

Provost Cochran was a great improver of, and did much for, the town. This old eastern barrier had become sorely failed, and, as described to me by an eye-witness, was "a complete rickie." The Provost accordingly was mainly instrumental in having it removed, so as to allow the town to expand in that direction. The general appearance of the port in its better days has been already indicated in alluding to the others. The south end of the barrier, or traversing wall, joined the face of an old two-storey thatched house, one half of which was within and the other without the gate, and is so described in title-deeds. The north end rested against the angle of an ancient kirkyard, to be more particularly noticed in the sequel. The foundations of the port were not, however, rooted out. They were met with in 1812, during the formation of the first common sewer in Gallowgate, from Kent Street westward to the Molendinar Burn. These foundations were cut through by the sewer-trench, and lay in a bed of fine sand. They consisted of very massive blocks of stone, and their removal caused no small trouble. The wall had been several feet thick. Its precise position across the street was a few yards west from the mouth of the rectangular lane now called "the Great Dowhill."

In the centre of the street, precisely where the gate proper had opened, several antiques were found at some depth among the dry sand and rubbish; the most interesting of which was a huge key, believed on good grounds to be that of the gate itself. It was handed over at the time of its discovery by Mr. McCreadie, brickbuilder, the contractor, to a near relative of mine, who was interested in the formation of the sewer, as a neighbouring proprietor, and by him given to me. The key has now been in my possession about forty years. The circumstances of its discovery, as now stated, were mentioned by Mr. McCreadie and others in my hearing, and I now record them for the sake of preserving the identity of this curiosity. I believe it is the only one of the keys of ancient Glasgow's gates now extant. It is in fine preservation, and measures rather more than a foot in length; the shaft has been nearly an inch thick; the blade is two and a half inches square, and the wards remarkably well and sharply cut. There

is a large ring at the one end, freely admitting the hand; while at the other is a longish pike, customary in antique keys, for deeply piercing the thick massive lock on the oaken gate, which, in the olden time, shut in the city. The whole workmanship is superior; and competent judges assign to it considerable antiquity. The lock and key had probably been made in Holland.

### 3. *Gallowgate, beyond the East Port.*

On emerging from the city gate, a narrow country road, chiefly between hedges, led out to the ancient village of Camlachie, about a mile distant, and in its course passed through the centre of the Gallowmuir. This road went by the name of "the Camlachie Lone."

The first object that attracted attention outside the port was a small deserted kirkyard, called "Little Sanct Mungo." This ancient resting-place of the forgotten dead lay on the north side of the road, and close to the barrier. It was surrounded by a ruinous stone dyke of considerable thickness, with "boles." The interior was overgrown with rank grass, nettles, and foxglove; nearly hid amongst which were a few narrow gray stones, much encrusted with fog, and deeply set in the earth, marking graves of the long-departed. A few withered trees, the remains of an old wood, lingered in the background, close to the ruinous dyke. This kirkyard was veritably believed to be haunted; and within its sights were seen and noises heard by no means exhilarating. In moonlight the wrinkled trees had a peculiarly ghastly look—their shadows thrown into the old graveyard, slowly moving and flickering, as the night-wind moaned through their creaking branches, and hissed and rustled in the long wiry grass and waving black nettles. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that this was considered one of those "uncanny" spots, dreaded after nightfall by the honest burghers of these superstitious times. In fact, to pass "Little Sanct Mungo" in the witching-hour was a thing not to be done unnecessarily, and required no ordinary stock of resolution. Nay, on some occasions, such as Halloween (that very ancient pagan festival to the Lord of Death), any such

transit would have been not only rash, but positively dangerous. Woe, then, betide the solitary Glasgowegian overtaken by night, coming into the then little town by the road through the dreary Gallowmuir. We can imagine him quaking with the dread of seeing "something," and as he peered cautiously around, seeking, with quickened step, the shelter of the town gate.<sup>1</sup>

The history of this eerie place reaches back more than three centuries and a half. Shortly before the Reformation began to dawn, a pious ecclesiastic, prompted probably by the odour of sanctity with which the monkish legend already noticed had invested the Dowhill, resolved to build on a part of these lands a chapel, and dedicate the edifice to the apostle of Strathclyde. The name of this ecclesiastic was David Cunningham. He was Archdeacon of Argyll, Provost of the Collegiate Church, Hamilton, and an official of Glasgow. He was also Rector of Glasgow College in 1489. It was in October 1500 that the chapel was built at this person's sole expense, while James IV. sat on the Scottish throne. The archdeacon set apart for its endowment several properties, viz.—1st, A tenement in St. Thenaw Street (the Trongate); 2d, Two roods of land in the Gallowgate, beyond the Molendinar, "acquired from Mariot Dickson, near the garden of Thomas Monteath, and from Richard Browster;" 3d, An acre, lying in "*monte columbarum*" (Dowhill), bought from D. Spreull; 4th, A barn, and six roods of land in Provanside; and 5th, Certain "annualrents out of the lands of Drips and Melvan's Orchard, near Ruglen."<sup>2</sup>

Little did this pious founder dream of the storm of the Reformation, destined so soon to burst with all its fury on the Church

<sup>1</sup> These and numerous other curious city legends were related to me many years ago by old people. One in particular, who was born in 1719, and reached the great age of one hundred and three, had a most tenacious memory to the last, and quite well remembered all the city ports, and the Pretender reviewing the rebel army in the Green. I have many a time listened with no small interest to the tales, descriptions, and ballads of this intelligent centenarian, drawn from a store seemingly inexhaustible. Another informant was a very old gentleman, long one of the magistrates. I mention these sources of information to show that the description of Little St. Mungo's kirkyard is not fanciful, and because so little happens to be known about this queer old place.

<sup>2</sup> *Viz* the Chaturary of the See, printed for the Mariland Club, vol. ii. p. 501, and the preface to the Book of *Our Lady Colledge*, presented to that club by the late Marquis of Bute, 1846.

of Rome. The names of Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Melville were then unknown.

We lose sight of Little St. Mungo's chapel for nearly a century, during which time it no doubt experienced the rude assaults which an infuriated populace, goaded on by religious frenzy, directed against all popish edifices, and in their zeal ruthlessly destroyed some of the finest architectural triumphs of which Scotland could boast.

The chapel reappears, however, along with the surrounding kirkyard, in 1593. An old deed has very recently been discovered in the city archives, which I have had the privilege of examining. It is a conveyance of both, by Donald Cunningham of Aikenbar and Marion Lyon his spouse, to Sir Mathew Stewart of Minto, provost,<sup>1</sup> Robert Chirnside and John Stewart, bailies, "for thame and the counsall of Glasgu," dated 10th May 1593. From this ancient deed it appears that the chapel and kirkyard had sometime before (probably about the era of the Reformation) become the property of Archibald Lyon, a merchant in Glasgow, of considerable note. He was probably the same person spoken of by M'Ure as having been his grandfather, and possessed of no less than forty shops in the Gallowgate, besides "a great lodging for himself and family on the south side, wherupon his arms and his lady's are yet [1736] to be seen upon the gate of his said lodging to this very day." Mr. Lyon disposed the chapel and kirkyard to his daughter Marion, and to her husband Donald Cunningham of Aikenbar, a relative of the founder.

The price at which these spouses sold the queer old place to the town was "twa hundrith merkis numerat money ussall of this realm" [£10:16s. sterling]; "of the quhilk," the sellers, "hald thame weill content, assyryhit and payit." They stipulated, however, that the "chaipell, hous, and zaird should be convertit into ane hospitall for the puir, to be foundit be the saidis provest, bailleis, and counsell, and to na uthir use in all tymes

<sup>1</sup> This was the last of the Minto knights who filled the provost's chair. He was a great Royalist and Episcopalian, and gave mortal offence to the Presbyterian party by ejecting the minister of Cambuslang from the pulpit of the Cathedral by main force, to make room for the Episcopalian bishop. M'Ure indulges in a few serious reflections on Sir Mathew's conduct on this occasion, not much to the knight's advantage.

cunning;” “and, farther, the said provest, bailleis, and counsall, grantis to the said Donald and his spous, twa lawfull and sufficient persons to be admittit five burges of the said cite, at thair request;” a privilege of which, by an endorsement on the deed, it appears that Donald availed himself at least twice; his first nominee having been “Robert M’Cuir, tailzeor.” At the time of this sale the arms of Cunningham were emblazoned on the chapel; for the deed takes the Provost and Magistrates bound “not to alter ye Conzngnanes armes of ye said kirk, presentlie yairupon, in all tymes cunning, sa lang as ye wa’ [wall] standis.”

The following is the description of the property:—“All and hail the chapell and hous, callit St. Mungo’s Chaipiane, with kirk-zaird, and pertinentis thairof, lyand in the east side of the town of Glasgow, bezond the Gallowgait Brig, betwix the landis of Dowhill on the north, and the *Hie Street on the east partis.*”<sup>1</sup>

The kirkyard was surrounded by trees, an old custom, reaching back to paganism, and some value seems to have been attached to them by Donald of Aikenbar and the provost, probably as fine old timber, for there is an express clause, whereby “ye said Donald and Marion, sellis and dispones to ye saidis toon-schip, all and hail, the treis, baith growand and cuttit, about, and in the samyn, to be instantlie intronmett with, be the saidis provest, bailleis, and counsall, to the use of the said kirk.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This “*The Street*” has long disappeared. It is traditionally recorded to have been a road down from the Drygate to this little popish chapel, and continued southward in the line of what is now South St. Mungo Street, or Burnt Barns. The present Saracen’s Lane is nearly in its track; but that is comparatively quite a modern opening. The existence of this ancient cross-road off the Gallowgate, hitherto resting only on tradition, is now proved by the deed of 1593.

<sup>2</sup> This curious old deed is in fine condition, as if it had scarcely ever been out of the fold. It is in the custody of Andrew Cunningham, Esq., Keeper of the Register of Sasines for the burgh, whose courtesy in allowing me access to this and many other curious and valuable papers under his charge I beg to acknowledge. The contents of this ancient conveyance are now made public for the first time. It is signed only by “Donald Conzngnane, off Alkibar,” and by “Mynto, Knt.” Eight witnesses are mentioned in the deed as having been present at the subscription; but none of them sign, that formality in the authentication of Scotch instruments not having then been settled by statute. One of the witnesses was the celebrated David Weems, inducted minister of the Cathedral only a few years after the Reformation; another, “James Foret, of Burrowfield,” a third, “Gabriel Corbat, of Hardgrait,” a fourth, “Ninian Andersoune, of Woodsyde,” a fifth, “William Young, in Parlk;” the remaining witnesses were two of the town officers, and “Robert Herbertsoune,” writer of the deed.

