by her arms or hands, did suspend her person from said boat, and did keep her immersed in said water, and did threaten to drown her therein.

The prisoner, on being arraigned, pleaded not guilty.

Mr. McLaren, who appeared for the prisoner, took exception to the indictment, as not stating the case clearly or fully. The geographical boundaries were not accurately described, and no description was given of the boat in which the assault was alleged to have taken place. The compass within which the assault was said to have occurred was some fifty miles wide, and a great number of boats of every size and description were constantly to be found in it.

The Solicitor-General contended that the words of the indictment were quite specific. The boundaries were clearly described, and the boat was said to be a boat sailing or floating on the River or Frith of Clyde.

The Court thought the indictment might have been better worded, and the locality more specifically marked; at the same time it did not conceive that the objections were of sufficient weight to influence it as to the case.

A jury was then called, and the case was about to be entered on when the Court was ordered to be cleared, the proceedings to be heard with closed doors.

The jury immediately on the close of evidence, and without hearing the charge of the Lord Justice-Clerk, found a unanimous verdict of guilty.

The prisoner was sentenced to twenty-one years' transportation.

The Glasgow Herald, Wednesday morning, February 18 1857

John Stuart: History Recovered!

Caroline Gerard

The Friends of Warriston Cemetery began in July 2013, with the aim of freeing memorials from excessive weeds and ivy (while also respecting and enhancing the biodiversity). Work began on Saturday 20th July 2013. And the first stone to emerge from the ivy was such a surprise!

Here was a splendid angled stone chest, with a pink granite panel, although now without its decorative finial, an urn, perhaps. It commemorates firstly Captain John Stuart (HMRS), who died at the age of 71 years (of cholera, it turned out) on 14th September 1854. Afterwards had been added the details of his wife Elizabeth Maxwell, who died in 1861, plus those of two of their adult daughters, Susan and Annabella.

So what was John Stuart's story?

He'd been the Commander of a customs & excise vessel, *The Princess of Wales*, as had been his father also. He had been born at Rothesay on the Isle of Bute on 12th May 1783, son of John Stewart and Annabella MacDonald, and baptised (as John Stewart) four days later.

BEFORE

He married Elizabeth Maxwell in April 1810 and by 1825 they had 8 children, who were born at Stranraer, Rothesay and Campeltown. At least two of their children died young: Eliza in 1832 at the age of 21 and Alexander in 1834 at the age of 8 years and 6 months. These two children lie in Rothesay.

AFTER

The extant records of Excise Officers (held by the National Records of Scotland) were transcribed by the late Mr J.F. Mitchell, who, with his wife Sheila, also transcribed very many gravestone inscriptions in very many Scottish kirkyards.

John Stuart's Excise entries show that his was anything but an administrative position. In August 1821, for example, the

Greenock Advertiser reported that the *Princess of Wales* had brought in some of the crew of the *Jane*, who were accused of murdering their captain, Thomas Johnston, and a seaman, James Paterson (as well as confining two other crew members, Peter Smith and Robert Strachan). The *Jane* was a Gibraltar vessel and had been on a voyage to the Brazils with a valuable cargo which included currency, and had taken on two crew members, Peter Henman and Francois Gautier, at the Rock. They hijacked the vessel and sailed instead to Barra where they bought a different boat and sank the *Jane*. Naturally the trial attracted a great deal of press attention. The remaining crew, of varying nationalities, were called as witnesses, including the cabin-boy, Andrew Camelier of Malta. It had been this boy who had managed to alert the authorities. The two pirates/ murderers were found guilty, sentenced to be hanged at Leith Sands within days, with their bodies to be delivered thereafter to Dr Monro, the renowned Professor of Anatomy, for dissection. "The prisoners received the announcement of their melancholy fate with great composure, and bowed respectfully to the Court."

Later that same month, the *Princess of Wales* brought in a French lugger which had been captured off Orkney, carrying gin, silk, snuff, etc. Both the *Greenock Advertiser* and *The Scotsman* reported this, the latter stating, "The lugger being a remarkably quick sailer [*sic*], was chased for some time by Captain Stuart, without success, when a dead calm ensuing, she was abandoned by all her crew, who succeeded in effecting their escape." These goods were declared contraband and were sold by public roup at Greenock in the following month.

