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Yours Truly
Wm Drysdale

OLD FACES, OLD PLACES, AND OLD STORIES OF STIRLING.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.



STIRLING :
ENEAS MACKAY, 43 MURRAY PLACE.
1898.



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P R E F A C E.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. —LAMB.

EARLY last year it was casually mentioned at a meeting of Stirling gentlemen, where conversation was taking place regarding the sites of new buildings which had been erected within the memory of those present, that it would be an undoubted service to the community if some record were prepared of the old houses and places of business in Stirling which have now disappeared, so that the present generation of "Sons of the Rock," and those which might follow, could have some realisation of what their native place was like in by-gone times.

Being asked if I could do anything in the direction indicated, I began to take interest in the subject, and on recalling the old buildings and places, old faces began to crop up, and then old anecdotes and stories connected with these citizens naturally recurred to memory, so that instead of proving a task the effort came to be one of genuine pleasure, and I lived over again amid old companionships and schoolboy days. Enjoyable was it to again people Cowane's Yard with classmates, and fight anew our "Scotch and English" battles beneath the grand old trees; play "rounders" in the square, or handball against the Flesh Market wall. It looks but yesterday since then: but, alas, how few of those old playmates are now alive; still, how sweet it is to recall them on the mirror of memory.

Like feelings were occasioned in connection with the old buildings of the town. These have well-nigh all disappeared, and the very few still remaining as of yore will, with the march of improvement, speedily go the way of their fellows, but the old places will carry fonder recollections than they do now, though covered with handsome buildings.

PREFACE.

Looking back at old faces, it became pleasing to people again the shops of those who did business in earlier days in their quiet way. No bustling, go-a-head folks then; but men and women who knew how to earn a sixpence and how to spend it. Jokes were rife in those days, and if a trick was played by Bailie "Tam" Steel in his shop at The Bow, or anything "by or'nar" was done by Andrew "Karr" at his public-house in The Port, the town was soon ringing with it. The town officers went about their duties in an easy, sleepy fashion, and it was "let-a-lane" for "let-a-lane" with them: Tam Burd, the sweep, and Jamie C—— (still alive) might fight for an hour at the top of Baker Street without let or hindrance. But other, and what was thought better, days came, and put an end to such free and easy doings.

If what I have endeavoured to place before my fellow-towns-men be of any special interest, or afford them delight in perusal, I shall feel amply rewarded for any trouble I have had in the compilation.

I have received every kindness, assistance, and encouragement from parties of whom I made enquiries as to the verification of facts, and books, pamphlets, newspapers, and every other source of information have been willingly placed at my disposal. I have made several extracts from the files of the "Stirling Observer," from works by Mr W. B. Cook, the late Mr James Shirra, and others, and I am also greatly indebted to Mr Archibald Duncan, who has taken what I may term "a loving interest" in the preparation of the volume. Bailie Ronald, Mr William Harvey, and other friends have also afforded me their valuable aid. I have also to thank those ladies and gentlemen who so kindly placed the portraits of their deceased relatives at my service, and these I feel sure will greatly enhance the value of the work, more particularly to "Sons of the Rock" in other quarters of the globe. Mr Rodgers (of Messrs Crowe & Rodgers), photographer, has made the preparation of his section of the work, with the accompanying appropriate sketches, "a labour of love," and produced portraits which I have no doubt will be cherished by those connected with, and all who may take interest in, Stirling's by-gone citizens.

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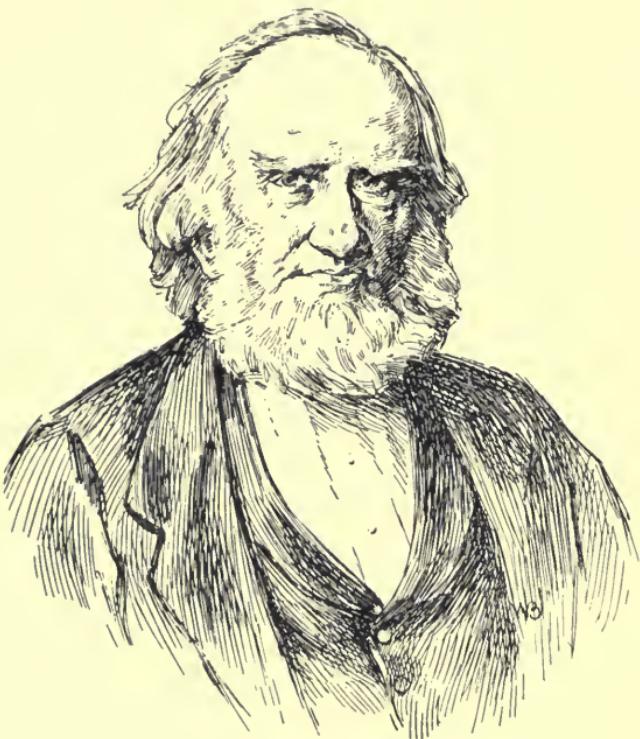
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PROVOST RANKIN.

OLD FACES, OLD PLACES, AND OLD STORIES OF STIRLING.

Recollections and Reminiscences.

BUILDINGS AND THEIR OCCUPANTS.

THIS is needless to say that Stirling in 1898 is very different from what it was from forty to sixty years ago. At that time the limits of the town were Melville Terrace on the one hand, and Cowane Street on the other, there being no thought of Snowdon Place, Drummond Place, or Gladstone Place, which were open fields, where crops of potatoes and turnips were grown. Glebe Crescent was a field; "The Enclosure," or what was then called Laing's garden, covered what is now Windsor and Abercromby Places; Victoria Square and Victoria Place, Clarendon Place, and Albert Place were fields. Dumbarton Road houses stand on the ground of what was townsmen's gardens, Allan Park Church being built on Gibb's garden. Along the road where the Albert Hall now stands the Davie Burn, in which were minnows and little eels, ran clear and wimpling, and on Albert Place side, the Town Burn ran also clear, with its little fish. Park Terrace was represented by Park Villa, the house of the late Sheriff Sconce; one or two houses made up Park Place, the right hand side being a nursery; and no house existed on Livilands except the

old mansion-house. No Wallace, Bruce, or Union Streets were to be found, and before the new road was made from York Place to the bridge, the Cow Park extended from Cowane Street to the river, nor was there any thought of building at the Shore. Douglas Street was a cul-de-sac, called the 'Oo' Mill Entry ; the West Free Church and the Territorial School are built on "The Whins," the meeting-place of the Guildry and Seven Incorporated Trades when walking the Marches ; and Barnton Street and Murray Place were only opened up about the year 1840.

Before that time the coaches for the north passed along Port Street, up King Street, down Friars Wynd and Maxwell Place, along Maxwell Street, Cowane Street, and down Lower Bridge Street to and over the Old Bridge. To particularize : Union Buildings, at the south-east end of Port Street, replaced an old building with an outside stair. Tammas Allan, the heckler of lint, was one of the tenants, and his cough, it was said, could be heard at the other end of the street. At the rear of this old house was a woodyard and sawpit, where "Danny" Ferguson, the celebrated bone-setter, wrought before he took to the profession in which he became so eminently successful. The adjoining building (now 75-81 Port Street) was occupied as the Union Hotel, and long after it was given up as such the sign, a bunch of grapes, hung over the doorway. At the top of Craigs (at one time called Skinner Street) Bryce's buildings replaced an old thatch-roofed public-house, and a little down from the junction of the Craigs with Port Street, Messrs Fotheringham, spirit merchants, had their bottling stores, which reached at least to the middle of the present street. Previously a coachwork, belonging to the late George Thomson, the old buildings gave way to the present ones, part of which were occupied for some time by the proprietors of "The Stirling Observer." In Port Street, opposite Bryce's buildings, on the site of the shop recently vacated by Messrs Robertson & Macfarlane, grocers, stood the White Hart Inn ("Jamie Hart's"), famous farmers' quarters, and Misses Stoddart's and Mr Dunsmore's shops take the place of Andrew Kerr's public-house. Andrew was noted for his practical jokes, and the house was a favourite rendezvous. The property belonging to Mr John Gillespie, grocer, stands on the site of buildings which were occupied by Messrs D. & J.

MacEwen as salt stores and M'Lellan's ale stores ; Messrs Kinross' works were at one time Stevenson's wool mill, at the back of which there was a large pond with goldfish. There were also some buildings in front, for long known as Bailie Macgregor's carpet factory, in part of which Messrs Duncan (now Munro) & Jamieson, printers, commenced business. The Town Burn still runs across the street at this part, but was closed over in 1851. Mr Adam, china merchant, altered the public-house of Duncan M'Laren—a well-known resort—to its present appearance, and on the other side of the street, where Misses Stewart, Misses Dunn & Wilson, and Messrs Stewart, jewellers, have their shops, stood an old three-storey house, one of the shops in which was kept by Mrs Sutherland, the proprietrix, a well-known old lady, who did a very large business in stamping on linen, making up linen caps (or mutches, as they were called), &c. There was also a public-house connected with her premises, and a road led through the property to Wolf Craig. From the foot of King Street to Messrs Kinross' the street was so narrow that two coaches could not pass each other, and at the time of the trysts, when many thousands of cattle, ponies, and sheep passed through, the walls of the houses on either side were bespattered with mud—in wet weather—several feet up. People wishing to get to what is now the gasworks went by Orchard Place, then called "The Dirten Tide," or through a lane beside the Golden Lion Hotel. A plan was prepared in 1820 for a road to run from Orchard Place across the fields below the gasworks, and across the Forth by a bridge below Forthside House, and thence to Cambuskenneth Tower.

King Street was at one time called Quality Street, but had little pretension to the name, as there were in it some of the oldest houses in the burgh. Where the buildings occupied by Messrs Valentine, Macdonald, Hodge, and Dow now stand, there was a brae, with old thatched and tiled houses at the top, where a Mrs Wilson sold "luggies," caups, spurtles, stoups, and other wooden articles. The present block of buildings was erected by the late Thomas Gillies, ironmonger, and long a Town Councillor, Mr Robert Marshall, who still resides in Wallace Street, being one of the first tenants, his firm being Knox & Marshall, hatters. Joseph Owen, hatter, a somewhat

pompous man, occupied the shop now No. 3, and at No. 7, Mr John Shearer, "Dandy," from the tasteful manner in which he dressed, was postmaster and bookseller. He was one of the most obliging of postmasters, and a thorough gentleman. The Royal Bank buildings occupy the site of two public-houses—one of them extensive carriers' quarters. The Royal Restaurant replaced a building, the shops of which were reached by three or four steps, one of them being occupied by the late William Peddie, bookseller, a well-known townsman. Where now stands Inglis & Smith's drapery warehouse was Lowry M'Laren's tavern, entry to which was by a neat wooden porch. Lowry for a long time drove one of the mail coaches between Glasgow and Stirling. Graham & Morton's large block of buildings occupies the ground of Leishman's (afterwards King's) joinery shop. King was grandfather to Lord Provost Sir James King of Glasgow. M'Aree Bros.' property (renewed a few years ago) at one time belonged to Mr Stupart, writer, and here "Sandy" Nelson, a well-known vintner and grain dealer, had his shop, which was a favourite rendezvous of farmers on market days. The "Wallace Arms" Inn, immediately above, was bought by the late John Barnes, hairdresser, an enthusiastic abstainer, and altered into the present shop of Mr Gabriel Smith, and the Clydesdale Bank was erected on the ground of an old house which belonged to a family of the name of Stewart.

On the other side of the street the Bank of Scotland, at the head of Friars Street, occupies the site of the old "Saracen's Head" Inn (much famed in olden times) and the shops of Thos. White, bootmaker, and Nelly M'Be' (M'Beath), vegetable dealer. The cattle passing down the street on their way to the trysts used to "nip" up Nelly's stock-in-trade, and many a squabble used to take place between her and the drovers as to the payment. The "Saracen's Head" was one of the starting-places for mail coaches, and in front of the hostelry stood a mile-stone. The premises occupied by Mr William Meiklejohn as W. & A. Johnston, drapers, were altered from one of the branch shops of Messrs D. & J. MacEwen, grocers, and a wide entry leading to Henderson's iron merchant's store, and the writing offices of Messrs Nimmo & Crawford. Mr Robert Liddel erected his present shop on the site of a building long occupied

by William Wright, better known as "Snuff Wricht," for which commodity he was famed. In his shop Bailie Robert Macewen served his apprenticeship. On the site of Thos. Menzies & Co.'s front warehouse stood an old smithy occupied by John Stewart, having an outside stair at one end. Mrs Stewart was a terror to the youngsters. The front of the Arcade occupies the site of the shops of Messrs Harvey, watchmaker, and Malloch, gunsmith, and Dr Rogers, of Wallace Monument fame, had his publishing office on the first flat, the printing office being where Messrs Menzies' drapery saloon now stands. Two breweries occupied the next ground, and one of them, the "Crown" Inn, was that of Mrs Christie, mother of the late Bailie John Christie, ironmonger. She died lately at the great age of 96. The Union Bank stands on the site of an old house with an outside stair, and at Messrs R. S. Shearer & Son's bookseller's shop there was an arched entrance to the back of the "Golden Lion" Hotel, much used when the stage-coaches were running. A board (still to be seen at the back of the hotel) contains the following notices:—

"From Stirling to Perth.—The Defiance four-horse coach, Royal Hotel & Gibb's, at 10 minutes before 9 a.m. The Rapid four-horse fast coach, at 30 minutes past 3 p.m.

"From Stirling to Glasgow.—The Rapid, Royal Hotel & Union, at half-past 8 p.m. The Defiance, Royal Hotel & Gibb's, at 30 minutes past noon."

At this hotel—at the time Wingate's Inn—Burns, while on a visit to Stirling, after viewing the home of the Stuarts, is said to have written the famous lines on the present dynasty:—

"Here Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands.
The injur'd Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost:
Who know them best despise them most."

The imprudence of the lines on the Palace of Stirling was

hinted to the poet by a friend, on which he took out his diamond, saying, “Oh, I mean to reprove myself,” walked to the window, and scratched “The Reproof” on the pane—

“Rash mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame :
Dost not know, that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, The more ‘tis a truth, sir, the more ‘tis a libel?”

A writer in the Paisley Magazine, 1828, gives the following more satisfactory account of these celebrated lines, involving circumstances which reflect the brightest lustre on the character of the Ayrshire poet:—“They were not the composition of Burns, but of his friend Nicol. This we state from the testimony of those who themselves knew the fact as it truly stood, and who were well acquainted with the high-wrought feelings of honour and friendship which induced Burns to remain silent under the obloquy which their affiliation entailed upon him. The individual whose attention the lines first attracted was a clerk in the employment of the Carron Iron Company, then travelling through the country collecting accounts or receiving orders, who happened to arrive immediately after the departure of the poet and his friend. On inquiry, he learned that the last occupant of the apartment was the far-famed Burns, and on this discovery he immediately transferred a copy of the lines to his memorandum book of orders, made every person as wise as himself on the subject; and penned an answer to them, which, with the lines themselves, soon spread over the country, and found a place in every periodical of the day. To this poetic critic of the Carron Works do we owe the first hint of Burns being the author of this tavern effusion. They who saw the writing on the glass know that it was not the hand-writing of the poet; but this critic, who neither knew his autograph nor his person, chose to consider it as such, and so announced it to the world. On his return to Stirling, Burns was both irritated and grieved to find that this idle and mischievous tale had been so widely spread and so generally believed. The reason of the cold and constrained reception he met with from some distinguished friends, which at the time he could not account for, was now

explained, and he felt in all its bitterness the misery of being innocently blamed for a thing which he despised as unworthy of his head and heart. To disavow the authorship was to draw down popular indignation on the head of Nicol—a storm which would have annihilated him. Rather than ruin the interests of that friend, he generously and magnanimously, or, as some less fervent mind may think, foolishly, devoted himself to unmerited obloquy, by remaining silent, and suffering the story to circulate uncontradicted. The friend who was with Burns when he indignantly smashed the obnoxious pane with the butt-end of his whip, and who was perfectly aware of the whole circumstances as they really stood, long and earnestly pleaded with him to contradict the story that had got wind, and injured him so much in public estimation. It was with a smile of peculiar melancholy that Burns made this noble and characteristic reply: ‘I know I am not the author; but I’ll be damned ere I betray him. It would ruin him—he is my friend!’ It is unnecessary to add that to this resolution he ever afterwards remained firm.”

Messrs W. Drummond & Sons’ seed establishment was erected in 1840, and was at one time famous for its agricultural museum. On the site of the British Linen Bank was a row of little shops, and the first flat—after Murray Place was opened up—was for some time the “Macfarlane Library.” The present handsome buildings were erected by the late Mr Peter Drummond for the Stirling Tract Enterprise, the British Linen Company acquiring the property on the Depot being removed to the present premises in Dumbarton Road.

A range of old houses, with stairs jutting out on the street, stood where Messrs Craig, Drummond, Grieve, and Hepting now have their shops, the “Hole in the Wall,” a public-house, occupying part of the buildings. Duncan Cameron’s public-house and carriers’ quarters stood in front of the road where now stands the shop of Dean of Guild Millar. Mr Wilson’s paint-shop and the back entrance to the “Golden Lion” Hotel were on the site of what are now the shops of Messrs Smith and Gardner; a coach-house and piggery were on the ground of the now “People’s Journal” Offices (Mr Eneas Mackay). Mr Brown’s grocery shop and the Lorne Restaurant are built on the ground

of old granaries and Archie France's smithy. Messrs Crowe & Rodgers' premises occupy the site of a plumbers' shop, which was reached by about a dozen steps, and those of Messrs M'Kinlay & Son occupy the ground where stood a two-storey house, with iron balcony, one of the shops being occupied by Mr Walls, painter, at present in Maxwell Place. The "Ark," an old public-house with two storeys above, now forms the lower entrance to the Arcade. The Free North Church is built on what was formerly a garden, the foundation-stone being laid by the late Mr William Drummond on 8th October, 1851. The Commercial Bank occupies the site of the "Eagle" Inn, and the National Bank was removed from what is now the Boys' Industrial School in Baker Street, and replaced an old two-storeyed house, the "Bee Hive," which had an orchard behind. Seaforth Place, Shore Road, was erected on the grounds of the coachwork of the late Mr William Kinross, and Mr M'Lachlan—who afterwards removed to Linlithgow—had coach-building works at the back of the new offices of Messrs Wordie & Co. in Thistle Street. Alongside the road from Thistle Street to Lower Craigs was the Burgh Mill-dam, an open cesspool, where all the filth from the burgh was collected, by the unprotected side of which people had to pass, and this continued until a boy was drowned in it, and the town had to pay "sweetly" for neglecting to have it properly fenced.

In Friars Wynd (now street) the "Royal" Hotel was built on the site of a large old building, occupied by "Luckie" Robertson, who kept a house with not the best character, and Archie M'Intyre had also his public-house there, one being at that time at nearly every second door. "Archie," and "Sandy" M'Lellan were well-known steamboat porters, and when the building got into a ruinous state "Donald Dow"—of whom more anon—took up lodgings there. The stance was built upon by the late Bailie Millar, and is still partly occupied by the firm. The shops of Messrs Hetherington, cabinetmaker, and M'Kinlay, saddler, occupy the ground of another thatched public-house.

Baker Street has not changed so much as other parts of the town. The shops of Messrs Boswell and Nicol occupy the stance of still another public-house, with crow-stepped gable to the street. At the restaurant below Bank Street (re-built by Mr

Thomas Peacock) there was another old house with crow-stepped gable, and Allan Anderson, hatter (who built the tower at Craigmill lately occupied by Denovan Adam, artist), had his business premises here. The "Stirling Arms" Inn was the old "Cross Guns," kept by a Mrs Kay, and afterwards by Misses Pollock. Mrs Hoggan's furniture warerooms are on the site of an old brewery and public-house, the "White Horse," at one time occupied by Mr Kidston. Next door was Towers' public-house, and there was an outside stair standing partly across the pavement. John Forbes' bookseller's shop was in the same building. He was for some time a Town Councillor, but being a Unitarian, he was somewhat looked down upon. His shop was the depot for squibs, crackers, and all manner of fire works, and it would startle the people nowadays if they were shown some of the valentines which were exhibited in his window. He was also agent for all kinds of light literature, and among the first in Stirling to sell lucifer matches, which were sold at 8d per box. A very unique house stood where Mr Eason has his grocery premises, near the head of Baker Street. The windows—one large and the other small—were level with the street, and on descending four or five steps you reached the floor of the last of the many vouts or vaults which were in Stirling in the olden time, and there found "Granny" Hill, poult erer, in all her glory. She was a very short, stout person, but had a long and bitter tongue; and besides poultry, she provided periwinkles for the bairns. Frequently the late Archibald Campbell, or "the Royal," as he was called, stopped for a talk, or to transact business with Mrs Hill, and on fine days her chair was placed at the head of the steps, where she sat plucking and dressing her fowls. The Bishop's Close (98 Baker Street), was so called from William Bruce, smith, who had his smithy and dwelling-house there, having been known by the name of "The Bishop." He was a most respectable, God-fearing man, who was in the habit of addressing a particular body of people in the Trades Hall on Sabbaths, and it is said that after service food was provided for the worshippers.

In Broad Street there have been no new buildings for a great many years, but considerable improvement was made by clearing away the old houses in Jail Wynd in 1852, the upper side of

Church Wynd and Castle Wynd, which were "rookeries" of all kinds of evil.

At the upper side of the entrance to the "Back Raw Kirk," now Erskine Church, in St. John Street, stood a large house, at one time the lodgings of the Earl of Linlithgow. It was occupied by the Staff of the Stirlingshire Militia as stores, and on the lower side of the entrance stood a nail-maker's shop with flat above and outside stair. The clearing away of the "Old Mint" and the "Broad Stairs" at the foot of St. John Street improved this part of the town greatly. The house belonging to Mr Oswald, slater, Spittal Street, was once the property of Robert Spittal, tailor to King James VI., and had a half turret similar to the one further up. One Mary Gray had a public-house here, and a story is told that a soldier who had been drinking in Mary's was decoyed down the turret stair where was a well—now covered over—and never again heard of. Mr Young's new house opposite the Royal Infirmary occupies the ground of what was called the "Lions' Den," and it well deserved the name. Spittal Street on the south side has been entirely renewed, old houses and closes having been cleared away, and there is every appearance that before long it will be the principal route to the Castle.

Turning to the upper part of the town and beginning at the Castle, we call to mind Sir Archibald Christie, Deputy Governor, a most worthy man, tall, and with a fine soldierly appearance, but with cheeks disfigured by wounds received in the Peninsula, caused by a charge of grape-shot. He was a great favourite with the townspeople, took considerable interest in the fishings, and often called at the shop near the head of Baker Street, now occupied by Mr Dalgetty, clogmaker, waiting with other well-known townspeople to see the fish brought from the river for sale. He was very fond of an eel.

Major Peddie, fort major, also resided in the Castle, with his three sons and two comely daughters, and had charge of Baird and Hardie while they lay in the Castle awaiting execution. The Peddie family had officers in the army from 1692 to 1871, in which year Major Peddie died. The whole line from 1692 down had, with few exceptions, belonged to the 21st Royal North British Fusiliers, now the Scots Fusiliers. Mr Patrick

Connal, agent of the National Bank, after retiring from active business, lived in the house at Mar Place now occupied by General Satchwell. The same house was occupied for some years by the best adjutant the Stirlingshire Militia ever had—Captain Kenny, who was the making of the regiment. He was a general favourite, not only with the men, but with citizens also, his burly figure being welcomed everywhere. “Fiscal” Sawers resided in Valley Lodge, now the Fever Hospital.

Mrs Burns, a well-known residenter, lived in the house now occupied by Mr William Cunningham, at the head of Broad Street. This lady had a son, a nice young fellow, who died at an early age, and was known as “Tiptoes,” from a habit he had of walking on his toes. He was very patriotic, and had a couple of small cannon in the garden, which he fired off on Queen’s birthdays and other special occasions. Andrew Hutton, writer, had his offices in the house adjoining, afterwards the “Prince of Wales” Hotel. The next house was the residence of James Kerr, writer, and agent for stamps, whose office was in the premises at the foot of Broad Street, with entrance from St. Mary’s Wynd, formerly the office of the Stirling Bank. The Stamp Office was removed from there to Graham’s Court, Bow Street, and afterwards to the flat above Jamieson & Co., clothiers, King Street, with entrance (now built up) next the Union Bank. “Balzie” Balfour, writer, had his office in the court nearly opposite the Court-House; Provost Forman and Provost William Anderson, both booksellers, occupied Nos. 10 and 12 Broad Street. The next shop (still a grocer’s) was occupied by the father of the late Sir James Alexander, Knt. of Westerton, as a tea merchant’s warehouse, and afterwards by Bailie John MacEwen as grocer’s premises. The grocer’s shop at the entrance to St. Mary’s Wynd belonging to Mrs Dow was the seed shop of Mr Runciman, who was nicknamed “Paddle” Runciman, owing to his large feet and the manner in which he walked. He built the neat block of buildings forming Viewfield Place. The house and garden at head of close, No. 30 Bow Street, was the property of Mr Smith of Glassingall, the founder of the Smith Institute. At No. 24 Bow Street, the house at head of court was the town house of the Moirs of Leckie. For a good many years previous to 1858 it was occupied

by Miss Wilson, who was connected with some of the county families, and among the waste paper removed from the house at her death was found a commission given by Prince Charlie to one of her forefolks. Here, also, Mr Alexander ("Sandy") Meffen, Chief-Constable for the county, died. "Tam" Steel, Bailie and candlemaker, played his practical jokes from the lower half (there being two at that time) of the shop of Mr Robert Menzies, grocer. He had such a fondness for joking that it was said when any "ploy" was going on he was sure to have a hand in it. This property was at one time the town house of the Lairds of Keir, and in front of it some of the relatives of John Cowane, Stirling's best benefactor, had their booth. Mr Prentice, draper, erected the large building at the corner of Broad and Bow Streets, and did a large trade with country people. James Peddie, writer, had his offices here, and with him Messrs A. & J. Jenkins served their apprenticeship. This house occupies the site of Castle Brady, the residence of John Brady of Easter Kennet, who flourished at the close of the 16th century, and the house adjoining was the lodging of the Earl of Morton, who resided there at the time of the "Raid of Stirling," in 1571. At No. 23 Broad Street there is a court, and up an outside stair there the Stirling School of Arts had their library and museum, previous to which the premises formed the offices of Mr Hill, writer. Nos. 25 and 27 were occupied about the beginning of the century by "Tammy A'thing" (Thomas Wright), who was Provost of the burgh for some time, and father of the late Misses Wright of Clifford Park. He died in 1824. Councillor James Burden, brewer and spirit dealer, had his premises (still a brewery) next the Police Buildings, the house being greatly patronised on market days. His son, Mr John Burden, now in America, still takes great interest in his native town. On the site of the Weigh-House, on the upper side of Jail Wynd, stood at one time the house of the family of Lennox. Mr Christie, father of Mr William Christie, watchmaker, had his drapery shop at No. 13 Bow Street; he served his apprenticeship with Mr Patrick Connal, who had a drapery establishment at No. 2 St. Mary's Wynd (now a spirit shop), the late Mr James Shirra succeeding Mr Christie as apprentice. The "Blue Bell" Inn (Bailie Cullens) stood next,

and then the shop of Mr M'Laren, bookseller (5 Bow Street). Here Sir George Harvey, the celebrated painter, served his apprenticeship, and first showed his powers by the sketch of a group of fish, which was exhibited in the shop window. Sandy Grant's shop is still a watchmaker's, Mr Thomson, one of his apprentices, now carrying on the business. Mr William Christie also "served his time" with Sandy.

Messrs Walter and Alick Reid had their drapery shop in the building at the corner of Bow and Baker Streets, where the branch Post Office is now situate. Walter Callender, now in America, and a reputed millionaire, learned his trade here. Bailie Jaffrey, a grocer, occupied the shop No. 99 Baker Street, and is mentioned in one of the poems of "Strilia's Bard"—now a very rare work. He was a very respectable man, but his friends often twitted him for having married a young woman, he being at the time well up in years. Ebenezer Johnstone, from the shop, No. 38 (now No. 79), published the first number of "The Stirling Observer" in 1836, the printing office being situated up the Industrial School entry. The shop was previously occupied by Mr Charles Randall, printer and publisher of a great number of chap-books and other literature, father of the late Mr Randolph, of Randolph & Elder, the celebrated Clyde engineers. The shop was afterwards occupied by William Campbell, bootmaker, a very big man, but one of the best swimmers and divers Stirling ever had; he was always foremost in giving his services in searching for the bodies of drowned persons in the river, and not a few did he thus recover. At 76 Baker Street, on the right hand of the first flat, Mr Harvey, watchmaker, father of Sir George Harvey, had his business premises, Deacon Chalmers, tailor, a well-known member of the community, occupying the other half. Provost Rankin, china merchant, occupied what is now a spirit shop, No. 65. The first co-operative store (which was on a very small scale) was managed by John Youill in the shop now occupied by Mr James Anderson, grocer, at the foot of Bank Street. It did not succeed, and Youill went to Australia. Co-operation was again tried in the shop, No. 80 Baker Street, and continued for some time, but also had to be given up. Two doors below Bank Street, "Snuff Jean" sold her commodity. She once told Mr

Wright Cumming, bootmaker (who is still among us), that, when a child, her father held her up in his arms and showed her "Prince Charlie" coming out of the Coffee-house Close (14 Bow Street), where he lived while besieging Stirling Castle, and she remembered seeing two Highlanders with guns standing at the entry. In Dalgleish Court was the Fiscal's office, and opposite to it the "dead house," or mortuary, where all bodies were taken till claimed or buried. The Royal Bank commenced business in the shops, now of Mr Cumming, grocer, and the millinery premises adjoining. Opposite is a house, with gable to the street, with an inscription which reads thus:—

HEIR · I · FORBEARE
MY · NAME · OR · ARMES · TO · FIX,
LEAST · ME · OR · MINE
SHOULD · SELL · THESE · STONES · OR · STICKS.

This was a famed pie and porter house, kept by Mrs Jaffrey, a stout, neat little woman, who was a picture of tidiness. Her son has made himself a name by his energy and perseverance, and some years ago presented Birmingham with a hospital, said to have cost about a quarter of a million. Mr Peter Dalgleish had his extensive candle-making business in the premises, No. 9 Baker Street, and many a halfpenny he paid school children of that time for their used copy-books. David Miller, "Princie," did a large stationery trade next door, "chap-books," so much read at that time, being sold there by thousands.

Bishop Gleig, of the Episcopal Church, resided in Upper Bridge Street. He was a very neat personage, and wore knee breeches, silk stockings, silk apron, and a cocked hat. His son rose to be Chaplain-General of the British Forces, and was also author of a number of novels. The chapel—a small one with belfry and bell—stood on the main road, nearly opposite the Royal Hotel.

The hotels and inns were—Gibb's "Red Lion" Inn, King Street; Sawers' "Golden Grapes," Port Street; Wilson's "Star" Inn, Baker Street; A. Campbell, 12 King Street; Archibald Thomson, 67 King Street; M'Pherson's coffee-house,

Bow Street ; Gibson's "Old Cross Keys," King Street ; Andrew Kerr's "Stirling Arms," Lower Bridge Street ; and Mrs Thomson's Inn, Port Street.

Amongst the principal lodging-houses were—Mrs Duncan, Port Street ; Mrs Young, Port Street ; Mr Paterson, Spring Gardens ; Miss Flint, Baker Street ; Mrs Leggate, King Street ; Mrs Dick, Spittal Street ; Mrs King, St. Mary's Wynd ; Mrs M'Morran, St. Mary's Wynd ; Mrs Redpath, Broad Street ; Mrs Hempseed, Lower Bridge Street ; Mrs Burrel, Esplanade ; and Mrs Dawson, King Street.

The bairns were satisfied with the "Double Hedges," the Back Walk, the Deil's Hole, the Hurley Hawkie, the King's Knot, and the Butt Well as play-places, and many a happy day was spent about the Well, rolling down the slope (now fenced in) or making hats, umbrellas, or other ornaments, of the rushes which grew in abundance there, while the mothers or servants were busy washing or "tramping" clothes at the Well. There were some "dare devils" who used to climb up the rocks at the back of the Castle, receiving as their reward on reaching the top a glass of wine and sixpence.

Water was a very scarce commodity in Stirling, and the people were often in a fix, until 1849, when the Touch supply was got. Wells were placed at distances along the streets, and in time of scarcity a row of wooden stoups, in pairs, from the well below the Industrial School entry, in Baker Street, up to and round Bow Street corner, was no unusual sight. The good wives put out their stoups at night, and as each pair was filled, the rest were moved down—but it was a weary wait.

On the north side of Baker Street, in Bow Street, and the lower portion of Broad Street wells of excellent "hard water" are still to be found, but a great many have been covered over. In cases of fire there was often great difficulty through want of water. Every householder near the scene of the outbreak, on the alarm being given, ran with his or her pair of stoups, and gave assistance. We remember a fire taking place at the corner of Broad Street and Church Wynd, when the children were thrown from the windows and caught in blankets. The regiment in the Castle at the time turned out and lined the route to the wells, the stoups and pails being passed along full on the

one side, and empty on the other. We think the fire originated in the house occupied by the late "Tam" Robertson, who, as well as his father, was Guildry Officer for a great number of years.

The Valley, now part of the Cemetery.

Here tournaments used to be held, while the fair ones of the Court, whose bright eyes, no doubt, in the words of Milton,

"Rained influence and adjudged the prize,"

surveyed the extravagant doings of the other sex from the eminence which bears their name, "The Ladies' Rock." A remarkable conflict took place here during the reign of James II., who had revived the sanguinary species of the tournament, which his father had suppressed. Two noble Burgundians, named Lelani—one of whom, Jacques, was as celebrated a knight as Europe could boast—together with one Squire Meriadell, challenged three Scottish knights to fight with lance, battle-axe, sword, and daggers. Having been all solemnly knighted by the king, they engaged in the Valley. Of the Scotsmen, two were Douglases, and the third belonged to the honourable family of Halket. Soon throwing away their lances, they had recourse to the axe, when one of the Douglases was felled outright, and the king, seeing the combat unequal, threw down his baton, the signal for cessation. The remaining Douglas and de Lelani had approached so close that of all their weapons none remained save a dagger in the hand of the Scottish knight, and this he could not use by reason of the Burgundian holding his wrist, at the same time wheeling him in a struggle round the lists. The other Lelani was strong, but unskilled in warding the battle-axe, and soon had his visor, weapons, and armour crushed to pieces. Meriadell's antagonist, Halket, had attacked him with the lance, but that being knocked out of his hand by the butt-end of Meriadell's lance, he was felled to the ground, and, on again rising to renew the combat, was laid prostrate to rise no more.

A different exhibition was made in the Valley about half a

century later. About 1503 an Italian came to Scotland, and, pretending to alchemy, gave James IV. hopes of possessing the philosopher's stone. The king collated him to the Abbacy of Tungland. That the Abbot had believed in his own impostures, appears from a record to the effect that in September, 1507, an embassy was sent by the king to France, on which occasion the Abbot of Tungland "tuik in hand to flie with wingis, and to be in Fraunce befoir the sadis ambassadouris. And to that effect he causet mak ane pair of wingis with fedderis, qukilkes beand fessinet upoun him, he flew of the Castell wall of Strivelling, bot shortlie he fell to the ground and brak his thee bane; bot the wyt thairof he ascrybit to that thair was sum hen fedderis in the wings quhilk yarint and covet the mydding and not the skyis. In this doinge he pressit (essayed) to conterfute ane king of Tungland callit Bladud, quha, as thair histories mentiones, decked himself in fedderis, and presumed to flie in the aire as he did, bot, falling on the tempell of Apollo, brak his neck." This Abbot of Tungland—says a well-known Scottish novelist—seriously pestered the late Roman Legate—Æneas Sylvius—that the Pope Eugene IV., as head of the Church and "vicegerent of heaven upon earth," would intercede for the fallen angel, to have him forgiven and received once more into Divine favour, to the sublime end that all evil in the world would henceforth cease; for the good old clergyman, in the largeness of heart, like his poetic countryman in after years, felt that he could even forgive the devil, when he thought—

Auld Nickey Ben,
Maybe wad tak' a thocht and mend.

But poor Pope Eugene was too much bothered and embroiled by the untractable Council of Basle to attend at that time to the mighty crotchets of the Abbot of Tungland. The poor abbot was completely scouted, and his charlataury met with a severe and most unsavoury reprobation at the hands of the celebrated poet Dunbar, whose indignation was not softened by his being a contemporary candidate for ecclesiastical honours.

The Valley is said to have been, in later times, the scene of execution of several witches. A strange, vague circumstance

is attached by tradition to one of these incidents. It was believed, in consequence of the threat of one of the unhappy beings about to undergo execution, that, if she turned round in approaching the stake, and looked upon the town, it should immediately take fire. In order to prevent this dreadful event, the pious minister who accompanied the witch took the precaution of enveloping her head in the short velvet cloak which, according to the custom of the Presbyterian clergy of the seventeenth century, he usually wore round his own shoulders. Had he not done this, there can be no doubt Stirling would have suffered the fate destined for the poor witch.

The Horse Fair, or Market, was held for many years in "The Valley," but was removed when the Town Council decided to construct a cemetery there. A great outcry was got up about destroying "The Valley," but many who were determined opponents lived to recognise the vast improvement which was made.

Markets.

The town fifty or sixty years ago was well supplied with markets. The Flesh Market stood on the site of part of the present High School, with the slaughter-house behind. A large square was occupied with booths where country and town flesher exposed their meat for sale, the market being for a long time held twice a week. Good boiling meat could be got at 5d. per lb.; coarse pieces at 4d.; pork, 4d. There was a public-house in the corner of the square, where whisky was sold at 3d. per gill. 4d. procured a gill, a bottle of capp, and a piece of oatcake. Capp was small beer, bottled, and a capital drink it made. Publicans could sell at any hour of the day or night in those days.

The Butter Market in Broad Street was always filled with country women, having baskets of poultry, eggs, and butter, and the Weigh-House with cheese and salt butter. Poultry could be got at a very reasonable rate—a good fowl for cock-a-leekie for one shilling. The country wives prided themselves on their fresh butter, which found a ready market. They were

kept from giving light weight by the Inspector of Weights coming on them unawares. There is a story told of a woman who knew her butter would not stand the test, and on the appearance of the inspector she stuck the first coin that came to her hand, and which happened to be half-a-crown, into the topmost roll. As the inspector was leaving, a person who had noticed the action, tendered the price of the half pound, carrying off both butter and coin, the seller not daring to refuse sale.

On the right hand side of Broad Street stood carts with potatoes ; on the left, carts with fruit, vegetables, tinware, and boxes of young pigs ; while at the upper part, near the Court-House, was ranged a large number of fleshers' carts. Fish was also sold here.

Another market—now a thing of the past—was the Shearers' Market, which was held for a number of Monday mornings at the time of "hairst." The lower part of Broad Street used to be crowded with men and women—Scotch, English, and, for the most part, from the "Green Isle." Each one carried his "heuck," or reaping hook, and farmers came and engaged the number they required at so much a day, or for the whole harvest, with bed and board. In 1836 shearers received from 1s. 6d. to 2s. each day, with victuals.

About 1831 wages were very low. Masons received 2s. 4d. per day of 9 working hours ; bricklayers, 2s. 6d. ; plasterers, 3s. 4d. ; slaters, 3s. 2d. ; plumbers, 2s. 9d. ; joiners and carpenters, (10 hours), 2s. 4d. ; shoemakers (12 hours), 2s. 6d. ; blacksmiths (10 hours), 2s. 10d. ; tailors, 3s. 4d. ; but these are very poor wages as compared with the present time. Ordinary black tea at that time was 4d. per oz. ; brown sugar, $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. Houses of two apartments were about £4 yearly.

Trysts.

The Trysts held at Stenhousemuir three times a year increased very much the Stirling customs revenue, and although still held, are but phantoms of their former greatness. There would be at times not less than from thirty to forty thousand cattle, and sixty to seventy thousand sheep, passing through

the town, besides large droves of Highland "shelties." Before the new bridge was built, all passed over the old bridge, and the droves followed so closely upon each other that, on one occasion, when a dispute took place with the tollman at St. Ninians, the cattle were stopped, as were all succeeding droves, until the entire road through Stirling and Causewayhead on to the Sheriffmuir Road, at the entrance to Bridge of Allan, a distance of four miles, was one dense mass of cattle, sheep, and ponies.

Fairs.

There were the May (or "Feeing") Fair, and the October (or "Peter Mackie's") Fair, but their glory has now departed. Delightful they were for young and old townspeople, Jockey and Jenny, and they also put a goodly sum into the coffers of shopkeepers. Two busy and uproariously happy days in the year have nearly disappeared, and bairns ought to blush when they ask their "fairing," as people almost forget there are such days.

What happy times those were for the country folks! What meetings, what embracing and kissing—no shame with it—what kindly "speiring" for each other's welfare! How did they like their places? was it a good meat house? and a score of other queries. Country servants made the fairs days of real pleasure, as but little they had of it in the dreary bothies during the dark winter nights, and glad were they to get into the town for a day to see old acquaintances, patronise the shows, and meet their sweethearts. What a congregation there used to be in King Street and Baker Street. What with stands and people, it was difficult to crush through the crowd from Bank Street to the middle of King Street. It was a sight to see the meetings, "Hoo's a' wi' ye, Jock? Whan did ye see Jenny? Come awa', man, into Johnny Pok's" (Pollok's, the old 'Cross Guns' at the foot of Bank Street, a famed house), "and ha'e a dram." After the dram had been partaken of, down the street they went; more friends were met, and more drams taken. Then, meeting the lasses and treating them to sweeties at Young's or Carmichael's off they went, "hooching," to the Corn Exchange Square. After seeing the waxwork, the fat woman, and other

shows, Jock maun ha'e a ride on the "hobby-horses." Round they go. Jock is in his element. How poor the hobby-horses were then in comparison with the elegant turns-out now. They were driven by little boys who got in between the spars and ran round the circle, pushing as they went, then, after doing this for some time, they got payment in a free ride. The boys now-a-days, while lounging in the luxurious couches provided for them in the merry-go-rounds, require a cigarette between their lips to make their enjoyment complete. Jock comes off giddy, but not so bad but he maun ha'e Jenny into the "shuggy boat." What screiching and laughing when the boat is at its highest in the air; and what hauding on tae Jock by Jenny, lest she fall; what squeezing and kissing! Oh thae daft days! how quickly they pass. After getting some of Danny Reid's famous twopenny pies and more drink, the day is wound up by an adjournment to the Corn Exchange Hall, where dancing is carried on till "a' oors." Jock gangs awa' hame early in the morning, has an "oor's" sleep, gets up tae his wark wi' a sair head, but no' that sair but he would repeat the operation.

At times a countryman would be tempted to take the shilling from a kilted warrior, and very proud Jock (half fou') would be at the thought of being a defender of his country. But as the sergeant and he wended their way to the Castle, some of his acquaintances would get sight of him, and then what a commotion. They would not have him taken. Jock would begin to "blubber," a scuffle would ensue; but as soldiers have got the authority, out would come sword and bayonet, and poor Jock would be safely marched to the Castle, where he had either to stay or pay "the smart."



SCHOOLS, SCHOOLMASTERS, &c.

WHO of the scholars who attended the schools presided over by Peter and Duncan M'Dougall and William Young, with their assistants, McLaren and Scott, do not recollect them with a fond and grateful remembrance? What though at times the cane may have hurt? (a little more of the cane than is at present given would do no harm) we know now it was for our good, and very likely we richly deserved it. Good and attentive masters they were, all of them. The M'Dougall Silver Medal (for penmanship) and the M'Dougall Scholarship (for mathematics) given annually in the High School, were instituted by former pupils of both uncle and nephew.

“Patie” M'Dougall.

“Patie,” after he retired from active duties, often paid a visit to the school, and loved to have a talk with any of the pupils who knew Gaelic. He was a Highlander from “Hell’s Glen,” Lochgoil, began teaching when 14 years of age, and was a most capable master in writing, book-keeping, and mathematics. He was the author of a work entitled, “The Schoolmaster’s Manual; being a course of practical arithmetic, more especially designed for the use of scholars attending the Mathematical Academy at Stirling. Printed by C. Randall, 1806.” The book was dedicated to the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Stirling, and No. 6 of his accounts in double position runs thus—

“When first the marriage-knot was tied
 Betwixt my wife and me,
 My age did hers as far exceed
 As three times three does three:
 But, after ten and half ten years
 We man and wife had been,
 Her age came up as near to mine
 As eight is to sixteen.
 Now pray,
 What were our ages on our marriage-day?”

"Patie," who had a great many good and witty sayings, was a strict disciplinarian, and a number of stories are told of his "rows" with the scholars. One of his punishments was that of placing a boy culprit amongst the girls, and a girl offender amongst the boys. His dwelling was on the first flat of the house 17 St. John Street, and there he died on 27th June, 1851. The following story illustrates Patie's jealousy of his tuition. Having occasion to transact business at one of the banks in town a few days before his last illness began, he, on receiving the document, which had been written out by the son of the banker, but signed by the banker himself, said, as he looked earnestly at the signature, "Oh yes, it's a guid han'; but I like Jamie's better." Jamie had been his own pupil, but papa had not had that privilege. A number of the scholars had agreed to take certain private lessons from Duncan, his nephew and successor, and these were given in his house in St. John Street. On one occasion, while the class was being held, a loud knocking was heard through the partition. On Duncan going to the door to see what was wanted, Patie enquired what was going on in the room. "It's a lot of young philosophers, uncle," his nephew replied. "Pheelosophers, pheelosophers!" called out Patie; "there are far too mony o' them—droun' the young anes, Duncan ; droun' the young anes."

On the completion of the fiftieth year of his superintendence of the Mathematical Academy, in May 1841, Mr M'Dougall was entertained to a public dinner by about one hundred of his old scholars, assembled from different quarters. The chair was occupied by John Murray, Esq. of Wester Livilands, the oldest scholar present, and John Sawers, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal of the County, officiated as croupier.

Duncan M'Dougall.

✓ Duncan M'Dougall and ✓ William Young were both sterling men and sound teachers, and were looked up to with respect by their pupils. We remember Mr M'Dougall's invitation for a Saturday afternoon to see the working of a small steam engine he had fitted up, as railways and engines were not so common

then. He had a room above the school fitted up with rails, on which he placed the engine, and inserting a heated bolt in a cavity of the machine, it then started and made a circuit of the room.

We wonder how many of Young's scholars remember Scott, the helper? What a job he had to get out his snuff-box or handkerchief, from the tail of his coat. Then Cowane's Yard (now the site of the High School), with its row of trees, what a large place it seemed to our eyes, but how small in reality. We have taken the measurements as near as possible, and the "old boys" will perhaps be surprised when we inform them the length from the street to the front of the school is about 60 yards, and the breadth, from "Prentice's Garden" to the Flesh Market Wall, about 32 yards. This looks very small when the fine row of large trees, which lined the yard, is allowed for. We feel sure every one looks back with pleasure on the happy days spent there at rounders, handball, Scotch and English, bools, buttons, peeries and peeps. We do not think there is a boy now-a-days who could "lead a button," or "lozen a ball." Money was not so plentiful with the boys of any class, and we wonder how a father of that time would have looked if a demand had been made upon him for fifteen to twenty pounds for a cycle. Of sweetmeats, there was a very poor variety—Drummond, in St. Mary's Wynd, for "bull's eyes," six a halfpenny, or two stalks of "blackman" for the same sum; Scott, in Port Street, gave only one. Acid drops and peppermints were hardly to be thought of. Dr Drummond, who had a shop at the foot of Broad Street, kept open between sermons on Sabbath, and did a big trade in that line. About six or seven peppermints the size of a shirt button, or the same number of acid drops not much larger, could be purchased for a halfpenny. A few did business with Peter Fisher, confectioner, whose shop was near the top of Baker Street, on the days he made his confections (they were then made with the swinging-pan) for what was called "scrapings," scrapings being that portion of the material which stuck to the pan after the sweetmeats were made. Pastry was a very poor selection: shortbread, "parleys," "cookies," and "butter bakes" were favourites. The late Mr Henry Drum-



D. McDougall



W. Young



P. McDougall



T. Adams



J. Mardie

mond, father of Professor Drummond, when speaking to the children on selfishness, used to tell that once, when a boy, he became possessor of sixpence. After much cogitation he determined on investing his sixpence in shortbread, which he accordingly did in a shop in Broad Street. He took it home, and getting into a loft, demolished the lot, but had to pay the penalty by having a big dose of castor oil administered to him. Mr Drummond used to say this cured him of selfishness. Do any of the boys or girls now dig for "loozy arnuts" (earthnuts)? The old school was taken down, Cowane's Yard and the Flesh Market done away with, and the foundation-stone of the present High School laid on 3rd August, 1854.

Allan's School.

Rae's "Arry," or Area, and School, now Allan's School. "Geordie" Rae was teacher here, and "dear Tammy" Adams his helper for some time. Rae was one of the "thrashing" masters, and if there is virtue in the "birch," he thrashed to some purpose, as he turned out some first-class scholars, among them the late Mr Ramsay, of Kildalton, who was for some time M.P. for the Stirling Burghs, and was an Hospital boy. It was said that Rae was the indirect cause of the death of one of his pupils. "Tammy" Adams afterwards opened a school of his own in the Oddfellows' Hall, St. Mary's Wynd, removing afterwards to the premises in Spittal Street now occupied by Mrs Crocket, leather-cutter.

The Grammar School (Dr. Munro's).

Dr Munro was nicknamed "Skliffy," owing to a peculiarity in his walk. This school is now the Militia Stores, at Mar Place, where Colin Munro, editor of the "Stirling Journal," resided with his brother. An old pupil of Dr Munro says—Dr Munro always wore carpet "shoon" in school, and that his pet hobby was chickens, a number of which he had always running about him. It was generally understood he had been a clergyman in his earlier manhood, but, being sent to fill a pulpit at

the time of the Disruption, his discourse was considered too learned for that particular congregation, so much so that none of them returned to listen to him. He was, however, a "grand old man."

Dunlop's Academy.

Mr Dunlop was an Irishman, and the Rev. James Muir, the much-respected senior minister of the U.P. Church, Bridge of Allan, was for some time an assistant of his.

The Stirling and Bannockburn Caledonian Society.

The Caledonian Society had its games at the Bowling Green, and were a source of great amusement to the townspeople. A number of boys connected with the Society (which was maintained by means of public subscriptions) received their education—in the Trades' Hall School—and clothes free. They were a treat to see, little fellows with tartan coats of a "loud" pattern, with short, clawhammered back, and large round plated buttons, trousers of tartan, and large Kilmarnock bonnets with feather.

Other Schools.

Mr Theodore Roeding, French master, had private classes at his house in Queen Street, and many happy nights were spent there. Mr Fraser—and afterwards Mrs Fraser—at the Guild Hall; Mr Callender in Bow Street; Mr Campbell ("Stumpy") in the Barn Road; Mr Mackie ("Fisty") in the Trades' Hall; and Mr Hardie at the "'Oo' Mill Entry," now Douglas Street, had also large and successful schools. A large number attended the Infant School under the North Established Church, the first teacher being Miss Kyle, succeeded by Misses Duff, Brown, and Smith. Mrs MacPherson, wife of Hector MacPherson, drum-major of the 93rd Highlanders—a man much respected for his religious work at home and the Crimea—was also for some time

teacher, and later Miss Gordon (now Mrs Walls, Kerse Mills), had the superintendence of the school. Mrs Spalding, widow of a teacher, occupied a room in an old house at the foot of Cowane's Yard (now re-built by Mr Hodgson), where she taught a few children from four to five years of age, and as prizes she gave little square pieces of wood with the initials of the gainer thereon. Mr Christie and Mr Sinclair taught dancing, and, we think, Mr Allan singing, at the Guild Hall.

NEWSPAPERS.

"*The Stirling Journal*" was commenced in the year 1820, the price being 7d. "*The Stirling Observer*" followed in 1836, price 4d. unstamped. Newspaper clubs were quite common fifty years ago, a few of the burghers joining together to subscribe for a paper, which was read in turn—as agreed upon—the last reader usually getting the paper to keep. Mr Christie, watchmaker, informs us that about the year 1840, while apprentice with "Sandy" Grant, he was sent down to King Street to await the arrival of the mail coach, from which the Glasgow and Edinburgh papers were transferred to the Post Office opposite, where he received his paper, "*The Scotsman*." Sandy's club numbered about a dozen, and much interest was taken at the time in Daniel O'Connell. "*The Scotsman*" was published on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and cost sixpence. In 1831 its circulation was 1914; advertising duty, £750. "*The Glasgow Herald*" was also printed twice a week, and had a circulation of 1615, the advertising duty amounting to £1425.

Newsvending.

When a crime occurred in any town at a distance, the good folks of Stirling did not get the particulars, as at present, in an

hour or two. The first intimation of the occurrence was probably by seeing a man with a large square frame, with cotton stretched thereon, and set on a pole, which rested on the ground. On this were usually pourtrayed four scenes having reference to the crime. The man would take his stance at the corner of a street, and give the particulars—turning the views as he proceeded, thus whetting the appetite of the beholders for more of the “horrors,” which were sold in leaflet form at the low price of a halfpenny.

Another itinerant visitor to the town was “Jack Straw,” who appeared with a parcel of papers in one hand and some stalks of straw in the other, intimating that “I dare not sell the paper, and I will not sell the paper,” but, to accommodate the public, he would sell a straw and give one of the papers to the bargain. People not up to the “sell,” thinking they were getting something “racy,” bought the straw, and found they had got with it a song or tract of no value. Ballad singers were innumerable, and mostly went in couples, a man and a woman, the songs they sang being too often those having unsavoury, immoral allusions, such as “Down by the Dark Arches, near to the Railway,” and “The Handsome Cabin-boy,” pourtraying the adventures of a female who went in masculine attire to sea as a cabin-boy.

MODES OF TRANSIT.

Coaches.

IN 1814 there were, including the mail, only two coaches a day to Edinburgh, and no steamboat at all, but in 1835 there were three steam vessels daily, carrying hundreds of passengers, especially during the summer months; and even during winter the number of passengers was not inconsiderable. The two coaches continued to run during winter. To

Glasgow, in 1814, there were only two coaches daily, one of which merely passed through on its way from Perth. In 1835 there were nine daily from Glasgow, six of which went no further than Stirling, while three, including the mail, went to Perth. There was a coach daily from Stirling to Perth, two to Alloa, and one to Callander during summer, and three times a week during winter. An omnibus ran four times a day to Bridge of Allan for the accommodation of persons attending the Mineral Wells at Airthrey.

Edinburgh to Stirling in 1792.

"The Stirling Light Coach sets off from Robert Lawson's Swan Inn, Grassmarket, Edinburgh, to George Towers's, Stirling, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8 o'clock in the morning; and from George Towers's to Robert Lawson's likewise every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 in the morning. The proprietors of the Stirling Coach mean to run her at the rate of six miles per hour for speedy conveyance of passengers. Each seat, 8s. 6d."—Courant.

Steamboats.

The steamboats were a source of great pleasure, and there being more water in the river between Stirling and Alloa than now, they sailed oftener. The fares in 1837 from Stirling to Newhaven were—Cabin, 1s. ; steerage, 6d. The hours for sailing ranged from five in the morning until five in the afternoon, and public intimation was given beforehand by printed hand-bills, and also by sound of bugle each day, an hour previous to that of sailing. The three boats were the "Stirling Castle" and the "Victoria" belonging to one company, and the "Benlomond" to another.

Newhaven to Stirling in 1837.

"SPLENDID NEW IRON STEAMER ON THE STIRLING PASSAGE.—The Benledie, the new Clyde built steamer, after making an

excellent run from Glasgow to Inverness, left that for Leith on Wednesday morning with a heavy cargo of goods. On Friday this fine vessel made her first trip from Newhaven to Stirling, which she accomplished in three hours and seven minutes with the greatest ease, a distance of 42 miles, being the quickest run from Newhaven to Stirling hitherto performed. . . . The new Benledie is a very beautiful, powerful, and fast sailing vessel.”—Courant, 7th March, 1837.

Sandy Grant and the Steamboat.

When steamboats began to ply between Stirling and Newhaven, a party of merchants agreed to have a sail down the river. They started early one morning, had breakfast and dinner on board, and were enjoying their toddy late in the afternoon, when they were informed of the arrival of the boat at Newhaven. Before landing, Sandy Grant, a well-known watchmaker in Bow Street, who was in the chair, rose and proposed prosperity to the Stirling steamboat; remarking that no doubt the coaches would soon go down, now that the steamboat could make the journey in so short a time.

Quick Travelling in 1840.

In November, 1840, the late Mr David Pollock, of the Stirling Port Custom, was in Glasgow, and having some business to do in Paisley, went thither in the railway train, which carried him in 14 minutes. His business was completed in 12 minutes, and a return train being about to start, he threw himself into one of the carriages, and at the end of another 13 minutes was again in Glasgow. In all 39 minutes. In October, 1850, trains ran from Glasgow to Stirling in 50 minutes.



FUNERALS.

COFFINS were either carried shoulder-high, or on spokes, with a mortcloth covering them. Several of the institutions in town had special cloths, which were lent for the occasion to members. These were made of velvet, some of them being of considerable value. Mourners were dressed in full suits of black, with "weepers," which were bands of linen fixed at the cuffs of the coat. Crape was worn on the hat; and the nearer the kinship the larger the amount of crape and linen, and the longer were these worn. When hearses came into fashion, people of distinction were conveyed therein, and were preceded by "saulies," hired men in skull-caps and carrying batons covered with crape. People invited to the house of the deceased were treated to wine or whisky with cake, after which the minister attending prayed, and the cortège started for the churchyard.

Paupers' Funerals.

The burial of a pauper at present is not all that could be wished, but what would the folks now-a-days say to a scene as described by a well-known townsman? He says—"I was passing up Queen Street one day, when I saw, driving up Bridge Street, a cart followed by five or six frail old men, who were hardly able to keep up with it, though it was going at an ordinary walking pace. On looking, I saw a coffin laid slantways on the cart, so that space could be got for it. In this manner I followed it to the old churchyard, and, after depositing its burden, it returned down town, halted at a baker's shop, where it took on a load of bread, and conveyed it to the Castle for the use of the soldiers." The gentleman was so disgusted with the sight, that he set about and collected as much as purchased a second-hand hearse, which was in use for a number of years. In 1858 a pauper's coffin was placed on a small cart, not unlike a wheelbarrow, and drawn to the churchyard by a donkey.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

SOIREES were held in the Guild Hall or Corn Exchange, Mr Marshall, late hatter, with the late Mr Wands, china merchant, and the late Mr Scott, confectioner, delighting the lieges with their songs and instrumental music.

Mr Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," came yearly with his entertainment, and a great treat for the bairns was Boyd's "Marionettes." Boyd usually rented a disused printing office in the Vennel Close, Baker Street, now occupied as a bakehouse, and many delightful nights were spent there by the youngsters, gazing at his wonderful figures, or listening to "The bridge is broken, it cannot now be mended, fol-de-diddle al al, fol-de-diddle-ido," or "My mither ment my auld breekis, and wow but they were duddy, O." Then Foxy Boyd, his son, a young boy (named after the Honourable Fox Maule), didn't he dance the Highland Fling or the Sword Dance in first-rate style! Foxy is now an elderly man, and an employer of labour in a city not far away. Singers and other entertainers gave the town a look in occasionally.

The School of Arts lectures were well patronised. They were held in the Court-House. Great fun was caused by the amazing experiments, and the extraordinary smells occasionally arising. But the lectures were, with few exceptions, entertaining and instructive. There was also a lending library connected with the Institution.

The building which at one time did duty as a theatre, and which was demolished a few years ago, was situated at the Shore Road, alongside the old rope walk, with entrance by the Howff Close. Little sufficed in those days in Stirling, as it was a most unlikely building for such a purpose. Still, companies of really good actors—among them the great MacKay, the original "Bailie," and Joe Power—walked the stage there. It was opened on 25th June, 1829 (under the management of Mr Stanley, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, who was sup-

ported by a first-rate company), with the play of "George Heriot, or the Fortunes of Nigel." Mr and Mrs Ramsay of Barnton, and the Provost and Magistrates of the town, gave their patronage. The theatre was continued for three years, but, for want of patronage, had to be given up, and the building was converted into dwelling-houses.