The Provost and Magistrates having thus acquired Little St. Mungo, followed out the stipulations, by converting it into a hospital. It became a receptacle for lepers, and those attacked by the plague. Various entries appear in the Council records for disbursements in repairs. The last known allusion to the chapel itself occurs in these records about 250 years ago, shortly before James ascended the English throne, on the death of Elizabeth. How much longer the chapel stood cannot be ascertained. But the kirkyard, surrounded by an old-fashioned dyke, continued as a place of sepulture till a much later period; though it also became deserted for that purpose early in last century. Allusions are made to it repeatedly in the records of the Town Council; one of which, on 11th June 1644, states that, “the gers [grass] of Little St. Mungow’s kirkyaird is set to Johne Andersoune, for ane dollar gevin to the offschirs to buy their dinner.”<sup>1</sup>

At length, after the East Port had been removed, the Magistrates resolved to sell Little St. Mungo’s kirkyard, and in November 1754 put an advertisement in the *Glasgow Courant*, offering it for public sale in the Tolbooth. It is described in the advertisement as “that old kirkyard lying without the Gallowgait Port, on the north side of the high road.” At that time there were no hotels in Glasgow, though there were several good minor inns, and the Magistrates were desirous to have one erected on a large scale for the proper reception of people of quality visiting the city. Accordingly they entered into an arrangement with Robert Tennent, a gardener and vintner, to build a first-class hotel. This man had long been tenant of the “White Hart” Inn, belonging to Mr. Orr of Burrowfield, a little way outside the East Port, nearly opposite what is now Campbell Street. The site which the Magistrates thought the best for this new hotel was no other than the old deserted kirkyard of Little St. Mungo. Accordingly they sold it to Tennent on the 24th of November 1754, on condition that he should erect thereon a hotel in conformity with a

<sup>1</sup> *Pride Memorabilia*, selected from the minute-books of the town of Glasgow, from 1588 till 1750, by James Hill, Esq., page 131; printed for private circulation, 1835. From old papers in my possession it appears that the extent of frontage of the kirkyard to the “Canthaclic Lone” was about 160 feet.

plan; and, by way of encouragement, they allowed him to take the stones for building it from the ruins of the Archiepiscopal Castle at the town-head. Surely the object in view might have been attained without that piece of civic vandalism. However, Tennent proceeded to fulfil his bargain. He demolished the kirk-yard dyke, with its old-fashioned "boles;"<sup>1</sup> rooted out the foundations of the ancient chapel, as well as the deeply-sunk, moss-covered gravestones; and thus terminates the history of the ruins of Little St. Mungo, so long the object of superstitious dread to the worthy burghers of the early part of last century. What old Donald Cunningham of Aikenbar and his well-beloved spouse Marion Lyon would have said had they witnessed the desecration must be left to conjecture. But it was certainly rather a queer idea to plant an inn in a kirkyard, converting the graves into wine cellars and kitchens, as was actually the case.

Within twelve months after the agreement with the Magistrates, Robert Tennent completed the building of the hotel, which was long considered one of the most spacious and elegant in Scotland. As it was the first of the kind attempted in Glasgow, and as some points in its history are not devoid of interest, it seems worth while to bestow some further notice upon this old Gallowgate hotel before proceeding to other objects in the street.

In the conveyance by Provost George Murdoch and the Magistrates to Tennent, dated 26th September 1755, immediately after the hotel had been finished, the property is described as "that old yard, or burying-place, called Little Saint Mungo, lying immediately without and next adjacent to the place where the Gallowgate, or east port of Glasgow, lately taken down, was situated on the north side of the High Street, leading from the said port to Camlachie; bounded by the High Street [Gallowgate] on the south, the lands of Mr. William Craig<sup>2</sup> on the west, the lands

<sup>1</sup> A small fragment of the ancient kirkyard dyke is still visible in one of the closes on the west side of Great Dowhill, near the bottom; that lane being, in fact, a stripe of the westmost portion of the kirkyard.

<sup>2</sup> This was the Rev. Dr. Wm. Craig, at that time minister of the Wynd Church, to which he had been inducted in 1738. He was also the first minister appointed to St. Andrew's Church in 1763, after having been in the Wynd Kirk twenty-five years. In 1761 this excellent old divine lived in the third floor and garrets of a tenement in Gallowgate, near the burn. His son was the well-known Lord Craig, born in the Gallowgate,

called the Dowhill on the north, and the lands now of John Thomson on the east parts; and whereon the said Robert Tennent hath now at his own cost built a great inn all of good hewn stone."

The name which Tennent gave the hotel was "The Saracen's Head." It consisted of three storeys, and had a frontage to the road of one hundred feet. In the centre the main part of the building receded a little with good architectural effect, and a flight of broad stairs led to the entrance hall. Behind was a spacious ball-room, a large court of offices, stables, etc. A carriage entry to the ball-room was opened along the west side of the inn, which was the origin of the lane now known as the Great Dowhill; while the entrance to the stables was by a private entry skirting the east side of the hotel, and now called "Saracen's Lane."

Robert Tennent next announced to the public the opening of the Saracen's Head in the following quaint advertisement, which appeared in the *Glasgow Courant* for October 1755, viz.—

"Robert Tennent, who formerly kept the White Hart Inn without the Gallowgate Port, is removed to the Saracen's Head, where the port formerly stood. He takes this opportunity to acquaint all ladies and gentlemen that at the desire of the Magistrates of Glasgow he has built a convenient and handsome new inn agreeable to a plan given him, containing thirty-six fire rooms, now fit to receive lodgers. The bed-chambers are all separate, none of them entering through another, and so contrived that there is no need of going out of doors to get to them. The beds are all very good, clean, and free from bugs. There are very good stables for horses, and a pump-well in the yard for watering them, with a shade within the said yard for coaches, chaises, and other wheel carriages.

"As the said Robert Tennent has been at a very great expense in building this inn, and making it commodious for his guests, he hopes to have the countenance and encouragement of all his old friends and customers, who may depend on their being rightly accommodated and well used. There is a large room, where an hundred people can be entertained at one time."

An enormous sign was also hung up on the front of the house, representing a man as large as life down to the knees, with an ample white turban, claret-coloured robe, very wide light inexpressibles, and a broad red sash round the body. He was in the act of drawing a most uncomfortable looking scimitar, which he one of the most eminent jurists of his day, and an ornament to literature, of whom Glasgow may well be proud. He studied law in Glasgow College, under that second Gamahel, Professor John Miller.

had managed half-way out of the scabbard. The countenance was well adorned with hair, and the glaring eyes seemed ready to start from the sockets. He was evidently in a violent passion, and the whole expression most alarming. This was intended to represent a Saracen!<sup>1</sup>

Such was the Saracen's Head Inn when fresh from the builder's hands. It was a bold undertaking for Tennent in those days, but he did not succeed. He lost the whole money he had made, and died only about two years after the inn had been opened.<sup>2</sup>

A committee of Robert Tennent's creditors took the charge of his affairs, consisting of three well-known names, viz.—Alexander Oswald of Scotstoun, George Murdoch, the former Provost, under whose auspices the inn had been planned, and Allan Dreghorn of Ruchill,<sup>3</sup> father of the celebrated "Bob Dragon." They let the inn to Mrs. Catherine Siddell, the widow of Tennent, at fifty guineas per annum, during her lifetime, or as long as she chose to possess it. In the old papers she is described as a woman of remarkable energy and industry, which may account for such an unusual and indefinite tack-right. On her death, a few years after, the inn was sold to James Graham, vintner, already alluded to as having been lessee of the Black Bull, then the rival hotel in the Wester Gate. The price paid by Graham was £1150—a large sum in those days. This was in 1768. Graham continued landlord for about nine years. The inn prospered, but unluckily he engaged in building speculations, which did not succeed. He failed, and died about 1777.

<sup>1</sup> This queer old *sign* is still extant, and scores of copies have been taken from it all over the country. It did duty on the old Saracen's Head Inn, and afterwards on the new inn, on the opposite side of the street, bearing the same title, built after the former had ceased to be a hotel; thus reaching over a period of more than three quarters of a century. It is the oldest sign now in Glasgow.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Tennent appears to have been at one time a man of considerable means, and much respected. He was a gardener as well as vintner. His garden formed what is now the property of Annfield (afterwards noticed), and with some adjoining ground consisted of about thirteen acres. Preparatory to his removal from the White Hart to the Saracen's Head, Tennent sold all this land and some houses thereon, in order to realise funds to assist in paying for the building of the "Great Inn." Poor Tennent died on Thursday, 3d February 1757. The *Glasgow Courant* of that date says of him that he "was well qualified for his business, and respected by all ranks."

<sup>3</sup> "Bob Dragon" was nephew, not son, of Allan Dreghorn of Ruchill. His father was Robert Dreghorn of Blochlainn.

As in Tennent's case, a committee of Graham's creditors took charge of his affairs, one of whom, named Niven, was a well-known barber, and bailie of the city, and the identical person Smollett had in his eye when he portrayed Hugh Strap, in *Roderick Random*.

Graham's widow was the same active, industrious woman that her predecessor in the inn, Mrs. Tennent, had been. Her name was Jean Leckie. She undertook to pay her husband's creditors, on having his whole property conveyed to her. This was done, and Mrs. Graham became sole proprietrix of the Saracen's Head in 1777. She is well remembered by people of the olden time as the gaucy, glib-tongued, managing landlady of the Saracen. Under her management the inn did well for many years.

It was long the chief rendezvous of all distinguished strangers, and the place selected for balls, county meetings, magisterial and public dinners, etc. etc. When the foundation stone of the first Jamaica Street Bridge was laid, by Provost John Murdoch, the procession started from the Saracen's Head;<sup>1</sup> the sporting Duke of Hamilton regularly put up there; and many of the Scotch nobility danced in the spacious ball-room, at county and other balls.<sup>2</sup> When Dr. Samuel Johnson returned from his tour to the Hebrides, with Boswell in 1773, they resided in this house, and were there visited by the College professors and other notables. Speaking of their arrival in Glasgow (which Johnson very much admired), Boswell in his amusing volumes states:—

"On our arrival at the Saracen's Head Inn at Glasgow, I was made happy by good accounts from home; and Dr. Johnson, who had not received a single line since we left Aberdeen, found here a great many, the perusal of which entertained him much. He enjoyed in imagination the comforts which we could now command, and seemed to be in high glee. I remember he put a leg up on each side of the grate, and said, with mock

<sup>1</sup> Provost George Murdoch was the first provost of Glasgow who wore a gold chain, and he sported it for the first time in this grand masonic procession.—*Vide Cieland's Enumeration, for the Census of 1831.*

<sup>2</sup> I remember on one occasion hearing the late venerable Earl of Glasgow, whose father so nobly fought and bled, side by side with the immortal Wolfe, at Fontenoy and Lauffeldt, state, when commenting on the changes in Glasgow during his long life, that he had frequently walked a minute in the Saracen's Head ball-room, and seen the most distinguished company assembled there; adding, that without doubt it was the finest hotel in those days in Scotland.

solemnity, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for me to hear it,—Here am I, an Englishman, sitting by a coal fire. The professors of the University [founder of our arrival, Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Reid, and Mr. Anderson Anderson of the Andersonian Institution, Glasgow], breakfasted with us. Mr. Professors Reid and Anderson, and the two Messrs. Fowles, the Elzevirs of Glasgow, dined and drank tea with us at our inn, after which the professors went away; and I having a letter to write, left my fellow-traveller with Messrs. Fowles."

