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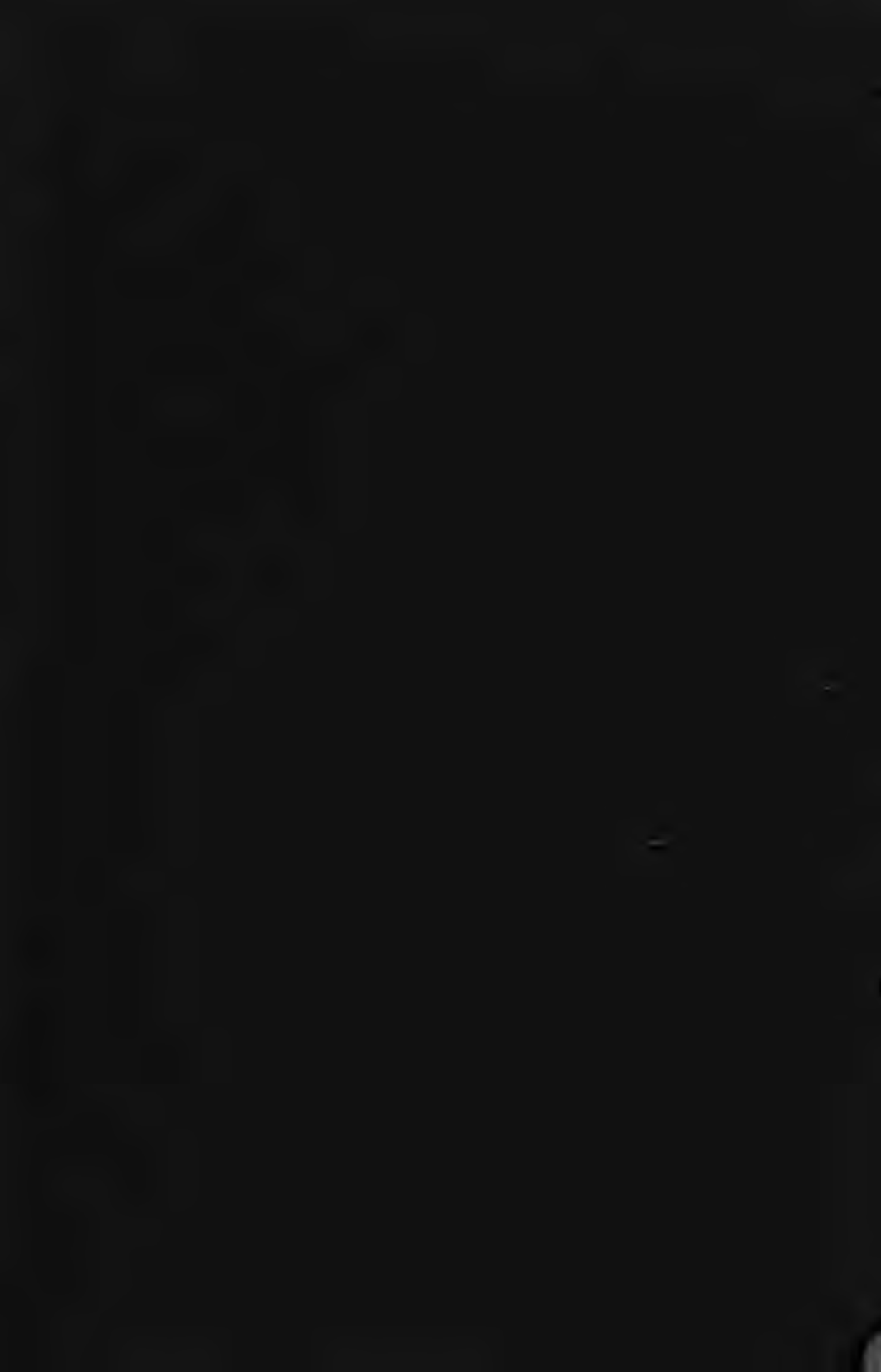
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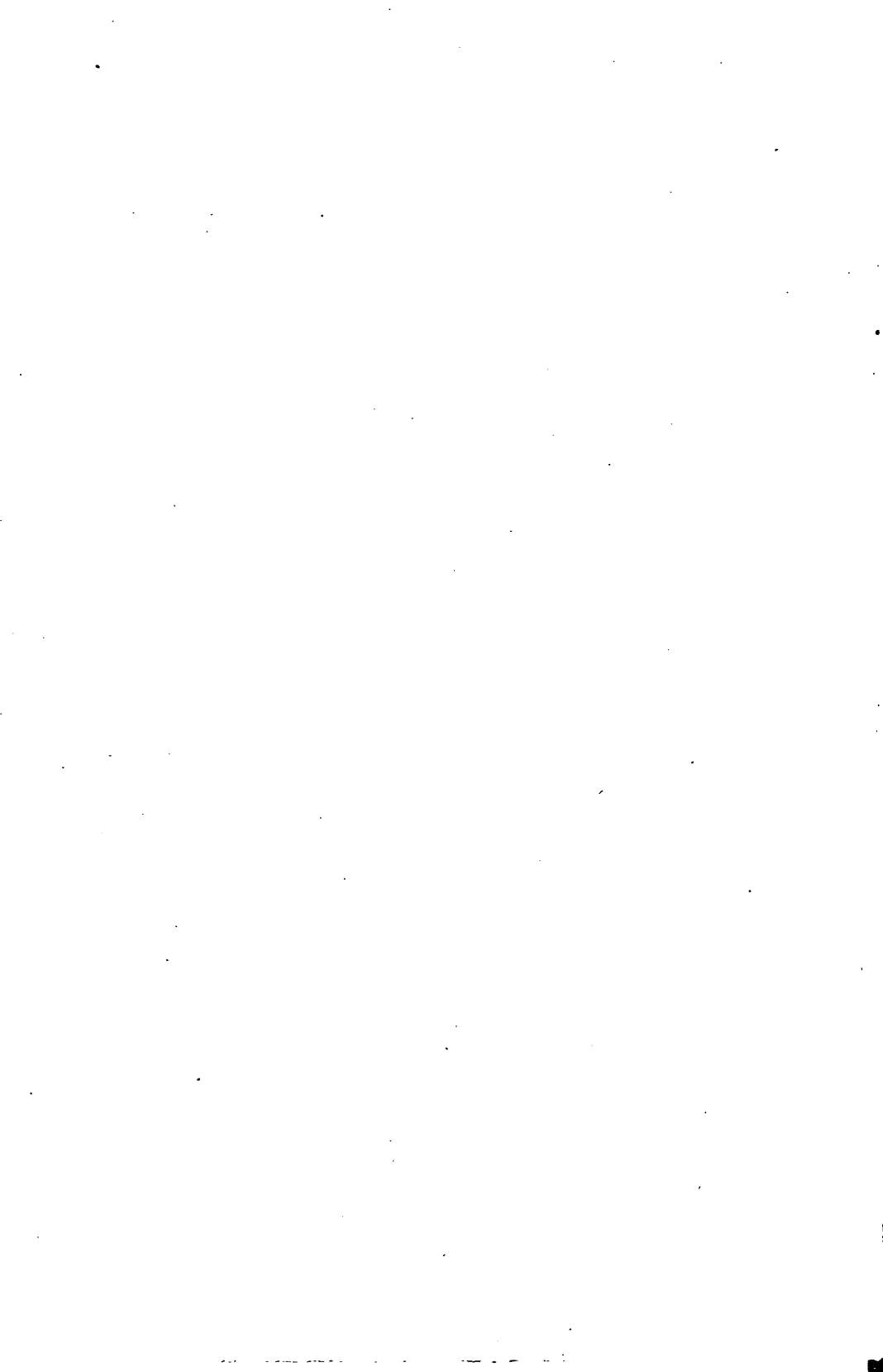
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HISTORICAL NOTICES OF BUSBY
AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



BUSBY
AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD,

INCLUDING THE PARISHES OF

CARMUNNOCK, EAST KILBRIDE, MEARNES, AND
 CATHCART:

BEING

Historical Notices,

IN FOUR LECTURES,

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM ROSS, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF "GLIMPSES OF PASTORAL WORK IN THE COVENANTING TIMES,"

"BURGH LIFE IN DUNFERMLINE IN THE OLDEN TIME," ETC.

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To the Memory

OF

THE LATE JOHN ROSS,

FELLOW OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
OF GLASGOW;

AND FOR UPWARDS OF FORTY YEARS MEDICAL PRACTITIONER
AT BUSBY;

ONE OF THE KINDEST OF BROTHERS AND BEST OF MEN,

THESE "HISTORICAL NOTICES"

ARE INSCRIBED.





NOTE.



THE following pages are a humble attempt to make the Popular Lecture, now so common, the vehicle for communicating antiquarian and historical information of a local kind, with the view of keeping alive the memory of the past; so that what in it is worthy of imitation may be emulated, and what is deserving of reprobation may be shunned. Written without a view to publication, and given to the public at the solicitation of those who heard them delivered, at Busby, in the late autumn and early winter months of last year, in aid of a local benevolent scheme, the author wishes that these Lectures were worthier of notice. In preparing them for the press, some alterations and additions have been made; but it has been found impracticable to assign every statement of fact to the source from which it has been drawn—stored up as the references to authorities are, among other matters, in nearly a score of note-books. In the case of lectures cast in a popular mould, this is perhaps less to be regretted; but it may be stated that, in every

instance in which it was possible, the writer has gone to the original sources of information ; and he has made no statement for which he does not believe there is good evidence. A good many of these authorities are indicated in the body of the Lectures ; and, as regards the others, it may suffice to say that the following have been laid under contribution : the Chartularies of Glasgow and Paisley ; the "Acts of the Scottish Parliament ;" the "Acta Dominorum Auditorum ;" Wilson's "Pre-historic Annals of Scotland ;" Chalmers's "Caledonia ;" Skene's "Celtic Scotland ;" Cosmo Innes's "Scotch Legal Antiquities ;" "Scotland in the Middle Ages ;" and "Sketches of Early Scotch History ;" the "Origines Parochiales ;" Crawford's "History of Renfrewshire ;" Dr. Hew Scott's "Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ ;" and Chambers's and Thomson's "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen."

The writer is glad to learn that, as one practical result of the delivery of these Lectures, some gentlemen resident in Busby and its neighbourhood have adopted the suggestions, that a tablet should be erected to the memory of John Parker, of Busby, one of the Pentland martyrs ; and that the tomb-stone of the Rev. Andrew Morton, of Carmunnock, which can still be identified, should have its inscription renewed.

It has only to be added that, with the view of encouraging researches into the Natural History of the neighbourhood, there is given, in an Appendix, a list of some of the Flowering Plants and Ferns found in it, with a note of their

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habitats. This list has been compiled chiefly from the *Herbaria* left by the Author's brother, the late Dr. Ross of Busby.

BRIDGE-OF-ALLAN,

May, 1883.







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HISTORICAL NOTICES OF BUSBY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

LECTURE I.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD IN EARLY TIMES.

FEW people of much intelligence can live for any considerable time in a district, without wishing to know something of its history,—who its earliest inhabitants were as far as authentic annals reveal them, and what traces they have left behind them ; what important events have taken place in it as the centuries have rolled on ; what outstanding names are associated with it—illustrious on account of their high social position, their struggles on the side of civil or religious liberty, or their attainments in literature, science, or the arts. However beautiful a neighbourhood may naturally be—and no one who has ever, in favourable circumstances, even once enjoyed the view from the Ryat Hill in our immediate vicinity, can deny that this neighbourhood is very beautiful—it adds greatly to the interest we feel in it, to know what incidents of a historical kind, however humble, are connected with its localities. It adds interest to a place even to know that its name has been embalmed in the literature of the country, or finds a place in one of its ballads or songs.

But higher ground than this can be taken as a plea for the diffusion of the knowledge of the historical incidents connected with a neighbourhood. It has evidently been intended that we should profit by experience—that of others as well as our own; and so it must be as unwise to neglect the lessons of the past, as it is to make no provision for the wants of the future. It is not an evidence of that “wide discourse, looking before and after,” with which the poet has credited man, to make no inquiry regarding the generations which have preceded us; or to be entirely without concern as to the character of those which are to follow. In the march of intelligence, men are not satisfied unless they explore the rocks beneath their feet, with their records of extinct species of plants and animals, which belong to an epoch ere man was called into existence. Surely, then, it cannot be either scientific or wise to overlook the experiences of our fellow-men, and especially our fellow-countrymen, in ages less remote, in whatever way these experiences have come down to us.

But it may well be asked why a comparative stranger should venture to call your attention to the historical incidents connected with your neighbourhood, when so many educated men residing in the district are so much more able to do justice to the theme. A very few sentences, for which I must claim your indulgence, will, I hope, show that I do not appear before you in the character of an interloper.

A great deal of what is interesting in the history of a neighbourhood which has not been thoroughly explored, lies in quarters which are not very accessible to the general reader. Now, it so happened that, a great many years ago, when investigating the history of another district in which I was much interested, I came across a good many notices of an important kind connected with this neighbourhood. It would have been very unnatural had I not felt an interest in

what related to my native district and the scenes of my boyhood; and so I made jottings of such facts as seemed to throw light on the social, civil, and religious history of your neighbourhood. These jottings having been communicated to my brother—whose memory, I believe, is still cherished in this place—others became aware of them; and, at their request, I threw them, fragmentary as they were, into a sort of connected narrative, which I read to some inhabitants of the village more than twenty years ago. I had fancied that they were entirely forgotten, when it was suggested to me, in connection with the benevolent object which brings me here at present, that some notices of the history of their neighbourhood would again be acceptable to the villagers. This set me a-rummaging among my old papers; and having during the score of years that had elapsed, wandered into “fresh fields and pastures new,” I have now put into a completer form what I have learned of the history of this neighbourhood.

When I speak of completeness, I must, however, explain that I do not pretend to have made anything like a thorough or exhaustive search into the history of the district; and, even if I had, no one could reasonably expect the results of such an inquiry to be fully told in four lectures. What I lay before you is fitted to stimulate, rather than to satisfy, inquiry; and I shall be only too glad if some one, blessed with more leisure than falls to my lot, will take up the subject, and deal with it in a worthier way.

More than one lecture of an interesting kind might, I daresay, be written on matters connected with the village of Busby itself. But the plan I mean to follow is to take the four parishes with which the village is connected: the parishes of Mearns and Cathcart, in which the larger portion of the village now called Busby is situated—for I need hardly tell you that the original village, or hamlet, of

that name was on the Lanarkshire side of the Cart ; and then to take the parishes of Carmunnock and East Kilbride, in which the other part of the village is situated, belonging, as it does, to the former parish *quoad sacra*, and to the latter *quoad civilia*. This, then, is to be our field. And, as regards the mode in which it is to be dealt with, I may as well say at once that I am to speak to you in a homely style, and that I have little favour for that dry-as-dust mode of dealing with the annals of the past, which confines itself to mere details, without taking into account the way in which facts are connected with the workings of mind and heart. The history of a country, or even a neighbourhood, must appeal to what men are interested in and hold dear. The time, it is to be presumed, has gone past when a mere enumeration of dry details can be regarded as serving the purposes of history, even in its local and more humble form. I am conscious, however, that it is much easier to set up a right standard than to reach it.

Here we are, then, in this year of grace 1882, met to consider what can be known of the past history of the district lying immediately around us ; and our first inquiry must be, "What are the earliest authentic records connected with it ?" In one sense, the first authentic records of a district lie in its rocks, with their imperishable narrative of past convulsions, and their long line of extinct species of plants and animals—of an antiquity so hoary that man, who tries to read the record, is obliged to confess himself, and the species to which he belongs, as but of yesterday. These annals we are not to attempt to read to-night. I may remark in passing, however, that among the first attempts to examine and carefully figure the fossils of the district, were those of the Rev. David Ure, author of the very valuable "History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride," to whose researches, in other directions, we shall

have occasion again and again to refer. When a boy at Thornliebank School, I was smitten with the love of geology, and used, long before school hours, to wend my way to Arden limestone quarry in search of encrinites, belemnites, and other fossils. The way to the quarry led past the farm-house of Arden, then occupied by a Mr. Watson, who had a large, surly, white bull-dog, who strongly objected to the study of geology, or, at least, to youthful geologists passing the house he had to guard. One morning he was off the chain, and made a rush at me as I was returning with my fossils. I had secured, among other things, a fine large nodule, which I intended to break up, not doubting that it would contain something rich and rare. But it was put to an ignominious use ; for I had in self-defence to pitch it at the dog's head ! He evidently did not like this practical application of geology to the art of self-defence, for he beat a hasty retreat. And that was the end of my researches in the limestone measures at Arden.

But there are records in the soil as well as in the rocks ; records, too, which are not exposed to the danger of being tampered with, and which carry us considerably beyond the date of native written annals ; and to these records contained in the soil we must give a passing glance. It should be premised that the first authentic annals of a written kind which give us much information regarding the earliest inhabitants of our country are to be found in the pages of the Roman historian Tacitus, the son-in-law of Agricola, and the historian of his battles ; for there is no reason for thinking that Julius Cæsar knew anything personally of Scotland. At that time—during the first century of the Christian era—the tribe spoken of by the Romans as the *Danmonii*, roamed through the woods of what is now known as Renfrewshire ; and after they had come into contact, of a rough but civilising kind, with the spears and battle-axes

of the soldiers of Agricola, the district they inhabited formed part of the Roman province of Valentia, which, roughly stated, lay between the two great walls—that between the Forth and the Clyde on the north, and that between the Solway and the Tyne on the south. Much has been written regarding the inhabitants of the district at that early time; but perhaps nothing is more authentically known of them, in their domestic condition at least, than was revealed about seventy years ago, when one of their little underground villages was discovered on the lands of Overlee, on the north bank of the river Cart, in the immediate neighbourhood of Busby, and near the site of the old Castle of Lee or Williamwood. This little underground village has been fully described by the Rev. Dr. Smith of Cathcart, in the New Statistical Account of that parish. It may suffice to say here that it consisted of forty-two houses, of which thirty-six formed an arc of a circle on the lower ground, and the remaining six formed a similar arc, higher up the hill. These subterranean dwellings, or “weems,” as they are usually called, were from four to five feet high, and from eight to twelve feet square, rudely faced with undressed stones. The floor of each was paved in a rough way, having a hole in the centre for a fireplace, in which the ashes of coal were found. A rich black mould covered the floor for about a foot in depth, and about a dozen querns or hand-mills, made of stone, and intended for grinding corn, were found in them, along with a quantity of smooth pebbles. Close to the little village there was also found a stone coffin, with a rude urn of baked clay beside it. Now, there can be little doubt that this congeries of underground dwellings formed the village of a little community of the aborigines of our country at a time, it may be, as early as the Roman invasion, and possibly much earlier. Nothing was found in the weems indicating the possession of bronze

or iron. Everything, indeed, pointed to a low state of civilisation. The existence of coal ashes may, to some, appear out of keeping with this conclusion ; but it is well known that thin seams of coal crop out on the banks of the Cart, very near the spot in question, and the supply of fuel was no doubt got there.

Under-ground dwellings, quite similar to those we have just described, have been found over a great part of our country—in Lanarkshire, Perthshire, Forfarshire, Aberdeenshire, Inverness-shire, Ross, Sutherland, and even in the Orkney Islands. They do not seem to have been confined to our country ; for Tacitus tells us that the Germans of that early time were in the habit of digging caves in the earth, in which they laid up their grain, and to which they themselves retired at the approach of winter, or when an enemy appeared in the open country bent on plunder. And this, in all likelihood, was the use to which the weems of Overlee were put. Imagination might supply some parts at least of the history of the little community that dwelt there in those far-off times. Human feelings moved them, as certainly as they do us. They had their hopes and fears ; their hours of pain and pleasure ; and their experiences of winter's blast and summer's heat, in probably a far more intense degree than we have. But the memory of their loves and sorrows ; their keen chases after the deer ; their battles with the wolf and the wild boar, then common in the country ; and their direr conflicts with neighbouring tribes, or Roman soldiers, has sunk into the shades of an unremembered night. They often had their scouts on the Ryat Hill, or other neighbouring heights, we doubt not, to know what the enemy was about ; and the roar of Busby Linn often fell on their listening ear by night.

But they have vanished, like the leaves of the forest ; and the ploughman draws his furrows, and the reaper binds

his sheaves, over the spot where those underground cells nestled, without knowing that the little village ever existed !

It is all very well of the poet to sing of the time when "wild in woods the noble savage ran ;" but, looking at these little weems, five feet high and little more than eight feet square, we thank Dryden for the kind wishes implied in the line, and respectfully decline the honour of sharing such a nobility. If the women who toiled at the quern, crooning the while some rude song, could have foreseen the kind of machinery that was in course of time to supplant theirs, at Kittoch, or Philipshill, or Waterside meal-mills, what would they have thought ? And how much more mysterious would the spinning-jennies and printing machines of your cotton mills and print-works have appeared !

The stone-coffin and the urn, to which I have alluded, throw some light on the religious belief of the ancient community. The care of the dead is one of the surest proofs of the belief in a future state of existence. No doubt, this belief is sometimes of the rudest kind. The North American Indians think of the future life as associated with happy hunting-fields. Perhaps some such view was entertained by the aborigines of our country. A supply of flint arrow-heads has sometimes been found in stone-coffins ; and probably they have been put there, in order to be useful to the departed hunter in his future exploits. The existence of urns in tombs may be explained in two ways : as either intended to contain a supply of food ; or, when filled with calcined bones, hinting darkly at the lives of attendants sacrificed, so that the departed might not be without companions in his dark and unaccustomed journey.

Away back to the same pre-historic period we must, no doubt, refer the boats, hollowed out of single stems of trees—*monoxyla*, as the learned delight to call them—which have been dug out of the banks of the Clyde, at Glasgow,

when the river flowed at a different level from what it does now ; when it spread out into an estuary, which covered not merely the ground on which the greater part of the city is now built, but came up to the base of Cathkin Hills—the river losing itself in the Firth, near Rutherglen. Similar boats have also been exhumed at Castlemilk, in the neighbourhood of Carmunnock ; one of which was built of planks of oak, secured with wooden pins. But no vestige of iron was found in connection with any of these boats ; which proves them to have been of a very early period indeed.

The time of the Roman occupation of our country is an interesting and important one ; but there is not a great deal connected with its bearing on this district which need detain us long over it. Julius Agricola entered our country in the year 80 of the Christian era—the subjugation of South Britain having been completed in 78 ; and from that time till the year 407, a period of upwards of three hundred years, a great part of the country was under the dominion of the Romans. There seems little doubt that the earliest inhabitants of this district were a Celtic tribe, closely allied, in blood and language, with the people we now call the Welsh. There is a considerable similarity between the names of some of the great natural features of this part of the country, and those we find in Wales at the present day.

In the aborigines of Alban—for that, and not Caledonia, was the early native name of the country—the Romans found “foemen worthy of their steel.” The great walls, with their attendant lines of defensive works, make this evident ; and although the imperial forces extended their conquests as far north as the Moray Firth, in course of time the north wall became the limit of their power, and, latterly, the southern wall, between the Solway and the Tyne, was the acknowledged boundary. From all we can gather of the natives of the district at the beginning of the period of the

Roman occupation, they were respectable specimens of savage tribes, living on the milk of their flocks or the produce of the chase ; burrowing in huts rather than living in houses ; thinking themselves too hardy to need to be much troubled with the encumbrance of dress, especially in summer ; and fighting bravely with shield and spear and dagger, for the liberty which Rome had invaded. It is even said that they sometimes fought in cars, drawn by a small spirited breed of horses ; but the descriptions which Tacitus has left of his father-in-law's battles, like the specimens he gives of the speeches of native warriors, are to be taken with a grain of reserve. There can be no doubt that civilisation, and the first gleams of Christian light, came to our country in the wake of the Romans. The Romanised Britons, between the two walls, enjoyed the privileges of a modified citizenship ; and they derived from their conquerors many of the arts and refinements of civilised life. As a single specimen, there can be no doubt that the orchards of Clydesdale were first planted by the Romans ; and it is interesting to find the venerable Bede, in the eighth century, referring to the apple-yards of Lanark. There are a number of Roman remains in this neighbourhood which have been noticed by various writers. Sir Robert Sibbald mentions that in his time the remains of a Roman "causey" were visible at Maulsmyre, on the estate of Castlemilk ; and Ure, in his "History of East Kilbride," notices an interesting discovery made at Castlemilk in 1792 of a helmet, gorget, dagger, and other iron relics, along with two bronze vessels, which we need have no hesitation in setting down as of Roman workmanship. The same writer gives an amusing account of a discovery made by some rustics in East Kilbride, of a large urn filled with human bones ; and, close by it, an iron implement that looked like an old spade, but which was in all likelihood a bill or battle-axe. The dis-

coverers, on finding the urn, did not doubt that it would be full of golden treasure, and, in a spirit of stern justice, resolved that this should be equally divided. You may figure to yourselves the expression their faces wore when they found its contents to be merely old bones! But there was still the mysterious piece of iron, and what was to be done with it? Ure tells us that it was again magnanimously resolved not to sell it. It had been taken out of a grave which was believed to be haunted, and nobody could tell what good luck there might be in the possession of it, or what bad luck might follow parting with it. The inglorious end of the relic was to be converted into tackets! To such base uses may the remains of antiquity be turned when they fall into the hands of the ignorant. But I shall not linger a minute longer over those very early days. When the Romans abandoned Scotland, the tribe inhabiting this district joined with the other tribes of Romanised Britons, who shared with them the country between the two walls, and formed the kingdom of Strathclyde, that kingdom thus including the district with which we are now dealing. The capital of this kingdom was Alclyd, "the rocky height on the Clyde," as the name means, now known as Dumbarton; and among the petty kings, or pendragons, who ruled over it was the celebrated Arthur of the Round Table, whom the poetry of a long line of bards, including Tennyson, has idealised and clothed with the rainbow-robcs of romance, to such an extent that the real, in his history, cannot now be separated from the fictitious. Suffice it to say, regarding this kingdom, that, pressed on the east by the Saxons, who had laid hold of Lothian, and on the south by the same adventurers, who had formed the kingdom of Northumbria, the Britons had at length to give way before superior power. Ida enlarged the boundaries of Northumbria till it stretched from the

Humber to the Forth. And what he conquered his successors, Aella and Ethelred and Edwin, kept secure—the last named of these kings of Northumbria having founded and given his name to the future metropolis of Scotland. The kingdom of Strathclyde, however, is only narrowed, not destroyed, by these events. But that consummation is steadily approaching.

A long time now elapses ere we find the light of history falling on this district. The Picts have still the Firth of Forth as their southern boundary, when the Scots, from Ireland, settle on the western shores and islands of our country; and, after many a battle, their quarrel with the Picts is composed in an amicable way, by the intermarriage of the representatives of the two royal families; and Kenneth Macalpine reigns over the united people, henceforth known as the Scottish nation, and their country known as Scotland. Under the descendants of Kenneth the boundaries of Scotland are enlarged by the acquisition of Cumberland, the conquest of Strathclyde, and the cession of Lothian. It is with the conquest of Strathclyde that our subject leads us to concern ourselves for a little. Struggling for independence for more than five centuries, the little kingdom at length yielded to the superior power of Kenneth III., in the year 970; and Dunwallon, the last of its kings, travelled to Rome, and, assuming the habit of a monk, died there. From this time the whole district around us, as part of the conquered kingdom of Strathclyde, belonged to the Scottish kingdom.