Captain Stuart retired on a healthy pension and moved through to Edinburgh, and was resident at 5 Picardy Place when he died.

Copies of the Excise Officers files are held in the SGS Library.

www.friendsofwarrisoncemetery.com

Fashion in Dress – If we may judge from the following extract from an old sermon, excessive devotion to fashion is not exclusively a sin of modern days. Thus says the Rev. Mr Alsop some hundred or two years ago :-" O ye wanton folly of our times, when it's almost as easy to enumerate all the tackling of the Royal Sovereign as the accroutrements of a capricious lady : and perhaps it requires not much more time to equip and rig out a ship for the Indies, as a whimsical madam, when she is to sail in state, with all her flags, streamers, pennons, bound for a court-voyage. With less labour did Adam give names to all the creatures in paradise, than an attire-herald shall give you the nomenclature of all the trinkets that belong to a lady's closet. And yet all this is but to consume a whole morning to put on, which must waste the whole evening to put of. Elegantly *Tertullian* saith, a vast estate is enclosed in one small locket ; a necklace of almost £8000 hangs on one single string ; a sender neck carries lordships and manors, and the thin tip of the ear wears a jewel or pendant, that would defray the charges of housekeeping for a twelve-month."

The Scotsman, 14 September 1836

Reminiscences of Calton, Glasgow Part III

Lachlan McGown (1836-1896), Nepanee, Ontario
Published in the *Scottish Canadian* in 1893
Transcribed by Elizabeth Reynolds Moye

As I already stated, our fund of knowledge derived from books was very limited but we had other sources of acquiring it that were, if not very profitable or useful, certainly productive of never-failing enjoyment. We knew little about the great world, or of the men who moved upon it, except what we learned from our men garrulous at the loom or in their discussion on the midden dyke; but we knew every spot of country for miles around, with all its wealth of historic grandeur and enchantment; and I am sure the pleasure, as well as the information, gained would be utterly incomprehensible to the boys of to-day, with its cheap excursions, cheap guide and text books, when people can get up a ready-made sentiment, visit lands historic, all the shows and churches, in the best of company, at so many dollars per ? meals included. It may not be quite [—] to question if the present tendency to [—] know everything at the least possible expenditure of money, time and convenience is not turning our boys into mere machines – regulated and set according to rule. With the boys of fifty years ago the incentive to the enjoyment they derived from their rambles was free and unregulated. The order- "Please keep off the grass," had not become a head-line in our copy books; and as for the modern big-lettered "No thoroughfare" we often saw it, but it did not deter us, for we could go through holes like a rabbit, and climb where gamekeepers did not care to follow.

Here I may explain, as I have already stated, we were true Caltonians, and could afford to pit the poor misguided residenters of the city. We often made use of the big town, that is we passed through it from the Calton Mouth and on to scenes beyond. We explored to their source the Glen, the Camlachie and the Molendinar burns. We knew nothing about the antiquarian jangle over the derivation of names, or the habitat of indigenous flora with crabbed Latin appellatives; but we knew where the blueberries, blackbydes and haws grew in plenty. And we knew in good Scotch the name and history of every old ruin. Strange to say we managed to identify them in some way with Wallace or Bruce. And we were friendly visitors to every dusty meal mill that overhung, as if on stilts, each little waterfall. Except Poet Tam, none of us heard any music in the stream. Poor Tam thought every wheel-propelling ripple was a miniature Niagara. But we knew the difference in sound at every mill-hopper. The millers looked all alike, dusty, crusty and very deaf. And then we sometimes extended our excursions to a length we little anticipated on the start. I will relate one instance out of several, as it gave occasion to much anxiety in dear friends now beyond reach of vain regret.

As early as I can remember I often gazed at the Campsie Hills, away towards the north. I became early familiar with the Cathkin Braes to the south. But I

often heard people say that in the north was the Highlands, and that Campsie Falls formed the beginning of them. As I gazed I often wondered how they appeared on the other side.