An amusing account is then given by Bozzy, of the onset which these two clever Glasgow printers made on the great Lexicographer, and the dilemma in which the latter was placed.

Little did Dr. Johnson imagine that he had taken up his quarters in an old kirkyard, otherwise it is not improbable that he have proved more than a match for philosophy, and seriously disturbed his slumbers among the dead lepers, besides lessening his encomiums on Glasgow.

The old Lords of Justiciary, when they came on the Western Circuit, always resided in the Saracen's Head, and walked from thence in procession along the Gallowgate to the Court Hall, in the antique Tolbooth, at the Cross,<sup>1</sup> and when the numerous magisterial dinners took place in those days at the same hotel, the circumstance was made known to the public by a couple of the town-officers being put on duty at the head of the broad stairs, outside the inn door, in their red coats, and with shouldered halberds. All the Saracen's Head waiters wore livery, and were profusely powdered. The whole establishment was conducted in frstrate style.

The first time that the London mail-coach came to Glasgow, in July 1788, it drew up at the Saracen's Head, and so great was

<sup>1</sup> The allusion to these judges of the olden time recalls some memorable names accustomed to honour the now nearly-forgotten old Gallowgate Hotel with their presence. The Saracen's Head often received the celebrated Lord Hailes; Lord Karnes (whose mother was a daughter of Mr. Walkinshaw of Barrowfield, near Camlachie, and whose grandfather was the distinguished Principal Bailie of Glasgow College); that admirable lawyer Sir Iainy Campbell, Lord President; the coarse but shrewd Lord Justice-Clerk Macquoen of Braxfield; Sir Thomas Miller of Barskimming, Lord President, and son-in-law to Provost Murdoch of Glasgow; Lord Bankton, author of the excellent *Institute on the Laws of Scotland*; besides many other men of renown.

the interest excited by the expected arrival that Cleland relates, the landlord of the inn and a great crowd of horsemen went out as far as Tollcross and met the coach, welcoming it to the West. After the edifice had ceased to be used as an inn, the stables,<sup>1</sup> which included sixty stalls, continued to be rented more than thirty years by a well-known contractor for the conveyance of the London mail, and as a posting establishment.

Many amusing stories are preserved of the sayings and doings in this old Gallowgate inn when in its prime; a good sample of which will be found in the ninth volume of *Chambers's Journal* [June 1840], titled, "A Dinner Party of the Last Century," where a very graphic account is given of a dialogue between the landlady and a certain Doctor Seggie, lately returned from a continental visit, on the novelty of hot plates at dinner in a cold day.

The gaucy landlady, Mrs. Graham, married a second time, a lawyer, much younger than herself. He was an elder in the Tron Kirk. A reverse of fortune took place at the outbreak of the French Revolutionary war. In 1791 a meeting of creditors was called; and although this industrious landlady was probably not in law bound for her husband's debts, injudiciously contracted in buying ground and building, yet she nobly surrendered all her heritage to the creditors, receiving only in return an annuity of sixty guineas during life, secured on the inn, and the privilege of a lease of the farm of Hogganfield, to which she retired, after having done the honours of this first Glasgow hotel more than twenty-four years.

The inn, as well as a large range of adjacent ground, belonging to Mrs. Graham's second husband, was sold; and in 1792 became the property of the late Mr. William Miller of Slatefield, who opened up what is now Saracen's Lane, feuing it off into building stances, and converted the inn itself into dwelling-houses and shops, in which state it has since continued. It is among the oldest edifices now remaining in Gallowgate outside the port.<sup>2</sup> Strange enough, too, *vestigia* of the ancient kirkyard

<sup>1</sup> These fine old stables are now converted into a candlework; and the ball-room has for more than half a century been used as a place of worship by various sects.

<sup>2</sup> I am in possession of some of the old pisenishing of the inn, purchased in 1791, at

were revealed during the alteration of the inn by Mr. Miller. In digging among the cellars many bones of the dead were turned up, to the no small dismay of the work-people.

Returning to the sketch of Gallowgate beyond the port, in the early part of last century, an old road led off from the Cam-lachie Lone, at a point opposite the ruins of Little Saint Mungo, and went by the double appellation of "St. Mungo's Lone" and "Burnt Barns." It formed the ancient outlet from the East Port to the Green and to Rutherglen, by Craignestock. On the west side of the Burnt Barns stood a few thatched houses, which came close up to the city gate; while a large area of ground, called "The Round Croft," formed the boundary of the old road on the east.

Round Croft consisted of about two acres and a half. It was bounded on the south by the Craignestock road (now Great Hamilton Street); on the north by the Camlachie Lone, along which it stretched eastward nearly as far as what is now Gibson Street; and on the east by another tract of open ground called "The How Croft."

Early in last century the Round Croft belonged to the first John Orr of Barrowfield. It was surrounded by dykes and hedges, and chiefly occupied as garden ground. A small inn, called "The White Hart" (already referred to), faced the Gallowgate; and behind it was a bowling-green and archery ground, laid off by Mr. Orr, who was a great improver. M'Ure describes this place of amusement in his usual quaint style:—

"There is a beautiful lodging, and pertinents thereof, and a curious bowling-green at the back thereof, for the diversion of gamblers at bowling therein, and a stately pair of butts for accommodating the archers of our city therat, and other gentlemen adjacent, all well fenced and inclosed, by John Orr, of Barrowfield, Esq., lying betwixt his village of Calton and the East Port of Glasgow."

the sale of the furniture, etc. These include several very quaint prints that hung on the walls—queer mantlepiece ornaments—the enormous blue china punch-bowl, which usually graced the head of the table on all grand occasions, etc. This bowl holds several gallons, and has evidently seen much hard service, being clasped in several places. The city arms appear in the bottom, with the motto, "Success to the Town of Glasgow." A curious procession is also represented, probably to the shrine of Bacchus.

This property was sold by the second John Orr of Barrowfield (afterwards town-clerk), in June 1767, to John Struthers, maltman, who there erected an extensive brewery, well known long afterwards as "Struthers' Brewery," and successively carried on by father and son.

About the beginning of the present century the late Mr. Robert Struthers, afterwards of the Greenhead Brewery (son of the purchaser from Mr. Orr), who had become sole proprietor of the Round Croft, resolved to lay it off in streets for building. Accordingly, about 1802, Kent Street (named after the father of her present Majesty) and Suffolk Street, which runs between it and the "Burnt Barns," were opened through this old croft and the bowling-green, agreeably to a plan by John Weir, measurer. Among other purchasers from Mr. Struthers were the Rev. John M'Leod, Andrew M'Kendrick, and Robert Buchan, plasterers, who entered into a joint adventure for building a new Gallowgate inn (facing the old Saracen's Head), and other tenements adjoining. In 1803, therefore, they acquired five steadings of the Round Croft, containing about 1785 square yards. The ground thus purchased extended from St. Mungo's Lane, along Gallowgate, eastward to Kent Street, and ran up the latter and the lane about eighty-six feet. At the north-west angle of the croft these three parties built "The *Neu* Saracen's Head Inn." The huge old sign which had so long graced the old inn was hung up on the new, and remained there more than thirty years. This second Saracen's Head was long tenanted by one Charles Howat, who had been an ostler in the old hotel. A rather singular prohibition was introduced into the conveyances of the Round Croft lots by Mr. Struthers, that no churches or meeting-houses were to be erected thereon. It was not till 1814 that this restriction was withdrawn, by a formal deed, among the whole adjacent proprietors.

Continuing eastward, as already said, How Croft lay next Mr. Orr's old bowling-green, on the Round Croft. The eastern boundary of How Croft was what is now the Calton Mouth, formerly called Blackfauld, then in course of being formed into the village of Calton. As far back as the Union How Croft belonged to a

wealthy old brewer named Walter Boyd. He resided on the Croft, and had his malt-kiln and barns there; besides being proprietor of various detached acres on the Gallowmuir, then beginning to be improved. Old Walter was succeeded *circa* 1730 by an only daughter, Margaret Boyd, who married a preacher of the same surname. Their son, the Rev. William Boyd, became minister of Penninghame, in the south of Scotland, and on the death of his parents, having become apparently desirous to get rid of his then distant Glasgow property, the Penninghame minister sold off the old brewer's How Croft and other subjects about 1781 to different people. The principal purchaser was one James Gibson, a wright. This man bought from the Rev. Mr. Boyd the greater part of the How Croft, with the intention of opening a street through it from the Gallowgate. He began to build tenements facing the Gallowgate, and laid off a new street, which he named after himself. But he aimed at more than he could accomplish. He failed, and his creditors finished and sold off the tenements. This was the origin of Gibson Street in the Gallowgate.

Before going farther eastward it is necessary to notice Campbell Street and Graeme Street.

Both of these now somewhat antique streets traverse the Dowhill. The former is named after the late Mr. James Campbell, tanner, formerly alluded to; and the second after the late Mr. Robert Graeme, originally a writer in Glasgow, and afterwards Sheriff-Substitute there. These two gentlemen entered into a joint speculation *circa* 1781, and purchased a large area of the lands of Dowhill from Dr. John Moore, before referred to; and subsequently additional adjoining ground was acquired by them from the creditors of the landlord and landlady of the old Saracen's Head Inn.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Campbell was, besides, proprietor of three estates—Peterhill, Bedlay, and Shirva. He had three sons—James, Alexander, and David. I have a melancholy satisfaction in recording the names of this now extinct family, all of whom, father and sons, I intimately knew. The eldest son, when a dashing young man, was well known as "Claret Campbell." He afterwards went to India as an officer in the Scotch Brigade, and was at the battle of Assaye, under Colonel Wellesley, and in the war with Holkar. When he came home his father settled on him Peterhill. The second son, affectionately known in a wide circle as "Sandy Campbell," was a member of the Faculty of Procu-

The boundary of Messrs. Campbell and Graeme's purchase on the north was the College grounds, which stretched round and formed the march also on the east, where MacFarlane Street now is. When these gentlemen acquired the property it was a large garden or orchard, and is so represented on Mr. Arthur's old map of Glasgow in 1778. The fences had become much broken down, and the fruit-trees formed a great temptation to trespass. The new proprietors resolved to put a stop to this, and at same time turn the property to the best account. Two streets were accordingly projected by them, one to run along the north boundary, the other along the east, and to join at right angles. Accordingly the following advertisement was inserted by them in the *Glasgow Mercury* for June 1782:—

"*Building ground to be sold.*—That large yard lying at the back of the houses immediately east of the Saracen's Head Inn, Glasgow, is to be sold in lots or steadings for building.

"The situation of the ground is remarkably pleasant and well-aired, being bounded on the north by the Observatory yard, and on the east by other grounds belonging to the College of Glasgow, neither of which will ever be probably built upon.

"A street of 40 feet wide is to be opened from the Gallowgate, and another of 35 feet wide from the Dowhill, which are to join with each other, and by this means an easy communication will be formed betwixt the Gallowgate and High Street.

"That part of the ground lying next the Observatory yard will answer exceedingly well for manufacturers who may incline to build work-houses behind their dwelling-houses, as all these lots will have a sufficiency of back ground for the purpose; or will suit equally well those who would choose small pleasure plots of ground behind their houses.