✓ ORD, THE EQUESTRIAN.

"RD is to be here next week!" What joyful news for the youngsters. Aye, and the oldsters too! What a commotion. The "Valley" after this was the place of places; there was always some one up to see, in case the fairies had made the ring in their absence. Amateur horsemanship was all the go. What a weary wait for the great night. At last, on the arrival of the party, what a stir! The men could hardly get the ring made by reason of the crowd of would-be helpers. But when the eventful evening arrived, the sight of the immense concourse, which lined the Valley and every nook and corner of the "Ladies' Rock," gave an idea of what a splendid place it must have been for the tournaments long ago. Oh, what fun with the clowns, the funny man, and the ringmaster! What admiration of the lady riders, of the men on horseback, the trapeze, and all other feats of a circus, and all in the open-air, and without charge.

The climax was reached, however, when a commotion was seen to take place amongst some of the onlookers, and a stout, old carter body, apparently very much the worse for drink, would force himself into the ring. He "could ride a horse as well as any of them." The hubbub increased until the clowns' attention was drawn to the spot, and didn't they take their fun off the old man? They would have him into the ring, and into the ring he would go. He would be on a horse, and a horse is got, but what with his girth and ineptitude, he cannot

hold on. At last, with the help of the clowns and the ring-master, he gets a hold; off he goes with his arms around the horse's neck, amid the hilarious mirth of the multitude, and, after many a narrow escape from falling, he gets on his feet on the horse's back. And then a cord is slily pulled, the carter's dress is thrown to the winds, and, instead of an old drunken carter, behold, Sir William Wallace, Joan of Arc, a sailor, a fishwife, and other characters. Were there ever happier folks than those Valley beholders? I trow not. With all the money now spent on so-called fashionable amusement, I am certain none will ever captivate the multitude as Ord did.

Tickets for a lottery were sold during the performance, and envied persons they were who gained the gold watch, the boll of oatmeal, or one of the timepieces or dress-pieces given as prizes. When darkness set in a splendid display of fire-works took place.

THE STIRLING RACES.

THE great event of the year in Stirling for a time was the Races, which usually lasted two days, and three when the Caledonian Hunt took place. For weeks previous to the event the boys would be preparing, giving constant attendance at the "race course," principally near the grand stand. The Misses Graham, who lived in a shop (long since demolished) at the corner of Jail Wynd and Broad Street, were kept busy with their needles making "racers' caps" for the embryo jockeys. They cost one penny each, and were made of glazed calico. Straw and green (Ramsay) and yellow (Merry) were the favourites, other colours being nowhere, and many a race was run by the youngsters at different parts of the town, each with his favourite colour.

A week or ten days before the races a handbill would appear with the words, "Sons of the Rock, turn out, and strike the iron while it is hot." This poster was put out by the late John Stupart, afterwards Chief-Constable in town, but a young man at the time. A crowd of boys carrying sticks would assemble at the Guild Hall, and after being addressed by "Johnnie," and told their duties, were marched along the walks, and whenever a "thimbler" or "prick the garter" was found, he was at once set upon and chased off the ground. This continued until the days of meeting, which were the days for business. Led by the redoubtable "Johnnie," his band followed him in amongst the tents, behind the tents, upon the heights, and all other places likely to hide a foe, some of them being very badly used in the melees. At times they would show fight, but numbers always prevailed. Johnnie and his band, no doubt, saved many a poor countryman from being robbed, and as soon as the races were over the band was dismissed.

The day before the races the Corn Exchange area and King Street were filled with stands, and the town was over-run by men and boys selling "c'rect card, or sheet list for the races, the names of the horses, and colours of the riders," a great trade being done in these. On the opening morning what a sight on the roads—by way of "Cowane's Yard" down the "Back Walk" and through the "Double Hedges" (between the Smith Institute and the bowling green), or by Wolf Craig and Dumbarton Road to the racing field. One wondered where all the beggars, all the halt, lame, blind, and deformed came from. Every corner was taken up, and a miserable lot they were. Poor wretches, how they got a living it was difficult to imagine. Then there were the Swiss hurdy-gurdy girls (some of them very pretty), and the man with the French fiddle, girls with baskets of sweeties (a small parcel done up in fancy coloured paper cost sixpence: more can be got now for twopence); stands with all kinds of fancy goods (which you got a chance of by investing a penny in the lottery); the woman selling "gallaces" (braces); wheels of fortune, boxing booths, cheap Johns, Aunt Sallys, and a score or so of refreshment tents. A great attraction was "Feed the Ravens"

(Johnny Salmon, erroneously termed "Robbie"), from Kirkcaldy, who was a constant attender at Stirling Races, and the meeting would have been robbed of half its delights—at least for the youngsters—had he been absent. We think, since "Feed the Ravens" disappeared, the secret of ginger-bread making has been lost. His was simply delightful—or maybe we thought so then, there were so few attractions in that line. He took up his stance between the grand stand and the first tent, and, after addressing his audience, "fed the ravens" (the crowd of young men and boys who always congregated about him, by scattering a handful or two of his gingerbread amongst them, in order to attract greater attention to his wares) then for the fun looked forward to by the "young deevils." A sedate countryman with a "tile" on (they were more common in those days) has come to see the fun. "Come here," says Salmon; "would you like a snap?" Nothing more certain when got for nothing, so over he comes. "Give me your hat," says Salmon; so Innocence hands him his head-gear, which is filled to the top, and the countryman turns away with his load. But, alas! "the ravens" are there, and in an instant the hat is torn from him, the contents plundered, and the poor man might count himself lucky if he got back his hat minus the brim. "Oh, you rascals!" lisps "Feed the Ravens," with a wink and a "poor body" to the victim. He would say to a countryman, while supplying him with some of his commodities, "Eh, Jock, you were awfu' blate wi' Jenny last night; but noo wi' thae you can face her like a Lammermoor lion."

The hour for racing, however, arrives, the course is cleared, the railings lined with all manner of carriages and crowds of spectators; the grand stand is filled to overflowing, the judge takes his place, the weighing is done, and the trial spin is over. But why need we describe what is so well-known? Between the races the tents are filled, the musicians tune up, the stand proprietors call out their wares, and all goes merry as a marriage bell. At night the town is crowded, and the fun goes on "fast and furious" until midnight, when a little quietness is got in preparation for the coming day.

The first of the races held at Stirling took place on 7th, 8th,

and 9th October, 1806, and were a great success. On October 7th, £50, given by the Magistrates of Stirling, was won by Mr Baird's "Bess," beating Mr Millar's "Aurora." October 8th, £50, for all ages, won by Mr Baird's "Juno," beating Mr Best's "Fairy." The Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt Stakes—3 subscribers, 5 guineas each—won by the Hon. Captain Fleming's "Tom Pipes," beating Captain Hamilton's "Scogie" and Mr Graham's "Fidget." October 9th, £50, for all ages, won by Mr Baird's "Newblythe," beating Mr Best's "Juno" and Mr Millar's "Aurora." The stewards for the next year's races were the Duke of Montrose, Viscount Primrose, Mr Graham of Airth, and Mr Stirling of Keir.

Ramsay of Barnton.

The disappearance of Mr Ramsay gave the death-blow to the Stirling Races. Some pranks had taken place on the railway near Falkirk, Mr Ramsay being fixed on as the leader in the "ploy," and he left the country. Some time thereafter his death was announced, and his body brought home and interred, and although there was considerable doubt in the minds of the public as to his death, it was, alas, too true. The sporting Mr Ramsay was out of existence, and Stirling Races have been dormant ever since. Sir William Don, an Aberdeenshire landowner, a man over six feet six inches in height, was one of his companions in the railway affair. He took to the stage, and the writer saw him play in "Toodles" at the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, Glasgow.

Miss Meek.

Among the many visitors to Stirling Races was a Miss Meek, who drove from Glasgow in a four-horse carriage (with outriders) filled with "linties." She put up at Gibb's Inn, until some county ladies complained, and threatened to leave if she and her band were allowed to remain. The writer was subsequently in a situation at Turner's Court, Argyll Street, Glasgow (the house is now the Cobden Hotel), his employers' counting-house window looking into the court. One day a

member of the firm, pointing to an old woman below, told him that was the famous Miss Meek. She had over her arm an old sack, and with a bit of wood was searching the street refuse for rags, paper, or any other thing for which she could get a penny.

Burke's Racing Fiasco.

On Saturday, 29th September, 1848, the streets of Stirling were crowded by numerous respectable parties of pleasure-seekers from Perth, Dundee, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other towns, who had been induced to visit the "ancient rock" from its having been extensively announced through the country, by means of placards and advertisements in the public papers, that Mr Burke, of London, proposed to drive four-in-hand from Stirling to the race course, and afterwards ride the same horses over forty hurdles and clear twenty-four miles within an hour. It had been also announced that two races were to take place, the one for a cup of one hundred sovereigns, and the other for a cup of twenty-five sovereigns.

Although early on Saturday the whole affair seemed likely to prove a hoax, yet thousands congregated on the ground, many of them trusting to its being a bona-fide match, from Mr Burke being well-known to the sporting world as having on several occasions performed some wonderful feats in matches against time. There had been no particular hour mentioned for the match coming off, but it seemed to be generally understood that 2 o'clock was to be the hour. At 4 o'clock, however, there was no appearance of Mr Burke or his four-in-hand, and the hopes of the thousands on the ground that there would be some sport were only buoyed up by the appearance of some hurdles across the course, and the appearance of a thoroughbred walking about in his clothing and mounted by a light jockey.

Shortly thereafter Mr Burke appeared upon the ground, and proposed that the sports of the day should commence with a private match he had made with a gentleman in the neighbourhood for £10. To this the gentleman at once agreed, and, taking out his purse, proposed that the money should be staked. Mr Burke said there was no necessity for this, as

they could easily settle after the race was run, but to this the gentleman decidedly objected. Whereupon Mr Burke ordered his jockey to walk about for five minutes, and if the other horse was not mounted by that time, to go over the course, and he would then win the match by a walk over, at the same time declaring the other only wanted to back out.

By this time, however, the assembled crowd, already irritated by the length of time they had been delayed, and becoming disgusted with the shuffling conduct displayed by Burke, at once proceeded to show their sense of his conduct by knocking him down and giving him a good pummelling. Fortunately for him, through his own exertions and the assistance of several gentlemen, he managed to get to the saloon of the grand stand, otherwise he must have been seriously injured, as his assailants seemed determined to wreak their vengeance upon him to the utmost extent.

On his taking refuge in the saloon, the mob began to attack it, and attempted to force an entrance, causing considerable damage. So serious did the affair now appear that a messenger was sent to the Castle for the assistance of the military, and in a short time a detachment of the 93rd, numbering a hundred men, was on the ground, when quietness was at once restored; Mr Burke, disguised in the coat of one of the gentlemen present, and wearing a fur cap belonging to one of the police, managed to escape from the ground without detection, and so ended his "extraordinary match" and cup races.

It may have been, on Mr Burke's own showing, perhaps to a certain extent doubtful whether the match was intended, or whether a hoax, with a good deal of the swindle mixed with it, was alone aimed at.

Undoubtedly he brought to town on the Monday previous four race horses, and they could scarcely be termed "broken-down coursers," seeing that "Pawnbroker" (a famed horse of that time) was one of them, and these horses were in regular training throughout the week. But it was said that one, if not more, of the horses had been removed from Glasgow without the consent, or even knowledge, of the owners, and certain it was that the owner of "Pawnbroker" came to Stirling the

preceding day, and took his horse off to Glasgow. Mr Burke had also engaged the different railway trains, which arrived in Stirling at a suitable hour, by which he cleared about £60, and this being followed by the fact that no match or race came off, so fully convinced the crowd that the whole was a barefaced imposition, that they betook themselves to "Jeddart justice," and gave Mr Burke what he in that case richly deserved.

Melville Terrace Trees.

In 1816 the trees on both sides of Melville Terrace, at that time Melville Place, were disposed of by the Town Council to a carpenter, and were saved from the hatchet only through the public-spirited interposition of the late Mr Murray, of Polmaise. The following verses were at the period composed by a lady resident in the Terrace. They are entitled—

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE OLD TREES OF MELVILLE PLACE
TO THE MAGISTRATES AND TOWN COUNCIL OF STIRLING, THE
TRUSTEES OF THE ROADS, &c.

1816.

The eyes are dim, the heads are low,
The hands are cold that brought us here;
Prescriptive right we soon might show,
For we have stood the hundredth year.

Another hundred let us stand,
The beauty of your town we'll be.
Consent not that, with murd'rous hand,
The axe be laid unto the tree.

O ye, who in your hands have now
Power to condemn, and power to save,
Need ye be told how oft to you
In early life we pleasure gave?

Soon as ye were released from school
How oft, in troops, our shades below,
Have belted button to a bool,
To climb our very highest bough!

The daring elf was aye our care,
Its tiny footsteps to sustain;
Though poised at times, as in mid-air,
Yet safely it came down again.

When Melville Place was but a name,
A spot the townsmen meant to feu,
From far and near the bidders came:
Our beauty was the charm that drew.

And, ever and anon, we've been
To all who built beneath our shade,
A constant and a powerful screen
From eastern blasts that oft invade.

Our humble merit do not scorn;
On twig more slender than the line
By which our topmost leaves are borne
Connexion of ideas twine.

To some, perchance, our forms recall
The dear loved spot that gave them birth,
A tree that near their father's hall
Was rooted in their native earth.

To some, when autumn browns the vale,
And lays our leafy honours low,
A whisper floats upon the gale,
"How frail the state of man below."

A leaf that hangs on naked spray,
And lightly trembles to the blast,
May warn the thoughtless of decay—
That here their day will soon be past.

In spring, when nature's charms abound,
And leaves break forth upon the tree,
The meditative mind has found
The hope of immortality.

For though man's race in dust may lie
Like leaves when scattered on the ground—
Through faith your hopes will soon descrie
Eternal spring, beyond life's bound.

Another hundred let us stand,
The beauty of your town we'll be;
Consent not that, with murd'rous hand,
The axe be laid unto the tree.

OLD FACES.

NOTABLE CITIZENS OF STIRLING.

Provost William Anderson.

1793-1830.

MONOTONOUS as is the stream of human affairs in general, particularly in a small provincial town, there does occasionally appear an individual whose singularities attract public attention more than the even course of his compeers, and stamp him with the designation of an eccentric.

Such a man was Provost William Anderson, for many years the only agent the King's Edinburgh printers had for the sale of Bibles, &c., in the West of Scotland. He was also permitted to print Shorter and Proof Catechisms and the Book of Proverbs as school books. The Provost and a brother and sister were triplets, who all arrived at years of maturity. The Provost, educated from the funds of Allan's Hospital, was apprenticed to a bookseller, and after having learned this profession, carried it on in his native place in such a manner as to obtain a much larger share of business, as well as a more extensive trade connection, than usually falls to the lot of a provincial bookseller. He was for many years the oldest bookseller in Scotland, and being universally esteemed, a number of the trade presented him with his portrait, which afforded him great satisfaction. It was afterwards engraved, and a copy, purchased by his successor in business, and richly gilded, was suspended in the shop—a circumstance which pleased the Provost so much that few days passed on which he did not call in to see it.

In one thing he resembled the no less gruff but more stern Dr Johnson, as he thought it a luxury to be wheeled in a post-chaise. The greatest pleasure he enjoyed in his later years was

an annual sojourn of two months at Bridge of Earn, where he was quite the lion of the place, and in the inn held the dignity of president, whatever might be the rank of the parties present at the dining-table. This, to him, was to enjoy life in perfection, and formed the very highest item, in his estimate, of human blessedness.

Among his other dignities, the Provost was for many years a Justice of the Peace. On one occasion, when presiding, the names of certain subscribers to some public function, and who had not implemented their promises, were to be called over in open court, with the intention of affronting them out of their dues. The Provost, anxious that every person should hear the names of the delinquents, ordered silence, and called upon the Clerk to proceed, when that functionary—a bit of a wag—rose, and, clearing his throat with a decorous a-hem, read in a slow and sonorous tone, “William Anderson, Esq., Provost of Stirling, and Justice of the Peace.” “Whisht, whisht, sir; what’s that you’re saying? There is your two guineas, and let us hear no more of that.”

In municipal politics the Provost was Liberal according to the narrow policy of his day, and in national affairs decidedly Ministerial, believing that as the Ministry was the choice of the King, it was always well chosen, and that it was the duty, as well as to the interest, of a royal burgh to support the Ministry of the day, because then, he concluded, he was supporting the constitution.

As a Magistrate, the Provost had one qualification of great value: he was an excellent “Buff the beggar,” for, although himself educated upon charity, he heartily hated a poor man, considered poverty a crime, and on that account exerted himself to put it down. At ten every forenoon he appeared in Broad Street, and with a formidable sloethorn cudgel over his shoulder, backed with his singularly forbidding countenance, surrounded with a grotesque drapery of grizzled locks, the back part of which was tied in a queue, he was the terror of the mendicant, and with laudable impartiality chased sorners and beggars of every class from the purlieus of his favourite haunt. He was elected Provost in 1793, 1794, 1813, 1814, and 1829 during the sixty years he was dabbling in municipal politics.

When the burgh was disfranchised, he actively exerted himself to bring about the desirable result, and succeeded, much to the benefit of the public charities of the place.

The most singular idea the Provost cherished, and that for a long series of years, was that he might die Provost; and the reason he assigned for this was as preposterous as the wish was extravagant, namely, that the procession at his funeral would be the finest thing in the world. "Bless you, sir," he said to a friend when conversing on the subject, "only think what a fine thing it will be for the whole Town Council, and the Town Clerk with his ink-horn, preceded by the Town Officers, and followed by the Constables, with the Guildry and Seven Trades, and myself the principal person in the cavalcade." So entirely was his mind engrossed with this absurd idea, that it is only surprising he did not wish, like Charles II., to see his funeral obsequies enacted while he was still alive.

However, in accordance with his wish, the whole pantomime was actually exhibited before the public gaze, and thus was turned into ridicule the most serious transaction connected with our earthly pilgrimage. As if to exaggerate this curious conceit, a pompous programme was drawn up of the order of procession, in which the Seven Trades were introduced in the following manner : (1), The officer of the Trade ; (2), The members of the Incorporation, four and four ; (3), The old deacon of the Trade ; and this pomposity was observed with the skinners and fleshers, although it was well-known that at that time these two trades consisted only of two members each. The funeral cortege came down St. John Street and Spittal Street, turning into Baker Street by Bank Street, and then up to the churchyard by Bow Street and Broad Street. The coffin was carried shoulder-high, and was covered by the Guildry mortcloth, on which was deposited the Provost's cocked hat. While the procession was passing up Baker Street, near to the "Bishop's Close," a hen which had got closed in by the crowd, and could find no way of escape, took to her wings and perched on the cocked hat, cackling in an outrageous manner.

Provost Galbraith.

1832-1846.

The earlier part of Provost Galbraith's life was passed in the army, in which he attained the rank of Captain. He served for twenty-four years under the late Duke of Kent, father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and under his immediate command in Nova Scotia. He was for thirteen years Adjutant of the Duke's regiment, the 1st Royal Scots, and gained the high esteem of His Royal Highness as a good soldier and most zealous and efficient officer. Captain Galbraith saw active service with his regiment in the winter of 1813-14, when, owing to the severity of the weather, the troops suffered greatly, no less than 120 men of the battalion perishing in a snow-storm while traversing the forest of Schrieverdinghen. In the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, 8th March, 1814, the Royal Scots, rushing to storm the water port, became exposed to the guns of the Arsenal, and were so hemmed in on every side that the whole battalion, after a brave resistance, were taken prisoners. It is recorded that to save the colours of the regiment from becoming trophies to the enemy, Lieutenant Galbraith swam out under heavy fire and sank them in the Zoom.

His regiment being stationed in Stirling Castle in 1811-12, led to Captain Galbraith marrying the elder daughter of Bailie Gibb, and thus allying himself with a Stirling family of very ancient lineage, which has been clearly traced back for a number of centuries. A gravestone of this family in the old portion of the Cemetery has the date 1579; another stone adjoining it, bearing also the name of Gibb, is inscribed 1525.

Captain Galbraith retired from the army in 1822. In 1830 he became connected with municipal affairs, when, under the old elective system, he was elected a Councillor for one year, and was at the same time appointed third Bailie. In 1831 he was again elected a Councillor, and became second Bailie. He was returned to the Council, and advanced to the dignity of Provost in 1832—the last year of the old system of municipal election. He did not stand for re-election in 1833—the year

when the Municipal Reform Act came into force—but was returning officer at the first election under the new system. He re-entered the Council in 1834, and was again chosen Provost; likewise in 1837, 1840, and 1843, at the expiry of the respective triennial terms for which he was returned, and was at the head of the poll on each occasion, except in 1843, when Mr George Mouat had a majority over him of one vote. Captain Galbraith thus served as Provost of Stirling for thirteen years, twelve of them consecutive.

During his Provostship he had the honour, as chief representative of the municipal authorities, of receiving Her Majesty the Queen on the occasion of her first visit to Scotland, and presenting to her the keys of the ancient and royal burgh, a function which it was unanimously agreed he discharged in an eminently dignified and befitting manner. The Provost took occasion to bring under Her Majesty's notice the relations in which he had stood to Her Majesty's father.

Provost Galbraith finally retired from public life on account of failing health. On his death, in September, 1847, he was accorded—in recognition of the regard and esteem in which he was universally held, both in his public and private capacity—a public funeral, at which the whole community of Stirling may be said to have assisted, embracing all the public associated bodies, private citizens of all ranks, and the scholars of the various public schools, as well as the military in the garrison.

In every relation of life the subject of this sketch displayed most estimable qualities. He was an efficient and courageous soldier, an upright and conscientious Magistrate, a sincere friend, hospitable, genial, and courteous in the highest degree; affectionate, loving, and indulgent in his family circle. He led a blameless life, and was eminently “*Vir integer, scelerisque purus.*”

Provost Dick.

1858-1861..

Provost Dick was a native of Stirling, and, along with his father and brothers, successfully conducted a woollen factory in the Craigs. In 1830 he first entered the Council as Deacon

of the weavers, and, under the Reform Bill, was elected a member of Council in November, 1833, and chosen Bailie, which office he held for many years. Mr Dick retired from the Council in 1849, but returned in 1857, and sat as a common Councillor for a year, when he was unanimously chosen Provost, which office he held for three years. In November, 1861, he finally retired, and died on 22nd April, 1865, aged 79.

Mr Dick was a Commissioner of Supply and a Justice of the Peace for Stirlingshire, and took a lively interest in county business. Apart from this, however, he had strong literary and antiquarian tastes, and was an extensive collector of ancient coins. He was accustomed, in his early days, to go much about Ayrshire, and had an enthusiastic admiration for Burns and all connected with him.

Having intimate acquaintance with the history of Stirling, he delighted to tell old stories of "The Rock." He contributed a series of papers to the "Stirling Journal," entitled, "Stirling Heads of the Olden Time," which possessed much interest, giving, as they did, a vivid picture of by-gone days. Everything connected with the past had a strong attraction for him, and few men knew better than he about the old families of Stirling. The first stained-glass window in the West Parish Church was erected to the memory of Provost Dick by his relatives.

Provost John Murrie.

1861-1867.

This estimable gentleman died at his residence, Murray Place, 19th January, 1881. Born at Methven, Perthshire, in March, 1818, he entered the service of the National Bank of Scotland, in the Perth branch, in his 14th year. From thence he went to Dundee, Inverness, and Kirkcaldy, always ascending in position. In 1845 he opened a branch at Burntisland as agent, and there his business capacity pointed him out as a suitable person for managing the municipal affairs of the burgh, and for three years he filled the Provost's chair.

In 1848 he removed to Stirling, being appointed joint agent of the National Bank with the late Mr Patrick Connal, and on Mr Connal's retirement in 1853 succeeded to the sole agency.

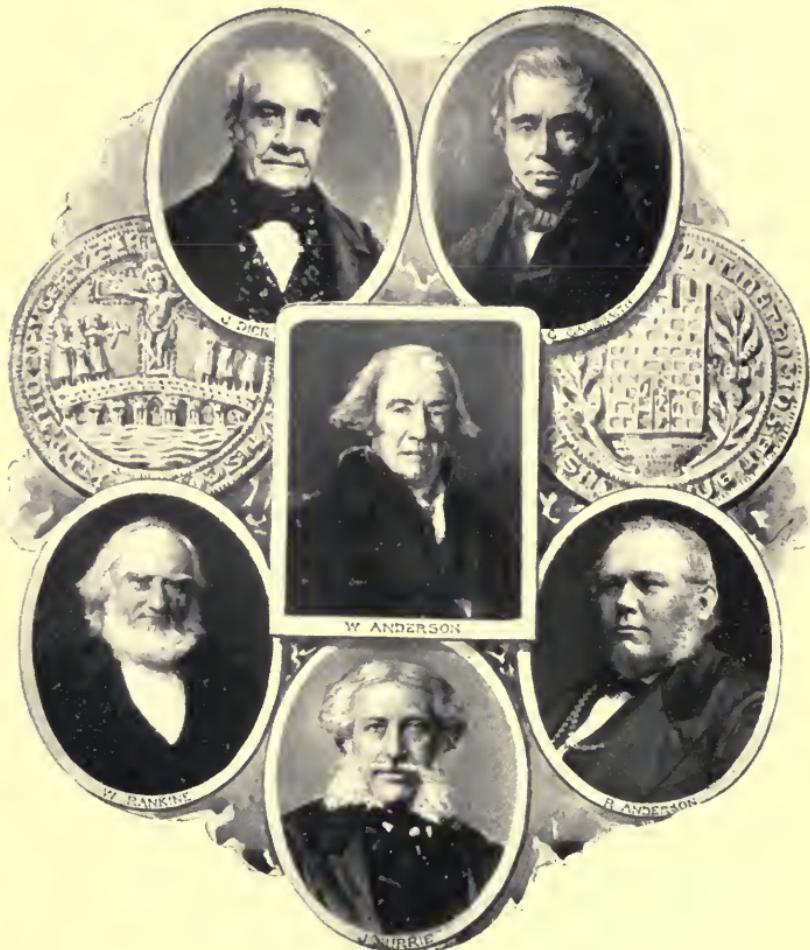
On coming to Stirling he at once took a warm interest in the institutions of the town, commencing his municipal career in 1856, and so satisfied were the electors with his performance of duty that in 1861 he was raised to the Provostship, retiring in 1867.

Provost Murrie was one of the gentlemen who started the Volunteer movement in Stirling, and was the first Captain of the 2nd Stirlingshire Artillery Volunteers. He was one of the original directors, and latterly chairman of the Stirling and Bridge of Allan Tramways Company. He was also a member of the first School Board in Stirling, and an honorary Sheriff-Substitute. Occupying the post of elder in the West Church (which owed much to his liberality), he frequently represented the Burgh and Presbytery of Stirling at the General Assembly. The "troops of friends" he had were the natural results of his genial disposition, his easy accessibility, his readiness to aid, and his desire to do good to all with whom he came in contact.

Provost Rankin.

1867-1870.

Provost William Rankin died at Sauchie House, Baker Street—now the Boys' Industrial School—on 7th January, 1875, at the great age of 87. Born at Falkirk in 1788, he came to Stirling about the year 1814, and commenced business as a cork-cutter in Baker Street, and subsequently went into the china trade, which he carried on with considerable success. From the first he took a deep interest in the improvement of his adopted town, so that for the last fifty years of his life his name was a household word in Stirling. He was instrumental, along with Dr William Forrest, in getting a good supply of water for the town. He was also one of the founders of the School of Arts, and was president when he died. He gave valuable assistance to Mr William Drummond in the laying out and beautifying of the Cemetery. An elderly "Son of the Rock," now in America, writing to the publisher of this volume, says—"I suppose it is much changed, but no doubt Stirling remains beautiful as ever, and to no one is it more indebted than to Bailie Rankin, who had the interest of the town at heart."



One of the important events in his life was a visit he paid to Rome, of which he gave an account in a little book, entitled, "Rome : Its Temples, Palaces, and Public Buildings." He also took great interest in the Macfarlane Museum, Bridge of Allan. It is also to him the people of Stirling are indebted for the Smith Institute, as it was entirely through his exertions that Mr Smith was induced to sign his will before last going abroad.

He took deep interest in the struggles that ended in Catholic Emancipation; in the passing of the Reform Bill; and the repeal of the Corn Laws. He was present at the trial of Baird and Hardie for the Bonnymuir Rising, procuring admission by disguising himself as a young lawyer. For many years Mr Rankin was a Town Councillor and Magistrate, occupying the Provost's chair for the three years preceding 1870, when he retired from public life. He stood election twelve times, and in ten was successful.

Mr Rankin's services were not unappreciated, his fellow townsmen, on 23rd January, 1873, presenting him with his portrait, painted by Sir George Harvey, R.S.A.

Provost Robert Anderson.

1879-1882.

A native of Clackmannan, after serving his apprenticeship in Alva Mr Anderson came to Stirling about 1850. After working as a journeyman for some years, he entered into partnership with Mr James Johnston, their joinery workshop being in Murray Place, behind where Mr John Brown's grocery shop is now situated. On Mr Johnston retiring to take up the wood merchant's business of the late Mr James Reid, in Abbey Road, Mr Anderson continued in his own name until failing health compelled him to retire.

Provost Anderson commenced his municipal career in 1868, and in 1869, when the town was divided into wards, he was apportioned to Baker Street, of which he was a representative until his retirement from the Council. In November, 1870, he was chosen a Magistrate, and in 1879 elected to the Provost's chair. The principal feature of his Provostship was the initiation of

the scheme for the blocking of the streets. When a young man he took deep interest in the working-men's friendly societies in the town. He died 4th January, 1889, aged 66.

Bailie John Christie.

Died 1st December, 1881.

Born in Stirling in 1817, the eldest of a family of ten, after receiving a sound education he entered the service of Mr William Graham, who had his ironmongery shop at the foot of Bank Street. He was a most ingenious youth, and his reading was not only of an omniverous character, but it may actually be said that he devoured books, and applied himself with indomitable courage and industry to the study of the various sciences. The construction of a microscope was a feat which gave him immense gratification. Phrenology was another of his studies, and his acquaintance with this subject pointed him out as a suitable assistant when, by permission of the Crown, a cast was taken of the head of Allan Mair, the last person executed in Stirling.

The limits of Stirling being too small for Mr Christie, he got employment in Walsall, Staffordshire, where, an election taking place, and he being an earnest worker in the cause of reform, he wrought hard for that party, having Mr Cobden and Mr John Bright among his colleagues. Returning to Stirling in 1841, Mr Christie commenced business in a shop which stood where Messrs W. & A. Johnston, King Street, have their drapery establishment, removing in 1854 to handsome and commodious premises in Murray Place, which had not till then a single shop with any pretensions to beauty, and with only a few decent buildings.

Mr Christie first stood for the Town Council in 1856, and was returned third on the poll, there being no wards at that time. In 1861 he resigned his seat, having to go to Australia on business, but in 1863 he was again returned to the Council, and afterwards promoted to the Magistracy. To Mr Christie is due a great part of the credit for the restoration of Cambuskenneth Abbey Tower, as also the alterations on the Guild Hall.

His acts of kindness were many, most of them only known to himself; he was always ready with advice or assistance, and it was one of his gentle traits that he took no offence when his counsel was not followed. In private life he was the most entertaining of companions.

Bailie Andrew Drummond, Dean of Guild.

Died 8th March, 1885.

Born in Stirling in 1806, Mr Andrew Drummond was one of the brothers of Mr William and Mr Peter Drummond, after mentioned, and commenced business in Baker Street along with his brother James, afterwards removing to No. 1 King Street, where a large trade, more especially in tartan drapery goods, was done. Mr Drummond for some time acted as Secretary and Treasurer of the Stirling Steamboat Company. In 1852 he was chosen Dean of the Guildry, also entering the Town Council the same year. In 1857 he was elected a Magistrate, but retired the following year, and did not seek re-election. He never ceased, however, to take a lively interest in local affairs.

Bailie Yellowlees.

Died 6th November, 1886.

Born at Parkly, near Linlithgow, in 1799, his father being a farmer and small proprietor there, he was the youngest of seven children, all of whom, except one, lived to be octogenarians, and remarkable for physical stature and strength. His father giving him the choice of any trade or profession excepting a lawyer, he chose the leather trade, for which Linlithgow has been so long famous. After prosecuting his trade at Falkirk, he became manager to Mr Paterson of Tullibody, with whom he kept up a life-long intimacy. In 1825 he began business in Stirling, and shortly thereafter had an experience which he always regarded as a special providence in his history. He had found reason to transfer his bank account from the old

Stirling Bank to the then newly-opened Commercial Bank, and had scarcely done so when the Stirling Bank failed, bringing ruin on many of its customers. Mr Yellowlees took an active part in both municipal and imperial polities, and was, on 5th November, 1833, elected a member of the first Town Council after the passing of the Reform Act. He continued to take an interest in municipal matters until his retirement in 1870, having been between those dates for twenty-five years a member of the Town Council, and for eleven of them a Magistrate of the burgh.

Along with Dr W. Forrest Mr Yellowlees took active part in securing a suitable supply of water from the Touch Hills for the burgh; was a Water Commissioner for many years, and on his retirement from the Town Council and Water Commission, was presented by both bodies with special acknowledgments of his long and valuable services. He was President of the Stirling Sabbath School Teachers' Union, and for a quarter of a century, along with the late Mr William Harvey, watchmaker, conducted a Sabbath School at Causewayhead. He was a Trustee of the Stirling Tract Enterprise, and Director and Chairman of the Stirlingshire Building and Investment Society, as well as of the Industrial School.

The principal traits in the character of Bailie Yellowlees were his upright and sterling honesty. He was ever faithful to his convictions of right and duty, and, conscientious even to sternness, he never failed to have the courage of his opinions, the frank avowal of which always commanded respect, although it often failed to ensure popularity. In his capacity of Magistrate, his strong and clear common-sense, and the shrewd judiciousness with which he balanced facts and supported his opinions, made him invaluable on the bench or as a counsellor and friend.

Bailie John MacEwen, Dean of Guild.

Died 8th April, 1887.

Bailie John MacEwen commenced life as a writer in Stirling, but afterwards joined his brother, Daniel, in the grocery busi-

ness. On August 20th, 1830, he was admitted a Guild brother, and in 1853 was chosen Dean of Guild. In November, 1854, he was returned to the Town Council, and promoted to the bench in November, 1856. Mr MacEwen, had he chosen, might have been Chief Magistrate, but he declined the office. He was a man of sterling honesty and uprightness as a merchant.

Bailie Shearer, Dean of Guild.

Died 24th January, 1890.

Robert Stewart Shearer was one of the best known residents in Stirling. A native of Bridge of Allan, he came to learn the bookselling business in the shop of his uncle, the late Mr John Shearer, postmaster and stationer, King Street. After serving his apprenticeship, he commenced business in the shop in that street now occupied by Mr Crockart, gunsmith, from which he removed to the premises on the opposite side, where the business is still carried on by his son. Mr Shearer was twice Dean of Guild, and was a Magistrate of the burgh for one term. When Dean of Guild he succeeded in getting the Corporation to vote £1000 to assist in erecting the large Public Halls in Albert Place. He was also instrumental in preserving for the town "John Cowane's Chest" (now in the Guild Hall). He was also compiler and publisher of a series of popular tourist guides to Stirling and district. Of an antiquarian turn of mind, Mr Shearer took not a little interest in relics of the past, and was a contributor to the "Transactions of the Stirling Natural History and Archaeological Society."

Mr Shearer was a man with strong religious convictions, and in a lively way conscious of the responsibilities that surround every human life. This shaped the course of his own life into active every day usefulness for the general well-being of the town in which he lived, and for the assistance of those who had not been so fortunate in worldly circumstances. Whatever duty he felt called upon to do, he engaged in with untiring energy until the object he had in view was attained.

Bailie Low, Dean of Guild.

Died 27th January, 1890.

Mr Thomas Low was in his seventy-first year at the time of his death. He entered the Town Council in 1864, continuing until 1872, when he retired. He was again elected in 1876, and finally retired in 1879. He was Dean of Guild from 1867 to 1870, and again from 1876 to 1879. In 1870 he was proposed as Provost against Mr George Christie, but retired, and was elected First Bailie. Mr Low was very popular, both as a Magistrate and as Dean of Guild, for his open honesty and plain speaking. In connection with the Guildry he devised not a few liberal things, and succeeded in increasing the weekly amount paid to the pensioners of Cowane's Hospital. He was also successful in getting the much-admired stained-glass window erected in the Guild Hall, to the memory of John Cowane, the founder of Cowane's Hospital. He also did good service as a director of Stirling Royal Infirmary by suggesting improvements which have proved valuable to the management. His liberality was not confined to his trusteeship, as he was ever a generous subscriber to any worthy object. In social life Mr Low's company was much enjoyed, his conversational powers being excellent; he was also gifted with a fine musical ear, and could sing a song with taste. He was a man of strong common sense, undoubted integrity and straight-forwardness, and one who had always the interest of the ancient burgh at heart.

Bailie James Millar.

Died 7th April, 1890.

A native of Gargunnock, in 1825 Mr Millar came to Stirling to learn the baking business with Mr Samuel Forrester, Broad Street. He afterwards spent some years in Glasgow and Greenock, coming back to Stirling in 1835 and commencing business in Baker Street, and, with half-a-century's perseverance, built up the extensive connection which still bears his

name in Stirling to-day. When a young man Mr Millar took an active interest in political matters, and in the agitation in favour of the Reform Bill of 1832, took a prominent part in the "City of the Rock." Mr Millar commenced public life in 1848, when he entered the Town Council, of which he remained a member till 1873. He was Convener of the Seven Incorporated Trades for a number of years, till he was appointed Bailie in 1867. He was also one of the Captains of the High Constables of Stirling. In connection with the erection of the Albert Halls he took an active part, as well as in the Royal Infirmary. He was also Chairman of the Stirling Combination Poorhouse Board, succeeding the Right Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Mr Millar was locally famed for his success as an arbiter. How much litigation he prevented during the course of his long and useful career it would be difficult to determine, and if ever the epitaph, "Blessed are the peacemakers," deserves to be written on the tombstone of any one, the memory of ex-Bailie Millar is entitled to be so honoured.

Bailie James Gray.

Died 2nd May, 1890.

Mr Gray was born at Slamannan, where his father was a farmer. After serving his apprenticeship with a seedsman in Falkirk, he came to Stirling to the firm of Messrs William Drummond & Sons. After 14 years' service there he started business in the Craigs, and raised there the extensive seed, grain, and feeding stuff business of James Gray & Co. Despite the demands upon his time by his wide trade connection, Mr Gray found leisure to take part in objects connected with the public weal. Shortly after coming to Stirling he allied himself with the Temperance movement, and was always ready to lend his countenance to the furtherance of the cause. Whilst many philanthropic and other agencies had in him a warm friend and generous contributor, he took special interest in the welfare of the young, and succeeded Mr Peter Drummond in the superintendentship of the Free North Church Sabbath School, being a zealous office-bearer in that congregation. Along with a

number of other gentlemen he lent valuable assistance in establishing the Stirling Working Boys' and Girls' Religious Society. He was called upon to enter the Town Council on 18th March, 1878, for Port Street Ward; was elected Bailie in 1884, and was promoted to First Bailieship in 1885.

Mr. John Davidson, Writer, Dean of Guild.

Died 2nd April, 1875.

Born in Stirling about the year 1814, Mr Davidson served his apprenticeship in a law office here, and after studying in Edinburgh for some years, returned to Stirling, and was in course of time assumed as a partner in the business where he had served his apprenticeship, the firm being Hill, Cathcart & Davidson. A separation taking place, Mr Davidson carried on business alone. In 1861 he was appointed Collector of Taxes and Distributor of Stamps, and in 1874 was appointed, along with Mr Stevenson, agent for the British Linen Bank. Mr Davidson was always a peacemaker, and at the beginning of any case counselled against litigation, and, unless the case was of a glaring nature, systematically advised compromise, which in many cases resulted in saving to both parties.

Mr Davidson was a Town Councillor for a number of years, and was also Dean of Guild. With a clear head, good judgment, sterling honesty, and great resource in conversation, he acquired a considerable influence among all classes—indeed he became an undoubted favourite, always the same happy, cheerful, and warm-hearted man. He displayed at all times great tact and sensitiveness to an extreme degree of the feelings of others. He was the poor man's friend, and his kindness was at all times devoid of ostentation or patronage, while his services and purse were always at the call of every good cause.

Mr. George Mouat, Dean of Guild.

Died 24th July, 1893.

Mr George Mouat was a Son of the Rock, having been born here in 1803, and at the period of his death had nearly com-



pleted his 90th year. Educated at the Grammar School, he commenced business as a silk mercer in the shop presently occupied as a chemist's in the Municipal Buildings. In the same year, being just 21 years of age, he entered the Guildry Incorporation, and at the date of his death had been a member of that body for the long period of 69 years. He served for some years in the Town Council, and was twice elected Dean of Guild. During one of these terms—1845—he carried into effect the planting with trees of the north-eastern slope of the Abbey Craig. He was also a member of the High Constables of Stirling, and took considerable interest in the body.

Possessed of a wonderfully acute and retentive memory, Mr Mouat was an excellent raconteur, and his knowledge of men and affairs connected with Stirling was very extensive. Indeed, in his later years, nothing delighted him more than recounting the transactions of the various bodies with which he was connected, as well as giving reminiscences of events in the earlier part of the century.

✓ Sir John Hay, Bart.

The intelligence that Sir John had died at his residence in Edinburgh on 15th June, 1862, was received with general expressions of regret, not only in Stirling, but throughout the entire midland district. Sir John held the office of Sheriff-Substitute of Stirlingshire for the long period of 28 years, from the duties of which—discharged with acknowledged ability—he retired eighteen months previous to his decease. He was familiar, kind, and even simple in his manners and disposition, and his urbanity and invariable cheerfulness made him highly popular among all classes.

Many characteristic anecdotes of Sir John will still be remembered by his legal and other friends. He was an excellent type of the “good old country gentleman,” and his jokes and witticisms had the ring of the genuine coin. He was held in high respect by the legal practitioners of Stirling, with whom he necessarily came much in contact; and his abilities as a judge have been freely and frequently recognised. His

familiar face, so well-known to all our townspeople, was long missed.

Sir John was descended from the younger son of Hay of Dalgery (a cadet of the noble house of Errol), who, soon after the Reformation, acquired the estate of Park, a part of the abbey lands of Glenluce, in Wigtonshire. On the decease of Sir Thomas, the fourth baronet, in 1794, without issue, the estate of Park devolved upon his sister, while the baronetcy reverted to his cousin, the descendant of James Hay, Esq., second son of Sir Charles, the second baronet; and at the decease of Sir William, the sixth baronet, the title devolved upon his cousin, the late Sir John, who was the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel Hay of the Royal Engineers, who fell at the Helder.

Sir John was called to the Scottish bar in 1821, and received the appointment of Sheriff-Substitute of Stirlingshire on January 24th, 1834. He married, 30th June, 1836, Sarah Beresford, daughter of John Cousins, Esq., of Weymouth, and had issue six sons and two daughters. Lady Hay predeceased Sir John, who was succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest surviving son, Arthur Graham.

“OWER THE WATER TAE CHAIRLIE.”

From amongst the many humorous anecdotes which might be given concerning Sir John, we select one which reveals perhaps more than any other his pawkiness. On one occasion, having before him a culprit who had been previously convicted, he concluded his awarding of punishment with the remark, “Noo, mind, if ever ye come back again, it'll be” (whistling the air) “Ower the water tae Chairlie.”

ONE OF SIR JOHN'S DECISIONS.

A merchant in town had between terms discharged his female servant, who brought an action for wages and board. On the case being called in Court, Mr M—— pled that he could not keep the pursuer, as she was a glutton. Sir John asked him how much it would take to keep her each week. “Would five shillings do?” “Oh, a great deal more than that, Sir John,”

was the reply. "Would six shillings do?" Oh, more than that." "Would seven shillings do?" "Yes, about that, Sir John." "Then, Mr M—— you'll pay your servant her wages and board wages at the rate of seven shillings per week until the term."

SIR JOHN AND THE TAILOR.

One day a tailor was returning from his garden, situated in Dumbarton Road, having under his arm, with unconscious ostentation, a head of veritable cabbage, when, meeting an acquaintance on the Back Walk, he gravely informed him that this was the first cabbage he had had that year. Sir John, who happened to be passing at the time, looked at him, and said that "He was sorry to hear he had had such a poor spring trade."

SIR JOHN AND WILLIE DE GRASSE.

Willie, a harmless body who went about the town and country with a donkey, dealing in any little thing by which he could make a living, had got into a scrape of some kind which brought him before Sir John. Willie was convicted, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. De Grasse, poor man, was in a great state as to what would come over his donkey, and began crying. "I'll take care of your cuddy, Willie," said Sir John, which he did, keeping it at his stable in Upper Bridge Street, where Willie, on recovering his liberty, received it greatly improved, and supplied with a new set of harness.

SIR JOHN AND MR C—

Sir John was not ashamed to carry home any purchase he made, and liked to "take down" anyone whom he thought carried too high a head. While settling an account for a purchase he had made in a butcher's shop, Mr C——, a well-known and very dashing writer in town, happened to be passing. Sir John hailed him, and on Mr C—— going in, he was handed a gigot of mutton to hold until Sir John received his change. Having got this, instead of relieving the writer of his load, he took hold of his arm, led him out of the shop and along one of the principal streets, when, apologising for his neglect, he re-

leased Mr C——'s arm, took his parcel, and departed, chuckling like a "clucking hen."

SIR JOHN AND HIS "DOOS."

At the time Sir John resided at Upper Bridge Street he kept a large number of pigeons. Being at that time much afflicted with sleeplessness, he occasionally rose very early in the morning and took a walk. One morning Mr Wordie's household in Viewfield Place was awakened by a loud ringing of the door bell. On one of Mr Wordie's sons raising the window and looking over, he saw Sir John with a lighted lantern in one hand and a bag in the other. On being asked what his requirements were, he said he wanted some "peas for his doos." Sir John had to wait until six o'clock, and go to the stables before he got his supplies.

William Galbraith, Town Clerk.

Died 24th February, 1861.

William Galbraith, Esq. of Blackhouse, was one of our most prominent citizens, as for many years he filled with much distinction important public offices connected with both the County and Burgh of Stirling. Appointed Town Clerk in 1820 (succeeding John McGibbon, Esq. of South Lodge, who had been Town Clerk for 54 years) and Sheriff Clerk in 1835, he thus for the long period of over 40 years discharged the onerous duties, and that to the utmost satisfaction of the governing bodies of Stirling. During his long term of office many difficult questions came before the Boards, and in almost every case his advice was found to be at once ready and correct. He gave undivided attention to whatever was brought before him, always showing anxiety to protect and advance the interests of the burgh. Mr Galbraith not only served the Boards long, but it may be said he died as he lived, in the midst of activity and usefulness. In any sphere of life he would have exercised influence: in that in which he moved he was excelled by none.

An able lawyer, of literary taste, superior scholarship, cultivated manners, possessed of much knowledge of the world,

full of kindly good humour, skilled in the art of influencing and guiding the minds of others, and devoted to the interests of the community of which he formed so distinguished a member, few men have wielded so noiselessly and with such general satisfaction a power such as that which, in his public position, Mr Galbraith was entrusted with. His was one of those minds which place their possessors in the van of other men with whom they are connected; and to which other men, whilst made to feel their perfect freedom of agency, unconsciously adopt and submit themselves. Mr Galbraith was for some time an officer of the Stirlingshire Yeomanry.

Alex. S. Logan, Sheriff of Forfar.

A. S. Logan, Esq. (familiarly known as "Sandy" by his friends), advocate, Sheriff of Forfar, died in Edinburgh on 2nd February, 1862. Mr Logan was the eldest son of an excellent, much loved old man, long Relief Minister of St. Ninians, of which place and its people his gifted son told endless and delightful stories. Mr Logan studied both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, was called to the bar in 1833, and died in his 51st year.

It is not easy to speak of him without being open to the charge of exaggeration, as he was a man of unregulated powers and strange mixtures. He could not be known without learning this; and no one listening to him, for even ten minutes, would ever forget him. He took a warm interest in the prosperity of Stirling and everyone connected with it.

His occasional visits to the courts here will still be remembered by many with pleasure—his wit, always ready to sparkle out, and his quiet humour in questioning witnesses and addressing a jury being admirable. One of his earliest and most splendid forensic efforts was in behalf of Alexander Millar, or "Scatters," who, for murder, was tried at Stirling in 1837. Mr Logan took particular interest in this man, who had from his youth been of a wild, wayward, and impulsive disposition. The great exertions he had made to save his life were, however, unsuccessful, and Millar was executed; but as an evidence of the zeal Mr Logan manifested, and the fidelity, springing from

his warmth and nobleness of heart, with which he had defended him, it may be mentioned that when he afterwards saw a bust of Millar in the shop of Mr Forbes, bookseller, he stood for a moment looking at it, the tears involuntarily dropping down his cheeks.

As an example of the early genius of Mr Logan, and his attachment to literature, in 1827, when Mr G. F. Stanley had fitted up a theatre at the Shore Road, Stirling, Mr Logan, at the time attending classes, produced a dramatic satire on the temperance movement, which was accepted by the manager. The satire, however, proved so keen, and the wit so pointed, that the very ability of the production was the occasion of its collapse, as it only appeared on the boards for a single night. The manager fully appreciated it, and the players were loud in its praise, but the ridicule and satire had such "telling" effect that it had of necessity to be quashed.

Mr Logan was highly esteemed by the legal profession in Stirling, and was much resorted to for written opinions, and many vexed questions were amicably settled on the strength of his legal opinions.

The Rev. Dr Frew, St. Ninians, says—"I remember walking with him in my early time here, between this and Laurelhill gate, by way of Torbrex. He pointed to Laurelhill House as we passed, and said, 'I have two objects of ambition: first, a seat on the bench; second, Laurelhill and grounds, if they should ever come into the market.' One part of his ambition certainly would have been gratified but for his too early death. He would have attained to the dignity of the bench, and his mature and chastened age, with his great genius, might now have been lending fresh lustre to a position which has been adorned by so many great names. I remember him bringing the judge and dignitaries of the Circuit Court, then in session at Stirling, out here one Sabbath day to worship in the Auld Relief Kirk, where his father had ministered so long."

Robert Sconce, Sheriff-Substitute.

Sheriff Sconce died at 19 Melville Terrace on 3rd October, 1878. Admitted a procurator in 1830, he entered into partner-

ship with the late John Sawers, and in 1835 was appointed joint Procurator-Fiscal with him. After Mr Sawers' death he continued to discharge the duties in an acceptable manner to all concerned, besides conducting an extensive private legal business.

In 1861 Sheriff Robertson, previously stationed at Falkirk, was appointed to succeed Sir John Hay at Stirling, and was in his turn succeeded at Falkirk by Mr Sconce, who remained there until 1865, when he was translated to Stirling. He was a very retired gentleman, and took little or no part in the affairs of the town, but those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance esteemed him as a gentleman of a kindly disposition, and willing at all times to lend a helping hand to those who solicited his aid. In his legal capacity he was also held in great respect, not only for the great attention and care bestowed upon matters brought before him, but also for his amiability of manner and desire to discharge his duties in an impartial manner.

Mr. James Mathie.

On 18th August, 1881, died Mr James Mathie, writer and banker. Born near Craigend in the year 1797, he was therefore in his 84th year at the time of his decease. After receiving his education at the parish school, which under the old regime was capable of sending forth good scholars, he entered the office of Mr Robert Campbell, writer, Stirling, grandfather of Mr J. W. Campbell, banker. At the close of his apprenticeship he removed to Glasgow, where, in the Town Clerk's office, he obtained a large insight into his profession. Returning to his native district in 1825, he was admitted as a procurator before the Stirling Sheriff Court on 4th November. About the same time he commenced business on his own account in Baker Street—or Baxter's Wynd, as it was then called, a much more important place for business than it is now—his younger brother, Mr John Mathie, being associated with him later, and the firm of J. & J. Mathie took a leading position in the town, which it continues to maintain at the present day.

The office of Town Chamberlain falling vacant in 1830, Mr Mathie was appointed to fill the vacancy, and for upwards of half a century he discharged the duties with much acceptance. He also acted as Factor for Cunningham's Mortification; and when the Police Act was adopted, he was naturally chosen as Police Treasurer.

On the removal of Mr M'Vicar, agent for the Union Bank of Scotland, to Partick in 1858, Mr Mathie was appointed agent. In 1863 he was appointed interim Sheriff-Substitute; in 1874 a Justice of the Peace; and in 1866 the local Society of Solicitors and Procurators appointed him Dean, and every year thereafter he was re-appointed.

While avoiding the more prominent path of life, Mr Mathie was ever ready to take his share in any work for the public benefit. He was Treasurer for the Caledonian Society; he was also one of the founders of the Ragged School, to which he was a liberal contributor; he likewise took great interest in the Horticultural Society. He was long a member of Erskine U.P. Church, and afterwards of Allan Park Church.

High in the esteem of all who knew him, and well-known as a useful member of the community of Stirling, the close of his long and honourable career created a general feeling of regret, which was shown by his funeral being one of the largest ever seen in Stirling, deputations being present from the Freemasons of all the surrounding district, the Society of Solicitors and Procurators, and the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council. The shops were closed on the route, and a large number of spectators lined the streets as the cortège passed.

Mr. John Dick Mathie.

Little more than a year after the death of Mr James Mathie died his brother, Mr John Dick Mathie, the date of his death being 29th November, 1882. Born in Port Street, where his father carried on the trade of a dyer close beside the town's burn, the name, John Dick, was that of his paternal grandfather, the late Provost Dick being his cousin.

After receiving his education at Stirling Grammar School,



he entered the office of Mr Robert Campbell, writer, where his brother also served his apprenticeship. Thereafter he went to Glasgow, where he devoted some time to his profession, in 1828 joining his brother in partnership. He was an excellent business man and successful pleader in the law courts.

His extraordinary talents as an election agent brought him into fame, and in this work he stood pre-eminent. He took an active interest in local politics in 1828, when what was called the "Young Party" entered the Town Council through the Guildry, and were the means of destroying for ever the power of the Fleshers' Incorporation. He took great interest in the revival of the Stirling Races in 1836, and succeeded Mr Robert Sawers as Secretary of the Race Committee; he was also Secretary for the Fishing Club, and Clerk to the Guildry.

He was kind and obliging, and in social intercourse a most agreeable companion. He was the last survivor of a small circle—mostly belonging to the legal profession—which in the olden time used to meet in "Noah's Ark" (Johnny Buchan's, a famed house in its day, now 7 St. John Street, but greatly improved), for the purpose of spending the evening together. He was a capital story-teller, and his electioneering experiences supplied him with an infinite number of amusing reminiscences. The sayings and doings of the Stirling "characters" he would often relate with great gusto and a keen appreciation of their peculiarities—all, however, in a kindly way, and with no desire to hurt anyone's feelings, however humble he might be.

Rev. Dr. John Smart.

Died 4th November, 1845.

Dr Smart was born at Eckford Moss, Roxburgh, on 23rd February, 1764, of very humble parents, his father being a labouring man, but one who was greatly esteemed for his intelligence, probity, and sturdy independence by all who knew him. Dr Smart entered the University of Edinburgh in 1781, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Kelso on 23rd September, 1788. After receiving several calls, he accepted

that from Stirling, where he was ordained on 24th June, 1789. Dr Smart received many calls, among them one in January, 1797, to be colleague and successor to the celebrated Rev. Mr Shirra of Kirkcaldy, but nothing could make him break with his first love, with whom he continued until laid aside through illness in the beginning of 1845, one of his last acts being the baptising of his grandson, the youngest son of the Rev. Mr Smart of Leith.

Dr Smart died at Elm Row, Edinburgh, the house of his son, Campbell Smart, and was buried in front of Erskine Church. The scene in Stirling at his funeral was exceedingly solemn as the great procession moved through the streets, all the shops being shut. In short, every one seemed to feel that he had lost a friend, and the community a leader and guide. He was only the fourth minister who presided over this congregation since the famous Disruption in 1732, when the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine left the Established Church with his congregation, and he was in the eighty-fourth year of his age and the fifty-seventh of his ministry.

Rev. Alexander Leitch, M.A.

This reverend gentleman died at 7 Albert Place, Stirling, on 17th April, 1868, in the 66th year of his age, and forty-third of his ministry. Born in Glasgow in February, 1803, he entered the University of that city when only 10 years of age, and, after a regular course of study, took the degree of M.A., and was licensed by the Presbytery of Glasgow in 1823. For some time he taught a school at Broughty Ferry, and preached his first sermon in St. James' Church, Glasgow. Afterwards Mr Leitch, on 25th July, 1825, was ordained minister at Gartmore. In November, 1832, he was translated to the third charge at Stirling, and as minister of that charge preached once each Sabbath in the East and West Churches, but when the North Church was built, in 1842, he became minister of the West Church. Leaving that church at the Disruption in 1843, he preached in the Guild Hall—where he gathered a large congregation—and afterwards in the South Church.

As a minister of Stirling he is affectionately remembered. His ordinary pastoral visitation, and his visits to the bedsides of the sick and dying were assiduous and persevering, and were both tenderly and heartily rendered. He was a faithful pastor and teacher, and was familiarly known by the affectionate name of "Daddy."

Rev. Robert Henderson.

Died 16th February, 1875.

Mr Henderson was born in 1797, his father being a physician in Dundee. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1818, and took his ordinary degree of M.A. in 1821, no University career being, in those days of strict seclusion, open to the very few Scotchmen then undergraduates at Cambridge. In 1822 he was ordained Deacon and Priest by the Bishop of Bangor and Lincoln, acting for the Archbishop of Canterbury, in whose diocese he served for six years as curate of Little Chart and Hadlow. In 1828 he was brought to Scotland by family affairs, and became curate to Bishop Gleig, Stirling. On Bishop Gleig's resignation in 1832, Mr Henderson was appointed his successor. During his incumbency the congregation grew and flourished, and a new church was built and filled. Mr Henderson achieved the difficult task of living on kindly terms with Christians of all denominations, without sacrificing his principles or his attachment to his own church. In 1868, after 46 years of service in the church—forty of which he spent in Stirling—he resigned the incumbency.

Rev. William Findlay.

Died 4th November, 1881.

A native of Kinclaven, Perthshire, after his University career Mr Findlay went to Canada, returning to this country about the time of the Disruption, when he was presented to the third charge of the Parish of Stirling by the Town Council, his induction taking place on 18th January, 1844. Mr Findlay con-

tinued to occupy the North Church pulpit until 1855, when he was promoted to be minister of the second charge; later on receiving the appointment of Chaplain to the Garrison.

Mr Findlay was of tall and commanding stature, with robust and well-knit body. His utterance was rapid, vehement, and impulsive, and his whole bearing in the pulpit indicated a quick, fiery, energetic nature which would not be trifled with, but would resent every encroachment upon his dignity, or interference with his rights. The preaching of Mr Findlay, though a little behind the fashion, was by no means behind in point of weight or practical influence. There was no playing at fast and loose with the grand old verities of the Bible, and in his heart he was not so stern as his outward appearance denoted.

With the military Mr Findlay was a great favourite, and he ever manifested kindly interest in their welfare.

✓Rev. Dr. Paul M'Lachlan.

Died 21st August, 1883.

Monsignor M'Lachlan, D.D., died at Doune in the 79th year of his age and the 53rd of his priesthood. This venerable priest was born at Bellachnochán, Braes of Glenlivat, Banffshire. In his youth Dr M'Lachlan was noted for his piety and precocious talents, in consequence of which his ecclesiastical advisers requested him to enter the seminary of Aquahorties, as an aspirant to the priesthood. This he did, and was soon afterwards transferred to France, where he continued during the remainder of his studies. He was ordained priest in August, 1831, and returned to Scotland, shortly after his arrival being appointed missionary in Edinburgh. After spending some time there he received the charge at Falkirk, and afterwards at Stirling, where he laboured for many years, discharging the duties of a missionary with unremitting zeal and fidelity, and also making himself useful as a member of the Parochial and School Boards. He opened a mission in Doune, where he built a splendid church and presbytery. Ultimately he took up his residence in Doune. Monsignor M'Lachlan's piety and

devotion to his duties, his talents and his refined manners made him very popular in Stirling and Doune. In 1878 the Pope conferred on him the honour of Doctor of Divinity, and afterwards the dignity of Monsignor.