It was in the loveliest time of the year, the flowers were in bloom, the blueberries were ripe, the hips and haws beginning to blush, and the Swedish turnips just luscious, and above all, the schoolboys were home for the long play. I had just broken the surface of the parritch in my cog, when I heard a shout from the bottom of our stair. "Whaur er ye gaun?" said my mother. "I'll be back in a meenit," I replied, as I seized my bonnet, and rushed to the close-mouth to meet "Dan the Imp," and Davie, who has since died in South Africa. "We're gaun to get blueberries; come." So breakfastless, barefooted, the oldest about seven years of age, unknown to our friends, we started, soon passed the Beggar Row, up the Drygate and beyond the Monkland Canal, into what was then the country. Oh! Then how the grand range of the Campsies loomed up. They seemed but a mile away. It did not require much persuasion, for we each had the desire to get to the top and look over into the beyond. Then Davie had a relative in Campsie, and we would be in time for dinner. We soon passed the village of Springburn, and we walked slow and held our breath as we passed under the railway bridge at Bishopbriggs, for we were pointed out the scene of a terrible murder and the public execution place of the murderers. We had often heard the story as it was recent. We resolved our coming back would not be in the dark.

We got a few blueberries in Cadder Moss, but a young turnip we ate was more fitting. The milestones seemed to get farther apart, and the hills did not get any nearer. As it is contrary to boy nature to keep to the beaten highway if a side road is handy we turned to the left, crossing the canal and Kelvin, and passed the village of Balmore - a pretty place on the Kelvin. We were now on famous ground, which in years afterwards I often visited. We were near the line of the Roman Wall, built by the conquerors of the world to protect themselves from the inroads of the Caledonian savage. We knew the story, for we had been fed on it, and our bosoms swelled as we stood nigh where the might of Imperial Rome had been baffled by our indomitable sires, and "Roman eagles found unconquered foes."

We, every now and then, left the road to look at something or eat a turnip; so when we saw through the woods the sun shining on a pile of ivy and stone we, despite a warning about trespassing, turned into a crooked footpath that led to Craigmadie Castle, a mere shadow of what it once had been, but grand even yet in its decay. It is said to have been built in the 11th or 12th century. Little is known about its early history. We did not care to learn, though we clambered over its once remaining tower and peeped down through a loophole into the old dungeon chamber. But we found something more congenial to our tastes, for we had a plentiful supply of blueberries.

Retracing our steps, we entered Craigmadie Moor, and soon reached the famous

"Auld Wives' Lifts"- three immense boulders standing alone, two standing up edgewise, and the third lying across the top like a transom. This strange memorial of a prehistoric age has given rise to considerable diversity of opinion among antiquaries, and it may interest Canadians to know that Professor Daniel Wilson of Toronto in his very elaborate work on the "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," enters fully into the discussion. The general conclusion seems to be that the three stones were originally a Druidical altar, on which human beings were offered up in sacrifice. At a later period I often visited the neighbourhood and became familiar with the details of the question, but at the time of the first visit we cared not a snap of the finger about the jangle of words the "Auld Wives' Lift" had provoked, for we knew nothing about it; but we knew the full, true, and particular story as it had come down through the authentic annals of a hundred generations, and it was this:- In the days when auld men were giants, and auld wives traveled through the air on heather brooms, three auld wives had a dispute as to who could put the stone the farthest. As everybody in America knows that putting the stone, tossing the caver, and the like, were first tried in Scotland, it must appear nothing improbable for three auld wives to try their hand at the game. This conceded the size of the stones has nothing to do with the question, for the wives in those days were no ordinary women. They got the stones on the Campsie Fells near by. They took their stand at the mark, and "Auld Nick" stood by as referee to see fair play. When the first one threw her stone (it weighed about three tons), "that's a braw?" cried "Auld Nick." The second threw her stone (it was almost the same in size), and she sent it a foot or so beyond the other. "Well done," cried the referee. The third auld wife, who authentic tradition avers was a distant cousin of the Witch of Endor, then took up her stone (it was twice the size of the other two); She took three steps backwards, took a short run and let it fly. It was a throw Samson or Donald Dinnie would have envied. It fairly took away the breath of "Auld Nick". Down it came right on top and covering the others thus giving rise to the narrow passage which has given rise to such speculations among antiquarians and afford to faithful lovers who are in a hurry to get married the fulfillment of their desire, for it is beyond cavil anyone who is able to pass through is sure to be married soon. Of course we had to pass under, Dan, as usual taking the lead, and being a stout boy he had a tight squeeze. Davie and I went through easy. On we went more concerned about the breadth than the length of the way, and soon we were in the valley of Campsie, within the shadow of the heather-crowned Fells, and the dream of my earliest day realized - we were in the Highlands.