"For the encouragement of purchasers, a considerable part of the price will be allowed to lye upon a ground annual.

"Apply to James Campbell, tanner in Glasgow; or Robert Graeme, writer there, for further particulars.

"As the above ground has of late been very much destroyed by people making roads through it, and the fences almost ruined, besides considerable injury done to the bushes and fruit-trees, it is required that no person presume hereafter to go into the said yard without liberty asked and given, otherwise they may depend upon being prosecuted for so doing with the utmost rigour."

rators, and universally beloved. The estate of Bedlay, with its fine old chateau, was settled on him. He died there, 19th August 1852. Shirva went to the youngest son, David.



The thirty-five feet street referred to in this advertisement is Graeme Street, which forms an extension of the ancient entrance from High Street to the back of the grounds by the Old Vennel. The College had enclosed their grounds opposite the Dowhill, by the still existing stone wall built in 1777, and the new street was to run alongside. The forty feet street is Campbell Street. It was opened in 1784. Various building lots were given off in both streets, and they gradually filled up. There was no restriction as to building churches or meeting houses on this property; and accordingly no less than three were erected in Campbell Street alone, all belonging to rival sects. On one side of the street was the "meeting-house" of "The Old Light;" on the opposite that of "The New Light," which grinned across at each other in all the fervour of that puritanical exclusiveness and intolerance which so much characterised these bodies in the olden time. The "Relief Kirk" looked quietly on, flanking "The Old Light" conventicle, in which last the "Gifted Gilfillan" of *Waverley* and Cuddie Headrigg's mother in *Old Mortality* would have found many kindred spirits and apt scholars, in all manner of objugation and rant.<sup>1</sup>

MacFarlane Street, immediately to the east of the two just noticed, was not in existence at the period under review. This street is another traverse of the Dowhill, close to the eastern

<sup>1</sup> I well remember the queer interior of these old "meeting-houses" more than forty years ago, so very different from their present brushed-up aspect, with the then unpainted seats, clumsy candle-holders dangling from the roof; huge wooden pillars or props to the deep shining gallery; funny-faced clocks, which ticked and struck unceasingly; the sour countenances of "the hearers;" and last, not least, the droll-looking beards, one of whom had a wry neck, and used to *take* from side to side of the long flagged passage as he essayed to conduct the yingowned "preacher" from the still quarter session-house, with its sanded floor, fir chairs, and water-sloup, up to the "poopit" and who, after his exertions, fell into a heavy, and by no means inaudible, slumber in the "bench," among the "auld wives" in red duffies and white mitches, who, from considerable regard to their antierlar infirmities, were privileged to occupy that conspicuous position, and gazed upwards at the preacher with outstretched necks, like a flock of startled cranes, or as the deaf mother of Saunders Mucklebackit in the *Antiquary*, when under inconvenient interrogation. Perched on the top of one of the pulpits was an artistic effort to convey the idea of Noah's dove, with outspread wings, and a branch in its bill. This remarkable ornithological specimen was painted yellow, rather corruptly, and at first sight might have been mistaken for a member of the duck family; but it improved on acquaintance, and did the artist great credit for perfect originality.

extremity of that property. When Alexander MacFarlane, Esq., of Jamaica, about the middle of last century, left, by his deed of settlement, the whole of his valuable astronomical instruments to the College of Glasgow, the Professors resolved to acquire more ground adjoining the old College garden, which then went no farther east than the Molendinar Burn, and to build thereon an Observatory, suitable to receive, and turn to the advantage of the students, the gift so generously conferred. Accordingly, they purchased *circa* 1757 a considerable range of the eastern portion of the Dowhill adjoining the Butts. This purchase had the advantages of communication with the eastern outlet from the city, and of a gentle eminence after crossing the burn, on the way down from the College courts; and as in these days there seemed little chance of the locality losing much of the quietude necessary for studying that majestic science, for the prosecution of which Mr. MacFarlane's gift was intended, the Professors resolved to erect the observatory on this little eminence, which in old papers is spoken of as "the summit of the Dowhill." The foundation stone was laid with much solemnity, in presence of the Provost, Magistrates, and other important persons, on 22d August 1757, and the edifice named "The MacFarlane Observatory." In each of the four corners was deposited a medal, with a Latin inscription, commemorating both the gift and the building, and having a representation of the constellations tastefully engraved thereon.

This fine antique astronomical temple, now nearly one hundred years old, still stands, retaining a certain aristocratic air, amidst the crowd of upstart buildings which the expansion of the city has recently brought into its vicinity. Though it has been long unsuitable for its original purpose, the MacFarlane Observatory remains a monument to the generous donor whose name it bears.

The stripe of ground running south from the Observatory to the Gallowgate flanked the eastmost part of the property subsequently acquired by Mr. Campbell and Mr. Graeme, and for about sixty years remained almost wholly unbuilt. Down till about the middle of the last century the Gallowgate toll-bar stood nearly opposite its southern extremity, and the toll-keeper lived

in a small house, nearly fronting it. This old toll-bar is frequently mentioned in papers farther back than the erection of the Observatory.

At length the Professors resolved to lay off this stripe of ground for building purposes. In 1815 a street was opened through it, and named after Mr. MacFarlane, before mentioned. Two years later St. John's Church was built at its northern extremity, by the Magistrates, the first incumbent of which was Dr. Chalmers; but the street, having no outlet to the north, has little of the bustle which generally characterises those of Glasgow.

Immediately to the east of the lands of Dowhill, and separated from them by an old servitude road running north and south, lay a large open range of ground called "The Butts." It fronted the Camlachie Lone, and stretched backwards nearly to the line of the modern Duke Street. This is, and has long been, emphatically *le Champs de Mars* of Glasgow. Here the ancient burghers mustered at the "weapon-schawing," and practised archery, from which originated the appellation of the Butts. It has continued to be a *place d'armes* till the present day. Prior to the outbreak of the French revolutionary war there was no proper accommodation in Glasgow for troops. The soldiers were quartered on the inhabitants, and those on picquet-duty mounted guard in an antique building at the bottom of Candleriggs, called the "Guard House." But soon after the war began Government resolved to erect barracks for the reception of a regiment of infantry, and selected the open ground of the Butts for that purpose. Accordingly, in 1795 the War Office purchased from the Magistrates this property. It contained 16,055 square yards; and the present infantry barracks are erected thereon. The buildings cost £15,000, and have accommodation for 1000 men. The first regiment which occupied this Gallowgate Barracks was the Argyllshire Fencibles, under the command of the then Marquis of Lorn, afterwards Duke of Argyll. Twenty-five years later the Secretary-at-war acquired two additional lots of ground adjoining, one containing 1550 square yards. This was in 1820, the time of the Radical insurrection, in order to obtain increased room for troops. But these barracks have long been considered

inconvenient—the officers' quarters in particular; and Government has for some time past been on the outlook for a more suitable locality, where the requisite improved accommodation may be procured, and infantry and cavalry garrisoned in one place, instead of being quartered widely apart, as was the case so long as Glasgow could boast of a cavalry barracks.

Many a gallant corps proceeded during the French war direct from the Gallowgate Barracks to the continental battle-fields; and many a regiment, thinned in its ranks, but covered with glory, has been welcomed back, amidst the acclamations of thousands, to its old quarters on the Butts. Among other instances, I well remember the 71st Light Infantry, commonly called "the Glasgow Regiment," wearing the tartan trews and smart little Highland bonnet, their fine bugle-band playing inspiring airs, marching out of the barracks under command of the brave Colonel Cadogan, on their way to the bloody fields of Spain. Crowds of the town's people accompanied them several miles, cheering enthusiastically. I recollect Cadogan distinctly. He rode at the head of the regiment on a fine black charger, waving his sword in response to the acclamations, and seemed the very *beau idéal* of a soldier. It is recorded of him on one occasion afterwards, when the regiment was hard pressed, addressing his men—"Seventy First! Down the Gallowgate with them!" words which acted like a talisman, and the Glasgow bayonets carried everything before them. Many brave Gallowgate lads fell with their gallant Colonel on the heights of Puebla, in the sanguinary and decisive battle of Vittoria; and a monumental tablet to Cadogan records his valour in the nave of Glasgow Cathedral.

On the south side of Camlachie Lone, immediately opposite the Butts, was a property named Claythorn. It extended from what is now the Calton mouth eastward to the Gallowmuir; and the lands of Blackfauld, now Calton, bounded it on the south. Claythorn belonged, as far back as the time of Cromwell, to an old Glasgow family named Luke, long considerable proprietors in different parts of the Gallowgate, and several of the members of which were merchants of note. In the hall of the Merchants'

House there is a fine portrait, more than a hundred years old, of John Luke of Claythorn, who left the House 4000 merks, and died in 1731, aged 67. His daughter was married to Provost Peter Murdoch.

Claythorn has long been subdivided among small fensars, and covered with buildings; but the ancient name of the property is still preserved in "Claythorn Street," which runs off from Gallowgate at right angles into Calton. A narrow opening called "Marshall's Lane," opposite the barrack gate, traverses Claythorn, in which was situated many years ago the only Roman Catholic place of worship then in Glasgow.<sup>1</sup> It was a small unpretending edifice, built in 1797, and capable of containing 600 people. There the few "Papists," as they were popularly called, long assembled under one priest to celebrate those rites, which the Glasgow people in the olden time scarcely tolerated.<sup>2</sup> I well remember seeing the Catholics on Sundays and festivals going stealthily along Gallowgate, and suddenly darting off into the obscure "Marshall's Lane," as if to escape observation. The Glasgow people were not overly fond either of Irish or Catholics, and within my recollection it was quite a novelty to hear the brogue. Now Glasgow contains upwards of 60,000 Irish, has seven Roman Catholic chapels, a nunnery, and seventeen popish ecclesiastics of different grades, while four additional chapels and a corresponding staff of priests are located at different points around the city.

The little popish chapel in Marshall's Lane, Claythorn, continued to be the only place of worship for the Glasgow Catholics till 22d December 1814, when the present beautiful edifice, dedi-

<sup>1</sup> Cleland states that previous to 1792 the few Catholics in Glasgow assembled for mass in a flat in Blackstock's Land, Salmarket. In 1792 the Tennis Court in Mitchell Street was rented by the Catholics as a place of worship. They removed from thence to the small edifice in Marshall's Lane, Claythorn.

<sup>2</sup> When Lord George Gordon visited Glasgow in 1779, he entertained 100 gentlemen of the Anti-Catholic party at dinner in the Black Bull Hotel. He afterwards dined by invitation at Anderson, and returned to the hotel by torchlight amidst immense acclamations. One of the principal followers of his Lordship in Glasgow was Mr. John Paterson, spirit merchant, who had a fine country seat, named "Bunker's Hill," near Rutherglen. So enthusiastic was Paterson in the cause that he usually went by the name of "Lord George." Several letters from his Lordship to Mr. Paterson are in my possession, and breathe the strong anti-Catholic feeling of the time.

cated to Scotland's patron saint, was opened in Clyde Street for the accommodation of the growing body. St. Andrew's Catholic chapel cost, along with the ground, £13,000, supplied partly from Rome and partly raised by small weekly subscriptions from the members, as well as contributions by liberal-minded Protestant gentlemen. It holds 2300. The organ cost £630. What would Lord George Gordon have said to all this?