We must now pass over a period of upwards of a hundred-and-fifty years, till we reach the reign of David I., he who, by his many and rich donations to the Church, won the distinction, accorded him by one of his successors, of being “a soir sanct to the crowne.” The first person in whose hands we find, by written documents, the lands of Eaglesham and Dripps, and Cathcart and Pollok, and others that

we may have occasion to name by-and-by, is King David ; and that is more than seven hundred years ago. But we see them in his hands only as they are about to pass over to Walter Fitz-Alan, the Great Steward of Scotland ; a functionary whose office was somewhat akin to that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the present time. This Walter Fitz-Alan, who, through the gift of King David, became proprietor of the lands of " Renfrew and Passeleth and Polloc, and Talahec, and Kerkert, and the Drep, and the Mutrene and Eaglisham, and Lochinavche and Innerwick, with all the pertinents of these lands," was, I need hardly remind you, the progenitor of the royal line of Stewart. Some people are still to be found, I doubt not, who are so credulous as to believe that the Stewarts came of an ancient Scottish clan ; but, if anything in family history has been more clearly proved than another, it is that they were originally a Norman family, and came into Scotland from Shropshire in England. The name Stewart is simply a corruption of the name of the office of Steward, which Walter Fitz-Alan held.

In this gift of lands, which form a great part of what is now known as Renfrewshire, we have an interesting exemplification of the feudal system. In those fighting times the king stood much in need of fighting men ; and so King David made over this wide tract of country to Walter Fitz-Alan for the military service of five knights ; and Walter, in accordance with this system, gave large portions of the lands thus acquired to certain knights and gentlemen, who were bound to be ready, with their retainers, to support their feudal lord in the day of battle. In this way the Montgomeries and Cathcarts, and Rolands and Polloks, and many others became the possessors of estates in the district around us. And there can be little doubt that, in the sub-division of the land, those knights who had already given proof of their loyalty and prowess in battle would fare all the better.

The Montgomeries, as well as the Lindsays and the Comyns, with whom we shall soon meet, were of Norman origin ; while Maccus, the progenitor of the Maxwells, was of Saxon extraction. King David, you are aware, had lived much in England ; and, when he ascended the throne, a whole shoal of adventurers followed him into Scotland.

From this time the authentic notices of a historical kind connected with this neighbourhood turn chiefly on two religious houses—the Abbey of Paisley and the Cathedral Church of Glasgow. With the monastery of Paisley the parishes of Carmunnock, Cathcart, and Mearns had a most intimate connection ; while East Kilbride was closely related to the Church of Glasgow. But, before we enter on this part of our narrative, I must endeavour to show, in a few sentences, in what relation the ecclesiastical condition of the time stood to that of a still earlier period. And, while I must claim the right of stating what I believe to be undoubted historical facts, I leave my audience to weigh them for themselves, and to attach to them the value which a careful examination will assign.

Tertullian assures us that the knowledge of Christianity had, in his time—the second century—reached places in Britain which were inaccessible to the Romans. We know, for a certainty, from the pages of the venerable Bede, the monk of Jarrow, that, in the fifth century, St. Ninian—or St. Ringan, as many of our countrymen, adopting the Celtic form of the name, persist in calling him—laboured as a missionary of the cross in Scotland. He was, it appears, the son of a Cumbrian king ; and, having been converted to Christianity, he did what he could to propagate its doctrines among his countrymen—for Cumbria at that time stretched far north, and is said to have included even Glasgow in its embrace. From Whithorn in Galloway, where the *Candida casa* stood, the first stone church in the district, and so

attracting attention among the wattle-built houses around it, away to the Firth of Forth did Ninian's labours extend. Many of the soldiers of Rome had, ere this time, we doubt not, been converted to Christianity, and exemplified and spread their faith among the tribes of our land. In whatever way coming, the Christian faith must have reached our country pure, for she long retained it pure, in spite of strong influences tending to draw her away to corrupt forms.

It is asserted that a church was founded at Glasgow by St. Kentigern, who is also called St. Mungo, about the middle of the sixth century; and it cannot be doubted that, through his labours, and the missionary efforts of his disciples, St. Convallus and others, the neighbourhood of that city enjoyed great privileges. But, by the time the monastery of Paisley was founded, the religious character of the country had taken its complexion very much from Rome. The Culdees, to be sure, were still struggling for existence in some parts of the land; but the influence of Margaret, the queen of Malcolm Canmore, had turned the tide against them; and the Anglicised ideas of her son David were much opposed to the simplicity of faith and worship which the disciples of Columba still clung to.

The monastery of Paisley was founded about the year 1163, by Walter Fitz-Alan, to whom, as we have just seen, King David had made such a munificent grant of land. And monks of the Cluniac order of Reformed Benedictines were brought from the priory of Wenlock, in Shropshire, to take possession of the monastery and manage its affairs. You will remember that it was from Shropshire that the Steward himself came; and three saints shared the honour of presiding over the religious house—St. Milburga, St. Mirinus, and St. James. St. Milburga was the granddaughter of Penda, the Saxon King of Mercia; and so she belonged to the seventh century. She had, it seems, been held in high

esteem at an early period at Wenlock ; but, like many other excellent personages, it was her fate to be forgotten for a time after her death. True worth, however, sooner or later asserts itself, and her remains were, at length, discovered on the occasion of the building of the new monastery at Wenlock, by a balsamic perfume, of more than earthly sweetness, which exhaled from her tomb !

St. Mirinus was a Welsh saint, addicted to the working of miracles of a somewhat questionable kind. A writer, whom I have consulted, complains that there was very little originality in these efforts. But I am sure you will admit that, to supply a whole monastery with milk from his own personal resources, when the ordinary supply from other quarters had run short, betokened some degree of originality ; and there are other wonders said to have been wrought by him, whose originality was so great, that I think I had better not relate them, for I am quite sure you would not believe them. As for St. James, his connection with Paisley is still kept up, in a way which he might not quite approve of. For, regularly as his day in the Kalendar comes round, horse-racing, and other amusements of a similar kind, become the order of the day.

Walter Fitz-Alan, the founder of the monastery, bestowed upon it no fewer than thirteen churches—the Church of Cathcart being one of them. He also liberally endowed it with various lands, mills, fishings, tithes, and other property and revenues—the lands of “ *Le Drep*,” or the Dripps, as it is now called, in your neighbourhood, being among his gifts. When at the full tide of its fortune, the monastery had no fewer than thirty churches and chapels under its patronage. Of these churches many interesting notices are found in the charters belonging to the Abbey, and some of these notices, connected with churches in the district, I shall now interweave with facts which have been gathered from other fields.

THE CHURCH OF MEARNS IN THE 12TH CENTURY. 17

Beginning with the parish of MEARNS, let us inquire what early notices have come down to us regarding it. There was a church in Mearns as early as 1178; for in that year we find Pope Alexander the Third—the sturdy pontiff who so greatly humbled Henry the Second for the murder of Thomas à Becket—confirming the episcopal jurisdiction of the Church to Bishop Joceline of Glasgow. This, however, did not put the whole revenue of the Church of Mearns within the power of the Cathedral Church of Glasgow; for, in 1188, we find Helias, the clerk, the son of Fulbert and the brother of Robert and Peter de Polloc, making over the Church of Mearns to the Monastery of Paisley; and as it gives us a glimpse of the religious life of the time, we must notice the return which Helias de Polloc expected for this donation. Those were, no doubt, superstitious times; but there was, at least, a degree of earnestness evinced by the rough barons of the period, which carries with it a lesson for us. They erred, no doubt, in attaching undue importance to the prayers of the monks; and the matter of salvation was often considered by them as partaking of the nature of a mercantile transaction—so much spiritual good got for so much wealth, in land or money given. But when we read that Helias de Polloc gave the Church of Mearns to the monks of Paisley for the good of the souls of King David and King Malcolm, and King William the Lion and Walter Fitz-Alan; and the souls of the donor's father and mother and benefactors; and his own soul, and that of his wife Helen, and her father and mother; and his brothers, and others who are named; all this gives us the idea of earnestness, however much we may believe that it took a wrong direction. I do not know whether the name of Roland, or Rowand, is now to be found in the Mearns; but there can be no doubt that it had a representative there in "a knight of high degree" at a very early time.

Roland of Mearns is witness to a charter of Eschina, wife of Walter the Steward, in the year 1177. In a charter granted by the five knights of the Steward, to whom I have already referred, one of this family is named Nicholaus Fitz-Roland; while, on his seal, he is styled Nicholaus de Merns. What would we not give for a peep into the baronial halls of these old knights of the Mearns, at the time of which we speak, to hear the conversation that goes on between them and the members of their families, and the guests entertained by them; to see them sally forth on a hawking excursion; or, with great clanking of armour, and pawing of the ground and champing of bridle-bits on the part of their chargers, setting out, at the head of their retainers, to beat back an invasion of the Border!

The Church of Mearns stood, at the end of the thirteenth century, near the south-eastern extremity of the parish, between the Kirk-burn and the Broom-burn; and on the opposite side stood the old castle and village of Mearns. The cure was served by a perpetual vicar; and, in 1227, the vicarage and parsonage were fixed at a hundred shillings, or the altar dues and two ox-gangs—that is twenty-six acres of land, lying beside the church.

The old family of De Polloc disappear, as lords of the Mearns, during that unsettled and unhappy time for Scotland—the period between the death of Alexander the Third, and the final acknowledgment of Robert the Bruce as king. The Pollocs, unfortunately, espoused the cause of Baliol rather than that of Bruce. It is evident, from Prynn's Collections, that "John de Pulloc" swore fealty to Edward the First of England, and the Bruce visited this with severe punishment. The moveable goods of the family were made over to the Abbey of Arbroath; and their lands passed over to the Maxwells, of whom I have now something to say. Before passing entirely away from the Pollocs, I may, how-

ever, say that, through inter-marriage with the Maxwells, they once more acquired Over or Upper Pollok.

I have already said that the Maxwells were of Saxon descent. The first of the family, of whom we have authentic information, was Maccus, the son of Unwyn, who attached himself to David, Earl of Huntingdon, afterwards King David the First, and received from him a grant of lands on the Tweed, which acquired from him the name of Maccusville, afterwards corrupted into Maxwell. Herbert de Maccusville flourished under Malcolm the Fourth and William the Lion. He rose to be Sheriff of Roxburgh, and from him are descended the knightly families of the Maxwells. Our business at present is with the Maxwells as lords of the Mearns, leaving out of sight their possessions in Nithsdale and elsewhere. It is about the year 1300 that they appear on the page of history as lords of the Mearns. In that year we find Herbert de Maxwell endowing a chapel, in the parish of Mearns, with six marks yearly out of his mills of the Mearns. A certain "Sir Alan" is at that time the vicar. There are some names of places which are ready to mislead one by their very sound, and Newton-of-Mearns is one of these. We are ready to suppose that the place must be modern, just because of the modern sound of its name. But the village existed, and was known by that name, more than 560 years ago. For, in 1316, two years after the battle of Bannockburn, Herbert de Maxwell gave the monks of Paisley eight and a-half acres and twenty-eight perches of land in the Newton-of-Mearns, in exchange for a like quantity in the ancient village, even then called the Aldton or old town, and now known as the Alton. It is interesting to find, in a charter of the year 1300, reference made to a standing stone in the land of Crosteflatt; to a place bearing the odd yet surviving name of "Paddockford;" also to "Thorneflat," "Kirkilgat," the "loch of Aldton," and "Spragunflat."

I find that Robert de Maxwell was proprietor of the lands of "Dryppis," in this neighbourhood, about the year 1370. I may notice here, too, that the lands of Fingalton were held, under the Maxwells, by a family of the name of Hamilton. Among many honoured names connected with this family two may be mentioned: Sir Robert Hamilton, the leader of the Covenanters at Drumclog; and Sir William Hamilton, the celebrated metaphysician.

The Knights-Templars, and after them the Hospitallers, possessed land near the church of Mearns, and they seem to have had a chapel of their own on their lands of Capelrig—a name which appears to have arisen from the fact that it was a "rig," or stripe of ground, belonging to their chapel—if, indeed, it was not a portion of ground which belonged to the chapel which Herbert de Maxwell endowed in part in 1300.

The present castle of the Mearns is not a very old building—the warrant for erecting it having been given by the Scottish Parliament in 1440, and the warrant for fortifying it having been issued a few years later. It is surprising to find so little known of the history of the castle by so intelligent a man as the Rev. George M'Letchie, the minister of the parish, who, in 1796, wrote as follows:—"The only antiquity here is the Castle of Mearns. It is a large square tower situated on a rocky eminence, and commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect. It is not known when it was built. It is supposed to be several hundred years old, and to have been used as a place of defence. It was surrounded by a strong wall, and the entrance was secured by a drawbridge. It is now, however, greatly dismantled and out of repair, the family of Blackhall, to whom it belongs, having their residence at Ardgowan."

And now I must, with your leave, introduce an episode referring to matters of a somewhat lighter nature, but one

which will draw aside the veil that history generally throws over the domestic life of those early days. In order, however, that this may be understood, I must premise that what is now called Renfrewshire formed in early times part of Lanarkshire. In 1404—thirty-three years after the house of the Steward became the Royal Family of Scotland—Robert the Third granted the barony of Renfrew to his son and heir, James; and, ever since, the eldest son of the sovereign of our country has, in addition to his other titles, borne those of "Baron of Renfrew" and "Great Steward of Scotland." I need hardly remind you that the present heir-apparent to the throne has often travelled *incognito* under the name of "Baron Renfrew." It was soon after the date I have referred to that the barony of Renfrew was erected into a separate sheriffdom. Now, in every sheriffdom in those times there was an officer called the "crowner and mair of fee," to whom the Sheriff directed his precepts for execution. The very names "coroner" and "mayor" tell that the office was borrowed from the English; and you will bear in mind that the duties of the English coroner were at one time a good deal wider than they are now. Well, in 1494—the time of James the Fourth—William Cunyngham of "Craigahes," now known as "Craigends," was "crowner and mair of fee" within the sheriffdom of Renfrew; and there were certain fees and duties pertaining to his office, which some persons in your neighbourhood were very unwilling to pay. Among these were "Johne Young, in Carsewell; John Maxwell, in Newlands; William Maxwell, in Estwod; Ranald Young, in Dernele; and John Alaneson and Robert Alaneson, in the Mernys." An action was raised before the Lords Auditors to recover these fees, but no appearance was made on the part of the defaulters. In their absence, however, the Lords examined Cunyngham's charters and infestments, the

office he held being evidently a hereditary one, and it became evident that he had a clear right to the fees in question. Whereupon, Matthew Stewart, son and apparent heir of the Earl of Lennox, promised to make the defaulters satisfy the "mair of fee," and pay him "siclik as the remanent of the folkis of the sheriffdom of Ranfrew dois."

The amount of these fees comes out in an Act which was passed five days later:—"Ilk person haffand ane pleugh within the said schire [sall pay] ane thraif of aitis, and ane lam yerely, or iiijd. of thame that has na lames." The price of a lamb at that time, it would thus appear, was just a groat. "And ilk half-pleuch a stouk, and sae furth." But, however clear and just the matter might appear in the eyes of the Lords Auditors, the Mearns people stoutly resisted Cunyngham's demands. Whereupon the "crouner and mair of fee" helped himself to what came first to hand in their houses. The list of the persons whose houses were thus forcibly entered, and the articles appropriated, are not only interesting and amusing, but somewhat important, as showing the names common in the district nearly four hundred years ago, and the articles that were in common use in their homes. Here it is:—"Fra Lyon Wilson, a pot. Fra Cuthbert Thomson, a scheit. Fra John Thomeson, a quhite hat." One can fancy that John Thomson was one of the Mearns "swells," as he went marching about with his white hat on. If so, his loss would be *felt*—to make use of an old pun. "Fra George Alaneson, a schete. Fra Robert Adam, a pan. Fra Wilzam Low, a pan. Fra Robert Neilson, a schete. Fra Androw Belhous, a pan. Fra William Deny's wiff, a pan. Fra Johne Patrickson, iiijd. Fra Henry Blackhous, iiijd. Fra Thomas Davidson, a firLOT of aits. Fra Robert Mory's wiff, a firLOT of aits. Fra William More, ane hand ax. Fra John Herbertson, ane hand ax. Fra Richard Rankin and John Rankin, ij. firLOTS of aits.

Fra Alexander Loudiane, iiijd. Fra William Wilsone, a scheit. Fra Robert Man, ane hand-bow." What a history that bow may have had! There are few houses in the Mearns, I should think, that could be spoiled of such a weapon now-a-days. "Fra Thomas Powok, a pan. Fra Andrew Wilson, a pan. Fra Robert Corre, a pair of scheits. Fra John of Drilands, a hewing ax. Fra William Drilands a pan. Fra John of Powok, a hand ax. Fra Thomas Tersy, iiijd. Fra John Stevensone, iiijd. Fra Jonete Jop, iiijd. Fra William Smith, and Patoun Tailzeour, a spade. Fra John Powok of the Partytaes, iiijd. Fra Agnes Cunyngham, iiijd. Fra John Gilmour, iiijd. Fra Peter Hannay, a schete. And fra diverse utheris persones, certain gudis and mony."

When Cunyngham had collected his fees in this fashion, leaving the Mearns yeomen sensibly deficient of cooking and other utensils, John, Lord Maxwell, raised an action, before the Lords of Council, against him, for "wraungis spoliacione of his tenentis, in the Mernes." This cause came on for adjudication on the 3rd of November, 1495, when Lord Maxwell denied Cunyngham's right to these fees from the lands of Mearns. But the "crowner and mair of fee" produced once more his inevitable charters, and the Lords had to declare that he had "dune na wrang." They, however, ordered an investigation into the whole question of the right of the coroner to these fees, the result of which does not appear. I have notices of the Cunynghams of Craigends, as coroners of the upper ward of Renfrew, as late as the year 1646, from which it appears that they were frequently attacked and wounded in the discharge of their official duties. I have also some notices of the coroner of the regality of East Kilbride, to which I may call your attention at another time. I daresay you will agree with me that these facts, bearing on humble life in the parish of Mearns, are more important than many dry details about its lords and their lineage.

I am far, however, from saying that the history of the noble house of Maxwell holds out only dry details. John, Lord Maxwell, of whom we have just been speaking, accompanied James the Fourth to the fatal field of Flodden, and fell there. His son, Robert, Lord Maxwell, was an ambassador-extraordinary to the Court of France, and, at a later time, was taken prisoner at the battle of Solway, and lay in the tower of London till he was ransomed. But, with a short notice of one other member of the family, I shall bring this lecture to a close. John, the eighth Lord Maxwell, was a man of a fiery and vindictive spirit. His father had fallen in a bloody conflict between the Johnstones and the Maxwells at the Dryffe Sands, near Lockerby, in 1593; and along with him there were left, cold in death, Sir John Maxwell of Nether-Pollok, John Pollok of Upper Pollok, and many of their retainers from this district. What added to the atrocity of the circumstances in which the seventh Lord Maxwell fell, was the fact that when he held out his hand as a sign of seeking quarter, it was ruthlessly severed from his body. His son vowed that he would avenge his father's death by taking the life of Sir James Johnstone, although he was married to Maxwell's own cousin; and in spite of the entreaties and threats of the king, he carried out his purpose, in what must be characterised as circumstances of mingled treachery and barbarity. After the perpetration of this crime, he escaped to France; but, venturing back to his native land, he was apprehended, tried, and condemned; and he was beheaded at the cross of Edinburgh on the 21st of May, 1613. Sir John Maxwell of Nether-Pollok, and the Laird of Calderwood discharged the painful duty of accompanying him as their chief to the scaffold. With the deepest abhorrence of his crime, one is glad to connect with this neighbourhood a ballad which is known as "Lord

Maxwell's Good-night." Sir Walter Scott pronounces it "beautiful," and Lord Byron refers to it as having suggested the famous "Good-night" in the first canto of *Childe Harold*. The poet, who is unknown, has cast a false light over Lord Maxwell's conduct, and put vindictive sentiments into his lips, with which we can have no sympathy; but in spite of this, we can admire the ballad. I may be excused for reading it to you, premising that Lord Maxwell's wife, so tenderly referred to in the ballad as his "ladye and only joy," was lady Margaret, daughter of John, first Marquis of Hamilton, and that her brother referred to was the second Marquis—

"Adieu ! madame, my mother dear,
 But and my sisters three !
 Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane !
 My heart is wae for thee.
 Adieu, the lily and the rose,
 The primrose fair to see ;
 Adieu, my ladye, and only joy !
 For I may not stay with thee.

"Though I hae slain the Lord Johnstone,
 What care I for their feid ?
 My noble mind their wrath disdains,
 He was my father's deid.
 Both night and day I laboured oft
 Of him avenged to be ;
 But now I've got what lang I sought,
 And I may not stay with thee.

"Adieu ! Drumlanrig, false wert aye,
 And Closeburn in a band !
 The Laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,
 When the Johnstone struck aff his hand,
 They were three brethren in a band—
 Joy may they never see !
 Their treacherous art and cowardly heart,
 Hae twined my love and me.

"Adieu ! Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Carlaverock fair !
Adieu ! my castle of the Thrieve,
Wi' a' my buildings there.
Adieu ! Lochmaben's gate sae fair,
The Langholm-holm, where birks there be.
Adieu ! my ladye, and only joy,
For, trust me, I may not stay with thee.

"Adieu ! fair Eskdale up and down,
Where my puir friends do dwell ;
The bangisters will ding them doon,
And will them sair compell.
But I'll avenge their feid mysell,
When I come o'er the sea ;
Adieu ! my ladye, and only joy,
For I may not stay with thee.

" 'Lord of the land,' that ladye said,
'O wad ye go wi' me,
Unto my brother's stately tower,
Where safest ye may be !
There Hamiltons, and Douglas baith,
Shall rise to succour thee.'
'Thanks for thy kindness, fair, my dame,
But I may not stay wi' thee.'

"Then he tuik aff a gay gold ring,
Thereat hung signets three ;
'Hae, tak thee that, mine ain dear thing,
And still hae mind o' me ;
But if thou tak another lord
Ere I come ower the sea,
His life is but a three days' lease,
Though I may not stay wi' thee.'

"The wind was fair, the ship was clear,
That good lord went away ;
The most part of his friends were there,
To give him a fair convey.

They drank the wine, they didna spare,
Even in that gude lord's sight—
See now he's o'er the floods sae gray,
And Lord Maxwell has ta'en his good-night."

I have only to add, in a sentence, that the lands of Mearns continued in the possession of the Lords Maxwell, afterwards Earls of Nithsdale, till 1648, when they were acquired by Sir George Maxwell of Nether-Pollok, and soon afterwards they passed into the hands of Sir Alexander Stewart of Blackhall, whose descendants still own them.





LECTURE II.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD IN EARLY TIMES—(CONTINUED).

IT is somewhat difficult to treat the historical notices of such a district as immediately surrounds the village of Busby, so as to be interesting to a popular audience. There are no great and stirring events connected with it, such as crowd around Bannockburn and Culloden, or even Loudon-hill and Bothwell Brig. No great names in literature have cast a glory over it, such as lights up the district around the Tweed, or the "Banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon." And to present the bare facts belonging to it, just as antiquarian research has discovered them, would, I fear, produce a feeling akin to what would be experienced on sitting down to an uncooked dinner. The materials of a meal are, no doubt, there; but the mere sight of them in that state would be held by most to be sufficient to dispel appetite; and it would be a stretch of good nature, on the part of any one who ventured to partake of them, to say that he had eaten with relish. The facts must, to some extent, be connected with thought and feeling, and the great currents of life pervading the country at the time to which they belong, in order to make them interesting. And, even when this is done, tastes are so varied that what pleases one, to another may have no relish. Let me trust that my audience will extend to me the same indulgence that is awarded by the polite to a friend who wishes to entertain them at his table.

It is not expected, in such a case, that every dish will alike please all ; but it is hoped that all will find a dish or two of which they can partake with some degree of pleasure.

In my last lecture I laid before you some general notices connected with the history of this neighbourhood at a very early period ; and then proceeded to give some account of what is known of the early history of the parish of Mearns, in which the larger portion of your village is situated. Before coming down to later times, I have to make some statements of a similar kind regarding the parishes of Carmunnock, East Kilbride, and Cathcart.

You are well acquainted with the natural features of the parish of CARMUNNOCK. Partly bounded by the steep and wooded banks of the White Cart on the west, the parish consists chiefly of a high district of the Cathkin range, looking down on the valley of the Clyde from Dumbarton to Hamilton, and commanding, in clear weather, prospects of the distant Lothians, Benledi, in Perthshire, the peaks of Arran, and the Argyllshire mountains.

The earliest notice I have yet seen of either the Manor or Church of Carmunnock is about the year 1180. It has been suggested by Chalmers, in his "Caledonia," that the name is to be regarded as meaning "the fortification of the monk." But it is something new in the history of the monks of our country to find one of them living in a castle of his own. It is not clearly ascertained what the precise meaning of the name is. That the first syllable of it points to a fortification is undoubted ; but that is all we can say with certainty. Of this there can be no doubt, that between the years 1177 and 1180, Henry, the son of Anselm of Cormanoc, gave to the Church of St. Mirinus, of Paisley, the Church of Cormanoc, with a half-plough of land—that is, 52 acres—in the Manor, and the right of common pasture. And this he avowedly did for the

benefit of the souls of his father and mother, and his own soul, and the souls of his heirs—the benefit, of course, being obtained by means of masses said or sung for the dead. And he further engaged that, when he and his wife Johanna should have finished life's journey, their bodies should be given to the Church of Paisley, along with a third part of the goods that belonged to them. One has no difficulty in understanding the value that would be attached to the "goods" thus left, but it is not so easy to see the boon bestowed in the "bodies" of Henry and Johanna. At that early date one named Peter was chaplain of Carmunnock.

The Manor, which composed the original parish, passed at an early date into the hands of the Douglasses ; and in the time of James the Second we find it in the possession of the Hamiltons. In 1552 John Hamilton, Abbot of Paisley, and afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrews, granted the Church of Carmunnock to the Collegiate Church of Hamilton ; but the grant does not seem to have taken practical effect, for the Church appears among the possessions of Paisley at the time of the Reformation.

Chalmers, in his "Caledonia," tells us that in 1587 the patronage and tithes of the parish of Carmunnock, which were then held by Lord Claud Hamilton as Commendator of Paisley for life, were granted to him and his heirs, together with the other property of the monks of Paisley ; and on his death, in 1621, they were inherited by his grandson, James, Earl of Abercorn. In 1653 the patronage and tithes of Carmunnock passed, with the lordship of Paisley, from the Earl of Abercorn to Sir William Cochrane of Cowden, who was created Lord Cochrane in 1647, and Earl of Dundonald in 1669. In the following century the patronage was acquired by Stewart of Castlemilk. I may mention here that Cathkin, with its mill, belonged to the Collegiate Church of Bothwell.