Rev. John Steedman.

Died 20th February, 1884.

Mr Steedman was born at Milnathort, Kinross-shire, in 1814, and received the elements of his education in his native place. On making up his mind to become a minister, he went to the University of Edinburgh, and on the completion of his course, he accepted a call to Erskine Church, Stirling, as colleague of Dr Smart and Mr David Stewart, his induction taking place on 17th August, 1842.

Mr Steedman was no ordinary man. Possessed of a naturally strong intellect, which, along with a commanding appearance, a firm grasp of Gospel truth, and a powerful utterance, he became one of the most distinguished ministers of the United Presbyterian Church, and a worthy successor of the able men who had filled the pulpit of the mother Secession Church in Stirling. Mr Steedman was a keen controversialist, and found employment for his energies in this direction in the great discussions which took place on the subject of voluntaryism. One of the latest of his appearances was in 1879, when he preached on a Sabbath afternoon in his own church at a special service in commemoration of the origin of the congregation of the Secession Church, on which occasion he gave a very interesting narrative of Ebenezer Erskine's life and times. For several years he was laid aside from active duty on account of enfeebled health.

Charles Rogers, LL.D., F.S.A. (Scot.).

Although not a "Son of the Rock," there were few more devoted citizens than the Reverend Dr Rogers, and the important part he played in municipal politics, together with the

active interest he manifested in the welfare of Stirling, entitle him to honourable mention in a volume such as this.

The son of the parish minister of Dunino in Fifeshire, he was born there on the 18th day of April, 1825. After a preliminary training in the parish school he passed to the University of St. Andrews, where he prosecuted his studies with a view to the ministry. On receiving license he acted as assistant in various charges, and was subsequently appointed minister of the North Church, Dunfermline. After a short term of office there, he resigned, and, following a brief stay at Kinross, removed to Bridge of Allan, where he remained for some years. In 1855 he was appointed to the chaplaincy of Stirling Castle, and he accordingly took up his residence in the royal burgh.

One of the best works of Rogers' life was, what he terms in his autobiography, "The Restoration of Stirling." He took a prominent part in the formation of the "Valley Cemetery," and he also devised "The Stirling Improvement Society," but this movement collapsed. In 1861 he was returned to the Town Council, and for some time assisted in municipal matters.

The great work in which he was interested was the erection of a National Monument to Wallace. It is unnecessary here to enter into the controversial point as to whether he actually originated the movement which ultimately attained success, but it may be said, with perfect fairness to all concerned, that he did no little to carry the work to a completion, and the bust placed in the Entrance Hall of the Monument on the Abbey Craig was a well-merited recognition of services rendered.

In Stirling he was unfortunate in his relations with some other public men, and on that account the labours in which he was engaged on behalf of the burgh have either been obscured or forgotten, and indeed it may be said that, to many of the younger citizens at least, Dr Rogers is not even a name.

In literature he occupies an important place, and we have space here merely to mention some of his works. In 1844 he edited a volume of Sir Robert Aytoun's poems; and during his residence in Bridge of Allan he issued "A Week at the Bridge of Allan," and conducted a magazine for some time—"The Spa Directory." He edited "The Modern Scottish Minstrel," a work extending to six volumes, and giving information regard-

ing very many Scottish poets. During his residence in Stirling he established "The Stirling Gazette"—a weekly which did not long survive. In 1869 he published "Scotland: Social and Domestic," and "The Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne." Two years later he produced "Monuments and Monumental Inscriptions in Scotland;" and in 1874 he edited "Boswelliana: the Commonplace Book of James Boswell." These were followed by a number of volumes of antiquarian interest relating to Scottish ecclesiasticism.

After leaving Stirling he resided in various places, subsequently removing to Edinburgh, where he died on 18th September, 1889.

His is one of the "old faces;" he took no little interest in the "old places;" and he could tell with effect some of the "old stories" of Stirling.

Rev. Alexander Beith, D.D.

For well nigh forty years this reverend gentleman was one of Stirling's most prominent citizens, and his death—on 11th May, 1891, in the 93rd year of his age—was deeply regretted by a wide circle, as, not only was he, at the time of his decease, the "Father" of the Free Church, but he was the oldest ordained clergyman in Scotland. Of a commanding figure, he will doubtless be remembered by older residents as he walked to and from church, with plaid of shepherd check thrown over his shoulder, and a rustic walking-stick in hand, as well as by his pulpit ministrations, which were ever full, rich, fresh, and telling. No one could listen to him without being convinced of the earnestness of the preacher, whilst the energy he displayed in the pulpit was such as is not seen nowadays. His sermons were ever of a truly evangelical type, and as a lecturer he greatly excelled, not only in the Sabbath services, but in the courses he delivered on week-days, those on "The Pilgrim's Progress" being especially rich expositions. He was also an author of some repute, the best known and most widely circulated of his writings being "Sorrowing, yet Rejoicing: a Narrative of Successive Bereavements in a Minister's Family" (his own),

published in 1839, and passing through several editions. As early as 1824 Mr Beith wrote a treatise on the Baptist controversy, and afterwards a Catechism—the former in Gaelic, the latter both in Gaelic and English. “The Two Witnesses Traced in History” appeared in 1846; in 1850, “Scottish Reformers and Martyrs;” “Christ Our Life”—a series of lectures on the first six chapters of the Gospel of John—was issued in two volumes in 1856; “The Scottish Church in her Relation to Other Churches at Home and Abroad,” in 1869; “A Highland Tour with Dr Candlish,” in 1874; in 1877, “Memories of Disruption Times;” and in 1880, “The Woman of Samaria,” besides various other writings of a minor nature.

By some people—who did not know the Doctor personally—he was considered to be of a haughty and overbearing disposition, and to a certain extent there was something of this nature in his manner, kindly and sympathetic as he was, but in his earlier years, when he was a parish minister, and that of a Highland country district, the clergyman was looked upon as something more than an ordinary mortal, and was to a large extent not only spiritual, but legal and medical adviser as well, and no doubt something of the feeling engendered by this, coupled with his ardent and earnest nature, clung to him in after life. But, withal, he was “the old man eloquent,” as well as the warm-hearted Christian friend and pastor. To rich and poor alike he was, in cases of sickness, a constant and kindly attendant, his ministrations at such times being most acceptable.

Born at Campbeltown on 13th January, 1799, Mr Beith was entered as a student at Glasgow University on 20th November, 1811, and after some time spent as a tutor, was licensed as a preacher on 7th February, 1821, delivering his first sermons—both in Gaelic and English—in Campbeltown the following Sabbath. In March he was elected minister of the Chapel of Ease in Oban, where he rapidly became popular and successful; and in 1824 first minister of Hope Street Gaelic Church, Glasgow, where the sitting accommodation (for 1500 persons) was soon found inadequate for the worshippers, amongst them many of the leading families in the City. In 1826 he was presented, by the Earl of Breadalbane, to the parish of Kilbrandon, Argyll-



shire; and in 1830, by Lord Glenelg, to that of Glenelg, Inverness-shire, special circumstances in each case making it manifest that he should accept the appointments; and in 1839 he accepted a call to be minister of the First Charge in Stirling.

At the time Mr Beith came to Stirling there were only two Established Churches, the West and the East, and three ministers, the third minister preaching in both churches every Sabbath, and dispensing two Communions every year, while the first and second ministers had only one service each Sabbath, and one Communion. This arrangement, coupled with the unsatisfactory state of matters arising out of there being a general Session for the whole parish, was not to Mr Beith's liking, and he took steps for the erection of a third church, which culminated in the building of the present North Parish Church in 1842. In speaking, at a later period, on the state of matters above referred to, he said—"I might have taken my stipend, and been contented with this order of things, and gone on and on and on; but where would my conscience have been? If I was to obey conscience, I must prepare for the storm. I could then easily understand how other ministers were so ready to accept calls to go elsewhere; and I confess to you, what I never said in public before, that when proposals were made to me to be removed to Edinburgh, to one of the charges there, and made three times, the question of conscience at the time of the Disruption was not stronger with me than when I was called to decide whether I should go, and quit the state of things in Stirling, or stay and fight against it, and try, at least, to reform things. I stayed, and in a short time gathered about me many influential friends."

As above noted, the present North Established Church was erected in 1842 by Mr Beith and ten of his friends in Stirling, and he was again selected to enter an empty church, which, however, in a year was nearly filled, and then came the Disruption. Very strongly imbued with Free Church principles, Mr Beith had done immense service for the cause, not only in the neighbourhood of Stirling, but further afield, and was one of the body of over 400 who marched to Tanfield Hall, and his portrait is included in the historical Disruption picture. Now, however, his attention was directed to how matters would fare

with his own congregation, and on his arrival from Edinburgh on the Saturday evening he found they had secured the Corn Exchange, where service was conducted for about a year, when what was known as "the little church" was opened, this being situated on ground now occupied as railway sidings immediately behind the Baptist Church. Here Mr Beith ministered for eight years, the necessity, meanwhile, for a larger building becoming more and more pressing. He himself shrank from initiating the erection of a third church, but his congregation took the matter in hand, the result being the building of the present Free North Church, which was opened on 27th February, 1853, the collection taken that day amounting to £1360, and entirely freeing the congregation from debt.

In 1850 Princeton University, U.S.A., conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Mr Beith, and in 1858 he was Moderator of Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. The Doctor regularly conducted two lengthy services every Sabbath, together with a week-day lecture, taking, besides, a prominent part, not only in Presbyterial and general ecclesiastical matters, but in public affairs as well, but, in 1869, following upon a severe illness, he was induced to avail himself of the services of an assistant. So popular was Dr Beith that his name served as an undoubted recommendation of the excellence of his assistants, so much so that in the eight years during which he was thus aided, no fewer than twenty-one young men were appointed, some of whom now fill important positions, professorial and other.

In June, 1871, Dr Beith's ministerial jubilee was celebrated, the services on the occasion including a sermon preached by his relative, Dr Elder, of Rothesay, Moderator of Assembly; a public dinner in the Union Hall, to which 120 gentlemen sat down; a children's meeting in the afternoon; and a great gathering in the Corn Exchange in the evening, when Mr Peter Drummond presided, and addresses were presented from the Free Presbytery of Stirling, and from the congregation, together with his portrait, painted by Mr Norman M'Beth, A.R.S.A.; a timepiece as a memorial of the love and esteem in which Mrs Beith (who died in 1866) was held, and a tea service for Miss Beith. These, however, were by no means the first

tokens of regard which had been manifested for Dr Beith and his family by the congregation, as in 1843 an insurance policy for £1000 was secured by a single payment, and handed to Mrs Beith. (In 1841 the Highlanders attending the Rev. Mr Beith's Gaelic services presented him with an elegant piece of plate, with Gaelic inscription, expressive of their gratitude for his voluntary services in preaching to them in their own language every alternate Sabbath, and in which he had not disappointed them for a single day since the commencement. Mr Peter McDougall made the presentation.)

Towards the end of 1876 Dr Beith intimated his intention of retiring from the active duties of the pastorate, and on 26th April, 1877, Rev. John Chalmers, M.A., of Ladyloan Free Church, Arbroath, was inducted as colleague and successor. Dr Beith having removed to Edinburgh, attached himself to Free St. George's congregation, and died, as already noted, on Monday, 11th May, 1891, being interred in Stirling Cemetery on the Friday following, a conspicuous monumental column being subsequently erected over his grave by his family. In the words of Dryden, as quoted by Dr Ross Taylor, Glasgow, while preaching Dr Beith's funeral sermon in the Free North Church—

“ Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell, like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
Even wondered at because he dropped no sooner.
Fate deemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more ;
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.”

Dr. Alexander Johnston.

Died 27th September, 1857.

By the death of Dr Alexander Johnston, Stirling and surrounding country lost a good friend as well as a skilful physician. He was long and deservedly at the head of his profession in the town, his services being equally available to rich and poor, and

not for a great many years did any one go down to the grave in Stirling so universally regretted. A general favourite, and the very beau ideal of a medical man, even in his external appearance, his venerable grey head according fully with his profession and established character, he died at the age of 58. The Doctor was naturally of a lively and even hilarious disposition, often giving expression to the keenness of his perception in what would sometimes be called boisterous mirth, but which was quite natural to him. He was not a mere hum-drum, orthodox doctor, but had feelings which he could, and did express in a way exactly his own, and which never gave offence.

Dr. Robert Harvey.

Died 24th May, 1867.

Dr Harvey, eldest son of Mr Archibald Harvey, manufacturer, was born in Stirling on 8th May, 1797, and received his education at the Grammar School, under the superintendence of the celebrated Dr Doig. Leaving Stirling when very young, he went to London, where he obtained the post of surgeon in the East India Company's service, in the ships of which he made a number of voyages to the East Indies and China. On leaving that Company he returned to Stirling, and commenced practice as a doctor, in which position he was very popular. Dr Harvey was a general favourite, his genial smile and happy countenance being in themselves a help to the convalescence of his patients.

Dr. David Findlay.

Died 3rd December, 1874.

Dr Findlay was the son of a farmer, and was born in the parish of Kinclaven, Perthshire, in February, 1821. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and after practising some time at Denny, came to Stirling in 1849. During an epidemic in 1874 Dr Findlay had been most assiduous in his

labours, more especially among the poorer classes, and his constant and conscientious attendance to the duties of his profession so greatly undermined his health that, when the fever laid hold upon himself, he soon became its victim. Dr Findlay literally died a martyr to his profession, and by the poor especially he was greatly missed. By night and by day he was ever ready to answer the call of distress, and the poorest patient never appealed for his help in vain. Underneath a somewhat abrupt and rough manner he had a genial and kindly nature, so that he was greatly beloved by all the families with whom his duties brought him into contact. He was a younger brother of the Rev. Wm. Findlay, of the West Parish Church, Stirling.

The following lines were written by a friend after Dr Findlay's decease :—

“REQUIESCAT IN PACE.”

He rests; his noble work is done,
Eternal rest he's nobly won;
With high, with low, with rich, with poor
His memory green will long endure.

He rests; and many a helpless one
Will sigh in vain for him that's gone—
For him who spent his strength to save
The poor and needy from the grave.

He rests; who toiled night and day
To keep pale death from life away,
To raise the suffering, cheer the sad,
To raise the dying from their bed.

He rests; who fought on to the end,
In every sense a faithful friend;
His mind, his life, his all he gave
To keep, to succour, and to save.

He rests; no more to walk abroad—
No more we'll hear his kindly word;
With sad hearts we his loss deplore—
Peace to his spirit evermore.

—J. D.

Dr. William Hutton Forrest.

Died 20th March, 1879.

Dr W. H. Forrest was a native of Stirling. Born in 1799, he received his education in Stirling and Edinburgh, taking his degree as surgeon in 1818. A short time afterwards he went to one of the Southern States of America, where he remained till 1822, when he returned to Stirling. The Doctor always had a strong interest in his native town, and did everything he could for its improvement, and evinced a warm solicitude for the comfort of its inhabitants. In 1825 he assisted in the formation of the School of Arts, and for many years was principal attendant at the Stirling Dispensary. Doctor Forrest may also be said to have been the promoter of the Stirling Fishing Club. It was also greatly through his exertions that the town was provided with a supply of excellent water, in recognition of which services he was presented, in September, 1857, with a silver tea service. The Doctor also took a prominent part in the improvement of the sewerage system of the burgh, which had formerly been very defective, the effects of that improvement producing a general desire for greater cleanliness. Old and dilapidated houses disappeared, and more improved buildings and streets were formed.

The Doctor was one of those strong-minded and intrepid individuals, who fearlessly encounter every difficulty, and allow no obstacle to interfere with the carrying out of any enterprise for the general benefit which they have entered upon. He was unflinching in his efforts for the public weal, and went straight onwards in his course, undeterred by the cavillings of narrow-minded prejudice on the one hand, or of bitter jealousy on the other. His aim was uninfluenced by all petty considerations of place or power; he sought his own good in the welfare and comfort of the whole community.

Dr. Andrew Beath.

Died 18th December, 1879.

The subject of this notice was born in Edinburgh about the beginning of the century, and was at first intended for the Church. After attending the University he entered the Royal Navy as a surgeon, serving for two or three years on the West Indian station. Returning home, he practised for some time in Edinburgh, and about 1830, along with his brother, he came to Stirling, and began business in partnership. During the cholera visitation in 1832, both gentlemen rendered good service by attending patients in the Guild Hall, which was converted into a hospital. In a short time they had got into a large practice, mainly the result of Dr Andrew Beath's popularity and skill. His brother having returned to Edinburgh, Andrew was left in sole charge of the Stirling practice, which increased greatly. In 1845, after the passing of the Poor Law Act, Dr Beath was appointed medical officer for the parish. In private life the Doctor was the most genial of men, and having a fund of anecdote and information about Stirling in former days, he was an exceedingly agreeable companion.

“Citizen” Jaffray.

“The Citizen” died on 13th May, 1828, in the 79th year of his age. His being distinguished by the cognomen, “Citizen,” arose from his hailing, with great satisfaction, the beginning of the French Revolution, and in this name he took more pleasure than in plain William. He was born, brought up, married, reared a family, and died in the same house.

But it was not such circumstances that rendered William Jaffray distinguished: his mind had a wider range, and when inoculation was attracting attention, “the Citizen” began experimenting. Having succeeded, he persuaded some neighbours to allow their children to undergo the operation, and this, being attended with success, afforded him much gratifica-

tion. He also operated on some adults with good effect, and in this manner was conferring lasting benefits upon his country. His experience, however, convincing him that inoculation was not a perfect remedy for smallpox, he hailed with ecstasy the discovery made by Dr Jenner; and, being on terms of intimacy with a medical practitioner in town, asked about the process. When the medical man demanded of him the use he meant to make of this knowledge, he answered that he intended to inoculate the bairns in Cambusbarron, his native village. "Weel, then, Wull," said the doctor, "in order to procure a supply of matter, when you go home you may rub the dog's mouth with butter, and let the cat lick it." Upon this "the Citizen" turned on his heel, and after going home, wrote to a Dr Bryce, in Edinburgh, who furnished him with some of the best works on the subject, a supply of matter, and the necessary operating instruments.

Every Friday, either in the house of a friend or in his own ware-room, did he wait for hours, for the purpose of supplying his weavers with work or vaccinating their children. Nor did he confine his exertions in this good cause to Stirling and Cambusbarron, but made itinerating tours to the towns and villages around. In this way he frequently, after walking from six to nine miles, vaccinated from 80 to 120 children. On these tours—as in all his labours in the cause of humanity—his services were entirely gratuitous; and his labours were so abundant, and conducted so successfully, that he was able to say with truth, twelve years before his death, that he had vaccinated some 13,000 children, not one of whom, so far as his knowledge extended, ever took smallpox.

It was very gratifying to "the Citizen" that his neighbours, in his native village, almost wholly allowed him to vaccinate their children. There were, however, two families—one at each end of the village—who resisted the innovation as a new-fangled invention to oppose, as they ignorantly imagined, the designs and workings of Providence; but his object was accomplished in a very effectual manner, as, upon the next visitation of the distemper, each of the two families, although at opposite ends of the village, was infected, and one in each died, whilst every other family in the place escaped.



A. JOHNSTON



R. HARVEY



A. BEATH



W.H. FORREST



D. FINDLAY

It is very questionable if any poor man ever rendered himself so useful to the public, or conferred such lasting benefits upon society. If the calculation be a just one, that out of every four children born one died of smallpox ; and that during the last twelve years of his life "the Citizen" vaccinated 3000 children, which, added to the 13,000 above-mentioned, gives 16,000—one-fourth, or 4000, would be the number of lives this one man was instrumental in saving. The motive which stimulated "the Citizen" was as generous and disinterested as his zeal and perseverance were laudable ; for at the time he commenced operations the fee for inoculating was half a guinea, a sum he considered calculated to prevent its general adoption.

So zealous a vaccinator, and one who had so much to recommend him to public notice, was not likely to be long concealed, although he was stigmatised by the local authorities as a "friend of the people," and consequently, in their silly judgment, an enemy to the Government and the governors. The National Vaccine Establishment, immediately after its erection, opened a correspondence with him. On one occasion a large package, addressed "To William Jaffray, near Stirling, Scotland," and indorsed, "On His Majesty's Service," came to town. The post-master, anxious for the safety of "the Citizen," concealed the package, and despatched a messenger to inform him that he had better get under hiding for a time, as a suspicious-looking package lay in the Post Office addressed to him, and indorsed as above ; but what was the surprise of the post-master when "the Citizen" appeared with his messenger, and demanded the package.

It is singular that while Jaffray was in open correspondence with the National Vaccine Establishment (which acted directly under the Government), and was lauded by them as a patriot and benefactor to the race, he should be treated, by the legal authorities in Scotland, as an enemy to social order, and a wrong-headed fellow, whom it was perfectly right and proper to put down as a disturber of the public peace. "The Citizen" from this time was never troubled for his political sentiments, and was henceforth considered a privileged person.

The Vaccine Establishment created him a corresponding member, with power to receive and transmit through the Post

Office packages indorsed, "On His Majesty's Service;" then they supplied him with fresh variolous matter, together with a new assortment of instruments for conducting operations, and shortly after voted him, at the public expense, a handsome silver cup, richly embossed, with a suitable inscription. After the lapse of a few years he was constituted an honorary member of the Vaccine Establishment, a diploma being sent him, an honour enjoyed, because deserved, by only a few. Upon these the old man set particular value, and considered them as heirlooms.

Another exploit of "the Citizen" was the release of a female negro, brought from the West Indies to assist in taking charge of her master's family. Between Stirling and Glasgow, whence her proprietor was to see her shipped off, "the Citizen" and a Mr Cunningham, belonging to Glasgow, having understood that she was proceeding to Jamaica, concluded she was returning to slavery, detested by both, and came to the resolution of communicating to the young woman the knowledge that no one could set foot on British ground and remain a slave. They then told her she was quite free, and at liberty, upon arrival in Glasgow, to follow her own inclinations; but as she was an utter stranger, if she chose, they would take her to a Magistrate, and have her liberty officially and publicly acknowledged. Upon her arrival she followed "the Citizen" and his friend, who, after they had got her liberty publicly recognised, exerted themselves effectually in procuring employment for her, without which her freedom would have rather been a curse than a blessing.

"The Citizen" was the first in his native village, excepting a young lady, who carried an umbrella, which he exhibited in his progress to church the first Sabbath after he had it, his wife keeping at a distance behind, for fear she should be called proud, and that she might learn the opinion of the neighbours on this new-fangled invention. "If I save, by my umbrella," said "the Citizen," "my new hat, while my laughing neighbour is getting his drenched with rain, let the winner laugh."

"The Citizen" took great pleasure in teaching blackbirds and starlings to perform tunes, the reward he sought for this labour being a large price for the feathered songster, says a cool cal-

culator—no! but that it might be placed in the street of some populous town to charm the lieges. A great part of his attention was occasionally given to flowers, which he cultivated with care for a time, but his thirst for curiosity and novelty soon gave place to something else, which ere long shared the same fate, the last hobby being always better than that which preceded. Bees he admired at first as a curiosity, but was under the necessity of descending ultimately to what was to him the ignoble idea of making them the means of profit; yet it is questionable if ever they afforded him much good in this way, as, from his peculiar temperament, he could not bestow upon them the care required at certain seasons, nor would he allow any one to dictate to him in this matter. However, he received from them a large fund of amusement.

Another characteristic of the worthy "Citizen" was, that when any of his acquaintance died, and he was not invited to the funeral, he concluded he had been forgotten, and getting his black coat, with his best hat and staff, sallied forth with the erect carriage peculiar to himself, and which at once bespoke the dignity of his mind and the lightness of his heart. "The Citizen" had great aversion to seeing his wife with a hat. A mutch of the first quality he would willingly allow, but hats he abhorred. He and his wife were, on one occasion, going to Edinburgh, and, calling at a friend's house on the way, the friend's wife did not think it proper for Mrs Jaffray to visit the metropolis in her mutch, and pressed her to adorn her head with her hat. "The Citizen" said nothing at the time; but when on the road, he seemed like a person who had lost his companion. At last he made a dead stand, and, looking earnestly into his wife's face, said, "Preserve me, is that you, Meg?" and ever after he was wont to say that his wife never had a hat on but once, and he lost her on that occasion.

But our sketch must come to a close. The first intimation of a direct nature, which reminded "the Citizen" that his life was drawing to its termination, was a fall he got in returning from church one evening. His journeys were now less extensive, and performed with greater trouble to himself, and he was frequently compelled to apply for medical advice. The doctor sometimes looked in when not called, just to see "the

Citizen," and on one occasion, in the month of April, when the ground was still very damp, he found his patient reclining at full length upon the grass, apparently enjoying a clear blink of sunshine, and watching the working of his bees. The doctor rated him as the most incorrigible patient he ever had, but "the Citizen" leaped up, and with well-feigned vivacity, declared "he was determined to bring himself up hardy." He was 76 years of age at this time.

When drawing near the close of life, his medical attendant was most assiduous in his visits, and was frequently accompanied by another gentleman of the same profession. Once, when both were present, they proposed that the patient should be blistered. To this "the Citizen" seemed to submit with resignation while the doctors were present, but no sooner did the application begin to make itself felt, than he indignantly tore it from his breast, declaring that "the two young chields had come to try their experiments on him, but he would take care of them," and immediately the plaster was lying on the floor. Nor could any persuasion bring him to allow it to be re-applied. In a few days he peacefully passed away.

The last incident we shall mention exhibits "the Citizen" as equally desirous of benefiting society by his death as he had proved himself the friend of humanity during his life. About the time of his last illness, the country was much agitated by the horrors committed in Edinburgh by Burke and his fellows, which irritated the people very much against the medical profession. "The Citizen," sympathising with the faculty, regretted the scantiness of subjects for dissection, and requested that his own body should be assigned for this purpose, which, however, was not required.

Once more, "the Citizen" was an exemplary attendant upon the public ordinances of religion. In theory, indeed, his religious sentiments were tinged with a certain extravagance, which seemed quite congenial to his mental taste, and which was, like his other failings, harmless, and characteristic of the man. For "even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Dr. David Doig.

Dr Doig, Rector of the Grammar School of Stirling for upwards of forty years, was a very accomplished scholar, and to him Hector M'Neil, who was a pupil of the Doctor, and lived for a considerable time at Viewfield House, Stirling, in 1795 dedicated the (at that time and for long after) famous poem, "Will and Jean."

Dr Doig had a profound knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, both of which he wrote with classical purity, and had made himself master of Hebrew, Arabic, and other Oriental languages, and was well read in the literature of the East. He wrote the articles on "Mythology," "Philology," and "Mysteries" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and was author of other works, both in prose and verse, together with some criticisms, in the "Edinburgh Magazine," on works published by Lord Kames, then residing at Blair Drummond, who, having found out the critic, instead of being enraged at him, sent the Doctor a kind and special invitation to come and dine with him. The Dominie was marvellously surprised at an invitation coming to him under such circumstances from his lordship, but took courage, and resolved to accept. It was thought by the Provost and Magistrates, whom the Doctor had taken advice from, that it was a compliment both to Doctor Doig and also to the town. So he proceeded to Blair Drummond House. Espying him at the porch, out came the learned lord, holding out both his hands, and saluting Doctor Doig—"Come away, come away; I'm right glad to see you, you bitch" (a word which was very familiar to him). "O my lord," said the Dominie, "I've been often called a dug (Doig) before by the young brats in the town of Stirling, but I protest I've never been called a bitch till now from such distinguished lips."

Dr Doig was a particularly intimate associate of Mr Ramsay, of Ochtertyre, the friend of Burns, who, in his "Commonplace Book," under date 27th August, 1787, thus writes:—"At Stirling—Supper—Messrs Doig the schoolmaster; Bell, and Captain

Forrester of the Castle. Doig, a queerish figure, and something of a pedant; Bell, a joyous fellow, who sings a good song; Forrester, a merry, swearing kind of man, with a dash of the ‘sodger.’’ The inhabitants of Stirling respected Dr Doig so much that they erected an elegant tombstone over his grave at Stirling. M’Neil has the following lines respecting him :—

The shades of dim twilight descend on the plain,
The pale moon gleams faint on the grave,
The voice of affliction tunes friendship’s sad strain,
Re-echoed thus back from the cave.

Vain mortals, whom learning and genius elate,
Enthusiasts who pant for a name ;
Yon village bell, tolled by the mandate of fate,
Proclaims—What avails lettered fame ?

He’s gone ! to whom learning (though humble his lot),
Full smiling, unclosed all her store,
Called genius to brighten the ardour of thought,
And light paths untrodden before.

Alas ! ye fond Muses, where now dwell your strains,
To these haunts will ye never return ?
Mute, save when remembrance, with all her dark train,
And friendship thus wails o’er the urn.

Yet, yet shall the strains (if such strains shall survive
The sunshine of life’s fleeting day)
Record, what, if drooping, perchance may survive,
The minstrel of some future day.

Hector M’Neil, it may be mentioned, was also author of “My Boy Tammy” (believed to have been composed in reference to the married life of Major Sparks and his lady, with whom he resided at Viewfield House), “The Links of Forth,” “Bygane Times,” “The Wee Thing,” and “Mary of Castlecary.”

Mr. Robertson, Bow Street.

The Rev. Mr Ormond, in his “Kirk and a College in the Craigs,” mentions one of his elders, George Robertson. He lived in the Coffee House Close, Bow Street, and dealt in all

manner of wooden articles. Mr Robertson was very little, one of the neatest men who walked the streets of Stirling, and was the last in town to wear knee-breeches. It is told of him, that when courting the lady who became his wife, he took her to a property which he possessed, and, pointing to it, said—

“ When you are mine
All these are thine.”

Two of his sons were writers in Glasgow, and one of them became Town Clerk of Govan.

Willie Dawson.

Many will remember William Dawson, broker, who lived for many years at the Castlehill, in the house at one time the residence of Provost Buchan. Dawson was a “Willie A’tning,” and it was indeed a very strange article he could not supply. A story is told of two wags, one of whom made a bet that Willie could not supply an article he would ask for. On going to the Castlehill, Willie was asked for a “sentry box,” which appeared to be beyond him; but after the gentleman left the house and was some way down Barn Road, a “halloo” was heard, and on going back to Dawson, he was told by him his housekeeper had put him in mind that there was one in a loft on the other side of the street, which was really the case, he having bought it at one of the periodical sales of condemned stores in the Castle.

Willie was a farm-servant when a young man, and was a capital trainer of coursing dogs, one or two of which he always kept. Many a story he told of the scrapes he got into through keeping them. He was also a first-rate shot with the smooth-bore gun, and it required to be one who was “up early” who could beat him, even when up in years, and many a cheese, ham, and bun he gained at the Handsel Monday shootings at Craigmill, Causewayhead, or Drip Bridge. Willie was a regular attender at sales of farm stock, crop, or furniture, a general favourite, and, though counted “near,” was always ready to

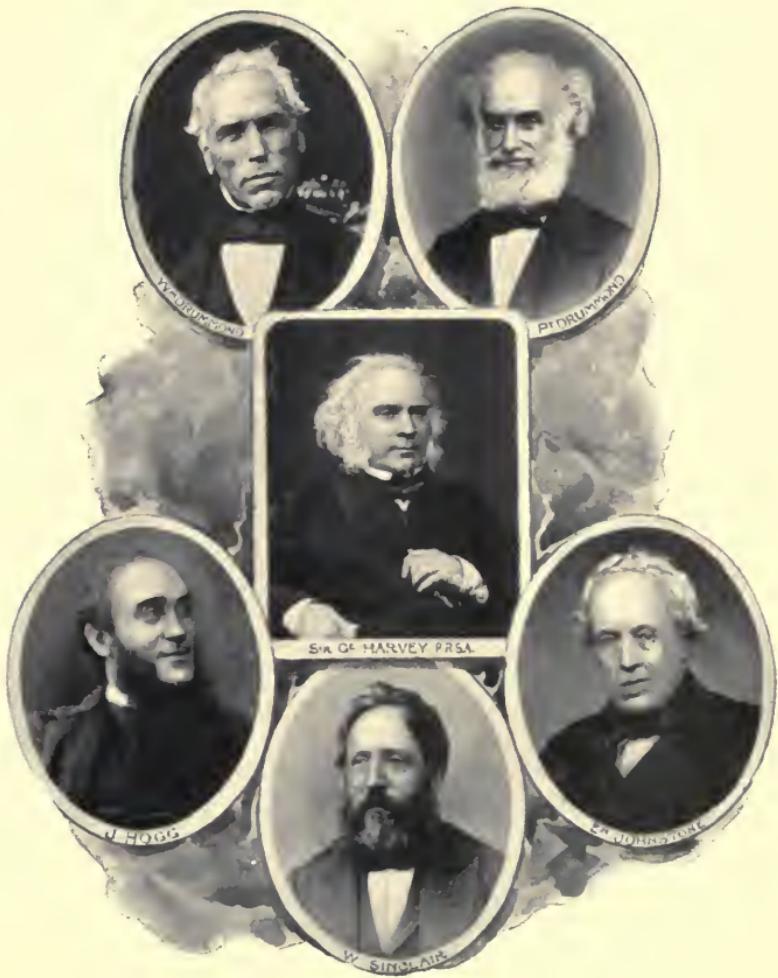
pay his share of the “lawin.” He was also a regular attender at ploughing matches, and a capital judge of the work done.

The reference above to the sales of condemned stores at the Castle calls to mind another general dealer, “Dan” Sharry, a genuinely typical Irishman, possessed of a goodly amount of that rollicking humour which characterises the true son of “the Emerald Isle.” “Dan” was a pretty extensive purchaser of such stores, and dealt also in old wool and waste, and his humorous sallies tended not a little to enliven the montony of auction sales.

Samuel Milligan, Supervisor of Excise.

One of Stirling’s more notable citizens some half a century ago was Mr Samuel Milligan, Supervisor of Excise, who resided in Queen Street. He was of a pawky, humorous disposition, and was not only a favourite amongst the older section of the community, but made great friends with the youth of the town, always getting them to “shake hands” with him by means of the little finger, on no account suffering them to do otherwise, at the same time addressing them in some jocular way. As smuggling and illicit distilling were carried on not so very long ago, even in the very heart of the town—in one case the apparatus being fitted up in a dairy boiler-house, from whence the liquor was carried away in milk-cans on Sabbath mornings!—the officers had to be very wary and wily, and Mr Milligan had not a few good stories to tell concerning the “tricks” he and his men had been successful in bringing to light.

On one occasion a Highlander came into Stirling with a “wee keg” wrapped up in his plaid. After calling at all the places he was in the habit of supplying, without getting it sold, he met a person who told him he knew one who would “be sure to take it,” and gave him the address of Mr Milligan in Queen Street. The poor body accordingly went there, was shown in, and told the Supervisor what he had got. He soon found he was in the hands of “the Philistines,” as his “wee drappie” was at



once confiscated. In the circumstances, however, he was told to be off, and warned that he would not escape so easily if found in a scrape again.

Another story concerning Mr Milligan has it that one of the gaugers had been in the habit of taking a drop too much, and, as excise officers are not the best-liked men in the world, he was soon reported to his Supervisor, who said that unless he saw him the worse for drink himself he would do nothing. The tale-bearer soon had an opportunity, and informed Mr Milligan, who made his way to the official's house. On being ushered in he found the tale too true—the gauger being “*gey fou.*” Mr Milligan said he would require to report him, as he could not have men on his staff who got drunk. Making an effort, the gauger started to his feet, exclaiming, “If I am drunk, my books are not drunk,” handing them for inspection. Mr Milligan looked them over, and found them in perfect order, and finding, on inquiry, that the officer had gone through a very heavy day's work, he at once pardoned him, but warned him as to his future conduct.

Ebenezer Johnstone, Journalist.

Died 25th October, 1864.

Mr Johnstone—who commenced “The Stirling Observer” on 15th September, 1836, in premises situated at 38 Baker Street, with 395 subscribers, which number very rapidly increased, notwithstanding that the price of the newspaper was then 4d.—was in many respects a man of notable character, and was well known in Stirling, not only from his residence in town, and for the interest he took in all public matters, but for his gruff though downright honesty of purpose. His father, George Johnstone, was a woollen cloth manufacturer in Galashiels, and came of a branch of the numerous families of Johnstones of Annandale; while his mother was the daughter of a blacksmith in the parish of Little Dunkeld, and he boasted that he was allied both to the Borderers and the Highlanders.

Mr Johnstone appears to have been in his earlier years connected with the Forfarshire Militia, and about the year 1812

he opened a school in Stirling, the duties of which he discharged in a kind yet firm manner. When thirty years of age he commenced business as a bookseller and printer, and among other works he published about that time were "A Picture of Stirling," and "The County Almanack," the latter continuing valuable for many years as a book of reference. Among his later literary efforts were an article on "Stirling" in "The Edinburgh Encyclopædia," and a pamphlet on "Prophecy."

One of the founders of the Stirling School of Arts, Mr Johnstone gave his services, along with other prominent townsmen, as an occasional lecturer in connection with that institution, which was productive of not a little good in its day. Self-taught, but endowed with indomitable perseverance and energy, Mr Johnstone made the best of his talents. His general knowledge was not only extensive but accurate, and he possessed a most retentive memory, which in emergencies never failed him. Botany was a subject to which he devoted not a little attention, and in the pursuit of this science he was very successful. It is right to add that Mr Johnstone was all his life a consistent Liberal, both in politics and religion; and, though strong in the expression of his opinions, was greatly respected by men of all parties.

For a long period of years Mr Johnstone was a member of the Town Council, and took a specially prominent part in its work, more particularly from about the year 1834. In that year he made a speech on the contribution paid from the burgh funds towards the expense of the communion elements in the Established Church, and unfair means were used to prevent a report of the speech appearing in "The Stirling Journal," then the only newspaper in town. The Rev. Dr Bennie also took occasion to denounce Mr Johnstone from the pulpit, or at least Mr Johnstone thought he was referred to, although the minister denied it, and in the Council the rev. Doctor sneeringly alluded to the Councillor as originally a private soldier in the Forfarshire Militia. Mr Johnstone published a pamphlet in reply, which was very spirited, and was signed, "Ebenr. Johnstone, 19 years ago Private Soldier in the Forfarshire Militia." There can be little doubt that in consequence of the treatment he received in the controversy about the communion money,

Mr Johnstone conceived the happy idea of starting a newspaper of his own, which was conducted by him with considerable energy until November, 1860, when he sold the property. On various other occasions Mr Johnstone is reported as having taken a leading part in matters concerning the welfare of the inhabitants of Stirling, and was indefatigable in probing to the bottom any subject he took in hand, his colleagues on more than one occasion awarding him special thanks for the information he had afforded them. He was fearless, and at times scathing, in his denunciation of what he deemed reprehensible, whether in individuals or public bodies, but exercised a kindly and considerate disposition to those he considered worthy and deserving.

✓ Chief-Constable Alexander Meffen.

Died 7th January, 1867.

“ Sandy ” Meffen was a native of Aberdeen, and commenced life as a worker in a mill. Early in life he enlisted in the 78th Highlanders, which he left after some years’ service, and joined the Glasgow Police Force. There his steady and intelligent conduct was so much appreciated that, on leaving that city to undertake the duties of chief detective officer at Dunblane, he was presented with a valuable testimonial by his brother officers. After a few years’ service in Dunblane he was appointed Police Superintendent, and later—on the new regulations coming into force—to be Chief-Constable of Stirlingshire. Mr Meffen was much respected throughout the shire, and stood high in the estimation of the county gentlemen as an active and intelligent officer: those still living (they are now very few) who had the pleasure of meeting him in a social capacity can never forget his happy manner. He was at his best when, duty over, he took the chair in “ Nelly’s ” (Peter Fisher’s), surrounded by a bailie or two, some town councillors, and a number of merchants, with the little kettle always steaming ready for the next round of toddy, which had to be played for by “ selling the mare,” or at “ Simon says, Thumbs up.”

Mr. William Drummond.

Mr William Drummond, of the well-known firm of Wm. Drummond & Sons, seedsmen, died at Rockdale on 25th November, 1868, in the 76th year of his age. He was the eldest son of the founder of the firm, and his long term of life was spent within sight of the spot where he was born. How distinguished he was for benevolence of nature, bountiful liberality, gentleness of manner, and inoffensiveness of life ; how he gave himself to forward the interests of the town, and how he employed his skill and artistic taste in ornamenting localities with which he was familiar, all connected with the town well knew. His humble and unobtrusive piety ; his readiness for every good work ; his open-handedness ; his catholic spirit, combined with unflinching adherence to principle, every one who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship could testify of.

Mr Drummond's knowledge of the history of our country, in its many sufferings for truth's sake, formed his special study, awakened his deepest sympathies, and found expression in the erection of statues of Reformers and Martyrs which so greatly beautify our Cemetery and other parts of the town. He spent a great deal, both of time and money, in the interests of the Cemetery, and almost up to the day of his death he might have been seen, like pious James Hervey, meditating amongst the tombs, and contemplating the further ornamentation of "God's Acre." He also took deep interest in the erection of the National Wallace Monument.

On two occasions Mr Drummond was offered the freedom of the burgh, but on conscientious and private grounds he declined the honour. Steadfast and immovable he was in the work to which he set his hand ; he never looked back. Onward and upward his progress was. He was always kind to the poor. And more perhaps than any man of his time was it true of him, that his left hand knew not what his right did. He left a bright example. May there be many to follow it.

En Memoriam.

Wm. Drummond, Esq., Rockdale Lodge.

Died 25th November, 1868.

Another breach in the goodly band,
 Another empty place;
Another song in the spirit-land,
 A song of free, full grace;
Another voice in the tumult stilled,
 Another tone of love;
Another heart of kindness chilled,
 To beat more warm above;
Another arm in the strife brought low,
 Another wrestler laid;
Another soul, thro' a bewildering throe,
 In Heaven's own garb arrayed.

So fade they as the falling leaf,
So pass they like the storm,
So sink they as the setting sun,
 In many a varied form.
And o'er their graves affection's tears
 In pearly dew-drops fall,
And heart that braved the blight of years,
And hopes that mocked a myriad fears,
 Lie shrouded in grief's pall.

To-day we lay, 'mid weeping skies,
With saddened hearts and tearful eyes,
 His honoured head beneath the sod,
Whose loving hands made fair with flowers,
And sculpture bright, and fairy bowers,
 The beauteous acre of our God;
Whose liberal heart to Jesus' feet -
Did joy, with gratefulness most meet,
 Its golden gifts to bring;
Whose modest soul shrunk back from fame,
And gloried only in the name
 Of Christ—the Church's King.

Why should we mourn, tho' from the land
 His soul hath passed away,
Led by a Father's unseen hand
 Through darkness up to day?
He meekly bore the smiting,
 And he kissed the chas'ning rod,
For his spirit knew no fighting
 With the purposes of God;
And he taught how calm the passing
 Of the Christian's life may be,
For he gladly heard the summons,
 "Home thy Father calleth thee."

Thomas Stuart Smith.

Died 31st December, 1869.

Thomas Stuart Smith, to whom Stirling is indebted for the Smith Institute, had the misfortune to be for some time unacknowledged by his parents. His mother he was never certain of, but Thomas Smith, whose brother was a well-known merchant in Stirling (their mother being sister of Alexander Jaffray, Provost of Stirling, who had succeeded to the estate of Glassingall, near Dunblane, and through whom it descended to Thomas Stuart Smith), afterwards recognised him as his son.

Thomas Smith the elder was in the year 1821 in the employment of a London Canadian Company, where he made the acquaintance of Thomas Galt, the novelist, who was then secretary to the Company. He also at that time acquired the friendship of Professor Owen, the distinguished naturalist, who accompanied him to France in 1827, when he had with him a boy about 13 years of age, and whom he represented to be his son, and wished to place at school, under the care of a M. Montenaries of Bourbourg. Professor Owen frequently, during that and the following year, saw the boy in the company of his father, who seems to have taken every means for his welfare. Before leaving France he saw his friend, Mr Robert Cassells, at Dunkirk, introduced his son to him, and begged him to pay all possible attention to the boy. With Mr Cassells he also left money for his son's use.

On leaving England for the West Indies in 1828 Mr Smith placed funds in the hands of Mr Auld, secretary of the Scots Corporation in London, to enable him to pay the expenses of his son's education. It is believed that he was accidentally drowned off the island of Cuba in 1834. Any estrangement between Thomas Smith and his brother, Alexander, seemed to have been overcome, and in May, 1836, Mr Auld wrote to Mr Alexander Smith, telling him for the first time of the existence of his nephew, of his successful efforts as an artist, and of the lad's desire of still further prosecuting his studies. Alexander, with little knowledge of art, was still shrewd enough, by what had been represented to him, to take an interest in his nephew, and generously provided him with a sufficient annual allowance.

From 1836 to 1849 Thomas Stuart Smith resided in Italy, working hard at his profession. His allowance, however, ceased on the death of his uncle, which took place at Glassingall in July, 1849, and as he left no will—this, it was supposed, having been accidentally destroyed a little before his death—there was no one left who could prove his title to it, and the estate, therefore, became the property of the Crown.

Having left Italy, Mr Smith proceeded to London, where he applied to Professor Owen, whom he recollects as having been his father's friend, and who, being convinced of his identity, at once interested himself on his behalf. Getting other influence on his side, Mr Smith, after the lapse of seven years, received a donation from the Crown of the estate of Glassingall and Canglour, and resided at Glassingall for a time, but not being successful as a "Scotch Laird," disposed of the property and returned to London, where he took up his residence at Fitzroy Square, and where he spent the remainder of his life in painting and acquiring pictures.

Mr Smith having made known his intention of founding a public institution in Stirling, and afterwards having consulted with Provost Rankin and Dr Barty, Dunblane, the various details were arranged, and his wishes embodied in a testamentary writing on 12th November, 1869. He thereafter returned to France, and died very suddenly at Avignon on 31st December, 1869.

Mr Smith was a genial and instructive companion, exceed-

ingly kind of heart, and passionately devoted to the love of art, the collection of paintings now on the walls of the Institute which bears his name affording evidence of this, and in the getting together of which he spared neither trouble nor expense.

Mr. William Wordie.

Died 9th October, 1874.

Mr Wordie was a "Son of the Rock," his father being the general carrier between Stirling and Glasgow long prior to the advent of railways. While the business remained exclusively in the hands of his father, it attained to comparatively little importance, but when the subject of our sketch took it in hand it soon began to assume dimensions not previously calculated upon. Soon after the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway was opened, by which his ordinary carrier traffic was in great measure superseded, he established a system of railway goods vans between the terminal and roadside stations, and from the latter the goods were distributed over a large area of country, collecting being done in the same way. When Stirling was brought into close communication with the outer world by the opening of the Scottish Central Railway, Mr Wordie secured the contract for the cartage at the station, and thus there was established a connection whose range now extends from Portpatrick and Stranraer in the south of Scotland, to Thurso and John o' Groats in the extreme north: as the rhyme went—

" You find Wordie & Co.
Wherever you go."

For a time there was a good deal of uphill work, but in the end success was attained, and the business of Wordie & Co. has become one of the greatest of the kind at home or abroad. Mr Wordie was universally esteemed amongst those who knew him.



T. S. SMITH



W. W. ORDWAY



DR. PRICE



GEORGE SMITH



D. FERGUSON



Sir George Harvey, P.R.S.A.

Died 22nd January, 1876.

Sir George Harvey was born at St. Ninians in 1805, his father—a most worthy man—being a watchmaker there. Apprenticed to Mr M'Laren, bookseller, (now No. 5) Bow Street, Stirling, Sir George's love of art showed itself in the continual use of pencil and brush, one of his first attempts being a group of fish, which was exhibited in the window of his employer's shop. In his eighteenth year the desire of his heart, to enter upon a regular course of artistic training, was gratified by his being enabled to study at the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh, where he remained two years.

It is no small tribute to his talent that he became an original Associate of the Scottish Academy, established at that time. Sir George's first picture, "A Village School," was exhibited in 1826 at the Edinburgh Institution, and the following year he had no less than seven pictures on exhibition. On the death of Sir John Watson Gordon, in 1864, he was elected to the presidency of the Scottish Society, and the honour of knighthood followed in 1867. Sir George was a generous but keen critic of art, caring only for the best; exceedingly kind to young students, and often, if he found them deserving, giving substantial help in more ways than one. Some of the best known of his works are "Quitting the Manse," "A Highland Funeral," "Curlers," and "Covenanters Preaching."

✓ James Hogg, Journalist.

Died 25th September, 1876.

James Hogg was born at Cowden, in the parish of Madderty, Perthshire, on 24th January, 1823. His maternal ancestors—the Murrays—had been tenants on the Abercairney estate for several hundred years. When three years of age his father

removed to Edinburgh, and subsequently to Leith, from whence after a time he removed to Inverkeithing, in Fifeshire. Mr Hogg was educated chiefly in Edinburgh, where he attended the University for three sessions, 1842-1845, with great distinction, especially in classical and philosophical studies. The certificate granted him by Professor Wilson is characteristic alike of the Professor and student :—"Mr James Hogg was one of the best and most distinguished of the class.—John Wilson." Before leaving the University Mr Hogg had already entered on the career of a teacher, as during the summer vacation of 1844 he acted as assistant at the school at Inverkeithing. This was the period of the Disruption excitement, when the Free Church was planting churches and schools all over the country. To one of these schools—at Kirriemuir—Mr Hogg was appointed in 1845. From there he was transferred to the charge of the school at Kinross, and thence to Kincardine-on-Forth. From all these places came emphatic testimony to the value of his work as a teacher, the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen, and the affection cherished for him by his pupils.

In 1853 he left Kincardine to enter on his connection with the "*Stirling Journal*," a connection which lasted nearly the half of his too short lifetime. In 1858 he acquired half of the property of the paper, and from October, 1867, was sole proprietor. His function as a public critic necessitated many a controversy. He was never afraid to take a side or to speak his mind, but, though he dealt many a heavy blow, at men not less than at institutions, no one ever did, or could accuse him of personal malice. His scorn of pretence and meanness was intense and outspoken; but he was a true friend of modest merit, and misfortune never appealed to his sympathy in vain. His generosity was open-handed and unbounded, and how tender-hearted and true his friends could tell.

He had an ardent love for all out of door and field sports, and was himself an adept in most of them, angling, boating, athletics, and especially his favourite pastime, curling; and these he did much to promote in this neighbourhood. He was in 1868 one of the vice-presidents of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. To him, along with Mr Carswell of Paisley, is

the Royal Club indebted for their revised rules. He was one of the originators of the Stirling Castle Club, and the piece of ground selected by him is one of the finest ponds in Scotland.

Mr Hogg was for some years a Town Councillor, and, as such, did some good work; he was also an officer in the Volunteer Artillery Corps. In social and other gatherings he was the life of the meetings, his jokes and repartee being of the choicest.

Mr. Peter Drummond,

Founder of "The Stirling Tract Enterprise."

On 9th July, 1877, Mr Peter Drummond died at Wardie Road, Edinburgh, whither he had gone to reside. Born in the parish of St. Ninians in February, 1799, at an early age he entered his father's business as seedsman, and retired in 1852 in order to devote his whole attention to the work of the Stirling Tract Enterprise. The Stirling Agricultural Museum was originated by him in 1831, and was an object of great interest, its institution being so successful that the Highland and Agricultural Society presented the firm with their gold medal for the originality and carrying out of the project.

The Stirling Tract Enterprise—which has a world-wide celebrity, and brought Mr Drummond much more prominently before the public—was unconsciously commenced by him in 1848. For some years he had been grieved to learn the amount of Sabbath desecration in the neighbouring village of Cambuskenneth, and for a time, along with several friends, did what he could, by speaking to individuals, and occasionally addressing as many as would gather round him in the open air, to persuade them of the evil of their course. The thought occurred to him it might be of use to issue a plain, pointed tract, a copy of which might be put into the hands of all who visited Cambuskenneth on the Lord's Day. That thought was the beginning of the Stirling Tract Enterprise. Immediately Mr Drummond set about the compilation of a suitable tract, and had 10,000 copies thrown off, which within a month were exhausted, and applications from all quarters were so numerous, that Mr

Drummond resolved to issue another edition—this time of 100,000 copies, however, and, within a few months, a third edition had to be issued—also of 100,000 copies. The practical result, so far as concerned the direct object of the movement, was an immediate and most marked diminution in the amount of Sabbath desecration at Cambuskenneth.

The success of this little effort took him by surprise. So he felt constrained to go forward—again in a direction to which local circumstances seemed providentially to point. Mr Drummond had a tract prepared on theatre-going, and showered copies of it over the town, and with special profusion among the crowds drawn by the music of the band to the doors of the theatre. The result was even more marked than in the first instance, the players in a day or two leaving the town, and not returning for years afterwards. Again successful, he again went forward. For a long time in Stirling, as elsewhere, “the Races” had been a fruitful source of dissipation and crime, and it was resolved to bring the tract power to bear in this connection also. Tracts and large posting bills were prepared and wrought, if possible, with even more than the former determination and energy. And, although far from claiming for that agency the full credit of what soon followed, other providential circumstances having aided in producing the result, yet in its own place it told powerfully, and now for many years horse-racing has been unknown in Stirling. Nor was the good done in these connections confined to the locality, as demands for copies of the various tracts poured in from all quarters. Altogether, the sphere of usefulness widened so rapidly, that within three years Mr Drummond found to his amazement that no fewer than three millions of tracts had been put in circulation. While he wondered whereunto this would grow, a further impetus of an extraordinary kind was given to the work by the institution of the system of book-postage.

In accordance with the uniform experience of all such undertakings, the periodical soon followed the tract, in March, 1853, the first number of the “British Messenger” being issued, and a large circulation speedily secured. In 1857 he commenced another now well-known publication of the Enterprise, viz., the “Gospel Trumpet,” specially as a large type religious paper

for the aged, and for the large numbers in town and country who could only read with difficulty, and it rose to sixty thousand copies monthly before the close of the first year. So large indeed was the amount of work now done, that the local Post Office required to be enlarged, and its staff increased, simply to meet the growing demands of the Enterprise. For the same reason Mr Drummond was constrained to seek larger premises for his operations. The place of business he had leased had become too small for the accommodation of the business staff he had found it needful to engage. In March, 1862, the staff of the Enterprise entered on possession of new premises. Mr Drummond at the same time made provision for handing over the whole property of the Enterprise to Trustees, with a view to its permanent maintenance as an evangelistic agency. A third monthly publication, "Good News," was begun in 1862. Its design was to supply reading of an evangelistic character, which should be sufficiently simple and pointed to be of use in general mission work, and also in Sabbath schools.

From that time onwards the work has gone forward, ever striking out new lines of usefulness as the growing needs of the times have demanded. But the work was extending so rapidly that it soon outgrew the limits of the place in which it was being carried on, and it became evident for a second time that larger premises must be secured. In 1887 the Depot in King Street was sold, and the foundation-stone of the new Depot in Dumbarton Road laid. The building, with nearly double the accommodation of its predecessor, was soon completed, and in May, 1888, the work of the Enterprise was transferred to its new home. In 1893 a still further addition to the premises was rendered necessary. Special mention must be made of the gratuitous circulation of its publications by the Stirling Tract Enterprise. This has formed a prominent feature from the beginning. Grants are made to clergymen, missionaries, and open-air preachers, to Sabbath schools, temperance societies, &c.; and in this way many millions of the papers have been circulated, chiefly amongst the outcast and neglected of our population in town and country. Of the good effected in this way, numerous encouraging testimonies have been given. One

notable feature during recent years has been the recognition of the need for tracts as a means of spreading the Gospel on the Continent of Europe. A large number of French tracts have been issued, and there are also tracts in German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish and Norwegian, Swedish, and Slovenian ; so that now the Stirling Enterprise has Gospel messages to send throughout the greater part of Europe, which they can read in their own tongue.

At the celebration of the jubilee of the Enterprise in October 1898, it was reported that something like 470 millions of publications had been issued altogether, over 20 millions being issued during the twelve months preceding. Of these, nearly 170 millions had been given away in grants for work at home and abroad, the value of which was £84,248 17s. ; and towards this contributions to the amount of £68,835 had been received, the difference of £15,413 having been met by the business department.

Mr Drummond was in many respects a remarkable man. Of a warm and sympathetic nature, he was ever ready to extend what aid he could to young men, and not a few have reason to revere his memory on this ground. He was also genuinely simple, sincere, and kindly in his personal religion, and possessed of a rare energy, strong moral courage, and indomitable perseverance in his efforts to combat evil, in whatever form it presented itself. The young had also in him one of the most painstaking and thoughtful instructors, and the cause of Sabbath schools in and around Stirling owed much to his efforts. For many years he was the superintendent of the Free North Church school, whilst other schools considered themselves highly favoured when they had a visit from him. He was also an elder in the above church. As a religious speaker Mr Drummond was in some respects inimitable, and no one who heard his impassioned and earnest utterances could ever forget him, or have doubt as to his sincerity. By rich and poor alike was he greatly beloved, and, on his removal to Edinburgh in 1874, on account of failing health, his fellow-townsman presented him with his portrait, painted by Mr Norman Macbeth, and an address inscribed on vellum, "in token of their respect

for his character, and in appreciation of his lifelong labours in the cause of Christian truth."

Mr. Henry Drummond.

Died 1st January, 1888.

Mr Henry Drummond (father of the late Professor Drummond, author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," &c.) was born on 27th July, 1809, the eighth son of Mr William Drummond, of Coneypark Nurseries, and for many years—from the withdrawal of his brother Peter in order to give attention to the business of the Stirling Tract Enterprise—the active head of the local branch of the firm of Wm. Drummond & Sons, seedsmen and nurserymen, Stirling and Dublin. His business relations were characterised by a straight-forwardness and uprightness which were very marked, while in private his society was greatly esteemed, and no one could be long in his company without learning that in Mr Drummond they had a friend on whose counsel they could most implicitly rely.

Mr Drummond took little interest in municipal matters, the only public office he held being membership in the Burgh School Board for six years. He was also a Justice of the Peace for the county, vice-president of Stirling Royal Infirmary, and held office in several societies connected with the town and neighbourhood, being a trustee of the Stirling Tract Enterprise, of the Stirling branch of the National Security Savings Bank, and of the Stirlingshire Friendly Assurance Society; president of the Stirling Auxiliary of the National Bible Society, and of the Stirling branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. He was also a member of the Kirk Session of the Free North Church, the affairs of that congregation having in him a warm friend and willing helper. Of the Stirling Young Men's Christian Association he was honorary president, and by the young men of that institution greatly esteemed; and also honorary president of the Stirling Sabbath School Teachers' Union, Sabbath school work having his hearty advocacy, his experience as superintendent of a school in Cambusbarron

enabling him to speak with some degree of authority. Nor was he content with the attendance of the children, but their after-life was watched with interest. The annual meetings for the young in connection with the Stirling Christian Conference were always presided over by him, his presence at these meetings being acceptable in a high degree. He was spoken of as "The Children's Friend," his genial humour, his kindly face, his genuine humanity, and his intense earnestness enabling him to hold a gathering of children, no matter how large, spell-bound. The Stirling Working Boys' and Girls' Religious Society for long received considerable support, financial and other, from Mr Drummond, and he was for some time its president. The Stirling Ragged and Industrial Schools had also in him a warm friend, and he was a member of the managing committee. Indeed, with nearly every agency of a religious or philanthropic character in town he was identified in some way or other, and his generosity was unstinted, more especially where the religious and social well-being of his fellows was concerned. It was only after he had passed mid life that Mr Drummond became a public speaker, and on one occasion, at an agricultural gathering in the North, where he was introduced as Mr Drummond of Stirling, he said he was "not the speaking Drummond" (referring to his brother Peter). Very rapidly, however, he came to the front as a platform speaker, more especially at social gatherings, where his addresses were always enjoyed, and fortunate indeed were those agencies which secured his services, which he gave ungrudgingly.

