

RUTHERGLEN LORE

Story of an
Eight Hundred Year-Old
Royal Burgh

TOLD BY

W. ROSS SHEARER

1126



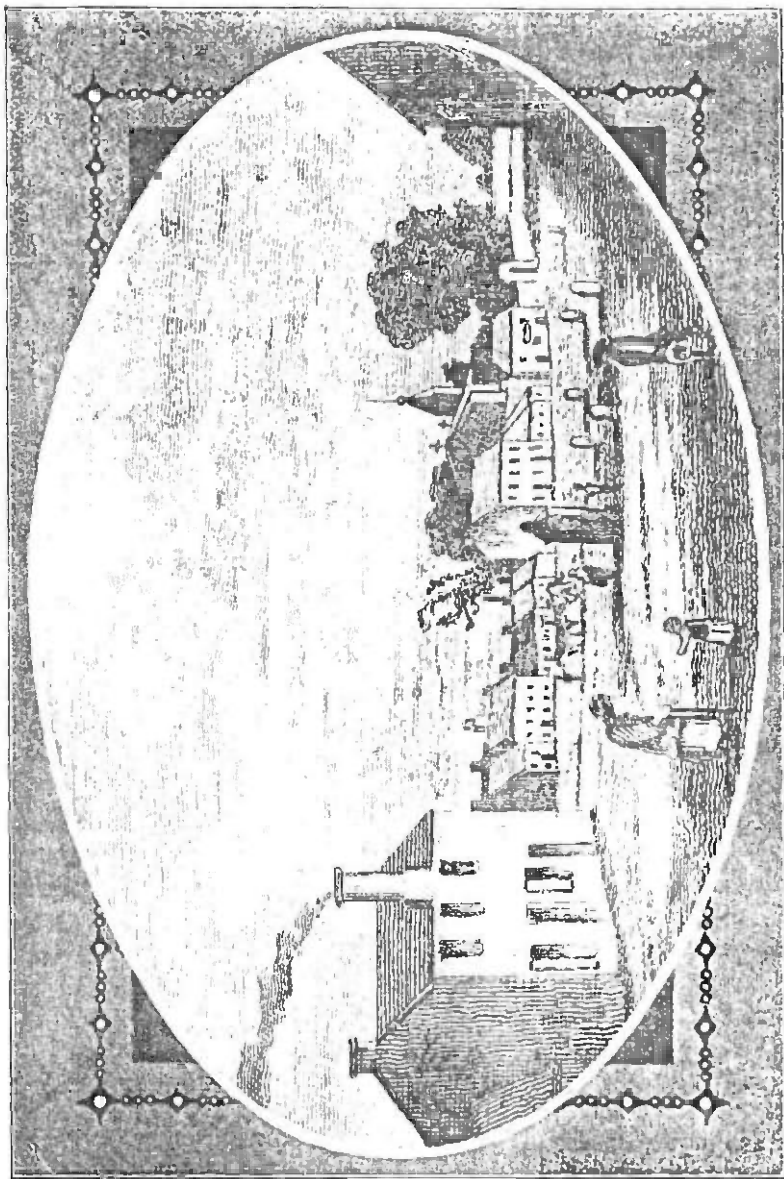
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RUTHERGLEN LORE



Ruthven a Hundred Years Ago.

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To
The Memory of
THESE TWAIN
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1917

222 J. M.

FOREWORD

By Pittacus of Mitylene we are advised to "Seize time by the forelock." In view, therefore, of the approaching Octo-Centenary (1926) of our Royal Burgh's foundation, we venture to hope these Rutherglen Lore gleanings will at least be found informative, and so inspire those who may trouble to peruse them with a desire to foster the Patriotism and Citizenship they bespeak, which is the surest safeguard against the violation of those rights and privileges so long and so happily enjoyed as a free and independent community.

Many changes have taken place since the Rev. David Ure wrote his *History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride* (1793), but up to the present no attempt has been made to bring that book up to date. Why Rutherglen should lack the attentions of a common chronicler for so extended a period seems to us a standing reproach on the avowed perspicacity of her citizens; hence, our attempt to deal with Burghal affairs can hardly be considered premature. Besides, the reader is reminded that our aim, first and

FOREWORD

last, is neither historical nor antiquarian research, but rather an humble endeavour to piece together a few scattered fragments of local knowledge, and to express in simple and homely language the feelings that animate us in regard to the ever-changing aspect of our birth-place, of which (with the exception of one or two landmarks) only Memory's tablet and a few photographic reproductions evidence the former existence.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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The pen and brush drawings are from sketches by the author, and all the photographs are from negatives taken by himself, with the exception of one illustration each loaned by the following, to whom grateful acknowledgment is herewith made:—Miss MARY SHAW, Mr. ERNEST DALZIEL, Mr. ABRAHAM BURNS, Mr. LEANDER MORRISON, Ex-Bailie THOMAS YOUNG, and the Directors of the Ru'glonians' Society.

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“ When will the time come when someone will gather all the scattered fragments of Rutherglen lore, and weave them into one volume which will be a treasure to every inhabitant of the Burgh, a book which would accompany him to whatever corner of the world he might go, and which would bring back to him, vividly, the auld Burgh, and make him feel, like the apostle, that he was ‘ a citizen of no mean city ’ ? ”

—*Rutherglen Reformer*, 23rd March, 1919.

RUTHERGLEN LORE

INTRODUCTION

"East or west, hame's aye best."—*Proverb.*



READER, if you are a native of Rutherglen, you will be able the more surely to plumb the depth of the writer's desire as expressed in the query on the foregoing page. But there are others besides himself who have a warm corner in their hearts for the "Auld Burgh," and for his own and their sakes he pleads that someone will gather the scattered fragments of its story and weave them together, that Ruglonians at home and abroad may ponder at will on the dear glad days beyond recall.

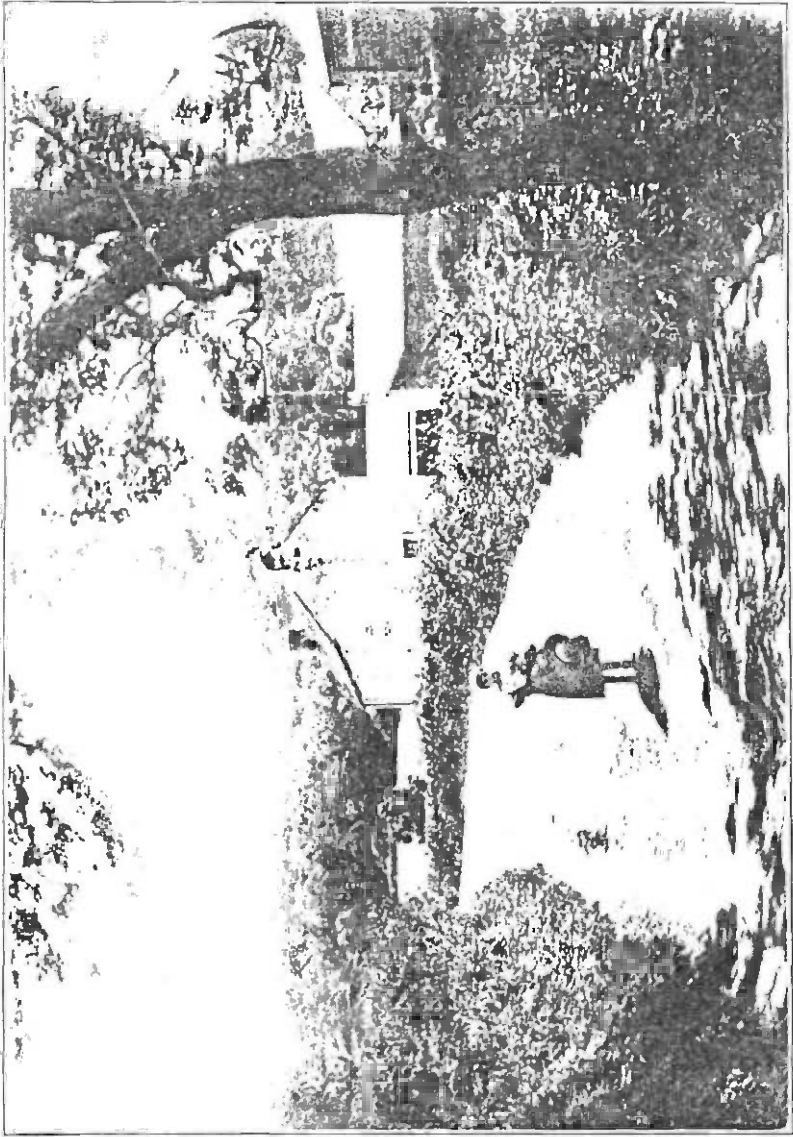
For the past ten years at least, the present writer has constantly hoped for such a consummation; he went out of his way to invite several able authorities to give the subject of Rutherglen sympathetic consideration. After that lapse of time, one writer only has deemed it worth while to break the silence with a brochure of fifty odd pages. The paucity of this contribution is emphasized by the fact that the author of *The Pre-Reformation Church of Rutherglen* (Mr. Gray) has himself declared that in the archives of the Burgh, of which he, as Town Clerk, is custodian, there is material for several volumes of absorbing interest. We fervently join in the hope expressed in the booklet that it will be a precursor of others to be issued at some future time, dealing with the antiquities and official history of the town. Meanwhile,

the rich harvest of 800 odd years' events (with the one exception faithfully undertaken by the author referred to in the Preface) await garnering. In the Sacred Book, Ruth is reported to have said, "I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves." With a kindred desire to preserve even the wayside fragments against the reaper's coming, we crave the indulgence and a like privilege from the people of Rutherglen.

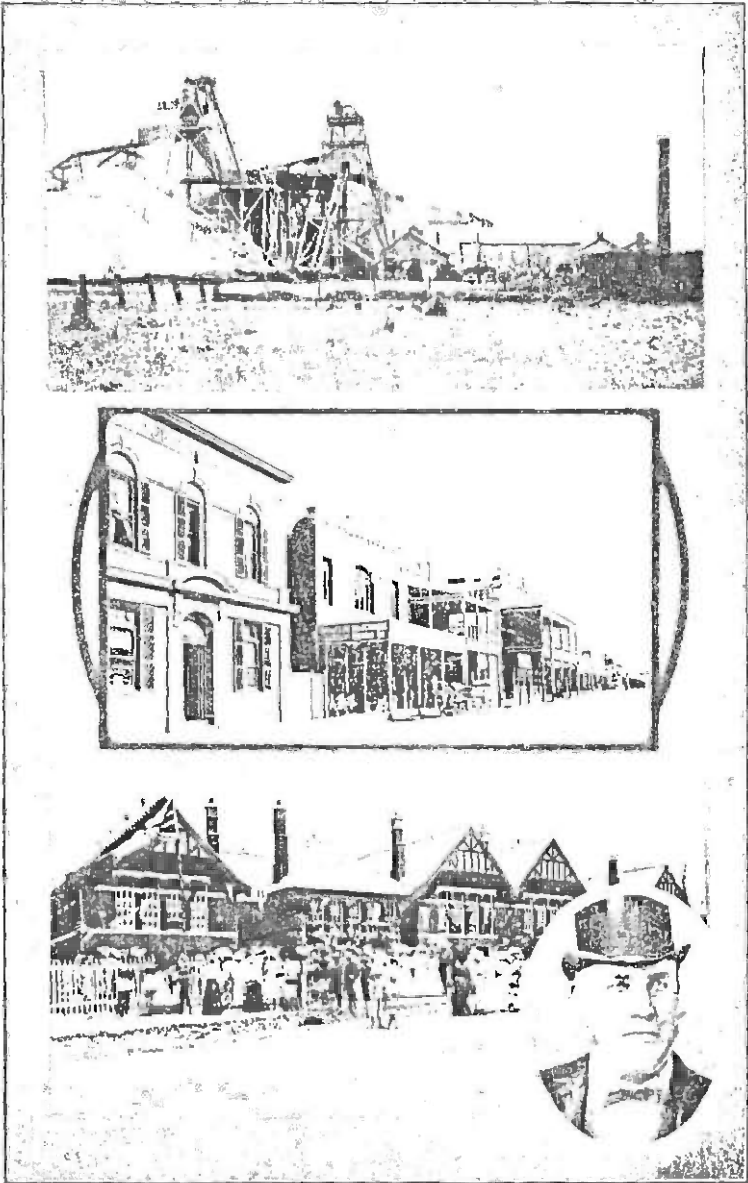
The wish expressed by the *Reformer* writer is but one of many similar requests that have been made to us by natives from time to time, and from abroad many letters are received, expressive both of patriotic fervour and loyalty to the homeland, Rutherglen invariably being referred to in the most endearing terms. During the whole course of the Great War, the "Notes from the Front" column in the local press were brimful of affectionate references to "Dear auld Ru'glen." "That's where I would like to be," says one soldier correspondent, "for there's no place like one's own birthplace. When I think of the happy times I have had on Cathkin Braes, it makes me love Ru'glen toun all the more. 'Oh, but I'm longing for my ain folk!'"

"We are in the Judean Hills," adds another writer, "thousands of feet above sea-level. I often lie awake at night, thinking of home and wishing I was there. I have been to Jerusalem, and it is a sorry-looking place. I have also tramped up the Mount of Olives, but I would not give Rutherglen and the bonnie Cathkin Braes for the whole of Palestine."

The following letter is a fair sample of what we sometimes receive, being reminiscent of many of the scenes depicted in the book, and expressing the same longing desire for a glint of "Ru'glen's wee roun' red lums," even in photographic form. We take the liberty of including a few extracts. The writer [since deceased], who has been settled some fifty odd years in Canada, says:



Cathkin Braes.



RYMERGLUS, AUSTRALIA.

- (1) Gold Mines.
- (2) Main Street.
- (3) State School.

(4) Hon. J. A. Wallace.

"I suppose as we get up in years, our hearts turn back all the more readily to our early days and associations, and so I like to hear of 'Auld Ru'glen,' and even by picture to look upon the familiar scenes. I have in my time had to witness some death-beds, and have noticed how naturally the wandering thoughts and muttered expressions of the dying go back to the places and people that filled their early associations, and it seems to me the same on a smaller scale when we approach our ending years. Your letter gives me a great deal of pleasant news and recollections, and yet, like 'Oliver Twist,' I will ask for more."

The writer (who is an entire stranger to us), it should be mentioned, has achieved success in a marked degree since settling in Canada, and, although now in affluent circumstances, is not ashamed to recall the hardships of his early days in Rutherglen.

"Looking back at Summers's School picture," he says, "reminds me of the time of an examination which by ability I was entitled to attend, but which, through lack of a decent suit of clothes, I had to stay away from, to the great disgust of my teacher. Yet withal," he adds, "I really think that my days in Rutherglen were the happiest I have ever spent."

After recounting in detail many cherished memories, in which occur the names of a host of well-known families in the Burgh—the Bairds, Harveys, Smarts, Browns, Andersons, Mitchells, Warnocks, etc., the writer proceeds:

"I think the Rev. James Munro had command of the language best calculated to reach the ear of the Great God on high, and was surely a saint if there was any around." Enquiries are made of old John Allan, "the grocer, deservedly named 'Solomon' for his wisdom," of George Bainbridge, "who could sing in such fine style the 'Death of Nelson,'" of Peter Maxton, "whose son Johnny didn't know his own strength, and who on one occasion

was asked by Mrs. Adams, who kept what is now the 'Forresters' Arms,' if he could draw a cork. 'Draw a cork!' he ejaculated, 'Gor, I could draw the tail out o' a bull!'

Ruglen's famous worthies, "Nappy Kettle" (James Yuill), "Treacle Tam," "Parritch Will," and "Wussey Teapot" are also referred to. The latter is remembered as "an old chap on twisted legs who went round with his Scotch cap on one side and on 'three hairs,' knocking the stones off the pavement with his stick. He would have made a fine golfer, for he always carried his crook over his shoulder, mashie-fashion, and ready for every obstruction that lay across his path; and, needless to say, these multiplied in proportion to the anger he displayed as he nicked them off the pathway. We used to catch him at the Weavers' Closes in Chapel Street. One lot of us would make a feint at his cap at one end of the close; when he thought he was safely past and had got to the other entrance, the other batch caught him unawares and got away with his bonnet, to his great chagrin and annoyance. Wussey was a frequent caller at Pinkerton's (subsequently Finlay's) grocer shop, where he received a baker's roll and cheese, for which he was wont to bless profusely the kind proprietrix. One morning, receiving the roll minus the cheese, he omitted the usual words of thanks, and would have passed out but was halted by the sharp voice of his benefactress exclaiming, 'Whit div ye say, Wussey? whit div ye say?' 'Weel, mem,' retorted Wussey ruefully, 'I'm thinkin' I canna sae muckle the day 'cause there's nae cheese til't.'

Ruglen's famous bellman and lamplighter, "Jock Airey," figures largely in the writer's recollections. "He it was who used to have more trouble watching the moon than lighting the lamps. He did work at home, spinning yarn for a Bridgeton firm, and on one occasion, being both late and befuddled, was heard calling to his spouse, 'Stop

that nock, stop that nock, Marget, till I win ower Ru'glen Brig! Jock's brother Bob (a wild fellow), broke his leg once. Jock had to see him somewhat in the Infirmary; he resented it a bit, and sometimes, when ca'in' pirms he would be heard to croon, 'Broke his leg, has he! broke his leg, the deevil! I wish tae Goad it had been his neck!' All the same, Jock spent his substance on Bob till he got better.

"I remember distinctly the 'quarry-well' over at the knowes on the Cathcart Road; and 'Butteryburn' appeals to me in memory as a lovely place. At this time of writing, I fancy I can see and smell the sweet hawthorn blossom away up the Carmunnock Road and the wild hyacinth in Croftfoot Plantain. But I must draw to a close. I want, however, to tell you of the great delight your letter was to me, stirring up as it did many fond remembrances and a few sad ones, and of the solid enjoyment it is to me to send you the foregoing lines, which are altogether too meagre to express my feelings of extreme pleasure in searching through the inner courts of my rapidly ageing heart and expressing the long-stored-up desires which I find there."

This, written by a rich iron merchant of Montreal, after some fifty years' absence from the scene of his boyhood's exploits, is one more instance of the insatiable craving that possesses the human breast the wide world over, when an enforced separation from one's native land is viewed across the vista of the years. It was Sir Harry Lauder, the celebrated comedian, who, while on tour abroad recently wrote: "There's nothing to compare with Scotland on a bonnie day. I love every sprig o' heather, every blade o' grass, every wee burnie that rambles to the sea. There's affection in the name Scotland:

"There's something hamely, something fine,
About the days o' auid lang syne;
They mak' us laugh, they mak' us greet,
As time gangs by wi' fleeting feet."

In similar fashion, there are hundreds of Ruglonians at home and abroad who regard with a yearning love every nook and corner, every kenspeckle outline of the old Burgh. There is indeed something endearingly hamely about Ru'glen and its people which the alluring enchantments of other lands cannot forestall in the memory.

It is difficult for those of us who have never experienced the "home-ache" to grasp the feeling inspired by such intense longing. Andrew Park, author of that dream-poem, "We'll Row Thee O'er the Clyde," comes nearest to those sympathies when he sings:

" Let me see my native mountains
Ere this passing life is o'er,
All the lovely sparkling fountains
That surround my father's door:
All the blooming braes o' heather.
All the lambkins, free as joy.
Wand'ring o'er the hills thegither,
That so charmed me when a boy.

" Far frae a' the hallow'd places
Hae I lang been forced to part.
Far frae a' the weel-kent faces
That endeared hame to my heart.
Still in visions I behold thee,
Still I see thee fresh and fair.
Hearing legends love has told me,
And I breathe thy mountain air."

It is the fervent and insistent spirit of Ruglonianism breathing through such epistles—begging, craving, demanding even, some acknowledgment of its fidelity, that encourages the hope that, when the strife of war has finally been quenched, and the social life of the nation is restored to its wonted levels of order and good fellowship, a new state of living will evolve, and bring to the husbandman that long lost contentment which cosmopolitan beliefs and international aims of present-day idealists have endeavoured to subjugate.

"Come, firm resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' earl-hemp in man,
Wha does the utmost that he can
Will whyles do mair.

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

Probably no Ruglonian will ever attain to higher distinction in the estimation of a people than did the late Hon. J. A. Wallace, the great gold-mining speculator of Victoria, Australia. This industrious son of the Ancient Royal Burgh migrated from his native town in the 'sixties, landing in Australia at the psychological moment when gold seemed to run from the leads like water. Having been trained to a commercial career, he "made good" the first year of his arrival, and continued amassing wealth until his death in 1901. He re-christened the town of his adoption "Rutherglen," in honour of his birthplace, and from a little hamlet Rutherglen, Victoria, has become one of the principal industrial and fruit-growing districts in the colony. One of its Commissioners visited the old Burgh in 1898 or thereabout, and a proposal was set on foot by some of the members of the Town Council for the presentation of an illuminated address of congratulation to their offspring. Subsequently the patriotic spirit of young and old Rutherglen materialised in an exchange of flags, particulars of which will be found among the miscellaneous fragments. On "Children's Day," 28th June, 1919, at the crowning of their first Lanimer Queen in Overtoun Park, and in presence of some 20,000 spectators, Provost Rodger, M.P., offered a salute to our Australian cousins by hoisting the Colonial flag on the public flagstaff, the band playing, "Rule, Britannia." The scene on this occasion, enhanced by natural surroundings, was one of the grandest ever witnessed within the Burgh, and struck a note of patriotism which should reverberate between the Rutherglens as the years roll on.

GENERAL SURVEY

CHAPTER I

A.—SITUATION AND BOUNDARY

"I'll aye ca' in by yon toun."—*Burns.*



THE Parish of Rutherglen is situated in the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire, near the extreme north-west of the County. It is bounded north and east by the River Clyde, south-east by the Parish of Cambuslang, south by the Parish of Carmunnock, west by the Parish of Cathcart, and north-west by Govan Parish. On the north the boundary is traced by the Clyde for $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and on the west it is formed by Polmadie and Mall's Mire Burn; elsewhere it is practically artificial.

The greatest length of the parish from near Rosebank House on the east to the point where the boundary-line quits Mall's Mire Burn on the west is $2\frac{7}{8}$ miles; the greatest width from north to south is barely $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; and the area is 2,219·918 acres, of which 0·647 acres are foreshore, and 67·877 are water.

The portion along the Clyde is from 30 to 40 feet above sea-level, and the surface rises at the Burgh to from 50 to 100 feet, and thereafter southwards till, near the extreme south, a height of 303 feet is reached.

The soil on the low ground is fertile alluvium, and the whole parish is arable. The surface in the centre is undulating, and on the south there is an ascent towards

Cathkin Braes, rising some 500 feet. The parish is traversed by the main road from Glasgow to Hamilton, which passes eastward from the south of Glasgow, and a branch road, connecting this with the Bridgeton district of Glasgow, crosses the Clyde at Rutherglen Bridge, a handsome stone structure re-erected in 1893-96 on the site of the old bridge, which was erected in 1776 at a cost of £2,000, of which the Burgesses of Rutherglen contributed more than half. This bridge was said to resemble closely the Auld Brig o' Glasgow, and had steep gradients with one narrow side-path, and consisted of five arches. Prior to its erection, the only means of communication had been by means of a ford, or by going round by Glasgow Bridge. At Farme, further to the east, stands Dalmarnock Bridge, erected in 1889, and 320 feet long by 50 feet wide. It has five steel-girder spans, each 54 feet 8 inches long, the girders resting on granite piers. The first bridge at this spot, which was originally a ford, was a wooden erection; it was built in 1821, and lasted till 1848, when it was replaced by a somewhat picturesque structure of the same material, which was removed to make room for the present handsome bridge. At Strathclyde, between Rutherglen and Dalmarnock bridges, stand the Caledonian Railway bridges, built in 1861 and 1893. The parish is also traversed by the main lines of the Caledonian and Lanarkshire & Ayrshire Railways.

B.—EARLY BEGINNINGS

RUTHERGLEN was undoubtedly a busy trading centre prior to its becoming a Royal Burgh, and is said to have been the only town of commercial importance lying between Ayr and Lanark. Glasgow had then no existence. Tradition points to the sixth century, when St. Kentigern, or St. Mungo, who is supposed to have been born about 518,

came from Culross to a place called Deschu or Cathures, afterwards known as Glasgow, on the banks of the Molendinar Burn, where he built himself a little wooden chapel and established a monastery, and was in the year 543 consecrated Bishop of Cumbria.

Subsequent events, following the succession of a new Prince of Cumbria, forced this good priest to flee to Wales for safety. Twenty years later he returned to the scene of his former labours on the banks of the Molendinar, where he was visited by St. Columba. A Bishopric was established there in the year 560, and it was probably about this time Glasgow received its name. St. Kentigern died in 603, and his successors, Baldrede and Conwall, founded a monastery at Inchinnan. Warlike tribes infesting this part of the country afterwards drove the inhabitants of this early settlement into exile, laying waste both their church and lands. To correct these abuses and promote the spiritual welfare of the people, a future prince of Cumbria, Prince David, caused an inquisition to be made, punished the offenders, and restored the See of Glasgow to its former influence and power.

When the nave of the grand cathedral church was being built in 1156, some of the craftsmen had to be brought from Rutherglen, as no town or even village yet existed in that part known as Glasgow. A few isolated priests' dwellings comprised the site of this newly-founded ecclesiastical centre. Tradition declares that these skilled workmen from Rutherglen travelled to and from their work at the cathedral by a subterranean passage, and, while this may have no foundation in fact, it at least lends colour to the story of Rutherglen's activity in matters of business at that period. The people for the most part then would build their own houses, but the craftsmen and builders, red-haired, uncouth Picts as they may have been, must have had considerable knowledge of the arts, both useful and fine. The few remaining stones preserved from

Rutherglen church and castle give evidence of this, while numerous records, ecclesiastical and historical, bear testimony to the architectural beauty and solidity of their work. Glasgow, it should be mentioned, was not created a Royal Burgh till 16th October, 1611, while Rutherglen is said to have received its charter in 1126. Commenting on this, a writer describes at some length certain of the causes which contributed to the city's advantage over this Burgh. "Looking at the fact that Rutherglen is a much older town than Glasgow, the question arises why it is that Glasgow has got so far ahead of Rutherglen in point of population, wealth, and importance. The answer is that the establishment of a Bishopric in Glasgow, exceptionally richly endowed, and the subsequent founding of a University, which naturally flows from the establishment of a Bishopric, brought men of learning and social position about the place, and gradually led to the growth of the population, enlightenment and education of the people, without which trade and commerce could not well be conducted. About the time of King David, as a rule, the only people who could read and write were the Roman Catholic clergymen. The priest, in point of fact, was the man who at that time transacted all the business of the people, both for this world and the world to come. State papers, titles to land and heritable property, were in those days generally made out in Latin or Norman-French, and were a mystery to everyone except the priests, because they alone could read and write them. Nevertheless, education was being slowly developed among the people, and but for the establishment of a Roman Catholic Bishopric in Glasgow, no such development would have taken place. The people came to see the power and influence that knowledge gave to these Roman Catholic clergymen, and they naturally desired to have some share in that knowledge. It was in the interests of the Roman Catholic religion that

they should have a University in Glasgow, and accordingly Bishop Turnbull of Glasgow, realising this, procured a Bull, of date 7th January, 1450, from Pope Nicholas V. for erecting a University within the City of Glasgow. Bishop Turnbull endowed the University, and bestowed many privileges upon it. The result of the foundation of the University in Glasgow was an immediate increase of the inhabitants. There were the professors and students, with the necessary tradesmen and servants, and yet, even with that increase, Glasgow was then a comparatively small town, taking into account that it was the residence of a wealthy bishop and a considerable number of clergymen, with their attendants."

It seems to us that but for the accident of St. Kentigern having come from Culross to the banks of the Molendinar, settling there, and being made a Bishop of Cumbria, a Bishopric would not have been established there by King David, and there would have been no Glasgow at which to found a University, in which case Rutherglen might have been the Cathedral, University, and commercial city Glasgow has now become.

When Rutherglen became a Royal Burgh, and for a long time thereafter, there was no foreign commerce in Scotland; such trade was carried on within a limited area afterwards defined in the Royal Charters, and was at first largely carried on by barter. The people came to the towns for their clothes, their carts, their spades, and other implements of husbandry. There was the weaver to make the rough garments that satisfied the simple needs of that remote period. There was the wright who made the rustic carts, and the joiner who made the rough furniture used in those far-off days. The luxury of doors, windows, or wooden floors was reserved for a more luxurious age. There were the hammermen who made the armour, the swords, and other grim implements of war. Sanitary appliances there were none, and the Inspector of Nuisances

was not yet invented. The people were content to place their "middens" as conveniently near to their dwellings as possible, and, as everybody did it, nobody objected. It was a happy-go-lucky time. Their town-planning was somewhat on the Communistic principle; they did not believe as we do in the "semi-detached," but planted their houses in rows, as they did their gardens. There is reason to suppose that Rutherglen in those ancient days consisted of two rows of thatched cottages, one called the South Row, in the line of the south side of the street now called Main Street, extending in a continuous line from the present east end of the town to the Mill Wynd, now called Mill Street, and the other called the North Row, extending in the line of the north side of the street now called King Street, from Green Wynd on the east to the Horse Croft on the west. To the east of the Green Wynd were the grounds of the Castle of Rutherglen, and they extended along the north side of what is now the Main Street, and were bounded on the west by the east end of the kirk-yard, the Green Wynd, and Rutherglen Green, and on the east by a narrow road leading from Rutherglen to a ford on the River Clyde. The castle grounds included the lands of Alleysbank and part of the lands of Gooseberryhall. These lands in olden times were called King's lands. The lands attached to the North Row were bounded by the Rutherglen Green on the North, and were called the Burgh riggs, or roods.

What is now called the north side of Main Street did not then exist. As already explained, there was thus fronting the north side of Main Street the castle grounds to the east of the kirk-yard. Then came in the old kirk-yard. To the west of the kirkyard was the Horse Croft and what is now called the Middle Row did not exist.

The grounds of the castle itself abutted on the south side of the Main Street at the east part of the town. The kirk-yard abutted on the north side of the Main Street in

the middle of the town, and the Horse Croft abutted on the north side of the Main Street at the west end of the town, *i.e.*, in that part of the town to the west of the kirk-yard, while the cross of Rutherglen had a commanding site in the centre of the main thoroughfare east of the kirk-yard, and almost in line with the Green Wynd Lane. The church, the castle, and the cross, standing as they did within a stone's throw of each other, amid their umbrageous and peaceful surroundings, flanked by pretty gardens and comfortable thatched cottages with crow-stepped gables, the beauty of the scene here would doubtless impress the beholder. Embowered within its woody demesne, and walled closely round, the castle, which was a dominating feature of the landscape, and considered one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom, would afford a sense of security to the inhabitants. The church in the God's acre adjoining, elevated although it was from the public highway, and almost hidden by the trees, was less pretentious in appearance, but the part it has played in history will keep its memory green as long as the name of Rutherglen endures. So, too, with the cross, which, if no vestige of it now remains, will recall incidents in the communal life of the Burgh which, if not always creditable to the participants, showed a fearless and enviable spirit of independence which we, in this twentieth century, seem rather meagrely endowed with.

C.—THE PLACE-NAME, RUTHERGLEN

ETYMOLOGISTS, like doctors, will continue to disagree, and it might be possible to write a whole chapter on the place-name, Rutherglen, without consulting a single authority, and come as near to the correct interpretation as many of those who have argued the point across every conceivable hypothesis, and, as conjecture alone must be the ultimate

of all endeavour to trace the origin of our good town's name, we shall refrain from wasting the reader's time by prolonging the discussion. Suffice it to say that, of the half-dozen derivations propounded by Ure, Chalmers, Hately Waddell, Johnston, etc., the theory that Rutherglen acquired its name by reason of its topographical features will, we think, have readiest acceptance.

An article published recently by Mr. George Gray deals *in extenso* with all the theorists, lucidly pointing out here and there the absurdity of many of their contentions, and basing his belief in the solution advanced by Johnston, whose important work, *Place-Names of Scotland*, published in 1892, avers that the meaning of Rutherglen is "red glen," and that the common pronunciation of "Ru'glen" preserves the original Gaelic, *ruadh gleann*, reddish glen.

Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, also approaches a similar derivation by deduction from the British *Ruth-thir-glan* or *Ruth-ir-glan*, which means the reddish-coloured land on the bank of the river, which he says is strikingly applicable to Rutherglen, as the soil is of a red colour all along the bank of the Clyde.

In regard to the second syllable of the word Ru'glen, which in Gaelic is *gleann*, and in Welsh *glyn*, a plain or valley, Mr. Gray very properly points out the error of judging from present-day appearances. Even Chalmers reduces the value of his own information by asserting that because he can discern nothing in the shape of a valley at Rutherglen, the word "glen" can have no meaning.

As we write this glorious July day, 1921, our window opening eastwards, looking towards the upper terminus of the Main Street, where, between the wavy green of the fields on the east of the town, a deep cutting some acres long has been made, the effect produced on the red sand there exposed gives the impression of a seashore, while from Gallowflat onwards, as far as the eye can trace, the

strath for miles appears as one continuous plantation. When we remember that the castle of Rutherglen stood in the line of this same wooded plain, it will need little stretching of the imagination to figure out the appearance of Rutherglen in semi-barbarous times, when the red-haired Scots of Dalrudini, of which this town is said to have been the capital, plied their wicker craft along the dark-winding stream of Clutha in the sheltering shadows of the "red glen," or vale of Rutherglen.

In the afore-mentioned article, a list of thirty-seven variations of the name Rutherglen, extracted from charters, Acts of Parliament, and other official records, is given. The number has since been increased to forty-four, and is probably not yet complete. They are as follows:

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. RAGLAND. | 23. RUGLIN. |
| 2. RAGLEN. | 24. RUGLINE. |
| 3. REUTHERGLEN. | 25. RUGLING. |
| 4. REWTHIRGLEN. | 26. RUGLINGE. |
| 5. RIGLINE. | 27. RUGLYN. |
| 6. ROGLEN. | 28. RUGLYNE. |
| 7. ROTHEGLAN. | 29. RUTHEGLEN. |
| 8. ROTHERGLEN. | 30. RUTHENGLEN. |
| 9. ROTHIRGLEN. | 31. RUTHERGLANE. |
| 10. ROTHIRGLENE. | 32. RUTHERGLEIN. |
| 11. ROUGLYN. | 33. RUTHERGLENE. |
| 12. RUCHGLEN. | 34. RUTHERGLENN. |
| 13. RUCHIRGLEN. | 35. RUTHERLAND. |
| 14. RUGHGLEN. | 36. RUTHGLEN. |
| 15. RUGLAIN. | 37. RUTHGLENE. |
| 16. RUGLAN. | 38. RUTHIRGLEN. |
| 17. RUGLAND. | 39. RUTHIRGLENE. |
| 18. RUGLEIN. | 40. RUTHIRGLENNE. |
| 19. RUGLEN. | 41. RUTHUGLEN. |
| 20. RUGLENE. | 42. RUTHURGLEN. |
| 21. RUGLEYN. | 43. RUTHREGLN. |
| 22. RUGLEYNE. | 44. RWTHGLEN. |

We have also heard the town stigmatised as "Driddledirt," but that sobriquet, most applicable in the days of horse fairs, when the mud-lined highway, churned by the abnormal traffic, sometimes became almost impassable, was at first intended of course to designate a market, held in the rainy month of **November**. Hence, in course of time, Rutherglen and Driddledirt became synonymous, at least on that particular day.

CHAPTER II

A.—KINGS REUTHER AND DAVID I

“ An honest man, tho’ e’er sae puir,
Is king o’ men for a’ that.”—*Burns.*



WHATEVER connection King Reutherus had with Rutherglen, if he ever had any at all, must always remain a moot point. Ure somewhat satirically refers to the subject thus: “Some modern historians, who seem so much better acquainted with the antiquities of Scotland than its ancient inhabitants were, have denied the existence both of King Dornadilla and Reutherus. But it surely requires a much greater degree of implicit faith to believe their ideal system of negatives than to accept the account which the earliest historians of our country have left concerning the kings of Scotland.”

Reuther, or Reuda, as Bede calls him, was the son of Dornadilla, and was sixth in the genealogy of Scottish kings from Fergus I. Buchanan describes his advent at greater length than most of his predecessors. Unlike his father, who preferred to follow the pleasures of the hunting field, King Reuther, whose fortunes or misfortunes in war began at the very outset of his career, displays a Bruce-like perseverance in his numerous campaigns, which invariably ended disastrously, causing him and his shattered army to retire to the mountain fastnesses. With a new race of young men, eager for the fray, Reuther makes a further unsuccessful attempt to regain his former possessions. Having at length reached the capital of his

ancient kingdom in Argyllshire, the wheel of fortune seems to have altered in his favour, and much of his lost territory, which appears to have extended far beyond the confines of Argyll, is at length regained. It is said that for a long time after, the Scots of this region were called Dalreudini, Dal in the Scots language meaning a part: hence the literal significance of the term Dalreudini might read, "the inhabitants of the valley or plain of Reuda." "And," says the same writer, "no place perhaps in Scotland corresponds to the etymology of the name so well as Rutherglen, the termination 'glen' in the one word being synonymous with 'dal' in the other." This confirmation that Rutherglen lay in a valley is, in contradistinction to the evidence of Chalmers already noticed, rather singular, seeing they were contemporary writers. Ure's insistence that tradition, especially when it refers to the great events of a nation, may sometimes prove a faithful historian, is somewhat forceful. "Shall the wildest fables and romances of Greece and Rome," he asks, "be with almost sacred care faithfully transmitted to posterity, and be made to refer to events which actually took place? and shall the history of our own nation for several complete centuries be wholly rejected as having no foundation on truth?" We shall let Mr. Gray, already quoted, supply an answer, which the reader may interpret in the way that best suits him:

"King Reuther, or Reutherus, was supposed to have commenced his reign as King of Scots in the year 213 before the Christian era, more than a thousand years before David's time, and some writers seriously have stated that the Burgh derived its name from him; but King Reuther and the Kings of Scots before him, and for hundreds of years after him, are entirely mythical, and exist only in the fables and legends collected by the old Scots historians. There were no Scots in Scotland or even in Ireland, where they were located before they crossed to Scotland, in the time when Reuther is supposed to have

lived. Hence, there is no evidence to prove that King Reuther ever existed."

It was George Buchanan, the historian of Scotland, who said that if men were to set themselves to draw the image of a good king, they would fall short of what David I. showed himself to be throughout the whole course of his life. Buchanan was a severe critic of kings in general; therefore we may take it that the "sair sanct," as he was dubbed by King James I. of Scotland, was "sair" only in the things that wrought for goodness and charity, which biased minds sought to misinterpret. "There is some soul of goodness in things evil," says Shakespeare, "would men observingly distil it out."

David the First, frequently called Saint David, was the youngest son of Malcolm Ceannmore and St. Margaret. Born in 1084, he was sent to England along with his sister Matilda (who in 1100 married Henry I. of England), and remained for a considerable period at the English Court, a residence which must have affected in no small degree his after-career. When his elder brother Alexander succeeded to the throne in 1107, David became Prince of Cumbria. His territory, besides part of Cumberland, included the whole district between the Tweed and Solway, and the Firths of Forth and Clyde, with the exception of Haddington, Edinburgh, and Linlithgow shires.

In 1124 David was crowned King of Scotland, and to preserve that crown he had to wage many fierce contests against the old Celtic clans and the wild tribes of the north and west. In these battles his Anglo-Norman connection stood him in good stead. His reign, which marks the end of Celtic and the beginning of Feudal Scotland, was in many respects both a notable and beneficent one. He furthered to the utmost of his power the work begun by his saintly mother, whose self-denial and devotion on behalf of the Church and in the humbler works of charity are prominently expressed on the pages of history. He

fostered the feudal system which came with the Normans to England and thence to Scotland. In some cases this dividing up of the land by the king among his nobles and by the nobles to their gentlemen friends in return for their military service may not have been an ideal system, but it had its advantages.

"The feudal system," says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "stinks in the nostrils of some of our modern constitutional writers, but it is my firm belief that it is the only system whereby David could have established his authority, so as to weld and hold together the diverse races that composed the people of Scotland. When we remember that these various races had been constantly at war with each other for centuries, we recognise David's statesmanship in perceiving in the strong hand of feudalism the surest means of making them subject to the Crown and uniting them in a spirit of common nationality."

David founded and re-organised many bishoprics and monasteries, and endowed them liberally. He was the first king in Scotland who enforced the payment of tithes. The division of parishes and parochial organisations began to assume form. Charters were first granted to monasteries and churches as title deeds of their land.

The earliest charters of Royal Burghs always implied the existence of a community, and the charters simply recognised towns which already existed. The Crown Charter conferred on the citizens of burghs special rights and privileges of trade, local organisation, and government.

Long before David's reign there were numerous towns in Scotland occupying the proud position of commercial centres and where certain trades had taken root. The power of the barons and their martial instincts, however, did not tend to foster these domestic pursuits. Hence, with the view of counteracting the influence of such, and emancipating himself from their authority, David erected

several towns into Royal Burghs, conferring upon them extensive privileges and powers which, in due time, had the effect of reducing the power of the nobles and of breaking up the vassalage engendered by the feudal system; and, as each town grew in population and wealth, intestine feuds and private differences became less common, and a new era of peace and good fellowship arose from the ashes of feudalistic hate and lust of possession.

The following are among the towns believed to have been erected by King David into Royal Burghs: Dumfries, Edinburgh, Forfar, Haddington, Inverkeithing, Jedburgh, Lanark, Linlithgow, Montrose, Peebles, Rutherglen, St. Andrews, Selkirk, and Stirling.

B.—THE RUTHERGLEN CHARTERS

RUTHERGLEN is said to have received its first charter in 1126, two years after David had succeeded to the throne. This confirms the belief that ours is probably the oldest Royal Burgh in Scotland. The question of precedence has naturally become a vexed one, and much ink is absorbed periodically by its discussion in the press. Briefly, the substance of the inquiries made in regard to Rutherglen charters may be summarised as follows:

DAVID I. (1124-1153):

Succeeding charters reiterate the powers and privileges formerly enjoyed, and entitle us to assume that David I. granted a charter to Rutherglen about the year 1126, constituting the town a Royal Burgh. No Rutherglen charter by King David, however, now exists.

MALCOLM IV. (1153-1165):

"Granted to God and to the Church of St. Mary of Kelso and the monks serving God there, a toft in my burgh of Rutherglen."

WILLIAM THE LION (1165-1214):

An undated charter (also lost) confirms the foregoing charter of his grandfather.

ALEXANDER II. (1214-1249):

In the twelfth year of King Alexander II.'s reign, a charter in favour of Glasgow, granted and confirmed to the Church of St. Kentigern and the Bishops there, that the Provosts or Bailies of Rutherglen might not take toll or custom *in* the town of Glasgow, but at the Cross of Schedenistoun *as they were anciently accustomed to be taken.*

"This charter plainly indicates that Rutherglen had been receiving toll or custom *in* and from Glasgow, and that, while it prohibits the continuance of that practice in the town, it only limits its collection at what is now supposed to be the cross of Shettleston, presumably on goods passing towards the Episcopal Town."

ROBERT I. (THE BRUCE) (1306-1329):

This charter, which has no signature, is in Latin, and is dated 2nd April, 1323. It confirms both of the above, and is preserved in the Burgh archives.

This charter became famous in connection with the Glasgow annexation fight of 1912. A photographic reproduction and translation of this charter is given over-leaf.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE
BRUCE CHARTER,

ROBERT, by the grace of God, King of the Scots, to all upright men of his whole land, health. May you know that we have examined, and truly understood that the Charter of Lord William of venerable memory, by the grace of God, illustrious King of the Scots, our predecessor, made to the burghers (citizens) of Rutherglen, has not been abolished, not cancelled, nor changed in any part of itself, but sealed with the true seal of the King himself, to the following effect: Which grant and gift, indeed, in all its points and articles, formerly announced to the burghers of Rutherglen and to their successors, we approve and ratify, on behalf of ourselves and our heirs, and by this present Charter of ours we establish it for ever. We have granted, also, to the same burghers of Rutherglen, and to their successors, and by this present Charter of ours, have confirmed to the same that they shall be for ever free and quit of toll and custom on their own proper goods through our whole realm, according as the Charter of Lord Alexander the Second, of noble memory, by the grace of God, illustrious King of the Scots, our predecessor, in regard to the same liberty, made to the same more fully, allots, and testifies rightly. For a testimony of which matter, upon this present Charter of ours we have caused our seal to be placed. Witnesses (being): the venerable fathers in Christ, William and William, Bishops, by the grace of God, of the Churches of St. Andrews and Dunkeld; Bernard, Abbot of Arbroath; our Chancellor, Walter, High Steward of the Scots; Lord James of Douglas, and Alexander Fraser, our Chamberlain, soldiers at Berwick-upon-Tweed, on the twentieth day of April, in the eighteenth year of our reign.

[The text on this page is extremely faded and largely illegible due to the age and condition of the document. It appears to be a Latin or Old French charter or legal document, with some recognizable words like 'et', 'in', 'et', 'et', 'et' scattered throughout. The script is a dense, medieval Gothic hand.]

ROBERT II. (1370-1390):

In 1387-8 a "feu" right was granted by King Robert II. in favour of his "faithful burgesses and community of the burgh, with the power to hold courts, and with the mills, fishings, and former customs, to be held in feu for the payment of a feu duty of £13 yearly."

JAMES V. (1513-1542):

A charter of James V., dated 1542, also in Latin, is preserved in the Burgh archives.

JAMES VI. (1567-1625):

Dated 1617, contains substance of previous Latin charters. See *Ure*, p. 11.

This charter is also missing. It had been sent to Edinburgh, and a borrowing receipt obtained for it, but it was never returned.

CHARLES I. (1625-1649):

Granted by King and Parliament, Ann. 1640.

It is also given in translation by *Ure* (p. 20). The orthography, he points out, is less modern than the preceding one of 1617.

Subjoined are the various opinions of those authorities who have from time to time had occasion to deal with the subject of Rutherglen charters:

(1) "Exclusive of all conjectures, founded on tradition or etymology of names, we are sure from authentic records that Rutherglen is a very ancient town.

"Mr. Wight, in his inquiry into the rise and progress of Parliament, supposes that we have no evidence of any charters granted to boroughs older than the days of

William the Lion. He observes, however, 'that in an unprinted statute, in 1661,' in favour of the borough of Rutherglen, mention is made in a supplication by that borough that it had been erected a free borough by King David in the year 1126, 'but upon what authority,' says he, 'that averment was made does not appear.' From the above, it is evident that the town was erected into a free borough by King David, if not long before his time, for, from what appears in the charters, he might only have confirmed and enlarged the ancient rights and privileges."

—Ure's *History of Rutherglen*, 1793.

(2) "Rutherglen has a charter from King William which confirms the privileges they enjoyed during the reign of his grandfather, David I. He gave them such considerable limits as to comprehend almost the whole lower ward of Clydesdale, and to leave scarcely anything to Glasgow, as the boundary on that side was carried to Kelvin Water, which separates Lanarkshire from Dumbartonshire, and on the other side was made to bound with the privileged territory of Ayr, Loudon, and Carnbuth."

—Chalmers' *Caledonia*.

(3) "It would seem, therefore, that that burgh, Rutherglen, had a special grant from David I., and apparently in writing, but I know of no other instance of such a grant by that king."—Prof. Cosmo Innes.

(4) "There is good reason to believe that Rutherglen's burghal rights are of more ancient date than those of Glasgow or Dumbarton."—Sir James Marwick.

(5) "A number of burghs in Scotland put forward King David I. as their sponsor, but none of these can produce or point to a charter by him. Indeed, no charter of erection by him exists, the earliest extant being by his

grandson, William the Lion (1165-1214). This king granted a charter to Rutherglen; it is undated, and bears to have been executed at Jedburgh. The original, unfortunately, has not come down to us, but its terms are recited *verbatim* in, and are confirmed by, a charter to the burgh by Robert the Bruce, dated Berwick-on-Tweed, 20th April, 1323."—George Gray.

(6) "Rutherglen is one of the most ancient of the Royal Burghs of Scotland. No burgh can produce evidence that it was erected earlier than Rutherglen. The exact date of its erection is not known. That it was a Royal Burgh during the days of David I. (who commenced to reign in 1124) is undoubted, a charter by him in favour of Rutherglen being referred to in one by King Robert the Bruce, dated 1323, which is in the custody of the Town Clerk of the Burgh. The year 1126 has been accepted as the date of King David's charter by the Royal Commission on Municipal Corporations in Scotland, 1835, and other authorities. Subsequent charters to the Burgh were granted by James V. in 1542, James VI. in 1617, and Charles I. in 1640.

"By the early charters, the boundaries of an extensive territory, including the site of the City of Glasgow, are narrated, and over this territory the Burgh was granted certain exclusive privileges of trade, and the right of levying tolls and customs. These privileges were, in the reign of Alexander II., modified or restricted by a charter of date 1226 in favour of Glasgow. At what period the present boundaries of the Royalty, which are well defined by march stones regularly placed at short distances along their entire length, excepting its northern boundary, which is the river Clyde, were delimited, is also unknown, but they have continued as they now are for hundreds of years."

—Extract from "Petition against Annexation," 1912.

The plucky defence made by the Ex-Provost of Rutherglen (Adam Keir Rodger) on behalf of the ancient and Royal Burgh before the Commission at St. Stephens when the Boundaries Bill was under discussion in 1912, and the victory there achieved, should not be out of place here. It will be remembered that clause 26 of that Bill provided that powers, authorities, jurisdictions, privileges, and other rights conferred by the charters granted to the Royal Burgh of Rutherglen shall be deemed to have been granted to the Corporation (Glasgow), and those charters shall be read and have effect as if the name of the city were inserted therein in place of the Royal Burgh of Rutherglen. The official reply to that clause is just the essence of the worthy Ex-Provost's claims, which were voiced by him so convincingly that they at once commanded the attention and respect of the Assembly:

" Your Petitioners protest in the strongest terms against the attempt of the Corporation of Glasgow to deprive the community and inhabitants of Rutherglen of their charters. Such a proposal is absolutely unprecedented and revolutionary. As already stated, the earliest known charter was granted by King David I., who reigned from 1124 to 1153, since whose time the Burgh has been the recipient of numerous Royal Grants from subsequent Scottish or British kings, confirming their ancient charters, or granting additional ones. By the present clause, it is proposed that the charters shall be read and have effect as if the name ' Glasgow ' were inserted therein in place of ' Rutherglen.'

" Glasgow was not erected into a Royal Burgh until the year 1611, or nearly 500 years after Rutherglen, and, if the Order is passed as it now stands, Glasgow's ambition will be further gratified, as she will then be able to claim not only the position of Second City of the Empire, but that of the oldest Corporation in Scotland.

“ But your Petitioners venture to submit that the suggestion that they and the people of Rutherglen should be deprived of their charters and the rights and privileges thereunder, which they and their predecessors have enjoyed for nearly 800 years, merely at the request of a neighbouring Corporation, against the declared sentiment of the Burgh, and without just or reasonable ground, is absolutely and entirely unjustifiable, and should not be entertained.”

The Commission concurred, some of them unwillingly no doubt, but, as the Ex-Provost on a recent occasion remarked, “ They had so much respect for the ‘ charter ’ and for some of the things that were said, they agreed to leave Ru’glen alone,” and he hoped it would long maintain its independence. He thought that, after the things that were being said about Germany trying to extend her territory at the expense of small nations, Glasgow would think twice before she tried again to filch the rights from Ancient Rutherglen.

“ Let us drink a glass to the Ex-Provost of Rutherglen ! ” cried Lord Rosebery at a municipal function of Glasgow Corporation, held subsequent to the proceedings in Parliament. “ He is the man of Thermopylae, who, at the head of but a few, resisted all the legions of the power and authority of Glasgow. Perhaps he, too, may come to see in time that his interests are not separable from those of the Second City.”

Quite an excellent sentiment, my Lord, but until that hour strikes, the men of Thermopylae, who neither asked nor received indemnities for services rendered in that unevenly-matched foray, will “ carry on ” without prejudice, and in the hope that Glasgow will continue to flourish not by the preaching of the Word only, but by the practising of it as well.

CHAPTER III

PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH AND STEEPLE

"Hearing legends love has told me."—*Park.*



THE story of Rutherglen Church as told by Ure 128 years ago is a plain but faithful description of the building as he saw it; and Ruglonians have ever been prone to believe all the legends that have been recorded regarding it by Blind Harry and others.

The earliest traditions, of course, take us back to the time of St. Conval, who was a disciple of St. Kentigern, the patron saint of Glasgow. The life of this good saint, as transcribed from the Aberdeen Breviary and Arbuthnott Missal, by the Rev. Professor William Stevenson, has not hitherto impressed the people of Rutherglen, where he is said to have ministered, with the same degree of veneration as, say, towns such as Cumnock, whose church is dedicated to him, and where to be buried in the dust of St. Conval at Cumnock was considered the greatest honour that could be paid to the dead.

Irvine, likewise, had an altar ascribed to the saint, while Ochiltree, Pollokshaws, Eastwood, Oban, and Renfrew also looked upon him as their patron. The saint's connection with the latter place, where a cross was erected to his memory, is of special significance, for it was at Inchinnan his miraculous work began, and there also in the year 612 A.D. he was buried.

St. Conval's advent to Scotland was effected in a most remarkable manner. His father, we are told, was a king

of Ireland, and his mother was sister to a prince there; but, heir though he was to a kingdom, he preferred the free service of Christ, and by prayer and supplication cast himself on God's care, and was subsequently borne across the billows to the banks of the River Clyde on the very stone on which he stood. This stone afterwards became the Mecca of many pilgrimages from all parts of the country, and cures and healings innumerable became the order of the day at Inchinnan.

It is worthy of note that the Roman Catholic school at Pollokshaws still bears the name of this worthy man, and only recently a proposal was made by Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bart., to restore St. Conval's Well in the old cemetery lying south of Pollokshaws.

Rutherglen's connection with the saint would seem to have been even closer than many of the towns mentioned, for in *The Exchequer Rolls* of date 1327-1330, we are told that David II. of Scotland gave from time to time 6s. 8d. Scots "to light the church of St. Conval at Rutherglen." "We do not know," says one writer (Rev. John Warrick, M.A.), "what special interest Bruce's son had in Conval, but it is recorded that King David, in the year 1330, doubled his ordinary contributions, and 'out of his pity' gave 13s. and 4d."

Ure, in his *History of Rutherglen*, mentions the unearthing at Gallowflat, from a tumulus or mound of earth, two brass or copper vessels, shaped like porringers, having broad handles, nine inches in length, with the name Congallus or Convallus engraved thereon. Whether these relics were formerly instruments of service in the wattled church of St. Conval at Rutherglen is unknown, but they are at least indicative of the veneration in which he was held at that period.

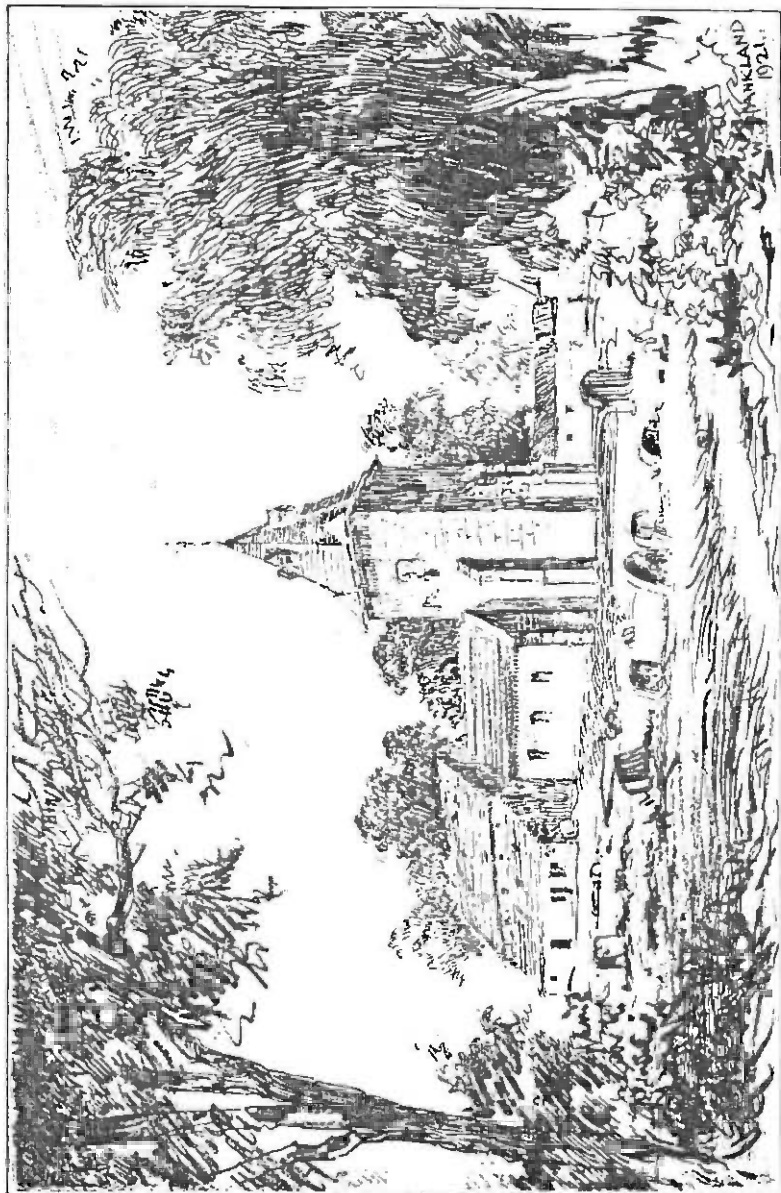
The pre-Reformation church is believed to have stood on the same site on which St. Conval erected his wattled edifice somewhere in the fourth century, and which existed

down to about the year 1100, after which it came under papal influence for 460 years, to be supplanted at the Reformation (1560) by the Protestant Faith. With regard to the church of St. Mary, as the pre-Reformation place of worship was then called, some interesting particulars were, in 1896, published by David Douglas, Edinburgh, in a work entitled *The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland*. The following is an extract:

“Only the merest fragment of this ancient church now remains, consisting of the east wall, with an eastern tower attached to it. The masonry of the east wall shows it to be of the Norman period. The eastern tower is quite a unique feature in Scotland. It had no connection with the church, although built against it.”

In Ure's *History of Rutherglen*, it is stated that there was a nave with side aisles 62 feet long by 25 feet wide, “exclusive of the additions on the back and front,” that is, exclusive of the side aisles. Assuming these to have been 8 to 10 feet wide, we should have a church nearly corresponding in size with the present erection. In the above article, reference is made to the capitals and pillars, of which Ure in his book gives a drawing, together with a sketch of the interior of the church. These fragments, which formed a garden rockery for over a hundred years, have at last, at the instance of the Town Clerk, been carefully transferred to a specially constructed platform within the old steeple, where it is hoped they will long remain to substantiate the record of their designers' skill and workmanship.

Some doubt exists as to whether St. Mary's Church had a tower, such appendages being the rule in Norman church architecture, and it is supposed if a tower did exist, it would be built on the west of the edifice. The present old steeple, it has been asserted, belongs to a later period by some two or three centuries. Our illustration is an



Pre-Reformation Church and Steeple.



Driddydirt Fair—from corner of Mill Street

attempt to picture this ancient temple as it would appear originally within its Druid-like circle of overshadowing elms. The church, we are further informed, was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and was granted to the Abbey of Paisley by William the Lion before the year 1189, and it continued in their possession down to the period of the Reformation. There were several altars with endowed chaplains, and particulars of these, with other interesting information regarding the constitution and establishment of the Scottish Church and its maintenance in Rutherglen, will be found in the recently published volume of the Town Clerk.

Thirty odd years ago, it was commonly believed that the steeple was part of the original building, and was invariably referred to as having existed before the twelfth century, but the research work of our local historian has altered the preconceived notions of not a few of our antiquarian satellites, and the life of the steeple is shortened by three centuries. The Seal of the Burgh in use down to 1889 is characterised as a ridiculous caricature, and the Lyon Office matriculates a new one. The much talked of baptismal font becomes a sun-dial, and the Bishop of Nowhere is restored to his rightful diocese of Noyon. It becomes essential, therefore, when dealing with the antiquities of the Burgh, to speak only by the card—equivocation and inaccuracy for the future are taboo.

Recent investigations place the erection of the steeple at the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Its eastern situation, which is considered a unique feature in Scotland, cannot be explained. An addition was evidently made to the tower somewhere in the seventeenth century, and the Burgh Records of 1675 and 1710 give a detailed account of the alterations then made, which included an extension of the mason work by four feet and the erection of a new "brass cooke"

(weather vane), the same which we see on the old building to-day. The steeple is 10 feet square inside, and 34 feet 6 inches high to top of masonry. The roof is 25 feet high, with four louvre openings. The walls are 2 feet 9 inches thick. A wooden stair leads up to the clock. This clock, which has two dials, facing north and south, was purchased by the Corporation from one of the City churches in 1841 for £50. In October of the same year a proposal was made to increase the height of the steeple by 40 feet, but by the casting vote of the Provost it was defeated—thank Providence! The bell, which is 7 feet in circumference and 2 feet 3 inches diameter at the mouth, is reached by a ladder through a hatch, was cast in Holland, and is pitched in the key of C; it bears the following inscription: "*Soli Deo Gloria, Michael Burgerhuys me jecit, 1635. Campanam hanc cives Reutherglenenses Ecclesie sue Parochiali donant,*" which, being interpreted, means: "Glory to God only, Michael Burgherhuys made me 1635. The citizens of Rutherglen present this bell to their own Parish Church."

Prior to 1662, the kirk port stood at the west end of the kirk-yard dyke. This was demolished, and a year later (1663) the port as we know it to-day was erected at the expense of the Town Council, and it is interesting now to learn that part of the expense was made up of "that fyne of twentie pundis money whairin Jas. Riddell and John Riddell, sones to Walter Riddell, are adjudged for profanatione of the Sabbath Day." Of Renaissance design, this lych-gate entrance to the old burying-ground shows a remarkable feature in the two sentry boxes erected on either side for the purpose, it seems, of screening the elders who stood at the plate from inclement weathers. These, apparently, were an after arrangement, as they bear the date 1761. The sun-dial surmounting the kirk port is dated 1679.

Of the church-yard itself, no record exists as to when

it first became a place of sepulture. If coeval with the church, and we are entitled to assume as much, its history must date back 1,300 odd years. Forty years ago, on 28th September, 1881, legal sanction was obtained to close it, unless in special cases of interment authorised by the local authority. As suggested elsewhere, the church-yard, in which many improvements have recently been made, might now be put to some practical use by laying it out in walks and otherwise beautifying it for the benefit of those who might wish to meander within its sacred precincts. We certainly don't wish a revival of the bad old days when the youth of the town converted the graveyard into a common playground, and when a Council edict had to be proclaimed against them, and also against the burgesses and inhabitants, for permitting their "horses, kye, and uther bestiall" to pasture there, but with the relics already ensconced within the steeple, and others that might conveniently be housed within the new church, there seems small reason for depriving the inhabitants of either of these retreats on week-days. Sunday need not necessarily be the only day for quiet reflection. A stroll amongst the tombs or a quiet hour spent in the house of prayer (the purpose, it is believed, for which the house was built) would be an inestimable boon to many in these evil, care-begotten days.

"Tradition," says Whittier, "wears a snowy beard: Romance is always young." Hence, we shall let Hugh Macdonald, who was a romancist of the first water, speak again the part he so dearly loved to enlarge upon in his rambling adventures, and which has given such a romantic touch to his description of Rutherglen and its ancient kirk, that some people have even gone the length of asking, "Did Burns find his 'Tam-o'-Shanter' on the Rutherglen story?" "Like the famous Alloway Kirk," says Macdonald, "the sacred pile of Rutherglen seems occasionally to have been the scene of diabolical orgies.

At least we have the authority of a decent elderly gudewife for asserting that such was the case. According to her, when Mr. Dickson, who suffered sair during the persecution, was in the ministry at Ru'glen, the reverend gentleman was riding up the main street of the burgh one night at the witching hour. While passing along by the kirk-yard wall, he fancied, to his surprise, that he heard sounds of merriment issuing from his own church. Being a man of some courage, he at once dismounted from his steed, made his way into the graveyard, which was then, as now, elevated, with its time-honoured elms, a few feet above the level of the street, and, looking into the sacred edifice, which was lighted up as if for a festival, beheld, to his horror and amazement, several of his own congregation, male and female, engaged in some mysterious ceremony, in company with a gentleman in black, whom he at once knew, from a well-known peculiarity of foot, as the enemy of mankind. Provoked beyond forbearance at the desecration of his church, and the evident backsliding of a portion of his flock, he roared out with the voice of a stentor, 'Ye'll no deny this the morn, ye limmers!' and, turning on his heel, remounted his horse, and commenced making the best of his way home. Not having the benefit of a running stream, however, as the gudeman o' Shanter had, the worthy minister was soon overtaken; and, although the powers of darkness durst not injure a hair of his head, yet by their cantrips they contrived to render both horse and rider as rigid as a couple of petrifications. Stock-still they were compelled to stand, unable to move hand or foot, nor would the band of warlocks and witches release them from this statuesque state but on condition that his reverence would give his solemn pledge never to divulge the names of those whom he had discovered in such questionable company. This, although with reluctance, he was ultimately fain to do; and so well did he keep his promise that who the members of the diabolical

soirée really were has never yet been certainly discovered. The old lady added, however, that 'there could be nae doot anent the truth o' the circumstance, for it wasna very likely that Mr. Dickson, honest man, was gaun to mak up a leein' story even against siccan deil's buckies.' "

We have another evidence of Macdonald's imaginary faculties in the following old wife's reiteration of a belief which has long held currency in the minds of credulous Ruglonians. According to a legend common in our boyhood among the auld wives of Glasgow, but of course banished by that general diffusion of knowledge which has given Jack the Giant-Killer his quietus and blighted the wondrous bean-stalk, it was said that the Hie Kirk was the work of a race of wee pechs (Picts) who had their domiciles in Rutherglen. These queer bits o' bodies, it was added, constructed a subterranean passage between the two localities—a work which throws the famous Thames Tunnel completely into the shade; and, as they were stronger than ordinary men, they experienced no difficulty in transporting their building materials through this bowel of the earth without equestrian aid. Had any of the juvenile listeners round the winter evening hearth dared to hint a doubt of the credibility of this story, he was forthwith silenced by the corroborative tale of the Highland piper. This worthy (who, as we have since learned, is made to do similar service for sundry other apocryphal passages of a kindred description) is said to have volunteered, a goodly number of years ago, with his pipes and his dog, to explore this famous underground way. According to the story, he entered one day, playing a cheery tune, and confident of a successful result, but, as the good old lady who narrated the circumstance to us was wont to say, with bated voice, "he was never seen or heard tell o' again." The sound of his pipes, however, was heard some hours afterwards in the vicinity of Dalmarnock, and to the ears of those who heard it seemed

to repeat, in a wailing key, something like the ominous words: "I doot, I doot, I'll ne'er get oot!" After this tragic event, the mouth of the mysterious tunnel was very properly ordered to be closed up, and so effectively has the command been obeyed, that every after-search for it has proved unavailing.

An earlier romancist in the person of Blind Harry, the biographer of Scotland's hero, Sir William Wallace, also threw a halo of importance round this venerable church when he declared that, in 1297, within the walls of Ruglen Kirk, a peace was concluded between England and Scotland. The circumstance is described by the minstrel thus:

"In Ruglen kyrk the tryst than haiff thair set,
A promes maid to meit Wallace; but let
Ye day off yis approchyt wonder fast,
Ye gret Chanslar and Aylmer yidder past.

"Synne Wallace came, and his men weil beseyne,
With hym fifty all arrayt in greyne,
Ilk ane of yaim a bow and arrowis bar
And lang swerds ye whilk full scharply schar."

The metrical chant goes on to describe how Wallace, after hearing a mass, goes up to the altar with his good men and true, and enters into an arrangement for the signing of the truce which the great English Chancellor, the Earl of Stamford, and his henchman, the leader of the English army, Sir Aymer de Valence, was so anxious to procure. "It is significant," says a recent writer, "that at the time at which this incident is alleged to have taken place, the Bishopric of Glasgow was held by an Englishman, and Wallace is made to worship at Rutherglen Church, which was not subject to the jurisdiction of that prelate."

During the course of the parley, Wallace seems to have grown impatient of the Earl's purpose, and sternly said: "Chancellor, shew forth what ye desire of me."

"The most important cause of our embassy," replied the Chancellor, "is to procure peace, for which reason

I am sent from our King with the great seal and the voice of his Parliament. Whatever I bind here, our baronage shall agree to."

Wallace answered: "Too small amends have we obtained; besides, ye still occupy the remainder of our birthright. Forego all claim to our native land, and we shall not deny you your request."

"To make such conditions," replied the Earl, "is beyond my authority; we will, however, give gold, or our purpose shall fail."

Then said Wallace: "This argument is only a waste of time. We ask not gold by favour from any of your kin: we take what we may win in war."

Hereupon the Chancellor seemed too astounded to make answer.

"Sir," said Wallace, "we jangle but in vain. My counsel I give: I will make no fable; for a year we shall agree to a truce. It is not for myself that I would bind us to your seal, seeing that I cannot believe that you will deal fairly, but for the poor folk, who have been greatly harassed, I will agree to make a peace until we are further advised."

They then made a bond thus: "There should be no strife, and each castle and town should stand in such condition as it was, from that day until a year hence." Thus they sealed their bond in the Kirk of St. Mary at Rutherglen, but before two months had passed, the English had violated it.

The betrayal of the peerless Knight of Elderslie is also vividly portrayed by the blind minstrel. This is supposed to have taken place on the 5th August, 1305, at the same church of Rutherglen, and here, it is said, the "fause Menteith" engaged for English gold to consign his name to eternal infamy by the betrayal of Scotland's hero.

"A messenger, Schir Aymer has gart pass
On to Schir Ihon, and sone a tryst has set
At Ruglen Kirk, yir twa togydder met."

Sir Aymer and Monteith then confer: "Thou knowest this thing, Sir John," said Valence, "how that Wallace riseth against his majesty, and thou may have what lordship thou wilt choose if thou would work as I give thee counsel."

The net has not been spread in vain; but before the Judas-minded Scotsman clinches the bargain, he makes a pretence of special pleading for the Scottish knight. "He is our Governör," he argued; "for us he endured many severe struggles, not for himself, but for our heritage: to sell him in such a manner would be a great outrage."

Valence, doubtless observing the duplicity of Monteith, dangled a purse of gold in front of him, and added that Dumbarton Castle should also be his. A further promise to spare Wallace's life was also given, "as," said the cunning Valence, "King Edward only wanted to have him in subjection." Thus did Monteith treacherously agree, granting an obligation with his own hand, took the gold and Edward's seal, and gave him his, that when he saw a fit time, he would deliver Wallace over the Solway into the hands of the English. When Valence hastened back to London, and related his success with Monteith, the King had more joy in this bargain than if he had received a greater weight of fine gold than his ransom would have been.

CHAPTER IV

A.—THE CLYDE AND HARBOUR

* But still the glamour o' those days
Shall in our hearts abide,
Though we have turned to modern ways
In Ruglen on the Clyde."

—Bennett.



THE scenic features of the Clyde at Rutherglen have lost much of their charm by the encroachment of chemical and other industries. Certain improvements have recently been effected, but at the present rate of progress it will take a considerable time before the banks from the harbour to Rutherglen Bridge can be made to look attractive or even safe to the pedestrian. Meanwhile, much might be done to beautify the waterway and its approaches. A circular walk, fringed with trees and shrubs, from the railway bridge at Queen Street *via* Rutherglen Bridge, would be an inducement for many on a Sunday evening who find the congestion of the Stonelaw paths less pleasant than in the old days. The preservation of Rutherglen's ancient harbour likewise merits immediate attention, and this could be done at comparatively little cost by railing off the square formed by the old Quay, before it disappears entirely amidst the oncoming debris of the chemical works. Our recent visit to this spot showed that tons of refuse were being daily poured over the old jetty, and the stairway leading to the river, once used so extensively by boating parties, is rapidly being obliterated. An historical site which has played so

important a part in the Burgh's early association with commerce ought surely to commend itself to thoughtful Ruglonians, especially those pledged to cherish and preserve the landmarks of the neighbourhood.

History tells us that at one time Rutherglen was the chief trading centre and shipping port on the Clyde; it exacted dues on all goods bought or sold in Glasgow, exercising also the same privilege over a very wide area, and corresponding to that which we now call the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire. In the Common Seal of the Burgh, the galley and sailors is emblematic of its maritime importance, and the Town Council in 1888 laid stress on this fact when they authorised the Town Clerk to re-construct the design, giving prominence to the vessel which was the chief feature in the original seal of the Burgh.

Here, then, is a fitting opportunity for the commemoration of our ancient rights and privileges. Let a cairn be erected on the old Quay, suitably adorned with a bronze medallion depicting the galley, as set forth in the earliest seal; then, looking upon it, our children and our children's children might learn for themselves the story of Rutherglen's fame and failure, and how that the Roman legionary may even have penetrated to this sequestered retreat.

Looking across the stream northward, the spectator might also conjure to his imagination a hooded monk dexterously plying the rod and line, and would conclude that St. Mungo preferred the expansive upper reaches of his beloved Clutha to the more confined waters of the Molendinar. Stretching that imagination to a later period, he might stand on the same spot and watch the embarkation of ye faire ladies and ye gallant chevaliers from ye Royal Castle of Ru'glen. Being a true-born Ruglonian, a natural pride would doubtless glow in his breast, and the picture of succeeding generations passing thus before his mental vision would, if he were commercially inclined, be sure to sustain his interest. The fair ladies and the

one-time impregnable castle of Rutherglen itself have, ages ago, passed into the limbo of the unknown; romance has been superseded by reality; and the people of the ancient Burgh now lead a prosaic existence, yet a busy one withal, and this is seen to most advantage at the harbour, where a thriving trade is carried on by barter and exchange between the coal merchants of Rutherglen and the herring merchants from the Highlands.

At an inquiry held in 1841, some exceedingly curious and highly interesting facts were ascertained on the subject of the trade and shipping to and from Rutherglen about this time (1770). Witnesses remembered the coal trade of Rutherglen, and boats coming to Rutherglen Quay. Some of the boats would carry 30 carts of coals of 12 cwt. Boats then went up as high as Clyde Iron Works, to a coal pit there called Smylie's Work, close upon the river on the north side. The men on board were Highlanders, and could speak little English. The coal pits of Stonelaw (Gray's), Crosshill (Scott's), and Wellshot (Fairie's) were the three then in operation, and the roads from Rutherglen to Glasgow were very bad and hilly. Sometimes in wet weather the carts sank to the nave, and trespassed on the ploughed land; it was a common thing to see coals carried camel-wise on horseback. In 1783 the price of coals at Stonelaw was 1s. 6d. per cart; but in 1785 the price at Wellshot rose to 5s. 6d. Owing to the Great Strike, £3 per ton was the price in the early part of 1921. The route from and to the pits was *via* the Main Street and Glasgow Road, the Quay road only being causewayed; part of the Quay still stands, and the old road still exists. It was a fine quay in those days. At a time when there was a fresh on the river, and boats could not be laden, as many as twenty could be seen lying off the Quay, waiting for coals. On ordinary occasions, only two or three boats would be waiting. In those days coals were scarce, and it was a large pit which could put out sixty

carts a day; so that a vessel was obliged to lie sometimes eight days for a cargo.

Highland fishing boats with fresh herrings came to the Quay during the summer months; they were smaller than the coal boats. The bellman generally was sent through Rutherglen, announcing their arrival, and the populace flocked to the Quay to purchase them.

The boats which came to Rutherglen were lighters, fishing gabberts, or long flat-bottomed boats. There were also masted vessels, carrying from twenty to forty tons burden; the masts were so constructed as to admit lowering them when passing through the old Bridge of Glasgow. The boats usually went down the river with the ebb tide, propelled by poles to keep them off the banks. After Rutherglen Bridge was built (1775), the coal boats ceased to ply, but the shipment of herring, timber, sand, slates, iron, etc., continued for some considerable time longer.

B.—UPPER NAVIGATION AND "TAMMY SEATH'S"

MORE than half a century ago, the subject of the upper navigation of the Clyde was brought forcibly before the people of Rutherglen through the publication in the *Glasgow Herald* of several articles by "Senex," whose literary efforts subsequently appeared in three volumes, entitled *Glasgow: Past and Present*. This writer held strong views on the indifference of the authorities of the Burgh to their rights in the river. In the *Herald* of 5th January, 1852, he says:

"No person can look back to the history of our river without a feeling of surprise at the supineness of the Burgh of Rutherglen regarding the improvements which from time to time were taking place upon the Clyde. This Burgh was even more interested to have the river deepened

up to their quay than Glasgow to have it deepened up to the Broomielaw. A century ago, there were sometimes more vessels lying at the quay of Rutherglen than at the harbour of Glasgow. The late Mr. Alex. Norris, who was born in 1751, told me that before the Clyde Navigation Acts were obtained, and before the Broomielaw Bridge was built, in 1768, he remembered vessels sailing regularly and constantly through the arches of the Old Bridge to Rutherglen; and particularly the Highland boats, which, on account of the low dues there, gave it a preference to Glasgow. It is, indeed, doubtful if any dues were ever exacted at the quay of Rutherglen. When we contemplate the neighbourhood of Rutherglen, so rich in coal, iron, lime, and freestone, and see it to have been the first navigable outlet for the produce of a fertile agricultural strath lying behind it, we are astonished at beholding the burgesses of this town neglecting so grand an opportunity of raising their native place to a state of opulence by deepening, or at least by assisting to deepen, the channel of the River Clyde."

About four years later, on 19th December, 1855, "Senex" returned once more to Rutherglen's apathy to her rights and interest in Clyde navigation: "It is a most singular circumstance that the Magistrates of Rutherglen never interfered or threw any obstacles in the way of the Magistrates of Glasgow, when the latter were improving the navigation of the Clyde, solely for the benefit of Glasgow, up as far as Broomielaw, to the total neglect, or rather to the extinction of, the upper navigation."

In 1755, 1759, and 1770, further powers were obtained by Glasgow to build and erect locks, weirs, dams, etc., for promoting the said navigation, without the slightest opposition from Rutherglen. What did it mean? "The only way I can account for this state of carelessness on the part of the Magistrates of Rutherglen is," says "Senex,"

“ that it arose from the circumstances connected with the peculiar ‘set’ of the Burgh, which was then altogether popular, in consequence of which there were constant disputes amongst the Magistrates, crafts, and inhabitants, and, as is too often the case, amidst the keenness of private bickering, the public interest was neglected.”

In *A Chapter in Rutherglen History* (1890), the late Mr. George Gray, father of the present Town Clerk, deals with the subject very fully, and in reference to the inaction of the Magistrates, says: “ The inhabitants of Rutherglen of the last century have been blamed for carelessness in permitting the original obstruction at Glasgow to the ancient right of navigation, and in not assisting in deepening the channel of the river. It must be admitted that to some extent there may be grounds for this charge; but it ought to be kept in view that the Burgh was then very far from being in a prosperous condition. The people of the Burgh, employed chiefly in the collieries of the district, and in the hand-loom weaving industry, could not be expected to do much towards developing their ancient rights, but at that time they never contemplated that the operations of Glasgow would prejudice them. What they feared was the flooding of the green on which the town cows were pastured, by raising the level of the water; the rendering of the fords across the river, which alone enabled them to communicate with the north side, impassable; and the power of levying dues on small vessels and coals passing down the river, and these they took measures to prevent, although only with partial success; it was their limited means and not their will that prevented them from taking legal action sooner against the obstructions, as well as towards assisting in deepening the river to Rutherglen.”

Whosever the fault, one cannot stand on Rutherglen quay to-day and watch the great volume of water rushing idly by without feelings of regret that, but for some short-sighted policy, the great and wealthy city of the west has,

so far, not seen fit to make some practical proposal in regard to the upper reaches of our famous waterway.

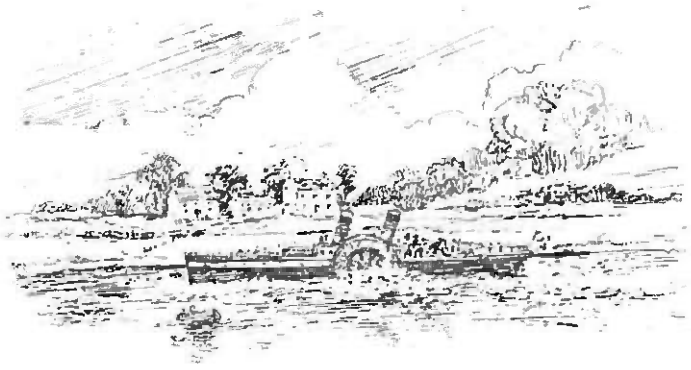
Our illustration of old Ru'glen quay may be regarded as a monument of lost opportunities and disappointed hopes, since by our lack of interest we have allowed the shipping industry to drift westwards, whereas this harbour might have been one of the busiest shipping centres in the kingdom.

Whether to our shores shall come again ships of merchandise from other lands, whether from our harbour shall returning vessels be reloaded with native produce, as was the practice of our ancestors, Time and a wise local government shall decide. Meanwhile, no serious objection could be taken if the Magistrates, by improving the amenities of the old quay, induced some enterprising boat-builder to revive the passenger traffic on the Clyde so successfully carried on by Captain T. B. Seath in the 'fifties. The following extract from the aforementioned *Chapter in Rutherglen History* regarding that venture may be of interest:

“Early in the year 1856, Mr. Thomas Bollen Seath, the enterprising shipbuilder of to-day, made arrangements for running a small steamer for the conveyance of passengers on the upper reaches of the river, and on the Queen's Birthday—24th May—of that year, he commenced plying, first the *Artizan* and latterly the *Royal Burgh*, both paddle steamers, capable of carrying 350 passengers, which he navigated himself between the east side of the weir at Hutchesontown Bridge and Rutherglen Quay; and he continued doing so ten times a day for three seasons, which proved a success beyond his expectations. During the first season, which continued a little over four months, he carried on the six lawful days of the week—there being no Sunday traffic—no fewer than 38,000 passengers, at a fare of 2d. steerage, 3d. cabin, or 4d. return. In the second and third seasons, which were of shorter duration,

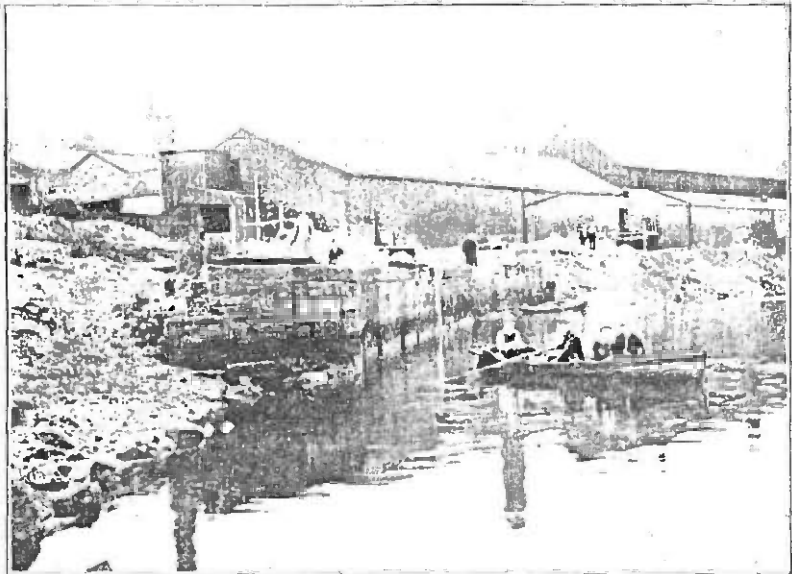
he carried fully more, but he ceased plying in consequence of the great increase of his shipbuilding operations now to be mentioned.

“ In the spring of the year in which he began sailing, Mr. Seath had leased from the Corporation of Rutherglen about two acres of their ground on the south bank of the river, immediately to the east of the ancient quay, being a portion of the lands granted to the Corporation on the erection of the Burgh, and which had remained in their possession since the twelfth century, on which he commenced to build iron and other vessels. During the first year, commencing with the *James Watt* and *Henry Bell*, two sister screw steamers of 120 tons each, he built and launched the *Raven* and *Dove*, two cargo vessels of 100 tons each, besides another cargo vessel of 150 tons. All these vessels are still afloat. The business prospered in his hands, and is continued to the present day (1890). Since he began, he has launched no fewer than 272 vessels, or, in his own expressive words, ‘ from a scow to an iron-clad,’ ranging from 10 to 1,050 tons, and these, from the little ‘ Cluthas ’ in the harbour to the *Silver River* and the *Brighton*, now cutting the waters of the Antipodes, are plying in all parts of the world. Prior to the removal of the weir in 1879, he encountered many serious difficulties in conveying the larger of these vessels to the Broomielaw, not only from the weir itself but also from the very defective condition of the lock, which was found much too narrow, being only 25 feet wide, whereas some of his vessels exceeded 30 feet in width; in its being insufficiently constructed, improperly placed at the north end of the weir, indented into the right bank of the river, continually silted up, and quite unfit for use. He had, therefore, in sending them down the river, to wait until the opportunity of a flood or very high tide offered for conveying them over the weir. In this way his business was seriously incommoded, and loss accrued to the owner, builder, and



The Royal Bough on its way to Rathfriland in 1857.

See page 17



Rathfriland Quay.

See page 17

engineer. Notably this took place in the cases of the well-known steamers *Benmore*, *Bonnie Doon*, and *Windsor Castle*, all of which were compelled to moor at the weir for several days. Since the removal of the weir, he has built upwards of 75 vessels, and these have been generally of much larger tonnage. He now encounters fewer difficulties in taking down his vessels, the chief being the low level of the Suspension Bridge and a number of shallows in the neighbourhood of Shawfield Bridge. The latter, he expects, will ere long be removed; and he lives animated by a strong hope of again being able to introduce pleasure-sailing on the upper reaches of the river between the harbour of Glasgow and the quay of Rutherglen."

Mr. Seath's hopes, however, were destined not to be realised. The pressure of business continued rapidly to increase, so much so indeed, that many tempting orders had to be declined. An enfeebled bodily strength also combined to interfere in the personal supervision he was wont to bestow on the work which he ultimately, but very reluctantly, had to relinquish, and which for a considerable time thereafter was carried on successfully by his sons, under the old title of T. B. Seath & Co.

For sea-worthiness Rutherglen boats had a world-wide reputation, and on one occasion only in the history of the firm was it found necessary to prove their stability before a court of law. That was in the case of a boat which, through some unknown cause, had foundered in the Bay of Biscay. This boat had passed its final tests, and was *en route* for its sailing quarters abroad. The case was taken to London, but on the evidence of Mr. John Reid, the foreman of the shipyard, the firm was absolved from all blame.

Much of the success of this old-time boatyard was due to the sterling qualities and conscientious workmanship of such employees as Mr. Reid (who, since his retiral from business, has given many years of useful life to the service

of the community as a member of the Parish Council), Mr. John Macalpine, the foreman blacksmith, and others. Mr. Macalpine, who became Treasurer of the Burgh, is said to have been the only man who ever sailed all the way from Ru'glen Quay to London. Since Mr. Seath's passing, a new weir has been erected with much engineering skill. The flood-gates rise and fall automatically, and boats built at "Tammy Seath's" still pass through (figuratively) at the call of the whistle, but the name-plate now bears the new firm's designation, "The Rennie, Ritchie, & Newport Shipbuilding Company," who succeeded Wm. Chalmers & Co., Ltd., by whom Seath's yard was first acquired. Two of the last boats launched by the original builders are shown among the illustrations, namely, the *Isle of Arran* and the *Clunis Ross*, the latter being built under the direct supervision of the King of the Cocos Islands, the late Mr. Clunis Ross, and the former for coast traffic as a pleasure steamer. Like many another of its kind, this boat was, during the Great War, requisitioned by the Government, and, after being converted into a mine-sweeper at Irvine, accomplished some admirable work both on the Clyde and also with the Portsmouth Division of mine service boats from April, 1917, to the signing of the Armistice, after which she plied between Rouen and Havre as a transport steamer until 1919, when she again became the favourite of the Firth.

CHAPTER V

A.—PRE-HISTORIC RUTHERGLEN

“Study the past if you would divine the future.”—*Proverb*.



GEOLOGIST of repute, writing recently on the subject of Scottish Geology and History, says: “The geographical structure of Scotland has undoubtedly been the most important factor in determining its present geographical conditions. Not only are the scenic and physiographical features of the country directly due to its complex geographical structure, but also its soils, climate, natural history, agriculture, population, its people, their language, and history have been determined by this all-important factor.”

That a great portion of Scotland, and Rutherglen in particular, was once a sea bottom, no one, in the light of recent geographical research, will for a moment dispute. From time to time the discovery of sailing craft in the shape of canoes, under the surface of the ground, in the surrounding neighbourhood of Glasgow and along the course of the Clyde, give credence to the statement. In 1830 the remains of a primitive oak boat, 10 feet by 2, were unearthed from a ditch at the base of the Cathkin hills and in the vicinity of Castlemilk; others have been found in the Clyde valley, and may be seen in Kelvingrove Museum.