The lands of Busby, on the east of the Cart, formed no part of the parish of Carmunnock till the year 1652. These lands originally belonged to the parish of Kilbride, and in the year I have just named were disjoined from that parish and added *quoad sacra* to the parish of Carmunnock by the Lords Commissioners of Teinds. At a considerably later time—in 1725—the barony of Dripps was disjoined from Cathcart, and added *quoad sacra* to the parish of Carmunnock.

There is hardly a parish in the whole neighbourhood, a fuller list of whose ministers, both before and after the Reformation, can be compiled. But I am not here to treat you to dry lists of names. Some of these ministers, especially during the seventeenth century, were men of mark, and we shall have occasion to refer to them in another connection.

After the statement of these facts, perhaps it may be a pleasing change, and not without some instruction, if I draw aside the curtain woven by a few centuries, and give you a look at one or two of the vicars of Carmunnock, and one or two of the lairds of the parish. Permit me, then, to introduce to you, in the first place, Sir John Lany, who was Vicar of Carmunnock in the year 1484. He has been in his grave for nearly four hundred years, but pen and ink have a wonderful power in the way of embalming men and keeping their memory alive, and the ancient records of our Law Courts have performed this service for Sir John Lany. The vicar, I may mention, wore this title, not because he was a knight, but because it was one usually given to ecclesiastics of his order in those early days. You will be good enough to bear in mind that Reformation times were yet eighty years in the future, and that the usages of Popery were in full swing at Carmunnock at the period of which I am now to speak. One of Sir John's parishioners had just died,

and, as he had been possessed of some means, a corpse-present, as it was called, was given to the vicar. This, I may explain, was a usual gift to the Church, in the person of her representative, the vicar, on the occasion of a death. The present, in the case before us, assumed the form of a cow. The cow was, in due form, presented to Sir John, and, as he seems not to have had sufficient accommodation for it, it was sent to Thomas Ranald, with the request that he would take charge of it. Sometime soon afterwards the vicar bethought him of his cow, and made application to Thomas for it. And now you may imagine, if you can, the expression of Sir John's face, when he is told by Ranald that Allan Stewart, a scion of the Castlemilk family, "tuke the said kow fra him, allegeand that he had command and sufficient power fra Sir John sa to do." The vicar, however, is not a man to be trifled with, and so he raises an action before the Lords Auditors with a view to recover his cow. It is the 19th day of May, 1484, and the vicar and Thomas Ranald have undertaken the necessary journey to Edinburgh. I wish they had left us some account of the way in which they travelled, and the time they took, as well as some incidents of their journey. In due time the case comes on, and Thomas depones just as he had already narrated the case to Sir John. The Lords Auditors resolve to summon Allan Stewart before them; and, if it cannot be proved that he has stolen the cow, Ranald himself is to be compelled to pay the value of the animal.

The remainder of this important case is unfortunately lost to posterity—at least, it has no place in the Records of the Lords Auditors. The probability is, that Allan Stewart found it advisable to make due amends for his somewhat grave practical joke, and that further proceedings were in this way stayed.

We hear much of the great deference shown to the clergy,

and the great reverence in which they were held before the period of the Reformation. But this incident is not fitted to deepen that belief. Few now-a-days, it is to be presumed, would think of stealing the minister's cow, and none of the modern lairds of the parish would be likely to incur the odium of "conveying" it, as Allan Stewart did—to use the mild Falstaffian term.

Let me give you another glimpse of the manners of those old days; and, with a view to this, I have to introduce to your notice Sir John Williamson, chaplain of Carmunnock. It is the summer of 1488, and Sir John's hay is lying on his field in the Mains of Carmunnock, just about ready to be taken in. He calculates that there is hay lying there to the value of forty shillings—a considerable sum in those days, even although it is Scots money. But that hay is never to be stacked in the chaplain's barnyard. William Stewart of Castlemilk, and James Hamilton, have considerably allowed it to be fairly "win" before they touch it; but when it is quite ready they "convey" it. When the chaplain awakes and looks out, he doubts his eyes and rubs them; but there is no mistake about it—his hay is gone! And, amidst the confusion, he can have no doubt that the "Mains" of Carmunnock belongs to *him*, for the ground was made over to him by Lady Mary Hamilton. By-and-by, it leaks out that William Stewart and James Hamilton are the spoliators of the hay; and, like Sir John Lany, the chaplain resolves on having the benefit of the law, and when he goes to the Lords Auditors he carries with him a whole bundle of wrongs. For, in addition to the matter of the hay, he has to complain that "Stevin Aickenhed" has appropriated to himself the profits of "the Coleheuch of the said Mains;" and that "William Johnsone, Colzare, John of Riddal, Mark Millare, John Ranald, John of Crag, John Auld, Thomas Browne, John Huchison, John

Jameson, John Gardiner, Alan Hamilton, and James of Graham," have refused to give up the "malez, fermes, and dewiteis" of the said lands. From this it would appear that there was a "no-rent" movement among the chaplain's tenants at that early time. The fifth day of the month of May following is appointed to Sir John that he may prove his case; and, as we find no other trace of it, the likelihood is that the matter was settled in a private way.

A single glance now at one or two of the Carmunnock lairds of the fifteenth century. Among many other curious notices of the parish, which I have gleaned in out-of-the-way fields, and which want of time compels me to withhold, is one of a most amusing nature connected with the laird of Castlemilk. In 1480 William Stewart is brought before the Lords Auditors, in company with Alexander Stewart, his son, and a certain Robert Raa, charged with "the spoliacioun, and takin of fyve kye and oxin out of the lands of Middleschew, belonging to Johne of Johneston of that ilk." The laird, his son, and Robert Raa were above "telling stories" about the matter, and so they frankly confessed the "takin of the said oxin and kye;" but, as for stealing them, that was entirely out of the question. They were in the way of duty when they went to Myddleschew; and they took the cattle in behalf of the lady of Castlemilk, for the rent of the third part of the said lands belonging to her—the said Alexander Stewart being her bailie. This was all very well as far as it might prove true; but the Lords betrayed some unwillingness to believe all this solely on Alexander Stewart's word. And, as he could show no proof of the warrant he had from the lady of Castlemilk to do as he had done, he and his father, and Robert Raa, were ordered to restore the "kye and oxin;" and letters were issued "to distrenze them thairfor." What a strange picture of the manners of country gentlemen four centuries ago!

William Stewart, it would appear, was a man of law, as well as a man of war, on a small scale ; and he made haste to check any untimely mirth in which John of Johnston, of that ilk, might be indulging on account of the issue of this law-suit. And so, four days afterwards, he raised an action against Johnston, proceeding on a wadset. The case is not a very interesting one ; and I shall only say regarding it that, on this occasion, Stewart won the day.

Four whole years pass apparently without any new law-suit ; and William Stewart and his son probably began to feel life intolerable. But whatever question may arise regarding their feelings, the fact is undoubted that in 1484 Alexander Stewart, son of William Stewart, of Castlemilk, appeared before the Lords of Council, complaining that "Cuthbert of Murra, of Cokpule," had stolen an Englishman from one of Stewart's servants. My audience, and especially any representatives of "merrie England" who may be present, need not be for a moment in suspense as to what I have said ; for it was nothing else, and nothing less, than an Englishman that was alleged to have been stolen from Matthew Park, servant of Alexander Stewart, of Castlemilk. This "Inglishman" was called "Cristifer Longcastell," and he was "spulzit," it was alleged, "fra Mattho Park be Johne of Irwin, of Herdstanemuir." Cuthbert admitted that "he had the same Cristifer, after that he was tane fra the said Mattho." The Lords accordingly ordered the stolen Englishman to be restored to Alexander Stewart ; but as they could not pretend to know how often "Cristifer Longcastell" might have been stolen before he fell into Stewart's hands, they wisely declared that this delivering up of the Englishman should not be held to prejudice the right of any other party to the said person. This I have ventured to call a wise decision ; and so it turned out when, in February, 1489, John of Irwin, of Herdstanemuir,

appeared before their Lordships, charging Stewart with having stolen the said "Cristall Longcastell, prisoner to the said John," from *him*; so that when Stewart accused John of Irwin of stealing *his* Englishman, his memory proved slightly treacherous, and he forgot to mention that *he* had first stolen the Englishman from John! This case troubled their Lordships not a little; and at length they left it to the king to say whose property the Englishman should be.

The last notice of William Stewart that I meet with in these old records is in the year 1492; and it is highly characteristic of the times. It appears that he and two of his sons—Adam and William—accompanied by one or two friends, made an assault one fine morning on a lot of barley belonging to Violet Elphinston and John of Akynhead, her husband. The "appropriation" was proved to their Lordships' content; and Stewart and his accomplices were ordered to pay to the said Violet and her spouse the price of the barley thus taken from her, besides two merks of costs. Such are a few glimpses of the domestic history of the parish of Carmunnock, in what some people in their simplicity still sometimes designate "the good old times." There can be no doubt that our country has made great progress in many directions since those old days. Much, no doubt, still remains to be achieved; but we may surely hope that the efforts of the present will lead to a still brighter future, and that it will not always be a just complaint regarding our country that "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

I have now to lay before you a few statements regarding the early history of EAST KILBRIDE.

The Church of East Kilbride was connected with the Cathedral of Glasgow, and was probably the most ancient of all the churches in this neighbourhood. At least we can trace it to a more venerable antiquity than any of the

others. The name implies that it was dedicated to St. Bride, or St. Bridget. There used to be a standing contest between Irish and Scottish historians about the nationality of this saint. The Irish writers declared that the Scottish historians had so little moral integrity that the very saints of the Green Isle were not safe from their pilfering hands. I shall not attempt to lay the learned dust that has been raised by this dispute ; and shall leave it unsettled whether the St. Bride who was honoured in days of old by our neighbours at East Kilbride, and was the patron saint of the heroic family of Douglas, was the Irish saint who came to Scotland with her nine virgins, or a saint of our own. The Church of Kilbride belonged to the See of Glasgow as early as the time of Bishop John, about the beginning of the 12th century. And there is a very curious debate about the possession of it, as the old chartulary of Glasgow relates in its quaint and crabbed Latin. I must, however, premise that the first proprietor of the Manor of East Kilbride, of whom I have seen any notice, was Roger de Valoins. He was a Norman adventurer, and after the lapse of more than 700 years his representative is the Lord of Panmure—the Earl of Dalhousie. De Valoins received the Manor of Kilbride from King William the Lion ; and it would appear that he claimed not only the Manor, but also the patronage of the Church. Bishop Joceline, of Glasgow, however, refused to yield it to him ; and so hot did the controversy between them grow, that the matter was only settled by the king in full court at Lanark. And it is a notable assembly that meets there. William the Lion, of course, presides ; and among the company we see Earl Cospatrick ; Richard de Morville, the King's Constable ; Alan, the Steward ; Walter of Berkeley, the Chamberlain ; and many other nobles. Roger de Valoins and Bishop Joceline are also there as disputants. There was, we may be sure, a great

examination of documents, and hearing of oral testimony, bearing on the case, and a good deal of altercation and hard hitting between the churchmen and the barons. But it becomes evident that the patronage of the Church of Kilbride has, from a very ancient period—think of that being said in the twelfth century!—belonged to the Church and Bishop of Glasgow, with a plough-gate of land—104 acres—and common pasture. It is proved to the satisfaction of the council that there was no question about this in the time of Bishop John,—I wish they had told us who was the baron then. And so De Valoins renounces his claim, and the Bishop does the polite thing, and gives the Baron permission to have a private chapel in his Castle of “Kellebride,” where his chaplain may receive what offerings the family and guests at the castle may choose to give him, but always without prejudice to the Parish Church.

The Castle of Kilbride, I need hardly say, stood on the site of what is now called Mains Castle; and the present ruin is all that reflects the ancient glory of the old keep of the De Valoins, the Comyns, and the Lindsays of Dunrod, who were successively lords of the manor.

Isabella de Valoins, the daughter of the old baron of whom I have been speaking, carried the Manor and Castle of Kilbride to her husband, David Comyn. After the forfeiture of the Comyn family, because of their attachment to the cause of Baliol and Edward I., King Robert the Bruce gave the barony, as a part of the marriage portion of his daughter Marjory, to Walter the Steward, and it soon came to be divided among his dependants, the Lindsays and others.

In 1384 Robert the Second confirmed to John Lyndesay of Dunrod “the Mains lands, called the domain of the barony of Kilbride, with Rogerton, Half-Kittochsyd, Thornton, Bogton, Half Threipland, Carnduff, Facfyld in Brousterland,

excepting Philphill, which was contained in Dunrod's original charter." It will interest some of you to know that these well-known places went by their present names five hundred years ago. I have not the least doubt that the name of Rogerton was derived from Roger de Valoins, and Philips-hill from his brother, Philip de Valoins.

The Lindsays, whom we thus see in possession of the lands of Kilbride, were the descendants of that James Lindsay who was a companion of Robert the Bruce, and who, along with Kirkpatrick, was with him when John Comyn was slain. The family seat of the Lindsays was Dunrod, near Gourrock, but for a considerable time their residence was at Mains Castle. It would appear that they lived in great splendour at the old Castle of Kilbride up till the end of the seventeenth century, when the estate was sold to pay the debts of the last proprietor. Ure, in his "History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride," tells us that the extravagance of this man was at least matched by his vices. It seems that he rarely went from home without being attended by twelve vassals on white steeds. As a specimen of his cruelty, Ure tells us that on one occasion, when playing on the ice, a vassal inadvertently offended him, in connection with some trifling matter. The haughty baron immediately ordered a hole to be made in the ice, and the offender was dropped into it and drowned! The end of this tyrant was as humiliating as his career had been high-handed and wicked. Reduced to abject poverty, and hated by all, he died in the barn of one of his old tenants. There is a rude rhyme which gives expression to the universal detestation in which the last of the Lindsays of Dunrod was held :—

"In Innerkip the witches ride thick,
And in Dunrod they dwell;
But the grittest loon amang them a'
Is auld Dunrod himsel."

Perhaps at this stage it may interest some of my hearers to know the names of a few of the lairds of the parish of East Kilbride in the time of Oliver Cromwell, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The "Maynes of Kilbride, Hieflatt, Bogton, and East and West Rodgertoun" were possessed by W. Hamilton of Maynes. "Lymekills" was owned by Mr. Patrick Sharp; "East Kittochsyde, Dykehead, Phillipshill, and Peill" by Mr. A. Flemyng of Peill; West Kittochside by the Laird of Caldwell; Jackton by the Laird of Calderwood; Warnock's Thornton by the Laird of Cathkin; Tait's Thornton by James Ross; and Busbie by Mr. John Dickson.

It would be an interesting thing, if we only had the necessary materials, to trace the history of the line of old castles along the glen of the Kittoch, embracing Mains Castle, those that stood on Castlehill and Rough-hill still further west, and lastly Peel. With the exception of the old Castle of Kilbride, only the sites of these can now be pointed out. There can be no doubt that a very old castle once stood near the site of Peel House. I may also mention here that, before the lands of Peel passed into the hands of Mr. Fleming, to whom I have lately referred, they were possessed by Mr. Hamilton, of whom I have preserved an interesting jotting. In 1617, Mr. David Scharpe was minister of Kilbride; and it was arranged that his charge was to be without prejudice to "the tak set by Mr. David to Mr. Hammiltoun of the Peill, quha wes the auld kyndly possessoure of ane part of the said teinds for twenty-twa years after his entry thairto."

But I must return from this digression to the Church of Kilbride. As early as 1216 it seems to have been a prebendal church, the meaning of which I must explain. In the case of every cathedral the bishop had canons associated with him, and each canon had a benefice or prebend, as it was called, usually consisting of a parish belonging to the

diocese, of which he held the cure, with all its emoluments, and where he resided part of the year. For a certain part of the year each prebendary was bound to give residence and do duty at the cathedral. In this sense Kilbride was a prebendal church in connection with the Cathedral of Glasgow, and was set apart for the support of the chantor of the Cathedral—an ecclesiastic who had charge of the music. In 1417, the bishop ordained that, in the Church of "Kellebryd," there should be a perpetual vicar, having the cure of souls. His salary was to be twelve merks yearly, with a manse and croft on the east side of the cemetery, and towards the water of the Kydow, which evidently was the old name of what is now called the Kittoch burn. In addition to this the vicar was to have the tithe hay of "Murrals, Torrens, Langland, the Perke, Conglas, Cladans, Skeoch, Ardawrig, and Clochans." He was, however, bound to find communion elements, except at Easter, when the precentor or chantor provided the wine. The Church, with its kirk-town, stood in the north-east quarter, near the Kydow burn. I have many early notices of the rectors and vicars of the parish; but at present I can only refer to two of them.

Henry Wardlaw, who was a nephew of Walter Wardlaw, Cardinal-Bishop of Glasgow, began his career as chantor of Glasgow and rector of Kilbride. He rose to be Bishop of St. Andrews in 1404, and has the high honour of being the founder of the University of St. Andrews. He is reputed to have been a man of strict morality, and eager to reform the lives of the clergy, which, in his time, had become profligate to an extreme degree. It was with the view of turning the minds of the ecclesiastics of the period to higher aims, that he made such strenuous efforts to promote the cause of learning; but, although these efforts were warmly seconded by the King—James the First—the corruption proved too deep-

seated to be reached by any measure short of a thorough reformation in doctrine and church-government, which came about more than a century later. It is with regret that one has to add that marks of blood stain the memory of this former rector of Kilbride. Keenly opposed to the immorality of the clergy as he was, he set his face still more sternly against what he believed to be heresy. In 1422, John Resby, an Englishman, was apprehended by the Professor of Common Law in the University of St. Andrews, and accused of denying that the Pope was the Vicar of Christ. For this, Resby was condemned, and was burnt alive. And ten years later, Paul Cwarar, a Bohemian, was brought before the Bishop's Court, accused of denying that the substance of bread and wine, in the Lord's Supper, is changed into the body and blood of Christ; and also of denying that confession should be made to priests, or that prayers should be offered up to saints. He also was condemned by the Bishop's Court, and was burnt alive. But the smoke that rose from the martyr-piles of these men—as was said afterwards regarding that of Patrick Hamilton—infected as many as it blew upon. It is often a great deal easier to burn a man than to answer his arguments! Bishop Wardlaw died, in his Castle of St. Andrews, on the 6th of April, 1440. He was buried with great pomp and splendour, after having been bishop of the see for well-nigh forty years.

The other rector of Kilbride, to whom I have referred, was James Beaton, the nephew of another cardinal whose memory is not very fragrant in Scotland. Need I name the infamous murderer of Wishart? James Beaton, the rector of Kilbride and chantor of the Cathedral of Glasgow, was the second of the seven sons of John Beaton of Balfour, the elder brother of Cardinal Beaton. He received the chief part of his education at Paris, under the care of his uncle, to whom I have just referred, who was at the time ambas-

sador from James the Fifth at the French Court. James Beaton was appointed chantor of the Cathedral by Archbishop Dunbar, and so had charge of the parish of Kilbride; and after being for a time Abbot of Arbroath, he became Archbishop of Glasgow, receiving consecration at Rome. He was now one of the leading personages in the kingdom. After the Reformation he became an exile in France, where he died in 1603 at the age of eighty-six. Although he became a willing exile from his country rather than embrace the Reformation cause, he was regarded by the opposite party as a conscientious although a mistaken man in his opinions, and he enjoyed the respect both of friends and opponents.

It may interest any lovers of the ballad poetry of our country, who may be present, to know that the Archbishop's niece, Mary Beaton, was one of Queen Mary's "Four Maries," referred to in the well-known lines—

"Yestre'en the Queen had four Maries,
This nicht she'll hae but three.
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

I should perhaps ere this have mentioned that the modern parish of East Kilbride is composed of two ancient parishes, Kilbride and Torrens. As early as the thirteenth century, there was a hospital at Torrens, with a chapel dedicated to St. Leonard. The origin of the name Torrens is involved in obscurity, but has probably some connection with a singular artificial mound, known as the "Tor," which still exists.

In 1296, John de Hayton was warden of St Leonard's Hospital; and his name occurs in an unfortunate connection. When many of his countrymen were struggling nobly for the independence of their country, against the usurpation of England, he made his submission to Edward the First.

Like another Sir John, of whom we have heard, he probably thought discretion the better part of valour. Sir John Tiri is the rector of Torrens in 1489. In 1512 we find no less a name connected with the hospital than that of Mr. Patrick Paniter—afterwards secretary to King James the Fourth—the beautiful latinity of whose letters, as well as those of his relative David Paniter, has been so much admired. The Paniters were descended from an ancient family in the neighbourhood of Montrose. In 1512 we find that Mr. Patrick Paniter has a gift of “the hospital and church of Torrens, when it should become vacant.” In 1529 the king presented Mr. John Hamilton to the Church of Torrens; and the names of many other ecclesiastics connected with it might be mentioned. But these details in a lecture are ready to become wearisome. It must therefore suffice to add that, in 1561, Mr. Robert Hamilton, the rector of Torrens, reported that the whole profits of the cure, including “corps-presents, umest claiths, and small offerings,” were leased for twenty merks yearly.

This notice of “umest” or upmost “claiths” may perhaps need a word of explanation. It would seem that the vicars of the period not only took what were called corpse-presents—an instance of which we had in an earlier part of this lecture, in the case of Sir John Lany, vicar of Carmunnock; but, on the occasion of a death, they also took the upmost cloth from the bed of the deceased. Sir David Lyndesay of the Mount, the poet of early Reformation times in Scotland, has an allusion to this custom which he puts with much graphic power into the lips of a husbandman—

“Schir, be quhat law, tell me quharefor or why,
That ane vickar suld tak frae me three ky;
Ane for my father, and for my wyfe ane uther,
And the third kow he tuke for Mald, my muther.
They haif na law exceptand consuetude.

And als the vickar, as I trow,
 He will not fail to tak ane kow,
 And upmest claith, tho' babes them ban,
 Fra ane pure selie husbandman,
 Quhen that he lysis for till de,
 Having small bairnis twa or three,
 And hes three ky, withouten mo ;
 The vickar must have one of tho,
 With the gray cloke that happis the bed,
 Howbeit that he be purely cled ;
 And gyf the wyfe de on the morn,
 Tho' all the babis suld be forlorn,
 The other kow he cleikis away,
 With her pure cote of roplocke gray.
 And gif, within twa days or three,
 The eldest child happens to de,
 Of the third kow he will be sure.
 Quhen he has all these under his cure,
 And father and mother baith are dead,
 Beg mon the babis, without remeid."

The parsonage of Torrens was annexed to the Church of Kilbride in 1589.

During a period of Episcopal ascendancy, the Church of Kilbride was united to the College of Glasgow, in 1617; and it was ordained that the minister should be appointed by the Archbishop of Glasgow; that he should be called, as in days of old, the Chantor of Glasgow; that he should be a member of the chapter; and that his stipend should be twelve chalders yearly. In 1641, when Presbyterianism was again in the ascendant, it was statute and ordained that the stipend of the Professor of Theology at Glasgow, amounting to £800 Scots, should be paid out of the parsonage teinds of the parish of Kilbride.

The only other fact relating to the lands of Kilbride that I shall mention is that, in the year 1695, there was a ratification, in Parliament, of these lands in favour of William

Cunningham, brother of Robert Cunningham of Gilbertfield; and in this ratification mention is made of the land of Kilbride, commonly called the Mains of Kilbride, and that part of it called Lymekills, with the castle, court, fortalice, manor place, &c. And Hieflat, Wester Rogerton, Brousterland, and Warnock's Thornton are spoken of as included in the barony.

Having referred to a number of eminent men connected, in remote times, with the parish of East Kilbride, by residence or official position, I shall conclude this notice of the parish by referring to a few natives of the parish who, in later times, have risen to distinction by their genius or the services they have rendered to their fellow-men. Foremost among these are the celebrated brothers, William and John Hunter, who so greatly distinguished themselves in the fields of anatomy, surgery, and medicine. They were the sons of John Hunter, who was descended from one of the Hunters of Hunterston, and owned a small estate at Long Calderwood, in the parish of East Kilbride.

William Hunter, the celebrated anatomist and physician, was the elder of the two brothers by about ten years, having been born in 1718. He studied at the University of Glasgow for four years. At one time his ambition did not soar higher than to occupy the position of parish schoolmaster of East Kilbride; but, fortunately, he was unsuccessful in the effort. Becoming acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Cullen, who was at that time a medical practitioner in Hamilton, William Hunter resolved to give himself to the study of medicine. After prosecuting his studies for some time, a project was formed by Dr. Cullen and himself that they should become partners in the practice of their profession at Hamilton. But a different career awaited them both—Dr. Cullen becoming a distinguished professor in the University of Edinburgh, and Hunter reaching a still higher

degree of eminence in London. Going to the English metropolis in 1741, Hunter became assistant to Dr. James Douglas, and tutor to his son. He became teacher of anatomy to a society of naval surgeons in 1746; and, on carrying home the fees of his class, amounting in all to seventy guineas, he remarked to one of his students that it was the largest sum he had ever possessed. In 1748 his brother John joined him as his assistant, and six years afterwards became his partner. William Hunter rose rapidly into eminence, and in 1762 became physician to the Queen. A few years after this he built a large house, in which, besides an amphitheatre for his lectures, there was a spacious room fitted up as a museum for anatomical preparations. The cost of the building was about £8000, and the value of the contents of his museum was estimated at upwards of £20,000. This collection he ultimately bequeathed to the University of Glasgow. He became successively a Fellow of the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries, and Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy of Arts; and when he died of paralysis, in 1783, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, he stood in the first rank of the physicians and anatomists of the world, if not the first among them all. He was very abstemious in his habits. It is related of him that, when he invited his younger friends to dinner, the repast seldom exceeded two dishes; and that, when he dined alone, he was generally contented with one. After dinner, his servant, who also acted as porter at the anatomical museum, handed a single glass of wine to his master and each of the guests; and Hunter was wont to say that they who were not satisfied with this fare deserved to have no dinner at all.

John Hunter was born in 1728. His father died when the lad was about ten years of age; and after this event he went to live with a brother-in-law named Buchanan, who

was a cabinet-maker in Glasgow. John Hunter is believed to have worked for some time at this trade; and it is considered by some that to this is to be traced much of the manual dexterity he afterwards displayed as an operator. When in his twentieth year, he heard with great wonder of his brother's success in London; and, receiving an invitation to visit him, he set out for the metropolis. Soon afterwards he began the study of surgery, under the celebrated Cheselden. Young Hunter was of convivial habits, somewhat rough in his manners, and deficient in the higher branches of education. But there was genius of a remarkable kind in the man, and he speedily rose to distinction as a surgeon and comparative anatomist. In 1755 he entered into partnership with his brother, and delivered a part of the lectures in the anatomical school. He continued at this work for ten years, when, his health failing, he went abroad as a staff-surgeon in the army. While in this position he had many opportunities of studying comparative anatomy, of which he thoroughly availed himself. On his return to London he gathered quite a menagerie around him, to facilitate his studies in this department of science. Not only did he spend any spare money he had in this way, but sometimes he borrowed money to add to his collection some rare specimen of a living or dead animal. "Pray, George," said he one day to his friend Nicol the bookseller, "have you got five guineas about you? For if you have, and will lend it me, you shall go halves." "Halves in what?" asked Nicol. "Why, halves in a magnificent tiger that is just dying in Castle Street," said Hunter. And although the investment was somewhat out of the way, and did not seem likely to be remunerative, Nicol lent the money, and John Hunter got the tiger!