Montaigne in his essay on "Experience," says:- "All things hold from some similitude. All examples halt, and the relationship which is drawn from experience is always faulty and imperfect. Comparisons are always coupled at one end or the other with some wrested, biased and forced interpretation." The great French philosopher here shows how well he knew the depth of the human heart. It is patent to everyone who has given the subject a passing thought, that is spite of our much-varnished strength of experience, we love to cherish, and look back

with pleasure, the inexperiences of uncultivated fancy, and when confronted with the presence of ascertained fact we often found it hard to break the chain of associated ideas, no matter no they be “coupled at one end or the other” with the discarded myths of useful imagination, for we find the links are entwined with the tendrils of our heart, and can only be broken when it ceased to beat.

But I am forgetting Dan and Davie trudging along the winding streep of the Crow Road. We had passed through the straggling clachan of the Old Campsie, with its quaint -built houses, so very like the Calton and (as if to make the resemblance closer) its many hand looms. We had also left behind the modern villages of Milton and Lennoxtown, comfortable collections of working people’s houses, in connection with print works, and other manufacturing industries. We had found that Davie’s relations were an indefinite quantum – we could not find them. So our long anticipated square meal did not come from that quarter, but an old woman in the clachan (may the green turf rest lightly on her kindly breast), of whom Dan asked a drink of “watter”, invited us in and offered us a piece of an oat farl; but characteristically of the blate days in the dear old land, we said “Thank ye kindly, but we werena hungry.” She, however, knew the well the extent of our longing desire. She saw before her three barefooted boys who had tramped a’ the way frae Gleskie, and knew they must be hungry. So with a “tak’ it, weans, I am shure yer teeth’s langer than yer beards,” she forced on each of us, a hearty share of cake and butter. It was the sweetest morsel I ever tasted, and all the more so because of the kind soul that shone in the loving face of the auld wife that baked it. We never saw her again. Dan vowed that when he became a man he would “take her to the Calton and make a leddy o’ her;” but she died long before that time.

From youth to early manhood I had the great privilege of becoming the familiar with many of the loveliest and grandest spots in the dear old mountain land, and since then I have had the pleasing experience of being gratified with every satisfying sensation possible to one who has visited many of the most famous and grandest places of the world; yet I am forces to confess that despite the experiences of a mature and varied observation “the links that are coupled at both ends” of the records force me to the conclusions that lovelier and grander than all else seems the bonnie glen of Campsie, with its hills and dales and hoary mountains. It may be because of an often renewed acquaintanceship with the locale, its convenient distance from the Calton, and above all, the scene of my first and earliest awakening to a love of the grand and beautiful. I am confident that nowhere in the same small space of earth’s surface can there be found a more diversified range of enchantment.

On the first visit distance did not bother us- it was where we were going to get our supper and breakfast. By the time we had climbed to Crichton’s Cairn (a large mound of stones commemorating some one who died long ago after making a noise in the world) we found that instead of being at the top where we could look over, it was only the beginning of the hills. Another one as high as the hill

we had climbed was before us. So we turned southward, leaving the road and entering a steep and narrow ravine. We were now in Campsie Glen and following the tortuous windings of the Glorat, in a short time we reached the first of the series of falls. It is often called the Scotch Niagara and it bears quite a resemblance to its prototype, for it is of a horse shoe form, and any one venturesome enough can walk between the cliff and falling torrent. Of course we went under, Dan leading the way. We also made the unusual descent of "Jacob's Ladder" - a rough kind of stairway formed partly of tees and watlings interlaced with the rocks. The ladder is ascended for a similar purpose as "the crevice of the "Auld Wives' Lifts."