The clay beds of Shawfield, and other parts of Rutherglen, with their 20 and 30 feet deposits, clearly evidence the action of sea water, while the sandy nature of

the ground on which the whole of the Burgh is built is an additional proof of the sea's proximity.

One other proof that Rutherglen was once submerged is to be found in the fact of the varied assortment of fossil shells (several of which are preserved in the Ruglonian collection) found in the sands and pits of the district, and as many of these could only come from Arctic sources, it follows that a glacial sea was the medium of transit.

The formation of the rocks and the land around Rutherglen further demonstrate this theory, and a former local geologist (Canon Shaw), whom many in Rutherglen will still remember with pride as a sincere and painstaking observer of nature, spent the better part of his leisure tabulating and acquiring facts on the subject, and made many pilgrimages to the quarries in Rutherglen, Cambuslang, and East Kilbride. His visit to Cathkin Quarry is here given in his own words: "A part of the rock that had been recently bared was as polished as any rock below the Alpine glacier. The loose stones that had been removed from the surface of the rock were next examined, when they likewise were found to have one of their sides polished and striated. Other parts of the quarry were then viewed, when the same phenomenon was invariably witnessed. The heavy ground or till covering the rock was afterwards minutely inspected, when it was clear that it consisted of the dark basalt of which the quarry is composed, and which had been crushed and triturated at a remote period by mountains of ice gliding over it. Other quarries in the vicinity gave similar proof of smoothing, striations, and grooving of the rocks and overlying stones became quite apparent. Always when the rock below was dark, the till above was dark; when the rock was grey, the till above was grey; when the rock below was red sandstone, the till above was red, because in each instance it was composed of the crushed rock it covered, which crushing had been produced by the agency of moving ice.

Hence we may conclude that there was a time when Cathkin Braes were covered with a mantle of ice, and that huge glaciers periodically slipped down the various channels to the lower level of the Clyde valley, and thence westward to the ocean."

The rounded elevations of the landscape south of Rutherglen are perhaps the most convincing evidence we have of the presence of the glacier in these regions, and the fact of the rocks on the higher altitudes being more rugged only strengthens the belief that the glaciers moving over these were less powerful, and not so well adapted for paring off the angularities of the underlying rocks.

In contemplation of such a time, Father Shaw, in a lecture, printed since his death, gives us a fanciful picture of Rutherglen, smothered in ice and sunk in the sea: "If at that period," he says, "a man took his stand on Cathkin Braes, he would see in the near distance to the right the summits only of Wardlawhill and Clincarthill. Hundred Acre Park and the eminence behind Toryglen, he would also observe, were islands. He would note that the sea travelled *via* Eastfield through Low Crosshill and Bankhead to Woodside Farm, where it formed a bay. As the sea did not go further south than High Crosshill, the narrow strip of water between it and Clincarthill might be designated the 'Kyles of Rutherglen.' Strange sights would also present themselves to his astonished gaze. He might see walrus and porpoises disporting themselves on the top of Clincarthill. He might also see white bears pursuing their prey on floating ice. Below him he might see Greenland whales throwing up columns of water in the Main Street of the Burgh, or following shoals of herrings towards Cambuslang.

"Our spectator would behold glaciers gliding down from Castlemilk and breaking into bergs at the Whinneyknowes, and departing with their loads of basalt rubbish either towards Hamilton or Bute.

"Let him now direct his view to the east, in the direction of the estuary of the Forth, and he will see nothing but an ocean joining the Atlantic to the German Sea, on which he may happen to spy a few ice-bergs careering towards Rutherglen, laden with rocks from Spitzbergen or the hills of Norway. At a very remote period in the history of these islands, some such conditions as these must have existed."

But coming down to later times, and the part Rutherglen may have played during the Roman invasion, or, as the Balclutha of Ossian, as one enthusiastic writer asserts it must have been, the reader may be disposed perhaps to ask on what foundation the latter statement is made, and may even make a tour of inspection of the places mentioned, both in regard to the Roman highway at Mall's Mire and the district around Rutherglen, which the late Dr. Hately Waddell constantly affirmed was closely associated with the wanderings of Fingal, Ossian, and other heroes of Celtic Scotland.

Those who have dealt with the subject of the Roman Road, which is first mentioned in Camden's *Britannia*, and quoted by Ure and others, aver that the name "Watling Street" was given to the Roman military way in honour of one Vitellianus who superintended the making of it, and that it terminated, as indicated, at the Mall's Mire Burn, near the Hangingshaw Road. It cannot be traced elsewhere in Rutherglen parish, but might have skirted what was once called Chesters, near Sheriff Park, and went through Lanarkshire to Errickstane, near Moffat, thence *via* Dumfries to Longtown in Cumberland.

The ground about Mall's Mire is low-lying and marshy, and at the present time inundations frequently take place there. The whole district of Mall's Mire at this moment is a God-forsaken wilderness of demolished brickfields, colliery debris, and stagnant ditches, and its mention need not have taken up space here but for the fact of its connection with the alleged "Balclutha," which figures so largely in Dr. Waddell's *Ossian and the Clyde*. A

perusal of that interesting, if unreliable work, will more than repay the reader, who must be left to form his own conclusions regarding the theories and derivations propounded by the ingenious author. Briefly, the reverend gentleman's derivation of the name Rutherglen, and all the other names associated with it, in this endeavour to localise the poem "Carthon," would, but for the insistent promptings of the little devil, Doubt (so palpable are some of the reasonings), appeal strongly even to the incredulous reader.

The subject matter of the poem, whether written by Ossian, or adapted, as has been alleged, by James Macpherson, is of no consequence whatever to Ruglonians; "the play's the thing": and if Crathmo formed part of Mall's Mire ridge, as Hately Waddell assures us it did, and if Rutherglen is the Balclutha of Ossianic creation, our interest will be stimulated, but no loss will be sustained if it should yet be proved that, in the language of Dickens, there never was "no sich a person" as Ossian, so being the Hately Waddell theories survive, for it is pleasant to reflect on one's native town as being the centre and hub of Fingal and his people. One would part with a great deal to be able to claim kinship with a tribe whose valour and chivalry could rise to such heroic endeavour as is displayed in the expressive soliloquy of Carthon on the overthrow of his birthplace: "Have I not seen the fallen Balclutha? and shall I feast with Comhal's son? Comhal! who threw his fire in the midst of my father's hall! I was young, and knew not the cause why the virgins wept. The columns of smoke pleased mine eye, when they rose above my walls; I often looked back with gladness when my friends fled along the hill. But when the years of my youth came on, I beheld the moss of my fallen walls: my sigh arose with the morning, and my tears descended with night. Shall I not fight, I said to my soul, against the children of my foes? And I will fight, O Bard; I feel the strength of my soul."

B.—ANTIQUITIES

WHEN the annexation question was occupying the attention of the citizens in 1912, a wordy warfare was carried on for some time in the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* on the pros and cons of Rutherglen's right to maintain its independence, and one of the arguments used by the annexation party was that a Ruglonian Society had been founded to preserve antiquities, but could find nothing worth preservation. The sole evidence of Rutherglen's "lang pedigree," it was argued, was the "Bruce Charter" in the strong room of the Town Hall. "I pity," says Sterne, "the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, 'Tis all barren!'" The same scribe also makes light of the Society's efforts to awaken interest by holding an "Old Ru'glen Exhibition." It was a mere chance circumstance that that exhibition was fated to take place on the eve of the annexation battle; nevertheless, it proved a significant beginning to that strenuous fight, and served as a congenial topic of conversation, both with the public and the press. The City Fathers likewise feared the influence of this revival of patriotism in the Ancient and Royal Burgh, and, when endeavouring to negotiate terms with our representatives, they twitted the deputation for trying to steal a march on them with a "show of relics."

Whether, therefore, it was the "charter" or the show of relics, or perhaps the sentiment expressed at the opening of that show, that turned the scale in favour of Rutherglen, we shall not attempt to discuss; but the justice of our cause, is it pleasing now to reflect, suffered nothing through the publication of the anonymous pamphlet by the above contributor, reprinted from the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, and financed, it was admitted later, by the Glasgow Corporation.

If the Ruglonian Society could save nothing from antiquity, it has at least saved something for posterity, even

if that something materialised only in the hearts and memories of the people. The following two speeches will better illustrate our meaning; the first was made two years before, and the second two years after, the annexation battle:

Speaking at the opening of the above exhibition, Ex-Provost Rodger, Rutherglen, said:

It was a good thing they had an old history. He supposed it was the past history that kindled the fires of patriotism within them. But for the past history of Scotland, they would not think so much of being Scottish. He believed that by and by they would be proud to belong to the old Burgh. The Committee had chosen an appropriate time for the exhibition, just when Glasgow was spreading out its great arms with the intention of swallowing up the old Burgh. The exhibition would do a great deal to stimulate the feelings of independence in the town. It would be a good thing for the newcomers—like himself—to go up to the exhibition and get baptised with the spirit of Ruglonianism. It would be good for the children also to learn that they belonged to a Burgh with such an ancient history. This was a splendid time for the exhibition, for if the Glasgow people came and looked at the room in which the articles were shown, they would say, "Leave them alone; we will be quite content to be a neighbour instead of seeking to swallow them up."

At the annual dinner of the Incorporation of Rutherglen Tailors, Sir John Ure Primrose, Bart., Glasgow, in proposing the toast of the Magistrates, said:

Not very long ago, a city with which he was connected wished to absorb the ancient Burgh. They had successfully withstood that attempt, and not many weeks ago Lord Rosebery called upon the Ex-Provost of Rutherglen to acknowledge an impromptu toast and tribute to the

Royal Burgh that had withstood all assaults and remained to-day the 800-year-old Royal Burgh.

After all, there was a feeling of sentiment that was delightful. There was the sentiment that attached value to old institutions, and the sentiment that recognised the impelling forces of habitation and surroundings as being delightful and stimulating to the individual. He would go further and say that the civic spirit, whether it be in hamlet, village, or town, was one of the very best assets of the nation and of the empire.

Even as a citizen of Glasgow, he had shed no tears over the fact that the city did not absorb Rutherglen. Imagination, disciplined to some extent, was another glorious possession. Sir John recalled a fascinating speech by Lord Goschen, in which that gentleman said: "Woe to this nation when its old men cease to see visions and its young men cease to dream dreams." Rutherglen had other claims, and in this connection he recalled Dr. Russell, the pioneer of the Medical Officers of the cities of the kingdom, who came from the Royal Burgh. Sir John hoped that long might old historic memories cluster round the independent Burgh which rejoiced in the name of Rutherglen.

This introduction to "Antiquities" is not intended as a plea for the meagreness of their number nor the indifference usually shown in regard to them, much less for the many acts of vandalism committed by our forefathers from time to time, and which, even in more recent years, we have had cause to deplore. Landmark after landmark has been shorn down with as little consideration as a hedger displays when cutting away the undergrowths from the dyke back; church, castle, cairn, cross—everything that might tell by its ruinic condition its age and purpose, useful or ornamental, or its connection with the past, being ruthlessly shovelled away to build dykes, outhouses,

rockeries, etc., until scarcely a trace is left to show they ever had an existence. But the initial purpose of this book enjoins us "to gather up the fragments that none of them be lost." With this object in view, we crave the reader's indulgence while we enumerate, in the order of their importance, what remnants of antiquity still remain, and also what information we possess of those that have vanished.

(1) *The Bruce Charter.*

A reproduction of the original of this important document will be found at p. 24.

(2) *Norman Capitals.*

After lying exposed to the elements for over 120 years in the Gallowilat House rockery, these Norman capitals, belonging to the Pre-Reformation Church of Rutherglen, have now been gathered in and carefully housed within the Old Steeple. There are four capitals, and one respond: they are about 18 inches in height, and measure 2 feet 5 inches across the abacus. Richly ornamented, and in a good state of preservation, these fragments to the people of Rutherglen, says an authority on archæology, ought to be objects almost of reverence, and we should be as proud of them as we are of the famous Bruce Charter.

(3) *East Gable of Old Church.*

Second in importance to the Norman capitals, the chancel gable of the church of Rutherglen may appear to the stranger passing through the town to be part of the steeple, and although that is actually the case, a distance of some centuries divides their erection. The masonry of this Norman wall is said to be older than any part of Glasgow's famous Cathedral, and it is doubtless owing to its abutment with the steeple it was saved from destruction at the Reformation. It measures 25 feet 6 inches broad, and is 3 feet 9 inches thick.

It is unlikely vandal hands will ever again attempt to interfere with this hoary remnant of the past. As a site for a war memorial, a bronze tablet with the names of our unreturning heroes affixed here, we believe, would not only meet with general approval, but would strengthen the interest and deepen our affection for the relic, and guarantee it for all time as the most sacred public shrine.

(4) *Saint Eloi.*

The history of the stone bishop, now known as Saint Eloi or Eligius, has been told in part by Mr. Gray in his brochure, *The Pre-Reformation Church of Rutherglen*, which also contains an illustration of the figure as taken from the original. The author, however, omits to mention an important fact connected with the effigy, namely, that it at one time met with an accident, when the head, with the crook of the pastoral staff affixed, was broken completely off, and on being replaced the same was turned in error half an inch to the left instead of to the right, which considerably detracts from the saint's appearance, causing the wrong side of the face and mitre to be in shadow, and giving the latter a rather festive-looking jerk to one side. The figure measures 27 inches in height and 9 inches broad. The crozier is 21 inches long and the hammer 5 inches, while the crown over the hammer is 2 inches.

If, as is assumed, the bishop is part of the twelfth-century fabric, probably in the year 1926, when Rutherglen celebrates her octo-centenary as a Royal Burgh, he will come into his own, and receive the attention due to his age and importance. If, on the other hand, he belongs to Glasgow Cathedral, which, as we shall presently endeavour to show, is not an altogether unlikely circumstance, a claim for restoration may save Ruglonians the trouble of providing for his future comfort and safety.

Meanwhile a few particulars concerning his re-appearance in Rutherglen may be of interest. The first mention made of the bishop will be found in the *Glasgow Courier* of 5th July, 1794. There it is stated that at the demolition of Ru'glen Kirk, the effigy, along with what was thought to be a baptismal font, were discovered four feet underneath the area of the old building. It is also suggested that the relics may have been hid there to preserve them from the fury of the mob at the Reformation. From that time nothing was heard of the stone saint until he re-appeared among the curios in the Bishop's Palace at the 1881 Glasgow Exhibition. Keeping our eyes on his whereabouts afterwards, in 1910 he again, at our request, became an exhibit at the Old Ruglonian Exhibition, where the alleged baptismal font was also on view, both of which created much speculation and interest. The owner of the bishop, Mrs. Ewing, The Mains, Giffnock, on visiting the show, generously gifted it over to the Ruglonian Society, in whose custody it has since remained.

A curious coincidence occurred at this time, when the writer, describing the stone figure to a Rutherglen gentleman, Mr. John F. Scott, was informed by him that one of the heirlooms in the possession of his family for over a century was a painting of that same bishop, which, he explained, had been executed by the Inspector of Works, Baillie Robert Freebairn, of Rutherglen, a relative of his own, who was engaged in the demolition of the church in 1794.

This drawing, which has also been gifted to the Ruglonian Society, is highly illuminated in gold and various colours, and bears an inscription by the artist, testifying to the fact that it is an exact interpretation of the figure when it was unearthed at that date. In Lumsden and Aitken's *History of the Hammermen of Glasgow* (1912), we learn that St. Eligius or Eloi was the patron saint of the goldsmiths, and was born at Chatelet, A.D.

588. He acquired great skill in his profession, and became Master of the Mint. Although a layman, he was made Bishop of Noyon in 640, and died on 1st December, 659. His name and memory were revered wherever an Incorporation of Hammermen was to be found till the Reformation; and it is pointed out with evident pride that the Hammermen craftsmen were associated in Glasgow long before 11th October, 1536, the date of their "Seal of Cause," or charter, which this document contains to the altar to the patron saint of the Hammermen, Saint Eloi, in the Cathedral of Glasgow; but beyond the fact of establishing the existence of such an altar, the records of the Incorporation are silent. It is known that some thirty odd altars stood in the Cathedral. These have been described by no less an authority than the late Archbishop Eyre, but, singularly enough, the name of Saint Eloi is not mentioned.

Now the question arises: Did this stone figure originally belong to Glasgow Cathedral, or had the Hammermen craftsmen in Rutherglen a similar altar in St. Mary's Church. Three dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church and various other experts have made minute examination of the relic since it came into our custody, but neither of them has hazarded any opinion.

We have no doubt the Ruglonian Society would gladly co-operate with the Town Council in any arrangement that might be made to ensure the future preservation of this unique remnant of a bygone age, either by having it placed within the new Parish Church, the Council Chambers, or some other permanent place of safety.

(5) *Old Steeple, Bell, and Kirk Port.*

These co-partners with hoary-headed Time trace their connection with the Burgh to the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, respectively, and have already been

dealt with in Chapter III. Many poets and not a few artists have sought to immortalise them in song and on canvas. Painters of note, like Grecian Williams, Crimean Simpson, and Thomas Hearn, have given us some fine studies of the old steeple, while the poetic effusions on the same subject by various local aspirants show distinctive merit. In *Jottiana*, by John Gardner (1862), author of *Sparks of Steel*, there are two poems, "The Kirk Port" and the "Steeple and the Tower," an amusing dialogue between the old steeple and Town Hall tower. A similar dialogue, entitled "Nelson's Monument and Rutherglen Steeple," was published in Glasgow, 1819. "Under the Steeple's Shade," by Robert Bennett, is one of his best poems, and in his *Ru'glen on the Clyde* (1892), he also enters into the dialogue form of verse, under the title, "The Brass Cock and the Sun Dial." "Oor Auld Steeple," by the late Hugh Muir, is a descriptive poem of the steeple's fame.

(6) *Fonts, Sundials, Etc.*

"A most quaint and ingenious sundial," is how an expert archæologist has described the stone found in 1793 alongside the figure of St. Eloi, previously mentioned. In the catalogue of the Old Ru'glen Exhibition (1910), it was entered as the "font of St. Mary's Church." Subsequent investigations, however, contradict that belief, and the stone, which formed part of the rockery aforementioned, is now safely cared for in the strong room of the Town Hall. The stone measures $12\frac{3}{4}$ inches on the square. Octagonal externally, and fluted on eight sides, its basin-shaped centre is 9 inches' diameter at the top, while the depth of the bowl is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Several lines and markings appear on two of the fluted sides only, and whether it served the double purpose of font and sundial has not been determined, neither has a date been fixed to it. The

probability, however, is that it formed part of the elaboration of the Pre-Reformation Church, the interior of which has been described as magnificent.

Personally, we are very unwilling to accept the offhand assurance that this relic was not the actual baptismal font of St. Mary's Church. Comparing it with a recently discovered twelfth century font, found amid the ruins of a Kentish church, to which it bears some resemblance, one feels inclined, while not challenging the opinion of experts, to ask for a further elucidation of its presence alongside the aforementioned saint found fully four feet below the earth in the churchyard. If, as in the Kentish font, which is also fluted and highly ornamented with angelic figures, the Rutherglen stone had similar adornment, that would account for the chipped condition of these fluted parts; indeed, from the marks on the stone, one can almost opine the number of hammer-blows it took to remove the objectionable effigies. The chancel of the church was destroyed utterly, and it needs little stretching of the imagination to figure out the surreptitious movements of some devoted Catholic removing these sacred remnants of his church under cover of darkness to a place of safety. Anyhow, during those troublous times, we cannot conceive of anyone thus foolishly placing his life in jeopardy in seeking to preserve an obviously ruined sundial.

Surmounting the kirk port, a fine specimen of a seventeenth century sundial may be seen. This piece of solid masonry measures 2 feet 6 inches in height, and has four dials. Quarried evidently locally, it was taken to Glasgow for sculpture and brought back to the Burgh a finished job, at the net cost of £31 3s. 4d., which included substantial liquid refreshment to the workmen who set it up.

A similar stone timekeeper, bearing the date 1758, was discovered in a closed-up bole-hole in one of the old properties belonging to Ex-Bailie Macdonald at the head



(1) St. Eloi—an 800 year old relief.

(2) The Bellman.

(3) Font or Sun-dial.

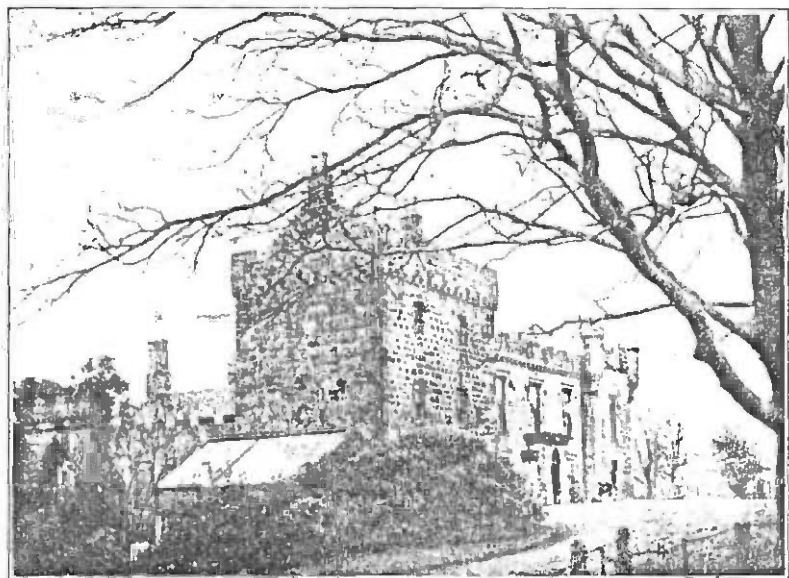
(4) Steeple Bell.

(5) Old Kirk and Steeple.

(6) St. Eloi (from coloured sketch).

(7) The Bellwoman - Granny McGregor
(Lock Aitry's predecessor.)

IS YE QUEN TIME.



Farme Castle.

See page 64

of the Burn Road; it is minus a base, and originally would be about 2 feet in height. It has only three dial sides, the fourth side being plain. It would be interesting to know how this sundial came to be in such a curious hiding-place, and from whence it had been pillaged. The relic is now in the custody of the Ruglonian Society.

(7) *Farme Castle.*

The period in which Farme Castle was built is unknown, but the thick walls, the few narrow and irregularly placed windows, the strong battlements, etc., are evidences of its antiquity, and that it was erected as a place of strength. The estate of Farme, which at first extended from Dalmarnock to near Cambuslang, was an ancient royal domain. Robert the Bruce granted it to Walter Stewart, and in the reign of the first king of the House of Stewart it was a possession of the Douglasses, for at a Scots Parliament held in Edinburgh in 1389, a charter laying claim to it was submitted by the Earl of Douglas. It afterwards (1482-1599) belonged to the family of Crawford, who renamed it Crawford's Farme. In the year 1645 Sir Walter Stuart of Minto was in possession of it; it then passed into the hands of the Flemings, and subsequently to that of the Duke of Hamilton. Sometime prior to 1792, the Duke had parted with it to James Farie, whose descendants, although not now resident in it, still own the estate.

Considerable additions have been made to the castle of Farme from time to time, but these have been studiously kept subordinate to the old fabric, and in strict harmony with its ancient characteristics. In 1792, an evidence of its antiquity was discovered, when the proprietor of that day was making some alterations in the interior. In one room where a stucco ceiling was being removed, a wooden roof was found behind it, with a number of curious

inscriptions written in old English, and inculcating the practice of temperance and morality. The following is a translation:

“ Fair speech in presence,
With good report in absence,
And manners even to fellowship,
Obtain great reverence.”

Subjoined is a verse in the original orthography:

“ He that sittis doun to ye hend for to cite,
Forgetting to gyf God thankis for his meite,
Syne rysis up and his grace owre pass,
Sittis doun lyke ane ore and rysis up like ane ass.”

The family arms were inscribed above the following declaration:

“ Thir armes that is heir, that ar abuine pented, ar the nobill
howses that the lard of this hows is decendit.
J. C. A. H., written 1325.”

After the departure of the Faries, some thirty years ago, this venerable mansion-house was occupied for a time by the late Mr. James Anderson, Manager of the Farme Collieries, and is still held in tenancy by one of his sons. Soon, however, the exigencies of the commercial world, which are already almost within speaking distance of its battlemented turrets, will demand its effacement, if steps are not taken to prevent it. Meanwhile the foul effluvium of a fish-gut factory, the grime and smoke of foundries, and the encroachment of numerous tenement buildings, give to this once salubrious residence of kings the appearance of a fish out of its natural element.

(8) *Castlemilk.*

Although situated in the Parish of Carmunnock, Castlemilk estate extends at different points into the burgh boundary of Rutherglen, from which it receives its postal service. Historically, Castlemilk has little to tell

us beyond the fact that, like the castles of Rutherglen and Farne, it was a place of considerable strength. "The building," Ure says, "is of very ancient construction; the walls are extremely thick, and terminate above in a strong battlement. Originally the windows were few and narrow, and the stairs very straight." It contains a few commodious apartments. The most remarkable is one that goes under the name of Queen Mary's Room, because, as report says, Her Majesty lodged in it the night before the battle of Langside. In Ure's time, the ceiling of this memorable room was ornamented with the arms of the Kings of Scotland in the Stuart line, and with the armorial bearings of all the crowned heads of Europe who had connection with the Stuart family. In the genealogy of the Stuarts, an extract from Rhymer's *Fædera* refers to a convention held at Lochmaben on 6th November, 1398, between the Commissioners of England and Scotland, in consequence of a truce then subsisting between the two kingdoms, when certain articles respecting the western marches were agreed upon, for the fulfilling of which, on the part of Scotland, Sir William Stuart of Castlemilk, Knight, was one of the sureties.

In the *Annals of France*, by Bellforest, it is recorded that during the siege of Orleans (1429), William Stuart of Castlemilk and his brother, Sir John Stuart of Darnley, the Constable of the Scottish Army, who had gone to the assistance of Charles VII., were killed at each other's sides on the battlefield, but only after both had distinguished themselves by certain acts of extreme bravery. History repeated itself in one of the early engagements of the Great War, 1914-1918, when James, the eldest son of William Crawford Stirling Stuart, the present laird and lineal descendant of these knights so bold, made the supreme sacrifice. This bright, brave youth had just celebrated, amidst great rejoicings, his majority, and had received numerous tokens of the people's regard;

but the House of Stuart had no option when the blast of war resounded through its baronial halls. James Crawford Stirling Stuart had heard it, and was already astride his favourite charger, waving back his last farewells.

Attempt has frequently been made to portray the grandeur of the scenery surrounding this lovely mansion-house, which has been kept in excellent repair all down the centuries. "It is one of those charming homes," says one writer, "which only the old world can produce, and is surrounded by a vast domain which has been cultivated by skilful hands for generations, reaching in consequence that state of perfect beauty in which art appears artless." There are wide stretches of velvet lawn, sturdy oaks, and graceful elms. There is a magnificent avenue, solemn, silent, and stately, with flocks of sheep dotting the meadows, and silent-footed deer wandering under the trees. From the further side of a placid lake, on whose bosom stately swans glide to and fro, flights of old grey moss-grown steps lead up to the ancient mansion, where there is much to see and enjoy, and from whose battlements the majestic grandeur of the Argyllshire mountains, with the mighty Goatfell piercing the clouds of heaven in the far distance, lends enchantment to the view.

(9) *Shackle from Rutherglen Castle.*

This relic was unearthed on the site of Rutherglen's historic castle at the widening of the railway. It is in the form of a shackle for going round the ankle; it is made of iron, and has a secret lock. The making of the screws and the brazing of the lock seem all to have been accomplished by hand, and bespeak considerable ingenuity on the part of the contriver. The anklet, which measures 15 inches in circumference, was shown to the late Mr. James Paton, of the Glasgow Art Galleries, who opined that it belonged to the sixteenth century, and may

have encircled the limb of some hapless prisoner of war when, by Regent Moray's orders, the old castle of Rutherglen was razed to the ground. The writer remembers standing within this four-square dug-out on the railway embankment, where the above relic was discovered some forty-two years ago, and where a number of rare coins were also turned up with the spade. These coins were taken charge of by Mr. Haddow, the stationmaster of Rutherglen Station, which stood at the foot of Green Wynd Brae. Mr. John Thomson, blacksmith, now retired and living at Burnside, who found the shackle, subsequently gifted it to the Ruglonian Society.

(10) *The Mercat Cross.*

It is much to be regretted that, in 1777, the inhabitants of the Burgh permitted this famous landmark to be removed. If, as is asserted, it became an encumbrance, that is no reason why it should be heaved off the face of the earth. They must surely have been a mercenary class of Ruglonians in those far-off days, who, instead of transferring the Cross to safe quarters, abetted in its total destruction, making middens and hen-pens out of the masonry.

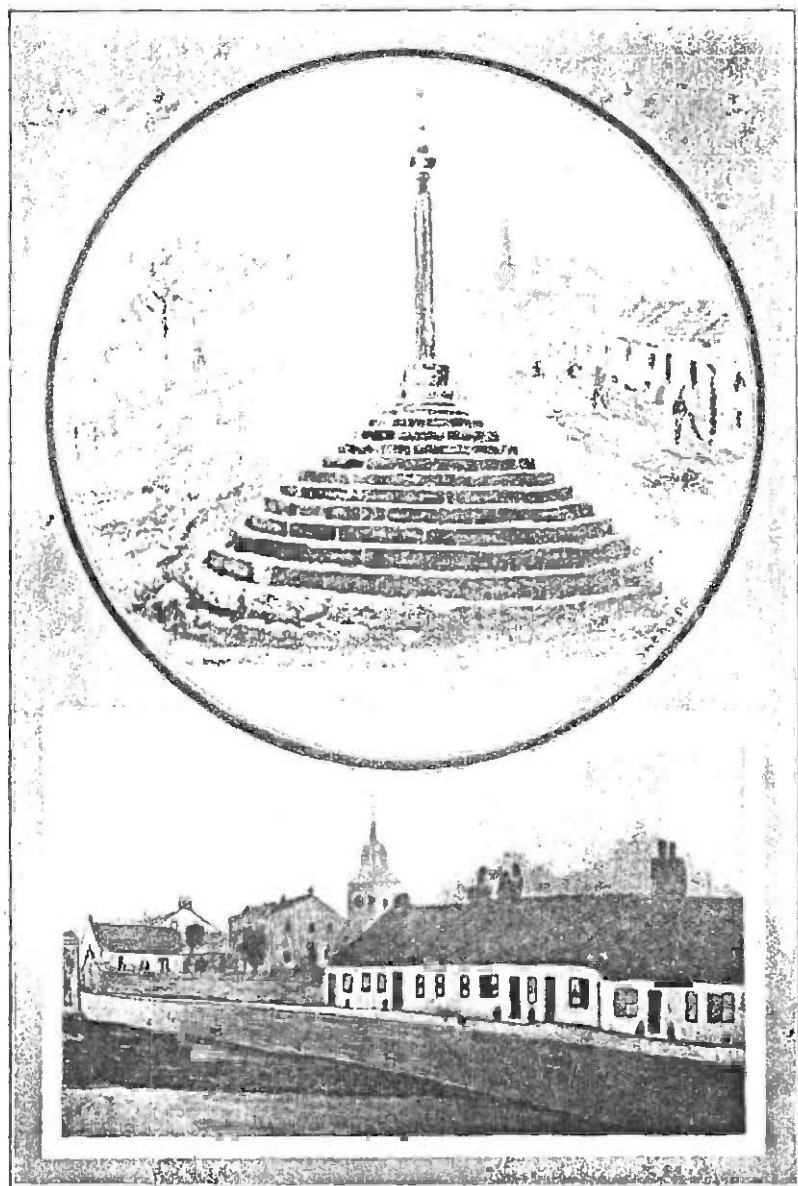
The position of the Cross would be in the centre of the Main Street, near to the Old Tolbooth, and exactly in front of where the Public Library now stands. According to Ure, the Cross was built entirely of stone, and was 13 or 14 feet high. It stood on a pedestal, 14 feet in diameter at the base, 4 feet at the top, and 6 feet in height. The ascent to the Cross was by twelve steps all round the pedestal. Our illustration is an adapted reproduction of Bonsall Cross, Derbyshire, and although some people believe that the steps round Rutherglen Cross were on the square, we are more inclined to read Mr. Ure literally in this matter, and count the twelve steps "all round" the Cross, as shown in the Bonsall replica.

Like the Church and the Castle of Rutherglen, the Cross became famous in history on account of the declaration affixed to it in defiance of the edicts of King Charles II., which were eventually collected and burned, and, in gleeful contempt of that monarch's pains and penalties, the burning embers were subsequently kicked along the thoroughfare. Many important events were enacted there; it was the scene of more than one council of war. But there are records also of peace-time celebrations, among which was the coronation of King George I., in 1715, which cost the town a considerable sum of money for ale, brandy, and tobacco. At the coronation of our present monarch, King George V., in June, 1911, a platform was erected on this identical spot, and the proclamation read to the assembled multitude, which included the Magistrates, Council, and officials of the Burgh.

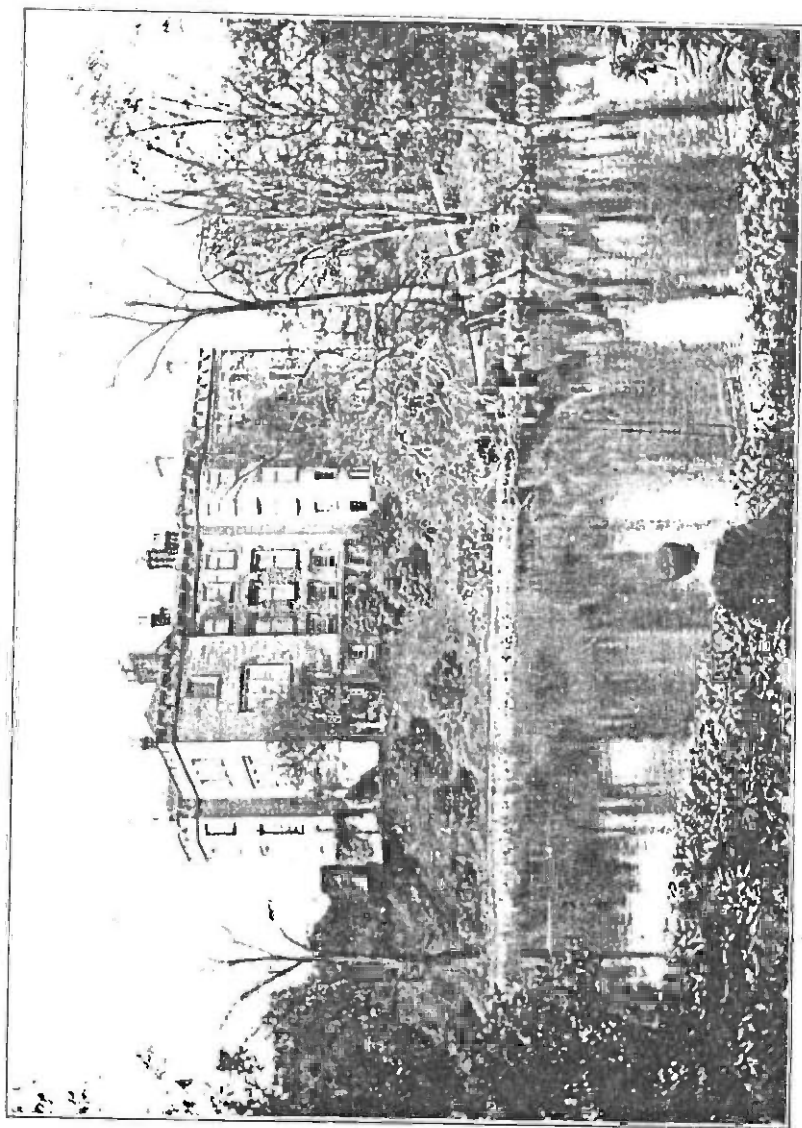
The removal of the Mercat Cross is believed to have taken place in 1772, but if Ure be correct, it was not till 1777 the Cross and Trone were dispensed with. The original Tolbooth would probably be demolished sometime prior to 1766, for in that year the Tolbooth, or "Old Jail," as we knew it, was built.

(11) *The Celtic Memorials at Crosshill.*

Crosshill, or the district of Stonelaw, now known as High Crosshill, probably derived its name, says the same authority, from a cross that was erected on its top. Near to this cross was a stone, 10 feet high by $3\frac{1}{2}$ broad, ornamented with various figures and inscriptions. The chief carving represented the Saviour riding upon an ass. The site of this cross cannot now be determined, but the wooded part which crowns the cemetery, lying north-west of Blairtum Park House, is quite the likeliest place for an erection of this kind. Making a detour of the place some time ago, on reaching the top of this hill, and just at the spot where



- (1) Rutherglen Cross - removed in 1777 (see page 104)
(2) Rutherglen in 1860 (See page 190)



Facing page 74

Castlemilk.

See page 73

we believe the cross would be situated, we found two huge freestone boulders lying within ten yards of each other. One of the stones at least bears traces of chiselling, both at the base and across the front, which is partly rounded. This stone is flat on the top and on the back, and measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet at the base and about 3 feet long at the top. The second stone is somewhat similar in size, but not so well defined. The soil all around is of a sandy nature. Had these boulders been of the whin species, we might have traced their origin to the glacial period; but it is not unlikely they may be part of the actual cross or of the slab already referred to.

During one of the later persecutions in Scotland, this religious monument, together with the cross, fell a sacrifice to the violence of a mob, exasperated at the methods which were then used to enforce a mode of religion contrary to the consciences of the people. In one night the whole was broken in pieces.

Stonelaw House, in the near vicinity, to which was attached an extensive territory of land, was, curiously enough, included in the parcel of land purchased in 1850 by the Roman Catholic Church of Rutherglen, for the erection of their present building, which was opened in 1853. (See Miscellaneous Fragments.)

(12) *The Castlemilk Falstaff.*

Among the rare volumes lent by Mr. George Gray, Town Clerk, to the Old Ru'glen Exhibition of 1910 was one published in 1794 with the extended title, *State of Evidence for proving that the Lineal Heir Male and Representative of Sir William Stuart of Castlemilk, who lived during the 14th and 15th centuries.* Along with the volume was a portrait of Sir John Falstaff, taken from the statue erected on the lawn at Castlemilk. When and by whom this curious representation of Shakespeare's

prince of roysterers was placed there we are unable to say. Conversing with the late Mrs. Stirling Stuart on one occasion, she said it must have been in existence long prior to the present generation of Stuarts. Enquiry was made elsewhere in the vicinity, but no one had any theory regarding it. The statue is between seven and eight feet high, and is probably erected in two parts. The workmanship is not by any means amateurish, but evidences a more than ordinary acquaintanceship with the art of the sculptor. Conventionally dressed in doublet and hose, with leathern girdle encircling his portly corporation, top-booted, and armed with shield and rapier, this doughty hero of a hundred imaginary fights has, for years innumerable, been the cynosure and wonder of all who have passed within the portals of this historic estate. It is quite probable, however, that many of those so privileged have elected to disown the stone prototype as scornfully as did King Hal the original, when, with stinging sarcasm, he renounced his proffered services in the words:

" I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men."

—*King Henry IV., II., v., 5.*

CHAPTER VI

HISTORIC INCIDENTS

A.—SIEGE AND DESTRUCTION OF RUTHERGLEN CASTLE

“Our castle’s strength will laugh a siege to scorn.”
—*Shakespeare.*

“**I**NDEPENDENT of every other circumstance,” writes Ure, in 1793, “Rutherglen acquired a considerable degree of influence from the share which it had in the management of political and other matters. It has, for some centuries past, been the Head Burgh of the Nether Ward of Clydesdale, or shire of Lanark, and all the edicts in the parishes of Bothwell, Barton-Shotts, Cambusnethan, Glassford, Strathaven, Blantyre, Cambuslang, Carmunnock, and Rutherglen were served at its Cross.” Much of this early importance was doubtless due to the royal castle which stood on the north side of the town, and occupied a commanding site overlooking the Clyde valley. The square, measuring from the present Salvation Army Hall to Castle Street, and northward to the south bank of the railway, would embrace the foundations of the castle properties, while the grounds, as mentioned in Chapter I., abutted on the Kirk-yard, the Main Street, Rutherglen Green, and included the whole of Alleysbank.

Rutherglen Castle, it is clear, ranked among the fortresses of the country, and so we read of the fall of Edinburgh, Roxburgh, Linlithgow, Perth, Dundee, Rutherglen, and Dumfries. The English were driven out of the strong places one by one, sometimes by the people of the

district. "For to have done something towards the extirpation of the English invaders," says Burton, "was a source of legitimate pride in any part of Scotland." During the troubles which broke out in consequence of the contested claims of Bruce and Baliol, the usurper, Edward of England, took possession of this and other castles in Scotland. Robert the Bruce, when he raised the standard of his country's independence, determined to wrest this important stronghold from the English. He accordingly laid siege to it in the year 1309. On hearing of this, Edward sent his nephew, the young Earl of Gloucester, to relieve the garrison; what the result was is somewhat doubtful. Some historians assert that Bruce overcame the garrison, while others are of the opinion that he was forced to retire without accomplishing his purpose; but it was eventually captured by his brother Edward in 1313. Barbour, in his account of the strengths that were then taken, says:

" In this tyme, that thir jupertyss
 Off thir castellis, that I dewiss,
 War eschewyt sa hardely.
 Schir Edward the Bruce the hardy,
 Had all Galloway and Nydysdale
 Wonnyn till his liking all haile:
 And dongyn down the castellis halle
 Rycht in the dyk, bath tour and wall.
 He hard then say, ang knew it weill.
 That in Ruglyne wes a pele,
 Thiddir he went, with his menye,
 And wonnyn it in schort tyme has he."

Unlike some other castles taken, it was not destroyed, and it continued in existence until after the battle of Langside, when the Regent Moray, in laying waste the possessions of the Hamiltons, burnt it. The great tower, however, was subsequently repaired, and became the seat of the Hamiltons of Ellistoun, Lairds of Shawfield, etc. "At length, on the decline of the family, it was, about a century ago," says Ure, "left to fall into ruins, and by

frequent dilapidations was soon levelled with the ground." The walls of this ancient tower were very thick and extremely solid. Each corner rested upon an uncommonly large foundation-stone, that measured 5 feet in length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in breadth, and 4 in thickness. In 1759 these were exhumed because they interfered with crops of a kitchen garden then occupying the site.

B.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND RUTHERGLEN

DID Mary Queen of Scots pass through Rutherglen on her way west to Langside on the ill-fated 13th May, 1568? Did she after her defeat reach Rutherglen *via* Dins-dykes on her retreat eastwards to Hamilton and Dundrennan? Did she occupy a room at Castlemilk prior to the battle of Langside, and from its hoary battlements did she witness the advance party of the rebel host, with rival royal banner unfurled against her in the name of her infant son, as affirmed by one writer? And did she survey the battleground from Cathkin's heights and cool her queenly lips at the humble spring on its crest? Sometimes the answers to these questions are given in the affirmative, but the publication of Mr. A. M. Scott's *Battle of Langside* (1885) puts a different complexion on many of the statements, and especially those of Miss Agnes Strickland, who, in her *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, makes no reference whatever to the first of these suppositions, and deals only with the Queen's visit to Castlemilk. On the other hand, Mr. Scott, while admitting the probability of the Queen going and returning *via* Rutherglen, will have nothing to do with the Cathkin and Castlemilk myths, as he terms them. Some people entirely agree with him, but Mr. Ludovic M. Mann, who published a *Battle Memorial Volume* in 1918, disputes another point around which much controversy has centred, namely, Did Queen Mary witness the battle from the Court Knowe, Cathcart? Mr. Mann

says, No: she stood on a hillside at Meikle Aikenhead, and that her only possible way of retreat was *via* Carmunnock, East Kilbride, Strathaven, and Cunnock. "Within the compass of three pages in Miss Strickland's *Life of the Queen*, there is quite a crop of myths," says Mr. Scott. Herewith one or two examples:

"The night before the disastrous conflict that annihilated her last hopes, the Queen slept at Castlemilk. The chamber she occupied is still known by the name of Queen Mary's Room."

"That Mary could not have slept there the night before the battle is sufficiently evidenced by two facts. She presided at the council of war at *Hamilton* on the 12th; and it was in the early morning of the 13th that at *Hamilton* she signed the commission to Argyll, to be her Lieutenant of Scotland."

There is also the statement of her Secretary, Nau, that the Queen remained at Hamilton all the time, but in face of all these averments there was nothing to prevent Her Majesty from covering the seven miles' distance between Hamilton and Castlemilk on any of the days prior to those mentioned above, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility for her to have slept at Castlemilk, not the night before, but any night before the battle. She had staunch supporters there, and it would be most natural for her to seek their counsel at such a critical moment, even although to accomplish it she had perforce to do it secretly.

"Again," says Mr. Scott, quoting Miss Strickland, "'on the morning of that fatal day, May 13th, Maxwell, the loyal Laird of Nether Polloc, brought up (to Castlemilk) his vassals, tenants, and domestic servants to her assistance.' Maxwell's summons," adds the writer, "was dated the 5th, and, being a neighbouring laird, it is in the highest degree improbable that he took eight days to collect his retainers. Indeed, we know that Mary left Hamilton with all the forces she had at the battle."

“ There is an indirect allusion here to the march of the Queen’s army from Hamilton to Langside having been by Castlemilk; but such a route is so obviously improbable that it need not be discussed.”

We are well aware that, according to arrangement, as described in Nau’s *Memoirs*, the whole army was to march with the Queen from Hamilton on the 13th, and part of that plan doubtless provided that the Laird of Polloc should be at the service of the Queen on her arrival, which we believe in the first instance was at Castlemilk. Mr. Scott himself laments the precious moments lost in having unexpectedly to provide for the Queen leaving the army, with an escort of cavalry, to proceed to Cathcart by the eastern end of the bog, so as to be out of harm’s reach. But why send the Queen into the very gates of an enemy stronghold? and why unexpectedly? We know there was muddling on the part of Mary’s leaders, but we cannot attribute to them such gross stupidity as is here suggested. What probably did happen was that, having carefully reconnoitred the district, Laird Maxwell or his vassals, who had been on the spot all the time, and had sifted out the intentions of the Regent Moray with regard to Langside, would meet the cavalcade between Hamilton and Rutherglen. A detachment would lead the main army down past the old castle and cross of Rutherglen, up Burnhill, and along Westmuir, while the Queen and her retinue would be guided along the old right-of-way path, now Dunard Road, to Mill Street and thence to Castlemilk. A ten minutes’ gallop would bring the party to the widely-opened doors of this hospitable mansion,* where the Queen, as already stated, might actually witness, in the far

* For the services thus rendered to the Queen, Castlemilk, like the Castle of Rutherglen, was marked down for destruction by Moray’s army, and, from the *Genealogy of the Stuarts*, 1793, we learn that, two days after Langside battle was fought, a party of marauders set fire to the house, demolished part of it, and burned or destroyed the papers belonging to the family.

distance, the first arrivals of the enemy's troops, and her own battalions in the middle distance making for the scene of battle. But the anxious monarch might want to have a wider prospect of the enemy's operations. One hill only intercepted the view. She would be on that hill presently. Meanwhile she reached a higher elevation, and it is here, we think, Miss Strickland should be allowed to retell the incidents of that brief half-hour's stay at Castlemilk.

"Halfway up the green hill behind Castlemilk is the venerable hawthorn called 'The Queen's Thorn,' beneath the spreading boughs of which, then white with budding blossoms, the anxious sovereign is affirmed to have stood with her faithful ladies and a little knot of devoted friends, watching the fortunes of the fight, one of her equerries holding her horses, bridled and saddled, ready for her to mount in the event of the day going against her. During that pause of agonising excitement, becoming intensely thirsty, the Queen is said to have cooled her fevered lips by drinking from the gushing waters that trickled from the green brae above her. It still purls from its slender urn, and is called 'Queen Mary's Spring.' The smoke and boom of ordnance is the signal for the Queen's departure, and in five minutes or less she reaches the hill of Meikle-Aikenhead, and there watches the further progress of the battle."

Ure confirms this vantage point by saying: "Her Majesty during the battle stood on a rising ground about a mile from Rutherglen."

"Three hundred years and fifty gone!
Yet closer to you now than then,
O Mary, by war's sorrows drawn,
Since you rode through by Rutherglen.

"And as you scanned the battle slopes
In that dire hour predestinate,
We feel again your beating hopes,
Again we watch the scales of fate.

“ O piteous doom of dungeon years,
That bleached the radiance of your spring;
That killed your song, that sapped your tears,
Storm-driven dove with broken wing.

“ Mary, our Queen, none shall forget
Your beauties or your iron woes,
And when your crown with spines was set,
To us you grew more dear for those.”

—*Katherine Mann.*

According to Miss Strickland, “ During the progress of the battle, Queen Mary is said to have made a detour to the left of the contending armies, reaching a point now known as Crossmyloof, and which, tradition says, took its name from the fact that the Queen, on being assured by the gentlemen about her ‘ that it would be impossible for her to get to Dumbarton that way,’ placed her crucifix in the palm of her hand, and passionately exclaimed, ‘ By the cross in my loof, I will be there to-night in spite of you traitors!’ ”

“ Here,” says Mr. Scott, “ the authoress makes light of space. She places the Queen first of all at Castlemilk, considerably to the south-east of the battlefield; and now we have her at Crossmyloof, to the west of the battlefield, and in the rear of Moray’s army. But she never could have been there.”

If Mr. Scott had consulted his own map, he would have observed the futility of such a statement. He does scant justice to the vivacious nature of this strong-willed Queen of Scots, who had already risked so much, and for whom even death had no terrors. Could such a nature be expected to maintain the statuesque attitude he expects us to believe she consented to at Court Knowe during the ordeal of battle? Surely not.

“ Alas for her,” continues Miss Strickland, “ the broad strong waters of the Clyde rolled between her and that stronghold of Scottish loyalty which she could see in the

distance but was never destined to reach. Well acquainted with the ground, however, she determined to make an effort to cross the stream higher up from the south bank by means of a boat. And this, it is said, she might well have done, could she only have reached the river side, to which there was a short cut through a narrow lane. Unfortunately, it was the Earl of Lennox's estate, and two men who were mowing in a field came out and opposed her path by raising their scythes against her and Lord Herries, who rode at her side. Terrified at the sight of such formidable weapons, and the menacing attitude of her unexpected foes, Mary turned her horse's head precipitately and fled in an opposite direction with her little party."

"It is clear," adds Mr. Scott (somewhat acidly, we think), "that the authoress was not well acquainted with the ground, else she would never have penned such a jumble of a sentence. An attempt to cross the river 'higher up' would have taken the Queen into the city, while the Earl of Lennox's estate was some miles to the west. The Dins-dykes' tradition, narrated in *Ure's History*, is out of place here."

With due deference, we rather incline to differ with this erudite writer, for, with one exception, "that of ascribing the district of Dins-dykes as the property of the Earl of Lennox," Miss Strickland's narrative of the Queen's movements, if not a strictly accurate account, contains some very palpable theories, much more probable, indeed, than those advanced by certain of her critics. The Queen's intention, when she found there was no chance of getting to Dumbarton by road, caused her to make up her mind on the instant, hence the dash and consequent stumbling of her steed at Mall's Mire. To get to Rutherglen and the river there was now her only thought. She certainly meant to cross the stream, but the crossing, in the Queen's mind, was to be effected at Dumbarton, and not, as Mr. Scott

erroneously supposes, for the purpose of riding back there through Glasgow!

The fugitive Queen had, doubtless, visions of freedom by circumventing her foes by a similar ruse to that which she had recently, with the help of William Douglas, escaped across Loch Leven. This ostensible purpose has evidently led many writers to form wrong conjectures regarding the Queen's flight from Langside, and the astute, scientific Ure, in order to reconcile that flight with a southerly course, places Dins-dykes 150 yards to the south of the Main Street of Rutherglen.

Many others, including a local writer of note, have measured the distance, and conclude that Dins-dykes would be at the junction of the streets now known as Mill Street and Farie Street; but these, it should be mentioned, lie in the opposite direction from the river. No one, so far, has been able definitely to trace Dins-dykes either by name or location in that quarter. Our theory, therefore, is open to correction, but we are of the opinion that, if Ure had placed Dins-dykes 150 yards to the north, instead of to the south of Main Street, he would have found a clue to their former existence, as well as a reason for the Queen's presence in that particular region.

In our younger days, the place known at present as Greenbank Street, on the north side of Main Street, was called "The Tails," so named, it is supposed, through its connection with the aforementioned adventure, because the said rustics came so near carrying their threats into execution that the tails of some of the horses of the Queen's party narrowly escaped a mowing.

Prior to the Caledonian Railway passing through at this point, the narrow lane referred to as "The Tails," which was a right-of-way from time immemorial, led direct to the Clyde, through an extensive track of vacant land adjoining the public green, and extending westwards as far as the Trinity Burn. The ground on the north sloped

gradually down towards the river. Bounded as it was by the burn, the river, and the pasturage, on which each burgess had the grazing right for at least one horse or cow, it was an ideal resort, and became the rendezvous of happy children, whose digging operations and castle-building in course of time, with the help of the elements and local carting contractors, developed into a vast field of sand dykes or dunes—hence the name “Dunes” or Dins-dykes.

One of the furthest off recollections the writer can recall was sitting on one of those sandy hillocks—the remains of that same ridge of dykes, which at that time abutted on the Glasgow Road opposite Lyddoch Road, now New Street, watching a great concourse of processionists march past to Rutherglen. With reference to Dins-dykes, Ure says “that the conduct of the two grass mowers has, ever since, continued to characterise this place with an indelible mark of opprobrium.” No wonder the Queen became alarmed at the unexpected nature of her reception here; no wonder Miss Strickland mistakenly described the place as being on the Lennox estate; no wonder the loyal community of Rutherglen, smarting under the affront that had made the name of their good town a bye-word, sought afterwards to eliminate the name of Dins-dykes from its vocabulary; for was not that affair the initial cause of the unhappy monarch’s untimely fate? Who can tell?

Briefly, then, Queen Mary’s retreat from Langside led her first across the Mall’s Mire, thence, in consequence of the thronged highway, *via* the north side of the Hundred-Acre Hill, and along Cathcart Road to “The Pants,” so called, it is alleged, from the breathless conditions of her steed on reaching the rising ground there. Her attempt to get to the river by Dins-dykes having failed, she struck directly south, up Mill Street, and over Clincarthill, the ancient right-of-way she had crossed so full of hope a few hours before, thence on to Dundrennan and—Fotheringay!

CHAPTER VII

OUTSTANDING EVENTS

"The causes of events are ever more interesting than the events themselves."—*Cicero*.



Two or three outstanding events in the early history of the Burgh may be worth recording here, as showing the position our good town held in the estimation of the leading men of the time.

The resistance made by the Remonstrating Army against Cromwell's forces at Hamilton in 1650 and the Council of War held in the Old Tolbooth of Rutherglen, are detailed at length in the Miscellaneous Fragments. There also the reader will find a letter written nine years later by Cromwell's successor, General Monk, to "My verie loveing friends, the Provost and Bailies of the Burgh of Rutherglen," authorising them to suppress all tumults and unlawful assemblies, and charging them to forswear all correspondence with the Charles Stewart party. This order in all likelihood would be carried out to the letter, for Monk knew how both to fawn and flatter, and if his promises of reward for such services and "*abatements in your assessments*," as stated in the letter, failed to secure the necessary allegiance, the memory of his atrocities in Dundee and elsewhere would command a ready compliance.

In 1679, Rutherglen had again to toe the line on account of its royalist leanings, and the elaborate preparations made by the townspeople in honour of the King's Birthday,

on the 29th May of that year, had to yield to the stronger element of insurrection, afterwards known as the Rutherglen Rising, and which in reality was the prelude to the battle of Bothwell Bridge.

The description of this affair by Hill Burton, the Scottish historian, may be referred to. He traces the Rising to its source, and gives a graphic survey of the country in which these early Protestants had their being—a chosen people standing apart from all others—from Episcopalians, loyal Presbyterians, and every sectarian denomination. In later times, when they were driven to arm for defence, their haunts were chiefly in the mountain district, centring where the counties of Ayr and Lanark meet, and stretching towards Dumfries.

It was known that there were, towards the end of May, preparations for a great conventicle, to be attended by an unusual strength of guards. And they found, as suitable for their purpose, a piece of boggy ground on the slope of Loudon Hill, an abrupt, eruptive rock in Lanarkshire, near the border of Ayrshire. There was no taint of secret conspiracy in their doings; on the contrary, they announced their defiance in a public testimony or proclamation. This they intended to publish in Glasgow, but, finding that town too strongly guarded, they had to be content with such publicity as the town of Rutherglen afforded them. There a party of eighty horsemen, under the command of Robert Hamilton, brother of the Laird of Preston, affixed to the market cross of the town "The Declaration and Testimony of the true Presbyterian Party in Scotland." "There was something curiously provoking," says Burton, "in the occasion taken for displaying the testimony." It was the 29th of May, the anniversary of "the happy Restoration," and Rutherglen was in a blaze with bonfires appropriate to the commemoration. The first act of the armed invaders was to extinguish these fires, and raise a small fire of their own,

in which they burned several Acts of Parliament, proclamations, and other papers offensive to their cause. In the rhyme of a local scribe :

“ They laughed ha, ha, in Rutherglen,
At king and law in Rutherglen,
At vile Dalziel, at Lauderdale,
At ‘Clavers,’ too, in Rutherglen.

“ Before the jail—e’en at the Cross,
They burned the King’s commands to dross,
Scattering the ashes like dry moss
Along the streets o’ Rutherglen.”

In their testimony, containing only seven articles, the fifth was “against that presumptuous Act for imposing one holy anniversary-day, as they call it, to be kept yearly upon the 29th of May as a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving for the king’s birth and restoration: whereby the appointed have intruded upon the Lord’s prerogative, and the observers have given the glory to the creature that is due to our Lord Redeemer, and rejoiced over the setting up of an usurping power to the destroying of the interest of Christ in the land.”

“ This conventicle was held on Sunday, 1st June. The religious service had begun when it became known that Claverhouse was coming upon them. It was a stimulus to their determination that he had with him a few prisoners, and among them one of their own valued ministers. They had among them some two hundred or more fighting men, forty of them mounted. They were peculiarly fortunate, too, in the presence of a few experienced officers. These were Hall of Haughhead, Burley, Robert Fleming, and, more valuable still, the cool resolute Hackston of Rathillet, and Wm. Clelland the poet, a young soldier destined for distinction. When the watchers came and told that Claverhouse and the Guards were close at hand, the conventicle congregation was broken up, and, Sunday

though it was, the armed men took up their position on the farm of Drumclog, about two miles eastward of Loudon Hill. The ground so occupied is now cultivated so as to produce coarse meadow-grass; but it is even at present surrounded by bogs so deep and difficult that the Covenanting leaders might well have believed themselves safe from the attack of cavalry. Their post was protected by a cleft, where lay the water of a ditch or stank. From either side of this ditch detachments from the two forces fired on each other and retired. The question came to be, Which party would cross and fight the battle on the other's ground? Claverhouse would have crossed had he known how. The others, better acquainted with the ground, seem to have at first resolved to keep their post; but their blood getting up, young Clelland rushed with a small party round the stank by a way known to them; others swept round the other end, and both together charged so impetuously that the Guards broke and scattered. Thirty-six of them lay dead, and only three of the Covenanters were killed on the field. The spark ignited at Rutherglen was now bursting into a red flame. The rebellion gathered like a storm. Men flocked to the ranks in such numbers that in a day or two they counted their followers in thousands instead of hundreds as at Drumclog. To the defeated Claverhouse, however, it was but the beginning of the strife. The 'insolency' at Rutherglen had roused him to activity, and he was soon scouring the country in pursuit of those concerned in it. The sad sequel of Bothwell Bridge will ever remain to mark the ineptitude which characterised the leadership of these misguided enthusiasts whose valour and patriotism was no match for the military efficiency of Monmouth's troops."

The battle of Bothwell Bridge, if it can be called a battle, was fought on the 22nd June, 1679, and four days later, King Charles II. issued the following proclamation,

an original copy of which may still be seen in the office of the Town Clerk of Rutherglen :

A PROCLAMATION

AGAINST THE REBELS IN ARMS IN THE WESTERN SHIRES

CHARLES, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith; To all and sundry Our good Subjects, Greeting: Whereas by the clear and express Laws and Acts of Parliament of this Kingdom, it is declared to be High Treason, for the Subjects of the same, or any number of them, more or less, upon any ground or pretext whatsoever, to rise, or continue in Arms, without Our special Authority and Approbation: Yet nevertheless, a party of disloyal persons, disaffected to Our Government and Laws, who have formerly tasted of Our Royal Bounty and Clemency, whereunto they owe their Lives and Fortunes, having forefaulted the same by their former rebellious practices, under the cloak of Religion, the ordinary colour and pretext of Rebellion, have risen in Arms, in great numbers, and upon the 29th of May, came to the town of Rutherglen, Head Burgh of the Shire, where they proclaimed their rebellious Covenant, and burnt Our Acts of Parliament, and at Loudon Hill, upon the first of June instant, they did Actually oppose, and Fight our standing Forces, and thereafter did pursue them to, and assault them within the City of Glasgow, and have seized upon the persons of divers of Our good Subjects, plundered, and robbed them of their horses, arms, and other Goods, and have done and committed many other Outrages, and Treasonable deeds and attempts, against Our Authority, and against, and upon Our Loyal Subjects: And We, out of our Royal tenderness, for the peace and quietness of this Our Ancient Kingdom, being careful to Repress the said Rebellion; and to take off all pretence of ignorance, or excuse, Do therefore, with advice of the Lords of Our Privy Council, Declare the said

Insurrection to be an open, manifest, and horrid Rebellion, and High Treason, and that the Authors, and Actors in the same, and their Adherents, are, and ought to be pursued, as professed and declared Traitors to Us. And do hereby Command and charge all persons who are in Arms, against or without our Warrant and Authority, to desist from their Rebellion, and to lay down their Arms, and to render and present their persons to the Earl of Linlithgow Our Major General, and Commander-in-Chief of Our Forces, or some other of Our Officers, or Magistrates, within twenty four hours, after publication hereof; With certification to them, if they continue in Rebellion after the said time, they shall be holden, and proceeded against as incorrigible and desperate Traitors, and that they shall be incapable of Mercy and Pardon: And We do hereby prohibit and discharge, any person or persons to aid, abet, assist, harbour, reset, or any ways supply the said Rebels, or any of them, under the pain of Treason; and that they do not keep correspondence, or commune with them, without Warrant of Our said Major General, under the pain foresaid. And We do expect in this Juncture, and do require and Command all Our Subjects to be assisting to Our Major General, and Our Forces under him; and being required by him, or others having Authority, to that effect, to rise in Arms with all their power, and to join and concur with them, for suppressing the said Rebels, under the pain of Treason, if they refuse or disobey: And further, We do strictly enjoin, and Command all Masters of Families, Heritors and other Land-lords, that they be careful and vigilant, that their Children, Servants, Domestics, and their Tenents, and others under their power, do not break out, and join the said Rebels, certifying them if they be found negligent in their duty, or otherwise culpable in that behalf, they shall be looked upon, and severely punished, as disaffected persons, and favouring and complying with Rebels, And

hereby We give Warrant, and Command to our Lyon, King at Arms, and his brother Heralds, Macers, Purservants, or Messengers at Arms, to pass to the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh, and other places needful, and make publication hereof; And that these presents be Printed, that none pretend ignorance. Given under Our Signet, at Edinburgh, the third day of June, one thousand six hundred and seventy nine years. And of Our Reign the thirty first year.

THO. HAY, Cl. Sti. Concilii.

GOD SAVE THE KING

“Edinburgh, Printed by the Heir of Andrew Anderson, Printer to His Most Sacred Majesty, Anno Dom., 1679.”

The creation of an earldom is not an everyday occurrence. At one time, however, Rutherglen seems to have been important enough to warrant the distinction, the ancient house of Hamilton, famous in Scottish history for many centuries being the first holder of the title, “Earl of Ruglen,” which King William III., in 1697, conferred on John, fourth son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton. Whether Lord Ruglen merited the honour on his own account, or whether he acquired it by reason of his illustrious connection, is not known. Neither is it known why he chose the designation “Ruglen” in preference to the more modern appellation, Rutherglen. Shortly before his elevation to the Peerage, he became a burgess of our Royal and Ancient Burgh, a circumstance which would seem to suggest that he took an interest in public life. The Earl was married twice, and had three children by his first wife, Anne, a cousin of his own, and daughter of the Earl of Cassillis. Six years before his death, in 1744, he acquired a second title, and became known as the Earl of Selkirk and Ruglen.

Lord Ruglen's son having predeceased him, the title

passed to his elder daughter Anne, who, as Countess of Ruglen, married William, Earl of March.

William, son of Anne, Countess of Ruglen, succeeded to the earldom in 1748. He was born in 1725, and sat in the Imperial Parliament from 1761 to 1784. In 1778 he succeeded to the Dukedom of Queensberry, and was known on the Turf as "Old Q.," the most profligate gamester and gambler of his time. He died in 1810 without issue, when the Ruglen peerage, which had existed for 113 years, lapsed.

To record these events in chronological sequence, some mention should be made here of the 1745 incident which compelled Prince Charles Edward in his retreat from the south to pass through Rutherglen. When the muniments of the Burgh have been transcribed, some evidence of the yellow-haired laddie's visit may be disclosed, in the shape of accounts rendered the municipality for the celebration of such an important event.

It cost the Burgh over £11 to celebrate the arrival of George I. in this country (1714-15). His proclamation and coronation cost the town no less a sum than £68 for ale, pipes, tobacco, and powder, hence, if Prince Charlie made anything like a halt at Rutherglen (which is considered doubtful, since he was so near the city which was waiting to offer him all the hospitality he needed), the 25th and 26th December, 1745, would be a double show event for the burghers; coinciding as it did with the festive period of the year, they would be sure to give his Royal Highness a right rousing Ru'glen welcome.

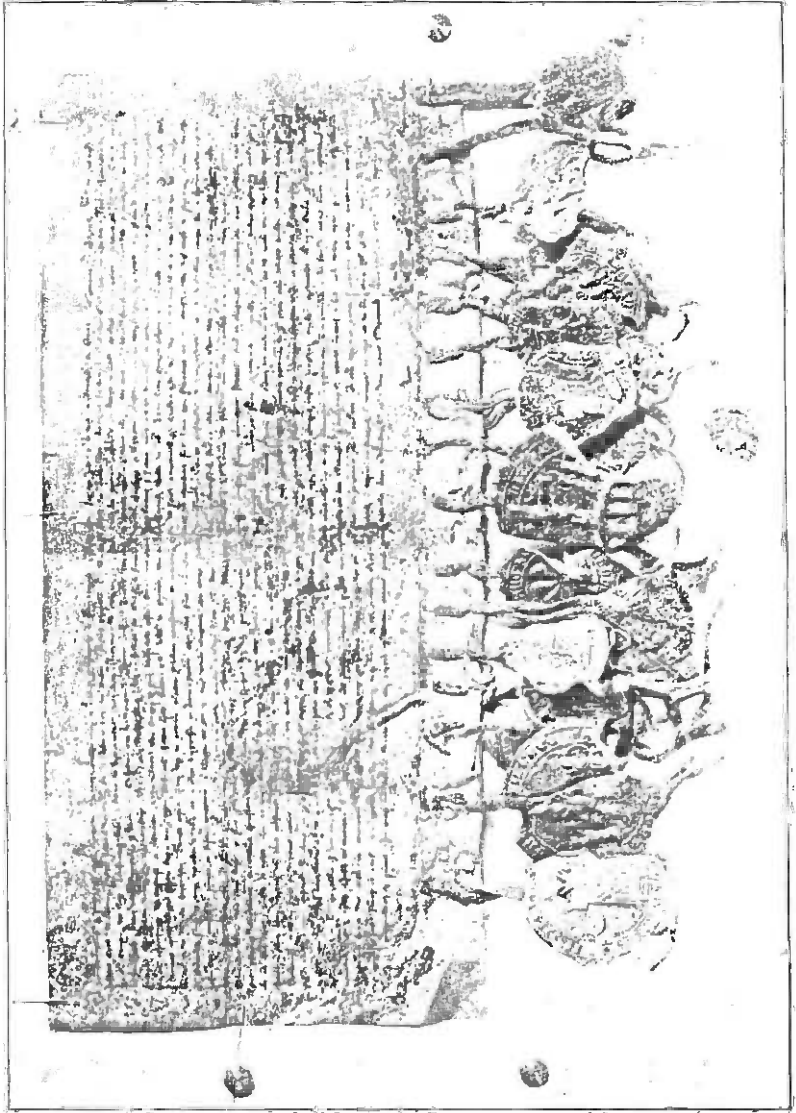
One of the most interesting chapters of local history yet given to the public by our Town Clerk appeared in the *Reformer* some four years ago, entitled "Rutherglen and the Scots Parliament." The article is brimful of information, and dates from 1326 to the present time. "These extracts from Rutherglen Minutes," says Mr. Gray,

"surely show that the interest and instruction they would afford would well repay the cost of printing." At the time of writing, we have not been made aware whether the Town Council have yet sanctioned this outlay, but the transcription of those early records would constitute one of the most important assets of the community; and, in view of the celebrations that are bound to occur at the octocentenary, 1926, of the Burgh's foundation, it is hoped an effort will be made to put the inhabitants in possession of at least the more salient facts of its early history, and that a free hand be given the Town Clerk to complete this very laudable purpose, which he is eminently qualified to undertake, to the credit both of Council and people. A writer to the press (J. J. C.) recently said: "Whilst I would give every credit to our stewards of the Common Good for the careful husbanding of the Burgh's resources, yet I am persuaded to think that of the many purposes ever and anon upon which money is spent, few of them would give so great satisfaction to the generality of our citizens as the little that would be requisite to produce a true and authentic history of our Royal Burgh, and the doings of those who have made, or retarded, the progress of our civic life."

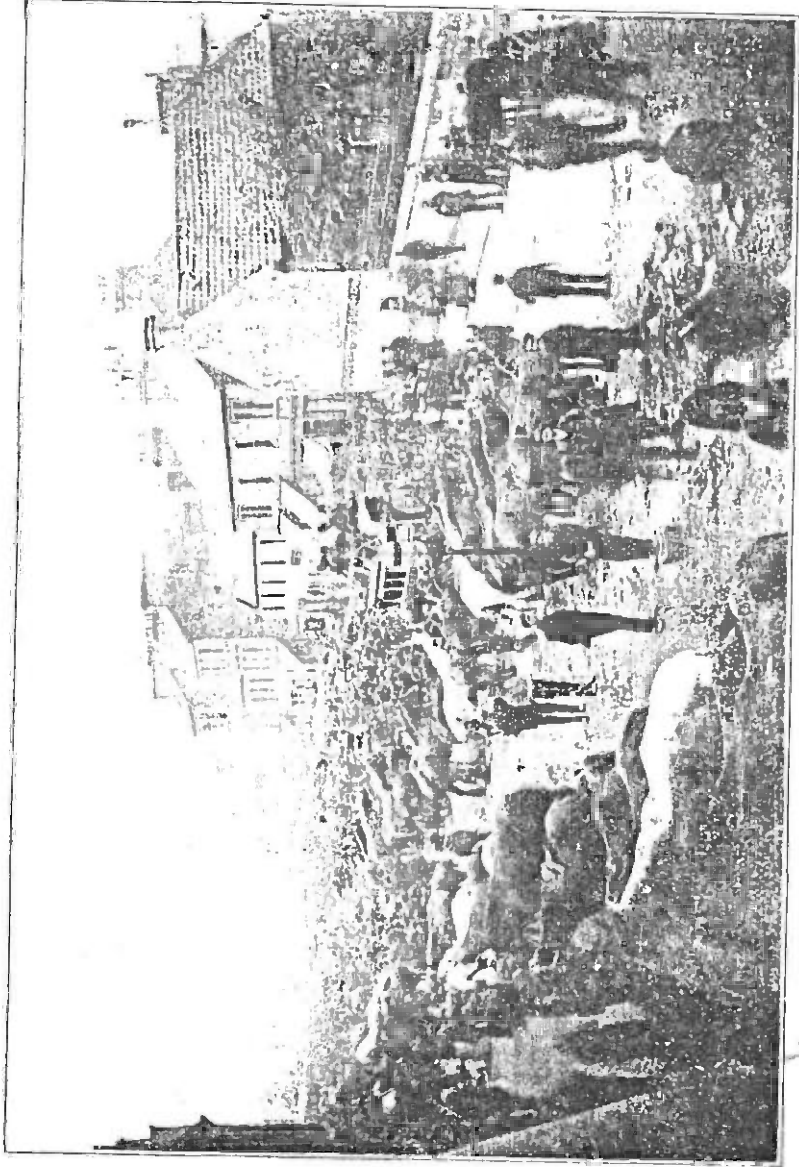
Quoting from the foregoing article, the reference to David II. is of special interest to Ruglonians: "The defeat and capture of David II. at the Battle of Durham, or Neville's Cross, in 1346, was a heavy blow to the Scots. Anxious for the return of their king, they entered into negotiations with the English in 1356, and in the following year a National Council met to consider and approve of the terms of his ransom. This National Council was held at Edinburgh on 26th September, 1357. There were present representatives from seventeen burghs. Rutherglen was represented by Patrick Clark and Patrick Reder. The original obligation regarding the ransom granted by these burghs in that year is in the Record Office, London.

It has a copy of the original Burgh Seal attached to it. Accordingly, it was in 1357 that we know for the first time that Rutherglen was represented at a Great Council of the nation."

A framed copy of this important document, written in Norman-French, was presented to the Ruglonian Society in 1908, along with a transcription in English by the late Ex-Provost John Fleming. The Registrar General of the Record Office also granted the present writer permission to make a photographic plate of the relic, which is herein reproduced. The Bail Bond for David's ransom was 100,000 merks, or fifty-five hundred odd pounds English money, which it is understood was never fully paid, a circumstance that involved the king in shameful dependence on England for many long years.



To Ransom Bruce's Son, David H.



Roughen Fair (St. Luke's)

Ed. H. B. B. Co.

1911

CHAPTER VIII

RUTHERGLEN FAIRS AND CUSTOMS

“ There’s monthly fairs in Rutherglen,
To droon their cares in Rutherglen;
And gude-wives bake the teach soor-cake
At Draigledubbs in Rutherglen.”



IN the article on the Scots Parliament, already referred to, we are told that the Town Council Minutes afford us some interesting details about these Fairs, but the present writer has not been privileged with a perusal of those Minutes, neither has he asked permission to peruse them. The reason will be obvious. When writing his *History of Rutherglen*, our old friend Ure must have spent a good deal of his leisure time in the premises of the Town Clerk, whom, he says, granted him every facility in his research work. Many pages of his book are transcribed literally from the Council Records. To Ure, therefore, we shall meantime be indebted for much of the information herein vouchsafed about that one-time famous institution, “ Ru’glen Fair.”

Few things are calculated to afford us better information concerning the customs and manners of any people, than their markets and fairs. As they were the chief and almost only place of mercantile resort, they exhibit to our view the marketable commodities of the country; the customs and duties imposed upon them; and, frequently, the

principal sources of wealth and influence in all those places where they were held. From them we may also learn what were the chief articles of provision, of dress, and of luxury in former times, and what alterations have since taken place in these respects. Particular attention should therefore be paid in the history of any country to the state of these public places of resort; to the different kinds of merchandise exposed for sale; to the laws by which they were regulated; and the peculiar customs and forms that were observed on such occasions. In other words, one might well say, "Show me your markets and fairs, and I will tell you what sort of people you are."

Rutherglen Magistrates, finding that the weekly market was not frequented as usual, made several compulsory Acts of Council, of which the following, in the year 1667, is a sample:

"The Magistrats orders that as the weekly mercat on the tewsdays was neglected every inhabitant and tradesman shall bring his goods to the mercat. Such as Lint, yarne, webs, cloathe lining and woollen, yorn work, seives, riddels, shoocs, meill, beir, oattes, and other graine, butter, cheise, sowlles, eggs, fleshe, and other victwalls and all other merchandiss; to be sold as occasione shall offer: and to stay in the said mercat for that effect from ten to twa a clock in the afternoone. Ilke persone under the paine of Fyve pundis money *toties quoties* as they shall contravene theirin. And they doe heirby also requyre and command all the inhabitants of this burgh wha hes any such commodities and victwalls to buy for the use of their howse and familie That they buy the samyn heir at this mercat, and not goe to other mercats."

"The good effects," says Ure, "if there were any, of this arbitrary decree of Council were but of short duration. The market soon became as little frequented as formerly,

and at length gradually decreased into non-existence, whilst, in the meantime, the market in Glasgow rose upon its ruins." By a strange coincidence, our wiseacre Labour Councillors at the present moment (1920) are seeking to move heaven and earth in order to revive these communistic principles in our midst, and to control and municipalise all commodities; they would reverse the hand of Time three centuries just to gain a footing on the political stage of the nation for themselves. But liberty cannot be communised, and just as the burgesses in 1667 defied the powers-that-be and bought and sold as it suited their purpose in any market, so will every true citizen continue to renounce the proletarians' designs to force him back to serfdom. "There are times," says the aforementioned writer, "when the multitude, deprived of their natural rights, will neither be intimidated by threats nor subjugated by the artifices of political influence and overgrown power. They will think for themselves: they will lay schemes to regain their liberty; and they will dare to put them into execution. Such a spirit of freedom is inspired by the Author of nature, for the good of mankind in general, and for smaller communities in particular."

Whether Rutherglen market was in existence prior to King David's time we cannot be sure; the likelihood is a form of barter and exchange was carried on between the inhabitants and the peoples of other centres. Referring to this subject, a recent writer says: "The probable site of the ancient Cross of Shettleston was in the neighbourhood of Camlachie, on or near the highway which led to the Drygate and Rottenrow of Glasgow, though the exact spot cannot now be identified. If this Cross was more than a mere boundary post between two trading burghs, it is probable that it marked the site of a great trading centre as early as the twelfth century, when merchants and traders from Rutherglen, Renfrew, Paisley,

on the south of the Clyde, came to it, and there met with dealers from the forests and pasture lands of the Monklands, and representatives from the tribes north of the Roman Wall bartered and exchanged with men from Dumbarton, the capital of Strathclyde, with the King's tenants from Partick and with the Bishop's men from Glasgow and Shettleston. This trading centre was marked by a cross which had been erected prior to 1226."

It is said that all the succeeding charters practically confirmed the one granted by David in 1126. In the charter of King James VI. (1617), the fairs and markets are alluded to as follows:

"And to have use, and enjoy, within the said Burgh weeklie, ane Mercat day upon Saturday, with two fairs yearlie, Viz., the first to be Holden yearlie upon the eighteenth day of October, called Luke's day, to continow for four days; and the second the fifth day of June yearlie, of old called the Trinitie Sunday, to continow two days, according to the old and ancient custom of the said Burgh: and in like manner with powr to the Provest, Baillies, and Counsell of the said Burgh, and their successors, and their factors, customers, and servands, in their names, to uplift all the Tolls, Customs, fies, Impositions, exactions, and other dewties whatsoever, used and wont during the whole time of the said Mercat."

In 1661 the Scots Parliament passed an Act, authorising two additional fairs to be held in Rutherglen. This concession was made on the preamble that Parliament had taken into consideration a Supplication given in by the Town Council that the burgh "had been erected a free burgh by King David in the year 1126, and so continued until this day, but in a very mean and low condition these many years bygone by reason of its contiguity with the City of Glasgow, who has all the commerce and trading

in those parts, so that their Ancient Royal Burgh is like to decay and ruin." It is this supplication that enables Rutherglen to pose as the oldest Royal Burgh in Scotland.

Two more fairs were sanctioned in 1693, each to continue for four days, "for buying and selling of all kinds of country manufactures, small ware, and all kinds of bestial as horse, nolt, sheep, and all other merchandise." These fairs were fixed for 18th July and 18th November yearly. All burgesses and inhabitants were ordered to attend the Fairs, and bring their "horse, kyne, and all other goods and commodities vendible to said mercat, ilke person under the penalty of ten pundis, intimation to be made by towke of drume."

In 1793 there seems to have been seven fairs in all held yearly within the Burgh. This corresponds with the number held in 1888, as given in the following table:

1793.			1888.		
March,	-	First Friday.	11th May,	Cows and Horses,	Friday.
April,	-	Last "	5th June,	"	Tuesday.
June,	-	First Tuesday after Trinity Sunday.	27th July,	"	Friday.
July,	-	Third Friday.	31st Aug.,	"	"
August,	-	Third "	31st Oct.,	Horses,	Wednesday.
October,	-	Third Monday.	2nd Nov.,	Cows,	Friday.
November,	-	Third Friday.	30th Nov.,	Cows and Horses,	"
Two, four, and six days.			All one day Fairs.		

In earlier times the best frequented and perhaps the most ancient of all the Fairs was St. Luke's. It began on the third Monday of October (old style), and lasted the whole week. In more modern times the May Fair was considered one of the busiest, June being a good second. From 1658 until a considerable time thereafter, the Fairs seem to have steadily decreased in popularity. Especially in the case of St. Luke's, the town's revenues were seriously affected. To remedy this, additional duties were imposed on goods brought to market, which rather increased than

diminished the trouble. After undergoing many alterations, the following table of exactions was agreed upon, and continued until the market ceased to exist:

For each Horse or Mare imported for sale, - -	1½d.
each Cow or Bull, - - - - -	1½d.
each Pack of Linen Cloth, - - - - -	8d.
each Load of Fruit, - - - - -	4d.
each Slicck of Fruit, - - - - -	½d.
each Chapman's Pack with a Horse, - - -	3d.
each Chapman bearing his Pack, - - -	1d.
each Pack of Woolen Cloth, - - - - -	6d.
each Half-load of Cloth, - - - - -	3d.
each single Web of Cloth, - - - - -	1d.
each Sheep, - - - - -	½d.
each Horse sold or neiffered, and exported, -	1½d."

The customs exacted at St. Luke's Fair were, by way of distinction, called "penny customs," because at first a penny Scots was demanded for each article exposed to sale at the market. A ballad poem descriptive of the times and manners of an earlier period, and containing some curious facts relative to the Fairs and the decline of the same, was published in Pinkerton's collection of Scots Poems, 1786. This ballad will be found at the beginning of Chapter XIV., and merits most careful perusal.

The following quotation from Ure is interesting as showing a reason for the success that attended the Rutherglen Fairs of his day, and also of our own, which we shall afterwards refer to:

"The fairs of Rutherglen have undergone very material changes. At a time prior to the date of the old ballad already mentioned, Horses seem to have been the chief articles of sale. Afterwards the fairs were frequented mostly for wool and woollen cloth, from the west country about Ayr and Galloway, and which was purchased for Glasgow, the Lothians, etc. This species of traffic, being now (1793) bought up in Ayr, Maybole, etc., is almost

at an end, and has given place to cows, but chiefly to horses, for which the fairs of Rutherglen have become famous. The horses are mostly for the draught, and are deservedly esteemed the best for that purpose in Europe. They are generally of the Lanark and Carnwath breed, which was introduced into the county more than a century ago. It is said that one of the predecessors of the present Duke of Hamilton brought with him to Scotland six coach horses originally from Flanders, and sent them to Strathaven, the castle of which was, at that time, habitable. The horses were all stallions, of a black colour, and remarkably handsome. The farmers in the neighbourhood, readily embracing the favourable opportunity, crossed this foreign breed with the common Scotch kind, and thereby procured a breed superior to either. From this a strong and hardy race of horses was soon spread through the country, but in many places, owing to neglect, was left to degenerate. A high degree of merit, however, is due to the farmers in the upper part of the county for their unremitting endeavours to improve this excellent breed. They pay strict attention to every circumstance respecting the colour, the softness and hardness of the hair; length of body, neck, and legs; but chiefly to the shape of the back, breast, and shoulders. No inducement whatever can lead them to encourage the breed of a horse that is not possessed of the best qualities. Their laudable attempts have proved successful, and Britain is now reaping the merited fruits of their well-directed care. Every farm almost, through the extent of several parishes, supports six or at least four mares, the half of which are allowed annually to foal. The colts or 'twelve-month-olds,' are mostly sold at the fairs of Lanark and Carnwath, and bring from £5 to £20 each. They are generally purchased by farmers from the Counties of Renfrew and Ayr, where they are trained for the draught till they are about five years old; they are then sold at the fairs of Rutherglen

and Glasgow from £25 to £35 each; from thence they are taken to the Lothians, England, etc., where they excel in the plough, the cart, and the wagon."

The practice obtaining amongst the farmers of the County, as described in this quotation of Ure's, was maintained until nearly the close of the nineteenth century, when the Fairs were discontinued. But the exceeding carefulness of buyers, especially the well-to-do class, who frequented the stance of the "Clydesdales" was the wonder of the bystanders who crowded round, listening with eagerness to the points of excellence, or as the case might be, of imperfection, hazarded by the dealers. Differences of opinion, of course, were the rule, and these differences often led to discussion, if not to heated argument, when, on account of the increasing number of onlookers, the disputants would adjourn to the back parlour of the nearest change-house, where, after a slight lubrication of palates, all Fair transactions invariably found amicable settlement. As a matter of fact, there seems to have been an unwritten law amongst the dealers that no deal could be undertaken unless it was handselled with a "bucket" (dram), which meant that farmers who had a big stud to dispose of, or to purchase, returned home, as they were in the habit then of saying, "royal."

The best horses in the market were always to be found at what came to be known as the "Clydesdale's Stance." This, as seen in the right hand corner of the picture on the opposite page, extended from Mill Street corner up to the Manse gate or beyond, while at busy Fairs it continued west from Mill Street down Cathcart Street. Class II. might take up any other position on the main Street between the Gushet House on the west and the Town Hall. Beyond that, but particularly on the east of the old Jail, where the Public Library is now built, cows and goats had ample scope to wander about or lie down and chew the cud on the broad loanings which, as will be observed

from the annexed illustration, were then open to vehicular traffic. Lastly, the nondescripts being such a heterogeneous quantity, were relegated to a street by themselves, the reason for that being that most of them came to the Fair in state, bringing with them in their cuddly carts a retinue of retainers or family parties, to enjoy the fun of the Fair. King Street, from Queen Street up to Green Wynd, was their happy hunting ground. Here in two long rows the mokes, yoked and unyoked, would munch their frugal fare until some itinerant speculator came along and ransomed them—sometimes to "green fields and pastures new," but more often to a life of drudgery and ill-usage in some coal-ree or other on the outskirts of slumland.

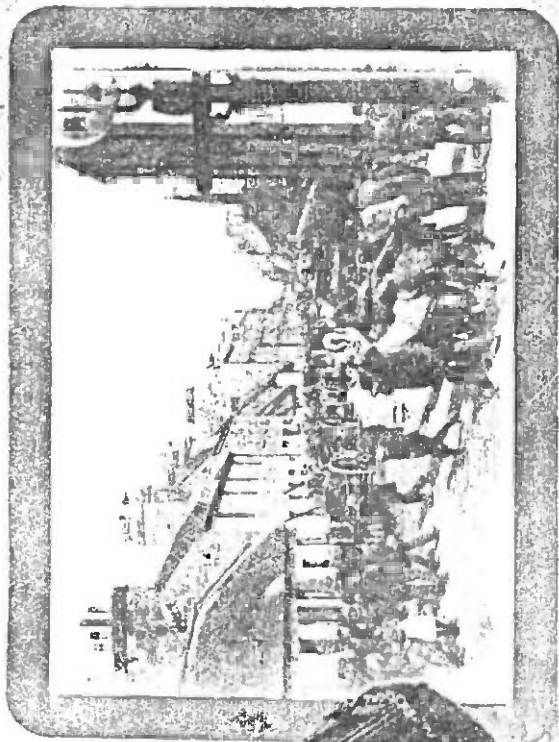
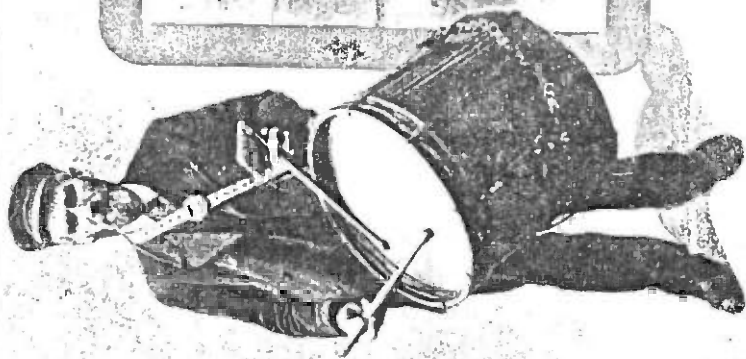
The Fairs were red-letter days in the lives of young Ruglonians, because they justified a holiday from school at least five or six times a year; besides, to boys with ambitions, and what boy lacks ambition? they opened up possibilities of "making good" not only financially but in the estimation of their chums at school. To earn a shilling as horse attendant at a Fair, or by assisting at other times on a "soor-milk cairt," was something to brag about, but to be permitted to hold a brace, or a trio of stallions, was to become a school hero right away. No such hero, however, was ever heard to relate his personal experience during these moments of service he gave to the horse dealer. How he tried to assume a "who's afraid" attitude, knowing the while that he was ready to jump out of his skin at every whisk of the animal's tail or forward movement of its body: it would be an insinuation to say he had actually thrown away the reins, since the horses jerked them out of his hand. All the same, it was a very shaky hand the farmer put a shilling into when he returned to claim his property. But the feat had been accomplished, and he was now a "shillion-heir," and the stories he told next day at school about these wild horses and his own expert handling of them made him the envy of the class.