Like his brother, John Hunter became a Fellow of the Royal Society. He became Surgeon-extraordinary to the

King in 1776, and contributed a great many valuable papers, by which comparative anatomy and surgery have been greatly enriched. He died suddenly, in 1792, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and his museum was purchased by the nation in 1799. There was an unfortunate quarrel between him and his brother, owing to their conflicting claims to the priority of a discovery of importance, in their favourite department of study. But this, to a large extent, was composed ere death separated them. For many of the facts which I have now laid before you, regarding the Hunters, I am indebted to two articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by Dr. Laycock.

It may interest some of my audience to know that the wife of John Hunter—who was a Scottish lady of the name of Home, and the sister of Sir Everard Home—was the authoress of many beautiful songs; among others, that one which the exquisite music of Haydn has made almost a universal favourite, “My mother bids me bind my hair with bands of rosy hue.”

The genius of the Hunter family was not confined to the two illustrious brothers. Their sister Dorothy shared in it, and transmitted it to her children. Dr. Matthew Baillie, her son, became an eminent physician in London. Joanna Baillie, the poetess, was her daughter; and all who know her “Plays on the Passions,” and her admirable Scottish songs—among others, “Hooly and Fairly,” “The Shepherd’s Song,” and “Woo’d and Married an’ a’”—will admit that she has added fresh lustre to Scottish poesy. A lady of my acquaintance, who sometimes visited Joanna Baillie at her home at Hampstead, tells me that Agnes Baillie, the sister of the poetess, was also remarkable for her genius; although, from her retiring disposition, the fact was only known to her intimate friends.

Did time and the patience of my audience permit, I might

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notice other names connected with the parish of East Kilbride, of which the inhabitants may be justly proud, and which ought to act as a stimulus to those whose ambition is to be useful while they live, and be missed when they die. But I shall only, in a sentence or two, allude to one other.

When Joanna and Agnes Baillie were living at Long Calderwood with their mother, the widow of Dr. James Baillie, who had been professor of theology in the University of Glasgow, they took notice of a sickly little boy, called John Struthers, the son of a shoemaker at Forefaulds, on their estate, and helped to educate him. And the generous kindness of these truly noble ladies was not thrown away. For, although the boy was for some years employed as a cow-herd, and settled in Glasgow for some time as a shoemaker, his desire for information amounted to a passion, and he has made for himself a name in literature. His poem, the "Poor Man's Sabbath," has been spoken of in terms of high commendation by such critics as Sir Walter Scott, Joanna Baillie, and John Gibson Lockhart. Other poems followed, among which were the "Peasant's Death," "Winter," and the "Plough;" and many of the biographical notices in Chambers's "Lives of Eminent Scotsmen" are from his pen. In 1833 he was appointed to the charge of the Stirling library, in Glasgow, and died in 1853, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

I may mention here, although at this stage it is something of an anachronism, that the parish of East Kilbride seems to be maintaining its reputation as a home of the muse of poetry; the late William Watt being well known as the author of several Scottish songs, and his son Alexander having distinguished himself by still higher attempts, as his lines on "Mains Castle" and other poems prove.

A few notices of the early history of the parish of CATHCART must bring this lecture to a close. This parish consisted originally of two manors, bestowed by David the First

on Walter Fitz-Alan ; the Manor of Kerkert, and the Manor of "Le Drep," now called Dripps. The name Kerkert, which is the oldest form that has come under my notice, and is faithfully preserved in the pronunciation of the common people, evidently signifies the *caer* or fort on the Cart ; but it is a puzzling thing to find the name assuming so many different forms. Walter Fitz-Alan, when he founded the Abbey of Paisley, bestowed upon it, among many other gifts, the Church of Kethkert, and the charter by which he conveyed his gifts tells us that they were bestowed on God, and St. Mary, and the Church of St. James, St. Mirinus, and St. Milburga of Paisley, for the benefit of the soul of Henry, king of England,—you will remember that the Steward had lately come from Wenlock, in Shropshire,—and the souls of King David, King Malcolm, and Earl Henry ; as also for the souls of King William and his brother David, Earl of Huntingdon ; as well as the soul of the donor and that of his wife. This old Church of Cathcart was dedicated to St. Oswald, a Northumbrian king, who had been brought to the knowledge of Christianity in the island of Iona, and was afterwards held in great honour by the followers of Columba. As late as the year 1550 Jonetta Spreull, Lady of Cathcart, directed her body to be buried in the choir of "St. Oswald's," as the church was then called. This lady was the wife of Gabriel Semple, son of John, Lord Semple, then lord of the manor.

Along with the Church of Cathcart, the Steward presented to the Abbey of Paisley, as I have already indicated, the Manor of Dripps, with all that pertained to it, in lands and in waters, according to the marches by which William had held it. This early possessor of the land of Dripps is, in another charter, called William the son of Maiduse. Surnames were only beginning to be used about that time. The vassals of the Steward, who held the Manor of Cathcart, took

their surname from it. Towards the end of the twelfth century I find Reynaldus de Ketkert a witness to a charter of Alan, the son of Walter the Stewart; and among the many illustrious members of this old family was Sir Alan Cathcart, who was a true patriot, and a devoted friend of Robert the Bruce. Indeed there are many interesting incidents connected with this old barony, while in the hands of the Cathcarts, the Semples, and the Maxwells of Williamwood, worthy of recital; as also of Bogton, an ancient seat of the Blairs; and Langside, associated with the Hamiltons of Aikenhead, of one of whom I shall have honourable mention to make in a subsequent lecture. But the inexorable demands of time and space warn me to be silent regarding these matters. Of Queen Mary's connection with Langside, something falls to be said in a future lecture.





LECTURE III.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, IN PERSECUTING TIMES.

IN a country noted for its struggles for the attainment of religious liberty, it would be disappointing if, in looking into the historical notices of any district belonging to it, few traces or none could be found connecting the inhabitants, at any period, with the glorious enterprise. Knowing that this neighbourhood contains many such traces, I hesitated for a time whether I should in this lecture turn your attention to the struggles connected with the Reformation period, in the sixteenth century, or those associated with the persecuting times a century later. But, as I have more ample and interesting materials connected with the latter epoch, I have resolved to invite your attention to it. Before investigating the history of the Covenanting times, I had no idea that this neighbourhood was so closely and so honourably associated with the noble efforts then made, in behalf of civil and religious liberty.

That the attainment of civil and religious liberty was the great object for which the heroic men of that period so nobly contended, no one who has examined the history of the period, with any degree of care, can doubt. Men are sometimes heard speaking of the Covenanters as if they were merely a small faction of the Scottish people of the time. But this is quite a mistake. In 1638, at the beginning of the Fifty Years' struggle for liberty, the whole nation may be

said to have been a Covenanted people. Certainly the nobles, and ministers, and burgesses, and peasantry were so overwhelmingly on that side, that there was only left on the other a miserable faction. And this is substantially true in regard to the "Solemn League and Covenant" too. No doubt, half measures by-and-by produced divided counsels; and persecution cooled the zeal of many whose hearts were never thoroughly in the cause. But, from time to time, the very extremities in which the good cause was placed kindled the patriotism of the nation, and welded into a compact mass those who honestly differed on minor points and measures. And Scotland owes much of the civil and religious liberty she now enjoys to the much persecuted and, up till a comparatively recent period, the much misunderstood and maligned Covenanters. Let any one who wishes to master the principles which were at stake in that long contest, and the leading measures by which, under God, they eventually triumphed, read "The Fifty Years' Struggle of the Covenanters," by the late James Dodds, and he will thank me for having directed him to such an able and trustworthy authority.

A far humbler task is mine to-night. I purpose to string together, by a thin thread of narrative, undoubted facts connected with this neighbourhood, during the latter half of the Fifty Years' struggle, and in this way put you in possession of materials from which you may draw your own conclusions. And if you do not sympathise with the actions of these men in every point, as I suppose no one of us is prepared to do, you will at least have an idea of the wrongs inflicted on them, the sacrifices they made, the aims they had in view, and the metal of which they were made. The main facts embodied in my narrative are drawn from Wodrow's "History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution;" but supplemented from other quarters.

Being minister of the parish of Eastwood, Wodrow had special opportunities for knowing the events that took place in this neighbourhood ; and any one who has examined his manuscripts, as I have had the opportunity of doing, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, must be convinced, by the vouchers of facts found among them, of the great pains he was at in collecting his materials, and his accuracy even in the narration of minute details.

I must premise, in a few sentences, that Scotland was originally brought to the knowledge of Christianity by Presbyters, as all our early historians, from the venerable Bede to John of Fordun, declare ; that she was reformed from Popery by Presbyters ; and that, from the Reformation downwards, she has, when allowed to express her own mind, made it evident that her desire is that her Church government should be in the hands of Presbyters. And who will say that Scotland has not the right to hold her own opinion on such a matter, and have that opinion respected ? Precisely on the same ground that Englishmen, who have time-honoured associations connected with Episcopacy, have a right to hold their own opinion on that matter, and have that opinion respected, the claims of Scotland regarding Presbytery stand firm and sure. But Charles the Second, after swearing to do the contrary, sought to impose Prelacy on our country by fine and imprisonment, and by the sword and the gibbet when these failed. He wished the royal will, which was not remarkable for its enlightenment, to be supreme both in matters civil and ecclesiastical ; and in trying to force it on our countrymen, he and his counsellors trampled on all right principles of law, and the claims of conscience. To resist this tyranny by an appeal to constitutional means, in the first instance, and, when these failed, by an appeal to arms—this was the attitude of the Covenanters. And it was precisely the attitude of those noble Englishmen

who, in a calm and legal way, got rid of a tyrant king rather than surrender the liberty which their forefathers had won at Runnymede.

In the Parliament of 1662, after sacrificing by a stroke the religious liberty of the country, and all that had apparently been won during the struggles of the preceding quarter of a century, an Act of Indemnity was passed, which had a clause appended to it empowering a commission to impose fines on as many as they thought deserving of them, and to any extent they (the commission) chose. This was well known at the time to be an ingenious, although an unprincipled mode of punishing those who had become obnoxious to the Government, while at the same time it swelled the purses of the men who were in power. The fines thus imposed, and generally spoken of as "Middleton's fines," amounted to the almost incredible sum of £1,017,353 Scots. It is interesting to notice how this infliction told on people living in this neighbourhood; and in this lecture I will sometimes include in our survey the parishes of Eaglesham and Eastwood. James Alexander, in Overhill of Dripps, was fined in £360; John Small, in Kilbride, £360; Matthew Fleming, in Kilbride, £360; Hamilton of Aikenhead, £600; Sir George Maxwell of Pollok, £4000; Pollok of Flender, £200; George Pollok of Falside, £480; and the Laird of Cartbridge, £200. It would be a pity indeed that the names of these sufferers should be forgotten—men who valued their principles at a higher rate than their earthly possessions. I may mention here that, in addition to Middleton's fines, amounting to the enormous sum I have stated, others were inflicted during the persecuting times, which brought the total sum up to £3,174,819 Scots.

However much this imposition of fines for conscience' sake might tell on individuals, it was hoped that a deadly blow might be inflicted on the cause of Presbyterianism by

a measure of another kind. An Act of Council, passed at Glasgow on the 1st of October 1662, made it imperative that all ministers, who had entered their charges since 1649, should procure new presentations from the patrons, and present themselves to the prelates to receive collation and admission to their charges ; and this they were ordered to do on pain of banishment from their homes, their parishes, and presbyteries. The last Sabbath of October of that year was a sad day in many a Scottish parish ; for there were four hundred ministers who could not conscientiously do as the Act commanded, and so they bade farewell to their flocks, choosing rather to suffer than to sin. Four hundred churches were that day shut up, having been abandoned by ministers and people ; and to the honour of this neighbourhood, it has to be said that in every one of the parishes around us the ministers left rather than do violence to their consciences. Their names were these — Mr. William Thomson, minister of Mearns ; Mr. Andrew Morton, of Carmunnock ; Mr. James Blair, of Cathcart ; Mr. Hugh Smith, of Eastwood ; Mr. John Burnet, of Kilbride ; and Mr. James Hamilton, of Eaglesham. Mr. Hamilton, through some influence which I have not been able to discover, was merely confined to his parish. I may notice, in passing, a curious story which Law, in his "Memorials," relates of Mr. Burnet, of Kilbride. He had, it appears, a son who died ; and, on a *post-mortem* examination being made, the doctors discovered the seat of the disease in one of the vital organs. Whereupon Mr. Burnet, who was present at the examination, was seized with the apprehension that he was labouring under a similar complaint ; and so much was he affected by this conviction, that jaundice ensued, and he died. Wodrow says of Mr. Burnet that he was a minister of great solidity and learning ; that he had been singularly useful in East Kilbride, where at one time there

had been a good many Separatists, of extreme opinions ; and that he died in great peace, the last words he was heard to speak being "Glory, glory, glory." The reference to Separatists in this extract is explained by the fact that, when Mr. Patrick Sharpe, the minister of the parish, died in 1651, he was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Charteris, Mr. Burnet's immediate predecessor. Mr. Charteris had previously been minister at Stonehouse. Being under the patronage of the Cromwellian faction, he formed a congregation of Anabaptists at East Kilbride. It is said that, in addition to his clerical duties, he burdened himself with the trade of horse-dealing ; and that, strolling in the churchyard one Saturday evening, he was struck in the chest by one of his horses which was pasturing there, and he died the following day.

The year 1663 opened on scenes of wretchedness and sorrow in many a parish in Scotland, including those in our immediate neighbourhood. Many of the Nonconformist ministers were banished to distant parts of the country, while others wandered about, seeking opportunities of ministering privately to the members of their former flocks. For this grave crime many of them were declared seditious. Thus I find a prosecution emanating from the Lords of Privy Council, on 30th July, 1663, against Mr. Hugh Smith of Eastwood, Mr. James Hamilton of Eaglesham, and Mr. James Blair of Cathcart, as "guilty of sedition and manifest and open contempt of the laws and Acts of Parliament in Council, in having taken upon them to convocate great numbers of His Majesty's subjects, for the purpose of hearing their factious and seditious sermons, to the great scandal of religion and prejudice to the government of the Church." So the deed runs. And they are called upon to answer for their conduct, or be denounced as rebels.

Nor did it fare much better with the people than with the ministers. They were enjoined by law to attend "such

ministers as by public authority are, or shall be, admitted to their parishes." Noblemen, gentlemen, and heritors, absenting themselves from church, were fined in the fourth part of a year's rental ; tenants were fined in the fourth part of their moveable property ; and burgesses were not only fined to the same extent, but lost the liberty of trading within burgh towns. Indeed, so far did the lucrative tyranny of fining go, that a short time after this I find several persons having fines imposed upon them because they would not, as elders, assist the curate of the parish in discipline.

In 1664 the dreadful Court of High Commission was set up. It was found, by the prelates, that the Privy Council did not carry out the laws regarding ecclesiastical causes with sufficient vigour and promptness. It was to remedy this defect that the court referred to was set up ; and it must be admitted that it speedily assimilated the judicial procedure of our country to that state of advancement which Naples, in the recollection of some of us, reached under the fatherly King Bomba and the filial Bombalino. Take a case connected with the parish of Cathcart. It was laid to the charge of James Hamilton, of Aikenhead, that he did not attend the ministrations of Mr. Hay, the curate of the parish. Mr. Hay, it would appear, made up for any want of energy that marked his preaching by extreme vigour in exacting his stipend ; and among those who had full proof of his talent in this line were some of Aikenhead's tenants. Mr. Hay's energy may be designated the energy of exaction ; and it roused in his parishioners the energy of resistance. And, as generally happens when opposing forces meet, there came about a somewhat serious collision between the curate and some of Aikenhead's tenants at Langside. Amidst the tumult we hear the curate of Cathcart applying epithets of a somewhat unclerical nature to his parishioners ; and, as might have been expected,

they do not hesitate to follow the example set them. And so animated does the scene become, and apparently so fraught with danger to the curate, that Mr. James Blair, the ejected minister, who happens to be near, interposes, and the curate escapes. This tussle of hard words is reported to the bishop; and Sir James Turner,—an English officer, of whom we shall hear more by-and-by,—with a party of horse, forthwith makes his appearance on the scene, and carries off a number of the tenants at Langside as prisoners. Thinking that the curate had behaved in an unworthy way in this matter, the Laird of Aikenhead refuses to avail himself of Mr. Hay's ministrations; whereupon he is cited before the Court of High Commission, and fined in the fourth part of his yearly rental. Soon after this, we see the laird fined in another fourth part of his rental. Then he is fined in £300 sterling, and sent to prison till he has paid it. Ere long he is banished as far north as Inverness, where he remains a year and a-half. The half of his fine has meanwhile been paid, and his estate is sequestrated for the other half. At length he is permitted to return home; but for six months he is not allowed to go more than a mile beyond his own house. Before the six months are over, he is carried off to Edinburgh, where he lies in prison for nineteen weeks without any charge being made against him. After another fine of eighty guineas, he is set free. And all this fining, imprisonment, and banishment are inflicted on him for exercising the undoubted right of liberty of conscience which God has given to every man; and which neither civil nor ecclesiastical laws, by whomsoever made, have the slightest right to take away, or even abridge. This account of Aikenhead's sufferings, I may mention, is in substance what was heard from the persecuted man's own lips by Wodrow, the historian.

But more exciting scenes than these were soon to emerge.

For many years the dearest rights and liberties, both civil and religious, of the Scottish people, had been rudely trampled under the feet of an unscrupulous tyrant and his sycophant court; and while curates were ready to inform on those who, in spite of Acts of Parliament, would not wait on their ministrations, the High Court of Commission was ready to go any length in high-handed oppression.

Troops of horseman were scouring the country, enforcing fines, dispersing field-meetings, and searching for, and dragging, suspected persons before tribunals where might had usurped the place of right. Such was the state of the country before the Pentland Rising. The enemies of their country had, with their own hands, laid the train and done what they could to keep the powder dry. It needed only the application of a spark to create a conflagration. And this was not long awaiting. A party of soldiers under the command of Sir James Turner—whom we so lately saw making prisoners at Langside—were discovered cruelly maltreating an old man at Dalry, in Galloway, and threatening to lay him on a hot gridiron, because he either could not or would not pay some church fine which they were exacting from him. This incident roused the indignation of those who witnessed it; a scuffle ensued, and some of the soldiers were disarmed and taken prisoners. Feeling themselves committed by this act, the small party of Covenanters thought it best to try what could be done in the way of resisting tyranny with a strong hand. Instead of fleeing to a hiding-place, they marched to Dumfries, took Sir James Turner prisoner, and advancing through Nithsdale and Ayrshire they reached Lanark—their numbers now swelled to about 1500 men, and led by Colonel Wallace, who, it is said, was of the stock of the great hero of Scotland. The limits assigned to this lecture will not allow me to describe fully the march towards Edinburgh, and the fatal termination

of the hasty rising; when, after sustaining the shock of several charges of cavalry, the little brave band was thrown into confusion and routed at the Pentlands. It is more in harmony with my plan to notice that many stalwart men from this neighbourhood joined the ranks of the Covenanters in connection with this struggle. Of about a hundred prisoners taken at the fight at Rullion Green, three belonged to this immediate neighbourhood; and all of these became martyrs in the cause of liberty. Their names are: John Parker, waulker in Busby; Christopher Strang, tenant in Kilbride; and John Shiels, a tenant of Sir George Maxwell's, of Nether Pollok. Christopher Strang had his home at Leckprivick; and a lineal descendant of his, inheriting his full name, lived at Picketlaw within my recollection. Strang, who was taken prisoner at the battle of the Pentlands, was one of Captain Paton's troop of horsemen. Of Parker I must be permitted to speak more at length. Many of my audience, while wandering along the beautiful banks of the Cart, on the north side of the stream, and a little way below the present New Mill, have, I doubt not, come on the foundation courses of a little building, nearly hid in summer time with rank vegetation. When carefully examined, the traces of "lead and tail race" show that it had been a mill; and, when making inquiry about it many years ago, I found that it lingered in the memory of the aged that it used to be called "Parker's Waulk Mill." That was the scene of the daily labours of one of the martyrs of the Pentland Rising in 1666. His home was probably near the present farm-steading of Easter Busby. One can fancy him, when he hears of the rising in Glenkens, and of the band already at Lanark, girding on his sword—a sword which, in the hands of his ancestors, may have done service in the time of the wars for independence—and, after a hasty but tender adieu to his weeping wife and children, marching with like-minded

neighbours to the battle-field, instead of turning, as usual, in the direction of his little mill beside the peaceful murmurs of the Cart. Then there is the march to the Pentlands, the valiant fight, the defeat, the capture, the imprisonment, the trial, the sentence of death, the gibbet at the Grassmarket ; and Parker's head grins, in the ghastliness of death, from the spike on which it is fixed at Hamilton ; and his right arm, whose only fault was that it had been lifted up to heaven in swearing the Covenants, and raised in the cause of freedom, dangles on the wall of Lanark. Then one thinks on the suspense that fills the humble abode at Busby, and the agony of heart that follows when the full measure of suffering and shame meted out to the Covenanter is known. But, with the lapse of time, brave and patriotic deeds come to be regarded in their true light ; and there are few who know of the ruins of that little waulk mill, surrounded as it is with much that is beautiful of a material kind, who will not allow that there lingers around it the memory of moral greatness—a greatness all the more conspicuous because of the lowly circumstances of him by whom it was displayed. It is to the eternal disgrace of those who swayed the councils, and controlled the law courts of our country at that time, that Parker and his fellow-prisoners, after getting quarter in the field, were condemned to suffer on the scaffold. He and his companions left a “declaration” of the ends they had in view in appearing in arms. It is too long to be given here ; but any of my audience who are interested in such matters will find it in the old book called “Naphtali.” One sentence of it I may quote. “We are condemned by men,” they say, “and esteemed by many as rebels against the king, whose authority we acknowledge. But this is our rejoicing, the testimony of our conscience, that we suffer not as evil-doers, but for righteousness ; for the Word of God and testimony of Jesus Christ, and particularly for our renewing

the covenants, and in pursuance thereof, defending and preserving ourselves by arms against the usurpation and insupportable tyranny of the prelates, and against the most unchristian and inhuman oppression and persecution that ever was enjoined and practised by unjust rulers upon free, innocent, and peaceable subjects."

Many lays of the Covenanting times have been written ; and the heroes of the Pentland Rising have come in for a share of the fame thus bestowed. But it seemed to me a pity that the name of John Parker had never been breathed in any of these lays ; and so I asked a true poet, belonging to your own village—my friend the Rev. Charles Miller of Dunse, author of "The Three Scholars, and other Poems"—to write a few verses on this theme ; and I have now the pleasure of reading to you the following poem, which he entitles "Thanks for the Brave :"—

"O Scotland ! raise a song of praise to Him who rules on high ;
Whose arm upheld thy champions, beneath the stormy sky,
And on the raging ocean, of the Persecuting Times—
The times of Renwick's virtues and of Claverhouse's crimes.

"Oh, doleful, doleful was the lot of our dear fatherland,
What time there rose against her a triple tyrant band ;
A tyrant king, a tyrant lord, ay and a tyrant priest,
Were each a fierce assailant—and the last was not the least.

"The tyrant king demanded power to act as might him please ;
And all the abject hireling crowd fell down upon their knees.
But the gallant of the nation rose, in city and in glen,
For liberty of conscience and the rights of free-born men.

"They leave their fields, they leave their homes, but not without
a tear ;
For sight of home, and face of friends, to noble hearts are dear ;
But not so dear as to hold back the Christian from the fight,
When conscience calls him to defend endangered Truth and
Right.

"They bore themselves like gallant men around old Loudon Hill;
They plucked the rose of victory there by valour and by skill.
And, even when Dissension clave their army like a wedge,
They played the men amidst defeat at Bothwell's bloody Bridge.

"Nor less their patient courage when, as wounded captives taken,
They saw themselves on every hand by all but God forsaken.
They were prisoned, they were tortured, they were basely put
to death ;
But they lived and died true-hearted to their country and
their faith.

"Some were inmates of the castle, like Argyle, the stout of heart;
Some were dwellers in the cottage, like brave Parker from the
Cart ;
And some were merely striplings, like that widow's son, who stood
With fearless face confronting those about to shed his blood.

"And some were women, true and brave, bright in their maiden
bloom ;
And others matrons, full of years and verging on the tomb.
O Solway ! thou beheldest such, when in thy surging tide,
A widow old and maiden young, as dauntless martyrs, died.

"Raise, Scotland, then a hymn of praise to Him who rules on high ;
Whose arm upheld thy champions beneath the stormy sky,
And on the raging ocean of the Persecuting Times—
The times of Renwick's virtues and of Claverhouse's crimes."

The descendants of John Parker were for many generations residents in Busby. His son James was a sufferer for upholding the cause in which his father died ; and, during the great religious movement in the West of Scotland in the middle of last century, which was connected with the labours of Whitefield, few cases were more striking and instructive than that of another descendant, John Parker, waulker and dyer at Busby. As late as the year 1790, we find Robert Parker plying his vocation of waulker at the little mill, to the ruins of which, as yet, no obelisk or cairn calls

the attention of the passer-by, although the spot is sacred to the memory of a Pentland martyr and his godly descendants.

Among the proprietors belonging to this district who suffered for the part they took in the Pentland Rising, was William Mure, of Caldwell, who owned the lands of Wester Kitchside. These, with other lands belonging to Mure, were bestowed as a gift on Dalziel, of Binns; but the gift was cancelled at the Revolution Settlement.

I said in a former lecture that some of the ministers of Carmunnock, about this time, were men of note. The first of these whom I shall notice was Mr Matthew M'Kail, who was admitted to the charge of the parish in 1640, and continued in it for about ten years, after which he was removed to Bothwell. This good man lay long in prison, under the ban of the ruling party in the State; but as his sufferings were endured chiefly after his translation to Bothwell, I do not longer dwell on them. It is, however, something interesting to know that the parish of Carmunnock enjoyed, for about ten years, the services of such a man. I wonder how many of my audience are aware that this minister of Carmunnock was the father of the martyr, Hugh M'Kail, and that the presumption is that the martyr himself was born in the old manse of Carmunnock? Among the few notices of his early career which have come down to us, it is stated that he was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1661, being then in his twentieth year. From these data it appears that he was born in 1641, while his father was minister of Carmunnock. Few events excited more intense interest at the time, and few awaken deeper sympathy now, when two centuries have elapsed, than the judicial murder of Hugh M'Kail. His youth—for he was only twenty-five when he went to the scaffold—his manly beauty, his happy disposition, his devotion to the liberties of his country, and the touching pathos of his last words, all made a deep impression on the hearts of his countrymen.