Mr Drummond's wish was that his funeral should be conducted privately, but on a request being preferred to the relatives by the Town Council that they might be permitted to attend officially, the request was acceded to.

✓ Mr. Daniel Ferguson, Bone-Setter.

Daniel Ferguson ("Danny"), the well-known bone-setter, died on 29th June, 1888, at the advanced age of 85. The deceased was a wood sawyer, but, having inherited his father's skill in bone-setting, he educated himself, and attended medical

classes in Glasgow University. His practice of bone doctor rapidly increased, and for many years he paid periodical visits to Glasgow and Dundee, where crowds of people attended his reception rooms for treatment. Some remarkable cures were attributed to his skill, and in not a few instances he succeeded after the regular faculty had failed. Scarcely a Saturday passed that carts from the country did not bring to his door afflicted persons of the humbler classes, and his wonderful fame attracted patients from long distances. In private life Mr Ferguson was much esteemed, and his death caused general regret. A very handsome monument, with medallion portrait of the "Doctor," may be seen in the Cemetery, erected by patients and admirers.

As far back as 1841 Mr Ferguson's services were appreciated and recognised, as in April of that year he was entertained to supper, and presented, on behalf of upwards of thirteen hundred subscribers with a set of surgical instruments, in mahogany case, together with a purse containing 130 sovereigns, "as a mark of the esteem in which the subscribers held his zealous and efficient services in the cure of sores, dislocations, and compound fractures, along with the respect which they held for his private virtues."

Andrew Wilson, Bannockburn.

Died 22nd February, 1890.

A long and useful life was lived by Andrew Wilson, Rector of the Wilson Academy, Bannockburn. A native of Berwickshire, he commenced teaching at the early age of 15, and intending to devote himself to the ministry, he attended the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself and carried off several prizes. Such, indeed, was his enthusiasm for education that he induced two of his brothers to take a full collegiate course, but all three ultimately became teachers. Mr Wilson was first appointed to Buckhaven School, then to Pathhead, Kirkcaldy, where among his pupils were the Rev. Dr

Blair, Dunblane, and Captain Wylie, the famous blockade runner during the American Civil War. In 1849, Mr Wilson was appointed rector of the newly-opened James Wilson Academy, Bannockburn, a situation which he held for thirty years. As a teacher Mr Wilson gained a high reputation in the district, his services being especially in demand for the tuition of those who were desirous of a University training, and to his conscientious labours many have been indebted for their subsequent success in their profession or business. In every charitable and benevolent agency he took a part, and he loved nothing better than to visit the sick and perform those kindly offices which his honourable position, his high character, and his natural disposition eminently fitted him to discharge.

A FEW LOCAL POETS.

William Sinclair.

1811-1870.

“OET” SINCLAIR, the author of “The Battle of Stirling Bridge,” was born in Edinburgh in 1811. Of his parents little is known; his father was a trader, and it is enough to say they were respectable. After receiving the rudiments of education he was apprenticed, in his fourteenth year, to a bookseller. Fortunately for him, his employer had an extensive circulating library, and of this the future poet made good use, for he was a wide reader. While yet an apprentice he courted the muse, con-

tributing to various newspapers and popular periodicals, and these attracting the notice of Christopher North, some of his effusions were granted a place in "Blackwood's Magazine." After completing his apprenticeship he seems to have followed a somewhat divisive course, as we next find him employed as clerk to a Dundee lawyer. Here, however, he appears also to have been at sea regarding an occupation; for, after a short spell of drudgery amid quills, deeds, and red tape, he began to look for employment of a different nature. Soon he received the desired appointment, and proceeded to Liverpool to fill a situation in Her Majesty's Custom House, being, after a short term, transferred to Leith. While in Leith he gave to the world the bulk of his verse, in 1843 publishing "Poems of the Fancy and Affections," the only collected work that came from his pen.

Being of a changeable disposition, he grew weary of Custom House duties, the consequence being that he relinquished his post and removed to Stirling, during his residence here filling the post of reporter on the staff of the "Stirling Journal," and it was while in Stirling that he published his most famous song. At a demonstration held in connection with the building of the National Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig, the late Dr Charles Rogers intimated that he would give a copy of his "Modern Scottish Minstrel" for the best song commemorative of the battle of Stirling Bridge. Of the pieces sent in for competition, William Sinclair's was deemed the best, and he was accordingly awarded the prize, the song, set to music by Mr Marquis Chisholm, being sung by Mr Stembridge Ray at the banquet held in connection with the laying of the foundation-stone of the Wallace Monument on 24th June, 1861. Since then it has become familiar in every clime where Scottish foot has trod.

In 1870 Sinclair died at Stirling, and was interred in Stirling Cemetery, where a suitable monument marks the spot. Sinclair, although his lot has been that of an obscure bard, is much above the average minor minstrel. His poems are characterised by deep reflective thought and powerful imagery; and if the sun of fortune had shone upon him he would undoubtedly have taken place as one of the first of our minor poets.

THE BATTLE OF STIRLING BRIDGE.

To Scotland's ancient realm
 Proud Edward's armies came,
 To sap our freedom and o'erwhelm
 Our martial force in shame.
 "It shall not be," brave Wallace cried;
 "It shall not be," his chiefs replied;
 "By the name our fathers gave her,
 Our steel shall drink the crimson stream,
 We'll all her dearest rights redeem,
 Our own broadswords shall save her."

With hopes of triumph flushed,
 The squadrons hurried o'er
 Thy bridge, Kildean, and heaving rushed
 Like wild waves to the shore.
 "They come, they come," was the gallant cry;
 "They come, they come," was the loud reply.
 "O strength, thou gracious Giver;
 By love and freedom's stainless faith,
 We'll dare the darkest night of death—
 We'll drive them back for ever."

All o'er the waving broom,
 In chivalry and grace,
 Shone England's radiant spear and plume,
 By Stirling's rocky base.
 And stretching far beneath the view,
 Proud Cressingham, thy banners flew,
 When, like a torrent rushing,
 O God! from right and left the flame
 Of Scottish swords like lightning came,
 Great Edward's legions crushing.

High praise, ye gallant band,
 Who, in the face of day,
 With daring heart and fearless hand
 Have cast our chains away.
 The foemen fell on every side,
 In crimson hues the Forth was dyed,
 Bedewed with blood the heather:
 While shouts triumphant shook the air—
 "Thus shall we do—thus shall we dare,
 Wherever Scotsmen gather."

Though years like shadows fleet
 O'er the dial stone of time,
 Thy pulse, O freedom, still shall beat
 With the throb of manhood's prime.
 Still shall the valour, love and truth,
 That shone on Scotland's early youth,
 From Scotland ne'er dissever;
 The shamrock, rose, the thistle stern,
 Shall wave around her Wallace cairn,
 And bless the brave for ever.

THE ROSE IN THE BURIAL GROUND.

Meekly thou bend'st thy lowly head
 To airs that lingering breathe around,
 And shedd'st thy sweetness o'er the dead,
 Thy tears on holy ground;
 And, longing for the blessed light,
 Dost chide the tardiness of night!

Where the serene are lying low—
 The brave their last lone bed have made—
 How passing beautiful art thou,
 In silence and in shade,
 Thou type of fond remembrance set—
 O'er one whom memory treasures yet!

Thou speak'st of long lost memories—
 Of pleasure, in her golden noon,
 Of hopes that blossomed to the skies,
 And withered all too soon;
 Of the deep anguish of the soul—
 The shattered wheel, the broken bowl.

And gentler thoughts than these—oh, yes!
 The sigh of love, the tear of grief
 Shed o'er thee; with the tender kiss
 Imprinted on thy leaf;
 The heart's best blessings, though the grave
 May close on them we cannot save.

An only sister may have brought
 Thee in this simple beauty here.
 Perchance a sorrowing mother sought
 Her lost child's lowly bier;
 She loved him—and she wished to prove
 To others how intense that love.

It may be that he sleeps, whose name,
 Bright and unsullied, blameless, free,
 Might haye descended on the stream
 Of years—to immortality :
 Enough, the final die is cast ;
 The dream, the aspiration past !

It matters not : the crowd may pass
 Thee by unheeded ; with the wane
 And rise of moons, the long lank grass
 Shall wreath the stone again ;
 And other hearts shall mourn their woes,
 Even where the Good and Great repose !

R. M. Stupart.

A Stirling poet, now nearly forgotten, and whose book of poems, "The Bard of Strilia," is but rarely seen, was Mr Stupart, writer, who resided in his own property at the head of King Street, lately rebuilt by Messrs M'Aree Brothers, and who was uncle of the late John Stupart, for some time Superintendent of the Burgh Police. His poems are of average quality, his best piece being "An Address to the Auld Brig." He also wrote "The Farmers' Sabbath," after the style of Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night;" "Auld Handsel Monday," which gives a capital idea how that day used to be kept; "The Demagogue," "Praying Willie's Petition," which was said to have reference to Bailie Jaffray, a much-respected citizen who had a grocer's shop near the head of Baker Street. Another of his pieces referred to "Ragman Johnnie," who occupied that shop at the foot of the Vennel Close, Baker Street, long occupied by the deceased ex-Bailie Watt, baker. Johnnie and his wife dealt in earthenware, with which they travelled the district, and were thriving in this way for a time; but both

becoming addicted to liquor, they were soon reduced to circumstances of poverty, from which, however, they were reclaimed through the refusal of the landlady of a public-house ("Luckie" Corbie's, where they had spent a goodly part of their earnings), to lend them half-a-crown to enable them to purchase some bargain they had seen in the market. A soldier advanced the money to Johnnie, and from this dated the reformation of Johnnie and his wife, who soon accumulated a fair amount of this world's gear, and enjoyed peace, comfort, and respect. The poem is too long to insert entire, but part seven (which we append) tells the end of Johnnie and his wife—

Doun the hill, fu' sweet thegither,
 John and Mary slipped on ;
 Time and tide there's nane can tether,
 Auld age mak's the twa to moan.

Twa score years they had been married,
 Lyart locks bedeck ilk head ;
 Here nae langer Mary tarried,
 Now she's numbered wi' the dead.

Lang and waefu' Johnnie mourned,
 Pearly tears ran frae his e'e,
 Greeting sair he o'er her mourned.
 When he saw his wifie dee.

Sair he sighed, and sad lamented,
 Sair he grat about her death,
 Sair he graned, and, quite demented,
 Wished that death had ta'en them baith.

In the grave he greetin' lowered her,
 Let her down wi' cannie care ;
 Sair that day he sorrowed for her
 Grat, puir chield, in sad despair.

Some few years puir Johnnie toddled,
 Unco frail, about the toun,
 But aye countin' o'er the bodles,
 Gatherin' siller aye, the loon.

Three score years and ten he numbered,
 Three score years and ten he saw,
 Then fu' soundly Johnnie slumbered,
 For grim death took him awa'.

OLD STIRLING.

Many cam' to Johnnie's funeral,
 To attend him to the grave,
 Deep in blacks, for the auld scoun'rel
 On the hats the crape did wave.

What a gatherin' o' gentry
 Was that day frae a' aroun';
 Lots o' braw folks frae the country
 Cam' that day into our toun.

And auld Stirling's dandy Bailies,
 Wi' their Provost at their head,
 Cam' in blacks—gude worthy fellows—
 Mourning for Rag Johnnie dead.

And in mourning cam' our clergy,
 A' the black coats there were seen,
 Screedin' graces at his dredgy,
 Sic a sadness ne'er was seen.

In a hearse and four they drove him,
 Slow and sadly, to his grave;
 Now he sleeps in silent slumber,
 And the grass does o'er him wave.

Farewell now to Ragman Johnnie,
 Farewell to the Gipsy Fair,
 Farewell to his cart and pony,
 Farewell to his earthenware.

Farewell now to Ragman Johnnie,
 Farewell to his rags and hair,
 Farewell to his dru'ken cronies,
 Farewell now, ye cantie pair.

Farewell aye to Ragman Johnnie,
 Farewell to our evening fun,
 Farewell to his face sae bonnie,
 For Rag Johnnie's race is run.

Mr Stupart also wrote over a dozen songs, some of them connected with the district.

David Taylor.

1817-1867.

David Taylor, known in the locality in which he lived as "the St. Ringans Poet," was born at Dollar, in Clackmannanshire, and was the child of somewhat unfortunate circumstances. His father, also named David Taylor, was a builder in Auchtermuchty, in Fifeshire. As such he seems to have met with success, and in the course of time "wooed and won" the daughter of a supervisor in Cupar Fife. Some time after the marriage Taylor eloped with his domestic servant, Janet Eadie by name, and settling down in Dollar (man and wife of course in the eyes of the world), the subject of our sketch was born to them on 4th April, 1817. Shortly after his birth the family removed to St. Ninians, and here the poet spent the greater part of his life. Taylor, after receiving what education was considered necessary, was apprenticed to the handloom weaving, which calling afforded him the means of subsistence.

During his early years he began to clothe his thoughts in verse, his compositions generally finding publicity in the "Clackmannanshire Advertiser." While resident in St. Ninians he contributed to the "Poets' Corner" of "The Stirling Observer" and "The Stirling Journal," also contributing to the "Alloa Journal" during the time he was employed in Alloa. His premier song is undoubtedly "The Proof o' the Puddin's the Preein' o't," and, although perhaps it is not so well known now as formerly, it will always be regarded as an admirable specimen of our Doric song. Not a few of his effusions had a purely local significance, and were accorded hearty reception, 'St. Ringan's Glaur' being one of the most taking.

In addition to his claim as a poet, Taylor deserves some notice as a musician. In the winter months he divided his time and energies between weaving tartan and teaching music. For a long time he conducted a singing-class at Chartershall, and from thence went forth not a few who have made names for themselves in the world of music. Taylor was much given to

the composing of psalm tunes, and the history of his music is interesting. A choir, which met in Stirling once a week for practice, were the poet's critics, and after having written out a piece he set off on the choir practice night, manuscript in hand. It was then sung over in presence of the choir and conductor, whereupon corrections were suggested, considered, and, if approved, adopted. One of his melodies, and the best—"The Grey Hill Plaid"—finds a place in "The National Choir."

Taylor died a comparatively young man. In the summer of 1867 he was employed in a mill at Alva, and it was during this time that he met his death. The 10th July was a warm day, his web was completed, and, leaving two boys to loom another, he proceeded to the Devon to bathe. Failing to return, the alarm was raised, and after some search his body was discovered in the river, that Devon he had so often celebrated in song.

In 1893 Mr William Harvey collected his poems, and with a short memoir, notes and glossary, issued them in book form. The reception accorded the volume in St. Ninians was very hearty, and showed that the poet was remembered with kindly feeling. He finds a place in a work issued some time ago under title, "The Poets of Clackmannanshire," and he is also included in Mr D. H. Edwards' "Modern Scottish Poets," while as a musician he is remembered in Baptie's "Musical Scotland."

Taylor's poems and songs evince considerable power. In satire he is strong and forcible, but in his calmer moments, when his lyre is strung for its own sake, his work is characterised by felicity and grace.

THE PROOF O' THE PUDDIN'S THE PREEIN' O'T.

Tune—"Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow."

Young Maggie looks weel, neither foolish nor vain,
 But love keeps folk whiles frae the seein' o't;
 I'll ken better after I mak' her my ain,
 For the proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.
 We think lassies at first gentle, modest and kind,
 Like goddesses, lovely, exalted in mind :
 But will we think sae when in wedlock we're joined?
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

I maun tak' the lassie for better for waur,
 My fortune nane need try the spaein' o't,
 For wha can pry into futurity far?—
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't;
 I'll study to please her as weel as I can,
 And gie her my siller to ware when its wan;
 I think she will follow economy's plan—
 But the proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

She says what is best to do aye she will try,
 But what if she's tryin' the leein' o't?
 However, I'll come to the truth by and by,
 For the proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.
 But takin' a wife is a serious joke,
 It's something like buyin' a pig in a pock;
 She may be a guude ane, she may be a mock—
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

Dougal Graham.

1724-1779.

It is notable that a number of those who are known as "Glasgow Characters" were natives of Stirlingshire. "Hawkie," the Trongate Demosthenes, was born at Chartershall, near Stirling; Jamie Blue, the Goose-dubs Cicero, was born at Killearn; and Dougal Graham, the Skellat Bellman, was born under the shadow of Stirling Castle.

The little village of Raploch, about one mile westward from Stirling, and just at the foot of the rock on which Stirling Castle stands, claims Dougal as her son. The date of his birth is somewhat uncertain, but it must have been about 1724. He was born of extremely poor parents, who could afford him little or no education. Dougal, however, managed to pick up a smattering of both reading and writing, and so equipped himself for his after life. His first employment was that of herd, and he was for some time engaged in farm service at Campsie. This life, however, was not suited to his tastes, and when he had saved sufficient money, he invested in a packman's outfit, and began touring through the country. He was on the road

when Prince Charlie's army was marching southwards, and, meeting the soldiery just when they had crossed the Forth at the Ford of Frew, a little above Stirling, he attached himself to them, and shared their subsequent wanderings. It is supposed, however, that he did not, owing to deformity, which was great, engage in active warfare, but rather remained as a camp follower, selling his packman's stock to the soldiers, and hoping to be recognised as a faithful adherent if Charlie should attain his ambition. He was a spectator, says a biographer, of the victory of the insurgents at Prestonpans; participated in the fruitless expedition to the heart of England; was with them when the skirmish occurred at Clifton; saw the fight on the South Muir at Falkirk; and was in the retreat to the north, where, at Culloden, on 16th April, 1746, the rising was irretrievably crushed by Cumberland.

Leaving the Jacobites at Culloden he made his way to Glasgow, where, it is said, he learned printing and set up a press in the Saltmarket. About 1770 the Magistrates of Glasgow appointed him "skellat" bellman, which position brought him a salary of ten pounds a year and a picturesque attire. In this position he continued until his death, which took place on 20th July, 1799.

The most ambitious of his poetic effusions was the "Rhyming Chronicle of the Last Jacobite Insurrection," which was published shortly after Dougal left the Highland army, by James Duncan, a printer in the Saltmarket. Although of no great merit, it enjoyed a wide circulation and ran through many editions. It gives interesting descriptions of several incidents connected with the rising, and humorous pen portraits of many of the persons concerned. He was also the author of several other poems, one of which, entitled "Turnimspike," was highly spoken of by no less a person than Sir Walter Scott. In addition to his verses he wrote many prose chap books. These, for the most part, were grossly obscene, but they suited the taste of the age in which they were written, and may be read with profit even yet as illustrations of Scottish life, for, as Motherwell said, "Dougal's pictures of manners, modes of thinking and conversation are always sketched with a strong and faithful pencil."

TURNIMSPIKE.

(Tune—"Clout the Caudron.")

Hersell pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
 And mony alterations seen
 Amang te Lawland Whig, man,
 Fa a dra, diddle diddle dee, &c.

First when she to te Lawlands came,
 Nainsell was driving cows, man;
 There was nae laws about him's nerse,
 About te preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
 Te plaid pricked on her shouder;
 Te guid claymore hung py her pelt;
 Her pistol charged with pouder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
 Wherewith her legs pe lockit;
 Ohon that ere she saw the day!
 For a' her heughs pe prokit.

Every thing in te Highlands now
 Pe turned to alteration;
 Ta sodger dwall at our door cheek,
 And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland be turned a Ningland now,
 The laws pring in te caudger;
 Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeds,
 But oh! she fears te sodger.

Anither law cam after tat,
 Me never saw the like, man,
 They mak' a lang road on te crund,
 And ea 'him Turnimspike, man.

And wow she be a ponny road,
 Like Loudon corn rigs, man,
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 And no prak ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
 In troth she'll no' pe sheaper,
 For nought but gaun upon the ground,
 And they gie her a paper.

They tak' te horse then py te head,
 And there they mak' him stand, man;
 She tell them she has seen the day
 They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse;
 And pay him what him like, man;
 She'll see a shudgement on his toor,
 That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she'll awa' to ta Highland hills,
 Where deil a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near to turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to purn her.

SOME "ORRA" FOLK.

"Ponte."

THE tacksman of the Share dues being informed one day that there was an old man, clothed in rags, lying at the lime-kilns—which then stood in the now enclosed ground of the Government Works—on going there he found it to be too true. Mr P—— mentioned the matter to some gentlemen, with the result that the man was removed to lodgings in town and clothed. And what a change! A tall, straight, and gentlemanly-looking person, with long grey hair and good features, although that was about all that could be said in his favour. For some time previously he had lodged about St. Ninians, the late Mr Ramsay of Barnton having

given him a dole to live upon, and he was in the habit of wandering about the burns on Sauchie estate with a fishing-rod. It was said he had at one time been a solicitor; had been elected M.P. for Pontefract, but been unseated. It was also reported he had driven his "four" to the races, but had run through his money and credit and been cast off by his connections. He was very kindly treated by the Stirling folks, and lodged for a time in a house at 17 Baker Street. The late Sir John Hay was a frequent visitor to Mr Ferguson ("Ponte") when he got too frail to leave the house, and on these occasions it was a sight to see Sir John—who was very stout—being pushed up the steep and narrow stair. Very few enquiries were made concerning "Ponte," who died as he lived, a venerable-looking, but foul-tongued old man. He was a constant attender at the Small Debt Court, and paid great attention to the cases.

Johnny Buchan and Others.

Johnny Buchan's public-house (which went by the name of "Noah's Ark") at the "Backraw," or St. John Street, was a favourite rendezvous of members of the Town Council, as well as of many merchants and legal gentlemen of the town. Johnny was a little man, who knew full well what he was about. Many a trick was concocted in his house, Bailie Steel being one of the leading spirits. When Johnny died, "Nelly's"—a shop a few doors above the Industrial School entry in Baker Street, and kept by Peter Fisher—became the "howff." Many a merry night was spent there, with a late Chief-Constable of the County as chairman. The little back room was always filled, toddy round was the rule, for which they "sold the mare," or played "Simon says, Thumbs up." It was amusing to see bailies, councillors, merchants, and others, some of them bordering on seventy years of age, as anxious as schoolboys at the "selling of the mare," or holding up their thumbs for "Simon" to say, "Thumbs up," "Thumbs down," or "Wiggle-waggle." The little kettle, or "Nelly," as it was christened, was kept always steaming on the hob ready for use. We doubt

there are but few now alive of those who gathered there. Peter, the host, died at Falkirk some years ago, aged 93. It was he who supplied the schoolboys with "scrapings" from his shop higher up the street, he having been a confectioner before starting the public-house.

M'Cracken's Inn, with entrance from King Street next the Union Bank, and Duncan McLaren's house in Port Street, were, forty years ago, great resorts of the townspeople. What quantities of sweet ale were drunk there, a thing never asked for now. John Chrystal's house, near the end of Port Street, was the meeting-place of the 11th (or Highland) Company of Rifle Volunteers, John being a member of the corps. He was a stocking and hose weaver, and supplied the Highland regiments. Many nights of fast and furious fun were spent in "John's."

One of the pipers of the 11th Company, well-known in town, and a great favourite, was sitting with others in one of the boxes on a prohibited day, when the bells began ringing for afternoon service. "Davie" started up, saying that he had forgotten to take Nicol Reid's place in the precentor's box in the West Church, and was out of the house like a shot. Davie got to the church in time, and did duty with the first psalm. The minister, the Rev. Wm. Findlay, then prayed, and afterwards gave out another psalm, but the day being warm, and what he had got in "John's" taking effect, Davie was in a sound sleep. Dr Findlay, brother of the minister, went up to the box, thinking he had taken unwell, but all he could do was to signal to his brother to go on with the service, the precentor taking his rest till the congregation was dismissed. Davie was a grand precentor as well as a good piper, and often led the psalmody when the militia were embodied.

"Cocky" Riddel.

A worthy tradesman, named Riddel, a tinsmith, who went by the cognomen of "Cocky," had his shop in an old building—opposite Bank Street—which was taken down and re-built by Messrs Young, bakers. Riddel was an elder in the West

Church before the Disruption, when the Rev. Robert Watson was minister. One Sabbath Mr Watson intimated a meeting of the members of the congregation to consider the best means of warming the church. The meeting was accordingly held, at which "Cocky" stood up, and, addressing the gathering with all seriousness, said, "Minister and friends—My way of looking at it is, that the best way of warming the members would be by putting in a barrel of good strong ale at the end of the church, and that it should be distributed through the congregation in mugs to those who wanted it." This proposal was, of course, received with laughter, and the heating gone about in another manner.

A Bit of Sharp Practice.

On an occasion in the "fifties," when the town fishings were being exposed to let (in the Court House), Mr P——, one of the partners of a firm who were lessees of the fishings for a long period, was deputed to be the bidder at the roup. On the fishing being "put up" the bidding lay between Mr P—— and a person from Edinburgh, whom he suspected of being a "white-bonnet." Mr P——, who had not the best of tempers, after bidding beyond what was agreed upon by the partners, turned to the Edinburgh party, and told him that he was "not worth a damned farthing." A short time after, Mr P—— was served with a Court of Session summons, damages five hundred pounds, which summons put him in a fix. After consideration it was agreed that he should go to Edinburgh and engage an agent, which was accordingly done. The agent, after making enquiries, found that the pursuer was an undischarged bankrupt; some of his debts were brought up; he was then put safely in the Calton Jail, and kept there until he withdrew the action.

Isaac Spyron,

Alluded to in the lines written in reference to "Tammy" Chalmers, was, as there noted, for a time the official town drummer and crier. Isaac was an old servant of the town, and was on

the scaffold when Allan Mair was executed. Some of the wags annoyed him by saying it was he who had acted as hangman, and, "if a' stories are true," he had a hand in the matter. His son, William—a splendid-looking soldier—was Sergeant-Major of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, and died in Stirling Castle. We remember poor Isaac walking after the coffin, leaning on the arms of the Provost and one of the bailies. When old age came upon him, he got very "crusty," and, as hinted at by Taylor, many a scene took place on the streets between him and Chalmers.

Elegy

On the Death of DANNY M'VEAN, Town Officer
and Bellman, 1854.

The bell has been toll'd for the bellman so bold,
An' Danny M'Vean is noo laid in the mould,
An' there's weepin' an' wailin' 'mang women an' men,
For they'll a' ken the want o' auld Danny M'Vean.

Afore he'd have wanted the clink o' the bell
He'd have risen, I'll wager, an' rung it himsel';
For he likit his due, an' he grudged it to nane,
So blest be the slumber o' Danny M'Vean.

Ower a' the town-officers Dan bore the bell,
He was aye 'mang the foremost, an' aye like himsel';
Frae the vera first day he could toddle his lane
His path was straightforward aye, Danny M'Vean.

Whae'er heard him speak after jowin' the bell
Wad ken that he made e'en his grammar himsel';
For the great Lindley Murray he caredna a preen,
A wonderfu' speaker was Danny M'Vean.

O Death, ye grim tyrant, ye've noo gi'en a shock
Tae the auld town o' Stirling that sits on a rock;
For ne'er since the day she'd a king o' her ain
Has she suffered a loss like auld Danny M'Vean.

In a' the haill Terrace there wasna a craw
But put on his mournings an' groan'd out his "Ah!"
The kye ca' hame mooin', the dogs were in pain,
An' yowl'd a' the nicht lang for Danny M'Vean.

The heart-broken Cooncil stood roond him in raws,
The Bailies grat audibly—an' they had cause;
An' the Provost, wi' tears happen' doon frae his een,
Cries, "Whaur are ye noo ringin', Danny M'Vean?"

The minister meant, like an eloquent man,
Tae gi'e us a sermon, next Sunday, on Dan;
But the text an' the sermon escapit him clean,
His heart was sae wae for auld Danny M'Vean.

"Tickler" Lyon.

This old man, who was commonly called "Tickler" (the name having descended to him from his father, who was a noted breeder of game-cocks, and who was always expressing himself as to some of these being "ticklers," denoting something good or out of the ordinary run), died in March, 1851, aged about ninety. James was a "character," and was the last male member of a family once numerous and influential in the town. At one time there were no fewer than ten persons belonging to it of the same name, either in, or qualified for the Town Council, which must have been a great thing in such a small community as that of Stirling then was. James could reckon property in the churchyard belonging to his forebears as far back as 300 years; in short, with the exception of one family, the Davies, the Lyons were the only ones who could claim great antiquity in the town. Numerous as they were, they were all engaged in one single branch of business—the leather trade, and were either tanners, curriers, saddlers, or shoemakers (as James was himself), and perhaps, in old times, glovers. With them there was "nothing like leather."

In 1715, when the rebels under the Earl of Mar were approaching Stirling, it is affirmed that one of the Lyons, who then lived at Raploch, went out under the Duke of Argyle with seven sons, all fine young men above six feet high, to encounter the rebels at Sheriffmuir, and tradition says that, of the whole eight, only the old man returned, and when he told his wife of the death of her sons, her reason gave way.

James was a jovial son of Crispin, and set up his stall at the

corner of Cowane's Yard. Here he whistled and sang, devoting many hours to the rearing of starlings, blackbirds, and thrushes. As they were constantly under the tongue and eye of their master, his "blackies" and "mavies" were famed for the depth, mellowness, and variety of their tones. James had also a cuckoo clock of which he was very proud, and which was a great source of delight to the boys attending the public schools in the neighbouring yards, who endeavoured to be present as the hours struck, when the wondrous cuckoo came forth and performed. All these things were very gratifying to James, though the persistence of "the laddies" sometimes annoyed him; yet, upon the whole, they were on the very best of terms.

His last years were as comfortable as circumstances admitted, and he died in the attic flat of the house in Broad Street, once the residence of Sir John Dinely. He liked to be called "the last king of the forest." This was not, however, strictly true, though he always spoke of it as such, for he left a son, but as he seldom came about the town, his father considered himself the last of the Lyons, and his son as only a degenerate branch of the same stem, and whom he did not care about acknowledging as a true Lyon.

“Blind Alick.”

Alexander Lyon, a scion of one of the families referred to in the preceding sketch, was blind from his birth, and his intellect, with the exception of one faculty, was an entire blank. For a lengthened period he daily perambulated the Back Walk from morning till dusk without any attendant, and yet without being known to stumble. He always carried in his hand a key, and had also several snuff-boxes, which he got filled in the shops in town, one of the places in particular being "Snuff Wright's," King Street. The extraordinary retentiveness of his memory attracted visitors from every quarter, while the wonderful ascendancy of this one faculty, amidst the chaos of the others, engaged the consideration of more than one moralist. The voice of an individual who had once addressed

him could not, by any lapse of time, suffer obliteration. He had heard the Scriptures read in the schools he was in the habit of visiting, and could repeat almost the entire sacred volume, beginning at any chapter or verse. Yet no explanation of any passage he might be desired to quote could lead him to comprehend its meaning. He lived by the alms of the public and the bounty of the compassionate, and was found dead in bed in 1836.

As affording but one example of his verbal acquaintance with Scripture, it is related that "Tammy" Chalmers, who was famed as Stirling's bellman, and who forms the subject of the next sketch, attended, when a youth, the Rev. James Gilligan's Bible Class in Viewfield Church. On one occasion a verse of Scripture was given out by the minister for proof, without any reference as to where it was to be found. Chalmers searched the Bible for the passage for several days, but failed to find it, and at last bethought himself of applying for assistance to "Blind Alick," when the following conversation ensued :—

CHALMERS—Eh, man, Alick, I'm in an awfu' strait.

ALICK—Hoo's that, Tammy?

C.—I've a verse to prove for the minister, an' I dinna ken whar it is.

A.—It'll be i' the Buik.

C.—Ou', ay, it's i' the Buik; but I canna fin't.

A.—What is't?

Chalmers then repeated the words, and Alick in an instant gave chapter and verse, which were verified by the boy on the spot, by reference to the Bible which he had with him.

BLIND ALICK.

[The following lines are said to have been written by Mr William Finlayson, slater, Stirling, in 1828.]

Light may arise and light recline,
Sun, moon, and stars, and comets shine;
Wonders may float the boundless main,
And air and earth still more contain.

OLD STIRLING.

You can these things admire and see;
 How bless'd indeed compared with me,
 Who ne'er beheld fair nature's face,
 Nor any of my kindred race.

Shut from the lively ways of men,
 In darkness here I stray;
 No moon to guide my steps by night,
 No sun to cheer by day.

With me relentless darkness dwells,
 Thick as the shades of night;
 No morning dawn to cheer my way,
 Or shed a pleasant light.

Concealed from me for ever here
 The works of God do lie,
 Until that blissful morning dawn
 That wafts me to the sky.

Then from the slumbers of the tomb
 I shall awake and see
 Wonders to me unseen—unknown—
 All full disclosed to me.

What now though darkness may enfold,
 And horrors round me dwell,
 The brightness of Jehovah's face
 Shall every gloom dispel.

Then with the radiant sons of light
 Inheritance I'll have,
 When Death shall yield his ancient power,
 And vanquished be the grave.

Lo, here in solitude I walk,
 Seasons no comfort bring;
 My key's my only guide and staff,
 And this the song I sing—

“ Arise, my soul, in lofty strains
 From this forlorn abode;
 Exert of life what now remains
 To seek and love thy rod.

“ Ascend aloft from where thou stand'st
 To Pisgah's vast domain,
 And see from thence the Promised Land,
 Where saints in glory reign.

" Though temporal blindness may enfold,
 And darkness dwell around,
 Yet doth thy powers all light behold,
 Through faith's triumphant sound.

" I'll see the King in glory placed
 In that, O awful day,
 When fire and water, air and earth,
 To smoke shall melt away.

" Then shall these eyes shine like the sun,
 Though now in darkness seal'd,
 When this my earthly course is run,
 And mysteries are revealed."

" Tammy " Chalmers, Letter-Writer, Billposter, and Bellman.

" Tammy," who was notable in more respects than one, was a native of St. Ninians, and learned the trade of a carpet weaver. Dull times, however, kept him in very poor circumstances, and when the " crier " of St. Ninians got into some trouble through one of his " cries," " Tammy " was considered a most suitable person to take his place. Having " a gey guid conceit o' his pooers," he accepted the post, his first proclamation being prohibiting the taking—or theft—of slates from the Temperance Hall. He had frequently to officiate in the neighbouring villages, where he was saluted by the boys with—" A guid crier, but a horrid bad bell." As " Tammy's " circumstances did not allow of his buying a new one, after cogitating a bit he came to the conclusion to appeal to the " St. Ringans folks " to provide it. Accordingly a public meeting, or social was held, to which admission was charged for, and by this means Chalmers got his bell. After a time he was appointed bellman of Stirling, and for many a day rung his St. Ringans " present " on our streets.

The name of the public crier frequently figures in documents of no mean importance, and the services of such a functionary were highly valued by our former Town Councillors. For many years, however—and for what reason is not known—a drum had

been used in preference to the euphonious sound of the bell. It would appear, also, that Irishmen—at one time—were preferred to most public situations in Stirling. In proof of this a proclamation was pretty freely posted on the walls of the town at the time the late Rev. Archibald Bennie was removed to Lady Yester's Church in Edinburgh. It was in nearly the following terms :—

“ Whereas, by the resignation of the Rev. Archibald Bennie, the first Ministerial Charge of the Parish of Stirling has become vacant ; and whereas the charge is in the gift of the Town Council, no candidate should apply who is not provided with proper documents to show that he is by birth and education, as well as habit and repute, an Irishman, and that for the following cogent reasons, namely, that the burgh has been, and still is, very faithfully served by a whole batch of Irish functionaries, viz., his Honour the Provost, his sub-Honour, the Jailer, and two Subalterns ; the Town Drummer, a most admirable crier ! and the two Leeries. Neither of which offices, in the opinion of Bailie Frosty-Face, could be fairly filled by an inhabitant of Stirling. Scotsmen; therefore, whatever be your qualifications, you are sure of disappointment if a single Irishman is pitted against you, though his brogue be as broad as Ballyporeen itself, and his outward man like Paddy of Cork, with his coat buttoned behind, and his hair growing through his hat !

God Save the Queen ! ”

Happily, however, the days of exclusive privileges were over, and the humble Thomas Chalmers, by the mere force of his eloquence, made his way into public favour and usefulness without having to lean on the precarious patronage of civic dignitaries. We do not know what “ Tammy ” would have stuck at—poetry or prose. By attending the Sheriff and Police Courts, he got a “ smattering ” of law, so that he could at times give “ advice ” to good purpose. He was also letter-writer for the poorer classes. Some people used to have a “ chaff ” with “ Tammy,” but it took a pretty clever one to get the better of him, as he was always able to give as good as he got ; and often with interest. Such was the universal approbation of his exhibitions as public bellman of Stirling, that a number of the



inhabitants presented him with a handsome uniform, with cocked hat, of which he was very proud. "Tammy" got a very sudden call, and Stirling still remembers kindly the best and most original bellman she ever possessed.

On one occasion portraits of some of Stirling's "characters" were exhibited for sale in the shop window of the late Mr Miller, bookseller, Port Street. One of these was a photograph of the bellman, but this was too great an indignity for Chalmers. On seeing it he marched into Miller's shop, and, under pain of legal proceedings, insisted on the withdrawal of the portrait alike from the window and from sale. But "Tammy," notwithstanding his own opinion, was relegated to the place of worthy, and the illustration in the present volume will convey to the reader an impression of Stirling's "immortal" bellman.

The following "Address to the Stirling Bellman" was written (after seeing him in his new official dress) by David Taylor, the St. Ringans poet.

Immortal bellman! What do I behold?
 The outward man adorned from top to toe!
 How great the change! Thou lookest proud and bold.
 To do thee honour, I before thee bow.

Pink of Perfection, praised be thine attire,
 Thy speckled breeches, vest, and coat so blue—
 Neck of the latter red as glowing fire—
 And grand cocked hat, a marvel great to view.

King of odd fellows, rarest of the rare,
 Oh, what a sight thou art to human eyes;
 No wonder people at thee gape and stare,
 For thou wert born the people to surprise.

No more the humble Chalmers of St Ninians;
 Thou from it fled'st, and with thee bore the bell;
 Yea, like an eagle soaring on swift pinions,
 Thou took'st thy flight, high on the Rock to dwell.

Strong-lunged inhabitant of Buchan's Close,*
 Thyself and garb I love so uniform.
 No man's so honoured, Isaac's† getting cross;
 Whene'er ye meet there is a thunder storm.

* 5 St John Street.

† Isaac Spyron, the official Town Drummer.

War-waging, brave, illustrious new-comer,
 So high in standing, who can put thee down?
 And, by the powers, if thou art chosen drummer,
 Thou'l drum old Isaac fairly out of town.

Renowned street orator, long may'st thou live
 To use thy vocal powers, which raised thy fame,
 And when thy dress is done, thy friends will give
 To thy dear self, "another of the same."

A FEW OF STIRLING'S "NOTABLES."

THIS most, if not every town, as well as in many villages throughout the country, there has always been at least one individual who was marked by some peculiarity—physical or mental—which separated him from his fellows, and made him the object of commiseration to some, and, to the unthinking and unfeeling, the butt for ridicule or practical joking. Up till about a quarter of a century ago such individuals were more frequently to be met with than they are now-a-days, as those mentally afflicted are for the most part confined in lunatic asylums, consequent upon some outbreak on their part, generally, however, resulting from annoyance to which they were subjected by thoughtless people.

Looking back over a period of years extending to half a century, the writer can recall a goodly number of those who were either not altogether "compos mentis," and, being street wanderers, came in for more than the ordinary attention; or, on account of some very marked peculiarity, were regarded as of that class generally included under the term "worthies."

"Wee Towan."

Added to this, there was about several that which characterised them as oddities, "Wee Towan" being one of the outstanding figures which come before our mind's eye very prominently, his diminutive size and waddling gait, his broad blue bonnet with its red "toorie," and a collection of pipes, pipe-heads, and other etceteras underneath it; his watch-fob with a large bunch of seals and other trinkets dangling in front; or the impediment in his speech, causing his utterances to be almost unintelligible to a stranger, all serving to characterise him as belonging to the class of individuals to whom the term oddity may be applied.

Lowrie Millar.

Amongst the earliest local "characters" we have recollection of may be named Lowrie Millar, a one-armed man, who hawked coal through the town. In Lowrie's house he was but a secondary individual, as "the grey mare was the better horse," and he, poor man, had just to do as he was bidden. As his "cattle" were never any great shakes, he was continually in the market for a fresh beast; and, as he would be setting out in view of a purchase, his wife would dismiss him with the words, "Ha'e, Lowrie, there's five shillings; see an' get a guid yin when ye're at it."

"Tippling Act" Jock "Kawr."

Only very old people will remember Jock. It was reported he had taken advantage of the "Tippling Act" at some time, had got "taivert," and was unable to do anything to earn a living. He used to appear on the street, stand a minute, then, putting his fingers in his mouth, give a shrill whistle, and finish up by calling out, "Tippling Act, Tippling Act!" He was heard one day in St. Mary's Wynd saying to himself, "I've got

a gill no' tae say Tippling Act, and I've got sixpence no' tae say Tippling Act ; but I will say Tippling Act."

Willie ("Troughy") Orr.

Who among the old folks does not remember Willie, with his sleeved moleskin waistcoat and broad blue bonnet? He did errands for the carters and carriers who put up at Sandy Neilson's in King Street. Willie was said to be of a greedy disposition, and very fond of a dram, and when he became intoxicated was made a butt of by boys.

"Tammy" Forfar,

Who was occasionally employed as a printer's pressman, was a very respectable body, but of diminutive stature. He was peaceable and agreeable when let alone, but when any of the trades-fellows took out their foot-rules to measure him then he "showed his teeth." Forfar was very fond of the lasses, who got great fun with him by encouraging his foibles.

"Maikey Toy" (Malcolm Taylor),

Who served in the 71st Regiment, and was present with that famous corps at the battle of Waterloo, was another little man, who did messages for Mr Finlayson, flesher, Baker Street. When "Maikey" was under the influence of liquor he put himself into a "mighty fluster," and let the lieges know that he was an old soldier and a Waterloo hero.

John Brooks, "The Hangman."

John lived in "Snuff Wright's" close, King Street. An execution was to take place in Edinburgh, and John applied for the job, but although his services were not required, the name stuck. He had been a soldier, and it was said he had acted as finisher of the law while abroad.

"London John," or "Coal John,"

Was a respectable and extremely polite individual. The courtly manner in which he made a bow was especially notable, and might have been copied by a dancing-master with profit. John always wore a surtout and tall hat, and, on occasions, black cloth gloves. He made a living by putting in coals, and by doing errands for several merchants.

"Deil" Roy

For some years was a somewhat conspicuous figure on our streets, being tall and of slouching gait, and as a street porter was generally to be found lounging at a corner.

✓ "Stulty Andrew."

Andrew Wilson was a native of Falkirk, but occasionally made the "Rock" his place of abode. Though a genuine Scotsman, Andrew had all the rollicking humour and as much of the blarney as any son of the "Emerald Isle." Why he was dubbed "Stulty" we are not aware, as we never saw him with a crutch, but having lost his left leg, he was furnished with a wooden one, with which he stumped about the streets. Andrew was "everything by turns, and nothing long," as the one day he might be selling delf, with a frame of a pony and a ramshackle cart, whilst the next (by reason of the sudden demise of the pony, perhaps) he might have been seen working as a navvy, and wheeling a barrow with the best of them. But Andrew's chief role was as a ballad-monger, when he might have been seen perambulating the streets calling his wares, and occasionally indulging in a stave or two, accompanied by some humorous balderdash of his own. The Fair, however, was the time to see Andrew at his best. He had a poor voice, and as poor a collection of songs, but he did his best, his favourite being—

Whar ye gaun, my bonny lass?
 Whar ye gaun, my honey?
 Right modestly she answered, I'm
 Gaun an errand tae my mammy,
 With my rolling eye.

Then to see him at his inimitable break-down at the end of a verse "was a caution." It was a mere skip, in which the iron shod on the wooden leg played a prominent part, the "jig" being accentuated by a thud on the street, and the finale was reached, the wooden leg raised, and the stick which he carried in his hand was brought down with a whack upon it. Andrew was indeed a merry one, and many witty sallies and humorous sayings he gave vent to, no one joining more heartily in the guffaw than himself.

✓ “Humphy Geordie.”

George Sutherland was a native of the Castlehill, and a weaver to trade, and most industrious. Dull times, however, sent him to procure a living by other means. He was always willing to work, and took up with the men about the Flesh Market, which did not tend to the improvement of his morals. "Geordie" was for a long time a great favourite of the late Mr Peter Drummond, and, as he had a good voice, led the psalmody on many occasions at the street-preachings. The dram was "Geordie's" ruin; and when he had "a drop in" he became cantankerous and rendered himself very obnoxious to passers-by. For a long time he eked out a living by selling sheep's heads, "trotters," &c., as well as by doing errands from the 'buses and tramway cars.

Jock Macewen,

Or, as he himself pronounced the name, Mackeown, though certainly "no' a' there," was possessed of a wonderful memory, and could repeat, word for word, the sermons and prayers of the Rev. Dr Binnie, of the Cameronian Kirk in the Craigs,

which he attended with regularity, as he did several houses in and around the town on account of the food he was provided with. Jock's great subject, however, was his forthcoming wedding with Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) and his correspondence with the Queen on the matter, the nuptials only being delayed on account of the Princess' youth. For a time he would disappear from town, only to return in some quaint garb, mayhap his trousers cut short in the legs, the ends tucked under his stockings, which would be held by gaily-coloured ribbons, with pretty lengthy ends fluttering about; a bright coloured waistcoat, a black coat, with shining buttons, a slouch hat, ornamented and adorned with a string of narrow ribbon, and he was always ready to stand and repeat a Bible chapter, a psalm, a prayer, or a portion of a sermon, or answer any enquiries concerning Royalty and his connection therewith, as often as not volunteering information on the point with great volubility.

“Blind Tom.”

Although not a native of Stirling, “Tom” had been for a goodly number of years one of the most familiar figures about town, his favourite haunts being the neighbourhood of the Castle Esplanade and the Back Walk outskirting the Cemetery. “Tom” was an Irishman, and, like most other blind people, several of his perceptions were exceedingly keen. A notable circumstance about “Tom” was that when once he was spoken to by a person, the voice of the speaker was remembered, even although some time should elapse before the next conversation took place. And not only so, but the place and the subject of conversation were not forgotten either. “Tom” was a player on the flute, and was in request at weddings and other gatherings.

Donald Dow,

The favourite of both boys and girls, though still with us, is quite helpless. In the daytime he sits by the fire, occasionally, on fine days in summer, being carried out and placed in a chair

on the green. He is very kindly treated by the parties with whom he is boarded. For many years Donald perambulated the streets of the town, touching his cap to one and all, and always ready to give the time-of-day to whoever asked for it from his watches, of which he had a variety. Quiet and inoffensive, he was taken kindly notice of by townspeople and strangers alike. He attended Mr Peter Drummond's out-door preachings, and also some of the churches, and in singing made up for quality by vigour, as those who sat near him knew.

✓ “Bummin’ Jamie,”

Or, “Jamie, the Bee,” is also still alive. Jamie received the cognomen from a habit he had of making a humming sound as he walked. He was in great request among shopkeepers, being always ready to carry a message, and as he was a big, stout fellow, he could take a “big lift.” When idle he went about, usually with a straw in his mouth, “bumming” as he sauntered along. He was also a first-rate street “crier,” his voice having been heard—on a quiet day, and with the wind in the right direction—on the Causewayhead road. The boys annoyed Jamie considerably, and as, when roused, he had a nasty temper, the authorities had to send him to Larbert Asylum, where he is in good health and quite contented.





MUNICIPAL.

Burgherism.

KS far back as the reign of James VI. a cloth called shalloon was manufactured in Stirling to considerable extent, afterwards giving way to vast tartan manufacture, which in turn has also decayed. Under the influence of these advantages, many wealthy burghers have from time to time arisen in Stirling. It was no rare sight, in the beginning of the century, to see signs over shop-doors, ornamented by a huge figure 4, denoting that the proprietors sold goods from all the four quarters of the globe, or, as was piquantly interpreted, that they had fourpence of profit upon the shilling's worth of their commodities. The emblem—the corners of which were always curiously adorned with St. Andrew's crosses, and which, in Scotland, was understood to give token of the enviable character of a merchant—may yet be seen on many of the gravestones in the old church-yard, as the only mark of honour or dignity that could be bestowed.

There was in those old times a sort of comfortable burgherism (if we may be allowed the phrase), about the better class of the inhabitants of Stirling, which, alas, has long since passed away, as well as the primitive system of implementing bargains by wetting of thumbs, and sundry other simple practices. An illustration of these is found in what is said to be an authentic anecdote concerning a former treasurer of the town, whose mode of keeping accounts was, perhaps, one of the most original ever known. The venerable citizen, it is said, hung up

an old boot on each side of his chimney, into one of which he put all the money he received, and into the other the receipts or vouchers for the money he paid away, balancing his accounts at the end of the year by emptying his boots, and comparing the money left in the one with the documents deposited in the other.

Town Council Politics.

A great political battle was fought in 1774, and another in 1784, the Council being then divided, as it generally is, into two parties. The more powerful distinguished themselves by the name of "The Royal Twelve," the number they consisted of; and the mob, not to be behind, honoured the minority with the title of "The Holy Nine," huzzaing them in their processions.

A "Backstairs" Councillor.

About a century ago, in a west highland glen, in a small cot around which grew more heather than cabbage-stocks, was born Hugh Ross. Hugh's destiny brought him to the lowlands, and, coming to Stirling, he began "cork" as a slater. His vernacular easily told his nativity, and to the last it was easy to see that he was "heeland" by his pawkiness and cunning fawning. "Carrot-headed Hugh," as he was named, made matrimonial proposals, was accepted by a widow, the daughter of a Guild brother, and so became qualified, by the "Water Charter," for rising to a post of honour at the Council table. There may be still a few living who would know parties who had come in contact with this "backstairs" Councillor, who, having fallen from the roof of a house in Bow Street in 1803, while following his occupation of slater, was killed on the spot.

Hugh made his first appearance at the Council table in 1789, when the Banks's and Littlejohns were keenly contending for supremacy, and to the latter he nailed his colours. Having been "cut" the following year, he re-entered by the "back stairs" again in 1793; got cut in 1794, and re-appeared in

1795 and 1796, serving his patrons with the utmost fidelity, who had, for the time being, fairly established themselves as the premium mobile. The servility of this Councillor was such that, when a motion was proposed and met by an amendment, he was sure to qualify his vote by a singular admission of his weakness. "What Pailie Littlejohn pe say I say too." Thus to the fascination of a name he surrendered his judgment with obsequious innocence.

On the occasion of electing a Provost, a member of Council, in joke, proposed Hugh for the honour, which was duly seconded, and, to carry on the fun, each one round the table was in turn giving his vote in the same way; when the Town Clerk, seeing the serious position affairs were assuming, started up, exclaiming, "For God's sake, gentlemen, beware of what you are doing; for if you proceed further, Hugh Ross will certainly be your Provost, and no one will be able to unseat him." This put a sudden end to the joke, and Hugh for ever lost his chance of being Provost of the burgh.

It is not a little singular that, amid the strife of party, helped by such sycophants as Hugh Ross, the debts of the burgh, instead of increasing, should have been diminishing. In 1795, being under commission by the Court of Session, the debts amounted to £6293 13s. 6½d.; in 1790, under the restored charter, to £4744 9s. 5½d.; two years after they were £1000 less; and at the Michaelmas returns of 1797 they amounted only to £2934 9s. 5½d. It is observable, too, that during this period the Town Council had expended upon improvements in the burgh no less than £7000, a condition of things we are apt to wonder at, for it has universally been allowed that the Town Councils of the olden times were none of the purest and self-denying, receiving from us of the nineteenth century very little credit for their public spirit and economy.

Anecdote of Pre-Reform Times.

In September, 1827, the Stirling Guildry—who had the right of election of four of the members of the Town Council—sent as representatives the following gentlemen, viz., Alexander

Mouat (Dean of the Guildry), William Forbes, Peter Stoddart, and William Wright, all men of advanced views and independent opinions. In the course of the years 1827-28 these members of the Council formed a party for reforming the close corporations, and soon obtained a number of adherents. The Convener of the Seven Incorporated Trades—William Miller, tailor—having died, the reform and anti-reform parties in the Council stood equal, there being ten on either side. Provost Buchan threw in his lot with the reformers, but it was necessary, before any action could be taken, to secure a majority, and by some means or other the Deacon of the Tailors was gained over from the other side. Unfortunately, however, the deacon got involved in business difficulties, and was obliged to take refuge in the Sanctuary of Holyrood. Here he was maintained for several months at the cost of the reform party, and his affairs were arranged in time to allow him to take part in the election at Michaelmas, 1828.

On the morning of the Council meeting the "young party" breakfasted together in the Provost's house in Lower Castlehill (the house opposite Allan Park U.P. Church Mission Hall), and afterwards marched to the Town House in Broad Street. The first business was to fill the vacancy in the Council caused by the death of Convener Miller, and the reform party succeeded in carrying John Stewart, hammerman (whose smithy stood on the ground in King Street now occupied by ex-Bailie Menzies' premises), a victory which enabled them to eject all their opponents from office. There was great rejoicing in the burgh over the defeat of the anti-reformers, the bells being rung and a procession taking place, in which a pole was carried with a flesher's apron fixed half-mast high, the fleshers at that time being the predominant incorporation of the Seven Trades, and their deacon the leader of the anti-reform party.

The Burgh Buildings.

In the beginning of the century the site of the Burgh Buildings in King Street was occupied by the Meal Market, a stone wall with a large red-painted gate facing what was then called

Quality Street. When the question of doing away with the Meal Market came up in the Town Council in 1815, it divided the members into two parties, viz., the Broad Street party, headed by Provost Anderson, and the Low Town party, headed by Bailie (afterwards Provost) Gillies. On the vote being taken, the proposal to abolish the Meal Market was carried by the narrow majority of one, and it was resolved to build an Athenaeum. It was originally intended to give the first floor of the building for a County Hall, but the county people refusing to subscribe towards the erection, this intention was departed from.

The foundation-stone was laid with masonic honours in presence of a large assemblage, the prayer on the occasion being offered up by the Reverend John Russell (Burns's "Black Russell"), one of the ministers of the East Church. The opening took place on 17th January, 1818, the shops on the ground floor being sold to Patrick Connal, merchant, and the shop to the right (or east) was first occupied by Miss Fletcher, haberdasher; the shop facing the Corn Exchange being taken by Messrs Drummond & Sons, seedsmen.

The premises were afterwards purchased by Messrs A. & J. Mouat, drapers, who opened the shops right through, and carried on business there for many years. The first floor was let to the Stirling Subscription Reading-Room, and the top flat to the Stirling Library. In 1873 the Council resolved to occupy the building themselves, and the Reading-room was converted into the Town Clerk's office, while the place occupied by the Library was fitted up as the Council Chamber.

The statue of Wallace (for which the arched portico was built in 1859) was executed by Mr Handyside Ritchie, and was presented to the town by the late Mr William Drummond.

Names of Streets.

At the Town Council meeting on 20th November, 1843, Bailie Rankin stated that there were two places in town that had no names, namely, from the foot of King Street to the foot of Friars Wynd, and from there to the foot of Queen Street. He

also said there were two county gentlemen who took a deep interest in the prosperity of the town—one of them, as was well-known, being the instigator of the movement for the thoroughfare being made. He would therefore submit that the space from the foot of King Street to the Royal Hotel be called Murray Street (after the grand-uncle of Colonel Murray of Polmaise); and from the Royal Hotel to the foot of Queen Street, Ramsay Street (after Mr Ramsay of Barnton); and from the Royal Hotel down to Mr Henderson's buildings at the top of Forth Place, be named Maxwell Street, after Mrs Murray. This was agreed to, and it was also agreed to name two places in Dumbarton Road Albert Place and Victoria Place respectively, after the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria.

Drummond Place owes its name to the late Mr Peter Drummond; George Street, formed in 1876, was called after Provost George Christie; and James Street commemorates Bailie James Ronald, who built the first house in the street.

Orchard Place received its name in a very quiet way. James Gentles, slater, had removed to a house there, but not being pleased with its then name of "Dirten Tide," had a small board painted with the words, "Orchard Place" (the district having at one time been an orchard), which he affixed to a house at the end of the street, and no one objecting, the name was recognised by all.

Shops of Last Century.

Up till the end of last century the shops in the town used to be long narrow arches or pends, frequently without a fireplace in them. In these the shopkeepers sat from morning till night waiting for customers. The reason for building the under part of houses in the form of arches was to make them more durable, and to render the under part, where the shops were, more strong and proof against fire and nocturnal depredations.

Wolf Crag : The Burgh Arms.

During the reign of Donald V., near the end of the ninth century, two Northumbrian princes, named Ostrict and Ella, had acquired by conquest all south of the Forth from Stirling and toward the eastern coasts. The town of Stirling was under the rule of these Anglo-Saxons some twenty-eight years. During this period the Danes, under their magical flag, the "Black Raven," had visited Britain for pillage. Pursuing their depredations to the north, each town inhabited by Anglo-Saxons was as well guarded and watched as could be for the approach of such reckless spoilers, and at the "South Port," the south entry into Stirling, a sentinel was set. One night fatigue had overcome the man on duty, and he fell asleep at his post, but was awakened by the growl of a wolf, which had left the woody wilds and climbed on a rock in the immediate neighbourhood. He awoke in good time to perceive some of the northern hordes on the approach, and timely alarmed the garrison, who speedily caused the invaders to retreat. The incident of the cries of the wolf was regarded as a favourable omen, and the crag received the name of "Wolf Crag."

Mottoes having been introduced into England by the Saxons, the Northumbrian Anglo-Saxons adopted the design of the wolf recumbent on a rock, as the armorial bearings of the town. In an ancient seal belonging to the burgh, it is understood there are seen seven stars set in the sky; and the rock on which reclines the wolf is strewn with branches of trees, apparently indicative of the Druidical or Pagan idea of heaven superintending the affairs of this part of "Sylvae Caledonia."—The Reformers' Gazette, 27th May, 1854.

The Provost's Dress.

In contrast with the robe now worn on special occasions, it may be of interest to know that the dress of the Provost in olden times was a black gown, fastened under the chin, narrow at the top, and gradually increasing in dimensions as it came to the bottom; he also wore bands like a clergyman.

The Dean of Guild's Chain.

The present chain of office pertaining to the office of Dean of Guild was first worn by Ebenezer Bow, the then Dean of Guild (and who had his place of business near the head of King Street), on the occasion of the visit of George IV. in 1822.

The Town Officers' Uniform or Livery.

On gala days and public occasions the Magistrates and Town Council were preceded by five formidable personages, four of them town officers and the other the town drummer, attired in their gaudy livery of scarlet, their heads adorned with cocked hats, and bearing halberts, the brightness of which, however, intimated that they had very little duty to perform except that of show.

The frontispiece of this volume, while affording the reader some conception of the picturesquely quaint character of the dress worn by the town officers "at publick parades," does not convey an adequate idea of its richness. In the "Burgh Records," under date 20th July, 1607, an entry appears as follows:—"Ordinis the thesaurare to provyde and furnes George Crawfurde, drummare, and Johnne Forbes, pyper, ilk ane of thame, with breikis and schankis of ryd stemmyng (a woollen cloth); " and again, under date 2nd June, 1622, there is the following:—"The cōsūell ordines the thesaurare to by and furnes to the foure officiares and to the drummare and pyper, ilk ane of thame, ane garment of rid Ingleshe kaser (cashmere), viz., coit, breikis, and shankes, with whyte knettingis, wrocht in guide fassoun." As early as 1520 there is a record of the appointment of seriandis, or officers of the burgh, but the above is the first occasion on which the livery is spoken of, and it is incomplete in detail, no mention being made of the shoes, hats, swords, or halberts. The furnishing of these, however, is now and again referred to. On 10th May, 1647, "It is statut and ordainit that everie gildbrother provyd ane



halbert and have the same in his buithe, and those that wantis buithes to have it in thair houses, ilk persone under the payne of fyve punds." On 17th August, 1663, "The thesaurer is appoynted to send to Holland for twentie new halbertis for the townes use;" and on 1st April, 1738, "The councill agree that the officers be furnished and provided with new swords mounted with brass handles, to be worn by them on all publick occasions in time comeing; and that the price of the whole four be six pound starling."