Many exciting episodes enlivened the Fair days. With four line of horse set back to back within the area already described, the space left for passenger and vehicular traffic frequently became very congested. One had to run the gauntlet whichever way they traversed the Main Street. In not a few cases the horses' heads were nosing inside the doorways on either side, and if you went down the middle passages you had a double row of hoofs to negotiate, besides the amateur jockey who plunged ahead regardless of everything and everybody—his horse was being "shown," and that was all that mattered. To assist in that show-off, horsey men rattled their canes inside their hats to speed up the quadruped, and in former times it was a common but cruel practice to add fuel to the horse's already inflamed sense by imposing an injection into its body in order to accelerate its movements. The Town Council ultimately erected portable trestles at various points of the Main Street to allow the public more freedom to pass in and out when shopping.

All classes of people attended Ru'glen Fair. They came from every part of the three kingdoms, many of them travelling for days to reach it, while certain Fairs had an augmentation of agricultural workers at seeding times. The first arrivals led into the town about nine in the morning, and by mid-day all was bustle and excitement; the inn-keepers, driving a roaring custom, could often, it is said, pay a year's rent out of the profit of a day's drawings.

The sights of the Fair were varied as they were, numerous. Conspicuous with her cans and cutty stool was "Old Sally" and her half-witted son, who never failed to frequent the cow stance, and remembered in the following poem as—

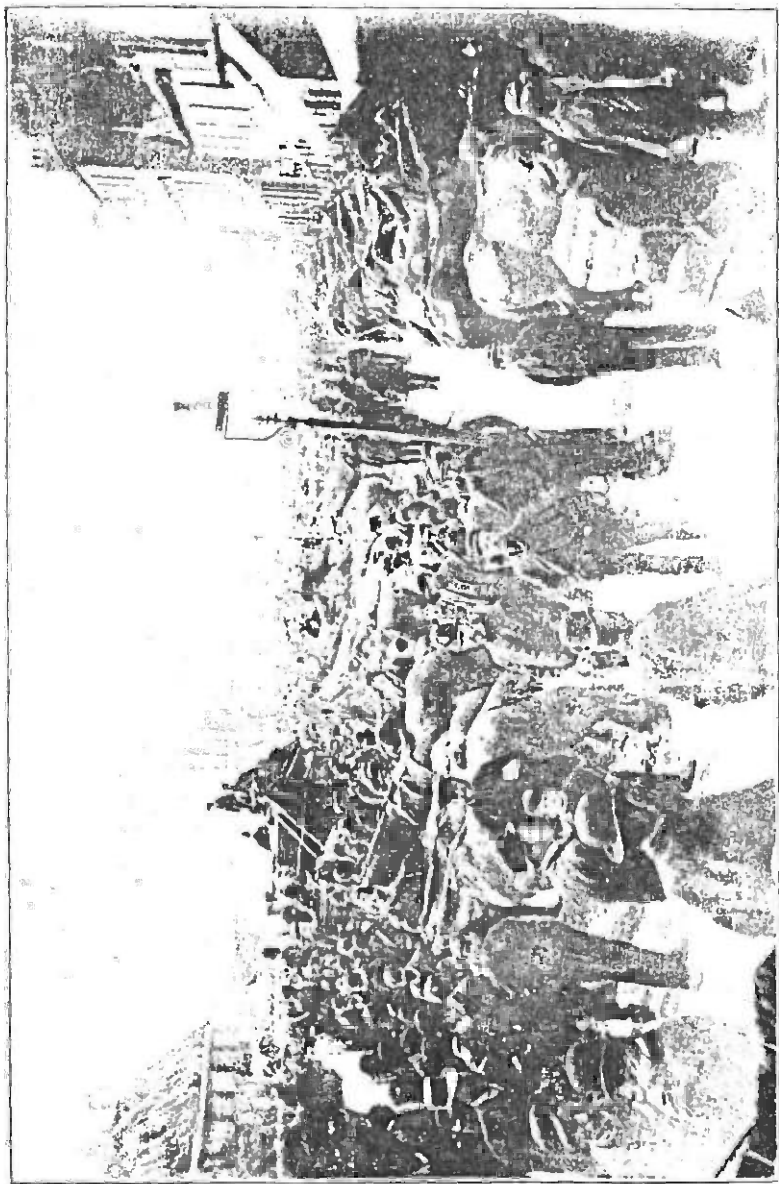
" The little old dame with the crumpled face,
Who milk'd the cows in the market-place,
And handsel'd the liquid she hawk'd for sale
With a draught from the cow with the iron tail.



© E. H. H. Co.

King Street on a Fair Day.

See page 141.



Beltane Fair.

- " There were vendors of ice-cream and milk coco-nuts,
 Fruit vendors with melons in fine juicy cuts;
 There were makers of sweetstuffs, who kept on the stump,
 Crying, 'Hoy! Sugar candy! a penny a lump!'
- " There were stalls for the Jennys and stalls for the Jocks,
 Ribbons, hosiery, laces, and chic linen smocks;
 Neck-ties and braces, suspenders and studs,
 To charm the yokels and hold up their duds.
- " Of sour-cakes the Fair folks could ne'er get enough,
 Though baked thin as wafers, their chewing was cheuch;
 But the acme of bliss was attained, it would seem,
 When you quaff'd a pint flagon of famed Ruglen ream.
- " But the ginger-bread stall was the stall of the fair,
 Every young gaberlunzie stood lounging round there;
 To dine 'a-la-buffet' on ginger-bread and swants
 Was like feast of the gods to those street democrats."

These stalls were arranged all along the Main Street kerb, skirting the Parish Church wall, and many amusing scenes were enacted here when, by accidental slip or kick, some thoroughbred or illbred quadruped upset a stall. The scramble that ensued was something to remember, not only by the participants but by every looker-on. The closing hours of the Fair were always the merriest. The youth of the town, relieved from their day's toil in the workshop, paraded the streets in search of sport, and it was seldom they were disappointed. There were always a few unsaleable nags left in the market whose prospective buyers and sellers had become too bemused with liquor to arrange a deal amicably; they were beyond the bargaining stage, and more inclined for a fight. The crowd sometimes helped them in that direction—it was all in the night's fun, and the result was usually "quod" for man and horse and the stereotyped fine of 10s. 6d. or three days next morning. Many stirring scenes were also witnessed at the point where stood, at the corner of the Glasgow Road, beside the Bank, and at the head of Main Street, the Customs Officers exacting the retiring dues

for horses that had changed hands. Here dealers sometimes became recalcitrant and refused to pay, while other riders would attempt to evade liability by forcing the pace of their steeds; but woe betide those niggardly strangers when the Ruglonian crowd's sympathies were behind the toll-keeper, as most frequently they were.

Twice every year, after the town crier had brought the competitors together by "towk o' drume," the Fair customs were sold or roused to the highest bidder, who, having signed a declaration, received his insignia of office in the shape of the "mallets and punches," a set of stamping tools which were kept in the custody of the Town Clerk. With these punches the Customs officer made impressions on the carts and harness of the dealers attending the Fair, and received from them the official dues. In 1889 the Ru'glen Fairs were just on the wane, as the following will show. In 1873, for instance, the highest bid for the four summer Fairs was nearly £40. In 1889 the roup brought £11; while in 1900, when the last roup was made, it only secured £3. Thus did the Ru'glen Fairs, which had been famous for many centuries, die a natural death.

The last holder of the mallets was Mr. T. Pearston, Contractor, Rutherglen, who is seen in the picture collecting the dues at Shawfield Toll. Most of the "Fair" pictures here reproduced were taken about 1895, hence, some are only shadows of their former selves. Formerly, the Fairs were designated more familiarly as St. Luke's, Draigledubbs, Grozet, Hychuk, Beltane, etc.

In connection with the markets principally, three other customs prevailed in Rutherglen. These were known as:

THE TRONE, THE LADLES, AND THE ELLWAND-STOCK.

The Trone is described as a solid piece of extremely knotty oak, 18 feet in height, and the two branches or arms on which the balances were suspended were each

6 feet long. This uncommon piece of timber grew in a wood at Hamilton, and was made a present of to the town in 1660. The Trone would doubtless be erected conveniently near to the Tolbooth and in the vicinity of the Cross, where the people were enjoined under a penalty by the Magistrates to display their marketable commodities. The Trone was a duty paid for the use of the trone weights, appointed by the Magistrates, for weighing certain goods sold at the markets. The weights were made of whinstone, with iron rings, and stamped by authority, and were known as the tronestones. This duty, according to Ure, for the time of Luke's Fair, 1662, produced, to the revenues of the town, the sum of "fowrtie pund ten schilling Scots," besides defraying the charges of collecting. But so much was the state of the Fair changed, in the year 1690, that it fell so low as seven merks. As far back as 1365 the Great Chamberlain was ordained to erect a tron in every port in the kingdom, and to appoint a tronar.*

The Ladles, on the other hand, was a duty imposed upon grain, or meal, brought into the market for sale. It is said to have been introduced into Scotland about the end of the fourteenth century, during which a great plague raged in the country. Owing to the people's dread of infection, the handling of money, especially copper, was only undertaken after it had been scalded in an iron ladle, which was kept always in readiness beside a boiling cauldron in the market-place. The ladle-full of meal, in order to defray the necessary expenses, was exacted from every load of meal brought to the market, and continued rigorously to be exacted long after the plague was at an end, the fire extinguished, and the cauldron broken to pieces. Taxes may be imposed, but they are seldom if ever remitted. The capacity of the ladle was equal to the fourth part of a peck, and was to be taken out of each sack of beer, malt,

* See *Acts of Parliament* I., 497, and *Ancient Laws and Customs of the Burghs*, p. 190.

meal, peas, beans, and wheat brought to the market for common sale.

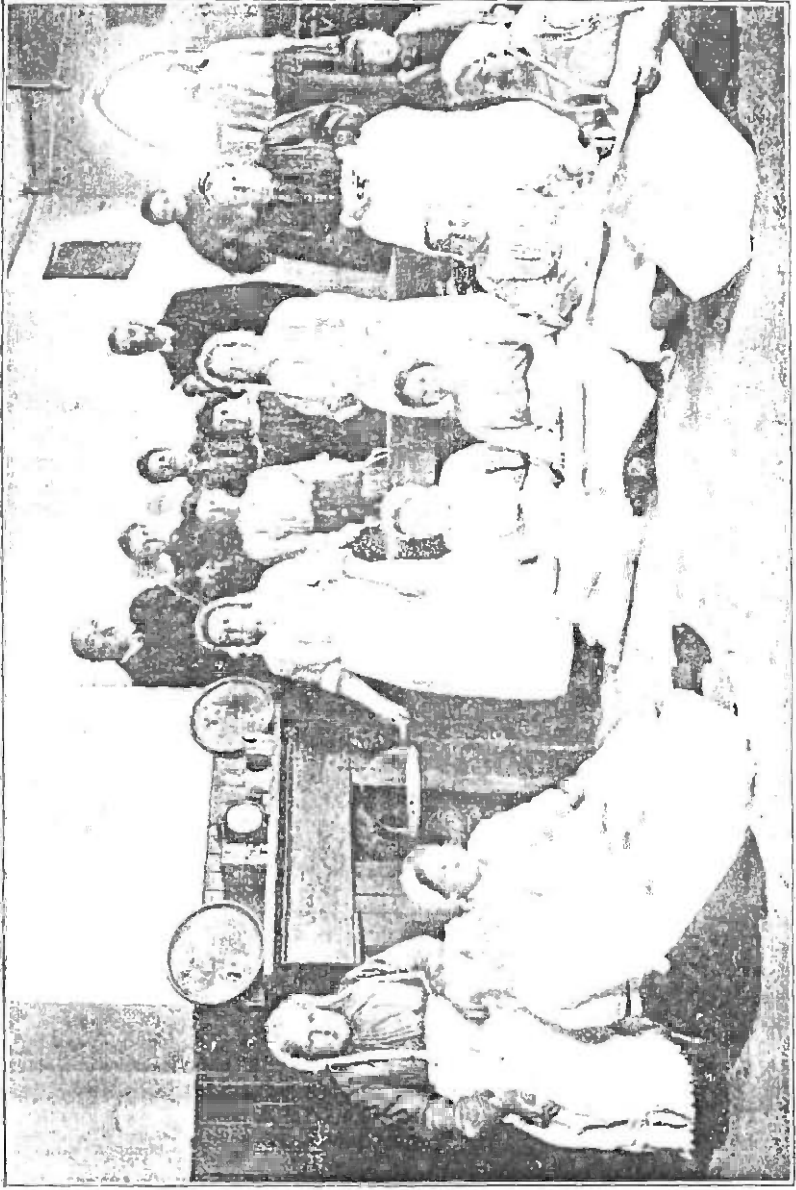
The Ellwand-stock, or measuring-rod, consisted of a number of rods marked by authority to ascertain their just length. These were loaned for a small sum to dealers in cloth during the Fair, and the profits arising therefrom were sold, by public roup, along with the Penny Customs, to which they were frequently attached.

Standard Beams.—Prior to the appointment of a Weights and Measures Inspector, a couple of Standard Beams were kept by the Council for measuring any disputed weight. These scales, dated 1821, are still in the custody of the Burgh, as are also the mallets and punches and the brass candlesticks used by the Commissioners before the installation of gas. Of the trone, tronestones, ladles, and ellwand-stock, however, no relic has been preserved.



Burgh Coat of Arms.

Municipal Buildings.
Burgh Officer.



An Old Time Custom - Baking Scones-Cakes.

CHAPTER IX

ANCIENT CUSTOMS

"Old customs, habits, superstitious fears,
All that lies buried under fifty years."

—Whittier.

A.—SOUR-CAKE BAKING, RU'GLEN REAM, ETC.



IN Forsyth's *Beauties of Scotland*, 1806, and also in Ure's *History of Rutherglen*, interesting accounts are given of baking what are called "sour-cakes," a custom peculiar to Rutherglen, and presumably of pagan origin.

The practice, it is believed, contains not a few of the sacred rites, peculiar to that impure religion, as the leavened dough, and the mixing it with sugar and spices, the consecrated ground, etc.; but the particular deity for whose honour those cakes were at first made is not perhaps easy to determine. Probably it was no other than the one known in Scripture (JEREMIAH vii. 18) by the name of the "Queen of Heaven," to whom cakes were likewise kneaded by women, and, as the verse would seem to indicate also, embraced the services of the whole family: "The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke Me to anger." The first preparation for this odd custom began some ten days prior to St. Luke's Fair in November, when a quantity of oatmeal was put in a vat and laid aside to ferment. The baking was done by women only, and after sunset. Hugh Macdonald speaks of having personally witnessed the

ancient practice of sour-cake baking in the Thistle Inn (Fulton's Hall) at Rutherglen in 1854. On the eve of the Fair the women who are to do the baking gather themselves round the fire in a semi-circle within a chalked line previously drawn, and over which no bystander dare cross without the forfeiture of a fine, which goes to the benefit of the company, or, more correctly, the replenishment of the liquor jar, from which libations are offered to the heathen gods. Each of the performers is supplied with a bake-board, two feet square, which she holds on her knees. They have also names given them. The woman who toasts, which is done on a girdle suspended over the fire, is called the Queen or Bride, and the rest are called her Maidens. She who sits next the fire "east" is called the Todler, while her companion on the "west" is named the Hodler. The others have arbitrary names, such as Mrs. Baker, Best and Worst Maids, etc. The operation is begun by the Todler, who takes a ball of dough and casts it to the Hodler, who beats it out a little thinner, and in turn throws it on to the board of her next neighbour. Thus it goes round from east to west, in the direction of the sun's course, until it comes back to the toaster, by which time it may be as thin as a sheet of paper, and, indeed, sometimes the cake was so thin as to be carried by the least current of air "up the lum."

The first cake that is cast on the girdle is usually named as a gift to some well-known cuckold, from a superstitious notion that thereby the rest will be preserved from mischance. As the baking is wholly performed by hand, a great deal of noise is the consequence. The beats, however, are not irregular nor destitute of an agreeable harmony, especially when they are accompanied with music, which is frequently the case. The whole is a scene of activity, mirth, and diversion. As there is no account, even by tradition itself, concerning the origin of the custom, it must be very ancient, as we have already stated.

The bread thus baked was doubtless never intended for common use. It is not easy to conceive how mankind, especially in a rude age, would strictly observe so many ceremonies, and be at so great pains making a cake, which, when folded together, makes such a scanty mouthful; besides, these cakes, it is supposed, were always given away in presents to strangers who frequented the Fairs. The sour-cakes that were so popular in later times must have been sour only in name, since, according to one authority, they were pleasantly famous. The same authority, Dr. Cleland, in the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, informs us that the custom is now given up except in the house of Bailie Hugh Fulton, vintner, where the entire ceremonies are gone through. The account is dated June, 1836, and the writer adds: "No one who has been in Rotterdam during the Kermasse in August but must have noted how many of the dealers in that madcap Fair devoted themselves entirely to waffles and other cakes, which were made publicly, and as publicly devoured by a mob which seemed ever hungry."

Another very ancient custom for which Rutherglen was celebrated was the making of sour cream. The trade in sour cream seems to have been carried on in Rutherglen at one time to a considerable extent, and was a monopoly of the Burgh; for almost all the sour cream sold in Glasgow was made in Rutherglen. In *Glasgow: Past and Present*, by "Senex" (1864), the following interesting particulars are given in regard to this concoction:

"I cannot let slip the opportunity of saying a word or two about 'Ru'glen Ream,' a dish which I am sure old readers never think of without a desire to taste again. How it has come into disuse I cannot say, but of a certainty there was no dish of our infantile days which delighted us more to see placed on the table than a tureenful of 'Ru'glen Ream,' and a bowlful of sugar lying cheek-by-jowl with it. The dish is certainly very palatable and

nourishing to the constitution, and, which is a still further recommendation, it is very cheap. In hopes that some who keep dairies may be induced to try the manufacture of 'Ru'glen Ream,' I annex the veritable process for their benefit:

"The sweet milk is put into a wooden vat or vessel, which is placed where it can receive a moderate degree of heat, and is covered with a linen cloth. In due time the serous, or watery part of the milk, begins to separate from the rest, and is called "whig." When the separation is complete, the whig is drawn off by means of a cock and pail (or spigot in faucet, as it is called in England). The substance that remains is then beat with a large spoon or ladle till the oleaginous and caseous particles of which it is composed are properly mixed. A small quantity of rich sweet milk or sweet cream is then added to correct acidity."

The foregoing recipe has evidently been extracted from Ure, who adds: "From the above account, it appears that Rutherglen cream is greatly superior to that which is procured from butter-milk, either by means of placing the vessel containing it among hot water, or by milking among it warm milk from the cow. Cream made in the latter of these ways is, in this country, called a 'batted coag.' This sour cream finds ready sale in Glasgow, where it is sold at fourpence the Scotch pint, the same price which it brought forty years ago."

The proof of "Ru'glen Ream," like the pudding, was the "preein' o't." The *Glasgow Evening Times* of 17th December, 1908, referring to the subject, says: "That Rutherglen and Glasgow should have survived these bacterial feasts may seem strange to present-day professors of dietetics. Yet, with a slight alteration, the recipe of 'Senex' can still be followed with perfect safety if the precaution is taken to substitute for the wooden

vessel an earthenware one, which should be placed inside a pot of boiling water, and the milk, which has of course been allowed to sour, boiled until it has attained the necessary thickness, when it is strained through a sieve or muslin cloth. The residue is then beat up, a quantity of double cream and sugar to taste being added. The result is a very pleasing dish, which may be served up in various shapes with cake or biscuit. This delicacy, which appeared on the menu of the Ruglonian Society dinner the other day was served out to the guests in original form."

Besides the baking of sour-cakes and the making of sour cream, one of the most popular customs for which Rutherglen was famed was the preparing of "salt roasts." Almost every inn in the town was furnished with these, as they were the chief article of provision asked for by those who frequented the markets. Raisin kail at marriages, blithemeat at christenings, and many other strange ceremonies of later date, are now, like their predecessors, relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness.

According to Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, other districts in Lanarkshire besides Rutherglen were equally famous for their unsavoury foods and the worship of Bacchus. The miners of Douglas, however, with their preference for liquids over solids, seem to have gone straight to the devil:

"Cauld kail in Covington,
And crowdie in Quothquhan;
Singit sweens in Symington,
And brose in Pettinain.
The assy peat o' Focharton,
And puddings o' Poneil,
Black folk o' Douglas
Drink wi' the deil."

The Kirking of the Magistrates still maintains in Rutherglen, and on the Sunday following the election of each new Council a processional march is made from the Council Chambers to the Parish Church, where a sermon

chosen for the auspicious occasion is preached by the Parish Minister. The procession is preceded by the Town's Officer, full uniformed, and carrying a halbert. This gives a picturesque touch to the proceedings, which to the Labour Councillor, it has been noted, presents little attraction, for the Labour Councillor's faith precludes his taking part in any service based on Christian ethics or beliefs. Hence the good old custom is likely to undergo certain changes when the voice of Labour reaches the ascendant. To avoid this, it behoves the townspeople of this ancient Royal Burgh to be ever watchful of the winds and currents of political strategy. A man is never so mad as when, after diligent search, he finds his name has been omitted from the Suffrage Roll, yet it is a most astonishing circumstance that at the last Education Authority election held in Rutherglen only 25 per cent. of the ratepayers exercised the vote!

At the Municipal election, November, 1920, the Socialist Party were routed in all the contesting wards, while one ward polled 89 per cent. of its votes. That augurs better for the future.

B.—REDDING THE MARCHES

"FAR beyond the oldest of written history," says a recent writer, "there was a time when these islands, as yet forming a part of the Continent of Europe, were covered by primeval forests. Through these forests wandered the early tribes of Britain, and, as the change from the purely hunting stage of mankind to the pastoral and agricultural stage took place, these tribes proceeded to clear for themselves a portion of the forest land. The land thus cleared was undoubtedly as much the private property of those who cleared it as any manufactured article could be. The portion of land thus cleared from the primeval forest was known as the Mark, and the Council which regulated affairs within the Mark was known as the Mark Moot.

The ancient Mark in fulness of time included arable land, rough pasture land, and forest land. It was the duty of the Mark Moot to periodically inspect the boundaries of the Mark to prevent encroachments by neighbouring communities, as well as to regulate affairs within the Mark. These boundaries were marked by visible objects, such as stones, and it was the care of the Mark Moot to see that these were not removed from their original position. Hence the terms 'Landmarks and Lanimers.' When the tribes of the Mark became united in the loosely jointed Anglo-Saxon kingdom, the Mark Moot had the right of sending representatives to the Saxon Parliament. The battle of Hastings did not seal the doom of the Saxon Mark any more than it introduced the Manor system. The transition from the Mark to the Manor had begun before ever a Norman had set foot on our shores. The Manor was but a more highly specialised form of the Mark, and was used by the Conqueror as a convenient unit for the governing of his possessions. With the development of industry, the town grew up in the Manor, and thus in the process of time became strong enough to exact from the Lord of the Manor certain rights and privileges. These concessions included trading rights and the power to possess land, and were embodied, as we have already seen, in charters. It was the duty of the 'Civic Fathers' to see that their land was not encroached upon, and hence the Perambulation of the Marches."

"As regards our own country," says Mr. Thomas Reid in his book *Lanimer Day, Lanark, 1570 to 1913*, "the practice of perambulating boundaries in some of its details at least has been conjectured to be derived from corresponding Roman customs, the Terminalia and Ambarvalia. The former was a festival held in honour of the god Terminus, a deity who presided over boundaries. His statue was merely a stone or post stuck in the ground to indicate a division between properties. On his festival,

the owners of adjoining fields crowned the statue with garlands, and raised a rude altar on which they offered up corn, wine, and honey, and also sacrificed a lamb or a sucking pig. This ceremony was performed on 23rd February, the last day of the old Roman year. At the Ambarvalia a victim was led three times round a cornfield, and then sacrificed before the sickle was put into the corn. The victim was accompanied by a crowd of merry-makers, reapers, and farm servants, dancing and singing the praises of Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, while praying for her favour and presence, and offering to her libations of milk, wine, and honey."

The Council Records of Rutherglen, as far as we can learn, are not very informative regarding the manner of conducting the Redding of the Marches. In early times, and as far back as 1664, there are numerous records of boundary inspections, but these are mostly official references to the proceedings of the Lyners or the condition of the stones, with instructions as to their replacement, etc. One curious item reads thus: "To ordane the officers to warne all the Counsell to conveine the said day in the Mercat place againe five o'clock in the morning, where the roll is to be called, and ilke absent shall be fynned in threttie shillings Scotts, and ordane the officers lykeways to warne all the late burgesses to provyde there March stones againe the said day."

Ure's *History of Rutherglen*, 1793, gives the following account of the ceremony as it was wont to be carried out here: "One custom of no small antiquity still observed in Rutherglen is Riding the Marches on Landemer day. The Magistrates, with a considerable number of the Council and inhabitants, assemble at the Cross, from which they proceed, in martial order, with drums beating, etc.; and in that manner go round the boundaries of the royalty, to see if any encroachments have been made on them. These boundaries are distinguished by March stones, set



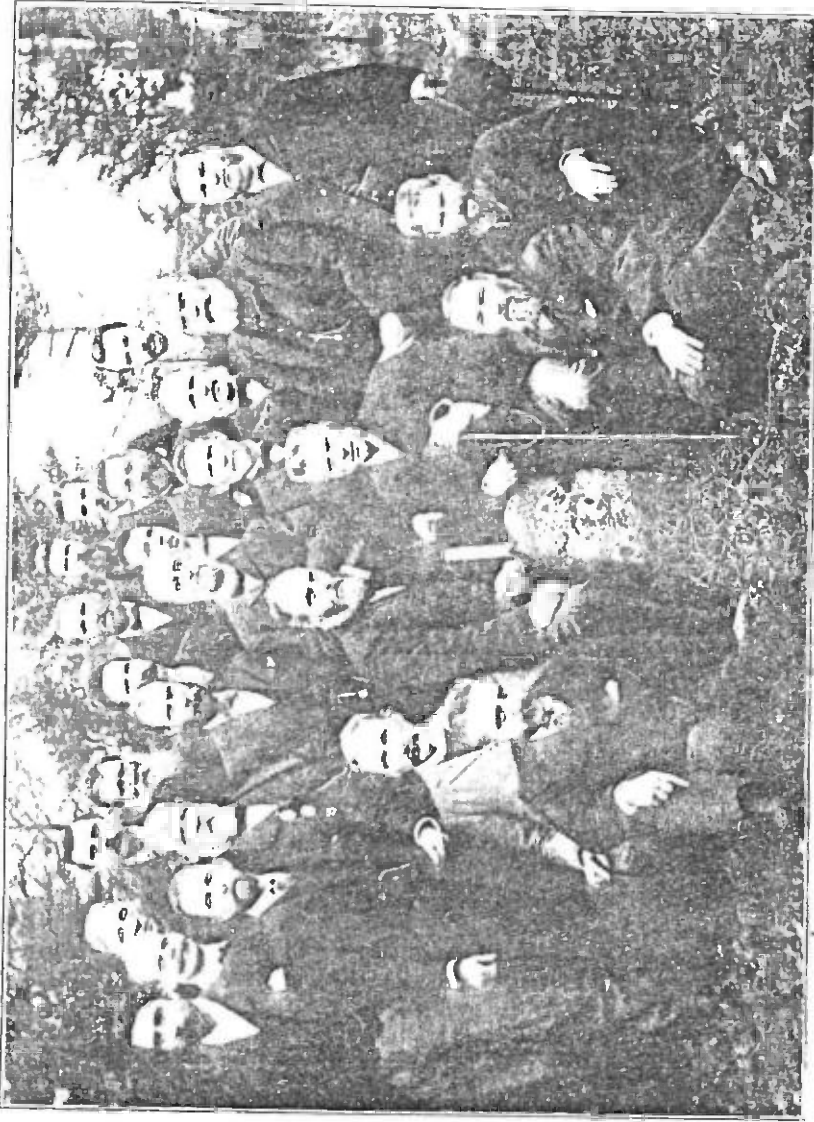
The Fountain,

See page 104



“The Tails”—now Greenbank Street.

See page 104



Reading the Marches—the Oldest Stone

up at small distances from each other. In some places there are two rows, about seven feet distant. The stones are shaped at the top, somewhat resembling a man's head; but the lower part is square. This peculiar form was originally intended to represent the god Terminus, of whom there are so many rude images. Every new burgess comes under an obligation to provide a march stone, at his own expense, and to cut upon it the initials of his name, and the year in which it was set up.

"It has been a custom time out of memory for riders of the marches to deck their hats, drum, etc., with broom, and to combat with one another at the newly-erected stone, out of respect, perhaps, to the deity whose image they had set up, or that they might the better remember the precise direction of the boundary at that place. This part of the exercise is now postponed till the survey is over, and the company have returned to the Cross, where, having previously provided themselves with broom brushes, they exhibit a mock engagement, and fight, seemingly with great fury, till their weapons fail them, when they part in good friendship, and frequently not until they have testified their 'affection over a flowing bumper.' They ride the marches at least once in two years."

An interesting article on "Landierner Day in Rutherglen," by Mr. Gray, and printed in the *Reformer* in 1913, gives an excerpt from the Council Minutes, describing the perambulations as undertaken on 8th June, 1863. It marks out in detail from start to finish the course taken by the reddeners and the work they accomplished, and clearly shows that the duty performed was something more than a pic-nic. The concluding part of the sketch, which has an enhanced value on account of the revived interest recently manifested by the populace in the Children's Lanimer festival at Rutherglen, is as follows:

"It will be observed that the oldest landmark on the route is situated on the north side of Burnside Loch, and

is dated 1574. Accordingly, for 340 years has this hoary monument told generations of Rutherglen people the south-eastern bounds of the Burgh. At the time the unknown burgess placed it there, the last of the Stewart kings of Scotland was still holding his principal Court at Holyrood and the Reformation of religion had only just been completed. The old customs in the Burgh are rapidly disappearing. Only a few weeks ago the Corporation, after a moment's deliberation, abolished the practice—of immemorial duration, though of doubtful legality—of providing hats for the Magistrates and Treasurer. This was a survival of the days when these dignitaries could not themselves afford the necessary head-covering when going to and returning from Council meetings, and hats were provided for them at the public expense, but it is to be hoped that the 'redding of the marches' will survive for many years, if for no other reason than that it is a continuance of a custom probably contemporaneous with the foundation of the Burgh in the twelfth century."

The following petition of "An Auld March Stane" may not be out of place here. The lines, which are not without merit, are the composition of a one-time Town Councillor of Rutherglen, Mr. John Jack, who died in 1832:

"Fu' mony a Marches Riding hae I seen,
 When magistrates, wi' douce and sober mien,
 And councillors more prudent, grave and sage,
 Than the degenerate council of our age,
 Wi' mony a worthy burgess in their train,
 To see Auld Ruglen did her rights retain,
 Gang roun' the March, inspect the burgh lands,
 Honoured and obeyed, and welcomed at a' hands,
 While every new-made burgess wi' his stane
 Added another mark till our domain.

"As a March-Stane I've seen fu' mony days,
 Fu' mony changes, and fu' mony waes;
 I've seen my king chased frae his father's throne,
 Expell'd and exiled by his haughty son;
 Nay, e'en a stranger wield with regal sway
 That sceptre which our fathers did obey.

I've seen my country sauld for English gold,
 Her frien's to Independence a' grown cold;
 And last, and warst, I've seen my native town—
 Oor ancient burgh—grow of no renown,
 Her rights invaded by each petty kaird,
 Till scarce ae privilege to us is spared
 Of all she once possessed, baith braid and wide;
 Oor source of wealth, of pleasure and of pride,
 Oor magistrates, that used to be her boast,
 Their love and sense of Independence lost,
 I've seen them truckle to a neeb'rin lord,
 With all his schemes and politics accord,
 Commute their freedom for a bribe or smile,
 Vote and revote, and turn with every wile.

“ Oh, would some Council, as in days of yore,
 Rise and reform the burgh as before—
 A Council formed of independent minds,
 That spurns at selfish aims and selfish ends,
 Sets pairty feuds and pairty views aside,
 And for the public weal afane decide.

“ Then, wad ye follow up the noble plan
 O' daein' gude and richtin' a' ye can,
 Be justly bauld, the richt wi' zeal pursue,
 And ilk lang-faded privilege renew,
 Let Whig and Tory and a' stigmas sleep,
 While dark oblivion o'er their memories creep;
 Let worth alone survive upon each side—
 Be that your polar star, your true and lasting guide.”

“ Then might our guid auld burgh, as o' yore,
 Have all her rights respected as before,
 While benisons o' bairns unborn would hand
 You down the blessings o' a happy land;
 And Ruglen's honours flourish and increase
 While my dim-faded een would close in peace.”

The Redders grouped round the oldest March Stone (1574), as seen in the reproduction, have, in the majority of instances, although the picture was taken only twenty-five years ago, passed on to the higher marches beyond, where boundaries are neither marked nor recorded, thereby reminding us of the swiftness of Time and the saying of Job, who reckoned his days “ swifter than a weaver's

shuttle." According to the Minutes of Council, the Redding at which the above group was taken took place on Tuesday, 17th April, 1894, when, according to ancient custom, Dean of Guild Love, Sub-Dean of Guild Morrow, and other members of the Court, with Provost Lewis Mitchell, Bailie Alex. Edmiston, Bailie Joseph Shaughnessy, Treasurer James Kirkwood, George Gray, Sen. and Jun., Town Clerks, Ex-Provost Lang, Councillors John Givens, Jas. D. Ramsay, David Robertson, Alex. Bennett, Jas. T. Macdonald, Adam K. Rodger, Walter Smart, William Brown, Donald Campbell, Ex-Bailie Arch. Baird, with Robert S. Murray, Chamberlain, Samuel M'Bride, Master of Works, Allan S. Edmiston, Inspector of Poor, Archd. and Robert Gilchrist, Registrars, together with Donald Fraser, Hugh Muir, James Wilson, John Reid, Arch. Yuill, Thos. Bain, Arch. Craig, and the present writer, made a circuit of the Royalty boundary. The company met at the Town Hall at 9.15 A.M., where the Auditor's Clerk, with Record Book, and the other officials and assistants, with spades and ladders, were already in attendance. The whole company then moved off towards the Clyde, where the first inspection took place at stone marked No. 1. From thence the party began its arduous task of marching some fifteen or sixteen miles through plantations, haughs, fields, and over dykes, stiles, hedges, burns, hills, and valleys round the Royalty boundary of the Burgh, noting the condition and date of each stone, and recording the missing ones. Space forbids giving a detailed description of the journey or the work accomplished. The route is seldom varied by the Clerk, who acts as guide, but there is no hard or fast rule as to where a Redder begins or ends. There are no fines or forfeitures to frighten him nowadays for non-attendance, neither is it necessary for burgesses to lug along a three-foot length stone, as they were formerly compelled to do. If he wants to attend the "redding," or present a march stone, he does

it at his own sweet will. He may also join the proceedings at half-time or at any other point, and take French leave if it suits him; but, so far as Rutherglen is concerned, there has always existed a spirit of loyalty in the Redding of the Marches. Barbed-wire fences, ditches, railway embankments, though physically exhausting to some, at length becomes a fascination, so much so that they are sure to be heard repeatedly asking, Any more dykes? Any more barbed-wires? Any more ditches to cross? The points passed on this itinerary after leaving the Clyde were Farmloan Road, Millar Terrace, Low Hamilton Road, Gallowflat, Scioncroft Burn, Eastfield (Stone 54), Well-shot Brewery, Quarry, and Pit, Bullions Law Glen, Broad-sink Parks, East Kilbride Road, Round House, Gill Plantain, Burnside Loch (oldest stone, 1574). By north side of Loch to Springhall Estate, Springhall Lodge and Burn, Springhall west boundary, and Bourtree-burn Estate. At this point a feature of the day's outing was the exceeding kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Fernhill, who, as on former occasions, invited the Provost, Magistrates, and Councillors to lunch, after which Provost Mitchell, in name of the guests, thanked the hosts for their spontaneous, repeated, unrewarded kindness. From Fernhill the company proceeded *via* Blairbeth Estate to Castle-milk or Barricade Bridge, to Croftfoot Road, thence to Spittal Farm (Stone 179), Spittal Burn, Bankhead Estate, and Westfield, Hundred Acre (or Gongovehill, as known formerly), west side of Newhouse to Hangingshaw Bridge, Brickfields, Mallsmyre Burn, Trinity Burn, Dixon's No. 5 pit, Shawfield Park, Hayfield, Trinity Burn again, New Street (formerly Lyddoch Road), Quay Road (Stone 317). The usual complimentary lunch was provided for the "redders" in the Council Chambers on their return in the evening, where toasts were pledged and the day's adventures recalled, the latter creating much merriment. Song, sentiment, and "Auld Lang Syne" brought the long day—happy, arduous, memorable—to a close.

CHAPTER X

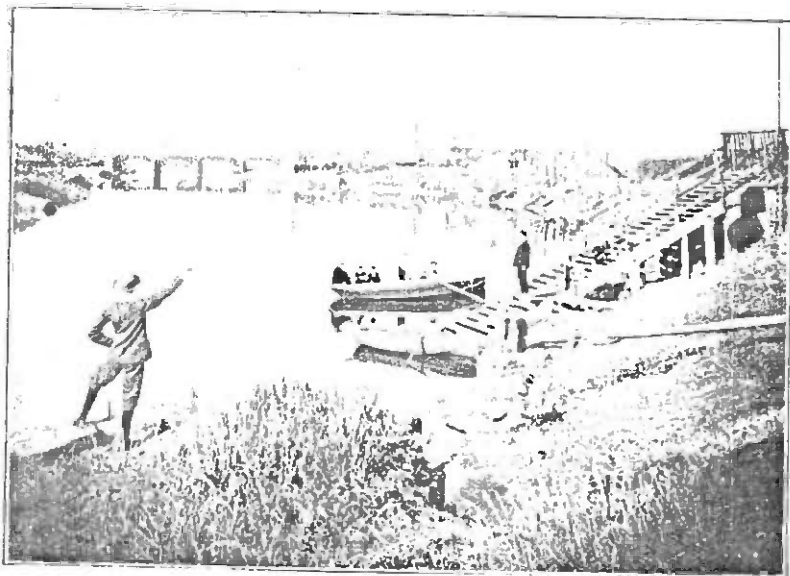
A LOOK BACKWARD

“ Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze.”—*Hood*.



GLANCING backward at the town across the intervening space of two score years or so, one is amazed at the altered condition it presents, and you look in vain for familiar landmarks by which you learned to know the place as Rutherglen. It is true the Steeple and Kirk-port are still there, “ but the ‘ Auld Hoose ’ is awa.” So also is the kirk of happy memory; it was better known as “ Stevenson’s Kirk,” because its minister was a man of large sympathies and great popularity, and could preach a sermon with any of his class, either with or without manuscript. He, too, good soul, has been gathered to his fathers, and the old Manse on the opposite side of the street, in which he spent the better part of his life, has been razed to the ground, and the site has become an allotment. The fountain by the gushet house, which once on a time delighted the eyes of the beholder when its cool, clear waters danced and sparkled in the sunlight, is likewise conspicuous by its absence; and the once familiar inn, better known as “ Willie Miller’s,” where, on Fair days, the legend, “ Pies and Porter,” had such magnetic influence on market folks, drawing them into the comfortable parlours by the score, has been ousted by a modern tenement.

Children on their way from school may still look in at the open door of Andrew Fleming’s shoeing forge, but the scene lacks much of its former importance, when horses



The Ferry

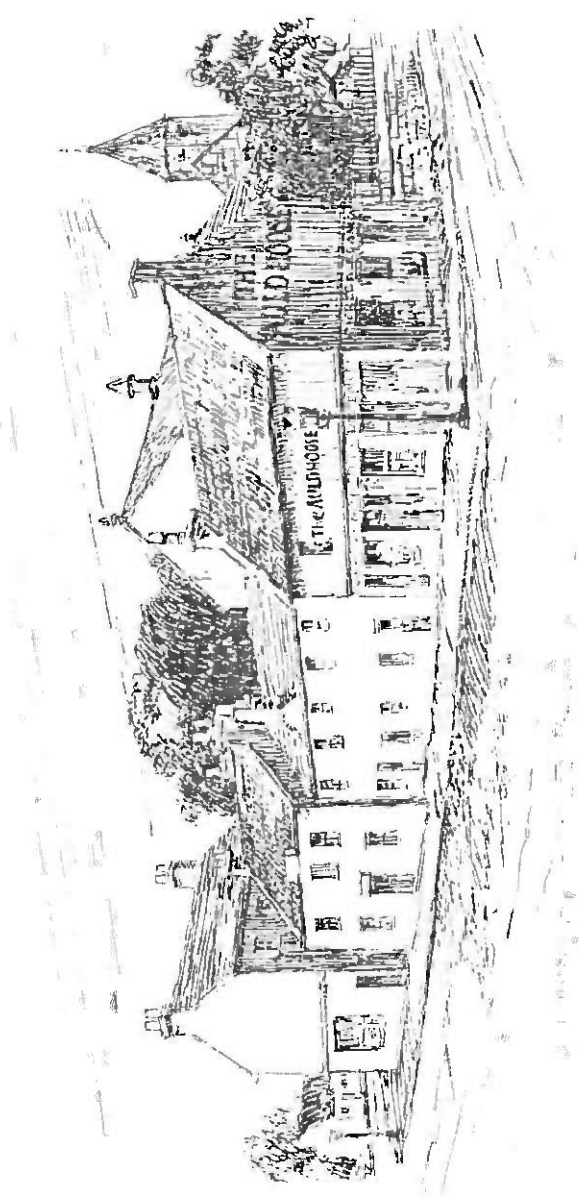
See page 12.



Main Street, from Mause Gate, about 1893.

Facing page 109

See page 125



Queen Street in 1899.

See page 101.

Facing page 101.

were shod in the open, and upturned carts lay in glorious profusion all over the loanings.

Turn the corner into Queen Street and King Street, known to the ancients as "School Wynd" and "Back Raw," and if you have not passed that way within the last twenty-five years, you will doubtless rub your eyes and wonder whether your visit there be not a dream. As a Ruglonian, you will at once recognise the bronze figure on the pedestal on the right, and, simultaneously with the flood of memories passing through your mind, your lips unconsciously may express your thoughts in the simple acknowledgment, "Dr. Gorman." It is Rutherglen's first and only statue. The beloved physician, whose affectionate interest in the people's welfare (while not denying the rich his constant and devoted service) made the parish his panel and the poor his particular care. His memory will ever be deeply enshrined in the hearts of all Ruglonians, who never can forget his noble, self-sacrificing labours on their behalf. One of nature's gentlemen truly, we may never look upon his like again.

The pleasing transformation seen in the approach to the New Parish Church goes a long way to compensate for the loss even of a landmark, and the improvement effected through the generosity of a townsman,* by the removal of the irregular block of buildings that stood here, will be readily admitted; but the home-sick native, returning after a lapse of years, will naturally let his thoughts revert backward to the red-tiled roof of "Willie Davidson's," whose "Auld Hoose" figured not infrequently on the pantomime artists' canvas as typical of the town of "wee roun red lums." Those who remember the three-storey

*The bronze tablet in the wall here reads:—In commemoration of the generosity of *Wm. James Chrystal, Esq.*, of Auchendennan and Shawfield Works, this tablet is erected by the Corporation of Rutherglen on the site of the properties now demolished, extending from Main Street to King Street, acquired by him, and presented to the Burgh in the year 1899, to effect the widening of Queen Street, and provide an access to the church.

tenement at the King Street end, where Mrs. Harvie had her shop (subsequently tenanted by her son-in-law, Mr. Andrew Kirkland), may or may not be cognisant of the fact that on that same spot stood the Burgh School of Rutherglen, built in 1658 at a cost of 200 merks, or £11 2s. 2d. sterling! It continued there down to 1778. There was evidently a school there prior to 1658, and, as this same site is supposed to have been the bell house of the Pre-Reformation Church, it is not unlikely the first school occupied a corner of the church building.

And now in King Street a single glance reveals the fact that the "Black Ship" has left its moorings; the "Tea Well" and the "Bullyruffian" localities also are *non est*. Gigantic model lodging-houses, Masonic Halls, schools, and other modern erections occupy the sites of former kenspeckle corners and cabbage patches. Pinkie's (Pinkerton's) Close may still lead you through to the Main Street, but you will have a difficulty in locating the site of the doctor's coach-house, or the feu on which that egregious individual, "Gibbie Murray" rented his famous "Barn." These, and the pretty cottages and gardens of Greenbank, have been replaced by huge tenement blocks, the new Burgh School, Greenbank Street and Institute, High Street, Princes Street, etc., and the "Tails," by which right-of-way we were wont to shorten the journey to Jenny's Burn or the boatyard, "tho' lost to sight, is still to memory clear."

What a change, too, has come over the spirit of our dream in regard to the latter industry—once so flourishing and noisy, now silent as a cemetery,* save for the tapping on the ghostly skeleton of a foreign-looking craft, whose baptism will take place in other than Clyde waters, since the contract ordains it shall be "railed" to its destination. Shade of Tammy Seath! How terrible you would have

*The above was written shortly after the new firm, Chalmers & Co., acquired the yard.

looked had you been commissioned not to "sail," but to "rail" your boats! Truly the old order changeth rapidly. Life seems all a variorum. Here to-day, away to-morrow, is written in the lease decaying Nature has subscribed for all of us. But not so the River—changeless thou, save that thy once pellucid waters have been overtaken in the course of years by the sludge from town and mill and refuse-producing industries that line thy winding banks. Yet the prospect, in the near future, of a clean Clyde is both grateful and comforting, thanks to the gigantic scheme of purification by our near neighbour and offspring, Glasgow City, which should flourish all the more on the completion of her great undertaking. Rejoice, therefore, ye devotees of rod and line! Saint Walton calls you to bestir yourselves: prepare for the troubling of the waters!

When official visits are paid to the Glasgow Corporation works in Swanston Street, across the river from our harbour, it is said that, as the result of their efforts, a glass of pure and sparkling Clyde water is handed round to taste. This was done twenty-five years ago. But the question arises: When is the law to be laid down to compel conterminous proprietors to close their sewage traps. "Hands off the Salmon River!" would not be a bad election cry at the next hustings.

Looking southward from the river, memories of the past flit vividly before the mind. Here, on this expansive area, from the Clyde to the town—the site of Rutherglen Green, of bygone times embraced some 36 acres, sometimes called the Inch, where the burghers fed their milch kine, and for keeping them out of neighbouring cornfields the "Grien Herd" of the Corporation received the magnificent sum of 40s. per annum. Here also, horse-racing and archery was practised by the nobility and gentry from far and near.

In later times, when the levelling-up process began, and the soda-waste from the neighbouring chemical works of

Messrs. J. & J. White enclosed the inrunning springs, there was formed an expansive lake, which, either from the colour of the chrome waste poured into it daily, or from its position on the haugh common, afterwards acquired the name of the "Green Goats," and for fifty years or so in winter this was the Mecca of curlers and skaters from every quarter of the country.

But the scene is again changed, and on the new higher level many erections have been set up. These include the Headquarters of the Lanarkshire Territorial Engineers, a cement work, and many large additions to the Shawfield Chemical Works, the proprietors of which, by the way, have now become possessors (less certain boundary rights) of the entire haugh known as Rutherglen Green.

Formerly, when emerging from the green, you would pass underneath the railway bridge, on the south-east side of which was the entrance steps to the old passenger station, and at the foot of which Robin Steele's famous Spoot was situated; stretching directly west from this point was the "Butts" which originally formed the south bank of the green haugh. You would then ascend the steep Green Wynd Brae, at the top of which stood the Auld Wooden Kirk. To-day you could find no trace of that Bridge, or the Station, Robin's Spoot, the "Butts," the Wooden Kirk, nor yet a vestige of Green Wynd Brae. On leaving the Drill Hall, which is built on the site of the "Green Goats," the ascent to the town is now made direct to Queen Street, 45 degrees to the right of the old road.

A red freestone building, erected in 1910, the property of the Salvation Army, now occupies the ground of the old Foundry Boys' meeting-place, where the late Mr. John Love of Butteryburn, Messrs. D. L. and A. K. Rodger, and Mr. S. T. Baker conjointly laboured for many years amongst the children, prior to the erection of the Evangelistic Institute in Greenbank Street. East and north of this are all modern dwellings, while the ground

on which stood Beckett's Kirk (later M'Neill's) is now a part of the new Macdonald School playground, and extends to Victoria Street, once the site of the Victoria Gardens.

Pass through Pollock's Wynd to Main Street. A new four-decker, on the ground flat of which is the Clydesdale Bank, is at the corner on your right, and another three-storey block, built by the late Mr. John Cross, Flesher, stands a few paces further west, on the ground where once stood the well-known thatched cottage of "Granny Riddell," who was so greatly famed for her excellent "swats brew" or "plunk."* The Old Jail, and the row of thatched cottages behind, have been supplanted by elegant modern substitutes, and embrace the offices of the Parish Council, Registrar's Chambers, Public Library, and Post Office, on the west side of which a part of King Street Lane still exists. Paterson's Cellar, which stood at the corner of King Street Lane, has been rebuilt, and is now known as the "Tower Bar," on the second floor of which are the offices of the Sanitary Inspector. The Police Office Barracks, built in 1877, abut on the east gable of the Town Hall, while the new Parish Church occupies the site of the one demolished in 1900. Cross the Main Street to the old Manse gate, and travel back eastwards to the National Bank: this, you will observe, is now one uniform array of four-storey tenements. You miss greatly the two-storey thatch property known as Walker's land and the "throughgaun" which led into a kind of square, where dwelt Joe Rae and his famous braying cuddy. What fun there was when that cuddy lay down on its back on the

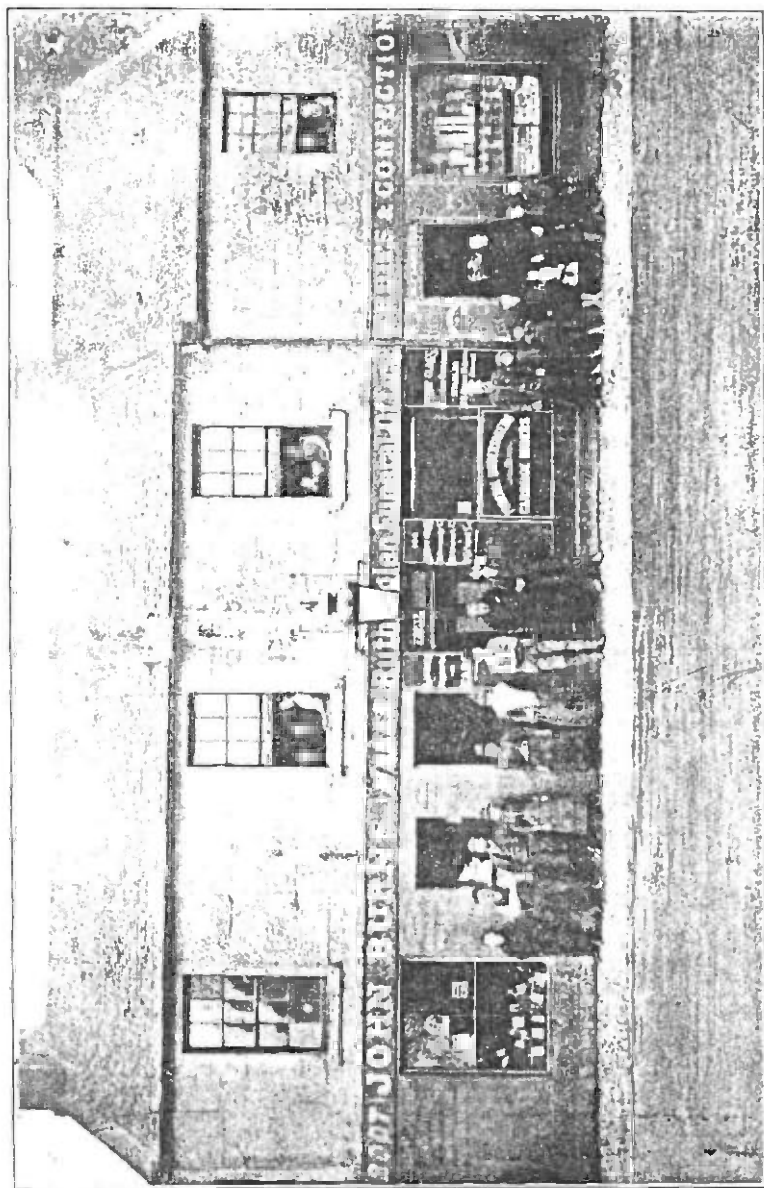
* A large black bottle of this palatable decoction was sold for a penny. The drink was very common prior to the invention of aerated waters. Made from the barm or residue of the maltings purchased at the breweries, the liquid was heated or boiled, and when sugar, liquorice, etc., were added, it was corked, and left to cool, when it became brisk, sometimes so much so, that it "plunked" the cork out of the bottle. It was a pleasant and harmless refresher, and much to be preferred to the gaseous concoctions of the present time.

Main Street. Its "Hee-haw" was the limit of sound. You miss the familiar merchants' names—Matthew Dick's flesher's shop and Tammy Mairs the draper's, Riddell's Pub, and the white-washed "pailace close" which led you up the first three-decker built in Rutherglen. The next four-tier buildings opposite the old Steeple will cause you to think back some. Doubtless our photograph will recall to you, as it does to us, many pleasant reminiscences. Long before Millwynd stripes or Fry's chocolate had been invented, "Youngie's balls" and "cheuch Jeans" were the favourite sweetmeats with young Ru'glonians. The picture shows the original maker and his wife, in retirement, at the upstairs' open window, while the famous shop underneath carries on a brisk trade in the toothsome jaw stretcher.*

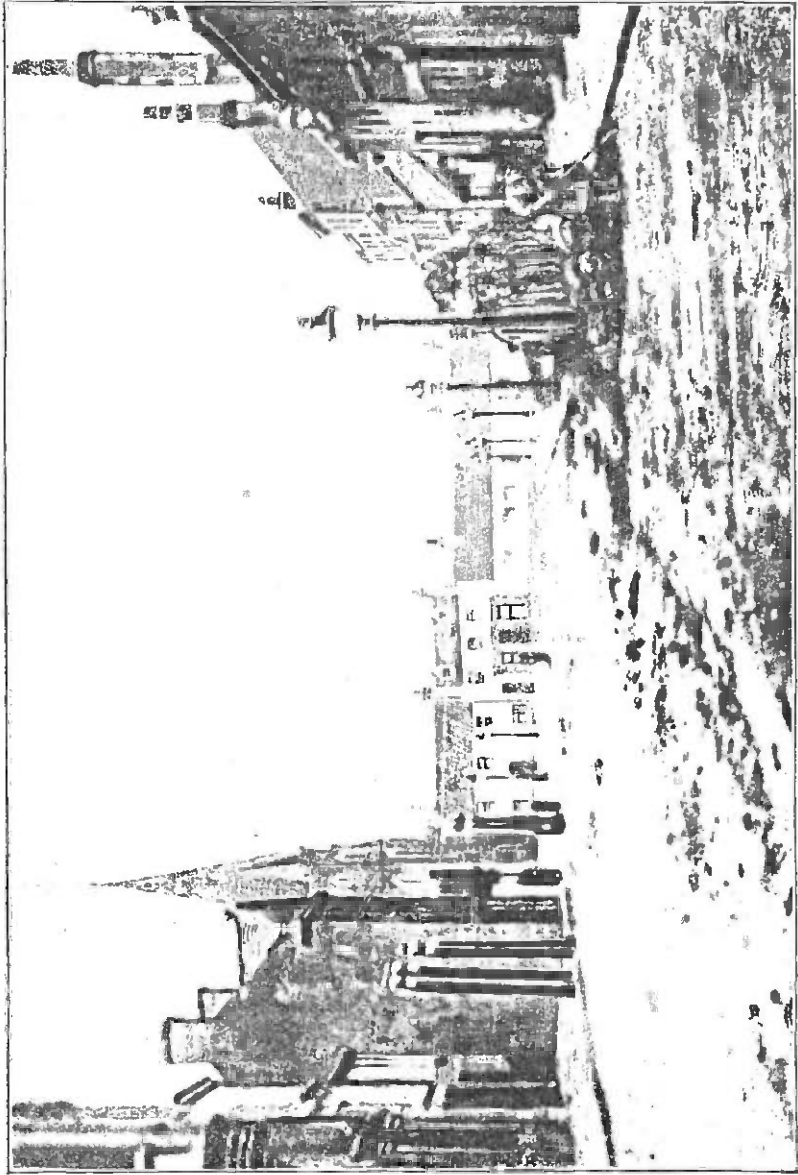
There was no Regent Street in those days, and none of the extensive blocks of buildings in that street, or turning the corners into Main Street, were there thirty-five years ago. Three or four two-storey properties abutted on to the last-named building with Young's shop. Aitkenhead's two closes were in the centre, and were "throughgauns," as almost every close was then. Allardyce's Close came next. There was a public house on the right of this close, and the yard behind was a public quoiting green.

The Grape Inn, with which the name of Shaughnessy and, later, Hendry had a long connection, was exactly opposite the present Police Barracks. It was here the old Ru'glen bus used to start from. It was a very old building, and had a peculiar style of architecture. Next to this came General Spens's house, which had crow-stepped gables, and was also of very ancient construction. The old pump well, called "Spens's Well," remained standing here till the property was demolished about 1893. The Labour Exchange now occupies the latter site. The Roman

*The old building mentioned here was demolished about 1895.



A Kepspeckle-Bill of Main Street.



Main Street, from the Grange Inn about 1870.

Catholic church was built in 1853, and is referred to in the Notes on Churches. Kirkwood Street is a comparatively new street. It was here, through the close of the one-storey thatched property of Peter Thornton, Rutherglen Bowling Club had its possessions. The green had an entrance also from Greenhill Road. Rutherglen Club counted many famous players among its members, including the well-known "Ballochmyle" (John Beveridge), who won the £50 championship in 1895, and several successful tournaments were held here. The club has now two excellent greens on the Stonelaw Road. M'Connell's, formerly O'Nale's, Close is comparatively modern, and took the place of a very ramshackle building. From here to the top of the Main Street there has been slight alteration save the conversion of half a dozen shops on each side of Yuill's Pen into one large commodious store by the Rutherglen New Co-operative Victualling and Baking Society, Ltd., known originally as the "Millwynd Co." The old Victoria Gardens at the head of Greenhill Road were, some twenty-five years ago, converted into a street called Mitchell Street, after the late Ex-Provost Lewis Mitchell, who owned the ground; it has an entrance from the Main Street, but the main entrance is on the Greenhill Road.

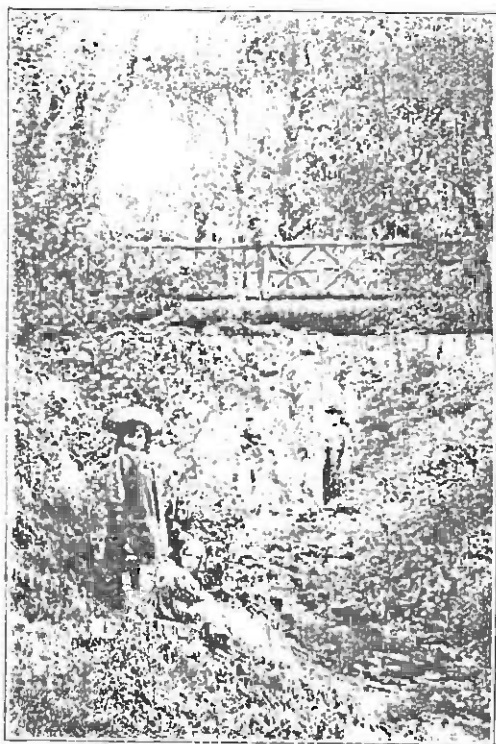
THE VAN OF PROGRESS

FOR the past thirty years the Royal Burgh's progress has been one continuous upward march along the municipal hill-ranges of improvement. Every plan or scheme whereby health and happiness could be brought to the inhabitants has received fair and unbiased treatment at the hands of the Commissioners, who have been wisely guided by a succession in office of the very ablest advisers. Coincident with the appointment of the present Town Clerk, Rutherglen has made rapid growth both in size and population, the acreage being 854 acres. The population

in 1891 was 12,020, and the valuation £40,743; but in 1911 the population had practically doubled—24,411, the valuation rising to £124,503. The present gross valuation is £173,296 14s., and at the recent census the population had increased by 640, and totalled 29,043. The reason for this increase is doubtless due to the development of local industries and the contiguity of the City of Glasgow, whose main thoroughfares are now almost continuous with those of the Burgh; hence with a tram and train service fully adequate, the attractive suburb of Gallowflat, and the uplands of Stonelaw, High Crosshill, and Burnside have found much favour with city people.

If, twenty odd years ago, you had asked to be directed to "Stonelaw," your guide would have pointed to a coal pit, a farm, or a wood. To-day you would be asked, what "drive," or what "avenue." True, the farm known in our boyhood days as "Johnny Wallace's" is still to the fore, as well as part of the wood, which we refer to elsewhere; but over the ruins of old Stonelaw Pit the unsuspecting householder comes and goes in blissful ignorance of the fact that, as recently as 1900, this old coal mine was in full working order. Now, a four-square fashionable tenement has camouflaged the area with the graceful titles of Rosslyn, Parkhill, and Belmont Drives. Cast your eye over the old right-of-way that leads from Clincart or "Denholm's" Hill to the Calderwood or "Whorlpit" Road. We beg the reader's pardon. We have asked the impossible. Thirty odd years ago you might have complied with the request, and been rewarded with an unrestricted view of the picturesque landscape; but to-day, if you were to draw a circle a mile in circumference eastward from the present vantage point, it would be an enclosure of stone and lime, with scarcely a foot of spare ground for emergencies, and would include some twenty-five drives and avenues.

The New United Free Church (formerly in King Street)



Stonelaw Woods.

See page 130



Stonewall Woodsee

See page 186



Public Park.

See page 189

on the Stonelaw Road is one of the handsomest buildings in Rutherglen. There are 970 sittings. It was erected in 1912, and cost £11,500. The low-lying haugh on the left of Stonelaw Road, which lay in stank condition for ages between the old pit waste-bing and Woodburn Lodge, has been transferred into a veritable garden of delight by the Rutherglen Bowling Club, who have two fine greens and well equipped club-rooms. Woodburn Lodge was demolished a few months ago (1920), and the mansion-house, which was for a long time the residence of Sir James Fleming, is now an institution for the blind under the Glasgow Education Authority.

Rutherglen Public Park (20 acres) main entrance faces Woodburn gate, just about where the Blue-Muirslap of former days led forth to the old Meal Mill at Bankhead. This park is laid out for recreation purposes—bowling, football, and tennis—and is one of the best assets of the Corporation, at least from a health point of view. The formal opening took place on 9th June, 1900, on which date Stonelaw Woods, enclosing some 5 acres, was also made available to the public. Overtoun Park (12 acres), gifted by the late Baron Overtoun, has its main entrance at the corner of Mill Street and Overtoun Drive. The Superintendent's house and the public flagstaff are in the near vicinity. The prospect from this elevated position is one of the finest, and the judicious arrangement of the grounds, which are tastefully kept and attended by a staff of assistants under Mr. D. Brown, Parks Superintendent, is greatly appreciated by the general public and by city visitors to Cathkin Braes, who in summertime make it a half-way resting place. This handsome gift was the outcome of an interview the late Lord Overtoun had with Ex-Provost Rodger when paying him a friendly visit at his attractive residence—Avonholm. Impressed by the magnificent outlook and the topographical situation of the ground which was then known as Chesters, the noble lord

decided to purchase the estate for the inhabitants of Rutherglen, and took a personal interest in all the planning arrangements until his death, a few months prior to the completion of the work.

His generosity is commemorated on a bronze medallion at the entrance to the park, thus:

OVERTOUN PARK:

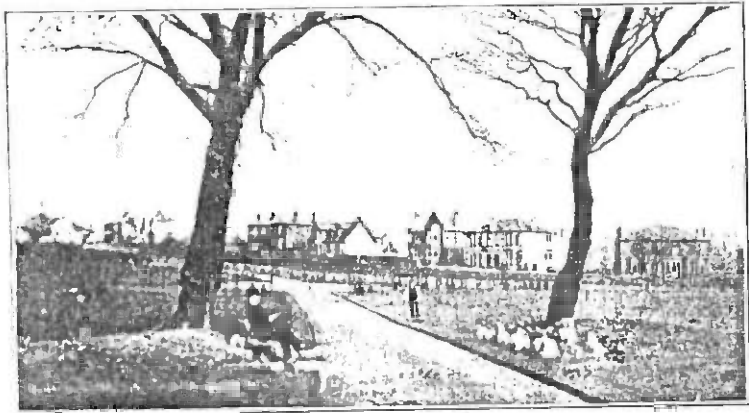
PRESENTED TO
THE ROYAL BURGH OF RUTHERGLEN
BY THE
RIGHT HON. LORD OVERTOUN,
WHO DIED 15TH FEBRUARY, 1908.

This Park remains a lasting memorial of the generous donor, who, by this gift and in many other ways, showed his sincere interest in the place of his birth.

Opened 25th May, 1908.

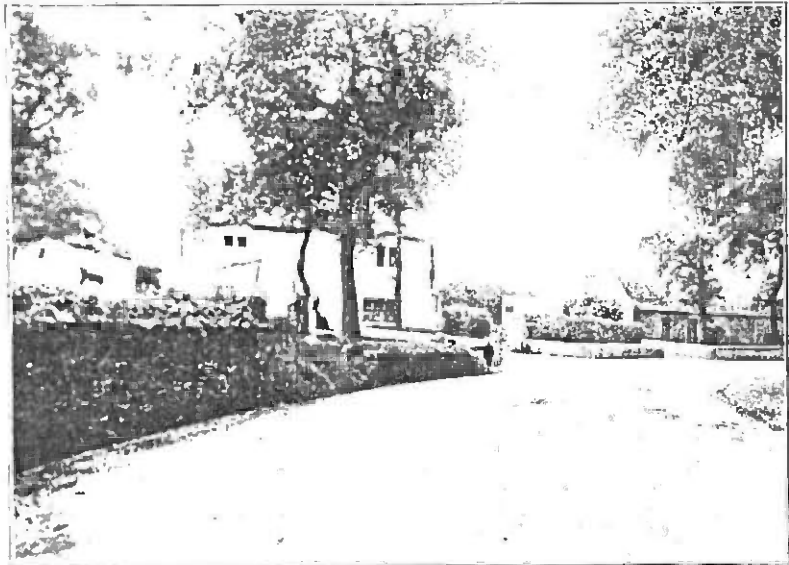
Stonelaw Cottage and the pear-trees that overhung the roadway, though lost to sight, remain an affectionate recollection. This picturesque grotto at one time performed the function of a manse when the Rev. W. F. Stevenson first came to the parish, but it also served to indicate the course of the seasons by its floral tributes of crocus, rhododendron, and rose in turn. Balmoral Crescent usurps this lovely spot without enhancing it.

Much of the sylvan beauty of Stonelaw Road has vanished, but thanks are due to the foresight of the Corporation and to Ex-Provost Kirkwood for so timeously preventing the destruction of the woods. To have left Stonelaw Woods to the mercy of the vandal would have been an unforgivable sin. This oasis in the dusty summer-time to tired wayfarers from city and town has a natural yet romantic situation. Umbrageously protected from the highway on the east, along which a tiny watercourse



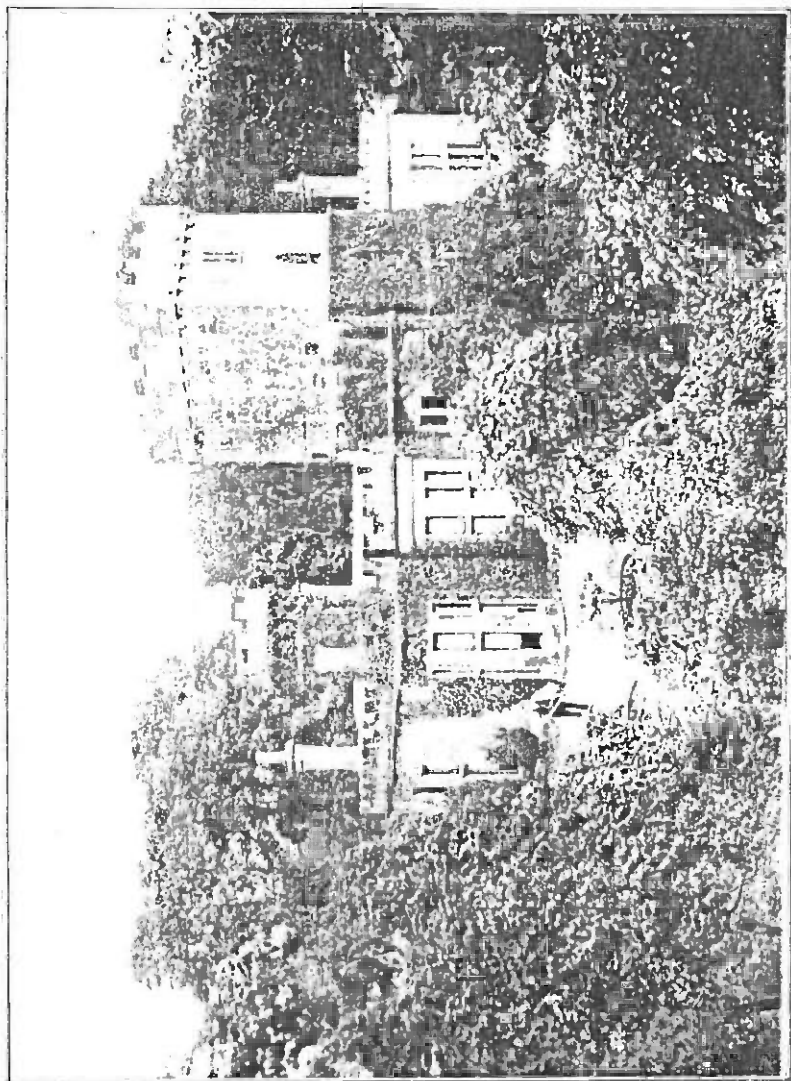
Overtown Park.

See page 120



Stonelaw Farm.

See page 121



Stanchley Tower

meanders noiselessly, and over which a pretty rustic bridge has been thrown, there are numerous glades and lovers' pathways, just as there are shady bowers and nooks for quiet reflection or study. Miniature hills and dales afford the children scope for their surplus energies, while a broad grassy lawn amply provides for their safe participation in whatever games they choose to indulge in. At every turn there are beauty spots, and even in winter there are few places of the same compass in Scotland that could supply the artist with so many picturesque studies as Stonelaw Woods.

The amenities of Stonelaw Farm have lost much of the original rusticity by the substitution of an ordinary terraced property where once stood the two-storey ivy-gabled erection with thatch roof, which had on the north, in earlier times, the companionship of a row of dainty cottages, elevated from the roadway, and facing westward. East of where this grieve's house stood, a new road has been opened up, and an elaborate school built by the Glasgow Education Authority for cripple children. A line of tram rails lead up to the school door, and the children are brought there direct from their homes in the city, and taken back in the afternoon in special cars. The school is built all on the ground level, and has an extensive frontage of glass. There is a covered verandah where the children may be taught, and a wide area of lawn with garden plots and borders of shrubs which make the place attractive and interesting to the children.

Stonelaw Tower has had many tenants since General Spens's occupancy. Major John Spens was one of the most practical men of his time, a keen agriculturist and experimenter; and it is doubtless to his unremitting efforts that Stonelaw Estate owes its beauty. No person in the parish, Ure tells us, carried on improvements with greater spirit and success than he did. Not only in agriculture, but in road-repairing and forestry, he proved himself an

adept, and a diligent advocate for the best in everything. Few farmers nowadays steep their grain twelve hours in salted water before sowing, and few coal-masters take such trouble as he did; and in order to get good manure, he filled up the cart tracks leading to his collieries with oyster shells. Both for ornament and shelter, the Major, we are told, planted several thousand trees of different kinds round Stonelaw, and for these laudable endeavours mankind has decreed that Stonelaw Wood shall keep his memory green till the end of time.

It took a long time for Ruglonians to accustom themselves to the substitution of a damp, dismal railway overhead bridge for the once beautiful little white-washed habitation that stood at the junction of the East Kilbride and Burnside Roads, known familiarly as the "Round House." Few of Rutherglen's landmarks have been so greatly missed as this one, but the facilities which the change has afforded the people in the district, supplying them both with a goods and a passenger station, a tramway terminus, up-to-date business premises, etc., reconciles us somewhat to the inevitable. The town revenues should at least benefit from the alteration.

Burnside Lodge and gateway were erected some forty years ago or thereby. The purpose evidently was to reserve the approach to the earthly mansions on the hill. But the half-dozen aristocratic feuars who then occupied the site forgot that Cathkin Braes was not included in their feus, so the gates were left ajar, and, so far as our recollection goes, were never once closed. Up till that time the favourite trek to Cathkin was *via* Mill Street and Castlemilk, but the new Burnside gates were a great attraction, and people flocked that way as they never had done before; probably they expected on some occasion to find them shut, and they wanted to see how the Ruglonian Samsons would deal with the obstruction; anyhow, Rutherglen people have never taken kindly to

these man-made laws of demarcation. The demolition by the populace of the "barricade" which closed the right-of-way *via* Castlemilk to Cathkin is a case in point; and Burnside would doubtless have shared the same fate had occasion required; but when the people of that aristocratic district realised that the van of progress had caterpillar wheels, they capitulated, and removed not only the gates but the cottage as well. The result has been a large accession to villadom in that quarter.

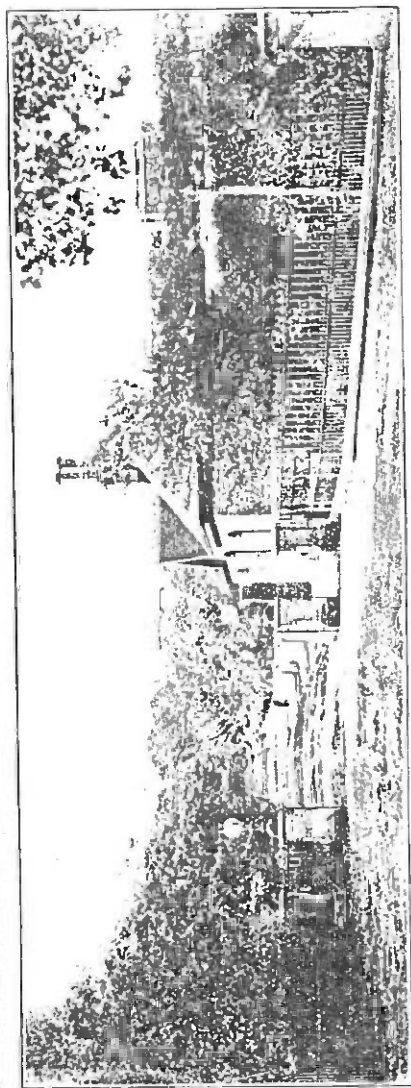
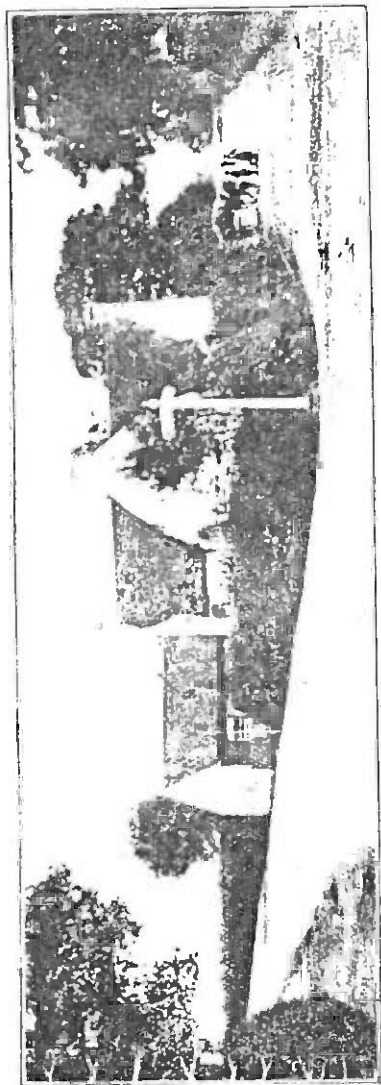
The population of Burnside, which is in the County of Lanark, is about 800, with 180 houses. On the Blairbeth, or "Gray's," Road, many handsome villas and terraces have been erected, and the erstwhile "lovers' walk" has become quite a busy thoroughfare. Football, golf, bowling, and tennis greens have been acquired, while a Scouts' hall, in which Miss Macfarlane carries on a private seminary, provides for indoor amusements. Until recently, "Buttery-burn Loch" was an attraction for boating and skating in summer and winter, but the crowds who frequented it were a source of annoyance to the residents, and it was run dry. In the field immediately to the west of Blairbeth Terrace, the old Stonelaw Football Club had its pitch. Thousands of people gathered here on one occasion prior to the introduction of electricity to witness a match by night, illuminated by a new magnesium light, but the trial was a failure.

The Lanarkshire and Ayrshire Railway runs east and west through Blairtum Estate, and marks the jurisdiction of the Burgh's boundary. On the lands of High and Low Crosshill, belonging to the Rutherglen Corporation, a highly successful feuing scheme has been in operation for many years, and the result, as seen from the Overtoun Park flagstaff, or any other vantage point in the vicinity, speaks volumes for the energy, wisdom, and foresight of the Commissioners, whose plans, prior to the War, were just reaching completion, but who generously laid out all the

vacant ground in allotments to meet the contingency that arose on the outbreak of hostilities.

The view from the Overtoun Park flagstaff is one of surpassing loveliness. Look in whichever direction you care to, the prospect is pleasing. On the right, where once stood, all in its lonesome, the little white-washed, crow-step gabled cottage of Mill Riggs, smothered in apple blossom and gooseberry bushes, there has grown an extensive community of middle-class inhabitants, whose pretensions are fewer, perhaps, than their near neighbours of High Crosshill and Burnside, but who are just as much alive to the benefits of pure air and sanitary-equipped dwellings. Adjacent to these on the south is the Parish Church Manse and three other mansions overlooking the Cathkins. These palatial residences have exquisite situation—the finest, perhaps, in the parish—and are presently (1920) occupied by their proprietors, Ex-Provost Joseph Johnstone, J.P., Samuel T. Baker, Esq., J.P., and the first and present Member of Parliament for Rutherglen Parliamentary District, Adam K. Rodger, Ex-Provost of the Royal Burgh.

In the foreground on the right, Bankhead, with its wealth of foliage and song of birds, enjoys absolute seclusion from the outside world, although only ten minutes' motor drive from the heart of the city. This mansion is old and plainly constructed. There are stabling and motor car accessories, and also a porter lodge. A large orchard and garden, with lake and pretty waterfall graces the southern boundary, and on the north of the broad avenue an extensive plantation embraces an active watercourse, known originally as the Cityford Burn, which at one time was a source of much usefulness to the ancient Burgh. Here within these beautiful grounds stood the old Meal Mill of Rutherglen, for which a ground annual assessment of £41 14s. 8d. is still payable to the Corporation.



(1) The Round House.
(2) Barnside—once on a time.



Roiglen's Old Meal Mill at Bankbend.

We are glad to be able to reproduce a photograph of the old Mill at Rutherglen, which, as Ure tells us, was in his time the only mill in the parish. "To this mill," he says, "are astricted or sucken all the borough lands, at the thirlage, or multure, of the 40th part of the *grana crescentia*, seed and horse corn excepted. The miller is entitled to half a peck, for bannock-meal, out of every 6 firlots grinded at the mill; and the multurer, or miller's servant has additional what is equal to the half of the bannock-meal for his fee." The mill has been silent for some sixty years, and the picture will recall to many of the older inhabitants the tragic circumstance of its closing, and the death of the miller (Downes), who was caught between the rollers of the grinding machinery, and who, before being extricated, called for writing materials, with which he executed a will in favour of his family.

A stone over the doorway, with the inscription, "1622: Walter Whyte—Jane Steven," may indicate the erection of the building as a mill or as the original home of the Whytes prior to their occupancy of Bankhead House. In any case, the time-worn stairway leading from the yard out to the waterwheel on the south seems more in keeping with the above date than any other part of the edifice, which has been frequently modernised.

The late Provost Forrest of Rutherglen was the last owner of Rutherglen Mill, and during his term of office numerous celebrations were consummated at Bankhead, with the Thistle flute and brass bands in attendance, for the genial Provost, it is said, besides being a perfect gentleman, was also a prince of entertainers.

The original entrance to Bankhead House was some hundred yards north of the present Lodge gate, on the right of which may still be seen a remnant of the stone erection which served as a "look-out" for the watchman when the place was a flourishing orchard.

To the south-west the historic Castlemilk lies snugly

among its ancestral beeches, and from thence an unrestricted panoramic view of the Cathkins, stretching to the east, can be obtained. In summer, Overtoun Park in the immediate foreground, and Victoria Gardens in the middle distance, have charming displays of colour, and the numberless happy children, gleefully disporting themselves on the green sward of the former, make an entrancing and unforgettable picture. Turning from this happy sun-dazzling scene to the sadder one beyond—the silent God's acre—mid-distant, with its monumental tributes to the "dear departed," and the cortège of mourners slowly wending their way to the last resting-place of their friend, the words of the preacher, "In the midst of life we are in death," has striking significance for the beholder, and for the nonce the spectator's thoughts may revert to the self-sacrificing labours of the many worthy people lying there, who helped to make Rutherglen what it is, and whose beneficent lives will ever be remembered by a grateful community. The first interment in Rutherglen Cemetery took place on 14th May, 1881, in Lair 256 (B). To-day one may count its tombs by the thousand. A large percentage of the lair-holders, of course, belong to Glasgow and surrounding district, attracted no doubt by the beautiful situation of the ground, which, by the way, is the site suggested by the late Ex-Provost David Dick.

FURTHER PEREGRINATIONS

COMING back to the old town *via* Mill Street, what would our answer now be to the stranger who wanted to be shewn the site of the "Spittal Row," "Denholm's House," or the weaving shops of Harry Black or Martin White? To one and all the same answer: Four-storey block, so and so number, must necessarily be given. Tagie's Raw (Burn Road), The Pants (Cathcart Road), or the Burnhill, might

offer less difficulty to one who had been away from the old Burgh for a number of years. These have undergone less change, perhaps, than most districts in the town, but with such exceptions there are few streets that would not bewilder the visitor. In this rapidly-changing quarter of Mill Street, however, there are still one or two Auld Acquaintances left to remind us of the past. Near the corner of Greenhill Road, on the left, one may still read the very much obliterated legend, "Wines and Spirits" over the door of the once prosperous "Cross Keys Inn," which was a thriving concern about 150 years ago.

A little bit up on the right, now made into a shop, is the identical room in which the late Bailie Joseph Robertson of Glasgow, then of Blairbeth, carried on his famous mission class. Turn the corner of the Crosshill or Bankhead Road, and amongst the many tall erections of recent date you will doubtless regret the obliteration of the "Quality Row," but one real bit of old-world Rug'len will still greet you in the appropriately named "Earl-o'-cake" abutment to the Shields' property. Many of the older Ruglonians will have a vivid recollection of the coal traffic on this old Bankhead Road. Bankhead Pit lay over the hill on the left, beyond the burn, and the weighs-house still stands a little beyond Crosshill Farm. A well-known Ruglonian, Mr. George Wilson, was manager here. A son of Mr. Wilson, who has been thirty years in Australia, visited his birthplace at Bankhead recently, but Time's decaying hand had left no trace of his natal rooftree. In the Antipodes he signifies his affection for the Auld Burgh by inscribing "Rutherglen Cottage" above his dwelling. It is a Ruglonian way of expressing the sentiment:

" Pull down what you will of the old,
Build up what you may of the new,
But do not efface from its corner-place
The heart that beats warmly for you!"

Other two pits lay in the near vicinity to Bankhead, and were known as Spittal High and Laigh Pits. The High Pit, which had an entrance on the Croftfoot Road, stood immediately to the north of Spittal Farm, and the Laigh at the north side of the railway, just where the burn issues through. The entrance to this pit was at Spittal Slap, just opposite the Cemetery gate. The Spittal Plantain was a glorious place to ramble in before the railway ruined it.

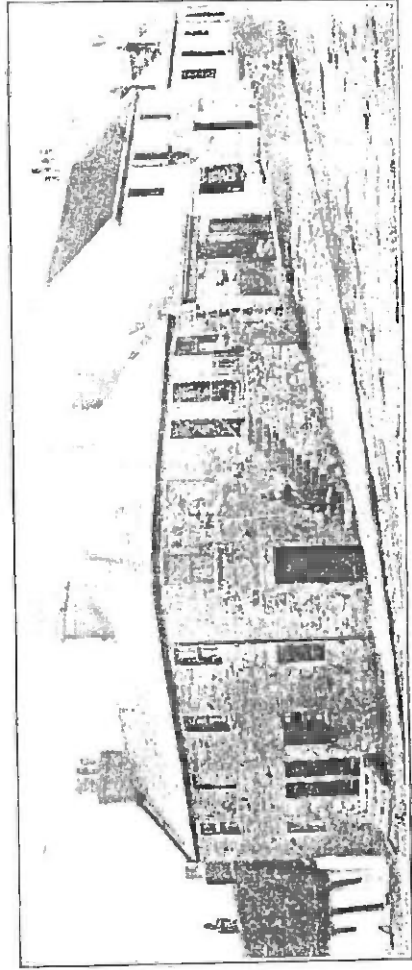
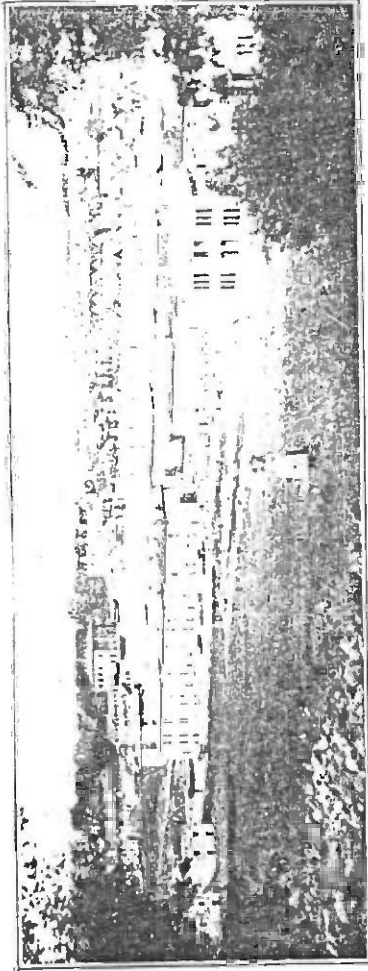
The house of Denholm recalls to mind a ghost story to which children of a former school age are said to have paid due deference. Greenhill House, the property of James Denholm, a writer in the city, and who wrote a *History of Glasgow* in 1797, stood on the Clincarthill Road. This, as is mentioned elsewhere, was the old pathway connecting Rutherglen with Cathcart and Cambuslang. High hedges lined the road on either side of Denholm's Hill, and very high walls enclosed Mr. Denholm's house and garden, but the "White Lady," as she was called, was frequently to be seen peering out of one of the second-storey windows at passers-by. The face of the apparition seems to have had a glassy appearance, and the very mention of "gless wuman" scared the most venturesome from the scene, especially at dark. The big empty house and surroundings, as we remember it, was just such as would lend itself to the imaginary fear of youngsters bent on pilfering; and, historian notwithstanding, it was quite a justifiable invention on the part of James Denholm to play the ghost if it prevented the fruit in his orchard being stolen; besides, it would be a diverting circumstance to the legal mind of one chained as he was to the drudgery of dissecting law books.

Pass along Greenhill Road from Mill Street to Stonelaw Road, and beyond what in our childhood we knew as Denholm's porter lodge, now Greenhill Street, there was little else on this long road but trees and gardens, bounded



Denholm's Hill.

W. S. M. 1890



(1) New Wardlawhill.
(2) Old Wardlawhill and Tontine.

on the left by a ditch the entire way along. The number of dwellings now on Denholm's Hill are quite numerous enough to make a township, while on Greenhill Road there are two churches, two schools, and a mission hall, with the inevitable four-storey blocks filling up the spaces between, all the way to Stonelaw Road. Here such names as "Worlhill," "Drossy Brae," "Paddy's Castle," "Bus Ann's," "Smith's Square," etc., must seem quite foreign to young Ruglonians, yet how reminiscent they all are to the silver-haired amongst us who are beginning to view, with not a little misgiving, the possible obliteration of every remnant of antiquity in the Burgh. With half of its head-gear already in the four-storey fashion, the town-head, it has been decreed, must soon be bereft of the remainder of its coiffure, and the familiar "Andrew Arbuckle's" will be superseded by the four-flat cult which here, as in numerous other places throughout the Burgh, will be undertaken by the now flourishing Avonbank Co-operative Society.