When we reached the second fall gloaming had set in, and by the time we arrived at Craigie Linn the full moonbeams were dancing on the foaming waters. We found a rustic shelter on a seat in a sort of arbour, where visitors were in the habit of opening lunch baskets, but we found no crumbs left. We stayed all night there, and did not in the least realize the distress of mind or absence would be causing our friends at home. The novelty and grandeur of the situation overwhelmed every other feeling. We slept but little. With the dawn, after docking in the Craigie Linn, we started westward as we concluded it would be of no use to try to see over the top of the Fells. We learned from a native there were about seven hills as high as the Cairn which we would have to climb before we attained our desired object. As we hastened onward, we found that the hills on our right seemed to look higher, and the strath deeper and narrower. We passed Finn Glen, another picturesque locality similar to Campsie Glen, but not as widely known. Awe did not linger long there, only long enough to gather some blueberries. We soon passed within sound of Ballagan Spout, a magnificent fall of about 70 or 80 feet, where the Blane rushes over on its way to join the Endrick, and thence on to Loch Lomond. The village of Startblane was near, but we did not linger. Going direct south by the Milngavie- or as it popularly called "Mulguy" road – (famous as the route taken by Bailie Nicol Jarvie when he went north to Aberfoyle) we were made happy through reaching a region of young turnips and peas. We soon passed Cannisburn Toll, and Maryhill where the sight of the of the Forth and Clyde Canal passing over the road on a bridge, gave cause for wonder. A short time thereafter we reached the Calton, after an absence of about 30 hours. What a commotion awaited us! The Bellman had been brought into requisition and our friends were intending to ask the services of Geddes of the Humane Society to drag the Clyde. The punishment we deserved was over looked by reason of the joy at our return. Dan, as usual, took all the blame, thus adding to the pile of obloquy heaped on his devoted head. But what did he care? He knew the boys all loved him.

The Bellman, I think, was a civic institution which was retained longer in the Calton than in any of the other wings of population of the city of Glasgow; at any rate it was customary for public meetings or for any children or things lost, stolen, or strayed to be advertised in this way. We had also the Town drummer, but I

forget if they were separate offices. The Bellman was a very important personage, and wherever he went no man in the burgh had a larger following. There was an originality and vim in his public functionaries. I am surprised that no one has seen fit to preserve a collection of Bellman literature. Much has been carefully preserved by zealous "Oldbucks" of much less importance.

Railway Station Gardening

The list of awards for this year for the best platform gardens or borders at stations on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway was issued yesterday. The successful competitors are as follows:-

First prize, £5 each –
Mr W.B. Kilpatrick, Dalbeattie; Mr James Barr, Ruthwell; Mr Robert Fisher, Dalrymple; Mr William Taylor, Dalmellington; Mr John Rae, Carronbridge; Mr John Macdonald, Moniaive.

Second class, £4 each –
Mr Andrew Morren, Annbank; Mr William Yeudall, Sanqhuar; Mr George Hay, Paisley (West); Mr John Hamilton, Cunninghamhead; Mr James Candlish, Southwick; Mr W.R. Becket, Dunure; Mr Thomas Gillies, Alloway; Mr Peter Lawson, Holywood.

Third class, £3 each –
Mr T.L. Kerr, Maybole; Mr J.S. Faulds, Maxwelltown; Mr John Taylor, Maidens; Mr Thomas Murray, Howwood; Mr Thomas Coyle, Catrine; Mr Edward Blackwood, Montgreenan.

Fourth class, £2 each –
Mr William Walker, Auchincruive; Mr Thomas Faulder, Closeburn; Mr James Frew, Saltcoats; Mr John Reid, Kilkerran.

Fifth class, £1 each –
Mr James Gibson, Gretna Green; Mr James Reid, Tarbolton; Mr Robert Harvey, Houston; Mr E.M. Barbour, Bridge of Weir; Mr Robert Kelly, Killywhan; Mr John M'Dougall, Newtonairds.

Mr David Cooper, the general manager, in a circular announcing the results, states that the directors view with satisfaction the efforts made in the way of station decoration, and as a further inducement to those who are in a position to compete, and in order to widen the scope of the competition, they have decided to increase the amount allowed in respect of prizes from £100 per annum to £150 per annum, to be divided into 47 prizes as follows:- 12 first-class premiums of £5 each; 10 second-class premiums of £4 each; 10 third-class premiums of £3 each; 5 fourth-class premiums of £2 each; 10 fifth-class premiums of £1 each. In allocating the prizes, not only will the cultivation of plants and flowers grown, but the neat and attractive arrangement of these will be taken into consideration, as well as the general tidy appearance of the station.

The Scotsman, 3 September 1912

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY - 2022

In normal times the ordinary meetings take place at 7.30pm in the Augustine United Church, 41 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh EH1 1EL.

The meetings are open to all and admission is free, although donations of £4 each from non-members are appreciated.