A whole lecture might with advantage be devoted to the martyr, and the incidents which led to his sacrifice ; but I must content myself with the statement of a few of the leading facts connected with his short career. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, under the care of his uncle, Mr. Hugh M'Kail, who was one of the ministers of the metropolis ; and he was licensed as a preacher, as has been already stated, in 1661. Having been a tutor in the family of Sir James Stewart, of Coltness, he continued as a chaplain in that family, after receiving license. His career as a preacher was short ; for his last sermon was preached in the High Church of Edinburgh in September, 1662, immediately before the time fixed for the ejection of the nonconforming ministers of the city. In this discourse he said the Scriptures gave the surest evidence that the people of God had been persecuted, sometimes by a Pharaoh upon the Throne, sometimes by a Haman in the State, and sometimes by a Judas in the Church. This terse and telling statement was applied by those who heard it to the existing state of matters in the country, in which the hostile influence of all the three oppressors seemed to be combined ; and no one seems to have been more offended by the remark than Archbishop Sharp, who evidently felt that the reference to Judas had some relation to himself. A party of horsemen were sent to capture the youthful preacher ; but he made his escape to the Continent, where he remained for three years. On his return he joined the insurgents, who were marching from Dumfries to Lanark ; but he was in such a weak state of health that he was obliged to leave them at Colinton, before the collision with the Royalist troops at the Pentlands took place. Notwithstanding this, he was brought before the Privy Council, endured the torture of "the boot," and was condemned to death. His cousin, Dr. Matthew M'Kail, an eminent physician, made great efforts to save his life ; but all was unavailing, as Sharp was

evidently resolved that he should die. A very touching interview with his father, the former minister of Carmunnock, took place the morning before his execution, which ended in the son saying: "I desire it of you, as the best and last service, to go to your chamber and pray earnestly to the Lord to be with me on that scaffold; for how to carry [conduct myself] there is my care, even that I may be strengthened to endure to the end." You are, I doubt not, familiar with the noble burst of eloquence with which he closed his last address on the scaffold: "Now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to Thee, O Lord. Now I begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations! Farewell, the world and all delights! Farewell, meat and drink! Farewell, sun, moon, and stars! Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Lord Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant! Welcome, Spirit of Grace, God of all Consolation! Welcome, glory! Welcome, eternal life! Welcome, death!"

An English historian declares that there is nothing equal to this, in pathos and sublimity, to be found in all the writings of antiquity; and one of our own countrymen, in describing the scene witnessed at Hugh M'Kail's martyrdom, says: "Never was a death more lamented; for among all the spectators there was scarcely an eye that did not run down with tears."

Another remarkable minister of Carmunnock, during the persecuting times, was Mr. Andrew Morton, or Myrton, as his name is sometimes spelled. With great natural ability, his life was devoted not merely to the good of his parishioners, but also to the best interests of his native land, as these were then at stake. He was one of those, you will remember, of whom I spoke at an earlier stage, as ejected from their charges in 1662.

From various notices which have come down to us, it

appears that Morton, when a young man, was a soldier, and addicted, among other bad habits, to profane swearing. But a casual remark, dropped in his hearing, made such an impression on him as not only to induce him to abandon that evil habit, but to lead to an entire change of life. Attending the Arts classes in the University of St. Andrews, he took his degree there in 1641; and, after studying theology and obtaining licence, he was admitted minister of the parish of Carmunnock, 8th May, 1650, being then in the thirty-fifth year of his age. After labouring assiduously in his parish for twelve years, he was deprived of his charge; first by Act of Parliament, and then by Act of Privy Council in 1662, for nonconformity. For a year or two after this he found a temporary home in the parish of East Kilbride, in a house which was kindly given him by the Laird of Torrance; but through the influence of Mr. James Crichton, the conforming minister of the parish, he was obliged to seek shelter elsewhere, as it was found that he was privately ministering to some members of his old flock. He then went to Glasgow, where, from time to time, he met with some of his former parishioners, and even occasionally ministered baptism to their children. This coming to the ears of Mr. Robert Boyd, the curate of Carmunnock, information was lodged against Mr. Morton, and he was denounced in 1664. Removing now to the parish of Dalry in Ayrshire, he laboured there for a time, the minister of the parish being both old and deaf. Returning to Glasgow for the education of his family, his love to his former flock led him sometimes back to forbidden ground, and meetings in private houses, and even in the open air at Carmunnock. No doubt, the Court of High Commission had forbidden him to preach in the parish; but authorities were conflicting, for he remembered that a higher One than that court had said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

Mr. Robert Boyd, the curate of Carmunnock, had been

on the outlook ; and he informed the authorities that Mr. Morton was treading on forbidden ground. The result of this was that Mr. Morton was speedily in the hands of the law-officers, and lodged in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh ; and, after an examination before the Earl of Kincardine, he was sentenced to close imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle, until an opportunity should occur of sending him to Stirling. For nine long months he lies in imprisonment in Stirling, until it becomes evident that his health is becoming thoroughly undermined ; and then he is allowed to return to Glasgow, on signing a declaration that he will present himself before the authorities whenever he is called upon to do so. Breathing the air of liberty, and of the neighbourhood of his old home, invigorates the persecuted minister ; and soon we find him at his loved work again. Many of the citizens of Glasgow, who are in sympathy with him, resort to him ; and, like Paul of old among the Romans, he preaches in his own hired house. But there is one day of the week on which his Glasgow friends are told not to come to him. On Wednesday, the market-day, many of his old parishioners are in town, and the day is devoted to them. I hardly know a finer or more characteristic feature of those times than that which is thus presented to us,—the people of Carmunnock hurrying into town on the market day ; some of them, we may suppose, then, as now, carrying bundles of clothes bleached to snowy whiteness ; and going as early as possible, in order that their business may be the sooner over, and that time may be found for hearing the Word preached by the lips of their banished minister.

But we must be impartial, even when some of the parties concerned are neighbours, and such generally excellent people as the parishioners of Carmunnock, past and present. And there is an incident connected with the treatment of

Mr. Robert Boyd, the curate of the parish, rather more than two hundred years ago, which stands in need of some explanation. On the 6th of January, 1670, the Council are informed that a robbery has been committed on the person and goods of Mr. Boyd; and a decree is issued against the heritors and parish, bearing that Mr. Boyd's house was rifled, his wife wounded, and he himself sought for, but not found,—from which we are warranted to conclude that he fled, when he should have defended his wife, and escaped somewhat rough handling just because he was not found. At this juncture we find Sir Alexander Stewart of Castlemilk making his appearance on the scene—as some of his ancestors have already done in our pages. Sir Alexander acknowledges, as matters of fact, what has been laid to the charge of the parishioners, but denies all knowledge of the culprits. The Council, however, make short work of it. Sir Alexander and the parish are fined in £50 sterling; and, when the fine is paid, it is handed over to Mr. Boyd. I fear it is now too late for the Carmunnock people to throw such light on this incident as will entirely exonerate their ancestors; but if they can I shall be glad to make the defence known. Meanwhile if I were a curate, or had any intention of becoming one, I would give a wide berth to Carmunnock.

Looking at the neighbouring parishes, we find in all of them in these old days indications of devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty. Mr. Blacader, of Troqueer, prevented from doing the work of a minister at home, prosecuted the labours of an evangelist elsewhere; and, about this time, he has meetings in the open air both at Eaglesham and Kilbride. Among those who suffered imprisonment at this period we find John Rankin, in Tofts, and James Dunlop, at Polnoon Mill, in Eaglesham; also James Young, in Muiryet, and John Fauls, in Newton-of-Mearns. And while the poor suffer by imprisonment, fines

are unmercifully imposed on all who can bear them—the crimes being non-attendance on the ministrations of the curates, or hearing sermon at open-air meetings. Will it be believed that the following fines were imposed within a space of three years?—Sir George Maxwell of Nether Pollok, £93,600, Scots; Matthew Stuart, in Mearns, £6399; John Pollok of Fallside, £3510; James Hamilton of Langtown, £18,427; James Pollok of Balgray, £15,833. The amount of suffering, covered by this short statement, who can tell? The goods and substance of those who were brave and patriotic enough to assert the rights of conscience were thus, in effect, put into the hands of harpies, who never thought they had enough. And few of them, in their rapacity, were so honest as Sir William Bannatyne, who, when a farmer asked him why he was fined, replied, “Because you have gear, and I must have a part of it.”

We have not space to notice all the modes by which the rulers of the country sought to compromise the position of those who were contending for their undoubted rights. The “Indulgence,” the “Accommodation,” and other measures of the time were, in reality, just the old hook concealed by new kinds of bait; and none felt the truth of this more keenly than some of those who were lured into the acceptance of them.

Perhaps nothing that I can adduce is fitted to give a clearer idea of the severities of the time than an account, which I shall now lay before you, of a field-meeting held at Williamwood, in the parish of Cathcart, in the year 1678. The Maxwells of Williamwood, I may mention in passing, were a branch of the Maxwells of Auldhous; and these again, were sprung from the Nether Pollok family. The Laird of Williamwood, at the time referred to, was a firm supporter of the Covenanted cause; and he did not shrink from the responsibility of making his convictions known.

Among other ways of doing this, he harboured at Williamwood some of the ejected ministers ; and even aided and abetted them in their attempts to preach the Gospel. Nor can it be denied that, in furtherance of this object, he countenanced a conventicle at Williamwood, at which Mr. John Campbell and Mr. Matthew Crawford preached. It is the fresh, glad month of May ; but the freedom with which the birds sing, and the trees and flowers of Williamwood put forth their buds and blossoms, contrasts strangely with the hindrances put in the way of the men and women who resort thither to worship God and hear His Word proclaimed. The meeting has for some time been arranged ; but care has been taken to whisper the notice of it only into friendly ears. On the appointed day, the people of Cathcart and the adjoining parishes flock to it. Several come from Glasgow, and places still more remote. A considerable crowd has assembled near the mansion-house of Williamwood. The sound of prayer is heard ; the multitude blend their voices in praise ; and again there is stillness, broken only by the preacher's voice. In this way for a little the services proceed. But ere long we see the whole crowd in confusion. Information has been given by some spy to the authorities ; and the dragoons are already in sight. Some of the people run one way, some another ; but the horsemen are already in the midst of them. Upwards of sixty of the men are taken prisoners ; and these brave soldiers pursue the helpless women and snatch from them their plaids, their Bibles, and whatever else they can lay their hands on. Fully the half of the prisoners are from Glasgow—the rest are country people ; and, like a herd of cattle, they are driven into the city. The country people, after a few days' imprisonment in Glasgow, are taken under a strong guard to Edinburgh. And what think you was the punishment in the end awarded to them for worshipping God in the open air at

Williamwood? The fatherly government of the time enters into an arrangement with one Ralph Williamson, of London, to convey them to the West Indies, and sell them at the highest price they will bring as workers in the plantations there! And who were some of the men handed over to such a cruel fate? Among them were James, John, and Robert Maxwell, in Cathcart; William Niven, in Eastwood; William Urie, in Cathcart; James Blackwood and David Corsbie in Carmunnock; and Robert Reid in Langside. And a singular history is that of this expatriated band. We see them shipped at Leith, and after a tedious passage, they reach Gravesend. Here, according to the bargain made with the government, Williamson should have been ready to receive his cargo of white slaves. But owing to some misunderstanding, he did not make his appearance, and the captain of the vessel which conveyed them from Leith declared that he would supply them with food no longer, and setting them at liberty, let them shift for themselves. To the honour of Englishmen be it said, that these poor countrymen of ours were kindly entertained by them in the midst of their poverty and suffering. But many of them, drawn by the strong ties of kindred and nationality, returned to our neighbourhood, to suffer yet more in the conquest of liberty. Among those who suffered severely afterwards was Maxwell of Williamwood, whose estate was forfeited, and who had even sentence of death pronounced on him. An account of his sufferings has been handed down to us, but into that matter we may not now further enter. His estates were restored to him at the Revolution, in 1688.

After the skirmish at Loudon Hill, and the battle of Bothwell Brig, the severities to which the Covenanters were exposed became more intolerable than they had been before. The furnace was heated sevenfold more, and even women were tortured in a most inhuman way. When Francis Park

in Crofthead, in the parish of Carmunnock, lent his plough to a neighbour who had been at Bothwell Brig, fourteen soldiers were quartered on him ; and it was only after giving them fifty pounds that they consented to leave his house. George Park, in Muirside, of Carmunnock, had to pay a fine of two hundred marks for giving quarters to his own son, who had been "out at Bothwell Brig." And, as a specimen of the cruelty shown to women,—always a mark of barbarians and cowards,—when Anna Park, the wife of John Mitchell at Langside, would not tell where her husband was concealed, the manly soldiers bound her and put burning matches between her fingers, to extort a confession from her !

Among the strangest features of the times I speak of, were the military courts—if that can be called a court, in which one man, and he a rough soldier, sat as judge and jury combined, with unlimited powers of extortion, and no appeal from his decisions tolerated. It so happens that the parish of Carmunnock, which has afforded us glimpses of the vicars and lairds of the fifteenth century, is the one that gives us a specimen of the way in which a military court was conducted in the seventeenth century.

While the hands of Claverhouse are full of congenial work in the south, and Skene and Meldrum are busy in the east, the west of Scotland falls under the tender mercies of Major White. It is to a court held by the major in Carmunnock that I have now to call your attention for a little. "The nearer the church, the further from grace," is a strange old proverb ; but it is wonderfully near the mark in the present case, for it is in the church that the major's court is held. You cannot mistake the major amidst the crowd ; his cavalier air and gentlemanly mode of swearing point him out as the leading personage there. And he who sits beside him on the bench, taking a marked interest in what is going on, and occasionally whispering into the major's ear, is Mr. Robert

Boyd, the curate of the parish. It is the 8th day of March, 1683, and the husbandmen, if left to themselves, would be busy with the plough or harrow ; but tillage is a secondary matter when weighed in the balance with the toils of a fatherly government, or the travails of Major White's hungry purse. A good many of the parishioners are present, having been summoned thither to give an account of themselves. They are called by name, and as soon as they have made their obeisance to the major, they are asked to swear that they are at church every third Sabbath at least. If they swear to this effect, all is held to be right ; but, if they refuse, the major imposes such a fine as in his wisdom he thinks meet. There are several who will not swear that they wait on the ministrations of the curate, as the law commands ; and from eight or nine who take up this position fines amounting in all to £277 Scots are exacted. But presently there is a strange commotion in the church, and it looks as if some one were being roughly handled by the soldiers who are present to execute the major's will. The cause of the commotion turns out to be this. William Warnock, in Busby, has been fined in £23, a large sum for a humble man to lose. He has, however, paid the greater part of it, and hopes he may now be allowed to go free. But before the major will allow this, he orders the soldiers to search Warnock's pockets, and you see one of the soldiers holding out three shillings as the result of the search. The spoil is handed to the major, and Warnock goes home penniless.

At the same court Mr. Andrew Morton, the ejected minister, is severely dealt with. Since 1679 he had been living at Haggs, in the parish of Eastwood, through the kindness of Sir George Maxwell of Pollok, and while there he found many opportunities of preaching the Gospel in the neighbourhood, and even celebrating the Lord's Supper in the fields. But this is to be tolerated no longer ; and so, by

Major White, acting under the authority of the Privy Council, he is fined in thirty thousand marks for the alleged crime of baptising and preaching in the parish. This fine, of course, he could never be expected to pay; but it has the certain effect of making him a fugitive and a wanderer. "This, and the severity of the times," says Wodrow, "obliged this worthy minister, Mr. Morton, to abscond: and his family removed from the Haggs to Edinburgh, where he lurked the best way he might until the liberty of 1687, at which time he returned to his parish of Carmunnock, and preached in a house belonging to Sir William Stuart of Castle-milk, till he had access to his church; and, after all his tossings and toils, he died minister there, in a good old age, and under much serenity, July, 1691." When he died he was in the 76th year of his age and the 42nd of his ministry.

On another court-day five-and-twenty men are fined in sums varying from twenty-five to fifty pounds; twelve married women were fined in six dollars each; and William Alexander and William Baird, in Dripps, because they refused to be elders in the parish of Cathcart to Mr. Robert Finnie, the curate there, were remitted to the Sheriff of Lanark, and fined in a hundred pounds each. Such is a specimen of a military court of the period. And after Major White has acted his part, Somerville of Spittal comes and summons many of the so-called delinquents before him, and fines them over again for their old faults!

But scenes of a bloodier kind than these were enacted in the parish of Cathcart about this time. In the churchyard of that parish there is a tombstone erected to the memory of Robert Thom, Thomas Cook, and John Urie, "martyrs for owning the Covenanted work of Reformation." On the 11th day of May, 1685, they were seized by Major Balfour and a party of soldiers; and because they would not answer ensnaring questions regarding King James the Seventh, in

such a way as to compromise their protest against his unconstitutional procedure and cruel tyranny, they were shot within an hour from the time when they were made prisoners. To use Lord Macaulay's graphic words in reference to the tragic event : "A file of musketeers was drawn out. The prisoners knelt down ; they were blindfolded ; and within an hour after they had been arrested their blood was lapped up by the dogs."

Some men in our day talk of the Covenanters taking the law into their own hands ; but I declare my astonishment is that our forefathers tolerated such an imposition of a government so long as they did. I think most of us would be inclined to make much shorter work of it. But time would fail me to tell of the worthies belonging to this neighbourhood who acted a noble part in those troublous times—of John Park and James Algie, the martyrs of Kennishead, and George Jackson of Eastwood, and many others in the neighbouring parishes. The Fugitive Rolls of that period are rich in names of men whose descendants, I fear, do not know the heroic character they displayed, and at what cost of blood, and toil, and suffering the liberty we now enjoy was purchased.

In the Royal Proclamation, of date 5th May, 1684, a list of fugitives is given, in which I find the following names among others belonging to this neighbourhood. In the parish of Carmunnock—Archibald Reid, in Castleton ; — Thomson, in Gallowhill ; Matthew Park and George Park, his brother, in Muirside ; William Smith, in Water-side ; James Parker and John Stainly, in Busby. In Kilbride—James Aikenhead, George Jackson, Gavin Clark, Mungo Cochrane, and Andrew Young, in Kittochside ; John Reid, in Dripps ; James Wilson, in Hill-of-Dripps ; David Threpland, in Peel ; Robert Wark or Warnock, in Thornton ; Gavin Filshil, in Busby. In Mearns—George

Pollock, John Wood, — Stevenson, in Pollock Town ; William Wilson and John Gilmour, in Mearns ; Robert Pollock, in Flender ; John Fowlis, in Newton of Mearns, and others. In Cathcart I find the names of John Maxwell, son of John Maxwell, of Bogton ; James Maxwell, of Williamwood ; John Wallace, John Dunlop, and James Shepherd, in Langside, and others.

Sir Walter Scott, who, in some of his works, first caricatured and then ridiculed the principles and actings of the Covenanters, could not help expressing indignation at the persecutions heaped on them ; and in his "Tales of a Grandfather" he says that : "As if Satan himself had suggested means of oppression, Lauderdale raked up out of oblivion the old and barbarous laws which had been adopted in the fiercest times, and directed them against the Nonconformists, especially those who attended the field conventicles." And in connection with this extract he quotes the lines of Grahame, the gentle bard of "The Sabbath," who, from his residence in early years in the parish of Cathcart, may have had some of the incidents in his mind, which I have related to you in this Lecture, when he drew the picture :—

" But years more gloomy followed ; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storms raged fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens ; then dauntlessly
The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice—
Their faithful pastor's voice : he by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred Book,
And words of comfort spake : over their souls
His accents soothing came."



LECTURE IV.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD AND VILLAGE IN RECENT TIMES.



MEAN to devote a considerable part of this Lecture—the last of our short course—to matters connected with the village of BUSBY; but as, in what has already been said, I have dealt chiefly with early historical notices of the neighbourhood, it may be well to lay before you, first, a few gleanings from the statistical accounts of the four parishes with which your village is connected, and from one or two other works bearing on the more recent history of the district lying immediately around it.

Beginning with the account of the parish of MEARNS, written by Mr. (afterwards Dr.) M'Letchie, its minister in 1796, there is not much of a historical kind in his statement which makes it necessary for us to linger over it. This we are the more ready to wonder at, considering the well-known ability and scholarship of the writer; for, as many of us are no doubt aware, he was an accomplished man, and famous for the number of young men of high social standing who boarded with him in the Manse of Mearns. Among others whose education he superintended, was John Wilson, the celebrated "Christopher North," in whose "Noctes Ambrosianæ" the parish of Mearns figures somewhat prominently. Mr. Hector, in his "Vanduarra," tells us that, in the manse of Mearns, Wilson had for associ-

ates "the late much-respected Sir John Maxwell, of Pollock, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, of Ardgowan, . . . and one or two other boys, scions of aristocratic families in the county."

Mr. M'Letchie is loud in his praise of the pasturage of his parish, and certain products derived from it. "The greater part of the lands," he says, "is in pasturage. Every farm is stocked with milk cows; and the principal object of the farmer is to produce butter and butter-milk for the Glasgow market. The butter that is made here, and especially that which is salted for winter's use is reckoned preferable to any other, and the demand for it is vastly greater than can be answered." But notwithstanding the distinction already acquired in dairy produce, Mr. M'Letchie justly complains that the poor yield which many of the cows gave was owing to the want of care on the part of their owners to get a proper breed, and to their keeping more of them on their ground than it was able sufficiently to pasture. He complains also that the young cattle were kept on the Moor of Mearns, where they were half-starved, never afterwards attaining to full size, nor yielding the amount of milk which cows reared with care did. The minister seems to have been an enlightened agriculturist, as might have been expected of him as the proprietor of the farm of Humbie, and we may, we trust, conclude that these defects were speedily rectified.

Mr. M'Letchie tells us that land was considered high-rented in the parish in his time. On an average, excluding the moor, it fetched twenty-six shillings the acre; and some of it, let in pasture, brought fifty shillings. Whereas, little more than a quarter of a century before the time when he wrote, the average rent of land was not more than seven or eight shillings the acre.

There are two statements made regarding the spirit which generally animated the inhabitants of the parish of Mearns

nearly a century ago, which it would be a pity to omit. Referring to the ecclesiastical condition of the parish, Mr. M'Letchie says : "There has long been an Anti-burgher meeting-house here." It was erected in 1743. "The congregation, which is not near so numerous now as formerly, is made up of people belonging to this parish and to some of the adjoining parishes. There are, likewise, in the parish a few Burghers and Cameronians. It is pleasant to see the happy effects of toleration. Time has softened the rancour of party among these seceders from the Established Church, and almost all of them live in good neighbourhood, and discover a spirit of Christian charity." And, as regards the general habits of the people of Mearns, and their attitude in reference to the politics of the day, the following passage occurs : "The people of this parish are sober, industrious, and economical, respectful to their superiors, and uncommonly friendly and obliging. They are rational in their religious sentiments, and moderate in their religious zeal. All of them are strongly attached to our present civil constitution, and cautiously avoid giving countenance to any change or innovation in it. It is happy for them that they pretend not to make politics their study. They mind the duties and the business of their own station, and wish to enjoy, with thankfulness and peace, the many blessings which a kind Providence bestows on them."

And yet, without wishing to mar the effect produced by this Arcadian picture, perhaps the Mearns people of last century might have been the better of looking a little into the politics of their country. It is not so unreasonable that the people who pay taxes should have some voice as to the way in which their money is spent, and that those who have to obey the laws should have some voice regarding the laws that are to be made. Some improvements have been made by the study of practical politics since the end of last cen-

tury ; and the country would be the better of some more, ere the present century comes to a close.

The New Statistical Account of the parish, written by the Rev. William Patrick, of Hamilton, in 1842, is an able and scholarly production, and very full in the department of natural history. He notices that the meaning of the name, "Mearns," which O'Brien in his "Word Book" gives, a "district inhabited by herdsman," is exactly descriptive of the parish in modern times. And I may mention that Chalmers, in his "Caledonia," gives precisely the same derivation. Mr. Patrick notices, also, that the reputation which the Mearns farmers had early acquired for the manufacture of butter was still maintained ; and that, in addition to this, the more scientific branches of agriculture were beginning to be better understood and practised. He refers to the pretty extensive cotton works at Busby ; the print-field at Netherplace ; and the print-field and bleach-field at Wellmeadow. As regards the general character of the people, he says : "As this is strictly a rural district, the people are characterised, to a certain extent, by simplicity of manners, and by an absence of many of the vices that are more common and more fashionable in populous manufacturing districts."

The population of the parish of Mearns, which in 1755 numbered 886 souls, and had in 1792 risen to 1430, amounted in 1841 to 3088, and by the census of 1881 stands at 3965.

Turning now to the Statistical Accounts of the parish of EAST KILBRIDE, that which was published in 1792 is from the pen of the celebrated Mr. Ure, to whom I have already, on more than one occasion, referred ; and is, to a large extent, a condensation of the account of the parish which had appeared in his "History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride." From the limited space assigned to his contribution to the

Statistical Account, a very inadequate idea is given of the value of his book. Referring to the agriculture of the parish, he speaks of about four-fifths of the land as arable ; the rest consisting of moors and peat-mosses. The moors were in his time stocked with about 2000 sheep. He says that the soil and climate were both unfavourable to improvements in agriculture, and complains that very little of the land was properly drained ; that the fences were extremely insufficient, and the roads kept in bad repair. As regards the character of the inhabitants—always an interesting subject in these old Accounts—he says :—“The people in general are industrious and frugal. They possess from their forefathers a courageous and independent spirit, which, as it enables them, on the one hand, to bear misfortunes with magnanimity, so it forbids them, on the other, to receive with impunity the affronts that may be offered them. Being easy in their circumstances, they know not what it is to cringe or to flatter. They have suffered but few encroachments on their liberty, either civil or religious. Of course, their spirits are not broken by measures hostile to the natural rights of men or of Christians.”

On the subject of the encroachments they had suffered on their religious liberty, the inhabitants of East Kilbride seem at an earlier time to have held rather a different opinion from that which Mr. Ure thus expresses. Mr. Burnet, their minister, had suffered considerable encroachments on his religious liberty during the Covenanting times, and so had many of his parishioners. It must, I suppose, have been owing to deep convictions of the wrongs thus endured, that, when news of the defeat and fall of Claverhouse, at Killiecrankie, reached the village, the church-bell was rung so furiously that it was cracked !

Mr. Ure does little more than allude to the fossils which everywhere abound in the parish ; but in a footnote he

refers to the "Descriptions and Drawings," of more than a hundred varieties of them, which had appeared in his History. I may mention, in passing, that Mr. Ure was for a length of time assistant to the Rev. David Connell, minister of East Kilbride; and afterwards became minister of the parish of Uphall, in Linlithgowshire. When Mr. Connell died in 1790, the Rev. James French, minister of Carmunnock, was presented to the vacant charge, and this led to the formation of the Relief congregation.