On the Farme Loan Road the "hole-i'-the-wa'" is now permanently closed up by one of those gigantic building blocks, and the back view of the tenants in this property overlooks the Macdonald School, which has been re-built. King Street now extends further east on the right of Farme Loan, and the farm formerly occupied by Wallace the cab-hirer has given place to a Rechabite Institution and an electric power station, while East Main Street has a church, a picture palace, and the usual sky-scraper blocks of tenements, which are continued down to the railway bridge on the Farme Loan Road.

New Stonelaw Pits, of course, have for many years now ceased to exist, but the little row of stone-built cottages, so long the residence of that fine old Christian gentleman, Wm. Stark, who superintended the Stonelaw Sunday School, is still to the fore.

Murray's Pottery has altered very little outwardly since

the days when the late Mr. Murray and his partner, Mr. Macintyre, came and went, and the late Mr. Henderson Irving stood at the potter's wheel. The Corporation lands of Alleysbank, adjoining the Caledonian Railway on the left are rapidly being levelled up. Meanwhile, many temporary feus have been acquired by business firms, and before long this ground may become a valuable asset to the Burgh.

Gooseberry Hall and Grozet Ha' have seen many occupants since the days of the Pinkertons and Flenings; but the old mansion-house on the right still strives to maintain an air of respectability, and, notwithstanding the encroachments of many new erections in this district, a few acres of rhubarb may still be seen under cultivation. Grozet-ha' Cottage on the left, with the pear and apple trees (which, it is said, were as fruitful to the Police authorities as to the owners on account of the numerous fines taken from pilferers), could not now be traced by as much as a brick. This was the birthplace of Sir James Fleming and John, his brother, who was familiarly known as Fiscal Fleming, and who became the honoured Provost of the Burgh. What a pity New Farme Row was not permitted to remain intact. That it should have been dissected and left with only the outer shell standing is only an aggravation of the circumstance in these days when living room is at a premium, and when people, on account of the scarcity of houses, are being accommodated in huts, barns, caravans, and wash-houses. Not so very long ago, New Farme Rows would have drawn forth the spontaneous admiration of the passer-by—the tidy white-washed fronts and well-kept apartments of the residents there bespoke a Scotch thriftiness seldom equalled nowadays. On washing-days especially, the extensive courtyard dividing the rows would be hung from end to end with the whitest of household linen, which in due time would undergo a process of home dressing and mangling that might vie with

the most approved laundry finish; yet from these collier families—the Barrs, the Clarks, the Winnings, the Mays, the Arbuckles, the Parks, etc., there came the successful merchant, the educationist, the teacher, the minister, the J. P., and the scientist, who in their individual spheres confirm the Burnsian dictum that

“The honest man, though e'er sae poör,
Is king o' men for a' that.”

New Farme Pit, on the opposite side of the road here, brought up its last hutch about thirty-five years ago. If the reader would wish to know what appearance Farme Cross had then, he has only to trace a high wall or dyke from Dalmarnock Bridge to the porter lodge entrance to Farme Castle. Opposite that, he will trace a lower dyke from Dalmarnock Bridge, on the Rutherglen side of the road, making a corner at what is now Farme Cross, and continue up to the railway bridge on Farme Loan Road. The third dyke should start from the Pottery, missing the New Farme Rows, and lead round the corner of what is now Union Place for a considerable distance. Behind those three dykes were green fields, some being under cultivation as orchards.

Near Union Place, over the dyke, was a small wood-yard, where our respected townsman, Ex-Prøvost Edmiston, began business. He subsequently built Lizzieville Place, and removed his yard there. On the left corner of Farme Loan Road, where Lloyd Street now is, stood New Farme Pit, with its entrance on Dalmarnock Road, where James Couper, the hill-clerk's office and dwelling-house was situated. The coal bings led up as far as Todd's Rope Work, where there was another entrance.

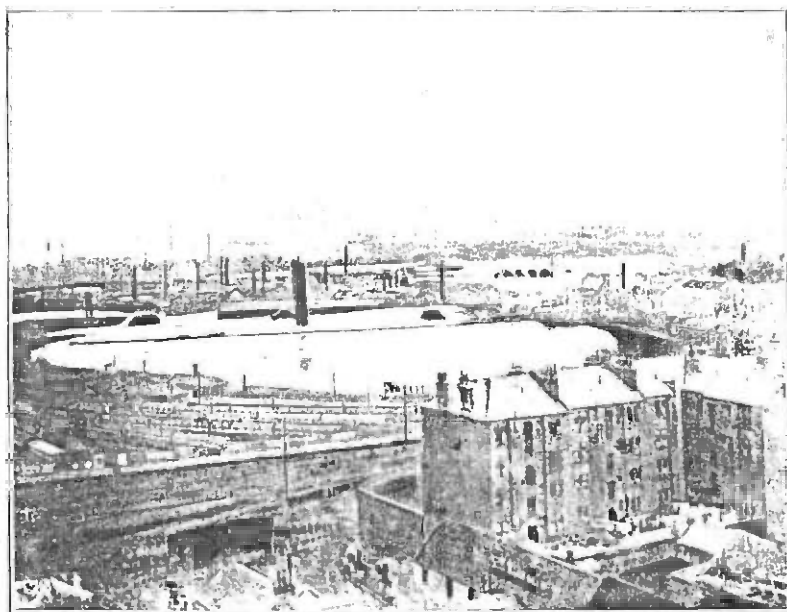
Between Farme Pit and Eadie's Tube Works at Dalmarnock Bridge was a double block of tenements called Clydesdale Place, now converted into offices. In the background was the small concern of James Menzies & Co., of the Phoenix Tube Work. On the Clyde side of

this work, just in front of Miller's Dye Works, was the playing pitch of the old Clydesdale Football Club.

On the west side of the railway bridge, forty years ago, yacht building was carried on to a considerable extent by one Bruce, who prepared some fine craft. Mr. Bruce also took over and carried on the ferry at the old quay. The weekly ticket cost 3d., and hundreds of Bridgeton workers crossed there daily. Mr. Bruce lived in a little cottage (Clydesdale Cottage by name) on the Clydeside, adjacent to Eadie's Tube Works, and while there he built a yacht inside the works in conjunction with Mr. John Eadie. A similar venture was successfully carried out later within the spindle works of Edw. Simpson & Co. in Harriet Street, where Mr. Simpson's son built a fine yacht. Across the road from Eadie's, the only building then existing was the Finishing Works of And. Robertson & Co. These extensive premises were totally destroyed by fire some years ago.

To-day one has difficulty in realising the transformation; indeed, between the new public works and the erection of tenements, there cannot be many feus vacant at Farme Cross, yet most of these buildings are of recent construction, for as late as 1903, when a break occurred in the Clyde's banks at Cunnigar, the whole area from Alleysbank to Cunnigar became inundated—the water all but covering Todd's ropewalk and reaching half-way up the office door of Clydesdale Tube Works, where its height, as marked by the manager, Mr. Tannahill, may still be seen. An improved roadway from Dalmarnock to Old Farme was then made which will obviate a recurrence of the Clyde danger. Hence the building boom which has made Farme Cross, with its three car routes, one of the busiest centres in Rutherglen.

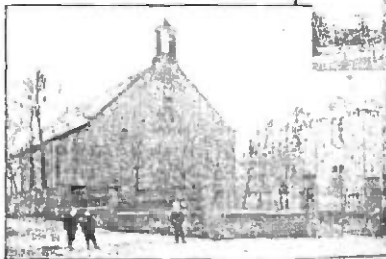
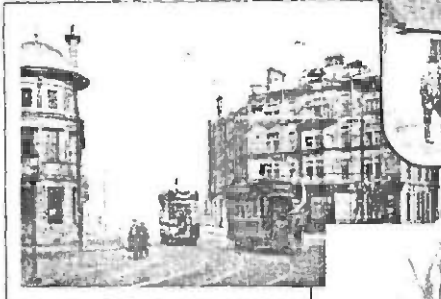
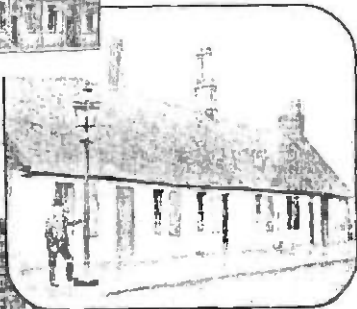
In opposing the Boundaries Bill, one of the Royal Burgh's strongest claims for exemption was undoubtedly the high state of efficiency attained in sanitary matters.



The Great Flood 9th February, 1903.

Taken from roof of Town Hall
Thin black centre line indicates roof of Todd's Rope Walk.

See page 112



Evangelistic Institute.
 Farme Cross.
 St. Columbkille's Church.

"The Hole in the Wall."
 Muirbank House.
 Shawfield Toll.

SOME FAMILIAR CORNERS.

The death-rate in a community is invariably taken to indicate the character of its public health administration, and in the petition lodged with the Secretary for Scotland against the measure, it was averred that for the ten previous years the rate of mortality in Rutherglen was 175 lower than that of the city. It was also urged that this favourable result was occasioned by the personal and direct knowledge which every individual member of the Town Council possessed of the Burgh's requirements.

But the most pleasing feature in connection with that matter was the unstinted praise of the Local Government Board's Medical Inspector on the general health conditions of the Burgh. "The Sanitary Inspector's report," he says, "is an admirable record of zealous and enlightened work: it is evident that a very high standard of sanitation is aimed at and practised here."

Circumstanced so auspiciously, it naturally follows that Rutherglen's progress, like the tree that shoots its roots down to the water's edge, must be of an expanding and vivifying nature, and the community of interest with the city, of which we heard so much during the Annexation fight, will, it is hoped, become more real and practical, since no wall of offence now exists to mar the amity of our relationship one with the other.

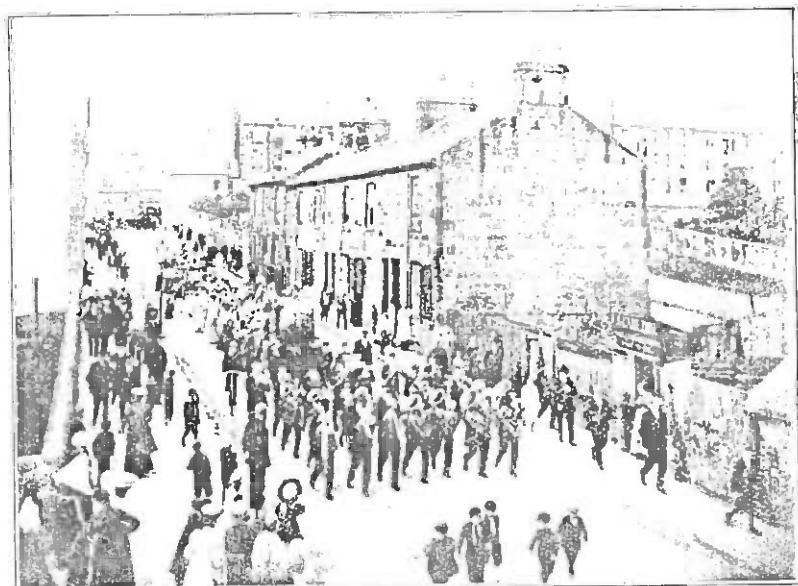
A few notes on that memorable battle is all that is needed here. The Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on the Glasgow Boundaries Bill in the House of Commons will be found in a bound volume in the Public Library. It is a very large book, and contains over fourteen thousand questions and answers. There were in all forty petitions, thirty-nine of these being against the Bill, including those from the four adjacent burghs of Partick, Govan, Pollokshaws, and Rutherglen.

Mr. G. M. Freeman, K.C., Mr. John Wilson, K.C., Mr. D. P. Fleming, Advocate, Edinburgh, and Mr. George Gray, Town Clerk, acting as agent and adviser,

appeared in support of the Rutherglen claims. The Committee attending from Rutherglen were as follows: Provost Jos. Johnstone, Bailies A. Arbuckle and T. Young, Treasurer A. K. Rodger, Ex-Provost Jas. Kirkwood, Councillors D. C. Dawson and A. C. Baird, with Mr. W. Weir, Sanitary Inspector, and Mr. Colin Macfarlane, Burgh Surveyor. The Preamble was proved on 14th May, 1912, the case having lasted nineteen days. It cost the Burgh about £2,000, an expense which none could cavil at in view of the issues at stake, and the manner in which the Glasgow Amalgamation Committee of the Corporation went about its work, which the evidence clearly showed was engineered for the purpose of misrepresenting the Royal Burgh.

The following tit-bit, which was duly appreciated by the community at the time, was only recently resurrected by a leading Glasgow newspaper, but the laugh is still with the old Burgh, for it puts into a nutshell the manner in which that "considerable volume of correspondence" (?) was conducted, and the suspicion it created in the minds of our local Defence Committee:

"Some ten years ago, when the last extension of the city boundaries took place, Glasgow had a long eye to a neighbouring burgh, which successfully resisted the attempt upon its ancient independence. Between the Glasgow Town Clerk and the Clerk of the burgh referred to a considerable volume of correspondence passed. At a Council meeting held in the burgh, a letter was read from the late Mr. Myles, upon which the local Clerk commented that the importance of the letter lay, not in what was written in the letter, but in what might be read between the lines. An impressive silence followed this pronouncement. Then one of the Bailies rose to a point of order. 'Mr. Provost,' he said, 'we'll hae no hole and corner wark where the independence of the burgh is at stake. Mr. — will read oot to us what *is* between the lines.'"



Mill Street.

See page 136



The Parish Priest
Canon Shaw.

The Doctor
James Gorman.

The Social Reformer
Councillor M. White.

The Schoolmaster
Rev. James Munro.

The Precentor
"Robin" Steele.

The Sexton
John Park.

The Parish Minister
Rev. W. F. Stevenson, M.A.

The Bonds
Archibald Gilchrist.

The Donor
Matthew Aitken.

CELEBRATED TYPES OF OLD RUGGLESS.

Reference was made during the enquiry to the series of letters that had appeared in the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, to the pamphlet published by that newspaper, and the bogus ratepayers' meeting. But the caustic criticism of counsel at the close of the proceedings was surely sufficient punishment for the instigators of these untruths. A wire from St. Stephen's, with the agreeable announcement, "Rutherglen's independence maintained," was the signal for the hoisting of flags all over the Burgh. The bells also rang out a merry peal, but beyond that there was no outward demonstration of feeling or excitement. Those who had come out of their doors or looked out of their windows went back to their tasks with a concern much the same as if they had just witnessed the Fire Brigade extinguish a conflagration. Both had done their simple duty. The burning building and the burning lust of the Annexationists had both been extinguished. Nothing less could be expected from a people whose motto is "*Ex fumo—jama*" (Out of smoke—fame). So, to paradise the old Masonic rhyme, we may now sing:

"O hey! the Annexation, O ho! the Annexation,
 O hey! the Annexation to Glesca sae braw;
 Pollokshaws they may draw, Govan, Partick, an' a',
 But the wee town o' Ruglen will ne'er gang ava."

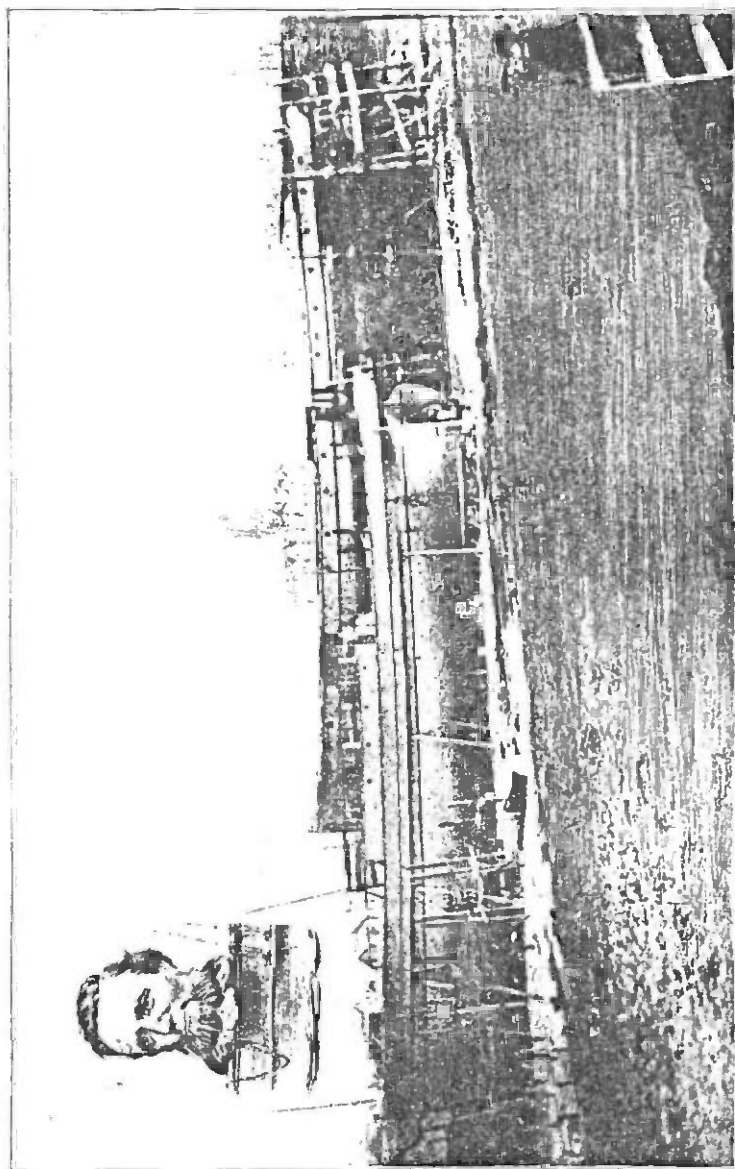
AMALGAMATION.

WHEN ST. MUNGO GAED COORTIN'.

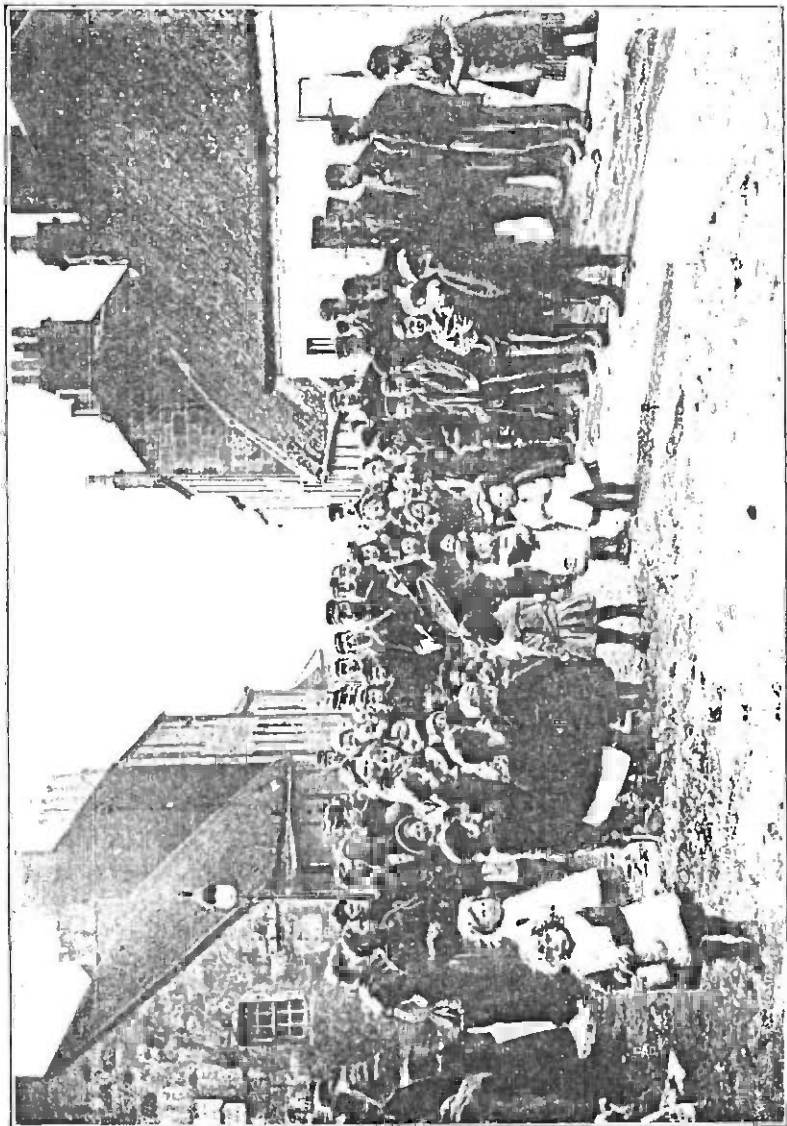
"When St. Mungo gaed coortin', the lassies felt shy,
 Some thoct him a braw gallant wooer;
 'P'll mash them,' quoth he, as he gawe the glad eye,
 'And my suit they'll accept, I am sure.
 I hae riches and lands, I hae gifts to bestow,
 As philanthropist, too, I've some credit to show.'
 But the devil said—'Caution is best, don't you know,'
 As St. Mungo gaed coortin',
 Gaed coortin', gaed coortin',
 As St. Mungo gaed coortin' that oor.

- * When St. Mungo gaed coortin', to Govan he sailed,
 But the lassie he socht was twa-mindit:
 She would, and she wouldn't—so nothing avail'd,
 Her demur had a purpose behind it.
 So the suitor said—'Come, dear, together let's go;
 In a sphere more extensive united we'll grow';
 But the devil said—'Caution is best, don't you know,'
 As St. Mungo gaed coortin',
 Gaed coortin', gaed coortin',
 As St. Mungo gaed coortin'—dumfoondit.
- ** When St. Mungo gaed coortin', each maiden he spied
 Possessed all the charms of a Venus;
 He told out his love, but they all knew he lied
 In his roll of perfervid Adonis.
 'To Partick's fair strand,' said the saint, 'let us row,
 There, a conquest I'll make, blow the wind high or low.'
 But the devil said—'Caution is best, don't you know,'
 As St. Mungo gaed coortin',
 Gaed coortin', gaed coortin',
 As St. Mungo gaed coortin' 'Part'onus.'
- † As St. Mungo gaed coortin' the 'Shaws folk sae queer,
 Some siller he tnok in his wallet;
 'I'll big ye a hoose, bonnie lass,' said the seer,
 'Sculptured braw wi' my new civic mallet.
 I'll spend for your pleasure, and square what you owe,
 Two hearts as one beating—life's prospects will glow!'
 But the devil said—'Caution is best, don't you know,'
 As St. Mungo gaed coortin',
 Gaed coortin' gaed coortin',
 As St. Mungo gaed coortin' this 'Shawlet.
- ‡ When St. Mungo gaed coortin' in search for a bride,
 Perforce he resorted to smugglin',
 And cautiously struck you wee town on the Clyde,
 With the famous sobriquet of 'Ruglin.'
 'Shiver me!' cried a landsman, 'St. Mungo! What ho?'
 But the only reply bubbled up from below,
 And the devil said—'Caution is best, *you must know*.'
 As St. Mungo gaed scoortin',
 Gaed sploortin', gaed snoortin',
 As St. Mungo with D. Jones kept tugglin'. "

w. n. s.



In the Good Old Times at Tommy Seath's.
Inset: Capt. T. B. Seath.



"The Lawke o' Duffin" - Frolic in Fairway's Jaw.

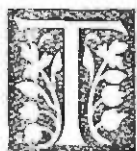
see page 110

CHAPTER XI

AN OLD RU'GLEN EXHIBITION

"Auld Ruglen toun! auld Ruglen toun!
What langsyne dreams start at the soun!
Nae spot on whilk yon sun looks down
Sae dear to me,
Or's twined sae close my heart-strings round
As thine and thee.
Where'er I gang still memory sees
Yon auld kirk steeple 'mang the trees,
The lang main street, its crooks and jecs,
An' biggins queer,
And cannie folks o' a' degrees,
Fu' blithe asteer."

—*Hugh Macdonald.*



THE following can but describe only in part the enthusiasm, the sincere delight and fraternal jubilations of the thousands of Ruglonians who attended, from all parts of the country, the "Old Ru'glen Exhibition of 1910."

The Exhibition, comprising heirlooms, antiquities, and handicrafts of the Royal Burgh, was held for eight days—1st to 8th October, 1910—in the Public Library Hall. The show was under the auspices of the Ruglonian Society, and to mark the importance and uniqueness of the occasion, flags were hoisted on the Town Hall and Library Buildings. Among the first press notices of the event, the *Glasgow Evening News*, of 24th September, 1910, under the heading "Auld Ru'glen," animadverts thus: "Since its inception over four years ago, the Ruglonians' Society have successfully and assiduously furthered the aims for which it was established, viz., to

cherish the traditions of the Burgh, to conserve the individuality of the natives, and to preserve local antiquities. In order further to stimulate interest in the Society's work, an exhibition is being promoted which promises to be unique in the history of the old Burgh. The Committee have been successful in their efforts to bring together many rare relics relating to the town and its past. Rutherglen Corporation are lending many of their cherished heirlooms, and among the books relating to Rutherglen, the Town Clerk, whose collection is probably unrivalled, is the principal lender."

In a two-column report, the *Rutherglen Reformer* of 7th October, 1910, describes the opening proceedings: "The long-looked-forward-to Exhibition of old Ru'glen has come at last, and, it may be stated at the very outset, has proved a great success. It is computed there will be an attendance of over 4,000 people when the week closes. The Catalogue (32 pages, illustrated), sold at sixpence each—these were entirely disposed of shortly after the opening, at which Provost Johnstone presided. 'The Exhibition,' he said, 'speaks for itself. The work that has been expended on it by the promoters is the kind that civic rulers of all grades desire to encourage, as it fosters that patriotism without which municipal work would be mere thankless drudgery. Believe me, it will ever be those communities who appreciate at their true value the traditions of their native place who will stimulate good government, and receive the benefit of downright zeal and honest service from public representatives.'

"Ex-Provost John Fleming, in declaring the Exhibition open, said: 'They would see from the front page of their Catalogue the Exhibition was on behalf of the Neighbourly Fund of the Society. That fund was for the benefit of natives of the Burgh, or Ruglonians who had been twenty years resident in it. It was a worthy object, and he hoped they would keep it in remembrance.' There was a line of

Longfellow's Psalm of Life he would quote, although he disagreed with it:

"Let the dead past bury its dead."

" 'The past,' said the speaker, 'is not dead. It lived in the world's literature, in its painting, its poetry, its science, and its arts. What would they be without the past? savage, ignorant, and helpless. The past, the present, and the future were the world's great altar-stairs that led from darkness up to God. The past and the present were working for the future, and were helping to bring on that great Divine event to which the whole creation moves.' County Councillor James Anderson, Sir James Fleming, and Ex-Provosts James Kirkwood and A. K. Rodger also addressed the large audience."

This synopsis of that report very inadequately conveys to the reader the happenings of that eight days in New Rutherglen, for not only did the aged, with the lamp of life low burning, come to this antiquarian feast, but the young and the middle aged made strong bid for first place, so far as numbers and interest in the proceedings were concerned. Unbounded enthusiasm was displayed by all classes, which clearly evidenced that a chord had been touched in the sympathies of the people which it is believed will vibrate through the years, and grow stronger as time advances.

It was a mere chance circumstance, however, that the Exhibition was fated to take place on the eve of the Annexation battle. Nevertheless, it proved a significant beginning to that strenuous fight, and served as a congenial topic of conversation both with the public and the press, and on one occasion at least, when the city fathers were endeavouring to negotiate terms with the Burgh, they twitted the deputation with trying to steal a march on them with a "show of relics."

Perhaps the reader (in imagination) may be induced to

accompany us on a tour of inspection of "Old Ru'glen," as represented in the antiquities and other exhibits brought together on that memorable occasion. The hall is packed uncomfortably, and moving crowds jostle each other along the narrow passages unceremoniously. Coteries of Ruglonians fraternise together in every available standing space, but the utmost good humour prevails. Laughter, hearty and sincere, follows the recitation of some by-gone story in the life or lives of this or that group. Studying some relic of the past, another group displays the contrary emotion, and are meditatively pondering some bit of landscape. With a sigh and a tell-tale movement of the head, the hidden memory is spoken only by silent glances, but the abstraction is only momentary. Other objects immediately invite attention, and the sad recollection is forgotten.

Rosetted officials flit here and there at the beck of inquirers. One particular individual, who invariably constitutes himself guide-in-chief to the public at large, has been commandeered by two elderly natives of the Burgh who have just returned on a visit after an absence of forty years. This man-about-town needs no introduction in this page. Everybody knows "Erichie," just as everybody in the old days knew his predecessor, "Jock Airey," the only difference being that Jock was famed for his failings while Erchie, although not posing as a philanthropist, is remembered for good deeds alone. In verse, a local poet paints him thus:

"But then, ye see, he's aye alert,
 His gleg blue e'e gangs every airt;
 In many scenes he's played a pairt.
 But whilk I needna mention.
 Gin ye hae ony job on haun,
 Just ye let Erchie unnerstaun
 What's wantit, and nane in the laun
 Wad gie til't mair attention."

As might be expected from the successor of such a celebrity as the famous "Jock Airey," Erchie naturally

gives first place in his descriptive summary to the "haund-me-doons" of the erstwhile bellman and lamplighter. Pictures, however, are our guide's strong point, and he is anxious to slump all the other exhibits together and pass on to them, but the visitors are in no such haste. They examine the antiquities carefully and minutely: the stone saint, the carved stones from St. Mary's Church, the candlesticks that held the flickering grease dips in the assemblies of their great grandfathers. Caressingly they handle the "tappit hens" till they have placed their finger on the pluke. The Burgh Seals sustain their interest, while the lock and key of the old jail recalls an incident many years back, when one of the visitors, with a glee party from "Brigton," after singing at a concert in Rutherglen, started to walk home about midnight, liting a chorus by the way. Passing the "City Bank" on the Glasgow Road, an officious policeman apprehended them for disturbing the lieges, and took them back to the lock-up; but, as luck would have it, his mate had just gone on his rounds, taking the keys of the office with him. After "birlin" a wheen times without getting response, the party were liberated, and, to the bobby's chagrin, marched again through the town to the rollicking strains of "O Are Ye Sleepin', Maggie."

On the plea that one good story is as good as another, Erchie recites the tale of the "bull and the harrow," which recalls a time when the same old jail was in less fit condition than on the occasion just mentioned. It so happened that a bull, having crossed the Clyde somewhere about Dalmarnock ford, was taken possession of by the Rutherglen authorities and lodged in quod. The prison office door being out of repair, an old harrow was used to block the exit, but, ere long, the bull's ingenuity set to work, with the result that it hoisted the harrow on its horns and marched off in triumph through the town, to the amazement of the burghers. The mention of this ludicrous

affair to the youth of former days, it is said, was the signal for many a hard-fought "stane battle."

A model of a power-loom made in the "old mill" now claims the company's attention, one of whom is a mill tenter, having learned his trade in Armour, King, & Gray's factory, better known as "King's Mill." Recollections of that 'prentice time are recounted by the speaker, who explains that this mill, on account of the activity and ambition of many of its workers in regard to local and municipal matters, was christened the "College." Here every conceivable plot was hatched for each succeeding election time, which had no Corrupt Practices Act to restrain or prohibit: hence the plethoric supply of electioneering literature which for days kept the town in ferment, and literally painted it red.

Of the last member of this firm, Mr. Andrew King, who subsequently became Provost of the Burgh, the author of *Echoes of the Past* relates the following characteristic incident. When the other partners left the mill, Mr. King remained to struggle against keen competition and reduced resources. His kindly, sociable disposition, and his desire to see his people happy and in congenial circumstances, led him at times into a too indulgent familiarity with his workers, some of whom pursued their hobbies when they should have been buckling to their tasks. Mr. King had also a lively sense of humour and a pleasant wit. Being a thin man, he did not fail to see the incongruity of becoming a "bailie." On that occasion, he stuffed his vest with padding, and paraded through the weaving shed like a pouter pigeon full blown, much to the merriment of his employees at this sudden expansion of his slender corporation. He had in his employment an old greaser (Jamie by name) who was a bit of a character, and very fond of a dram. One day Mr. King found him laboriously cleaning the windows, and remarked on their dirty condition. "I hear, sir," said Jamie, "that a little whisky

is guid for liftin' the dirt." "Nae doot, nae doot," answered his master kindly; "but I'm afraid, James, you might find another use for it." "Ah, then, sir," replied Jamie, facetiously, "I could blaw my breath on the gless."

A coloured portrait of Robin Steele, Ru'glen's famous Provost, now raises some discussion among the company round Erchie, who has by this time quite a large audience. "Rab," argues one of the disputants, "never wore a blue jacket in his life; he may have donned a scuffed ane, as he aften did, but it had been aye black originally." This introduction to Ru'glen's one-time chief magistrate elicited the further information that when on official duty, Rab would never partake of strong drink, although he had been known frequently to pour a little whisky from a proffered decanter into his hand and rub it on his scalp. Another of his peculiarities was his inability to sit out a long sermon. It was no unusual thing for him to dangle an old verge or turnip watch in sight of the preacher as a hint for him to "make an end on't."

Still keen on the "picturs," Erchie redoubles his efforts to entice his followers to take a survey of their scenic surroundings, but without success. Toddy ladles and quaichs, toby jugs, articles of pewter, delf, relics of the Stone Age, native fossils, sundials, ancient furniture, spinning-wheels, obsolete water carriers, known to our forbears as "stoups," and a hundred other objects of interest sustain their curiosity.

A printed silk square, describing the pioneer work of Ru'glen's world-renowned boatbuilder on behalf of upper navigation is earnestly scrutinised. This event of 1856 refers to a dinner given by the pressmen of Glasgow and West of Scotland in honour of Captain Seath, who at that time was running several boats between the old Burgh and the City. A passenger ticket—"Cabin return, fourpence, per steamer *Royal Burgh*"—lying beside the aforementioned relic, is also commented on. A fine half

model of the *Bonnie Doon*, one of Mr. Seath's early achievements, with the original playbill of its sailings to Largs, Ayr, etc., standing side by side with a view of the boatyard in 1886, in which several important craft are seen on the stocks, likewise compel the visitors' attention, and recall to mind forgotten incidents which keep the company in the best of spirits.

The ingenuity of this little-great man was apparent in his very earliest contrivings, and his first launch, it is recorded, took place not on the Clyde, as one would suppose, but on a pond in the salubrious suburb of Anderston, where, as a boy of fourteen, he had whittled out of a piece of wood the necessary cavity, and, after affixing the paddles, he inserted in a box arrangement within his tiny boat a piece of cheese. In the same compartment he introduced an ordinary domestic mouse, which in its efforts to get at the cheese mounted several steps that turned a wheel and set the paddles of the future Captain Seath's ship agoing.

Another incident relative to the difficulties that lay in the path of those early Clyde navigators, especially at low tides, instanced one who ran his ship into a mud-bank, where it stuck fast. While waiting for the rising flow, the skipper, who was a man of uneven temper, was not sparing in strong language at the delay occasioned in consequence. Just then he espied a little boy approaching the river with a bucket to get some water. This was too much for the poor belated steersman, who, leaning over the side of his boat, cried out angrily, "If ye tak' ae drap waater oot there till I get afloat, I'll warm yer lug for't."

A life-like portrait of Commander Seath at length invites inspection, and a smile of satisfaction illumines the benign countenance of guide Erchie, for at long last the company have reached his favourite picture gallery. Here the beholder is impressed with the altered conditions of the town.

A view of Main Street in 1850, minus the Town Hall, tells its own tale, while another as late as 1880, with garbaged gutters and coal-bestrewn loanings, suggest comparisons with present-day boulevards and granite-causewayed thoroughfares.

In this hall of a hundred frames hang portraits of all the chief magistrates of the Burgh since 1873, and of the Town Clerks from 1802, which occupied more time than the visitors could well afford; but our eager guide insisted on them witnessing to the "reign of the Georges," as he jocularly termed the Burgh Clerkship, which has remained in the charge of two families for nearly 120 years—all the holders of the office bearing the Christian name of George—George Crawford, Sen., 1802-22; George Crawford, Jun., 1822-75; George Gray, Sen., 1874-1905; George Gray, Jun., 1894 to present time. A group of the Town Council, taken at the date of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and of the original brass band of the Burgh, of which only two members, John Young and Archd. Miller, were known to be still alive, were greedily scrutinised by the delighted circle.

"Fair" pictures and numerous other quaint customs of the past and modes of transit prior to rails and trams find an echo in the old trundling 'bus conveyance of Menzies, and latterly of Blair, and attract the observer's notice; while many comments are made regarding the old-time practice of decorating the 'bus with evergreens and flags on Queen's birthdays.

Unbounded interest is manifested in exhibit No. 307—the Engineer's Report *re* water supply of Rutherglen in 1852 (See *Reminiscences of Rutherglen*, Muir, p. 243), and exhibit 413—a dinner ticket of admission at the inauguration of Loch Katrine water to Rutherglen in 1869. These mementos naturally lead to a lengthened discussion on Rutherglen wells and their sources, the visitors from abroad being much amused at the enumeration of the

names of the various springs which in former times were the only source of supply in Rutherglen. These were either dipping or pump wells, many of which, 7-feet high solid masonry, stood on the Main Street. Erchie's retentive memory revealed the fact that, although nearly every ground-feet had a "well" of its own somewhere near the domicile, there must have been upwards of twenty wells which the general public could use when necessity arose, and which became familiar by their titles, as the "Saut Well," the "Smiddy Well," the "Tea Well," the "Keys Well," "Jean Caumel's Well," "Walker's Well," "Babby Strang's Well," "Saint Mary's Well," "Taylor's Well," "Gentle Jock's Well," "Stover's Well," "Chuckie Brown's Well," "Jenny Pock's Well," "General Spens' Well," the "Bird Well," the "Weaver's Well," the "Crafts Well," the "Quarry Well," and last, but by no means least, the famous "Robin's Spoot," already referred to, built by Provost Steele, in 1841, at the foot of the Green Wynd Brae. Referring to the boon thus conferred on the citizens, a local rhymster says:

"Lang may they prize their men o' sense,
Baith Provost Steele and General Spens,
Wha neither spared their time nor pence
To benefit auld Rutherglen;
Let deeds the Provost's virtues tell—
Like Patriarch gude he dug a well.
But had it been a whisky stell
'Twad pleased them mair in Rutherglen.
'Twasna the stuff for Rutherglen;
Some thoct it 'buil' in Rutherglen;
Cauld water swypes ne'er cured the gripes;
Nor cheer'd the folk in Rutherglen."

"It is never safe to look a gift horse in the mouth," says the proverb, and if some Ruglonians looked askance at the good intentions of the donor, it is hoped they lived long enough to regret their unreasonable attitude. Robin Steele's Well, in the recollection of the writer, became in

after years both a boon and a blessing to the community, and as late as 1897, when almost every source of supply in the town was frozen up, perhaps the majority of the inhabitants were wholly dependent on "Robin's Spoot."

Another writer (Robert Bennett) sings more appreciatively:

- " Oh! Robin's spoot 'tis very true,
 A sweeter well we never knew
 To drink frae when we're dry;
 Thou'st run an hundred years an mair,
 And aye had plenty and to spare,
 Man's thirst to satisfy.
- " When ither wells were frozen up,
 Held fast in winter's icy grip,
 Or crazed an' aff the fang,
 Thou aye were constant in thy flow,
 Nor sun might rise nor bold cock crow,
 But thou aye leapt an' sang.
- " When careless callants at the schule
 Wi' shell-shaped han's we drank oor fill—
 We shared thy sportive glee;
 Thy liquid treasure spilt since then
 Would fill the Clyde frae en' to en',
 An' mak' a mighty sea.
- " At thee we aften filled oor eaps,
 To wash awa' the dirty jaups
 We gathered while at play,
 Then aff to sleep; yet thou ne'er slept,
 But like a glad thing sang and leapt,
 As blithe by nicht as day.
- " Sing on, sweet fount, to childhood dear,
 Whate'er turn foul may thou keep clear,
 And sing in virtue's praise;
 Howe'er men change, whate'er they think,
 May thou still be a leevin' link
 'Tween us and better days."

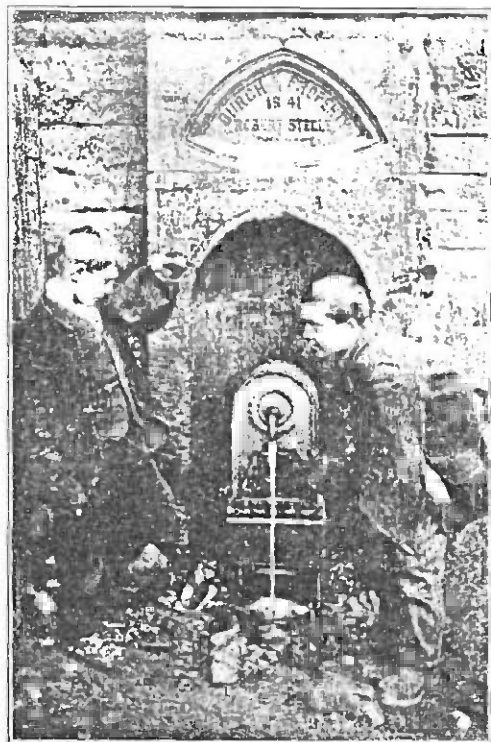
It was surely the duty of the authorities when this spring became contaminated and the proposal made to level up the roadway here, to take the necessary steps to preserve at

least the inscribed copestone of the well that had been so "constant in its flow." The last time we saw this stone it was lying on the railway embankment, evidently waiting to be claimed. It may be there still. The lettering, as follows, was perfectly legible:

"BURGH PROPERTY, 1841
ROBERT STEELE, PROVOST."

We are also informed that there was an earlier stone at this well, which was inscribed poetically. But, says your modernist Town Councillor, why lament the loss of a "mere landmark?" "The barrenest of all mortals," says Carlyle, "is the sentimentalist;" but if that be true, then Robert Burns was a canting hypocrite, and so must all the poets have been; and the people who have been feasting their eyes on these memorials of the past have just been making a pretence, having no actual interest in what they saw or heard; their attendance has been a sham, and their fraternal expressions of brotherhood a make-believe! We don't agree. "To be ignorant," says Cicero, "of what happened before you were born is to be ever a child; for what is man's lifetime unless the memory of past events is woven with those of earlier times." Ay, there's the rub. It is the time-out-of-memory circumstance that enables us to gauge our own infinitesimal contribution to humanity which Providence has ordained—according to the sincerity of our purpose—must either make or mar the progress of its development and realisation.

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."



"Robin's Spool."

See page 158



Public Library and Post Office.

See page 134.



A Corner in the Public Library.


See page 134.

CHAPTER XII

A CENTURY-OLD INSTITUTION

“ A library is but the soul's burial-ground—
It is the land of shadows.”

—*Beecher.*

“  SEVERAL persons in the Burgh of Rutherglen having met together, and for their mutual benefit and improvement formed themselves into a Society to be called the Rutherglen Public Library,” is the foreword in the preamble to the Regulations published in the amended Library Catalogue of 1830. Whether these particular individuals who were on the Committee at the above date also belonged to the original Committee at its inception in 1813 we have no means of knowing. We at anyrate honour the spirit that inspired them, and the laudable aims and purposes they set their minds to accomplish. It may be that some future Library Committee will yet think it worth while to inscribe their names prominently on some panel of their auditorium; meantime, until some such object is attained, the Appendix (Miscellaneous Fragments) to this volume will contain a list of the pioneers and others who have laboured ungrudgingly on behalf of this worthy institution at some time or other of its eventful history.

When the aforementioned philanthropic burghers met on the 2nd October, 1813, to discuss the proposal of forming a public library in the Ancient and Royal Burgh, Rutherglen had probably not emerged from the chrysalis state of lethargic indifference into which it seems to have lapsed for nearly half a century previously, when the

authorities, split into factions over petty private differences, neglected the more important interests of the public, allowing many ancient rights and privileges to be filched from them by neighbouring powers, and especially by the City of Glasgow—rights-of-way on the river and over the bridge which had belonged to the more ancient Burgh from time immemorial being withdrawn by the City magistrates without a single word of protest. Indeed, the apathetic conduct of Ruglonians at this date (1768) is quite incomprehensible, and altogether out of contrast with the characteristics both of earlier and succeeding generations; for at no other time in its history do we find the men of Rutherglen lacking in courage or dilatory in accepting a challenge when their interests or their honour were at stake. Political or religious feuds, at least, always found Rutherglen champions in the forefront, and in more recent times the sterling qualities and inborn independence of Rutherglen people have been brilliantly demonstrated on not a few occasions in the precincts of St. Stephen's, when their rights were impugned, or when questions of jurisdiction or annexation were at issue.

The meeting convened on behalf of the Library in 1813 was doubtless the bursting of the shell that has since led to such happy fruition, and although a considerable lapse (to which we shall refer later) did occur, it is to those who initiated the project we are chiefly indebted for keeping alive the desire and thirst for knowledge in our midst under extremely adverse circumstances; for it must be remembered that books a hundred years ago were not so readable or acquirable as they are now. Nevertheless, we find our first Library Committee drafting a code of by-laws extending to no less than eight octavo pages, the remaining eight pages being taken up with the list of the 400 volumes in their possession—a disproportionate division certainly, but excusable if the inference be allowed that our Committee were idealists as well as men of

thought and action, who looked forward to a time when their library would broaden out and take its place among the institutions of the land. Anticipating, shall we say, Mr. Carnegie's advent, they laboured as those not having received the promises, but, having seen them afar off, were persuaded of them and embraced them.

Where this first library was located cannot now be determined, for Rutherglen in the year 1813 would lie for the most part in three or four scattered rows of white-washed cottages with garden fronts, and a sprinkling of double-storied thatch houses with crow-stepped gables.

The first three-storey decker to astonish the natives was erected in Main Street, immediately to the west of the present National Bank, and so grand and stately did it appear to the populace of those days they unanimously dubbed it the "pailace," a name which it still bore at its demolition in the eighties. The Town Hall, or Council Chamber, known later as the "old Jail," erected in 1766, and the Parish Church, 1794, were the only dominating factors of architectural adornment in the Burgh at that period, yet, for sheer ugliness, both have recently been razed to the ground to meet the fastidious tastes of a modernised community.

The amended catalogue of Rutherglen's first Library, printed at the office of the *Glasgow Chronicle*, is an interesting example of the early method of compilation. With an irresponsible disregard of the rules of classification, a higgledy-piggledy arrangement obtains throughout, and the result is a combination of author, title, and subject, transposed according to the mood of the compiler. The rules were severely arbitrary, imposing pains and penalties both on officials and the public; the former had to find securities within a limited period of their appointment, while members came under a penalty if they declined office after being elected. Subscribers who failed to "pay up" at the proper time forfeited all rights. Books unentered

in the stock book mulcted the offender in sixpence with the book thrown on his hands, and one shilling was the sum exacted from anyone who suffered a book to be lent out of his house or family. These and sundry other laws, regulations, and precise instructions to officials and public alike had doubtless a telling effect in rendering unpopular the scheme they sought to advance. Consequently, the success these earnest devotees of literature yearned for was not yet, and it is by a mere chance circumstance we are again introduced to certain of their company.

Twenty-two years have come and gone; the town has increased in size and importance, but the click-cluck of the hand-loom weaver's shuttle is less monotonous now than formerly, because less frequently heard: for that once flourishing industry has been outrivalled in the interval by its more powerful steam opponents. Besides the "Old Mill," or to give it its proper name, Burnside Weaving Factory, there are in the immediate neighbourhood two other similar erections—Westburn and Avonbank Weaving Factories. The building of the new Town Hall has not yet been thought of, but quite a number of ambitious structures are rearing their heads skyward. The Free Church pile on the Glasgow Road, graced by dial and spire, looks down with apparent contempt on its less favourable surroundings, while the stone effigy of St. Columbkille, perched in the front of the new Roman Catholic Church in the centre of Main Street, makes a grimace at every swing round of the weather-vane on the old steeple opposite, as if saying, "Here we're again, old Turncoat, don't worry." Ru'glen Fairs are in their zenith; business is brisk; improvements are on the wing; gas has superseded the tallow-end and evil-smelling oil of paraffin. A railway runs through the town; societies and incorporations have been inaugurated: but, notwithstanding these and other luxuries, Rutherglen is dissatisfied, for the year is 1852, and she has *no Public*

Library. What has happened? Where are the men of the old regime—where the enthusiastic littérateurs of the thirties? Where are the 400 volumes they guarded so jealously and hedged about with the barbed wire of official restraint?

We ask these questions in vain, for the faintest clue to the Library's doings during that twenty-two years is as unobtainable as figs from a fuchsia.

Whether the society continued in a private capacity or succumbed to circumstances, we can only conjecture. Lack of financial support or the nature of its collection may possibly have militated against its success. One thing is certain—the issue of books to readers had ceased.

We have here to interrupt our narrative with a little light comedy, which may be entitled "The Battle of the Books." The *dramatis personæ* are four former members of the crew of the ship "Rutherglen Library." The vessel has evidently been to "sea," and has had a protracted and tempestuous voyage, in which both crew and passengers suffer severely. Four survivors only remain. The question, "Who owns this ship and cargo?" is discussed, and in true piratical fashion these four desperate men decide to abandon the former and salve the latter among themselves; so, with a hundred books apiece strapped to their backs, they make to shore and home. But in due time the derelict barque also reaches port, and it is then the wail for the books, like the cry of Rebecca for her children, rings through the land: "Give us our books! give us our Library! restore us our heritage!"

Sorrow and indignation at the heartless conduct of these confiscators wrought upon the nerves of the townspeople to such an extent that personal violence was feared, but the high tension subsided when a public protest meeting was convened in the old Town Hall, at which fifty people attended.

The conclusion arrived at was: To demand the instant

return of the books from all who held possession of them. A promise was hereupon made by the delinquents, who had been specially summoned to the conference, to restore the literature under certain conditions, to which the meeting consented.

A new Committee was formed for the purpose of reconstructing the Library on a firmer basis, and to redesignate the institution as the "New Public Library." But, notwithstanding the expense incurred and the time and trouble expended in fulfilling the conditions for the return of the missing books, the feelings of the Committee can be better imagined than described when they learned that the retainers of the 400 volumes purposed restarting the Library on their own account, and were advertising for a librarian!

In silent disgust, therefore, the management bravely faced the ordeal, and proceeded to appoint office-bearers to the various posts in the new society, which as yet had not a single penny or book of any kind to call its own, while in the same town 400 volumes were wandering about like the Ark dove, seeking a resting-place and finding none.

It is greatly to the credit of that 1852 Directorate that they dealt so very leniently with those recalcitrant individuals, whose standard of morality and self-respect, let us hope, was a brand peculiar to themselves.

The sequel to this incident was consummated two years later when the New Library (now firmly established) received from these same persons a donation of a large stock of books, and a request that the donors should be made life-members of the institution. Needless to say, our magnanimous Committee not only graciously acknowledged the gift, but gave a ready assent to the application. Whether the inevitable coals of fire descended *instanter* on the pates of those would-be philanthropists the Recording Angel omits

to mention, but the writer had the surprise of his life when in 1909, exactly fifty-seven years after the aforementioned episode, he was asked to call at a villa in the salubrious residential quarters of High Crosshill, with a view to purchasing cheap a collection of books "suitable for a public library." *It was the residue of the volumes kept back by one of the Ananias's on whom a life-membership had been conferred for his assumed honesty!*

The first permanent home of the Library was in the old Burgh School in Chapel Street, where the books were issued for home reading on Saturday evenings. At a meeting of the members held in Fulton's Hall (now Thistle Hall) in 1854, the question of larger premises was discussed, and a shop, now numbered 246, at the east end of Main Street, was leased for five years, but the leasing clause was found impracticable, and afterwards withdrawn. This was fortunate, for before the end of the following year, 1856, an offer was made by the father of the late Col. F. R. Reid of Gallowflat House (now demolished), who agreed to provide a library room in one of his own properties in Main Street (now Porter's, Bakers, 218 Main Street) on condition that a sum equivalent to its rent be annually expended on the purchase of books. Here the Library opened daily, and had an extended existence for ten years; it was then transferred to the Town Hall buildings, where, for upwards of forty more years, it continued to offer inducements, educative and recreative, to the public with varying degrees of success, until its inclusion in the present collection.

Various projects were from time to time initiated by way of keeping the Library's exchequer in normal condition. Courses of lectures and concerts were frequently arranged for, and the names of Henry Lambeth, the well-known organist, Rutherglen Musical Association, and Hugh Macdonald ("Caleb"), the rambler, are prominently mentioned in connection with these. A

Working-Man's Club was also begun in 1866, but succeeded only for a short period, and that to the detriment of the parent institution, which suffered considerably in consequence of the novel attraction of a smoke-room, bagatelle-room, and summer-ice arrangement which, with draughts, dominoes, and back-gammon, left no time for study of any kind. The reading-room in consequence was entirely neglected, and a time of indifference set in amongst the members. Various plans and inducements were tried to attract the readers back to an interest in literature, and the managers counselled them to cultivate the habit of reading in conjunction with their games, but their answer was, "Give us more bagatelle tables," and, being masters of the situation by reason of their increasing numbers in the Club, the request seems to have been complied with, and a third gaming-table, costing some twenty pounds, was installed. But, like an ill-regulated household of noisy children regardless of restraint, the devotees of summer-ice, billiards, and back-gammon, instead of proving an acquisition to the Library, became a positive nuisance, and were vetoed as such by the public themselves.

A deputation from the Library having waited on the Provost and Magistrates on behalf of a grant to carry on the work, were plainly informed that no assistance would be given until the "Club" was expelled the premises, which excommunication order was carried out forthwith.

The position of a Library manager in those early days, it will be evident, was no sinecure; but why should they grieve at the failure of such doubtful schemes? It has never been possible to convert a sow's ear into a silk purse, hence the necessity for keeping in check those worldly aspirations which make men lovers of pleasure more than seekers after the higher attainments. Human nature is the same at the end as at the beginning of the chapter, and the greatest of the world's philosophers knowing this,

could only liken His generation to children sitting in the markets calling one to another and saying, "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you and ye have not wept."

One source of income accruing to the Library at this time was an annual grant of ten pounds in books from the Fergusson Bequest Trustees. This fund had its origin in a £400,000 legacy left by John Fergusson, an Irvine millionaire, for religious and educational purposes, in the benefits of which voluntary supported libraries throughout the country participated. A condition of the grant was that the directorate of such beneficiaries shall be in full communion with each of the churches in the town, and shall spend an equivalent amount to the grant in the purchase of books annually. With this grant and the annual donation of £10 from the Town Council, besides £20 from voluntary subscribers, Rutherglen Public Library was enabled to subsist if not in affluence, in comparative comfort, and accomplished much good work during the remainder of its voluntary career, which extended down to 1907, when it was handed over to the Town Council.

Thus, at the ripe age of ninety-four, we are reluctantly compelled to draw the curtain round the last scene in the existence of this very worthy institution, which, it is believed, did much, very much, especially in its earlier stages, to form the character and shape the destinies of its members.

Wednesday evening, 25th September, 1907, saw the new Carnegie Library formally opened by Provost Joseph Johnstone, in presence of the various Local Boards and professions, and a very large assemblage of the general public.

Space is found in the Miscellaneous Fragments for a further reference to the present Public Library. Meanwhile, a few incidents (mostly humorous), culled from the

Minute Book of the old institution, may not be unacceptable to the reader, referring as they do to long-forgotten names and connections which once flourished in the Burgh.

A Kindred Society's Ambition.

Only the older Ruglonians will remember the furore of excitement in 1863 over the attempt to amalgamate the Public Library with Rutherglen Mechanics' Institute, a society carrying on a work much in common with the former, but rather more educational in its aims, studying the arts and sciences, and holding periodical examinations. A deputation, consisting of Provost David Warnock and Bailie Samuel Baker, having waited on the Committee to make the proposal, a heated discussion arose on the propriety of admitting them, or listening to them at all on the subject. Feeling ran abnormally high until the deputation left, when the storm in a tea-cup subsided with the question of amalgamation indefinitely shelved. At the next meeting, however, one member thought it necessary to qualify his remarks in the following quaint fashion: "What the Minute says I said—'That we did not want to hear anything from the Mechanics' Institute'—is not what I meant to say. What I intended to say was 'that I thought the Committee had not had sufficient time to consider whether they wanted to hear anything from the Mechanics' Institute,'" which distinction without a difference was endorsed as being "highly satisfactory," or just as satisfactory, perhaps, as the explanation of the negro preacher who delivered a forcible sermon on the sin of chicken stealing, and, getting carried away with the exuberance of his own verbosity, as Disraeli would say, shouted out, "I see before me dere twelve chicken thieves, includin' that there Bill Sanders," which remark Bill duly noted, and threatened an action against his clerical detractor unless a retraction was made on the next Lord's day. The apology followed in due course: "What I

should hab said," said the preacher, " was, ' I see before me eleben chicken thieves not includin' that there Bill Sanders."

A Brush with the Teetotalers.

The following undignified incident occupied the principal part of two Committee meetings in 1856. It was resolved to write the Preses of the Rutherglen Total Abstinence Society, demanding payment of their quota of expense connected with the cleaning of the Free Church school-room at the New Year's concert, and stating that, unless this was complied with at once, the matter would be put into the hands of their agent. At the following meeting a letter was read in reply from the Society, denying any obligation to defray any expense whatever. Four hefty members of the Committee were thereupon appointed to call upon the members of the Society, with a view to "settling up this affair." Whether this was effected amicably or in "ju-jitsu" style, history is silent.

Books Returned by "Towke-o'-Drum."

It is not recorded whether Ru'glen's famous drummer and bellman, John Urie (Jock Airey), was a member or had any part in the management of the Library; the name Urie occurs frequently in the Minutes, and one of that name held the honoured position of Secretary for a time; but on several occasions at least Jock participated in its benefits when he was commissioned to cry back the outstanding books by "towke-o'-drum."

Enlarged Members.

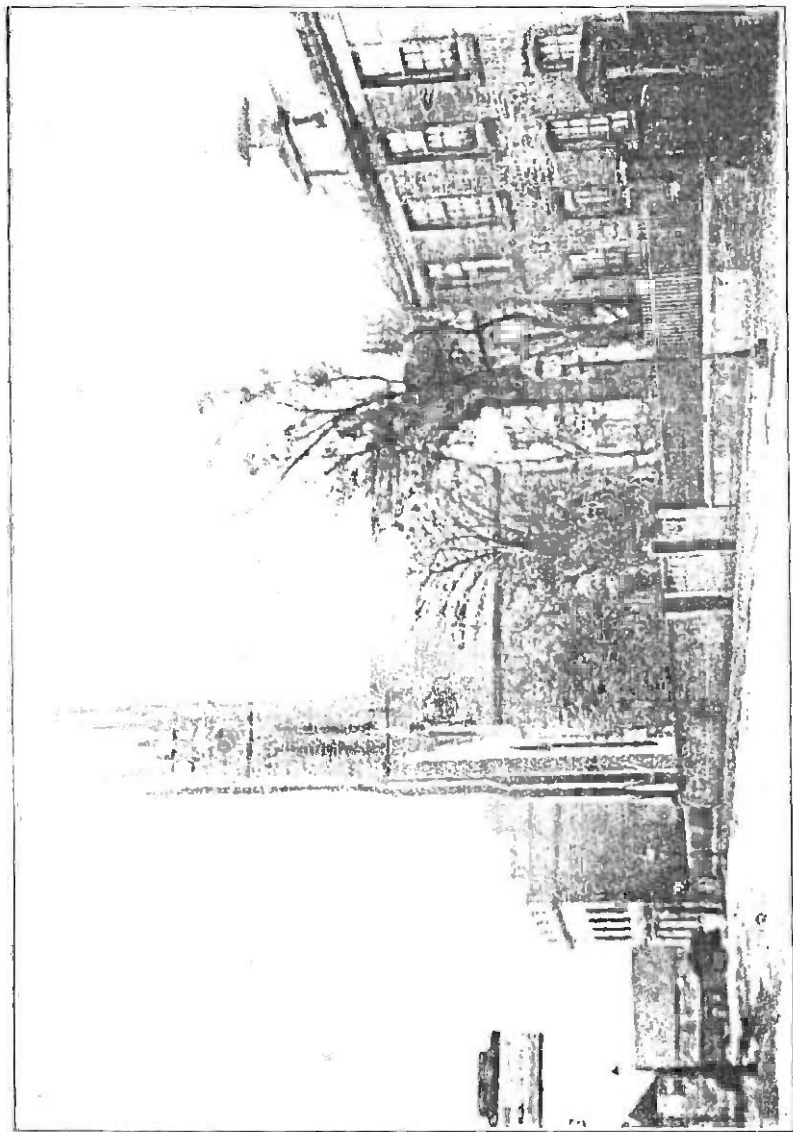
It was one of the most capable secretaries the Library ever had who was responsible for the following *lapsus calami*. In concluding his Annual Report, after an impassioned appeal to the public to patronise the institution, he finished up: "It is hoped, therefore, that in their next

statement the Committee will be able to report *a great enlargement of the members!*"

This reminds us of a certain ratepayer of the Burgh who, at an election meeting, suggested that instead of having the horse markets all at the west end of the town, they should stretch the horses to the other end!

A Museum Rejused.

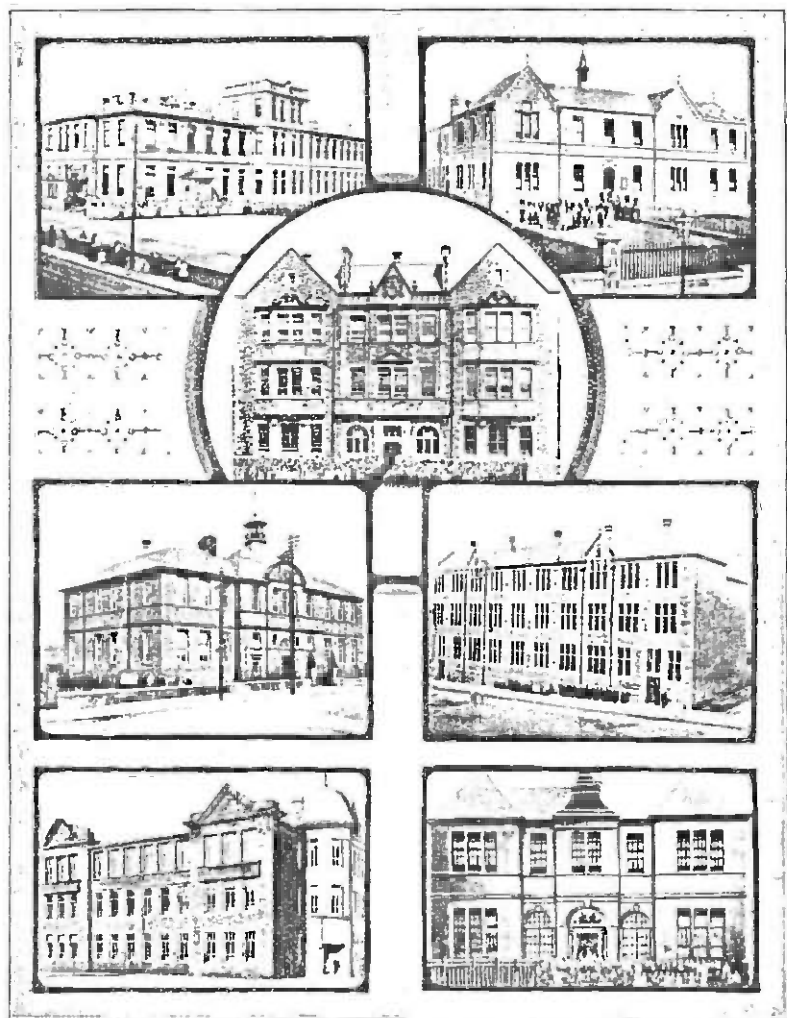
For the purpose of forming the nucleus of a museum in Rutherglen, one of the ministers of the town, the Rev. Mr. Logan, offered to gift a fine collection of geological specimens, etc., but, most unfortunately, the offer was not entertained, with the result that the tide of all that was best in the old Burgh's antiquarian treasures has been allowed to ebb.



Commercial Bank, West U. F. Church, Mangle, and School (Summers's).

See page 161

Facing page 170



Stonehaw H. G. School.

Farie Street School.

The Burgh School.

Eastfield School.

St. Columbkille's School.

Gallowflat School.

Macdonald's School.

RETIRED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XIII

RUTHERGLEN SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

"What's all the noisy jargon of the schools
But idle nonsense of laborious fools
Who fetter reason with perplexing rules."

—*Pomfret.*



SINCE the publication of Ure's *History* (1793), the next most interesting book on Rutherglen was, in 1891, compiled by the late Mr. George Gray, Town Clerk, entitled *The Burgh School of Rutherglen*. This volume was privately circulated, only a hundred copies being printed. It is a complete record of scholastic work in the district from 1636 to 1872, and is, in fact, a miniature history of the Burgh during that period.

Regret has frequently been expressed that Mr. Gray did not apply himself more assiduously to those literary pursuits for which he was so eminently qualified, but the responsibility of his legal appointments is ample reason for the paucity of his contributions to literature. His chapters on "Upper Navigation" and "History of Rutherglen Schools and Schoolmasters," however, are sufficiently important to hold the community everlastingly debtors to his memory.

A list of Headmasters, 1872 to date, will be found at the end of this chapter, but a perusal of Mr. Gray's book will reveal many interesting and quaint customs, together with a vast amount of instructive information on the establishment and endowment of the school, and the various Acts, charters, and grants in connection therewith, which space forbids enumerating here.

Much uncertainty prevails as to when schools were first established in Scotland. The great change that followed the Reformation (1560) was the most likely time; but Rutherglen Records, like those of many other Scottish towns of that precarious time, were unfortunately irrecoverably lost.

By a statute passed during the reign of James IV., 1496 is given as the date when compulsory education was first introduced, and before the close of that century three universities—Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen—had been founded, and it is assumed that the Reformation was in great part the fruit of the seed then sown.

There is reason to believe that a school existed in Rutherglen prior to 1590. Presbyterial records elucidate the fact that in that year the Presbytery of Glasgow ordained the "Doctor" in the school of Rutherglen to desist from reading prayers. The name of "doctor," it would appear, was at that early period the designation given to the assistant teacher.

In early times the office of schoolmaster was invariably associated with that of session-clerk, precentor, and reader of prayers within the church, and the appointment was generally understood to lie with the Church authority, but the earliest record of such appointment in Rutherglen School clearly shows it to have been under the patronage of the Town Council, with of course the consent of the minister of the parish.

The question of responsibility between the municipal body and the Church was a frequent cause of disputation, but the Town Council strenuously maintained their right as against the Church in all scholastic matters down to the passing of the Act of 1861, when the long-standing connection between those authorities came to an end.

As in later times, the school age of a child and the question of compulsory attendance occupied the attention of the magistrates on numerous occasions. In 1660, the

age of six being agreed upon, the Council passed an Act to that effect, the non-compliance with which was to make the parent responsible for the school fees as if the child had been in attendance the while. No improvement followed this device, and in 1675 a second instruction was issued to the parents (see Gray, p. 55). "The good effects of this second regulation," says Ure, "were very discernible in Rutherglen and neighbourhood. Children of every description were educated in reading, and many of them in writing and arithmetic, and so much has the regular education of youth been attended to that no small degree of infamy is fixed on the character of every person come of age who cannot read or write. And," continues the same writer, "happy will it be for posterity if, in the present advanced progress of manufactures in this country, children are not neglected in their education. If they are, the loss that will be sustained, not only by individuals but by society at large, cannot be estimated."

The original schoolhouse of Rutherglen is supposed to have occupied a site at the south-east corner of King Street, at its junction with Queen Street, known then as the School Wynd. At all events, in the year 1658 the Magistrates and Council resolved to rebuild and enlarge the school that stood there, the estimated cost of which was 200 merks, or £11 2s. 2d. sterling! For this sum a tax was raised on the inhabitants, and it is mentioned that the window cases of this edifice were made from the town's own timber, and although not stated, it is presumed its roof of thatch would also be native to the soil of Rutherglen. According to the estimated expense, the dimensions of this building would doubtless reach that of a one-storey "but and ben," minus the dividing wall. Nevertheless, it had to serve the educational requirements of the parish for nearly 120 years.

A change was effected in 1778, when the ground-floor of the Court Hall of the then "New Tolbooth," known later

as the "Old Jail," was acquired. Here the school was carried on till 1805, when a new one was built in Chapel Street, with headmaster's house and garden attached, and this continued to be the Burgh school until 1872, when, at the passing of the Education Act for Scotland, School Boards were formed, and the Magistrates and Council ceased to be managers of the school.

At this time there were four schools in the Burgh, and at the first meeting of the School Board of Rutherglen (Burgh), held on 8th April, 1873, Mr. John R. Gray, Chairman, presiding, the following report was submitted by the Clerk and Treasurer, Mr. George Gray:

SCHOOL.	ACCOMMODATION.	CONDITION.
Burgh, - - - - -	143	Indifferent.
Macdonald's, founded 1865. - - - - -	253	Good.
Free Church, ,, 1848, - - - - -	209	Good.
R.C. School, ,, 1853, - - - - -	99	Indifferent.
Number of children within the Burgh between the ages of 5 and 15 years, -	1,615	
In attendance, - - - - -	690	
	Leaving	925 children for whom accommodation was required.

The population of the Burgh at above date, 9,451.

The first School Board was elected without a contest on 1st April, 1873, the seven gentlemen selected being James Anderson, colliery manager; Michael Collins, pawnbroker; Robert Dalglish, architect; John R. Gray, manufacturer; Robert S. Murray, banker; William Scott, surgeon; and James Wallace, banker.

Under the same Act, a School Board was also elected for the landward part of the parish, the members composing same being John Allardice, colliery manager; John Love of Burnside; F. Robertson Reid of Gallowflat; Rev. W. F. Stevenson, parish minister; and W. C. Wright, paper maker. The school for this scattered region was located at Eastfield, and had accommodation for 100 children, but very soon this was found inadequate, and the school was enlarged at a cost of £1,000.

In 1885, with the consent of the Education Department, the two Boards were amalgamated into one of nine members, elected on 17th April of that year as under: James Anderson, colliery manager; John F. Givens, pawnbroker; Wm. Macfarlane, mill manager; Robert S. Murray, banker; John Park, colliery manager; Adam Keir Rodger, accountant; John Scouler, jeweller; Rev. W. F. Stevenson, The Manse; and John Wilson, blacksmith, Eastfield.

With this united Board, a new era opened in the educational affairs of the town, and by 1886 three new schools—the New Burgh, Farie Street, and Stonelaw—had been erected at a cost of £10,000, besides a large extension made to the R.C. School. The advantage to education will be observed from the following table:

UNDER THE BOARD.	CAPACITY.	NO. ON ROLL.	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.
Burgh School, King Street,	400	436	366
Farie Street School,	544	658	555
Macdonald's	421	472	373
Stonelaw	568	364	312
Eastfield	217	233	186
NOT UNDER BOARD.			
R.C. School,	700	483	410
Miss Lang's School,	80	30	28
Beyond Parish,	105	...	105

All these schools have since been enlarged or rebuilt, most of them to hold over a thousand pupils. One of the last undertakings of the old School Board of Rutherglen was the erection, at a cost of some £50,000, of the palatial structure at Gallowflat, which has accommodation for 1,400 scholars, together with an adjoining building for the practical teaching of cookery, laundry, housewifery, woodwork, and gymnastics.

On 15th May, 1919, School Boards were abolished, and education transferred to the Education Authority of the County of Lanark.

Appended is a list of the members of the last School Board, and the schools, etc., under their charge prior to their being taken over by the new control: William Stewart (Chairman), David Hardie, Wm. Macintyre, James May, Very Rev. Canon Montgomery, John Murray, Hugh Roney, Wm. Roxburgh, and Rev. R. N. Thomson; the Joint-Clerks and Treasurers being Andrew and Alex. Macallan, whose appointments are continued under the new arrangement:

NAME OF SCHOOL.		CAPACITY.	ON ROLL.
Burgh School,	- - - - -	1,000	736
Farie Street School,	- - - - -	1,028	784
Macdonald	,, - - - - -	871	787
Eastfield	,, - - - - -	604	430
Stonelaw	,, Primary, - - - - -	780	766
,,	,, H.G., - - - - -	320	351
Gallowflat	,, Primary, - - - - -	920	571
,,	,, Supplementary, - - - - -	400	411
St. Columbkille's School,	- - - - -	1,200	923
Total,		7,123	5,759

A private infant school also exists at the Scouts' Hall, Burnside, under Miss Macfarlane.

Herein, as the preacher would say, endeth the first lesson in compulsory education; and if the spirit of our historian, David Ure, could but visit our planet now and contemplate the immense work that is being carried on throughout the country, and Lanarkshire in particular, on behalf of education, and contrast the same with present war-time conditions and industrial unrest, which seem to threaten even our civilization, the good man might want to qualify his former prophetic utterances.

Education as such is quite all right in its place, but modern methods are much too mechanical, and such things as character, patriotism, and independence have little or no part in present-day school teaching. It therefore stands to reason that the finished product, even with a qualifying certificate, can never hope to begin life on the

same sure footing that characterised the work of the old-time teacher.

The following significant paragraph appeared in the *Glasgow Record* of April 28, 1921:

"Impure Language in the Streets.

"Glasgow Established Church Presbytery were yesterday informed by Glasgow Education Authority that a conference is to be held on the subject, and they were invited to send two representatives. The Rev. Dr. M'Millan thought it was deplorable that such a communication should come from the Education Authority of Glasgow. 'In all conscience,' he declared, 'we are paying enough for education. The schools are well equipped, and we are told that education is improving. I fail to see that it is improving. The Education Authority should see that their teachers educate the children not only in the three R's and a smattering of French and mathematics, but in morals and manners.'"

We have no desire to labour the subject, but even as we go to press, many warnings against educational extravagance have appeared in the newspapers, and the words of Sir Henry Craik, M.P., formerly head of the Scottish Education Department, should be carefully considered. "A school ruled from outside," said Sir Henry in a recent speech, "in which the teacher was not allowed to express his personality, must be inefficient, or at any rate lack the highest kind of efficiency. Personally, he would like the tradition of the old parochial schoolmaster in full force in Scotland, as he was a potent power in the history of Scotland by his independence, by the fact that he was a parent to his pupils, following their career with interest, guiding them by advice, stimulating them when they were beginning their first steps in life outside the walls of the school, and, above all, stimulating the enthusiasm of the Scottish parent and the Scottish people generally in the

education of their children. No compulsion, no highly organised State system, no code of rules and regulations, no lavish expenditure in developing the newest fads in education or in making the process of education a system of spoon-feeding, would ever compensate them for the loss of that enthusiasm which pervaded Scotland in the past, and which was really the romance of the history of Scottish education."

Again, our short experience of Education Authorities has proved the possibility of their being packed with an undesirable element of the electorate, which remark also applies, and that very particularly, to School Management Committees. Some glaring evidence of this has already been made manifest in our midst, and if the so-called "Intelligentsia" is to be the authority of the future, our children will have some things to unlearn before they can become useful citizens.

Having said so much on schools, the space allotted to schoolmasters must necessarily be curtailed. In the volume already quoted, *The Burgh School of Rutherglen*, thirty-three names of headmasters are enumerated, and not a few sidelights on the personal character of some of them add much to the interest of the book; but as most of the dominies of the new dispensation are still with us in the flesh, with the exception of the late William Moffat, M.A., of Stonelaw School, to whose excellence as a teacher and a gentleman many Ruglonians would to-day be glad to give testimony, we shall confine ourselves to an alphabetical list of names and schools merely. But before doing so, perhaps the reader will pardon a few reminiscent thoughts regarding our own school term, which began in the closing months of Mr. James Wallace's tenure of office in the old Burgh School, Chapel Street. Mr. Wallace was a fine gentleman and a good teacher, but a stern disciplinarian, and our furthest back recollection visualises a scene in which a certain pupil shied a slate at the master's head and then bolted, but was brought back and

made an example of. Mr. Matthew Aitken, who succeeded Mr. Wallace, was also a terror to evil-doers, but at heart was one of the kindest and gentlest of men, who took a personal interest in all his class. Being a firm believer in corporal punishment, he always suited the action to the word, and, as the numerous recipients would sometimes be found outside at playtime stroking their tender parts, the sobriquet of "Yuckie" was prefixed to his name by the scholars of the Free Church School in Glasgow Road, which had a Mr. Summers for headmaster. Both schools were invariably at loggerheads, and the war-cry on those occasions ran:

"Summers' scholars are a' in a raw,
An ounce of tobacco could ding them a'."

To this came the retort:

"Aitken's scholars are lame as a duck,
Send them all quacking home to old Yuckie Yuck Yuck."

A shower of missiles followed each attack. These feuds continued for a considerable time after the Free Church School's amalgamation with the School Board.

In those days of the seventies, religious animosity was a strong element in the parish, and a united bout with the Catholics was a periodic occurrence, which, when St. Patrick's anniversary arrived, developed into a regular field day, and invariably a visit from the police.

The only relaxation from lessons as far as is remembered took place on May Day, when the scholars were permitted to decorate the school with evergreens, or when an itinerant conjuror happened to strike the district; a special performance was then given in school. One of those entertainers came regularly, and always at the finish up of his performance would recite the story of "The Barber of Duns." Holding on to the backs of two chairs, he swung himself into rhyme thus:

"Here goes I, Watty Dron, barber o' Duns,
Here goes I, Watty Dron, barber o' Duns."

At the final "Here goes I," he fell down between the chairs, to the great delight of the children.

The story as told by this actor was to the effect that the doctor of Duns, who was a bit of a wag, had offered Watty the barber a guinea to swing from a couple of chairs for half an hour, repeating the above sentence all the time. The challenge was accepted, but as soon as Watty began to swing, the wily doctor sent in quite a number of people, including Watty's wife, to witness his "madness." It was the poor demented wife's embrace that prevented Watty earning what he said would have been the easiest-won reward he had ever been offered in his life.

One regular break, however, occurred each Friday, when the singing teacher made his visit. The man appointed to this work was Mr. George Bainbridge, a well-known local merchant and horticultural enthusiast, who took the schools by rotation, and with the aid of a large modulator led the scholars through the mysteries of the sol-fa notation: it was the one bright hour in our hum-drum school existence. Music science does not now receive fair treatment at the hands of educationists. The dentist, the doctor, the eye specialist, the manual instructor, the physical drillist, the horticulturist, the drawing master, the domestic science teacher, the sewing mistress and montessorist, are permanent auxiliaries in most of our schools; but the professor of music science is conspicuous by his absence. How different centuries ago: the one acquisition demanded by the Education Authority of 1579 from all the important burghs in Scotland (according to a Parliament held at Edinburgh) was that they erect and set up "ane sang scuill with ane master sufficient and able for instruction of the youth in the science of music, as they will answer to His Hiennes upon the peril of their foundations."

In the chapter on "The Poetry of Rutherglen," reference is made to one of the early private schools, known as

the Geddes' school, which was conducted by two brothers of that name. It was to this school the "Camalachie ghaist" (a King Street drab) made her periodic visits in return for the persistent attention she received at the hands of the scholars, who enjoyed the compliment paid them at the school as much as they did the raiding of her domiciliary privacy. The dominie's custom here was to give the children an outing periodically to the banks of Clyde or other rendezvous, where he gave them nature lessons. It was on the march on these occasions when the children were forbidden to retaliate, the "ghost" had her revenge in presence of an amused public, when her vocabulary of epithets seemed inexhaustible. Paddy Jourden had also a term of this school after the retirement of the brothers Geddes. Jourden's first school was located in a small building in Cathcart Street, in the rear of the tenement now known as Arnott Place. The class was arranged on the grand stand principle, tier upon tier in front of the teacher.

Dominie (Chuckie) Brown's School in New Street, Chancellor's in the Old Castle property in Castle Street, and M'Donald's School behind "Paddy's Castle" in Stonelaw Street, will no doubt recall to many middle-aged Ruglonians long-forgotten memories; but only the octogenarian, like our good friend Mr. John Reid of the Parish Council (whose son, by the by, Mr. Wm. Reid, M.A., now holds the important position of headmaster at Gallowflat, Rutherglen's largest school), will be able to recall the school conducted by Dominie Paterson in the old property at the corner of Smith's Square and Hamilton Road. This school, Mr. Reid informs us, was seventy years ago the leading school in the Burgh.

We are indebted to the Messrs. Macallan, Clerks to the School Management Committee of the Lanarkshire Education Authority, for the following list of headmasters since

the Act of 1872, and for permission to reproduce the school photos.

Burgh.—Matthew Aitken, H. C. Jack, Wm. Forsyth.

Farie Street.—John F. Scott, Wm. Guild.

Macdonald's.—Wm. Colquhoun, Geo. Kerr, Wm. Moffat, M.A., R. J. Cuthbert.

Eastfield.—H. C. Jack, Wm. Forsyth, A. C. M. Macrae, M.A.

Stonelaw.—Thos. James Menzies, M.A., Wm. Moffat, M.A., George Kerr.

Gallowflat.—H. C. Jack, Wm. Reid, M.A.

St. Columbkille's.—Michael M'Gonagle, Thos. Collins.

CHAPTER XIV
THE POETRY OF RUTHERGLEN

“Old fashioned poetry—but choicely good.”—*Isaac Walton.*



PROBABLY the first poem ever composed in the interest of Rutherglen will be found in Pinkerton's *Collection of Scottish Ballads*, published in 1786, and reproduced by Ure in his *History of Rutherglen*.

“As a ballad,” says Ure, “it is possessed of no small merit, and contains some curious facts relative to the famous Saint Luke's Fair held in the town, and the manners of the times.” The poem, in Old Scots, has not yet received transcription, and is somewhat difficult to read. It begins with a salutation to the people:

“Lords, ladies, and gentlemen of great renown,
Burgesses, merchants, craftsmen, officers and
good fellows of every degree,
Rich and poor, young and old and middle-aged;”

In short, everybody within the royal boundary is invited to listen to this tale of woe. The town, according to the poet, is on the verge of ruin, and seems to have taken on a period of decay. Business is at a standstill, the streets are deserted, and “the green grass grows all round.” The plaint continues thus:

“Our baxisteris of breid hes no sale,
The brosteris has nā change for ale,
The fleschers' skamblis are gane dry,
The heiland men bringis in nā kye,
The merehands hes nā change of ware,
The hostellaris gettis nā repair;

The craftismen are not regardit;
 The prentes boyis are not rewardit;
 The stableris gettis nā stabil fees;
 The hyre-women gettis nā balbeis;
 The hors-boyis are hurt of their waige,
 There is no proffit for a paige.
 Shortlie, thair is na change within,
 The court of strangeris is sa thin.
 And all this sorrow and mischief
 Is nouthir come of huir nor thief;
 Nor be the force of enimeis,
 Nor be privat conspiracies,
 Bot becaus men hes lattin doun
 The fair, and market of our toun,
 I mean the mercat of our hors;
 Quhilk nather cumis to port, nor cors,
 Nor to the croft our toun besyde
 Quhar mony one was wont to ryde
 At gait Sanct Lukis nobill fair
 Quhair mony nobills did repair;
 And for the wery wynter tyd
 For ryddin horse did thame provyde
 For thame and all thair company;
 That it was plesour thame to see.
 Bot now the nobillis takis na fors;
 And cairis not for ryddin hors.
 On hors thair will no mony spend
 But spairs it till ane uthair end.
 Sua nevir is sene intill our toun
 Lord, laird, burges, or baroun.
 And quhair that mony gay gelding
 Befoir did in our mercat ling
 Now skantlie in it may be sene
 Tuelf gait glydis, deir of a preine."

The cause of this despair was the changed attitude of the aristocracy, who, for some reason or other had ceased to patronise the market of the town, and especially the horse croft, which has already been referred to. Horsemanship for the time being seems to have gone out of fashion, with the dire result that not only the lords, lairds, and barons, but the great following of retainers were conspicuous by their absence at the Fair. The change, as the author points out, was not occasioned by men becoming less active, nor that they preferred a different mode of sport, but was simply the result of a whim—a "fed-up-ness" with the custom of horse-riding, superseded by a craving

for less healthy recreation. Pride, conceit, and a lower standard of living became the rule, while both sexes vied with each other in personal adornment, the men imitating the modes of France, and the women, as the poem explains, developing a form of immodesty in dress, manner, and speech:

“The wōmen als that on hir rydis
 Thay man be buskit up like brydis,
 Thair heids heisit with sickin faillis,
 With clarty silk about thair taillis;
 Thair gounis scant to shaw thair skin,
 Suppois it be richt oft full din.
 To mak thame sma' the waist is bound;
 A buist to mak' thair bellie round;
 Thair buttokis busterit up behind;
 A fartigal to gather wind.
 Thair hois made of sun wanton hew;
 And quhen thai gang, as thai nocht knew,
 Thay lift thair gown abone thair shank
 Syne lyk ane brydlit cat thai brank.
 Sum taunting wordes thai haif per queir*
 That service thame in all mateir.”

A reference was recently made to this unique poem in the *Glasgow Herald*, in which its authenticity is established as being the work of Sir Richard Maitland, who flourished between the years 1496 and 1586, thus showing the composition to be some 400 years old. “It is a clever whimsical lament,” says the *Herald* critic, “of exceptional local literary moment—showing forth with mock solemnity, the losses to that ancient (shall we not say most ancient) Royal Burgh of Rutherglen through the decay of Saint Luke's Fair which deserves canonisation among the burghal muniments.”

This abnormal condition of things, however, was but a passing phase. Horsemanship in later times, when the fairs again became popular, coupled with racing and other sports held on Ru'glen Green, gave to that rendezvous a

* “Per queir, that is *by hook*, with formal exactness. *Quair* is *book*, whence our *quira* of paper.”—*Ure*.

world-wide celebrity, as is evidenced in the poem of another local poet:

“ To try the vigour of the generous horse
 The level lawn expands—old Ruglen's course,
 Where, on the days to festal games assigned,
 The sprightly horsemen crowd from every wind,
 While gazing crowds admire the courser's speed,
 The graceful rider and the governed steed.
 More skilful horsemen Græcia ne'er could grace
 With wreathing laurel in Olympia's race;
 Nor fleetier courser swept the Pythian plain
 Renowned in daring Pindar's deathless strain.
 See, how they shift, and paw, with trembling heart,
 And lose a thousand steps before they start.”

These lines are from the famous poem “The Clyde,” written by John Wilson (1764), when acting as second master in Rutherglen Burgh School. Wilson, who was a man of much genius and learning, afterwards received an appointment as master of the Grammar School, Greenock, but the grand offer of Sugaropolis had its humiliating conditions, for it was stipulated he should abandon “the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making.” The poet had by this time a beloved wife and large family; the offer of the Greenock “men of light and leading” held out the prospect of comfortable subsistence, and, as Dr. Leyden says in his appreciative biography of him, “the illusion of fancy vanished before the mild light of affection.” He thereupon burned his manuscripts, and never afterwards ventured to touch the forbidden lyre.

Like the previous local writers, the author of “the Auld March Stane,” quoted in an earlier part of this book, is known to us only by his work, which was summarised in his obituary notice in 1832 by a Glasgow paper called the *Advocate*. Thus the editor wrote: “It is our melancholy task to record the departure of a personal friend, whose remains we have just seen laid in the silent tomb. John Jack, tailor in Rutherglen, after a severe illness, died on Tuesday. This gentleman has for many years been an

active Councillor in the Royal Burgh, and has taken a conspicuous part in the politics of that venerable town. As a national politician he is little known, and, except on one occasion, never stood prominently forward in the general cause. The occasion alluded to was the electioneering canvass which was carried on between Kirkman Finlay and Joseph Dixon. The latter gentleman is chiefly indebted for his return as M.P. to the exertions of Mr. Jack, who, it may be remembered, headed that romantic runaway exploit of Rutherglen Councillors to preserve among the Highland glens their political purity, and whose written, signed, and sealed bond lies buried in the rocky fastnesses of the lofty Benlomond."

The story of that remarkable event will be found fully detailed in Peter M'Kenzie's *Reminiscences of Glasgow*, and to those who have not read it, a full half-hour's enjoyment, and hilarious enjoyment at that, awaits them. Nothing Dickens wrote could outshine the unconscious humour displayed on that occasion, especially when the petition to unseat the newly-elected member was before the Committee of the House of Commons, and in which Mr. Jack played a very conspicuous part. The petition, charging the newly elected member with "bribery and corruption," was, before a most distinguished committee, taken into consideration on 21st July, 1831. Part of the evidence, as given by two of the Rutherglen Councillors (if the reader will excuse its reiteration here) is as follows:

"Mr. John Jack, tailor in Rutherglen, examined by Mr. Sergeant Spankie for Mr. Finlay.

'Do you remember going to Benlomond?'

'O yes!'

'Were you accompanied by the party?'

'Yes! but not the whole of them to Benlomond.'

(A paper was here shown to witness.)

'Where was that paper written?'

'On the top of Benlomond.'

(Here the first symptoms of laughter began on the part of the committee.)

'Did the other *gentlemen* who were with you (shouts of laughter) see it?'

'Yes! they did.' (Renewed laughter.)

'It is a very high mountain (looking gravely), this Benlomond, is it not?' quoth the Cockney counsel.

'Yes, it is,' said the Rutherglen witness. 'It is a very high mountain, more than any I have seen here.' (Roars of laughter.)

'Were there any cheers given when you got to the top?'

'Oh, yes, we had cheers.' (Laughter renewed.)

'I do not mean to ask you whether you carried up any whisky to the top?'