#### 4. *The Gallowmuir.*

Allusion has already been made to this common as having originated the name Gallowgate, applicable to the ancient lone or road leading to it from the Cross. Gallowmuir was about a mile in length, from west to east, and comparatively narrow. It lay entirely within the limits of the burgh, and occupied the whole remaining area of the old royalty, beyond the Butts and Claythorn, which respectively bounded it on the west. Its eastern boundary was Camlachie Burn, and a very irregular and seemingly capricious chain of royalty march-stones.<sup>1</sup> The ancient road, from Drygate to Carnlyne, formerly alluded to (now Eastern Duke Street), bounded Gallowmuir the whole way on the north, and it marched on the south with the lands of Blackfauld, now Calton and Barrowfield. The road from the East Port to Camlachie, now Eastern Gallowgate, ran right through the Gallowmuir, from west to east, dividing it into two parts, whereof the largest was on the north side. The muir had a variety of subdivisions, indicated by the names of High, Over, Upper, Nether, Laigh, and New Gallowmuir respectively. The lines of these old subdivisions are now scarcely traceable.

In ancient times Gallowmuir was the property of the Corporation, and the cattle of the burghesses pastured there.<sup>1</sup> As formerly

<sup>1</sup> On 4th May 1529, Sir Robert Stewart of Minto, Provost, and the Bailies and Council, made a donation to Mr. James Houston, vicar of Eastwood, and to the eight chaplains connected with "the church founded to the Lady Virgin Mary, and Ann, her mother, in the cite of Glasgow, at the south side of St. Enoch's Wynd [Trongate], of sixteen acres of land upon the east side of the said cite, commonly called the Gallowmuir, of which, eight acres lye on the south side of the muir, configne betwixt the

mentioned, it was also the common place of execution, from which it derived its name. Old people in the last century recollected the gallows standing on the muir. The place was at the north-west end of the common, near the upper corner of what is now Barrack Street. At this point stood the hangman's house; and an adjoining declivity was long known, and is still recognised by old people, as "the hangman's brae," opposite the mouth of Ladywell Street.

At an early period the Magistrates began to give off portions of the Gallowmuir; and long before the union of the two Crowns this old common had been entirely broken up into a great number of minor properties. In 1712 there were thirty-nine fensars and tenants on the muir,<sup>1</sup> whose possessions varied from one to a dozen acres each. These small holdings were chiefly used for agricultural purposes, down till a comparatively recent period, and generally separated from each other by hedges and rows of trees. Where the muir skirted the two highways leading to Camlachie and to Carnlyne, a continuous line of ash or elms was planted. Thus the Gallowmuir came gradually under cultivation, and assumed an improved and rather attractive aspect.

Soon after these improvements took place, a few houses were erected on the muir, chiefly towards the west.

One early builder on the Gallowmuir was Robert Tennent, already mentioned as proprietor of the Saracen's Head Inn. In 1750 this man purchased upwards of thirteen acres of ground on Gallowmuir. The price was only £250, or at the rate of about £16 per acre. Tennent's purchase comprehended what is now known as "Annfield," and a large park of about six acres, on the opposite side of the Camlachie Road, called "the south park of

lands of Burrowfield on the south, and the town's common muir [Gallowmuir] on the west, and other eight acres upon the north side of the said muir, contiguous adjacent to the lands of the sub-dean of Glasgow, commonly called the Wester Craigs, and the town's muir on the west and south parts, and the lands of the treasurer [treasurer] of Glasgow, on the east part; to be holden of the town, in free donation, for prayers."—*Viz* Inventory of the ancient title-deeds belonging to the city of Glasgow, dated 1694. This curious old MS. list of the town's muniments was drawn up by Mr. James M. B. B. on the occasion of his appointment as town-clerk, in room of Mr. Robert Park, who was murdered that year in the Council Chambers by Major Menzies, in the heat of a quarrel.

<sup>1</sup> *Brown's History of Glasgow*, vol. ii. p. 94.

Lairn Gallowmuir." Both had previously belonged to Mr. James Bogle, secretary to the Royal Bank of Scotland.<sup>1</sup>

On the last of these lots Tennent erected that queer-looking cluster, still lingering on the roadside, originally called "Tennent's Toun," but afterwards and still known by the now sad misnomer of "the Whitehouses." This droll group consists of three houses, of two storeys each. The principal one stands a little way back from, and faces the high road; the other two flank it at right angles. Thus a court was formed in front of the main house, and a wall ran parallel with, and enclosed the court from, the Camlachie Road on the north. The entrance was through a very funny-looking gateway, composed of brick pillars of a square form, ornamented with conical stone tops. The houses were thatched and whitewashed, from which last circumstance probably the name originated. There was a large garden behind, and the houses were embosomed in a little grove of tall elm-trees.

This antique court of houses always reminded me of the small inn-yard where Sancho was tossed in the blanket, while his indignant master looked over the dyke from the outside, unable to relieve the sorely-distressed squire.

Tennent seems to have intended the place for a small roadside inn; but, as formerly noticed, when he undertook the more formidable, and to him unfortunate, speculation of building the Saracen's Head Hotel, he sold both the Whitehouses, and what is now Annfield, to realise a fund for the purpose. The purchaser was a wealthy old tobacconist, named Adam Tennent; the price £507:19:2; and the date of the sale, May 1755. I have alluded thus particularly to the "Whitehouses" as they are the oldest buildings now extant along the whole line from the East Port to Camlachie village.

At a late period an attempt was made to form a square on

<sup>1</sup> This gentleman, whose name frequently appears in the Gallowmuir old title-deeds, was the son of Mr. James Bogle, merchant in Glasgow. His grandfather, of the same name, was a Glasgow merchant also. They had various lots of the Gallowmuir; but the property purchased by Tennent had been acquired by James Bogle, the grandfather, as far back as 1666. The secretary succeeded his father in the Gallowmuir acres in 1736, and died in 1743. At the time of his death he had left the Royal Bank, and was a solicitor in the Court of Exchequer. His daughter, *Charles Bogle*, was married to John Lockhart of Castlehill, and took up her father's succession, under the legal shield of an inventory.

the Gallowmuir. The person who did so was James Graham, formerly noticed as the successor of Robert Tennent in the Saracens Head. For this purpose Graham purchased several acres; but he did not succeed. After building a few houses of an inferior description he failed, and died. His name still attaches to the old-fashioned cluster of houses known as "Graham Square," at the entrance to the cattle market; and the design is shown on M'Arthur's map, so often referred to.

While the Gallowmuir was in the rural condition above described, about the middle of the last century, several villas were erected towards its eastern extremity. These still linger amidst crowds of upstart buildings, but sorely altered and forlorn. In the olden time, however, they were beautiful country retreats. As such I well recollect them, and cannot refrain from saying a few words about some of these old Gallowmuir villas before they utterly pass away.

Of these there were originally four, viz. Annfield, Slatefield, Campbellfield, and Bellfield.

1. ANNFIELD.—As already stated, this property belonged more than a hundred years ago to Mr. Bogle. It is in the subdivision of "New Gallowmuir." The fine old villa, still standing, was built about 1770 by James Tennent, a wealthy old tobacconist. He named it "Annfield" after his wife, whose maiden name was Ann Park. It is in the architectural style of the old mansions in Miller and South Charlotte Streets. The house and grounds passed out of Mr. Tennent's family; and in 1791 became the property of the late Mr. James Sword, who very much improved both. A large addition was built to the house, containing spacious apartments. There was a fine garden, within the walls of which were grape, peach, and green-houses, pine-apple stoves, etc.; while a bowling-green afforded pleasant amusement in the summer evenings. The principal avenue to the house had a handsome lodge and gateway, the latter ornamented by two lions *couchant*, facing each other, and well executed in stone. The grounds were tastefully planted with trees and shrubbery; and along the highway a row of remarkably fine elms grew within the retaining wall. Truly it was a beautiful place.

Mr. Sword resided at Annfield more than forty years, and died there in December 1832. Some time after his death the property was sold to also now deceased Mr. John Reid, merchant in Glasgow, who in 1839 laid it off for feuing purposes; as a preliminary to which, all the old timber was cut down, the clay taken out of the grounds, and this once charming retreat converted into a mere brick-field, and effectually shorn of all its old attractions. Several large tenements have since been built upon Annfield grounds; but "Sword Street" will tend to recall the hospitable old owner's name.<sup>1</sup>

2. SLATEFIELD.—This property lies a short way to the eastward of that last described, and in the subdivision called the "Nether Gallowmuir." At the period of the Union the grounds belonged to Walter Boyd of the How Croft, the rich old man formerly alluded to, whose grandson, the Rev. William Boyd, minister of the parish of Penninghame, Wigtownshire, sold the property in 1779 to the late Mr. William Miller, then of Balornock. Very soon after Mr. Miller built the villa named Slatefield, where he resided nearly thirty years. This also was a beautiful place, embosomed in trees, and perfectly retired. The house is in the same old-fashioned ornamented style of those still to be seen in Miller Street, with wings. When the materials of the "Shawfield Mansion" were sold, Mr. Miller, who was fond of the antique, purchased some of the curious ornaments of that fine old Glasgow house, and placed them in and about Slatefield, where they long remained. There was a large walled garden behind with hothouses, and laid off in pretty parterres; an outer flower-garden contained many rare and beautiful plants (Mr. Miller being a great florist); while the lawn in front was terminated by a fish-pond, orchard, and shrubbery. The lodge represented a mimic fortalice, with a twelve-pounder stone cannon projecting. In the front shrubbery were two large white draped classical figures, conspicuously placed against a dark background of tall cypress bushes. These figures attracted no small share of curiosity in the olden time;

<sup>1</sup> The row of self-contained houses called "Annfield Place" on the north side of the Carnyne Road was built by Mr. Reid after he had become owner of Annfield, but forms no part of that property.

and it was a common thing in those days for the towns-people in then comparatively small Glasgow, accompanied by their juveniles, to stroll out along the rural Gallowgate Road as far as Slatefield gate, to have a peep through at the well-known and somewhat eerie-looking "*white ladies*." All is now changed; and although not so desolate in aspect as Annfield, the amenity is gone, though the property is valuable for feuing purposes. Many a happy day I have spent in youth at this place when in its prime; and I recall the memories of those long departed, and the scenes of the past, with an alternation of mournful and pleasing emotions.