The New Statistical Account of East Kilbride was written by the Rev. Henry W. Moncreiff—now Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff—in 1840. It is a very able and carefully written statement, containing many facts regarding the early history of the parish which I have already laid before you, as drawn by myself from the original sources of information. Sir Henry gives some interesting information regarding the Leckprivick family, who, from an early period, were sergeants and coroners in the lordship of Kilbride. He also gives us some interesting details regarding Mrs. Jean Cameron, whose great efforts on behalf of the exiled house of Stuart in 1745 made her name a household word in many of the homes in Scotland. This remarkable woman after the exciting scenes connected with the Young Pretender's efforts to recover the throne of his ancestors had passed away, retired to a solitary spot, then known as Blacklaw, in the parish of East Kilbride, but now, in honour of her, called Mount Cameron. There she spent the remainder of her life, and near it, amidst a clump of trees, she was buried in 1773.

The village of Kilbride was, it appears, erected into a burgh of barony "about the end of Queen Anne's reign; and the inhabitants were empowered by the grant to hold a weekly market on Tuesday, besides four fairs in the year."

The population of the parish in 1755 was 2029, in 1851 it was 3759, and by the census of 1881 it stood at 3975.

The old Statistical Account of the parish of CARMUNNOCK was published in 1796, and is from the pen of the Rev. Adam Forman, minister of the parish, who was afterwards translated to Kirkintilloch. It is one of the raciest and most interesting statements of the condition of a small parish that can well be imagined; and in describing it, my difficulty will be to know when to stop. At the beginning of his paper, Mr. Forman waxes eloquent on the natural features of his parish. "The greater part of this parish," he says, "is pretty elevated, and commands one of the most extensive prospects anywhere to be found. Towards the north and east the eye is delighted with the most diversified landscape. The rich and fertile plains of Clyde, from Hamilton to Dumbarton, the wide extended country around, which calls forth the exertions and industry of the husbandman; the city of Glasgow and town of Paisley, with the villages dependant upon them, and which give energy to the ingenuity of so many thousands in the different branches of elegant manufacture for which these cities are justly famed, strike the eye of the beholder, and gratify his mind when he reflects upon the useful purpose in which the varied and exertive genius of the inhabitants is employed. The river itself, from many parts of the grounds, is seen in sixteen different openings; and, at a distance, vessels of small burden from Greenock and Port-Glasgow, bearing the rich produce of other climes to this happy country. But the eye, in taking a more distant range, brings into view the lofty hills of Arran and different parts of Argyleshire towards the west; Ben Lomond and the country around towards the north; the hills of Pentland, within a few miles of Edinburgh, on the east; and Tintock towards the south. The prospect is so extensive that a part of sixteen different counties is said to be seen."

Mr. Forman was much interested in the agriculture of his

parish. He tells us that about 1500 acres of the land were arable, and from 900 to 1000 acres employed in pasturage. He strongly recommends the improvement of the land by enriching it, enclosing it with thorn-hedges, and adding belts of plantation in situations that required protection from the frequent storms of wind and rain. He highly eulogises Mr. Ewing MacLae, of Cathkin, for the improvements he was making on his estate, which had already made the land more valuable, and had greatly added to its amenity. Mr. Forman finds fault with the farmers for using the old Scotch plough, which had to be drawn by four horses, and required an additional man or boy to manage it, and he strongly recommends a lighter plough, as more useful and economical. He speaks in high terms of the quality of the springs of water with which the parish everywhere abounds; and tells us, to our astonishment, that scientific men connected with the University of Glasgow had made a careful survey of these springs, to see whether the city might not be supplied from them. But, he adds, that when combined, they could only afford seventy Scotch pints in the minute, and that this was considered two-thirds less than the city required. What would he have said could he have foreseen the amount now required and supplied from Loch Katrine?

It is, however, in revealing to us the domestic condition of the inhabitants of Carmunnock, and some of the peculiar usages that characterised them nearly a century ago, that we find Mr. Forman's account of his parish so interesting and racy. He notices the length of time during which the same families had been resident in the parish, the son, father, and grandfather, as far as recollection went back, having lived on the same ground, and so considering themselves "naturalised to the soil." To this voluntary astringency to the soil is, no doubt, to be traced the remarkable fact mentioned by Mr. Forman, that nearly the whole population of the parish was

connected by intermarriages in his time, and had been so "for many ages past," as the public registers testified. "From accurate inquiry," he says, "it has been found that there are not above fifteen persons, and these chiefly servants who have no fixed residence, who cannot claim alliance with the whole parish; so that when an individual connects himself by marriage he may consider himself as having gained above five hundred relations at once by such affinity." What a tempting state of matters is revealed in that last clause! Five hundred relatives secured at a single stroke! And if anything like the same inducement still exists, one would be ready to suppose that a great many candidates must be in the field for admission into the large and happy family. But it is a little disappointing to find Mr. Forman speaking hesitatingly about the advantages of having such a wide connection of relatives, all resident in the same parish. He chooses to leave it "undetermined" whether he who married a Carmunnock bride, and in doing so received thereby an accession of five hundred into his circle of relatives, lived more happily on this account. But he hints that it was not every applicant who aspired to the honour who was accepted. "It is the more remarkable," he adds, "that, in the vicinity of a large and populous city, this parish should remain, like the Hebrews of old, a distinct people, and preclude, as it were, the whole world from their alliance."

Mr. Forman calls our attention to another peculiarity of the Carmunnock people, displayed in his time, regarding the management of funerals. It was usual, when a death occurred, to invite the greater part of the people of the neighbourhood to the funeral. This by itself was not so much to be wondered at in a community of five hundred cousins. But although the hour at which the people were called together was early in the forenoon, it was generally

towards evening before the corpse was carried to the churchyard for interment. How the long interval was spent is not in so many words stated; but from some hints that are dropped it is probable that it was in eating and drinking. "While on these occasions," says Mr. Forman, "the good folks are assembled, though they never run into excess, yet no small expense is incurred by the family, who often vie with those around them in giving, as they call it, an honourable burial to their deceased friends. Such a custom," he adds, "is attended with many evils, and frequently involves in debt, or reduces to poverty, many families otherwise frugal and industrious, by this piece of useless parade and ill-judged expense."

The statement that on such occasions the company never ran into excess is very remarkable, and shows an amount of self-control on the part of the people of Carmunnock, in those old days, that is exceedingly creditable to their memory. And it thoroughly falls in with another remark made by Mr. Forman, that, although he had been nearly three years minister of the parish, he had never seen one of his parishioners overtaken by intemperance. A companion statement I cannot withhold, "They are also, in general," says he, "uniform in their attendance on Divine worship, and, what few pastors can say, there is scarcely a family in the parish, however unfashionable the practice is, who do not assemble and consider it their duty, both evening and morning, to bow the knee in acknowledgment to the great Creator." Long may the parish of Carmunnock be renowned for such traits of character as these. Mr. Forman mentions a remarkable circumstance in connection with the communion seasons at Carmunnock while he was minister: Owing to the vast concourse of people from Glasgow and the neighbouring parishes the expense for communion elements generally amounted to four times the sum allotted for that purpose.

I have dwelt so long on these glimpses of the state of Carmunnock at the close of last century that I can scarcely afford space for noticing Mr. Forman's fear of anything approaching innovation and reform in the management of State affairs. No doubt the atrocities connected with the French Revolution had frightened many good men, and made them shrink, in a sensitive way, from the very name of Reform. We have seen indications of this in the words of Dr. M'Letchie, of Mearns, and the following eloquent passage, from Mr. Forman's pen, will show how thoroughly the fear of violent change had blinded him to abuses in the management of State affairs, which no sound argument could palliate, and no patriotism, however warm, should ignore. "We are happy to add," we find him saying, "that notwithstanding the present desire after innovation and a love of change, the contagion has not hitherto spread among the people in this parish. Means have indeed been employed to corrupt them and to draw the unwary into the pestilent vortex, but by watchful attention the malignant efforts of designing men have been rendered ineffectual. There are indeed some who have got the hackneyed phrases of the day, 'Liberty,' 'Reform,' &c., but there are none who have openly pretended to countenance measures and practices which by every good Christian and every loyal subject will ever be abhorred. Happy in our monarch, in our constitution, in our religion, and in our laws, our desire and earnest prayer is that our sovereign and his august family may long be preserved by the good providence of God, and continue to sway the sceptre of equity and peace over a happy people; and that the inestimable constitution they maintain and the invaluable rights, civil and sacred, which we enjoy, may remain until that hour shall come that shall dissolve the universe."

The New Statistical Account of the parish of Carmunnock,

which is from the pen of the late Rev. John Henderson, is a very creditable performance, but I must content myself with a single reference to it. Mr. Henderson tells us that, in connection with the foolish Radical rising in 1819-20, Cathkin Hill was selected as the place of rendezvous for a general assault on Glasgow. The 5th of April, 1820, was fixed for a simultaneous attack on the city. The Strathaven division, numbering between twenty and thirty, arrived there at the appointed time, with such arms as they had been able to find; but, instead of the great army they expected to meet, not a single individual was there to welcome them. They, however, bravely bivouacked in the woods during the night, which was wet and stormy, and on the following day they threw away their arms and returned home; the only daring attack made by them being on a pot of boiled potatoes, which hunger impelled them to assault and capture, in a labourer's cottage.

The population of the parish of Carmunnock in 1755 was 526, in 1831 it was 692, and by the census of 1881 it stood at 1494.

The old Statistical Account of the parish of CATHCART, written by Rev. David Dow, and published in 1793, is not only characterised by much intelligence, but distinguished by great clearness and even beauty of style. After referring to the very early history of the parish, and the connection of its church with the Abbey of Paisley, he tells us that the family who took their name from the manor of Cathcart became involved in the troubles of the country, "in which their loyalty and public spirit always led them to take a distinguished share;" and about the year 1546, their ancient hereditary estate was alienated by Alan, the third Lord Cathcart. Speaking of the general appearance of the parish, Mr. Dow says: "The district is rich and fertile above many in the neighbourhood, and pours in its surplus stores to

supply the demands of the populous city of Glasgow. On entering the parish from Glasgow, strangers have been much pleased with the face of the country. Instead of a dull, uniform level, as is the case with the more fertile tracts of Scotland, the surface is remarkably diversified with hill and dale. The hills do not rise in ridges, but are altogether separate and distinct from each other, and present to the eye those alternate risings and falls which constitute so material a part of picturesque beauty. The hills in the northern extremity of the parish never attain to such a height, or ascend with such steepness, as to prevent them from being cultivated to the top, and their sloping sides are in their season always covered with the richest crops of grass and corn. Through these hills the Cart winds its way, in a very irregular course, sometimes disappearing altogether by the steepness of its banks, and again spreading itself out into the plain. On advancing farther into the parish in the same direction, a succession of hills of greater height and less pleasing aspect takes place, and the land becomes gradually more bleak and barren. Great part of it, however, is raised but little above the level of the sea, which is known by its being almost on the same plain with Glasgow, to which the tide regularly ebbs and flows."

Speaking of the soil of the parish, Mr. Dow tells us that it is distinguished by great variety, the lower parts being light and sandy, the central parts consisting of deep rich loam, and the higher ground being clay, spread over a "till"—that is, a cold, unproductive clay bottom. Owing partly to this great inequality, some farms were at that time let as high as at three pounds the acre, while others fell below seven shillings; but Mr. Dow thought that by better management this low-rented ground might be much improved in quality and value. At that time the parish was almost entirely agricultural. Neither butcher, brewer, nor baker

had a local habitation within its bounds. But possessing in abundance materials so necessary to the manufacturer as coal, and lime, and water, Mr. Dow foresaw that the time was likely to come when the parish would engage the attention of the manufacturer as well as the agriculturist. He does not seem, however, to have greatly desired the change. "How far such works may ultimately prove beneficial to the persons immediately concerned," says he, "time can alone determine ; but persons living in the neighbourhood have no great reason to wish for their establishment, as, by all accounts, they bring along with them many causes of disturbance, and many other inconveniences."

Manufactures had, however, to some extent been carried on in the parish of Cathcart ere Mr. Dow wrote his account of it. As early as the close of the seventeenth century, papermaking had been introduced by Nicholas Deshan, a French Protestant who had been obliged to flee from his native land on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Allying himself with a wealthy family in the parish, Deshan and his descendants carried on the manufacture of paper till near the close of last century. Papermaking had thus long been an important industry in the parish, as it still is. Mr. Dow tells us also that bleaching was for some time tried, but owing to the mossy matter with which the water of the Cart was impregnated, it had to be abandoned.

Mr. Dow notices that at one time the parish, like that of Eastwood, which borders on it, must have been almost entirely covered with a forest, as many names of places testified, such as Aikenhead, Hagginsshaw, Williamwood, Woodside, and others. He greatly laments the destruction of forest trees, both because of the beauty they lend to the landscape, and the shelter they afford to the humble plants which grow up under their shade—a remark which, along with others dropped by him, leads us to

believe that the writer had a taste for botany. Passing over, for want of space, much that is interesting and instructive in the old Account, there are two passages we cannot refrain from noticing. The 'first has reference to the diseases that were prevalent in the parish at the close of last century. On this subject Mr. Dow says: "The diseases most fatal to the inhabitants of this part of the country seem to be the small-pox among the children, and fevers with grown-up people. The prejudices against inoculation are so deeply rooted, that notwithstanding the long experience of its efficiency, it has as yet made but small progress. This terrible malady often returns, and sweeps away the rising hopes of their families; and yet they will not have recourse to such an obvious method of mitigating its severity. No, their religious scruples in this matter will not yield to the influence of reason and experience. The fever most prevalent here is the low, nervous kind, and is most frequent after seedtime and harvest, especially in cold, rainy seasons. It seems to be more immediately brought on by lowness of spirits, occasioned by excessive fatigue, without proper food or accommodation to prevent its bad effects. To this we may add that the practice of crowding numbers together in low, damp houses, contributes not a little both to increase its severity to the person immediately affected, and to spread it more widely through the neighbourhood." These sentences reveal the writer of them as an enlightened sanitary reformer; as others coming from his pen prove him to have been a sound political economist, entertaining views on many subjects, such as the free sale of landed property, which were far ahead of his time.

My last extract will show him to have been as earnest in advocating social and moral reform as he was in urging improvement in lower domains. He closes his Account

with the following statement regarding the manners and character of his parishioners :—

“The manners and character of the people here, as well as in other parishes, are various. It would be doing injustice to many individuals of every station not to make many favourable exceptions ; but at the same time, it must be acknowledged that the neighbourhood of so great a city as Glasgow has, perhaps unavoidably, a very pernicious influence on the morals of the inhabitants. The frequency of their communication with this town has extended their knowledge at the expense of their virtue ; and they have acquired a taste for many of those vices which flourish luxuriantly in so rank a soil. Conversing, not with the moderate and rational part of the citizens, but with the violent and intemperate, they imbibe their notions, which they transplant with them into the country, greatly to the annoyance of their more peaceable neighbours. Thus there is reason to lament the decline of that primitive innocence and simplicity of manners and character, by which people living in more remote situations of the country are happily distinguished.”

It may surely be hoped that the educational and religious efforts which have been put forth since this lament of Mr. Dow's was penned, well-nigh a century ago, have made it much less applicable both to Cathcart and Glasgow.

The New Statistical Account of the parish, written by the now venerable Rev. Dr. Smith, and published in 1845, is all that might have been expected from his well-known ability and accomplishments. I am glad, in addressing a Busby audience, to have the opportunity of acknowledging the valuable services which Dr. Smith, without fee or reward, rendered to the villagers nearly half-a-century ago. I have an old note-book in my possession from which I take the following entry : “Some individuals

in Busby having requested the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Cathcart, to give a few lectures in some of the branches of philosophy to the inhabitants of the village, he willingly consented; and on the evening of Thursday, the 8th September, 1836, the first lecture was delivered in the old schoolhouse, giving a general outline of the different branches of science embraced in the term Philosophy, and mentioning their different divisions and subdivisions." This lecture was followed by a somewhat lengthened course on astronomy, optics, and other branches of natural philosophy, notes of which have been preserved. These lectures, with the exception of the first, which was delivered in Mr. Gemmell's school at the Sheddens—a building that has long ago disappeared—were given in the United Presbyterian Church at Busby, recently erected; and so far advanced were the villagers of that time in their views of the education women should receive, that it was arranged that "females be admitted without tickets." All this says much for the lecturer, as well as the little community to whom his prelections were addressed.

Returning from this digression, to which the writer has been impelled not merely as an acknowledgment of Dr. Smith's services to the infant village, but also by the remembrance of kindness received when a boy from the now venerable minister of Cathcart; something has to be said regarding the New Statistical Account itself. After dealing with the names, the boundaries, and topographical appearance of the parish, Dr. Smith speaks of the salubrity of its climate, and gives such an account of it as tends to show that its sanitary condition had greatly improved since Mr. Dow wrote of it. Asiatic cholera, no doubt, had ravaged the parish in 1832, and again in 1834; and in connection with the latter visitation, one in seven of the villagers of New Cathcart had been attacked by the plague, and one in

twenty-four had been carried off by it. But notwithstanding this, the doctor says: "The climate is accounted most salubrious; and there are no distempers indigenous to the district." "From the proximity of Cathcart to the densely peopled city of Glasgow, where disease is ever revelling, the complaints there are frequently imported, but seldom, even in the case of typhus fever, extend themselves in the neighbourhood to which they are unhappily introduced. The village of Langside is considered to be peculiarly healthy, and although the writer has known many instances of fever patients returning to their families there, he is not aware that there is any instance of the malady being communicated by infection. The most insalubrious wind to which the parish is exposed, and during the continuance of which disease is most prevalent, blows from the north-east; but a westerly wind is much more frequent, as appears from the general bend of the trees towards the east." Referring to Mr. Dow's complaint regarding the scarcity of trees, Dr. Smith says: "In so far as this parish is concerned, the ground of former complaint is now removed, as, besides the venerable remains of native woods still surviving the general wreck, we have many thriving plantations growing up in every direction, and, by their judicious arrangement, adding at once to the ornament of the country, the productiveness of the soil, and the comfort of the inhabitants."

We have already seen that in 1546 the ancient family estate of the Cathcarts was alienated. Dr. Smith gives us some interesting details regarding the later history of that noble family. "The history of this house," he says, "gives weight to the opinion that religious zeal, forensic talent, and military valour are hereditary. The first great inroad on the property of the family, in so far as this parish is concerned, was occasioned by their donation to the monastery of Paisley; and in Paisley Abbey the principal pillar, still

decorated with the Cathcart arms, was wholly built at their expense. Three of the family fell at Flodden, in 1513. Their noble nephew fell at Pinkie, in 1547. His successor, the fourth Lord Cathcart, was distinguished by his energetic efforts to promote the reformation of religion in Scotland, and by his valorous conduct at the battle of Langside. The eighth Lord Cathcart, as colonel of the Scots Greys, contributed to the victory achieved at Sheriffmuir over the army of the rebels, and died commander of the forces in America. The present earl commanded the military forces at the taking of Copenhagen in 1807, being in that expedition the superior officer of the Duke of Wellington (whose name, before illustrious in India, then appeared for the first time in European warfare), and earned by his services not only the gratitude of his country, but new honours from his king. The venerable earl now lives (1845) the reposessor of the castle of his fathers, senior on the list of advocates at the Scottish bar and of generals of the British Empire; and no less than two of his sons enjoy the enviable distinction of having fought the battle of their country at Waterloo."

From a paper containing such tempting materials, it would be easy to make many interesting quotations. For this purpose I had marked several passages, but, remembering that patience, even in the case of the most willing hearers, has its limits, I must content myself with quoting Dr. Smith's graphic description of the field on which the battle of Langside was fought.

"To the south-west of the eminence on which the remains of the Roman encampment [at Camp Hill] are to be seen, and nearly on the ridge of the same long hill, whose other elevated extremity is crowned by Langside House, stands the village of Langside, rendered ever-memorable in Scottish history by the fatal day when the lovely but ill-starred Mary appeared for the last time as a queen and a free

woman. A sufficiently accurate detail, to which tradition now can add nothing, of the battle fought on that eventful day, the 13th of May, 1568, fraught with so many real blessings to Scotland, yet, even now, contemplated with mixed feelings of pleasure and of pain by every leal-hearted Scotsman, is given by every writer of Scottish history, and the minute discrepancies which appear in their several narratives would not probably have existed had they been better acquainted with the localities of the scene of action. The writer has no intention to describe the battle; but, as modern innovation is ever removing ancient landmarks, it may be well to record a short account of the field as it existed when the battle was fought, according to his best judgment—formed on the spot, with the various authors in his hand—elucidated by traditionary report of the nature of the old roads leading through the parish, and of the general condition of the ground. The high road from Hamilton to Dumbarton either passed through Glasgow, crossing the Clyde at a ford near Dalmarnock—which was the way the Regent expected the Queen to take when, on the morning of the 13th, he drew up his troops at Barrowfield to meet her—or through Rutherglen, entering this parish at Hagginshaw, passing along the ridge of the hill now known as Mount Floridon [and, more recently still, as Mount Florida], then coinciding with the road from Glasgow to Ayr, which wound round the south side of the Clincart Hill, from which, about a hundred yards to the west of the present Ayrshire road, it again diverged to the right, proceeding along the bank of a morass, by what is now called the Bushy Aik Lane, and then conducted directly to the village of Langside, while the road to Ayr proceeded south, crossing the Cart at a bridge near the old castle, which still remains. In crossing Mount Floridon, Queen Mary's generals must have seen the enemy's forces rapidly forming,

after their hurried march from Barrowfield, on the opposite hill, and preparing to dispute their farther advance. It was determined to give battle; and on reaching the Ayrshire road, the cavalry deployed into line on the northern face of the Clincart Hill, there being then no fences to the fields, but only native furze, to impede the operations of the horsemen. The infantry pursued their way with impetuosity by the common road already described; while the Queen, with her personal staff, proceeded along the road to Ayr to an elevated position, long noted by a thorn, now marked by a small clump of trees, near the Castle of Cathcart, whose lord had recently parted with the possession of it, and was that day fighting in the ranks of her adversaries, with the usual success of the family in military matters—on the winning side. A division of Murray's horse drew up on the ground where the farm-house of Pathhead now stands, and another about half-way between that and Langside; while in the latter village were stationed the great body of the infantry and artillery, whose cannon, planted in the village gardens, and raking the direct road up which the Queen's infantry had to advance, would, in the more scientific hands of modern gunners, have effectually prevented that close and almost pugilistic fight which, when blades were shivered, was for some time maintained at the entrance to the village, until the Royal troops were assailed in flank by the horsemen of the enemy. That the shock of cavalry took place in the hollow between the two hills on which the opposing troops were at first drawn up is probable; and the more so from many relics of the sharp, though short, conflict having been found by the present intelligent occupier of the farm, in opening a trench some years ago for the peaceful purposes of agriculture. When the unhappy Queen, from her station on the Court Hill of Cathcart, which commanded a view of the whole scene of action, saw the tide of battle

irretrievably turned against her gallant defenders, she, with her attendants, galloped off by a lane which joins the road to Rutherglen at the Hagginsshaw, and which, from the difficulty she experienced in bringing her horse through its muddy avenue, is still known by the name of Mal's Mire."

I must, in justice to your good neighbours of Cathcart, let Dr. Smith be heard regarding the habits and character of the people at the time he wrote, having given Mr. Dow's lament at an earlier part of this lecture. And it is all the more pleasing to do this, since it becomes evident that the intervening half-century had wrought a manifest improvement.

This was the state of matters in 1845: "The proximity of this parish to Glasgow, and the diversified nature of the pursuits in which its inhabitants are engaged—chiefly, however, agricultural and manufacturing—render it extremely difficult to form a correct estimate of their general character. It must be admitted, however, that in point of morality and attention to religious duty the inhabitants of the parish may well bear comparison with any of the people in the surrounding country. Comparing the Session record of the present day with that of the last century, there is a very marked improvement in the morals of the inhabitants." There is no parish in the neighbourhood that is so interestingly connected with Scottish poetry and has its localities so frequently referred to in the lays of our bards as Cathcart. Reference has already been made to Grahame, the author of "The Sabbath," who has made interesting allusion to the parish in his "Birds of Scotland." Thomas Campbell, too, has sung sweetly of "the banks of the Cart;" and there are other natural features and localities the names of which are embalmed in the pages of John Wilson, Tannahill, and Alexander Smith.

The population of the parish in 1755 was 499; in 1791,

697 ; in 1821, 2056 ; in 1831, 2282 ; and by the last census it reached the extraordinary amount of 12,211 ; this vast increase being due to the great extension of the suburbs of Glasgow into the parish.

We turn now to matters more immediately connected with the village of BUSBY. The name, I may mention in passing, is evidently not of Celtic, but Saxon origin, and signifies "a bushy place." It was applied to the estate or lands of Busbie, as the word was originally spelt, before it was used as the name of the village. These lands include the farms of Easter and Wester Busby, the farm of Busbyside, and the ground on which the print-works are built. There are a few very early notices of a place of this name. In 1342 we find an Adam de Busbie, a clerk of the diocese of Glasgow ; and in 1390 a Willielmus de Busbie is prior of Urquhart, in Moray. I see no reason why we should not lay claim to these churchmen as belonging to our neighbourhood ; and if any one objects, we shall give him the difficult task of proving a negative ere we surrender our claim.

We reach safer ground, however, by a leap over three centuries. About 1650, Mr. John Dickson is proprietor of the "five pound lands of Busbie" ; and, in 1658, Mr. David Dickson succeeds his father in the possession of the lands. Even at that early period there were indications of a humble kind of that manufacturing enterprise which was destined to achieve such triumphs in your village ; for, in 1658, there was a mill on the lands of Busby, which I need hardly remind you, after the description of them which I have so lately given, are on the Lanarkshire side of the river Cart. This was undoubtedly the waulk-mill of John Parker, the Pentland martyr, of whom I spoke at length in my last lecture. The process of "waulking" cloth is what is now known by the name of "fulling ;" and in old times a water-driven cog-wheel, with wooden mallets, was used for beating

or beetling the cloth, so as to make its texture closer. A few years earlier than this, in 1654, there is shown on a map of Renfrewshire, in Blaeu's Atlas, a mill on the opposite or Mearns side of the river, called "New Mill." This, in all likelihood, was a meal-mill, to which I shall in a little refer, and which stood on the site of what is now known as the Old or Upper Mill. The earliest plan of the village of Busby on the Lanarkshire side of the Cart, which I have seen, is of date 1787. At that time it consisted of five houses. Two of these were at the end of the bridge, one on each side of the public road. One of these, which is still standing, went by the peculiar name of the "London Ring," for what reason I cannot say, and the other has lately been removed to improve the road leading to the printworks. A little thatched house to the east of "London Ring," and on the same side of the public road, went by the dignified name of "Arthur's Seat." The name, of course, is fitted to suggest the hero of the "Round Table"; and during the recent learned investigations by Mr. Skene, Mr. Stuart-Glennie, and others, regarding the Arthurian localities, the wonder is that some legend did not appear, making your village still more famous than it is. A little imagination might have pictured the great warrior resting here after some hard-won battle, and a humble but patriotic peasant building his cottage on the spot, in commemoration of the incident. I have a somewhat different theory on the subject, which I shall presently tell you. But I must first say that the fourth and fifth houses, which completed the village, were the "Blackcastle"—a two-storey house, which is still standing, and still goes by that grand name, and a little cottage right opposite. That important place the "Hen-linn," was also in existence at the time of which I speak, but whether it dates back to a much earlier time when hens had the watery instincts that ducks now evince, I must leave it to the

disciples of Darwin and the development theory to say. In 1787, Arthur More's meal-mill was still grinding corn on the site of the present print-field; and I may as well say now, and not keep you unduly in suspense, that I think it likely that your "Arthur's Seat" took its name from this worthy, the meal-miller, and not the "Dux Bellorum" of Strathclyde, and the hero of Tennyson's idylls. Between Arthur More's meal-mill and Waterfoot, stood another waulk-mill, the ruins of which may still be seen, and which, fifty years ago, and within my own recollection, was worked by a worthy man of the name of Thomas Finlay.