'But I tell you, sir,' said the blunt witness, that we *did* carry whisky to the top. (Roars of laughter.) And I think, my lords and gentlemen,' continued the Ru'glen tailor, 'he would be a great fool who would go up there without it, amongst the frost and snow.' (Laughter increased.)

'Is it frost and snow there in the month of May?'

'Yes!' (This answer created some sensation amongst the English and Irish members.)

'You say,' said the counsel, mimicking the witness, 'that the *other* gentlemen saw this?' (Roars of laughter.)

Witness: 'Aye, they saw it, but they did not sign it. I signed it for them by unanimous concord.' (Shouts of laughter.)

'It was read, and you agreed upon the matter of it?'

'Yes! exactly.'

'Was it read to them?'

'Yes! it was read to them as I am telling you.' (Great laughter, in which the counsel himself joined.)

The document referred to was here delivered in and read to the committee as follows:

'Top of Benlomond, the 14th day of May, in the year of God 1831, at 4 o'clock afternoon, convened the Electors of the Royal Burgh of Rutherglen.

(Here the whole committee were convulsed with laughter. Lord George Lennox, the chairman, declared it was the most unique document he ever saw. He begged that the learned counsel for Mr. Finlay would read it over again for the edification of the committee; and Mr. Sergeant Spankie, who was himself a Scotsman, originally from Dundee, but in great practice at the English bar, did so, which unhinged the committee for several minutes, and other members of the house were flocking in to enjoy the laughter.)

'CONVENED THE ELECTORS OF RUTHERGLEN IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER, VIZ:—

Thomas Jackson, Wm. Shields, James Turnbull, John Jack, John Brown, John Brisbane, John Young, and Wm. Alston, who hereby pledge themselves to return Mr. Joseph Dixon as their Representative to Parliament on the 20th current.'

Mr. Sergeant Spankie, resuming his examination, and addressing witness: 'I presume, Mr. Jack, when this was agreed, you gave three cheers.' (Laughter.)

Witness: 'I can truly say there *were* cheers; what for no? (Great laughter.) And to convince you that we were loyal, we drank his Majesty's health in flowing bumpers; but we had cheers before that. (Great laughter.)

'Dixon and the King?' said Spankie, 'probably putting Dixon first?'

'No!' said the tailor, 'we did not put them together. We gave to the King his due.'

'Then where did you go to, sir, after you had ascended the mountain?' asked the animated counsel.

Witness, looking artlessly at him: '*To the bottom, sir, to be sure.*'

(This blunt, racy answer perfectly upset the Committee. The roars of laughter were now heard through the entire lobby of the old House, and the committee rooms were crowded almost to suffocation.)

Mr. John Young, a most sagacious Councillor, connected with the squad, was the next Rutherglen witness called by Mr. Finlay.

Counsel: 'Pray, sir, where did you go to for the first night after you descended from Benlomond?'

'To Tarbert.'

'Did you sleep at Tarbert?'

'Yes, we sometimes slept and sometimes wakened.'
(Laughter.)

'Did you see M'Aulay or M'Kenzie, the friends or agents of Mr. Dixon at Mr. Currie's in the King's Arms Inn, Dumbarton?'

'Yes, I think I did.'

'They are friends of Mr. Dixon in this election?'

'Doubtless they are.' (Laughter.)

'Well, what is the trade of Jackson, your other friend, the Councillor?'

'He is a *nailer*.'

Chairman (surprised): 'A what?'

'A *nailer*, my lord, a genuine nailer—the best in Rutherglen!' (Roars of laughter.)

'Is he a man of any property, or a poor man?'

'He is just a common tradesman, my lord.'

'Were the persons along with you connected with the Burgh of Rutherglen all common tradesmen? Please tell me,' said Lord George, 'what each of them is (reading the list). Is Thomas Jackson a *working* nailer?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'What is James Turnbull?'

'A weaver, my lord.'

'Are you a weaver yourself?'

'I am, my lord.' (Great laughter.)

'At that time, how much could you make a week by weaving?'

'I think, my lord, by tolerable hard work I could make about eight shillings a week.' (Sensation.)

'What is John Brown?'

'A weaver, my lord.'

'What is William Shields?'

'A mason.'

'A working mason?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'What is John Jack?'

'A tailor.'

'John Brisbane?'

'Another tailor, my lord.' (Renewed laughter.)

'Robert Brisbane?'

'A weaver.'

'William Alston?'

'Another weaver, my lords and gentlemen.' (Shouts of laughter.)

'Was James Young, who went with you to Benlomond a Councillor at Dumbarton?'

'He was, my lord.'

'What is his trade?'

'A *nailer*, I think, my lord.' (Renewed laughter.)

Chairman: 'Plenty of *nailers*, I see.' (At which remark of his lordship the other members of committee, by their visages, heartily concurred.)

Sergeant Spankie, resuming the thread of this examination: 'Pray, sir, have you any *fiddlers* amongst you in the Town Council of Rutherglen?' (Roars of laughter.)

Witness, with stois dignity: 'No, my lords, we have neither fiddlers nor *jumpers*, and we despise all creatures in the name of *turn-coats* (This answer settled Sergeant Spankie.)

Sergeant Heath, in cross-examination for Mr. Dixon: "I presume you are all decent, honest people in the Royal Burgh of Rutherglen?"

'Perfectly so, my lords and gentlemen,' said the shrewd and unsophisticated witness; 'but there are *corbies* amongst us who could pick out each other's e'en.'

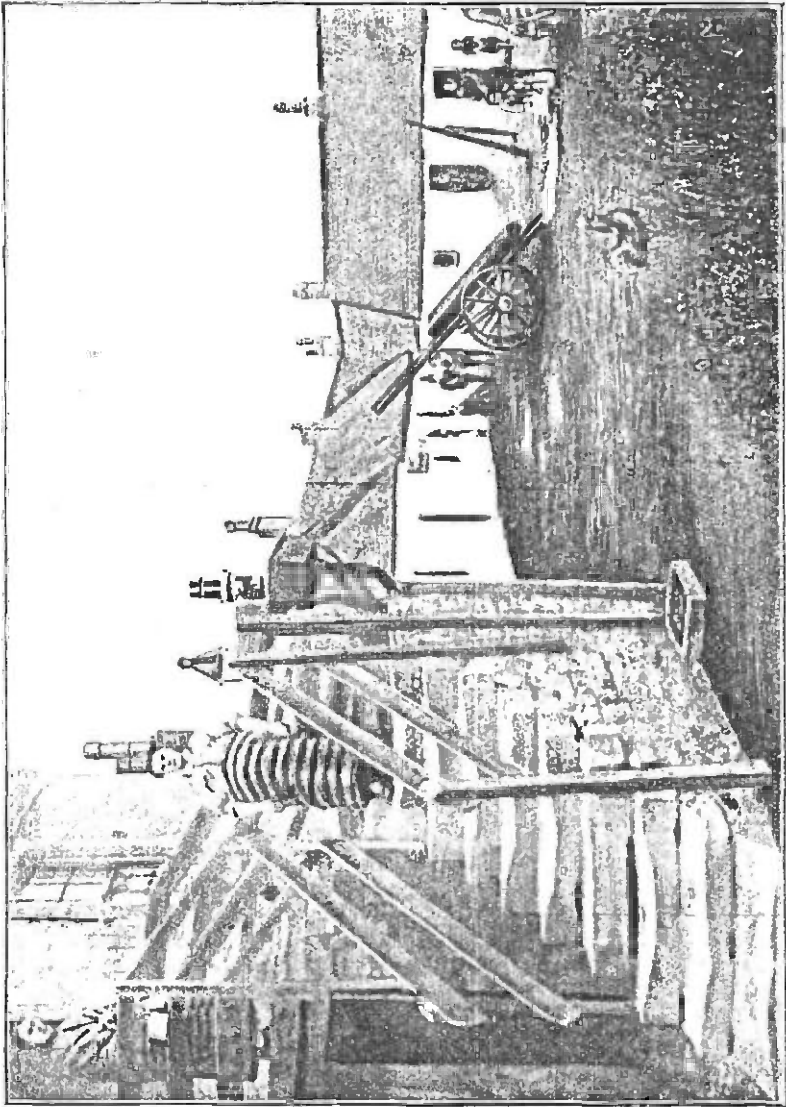
Here the noble chairman held his sides, and bowed his best acknowledgments to the witness, who withdrew."

As a poet of Nature's own making, Mr. Jack's tastes may be estimated in the following lines:

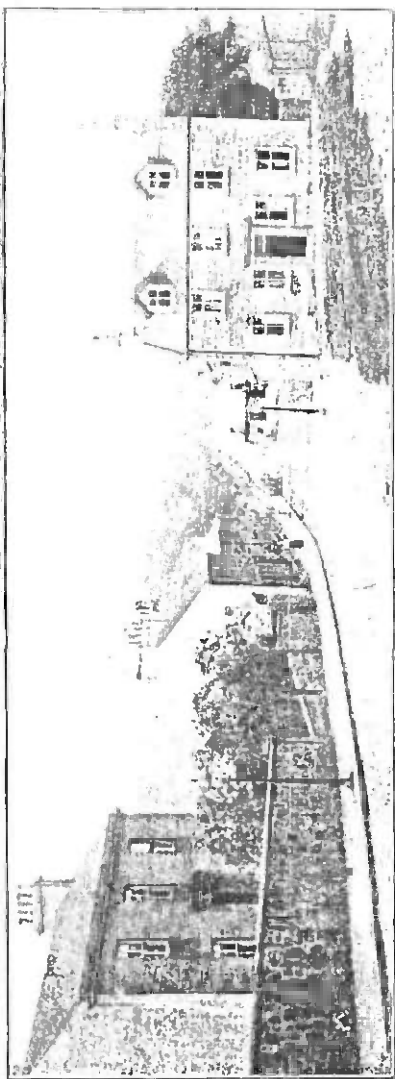
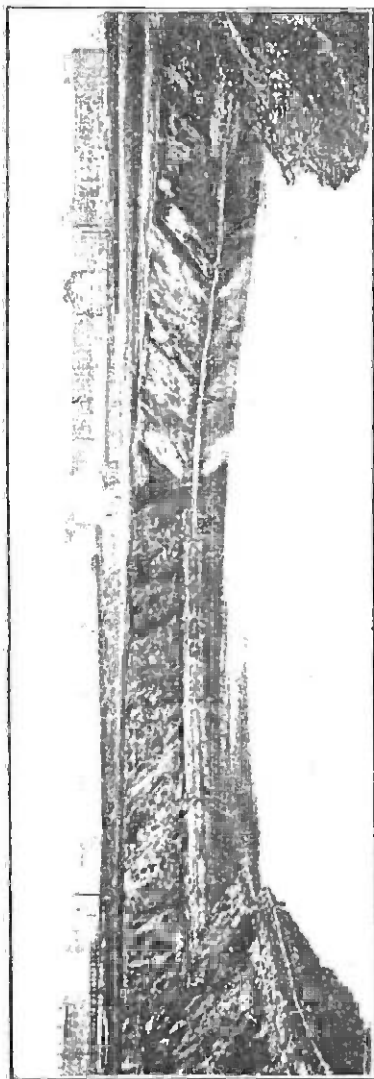
"How dear to me the broomie brae,
O' a' the places roun';
The birdies there hae blyther notes,
The burn a sweeter soun';
The hawthorn bush blooms richer far;
The flowers appear mair gay,
And Nature wears a brighter hue
On yonder broomy brae.

"My former fav'rite haunts appear
As lovely now as when
I climbed the Cathkin's lofty broo
And dauner'd doon the glen;
Their beauties now I lightly pass
And quickly win' my way
Along the howe and doon the burn
To yonder broomy brae."

Another of Nature's gentlemen, also a son of hardy toil, whose memory Scotland will ever hold in highest esteem, Hugh Macdonald, the author of *Rambles Round Glasgow*, *Days at the Coast*, *Poems and Songs*, etc., comes nearest to being a native of the Burgh perhaps than many of those we may mention, having been born in Rumford Street, Bridgeton, in 1817. From his earliest years, his biographer tells us, the places he was found at most frequently were Cathkin Braes and the "guid auld toun o' Rutherglen," for whose antiquities and rural grandeur he cherished a very warm affection. It was in Rutherglen



Smith's Square.



(1) Burlington from the Green Gravel, see page 104.
(2) Old Borough School, Chapel Street, see page 104.

he found his "Highland Mary," and from the same town he took his "Bonnie Jean," as he tells us in the lines:

"Twice I hae been a wanter noo,
Twice I hae had my stock to pu',
And twice ayont the Clyde to woo
I've ta'en the gate.
But lat me whisper—cause to gie
Was ne'er my fate."

The name of the poet's first wife was Agnes Macdonald, who resided at Burnhill Street. She was a native of Rutherglen, as was also Alison Cooper, who was a near relative of the late Ex-Councillor Thomas Cooper of Hope Bank. A very close friendship existed between these two ladies, and it was the dying wish of "Nannie," Macdonald's first love, that dear Alison, who had been her bridesmaid, would be his second wife should he think of remarrying. A man of the people, kind-hearted and generous to a fault, his failings, like Goldsmith's Curate, always leaned to virtue's side. Sprung from the industrial classes, he was proud of his origin, and was always ready to uphold the dignity of labour and defend the rights of the workman. But how vastly different from present-day labour leaders was his procedure and mode of life. Mutual toleration and contentment were the things he aimed at, and, although only a block printer in a bleachfield, he could the more cheerfully honour the relationship to his master in the songs he wrote and sang, and his recollections of the time grew even more pleasant as the years rolled by:

"Does a thoct e'er cross your min'
Of the guid auld field,
And our happy years langsyne
In the guid auld field?
Do you min' our lightsome wiles,
Our kindly cracks and smiles,
Mingling pleasure wi' our toils
In the guid auld field?"

"Puir folk aye could mak' a fen
In the guid auld field,
And got usage fit for men
In the guid auld field,

And though toilin' morn and e'en,
 Yet content we aye were seen,
 For ilk maister was a frien'
 In the guid auld field."

What a reflection that is on present-day labour tyranny! Will any of the High Priests of Socialism, with their masterful ways and lust for power, ever be able to render to humanity a tithe of the good which Macdonald has accomplished by that one sentiment? We "hae oor doots."

In September, 1852, a poem entitled "Rutherglen," and beginning "Hae ye been ower on Cathkin side," appeared in the *Glasgow Citizen*. Being an untruthful picture in Macdonald's estimation, he took umbrage at it, and wrote in reply, "The women folk o' Ru'glen," the words of which describe his relationship to the Auld Burgh. This chant will be found in his *Poems and Songs*.

As a boy, the writer has vivid recollections of a tall, slender man often seen moodily traversing the Main Street. He was rarely disturbed in his reveries, nor did he seem to court communion outside of himself, the reason being that the generation to which he belonged had passed, or was fast passing beyond his ken, and the rising units knew not the status of the slow, lonely man—that he was both a scholar and an author, and in his time had been more active than most in seeking to lay a good foundation for the Ruglonians that would succeed him. John Gardner, for such was his name, published two volumes of verse, *Sparks of Steel* and *Jottiana*. The latter (in 1862), a poem in eleven "chirls," contains many characteristic descriptions of the author's life-history in connection with the Burgh, while, under the title, "The Steeple and the Tower," he reviews, in witty dialogue form, the conception each structure has of its own importance to the community. His reminiscences of school life are amusing in the extreme, and introduce us

to many old-time worthies whose peculiarities are still fondly remembered by not a few of the older generation of Ruglonians, such as "Apple Jamie," "The Camlachie Ghost," "Auld Grozet ha'," "Post Jean," "Sodger Will Richardson and Heeluc, his 'loving' spouse." The latter couple are drawn to the life, and Will, being an "army man," had "muckle fame" with Gardner and his chums, who frequently foregathered round the old warrior's ingle of an evening—

"To hear him blaw
A' nicht about what he there saw."

Will usually sat bare-throated, and minus both coat and vest:

"The nightcap sat upon his head,
His legs aft crossed, an' for his need
A strang, thick hazel stick in haun',
Sae stout, it maist itself could staun.
A wrinkled brow, a sturdy nose,
Twa rough ecbrows whilk arching rose
Abin twa sma' but piercin' een,
Checks on which years in 'furs' did lean;
A big, but fine, expressive mouth,
The lips dry as if parched wi' drouth,
An' weel-shaped chin—made up a face
On whilk ev'n my young een could trace
Baith thocht and passion, an' he showed
Them baith to us, for aft he glowed.
At tither side auld Heeluc sat,
Sair bowed wi' age, but fou' o' chat;
Her face aft seemed a cast o' his,
But safterned into feebleness.
Her braw white mutch hid a' her heid,
Her shortgown lang—hauf gown indeed—
Her druggat petticoat an' the
Auld apron tied roun' waist ye see;
An' there she sat wi' arms on knees,
Right owre frae him she lo'ed to please.
We youngsters in a hauf ring sat,
Linked wi' the rest wha shared oor chat;
Ilk ane was wi' a pipe supplied,
We puffed and blew, sometimes we sighed,
Whilst joke an' story ran aroon,
An' gossip 'bout auld Ruglen town:
An' Will, whene'er his smoke was o'er,
To Nell the pipe richt frienly bore,
Or if she smoked first, she to him
Would haun it reekin', grey and grim."

A striking picture is also given of an old postal official who, prior to the days of penny postage, when letters were less numerous than they are now, divided her energies between the useful occupations of "howdie" and "letter-carrier," and known familiarly to the inhabitants as "Post Jean." Being behind in payment on one occasion, she—

" Was summoned into Glasgow town
 About some taxes due the Crown.
 An' when the clerk set up his neb
 To caw her down (to gar Clyde ebb
 When on the flow, he nicht hae tried
 As easy as her tongue defied),—
 She blew a blast maist dang him owre,
 An' made the haill officials glowre,
 By telling him to keep his lip
 For them wha feared his caw and nip;
 She didna care a bodle for him,
 She ken'd fu' weel wha lookéd o'er him;
 An' bounced that she, as weel as he,
 Was servant o' Her Majesty!"

The customs practised at Gardner's first school, which was situated in the square on the north of King Street, with an entrance leading from Green Wynd, where private tuition was undertaken by the brothers Geddes, included the ancient celebration of Candlemas Day, when the boy and girl who "creished the master's luif best wi' siller" received in return the gift of an orange and some sweets and the honour of being carried home shoulder high as "king" and "queen" respectively. This was a general practice throughout Scotland. The gifts were both in money and kind. Their value, as Warrick in his *History of Old Cumnock* says, depended largely on the position and inclination of the parents. Half a crown, or even at times a whole crown, was laid on the desk by a smiling pupil, proud of the amount of his offering. Cakes, parcels of tea and sugar also found their place before the master, who in return provided a treat for the children, which in certain districts was not confined to gifts of apples, oranges, cookies, and sweets, but included a supply of mild toddy!

The poem also throws a lurid light on the condition of the Burgh School, which Gardner subsequently attended, and where the weaver-author-dominie, John Costly, officiated from 1837 to 1848. Costly, who was a native, was a costly acquisition to the town, and his inefficiency as disciplinarian was the means of many scholars attending Glasgow schools. The late Ex-Provost John Fleming was one of these. Although fond of teaching, and a good classical scholar, Costly was subject to fits of abstraction which rendered him careless of the pupils under his charge, and who, as Gardner tells us, were not slow to take full advantage of his lapses:

" A favourite trick was to ask oot
 To wash our selates—then steal his fruit—
 Syne loup awhile about the burn,
 An' wi' our selates a' wat return;
 We played at hools upon the floor,
 At hauns again the gable wa'
 Aye wi' a wat an' dirty ba',
 Until the paint was spotted a'."

If he refused them permission to go out on a mission of nature, they made a latrine of his wall press; and penholders were broken so frequently that the poor dominie was obliged to cut sauchs from his willow bower and fix the nibs on them with thread. What with boring holes in the inkwells, overstoking the fire stove, and afterwards inserting clay-crackers, there is little wonder, when the crowning devilment was imposed on the guileless teacher—the manipulation of one of the supports of his stool which sent him sprawling on the floor—that he sometimes gave vent to his feelings, and thrashed the lot to make sure he had punished the ringleaders. Environment seemed to be responsible for much of Costly's failure. The man had great natural gifts, and during his term of teaching in Rutherglen, he published, under the *nom de plume* of "Sholto Clauduilach," a novel entitled *Black Lachlan*, and a volume of *Tales of the Scottish Highlands*,

containing Fort Dragon: or The Highlands in the Reign of James I. of Scotland, and the Saxon's Daughter: An Angling Reminiscence, which brought him some notoriety. He afterwards settled in America, where, succeeding in his favourite occupation, and latterly in connection with a University, he is said to have amassed considerable wealth.

Many people were long under the impression that the late Hugh Muir, who sang so wistfully in the Doric the old Burgh's praises, was a native of Rutherglen. Such, however, was not the case. In the tenth series of Edwards' *Modern Scottish Poets*, the late Burgh Officer is given a place among other celebrities, and his parentage is thus described by the editor: "Hugh Muir was born in Edinburgh in 1846, and his forefathers for at least five generations belonged to Rutherglen. His father, a man of good education, was an accomplished musician and talented artist, and before he was twenty-one had travelled much both at home and abroad. His restless roaming disposition was the cause of much grief and anxiety to his wife, and resulted in her leaving Edinburgh for her native Rutherglen when Hugh was only six weeks old. There, penniless and broken-hearted, she had to fight the battle of life for herself and worse than fatherless bairn. At a very tender age, our future poet was sent to work in a coal mine, with no more education than he had received from an old weaver. Meeting with many misfortunes in the pit, he ultimately left it and learned the trade of bobbin turner in Rutherglen Thread Mill." The article describes Mr. Muir's interest in, and study of music, and his labours in that connection, and concludes: "His muse is generally reflective, and affords evidence that he can appreciate whatever is beautiful, good, and tender, and has given us some very homely yet pleasing descriptions of humble life and character."

Mr. Muir's first book, *Reminiscences of Rutherglen*, was

published in 1890, and *Hamelv Echoes* nine years later. His best known pieces are "The Death of Grannie," "Hail, Little Stranger," "Erchie, King o' Scottish Beadles," "The Quarry Knowes," and "The Woods o' Stonelaw." In the poem "Erchie," there are ten stanzas in the following racy strain, which is typical of most of the author's verse:

" Wha hasna heard o' Erchie,
 Frien'ly Erchie, manly Erchie?
 Wha hasna heard o' Erchie,
 King o' Scottish beadles?
 Sae fu' o' fun, sae fu' o' crack,
 Sae fu' o' tales a cent'ry back.
 Nane for a lauch need ever lack
 Gin they acquaint wi' Erchie.

" Wha hasna heard o' Erchie,
 Honest Erchie, hamely Erchie?
 Wha hasna heard o' Erchie,
 King o' Scottish beadles?
 Wha hasna seen him on the 'Green'
 Wi' gleefu' smiles a' roun' his een
 When near the jack his boots were seen
 Keen, sport-desirin' Erchie?

" Wha hasna heard o' Erchie,
 Sober Erchie, solemn Erchie.
 Wha hasna heard o' Erchie,
 King o' Scottish beadles?
 To see him on ilk Sabbath day
 Upon the desk the Guid Book lay,
 Ye'd think such mien could ne'er feel gay.
 Real self-adaptin' Erchie."

A contemporary of Hugh Macdonald's, and a Bridgeton man to boot, Peter Macarthur published a book of poems, entitled *Amusements in Minstrelsy*, in which the beauties of Rutherglen, mural and rural, are set forth with patriotic pride. It was the insertion of one of Macarthur's poems in the *Glasgow Citizen* of 11th September, 1852, that raised the ire of the gentle "Caleb," and caused him to pen his fierce rejoinder in defence of the women folk o'

Ru'glen, in which he charges the writer with studied neglect of the fair sex in unusually forceful terms:

- "Ye're surely some auld bach'lor coof,
 Wi' cranreuch pow and heart o' proof,
 Wha's love's a' nestle 'neath the roof
 O' your ain bonnet;
 While rosy cheek, or lily loof,
 Ne'er won your sonnet.
- "Hech, man! I ferly ane like you,
 Wi' gifts o' cauk and keel sae true,
 Could range our auld warl' Ruglen through,
 Baith back and side,
 Whaur sonsie, strappin' queens, I trow,
 In rowth abide,

Without a'e antrin word o' praise,
 A'e hint that beauty met your gaze,
 In sooth, I'm brimfu' o' amaze,
 And eke maun tell ye,
 My gallant birse gat sic a raise,
 I maist could fell ye."

If such omission did occur, it was rectified before the poem was published in book form, for there the third verse does ample justice to Ru'glen's beauty queens, whose praise is not confined to good looks only, but, like Mary o' Argyle's," their goodness and industrial habits also impress the poet:

- "Look doon by softly-murmurin' Clyde—
 Wha are they stretched along its side,
 Or squatterin' in the coolin' tide?—
 The sportive youths o' Rutherglen.
 At ease along the grassy banks
 The collier chiefs are laid in ranks,
 While lassies braw, wi' shapely shanks,
 Spread oot the claes frae Rutherglen.
 There's maidens braw in Rutherglen,
 A' roun' Stonelaw and Rutherglen,
 Au', what's far mair, guid as they're fair,
 Sae kens the lads o' Rutherglen."

In another epistle, addressed to his "Auld frien's in Rutherglen," Macarthur resents the restrictions imposed on the burghers by certain landed proprietors, and the

curtailment of their rights and liberties and free access to Cathkin Braes. The following forceful lines have reference to the closing of the old right-of-way to Cathkin at Castlemilk, where a barricade was erected, but immediately thrown down by an indignant populace:

“ I'm democratic, doonricht red,
 When shabby tricks stir up my bluid;
 I scarce can wish the fellow guid
 Who'd steal the rights frae Rutherglen.
 Even though he boasts of ancient root,
 Ye hae a sample o' the fruit—
 An apple stuffed wi' bitter soot. . . .
 My certie! but it's weel wi' some;
 It's prudence gars your bard sing dumb,
 Else he might question how things come
 To mair than them near Rutherglen:
 Who saunter 'neath ancestral trees,
 Who breathe the heaven's untainted breeze,
 An' drink the red wine aff the lees,
 While folks as gude roun' Rutherglen
 Howk the coal wa's b'low Rutherglen;
 Ill-clad, ill-fed, wi' pick and spade,
 They dig the dubs roun' Rutherglen.”

There is a true ring of patriotic feeling running through the whole of Macarthur's verse, and, although situated in very humble circumstances, his work reveals a deep reading into history, not of Scotland only, but of lands little known to the average reader.

Land of My Birth and other Poems is a memorial volume of verse published in 1912, three years after the death of the author, Mr. James Paterson, who lived most of his life in Rutherglen, and relatives of whom are still well known in the Burgh. Mr. Paterson was a spirit merchant. His shop, "The Cellar," stood immediately to the west of the Old Jail. He was well known as an enthusiastic bowler and angler, and his angling excursions were greatly enhanced by the earnest interest he took in the study of nature. The study of bird-life especially was a supreme delight to him, and their habits and haunts he

knew well, as he also did those of wild animal life generally. This keen love of nature is revealed in nearly every poem he wrote. The claims of friendship bound him by many ties to the old Burgh and its people, and it is regretted the selection made from his manuscripts did not include more of his Rutherglen fancies. The book is edited by a son of the author, the Rev. Alex. Paterson, Manse of Westray, and contains a striking portrait of the poet, whose wish, as expressed in "Reflections on a Sabbath Gloaming" (at least so far as the present is concerned), seems destined not to be realised, considering how prone we now are to adopt any and every form of Continental observance, or rather non-observance, of the Lord's Day:

" 'Tis sweet, upon a Sabbath's gloamin' grey,
 To roam adown some lone sequester'd dell,
 And list to music, as you pensive stray,
 That sings of freedom more than words can tell;
 When sounding far, some rural village bell
 Is heard inviting each to virtue's way,
 Fond scenes recalling—painted dim, yet well
 On mem'ry's page—when hearts were young and gay,
 Bright, happy, joyous hours now fled for aye away.

" Ah, hallow'd eve! so fraught with all that's dear
 To careworn pilgrims of a fleeting day,
 What would the span of man's existence here
 Be, wanting thy soft, balmy, kindling ray?
 A desert wild, where howling beasts of prey
 Destroy whatever comes within their reach;
 A starless night upon the pathless way,
 Without a hope of any friendly beach.
 Then, O embrace the Sabbath! learn what it can teach!

" It speaks of power, unfathomable, wide;
 Of wisdom, holy, just, and true and good,
 That deigns o'er all frail creatures to preside,
 And doles to each its right allotted food.
 Each step in pensive, solitary mood
 I take adown the lone, sequester'd glade,
 Where oft in sunny childhood's days I've stood,
 Draws forth fresh proofs that all is rightly made:
 Then bow thy knee to God, O man of every grade!

- “ Let friends forsake me, fortune fluctuate,
 Take from me all this earth can e'er confer;
 Let foes deride me in no measured rate,
 Oppress my soul with sullen woe and care;
 And yet this heart, with kindness beaming fair,
 Still for their welfare could for ever pray;
 Take power, take fame, man's dearest earthly share,
 Blot even freedom's burnished, shining ray;
 But O, take from me not the hallow'd Sabbath-day.”

Alexander Watt, a brother poet, thus reveres Mr. Paterson's memory:

- “ Another bard has reached his destined goal,
 Another lyre's for evermore unstrung;
 But 'twill resound where life's pure waters roll,
 To swell the strains celestial choirs among.
- “ Long in the vale of vanity and tears
 He sang in praise of nature and of God,
 And well he studied in those vanished years
 'Mong paths sublime, by folly's sons utrod.
- “ The joys of Spring allured him to the woods,
 The lonely glens, and bosky dells serene,
 Where the blythe mavis sang, and cushats croo'd,
 When leafy bowers display their robes of green.
- “ Now since he's gone, to me the world seems cold,
 Uncheered by happy interchange of thought
 In poesy's realm, or mystic legends old,
 With wondrous lessons of past ages fraught.”

“ The Poetess of Domesticity ” is the appropriate designation given to the late Isabella F. Darling because of the homely way by which she expresses herself in all her writings. It is thus her sentiments commend themselves to all sections of society—in the palace as in the cot, or on the public platform, the keenest appreciation is manifested in her songs. Had Miss Darling only written the last poem in her latest published book, *Songs from Silence*, she would have earned for herself a place among the Immortals. It is not given to many modern poets to have their work brought before crowded audiences and made the subject of entrancing lectures, as has been done in

various parts of the country with the silent voice of poetess Darling as sole entertainer, both in song and story.

It is the little village of Stane, in Upper Lanarkshire, that claims the honour of Isabella Darling's nativity, but Rutherglen was associated with much of the poetess's later achievements; and her removal here, on account of impaired health, is believed to have considerably prolonged her life, the change bringing as it did many additional opportunities for communing with Nature, of which she was an ardent admirer. The pretty Calderwood close by the cottage of her parents was her favourite haunt, and it is to these times of quiet reflection—away from the stir and tumult of the busy world—we are indebted for many of those wonderful lyrics that make her *Songs from Silence* a treasured possession in innumerable homes. Miss Darling published three volumes in all: the first in 1888, entitled *Poems and Songs*; the second, *Whispering Hope*, in 1892, of which 2,000 copies were sold; and the last one, *Songs from Silence*, in 1904. This volume had a phenomenal sale, and had to be reprinted. The poetess passed to her rest on Midsummer Day of that year, immediately on the completion of her book, but from out the silences of Time, her songs of victory and hope will reverberate and be a source of strength and comfort, not only to the despairing, but to every faith-begotten pilgrim on the Zionward journey:

“ The tumult of the battle dies,
 And Israel's scattered hosts take heart,
 Proud Science pales, and Wisdom cries—
 I know thee, Jesus, who thou art!
 Mid changing creeds and time's decay,
 Thou Son of God and Victory!

“ Thou wert the pilgrim's dream of night,
 The theme that gladdened Judah's lyre,
 The warlike angel in the night,
 The wandering cloud, the cross of fire;
 Through Sundering seas and blinding spray,
 Who led Thy hosts to Victory!

“ Oh, Love so long misunderstood,
 We see the triumph of Thy plan;
 In Thine Eternal brotherhood
 Our faith in God is faith in man;
 Now round Thy staff the lambskins play,
 And Love is all the Victory !”

There have been many versifiers connected more or less with the Burgh, including the late Miss Hall (Renée), “ Hal ” Bremner, W. C. T. Y. Pattison, the late J. H. Pearson, and the late Miss Cook of Hall View, etc. There is also the fine work of Mr. J. L. Kelly, who was at one time Editor of the *Rutherglen Reformer*, and who in 1902 published in New Zealand, where he still edits the *Wellington Argus*, a volume entitled *Heather and Fern, or Songs of Scotland and Maoriland*. But the only living representative of the Muse now within the Burgh whose work has reached book form is Mr. Robert Bennett, author of *Poems and Prose*, and *Echoes of the Past*, published in 1888 and 1892 respectively. What Ayr was to Burns, the Braes of Gleniffer to Tannahill, and the Clyde district to Macdonald, so likewise Rutherglen and Cathkin Braes has been a never-ending source of inspiration to poet Bennett. Every burn and glen, every lea and glade and crow’s nest, every tree and wild-flower have been rhapsodised by the author of “ Cathkin Dell,” which may be taken as a fair sample of Mr. Bennett’s Muse :

“ Soft o’er yon hill the sunbeams break,
 And song-birds from their slumbers wake,
 While through the paths of leafy glen
 The flowers unfold their leaves again,
 The lark soars from the dews of morn.
 The bees unto the flowers return,
 We’ll wander where the sweet blue-bell
 And violets bloom in Cathkin dell.

“ We’ll tread the path by lovers made,
 To the grassy seat ’neath the hawthorn shade,
 Where flows the stream in whose clear wave
 The amorous wildflower stoops to lave.

The songs of birds and brooklet blend
 The listening ear their charms to lend;
 Care cannot live, nor sorrow dwell
 In the leafy haunts of Cathkin dell."

Our chapter on the poetry of Rutherglen has extended to greater proportions than we intended, and we had hoped among the numerous names we have reviewed to have claimed, for the honour of the town, at least one native-born versifier; but our hopes in this respect were rudely shattered when, in December, 1919, there passed to his final rest one of Rutherglen's most promising scholars, whose poetic aspirations would, in the natural course of things, have materialised in a more permanent form had he been granted the necessary leisure. As it was, many of the poems of John W. Mackie only reached the public through the local press, mainly through the columns of the *Eskdale and Liddesdale Advertiser* at the time he was engaged as English master in Langholm Academy. Mr. Mackie was born at 19 Cathcart Street, where his brother, James Y. Mackie, well known in scholastic and other circles, still resides, and his brothers, Charles and William, are also well-known and respected citizens of the Burgh. But the hopes of the family were centred in John, the youngest of the family, who, it is safe to say, was one of the most accomplished English scholars Rutherglen has ever produced. After taking his M.A. degree, he gained Honours, and, after a time in Langholm, settled in Greenock, and was teaching in the Academy there when, at the early age of thirty-three, and in the flush and bloom of his manhood, came the sudden call to the higher destiny with which, as the following sonnet by him demonstrates, the spiritual side of his life was in close affiliation.

" A PRAYER.

* GRANT that I may not lose, O God, one ray
 Of Thy pure light, though clouds o'ercast my soul;
 Though mists at times obscure the far-off goal,
 O may I falter not in life's strange way.

How broken, Lord, life's surface seems, how grey
 Its skies, its lightning's vivid, dreadful roll
 Its thunders through my heart : from pole to pole
 The floods descend. Eternal Spirit, I pray
 O help me still to see the pathway clear,
 My strength renew, my courage magnify,
 My faith and hope in Thee do Thou increase—
 So shall be soothed the sorrows suffered here,
 And so shall smiles survive the passing sigh
 And heaven's rainbow herald perfect peace."

It is just possible that some fastidious reader may want to question the use of the word "poetry" in relation to the examples herein given and the books quoted. But wasn't it the Sage of Chelsea, who lies among his humble kinsfolk in the Kirkyard of Ecclefechan, who said that "Poetry, were it the rudest, so it be sincere, is the attempt which man makes to harmonise his existence with nature." That is enough for our purpose here. These rhythmical echoes of the past, couched in the "mither tongue," have a beauty and poetical expression of their own, which it is believed will endear them to all lovers of the Doric, just because of that same test and touch of nature which makes the whole world (of Scotland at least) kin.

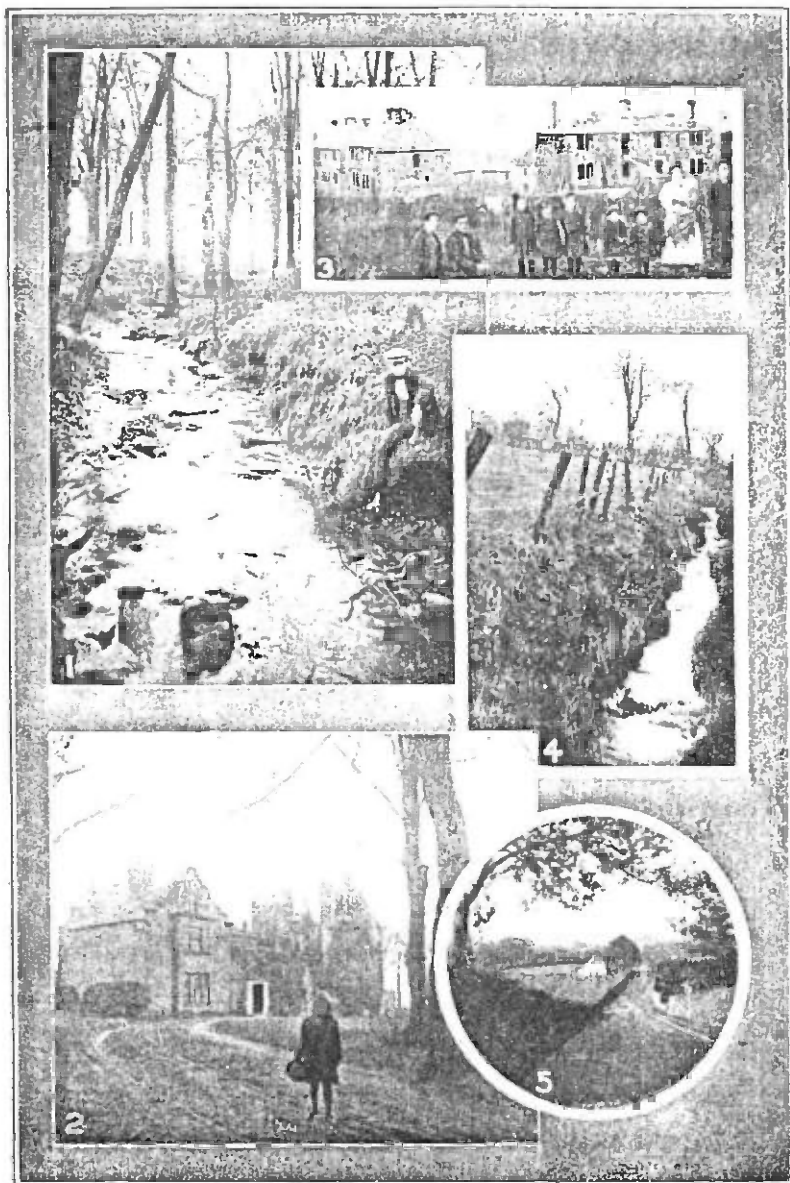
CHAPTER XV

THE BURNS AND WATERCOURSES OF RUTHERGLEN

"Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's Howe,
Where a' the sweets o' Spring and Simmer grow."
—*The Gentle Shepherd*.



FEW people have ever realised how near Rutherglen came to being an island. When the Royalty boundary was being fixed, the expert draughtsmen who planned the area over which the local authorities were to exercise jurisdiction seem to have taken their bearings from the watercourses of the district, shown, doubtless, on some early sketch plan, and, with the exception of a few yards at the source, Rutherglen, in school-book phraseology, is a piece of land surrounded by water. Auspiciously circumstanced thus in relation to the noblest of the elements, Rutherglen would no doubt contemplate the rest of the world with an air of royal exclusiveness. A town lapped on every side by the beneficent dews of heaven could not fail to increase in influence and usefulness, if such bounteous possession was adapted to proper purposes. It would be interesting to know just how much the place did benefit from these natural aids, but lack of space forbids the enumeration. There are no water-driven industries in the parish to-day, but it is encouraging to learn that negotiations are proceeding, and the question of utilising the rivers and watercourses of the country as driving power is being freely discussed. A proposal also for the



(1) Eastfield Burn.

(3) Garden City at Eastfield.

(2) Springhall.

(4) Whillaw Burn.

(5) Cathkin Braes--the Source of all the Streams.

BURNS AND WATERCOURSES OF RUTHERGLEN.



Broomiebrae Well, Cathkin Buses.

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"Batteryburn."

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canalisation of the Clyde from Rutherglen to some of the higher wards of Lanarkshire was recently under the consideration of the Town Council, and a deputation appointed to confer with the promoters of the scheme.

There are seven burns mentioned on the Ordnance Survey Map, and there are seven other burns or names of burns familiar to Ruglonians that are not mentioned. In alphabetical order, they are known as: Bourtree Burn, Cityford Burn, Croftfoot Burn, Eastfield Burn, Jenny's Burn, Mallsmyre Burn, Springhall Burn, Stonelaw Burn, Trinity Burn, West Burn, and Whitlaw Burn. As the sources of all these streams rise in the uplands of Cathkin, we shall take the poet's advice, and "gae farer up the burn" to that greater howe than Habbie's—Cathkin Braes, which can boast of a surfeit of Nature's glories, not only in Spring and Summer, but in Autumn and Winter as well. Yet, although so near to Nature's heart, many people visit the Braes annually who are able to name and locate every crest on the horizon from Tinto to Goatfell, but who, to save their lives, could not define the difference between a dog rose and an anemone, notwithstanding the prolific growth of these and numberless other floral plants native to the district. But the fauna and flora of Cathkin must be the heading of another chapter. Our purpose, meanwhile, will be served if we mark the situation of this extensive plateau, which is some 600 odd feet above sea level, and from which on a clear day almost a dozen counties may be observed. By a deed of gift in 1886, that well-known and worthy citizen of Glasgow, the late Mr. James Dick, of "Gutta-percha" fame, presented Cathkin Braes Park (49 acres), to be held in perpetuity as a place of resort for the community, the only stipulation being that, as far as possible, "the natural features and configuration of the ground should be maintained and preserved. Standing on the summit by Queen Mary's seat, near the flag pole, it

will be noticed that the "Big Wood," as it is called, to distinguish it from the "Glen Wood" in the hollow nearer Castlemilk, extends westwards almost to and in the direction of Windlaw. In the centre and at the base of the Big Wood—not far from the kennels, the spring called "Queen Mary's Well" still bubbles forth its melodious lullaby.

In the Dick Park proper, three other springs, with drinking cups, supply the needs of thirsty travellers, and similar other conveniences will be found further east, at Mid Farm and towards Cathkin House. Some of these springs are seen to converge at Mill Farm, where in early times a conduit was led to the water-wheel at the farm, which originally belonged to the maternal grandfather of the famous Mongolian missionary, James Gilmour, who was born at Cathkin in 1843. Due east from this farm, a pathway, thought to be a right-of-way, leads by Fernhill to a little wooded enclosure on the main highway, known as the Basaltic Rock, a colonnade of basalt pillars 30 feet high and a foot and a half in diameter, which will be found described in Ure's *History*. The surface water from the Braes becomes quite voluminous here, and it is from this point our survey of the burns commences.

After passing underneath the roadway, this rapid runnelet enters the estate of Fernhill, and skirts the garden-path of Burnside Farm, better known in school-trip days as "Butteryburn," the old home of the Loves, John and David. The former kindly Christian gentleman was one of the pioneers of the Foundry Boys' Society, and subsequently became City Missionary. The course of the burn is now due west, along the margin of the Royalty boundary; and besides its song we have also the companionship of the march stones, whose carved initials remind us of those who placed them there, but whose full names at this distance of time might even challenge recognition.



Spittal Farm.

See page 10



Croftfoot Farm.

254 1847 10

Bourtree Glen, through which the burn flows, is a deep wooded gulch, into which many a Blairbeth golfer's ball finds its way unerringly. Opposite the golf course on the south, Bowhouse Farm stands high up on the edge of the crag which, seen from below, presents quite a romantic appearance. At any season of the year the natural beauty of the surroundings here would be difficult to beat. At the entrance to the bridge that spans the roadway at the foot of the glen, the burn receives a tributary, which comes down from Burnside Loch *via* Blairbeth. Curving round the west end of Castlemilk Lodge, and taking a northerly course, our waterway now changes its title, and is known for a time as the "Spittal Burn." Here, even at this late date, it maintains its pristine limpidity, and meanders through a pretty glade east of Spittal Farm. But the Lanarkshire & Ayrshire Railway has made sad havoc of the northern portion of this well-known rivulet, which, on reaching a point opposite the cemetery, turns again westward into Spittal Wood, there to commingle its already diluted elements with a third stream, known as the Croft-foot Burn. Like Tennyson's "brook," the latter comes down with a clattering and bickering haste, and causes quite a commotion at the meeting-place in the centre of the aforementioned plantation. Croftfoot Burn has its origin also in the Cathkins. Husbanded at first to meet the aesthetic tastes of the Laird of Castlemilk, it escapes from the beauty and solitude of its artificial surroundings, and with a gladsome bound leaps the cascade at the old rustic waybridge, then dances down pell-mell to the farm from which it derives its name. Crossing underneath the roadway, it pursues a northerly course, and, like the prodigal, wistful of its newly-found freedom, hastens on, regardless of the consequences, to embrace a brief spell of worldly enjoyments, and then in unforeseen lower levels to mix with less companionable associates, only to find, alas! when too late, the folly of its rash adventure. The

united streams now merge into the lake at Bankhead House, and make a noisy exit over the weir there. A charming bit of garden scenery comes into the picture here; it is perhaps the only portion left intact of the extensive orchard lands that formerly lined the banks of this waterway almost the entire way to the Clyde. Bankhead, or Rutherglen, Mill is in the vicinity, and, although minus its waterwheel, could, with slight adjustment, still be made to render useful service, just as in the days prior to the erection of Rutherglen Gas Works, when this old meal mill made its own gas by the same water power that turned the grinding rollers. It must have been a delightful place when the mill was turning out its daily complement of foodstuffs. It was an important mill in those days, and the burn, ignorant of the share it took in amassing the miller's wealth, danced and sang because of his generosity in providing such a large wheel for its sole diversion.

Making a circuitous bend west of the Lodge at the foot of the avenue, the burn, which, according to the map, must now be called "Cityford," leads into a delightful glade, dear to the hearts of the boys reared in this rural quarter of the town, and known to them as "Watty's Plantain." This plantation was always a favourite bird-nesting place, and, besides being an ideal bathing resort, there was always a sporting chance of getting a "chase" from the proprietor, who invariably had an unhappy time when young Ru'glen came within the gates. A Rutherglen man, well over eighty, still delights to recall his escape down the burn from Bankhead to Taigey's Row and under the bed, with Watty Whyte on horseback at his heels.

Leaving Bankhead under its new cognomen "Cityford," the burn, after passing through the bridge that leads to Crosshill Farm, directs its course citywards. The word "city" is ominous, and suggestive of everything a limpid stream might dread. Here Milton's lines on Eve quitting

Paradise seem to suggest a parallel, if the reader will pardon the digression:

" O unexpected stroke . . .
 Must I leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
 Thee, native soil? These happy walks and shades
 Pit haunts of Gods. From thee
 How shall I part, and whether wander down
 Into a lower world? How shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?"

Luckily for our pellucid streamlet, the fatal Rubicon is still some considerable distance ahead; so, in the time at our disposal, we shall mirror our faces once again in the pool at the " sluice " which regulates the dam in the near vicinity of the " Old Mill " (Burnside Weaving Factory); for this was the happy hunting-ground of our boyhood days. Here from " morning's sun till dine," we paidled and fished, not for " baggie and beardie " only, but for many fine eels and small trout. The mill dam near by was likewise a great attraction, for the water was always in a tepid condition; it was only the watchman and his dog that could dislodge us from its muddy embrace, and many a lad went home shirtless as a result of these periodic raids. One instance is recalled wherein a widow mother was greatly perturbed when her boy's undergarments were handed in to her with the callous intimation that " Johnny wasna droon't—the police were jist efter him!"

The Quarry knowes of song fame, part of which is now feued by the enterprising Provan family, who have built three fine villas there, the " Quarry Well," and " Bauldy Baird's " in the immediate neighbourhood, are happy recollections of that same care-free time when the Cathcart Road and not the Cathkin roads was the popular lovers' walk of an evening, and more particularly on Sundays.

Prior to the Forbes-Mackenzie Act, Bauldy Baird's Inn at Westfield acquired an unenviable notoriety for its

Sunday traffic in other things besides gooseberries and "curds and whey." Said the poet of the time:

"For Sunday rig cross owre the brig,
Ye Glasgow folks, to Rutherglen."

Thus advised, the denizens of Saint Mungo made a circuit of Rutherglen and Cathcart more frequently than was actually necessary for health purposes, with the result that the little exclusive garden in Bauldy's backyard became the most popular rendezvous in Rutherglen. The traffic on this road was also a gold mine to the children of the district, who, with tinnies and mugs, supplied passers by with drinks from the "Quarry Well," a cool, clear spring that gushed up through a bent pipe a few yards east from where Mr. And. Provan the contractor's cottage now stands. Some steps led down to this well, which was closed up when the above cottage and Cathkin Laundry were built.

At the Old Mill bridge on the Cathcart Road, which was reconstructed in 1899, two tributaries enter the burn, one coming from the east along Greenhill Road and Farie Street, and the other west, all the way from Meikle Aikenhead Farm. These in our recollection were open the entire distance: the former is now wholly covered in, while the latter is pipe-led as far as the Burgh boundary. This Aikenhead course skirts the Royalty march at the West Houses. These thatched dwellings, long known as "Watt's Quarries," and tenanted later by the Knox family, were built in 1806, and, according to rumour, the proprietor built them for his workmen who erected the "Hundred Acre Dyke" round Gongovehill, as it was then known, in which enclosure he purposed building a mansion for himself, but, owing to a bank failure, the project was abandoned. This tributary from the west has, by process of erosion, deepened and widened to an alarming extent, and renders this part of the ancient right-of-way a source



The Auld Quarry Knowes.

See page 213

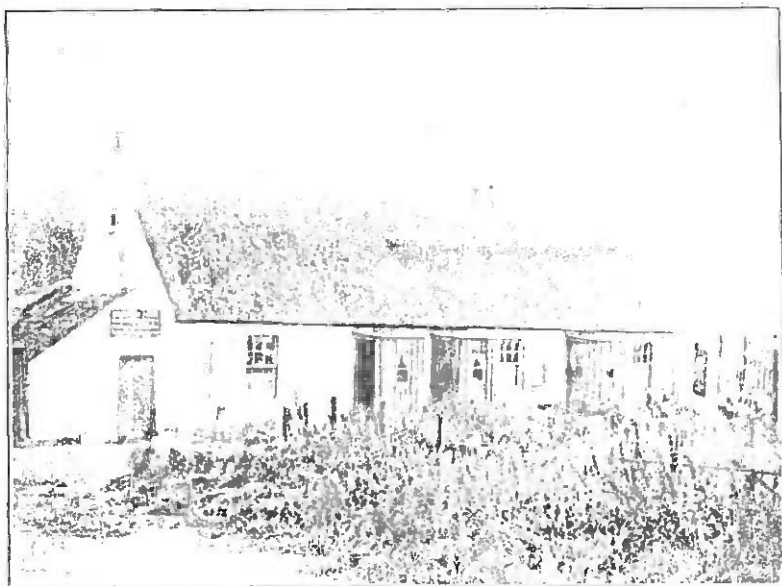
"But I never can forget them,
Tho' my haid be like the tow,
Nor the slatin' and the coartin',
On the Auld Quarry Knowes."



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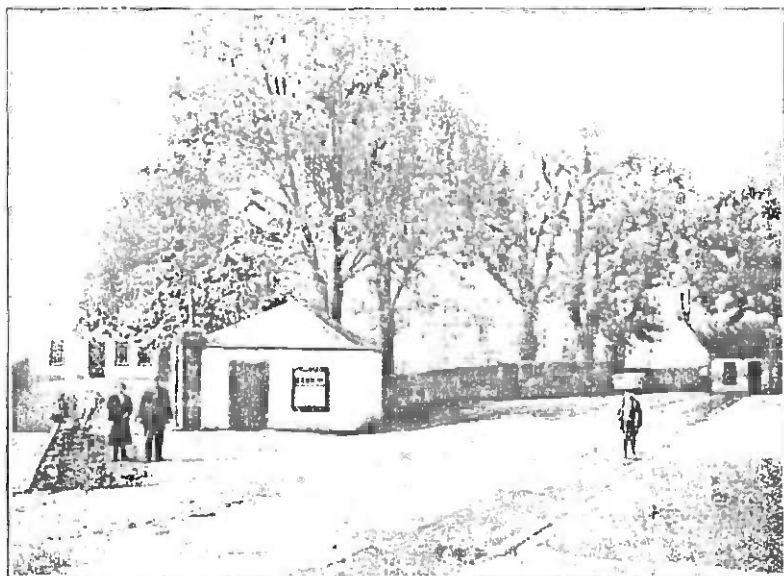
Baughly Baird's.

See page 214



West Houses.

See page 99



The Old Mill at Westbury.

Young 1884-85

See page 99

of danger. But for this distracting circumstance, Westfield is much the same as it was in our childhood. The burn then ran clear and fresh in front of the picturesque cottages of Bauldy Baird, part of which (somewhat modernised) we note, is still in occupation by the Craig family, who have had a long and honourable connection with the Burgh.

The present occupants of Westfield Villas, Colonel R. S. Murray and Mrs. T. J. Forgie, would require a considerable number of pages between them had this book included family biographies, but the most we can do here is to wish the honoured descendants of those two worthy Rutherglen magistrates—Provost Donald Murray and Provost David Warnock—a continuance of good health and happiness in their well-earned retirement. Prior to the advent of Mr. John Nairn of oat-cake celebrity, apple, cherry, and plum blossom made summer at Westfield a desirable period. Everything then to sight and smell was exquisitely sweet. To-day the aroma of oat-cakes alone dominates the atmosphere at all seasons of the year; but it is an appetising fragrance, and the industry, like the adjacent steam laundry of Giffen & Bissett, Ltd., employs a large army of workers. Hence, from a commercial point of view, the town gains considerably by these enterprising firms, whose popularity is spread throughout the length and breadth of Scotland.

The square of land from Westfield to Mount Florida and from Shawfield Toll to New Street on the Glasgow Road, now controlled by the trustees of Wm. Dixon, Ltd., had, at one time, no less than six collieries working upon it. Presently only two, Nos. 5 and 6, are in operation. As we write, we are informed that No. 5 pit, which is illustrated in this book, has also closed down—its seams will in future be worked from No. 6.

The result of this burrowing is seen in the many battened structures round Westmuir and Burnhill, where a large

proportion of the houses are in a tumble-down condition. Practically no feuing has taken place on this land for the last forty odd years, and while one regrets to see so many fine sites rendered useless for building purposes, there is compensation for the aesthetic minded, who, at, say, Berelands or Muirbank, may still enjoy an uninterrupted panorama of gorgeous scenery. Looking Cathkin-wards, two miles distant as the crow flies, one has the feeling he is standing in the centre of the great hill range itself. Muirbank House and orchard, which has for long been under the occupancy of Mr. Samuel M'Kinstry, has perhaps one of the most charming situations in Rutherglen, and Berelands Nurseries have become famous throughout the West of Scotland under the expert management of Mr. James Miller, formerly of Castlemilk.

The two factories on the east side of the burn which must now take the designation of "West Burn," are still carrying on under new proprietors—"Leggat's Mill" trading under the name of Niven & Craig, hair cleaners, and "King's Mill" under Higgins & Co., cloth manufacturers. The property at the corner of the Burn Road and Burnside Road, known as the "Buttonwork," is much in the same condition as it was half a century ago—only more slum-like. No information can be obtained as to how it got its name, or whether it ever had any connection with button manufacture; it is not an unlikely circumstance that with a brisk watercourse hard by, such an industry had existence there in early times, when buttons were mostly made from bone or mother-of-pearl. A stone's throw from here—at the top of Burnhill, stood the thriving thread industry of Alexander & Co. The near proximity of the great Paisley combines was doubtless the reason for this mill shutting down; it was afterwards converted into a chair factory by James Brown & Sons, but has since been demolished.

Looking up Chapel Street from the Burn Bridge, it will

be observed that the woodyard of the late Ex-Provost Wm. Mitchell has undergone considerable alteration at the instance of the Avonbank Co-operative Society, who recently bought up the whole of the old Burgh School property from the School Board Authority. Chapel Street doubtless took its name from a religious mission existing there prior to the Reformation, and known as Trinity Croft. The name Trinity is also used in early Town Council records to designate the burn from here onwards. Part of the glebe lands of Rutherglen lie west of Trinity Burn, and these since the War have been under cultivation by ploholders; while the right bank of the stream, which within recent times has widened considerably at this spot, is now levelled up to the line of Kildale Street, at the foot of which, adjacent to a brickfield, the notorious Artisan Street slum once existed.

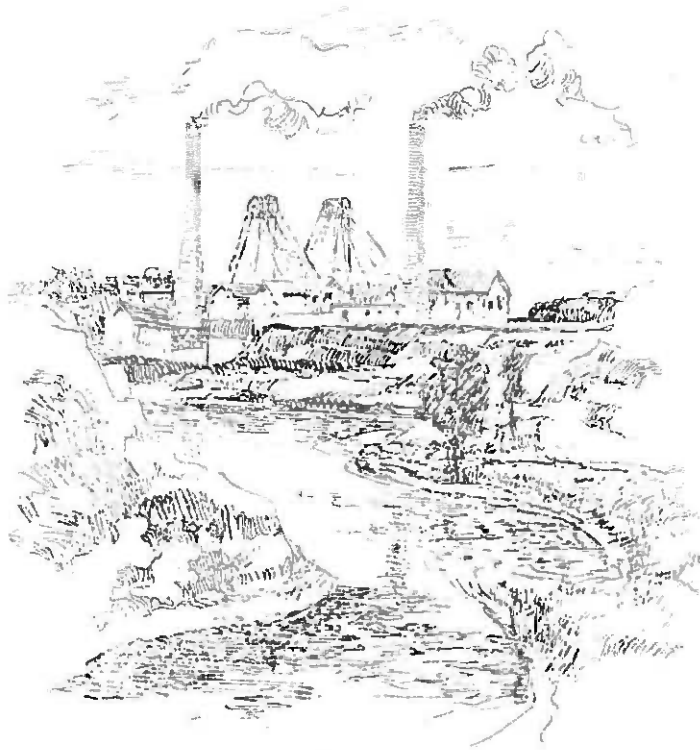
At New Street, originally known as Lyddoch Road, stepping-stones enable one to cross the water unless after incessant rains, when the flow increases to impassable depths. New Street cottage, on the east side of the burn, is on the Royalty boundary line, and might very appropriately be termed "Thendhouse," since it is the last inhabited house on the march until the city is reached. Still travelling in a northerly direction, the burn wends its way leisurely past the site of Rutherglen Pottery, a one-time busy concern which was subsequently converted into a cement work, and is presently a stable.

On the higher altitude may still be seen the foundations of Dixon's No. 4 Colliery, which had its entrance gates on the Glasgow Road, nearly opposite the Quay Road. Immediately adjacent to this pit area lies Southcroft House—a remnant of Rutherglen's early gentility. (The writer has in his possession a bookplate belonging to the original owner of this old mansion-house, bearing the Hamilton crest and imprint, A. Hamilton, South Croft.) The fine gardens that once beautified this landscape are now a

veritable wilderness, but the name "Southcroft" will never be forgotten in Rutherglen while the words "Glencairn" and "football" continue to be spoken, for it was here the "Glens" blossomed into fame. One last glimpse of country life is here seen on the left in the busy farming operations at Blackfaulds, better known as "Imrie's" Farm, round which many acres of land are in constant cultivation.

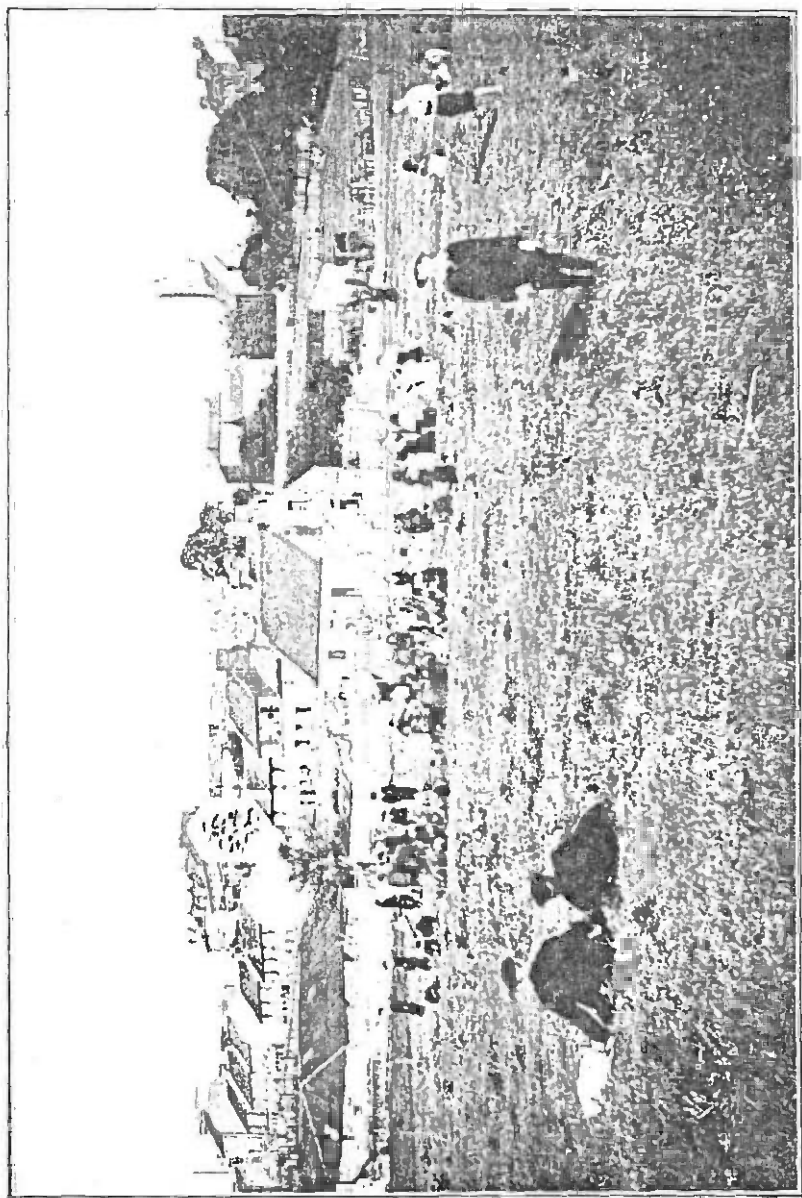
We are now at the parting of the ways, and our beloved little brook, which has afforded us so much real joy by its cheery companionship and memory-haunting recollections of bygone days, must pursue its inevitable course alone. Looming up in the distance on the right, the gigantic chemical industry of Shawfield presages a rough and chequered future for Trinity Burn. At the south end of the conduit which passes underneath the Caledonian main line, a hesitancy seems to mark the still limpid water-course, and it swirls round and round as if wishful to turn back, being afraid to enter the narrow tunnel—a veritable valley and shadow of the approaching annihilation which begins at the other end of the pipe.

From here to the cross-road at Dixon's No. 5 pit, known long ago as "The Auld Wife's Slap," the right bank of Trinity Burn was, in our own youthful days, one long terrace of orchards sloping down to the water's edge. Hayfield Mansion-house, the birthplace of Lord Overtoun, Shawfield Park House, the home of the Eadies of Tube Work fame, and the charming cottage of Russell, the coal-owner, had, besides the orchards at the back, stately avenues from their main entrances on the Glasgow Road. To-day not a stone or a bush remains, for the chemical waste, mountains high, is all that can be descried from the burn level. Truly, man's works are greater than himself, for in this instance not only has the configuration of the landscape been altered, but the sky itself at certain points is obscured by the huge erections now covering this higher



Dixon's No. 5 Pit and "Jenny's Burn."

See page 26.



Brighton Town Hall.

ground. It is through this poisonous waste track the burn channel still leads, until it reaches the above-named crossing, where it comes to a dead stop. The passage here, although of considerable dimensions, has been allowed to choke, and a hideous accumulation of grime and slime, many feet deep, has formed. On the other side of the passage the water oozes up through the mass of waste products in a tiny ripple, purified apparently by the protracted course of filtration in the conglomerate heap of alkali residues, and proceeds once more on its devious journey between mountainous banks of pit and chemical refuse until it joins connection with the Mallsmire tributary a little lower down. An extensive sheet of water, known as Shawfield Dam, once lay in the near vicinity. Coming down in a south-westerly direction, Mallsmire Burn, skirting the Hangingshaw and Toryglen Golf Course, was once on a time the prettiest of runnelets, but its condition at present is pitiful. The course from Aikenhead ran past Nos. 1 and 2 Crookston Collieries, which are now a heap of ruins, and it was near to this spot Queen Mary's horse is said to have stumbled in the flight from Langside. The united streams, after some playful manœuvring with the boiling-hot overflow that comes coursing down from No. 5 pit, turn in a north-easterly course, under the changed title of "Polmadie Burn," but more commonly designated at this point as "Jenny's Burn," which in its present condition is a burn no more, but a dangerous open sewer, stagnant and smelly, as it enters Richmond Park *en route* for the Clyde, where, let us hope, when the City's purification scheme ultimately succeeds, it will get "a blessin' wi' the lave," and become part and parcel of an "upper reaches salmonry," like to that which made glad the heart of our forbears in days of old.

Only three of the names enumerated in the foregoing will be found on the Ordnance Survey Map, namely, Cityford, West Burn, and Polmadie; and, like the other

four—Bourtree, Spittal, Trinity, and Jenny's, by which this one stream has at divers places been designated, are all more or less of topographical origin, with the exception of the latter, which, in our own hearing has been applied to each and every part of the waterway.

As to the identity of "Jenny," however, we have no fixed opinion. Describing "Out of the way places," a facetious writer recently referred to "Ru'glen Toon-end and Jenny's Burn" thus:

"It is worth while to go a few yards out of the way for a sight of the famous 'Jenny's Burn,' coming straight from the Cathkins, and wearing much of its early limpidity and freshness after it has washed the bedraggled skirts of Ru'glen toon. There is in our mind a sort of atonement made then to the famous stream for the ungenerous thoughts that it provoked by its slimy malodorous exit into the Clyde a mile or more lower down. One might almost hazard a guess that there could be trout in it if there were not so many miners about. But who was Jenny? What for did she live, and where? Why did she die, and when? Every Glaswegian born knows her by repute. Was she as well known to her generation in the flesh. It would be idle to think that, like the great Hebrew law-giver, she had power to make the burn flow, but at least she made it famous. Perhaps she washed her clothes in it, and set a fashion to the older Jennies of the ancient Burgh. Or perhaps, with due safeguards against Peeping Toms, she washed her own graceful person in it, and emerged refulgent of purity, health, and sweetness, and the other Jennies followed suit! That would account for a good deal, and the case may be left there."

Rutherglen boundary march at Shawfield will be more easily understood if a straight line drawn from Jenny's Burn to the Clyde is carried over the main entrance gates of the Clyde Football Club. Our picture of the Clyde near Rutherglen Bridge is from a painting eighty or a hundred years old, and tells its own story. The herd

laddie, the line fishers, the bathers, and boating-parties, render the scene, so full of life and charm, one of surpassing interest. The "Auld Brig," as seen on the extreme left of the picture, was demolished in 1893, and the foundation stone of the new one was laid by Bailie Macfarlane, Glasgow, 19th June, 1895. Poet H. B. Bremner plaintively describes the transition thus:

" O, there's sic a ploy this morning,
 The Provost's donned his goon!
 There's fifty flags adorning
 Our ain auld Burgh toon!
 The folks are early steering,
 And ilka heart's sae big,
 There's nought but rounds o' cheering
 For the new stane brig!
 But the auld brig, the auld brig,
 Is dearer far to me,
 For ilka stane's just like our ain,
 Sae sweet is memory!

" 'Twas there, when first a callan,
 Whene'r the schule cam' oot,
 I slippit past our hallan
 To watch the yellow trout!
 They loupit ower the chuckies,
 And danced sae fine a jig,
 That, O, my hand still yuckies
 To fish frae aff the brig!

" O, there the lads and lasses
 Wad meet at gloamin' fa'
 To sit among the grasses
 Below its auld stane wa':
 Or whyles a coach wad canter
 Atowre its whinnstones big,
 But now, a sad mischanter,
 They've ta'en the auld stane brig!

" O, when the red sun dippit
 Ahint the hills sae black,
 O then the auld men slippit
 Doon to the brig to crack:
 The smith had rowth o' stories—
 How soutar lost his wig,
 Or miller gat fresh glories
 At the auld stane brig!"

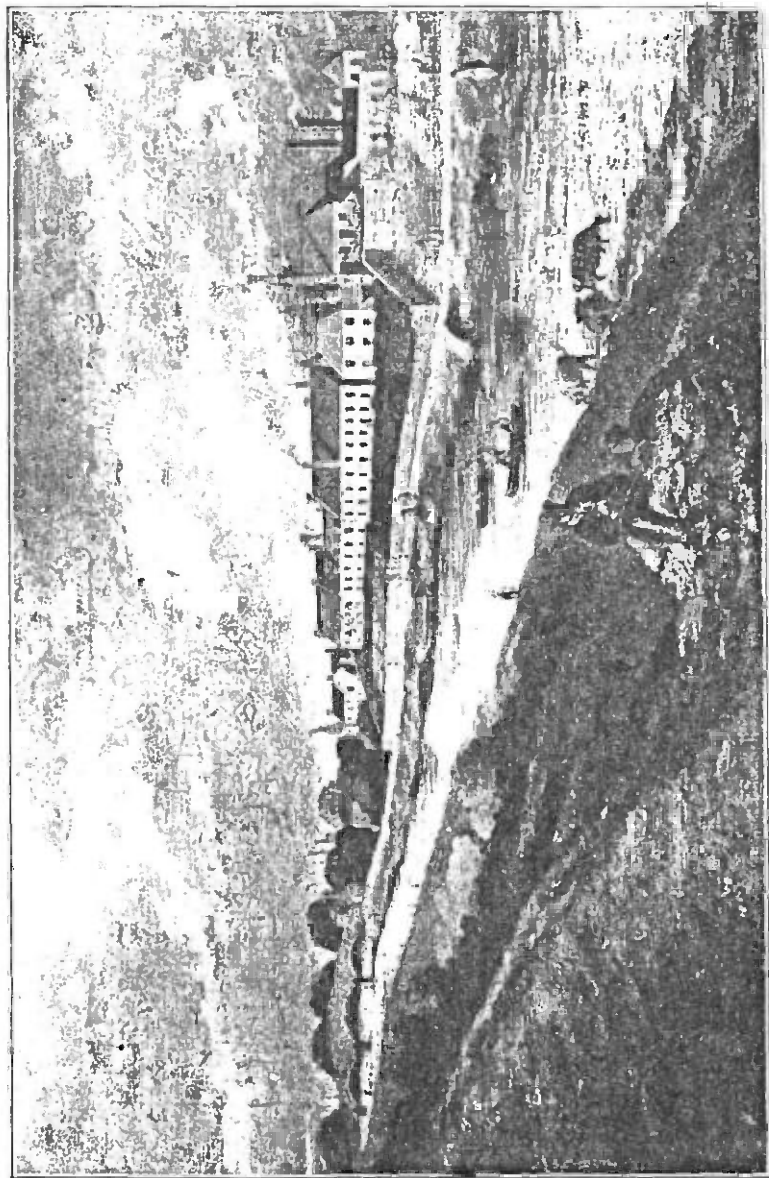
The building seen on the north side is the familiar Barrowfield Calico Print Works of Henry Monteith & Co., in which Hugh Macdonald ("Caleb") was apprenticed

to the block-printing business. This mill was started in 1802 and ceased in 1873, but carried on afterwards as a bleaching establishment.

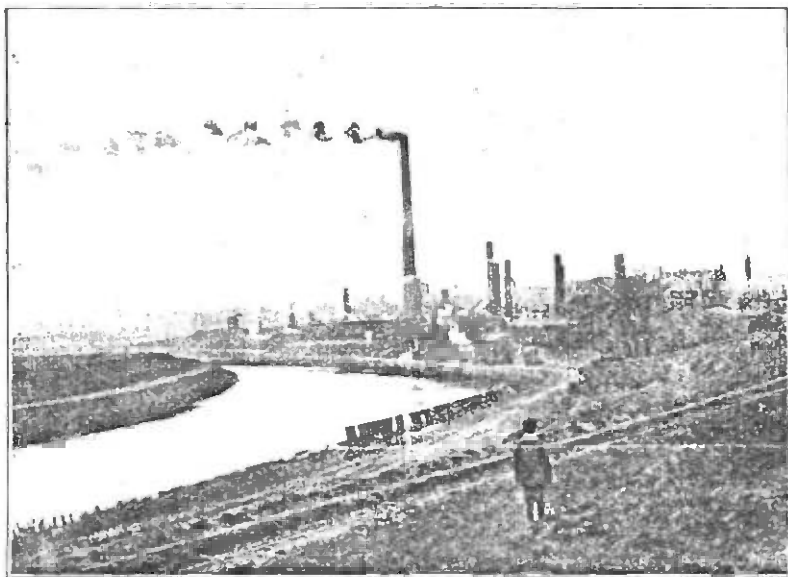
The north bank of the Clyde, from Rutherglen Bridge to Dalnarnock, has undergone complete transformation since Macdonald's day, and the only remnant now visible of the "guid auld field" which he sang about so lovingly, is the old dwelling-house formerly attached to the works. Huge weaving factories, chocolate works, and various other industries abound. There is also a large elementary school; while the Glasgow Corporation Sewage Works occupy an immense area opposite Rutherglen harbour. There is also the new Electrical Power Station at Dalnarnock, the largest perhaps in the world, which, on the Clyde side, has a 35-foot concrete wall enclosing its domain. The flow on the river here is strong, and at high tide reaches to a considerable depth.

The scene, looking from the north to Rutherglen Shipyard, at the present time is one of renewed activity, and the boatyard, which we have elsewhere described as being in a decadent state, is again in full operation under the new management of "The Rennie, Ritchie, & Newport Shipbuilding Company, who are busily completing a dozen or so sailing craft of divers dimensions, one of which, the *Drumlough*, 370 tons, being only recently launched. The sound of the hammers, although deafening, is nevertheless pleasant, since they not only recall the happy contented bygone times when the old firm was at its best, but of a returning prosperity which, notwithstanding the present unprecedented unemployment, let us hope, will continue to favour this new firm's endeavours, and recover for the old Burgh some of its lost industrial glory.

Towering high above this old boatyard, the new east wing of Shawfield Chemical Works completely blocks out the landscape, which, until recently, had Cathkin Braes for a background. Though interesting enough from an



The Clyde at Banglen, being eighty years ago.



Ruglen on the Clyde.

See page 108



Dalbeth on the Clyde.

See page 105.

Facing page 107

industrial point of view, the aspect of this busy region, bristling with lofty chimney stalks, one of which is said to be the third highest in the world, and overhung by a perpetual canopy of smoke, is anything but attractive.

In the near neighbourhood east of the boatyard at Greendyke, which formerly marked the boundary of Rutherglen Green, as well as the Royalty area, there is situated, at a point 50 yards from the centre of the river, No. 1 boundary stone, while the last stone on the Royalty march will be found 500 yards west of this, at the Old Quay steps.

Immediately to the east of Broomloan Shipyard stands the Burgh Slaughterhouse, which cost £1,100 to build, but became a white elephant soon after on account of the local fleshers' preference for city killing marts. Two separate lines of railway span the Clyde at this point; one bridge is of stone and the earlier one of iron. It was just here Dalmarnock Ford, a hundred years ago, led across to old Dalmarnock Pit, the site of which is just in line with Swanston Street. Most of the traffic, however, went *via* Farme Ford, some 600 yards higher up the stream. In 1820-21 a wooden "pay" bridge was erected here, and, twenty-eight years afterwards, a second structure was put up, each costing about £3,000. The present Dalmarnock Bridge, built in 1889, is 320 feet long, and 50 feet wide, with five steel girder spans each 54 feet 8 inches long, the girders resting on granite piers.

Plans for constructing a bridge across the Clyde at the Cowntown, near Old Farme Pit, were at one time well advanced, under the direction of the late County Councillor James Anderson, but the project failed to materialise. Old Farme Pit, which will always be associated with Mr. Anderson's name, has been constantly at work for over 150 years. About a dozen years ago the old Newcomen engine, which was in constant use at this pit for fully 100 years, and which is said to have drawn

approximately 3,000,000 tons of coal to the surface, was gifted to the Glasgow Corporation. The pit has undergone considerable alteration since Mr. Anderson's death, but is still making good, and employing between 400 and 500 miners, with an output of some 500 tons of coal per week.

Old Farme Row is not much to look at these days, but an interesting chapter could be written had one the space and a Dr. Gorman pen. Such a pen might tell many wonderful tales of midnight visits to this humble quarter half a century ago. The "Row," with the crystal waters of the Clyde in the near vicinity, was at that time one of the healthiest places in the parish, and some of the largest and sturdiest families have been reared there. Four of the Farme mothers who came there as brides, although all of them became octogenarians, were never known to be once absent from their own cherished abode. Were they alive to-day, we fear they would want frequently to escape from the smoke screens and fish-gut effluvia of this—as someone has aptly termed it—Lower Ward black country.

Downiebrae Road, leading from Dalmarnock Bridge to Old Farme, has lost much of its rural charm. Several new industries have converted this old umbrageous lane into a busy thoroughfare, and the well-known farm, known in our early days as "Crawford's," still exists, although the adjacent colliery is doing its best to "bing" it into the Clyde, which at this point makes a camel-like bend of nearly a mile, until it encircles the Cunnigar,* a famous fishing-ground frequented by our great grandsires, who had salmon nets hired out to them by the Corporation at sixpence a time, or cheaper if they should happen to be burgesses. These nets were kept in the Tolbooth.

* The Cunnigar is the site of the old waterworks, which, prior to Loch Katrine, supplied the Gorbals of Glasgow with water. For many years the place was used as a piggery by sundry tenants of the cottage still in the vicinity of the filter beds.

Rutherglen parish, as mentioned elsewhere, is bounded on the north by the Clyde for $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and extends from Rutherglen Bridge to a point in line with Rosebank House, Cambuslang. Having traversed more than half that distance to some 500 yards east of Clyde Paper Mills, an interesting prospect opens out to the visitor. In the far distance, Dalbeth Reformatory, embowered in a forest of trees, is exquisitely set out in the landscape by the curving banks and widely-swept waters of the Clyde. No prettier picture could be imagined. Hugh Macdonald's inimitable description of this scene, which has altered little since his time, will, we think, be of interest to the reader:

“ The bank on the north side, sloping gently to the river, is clothed with fine plantations, the haunts of birds innumerable, which, as we pass, are joyously piping their mellifluous strains. The swallow and the more rare sand-piper are flitting over the stream (which in its windings here rivals the linky Forth). Nor is the background less fair, as from every point fine views are obtained of the richly-wooded braes of Catlinkin, with the spires of Rutherglen, etc., lending beauty to the middle distance. Immediately above the lands of West Thorn is Dalbeth, the finely-situated mansion, which is now occupied as a conventual establishment in connection with the Romish Church. Morning, noon, and evening, the Rambler by the river-side hears the tinkling of bells at this spot, warning the sisterhood to their frequently recurring exercises of devotion. The curious may also on a sunny forenoon espy, the veiled forms of the nuns, walking with measured pace on the green sward in front of the edifice, or lingering in pensive attitudes in the shadows of the surrounding trees.

“ In this quiet and secluded locality there is nothing to disturb the contemplations of the fair devotees more harsh than the murmurings of the river or the songs of the birds among the foliage. They seem indeed to live a peaceful and harmless life in their beautiful solitude; yet to our Presbyterian prejudices a nunnery seems anything but a pleasant feature in a Scottish landscape. A small chapel

and a cemetery have recently been erected in the neighbourhood.

"In the bed of the stream at this place there was for many years a numerous colony of the large fresh water mussel. In seasons of drought we have seen these bivalves exposed in myriads. Some of the shells contained pearls of considerable value; and we have known a Cambuslang weaver to realise a couple of pounds by the sale of a forenoon's gathering. A friend of ours picked up a shell here which was thickly studded with small pearls. None of them, however, were very pure, and we suspect this is the case with the greater portion of those found in the Clyde. Be this as it may, the pearl-bearing character has proved fatal to the poor mussels, which are now nearly extirpated. Small particles of native gold have also been found in the sands opposite Dalbeth."

On the right, however, the scene is less entrancing, as the belching smoke and blazing fires of Clydebridge Steel Works bescreen the sky. Once on a time these furnaces were so near the outer edge of the parish they had to be searched for: not so to-day. Recent management under the world-famous firm of David Colville & Sons has set Clydebridge on the move, and the whole of the ground lying between the railway and the Clyde up to Ballochmill Farm belongs to them: parts of the land are set out as a sports ground for the workers, who have an extensive welfare scheme in progress.

The Scion and Eastfield Burns join the Clyde at this juncture; the former, it may be noted, comes down a southerly course past Ballochmill Farm, while the latter hails us from a south-easterly direction. Like the other burns mentioned, the Scion has its source also in the uplands of Cathkin, and may still be traced from High Crosshill through Stonelaw Woods and Woodburn to Richmond Park Laundry and the Clyde. But in order to complete the circuit of the outer watercourses, the visitor may still trace the Eastfield Burn as it meanders past the

miners' cottages west of Eastfield Public School. The only place at which this burn is covered in is in front of Glenpark Buildings, and at the road crossing there. An interesting part of Eastfield Burn runs through Bullions Law Glen, which may be entered from the Cambuslang Road. A bye-road skirting the glen led in former times to the Wellshot pits and quarries, and when these were closed, the place became a veritable wilderness of waste dumps, but to-day the fairy godmother of progress has erected a cottage and garden on every dump, with remarkable results—the wilderness has become a thriving township, and it is conjectured it will ultimately extend as far as Burnside. It is satisfactory to learn that Bullions Law Glen, through which the burn flows, and along which the Royalty march stones are laid, will be preserved from encroachment. It is one of the prettiest spots in all Rutherglen, and its contiguity greatly enhances this new residential district.

Down west, in the hollow, Wellshot Brewery, which has a conduit led into it from the burn will, notwithstanding the "dry" * circle prescribed under the new Licensing Act, doubtless carry on as before, since the restrictions affect not the making but only the sale of ales and spirits.

Many Ruglonians will have pleasant recollections of happy afternoons spent in the grounds of the fine old mansion-house at Eastfield, whose genial and courteous proprietor, Col. J. R. Gray Buchanan, will long be remembered for the kindly interest and cordial welcome he invariably extended to visitors. Eastfield Farm, which has been under the able guidance of Mr. Wm. Dick for almost a life-time, has an unrivalled situation, and is also a favourite rendezvous for Sunday School outings.

We take leave of Eastfield Burn at the ford on the Calderwood Road. Whitlaw Burn, which now comes into

* The whole of Cambuslang and two Rutherglen wards—Greenhill and Crosshill—voted "No Licence" in 1930.

view, derives its name from the farm directly south of the ford aforementioned, but the burn, instead of coursing ahead, as it well might have done, chooses the line of least resistance, and heads off in a westerly direction until it reaches the farm of Fishescoats, from whence it beats a hasty retreat eastwards *via* the north side of the Duke's Road, back to Calderwood Ford.

From Whitlaw Burn to its source, behind Springhall Mansion-house, there is little of interest other than the fact that for untold ages this simple rivulet has continued to pour its crystal libations into the treasure store of the illimitable ocean, and that for hundreds of years it has marked the eastern bounds of our ancient Royal domain, performing its double task and fixing its indelible impressions on history's page in humble acknowledgment of the power entrusted to it by an All Wise Creator, whose every design in nature is conceived for the benefit of man, for the purpose of directing his thoughts heavenwards. Contented little streamlet, your cheerfulness teaches us a lesson. Through shadow and sunshine the thrill of your song but marks the speed of your progress. Happy the life so found reflecting the image of heaven—never turning aside or halting on the journey, but pressing onwards to eternity through the channel hewn out for it by a kind and gracious Providence.



"The Banks"

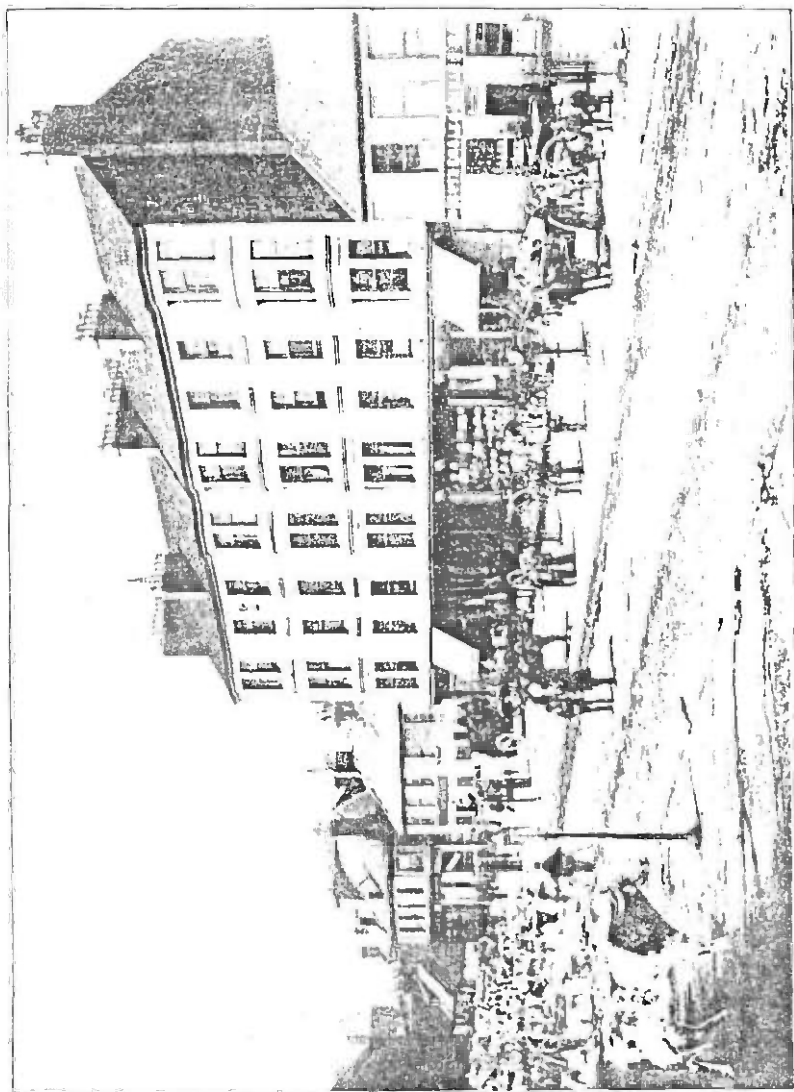
Opp. page 207



Old Jail or Tolbooth.

Facing page 208

Opp. page 205



The Last Cow Fair - note the vehicles on the left.

CHAPTER XVI

OLD-TIME RUTHERGLEN

"I love everything that's old : old times, old friends, old manners."
—*Goldsmith.*



LESS than 150 years ago, in the year 1773, as given in a map of Lanarkshire by Charles Ross of Paisley, the population of Glasgow was 42,770. Carmunnock had four times more inhabitants than Cathcart, which could only total 150, while in the Parish of Rutherglen there were 1,272 souls.

Our frontispiece is an enlarged reproduction of a miniature drawing from H. Wilson's illustrated map of the country eight miles round Glasgow. Engraved in 1829, this picture of old-time Rutherglen is perhaps the oldest and most quaint of any local view now in existence; showing, as it does, the north side of Main Street from the Gushet House, and including one of the ancient parish pumps, with its clachan of standing stones, so suggestive of Druidical times, when, by going to "the stones," you were understood to be going to the church. No other well in the town, so far as we can learn, had such a bodyguard of stony protectors.

The "Pants," or Saint Mary's Croft would in early times extend to this point, and we conclude that the well here shewn is either the one mentioned elsewhere as "The Crafts" or "Saint Mary's Well." Probably the former is the one that stood at the junction of the Cathcart and Burn Roads seventy years ago, and at which the boy

"Russell" (afterwards the celebrated Medical Officer of Glasgow) and his sister are said to have frequently amused themselves doing "dockies," i.e., climbing on to the top ledge and jumping thence to the ground. One derivation of the name "Pants" has already been given, but we incline to the belief that the tailors and weavers, who forgathered round this shrine a hundred years ago saw in the division of the two main roads at the "gusset"—leading on the right to Chapel Croft and on the left to St. Mary's Croft—a resemblance to the sartorial garment of that name—hence the abridged title.