The livery of the Guildry Officer is a green coat and vest, green knee-breeches, white stockings, shoes with buckles, and tall hat; facings, yellow. That of the Trades Officer is similar to the above, but dark blue, with red facings.

The Trades' "Blue Blanket."

The "Blue Blanket" of the Seven Incorporated Trades is a banner about $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards square, and is made up of ribbons and silk, eight inches broad, sewed together, of a dingy flesh-colour and faded sky-blue, with a St. Andrew's Cross in white silk from corner to corner. The upper edge is stretched on a piece of wood, the ends of which are fixed to poles for carrying. The Convener is provided with a sash of rich white silk, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards long, having a fringe eight inches deep, and he wears an ancient sword on great occasions. He walks under the banner, the floating ends of which are held by ribbons, the "Blanket" requiring four craftsmen to bear it aloft. The tradition is that when Mary Queen of Scots granted the charter of privilege, on 16th April, 1556, to the Stirling Trades, she presented them with a banner made by herself and her maids of honour. Having the banner unfurled at the Cross in Broad Street was the signal for the Trades to fly to arms and rally round the Convener, each burgess being required to bring along with him two pecks of meal and a bag of onions for his subsistence while his services were required. The "Blanket" was kept in a strong oak box furnished with seven locks, each deacon having a key, so that all had to be present before the box could be opened.

High Constables and Town Guard.

The Magistrates were assisted in the preservation of peace and good order in the burgh by a regularly organised body, called High Constables, who were governed by a captain, two lieutenants, a treasurer, and a secretary, the whole (including the office-bearers) numbering thirty-six, and acting voluntarily—which they did to the letter—to a set of printed regulations furnished by the Magistrates, under whose control they were placed. They could be depended on to act promptly in any case of emergency. Besides the Constables, eight of the inhabitants mounted guard each night, following each other in rotation until the duty had gone round the whole community. A sergeant had command of the night guard, and had a regular salary. The inhabitants performed this duty mostly by substitutes, there being always parties ready to engage, although the pay was only one shilling each night. They perambulated the streets twice or thrice each night, and if an individual was found who had been making “too free” with liquor, if peaceable he was allowed to go, often on condition of his standing a treat all round; but if obstreperous, then the guard-house was his domicile for the night.

The Town Guard and the Lady.

On one occasion the sergeant of the town guard was surprised, while mustering his forces, by observing among them a big stout personage, who was to all appearance a stranger, at least to him, and on his asking for whom he attended, he was told, “for myself.” He then asked the name, when he was utterly confounded on being told that she was Mrs D——, who lived in St. Mary’s Wynd. She was dressed in a man’s topcoat and cap, and carried a formidable “rung,” and as her size and strength were superior to any there, she would have been a great acquisition to his force. But as a female guardian was not the rule, she was told so, and that she would require to

provide a male substitute. To this, however, she made firm refusal, and the sergeant had to go without one of his men that night at least.

The Town Guard in an Awkward Predicament.

The inhabitants of Broad Street were alarmed one night by loud cries and signs of a commotion on the street. On windows being opened, the "bold guard" were each seen lying on the street and three or four men standing over them. It was nothing more serious, however, than that a number of officers from the Castle, who had been at a party in town, had got "elevated," and for a "lark" attacked the guard and laid them on their backs on the street. They knew, however, how to mend matters, which they did to such extent that the guard were on the lookout for some time after, so that the operation might be repeated.

Walking the Marches.

On 18th March, 1611, it is minuted that the Council "Statutes and appointes ane visitatione of the tounes merches to be yeirlie on the Mononday nixt, and immediatelie following the electioun and admissioun of the provost, baillies, and counsall, and on the Mononday nixt efter the feist of Peashe, yerlie." Forty-two years later the subject is again dealt with, as appears under date 28th February, 1653 :—"The counsall hes condiscendit that fra this tyme furthe the tounes mertche be perambulat and gone threw yeirlie upoun the first Taysday of Mertche and that they shall begin the morne, being the first Taysday of Mertche this year, and for that end the baillies, deane of gild and convenar, withe the haill counsall and sutche old men and young men as salbe wairnit to attend thame are to wait on the morne and meit together in the morning."

The place of meeting for the walkers has always been "The Whins," but, like other ancient landmarks, "The Whins" have long ago disappeared, and the name only remains. "The

"Whins" existed where the grounds of the West Free Church and the Territorial School now are, at the lower end of Upper Bridge Street.

Old Style of Celebrating the King's Birthday.

On the occasion of the King's birthday, the members of the Stirling Guildry, the Seven Incorporated Trades, and others assembled in Broad Street, on the invitation of the Town Council, for the purpose of drinking His Majesty's health. The party formed three sides of a square in front of the Town House, with a military band in the centre, and a firing party from the Castle outside. The Magistrates and Council met in the Council Chamber (now the Parochial Board-room), and afterwards came down stairs to take part in the demonstration. Glasses were served out, and a round of wine allowed for each of the three toasts usually drunk, a feu-de-joie accompanying the cheering. After the last toast the glasses were tossed up in the air, that is, if not seized by some one in the outside crowd, who thought it a pity to waste the crystal. The expense of the entertainment was borne by the Common Good. The custom was discontinued during the reign of William IV.

The Burgh Records contain several references to these birthday celebrations, of which the following may be cited as examples :—

October 14th, 1685.—Item, to the officers for proclaimeing the King's birthday, £2 8s.; tuell load of coals for the bonfyres, £3 12s.; for ane tarr barrell to the fyre, 12s.; to the drummer and pyper that day, £6; to Walter Dick for ringing the bells, £1 4s.; for 10 dusson beer glasses that day, £10; to bailie Miller for wyne that day, £21 8s.; to bailie Keir for small whyte wyne, £6 16s.; two dussone of pypes, 2s. 8d.; eight four unces shugar, 24s.; 5½ unces tobacco, 9s. 2d.; to the men that served at the cross, £1; to the officers and toune guaird, £3 12s.

29th July, 1708.—Approves of fyve pound fyve shillings payed out by the treasurer for glasses throune up at the cross.

19th July, 1715.—Approves of a particulare accompt of publick spendings for the burgh in baillie Burd's, and of liquors gott therefrom to the councill house and crosse upon the King's birth day, from 22 March to 28 May both last inclusive, extending to 100 pound 7 shilling 10 pennies Scots.

Origin of the Ten o'clock Bell.

Feb. 6, 1612.—The brethrun of the Kirk aggreis and givis thair full consent to the ordinance of the Councill, commanding that na persone be sein upone the gaites nor drinkand in tavernes, aill housis, nor in na uther housis at any time after ten houris at evin ; at the quhilk hour ane bell is appointed to be rung for advertaisement besyd uther advertaisments be the knock and uther wayes.

Locking the Burgh Gates.

Of course it is not now known if the Long Causeway was so much frequented in the evenings by the lads and lasses of the burgh in 1603 as it certainly is by those of the present day, but if so, they of the earlier date would require to take good care that they did not allow themselves to be so much engrossed in one another as to become oblivious of the flight of time, else they might find themselvés in an awkward predicament, as on 9th September, 1603, it is recorded that the Council “*Ordinis the brig porte to be locket nychtlie at ten houris, and the keyes thairof to be brocht oulklie to ane bailyie.*”

The Friday Cattle Market.

Stirling, 11th March, 1794.

By Order of the Magistrates of the Burgh of Stirling.

These are to give notice that, in order to accommodate the public, the Magistrates propose that a Weekly Market for Black Cattle should be held on Friday, within the town of Stirling, at the ordinary Market Place, betwixt John Graham's

house and the Factory near the Bridge, commencing upon the First Friday in April, and to continue in all time coming.

Proclamation on Sunday Observance.

By Order of the Provost and Magistrates of the Burgh, the Sheriff, and Justices of the Peace of Stirlingshire.

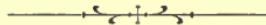
Whereas, the open profanation of the Lord's Day, in the town and immediate neighbourhood, is found to be much on the increase, and has become a serious grievance in various ways, chiefly through the culpable and very criminal neglect of parents and masters allowing their children and servants, or apprentices to profane the Sabbath in the streets and fields in all directions, and by bathing in the river, with other sports and amusements; many others, more advanced in society, have been in the practice of resorting to certain fruit gardens, in the season, some drinking and rioting in a manner shocking to those around them; all indulging in the gross profanation of that sacred day, to a degree quite unprecedented in this town and neighbourhood. And the Magistrates, Sheriff, and Justices being determined strictly to enforce the law against all flagrant breaches of the Lord's Day, have ordered the Town Officers, Sheriff Officers, and Constables of the county to apprehend, or duly report to the Procurator-Fiscal, all such daring transgressors who may be found after this public intimation, that they may be prosecuted with the utmost rigour.

The Magistrates, Sheriff, and Justices therefore call upon all classes to aid them in this important branch of their duty, by repressing offenders as far as in their power, or duly reporting them, and to exert themselves in this matter, in which the honour of God and the best interests of the community are so deeply involved.

The Magistrates, Sheriff, and Justices do also command and enjoin all inn-keepers and other retailers of liquors, to shut up their houses during Divine service on the Lord's Day, and that they shall not harbour idle and disorderly persons in any manner of way; otherwise their licenses will be taken from them, and they will be otherwise punished as the law directs.

Given at Stirling, the fourth day of July, 1827 years.

M I L I T A R Y.



“Here to-day, gone to-morrow.”

N the first flat of the house, 17 Baker Street, Mr Stirling, watch and clockmaker, had his place of business. Many clocks with his name on the dials are still to be seen. His goods were displayed in the windows, from one of which, on an iron rod, hung a large model of a watch. One night this model disappeared, and no trace of it could be got, though at the time it was supposed to have been carried off by some workmen in one of the coach-works. About a month after its disappearance, a large parcel from the south was delivered to Mr Stirling, and on his opening it he was agreeably surprised to find his lost model, newly done-up in first-class style, and having the legend painted on the dial—

“Here to-day, gone to-morrow.”

A regiment quartered in the Castle had received “marching orders,” and on the night previous to leaving, some of the officers had been out on “a lark,” and, having unhooked the watch, had taken it with them. Mr Stirling had it re-hung, and for many a day it was a conspicuous object in the street. The legend very fittingly describes the position of the soldier, who, from the nature of his profession, is sometimes hastily called upon to change his place of residence.

Before the advent of railways, the military, when moving from place to place, went on foot, and it was a great event with the youngsters when a change of regiments took place in the Castle, or when one in passing through the town, remained

over night, and the men were billeted on the inhabitants. Mr Thomson (father of Mr James Thomson, watchmaker, Bow Street) was for a long period billet-master, his house being a couple of doors above the Industrial School entry, the stair then entering from the street. On arrival, the regiment was drawn up in line on the street, and each man received his billet, and, although circumstances might be such in a household as to render reception of the soldiers exceedingly inconvenient, there was no appeal from the order issued, and provision had to be made by the householder as suited him best.

75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment : First Battalion Gordon Highlanders.

Frae auldest dates whilk stories tell,
The Gordons aye ha'e " borne the bell ; "
" By Daud ! " rang o'er ilk battle's yell,
And their blades aye foremost tae.

Fu' mony a foeman sair has rued
That ere he roused the Gordons' bluid,
Their mark on ilka lan' is guid—
Langsyne, and aye will be.

—M'INTOSH.

The First Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders (the old 75th, or Stirlingshire Regiment), which has a splendid record to its credit, was raised in 1787, by Colonel Robert Abercromby of Tullibody, Clackmannanshire, for service in the East Indies, the men being chiefly drawn from the country districts of Stirlingshire. It was embodied in Stirling in the following year, and has thus been a corps of the British army for considerably over one hundred years. The early career of the 75th was highly distinguished, although it did not take any great part in the European wars waged by us during the early years of the century. In the past, as in the present, India has been the chief scene of its glorious achievements : there in its early days it fought shoulder to shoulder with that famous quartette, the 71st, 72nd, 73rd, and 74th.

In more recent times (1857) it formed part of Sir Colin Campbell's force for the Relief of Lucknow. Its colours testify to its Indian services, they bearing the words "India" (with the Bengal tiger) "Seringapatam" (1799); also "Delhi" and "Lucknow" for the Mutiny of 1857. During the Egyptian War of 1882 the old 75th was strongly in evidence. At the battle of Tel-el-Kebir it gave a good account of itself, as was shown by its severe losses—some half-dozen being killed and 30 wounded.

In the Soudanese War, which followed the latter campaign, it played a great part against the Dervish forces, and formed part of the oblong square that relieved Tokar. At Tamai they had a desperate struggle with the "Fuzzy Wuzzies" of the Soudan, and greatly helped to save the British square. A description of the scene is thus given in a stirring poem by one of our minor Scottish poets :—

They say that Scotland's sons retired when through the smoke and
flame,
With sword and hideous yell the dusky demons came,
We do not say the "Sixty-Fifth" true British courage lack,
But they fell into confusion and bore the "Black Watch" back.

Yet steadily our sons retired before the rebel crew,
A frown was on each Scottish face, but what could brave men do?
Tho' Scottish mountaineers can fight, and nobly know to die,
Still Caledonia's plaided host can never learn to fly.

But, ha! the first brigade comes on, and brightly shines their steel,
The "Gordons" they are in the front, and soon the rebels reel;
Like autumn leaves, full low the Soudanese are laid
By the gallant lads that proudly wear the green and yellow plaid.

Up till 1881 the 75th was largely composed of Englishmen, due to its being frequently stationed in England, but since the introduction of the territorial system in that year it has assumed something like its national character. Speaking of the territorial system brings to mind a little prank gone into by the regiment in 1881. They were stationed in Malta when the new system was introduced, and the event was commemorated in the following curious manner. In the garden of one of

the bastions, overlooking the quarantine harbour, was erected an elaborate tombstone with this inscription :—

LXXV.

Erected by Major Vandeleur's Company of the 75th
(Stirlingshire) Regiment. Malta, 1881.

Here lies the fine old 75th,
But under God's protection,
They'll rise again, in kilt and hose,
A glorious resurrection.

For by the transformation power
Of our Parliamentary laws,
We go to bed the seventy-fifth's,
And rise the ninety-twa's.

The reverse bore the name of the Colour-Sergeant and four Sergeants of the above company. As the tombstone must have cost from £12 to £15, it is evident there was esprit de corps enough to make the gallant company pay for its little joke.

In conclusion we may mention that it is from the 2nd Battalion that the name "Gordon Highlanders" is derived. This gallant battalion was raised in 1794 by George, Marquis of Huntly. The then Duchess of Gordon used to go about the feuing markets of the North enlisting soldiers for the 92nd (then the 100th), and it is said she used to offer the ploughmen lads, along with the "shilling," the sweet bonus of a kiss.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion, the Royal Aberdeenshire Militia. The facings of the Gordons are yellow.

The Officers of the 75th erected a handsome granite cross in the reserved portion of the Cemetery at Stirling, with the following inscriptions :—

On the side facing the Esplanade—

India, Seringapatam, Delhi, Relief of Lucknow. The 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment, served with the army which besieged

and took the city of Delhi. It subsequently formed part of the forces which relieved the Forts of Alghur and Agra, and garrison of Lucknow.

A.D. 1857-8.

"Thine, O Lord, is the glory and the victory."

On the top of the pillar is the emblem of the regiment,
The Tiger.

And on the side facing the Cemetery—

In memory of Colonel R. D. Halifax; Captains E. W. J. Knox, A. Chancelor; Lieutenants A. Harrison, J. R. J. Fitzgerald, C. R. Rivers, E. V. Briscoe, G. C. W. Faithful, W. Crozier; Surgeon J. Coghlan; and 13 sergeants, 9 corporals, 3 drummers, and 216 private soldiers of the 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment, who fell during the Indian Mutiny, A.D. 1857-8.

Erected by the Officers of the Regiment
and by their old comrades.

Shield with crown on top, 75th and Stirlingshire in centre,
with thistles.

✓ 79th, or Cameron Highlanders.

The 79th (the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders) was also embodied at Stirling. A letter was granted (dated 17th August, 1793) to Alan Cameron, Esq of Erroch, in the county of Inverness, for the purpose of raising a Highland regiment of foot, to be numbered 79; and on the 30th January, 1794, the full strength of 1000 was effected, and Cameron promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the corps. After receiving its colours the Regiment marched from Stirling to Portpatrick, en route for Belfast. On inspection before leaving there were on the ground 30 sergeants, 20 drummers, 2 pipers, and 700 rank and file.

Declaration of War.

April 7th, 1854.

On Saturday morning, 7th April, 1854, Sheriff-Substitute Sir John Hay having received orders from Government to declare reprisals against Russia at the Cross of Stirling, the ceremony accordingly took place at 2 o'clock. A short time before that hour a large crowd assembled in Broad Street before the Court House, amongst whom were many prominent citizens, with the Sheriff, the Provost, Magistrates, and Council within the enclosure. The town officers and the soldiers lined the stairs of the Court House, and a number of flags were displayed near the entrance. Precisely at 2 o'clock the procession, headed by the Sheriff and Provost Sawers, left the Court House, preceded by the band of the 82nd Regiment, and the town officers in their antique and brilliant uniform, and bearing their halberts. The procession halted at the site of the ancient cross, and a circle being formed, with the soldiers keeping back the crowd, Sir John Hay proceeded to read aloud the proclamation of war, which had been already published in the newspapers. At the commencement of the proceedings the whole of the gentlemen forming the procession uncovered, remaining so till the conclusion of the reading. After the concluding words, "God Save the Queen," a loud cheer broke from the assembled crowd, prolonged and repeated, and answered by those who crowded the windows of the Court House and the adjoining houses. The band having played the National Anthem, the procession fell into order, and, preceded by the band and officers, proceeded to Port Street, where, on reaching the site of the ancient Burgh Gate, the ceremony was again gone through amidst great enthusiasm.

Fall of Sebastopol.

September, 1855.

As soon as intelligence of the Fall of Sebastopol reached the town, the authorities ordered all the bells to be rung, and

nothing could exceed the excitement which prevailed. Business, if not altogether suspended, was at least neglected or forgotten, and people of all ages might be observed hurrying to and fro, making inquiries and congratulating each other on the success of the allied arms. As evening advanced numerous coloured lights were burned in the middle of King Street, and about 8 o'clock a bonfire was kindled, which, in presence of an immense concourse of spectators, was kept burning till 11. Fuel was brought from all quarters of the town, several carts being burned, but it is impossible to describe the various wooden materials which were indiscriminately given to the flames amid wild huzzas. The whole of a mason's shed in Port Street was broken into fragments and carried to the fire by the crowd, and part of the wooden paling surrounding "the Black Boy" fountain at the end of Port Street was also taken for a similar purpose. A reaping machine was only saved by its weight from being sacrificed, and an attempt to carry a boat up from the river was frustrated. Pigeon-houses seemed to be in high favour with the mob, and were ruthlessly torn down. Mr Archibald France, smith, gave cart-wheels, naves, and every other stick that could be spared from his premises to keep up the bonfire, while others took the pilfering from their premises in the greatest good humour. Such a mass of material, it may be readily imagined, occasioned a conflagration which was observable for many miles around the town. Between 9 and 10 o'clock a cry of "off hats" was made, when those who had the hardihood to keep their "tiles" on their heads were speedily saved the trouble of uncovering, as hats were knocked off in all directions by the crowd, and many a valuable "castor" had the honour of celebrating by aid of the flames the Fall of Sebastopol.

At 11 o'clock the authorities, thinking that every latitude had been allowed for a display of loyalty, caused a hose to be attached to one of the fire-plugs, and in a few minutes the fire was extinguished, and the spectators retired to their homes.

Peace of 1856.

On Monday, 29th March, 1856, at noon the public bells were, by order of the Provost and Magistrates, set a-ringing, but nothing could exceed the heartfelt rejoicing in the minds of many, whilst the pealing of the bells announced, as far as the loud-tongued messengers could reach, that, for the present at least, “ Wild war’s deadly blast was blawn.” Scarcely had the sound of the bells—which had been ringing for half-an-hour—ceased to vibrate in the ears of the inhabitants, than a telegraphic message was received by the military authorities in the garrison, ordering a salvo of one hundred and one guns to be fired from the Castle. The greatest promptitude was evinced on receipt of this communication, and, exactly at 2 o’clock, the cannon commenced to roar forth their welcome of “ gentle peace.” The bells were again set a-ringing, and continued for an hour.

Immediately on the order to the garrison becoming known, the Magistrates, the Sheriff-Substitute (Sir John Hay, Bart.), and a number of the principal inhabitants went up to the Castle, where the Royal Standard having been hoisted, the band of the Highland Borderers played “ God Save the Queen,” amidst great enthusiasm.

At half-past 9 o’clock a number of the officers of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, the Highland Borderers, the Berwickshire Artillery, and other gentlemen, accompanied by a gay and fashionable assemblage of ladies, met in the large hall of the Golden Lion Hotel. Major Wilkinson of the 42nd (in the absence of the commandant of the garrison, Colonel Maitland) proposed the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, which was received with great enthusiasm. The band of the Highland Borderers and the pipers of the 42nd were in attendance, and dancing was kept up with much spirit until an early hour in the morning. In the garrison the non-commissioned officers and men had also private parties.

The public rejoicings were manifested in a manner not to be mistaken, and in a way that will long be remembered by all

who witnessed the display. About 9 o'clock a bonfire was kindled at the head of King Street, and from time to time great quantities of timber continued to be heaped upon the flames. Nor were the parties who brought the fuel at all scrupulous as to where it came from, or to whom it belonged. A boat, newly repaired and painted, and belonging to Mr James Sinclair, The Shore, was seized, and, without the least compunction, consigned to the flames: in fact the depredators threatened, and, indeed, attempted, to carry the unfortunate watchman who had, as a matter of precaution, been placed in charge of the boat, and offer him, along with it and its gear, on the general altar which "the people had set up."

An attempt was made to get the people to adjourn to the Valley, but without success. At all the entrances to the town numbers of men might be seen carrying loads of timber on wheelbarrows, or on their shoulders, and the palings surrounding "the Black Boy" fountain were again completely torn up and given to the flames. Sign-boards and other insignia of trade were torn down and pitched into the fire without any consideration. As evening wore on the crowd grew more riotous, throwing stones at the constables and others, when a considerable force of the authorities assembled, and, with the assistance of a hose, succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and thus effectually putting a stop to the unruly demonstration.

Apprehended Fenian Disturbance in Stirling.

Some parties, taking advantage of the Fenian disturbances in other parts of the country, attempted to alarm the Stirling public by spreading information to the effect that a large body of Fenians were to assemble on a given day at the Sheriffmuir. It appears a boy had found, near the Railway Station, a pocket-book containing an American cent, two letters, and address cards of several hotels in America, and as both the letters contained information as to an intended gathering on the Sheriffmuir, they were at once handed to the Provost. The whole

affair looked like a hoax, but the authorities appeared to think differently, and policemen were put on the watch at Stirling Bridge, the staff of the Stirlingshire Militia were placed under arms, and the sentries at the Castle doubled. Whatever amount of faith may have been placed in the story, there can be no doubt it had just that air of probability about it which will obtain ready credence from most people. It was well-known that one night the year before, the county police discovered a body of Irishmen going through some military evolutions in the vicinity of the Raploch. The discovery gave rise to considerable talk at the time, and the supposed Fenians apparently got alarmed, as they did not again venture upon training in the open fields. But whether or not the Fenians in town had any bona-fide intention of imitating the "Chester movement," it was quite certain that for the Militia Store—with its six hundred stand of arms—to be left unguarded at night was a great temptation. Nothing could have been easier than for a body of Fenians—approaching from the Back Walk, or coming through the pass of Ballangeich—to march up to the store, batter in the door, arm themselves, and decamp ere the military could be brought to the rescue. An attack on the Castle was, of course, not at all to be apprehended, but considerable mischief might have been done if a close watch had not been kept on the powder magazine. The Militia staff were on duty for two nights, but no trace of a Fenian was discovered. It was therefore concluded as all but certain that the apprehended gathering on Sheriffmuir was a hoax, the work of some scamp who thought it a great joke needlessly to alarm the police and military authorities, and oblige them to adopt measures for the public safety which were not at all required.

✓ The Volunteers.

On 23rd May, 1859, Provost Dick first brought before the Town Council the notice for forming volunteer companies, and on the 8th of July a public meeting was held in the Court House for the purpose of enrolling members. After addresses

by Provost Dick, Robert Graham Moir, Esq. of Leckie; James Morrison, Esq. of Livilands; Robert Campbell, Esq., writer; and Robert Sconce, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal, 47 names were adhibited to the roll, and by August the number was increased to between 70 and 80.

The drill-ground was the High School yard, and the first officers of the company were R. G. Moir, Captain; Robert Sconce, Lieut.; and Alex. Wilson, jun., Bannockburn, Ensign. Some prospects were held out that the company would have the honour of being among those who would act as Guard of Honour to Her Majesty at the opening of the Glasgow Waterworks at Loch Katrine, but something came in the way to prevent their taking part in the ceremony. They were, however, along with the Artisan Company—which had in the meantime been formed—present at the Review in the Queen's Park, Edinburgh, in 1860. A Highland Company was afterwards formed, but after many vicissitudes, it was amalgamated with the 2nd, or Artisan Company.

An Artillery Corps, which has always been a success in Stirling, was formed later, of which the late Provost Murrie was captain.

The Volunteer movement becoming popular so rapidly, not a few of the youth of Stirling became imbued with a martial spirit, and this, fanned no doubt to some extent by the sight of their seniors drilling in the quadrangle of the High School—the janitor of which, Sergeant Anderson, was the first instructor—led speedily to the formation of the Stirling High School Cadet Corps, who, in uniform—tunic and glengarry, and carrying dummy rifles—took part, amongst the public bodies of Stirling, in the procession at the laying of the foundation-stone of the National Wallace Monument on 24th June, 1861.

The Douglas Room Fire.

Shortly after 11 o'clock on Sabbath night, 18th November, 1855, amidst a drizzling rain, smoke was seen rising from the quarters in Stirling Castle occupied by the officers of the 90th (Stirlingshire) Regiment of Militia. On the cause being dis-

covered; Sergeant-Major Veitch, of the 42nd Regiment, ordered the bugler to sound the alarm, and in a short time hundreds of men were on the spot, some of the Berwickshire Artillery (then in the Castle) being the first to enter the burning building, but had no success in staying the progress of the fire, the flames by this time lighting up the quadrangle. The Castle engine was manned by willing hands, but the fire still raged with fury, and it did not add to the comfort of those present to know that within eight or ten yards of the burning building the regimental gunpowder magazine was situated, containing five or six barrels of gunpowder, while about fifty or sixty yards off stood the principal magazine, containing some eight hundred barrels. Fort-Major Peddie and Gunner Harmer (who died some time after from the effect of injuries received) who had charge of the gunpowder magazine, were speedily on the spot, and unremitting in their exertions as to every precaution against such a dreadful danger.

About half-past 12 the town engine also commenced to play on the flames, one of the brigade, James Gentles, taking a conspicuous part, and placing himself in positions of extreme peril. Between 1 and 2 o'clock the fire was raging fiercely, and spread rapidly to the contiguous apartments. About this time Lieutenant Dawson, one of the officers of the Berwickshire Artillery, ascended to the roof by a ladder, cut away some of the connecting beams, and after coming down procured a relay of men and used every exertion to save the Douglas Room. For a long time the flames hovered around this ancient room, so surrounded with historical associations, but, unfortunately, it was completely burned. As the fire extended, holes were broken in the roof, and water poured through to cool the adjoining walls. It was intimated that a box of valuable jewellery, the property of Ensign Boyd, of the Stirlingshire Militia, was in one of the rooms, and a private of that regiment, who was formerly a slater in Edinburgh, volunteered to save the property. In the most daring manner he passed through the smoke and flames to the spot indicated, and succeeded in his purpose, his face, however, being scorched during his progress. A large portion of the roof fell in about 3 o'clock, at which time the flames were seen for many miles

around, and at 5 the remaining portion fell. What was known as the Governor's House—in all, some eighteen apartments—was completely gutted, and was, in fact, a ruin. Ensign Fowkes, who lost all his belongings, including a considerable sum of money, was afterwards named "Guy Fowkes," as it was said the fire had originated in his quarters, and some of the other officers were in a similar plight. The mess plate of the Stirlingshire Militia was fused and lost, and, besides the building, one thousand pounds worth of private property was destroyed. The fire was subdued about 8 o'clock on Monday morning.

A Brave Fellow.

In a preceding page, under the heading of "Some Orra Folk," reference is made to "Tickler" Lyon, a member of a family bearing one of the most ancient names to be found in the parish registers of Stirling. There were two families of them, known respectively as the "White" and the "Black" Lyons. The latter have now died out, and the last male representative of the "White" Lyons accompanied a draft to the Crimea in 1854. A few months before he had enlisted in the 42nd Royal Highlanders, and naturally wished to see some service. He, therefore, requested to be allowed to join the service company of his regiment, then before Sebastopol, but on being reminded that he was only a recruit, and that his turn would come by and bye, the pluck of the young "Tick" was fairly roused, and vented itself in something like the following address to his superiors—

"Sir, although only a recruit, I am an old soldier. The 'White' Lyons of Stirling have long been celebrated for bravery in the field. One of my forefathers, along with seven stalwart sons, joined the standard of the Earl of Mar in 1715, and the old man was the only one of them that left the field of Sheriffmuir with his life. In 1745 the 'White' Lyons took part with 'Bonnie Prince Charlie'; one was caught and hanged in Carlisle; another was banished to the plantations; some suffered imprisonment and torture from festering wounds;

while others escaped to their homes. A Lyon will never disgrace the colours of the Royal Highlanders. Please to put down my name, sir, as I mean what I say."

His appeal, so well enforced, was irresistible: James got a slap on the shoulder, and an approving look from both Sergeant-Major and Doctor, had the satisfaction of seeing his name added to the number forming the draft, and was told to go and make himself comfortable.

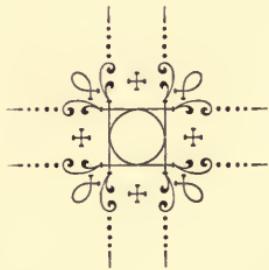
"The Roosh."

Many still alive will recollect "The Roosh," but few are aware of how he became a soldier. Neilson, who was well-known in Stirling, and belonged to the stable interest for some time, when on a "spree," and reduced to an empty pocket, made use of a ruse of his own, and offered to enlist. Her Majesty's shilling was the Alladin's lamp for him, and his height being just under the standard, an hour or two saw him a free man again, the shilling being, as matter of course, "melted." On one of these occasions the shilling was accepted with great pleasure, but on his proceeding to the Orderly-room for test of height with all the confidence of a man who knows what he is about, bump came poor "Roosh's" head against the arm which he used to pass under with all freedom. "Am I growing yet?" exclaimed the bewildered soldier, for such he now was to all intents and purposes. "The Roosh" was a cute fellow, but he had not taken into account the lowering of the standard from 5 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 4 in. during the Crimean War.

Stirling Claims Garibaldi.

In 1859, Stirling was put forward as being the birth-place of the Italian patriot, Garibaldi. A correspondent of the Glasgow "Bulletin" stated that James Anderson, a pensioner of the 42nd, had informed him, while on an angling excursion on the banks of the Allan, that "his grandfather, James Garrow, was a shoemaker at the Auld Brig o' Stirling, who often

mended my shoes ; and his son, Bauldy, 'listed in our regiment, and was present at many a' hard battle alang wi' mysel'. He got a severe wound at Toulouse, and, under the care of a pretty Italian girl, a servant to a noble family, got quite recovered of the bullet, but not so easily of the wound made by her dark eyes. They were married, and had one child. Ere I left France he went, along with the family, to Italy. They could never call him Garrow, but Garibaldi, and his son, I am certain, is the present great commander."



CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

ALTHOUGH Stirling is quite on a par with other places, so far as petty misdemeanours are concerned, in the matter of serious crime we have every reason for congratulation, as for a long period no offence of a grave character has called for the attention of the authorities, or stirred the community. A glance at the "Stirling Burgh Records" brings before the reader various offences and crimes, and the punishments meted out to criminals; but, although like offences prevail to a greater or less extent at the present day, the sentences imposed are by no means so severe as those therein noted. For instance, we read of certain persons having been "in amerciament of bloud and trublance;" of another (a woman, Marioun Ray) "amerciat for trubling of Agnes Hendersoun, calland hir theiff, landlowpair, and that scho suld lay the pynt stoup on hir cheftis; ordanis for penitoun that thair be maid ane standand gest furth fra the heid of the tolbuitht, with ane pillie, ane tow and ane creile, and scho be put in the creile and hyng thair during the will of the provest and baillies;" and "William Duchok, amerciat for trubling Merione Aikman," is, among other things, adjudged "to drink wattir xxiiij. houris becaus he wes drunkin quhen he missaid hir." Then we have accounts of "pykars," or thieves; "resettars of pykry;" "common flyttars," "common lieris," booth-breakers, "idle and sturdy vagaboundis and common pykeris and evill levaris," and amongst the punishments awarded are the following, viz., for theft, to have their "lugis nalit to the trone;" to "byrne hir cheek and banis hir the toun;" to be "hangit

quhill he war deid ; ” and, for a repetition of the offence, certain criminals were “ to be drownit without further accusatioun ; ” and rogues and vagabonds were to be “ scurgit through the toune, and burnt on the shoulder, exiled and banisht this burgh and libertie thairof for ever ; and gif ever ony of the saidis persouns be fund agane thairin to be hangit or drowned, but assyse or dome of law.” The following has been culled as an example of what prevailed during the period spoken of as .

“ The Good Old Times.”

Upon the twilt day of August, 1579, William Trumbell and William Scot were hanged at the Cross of Stirling “ for making certain ballates, quhilkis were thocht liable to saw discord amongis the nobilitie, and this was thocht ane new preparative, seing none had been execut for the like before. Notwithstanding quhearo in the shailing of the pepill from the execution, there were ten or twelf inventive and despytful letters fund in process, tending mickle to the dispraise of the Erle of Mortum and his predecessouris.”

Coming to a more recent period, we have an account of

The Last Public Whipping in Stirling.

Friday, the 2nd of July, 1830, was a day to be remembered in the history of Stirling. The early part of the day was occupied by the civic authorities in proclaiming His Gracious Majesty King William IV. as the sovereign of these realms, and the next duty was to see the sentence of law carried into effect against two notable offenders, named M’Kenzie and Ord, who had been convicted before the Sheriff-Depute of Stirlingshire, for an atrocious assault, on the 28th November, 1829, on the person of Alexander Baird, wright, Stirling ; and also cruelly assaulting, on the 30th of the same month, William Ward, Sergeant of the Town Guard. The Magistrates had taken the precaution of swearing in a hundred special constables, instructing them to be present during the punishment of the culprits, and to co-operate with the High Constables.

At half-past 1 the High Constables met at the Court House in Broad Street in obedience to the order of the Magistrates, and on the roll being called by Captain Robertson, not one was found absent. The special constables met in the same room, when both parties moved into Broad Street, where they were separated into four divisions, forming a hollow square. The first division was under the care of the first lieutenant, Mr Henderson; the right of the treasurer, Mr Smith; the left of the secretary, Mr George Mouat; and the rear of the second lieutenant, Mr James Drummond. Captain Robertson took his station in the centre, and ably superintended the movements of the whole body. At 2 o'clock the criminals were brought from the jail, and attached to a cart within the square formed by the constables. The crowd in Broad Street was estimated at between four and five thousand people, who pressed excessively on the authorities, but by the exertion of the constables such a barrier was formed as completely prevented any interruption to the sentence being carried out.

The prisoners were to receive thirty-six lashes each, the first twelve in front of the Court House, which were duly inflicted; the procession then moved down Baker Street to the foot of Bank Street, where the second punishment was served; it then moved down to King Street, where, in front of the Athenæum, the remaining portion was inflicted, and the criminals were returned to the jail by way of Spittal Street. The Magistrates, Sheriff-Substitute, and other civil authorities attended at the several stations to see that the sentence was fully and properly carried into effect. On the return of the constables and officials to the Court House, the Sheriff-Substitute addressed Captain Robertson, complimenting that gentleman and the entire body of constables in the warmest terms for the excellent arrangements they had made in supporting the public authorities on this and on every other occasion when their services were required, and expressed a hope that the determination they had shown to preserve the peace of the burgh would have the effect of preventing such outrages in the future.

The punishment did not seem to produce much effect upon the minds of these young but hardened offenders, who, during



the whole proceedings, exhibited such a want of moral feeling and sense of shame as could scarcely have been expected in such youthful criminals. The spectators conducted themselves with much propriety, showing no disposition to riot, and seeming to regard the criminals with much astonishment. Such a punishment had not been inflicted in Stirling for many years previous to this time, and it is gratifying to be able to record that no such punishment has since disgraced our local annals.

“Drumming Out” of Women.

One of the most remarkable sights ever witnessed in Stirling was the “drumming out” of some loose women from the town in the year 1848. Some days previously the Town Officers were securing and having the women confined in the guard-house (there were no police in Stirling in those days). When all had been secured, the Provost, Magistrates, and High Constables paraded in Broad Street, and were formed into processional order, the Town Officers with their halberts going first, then the Provost and Magistrates, and after them the High Constables in open order, with the “fairies” (their aprons over their heads, and weeping very bitterly) within their ranks. After them came Isaac Spyron, the town drummer, who, whenever the procession started, began a long roll on his drum, continued at intervals as they walked at dead march pace down town to the beginning of Melville Terrace, where they were ordered to “flit,” but by the time the Magistrates had reached Dalgleish Court, Baker Street, on their return, the mournful maidens were leaping over the upturned earth where the workmen were engaged in laying the water pipes, screaming and laughing in the forefront.

A Magistrate in a Fix.

One morning in September, 1850, sometime about the “wee short hour ayont the twal,” Janet Richardson, better known as “Milk Jenny,” was apprehended, along with a male com-

panion, accused of disturbing the neighbours, and other outrageous conduct, and on being brought to the guard-house—a feat of considerable difficulty, as Jenny was somewhat cantankerous—she deposited a pledge of 5s. as a warrant that she would appear in the hour of cause. The hour came and so did Jenny; the charge was fully substantiated, and she was amerced in a fine of 10s., besides all expenses. With the apparent intention of depositing the fine in the hands of the sitting Magistrate (Bailie Steel), Jenny moved round the wooden barricade of the dock, the officers present making room for her most gallantly. A few moments, however, showed that Jenny had other intentions than of paying the fine in the legal coin of the realm: she had evidently adopted, with a slight alteration, the remarkable expression of another heroine:—

“To-morrow for paying, to-day for revenge,”

and ere any one could interfere, she flew at the bailie, as an eye-witness expressed it, “just like a terrier at a badger.” Now began the row comical. The bailie, with all the calmness which his critical situation permitted him to exercise, was holding his dog, which accompanied him to the bench, lest it might inflict summary punishment on the Amazonian Jenny, who was thus defying the law on its very throne; and the officers and other attendants of the Court endeavouring to subdue the virago, a regular melee ensued, in which numerous bites, scratches, both long and deep, and other minor wounds were given and received. Numbers at last prevailed, and Janet, with arms and legs securely strapped, was consigned to limbo, to await her trial for assaulting a Magistrate, and showing so “striking” contempt of court.

Execution of Baird and Hardie.

The carrying out of the sentence adjudged on these notable men occasioned, as may well be imagined, no small amount of interest, not only in Stirling, but throughout the greater part of the country, as well on account of the attendant circum-

stances as of the crime with which they were charged. It is recorded that from the period of their condemnation they were almost daily attended (in Stirling Castle, where they were confined) by the Rev. Mr Bruce, the Rev. Dr Wright, and Mr Small of Stirling; and by the Rev. Mr Heugh, Back o' Toun Kirk. But such was the rapid advancement they had made in the Christian life that some of those gentlemen acknowledged they visited the prisoners rather to learn than communicate instruction, rather to witness the triumph of divine faith than to perform any extraneous service.

It was the wish of the prisoners to spend their last night on earth in private prayer, but some of their relatives had expressed desire to spend the night along with them. This request being complied with, the night was spent in reading portions of the Scripture, in prayer, and conversation; and so cool and collected were the prisoners—nay, so cheerful and happy did they seem to be—that they were more like saints made perfect in bliss than men about to undergo ignominious death. Hardie desired to know from his relatives whether they had prepared a strong coffin to take his body to Glasgow, and even examined his winding-sheet, which he discovered they had brought with them from Glasgow.

About 4 in the morning, the two men lay down in bed together, and slept soundly till 6. At that hour, agreeably to their own request, they were awakened, washed and dressed themselves, and engaged in singing the first four verses of the 51st Paraphrase; Baird reading from the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. He then engaged in an agony of prayer, the purport of which was that the Almighty would strengthen their faith, and stand by them at the approaching trying hour. This was probably one of the most powerful, comprehensive, and affecting prayers ever offered up. The reverend gentlemen, who had now entered the cells and heard it, could not repress their emotion nor subdue their tears.

At 1 o'clock (the execution being fixed for 2) they requested to be allowed, as they passed to the scaffold, to take a glimpse of those taken with them at Bonnymuir, and to bid them a last farewell. This scene was touching in the extreme. Some eighteen or twenty youths were grouped around the windows

of their prison, and both Hardie and Baird addressed them in most affectionate and endearing terms, assuring them that, though suffering, they were not evil-doers ; and that the cause for which they suffered would sooner or later prevail. After this they were all permitted to embrace each other, and it was with considerable difficulty that some of them were torn away from that sad and solemn embrace.

Immediately after this Hardie and Baird were conducted to the Castle gates, where the hurdle was in waiting to receive them, and drive them to the place of execution in Broad Street, which street, and all near it, was crowded to excess, the gallows being surrounded by a body of military, consisting of the 13th Regiment of Foot and a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, the guns of Stirling Castle pointing almost directly down upon them from the ancient ramparts. When the prisoners were taken from the hurdle to mount the scaffold, they chanted together the first four verses of the last Hymn. Hardie walked nimbly to the scaffold ; and looking up, exclaimed, "Hail, messenger of eternal rest!" Baird followed, and for a few moments both knelt together in prayer. They then addressed the assembled and excited multitude, greater by far than any eyer seen before at an execution in Stirling. Baird took speech first in hand. These were his words, as he stood erect upon the scaffold :—

"Friends and countrymen—I dare say you will expect me to say something to you of the cause which has brought me here ; but on that I do not mean to say much, only that what I have hitherto done, and which has brought me here, was for the cause of truth and justice. I declare I never gave my assent to anything inconsistent with truth and justice. What I would particularly direct your attention to is, to that God who is Judge of all mankind, and of all human actions, and to Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men. I have never hurt any one, I have always led an innocent life, and as that is well-known to those who know me, I shall say no more about it. I am not afraid of the appearance of this scaffold, or of my own mangled body, when I think of the innocent Jesus, whose own body was nailed to the cross, and through whose merits I hope for forgiveness."

Hardie then stepped forward, and in the most dignified tone, reciprocated the sentiments of his companion, Baird. He was adding the following words in a commanding voice, amidst breathless silence, "My dear friends—I declare before my God, I believe I die a martyr in the cause of truth and justice," when at these expressions a shout of applause was set up by the vast excited multitude. The military instantly prepared as if for action, the dragoons unsheathed and brandished their swords; many of the audience screamed, and, struck with terror, fled. The scaffold itself became almost a moving mass of excitement. Hardie was interrupted in the middle of his address. The Sheriff (Ronald Macdonald of Staffa) ran up to him on the boards of the scaffold, and told him plainly that he could no longer permit him to continue haranguing the audience in that manner; and if he persisted, that he (the Sheriff) would instantly command the executioner to do his duty. Hardie, on this, civilly bowed, and said, "My friends, I hope none of you have been hurt by this exhibition. Please, after it is over, go quietly home and read your Bibles, and remember the fate of Hardie and Baird." He then kissed his companion, Baird; they shook each other by the hand, so far as their bonds permitted them; and, as they had previously and mutually arranged between themselves, Hardie took now the signal, a white cambric handkerchief, into his hands, and drawing nearer, if possible, to the side of Baird, he uttered, in a firm, calm voice, the words, "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" and at the last expression, dropped the signal. The bolt fell, and the last moving sight of them was swinging together, and momentarily and convulsively attempting to catch each other again by the hands, but in vain. After the lapse of half-an-hour, the executioner, in his black domino, again appeared, and, with other aid, stretched the bodies on the block, then, taking aim with his uplifted axe, after several strokes severed their heads from their bodies; and, holding them up, mumbled out the words with considerable trepidation—"This is the head of a traitor; this is the head of another traitor," and then threw them from him to the coffin underneath. The vast assembly shuddered and groaned at this, and then began slowly to disperse.

On 20th July, 1847, the remains of Hardie and Baird were exhumed from their graves at Stirling, and carried to Sighthill Cemetery, Glasgow.

“Shades of the slaughtered! shall the blood
Spilt on the block be ever dim?
Behold! the blushing crimson flood
Hath called for vengeance unto Him!
Your tears and agony and sighs
Have risen entreating to the skies;
And lo! your last exulting hymn,
In dying tones, 'mid tumult sung,
In Heaven's high palaces hath rung.”

At a later period, an attack having been made on the memory of General Graham, Lieut.-Governor of Stirling Castle, for alleged cruelty to Hardie and Baird and the other prisoners, and this attack indirectly including Major Peddie, the Fort-Major, whose duty it was first to receive the prisoners and see after their safety or supervision, much indignation was felt at these accusations against General Graham, and the most unwarrantable ones (by implication) against Major Peddie, because, amongst the last words of Hardie and Baird on the scaffold, they desired the Sheriff attending their execution “to express to General Graham and Major Peddie our sense of gratitude for the humanity and attention which they have always shown to us.” This led to the following interesting letter from Major Peddie—

Stirling Castle, 8th March, 1859.

My Dear Sir,—The perusal of your very graphic “Old Reminiscences” has given me much gratification, and has quite refreshed my recollection of the stirring events you so well narrate. They will be new and surprising to the present generation of Glasgow people. My present intrusion is caused by your promise of giving an account of the conflict at Bonnymuir; and to speak of the gallant and humane conduct of Lieutenant Edward Hodgson, of the 10th Hussars, who commanded the party. Although he had seen Baird and others deliberately aim and fire at himself, he cantered up to the wall. Baird took a stone from the wall to dress his flint. The Lieu-

tenant had his horse killed under him as he leaped over, his sergeant severely wounded, but he succeeded in capturing the whole party. The only wound then inflicted was a severe sabre cut on the frontal bone of a powerful man, Alexander Hart. A lad, Alexander Johnston, escaped into a morass, and fired his pistol as fast as ever he could load; when the brave and generous officer, Hodgson, perceived it, he shouted out to his troops, "Save the life of that spirited young boy!"

In my former letter I alluded to the general bearing of Baird. When he was brought into the Castle, he stepped from amongst the other prisoners, and, addressing me, said, "Sir, if there is to be any severity exercised towards us, let it be on me. I am their leader, and have caused them being here. I hope that I alone may suffer." He added, "They have not had much to eat since they left Glasgow. I beg you will be kind enough to order food for them." Throughout he never shrank from the position he then assumed. I send you a copy of a song sent me by Allan Murchie, one of the prisoners, of which he was not a little vain, and which the respited prisoners sang with great glee.

Thanking you for your former kindness, which I highly appreciate, believe me, my dear sir, your faithfully,

W. PEDDIE.

To Peter M'Kenzie, Esq., Glasgow.

BONNYMUIR

(By One of the Condemned).

" Although our lives were ventured fair
To free our friends from toil and care,
The British troops we dint to dare,
And wish'd them a' good mornin'.

It's with three cheers we welcom'd them
Upon the Muir or Bonny Plain,
It was our rights for them to gain
Caused us to fight that mornin'.

OLD STIRLING.

With pikes and guns we did engage;
 With lion's courage did we rage—
 For liberty or slavery's badge
 Caus'd us to fight that mornin'.

But some of us did not stand true,
 Which caus'd the troops them to pursue,
 And still it makes us here to rue
 That e'er we fought that mornin'.

But happy we a' ha'e been
 Since ever that we left the Green,
 Although strong prisons we ha'e seen
 Since we fought that mornin'.

We're a' condemned for to dee,
 And weel ye ken that's no' a lee,
 Or banish'd far across the sea
 For fightin' on that mornin'.

If mercy to us shall be shown
 From Royal George's kingly crown,
 We will receive't without a frown,
 And sail the seas some mornin'.

Mercy to us has now been shown
 From Royal George's noble crown,
 And we're prepared, without a frown
 To see South Wales some mornin'."

ALLAN MURCHIE,

Prisoner in Stirling Castle, 1820.

An Incident at the Trial of Baird and Hardie.

At one important stage of the trial, Serjeant Hullock, in all his fury against the prisoners, attempted to browbeat Francis Jeffrey, the eloquent and high-minded counsel, who generously undertook to lead the defence without fee or reward. Jeffrey had objected to the appearance of Hullock in the case at all,

contending that as this was a Scottish case, no English barrister had a right to conduct it. The Court, however, decided otherwise, ruling that as Scottish counsel were heard at the bar of the House of Lords, so Mr Jeffrey could be heard even in cases of treason at York. Be that as it may, Hullock went on rather defiantly against Jeffrey; and what will hardly be credited now-a-days, the Lords Commissioners interdicted and prohibited the press from printing any of the evidence, or any of the speeches of counsel, till the whole of the trials were over, and that under "the most severe punishment." Mr Serjeant Hullock, at some stinging observation of Mr Jeffrey, lost command of his temper, and again replied insultingly. Jeffrey sat down, knitting his brows, and called for note paper to be brought to him instantly. Ronald Macdonald of Staffa and Iona was at that moment sitting in Court. He was, in fact, Sheriff of the county of Stirling, and then attending to his official duties in that Court. He was a keen Tory, but had a warm heart, and great regard for Jeffrey personally. His Highland blood became aroused on behalf of Jeffrey at one part of Hullock's assault; so he quickly wrote, and threw across the table of the bar to Jeffrey, a note to this effect—"Challenge the —; I'll be your second, anywhere out of this county." Jeffrey leaped across the table and grasped the hand of Staffa. The Court in a moment saw what was going to take place: a duel, undoubtedly, at the end of that awful trial. But the Lord President interposed; and Hullock was made to apologise to Jeffrey, which he did with all the frankness of an Englishman. They became afterwards the warmest friends.

Execution of "Scatters."

Alexander Millar, "Scatters," a cooper to trade, but who did not work, and was a determined poacher, was tried, convicted, and hanged in Broad Street, for the murder of William Jarvie, Wester Shiel'dyard, Denny, on 2nd November, 1836. The name "Scatters" was given him from the manner in which he loaded his gun, so that the pellets spread in a greater degree when the gun was fired. His agility was wonderful,

and a wall was shown at Denny, about 7 feet high, which he had been seen on one occasion to clear several times. On another occasion, on urgent business, he accomplished a journey from a part of Stirlingshire to Greenock, a distance of 47 miles, in the marvellously short space of eight hours, or about six miles an hour. Millar's sole talk while lying under sentence of death was about his running feats, and he mentioned to a gentleman who had called to see him, that if the authorities would take him down to the Bridge, and give him a couple of yards start, he would allow them to catch him if they could.

He was 19½ years of age, but his callousness may be shown by an incident which occurred. The joiner who was to make his coffin desired to see him, and the governor of the jail, not wishing to hurt the poor fellow's feelings, asked him to measure a pane of glass that was broken in the window. "Oh," said Millar, "there's no use for that way in bringing him in; I know what he wants; I will stretch myself out, and let him measure me for my last garment." When asked if the joyous shouting of a number of children attending a school in the vicinity of the jail annoyed him, he answered, "No;" he liked the sports of children, and wished he was like them, as all their cares were fled when their food and play were secured. He was hanged on 8th April, 1837. While Rev. Mr Leitch engaged in prayer, Millar was observed to get his shoes unloosened, which he kicked with great force into the street. An old woman in Denny, whom he accused of being a witch, had, on one occasion, told him that he would die with his shoes on, and he wished to frustrate the prophecy.

Execution of Allan Mair.

Allan Mair, a white-haired old man, was well-known in the county of Stirling. He had been brought up to farming, but his temper became such that those who trespassed upon his farm at once ran if they saw "the auld deil and his dug." He wasted most of his means in raising trespass actions against neighbours, but, poor and hated as he was, the parish granted

him a small allowance in the twilight of his life. Like most bad men, Mair acted as a fiend towards his wife, who was a doited auld body, at the time of this tale 85, while Mair was 84. He thrashed her almost daily, locking the door before he started this work.

On Sunday, 14th May, 1843, the pair were residing at Candie-End, Muiravonside, and Mair, after night had closed in, began beating his wife, her cries being heard by neighbours, who, as the cries died away to groans, whispered, "There's dathe in the auld body's cup noo." Some one informed the police, and the old man was apprehended.

On 19th September, the Circuit Court was held in Stirling. On being asked by Lord Moncrieff—"Are you guilty or not guilty?" Mair rose, and, with a shake in his voice, shouted—"Ma lord, I'm—I'm no' guilty; in fac', I deny the name o't! It wasna me that did it, as true's Goad's in heeven! It was Sandy Nimmo that cam' in at the bole and did it! Noo, that's as true as ye are there, ma lord!"

Evidence having been led at great length, showing the revolting cruelty of the wretch, one of the witnesses stating that the fiend was never known to have spoken a kind word, the fore-man of the jury said in a trembling voice—"Our unanimous verdict is that the panel is guilty of murder as libelled." His lordship then said—"Allan Mair, your case has been calmly and deliberately considered before a jury of your countrymen—"

"Ay, a fine set o' men!"

"What's that you say, sir?"

"Ay, I'm just saying that they are a fine set o' men!"

"The unanimous verdict," continued the judge, "they have returned is that they find you guilty of the awful crime of murder."

Sentence of death was then passed, the execution being fixed for 4th October. The old man stamped his feet, glared at the jury, and as he passed out a deep curse burst from his throat.

On the morning of his execution Mair, stiff, wearied, and anxious, rose and dressed himself as best he could. He looked up at the barred window, and as he saw some birds he groaned,

"Oh, that thae birds could bear my soul aloft! But I am afraid it is to hell I am going!"

At that moment Rev. Mr Stark entered and asked how he felt.

"Feel, sir! I canna tell ye hoo I feel! I canna think that in twa 'oors' time I'll be lying on the braid o' my back a deid man! Oh, sir! I suppose there's nae ither o't? Eh? Speak! Nae paurdon has come?"

And as the minister shook his head tears ran down the seamed face of the old man.

"Brother," said the minister, "try and improve the little time you have in this world by accepting the words of Him with whom pardon lies. Remember He has said, "Though your sins be as scarlet, yet you shall be made whiter than the snow."

"Ay! ay! but I'm ower black to be made white," and a look of terror was in his face.

"No! no! There is no sin too heinous for our Heavenly Father to forgive! Don't you acknowledge your transgression, brother?"

"I suppose sae! I suppose sae! Whit 'oor is't?" he asked, turning to the jailer.

"Half-past seven."

"Then the hangman will be here in a wee-ock! Dae ye think they'd let me speak on the scaffold?"

"Would it be wise?" asked the clergyman, sad of heart, for he now began to think that his ministrations had been of little avail. "O brother! remember it is death you have to meet! Remember that there is yet time at this last half-hour to come to Him who can blot out all sin!"

"Ay! ay!" groaned the prisoner. "That's what the Guid Buik says! Then—then—I'll try to think—I'm—I'm gaun to heaven;" and he cried like a child, between his sobs exclaiming—"Oh whit an injustice! Whit an injustice to a puir, white-haired auld man!"

The cell door just then creaked, and the hangman stepped in.

"Now, sir!" he said in a cold voice, "get up till I bind you!"

"Whit! whit!" gasped the old man, and he quaked with

terror as he looked up at the executioner. "Are ye come already for me?"

"Yes, and the time is short! Get up, please, and let me bind you!"

The jailers lifted him up, but he could not stand.

"This is very awkward," said the hangman; "how am I to get him to the scaffold?"

"Ay, that's the question," hissed the old man between his chattering teeth. "Deil a fit will I walk to my dathe!"

"Then you'll be carried," said the executioner. Extra jailers were summoned, and the old man was half carried to the Court Room. The spectacle was most saddening. There the jailers allowed the hoary-headed man to sit. The Rev. Mr Leitch, who had joined the company, was almost bereft of speech, but, mastering his excitement, gave out the two first stanzas of the 51st Psalm, and as he glanced at the prisoner before commencing to sing, his heart almost sank, for the old man's teeth were set hard, and there was a look as black as a thunder cloud on his face. "Oh let us sing these words!" burst from the minister's throat, and turning away his head, he sang in a quivering voice—

After Thy loving kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me;
For Thy compassions great, blot out
All mine iniquity.

Me cleanse from sin, and thoroughly wash
From mine iniquity;
For my transgressions I confess,
My sin I ever see.

But the prisoner's lips were sealed. The executioner now stepped forward, and said, "This is the last I'll bind you with," and as the strap tightened, the old man cried,

"Augh, man, ye needna dae't sae ticht! I'm no' gaun to offer ony reseestance! My only wish is that it was a' by."

For the first time he glared at the crowd, endeavoured to rise, but could not, and from his lips there came a curse. Then the hangman tried to slip white gloves on his hands, but Mair hoarsely cried, "Naw! naw!"

An arm chair was procured, and the jailers carried him under the drop. Just as the hangman was placing the noose round his neck, Mair cried,

"Let me speak to the crood! I've something to say to them. People, wan an' a', listen to me! I caw upon the hale company o' ye, great as it is, and mair especially those wha cam' frae my ain parish, to listen to what I ha'e to say, as I've no' been gien a single opportunity ever since I was grippit and lugged in jile to prove that my innocence was as clear as the noonday sun! The minister o' the parish invented lees—lees against me! He took them to the poopit, brocht them into his examination, and even brocht them to my cell efter I was condemned, and upbraided me wi' them! The constable that took me wudna alloo me to bring awa' ony papers frae my hoose which might ha'e spoken in my favour. The Fiscal and Sheriff in Fa'kirk prevented me frae proving my innocence. They wudna alloo me to bring witnesses wha could easily ha'e cleared me frae the crime wi' which I am unjustly charged, and as unjustly condemned. They wudna even alloo me to write a bit letter to thae witnesses, and I declare that for thae reasons I am quite certain that Goad frae heevin' will rain doon fire and brimstane upon them and destroy them! For that reason I apply a' that is contained in the hunner an' ninth psalm against them. Thase Nimmos, thase folks wha leeved in the east door, and were the richt guilty parties, foreswore themsel's, and brocht me to the place I am now in, to be punished as a murderer! Folks, yin an' a', mind I'm nae murderer! I ne'er committed murder, and I say it as a deein' man wha is juist aboot to pass into the presence o' my Goad! I say again I was condemned by the lees o' the minister, by the injustice o' a sheriff and fiscal, and by the perjury o' the witnesses. I trust for their conduct that a' thase parties shall be owertaen by the vengeance o' Goad, and sent into everlasting damnation! The witnesses wha spoke against me I curse them a' wi' the curses in the hunner and ninth psalm. Each an' a' o' them spoke against me wi' a lying tongue! They compassed me aboot wi' words o' hatred, and focht against me without a cause! They ha'e rewarded me evil for good. Set Thou a wicked man ower them, and—Haud on a wee, hangman, till

I'm dune!—and let Satan staun at their richt haun'! Let their days be few; let their children be faitherless; let their weans be continually vagabonds and——”

The surging crowd became indignant, and out of angry throats came the shouts—“ Dispatch him! Awa’ wi’ him! Oot o’ the world wi’ him!” and the officials, fearing delay would be dangerous, nodded to the hangman to do his duty. He drew the white cap over the culprit’s face, and as it passed his mouth the people standing by heard the words—“ Let them be clothed in shame! I curse them a’, a’, a’.” The bolt was drawn, Allan Mair was hanging by the neck. The open-mouthed crowd were hoarse with cheering; but the tumult suddenly ceased. They were awe-struck. The hanged man had raised his hand to the back of his neck. He had next seized the rope and was trying to save himself. “ Good God!” cried the people, “ he’s burst his bands asunder, and means to save himself!” The hangman drew away the man’s hand, pulled his legs, and amidst a guttural sound from his lips, and a yell from the excited crowd, Allan Mair’s head fell to the side, and he was dead.