A print-work with a bleachfield attached to it was set in operation near Arthur More's mill in the year 1796. The tenants were a firm of the name of Kessock, and the work was of small dimensions. In the earliest stages of block-printing, I believe, little more than the outline of the pattern was imprinted, and a good deal of the colouring was done by the hands of "pencillers," as they were called. This process has been described to me by old women, who had when young been thus employed. I have also been assured that in early times it was customary to bleach the cloth after it was printed, which must have been a somewhat severe test of the fastness of the colours employed. The time when the print-work was owned by the Kessocks was one of restriction in many mischievous forms, and an exciseman was kept on the ground to stamp the goods. This arrangement, while it had a repressive influence in some directions, had the unintentional effect of sharpening the inventive talent of the firm. They learned, it is said, amidst their efforts at pattern-designing, to imitate the exciseman's stamp so well that the Government found it necessary to put a curb on their ingenuity, and the works were in consequence stopped. In 1803, a firm of the name of Macgregor began operations as calico printers; and

for a quarter of a century the works continued to employ a considerable number of the inhabitants. At length, in 1828, the firm failed. The Macgregor family lie beyond my recollection ; but my friend, the Rev. Charles Miller, of Dunse, tells me that there were six of them—the father, who generally went by the name of the “auld maister,” and five sons, the eldest of whom was called “Mr. Saunders,” and the others, “Mr. Archibald,” “Mr. James,” “Mr. Josiah,” and “Mr. Peter.” Mr. Miller speaks of the last-named as meek and kind, genial and equable in spirit and manner. It is to him the lines in the “Three Scholars” refer, when, recalling his boyhood days, Mr. Miller says :—

“Such scenes bright fancy brings within my ken,
And ‘old familiar faces’ rise to view—
Thine, mild Macgregor ! worthiest of men.”

In the following year, 1829, Messrs. M’Kean & Peacock got possession of the works, but they did not long maintain their ground. The trying years of 1833-34, the years of the block-printers’ strike, drove the firm, as well as many of their workers, to the wall. I must pay a humble tribute to the memory of David M’Kean, the senior member of this firm, whom I remember well, and whom every one in the village had reason to remember, as a kind-hearted man and a Christian gentleman. He did much to encourage everything that was good in the village. Through his influence a small but valuable circulating library was formed, to stimulate the habit of reading among the boys and young men of the village. When he left, the volumes composing this library were distributed among those who had been readers of it ; and I have still in my library one or two volumes which recall those old days, and the memory of this good man, who long ago has gone to his rest and reward. I recall the fact, too, that, when Asiatic cholera was raging in the village, and Mr.

Kelly, to whom I shall afterwards refer as a partner of the firm by whom the cotton-mills were worked, had generously given up his house to be used as a hospital, Mr. M'Kean was often seen among the sufferers, speaking words of Christian truth and hope.

Operations at the print-work were brought to a stop in 1835; but, in the following year, they were resumed by Mr. Richard Mitchell, son of the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of Anderston, Glasgow, and were carried on by him up till the year 1841. Mr. Mitchell, who when I write is still alive, took an active interest in the advancement of the literary and scientific tastes of the inhabitants of the village; and I recall with interest a course of lectures on chemistry which he gave in the old "Hall," and which showed familiar acquaintance with the science. After a short period of inaction, the works were opened, in 1842, by the enterprising firm of Inglis & Wakefield—a name that recalls the memory of Mr. Thomas Inglis of Hutton Park, Largs, now no more, as well as others long connected with the firm, although their names do not appear in it. And in this connection, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of mentioning Mr. Alexander Miller, long resident in the village, and much respected by all who knew him, now that he has left it to "crown a youth of labour with an age of ease."

Thus, in less than a century, Arthur More's mill is represented by a print-work, covering between six and seven acres of ground, producing on an average, when fully employed, about 3000 pieces of printed goods daily, and giving employment to about six hundred persons. Mr. John Robb, a member of the firm, kindly informs me that, as compared with the work done twenty years ago, what they are now producing is, in general, of a much higher class, as well as more complex and varied in the processes employed; and that this arises chiefly from the introduction

of a new colour, called alazarine, which has caused almost a revolution in the history of calico printing. The cumbrous plan of printing from blocks has for long given way to machine-printing; block-cutting has given place to engraving on copper cylinders; and many new fabrics have been introduced. The principal departments of work now carried on are printing, engraving, dyeing, finishing, and calendering.

But it is time, now, to turn our attention to that portion of the village of Busby which lies on the Mearns side of the river Cart. I have already mentioned that, as early as the year 1654, Blaeu's Atlas shows a place called "New Mill," on that side of the water. It would not have received that name had there not been an older mill near it. That older mill was probably Parker's waulk-mill. What kind of mill this new one was I have not been able satisfactorily to determine. Some old people, whom I questioned about the matter a quarter of a century ago, told me that it was a tradition that a lint-mill had once stood on the site of the present old or upper mill; and this seems likely enough. There can be no doubt, however, that a corn-mill, worked by a man of the name of Stevenson, stood there about the year 1779. Thus corn-mills, when planted in your neighbourhood, seem to have had the property of corn-pickles—they have grown and multiplied. Arthur More's meal-mill has produced the present print-works, and Stevenson's has given birth to the present cotton-works, with which the name of Busby has so long been associated. The first cotton-mill was built in 1780, and the second, which is now called the New Mill, about four years later. The first proprietor of these works, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was Mr. Doxon, of Manchester. This I know, that, in 1790, James Doxon was proprietor of "New Mill and the lands belonging to it," which were originally a part of

the lands of Cartsbridge called "the Bank ;" for, in that year, James Maxwell, of Williamwood, gives the right of using the river Cart for mill purposes to Mr. Doxon. These lands, we further know, were thirty English acres in extent, and went by the name of "Newmill." This also was the name of the village on the Mearns side of the Cart, till about the year 1800. In the list of villages in Renfrewshire contained in Robertson's edition of Crawford's history of that county, published in 1818, there is no mention made of Busby. Dr. M'Letchie, indeed, a few years before the beginning of the century, speaks of the village under this name. Writing in the year 1796, he says : "There are two cotton-mills in this parish, at Bushby on the water of Cart, both belonging to the same proprietors. The one of these was erected in 1780, and the other about two years ago. The number of people employed in both mills is as follows : of males under fifteen years there are 100 ; of females under fifteen, 110 ; of males above fifteen, 60 ; of females above fifteen, 90," making in all 360 persons employed at the mills a little before the close of last century. These works were among the first of the kind in Scotland. In 1808, we find the mills and the property called Newmill in the hands of Mr. Thomas Everet as their proprietor. Mr. Everet was a well-known banker, and let the mills to several persons successively as tenants. In 1808, Mr. Malcolm M'Farlane is the tenant. In 1823, the mills are worked by the firm of Lancaster, M'Farlane, & Kelly. In 1829, Messrs. Forbes & Kelly have them in their hands. The Mr. Kelly thus referred to was he who so generously gave up his house—now so greatly enlarged, and possessed and occupied by Mrs. Crum—as a hospital when cholera was scourging the village. In 1843, the mills passed into the hands of Mr. James Crum, at first as tenant, and soon afterwards as proprietor. Mr. Crum was a remarkably able, accom-

plished, and public-spirited man, and did a great deal for the village. After Mr. Crum's death, the works were carried on under the able management of Mr. Robert M'Nair, for behoof of Mrs. Crum, up till the year 1874. The New Mill at once passed into the hands of the "Busby Spinning Company" as tenants, and was worked by them till 1880, since which time it has unfortunately been unoccupied. To give some idea of the amount of work done at the mills when in active operation, I may mention that, in 1818, there were 4000 mule spindles going, which gave employment to 140 persons, men, women, and children; and 80 weaving looms, driven by water power. In 1860, weaving had been abandoned, but there were 20,000 mule spindles going, which gave work to 150 persons. The Upper, or Old Mill was opened by Messrs. Scott & Gilmour in March, 1876. Mr. Scott retired in the beginning of 1880, and since that time Mr. Gilmour has carried on the business alone. The manufacture in which Mr. Gilmour is engaged, and in which about a hundred hands are employed, is of a special kind; being, I understand, the only work of the kind in Scotland, and is called "plain and eccentric twisting, also warping and winding." Through the kindness of Mr. Gilmour, I have had the pleasure of seeing these processes going on, and have much admired the ingenuity they display. When the works are fully employed, 2000 lbs. of yarn can be turned out daily.

Thus far we have been looking at the manufactures which to so large an extent have made Busby what it is. But there are other matters connected with the growth of the village, and bearing on its progress, of which something may with propriety be said ere this lecture is brought to a close.

Looking away back, over fully fifty years, to the time when, as a boy, I attended Mr. Wallace's School, at the end of the bridge, on the Mearns side of the village, Busby

lies in my memory, basking in "the light that never was on land or sea,"—a light not due, in this case, to the inspiration or dream of the poet, but to young eyes that drank it in long ago, and a memory ready to retain, in an exaggerated form it may be, what was pleasant, and to forget what was painful. To most of us who are on the shady side of sixty there is an indescribable charm in recalling the impressions of early days. We then lived in a kind of dream-world, measuring things beyond our horizon by the only standards we possessed—those that were within it. And when we have got other, and perhaps truer, standards by which to estimate things, we still go back, by a kind of fascination, to early impressions, and revel among them. Explain it as you may, to me the Busby of those early days lies in the splendour of perpetual sunshine. If it was not so large then as it is now, it looked homelier and cosier. Of course, its skies were bluer, and its sunshine more golden, and its clouds shaped themselves into more fantastic forms. Of course, too, the Cart was then a clearer stream, and vastly larger than it appears now, when our eyes have been disenchanted by the sight of mightier rivers. But it purled then more musically than any other stream, down at "Barr's Holm;" and, as for the Linn, when autumn floods or melted winter snows poured innumerable gushing rills and burns into the Cart, all the way from Eldrig, where it takes its rise, and the swollen river went thundering over the rocks at the old mill, we would have stood up for it as second only, if indeed second, to Niagara, whose reported size and tumult might, for anything we knew, have been magnified by Yankee brag. And, of course, the Ryat hill was quite a mountain in those days, and the view from it at least equal to that got from the Righi; and the spring and autumn tints of the trees were finer; and the flowers, especially those that bloomed by the "Wee Ha'

burn," were fresher and more dewy and fragrant than any that now grow anywhere ; and the birds sang more sweetly ; and the men and women, if they were what would now be thought somewhat old-fashioned, were not a whit less intelligent than their successors ; and they had warm hearts, and hands ready for acts of kindness, and their smiles had less of a careworn expression than those which greet us now. Ah ! well, if the picture owes a little to fancy, we pity those who have not some such picture hanging in the chamber of memory, with which they may from time to time regale themselves as the evening of life comes on, and even, on rare occasions, treat their friends to a glance at it.

Perhaps it may not be entirely without interest, and even profit, if I recall one or two past scenes connected with the village. One of the earliest I can remember was due to the rejoicings on account of the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. The villagers had so far wandered out of the way that Dr. M'Letchie had appointed them, as to have considered the advantages which that measure was likely to bestow on themselves and their fellow-countrymen ; and the opinion they formed regarding it may be gathered from the fact that they organised a grand procession in honour of it, to Cathkin braes. The village was early astir, for great things were to be done that day. A grand triumphal arch had been in the throes of construction all throughout the previous day. James Wallace, the brother of the teacher of whom I lately spoke, and himself one of the mechanics at the mill, was the architect, and he had several workmen under him, who, "from morn till dewy eve," kept up a great hammering, to the intense interest of us school-boys, who measured the importance of the coming occasion by the noise that was now made. The arch stood near Mr. Kelly's house, a little nearer the village than the bridge which now spans the road. It was a grand arch ; and,

after the skeleton of it had been adjusted, it was tastefully covered with evergreens; and two stuffed pheasants were made to perch at two angles of the structure, looking complacently on, as if to indicate that they too highly approved of the Reform Bill. The morning of the day so big with promise had, as I have said, at length come, although to us boys it seemed to come somewhat tardily. It was one of those days of cloudless skies and golden sunshine of which, as I lately told you, Busby had so many in the olden time. There was a large concourse of men and women, lads and lasses, and of course all the boys of the village were there in high glee. "Jeemie" Gillan headed the procession, dressed in Mr. Kelly's yeomanry regimentals for the day; and with a drawn sword in his hand he looked consciously awful, and watched the boys to see if they were sufficiently impressed with his importance. Then came what would now be considered a somewhat meagre band of music, but which we looked upon as magnificent; and following this imposing lead came the villagers in rank and file. Cathkin braes reached, refreshments were served in abundance to all and sundry in the shape of penny loaves, added to which, the elder people got a drink of small, and apparently very innocent beer. As for the children, it was wisely thought in those days that water was a very wholesome and sufficient beverage for them. The day was spent in games of many kinds by old and young, and as the people were all jubilant and unarmed, there was no wish to take Glasgow by storm, as the Strathaven Radicals had longed to do when encamped on the same ground about a dozen years before. The march home, as is commonly the case, while happy, was not quite so buoyant and full of glee as the morning one had been; for hope was not now gilding the way, and racing and chasing and playing at leap-frog had somewhat tamed the spirits. This, however, may be added, that

if Mr. Forman had been on the spot, he would have admitted that not one of the processionists had been "overtaken by intemperance."

In the days of which we have just been speaking, there was little arrangement made in the village for convenient travelling. It was thought rather a wonderful thing when Stephen Young of Cadgerhill began to run a "jaunting-car," as it was called, in which a few passengers were conveyed to and from Glasgow on market days. There was a great commotion in the village, as I can testify, when the first omnibus began to run. The old people shook their heads ominously, clearly foreseeing the impending ruin of the rash adventurer, and asking what the world was coming to, and what the next wild speculation would be. But in course of time, even the omnibus was acknowledged to be rather a slow mode of conveyance, and not the most comfortable when its full complement of passengers had been wedged into it—including, perhaps, a few crying children, and a tipsy man; and it was a day of good omen for Busby when a branch line of railway, incorporated in 1863, was formed, merging in the Barrhead line at Pollokshaws. This makes it possible to accomplish the journey from the village to the centre of the city in less than half-an-hour. The opening of this line has quite changed the aspect of the village, for it has made it a practical thing for Glasgow merchants to run out to a Busby villa, with its pure and bracing air and beautiful scenery, sooner and more comfortably than they could reach a west-end residence by means of a tramway-car. When to this is added the facilities for feuing afforded by Mr. Kippen, the proprietor of the estate of Busby, and by Mr. Watson, the proprietor of Overlee, who can doubt that a period of great extension and prosperity is awaiting the village of Busby?

Turning for a little to another subject. Fifty years ago

there was no place of worship at Busby. Some of the inhabitants went to Carmunnock parish church ; others to the parish Church of Mearns. A few went to the Anti-burgher Church at Newton ; still others to the Relief Church at Kilbride ; and one or two families to the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Eaglesham. But there was frequently Divine service on Sabbath evening in Mr. Gemmell's school at the Sheddens, at which the neighbouring ministers preached in turn ; and Thomas Stevenson, an old man, with a very clear voice, usually presented in a somewhat florid style, his favourite tune on great occasions being St. Cyprian's. About the time when cholera made its first sad visit to the village, service during canonical hours began to be held in "The Hall," which has now been converted into dwelling-houses. These services were conducted by a missionary who began to labour in the village about that time ; and he was aided in the work by various ministers and preachers. The first missionary was Mr. Samuel Kent. But, when the seizures by cholera became numerous and fatal, his courage failed him, and he deserted his post. The second missionary was Mr. (afterwards the Rev.) Robert Niven, who subsequently became a labourer in the foreign mission-field in Kaffraria, and ended his days as minister of the United Presbyterian Church at Maryhill. Mr. Niven did excellent service in the village among both old and young. He was succeeded by Mr. (afterwards the Rev.) David T. Jamieson, an excellent classical scholar as well as a popular preacher. He became the first minister of the United Presbyterian denomination at Busby, a church in connection with that body having been built in 1836. Mr. Jamieson was afterwards translated to Kilmarnock. He has had several successors in the charge, among whom may be mentioned the Rev. George Robertson, whose early death cut short a career of high promise ; the Rev. James

Dick ; and the Rev. Dr. Taylor. Dr. Taylor was a highly accomplished man, of vigorous intellect and extensive and accurate information. He had been Professor of Divinity in the United Presbyterian branch of the Presbyterian Church in Canada ; and, after retiring from that position, he accepted the charge at Busby, where he rendered valuable service not merely to his own denomination ministerially, but to the inhabitants generally, by several courses of able lectures on scientific subjects. As these sentences are being prepared for the press, the Rev. John M'Neill, late of Scone, has been inducted to the charge of the United Presbyterian congregation, left vacant by the resignation of the Rev. John Elder.

A congregation in connection with the Free Church was gathered, after much diligent work, by the Rev. Alexander Andrew ; and a church was built in 1865, which underwent considerable enlargement in 1874. When Mr. Andrew was translated to a charge in Glasgow, the now deceased Rev. George Charles became minister of this congregation ; and, on his resignation of the charge owing to delicate health, the Rev. A. C. Henderson, formerly of Harthill, succeeded him. It may be mentioned that a place of worship, in connection with the Established Church, is in process of building at Sheddens ; and that a Roman Catholic chapel was built there in 1879.

From a very early period, Busby has been noted for the assiduous efforts which its inhabitants have put forth, in connection with Sabbath schools, tract distribution, Dorcas societies for assisting the poor, and savings'-banks. In reference to Sabbath schools, I may be permitted to rescue from oblivion the name of Hugh M'Michael, foreman cutter at the printworks, who for many years laboured assiduously at the self-imposed task of instructing the young, and imbuing their minds with religious principle. Mr.

M'Michael was a fine specimen of the artisan class—intelligent and high-principled, yet full of geniality and quaint humour, and rich in stories of the olden time. I may be excused if, in connection with tract distribution and the management of savings'-banks in the village, I recall the name of my brother, the late John Ross, who for upwards of forty years was medical practitioner in the village—one of the kindest of brothers and best of men. He was for many years secretary of the Sabbath School and Tract Societies; and, notwithstanding his wide country practice, he found time to manage the village branch of the "National Security Savings' Bank." He was also one of the first and most successful workers in connection with the Penny Bank system, which has done so much good in the way of cultivating habits of economy among the young of the working classes. To meet many inquiries regarding the success of the village branch, he published a little *brochure*, entitled, "The Penny Bank of Busby, and how it is Managed."

In addition to the appliances just mentioned, which have for their aim the religious, moral, and social well-being of the inhabitants, Busby was early noted for its literary and debating societies, and other means for securing intellectual progress. As I write, I have lying before me the record which tells of the formation and work of these societies, and the various courses of lectures to which they gave rise. The earliest notice tells that the "Busby Literary Society was commenced on the 7th day of August, 1830, at Eight o'clock P.M., when an essay on 'Matter' was read by J. Ross." The society began with seven members, whose names, in addition to that of the essayist just mentioned, were—"Malcolm M'Farlane, William Wallace, Donald M'Donald, Thomas Adams, Walter M'Farlane, David Loudoun, and Alexander Gemmell." The subjects of some of the essays read were: "Pneumatics," "Alchemy," "Insects," the

"Properties of Matter," "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," the "Principles of Physiognomy," "Geology," the "Nature and Properties of Water," and—*mirabile dictu!*—the "Influence of Comets on the Thoughts and Opinions of the Inhabitants of the Earth." The discussion of this topic, introduced by Mr. M'Donald, who seems to have been the erratic genius of the society, was apparently so animated as to blow the society up as if by dynamite; for in November, 1831, a new society, with somewhat stricter rules, for holding discussion within safer bounds, was instituted. Not only have we handed down to us the subjects on which essays were read and discussions held at the meetings of the new society, but we have condensed notes of what each member said, and how many minutes he spoke. Some of these notes are edifying, and not a few of them are amusing. Among the themes discussed were—"The Benefits of Education," "The Benefits of Reading," "The Benefits of Company," "The Power of Custom," "On Love," "The Means best calculated for Improving the Mind," "Whether is the Single or the Married Life the Happier?" "Which is the best form of Government: Monarchical, Aristocratic, or Democratic?" &c. One is struck with the extent of reading which these discussions reveal—Bacon, Locke, Watts, Pascal, and many other writers of a high class are quoted as if they were familiarly known.

The notes of the proceedings of these and similar societies extend over a period of ten years; and it is evident that to them the village owed various courses of lectures—that by the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Cathcart, already alluded to, and several others—which seem to have been well attended and highly appreciated by the inhabitants.

Taking the place of former societies of the kind which has just been described, the village has now, I understand, a Literary Society and a Mechanics' Institute, both of which

should stimulate and guide the inhabitants in their pursuit of knowledge. The Mechanics' Institute not only provides an annual course of lectures of a high order, but has an excellent library, access to which, as well as to the "Busby School District Library"—the kind gift of Captain Stewart, of Williamwood—is brought within the reach of all who have any love for reading. The excellent public school of the village, which, I am informed, has accommodation for 540 children, with an average attendance of nearly 300, should tell powerfully on the young, and inspire them not only with the wish to emulate the acquirements of the inhabitants in days of old, but with the determination to surpass them in knowledge and usefulness.

With so many appliances of various kinds as these, surely the people of Busby should stand high in a religious as well as an intellectual and moral point of view; and some of them will doubtless rise to distinction in literature or the arts. My limited acquaintance with the neighbourhood, of late years, makes me less familiar than many others are, with the names of those who have thus already distinguished themselves. There are, however, a few persons whose names I would venture to mention. The first of these is Mr. Robert Thomson, a young man of deep piety, of whom a memoir has been written by the Rev. Alexander Andrew, of Glasgow, under the title of "Taken from the Plough." Mr. Thomson was born at the farm of Wester Busby in 1841; and, devoting himself to study for the ministry, promised to be a faithful and zealous worker in the best of all causes. But he became a prey to pulmonary consumption, and died ere he had completed the thirty-third year of his age. There is next Mr. James Docherty, who was at one time a worker at the printfield, and was rapidly rising into notice as a landscape painter; when an insidious disease carried him to his grave ere his powers had time to be fully

matured. There is also Mr. William Moodie, who, to a profound knowledge of music, has shown himself to be possessed of considerable genius as a composer. He too was once a worker at the printfield. And, last of all, there is the Rev. Charles Miller, of Dunse, to whom I have already referred as the author of the "Three Scholars." He is a true poet whom you may call your own ; for although he was born in Thornliebank, he came when a boy to reside at Busby. All honour to him, too, for having through many obstacles risen to scholarship, usefulness, and fame !

Permit me, in conclusion, to read to you Mr. Miller's allusion to your own village :—

" That village stands where Cartha's pleasant tide,
Divides two counties, on her northern way
To join the waters of majestic Clyde,
Advancing to the Highland mountains gray.
O Cartha ! fancy snatches me away
To hear thy murmurs now by Finlay's mill,
And now by Bonnyton's romantic brae ;
Anon by busy hive of toil and skill ;
Then where the village bridge o'erspans thy pilgrim rill.

" I see, as under a delightful spell,
My father's house, his garden and his bees ;
I now am drinking draughts from Hunter's well ;
In Kittoch glen am roaming 'mong the trees,
Or standing where my eye, delighted, sees
Cartha come plunging thunderous o'er the Linn,
Then wind, by rocky cliffs and verdant leas,
Where woods of Netherton repeat the din
Of amorous warblers, welcoming April in.

" I see the eastern tower of haunted Peel,
The lone, thatched schoolhouse on the western way ;
Between them the deep glen, where many a wheel
Turns on its axle, every working day.

Here modern powers their giant strength display,
Where, ninety years ago, the scene was still ;
Save for sweet nature's voice, on bank and brae,
And for the splashing spray raised by the rill
That drove the Covenanter's lonely, rude waulk-mill !”

I have only further to add, that the population of the village of Busby, in 1841, amounted to 902; in 1861, it was 1778; in 1871, it was 2147; and, in 1881, it had increased to 3089, of whom 657 belonged to the Lanarkshire part of the village. In the population of Cathcart, which I gave at an earlier stage, the *quoad sacra* parish of Queen's Park is included; and the population of the parish of Carmunnock, which I have given, is that of the whole ecclesiastical parish.





APPENDIX.

I.

LIST OF FLOWERING PLANTS, FERNS, AND THEIR ALLIES FOUND IN THE DISTRICT AROUND BUSBY.

IN preparing the following List, it was the compiler's first intention to give the names of those plants only which were found in the *Herbaria* of his late brother, Dr. Ross, of Busby. But it speedily became apparent that, to make the list as helpful as possible to students of the botany of the district, it was necessary to take advantage of the labours of other workers in the field. With a view to this, references to plants found in the neighbourhood have been culled from the "*Flora Scotica*" of Sir William Hooker; the "*Clydesdale Flora*" of Professor Hennedy, to which Dr. Ross contributed many facts; and some lists left by the Rev. David Ure, of East Kilbride, and the Rev. William Patrick, of Hamilton. No plants have been noticed which are so common as to be found almost everywhere; and of the others, only such are given as could have a reliable *habitat* assigned to them. For a few of the *habitats* mentioned the compiler is himself responsible,—the memory of many botanical rambles in long-past years, and of the floral captures to which they led, being still fresh.

The writer will be excused, on the ground of brotherly affection, if he rescues from oblivion, by giving it a place here, the following notice, which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* of 5th April, 1871 :—

"THE LATE DR. ROSS, OF BUSBY.