The main road to East Kilbride in those days was *via* Mill Street, up the Barricade, and over the Cathkins. A side track went *via* Chesters—now the Mill Street entrance to Johnstone Drive, and struck the Stonelaw Road at the Blue-muir Slap,* opposite Woodburn Main entrance. The road on the east of the town left the Main Street *via* the old Hamilton Road to Cambuslang and Hamilton, while a third main artery led south by Calderwood or Whorlpit (originally Hottlepot) Road, past Whitlawburn to Stoney-meadow Toll and Blantyre or East Kilbride. A branch of this old path (still maintained as a right-of-way) leads out to the East Kilbride Road at Springhall Lodge.

At the head of Main Street, the present motor garage of Young & Coy., known to the ancients as "'Bus Ann's," abutted on to Crawford's property at 250 Main Street—prior to Stonelaw Street being opened up for traffic. The proprietor then was Bailie John Yuill, who was the great-grandfather of our popular townsman, "Archie." Of this worthy ancestor an important relic has been preserved in

* An upright stone stood here 40 years ago, marking the spot of a crime for which Ned Mair, an occupant of one of General Spens' houses at Stonelaw, was executed at Glasgow about the year 1829. Whether the victim's blood was actually spilt on the stone we are unable to say, but we do know its removal was a sanitary necessity, for during the many years it remained there it was an object of scorn, fit only to be spat upon, and no youngster would think of passing it without religiously observing the practice.

the form of an eighteenth century masonic apron, manufactured in Shawfield Print Works. John Yuill was R.W.M. of Rutherglen Royal Arch Lodge (116) in 1784. The printfield mentioned lay south-east of Jenny's Burn, on the estate of Lady Cleghorn, and belonged to one Macaulay, who employed a large number of hands from the old burgh.

The nomenclature of Rutherglen has changed very considerably since Ure wrote his history. A list of fifty-four names of places are there given, but fully a score of them would give present-day readers some trouble to locate. Where, for instance, would the reader place Bencathill, Calf-ward, Cock-moor, Cowans-loan, Cross-flat, Drumlaw, Gallo-moor, Gillgove, Hanging-croft, King's - Crosshill, Lemonside, Lunnieside, Pyetshaw, Quarrel-law, Temple-cross, and Tongues? Yet every one of these names has a topographical interest, and will, it is hoped, be localised and defined for the benefit of posterity in the first authentic history that may be constructed of the parish. Meanwhile prospective owners of the new garden suburb of Gallowflat could not do better than perpetuate some of these fine old titles on their new residences. There are many others we should much like to see revived, such as Claude's Bush, Ellistoun, Chesters, Earl-park, Lyddoch, etc. These designations would at least be as euphonious and infinitely more appropriate than the modern combinations perpetrated by the inmates of "Lizzie's Choice," "Daddyville," "Quiet Holm," etc.

It was the practice in earlier times to divide the bigger farms into crofts, and in Ure's list of names quite a number of these are mentioned, such as East Croft, Horse Croft, South Croft, Mill Croft, Chapel or Trinity Croft, The Pants or Saint Mary's Croft, Hanging Croft, etc.; but with the exception of South Croft and Mill Croft on the Shawfield Estate, the others are now but memories. Of the place-names once so familiar, Little Lane, the "Coo Brae," and

"Smith's Square," are the only three that have passed beyond recognition. You may still go down the "Pants," run down the "Drossy Brae," or take a leisurely stroll through Pollock's Wynd (Church Street), Jail Wynd (King Street Lane), "Sanny Reid's" or School Wynd (Queen Street), Castle Wynd (Castle Street), Green Wynd (Green Road), Shearer's Wynd (Factory Lane) or the Mill Wynd (Mill Street), but the charm of these kenspeckle corners is less impressive now than when we followed the chase in the game of "I spy," or played "clockwork" or some other boyish prank on the doors or windows of the unoffending lieges. Beyond the amusements indulged in on Fair days, and the coming of an occasional show or menagerie, there was little to engage the leisure of buoyant youth in the ill-lit town of old-time Rutherglen, especially in wintertime; hence the popularity of such games as those mentioned, which, with "Smugglers," "Prison Base," "Jinkers," "Smuggle the Brog," "Galoshons,"* "Change a Sixpence," "Blind Man's Buff," "Follow the Lead," "Cocky Rosy ower the

* "Galoshons" was more a play than a game, and was closely related to the maskers or guisers referred to in *The Pirate* of Sir Walter Scott. Although an innocent enough amusement in our youthful days, the Presbytery of Glasgow, on two occasions at least, decreed against its being performed, and in 1608 ordained the minister of Rutherglen to summon the persons within his parish "quha in y^e tyme called yule days used Gysrie superstitiouslie and troublit y^e nichtboars in y^e nicht tyme to y^e great offence of God and his kirk"; also "ordaines James broun in Ruglen, allegit gysor in womens cloathes," to be summoned. The offenders in each case are afterwards ordered to make public repentance. At a still earlier period, 1595, similar plays are vetoed by the kirk, and for attending stage performances at Rutherglen on Sundays frequent punishments were inflicted. In 1593 the Presbytery ordered the Clerk to write My Lord Paisley to prohibit the playing of pipes on Sunday from sunrise to sundown, and to forbid all pastimes on that day. This order was to be read in all kirks, but especially that of Ru'glen. Play-acting and pipe-playing were not, however, the only offences for which Ru'glen miners were frequently held responsible—cock-fighting, salmon-fishing, and settling their accounts on Sundays gave the church unusual concern.

Causey," " Hot Pies," " Buckety-buck," etc., helped to relieve the tedium.

Outdoor daylight pastimes were of course quite as numerous as they are now, including, of course, the familiar school games of Moshie, Stottie, and Strikie, and, although Football was largely indulged in, Cricket, Shinty, Hoosie, Rounders, Bowling (essentially an old man's game then), The Quoits, etc., were even more popular if less refined, as the local poet explains:

" When dargs are done an' dressin's wrocht,
Then some amusement maun be socht,
For youth's no' gien to dolorous thoicht,
Nor sentiment, in Rutherglen.
The quoits, the bullets, or the ba',
Gowfd up against the gavel wa',
Or kick'd along, wi' cloit an' fa',
An' rough-spun words in Rutherglen.
A 'rosel' cloit in Rutherglen,
Bound tight about, in Rutherglen,
Their broken hanes an' achin' sprains,
Hales a' their sairs in Rutherglen."

But the shows, when held on the Loanings, were the hub of mirth for the time being. The original showground was in front of Pollock's Wynd, and they made frequent appearances there, remaining in some cases for a whole week. It was a hideous time for the residents in the near neighbourhood, but the "use-and-wont" right of the showmen to the Loanings was never challenged. By and by, however, they were relegated to King Street, where Tennent's building now stands. Thinking the quietness of King Street would militate against the attendance, the showmen hit upon a plan for attracting the crowd, and organised a hot porridge competition. The plan was more than successful, for the competition was held in the open, and when the six competitors received their boiling hot bowl of porridge minus milk or spoon, and were told to "lick it," the scene that followed was unforgettable. In course of time, another removal was necessary—this time

to the "Tails," and when a circus struck the town, it was invariably accommodated there, or on the "Soda Waste." The great event usually witnessed here was the rider who disrobed himself of fifty vestments as he sped round the sawdust on horseback. The closing of the Loanings against vehicular traffic was, of course, the magistrates' excuse for refusing the show-folks the old-time privilege, and Rutherglen is not now counted among the stopping places of "geggie" proprietors. The battle of the Loanings was subsequently fought out between the Magistrates and the shopkeepers, who were backed up by vehicle owners, in their preposterous claim to load and unload at the shop door instead of at the outer kerb. The case was taken to Edinburgh, and a considerable sum of money wasted in securing a decision. In a letter to the press, the late Ex-Provost John Fleming discussed the subject at length, and pointed out to the claimants the absurdity of their pleas in respect to the Loanings, which, he said, were never intended for carriage traffic, but for the use of foot passengers only, and quoted a Town Council Minute of 1782 to that effect. The unwarranted practice of driving on the Loanings was quite a recent innovation, which he urged the populace to resist with all their might. We are glad to be able to present to the reader a Loanings picture—as shown in court. Taken on a Fair day, with the vehicles all over the pavement, it shows at a glance how unreasonable that claim must have been, for, with the added motor traffic, present-day traffic on the highway is, in all conscience, dangerous enough, without having to negotiate it also on the footway. We have often been asked the question, Has Rutherglen the broadest street in Scotland? It is one of those questions every Ruglonian would have to answer in the old Scots fashion by asking another, but we have no space for argument. The Main Street is 112 feet wide, and, according to Ure, it is half a mile long; but that measurement doubtless includes the

eastern portion of the town recently acquired, which, when opened up to the Burgh boundary line at Eastfield, should reach about that distance.

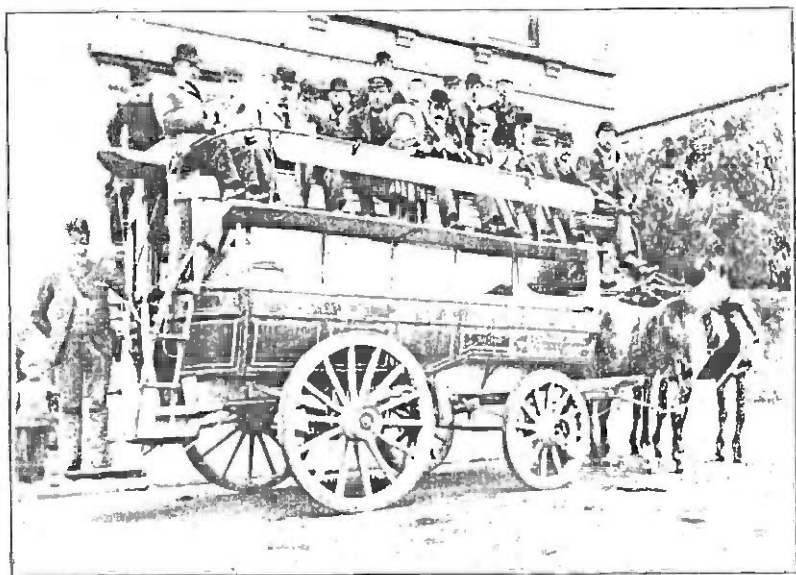
There were twenty-six public houses within the town when Ure wrote his book, but these, he tells us, although more than sufficient on ordinary occasions, were not able to cope with the demand on Fair days; hence, to supply this deficiency, every inhabitant claimed as a right to sell ale and spirits, licence free, during the time of the Fairs. In 1890 there were forty-nine licensed houses in the district, fourteen of these being grocers' certificates. The fairs ceased in November, 1900, and from that date a noticeable change took place in the character and management of licensed premises; back doors were abolished, and many transfers were created, and, in some instances, the former humble inn became an elaborated drinking saloon, under the direction of some Trust or Syndicate, which has since been linked up with what is now commonly designated the "Trade." Since the above date, however, a gradual reduction has been effected in the number of such places, and only thirty-seven existed prior to the Temperance (Scotland) Act of 1913. At the voting on 2nd November, 1920, these were further reduced by ten, leaving twenty-one public houses and six grocers' licences still in the Burgh.

Much as the publican may resent the curtailment of his trade and the many official restrictions that now govern it, no "prohibitory order" has since exceeded in rigidity that of the magistrates of 1668, who, "considering the frequent drinking and druckenness of James Philipshill, cowper; and the severall abuses committed be him frequentlie; and that no admonitione, nor punishment, can gett him restrained theirfra. Whairfor the saids Provest, Baillies, and Counsell doe heirby Inhibit, and discharge all brewers and sellers of drinke within this burgh, That they nor ane of them presume to give or sell any drinke to the said

J— P—, except what they sell to his wyfe and bairnes for the use of the howse and familie; Under the paine of fyve pundis money, *toties quoties*, as they contravene herein. And ordaines intimatione to be made heirof be towke of drum."

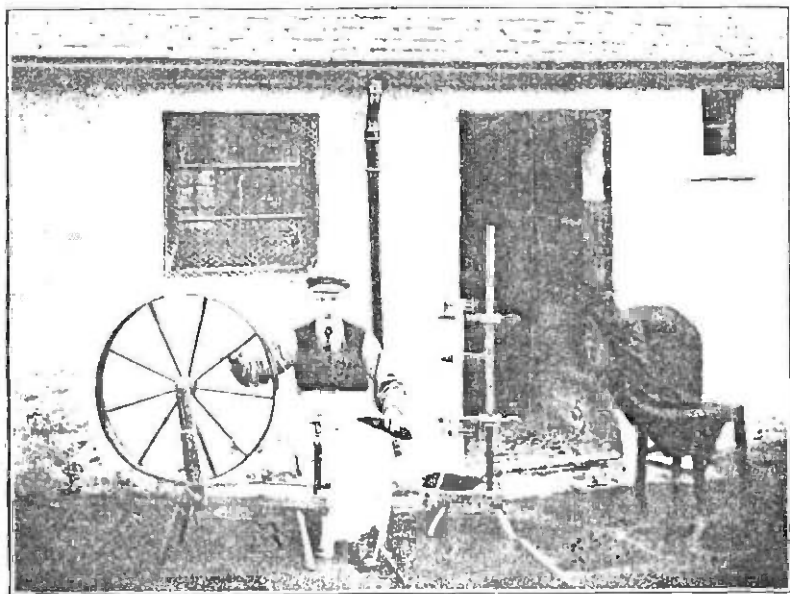
Only a very few of the older "howffs" may now be visited. Of these there is "Ye Old Inn, 1654" of Doran, in Chapel Street (probably the one J— P— frequented), "The Thistle Inn" of Dean Bartholomew, "The Forrester's Arms" of Bishop in Main Street, and Aitken's shop, "The Black Bull," in the Glasgow Road. "The Cross Keys," "The Bag o' Nails," "The Grape Inn," "The Auld Hoose," "The Cellar," "Burns' Cottage," "Bus Ann's," "The Royal Oak," have either altered their way of living or ceased to exist; just as some of the more modern ones have been compelled to do since the above Act was enforced. The "Central Bar" has become a Savings Bank, and various other houses in the "dry" area have been supplanted by ice-cream businesses. Among the signs still in evidence are "The Tower Bar," "The Wallace Bar," "Old Quarry Bar," "Glencairn Bar," "The Pop Inn," "The Victoria," "The Burnhill Rest," "The Bower," "The Old Spot," which, of course, is a comparatively new spot, covering the site of Hannah Scouler's well-known shop in the Glasgow Road.

Mention of Glasgow Road recalls the muddy condition of that main thoroughfare in pre-tram times, when the old trundling bus made its hourly run to Argyle Street *via* Rutherglen Brig and "Brighton." How the former cow-backed structure was negotiated by the rickety old conveyance so long without serious accident has always remained a mystery, for the width of the bridge with safety was certainly only available for a couple of hand-carts to pass each other; yet it was a common thing, when "Wee Bob" or "Big Jamie" was driving, to see them dash past the "key stane" with a full load of passengers when the

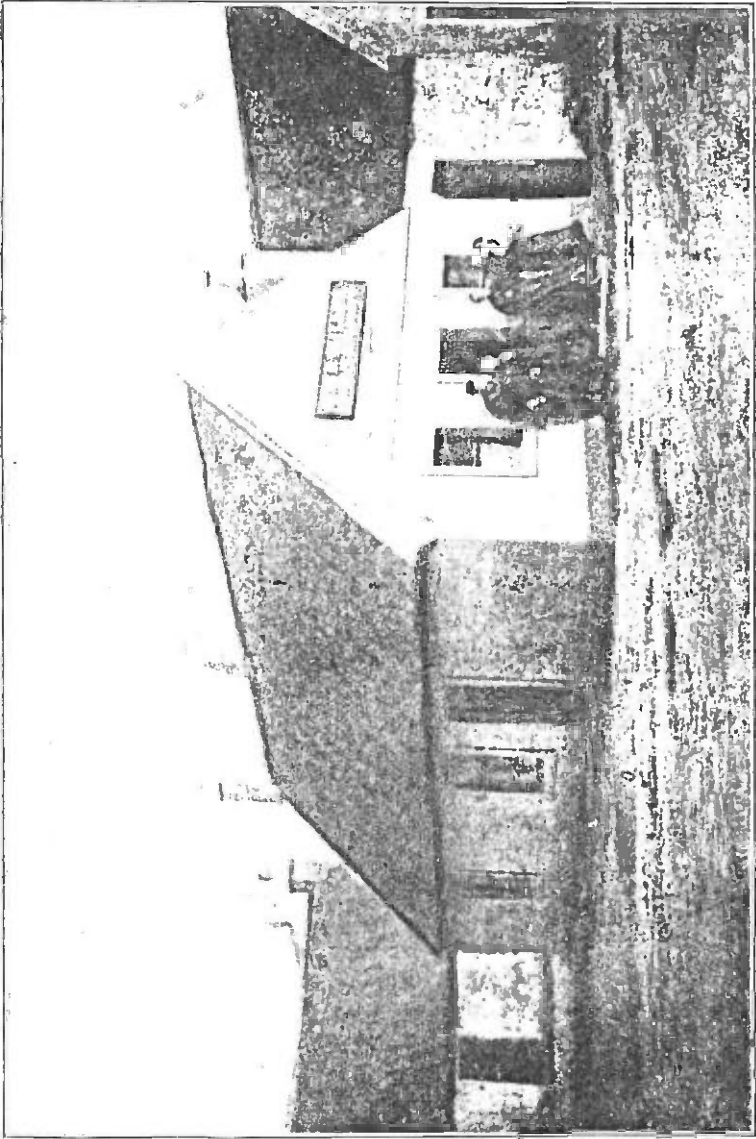


Ruġien Buses.

See page 236



The Last Ruġien Weaver Harry Black.



Bus Am's.

off side was busy with vehicular traffic. It looked like recklessness—perhaps it was only bravado. At all events, it was a time for restraining one's breath, and more especially so when you occupied the "dicky" seat. Our picture of the old coach, taken at the Bank corner twenty-seven years ago, represents the morning run to the city. If the reader has any difficulty in naming the business pioneers perched on the knife-board, the best plan is to get into telepathic communication with "Earchie." The 'bus, as seen in the reproduction, is "Blair's," and the accustomed stance was at the head of Main Street, better known as "Crawford's Corner." Stabling was then found at Gooseberryhall. Speed in those days was a word of little significance; and to have credited Blair's quadrupeds with being fast in the step would have made you an object of ridicule. Once the animals arrived at their destination, it was never thought necessary to watch or give them any attention, unless it was a nose-bag or pail of water. Perhaps it was the omission of these that made them on one occasion take French leave of Stonelaw corner. It was while they were careering down the Main Street at break-neck pace a certain Town Councillor performed a rather daring feat as he mounted the flying chariot, which he was only able to reign up when opposite the old fountain. Many a less risky performance has received greater public acknowledgment.

Menzies, the forerunner of Blair, had quite a long spell of Ru'glen's patronage. His 'busses, it will be remembered, displayed the clan tartan of the Menzies round the body. To-day it would be considered *outré* to see a 'bus in kilts, but the pride of patriotism in those early days was linked up with most business transactions, and on the Queen's birthday particularly the 'bus was garlanded and bellagged most loyally; and somehow everybody on that day wore a smile of complaisance.

At a still earlier period, "Walker's 'bus," which did

the same run to the city, had its stance originally before the door of "Bus Ann's" (John Miller's) Inn, at the corner of Hamilton Road and Main Street, and subsequently in front of the "Grape Inn" (Shaughnessy's). The stables at that time were behind Ex-Bailie Macdonald's property at 230 Main Street.

Like the Queen's Birthday and other celebrations, the anniversary of Bannockburn, June the twenty-fourth, was also wholly kept throughout Scotland, but in no other town did the enthusiasm excel that of the Ruglonians, to which no limit could be set. Describing the scene as enacted within the old Burgh on June 24th, 1818, a recent writer says:

"The enthusiasm on the occasion was unprecedented. The dinner was in the old Scottish style, and after dinner the gentlemen, dressed in the costume of Ossian, went in procession to the Cross, formed a circle, and drank with unbounded applause to 'The King,' 'The Memory of Bruce,' etc., to the accompaniment of Highland music. The flag was carried by one of the Magistrates, attired in the same dress. At the head of the company was a Scottish thistle, upwards of seven feet high, carried by a son of Caledonia, also dressed in the garb of Old Gaul. The Highland Fling having been danced, the company returned to the hall—the old Tolbooth—where many patriotic toasts were drunk with that éclat so characteristic of Scotsmen when commemorating the deeds of their fathers. After a lengthened programme of patriotic song and sentiment, the party broke up at twelve midnight. Decorated with plumes of thistles, the visitors marched away to the strains of the bagpipes."

At a much later date, even in the memory of many middle-aged people, a society called the Wallace and Bruce Society existed in Rutherglen, whose deserving character and aim, says a local writer (Robert Bennett),

"was worthy of a longer life." On the anniversary of the battle, they paraded the streets with flags, banners, and loud resounding instruments. Stalwart Scotch thistles formed a prominent feature of the procession. "Old Jock Bennie was one of the leading lights in this body. He was a gardener, and it must be owned a patriot that would have delighted the heart of Burns, who at the plough

* Turned his weeder clips aside
To spare the symbol dear.*

Jock reared Scotch thistles in his garden, and it was chiefly from his nursery the processionists drew their supplies. He loved the plant not only as Scotland's emblem, but as a beautiful and symmetrical work of Nature. He was asked on one occasion to do up a plot of ground in front of a friend's house, but his one condition of service was the liberty to plant one of his home-bred thistles in the centre." The banners carried on these occasions are still intact, and are presently housed in the lumber-room of the Town Hall.

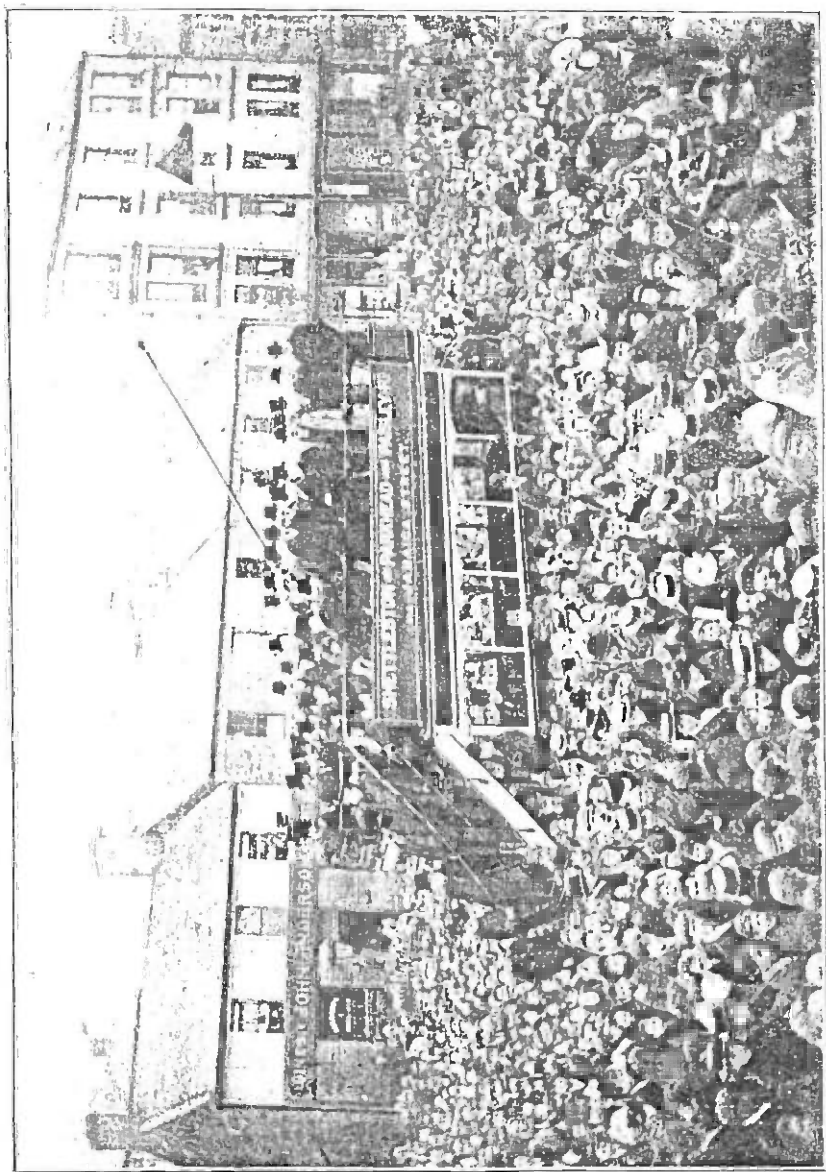
Reverting to modes of transit and locomotion in the early 'eighties, the station at the foot of the Green-wynd Brae was on the sleepy hollow pattern, and the road to it might have been the road to perdition, so rapid was the descent, which in frosty weather was accelerated ninety per cent. Our recollections of it are still vivid. During an early period in the postal service, a messenger, not long come from the north, was raised to the rank of mail-bag dispatcher. It was his duty to place the English letter-bag in a leather envelope or pouch, and affix it to an iron standard erected on the line near the railway station, when it was caught up by the passing train. In the course of one of these journeys, the Green-wynd Brae being slippery as glass, the official sat down upon the leather bag and scooted instantly to the bottom. The exhilarating experience must have recalled to him the hills of home, because

he ventured to repeat the experiment several times, and, as fate would have it, once too often, for at its scheduled time the train went rushing past, minus of course its usual complement of letters. The excuse tendered for this dereliction of duty is not remembered, but " tobogganing with Her Majesty's Mail " was certainly not the reason given.

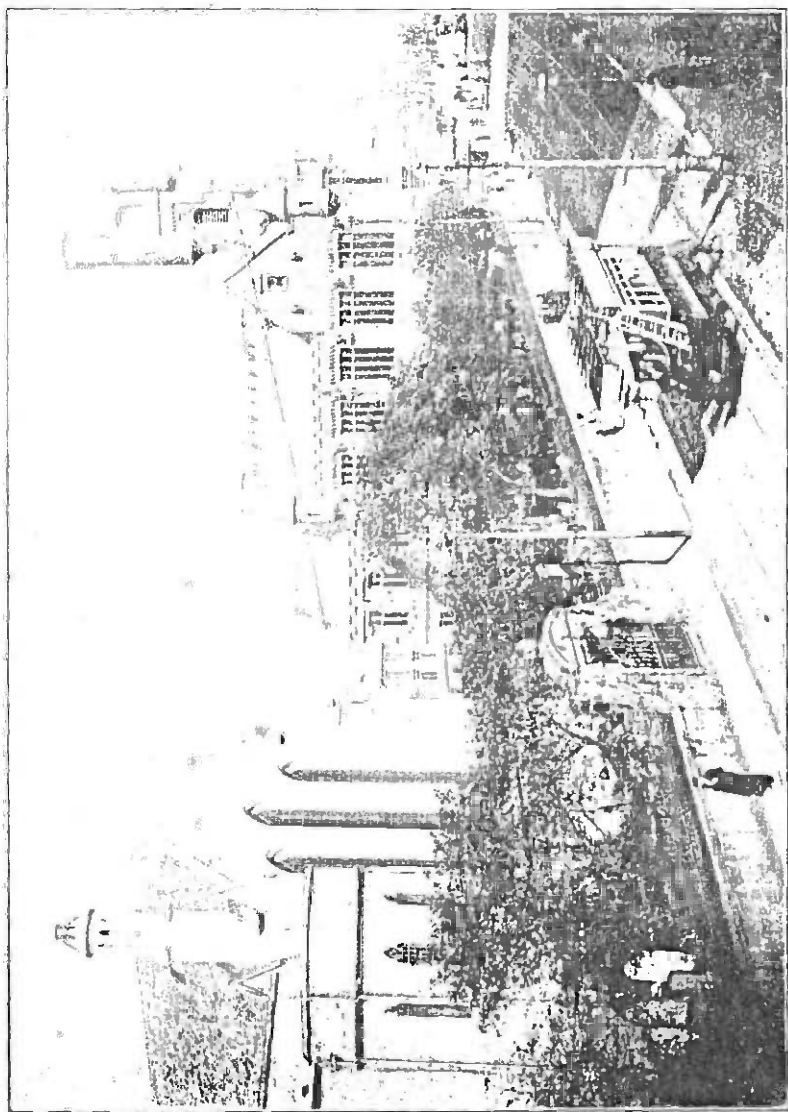
The aggravating thing about this old railway station was that after you got down to it you had to get up to it by a rather long stairway. The booking office and waiting-room was about the size of an ordinary goods truck and quite as comfortable. The only terminus at Glasgow then was the old Barrhead Station, a little beyond Gushetfaulds, and to reach the centre of the City you had either to take a 'bus or hoof it up the Gorbals.

The Fire Brigade at this same period was quite in keeping with the station. It consisted of a huge water barrel on wheels, which had a spigot or plug in the bung-hole at the rear. The hose pipe was not then in vogue, so each tub and pail had to be replenished at the water cart. It is said of a certain proprietor of houses at the head of Main Street that when on one occasion they went on fire, he went off, hatless and coatless, " on the 'bus " for the city fire brigade. The mission was in vain for two reasons. Being somewhat " near the bane " in the matter of money, he refused to sign the usual guarantee for service rendered beyond city boundaries; so the call was unanswered; besides the fire had burned itself out in his absence.

No one complains now about the smallness of Rutherglen Station or the inadequacy of its fire brigade: both have kept pace with the times. So extensive indeed has the former become, the trouble is to find one's way about the maze of platforms; hence the train humorist is always ready to advise anyone desirous of losing their dog to take it to the new station. The admirable service of



Arrival of the First Car—2nd April, 1902.



Modern Edinburgh

trains on both levels at Rutherglen to-day, and the conveniently-situated railway station at Burnside, are not by any means competitive of patronage with the Corporation trams. Both authorities are satisfied with the financial results of their undertakings; so, likewise, are the good folks of Rutherglen, who, loyal beforetime in the tartan draping of their old 'bus, now enjoy a three-minute service of cars adorned with the red, white, and blue colours of the union.*

Postal arrangements have likewise undergone considerable change since the one-armed postman made his daily circuit of Rutherglen, East Kilbride, and Carmunnock. So meagre was the correspondence in those days, a facetious Ruglonian was once heard to remark that, had this gruff old official owned two arms, he would have found time hang heavy on his hands. The Post Office was then in charge of a Mrs. Henry, who had a little shop two doors west of Little Lane. The first office is said to have been established in the Thistle Inn in 1824. It subsequently carried on in the Town Hall buildings for some twenty-eight years, and was transferred to its present quarters adjoining the Public Library in 1909.

As late as thirty years ago, three postmen made the round of the parish between them twice daily. To-day, the staff consists of postmaster, 5 sorting clerks, 21 postmen, and 5 telegraph messengers. 22,000 letters and 400 parcels are posted; and 36,000 letters and 700 parcels delivered weekly. Money order transactions for the past year numbered 7,500, while 36,400 postal orders were issued. During the same period, 5,300 Savings Bank transactions were effected, and 23,000 telegrams dealt with, exclusive of those dictated over the 'phone. 700 Army and Navy pensioners and 320 Old Age pensioners

* The red car route to Rutherglen was opened on 2nd April, 1902; the blue car, 6th October, 1902; the white car, 16th February, 1903; and the extension to Burnside on 15th April, 1908.

receive weekly payments at the Rutherglen Post Office, which also issues over £18,000 worth of postage, insurance, and revenue stamps per annum. There are now three town sub-offices, Burnside, Farme, and Wardlawhill. The telephone exchange is situated in the same building as the Post Office. The staff consists of 7 telephonists, and 500 subscribers are connected.

MODERN RUTHERGLEN

THE population of Rutherglen as given at last census is 29,087, an increase on the census of 1911 of 664. The population of the Burgh alone is 24,744, being 425 more than the previous return. The male population numbers 11,974, and the female 12,770, the former being an increase of 139, and the latter 286.

But, apart from the population, the improved condition of the town, with its numerous substantial buildings, streets, drives, and avenues, there are attractions about modern Rutherglen which city people who have ventured within its gates duly appreciate, and the 500 applications for the 52 new erections at Gallowflat is an evidence of this desire to share in the benefits not of moderate taxation merely, but in the many advantages governing the laws of health and happiness which the town affords by its proximity to the woods and fields and public parks. When Gallowflat building scheme is completed, Rutherglen's garden city will begin at the head of the Main Street and extend in an uninterrupted semicircle for some four miles, east, south, and west. It will embrace the new Gallowflat area, Low Gallowflat, Wardlawhill, Stonelaw, Blairbeth,

Burnside, High Crosshill, the intervening parks and recreation grounds, Clincarthill, Sheriff Park, Westfield, and Greenhill. Some idea of the general disposition of these places within the semicircle may be gleaned from the sketch-plan overleaf.

There could be no more exquisite plan than this. The whole area is residential, and unique in its half-moon formation; the nomenclature of each district—garden, bank, wood, burn, field, hill, park, etc.—is itself an indication of its rural amenities, which are further enhanced by the lofty, and picturesque range of Cathkin peaks. There are many pleasing points of vantage at each and all of the places mentioned, where splendid views of the landscape may be obtained, and where the fresh breezes of the west, uncontaminated by a single emission of smoke from any quarter, play freely through the umbrageous lanes and garden feus of this salubriously situated locality.

Healthful recreative sport for all is provided within an arrow's flight of each of the aforementioned areas, and but for the war and the present building restrictions, both Corporation schemes and private enterprise would, as a consequence, have augmented considerably the town's valuation which at the present time stands at £173,296 14s., an increase over the preceding year of £9,409 8s. The valuation of the various wards as given below will doubtless be of interest to some. The figures are indicative not only of Rutherglen's progress, but of Rutherglen's fitness to carry on as an independent community, and it is confidently anticipated she will continue to maintain that enviable position for many long years to come, despite Glasgow's new proposal to include in the city boundaries all the territory between the city, and Cathkin Braes Park and the new park at Cathcart.

RUTHERGLEN LORE

VALUATION OF LANDS AND HERITAGES.

WARD.	1916-17.	1917-18.	1918-19.
Gallowflat	£8,826 15 7	£8,859 11 11	£8,920 8 4
Stonelaw	26,337 3 0	26,338 3 0	26,336 0 0
Castle	25,117 19 9	25,200 9 1	25,531 14 1
Greenhill	18,209 18 0	18,234 7 0	18,255 2 0
Shawfield	19,684 15 7	20,511 14 5	20,091 7 11
Crosshill	22,127 11 2	22,313 12 8	22,563 7 3
	£120,363 3 1	£121,487 17 8	£121,697 19 7
Railways, etc.	13,006 0 0	13,344 0 0	13,660 0 0
Total...	£133,369 3 1	£134,831 17 8	£135,357 19 8
	132,690 6 3	133,369 3 1	134,831 17 7
Increase...	£678 16 10	£1,462 14 7	£526 1 11

WARD.	1919-20.	1920-21.	1921-22.
Gallowflat	£8,933 7 9	£11,031 12 0	£12,021 14 0
Stonelaw	26,441 10 0	32,567 11 0	31,744 9 0
Castle	26,014 18 1	32,318 9 0	31,881 19 0
Greenhill	18,277 16 6	22,668 6 0	25,252 7 0
Shawfield	20,339 14 6	25,115 12 0	27,613 17 0
Crosshill	22,427 0 0	27,476 16 0	28,713 8 0
	£122,434 6 10	£151,178 6 0	£163,257 14 0
Railways, etc.	14,018 0 0	12,709 0 0	10,039 0 0
Total...	£136,452 6 10	£163,887 6 0	£173,296 14 0
	135,357 19 7	136,452 6 10	163,887 6 0
Increase...	£1,094 7 3	£27,434 19 2	£9,409 8 0

The number of voters and approximate area of each ward is as follows:

WARD.	VOTERS, 1921-22.	ACRES.
Gallowflat Ward	1,171	97
Stonelaw	2,520	130
Castle	2,549	139
Greenhill	2,720	39
Shawfield	2,222	213
Crosshill	2,122	229
Total Voters.	13,304	847 Acres.

Area of Parish, 2,217-958 Acres.

CATHKIN BRASS

Burgside.

Blairbeth.

Stonelaw and Woods.

High Crosshill.

Calderwood and Woodburn.

Victoria Gardens.

Bankhead.

Public Park.

Low Gallowflat.

Overtoun Park.

Sheriff Park.

Gallowflat Garden Suburbs.

Chancetill.

Westfield.

Wardlawhill.

Greenhill.

Greenhill.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE—

Feather Work. Dye Work. Cathkin. Outcake Bakeries.
 Chocolate Factory. Spindle Work. Hair Work. Steam Laundry. Weaving Factories.
 Richmond Park. Motor Van and Lorry Building. Bell and Brass Founding. Dixon's
 Steam Laundry. Railway Station and Terminus. White's Chemical Works. No. 3
 Cal. Pottery. Todd's Ropeworks. Pt.
 Rugby Goods Station. Todd's Ropeworks. Cement Works. Bromloan
 Braithie Cloth Weaving. Brick Making. Centur Works. Shipyard.
 Flock Manufacturing. Allan Whyte & Co. (Wire Roping). Stewart & Lloyd's Tube Works.
 Wilson's Ropery. Clyde Paper Mills. Clydevale Tube Works.
 Clydebridge Steel Works. Chair Manufacturing. Brass Founding.
 Eastfield Paper Works. Fish Gut Works.
 Farne Colliery. Hivet & Bolt Works.
 Cement Works.

R I V E R C L Y D E

Equidistant, and forming a similar half-moon area east, north, west, and bounded by the River Clyde, Rutherglen's industrial radius is naturally less attractive, unless from a business point of view. The intermingling of tenement dwellings with factories, from which an exudation of grime and smoke is in constant operation day and night, should in these enlightened days be prohibited by the same law which renders it impossible to reside in too close proximity to a cemetery; yet within recent years in Rutherglen, huge erections have been sandwiched between the fuming fires of several of these metallurgic workshops. To live within hearing of the factory bell may in some cases prove a convenience, but to be compelled to herd in a congested district, where rises the belching smoke of a score of such furnaces—odorous of chemical and other sickening fumes—is not by any means a desirable prospect. A smokeless city, as was proved during the late miners' strike, considerably reduces the mortality returns. Hitherto, the principle of supply and demand seems to have been the only rule followed by prospective builders and captains of industry, and, although in Rutherglen the congestion has not, so far, extended to city limits, we will act wisely if the "prevention better than cure" maxim, so sedulously observed in personal matters, is in future as carefully adhered to when the public health is concerned.

Luckily, Rutherglen Burgh Commissioners need no coaching on vital subjects of this nature: they have, it may be said, already effected some notable improvements at the west end of the town, at a cost of some £6,000, and further developments here will be watched with interest as soon as building restrictions are removed. The ground acquired is sure to become a valuable asset to the Burgh. In the industrial area itself a close watch is kept by the authorities when the smoke limit is exceeded, and innumerable experiments are being tried to eliminate the nuisance. Some time must elapse, however, before perfection in smokeless

fuel is reached. With a little tact, perhaps, on the part of the authorities, before whom numerous delinquents have recently appeared, to be branded and fined as common offenders for a fault over which they personally may have little or no control, some mutual arrangement and joint supervision mayhap could effect a remedy, and prevent at least the names of respectable firms being coupled with those of the felon and the drunk in the Police Court columns of the press. "We flourish by industry," and take pride in making the fact known on every official document we affix our seal to; and while we must make every effort to safeguard the interests of those who suffer from the smoke plague, the placing of a capitalist in the dock to make sport for labour Philistines is surely not the only method of remedying the evil. No sensible farmer will punish his goose because its egg-shells get a bit fouled: he assists the docile animal to remove the cause of the fouling.

After all, unless in a very limited area on the extreme north, Rutherglen is practically immune from the smoke fiend; and it is scarcely likely, even should our existence as a burgh last as long again, that the fate that befel the mushroom town distant not many miles east should ever be ours:

"Sae quate was the toon and sae douce were the folk,
They lived in a kind o' a dream;
But at last they awoke in a volume of smoke,
And that vaporous atmosphere steam."

Once on a time, progress in the little village of Rutherglen was measured only by the speed of the weaver's shuttle, whose lazy rhythm invariably proclaimed to the imaginative the food allowance of the weavers who "lived in," and the click of the machine became almost articulate to them as it droned out "Hauf a herrin' an' hauf a bannock." A hundred per cent. increase in the ration gave a fillip to the drone, and it sang out "A herrin' an' a

bannock, a herrin' an' a bannock." Another of the same set the looms warbling to "A herrin' an' a hauf an' a bannock an' a hauf"; and when, in their generosity, the masters increased the ration to four times its original measure, the birr of the shuttlestick danced to the tune of "Twa herrin', twa bannocks; twa herrin', twa bannocks."

In Ure's time, two-thirds of the tradesmen in the Burgh were weavers. There were four incorporated trades, the Weavers, Hammermen, Masons and Wrights, and Tailors. The latter craft was resuscitated in 1892, and is now in a most healthy condition. All the others have passed away. The last member of the Mason and Wright incorporation was Deacon Gavin Park, who died in 1899, in his eighty-fifth year. The sole survivor of the Tailors, Alexander Lawson, who was for many years a rural postman, and who was first elected Deacon of the Incorporation in 1845, passed away in 1898, also in his eighty-fifth year. Memoranda relating to the early history of the Tailors' Incorporation of Rutherglen was, in 1909, published and circulated amongst the members. This brochure contains much interesting matter on the Charter, or Seal of Cause (1657), Rules, Entry Money, Burgess Fines, etc., together with a list of Deacons from 1820 and members from 1892. Originally, the Magistrates seemed to have exercised a certain supervision over the Incorporated Crafts, and in 1641 they appointed "Williame Scott and John Leitch, tailyeores, to be visitoures and oversiers of the hail brether of the craft, and to take tryell of all worke wrocht be thame and of the suffienciie and insuffienciie thairrof, and to represent all wronges done be any of thame to the magistrates that ordour may be tane thairwith." What would modern "knights of the shears" say to that, or "ca canny" advocates to this?—

In 1659, the Incorporation requested the Magistrates to fix the hours of labour, *i.e.*, "when they worke out of their awin howses," and the Council ordered that they "enter

at fyve a clock in the morneing and lieve off at nyne a clock at night." A question of wages was also submitted to, and approved of by, the Council in 1695, "to exact and take for thair dayes working in any persones howse fyve shilling Scotts and no les."

This proceeding on the part of the tailors, however, seems to have given great dissatisfaction, for in 1706 the Council, on the plea that the Act was passed during "the tyme of the late dearth, whenn all things were at a deair rate," and "that all things is now very cheape and the money very scant," wisely rescinded their own Act, which they found was "unjust and unreasonable, and a burdine on burgesses and inhabitants." In similar fashion, history is repeating itself in present-day attempts to reduce the cost of living by an all round "cut" in war-inflated wages which, since the Armistice, has kept the nose of the country hard on the grindstone.

With regard to the Weavers' Incorporation, the Minute Book, dated 1641, is still in the custody of the Town Council. When in course of time it has been transcribed, its inclusion amongst the Burgh muniments should add additional interest to these important records, which have already been too long withheld from the public.

Like most other country towns, Rutherglen weavers, of whom some 400 are said to have at one time plied the shuttle, are the men around whom the town's best traditions centre. They were the pioneers of all the other industries, and, as one writer * remarks, they not only built the town, but they moulded and shaped its character; a sturdy, manly, intelligent, and independent race, whose patriotism was not confined to love of home, but extended to and included love of country. This, says the same writer, "is borne out by the fact that during the Napoleonic Wars, the recruits from the industry numbered

* *Airdrie—a Historical Sketch*, by James Knox.

ten for every one of every other class, although at that time hand-loom weaving was at the zenith of its prosperity, and wages higher than at any former period." A typical example of this class of citizen will be found in portrait No. 7, entitled "characteristic types." Ex-Councillor Martin White, whose weaving shop stood on the west side of Mill Street, a few doors past Pretoria Place, was a man of stern demeanour but of sterling qualities, and as a social reformer did quite a lot of good in a quiet way. Harry Black will also be remembered as one of the most sociable men of the old weaving school. Harry's loom shop was on the left of the same street, nearly opposite Bankhead Road, and, like every other place of its kind, had a back as well as a front entrance. Our photograph represents the veteran weaver sitting out in his garden, winding the last "pirn" woven into cloth made on a hand-loom in Rutherglen. Part of the cloth may be seen hanging over the chair back. This last web was afterwards converted into caps, which were disposed of as mementos amongst the bowling fraternity of the old Burgh shortly before Harry's death.

Of coal and coal-getting, we had intended making an extended reference, but restricted space now curtails that to briefest limits. Unlike the weaver and the tailor, the poor collier in those far-off times was not only a wage-slave, but, by a common law of Scotland, was bound soul and body to the master he served, and his family with him; and when a colliery changed hands, the workers and their families were included in the purchase price, and made over to the new owner in much the same fashion as slaves were dealt with prior to the Emancipation Act. In an earlier part of this book, we quote the price of coal at Stonelaw in 1873 at 1s. 6d. per cart weight about 8 cwts. The selling price in Glasgow about the same time was 2s. 2d. The reader may figure out the miner's share of this munificent sum at his leisure—the task is beyond our

reckoning. These were the days, too, when mining risks *had* to be taken, for Davy lamps were still to be invented. Each miner carried a powder flask in his pocket, and made up his paper or straw fuse from it at the mine face. The method of charging and exploding these antiquated cartridges was never free from danger. There was also the aftermath of the blasting operations, which obliged the miners to inhale large quantities of dust that rendered their vocation excessively unhealthy. The laborious nature of this occupation must always bespeak for miners the most generous consideration; yet one is inclined to believe that, but for the political element that has within recent years attached itself to their federations, their cause must ere this have found satisfactory settlement. Like some of our present political satellites, the miners have always had a weakness for "conversations"; these in early times were held, as the lawyers would say, *in camera*, at the pit bottom (boys and females being withdrawn to the inner workings during the sitting), but in 1860 underground meetings were prohibited by Act of Parliament. The miners of Rutherglen invariably thereafter held their meetings at the Whorlpit on the Calderwood Road or at Bogle's Hole, near Hamilton Farm. These gatherings were called by "towke of drum," and were of frequent occurrence. One of the great annual events in the Burgh was the "Collier's Trip" per steamer to the coast. Bands and banners and every kind of jollification made such outings days to be remembered in the lives of every "Geordie pitman" and his lass. Six o'clock in the morning of the eventful day found the whole town astir. The Fireworks Band, the Burgh Brass, or the famous Flute Combination, of which Sergeant White was the teacher, John Young the big drummer, and Nicholson the leader, paraded the streets until the trippers entrained for the Broomielaw.

Reference has already been made to most of the collieries on the west and north of the town, including New

Stonelaw, New and Old Farme, Crookston, Bankhead, Spittal, and the six pits of Dixon; but the south of Rutherglen in early times was the Eldorado of the black diamond hunter, and within half a mile of old Stonelaw colliery (the shaft of which is enclosed within the four-square blocks of buildings facing Stonelaw School), there are upwards of twenty other shafts we could locate, but, in case it might lead to an exodus from the district, or a demand by residenters for a reduction of rent in consequence of the shafts' proximity to their bedrooms, we shall refrain from describing these too minutely.

Nearest to old Stonelaw there were two shafts in what is now Rodger Drive, and one of these was 54 fathoms to the splint coal. The round circle marking the site of these on the grass may still be seen in the springtime. In Overtoun Park, opposite Bankhead Estate, another shaft was discovered many years ago, after it had fallen in. Two pits stood on the north of Albany Drive and one on the south; this is probably what was called Scott's or Crosshill. Balmoral Crescent covers the site of one of the Stonelaw pits; within the woods stood another. In the Woodburn policies two shafts were sunk, and one at Eastpark. A pit, 54 fathoms to the virgin coal, was sunk midway up Buchanan Drive; while the one at the top of the same drive was 64 fathoms to the splint. Between the Cripple Children's School and the Whorlpit, a pit existed; while the battlemented portion of Stonelaw Tower is actually the engine-room of two pits that formerly stood there. There was also a pit behind the new motor garage at Burnside, and other two in the fields east of Springfield Park. The Honey Pit, opposite Fishescoats Farm on the East Kilbride Road, was so named by its owner because of its prolific output. Until within recent years, four other pits, two at Wellshot and two at Eastfield, were in constant operation.

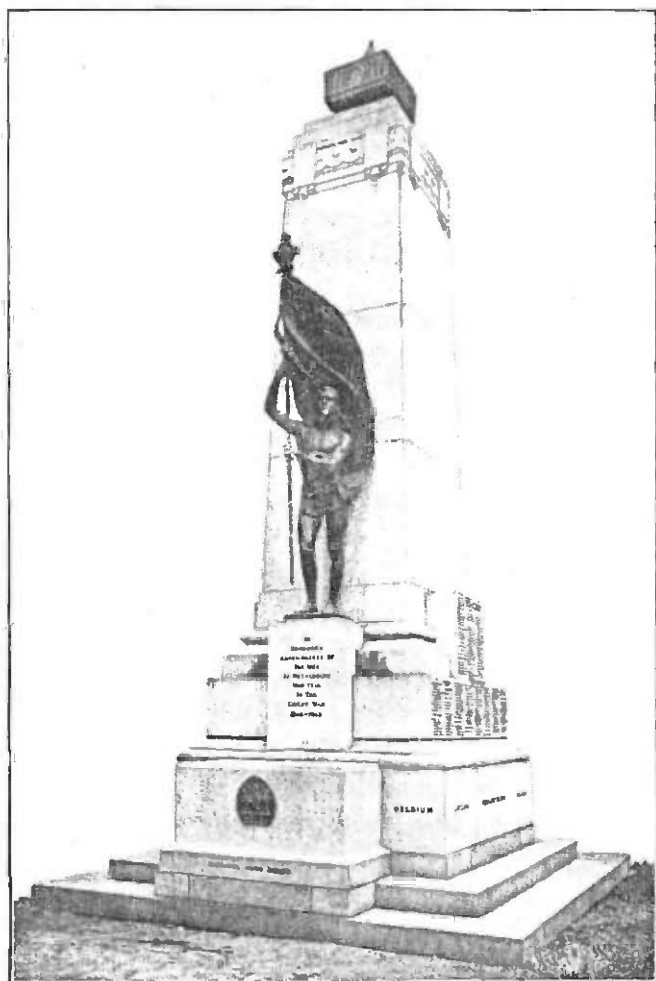
IN THEIR PRAISE



Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not,—Say not so! . . .
We rather seem the dead that stay behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exaltations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack . . .
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted
ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of
Expectation.

—*J. Russel Lowell.*

"Faithful Unto Death."



Rutherglen War Memorial.

The Memorial was unveiled by Colonel J. R. Gray-Buchanan of Scotstoun, on Sunday, 26th October, 1924, in presence of the Magistrates and Town Council, representatives of Public Bodies, Territorial Forces, Ex-Service Men, and a vast assemblage of the inhabitants.

Provost James Fraser presided, and Major-General H. L. Reed, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., delivered an impressive address. The Memorial is of granite, stands 26 feet high, and is the design and work of Robert Gray, sculptor, Glasgow, while the bronze figure, "Courage," is by G. H. Paulin, A.R.S.A. Fifty-six units of the Forces are represented on the stone, on which are also inscribed the names of five hundred and forty-five Rutherglen men who made the supreme sacrifice.

CHAPTER XVII

RUTHERGLEN AND THE GREAT WAR

“ Greater love hath no man than this—
that a man lay down his life for his friends.”



THE space opposite, with the quotation from Lowell, is reserved for a pictorial representation of Rutherglen's War Memorial which the exigency of the present industrial crisis has, for the time being, unfortunately hindered ; but probably before these pages are in print, Rutherglen's tribute to her brave sons will have so far materialised as to enable us to include in this volume a pictorial outline of the chosen design. The memorial in contemplation, no matter what form it assumes, will in every way be worthy the traditions and generous nature of the inhabitants. Mistakes have already been made both by the public and by the Committee who took this matter in hand ; but on account of these very mistakes and delays the project, we are convinced, will ultimately benefit.

We write after a visit on the 4th June, 1921, to the East Kilbride Memorial Cross, erected a month prior to that date on the estate of Mr. A. Barns Graham. The Directors of the Ruglonian Society there present learned some things that will prove useful when Rutherglen's plans are being considered. It was a surprise to many of the company to find the monument, not as they expected at the entrance to the village, nor in the market place, nor even in the Public Park, all of which are excellent sites, but away in a secluded corner among the trees, fully a quarter mile from the town. This site, it is understood, was gifted

on condition that the living should, for all time, respect the memory of the dead, and, on reflection, there is much wisdom in such an arrangement. The approach to the memorial, some acres in extent, will be laid out in flower beds, and these flowers in due time will find their way into the hospitals. Thus the tribute of East Kilbride's inhabitants to their glorious dead is something more than a mere contribution of stone and lime, which the indifferent passer-by may comment upon according to his aesthetic taste or knowledge of art. It is a shrine at which the disconsolate pilgrim will, with the recurring seasons, always be able to come into closest touch with Nature and with Nature's God.

Should the Rutherglen Memorial take the form of an obelisk, it is to be hoped the common practice of choosing a site on the main thoroughfare will be avoided. Like East Kilbride, Rutherglen has an admirable site for a scheme of this nature already to its hand on the Corporation lands of High Crosshill, to which a *via dolorosa* (way of the Cross) could be maintained by the planting of a double row of willows along the line from Overtoun Park south gate. This site overlooks both the town and neighbouring city, besides commanding an extensive view of the country to the south-west. It was here, as mentioned elsewhere in this book, stood the pre-Reformation cross from which Crosshill took its name. It was from this very spot we watched the last contingent of Rutherglen's fighting force gallantly march away to the Great War. Oh, those memorable days!—those "Tipperary" choruses and jocund snatches of popular song. How eager all the boys were to keep up an appearance of mirth, and how proud we were of their unmusical "No!!" to the query, "Are we downhearted?" But those days seem very far away now. So much has happened in the interval. We seem to have had several existences, with a testing period of growing intensity in each. First and succeeding partings,

then the final, and an aching void at the heart; a sense of overwhelming personal loss and utter despair, followed by a period of activity and sympathy for others with equal or greater sorrows to bear, until that memorable day when the words "Cease fire!" brought to our war-weary consciences visions of honourable peace between the world powers, since the war to end war was now achieved. But, oh, God! what a period of mirage-observing has been ours since the Armistice! Each new day has but increased the burden of sorrow. Wars, rumours of wars, strikes, counter strikes, and strikes sympathetic, have followed each other so closely that a period of revolution would, at this stage—the twelfth week of the miners' strike, with two million people unemployed—surprise nobody.

Amid these trying conditions, however, our duty to the saviours of our country is being undertaken with a loyalty that speaks well for humanity at large. Throughout the country, and in local circles, each church and institution has rendered due homage to those brave associates whose name liveth evermore. Our space is too limited to enumerate them; but from one unveiling speech, taken at random, and typical of many others, we take the liberty of quoting:

"This memorial, dedicated to the glory of God, is in revered and honoured memory of those who, at the call of King and Country, left all that was near and dear to them. They endured hardships, they faced dangers, and finally passed out of the sight of man by the path of duty and sacrifice. 'These gave up their lives that we might live in freedom. Greater love hath no man than this.' These beautiful words are on the scroll issued by the Army Council to the next-of-kin of the fallen, and so also are the words, 'Let those who come after see to it that their names are not forgotten.' Was there ever anything in the military history of the world comparable with the dangers that the men in the Great War came through? . . . Search

the records, take out the musty documents of bygone ages, study the story of Greece, Carthage, Rome. Come down through the centuries of time, and you can find no records to compare with the heroism of this generation. There is no fear of the British Empire when its mothers rear such men as these. Did ever men surrender their lives so freely, so willingly, for a great cause, as these men did? Was there ever self-abnegation so thorough and complete by men? I do not think so in the whole history of man. You in this church do well to record their names here. They made a great sacrifice, and as I think of the mothers and fathers, I think also of the great sacrifice they made. What a halo of glory is round a mother's brow who gave her son in that great sacrifice. You talk of the women of Sparta! The women of Sparta, because they gave the tresses of their hair to fit the bows for the men of the defenceless city, have come down through the ages. But the women of this time—their names also shall live for ever. Yes, and these men who died, did not die in vain, for the generation rising to succeed us will think of the great example, will think of a day like this—a day which I am sure will be written in letters of gold on the tablets of our memories. Ayl and the generations that are to come will receive fresh inspiration to duty when they contemplate the record of these men in this church. Yes! their name liveth for evermore. Their spirits have returned to the great fount of life, for we know that the soul, secure in its investment, smiles at the drawn bayonet and defies its point. The stars shall fade away; the sun itself grow dim with age, and Nature will sink in years, but their souls

“ Shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.”

These are the plain sentiments of a British officer, whose outlook on the future we, who still mourn the passing of

our best and dearest, would do well to ponder. They are words that should make us both proud and humble, that in the providence of God the services of our loved ones were not the compulsory yielding to State-made authority, but the natural outcome of their inborn faith in the will and purpose of their Creator.

"If you are his father," wrote a Captain of the Camerons to a Rutherglen parent, intimating the death of one of the company, "all I can say, sir, is that you have every reason to feel proud of the fact. Your loss is shared by every man in this company. We have lost many comrades, many brave and splendid fellows, but let me, as your son's Company Commander, say without exaggeration, that no one's memory will be held by those of us who have survived more sacred, more specially revered, than that of your son. I have reported his conduct to Headquarters. I have said that no honour—not even the coveted V.C.—is too good for him. He *was* a hero, beloved by all, and all my life I shall carry with me the memory of his smiling, bright, Christian face. If it is any consolation to feel it, I am sure if there is a reward in the future life for those who have lived a noble life, that reward will be granted to your son."

Scores of letters bearing similar testimony to the bravery and devotion of the boys from Rutherglen are to-day the treasured possessions of many households in the Burgh.

"They sleep on many a stricken field,
The gallant lads from home;
And o'er the land they dearly love
Their feet no more shall roam.
We saw them pass from hill and glen
To fight against the foe:
The winds now wail their lullaby
In cadences of woe.

"In life's sweet morn they sailed away,
Saying their last 'good-bye!'
The sun shone on their faces,
And hope shone in their sky:

And now the lads are sleeping
 In the night so calm and still;
 And the angels watch are keeping
 O'er many a sacred hill.

"Oh! let them rest, the splendid brave,
 Where loving hands have spread
 The flowers so fair and fragrant
 Above the silent dead.
 But while they sleep so peacefully
 Beneath love's kindly shade,
 The glory of their sacrifice
 Shall never, never fade."

Little did we realise when, in the early days of the War, we put up the first half-dozen portraits of fallen soldiers in the Public Library Reading Room, that in a comparatively short time all the available space in the glass partitions would be covered with records of Rutherglen's great loss. These portraits, which at the last totalled over 400, were taken hap-hazard from the local press during the course of the War, and created considerable interest among the general public.

At the end of this chapter will be found a list of the men who made the supreme sacrifice, together with a number of portraits so far as we have been able to obtain copies for reproduction. It should be remembered, however, that the list is in no way official, and of necessity must be incomplete. Should an official list reach us before printing, we shall be glad to add the omissions. Meanwhile, the debt we owe to these brave defenders of Rutherglen's honour calls for settlement. "We live in deeds, not years. He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." "It is not the length of existence that counts," wrote young Gladstone from the trenches to his mother, "but what is achieved during that existence."

It is our privilege now to think quickly, and to obliterate from the memory all regrettable delays by cherishing the highest conceivable aspirations for the early completion of a suitable tribute to the purchasers of our freedom, who, as Lowell reminds us,

"Come transfigured back,
 With the rays of morn on their white Shields of Expectation."

ONE OF THE BEST

*Who has gone from us?
Left us depressed,
Joy of our heart and home,
One of the best!*

*Eagerly went he,
Scorned to be pressed,
Gallantly, fearlessly,
One of the best!*

*Out from the trenches,
Over the crest,
Facing the foemen, fell
One of the best!*

*Carry him gently
Home to his rest,
His work is over now,
One of the best!*

*Weep not too bitterly!
Be not distressed!
His Maker called for him,
One of the best!*

His name is on the Nation's Roll of Honour. How strange it is, that what almost breaks my heart with grief, at the same time brings me a secret, sacred pride. Many, many names are there; the name of my beloved is there.

They were brave, my fellow-countrymen, whose one desire was for their country's honour, for the triumph of justice and right, for the protection of the weak. My own was among them, brave and true with the rest. God will forgive me if I think most of him.

He is gone, and my tears start afresh at that bitter thought—gone never to return. But, Dear One, I would not mourn you without hope: I would be patient and brave: I know well that is what you would have me be.

“ To fill with love and tender grace
 The labours of the day,
 And from the hard world's frowning face
 To lift the cloud away.
 To fight the false, to help the true,
 Whate'er may hap to me,—
 This will I do, or try to do.
 IN MEMORY OF THEE.”

—H. G. Tarrant.

ROLL OF HONOUR

"Await the issue! In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives; very truly lives."

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

To render the following list as complete as possible, the compiler will be favoured if readers will kindly bring to his notice any omission or inaccuracy that occurs to them.

- ADAIR (John), Driver, Royal Engineers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Aداير, 22 Greenhill Road.
- AITCHISON (Jas.), Pte., Black Watch. Mrs. Aitchison, 119 King Street.
- AITCHISON (Wm.), Pte., Mach. Gun Corps. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Aitchison, 5 Parkhill Drive.
- AITKEN (J.), Pte., Gordon Highlanders, 15 Bouverie Street.
- AITKEN (Robt.), Pte., Scott. Rifles. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Aitken, 23 Regent Street.
- ALLAN, M.C. (Arch.), Capt., 1/1th Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry. Son of Rev. James and Mrs. Allan, 5 Huntly Terrace, Shettleston.
- ALLISON (John), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Husband of Mrs. Allison, 58 High Street.
- ANDERSON (Alex.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders, 44 Glasgow Road.
- ANDERSON (And.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders. Brother of Constable A. Anderson.
- ANDERSON (Arch.), Pte., Northumberland Fusiliers. Husband of Mrs. Anderson, 25 Burn Road.
- ANDERSON (Chas.), Pte., North Staffordshires. Son of James Anderson, 51 Farme Loan Road.
- ANDERSON (Geo.), Pte., Scottish Rifles, —.
- ANDERSON (John), Sergt.-Major, H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Anderson, 5 Kenilworth Place.
- ANDERSON (Robt.), Pte., Black Watch. Brother of Mrs. Hutchison, 17 Mitchell Street.
- ANDREWS (Francis), Pte., 2nd Scottish Rifles. Husband of Mrs. Andrews, 192 Main Street.
- ANGUS (H. E.), Pte., Canadian Army Medical Corps. Brother of Nurse Angus, 17 Hamilton Road.
- ARMOUR (Jas.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Armour, 118 Main Street.

- BAGLEY (P.), Pte., Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Husband of Mrs. Bagley, 80 Burn Road.
- BAIN (Donald), Cpl., Machine Gun Corps. Son of Mrs. Bain, 2 Moray Pl.
- BAIRD (Arch.), Pte., R.A.M.C.
- BAIRD (John), M.M., Pte., Cameron Highlanders.
Sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Baird, 3 Millar Place, Stirling.
- BAIRD (Thos.), 2nd Scaforth Highlanders, 26 Regent Street.
- BALFOUR (Robt.), Pte., A. & S. H. Son of Mrs. Balfour, 67 Glasgow Road.
- BALLANTYNE (Alex.), Pte., Motor Transport. Son of Alex. Ballantyne, 3 Highburgh Drive.
- BARCLAY (Wm.), *H.M.S. Defence*. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, 28 Mill Street.
- BARNS (Wm.), Stoker, *Bayano*. Son of Mrs. Barnes, New Street.
- BARRIE (David), Pte., 9th Scottish Rifles.
- BARRIE (Thos.), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Sons of David Barrie, 132 Farme Loan Road.
- BARTON (Peter), Pte., 7th H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Barton, 35 Stonelaw Road.
- BELL (And.), Pte., Gordon Highlanders. Son of Mrs. Hamilton, 27 Kirkwood Street.
- BENNETT, M.M. (Alex.), J.-Cpl., Glasgow Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Bennett, 6 Wardlaw Drive.
- BENNETT (Robt.), Pte., 16th H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Bennett, (late Gowansbrae) Kenmore, Rothesay.
- BEVERIDGE (J.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Beveridge, 31 Cathcart Road.
- BLACK, M.A. (Rev. W. D. T.), Chaplain to Cameron Highlanders. Husband of Mrs. Black, West U.F. Manse.
- BLUE (Alex.), Pte., Northumberland Fusiliers. Son of late Alex. Blue, 15 Mitchell Street.
- BOWMAN (Wm.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Bowman, 22 Harriet Street.
- BOYLE (John), Cpl., 1/7th H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Boyle, 17 Mitchell St.
- BRANNAN (J.), Driver, Royal Engineers. Mrs. Brannan, 119 King Street.
- BROWN (Jas.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brown, 191 Mill Street.
- BROWN (Robt.), Pte., Royal Warricks. Son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Brown, 20 Farie Street.
- BROWN (W. C.), 2nd Lieut., Royal Scots. Son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Brown, 20 Watson Avenue.
- BROWNLEE (Geo.), Pte., Chamber of Commerce Batt. Son of Mrs. Brownlee, 111 Stonelaw Road.
- BRUCE (G. C.), Pte., Gordon Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, 132 Farme Loan Road.
- BRYCE (Robt. B.), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, 25 Victoria Street.
- BUCHANAN (Cecil G. Gray), Trooper, 2nd Light Horse, Australian Exp. Force.
- BUCHANAN (Walter B. Gray), Adjutant, Scottish Rifles.
Sons of Col. J. R. Gray-Buchanan, Eastfield.

- BUCHANAN (J.), Cpl., Royal Engineers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Buchanan, 38 Greenhill Road.
- BURKE (John), Pte., Royal Scots. Grandson of Mrs. Deans, 51 New Street.
- BURKE (W.), Sapper, 2060 1st Fld. Coy., L.D., R.E. (T.).
- BURLEY (Fred), Gunner, Machine Gun Corps. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Burley, 33 Balvaird Drive.
- BURLEY (J.), Pte., Northumberland Fusiliers. Brother of Mrs. Wallace, 261 Main Street.
- CALLAGHAN (John), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Husband of Mrs. Callaghan, 45 New Street.
- CALLAGHAN (Wm.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of Patrick Callaghan, 8 High Street.
- CAMERON (J.), Pte., 9th Black Watch. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, 33 Cathcart Road.
- CAMPBELL (John), Pte., 2nd K.O.S.B. Brother of Mrs. Cross, 158 Farnie Loan Road.
- CAMPBELL (John), Sapper, Royal Engineers. Husband of Mrs. Campbell, 20 Castle Street.
- CAMPBELL (Peter), Pte., 7th Cameron Highlanders. Son of Mrs. Campbell, 78 Wardlaw Drive.
- CARMICHAEL (George), Sergt-Major. Brother of Wm. Carmichael, 7 Barnflat Street.
- CARRUTHERS (G. M.), 2nd Lieut., Lancashire Fusiliers. Son of Mrs. Carruthers, Olinda, High Crosshill.
- CHALMERS (J. S.), Major, H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Chalmers, Stonelaw House.
- CHAPLAIN (Jas.), Sapper, 2nd L.D., R.E. (T.), 2 Johnstone Drive.
- CHRYSAL (Ian C.), 2nd Lieut., Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chrystal, Auchendennan.
- CLARK (Saml.), Pte., H.L.I., 11 Regent Street.
- COATS (Thos.), 2nd Lieut., Cameron Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Coats, 65 Cambuslang Road.
- COLQUHOUN (Arch.), Pte., Tank Corps. Son of R.Q.M. Sergt. and Mrs. Colquhoun, 9 Barnflat Street.
- COLRAIN (Bart.), Pte., Royal Irish Fusiliers. Husband of Mrs. Colrain, 20 Greenhill Road.
- COOPER (J.), Sapper, 2nd L.D., R.E. (T.).
- COWAN (Edw.), L.-Cpl., H.L.I. Son of John Cowan, 7 Harriet Street.
- CRABBE (Geo.), Cpl., Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Thos. Crabbe, 2 Wardlaw Drive.
- CRAIG (Jas.), Driver, R.F.A. Husband of Mrs. Craig, 8 Bankhead Road.
- CRAIG (Robt.), L.-Cpl., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Son of Mrs. Craig, 7 Mitchell Street.
- CRAIG (Thos.), Pte., H.L.I., 75 Stonelaw Road.
- CRICHTON (Walter, Jun.), London Scottish. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crichton, Belgrave.

- CRICHTON (Wm.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders.
- CRICHTON (Jos.), Pte., 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.
- CRICHTON (Thos.), Pte., Gordon Highlanders.
Sons of Mr. Crichton, 4 Bankhead Place.
- CROFTS (Wm.), Lieut., Lancashire Fusiliers. Grandson of Wm. Crofts, Belmont Drive.
- CULBERT (Thos.), Pte., 2nd Black Watch. Husband of Mrs. Culbert, 81 High Street.
- CUMMINGS (Thos.), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, 25 Cathcart Road.
- CUNNINGHAM (G.), Sapper, 2nd Fld. Coy., L.D., R.E. (T.). Son of Mrs. Cunningham, 151 Farme Loan Road.
- CUNNINGHAM (R.), Pte., A. & S.H. Brother of And. Cunningham, 4 Clydeview Place.
- CURRIE (John), Pte., 7th Seaforth Highlanders. Son of R. Currie, 48 Jedburgh Avenue.
- CURRIE (John), Sapper, L.D., R.E. (T.), Mitchell Street.
- DALZELL (Jas.), L.-Cpl., Scottish Rifles. Husband of Mrs. Dalzell, 28 Farme Loan Road.
- DAVIDSON (James), Pte., 7th Royal Scots. Son of Mrs. Davidson, 71 Chapel Street.
- DAVIDSON (James Alex.), L.-Cpl., 2nd Field Coy., L.D., R.E. (T.). Son of George Davidson, 3 Barronald Street.
- DAWSON (Frank), Pte., London Rifles. Son of Mrs. Dawson, 25 Kirkwood Street.
- DICK (James), L.-Cpl., 2nd Fld. Coy., L.D., R.E. (T.). Son of Mrs. Dick, 1 Moray Place.
- DODDS (Jas.), M.A., A. & S.H. (Burgh School.)
- DON (Robert), Pte., 7th Royal Scots Fusiliers. Son of Mrs. Don, 7 Barnflat Street.
- DOUGLAS (A.), Pte., 1st Cameronians, Scottish Rifles. Brother of the Misses Douglas, 263 Main Street.
- DOUGLAS (Thos.), Sapper, 1st Fld. Coy., L.D., R.E. (T.).
- DOUGLAS (W. J.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of G. A. H. Douglas, St. Bride's, Burnside.
- DRUMMOND (Chas.), Cpl., Cameron Highlanders. Son of late Wm. Drummond, Rutherglen.
- DRUMMOND (James), Wireless Operator. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, Westburn House.
- DRYSDALE (T. J. H.), 2nd Lieut., New Zealand Rifle Brigade. Son of Dr. John Drysdale, 2 Belhaven Terrace, Burnside.
- DUNCAN (D.), Sapper 317994.
- DUNCAN (Dan), R.E., I.W.T. Son of Robt. Duncan, Wardlaw Cottage.
- DUNCAN (R. G. C.), 2nd Lieut., 13th A. & S.H. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Duncan, 13 Jedburgh Avenue.
- DUNCAN (Thos.), Pte., Machine Gun Corps. Son of Mrs. Duncan, 81 High Street.

- DUNCAN (Wm.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, 33 Cathcart Road.
- DUNLOP (And.), Pte., Camerons. Son of John Dunlop, 51 Queen Street.
- DUNLOP (R.), Gunner, 168146, R.G.A.
- EDMISTON (A. J.), 2nd Lieut., Scottish Rifles. Son of Ex-Provost and Mrs. Edmiston, Overtoun Drive.
- ELLIOT (David), Pte., Glasgow Highlanders.
- ELLIOT (Robert), Cpl., Seaforth Highlanders.
Sons of James Elliot, 1120 Argyle Street.
- FERGUSON (Andrew), Pte., 112th U.S. Infantry. Son of John Ferguson, 18 Cathcart Street.
- FERGUSON (Jas.). Sergt., Somerset Light Infantry, Mill Street.
- FERGUSON (John), Pte., Royal Marines. Son of John Ferguson, 157 Farme Loan Road.
- FERGUSON (Noel), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Son of Jas. Ferguson, 151 New Farme Place.
- FERRIER (John), Pte., 1/8th Royal Warwick's. Son of Mrs. Ferrier, 4 Hamilton Road.
- FINLAY (Wm. A.), Pte., Gordon Highlanders. Son of John Finlay, 53 Main Street.
- FISHER (Peter), Cpl., Northumberland Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, 4 Greenbank Street.
- FLEMING (Alex.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Alex. Fleming, 76 Main Street.
- FLEMING (Sam), Sapp., 1st Fld. Coy., L.D., R.E. (T.). Nephew of Mrs. McCall, 22 Farme Loan Road.
- FLEMING (Dr. C. E.), Major, R.A.M.C. Son of Ex-Provost John Fleming, 11 Crown Terrace.
- FORBES (Jas.), Pte., 7th Cameron Highlanders. Son of Sergt. Forbes, Constabulary, Rutherglen.
- FORSYTH (Rev. David), Lieut., R.A.M.C. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Forayth, 3 Blairbeth Terrace (Burnside House).
- FOX (W.), Pte., 375606, Royal Scots.
- FRASER (Donald), R.A.M.C. Late Inspector of Rutherglen Police.
- GALLAGHER (John), Gunner, R.G.A. Brother of Miss Gallagher, 13 Kirkwood Street.
- GALLAGHER (Patrick), Pte., Scottish Rifles.
- GALLAGHER (Jas.), Pte., 2nd Cameron Highlanders.
Sons of Mrs. Gallagher, 21 Regent Street.
- GARDNER (John), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders. Mrs. Gardner, 277 King St.
- GEDDES (Alfred C.), Sapper, Australian Imp. Forces. Son of Mrs. Geddes, late Wardlaw Drive.
- GEMMELL (Geo.), Drummer, Seaforth Highlanders, Millcroft Row.
- GEMMELL (J.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders, 5 Millcroft Row.

- GEMMELL (John), Gunner, R.F.A. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Gemmell, 27 Victoria Street.
- GIBSON (And.), Sergt., Canadian Scottish, 10 Greenbank Street.
- GIBSON (Hugh), Pte., Cameron Highlanders, att. R.E. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, 5 Barnflat Street.
- GIBCHRIST (Jas.), Trooper, H.L.I. Son of Arch. Gibchrist, 59 High Street.
- GILLESPIE (A. M.), Stretcher-bearer, H.L.I., Farie Street.
- GILLIES (J. J.), Sergt.-Major, Australian Imp. Forces. Son of James Gillies, Glasgow Road.
- GILLIES (Malcolm), Pte., Labour Batt. Husband of Mrs. Gillies, 79 Cambuslang Road.
- GLADSTONE, M.P. (W. G. C.), Kilmarnock Burghs.
- GOUGH (J. C.), Pte., 2nd H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Gough, 5 Barnflat St.
- GRAHAM (Robt.), Pte., Gordon Highlanders. Husband of Mrs. Graham, 4 Eastfield View.
- GRAHAM (Wm.), Sergt., Royal Air Force. Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Graham, 57 Main Street.
- GRANT (Duncan), Bugler, 9th H.L.I., Westfield.
- GRAY (Alex.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of D. Gray, 7 Kildale Street.
- GRAY (John), Seaman, R.N.D.
- GRAY (Robert J.), Pte., R.N.V.R.
Sons of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gray, 61 High Street.
- GRAY (R. T.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of William Gray, 40 Hamilton Road.
- GREENHILL, M.C. (Lieut. C.). Son of Dr. R. Greenhill, 1 Rodger Drive.
- GREIG (Jas.), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Husband of Mrs. Greig, 47 Ardenlea Street, Bridgeton.
- GREIG (Matt.), Sergt.-Major, Cameron Highlanders. Husband of Mrs. Greig, 41 Greenhill Road.
- HALLIDAY (John), Gunner, R.F.A. Son of Wm. Halliday, 5 Sefton Terrace.
- HAMILTON (A. L.), 2nd Lieut., Durham Lt. Infantry. Husband of Cissy Buchanan, Wardlaw House.
- HANNAH (Henry), Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mrs. Hannah, 93 New St.
- HANNAH (J. H.), Gunner. Son of And. Hannah, late 44 Mill Street.
- HARKINS (Pat.), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Husband of Mrs. Harkins, 8 Bouverie Street.
- HARVEY (John), Pte., 2nd L.D., R.E. (T.), — Regent Street and Clydebank.
- HARVIE (John), A.B., R.N.D. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvie, 263 King St.
- HAUGHAN (Dan), Pte., Royal Scots.
- HAUGHAN (Hugh), Scottish Rifles.
Sons of Mrs. Haughan, 67 Glasgow Road.
- HENDRY (John), Pte., Scots Fusiliers. Son of Mrs. Hendry, 55 High St.
- HIGGINS (P.), Pte. Son of Bernard Higgins, 263 King Street.
- HILL (John), Pte., M.T., A.S.C. Husband of Mrs. Hill, 1 Anderson Place.
- HOARE (Cecil), Cpl., 7th Rifle Brigade. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Hoare, 36 Calderwood Road.

- HORN (Martiu), Pte., 1st Cameron Highlanders.—Missing. Nephew of John Gallagher, 13 Kirkwood Street.
- HORNER (George A.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of Mrs. Horner, 10 Smith Terrace.
- HOWITT (Wm.), L.-Cpl., 11th H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Howitt, 3 Parkhill Dr.
- HUDSON (Geo.), Pte., 1/7th H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Hudson, 24 Greenhill Road.
- HUGHES (Jos.), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, 229 King Street.
- HUNTER (Henry), Pte., Canadianus.
- HUNTER (Thos.), Cameron Highlanders. — Cathcart Road.
- HUNTER (Thos.), Pte., Royal Engineers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, 162 Main Street.
- HUTCHISON (Wm.), Pte., 3rd Camerons. Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hutchison, 51 Queen Street.
- HUTCHINSON (Wm.), Pte., H.L.I., 1 Princes Street.
- JOHNSTON (Harry), L.-Cpl., A. & S.H. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, 161 Farme Loan Road.
- JOHNSON (W.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Husband of Mrs. Johnson, M'Alpine Place.
- JOHNSTONE (R. B. W.), 2nd Lieut., R.F.A. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, 17 Albert Drive.
- KAIN (H.), Pte., R.A.M.C. Husband of Mrs. Kain, 2 Menzies Place.
- KELLY (Denis), Pte., 2nd Scots Guards. Husband of Mrs. Kelly, 270 King Street.
- KELLY (Jas.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Husband of Mrs. Kelly, 29 Kirkwood Street.
- KELLY (John), Pte., Black Watch. Husband of Mrs. Kelly, 111 Mill St.
- KELLY (Robt.), Pte., Inniskilling Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, 15 Kirkwood Street.
- KEMP (Geo.), Pte., A. & S.H. Son of Mrs. Kemp, Hawthorn Rd., Elgin.
- KERR (Geo.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, 16 Greenhill Road.
- KERR (Robt.), 2nd Lieut., London Rifles. Husband of Isabella Crichton, Belgrave.
- KILPATRICK (Robt.), Sergt., K.O.S.B., Mill Street.
- KILTIE (R. H.), Pte., 7th H.L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Kiltie, 8 Barnflat Street.
- KIRKLAND (F. W.), 2nd Lieut., Rifle Brigade. Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kirkland, Islay Cottage.
- KNOX (J.), Sergt., A. & S.H. Brother of Jas. Knox, 21 Farie Street.
- KYLE (James). Pte. Son of Mrs. Kyle, 23 Cathcart Road.
- LAMONT, M.M. (Samuel S.), Pte., Glasgow Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Lament, 31 Jedburgh Avenue.
- LAMONT (John), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mrs. Lamont, 53 Stonelaw Street.

- LAPPIN (Robt.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. James Lappin, 3
Jedburgh Avenue.
- LARGENT (Leonard J.), Pte., 1st Cameron Highlanders. Husband of Mrs.
Largent, 91 Cambuslang Road.
- LITTLE (H. J.), 2nd Lieut. Son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Little, 1 Belhaven
Terrace, Burnside.
- LITTLE (Samuel), Pte., Royal Scots, Regent Street.
- LOCKHART (John), Pte., 6th Cameron Highlanders. Son of Mr. Geo.
Lockhart, 33 Millar Terrace.
- LOGAN (J. G.), Pte., A. & S. H. Son of late Jas. Logan, 2 Limeside Avé.
- LOVE (Robt.), Pte., 1st Gordon Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Love,
Rockland.
- LYONS (John M.), Pte., 17th H.L.I. Son of Mrs. E. Lyons, 11 Wardlaw
Drive.
- MACALLAN (Jas.), Capt., R.A.M.C. Son of And. Macallan, National Bank.
- MACDOUGALL (Alex.), Pte.
- MACFARLANE (R. S.), 2nd Lieut., 15th H.L.I. Son of late W. Macfarlane,
Edina Lodge.
- MACKAY (Chas.), Pte., Glasgow Highlanders.
- MACKIE (Alf), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Mackie, 15 Woodside
Avenue.
- MACKIE (Peter), Pte., 2nd K.O.S.B. Son of Peter Mackie, 11 Allan Street,
Bridgeton.
- MACKIE (W. F.), 2nd Lieut., H.L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Mackie, White-
field House.
- MACKIE (Win.), Pte., 7th Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
Mackie, 21 Dunard Road.
- MACLEOD (Angus), L.-Cpl., 17th H.L.I.
- MACLEOD (John J.), Cpl., Royal Engineers.
Sons of Mrs. MacLeod, 66 Hamilton Road.
- MACPHERSON (Wm.), L.-Cpl., H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Macpherson, 8
Bankhead Road.
- MADDEN (George), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders.
- MADDEN (Robt.), Pte., K.O.S.B.
Sons of David Madden, 278 King Street.
- MADDEN (H.), Stoker, *H.M.S. Genister*. Son of Henry Madden, 77 Green-
hill Road.
- MARSHALL (James), Cook, *Bayano*. Husband of Mrs. Marshall, 4 Farie St.
- MARSHALL (Robt.), Pte., K.O.S.B. Brother of Mrs. Walker, 3 Green Road.
- MARTIN (Thos.), Pte., H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Martin, 22 Burn Road.
- MARTINDALE (Jas.), Pte., H.L.I. c/o Mrs. Hardie, East Main Street.
- MAXWELL (A. T.), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Son of John Maxwell,
Southcroft.
- MAXWELL (John), Signaller, R.N.V.R. Son of the late John Maxwell, 165
King Street.
- MAY (Claude B.), Capt., Border Regiment. Son of Mr. and Mrs. James
May, 47 Johnstone Drive.

- MEIKLE (Jas.), A.B., R.N.D. Son of Mrs. Meikle, 270 King Street.
- MELLIN (P.), Sapper, 2nd Fld. Coy., L.D., R.E. (T.). Son of Mrs. Mellin, 2 M'Alpine Place.
- MILLER, D.C.M., (Wm. Oliver), Sergt., Glasgow Highlanders. Son of James Miller, Berelands Nursery.
- MILLER (W. B.), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mrs. Miller, 57 Main Street.
- MILLER (Wm.), 2nd Engineer, S.S. *Port Hardy*. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Miller, 3 Parkhill Drive.
- MILLIKEN (John), Pte., 6th K.O.S.B. Son of Thomas Milliken, 11 Hamilton Road.
- MITCHELL (Arch.), Pte., 1st Australian Imp. Forces.
- MITCHELL (Alex. W.), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Sons of Mrs. C. M. Mitchell, 50 Chapel Street.
- MOFFAT (J.), Pte., 1st A. & S. H. Son of Mrs. Moffat, 5 Burn Road.
- MONEY (J.), Pte., 8th Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Robt. Money, 11 Regent Street.
- MORGAN (Thos.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mrs. Morgan, 8 Barnflat Street.
- MORRISON (Archd.), Lieut. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, 46 Main Street.
- MORRISON (Alex.), L.-Cpl., 9th H.L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, 15 Dunard Road.
- MORRISON (H.), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mrs. Morrison, 16 Jedburgh Ave.
- MORRISON (J. M'L.), 2nd Lieut. Mr. Alex. Boyd, 29 Balvauid Drive.
- MORTON (Robt.), Cpl., H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Morton, 240 Main Street.
- MOYES (D.), Pte., 2nd H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Moyes, 64 Glasgow Road.
- MULLEN (Pat.), Sapper, 2nd L.D., R.E. (T.). Husband of Mrs. Mullen, 9 Mitchell Street.
- MURDOCH (A.M.), Pte., R.A.M.C. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch, 26 Farnie Loan Road.
- MURDOCH (Chas. E.), Pte., H.L.I.
- MURDOCH (Richard R.), Pte., H.L.I.
Brothers of Mrs. Carmichael, Ardinay, Albany Drive.
- MURDOCH (Hugh), Pte., Canadians. Brother of Mr. Murdoch, 65 Mill Street.
- MURDOCH (Tom), Signaller, 1/7th H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Murdoch, Cathcart Road.
- MURPHY (Patrick), Pte., 2nd Scots Guards. Son of Mrs. Murphy, 26 Farnie Loan Road.
- MURRAY (A. H.), 7th H.L.I. — Mitchell Street.
- MURRAY (P.), Pte., Glasgow Highlanders. Mrs. Murray, 6 Mitchell Street.
- MURRAY (Wm.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Husband of Mrs. Murray, 35 Gallowflat Street.
- McANDREW (Thomas L.), Pte., Royal Army Service Corps. Son of Mrs. McAndrew, 30 Farnie Loan Road.
- McCAFFERTY (Jas.), A. & S. H. Husband of Mrs. McCafferty, 12 Mitchell Street.

- M'CAIG (J.), Sergt., H.L.I. Son of James M'Caig, 12 Union Place.
- M'CALLUM (John), Pte., Royal Scots. Son of Mr. and Mrs. M'Callum, 42 Glasgow Road.
- M'CANN (Jas.), L.-Cpl., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. M'Caun, 21 Greenbank Street.
- M'CARTNEY (Wm.), Pte. Brother of Jos. M'Cartney, 27 Victoria Street.
- M'CONKEY (Geo.), Pte., Glasgow Highlanders. Husband of Mrs. M'Conkey, 27 Cathcart Road.
- M'CONNELL (Thomas).
- M'CORMACK (Jas.), Pte., Gordon Highlanders. Son of Mr. M'Cormack, 23 Gallowflat Street.
- M'CORRY (Jas.), Cpl., Australian Imp. Forces.
- M'CORRY (Thos.), Pte., Canadian Exp. Force.
Sons of Dr. and Mrs. M'Corry, 7 Albany Drive.
- M'COSE, M.C. (Thos.), Capt., R.A.M.C. Son of Mrs. M'Cosk, Flores Villa, Burusida.
- M'CRONE (Alex.), Pte., 2nd K.O.S.B. Son of Mr. and Mrs. M'Crone, 72A Main Street.
- M'CUULLOCH (Neil), Sapper, Royal Engineers. Husband of Mrs. M'Cuulloch, 16 Birkwood Street, Bridgeton.
- M'DONALD (Edw.), Pte., D. Coy., Royal Scots. Brother of Mrs. O'Rourke, 9 High Street.
- M'DOWELL (Jack), Pte., 3rd Australian Contingent. Son of J. M'Dowell, 25 Mitchell Drive.
- M'FAULDS (Hugh), Pte., Gordon Highlanders. Husband of Mrs. M'Faulds, 221 Main Street.
- M'GARRY (Hugh), Pte., H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. M'Garry, 238 King St.
- M'GILL (David), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mrs. M'Gill, 11 Mitchell Street.
- M'GOWN (Thos.), Petty Officer, *Princess Irene*. Nephew of Mrs. M'Knight, 2 Clydeview Place.
- M'GRECHAN (Pat.), L.-Cpl., Gordon Highlanders. Husband of Mrs. M'Grechan, 25 Bouverie Street.
- M'GREGOR (John), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Son of Mrs. M'Gregor, 58 Johnstone Drive.
- M'GREGOR (Robt.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders.
- M'GREGOR (Dan), Pte., 1st Cameron Highlanders.
Sons of Alex. M'Gregor, 228 King Street.
- M'GUIRE (T.), Pte. 280151, H.L.I.
- M'HOUL (James S.), 2nd Lieut., 16th Royal Scots. Son of Mr. and Mrs. M'HoUl, Ballochmill.
- M'ILARNEY (Owen), Pte., Scots Guards. Son of Mr. and Mrs. M'Ilarney, 211 Main Street.
- M'ILVEAN (J.), Sapper, 170th Coy., Royal Engineers. Son of Mrs. M'Ilvean, 6 Baruslat Street.
- M'INNES (Archd.), Pte., H.L.I.
- M'INTYRE (Jas.), Pte., Royal Scots Greys. Mrs. M'Intyre, 4 Bouverie St.
- M'KAY (Henry), Sapper, R.E., Australian Forces. Brother of Mrs. D. Keir, 17 Church Street. Cambuslang.