Mr. Miller died at his other villa, on the Broomfields, Largs, on 25th June 1808, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, much beloved and respected; and Slatefield now belongs to his grandson.<sup>1</sup>

3. CAMPBELLFIELD.—This villa is situated on the south side of the highway, directly opposite Slatefield, and the grounds consist of about four acres. Campbellfield lies in the subdivision of "Nether Gallowmuir," and marches with the Barrowfield estate

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Miller was the first who built a marine villa at the now fashionable watering-place of Largs. This was in 1806. The spot he selected was called the "Swallow Brae," and formed part of the battlefield where Alexander III. defeated the Norwegians under Haco in October 1263. Mr. Miller fenced the piece of ground from Mr. Brisbane of Brisbane, father of the well-known General and astronomer. The Broomfields, now covered with elegant villas, were then in a state of nature, and covered with whins; amongst which were many cairns over the slain. One large monolith which had fallen prostrate was an object of much curiosity, and known among the villagers as the "King of Norway's stone." It is still extant in a gentleman's garden near the spot. I well remember Largs, more than forty years ago, as a most primitive-looking place. Most of the houses were thatched. The mode of conveyance to it was very different from that of the present day. It was either by hiring a chaise from Glasgow, and going through the murr of Kilbrnie (a wretchedly bad road), consuming a whole day; or in the huge old "long coach," called the "Royal George," on six wheels, and drawn by as many horses, to Greenock, whence either a chaise could be hired from the "White Hart" Inn to Largs along the new-shore road, which was more level than the old one on the top of the cliffs; or a seat taken in the coach to Ayr, which changed horses at the "Brisbane Arms," Largs. I have travelled by all these modes often, and well remember the scene. The heavy baggage was sent before in a sloop, the "Brisbane of Largs," commanded by a queer old skipper named "Robbie Hunter," who performed the voyage, barring foul weather, comfortably in eight days, grounding regularly on the then numerous shoals in the river, and waiting patiently till the next tide floated off the "Brisbane." This funny-looking *voyageur* at last came to an anchor at the mouth of Gogo Burn, Largs, at flood-tide, and when it ebbed the sloop settled down on the beach, and the delivery began. Now steam accomplishes the whole journey in less than three hours.

on the south. In the reign of Queen Anne it belonged to John Chapman, writer in Glasgow, and commissary-depute, a contemporary of M'Ure, who compliments him in his usual uncouth fashion, as "officiating the important office with great applause of the lieges within the jurisdiction, and especially the Procurators at the Bar, finding him an upright judge, of candor and integrity." In 1762 Robert Chapman, his son, sold the acres to William Auchincloss, merchant in Glasgow, at the price of £195:5s, or at the rate of £48:15s. per acre. Mr. Auchincloss built the villa still standing about 1770 and named it after his wife, who was connected with the family of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. He died at Campbellfield circa 1788; and the property, after passing successively through several other owners of the name of Auchincloss, was purchased in 1799 by Mr. Peter M'Adam, afterwards of Easter House, who again sold it in 1815 to Mr. William Wilson, father of the present proprietor. The house has the same quaint look with those already described, and, like them, is shorn of its amenity.

Campbellfield commands a fine prospect from the rear of the vale of Clyde and heights of Cathkin. The grounds slope southwards, and before they were so much cut up by brickworks, etc., presented a very fine specimen of the remains of an old sea-beach, noticed by Chambers in his *Ancient Sea Margins*; so that the time was when the waves of a former sea, filling the valley across to Cathkin, and reaching far up the country, dashed in wintry foam, or in summer broke in gentle ripples, on an ancient shore at this place, before man had arrived in Scotland a painted savage.

4. BELLFIELD is in "New Gallowmuir," and lies between Annfield and Slatefield, but is approached from the Old Cartayne Road. In the middle of last century these acres belonged to John Glassford, Esq., then of Whitehill. This princely merchant sold them in 1759 to Mr. John Wallace of Nelstonside, father of the late Mr. Robert Wallace of Kelly. The lands changed owners again; and in 1770 John M'Alpin, merchant, purchased them from Nelstonside. Mr. M'Alpin soon after built thereon a very queer-looking villa, still extant, which he called after his wife, whose maiden name was Isobel Donald, daughter of the

proprietor of "Donald's Land," Trongate, where, as formerly stated, Sir John Moore was born. Mr. M'Alpin's granddaughter was married to the late Mr. John Blackburn of Killearn. Bellfield was purchased from Mr. M'Alpin's heirs by Mr. John Reid, about the time he acquired Annfield—the two properties marching with each other.

So much for the old villas on the Gallowmuir. But before parting from them it seems not altogether out of place to make some remarks regarding a mansion of some celebrity, older than all of them, and still standing in their immediate neighbourhood. I allude to the house of Whitehill, on the north side of that portion of the old Carrntyne Road now forming Eastern Duke Street. Though this property is not actually on the Gallowmuir, it is to some extent identified with it, inasmuch as for many years after Whitehill was built the principal approach or carriage-way to the house from Glasgow was along the Camlachie Road, and northward across the muir. Things are so entirely altered in that quarter now that this may not be very obvious. But down till 1794, when that section of modern Duke Street between High Street and the mouth of the Drygate, was formed through a nursery garden, to carry on the line of the old Carrntyne Road straight into town, the owners of Whitehill had no proper carriage-way to Glasgow except along Carrntyne Road, and up Drygate (very circuitous and inconvenient); or across Gallowmuir to the Camlachie Road, and westward along Gallowgate to the Cross. In order to secure this last more convenient communication, as well as to preserve the amenity of Whitehill grounds, the early owners of that property purchased up from several minor feuars about seven acres on the Gallowmuir facing Whitehill, and a narrow stripe of half an acre more, which ran down from them all the way to Camlachie Road. Through these Gallowmuir acres an avenue or "coach-road" was formed *circa* 1757; and a later proprietor of Whitehill built a porter-lodge at the bottom of the avenue facing "Camlachie Lone" *circa* 1765.

But after Duke Street was opened up the Gallowmuir avenue was of less importance, access to Whitehill being fully more convenient by the new line. The Whitehill proprietors, therefore,

#### THE GALLOWMUIR.

parted with their Gallowmuir acres; but in the deeds of conveyance, they reserved an express right to the Gallowmuir avenue, in favour of the owners of Whitehill, in all time coming; declaring it to be a "coach road." This privilege, however, became neglected, and in process of time the road was closed up in face of the servitude. All trace of it is now obliterated. But I have a distinct recollection of the cross-road; it was bottomed with causeway stones. I have often walked along it; and remember seeing the stones rooted out at several points. It is also laid down on both M'Arthur's and Barrie's old maps of the last century very distinctly. The porter-lodge, however, still stands on the Gallowgate Road, and is known by the somewhat queer name of "Mount Hooley." This *sobriquet* it received in consequence of having got a *set* while building, supposed from some old coal workings in the vicinity, and it remained a long time without a roof. It is rather an interesting specimen of the peculiarly quaint style of lodges in the last century, of a square form, two storeys, deep, steep-pitched pavilion roof, etc. It is an old landmark on the roadside; and as such, allusion is now made to it.<sup>1</sup>

This explanation naturally leads to some points in the history of the mansion, to which this now nearly-forgotten Gallowmuir Road was one hundred years ago the main avenue, *viz.* Whitehill.

This fine old house and grounds are, situated, as already said, on the north side of the Old Carrntyne Road. The whole property is in the Barony Parish, and immediately beyond the old royalty of Glasgow. The line of the burgh crosses the Carrntyne Road, at the 58th old royalty march stone, near the north

<sup>1</sup> In this antique lodge of the old Lairds of Whitehill a sad tragedy took place more than half a century ago; a man, named Gilchrist, having there murdered his wife. He was hanged at the Cross; but the ghosts of the ill-fated pair long continued to infest Mount Hooley, to the no small terror of the neighbourhood. These spectres would have formed rather good specimens for Mrs. Crowe's interesting ghost-list, in the *Night Side of Nature*; or for Dr. Hibbert to have dilated upon in his *Philosophy of Apparitions*, as there was a very remarkable compound of the whimsical and the horrible in their conduct and appearance. But as these Mount Hooley spirits have long been laid, their peculiarities may be allowed to pass unrecorded, without any great detriment to natural history.

end of modern Whitevale Street, and meets the 59th a few paces west from the present gate of Whitehill; the course thence running due west, along the north side of Duke Street, to the 64th stone, near the mouth of the road up to Golfhill.

Whitehill was not the old name of the property. It forms part of the lands of Easter Craigs; which, with the adjoining Wester Craigs, belonged to the Stewarts of Minto, the well-known provosts of Glasgow several hundred years ago, whose town house was "the Duke's Lodging" in Drygate, recently pulled down. The Stewarts purchased Wester Craigs prior to the Reformation from the Dean and Chapter of Glasgow; and Easter Craigs about the same time from the old family of Livingstone. I have examined a very curious old deed in the charter chest of the Merchants' House, applicable to both parties, in favour of one of these ancient Glasgow knights, dated in the reign of Queen Mary shortly before her marriage to Darnley. "The Craigs," as their name indicates, consist of a stony ridge, which stretches from the Molendinar Burn, at the western side of the Necropolis (of old the "Fir Park"), eastward to the line of the modern Cumbernauld Road, at Drygate Toll, and bounded the whole way on the south by the ancient road to Carrlyne, so often referred to. In the olden time they commanded a very extensive and beautiful prospect.

Easter Craigs formed what is known among lawyers as a "forty-shilling land of old extent," a legal description referable to a tax imposed, at a very remote date, on lands in Scotland, as some antiquaries suppose, originally for raising money to ransom from English captivity one of the old Scotch kings.

In later times "the Craigs" were broken up into a number of different properties. Immediately before Whitehill House was built the lands lay in mere enclosures; the principal of which, as appears from old papers, went by the name of the *Whitehill Park*, probably from the natural appearance of the face of the craigs at that particular section. About the time of the Revolution what are now Whitehill grounds belonged to John Gillhagie of Kenyhill (which marches with them on the north), who afterwards sold them to William Anderson, merchant in Glasgow, a member of

#### THE GALLOWMUIR.

the Dowhill family. They subsequently changed owners, and at length became the property of John Glassford, Esq., the great Glasgow merchant already referred to, about the period of the Rebellion of 1745. At that time the grounds consisted of more than thirty-three acres. The house of Whitehill, as it presently stands, has evidently been built at different periods; the original edifice forming the centre, and the eastern and western compartments added subsequently, but harmonising with the first. It is doubtful who built the original portion, but I am inclined to think it was Mr. Glassford. The whole forms a fine specimen of the favourite style of architecture, among the most aristocratic class of Glasgow citizens in the early part of last century. In the olden time it was a beautiful place, with its extensive gardens, walks, and ornamental woods. The name "Whitehill" seems to have been chosen as the most euphonious in the list of those existing on the various parks or subdivisions composing the *cumulo* property.

Smollett alludes to Mr. Glassford in *Humphrey Clinker*, and it is supposed that the novelist had Whitehill in his view—as a place well known to him while a Glasgow student—when speaking of the kind reception which the merchants of that city gave to the gouty old Welshman, Matthew Bramble, on his travels with his brisk young nephew, love-sick niece, and husband-hunting, antiquated sister, Tabitha; attended by their long-faced methodist queerish and Jack-of-all-trades, the renowned Humphrey. It is chaise, with a pair of pistols, past Mount Hooley, and up the Gallowmuir "coach road," before described, to Whitehill, to dinner.

Mr. Glassford resided at Whitehill till 1759. On the 14th of December in that year he sold it to John Wallace, Esq., of Neilstonside, before referred to, and in July 1760 purchased from Mr. McDowall the fine edifice and grounds of the Shawfield Mansion, in Trongate, as his permanent residence, and to which he accordingly then removed.