NOTABLE EVENTS.

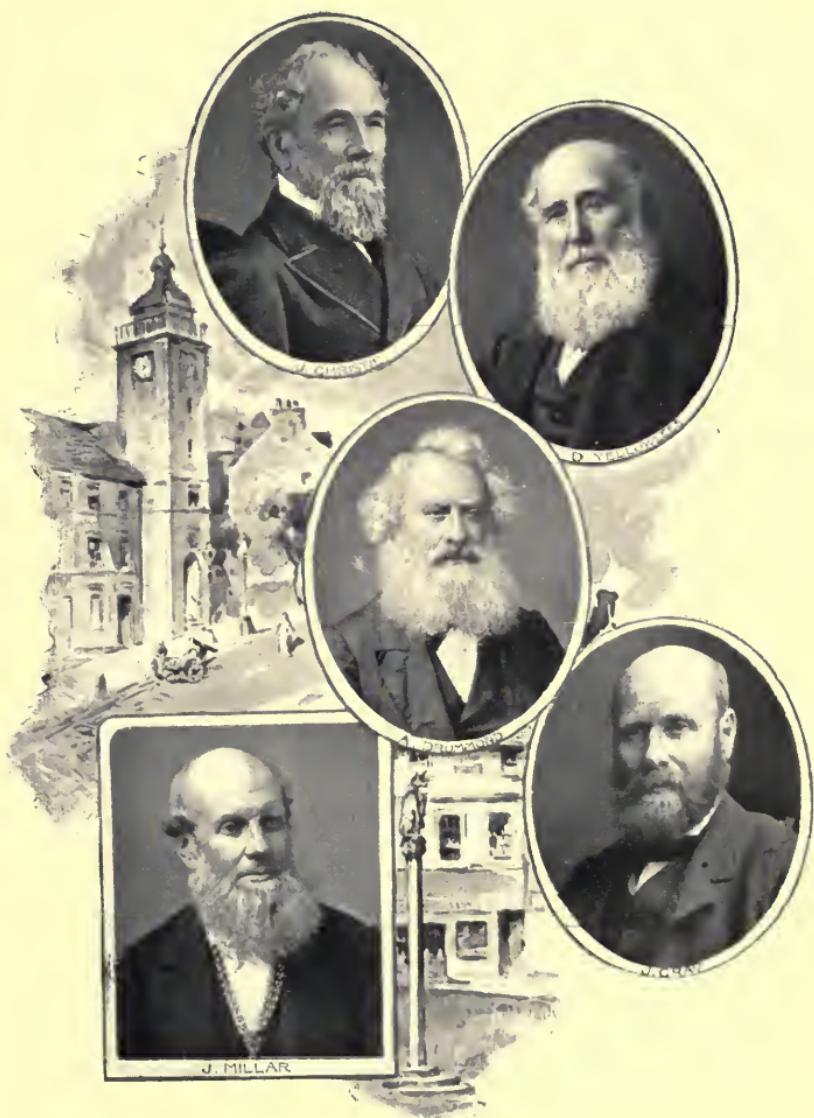
ALTHOUGH Stirling has played a by no means unimportant part so far as civic matters are concerned, we do not propose to chronicle all such events, but content ourselves with recording the doings attendant upon a few of the more prominent which took place half-a-century or so ago, and which, on that account, are apt to be forgotten.

The New Bridge.

The foundation-stone of the New Bridge was laid with much pride, pomp, and circumstance, with all the usual parade and formality of masonic honours, and amid the plaudits of thousands of spectators, on the 8th September, 1831. The building was executed by Mr Mathieson, from a design by Robert Stevenson, Esq., civil engineer.

Queen's Coronation and Laying of Foundation Stone of Corn Exchange.

On the 5th July, 1838, the coronation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was celebrated, a procession being formed at the Esplanade, which started amidst a salvo of guns from the Castle batteries. Proceeding through the principal streets of the town to the Corn Exchange, the foundation-stone was laid by Provost Galbraith, copies of "The Stirling Observer" and



J. MILLAR



D. YELLOE

MILLAR

J. CHAMBERLAIN

C. G.

"Stirling Journal," with the coins of the realm, being placed in the cavity. Dinners took place—in Gibb's Inn, presided over by Mr Chrystal, senior; in the Royal Hotel, Mr Steel, Dean of Guild, presiding; the Royal Arch Masons dined in Stirling's Coffee House, Bow Street; the High Constables in the Eagle Inn, Captain James Henderson, chairman, and Mr George Mouat, croupier; and the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council in the Guild Hall. Bonfires were lit in Broad Street and King Street.

The Queen's Visit in 1842.

13th September.

On the occasion of Her Majesty's first visit to Scotland, she was accompanied by the Prince Consort, and it having been arranged to include Stirling in the programme of visits on the way south, every preparation was made to give the Royal visitors a cordial welcome to the ancient abode of Her Majesty's ancestors. Believing that a detailed account of the events connected with Her Majesty's visit will be perused with interest, we have here reproduced an abridged report of the proceedings. At every place manifestations of loyalty were abundant, and as the Royal party approached Stirling it was seen that the demonstrations were as joyous as they had been anywhere else.

ENTERING STIRLINGSHIRE.

The inhabitants of Dunblane were not a whit behind their neighbours in giving proofs of their loyalty and affection towards their young Queen and her Consort. A flag was hoisted on the top of the Cathedral spire; a very handsome arch, erected by Mr Stirling of Kippendavie, at the entrance to Dunblane; at the gateway of Holme Hill, the residence of Mrs Moray, sen., of Abercairney, there was also a very tasteful arch; and at Anchorfield several banners were displayed. The Cathedral bells commenced ringing from an early hour, and

continued at intervals until Her Majesty had entered Stirlingshire.

Along the road by Dunblane and Bridge of Allan, triumphal arches, flags, &c., were to be seen at every conspicuous spot; felled trees were planted opposite the doors of cottages, and evergreens ornamented every door and window. There was also an arch at St. Blane's Rood, at the entry to Kippenross. The Royal party drove rapidly past the almost princely residence of Keir, when, just at the spot where the splendid scenery of this quarter first opens upon the view, another arch had been erected with an appropriate inscription, and here Mr Stirling of Keir, the lord of the manor, at the end of his beautiful avenue, waited on horseback to receive Her Majesty. Close by were drawn up the people connected with Deanston Works, to the number of 1,500, almost every second person carrying a small flag or coloured pennon, the females at one end of the line and the males at the other, with the band of the establishment in the centre. Passing these, at the march of the counties of Perth and Stirling was the Sheriff of Perthshire, ready to confide Her Majesty to the care of the Sheriff and Lieutenancy of Stirlingshire, who were there on horseback to escort her onwards. Besides Mr Handyside, the Sheriff, there were present—Mr Murray of Polmaise, Vice-Lieutenant; Sir Michael Bruce, Bart. of Stenhouse; Sir Gilbert Stirling, Bart. of Larbert; Mr Forbes of Callendar, M.P.; Mr Johnstone of Alva, Deputy-Lieutenants, in their uniform; Mr A. C. Maitland, in the rich full dress of the Queen's Bodyguard; Sir Henry Seton-Steuart, and many other gentlemen of the county.

At Bridge of Allan there were three arches—one at Philip's Inn, one at the Toll, and one at the Reading-Room, where was suspended a gilded bee-hive, with a busy bee with gold body and silver wings, and the motto, "How doth our good Queen bee improve each shining hour." When the Royal party came in sight of Airthrey, the seat of Lord Abercromby, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, a small battery, which his lordship had erected upon an eminence within his policy, gave intimation to the longing myriads in Stirling of the approach of Her Majesty and suite. At Airthrey Lodge there were two fine

arches, one of which, being composed of silver fir, and forty-five feet high, had a particularly fine effect. Here Lord Abercromby had placed himself to see Her Majesty pass, being totally unfit for any active exertion. The party then rolled quickly along by Causewayhead, and when near the Bridge the cortege stopped and changed horses. At this spot a number of carriages were collected, among the rest a large temporary machine, erected upon carriage-wheels by Mr Henry Kinross, coachmaker to Her Majesty, whose place of business not being upon the line Her Majesty would follow in passing through the town, devised this mode of testifying his loyalty. It was a large structure, highly decorated with evergreens, and ornamented with a crown composed of dahlias and other flowers, and capable of containing seventy people standing.

ARRIVAL IN STIRLING.

As the Queen appeared at the Bridge, a royal salute was fired from the Castle guns, and by this time the horsemen in attendance had increased to nearly 200. The Stirlingshire Yeomanry Cavalry had, through their Colonel, Mr Murray of Polmaise, tendered their services to aid in protecting Her Majesty's progress through the county; and the Stirling Troop, all in plain clothes, under command of Mr Smith of Deanston, lined and patrolled the road from Keir. As the Royal carriage passed each trooper fell in behind, and on the way from Causewayhead about 50 gentlemen from Clackmannanshire, with the Sheriff of that county at their head, joined in like manner to do honour to their Queen.

At the Bridge a triumphal arch had been erected by the Magistrates, surmounting the barrier at which the keys of the burgh were to be presented. It was a massive and elegant structure, principally composed of heather, evergreens, and boughs of trees, the arch resting on a neat castellated turret on either side, under which were respectively placed paintings of Her Majesty and Prince Albert; in the centre, the Royal Arms of Scotland, with the word "Welcome" underneath; and on the summit a fine large floral crown, with a flag bearing the arms of the town. Four neatly-dressed boys were stationed

on various parts of the erection, who, as the Queen passed underneath, amidst the plaudits of the multitude, waved several small flags on which was inscribed the word "Welcome." On the outside of the arch were erected two platforms. On the westmost one stood the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, and behind them the clergymen of all denominations, in their gowns and bands, and, next to these, the burgh school-masters. On the opposite one was a brilliant galaxy of youth and beauty. At and within the arch were stationed the Guildry, with the Dean at their head, and James Lucas, Esq., bearing the standard. Each of the members carried a small pennon. The Dean wore also the gold chain and medal belonging to his office, and a very old ring, set with precious stones, bearing the inscription:—"Yis for ye Diene of ye Geild of Stirling."

Next to the Guildry were stationed the Seven Incorporated Trades, headed by Mr William Grant, Deacon Convener, whilst each of the Trades was presided over by its own Deacon, and had its peculiar banner. Mr James Thomson also bore the standard of the whole Trades, known by the name of the "Blue Blanket." Each member also wore a rosette of blue and white, the Corporation colours. The Deacon of the Weavers bore a very curious and ancient spear, or halbert, given by Queen Mary, and probably the only one remaining of the ancient weapons received when they appear to have been remodelled as a military corps. Immediately after the Trades, a very large number of excisemen belonging to the Stirling collection, under the command of Collector Halliburton and Supervisor Milligan, took their station, to manifest their loyalty and attachment to their Royal Mistress.

The Magistrates were seated in splendid equipages, emblazoned with the town's arms, the first carriage being occupied by the Provost (George Galbraith, Esq.) and Bailie Rankin; Mr William Galbraith, Town Clerk; and Mr James Mathie, Chamberlain. They wore full Court dress, and it is recorded that their appearance was very becoming and dignified. The other Magistrates and Council occupied the remaining carriages, and carried white wands.

PRESENTATION OF ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

On reaching the arch, by command of Her Majesty her carriage stopped, whereupon the Provost stepped forward, and addressed the Queen as follows:—

“ May it please your Most Gracious Majesty,

“ As Provost of Stirling, I beg leave to approach your Majesty with sentiments of the most profound respect, and in the name of the Magistrates and Town Council of your Majesty's Royal Burgh of Stirling, together with the whole of the inhabitants, to offer our most sincere and heartfelt welcome to this part of your Majesty's dominions in Scotland, and to assure your Majesty of our devoted loyalty and attachment to your Royal person and government. We hope your Majesty has received pleasure and gratification in the short tour you have made through this part of your hereditary dominions of Scotland, and that at no very distant period you will be graciously pleased again to visit this country, and favour your Scottish subjects with another opportunity of testifying their attachment and veneration to your Majesty's Royal person and government. We sincerely pray that the Almighty may long spare your precious life to reign and rule over this nation.”

PRESENTATION OF THE BURGH KEYS.

After the reading of the address, the Chamberlain handed the Provost the town keys (being silver, of a very ancient and curious form), borne upon a crimson velvet cushion, which the latter presented to Her Majesty, and said, “ And now give me leave, with the most profound respect and devotion, to place at your disposal the keys of your ancient and Royal Burgh of Stirling.”

Her Majesty graciously replied—“ We are assured that they cannot be in better hands, and it affords us much pleasure again to return them to your keeping.”

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE BURGH TO PRINCE ALBERT.

The Provost then, addressing himself to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, said—

“ May it please your Royal Highness,

“ I beg most respectfully to address your Royal Highness in the name of the Citizens, Town Council, and Magistrates of Stirling, to offer our hearty welcome to your Royal Highness to Scotland. We duly appreciate the condescension you have manifested in accepting the Freedom of the Town, and we will be delighted to reflect that your Royal Highness's name is added to the roll of the Burgesses of Stirling. The many virtues which adorn your character, and the very great amenity of your manners, has endeared your Royal Highness to the hearts of all Her Majesty's loving and loyal subjects. Permit me, in the name of those whom I have the honour to represent, to wish your Highness good health and every happiness that this world can afford. And now allow me to place in your hands a box containing the Freedom of the Royal Burgh of Stirling.”

His Royal Highness was pleased to reply—

“ My Lord Provost,

“ I am very proud of the honour you have now conferred upon me, and request you will present to the Magistrates and Town Council my best thanks for this mark of their esteem.”

The burgess ticket presented to Prince Albert was enclosed in a silver box, which was placed within another box formed of a portion of oak wood from the house of the celebrated George Buchanan, in Mar Place, Stirling.

A PERSONAL INCIDENT.

This part of the ceremony having been finished, the Provost again turned to the Queen, and said—“ Permit me one word of your Majesty. I had the honour to serve for twenty-four years under your Majesty's lamented father, his late Royal

Highness, the Duke of Kent; and it gives me peculiar pleasure that, as Provost of this Burgh, I should now have the honour of receiving your Majesty, under the immediate command of whose revered father I served in Nova Scotia, and was for thirteen years the Adjutant of his regiment, during the whole of which time I had the honour to enjoy much of his patronage, countenance, and favour." To this Her Majesty replied that she was happy to find, as Provost of this Burgh, one who had so long served under her revered father.

Immediately on the conclusion of this part of the ceremony, the Royal cavalcade began to move. The carriages of the Provost, Magistrates, and Council—preceded by the Newhouse Band—advanced in front of Her Majesty, who was immediately followed by the other Royal carriages. Behind the latter, the members of the Guildry—with the Milton Band at their head—advanced in procession. The Guildry was followed by the Seven Incorporated Trades of the burgh, who fell into the procession as it advanced into the town. After the Trades came the Excisemen.

As the cavalcade approached the town, Her Majesty was everywhere hailed with the most rapturous cheering, waving of handkerchiefs, and every other demonstration of loyalty and attachment: The route taken by the procession was along the west end of Cowane Street, and up St. Mary's Wynd and Broad Street to the Castle, and on emerging from St. Mary's Wynd into Broad Street the scene was of the most gay and animated description. Every window presented a group of joyous faces, eagerly waiting for a glimpse of Royalty, and as Her Majesty's carriage drove into the street, such a burst of cheering broke forth as the walls of old Stirling had never before heard. Her Majesty was obviously greatly delighted, and acknowledged the huzzas and waving of handkerchiefs by repeated bowing and smiling towards both sides of the street.

INSPECTION OF THE CASTLE.

On arrival at the Castle—the entrance to which was laid with crimson cloth—the Royal party alighted, and were received by Sir Archibald Christie, Deputy Governor, and saluted

by a guard of honour of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, the pipers striking up the Queen's Anthem. Her Majesty having acknowledged the salute, proceeded through Queen Anne's Gate, which anciently formed the outer portal of the Castle. The batteries had been laid with crimson cloth, in anticipation of Her Majesty paying them a visit, but want of time precluded her from inspecting these, and witnessing one of the finest scenes in Britain. On reaching the upper square, the Parliament House and the Chapel Royal were pointed out.

At the Governor's house—the Douglas Room—there were in attendance to receive Her Majesty and the Prince, Lady Christie and the Misses Christie; Colonel Tytler, Fort Major; Sir George Murray, colonel of the 42nd Royal Highlanders; Miss Murray; Deputy Fort-Major Peddie; the Countess of Mar; the Honourable Miss Abercromby; the Honourable Mrs Lefroy; Lady Seton Steuart, and the Misses Steuart. Her Majesty descended to the Garden, and viewed the magnificent scenery from the terrace, and had the various places of interest pointed out to her. On the King's Knot being pointed out, Her Majesty was graciously pleased to order that it should be carefully preserved. Her Majesty and the Prince throughout showed that they were well acquainted with the history of the interesting spot they had visited.

THE “GUDEMAN O' BALLANGEICH.”

After the party had partaken of cake and fruit, the Governor directed Her Majesty's attention to an old chair with the inscription on white satin—"The identical chair on which James V. sat when the following circumstance, narrated in the Statistical Account, happened—Being once benighted when out a-hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor at the foot of the Ochil Hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regale their unexpected guest, the gude-man (i.e., landlord, farmer) desired the gudewife to fetch the hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the plump-est, for the stranger's supper. The King, highly pleased with his night's lodgings and hospitable entertainment, told

mine host at parting, that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling he would call at the Castle, and inquire for the Gudeman o' Ballangeich. Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the Gudeman o' Ballangeich, when his astonishment at finding that the King had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and to carry on the pleasantries, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Mr Erskine (now Earl) of Mar, till very lately." Her Majesty smiled to Sir Archibald, and bore off the printed cloth.

Her Majesty also entered the Chapel Royal, the scene of the baptism of Prince Henry, eldest son of James VI., and first Prince of Wales of the Stuart line, being received by the Rev. Mr Watson, chaplain to the garrison, surrounded by most of the clergymen of the town, among whom were the Rev. Messrs Beith, Cupples, Stewart, Gilfillan, MacKray, Marshall, Henderson, Steedman, and M'Kerrow, from Bridge of Teith. Crossing the upper square, and entering the lower, the military again saluted, Mr Abercromby, who carried the colours, lowering them as Her Majesty passed, and at the drawbridge Her Majesty took leave of the Governor. As Her Majesty was about to start, Miss Christie, the Governor's daughter, presented her with a panoramic view of the scene, her own pencilling.

The procession moved down town to the Burgh Gate in Port Street, where a triumphal arch was erected, and here the Magistrates took leave of Her Majesty. The Yeomanry of the county were stationed on the outer side of the arch, ready to escort her to the eastern boundary of the county, and Her Majesty then set forward at a rapid pace.

THE DAY'S FESTIVITIES.

The Magistrates and a number of townsmen returned to the Town House, in Broad Street, where Her Majesty's health was pledged. The company afterwards proceeded to the

Bowling Green, where the Guildry and Trades were assembled, and the same toasts were again proposed and responded to. Immediately thereafter nearly 400 of the poor of the town were entertained to refreshments in the Bowling Green, each person being supplied with a pie, bread and cheese, and table-beer, followed by a pint of strong ale. After dinner dancing took place, kept up with much spirit; then an ox, which W. R. Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton, had presented, and which was being roasted in the Valley, was ready to be served out, when each received a portion, and returned to their homes. At 4 o'clock a large party of the inhabitants sat down to dinner in the Guild Hall—Provost Galbraith being in the chair, and W. R. Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton, croupier. The Milton instrumental band was present. In the evening a ball took place in the Corn Exchange.

THE STIRLING WEAVER AND SIR ROBERT PEEL. AN INCIDENT OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

During Her Majesty's progress down Baker Street the crowd was very great, and the respect of the people for their Queen, or the force of dragoons which accompanied Her Majesty's carriage, could hardly prevent the dense living mass from being impelled upon Her Majesty's coach. It was quite impossible, however, to prevent some little obstruction to the carriages which followed, and when the one containing Sir Robert Peel, the Earl of Aberdeen, and two ladies, approached, the crowd was driven upon it, and one man, to save himself from being trodden down, laid his hands on the side. Upon this Sir Robert, who was seated next the man, asked him what he meant. The man told him the reason, showing him the necessity; "But," continued he, "as I am accidentally brought into conversation with the Prime Minister, I beg to tell you, Sir Robert, that if you do not repeal the Corn Laws, the working people, as well as the manufacturers of this country, will be entirely ruined, as trade has fallen, and is still falling so low, that nobody can live by it, in consequence of the high price of provisions, caused by the Corn Laws, and also the

limited amount of foreign trade, resulting from the monopoly in corn."

Sir Robert, hearing the man speaking so quietly, looked at him, and said, "You seem a respectable man, and are well clothed; what are you?"

"I am a weaver," replied the man; "and if I am well clothed, it is the fruit of former savings; but my pockets are now, and have been for months, empty; my meal-barrel at home is also empty, as well as the cupboard; my house is also beginning to get empty, and when that is finished, my good clothes must follow; and then, neither I nor many others will have a coat to go to church or to honour the Queen when she appears among us."

Sir Robert answered, "You should tell these things to Her Majesty."

"No," said the man; "I have no access to the Queen, but you have, and are, besides, Prime Minister, and I am telling you, that if the Corn Laws are not totally repealed, you will drive the country to such an extremity, as that neither you, the Ministry, nor even the Queen, will be safe. If," continued he, rising in confidence as he got along, "you suspected, Sir Robert, that any harm was intended you when I seized the carriage, you are greatly mistaken. No, Sir Robert, the people of Stirling will protect you much better than those dragoons could do, and see you safely out of the town, without hurting a hair of your head; but, remember, the Corn Laws must be repealed, totally repealed, or the country will either be ruined or rise in rebellion, or both. Good morning."

THE OMNIUM GATHERUM SOCIETY AND THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

This ancient society, it may have been observed, did not take part in welcoming Her Majesty, and the reason therefor is found in the following extract from the minute-book of the body, copied verbatim et literatim:—

Stirling, 9 September, 1842.

At a Meeting regularly warned, and held in the Trades hall

for the purpose of taking the sense of the General body, as to what steps should be taken to Compliment her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, who is to pass from the North through Stirling on her way back to Dalkeith Palace, thence to London, along with her spouse Prince Albert.

Seven only having come to the Meeting; after some discussion we consider ourselves bound to testify in some way or other, our sincere respect for Royalty, more especially that Her Majesty has hitherto acted in a most liberal way, always shewing a true and delicate sense of the dictates of Her high station. It being not convenient for the body to walk in procession, they agree to meet in Hugh Fraser's house, and Drink Her Majesty's health. The sum of one shilling for each member to be taken from the funds of our end, and each member to pay at least sixpence in addition, and whatsoever member may attend, the same to be allowed by the Body, not to exceed one pound.

God save the Queen.

WILLIAM MITCHELL, Deacon.

Forth and Clyde Railway.

On 12th January, 1854, the first sod of the Forth and Clyde Junction Railway was cut by the Duke of Montrose.

The National Wallace Monument.

✓ LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

On Monday, 24th June, 1861, Scotland at last made effort to atone for neglect of the memory of the patriot, Sir William Wallace, and if numbers and enthusiasm could make up in any manner for that neglect, the effort proved a decided success, for never had gathering so vast been seen in Stirling. From early morning trains arrived from all parts, with municipal bodies, Volunteers, and about 200 lodges of Masons, Odd-

fellows, Crispins, and others. 40 bands of music and pipers innumerable discoursed martial and patriotic airs, "Scots Wha Ha'e," "God Save the Queen," and the "Masons' Anthem" being the favourites. Various estimates were made of the numbers present, one being placed as high as one hundred thousand, the procession itself extending fully two miles. Conspicuous in the line were 30 companies of Volunteers, representing as many regiments, and under command of Colonel Griffiths, of the Scots Greys. The Commander-in-Chief had granted permission for 400 soldiers being present, and 150 policemen were drafted to the district to preserve order and prevent accidents on the top of Abbey Craig.

The bodies taking part in the procession assembled in the King's Park, and moved off shortly after 1 o'clock, a signal-gun being fired from the Castle, and the public bells ringing out a merry peal. The line of route was crowded with spectators, and at Causewayhead the assemblage was so dense as to make the road impassable. The procession was headed by Lieut.-General Sir James Maxwell Wallace, K.C.B., representative in the male line of the Scottish hero, after whom came the Grand Marshals, Captain Rochhead and Chief-Constable Meffen. The various Artillery and Rifle Volunteers, Curling Clubs, Gardeners' lodges, and Oddfellows' and St. Crispin lodges followed; and amongst the local bodies taking part were the ancient Society of Omnim Gatherum; the master and pupils of Allan's and Cunningham's Mortifications; the Stirling Cadet Corps; the Seven Incorporated Trades, with the "Blue Blanket"; the Convener Court; the Guildry Officer carrying the Stirling Jug; the members of the Guildry; the Town Officials; the Town Chamberlain, bearing on a cushion the silver keys of the burgh. The master-gunner of Dumbarton Castle carried the sword of Sir William Wallace, and a servant of the Earl of Elgin that of King Robert the Bruce. Another sword of King Robert Bruce was sent by Sir James Walker Drummond, Bart. of Hawthornden; the sword of the Laird of Lundin (supposed to have been used by him at the battle of Stirling Bridge) was sent by Lady Willoughby d'Eresby; and the sword of the Black Douglas by William Campbell of Tullichewan, whilst martial banners which had waved at Flodden, and

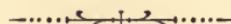
numerous other memorials of many a bloody fray were to be seen. The summit of the Craig was reached by the Grand Master Mason and the Grand Lodge about 3 o'clock, and the stone was then laid with the usual solemnities, the following documents, in a crystal vase, being placed in the cavity of the stone:—A copy of “Wallace, and His Times” (by James Patterson); “Life of Wallace” (published by Murray & Son); “Burns’ Poetical Works” (Gall & Inglis); “Lady of the Lake;” “A Week at Bridge of Allan, &c. (by Dr Rogers); “British and Masonic Calendar for 1861” (compiled by Donald Campbell, Esq.); “The National Wallace Monument—the Site and the Design” (by Dr Rogers); inscriptions on vellum, with list of Wallace Committee and Town Council of Stirling, list of Grand Lodge; circulars, programme, and poem on the occasion of the ceremonial by Mr James Macfarlane, coins, New Testament, and medal.

The Duke of Athole having completed the ceremonial, the Union Jack was hoisted, and the booming of 21 guns from Stirling Castle announced that the stone was laid. Then followed a loud burst of triumph from the vast multitude which environed the Craig and watched the proceedings.

The day’s festivities were appropriately terminated with a banquet in the Corn Exchange Hall. Sir Archibald Alison presided, and the other speakers included Sir James Stuart Menteith, Bart.; Sir James Maxwell Wallace; Colonel Archibald Alison; Professor Blackie; Sheriff Glassford Bell; Sheriff Tait; and Mr Henry Inglis of Torsonce.



JACOBITICAL.



STIRLING, from its position, has always, as is well known, been regarded as of prime importance from a strategical point of view, the records of the conflicts which have been waged in its vicinity affording abundant evidence of this fact. Mainly because of its position in the centre of Scotland, and at the neck of land formed by the Firth of Forth and the western hill country, all roads had to converge in its neighbourhood, and it was long regarded as the "Key to the Highlands." It was to effect the passage of the Forth at Stirling that the Earl of Mar and the Jacobite army advanced from Perth in the beginning of November, 1715, when they were met by the Royalists, under the command of the Duke of Argyle, at Sheriffmuir, and the famous encounter took place which proved so disastrous to the Jacobites, although both commanders claimed the victory, the contention giving rise to the very clever ballad by the Rev. Murdoch M'Lennan of Crathie, "The Race at Sheriffmuir," which has it :—

" There's some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
Some say that name wan at a', man :
 But one thing I'm sure,
 That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was which I saw, man :
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa', man."

An Incident of Sheriffmuir.

In 1852, Mr Alexander Wilson, shoemaker, Stirling, wrote as follows :—" My grandfather, William Wilson, was born in the farmhouse of Drumbrae, on the estate of Airthrey, at no great distance from the field of Sheriffmuir. At the rebellion of 1715, he was a lad of fifteen years of age, and learning that the rebels under the Earl of Mar had met with the Royal forces under the Duke of Argyle in the neighbourhood, on the morning of Sunday, the 12th November, whilst it was still dusk, he went to the top of a neighbouring hill, named Glentye, from which the whole of the moor was discernible, and on which a number of country people were stationed, attracted to the spot, like himself, by curiosity. Being at no great distance from both armies, he could see them distinctly. The Highlanders, who observed no regular order, he compared to a large, dark, formless cloud, forming a striking contrast to the regular lines and disciplined appearance of the Royal army. After observing them for some space of time, an orderly dragoon, sent by the Duke of Argyle, rode to the spot where the spectators stood, warning them to remove from the position, in which they were in as great danger as the combatants themselves. My grandfather accordingly returned home, listening with awe to the sharp report of musketry, intermixed with the booming of cannon, which now informed him that the battle had commenced. He had not been long in the house when a dismounted dragoon made his appearance, requesting to have his left wrist bandaged, so as to stop the blood. The hand had been cut off, and his horse killed under him, and he was on his way to Stirling to seek surgical aid. While his wishes were being complied with, he occupied himself in taking some refreshments, till one of the farm servants came in and warned him that four armed Highlanders were coming down the hill in the direction of the house. The soldier, who had no doubt been taught in the Marlborough school, and served perhaps at Rambles and Blenheim, immediately went out to the front of the house, which concealed him from his enemies.

Presently he heard by the footsteps that one was near, when he instantly presented himself at the gable, and shot the foremost Highlander with his carbine, then seeing that the others came on in Indian file, with short distances between, he advanced to meet them, dropping the second with a bullet from his pistol, and cut down the third with his sword. The fourth, seeing the fate of his comrades, took to flight. After this wholesale execution, the dragoon, with perfect coolness, returned to the house, finished his repast tranquilly, said his thanks and adieus, and went off in the direction of Stirling. The next morning the country people were summoned to bury the dead. The ground was thickly covered with cranreuch, and life still remained in numbers of both armies, who begged earnestly for water. But what struck my grandfather particularly, was that the heads and bodies of a great many of the slain Royalists were horribly mutilated by the claymores of the Highlanders ; while on those of the Highlanders themselves nothing was observed but the wound which caused their death.

The False Testimony.

James Stirling, of Keir, great-great-grandfather of the present laird, married the eldest daughter of the fifth Lord Blantyre. He was a Jacobite, compromised in the rising of 1715, yet, though said to have taken an active part in that enterprise, when brought to trial it happened that the indictment against him was limited to one point only, his appearance at a certain treasonable meeting, which was, however, sufficient to entail on him, if convicted, the full penalty for treason, consequently his life and fortune depended upon one fact. If he could prove an alibi, he was safe; but, otherwise, he was sure to be condemned, with little hope of mercy. The principal evidence was that of an old and attached servant, who had attended his master to the gathering, and who was an extremely reluctant witness. Keir well knew that this man's evidence would be conclusive against him, and so resigned himself to his fate. But to his great surprise—only equalled by the disappointment of the Judge-Advocate—the old servant,

on being put on oath, solemnly swore that his master was not at the Jacobite meeting, but was at the time in a place so far distant that his presence there was quite impossible on the day set forth in the indictment. The witness, questioned and cross-questioned, maintained his statement with the most unblushing effrontery, and told his story with such wonderful consistency that nothing more could be said. Keir was acquitted, and permitted to depart in peace for Perthshire. When fairly on the road, with his faithful servant riding behind him, he reined in his steed, and the following dialogue took place between master and man:—

KEIR—"I, no doubt, owe my life to your testimony, John; but, Lord preserve me, how could you tell such an awful lie? How could you forswear yourself in that barefaced manner? You knew very well I was at that meeting, for you were riding behind me, as you are doing this day."

JOHN—"Weel do I ken that your honour was at the meeting, and frankly do I confess that I did forswear myself; but, then, I thought it far safer for me to trust my soul to the mercy of God than your honour's life in the hands of your enemies."

The Rising in '45.

Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

The Jacobite party had remained in a quiescent state previous to 1739, seeing no hope of their scheme being carried out, but on the breaking out of war with Spain, a fitting opportunity was believed to have come for again striking a blow for him they considered the rightful heir to the throne, thinking, without doubt, France and Spain would lend their assistance.

By 1740 the partisans of the Stuarts had formed associations, engaged to rise whenever assistance was sent from abroad, and such having been agreed to by France in 1743, in February, 1744, a fleet, with an army of 15,000 men on board, was ready

to sail. The British shores being comparatively unprotected, the people were, in consequence, thrown into great alarm, but a storm having arisen, which dispersed the fleet, all chance of harm was avoided. Charles had, however, so great faith that his appearance in Britain would at once rouse the enthusiasm of the inhabitants, that he was with difficulty restrained from setting sail in a fishing boat for Scotland.

Early in 1745 he made great exertions to induce the French to espouse his cause, but without success; and after many repulses, a Mr Waters, a banker in Paris, advanced him 120,000 livres for the purpose of buying fusees, broadswords, gunpowder, and other articles. A Nantes merchant also agreed to take him to the coast of Scotland in a brig of 18 guns, which he had fitted out to cruise against British trade. On the 22nd of June (old style) the Prince embarked at St. Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire, on board the Doutelle, attended by seven friends. The expedition sailed on the 2nd July, and, after many adventures, cast anchor in Lochnanaugh on the 19th. On the 25th he landed from the Doutelle at Borodale, belonging to Clanranald, on the south side of the loch. From Borodale he sent messengers to all the chiefs from whom he expected assistance, Donald Cameron, younger of Lochiel, being the first who came to him. He had been agent in the north of Scotland for the exiled family, for which office he was well qualified on account of his talents and the veneration in which he was held by his countrymen. On the 11th August Charles removed to the mansion-house of Kinlochmoidart, where he was joined by a few of the other chiefs; from thence, on the 18th, he went to Glenaladale, and afterwards, with twenty-five persons, to Loch Shiel, near which he intended to raise his standard. The Marquis of Tullibardine had the honour of flinging to the breeze the standard, a large banner of red silk with a white space in the centre. The Marquis then read a couple of manifestos in the name of James VIII., and a commission, in which James appointed his son Charles to be Regent.

By this time Government had issued a proclamation, offering £30,000 for Prince Charles, who, on learning this, offered a like sum for the person of the Elector of Hanover.

Sir John Cope, who had been appointed commander of the Royal army, had, by the advice of the civil officers of the Crown in Scotland, advanced to Stirling, where he rendezvoused his raw troops, and from whence, after having received permission at Edinburgh, he set out (on the very day Charles raised his standard) for Stirling, to place himself at the head of the troops. Leaving Stirling, he advanced by Crieff and Amulree to Dalnacardoch, which he reached on the 25th, where the difficulties of his campaign became more and more apparent to him. His intention was to make for Fort Augustus, but he found himself and his army intercepted by the insurgents, who were marching to take possession of Corriearroch. Cope had advanced to Dalwhinnie, about 20 miles distant from the mountain, when he received intelligence of this, and on the morning of the 27th August held a council of war, when it was decided to turn aside and proceed to Inverness.

Charles, having thus got quit of the Royal army, made all speed for the Lowlands, and on Friday, 13th September, passed Doune on his way to the Ford of Frew, eight miles from Stirling. An incident occurred near Doune which shewed that he was, at least, elected sovereign of the ladies of Scotland.

“Preein’” His Royal Highness’ Mou’.

At the house of Mr Edmonstone of Cambuswallace, the gentlewomen of the district of Menteith had assembled to see him pass; and he was invited to stop and partake of some refreshment. He drew up before the house, and, without alighting from his horse, drank a glass of wine to the health of all the ladies present. The Misses Edmonstone, daughters of the host, acted on this occasion as servitresses, glad to find an opportunity of approaching a person for whom they entertained so much reverence; and when Charles had drunk his wine and restored his glass to the plate which they held for him, they begged, in respectful terms, the honour of kissing his royal highness’ hand. This honour he granted with his usual grace, but Miss Clementina Edmonstone, cousin of the

other young ladies, and then on a visit to Doune, thought she might obtain a much more satisfactory taste of royalty, and made bold to ask permission to "pree" his royal highness' mou'. Charles did not at first understand the homely Scottish phrase in which this request was made, but it was no sooner explained to him than he took her in his arms and gave her a hearty kiss, to the no small vexation, it is added, of the other ladies, who had contented themselves with so much less liberal a share of princely grace.

The Prince at Leckie House.

Aware that his progress would be opposed at the Bridge of Stirling, Charles made his way to the Bridge of Frew, but, before crossing, he sent intimation to the Laird of Leckie that he expected to be with him next day. Leckie could have dispensed with the royal patronage, but his loyalty keeping him from refusing his hospitality, he despatched a note to the Prince in the most fervid language of loyalty. The messenger having been captured by some of Colonel Gardner's dragoons, and the note read, George Moir, the Laird, was seized in the middle of the night, conveyed to Stirling, and detained a prisoner for two years.

The Prince having on Friday, 13th September, crossed at "The Frew," arrived at Leckie House, where "Lady Betty," the Laird's sister, apprised him of what had happened. The best cheer the circumstances could command was, however, provided, and dinner was partaken of. While engaged at the hospitable board, a widow made her appearance in frantic despair, appealing to Lady Betty concerning the gross injustice and inhumanity done her by the stealing of some of her sheep. She was a Widow Forrester, mother of six children, and tenant in Beild, but was more familiarly known in the locality as "Katie Paterson," that being her maiden name. The case was a hard one, and Lady Betty laid it before the pseudo Regent. Proverbial for his gallantry and his affability—for much of which he was indebted to his continental education—he promised recompense afterwards.

Young Lochiel, Chief of the Camerons, and Glencairnaig, of the M'Gregors, hearing of the affair, the latter remarked, "It'll be the Camerons."

"God forbid," said Lochiel; "it's the M'Gregors."

"I'll wager one hundred guineas it's not the M'Gregors," retorted Glencairnaig.

Upon this they left to ascertain, and as they ascended the hill, loaded their pistols, vowing if they were Camerons, Lochiel would shoot them; if M'Gregors, Glencairnaig would. As they passed onward they espied a Cameron with a woolly burden on his shoulders. Lochiel fired, and shot him in the left lung. He then addressed his retainers on the outrageous proceeding of stealing from known friends, and gave warning for the future. The wounded man was conducted as far as Touch, when, getting faint from loss of blood, he was left, and died the following day.

Mr Seton, the Laird of Touch, was then in a foreign clime, though it was shrewdly guessed his feelings were more Jacobite than otherwise; still, as it was known he had made no communication to his dependants, he was freed from the suspicion of having taken hand in the rising. The wright, or house-joiner, on the estate was an austere anti-Jacobite, and refused to make the coffin for the dead man; another joiner in the neighbourhood, of the name of Mellis, whose principles were as stern, but whose sympathy was more manly and humane, made it, and superintended the interment. The body was deposited near the bridge of Mill Burn, a little to the west of the mansion house, and is still pointed out as "The Highlander's Grave." When Mr Seton came home, among other things of review in his absence, this circumstance was narrated to him; he paid off the unfeeling, demonstrative joiner, and inducted the more compassionate man, whose descendants have now long been associated with the district.

After leaving Leckie House the Highland army moved eastwards, fetching a compass to avoid the guns of Stirling Castle, and after passing over the field of Bannockburn, Charles spent the night at Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Paterson, a gentleman most enthusiastic in his cause.

Stirling and the '45.

At the commencement of the rebellion the authorities of Stirling were considerably exercised over the events which were transpiring, the proclamation and arrival of King George, and the alarm occasioned by the reports concerning the movements of the Pretender. The Extracts from the "Burgh Records" contain numerous entries which serve to prove that Stirling was thoroughly loyal. At the time of the '45, however, doubt appears to have been pretty freely expressed concerning the loyalty of the authorities, who surrendered the town to the rebels, "the treachery of the Provost, and the pusillanimity, disaffection, and cowardice of a few of the inhabitants" being spoken of as the cause of the capitulation, although the Magistrates and Town Council, immediately after the publication of the report, adopted very elaborate measures for fully explaining their position and actions. The following is

Prince Charles' Summons for the Surrender of the Town.

Charles, Prince of Wales, &c., Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging.

"To the Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the town of Stirling.

"Intending to take possession of our town of Stirling, we hereby require and command you to give our forces peaceable entry into and possession of the said town, and to receive us as the representative of our Royal father, James the Eighth, by the Grace of God King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging; and as we have a list of all the persons now in arms in the said town, you are expressly required to deliver up to us all their arms,

and likewise all cannon, arms, and military stores presently in the said town; assuring you hereby that if you refuse or delay to receive us, or to deliver up the arms and military stores aforesaid, and thereby oblige us to use that force which Providence has put in our hands, after our discharging one cannon against the said town, no articles of capitulation or protection shall be given to any of the inhabitants for their persons, goods, and effects; and as the town is now blockaded on all sides, if any person therein now in arms shall be apprehended without the walls of the town, they shall be carried to immediate execution. An answer to this is to be returned to our quarters here by 2 o'clock afternoon this day.

"Given at Bannockburn, this sixth day of January, 1746.

"CHARLES, P.R."

This summons was received at 1 o'clock, and immediately the Council and many of the inhabitants met, when it was unanimously agreed to send two commissioners to ask time to deliberate till next day at 10 o'clock, and this crave was acceded to. "By far the greatest part of those present, and who are known to be as zealously affected to his Majesty King George as any in Brittain, gave it as their judgment that to continue the defence of the place would be a dangerous and fruitless attempt. . . . After long reasoning from the above topicks the councill inclosed and aggred to return the following answer,—that as the message received was a summonds of surrendry at discretion, the toun councill could not aggree to any such surrendry, but that they would offer the following terms: that there should be no demand made on the revenue of the town, absolute safety to the inhabitants in their persons and effects, particularly to those of them who had been in arms, and that all arms, &c., in the town should be delivered into the castle." This answer gave great displeasure, and before the return of the deputies, at 8 o'clock at night, "the rebels made 27 discharges of cannon from their battery on the town. Next day the arms were conveyed into the castle by nine in the morning, and the rebels entered the town about three in the afternoon." General Blakeney, who held the

Castle, on hearing what had been decided on, is said to have sent to the Council the following message:—"Gentlemen, as your Provost and Bailies think the town not worth their notice to take care of, neither can I. I will take care of the castle."

General Blakeney being well provided with men and provisions, the Castle was besieged. "By the 12th (January) the rebels, having got all their cannon over the Forth, had broken ground between the church at Stirling and a large house called Mar's work, for erecting a battery there against the castle. . . . they discharged several platoons on the 26th, but without doing any harm. But on the 27th they had two batteries erected; one at Gowan-hill, within forty yards of the castle, and one at Lady's hill. . . . The battery at the Gowan-hill was erected under cover of wool-packs. By the fire from it the upper part of the walls of the castle was a little damaged. . . . Upon the 1st of February the rebels [after blowing up their powder magazine in St. Ninians church] retreated precipitately from Stirling on the approach of the King's army. . . . They forded the Forth at Frew, and proceeded to Crieff. . . . The van of the King's army entered Stirling on the 1st of February, as did the duke the next day."

The advent of the rebels into the town occasioned not a little trouble and annoyance to the inhabitants, by reason of plundering and other depredations, and the minutes and accounts for the period bear evidence of considerable expense having been caused. On 3rd May "The council having heard a petition of Thomas Campbell craving reparation for some losses sustained by him occasioned by the rebels being here, they allow him thirty pound Scots on that account. Appoint their treasurer to pay to John Hall, coalman, nine pound Scots for his trouble and losses while the rebels were here." On 13th September a claim for carts taken by the rebels was made, and £30 was agreed to be given towards satisfying the losses; and on 2nd May, 1747, Andrew Johnstone, merchant and inn-keeper, craved "allowance for the losses he sustained and inconveniences he was put to," and "the council therefore allow him thirty-six pound Scots on that account."

St. Ninians and the Rebels.

The following has been taken from the minute-books of the Parish of St. Ninians :—

1746.

- It. Jan. 19—No sermon, the Highlandmen being here.
- It. Jan. 26—No sermon, the Highlandmen being here.

St. Ninians, 13 February, 1746.

After prayer. Sedernt.—Min. and Elders.

Which day the Beddal was interrogate what of the Utensils were left after the late burning of the church (which happn'd on the first of the month of February, by the blowing up of the Powder Magazine that was lodged in the church, belonging to the rebel army, and by which the death of a considerable number of the inhabitants and others was occasioned). The Beddal replied, The Trams of the Litter were safe, as also the mortcloths, saddle cloths and cloath of the Litter. They ordered the Litter immediately to be repaired and a new Tent to be made. The Beddal further represented that the Highlandmen had carried off one of the mortcloths and the pulpit cloth.

June 5th—The minister having gotten an order from the Lord Justice Clerk to take up a List of all men within the parish above sixteen who had not born arms in this unnatural rebellion. The sessions appoint the Elders in their respective quarters to bring in the Lists that the same may be transcribed and transmitted to the Justice Clerk, and this to be done with all expedition.

June 8—An act of the Assembly was read enjoining a day of solemn thanksgiving to be observed on the last Thursday of June instant, being the 26th of that month, for the happy deliverance from the late unnatural Rebellion.

It. June 26—Collected by Henry Pow and James Aikman being a thanksgiving day applied by the assembly for the victory obtained over the Rebells at Culloden. 0006.07.00

Blowing Up of St. Ninians Church.

The following extract is from the account-book of Prince Charles :—

18 Jan., 1746—Saturday—The Prince at Falkirk, whether he ordered the corpses of Sir Robert Munro, of Colonel Whitney, and some other officers belonging to Hawley's army, to be brought and buried in the churchyard.

Jan. 22—Wednesday at Bannockburn—

Paid for veal,.....	£0	12	0
To hens, 34 at 8d.,.....	1	2	8
To egges,	0	3	0
To a stone of common candles...	0	8	0
23—To Mr Don for wine,.....	17	0	0
To 39½ gall. ale,.....	3	6	0
To a boll of meal,.....	0	12	0

Feb. 1—Saturday—The Prince and his army began their retreat from Stirling, Bannockburn, &c. By an accident the church of St. Ninians was blown up, there being a quantity of powder lodged in it. Some country people and some Highlanders were killed by the blowing up of the church.

A Tradition of the '45.

Among the few tradesmen of Stirling who favoured the Pretender was one John M'Ewen, more familiarly styled "Jock," a shoemaker in Broad Street. So devoted was he that he left his "lingles and his ellshins" to help his favourite, and joined the Jacobites. As they journeyed southwards "Jock" got tired of the campaign, and fearing that the cause was not to be so very fortunate as he at one time imagined, bade his "Pretendership" and followers good-bye on reaching

Carlisle, and quietly pursued his way homewards, betaking himself with "a calm sough" to his usual avocations. "Jock" described some of the scenes he had witnessed to a few cronies who gathered to listen to the scintillations of this son of St. Crispin, and used to narrate with great emphasis any of the victories of the "rebels," and dilate with seeming satisfaction on the discomfiture of the Royalists, whether an individual or regiment. He gloried in telling of the "reiving" propensities of the Highlanders, and expatiated with merriment on the occurrences which took place between these and plain country wives when the contents of their "aumries" were laid under contribution in order to satisfy the invading force.

Patiently listening to these narratives of rapine and injustice sat his apprentice, William Morrison, a little boy not far in his "teens," known as "little Willie." Willie's office was to keep warm at the side of the fire "the blackin" which the "masters" put on their work when finishing it. One day, while so engaged, his "master" had been recounting some direful proceedings with a levity that fairly frightened Willie, who got quite dumfounded, and capsized the "blacking pot" into the fire, ran out of the shop, and declared "he ne'er would s'er out his time wi' Jock M'Ewen." Young as he was, he had formed an opinion concerning the Royalist over the Pretender's claims, and the stories told by his "cork" had inspired him with the idea that justice would never permit such a cause to prosper. On no account could Willie be prevailed on to go back to his employer.

It happened that about that time General Blakeney, Governor of the Castle, wished to send a dispatch to General Hawley, who was in the neighbourhood of Falkirk, and Willie was selected as being trustworthy. Getting the dispatch, he took off his "chanel pumps" (a shoe whose inside lining was only fixed at the heel, while the forepart was loose), deposited the important document under the same, and trudged onwards to Falkirk without fear of detection. In due time it was safely delivered, and he returned with an answer.

"Willie" learned his craft under another master than "Jock," and latterly commenced "cork" for himself, and married a daughter of "Tam Garland," the predecessor of

"Jock Rankine," the "hangman." Garland was in office in 1745 and 1746. Willie Morrison had an only daughter, who was familiarly known as Miss Morrison, "the mantuamaker," a very respectable young lady, highly patronised by the elite of Stirling. Her father was a little, particular sort of a body, nicknamed "Beau Morrison," but a strictly honest man, who used to boast that "he burned his ledger every Saturday night," meaning by that that he was never in debt, and that no one owed him anything at that time. His house was where now stands the Star Hotel, at the foot of Baker Street.

As a proof of William Morrison's hatred of debt, it may be best illustrated by his independent treatment of old Mr Glas (father of Provost Glas, who died in 1814), who lived in that building opposite the Bank of Scotland belonging to Provost Forrest. One day Mr Glas' servant went across to William to get a shoe repaired, the time being specified when it was to be ready. Punctual to his word, the job was done, and the servant, calling to get the shoe, asked the charge. "Twa shillings" (twopence), says the cobbler. She "would bring it ower the noo." "Na, na," says Willie; "it'll be as weel lying aside me dry, as oot o' the hoose." The consequence was that the maid had to get the "twa shillin's," and pay it before she got the mended shoe. Old Mr Glas sometimes in his merry moods used to relate the affair, alleging that he had no credit for "twa shillings" with his ain door nei'bour, but could get credit for £10,000 worth of wood from Memel "frae folks he ne'er saw wi' his twa een, and without a grudge."

Mrs. Leckie: A Stirling Story of the '45.

"Old times are changed, old manners gone:
A stranger fills the Stuarts' throne."

On the retreat of the Highland army to Stirling in 1746, after the battle of Falkirk, a young French officer, named Louvois, appeared there, said to have been attached to the

engineering department of the rebel forces. He was not alone, his companion being a tall, handsome young woman, who might be from twenty-five to thirty years old. Independently of being attired in the most fashionable mode, it was easy to see that her features were of that delicate French cast of which the Scotch and English cannot boast, and that her manners were at once unconstrained and elegant. According to the stranger's own statement, her mother was the favourite waiting-maid of the celebrated Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, and her father a man of distinction, named Le Croix, who held a high place on the personal staff of the renowned Prince Eugene, commander-in-chief of the Austrian armies, who gained brilliant victories side by side with Marlborough.

At the time of which we speak the chief or only inn in Stirling was the Coffee-House, situated in Bow Street, approached by a narrow, dark close, and kept by a person of the name of Hexboy. At the period of the Rebellion it formed the headquarters of Lord John Drummond and the principal officers in the Pretender's army.

The attempt to take Stirling Castle by the rebels proving abortive, they found it expedient to call a hasty muster-roll and proceed northward. The friend of Mdlle. Le Croix had also to depart, but for some reason he found it inconvenient to take her with him. The friends did not meet again, the gallant officer being with good reason supposed to have fallen bravely at Culloden, and Mdlle. Le Croix was thus left in a situation strangely yet simply romantic—poor and beautiful.

In this state of matters she resolved to remain in the house of Hexboy, which she was the more induced to do in consequence of her liberal education having included the art of preparing, with singular delicacy, venison, pastry, and confectionery, commodities then in great demand by the wealthy and luxurious. At this her new employment she continued for six or seven years, at the end of which period the death of Hexboy took place, and the establishment was broken up. On this event occurring, Mdlle. Le Croix found it necessary to apply her cunning in the preparation of confectionery to the purposes of support. She therefore opened a place of business

in that house known as Fisher's Land, on the east side of Baker Street—or, as it was then called, “Baxter's Wynd.” To realise the appearance of this shop, the reader will be pleased to learn that at this time any shops which were in “Baxter's Wynd” were little above the level of the street, and were known by the name of “Vouts,” or Vaults, to which access was only obtained after a descent of seven or eight rugged stone steps, at the manifest risk of getting a compound fracture or mishap. In this place Mdlle. Le Croix settled down. It contained within its walls, besides the front shop, a “spence” or parlour, bedroom, and bakehouse. In no long time this strange personage acquired a considerable trade in Stirling, more especially as the preparation of the sweets she vended was gone about in a much more recherche manner than in general. But besides her town business, she acquired the patronage of the county families, whose old lumbering carriages were often to be seen standing at her door. These had, however, a more important object than the mere purchase of pastry.

Shortly after Mdlle. Le Croix began business her strong Jacobite views became known, and at that time not a few county men participated in these popular political predilections. Hence it became an almost daily occurrence to see the carriages of the “gentry,” as they were called, at the little shop, and many a bluff old coachman looked down with an exclamation of impatience at being too long detained, saying, “What can keep his honour sae lang wi' the wife the day? I'm thinking there's something else gaun on than the eating o' Queen's Breakfast” (a peculiar kind of French pastry).

Mdlle. Le Croix's political views placed her in a peculiar position. The retainers and followers of the exiled House of Stuart had many friends in blood and sentiment in this part of the country, who were, of course, anxious to communicate with each other on the subject which had their unqualified sympathy—the Pretender's fortunes. They therefore easily induced Mdlle. Le Croix to become the medium of communication by receiving letters from disaffected persons, who called at her shop very frequently in disguise. The shop was well suited for visitors incognito, as during the day, from the smallness of the

window, there was only sufficient light to allow a customer to discern where he was, while in the evening the flickering light of a single farthing candle rendered this somewhat doubtful. It was said that on one occasion, while a little boy was in the shop purchasing "Queen's Breakfast," a tall man dressed as a beggar entered, and, after asking some charity, handed a letter to Mdlle. Le Croix. He then addressed her in French or some other foreign language, to which she replied fluently, but made a movement indicating that some one was present. At this moment the eye of the stranger fell upon the little boy, whom he had not apparently previously observed. The discovery had an instantaneous effect, for, without another word, the stranger hurriedly disappeared. His disguise, however, was not altogether complete, for the little fellow afterwards said the man wore a "bricht" hoop ring on one of his fingers.

Shortly after commencing business Mdlle. Le Croix assumed the Scotch name of Mrs Leckie. This, it is supposed, was in order to lull the suspicions of Loyalists, who, though their jealousy was less keen than heretofore, looked upon a Jacobite with a feeling akin to distrust. She wore a black gown with high "pocket holes," through which the skirts were drawn half a yard on each side. She also wore on all occasions a large black bonnet, or, as then called, a "cap," the size of which was in marked contrast to modern millinery productions. One particular feature in her dress was the necktie or cravat, very generally worn by elderly ladies, and composed of pure white muslin stiffened. Mrs Leckie always wore the cravat above her chin, and even when near her very little more of the lower part of her countenance could be seen than the mouth. When she appeared abroad she wore high-heeled scarlet slippers, which raised her nearly an inch off the ground. Her style of walking was graceful, and even at eighty there was something elastic and ballroom-like in her step. Indeed, there was a tone of quiet dignity about her whole personality, rendered, if possible, more imposing from the fact of her carrying a gold-headed "staff" or cane, fully five feet high. She carried the staff, not by the top, but rather nearer the centre, and from her tall figure and deportment it seemed quite appropriate for the wearer. We have said that in youth Mrs Leckie's carriage

was distinguished by elegant ease. Age came and wrinkles claimed a place on the once smooth brow, but it did not alter her lady-like demeanour, her courteous address, or her winning smile. Young and old alike, irrespective of rank, approached her with pleasure, and generally left her with regret.

In the latter end of her career, and when in an amiable mood, she narrated many strange and interesting stories illustrative of Jacobite doings, which none but a person immediately concerned could have told.

During the last years of Mrs Leckie's life she numbered amongst her more intimate friends and customers, Lady Kinloch of Moidart, an old Catholic personage who resided at the Howff (in the Shore Road, now occupied by the site of the railway bridge). The old lady, with her lovely daughter, Mrs Macdonald, supported that rank which naturally belonged to them, surrounded by the infinite accessories of luxury. These ladies were deeply interested in the fortunes of the Chevalier, but not more so than another ancient dame, known as Lady Glenbuckie, widow of Colonel John Roy Stewart. This remarkable personage was, at the time we speak of her, old enough to be called venerable. Her pride, her prejudices, her hopes, were all centred in "Charlie," and to the latest period of her life she dreamt of the restoration of the House of Stuart.

Mrs Leckie, although holding a very different rank from the ladies mentioned, possessed their confidence and friendship, and on many occasions was invited to meet them at Lady Kinloch's, where the subject of conversation was almost entirely Jacobite topics. Besides these dames, Mr Macdonald, an old Highland gentleman returned from America, and who resided in Stirling, was generally a guest at Lady Kinloch's. He was universally known as the "Papist," in consequence of his being a Roman Catholic, of whom there would not then be more than half-a-dozen in Stirling. At these convivial meetings the health of "the King over the water" was drunk in large glasses of cognac, as well as in a less potent beverage called "orange water." When the loyalty of this hearty group waxed warm, the "Papist," who, although verging on eighty, was a hale old man, contributed to the happiness of the meet-

ing by singing in real Highland fashion, “Although his back be at the wa’,” and the air of the “Auld Stuarts back again,” which stood in the place of our “God Save the Queen.”

In the summer of 1798 Mrs Leckie was seized with a lingering sickness, which, after several months, terminated fatally. Many kind friends were not awanting in this most trying period of her life. These friends were not of her own class, for many a lady in silk rustled down her narrow little stair, bringing cordials and other tokens of esteem. Nor did some of the then county ladies think their white hands soiled when they clasped those of the venerable admirer of “The Young Chevalier.”

As we have seen, Mrs Leckie’s early life was tinged with romance, and, as if in conformity with her former existence, romance followed her to the grave. She was interred in Stirling Churchyard, her funeral being conducted under the management of a wealthy physician in Stirling, whose father-in-law lost his head at Carlisle for adherence to the house of Stuart. The funeral procession was large, and included almost every rank. It was remarked that the members of most of the Jacobite families of the district were conspicuous in the solemn procession, and that they seemed to mourn a tried friend.

Immediately before her death Mrs Leckie requested one of her more intimate acquaintances to go to a particular part of her house and bring her a small casket or box. This box or its contents had never before been seen by any of her friends, however intimate. It opened on touching a secret spring, and contained some gold lockets and other articles of jewelery, which Mrs Leckie said were of no ordinary historic and intrinsic worth. The appearance of these relics amply confirmed this statement, and seemed to say that their antecedents were more than ordinarily curious. These articles were few in number, but, so far as they went, Mrs Leckie distributed them to her more attached friends as parting tokens of regard. Where they are, or who now own them, none can say, but from the description we have got of them we are sure many an antiquarian society would now give them a distinguished place in their hall of curiosities as valued links of the past.

The Jacobite Ladies of Murrayshall.

Some years ago there lived in an old Scottish farmhouse three maiden ladies—Miss Marion, Miss Jenny, and Miss Lily W——. Their father, a staunch Jacobite, had been a lawyer in Edinburgh. Upon his death they had found a home in the house of their brother, whose political opinions also favoured the Stuart cause. In their brighter days the family possessed a comfortable little estate—the Sands—on the banks of the Forth; but after the troubles of “the '45” Mr W—— the younger had been obliged to retire with his excellent wife and large family of sons and daughters to Murrayshall Farm, and had accepted the post of factor or land steward to his relative, the Laird of P——, from whom he rented the farm on a long lease. In time certain of his daughters married, while his sons pushed their fortunes in different ways—in trade, in medicine, and other honourable callings; the church, the army, navy, the law being closed professions to them since they could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to the House of Hanover.

Mr W——’s income was very small when he settled at Murrayshall, so small that people in our luxurious days would regard his condition as one of real poverty. But although there was much self-denial, there was certainly no want in that picturesque farmhouse. Mr W—— reared his family creditably, gave a home to his maiden sisters, and supplied shelter and hospitality to many another friend and relative.