- M'KINSTRIE (Jos.), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Son of Samuel M'Kinstrie, Muirbank House.
- M'KISSOCK (George), Pte., 1st Cameron Highlanders. Son of Samuel M'Kissock, 8 Arnot Street.
- M'KITTRICK (Jas.), Cpl., A. & S. II. Husband of Mrs. M'Kittrick, 25 Cathcart Road.
- M'LAREN (Jos.), 2nd Lieut., London Regiment. Son of Mrs. Boyd, 29 Balvaired Drive.
- M'LAREN (D. B.), L.-Cpl., Scottish Rifles. Son of late John M'Laren, Craigmaddie, Braeside Avenue.
- M'LEAN, M.C. (Wm.), Lieut., A. & S. II. Son of Mrs. M'Lean, 65 Greenhill Road.
- M'LEISH (D.), 1st Australian Exp. Force. Brother of Mrs. Kerr, Mill St.
- M'LEOD (Alex.), Pte., Royal Scots. Son of Mr. and Mrs. M'Leod, 11 Melrose Avenue.
- M'MENEMY (Jos.), Pte., 2nd I.L.I. Husband of Mrs. M'Menemy, 17 Bouverie Street.
- M'MILLAN (Wm.), Cpl., Royal Marine Light Infantry. Nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, 7 Kildale Street.
- M'NAIR (T. K.), Pte., 1st Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mrs. M'Nair, Dryburgh Avenue.
- M'NAUGHT (A.), Pte., 17th I.L.I. Son of James M'Naught, 118 Main St.
- M'NEIL (John), Pte., Scots Guards. Son of John M'Neil, 2 Moray Place.
- M'NEIL (Wm.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mrs. M'Neil, 23 Gallowflat Street.
- M'NEILL (John), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mrs. M'Neill, 40 Greenhill Road.
- M'QUAKER (G. W.), Gunner, R.F.A. Son of Mr. and Mrs. M'Quaker, 181 Farme Loan Road.
- M'SHANE (Anthony), Pte., Royal Scots. Son of Mrs. M'Shane, 222 Mill St.
- M'TAGHART (H.), Pte., 2nd Cameron Highlanders. Grandson of Mrs. M'Kerlie, 67 Glasgow Road.
- NEIL (J.), Pte., H.L.I.
- NEWCOMBE (P.), Sapper, 2nd L.D., R.E. (T.). Husband of Mrs. Newcombe, Main Street.
- NICOL (Wm.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nicol, 168 Farme Loan Road.
- NIMMO (Jas.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Nimmo, 28 Stonelaw Road.
- NISBET (W. T.), Gunner 12068, R.G.A.
- O'BOYLE (Tim.), Pte., 6th Munster Fusiliers. Son of Mrs. O'Boyle, 78 Mill Street.
- O'GILVIE (Peter), Pte., I.L.I. Son of Mrs. Stewart, 27 Victoria Street.
- O'HANLON (Jas.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Husband of Mrs. O'Hanlon, 34 Mill Street.
- O'NEIL (Jas.), Pte., —. Husband of Mrs. O'Neil, 28 Stonelaw Road.
- ORR (J. Young), H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Young Orr, Struan.

- PARK (Alex.), Pte., Northumberland Fusiliers. Brother of G. Park, 35 Greenhill Road.
- PARK (James), Pte., 2/7th A. & S. H. Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Park, 26 Hamilton Road.
- PATERICK (Wm.), Gunner, R.F.A. Husband of Mrs. Paterick, 13 Greenhill Road.
- PATERICK (Walter), Pte., Lanarkshire Yeomanry. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Paterick, 66 Main Street.
- PATERSON (Irvine), Pioneer, Royal Engineers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, 8 Buchanan Drive.
- PATERSON (Jas.), Cpl., R.F.A. Son of Mrs. Paterson, 23 Regent Street.
- PATERSON (W.), Pte., 41128, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).
- PATON (Geo.), Pte., Black Watch. Husband of Mrs. Paton, 102 Mill St.
- PATON (J. W. R.), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Paton, 227 Main St.
- PATTISON (D. Y.), Pte., A. & S. H., 2 Wardlaw Avenue.
- PEPPER (John), Pte., Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
- PEPPER (Robt.), Signaller, Royal Scots.
Sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Pepper, 8 India Street.
- PEPPER (Wm.), Pte., Royal Scots, Lothian Regiment. Husband of Mrs. Pepper, 71 Mill Street.
- POLLAND (Jas.), Sapper, 2nd L.D., R.E. (T.). Son of Peter Polland, 270 King Street.
- QUIGG (Bernard), Pte., Royal Scots. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Quigg, 258 King Street.
- RAINEY (James), Pte., 11th A. & S. H. Husband of Mrs. Rainey, 277 King Street.
- RALSTONE (Augustine), Pte., H.L.I. Brother of Mrs. Gillanders, 9 Burn Rd.
- RALSTON (Jos.), Pte., Scots Guards. Son of Robt. Ralston, 118 Main St.
- REID (Bert), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Reid, 29 Farie Street.
- REID (J. C.), Pte., Scots Guards. Son of Mrs. Reid, 17 Hamilton Road.
- REID (W. B.), Scottish Rifles. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Reid, 27 Rodger Drive.
- RENNICKS (T.), Pte., 2nd Inniskilling Fusiliers. Mrs. Rennicks, 263 King Street.
- RENNIE (Douglas W.), Trooper, Lovat Scouts. Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Rennie, 15 Kirkwood Street.
- RICHARDSON, V.C. (James), Piper, Manitoba Regiment. Son of David Richardson, late Inspector, Rutherglen Constabulary.
- RICHARDSON (John), Pte., Canadians. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, 134 Farme Loan Road.
- RIDDELL (Frank), L.-Cpl., Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, 229 King Street.
- RIDDELL (Jack), Cpl., New Zealand Engineers. Nephew of Mrs. John Riddell, 94 Main Street.

- RIGDEN (I. E. N.), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Rigden, 11 Brae-side Avenue.
- RILEY (David), Pte., —. Brother of Mr. and Mrs. Riley, 93 Mill Street.
- ROBB (Gabriel), Gunner, R.F.A. Husband of Agnes Borland, 51 Queen St.
- ROBERTSON (Allan H.), Petty Officer, M.M., R.N.D. Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Robertson, 13 Greenbank Street.
- ROBERTSON (Geo.), Sapper, 2nd L.D., R.E. (T.). Son of Mrs. Robertson, 49 Glasgow Road.
- ROBERTSON (Jas.), Pte., 5th Camerons. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, 13 Kirkwood Street.
- ROBERTSON (Jas.), Pte., 2nd Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Thos. Robertson.
- ROBERTSON (John), Bomb., R.F.A. Son of Mrs. A. Robertson, 7 Barnflat Street.
- ROBERTSON (John), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Robertson, 45 New Street.
- ROBERTSON (R. H.), Cpl., 1st London Scottish. Son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Robertson, Stonelaw House.
- ROBERTSON (Thos.), Pte., Royal Scots. Husband of Mrs. Robertson, 134 Farme Loan Road.
- RODGER (L. K.), 2nd Lieut., L.D. Engineers. Son of Ex-Provost and Mrs. Rodger, Avonholm.
- RUSSELL (Wm. G.), Pte., Q.O. Cameron Highlanders. Son of Wm. Russell, 24 Greenbank Street.
- SAMSON (Wm. M.), L.-Cpl., 11th A. & S. H. Son of John Samson, 9 India Street.
- SANDS (Jas.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mrs. J. M'Cormack, 56 Springfield Road.
- SCOTT (Wm.), Sergt., H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Scott, Chapel Street.
- SENIOR (Fred), Pte., H.L.I., 8 Hamilton Road.
- SHANKS (Alex.), Pte., Canadian Contingent.
- SHARKEY (Wm.), Pte., 1st A. & S. H. Son of Mrs. Sharkey, 8 Bouverie St.
- SHARP (Archie), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
- SHARP (John), Pte., 1st Irish Fusiliers.
Sons of Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, 7 Kildale Street.
- SHEARER (Colin), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. And. Shearer, P.O. Telephone Exchange.
- SHEARER (G. D. Ross), A.M., R.N.A.S. Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ross Shearer, Library House.
- SHIELDS (Wylie), Canadian Engineers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. David Shields, 15 Farie Street.
- SIMPSON (Robt.), Gunner, R.F.A. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Simpson, 9 Melrose Avenue.
- SINCLAIR (Lachlan), 2nd Lieut., Northumberland Fusiliers.
- SINCLAIR (J. C.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders.
Sons of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sinclair, Watson Avenue.
- SLIGHT (Harry), Pte., Royal Scots. Husband of Mrs. Slight, 17 Regent St.

SLOAN (Wm. Jas.), Pte., K.O.S.B.

SLOAN (W. C.), Pte., 1/7th H.L.I.

Sons of Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, 4 Barnflat Street.

SMITH (Dugald), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders, 19 Bouverie Street.

SMITH (John), L.-Cpl., Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, 7 Hamilton Road.

SNEEDON (Alex.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Sneddon, 265 Main Street.

SOUTER (Jas.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Husband of Mrs. Souter, 19 Regent Street.

SPEIRS (Wm.), Pte., 1st Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Speirs, 21 Baden Street, Bridgeton.

STEEL (Francis S.), Pte., Royal Scots. Son of Mrs. Steel, 29 Farie Street.

STEVENSON (John), L.-Cpl., H.L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, 45 Viewpark Drive.

STEWART (Matt.), Sergt., K.O.S.B. Husband of Mrs. Stewart, 29 Ardenlea Street.

STEWART (Wm.), Sergt., Canadian Grenadier Guards. Husband of Mrs. Stewart, 4 Arnott Street.

STODDART (Wm.), Sergt., 7th Seaforth Highlanders. Husband of Mrs. Stoddart. —

STRAND (John), Rifleman, Rifle Brigade. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Strang, Woodside Farm.

STUART (James Stirling). Son of W. C. Stirling Stuart, Castlemilk.

SWEENEY (Jos.), Coy. Q.M.S., Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Husband of Mrs. Sweeney, 96 Mill Street.

TAIT (Wm.), Driver, R.F.A. Nephew of Mrs. Higgins, 35 Stonelaw Street.

TAYLOR, M.C. (John), 2nd Lieut., Royal Scots. Son of Wm. Taylor, Burnside.

TELFORD (W. D.), Pte., London Scottish. Son of R. Telford, Arona, Melrose Avenue.

TEMPLETON (Wm.), Pte., Nova Scotia Batt. Son-in-law of Mrs. Craig, 8 Main Street.

THOM (Matt.), Pte., Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. David Thom, 12 Wallace Street.

THOMPSON (Peter), Pte., H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Thompson, 4 Mitchell Street.

THOMSON (J.), Sergt., Scottish Rifles. Husband of Mrs. Thomson, 28 Stonelaw Road.

THOMSON (J. N.), Pte., Royal Engineers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, 26 Regent Street.

THOMSON (J. S.), L.-Cpl., Canadian S.B.A.C. Son of Mrs. Thomson, 2 M'Alpine Place.

THOMSON (Neil), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Husband of Mrs. Thomson, 132 Farme Loan Road.

TINDAL (David), Pte., Chamber of Commerce Batt. Son of Dr. Tindal, Hiawatha, Burnside.

- TODD (John, Lieut., H.L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Todd, Fernbank, Cambuslang.
- TOMLINSON (J. F.), Lieut., H.L.I. e/o Mrs. Blance, Weisdale, Braeside Ave.
- TONNER (Peter), Pte., 1st Royal Scots. Husband of Mrs. Tonner, 60 High Street.
- TOPPING (G.), Rifleman, London Regiment. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Topping, 73 Stonelaw Drive.
- TULLIS (Robt. R.), Capt., 7th A. & S. II. Son of late J. T. Tullis, Deacon Convener, Glasgow.
- TWADDLE (Jas.), Cpl., Black Watch. Son of Mrs. Twaddle, Mid Farm, Cathkin.
- WALKER (J. C.), 2nd A.M., Royal Flying Corps. Son of Wm. Walker, 9 Woodside Avenue.
- WALKER (John R.), Sapper, Royal Engineers. Husband of Mrs. Walker, 38 Wardlaw Avenue.
- WALKER (Robt.), Pte., Middlesex Regt. Son of Mrs. Walker, 11 Regent St.
- WATSON (Jas.), Pte., 2nd Royal Scots. Son of Mrs. Watson, 3 Kenilworth Place.
- WATSON (John), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson, 31 Rosslyn Avenue.
- WELSH (Jas.), Pte., ——. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Welsh, 1 M'Alpine Place.
- WHITE (David), Lt.-Cpl., R.A.S.C. (M.T.). Husband of Mary M'Nairn, 21 Glasgow Road.
- WHYTE (Geo.), Pte., Australian Imp. Forces. Cousin of Mrs. Duff, 61 King Street.
- WILLIAMSON (Chas.), Pte., 2nd Seaforth Highlanders. Husband of Mrs. Williamson, 24 Greenhill Road.
- WILSON (And.), 2nd Lieut., Royal Scots. Son of James Wilson, 25 Kirkwood Street.
- WILSON (J.), 2nd Lieut., A. & S. II. Son of John Wilson, 25 Rodger Drive.
- WILSON (Thos.), Seaman, Collingwood Batt., R.N.D. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, 4 Bouverie Street.
- WILSON (T. S.), Pte., Black Watch. Son of Henry Wilson, Sheriff Park Terrace.
- WILSON (Wm.), Driver, 2nd Fld Coy., I.D., R.E. (T.). Mrs. Wilson, 50 Glasgow Road.
- WISEMAN (?), Pte., H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Wiseman, Strathavon, Hamilton Road.
- WOODBURN (R. C.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Woodburn, 71 Dryburgh Avenue.
- WOODS (Thos.), Pte., Irish Guards, Cambuslang Road, Rutherglen.
- WRIGHT (Robt.), Pte., A. & S. II. Son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Wright, 16 Stonelaw Road.
- WYPER (R.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of A. Wyper, 6 Barnflat Street.
- YARDLEY (Wm.), Pte., 10th H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Yardley, 3 Barnflat St.
- YOUNG (A. F.), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Son of John Young, 75 Mill St.
- YOUNG (Robt.), A.B. Son of Mrs. Young, 3 George Gray Street.

RUTHERGLEN AND THE GREAT WAR 276A

- AIRENS (Danl.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of Mrs. Jackson, 280 King St.
- AITKEN (Jas. T.), 2nd Lieut., R.A.F. Son of David B., and Mrs. Aitken, 2 Sefton Terrace.
- ALLAN (Wm.), L.-Cpl., H.L.I. Son of James Allan, 92 Stonclaw Road.
- ALLISON (Jas.), Sergt., Canadians. Son of Mrs. Allison, 25 Kirkwood St.
- ALLISON (Richd.), Sergt., Army Service Corps. Brother of Miss Allison, 3 Barndat Street.
- ANDERSON (Matt.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of James and Mrs. Anderson, 10 Hamilton Road.
- ARMSTRONG (John), Pte., K.O.S.B. Husband of Mrs. Armstrong, 23 Bouverie Street.
- BAIRD (David C.), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Son of Mrs. Baird, 4 Braeside Avenue.
- BARNES (John), Pte., Black Watch. Brother of Edward Barnes, 31 Glasgow Road.
- BEST (Jas.), Pte., Scots Guards. Mrs. Best, 77 Greenhill Road.
- BRADLEY (Pat.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of Charles Bradley, 16 Harriet Street.
- BRODIE (J. M.), 2nd Lieut., Middlesex Regiment. Brother of Mrs. Meikle, 10 Wardlaw Drive.
- BROWN (Jas.), Pte., Royal Irish Fusiliers. Brother of Mrs. Brown, 41 Fairlie Street.
- BRYARS (Jas.), Pte., Inniskilling Fusiliers. Son of Mrs. Bryars, 49 Glasgow Road.
- BRYCELAND (Jas.), Pte., Royal Scots. Son of Hugh and Mrs. Bryce-land, 45 New Street.
- BRYSON (Jas.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Bryson, 38 Cathcart Road.
- BURNETT (Jas.), W.O., R.N.D. Son of Rev. Geo. Burnett, Duuvegan.
- BURNS (Philip), Pte., H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Burns, 31 Cathcart Road.
- BURNS (Wm.), Pte., Black Watch. Nephew of Mrs. Brawley, 80 Burn Rd.
- BURNS (Wm.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Brother of Arthur Burns, Newhouse Muir.
- Butler (John), Pte., Inniskilling Fusiliers. Son of Thos. and Mrs. Butler, 51 Main Street.
- CADOO (Wm.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Late husband of Mrs. Booth, 16 Wallace Street.
- CAIRNS (Francis), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mrs. Cairns, 60 High Street.
- CAIRNS (Jas.), Pte., Seaforths. Son of J. and Mrs. Cairns, 10 Millcroft Row.
- CARMICHAEL (John), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Husband of Mrs. Carmichael, 117 King Street.
- CARMICHAEL (Neil), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Son of John Carmichael, 4 Bouverie Street.
- CLARK (W. G.), Pte., Australian Forces. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, now of Australia.
- CLIFFORD (Robt.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Douglas and Mrs. Clifford, 175 Farmeloa Road.
- CRADEN (Francis), Pte., Seaforths. Brother of Mrs. Vincent, 71 Chapel St.
- CROSS (Wm.), Pte., Army Service Corps. Husband of Mrs. Cross, 230 Main Street.
- CROUTH (Alex.), Rifleman, Royal Irish Rifles. Son of Mrs. Crouth, 161 Farmeloa Road.
- CUNNINGHAM (John), Pte., Royal Scots Grays. Husband of Mrs. Cunn-ingham, 7 Victoria Street.
- CUNNINGHAM (Peter), Pte., H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Cunningham, Brae-mar.
- DANKS (Jas. C.), Gunner, Royal Marines. Brother of Mrs. Stanhope, 31 Glasgow Road.

- DEVENNEY (John), Pte., Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Husband of Mrs. Devenney, 55 New Street.
- DIAMOND (Jas.), Sapper, Royal Engineers. Husband of Mrs. Diamond, 2 Barnflat Street.
- DICK (Jas.), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Wm. and Mrs. Dick, Eastfield Farm.
- DOUGLAS (John), Pte., Seaforths. Husband of Mrs. Douglas, 2 Arnot St.
- DRUMMOND (John), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Step-son of John M'Murchie, 12 Union Place.
- DUFFY (Jas.), Pte., Seaforths. Son of Mrs. Duffy, 3 George Gray Street.
- DUFFY (Wm.), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Brother of Mrs. Meikle, 6 Castle Street.
- DUNCAN (Alex. G.), Sapper, Royal Engineers. Brother of Mrs. Linnen, 174 Farmcloan Road.
- DUNLOP (And.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of John and Mrs. Dunlop, 51 Queen Street.
- DIWAN (Thos.), Pte., Munster Fusiliers. Brother of Michael Sloan, 4 Castle Street.
- FAULDS (Wm.), Pte., Royal Irish Regiment. Brother of Mrs. Dillon, 43 Farie Street.
- FERGUSON (Alex.), Pte., Seaforths. Brother of Janet Ferguson, 21 Gallowflat Street.
- FINNERON (Jas.), Pte., Northumberland Fusiliers. Son of Bernard and Mrs. Finneron, 30 Greenhill Road.
- FISHER (John), Cpl., Royal Engineers. Son of And. and Mrs. Fisher, 28 Jedburgh Avenue.
- FISHER (Thos.), Pte., Seaforths. Brother of Manuel Fisher, Silverbanks, Cambuslang.
- FLEMING (Jas.), Pte., Canadians. Nephew of Thos. Johnston, 13 Kirkwood Street.
- FLEMING (Wm.), Pte., H.L.I.
- FLEMING (John G.), Pte., Royal Scots.
Sons of David and Mrs. Fleming, 22 Castle Street.
- FORSYTH (Ifagh), Pte., Seaforths. Husband of Mrs. Forsyth, 17 Bouverie Street.
- FREW (Wm.), Gunner, R.F.A. Late husband of Mrs. Brown, 41 Farie St.
- FREW (Wm.), Pte., Black Watch.
- FREW (Geo.), Pte., Black Watch.
- FREW (Jas.), Pte., Black Watch.
Sons of Wm. Frew, 8 Bouverie Street.
- GARDINER (John K.), Pte., Seaforths. Husband of Mrs. Gardiner, 10 Hamilton Road.
- GENTLES (Robt.), Pte., Australian Imperial Forces. Son of Mrs. Gentles, 34 Mill Street.
- GOLDIE (Chas.), Pte., Connaught Rangers.
- GOLDIE (Thos.), Pte., H.L.I.
Brothers of Marjory Goldie, 6½ Farmcloan Road.
- GRAY (John), —, R.N.D. Son of Robt. and Mrs. Gray, 61 High Street.
- HAY (Alex.), Sapper, Royal Engineers. Son of Alex. Hay, 2 Wallace St.
- HIPSON (Thos.), Signaller, Scottish Rifles. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Hipson, 43 Stonelaw Road.
- HORNER (Wm. P.), M.M., Sergt., H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Horner, 10 Smith Terrace.
- HUNTER (Pat. S.), Engineer, Mercle Marine. Son of John S. and Mrs. Hunter, 51 Wardlaw Avenue.
- KEITH (Baird W.), Cpl., South African Engineers. Brother of Thos. Keith 9 Victoria Street.
- KELLY (Jas.), Pte., Black Watch. Son of Wm. and Mrs. Kelly, 11 Woodside Avenue.

RUTHERGLEN AND THE GREAT WAR 276C

- KENNEDY (Wm.), L.-Cpl., H.L.I. Son of Jas. and Mrs. Kennedy, 6 Braeside Avenue.
- KERR (Hugh), Sapper, R.E. Son of Mrs. Kerr, Mill Street.
- KERR (John J.), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Son of Arch. Kerr, 8 Cross-hill Drive.
- LAMBIE (John), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Stepson of Mrs. Moffat, 53 High Street.
- LAWRIE (David), Pte., Seaforths. Son of Francis and Mrs. Lawrie, 22 Burn Road.
- LINDSAY (Wm.), Officer, R.N.D. Son of Mrs. A. Lindsay, 65 Ewing St.
- LINNEN (Peter), Sapper, Royal Engineers. Son of Peter and Mrs. Linnen, 174 Farme Loan Road.
- LINNIE (Joseph), Pte., Army Service Corps. Son of Mrs. Linnie, 28 Stonelaw Street.
- LYON (Robt.), L.-Cpl., Royal Scots. Brother of John M'Allister, 4 Crawford Street.
- MACNAB (Fred.), Pte., Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Brother of Thomas Macnab, 75 High Street.
- MARTIN (Frank), Gunner, R.F.A. Brother of Mrs. Cronin, 29 Kirkwood Street.
- MATCHETT (John), Pte., R.F.A. Son of John and Mrs. Matchett, 3 Braeside Avenue.
- MAXWELL (John), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Son of Wm. Maxwell, Low Row, Garnkirk.
- MEIKLE (Alex. T.), Sapper, Royal Engineers. Husband of Mrs. Meikle, 35 Bankhead Road.
- MILLER (David II.), Pte., Gordon Highlanders. Son of Wm. Miller, 71 High Street.
- MILLIGAN (Wm.), Pte., Royal Scots. Son of Mrs. Milligan, 23 Gallowflat Street.
- MOIR (Geo.), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Son of Jas. and Mrs. Moir, 4 Bankhead Road.
- MONTGOMERY (David A.), Pte., Royal Scots. Son of Mrs. Montgomery, 288 Stonelaw Road.
- MUIR (Jas.), Sergt., Canadians. Husband of Mrs. Muir, 73 High Street.
- MUIR (Robt.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of Mary Muir, 23 Chapel Street.
- MACLENNAN (David), Sergt., New Zealand Forces. Son of Mrs. MacLennan, 32 Greenhill Road.
- M'CLUSKEY (Thos.), Driver, R.F.A. Husband of Mrs. M'Cluskey, 13 Burn Road.
- M'CONNELL (Thos.), Cpl., Gordon Highlanders. Son of T. B. M'Connell, Abbotsford Avenue.
- M'CRISTALL (Wm.), Pte., R.F.A. Brother of Mrs. Linnie, 9 Hamilton Rd.
- M'DONALD (Maurice), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Brother of Mrs. O'Rourke, 9 High Street.
- M'ELROY (John), Driver, R.F.A. Son of Jas. M'Elroy, 3 George Gray Street.
- M'GHEE (Jas.), Pte., H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. M'Ghee, 54 Mill Street.
- M'GUIRE (John), Pte., Northumberland Fusiliers. Brother of Peter M'Guire, 208 Main Street.
- M'KERLIE (Robt.), Pte., Australian Forces. Grandson of Mrs. M'Kerlie, 67 Glasgow Road.
- M'LEAN (Michael), Pte., Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Son of John and Mrs. M'Lean, 8 Mitchell Street.
- M'TEAR (Hugh), Pte., H.L.I. Nephew of David Hendry, Millcroft Cottage.
- M'TEE (Robt.), Pte., R.F.A. Husband of Mrs. M'Tee, Gallowflat Street.
- M'WHINNIE (Sam.), Pte., Royal Irish Fusiliers. Husband of Mrs. M'Whinnie, 78 Mill Street.

- M'WILLIAMS (Jas.), Sergt.-Major, R.F.A. Son of Jas. M'Williams, 13 Greenbank Street.
- NINIAN (Geo. A.), Coy. Sergt.-Major, Scottish Rifles. Son of Thos. and Mrs. Ninian, 7 Carlyle Terrace.
- NISBET (Wm.), Pte., Scots Guards. Husband of Mrs. Nisbet, 1 Anderson Place.
- POLLOCK (John M.), Pte., City of London Regiment.
- QUINN (Wm.), Pte., Royal Scots Fusiliers. Son of Wm. John Quinn, 71 High Street.
- REID (Chas.), Pte., Scots Guards.
- RENNIE (Alex.), Officer, *Pomeranian*. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Rennie, Buchanan Drive.
- RIDDILL (Arch.), Pte., H.L.I. Husband of Mrs. Riddell, 105 Stonelaw Road.
- ROBERTSON (Wm.), Pte., Seaforths. Husband of Mrs. Robertson, Southcroft.
- SAMSON (Alex.), L.-Cpl., Cameron Highlanders. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Samson, 5 Millercroft Row.
- SAMSON (Matt.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of John and Mrs. Samson, 8 India St.
- SCORGIE (Alex.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of John and Mrs. Scorgie, 84 Mill St.
- SCOTT (Walter W.), Pte., Canadians. Son of Wm. Scott, 60 Polworth Gardens.
- SMELLIE (Wm.), Pte., Canadians. Brother of Mrs. Ross, 238 King St.
- SMITH (Wm.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of John and Mrs. Smith, 175 Stonelaw Road.
- STANHOPE (Chas. H.), Sergt., South African Contingent. Husband of Mrs. Stanhope, 34 Glasgow Road.
- STEVENSON (Arch.), L.-Cpl., Gordon Highlanders. Son of Mrs. Stevenson, 53 High Street.
- STEWART (Gordon), Chief Engineer, Merc. Marine. Brother of Mrs. Johnston, 33 Watson Avenue.
- STEWART (Neil), Pte., Canadians. Mrs. Stalker, Renfrewshire Hospital.
- STEWART (Robt.), A.B., R.N.D. Son of John and Mrs. Stewart, 105 Mill Street.
- STEWART (Robt.), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, 21 Main Street.
- STRACHAN (John), Pte., Cameron Highlanders. Son of Mrs. M'Whinnie, 78 Mill Street.
- SWEENEY (Pat.), Pte., K.O.S.B. Son of Mrs. Sweeney, 32 Bankhead Road.
- THOMAS (H.), Pte., A. & S. H. Husband of Mrs. Thomas, 8 India Street.
- TORRANCE (David), L.-Cpl., Gordon Highlanders. Son of Mrs. Torrance, 61 High Street.
- TURNBULL (Peter), Pte., Seaforths.
- TURNBULL (Wm.), Pte., Scottish Rifles.
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- WALLACE (Thos.), Pte., H.L.I. Son of Mrs. Wallace, 1 Greenhill Street.
- WARD (Francis), Pte., H.L.I.
- WARD (Harry), Pte., Cameron Highlanders.
Sons of John and Mrs. Ward, 10 India Street.
- WEIR (Wm. M.), W.O., R.N.D. Son of Robt. and Mrs. Weir, 4 Greenbank Street.
- WHITE (John), Pte., Scottish Rifles. Brother of Mrs. Hardie, 7 Victoria Street.
- WILLIAMSON (Alex.), L.-Cpl., H.L.I. Cousin of Mrs. Barnes, 34 Glasgow Road.
- WILLIAMSON (Robt. S.), Pte., Canadians. Brother of Catherine Williamson, 45 Queen Street.
- YATES (Alex.), Cpl., A. & S. H. Son of Wm. Yates, 68 Burnhill Street.



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Robert Aitken,
James Armour,
Thomas Baird.

William Aitchison,
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Thomas Barrie,
Donald Bain.

John Aitken,
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David Barrie,
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Colin Shearer.
John Campbell Sinclair.
H. Thomas.
George Topping.



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George White,
John Wilson,
William Wilson,

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Piper
James Richardson, V.C.
R. Wyper.

John Watson,
Andrew Wilson,
Thomas Wilson,
A. E. Young.

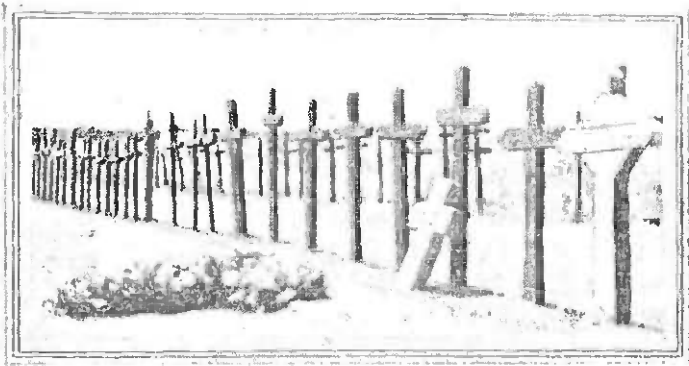


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 Neil Thomson.

"If ye look faith with us who die, we shall not sleep,
Though poppies grow in Flanders fields."



The Last Resting-place of a Brave Belgian.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS

THE HISTORIAN OF RUTHERGLEN

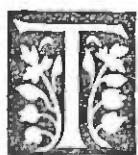


THAT the Rev. David Ure stood very high in the estimation of his contemporaries as a man of great scholarly attainments, a casual glance at the list of subscribers to his book will amply confirm. Dukes, earls, duchesses, knights, generals, professors, surgeons, clergymen, and laymen in the higher ranks of society only, are to be found in that unique index of 750 names, which in itself, after the lapse of so many years, constitutes a useful reference to contemporaneous and local connections.

Rutherglen has always been justly proud of the fame that has accrued to it through the publication of Ure's *History*, but we have often wondered why some acknowledgment to the author in the form of a memorial has never materialised, considering the frequent allusions made to the subject. Not long ago an appreciation of the author appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, from which we take the liberty of quoting: "It is now close on 125 years since David Ure wrote his volume on the *History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride*, and, with its publication, laid the foundation of Scottish Carboniferous Palæontology. Few of those who bid so keenly at sales for the possession of a copy realise wherein the true greatness of

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THE HISTORIAN OF RUTHERGLEN



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the man and his work lay. His book is a great deal more than an ordinary parish history; in it East Kilbride was to be made famous in the annals of European Palæontology. The sixth and last chapter of the book is entirely devoted to a description of the fossil remains found in the parish, and, though consisting only of some forty pages, it is by far the most important in the whole work. The numerous fine plates which illustrate the palæontology of the district were executed with the greatest care and accuracy, so that most of the species figured in them can be identified."

In a biographical notice of Ure by John Gray, a member of Glasgow Philosophical Society, published by Hugh Hopkins in 1865, some interesting facts are related, and we should advise that this book should always be read in conjunction with the *History*, which, as its title-page clearly indicates, was published with "a view to promote the study of Antiquity and Natural History." That David Ure accomplished this in a very admirable manner will not be gainsaid. The review in question takes full stock of Ure's work, and collates in order the various divisions—historical, topographical, and statistical, as well as the natural history section. A list of the scarce and indigenous plants and fossil remains, together with a brief sketch of the author's life, enhance this most interesting supplement, which also includes as a frontispiece a facsimile on stone, by Gilmour & Dean, lithographers, of a vase with minute carboniferous fossils, chiefly entomostraca, mounted by Ure's own hand, and preserved in the Art Galleries, Glasgow.

The few facts recorded concerning the author's life are retold from an article in the *Scots Magazine* for December, 1808, and may be summarised as follows: Born of poor but honest parents in the city of Glasgow. His father was an operative weaver, and trained his son to his own profession. But the boy who, from his earliest years had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, was not enamoured with

the mechanical process of weaving. Fortune was unkind to him in this, as it afterwards was in many another circumstance during a somewhat eventful career, and to maintain himself and his aged mother (his father died when he was very young), he had to bend himself to the loom, sometimes far into the night. But even though thus fettered, he rapidly acquired a vast amount of classical knowledge, studying Virgil, Homer, etc., at every possible opportunity; to ply the shuttle with one eye on a book was quite his usual practice. Studying subsequently at the University, he distinguished himself in many ways, and was noted for the accuracy with which he prepared his lessons. A marked favourite with his professor, Dr. Moore, the deference shown him by that celebrated teacher, when scolding the other pupils for negligence or want of preparation, took the form of a low curtsy and the uttered compliment:

“ David Ure, he sits secure;
He'll ne'er be fined by Dr. Moore.”

The propensity to investigate into the realms of the curious burned strongly within him, and during Christmas holidays at college, he is said to have journeyed all the way on foot in the snow to the top of Ben Lomond and other distant places in search of antiquities, and, like many another enthusiast of the time, he was keenly alert to participate in the discovery of “perpetual motion” and the “philosopher's stone,” which his biographer tells us had not then ceased to occupy the thoughts even of men of science. But his kind-hearted teacher disabused his mind of these fancies by telling him, “David, we have got a sufficient perpetual motion in you; and industry and perseverance are the true philosopher's stone, because, though they should not produce gold, they will produce what can be exchanged for gold.” After being licensed, the Rev. David Ure was appointed assistant at East Kilbride parish, with a remuneration of £10 per annum

with maintenance, yet with this slender allowance he contrived to support his aged mother. It was while engaged here he compiled the greater part of his history.

Through some petticoat intrigue, he was deprived of the promised succession to Kilbride Church, and that he might not stand in the way of a harmonious settlement, he set off to Newcastle on foot, where he undertook some mission work. He afterwards applied himself to certain literary pursuits until 1796, when Lord Buchan, impressed by his genius, presented him to the church of Uphall in Linlithgowshire, which preferment he unfortunately did not long enjoy, for, suffering from dropsy, he died two years later, and was buried in the Buchan Vault of the aforementioned church, where lie the remains of the distinguished Lord Chancellor of England, the Hon. Henry Erskine. Out of respect to his memory, Lord Buchan placed a stone over his grave, with a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:

“David Ure, duly ordained to the ministry in this Church, for long troubled with the sore disease of dropsy, at last gave up his spirit and restored it to God on 27th day of March, 1798, and was buried here. David Stewart, Earl of Buchan, in testimony of friendship, caused this monument to be erected.

“We are dust and shadow.”

In his *History of Strathbrock*, the late Rev. James Primrose relates the following story of Ure's method of instructing children, for whose religious well-being he had the utmost concern. “His practice was to assemble the boys and girls in opposite galleries in the church. One Sabbath the boys would ask questions from the Shorter Catechism when the minister said ‘Roga,’ to which the girls would give the answer with proofs. Then next Sabbath when he said ‘Proba,’ the girls would ask the question and the boys reply. In this way he stimulated by

emulation proficiency in the knowledge of that manual which used to play no unimportant part in the making of a Scotsman."

It was Ure's enthusiasm for the study of science that kindled a similar zeal in a student living near Bathgate, and who became deeply interested on perusing the *History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride*. Studying for the ministry, this young man, whose name was Fleming, afterwards became first Free Church Professor of Natural Science in the New College, Edinburgh, and subsequently wrote the important work, *The Lithology of Edinburgh*.

Such is a brief outline of the work of the historian of Rutherglen, who in many respects was a typical Scotsman and a vivid illustration of the axiom that "difficulties are the making of the man." Reverting once more to Ure's memory, there is an unpaid debt of honour standing against Rutherglen's name. What are you Ruglonians going to do about it?

THE SEAL OF THE BURGH

DURING its eight hundred years' existence, the seal of the Burgh has undergone four different phases, and the story of these undertakings is not without interest. Our Town Clerk deals with the subject in detail in a booklet to be found in the Public Library, where the *Burgh Arms of Scotland*, by the late Marquess of Bute, may also be consulted. The latter erroneously confuses the dates of the first two seals, but the mistake is rectified in the former treatise, which contains excellent photographic reproductions of all the wax impressions known to exist. The first of these is to be found appended to the Procuratory of the Towns and Burgesses of Scotland, referred to on page 91, which concerns the ransom of King David II. This document is dated 26th September,

1357. A similar impression is affixed to an Indenture between the Burgh and William Crawford of Farme, dated 18th December, 1493. The matrix of this first seal (which was a double one) was probably in use when the town was erected into a Royal Burgh, and has been irrecoverably lost. For design it had a galley with two men, one rowing, the other furling or pulling up the sail, with the Latin inscription round the edge, "*Firmum tranquillum de Ruglen iuge sigillum.*" The counterseal depicts the Virgin, seated, with the Holy Child, and at each side an angel waving the thurible, the legend inscribed here being, "*Signant ista tria rata navis nauta Maria,*" a clear indication of the characteristics of the town at that early period, for, as is well known, Rutherglen, besides being the chief trading centre, was also the principal shipping port of the kingdom, embracing the City of Glasgow within its trading territory; hence the prominence given to the galley and sailors. The Madonna and Child is, of course, emblematic of the Church of Rutherglen, dedicated to the Virgin, and known as the Church of St. Mary, which, with its lands and tithes, was made over to the Abbey of Paisley by William the Lion somewhere about the year 1189.

This seal and counter-seal, it should be noted, was still in use up to 1667, and was then carefully laid past in the Council "charter kist," "becaws the new seill for scilling upon on syd only is newlie delyvered to the Clerk for seilling all commisionnes and wrytts necessary Intymcumg." Unfortunately, the Burgh Records which vouchsafe this information are silent on the more important question of the said seal's present hiding-place—if it still exists. A significant circumstance connected with the loss and recovery of the second matrix, which we will presently refer to, is that, after long years of absence from its official repository, it was, says the Town Clerk, generously handed over to the town's custody by the late Archbishop Eyre, and, although apparently in use from 1667 to 1778, the

same authority has been unable to trace any document or writ bearing its impression. This seal was a combination of the first one, grouping the original emblems—galley, sailors, Virgin, and Child, etc.—together, and substituting for the old legends the words "*Sigillum burgi de Rutherglen.*" The original matrix of the third seal, used officially from 1778 to 1889, is also in the possession of the Burgh, and it will doubtless be treasured by posterity as an evidence against the guileless credulity of the Commissioners of the period who unquestioningly affixed it to their parchments. The *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland* contains a wood-cut of it, and the unsuspecting Ure uses it as a frontispiece to his *History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride*; while the builders of the new Town Hall, erected in 1861, carved it on the main front of their building with sculptural fidelity; and, unlike its predecessors, the reason why it did not get lost will be obvious to the reader from the following description, taken from Lord Bute's volume on the *Arms of Royal and Parliamentary Burghs of Scotland*: "Seal Number 3. A most extraordinary phase now took place. The old seal appears to have been lost in 1778, when the Clerk was empowered to get a new one. This recombines the elements, but is otherwise a most quaint deterioration. On a foreground represented as a flowery meadow (we should prefer to call it a pebbly beach), stands the Blessed Virgin, barefooted, crownless, dressed in classical attire such as was admired at the period, and with the head radiated. In both hands she holds against her left side the Holy Child, who is naked, the head also radiated. A little behind her stands on each side a barefooted bishop, dressed in a girded alb, a cope, and a tall mitre. The outer hand of each gathers the cope into eighteenth century folds, the inner holds a flowering sprig of thistle about 3 feet high. On water in the background is seen, between the Blessed Virgin and the bishop on the dexter, the ship, but now without mariners."

It was this ridiculous caricature with the Scotch thistles, in imitation of the thuribles, that raised the ire of the late Mr. George Gray, Town Clerk, and caused him, with the sanction of the Town Council, to apply to the Lyon Office for a properly matriculated design of the Arms of the Royal Burgh, and which, as he suggested, should follow the plan of the original seal, restoring the galley and sailors to their rightful position. In due course, with the assistance of the Lyon King-at-Arms (the late Mr. Burnett), and Professors Ramsay and Jebb, Mr. Gray's desire was accomplished, to the entire satisfaction of the community. The ensigns armorial are as follows: "Argent in a Sea proper, an ancient Galley sable flagged gules therein, two Men Proper, one rowing, the other furling the sail. Above the Shield is placed a suitable Helmet, with a Mantling gules doubled argent, and on a wreath of the proper Liveries is set for Crest, a demi-figure of the Virgin Mary with the Infant Saviour in her arms proper, and on a Compartment below the Shield, on which is an Escrol containing this motto, EX FUMO FAMA, are placed for Supporters, Two Angels proper winged or." With regard to the motto, it was the desire of the Town Clerk that the ancient jingle, "Let Ru'glen's lums reek briskly" be adopted; but, in consultation with the others concerned, it was ultimately decided to approve the Latin rendering, "*Ex fumo fama*," as directly conveying the meaning of the old saying. "The Ru'glen lums," adds Mr. Gray in his brochure on the subject, "did not refer to the tall chimneys of modern factories. The saying is much older than these, and evidently refers to the evidence of comfort, warmth, and prosperity suggested by seeing the chimneys of a village reek briskly. It is the same idea as that of Auld Reekie, a kindly, humane idea of comfort and prosperity, and this the Latin word '*fumus*' well conveys.

THE TOWN HALL: OLD AND NEW

AT the kerb, directly in front of the Public Library house gate, is an octagonal mark in the pavement. This is the foundation part of one of the stone appurtenances which graced the old Tolbooth built in 1766. This Town House or Hall originally consisted of a Council Chamber, Court Room, Prison, and other offices, and was considered rather an elegant structure in its day. As seen in the photograph, it had a quaint outside balcony supported by three round massive pillars, from which Members of Parliament and others from time to time expounded their political beliefs. Temperance advocates and other nondescript orators found it a safe vantage ground to harangue the crowd—the iron-stanchioned windows of the prison, it will be observed, are directly behind the platform. One of the last to occupy this common pulpit was the late Rev. Robert Thomson, of Ladywell parish, who stood as a Parliamentary candidate against Bouverie and Chadwick. The writer has a vivid recollection of this old Council room, with its horse-shoe table and back gallery, or “fiddler’s byke,” as Peter Mackenzie terms it in one of his reminiscences, access to which was gained by creeping up through a hole in the centre. That in early times it was a place of much high-jinking, if not of actual carousaling, is plainly evident from the following narrative of the aforementioned writer: “Of the ancient burgh of Rutherglen we must here put in a few words. It was Whiggish to the back-bone. . . . For many years, and nowhere else in Scotland was the birthday of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox celebrated with so much hilarity when that great Whig statesman was alive, or with so much animation after he was dead, as in the ancient Town Hall of the Burgh of Rutherglen. It even *infected* Glasgow to some degree with its Whiggish politics, cherished as these were through a long life by old Mr. George Crawford, the Town Clerk—succeeded by his excellent son, the present Town Clerk, of the same name.”

Here follows what the writer calls an amusing scene at one of these Foxy Banquets in Rutherglen many long years ago, and which may be regarded as a specimen of the jolly ancient craft which then ruled the Burgh:

"Mr. John M'Dougall's famous band of music from Glasgow was specially engaged to attend. As a recommendation evidently, Mr. M'Dougall is described as one of Glasgow's famous 'fuddling fiddlers.' His band on this occasion consisted of three violin players, one bass ditto, one clarinet, a tambourine, and a triangle, duly seated in the ancient 'fiddler's byke' of the Town Hall, and enlivening the company at the beginning and the ending of every toast. No music," continues the writer, "was so much relished on these occasions as the fine old Jacobite tunes of bygone days, and they had of course a *political* signification or stamina about them, such as 'The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre,' 'O'er the Water to Charlie,' 'Hey, Johnny Cope,' and 'Scottish Kail Brose'—a tune that gave most especial delight to every Ru'glen *black-neb*, *alias* Reformer.

"After the good things had been disposed of, consisting chiefly of corned beef and greens, and rouths of liquor duly swallowed, the eldest Bailie arose and knocked loudly with his hammer on the table to command attention:

"I say, Provost—Provost, I say (the Provost raps with his hammer), they're no drinking fair at this end of the table' (hiccup).

"*The Provost* (dunting now with his hammer)—
'Gentlemen, take aff your *caukers*; nae heel taps here.

"Freedom and whisky gang thegither,
Tak' aff your dram!"

(Great cheering.)

"*Eldest Bailie*—'But, Provost, I say again, they're no drinking *fair* at this end of the table. The Pollokshaws delegates are drinking *twa* glasses for our ane. Call them to order, Provost, or they'll soon drink us clean dry at this end.' (Shouts of laughter.)

"Up starts old Mr. Thomas Baird, the very worthy Provost of the 'Shaws, who had at least a good many

glasses in his belt. He was received with tremendous applause: 'Three cheers for the 'Shaws Provost. Fiddlers, kittle up, play up "Jenny Dang the Weaver."' They did so with great berr.

"Now the Provost was a douce and discreet man. His face was as red and rosy as the full-fledged moon. His dress as comely as that of any reverend father. In other respects he might have claimed kinship with Sir William Curtis, or the best of London Aldermen. His speech, short and pithy, electrified the audience. It was to this effect: 'You see, Provost and fellow citizens, we're a young *Brugh* (Burgh) at the 'Shaws, just in our teens. But ye're an auld Brugh here—the auldest in Scotland (Great cheering from the Rutherglen magnates). You see, as I was saying (a short pause, but another clapping of hands), ye're an auld Brugh and we are a young Brugh, but there is no saying what we may come to yet in the 'Shaws, for as the auld cock craws the young cock learns (Great laughter and cheering). Now, "I'll just give you my toast and sentiment: "The land o' cakes, and mair the morn." (Rapturous cheering.)

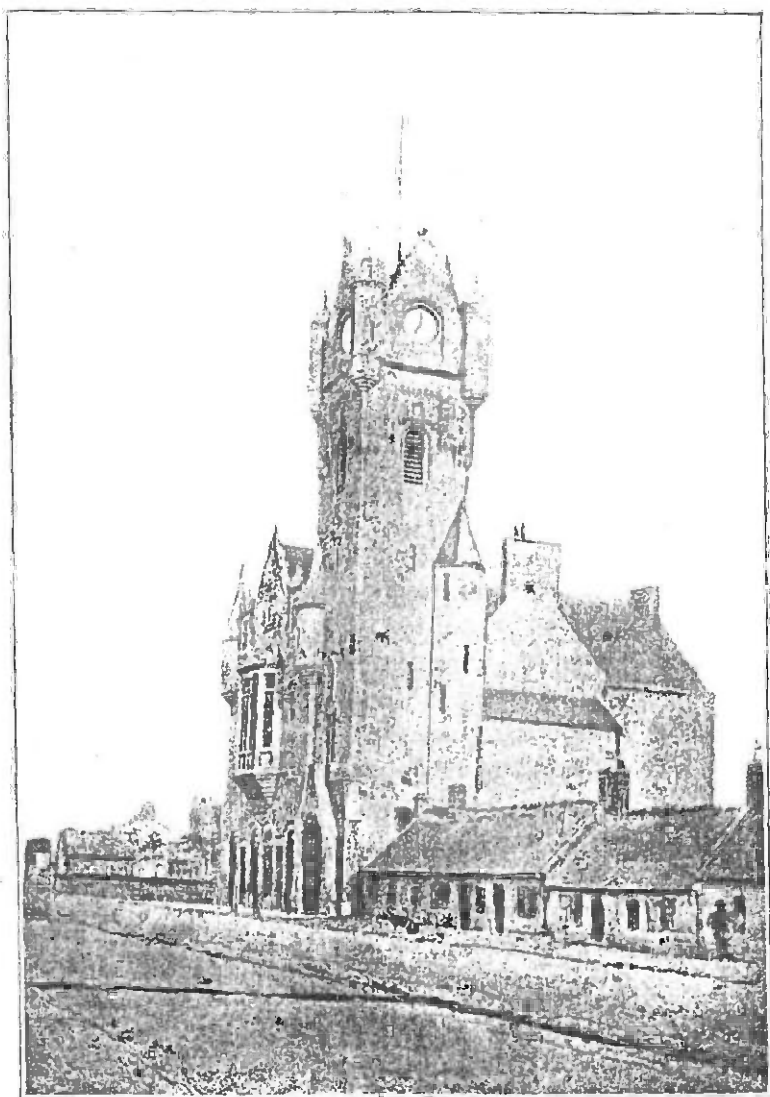
"Such was a specimen," says Mackenzie, "of those ancient jollifications at Rutherglen, which did no harm to 'the cause of civil and religious liberty,' one of the standard toasts of the day all the world over."

We wonder if the picture, "The Ruins of Pompeii," which hung conspicuously in this old Council Chamber all the days of our remembering, was an intentional reminder to those bacchanalian devotees to put their house in order before a similar fate overtook it. The cause of liberty and religion at all events, even if no harm accrued, could benefit little by such convivial dissipation. We prefer to think of the latter years of this ancient building's existence, when that same room with the "fiddler's byke" was on Sunday mornings the rendezvous of a wiser race of Ruglonians, who, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., met in conference round the horse-shoe fixture, under the presidency of the late Mr. Alex. Macnaughtan and our

esteemed townsman, Mr. John F. Scott. Many of the members of that association now fill honoured positions in the various professions. It would be invidious to mention names, but the good work accomplished by Secretary J., afterwards Dr. Somerville, will always be gratefully remembered by all who came under his benign influence in that "little upper room," as they often lovingly designated it. In connection with the Parish Church, a successful Sunday School was also assembled there in the evenings, and in one of the ante-rooms our greatly respected citizen, Ex-Provost James Kirkwood, J.P., for many years presided over a large class of scholars. Other progressive bodies and several Temperance Societies occupied the building on diverse occasions up to its demolition in 1900.

The "Old Jail," as it was familiarly called, was too much a landmark to anticipate a longer lease of life at the hands of our progressive Corporation. Its passing was as little regretted as might be a dustbin's removal from a backyard; nevertheless, there must be hundreds of Ruglonians who still cherish very pleasant memories of that old-fashioned meeting-place, and the associations they formed there.

The New Town Hall, as it was still being called in the early nineties, is a monument to the pluck and enterprise of its promoters, for in the year of its erection, Rutherglen was still fondly hugging to its heart many of the worn-out garments of mediævalism. Sanitation and housing were still at a discount, but the population was rapidly increasing. Therefore, with commendable foresight, the Corporation, headed by its genial chief Magistrate, Provost David Warnock (having previously approved the plans), began the construction of our imposing Main Street edifice. At the foundation-stone laying, all the trades in the Burgh demonstrated at the Council's expense, while a banquet was held after the proceedings. The stone was laid on



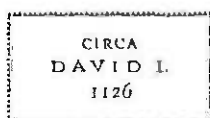
Ruglen in 1862.

See page 97.

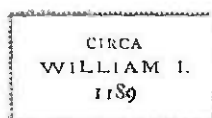
16th July, 1861, by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., Provincial Grand-Master for Glasgow, assisted by the brethren of the Masonic Craft, together with David Warnock, Provost; Messrs. James Burt and Donald Murray, Bailies; Alex. Davidson, Treasurer; John Pinkerton, Dean of Guild; Messrs. Samuel Baker, John Gardner, Daniel Baird, Joseph M'Nish, James Pinkerton, Thomas Brown, William Denholm, George Arbuckle, John Young, Andrew Fleming, Jun., John Aitken, Alex. Reid, and Robert Forsyth, Councillors; George Crawford, Town Clerk; John Fleming, Procurator Fiscal; Rev. Peter Brown, minister of Rutherglen; Rev. John Brownlie, West Church; Rev. William Beckett, U.P. Church; Rev. James Munro, Free Church; Rev. John Shaw, R.C. Church; Charles Wilson, architect; Robert Lawrie, contractor for mason work; and George Lindsay, contractor for joiner work.

The structural features of the hall are as handsome as may be found in any suburban town, and would do honour to one of much greater dimensions. It is a landmark that may be singled out from far distances, and marks the individuality of the inhabitants as a people at once ambitious and progressive in the things that make for betterment and the public weal. Late baronial in style, the building, with modern addition, has a street frontage of 120 feet, and near the centre is a square clock-tower with turrets, with ogee roofs, rising to a height of 110 feet. There is a Court-room, Council Chamber, several retiring rooms, and a public hall measuring 75 by 40 feet, with accommodation for 800 persons. The original cost amounted to £14,778.

On either side of the main oriel window of the Grand Hall, two ornamental panels—



and



have a "lest we forget" significance, and are silent but constant reminders to the inhabitants of the rights and privileges granted them by those monarchs. Directly above this window the bogus coat-of-arms of 1778, already referred to, stands out in bold relief—an undoubted eye-sore that should either be obliterated or substituted with a bronze cast of the correct design. The Royal Arms crown the ridge of this main part of the building, which has other ornamental features too numerous to mention.

At the time of writing (August, 1921), the entire hall property is undergoing a complete internal decorative renovation at a cost of £1,000. From the annexed photographs, the reader will have an opportunity of contrasting in his mind's eye a Rutherglen minus the Town Hall, and also with the latter, but minus the newer erection on the east, which embraces the Council Chamber and Offices and Police Barracks. Prior to the erection of this wing in 1877, the members of the Corporation met in the old Council Room (now used as an ante-room) at the back of the large hall. Portraits of all the chief magistrates from 1873 adorn the walls of the new Council Chambers. There is also a life-like representation of the late Town-Clerk, Mr. George Gray, and a group of the Town Council as taken at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

RUTHERGLEN AND THE UNION OF PARLIAMENTS, 1707

RUTHERGLEN was severely antagonistic to the Union, and an address from the Magistrates, Gentlemen, Heritors, Burgesses, and Inhabitants, was presented to the Scots Parliament during the sitting. At the final division, taken on 16th January, 1707, the Burgh's representative, George Spens, voted with the minority, the figures being: for the Union, 110; against, 69. Scotland at the Union received 45 members—30 county and 15 burgh. Edinburgh

received one member, the other burghs being divided into fourteen groups, returning one member each. Rutherglen was joined with Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Renfrew until 1832, when the Reform Act was passed, and a new representation, known as the Kilmarnock Burghs group, was formed. This included Kilmarnock, Rutherglen, Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Port-Glasgow, which combination existed up till the passing of the Representation Act, 1918. Under this Act, the Burgh, with the extra-burghal portion of the Parish of Rutherglen and the parts of the Lower Ward and Middle Ward County Districts within the Parishes of Carmunnock, Cambuslang, and Blantyre—called the Rutherglen Parliamentary Division of Lanarkshire—returns one member to Parliament. The last election was held in December, 1918, the result being as follows: Ex-Provost Adam K. Rodger, 12,641 votes; Councillor Wm. Regan, 8,759 votes; majority for Mr. Rodger, 3,882. The following are the representatives from 1832:

- 1832. John Dunlop, successful against Mr. Campbell.
- 1835. Dr. Bowring (L.), successful against J. Dunlop and R. Downie.
- 1837. J. C. Colquhoun (C.), successful against Dr. Bowring.
- 1841. Mr. Johnston, successful against J. C. Colquhoun.
- 1844. Mr. Bouverie, successful against Mr. Theby.
- 1852. Mr. Bouverie, successful against Mr. Campbell.
- 1857. Mr. Bouverie, unopposed.
- 1859. Mr. Bouverie, unopposed.
- 1865. Mr. Bouverie, unopposed.
- 1868. Mr. Bouverie, successful against Chadwick, Thomson, and M'Donald.
- 1874. Mr. F. Harrison, successful against Mr. Bouverie.
- 1880. Mr. J. D. Peddie, successful against Cuthbertson and Kerr.

1885. Mr. Sturrock, successful against Peddie, Dalrymple, and Storr.
 1886. Mr. S. Williamson, successful against Mr. Sturrock.
 1892. Mr. S. Williamson, unopposed.
 1895. Mr. J. Denny, successful against Mr. Williamson.
 1900. Mr. J. Denny, unopposed.
 1906. Dr. Rainy, unopposed.
 1910. Dr. Rainy.
 1911. Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone. Was killed in Great War, and was succeeded by the Hon. Alex. Shaw in 1915.

The number of electors in 1832 was 153. In 1914 the total reached 3,792, while at last election within the Burgh alone 13,290 persons held a Parliamentary vote—largely through the introduction of female suffrage.

RUTHERGLEN'S COVENANTING MINISTER

THE following is a list of the incumbents of Rutherglen Church after the Reformation, and dates of their admission:

James Muirhead, 1586	Alex. Muir, 1701
Alex. Rowatt, 1592	Alex. Maxwell, 1719
Arch. Glen, 1596	Wm. Maxwell, 1742
Wm. Hamilton, 1604	James Furlong, 1780
Robt. Young, 1647	John Dick, 1806
John Dickson, 1650	Peter Brown, 1834
Hugh Blair, 1661	Wm. F. Stevenson, 1862
	Geo. S. Yuille, 1909.

For refusing to conform to the Episcopal form of worship, the Rev. John Dickson, who was accused of

making odious speeches in the pulpit was, in 1660, imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Mr. Dickson, Ure tells us, was third assistant to the Rev. Mr. Young. He was turned out after the Restoration, and his church given to Hugh Blair in 1661. After the Revolution the positions were again reversed, Dickson being restored to his charge, where he continued until his death in 1700. The story of Dickson's trials during the "Killing Times" shows him to have been a man of great strength of character and endurance, an intrepid field-preacher, who did not mince his words, as his writings show when declaring against Prelacy. Generally speaking, the people of Rutherglen were loyal to the Government, but Dickson had many staunch followers, although his enemies proved the stronger in the end, Sir James Hamilton of Manor Elistoun being the chief. "Consequently," says our historian, "this good man was brought to much trouble, and had to spend seven long years a prisoner on the Bass Rock ere he regained his liberty, when he again served his Master in Rutherglen till his death at a good old age, while that family who pursued him is a good while ago extinct, and their house, as Mr. Dickson very publicly foretold in the hearing of some yet alive, after it had been a habitation for owls, the foundation-stones of it were digged up. The inhabitants there cannot but observe that the informers, accusers, and witnesses against Mr. Dickson, some of them magistrates of the town, are brought so low that they are supported by the charity of the parish." The reader will find a further reference to the life and work of this exemplary shepherd in Howie's *Scots Worthies*, together with a letter he wrote shortly before his death—a dying testimony voiced in the spirit of an Amos against the lethargy and backsliding of the people.

THE TWO RUTHERGLENS:

A FRATERNISING CEREMONY

THE following is a very much abridged account of the proceedings (as reported in the local press) concerning the reciprocative ceremonies and courtesies that passed between the children of the ancient Royal Burgh of Rutherglen and their school cousins of Rutherglen in the Antipodes:

“ Wednesday, 24th April, 1911, will ever be a red-letter day in the memory of Rutherglen scholars. On that day over 1,000 senior members from all the parish schools took part in one of the most interesting events that has taken place in the Burgh during the past century, namely, the unfurling of the Commonwealth flag sent by the school children attending the State school at Rutherglen, Victoria, Australia. The ceremony took place in the large playground at Gallowflat School, where there is a permanent flagstaff. The weather was bright with sunshine, and the beaming countenances of the children indicated the pleasure it afforded them in being present on such an occasion. After engaging in prayer, the Chairman, the Rev. W. S. Vallance, M.A., said: ‘ I feel it a great honour to preside over a meeting of such historic significance. The presentation of this flag from our young Australian cousins is another indication that the bonds binding us to our Colonies and the Colonies to ourselves are growing stronger and stronger. . . . This exchange of flags between the children of Rutherglen, Australia, and Rutherglen, Scotland, is splendid evidence of this, and I am quite sure it is the desire of every member of the British Empire that the endeavour of our present King will be as successful in bringing closer and closer together the different parts of our world-wide Empire as that of our late King in establishing the peace of Europe.’ (Loud applause).

“ The following is the concluding paragraph in a long

and interesting letter read by Mr. H. C. Jack, formerly headmaster of the Burgh School:

“ ‘ *Rutherglen, Victoria, Australia,
December 21th, 1909.* ”

“ *To the Headmaster and Children
of Schools of Rutherglen Burgh,
Scotland.* ”

‘ *Sir, Boys, and Girls,*

‘ *We to-day convey to you our Commonwealth Flag, a long promise at last fulfilled, and trust that it may reach you safely, and, upon its arrival and unfurling, you may be reminded of your cousins in this far-distant land, remembering that, though so far away, you are not forgotten.* ’

‘ *With best Yuletide wishes, We are,*

‘ *Yours sincerely,*

‘ *D. Hamilton, Chairman.*

Percy J. Edwards, Member.

William Hine, Member.

S. Robris, Member.

*R. J. Burrows, Member and
Correspondent.*

‘ *Rutherglen Board of Advice,
Victoria, Australia.* ’

“ Mrs. Vallance here gracefully untied the fastening, and when the Commonwealth Flag fluttered majestically in the breeze, there were no bounds of moderation in the cheering. Lustily and long the scholars cheered again and again, and at the word of command given by Sergt-Major Chapman, every one present saluted the flag in military style. Then came the singing of the patriotic song, ‘Stand by the Flag.’ From a thousand voices there was sent up the melodious and appropriate prayer in sweet song, the hope that none of them would ever dishonour the flag or betray their trust as citizens of our great Empire. When the cheering had subsided, Provost

Johnstone formally presented to the care of the headmaster of the Burgh School (Mr. Wm. Forsyth) a magnificent flag (the Union Jack), to be forwarded to the children at Rutherglen, Victoria. In making the presentation, the Provost concluded his remarks by saying: 'I consider that the school children of the two Rutherglens, so far apart from each other, by their kindly, their generous, and noble spirit, have done far more than political diplomacy could have done to cement that feeling of patriotism which exists in our Empire, and which is the admiration of the whole civilised world. I trust that these two flags which have been exchanged between the Rutherglens will be a further means, if necessary, to impress upon the young minds that they are subjects of a great and glorious Empire—The British Empire.' (Prolonged cheers.)

"When the flag from Australia was received, the headmasters of the schools in Rutherglen requested their senior scholars to write letters descriptive of the Royal Burgh of Rutherglen, past and present, a short account of the principal industries carried on, and any other item which might be of interest to their schoolmates in Rutherglen, Victoria. A large number of letters were handed in, many of them of exceptional merit. These letters were condensed into one long letter, and placed in the cabinet, along with the flag, etc. The epistle (which was practically a digest of this book) ended thus: 'We hope you will be pleased with the "Union Jack" we are forwarding to you, and that the views and photos. enclosed will be interesting, and help to illustrate what we have tried to describe. The cabinet holding the flag was made in our woodwork class, and is of birch grown near Rutherglen. In conclusion, we trust that the Ruglonians of both Rutherglens will prove their loyalty to the Flag by cultivating these principles for which it stands—Liberty, Justice, Honour, and Truth, which alone can make a people great. And now, with kindest greetings, and wishing you all the good that you yourselves can wish, we are, on behalf of the schools in Rutherglen, Scotland' (here follow the signatures).

"The Union Jack was hoisted amidst deafening cheers. The salute was made in this case as to the other flag, and the scholars rendered the splendid national song, 'Flag of the Free,' the proceedings terminating with the National Anthem."

RUTHERGLEN—A PLACE OF IMPORTANCE

A VERY amusing sketch by a noted artist appeared in the *Glasgow Evening News* of 15th May, 1912, depicting the result of the annexation battle, in which Rutherglen, in the garb of an eastern traveller, is comfortably ensconced up a tree, laughing immoderately at the departure of a chagrined lion with an extended corporation—the result of its "feast of burghs." The branding of the animal as "Glasgow, etc.," and the bony remains of the "late lamented," complete this clever skit, which hits off the situation in the sentence: "Rutherglen (from his lofty aloofness)—'Alas! my poor brothers!'"

Rutherglen's position and jurisdiction over Glasgow until the interdiction of Alexander II. in 1226, as mentioned in the chapter on the Charters, was even a worse bone of contention until the prohibition was made applicable to the Barony of Glasgow by letters addressed by James II. to the communities of Renfrew and Rutherglen, dated 4th February, 1449-50. As showing the relative importance of Scottish Burghs in 1535, the allocation of 5,000 merks among the undernoted royal and free burghs imposed £833 upon Edinburgh, £28 2s. 6d. on Dumbarton, £33 15s. on Renfrew, £22 10s. each on Rothesay and Rutherglen, £45 on Irvine, £67 10s. on Glasgow, while Aberdeen had to bear £315, Dundee £321 17s. 6d., and Perth £247 10s.

"Rutherglen," says Professor Cosmo Innes in *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, was not always so insignificant as it is now. Its ferme or rent paid to the Crown was considerable.

After some pretty large assignations made from it by successive kings for various purposes in the Cathedral of Glasgow, the Burgh still paid of ferme to the Crown, in 1331, £15, while Linlithgow paid £10, Edinburgh £32, and Berwick £46."

In the Records of the Scottish Parliament, Rutherglen, in the year 1617, appears to have been represented by two commissioners, who were paid £3 Scots per diem during their attendance, but from 1619 only one representative for each burgh was allowed to attend the Parliaments, except in the case of Edinburgh, which continued to send two.

General George Monk, commander of the Scottish forces, who took a very active part in the restoration of Charles II., seems to have considered Rutherglen a place of no small importance when he penned the following letter (prior to his leaving London) to the Provost and Magistrates of the ancient Burgh:

"To my very loveing friends the Provost and Bailies of the Burgh of Rutherglen. Gentlemen, Having a call from God and His people to marche into England, to assert and maintayne the libertye and being of parliaments, our ancient constitutione and thairin the friedome and rights of the people of these thrie Nationes from arbitrary and tyranicall usurpationes upon their consciences, persones and estates, and for a godly Ministry. I doe thairfor expect from yow the Magistrates of the burgh of Rutherglen, that yow doe preserve the peace of the commonwealth in your burgh. And I heirby athesize yow to suppress all tumults, stirrings, and unlawful assemblies, and that yow hold noe correspondency with any of Charles Stewart's pairtye or his adherents, bot apprehend any such as shall make any disturbance and send them unto the nixt garisone. And doe further desyre yow to countenance and encourage the godly Ministry, and all that trowlie feare God in the land. And that yow continow faithful to owne and assert the interest of the parliamentary govern-

ment in yowr severall places and stationes. I hope my absence will be very short, bot I doe assure yow that I shall procure from the parliament whatever may be for the good government and reliefe of this Natione, and doubt not bot to obtene abatements in yowr assessments and other public burthens according to the proportiones of England, and what further service I may be able I shall not be wanting in what I may promote the happiness and peace of this afflicted people.

"I shall not trowble yow further, bot beg yowr prayers and desyre yow to assure yowrselves that I am

"Yowr faithful and humble servand,

(Signed) "J. GEORGE MONK."

The real point of this flattering communication will be found in the postscript, as follows:

"I desyre yow to send me word to Berwick under yowr hands how farre you will comply with my desyres by the 12th of Decer. nixt. I desyre yow that what is behind of the last fowr moneths of the twelff moneths assessment may be in a reddiness against it be called for.

"ED. the 15th Nover., 1659."

The importance of Rutherglen seems also to have appealed strongly to the commanders of that dauntless force, the Remonstrating Army, when they selected the town as a temporary base of operations prior to their marching on Hamilton to attack Cromwell's forces in 1650. The circumstances as narrated in the *Memorie of the Somervilles*, may not be without interest to our younger generation of Ruglonians whose predilection for tales of the "Henty" cult should quicken their imaginations as they figure out the doings of Kerr and Hackett's dragoons on their own town common, which, along with the surrounding villages, paid dearly for the honour of that and similar raids, for, two years later, Ure tells us, the

Magistrates and Council, to defray the expense incurred by Cromwell's troops, roused the "green" to be ploughed for the sum of £20 Scots per acre. But the inhabitants strenuously opposed this undertaking as being detrimental to their individual interest, and the scheme was abandoned. The occupation of the town arose thus :

"Collonell Ker had intelligence from Edenburgh that Cromwell was about to send a strong detachment of his horse to quarter upon the Clyde, and that very day (friday) he had notice from Lendrick that upwards of twentie troupes of horse was come there, and bound farder west, whereupon he concluded, as he had reason, ther design was to fall upon his quarters, which he minded to prevent by giving them ther welcome, and this was the reason he so quickly convened his troupes, and appointed their rendezvouse at Rugline, for he judged the English would lodge that night at Hamiltoune, ther being noe conveniency at that season of the year for sae many horse, but ther. It was neer two in the afternoon before all the troupes came into Rugline, and about an hour thereftir they were formed in two great bragades of horse, each bragade haveing two troupes of dragoons upon the right and left hand, the wholl of the horse being four regiments, to wit, the Lord Kirkudbrights, Collonell Strauchans, Kerrs, and Hackett's. They were commanded by ther Lievetennent-Collonell and Major, ther number being about twelve hundreth horse, besydes ther dragoons, which was four hundreth strong.

"The horse was weill mounted and completely armed, the three Collonells troupes all in buff coats, and many of the Dutch or high Germans. Whill this armie of horse stood in this posture, Kerr had intelligence that Lambert had passed Clyde with a great body of horse, and intended for Hamiltoune. Upon this information he called a Counsell of Warre, which sat in the old Tolbooth of Rugline; here the question was put, whether they should fight the English, or marche ther forces to Carrick or Galloway; for by this time Major General Montgomerie,

by ane express, had intimate his Majestie's will and pleasure to them (from Stirling), wherein as yet they had come to noe resolutions but began now to consider they were lyke to have ther hands full when they should have to doe both with the king's forces and the common enemies: This made them conclude ther safest course was presently to fall upon the English, and whatever the successe might be, it would at least take off much of the odium under which they lay, because of ther seperating of themselves, from the king's armie. So soon as this was resolved upon the Counsell of Warre broke up, and every officer went to his particular charge. The troupes being kepted together. The barne yards within the toun and adjoining villages payed for that day's and part of the night's quarters; neer ten the same night they came together, and was ordered in this manner; Ther was a party of ane hundreth and forty horse given to the Laird of Rallstoune, which was to marche before the vanne of the armie, and was ordered to fall upon the enemy's out-guards; the first bragade of horse, Gilbert Kerr commanding himself, the second Collonell Hackett. The dragounes was equally shared to these bragads, but ther was none given to the forlorne hope. This was a great errour in these that commanded, and in effect lost them the opportunity of routeing Lambert's armie. All things being ordered according to ther mynde, they marched furth (from Rugline) upon Saturday, or rather upon Sunday morning, the last of November, 1650."

For nearly a hundred years prior to the foregoing event, Rutherglen's trade and commerce seems to have dwindled considerably, and during the greater part of this time the old burghal rivalry continued to affect the town's prosperity. Glasgow, being now a full-feathered bird, had not forgotten the early anomalies to which the older burgh had subjected it; hence, on 4th June, 1575, Rutherglen appears to have complained to the Lords of Council and Session against the exactions of Glasgow, whose freedom and liberty of free burgh, it was alleged, "dependis upon

the privilege of the burgh regale of Dumbartainé." These exactions consisted *inter alia* of a ladleful of every sack of victual brought into the market of Glasgow, which exaction was stated to have been applied in sweeping and cleansing the causeway, according to the practice of other burghs. The city pleaded its charters and immemorial practice, and, having been allowed proof, led probation, after which the lords decided in its favour.

Thirty odd years later a similar trouble arose in respect to these exactions by Glasgow, and on 7th July, 1608, Rutherglen complained to the Convention of Burghs that Glasgow levied illegally from the inhabitants of that burgh a custom at the bridge of Glasgow, and a ladleful of beer or malt on their market day. Glasgow, however, produced, 3rd July, 1611, a decree of the Court of Session, sustaining its right to levy the ladle custom. That portion of the complaint was accordingly dismissed. As regards the bridge custom, Rutherglen was ordered to pay annually to Glasgow £3 in respect of it. It is interesting to note that in connection with the super-powers of the Convention of Burghs, the three Towns, Rutherglen, Renfrew, and Rothesay, were granted exemption for five years from attending the sittings, provided the expenses such attendance would incur be expended on "local repairs"—bridges, harbour, kirk, tolbooth, etc., and accounted for to the Convention. On the same date, 7th July, 1606, Glasgow and Dumbarton were found liable in £20 expenses each for absenteeism.

Consequent on its contiguity to Glasgow, and the fact that all the trade and commerce of the Burgh was now diverted thither, the old Burgh on two occasions, 1661 and 1693, had perforce to petition Parliament for assistance in the shape of a grant of two additional fairs in each case. No objection was placed in the way of these requests, which in the latter instance was the last favour granted by the Scottish Parliament to Rutherglen. If the reader will

glance back at page 96, this same contiguity to the city, which caused so much alarm to the authorities, ultimately became the salvation of the town, which, although still a separate entity, now recovers perhaps the half of its taxation revenue from Glasgow merchants, who, enticed by the salubrious atmosphere of Rutherglen and Cathkin Braes, breathe just enough city smoke per diem to make them sufficiently grateful for the privileges afforded by the southern suburb.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the population of Glasgow stood at 2,000. In 1755 it had reached 23,546, at which date Renfrew totalled 680, Dumbarton 1,480, and Rutherglen 988.

The gross revenues of the four Clyde Burghs—Glasgow, Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Rutherglen—for the year 1788, as stated in the returns of the Royal Burghs, appended to the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, printed on 17th June, 1793, are as follows: Glasgow, £7,239 13s. 7d.; Renfrew, £391 12s. 11d.; Dumbarton, £357 10s. 9d.; and Rutherglen, £188 14s. 6d.

Notwithstanding the depressing conditions under which the eighteenth century closed, the population of Glasgow in 1801 was 77,385, an increase during the intervening six years of 10,807, the population of Rutherglen at same date being 2,437, and Dumbarton 2,544.

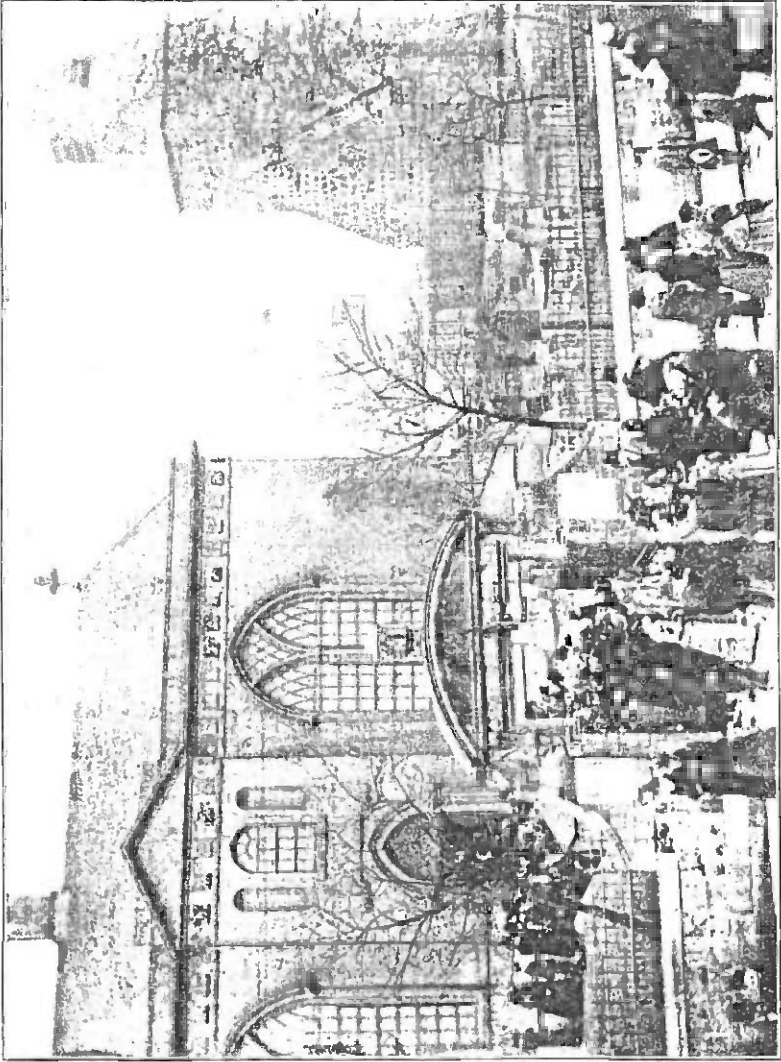
RUTHERGLEN PARISH CHURCH:

"THE LAST SKAILIN"

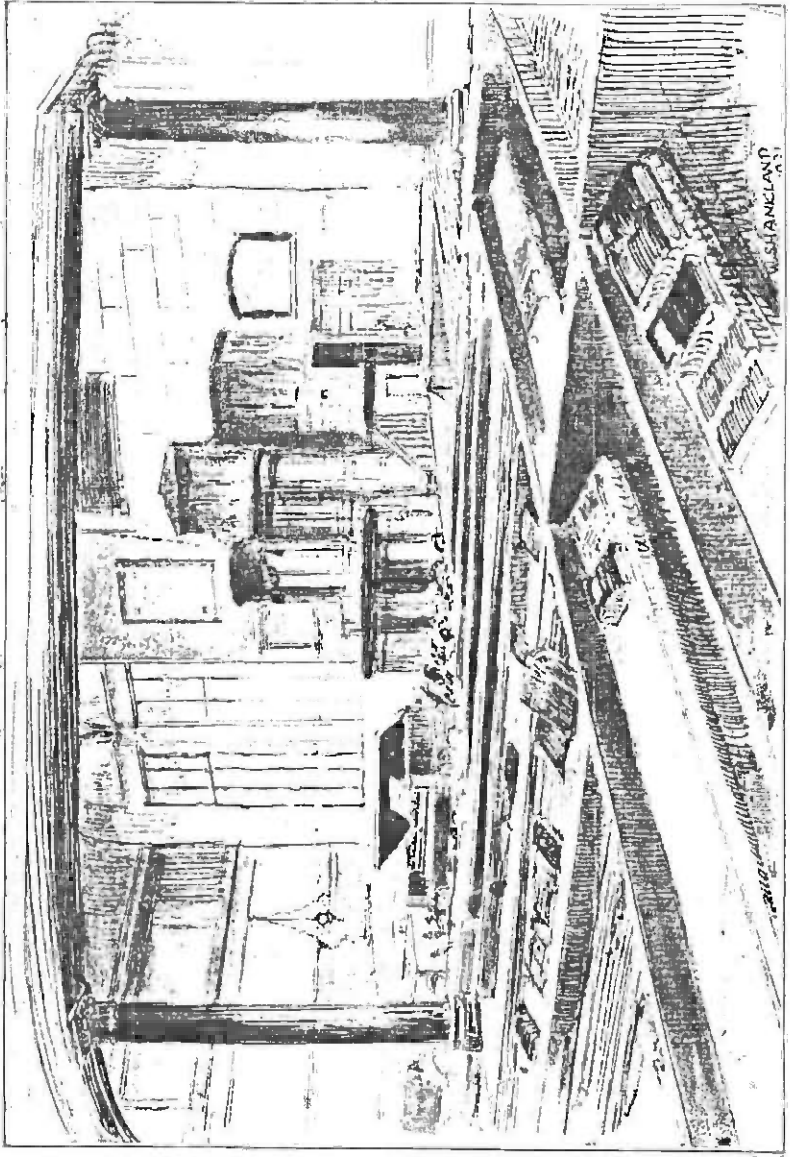
THE present edifice, built in 1901, will be dealt with under the heading of "Churches, Missions, etc." Our purpose here is to make a brief reference to the church that was taken down in May, 1900, best known to this generation as "Stevenson's Kirk." Here the Rev. Wm. Ferrie Stevenson, M.A., laboured for forty-two years, and it was

due to the efforts put forth by him the new church was erected. An evening newspaper of the time referred thus to the circumstance:

“Rutherglen Parish Church stands near the centre of the town, in the main street, and, like the majority of old parish churches in Scotland, within the parish kirkyard. The existing building, erected in 1794, occupies the site of the original Kirk of Rutherglen, which dated back to the twelfth century. . . . Some of the stones of the original church are in the present fabric, which, to outward appearance at any rate, does not look as if it needed pulling down. On the contrary, it impresses one as being a structure of considerable strength, which, with some little repairs to the roof, would stand the tear and wear of the weather for a good many years to come. It is, however, fair to say that the minister complains that the accommodation it provides is quite inadequate for the needs of the parish, and that as a matter of fact a number of his parishioners are at the present moment waiting for sittings. He proposes that the new church should extend farther back—the old graves now behind the church to be covered over with a layer of granolithic—so as to give accommodation for 1,200 people, instead of 800 as at present. The interior of the church, with its quaint, old-fashioned, yet comfortable-looking pews, and memorial tablets built into the walls, has an old-world look about it that one would rather see preserved, even in these utilitarian days. In the body of the church are a number of family pews, having a small book table in the centre; while in the front gallery one large roomy pew in particular, instead of the ordinary fixed seat, is furnished with half a dozen strong chairs. But perhaps the most curious feature of all is a couple of heritors' pews situated right underneath the inside stairs leading to the gallery, and lighted only by a tiny window, which gives light enough to read by. These seats are so situated as to procure for the occupants a degree of privacy not enjoyed by any of the other worshippers.”



Last Skinning of the Auld Kirk—demolished in 1900.



Interior of Parish Church demolished in 1909

We are glad to be able to substantiate this fairly accurate description of the old building with photographic evidence, but even had that not been available, the tablet of our memories can never fail those of us who were privileged for many long years to worship there.

The pews referred to with the strong chairs were the spacious sacred precincts allocated to the Magistrates. These, although the church would be otherwise crowded, were never occupied unless on "state occasions" after an election. The Weavers' Incorporation had a seat immediately behind, known as the "Weavers' Laft," while the pews under the gallery stairs were spoken of as the "concealed beds," where, it is said, the beadle, in locking up for the day, found on one occasion a sedate parishioner stretched full length on the cushion, who had saved his second collection by oversleeping both diets.

The family pews spoken of, especially in the early days when the parish minister was in his prime, and the front pews in the gallery were invariably occupied by the *élite* of the district, Woodburn, Gallowflat, Farne Castle, Eastfield, Bankhead, Blairbeth, Springhall, and, on occasions, Castlemilk would be represented, not only in the church on the same Sunday morning, but on the Main Street, where sometimes five coaches in double harness or tandem, as it suited the owner, awaited the "skailin' of the old biggin." It will be observed, however, that in the picture of the "last skailin'" there are no landaus or gorgeously-liveried servants awaiting the worshippers, but that, the reader will understand, means no reflection on the minister, who sustained his popularity as a preacher to the end; it merely indicates a stage of evolution and the passing of the old landed gentry from the scene of their former triumphs—one at least of the old mansion-houses (Gallowflat) has been razed to the ground, while most of the others have changed hands several times. At the demolition of the church in 1900, the foundation stone, on

being examined, contained some interesting relics and an engraved steel plate with superscription in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

To take the place of the Church of Rutherglen, distinguished in the highest degree among public buildings, whether you look to its antiquity or to the great and holy men therewith connected, now, after a long course of years, almost ruinous, this new Church, in the year of our Lord 1794, while George the Third is reigning in the British Isles, Robert Park, Provost of the Town, Andrew Harvie and Robert Freebairn, Magistrates, and other citizens of Rutherglen, also James Jeffray, Architect, Henry Bell and James Paterson, Builders, have, under the guidance of God, caused to be erected.

These mementos were carefully preserved in a glass case provided by the heritors, who presented it to the Committee of the Public Library, where it is now exhibited.

An interesting spot in the churchyard is the parish ministers' burial-ground. On a slab tombstone covering the grave, which lies between the Steeple and Main Street wall, is a series of inscriptions recording the names and dates of induction of the successive ministers of the parish buried there:

Alex. Maxwell,	1777	1777	1777	1719
Wm. Maxwell,	1726	1726	1726	1742
James Furlong,	1770	1770	1770	1780
John Dick,	1801	1801	1801	1806
Peter Brown,	1818	1818	1818	1834

CHURCHES, MISSIONS, ETC.

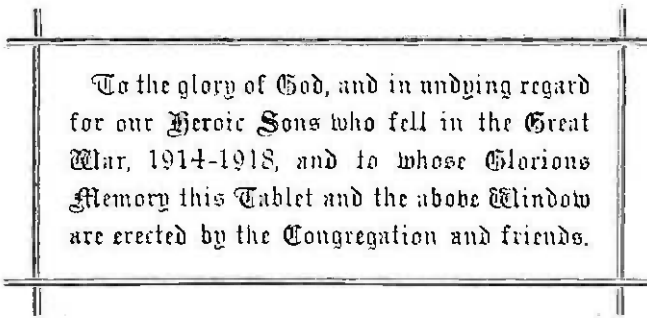
THE new Parish Church of Rutherglen was opened on the 31st May, 1902. It is an imposing structure, understood to be of Gothic design. It is a roomy, comfortable building, well appointed, and ecclesiastically perfect in its

furnishings and unique arrangement of windows, pulpit, choir, gallery, etc. The present incumbent, the Rev. Geo. Simpson Yuille, B.D., was appointed in 1909. At a soîree, the first held after the opening of the building, some interesting facts were revealed concerning the work of the minister, Mr. Stevenson, who, soon after his installation in Rutherglen, set himself the task of erecting a new church, and, but for the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, that purpose would have been consummated many years previously. In the interval, however, Mr. Stevenson accomplished many triumphs, among which was the erection in 1887 of a Mission Church in Greenhill Road, at a cost of £1,400, and a second mission station (called the Iron Church) at Eastfield, where the Rev. Mr. Sinclair officiated, and which afterwards developed into the handsome West Parish Church of Cambuslang. The third venture of the minister was to purchase on his own responsibility the New Church of Wardlawhill, in which the Rev. J. B. Cumming, B.D., did such splendid work. But the memorial to his energy and perseverance is the present substantial erection, which was opened free of debt, yet costing something near £11,000, and £1,100 additional for the organ, £350 of which was paid by the Carnegie Trust. The number of members on roll at above date was 1,124. There were three Sunday schools, a children's church, a Bible-class, etc., embracing 1,200 scholars and 100 teachers and monitors, all of whom were actively engaged from week to week. In the course of this auspicious gathering the worthy minister was presented with a purse containing a hundred and fifty sovereigns, while Mrs. Stevenson, his devoted helpmate, was made a gift of sable furs. In replying, Mr. Stevenson made the following characteristic announcement:

“And now, Christian friends, what am I to do with all this money? I have no desire to be a rich minister. A

rich minister is an anomaly, a contradiction in terms. But I have an idea which I hope you will all fall in with. I have a great desire that all the windows in the Parish Church should be filled with stained glass. I hope to see this accomplished before I die. I should like to see the window over the chancel and the one on the south filled in with such subjects as the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, and I hope some of the richer heritors may do this. Then the four lancet-shaped windows in the eastern gable I should like to see filled in with the pictures of the four evangelists. I would be greatly pleased to fill in one of these myself, say, 'Matthew,' on the window nearest the pulpit. Fancy how appropriate it would be to see the greatest of all ministers, Jesus Christ Himself, calling Matthew to 'Follow Me,' and to see Matthew obeying at once, rising up, leaving all, and following Jesus. Would it not be as if you heard me, your old minister, though dead, yet speaking to you? And I could say nothing better to you than follow Jesus; and you could do nothing better than to rise up and follow Him."

The good man died without having his wish gratified, but the windows have since been substituted with stained glass—alas, how deep that stain! The sympathetic pastor little reckoned that fifty-four of his own congregation must yield "the last full measure of devotion" ere the crucified Saviour would crown the trilogy of pictorial subjects chosen for that memorial window, which, on 13th June, 1920, was dedicated to those who had made the supreme sacrifice, in the following terms:



To the glory of God, and in undying regard
for our Heroic Sons who fell in the Great
War, 1914-1918, and to whose Glorious
Memory this Tablet and the above Window
are erected by the Congregation and friends.

The West Parish Church was built on the south side of Chapel Street in 1836 as a chapel of ease, with the Rev. James Munro in charge. At the Disruption in 1843, the doors and windows were barricaded up, and it remained closed until 1857, when the late Rev. John Brownlie began his mission, which, after years of toil, had excellent results, and the church became a *quoad sacra* in 1868. The good old custom of having the children taken to church for baptism is now observed more in the breach. On 7th July, 1867, Mr. Brownlie christened no less than twelve children, while names were given to nine more on 2nd August, 1868, by the presiding clergyman. Next to the minister and his ever-devoted spouse, Mrs. Brownlie, who did a great amount of good in the district in a very quiet way, the most prominent among the West Parish officials who wrought hard for this church include many well-known old Ru'glen families: Of these, the late Ex-Provost Robert Lang, Robert Dalglish, Stonelaw, Wm. Colquhoun, teacher, John Ferguson, R. Perry, Mr. Gall, Matthew Peddie, A. Caldwell, John Noon, John Reid, Thos. Keith, W. Ferguson, John C. Wilkie, T. Tally, R. B. M'Cubbin, John Park, Geo. C. Dingwall, and John F. Greig, etc., may be mentioned. Equally successful was the work of Mr. Brownlie's successor, the Rev. Wm. Vallance, who was also ably supported by Mrs. Vallance, until some few years ago, when the health of this able pastor compelled him to seek retirement. He was succeeded by the Rev. Andrew Veitch, M.A., whose active endeavours will be well known to the reader.