Mr. John Wallace continued to reside at Whitehill twenty-three years—viz. from 1759 till 1782—during which time he executed



many improvements there, and in the vicinity. He was another of the Great Virginia *Dons*, and well remembered by old citizens, having among other peculiarities that of wearing a white nightcap under his hat, instead of a wig. He is so represented in the antique print of "the morning walk," accompanied by Mr. David Dale and Mr. Laurence Coulter (the *wisest man* in Glasgow), appended to the late Robert Stuart's *Views and Notices of Glasgow in Former Times*.

Mr. Wallace parted with Whitehill in September 1782, to Nathaniel Gordon, Esq., "late merchant in London." He resided in this fine old place till his death, eleven years afterwards. In 1793 he was succeeded by his son, Mr. John Gordon, afterwards of Kenyhill, who sold Whitehill in 1797 to the well-known Mr. Robert Grahame, of Messrs. Grahame and Mitchell, writers, Glasgow.

Mr. Grahame lived there nearly half a century, and died in 1851, at the great age of ninety-three. While he was proprietor, he sold, in June 1804, about ten acres of the eastmost portion of the property, under a variety of very stringent conditions for securing the amenity of the house and grounds of Whitehill, to the late Mr. James Carrick sen., merchant in Glasgow, who built on these acres the still existing villa of "Meadowpark," close to the Drygate Toll. The rest of Whitehill and the mansion-house were sold by Mr. Grahame in 1843 to the late Mr. John Reid, merchant in Glasgow, then also proprietor of Annfield, since whose death the property has again been sold by his representatives to Alexander Dennistoun, Esq., of Golfhill.

Such is an outline of Whitehill history.

In modern times the Gallowmuir is almost entirely covered with buildings, which include large ranges of tenements, various cotton mills, foundries, and other public works, besides three churches, Protestant and Catholic. The spacious and well-ordered cattle-market stands on the old muir, and more than seventeen streets traverse the latter in every direction. One of these merits some notice. It is amongst the oldest thoroughfares about Glasgow, though modern improvements have so completely transformed its features, and stripped it of its ancient aspect,

that a casual observer would at once suppose it to be merely one of the numerous streets of yesterday, which have sprung up around it. Before the curtain therefore fairly drops on the droll old country road of former generations, a few words seem not inappropriate touching its history.

The thoroughfare now alluded to was from immemorial time known by the appellation of "the Witch Lone." Its course ran from the ancient Carrntyne Road, at a point opposite the high grounds of Wester Craigs, southward across the Gallowmuir to Clydeside. In ancient times it was the only road crossing the muir from north to south. Tradition carries its origin back to a period coeval with the building of the Cathedral, when the masons engaged in the erection of that magnificent edifice lodged in the then more important neighbouring town of Rutherglen—Glasgow being unable to accommodate so many stranger workmen! These ancient brethren of the mystic tie, therefore, formed a rude path over the Gallowmuir, in their daily journeys between the two little towns, crossing Clyde at one of the fords.<sup>1</sup> The old bridge of Glasgow, which lasted more than 600 years, had not then come into being, while the extensive flat between the river and the ridge of Wester and Easter Craigs, across which the Cathedral builders travelled daily during the years consumed in the erection, was an unnamed wilderness. The path thus trodden by so many men became a beaten track of communication from the one town to the other.

But whatever may have been the actual origin of the road thus lingering in tradition, there is no doubt that the Witch Lone has been a thoroughfare for several hundred years. I have met with it in deeds as far back as Queen Mary, where it is designated "the Common Lone," showing that even then it was

<sup>1</sup> The well-known Glasgow myth regarding the ill-fated piper and his dog, lost in the maze of the *subterranean* way, popularly believed to exist between the vaults of the Cathedral and those of the Old Kirk of Rutherglen, long ago demolished, where the false Menzies plotted for the delivery of Wallace to the English, may not improbably refer to the ancient road of the masons embraced in the above tradition, but disfigured by the superstitious fancies of a rude age, impressed with awe at the mystic masonic ceremonies and processions attendant on the great work going on in Glasgow; just as another myth, probably from the same cause, associates the builders of the "The Kirk" with a race of pigmies.

not of yesterday. The *soubriquet* of the "Witch Lone" originated thus.

When the Minto family were the lairds of Easter and Wester Craigs, both these properties were let off on tacks to several small farmers, in patches of a few acres each. For instance, during the earlier part of Charles the Second's reign, in 1649, the tenants of Easter Craigs were—John Hill (father and son), and John Jackson; and of West Craigs—John Smellie, Walter Neilson, Robert Paterson, etc. Besides the money-rent in morks, which these queer old farmers were taken bound to pay, their tacks stipulated that Jackson should deliver to the laird "sex caponis, and sex henis, and ane boll corse corn;" while douce Johnnie Smellie, who had a bigger rent, was to come forward with "twelf caponis and twelf henis," in a becoming manner. We can conceive what an interesting splutter and skirling there must have been on the term morning, catching these doomed members of the feathered creation, naturally reluctant to be transported from the enjoyments of the pleasant Craigs' midden into the Drygate kitchen, there to undergo martyrdom, as many scores of respectable how-towdies have experienced in ancient as well as in modern times.

Now, it happened in the days of the douce "Craigs'" farmers that the deil was very troublesome in the land. From all that can be collected about him in the records of the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, based on the declarations of divers men and women, who not only were much in his company, but thought proper to enter into contracts of service with "the enemy," his appearance, as well as behaviour in Scotland were very low and shabby. The English Satan portrayed by Professor Porson seems to have been quite different in these respects. That writer describes him, when visiting "his snug little farm, the Earth," as wearing a Parisian hat, blue coat, and darkish tights, with a convenient aperture *en derrière* for the outlet of the tail, which at times he switched negligently backwards and forwards, and at others carried handsomely under his arm, like a cavalry sabre. But if any credit is to be given to the witnesses on the trials for sorcery in Scotland, adduced by the celebrated

## THE GALLOWMUIR.

prosecutor of the Covenanters, Sir George M'Kenzie of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate to Charles and James II., one of the most accomplished lawyers of that day, the Scotch deil paid little or no attention to the graces of the toilet, and was otherwise uncommonly whimsical. According to these intelligent witnesses, "Auld Sawney" contented himself with a mere roll of coarse blue plaiding, abominably redolent of brimstone, round his loins, and a pair of "hoggers" on his shanks; his voice was "bough and goustie;" and his favourite lurking-places were about the ends of the barn; among the peat stacks; in the kailyards, and near coal-heughs. He sneaked about these eerie localities, generally from the gloamin' till midnight, and woe betide the unlucky wight who there forgottered with this half-dressed Prince of Darkness! But "Clootie" did not confine himself to the human shape. The same respectable witnesses declare that he appeared frequently as "a piet," or a black dog, with a "rockle" and jingling chain; at others as a black grumphy, with a villainous squint, and buck-teeth; nay, he actually turned himself more than once into a moving hay-stack, probably intended as a delicate compliment to the landed interest, but which was certainly in better taste than the other transmogrifications.<sup>1</sup>

Besides his own immediate acts, he thought proper to enlist a large staff of witches and warlocks, in almost every parish, whose principal business seems to have been to terrify, bother, and perplex mankind. No wonder that Sir George M'Kenzie was sore against them; and we have to thank him for the valuable chapters he has left behind in his *Institutes of Scotch Law*, not only as to sorcery in general, but as to the most approved plan of framing an indictment against a witch, with tests for their discovery, and rules for the young lawyer, how to defend the accused; thus presenting both sides of the picture with his usual ingenuity.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Burns has depicted with infinite humour, in his "Address to the Deil," and description of the witch dance in *Tam o' Shanter*, the popular conceptions of the Scottish mind regarding the appearance and behaviour of Satan during his mundane visits.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George M'Kenzie's estate of Rosehaugh is situated in Wester Ross-shire, on the Beaulieu Firth, about ten miles from Inverness. The present owner is Sir James Scatwell M'Kenzie. Sir George was the terror of all breakers of the law; and in the character of Lord Advocate and public prosecutor his severity procured him the appellation of "Bluidy M'Kenzie." There is a fine portrait of him in his forensic dress

Now, Glasgow had her share of Satan's visitations, and of his myrmidons; and it would have been singular indeed if the cattle of "the Craigs" farmers had entirely escaped from their cantrips. Accordingly, their kye became yell, and like those in Pharaoh's dream, were ill-favoured and lean-fleshed. Not a drop of milk could be wrung from them, and their bellowsings were both dismal and affecting. In vain was rowan-tree struck under their tails, four-leaved clover tied to their horns, and various other experiments in natural philosophy, essayed upon the distressed brutes. They were under the power of the devil and the witches, and what more could be said or done?<sup>1</sup>

preserved in the Advocates' Library, of which he was the founder; and his tomb, which is very ornate, is still to be seen in the quaint churchyard of old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, where he was interred in 1691, aged fifty-five.

<sup>1</sup> At the present day it is scarcely credible the extent to which the belief in witchcraft prevailed at the period alluded to. It was by no means confined to Scotland, or even England, but reached all over the Continent, where, indeed, it began. The first Scotch statute against witchcraft is dated in 1563, while Queen Mary was the widow of Francis; but her son, James VI., took especial interest in hunting down sorcerers, and in his reign more severe enactments took place. To such a height did witch-prescription run, that Barrington mentions that no less than 30,000 of these unfortunates were burnt in England; 500 at Geneva in three months; 1000 at Como in one year; while in Scotland the number burnt is almost incalculable. More than 600 were indicted during only one sitting of Parliament in Edinburgh. The *fiore* in the registers of the parochial Kirk-sessions and judicial records. Glasgow had its most absurd superstition. It is distressing to read the trials of these miserable beings, the victims of a rack, and in the agony of suffering confessed whatever was asked. The first President of the Court of Session, David Myln, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, often presided on sorcery trials, and conducted them with great solemnity. Most counsels had an officer called "the Witch-finder," whose business it was to discover sorcerers. As many be imagined, he had a great deal in his power, and was the medium through which revenge, into the witch-finder's pocket, from both accusers and accused. This miscreant official pretended to detect the unfortunate witch by moles or other real or imaginary marks on the body. These were said to be "nips" given by Satan that he might know his own, and insensible to pain. The witch-finder had a long needle, called "the brood," in a case, and this he applied to the supposed devil's mark, thrusting it deep into the flesh. If the unfortunate accused showed *no* symptoms of pain, she was ready for the flames, and *vice versa*. The scoundrel could settle the case as he chose, for the needle was so contrived, that by touching a secret spring it retired into the sheath, having all the appearance of sinking into the flesh, without almost touching it, and hence occasioning no pain to the supposed witch. But if he wished to save the accused, of course the needle had full play. Several of these needles are extant, and the trick is revealed.