Years went past. Miss Marion and her two sisters were at length left alone at Murrayshall with their old aunt Katharine, who was bedridden. Every night Mrs Katharine enjoyed her glass of whisky toddy—there was no sherry or port wine negus for invalids of limited means in those days—and then the youthful nephews and nieces, some of whom were generally staying at Murrayshall, were admitted to say good night, and receive the grand-aunt’s blessing. Much some of them wondered when she rehearsed her nightly list of toasts—the healths respec-

tively of all at home, of such members of the family as were in foreign parts, and last, not least, of him "over the water." Aunt Katharine died—the children grew up, married and settled—their children again gathered around the home hearth of Murrayshall, and listened with eager faces and loving hearts to the old world stories of their good grand-aunts, Miss Marion, Miss Jenny, and Miss Lily.

It was a home to love and remember, with its quaint nooks and corners, where, among old strange relics of a bygone age, childish eyes looked with wonder on hoops and high-heeled shoes, and treasures of rare books and old pictures; its best bedroom, whose chief ornament was the back of an old chair hung against the wall—a sacred chair, for had not Prince Charles Edward sat on it? its stone-floored laigh (low) room, once the lady's chamber, where more than one Laird of P— first saw the light; and its garden with its broad, grassy walks, gnarled apple and pear trees, beds of homely vegetables bordered by bright, old-fashioned flowers, and walls clustered over with the white Prince Charlie rose, honeysuckle, and spreading currant bushes.

There was always "rough plenty" with a hearty welcome at Murrayshall. No fancy dairy, but a plain milkhouse, where large bowens (round, flat, iron-hooped wooden basins) threw up the richest cream, and stores of cheese lined the shelves. The butter was the yellowest, the eggs the largest, in the countryside; both fetched good prices at the market town of Stirling.

Orphan and invalid and youthful relatives alike found a home and tender care at Murrayshall. The sad-hearted became cheery, the sickly became strong. Old friends—maiden ladies and widows, with or without a pittance—were honoured guests at the primitive farm-house. The Episcopalian clergy and their families were very welcome there; and welcome, too, were those of other denominations. The poor were cared for, no matter what their creed; the sick were nursed; the troubled in heart or spirit were helped and comforted. The most stiff-necked Cameronian could hardly look grim, though the Murrayshall ladies, in antique silk gowns, short ruffled sleeves, and long black mittens, drove past him on Palm Sunday on their

way to "the chapel," with a bit of palm willow in their hands. Had not Miss Jenny taken calf's foot jelly and mutton broth to his sick child only a few weeks before? And had not Miss Marion knitted a warm woollen cravat for the invalid boy with her own hands?

There were great gatherings at the old house at Christmas time—friends and relatives, long parted, met again at board and hearth. There was also a feast in the kitchen, not only for the servants, but for the cottagers and humble neighbours of the district. There was no stint of roast meat, shortbread and Scotch bun, and the lower guests were not permitted to return to their homes empty-handed. Certain of the more privileged housewives were taken upstairs to see "the ladies," who thoroughly interested themselves in promoting the happiness of all. Above stairs there were games, music, and cheery talk among the young folks, while the old people enjoyed many rubbers at whist.

Miss Marion, with her shrewd common sense and kindly disposition, was the mainstay of the home. She was lame, unfortunately, and so remained much at home, spinning, plying her needle, and writing letters. Miss Jenny had been, it was said, a great beauty in her youth, and indeed was beautiful in old age. She possessed literary tastes, and superintended the education of the many young people who were frequently gathered under the roof-tree of Murrayshall. Miss Lily was the housekeeper of the establishment, and famous for her preserves and currant wine.

The servants were quite fixtures; they were regarded as part of the family, and shared both its joys and sorrows.

Miss Marion died at a great age in 1821.

Miss Jenny, though much her junior, followed her sister to the grave in the great snowstorm of February, 1823.

Miss Lily was then left alone with two elderly nieces, Miss Phemie and Miss Mary, who took charge of the household when their aunt became incapacitated by age and infirmity. But she was only old in years, not in heart. Those who frequented Murrayshall could not readily forget the good old lady in her simple cap, her homely gown crossed in front over the clear white muslin 'kerchief, and a small Indian shawl thrown

over her shoulders. In winter her chair was drawn close to the fire; in summer her place was at a sunny window where the bees hummed among the honeysuckle, and the birds cheered her with their song. Her knitting-basket and snuff-box lay beside her Bible on the broad window ledge. She worked wonderfully for so old a woman. In her youth she had elaborately embroidered more than one gown, by always taking advantage of the odd ten minutes which so many of us let slip past, because they are only ten minutes.

Kind, simple, and charitable as were the ladies of Murrayshall, party spirit, though not affecting their intercourse with their poorer neighbours, most certainly influenced their relations with the magnates of the county. Far closer was the intimacy kept up with the Episcopalian and Jacobite families than with those who, besides being Presbyterians, had been staunch in their adherence to the Hanoverian succession. When visited by one of the latter class, more state and ceremony was observable in the bearing of the good ladies. The conversation was more guarded on both sides in the courteous anxiety of each party not to offend the other's prejudices.

Many a well-appointed equipage slowly ascended the steep, richly-wooded bye road, dignified by the name of avenue, and drew up in the yard or court at the low, massive door, the chief entrance to the house.

The Laird of C——, who had fought when a boy at Minden, returned to Scotland in 1827, a grand-looking old man of eighty, after a strangely chequered life spent more on the Continent than in his native country. He deemed it right to call and pay his respects at Murrayshall, and was duly ushered into the quaint parlour, delicately scented with roses, which in summer filled every flower-vase in the room, while through the open casement came the mignonette from the boxes on the window sills. As Miss Lily, then over ninety, but in the possession of her faculties, rose to meet him, he stepped forward with the alacrity of eighteen and all the grace of "*la vieille cœur*," and astounded the sedate old dame by saluting her in the French fashion with a gentle kiss on each cheek. She bore the greeting, however, with more apparent equanimity than did her niece, Miss Phemie, who was scandalised

and indignant that the head of a strict Presbyterian family, faithful to the reigning dynasty, and himself, it might be, a disciple of Voltaire, should have presumed to take so great a liberty. She could scarcely conceal her displeasure till the fascinating manner and conversation of the stately old laird rivetted all her attention, and even called forth her reluctant admiration. An excellent woman in many ways, Miss Phemie was perhaps somewhat wanting in suavity, and apt to be a little bitter at times.

In a lovely spot not far from Murrayshall, and on the same estate, there had once stood an old Episcopalian chapel; but when half in ruins it had been pulled down by the laird of P——. Some of the stones were even taken to build a wall or cottage. To this, in Miss Phemie's eyes, most sacrilegious act, was it owing, as a judgment from heaven, that the eldest son of the man by whose orders the consecrated building had been removed, was left childless, and the broad lands of P—— were destined to pass to the younger branch of the family; while the humbler folks who had made use of the sacred stones never, according to Miss Phemie, throve afterwards.

Near where the old chapel had stood was a humble farmhouse, the tenant of which once invited the ladies of Murrayshall, and the young people residing with them, to drink tea. Among the young people were some English nieces, who, under the protection of their mother, a clever, strict, and somewhat formal matron, accompanied their Scotch cousins to the rural merry-making. After a ceremonious meal, at which ample justice was done to the fresh-baked cookies and well-buttered flour scones which graced the board, a certain stiffness, which had hitherto prevailed, wore off—the sound of a violin was heard, and the young folks were invited to a dance. As they flew with spirit through the intricate Scotch reel, the host, seeing the Southern lady sitting alone, looking less severe and unbending as she watched the pleased faces around her, suddenly walked up to her and offered himself as a partner for the next dance. On her civil but very decided refusal, he said, “I beg pardon, mem, for maybe ye dinna approve o’ promiscuous dancing among the sexes.”

Of a winter's evening, when the family were gathered round

the fire, whose cheery crackle, with the ticking of the clock and the soughing of the wind were the only sounds heard, one of the Murrayshall ladies in a low clear voice would relate to a youthful audience some of her Jacobite reminiscences. The mother of the sisters was a Haldane—a scion of the Lanrick family, so long devoted to the House of Stuart. After the '45, when the Duke of Cumberland quartered a body of his soldiers at Lanrick, the ladies of the family were restricted to certain rooms, while, in the corridor without, a sentinel kept guard. It was a period of grave danger and trouble—the fugitive Lanrick gentlemen were in hiding in the neighbourhood. One day, Miss Janet Haldane, the laird's sister, went to walk in the grounds with some of her young people, leaving her little niece Cissy in the house. As Miss Janet on her return passed the soldier in the corridor, he said to her in a low voice, without changing a muscle of his countenance or seeming to address her, "Do not let the child be left alone again. Had she shown to another what she has shown to me, it would have brought you into trouble."

On questioning the child, she told her aunt with great glee how she had asked the soldier into their bedroom that she might show him their funny store-cupboard. Then lifting up the valance of the oaken bedstead she called his attention to a number of cheeses which were stowed there—provender that was to be conveyed gradually at night by trusty hands to the men of the family in their place of concealment.

A brother of the three sisters, at that time a little boy, made friends with the Duke's officer who was in charge of Lanrick. William W—— had a handsome silver fork and spoon which had been given him by his godfather. He showed it with childish pride to Captain —, who admired it so much that, in spite of the boy's indignant grief, he appropriated it, thinking himself, no doubt, quite entitled to Jacobite spoils. Years after, when William W—— was a merchant in London, he overheard an old, red-faced military man talking pompously, at a large dinner party, of the Scotch campaign, and mentioning the fork and spoon episode as having heard it from another person, who evidently considered the whole affair a good joke. William W—— got up, crossed over to the officer, and present-

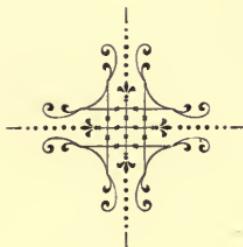
ing his card, said quietly :—" You are the man, sir, and I am the boy."

It was dark and late one night when the Lanrick and Annet men met in conclave at the neighbouring manor house of Annet. Suddenly they were disturbed. There was loud knocking at the door. A troop of soldiers occupied the courtyard, and an English officer demanded entrance in King George's name.

The Jacobites had little time for thought. Escape at the moment seemed impossible. The lights were extinguished, however, and the conspirators quietly ensconced themselves behind a row of long greatcoats and cloaks hanging from pegs in a deep recess caused by a turn of the staircase. Miss Peggy Stuart, the elder daughter of the house, told her sister Annie to keep quiet in the parlour upstairs, and not stir on any account whatever happened. Peggy, waving back the servants, then opened the door herself, and informing the officer there were only "lone women" at home, begged he would leave his men outside and come and search the house himself. Major — courteously granted her request, apologising for intruding at such an untimely hour. Peggy led him upstairs, telling him the steps were worn and bad, and begging him to be careful how he advanced. At the turn of the staircase she redoubled her attention, holding the candle very low, so that the steps might be more distinctly seen. The cloaks, the great-coats, and the hidden men were left behind, the officer again apologising for the trouble he gave. After ascending a few more steps Peggy stumbled, gave a loud shriek, the candlestick fell from her hand, and they were left in utter darkness. "Bring a light, Annie; for heaven's sake bring a light!" and Peggy groaned as if in agony. "Why don't you bring a light, Annie?" she exclaimed again. And then, explaining to Major — that her sister was deaf, she directed him to the parlour on the upper landing, whence he soon emerged, followed by Annie with a lamp in her hand. The officer and Annie assisted Peggy to the parlour sofa, where she bitterly bemoaned her sprained ankle, and acted an effective little fainting scene. After due attention and condolence, the Major, conducted by Annie, made diligent but fruitless search all over the house.

By this time, indeed, the Jacobite gentlemen had fully availed themselves of Miss Peggy's diversion in their favour and had escaped by the back window. Quickly they put the wild muir and the Tod's Glen between them and the house of Annet.

Miss Lily was in her ninety-third year when she was taken away in 1829. After her death there was a great sale of the antique furniture and household treasures of Murrayshall. The craggy furze-clad rocks and the Scotch fir-trees seemed to cast a deeper shadow on the old house from that dreary morning, long years ago, when the last of the Jacobite ladies was carried forth to her last resting-place in the churchyard of St. Ninians.



STIRLING AND ROUND ABOUT.



TN perusing the items which go to make up this section, the reader may be of opinion that the connection of some of them with Stirling is very remote, while others have no bearing whatever on the town or its associations. We have, however, deemed them of sufficient interest as to merit a place in these pages, all the more so by reason of the close and intimate relations which have subsisted between the City of the Rock and the immediate neighbourhood. Several of the items have been obtained while the preceding pages were being printed: hence the reason for their not appearing under their proper headings.

Shop Hours.

In 1837, owing to the refusal of one merchant, the shopkeepers were kept from closing their shops at 9 o'clock at night, as was generally desired.

In March, 1854, the grocers of the town began closing their premises at 10 o'clock on Saturday nights, instead of 12.

Plate-Glass Windows.

About 1845 large plate-glass windows began to be introduced into Stirling, among the first being those of Mr William Graham, ironmonger, King Street, which cost £35, Mr Wright's, Port Street, costing £30 each.

Prices of Provisions.

In November, 1842, the Co-Operative Store sold fresh boiling beef at 4d. per lb., and steak at 4½d. and 5d. In July of that year the fishmongers in town were selling grilse at 4d. and trout at 3d. per lb.

In May, 1857, an octogenarian told in the Stirling Corn Exchange that fifty years before, for a boll of meal he had paid £8, which they were then selling at 26s.

At the election of a member of Parliament for the county, in 1837, the prices of poultry and mutton were—Game cocks, £6; geese, per pair, £12; black sheep, £20.

A Successful Preacher at Airth.

In September, 1854, a townsman went down to Airth on a Sabbath, and so preached on the duty of the bakers that a penny was taken off the loaf on the Monday. The honest people were so pleased with his effective oration, that they asked if he would go back the next Sabbath.

His Twopence-Worth.

On New Year's day, 1852, a well-known worthy was observed coming along Port Street carrying his better-half on his back. On observing a number of country lads distributing "sweeties" among the objects of their affection, he shouted out, "Here, callants, this is my twopence-worth."

Blythe Meat, Blythe Cake, Christening Cake.

The giving of this is an old custom, still, we believe, practised by a few people. On the Sabbath an infant was taken to church for baptism, a parcel was made up, containing fancy

bread in some cases, but more generally bread and cheese, which was offered to the first adult person met on emerging from the house. It was usual for the receiver to turn and accompany the mother and child to the church door, when enquiries were made, and wishes expressed for the infant's health and welfare.

Origin of the Celebrity of Stirling Small Beer, commonly called "Pundy."

In days of yore, when the celebrated George Buchanan, preceptor to James VI., lived in our town, he seems to have been in the habit of visiting the house of a brewster wife, whose ale did not at all please him. He knew, at the same time, that the wife had a great confidence in him as a necromancer, and, in order to chime in with her superstitious ideas, he offered to put her in possession of a charm which would infallibly produce good ale, and secure a large run to her house. He then wrote a few Hebrew words upon a piece of paper, and, folding it up curiously, committed it to her, with the injunction to hold it in her left hand, opposite to her heart, when the browst was in a certain state, and then to take her largest ladle, and with it take out three fills of the water then in the boiler, which she was to throw over her left shoulder, and then to replace that with three fills of the ladle of good malt. This recipe being attended to, the house became largely frequented.

A Dry Crack.

The Rev. Mr S—— was in the habit of making a "running call" on any of his members whose shop he happened to be passing. One day he called at the shop of Mr L——, near the top of the town, who sold a dram. Mr L—— had noticed his approach, and had just time to "pop" his hand up under-

neath his coat-tail. Mr S—— remained longer than Mr L—— expected, and his hand becoming weary through holding it so long at his back, as a last resort he asked the minister if he would not step into the back shop for a little; there was only Bailie S—— there, who had called in to have a "dry crack." No sooner had the minister entered the little room than Mr L—— found time to remove his hand from its uncomfortable position, and with it a "filled gill stoup."

"Tennant's Best."

A man named Tennant, who was hanged in Broad Street, was buried in the courtyard of the Old Jail, near the wall of a brewery, on the other side of which was the well which supplied the work. One day W—— C——, now a well-known townsman, but then a little boy, was passing the shop of Bailie Steel, in Bow Street, when he was called in by the Bailie, and asked to go up to Mr B——, the brewer's, and get two bottles of ale, and to be sure to ask for "Tennant's Best." Off goes Willie, gets Mr B—— himself, and delivers his order. "Ay," says Mr B——, "and wha sent ye, Willie?" "Bailie Steel," says Willie. "Oh! I was thinking sae." Mr C—— says he then got one of the frights of his life; was out of the brewery, down the street, and into his father's shop in Bow Street in a "jiffy," and was ever after wary of any message he went, especially for Bailie Steel.

"Orthodox Ale."

A strange circumstance occurred one Sabbath in a congregation a few miles from Stirling. A countrywoman was in the habit of calling on Sundays at an ale-house for what she termed a bottle of "orthodox ale." On the day in question she called for her ale before the church assembled in the forenoon, and having put it into her pocket went off direct to church. She had not been long there when the "orthodox ale" began fizzing, and in a few minutes afterwards a report

like that of a musket proceeded from her pocket. The woman bawled out, "Oh, mercy on me; I fancy my side is riven." She was immediately taken to the door, when she was found to have sustained no injury excepting the loss of her bottle and the "orthodox ale."

A Shrewd Magistrate.

While D—— P—— was tacksman of the Corn Exchange, the late Bailie W—— had a dispute with him regarding a sum of twopence, which the Bailie considered an overcharge, and refused to pay. As both were "positive," the matter was brought before the sitting Magistrate, the late Bailie John MacEwen, of the firm of D. & J. MacEwen, grocers. After all the pros and cons were gone into, the Bailie, who considered it a trifling affair, and who had had his eyes about him when coming into Court, decided that as he had seen them coming down James Burden's stair (next the Court House, and then a much-frequented public-house) in company, they were just to go back there and settle the matter themselves, which was accordingly done.

The Earl of Menteith and the Town Clerk.

Mr Finlayson, Town Clerk of Stirling in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was noted for the marvellous in conversation. He was on one occasion on a visit to the last Earl of Menteith, in his Castle of Talla, and was about to take his leave, when he was asked by the Earl whether he had seen "the sailing cherry tree?" "No," said Finlayson, "what sort of thing is it?" "It is," replied the Earl, "a tree that has grown out of a goose's mouth from a stone the bird swallowed, and which she bears about with her in her voyages round the loch. It is now in full fruit of the most exquisite flavour. Now, Finlayson," he added, "can you, with all your powers of

memory and fancy, match my story of the cherry tree?" "Perhaps I can," said Finlayson, clearing his throat, and adding, "When Oliver Cromwell was at Airth, one of his cannon sent a ball to Stirling, which lodged in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the men in the Castle was sounding in defiance." "Was the trumpeter killed?" inquired the Earl. "No, my lord," said Finlayson; "he blew the ball back, and killed the artilleryman who had fired it."

Writers' Offices.

Clerks in writers' offices have an easier place now than they had forty or fifty years ago, when the hours were from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. True, the work from 3 till 7 was not very laborious, but still the clerks had to be there, and many a prank and piece of fun took place between those hours, some of the offices being rather lax in the matter of discipline. We remember in the month of March, 1863—about the time of the Prince of Wales' marriage—standing with some of the clerks from an office in Baker Street one afternoon, when we were startled by a loud report, and in a moment, down the close and out to the street ran a young clerk (now a well-known writer in town) with his hands above his head, and immediately after him Mr ("Dr") Haldane, a well-known apothecary, who lived on the flat above the office, crying, "Oh, you villain! you villain! you have nearly blown up the house!" The clerk, with another—now dead—had been making "feezie-ozies" of gunpowder, and burning them on the top of the desk, when the parcel of powder—a goodly quantity—exploded, with the result that Mr Haldane, who had just sat down to dinner, was, as he told us, nearly lifted from the floor. No other mishap, however, took place. What would a writer think now if, coming to his place of business when not expected, he found his clerks busily engaged with a "cock fight?" This actually took place in town.

Discrimination in Health Drinking.

At a dinner in 1837, given by the Incorporation of Weavers in Stirling to John Dick, Esq., amongst the toasts of the evening there was one which included the health of Lord Dalmeny, representative of the burgh, and of Mr Forbes of Callendar, representative of the county. When the chairman, as in duty bound, proposed the joint healths as arranged by the committee, not one man in the meeting would drink the health of Mr Forbes, and a strike took place. It, therefore, became necessary for the chairman to propose the health of Lord Dalmeny alone, which was received with deafening shouts of applause.

An Incident of the Election of 1837.

Mr William Wilson, who was for some time landlord of the Eagle Inn, was a firm supporter of Mr Forbes of Callendar, and drove a number of electors to the polling-booth, amongst them Mr William Thomson, farmer, Moss-side, Bannockburn, grandfather of Mr Robert Thomson, butcher, Port Street. On arriving at the toll-bar of St. Ninians, they found the gates shut, and a mob prepared to keep them from proceeding further. After a time Mr Thomson, alighting from the carriage, made his escape—but not without considerable ill-usage—into a house, and getting out by a window at the back, proceeded to the polling-booth. “Sandy” Logan—afterwards Sheriff of Forfarshire—a native of St. Ninians, seeing Mr Thomson in Broad Street with his face all cut, remarked to him that his hand had surely been very unsteady that morning while shaving. Mr Wilson forced the toll-gates, but the horses were much hurt. It was said that he got the pair from Mr Forbes as a recompense for his exertions that day on his behalf.

Mr Wilson was severely hurt afterwards, near the top of Baker Street, by a stone being thrown at his head from a window. He was driving the Rev. Mr Dempster of Denny to

Broad Street when the mob stopped the carriage and would not allow it to proceed. Mr Dempster, nothing daunted, alighted from the carriage and walked up to the booth, amidst hooting and yelling. Arrived at the Court House, he turned round, took off his hat, and thanked the crowd for their convoy.

An Election Manifesto.

After the Parliamentary Election for the Burghs in 1852, the non-electors published a statement of how the electors had voted, for the purpose as stated hereafter.

We, the Stirling Non-Electors Committee, having announced to the inhabitants, a few days before the election for the Stirling Burghs, that we hoped to be enabled to give to the public, in a printed form, the names of the parties that have recorded their votes for the different candidates on this occasion, and having now been placed in a position to redeem that pledge, we will state as briefly as possible our reasons for doing so—

1st—We hold that, under the present existing state of the franchise, a great bulk of the intelligent and industrious part of the population of this country are unjustly deprived of their inherent right to exercise the suffrage in sending members to the Commons House of Parliament, while, at the same time we are compelled to support the State by the payment of a large quota of the general taxation; and, as householders, we bear proportionate share in the support of the parochial poor and other local burdens.

2nd—While advocating a further extension of the Franchise, we deem it absolutely necessary that the ballot be included as a principal part of any new Reform Bill; as, under the present existing circumstances, no true criterion can be formed of public opinion, while the honest and conscientious electors are subjected, at almost every election in this country, to gross intimidation, corruption, and bribery.

3rd—While strenuously giving our support to these necessary measures of reform, we still uphold the principle that the

majority of the population, being non-electors, should know how the electors have voted. And on the very best constituted authority we are justified in giving the names of the electors that have polled for the rejected candidate, Mr Miller, and also for the successful member, Sir James Anderson. The late Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, and other statesmen have repeatedly stated, as a reason for opposing the ballot, that the non-electors have a right to know how the electors have used their privilege, and for which candidate they have voted at an election for a member of Parliament ; that important trust not being held for themselves, as individuals alone, but for the benefit of the whole community.

On such eminent authority as the above, a similar course with that which has been resolved on carrying into effect here, is now being followed out in several towns in Scotland, where the names and antecedents of the electors who voted for both the rejected and the successful candidates have been published.

Sir James Anderson in Stirling polled on the occasion in question 147 votes, and Mr Miller 236, but Sir James was elected through the votes of the other burghs. In the present year (1898) there are alive the following gentlemen who voted for Sir James Anderson—Messrs J. G. Aitken, Snowdon Place; Wright Cumming, Melville Terrace; Rev. Robert Frew, Melville Terrace; Messrs William Graham, Victoria Square; William Gillespie, Wallace Street; and Robert Marshall, Wallace Street.

Of those who voted for Mr Miller there are—Messrs Thomas Binning, Edinburgh; Archibald Ewing, St. Ninians; T. L. Galbraith, Town Clerk; James Greenhorn, Wallace Street; John Mackison, late hairdresser; Thomas Peacock, Albert Place; and John Sawers, ex-Provost.

Of the 46 who did not vote there are none alive. Of the voters for Sir James Anderson, 10 were sworn on the oath of possession. On Mr Miller's side, 18 on oath of possession, 3 on oath of bribery, and 7 on oath of possession and bribery.

A Tight (Electioneering) Fit.

On the day of the Municipal Election in 1854, two legal gentlemen went into the shop of a shirt dealer in Stirling. An election paper, containing five names, was presented, and the merchant was requested to append his signature. "And," said the elder of the two lawyers, "you may send me down half-a-dozen shirts. How many?" turning to the junior counsel, "how many will you take?" "Oh, I'll just take one." The seven shirts were sent to their respective destinations, when, lo, it was found not one of them would go on. No fault could be found with the transaction: it was one of quite crystalline purity, but no gentleman moving in the circle that they did (at least south of the district of Monteith) could think of wearing canvas shirts.

A Reason for Shrinkage.

Amusing cases are occasionally heard at the Small Debt Court. One, at the instance of a tailor, was for payment of an account, one item being for making a pair of trousers. The defender, when expatiating on the deficiency of the work, &c., sprang up, and stretching himself, pulled up the tails of his coat, showing both back and front, exclaiming, to the no small amusement of the audience in Court, "I'll refer to any tailor, or any person present, if these trousers are not far too wide for me." The very ready agent for the pursuer very neatly remarked, "My Lord, a few days after the trousers were made the defender got married, and he has presumably fallen a good deal out of them since." This convulsed the whole Court with laughter, the judge not excepted. The remark seemed somewhat of a damper to the defender, as he descended from his elevated position rather crestfallen.

The Sacraments.

A certain clergyman in town was once visiting his parishioners, and, as his custom was, "On the questions targed them tightly." Happening to ask a servant how many sacraments there were, he received answer—"Deed, I canna say. You ministers never agree about onything, for the Back Raw folks ha'e fower in a year, and ithers ha'e only twa."

The minister of Port of Monteith, at a diet of catechising, asked a parishioner, "How many sacraments are there?" and received for answer, "Five: the Kippen ane, an' Callander ane's twa; an' Norrieston, three; Kincardine, fower; an' yer ain ane, sir: that mak's five.

The Tirling Pin.

"Fair Annie cam' to her lord's yett,
And tirled at the pin."

This relic of the past can hardly be seen nowadays out of a museum, and it may be worth while describing it for the benefit of those who may never have seen one. A "tirling pin" was simply an old-fashioned form of knocker, door bell, or other means of summons for admittance to a house, and was fashioned in a great many different shapes or designs; sometimes a simple roughened bar, with a free working ring or pendant fastened to the middle of the upper part of a door, and used as a signal or call to those within, from which comes the expression, "When you are passing, give a tirl at the door." It also appears in the form of a "sneck" or door handle, this latter variety being more elaborate in construction, and also more useful.

Reasons and Reasons Annexed.

There are reasons and reasons annexed. A builder was consulted about heightening the walls of his neighbour's house, which would have greatly circumscribed the view from his own

house. Accordingly he objected to undertake the job. "We canna get stanes handy; it'll tak' a biggish sum of money to effect these alterations; the auld wa's will not sustain any addition; a big hoose is an inconvenience, as we ken to our cost; a wee hoose is cosy in the cauld days an' nichts o' winter," &c., &c.

"Noo," retorted the employer of labour, "them's yer reasons. There are reasons and reasons annexed. Lat's hear yer reason annexed."

"Yer plan wad spoil the view frae my windows."

The Resurrectionists in Stirling.

At the Spring Circuit Court of 1822, the grave-digger and some others were tried on a charge of lifting bodies from Stirling Churchyard. They alleged that they acted by instructions of Dr John Forrest, who made a timely flight from the town to escape prosecution. He joined the army, and ultimately rose to be Inspector-General of Hospitals. A riot took place in the streets at the time, and the 77th Regiment were brought down from the Castle to disperse the rioters. They fired on the mob in Spittal Street, but no one was injured, the soldiers intentionally firing over the people's heads. One of the bullets entered the "Journal" office, which was then in Spittal Street, in the premises now occupied by Mrs Crocket, but did no damage. For long afterwards bodies were buried in stone or iron coffins, which were removed in six weeks or so, and a watch was kept on newly-made graves.

Important Invention in Warfare.

It was understood that the destruction of Sveaborg was chiefly effected by bombshells charged with a liquid combustible. An invention, precisely of the nature of these shells, was communicated to Lord Hardinge in April, 1854, by William Hutton, at that time writer in Stirling.

Sir Robert Peel.

In January, 1846, the Town Council petitioned Her Majesty to dismiss Sir Robert Peel.

Walking Feat.

In May, 1842, Mr Barnett, a young officer in the 42nd Royal Highlanders, then in Stirling Castle, undertook, for a considerable bet, to walk a distance of 46 miles, equipped as a private soldier in complete marching order, within the space of 24 hours. The weight he carried, including 60 rounds of ball cartridge, amounted to 64 lbs. The task he performed on the Alloa road, and accomplished it with comparative ease, having nearly two hours to spare.

Discovery of Roman Remains in Spittal Street.

In August, 1827, while workmen were engaged in preparing for the foundation of the branch of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, now the Royal Infirmary, they discovered what was believed to have been the remains of Roman sepulture. At a depth of 9 feet they found portions of human bones, mixed with ashes, small pieces of charcoal, and the broken remains of earthen vessels. These were confined to a very narrow ridge or trench, which extended in length to about 12 or 14 feet, and stood east to west. At the eastern extremity the remains were in a more perfect state, which may be accounted for by the rock on which the whole rested having been evidently cut or hollowed out to receive the deposit which had been placed in it.

The Rev. James Guthrie and the Stirling Butchers.

An old tradition was kept up in the town, that at the time of the Reformation—or, more properly, during the time of the Episcopacy—Mr James Guthrie, one of the ministers of Stirling, for refusing to read the liturgy, was most impiously attacked by the Corporation of Butchers, and almost stoned to death. They chased the venerable martyr through the whole town, and a stone was shown in the Vennel Close, on which some of his blood was said to have been spilt. He escaped their hands to fall a more distinguished victim to the tyranny of the times. He foretold that no butcher should ever thrive in Stirling, and the townspeople maintained that up to the end of last century no flesher ever did good. In the Rev. Ralph Erskine's elegiac ode on Mr Hamilton, one of the ministers of the city of Edinburgh—and who, regardless of his life, mounted the city port and carried away the head of Mr Guthrie, and buried it—occurs this verse :—

“O, Stirling, Stirling, thou hast been the seat
Of famous martyrs and confessors great ;
Some thou hast stoned, by thy fierce butcherous hive,
Which never since have had a day to thrive.”

Another version of the story as to the “ban” on the flesher is as follows :—“An early Protestant martyr, having been stoned out of the town, retired to die in a field by the wayside at some distance from the South Port, and was attacked, in these his last moments, by a rapacious butcher’s wife in Stirling, who endeavoured to rob him of his clothes, and, finally, it is said, succeeded. The St. Stephen of Stirling vented, with his dying breath, a malediction upon the Incorporation to which the husband of his persecutrix belonged, and ever since that time the butchers of Stirling have never done well. There are now (1827) actually no butchers in the town, and for one to set up within its walls would be looked upon as madness. The market is supplied by men who dwell in the villages around.

Of course, we need not point out to the reader that a sufficient natural cause thus exists why a flesher practising his trade within the town cannot succeed, and never will do so, so long as any faith is placed in the prophecy of the martyr."

We need not say the prophecy is now a dead letter, as the butchers' shops of Stirling can vie with places of greater pretensions, and all appear to be flourishing.

How Mr. Hamilton "Boxed" Himself to the Pulpit.

The Rev. Alex. Hamilton was incumbent of the first charge of the Parish of Stirling from the year 1726 to that of 1738, in the latter of which he died. He was a kindly, prudent, and sympathising adviser with the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine in his dilemma with the Church at the period of "The Rise of the Secession." In his youth his father had destined him for the bar, but the pulpit, from his schoolboy days, had been his ambition and determination. This was the cause of a rupture between sire and son, and he forsook his home clandestinely, to push his fortune elsewhere. He repaired to London, and soon found himself destitute and friendless.

In those days the beastly and brutal art, gilded over by the name of self-defence, was held in high repute in the great Metropolis. Observing, in his peregrinations one day, the challenge of the champion of the ring, the youthful runaway did not hesitate long in accepting it, and, in an engagement of thirty-five rounds, was proclaimed the winner of the belt. The audience being large, as well as wealthy, were neither niggardly nor tardy in the bestowal of their purses. This unlooked-for windfall enabled him to retrace his steps to Scotland, to prosecute his studies, and in a few years after he was licensed to become a minister of the Gospel.

He was settled in Airth, where he soon gained the esteem and attachment of his parishioners, so much so that, upon their hearing of his call to Stirling they did all they could to hinder him from going to the Presbytery to formally accept it. Having

mounted his horse to go to Stirling on this errand, after passing the old schoolhouse he was surrounded by a crowd of villagers determined to prevent him. Finding arguments and pleadings useless, they had recourse to stratagem; one, more forward than the rest, unslipped the buckles, and left the horse bridleless. Those who knew Mr Hamilton's character were sure this circumstance would cause no inconvenience, and so, pushing his way as best he could through the throng, without check or guide of his horse, he was on the eve of spurring it on in spite of all obstacles, when the individual ran after him and replaced the bridle, thus leaving him to pursue his determined plan.

During his incumbency in Airth his family had grown up, and it is likewise told of him that the education he gave them was by no means stinted, for, knowing the advantage of his pugilistic younger days, he engaged a fencing-master for his sons, who, one day after having finished their lessons, wished their father to give him a tilt or two. Mr Hamilton, in no wise afraid of his opponent, at once took up the foil, but before long the calisthenic professor found out his mistake, as he very soon had to leave off the offensive and act on the defensive. But even this would not do, for, with all the guards he was master of, he could not parry the thrusts of his reverend antagonist, but was shortly sent three or four times round the room.

It is likewise recorded that Mr Hamilton was the young student who removed the Rev. James Guthrie's head from the shameful and degrading place his murderers had placed it in in Edinburgh, it is doubtful if this statement be authentic, as, upon a comparison of some dates, it cannot well be made to agree.

Mr Hamilton was a keen bowler, and attended often at Cowane's Hospital green. One day a young English officer, with a tongue more accustomed to irreverence than otherwise, was profuse in venting his profane language in presence of the divine. Mr Hamilton admonished him, and desired him to "ban not." The fiery son of Mars felt exasperated at the intrusiveness of so officious, burghal-like a companion, counted his honour as at stake, and sent a challenge to his reprobation. The

worthy pastor accepted the same, and proposed to his friend to meet him armed with his own weapons of war, while the challenger should bring his best sword, or brace of pistols, &c., as he chose. Having gone home to the manse, he arrayed himself in his canonicals, and taking his Bible under his arm, he arrived at the spot appointed for the pass of arms—but, lo! when the courageous vulture of blood saw whom he had to deal with, he tendered an apology and begged his pardon, making a promise to be more circumspect for the future over his unruly member.

The Forth Salmon.

The Forth at one time produced vast quantities of excellent salmon, and when there was little commerce, this fish constituted the chief food of the people of Stirling, although by no means appreciated in the way it now is, as a luxury. The good people of the town had, moreover, in early days a right to purchase it cheaper than strangers, and it was their practice to give it to their children and servants as a common article of diet. It is recorded of the apprentices of the town that, before engaging with masters, they generally stipulated that they were not to dine on salmon oftener than four times a week.

The spirlings of the Forth seem to have been the staple fish in Lent during the reign of James IV. That monarch was in the habit of spending Lent in the Franciscan Monastery of Stirling, where, by fasting and other penances, he endeavoured to appease his conscience for his concern in the death of his father. The poet Dunbar writes what he calls a "Dirigie to the King bydand ower lang in Stirling," in which he attempts to prevail upon his Majesty to

Cum hame and dwell nae mair in Stirling,
Quhair fish to sell are nane but spirling;
Credo gustare, statim vinum Edinburgi.

Shore Dues.

In 1847 the Shore Dues were let for £730, a rise of £240 on the rental of the preceding year.

Shipbuilding.

On 17th March, 1852, Mr James Johnstone, shipbuilder, launched a perfect model of a ship, clipper build, which exceeded 500 tons burden, and was named the "Stirling" by Mrs Paul of Glasgow. It made its maiden voyage to Australia with passengers and goods. On 5th May, 1856, he launched the "William Mitchell," the dimensions of which were—Extreme length over all, 180 feet; length of keel, 152 feet; depth of hold, 18 feet; breadth, 28½ feet, the burden of the vessel being 1000 tons. Miss Thomson, daughter of one of the owners, named the vessel, and a vast crowd witnessed the launch, the band of the Highland Borderers being also present.

Roadside Canals.

In 1810 Mr Alexander M'Gibbon, writer, Broad Street, published a "Report as to Improving the Navigation of the River Forth, &c., and Advantages of Small Canals Demonstrated." After describing the beauties of the scenery through which the rivers flow, and the utility of canals, he showed the practicability of placing canals by the roadside through enlarging the ditches so that they could be waterways for boats carrying one ton burden. He further showed the cost of land carriage and the advantage of small canals, and said—"For example, on the present Blair Drummond road, a horse at all times will easily draw 15 cwts. of dead weight. Make it the finest toll road in the kingdom, yet the same horse will, with great difficulty, draw a ton. To make this road turnpike is estimated to cost £400 per mile between Stirling and a mile beyond Drip Bridge, and beyond that only £200 per mile. An iron railway costs from £700 to £1000 per mile. A horse will draw

four waggons containing one ton each. Now, to float a boat carrying one ton would require little more than a kerse ditch, viz., 4 feet wide at the bottom and 10 feet wide at the top, and two feet deep. One of the ditches at the side of the road, made a little wider, would do. But though made entirely new, the cutting would only cost £22 per mile. A horse would draw thirty of these boats; and the advantage of having these separate boats, instead of one or two long ones, would be this: that instead of locks, these boats, of one ton each, could be drawn up a hill on machines, and thus inland navigation carried through the whole interior country. One mile of the road will thus make 18 miles of the canal; and one mile of the railway 45 miles of the canal. The thing is as plain as noon day."

His proposed canals took in the whole district, some of them the most outlandish places.

A "Tip" to the Forth Navigation Commissioners.

Continuing, Mr M'Gibbon said—"To open a navigation from Alloa to Stirling Shore, for vessels of 300 tons, would cost as follows:—

To building a water-dyke on the Manor and Sow Fords, three feet high, 500 ells long, being 14 roods, at £10 per rood,.....	£140	0	0
To building a water-dyke on the Abbey Ford,	140	0	0
To the wooden boxing,.....	50	0	0
To erecting the wooden boxing at each ford, £12 10s. each,.....	37	10	0
To deepening Manor and Sow Fords,.....	150	0	0
To deepening Abbey Ford,.....	300	0	0
To making a cut through the Hood.....	343	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£1060	10	0

Thus, for a mere trifle, Stirling can be made a foreign port, which I really consider a great discovery."

The Abbey Fair.

The "Fair" used to be the day of days in Cambuskenneth. The folks from Stirling and surrounding districts made it a custom to go there on a specified day—when the gooseberries were ripe—and as there were a number of public-houses in the village at that time, they got what would prevent illness from overgorging. The fair has been thought to be a relic of monkish hospitality. It certainly looks not unlike it, for it is well-known that the monks were fond of living on good terms with their neighbours, and this might be a cheap and easy way of accomplishing their object. The fair is still held, but it is a shadow of the past.

"The Abbey Ford," is believed to have been put there by the monks for the purpose of communicating more freely with, and the conveyance of heavy articles from, the other side of the river. If such be the fact, they are entitled to small thanks for their pains, as it is now a serious obstruction in the navigation of the river.

Whether the farm called "The Hood" derives its name from some fancied resemblance it may bear to a monk's hood or cowl, must be left to be settled by some antiquarian society.

The Abbey Tower: Mr. Anderson's Cow.

A cow belonging to Mr Anderson, farmer in Hood, while grazing about the bottom of the tower, perceiving the door open, walked in, and alighting upon the entrance to the stair, made an effort to ascend. Once in the narrow staircase "crummie" was compelled to complete the experiment, so that the first intimation Mr Anderson got of the curiosity of his cow was from her lowing from the balcony of the tower. Had such a circumstance happened in some of the dark ages which have passed over the monastery, it would have made a

tolerable miracle. This inquisitive "hawky" was lowered from the top of the belfry by means of a pulley, as it was impossible to compel her to return by the way she came.

Neighbourly Feeling at the Abbey.

About sixty years ago a young man in Cambuskenneth had been guilty of a breach of church order, and before he could be re-admitted to privileges, it was necessary for him to submit to public rebuke and censure in the presence of the whole congregation. In order to take the edge off their neighbour, the entire male population of the village—without any previous concert with the transgressor—resolved to attend the same church upon the occasion, and place themselves near him. When the culprit was called upon to receive censure, the whole of the men stood bolt upright round about him, so that it was quite impossible for the gossips to discover who was the offender. This was fulfilling, at least literally, the injunction of Scripture, which exhorts us to "Bear one another's burden," but whether the really true import of the precept was observed may be left to the decision of the divine.

The Farm of Queenshaugh

Is so called from the fact that it was the place where the Queen's cows were pastured; and a better or more secure place it would be difficult to find, for while the soil is excellent—being equal to any in the neighbourhood, and sufficiently large for a dairy—it is nearly surrounded by water, which, upon most occasions, is deep enough to prevent the predatory efforts of marauders; and as the entrance by land does not much exceed one hundred yards in breadth, it could the more easily be defended against the thievish propensities of neighbours.

The Kays of Shiphaugh.

Until quite recently the farm of Shiphaugh was tenanted by the family of Kay, whose forebears had been in its possession

for hundreds of years. There is an affecting anecdote connected with the family at the time of the plague. Two sisters, daughters of the then tenant, going to church in Stirling, and passing through a field called Cowpark, one of them found a velvet necklet, which she put round her neck. The result was that both of them were speedily seized with distemper, and died within a short time of each other. Their grave is in the piece of ground now used as the stackyard.

The Wicked Laird of Tillicoultry and the Monks of Cambuskenneth.

One of the things worthy of notice in Tillicoultry is said to be a large stone in the churchyard, which is the subject of a curious and amusing old legend, strikingly illustrative of at least one-half of the proverb, that “it is kittle shooting at crows and clergy.” In the parish of Tillicoultry, as in other places, there once lived a wicked laird, -who happened, on one occasion, to quarrel with one of the monks of Cambuskenneth about the payment of certain church dues, and, in the course of debate, was so far exasperated that, forgetting entirely the respect due to a churchman, he knocked the holy father down. Of course a man who had been guilty of such an outrage could not live long: he died, therefore, and was buried. But as he had not been afflicted by any supernatural torment upon his deathbed; as he had neither drawn air into his lungs and breathed it out blue flame, nor had supplies of water carried to him by relays of servants to cool his feet, which set the floor on fire, and made cold water splutter and boil as it was dashed upon them; more than all, as he had died unshriven, and without having expiated his offence by a consolatory legacy of lands to the church, something yet remained to be done to manifest the indignation of heaven at his impious act. He was buried, as dead men are wont to be; but his spirit did not walk as the spirits of wicked men were wont to do. That would have been too equivocal; it might have been said that he had murdered men as well as knocked down priests. But mark his

punishment! The hand, the sacrilegious hand, was found, on the morning after the funeral, projecting above the grave, clenched as if in the act of giving a blow. The people were dreadfully alarmed; but what could they do but exclaim in astonishment, sain themselves, wish they might never do anything to incur so dreadful a judgment; then take up the unholy corpse, adjust the arm by its side, and again commit it to the earth. On the following morning great numbers repaired to the churchyard to see whether the laird's arm had again been rejected of the grave. There it was, thrust up and clenched as before. The process of interment was repeated, and again came up the clenched fist. Again it was repeated, and so on for more than a week. The people were then in a state little short of distraction. They had applied to the priests of Cambuskenneth, but they, with much shaking of heads, had refused to interfere. The news spread far and wide, and hundreds gathered to witness the miracle. Hundreds, however, could not bury the laird more effectually than a single sexton. At last an expedient was thought of by which the power of numbers could be turned to account. They united to bring from a considerable distance, and roll upon the grave, the huge stone which now marks the spot, after which the clenched fist no longer appeared. It need scarcely be suggested that if any person had been daring enough to watch the place by night, they would probably have beheld a detachment of imps, who had wickedly assumed the dress of monks, come and undo the work of sepulture, leaving the hand exposed. When the story is told on the spot at the present day the rustic narrator looks cautiously round the edge of the mass of rock, half afraid that his tale will be confirmed by the appearance of the clenched fist growing out, like a mushroom, between the stone and the earth.

It was at one time customary in Scotland, when a child happened to strike, or, as the phrase has it, to lift its hand to a parent, to say, "Weel, weel, my man, your hand'll wag abune the grave for that."

Demyat.

The most southerly of all the Ochil Hills is one called Demyat, forming the west side of the mouth of Glendevon, and is famous for the extensive and splendid view to be obtained from its summit. The following story regarding it is related by Dr Graham, in his "Sketches of Perthshire." The proprietor of the estate upon which it is situated, when travelling abroad, happened to meet an English gentleman who had recently been in Scotland, and who talked loudly of the romantic beauties of that country. In particular, he spoke with rapture of the view which he had obtained from the top of a hill called Demyat. The Scottish gentleman heard with astonishment that he possessed upon his own property in Scotland a view superior to any he had come so far in search of, and he lost no time in returning home to ascend Demyat.

In the neighbourhood of Demyat is the more conical summit of Ben Cleuch, otherwise the hill of Alva, which, instead of terminating, like Demyat, in a gentle upland, shoots up into a tall rocky point. This point is called Craigleith, and was remarkable long ago for the production of falcons. The falcons of Craigleith were celebrated far and wide at the time when these birds were used for sport. The rock was never tenanted by more than one pair of birds; it, of course, produced very few, but these were held in very high esteem. They were often a matter of request with Royalty itself, then occasionally resident in the neighbouring palace of Stirling.

Mar's Work, Stirling, and the Alleged Prophecy.

The following, we feel sure, will be deemed by no means uninteresting. There is a very singular prophecy concerning this family, attributed by some to Thomas the Rhymer, by some to the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, who was ejected in the

reign of Queen Mary, and by others to the bard of the house at that epoch. But whoever was the author of it, the prophecy itself is sure, and the time of its delivery was prior to the elevation of the Earl, in 1571, to be Regent of Scotland. The original is said to have been delivered in Gaelic verse, but it is doubtful if it was ever written down, and the family themselves have always been averse to giving any details concerning it, although some members have admitted the accuracy of the words, which are as follows:—

“Proud Chief of Mar, thou shalt be raised still higher, until thou sittest in the place of the king. Thou shalt rule and destroy, and thy work shall be called after thy name; but thy work shall be the emblem of thy house, and shall teach mankind that he who cruelly and haughtily raiseth himself upon the ruins of the holy cannot prosper. Thy work shall be cursed and shall never be finished. But thou shalt have riches and greatness, and shalt be true to thy sovereign, and shalt raise his banner in the field of blood. Then, when thou seemest to be highest; when thy power is mightiest, then shall come thy fall; low shall be thy head amongst the nobles of thy people. Deep shall be thy moan among the children of dool. Thy lands shall be given to the stranger; and thy titles shall lie amongst the dead. The branch that springs from thee shall see his dwelling burnt, in which a king was nursed; his wife a sacrifice in that same flame; his children numerous, but of little honour; and three born and grown who shall never see the light. Yet shall thine ancient tower stand; for the brave and true cannot be wholly forsaken. Thy proud head and daggered hand must dree thy weird until horses shall be stabled in thy hall, and a weaver shall throw his shuttle in thy chamber of state. Thine ancient tower—a woman’s dower—shall be a ruin and a beacon, until an ash sapling shall spring from its topmost stone. Then shall thy sorrows be ended, and the sunshine of Royalty shall beam on thee once more. Thine honour shall be restored; the kiss of peace shall be given to thy Countess, though she seek it not, and the days of peace shall return to thee and thine. The line of Mar shall be broken; but not until its honours are doubled, and its doom is ended.”

In explanation of this long prophecy, which has worked through 300 years, we have to tell that the Earl of 1571 was raised to be Regent of Scotland and guardian of James VI., whose cradle belongs to the family. He, as Regent, commanded the destruction of Cambuskenneth Abbey, and took its stones to build himself a palace in Stirling, which never advanced further than the facade, and which has always been called "Mar's Work." The Earl of Mar in 1715 raised the banner, in Scotland, of his sovereign, the Chevalier James Stuart, son of James II., or VII., and was defeated at the bloody battle of Sheriffmuir. His title was forfeited, and his lands of Mar were confiscated, and sold by the Government to the Earl of Fife. His grandson and representative, John Francis, lived at Alloa Tower, which had been for some time the abode of James VI. as an infant. This tower was burnt in 1801, by a candle being left near a bed by a careless servant. Miss Erskine, afterwards Lady Frances, had passed this room to her own every night for twelve years, but that night, being ill, she had gone up by a private stair. Mrs Erskine was burnt, and died; leaving, besides others, three children who were born blind, and who all lived to old age. The family being thus driven away from Alloa Tower, it was left as a ruin, and used to be a show from the neighbouring gentlemen's houses. In the beginning of this century, upon a general and violent alarm of French invasion, all the cavalry of the district, and all the yeomanry, poured into Alloa, a small, poor town, in which they could not find accommodation. A troop accordingly took possession of the Tower, and fifty horses were stabled for a week in its lordly hall. In or about 1810, a party of visitors found, to their astonishment, a weaver very composedly plying his loom in the grand old chamber of state. He had been there a fortnight, and the keeper of the Tower professed to know nothing of it. He had been dislodged in Alloa for rent.

Between 1815 and 1820, the contributor of this article has often formed one of a party who have shaken the ash sapling in the topmost stone, and clasped it in the palms of their hands, wondering if it was really the twig of destiny, and if they should ever live to see the prophecy fulfilled.

In 1822, King George IV. came to Scotland, and searched

out the families who had suffered by supporting the Princes of the Stuart line. Foremost of them all was Erskine of Mar, grandson of the Mar who had raised the Chevalier's standard, and to him, accordingly, he restored his earldom. John Francis, the present peer, and the grandson of the restored Earl, boasts the double earldoms of Mar and Kellie. His Countess was never presented at St. James', but she accidentally met Queen Victoria in a small room in Stirling Castle, and the Queen immediately asked who she was, detained her, and kissed her. The Earl and Countess are now living in affluence and peace at Alloa Park, and many who knew the family in its days of deepest depression have lived to see "the weird dreed out, and the doom of Mar ended."

Alloa Tower—"a woman's dower"—was the jointure house of the Lady Frances Erskine, the mother of the restored peer. The present Earl has no children, and his successor in the peerage, accordingly, will not be an Erskine, but a Goodeve, the child of his eldest sister, the Lady Jemima; the old line being thus broken.—From Burke's "Romance of the Aristocracy," 1853.

"Mrs. M'Larty;" or, "I Canna Be Fashed."

Mrs Hamilton, famous for her "Cottagers of Glenburnie" (in which one of the characters is the now proverbial "Mrs M'Larty"), received part of her education in Stirling. She resided for some time at Williamfield, St. Ninians, and latterly at the "Crook," near Kerse Mill, in a house burned down some years ago.

An Excellent Answer.

The parish minister of St. Ninians of a former time was visiting his flock in the vicinity of Buckieburn. In one of the farmhouses—as the custom was—the family and servants were assembled to be catechised, when the minister asked a question

of Katie, one of the servants, who appeared to be much put about, but at length said she would whisper the answer into his ear. The rev. gentleman, wishing to humour her, said that would do. Katie then, crossing the room, leant to the minister's ear and whispered, "The mistress is going to send you a pair of fat hens the morn." "An excellent answer! A most excellent answer, Katie," quoth the divine.

Safe from the Gallows.

Cambusbarron was rendered famous in the burlesque history of George Buchanan, as the place where, if a criminal got under a stair, he was saved from the gallows. In these days, however, this notable privilege no longer exists, there being numerous stairs in the village.

Effigy Burning at Cambusbarron.

In April, 1837, James Henderson, weaver, was burnt in effigy at the Cross of Cambusbarron. He had rendered himself obnoxious by volunteering to go to London to swear that the value of the property of several determined reformers in the village was not of the requisite value to entitle them to a vote in the county. A day or two afterwards the effigy of his wife went through the same ordeal.

Elizabeth Willcox and the Russian Emperor.

" Wha wad ha'e thocht it
Stockin's wad ha'e bocht it?"

St. Ninians, by Stirling, April 2nd, 1804.

Unto the most Excellent Alexander, Emperor of that Great Dominion of Russia and the Territorys there Unto Belonging, &c.

Your Most Humble Servant Most Humbly begges your Most

Gracious Pardon for my boldness in approtching Your Most Dread Sovering for your clemency at this time My Sovering the conclusion of this Freedome is on account of My Son whose name is John Duncan aged 26 years who was Prentiss with Robert Spittle his Master Captain of the Ann Spittle of Alloa at the time of the British Embargo in your Soverings dominion in Russia and is the only support of me his Mother and Besides I have no freene for My Support to accept of this small Present from Your Everwell wisher whilst I have Breath The said Present is three pair of Stockens for Going on when Your Sovering goes out a hunting I would have sent Your Sovering Silk stokens if that my Son Could Go in search of it but the Press being so hot at this Time that he cannot go for fear of being pressed If Your Sovering will be pleased to accept of this and favour me with an answer of this by the Bearer and lett me Kno what Family of Children Your Sovering has I will send some stockens for them for the Winter before the Winter comes on also what Sons and Dochters you might have.

Most Dread Sovering I am Your Most Obedient Servant Till Deathe.
(signed) Elizabeth Willcox.

N.B.—Please to Direct to me to the care of Robert Rennie Banker in St. Ninians by Stirling.

The above is a verbatim et literatim copy of a letter written to the dictation of the subscriber, better known at the time in the village of St. Ninians as "Betty Willcox" than as Mrs Duncan. The individual who wrote for her was an Alexander Bryce, a pulicat or gingham weaver, who acted occasionally as amanuensis for some of the poorer inhabitants in composing letters and petitions. He had received a by no means scanty education, but was qualified to construct sentences that might have graced the pages of the "Tatler" for grammatical accuracy. Among the coterie of muslin weavers who occupied the "Howff" he ranked as the oracle; was an enthusiastic admirer of the Friends of the People, and had imbibed some of the principles of the French Revolution. In politics he was extremely Radical, but from blemishes in his moral character, his influence had little or no effect, as he was said to be a "lazy, indolent ne'er-do-well." He was withal a wag, and had some

touches of sly humour in him. Betty, who was a woman of somewhat imperious determination, had engaged this disciple of Tom Paine to arrange her epistle according to her own style—"Ye'll just pit in't what I'll say to ye"—hence the absence of punctuation, a redundancy of capitals, and some examples of rude spelling. Little did he dream that his handiwork would have fallen into the possession of the titled personage it was addressed to, and so he undertook the task more for the fun of the thing than from sympathy with her maternal yearnings.

Betty, bent on procuring her son's release, who had been detained in captivity as a prisoner of war in the northern capital, indulged and fostered the hope that she could storm the Emperor's humane susceptibility by an act of kindness on her part commensurate with her position in life. Silver and gold she had none to give, but such as she had to bestow would flow from a mother's affection and unparsimonious hands. She purchased some genuine Highland wool, scoured and carded the same, spun and twined it into "muckle-wheel" yarn, and with her own fingers deftly knitted three pairs of long hose, then familiarly known as "gamashes," which she, along with the original of the foregoing letter, addressed to His Imperial Majesty of Russia. Fortune favoured her scheme, as there was a vessel about ready to sail from the place of her nativity (Kincardine-on-Forth) bound for St. Petersburg, the master of which, in some measure, she was acquainted with, and to him was confided the parcel, with an earnest request that it would be forwarded at all hazards. By a singular combination of circumstances it actually reached its destination, and was most feelingly accepted and acknowledged.

Some year or two before, a youth, named James Wylie, had left the little seaport on the Forth for the Baltic. He had acquired some insight into the healing art, and, shortly after his arrival, a case of urgency requiring surgical manipulation occurred, which he undertook. Being eminently successful in the operation, his fame got noised abroad and reached the Royal palace. A message came from the Emperor, summoning him into his presence, when he was politely requested to take up his permanent residence in the capital, and continue

to practise. Afterwards Dr Wylie rose to high distinction and affluence, being appointed chief consulting physician and surgeon to the Court of Russia. In 1814 this fortunate disciple of Esculapius (for services rendered) was recognised by the Court of Great Britain, and was honoured with the distinction of being created a Knight Bachelor.

It need be no wonder to hear of young Dr Wylie, when he learned of the arrival of a vessel in the harbour from his native place, wending his way thither to see and converse with its skipper, with whom, there is every probability, he was personally acquainted, and ascertain all the news about the old folks at home. Among the topics the parcel was introduced, and the Doctor, having known some of the antecedents of Elizabeth Willcox and her relatives, kindly volunteered to deliver it. Being on terms of social and professional intimacy with the Emperor, whose moral character in some respects was a singular exception to the general rule of the self-willed, haughty, domineering, and tyrannical despots who had worn the imperial purple of empire, he felt confident that he could use the freedom of handing over the parcel, as addressed, with perfect ease and safety. He accordingly did it, read and explained the letter, giving at the same time some reminiscences of the subscribing petitioner, which so charmed the Czar, and satisfied him of the tender-hearted simplicity and transparent sincerity of his humble correspondent, that he issued immediate orders for the liberty of "My Son whose name is John Duncan aged 26 years," and at the same time, as an acknowledgment of the gift, sent instructions to the Russian Embassy in London to remit to her, to the care of the party named in the "N.B." the sum of £100 sterling.

The remittance was duly received, and a letter, as receipt, expressive of her heart-felt gratitude, was returned, couched, however, in a more graceful, courteous, and grammatical style than the one she had formerly sent. "The vile body, Saundoc Bryce," it is said, had neither the pleasure nor the honour of writing it. Betty was quite another woman, being now assured of the welfare of her son, and possessed of ample means honourably acquired. On looking around on her household goods, she saw the chance now of adding to them an eight-day

clock, a piece of furniture she had hitherto been unable, through poverty, to aspire to. David Somerville, watch and clockmaker in St. Ninians, immediately got an order to provide one for her, and received very particular and peremptory instructions to engrave on its dial-plate the following couplet:—

“ Wha wad ha'e thocht it
Stockin's wad ha'e bocht it?”

A Bannockburn correspondent, writing a few years ago, gave some additional information and made a few corrections on the story. At the outset, he said, I may state that Betty's historical time-reckoner is still to the fore, and is now in the possession of a Mrs Duncan of this village, whose late husband, John Duncan, was a son of the person of the same name mentioned as a prisoner of war in Betty's petition. The statement with regard to the two lines of poetry having been inscribed on the dial-plate is wrong, inasmuch as they were placed on a piece of wood fastened to the top of the clock. This, it is to be regretted, has been taken off—for what reason I know not—and afterwards lost. There is not, however, the least doubt but that this is the clock, as there are round its dial-plate several pictures, illustrating some of the incidents connected with its history. In one of these Betty is seen engaged knitting her presents, in another there is a picture of the Emperor, while the rest all more or less go to show that it is without doubt the self and same clock bought by Betty. There are also in Mrs Duncan's possession a piece of the yarn used by her, and the old arm-chair (now very far gone) in which she sat and knitted her “gamashes.” Another point is, it is stated that it was Highland wool that they were made of, and that she scoured and carded the same. Now, this, he says, is wrong, and that he had good reason to believe that she travelled all the way to Paisley to procure her yarn, which was made up of silk and cotton twined, and as this is verified by the piece of yarn now in Mrs Duncan's possession, there can hardly be any mistake. In connection with Dr Wylie's name, it may be of interest to know that the Emperor, when sending Betty's money, sent at the same time a set of gold cups and saucers to the Doctor's mother in Kincardine-on-Forth. Betty Willcox,

on receiving an invitation to come to Kincardine, set out on foot to get a drink out of the gold cups, and it must have been a pleasing sight to see the two old worthies thus sitting telling one another of their trials and difficulties, now happily over.