Soon after the Disruption, a Free Church was erected in Glasgow Road. It is a plain Gothic building, with a square pinnacled tower, with 820 sittings. It was here that that famous divine, the Rev. James Munro, known for his fearlessness and outspoken manner, thundered from the pulpit on the seriousness of sin. A typical Scotch preacher of the Professor Blackie type, invariably clad in

his shepherd-tartan plaid, he never missed an opportunity of doing a kindness or speaking a word for his Master during his forty years' ministry in Rutherglen. Even the "burgh drummer," a local rhymster tells us, was not immune from his solicitous invitations to "grow in grace":

"The 'burgh drummer' should he meet
 At any time upon the street
 He ne'er would thoughtlessly pass on,
 But patient stand and hear 'old John'*
 Repeat aloud his public 'cry,'
 And when 'twas finished he would try
 To press on *John another* call
 Of Christ's salvation—free to all;
 And as poor John, with childlike face,
 Look'd up and heard those words of grace
 Which came right from that loving heart,
 The big tears to his eyes would start.
 When parting, he would say to John,
 'I hope these truths you'll think upon,
 And always, when you "towke your drume,"
 Remember, Christ is saying, *Come!*'"

As assistant and successor to the Rev. James Munro, the Rev. John Gall, M.A., was inducted to Rutherglen Free Church on 20th November, 1879. On 4th November, 1884, the senior minister died, and Mr. Gall still maintains the chief pastorate of this industrious congregation in conjunction with his colleague and successor, the Rev. Davidson Murray, M.A. Here also during Mr. Gall's early ministry the clan instinct may be traced, when comparison is made in the names of the old Free Church families, staunch seceders all of them, who have left behind them some valuable "footprints on the sands of time"—the Mathiesons, the Murrays, the M'Tavishes, the Flemings, the Grays, the Bakers, the Gilchrists, the Campbells, the

* This man John Urie (Jock Airey) is mentioned in another part of the book. He is said to have been absolutely illiterate; nevertheless, he was often a man of many letters when he acted as official courier to the magistrates. As chief and only lamplighter, bell-ringer, town-crier, and bill-poster, his services were often at a premium.

Mays, etc. The loss sustained by this congregation and the town generally through the passing of Mr. Murray's predecessor, the Rev. W. D. T. Black, who was killed in action in France, is too painfully manifest in our recollection of that awful time to reiterate here. Mr. Black's last sermon, which has been included in his *Memoir*, to be found at the Public Library, will be more profitable reading to any one desirous of further details.

The second Free Church established in Rutherglen is that at the corner of the Farne Loan Road, known as the East United Free Church. This church, which was erected in 1871-2, cost £3,000, and was a Reformed Presbyterian place of worship, but afterwards came into possession of the Free Church when the two denominations were united in 1876. It is an early English building with 750 sittings, and has a south-west tower and spire rising to a height of 128 feet. The first minister here was the Rev. T. W. Patrick, who was succeeded by the Rev. Wm. Armstrong, and subsequently by the present incumbent, the Rev. Wm. Lindsay, M.A., who for very many years has kept the church up to a high standard of efficiency by innumerable agencies, among which an annual course of public lectures is invariably a great attraction, delivered as they are by some of the leading lecturers of our time. The other two United Free Churches, Stonelaw U.F. (Rev. Thomas Wardrop, M.A.), and Greenhill U.F. (Rev. James Jack, B.D., successor to the late Rev. Wm. Stirling), are modern erections, which, to do them justice, would require a lengthened notice. So also would a reference to the old United Presbyterian building in King Street, built in 1836, now demolished, and sometimes designated "The Kirk o' the Burghers," at other times "The Relief," and not infrequently by the older folks, "The Secession." The first minister here was the Rev. Mr. Wardrop; but going back to the Rev. Wm. Beckett's time and the late Rev. John M'Neill's active ministry, when this old church

claimed most of the principal families in the Burgh as members, if one might dare to mention names, what an interesting history of the Burgh could be given, even in a summary of the chief events in the lives of prominent citizens like the Andersons, the Smarts, the Wilsons, the Mitchells, the Potters, the Millers, the Camerons, the Stewarts, the Somervilles, the Robertsons, the Johnstones, the Ritchies, the Burts, the Hamiltons, the Allans, the Stirlings, the Ferriers, the Shields, the M'Fadyens, and numerous others which we will not tire the reader by enumerating.

Wardlawhill Parish Church, which, as previously mentioned, was purchased in 1883 from the Congregational body and, in 1891, erected into a *quoad sacra*, was endowed many years ago, and has since added a splendid suite of halls, where its various organisations, controlled by numerous willing workers, continue under the energetic minister, the Rev. David Jack, B.D., to make good progress in all the spheres of Christian work.

The Congregational Church in East Main Street (Rev. John L. King, M.A.) is also a busy hive of religious endeavour, for Mr. King is a theologian of no mean attainments, and keeps his congregation abreast of the times by a constant personal intercommunion, which they duly appreciate.

The Baptist Church, at the corner of Greenhill Road and Stonelaw Road (Rev. T. H. M'Quisten), has a following of earnest and devoted workers who are greatly attached to their minister, and who carry on enthusiastically in this comfortable little sanctuary, which was originally under the charge of the Rev. Joseph Young. Baptist services are also held in the Masonic Hall, Queen Street, while St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Regent Street continues its services under the able guidance of R. F. Strathearn, M.A.

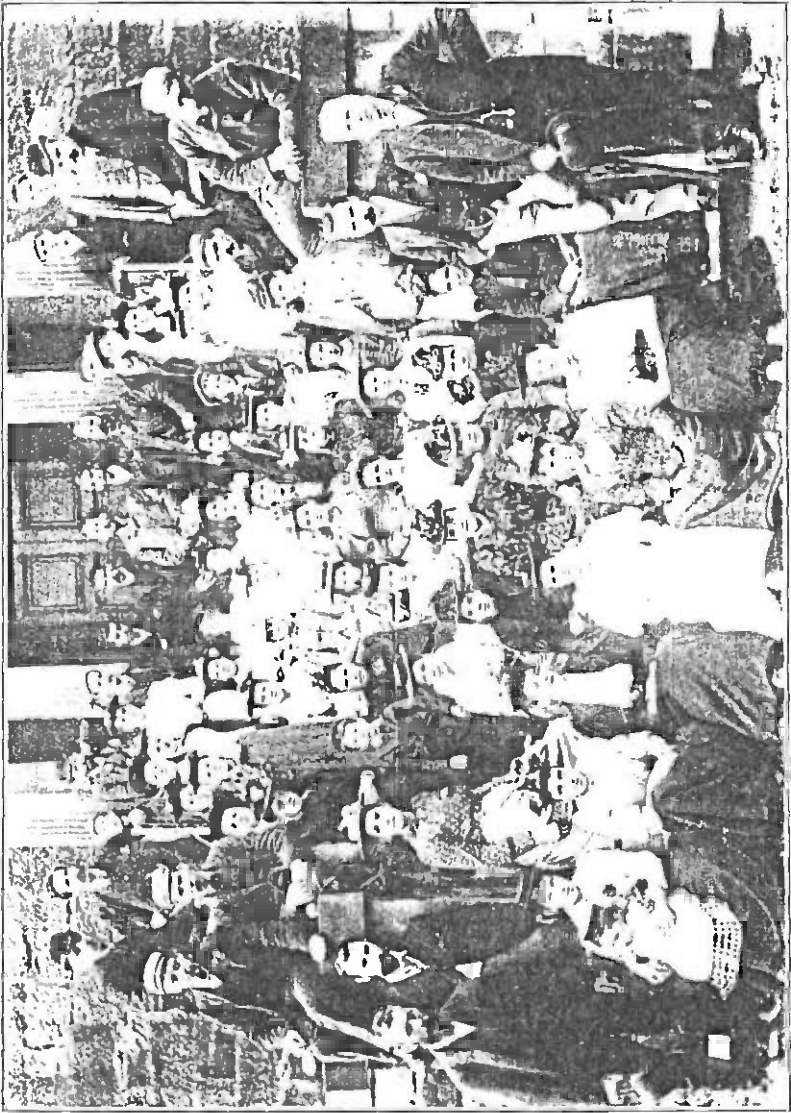
The three remaining religious organisations — the Salvation Army, St. Columbkille's Church, and the

Evangelistic Institute, could be written upon indefinitely. It is an open question whether the work of these three agencies (which carry on not one day in seven, but seven full days all the year round) does not exceed that of all the other churches in the Burgh. To attempt to describe that work here in detail would, in the space at our disposal, be utterly futile; a whole volume could not do it. In each of these spheres the work goes on quietly and unostentatiously, but with a fixed purpose and determination to overcome even the greatest obstacles, which many of the churches never encounter, but which are worthy the highest praise. The resident officers of the Salvation Army (Adjutant Clee and Captain Mason), the incumbent of St. Columbkille's (the very Rev. Canon John Montgomery), and the Messrs. Rodger, of the Evangelistic Institute, have the satisfaction of knowing that the united prayers of the community are with them in their laudable endeavours to uplift and spiritualise the minds of the people.

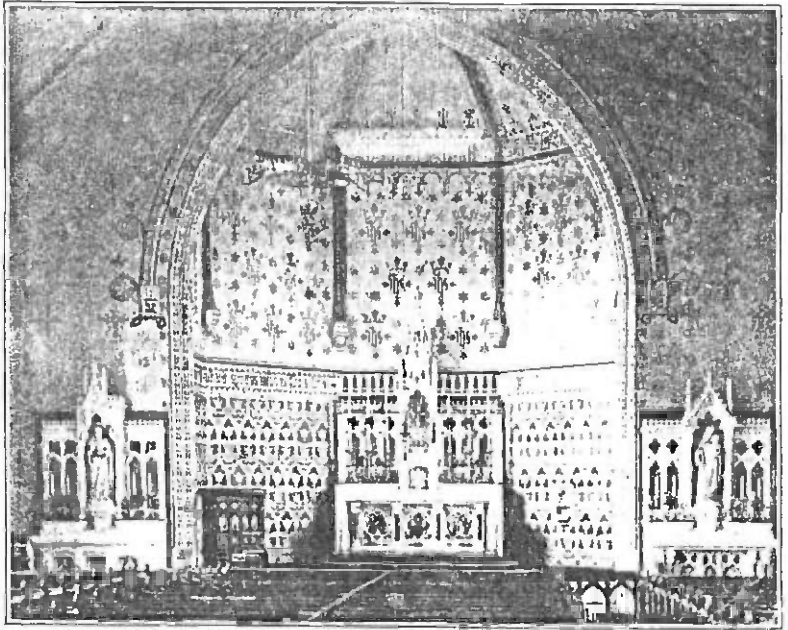
Comparisons may be odious, but living as we are obliged to do within sight and hearing of the first two places of worship, one cannot help being impressed at the personal interest taken in those who go there. Morning, noon, and night, every day of the week, the officials are at hand to assist or direct the inquirer, and if he needs not their assistance, there is always an "open door" for private communion. The most successful churches we know are those where the minister is to be found at an arranged hour each day. True, there are not many such around the city, but we are hopeful the practice will be emulated until it becomes general. When it does, a new spirit will enter into the Churches' undertakings, and the apathy and lukewarmness of present day professionalists will be stimulated into actual work and worship, with a correspondingly decreasing number of apostates to Spiritualism, Socialism, and all the other materialistic

agencies that are presently doing their utmost to undermine the foundations of the Christian faith.

It is to the hard-plodding spade-work of the layman many churches owe much of their vitality—the Sunday-school teacher, the temperance worker, the children's church and boys' brigade enthusiast, and, particularly, the Bible-class superintendent. The fifty years' voluntary effort of Mr. Samuel T. Baker in the West U.F. Church is a case in point, and hundreds of Rutherglen householders to-day will be ready to acknowledge with deepest gratitude the helpful spiritual instruction imparted to them as members of "Baker's Bible Class." The title has been a familiar one in the Burgh for half a century, and few will begrudge the honoured chairman and his life-long co-worker, Mrs. Baker, the leisure they now seek after such a long spell of faithful and devoted service in the interest, not of the Church merely, but of the community at large. This highly successful class, which met first in an old weaving shed in Mill Street in the year 1868, celebrated its jubilee a short time ago. It removed to Harriet Street Hall in 1875, and from thence to the church in 1882, with a roll of 150, which ultimately reached a total membership of nearly 800. A signal honour paid this class was the appearance among them on one occasion of the Moderator of the United Free Church in his "official robes." The success of the class, as stated by the Superintendent, lay in the fact that the subjects dealt with were taken entirely from the Bible. Our photograph, taken some thirty years ago, will recall to those in the picture who are still alive a happy afternoon spent at West Thorn, and also remind them of those who have passed to their reward. Lovely and pleasant, indeed, were the lives of those worthy Ruglonians—James Johnstone, John Kinnaird, James Brown, and Janet Bell. These by their consistent walk and conversation, being dead, still bespeak for Christianity the blessed assurance of its Founder, that the pure in heart shall see God.



Mr. S. T. Baker's Bible Class, thirty years ago.



St. Columbkille's Altar.

St. Columbkille's Altar.

At the Diamond Jubilee celebration of St. Columbkille's Church in 1913, some interesting facts concerning the history and progress of the Roman Catholic faith in Rutherglen were related by the chairman, the Very Rev. Canon John Toner, M.R., who said that "prior to the building of the present church in 1853, the Catholics of Rutherglen had been associated with St. Mary's Parish, Glasgow. The ground on which the church was built comprised nearly two imperial acres. It was no exaggeration to say it was the most valuable property in Rutherglen. Stonelaw Mansion-house, to which was formerly attached all the adjacent country, was upon it. The old Catholic church, built long before the Reformation, was on the opposite side of the street, the only part now standing being the tower. It was a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, and consisted of a nave and two side aisles. It was demolished about 120 years ago. The last priest at that time of whom mention is made was Matthew Fleming, against whom criminal proceedings were instituted about the year 1560 for having endeavoured to administer the consolation of the Church to those who had remained faithful to the religion of their fathers."

As soon as the property spoken of had been purchased, the Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch appointed the Rev. John Shaw to the charge of the mission to which was attached Hamilton Farm, Cambuslang, East Kilbride, Busby, and Eaglesham. The holy sacrifice of the Mass was at first celebrated in the coach-house of the previous proprietor (General John Spens). This large room was afterwards used as a schoolhouse. Finding the place unsuitable for the offering up of a clean sacrifice, the congregation resolved upon building a chapel large enough to accommodate all the Catholics of the locality at one service. The erection as we see it to-day is 80 feet in height by 35 in breadth, and contains 600 sittings. Attached to, and communicating with it is a neat presbyterium for the

clergymen. The church is built in the Gothic style of architecture, with open roof, the apex of which is 50 feet from the floor. It is lighted by three front windows and seven lateral ones. It is surmounted by a belfry and a cross, below which is a statue of St. Columbkille, which is said to be as large as life. The church was opened on 13th February, 1853, and was burdenless, with the exception of a small sum as tithes for the parish minister of Rutherglen. Canon Shaw, who officiated here for upwards of thirty years without any assistance, was a native of Stronavaich in Banffshire. He was a man of great literary attainments, and lectured frequently to Rutherglen audiences on geological subjects. An advanced astronomer, any leisure time he had was spent beside his telescope, but with such an extensive district to overtake, the good priest's leisure moments only reached him when the stars shone. He is said to have once attended a dinner-party, but escaped from it at the earliest moment he could with propriety, bitterly regretting the loss of valuable time, and never again misspent an hour away from his field of labour.

At first, as has been mentioned, the school was housed in a stable. There was a choir in the church but no organ, and a concertina was made to do the instrumental. The income of the church at this time was in a very low condition, and how Canon Shaw existed on the remuneration he received will always remain a mystery. The Catholic population, which then numbered 1,300, has, like the town itself, increased by leaps and bounds. In 1890 the number stood at 2,600. At present there are some 5,000 Catholics in Rutherglen. Father Shaw died in 1886, and was mourned by the whole community. His remains were laid to rest in front of the altar of the church, amid many manifestations of sorrow. Archbishop Eyre of Glasgow presided over the funeral solemnities, at which the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council attended officially. The Town Hall flag was half-masted, and the

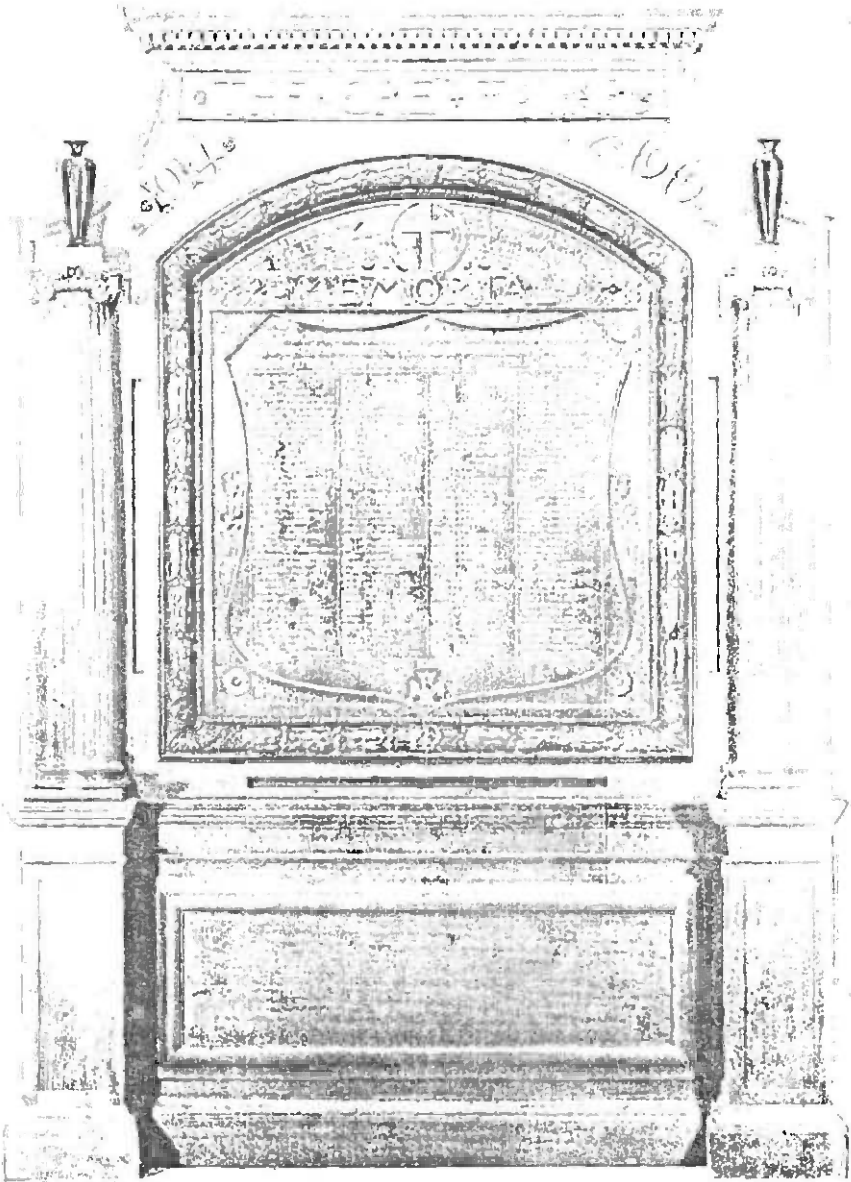
bell in the old steeple tolled a requiem. The various clergymen who succeeded the Rev. Canon Shaw are as follows: Canon Hughes, whose appointment was made in 1885. Dean M'Carthy, in 1886, and who died in 1899. During Dean M'Carthy's time, the chancel, altars, Presbytery House, etc., were added, and the school, built about 1877, was greatly enlarged in 1888-89. Canon M'Farlane was appointed 15th June, 1899, but was transferred to Dunkeld in May, 1901. He was succeeded by Canon Toner, who subsequently became Archbishop of Dunkeld. The present incumbent, the Very Rev. Canon John Montgomery, is a man equal in popularity to his predecessor, and has a strong hold on the affections of his people. He is an arduous worker in the interests of education, and is a member of the Lanarkshire Education Authority. With the oversight of his own ecclesiastical area and the recently established orphanage of some 250 children on Clincarthill, the Canon, who has two assistants, must be one of the busiest clergymen in the diocese.

In connection with the Evangelistic Institute in Greenbank Street, there has been no undertaking in the Burgh in our recollection that has accomplished so much lasting benefit to the individual as has the unsectarian movement of the brothers D. L., A. K., and the late T. M. Rodger. Somewhere about the year 1883 a largely-attended meeting of all religious workers in Rutherglen resolved that a hall suitable for evangelistic propaganda was an absolute necessity in the Burgh. Under the energetic guidance of Mr. D. L. Rodger, a Building Fund was organised, and in due time subscriptions, large and small, poured in—pennies from the children, half-crowns from the parents, and various amounts up to nearly a thousand pounds from J. Campbell White, afterwards Baron Overtoun, who, in presence of the Provost, Magistrates, and a great concourse of people, laid the memorial stone of the main building on 2nd July, 1885. Two years later,

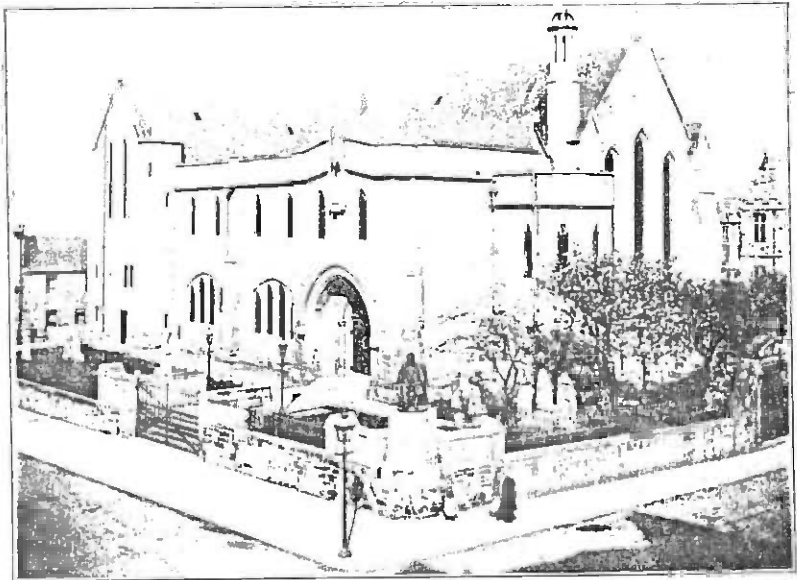
the front portion, facing Greenbank Street, was erected. This contains a lesser hall, a number of small rooms, together with a large reading-room and library. To this suite of rooms have since been added a gymnasium and baths. The large hall contains one of the finest electric lanterns in the kingdom, and the work since the opening has prospered exceedingly. It is too multifarious and constant to be reviewed here, but when the history of the Institute comes to be written, the self-sacrificing labours of the Messrs. Rodger will of necessity form no small part of it. Here also the "open door" and the kindly hand-shake makes the new-comer feel at home at the outset, and opens up for many diffident people useful careers of Christian service which might otherwise be lost to the community. A glance at the Institute Roll of Honour is convincing evidence of the interest taken in the youth of the town. Of the men who voluntarily undertook active service in the Great War, nearly 1,100 of them claimed connection with this popular meeting-place, and 164 of them made the supreme sacrifice. The memorial recently erected there by the members and friends of the Evangelistic Institute is a tribute not to the dead alone, but to the generous sympathetic spirit of the workers. The memorial, cast in oak and bronze, is effectively mounted on a pedestal at the main entrance.

PROVOSTS OF RUTHERGLEN SINCE 1616

"THERE are few things," says the historian Ure, "respecting this ancient Burgh that merits greater attention than the free and unembarrassed election of its Magistrates and Council. The evils arising from a self-elected magistracy, and their uninterrupted continuance in office was, at an early period, severely felt by the community. They found by experience that the guardians



Evangelistic Institute War Memorial.



Parish Church.

of the rights and liberties of the town too often neglected the charge committed to their trust, and basely undermined the constitution they were sworn to support."

After repeated struggles, it was enacted in 1660 " That no Provost nor Baillie shall continue longer in office than twa ziers togidder." Strong opposition was made to this proposal, and it seems to have hung fire for some years longer, after which the arrangement was rigorously adhered to for 169 years, when the spell was broken by Robert Steele, who sat for three years in succession. Of the doings of some of those early worthies one might fill a book. The Steele just referred to is the same " Rab " we have had occasion to mention frequently. One outstanding instance of misgovernment is recorded in the Council Minutes of 1671, in which the Provost, James Riddell, after being some eight months in office, is found guilty of the charges of malversation brought against him, and summarily dismissed from the Magistracy by order of the Privy Council of Scotland. The crimes alleged against Riddell are much too numerous to enumerate here, but a sample will be interesting to the reader: " That the said James Riddell hath taken upon him to fyne and imprison severall persons in a most arbitrary and illegal manner without any form of judiciall preceeding, without any just cause; as within these two years bypast he fyned and imprisoned the person of James Baxter in the tolbuith of Rutherglen for no other cause bot onlie for his demanding payment of some wright work done to himselfe; as also in March last he fyned and imprisoned Wm. Scott, weaver, most wrongouslie and unjustlie without any reason or cause; as also he imprisoned John Gray, mearchant in Glasgow, and deteaned him several dayes and nights, and befor he would suffer him to be sett at liberty, he caused him promise faithfully that he should never persew him therefor, and becaus the said John Gray did call for David Scott, writer, that he might note the injurie done to him

and injustice he mett with in the said wrongous imprisonment, the said James Riddell caused the said David Scott also to be imprisoned; and because the said David Scott's wyfe, being desyrous that her husband should not sterve in prison, having brought in some meat to him, she therefore was also with her husband deteaned prisoner for the space of five days: And farder the said James Riddell, in so far as from being one equall dispenser of justice within the said burgh, that he frequentlie compelleth others to desist from doing these things and following the courses for a livelihood or advantage which he himselfe avowedlie doeth, as in the case of a poor widow called Jean Smith, who to get a livlihood did keep some few geise for breiding of young onse, and who was forced by the said James Riddell to sell both young and old to him for the fourth part of the just price upon the pretence that she could not have liberty to keep them within the burgh when he himselfe taketh the liberty to keep them."

When appointing a successor to Riddell, the Sheriff's caution, "desiring the Council to make choyce of such a persone that hes no relations to, nor is concerned in Provost Riddell," seems to have been ignored, and the writer, David Scott, is given a "brief" to make protest when a brother-in-law of Riddell's was appointed to the vacancy. His reasons were given in the following terms: (1) "That he (Andrew Harvie) is '*socius criminis*' with the said James Riddell, late Provost, and guiltie of many of the articles contained in the foresaid decretit of the Privy Counsiell, which the said David offered to prove by witnesses;" (2) that Harvie "is ane illiterat man wha can nether reid, spell, nor wryt, and so altogether unqualified and unfit for the discharge of that office, and that he is brother-in-law to the said James Riddell (heretofore Provost), and wes always rowled and commanded by him, so that there was nothing acted or done in toun or counsell but what in effect wes the actings of the said

James Riddell;" and (3) that the interlocutor, requiring the matter to be "fairlie and ordorlie caryd, imported ane frie and unbyassed electione which could not be expected from this present toun counsell in regarde they are all brether, good brether, uncles and cusing germans to each other, men factiouslie pitched upon be the said discharged provest, and only nominat be himself, expresslie contraire to the usual way."

From 1808 till 1823 the name of William Leitch figures prominently on the list of Provosts of the Burgh. A story is told of this douce magistrate, who lived at East Croft Cottage, in Smith's Square, and whose humble pursuits on one occasion caused some embarrassment to a troop of horse sent express from Hamilton to quell a supposed disturbance in Rutherglen during one of the Radical risings. The order to send troops had been given by some unauthorised person, and when the soldiers reached the outskirts of the town they inquired at an old man with a bundle of firewood on his back as to the whereabouts of the "May'r."

"I'm the man wi' the burden," answered the Provost, expectantly.

"That's evident," replied the officer in charge, laughing; "but our business is with the 'May'r,' if you will please direct us to him."

"Weel, tell me your wants. I'm the man wi' the burden," repeated the Provost.

The puzzled troopers with a shrug of impatience were about to proceed on their quest when the Provost at length declared in plain English, "I'm the May'r, gin ye maun hae it that wey," whereupon the officer (much taken aback) saluted in regular military fashion and begged to know for what purpose his honour had commanded them to Rutherglen.

"I canna tell that," answered the pawky chief magistrate with as much dignity as the burden on his back would

permit; "but as sure as this is first o' April, gin I fin' oot wha gied ye the 'magowk,' they'll suffer for't or am no Provost Whellum Leitch."

The use of the honorary prefix reminds us of a later worthy who afterwards became Provost of the town. His house was in Queen Street, tenanted, subsequently, first by Dr. David Longwill and afterwards by Dr. Robert Clarke. Being so enamoured of his new dignity, he concluded that the correct thing to do was to make the fact known as widely as possible—other people proclaimed their callings, why not he his provostship? He thereupon affixed a fine brass plate to his outer door, which even those who ran could read, in bold letters: "Alexander Reid, Provost."

As has been mentioned elsewhere, most of the records of the Burgh prior to 1600 have been irrecoverably lost, hence the list of Provosts from 1616 only can now be given. The order is as follows:

1616 John Riddell	1636 Thomas Wilkie
1617 Andrew Pinkertoun	1637 John Pinkertoun
1618	1638 Thomas Wilkie
1619 John Riddell	1639 John Pinkertoun
1620 Andrew Pinkertoun	1640 Thomas Wilkie
1621 John Pinkertoun	1641 John Scott
1622 John Pinkertoun	1642 John Scott
1623 John Pinkertoun	1643 John Scott
1624 John Pinkertoun	1644 John Scott
1625 Thomas Wilkie	1645 John Scott
1626 Thomas Wilkie	1646 John Scott
1627 John Pinkertoun	1647 John Scott
1628 John Pinkertoun	1648 John Scott
1629 John Pinkertoun	1649 John Scott
1630 John Pinkertoun	1650 Andrew Pinkertoun
1631 John Pinkertoun	1651 John Scott
1632 John Pinkertoun	1652 John Scott
1633 John Pinkertoun	1653 John Scott
1634 John Pinkertoun	1654 John Scott
1635 Thomas Wilkie	1655 John Scott

1656 John Scott	1693 David Scott
1657 Walter Riddell	1694 John Witherspore
1658 Robert Spens	1695 John Harvie
1659 Andrew Pinkertoun	1696 John Witherspone
1660 Andrew Pinkertoun	1697 George Spens
1661 John Scott	1698 Andrew Leitch
1662 John Scott	1699 George Spens
1663 John Scott	1700 Andrew Leitch
1664 John Scott	1701 George Spens
1665 Robert Spens	1702 Andrew Leitch
1666 Robert Spens	1703 George Spens
1667 Robert Spens	1704 Andrew Leitch
1668 Andrew Harvie	1705 George Spens
1669 Andrew Harvie	1706 Andrew Leitch
1670 James Riddell	1707 George Spens
1671 Andrew Harvie	1708 Andrew Leitch
1672 Robert Spens	1709 George Spens
1673 William Riddell	1710 John Moore
1674 John Robison	1711 Robert Bowman
1675 Andrew Leitch	1712 Andrew Leitch
1676 William Riddell	1713 Patrick Witherspone
1677 Robert Spens	1714 Andrew Leitch
1678 William Riddell	1715 George Spens
1679 Robert Spens	1716 John Moore
1680 William Riddell	1717 George Spens
1681 Andrew Leitch	1718 David Scott
1682 Robert Spens	1719 George Spens
1683 Andrew Harvie	1720 David Scott
1684 Andrew Leitch	1721 George Spens
1685 Andrew Harvie	1722 David Scott
1686 Andrew Harvie *	1723 George Spens
1687 Andrew Harvie *	1724 David Scott
1688 Andrew Harvie *	1725 George Spens
1689 Robert Bowman	1726 David Scott
1690 John Witherspone	1727 George Spens
1691 Robert Bowman	1728 Andrew Leitch
1692 John Scott	1729 David Scott

* By order of the King, no Provost was elected during three years, and Andrew Harvie was continued in office.

1730 Andrew Leitch	1769 Gabriel Grey
1731 David Scott	1770 Allan Scott
1732 George Spens	1771 Gabriel Grey
1733 David Scott	1772 Robert Spens
1734 George Spens	1773 James Fleming
1735 David Scott	1774 Gabriel Grey
1736 George Spens	1775 James Fleming
1737 David Scott	1776 Gabriel Grey
1738 Andrew Leitch	1777 Neil M'Vicar
1739 James Farie	1778 George White
1740 Andrew Leitch	1779 James Farie
1741 James Farie	1780 George White
1742	1781 Gabriel Grey
1743 David Pinkertoun	1782 William Parkhill
1744	1783 Gabriel Grey
1745 William Moor	1784 George White
1746 Andrew Leitch	1785 Gabriel Grey
1747 William Moor	1786 George White
1748 John Paterson	1787 Gabriel Grey
1749 David Scott	1788 George White
1750 Robert Spens	1789 Archibald Reid
1751	1790 George White
1752 John Paterson	1791 Major John Spens
1753 David Scott	1800 General John Spens,
1754 Robert Spens	Stonelaw
1755 David Scott	1801 Andrew Harvie
1756 Robert Spens	1802 General Spens
1757 Allan Scott	1803 Andrew Fleming, Sr.
1758 Robert Spens	1804 General Spens
1759 Allan Scott	1805 William Dickieson
1760 Robert Spens	1806 General Spens
1761 Allan Scott	1807 Andrew Harvie
1762 Robert Spens	1808 William Leitch
1763 Allan Scott	1809 John Gray, Scotstoun
1764 Robert Spens	1810 William Leitch
1765 George White	1811 John Gray
1766 Robert Spens	1812 William Leitch
1767 Gabriel Grey	1813 Robert Maxwell
1768 Robert Spens	1814 William Leitch

1815 Robert Maxwell	1849 William Shaw
1816 William Leitch	1852 Robert Steele
1817 John Gray	1855 Robert Forrest
1818 Robert Maxwell	1858 David Warnock
1819 William Leitch	1861 David Warnock
1820 Robert Maxwell	1864 Donald Murray
1821 William Leitch	1867 Donald Murray
1822 Andrew Harvie	1869 Samuel Baker
1823 William Leitch	1870 Samuel Baker
1824 Robert Maxwell	1873 John Scouler
1825 William Love	1876 Andrew King
1825 Andrew Harvie	1879 John Fleming
1826 John Gray	1882 David Dick
1827 William Tosh	1884 William Mitchell
1828 Thomas Brown	1887 William Mitchell
1829 Andrew Harvie	1890 Robert Lang
1830 John Gray	1893 Lewis Mitchell
1831 Thomas Brown	1896 Alexander Edmiston
1832 Andrew Harvie	1899 James Kirkwood
1833 William Murdoch	1902 Adam K. Rodger
1834 Walter Whyte	1905 Joseph Johnstone
1837 Robert Steele	1906 Joseph Johnstone
1840 Robert Steele	1909 Joseph Johnstone
1843 Robert Steele	1912 Adam K. Rodger
1846 Alexander Reid	1919 John M'Callum

PROVOST "RAB" STEELE.

FEW of Rutherglen's chief magistrates ever attained to the notoriety of the subject of this sketch. Like his father before him, young "Rob" Steele attended the horses on the Laird of Brouncastle's estate, in the parish of East Kilbride, up to the time he was man grown. He subsequently acquired possession of the farm and lands of Brouncastle, as well as certain of the Lanarkshire toll bars, and in later years resided for some considerable time at

Shawfield Toll, which was also a licensed inn. He died in 1869 at the age of seventy-one, and is buried in East Kilbride churchyard, where, inscribed on a stone flag, may be read his services as chief magistrate of Rutherglen. Of Rab's connection with Rutherglen there are no end of yarns, but lack of space confines us to the narration of only a few:

Being an inn-keeper as well as a magistrate, it was no uncommon thing for those who had indulged "not wisely but too well" at Rab's Toll Bar in the evening to look "dumfooned" when they saw his worship sitting in judgment upon them next morning at the bar of the local police court. The worthy Provost, however, had a happy knack of dealing with delinquents, and they came to look on him more as an advocate than a judge. It is said that the legal acumen of the Town Clerk, George Crawford, was sometimes rudely shaken when challenged by the Provost in cases where a fine, instead of a term of imprisonment, was being imposed. A boy who had owned up to the theft of a turnip from a field was being let off with a nominal fine, when the Town Clerk intervened hastily to have the sentence corrected to one of imprisonment, but the doughty magistrate "put him wise," as the Americans say, on the true rendering of the Act, which he ultimately, but very reluctantly, conceded he had misinterpreted.

When two colliers, brought before him on one occasion for being disorderly, had pled not guilty, the Provost, anxious to get away to some business appointment, tried to push the case through hurriedly; but the prosecutor's evidence was too weak to convict. Turning to the prisoners, the Provost astonished the court by saying: "Confess, lads, confess; we hivna muckle proof as ye see, sae, as we're pressed for time, we'll (with an encouraging wink) mak' it hauf a croon a piece!"

Rab was an especial favourite with the carters of the

district, and they actually got up a banquet in his honour, and made him a presentation, which unexpected event is said to have left him well nigh speechless.

A keen man of business, Rab never lost an opportunity that was likely to enhance his own or the exchequer of the community. Once when up at London on Council business, the immense traffic across London Bridge tickled his commercial instinct so violently that he startled the passers-by as he exclaimed to his companion—in braid Scots—"Eh, man Andra, whit a gran' place for a Toll!"

But it was as the Marrying Provost of Ru'glen he was best known to the denizens north of the Clyde, where sporting and pugilistic clubs were in those early days quite numerous. One favourite resort of the leading patrons of sport in the West of Scotland at that time, says a writer in a Glasgow paper, was the Zebra Tavern in High Street, kept by Jock Goudie, a prize-fighter, and here might have been seen the Duke of Hamilton, a tall dark man; James Merry, the ironmaster, attended by his satellite, Norman Buchanan; Lord Kelburne, with his strange protégé, "Rab Ha'," the notorious glutton; Ramsay of Barrington, a famous whip, whose love for the ribbon led him to drive the four-in-hand coach between Glasgow and Stirling; and Rab Steele, the Marrying Provost of Ru'glen.

Rab was well known in those days for conducting irregular marriages. He did a business something like that of the Gretna Green blacksmith, and he is said to have united more couples than any other individual in the country, except Principal Macfarlane of the Glasgow College, whose test of fitness for the holy bond was ability to repeat the Lord's Prayer. Rab Steele was favoured, because with him the ceremony was delightfully simple and inexpensive—it cost the parties nothing, and there was no searching cross-examination. If a young lad and lass came to the toll and intimated they desired to be married, Rab there and then simply declared them man and wife,

and sent them away. He did not even ask them into the house, nor did he trouble to come out. He merely thrust his head through the open window and, addressing the couple on the road, told them it was "a' richt." It was a Scottish marriage of the rough and ready type.

But Rab Steele's illicit practice seems to have considerably affected the perquisites of the beadle in the surrounding kirks, and even as far out as East Kilbride the beadle complained of being done out of his lawful dues because the minister,

" 'To help the clerk,' had raised the 'eries,¹
 Whilk set the folk a-smugglin'.
 Sae ne'er a ane comes thro' the kirk,
 They a' slip 'yont to Ruglen.
 There Robin Steele, for twa three gills,
 Will splice a hasty couple:
 And sae I lie oot o' my dues,
 And canna weet my thrapple."

Dr. Clelland, in the *New Statistical Account*, describes these marriage customs thus: "Rutherglen had a questionable notoriety as to marriages. It was the Gretna Green of Lanarkshire. Even down to 1836 the form was simple. The couple go before a magistrate and acknowledge that they have been married, without the proclamation of banns, by a person unauthorised by the Church, whose name they do not recollect; and in consequence of this irregularity, they acknowledge a fault, and subject themselves to a fine and imprisonment; on which the magistrate fines the parties, remits the imprisonment, and gives an extract of their acknowledged marriage, which is binding in law." The magistrates frequently received a fee for their trouble. "Milngavie," adds Dr. Clelland, "also seems to have had a bad social repute." In the *Scots Piper's Queries*, the following appears:

"Q. Where was the usefulest fair in Scotland kept?

"A. At Milngavie.

"Q. What sort of commodities were sold there?

"A. Nothing but ale and ill wicked wives.

“ Q. Why was it abolished?

“ A. Because those who went to it once would go to it no more.

“ Q. For what reason?

“ A. Because there was no money to be got for them, but fair barter, wife for wife, and he who put away a wife for one fault, got a wife with two as bad.”

RUGLONIANS' SOCIETY

ON 24th April, 1922, the Ruglonians' Society will have been sixteen years in existence. The formation of such a club was one of the pet schemes the present writer had, for a considerable time prior to its development, cherished in his mind. Having in the course of a conversation with a friend (Mr. David Aitchison, son of the late beadle of the Parish Church) learned what the Old Maryhill Society had accomplished through the medium of its "Neighbourly Fund" for its indigent members, it occurred to him that Rutherglen might go one better, and combine a neighbourly fund with a club whose members would be pledged to interest themselves in the antiquities of the Burgh. To this end he consulted with the Secretary of the Old Maryhill Society (Mr. John F. Campbell), who gave much practical help both before and after the formation of the Rutherglen meeting, which was convened with the assistance of a most popular citizen—Mr. Archibald Yuill.

A card, embracing the proposal to form a Ruglonians' Society, for the purpose of (1) cherishing the traditions of the Burgh, (2) conserving the individuality of the natives, and (3) for the collecting and preserving antiquities, was sent out to every likely citizen of the Burgh. In the first instance it was arranged that a photo. group of all who had accepted the invitation be taken.

This was done in the courtyard of the Town Hall, after which an adjournment was made to the Lesser Hall, where, as stated in the *Rutherglen Reformer* of that date, Ex-Provost John Fleming presided. "There was a large and representative attendance, and some interesting speeches were delivered by the Chairman, Mr. Fleming, the Rev. W. F. Stevenson, M.A., Ex-Provost Lewis Mitchell, and Mr. James Anderson, J.P. In opening the proceedings," continues the article, "Mr. W. Ross Shearer explained the lines upon which the society would be conducted, which are similar to those of Old Maryhill and other places in Scotland. He thought if Rutherglen was set agoing on these lines, with a reunion once a year, keeping the antiquarian side of the question well to the front, the fame and prestige of the ancient Royal Burgh would, in their affections at least, have a chance of being maintained. On the motion of Ex-Provost Kirkwood, seconded by Ex-Provost Edmiston, the Society was duly formed. The Rev. Mr. Stevenson was appointed President, Ex-Provost Fleming Hon. President, Mr. Hugh Muir, Secretary, *pro tem.*, and the following as a committee of management: Ex-Provosts L. and W. Mitchell, Lang, Kirkwood, Rodger, and Edmiston; Ex-Bailies Shaughnessy, Love, and Brown; Messrs. And. Macallan, T. Boyle, James Anderson, Alex. M'Knight, R. Mackenzie, Geo. Allison, Archd. Yuill, and W. Ross Shearer. The meeting was highly successful and most enthusiastic throughout. As a set off to the 'Neighbourly Fund,' a handsome donation was handed by the Hon. President to the Interim Secretary, who, unfortunately, allowed many months to elapse before calling a meeting of the management. Meanwhile, having made diligent search for a secretary, one was at last found in Mr. Jasper Brown, who undertook the arduous task of working up the new organisation, and in this he was eminently successful. The first re-union was held in the Town Hall on 13th

November, 1907, and was presided over by the Hon. President, Ex-Provost John Fleming. It was a unique occasion. Never before had so many loyal Ruglonians of the Burgh Corporate met under such happy auspices. Toast, speech, and song filled in a most profitable evening."

Year by year since its formation, the society has continued to flourish, the membership at the present time being over 300, with 182 life members. Re-unions, lectures, sangschaws, concerts, soirees, and exhibitions alike have all been highly popular with the public, and financially every undertaking has proved an unqualified success. Into each of the gatherings the spirit of Ruglonianism has manifested itself in an unmistakable way, and has kept the glow of local patriotism full and warm and attractive by its influence, so that it is no longer necessary to lament the fact that we are a commercially disposed community concerned only with material gain and getting.

Ruglonian sentiment is sometimes credited with an excessive fondness for doting on its antiquity, and the derisive reference to "Thermopylæ" in another part of this book, even when spoken by a Lord, falls as short of its mark as does the frequently-quoted epithet, the "Oatcake burgh." The things that matters is not: Can Ruglonians take a jibe? but: Can Ruglonians rise to a full realisation of their obligations? Past and present events give an affirmative answer to the question; and we look to the Ruglonians' Society to give such a lead in the future as will put, say, the question of annexation for ever beyond the sphere of practical discussion.

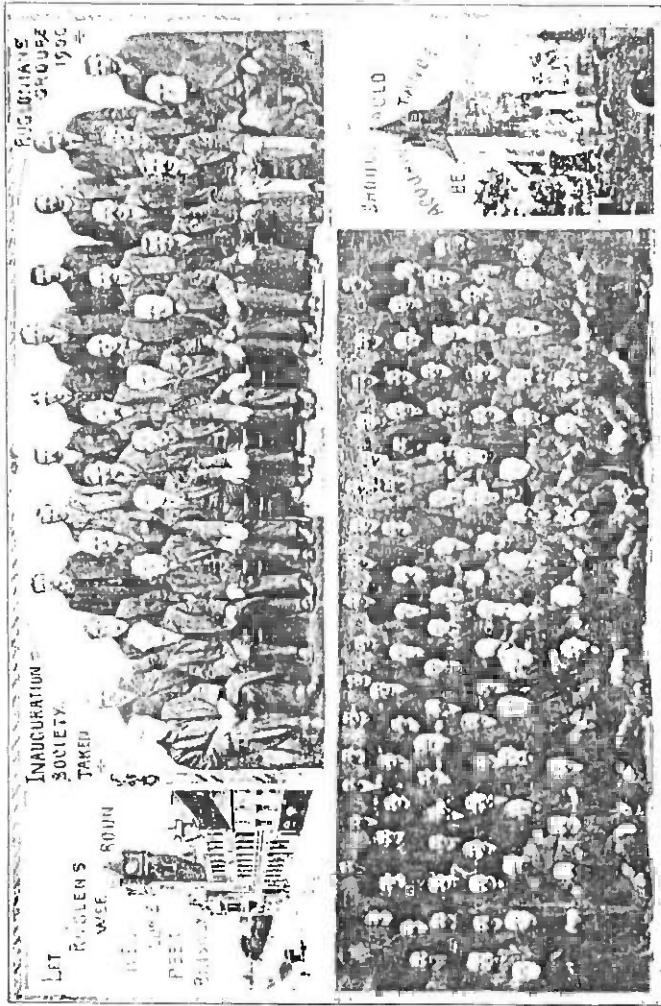
Ex fumo—fama, "Fame from fumes," is a motto that permits of only one interpretation. "God gives all things to industry," saith the proverb, and by that shall Rutherglen flourish, and the fumes that descend from her domestic reek-pots and factories will be the sign, as it has

always been, of her invincible determination to approve herself by habitual diligence in the arts and manufactures of trade craft. But our motto has a deeper significance even than that. Commercialism becomes feudalistic when divorced from the principles of liberty and the free exchange of ideas between man and man, and life would become monotonous and unbearable should the tyranny of labour ever be permitted to exercise uncontrolled authority over us. It is the influence of comradeship and social intercourse that sweetens and converts toil into pleasure, for "these two things," says Livy, "most unlike in their nature, are joined together by a certain natural association between them." Hence we do well to cherish the traditions of our Burgh, we do well to conserve its individuality and interests, and we will do well if, in the future, we can exercise, like to our predecessors, the same qualities of restraint, forbearance, and good-will which they manifested in times of stress and difficulty, seeking both in our political and religious controversies to subject the fumes of hate and passion to the regenerating crucible of reason, which process alone will enable us to maintain that high standard of citizenship capable of extracting fame from fumes.

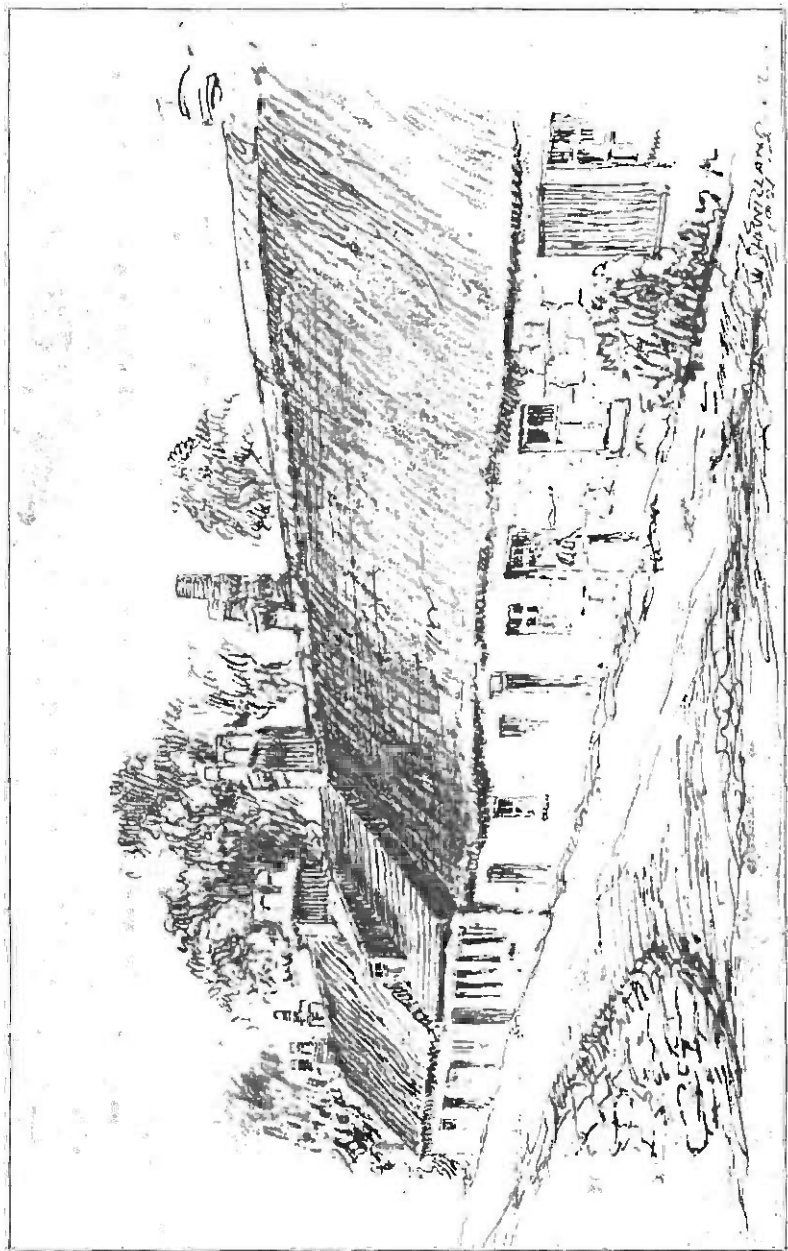
The "Neighbourly Fund," already mentioned, has made steady progress, and the capital account of the Society, stands at nearly £200. Under the Society's auspices a museum was established in the hall of the Public Library in 1914, but on the outbreak of the Great War the premises were taken over by the Food Control. The premises have since been renovated, and the exhibits replaced. One of the latest additions to the collection is a very handsome donation of rare coins and medals gifted to the Society by Mr. Hugh Murray, of "Ranleigh," View Park Drive.

The following is a list of the office-bearers and Committee of Management for 1920-21:

Past Presidents: 1907-8, late Rev. W. F. Stevenson; 1909, late Ex-Bailie Wm. Brown; 1910, late Hugh Muir;



Raglenians' Society—Inauguration Group, 1906.



King Street Lane - site of Public Library.

1911, late John Ferrier; 1912, late Ex-Bailie James Park; 1913-14, late Ex-Bailie A. Arbuckle, J.P.; 1915-16, James May; 1917, Councillor Wm. A. Thomson; 1918, Walter Miller; 1919, Thomas Reid. *Hon. Presidents:* Ex-Provosts A. Edmiston, J. Kirkwood, J. Johnstone, A. K. Rodger, M.P., and Colonel R. S. Murray. *President:* Gavin Park. *Vice-President:* John Bain. *Secretary:* John Barrowman. *Treasurer:* Wm. Ferrier. *Custodian:* W. Ross Shearer. *Directors:* Jasper Brown, Arch. Yuill, John Innes, A. Burns, James Laird, James May, J. S. Brown, Neil Lochiel, Wm. Hunter, John Thomson. Dan M'Alpine. *Auditors:* John S. Black and John Murray.

PUBLIC LIBRARY PROGRESS

DURING its long career of fifty-five years, from its reconstruction in 1852, the utmost care was exercised by each succeeding directorate to keep the Public Library up to date. With the limited means at their disposal, however, this was no easy task, since the neighbouring City of Glasgow now held out many inducements to suburban readers, who could have the very latest publications delivered at their own doors for a nominal annual subscription. The plethoric supply of all kinds of literature and the increasing demand for such by the members of the Library was also a matter of much concern to the management, and gave them many an anxious thought. "Consequently," says the writer of the last report submitted to the old Public Library, "it was not only with pleasure, but with a certain feeling of relief they learned that Mr. Andrew Carnegie—famous for his world-wide efforts in seeking to promote the intellectual growth of the people, and especially in his native land—had generously offered the sum of £7,500 for the building of a Free Public Library in Rutherglen." The hope is expressed that the new institution may long continue to grow and prosper, and realise to the utmost the aims and objects of its founder.

A full account of the new building and opening ceremony on 25th September was published in the local press on 26th, 27th, and 28th September, 1907. One leading Glasgow journal described the event thus: "An epoch in the history of the Royal and Ancient Burgh of Rutherglen was marked on Wednesday afternoon, when, in presence of a distinguished company, including the members of the local public bodies, a handsome new Public Library, the generous gift of Dr. Andrew Carnegie, was formally declared open by Provost Johnstone. To Ex-Provost Kirkwood belongs the credit of originating the scheme which has resulted in the presentation to Rutherglen of such a handsome pile. The selection of a site adjoining the Parish Council Chambers was objected to by the parish legislators, and there followed lengthy and costly litigation, which, assuming several interesting phases, and ending in the Court of Session, resulted in a compromise between the parties.

Since the opening of the new establishment in 1907, at which date the old Public Library became amalgamated, an average of 55,000 books annually have been issued for home reading, while the daily average attendance in the rooms is 1,400.

In the year 1913 the Library quietly and unostentatiously celebrated its centenary by printing a five years' supplement to the general catalogue, which included the undernoted summary of book issues:

	1907-8	1908-9	1909-10	1910-11	1911-12	Total.
General Works.	583	530	490	443	429	2,475
Philosophy and Religion, ...	682	691	614	615	509	3,111
Sociology.	414	423	336	349	356	1,878
Philology,	128	93	91	104	92	508
Science.	834	747	734	567	698	3,580
Arts,	2,226	1,697	1,463	1,334	1,406	8,126
History and Travel,	1,932	1,721	1,411	1,312	1,727	8,103
Fiction,	55,132	52,752	48,657	47,657	50,007	254,205
Biography, Poetry, Essays, ...	2,016	1,674	1,564	1,478	1,336	8,668
Reference,	338	338	221	186	225	1,308
Total,	64,285	60,666	55,611	54,045	56,785	291,392

During the last five years, 1915-20, three of which are "War years," the grand total was 314,416, an increase of 23,024 over the above period. Exception will doubtless be taken to the preponderating number of fiction issues over general class works, but a remedy will be found for that when the "Open Access System" (which has already been partially introduced) comes into full operation, and borrowers are allowed the freedom of personal selection direct from the Library shelves instead of from the catalogue. "Education," said a well-known Member of Parliament recently, Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, "cannot proceed without books. The Library service is always important from an educational and social point of view, and its importance grows with the development of education and the improvement of the social conditions of the country. Its success, however, must in large measure depend on the interest taken by the public, and it is gratifying to think that in this country the value of libraries is becoming more and more widely recognised and appreciated. The library is the People's University, and it has the great advantage over educational institutions that it costs nothing for admission, it is accessible to men and women of every age and station, and the intelligent use of it is unfettered by the officious directions of a pedagogue. Nothing makes a greater difference to a community, and has greater influence in stimulating the ambitions of youth than free, untrammelled access to all the best sources of knowledge. Wherever a public library is open, careers are open to all who have a mind to profit by the resources made accessible. . . . A youth or maiden in a bookless city will experience a handicap as great as that of poverty. A city without books is a city without light."

We have just reviewed a copy of *Library Advertising*, a book published by the City Librarian of Nottingham, in which every known art is used to illustrate the power of advertising in relation to public libraries. Publicity, it is

argued, is the best policy. We agree. But there is just the shadow of a danger in seeking to force the pace by desiring precipitately to spell progress with a capital "P." The foreword by Sir J. M. Barrie, "that public libraries are necessary for the education and betterment of the people," is a trite statement of fact which the public are already fully cognisant of, but which Library Committees have so far only tacitly acknowledged. While a modified publicity might be given to certain phases of library work, we have the fear that in the end the abuses of advertisement might be more detrimental than otherwise. Anyhow, in endeavouring to catch the reader's eye, let us be careful lest he also offers us his scorn; for the last state of that library which finds it necessary to advertise its stock will be worse than the first, should the public suspect it is being meagrely supported. Nothing succeeds like success. But if we *must* advertise, it is to be hoped we may never find it expedient to condescend to Americanisms, or the "pink pills for pale people" methods. With the abolition of the penny rate, by which most libraries will now be free from pecuniary embarrassment, there should be but one objective for Books Committees to aim at, namely, the equipment of an up-to-date collection which will advertise itself, and cause every "Oliver Twist" in the community to hark back asking for more.

When it was proposed to erect a Free Library in Rutherglen, some people shook their heads, and one well-known member of the community waxed eloquent on the iniquity of inviting working-men to leave their wives and families of an evening and spend their time in a library, reading books. The absurdity of the suggestion, showing as it does such lamentable ignorance of the initial purpose of the proposal was capped some time later when the new premises were opened to the public.

The first week of the opening was a strenuous one for the staff, and many people visited the Library who had

never been in a Public Library before. The official injunction, "SILENCE," had little effect in curbing the ardour of the crowd who monopolised the rooms in similar fashion to the mob that boards an excursion train. As soon as practicable, however, the request was made to them individually to take a magazine and read, or change their quarters. They invariably chose the latter, and would march out of the premises in high dudgeon, only to give place to some equally undesirable family group, with their week-end stock of provisions, who, doubtless, thinking it a comfortable halfway rest-house, prepared to sample their comestibles, to the infinite annoyance of the readers.

The following is but one of the many instances of that remarkable week, when the patience of the staff was much tried on account of the noise created by visitors with wrong impressions of the purposes of a reading room. The incident is not reiterated as a jest, or to make the reader smile. The remark was made in solemn earnest, and, while the writer regrets its coarseness and the ignorance which gave it expression, it is thought necessary to repeat it literally, in order to show the illiterate conception certain minds form of a library's functions:

SCENE: GENERAL READING ROOM.

Two Bucolic Individuals in loud conversation.

Official (warningly): "No talking, gentlemen, please."

1st B.I. (aghast): "Whit! div ye pey rates no to get speaking! Hiv we to gang oot to the street to speak? (*Aside to companion*) Goad, Wull, this is a hellafa 'free' libry!"

But the difficulties encountered on such occasions, like the early cloud and morning dew, soon vanished from the field of library embarrassment, and the same bucolic persons and other equally unpromising classes have long since fallen into line with the regulations, to which they now give a respectful and ready attention. It is the

writer's opinion that, if free libraries had done nothing more than "break in" such rude natures to a due appreciation of order and respect, they have performed a work which the law itself often fails to accomplish, and in Rutherglen to-day the incorrigible corner-boy—the thorn in the flesh of the "man in blue"—gives the library comparatively little trouble. The moral influence exerted by such institutions upon the rougher element in our towns is more than most people imagine. Order is Nature's first law, and when a man begins to measure his behaviour through the vision of his fellows, he begins to walk more circumspectly, and his actions take on a different colour and a discretionary reserve hitherto unknown even to himself:

" O wad some po'er the giftie gie us
To see oorsels as ithers see us,
It wad frae many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

To the libraries, perhaps, more than to any other agency will be attributable many of the reforms—social, religious, and political, of recent years. Hence, if the power so earnestly besought by the poet has been manifested directly or indirectly in the past, or if the signs we have been watching are merely the indications of a promising dawn, it will be well that we mark the phenomenon in such a way that shall enable us to follow up its development in a practical business-like manner, so that the leavening process may not begin and end at the library door, but continue to permeate the lump of civil life—sweetening, purifying, and ennobling it with a contented, enlightened citizenship.

There are no dull moments to the attendant in a library. Every hour of the day brings some new interest into the work, which is seldom so arduous or important as to preclude him from appreciating the more notable effects impressed upon his mind by the constant and changeful nature of his occupation. Humour and pathos are fairly

evenly balanced in the ledger of each day's accomplishments, which the student of nature can turn to good account if so minded. At the lending counter some curious and amusing applications are made from time to time, and prove in every case how "necessary" libraries are for the education of the people.

"Sherlock Holmes' books are all 'out' on the indicator," said a lad of eighteen to an attendant. "Just give me one of 'Rob Roy's.'" Shade of the wizard!

"A book of friction and a biography!" was the mixed order not long ago of a little boy sent by his father for a novel and a biography—a picture-palace influence presumably.

Little Boy.—"Hiv ye got the 'Book of Aquaria?'"

Official.—"Yes, my boy: but what do you want it for?"

Little Boy.—" 'Cause ma mither has bocht a gold-fish an' waants to ken how to feed it."

Shakespeare, in "Love's Labours Lost," refers to an individual who had never fed off the dainties that are bred in a book—had never eaten paper or drunk ink, whose intellect was not replenished; being only an animal, was sensible only in duller parts. But Rutherglen Library had a half-tipsy visitor who nearly out-Shakespeared Shakespeare by mistaking the place for a restaurant, and who, before being observed, had feasted on a current copy of *Blackwood* (a 2s. 6d. magazine), worrying the book with his teeth like a dog with a bone. When asked if he was prepared to pay for his lunch, he coolly remarked that it wasn't ready for consumption (some of the pages had been left uncut). It has been a strict rule since, when supplying patrons with new literary delicacies, to make sure and *carve* them first.

Rutherglen has long been reputed as a recruiting centre for "pros." for the national game—several leading players laying claim to the Royal Burgh as the place of their birth. At one time, to be connected in the remotest way with such celebrities was to acquire unwonted privileges, as the

following incident would seem to imply. Entering the News Room on one occasion, the writer was startled at hearing the deep, sonorous breathing of some sleeper with a snoring propensity of much strength. The readers were standing all round, silently perusing the latest football editions. Spotting the culprit beneath a bench, the question, "Who is he?" was asked the nearest reader. "Oh, dae ye no ken 'um?" exclaimed that individual in astonishment, "That's the Rangers' brither!"

List of office-bearers in October, 1830: John Allan, Preses; John Hamilton, Libro-Secretary; Robert Farms, Treasurer; David Gardner, Thomas Caldwell, Robert Templeton, Duncan M'Donald, Robert Forsyth, Managers.

Office-bearers at date of dissolution, 28th May, 1907: Sir James Fleming, Hon. Pres.; Henderson Irving, President; John Murray, Secretary; Ex-Provost James Kirkwood, Treasurer; Rev. W. F. Stevenson, Rev. John M'Neill, Rev. John Gall, Ex-Provost Lewis Mitchell, Bailie J. T. Macdonald, Councillor J. N. Brown, John Rogers, George C. Dingwall, James Walker, George Mathie, William Harrower, John F. Scott, Directors.

The Committee of Management at the opening of the present institution in 1907 was as follows: Provost Joseph Johnstone; Bailies James Macdonald and William Brown; Dean of Guild James Park; Ex-Provost James Kirkwood (Chairman); Sir James Fleming, Rev. W. F. Stevenson, Ex-Provost Lewis Mitchell, Henderson Irving, John F. Greig; George Gray, Clerk; Robert S. Murray, Treasurer; W. Ross Shearer, Librarian.

The present Library Committee, as appointed by the Town Council in November, 1921, are: Bailie Hardie, Chairman; Councillors James May, Vice-Chairman, John Tennent, Harry Ognall, R. J. Jones, and Archibald Clark; and Messrs. John Murray, Alexander Macrac, M.A., William Yates, William Hunter, James Wallace, and Alex. C. Wilson. Clerk of Library Committee, Geo. Gray; Treasurer, Donald M. Muir; Librarian, W. Ross Shearer.

INDUSTRIAL RUTHERGLEN

As the reader will observe from the diagram at page 245, diversity is the main feature of present-day industries in Rutherglen. In Chapter XVI. we purposed dealing with these in detail, but our weakness for old-time memories monopolised the space there, and, as a consequence, we must now confine this subject to a few paragraphs.

Perhaps the largest manufacturing concern within the town is the well-known *Shawfield Chemical Works*. It is said that the firm of John & James White were the first, and for long the only manufacturers of the bichromates of potassium and sodium in Scotland. The works are now among the largest in Britain, and cover some thirty acres of ground. Beginning in a small way some 113 years ago as a soap and soda venture, a certain Dr. White—a well-known Paisley surgeon—took over the business, which now employs about nine hundred workers in the manufacture of the bichromates, which are extensively used in dyeing, tanning, and other processes. The senior partner and founder, John White, resided at Shawfield, and James Campbell White, father of J. Campbell White, afterwards Lord Overtoun, occupied Hayfield House. Subsequent to the latter's death, the late Wm. James Chrystal became chief partner, and the greatly extended business is now under the able control of H. Hamilton Barrett.

Clyde Paper Co., Ltd., began its existence as a one machine effort in 1858, with an output of 20 tons per week, and carried on for some twenty years on the old-fashioned plan with such materials as rags and ropes, etc.; but since the introduction of Esparto grass and wood pulp, the business has increased by leaps and bounds, and is considered to be one of the best equipped and up-to-date in the country, employing 400 persons. The mill possesses three paper-making machines, one of which is 160 inches

wide—among the largest in the world. These machines turn out fully 200 tons of finest printing, drawing, news, and note papers per week. Art, chromo, and enamelled papers, pictorial post-cards, boards, etc., are also made.

The Phoenix Tube Works, under the control of Stewart & Lloyds, Ltd., employ in normal times some 2,000 men in the manufacture of all classes of malleable iron tubing, galvanized and ungalvanized gas and water pipes, boring, boiler, and cycle tubes, etc. These are exported extensively to America, Australia, New Zealand, India, China, Japan, and the Argentine.

Clydesdale Tube Works commenced business in 1850 under the title of Crichton & Eadie, and subsequently as James Eadie & Sons. For a long time only butt-welded tubes were made, but the firm's output increased considerably on the introduction of the lap-welded pattern. Notwithstanding their proximity to the larger company, this firm still holds a prominent position in the trade, and employs some 400 men. Mr. Andrew Eadie is the senior partner.

Clyde Patent Wire Rope Works belongs to the more modern industries, and, since their inception in 1894, the firm of Allan Whyte & Coy., Ltd., made such rapid progress that they were compelled to enlarge, and, in 1903-5, to rebuild their premises entirely. As makers of every class of iron and steel wire ropes, the firm has acquired a universal reputation, and has agencies in every part of the world. They are contractors also to the Admiralty and War Office, likewise to colonial and foreign governments.

Rutherglen Rope Works, John Todd & Sons, Ltd., and *Eastfield Ropery*, John Wilson & Sons, Ltd., are the largest of their kind in the country, and employ a great many workpeople. Twines and ropes of various qualities and thicknesses are made from jute, cotton, hemp, etc.

Box-cords (all qualities), gaskin for packing purposes, and coarse gaskin for drain-pipe joints are also produced. Both firms have an extensive home trade, but large consignments of goods are exported abroad.

Clydebridge Steel Works (David Colville & Sons, Ltd.) are an extension of the Dalziel Steel and Iron Works, Motherwell. Contractors to the Admiralty, and makers of the famous Dalziel brands of iron and steel plates, the firm, as mentioned elsewhere, has within recent years made extensive additions to their works at Rutherglen, and but for the present industrial crisis, hundreds of additional hands must have been required to keep this huge steel work going.

Caledonian Pottery Coy., Ltd., was established in the early seventies, under the joint ownership of Wm. F. Murray and John Macintyre, and had a large home and export trade in fancy earthenware, teapots, etc. A Liverpool firm now owns these works, and the chief manufactures are stone bottles, jam and acid jars, etc.

Webbing Manufacturers (Somerville & Morrison). This firm began business in 1874 as Brattice cloth manufacturers and waterproofers at Clyde Factory, Eastfield, and employ a considerable number of workers of both sexes. Chair web making and waterproof cloth manufacturing are also undertaken. The principal of the firm is Mr. John Somerville.

Eastfield Steam Chair Works (H. & A. G. Alexander & Co., Ltd.). This factory was in early times occupied and known as Matheson's Turkey Red Dyeworks. The premises were, some thirty years ago, taken over by the above firm, and adapted to the purpose of chair making. The founder of the firm, the late ex-Bailie Hugh Alexander, was for some time Senior Magistrate of Glasgow. The firm have many patents among their manufactures: these

are celebrated under the names of Plant's patent lever action, patent "Restuwell," patent "Triumph" chairs, etc. A large trade is also maintained in bed chairs and couches, barbers' chairs, coal vases and cabinets, music cabinets, camp and piano stools, as well as dining-room suites.

Eastfield Paper Works. These premises in the near vicinity of the last-named factory were recently owned by Stewart Bros., principally for the manufacture of brown papers and millboards. They have now been acquired by the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., for a similar purpose.

Rivet, Bolt, & Nut Co., Ltd. The Rutherglen branch of this well-known company was established about twenty years ago. There are still larger branches in Govan, Coatbridge, Motherwell, Port Glasgow, Gateshead-on-Tyne, and West Hartlepool. The chief office is in Glasgow. The works are situated on the Downieburn Road, near Dalmarnock Bridge.

Broomloan Shipyard. The early history of this important industry has been described in a previous chapter. The present owners, The Rennie, Ritchie & Newport Shipbuilding Co., with which is incorporated Wm. Chalmers & Co., the successors of T. B. Seath & Co., have reconstructed this old yard. On the east, a large extension has been made, and the most up-to-date plant installed. As in Seath's time, the new firm contracts for every class of vessel, paddle steamers, coasters, oil tankers, stern wheelers, yachts, tunnel boats, dock gates, etc., and have extensive yards also at Whiteinch and at Wivenhoe, Essex. The company consists of Chairman, C. H. C. Moller; Directors, Major Moller, Capt. Moller, Douglas Eadie, and Henderson Brewer.

Printing and Publishing. An important epoch in Rutherglen's history was the introduction of a weekly

newspaper. This venture, like many another great scheme, began in the Old Jail building in 1875, when, under the title of *The Rutherglen Reformer and Cambuslang Journal*, the paper was launched in the Liberal interest, with the late Mr. R. M. Russell as its first editor. Provost King and Treasurer Macalpine were the principal leaders in this movement, which Messrs. Baird & Hamilton, Ltd., of Airdrie, have so successfully carried through since. Besides *The Airdrie Advertiser* and *Rutherglen Reformer*, this firm also print and publish three other weekly newspapers. The second editor, Mr. John L. Kelly, sailed for Australia in 1881, after which Mr. Robert MacKenzie, now of Lochgilphead, undertook the editorship and the printing and publishing conjointly with the proprietors for nearly thirty-five years. Mr. Gavin Hamilton, a son of the original owners, now supervises the Rutherglen branch of the business, which is commodiously located at 84 Main Street.

The varied nature of the remaining trades can be gauged from the following summary:

Brass and Iron Founders. D. Harvie & Co., Clydebank Works.

Bell and Brass Founding. Robert Carson, Queen St.

Brick Making. R. & D. Adam, Lloyd Street.

Spindle and Auger Making. Edw. Simpson & Co., Harriet Street.

Cloth Manufacturing. Burnside Weaving Factory; and R. C. Higgins & Co., Avonbank.

Flock Manufacturing. G. & A. Gunn, Eastfield.

Coal Mining. Farme Coal Co., Ltd., Old Farme; and Wm. Dixon & Co., Ltd., Newhouse.

Motor Van and Lorry Building. D. A. L. Fleming, Greenhill Road.

Hair Works. Niven & Craig, Westburn Factory.

Feather Works. Gilchrist & Cameron, Clinearthill.

Dye Works. James Mills, Farie Street.

Chocolate Factory. A. Ferguson & Sons, Dryburgh Avenue.

Bakeries. John Nairn, Cathkin Bakery; and John Paterson & Son, Ltd., Moray Place.

Steam Laundries. Giffen & Bissett, Cathkin Laundry; and Richmond Park Laundry, Ltd., Eastfield.

Building Contractors. Train & Taylor, Farme Cross; Warnocks & Horsburgh, Farie Street; and John M'Donald, Ltd., Burnside.

Cement Works. Jos. Young & Co., Quay Road.

Fish Guano Works. The West Coast Fish Guano Coy., Downiebrae Road: James M. Davidson, Proprietor.

Briquette Making. Nelson Briquetting Co., Ltd., Downiebrae Road.

Boot Factory. R. G. Allan & Son, Ltd., Clydebank Works.

Varnish and Paint Works. Glasgow Varnish and Paint Coy., Downiebrae Road.

Asphalters and Tar Macadam Contractors. Wilson & Co., proprietors of "Wilsonite," Downiebrae Road.

Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. Riverside Engineering Co., Ltd., Clydebank Works.

Wire Works. Russell & Co., Wire Netting and Wire Rope Manufacturers, Downiebrae Road.

PROVOST, MAGISTRATES, AND COUNCILLORS OF THE
ROYAL BURGH OF RUTHERGLEN.

1921-1922.

MAGISTRATES:

Provost, John M'Callum; *Bailies*, David Hardie, John Miller; *Treasurer*, James Kirkwood; *Dean of Guild*, Wm. Bartholomew; *Sub-Dean of Guild*, William Anderson Thomson.

COUNCILLORS:

Gallowflat Ward: Harry Ognall, 2 Wardlaw Drive; John Miller, 254 Main Street; William Hill, 3 Hamilton Road.

Stonelaw Ward: John M'Callum, 22 Jedburgh Avenue; Robert John Jones, 44 Dryburgh Avenue; David Baird, 110 Hamilton Road.

Castle Ward: Edward Penman, 51 Farme Loan Road; David Hardie, 18 Albany Drive; Robert M'Ewan, 34 Hamilton Road.

Greenhill Ward: Joseph M'Guigan, 19 Kirkwood St.; William Anderson Thomson, 6 Johnstone Drive; James May, 47 Johnstone Drive.

Shawfield Ward: Archibald Clark, 8 Bankhead Road; John Tennent, 18 Greenhill Road; William Bartholomew, 22 Calderwood Road.

Crosshill Ward: James Kirkwood, Redholme, 40 Overtoun Drive; Thomas Reid, 6 Park Drive; James Fraser, The Neuk, 29 Crosshill Drive.

OFFICE-BEARERS AND OFFICIALS:

Town Clerk, George Gray; *Depute Town Clerk*, J. Anderson Gray; *Burgh Chamberlain and Collector of Rates*, Donald M. Muir; *Procurator-Fiscal and Burgh*

Prosecutor, John Wilson; *Burgh Surveyor and Burgh Engineer*, Hugh Inglis; *Medical Officer*, Robert Clarke, M.D.; *Health Visitor*, Miss Jessie Young; *Sanitary Inspector*, William Weir; *Assessor of Lands*, A. D. Lake; *Joint Burgh Analysts*, R. R. Tatlock and Robt. Tatlock Thomson; *Veterinary Inspector*, Donald Campbell, V.S.; *Officer under Explosives Act*, Robt. Dalrymple; *Fire-master*, Capt. H. J. Despard; *Superintendent of Cemetery and Sexton*, Wm. Watson; *Superintendent of the Parks*, David Brown; *Keeper of Halls and Town Officer*, Jasper Brown; *Town Crier and Letter Carrier to the Magistrates*, Archd. Yuill; *Bellringer*, David Reid; *Weights and Measures Inspector*, Andrew Mitchell, 3 Hamilton Road, Cambuslang; *Factory Inspector*, J. Kirkwood, Cambuslang.

RUTHERGLEN PARISH COUNCIL.

Chairman of Parish Council, Alexander Muir.

Chairman of Landward Committee, William Stewart.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL:

Gallowflat Ward: Alexander Anderson, 37 Parkhill Drive; William Hill, 3 Hamilton Road.

Stonelaw Ward: William Halliday, 5 Sefton Terrace; William U. Muir, 1 Cathkin Avenue.

Castle Ward: John Gilligan, 268 Main Street; Robert Young, 7 Victoria Street.

Greenhill Ward: Daniel M'Guigan, 6 Mitchell Street; Alexander Muir, 10 Chapel Street.

Shawfield Ward: John Reid, 46 Main Street; James Steel, Clydebank, Shawfield.

Crosshill Ward: Robert Lang, Marbella, Springfield Park; William Stirling, 5 Rodger Drive.

Landward.

Farne Ward: Peter B. Macormac, 89 Cambuslang Road; William Stewart, Farne House; James Williamson, Clyde Mill House.

Burnside Ward: William Cornwall Lee, "Glen O," Blairbeth Road; William Warden, 1 Peveril Avenue.

OFFICIALS UNDER THE COUNCIL:

Inspector of Poor and Clerk to Council, Allan S. Edmiston; *Assistant Inspector of Poor,* T. M. Aitken; *Medical Officer,* John A. Cook, M.D.; *Cashier and Collector of Rates,* James A. Swanson; *Assistant Collector of Rates,* Jean L. Watson; *Registrar,* Robert Gilchrist.

LANARKSHIRE CONSTABULARY.

Chief Constable, Captain Herbert John Despard, D.L.

Superintendent, Lower Ward Division, John Syme.

Inspector at Rutherglen, Robert Dalrymple.

There are twenty-five men of all ranks stationed at Rutherglen. During the War, fully a dozen of these served with the colours, and between seventy and eighty citizens enrolled as Special Constables, under the able superintendence of Inspector G. F. Duncan and Sub-Inspectors John Young and James Fairy. Nearly thirty members of this special Force, attaining to a full war-time service, received in acknowledgment the Bronze Medal which bears the inscription: "Georgivs V. Rex et Ind. Imp. For Faithful Service in The Special Constabulary."

This Force was withdrawn on 22nd March, 1919.

MUNICIPAL AND POLICE BOUNDARIES OF THE ROYAL
BURGH OF RUTHERGLEN

Extended and Confirmed by the Rutherglen Burgh Order
Confirmation Act, 1906.

COMMENCING at the extreme north-east point of the existing Burgh in the centre of the River Clyde about eight hundred and ninety feet west of Dalmarnock Bridge, and following the centre line of the said river in an easterly direction to the east side of the said bridge, then southward along the east side of the said bridge and of Dalmarnock Road to the junction of said road with the Cambuslang Road, thence in south-easterly direction along the south-west side of the Cambuslang Road to the north-east corner of enclosure 41 of the Ordnance Survey Map of the Parish of Rutherglen (second edition), thence in a straight line in a southerly direction to the northern extremity of the fence running northwards from the east side of the railway bridge north of Gallowflat House, thence in a south-westerly direction along the said last-mentioned fence for a distance of about one hundred and forty-five feet to the north side of the Caledonian Railway, thence in a south-easterly direction along the north side of the Caledonian Railway (excluding the goods station) to the Cambuslang Road, thence along the south-west side of said road till it meets the Scion Burn, thence in a south-westerly, south-easterly, and again in a south-westerly direction following the centre of the said burn to the eastern boundary of enclosure 74 on said map, thence in a southerly direction along the said boundary for a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet, thence in a south-westerly direction in a straight line to the bend in the north-east side of the Calderwood Road, thence in a southerly direction in a straight line to the north-east corner of enclosure 238 of said map, thence following the east, the south-east, and the southern

boundaries of said last-mentioned enclosure and the southern boundary of enclosure 237^a of said map to a point one hundred feet east from the east side of the East Kilbride Road, thence in a southerly and south-easterly direction parallel to the said road till it meets the northern boundary fence of the Lanarkshire and Ayrshire Railway, thence in a westerly direction along said fence to a point one hundred and fifty feet west of the Castlemilk Road, thence in a north-westerly direction parallel to the said road to the centre of the Cityford or West Burn, thence generally in a north-westerly direction along the centre of the said burn to the centre of the Bankhead Road, thence in a north-westerly direction in a straight line to the point of intersection of the Cathcart Road by the prolongation southwards of the western boundary of the existing Burgh, thence in a northerly direction along the line of said boundary to the centre of the West Burn, thence in a north-westerly direction in a straight line to the boundary of the City of Glasgow, thence following said City boundary in a northerly and north-easterly direction to the centre of the River Clyde at a point about two hundred and thirty feet east from Rutherglen Bridge, thence following the centre of the river in a south-easterly, southerly, and north-easterly direction to the point of commencement hereinbefore described.

MASONIC AND OTHER LODGES

THE Masonic Brotherhood is said to be the most ancient Society in existence. Rutherglen "Royal Arch" 116 and "St. John's" 347 are both of long standing—how long we can only guess. It was at least prior to 1768, for on the 27th Decr. of that year the Craft met, and agreed to apply for a charter, which was duly granted on 21st March, 1769, in favour of Rutherglen "Royal Arch" Lodge,

No. 146. The first office-bearers were: James Park, *Master*; David Smith and John Reid, *Wardens*; John Crooks, *Treasurer*; Wm. Jackson, *Secretary*; George Muir and John Hutchison, *Stewards*. The members, we may suppose, were not numerous at that period. The Lodge met in the Old Jail up till 1898, and in the interval had built the new Halls in Queen Street, the foundation stone being laid by Bro. James Stevens, R.W.M., on 3rd July, 1897. There are now upwards of 1,300 members, and a new building scheme is being considered. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be mentioned that twenty-one office-bearers are necessary to form a Lodge properly; thus for 1920 the following list shows the order of rank and the member chosen for the responsible duty:

William Freebairn, *R. W. Master*.
 Joseph M'Michael, *I. P. Master*.
 John Cadoo, *Dep. Master*.
 Henry Simpson, *Sub-Master*.
 E. M'Adam Ritchie, *Sen. Warden*.
 Thos. Westwood, *Jun. Warden*.
 Wm. W. Park, *Secretary*.
 Thomas Hart, *Treasurer*.
 Douglas Clifford, *Chaplain*.
 Robert Adams, *Sen. Deacon*.

Matthew Kidd, *Jun. Deacon*.
 Hugh Stevenson, *Architect*.
 William Brown, *Jeweller*.
 Archd. Yuill, *Bible Bearer*.
 William Blair, *Dir. of Music*.
 James M'Grady, *Stand. Bearer*.
 Archd. Sharp, *Sen. Steward*.
 Robt. M'Geachie, *Jun. Steward*.
 John Steel, *Marshal*.
 James Yuill, *Inner Guard*.

David Clark, *Tyler*.

The charter granted to "St. John's" No. 347 is dated 30th November, 1846. This Rutherglen Lodge of Operative Masons also met originally in the Old Jail and subsequently in Dean Reid's Hall. It has had a most successful career, there being at present some 1,500 members on roll. The foundation stone of the Masonic Hall in Cathcart Street was laid on 6th March, 1875, by Bro. John Cunningham, R.W.M. The original office-bearers were James Cross, *R.W.M.*; James Cameron, *Dep. Master*; Archd. Cook and Wm. Stobo, *Wardens*; James Yuill, *Treasurer*; Thomas Pollock, *Secy.*; Archibald Freebairn, *Clerk*; John Brown and Wm. Tosh, *Deacons*; David Tosh, *Steward*; and William Shaw, *Tyler*. In 1920 the

chief offices were held by Alex. Gardner, *R.W.M.*; Robert Paterson and Robert Brown, *Wardens*; Robert Gardner, *Secretary*; and John Steel, *Treasurer*. A former Secretary of this Lodge, Bro. Robert Warnock, held the post for nearly forty years, while Bro. Thomas Shuttleton served twenty-eight years as Treasurer. Both were highly esteemed by the brethren, and were recipients of handsome gifts on their retiral.

Rutherglen Oddfellows' Friendly Society (Dr. Adam Paterson Lodge) was instituted in July, 1877, as a branch of the Glasgow District, Manchester Unity Oddfellows. The present Secretary is William Hamilton, 16 Birkwood Street, Dalnarnock.

The Ancient Order of Foresters' Court "Royal Burgh," 6162, was formally opened on 8th October, 1875. This Lodge became very popular under the guidance of its indefatigable Secretary, Mr. James Steel, P.H.C.S., of whom a portrait and life sketch recently appeared in the official magazine of the Order.

A branch of the Irish National Foresters began in Rutherglen in 1885, and is still carrying on successfully.

The Rutherglen "Cathkin" Lodge of Loyal Ancient Shepherds was inaugurated in 1887, and the "Rutherglen Thistle" Lodge of Ancient Free Gardeners in February, 1880.

There are many other societies, such as the Loyal Order of Orangemen; the Independent Order of Rechabites, formed in 1870; and the League of the Cross Total Abstinence Society, established in 1889; Rutherglen Funeral Society, which dates back to 1825; Rutherglen Horticultural Society, and Rutherglen Victoria Gardens Association. The latter was opened in 1863 at the head of Greenhill Road, under the Presidency of James Steven,

the Secretary being Richard Hill. The Committee were Dr. James Gorman, Hugh Lyle, Alex. M'Arthur, Robert Steven, Harry Paterson, and Thomas Shuttleton. The present office-bearers are W. Blair Lyle, *President*; Thomas Wallace, *Vice-President*; John Mungall, *Secretary*; and Councillor John Tennent, *Treasurer*. The Society's last balance-sheet shows a total income of £239 7s. 7d., and a credit balance of £77 13s. 9d., a "flourishing" condition truly. Retaining its original designation, Rutherglen Victoria Gardens transferred to Alleysbank on 1st February, 1880, and to Claudeshush, Mill Street, 11th November, 1890. The present site in Rodger Drive was acquired on 28th November, 1912.

The magnificent work accomplished by Rutherglen Ratepayers' Association is largely due to the efficiency of its present office-bearers: *President*, John Young; *Secretary*, William Ronald; and *Treasurer*, James Hay. While these gentlemen remain in office, the public interest will be fully safeguarded.

Chapters on the old Volunteers and the work of Col. R. S. Murray, V.D.—the resuscitated Territorial Force and Lanarkshire Infantry Units, re-organised first as a Citizen Force and subsequently as a unit of one of the Glasgow Volunteer Battalions under Capt. William C. Lee of the Cadets, and still later by Capt. Hugh Inglis as the "D" Company, 1/1st Bn., Lanarkshire Volunteer Regiment—are reluctantly withheld for the present, but may appear in a future supplement. The same remark applies to all other organisations, clubs, classes, etc., and particularly "Lanimer Day," which, it is anticipated, Councillor James May will now, with the help of his colleagues in the Council, be able to establish on a permanent basis.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF BRUCE CHARTER

Addendum to page 24, line 8, after the word "effect."

William by the Grace of God King of Scots to Bishops, Abbots, Earls, Barons, Justiciars, Sheriffs, Provosts, Officers and all good men of his whole land, clerics and laymen greeting. Be it known to those present and to come that I have granted and given and by this my Charter confirmed to my Burgh of Rutherglen and to my burgesses of the said town all the customs and rights which they had in the time of King David my Grandfather and those marches which he granted to them, that is to say, from Neithan as far as Polmacde, and from Garin as far as Kelvin, and from Loudun as far as Prenteineth, and from Karnebuth to Karun; And whosoever shall have taken Toll or other rights wheresoever which belonged to the foresaid town in the time of King David the Provost of the said town or his officer may apprehend him in whatsoever land, the lord of that land shall provide assistance to the Provost of Rutherglen or his officer that he may be impeded until they recover the rights of the King and if the Lord of the town shall not do this I will that he be in my forfeiture of Ten pounds. And I firmly forbid any one from bringing anything for sale within these forenamed marches unless it has been first brought to the Burgh of Rutherglen. Witnesses, Ernald, Abbot of Melrose, Joceline, Archdeacon of Dunkeld, Robert of London, Walter Corbet, William Comyn, Walter de Berclai, Chamberlain, John of London, At Jedburgh.

CONCLUSION



READER, the story of our ancient Royal Burgh is not yet told.

We have given in part a few personal reminiscences and a few historical and traditional references concerning it, which we hope may be of some interest generally.

When, as we have already suggested, the Town Council Records have been transcribed and made available to the general reader, there should be no lack of story-tellers, for every page of these musty old Minute Books will tell their own story.

Meanwhile, if this little quota of ours be the means of inducing some abler pen to be wielded, or of prompting some courageous Councillor to raise his voice on the desirability and urgency of transcribing and printing these Burgh muniments forthwith, the purpose of this book will be fully realised.

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