"Our obituary of the 3rd instant contained the intimation of the death of Dr. Ross, of Busby, a Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of this city. John Ross was a native of Glasgow, and was born on the 19th of May, 1808. His father, Mr. Andrew Ross, a man of superior mind and sterling worth, was a native of Cromarty, a kinsman of the celebrated Hugh Miller, and a lineal descendant of Donald Roy, of Nigg, of whom Miller tells so many wonderful stories in his "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland." Mr. Andrew Ross having removed from Glasgow to Thornliebank while the subject of our sketch was yet a child, young Ross received his education at the village school there, which was at that time taught by Mr. Anderson, who was quite an enthusiast in his profession. After receiving a thorough English education, a competent knowledge of Latin and Greek, and a more than usually good training in mathematics, for which he had a great natural aptitude—turning again and again to the branch, as a pastime, in later years—he went to the University of Glasgow, where he prosecuted his studies with much diligence and success. Having resolved on devoting himself to the medical profession, he was, in accordance with the custom of the time, apprenticed to Dr. B. W. King, a well-known Glasgow physician, in whom he found a wise adviser and a warm and constant friend; and after passing through the prescribed curriculum of study, he received his diploma as a Licentiate of the Medical Faculty in June, 1828, almost immediately after completing his twentieth year. Soon afterwards he commenced practice in the village of Busby, and, notwithstanding his youth, he quickly gained the confidence of the people among whom his lot had been cast; and what he thus gained he never lost. Devoted to the profession he had chosen, he became a life-long student of the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, and the departments of knowledge that are cognate to them, while not neglecting the field of general literature. And, with rare fidelity to the plan of a life thus early sketched, not a single year passed over his head while he was in the practice of his profession that did not find him pressing on to further recesses of

old branches of study, or entering on those that were new. For a long time he was an enthusiast in the study of botany. His investigations led him into close correspondence with some of the first muscologists of the day; and friendly collectors in distant parts of the country, and even in foreign lands, sent him from time to time a share of the spoils they had gathered in these small and still departments of the domain of Flora. In the practice of medicine, Dr. Ross was conscientious, painstaking, and laborious to a remarkable degree. His manner was simple and unpretending, but at the same time there was a measure of decision and firmness about him that was fitted to inspire his patients with confidence, and he made it a rule to act in every case on the principle of doing what was possible, in spite of the most adverse appearances. This procedure often led to remarkable results. The friend and adviser of his patients, as well as their medical attendant, perhaps no man ever more thoroughly identified himself with the interests of the community among whom he lived and laboured. And it is only to state a well-known fact when it is said that for nearly forty years the name of Dr. Ross has been associated with almost every movement of an intellectual, moral, and religious kind that has existed in the village and neighbourhood. But the department of philanthropical work, outside of his profession, with which the name of Dr. Ross is likely to be most closely linked is the Penny Bank system. He had, notwithstanding his many engagements, found time to manage, without fee or reward, an agency of the National Security Savings Bank, which he had been the means of forming in the year 1844. It was found, however, that the influence of the ordinary savings bank, great and beneficial though it was, did not go far enough down among the population to tell, as was desired, on their habits of forethought and frugality. And so, without interfering with the working of this agency, a Penny Bank was begun in the village, by Dr. Ross's efforts, in the year 1852. Without claiming for the Busby Penny Bank, or its indefatigable founder and active manager, and his coadjutors, more than is their due, it may be said that this bank is the oldest of the one hundred and two branches existing in and around Glasgow, and that it has been one of the

most successful. To secure this success, and spread the system, Dr. Ross willingly sacrificed a great deal of time and effort ; and to meet the many inquiries regarding the working of the agency, that poured in upon him from many quarters, he published, in 1859, a pamphlet, entitled "The Penny Bank of Busby, and how it is managed." What Dr. Ross undertook he prosecuted with a quiet energy that was untiring. But there is only too good ground for cherishing the conviction that the strain of so many exertions, constantly and ungrudgingly put forth, had something to do with the illness which, at the close of the year 1869, laid him aside from all active effort ; and has at length removed him, when only in his sixty-third year, from a people whom he loved, and who, in their turn, will not readily let his name die. For it is only simple justice to say that his services were very highly prized, and his name held in honour, by the inhabitants of Busby. Convinced that what he did was done from a sense of duty, they were all the more anxious to show, in some tangible way, how much they respected the man and prized his benevolent and self-sacrificing labours. Accordingly, in 1859, they presented him with a handsome service of plate, a telescope, and a magnificent microscope, in token of their esteem for him as a man, and of their deep sense of the obligations under which they lay to him for his long and unwearied professional services, and his benevolent labours in connection with the Sabbath School and Tract Societies, the Savings Bank Agency, and Penny Bank. Dr. Ross occasionally contributed papers to the medical journals ; but these contributions, written at snatches of leisure, give a very imperfect idea of his professional attainments. He had, however, pleasing evidence of the estimation in which he was held by his professional brethren when, in 1865, he was elected a Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. This was an honour that he highly prized. It only remains to be said that Dr. Ross was a man of high-toned Christian principle ; and was an office-bearer of the Free Church. He was a man of catholic sympathies—a friend of union and a lover of good men ; and he died, as he had lived, clinging to the doctrines of the Gospel and sustained by its hopes."

CLASS I.—EXOGENS.

RANUNCULACEÆ.

- Anemone nemorosa*—Wood anemone—Cathkin Hills.
Ranunculus hederaceus—Ivy-leaved crowfoot—Cathcart and
 Dripps.
Caltha palustris—Marsh marigold—Banks of Cart.

PAPAVERACEÆ.

- Papaver dubium*—Long smooth-headed poppy—Cathcart.

FUMARIACEÆ.

- Fumaria capreolata*—Rampant fumitory—Cathcart.

CRUCIFERÆ.

- Brassica campestris*—Wild navew—Banks of Cart.
Sisymbrium Thalianum—Thale-cress—Cathcart.
Cheiranthus cheiri—Wallflower—Mains Castle and Mearns
 Castle.
Cardamine amara—Bitter cress—Banks of Cart.
Barbarea vulgaris—Yellow rocket—Banks of Cart.
Nasturtium officinale—Common water-cress—Rills from Cathkin
 Hills.
Nasturtium terrestre—Marsh yellow rocket—Watery places on
 banks of Cart.
Draba verna—Common whitlow-grass—Cathkin Hills.

RESEDACEÆ.

- Reseda luteola*—Wild dyer's weed—Cathcart.

VIOLACEÆ.

- Viola palustris*—Marsh violet—Cathkin Hills.
Viola flavicornis—Dillenius' violet—Cathkin Hills.
Viola tricolor—Heart's-ease, or pansy violet—Cathcart.
Viola lutea—Mountain pansy—Cathkin Hills.

DROSERACEÆ.

- Drosera rotundifolia*—Round-leaved sun-dew—Cathkin Hills.

POLYGALACEÆ.

Polygala vulgaris, var. *depressa*—Common milkwort—Cathkin Hills.

CARYOPHYLLACEÆ.

Agrostemma Githago—Corn-cockle—Cathcart.

Stellaria nemorum—Wood stitchwort—Woods at Castlemilk.

TILIACEÆ.

Tilia grandifolia—Large-leaved lime-tree—Near Kilbride (hardly to be considered a native).

HYPERICACEÆ.

Hypericum quadrangulum—Square-stalked St. John's wort—Near Hill of Dripps.

Hypericum humifusum—Trailing St. John's wort—Plantation at Busby.

Hypericum pulchrum—Small upright St. John's wort—Cathkin Hills.

GERANIACEÆ.

Geranium phæum—Dusky crane's-bill—Banks of Cart.

Geranium sylvaticum—Wood crane's-bill—Calderwood Glen.

Geranium Robertianum—Fœtid crane's-bill (white variety)—Roadside between Flender and Waterfoot.

BALSAMINACEÆ.

Impatiens Noli-me-tangere—Yellow balsam, touch-me-not—In a wet glen at Castlemilk and banks of Rotten (Routing?) Calder, above Torrance (hardly a native).

LEGUMINOSÆ.

Genista Anglica—Petty whin—Cathkin Moor.

Sarothamnus scoparius—Broom—Banks of Cart.

Ononis arvensis—Rest-harrow—Near Kittoch Mill.

Anthyllis vulneraria—Kidney-vetch—Near Carmunnock.

Vicia sepium—Bush-vetch—Banks of Cart, near Busby.

- Vicia Cracca*—Tufted-vetch—Cathcart.
Vicia sylvatica—Wood-vetch—Banks of Cart, near Busby.
Vicia hirsuta—Hairy-tare—Cathcart.

ROSACEÆ.

- Prunus communis*, var. *spinosa*—Blackthorn, sloe—Cathcart.
Spiraea ulmaria—Meadow-sweet—Banks of Cart.
Geum rivale—Water-avens—Banks of Cart.
Rubus saxatilis—Stone-bramble—Calderwood Glen.
Rubus Ideus—Common raspberry—Banks of Cart.
Rubus suberectus, var. *plicatus*—Upright bramble—Cathkin.
Rubus rhamnifolius, var. *affinis*—Buckthorn-leaved bramble—
 Busby.
Rubus carpiniifolius—Hornbeam-leaved bramble—Cathkin
 Hills; var. *tuberculatus*—Busby.
Fragaria elatior—Hautboy-strawberry—Cathcart.
Comarum palustre—Marsh-cinque-foil—Cathkin Hills.
Alchemilla vulgaris—Lady's mantle—Banks of Cart.
Achemilla arvensis—Field lady's mantle—Langside.
Rosa mollissima—Soft-leaved Rose—Kittoch Glen and Cathkin.
Rosa tomentosa—Downy-leaved Rose—Kittochside.
Rosa rubiginosa—True sweetbriar—Calderwood Glen.
Rosa canina, var. *subcristata*—Common dog-rose—Busby.
Rosa arvensis—Trailing dog-rose—Hedge on Kilbride Road.
Pyrus Malus—Crab-apple—Calderwood Glen.
Epilobium hirsutum—Great hairy willow-herb—Banks of Cart.
Epilobium parviflorum—Small-flowered hairy willow-herb—
 Calderwood Glen and Banks of Cart.
Circæa Lutetiana—Enchanter's nightshade—Kittoch Glen.
Circæa Alpina—Alpine enchanter's nightshade—Mauchlan
 Hole, Kilbride.

LYTHRACEÆ.

- Peplis Portula*—Water-purslane—Banks of the Brother Loch,
 Mearns.

PORTULACEÆ.

- Montia fontana*—Water-blinks—Cathkin Hills.

CRASSULACEÆ.

- Sedum Telephium*—Orpine stonecrop—Cathcart.
Sedum villosum—Hairy stonecrop—Cathkin Hills.
Sedum Anglicum—English stonecrop—Hare-Craigs.

GROSSULARIACEÆ.

- Ribes nigrum*—Black currant—Kittochside.
Ribes alpinum—Tasteless mountain-currant—Calderwood Glen.

SAXIFRAGACEÆ.

- Saxifraga umbrosa*—London Pride—Near Linn, Cathcart
 (evidently escaped from garden).
Saxifraga granulata—White meadow saxifrage—Calderwood
 Glen and Busby.
Chrysosplenium oppositifolium—Common golden saxifrage—
 Cathkin Hills.
Chrysosplenium alternifolium—Alternate-leaved golden saxi-
 frage—Calderwood Glen and Cathkin Hills.
Parnassia palustris—Grass of Parnassus—Cathkin Hills.

UMBELLIFERÆ.

- Sanicula Europæa*—Wood-sanicle—Langside, Cathcart.
Æthusa Cynapium—Fool's parsley—Carmunnock.
Meum athamanticum—Bald-money—Banks of the Kittoch.
Angelica sylvestris—Wild angelica—Kittoch Glen.
Myrrhis odorata—Sweet cicely—Cathcart.

ARALIACEÆ.

- Hedera Helix*—Common ivy—Cathcart Castle; and near Car-
 munnock.

CAPRIFOLIACEÆ.

- Sambucus Ebulus*—Dwarf elder—Roadside between Kittochside
 and Carmunnock.
Sambucus nigra—Common elder—Laigh Netherton; and Cath-
 cart; var. *laciniata*—Linn, Cathcart.
Viburnum Opulus—Common guelder rose—Langside Wood.
Lonicera Caprifolium—Pale perfoliate honeysuckle—Calder-
 wood Glen.

RUBIACEÆ.

Sherardia arvensis—Field madder—Cathcart.

VALERIANACEÆ.

Valeriana officinalis—Great wild valerian—Banks of Cart.

Valeriana Pyrenaica—Heart-leaved valerian—On the Calder, at Woodhall; and Calderwood Glen.

CICHORACEÆ.

Sonchus arvensis—Corn sow-thistle—Cathcart; Kittochside.

Sonchus oleraceus—Common annual sow-thistle—Cathcart.

Crepis virens—Smooth hawk's beard—Cathcart.

Leontodon Taraxacum, var. *palustre*—Common dandelion—Cathkin Hills.

Hieracium sylvaticum, var. *maculatum*—Wood hawk-weed—Calderwood Glen.

Arctium Lappa—Burdock—Near Cleugh, Mearns.

Carduus acanthoides—Wetted thistle—Cathcart.

Artemisia vulgaris—Common mugwort—Cathcart.

Gnaphalium sylvaticum—Highland cudweed—Carmunnock and Cathcart.

Petasites vulgaris—Butter-bur—Banks of Cart.

Senecio aquaticus—Marsh-ragwort—Kittoch Glen.

Chrysanthemum segetum—Corn marigold—Cathcart.

Matricaria Parthenium—Common feverfew—Carmunnock and Cathcart.

Anthemis Cotula—Fœtid chamomile—Fields near Cathcart.

CAMPANULACEÆ.

Campanula latifolia—Giant bell-flower—Barr's Holm, Busby.

VACCINIACEÆ.

Vaccinium Myrtillus—Blaeberry—Cathkin Hills.

PYROLACEÆ.

Pyrola secunda—Serrate winter-green—Kittoch Glen.

GENTIANACEÆ.

Gentiana campestris—Field-gentian—Cathkin Hills and Kilbride.

BORAGINACEÆ.

- Anchusa sempervirens*—Evergreen alkanet—Castlemilk.
Lycopsis arvensis—Small bugloss—Cathcart.
Symphytum tuberosum—Tuberous Comfrey—Castleglen, Kilbride.

SOLANACEÆ.

- Atropa Belladonna*—Deadly nightshade—Banks of Cart, near Cathcart Mill.

SCROPHULARIACEÆ.

- Veronica anagallis*—Water-speedwell—near Flender, Mearns.
Veronica montana—Mountain-speedwell—Langside; Netherlee.
Euphrasia officinalis—Eye-bright—Cathkin Hills.
Melampyrum pratense—Common yellow cow-wheat—Calderwood Glen.
Pedicularis sylvatica—Pasture-lousewort—Cathkin Hills.
Scrophularia nodosa—Knotted figwort—Banks of Cart.
Digitalis purpurea—Foxglove (the fairy folk's glove)—Calderwood Glen.
Verbascum Thapsus—Mullein—On old walls, Calderwood.

LABIATÆ.

- Origanum vulgare*—Common marjoram—Banks of Rotten Calder.
Teucrium Scorodonia—Wood germander or sage—Cathkin Hills.
Ballota nigra—Black horehound—Cathcart Castle.
Lamium album—White dead-nettle—Banks of Cart, near Langside; and at Busby Printworks.
Lamium incisum—Cut-leaved dead-nettle—Cathcart.
Lamium intermedium—Intermediate dead-nettle—Cathcart.
Lamium amplexicaule—Henbit dead-nettle—Cathcart.
Nepeta Glechoma—Catmint, or ground ivy—Banks of Cart, Busby.
Stachys arvensis—Corn woundwort—Cairnbooth, near Carmunnock.
Calamintha Clinopodium—Common wild basil—Banks of Cart, nearly opposite Printworks, Busby.

Scutellaria galericulata—Common skull-cap—Brother Loch, Mearns.

LENTIBULARIACEÆ.

Pinguicula vulgaris—Common butterwort—Cathkin Hills and Kittoch Glen.

PRIMULACEÆ.

Primula veris—Cowslip—Cathkin (but introduced).

PLANTAGINACEÆ.

Plantago maritima—Seaside plantain—At the Water-fall, near Linn House, Cathcart.

Littorella lacustris—Plantain shore-weed—Brother Loch, Mearns.

CHENOPODIACEÆ.

Chenopodium Bonus Henricus—Good King Henry, or Mercury goose-foot—Near village of Cathcart.

SCLERANTHACEÆ.

Scleranthus annuus—Annual knawel—Near Greenbank, Mearns.

POLYGONACEÆ.

Polygonum Bistorta—Common bistort, or snake-weed—Kilbride.

Polygonum lapathifolium—Pale-flowered polygonum—Cathcart.

Polygonum Hydropiper—Biting persicaria—Banks of Cart.

Polygonum minus—Small creeping persicaria—On the gravelly banks of the Black Loch, Mearns.

Rumex conglomeratus—Sharp dock—Cathcart.

EMPETRACEÆ.

Empetrum nigrum—Crow-berry—Cathkin Hills.

URTICACEÆ.

Urtica urens—Small nettle—Cathcart.

SALICACEÆ.

Salix purpurea—Purple willow—Banks of Cart.

Salix aurita—Round-eared willow—Calderwood Glen.

Salix caprea—Goat willow—Calderwood Glen.

CLASS II.—ENDOGENS.

ORCHIDACEÆ.

- Epipactis latifolia*—Broad-leaved Helleborine—Netherton Braes, Carmunnock.
Neottia Nidus-avis—Bird's nest—Calderwood Glen.
Orchis mascula—Early purple orchis—Below Cathkin Hills; Kittoch Glen.
Orchis maculata—Spotted palmate orchis—Cathkin Hills.
Gymnadenia conopsea—Fragrant gymnadenia—Cathkin Hills.
Habenaria albida—Small white habenaria—Castlemilk.
Habenaria bifolia—Butterfly orchis—Cathkin Hills.
Habenaria chlorantha—Great butterfly orchis—Calderwood Glen.

TRILLIACEÆ.

- Paris quadrifolia*—Herb Paris—Banks above Calderwood; Plantation above Netherlee Works.

LILIACEÆ.

- Polygonatum multiflorum*—Solomon's seal—Cathcart.
Allium ursinum—Broad-leaved garlic—Cathkin Woods; near Railway Viaduct, Busby.

JUNCACEÆ.

- Narthecium Ossifragum*—Bog asphodel—Cathkin Hills.

NAIADACEÆ.

- Potamogeton oblongus*—Oblong-leaved pond-weed—Cathkin Hills.

CYPERACEÆ.

- Eleocharis palustris*—Creeping spike-rush—Banks of Cart.
Eleocharis acicularis—Least spike-rush—Brother Loch, Mearns.
Scirpus sylvaticus—Wood club-rush—Busby.
Eriophorum vaginatum—Cotton-grass—Mearns Moor.
Eriophorum angustifolium—Narrow-leaved cotton-grass—Cathkin Hills.

- Carex muricata*—Greater prickly carex—near Cathcart Castle.
Carex pilulifera—Round-headed carex—Cathkin Hills; Kilbride Moors.
Carex flava—Yellow carex—Cathkin Hills.
Carex vesicaria—Short-beaked bladder carex—Busby.

GRAMINEÆ.

- Alopecurus geniculatus*—Fox-tail-grass—Hill of Dripps.
Milium effusum—Spreading millet-grass—Busby; Langside Wood.
Melica nutans—Mountain melic-grass—Plantation opposite Busby Mills.
Holcus mollis—Creeping soft-grass—Langside Wood.
Aira flexuosa—Waved hair-grass—Cathkin Hills.
Avena pubescens—Yellow oat—Banks of Cart, opposite Busby Mills.
Triodia decumbens—Decumbent heath-grass—Cathkin Hills.
Festuca elatior—Tall fescue-grass—Banks of Cart.
Bromus sterilis—Barren brome-grass—Hedges near Old Cathcart.
Triticum caninum—Fibrous-rooted wheat-grass—Hedges near Old Cathcart.

CLASS III.—ACROGENS.

POLYPODIACEÆ.

- Polypodium Dryopteris*—Oak-fern—Kittoch Glen.
Polystichum aculeatum—Common prickly shield-fern—Calderwood Glen; var. *lobatum*—Calderwood Glen, Cathcart.
Lastrea Oreopteris—Heath shield-fern—Calderwood Glen; Cathkin Hills.
Lastrea Filix-mas.—Male-fern; var. *spinulosa*—near Greenbank, Mearns.
Lastrea dilatata—Broad prickly shield-fern—Langside Wood; var. *ramosa* discovered by Dr. Ross, of Busby, at Thornton, East Kilbride.
Cystopteris fragilis—Brittle bladder-fern—Calderwood Glen; Kittoch Glen.

Athyrium Filix-femina—Lady-fern ; var. *Rhaticum*—Mearns Moor.

Asplenium adiantum-nigrum—Black spleenwort—Cathcart ; Calderwood Glen ; Kittoch Glen.

Asplenium ruta-muraria—Wall-rue—Calderwood ; Old Bridge at Cathcart.

Asplenium Trichomanes—Maidenhair spleenwort—Calderwood Glen ; Kittoch Glen.

Scolopendrium vulgare—Hart's-tongue fern—Calderwood Glen.

Pteris aquilina—Brake or bracken—Woodend, Cathcart.

Blechnum boreale—Northern hard-fern—Cathkin.

OPHIOGLOSSACEÆ.

Ophioglossum vulgatum—Common adder's-tongue—Ryat Hill, Busby.

Botrychium lunaria—Common moon-wort—Ryat Hill, Busby ; Cathkin Hills.

LYCOPODIACEÆ.

Lycopodium selago—Fir club-moss—Cathkin Hills.



II

SONGS CONNECTED WITH BUSBY.



T was remarked, in the opening sentences of Lecture I., that it adds interest to a neighbourhood to know that its name finds a place in one of the ballads or songs of the country. There are not many songs in which the name of Busby finds a place; but there are a few. In some music books, half-a-century old or more, a tune is found which goes by the name of "Busby Braes." Although quite familiar with the music, the writer never saw the song in print to which this tune used to be sung. But, fortunately, he made a copy of the words, as sung by a person in humble life, a great many years ago. With one or two verbal alterations, the song is as follows :—

"BUSBY BRAES."

"How sweet, O Cart ! to see thee glide,
And wimple on to reach the tide.
The birdies sing on every side ;
The woods and banks join in the lays.
But it's no your banks o' siller gowan,
Nor yet your stream sae sweetly flowin' ;
It's she that sets my heart a-lowin'—
The bonny lass o' Busby Braes.

"She's surely Nature's darling child,
Wi' matchless form and manners mild ;
Unwittingly my heart she 'guiled,

And brightest hopes my fancy raise.
 She's aye sae nimble, trig and clean ;
 As licht's a lamb she trips the green.
 I think I see her twa sweet een,
 Like stars by nicht on Busby Braes.

"To her my heart its homage brings,
 As streams rush frae their native springs.
 O lazy Time ! spread out thy wings,
 And hasten on our bridal days.
 Then Earn's glad burn will blithely rin,
 An' loup wi' joy o'er Wilkie's linn ;
 And frae the east the gowden sun
 Will tinge the taps o' Busby Braes."

About a dozen years ago, three songs, connected with Busby, were set to music by Mr. William Moodie, to whom reference is made in Lecture IV. ; and they were published by Messrs. Swan and Pentland, Glasgow. The writer of them was evidently well acquainted with the neighbourhood of Busby ; but his name has not transpired. These songs are given here ; and it may be hoped that they will call attention to the merits of the composer, who has wedded them to excellent music.

"KITTOCH GLEN."

"O sweetly blinks the morning,
 In the sunny simmer time ;
 And saftly fa's the e'ening,
 In the happy simmer time.
 But the sun ne'er rises half sae bricht,
 In ony spot I ken ;
 Nor sinks in sic a gowden licht,
 As in bonnie Kittoch Glen.

"O blithely lilt the sang-birds,
 In the lightsome simmer time ;
 And gaily bloom the wild flowers,
 In the rosy simmer time.

But ither flowers, and ither lays,
 Sic pleasure ne'er can sen',
 As the flow'rs and lays amang the braes
 O' bonnie Kittoch Glen.

"Oh, gladly croons the toddlin' burn,
 In the joyous simmer time ;
 And gently blaws the murmurin' win',
 In the bawmie simmer time.
 But whaur did ever burnie's croon
 Sae deep a gladness len',
 Or breezes blaw sae sweet, in June,
 As in bonnie Kittoch Glen ?

"Oh, sweet's the tale o' love that's tauld,
 In the blithesome simmer time ;
 And dear the vow o' love that's made,
 In the glowin' simmer time,
 But the sweetest tale o' love, to me,
 The dearest vow I ken,
 Was when Mary vowed my ain she'd be,
 In bonnie Kittoch Glen.

"Oh, when the sun o' love shines bricht,
 It's a cheery simmer time ;
 When true hearts linked mak' troubles licht,
 It's a happy simmer time.
 We ha'ena muckle gowd, but yet
 I'm sure we'll mak' a fen' ;
 And the simmer sun will never set
 That rose in Kittoch Glen."



"BONNIE THORNTON HA'."

"My love, he's far ayont the sea,
 But weel I ken he's true ;
 He pledged his heart and hand to me,
 And never will he rue.

He sealed it wi' a parting kiss,
 Before he gaed awa';
 Sayin', 'Jeanie! I'll come back to thee
 And bonnie Thornton Ha'.'

"My love's been lang awa' frae me,
 Ayont the watery main;
 An' some, that dinna ken him, say,
 'He'll ne'er come back again.'
 But I can trust my Jamie's word,
 Whatever may befa';
 Sae I ken that he'll come back to me
 And bonnie Thornton Ha'.

"They speak to me o' faces fair,
 Will steal his heart frae me;
 They tell o' glitterin' gowd and gear
 Will mak' his honour jee.
 But that's the way o' lads wha hae
 Nae true heart-love at a';
 My Jamie, he'll come back to me
 And bonnie Thornton Ha'.

"The bee, that wanders ower the muir,
 Comes hame at e'en to rest;
 The bird, that a' the day has flown,
 At nicht aye seeks its nest.
 The brier, that winter win's hae nipped,
 In simmer-time will blaw;
 And Jamie, he'll come back to me
 And bonnie Thornton Ha'."



"ANNIE O' THE LEE."

"The sun has set ower Bonnyton,
 Wi' streaks o' rosy licht;
 And, saftly stepping frae her ha',
 Comes doun the peacefu' nicht.

The flow'r has shut its dewy bell,
The wee bird closed its e'e ;
And rest to a' the world comes
But Annie o' the Lee.

"My Sandy lo'ed me wi' a heart,
Was tender, warm, and leal ;
And how I met my Sandy's love,
This heart o' mine kens weel.
But cruel war brak' oot, and snatch'd
My true love far frae me ;
And wi' him stole her true heart's peace
Frae Annie o' the Lee.

"The wars are ower, and mony a heart
Has welcomed hame its ain ;
But sair I fear my Sandy lies
'Amang the unkent slain.
Kind voices tell me still to hope,
And dry my tears a wee ;
But Sandy's voice comes never mair
To Annie o' the Lee.

"Ilk morning as it comes, I rise
Wi' a sair, restless heart ;
At e'en I wander forth alane
Alang the banks o' Cart.
To ithers spring and simmer come,
And hairst time wi' its glee ;
But a' is dreary winter noo,
Wi' Annie o' the Lee."

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