A Lawyer's Address.

The following is an extract from a lawyer's speech, delivered not ten miles from Stirling :—" My Lord, my client only came to me a few minutes before the Court opened to-day, and I have not had sufficient time to look into the merits of the case ; but I leave it in your Lordship's hands." This savours a little of a schoolboy repeating the first verse of the 23rd Psalm. When finished with his oration, the speaker left the Court, at the same time telling his client that he would meet him in — Hotel, where he would hear from him how he got on.

Rob Roy and the Lady of Ochtertyre.

In passing Ochtertyre, near Stirling, on one occasion, Rob Roy observed a young horse grazing in a park, with points that much pleased him, he being a perfect jockey, so he went to the house to inquire if the animal was for sale. The proprietor was not within, but Macgregor was recognised by the servant, and ushered into a parlour where the landlady was sitting. He politely told her that he wished to purchase the pony he saw in the park, if the price could be agreed on ; but she appeared offended, and said that "the horse would not be sold, having been broken for her use." Her husband having come in, sent for her to another room, and asked her "if she knew the stranger, and what he wanted?" "Wants!" said she, "he wants to buy my pony, the impudent fellow!" "My good lady," replied her husband, "if he should want yourself, he must not be refused, for he is Rob Roy." The landlord immediately went to him, and agreed upon the price of the horse, which was instantly paid.

Rob Roy and Blair Drummond.

On the estate of Perth, a clansman of Rob Roy occupied a farm on a regular lease; but the factor, Drummond of Blair Drummond, took occasion to break it, and the tenant was ordered to remove. Rob Roy, hearing the story, went to Drummond Castle to claim redress for the grievance. On his arrival there, early in the morning, the first person he met in front of the house was Blair Drummond himself, whom he knocked down without speaking a word, and walked on to the gate. Perth, who saw this from a window, immediately appeared, and, to soften his asperity, gave him a cordial welcome. He told Perth that he wanted no show of hospitality; he insisted only on getting back the tack of which his namesake had been deprived, otherwise he would let loose his legions on his property. Perth was obliged to comply, the lease was restored, and Rob Roy sat down quietly and breakfasted with the Earl.

A Story of the Blair Drummond Family.

At a date unrecorded by historians, there lived an Earl of Perth of a very choleric disposition—a hot, fiery-tempered nobleman. One day, when he was in a more sullen mood than usual, his cook was timorous in visiting him to get orders as to what he wanted prepared for dinner, and a page volunteered to go, so, entering the presence of his lordship, he stated the request of the cook. The Earl turned round on him with a scowl, and said, “the devil ——;” but, ere he got further with the sentence, the youth interposed the question, “Please your lordship, whether roasted or boiled?” The smartness and fearlessness of the lad fairly undid the Earl from his moroseness, and he became a calm, rational human being. He was quite taken up with the boy, and, judging there was more in him than was apparent, gave orders to some of the learned

monks who officiated in his private chapel to see to giving him some elementary education ; so the lad, being naturally somewhat clever, soon became a promising scholar, and the Earl afterwards appointed him to the office of chamberlain and treasurer of his household, in other words, factor on the Perth estates. Some years passed over, and he was still in the same honourable position, when the time came when the tenantry of Kincardine-in-Menteith, who were bound by their tenure of occupancy to convey fuel to Drummond Castle for winter's consumpt, had to discharge their obligation. There were no carts or waggons or wheeled vehicles in those days, the mode of conveyance being by wicker-work creels, placed on horses' backs, so the tenantry turned out their horses and creels, and repaired to Culross, where they got a supply of coal and proceeded in a long string across the country, through Glen-eagles via Auchterarder, and onward till they reached Drummond Castle, where, unloading their burdens, they were regaled with venison and plenty of home-brewed. Before they started on their return, the cavalcade was reviewed by his lordship, who, feeling mortified at seeing such a turnout of miserable cattle and as miserable-looking attendants, expressed astonishment to his factor, and wondered what it meant. The factor told him that it was no astonishment to him, for that portion of his lordship's estate was quite unfit for the rearing of either horses or men, being far more suitable for the breeding of whaups and snipes. His lordship considered himself disgraced by being owner of such a property, and there and then made a free gift to the factor of the same, who in after-time came and resided within the bounds, assuming the surname of Drummond in honour of his noble and generous patron, and called it Blair Drummond, the home of the Drummonds.

Reclaiming Blair Drummond Moss.

The piece of ground at one time called "The Moss" is a few square miles of country which lay under a superincumbent mass of peat and heath, from six to twelve feet thick.

In order to remove the incumbrance, and render the land arable, Lord Kames let out the property to poor people, in lots of about eight acres, in leases of fifty-seven years. During the first nineteen, there was no rent exacted, during the second, ten shillings and sixpence per acre; and during the third, twenty-one shillings. In order to complete the object his Lordship had in view, he placed a large wheel upon a stream of water, brought from the river Teith, in the immediate neighbourhood, for the express purpose. This wheel, going with the current of the stream, was fitted up with buckets, which were filled with water in the descent, and emptied in their ascent, into a trough, placed for its reception. Thence it went off in a channel previously prepared for the current. In this manner a sufficient stream of water was conveyed through the whole length of the moss. It was then, in order to accomplish the object originally intended, led off into the different allotments of land, where the tenant had a part of the light, spongy moss, which was unfit for fuel, cast into a trench communicating with the river Forth, whither it was borne by the stream of water admitted from the artificial channel. The moss below, which was of a closer texture, was then cut up and dried for fuel. Upon this moss there were ultimately located between two and three hundred families, by whose industry upwards of two thousand acres of as good ground as there is in the carse have been rescued from perpetual sterility, and rendered available for producing valuable crops of grain, which formerly only produced a little fuel—and that, too, in a country where coal is abundant. Such a scheme richly deserves the appellation patriotic, and reflected great credit on the memory of Lord Kames and his advisers. A goodly number of families brought up on the moss emigrated to America as the term of their leases ran out.

Lord Kames died on the 27th day of December, 1782. Two days before his death he told Dr Cullen that he earnestly wished to be away, because he was exceedingly curious to learn the nature and manners of another world. He added, "Doctor, as I never could be idle in this world, I shall willingly perform any task that may be imposed upon me."

A Clever Lassie.

A sturdy beggar woman called at a farmhouse in Strathallan, and seeing only a young girl, she asked where her mother was. "At Dunblane," was the reply, "selling her butter." She then asked where her father was. "In the moss casting peats." "And so there is nobody but you at home. You must give me," said she, "a guid pickle meal." The girl replied that there was little in the house, and that it was at the bottom of the girnel, beyond her reach. The woman, not liking to be put off in this way, said she would lift it herself; and when in the act, the girl tripped up her heels, and threw her into the girnel, telling her, after securing the cover, to lie there till she brought her father from the moss.

A Would-Be Hangman.

A Thornhill feuar, M'Pherson by name, made offer on one occasion for the office of public executioner, then vacant. He demanded a shilling a head, with sixpence to his father as assistant—a modest wage certainly—but stipulated that he get constant employment. Fortunately for the village another than M'Pherson received the appointment.

A Thornhill Beadle of the Olden Time.

In 1730, James Campbell, Thornhill, wanted a roup "cried at the skalin' o' the kirk," as the custom then was. The fee was twopence. On this occasion one of the coins handed to George Buchanan, the beadle, was "ane bad halfpenny," and George accordingly refused to open his mouth. When Campbell saw that the familiar "Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!" was not forthcoming, he proclaimed the roup himself. Such unheard of daring and uncalled for interference with the beadle's duties roused "the old man within," and Buchanan, forgetting for the nonce that he was an ecclesiastical functionary, seized Campbell, and

began to maltreat him. He snatched off his bonnet before the whole congregation, and dashed him against a stone wall.

Campbell complained to the Kirk Session, where, after being rebuked and admonished to more "civil carriage and Christian deportment," Buchanan was suspended from office, and ordered to cry no more rousps in all time coming, and it was unanimously decided that he was to get only four shillings Scots, and not, as before, the whole collection made for him at weddings, as the balance might with advantage be kept for the poor. At the same time George was informed that he should get nothing unless he went to the weddings and collected it himself.

It is satisfactory to know that he was restored to office in due time, and reinstated in the confidence of the Kirk Session.

George's house was somewhat roughish, if we may judge from what follows. One day his daughter, Margaret, hunted Elder Welsh's sheep "most desperately with two dogs, as he was driving them to the summer's grass." She persisted, in spite of all the elder could do, so he hit one of the dogs. Margaret, as her father's daughter, gripped the said James and struggled with him most impudently, and would hardly let go till, through strength of hand, he dragged himself out of her clutches. But she immediately began to throw stones and hard clods—clods being far more abundant than stones in the parish of Kincardine—wherewith she "strake him twice or thrice, abusing him filthily with her tongue, telling him it was not man made him an elder, but the devil, and that he was fitter to be ane hangman than an elder."

Margaret was cited to compear, and show reason for "so abominably abusing any man, and especially one who bears office in the house of the Lord. Though cited, she did not appear, and her father was told to exercise his authority as the head of his house. At a subsequent meeting Margaret confessed part, but denied a good deal of what she had been charged with. Even in the presence of the Kirk Session she allowed her tongue to break loose, and informed the brethren that their brother Welsh was "ane hypocrite, having ane face to God and another to the devil." She was sharply rebuked for speaking evil of dignities, and it is stated that she received the rebuke Christianly.

Married in He'rt.

At Norrieston, the easter part of Thornhill, lived a family of the name of Ballantyne. Jane Ballantyne, a daughter of this family, lived for several years with a man who was not her husband. She earnestly desired him to make her an honest woman by the matrimonial rite. He, however, put off the wedding-day by pleading, "Wait, Jane, till we gether mair siller: ye ken there's nae credit for the cries, woman." "Aweel, aweel," replied she, "we're married in he'rt, ye ken."

The Thornhill Piper.

Tourists from Stirling, travelling to or from the Lake of Menteith or Loch Ard, must have seen the quaint and curious figure of a piper built into the wall of a barn in the village of Thornhill. This figure has a history. It is a relic of the famous Napier family. David Ramsay, the pachydermatous watchmaker in "The Fortunes of Nigel," when roused to wrath, swore "by the bones of the immortal Napiers;" and students know something of this family from the short and easy methods of arithmetical calculation invented by one of them, and denominated logarithms. Davie's oath referred to this celebrated man.

Lord Francis Napier, the representative of the family in the first part of last century, was proprietor of Ballinton, where his handiwork is yet to be seen in the fine beeches growing there. The Ballinton property, as well as King's Boquhapple, probably came into the possession of the Napiers through the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Murdoch, Earl of Menteith, to Archibald Napier, the father of the inventor of logarithms. After Lord Francis' marriage with Lord Hope-toun's daughter, he thought of making Ballinton his principal residence, and so pulled down the old house, with a view to erecting a more stately and commodious building. Like many

another man, his lordship “began to build and was not able to finish.” The Ballinton property was soon after deserted and sold.

On one of the pillars of the principal gate leading to Ballinton stood our friend, the piper. In those days of his glory he had a companion of kindred tastes, as on the other pillar stood a drummer energetically beating time to his neighbour. These figures were brought and placed on the parapets of the bridge over the burn which flows a few yards east from where the piper now stands. There they were fixed, facing each other, and playing together in silent accompaniment to the stream flowing below.

But people will not hold their hands. Both musicians were tumbled off the bridge into the burn by some mischievous visitor to Thornhill. The drummer was sent to “crokonition,” and the poor piper lost his left limb below the knee. For preservation, he was carried from the scene of his disaster, and built into the barn, where he now stands, telling his old tales, and playing his silent melodies to whoever (?) “hath ears to hear.” There are some persons to be met with who affirm that he is the best piper they ever saw, but they lack ear. It may be a question whether his covering of paint becomes him or not. Be this as it may, many a pleasant smile has been occasioned at the sight of the stout and solemn stone figure in the wall, puffing and panting at the bagpipes.

James Macgregor (Glengyle).

A few years ago there died, near Auchterarder, one who was well-known to many in Stirling and Bridge of Allan, a kind-hearted, simple man, much liked by all who had acquaintance with him. This was James MacGregor, the last descendant of Gregor Ghlun Dhu (Black Knee), who in 1745 received a commission from Prince Charles as colonel in the army and commander of the fortresses of Doune, Cardross, and Ballinton, all in Menteith, and had obtained from James, fourth Marquis of Montrose, a feu charter of the lands of Glengyle, at the

west end of Loch Katrine. James MacGregor was chief of the "Clan du'il Chiar," one of the principal houses of the Clan Gregor, being twelfth in descent from Dougal Ciar, the ancestor of his line. In 1860 MacGregor sold his ancestral estates to the late Mr James MacGregor, formerly of the Queen's Hotel, Glasgow, and brother of Mr Donald MacGregor, Royal Hotel, Edinburgh. Glengyle, who at the time of his death was in his seventy-ninth year, was succeeded in the representation of the house of Dougal Ciar by Mr Norman MacGregor, brother of the late Sir Charles Metcalf MacGregor, K.C.B., and descended in direct line from Robert MacGregor of Inversnaid, the celebrated Rob Roy, uncle of "Ghlun Dhu." He was interred in the family burying-ground at Glengyle House.

The Haldanes of Airthrey.

On Saturday, 9th February, 1851, died James Alexander Haldane, in the eighty-fourth year of his age and the fifty-second of his pastoral work, the last of two wonderful men, Robert, his brother, having predeceased him in 1841. Their father was Captain James Haldane, who succeeded his father as heir of Airthrey Estate, near Stirling, and who died June, 1768.

After attending the High School of Edinburgh, James Alexander decided on a seafaring life. Robert's inclination was for the ministry, but he also went to sea, and saw service on board the "Foudroyant," afterwards marrying Katherine Cochrane Oswald, and settling down at Airthrey, where, in April, 1787, their only child, a daughter, was born. For ten years after his marriage he was chiefly occupied with country pursuits, planting trees, and laying out the grounds. In 1787 he commenced the excavation of an artificial lake, into which he conducted water from the neighbouring hills; he also erected a Hermitage in the woods of Airthrey, which existed for many years. It was constructed after the model of the woodland retreat to which Goldsmith's Angelina is led by the "taper's hospitable ray," "the wicket opening with a latch,"

"the rushy couch," "the scrip with herbs and fruits supplied." All the other sylvan articles of furniture described by the poet were there, whilst on the sides of the adjacent rock, or within the hut itself, were painted, at proper intervals, the invitation to "the houseless child of want to accept the guiltless feast, the blessing and repose," concluding the last with the sentimental moral—

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego—
All earth-born cares are wrong—
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Mr Haldane, who in his younger days rather delighted in a practical joke, advertised for a real hermit, but though there were applicants, the doom to perpetual seclusion debarred any one from accepting the post. The erection of the Hermitage nearly cost the designer his life, for, standing too near the edge of the rock, giving directions to the workmen, his foot slipped, and but for a post, which he was enabled to grasp, he would have been precipitated to the bottom. The celebrated Henry Erskine, with his usual ready wit, exclaimed, "It was a post for life."

James entered the Merchant Navy in his seventeenth year, and was appointed Captain of the "Melville Castle" (bound for Madras and Calcutta) just as he attained his twenty-fifth year. The following anecdote will shew of what metal he was made. At the close of 1793 a large East India fleet was detained in the Downs and at Spithead, from Christmas till April. A mutinous disposition was in December detected and subdued, in the case of three or four men on board the "Dutton," the men complaining that, owing to detention, their stores were exhausted, and they demanded an additional advance of pay to enable them to purchase tea and other comforts. The crew of the "Melville Castle" had received this indulgence as a boon which it was reasonable to grant. It was refused by the Captain of the "Dutton :" hence the mutiny.

The mutineers threatened to carry the ship into a French port, but more serious apprehension was felt lest they should

gain access to the powder magazine, and madly end the strife by their own death and that of all on board. At this critical moment Captain Haldane, of the "Melville Castle," appeared at the side of the vessel, his approach being the signal for renewed and angry tumult. The shouts of the officers, "Come on board, come on board," were drowned by the cries of the mutineers, "Keep off, or we'll sink you," but in a few moments Captain Haldane was on the quarter-deck. His first task was to restore the officers to composure and presence of mind. He peremptorily refused to head an immediate attack on the mutineers, but, very calmly reasoning with the men, sword in hand, told them they had no business there, and asked what they hoped to effect in the presence of twenty sail of the line. The quarter-deck was soon cleared, but, observing there was still much confusion, and inquiring where the chief danger lay, he was down immediately at the very point of alarm. Two of the crew, intoxicated, and more foolhardy than the rest, were at the door of the powder-magazine, threatening they would blow up the ship. One of them was in the act of wrenching the iron bars from the door, whilst the other had a shovel full of live coals ready to throw in. Captain Haldane, instantly putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, told him that if he stirred he was a dead man. Calling at the same time for the irons of the ship, as if disobedience were out of the question, he saw them placed, first on this man and then on the other. The rest of the ring-leaders were also secured, when the crew, finding they were overpowered, and receiving the assurance that none should be removed that night, became quiet, and the Captain returned to the "Melville Castle." Next day the chief mutineers were put on board the "Regulus," and the rest of the crew went to their duty peaceably.

"Had any one," said the narrator, "then foretold that this daring Captain of the 'Melville Castle' would ere long become a minister of Christ, the pastor of a large Christian church, and of a large congregation, nothing would have appeared so incredible."

It would take too long to give the smallest idea of the faithful manner in which those two good men wrought so long for

the spiritual welfare of their fellow creatures, and it is with the sweetest remembrance that their memory is cherished.

A Soldier's Punishment.

On Tuesday, 16th March, 1858, a soldier belonging to the 79th Regiment, then quartered in Stirling Castle, received 50 lashes, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and to be drummed out of barracks to the tune of the "Rogues' March," for purloining letters belonging to some of his comrades.

A Willing Recruit.

A good many years ago Willie Turnbull was one of the hostlers who wrought about the Golden Lion Stables. He was a man of splendid physique, but had the misfortune to be minus a leg. One day, while Willie was sitting in a public-house over a bottle of "capp," a recruiting sergeant with his party entered and took possession of an unoccupied table. Glancing at Turnbull, he saw a chance of getting a first-class recruit, and accordingly moved over to the table and fell into talk with him. After treating the hostler to liquor, he asked him if he would not like to be a soldier. Willie said there was nothing he would like better, and no sooner was this said than the sergeant tendered the shilling, which was at once accepted, and forthwith "melted," along with one or two in addition from the sergeant, who was very proud of his splendid prize. At length, on the sergeant proposing an adjournment to the Castle, Turnbull said he and his "Jessie" were ready. "Your Jessie!" said the sergeant, "who is she?" "My crutch, to be sure," exclaimed Turnbull, pulling it out from below the table. The recruiting sergeant—who was an Englishman—was, it may well be understood, in a towering rage, and swore that after this, though he saw a man with a kilt sitting on the other side of the table from him, he would not chance another shilling until he made himself sure that the right number of legs were there, and that no "Jessie" was required.

Curious Letter from the Raploch to the Magistrates.

SIR—We the undersquine beg leave priest respectfully to solicit an extension of the time allowed for us to remain at night upon the streets say to it of 9 o'clock as is the case in the town of Falkirk where will believe their are more annoyanc than in Stirling were you to Grant our request we pledge our selves to behave in an orderly preasance and to return to our respective place of Abode at 11 o'clock an proetest no one and if any of us Should unfortunately get the worse of Liquor or otherwise behav in A disorderly manner let them be taken up and dealt with as you may think Proper.—We are Sir, Your Obt. Serveants,

Mary Simpson.

Catherine Williamson.

P.S.—An answer is required.

Stirling May 1858.

Nelly Holmes,

A well-known, little, old woman, was a privileged beggar, although she never would allow herself to be called such without giving a withering broadside of "Billingsgate." Nelly's tongue was "nae scandal," and a laugh was the only rejoinder that could be given her. The Newhaven fishwives have been famed for their desperate onslaughts with the tongue, but Nelly could, when "the maut got aboon the meal," in this respect outhaven Newhaven. In her later years Nelly was left to seek a precarious livelihood from the hands of passing charity, and for the last twelve months of her life was an inmate of an hospital in St. John Street, receiving her last bread from the Parochial Board. She was kind to children, and had the hour of her funeral been known, there is little doubt that many who had been her favourites in their childhood's days would have followed it to the grave.

Marriage of a Nonogenarian.

Andrew Carruthers, for long one of the town guides, was a tailor to trade, and was named after his uncle, Bishop Carruthers, of the Roman Catholic Church, Edinburgh, where his father was a master joiner. He came to Stirling early in life, and always considered himself a "Son of the Rock." Jean Winkie, his spouse, came of very respectable Stirling folks, and though both of them were bothered with "tempers," they got on fairly well together. Latterly they lived in St. Mary's Wynd, and had for a time been receiving a weekly dole from the Parochial Board, but the members learning they were not married, the sum was discontinued. On its being suggested to the couple that they should be lawfully married, and thus overcome the objection made, they at once said they were quite agreeable.

On the proposed marriage "getting wind," the neighbours vied with each other in showing little kindnesses to the couple, the "sweep," among the rest, saying he would "soop the lum," which he accordingly did. The neighbours set to work and "cleaned up" the room, and put things in order for the auspicious occasion, though Jean was put in bad temper for a time through the house having been taken possession of. The marriage day arrived, and on the Provost appearing, accompanied by one of his daughters, who had with her a bride-cake made specially for the occasion, he was agreeably surprised to find both Andrew and Jean very tidily dressed, and the house in everything neat and clean. The table was covered with a clean damask cloth, and on it a set of tea dishes, presented by the matron of the hospital. A young lady was also there to act as bridesmaid, and the minister of Mary-kirk Parish performed the ceremony, and the couple afterwards recovered their parish allowance. Married life did not last long, however, with Andrew and Jean: a year or two saw the end of their earthly pilgrimage, Andrew dying at the age of 96, and Jean aged about 72.

The Stirling Jug.

This specially interesting, and at one time very important article, the Standard Pint Measure, has, as a relic of the past (being over four hundred and sixty years old), after many vicissitudes, found an appropriate resting-place in the Smith Institute, Stirling.

By an Act of the Scottish Parliament, in 1437, various burghs in Scotland were appointed to keep the standard weights and measures, and issue duplicates to the several burghs as occasion necessitated. To Edinburgh, being then the principal market for cloth, was assigned the Ell wand; to Perth, for yarn, the Reel; to Lanark, the chief wool market, the Pound; to Linlithgow, by reason of her great trade in grain, the Firlot; and to Stirling, at the period specially famous for distilled and fermented liquors, the Pint. Although 1437 has been assigned, on account of the statute of that year, as the period when the Jug came into existence, yet by many antiquarians it is believed that its origin dates much further back—indeed, the reign of David I. (1124-1153) is claimed as the time when it first came into use, and that the Act of 1437 had reference to the ratification of former privileges. Be that as it may, there is not the slightest doubt as to the authenticity of the article in question, which is made of brass or yeltine; is in the form of a hollow cone truncated; is 6 inches in depth, 4.17 inches in diameter at the mouth, and 5.25 inches at the bottom; and weighs 14 lbs. 10 oz. 1 dr. 18 grs. Scottish Troy. The handle is fixed with two brass nails; and the whole has the appearance of rudeness, quite in keeping with the early age when it was first instituted as the standard of liquid measure for the Kingdom. On the front, near the mouth, in relief, there is a shield bearing the lion rampant, the Scottish national arms; and near the bottom is another shield, bearing an ape passant gardant, with the letter S below, supposed to be the armorial bearing of the foreign artist who probably was employed to fabricate the vessel. Some authorities incline to the belief that the figure

on the second shield (which is considerably defaced) is that of a wolf, and may have reference to the burgh arms, more especially because of the letter S, signifying Stirling; while others hold that it is a remnant of the insignia of imperial Rome, the she-wolf and twin infant sucklers, and bears reference to the Roman system of weights and measures. In the "Extracts from the Stirling Burgh Records" the following appears, having reference to the regulating of other Scotch measures:—

19 October, 1599.—The counsall hes condiscendit and gewin expres command to Robert Robertsonsone, peudrar, being present at counsall, that all stoupis, sic as quartis, pyntis, chopines, to be maid be him heireftir, sall be agriabill in mesour to the jug and stampit with the townis stamp, and that the pluik [measure knob] be benethe the mouth of ilk stoup as followis, to wit, of the quart stoup and pynt stoup ane inch, and of ilk chopein stoup half ane inch, and that he present the stamp to the counsall yeirlie.

By an Act of Parliament, passed in 1618, it was ordained that the wheat and pease firlot was to contain $21\frac{1}{4}$ pints, and the bere and oat firlot 31 pints, of the Stirling Jug; and in connection with the statute then passed the Jug was transmitted to Edinburgh, as appears from the following:—

17 January, 1618.—For obedience of the letter direct to thame be the lordis of his Majestieis secereit counsell, desyring and commanding the stowp or jug to be send for information to the commissioneris apointit be the parliament for reducing the wechtis and measouris to ane conformitie, agane the nyntene day of this instant, ordanes the said stowp or jug to be sent to Edinburgh with Dougal Galloway to Johnne Sherare, baillie, being presentlie thair, to the effect he may produce the same befoir the saidis commissioneris; and ordane's the clerk to wret to him to reassave the same, and to desyre him to be cairfull of the keping of the same.

4 May, 1618.—Nominates and apointes Johnne Sherare, James Forester, baillies, and Johnne Williamson, clerk, to ryde to Edinburgh agane the nixt counsell day to deale for ane warrand of the jug to be disperset throwche the haill burrowes, as Lynlythgow hes done for the firlott.

After the adjustment of the weights and measures, above

referred to, sets of standard liquid measures were supplied by the Stirling municipal authorities to the several free burghs throughout the country, the following minute of Town Council bearing thereupon :—

16 September, 1622.—In presens of the counsell, Johnne Sherer, provest, producet and gaif in ane compt writtin and subscrivit with his hand, quhairintill he charget him self with the resett, in the tounes name, of the soume of aucht hundrethe and sex pundis usuall money of this realme for the pricess of threttie four jugs of bras ventit be him amang the frie burrowes of this realme.

The question of the right of Stirling to have, hold, and to issue the standard liquid measures came up about the time of the Union, and steps were taken to prove to the cavillers that the town had undoubted authority for its claims to possession of the Jug. The following minute has reference thereto :—

1 November, 1707.—Appoints the tounes rights with respect to the jug of the Scots pynt to be looked out this day and sent to Edinburgh on Monday next to Bandalloch for vindicating the tounes right to the keeping of the liquid measures.

In the following year a re-issue of standard measures came to be made, as the following minute bears :—

24 July, 1708.—Authorizes the dean of gild and conveinir to distribute the standarts of the liquid measures to the sevarall royal burrows, as the provost of Edinburgh shall desyre from time to tyme, after the saids standarts shall be stamped with the touns armes, and to receave thirtie pounds Scots for each of the setts, and to be accountable theirfor, and lykewayes for 30 lib. alreadie receaved from the burgh of Glasgow.

In the year 1750 enquiry came to be made relative to the Jug, when it was found to be amissing, and on search, two years thereafter it was found by mere chance amongst a heap of lumber in a garret in Broad Street, the person who had had it on loan for testing purposes—a brazier or coppersmith—having joined the Jacobites in the '45, and not returning, his effects were disposed of.

The Merchant Guild of Stirling.

The Guild is the oldest institution in the burgh—indeed, is one of the very oldest municipal incorporations in Scotland. It is mentioned in a charter granted to the burgh of Stirling by Alexander II. in 1226, but that charter is not one of creation, but merely confirms certain already existing privileges, and the origin of the Guild must be looked for at a much earlier period. The date of Stirling's first burghal charter is unknown, but in charters still extant, belonging to the reign of David I. (1124-1153), the town is repeatedly referred to as one of the King's Royal Burghs. Historians who have given special attention to this matter, now admit that in the first Scottish burghs (and Stirling was one of the earliest) the Guild, a voluntary association of the leading members of the community, formed for mutual aid and social intercourse, preceded, and formed the nucleus of, the new municipality. It would thus appear that the Stirling Guild must have been in existence as early as the beginning of the twelfth century, how long before it is impossible to say.

When the burgh was erected, the control of its affairs and the management of its common property were committed by the King to the Duodene or Dusane, a kind of committee of management, the germ which has now grown into the modern Town Council. This body, composed of twelve of the most sufficient and discreet burgesses, was selected from the ranks of the already organised Guild, and the connection thus formed between the two corporations—the Guild and the Burgh—subsisted down nearly to our own day. The power thus entrusted to the Guild remained solely in their hands for upwards of four hundred years. In the sixteenth century the craftsmen began to assert themselves, and they were at length, not without much opposition, permitted to send representatives to the Council Chamber. The majority of the Council, however, were always chosen from the Guildry, and the influence the Guild was thus enabled to acquire it continued to exercise until

its long and honourable record was closed by the passing of the Burgh Reform Act in 1832.

In addition to political power, the Guild possessed certain commercial privileges. By Royal authority the brethren of the Guild enjoyed the exclusive right of trading in staple and imported goods within the burgh. Protective restrictions on trade, however, are not in harmony with modern ideas, and this monopoly of the Guildry was swept away by Act of Parliament in 1846. Although deprived of political power and commercial privilege, the Merchant Guild continues to maintain a useful and honourable existence, its functions now being wholly of a social, charitable, and philanthropic nature.

The social side of Guildry life finds expression, to a considerable extent, in the annual Michaelmas supper of the brethren. At this feast the Dean of Guild, arrayed in the rich robes pertaining to his office, and attended by his officer, resplendent in the brilliant "green and gold" livery of the incorporation, presides over a large gathering of the brethren and invited guests, and a few hours are spent in pleasant social intercourse, keeping alive the traditions and maintaining the old customs which have come down through many successive generations of Guild brethren. At these festivals—as at all other meetings of the Guild—the Dean wears a massive gold chain, to which is attached "King David's Auld Gift to the Gildrie," a gold ring set with precious stones, and bearing the inscription, "Yis for ye Deine of ye Geild of Stirling." This precious relic, which was given to the Guildry by King David II. in 1365, and which has for the last five hundred years been handed down with religious care by each retiring Dean to his successor, is believed to be the oldest badge of office possessed by any corporation in the kingdom.

Amongst the long list of names engrossed on the records of the Merchant Guild no one is held more in honour than that of John Cowane. This worthy Son of the Rock was a wealthy merchant, who served many years as Dean of Guild, and held office at his death, in 1634. He bequeathed a large portion of his ample means for the establishment and endowment of a hospital for sustaining and maintaining decayed Guild brethren. In the two and a half centuries which have elapsed since

Cowane's Hospital was founded, it has proved of great benefit to many members of the Guild who, after manfully doing their best in the battle of life, had, through misfortune, sickness, or old age, fallen into poverty, but, relieved from the chilling dread of penury, were by it enabled to pass their last days in comparative comfort.

To be chosen Dean of Guild of Stirling has always been regarded as one of the highest distinctions conferred in the burgh, and the office has been held by many of the men most eminent in local history. The election takes place annually at Michaelmas, the retiring Dean being eligible for re-election. The present Dean is Mr Samuel Forrester Millar, whose portrait appears in these pages. Mr Millar's enthusiasm and devotion to the interests of the Guildry, and his own genial personal qualities have made him one of the most popular Deans who have occupied the chair. First chosen to the office in 1890, the esteem in which he is held by the brethren of the Guild, and the value they put upon his services may be estimated from the fact that in each successive year he has been re-elected, and is now serving his ninth consecutive term of office.

The Crafts of Stirling.

The great change which has taken place in the municipal government of Stirling since the passing of the Reform Bill renders it somewhat difficult for those living in the present day, under new jurisdictions, new laws, and new conditions and customs, to realise the place occupied and the influence wielded by the craft associations for over six centuries. The power possessed by these, and the jurisdiction they exercised, in virtue of Royal Charters, Acts of Parliament, and Acts of Council, were far more extensive than is generally supposed. Their monopoly of trading privileges—so far as their own handicrafts were concerned—was but one thing. They were much more than mere industrial or trading societies; had a far wider scope, and exercised a rigid supervision of the whole conduct of the individual, all the journeymen, servants and

apprentices in the town, as well as the members proper, coming within the jurisdiction of the deacons and their courts. Each craft acted as its own parochial board; they were the only friendly and benefit societies in existence; and, to a certain extent, members were assisted by loans out of the general funds to carry on their business.

The Crafts, or, as they are called, the Seven Incorporated Trades, consisted of the Hammermen, Weavers, Tailors, Shoemakers, Fleshers, Skinners, and Bakers, and ranked next in importance to the Merchant Guild. The head or governor of each craft was called the Deacon, the members of each craft electing their own, and the election was an annual one, taking place at Michaelmas. Thereafter the newly-elected Deacons and the old Deacons, being lawfully convened at the Deacon-Convener Court House, "on the hills" near Irvine Place, proceeded to nominate and elect one of the newly-elected Deacons to be Deacon-Convener of the Seven Incorporated Trades for the ensuing year, who, in accepting office, gave his oath to be faithful therein. By virtue of their office the seven deacons became members of the Town Council. The office of Deacon-Convener was a most important one, second only to the Dean of Guild, and the members of the Seven Trades received benefit from many sources.

On page 161 we have taken notice of the ancient banner of the Seven Trades, and the sash and sword worn by the Deacon-Convener.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Robert Spittal, tailor to King James IV., founded and endowed an hospital called Spittal's Hospital, and he was followed by many benevolent persons in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who left sums of money to the same hospital. In 1674 David Adamson, minister of Fintry, left 800 merks for maintaining "ane bursar of philosophy" at the College of Glasgow; in 1724, John Allan, writer in Stirling, bequeathed 30,000 merks for behoof of poor and indigent boys of tradesmen; and in 1804, Alexander Cunningham, merchant in Stirling, left £1000 for the better support of poor widows of tradesmen in the burgh. Necessitous craftsmen participated in the benefits to be derived from these mortifications.

The Maltmen.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the maltmen were considered craftsmen, and also had their deacon. They were both wealthy and powerful, and, in consequence, became very turbulent, so much so that, in 1567, by Act of Parliament, they were excluded from the crafts altogether, and deprived of their deacon. In 1603, James VI., by Seal of Cause, restored the maltmen of Stirling in all their ancient rights and privileges, but they were not again allowed to elect a deacon. Their chief officer was called a "visitor," and from this date they became one of the four tolerated communities of the burgh. There are now very few maltmen in the town, scarcely sufficient to call a meeting together.

The Mechanics.

The Society of Mechanics formed another of the four tolerated communities of the burgh, and embraced the Masons, Wrights, Plasterers, Slaters, Painters, Coopers, and Dyers. They received their powers from the Town Council. The mode of procedure consisted in the Town Council granting letters under the seal of the Burgh Court, called "seals of cause," sometimes reciting a previous Act of the Council, but in all declaring the peculiar rights and privileges which the members of the body were to enjoy. The Society had no representation at the Town Council. They enjoyed purely trade privileges. After the death of Alexander Cunningham they shared in the benefits derived from his mortification.

The Barbers.

The barbers and periwigmakers formed an important branch of industry in the burgh at one time. They were erected into a tolerated community in 1718, but are now extinct.



Yours faithfully
Sam'l. T. Miller

Another community, called the "Chapmen," received their privileges in 1726, with power to elect a "Lord Chapman" and other necessary office-bearers amongst them for their better government.

The number of members in each corporation and community, as taken from the report of the Royal Commission on Municipal Corporations in 1835, was as follows:—Guildry, 402 members. Seven Incorporated Trades — Hammermen, 34; Weavers, 138; Tailors, 20; Shoemakers, 36; Fleshers, 8; Skinners, 11; Bakers, 18; total, 265. Tolerated Communities—Maltmen, 54; Mechanics, 125; Barbers, 4; Omnim Gatherum, 65; total, 248. The chapmen seem to be extinct, and the barbers nearly so at this date.

The Reform Bill had the effect of excluding the craftsmen from the Town Council, and the Act of 1846 entirely swept away their monopoly of trading privileges. What has kept them together since, has been mainly their connection with Spittal's Hospital and the other mortifications. Shorn of their power and privilege, these institutions have now become almost solely interesting relics of a by-gone day.

The Ancient Society of Omnim Gatherum.

This body at the present day exists little more than in name, but had, it would appear, some considerable standing in the burgh as early, at least, as the beginning of the seventeenth century. In a minute of Town Council, of date 28th November, 1642, relative to the appointment of a town drummer, towards the support of whom "the omnigadrum, viz., the wrichts, maissones, coupares, litstares, glassinwrichts, sklaitteris, gairderis," are to contribute "the soume of ten poundis yeirlie," we have some clue to the composition of the body; and again, on 19th February, 1723, the Council took into consideration a petition at the instance of the deacons of "the tolerate society or incorporation of workmen, hauxters,

carriers, horsehryers, and other dargsmen of such employs or occupations therein, commonly called the omnigatherum, for themselves and in name of the remanent members of the said indulgent society." From the tenor of that petition it may be gathered that the body consisted of burgesses who were not connected in any way with either of the incorporations of the Guildry or Trades, and, following upon the petition, it was enacted that no such burgesses, nor any persons not entered with any of the other trades or corporations were to "be allowed or suffered to use, follow, or practise hyring of horses, driving of carts, carrying of merchant goods, selling of hauxter ware, keeping of milk cows, fatning of cows for slaughter, or the like employs," under a penalty until they "enter with the said omnigatherum."

That the body was of some considerable account in the burgh is made fully apparent by the recurrence of Council minutes concerning it. In 1643, a minute of date 9th October, concerning appointment of a minister to the second charge, bears that, in payment of his stipend of 1000 merks, "the haill omnigatherim of the said burgh" were to contribute "amongst thame, £46 13s. 4d., quhairof to be payit be the mechanikes amongst thame £20, and be the remanent of the said omnigatherime £26 13s. 4d." In fixing the stipend of "maister Matthias Symson" as minister, on 8th September, 1656, at 1200 merks Scots, and 200 merks Scots for manse and glebe, "the rest of the omnigatherum" were ordained to contribute "the soume of £48."

Another evidence of their importance is afforded by the fact that on 17th December, 1604, "It is ordinit be the provest, baillies and counsall, convenit, that fra this furth in al tyme cuming thair sal be joyned, yeirlie, to the counsall of this burgh, twa of the auld merchand bailleis, and twa of the omnigadrum, as extraordiner personnes of counsall, conforme to use and wount." The body is also minuted as having come to the help of the Common Good in 1617, as appears, under date 20th October, when "William Rynd, maissoun, Thomas Michell, flesher, William Thomesoun, . . . for thame selfis and in name of the rest of the omnigadrum, renuncet and gaif our to the toun, for help of thair commoun gude, thair part of the tak

of the shoir deutie, with all proffit and commodity thairof, bayth of yeiris bigane and to cum."

For some cause or other, not stated, meetings of the body were prohibited, as appears from the following minute:—"15 June, 1614.—"Statutis and ordanes that fra this furth thair be na conventioun nor meiting amangis the nychtbouris and inhabitantis of this burgh callit the omnigadrum, nather privatlie nor oppinlie, under the panes contenit in the actis of parliament, without the concurrence of ane of the magistratis of this burgh."

Nowadays, as above noted, the body exists little more than in name, the only evidence of their presence being seen on the occasion of a public procession, when a turn-out of gaily-caparisoned horses is made, and the Omnim Gatherum takes precedence of all other public bodies. On the occasion of the walking of the burgh marches, they are warned to furnish a proportion of the birlamen, who also take precedence, although "use and wont" is all that can be claimed for the privilege. The only tangible remnant of their ancient glory is the sum of £1 sterling per annum, paid to them for their seat in the Parish Church.

Stirling: Variations of the Word.

Considerable diversity of opinion exists as to the origin or derivation of the word Stirling. We do not profess to be able to throw any light on the subject, and merely content ourselves here with citing the variations of the word which have come under our observation. There are, besides the present name of Stirling, Sterling, Sterlyn, Strigh-lang, Streueling, Streweling, Strivelin, Striveline, Striveling, Strivelyn, Striveline, Stryveling, Strivlin, Strivilin, Striviling, Strivling.

STIRLING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

IN bringing this volume to a close it will doubtless be deemed not uninteresting to glance at the curious customs which prevailed in the City of the Rock during the 16th century, as well as at the laws which regulated the conduct of the inhabitants during that period. The first thing likely to receive notice from the reader of the ancient records of the burgh is the great amount of power exercised by the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, who possessed privileges which extended not only to the maintaining of good order, but also dealt with matters which now-a-days would be deemed outwith their province altogether. Not only did they deal with offenders in all sorts of misdemeanours, but they had also the power of regulating the prices at which certain commodities were to be sold, and even the hours during which it might be lawful to traffic in them, as well as the number of persons who could carry on certain occupations—in fact, controlling every matter in which the welfare of the burgh was concerned, commercially and otherwise, even regulating where marriages were to be celebrated, and the number of persons to be present thereat. A vast amount of matter of historical interest is available, which throws considerable light upon the social life of the burgh, and from what is within reach we have made the following selections.

One curious item is the

Strange Names

for persons, places, and things to be met with in the chronicles of the period, amongst these being, for instance, seriands, for

officers or sergeants; browdinster, an embroiderer; backstaris, bakers; pykaris, petty thieves; skemlis, the places where meat and fish were sold; and barrasyet was the name for the principal gate or port entrance to the town from the south, probably that which gave the name to Port Street. Then we come across wobstaris for weavers, nunschankis for an afternoon repast; langsaddill, a long wooden seat; chenyeis, for chains; curchrie, a covering for a woman's head, and also nichtcourchre, a nightcap; gryissis, pigs; gait dychtingis, certain dues payable to the town, and many others, not a few of which are perfectly unintelligible to us now.

Where there is such a variety of material to deal with, it is difficult to know where rightly to begin, and, having begun, to know where to leave off. Taking something relative to trade first, we find in 1520 that "It was statut and ordinit that na houkstar soll by ony manir of fycght (fish) na uder stoufe (commodity) to tap (retail) agane apon nebouris quhill efter xij houris, under the pane of escheting of the stoufe that is coft," and the same as to corn, hay, or other fodder; which means that no small dealer was to purchase any of these articles for the purpose of selling over again, before 12 o'clock, which would show that burghers were to have the first chance of the dealing, both as regards buying and selling.

Fleshers

who killed any faulty meat, or exposed such for sale, were to be prohibited from dealing in meat within the burgh for a year; and if the deacon of the fleshers knew of any such case, and did not report it to the proper officers, he was to pay 40s. Every flesher was to be responsible for his servant, and no animals were to be killed but in the Backraw, and in booths. A flesher bringing any "spoulyeit or mauschit" (musty) meat to market was to pay 8s for the first fault, the second time he was to forfeit the meat, and be prohibited from selling for a year and a day. "Blawin flesche" was strictly prohibited, and when mutton was brought to market the head of the sheep was to be produced. As regards the

Bakers,

it would appear that on more than one occasion they failed to have sufficient bread for the wants of the inhabitants, as in 1526 it is recorded that one "Duncan Darow, dekin of the baxtaris, was fundin in ane falt becaus the gud toune wanttit bred, and he is to be punist tharfor or ellis fynd ane faltour." Some months later, Willie Dik, deacon of the bakers, appeared to have some difficulty in enforcing the regulation, and was granted the services of one of the town officers for the purpose of arresting any baker who had less than 6s. worth of bread in his shop on the afternoon of the market-day (which, by the way, was Saturday). Willie Dik also promised the Provost and Bailies that "the twa penny lafe be 20 unce gud and sufficient stoufe and weil bakin," and that he would bring defaulters before them in order that they might be punished. No bread was to be allowed out of the bakehouse until a bailie and the deacon had weighed and examined it. "The laiff of quheit breid, of gud and sufficient stuff," was to be 14 ounces in weight, and sold for 12d., and as the price of wheat rose or fell, the Council were to regulate the price of the loaf accordingly. The

Oatcake Bakers

had also their prices fixed for them, as well as the number who were privileged to engage in the occupation. The cakes were "to be sufficient stoufe, and hald the wought," and when the peck of meal is coft at 6d., the penny cake was to be "ane pund wecht, and sa afferand the wought of the cake as the meal is saild." At one time the bread bakers complained that there were several persons who were not free to dwell nor trade in the burgh who were disposing of oatcakes, to the injury of their trade. Oatcakes seem to have been in greater favour then than now, but the bakers gained their point, and these parties were prohibited from baking or selling the cakes.

Passing to

Ale Dealers,

we find that no person was to sell ale dearer than 16d. the gallon, or be fined 7s. A proclamation was made at the Cross that "na broustar" was to sell ale dearer than 12d. the gallon, "under the pane of the first falt 8s. unforgivin, the nixt falt, 16s., the third falt the dingin fourcht the calderun bodim, brekin of the brewin loumes (utensils), and expelin of the persoun or persouns committeris and brekaris of this statut brewin for ane year." On one occasion the Burgh Court found two women, Marion Norton and Marion Bruce, guilty of breaking this statute, and they appear to have been admonished, and warned that next offence would incur a fine of 40s., or else they would "ding out the fat bodim, and deil the brewin at the cors"—that is, knock out the bottom of the vat or cask, and divide the ale at the Cross. Later, one Margaret Alexander confessed to breaking the law in this respect, and was fined £5. She seems at the same time to have been free with her tongue, as she was publicly admonished in Council, and warned that she would be put in the branks next time she so offended. Every brewer was required, as soon as the ale was ready, to send for the bailie of that part of the town, who, along with two sworn cunneis (or tasters), tasted the ale, and put upon it the price at which it was to be sold; and, should he sell the ale before this was done he was to be fined 40s.

The Ten o'clock Movement

is no new thing, it would appear, as in 1608 it was ordained that "na browstare (or ale-house keeper), oystlare, nor ventare of wynne or meitt, sell ather drink or meitt, nor resaitte ony person within their housis after the said hour, under the pane foirsaid." At the same Council meeting, "The provost, bailies, and counsall of this burgh, haifing considératioun that thair is sindrie personnes, induellares of this burgh, quha sittis up, under cloude of nicht, drinking and playing in uther mennis houssis and disabusing thame selfis, to the offence of God and

evill exemple of nyghtbouris; thairfoir it is statut and ordinit that na person nor personnis, induellaris within this burgh, nor utheris resorting thairo, tak upoun hand fra this furthe to sit up drinking or playing or walking on the strettis after ten houris at even."

We might cite examples of the regulations affecting other trades, but must content ourselves with the foregoing.

Offences Against the Person.

As in the present day, drink at the period under notice was apt to set the tongue loose, one example being that of one William Duchok, who, for "troubling" a Mrs Cairns, and calling her names, was ordained to "sit down on his knees in plane court, and ask her forgiveness," at the same time saying his "tongue had leid on her." On account of his having "been drunk when he missaid her," he was to drink water 24 hours.

There is a record of several differences having taken place between men, as, for instance, where "Jamie Moffat, tailor, was in amerciament of blood and trublance of Sande Duncan, tailor; and Sande Duncan was in amerciament for the trublance committit and doun upon Jame Moffat;" Sande Duncan being at the same time "in amerciament for the desobaissance of James Lam, seriand," or officer. But the females crop up more frequently as offenders. In 1545 one woman was convicted of "slandering" another by calling her "a notable thief" and other names, and the punishment adjudged upon her was that she was to "stand in irons at the will of the provost and bailies, then pass to the place where she said the evil word, and sit down on her knees and ask forgiveness, and say, Tongue you leid." If she again offended in a similar manner, she was "to be banished out of the town."

The custom which prevails among rowdy women of the present day of pulling each other's hair seems to have been prevalent in the times to which we refer, as a report is given of a woman named Katherine Jack, an ale-house keeper, who, besides being guilty of "slander and assault" by striking her

servant, Elspeth Mukart, was also charged with "rifing of her hair and casting her to the earth, and for molesting and troubling her by her evil language, calling her thief and other names." For this offence she was ordained to "pas to the merket croce this nixt Settiday (which was market-day at that period) at x houris and ane quhite wand in hir hand, and ask Elspet Mukkart forgifnes." Another woman, of the name of Agnes Henderson, who had been circulating "calumnies" regarding a certain Annabell Graham, was ordered "to pas apon Sonday mixtocum befoir the procession, sark alane, and ane walx candill in hir hand, and offer the samyn to the Rude lycht" (that is, light the candle on the altar of the Holy Rood), and say to her tongue that it "leid" when it gave utterance to the slanders she was charged with. She was thereafter to go to Mrs Graham and ask her forgiveness. Agnes was again in trouble twelve months afterwards, by maligning Marion Ray, and was ordered to go and ask her forgiveness, and repeat the formula, "Toung you leid on hir." At the same court, this Marion Ray was convicted of "troubling William Cuningame with hir trublus words, and calling Henry Thomson, Selaverand Henry, and also trubling Agnes Henderson." Marion was to "sit down on her knees and ask their forgiveness, say, Tongue you leid on them," and thereafter remain in ward in the tolbooth "with the clasps and calvill of iron locked upon her for 24 hours." Two years later, in 1547, Marion and Agnes had another outbreak, Marion this time being adjudged the offender, calling the other "thief, landlowpar," and other names, besides saying she "suld lay the pynt stoup on hir cheftis." Marion seems to have been such a frequent and great offender, that possibly all the customary punishments had been tried upon her without avail, and it was therefore ordained "for penitioun that thair be maid ane stand and gest furth fro the heid of the tolboitht, with ane pillie (or pulley), ane tow and ane creile (rope and basket), and scho be put in the creile and hyng thair during the will of the provest and baillies."

Offences Against Property.

Turning to thieves, or “pykars,” in the volume from which we have borrowed these extracts, there are not a few reports of such, as well as of resetting. In 1520 it is stated that at a court held on 1st October, Jenne Murra was found to be a common “resettar of pykry.” Fergus M‘Cummy’s wife, Willie M‘Lellan, alias Barker, and his wife were found to be common “pyearis” or thieves. Marion Cant and Besse Crawfourd were found to be “common flyttars,” or scolds.

Thieves appear to have been pretty sharply dealt with in the times under notice, and we select several instances which may serve as examples. “William Brownin and James Duncansoun, apprehendit with pykrie, ordainit to hafe thair lugis nalit to the trone, and be banist the toun.” Another notorious thief, named John Fischair, alias Blynk, after confessing to the stealing of a varied assortment of articles from several places during the night, was “adjudgit to be nalit his lug to the trone, and to be cuttit the hale lug, ane merk on his cheik, and to be scurgit throw the toun and banist furth of the touin and schir, undir the pain of deid.” Another way of marking thieves was on the cheek by burning. In 1547 the assize found “Jonet Wrycht ane pykar and apprehendit with saip, lynt and ane scheit, etc., and ordanis to byrne hir cheik and banis hir the touin.” In 1555 a batch of thieves, some of whom had been previously put out of the town, were convicted of stealing a web of cloth, and “it wes adjudgit that ane lug salbe tane fra ilk ane of the men and the said Maddyis cheik brunt with the burning irn; and thairefter the saidis personis banist the town and schyre of Striveling, onder the pane of hanging, in all tyme cuming.”

In 1556, Jonet Donaldsone was found to be “a woman of evill conditionis” and “had committit syndry pykris,” and her husband having apparently previously become surety for her good behaviour, the judgment agreed upon was that if she again offended, he was to have “divorce” pronounced against her, and she was to be banished from the town for ever. At

the same time she took oath not to offend, either by theft or "pykry," nor wilfully or fraudulently breaking any locks.

One Robe Patonsoun seems to have been a notorious house or "booth breaker," although it is not stated what sentence was passed upon him. He was convicted, and afterwards confessed to "the brekin of Agnes Langis bouit, and for the brekin of Allexander Watson bouit, and the brekin of Thom Jarva bouit, and the brekin of William Wyeissis bouit, and the brekin of Thom M'Calpyis bouit, and the brekin of William Cossour sellar, and for the brekin of divers and syndry sellaris and baernis, and for the thiftuis steillin of diveris and syndry merchandice and uder stoufe, that is to say, blak clayth, quhit clayth, lynnyn clayth, holand clayth, hardin, sewin silk, pepper, saferin, bartane cammes, woull, yarne, walx, quhit breid, aiell, flour, bair, benis, salt salmond, salt byief, and dyvers and syndry uder gair." These he was charged with stealing, and he further confessed to having stolen "ane coultyr of ane ploucht, ane kee of ane pyp lok, ane kee of ane throught lok and thre croukit irnis." He further confessed how he had disposed of the articles.

Capital Punishment.

The extreme penalty of the law was meted out in some cases, "hanging and drowning" being the modes adopted. We hear sometimes the expression, hanged for horse-stealing. Here it is. For "the thyftuis steilling of twa maris out of the landis of Corntoun, Ritschart Brown was convicted, and doume was gifin on him to be hangit quhill he war deid." He at the same time confessed "that he staw ane mair fra Robe Lam and ane blak hors out of the Cobiltoun." Robe Murra and Jame Mur, for having "thiftusly stowin ane gryne clok, ij syouds, ane sertane of sarkis, courcheis and colaris, vij pair of schooun, ane pair of hois, and ane buklar," sentence was given that they "sould be tane to the Galhous and hangit quhil tha war deid." Nycoll Harrower, being "acusit of the thifteous steling of ane biak hors and brekin of our Soverane

Ladyis persoun," he also was ordained to be hanged. John Burn, for the thiftuis steling and conseling of ane brown meir, pertening to Marioun Dik, was also ordained to be hanged. "Gilbert Coltuar, for the thiftuis steling and conseling of ane meir fra John Flyming, and j silver spunis fra John Sympson, was adiugit to be tane to gallows and hangit quhill he be deid." "Marioun Lamb, being takin reid hand with ane Spanyie cloik of David Nochell, of hir awin fre will oblist hir, and ever scho war fundin faltand in thift, scho salbe drownit without other dome or law." Jonet Duche, for theft of wool, was to be banished the town, and if she ventured in again she was "to be drownit without further accusatioun."

The last case of theft we shall cite in full, as it deals with another class, of whom we might have also said a good deal, that of

Rogues and Vagabonds.

It is as follows:—"James Ramsay, creillman, son to John Ramsay, borne besyde Breichan, Marion Straittoun, his spows, Jeilles Leslie, borne in Steanhye, and John Lyndsay, his son, borne in Largs, being accusit be John Adamsone, procurateur fiscal of this burgh, Jeillis Lennox and others, for the thiftous and wrangous stealling, resetting, and intrometting with and awaye taking fra the said Geillis Lennox, and others, of certane of thair guids, geir, in sicht and plenneising, claithes, pleydes, and utheris, perteining to them, quhairof ane certaine pairt of the said gear was gotten againe fra sindrie hands as being sauld be the said creillman his wyffe, of his knawledge and command, to the saids persons or layed in pledge to them, and uther pairt of the said geir was apprehendit and found with the said creillman and the said Geillis Leslie and hir son at the time of their apprehensioun; and the said creillman ganging throw the countrey lyke ane iydle vagabound with ane tumbe creill on his bak and nathing fund thairin to sell; and the said Geilles Leslie and hir sone haunting and resorting thair companye and ludging, eating and drinking with them, wha confessit the bying fra the said creillman and his wyffe twa

cuttis and some yeirne and twa single pleydis, quhilk apperantlie was all stollene gear; and everie ane of the said persons ar fund and tryet be their awen confessious and thair depositiouns that they ar common lieris and to varye everie ane of them fra utheris in their depositiouns, for the quhilk they aucht to be punishit in thair persouns in exampell of utheris. Being tried by an assize of fifteen persons, convictis the said James Ramsay and his spous as idle and sturdye vagaboundis and common pykeris and evill levaris, and the said Jeillis Leslie, and John Lindsay, his sone, as iydle vagaboundis and hanteris and resorteris in the saidis evill cumpayne and societie. And thairfoir the judges ordanis the said James Ramsay, creillman, to be scurgit through the toune to the Barrasyett and thair brunt on the shoulder; and the said creillmans wyffe and the uther twa persouns foirsaidis to be exiled and banisht this burgh and libertie thairof for ever; and gif ever ony of the saids persouns be fund agane thairin to be hangit or drowned, but assye or dome of law."

We might easily extend this paper by citing numerous interesting items, such as that any "person bringing stoufe to sell in the town" such as the craftsmen therein dealt in "was to pay a penny on the mercat day for help of Goddis service to be done in the parocht Kirk, in honor of God, the blissit Virgin, Sanct Loye, and all sanctis." This appears to be the beginning of what we know as Burgh Customs.

No inhabitants were to let their houses to vagabonds under a penalty of £5; no swine were to be allowed to go loose about the town; no person was to wash clothes in the Town Burn "within the Barrasyet or aboun, for fylin of the bourn, undir the pane of viij s, unforgivin and brekin of the weschal that tha wous with." Later, a certain place was fixed, no clothes or other things to be washed "abone Robert Patersone's wash hous, under the pane of v li. and brakin of their tubbes." Servants were to have their kists unlocked at all times; no horses nor kye were to be allowed to pasture in the Kirk yaird; and the members of Council were to "keip secreit what sall be revealit thair."

We might also have spoken of the Pest, and the regulations regarding it, and the changing of the market-day from Satur-

day to Friday, with a view to the better keeping of the Sabbath, but will close with a few references to matters relating to

Marriages.

On 28th November, 1608, “The counsell, convenit, statut and ordinit that all quhatsumevir persones, duelland within this burgh or perochine thairof, quha salhappin to be proclamit for marriage contractit betuix thame, sal mak thair brythellis and banquetis within this burgh fra this furth; and gif they falyie, being proclamit within the peroche Kirk of this burgh, be the miniesteris thairof, and mak thair brythellis outwith the said burgh, in that cais the pairtie or pairties that salhappin to contravene sall pay to the toun the soume of tuentie pundis money; provyding always that this act be onlie extendit aganes the men and women quha salhappin to be joyned in marriage baith duelland within this burgh or perochine thairof; and gif ony persone duelland within this burgh marie ane outland woman, in that cais it is statute and ordinate that it sall nocht be lesum to him to desyre any ma personnes nyctbouris of the said burgh nor tuentie personnes, and gif it be fund or tryed that he dois in the contrair, in that cais he sall pey to the toun the soume of ten pundis; and willis the Kirk, befoir they grant testimoniall, to tak ane pand thairfoir. Lykeas, gif ony outland man marry any woman duelland within this burgh, in that cais the brythell or banquet salbe maid within this burgh, and gif the woman contravene thairintill, in that cais sall pey uther xx pundis, and willis that befoir ony testimoniall be grantit be the minister or redder, or yit that marriage be solemnizite, that they tak ane pand for the said soume.” That was certainly “keeping oor ain fish guts for oor ain sea-maws.”

In view of the prevalence of plague in the burgh, the Council prohibited large gatherings of people at marriages, “except thre or four with ilk pairtie,” and ordered that the Kirk Session be asked to make the same regulation. Blackmailing, or laying on the prices on the occasion of marriages, was practised then, as now, and the Council, “Taking to consideratioun the abuse used be the nyctbouris and inhabitantis of this

burgh in taking tuelf shilling for a brythell lawing, they have dischaigrit that any nichtbour or inhabitant take moir heireftir for a brythell lawing than sex shilling aucht penneis."

Having thus given our readers these glimpses of commercial and social life in Stirling in the olden time, which we believe will be considered as of no little interest, we have to say,

In Conclusion,

that in a work of this nature it is exceedingly difficult to know where to call a halt, and we might have gone on quoting and narrating at great length. But as that would have extended the volume beyond the limits we set ourselves, we must rest content for the present. As others have found, so also has it been our experience, that a vast field lies to the hand of any one who feels inclined to make research amongst the historical or other associations which have gathered around the City of the Rock, and, in bidding our readers adieu, we trust they will have at least as much pleasure in the perusal of the foregoing pages as we have had in their preparation.



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