19 September	"Two Hundred Years of the American Consulate in Scotland" *by Graeme Cruickshank, Historian.*
17 October	"Scottish Women Doctors 1875 - 1914 and their India Connections" *by Roger Jeffery, Professional Fellow, Sociology of South Asia, University of Edinburgh.*
21 November	"What can DNA Testing do for your Family History" *by Michelle Leonard, Genealogist.*

While we may resume meetings in person, certain precautions will remain in place. Attendees must sign in, wear face-masks and sit "distantly". But it will be grand to be back! We're investigating hybrid talks.

Please check our website before setting out, in case of any last-minute changes.

Please keep an eye on our website www.scotsgenealogy.com

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Annual General Meeting 2022

This has been deferred until the Autumn session so that more members may attend in person.

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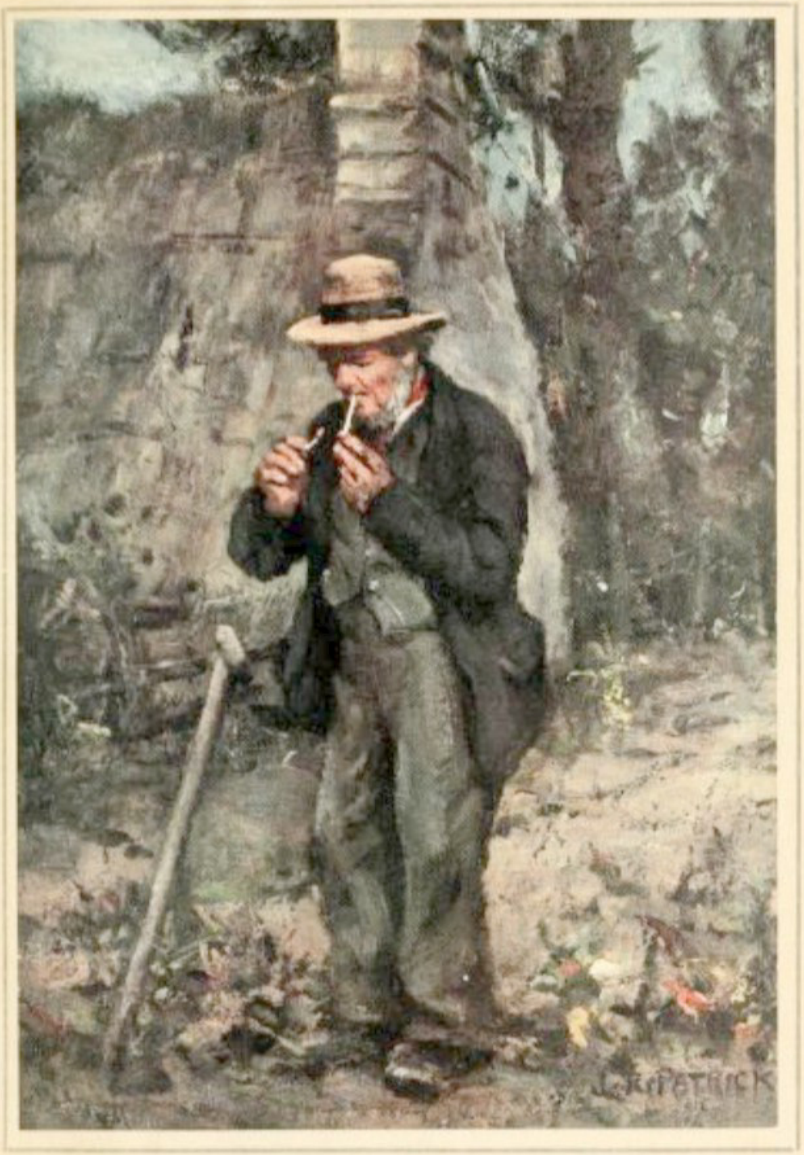
Library & Family History Centre:
15 Victoria Terrace, Edinburgh EH1 2JL
Tel & Fax: 0131 220 3677

Opening hours:
Monday-Thursday: 10.30am – 5.00pm
(Wednesday: 7.30pm)
Saturday: 10am – 5pm.



THE SWANSTON GARDENER
From a painting by J. Rutherford Patrick

Published by The Scottish Genealogy Society. ISSN 0300-337X
Printed by Printing Services (Fife) Ltd., Dunfermline, Fife