### THE GALLOWMUIR.

Most fortunately, however, some sagacious carl recommended that they should be driven down to Clydeside, to a running stream, and for change of air. This had the desired effect. After the cows had enjoyed for a short time the luxury of a good bite of the sweet grass on Clydeside, the spell of the Evil One flew off, and they recovered; but as soon almost as they went back to the Craigs the malady reappeared. Other people whose bestial were similarly afflicted resorted to the same remedy; and the course these witched beasts took to the favoured grassy plain was across the Gallowmuir, by the old Ruglen masons' road, which thence-

Woe to those whose poverty prevented them from buying their innocence. The treatment after being condemned was dreadful. The poor creatures were not allowed rest during the short time they had to live. It was thought that by tormenting *them*, they indirectly *hit* Satan. It was customary, therefore, to feed them on salted provisions, and prevent them from getting water to drink, though a jugful was placed in their view, beyond the reach of the chain which fastened them to the wall. Nor were they allowed to sleep; officials were placed beside them, whose duty it was to tease, annoy, and prevent them closing their eyes. They were often gagged by what was called "the witches' bridle." A broad iron gag entered the mouth, and pressed down the tongue, while the head was placed within an open case, fastened to a chain. They were usually burnt with this horrid contrivance upon them, the chain of it being riveted to the stake.

The last witch tried in Scotland, in the Justiciary Court, was Elspet Rule, before Lord Anstruther, at the Dumfries Circuit, on 3d May 1708. The jury convicted her by a plurality of votes, some having sufficient sense to disbelieve the evidence. His Lordship sentenced her to be burnt on the cheek only, and banished from Scotland. But the last Scotch witch actually *burnt* was an old woman, at Dornoch, in 1722. The trial was before the Sheriff of Caithness. The charge against her was, that she had transformed her daughter into a pony, and had her shod by the devil! Of this singular A distinguished member of the Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow, lately raised to the local judicial bench, possesses the chair of the last witch burnt at Paisley. This was the well-known case of "Maggie Lang," in 1697. This poor woman was a midwife, possessing intelligence superior to her neighbours,—a very dangerous quality in those days. The statutes against witchcraft were not repealed in Scotland and England till 1750; nor in Ireland till 1821. It will, however, hardly be credited that even yet the belief in sorcery keeps its hold. In the *London Courier* of 28th February 1834 there is an account of the enchantment of a whole herd of swine in the Forest of Dean, in England! See also the *Manchester Mercury* newspaper of the same date. Nay, in 1851 Andrew Dawson, a veterinary surgeon and dealer in herbs, residing at a place called the "Fairy Knowe," near the Gramplians, was cited before the minister and kirk-session on a charge of sorcery, and excommunicated. It seems he cured diseases by means of *charkey-stones*! Vide *Dundee Courier*, 25th December 1854. Banning, as a punishment for other crimes, continued till late in the bygone century. The last case was that of Catherine Murphy, burnt at the Old Bailey, 18th March 1789, for colouring *Colgate*; by a Barrister; London, 1853. This barbarous punishment was finally abolished by the statute 30 Geo. III. cap. 48.

forth acquired the cognomen of the "Witch Lone," which stuck to it like a burr, till squelched out a few years ago. It is very true, that some people at the present day have been so rash as to conjecture that neither the deil nor the Scotch witches had anything to do with the distemper of these unfortunate cows, and that they were the victims rather of starvation at home, in consequence of more being kept than the small farms could sustain in grass and fodder, as shown by their rapid recovery when they got plenty to eat and drink at Clydeside; but surely the people who actually saw the deil, knew the witches, and heard the groans of the distressed quadrupeds, had better opportunities of knowing than those who lived more than two hundred years after, and neither saw, knew, nor heard any of these things.

So much for the more ancient state of matters. A few words more regarding the "Lone" nearer our own day.

The first representation we get of its course and appearance is on the oldest maps of the locality. Thus, it is partially delineated on a very rare map, constructed for the Carron Company, dated in 1766, and titled "New Road by Duke Street to Cumbernauld,"<sup>1</sup> and very completely on the maps by M'Arthur in 1778, and Barrie in 1780. On M'Arthur's the Gallowgate toll-bar is shown to have been removed from its original position at the Calton mouth, out to the point where Gallowgate intersects the Witch Lone; and the latter appears with a row of trees on each side, from modern Duke Street to the Gallowgate, and thence southward till it joins the lands of Barrowfield. At that time there were no houses whatever along the whole line of Witch Lone.

The Witch Lone consisted of two portions, one to the north, the other to the south of the Gallowgate. By the year 1778 the *northern* section was bounded all along its eastern side by the fine villa grounds of Annfield, already noticed; while the western side was principally bounded by the orchard of Scarlethall, a peculiarly quaint-looking old house, which stood back a little from, and faced the north side of, the Gallowgate, amidst tall saugh trees, with honeysuckle trained up the gables, and its little avenue laid

<sup>1</sup> This map was prepared in anticipation of the opening up of Duke Street, which did not, however, take place for a number of years after.

with white flints. The droll old proprietor dealt in scarlet cloth, for the cloaks of the famed Virginia merchants and others, in a little shop near the Cross; hence the name of this suburban property. The Scarlethall orchard ran nearly all the way north to Duke Street, and I have a vivid recollection of the cracked "Crawford pears" and sour apples which long grew there. About the beginning of the present century four or five small villas, with gardens in front, were built on speculation, immediately beyond the north end of Scarlethall orchard, facing and entering from Witch Lone; and an attempt was then made to give it a more Christian-like name, the owner of Scarlethall putting up a board calling Witch Lone "*Young Street*," rather inappropriate, considering the legion of the Hie-Kirk masons; while the villa-people, wishing to be still more genteel, dubbed this ancient cow-road by the Frenchified appellation of "*Bellegrove*," a cruel satire on the asthmatical pear-trees, which struggled against time, under greatcoats of green fog in the Scarlethall ground, with amazing pertinacity. But neither of these names could choke the old one, which continued to flourish, like the trees of Jericho, while the uncauswayed "lone" itself long continued to exhibit all the softer beauties of a drove-road, and received the wheels of stray carts, rashly launched on its pulpy surface, with a deep and sappy embrace truly refreshing to behold, though not to experience.

Then, as regards the other half of Witch Lone, *south* from the Gallowgate, it long remained in nearly the same impassable state as the northern. The property on its west side from Gallowgate to the modern cross-road of Mile-end belonged also to Scarlethall, and had a row of trees along three of its sides, while the eastern boundary of this *south* Witch Lone, lined also with trees, was the property of Mr. Tennent of Annfield, and went by the name of "the *White-houses*," formerly alluded to.

About the beginning of this century South Witch Lone was slightly improved, and received the name of *Abercrombie Street*, in compliment to the gallant Sir Ralph, who fell on Egypt's arid plains; and it is now well built up.

Such is the history of the Witch Lone, and it only remains to be said that the great improvements in the eastern suburbs of

Glasgow, on the line, and in the vicinity of, this ancient thoroughfare, which have given an entirely new character to the whole of that locality, were chiefly planned and carried through by the late Mr. John Reid of Whitehill and Annfield, who died at the former of these mansions on 12th April 1851.

So much for the section of the Gallowgate, *beyond* the East Port—anciently known as Camlachie Lone.

It seems, however, desirable to take some notice of the queer old place to which that lone conducted.

##### 5. *Camlachie.*

This antique suburb lies along the eastern skirts of Glasgow, and forms the terminus in that direction of the old road through the Gallowmuir, from the East Port, so often referred to. The name is Celtic, *Cam-lachie*, signifying "the muddy or miry bend of the burn."<sup>1</sup> Ancient names of places are now generally admitted to be the result of some physical peculiarity which arrested the attention of the early inhabitants. In confirmation of the above interpretation of "Camlachie," it may be stated that a very tortuous burn winds through the village and adjacent lands. This stream rises a few miles towards the north-east; but as it approaches Camlachie it makes a sudden bend from west to south, crossing Camlachie lands, and after describing a very zigzag course resumes its former south-westerly direction, till it enters Clyde at the low Green. In ancient times this crooked stream, where it crossed the site of the village, flowed in a deep hollow, between two *braes*; though the great improvements of late years on the road and bridge now almost entirely obscure this from a casual observer. Where the first great bend took place there was anciently an accumulation of silt, forming a small bog, which in a rude age probably led to the appellation Camlachie, as above explained. The sinuosities of Camlachie Burn are well seen on Barrie's old map of the suburbs.

Camlachie is a place of considerable antiquity. It is mentioned

<sup>1</sup> This etymological exposition is on the authority of a very eminent Gaelic scholar in a letter to the writer of these sketches.

in the chartulary of Glasgow prior to 1300—the days of Sir William Wallace and Robert the Bruce. "Camlachie Brig" is also alluded to in a survey of the town's marches, during the early part of the reign of James VI.<sup>1</sup>

The lands of Camlachie extend to about fifty acres, and are divided into Wester and Easter. The former lie within, the latter beyond, the line of the burgh; the burn forming the march between them. The highway to Tollcross (of old, Tow-course) runs through both.

##### 6. *Wester Camlachie.*

This division of Camlachie lands is included within, and forms part of, "Over and Nether Gallowmuir;" though the more ancient name of Camlachie retains its hold. It comprehends about sixteen acres, whereof the largest portion lies on the north side of the highway. If the course of the burn is crooked, the boundaries of this latter subdivision of Camlachie were in ancient times even more so.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The survey alluded to is dated in 1590, and among other quaint matters, reports that "Alesom Watson has set forth her dyk upon the east lone [Gallowgate Road], that passes fra Lillill Sanct Mungois Kirk to *Camlachie Brig*."

<sup>2</sup> The ancient boundaries of Wester Camlachie are now very little known, and the great changes which have taken place in that district have nearly obliterated the old landmarks. It seems worth while, therefore, to snatch these ancient marches from utter oblivion. The description of them in the oldest deeds extant is rather vague. But from other sources the following appears to have been the track:—

1st, Of the subdivision on the *north* side of the Camlachie Highway, the *wester* boundary was the field, now immediately in rear of the row of villas on the *west* side of the modern Whitevale Street. The march left that field abruptly at a point about half-way down Whitevale Street, and then ran due east along the north end of two Gallowmuir acres, lying running respectively to Secretary Bogle's grandfather, and Walter Boyd, maltman;<sup>3</sup> it next ran due south along the east side of Boyd's ground till it reached the highway, and then coursed due east to the burn. The *east* march started from the inner edge of the burn, at the 50th old royal stone, the *wester* march in the most capricious zigzag route along the royal stones 51, 52 and 53, at which last it left the burn by a sudden wheel in a devious course, starting to the north-west, and bounding with the lands of Gateside, along the royal stones 54, 55, 56, 57, and 58, where it reached the Old Carnlyne Road at a point nearly opposite what is now the Drygate Toll; and lastly, the *north* march was along Carnlyne Road till it joined the west boundary at the north-east angle of the field first mentioned, at the back of the west-side Whitevale houses. A more crooked and capricious march was seldom to be met with.

2d, On the *south* side of the highway, Wester Camlachie marched with the burn on

<sup>3</sup> Of these two tiny acres one whole acre belonged to Bogle. It was flanked on the west and east by Boyd's acre in halves, and the Camlachie highway bounded the whole on the south.